

THE FEMINIST LOBBY: WHAT ELSE DO WOMEN WANT?

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

**What Makes
60 MINUTES
Tick?**

**HOW TO SAVE
CARL LEWIS
FROM HIMSELF**

**12 DREAMY
PAGES OF
PLAYMATES
OF THE YEAR
UNDRESSED
FOR BED**



By STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

JUST SAY the word Texas and two adjectives jump into your head: big and rich. Two Texas cities, in particular—Dallas and Houston—serve as America's best definition of everything that's larger than life. There, even the local jokes center on the larger, the more luxurious—and, especially, the more expensive. So it stands to reason that those two cities have become the sites of a lusty competition to see who can construct the most opulent hostelrys—which means that you, fellow travelers, can also live like the filthy rich for a night or two.

In Dallas, the Terrace Suite at The Mansion on Turtle Creek is among the most lavish suites. It may not mean much to you that this establishment is owned and operated by Rosewood Hotels—until you discover that Rosewood is the corporate moniker of Caroline Hunt Schoellkopf (billionaire Bunker's baby sister), one of the daughters of the late H. L. Hunt and arguably the richest woman in a state where that handle has real meaning. The Terrace Suite boasts 1600 square feet of living space and a spectacular view of the Dallas skyline from a terrace big enough to hold the entire Cowboys Cheerleaders corps. A fully equipped butler's pantry and kitchen makes it easy for a resident chef to whip up any sort of special midnight snack.

Probably the worst-kept secret of last summer's Republican conclave in Dallas was that President Reagan himself put on his jammies at the Loews Anatole, the largest hotel in the Southwest. Not surprisingly, our Chief Executive and Mrs. Gipper were ensconced in all 2200 square feet of the Grand Presidential Suite. For a cool \$1000 a day, one gets an MGM-style bedroom-bathroom with gleaming gold fixtures and whirlpool, plus butler.

The opportunity to arrive via gleaming-mahogany water taxi is one of the most impressive features of the Mandalay Four Seasons Hotel, situated on a canal that roams through the Las Colinas area, between downtown Dallas and the airport. Here, the Governor's Suite, even though not the hotel's largest, is the top choice. Its decor is described as Western, though it's tough to figure out how the Louis XIV fireplace fits in.

But not every hotel in the colorful Dallas/Fort Worth area makes its mark solely through elegance and excess. Take, for example, the Stockyards Hotel, in the historic stockyards district of Fort Worth. Just a couple of years ago, this hostelry had deteriorated into a haunt for local winos; then new owners purchased and redid the property in a style they call cattle-baron baroque. Western saddles have now replaced all the bar stools, ceil-



THE SUITE LIFE IN TEXAS

"You can live like the filthy rich for a night or two."

ing fans provide the ventilation and bathrooms are furnished with pull-chain toilets and some with claw-footed bathtubs. The Bonnie and Clyde Suite is the extra-special attraction, commemorating an actual stay by the infamous pair. Bonnie's old pistol, framed, and clippings describing the couple's illegal exploits adorn the walls.

Although Houston is thought of as a wildcatter's city, far less decorous than Dallas, lots of the same oil and beef money has flowed south to the Buffalo Bayou. Mrs. Schoellkopf's signature is found at the Remington on Post Oak Park, where the 5-Bay Suite is the choice of guests who like their comforts in the luxurious lane. Two sitting areas, two bedrooms, a dining area and a skylighted terrace combine with a full kitchen and a fireplace in living room and master bedroom. A personal chef is but a phone call away, and the full-height window walls let in as much light as occupants may (or may not) desire.

At the Four Seasons Hotel, Houston Center, the Presidential Suite contains only three rooms, but they're furnished in rare taste and style—with Baccarat wall sconces, Duncan Phyfe armchairs, a Sheraton sofa, framed tapestries and additional pieces bearing such designs as Hepplewhite, from eras as notable as that of George III. This is a suite in which it's literally possible to let Georgian do it.

But for the ultimate, nothing rivals the Celestial Suite at Houston's Astro Village Hotel, which was listed in the *Guinness Book of World Records* as the most expensive (more than \$3000 a day) in the world. Its 13 rooms are a testament to excess that dwarfs all competitors. It was the creation of Judge Roy Hofheinz, the self-made Houston legend who, among other things, created the Astrodome.

Judge Hofheinz lived in the Celestial Suite for two years, and it's almost impossible to convey the extravagance of the decor. Upon leaving the elevator, guests face the Foyer of Fountains, intended to evoke the youth-restoring object of Ponce de León's search. The Lane of Lanterns, designed with New Orleans' French Quarter in mind, sets a spectacular stage for what's to come.

The Sadie Thompson Suite has been unashamedly constructed as a South Pacific bamboo hut (with mosquito netting over the bed), and everything reminds visitors (not very subtly) of the lady of ill repute in Somerset Maugham's tale. The Lillian Russell Suite sits right next to Sadie's room, and the furnishings here go well beyond the merely ornate.

After the Acapulco Patio comes the P. T. Barnum Suite, where the Big Top Room contains three circles on the carpet and three more on the ceiling to provide precise boundaries for any acrobatics (or other feats of derring-do) guests might care to consider. The bed in the adjoining Bandwagon Room looks a little short, but it's actually wider than a king-size model; it's made from a calliope, wheels and all.

Still more surprises await next door in the Adventure Suite. Here the two-story Tarzan Room is vine-covered (talk about opportunities for swinging). The adjoining bedroom is called the Fu Manchu Room. Then there's the main Celestial Suite, which includes the memorable Mandarin Bath, the Roman Bath and something called the Minidome. This last is a sports fan's dream, for it includes a working replica of the Astrodome's own spectacular scoreboard on which it's possible to keep track of any activity or competition in which you happen to be engaged. Only in Texas, folks.

I suppose no treatise on the suite life in Texas would be complete without at least one real ranch. A new favorite is Randy Moore's spread in Omaha (Texas, not Nebraska), about two hours east of Dallas. Randy rents his home very selectively; six auto executives stayed there during last summer's Dallas Grand Prix. Since Randy is himself a rodeo rider, all sorts of rodeo memorabilia fill his Spanish-type house. There's also a pool and hot tub. The auto guys paid about \$1500 a day; Randy says he knows they enjoyed themselves, because they left him a car as a tip.





DEAR PLAYMATES

Remember the old tune *Breaking Up Is Hard to Do*? Is it still true? How do you treat someone once it's over between you? For the answers, we checked in with our Playmate advisors.

The question for the month:

How do you break up with a guy?

I just tell him it's not going to work and I try to make him understand why. I try to answer all his questions, because I want us to be friends.

