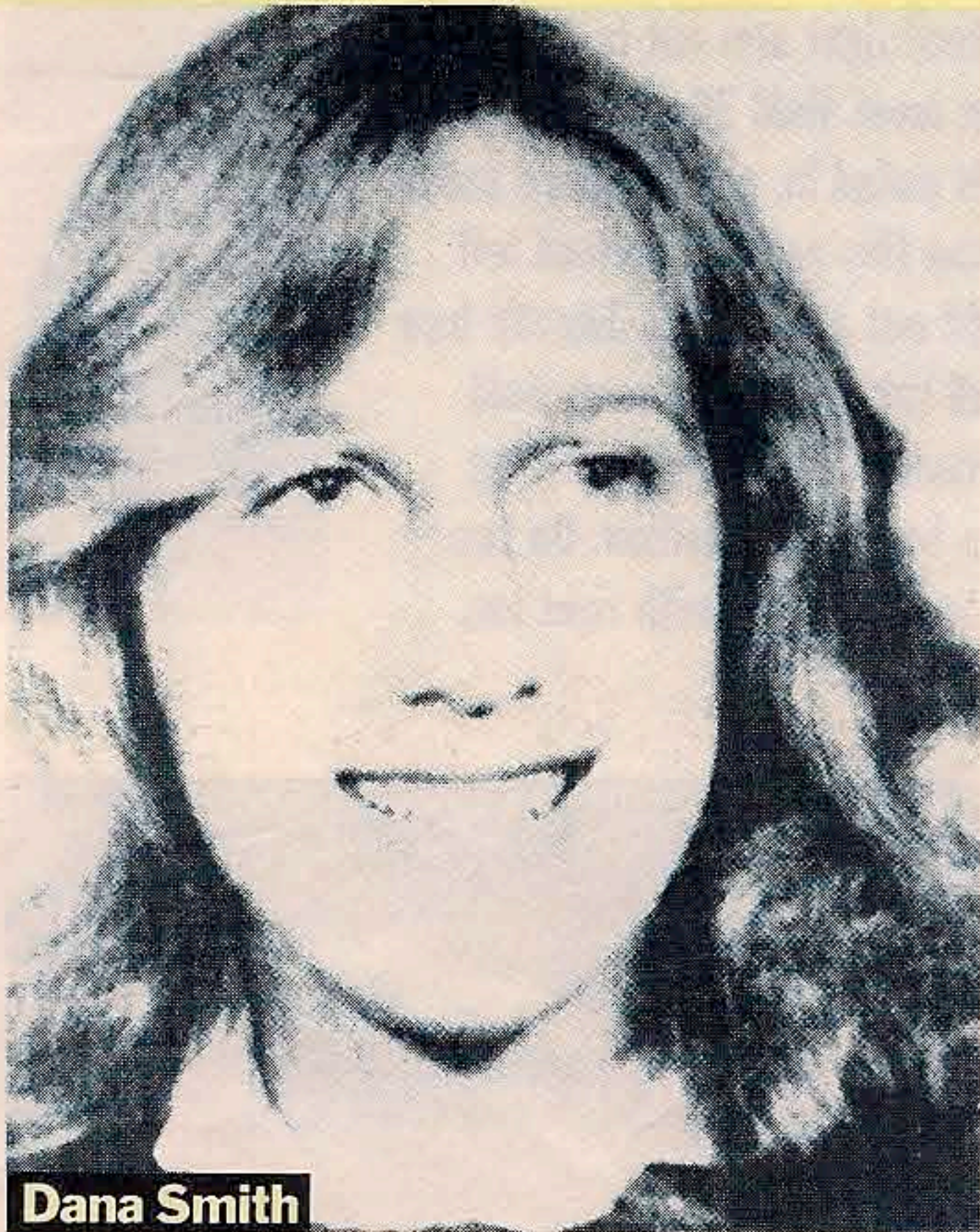


# School for Scandal



Dana Smith

## SELLING SEX ON THE COLLEGE CIRCUIT

Talk about carnal  
knowledge . . .

