

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1981 • \$3.00

**HOLIDAY
ANNIVERSARY
ISSUE**

OUR COVER GIRL—
HOLLYWOOD'S

FABULOUS
**BARBARA
& BACH** IN A
DAZZLING
PICTORIAL

**URBAN
COWGIRLS**
A PHOTO
ROUNDUP
OF WOMEN TO
SADDLE UP WITH

AN EXCLUSIVE
INTERVIEW:
**JOHN LENNON
AND YOKO ONO**
ON LOVE,
SEX, MONEY,
FAME AND ALL
ABOUT THE BEATLES

**CLEAVAGE IN
THE OFFICE—**
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OF UPWARDLY
MOBILE WOMEN
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STEPHEN KING
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RAY BRADBURY
PRO FOOTBALL'S
BUM PHILLIPS
THE NEW EPISODE
IN FRANK HERBERT'S
GREAT "DUNE" SAGA

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



A WHALE OF A GOOD TIME

Peter Strauss delivers the conservationist argument (left) in *A Whale for the Killing*, Playboy Productions' upcoming ABC-TV movie. Edward L. Rissien is executive producer. At the film's L.A. Playboy Club wrap party (below) are TV producer Len Hill of Hill/Mendelker Productions, Hugh Hefner, Strauss and his lady, Shana Hoffman.



THE BUNNY ALSO RISES

Professional stunt woman Victoria Vanderkloot, wearing a Bunny Costume (below), rides a steel girder at topping-out ceremonies for the 21-story Playboy Hotel complex in Atlantic City. At right, Playboy Clubs President Victor Lowmes and Playboy Enterprises V.P. Christie Hefner don't seem to mind having their stories topped. Beside Christie: New Jersey Governor Brendan Byrne.



EVEN COWBOYS GET THE BLUES

PLAYBOY Senior Editor Bill "Mad Dog" Helmer (below right) makes good on his pledge to give up cowboy hats, revealed in his September essay, *A Cowboy's Lament*. Manny Gammage of Texas Hatters in Austin tells Helmer his Panama was made by Al Capone's hatmaker.



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



GOOD SHOT, KAREEM

Seven-foot, two-inch Los Angeles Lakers center Kareem Abdul-Jabbar takes a time out at Playboy Mansion West (below). After boosting his acting career with *Airplane!*, Kareem hopes to lead the Lakers to a second consecutive N.B.A. title.



YOUR SERVE, SUSAN

Susan Sullivan (above, second from top) plays Lois, a waitress at a posh, Playboylike club, in ABC's new television series *It's a Living*. Susan had no trouble at all getting into her character—she worked her way through college as a Bunny in the New York Playboy Club.

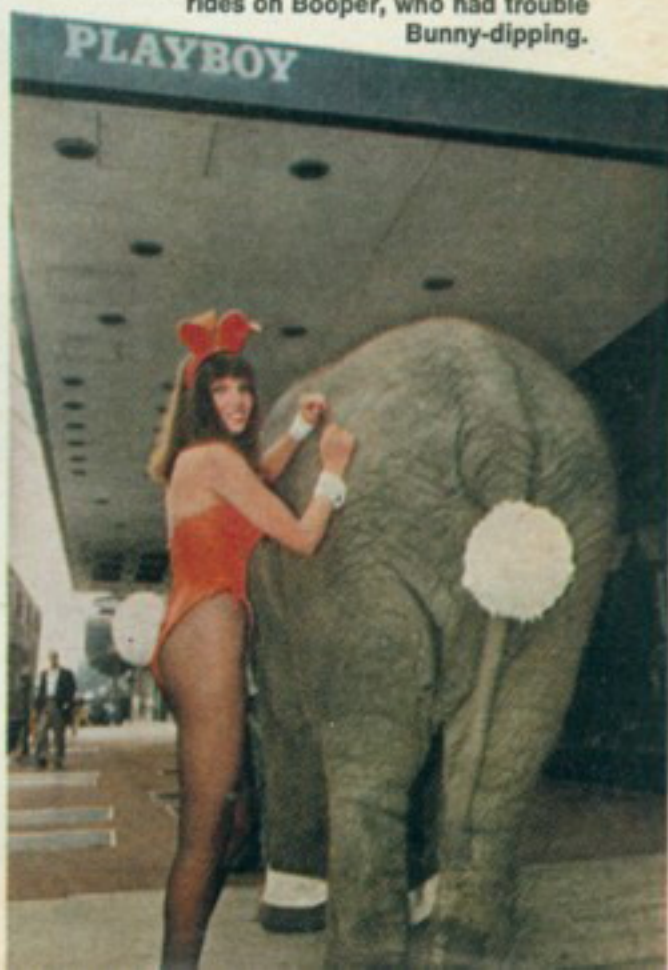


IF JACKIE'S THE NURSE, CALL US AN AMBULANCE!

The Bunny above looks very familiar to soap-opera buffs. She's none other than Bobbie Spencer, the nurse you love to hate on ABC's highly rated soap *General Hospital*. In real life, she's former New York Bunny Jackie Zeman, who now lives in Beverly Hills with her husband, Murray "The K" Kaufman.

THE SAGGY BAGGY BUNNY

Bunny Anna D'Agata compares cottontails with Booper the elephant, who masqueraded as a Bunny at the Chicago Playboy Club's Kids' Day. Children were treated to Circus Vargas and rides on Booper, who had trouble Bunny-dipping.







1040



once thought too European, too sophisticated
for "charlie's angels," this native new yorker went primitive
to co-starr with ringo. hail "caveman's" lady—

BARBARA BACH



pictorial essay **By BRUCE WILLIAMSON**

WHEN *Caveman* comes to the large screen sometime this spring, art will not be imitating life. In the movie, "a knock-out prehistoric comedy," if we're to believe what publicists write, gorgeous Barbara Bach fails to get her man. He's a small, smart caveman named Atouk, played by former Beatle Ringo Starr. He understands things, Barbara explains: "Like the wheel, food, even relationships . . . love, and walking upright. Atouk only has eyes for Lana, the part I play. But I'm the

bitch. At the end, the girl from the cave next door wins out. I get thrown into the dinosaur dung."

It's a total spoof. *Atouk nya zug-zug Lana*, in the *Caveman* vocabulary (from a glossary of just 15 words), means that Atouk ultimately doesn't get it on with Lana. Offscreen, as the entire civilized world must know by now, Barbara and Ringo wrote their own happy ending, which should be culminating in a marriage about the time you read this.

I'd never have believed it when I went to interview Barbara

A woman with voluminous, wavy brown hair is shown in profile, looking to the left. She is wearing a black turtleneck sweater. The text on the sweater is a list of cities in white, italicized font. The background is dark, and the lighting highlights her hair and the texture of the sweater.

*...and
London,
Paris,
Madrid,
Rome,
Vienna,
Lisbon...*





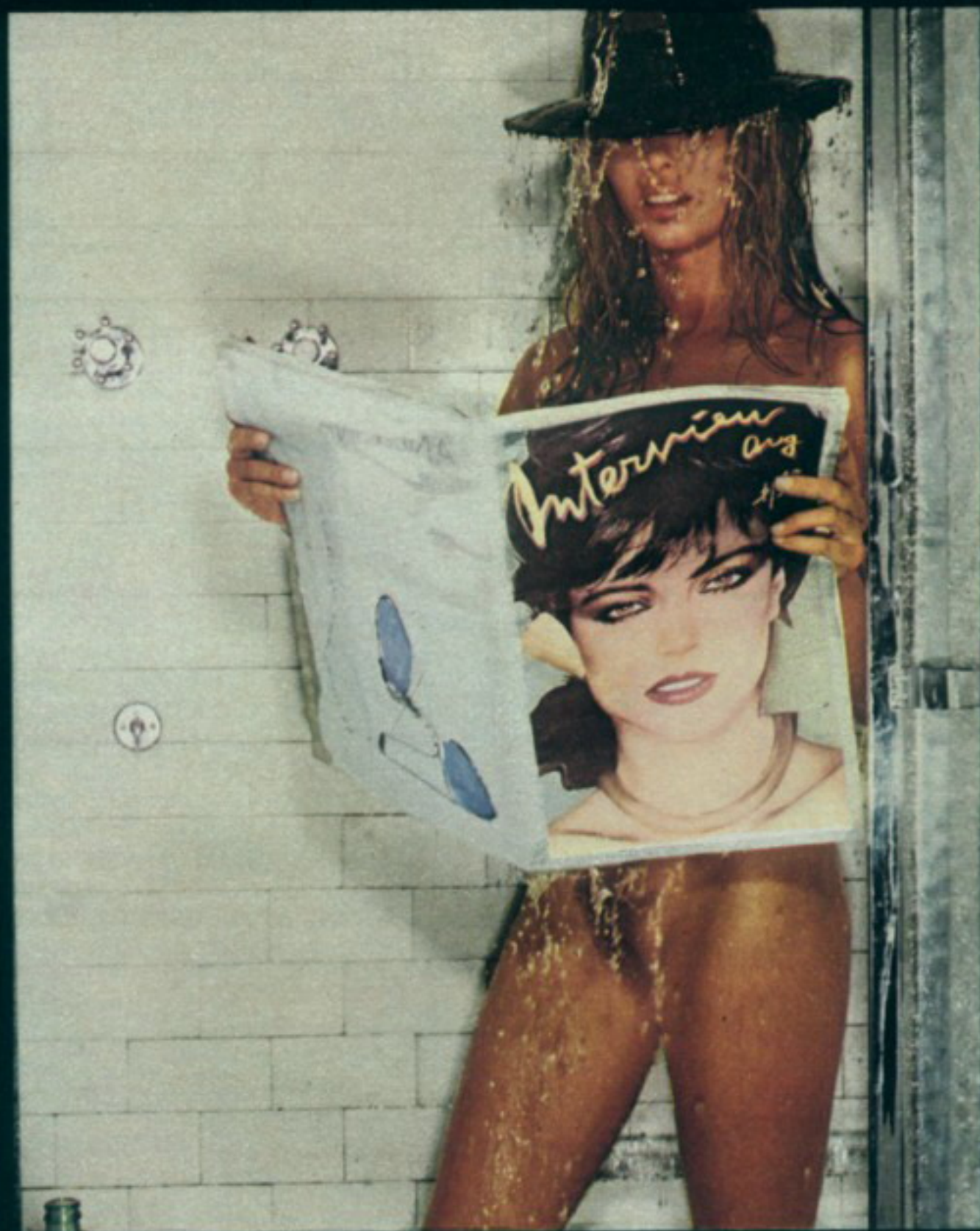
Abdicating her throne as a B-movie queen to wed Ringo, Barbara Bach enjoys a Manhattan shopping spree after a film gig in Sri Lanka. Unwound and waterproofed, she checks out who's who in Andy Warhol's chic *Interview*. As if she didn't know. . .

last spring at the *Caveman* location in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. Ringo was temporarily down and out with food poisoning, being nursed back to health by his then-current girlfriend, a likable photographer named Nancy. Barbara was working her shapely tail off on camera every day, under a blazing sun, and was expecting a visit from cinematographer Roberto Quezada, whom she had met when he worked on one of her earlier pictures, a thriller titled *The Unseen*.

