

# PLAYBOY



ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

JANUARY 1982 • \$3.00

**WOMEN OF  
THE SOAPS:  
TV'S STEAMIEST  
FEMMES IN  
AN EXCLUSIVE  
PLAYBOY  
PICTORIAL**

**JOHN DEREK'S  
PERFECT "30":  
URSULA,  
LINDA AND BO**

**GEORGE CARLIN  
INTERVIEW**

**PLUS: JULES  
FEIFFER ON REAGAN  
STEPHEN KING ON  
ROCK 'N' ROLL  
PHILIP CAPUTO  
JOHN UPDIKE  
RICHARD PRICE  
JOHN MATUSZAK  
PLAYMATE REVIEW**

**AND PART ONE  
OF A MAJOR  
NEW SERIES  
ON MEN,  
WOMEN AND  
SEX IN THE  
EIGHTIES**

*Holiday  
Anniversary  
Issue*

# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



## BEATING A PATH TO HEF'S DOOR

PATH (Performing Arts Theater of the Handicapped) held a star-studded cocktail party at Playboy Mansion West to honor actor Tom Bosley with its 1981 Humanitarian award. Below, Hugh Hefner plays host to PATH fund-raising chairman (and Bosley's wife) Patricia Carr-Bosley, producer Garry Marshall.



The quartet above sure has star quality. Entertaining at PATH's gathering are trombonist Conrad Janis and banjoist George Segal of the Beverly Hills Unlisted Jazz Band, joined by guest vocalists Tom Bosley and Scatman Crothers.



## TOP SOAP DIRECTOR

Former New York and Jamaica Bunny (left) Marlena Laird, in the photos above, accepts her 1981 Emmy as director of *General Hospital*. Marlena, first female director at Paramount, also snared the 1981 California Governor's Media Award for *The Baxters*.

## HELLO, GET ME REWRITE

And who, disguised as a mild-mannered reporter for a Philadelphia news service, is this? It's Rita Jenrette, sometimes known for her uncoverage in *PLAYBOY*, filing coverage of the Miss America Pageant from Atlantic City.







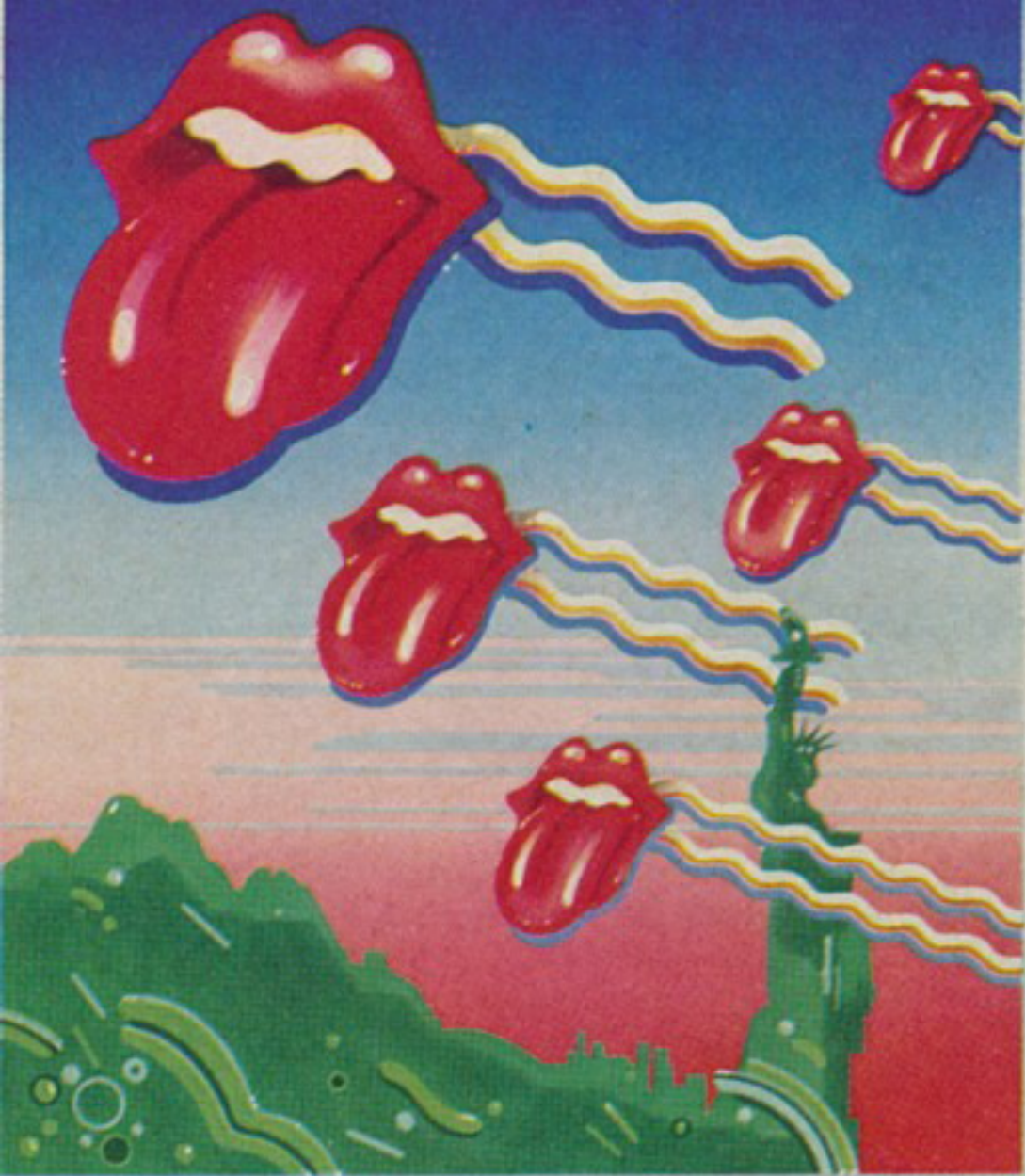


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THE ROLLING STONES AMERICAN TOUR

video's virtuous and villainous star in our bubbling bath  
of soap-opera sirens

# The Bad and the Beautiful

**RIDDLE OF THE MONTH:** What's unbelievably popular, largely misunderstood, followed religiously by millions and full of offbeat ideas about sex?

No, it's not the Pope. It's the soap. Once looked upon as mere filler—video Hamburger Helper—soap operas now boast that they're TV's most popular genre. Soaps make millions, shoot in locations from Natchez to Nassau and have fans so loyal they make collies look like traitors.

Why the turnabout? The soaps have rushed from kitchen to bedroom. Sex sells soap, and these days the only turndowns in daytime drama are of bed sheets. Now the brightest daytime stars are the ladies who survive the heroines' fixes and play the villainous vixens. The best of those bubble right here in our pictures.

They're young and restless, and all Ryan ever hoped for. Some are nurses with just one life to live, but they're generally hospitable to the doctors. You'll never see them all together, even by twirling your antenna, except in this, *PLAYBOY's* special episode of *As the Rabbit Head Turns*.

Most people have no idea how big the soap bubble really is. Fifteen million fans check into *General Hospital* every

day. There are magazines devoted to excavating the plots of all the soaps, and bars in big cities used to screen video tapes of *General Hospital* after dark until network lawyers objected. If you're a devotee, you're excused for missing a show only if your daughter has just borne a child by either a Trappist monk or a Doberman pinscher, or if you find that your husband is (A) a transvestite, (B) a mass murderer, (C) actually your sister or (D) all of the above and a Trappist monk or a Doberman pinscher to boot. Even Harvard recently hosted a soap-opera weekend.