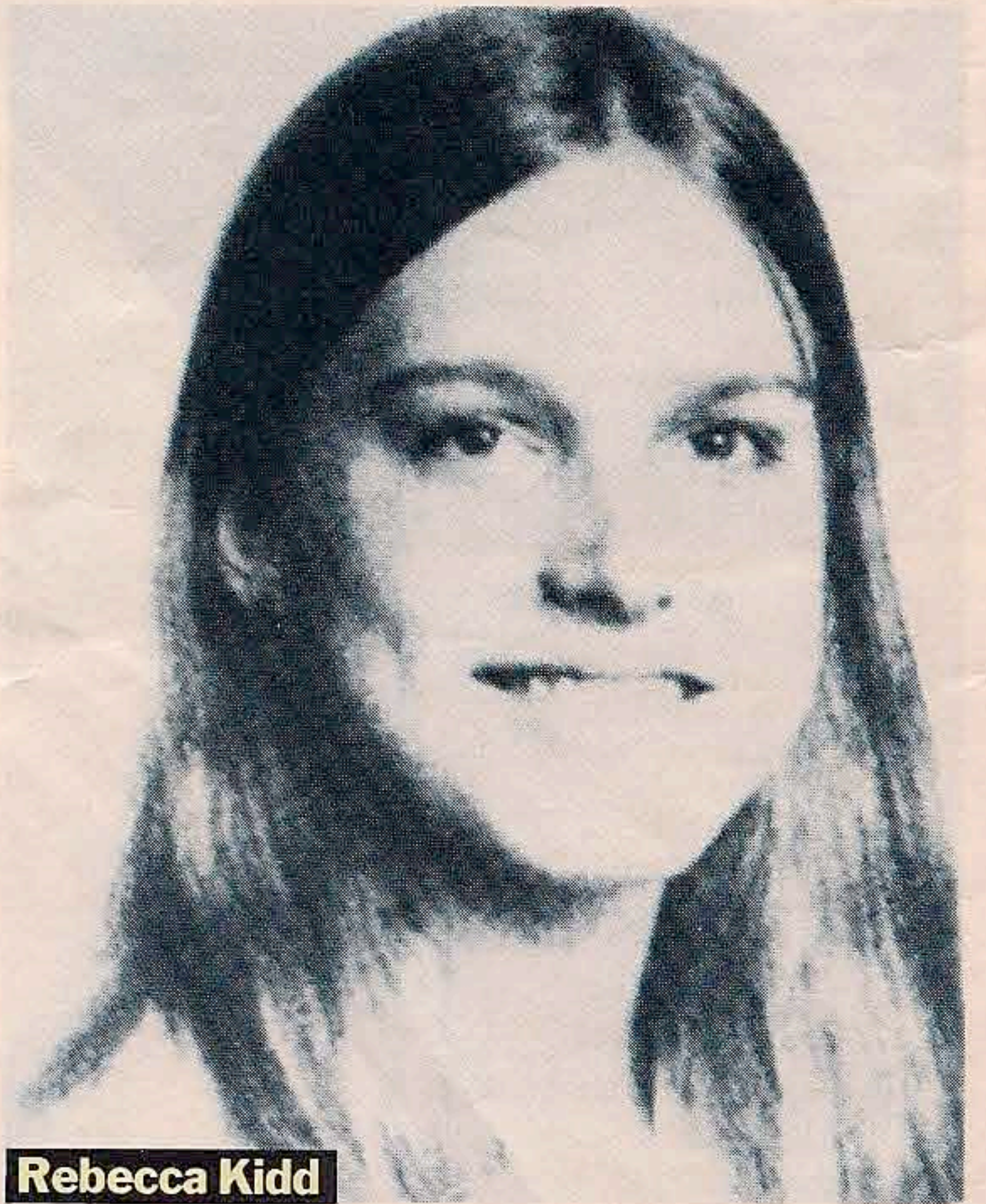
**T**he address was in a neighborhood of old-but-cared-for homes and rooming houses, lots of doctors and dentists and other professional offices, but the young woman opening this door wasn't dressed for any of those professions. She was pretty and leggy and blond, and she was wearing high heels, a G-string and a lacy black bra under a big, loose shirt. The man at the door was invited in—they'd spoken earlier on the phone—and he handed over the \$250 that had been established as the price of her company. She told him about her "specialties," and when she started to remove her few bits of clothing, the man informed her that he was a police officer and placed her under arrest.

