

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1982 • \$2.50

*Playmate
of the Year*



FOR A LONGER LOOK AT SHANNON TWEED,
OPEN THIS GATEFOLD COVER,
THEN TURN TO HER FABULOUS PICTORIAL INSIDE

A KNOCKOUT
INTERVIEW WITH
SUGAR RAY LEONARD

"HOLY TERROR"
HOW FANATICS USE
THAT OLD-TIME
RELIGION TO
CONTROL VOTES—
AND MINDS

MAN AND WOMAN
WHY SEX FEELS
THE WAY IT DOES

SHAME OF
HOLLYWOOD!
HOPE OF A NATION!
PLAYBOY'S
GUIDE TO THE
"GOOD PARTS"
IN THOSE
KISS-'N'-TELL
CELEBRITY BIOS

DAN AYKROYD
NOT JUST
ANOTHER
PRETTY
CONEHEAD

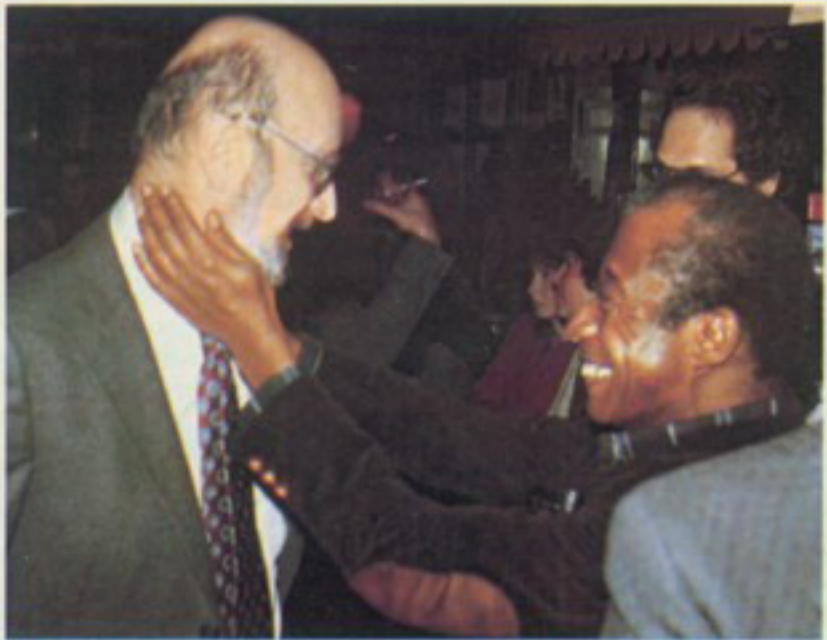
THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it



THE WORLD'S FAIREST

Among the primary civic boosters of the 1982 World's Fair, which opened in Knoxville May first, is June 1978 Playmate Gail Stanton, shown above in front of the fair's Sunsphere. A native of Tennessee, Gail is on the fair's promotion staff.



REACH OUT AND TOUCH SOMEONE

Who needs a telephone? Novelist James Baldwin lands a friendly hand upside the face of writer/cartoonist/playwright Jules Feiffer at Playboy's Writers Awards bash at Elaine's in New York City. Our editors voted Baldwin best nonfiction contributor for *Atlanta: The Evidence of Things Not Seen*.

PLAYBOY JAZZ BOWL IV

At Mansion West (below), Hugh Hefner, producer George Wein and trumpeter Wild Bill Davison, with Bunnies Jeannie, Eileen and Stephanie, announce the line-up for this year's Playboy Jazz Festival, set for June 19-20 at the Hollywood Bowl and to be video-taped for later showing on The Playboy Channel.



PLAYMATE UPDATE: LESLIE SHOWS HORSE SENSE

Former Bunny and January 1969 Playmate Leslie Bianchini (below) has started a modeling career and has become vice-president of a corporation that owns several stores and eateries. Above, she saddles up at her Santa Rosa, California, ranch, where she breeds and trains Arabian horses for show.



THE PLAYBOY CHANNEL DEBUTS NATIONWIDE

We haven't figured out yet how you're supposed to turn the pages, but apparently that's no problem for video executives Ann Shanks, Bob Shanks and Hugh Hefner, shown here during the planning stages of The Playboy Channel. Our magazine-style cable offering has since been launched to wide acclaim and has found an eager audience in many major pay-TV markets. The channel roughly follows the format of your favorite magazine, complete with *The Playboy Advisor*, *Interview*, *Playmate*, *Ribald Classic* and other features in the rich abundance that is generally associated with our name.



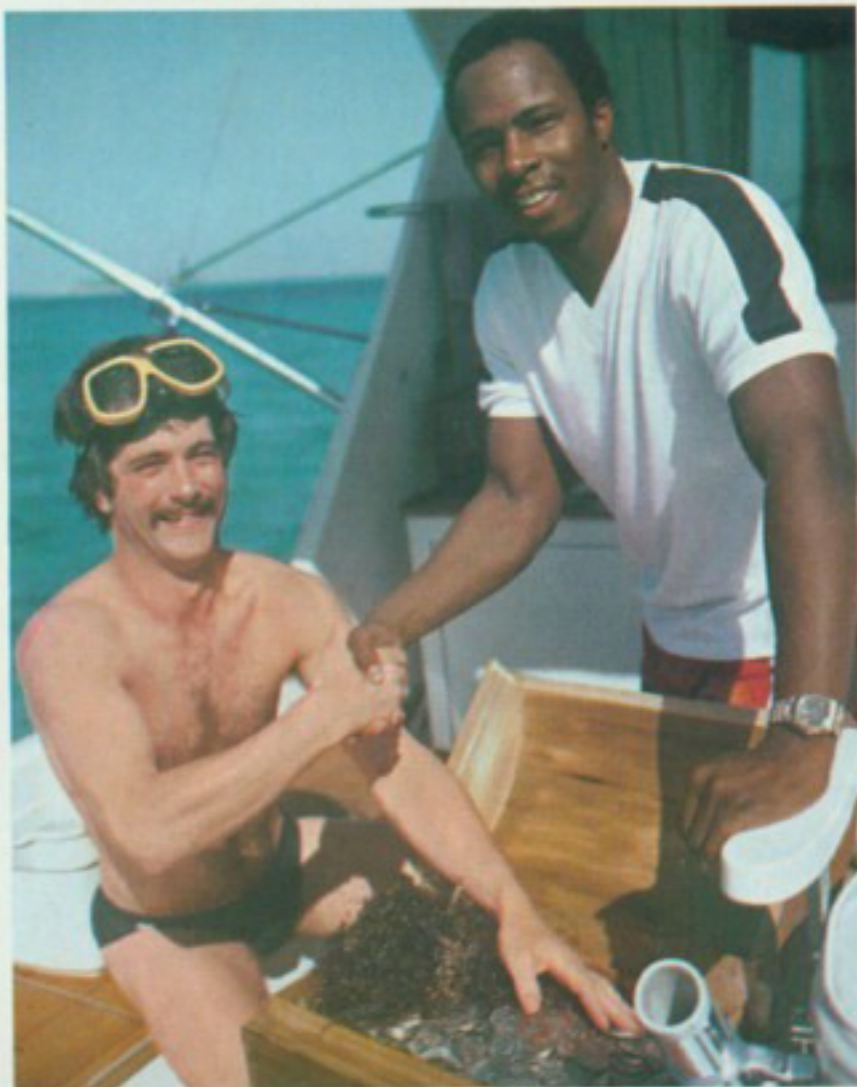
The
PLAYBOY
Channel

With The Playboy Channel (see logo above) comes the first video Playmate—Shannon Tweed, our current Playmate of the Year. She's shown onscreen, below, with Peter Tomarken. The duo regularly co-hosts the channel's newsy *On the Scene* segment.



DIVER DON PICKS UP HIS CHIPS

Don Whitmer of Columbus, Ohio, and LaVant Carey of the Playboy Casino in Nassau shake hands over part of Don's Playboy Clubs Treasure and Pleasure Sweepstakes Grand Prize: a \$25,000 treasure of Playboy Casino chips. Whitmer also won a two-week vacation for four in the Bahamas.