Still, some soap scrutinizers think there's too much love in the afternoon. Studies published by the University of Pennsylvania show the soaps have more sex than any other kind of network TV and that it's not all squeaky clean: Only six percent of it is between people married to each other; 49 percent is between unwed lovers. Sex between *total strangers* happens almost *five times* as much as marital sex.

That seems to bother some of the researchers. Maybe nobody told them sex on TV sells, more sex sells more. If the women on these eight pages typify what the soaps are selling, then we're buying.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



Robin G. Eisenman (right and, above, with pop idol Rick Springfield) checked into *General Hospital* to be put in a cast. A blonde beauty, Robin plays Stacy Rawlins. She describes Stacy as "that new bitch" in *G.H.*, now the hottest medicine show of all.

Three chirps for Lisa Loring (above and right), "Cricket" Montgomery on *As the World Turns*. Those with bats in their belfries may recall Lisa as Wednesday on *The Addams Family*. She left that show in the lurch, and now she says the soap's the thing.









Above: If you're *General Hospitalized*, these faces and forms from the screen are as familiar as the face in the mirror. They're Jacklyn Zeman (left), as top nurse Bobbie Spencer, Genie Francis (center, the center of Anthony Geary's attentions), as teen angel Laura Baldwin, and Robin Mattson (right), who plays the murderous Heather Webber. This talented trio keeps the show's male emoters running all week long.



Jackie, spectacularly draped at left, isn't just window dressing at *General Hospital*. She has turned her plum role as the *Hospital's* head nurse from the rottenest of apples to the peachiest person in town in two years. We're proud to report that Jackie used to be a Bunny in our Big Apple Playboy Club—a role she played with unimpeachable aplomb. Genie (above), only 19, is the roughest thing in soaps since *Lava*. Her Laura character has committed a murder, been married and divorced and gotten raped in a disco. Well, nobody ever said adolescence was easy. Robin Mattson, undressed to kill at right, used to be on *The Guiding Light*. She moved over to *G.H.* last year, and now plays Heather Webber. As the mad, spidery Webber, Robin gets to kill people Genie's character missed.



# THE DOCTORS

Kim Zimmer simmers (above and below); as Nola Aldrich, she's just what *The Doctors* ordered. Laura Malone (right) has come a fur piece from college drama in the Pacific Northwest. Now she brings some extra terrestrial beauty to the guys on *Another World*.





That's Laura Malone again at left, designing a new deleterious deed as *Another World's* Blaine Frame Ewing. Blaine is the calculating, catty kind you count on to purr and then pounce. But Laura is simply the cat's meow. Kristen Meadows (below) is cuddly as can be playing Mimi King. Mimi is the vulnerable sex kitten of *One Life to Live* (she must've lost the eight other lives by being so vulnerable). Kristen bent over forward to be in our pictorial, and we think it was a lovely gesture.





With ladies like Roberta Leighton (left) around, it's no wonder that all those young actors are getting restless. Roberta played Dr. Casey Reed on *The Young and the Restless* for the past three years, but she's now moved on to nonsoap emoting. That has left millions of prescriptions and *Young/Restless* fans' fantasies unfulfilled. Roberta (smiling onscreen immediately below) left the youthful and fidgety family last year. Now many other cast members sigh sadly that they never get to play doctor with her anymore.



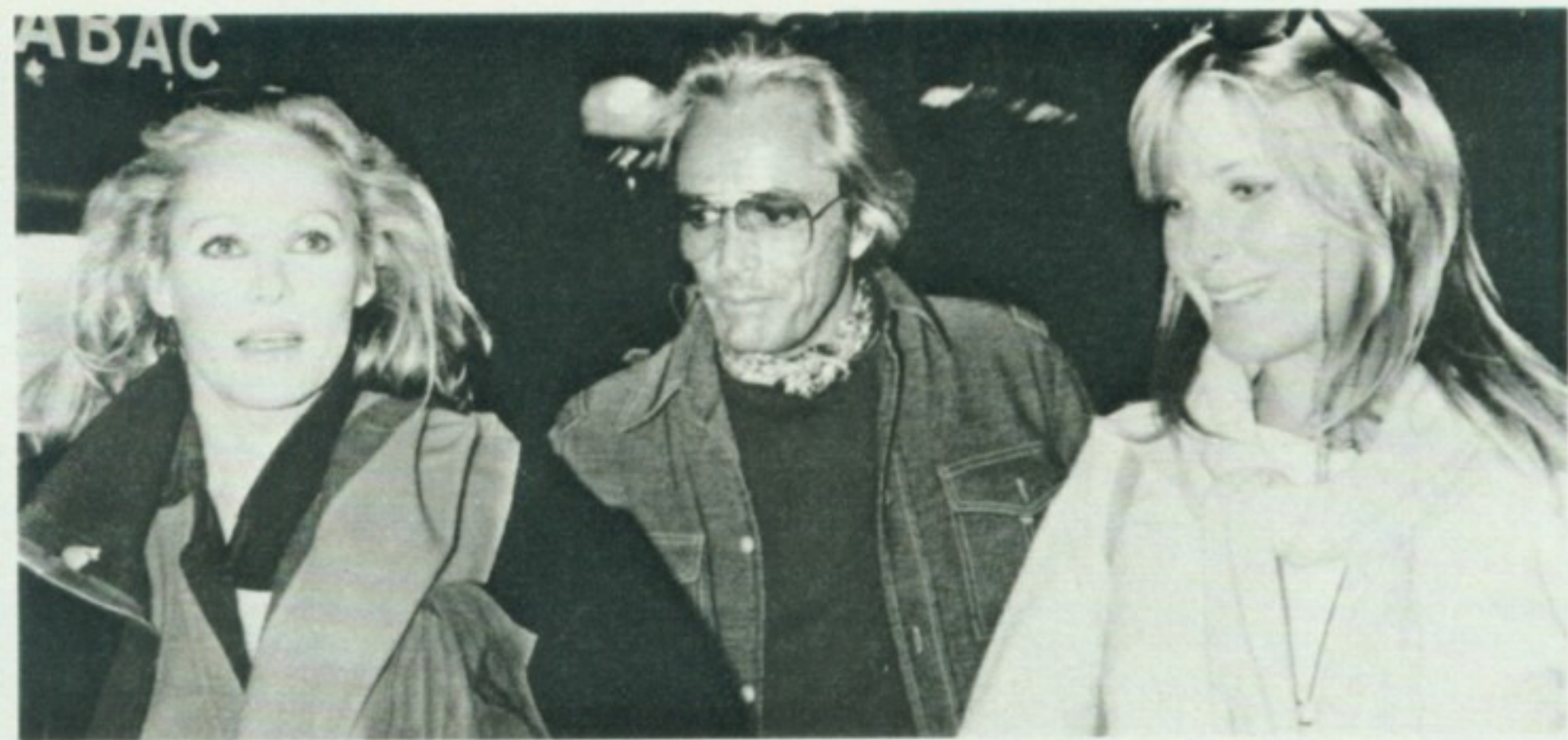
The final installment in our soap saga is a parting shot from Jaime Lyn Bauer (right). She keeps fans tuning in *The Young and the Restless* with her portrayal of video's most vivid vamp, the vital, inviting Lorie Prentiss. Lorie's a probable winner in the soapbox derby for "Most Frequently Furrowed, Ruttled, Sown and Planted Woman Since Mother Earth." That's she immediately above, in a somewhat unaccustomed upright position. Jaime Lyn doesn't object to being queen of daytime TV's horizontal hold—Lorie Prentiss has made her one of the most prominent stars in the soap-opera firmament—but she'd really like more moral fiber and less snap-crackle-pop in her serial. She says she would prefer to play scenes in which "I'm not on my back in somebody's bedroom." But that just raises another question: Are even the soaps ready for Jaime Lyn on her back in the kitchen?





marriage is a wonderful institution. ask john derek

# THE GENTLEMAN PREFERS BLONDES



Opposite page, from the top, is a troika of heart stoppers who have shared John Derek's bed and board. They are, of course, Ursula Andress, Linda Evans and Bo Derek. Their striking physical resemblance to one another has not been overlooked by fans, who insist their eyes and their rib cages are identical. Above, Ursula, John and Bo together on a shopping trip à trois in Paris. Yes, Ursula and Bo get along quite well, thank you.