There is absolutely nothing unusual about this scene—it is all too familiar and is probably being repeated at this very moment in every major and not-so-major American city—except for one thing: The young woman in the black lace was a

senior at Brown University.

It was a field day for the tabloids—the headlines said "School for Scandal"—when two students, a few months shy of graduation, were arrested for prostitution in Providence, Rhode Island. Sensibilities were shaken: What did paid sex have to do with nice, middle-class girls—smart, attractive, occupying coveted places at the "hot" Ivy League school of the moment, reared in an age of enlightened consciousness about sexual politics and poised for bright and shiny futures? We could understand the typical streetwalker, hooking to support a drug habit or a tyrannical pimp. We could understand the high-priced call girl, academically limited but resourceful, seduced into a world of easy money and no income tax. But how does an educated young woman, with no apparent urgent need of money, find herself on the other side of charges like these?

Robert Reichley isn't shocked.



Rebecca Kidd

BY  
AIMEE  
LEE  
BALL

Reichley is the vice-president for university relations at Brown, the man responsible for deflecting the spotlight of notoriety, and from the moment this story broke in the national press, he received calls and notes of condolence from colleagues on other campuses saying things like, "We got through this in '74—you'll get through

it, too." It seems that collegiate prostitution is nothing new.

Malcolm Brown isn't shocked, either. Brown is the police inspector who, operating on a tip, investigated the possibility of prostitutes at the university, arranged "appointments" with the two young women and arrested them. Inspector Brown is surprised only at the public outcry and media interest generated by the case: *Time* and *Newsweek* and three Hollywood producers falling over one another to negotiate the rights to the story. After all, the police bring in a lot of prostitutes every week. Isn't anybody interested in them?

No, we're not. We are so accustomed to the commonplace of prostitution—fictionalized accounts of Beverly Hills madams and movies about hookers with hearts of gold, as well as the realities of red-light districts in our own cities—that it doesn't move us much anymore. The Brown case is different. It reminds us that even genteel women, given the right circumstances or sweet talk or financial lure, might make the same choice. It reminds me of the genteel woman in the old George Bernard Shaw story: The elderly playwright, seated at dinner next to a beautiful woman, baited her with the question, "Would you sleep with me for a million pounds?" She replied that she would. "Would you sleep with me for ten pounds?" asked Shaw. "What do you take me for?" replied the woman. "We've already established that," said Shaw, "—now we're just negotiating a price."

The family of Dana Smith lives in a big red-brick house in Connecticut with a two-car garage on a private cul-de-sac just off a lovely street called... Lovely Street, in a town where the cars of some affluent people still carry their Reagan/Bush '84 bumper stickers. She went to a sprawling suburban public high school, where she was on the girls' tennis and cross-country teams and had the healthy, unadorned, fresh looks of a teenage jock. She was editor of

her senior yearbook, a member of the National Honor Society and a National Merit semifinalist—there were only two in the class.

**D**ana had friends of both sexes, although some high-school boys tend to shy away from the very brightest girls—and it was obvious to everyone that she was one of the best and the brightest. She applied to a number of colleges and was accepted at most, but she liked the innovative, no-requirements curriculum at Brown, the idea of putting together diverse interests into a program of study and having some input in designing that program. She was always busy, but she seemed to have the ability and the organizational skills to get her work done and to keep up her high academic achievement. She was, says her counselor, the kind of kid you love to see in school, the kind who makes a positive contribution, the kind who seems cheerful and outgoing and well-adjusted, and when she stopped in to see her counselor after college began, as she occasionally did—once leaving a little box of chocolates on his desk—she said she thought that Brown had been the right choice.

