

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1987 • \$3.50

ALL-AMERICAN

JANET
JONES

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW

SURPRISING
RIFFS FROM
LIONEL RICHIE

THE PANIC
MERCHANTS

WHY THE
MEDIA SELL
HYSTERIA

G'DAY
(AND GOOD NIGHT)
TO AUSSIE CHIC



PLAYBOY®

vol. 34, no. 3—march 1987

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COVER STORY

"Gee, that reminds me a little of Hef," observed Janet Jones after seeing a proof of her cover photo by Contributing Photographer Stephen Wayda (with styling by Elisabetta Rogiani for Cloutier). She should know; she has been a frequent guest at Playboy Mansion West and counts Playmates Heidi Sorenson (July 1981) and Tracy Vaccaro (October 1983) among her close friends. For more of this hot young actress, see her eight-page pictorial.

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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

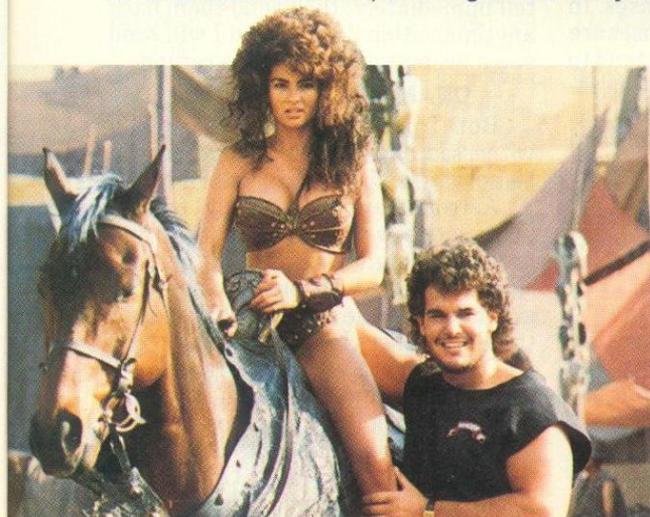
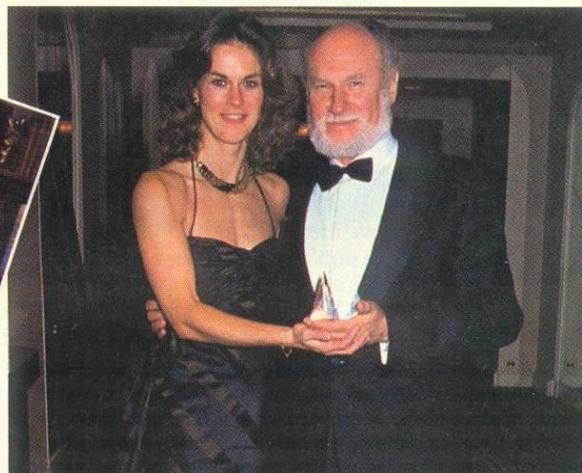


CAN WE TALK? MEET THE PLATINUM PLAYBOY

It's a hot time on the talk-show set as Joan Rivers gets her late-night gab fest going with an all-star panel of guests. From left above are singer Michael McDonald, comic Howie Mandel and Mr. Playboy himself, Hugh M. Hefner. In the inset at right, Hef holds a matched pair. He has plenty to smile about: The more than two dozen home-entertainment programs produced by Playboy Video have garnered multiple awards for sales. Among the platinum winners have been the first *Playboy Video* magazine (left, with Playmate Lonny Chin on the cover) and the first *Video Centerfold*, featuring Miss January 1986, Sherry Arnett (right).

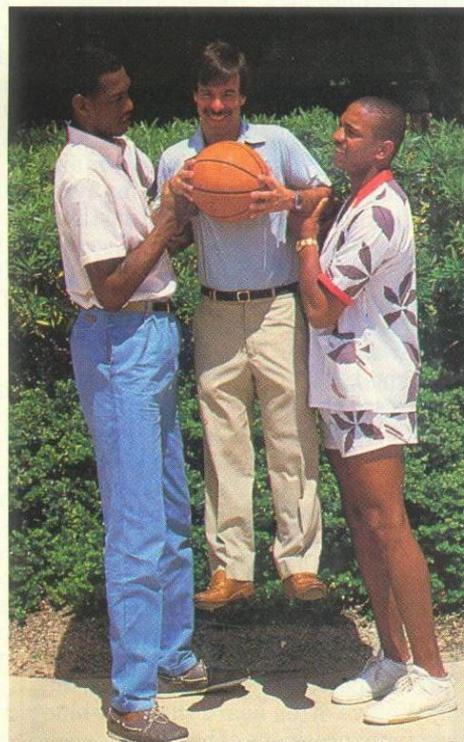
ART FOR ART'S SAKE

Celebrating his induction into the Art Directors Club Hall of Fame in New York (below) are PLAYBOY's Founding Art Director, Arthur Paul, who designed the Rabbit Head, and Playboy Enterprises President Christie Hefner. Also honored was the creator of another world-famous eared creature, Walt Disney.



VISITORS TO A STRANGE PLANET

Miss June 1986, Rebecca Ferratti (left), stars in Cannon Films' forthcoming adventure flicks *Gor* and *Outlaw of Gor*, based on the science-fiction books by John Norman. Here she's on location in Africa with boyfriend Jimmy Franco, who plays a snake man on the planet Gor. Rebecca plays the warrior princess Talena; co-stars include Oliver Reed, Jack Palance and Urbano Barberini.



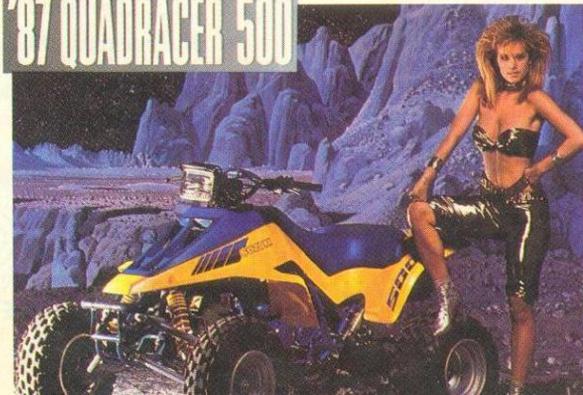
THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

Phillip Epstein, food and beverage director of the Sheraton Bal Harbour hotel, gets a boost (above) from Kansas forward Danny Manning (left) and St. John's guard Mark Jackson (right) during Playboy's All-America Basketball weekend at the Florida resort.

BLAZING ANOTHER SADDLE

The shot at right *isn't* from science fiction: It's January Playmate Luann Lee's new Suzuki Quadracer poster. She has another one, too, for the company's Intruder 1400 bike. Sizzling.

'87 QUADRACER 500



THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR

In an early episode of *L.A. Law*, one of the characters referred to a sex act called the Venus butterfly. A polygamist with 11 wives had used the technique to keep his ladies happy. I have a suspicion that it has to do with the female labia, which, when spread, somewhat resemble butterfly wings. Can you explain the technique?—T. S., Marysville, Ohio.

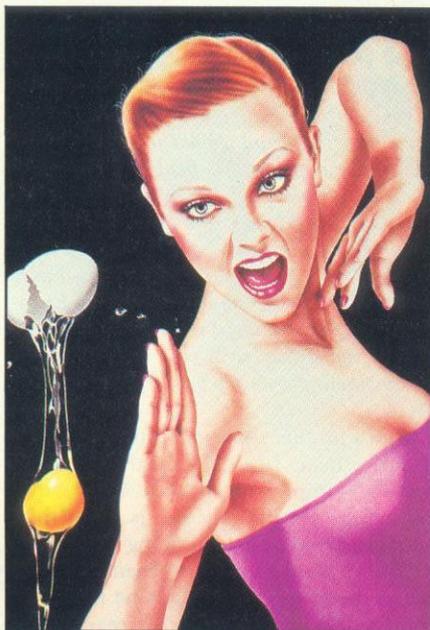
It's a new kind of Nielsen rating: Apparently, the producers of "L.A. Law" were inundated with several hundred phone calls asking for more details about the Venus butterfly. They got caught with their creative pants down. They took the official line that it was a secret technique and that viewers would have to watch later episodes. The response from the sex-starved hordes is such that it could become a running gag. Since it doesn't exist, the show's creators can't very well explain it; and according to our inside source (Deep Throat), they won't even try (though executive producer Steven Bochco did give us baby oil in the microwave on "Hill Street Blues" years ago). The Venus butterfly makes a marvelous Rorschach test. It brings to mind some of our favorite orchestral maneuvers in the dark. "Sensuous Woman" had a butterfly flick, a fellatio technique that consisted of moving the tongue in circular motions about the male penis while sucking on it. Substitute the clitoris for the penis and you have something. "Xavier's Supersex" mentioned the butterfly, a maneuver that involves flicking your eyelashes over lips, nipples or other erogenous zones—slowly at first, then faster. The Pleasure Chest sells Joanie's Butterfly, a small vibrator that rests above the clitoris in a special G string. Clearly, none of these is ready for prime-time TV. If the Venus butterfly doesn't exist, it should. So we are announcing a contest: Invent a sexual technique that deserves to be called the Venus butterfly, describe it in 200 words or less and we will publish the best suggestions, after testing each one in the Playboy Test Bedrooms.

At a formal dinner, after cutting the food on your plate with a knife, should you place the knife back on the table or leave it on the plate?—J. S., Gainesville, Florida.