EX-BUNNY IN PHOTO FLASH

That's former Chicago Bunny Michele Fitzsimmons, above, with photos from an exhibit in which she appears nude against such Chicago cityscapes as an Illinois Central Gulf Railroad pedestrian tunnel (below). It was Fitzsimmons' idea, Diane Schmidt's photos.



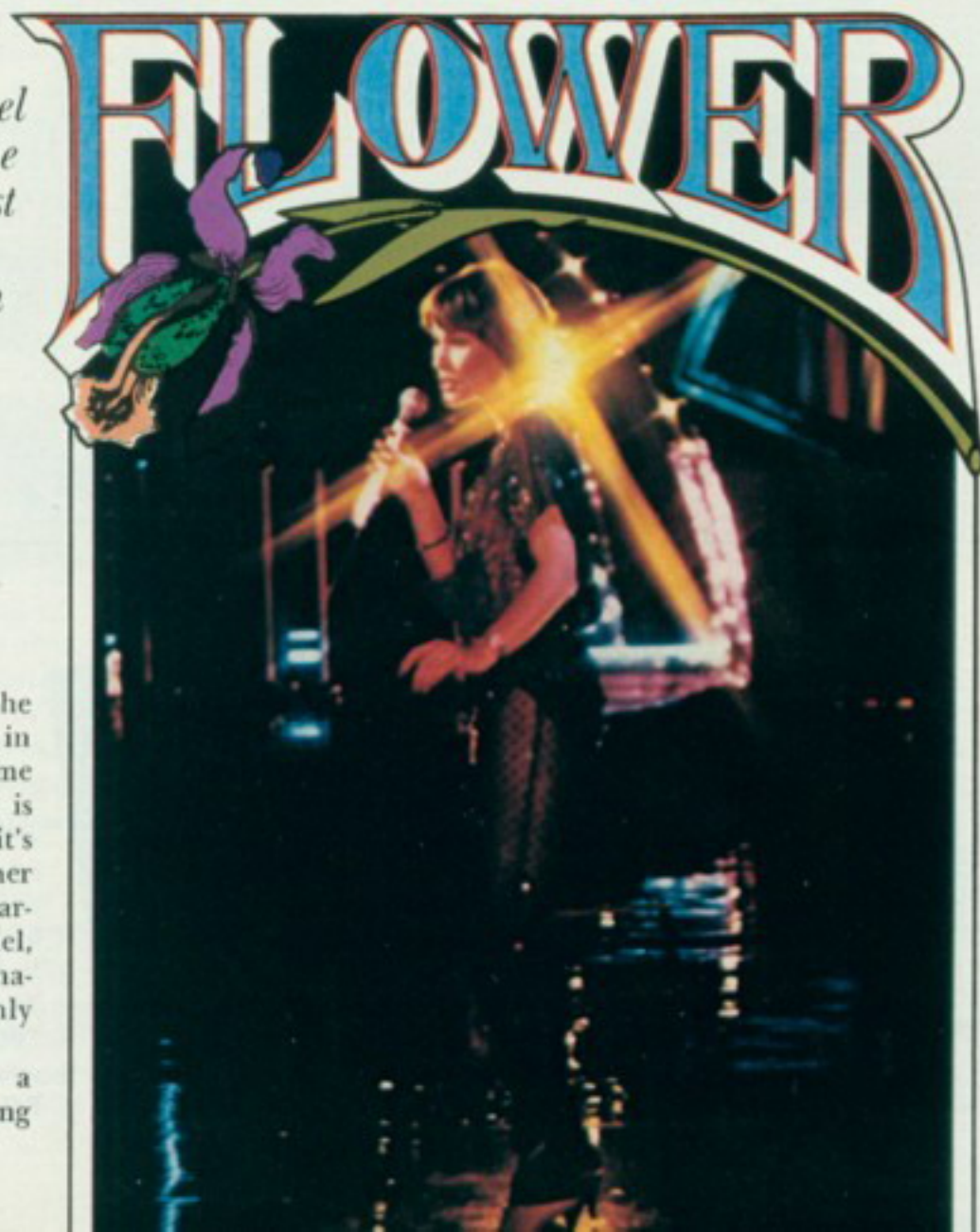








can a singing model conquer the u.s. the way she did the rest of the world? the answer may be on your radio now



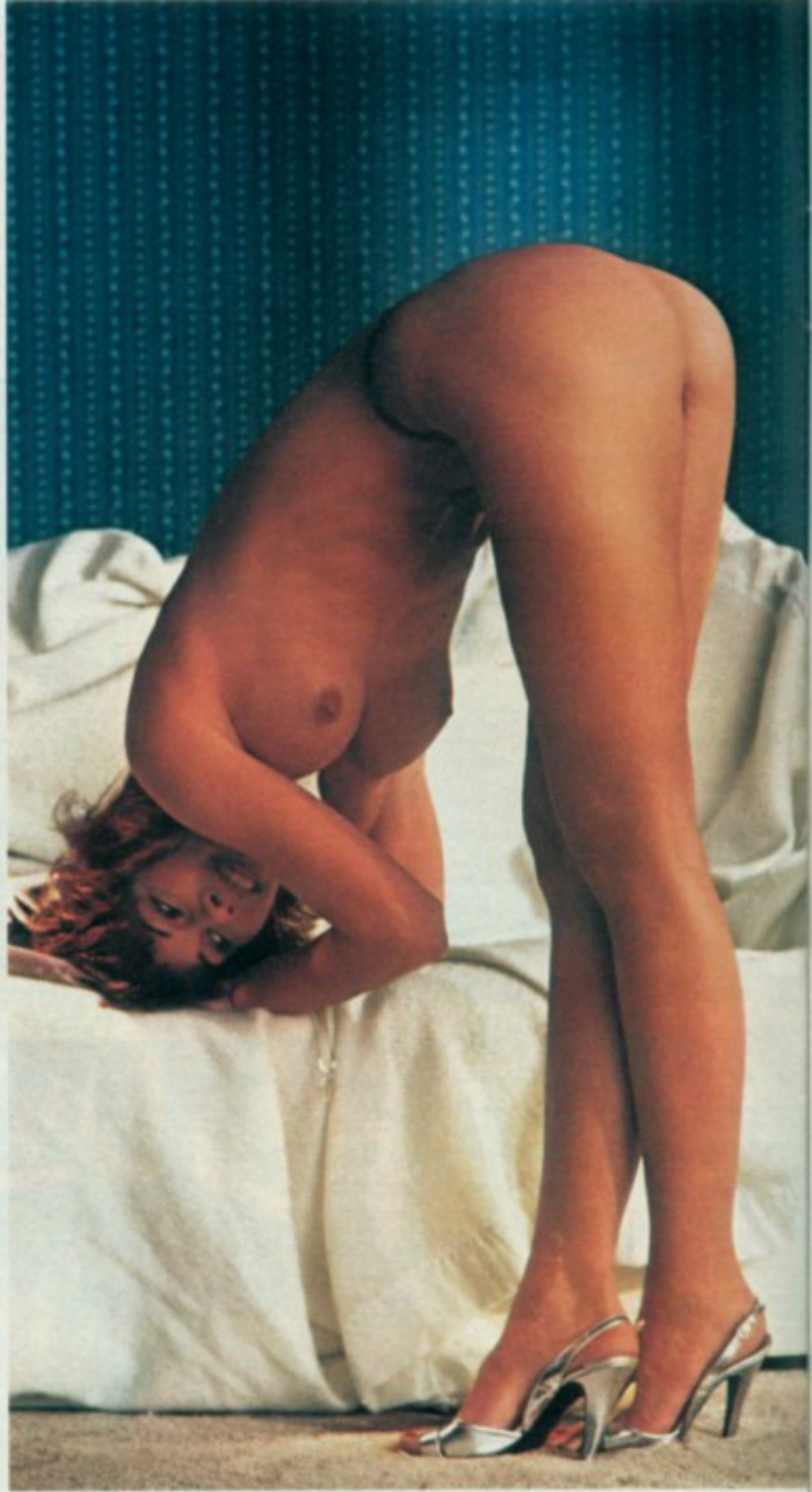
FLOWER IS her name. She got it while growing up in San Diego (her real name is Cheryl Flor, and *flor* is flower in Spanish) and it's stuck since, serving her well through several incarnations—housewife, model, disco queen and international singing star, roughly in that order.