To see Barbara through a close-up lens must invite substantial risk of love at first sight. To see her in person, even at arm's length, guarantees, at a minimum, instant infatuation. Hazel-eyed and tawny, she's a wonder to behold, easygoing, with sheer beauty as the only indication she's a movie star. Every man, woman and child connected with *Caveman* was part of an unofficial Bach fan club long before I arrived on the scene.

"She's a real pro; she's been very helpful to me" was the testimony of big John Matuszak of the Oakland Raiders, who moonlights as Barbara's Neanderthal steady in the film.

"We just call her *Señorita Casabas*," cracked comedian Avery Schreiber, paying mock tribute to the scanty cave-woman costume in which Barbara's







"The shower shots were fun . . . a bit campy," says Barbara, whose Caveman role satisfies her yen to be a funny girl rather than a *femme fatale*. In her breakaway leather pants, Barbara has the last laugh.

breasts were squeezed together like twin melons.

The first day of shooting in Puerto Vallarta was a fishing sequence, to be filmed on a shallow river filled with spectacular rock formations, downstream from a hilltop restaurant called Chico's Paradise. Barbara, wearing a floppy straw hat and a faded Army shirt to keep the sun off, sat on a stack of film boxes under a makeshift umbrella while director Carl Gottlieb rehearsed the action. All the male cave people were using their womenfolk as fish poles, gripping their ankles and forcing them underwater, headfirst, until the ladies came up gasping for breath, with or without realistic rubber fish. They were saving Barbara for the actual takes. "God," she said dryly, half to herself, while her stand-in went down for the fifth time, "men were *always* terrible."

Despite that touch of cynicism, Barbara was up for the game. When her turn came, with the cameras rolling, she was plunged into the river by Matuszak for take after take. Later, for a sequence in which Lana flounders helplessly until Atouk jumps in to save her, she watched a stunt woman slide off a rock and slip into a steep, rushing rapids. Afterward, Barbara, a dogged





perfectionist, repeated the action so sportingly that her double might as well have taken the afternoon off.

Gottlieb—who rewrote *Jaws* and co-authored *The Jerk* prior to his *Caveman* assignment—explained the Ringo-Barbara screen relationship to me in words that subsequently sounded prophetic: “Lana is meant to be the first sex object, Atouk is the first man to evolve with any sense and Matuszak as Tonda is primal man—you can’t get much more primal than John. As a cast, our principals look wonderful. The first time we saw them all together, our hearts leaped. When you need a suave, small, funny, awkward, unprepossessing leading man, there aren’t a whole lot of those to choose from—Dustin Hoffman, Dudley Moore, Robin Williams. And who else is there who’s also a star? There’s Ringo.”

Barbara nodded. “He’s so interesting, a very nice guy. I think Richard’s going to be marvelous in this picture.”

Later that night, during dinner with Quezada, Barbara rambled from subject to subject with nary a mention of

Although she vamped *détente* with James Bond in *The Spy Who Loved Me*, Bach the beautiful was bypassed by TV tycoons as one of *Charlie’s Angels*—and there’s been the devil to pay ever since. Here and overleaf, in black fur or vintage froufrou, choosing a bonbon or musing (with Dom Pérignon), Barbara is clearly just the girl who might change a Beatle into Prince Charming.





Richard Starkey, a.k.a. Ringo Starr. As an actress, she was determined to play more comedy and had already shot *Mad Magazine Presents Up the Academy*. "A horrible film, after all the hard work we put into it. I'm just standing there; I could have been a stuffed doll." Before that, except for *The Spy Who Loved Me* and *Force 10 from Navarone*, her career had been mostly a series of grade-B pot-boilers made in Italy and sundry faraway places, epics with such titles as *The Island*

of the Fish Men and *The Humanoid*.

One of Barbara's major professional disappointments, of course, occurred during the torrential spring of 1979, when she almost won the *Charlie's Angels* role they eventually gave to Shelley Hack, then to Tanya Roberts.

"The producers thought I was too European, too sophisticated," says Barbara, born and bred in New York. "I'm afraid I didn't take them seriously enough when they asked (continued on page 276)



BARBARA BACH

(continued from page 128)

questions like, 'What sports do you play?' and 'What brought you to Hollywood?' Now, *that* was a good question. I'd often wondered myself. Somehow, in the end, I sensed that the problem was not whether I could act but whether I could *bounce* and be fluffy enough."

When she talked with me about marriage early in 1980, Barbara was pretty well set against it. An unfluffy Long Island beauty who had become a successful model, she had married a businessman from Italy and discovered that all roads led to Rome. After producing two children and making films abroad, she decided that her career had worked out appreciably better than her marriage.

"I can't imagine why I would ever get married again. I made that commitment once and was unable to fulfill it. The way I am now, if I want to be with someone, I'll be with that person, but I see no reason to carry his name as well. I'm still *me*, and I've worked hard to achieve that much. For someone who has already been married and has two wonderful children, marriage would make no sense."

Cut. Fade out and flash forward to late summer 1980. With *Caveman* in the can, a thousand headlines have already spread the word about Barbara and Ringo from Beverly Hills to Bangladesh when we meet again. Obviously, there's a new Barbara Bach at large, brighter of eye and with a lilt of excitement in her manner, yet too much like the original to make me suspect she's still another stunt double.

"You remember everything I said before?" Barbara begins. "That went out the window. Richard and I are living together, and we'll get married as soon as my divorce is final.

"A lot of garbage has been written about us, none of it interesting. The truth is, we weren't together until the very end of *Caveman*. Working, we got along fine, but we each had other people, our respective friends. Then, all of a sudden, within a week—the last week of shooting—it just happened. We changed from friendly love to *being* in love. And we both had the same philosophy, neither one ever wanting to marry again. Richard already has three children, aged ten to thirteen. Quite honestly, I never thought I'd be so lucky, to fall so much in love that I'd want to do the whole thing over. My family was shocked."

While they don't exclude the possibility of other children, Barbara and

Richard (never Ringo to her) intend to establish a home somewhere for the five they have between them. Ringo's children spent August with the happy couple in their rented house above Sunset Strip, then Barbara's 12-year-old, Francesca, and eight-year-old, Johnny, came from Italy to explore Beatlemania firsthand.

"Richard's wonderful with kids; they love him. For them, it's like a wonderland here, with drums and guitars in the music room."

Barbara herself came late to Beatles appreciation. "In the Sixties, when they were at their peak, I was in Italy. I once took my little sister to Shea Stadium to see them, because *she* was a Beatles freak. I wasn't. I don't think I could have named five of their songs a year ago. I was never really into music, though I am now—up to my ears. I'm surrounded by it, because Richard is making another album." Suddenly, Barbara finds she can speak with authority about cutting tracks. She has met Paul McCartney, George Harrison and Steve Sills, all of whom are producing songs for Ringo's new LP, due to be released early in 1981; its working title is *Private Property*, after one of the tracks produced by McCartney.

"There's also a song on it Richard

wrote just for me," Barbara notes with pleasure, "called *Can't Stop Lightning*. That's what struck us, I guess, though I won't give away the words. Paul produced *Lightning*, too, and let Francesca and me play on it as part of the percussion group. Really thrilling. Much better, right now, than any film I could possibly be doing in Sri Lanka or Sardinia. Though I'm grateful for such movies and had a good time making them, this whole music world is magic to me."

Whatever magic they're making together must have been at a high pitch one rainy day last spring, when Ringo's Mercedes 350SL was menaced by a skidding truck just outside London. To avoid a worse collision, Ringo himself whipped into a skid that took out three lampposts. The car flipped over twice, throwing him clear, with Barbara huddled on the front seat in shock, the roof collapsed over her. They both walked away from the accident, only slightly the worse for wear.

"Terrifying as it was," says Barbara, "we were checked out at a hospital—and a half hour later, we got into a cab and went back to the Dorchester. From the pictures in the paper, you'd have sworn anyone inside that car had to be mangled, if not dead. That particular Mercedes must be the safest automobile

in the world, and Richard bought exactly the same car again. The wrecked one he's having crushed into a box, which we're going to keep in the house as a work of art." In memoriam or in gratitude, she adds, Ringo also ordered two star-shaped gold pins for Barbara and himself. "Each one has a little piece of the broken windshield set in its center. Richard felt that if we survived *that* together, we'll manage to get through a whole lot more."

Where do they go from here? From L.A. to London or Paris or Rome, or perhaps Monte Carlo, where Ringo has established legal residence. New York's nomadic, romantic Barbara may be on the move again soon, but she's in no doubt that anyplace she hangs her hat with Ringo will be home.