After using your knife to cut your food, you should place it on your plate—with the cutting edge facing inward.

Perhaps you can clear the air for me. My girlfriend says that humans secrete pheromones—special scents that affect sexual behavior. I know that other species release such chemicals as sex attractants, but I'd always heard that we were different. What's the story?—R. K., Portland, Oregon.

Well, there is some proof that men do produce a pheromone, but its effect is less than spectacular. Scientists at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School and the



Monell Chemical Senses Center had a group of nearly celibate women rub essence of male armpit under their noses three times a week. A second group sniffed an alcohol swab. After about three months of this, the group that had inhaled aroma de macho developed regular menstrual cycles of approximately 29.5 days (prior to the experiment, they had cycles longer than 33 or shorter than 26 days). Apparently, the chemical that is present in sweat glands in the armpits, the genital area and around the nipples can be transmitted to women via intimate sex. Scientists conclude that a woman who has regular sex is in better physiological condition as a result. She has regular menstrual cycles, fewer infertility problems and a milder menopause—as well as a smile on her face.

Can instructional video tapes really improve your sports performance? I'm thinking of taking a ski vacation in the near future and wonder if I should rent or buy one of those tapes. Any recommendations?—A. L., Des Moines, Iowa.

There are two basic types of sports videos. The first type has a star or a knowledgeable instructor talk you through the basics, followed by a taped demonstration. Such tapes can be walk-throughs by fairly inarticulate stars or inspired seminars by true sports mystics. A second type of video—one that shows loops of perfect performance, repeated over and over—suggests "Do what I do, not what I say." In skiing, you have an assortment of tapes to choose from. "Warren Miller's Learn to Ski Better" (Karl/Lorimar Home Video) is a humorous collection of lessons for novice, intermediate and advanced skiers. The sections on bump skiing and powder are right on—better than any written lesson we've read and as good as the best real-life lessons. Once you've had some on-slope experience,

you may be ready for the nonverbal tapes—they work better for experienced skiers. You have the choice of SyberVision's "Skiing" (SyberVision, Fountain Square, 6066 Civic Terrace Avenue, Newark, California 94560) or Phil and Steve Mahre's "Ski Right" (Sports Imaging, P.O. Box 420, Gypsum, Colorado 81637). Both stem from the old "Inner Game of Tennis" idea that if you have a mental image of the perfect motion, you can repeat it without words. It is called subconscious competence by some. For après-ski, we recommend "Debbie Does Denver" or similar X-rated flick. If erotic videos can improve your sex life, then sports videos can improve your athletic performance.

Some time ago, I had a date with an attractive young thing who had an iron-clad rule about how far to go in a first encounter. The chemistry was right, and after an evening of heavy petting, we were both experiencing a lot of sexual tension. When it was time to say good night, I decided there was no reason for both of us to go to bed horny, so I enhanced the goodnight kiss by masturbating her with the palm of my hand through her clothing. My little courtesy surprised and thrilled her—no one had ever done it for her before, she said—and our next date resulted in some wild and uninhibited sacktime. While I have used this dry-masturbation technique before, when sex was impossible for some reason or another, I have never masturbated an undressed female. In fact, I'm not sure exactly how to go about it properly. Since there are a number of delightful things to do in the sack that could be enhanced by manual stimulation of the female genitalia, it might be useful if the Advisor would give all of us clumsy male readers some basic instruction in this delicate area.—J. J., Newport Beach, California.

Ask your unclad friend to show you how she masturbates. Or have her touch an area of your body to give signals (faster, slower, softer, right or left, up and down, whatever). Then, for variety, try feathers, fur mittens, silk scarves or gasoline-powered vibrators for a sensation that she is not used to. Use your toes under the table. This list should get you through your next date.

While in college, my wife and I enjoyed the annual showing of the best short films from the Erotic Film Festival. Now that the kids are grown and the dog has died, we would like to purchase video versions of those films to keep us entertained during the long winter nights here. Unlike most X-rated films, they were typically gentle, loving and often terribly funny. Can you help us locate a source of such

tapes or similar-quality X-rated videos to refresh our old memories and help us make some new ones?—T. G., Fairbanks, Alaska.

We suggest that you take a look at Robert Rimmer's book "The X-Rated Videotape Guide," published by Harmony Books, 225 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003. This book, which retails for \$16.95 in paperback, reviews 1300 films, some of which you're sure to remember from the Erotic Film Festival days. You might also consult a paperback guide titled "Adult Movies," available for \$3.95, plus postage and handling, from Pocket Books, 1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10020. Happy viewing.

My lover calls it the six-pack. She reclines on her back and I straddle her belly, facing her feet, pinning her just firmly enough to prevent her from struggling away from my control. With the fingers of my left hand, I tease her lubricated clit; my right thumb I keep in her vagina, and my right forefinger—also lubricated—goes snugly into her anus. As she grows more excited, I gently pinch and wiggle her perineum occasionally, using about as much pressure as one would need to lift a six-pack of beer. From time to time during our congress, I rise on my knees and scoot backward, dangle my genitals above her active mouth and enjoy her kinetic tongue. When she achieves orgasm, I keep her pinned to the bed; her hands cannot reach around my body to prevent me from extending stimulation to the point of ecstasy. She says it feels better than anything should be allowed to feel. She keeps claiming she's going to do the same thing to me—accommodating our anatomical differences, of course—but just can't bring herself to touch my anus. We both bathe thoroughly before and after. How can I change her mind?—J. R., Houston, Texas.

Beg.

I've been looking at European luxury cars and I'm almost ready to buy. But why are most of them so plain? You'd think for those prices, they'd at least have white-wall tires.—D. S., Louisville, Kentucky.

Let us put it to you this way: Fashion changes. Most of us don't dress the way we did in the Fifties and Sixties, so why should our cars? Following the lead of the European makers, American auto fashion has evolved toward the subtle, clean and understated. Along with padded roofs, opera windows, coach lamps, excessive exterior chrome and (yechhh!) wire wheel covers, white-wall tires are now "out," as are chrome mag wheels and white-letter tires on performance cars. Definitely "in" are smooth, aerodynamic body shapes with restrained bright trim and black-wall or black-letter tires on styled aluminum wheels. Hipper still are body-color trim for a monotone look, flared-out fenders to fit lower,

wider tires and "ground-effects" skirts along the lower sides of performance-type cars. Inside the cabin, tastefully textured vinyl and leather are "in," fake wood, bright accents and pillow-style seats in whorehouse velvet very much "out." A subtle touch of real wood is de rigueur in British luxury cars and acceptable in most others.

Who cares? Well, like it or not, we are what we drive—and we like it. Our automobiles make a statement. People judge us by what we arrive in. If you want to be thought of as old, conservative and out of style, drive a big, blocky American car with a vinyl roof, slap on some white-walls and simulated wire wheels. But, please, no white-walls on European cars. That's about as tasteful as a torn T-shirt and tennies with your tux, and pink-plastic flamingos on the lawn.

I have a problem whose solution I may be afraid to hear. I am a 30-year-old female with a simply marvelous 23-year-old lover. Our sex life together is more than satisfying, except for one thing—I cannot scream! I want to scream when he orally brings me to the heavens (as he most certainly does), and I want to scream when he is inside me, because I love it, but I seem to be inhibited. One night in bed, he even looked up at me and said, "Scream"—he could tell he was turning me on that much—but, once again, I didn't. I'm so sick of this yearning to scream. Am I simply being inhibited? If so, please suggest something for me to do.—Miss D. S., Los Angeles, California.

Are you afraid that the neighbors will hear you or that Edwin Meese himself will come pounding on your door? Reflecting on the latter possibility should be enough to make you want to scream. You may be inhibited about expressing yourself sexually, which is probably a learned response to prohibitions you were exposed to while growing up. You are certainly capable of learning new response patterns, including learning how to let go. If you don't talk during lovemaking, start doing so—or at least allow yourself to vocalize pleasurable feelings; moaning and groaning are definitely allowed. Practice letting go while masturbating and see if getting deeper into your fantasies doesn't help you forget about yourself somewhat. Finally, just grab the nearest pillow and use it to muffle the sound.

Whenver I make a cassette recording of an album, if I so much as touch the record-level knobs, a grand array of static, hissing and popping appear on the finished tape. This has made fading out nearly impossible. Recently, this problem has worsened. Now, if I adjust the volume knob on the receiver (whether I'm recording or just listening), I get the same annoying static. The stereo is almost ten years old, but I have never had this problem before. I've tried cleaning the tape heads with a cleaning kit, but it doesn't

work. My recordings are suffering and I would appreciate any advice.—M. T., Salt Lake City, Utah.

You have encountered a service problem common in older equipment. Dirt or dust has found its way into the control knobs on your equipment, causing static or popping noises in your system. You may be able to solve the problem yourself. Electronic-parts supply stores carry tuner-cleaner sprays commonly used in TV servicing. Pull off the knobs on your cassette deck and receiver and spray inside the controls while turning them repeatedly. If this does not solve the problem, unplug the unit and remove the top. Locate the controls and spray them from inside the cassette deck or receiver, again turning the controls repeatedly. This should remove the dirt or dust from inside the controls. If you still have not solved the problem or do not want to attempt the repair yourself, a repair facility can take care of it for you. It will disassemble and clean the controls or replace them if necessary. Repairing the record-level controls on the cassette deck and the volume control on the receiver should eliminate the annoying noise problem.