The classmates who knew Dana Smith in their freshman year at Brown seem to be describing a different person. She was, they say, kind of quiet and mousy, painfully shy, subject to violent mood swings—excited and manic one moment, depressed and melancholy much of the time. She seemed unsettled, struggling to define herself, both academically (she switched from an engineering major to political science) and personally: She'd try crewing for a few weeks and quit, or she'd take up with a bohemian crowd—wearing long, tie-dyed skirts and no makeup—and then drop them. She got involved with a group of hardcore Grateful Dead fans ("Deadheads," they call themselves) who followed the band around the country, worshipfully attending their concerts. But it

was not so much the music that drew Dana as the instant family, the outpouring of affection—very "Peace and Love," very "I'm OK, you're OK."

Sometimes, she'd act like a little girl around the men in the group—one friend remembers wanting to shake her and say, "Get ahold of yourself." Maybe that was because her own father died young, her stepfather had also died and her mother had a third husband—there was no stable relationship with a man in her life. She had, say her friends, a real need for

**"Indulge yourself," the ad said. "Experience unparalleled pleasure in the form of two Ivy League blondes. Generous gentlemen only..."**

praise and not much respect for herself—the kind of young woman who seemed to find herself being used and abused by men, the kind of young woman who thought: I'm nothing without a man.

It is perhaps not unusual for a young person to experience a crisis of confidence when she suddenly isn't the best and the brightest of her high school but just one of many, all of whom were the standouts where they came from. But Dana Smith didn't seem to recover, to make it through whatever troubled waters she was trying to navigate. She became what one friend describes as "head-over-heels obsessed with a jerk," reverent and unable to speak around him although he mostly ignored her. Her behavior became more erratic and her withdrawal more complete, until she was, by the end of her

freshman year at Brown, what friends describe as "a shadowy figure."

There are no such signposts to trouble in the portfolio of Rebecca Kidd. The family home is in a pretty, wooded area of Connecticut, a modest ranch house with a brook out back. The Kidds' heritage is in the South, and so are some of their traditions: The mother spends a lot of time sewing, and the daughters all like to bake and make popcorn. There were always dogs in the house, and family outings to the zoo, and on Easter Sunday and Christmas Eve the family would worship at the Congregational church on the village green—under a white steeple, in a historical district, on a picture-postcard site.

Becca, as she is known to her family, is the youngest of four siblings, perhaps blessed, perhaps cursed with that ordinal position in the family: With a fourth child, parents sometimes lack the energy and inclination for attention or discipline lavished on older children. She was the only one to attend the tony Hopkins School, set in woods and hills that seem unchanged through the generations of Thurstons, Caldwells, Worthingtons and Websters whose names hang on plaques in the school halls. She gave tours of the school, sang in the chorus, played varsity soccer and track and won a National Merit Society letter of commendation. Her brother went to Brown, and it was a natural choice for her, too: academically challenging, not too far from home. She was, say some who knew her, a bit naive, slightly provincial, certainly not sophisticated, and in her first year at Brown she lived on the "quiet" side of campus (freshman room assignments—either to the "West Quad," known to be rather wild, or to the Pembroke buildings, known to be more sedate—are made on the basis of answers to certain questions on students' applications).

Rebecca was a lovely-looking girl, rather patrician, like a young Cheryl Tiegs, and she seemed to be a serious student,  
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# SILK GOES TO YOUR HEAD

NEW AQUA NET SHAMPOO WITH SILK PROTEIN BRINGS OUT YOUR NATURAL SHINE.