"The unexpected is what makes life wonderful, isn't it? I'm incredibly happy now. I had always secretly believed in Prince Charming, if ever he came riding up on his charger. And Richard came. We'll get married, and that's it . . . happily ever after, all the rest. So now I'm into fairy tales."

Spoken with a joyous ring of conviction that suggests our own B.B. may be stepping into the choicest role of her career.



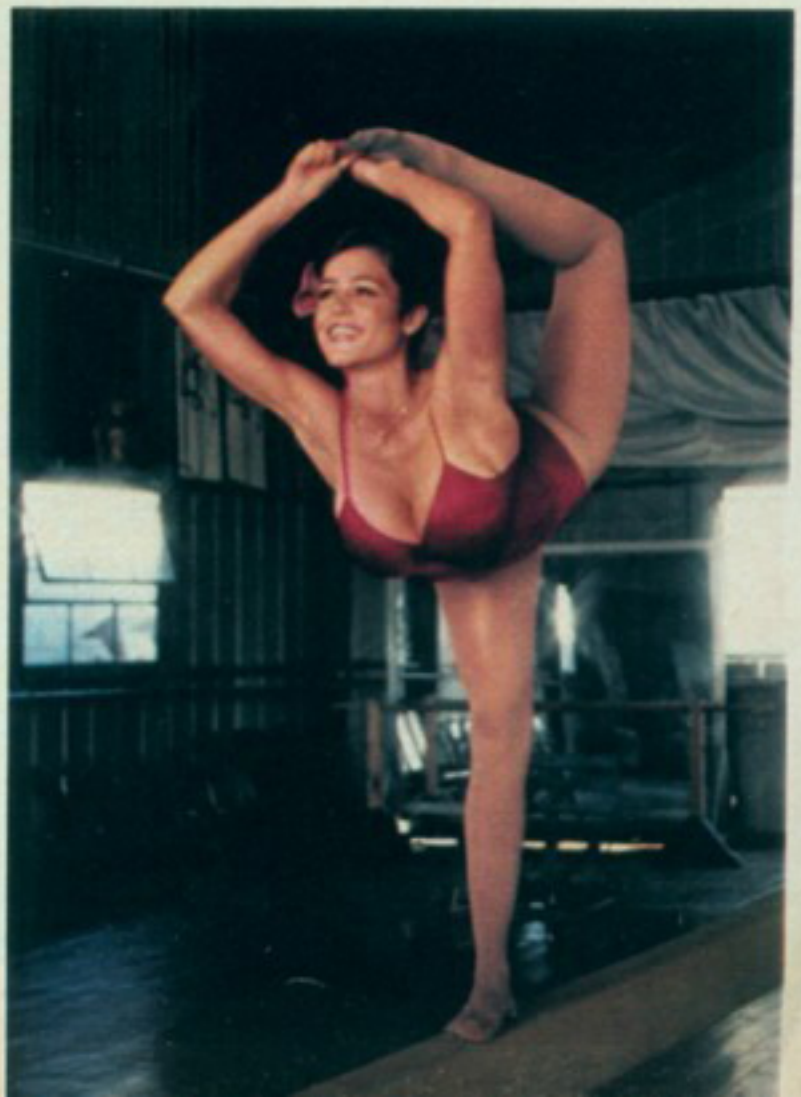
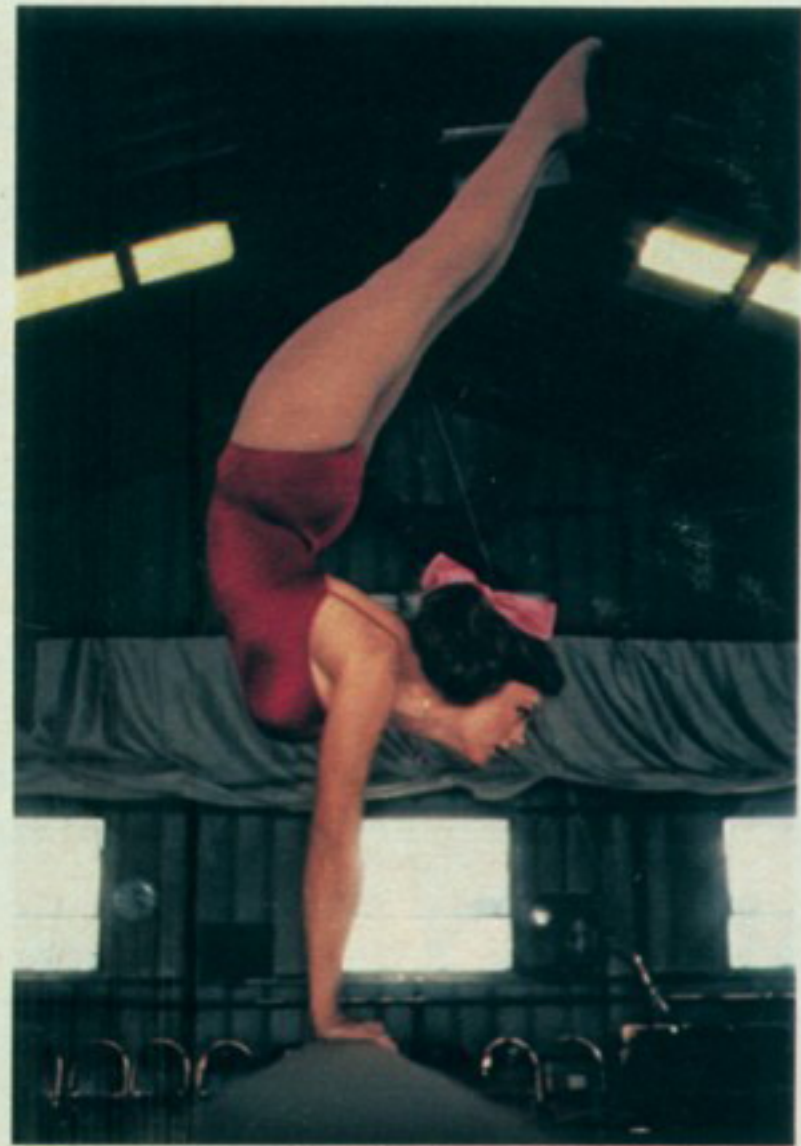
GYM DANDY

*january's
karen price
can fly through the air
with the greatest of
ease, yet she's always
down to earth*



*Karen and friends: pet
squirrel J.R. and (inset)
some of her acrobatic
partners at Muscle Beach.*

California health fanatics, Karen keeps in shape with a standard balanced diet (hold the bean sprouts), plus lots of athletic involvement. At the ripe old age of 12, she was introduced to the rigorous sport of gymnastics and took to it immediately. At the time, her father—who is now a drummer for Rich Little and has played with such greats as Oscar Peterson and Stan Kenton—wanted young Karen to be a musician, too. She diligently practiced her scales but soon found that while two hours at the piano were almost unbearable, spending four or five hours at the balance beam was a snap. After winning first prize in several local competitions, Karen became a teacher of gymnastics—and developed an interest in acrobatics as well. (Gymnastics



"I was flat-chested until the age of 16, and then—boom!—all of a sudden, in three months, I developed. Needless to say, they created some gymnastics problems; as you can imagine, large breasts throw off your balance."



"I'm very simple when it comes to things that turn me on sexually. I like the basics—gentleness, romance, kissing. And I don't like to call it sex; I call it making love."









"Every Sunday afternoon, I go to Muscle Beach and work out with the kids. That's my grandmother in the picture with us; she's in her 70s, but she says she's 39-plus. She's very active, goes dancing every night. I guess she's a lot like me."

is an individual sport; acrobatics involves two or more people.) Karen loves children; since she was 15, she has been coaching youngsters in her sport, and recently she tutored a 14-year-old in reading and writing. She also has a definite soft spot for stray animals. When we met her, she had just adopted a baby squirrel, which she named J.R. (after her boyfriend, not Larry Hagman).

Does Karen Price have any vices? "Sugar," she says. "I've got a serious sweet tooth. And I do swear sometimes. But I guess my only real vice—if you want to call it that—is making love." Actually, we *wouldn't* call it that.



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Karen Elaine Price

BUST: 38 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 37

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 123 SIGN: Cancer

BIRTH DATE: 7-17-60 BIRTHPLACE: Pasadena, California

AMBITIONS: To open my own gymnastics & acrobatics school, To have a happy family

TURN-ONS: Smiles, great laughs, active people, the water, the sun and kissing

TURN-OFFS: smoking, drinking, negative attitudes, cursing and lazy people

FAVORITE PLACE: Santa Monica Muscle Beach

FAVORITE MOVIES: Heaven Can Wait, The Blue Lagoon, Starting Over, Airplane! & Hangar 18

FAVORITE SPORTS: Gymnastics, Acrobatics, diving, volleyball, roller skating, water ballet, softball and dancing

SECRET FANTASY: To start a fashion magazine & open a designers' clothing shop for big-busted women! How it would sell!



always smiling
age 1 1/2



With my big
sister, age 4



bird lover
age 17

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Having been informed after a regular medical examination that he was virtually certain to die within 24 hours from a rare and obscure disease, the doomed man rushed home, told his wife and proceeded to make love to her as often as he could manage until late into the night. He finally fell asleep, but then awoke, fondled his spouse awake and pleaded, "Louise, I want to make love to you one last time!"

"That's easy enough for you to say, Roy," was her exhaustedly yawned response. "You don't have to get up in the morning."



First I was introduced to the members of the firm," the girl who had just taken a new job told her roommate, "and not too long after that, I was introduced to the firm of one of the members."

A new dessert topping that S/M freaks get a bang out of is called Pistol Whip.

I enjoy," claimed a nympho named Henty,
"Being had by some fifteen or twenty;
For the sessions I prize
Have a surfeit of guys,
Since an orgy's a horny of plenty."

