

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JUNE 1981 • \$2.50

PLAYBOY
INTERVIEWS
BASEBALL
SUPERSTAR
STEVE
GARVEY

Playmate of the Year

TERRI WELLES
A NEW WOMAN
FOR THE EIGHTIES

THE ROAD TO EXECUTIVE
POWER, A SHORT COURSE
BY MICHAEL KORDA

THE EYE-POPPING GIRLS
OF THE NEW JAMES BOND
FILM, PLUS OUR OWN
BOND-CONTEST DISCOVERY,
GORGEOUS ROBBIN YOUNG

JACK LEMMON TELLS
WHY HOLLYWOOD CAN'T
MAKE LOVE STORIES



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



PLAYBOY JAZZ: CROON A TUNE IN JUNE

At a Mansion West bash to announce plans for the 1981 Playboy Jazz Festival, "Stix" Hooper hugs twin Bunnies Piper and Tara Perry (left). Hooper will perform with fellow Crusaders Wilton Felder and Joe Sample at the festival. Below, jazz-fest producer George Wein (left) and Mel Tormé check out doodlings from Flip Wilson, who will m.c. the fest June 20-21 at Hollywood Bowl.



WORKING-CLASS HERO

PLAYBOY illustrator Brad Holland's work below depicts the words of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr.: "The labor hater and labor baiter is a twin-headed creature spewing anti-Negro epithets from one mouth and antilabor propaganda from the other mouth." Holland and other U. S. artists contributed work for a touring exhibit and a book called *Images of Labor*.



PLAYMATE UPDATE: GAIL STANTON

Just like the Duke, she jumps into the saddle and everybody starts shooting—pictures, that is. June 1978 Playmate Gail Stanton rides the bull at Memphis' Cheyenne Social Club (above), where she judged a Western Playmate contest. Gail, straddling a mere chair in her Playmate shooting (above right), now models for Michelob Light and Tahitian Sun Products.

PLAYBOY GUIDE TO FASHION FOR MEN

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY



PLAYBOY IN FASHION

Brisk newsstand sales of the first *Playboy Guide to Fashion for Men* have primed the pump for issue number two, due out next September. Shown above, beside the cover of the still-available first *Guide*, are (clockwise from lower left) Jhane Barnes, the first female Coty Fashion Award winner, profiled inside; *Guide* Editor Maury Z. Levy; Managing Editor Margery Rosen; Art Director Jim Minnich.

VICKI PASSES THE BAR

Playboy's Corporate Promotions coordinator and September 1979 Playmate Vicki McCarty (below) arrives at the Beverly Hills courthouse. Vicki passed her California bar exam and now can practice law in that state.



ROSANNE KATON AND HER GOLDEN GLOBES

PLAYBOY readers may have spotted a familiar face on the televised *Golden Globe Awards* show this year—Rosanne Katon, Miss September 1978. At right, as Miss Golden Globe, Rosanne presented awards to honored film and television dignitaries. To refresh your memory, the barely essential Rosanne (left).



SHIP TO SHORE: AUBREY MUSTERS OUT

The Navy has dropped misconduct charges against former Yeoman Darlene Aubrey for posing in our November 1980 feature *Beauty & Bureaucracy*. Honorably discharged Darlene grins between her attorneys Philip Hirschkop and Victor Glasberg.

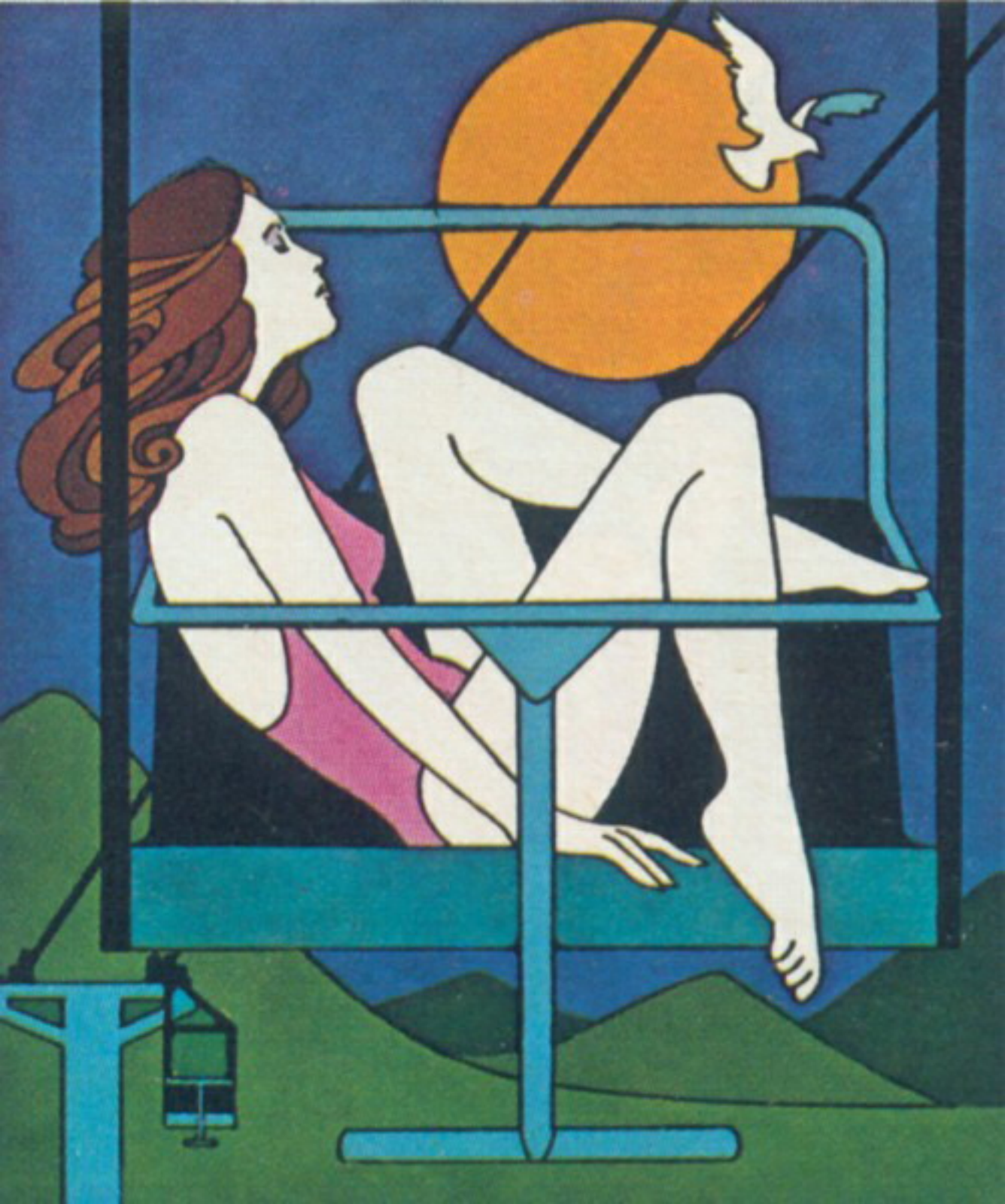


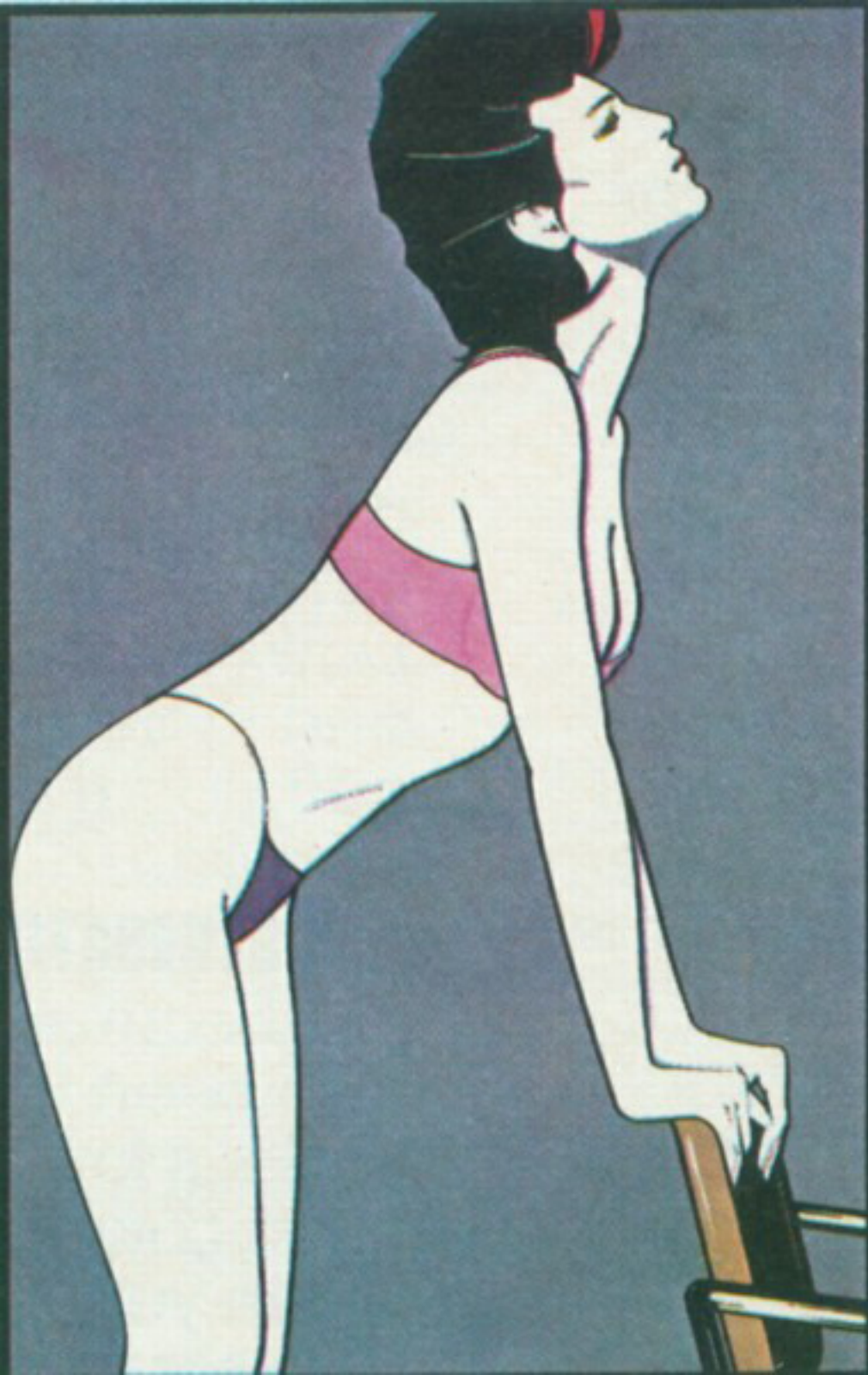
COLD HAND, WARM HEART, RICK?