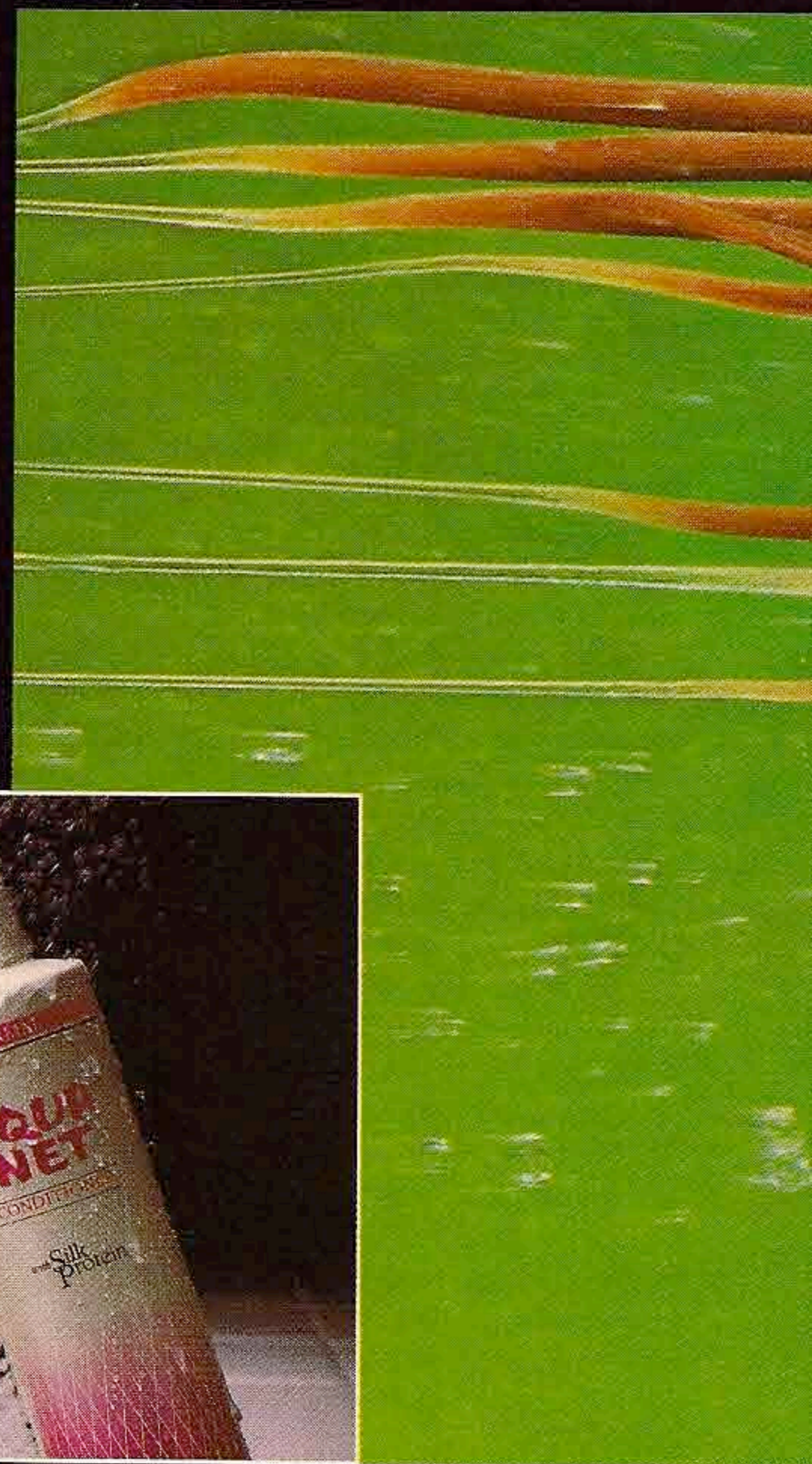
It brings out the shimmer, the softness and the sexiness of the hair you always wanted.

With silky rich lather and silky soft conditioners that make your hair feel full and beautiful. Any way you look at it, Aqua Net is a beautiful new shampoo.

And that's just what you'd expect from the hair care specialists who've made Aqua Net America's favorite hair spray.

So whether you wear your hair long and luxurious, or short and sassy, you'll love new Aqua Net Shampoo and Conditioner with Silk Protein. So go ahead. Let silk go to your head.

Shampoo: Normal, Extra Body and Moisturizing.  
Conditioner: Normal and Extra Body.



## SCANDAL

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majoring in semiotics (a study of signs and symbols that some use as a stepping-stone to work in films) but also learning to speak Italian and taking advanced music instruction—she is a gifted pianist. Some of her instructors describe her as one of the best in class, and her friends speak lovingly and protectively of her—they rallied when all hell broke loose. When the story of her arrest, and that of Dana Smith, was to appear in the student newspaper at Brown, 2,000 copies of the paper were stolen from various locations on campus, and a Thunderbird with a young man and a blond woman was seen speeding away from one of the locations.