The most common reason I have broken up with a man is that I need more time for myself. My best relationships have been part time. Then each of us had time and space for our own work and our own lives. If I get overly involved, I feel smothered. Someday, I'll want to be married, but right now, I don't want so much intensity.



Lisa Welch

LISA WELCH
SEPTEMBER 1980

I've never managed to be friends after a breakup, probably because in the process of breaking up, I have already started to avoid him. I'd rather let a relationship fizzle out than say, "I just don't want to see you anymore." Why? I keep thinking about how bad it would hurt if someone said those words to me. Of course, avoiding him makes it worse, and so we never end up friends. Confrontation makes me feel too mean, but I guess it probably hurts worse if you don't talk it out.



Susie Scott

SUSIE SCOTT
MAY 1983

I had to break up a three-and-a-half-year relationship, and it was very tough. Someone has to be the one to say, "OK, this isn't working out. I'd rather be your friend than your enemy. So get your shit and be out by nine." I had to sit down and tell the truth: that my feeling for him had changed and if we separated, maybe we could save a friendship and also avoid a lot of future aggravation. I don't disappear. That is a real cop-out. Each of us deserves an explanation and the opportunity to speak. So you guys: Don't disappear on me, either! I'll hunt you down and you'll be sorry!



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

That's a difficult question. I've had only two *real* boyfriends, and when I broke up with the first one, it was after five years with him. It was very hard, and it took a couple of months just to really say, "That's it. No more." I stopped answering his phone calls after I told him I'd grown up and no longer wanted to be held back. I was changing and he wasn't, so I had to break the tie. He kept calling and bothering me and my parents, and it was awful. So I packed my bags, left home and moved to L.A. I think it's important to be honest, even if the other person doesn't want to hear it.



Barbara Edwards

BARBARA EDWARDS
SEPTEMBER 1983

I try to make a very clean break. You have to *end* it if that's what's called for. And friendship doesn't work for a recent breakup. That has to come out of real understanding on both sides of what happened and why. You can't do that until you're far enough away from the situation to look back and say, "He left me because..." or "I understand what happened and now we can be friends." The best idea I can think of is to find your ex-boyfriend a new girlfriend, and then he won't ask you every time he sees you if you're really happy and if your life is really OK.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

I have not figured out a nice way to do it. The guy doesn't want to let go and he always feels it must be physical—you know, that I'm attracted to someone else or that a simple act of independent behavior means I don't want to be with him anymore. If it's time for us to break up, I try to say that just because it didn't work out with me doesn't mean it won't work out for him with someone else. But every man takes it as rejection. I can't just disappear. I want the friendship after what we've had together. But that's hard to work out.



Azizi Johari

AZIZI JOHARI
JUNE 1975

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.







"Gosh, Melanie—you're beautiful when you're angry!"





RANGER IN PARADISE

u.s. forest service officer toni westbrook doesn't pine for an indoor job

IMAGINE YOURSELF a part-time tree-naper out in a remote corner of Alaska's Juneau forest region at five a.m., halfway through sectioning up the giant spruce tree you've just felled with your trusty chain saw. Suddenly, you hear footsteps behind you, the ominous splat of a wad of chewing tobacco hitting the snow and a voice saying, "OK, buddy, you'll have to clear out. You know these trees aren't supposed to be cut down." And imagine turning around to

The magnificent view above is of Herbert Glacier (named after a onetime U.S. Secretary of the Navy), one of the stops Toni Westbrook, U.S. Forest Service law-enforcement officer, makes on a helicopter flight over the 1,500,000-acre Juneau Ranger District of Alaska's Tongass National Forest.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID MCEY



After a long day of trekking through the Juneau forest, Toni and her buddies down a few beers at the Red Dog Saloon, a colorful local pub (above left). And how does Toni relate to these burly lumberjack types? "I can ride a horse, shoot and cover my territory as well as anyone else," she says, "and the guys I work with respect me for that." She also chews tobacco—"just a little chaw now and then." Above right, Toni prepares for a helicopter reconnaissance flight. Below, she gets her jeep and her pet Husky ready to hit the forest trails in search of squatters and illegal woodcutters.



confront the forest ranger: She's 5'7", has curly dark hair and a 34-23-35 figure and is accompanied by a Husky whose jaws have no safety switch. Of course, you are armed with a rifle (as is nearly everyone in this territory, where the bears are large enough to play Frisbee with your body), but you don't dare go for it. You're caught and you know it. And—what the hell—you probably don't mind, since the ranger is the prettiest damn thing you've ever seen in the woods at five A.M.