Yes, it's a pretty explicit film," the director conceded to the talk-show host, "but it has a powerful moral! In the end, the heroine, after a life of utter depravity, loses her beauty, her wealth and her friends, and finds herself alone in a squalid tenement apartment with only her memories and a vibrator with dead batteries."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay cruiser* as a shopping lisp.

What would you most like to have along with you to read if you were shipwrecked on a desert island?" the coed was asked in her English-lit class.

"My first choice," smiled the girl, "would be an intricately tattooed sailor."

Fashions in theology have to change, we suppose. One seminary is reported to have held a recent symposium on this subject: How Many Angels Can Give Head on a Pin?

Determined to come on visually strong, a young man dressed for a visit to a singles bar taped a roll of quarters inside his jeans. Once in the crowded establishment, he maneuvered himself next to an unattached girl and was soon gratified to see her keep glancing down from her drink. "Hi, there, I'm Jerry," the tricky one said brightly as he went into one of his practiced routines, "and I helped produce a TV quiz show. Is there any question I can answer for you?"

"As a matter of fact, there is, Jerry," responded his target, flickering her eyes toward his embellished jeans once again. "Do you have change for a dollar?"

The special Mickey Mouse edition of our Unabashed Dictionary defines *doggy styling* as Plutonic sex.

Are the tarts," they asked astronaut Muller,
"On Uranus more lively . . . or duller?"
He replied, "They're obscene!
Since their pussies are green,
They are whores of a different color!"

Much as I'd like to meet a guy who's a male ten," mused the girl, "I'd settle for one who's got a nine."



A psychiatrist was engaged in a verbal-association session with a female patient. After a careful build-up with more or less neutral terms, he barked out, "Sex!"

"The Fourth of July!" was shot right back at him.

"What's the connection?" inquired the mental medic, breaking off the series.

"I still remember vividly," the woman replied with a nostalgic smile, "the very first time a fifteen-year-old pecker went off in my hand like a rocket."

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



*"Of all the disgusting, perverted men I ever met,
I'd say you rank about sixth!"*



"And to think an hour ago we were just a couple of kids who got skates for Christmas."

HONKY-TONK

the urban cowgirl is the new queen,
and the big-city honky-tonk is her empire



IT WAS BACK in the mid-Fifties that Hank Thompson, the immortal country-and-western singer-songwriter, wrote the tune *Wild Side of Life*, which includes the line "I didn't know God made honky-tonk angels." Well, until a few months ago, we were operating under the same delusion. Since then, we've made a few discoveries. One, country music is now the hottest category in the music business. Two, the basic honky-tonk has grown into a rip-roaring, coast-to-coast, pleasure-palace phenomenon. And, three, there are more beautiful women per square (text concluded on page 318)



Actress-model Tracy Vaccaro (above), a cliff-diving enthusiast, hangs out and hangs on at The Country Club in Las Vegas. Illustrator Pamela Hoff (right), at Denver's Rodeo Bar, is president of a graphics-design firm.



Award-winning horse trainer Katie Chase (above) is a Denver premed student who should make hay as a dermatologist in the future. Big-city life turns off Roxanna Davis (below) of Phoenix. Currently into real estate and backgammon, she hopes one day to be a Playmate. Hay bales aren't really fast enough for Mary Whalen (right) of Las Vegas, who prefers the jet streams she encounters in her workaday-world job as a flight attendant.





Singer Pam Stevens and friends indulge in a little pickin' and grinnin' at New York's Lone Star Cafe (above). That's New York's Judi Andersen below, an aspiring fashion designer who just happens to be 1979's Miss U.S.A. On the other side of the country, Laurie Williams (right) eschews horseback for boat deck in Seattle. Laurie keeps the books for a local bank.





A positive attitude pays off for Susan Hannon of Miami (above) in her job as a public-relations consultant. Warming the Wurlitzer (right) is Pamela Geise of Bellevue, across Lake Washington from Seattle, who favors sculpture, interior design and, natch, boating.



In a special "Sexy Rider" competition staged for visiting PLAYBOY photographers at Nashville's Cactus Jack's, Vicky Beasley (above) added a new dimension to mechanical-bull riding. In anybody's sexy-sitter contest, Patty Davis (right) of Kansas City wins, cheeks down. She'd gladly trade that hayloft for a sailboat.





Sitting tall in the saddle at Atlanta's Blue Eagle is 5'8½" Nancy Jo Whittingslow (below), who turned down a full basketball scholarship to attend the University of Georgia and to pursue a modeling career. Fort Lauderdale is home for Deborah Ferguson (bottom), who uses her spare time for oil painting, poetry and racquetball. Says she, "I like being in top physical shape and the pride and satisfaction I feel from creating a good painting or poem."





Squaring off at the Rio Cafe in Seattle (above) are Teresa Stephens (left) and Paula Kay Dinges (right), who have a lot more than strong wrists going for them. Teresa has a B.A. in drama and has studied and performed in Europe. She was also second runner-up in the Miss Washington State Universe Pageant. Paula has a B.A. in psychology from the University of Washington, but her secret fantasy is "to be able to really belt out a song." Among Paula's dislikes are smog, traffic jams and out-of-shape men. Chicagoan Christi Jost (below) at Country Comforts, a Windy City Westernwear emporium, intends to make her mark as a successful model. She likes her men to be outgoing but "willing to spend time alone with me." Not an unreasonable request.





When she's listening to her muse instead of these moos, Houston's Julie Burrows (top center) triples on flute, guitar and piano. She's also a singer and a dancer whose ambition is to appear on Broadway. If that ain't enough, she's got a dog that water-skis. Honest. Another Texas lass, Rahnee Reiland (above) of Dallas, stays trim by playing powder-puff football; obviously, it works. As a model, Rahnee has done several regional commercials and relaxes by "dancing my way around town at night." Teri Serrell (below, at Chicago's Rodeo) is a singer-dancer and model who hopes to make it big in country-rock. She also has a great, and obviously intimidating, right job.





Cosmetologist Jewel Robin (above left) of Dallas is also getting it together in modeling and fashion. Jennifer Babbist (below left), a Bunny in New York's Playboy Club, digs barrel racing and skiing.





Minnesota beauty Kathy Dee Granholm (left), an aspiring actress, keeps in top form with roller skating, water-skiing and karate. Jerry's Westport Country Playhouse in Kansas City (right) harbors Loretta Barket (left) and Jill Offenstine (right). Loretta just took up hot-air ballooning and is hoping to use her B.A. in business. Jill travels for kicks; when she's home, you'll find her jogging or at the backgammon board. Numismatist Amy Crawford (below), who brightens Houston, is a secretary. Amy describes herself as "real shy" and "very independent."



“Some of these new big-time honky-tonks are smack-dab in the middle of big cities.”

inch in these country palaces than there are fleas on a pack of hound dogs. For the uninitiated, that's a lot of beautiful women.

Even more surprising is the fact that some of these new big-time honky-tonks are smack-dab in the middle of big cities—Yankee cities, at that. They're packing them in like steers going to market and there's not a decent drawl in the bunch. You'll see the local dentist in a pair of ostrich Tony Lama's, stockbrokers in a feather-banded Resistol, Vegas high-rollers in rhinestoned shirts from Nudies. You can call them cowboy duds if you want to, but the fact is, the dress code is strictly American. Psycho-social implications notwithstanding, these threads are more *us* than anything Giorgio Armani ever designed. They feature flash, swagger and comfort. To paraphrase the Smothers Brothers, "If you get an outfit, you can be a cowboy, too." Of course, once you get the outfit, you've got to learn to wear it properly: Jeans go outside the boot tops, unless you have at least four oil wells. Thumbs always go inside the waistband or hooked in the front pockets. Straws should not be worn past Labor Day in the North. Belt buckles should be large enough to prevent the touching of toes. And, of course, accessories should be limited to a long-necked beer bottle carried in the hand while jawing or tucked in the back pocket while dancing. Then you've got it. You're ready to mosey. (Lots of folks confuse moseying and sidling. Moseying requires a fer piece to go, but you can sidle in an area the size of a horse stall.) As to *where* to mosey, we've got a couple of suggestions: In New York City, try the Lone Star Cafe, with live music onstage and a live crowd listening. Show up with any polyester on your bod and you will be directed to Xenon.

In Miami-Fort Lauderdale, it's Cowboy's. Cowboy's has not only a mechanical bull to break your bones but also a Western boutique, should you split your jeans while riding it.

In Las Vegas, you'll find cowpokes and gamblers gathering at The Country Club. The jukebox does not pay off; so don't stand around waiting after you put your quarter in.

Kansas City cowpunchers mosey to Jerry's Westport Country Playhouse. Now in its fifth year, the Playhouse features live bands that specialize in country rock. Learn the Texas swing before you go.

Peabody's in Minneapolis holds some

1776 people, but if you're the 1777th, they'll find a spot for you. They have an electronic game room for pinball freaks and a mechanical bull for hard-riding freaks.

Rocky Mountain trail riders wet their whistles at Rodeo in Denver. Don't be surprised to find a ski parka under some of the Stetsons there.

Ranchers, gentlemen farmers and real live cowboys populate the Electric Stampede in Phoenix. Sit in the house barber chair and order a margarita. They'll tip you back and pour the ingredients, unmixed, down your throat.

At Rodeo in Chicago, some nights—try Sunday—the girls outnumber the guys three to one. More Budweiser is sold there than anywhere else in the city besides the Stadium.

Cowboy in Houston and Cowboy in Dallas are both part of a chain of seven country palaces. Houston has the younger crowd, which dances to taped and d.j.-played country sounds. The polka and two-step are favored. Dallas crowds are slightly older and slightly richer. It's the home of Texas chic and the occasional Dallas Cowboy. A three-piece suit is not uncommon there.

The Blue Eagle in Atlanta opens at eight P.M. Grab a long-necked beer bottle and do a little buck dancing to the live country bands.