Above: Bunnies Gianni (left) and Karen help Cheap Trick members Pete Comita, Bun E. Carlos, Rick Nielsen and Robin Zander cool down after their concert at the Los Angeles Forum. Concert tickets were prizes in a Playboy promotion.













"I am going to an orgy. Do you want me to bring you back something?"



a dossier on some of the divine creatures from the latest james bond film

FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

For Your Eyes Only is the 12th in the series of 007 adventures. The exact details of the plot are, as usual, a matter of international security, to be revealed on a need-to-know basis at the proper time and with a side order of popcorn. It seems that this time out, James Bond must locate a top-secret naval device that has been lost in the depths of the sea, somewhere off the Greek-Albanian coast. Agent 007 encounters a Greek millionaire whose idea of a good time is tying Bond to a young girl (Carole Bouquet), then tossing the two of them to the sharks. The chase leads Bond to Italy's ski resort Cortina d'Ampezzo, where he meets a figure skater played by figure skater Lynn-Holly Johnson. Need



we say more? Oh, yes. For those of you who rely on the Bond movies to tease you with state-of-the-art automobiles, there is a Lotus Esprit Turbo—with extras, no doubt. For those of you who rely on the Bond movies to tease you with state-of-the-art women, just keep reading.

Naturally, *For Your Eyes Only* features the usual bevy of beauties we've come to expect from Bond. This year's collection includes (top photo, from left, front row) Viva, Vanya, Kim Mills and Lalla Dean. Flanking Roger Moore are Lizzie Warville (left) and Alison Worth. Carole Bouquet is shown taking a dip with 007 at left.



By now, you are familiar with the recipe for a James Bond film. First a beautiful woman, then a fight scene. Next another world-class woman, then a car chase. Then another stunning lady, followed by an underwater scene or maybe some ski footage. Judging from the stills above, both shot in Cortina, Italy, this 007 movie is as action-packed as its predecessors. As though we would get bored looking at the likes of Lizzie Warville (below left) and Max Vesterhalt (below right). Warville was born in England—appropriately. Her favorite activities—water-skiing, wind-surfing, tennis and horseback riding—seem to qualify her for the pace of an action epic. Vesterhalt is a native New Yorker who claims that her ambition is to rule the world, or at least half of it.







The Bond beauties are truly women of the world. Tula Cossey (left) was born in Rome but now resides in London, where she works as a model, takes care of her tropical fish and occasionally escapes for a camping holiday. Kim Mills (right) was born in England, educated in a convent and now keeps a flat in London. She spends her leisure time reading science fiction, which may explain how she wound up in a Bond extravaganza. The thing with the funny arms and legs (above) is not the creature from the Michelin tire ads. It's not even a clone of R2-D2. It is a villain, dressed in the latest in deep-sea-diving formalwear.

Ice-skating star Lynn-Holly Johnson makes a special appearance as Bibi in the new Bond film. That's Lynn in bed below. Needless to say, she also skates and skis in the film. On the beach at Corfu, Claus, one of the villains (Charles Dance), tries to wipe Bond out with a dune buggy (bottom). That's what we call a hit-and-run holiday.





BE A JAMES BOND GIRL



**PLAYBOY Magazine and United Artists
Announce a Fabulous Contest!**

THE GRAND PRIZE:
An Appearance in the Next James Bond Motion Picture!
For the 3 Finalists: ♡ A trip to Hollywood ♡ A major screen test



PLAYBOY was happy to cooperate with United Artists in sponsoring a contest for aspiring Bond beauties. Robbin Young, the lucky winner, flew from her home in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, to Cortina, where she met producer Albert R. Broccoli (above left) and Roger Moore (above right), who gave her acting tips. Robbin has a small part in *Eyes Only* as a flower-shop salesgirl. She wrote to us about it: "I filmed for four days. I would usually shoot from noon until three P.M. The rest of the time I watched. I was nervous, but once the camera started, I loved it. I knew I was a ham. Someone asked me for my autograph. I almost died. I was so happy. Thank you for giving me a beautiful experience and a lasting memory." The pleasure was all ours, Robbin. We expect to see a good deal more of you.









LADY OF THE LAKE

it's hard to improve on the scenery around June Lake— unless, of course, you look like Miss June, Cathy Larmouth

MAE WEST knew how to do it. Marie "The Body" McDonald didn't. Dolly Parton can do it. Edy Williams never quite got the hang of it. What we're talking about is a woman's knack for referring to her most obvious assets without seeming cheap, while at the same time retaining her attractiveness. The key, of course, is a sense of humor. Mae had it. Dolly has it. Cathy Larmouth, the lady with the fabulous pair of binoculars pictured at right, definitely has it. When asked if she feels like a celebrity because she has been chosen a Playmate, she replies, "I don't want to be famous, don't particularly want to be an actress or a model. I just want a good man and a family. I hardly think showin' your bazongas to 6,000,000 people qualifies anybody as a celebrity. On the other hand, it's a great way to meet people." There's something earthy and at the same time old-fashioned about Cathy that puts the inner man at ease. She says things that are so completely unliberated, so utterly unchic that the intellectual/liberal/ (text continued on page 147)

Cathy loves outdoor activities such as hiking and riding, so Contributing Photographer Ken Marcus took her to June Lake, on the eastern slope of the Sierras. She fell in love with the area and plans to move there soon.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY KEN MARCUS





"I can't say any particular combination of qualities in a man guarantees that I'll be attracted to him, but generally, I like a man with a strong intellect, a good sense of humor and a sensuous nature. And I'm always a little more attracted to men who have a lot of the little boy in them. Boys are fun to play with."



"Don't you think 27 is too old to be a Playmate? You don't? Well, how about titling my pictorial 'an oldy but goody'? No? Well, anyway, I think my age is an advantage. On the one hand, I've led a fairly sheltered life, so I haven't been hardened. On the other hand, I didn't just fall off the turnip truck yesterday. I guess you could say I'm a combination of innocence and experience."





"If a man turns me on, I don't need a lot of coercing. I can be impulsive. There are times when I'm more susceptible and responsive to romance than others, but it's never impossible under the right circumstances. Like after two martinis (just joking). I know there are women who say they can take or leave sex, but I could never take that attitude. I love it, especially when I'm in love. I'd never make a good nun."





feminist supporter in us cringes and starts to protest. But there's another, deeper part of us that's secretly comforted by Cathy's philosophy of male-female relations. "I'm not against E.R.A., but the fact is that men are very different from women. For instance, a lot of women may hate my guts for saying this, but I think women *are* more emotional than men. I don't think blurring the sex roles makes any sense. Pretty soon, you'll be calling your grandmother your grandperson. That's not my style." So where do you think Cathy's from? Maybe somewhere in the Deep South, right? Nope. Manhattan Beach, California, just south of Los Angeles. A place heavily populated by the fabled California surfer (Homo surfboardus), a peculiar breed of American that, taken as a whole, is probably the largest segment of our society comprised of persons holding no opinions on anything whatsoever. Cathy, needless to say, is opinionated, which is one reason she wasn't destined to be a surfer. "I never made a good beach girl. I tried; I really tried. I got the darkest tan, I sun-bleached my hair (concluded on page 235)



When we discovered Cathy, she was a secretary-typist for a Los Angeles advertising firm. Above, she leaves for her lunch break and later meets two friends (bottom right) at one of her favorite restaurants, the Mirabelle on Sunset Boulevard. Cathy has since given up secretarial work to do promotions for PLAYBOY; now she has more time for such fun as panning for gold (above right).



MISS JUNE

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cathy Larmouth

BUST: 38 WAIST: 26 HIPS: 37

HEIGHT: 5'8 WEIGHT: 127 SIGN: Cancer

BIRTH DATE: 7-15-53 BIRTHPLACE: Torrance, California

GOALS: To be a complete woman and make it to heaven!

TURN-ONS: Sharing enjoyable experiences with those I love, trivia, witty conversation, the future.

TURN-OFFS: Preentious people, broken promises, screen violence, punk rock, getting up early.

FAVORITE BOOKS: Sayonara, Of Human Bondage, Lady Chatterley's Lover, Les Misérables, Lolita!

FAVORITE MOVIES: Wuthering Heights, Sayonara, Annie Hall, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest, Casablanca.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Andrés Segovia, Charlie Byrd, David Sambaorn, the Eagles, George Benson, Stevie Wonder

FAVORITE SPORTS: Scuba diving, tennis, fishing, camping, bowling, horse back riding.

BIGGEST JOY: Will be when I get married.



"Miss Piggy" in the making.