She seems to blush a bit at the idea of being

"I'm really determined about my singing career," says Flower. "Even though I might be using photography and visuals to promote it a little bit, modeling was my business so long it seemed only natural for me to go in that direction."

called an international singing star, despite four albums and numerous world tours. If Flower wants fan adulation, she gets on a plane and flies from Los Angeles to Mexico, where she's a genuine star. But chances are good that no one will recognize her on her way to the airport.

If Flower's voice isn't familiar to Americans, her



Since it was modeling that launched her singing career, Flower isn't shy about using her looks to sell records. Her first three albums (right) were *Flower* and *Heat*, both released in the U. S., and *More Than Meets the Eye*, a pop-oriented disc that was released on a Mexican label.



"I vowed I'd never go out with anyone in the music business after having been married to a d.j.," says Flower. But today, her music-mogul husband calls the shots for her. That can be a problem. "Whenever we have a personal debate, it ends up in a fight on the business side."

face may be a bit more. When she and her former husband, disc jockey Bobby Ocean (yes, at that time, she was known as Flower Ocean—"It was perfect for Haight-Ashbury," she says, laughing), moved from San Francisco to Los Angeles, she felt she'd had enough of being a housewife and wanted to do some modeling. She got what she wanted—a career—but lost a husband in the process. Not long after she and Ocean had split, a friend set her up on a blind date with David Chackler, a music-industry mogul who'd discovered and promoted Stevie Nicks, Lindsey Buckingham and the group Queen. Despite Chackler's early contention that "any model named Flower living in Los Angeles has got to be a wacko," the two met, fell in love and got married.

But things took an unexpected turn when a photographer who was looking for a girl to pose for an album cover and a promotional calendar spotted Flower's picture in Chackler's office and hired her. The album was *No Second Chance*, by the English group Charlie, and the cover and the calendar were sexy enough to create a stir.

"It really made a lot of noise in the music industry," recalls Flower. "The record company sent me on the road to promote the album, and that made news in itself."

In fact, Flower got so much press that another record company figured it could capitalize on it by releasing an album featuring Flower as a singer, even though her only singing experience had been in a San Diego coffeehouse years before. "I took over her career and did my John Derek routine," jokes David. They agreed that since Flower Chackler didn't have a euphonious ring to it and since Cheryl Chackler was almost as bad, both artist and album would be known simply as *Flower*.

Although the album didn't make any gigantic waves, appearing only briefly on the charts, one cut, a lone disco tune called *Give the Little Girl a Chance*, began to find favor on the burgeoning disco



scene. "It just so happened that the timing was right," says David. Flower's name started appearing in a few disco polls and *PLAYBOY* included her in its *Disco Queens* pictorial in April 1979. Flower took the cue, and *Heat*, her next album, was all disco. Still, success was elusive—at least in the U. S. But in Mexico, *Heat* seemed to have a life of its own, and the Chacklers decided that if Flower couldn't be a star in the States, they'd settle for the rest of the world. At first, they concentrated their efforts on Mexico, releasing a more pop-oriented album with a Mexican company. Their work paid off there and, eventually, in other countries.

Both David and Flower are hoping that her latest album, *Here Inside*, which features Andy Gibb doing background vocals on the title cut, will change things and that the presence of the youngest Gibb will persuade U. S. radio stations and record buyers to take note. If they don't, Flower claims, she won't be disappointed. "It doesn't hurt my feelings that I'm not a star here," she says, "because when I'm in those other places, I get all the gratification I need."





Growing up near the beach turned Flower into an avid swimmer, and by the age of 18, she had gotten a job as a lifeguard at the Naval Training Center in San Diego—one of the first women to be hired. "It was really a prestige job, but even though I was qualified, I never had to jump in and save anyone," she says. "I just sat there in my little lifeguard tower and watched." And, we'll wager, she was watched.





LOURDES ANN KANANIMANU ESTORES seems to have sprung forth from a fantasy recorded in a shipwrecked sailor's log: "After 40 days on the open sea, clinging to what was left of my lifeboat, I washed up on a South Pacific beach. I lay there virtually lifeless for I don't know how long. Suddenly, a native girl appeared; a dark-haired angel so beautiful that all thoughts of thirst and hunger left my body. . . . I rubbed my eyes to make sure I was not hallucinating. . . ."

Lourdes (Loor-dess) is no hallucination. She exists in the town of Haleiwa, on the island of Hawaii. Part Hawaiian, part Filipino, part Spanish and part Tahitian.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS



Miraculous Lourdes

*we discovered the lovely miss
estores on our "girls of
hawaii" talent hunt. we know
a good thing when we see one*

*Living close to nature is what the best
of Hawaii is all about. Being a part
of nature is the key to enjoying it.
"This environment makes you fall
right into place with it," says Lourdes.
"It makes you realize you have to
have a balance. It's like my studies in
t'ai chi chuan: You find your place
in it, you fit in and you move with
it." Below: When the trade winds
fail to cool the Hawaiian sun, a cone
of shaved ice can be a real friend.*

she is one of the 22 members of the Estores family, a good chunk of the total population of Haleiwa. Her father was an Army musician and a part-time fisherman. At the age of four, Lourdes used to accompany her mother to cockfights, where they would sell the day's catch.

At night, the family would gather to play music. Those were especially happy times for her, fostering a deep love for music and dance; Bach and Bartók became her favorites. Her days were spent in school or frolicking on the beach. The uniqueness of her upbringing and her environment has not been lost on her. She is a





child of paradise and knows it.

"This is paradise," says Lourdes. "Everything is perfect here!" Everything? "Well, we do sometimes live in fear of the tsunamis, the tidal waves. I've been through two: The sea gets very quiet; the air becomes still; the birds don't chirp. They can sense it coming. All of a sudden, the sea recedes as though it were being sucked into a huge vacuum. Then a wall of water 30 to 40 feet high grows and moves toward the island. We've lost two fishing boats in tsunamis. It doesn't really pay to build strong houses here."

Living in awesome beauty threatened by destruction has given Lourdes a feeling for the flow of nature and an excuse to fully enjoy it.

"There is a feeling of wholesomeness to the environment here," she says. "People have a healthy glow and take especially good care of their bodies. That's important, because you don't

"I could be a stunt woman if I weren't so accident-prone," says Miss June, who learned she needed glasses by walking into a telephone pole.



On a walk in the countryside around Haleiwa (above), one is as likely to meet a cow as a person; and if you're an animal lover, like Lourdes, you'll stop to chat. Hawaii's balmy climate makes it possible to do almost everything outdoors; below, a neighbor turns a front porch into an instant shower.





wear much." Lourdes keeps in shape as a physical-fitness instructor for a local health spa. She also moonlights as a cocktail waitress and delivers Mary Kay cosmetics via bicycle in her part of the islands. It's a vigorous life but by no means hectic. "We're not in a hurry here. The Hawaiian way is to lie back—what's the rush? Don't be so uptight!—and it's reflected in our health. There are not too many people here with heart problems or high blood pressure." For a time, Lourdes traveled on the mainland, putting on Polynesian shows while attending the University of Southern Mississippi as a dance-

Island food is a special joy to Lourdes. "The fruits and vegetables we produce here are far superior to anything on the mainland: one-and-a-quarter-pound tomatoes, for instance, or 24-inch cucumbers. And every morning, there's an auction of fresh fish just off the boat. You've got to get up at five for that, but it's really worth it!"





and-accounting major. While she found the people of the South every bit as hospitable as those at home, it just wasn't the same. "It took going away to make me realize just how dumb I was to have taken it all for granted," she declares. "Living on the mainland can never compare with this."

Lourdes clearly loves her way of life. What does it take to be so content? "Practice," she says. "You have to *practice* enjoying life."

Although she has studied dance, Lourdes' confidence is guarded. "I've always wanted to be a background dancer. I'm not one for the limelight. I love the feel of the stage—the lights, the smiles, the fun—but I don't think I could ever be a star myself."





When Mrs. Sofronio Estores had her 19th child (below), little Lourdes Ann, the event rated page-one treatment in the Honolulu Advertiser. Lourdes' father was a master sergeant who played in the 264th Army band.