**J**OHN DEREK has the enviable habit of marrying the world's most beautiful women and then taunting the rest of us with wonderful pictures of them. It seems to be his life's work. He didn't start out that way. Born Derek Harris to Hollywood director Lawson Harris and actress Dolores Johnson, it seemed natural that he should become an actor. His boyish good looks condemned him to pretty-boy romantic leads (*All the King's Men*, *Prince of Players*); later he appeared in *The Ten Commandments* and *Exodus*. Acting bored him, though, and he chose to become a photographer. He had married the French actress Patti Behrs and fathered two children with her, son Russell (now 29) and daughter Sean (25). That marriage ended in divorce in 1955. A few years later, he met Ursula Andress. She spoke only a few words of English—Derek's only language—but the difficulty with verbal communication wasn't enough to squash the affection

Derek's good looks led him into some entertaining situations (below). At left, he played opposite Humphrey Bogart in *Knock on Any Door*. But his career in films also included a few costume epics: At right, he gets into some serious acting as an heir of the Errol Flynn–Douglas Fairbanks tradition in *Rogues of Sherwood Forest*.







that was building between them. He made her his project—changing her hair, changing her eyebrows, encouraging her to lose weight and, in the process, marrying her. Film critics who saw her in *Dr. No* and *She* were appreciative: “The most awesome piece of natural Swiss architecture since the Alps,” one remarked. John and Ursula went their separate ways in 1965; Ursula became linked with Jean-Paul Belmondo, Ryan O’Neal and others—most recently, Harry (*Clash of the Titans*) Hamlin, by whom she has a son. John didn’t stay home and twiddle his thumbs, either. He met

This 1958 photo shows John Derek with a brown-haired Ursula Andress. To a *PLAYBOY* staffer, she confessed, “I never wanted to be a film star.” After a five-year cinematic exile, Andress finally chose a role—that of the bikini-clad beauty in *Dr. No*—and film history changed forever. How many Bond women have had that impact?



"She is a creature of classic grace and sensual allure, the quintessence of all that is female." So began the text of **PLAYBOY**'s first pictorial on Ursula Andress, photographed by guess who? The photo above ran in June 1965. Superlative.



Derek and Andress collaborated on an unprecedented three pictorials for **PLAYBOY**. The second (opposite page) ran in July 1966; the third (above and below), in November 1973. These photos are substantial proof that some beauty is ageless.





and married Linda Evans, whom we first saw on the television hoss opera *The Big Valley*. John starred her in his own movie, *Wildflowers*. She now drives John Forsythe and Bo Hopkins, as well as several million TV viewers, to distraction in *Dynasty*. While she and John were together filming a low-budget movie on the Greek island of Mykonos, John found himself getting more and more involved with the film's 16-year-old co-star, Mary Cathleen Collins, who used the stage name Bo Shane. When Linda left Greece, John and Bo started living together. The situation was not easy for Linda, and she divorced John, who then, in 1977, married

Even other photographers recognized the quality of John Derek's choice of ladies. The shot at left shows John and Linda Evans arriving at the 1968 Emmy Awards. When Derek photographed his Linda for a July 1971 pictorial, he described her in glowing terms: "Before a camera, Linda is absolutely natural and uninhibited—with or without clothing. So often a woman tries to act seductive during a nude shooting. That's never the result with Linda."



Linda Evans had already played roles in television when she turned her talents to film. Cast as the lead in the Derek film *Wildflowers*, she played a young woman who has an incestuous relationship with her brother. *PLAYBOY* ran some of these shots in 1971. Sweet sibling revelry.





Bo. But eventually, all became friends: For example, on John's 53rd birthday, Ursula, Linda and Bo all showed up wearing T-shirts with John's picture on the back.

John and Bo are currently researching locations in Europe for their new movie projects, *Pirate Annie* and *Adam and Eve*. A lot of men have difficulty keeping one beautiful woman happy; it is astonishing that John is able to manage his embarrassment of riches as successfully as he does—and with the entire world watching, as well. But beauty, after all, is its own reward.

The story of the year in 1980 was Bo and her relationship with John Derek. Barbara Walters asked the couple about the obvious comparison to Svengali and his protégé Trilby. The Dereks responded by naming their film company Svengali Productions.





"Both reviewers and fan-magazine celebrators agree that she is magnificent, elusive, breath-taking and more—comparable to Garbo, Harlow, Monroe, Bardot and all the great screen divinities since Gloria Swanson." Thus wrote *PLAYBOY's* film critic, Bruce Williamson, in our March 1980 *Bo* spectacular. Derek shot his wife frolicking with a greyhound named China (above and left) and in tune with herself (below).





# SOUTHERN STAR

*the dallas cowboys fumbled when  
they cut kim mc arthur—  
their miss is our miss january*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ARNY FREYTAG

**K**IMBERLY MCARTHUR answered the phone in her hotel room at a ridiculously early hour. Before we could ask if she had time for an interview, she was off and running. "Hey," she said, "have you read Woody Allen's *Side Effects*? You have? Well, do you remember this part?" She proceeded to read, in a delightful Southern drawl, a section about UFOs, Government investigations and

*"My grandfather came to Texas in a covered wagon when he was nine. He's a neat old guy. He'll listen, then say, 'Things weren't that way when I was a boy.' Wait till he sees this!"*







*"There were something like 1500 girls trying out for the squad. Eventually, the judges narrowed it down to 50 finalists. I've been trying out for drama competitions all my life, so I was only a little nervous." The cover photo of the Dallas Cowboys Weekly (top) shows a compassionate Kimberly comforting another finalist in the try-outs for the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders. Kim says her prayers (above).*



the notion of traveling at 186,282 miles per second. "It says here your hat would blow off. Which reminds me. You know there is a skill to putting on a cowboy hat. The main trick is to pull it over your ears without getting your thumbs stuck." Such was our introduction to Miss January. She had just flown into Chicago from her current home in Dallas. She was playful, teasing. She suggested that we conduct an interview while walking along the shore of Lake Michigan. "I love long walks along the beach. Or, for that matter, short walks around the bathtub. What would you like to know about me? I tried out for the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders. I didn't make it. Why? I didn't kick high enough. The girls who did make it had kicks that looked like