The recording industry in Nashville chooses Cactus Jack's. Moosehead beer is the chosen brew. Ride the bull, eat *nachos* and dance the cotton-eyed Joe.

In Seattle, drink your margarita out of a Mason jar at the Rio Cafe. The barbecue and potato skins are especially nutritious. Business types mingle with the college crowd on the big weekends.

Those were the places we scoured in our search for the quintessential urban cowgirl, the true honky-tonk angel. And, to tell you the truth, we had a ball doing it. It took six photographers half a year to do the job and, as usual, there were a lot more women willing to be a part of this pictorial than we could possibly use. To those who were left out, we send our sincerest regrets. To those who made it, our heartiest congratulations. Chances are we left out a lot of good country palaces, also. The way this phenomenon is going, every city in the nation has or will soon have its own chic watering hole. A simple mosey is all you need to find one near you. Luckily, they have their own contingents of honky-tonk angels, too. Y'all have a good time, now, heah.

THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By TOM KOCH**

An actors' walkout hit TV.
Involved was every star.
It raised the threat we'd never know
Which striker shot J.R.



'Twas fiction Margaret Truman wrote
Of murder, grim and gooey.
It sounded, though, like what her dad
Once did to Thomas Dewey.



With party leaders and men of the press,
Mrs. Byrne raised perpetual Cain.
Chicago now waits for each chapter of
The Tale of Calamity Jane.



Astaire past 80 took a bride
And questions did abound.
We know he wed a jockey, but
Can Fred still horse around?

The plight of reborn Jimmy made
Some skeptics say it's silly
To be born twice if in each life
You're stuck with Brother Billy.



Observers of the dating life
That Cher has lately led
Assume she's furnishing her room
With rockers round the bed.

The Boston Marathon's a grind,
But not for Miss Ruiz,
Who found that starting near the end
Makes winning it a breeze.



A beauty pageant fired Bert Parks.
They feared for his condition.
A man his age might not survive
The swimsuit competition.



Estrada's marriage hit the rocks
And prompted many quips
That though divorce might not come cheap
He'd still be in the *CHiPs*.

A hot day's polo felled Prince Charles.
He took a count of ten,
Recalling words once spoke about
Mad dogs and Englishmen.

**Good Christian folk at Wimbledon,
Both Anglican and born again,
All humbly pray that some fine day
The winner won't be Bjorn again.**



**The move to free our hostages
Proved quite a risky chance.
Four helicopters bit the dust,
And also Cyrus Vance.**

**Anita Bryant's marriage soured.
Her husband blamed the strife
On all those lengthy trips she made
Promoting family life.**



**To Bill Shoemaker and his wife
Was born a nine-pound filly.
The baby came within a hair
Of weighing more than Willie.**



**Ron Howard, fearing boyish roles
Left his career encumbered,
Quit ABC, which quickly sensed
Its *Happy Days* were numbered.**

**The former Julie Nixon's child
Resembles Gramps a lot,
Which may be cute, but would you buy
A used car from this tot?**



**Some Cubans found our land to be
A place of boundless gains.
They came in boats but soon went home
First-class on hijacked planes.**

**The platform of the G.O.P.
Left every group placated
Except for women's libbers, who
Felt E.R.A.dicated.**



**Miss Thomas wed Phil Donahue
As smiling Dad looked on.
Her spinsterhood seemed longer than
A Saint Jude telethon.**



**From Paul McCartney came advice
For every tourist class:
Before you go to Tokyo,
Be sure to cut the grass.**

**Comparing egomaniacs
Made list compilers edgy.
Which Jackson ranks above the rest,
Andrew, Stonewall or Reggie?**

Playboy's Playmate Review

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

CAUTION: This portion of the magazine may result in an overload of the sensual circuits. And you can see why. We kicked off the Eighties by introducing you to 12 of the most beautiful women who ever ventured within camera range. Here's your opportunity to get reacquainted and to witness the high standards we've established for the decade to come. Our 1980 gatefold girls have taken time out to tell us where they've been and where they're going, both literally and figuratively. One answer is the same for all—they're heading for the end of the rainbow. You are, too: Just take a look through this prism and you'll experience some primary pleasure.





Miss March

Où est Henriette Allais (left)? Probably sitting at a sidewalk café in Paris. She told us that once she'd learned to speak French (with a Georgia drawl), her transatlantic career really took off. For starters, Helmut Newton has photographed Henriette for French *Vogue* and she's appeared in *Lui* magazine. The experience has whetted her appetite for travel. "I want to go everywhere."

Miss December

Glad to see Terri Welles (right) in your Christmas stocking? You'll be seeing a lot more of her—on TV. Terri is making commercials, modeling and taking acting classes in L.A., where she shares an apartment with Candy Loving and Sondra Theodore. Some landlords have all the luck. You can't collect the rent, but you can tour the premises in an upcoming pictorial.





Miss July

The best adjective we can think of for Teri Peterson (above right) is heavenly. Apparently we're not alone; Teri appears in the new comedy *The House of God*. Offcamera, she is improving herself (is that possible?) by taking classes in acting and design. Little sister Sherri wants to make theirs a two-Playmate family. If she's like Teri, Sherri may well become the center of attention.

Miss September

Lisa Welch (left) is all shook up. She got that way from riding the bull at Gilley's when her promotional tour took her to Houston. Other things are jumping, too—she has a part in Mel Brooks's new movie, *History of the World, Part I*, and between jobs and auditions, she's been unpacking boxes as a result of her move to L.A. Despite all that, she managed to get in a month of camping.

Miss June

Our diminutive Miss June, Ola Ray (below right), has been in continuous demand for commercials and modeling jobs. The people at Johnson Products have found irrepressible Ola irresistible for their ad campaigns. But she's looking for a break in the action—Ola has a real yen to visit Japan, where she began her showbiz career in a rock-'n'-roll revue with her brothers.





Miss October

"I grew up on a horse. I dream of owning a ranch and raising Morgans or Arabians." But if that doesn't happen, Mardi Jacquet says she'll be just as happy raising a whole bunch of kids. "I'm an old-fashioned girl—the man in my life is the most important thing." If you'd like to qualify as either husband or ranch hand, you'll have to take up residence in Arizona—Mardi is adamant about that.



Miss November

Obviously, we don't have to sing Jeana Tomasino's praises. She sings better than we do, anyway. As one of the Singing Playmates, Jeana has been calling on all her talents, which include juggling time. She managed to swing a week off to be the guest of super-singer Kenny Rogers and his family aboard their new boat. Look for Jeana as a vestal virgin in *History of the World, Part I*, too. 213



Miss May

We don't want to leave you up in the air about Martha Thomsen (above left). She has forsaken her job as flight attendant to devote more time to modeling. She's still logging in lots of air time, though—her career has recently taken her to Italy, France and Germany. On this side of the ocean, Martha appears in the January *Cosmo*, demonstrating exercises to keep one in shape.

Miss August

Perfection is a *rara avis*, hard to capture. It can be done, though. David Wynne's sculpture of Victoria Cooke (right), to be unveiled at the opening of Playboy's Atlantic City complex, proves it. You'll also be able to see Victoria hang gliding, water-skiing, surfing, dangling from the end of a parachute and generally living the good life in *The Bounty Girls*—filmed in Hawaii, Victoria's natural habitat.

Miss April

If we could just tap into Liz Glazowski's (below left) personal power supply, we'd be on our way to solving the energy crisis. Liz is up at 7:30 every morning and then off and running—literally. She has been doing promotional tours from Alaska to Japan—"traveling like crazy"—playing lots of tennis, and has joined Screen Actors Guild. We expect to see her in the flicks in 1981.





Miss January

According to Gig Gangel (left), there's no place like Texas. Not even Hurricane Allen, billed as the biggest storm of the century, could convince her to move on, although South Padre Island, where Gig parks her surfboard, was directly in the path of its 80-mph winds. Gig is looking for a C&W band in search of a singer. Meanwhile, she promises to teach us the Texas two-step.

Miss February

When we called to check on Sandy Cagle (right), she said, "Talk to you later—my sister just went into labor and I'm driving her to the hospital." Aunt Sandy (it was a boy) would be a good chauffeur under such circumstances—she's always calm and soft-spoken. After traveling around the country, smiling for the camera and autographing her centerfold, she's back home in Wisconsin.



Playmates' Progress

When we were looking for someone to represent the body politic on our November cover, we decided to be democratic. The majority of votes went to Mardi Jacquet (below), our October Playmate and unconventional delegate.



In the scene above from *The House of God*, due to be released this month, Charles Haid expresses an understandably healthy interest in July Playmate Teri Peterson. Breathe deeply and relax.



Ikswozalg Zil (above) obligingly provides an autograph for a fan during her tour of Japan. Just kidding—it's really Liz Glazowski. Japan's PLAYBOY is read from right to left, but the gatefold girl is still the center of attention.



At left, Victoria Cooke poses for London sculptor David Wynne, who has been commissioned to create a fountain to serve as a focal point for Playboy's new Atlantic City complex.

The lady in Lederhosen above is Sandy Cagle, appropriately dressed and lifting a stein to celebrate Oktoberfest at Pabst Brewery's Sternewirt Room in Milwaukee. Ein prosit.



When an art director at Johnson Products discovered Ola Ray in the June *PLAYBOY*, a logical sequence of events led to Ola's discovering herself on retail shelves (above). Is this what's known as the pyramid effect?

When you hike to the store and spot this poster of Martha Thomsen next to the Olympia beer, it's a cinch you'll be motivated to return for more. A case of good psychology foam-enting good business?



Texas' Gulf Coast had some real dog-day afternoons last summer, but Gig Gangel managed to stay cool. Gig and her Doberman don't venture far out in the fall, when the water teems with mating sharks.



Director Michael Crichton (left), who has been scouting talent for his new film, *The Looker*, takes a look through Terri Welles's sizable portfolio. Seems to us Terri is a logical candidate for the title role. Cast away, Crichton.