Lourdes' first PLAYBOY appearance, in "The Girls of Hawaii" (August 1980), was enough to convince sculptor Fergus Gordon Dudley (above) that she was just the model to sit for his bronze of a wahine drinking from a coconut.



There is obviously no such thing as a simple family gathering when dealing with the Estores clan (above). This portrait, in fact, includes only a fraction of its total membership. Besides her 12 brothers and seven sisters, aged 21 to 48, there are 44 grandchildren and, so far, six great-grandchildren. At right, Lourdes takes an unaccompanied stroll.



MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Lowder Ann Kananimani Stores

BUST: 34 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 33

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 102 SIGN: Capricorn

BIRTH DATE: 11 Jan 1958 BIRTHPLACE: Honolulu, Hawaii

AMBITIONS: To own and operate an exercise studio, also, to be a jazz dancer on Broadway.

TURN-ONS: Karmak-Ghias, island flowers, counting money, star gazing, flying 1st class, baby powder and foot massages.

TURN-OFFS: Bell peppers, pay-toilet stalls and driving in rush-hour traffic.

FAVORITE AUTHORS: James Clavell, John Norman, Michael Moorcock, Marion Zimmer Bradley, J.R.R. Tolkien, Edgar Rice Burroughs.

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: The Rolling Stones, Bette Midler, The Cars, Bob Seger, Jimmy Buffett, The Eagles.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Bicycling, body surfing, aerobics, Tai chi.

IDEAL MAN: Dark, masculine, soft curls, green eyes, rhythm, a sense of humor... who showers me with affection.

SECRET FANTASY: To be an interstellar space traveler.

@ 2 1/2 ...



On an embarrassing Sunday in May.

@ 16 ...



Oh, the headaches of hair care.

@ 21 ...



A college student's ear-to-ear elation!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My husband and I had a wonderful time camping down by the lake last night," purred the young lady.

"But I thought you disliked the outdoors, Kay," commented her listener.

"Normally I do," said Kay. "However, Ed promised me all the comforts of home."

"And was he true to his word?"

"He certainly was . . . three times!"

Which would you prefer, my dear," the lecherous monarch asked the girl he had caused to be brought to his bedchamber, "a royal shafting or crowned head?"



*In a lewd diplomatic community,
A charge claimed he screwed with impunity;
But he soon had a shock
From his embassy's doc,
Since he lacked diplomatic immunity.*

How's business tonight?" one streetwalker asked another as their paths crossed.

"Slim prickings," was the response.

It happened some years ago. As the train began to move at the suburban station, a male passenger yanked up the window to shout to another man who was seeing him off, "Thanks for a wonderful weekend, Herb. Your wife's a great lay—a truly great lay!"

"Did I hear you correctly?" his seatmate asked him a short time later. "Did you tell that fellow on the platform that his wife was—as you put it—'a great lay'?"

The payer of compliments shrugged. "She really isn't," he explained, "but I didn't want to hurt Herb's feelings."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *virginal spinster* as a sealed biddy.

You know, Reverend Jerry, there aren't many rock groups willing to play for a Moral Majority benefit," the booking agent explained, "but I've finally found you one. They call themselves Heavy Meddle."

A girl doesn't have to be a Brooklynite to experience the Flatbush syndrome, we've been told. It comes from wearing excessively tight jeans.

But if I do perform oral sex on you," the young woman fenced verbally as she nervously eyed the proffered organ in the parked car, "won't you lose all respect for me?"

"Absolutely not," the young man assured her, "provided you're any good at it."

*An Indian maid was elated
To think that she soon would be mated!
She was asked how she knew
That her brave's love was true.
Cried the maiden, "The buck is inflated!"*

Information from a dubious source is that a new gay club in the Little Italy section of a major city calls itself Innuendo.

Give me examples, Harvey," instructed the teacher, "of the differences in use of the adjective good and the adverb well."

"I can do that in the same sentence, Miss Jones," responded the brash teenager. "How about 'It did me good last night when my date did me well?'"



Shelby Steinman

I simply can't understand why *I* haven't made the dean's list," a coed complained to her student counselor, "because the dean has certainly made *me!*"

Last night, my date Hyman insisted that he had to use me to help him practice an emergency technique that saved lives," recounted a naïve and not-too-bright girl, "but it somehow didn't seem to be anything like that when he practiced it."

"What sort of technique *was* it?" inquired her listener.

"He even had a name for it. What he called it was 'the Hymie lick maneuver.'"

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.



Intslandi

"Thar she blows!"



shannon is in fashion—
and tweed is the fabric dreams
are made on

PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR



THE SUN GLARES DOWN AT LOS ANGELES. Out on the hillsides, it bakes the underbrush close to combustion; but in a house in Holmby Hills, it is filtered through cut-glass windows. It scatters bright mosaics on the carpet and dances warmly in the eyes of Shannon Tweed.

"I didn't know what to expect when I came here," she says, smiling, folded in a leather chair in the Library of Playboy Mansion West. "It's been a little amazing to me."

She is languorously tall; her legs bend over the chair's arms and still almost touch the carpet. She wears blue jeans, a thin, tight pullover and no shoes. Her hair is gold. "I was rejected by the magazine *twice* after testing to be a Playmate. It seemed as if I were wasting time just trying to get into PLAYBOY when I could have been making money on other jobs. And now I end up as Playmate of the Year—it's a bigger happening than anything that's happened (text concluded on page 217)

Our 23rd, and tallest ever, Playmate of the Year, Shannon Lee Tweed (left) may also be the most glamorous of them all. In just two years, she became one of Canada's top fashion models. Tweed, of course, is no fabricated name. Her family has been attached to it for generations.



The elegant import above leaves the competition in the dust with every change of gears. The car's not bad, either—a 1982 Porsche 928, it sells for \$45,000 (but it comes with the tank filled). Its glove compartment is just the right size for Shannon's big prize (left), a check for \$100,000.



"Last November, I put Hef on the list of 'role models on my Data Sheet, before I even met the man. I'd do it again. Since last winter, I've considered Mansion West home; and now that I do know Hef, I've found that he's warm and unaffected—like the place he lives in."









"I think my Playmate of the Year pictorial is really me—there are more graphic, artistic pictures than even PLAYBOY is known for. My original Playmate layout didn't look nearly as much like me."

"It's certainly not my main concern, but one of the things that thrill me the most is that a lot of the Playmates of the Year are asked to appear on the Johnny Carson show—and I'd love to sing for him."







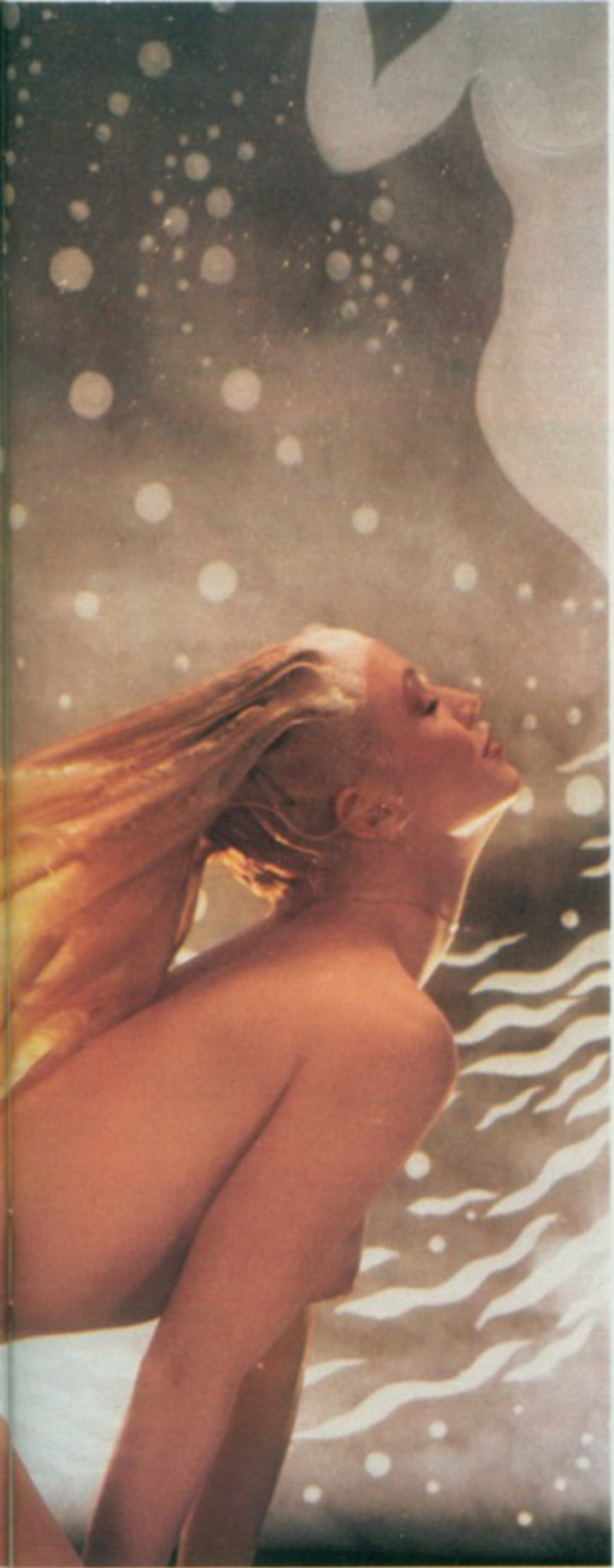
"I just finished a small role in a TV movie—'Drop-out Father,' with Dick Van Dyke. To tell the truth, it was boring; there was so much standing around and so little spontaneity. I liked it and it went well, but as far as television goes, I'll probably stick to commentating."