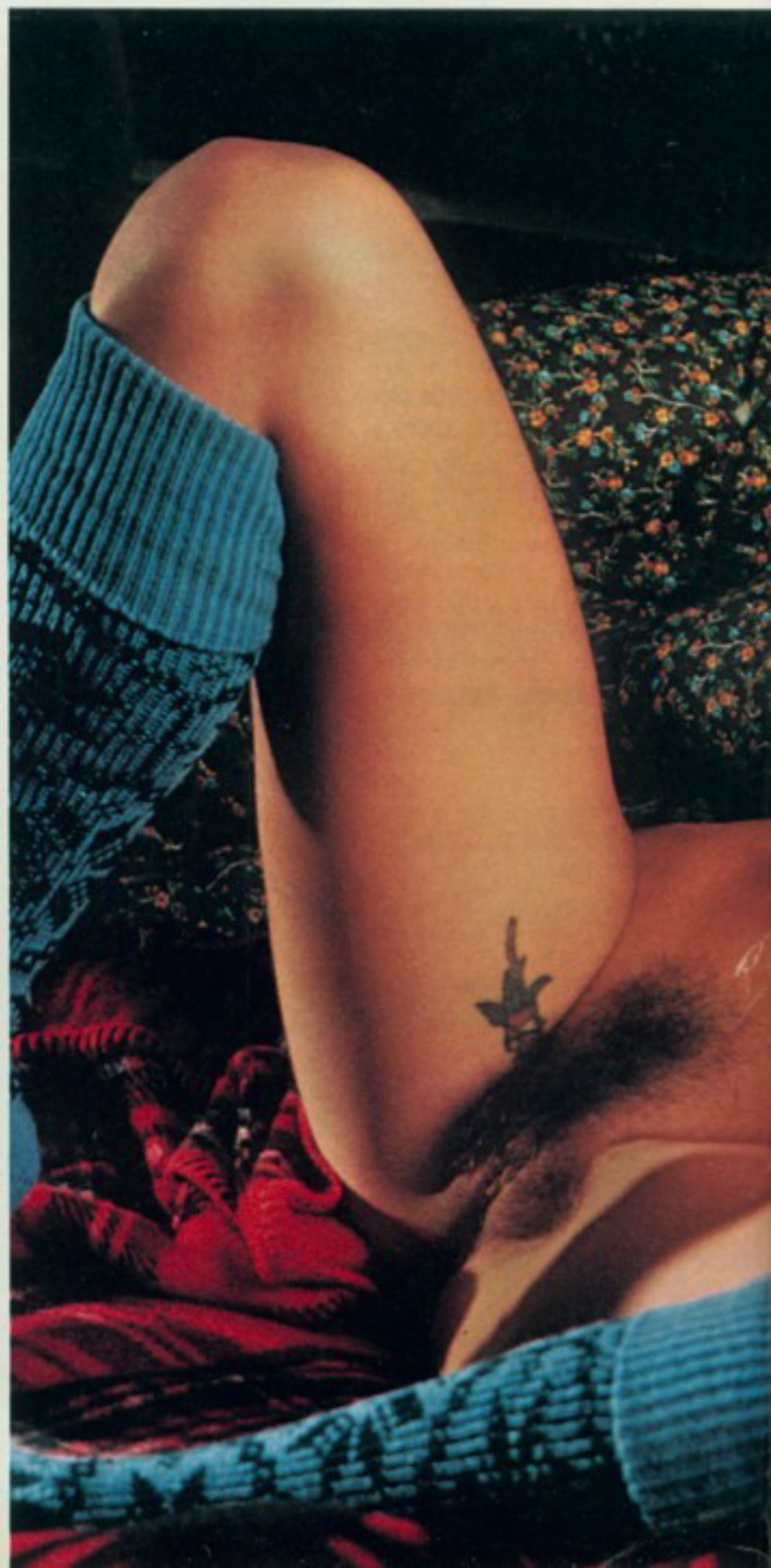
She's Toni Westbrook, and we discovered her during our search for a forthcoming *Girls of Alaska* pictorial. Toni, 28, was born in California but moved to Alaska two and a half years ago and now considers herself a native Alaskan. Alaska, of course, is horseback, jeep and four-by-four territory, still largely unpopulated and, like many of its citizens, still a bit wild. Toni learned to ride her parents' two horses long before she knew how to drive a car. Accordingly, the first thing she did when she had enough money for a car was to buy a horse. "He cost me \$700, plus \$150 a month to feed," says Toni, "but he earns his keep. I ride him on patrols through parts of my territory that can't be reached by truck." Her territory is the 1,500,000-acre Juneau Ranger District of Alaska's gigantic Tongass National Forest. And what does Toni's job involve? "The two main things I look for are people who've built makeshift cabins out there without a permit—they're hard to find in an area that huge—and illegal woodcutters."

Toni works out with weights when she isn't patrolling the giant spruce-and-hemlock forest. "You need muscle strength for my job. For instance, after I

"My favorite thing is to go to my own cabin in the forest and spend a week there doing nothing but fishing, going for long walks in the snow and lazing around by the fire," says Toni, lazing around at right. It's enough to make a city slicker feel as rustic as all get out.



chased one guy away, I had to roll his log sections, which weighed about 80 pounds apiece, into my truck. It took all afternoon." Toni, who once won a 20-buck bet (with a man, of course) over the number of push-ups she could do, is, however, quite a lady away from the job. She likes "tall, dark, handsome men—but then, what woman doesn't?" with a sense of humor. "A man who can make me laugh does much better with me than a strong, silent *macho* type." Say, Toni, have you heard the one about Smokey the Bare . . . ?





But seriously. If you're ever lost in the Juneau forest range and pray for an angel to rescue you before your toes freeze off, don't be surprised if that angel is carrying a sack of Copenhagen. And remember: No joking with the ranger on duty.

If you're wondering about the tattoo on Toni's thigh, below, all we can tell you is that it's a long-stemmed rose. As for how and why she got it, she keeps that to herself. At any rate, as the old saying goes, this bud's for you.





"I always wondered, darling, what you meant when you said you wanted to walk through life as a spectator."



*"It shouldn't take a computer to figure out
that computer widows are horny."*

COOKIN'

miss march is on her own again, which means the competition is outnumbered

DONNA SMITH sat crackling like a campfire in her boyfriend's Burbank living room. In a loping narrative, she was recounting, with almost no regrets, the unusual series of events that had brought her to where she is now. Often, she exploded. Sparks flying in all directions, she'd leap from her chair and take the center of the room as though there was just too much to say sitting down. And there was.

She began with her childhood and her mother's midnight exit from Oregon, just ahead of the authorities who wanted to take her six children from her. She fast-forwarded to Washington, where the family



"I have found that there's some good in everyone. They may not act that way, but all people have hearts. And if you're smart, you can find a way to get to the heart, no matter whose it is."







settled for a while, and on to Idaho, where at the age of 14, she left home; traveling in Wyoming, Alaska, Hawaii and, finally, Japan, sometimes working as a cocktail waitress with a fake I.D.; then going successfully into modeling, getting married, getting divorced, moving to Los Angeles—which is where we said, “Whoaaa!”

There were details of interest here—such as how a young American girl could make her way in a country where people speak mainly

Shopping with her sister Natalie (left) in L.A., Donna visits trendsetting Laise Adzer, where she's aided by manager Juanilla Malerba (below). “You had to take me to a place where I’m going to be weak,” scolds Natalie. “Now I’m going to go and blow my whole check.”



A master dribbler with “a serious hook shot,” Donna takes on some of the boys at an L.A. playground. It was no contest. Cutting a demo tape in North Hollywood’s Amigo recording studio (right), Donna tests the equipment, and the reserve, of the studio’s recording engineers.





Donna's notion of relaxation belongs on "ABC's Wide World of Sports." She burns sand and rubber on a Mexican beach (above) and navigates a borrowed catamaran (below), skimming over the waves along the Mexican coast. At right, she provides a tantalizing early moonrise over Manzanillo.



Donna had no problems posing for the PLAYBOY camera. "I've always been comfortable with my body. Some of my friends expected me to be embarrassed, but I said to the photographer, 'Why should I be? That's what I'm here for. Take the pictures; let's do it.'"





Japanese. "I speak Japanese," Donna said simply. Had we known her better at the time, we wouldn't have asked such a stupid question. It's best to give Donna the benefit of any doubt. If you underestimate her, her attention drifts.

"I was interested in the Japanese and their culture," she went on, "so I just picked it up. After that, I dated a lot of Japanese men and ended up married to one for a time."

Although she hasn't been to college, Donna handles herself like a Ph.D. Experience is a great teacher, and the lady has a trigger-quick mind. Fending for herself was an early lesson, and she's honed her wit as well as her sensibilities. She's on her own again, and enjoying it.



"I like being independent," she said. "I wouldn't have it any other way, because there was a time when I wasn't. I would be living with a man, and he'd say, 'Well, it's my money. I'm paying the rent.' I'm out in the cold unless I do as he says. Forget it! Not happening! Not with this cookie, anyway."