*At left, Kimberly sports a souvenir of the tryout—a DALLAS COWBOYS CHEERLEADERS FINALIST T-shirt. "That T-shirt means a lot to me. It was the first time I had ever gone up against the world. Even if I didn't win, it gave me a lot of confidence. If it weren't for that experience, I probably would never have tried out for PLAYBOY. It's not a question of vanity. I don't want you to get the idea that, 'Hey, I'm a Playmate. I don't touch the ground.' I'm just testing myself. Guys do it all the time."*



exclamation points. An average day? Well, I wake up in the morning, turn on the TV and exercise along with Richard Simmons, the weight saint. I practice my kick. I play with my cat. We do cart wheels on the carpet. I go to work at a video-game company. I go home. I cook. I fall asleep listening to Barbra Streisand records through the head-

*"Are Playmates perfect? I wish. I once ordered dinner in The Palm in Chicago's Mayfair Regent, then found I couldn't charge it to my room. I said if they trusted me, I'd make them famous." Here they are (right), now famous.*





phones. I listen through only one ear—I try to sing along and match her modulation. One of these days, I'd like to sing like that." The interview moved into serious topics, Kim's childhood (she had to drop out of high school in her home town of Fort Worth to help earn money for her family) and her career: She wants to be an entertainer. "It's

*"But there are moments of perfection. I live for them. Buying fried chicken and eating it under the stars in the middle of a football field. Lying in front of a fire, roasting marshmallows. If you can't tell, I'm a hopeless romantic."*





something I've been doing all my life. If someone I know is really down, I'll launch into a brogue, do a whole skit. You should see me do a five-minute version of *The Wizard of Oz*. I play all the parts." She then proceeded to demonstrate. Several passers-by stopped to appreciate the impromptu performance. "They're probably wondering how long I've been out," Kim laughed. The word for her behavior is irrepressible. "What would your readers like to know about me? This could get very complicated, you know. How does this sound? 'Kim likes the simple things in life: mink underwear. Large sapphires.'" It turns out that she does like the simple things in life. "I like the signals given at dinner. The knowing laugh. Where, just for a moment, you and the person you love step outside the crowd and share something private. I like Fort Worth. There's a place called the Lone Star Chili Parlor, out by the reservoir. You walk out back and it's like being transported to Paris or Venice. I like having dinner with friends, having the evening end with hugs, knowing you've shared something special." We end the walk knowing that we have shared something very special—a few minutes in the life of a very likable lady. A Southern star.



*"I learned to ride horses when I was seven or eight. My sister tossed me up on the back of a mare, told me to grab the mane and slapped the horse on the rump. The horse started galloping around the house, with me hanging on for dear life. My first day racing miniature Formula 1 cars (above) was sort of the same. I just floored it and tore around—and off—the track." Go for it.*



*Talk about job satisfaction: Kimberly works for a company that deals in video games. A good day at the office means cleaning up at Armor Attack. "Ever looked inside one of those machines?" Kimberly asks. "It's amazing: Those little bits of wire can outwit and destroy you."*





MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kimberly McArthur

BUST: 37 WAIST: 22 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'3" WEIGHT: 101 SIGN: Virgo

BIRTH DATE: 9/16/62 BIRTHPLACE: Ft. Worth, Texas

TURN-ONS: My man, autumn, antique clothes, stormy nights, satin sheets and my cooking.

TURN-OFFS: cynical people, having to rush, soap operas, raw oysters and being told "no."

IDEAL MAN: Mature, confident, witty, intelligent, good sense of humor, loving and knows how to please me.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Arthur, Chapter Two and Honeyuckle Rose.

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Barbra Streisand, Dudley Moore, Gordon Lightfoot, Steely Dan and Ray Price

FAVORITE SPORTS: Thoroughbred racing, racquetball

FAVORITE AUTHORS: Just Menegut, Jr., Woody Allen, Ice-cream, Ayn Rand and George Orwell

SECRET DREAM: To achieve effortless perfection

IDEAL EVENING: A quiet evening for two, ending with wine and a fireplace, then we wait for the sunrise....



3 yrs.  
sitting on Santa's  
knee.



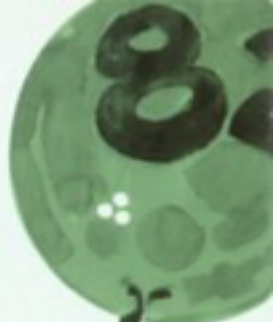
10 yrs.  
I'm going to be a star!



16 yrs.  
Which way to  
D.A.?



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES



Definitely, there's something to be said for marrying a girl with a serious smoking problem," stated the antitobacco crusader. "By limiting my recent bride's indulgence to a cigarette after we've made love, I feel I've achieved real progress."

"How much progress?" he was asked.

"This much progress," he smiled. "I've got her down to about a pack a week!"

Besides, madam, I can arrange easy credit terms," pushed the door-to-door major-appliance salesman as he covertly eyed the luscious young housewife.

"How easy?"

"Nothing down but your panties!"

Said a Spanish Main pirate named Tate:

*"There are eight señoritas I date;*

*And I'm having a ball,*

*Since I'm banging them all—*

*Tearing off all those pieces of eight!"*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alcoholic* as a man who goes into a topless bar just for a drink.

It's really amazing," the girl told her wealthy middle-aged lover as she tenderly played with him. "You have a handsome head of gray hair, and yet there isn't a touch of gray in your pubic bush."

"Why should there be?" the energetic self-made tycoon responded. "That cock of mine has never had a worry in its life."

The newest card game in San Francisco these days is something called pansy poker. Queens are wild and straights don't count.

Just when an audio buff had heated up the foreplay by playing music for his pickup date, he began to be uncomfortably aware of extraneous noises from his loud-speakers. Disentangling himself, he muttered, "I'll have the Dolby on in a flash."

"There's really no need for that," murmured the girl, "because I'm on the pill."

Tell me, Tom," inquired his buddy over drinks, "have you had any success with the water bed you told me you'd bought in a last, desperate attempt to coax some reciprocal sex movements out of your wife?"

"You can judge from the way I've come to refer to it," said Tom.

"What do you call it?"

"The Dead Sea."



I suppose I'm lucky that my girl thinks my hearing is impaired."

"Whatever does that mean?"

"She wears jeans so tight that I can practically read her lips!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *penis envy* as the feeling a teenager experiences in the parking lot when he stumbles on someone else screwing the junior-prom queen.

While attending an ecumenical convention, a priest and a rabbi decided to do some sight-seeing in nonclerical garb. Having developed a thirst, they entered a pub that turned out to be decorated in mauve and hot pink and to have fresh flowers on the tables; and while they were sipping their beers, a beautiful young man floated over and asked the Catholic clergyman if he'd care to dance. Embarrassed and upset, the latter roughly shoved the interloper away, which caused the Muscle Beach-type bartender to advance threateningly on the table. He was intercepted by the rabbi, however, and after listening briefly to an explanation, he smiled and waved and returned to the bar. "Whatever did you say to that bullyboy, Aaron?" inquired the relieved priest.

"Not very much, Brendan," replied the rabbi, "just that we were on our honeymoon."

A roguish young cocksman named Hogue  
Claimed screwing repeats were in vogue;

So although she cried, "No!"

Not another—just go!"

He insisted on one for the rogue.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *siliconed* *mammaries* as a big drug bust.

I've spent enough on you to buy a battleship!" the admiral said to his mistress during a tiff.

"And you've spent enough in me to float one!" she retorted.

You may possibly have heard about the phenomenally hung young porno performer whose rise is starring.

A sex therapist was discussing masturbation as a possible temporary therapeutic practice with a dysfunctional male patient. "But I already derive manual pleasure from my own organ, doctor," the man countered. "I frequently grasp my penis and hold it firmly. It's a habit with me."