It would be hard to imagine two less likely candidates to be accused of leading "a wanton and dissolute life," which is the description of prostitution in the state of Rhode Island, or engaging in "an abominable and detestable crime against nature," which is the definition of nonvaginal sex—a felony in that state, even between husband and wife. And yet, here is what the police tell us happened: Last spring, Inspector Malcolm Brown received a phone call from an anonymous informant, identified only as "a businessman," who said he'd just had an hour's conversation with a female student at

Brown. He was answering a classified ad that ran in a local newspaper, now defunct, called the *Providence Eagle*. Mixed in with the "personals" of sincere, bubbling singles was this somewhat more provocative invitation: "INDULGE YOURSELF... experience unparalleled [sic] pleasure in the form of two Ivy League blondes. Generous gentlemen only, reply with way to contact."

Inspector Brown got in touch with both women, who called themselves "Dana" and "Becky," discussed financial remuneration and arranged to meet each of them, several hours apart, on the same day. He met Dana Smith, who he says was dressed in "Ivy League hang-around," at a vegetarian restaurant on the main drag of the Brown community, paid her \$150, then went to her apartment a few blocks away; and when she allegedly began to undress, he arrested her, with the assistance of a surveillance unit. He then went to the apartment of Rebecca Kidd, whose price was \$250—perhaps because of the rather more compelling outfit of black lace—and when she allegedly began to undress, she was arrested, too.

Both young women claimed that they were innocent and victims of entrapment. (This is a curious legal shenanigan for the layman to understand. The defendant seems to be saying both "I didn't do

it" and "He made me do it.") Eventually, Rebecca Kidd was named as an unindicted coconspirator, which basically means that she will not be prosecuted in return for cooperating with the police. Dana Smith was indicted but not arraigned and, as of this writing, no trial date has been set. The indictment claims that Dana Smith "did unlawfully, by promise, threat, abuse of person, devise and scheme, cause, induce, persuade and encourage Rebecca Kidd to become a prostitute"; that she did "secure, direct and transport Rebecca Kidd for the purposes of prostitution and other lewd and indecent acts"; and that the person who did "cause, induce, persuade and encourage" both women to become prostitutes was one Stanley Henshaw III.

Stanley Henshaw III is a 43-year-old insurance agent who lives on a street of splendidly restored eighteenth-century homes in the College Hill section of Providence, a stone's throw from the Brown campus. On the basis of information from Dana Smith and Rebecca Kidd, the police got a warrant to search Henshaw's red-brick converted carriage house, and what they found was a catalog of 46 women and girls, as young as 13, photographed nude and partially nude. There were, says Inspector Brown, a lot of bare breasts. Smith and Kidd were not among this gallery, although six other current or



former Brown students were, and the police set about locating and questioning those pictured, a task made easier by the handy reference material included with the photographs: addresses, phone numbers, height, weight, age, body measurements. They found some of these women and girls in Florida. They found some in Atlantic City. They found one in the armed services in Texas. And they heard some interesting stories that suggest how a man like Henshaw might have enticed a nice girl like Rebecca or Dana into a life of crime.

One girl claimed that Henshaw would drive to a town and ask directions to the local high school. She said he would cruise the area in a BMW until he found an appropriate subject for his recruiting speech: "My God, you're beautiful. You're fantastic. You ought to be in pictures. We're making a video at my house, and there's a part that'd be perfect for you. Why don't you come back with me?"

Sometimes, says Inspector Brown, you could see that the photographs had been taken in a car. One girl told the police that when she had removed her blouse but refused to go any further, Henshaw said, "Do you mind if I relieve myself?" and masturbated in front of her. Another said that after having second thoughts about posing for the photographs, she asked to have them back and returned to Hen-

shaw's house with her boyfriend. She said she was given the wrong roll of film. Several of the women claim that they were asked if they were interested in going out with some of Henshaw's clients—described to them as businessmen and "sports types"—and if they agreed, they were asked if they'd be willing to "service" the men.