Donna's nothing if not candid. She finds the straightforward approach is best.

"I'm really easy to communicate with, because I get right to the point. I don't play around. I just say it like it is. I'm a very (text concluded on page 151)

Knocking around the world, as Donna has done, gives one acute insights into human nature. Quoth Chairman Donna, "They say there's someone for everyone. But that's not always true. Sometimes there's nobody for someone, because that someone's too much of a jerk!"









"If a man can just let a woman go and get out whatever's in her head, do her thing, and just let her know, 'I love you, and I'm here,' the woman will reciprocate if she really cares about him. Everybody needs space, or the thing won't work. Being with someone 24 hours a day drives you to hatred."





MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Donna Smith

BUST: 37" WAIST: 24" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 105

BIRTH DATE: 3/15/60 BIRTHPLACE: Portland, Oregon

AMBITIONS: To one day become a successful singer

TURN-ONS: Being with someone I love - Shopping - Nude sunbathing - playing with dogs

TURN-OFFS: Being hurt by people - jealous people - possessive people - places with too much smoke

FAVORITE MOVIES: Silkwood - Terms of Endearment - Frances - Romancing the Stone

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Richard Pryor - Eddie Murphy - Steve Martin - Faye Dunaway - Meryl Streep

FAVORITE SPORTS: Swimming - Horseback riding - pool

IDEAL MAN: A man who keeps himself in shape - Mentally + physically.

SECRET FANTASY: If I told you my secret fantasy it wouldn't be a secret. Now, would it?

age 1

age 19

age 21



Just playing



They got me again



sitting with my friend's dog



COOKIN'

(continued from page 93)

honest person. And I'm so easygoing, it's incredible."

The freedom she expresses is based on a well-cultivated inner strength. Donna knows who she is and where she stands.

"I'm very religious. I believe very strongly in God. It gives me strength. Like, if I'm scared on an airplane—I hate to fly!—I say a prayer and I know I'm going to make it. He's always looking over me. Boy, I'll tell you, He's definitely been there quite a few times. Quite a few. . . ."

Donna grew quiet and her eyes misted over. "See, now, if I talk like this, I'll start crying, so you have to stop talking to me." She excused herself and went to make tea.

Later, when she returned, she was crackling again. Modeling has been good to her, but she'd like to try something else, and singing is the best possibility.

"I do all kinds of stuff. I like progressive funk, and I like jazz. I like Phoebe Snow's style a lot. I also like the Pretenders, stuff like that, to get up there and really be a cocky bitch onstage; you know, to have everybody by the balls in a very strong but innocent way.

"I've had a lot of people say that when I sing, I sound a little like Kim Carnes but with a black side. I sing black because I was raised around black people.

"I used to be real shy about my singing. Stage fright. But every time I do sing, someone will say, 'Donna, get out there. You're a gold mine walking down the street. Someone ought to snatch you up!'"

Although her career is uppermost in her mind right now, Donna hasn't given up on love—not by a long shot.

"One day, I'll get married again, I'm sure. I would love to have one or two chil-

dren. I would definitely live with someone a long time first, though, to be certain I could spend the rest of my life with him.

"The kind of man I prefer is a gentleman. Warm, loving, gentle—just as it's said. I don't like arrogant men; you know, men who have a wild hair up their ass and think they can conquer the world. Men who think, You owe me, because I'm cool. Men like that—disrespectful.

"Sex isn't a big part of my life. It's a medium part; let's put it that way. There are times when I don't want it at all; then there are times when, honey, give it up, you know! I thoroughly enjoy pleasing my man, and I enjoy being pleased. It's important to have good sex in a relationship. But people who think it's the most important thing can stay out of my life, because I don't believe that.

"Money isn't that important to me, either. If I wanted limousines, I could have all the limousines I wanted right now, believe me. I'd rather have my *own* and tell a man, 'Hey, would you like me to pick you up in my limousine?'"

Then she levels her eyes and speaks carefully: "I want to be able to depend on a man as well as depend on myself. But I want him to know that I don't *need* him.

"It's not that whatever Donna wants, Donna gets. That's not the way I am. I'm a very giving and a very loving person. I have a heart as big as this world. Anyone who knows me will tell you that.

"And I cook, too. Oh, boy, do I cook! I can do Italian, Japanese, Mexican, Chinese, steaks. No cookbooks, either. All with the tongue—just the tongue. Everybody out of my kitchen; I'm cooking!"

There was really no need to add that. We were already convinced the lady could cook. In more ways than one.



"He's never caught nuthin'—unless you count what that waitress down at the pier bar gave him!"

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A horny young attorney dropped into a singles bar on the prowl. The first girl whom he invited to his pad responded ruefully that she hadn't yet been fitted with her new diaphragm. A second confessed that she had broken her contraceptive-pill chain. Coming on to a third lovely, the fellow asked delicately, "Have you taken pleasure precautions, my dear?"

"Oh, yes, indeed," the girl replied straightforwardly. "I have my I.U.D. in."

"That's great!" reacted the eager legal eagle. "I knew that if I kept looking, I'd find a loophole."

Our Unabashed Nation's Capital Dictionary defines *political insider* as a Congressman getting laid.

How faithful were you to your wife?" Saint Peter asked the candidate for admission at the pearly gates.

"One thousand percent!" insisted the man. "I never even looked at another woman!"

"That's remarkable," commented the saint. "As a special reward, you're being assigned a Jaguar to drive here in heaven."

"And . . . if I had been unfaithful?"

"You'd have to use other transportation, depending on how much you had cheated."

A few days later, Peter chanced on the new arrival sitting, sobbing, in his vehicle. "What is it?" he inquired. "You've made it to heaven and, thanks to your exemplary marital fidelity, you can tool around in this neat Jag. What's the trouble?"

"My wife died in the same accident I did," gulped the sobber, "and I've just seen her. She was pedaling a tricycle!"

What's your denomination?" the skid-row rescue-mission clergyman asked the floozy.

"A twenty—hopefully," she replied.



Boy, was I had!" the girl complained to a sister chorine. "The smooth bastard managed to convince me that the number of his secret Swiss bank account was tattooed under his foreskin!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *tearjerker* as a sensitive chap who cries while masturbating.

Now that word has gotten around that Old MacDonald recently bought himself an inflatable latex sex object, he's being referred to as the farmer in the doil.

When I got a water bed years ago, I was able to get my wife to join me in churning it into a raging torrent," reminisced the drinker, "but then it gradually subsided to Lake Placid."

"You're lucky," responded his bar companion. "With *my* wife, our water bed has always been the Dead Sea."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *transvestite* as a gender pretender.