Preparing for womanhood!

Trying desperately to look sweet.

"I was 5'8" when I was 15 and I weighed about 96 pounds, about ten of which were breasts."

and let it grow down to my butt, but I just couldn't carry it off. I'm not a good swimmer, for one thing, and I could never stay up on the surfboard. But more than that, I just didn't look the part. The perfect beach girl is Bo Derek. Blonde, willowy, Nordic-looking. I always looked kind of different. The Eurasian girl next door, maybe."

Actually, Cathy's heritage is English, French and Mohawk Indian. She was the youngest of four children (she has three older brothers) and admits that she was spoiled, especially by her father, who died when she was 22. "I loved my father more than anyone," she says, "and maybe I still do. He was a warm, funny, very smart man. I always carry a poem I wrote to him after he died, so in case I ever get hit by a truck or something, whoever finds my identification will know that I was a person who had a heart."

Cathy admits she's a hopeless romantic, who "should have been born 40 or 50 years ago. Politically, I'm very conservative. I love peace and quiet, and never listen to rock if I can avoid it. My favorite songs are from the Thirties, Forties and Fifties; my favorite bands are Glenn Miller's and Nat 'King' Cole's and my all-time favorite piece is *Clair de Lune*, by Debussy." Without too much persuasion, Cathy can be induced to sing one of her favorite oldies, such as *Cry Me a River* or *More Than You Know*. She has a good voice and loves to imitate various female pop stars, ranging from Dolly Parton to Helen Reddy.

"I've never done this stuff on a stage," she says, "and I probably never will. It's mostly for the shower." Still, it's a better-than-average voice. Why not try for a singing career?

"I hate to say this," she answers, "but the truth is, I'm not motivated. I'm basically lazy. I'd like to write a great satirical novel, for instance, but I never get around to it. I write poetry that isn't half bad, and I realize that all girls write poetry, but I think mine's a cut above that awful stuff you see in the women's magazines like *Cosmopolitan*, stuff like, 'I looked out the window at where your Rolls once sat/The sight of your tooth marks on the Gouda cheese/Nostalgia and pain/I dropped two 'Ludes and turned on the dishwasher.' That kind of stuff."

We suggest that maybe Cathy has a future as a poetic humorist. She demurs. "Oh, come on. That's the hang-up most everybody in Los Angeles has. Everybody thinks she can sing, write and act, and

that she's beautiful. The fact is that very few people get to be really good at any one of those things. And only a few people are really all that attractive, and they tend to float through life without ever developing themselves."

Could she be describing herself? "Well, somewhat. I'm sure I would have developed my potential a lot more if I looked more like, say, Lily Tomlin than Little Annie Fanny. Unfortunately, until I was about 20, that's what I looked like: a comic character. I was 5'8" when I was 15 and I weighed about 96 pounds, about ten of which were breasts. I had a low-cut dress with a push-up bra that I wore to school sometimes. Once, in my math class (which I wasn't doing so well at), my teacher, who was a man, stopped beside my desk and whispered, 'If you wear that dress to my class twice a week, I'll give you an A.' Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, I did and he did. Isn't that awful?" She giggles mischievously.

"However, one can't just go through life being led by one's chest. At the end of my life, I'd much rather look back and see that I'd been a good wife and mother than that I'd been a model. But I need the right man to give me the feeling of protection I need. Once I've found him, I don't care if I never have another modeling job."

Having pretty much given up on the

possibility of finding the kind of man she's looking for in Los Angeles, Cathy is planning to move to June Lake, California, where Ken Marcus took her to shoot the outdoor photos in this pictorial. "June Lake is the most beautiful place I've ever seen," she says, "and the life people live there is the kind I like to live. I feel so lucky that PLAYBOY introduced me to that area. It was sort of an unexpected bonus."

Cathy wants to give special thanks to Marcus. "Ken is one of the smartest, nicest, funniest men I've ever met. When he found out that I have a pretty big appetite, he nicknamed me Miss Piggy. Soon, everyone at Playboy Studio West was calling me Miss Piggy. Ken and the other PLAYBOY staffers helped me live up to my nickname by taking me to all my favorite restaurants and letting me eat all I could. I once ate an \$80 lunch. You might say I can put it away. After the shooting, they had a party for me at Studio West, and someone had a cake made with a picture of Miss Piggy on it. Ken shoved my face into the cake. I didn't mind. I love slapstick." Marcus always did have a way with women.

At 27, Cathy is pretty well traveled. She's already been to Europe, the Philippines and South America, but she hopes to see even more of the world (and the U.S.A.) on PLAYBOY promotional tours. "Seeing the world is about the only thing I really want to do before I settle down," she says, "but I don't expect to find anywhere more beautiful than June Lake."

And we can't think of a more beautiful June Playmate, Cathy. Good luck.



"Those aren't insect calls—those are paging beepers."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I wonder how Marcia manages to stay so slender," remarked one girl in the typing pool after Marcia had left the room.

"Do you think it's with sexual exercises?" smiled a second keyboard pounder.

"What you mean is sex, sex, sex!" catted a third. "It's common knowledge that Marcia spreads herself thin."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Shōgun* as Japanese flashing.



When some farmers attending a convention of the National Grange visited a house of ill repute, one especially nervous member of the group put on a flexible false face to conceal his identity. After the rural sports had left, one of the girls asked another, "Say, who was that masked John?"

"Can't you guess?" was the giggled reply. "He was the blown Granger."

Rosie Ruiz of Boston Marathon notoriety has surfaced again. She's plugging panty hose that don't run.

Mused a tourist in Moscow named Fred,
As he humped young Natasha in bed:

*"I am prosperous, true—
But I so love to screw
That I've ended up here in the Red!"*

There's a trendy massage parlor that has its girls wear Big Yank overalls.

Because they knew their son-in-law-to-be was a coffee fancier, the bride's parents supplemented their major gift to the couple with the newest version of an old-fashioned coffee-brewing machine. As the wedding reception drew to a close, the girl's father retoasted the newly marrieds separately. "May you experience all kinds of domestic bliss, son, with my darling daughter," he intoned to the groom.

"I know I will, sire," the young man responded, "including in the kitchen—thanks to your having provided a perky copulator."

Deep in the maze of intelligence offices, two spymasters were reviewing the debriefing report on an agent who had barely managed to make it back from a perilous mission. "By God," exclaimed one, "this chap Smithers must be one tough son of a bitch! They kept sticking a cattle prod up him, they repeatedly used electrodes on his balls and they beat and beat his dong with a rubber hose—and he lasted for an incredible period of time before finally cracking! I suggest he be put in for a special commendation."

"Let's hold off on that," countered the other supervisor. "I've had separate word from a double agent that Smithers ultimately broke down when they threatened to stop."

Graffito on wall above hot-air hand drier in a Chicago City Hall rest room: PUSH BUTTON FOR A MESSAGE FROM YOUR MAYOR.

The pre-teeny-bopper shyly told her father one evening, "Daddy, I've got a boyfriend."

"A pretty little girl like you with only *one* boyfriend?" teased her father.

"Well, Daddy," chirped the moppet, "after all—I've only got one pussy."



We've been touched by the tale of a young thing so orally gifted that she rose from poverty to become a quite wealthy woman—though at the cost of aching nerves in her jaw. It's a real Fellatio Neuralgia story.

You know, Vera," the new girl in the office confided, "Mr. Rittenhouse murmured to me this morning that we could make beautiful music together."

"Sure you could, honey," commented the office veteran, "provided your taste runs to the *Minute Waltz*."

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



"Of course we have to do it this way. How else can I see if you're bringing the right muscles into play?"

Playmate Of The Year

*trading her wings for a rocket
to stardom, wise, witty terri welles is clearly
a woman for the eighties*



TERRI WELLES is on a roll. Just a few short months ago, her domain was seats 10A to 20D on a United red-eye. She was a flight attendant. It's an OK gig and she was good at it, but you don't ask a thoroughbred to pull a plow. Any passenger half into his morning coffee could see this woman was several cuts above the ordinary. Goodness knows, *we* saw it. Scant moments after meeting her, we cleared the cover of our May 1980 issue for her act; in that outing, a simple stun and run, she was pictured sitting provocatively in a flight uniform to herald our legendary pictorial on stewardesses. It all came about when an old friend of Terri's, who happened to be the brother of Playmate Sondra Theodore, took her to Playboy Mansion West for a visit. It was a fateful evening for Terri and for us. We saw a woman with sparkle and verve about to blossom into something very special. (text concluded on page 203)

Thoroughly modern Terri is a shining example of what the future will bring for the liberated woman. "The woman of the Eighties," she says, "is anything she wants to be." (For a look at Terri's gifts, turn to page 195.)







Terri's moods run the gamut from pensive to sexy to downright bubbly. She has a strong sense of self, tempered with modesty. "Me, glamorous?" she asks. "You're not glamorous unless someone else thinks you're glamorous. To me, I'm just me!"



Committed to an acting career, Terri contemplated her options on a recent jaunt to Jamaica. "The only other thing I can see myself doing is being an executive. I think I'd make a good administrator. In the entertainment field, of course." Another Sherry Lansing? "Perhaps. I have a lot of respect for her."







Terri advocates constant study to make it in the acting business. "I hope I never get to the point where I feel I know all there is to know about acting. That's what makes good actors good. They always feel there's room for improvement and they do something about it, whether it's classes or actual work."