I am a 22-year-old college student and I have what I feel is a very serious problem. During erections, my penis curves downward noticeably. I feel that this is due to my years of masturbating while lying on my stomach. I've had this condition for a long time, and I've been afraid of getting into any sexual situations, because I think that it must make sex extremely difficult to perform. It would probably also make my partner think that I was deformed, since a penis should be really perfectly straight during an erection. Common sense tells me that I may never have a normal sexual relationship with anyone now. Is there anything that can be done?—R. S., San Francisco, California.

Relax. There's no direction unknown when it comes to erections. You can have normal sexual relations any time you want. If sex in the missionary position is uncomfortable, try it with the woman astride, facing away from you. You will find that some positions that others might find painful will work for you. For example, instead of going down on you, your partner can go up on you. We've seen an X-rated movie in which a couple sat on opposite sides of a hot tub, joined at the middle. The woman sort of floated in place, gyrating on a downward-pointing erection. Give it a try.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereo and sports cars to dating problems, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Send all letters to The Playboy Advisor, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. The most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.



DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Do women brag about sexual conquests the way men do?

It's human nature to boast from time to time. When women do it, it's usually more in terms of the romantic details. Men usually brag about the sexual details. I tend to keep my personal life private. I think that the more you care about someone in a relationship, the more private you are about it. It's easier to be public about a casual encounter. When women talk about these things to one another, they focus more on what a man said and how he acted than on how he was in bed. They tend to discuss the way he treated them—the romantic parts.



Laurie Carr

LAURIE CARR
DECEMBER 1986

Certainly women brag, but not exactly the same way as men. Women tend to tell their best friends lots of details about their love lives. So in that way we do brag. Do we brag about the conquest? No, because—let's face it—it's easy for most women, if they are half-way decent, to get a man to bed if they want him to be there. What we do is confide in our friends—not the gory details but the informational ones. And women tend to confide in one or two close friends, not a tableful or a barful.



Carol Ficatier

CAROL FICATIER
DECEMBER 1985

A woman might tell her closest girlfriends, but I don't think most women go around bragging about who they've slept with or how well he performed in bed. If a woman is insecure, she may boast to make herself look better or to make a friend jealous. But I think women are short on the details. A friend might say, "Well, how was he?" You'd answer something like, "He cuddles nice" or "We had a wonderful time." Most women wouldn't get too specific. A few might talk about size, but I won't get into that.



Ava Fabian

AVA FABIAN
AUGUST 1986

I don't think women brag nearly as much as men do. If they're having a crisis, they might talk a little more. I've noticed that men quit bragging when they find someone special. Then, all of a sudden, it's not as much fun to talk about. Boasting and bragging is really kind of a college thing. Everyone goes through that phase when you talk about who you've had or how many different people you've had at the same time. Women generally don't go into great detail. When they talk about intimate information, I think it's meant more for conversation and for trying to understand a relationship or a situation.



Sherry Arnett

SHERRY ARNETT
JANUARY 1986

Women boast entirely differently from men. I don't think they do it verbally. Instead, they start wearing his clothes, his shirts, his shorts, his jewelry; or they'll hang his picture in some prominent place where other people can see it. Then their girlfriends will say something like, "Where'd you get the shirt?" And they'll say, "It's my boyfriend's." You don't have to say anything else; that pretty much says, "I slept with this guy and he was great." Wearing his clothes, on the other hand, is showing off in another way.



Cher Butler

CHER BUTLER
AUGUST 1985

Women do brag. I remember when my friend did it with the school jock. She was so excited, so happy, but she didn't yell it out. Women like to tell a close friend and swear her to secrecy. If someone came up to me and asked me if I was sleeping with Mr. X, I would deny it. I wouldn't say, "Yeah, I'm sleeping with him. And he's great." No way. I'd say, "Who?" That is not to say that sleazy women don't go around bragging about who they got, but most women would brag to only a close friend.



Rebekka Armstrong

REBEKKA ARMSTRONG
SEPTEMBER 1986

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.





JOHN
DEMPSSELL

"Since she arrived, you never say 'Thank God it's Friday' anymore."

TRUE-BLUE *Detective*

MISCHELLE McMINDES

PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR

THE ADVENTURES OF A
SMALL-TOWN
SLEUTH



WHEN WORD leaked out that MiSchelle McMIndes (rhymes with finds), a licensed private investigator and a seven-year resident of Pendleton, Oregon, was posing for a PLAYBOY pictorial, the letters column of the local daily, the *East Oregonian*—which had run a front-page story about her—got the predictable protest mail from Falwell followers. The story even made the news in big-city Portland, 200-plus miles west. “WILL PLAYBOY ‘STRIP’ AWAY PENDLETON’S IMAGE?” an *Oregonian* headline inquires. Responds MiSchelle, an attractive, articulate 29-year-old native of Nebraska: “No way.” To understand what the fuss is about, it helps to put Pendleton in perspective. It’s the kind of place, as the adage has it, “where the men are men and the women are glad of it.” Its chamber of commerce claims it’s “not the old West, not the new West—the real West.” Stroll down Main Street on a Saturday and you’ll meet an eclectic mix of cowboys, Indians, doctors, lawyers, even an occasional merchant chief. The town’s money, most of it, comes from the surrounding land: rolling hills that nurture wheat, peas, cattle, sheep and pine trees. During one week in mid-September each year, the place explodes in the heady blend of dust, horse sweat, whiskey and excitement that heralds the Pendleton Round-Up, one of the country’s top rodeos. For the other 51 weeks, this community of 14,500 inhabitants and 32 churches is fairly calm. That may change if MiSchelle’s pictorial sets Pendleton on its 107-year-old ear. Frankly, though, she expects the citizenry of her adopted home town to take it in stride.



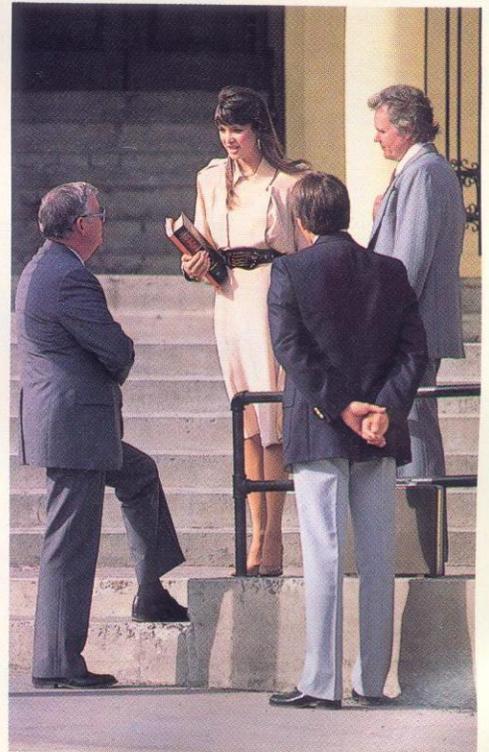
PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



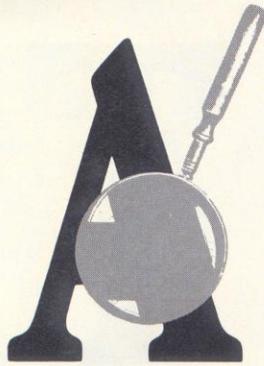


The reactions I'm hearing from people," MiSchelle told us, "are 'We're real proud of you' and 'When is your issue coming out? We can't wait.'" How she came to be in *PLAYBOY* is a story in itself.

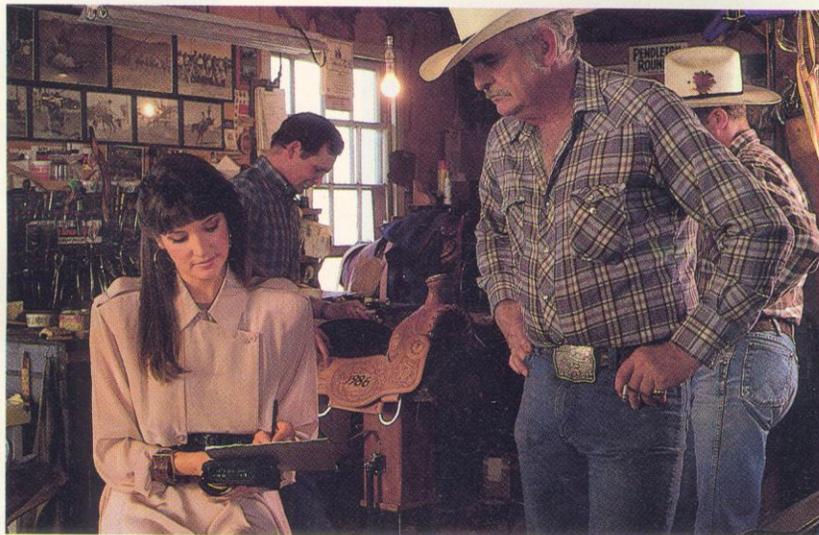
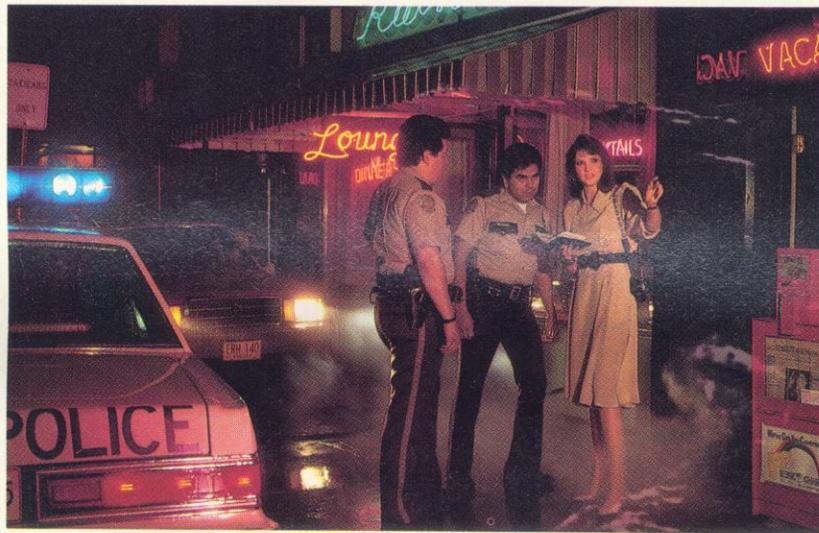
After being approached by a photographer who represented himself as a scout for a *PLAYBOY* feature on female private eyes, MiSchelle wrote to our Chicago offices to check him out. Associate Photography Editor Michael Ann Sullivan read the letter, called MiSchelle and said, "We've never heard of this guy, but the *idea* sounds great. Are you interested?" MiSchelle was. So was Richard Fegley, a genuine *PLAYBOY* Contributing Photographer. The results you see here. MiSchelle came to her field by a roundabout route. She'd majored in music and theater in Nebraska and California, then took seminars in counseling at the Menninger Foundation. A job with a mental-health program, Independent Living, drew her to Pendleton.