"My routine has totally changed since I came to live in Los Angeles. Now I get up around two in the afternoon. I do all the work I have to do—shooting for the magazine or going out on auditions or shooting 'Playboy on the Scene'—by seven or eight, then play."





"The set built for my Playmate of the Year feature is the most expensive in PLAYBOY history. It's like a fantasy version of a New York apartment right here in L.A. I love the shot in which I'm on all fours, shaking my wet hair behind me. It looks...sculpted."





"I know I could be typecast in theatrical movies—typecast as what a lot of people think a Playmate is. I could get cast as a beautiful body without too much upstairs. But who wants that? It's not the case."



"If I am going to act, and if I'm going to start in a small part, I'd rather it be character acting or comedy than your basic 'blonde' role. I'm not afraid to look stupid or ugly, but I don't want a part in a movie in which I simply look good and then get killed. I'm looking for a role that's short and sweet, not short and dumb."



"I'm a little sentimental. At the New Year's Eve party, I started sobbing uncontrollably when they played 'Auld Lang Syne.' Soon everyone was crying, even Hef. It was my favorite party at the Mansion."



“‘Shannon has a natural comedic touch—she reminds me of Carole Lombard. Frankly, I was surprised.’”

to anyone else I know.”

A year ago, Shannon was a top Canadian fashion model based in Toronto. But her real, honest-to-goodness ambition was to be a Playmate. It took a Toronto TV show called *Thrill of a Lifetime* to make us realize that Shannon's third try might be charmed.

“*Thrill of a Lifetime* would find everyday people and help them do what they'd always wanted to do. They got in touch with PLAYBOY in Chicago, we did some more test shooting and I finally got accepted.”

As it turned out, Shannon not only quickened hearts as last year's Miss November, she literally quickened the concept of the Playmate with her debut on The Playboy Channel.

The Playboy Channel is a new cable-television venture. Created to produce classy, brassy adult entertainment, it already reaches more than 200,000 American homes. When the producers of the channel went looking for their first video Playmate of the Month, they found there was nothing more stylish than Tweed. Shannon brought the PLAYBOY centerfold to life in 15 minutes of view and interview that were both glossy and intimate.

“Modeling for The Playboy Channel wasn't any more difficult than modeling for the magazine,” she says. “But it's difficult for me to watch it, to see myself moving around instead of standing still. It's strange, in a nice way, though, because it's beautifully done.”

The lady's triumphs don't end by the time her centerfold fades out—not by a long shot or a close-up. For beauty and devotion, for going from last year's model to a model of what PLAYBOY represents, Shannon was the clear-cut choice as our 1982 Playmate of the Year.

You may recall that we used to give Playmates of the Year truckloads of merchandise—everything from sloop to nuts. Last year, we gave Terri Welles 13 pairs of incredibly expensive sunglasses, even though she already had a pair of Foster Grants. Well, we've decided to let the Playmate of the Year spend all that money herself. The only prize that Shannon can't put in the bank is her 1982 Porsche 928. Her cash award is \$100,000.

“I'm terribly excited by all of it,” she says, looking through the window at the bright new car. It sits in the Mansion's

circular driveway, glinting in the sun. “The honor counts for a lot, especially after the trouble I had becoming a Playmate. I think this is a much better system—giving the Playmate of the Year a check and a car instead of all those goodies she might not really need.”

There's a Christmas-morning sparkle to her face when she talks about the car.

“That's a \$45,000 car! I drove it down Sunset Boulevard the other day and made a U turn around the Beverly Hills Hotel. But the speedometer goes up to only 85—after that, I guess, you're not supposed to know how fast you're going. It's not like Canada, where they let you take your car out on auto-race tracks to see how fast it'll go.

“And \$100,000 is a lot of money. I gave my mother some of it right away, paid some bills and went shopping for clothes. I'm going to have to decide how best to invest it. Oh—and there was another American milestone last week. I finally got a VISA card! I got it on Monday and went over my limit on Friday.”

She grins—a girl with \$100,000 in the bank can travel without a VISA.

Later in the day, Shannon drives to a small television studio in Burbank. On the way, she relates the story of her newest move—from centerfold to center stage.

“Ann Shanks, the coproducer of The Playboy Channel, asked me to audition for her. There were a lot of other women there, too. I had no idea what would come of it—I just went in, sat down and read. Then I sang a few lines from a funny song, and that was it. They couldn't believe I was breaking into song—I was terribly nervous, but I enjoyed it. I had a big blouse on and the sweat was trickling down my rib cage; how's that for glamor?”

She was glamorous enough; Shannon was first choice as co-host, with Peter Tomarken, of *Playboy on the Scene*, which began as a sex-news spot added to the rest of the show—sort of a video hickey. But Shannon and the rest of *On the Scene* made such an impact that she and Tomarken are now a pivotal element of the entire Playboy Channel.

“She's very cooperative, which is the main thing, and very ambitious, which is the second thing,” says Shanks. “I give her line readings and she can feed them right back. She's quick, and she works hard, too.”

After an hour of make-up, Shannon joins co-host Tomarken on the set. Shanks sings, “There she is, Miss Canada. . . .” Shannon and Tomarken exchange slightly profane greetings, then launch into *On the Scene*, a fast-paced taste of American sexual flavors.

The two announcers break down laughing again and again during rehearsal. Now and then, they diverge from the script and get off the track, but their ad libs are funny and effective. Tomarken is an articulate and personable actor/film maker—you may have seen him in *Heaven Can Wait*. He entertains the crew between shots with a remarkable repertoire of leers, twitches, eye rolls and tongue wags. But when Shanks calls for action, he and Shannon become cool, comfortable partners.

Shannon's sister Tracy, just in from Saskatoon, is 17 years old and almost as tall as her sister. She watches the show from the wings and whispers, “She likes doing this more than modeling or acting. I love to see her up there, because that's the way she really is. That's the person I know.”

“She's coming along remarkably,” Tomarken observes during a break. “You've got to remember that her broadcast experience is zip. Shannon has a natural comedic touch—she reminds me of Carole Lombard. Frankly, I was surprised by her. I didn't expect this Playmate to have any brains . . . but I don't have to carry her. And, of course, she's stunning.”

Once they get down to serious business, it takes Shannon and Tomarken exactly ten minutes and 55 seconds to shoot the ten-minute segment.

After the taping, Shannon motors to the Mansion and pads, barefoot, back to the Library. It's dark outside now—cool but not chilly, with a trace of the ocean in the air. The room is dimly lit.

Relaxing, she is no longer the fashion model or the Playmate or the television co-host; she is the Newfoundland mink farmer's daughter who has come a long way.

“When I arrived, I had no concept, no frame of reference, for what living here would be like. It turned out to be a wonderful, supportive atmosphere. Hef's house is always full of celebrities, but they don't treat you like somebody four years removed from Saskatoon. I've even gotten compliments for my work on The Playboy Channel.