How come you keep wasting that beer by pouring some of it in your hand?" one fraternity member asked a nerdy brother.

"I hope to score tonight," was the reply, "so I'm getting my date drunk."

It could be that you've heard of the pimp who refused to let his girls go down on him. He was known, of course, as the headless whoresman.

A petite girl, when begged for some action,
Told a guy with a nine-inch attraction:

"It would cause me dismay
If you went all the way—
But I'd settle," she smiled, "for a fraction."

What are the four cycles in the functioning of an internal-combustion engine?" the high school shop-class instructor asked a student.

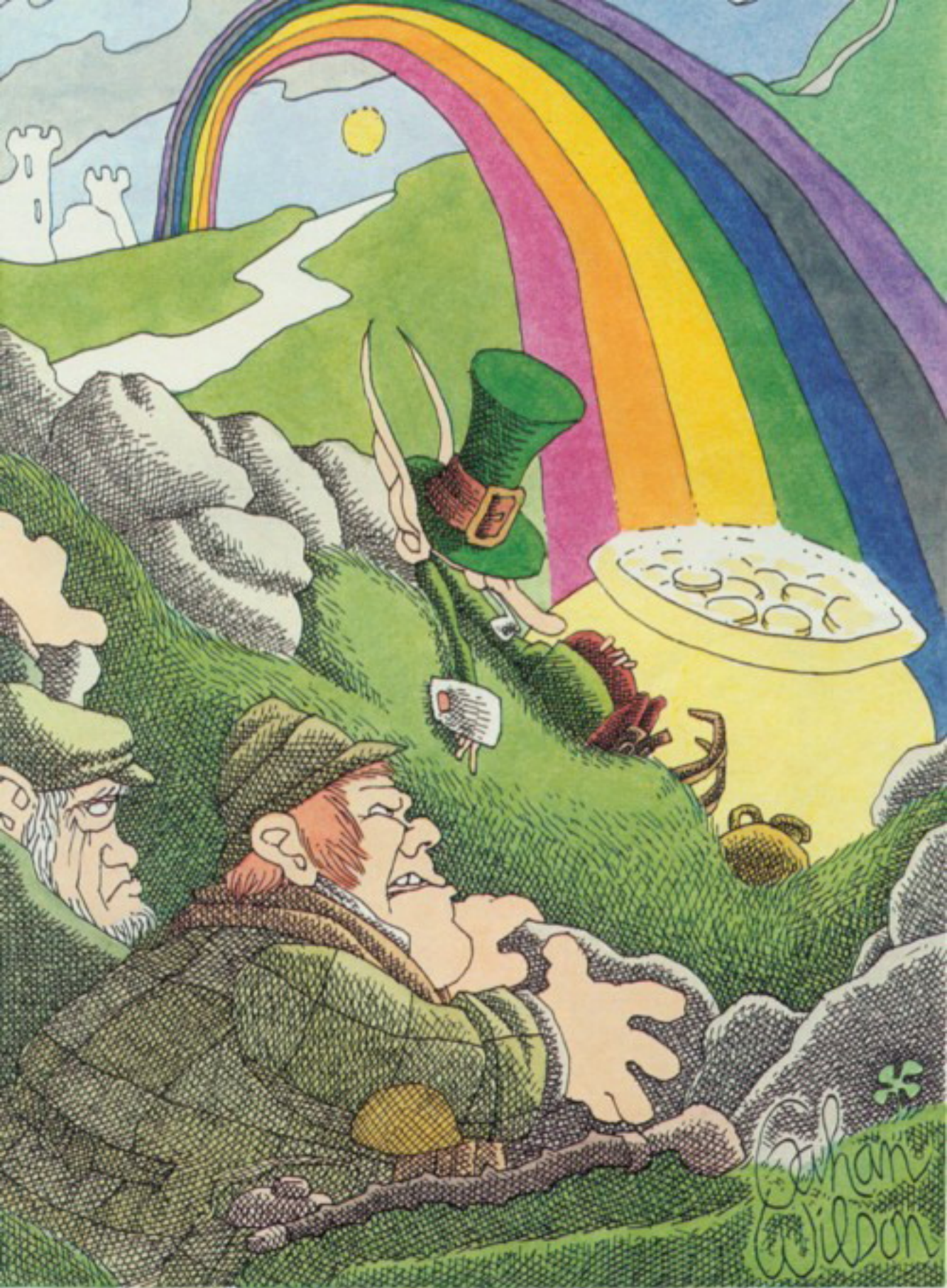
"One is ig-ig-ignition," answered the lad, "but I'm kinda hazy about the others."

"The cycles, in order, are intake, compression, ignition and exhaust," reviewed the instructor somewhat wearily.

"They're pretty difficult to remember, Mr. Rogers," pursued the dense student.

"Not if you think of them in terms of extracurricular social activity, like on dates," countered Rogers, with a tight smile. "Then you might consider them to be the approximate equivalents of sucking, squeezing, banging and blowing."

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Of course, it may be one of those sting operations!"



Understudies

four overwhelming playmates of the year prove that less is more





PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STAN MALINOWSKI

THE WORD lingerie is derived from the Latin *linum*, linen. Pretty prosaic. The words Playmate of the Year date back to 1960, when Ellen Stratton became the first to win that appellation. Pretty straightforward. Put the terms together, though, and you've got Playmates of the Year in lingerie—a phrase that's worth studying in depth. Playmates of the Year Barbara Edwards (1984), Marianne Gravatte (1983), Shannon Tweed (1982) and Monique St. Pierre (1979) are dazzling on the street, of course. In intimate surroundings, they've been known to cause temporary blindness. You definitely won't be underwhelmed.

After work, Barbara Edwards sunset strips (far left) in and out of a Prima Eclat underwire bra, garter belt and G string, \$120, from M. A. Rabinowitz, New York. Left: Barbara feels uplifted by a \$175 silk-chiffon camisole/bikini from Frances Smily, Clio Designs.







Yon cassis—that's the color of Marianne Gravatte's silk-charmeuse robe at left—has a lean-and-hungry look, ideal for a night of purple passion. Her cassis bandeau bra and lacy-front bikini complete Marianne's royal regalia. A gift that keeps on giving, the entire outfit can be yours for just \$380, from Donna Giambrone at Le Boudoir Giambrone, New York. Above, we find Newfoundland's favorite daughter, Shannon Tweed, getting a leg up on late-evening dress in an ivory-cashmere tuxedo coat with satin collar and matching ivory-silk-charmeuse garter belt. Loré of Los Angeles sells the coat for \$575, while the garter belt's a steal at just \$42. You're not willing to fly to L.A. for them? Then just call 1-800-992-SILK.