On the steps of the Umatilla County Library (above), Pendleton mayor Joe McLaughlin (left) runs into MiSchelle, her boyfriend, Morrie McCormach (back to camera), and Mike Hagen, with whom she's working on a movie project scripted by Ken Kesey. "I spend a lot of time in the library doing research," she says. "Luckily, it's only about a block away from my office."

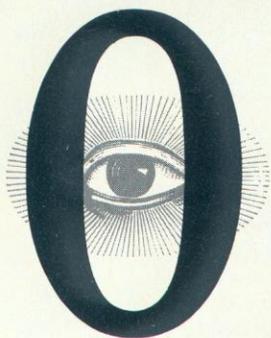


fter three years with Independent Living, MiSchelle decided she wanted to live independently and start her own business. "I had done some volunteer work with rape victims, during the course of which I met several attorneys," she says. "One suggested I might be a good investigator." It took a bank loan, hard work refinishing floors and stripping brick walls to renovate her office space and a year of pounding pavements before her firm, Northwest Investigators, took off; "but once I convinced some attorneys that I had the moxie to do the job, word of mouth just spread. Now I can pretty much pick and choose what cases I'll accept." Nearly all are referrals from attorneys, who may ask her to conduct surveillance on accident victims suspected of fraudulent workmen's-compensation claims, pose as a store clerk to smoke out a shoplifting employee or locate and interview witnesses to a traffic mishap. "If you don't do it right," MiSchelle says, "you can scare away potential witnesses or make them hostile."



On Main Street just outside the Rainbow Café (top), a funky favorite local watering hole, MiSchelle talks with Richard Thompson (left) and Isaac Parr of the tribal police from the nearby Umatilla Indian Reservation. Above, she interviews veteran saddle maker Bill Severe in the Severe Bros. Saddlery, which he shares with sons R.L. (background) and Monty (partly obscured at right), seeking details about a traffic accident he'd witnessed. "Actually, I do most of my investigating outside the immediate area," MiSchelle says. "In a small town like this, where you know almost everybody, it can be very hard to avoid conflicts of interest."





ff the job, MiSchelle enjoys life to the hilt. On the ranch where she lives with wheat farmer Morrie McCormach, she gardens and raises standard poodles. In town, she has scores of friends.

"I love the small-town feeling here, the fact that I can walk to the bank, the post office, do a little shopping and be back in my office in 15 minutes. Or I can go for a beer after work, and people just sit down in the booth next to me and start telling stories. And where else but a town like Pendleton could you go into a bar and find real cowboys talking like real cowboys do on TV?" There's more to it, she adds. "People here are intelligent; they go to concerts and plays and keep up on contemporary issues. We're not just a bunch of hicks." What about the down side of small-town life—its lack of privacy? MiSchelle laughs. "Well, if you really want to go on a rip and tear, you can always get out of town, go and be anonymous somewhere."



MiSchelle's work puts her in contact with a variety of people. Conferring in her office are (above, from left) insurance agent Roger Bisnett, appraiser Larry Davis and agricultural scientist Richard Greenwalt. All, she suspects, are looking forward to this feature. What made her decide to do it? "Seeing a *PLAYBOY* pictorial," she says, "makes me feel proud to be a woman."





WICKED WILLIE

Tell me about your ex.

Oh, him...

BATHROOM



Well... he was very good-looking, a writer, musician, composer, critic - but lesser known as a champion chess player, mathematician, artist, windsurfer and cordon-bleu chef....



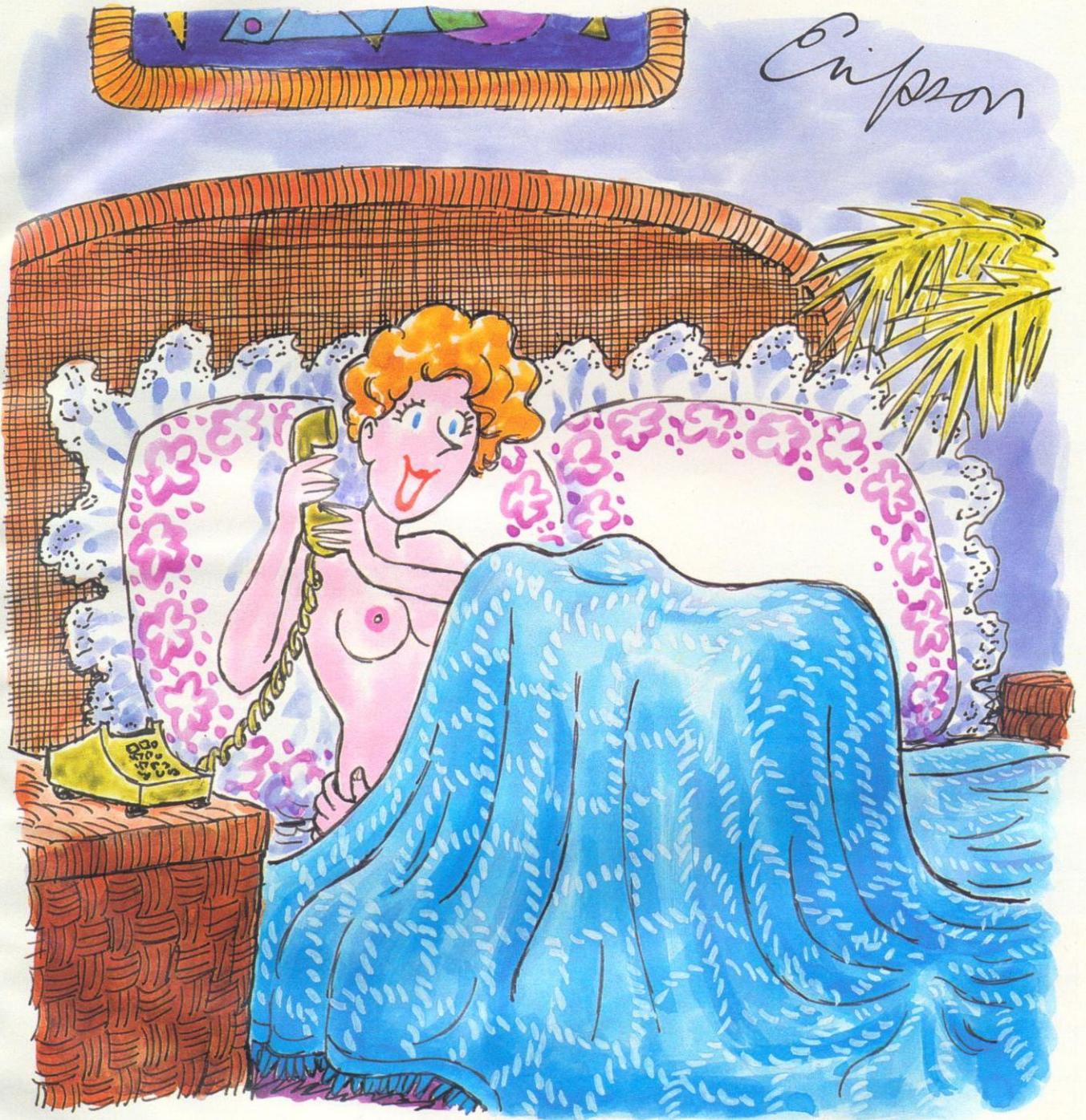
What made you ask?

Good question.