“I was always ambitious but not all that ambitious. But now I have excess money and a new car, a new location, a wonderful new job . . . it's still surprising.”

She smiles, and some of the afternoon's light is still in her eyes.

“I couldn't ask for more; it really is the thrill of a lifetime.”



"Mommy! Mommy! Daddy lost!"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



TAKE THE PLUNGE

We've all had the urge to leap from a high place and fly like a rock, but until now, only sky divers and spacemen have experienced the sensation of total free fall. So guess what, thrill seekers? Six Flags over Texas, in Arlington, has just debuted the world's first total free-fall ride, the Texas Cliff-hanger, and from what we've heard, not even the wildest roller coaster can hold a candle to it. Riders ascend in a gondola 87 feet straight up and then plummet earthward, going from zero to 29 miles per hour in 1.3 seconds. Near the bottom of the drop, the tracks curve and riders wind up on their back as the gondola—let's hope—brakes to a safe halt. You go first.

SING ALONG WITH WORLD WAR ONE

Sixty-five years ago, *Bring Back the Kaiser to Me* and *Goodbye Broadway, Hello France* were on our boys' lips as they marched off to war to do battle with the Hun. Today, you can hear how the Peerless Quartet and other forgotten four-somes sounded on *Over There* (12 original recordings from World War One), an LP that's available from Eastside Records, P.O. Box 4022, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10163, for \$8.98, postpaid. Hip! Hip! Hooray!



YELLOW PAGES FOR UNICORNS

We never met a unicorn buff we did or didn't like, because we never met a unicorn buff, but apparently, they exist *somewhere*, because Silver Unicorn Graphics, P. O. Box 7000-822, Redondo Beach, California 90277, has just published *The Unicorn Hunters Guidebook*: a 24-page publication, for \$2.35, that tells you where to buy everything from books on unicorns to statues. There are horny unicorn poems and fiction, too.



SEASIDE STAKE-OUT

Going down to the sea in privacy is every sun worshiper's dream. But once you and a shapely friend have stretched out, all that blowing sand and that heavy gawking are about as welcome as a shark in shallow water. That's where Privasea comes ashore—Privasea being a 36"-high stakeable canvas cabana fence that provides 49 square feet of enclosed sunning space. Best of all, the price for your sunny stake-out is just \$65, postpaid, sent to Privasea, 9016 Winnetka Avenue, Northridge, California 91324. For that pittance, everybody could use a little Privasea.





HEARTS AND DEFLOWERS

Proud Flesh, Passions Flame, Naked in the Storm—titles to come to grips with there on the drugstore rack. But for those of you who are expecting a hot time with a trashy romantic novel, sorry—you've just picked up a new greeting card, Heart Throbs, which a Manhattan company called Ruby Street is selling nationwide for \$1.25 each. Packed with naughty puns and racy *double-entendres* (one author's name is Pearce Deape), Heart Throbs have everything—except pages.

THERE'S NO POLICE LIKE HOLMES
No, that's not Honest Abe sitting there in foggy contemplation. It's Sherlock Holmes, complete with violin, magnifying lens and reference book, working out a three-pipe problem. The sculptor of this 17"-tall Hydrocal casting is Richard Masloski, a gentleman whose mind also must be rooted in the 19th Century, as he's charging only \$90, postpaid, for Holmes. (Masloski's address is 24 Lannis Avenue, Newburgh, New York 12550.) Quick, Watson, the wallet!



GO CARTES!

Because menus are the seldom-appreciated passports to the gastronomic world of restaurants, it's a pleasure to discover that Rizzoli International, 712 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York 10019, has published *Menu Designs*, by Hanspeter Schmidt, a \$50 hardcover tribute to the artwork and style of *cartes de* restaurants, bars and grills from Baltimore to Zurich. Inside *Menu Designs* are more than 240 color illustrations, plus a text that discusses the subtleties of menus. We devoured our copy over a peanut-butter sandwich on white.



THE RICH ROBBED AGAIN

We've had executive gizmos coming out of our ears for years, but *The Price of His Toys*, an emporium for well-heeled grown-up boys at 9559 Santa Monica Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California 90210, has finally come up with a new plaything—*The Executive Robin Hood*. For \$63, postpaid, Mr. Big gets a mini gold-plated bow, eight tiny arrows, a wooden wall rack, targets and instructions on how to shoot. Take a letter, Miss Freebish, but first, would you mind standing over there in the corner with an apple on your head?



EXTENDING A PINKY

If you ever yearn to see a rerun of an old Pinky Lee television show, lie down until the fever passes. If you still can't shake the desire, a firm called Video Odyssey, 122 Main Street, Woodbridge, New Jersey 07095, is selling, for \$32.95, postpaid, both VHS and Beta retapes on which Pinky hard-sells Tootsie Rolls and generally acts nuts. Or, for \$34.95, Odyssey's also offering a collection of TV commercials from 1949 to 1965, brought to you without program interruptions. Decisions! Decisions! Decisions!





"Hey, man, can you spare a quarter for a game of Space Invaders?"



"It's to me from your ex."

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

GOOD NEWS, SPORTS FANS! ANNIE AND WANDA HAVE JOINED THE U.S. KNOCKERS MUD-WRESTLING TEAM. THEY HAVE ALL THE QUALIFICATIONS: LONG LEGS, ROUND AND TAPERED THIGHS, AMPLE BOSOMS, PRETTY FACES -- THEY CAN'T DO DIDDLEY SQUAT AS FAR AS WRESTLING GOES, BUT WHO CARES ABOUT DETAILS?

NO-BODY'S ALLOWED BACK-STAGE BUT US KNOCKERS!

KNOCK!

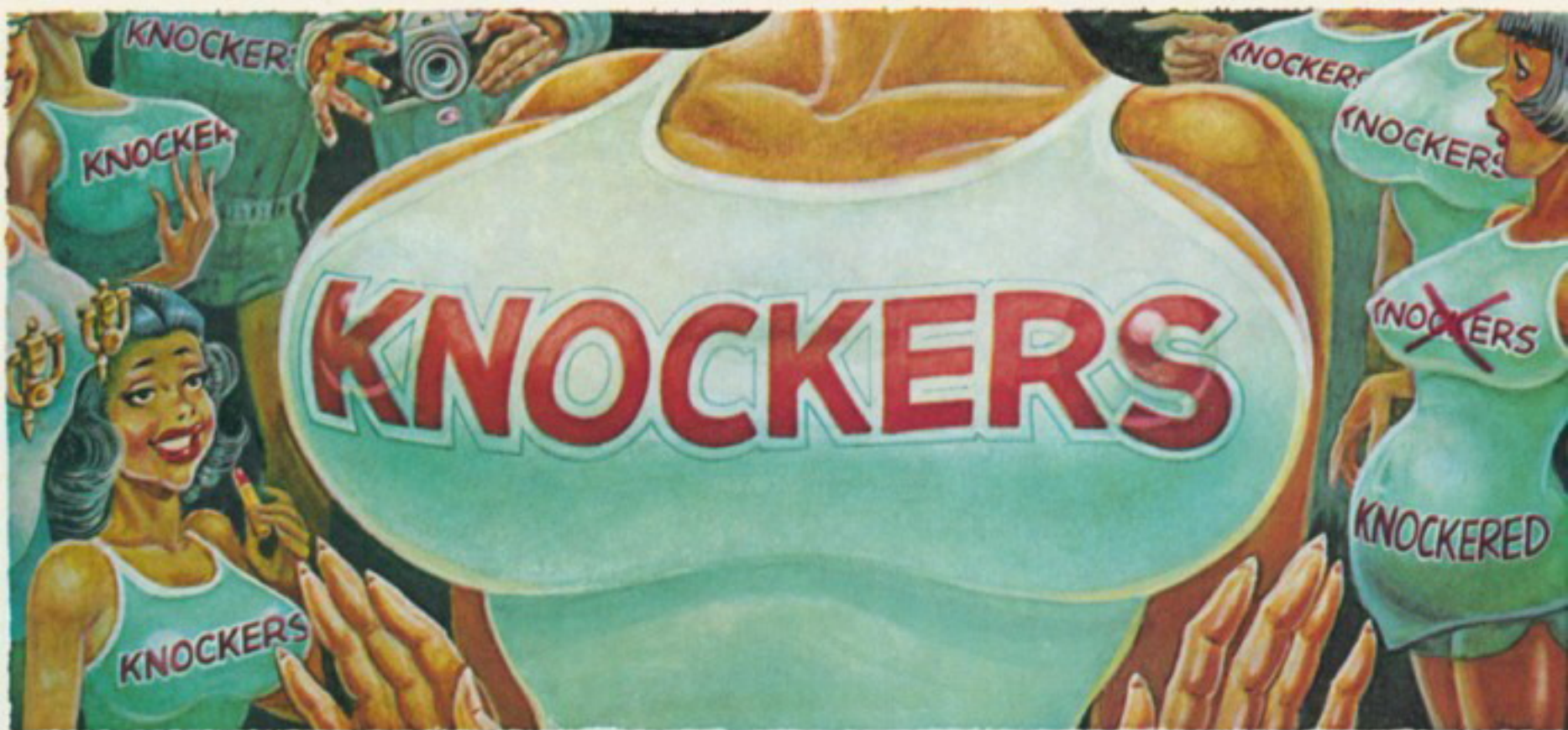
TELL THEM WHO I AM, ANNIE!