Marianne's rear view (above) always provides scenic curves—all the more so when she's dressed in Donna Giambrone's silk high-cut French undie trimmed in lace, plus a matching silk-*charmeuse* camisole. The undie and the camisole sell for \$68 each. Loré suggests that you "indulge your utmost fantasy of opulence in this amazing silk-*charmeuse* cocoon, flowing with double marabou right to its extravagant train" (right). Actually, you might look funny in it, but your girlfriend wouldn't. Shannon certainly looks pretty opulent. The *bustier* camisole itself is \$95; the rose-colored cocoon is \$575. Vocabulary lesson—a camisole is a short negligee; *charmeuse* is a satin finish; marabou is feathery stuff; and the cocoon's a robe.



There's a Wild One in every crowd. In this case, it's Marianne, all leathered up and ready to paint the town black. Hipsters, take heart—her high-cut lace "hipster" with detachable garters, by Dolores for Poirrette, is a bargain at \$18.







Does your fantasy combine sensuousness and innocence? Then ignore Barbara Edwards on the facing page; in an exquisite peignoir from Loré, banded with antique cocoa lace, \$625, she's totally sensuous. At right, Shannon Tweed models Donna Giambrone's silk-chiffon tap pants in white with a flocked Lurex design, \$82.



Above: Say hello to minimalist fashion we can all afford. For only \$34, you can outfit your favorite lady in a strapless stretch-lace teddy and fingerless all-lace gloves, from Early Gilbert of San Francisco. From Santa Monica's Jonquil comes Shannon's black-and-stone-checkered man-tailored silk robe, with shorts to match (right), \$295.





A priceless Monique on a pricy antique—Monique St. Pierre (above) models a silk-charmeuse French undie in turquoise, trimmed in black embroidered lace, which Donna Giambone will let you have for \$68. The chair, sad to say, is not for sale. We're waiting for Louis the Something to come back and claim it. On the facing page, it's Barbara again, offering a clinic in demure seduction. Her blazing silk-charmeuse peignoir, with layers of silk-organza ruffles unfolding to the waist, is a \$465 creation by Loré. Sashed at the top, it's guaranteed to keep the home fires burning. Now we've come to the end of our study in scarlet, black and charmeuse. There'll be no quiz—we assume you've been paying attention.





"Well, if that's all that's keeping him alive, why won't Medicaid cover it?"



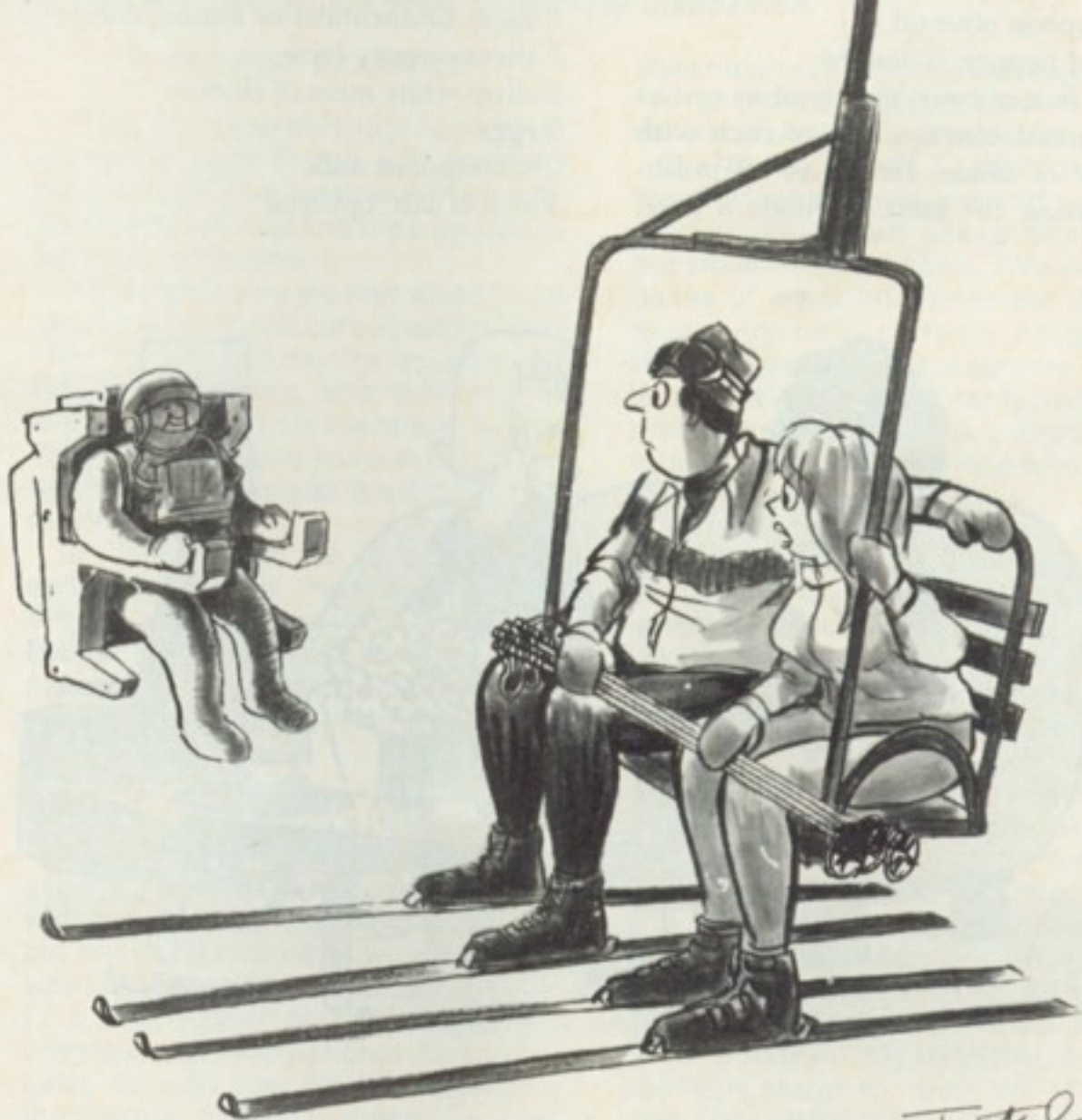
"Oh, don't be such a wimp, Edwards. Surely you can pick me up a package of tampons on your lunch hour."



*"And thanks for teaching me how
to enjoy little things."*



*"It's two A.M., Debbie. Give him his blow job
and get him out of here!"*



Intinlandi

"Say, how high is this slope, anyway?"

JUMPIN' AT THE TV SIDE

Punk rockers may not bow and face west when the name Wally Haider is mentioned, but anyone who's into big-band jazz knows that Haider's Los Angeles sound studio was the home of many movie and early-TV big-band productions. Now Haider has dug into archives and put together a selection of nine video tapes showcasing the talents of 33 bands. The tapes are \$49.95 each, sent to Swingtime Video, P.O. Box 3476, Hollywood, California 90078. A free catalog is available.