BATHROOM



Gray



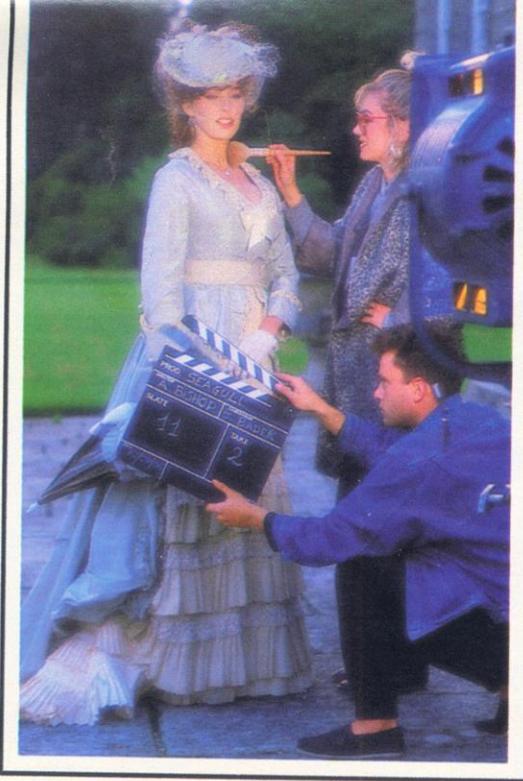
"Is Wendy's precious Ronnie too busy to come to the phone just now?"



GREAT BRITON

londoner marina baker's
lines will not soon
be forgotten

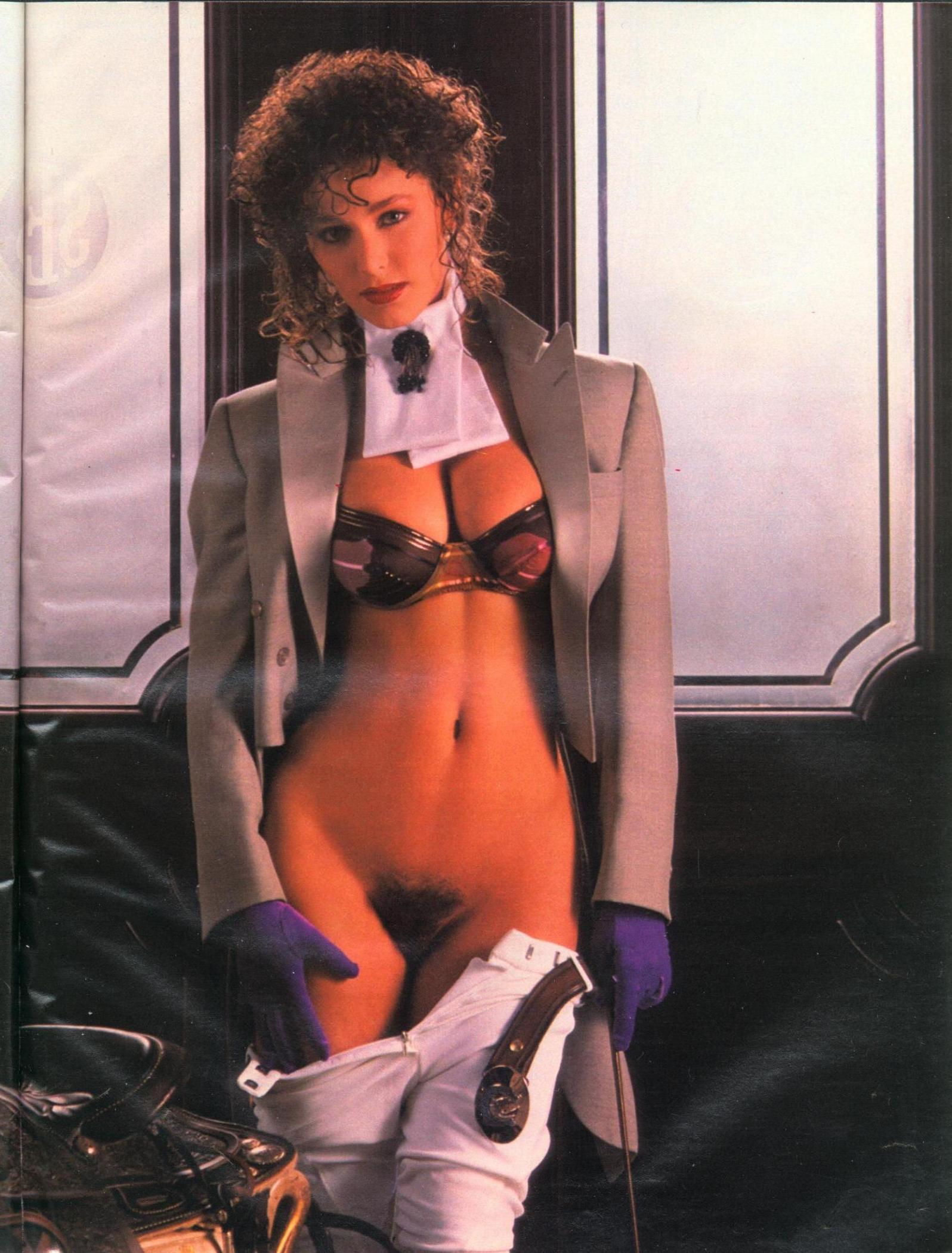




At the time we met actress/Playmate Marina Baker, she'd just bought a flat in London. Marina told us all about her mortgage, her monthly note, finance brokers, interest rates and how she saves most of what she earns. So, we ventured, we take it you're a British Yuppie. "I suppose I'm a Yuppie," she agreed. "The few Yuppies here are thriving more than most Sloane Rangers, meaning certain upper-class types who live near Sloane Square, a posh area of London."



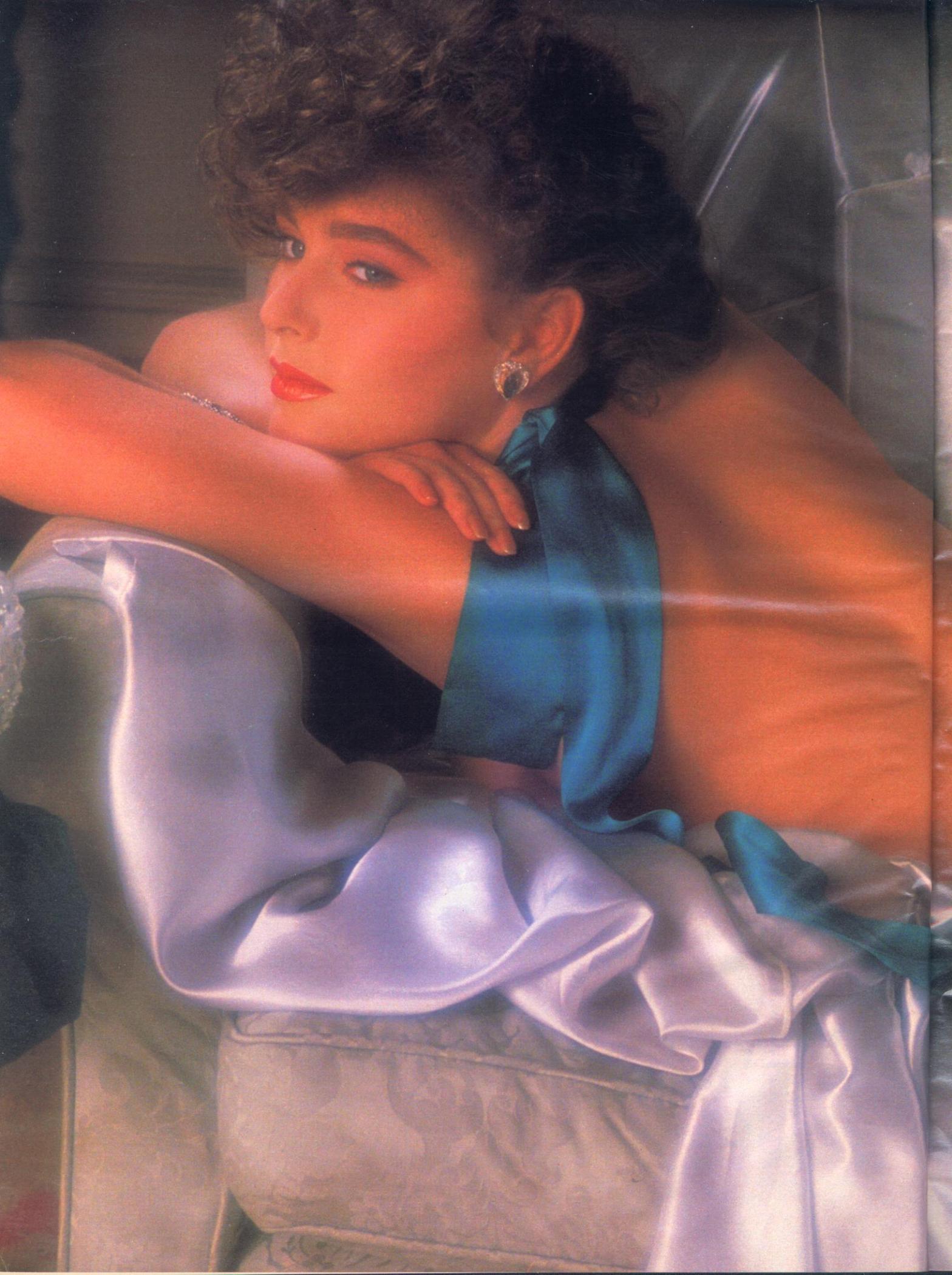
"My greatest friend is my mother, Margaret [above left]. She's a poet and she used to be a schoolteacher. Now she and I go riding together every Sunday morning." At top: Marina is made up for her role as Nina in a production of "The Seagull."