JEEPERS THAT'S BENTON BATT-BARTON!

I INVITED HIM IN TO TAKE PICTURES.

IN THE SHOWER ROOM?

AND THAT'S NO TELEPHOTO LENS IN HIS DRAWERS.



BENTON'S A HARMLESS VOYEUR FREAK. HE LIKES TO LOOK ... NOT TOUCH.

I'M INTERESTED IN WHAT IT'S LIKE BACKSTAGE. I MAINLY WANT TO SEE WHAT MUD WRESTLING IS ALL ABOUT.

IT'S ABOUT TWO THINGS: WOMEN COMPETING ON AN EQUAL LEVEL WITH MEN AND WOMEN ACHIEVING CONTROL OF THEIR LIVES.

AND HERE'S TWO MORE THINGS IT'S ALL ABOUT!

ARE YOU A COMPETITION OR AN EXHIBITION WRESTLER?

BOTH! FOR AN EXHIBITION, I PULL UP MY SHIRT! WHEN THEY SEE MY SIZE FORTY-TWOS, THERE'S NO COMPETITION!

WE WRESTLE FOR POINTS...TWO POINTS WHEN WE THROW A BODY SLAM. FIVE POINTS WHEN WE'RE PINNED-

JUST LIKE SORORITY SISTERS.

ANNIE, WANDA, YOU'RE ON NEXT!



CHINA DOLL DEFEATS THE LOCAL MALE CHALLENGER WITH HER MONGOLIAN NUTCRACKER TOSS!

FOR THE NEXT BOUT, WE PRESENT THE KNOCKERS TAG TEAM... ANNIE AND WANDA. THEY'LL FIGHT THE TWO CHALLENGERS, SUPERBITCH AND SADIST SADIE!

ANNIE AND WANDA ARE GOING TO WRESTLE THOSE BRUTES?

HAVING THE FAMILY JEWELS IN THE FIRM GRIP OF A FOXY LADY IS NOT AS EXHILARATING AS ONE WOULD THINK!

I TRY TO GIVE OUR GIRLS A HANDICAP.

DO YOU THINK BATTBARTON WILL EVER WANT TO TOUCH OR BE TOUCHED?

WELCOME, LADIES.

YOW!

GM!?!

PHYSICAL CONTACT TURNS HIM OFF, BECAUSE IT BRINGS HIM CLOSER TO THE THREAT OF SEXUAL FAILURE.



I'M A LEFTOVER FROM THE FIRST MATCH!

POOPSIE! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR MUD PIES!

I'D SURE LIKE TO ROTATE HER CROPS!

FIRST FARMER'S CONVENTION

IF SHE'S A NO WIN, SHE'S A GONNA WRESTLE IN CONCRETE!

COME OUT FIGHTING, LADIES - AND KEEP IT CLEAN!

WHO DOES YOUR HAIR, DEARY?

JEEPERS, BENTON, YOU'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE RING -

EEK! HANDS OFF!

NO HANDS, HONEY! I'M GOING TO SQUEEZE YOUR HEAD LIKE A ZIT!

HEY, GET YER KLEENEX!

I'VE GOT TO GO HOME TO THE WIFE... SEE ANY LIP-STICK ON MY COLLAR!?

FORGET THE COLLAR!

THAT'S NOT A TATTOO, IT'S COLD STEEL!

CALL US MUDD AND JEFF.

WE GONNA USE CHOCORATE PUDDING IN OUR PRACE.

AN' WE GONNA CHARGE MUCH RESS!





I THINK I'VE LOST MY PANTIES!
I KNOW YOU HAVE!

BATT-BARTON'S IN HERE SOMEWHERE... I HEAR HIS CLICKS.

TRY AND GET OUT OF THIS HEADLOCK!

THAT'S NOT MY HEAD, HONEY!



THE SPOTLIGHTS (RETCH)! THE AUDIENCE (UGH, PTUI)! SHOW-BIZ! I LOVE IT!!

I'VE GOT HIM!

HE'S HALF DEAD! WE'D BETTER HAUL HIM TO THE SHOWERS!

LET'S GET OUT OF HERE! THE WHOLE AUDIENCE IS GETTING INTO THE ACT!

LET GO! I'M THE WAITER!

THANK YOU!



THE SHOWER IS MOBBED!

I HOPE BENTON DOESN'T MIND SHARING WITH THE OTHER KNOCKERS!



WHAT'S GOTTEN INTO BATTBARTON? SINCE WHEN IS HE SO SEXUAL!?

YOU'D JUST BETTER LOOK OUT FOR WHAT BATTBARTON IS GETTING INTO YOU!



HEY! THIS ISN'T BATTBARTON!!

KNOCKER...



IT'S THE REFEREE!

AND THOSE AREN'T KNOCKERS... THEY'RE THE MORAL MAJORITY!

BEEN IN THE MUD TOO LONG!

LEAPIN' LIZARDS... WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BATTBARTON?

ONCE A VOYEUR, ALWAYS A VOYEUR.
END

No Deposit, No Return

This photo was snapped at a cocktail party honoring the president of a California bank. Before you laugh at us for lying, it's true. JOHNNY CARSON is one of the bank's stockholders and in this photo, he's holding on to some valuable stock. Her interest rate is very high.



Dressed to Drill

DAVID LEE ROTH of the rock group Van Halen appeared in Napoleon drag to film a video promo of the group's hot single of Roy Orbison's *(Oh,) Pretty Woman*. Roth describes Van Halen as America's most successful bar band. We hope this movie isn't its Waterloo.



We Honor O'Connor

Actress GLYNNIS O'CONNOR's latest movie, *Melanie*, is every teenaged girl's escape fantasy: Illiterate Southern girl's ex-husband takes their kid and runs off to L.A. Southern girl follows to recover the child, meets a rock star (played by Burton Cummings, former co-leader of The Guess Who) and the rest, well, all we're going to tell you is that she learns to read and write.

Emotion in Motion

In our continuing pictorial series of comedians adjusting their pants, this month's entry is ROBIN WILLIAMS. When *The World According to Garp* opens in August, we'll be able to see Robin wrestle with someone other than himself. Until then, he's just holding on.



Of Course! It's Liza with a Z!

The taping of the show ran five and a half hours and ended with a star-studded Rockettes' kick line, which explains why actor JAMES CAAN sought solace from a real hooper, LIZA MINNELLI. *Night of 100 Stars* raised money for the Actors' Fund of America and gave the audience a chance to see everybody who is anybody perform. The show may still be going on.



The One That Got Away

Although it looks like singer RONNIE SPECTOR asked Alice Cooper for fashion tips, she's the celebrity breast of the month, not he. We know a golden oldy when we see one.



Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore

Look out, Rick James, that old snake charmer ALICE COOPER is back in town! Alice is hard at work reviving his career and, as in the past, is willing to be as outrageous as necessary to make his point. For those of us who try to keep up with the trends of the day, this is either postpunk or prefunk. But can he sing?



WOMAN OF THE YEAR?