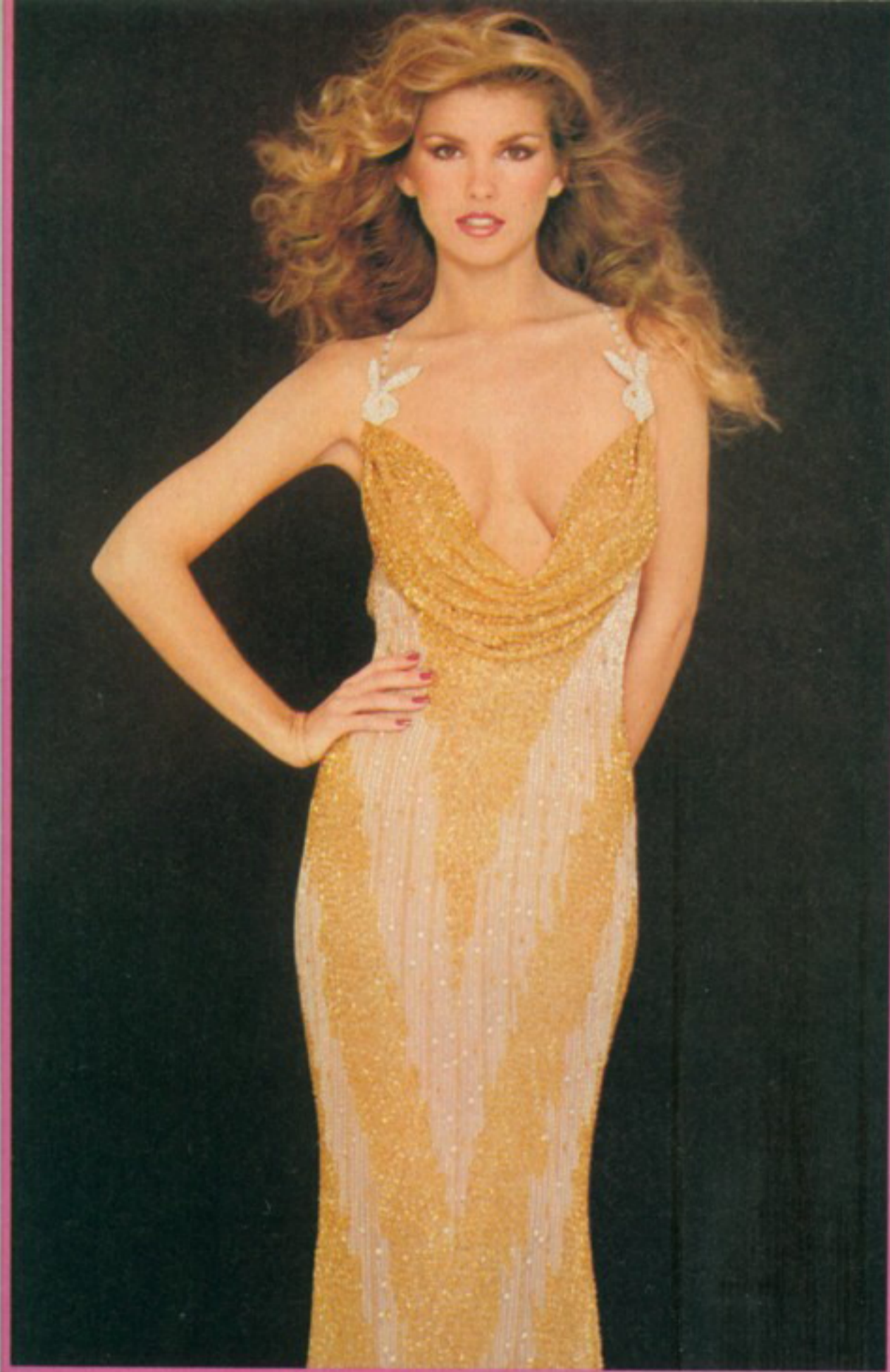
A girl with smarts and an independent streak like Terri's can seem unfeminine to some men. "Whoa! I'm no rocket scientist," Terri allows, "but I do think femininity can also include courage and intelligence."







Is love in the future for our woman of the Eighties? Will she someday settle down? Terri says with a twinkle, "I don't consider marriage settling down. In fact, I think it's growing as opposed to settling. Besides, I never say no to a challenge."



Gifts Fit for a Queen

*a cache with cachet for our lucky
playmate of the year*

TO PARAPHRASE an old saying: Them that has it all gets it all. It's certainly true that Terri Welles has it all and we've tried to match nature's gifts to Terri with a veritable department store full of goodies. If it seems we or the manufacturers went a little overboard, just remember, this is the Playmate of the Year we're talking about.

First off, from the corporate coffers, we've supplied Terri with \$25,000 in walking-around money. You never know when a girl is going to want a snack—or to build an addition to her home to house the rest of the gifts.

To supplement her birthday suit (which we thought adequate), Terri received a (text concluded on page 203)

Our premier Playmate will be a sure show-stopper in her original creation (above) by renowned Hollywood designer Bob Mackie. Replete with bugle beads on a sheer background and featuring a clever use of our Rabbit Head symbol on the shoulders, it's a steal at \$10,000. Luxurious transportation was provided by Volkswagen of America in the sleek form of a platinum metallic Porsche 924 Turbo, fully loaded, with leather seats and AM/FM cassette sound system, \$25,000.





Figure maintenance will be a pleasure for Terri with her new Lifecycle (left) electronic exerciser, from The Gym, Monroe, Wisconsin, \$2750, and the five-station Dynamic Gym (below) with 22 different exercises, from Dynamics Health Equipment, \$5060.

Terri can rack up some sweet sounds with her H. H. Scott stereo system (below) featuring 460A integrated amp, 570T tuner, PS78 turntable, 215C cartridge, 675DM cassette deck, 312 speakers and AR161 rack, \$2500.



Almost too pretty to sleep in is this Pekino high-gloss-black-lacquer bedroom ensemble, with queen-size bed, nightstands and four-drawer dresser, from Roche Bobois, \$3800. The dove-gray "Fiandra" quilt and matching cotton sateen linens are from Pratesi, New York, \$1722. Waking hours will be fun, too, with the Atari Video Computer System (below right) that features 42 different games, \$1200.



Meals in seconds are possible with the HeatWave microwave/convection oven (below), compliments of Quasar, \$900.



Nothing pleases an actress more than landing a part—and Terri's got one at The Burt Reynolds Dinner Theater (below) in Jupiter, Florida, according to David Gershenson, Reynolds' representative.



Fun, fast and economical is the 90-miles-per-gallon Exciter by Yamaha (below). If you should see our Playmate of the Year swooping down the freeway on this \$1200, 185-c.c. beast, wave as she flies by.



Watching sunsets at the tiller of this Prindle 16 catamaran, \$3700 with trailer, is obviously the way to go. Its ease of handling will make docking a snap. Terri will also receive a \$2420 one-year membership at Marina del Rey's plush Marina City Club (below), a private resort and recreational complex.



Milady models new furs from Landae Furs, New York, and clothing by Polly Edwards for Tenderness (from left): a suede wrap dress, \$500; "Harlow" fox fling, \$1500; rose-suede pants, \$260; jacket with silver collar tips, \$360; and "Buck-shot" mink bomber jacket, \$4000.



On target for the Eighties is this pewter metallic wrap jacket and pants by Polly Edwards for *Tenderness* (right). Jacket and pants, \$750, are of soft leather. Terri will have flowers every month of her reign and two dozen roses on her birthday, courtesy of Teleflora, \$550.



Above, three of a five-piece Halliburton luggage set manufactured by Zero Corp., \$1400. Below, from Frederick Prete Ltd., a rare yellow-jade necklace with diamonds set on a 14-kt.-gold disc, \$13,500; and a 44-diamond 14-kt.-gold quartz watch from Bulova, \$3300.



Sunglasses, including the 14-kt. solid-gold Porsche Carrera model, \$2800, and 12 other pairs, are provided by Optyl Corporation, at a total value of \$3695. *Movement in the Third*, by Ira Sapir, from Marilyn Faith Gallery in Chicago (below center), is valued at \$2500. L'Air du Temps perfume (right) in Lalique crystal bottle is from Nina Ricci, \$1350.



Exciting home entertainment is assured with RCA's new SelectaVision video-disc player and 19-inch color TV (above), \$1190.





To record her memories, Terri will receive a Pentax LX 35mm camera (top) with accessories, \$1539. For financial record keeping, she'll have the Apple II 16K personal computer system (above), \$1330.

Les Must de Cartier provides a trove of accessories: Above center, a Santos quartz clock, brushed-steel and gold lighter and fountain pen, suede jewelry roll and desk diary with calendar and address book, \$1180. From Fortunoff, New York, an 18-kt.-gold bracelet (above right) with 11 carats of diamonds, \$22,500.



Terri's favorite gift, and understandably so, is this full-length Canadian baby belly lynx coat supplied by Landae Furs, New York. It's a lot of luxury for only \$28,000. Terri commented, "It feels as good as the Porsche when you put it on." Wear both in good health, Terri.

Playmate of The Year

(continued from page 162)

Terri saw an opportunity for a fling in the world of modeling, a career she previously had toyed with between hops around the country. It was only a one-shot, a cover on a prestigious national magazine. Just the thing to get a new career into gear. But neither we nor Terri expected the enormously favorable response of our readers to that cover. They were intrigued. They wanted to see more of this fresh-faced, leggy stew from California who at that time was known as Terri Knepper.

We convinced Terri that her destiny lay not in the sky but among the stars and in December we moved her into the rarefied atmosphere of our centerfold. It was in that layout that Terri's secret was revealed; behind her gorgeous exterior was an equally appealing interior. She had an ego-wilting wit, an electric personality and, perhaps most importantly, a clear, levelheaded perception of what she was.

Traditionalists would have decried her independence, her lack of fawning femininity. We are not traditionalists. We were inspired by it. This, we agreed, was what the 20th Century had wrought, awaited assertion of the strength of womanhood. Miss Welles, a glittering product of her time, was a woman for the Eighties.

There could be no other choice for our 1981 Playmate of the Year.