I'm not a Sloane, but I'm invited to Sloane dinner parties. You know, 'Marina's an actress—she's so amusing.' But I don't often entertain the Sloanes anymore since I've been in *Forever Elvis*." That's the long-running musical-theater production in which Marina plays Priscilla Beaulieu Presley. "And when I'm not acting, the time I have is not spare—it's used. I'm taking singing lessons, trying to find time to ride horseback and to develop a one-woman show."







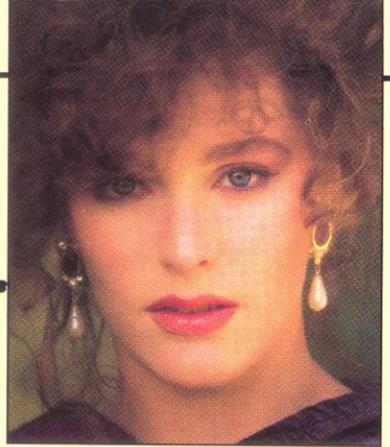
I've done things before that have been very camp, very feminine. I want my solo show to be hard-hitting. Maybe it'll be political—though I don't particularly want to be labeled as political. In the meantime, I'm really quite happy at the moment in my new flat with nothing to sit on as yet. I may not be a Sloane, but I honestly wouldn't want to change anything—except, perhaps, my nose. Not really—my nose and I get on quite well now. We've been together 19 years."



"When I visited the United States for my shooting, it surprised me that it was very much like American television shows. I'd always heard it wasn't. People really do say, 'Have a nice day!' So many people spoke to me. They asked things like, 'Do you know Princess Diana?' Very friendly people. Amazingly so!"



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Marina Augusta Baker

BUST: 34EE WAIST: 23 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5' 7" WEIGHT: A secret

BIRTH DATE: 12/8/67 BIRTHPLACE: WINOSOR, ENGLAND

AMBITIONS: Have my own professionally produced and directed one-woman show.

TURN-ONS: Mickey Rourke, educated people, Sunday-morning rides.

TURN-OFFS: fur coats, smokers, men who shave their chests

OCCUPATION: Actress in musical "forever Elvis"

FAVORITE TV SHOW: Anything with good acting (i.e., not much)

MAN YOU'D MOST LIKE TO MEET: F.F. Coppola for work; M. Rourke for

WOMAN YOU'D MOST LIKE TO MEET: Margaret Thatcher. fun!!

FAVORITE THING ABOUT THE U.S.: A nation of friendly people with a strong will to succeed.

LEAST FAVORITE THING ABOUT THE U.S.: couldn't find a decent cup of tea.



English Rose
fun at 15....



me and my pony
sweet at 16....



is that me!?!
surprised myself at 17.

MISS MARCH

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A horny American visiting Amsterdam was down to his last five guilders when he walked through the red-light district. Stopping one of the girls, he asked, "Do you do American Express?"

"I'll do it as fast as you want," she replied.

Billy Graham and Green Bay Packers coach Forrest Gregg were spotted shaking hands at a recent charity event.

"Amazing," remarked an observer. "They're probably the only two men in the country who can each get 40,000 people in a stadium to rise to their feet, shouting, 'Jesus Christ!'"



Mario, the underboss of the local Mafia family, agreed to see the godfather about a job for his deaf-mute nephew, Carmine. The godfather decided that Mario's nephew would make a perfect bagman, as he would be unable to hear or speak of the underworld's activities.

A year passed without incident until one day the godfather summoned Mario to his favorite restaurant. "Your nephew's a nice boy, Mario," he said. "But his latest delivery is \$150,000 short. Mario, I'm sending Bruno with you to find out how he made such a mistake."

When they arrived at the young man's house, Bruno put a gun to Carmine's head and told Mario to ask his nephew what had happened to the money.

"The godfather is willing to forgive you if you tell him what happened," Mario said in sign language. "Now, where's the money?"

His eyes popping in fear, Carmine signed back, "It was a mistake. I'll never do it again. The money's in a shoe box behind the furnace."

"OK, what'd the punk say?" Bruno rumbled.

"He said he doesn't think you have the balls to pull the trigger."

The soldier came home from a two-year hitch overseas to find his wife with a new baby. Furious, he was determined to track down the father.

"Was it my friend Allen?" he asked.

"No," his weeping wife replied.

"Was it my friend Steve?"

"No."

"Well, which one of my son-of-a-bitch friends was it?" he demanded.

"Don't you think I have any friends of my own?" she snapped.

A farmer was intent on running off the couples using his property as a lovers' lane, so one Saturday night, he went out armed with his flashlight and a shotgun.

At the first car, he knocked on the steamy window and yelled, "Hey, whadaya think yer doin'?"

The girl in the back seat raised her head, giggled and said, "We're doing the *rumba*."

"OK," the farmer said, "just hurry up and move along."

The farmer knocked at the second car. "Whadaya doin' back there?" he yelled.

"We're doing the tango," came the reply.

"OK," said the farmer, "just move along."

At the third car, the farmer stuck his head into the open window and said to the two naked, gyrating occupants, "I suppose you two are doing the bossa nova."

"Oh, no," replied the startled girl. "I'm doing him a favor."

Talk in publishing circles is of the debut of an entertainment magazine designed exclusively for married men. It will look like other men's magazines—except the centerfold will be the same every month.



Salby Neiman

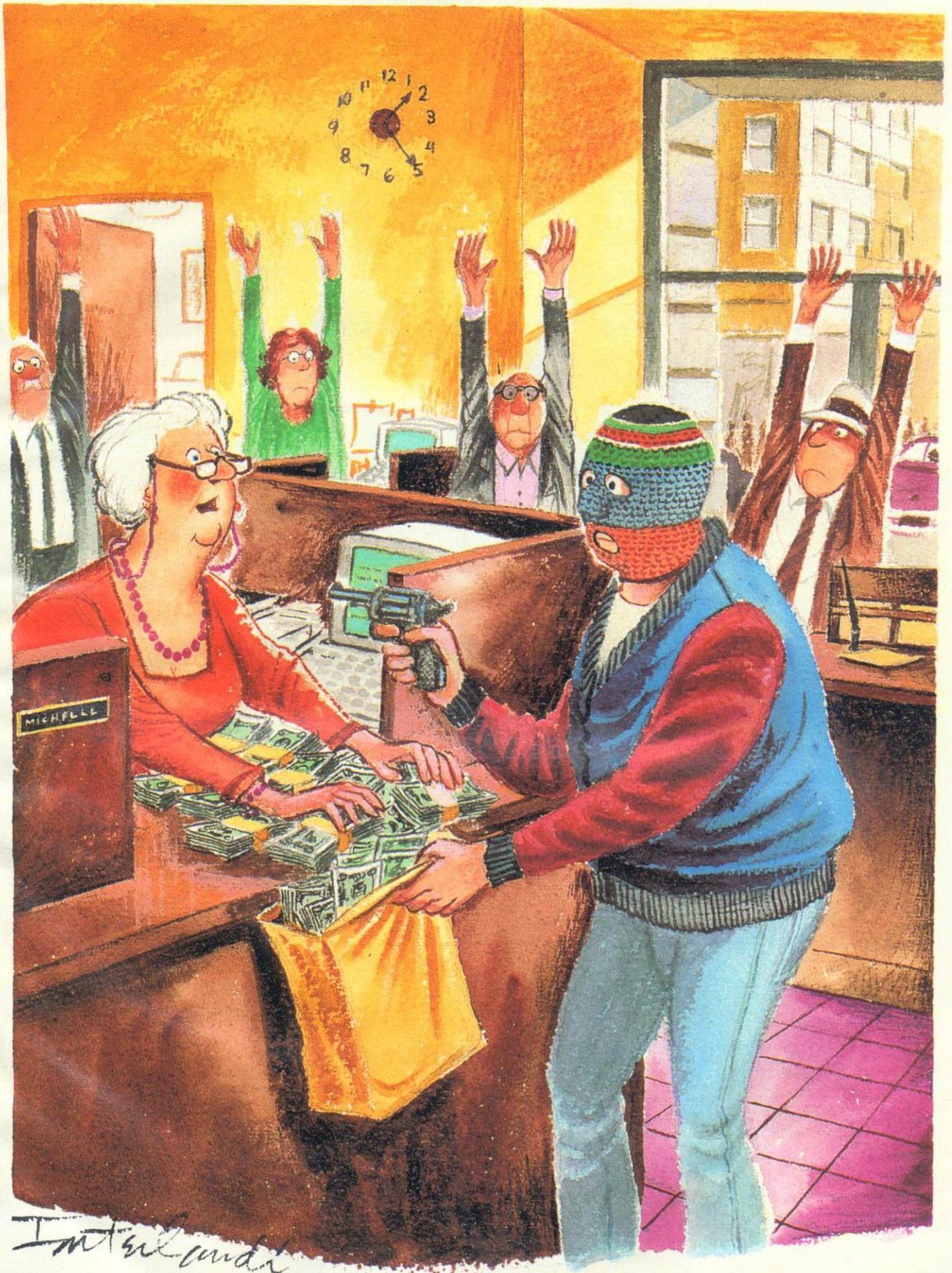
A flashy showgirl married a 97-year-old millionaire, largely in the belief that the old codger would never survive the wedding night.

While her husband was in the bathroom, the woman slipped into a black-lace nightgown and struck her most seductive pose on the bed. When the old man finally emerged, she was surprised to see that he was stark-naked except for ear-plugs, nose plugs and a condom.

"Why are you wearing those?" the startled bride asked.