"In that case," the therapist continued, "it's a habit you'll have to shake."

I could understand your falling asleep on the job," railed the madam, "but falling asleep on a blow job . . .!"

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.



*"They're just playing on your sentiment—go ahead and shoot the damn thing down!"*

# THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By TOM KOCH**

A million cheered for Di and Charles.  
The turnout was convincing.  
It proved the biggest thing he's done  
Since first he took up prancing.



When Begin's bombs struck Lebanon,  
The White House gave advice:  
Rambunctious boys who want new toys  
Must practice playing nice.

Dave Stockman led a bachelor's life.  
The bright young White House staffer  
Found women's curves were far too tame  
Once he'd seen those of Laffer.



Jean Harris launched a weight-gain plan.  
She couldn't help but try it.  
In stir, one simply can't maintain  
A rigid Scarsdale diet.



Enquirer scribes implied Burnett  
Drank more than just a dab.  
It cost their boss 800 grand  
When he picked up her tab.

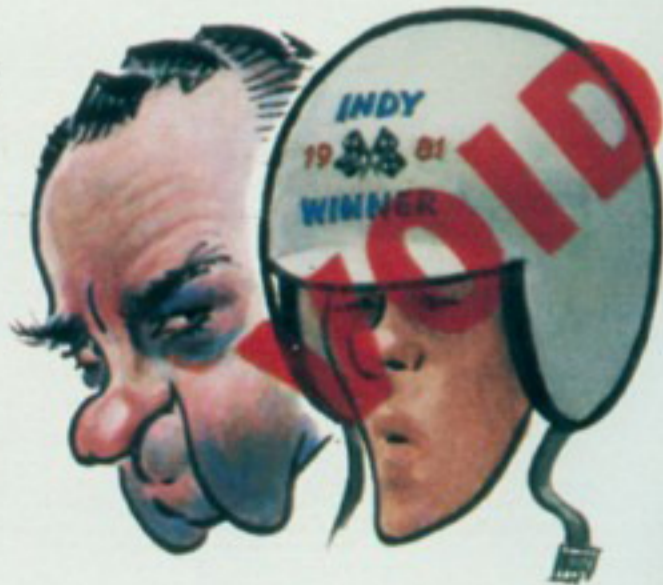
The baseball season proved to be  
A special kind of thriller  
For those who cottoned to the sport  
Of hearing Marvin Miller.



For Congress, Paula Parkinson  
Became a new-found hobby,  
Once proving that a bedroom suite  
Can also be a lobby.

Three's Company dropped down to two.  
Its year was filled with bummers  
As wintry chills were felt throughout  
The long, hot Suzanne Somers.

A plan to save our auto biz!  
Lee Iacocca found it.  
Keep those subcompacts in Japan;  
Then build a fence around it.



Dick Nixon bought a new estate  
With tennis courts and gardens.  
It's nice to see how well he's done  
Since begging all our pardons.

The Indy mark that Unser set  
Brought him but passing pain.  
He won, then lost the silver cup,  
Then got it back again.

Election of a Teamster boss  
Created scant excitement  
They never fail to pick the one  
Who's facing an indictment.



The High Court got a lady Judge.  
We'll see what now occurs.  
Will rulings be unanimous,  
Or come marked Theirs and Hers?



Qaddafi financed terror groups  
And pledged there'd be no cuts.  
His appetite seemed boundless for  
His hard-shelled brand of nuts.

With bated breath did CBS  
New rating figures gather.  
Had viewers switched to John or Frank,  
Or would they say they'd Rather?



A beauty judge found Miss New York  
Could simply not be trusted,  
And took the step of busting her  
On grounds she wasn't busted.

Though Reagan's age was once big news,  
It's Nancy's turn of late.  
The day she reached the 60 mark,  
She said she's 58.

A former Agriculture boss  
Was proved a fiscal klutz.  
The findings of the IRS  
Knocked Earl right on his Butz.



Miss Bergman deemed her newest role  
The best she's gotten holda,  
And had no doubt a stately Swede  
Could play an olda Golda.

Jane Byrne tried living in a slum.  
She found life quite OK there  
But failed to say the best part was  
She didn't have to stay there.

Though Andy Gibb dropped out of school,  
His math technique's invincible.  
Victoria, he's found, is both  
His interest and his Principal.

Chicago's *Tribune* bought the Cubs.  
Some found that act extreme.  
The "Greatest Paper in the World"  
Now owns the world's worst team.



At NBC, those "bright new shows"  
Proved once again a sham.  
It's hoped its newest program chief  
Will give a Tinker's damn.

Ted Koppel rose to TV fame  
With speed quite superhuman.  
To think we'd trust an anchor man  
Who looks like Alfred Neuman!



# PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen

IN THE 28 YEARS since we published our first Playmate, the delightful process of finding and photographing the world's most attractive women has been much like that of bottling fine wines. There've been good years, very good years and great years. In our estimation, 1981 was a great one, for beauty and talent as well.





### *Miss July*

When we last heard from Heidi Sorenson (left), she had just joined the Playmates singing group. Since then, the group has got its act together (as The Playmates) and is preparing to take it on the road. "My life is centered on the group," says Heidi, "but whenever I can, I spend my free time at home in Vancouver with my family."

### *Miss January*

Asked about her chances to become Playmate of the Year, Karen Price (right) didn't want to think about it: "The competition is too good this year. Besides, I've had a lot of fun just being Miss January." Karen visited 25 states, appeared in two movies and started her own acrobatic act with three men. She's also studying karate.







### *Miss June*

Cathy Larmouth (above right) told us last year that she wasn't interested in becoming an actress, and apparently she meant it. "I turned down a part in a horror film," she says, "because I don't like mass-murder movies." But Cathy has visited a dozen states and now happily makes her home in June Lake in the Sierras.

### *Miss October*

British Columbia is an unheralded (until now) gold mine of female vocalists. Kelly Tough (left) joined fellow Vancouverite Heidi Sorenson as a singing Playmate and, since then, says Kelly, "Life's been very hectic. We did the George Burns special, which was aired in November, and we've been rehearsing six to eight hours a day."

### *Miss September*

As you may recall, Susan Smith (below right) is a Las Vegas lady with a mean pair of feet. When we recently called on the 5'8" karateka, she was on her way to an international kick-boxing tournament in Alaska. When she's not traveling or snapping her toes into her opponents' foreheads, she's modeling, acting and studying wrestling.





### *Miss March*

"My centerfold showed me standing beside a car, and since it came out during the car-show season," says Kymberly Herrin, "I've done a *lot* of car shows." And that's just for starters. Kym did a television commercial for Nautilus exercise equipment, and she has started her own column called "Sexercise" for *Fit*, a new women's magazine.



*Miss February*

Texan Vicki Lasseter drives a new Mazda RX-7 with license plates saying MS. FEB. "I've been killing myself having fun," she says. She took her mother to Las Vegas for a week and visited New York for the first time. When she's not on the road, she says, she's camping out at Lake Travis near Austin.



### Miss August

When she hasn't been traveling for PLAYBOY, Playmate Debbie Boostrom (above left) has been getting lots of modeling jobs, including one in which she posed for a *San Diego Magazine* cover. One nice thing about being a Playmate, says Debbie: "I've met more movie stars than I ever thought I'd meet — mostly at Hef's mansion in L.A."

