

There's nothing like a nice little lace number to spice up any evening...right?

HE SAYS:

Whenever the subject of lingerie was, well, exposed to me, it became evident that I had never developed any distinct taste in the area. I saw ladies' unmentionables more as obstacles rather than as enhancements. I preferred velcro or zippers to straps or hooks. Lingerie might beat out standard white jockey's, but personally, my favorite look has always been a woman simply wearing my old oxford or baseball shirt. Regardless of the outfit, my initial reaction was usually, "She's, like, *naked underneath.*"

After much painstaking research conducted at Taboo-Tabou (906 W. Belmont) — looking at endless corsets, teddies, two-to-four piece sets, garter belts, bustiers, chemises and sheer robes — I have reached some general conclusions that will help the average dudes out there find the right garment for their ladies. Hugely important: buy her lingerie that enhances the features you find most arousing.

Proper makeup and haircut are essential for those who look to incorporate a little role-playing. If the lingerie is "school girl," "baby doll" or "cheerleader," then go heavy on the blush and pigtails; if it's "straight-up hooker," then heavy on the mascara and, well, everything else. The same goes for "Fairytale," "Cowgirls and Indians," "Cops and Robbers," "The Executive Lady," etc. The more complete the transformation, the better she can pull it off (and the faster you'll want to, as well).

Keeping all this in mind, I called a "friend" and told her what I was up to. I got her measurements and opinions on color and style. I was a bit surprised by her quick, almost prepared answers. Still shell-shocked, I selected an elegant black, sheer, lace two-piece number. They accentuate the breasts and arse, of which she has perfect specimens...oh yeah, and her eyes too. The fabric is soft (good for grinding), hopelessly sexy, and most importantly: *easily removed.*

John Oppenheimer

SHE SAYS:

Admittedly, there have been many *Sex and the City*-style breakfast table discussions on this topic amongst my female friends. Over melon and mimosas, I've come to find out that most of them are self-conscious or nervous when it comes to the topic of lingerie.

In my (not so) humble opinion, lingerie is all about the power of the tease. It's empowering for a woman to be able to place lace and soft, shiny, fabrics in strategic locations and reveal only what she chooses.

In regard to men's reactions to this tease, the fact is that men are much more visually aroused (as *Playboy's* decades of success indicate). If the sexual spark is fading, lingerie can act as an effective and much-needed jump-start to an idling sexual relationship.

In my recent field research into this topic, drawer-to-floor time for the lingerie in question was about five minutes. Verbal self-report measures were unreliable — the only information I got was a whispered "hell, yeah." I would venture to say that the reliable indicator of successful lingerie implementation involves action rather than words.

So why are women hesitant to sport the skimpy skivvies? Maybe they haven't yet experienced a standing ovation from a guy. Maybe their gut reaction says, "why all the lace and makeup? We ladies are damn sexy any way you slice the cake." Which is true. But then again, we don't always feel sexy. So tell us that we're hot, and we'll act hutter. The bottom line is that we turn you guys on, and knowing that we turn you on turns us on. So if we can throw a little icing on the cake to expedite the whole process, bring it on.

Catherine Wargo



A classy black lace thong and ruffled-slip number from Taboo-Tabou