"'Cause if there's anything I can't stand," he grumbled, "it's the sound of a woman screaming and the smell of burning rubber."

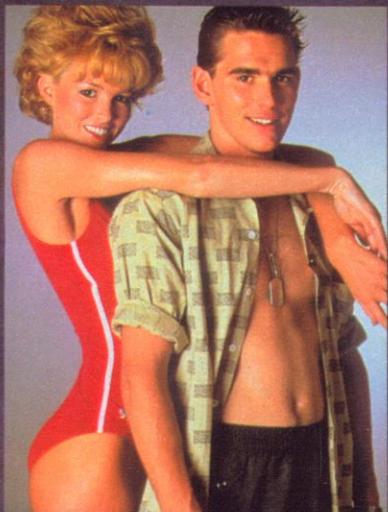
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$100 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



Int'l and

"Goodness, do you need all this money just to go skiing?"

J A N E T

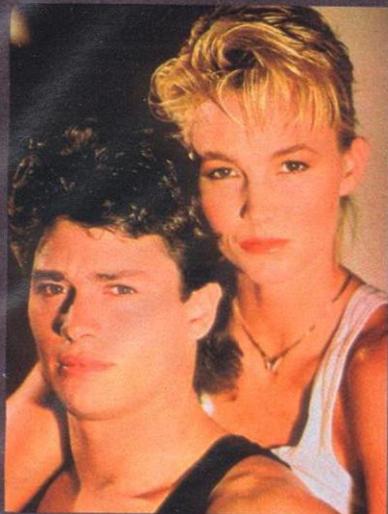


a hot young
actress gives us
a peek at her
very best form

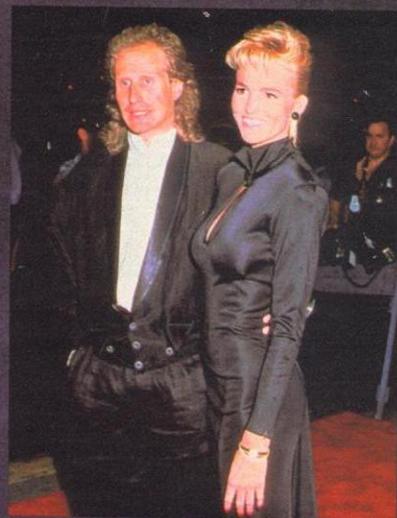
PHOTOGRAPHY BY
STEPHEN WAYDA



J O N E S



Janet's career highs so far are (from left): Debuting with Matt Dillon in the 1984 hit *The Flamingo Kid*, she strode off with *PLAYBOY'S Year in Movies* citation for Best Bathing Suit. In 1985, she stepped lively in *A Chorus Line* and sprang ahead in *American Anthem*, opposite Olympic gymnast Mitch Gaylord. Janet's off-screen love match, though, is with tennis ace Vitas Gerulaitis (right).





STARTING HER movie career Cinderella style, with a sunny-California twist, Janet Jones was lobbing balls over the net on the courts at La Costa resort when director Garry Marshall approached her. He saw a beautiful blonde

with a marvelous body, just what he needed for *The Flamingo Kid*. "Garry walked over to me and said, 'I think you'd be right for my new movie starring Matt Dillon.'" Janet still calls it a dream come true, grateful because she

"never had to beat the pavements" but soon began to get phone calls about reading more movie scripts as well as about posing for *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar*. She wound up on the cover of *Life*. Anyone for tennis?

At rest or romping in menswear, says Janet, "the real me is movement." She also tells us she endorses the notion of "bringing out your sexuality without going too far." We say she's got it about right.





Girl watching becomes a subtle art when there's a Janet Jones to contemplate. Believe it or not, this all-American beauty insists she was chiefly celebrated right through high school for her skill at softball. "The guys wouldn't start the game till I finished my dinner," says Janet, adding, "I guess I stopped looking like one of the boys when I was about 18."

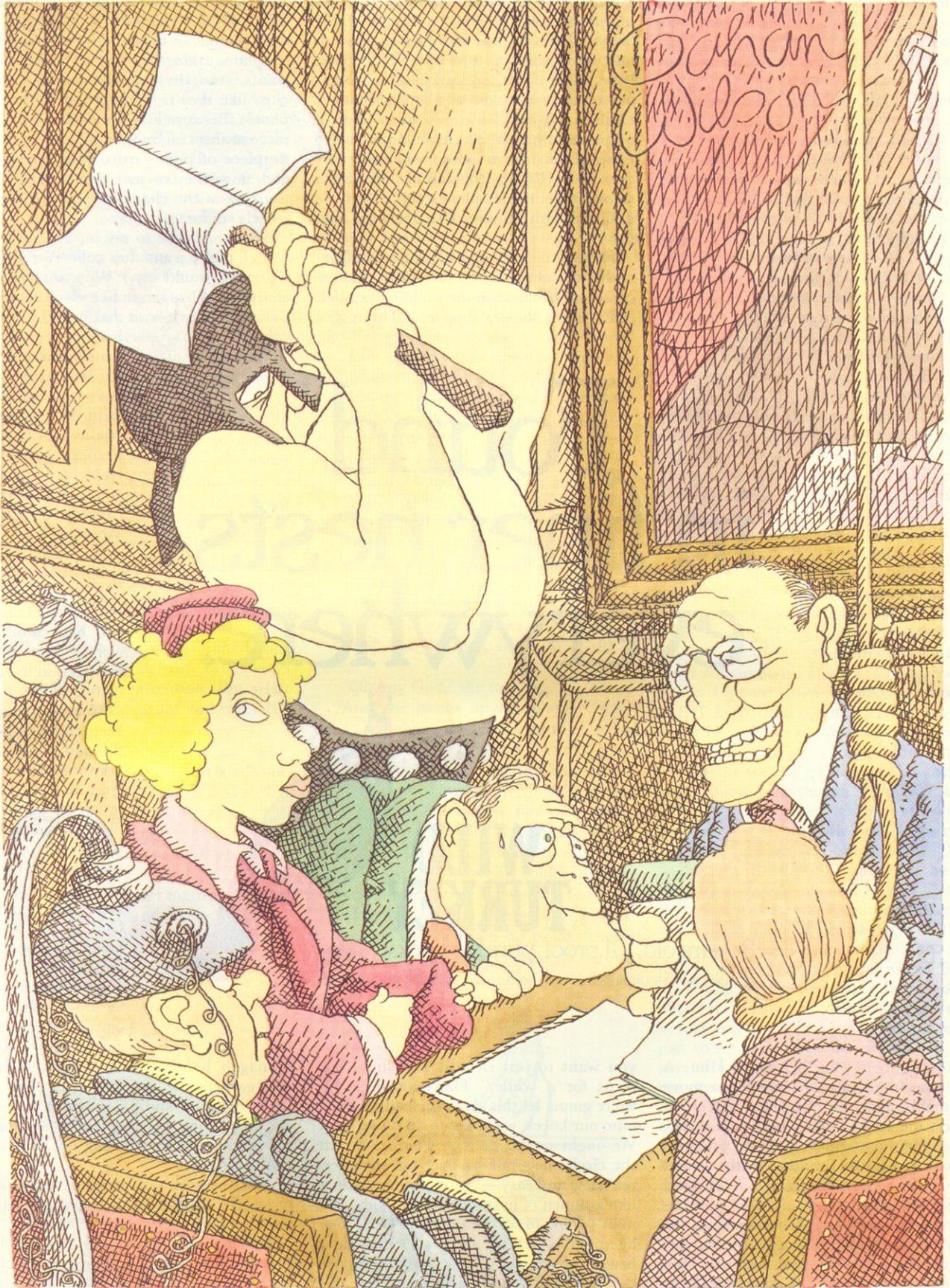
By that time, number six in the Jones family line-up of seven kids had already traded her baseball cleats for dancing slippers and won a Miss Dance of America title. She joined a San Francisco ballet troupe but decided that the rigorously disciplined life of a ballerina was not her style. "I wanted more freedom, more fun . . . more time to be with my friends." So she moved to L.A., got a job on *(concluded on page 144)*

Seductively pensive in—or out of—the manly mode, but still getting next to her Calvins, this jazzy Jones girl recalls her origins as a tomboy in Missouri, the Show-Me State. Putting all that aside (overleaf), our Miss Jones has clearly come a long way from St. Louis.









"Before we begin, I'd like to say that in thirty years as an attorney, I've never encountered a more interesting departure from the standard last will and testament."

GRAPEVINE

Cheesecake

Here are two great-looking women to check out. On the left, actress ANNA UPPSTROM, and on the right, JENNIFER LEIGH RICE, who has made her mark in numerous commercials. Uppstrom, a former airline stewardess, successfully went Hollywood in TV guest appearances and on the big screen in movies such as *Caddyshack* and *Club Paradise*. You may remember Rice from the Richard Gere remake of *Breathless*, but more likely you know her from Dr Pepper, Budweiser and Charlie commercials. Once again, *Grapevine's* on the beat.