The trouble with the top is that once you get there, everybody forgets how much of a struggle it was to make it. Terri did not snap her fingers and find herself on the top rung. She did it by extending herself, accepting challenges. It took a lot of inner strength. Where did that strength come from?

"From me!" says Terri, laughing. "Of course, the Lord, my family and friends helped a lot. But I'd always known that one day my family and friends might be gone—hopefully, not all on the same day—and I would have to depend on myself. Actually, everything I've done in life has made me stronger. What is life if you don't have challenges?"

Among the challenges Terri has recently accepted is one from L.A. Kings hockey superstar Charlie Simmer, who has asked her to be his wife. His asking—and her accepting—came as something of a surprise to Terri, who had been perfectly content with her single life. "Marriage wasn't an important issue with me until I met someone I wanted to marry." Finding the right man, at the right time, has given her the inspiration she needed to really bear down on her career goals.

Terri's current goal is to make it as an actress. With a face and a body like

hers, you'd think she'd be a shoo-in. But she knows there'll be challenges there, too. "I suppose I'll have the problem of being stereotyped into being T-and-A when I walk into a casting director's or producer's office. So I know I'd better be a damn good actress when I do it."

You'll be able to judge Terri's acting ability yourself when her first movie, *Looker*, is released this year. Her role is small, so it wasn't a peak experience in her life, but it was a start. "For that ten minutes, I worked over a period of two months. Not every day . . . sometimes three or four days in a row, then one day, then not for two weeks. Some days I'd work all day just for 30 seconds of a scene. I play the part of a perfect female, which was, I admit, ego gratifying. But I found the real kick in acting comes when you hear the director say 'Cut; that's fine.' In a way, it's stroking for an actress. It means it's over and you did a good job."

With her eagerness to work and to please, we think Terri's film career can't miss. Meanwhile, she'll be our queen, traveling all over the country as PLAYBOY's 1981 Playmate of the Year. Terri is ready for the assignment. "I'll get a chance to present what I hope will be a good image of the Playmates to the public."

In the hands of Terri Welles, the Playmate image has never been better.



Gifts Fit for a Queen

(continued from page 195)

variety of wardrobe items, including a special original creation from the drawing board of Bob Mackie, one of Hollywood's foremost designers.

Fortunoff, a jeweler with stores in Manhattan, Westbury, Long Island, and Paramus, New Jersey, really came through, with a dazzling \$22,500 bracelet of 18-kt. gold set with diamonds, more than 11 carats' worth.

Volkswagen of America's Porsche Audi Division also came through, with a hot new \$25,000 Porsche 924 Turbo.

Our own Pat Nagel, creator of the illustrations for *The Playboy Advisor*, among other things, produced a fabulous acrylic portrait of Terri with a value of about \$3000.

Behind the Roche Bobois bedroom ensemble on page 196, you can see a brilliant 9' x 12' hand-painted trompe-l'oeil backdrop, available from & Vice Versa, New York, a gift from Isbell & Elliott that goes for \$2365.

There's a lot more; and the fact is, Terri's gift selections make as fine a catalog of classy items as can be found anywhere. You might want to browse through in search of gift ideas for that special playmate of yours.



"How's the water?"

THE ONLY THING STRAIGHT IN THIS MOVIE IS...

...THE JACKET!



CHEECH & CHONG'S

NICE DREAMS

(WHERE TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE)

COLUMBIA PICTURES PRESENTS A C & G BROWN PRODUCTION

"CHEECH & CHONG'S NICE DREAMS"

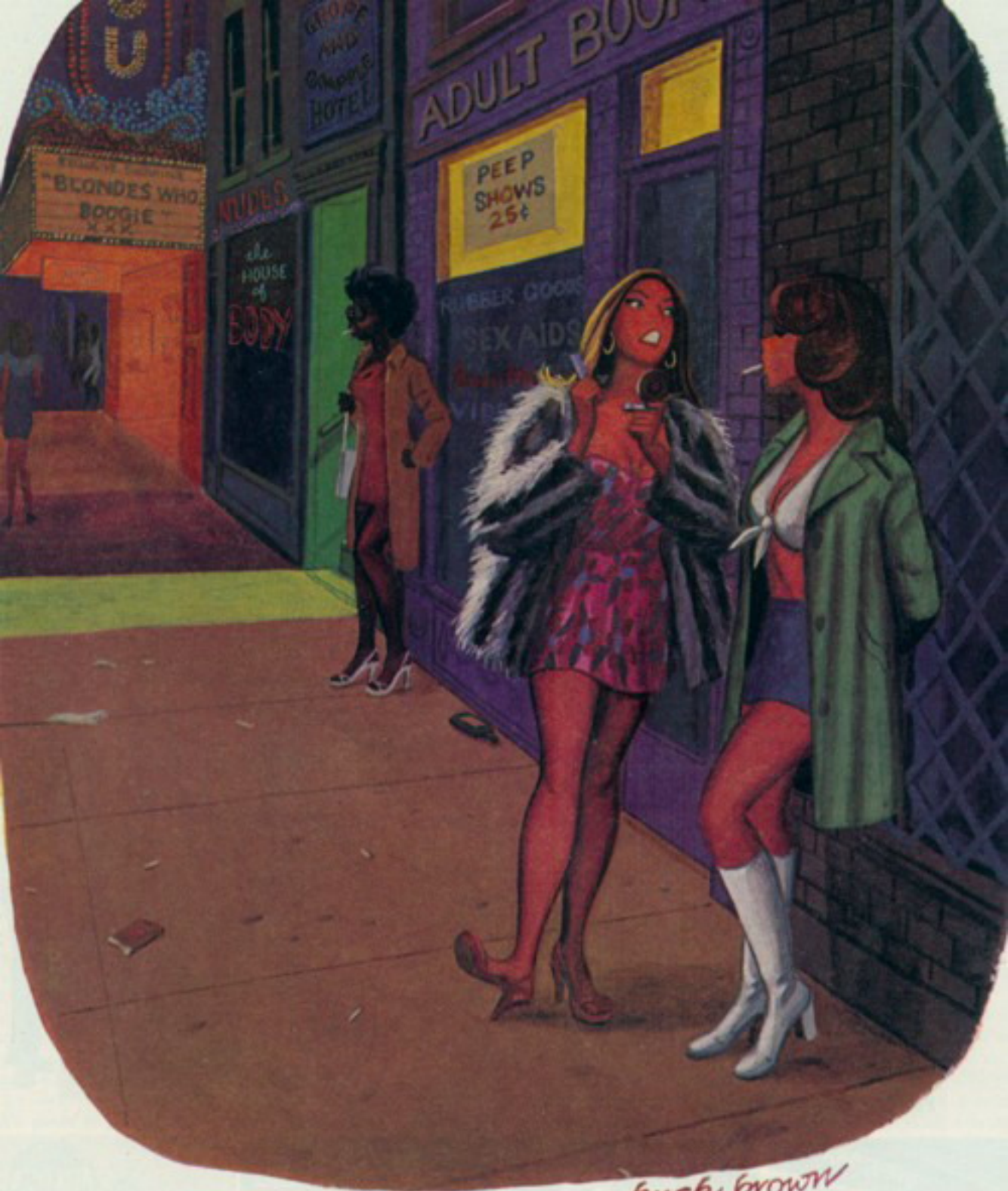
STARRING CHEECH MARIN & THOMAS CHONG AND STACY KEACH AS SERGEANT SHRAGER

WRITTEN BY THOMAS CHONG & RICHARD CHEECH MARIN ASSOCIATE PRODUCER SHELBY FIDDIS

PRODUCED BY HOWARD BROWN DIRECTED BY THOMAS CHONG



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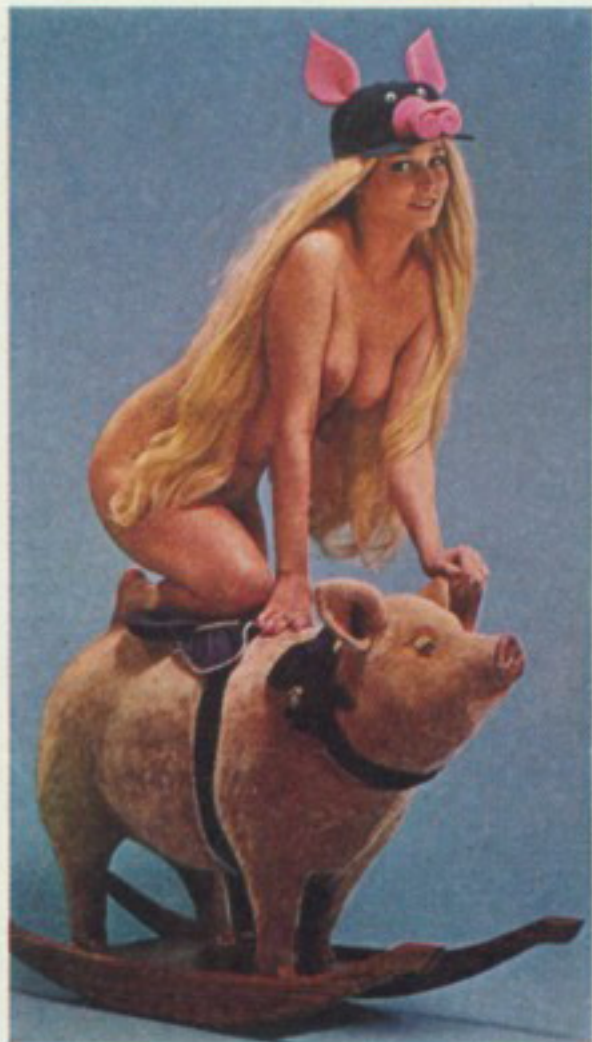