Henshaw, when arrested, claimed that the charges were ludicrous. He was, at the time, facing other nonrelated charges of defrauding his insurance company. The police also discovered that, some years ago, he had been the subject of an investigation at the University of Rhode Island, similar to the one at Brown, but was never charged, claiming he was under a psychiatrist's care.

I hate this story. I hate it because I don't really understand it and because, even without understanding it, it feels crummy. I have talked with friends and acquaintances of the two women, with teachers and counselors and principals and headmasters, with neighbors and down-the-hall dorm-mates and, at some length, with Rebecca Kidd's mother. In contrast to some of the skeptical or downright hostile friends who simply refused to discuss the case, Marjorie Kidd was surprisingly cordial—but not particularly revealing. Sounding still dazed by the

shock, she mostly kept saying that her daughter's life had been destroyed and that maybe 20 years from now, people would forget and that she wished she would stop getting calls from newspapers in Ceylon.

I also talked to a man on the Brown faculty about having to pay a heavy price for the misbegotten decisions of youth—I, for one, am grateful that I am not eternally accountable for some of the mistakes I might have made when I was 18 or 22—and he said, "That's a judgment call. You're saying that prostitution is a bad choice." Damn right. I do think it's a bad choice, not, as some liberals might like to claim, an ultimate sexual freedom. I do think of it as *Female Sexual Slavery*, the title of a book by Kathleen Barry (New York University Press, 1985), who wrote about the prostitute this way: "If she is kidnapped, purchased, fraudulently contracted through an agency or organized crime, it is easy to recognize her victimization. But if she enters slavery, having been procured through love and befriending tactics, then few, including herself, are willing to recognize her victimization."

There was a variety of reaction to the scandal on the Brown campus, including the kind of irreverence that seems to follow in the wake of any essentially tragic  
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event that also brings discomfort, like a burning nuclear reactor in Russia. Some of the Brown basketball team, playing at another school, were asked, "How much for the cheerleaders?" There was some naive resentment that the prostitution story had drained attention from more "important" Brown news, like the anti-apartheid fast. But there was also an enormous swell of anger directed at the college newspaper for publishing the names of the two students arrested, even after their names had already been in the national press. There was some sense that if the women could have remained anonymous in their own community just a little while longer, there could be some normalcy maintained in their lives. There was some sense that, in our judicial system, one is supposed to be cloaked in the presumption of innocence until proven guilty, and that those rights were being compromised or abridged. There was some sense that the lives of these two women were irrevocably changed, *whether they were innocent or guilty*, that they would have to change their names and have facial surgery or this story would follow them all of their lives. Vice-president Reichley said that the first call he received about the case was from the *Providence Journal*; the second call was from the *London Times*. When you're pictured as a prostitute in papers from Britain to Thailand, your life is going to change, guilty or not.

There has also been a great deal of conjecture and speculation among students about the unanswerable question: Why? Was this some ultimate act of rebellion? A search for a new thrill? Was it to support a drug habit? (Aside from small amounts of cocaine and marijuana found in the Henshaw raid, there is no evidence that this is a drug-related crime.) Was this an inventive way to finance an \$18,000 tuition? To buy clothes? Does a young woman in an era of free and easy sex decide: I'm not going to give it away—I'm going to sell it? I asked a group of Brown students what was the difference between a girl who got paid for sex and a girl who slept around promiscuously. "One's a hooker, the other's a sleaze," offered one boy, and there was a general consensus: Yup, that was pretty much the difference.

But there were some who knew Dana Smith, her complicated history and self-deprecating ideas about men, who could imagine her feeling needed, feeling desirable, feeling valuable because she was paid for sex. And there was something about Rebecca Kidd, her conventional upbringing, her sheltered background, that allowed one to imagine her being wined and dined and flattered by an older man from the "jet set" of Providence, thinking that being paid for sex was exciting and different and okay.