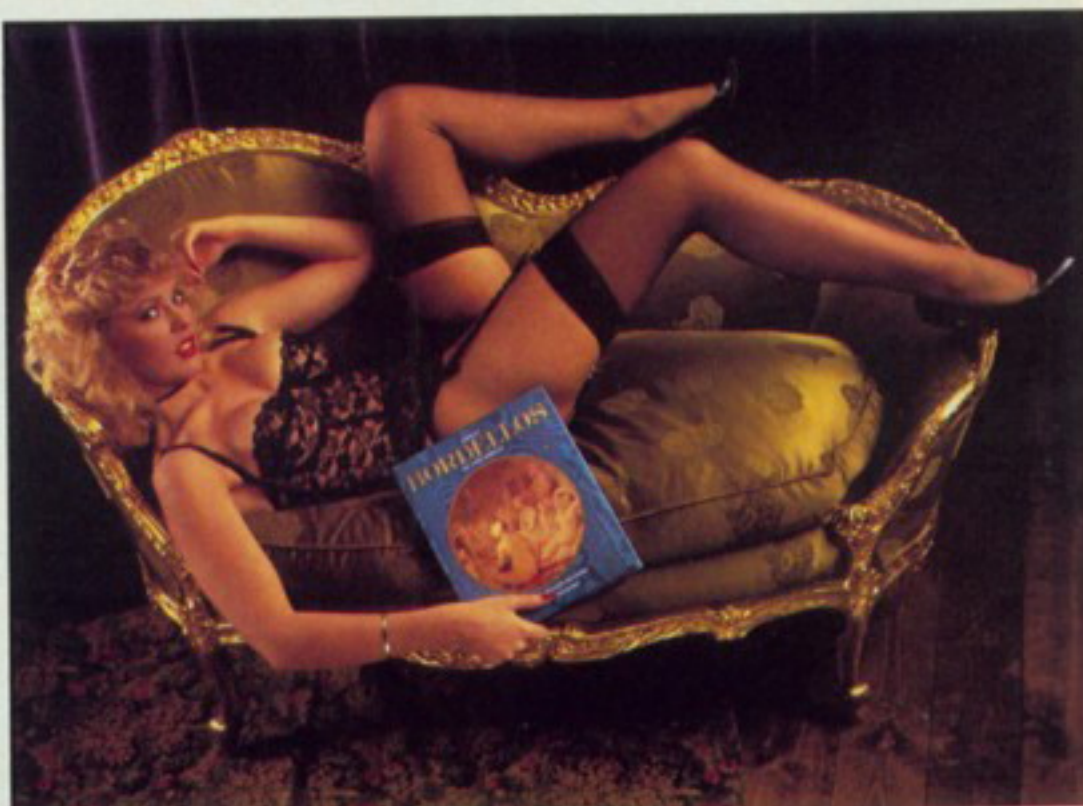
COCK OF THE WALK

Calvin Klein, watch your ass! A new fashion movement is hanging in there, and we'll lay odds it's going to be stiff competition. We're talking about Dingus Wear—yes, wearables for your wang and designer duds for your dick. Dingus Wear's most popular one-size-fits-all styles include a cowboy outfit, a chef's hat, jacket and apron or a tux for \$21.95 each sent to Dingus Wear, P.O. Box 408343, Department B200, Chicago 60640. It's a whole new balls game.



THE BUTLER DOES IT

Anyone who's ever set down his drink at a party only to discover that he couldn't remember where he'd put it or—even worse—to find that it's disappeared down some other guest's throat or been dumped will appreciate the ingenuity of Buffet Butler: four 13" x 17" vinyl mats with 12 numbers (1 to 12 or 13 to 24) and 12 letters (A to L or M to X) printed on each mat. All you do is remember that X (or whichever square you choose) marks the spot while you get up and boogie, do a trick with a lamp shade and a bar of soap, perform your ever-popular impression of Fay Wray masturbating King Kong or put the heavy moves on your hostess. A set of Buffet Butler mats will set you back \$25 sent to Stimuleye, P.O. Box 187, Worcester, Massachusetts 01602. Ring for the Butler. He's got your drink.



THE CAT HOUSE'S MEOW

Most coffee-table books cost and weigh a ton, and their glossy pages filled with lovely photos of Etruscan frescoes never see the light of day. Then there's *Great Bordellos of the World*, a 254-page illustrated history by Emmett Murphy (Quartet Books is the publisher), selling in bookstores for \$29.95, that you'll have to chain to your table. Chapters range from "Gods, Graves and Harlots" (those naughty Assyrians) to "Going Public," a collection of contemporary cat houses. Say, on page 241—the little blonde bombshell in the baby dolls. Isn't that your wife?

ROAD AROMA

Now that Jonbil, Inc., has come out with Long Haul trucker's jeans, it's eased on down the road to another market that has the smell of instant success—Long Haul Cologne. Long Haul's scent has been described as being as masculine as a lug wrench, combining citrus with herbs and spices—plus maybe a pinch of diesel smoke and coffee grounds tossed in. A four-ounce bottle goes for \$18, from Long Haul, P.O. Box 37, Highway 75, Chase City, Virginia 23924. Well, smell you!



REMEMBER TO THE RESCUE

With a staff meeting at nine, a conference at 11 and a sales meeting from one to five, it's not your fault that your girlfriend told you to go take a flying futo at eight, when you forgot her birthday. At least, that's the way we look at it, and so does Remember, Inc., a company at 40 Freeman Place, Needham, Massachusetts 02192, that, for \$30 annually, will remember six special days you specify and send out cards. Sleep well, Mr. Big; Remember, Inc. is awake.



ADOPT-A-COMP

With about 11,000,000 computers sold in North America last year, you can bet your RAM and ROM that there are going to be at least a couple of million of them abandoned by their owners once the novelty wears off. That's where International Computer Orphanage steps in. I.C.O. is an adoption agency for computers at 6711 Mississauga Road, Suite 103, Mississauga, Ontario, L5N 2W3. Just \$35 gets you membership and full info on how to temporarily or permanently adopt a used computer. A Kaypro 2 for \$999, or \$15.42 a day? That's not much of a byte, now, is it?