BUCK BROWN

"I had a real sickie last night—this guy wanted me to act out a jeans commercial."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

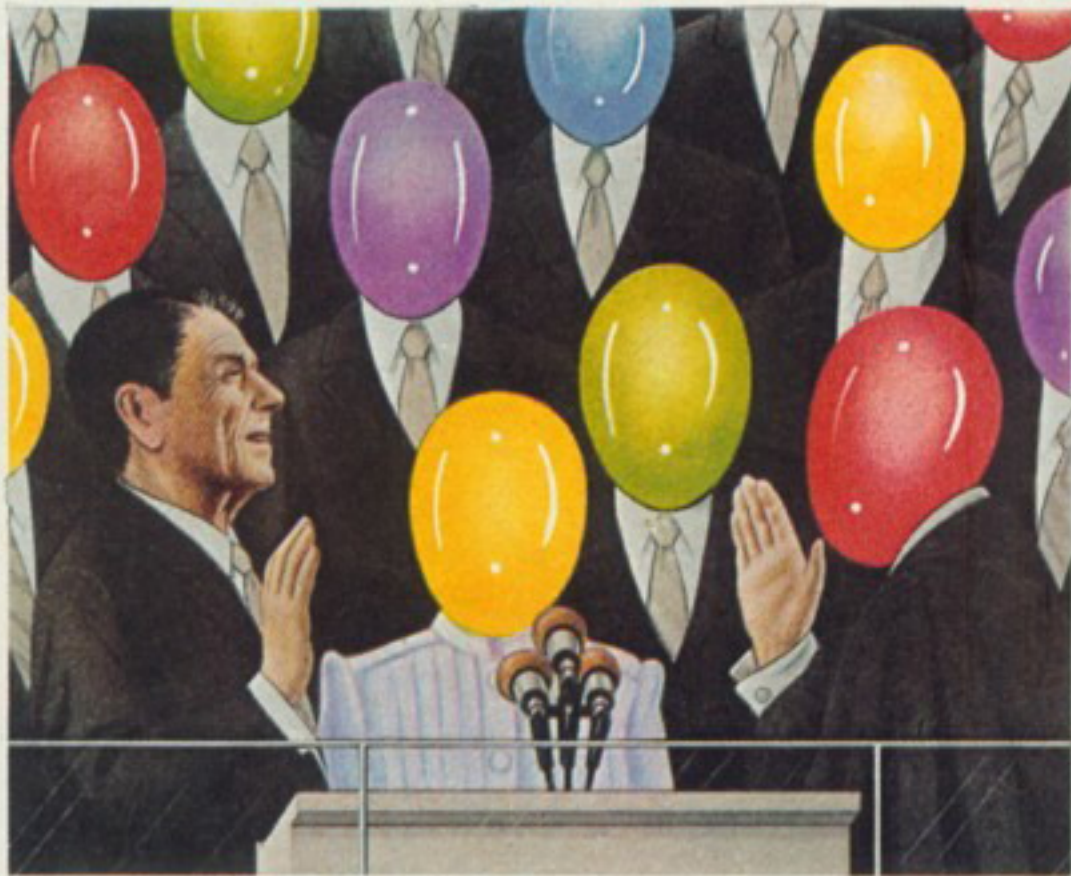


PIGGY GOES TO MARKET

Pigs are riding pretty high on the hog these days and it's not just Miss Piggy—who's responsible for the porker's increased popularity. A store called Hog Wild! at 280 Friend Street, Boston, Massachusetts 02114, has taken piggy to market by selling a barnyard full of pig-related items—everything from a \$1000 fiberglass-and-oak rocking pig (left) to piggy shorts, T-shirts, swizzle sticks, stuffed animals, bikini briefs, pig-out invitations—and even a child's pine pig seat, where young porkers can park their hams. (The foam-rubber pig hat pictured here is \$11.50, postpaid.) To really go whole hog, however, send \$1 for Hog Wild!'s catalog. It's a hogalog of goodies—and the store's sales-pigs definitely aren't swine.

SPLASH WITH DASH

Going down to the sea in style used to mean climbing behind the wheel of a sporty mahogany speedboat for an afternoon of jumping waves. It still can: Black Bottom Runabouts, P.O. Box 1552, Rocky Point, L.I., New York 11778, is manufacturing a 16-foot mahogany replica of the fabulous speedboats of the Forties, complete with brass fittings, a 225-hp engine and other water-borne goodies. The price: \$18,700 F.O.B. New York. Hit the beach.

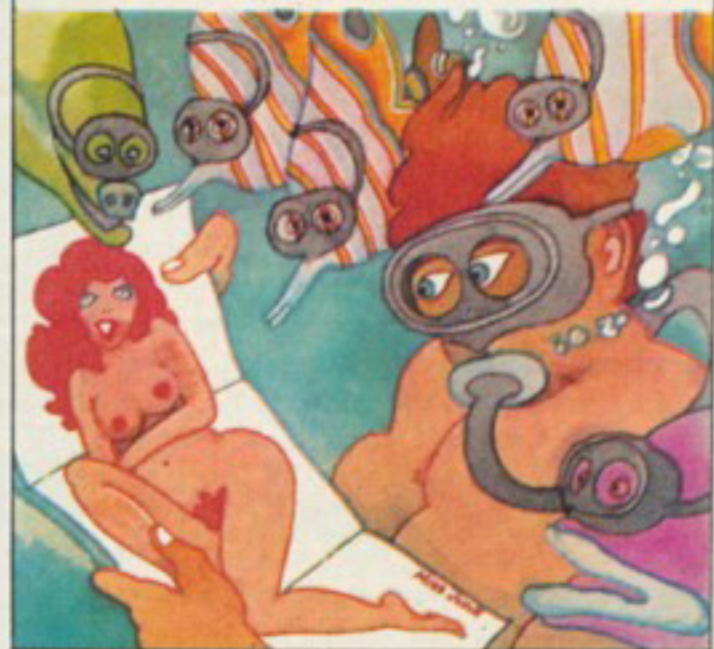


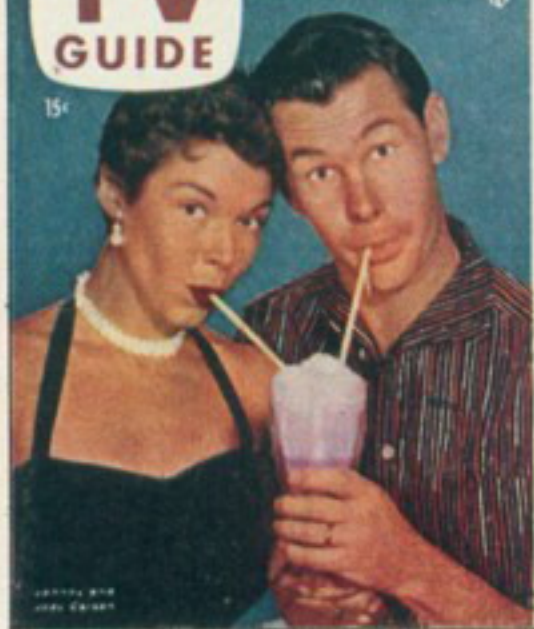
REAGAN AND THE BEAN STALK

When Ronald Reagan's hand reaches across the Presidential desk and grabs something red, it's not the hotline but just a handful of Jelly Bellies—the gourmet jelly beans that Goelitz Candy Co. in Oakland, California, is producing at a record rate as Americans shuck Carter peanuts for the sweet taste of Republican success. Jelly Bellies, which sell for about \$4 a pound in class-act department and candy stores, come in 36 delicious flavors, including papaya, cotton candy, hot jalapeño pepper, chocolate and coconut. Grits isn't one of them.

BASIC SEEMANSHIP

Anyone who wears glasses knows that it's no fun to scuba dive when you can't tell a barnacle from a barracuda. To the surface comes Squid Inc., a company at 1555 North Dearborn Parkway, Chicago, Illinois 60610, marketing a prescription underwater mask. Just send Squid Inc. your prescription for each eye and \$75 for glass lenses (\$85 for plastic ones) and it'll see to it that you never mistake a girl for a buoy again.





JOHNNY, WE HARDLY KNOW YOU

Every week for 28 years, you've been tossing out the *TV Guide* with Friday night's fish, right? Too bad, dummy, because Jeffrey Kadet, who operates TV Guide Specialists, Box 90, Rockville, Maryland 20850, buys and sells old *Guides* like bars of gold. His catalog costs \$2—and if you really want to read something and weep, he's asking \$130 for the 1956 Elvis Presley one. This 1955 Jody and Johnny Carson copy goes for a paltry \$25. We'll take a dozen.

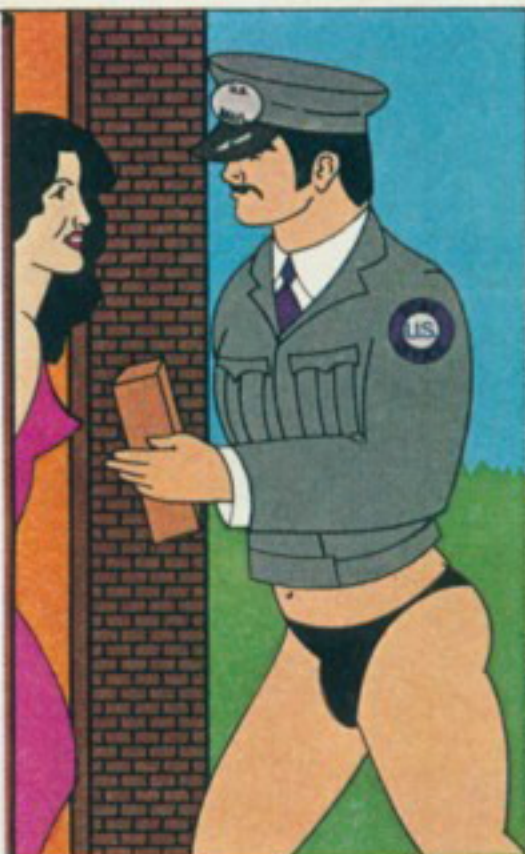
CATALOGING THE CATALOGS

To keep you abreast of the most unusual goodies your mail-order money can buy, Maria Elena de La Iglesia, who wrote *The Catalogue of Catalogues*, is now offering the *Catalogue of Catalogues* newsletter, published five times annually for \$10 sent to the newsletter at 250 West 94th Street, New York City 10025. A recent issue lists sources for Tyrolean leatherwear, gourmet chocolates, plus an English firm that's "whip and glove makers to the queen."