Curiously, the drama of the alleged prostitution ring was unfolding against the background of another sexually charged story at Brown. On the same day that the *Brown Daily Herald* was carrying news of the arrests of Dana Smith and Rebecca Kidd, there was an ad in the paper proclaiming in bold black letters: "PLAYBOY'S PHOTOGRAPHER IS NOW ON CAMPUS... interviewing students for Playboy's Women of the Ivy League pictorial." Fifteen Brown students showed up on the first day of interviews to fill out questionnaires about their measurements, coloring, hobbies, special achievements and willingness to pose nude or seminude. The photographer, David Chan, said he was not surprised at the number who agreed to pose nude. "It's a once-in-a-lifetime chance to be in a national magazine," he said. "You tell someone they ought to be in *Playboy*, they feel ten feet tall." Any similarities between this "you-ought-to-be-in-pictures" line and the one allegedly used by Stanley Henshaw III are purely coincidental.

In Dana Smith's high-school yearbook, among the listings of her various accomplishments, there is a quotation from Ralph Waldo Emerson that must have meant something to her and that now sounds prophetic: "What lies behind us and what lies before us are tiny matters compared to what lies within us." One can only hope that she's got the stuff to overcome what lies behind and ahead of her. In Rebecca Kidd's high-school yearbook, there is, next to her picture, a Shel Silverstein poem about every child's own personal magic carpet, which can be used for exotic travel in unexplored territory, or which can be used on the floor, with matching drapes. It is a poem about choices, and it, too, now sounds eerily predictive. Somehow, Rebecca's magic carpet went horribly off-course in Rhode Island, and one can only hope she will find the way back. Remarkably, she managed to finish her last semester at school and graduate with her class, although, her mother told me, she skipped the ceremony to avoid a media circus. Dana Smith took a "personal leave" from school and did not graduate last May.

Inspector Brown says that when Rebecca Kidd and Dana Smith were told they were just two of the dozens of young women allegedly working for Stanley Henshaw III, they were visibly upset, as if disappointed to learn that they weren't "special." But no woman who sells her body for money is ever "special"—whether she's working on Park Avenue or 42nd Street or on an Ivy League campus. And that may be the hardest truth of all to come out of this case, for them, and for the rest of us. □

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who along with Laura Kavesh writes a syndicated newspaper column about romance called "Tales from the Front," reports that for every letter she gets from a thirtyish woman complaining that men only want to date 18-year-old bimbos, she gets one from a self-described nice, average guy who whines that women only want to go out with BMW-owning, Armani-suited men. If you are convinced that you will be happy only if you marry, then you may have to start dating what Laurel Richardson, a sociologist at Ohio State University in Columbus and the author of *The New Other Woman* (The Free Press, 1985), refers to as "the improbables." This doesn't necessarily mean the guys with white shoes, polyester, and toothpicks in their mouths, but it does mean you may have to be a little more flexible in your choices. Most women do not want to hear this. "Why should I have to compromise?" they ask. The answer to the question is a question: How much does it really mean to you?

Too many single women, it seems, have become obsessed with not having a husband. It's all they talk about, and they are making themselves miserable. You know these women; you have stopped having lunch with them because you just don't want to hear it again. Hey, there are far worse lots in life than not getting married. Being married, for example. Nearly one out of every two recent marriages is projected to end in divorce, and even the most happily married women admit to moments of overwhelming loneliness.

All through high school and college, I was terrible when it came to statistics and probability. I once had an exam where the question was, "If you have a bowl filled with 50 ping-pong balls and 3 of them are red, what are your chances of picking out the red ones in 3 tries?" That's easy. Your chances are 100 percent if you keep your eyes open and root around enough. Wrong answer, according to the teacher. I still think it's right and I feel the same way about this latest study. All those numbers and projections are daunting at first, but if you just keep your eyes open, you can see that they are not anywhere near as tough to pick through as they seemed at first. Your chances of picking the red balls and of getting married are 100 percent if you look hard enough and want to badly enough. It is the want-to-badly-enough part that counts. □

Leah Rozen is Midwest Bureau Chief for *People* magazine. This is her first article for *Mademoiselle*.

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