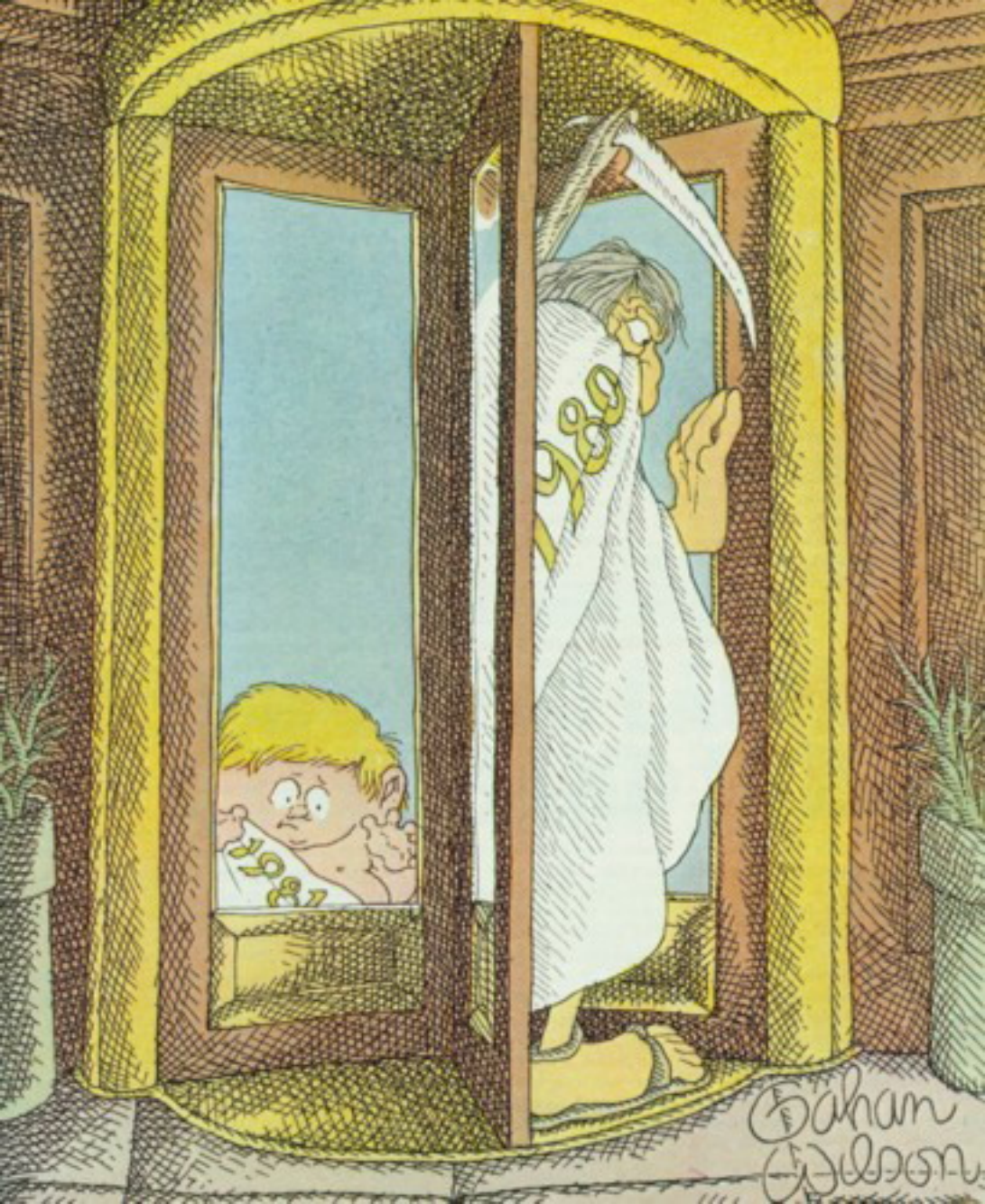
Henriette Allais says America's the best, but the City of Light has enticed her anyway. Below, we bid farewell to Miss March as she leaves LAX for Paris.



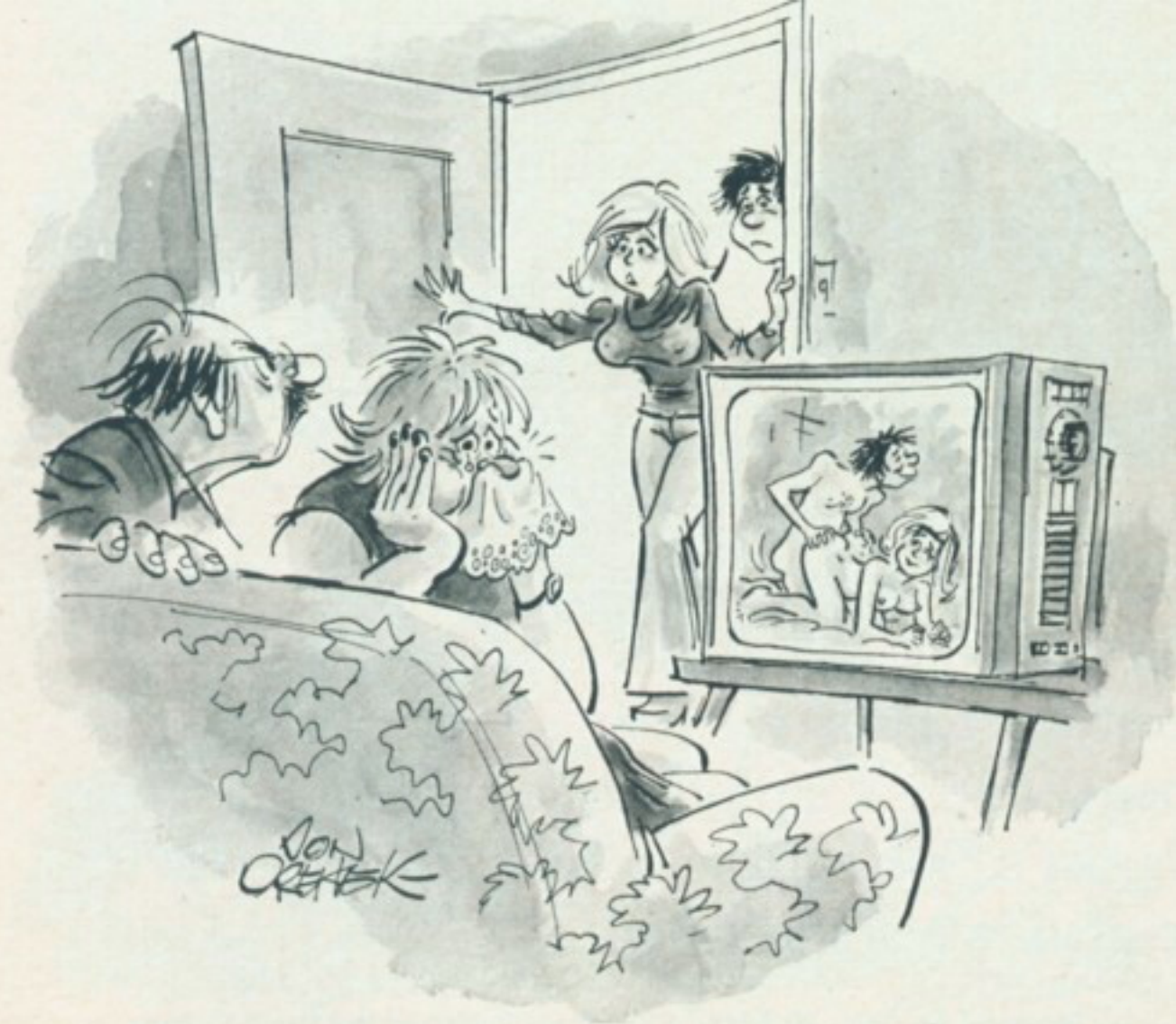
The Frisco kid is now an L.A. lady. September Playmate Lisa Welch was an Army brat who never stayed in one place for very long. The latest recurrence of wanderlust incited Lisa to pack her flute and head south.



Sometimes we actually enjoy watching commercials. Case in point: Jeana Tomasino in Ditto Jeans (above). The Hamilton ad agency supplied us with a video tape so we could play it again and again and...



Baham
Wilson



“Say, Dad, did you come across a video cassette . . . ?”