BRIEFLY SPEAKING

There's the Book-of-the-Month Club and the Fruit of the Month Club; now comes the Brief of the Month Club—an unusual merchandising idea that allows you to select a different sexy bikini-style brief each month for only \$6.50 per pair sent to Centurian, P.O. Box 137(R), Holbrook, New York 11741. (A brochure of styles is \$1.) Or you can take potluck and have Centurian send you a different style each month (small, medium or large) as an undie surprise. Yes, girls, there's a ladies' club, too, so sign up if your skivvies are looking a bit ratty.



ALICE MALICE

California artist Julie Inman paints what she likes—and judging from her latest creation, *Malice in Wonderland*, what she likes is the stuff that nasty children's dreams are made of. If you'd like to hang this 16" x 22" print in your little girl's room, send \$17 to Miss Inman at 1278 Glenneyre, Suite #1, Laguna Beach, California 92651. (A signed and numbered limited-edition print costs \$62.) Who knows? Someday your daughter may grow up to be Squeaky Fromme.

DUFFER'S REEL DEAL

Not every executive has a secretary willing to go after his balls (golf balls, you feelfthy-minded duffer) that he traditionally puts about the office on days when he's too lazy to head for the links. That's when a Lay-Z-Putter comes in handy—and even though it looks like it was created by Rip Taylor or Spike Jones, this curious gadget with a Repco fishing reel attached really does putt straight with no line drag. The price is \$36.95, postpaid, sent to Lay-Z-Putter, 13823 Clifton Boulevard, Lakewood, Ohio 44107. Remember, you never have to tip the caddie.



SILHOUETTES, SILHOUETTES....

By Nicole Gregory

You may know their first movies, their latest divorces, their favorite foods and if they like to sleep in the nude. You may secretly have fallen in love with any one of these lovely ladies many times over. But how attentive an admirer are you really? You may know the outlines of their legendary lives, but can you identify the outlines of their legendary bodies?



ILLUSTRATION BY SEYMOUR FLEISHMAN

Answers to puzzle on page 281.

1. Goldie Hawn

2. Bo Derek

3. Barbra Streisand

4. Dolly Parton

5. Brooke Shields

6. Raquel Welch

7. Bette Midler

8. Jane Fonda

9. Brigitte Bardot

10. Ann-Margret

11. Liza Minnelli

12. Sophia Loren

13. Marilyn Monroe

14. Mae West



RETURN OF THE TWO-SEATER

In 1964, Ford introduced the Mustang, a four-seat sporty car based on the compact Falcon, and created a whole new class of automobile: the affordable "personal" car. It was aimed straight at the sizable mass of war babies who had just entered college or the labor force, or were about to. Expected to be a mild success, it shook the industry by setting a new first-year sales record of nearly 420,000 units and helped establish an exciting new image for its maker.

Seventeen years later, Ford's done it again. The new EXP and Mercury LN7 are two-seat hatchbacks based on the front-drive Escort and, like the original Mustang, they pioneer a brand-new market category. Somewhere between the traditional sports car and the sporty coupe, they are America's first small, fuel-efficient, two-passenger personal cars. (For short hauls, a tiny optional jump seat will be available in the fall.) Also like the Mustang, they may be more successful than anyone expects and should contribute toward another much-needed boost for Ford.

Why two-seaters? Because Ford has data banks full of research showing that a surprisingly large portion of the population should be ready and eager for them. Lifestyles have changed dramatically in recent years and, with them, the needs and desires of the country's car buyers. Those war babies have moved through the population curve. Now in their 30s, many are single and most of the marrieds have no more than two children, if any.

Although the two cars are internally identical, there are distinguishing styling differences: the grilles—twin mailbox

slots on the Ford, two rows of five rectangular holes on the Mercury—and the rear-hatch shapes, for example. Under their sleek, aerodynamic bodies, the EXP and the LN7 are mechanically much like the car from which they're derived, but with some important differences. Their fully independent suspensions are lower and a bit more taut for improved cornering and agility, their final-drive gearing is weighted more toward performance (at the cost of a couple of mpg) and their driving personalities overall are adjusted several notches up the fun scale compared with the 30-mpg Escort.

This sporty feeling is carried into the roomy (for two) and well-appointed cockpit. There's a big, round tach symmetrical to the matching speedometer, auxiliary gauges in the console and standard equipment (as planned) ranging from functional (power front disc brakes, reclining bucket seats, rear-window defroster) to frills (digital clock, deluxe sound package, electric lift-gate release). Ford's fuel-saving Escort automatic transmission, Michelin TRX tires and wheels with specially tuned suspension, leather trim and a host of other extras occupy the options list.

The only significant character flaw is the lack of a nice, close-ratio five-speed transmission to replace the very non-sporting, economy-g geared standard four-speed. Otherwise, the 1.6-liter hemi engine pulls willingly, the suspension sticks rubber to road with a vengeance and the whole EXP/LN7 experience is more fun than a barrel of tax refunds. And since these two little cuties are base-priced about \$7000 each, not including a long list of optional goodies, how can you go wrong? —GARY WITZENBURG



FoMoCo rides again with a brace of new young-at-heart two-seaters that were born to stretch their muscles on winding roads and win the hearts of foot-loose lovelies hankering to hit the trail with anyone wise enough to invest about seven grand in such a keen little car. Under the Ford EXP's (left) and the Mercury LN7's (right) skin is a front-drive Escort-Lynx platform—and although the LN7's bubbleback body style gives it an edge in drag coefficient over the EXP's notchback shape, both have the best aerodynamic ratings of any standard-equipped American car on the market. Add to that four-wheel independent suspension and a four-speed box (with overdrive) or optional automatic coupled with a 1.6-liter hemi engine, and you've got a fun little package that's a ball to drive—and drive—as the anticipated EPA is about 28 mpg in the city.





Have Laser, Will Travel

Outland, a feature film due momentarily from The Ladd Company/Warner Bros., is sort of a far-out—spaced out, in fact—Western. Sean Connery plays the white-hat character, a Federal marshal who, the producers tell us, “has seen service on just about every frontier hellhole in habitable space.” His latest assignment is to uncover corruption on Io, the second moon of the planet Jupiter, which is a mining outpost of the giant Consolidated-Amalgamated Corporation. Con-Am’s general manager on Io is a fellow named Sheppard, played by Peter Boyle, who turns out to be a low-down varmint. What distinguishes *Outland* from *High Noon*, *Gunsmoke* and other classics of the genre is, of course, its futuristic setting, brought to life with spectacular—and sexy—visual effects.

After arriving on Io, Marshal O’Niel (Sean Connery, above) soon discovers that the space outpost’s corrupt mine manager (Peter Boyle) keeps his workers’ noses to the grindstone by providing them with an illicit drug and turning them loose to enjoy no-holds-barred entertainment (including nude dancers) like that shown on these pages. Work ‘em hard, let ‘em play hard, is the boss’s theory. Trouble is, O’Niel learns, the drug eventually leads to episodes of suicidal and homicidal mania.