In the interest of updating our perspective on the performing arts, we checked into a new theater experiment known as *Strip Speak*. One can say that it is in the spirit of Samuel Beckett—the minimalist-monolog approach to drama. The inventor and chief practitioner of *Strip Speak* is Annie Sprinkle, who heretofore has been known for her intimate portrayals in such straight-ahead documentaries as *Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle*. Now Annie has taken to the floor boards, and we caught her

in the lobby. For five dollars, snatch snappers can get a close-up suitable for *Gray's Anatomy*—and what a lovely keepsake besides. After the intimate shots, all are invited to snap away at the barely clad Annie, shown below left describing her appointments to the crowd. What a trouper!

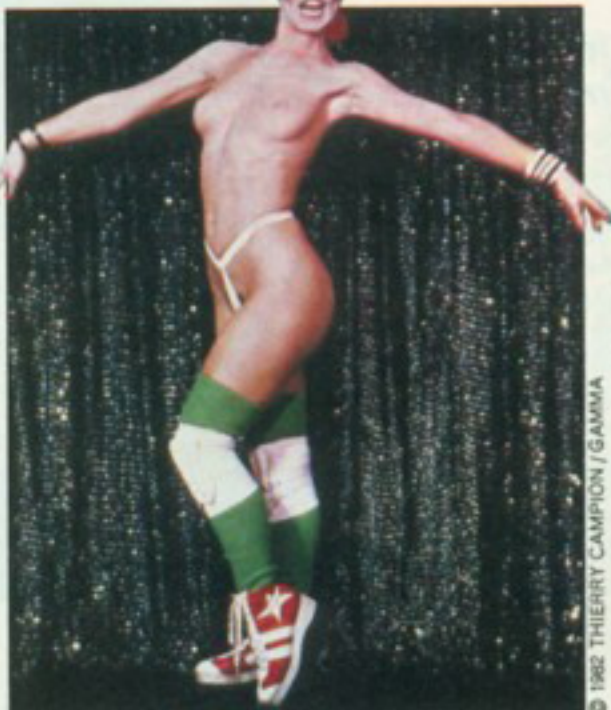
This theater movement will doubtless have its loyal adherents, but it may be a bit abstract for most Broadway critics to, uh, grasp—at least for the next few years or so. After all, we do live in conservative times.

RAPE HELP

The Oregon State Corrections Division is utilizing a new, humane and probably effective means of treating convicted rapists. Developed by therapist Steven Jensen, the multifaceted treatment and follow-up procedure takes about three years and consists of 12 to 15 months of in-house therapy at Oregon State Hospital, three to six months of work release, followed by an 18-month outpatient program. Oregon judges have recently begun to urge the treatment for sex offenders, though Oregon law requires that all such patients be volunteers.

Aiming to minimize the chances that the men will rape again, the program first determines—through the use of a penileplethysmograph, a gizmo that attaches to a penis and records erections in response to various visual and auditory stimuli—what causes a patient's deviant behavior. Next, patients are psychologically retrained to diminish deviant reactions and increase normal sexual cues. Later, they can be retested to make sure they are maintaining normal arousal patterns.

Administrators of the program have found that sex offenders share similar




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Above, Alexa Polskaschnikoff, a dancer in Paris' Crazy Horse revue, provides living proof of the virtues of running. We'd just like to say here that we sincerely hope her idea of proper jogging attire catches on soon. You can run, but you can't hide.

failings that have led to antisocial actions. They have little ability to express feelings of anger or of love. Usually, in youth, they were loners, never had instruction about sex and had dominating mothers, resulting in a fear of women in general.

In the program, patients learn assertiveness, dating skills and the facts of human sexuality. They are taught to work in groups, and to help them overcome their reliance on fantasies, they are taught crafts and hobbies such as macramé and pottery. Within the program, they interact with women, either their own guests or people they meet through other inmates. A weekly therapy group exists for married convicts and their spouses. Administrators require that patients maintain close ties with one another during the outpatient treatment.

Results aren't in yet, since the program is less than three years old, but Jensen says he's optimistic. 



DENNIS SILVERSTEIN (2)

act at Chicago's Oak Theater, an X-rated cinema house where (critics take note) our reviewer met with the staff's warmest personal attentions.

Technically, *Strip Speak* presents Annie Sprinkle stripping to the accompaniment of a Muzaklike disco tape and her own running commentary, which goes something like, "Would you like to get it on, big boy?" As shown in the photo above, top, Annie demonstrates various sexual positions, punctuating her delivery with timely and evocative grunts, slurps and groans. Sometimes, her audience responds in kind. Annie, who told us she "goes with the feeling," has no set routine—every performance is an original work of art. None of that "What's my motivation?" Actors Studio crap here.

Annie's 20-minute solo precedes an informal interview and Polaroid session

While the enchanting shots below may seem to indicate a cleverly updated *Gulliver's Travels* with the Lilliputians' having become sports nuts to a man, forget it. These are Bodyscapes Notecards, fashioned by Massachusetts photographer Allan I. Teger. An assorted set of six black-and-white cards sells for \$7, from Feathre Luv Enterprises, Inc., P.O. Box 261, Harvard Square, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02138. Feathre Luv Enterprises? A ticklish business.



NEXT MONTH:



FEATHERWEIGHT FASHIONS



BELL'S BELLES



HIGH NOON



STREET SMARTS

"HIGH NOON IN SKIDMORE"—LAST SUMMER IN MISSOURI, 60 PEOPLE STOOD BY WHILE THE TOWN BULLY WAS SHOT TO DEATH ON THE MAIN STREET. THERE'S A LOT MORE TO THIS STORY THAN YOU SAW ON *60 MINUTES*—BY **CARL NAVARRE**

"WATERGATE, INC.: AN ANNIVERSARY ACCOUNTING"—THE 1972 BREAK-IN HAS GENERATED A MULTIMILLION-DOLLAR INDUSTRY. NOW, IF WE COULD JUST GET RONNIE TO DO AS MUCH FOR THE ECONOMY—BY **TOM PASSAVANT AND CONAN PUTNAM**

"LORD SHORT SHOE WANTS THE MONKEY"—IT WOULD HAVE BEEN JUST THE THING TO SPICE UP HIS ACT, BUT THE CALYPSONIAN CHOSE THE WRONG CURRENCY IN WHICH TO PAY FOR IT. A HAUNTING TALE—BY **BOB SHACOCHIS**

"STREET SMARTS"—TIPS ON AVOIDING URBAN CRISIS (SAMPLE: IN A BUM NEIGHBORHOOD, ALWAYS BREAK INTO YOUR OWN CAR. HONOR AMONG THIEVES, YOU KNOW)—BY **D. KEITH MANO**

"MAN AND WOMAN, PART VII: PRISONERS OF CULTURE?"—WE'VE SEEN THE EFFECTS OF CHEMISTRY AND HEREDITY. THE SERIES CONCLUDES WITH A LOOK AT WHAT SOCIETY DOES TO US—BY **JO DURDEN-SMITH AND DIANE DESIMONE**

"NANCY REAGAN'S SCRAPBOOK"—THE AUTHOR OF *WHO'S IN CHARGE HERE?* RETURNS TO PIN CAPTIONS OUTRAGEOUS ON PHOTOS OF THE FIRST FAMILY—BY **GERALD GARDNER**

"FEATHERWEIGHT FASHIONS"—LIGHT-AS-AIR APPAREL TO MAKE YOU APPRECIATE THE ADAGE THAT LESS IS MORE

"SPORTS MEDICINE FOR THE CASUAL JOCK"—THIS SPECIALTY WAS JUST FOR SUPERATHLETES LIKE **JIM RICE** AND **PETE ROSE**. NOW YOU CAN BE CONVERTED INTO SOMETHING LIKE RICE AND COME UP SMELLING LIKE A ROSE—BY **KEVIN COOK**

BETTE DAVIS TALKS ABOUT THE TIME SHE POSED NUDE, THE OSCARS SHE SHOULD HAVE WON (AND THOSE SHE DID WIN BUT SHOULDN'T HAVE) AND WHAT SHE *REALLY* THOUGHT OF **JOAN CRAWFORD** IN A PUNGENT **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"GIRLS OF MA BELL"—A FUN- AND *FEMME*-FILLED PICTORIAL ON A COMPANY OF WOMEN WHO HAVE OUR NUMBER, PLEASE