### Miss May

Gina Goldberg (right) used her Playmate earnings to treat herself to a tour of Europe. She visited her grandfather in Stockholm, then took a boat to Turku, Finland, her home town. "People said I was already a star in Finland. One newspaper wrote that I was a big sexy symbol here," she says with a laugh, "and I can't let them down."

### Miss April

"PLAYBOY has opened a lot of doors for me," says Lorraine Michaels (below left). "I have a shot at a good part in a *Monday Night Movie* and I've auditioned for several TV commercials." Lorraine, who resumed acting classes last September, still lives in Redondo Beach and remains an ardent fan of the L.A. Kings hockey team.





### *Miss November*

"What I love about the U.S.," says Torontonian Shannon Tweed (left), "is that people do everything in a big way. I *like* that, because I'm a big girl." (She's nearly six feet tall.) Shannon plans to move to California, "as soon as I can sell my furniture. I'm not tied down. But I'm not saying I wouldn't like to be, as long as the rope's not too tight."

### *Miss December*

"I just did a movie for Playmate Promotions on the making of a centerfold," says Californian Patricia Farinelli (right), "and it ruined my diet." Patti, who describes herself as "well, hefty," explains, "To do the movie, we recreated not only the gatefold photo sessions but also the dinner at my mother's. Lots of pasta. Ohhh."





# PLAYMATES' PROGRESS



Heidi Sorenson and Kelly Tough work on their choreography (above) at the private L.A. studio where the Playmates singing group rehearses. "It's a pretty vigorous workout," says Heidi. "We start with a half-hour warm-up and then go through our routine again and again until it's perfect." Looks good to us, girls.

The leggy lass situated between the two clowns (above) is our Miss August, Debbie Boostrom, who was appearing on behalf of the Jerry Lewis Muscular Dystrophy Telethon in Burbank, Illinois. Debbie also traveled to Atlantic City, Dallas, Montreal and other cities; "The whole year has been great fun." Glad to give you a boost, Debbie.



Tweed's in fashion these days, as you can see above. Where's the Tweed? Wearing the coat, of course. Shannon appeared in fur ads in the August, October and November issues of *Vogue*. A furocious beauty, isn't she?



Gina Goldberg was swamped by the local press when she arrived home in Finland; and the country's largest weekly magazine, *Apu*, ran a three-page interview with her. Here, she meets with L.A. agent David Wilder.



Being a Playmate has been "real good to me," says Patti Farinelli, shown above playing her guitar. Patti visited our Chicago offices last fall, to our delight, and take it from us, she's music to the eyes.



Since last January, Karen Price has performed in two movies (*Hell Night* and *Swamp Thing*) and has done scads of promotions, including the annual Fur Rendezvous in Anchorage, Alaska (above).



Kym Herrin caught the eye of Bob Anderson, the publisher of *Runner's World*, and to Bob, Kym looked pretty fit. Naturally, he asked her to pose for his new mag (above), as well as his *Skier's World* and *Fitness and Diet*.



Vicki Lasseter dropped by to wish Rick Springfield a happy 32nd (above). She and Rick, recording artist and a star of television's *General Hospital*, are "just friends." (It was Rick's birthday, but Vicki took the cake.)



Cathy Larmouth works at the Frontier Pack Station in June Lake, California. The station supplies horses for explorers. "I've been shoveling hot ones and horsing around," says candid Cathy.



Susan Smith divides her week among karate, modeling, acting and, the last time we talked with her, studying wrestling three hours a day (above), to prepare for a match with Andy Kaufman, which took place at the Playboy Hotel and Casino in Atlantic City.



As Miss April, lovely Lorraine Michaels has been busy making promotional appearances (above, she poses for a Red-White Toyo Valve Corporation calendar with L.A. model Kari Pejovich).



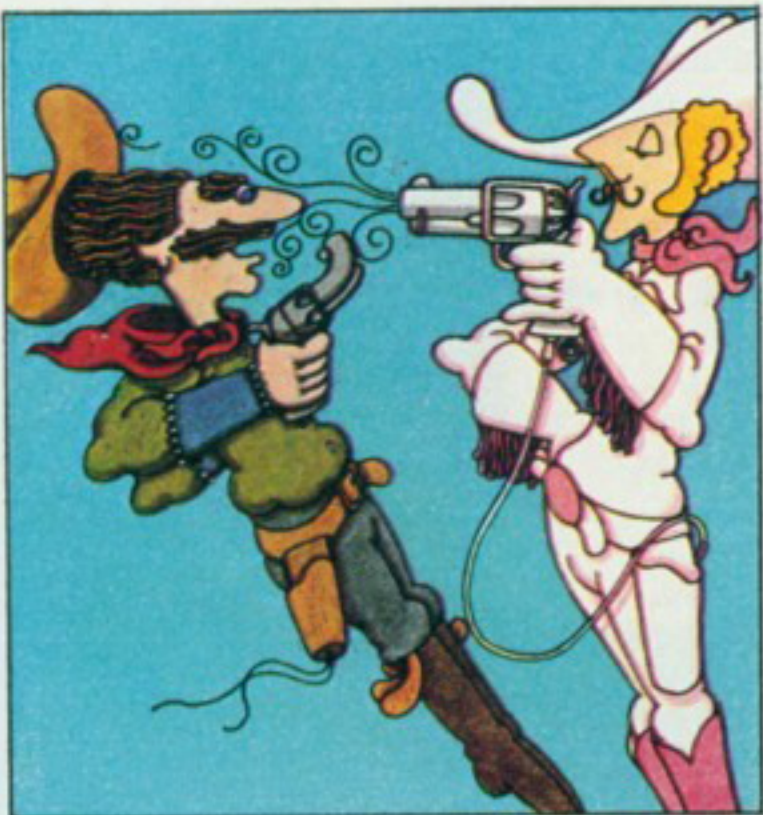
*"If you have anything in mind, Sheila,  
it better be tonight. Next year I've resolved  
to do it only with men."*

SHOSMAKER



# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



## BLOW-DRY YOUR TOP OFF

The Magnum Drier model 357 is just what you'd expect, a full-sized copy of a fancy cowboy pistol (housed in a wall holster) that's ready to style, dry or quick-dry your wet locks faster than you can say Hopalong Sassoon. Magnum Sales, 122 Spanish Village, P.O. Box 357, Dallas, Texas 75248, will send you a 357 for only \$29, postpaid (and that includes a one-year guarantee). We don't recommend that you pack it in a bag you plan to carry onto an airline.



## BABY, IT'S COLD OUTSIDE

When the frost is on the bedspread and the shower's frozen shut, you might want to consult a Computemp 2 before emerging from under the covers. It alternates between telling you the current indoor or outdoor temperature (a memory unit even retains the hour of each extreme) and/or the time—and there's a temperature alarm for truly nervous types. Rodco Products, P.O. Box 944P, Columbus, Nebraska 68601, sells it for \$72.95, postpaid. Brrrr.