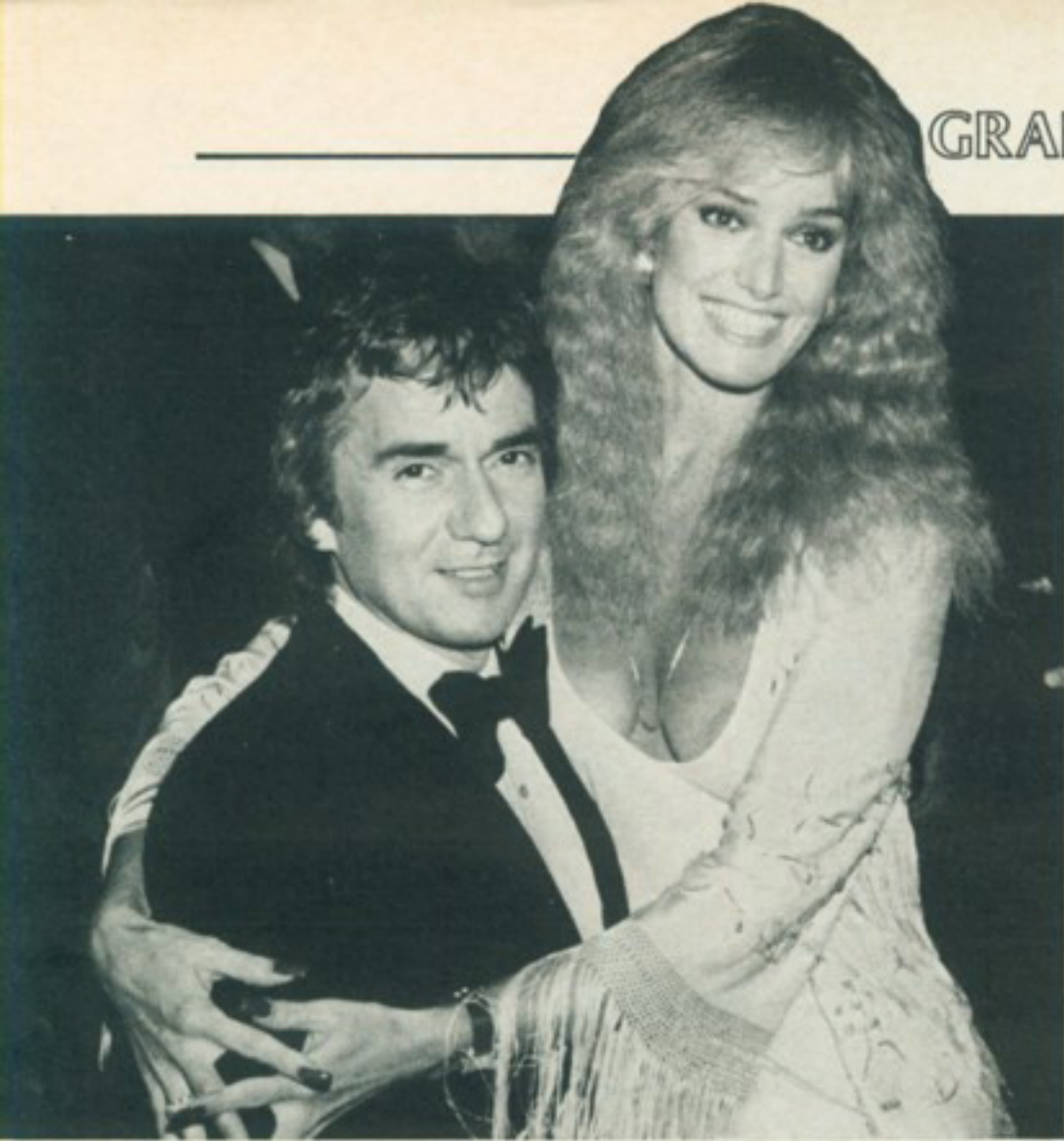


Like his cinematic ancestors in countless oaters, Connery (below) is superstraight. Having seen enough of the high-jinks on *Io*, he arms himself for the inevitable confrontation with a pair of gunslingers. See the rest at a theater near you.



PRINCIPAL PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY





© 1981 RON GALELLA

Moore or Less

Actor DUDLEY MOORE bumped into a couple of terrific fives and singer SUSAN ANTON has been his steady date ever since. There are pluses in being short, obviously. Moore can keep a close watch on how things develop.

Is There a Doctor in the House?

WAYNE ROGERS is probably the only doctor in America still making house calls—if only on TV. This house is getting its pulse checked. OK, OK, when was the last time you found *your* doctor funny?



© 1981 BETTY BURKE GALELLA



Break Through

IF ELLEN SHIPLEY is the future of New Wave music, we'll go along for the ride. She's got class and we like her tailor.

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© 1981 RUSSELL C. TURIAK

Barbi Hangs Out with God

We know the story, right? On the seventh day, God rested. We had *no* idea He also went to cocktail parties or posed for photos. But here's the proof: GEORGE BURNS explaining original sin to BARBI BENTON. That's *Oh God! Book III*.

© 1981 LYNN GOLDSMITH/LGI PROPS BY POPEYE

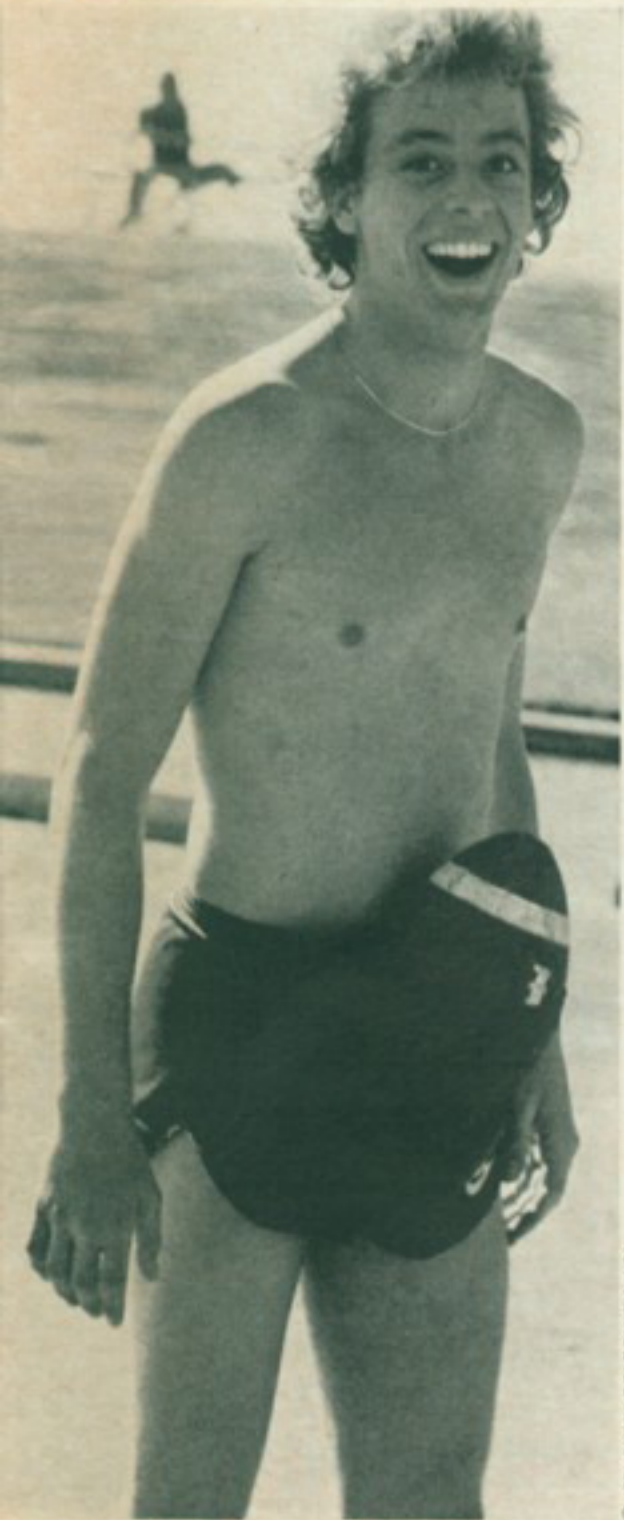


High Tea

If you've ever wondered what kind of treatment rock stars get in high-class motels across the country, here's the dope—actually, three dopes. We didn't get invited to this after-concert party and we're not sorry. We would have called the police, but these are THE POLICE. *Bon appétit, boys!*

Holding Penalty

LEIF GARRETT's new movie, *Longshot*, is about big-time European soccer, but it looks to us like the kid's got his balls mixed up. Besides, in soccer you use your head.



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© 1981 A. ACE BURGESS/ACE'S ANGELS

Stacked in Her Favor

JUDY LANDERS makes this job easy. Her nickname on TV's *BJ and the Bear* is Stacks—and she is. Which leads us right to celebrity breast of the month—and she is. Thanks, Judy.



NEXT MONTH:



JAYNE KENNEDY



UNDERCOVER ANGEL



BEN OSCZHIO



BROOKS'S FLICK

"BEYOND THE PILL: BIRTH CONTROL IN THE EIGHTIES"—A GENERATION AGO, IT WAS A MAN'S RESPONSIBILITY (A CONDOM IN EVERY WALLET). THEN IT WAS THE WOMAN'S (A PILL DISPENSER IN EVERY NIGHTSTAND). NOW IT'S SOMETHING TO BE SHARED—BY **DAVID BLACK**

"THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, PART I"—AN ILLUSTRATED PEEK AT FUNNYMAN **MEL BROOKS'S** LATEST MOTION-PICTURE COMEDY, WHICH MIGHT WELL BE SUBTITLED "THE DECLINE AND PRATFALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE," STARRING BROOKS, **MADE-LINE KAHN, HUGH HEFNER** AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS, INCLUDING A PRIDE OF PLAYMATES

"BEN OSCZHIO"—IN A NEW AND RIBALD TWIST ON THE OLD WHAT-GROWS-WHEN-YOU-TELL-A-LIE TALE, OUR HERO FINDS HIMSELF HAPPILY WALLOWING IN FAT CITY. A HUMOROUS STORY BY **WALTER LOWE, JR.**

ROBERT GARWOOD, THE ONLY U.S. SERVICEMAN CONVICTED OF COLLABORATION WITH THE NORTH VIETNAMESE, GIVES FOR THE FIRST TIME ANYWHERE HIS VERSION OF WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE IMPRISONED FOR NEARLY 14 YEARS, WHETHER OR NOT HE WAS BRAINWASHED AND HOW HE FEELS ABOUT HIS RECENT COURT-MARTIAL IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"UNPLAIN JAYNE"—A LOVING LOOK AT **JAYNE KENNEDY**, YOUR FORMER FAVORITE ON *NFL TODAY*, NOW STARRING WITH HER HUSBAND, **LEON ISAAC KENNEDY**, IN A REMAKE OF THE JOHN GARFIELD CLASSIC *BODY AND SOUL*

"UNDERCOVER ANGEL"—DAN BLACK WAS A MODEL COP UNTIL HE BECAME A NARC AND INFILTRATED THE HELL'S ANGELS GANG. THEN ALL HELL, LITERALLY, BROKE LOOSE. A POIGNANT TRUE STORY—BY **LAWRENCE LINDERMAN**

"PITCHERS"—SO YOU'VE GOT STAMINA AND A GOOD ARM. WILL THEY EARN YOU BASEBALL SUCCESS? OUR AUTHOR, ONCE A MINOR-LEAGUE MOUNDSMAN, SEEKS ANSWERS FROM THE LIKES OF **TOM SEAVER** AND **STEVE STONE**—BY **PAT JORDAN**