MICHELOB
Light
SNOW PATROL
HEADQUARTERS



Monique

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

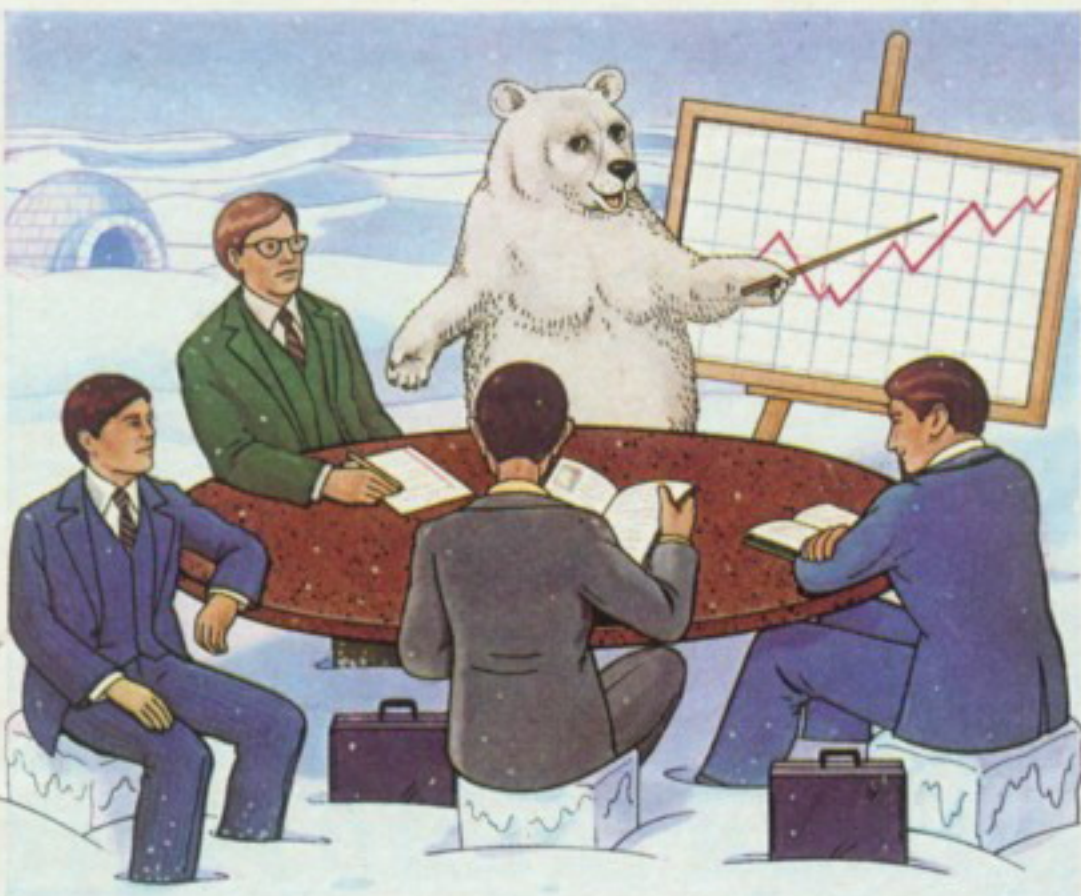
people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



OUR WICKET, WICKET WAYS

Burned out on video games? Bearing off of backgammon? Try the genteel pleasure of British-American Table Croquet, a miniature version of the aristocrat of lawn sports played on a handsome and sturdy 24" x 40" x 30" green-felt field that's framed in solid red oak. Age of Enlightenment Toys and Gifts (Box 242, Fairfield, Iowa 52556) sells B-A Table Croquet sets for \$200 each—calling them "the game that was built to last for generations." Tonight, we'll have wickets and whiskey by the fire, Jeeves.

NO-SMOKING SECTION
The next time unwanted smoke gets in your eyes, fast-draw a battery-powered four-blade enclosed fan called the Unsmoke and send those noxious whiffs gone with the wind. Pint-sized and portable Unsmokes are available from The Ted Feldman Company, 7115 Cockrill Bend Road, Nashville, Tennessee 37209, for \$12.90 each, postpaid, in red or white. Pick a pair for home and office. Just don't expect to win any popularity contests.

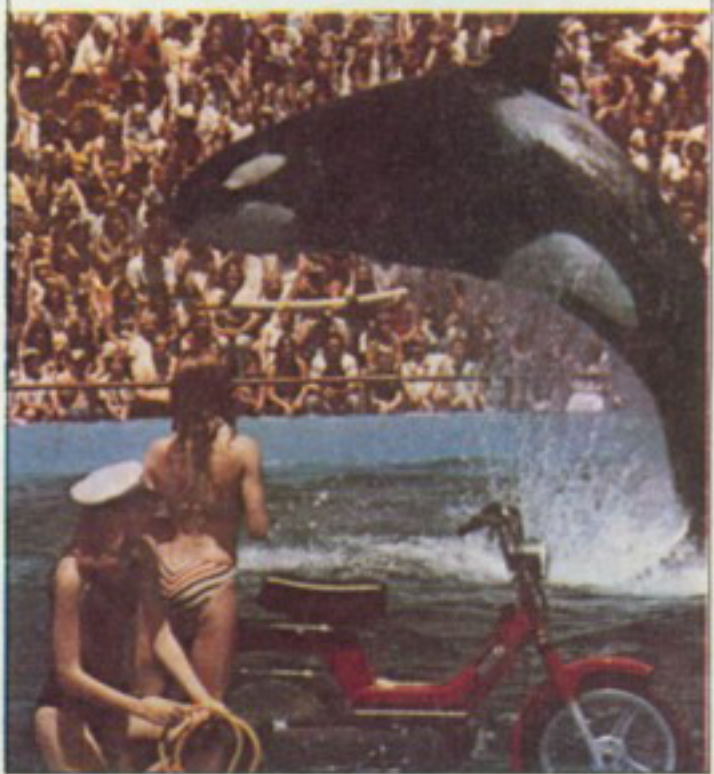


IT'S LONELY—AND COLD—AT THE TOP

Dr. Jack Wheeler claims to have visited the true geographic North Pole more times than any other man alive, so it's no surprise that his travel company, Wheeler Adventures, 242 North Canon Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, is offering a \$5000, ten-day expedition there this April. But here's the rub: The trip is part of an Adventure Management program that Wheeler offers to ambitious executives seeking new frontiers to conquer and includes a full complement of problem-solving seminars. Of course, champagne and caviar are served at the top.

GO VESPA, YOUNG MAN

Rumor has it that Italian mechanics work so slowly because they're always casting glances at the annual Piaggio calendar (parent company of Vespa) that hangs in garages from Naples to Trieste. Now their 1981 wall calendar—which measures a humongous 28" x 22" and features some of America's loveliest ladies—is available from Vespa of America, Dept. S, 355 Valley Drive, Brisbane, California 94005, for only \$3, postpaid. Hang it up!



ONE MORE FOR THE ROAD

Last year, we featured in *Potpourri* a fabulous portfolio of Rolls-Royce renderings by car illustrator Ken Dallison. Now a follow-up doozy of a collection, *Great American Classics*, has just been completed and it's worth every bit of the \$400 price The Hanover Press, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 10022, is asking. All 14" x 18" prints in this latest limited edition are again by Dallison—and the covers are of hand-dyed U. S. top-grain leather. If you didn't hold on to that 1939 Cord, keep this.



DR. SMOK, WE PRESUME?

No, the latest wrinkle in groovy threads isn't designer jeans, it's authentic Dr. Smok cotton reversible shirts and pants that PDS (Play Doctor Supply) at 315 Washington Street, Suite 5P, Marina del Rey, California 90291, is selling at \$15 per shirt, \$17 per pants—or \$30 a set—in white, green or blue. Dr. Smok's duds are available in loose-fitting small, medium, large and extra-large sizes. Take off your clothes; Dr. Smok will see you now.



BRIEF TALK

James Bond's popularity may have waned, but the interest in sneaky Bond-type gadgets, such as this attaché case with a concealed tape recorder, is thunderballing along. All you do is set the TRC 1000 briefcase down on a conference table, surreptitiously slide the case's name plate to the ON position and you're recording up to three and one half hours of conversation via a concealed, highly sensitive microphone. Executive Tools (P. O. Box 26516, Tempe, Arizona 85282) sells the TRC 1000 for \$349, postpaid—no questions asked.



FRANK NOTES

Ol' Blue Eyes is back—again—this time in a soft-cover 125-page book called *The Sinatra Sessions*, which the Sinatra Society of America, P. O. Box 10512, Dallas, Texas 75207, is selling for \$9.95, postpaid. What's so special about *The Sinatra Sessions*? Well, it lists every recording session Sinatra has done (1939–1980) and includes the songs recorded, the date, location, arranger, conductor and album or single on which the recording appeared. And if that isn't enough ring-a-ding-ding, there are rare photos, plus a history of every Sinatra album and single that's appeared on the charts.



SPATE OF SPATS

Now that *boulevardiers* are again strolling with walking sticks, it figures that somebody has revived the ultimate in dandified top dressing—spats. Yes, a company called Howard Creations, 39-51 60th Street, Woodside, New York 11377, is selling pairs of spiffy white-vinyl spats for only \$17, postpaid. Or, if they're too dudey for your taste, Howard also has gray-felt styles for \$22—and even white-canvas ones (at \$19.50) that you dye yourself. Since nobody under 80 years old knows his spat size, a shoe size will be fine when ordering.





COMPLIMENTS OF THE HOUSE, LADIES.

OH, MY, WHOSE LITTLE BUNNY ARE YOU?

WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO KNOW, BITCH.

CAN I TAKE WANDA BACKSTAGE?

SURE! AFTER YOU INTRODUCE THE DANCERS! FIRST, STAND BACK. THEY'VE OPENED THE FLOOD-GATES -

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

IT MIGHT BE CHIPPENDALE'S OR THE ODYSSEY CLUB... A DANCER CIRCLES TO THE RIBALD CRIES OF "TAKE IT OFF," TURNING SENSUOUSLY, REMOVING ALL, DOWN TO A BUMPING G STRING. BLACKOUT! THE FLUSHED AUDIENCE SETTLES BACK, SMOOTHING STOCKINGS, REFRESHING LIPSTICK, WAITING FOR THE NEXT ECDYSIAST. ANNIE, WANDA, SOLLY GAPE... WE ALL GAPE... AT STILL ANOTHER WONDER OF THIS LIBERATED AGE... MALE STRIPPERS.



LEAPIN' LIZARDS, DUSTY DIDN'T MOVE FAST ENOUGH.

HE'S TENDERIZED!

OOH! GET SOME A.I. SAUCE AND LET'S EAT HIM!

LOOK AT THIS PLACE. WE'VE TURNED EVERYTHING AROUND... MALE STRIPPERS, FEMALE CUSTOMERS AND OUR FEMALE M.C., ANNIE. HAVE YOU SEEN OUR SHOW, SWEETIE?

YOU MUST LO-OVE YOUR JOB.

YOU SHOULD TRY STAND-ING ALL NIGHT ON FOUR-INCH HEELS. MY FEET ARE KILLING ME.

TAKE IT OFF!

TAKE IT OFF!

TAKE IT OFF!

TAKE IT OFF!

DON'T LOOK AT ME... I'M JUST TRYING TO FIND THE OWNER OF A GREEN FIAT.