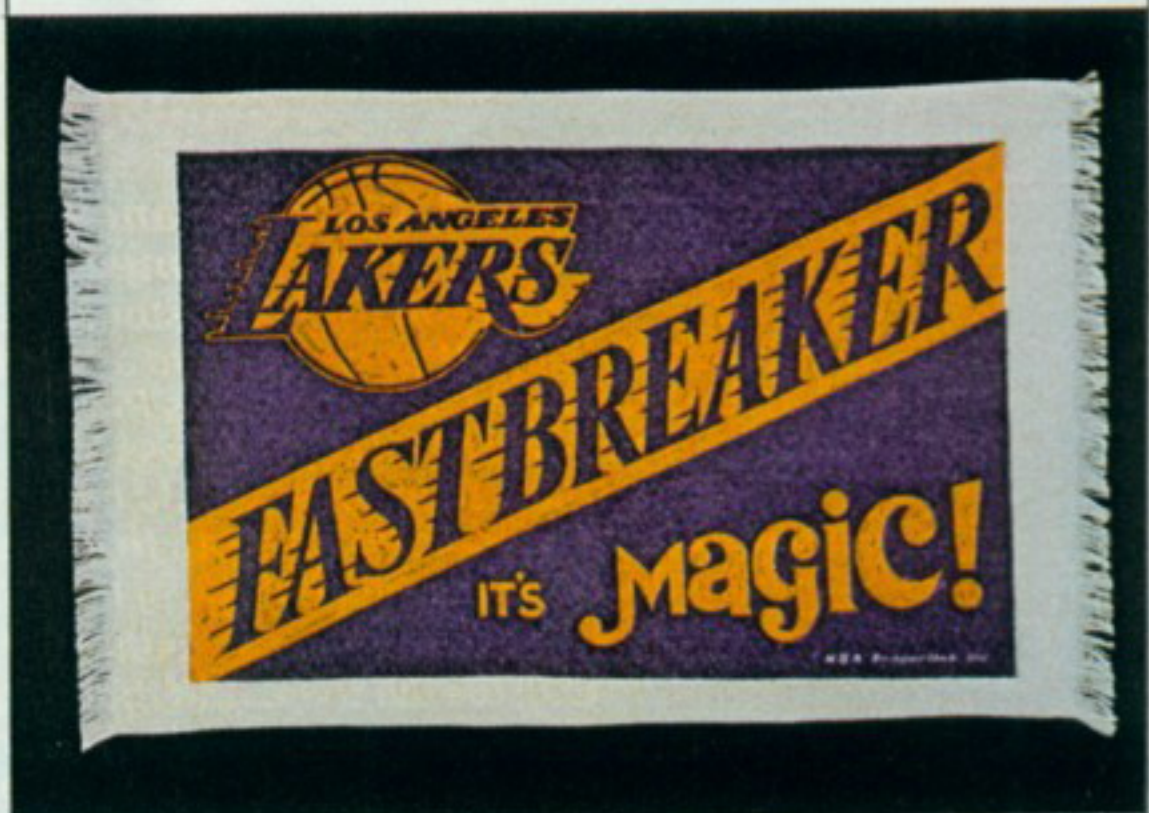
## FINGERING YOUR HEADGEAR

Back in the December 1979 *Playboy Potpourri* section, we ran a crazy-looking Chicken Hat made by a company called United Hats-of-Chicken, at 1514 Adams Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53711. Now that same band of zanies (their company motto is: "When it comes to stupidity, we're state of the art") has created the Glove Hat—the only hat that fits like a glove and doubles as an extra mitt in case you lose one of yours. Glove Hats, which come in one size and cost \$11, postpaid, are available in royal and sky blue, kelly green, yellow, red, white and black. (To really make a statement, shove a wad of something in your hat that will make all the digits stand on end.) Maybe this winter you can give someone wearing a Chicken Hat the bird.



## THROW IN THE CHEER TOWEL

Years ago, crazed fans waved pennants on sticks at sporting events. Now they swing Cheer Towels every time the ref blows a call or somebody slam-dunks the ball. Walker & Endsley, 1731 W. Santa Barbara Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90062, is the official Cheer Towel designer for all N.B.A. teams, as well as more than 70 universities. Six dollars sent to them will more than likely get you the towel of your choice. We suppose getting swatted with a 17" x 27" rag beats a pennant stick in the eye.





### GAMBLERS: THE IRS WANTS YOU

Relations between gamblers and agents of the Internal Revenue Service are always dicey. However, if one is to have a fighting chance in substantiating those times Lady Luck didn't smile, he has to keep a meticulous accounting of wins and losses. Jo-El Publications, Inc., P.O. Box 304, Bala-Cynwyd, Pennsylvania 19004, doesn't guarantee that its \$10 *Gambler's Tax Diary* will satisfy the IRS, but its business-like format and easy-entry system can't hurt. Lotsa luck, high rollers.



### FROM SCREW TO STOGIES

Al Goldstein, the publisher of *Screw* magazine, sucks a *big* one—a big cigar, that is—and his passion for a well-rolled smoke has led him to found *Cigar*, a newsletter for the serious puffer. (Recent issues include secrets of smuggling Havanas and the etiquette of cigar smoking.) A 12-issue subscription is \$9.95 sent to Blue Smoke Inc., 116 W. 14th Street, New York, New York 10011. Unlike *Screw* magazine, it isn't mailed in a plain brown wrapper.

### FRINGE BENEFITS

Ordinarily, it takes something more original than a long scarf to light up our eyes, but when the muffler we're talking about is decorated with eight octaves of piano keys . . . well, now you're playing our song! To get your very own 62" knit acrylic Keyboard Scarf, just send \$16.95 to Edgerton Enterprises, P.O. Box 480312, Los Angeles, California 90048. For his-and-hers winter fun and games, buy two, take off all your clothes, wrap the scarves around your bodies and tickle those ivories.



### A YEAR IN THE LIFE OF MR. BILL

Now, you thought when the popularity of *Saturday Night Live* took a dive, Mr. Bill would end up back where he started—a blob of multicolored Play-Doh—right? Oooooooooohh, nooooooo, he, his nemesis Sluggo, his faithful dog Spot and a classroom full of baddies are back in Mr. Bill's School Days Calendar, in which our hero gets creamed in full color six ways to Sunday all 12 months of the year. (Wait until you see what happens to Mr. Bill on graduation day and during the annual Easter egg hunt. Oooooohhhh, that smarts!) Ruby Street, Inc., at 125 W. 55th Street, New York, New York 10019, sells the calendars for \$8.95, postpaid, and that includes a sound-track record from Mr. Bill, a Sluggo Memorial School I.D. card, Mr. Bill money and more. Oooooooooohh, yesssssss!

### EATA BITA THIGH

Lilliputian legs, lips, boobs, buttocks and other portions of the anatomy, are yours for the nibbling as Body Bites—a sugarless bubble gum that's just a little naughty—gets off the drawing boards and onto candy counters everywhere. The horny devils responsible for Body Bites are the people at Hornsby Ltd., P.O. Box 1596, Altamonte Springs, Florida 32701, and they tell us that any limb or bit of torso will sell for \$2.60, postpaid, or about \$2 in stores. At last, here's a sexy product that the manufacturer won't mind having Jerry Falwell and his merry band of Moral Majoritiers blow all out of proportion.





don  
addis

# HAVE A PICTURE PERFECT YEAR

Gift yourself and others with PLAYBOY'S 1982 PLAYMATE CALENDAR. At your newsstand now!

GIG GANGEL



LISA WELCH



TERRI WELLES



VICTORIA COOKE



GINA GOLDBERG



KAREN PRICE



OLA RAY



CANDACE COLLINS



JEANA TOMASINO



MISSY CLEVELAND



DEBRA JO FONDREN



MICHELE DRAKE



To order by mail: For each calendar, send \$3.50 (plus 50c postage and handling) to: Playboy Products, P.O. 3585, Chicago, IL 60654. Please specify "Wall" or "Desk" type.