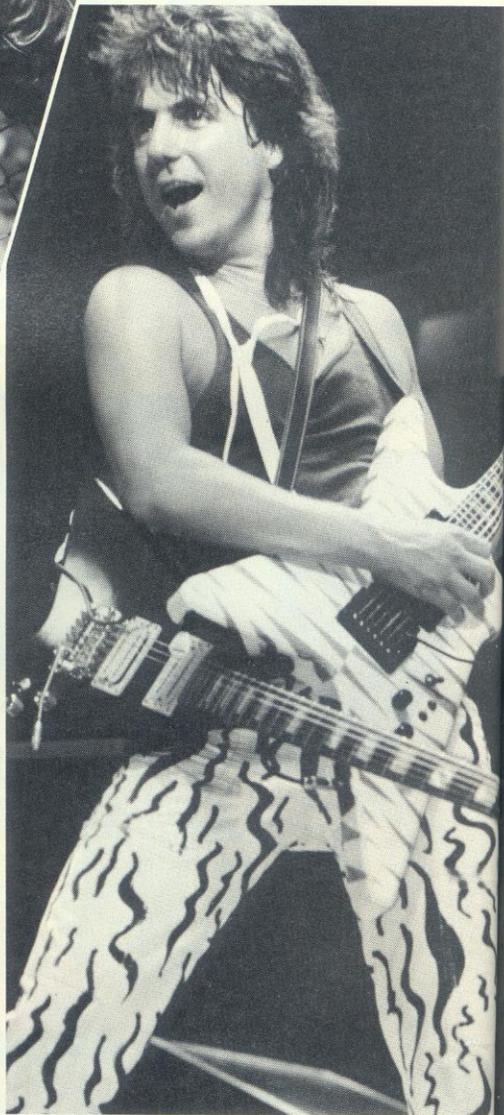
ALAN HOUGHTON



© 1986 MARK LEIVDAL

Here's Mud in Your Eye

ROBERT PALMER can afford the toast. His career is in high gear. *Riptide* has done so well that he's holding up a new album until later this spring. And Madison Avenue has discovered him. Look for his video in a Panasonic commercial.



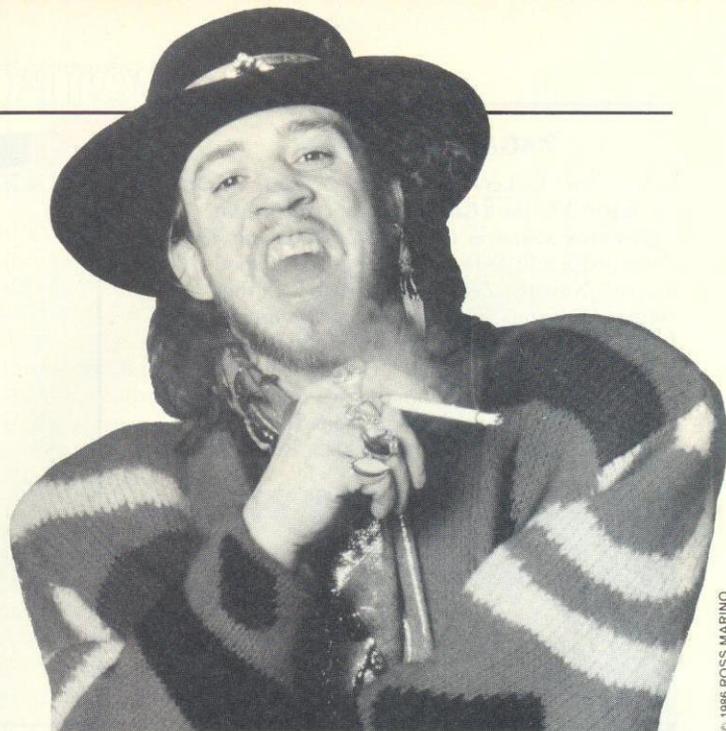
PAUL NATKIN / PHOTO RESERVE INC.

Two Axes to Grind

CRAIG CHAQUICO of The Starship designs his own art pants, plays two guitars and gets to hear Grace sing every night. A new Starship album will be ready in the late spring and the band has a song on the movie sound track of *Mannequin*.

I, Tina

The wild one, TINA TURNER, is off to Europe but will be back to sing in a city near you this summer. Her book hit the best-seller list in *The New York Times*, no less. Asked recently what her best feature was, even Tina mentioned her legs. Here's the best of the rest.



Say Hey to Stevie Ray

Can STEVIE RAY VAUGHAN play the guitar? Are little green apples green? His U.S. tour is about to end, and on his album *Live Alive*, he does what he does best. He's touring Europe soon. Go, Stevie!



Danish Pastry

LINDA KRIJGSMAN left Denmark for London to look for rock stars—Duran Duran's John Taylor in particular. She hasn't had any luck with Taylor yet, so she's taken up a modeling career. The way we see it, his loss is our gain. P.S. to John: Linda's still in London.



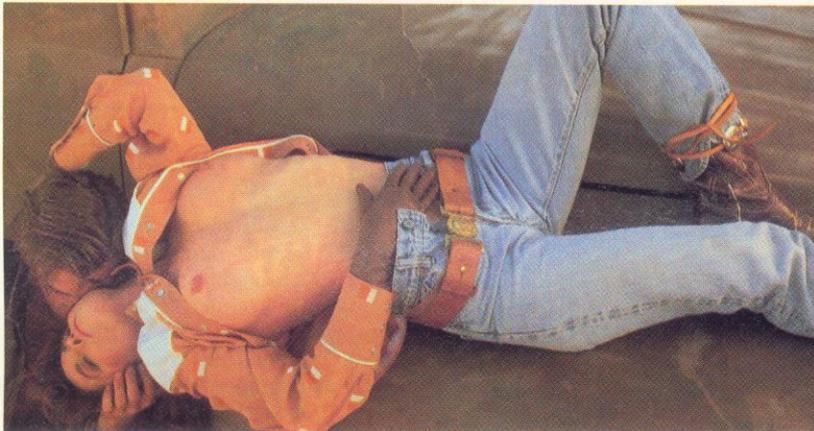
NEXT MONTH



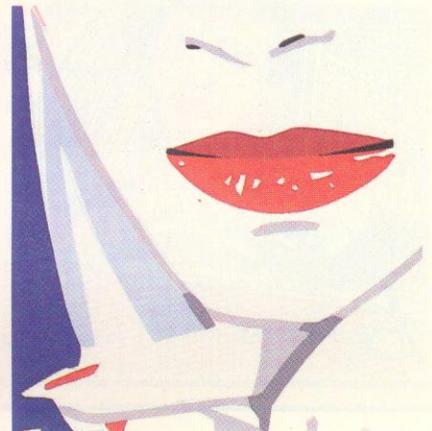
AIR WARS



CASANOVA'S COMPANIONS



SEXY DENIM



INTENTIONAL PASS

"BEHIND THE SCENES AT SOLDIER OF FORTUNE"—WHAT WAS IT LIKE TO WORK WITH **BOB BROWN** IN THE EARLY DAYS OF HIS JOURNAL FOR MERCENARIES? FOR ONE THING, YOU LEARNED TO COVER YOUR COFFEE CUP. JOIN THE FUN AND GAMES AT COLONEL KANGAROO'S PARAMILITARY THEME PARK WITH A PIONEER PARTICIPANT, **FRED REED**

"INTENTIONAL PASS"—EAVESDROP ON THE CONVERSATION BETWEEN A HOT-SHOT ATTORNEY AND HER LAW SCHOOL BOYFRIEND 17 YEARS LATER, WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM A FAVORITE FICTIONAL DIALOG MASTER, **GEORGE V. HIGGINS**

"CASANOVA AND COMPANY"—MINISERIES KING **RICHARD CHAMBERLAIN** IS DUE IN AN ABC BLOCKBUSTER ABOUT THE LEGENDARY LOVER. ACCOMPANYING HIM ON THE TUBE AND IN OUR PAGES: SOME SOON-TO-BE-LEGENDARY LOVELIES

"AIR WARS"—WHAT HAPPENS TO THAT PACKAGE YOU CONSIGN FOR OVERNIGHT DELIVERY? RIDE WITH THE COURIERS, FLY BOYS AND DISPATCHERS OF AIRBORNE EXPRESS, THE MOST AGGRESSIVE OF THE NEXT-DAY CARRIERS—BY **J. MAX ROBINS**

"BAD NEWS AT BLACK ROCK"—AN EX-STAFFER GIVES

US A RINGSIDE SEAT FOR THE SPECTACLE OF CBS NEWS' DESCENT TO GLITZMONGERING—BY **PETER MCCABE**

"SEXY DENIM"—SENSATIONAL VIEWS OF WORLD-CLASS WOMEN IN (AND OUT OF) A WORLD-CLASS FABRIC

"THE LITTLE BLUE PILL"—WORKING UP AN AD CAMPAIGN FOR A MEMORY PILL, AN AGENCY TEAM DISCOVERS SOME FANTASTIC SIDE EFFECTS IN THIS YARN BY **MICHAEL LUBOW**

"QUARTERLY REPORTS: REAL DEALS"—WHICH INVESTMENT WOULD YOU PICK: A MUSICAL ABOUT DEAD NUNS, PARCHED IOWA FARMLAND OR APARTMENT COMPLEXES? PLAY THE GAME ALONG WITH ADVISOR **ANDREW TOBIAS**

PLUS: A LIVELY **"20 QUESTIONS"** WITH **RAE DAWN CHONG**; **"PLAYBOY MUSIC '87,"** INCLUDING RESULTS OF THE PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL; **HERBERT B. LIVESEY'S "TIN-CAN GALLERY,"** HOW TO MAKE BLAH FOOD TASTE GREAT QUICKLY; PART ONE OF **"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST,"** BY **HOLLIS WAYNE**; A SURPRISE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**; AND THE RELIABLE MUCH, MUCH MORE