LAST WEEK... I FELL IN LOVE WITH THE LEAD STRIPPER.

WHAT SHALL I SING?

TAKE IT OFF!

CAN YOU HUM A FEW BARS?

HAHA! AND NOW IT'S SHOWTIME!

LANCE! SURPRISE! YOU'RE A FATHER!

HI, LADIES. I'M ANNIE FANNY, YOUR HOSTESS. PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE ME TO SING BEFORE I INTRODUCE OUR "DANCERS."

WE'RE NOT BOWLING TONIGHT, MILLIE... WE'RE BALLING!





SOLLY IS WAVING US INTO THE DRESSING ROOM. NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO MEET YOUR IDOL.

HEY, YOU WITH THE LIGHT! POINT IT DOWN HERE. I'VE LOST A CONTACT LENS.

WAOW! DOES THAT BLACK DANCER EVER TURN ME ON!

ANGIE, YOU NEVER COULD RESIST FORBIDDEN FRUIT.

HE IS NOT GAY!

I'LL MEET YOU OUTSIDE, HONEY, ONLY IF YOU'RE INTERESTED IN MY MIND.

WE'LL TALK IT OVER IN THE BACK SEAT OF MY CAR.

QUICK, MYRNA, NOW'S YOUR CHANCE TO FEEL HIS BOODIE!

YECH! ...FEELS LIKE A BIG ZIT!

I'LL FLICK MY BICK.

DONG SHOW



IT NEVER FAILS. WHENEVER THERE'S A WEIGHT WATCHERS GROUP OUT FRONT, A THREE-HUNDRED POUND LADY FALLS ON ME.

AK! I'VE GOT A SHORT CIRCUIT IN MY G STRING!

FA HA FA FA-

ANOTHER CASE OF BITTEN TONGUE.

OOGH! THEY PUT FLOWERS IN MY G STRING.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH FLOWERS?

SPINY ROSES?

THIS WORK IS NOT WITHOUT OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS!

NOW LET'S MEET HANK HUNGWELL.

ANNIE, WANDA, THIS IS-

OH! THOSE ROSES-I-I...A-CHOO!

HERE. TAKE A TISSUE, DEAR.

I GOT HIT BY A SIZE-DD PADDED BRA.

I WAS JUST DELIVERING A TELEGRAM.

WHSHT!



MY ALLERGY-

TAKE ANOTHER ONE.

ACHOO!
ACHOO!

BUTTON UP YOUR BODICE, ANNIE, AND LET'S GO.

ACHOO!
ACHOO!
ACHOO!

BUT...BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE IN LOVE.

WELL, YOU KNOW HOW YOU THINK YOU LOVE SOMEONE AND LATER YOU FIND OUT HE ISN'T WHAT YOU THINK.

HOW WAS I TO KNOW THAT THE HANK I LOVED WAS A BOX OF KLEENEX?

END



A. ACE BURGESS / ACE'S ANGELS

Danger: Wide Shoulders

Here's a celebrity chest for the women. When BURT REYNOLDS is not fooling around offscreen, he's fooling around onscreen in the threesome *The Cannonball Run*, *Paternity* and *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*.



Stuffed Shirt

Actress BARBARA CARRERA can fill out a wet shirt better than anyone else we know, which makes her our celebrity breast of the month—out in front of all competition.

WILLIAM KAREL / SYGMA

Dressed to Thrill

It's not everyone who has a guitar to match his pants; some well-dressed people don't even have a guitar! RICK NIELSEN of Cheap Trick is known for his stage antics and may soon have one of the classiest credits in rock 'n' roll—playing backup on the new John Lennon album. That's Cheap chic.



NEAL PRESTON / CAMERA 3



WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS

Deviled Ham

Going to hell? You'll catch **BILL COSBY** there, working for Satan in the new Disney film, *The Devil and Max Devlin*. A sure underground hit.



HARRY LANGDON

Danger: Soft Shoulders

NANCY ALLEN was the talk of *Dressed to Kill* because of her acting and because director/husband Brian De Palma didn't use a stand-in for her nude scenes. We applaud family pride!

Down Is Up

Last summer, **LESLEY-ANNE DOWN** played opposite Burt Reynolds; this spring, her leading man is Frank Langella in *Sphinx*. Is that what's known as up the Down staircase?



NANCY ELLISON/GAMMA-LIAISON

It's a Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud World....

Or will be after *Tattoo* opens next month and we have a chance to watch Bruce Dern make love to **MAUD ADAMS**. Until then, we're going to try to make do with this photo, and the rest of you guys will have to do the same.



MICHAEL CHILDERS/SYGMA

NEXT MONTH:

"ASK A SILLY QUESTION"—DORTMUNDER, EVERYBODY'S FAVORITE ART THIEF, EXECUTES AN INGENUOUS TRIPLE WHAMMY INVOLVING A 500-POUND RODIN SCULPTURE. IT'S ALL PART OF THE LATEST HUMOROUS MYSTERY BY **DONALD E. WESTLAKE**

"HOW JAPAN WON THE TECHNOLOGY WAR"—EVERYWHERE YOU LOOK, THE GENTLEMEN FROM NIPPON ARE BEATING US TO THE TECHNOLOGICAL PUNCH. HOW DO THEY DO IT? A FIRSTHAND REPORT BY CONTRIBUTING EDITOR **PETER ROSS RANGE**. PLUS: **"DETROIT FIGHTS BACK,"** A HOT-OFF-THE-ASSEMBLY-LINE VIEW OF AMERICAN AUTO MAKERS' RETALIATORY TACTICS, AND **"THE CASE FOR AMERICAR,"** A TONGUE-IN-CHEEK INTRO TO A NEW DETROIT CHAMPION, MR. WHITECOAT

"CRONKITE'S LAST STAND"—THE FINAL PRERETIREMENT MOMENTS OF THE AVUNCULAR NEWSCASTER SET AS A WESTERN FILM BY NOVELIST AND CHRONICLER OF THE PRESS **RON POWERS**

"ROOMMATES"—THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THREE OF YOUR FAVORITE PLAYMATES, **SONDRA THEODORE, CANDY LOVING** AND **TERRI WELLES**, WHO SHARE A PAD IN L.A. NOW, *THERE'S* A LUCKY LANDLORD

"DEEP IN WITH DAVID CARRADINE"—WE WENT TO SEE WHAT THAT CONSUMMATE CHARACTER ACTOR, THE ELDEST OF THE CARRADINE BROTHERS, WAS LIKE, AND HE OBLIGED US BY LAYING HIMSELF ON THE LINE FOR A REVEALING PORTRAIT BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

TOM SNYDER TALKS ABOUT HIS BATTLES WITH NBC BRASS, WHAT HE THINKS OF OTHER TALK-SHOW HOSTS, WHICH GUESTS HE'S LOVED AND WHICH HE'S HATED IN AN OUTSPOKEN **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE YEAR IN SEX"—IT'S TIME ONCE MORE FOR OUR ANNUAL COMMENTARY ON LIFE AND LUST. A REAR VIEW OF 1980 REVEALS AN ERA THAT MAY GO DOWN IN HISTORY AS THE ONE IN WHICH CELEBRITIES MADE ASSES OF THEMSELVES IN DESIGNER JEANS... AND MORE

"MIDDLE SIZE CRAZY"—OUR RESIDENT EXPERT SADDLES UP SOME CAFE-STYLE MOTORCYCLES AND HITS THE ROAD—BY **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

"MRS. DAVID BAILEY"—SHE'S MODEL **MARIE HELVIN** AND HER HUSBAND, THE PHOTOGRAPHER WHO INSPIRED THE MOVIE *BLOW-UP*, HAS CREATED A SERIES OF INTIMATE SNAPSHOTS OF HER THAT HE CALLS "A RANSOM AGAINST TIME." A SIX-PAGE PICTORIAL

"ELECTRONIC GAMES"—THEY'RE HERE, THEY'RE THERE, THEY'RE EVERYWHERE: IN THE HAND, ON THE TV SCREEN, IN THE REC ROOM. EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT ALL OF THEM

"MY LIFE & TIMES IN THE CARTER STATE DEPARTMENT"—THE INNER GAME OF FOREIGN POLICY, FEATURING CY VANCE, ZBIG BRZEZINSKI, HENRY THE K AND, OF COURSE, JIMMY HIMSELF. BY THE MAN WHO TOOK FLAK FOR THREE AND A HALF YEARS—**HODDING CARTER III**

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: VISITS WITH AMERICAN GIGOLO STAR **LAUREN HUTTON** AND *WALL STREET WEEK* HOST **LOUIS RUKEYSER**; **"THE LITIGIOUS SOCIETY,"** A LOOK AT WHAT LAWYERS HAVE DONE TO US, BY **JAY STULLER**; **RICHARD SCHICKEL'S** LIST OF **"TEN GREAT THINGS ABOUT BEING A MAN"**; PICTORIAL UNCOVERAGE OF ACTRESS **VALERIE PERRINE**; **ROGER N. WILLIAMS'** EXPOSE OF **"THE SYNFUL FIX"**; THE TRIUMPHANT RETURN OF HUMORIST **JEAN SHEPHERD** IN **"A FISTFUL OF FIG NEWTONS"**; TRUE CONFESSIONS BY **JAY CRONLEY**, **"I HATE GOLF'S GUTS"**; A PROFILE OF MR. COUNTRY MUSIC, **GEORGE JONES**; **"SEX IN AMERICA: NEW YORK CITY"**; THE INSIDE STORY OF THE SANTA FE PRISON RIOT, BY **ROGER MORRIS**; **"A GUERRILLA GUIDE TO THE COMPUTER REVOLUTION,"** BY **ROBERT E. CARR**; **"BLACK IS BEAUTIFUL,"** A PICTORIAL ON WOMEN OF AFRICAN HERITAGE; **"THE NEW GIRLS OF JAMES BOND"**; AND A MAJOR SERIES ON MEN AND WOMEN.