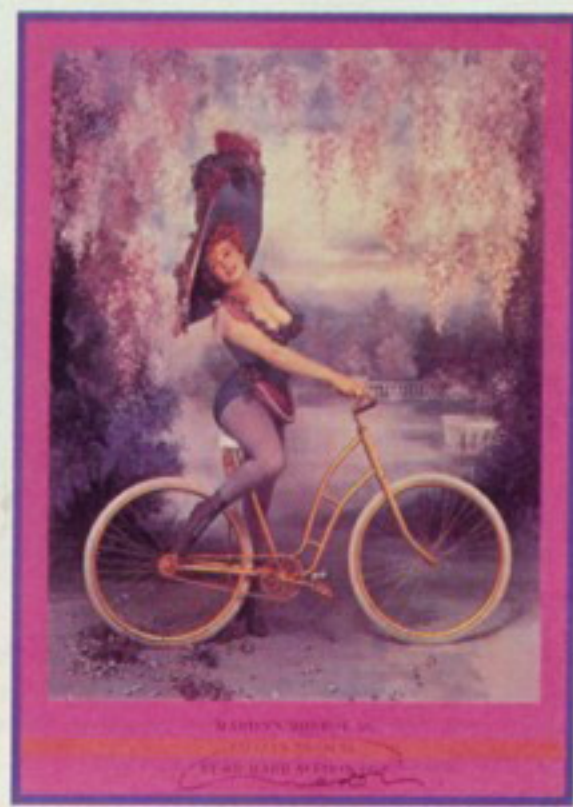


HERE'S YOUR MITT, WALTER MITTY

If you've ever wanted to pull off a hat trick against Edmonton, play in the world series or score the winning T.D. on Super Bowl Sunday, has Hall of Fame got a deal for you. For \$59.95, it will make you the star of a radio-cassette re-creation of a sporting event—anything from baseball, basketball and football to tennis, boxing, hockey and golf. Sound effects and a professional announcer add to the realism—who wouldn't believe you knocked out Ali in the seventh? For more info, contact Hall of Fame Tapes, P.O. Box 8908, Rockville, Maryland 20856.

AVEDON AND MM

Richard Avedon's *Lost Marilyn*s are the stuff that legends are made of—four period photos that Marilyn posed for in 1958 for *Life* magazine, each depicting a sex symbol of the past: Lillian Russell (shown), Clara Bow, Jean Harlow and Theda Bara. Avedon had mislaid the photos until about a year ago, and now he's offering them as 20" x 28" posters through Andrew Greshaw, Ltd., 407 East 75th Street, New York 10021, for \$25 each, unsigned, or \$50 each, signed. Avedon reminisces that when Marilyn saw the photos, she told him, "I'm prouder of these than any movie I've ever made." We agree.





Sheila E. Holds the Pickle

Oh, God, we don't know what to tell you. This guy can't be located to tell the tale of singer/percussionist SHEILA E. With Prince as her mentor, Sheila is climbing the charts. And everything else.

GRAPEVINE

Someday Our Prince Will Come

In this year of androgyny, PRINCE is king. His album and movie *Purple Rain* went through the roof. His concerts were the hot tix this winter. He's responsible for a bevy of women singers. So do we care if he dresses like Mozart?



Frankie-Pankie

FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD did not take America by the same storm that captured Britain. It didn't have much of a stage show, and its hits were too short. But it has great slogans, and it's the only pop group we can remember that uses a bunch of drag queens for an opening act. Too cute!





Wait a Minute, Mr. Postman

When LINDSEY BUCKINGHAM publicly whined about his love life, he had no idea how many women would be happy to make a go of it with a lonely millionaire. You think his troubles are over? He has to answer all that mail!



Guitar Man

We watched SAMMY HAGAR's album *VOA* move up the charts this past winter and his single *I Can't Drive 55* do the same. So it's no wonder that when the Red Rocker performs, girls throw red things onstage. It began with scarves but recently switched to underwear. And Prince thought he was the only one?

Guns and Buttercups

SIAN ADEY JONES is a very attractive woman. She is also a former Miss Wales, a model and an actress. If you'd like to see her poetry in motion, catch the new James Bond film, *A View to a Kill*, in May. Until then, we're going to fantasize about getting arrested.



NEXT MONTH



MORGANNA'S WORKOUT



CAFÉ FLESH



ATLAS' SHRUG



SUPER SISTERS

"CONFESSIONS OF A CULT SEX KING: CAFÉ FLESH AND ME"—THE AUTHOR OF THE POSTNUCLEAR X CLASSIC REPORTS' ON ITS FALLOUT, INCLUDING HIS DISCOVERY THAT EVERYMAN'S DREAM IS TO BANK-ROLL A PORN FLICK—BY JERRY STAHL

"WILL SHE OR WON'T SHE?"—READING HER BODY AND OTHER LANGUAGES—BY DANIEL MARK EPSTEIN

"MORGANNA'S GUIDE TO SPRING TRAINING"—OUR FAVORITE KISS-AND-RUN ARTIST DEMONSTRATES THE EQUIPMENT THAT'LL GET YOU IN SHAPE FOR YOUR FAVORITE SPORT

"PLAYBOY'S YEAR IN MUSIC"—STAY TUNED FOR THE TINA TURNER WORKOUT, THE SINATRA/BILLY IDOL "WHO'S THE REAL PUNK?" PROFILE AND MORE

"EVEN CHARLES ATLAS DIES"—WHEN YOU'VE HAD SAND KICKED IN YOUR FACE, SOMETHING SNAPS. YOU, TOO, CAN BE A KING OF BODYBUILDING OR, AT LEAST, MEET ONE. A TALE THAT'S CHOCK-FULL OF DYNAMIC TENSION—BY SERGIO RAMIREZ

"WHAT I LEARNED AT SEA"—HE HAD THE BEST JOB IN THE WORLD, THAT OF *PLAYBOY*'S TRAVEL EDITOR, AND HE CHUCKED IT FOR WIND AND WAVE. IF YOU'RE A SAILOR, YOU UNDERSTAND WHY. A MEMOIR—BY REG POTTERTON

"ARE THERE ANY MORE AT HOME LIKE YOU?"—IN THE CASE OF THESE PLAYMATES, THE ANSWER IS YES. PRESENTING THE CHIN, SOARES, ST. GEORGE AND SMITH SISTERS, WHO PROVE YOU CAN NEVER GET TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING

JOEL HYATT, THE WIZARD OF LOW-COST LEGAL SERVICES, DISCUSSES HIS BRIEFS AND OTHER HOT TOPICS IN A SNAPPY "20 QUESTIONS"

PLUS: JOHN ESKOW'S SLY TIPS ON HOW TO PROFIT BY THE LESSONS OF VIETNAM, "SUPPORT OUR BOYS IN NICARAGUA"; A HARD-CHARGING *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH THE EDMONTON OILERS' STAR CENTER WAYNE GRETZKY; "PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO FASHION"; EMANUEL GREENBERG'S "WHITE MAGIC: 99 TRICKS WITH VODKA" AND MUCH MORE