Desk size 5 1/8" x 7 1/4"  
Wall size 8 1/2" x 12 1/2"





# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

**W**E'VE SEEN HER STEAM BATH, SAUNA, JACUZZI AND HOT TUB. NOW COMES THE ISOLATION TANK. THE DIAGRAM BELOW IS NOT NEW YORK'S TWIN-TOWERED SKY-LINE, IT'S ANNIE TAKING A FLOAT. IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT FEELS LIKE INSIDE THE TANK, PRESS YOUR NOSE TO THE RED SPOT AND WRAP THE PAGE AROUND YOUR FACE. PRESS YOUR NOSE TO THE YELLOW SPOT IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT ANNIE FEELS LIKE.

## INSIDE THE ISOLATION TANK

TOTAL DARKNESS

10" WATER DEPTH

WATER IS WARMED TO 93°, SKIN TEMPERATURE

EXTRA FLOTATION IS PROVIDED BY SOLUTION OF 300 POUNDS OF EPSOM SALTS AND TWO GAZONGAS.



PORTNOY MANAGES THIS PLACE?

IT'S THE LEADING ISOLATION-TANK CENTER, AND PORTNOY'S RESEARCHING A BOOK ON SENSORY DEPRIVATION. IT'S FANTASTIC! YOU FLOAT IN TOTAL DARKNESS.

YESTERDAY, FOR THE FIRST TIME, I TOOK A FLOAT.

I TOOK A SINK.

ALTERED STATES  
Alaska  
California  
Hawaii  
New Jersey

THE ZITSBATH KID

NO TANKS!

WANT TO SHARE MY TANK, BLUE EYES?

IF YOU CAME HERE FOR SENSORY DEPRIVATION, BUB, YOU'VE GOT IT!

SHE'S INTO A.S.C. (ALTERED STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS), BUT I PREFER O.O.B. (OUT-OF-BODY EXPERIENCES)!

YOU ARE GOING TO HAVE AN O.O.B. UNLESS YOU X.Y.Z. (EXAMINE YOUR ZIPPER)!

A FLOAT MAKES ME FEEL SO YOUNG!

YOU ARE YOUNG, YOU LITTLE DUM-DUM!

ANNIE, WANDA, OVER HERE!



YOU DECIDED TO TRY THE TANK, EH? ... **COSMIC!** IT'LL BLISS YOU OUT! BUT FIRST YOU HAVE TO SIGN OUR ROUTINE AGREEMENT.

"I AM NOT HIGH...NOT WEIRD... I HAVE NO KAKA DISEASES" -

IT SEEMS AGREEABLE TO ME.

ME, TOO (YOM YOM)!

NEED CASH? FLOAT A LOAN



YOU'LL HAVE ABSOLUTE PRIVACY IN YOUR TANK ROOM. HOWEVER, SOME OF MY REGULARS WON'T MIND IF I SHOW YOU AROUND.

WHEN MISS FLINCH FIRST ENTERED HER TANK, SHE WAS SCARED OF THE DARK.

I'M NOT COMING OUT!

NOW I'M SCARED OF THE LIGHT!

EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU INSIDE A TANK?



SOME FIND TRANQUILITY. OTHERS DEVELOP GREAT POWERS OF CONCENTRATION. MANY OTHERS, LIKE MR. BUBBA HERE, FANTASIZE THAT THEY'RE BACK IN THE WOMB.

MOMMY!

EMPLOYEES MUST WASH FEET BEFORE ENTERING TANKS!

BLOW DRY

SAVE THE UNBORN!!



HOW LONG DO YOU STAY IN?

YOU FLOAT FOR ONE HOUR. SOME PEOPLE SIGN UP FOR TWO HOURS. MR. RIPPLES HASN'T LEFT THE TANK SINCE THURSDAY.

MAIL



I'D SUGGEST YOU USE OUR "FAMILY ROOM," WHICH IS DESIGNED FOR GROUPS OF TWO OR MORE -

CAN WE, WANDA?

CAPTAIN KIRK, BEAM ME UP!

BORING

HELLO, SELF!

FAR IN!

ARF!



WAS-N'T THAT INCREDIBLE? JUST LIKE GOING BACK TO THE WOMB!

THE FAMILY ROOM IS READY FOR YOU.

LET'S GO!...FIRST WE TAKE A SHOWER!

JUST WAIT! YOU'LL FEEL LIKE YOU'RE FLOATING IN SPACE.

family room

BIG WOOP!



IT ISN'T WORKING, WANDA. I DON'T FEEL LIKE I'M FLOATING AT ALL!

NOT IN THE **SHOWER**, NINNY, IN THE **TANK!**

GET IN! YOU'RE ABOUT TO HAVE A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

ESTHER WILLIAMS MOVIE TONITE



ONE HOUR LATER

CHECK-OUT TIME 12:00 NOON

try the JACQUES COUSTEAU room!

OH! OHHH! I THINK I'M ABOUT TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF IT ALL!

SORRY, HON', YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND OUT TOMORROW. OUR HOUR IS UP.



I HEARD YOU THROUGH THE WALLS, MOANING AND CRYING. WERE YOU HAVING A DEEP AND MEANINGFUL EXPERIENCE?

YEAH, REAL DEEP! I COULDN'T FIND THE DOOR.

BUT BEFORE THAT, I HAD A FABULOUS FANTASY!



I WAS FEELING TRANSPLENDENT... BLISSSED OUT -

THEN I CLIMBED INTO THE TANK.

I FANTASIZED I WAS FLOATING THROUGH SPACE WITH BURT REYNOLDS -

I WAS FLOATING PAST THE MOON... SO I GAVE IT A HICKEY!



I FANTASIZED I WAS AN INFANT. SOMEBODY WAS SHOVING A BABY BOTTLE INTO MY MOUTH.

THEN I FANTASIZED I WAS TEETHING... I WAS SO HUNGRY! ... I MUST HAVE CHEWED IT TO PIECES.

AND THEN IT WAS ALL GONE.



YOU KNOW, WANDA, EVEN THOUGH THERE AREN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANY SENSATIONS IN THE TANK, MY FANTASY SEEMED TO SMELL LIKE PORTNOY'S COLOGNE.

OH, WAOW, SO DID MINE!

END



BRISSETTE LACORRE/LEBARON/LACORRE

**Turner On**

Actress KATHLEEN TURNER is hot. Her steamy role in last summer's sexy movie *Body Heat* proves that you can get discovered almost overnight. Turner is a graduate of the TV soap *The Doctors*, but some things—such as great looks—you can't learn. For more on Turner, see this month's *After Hours*, "Checking In," and check her out.

**Nobody Shows It Better**

What can we say? Looking at CARLY SIMON is a treat. Oh, sure, we've followed the gossip—recurring stage fright, the problems of being a career mother and the on-again, off-again romance with her talented husband, James Taylor. But who really cares about that? Her sounds suit our senses.



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© 1981 LYNN GOLDEN/IN/US

**Endangered Species**

We have to be honest with you. Sometimes we get an absolutely terrific picture with no special news to go with it. And we run it just because it's good for the eyes. Actress ANN TURKEL fits the bill this month. If this doesn't warm up a January night, we give up.

**Clean Streeep**

MERYL STREEP chooses her film roles very carefully, which is why almost everything she does gets both popular and critical acclaim. We predict a sure Oscar nomination for *The French Lieutenant's Woman* and we're waiting for her newest movie, *Stab*, co-starring Roy Scheider. Of course, the best thing about Streeep is that she always plays interesting women, just like herself.

© 1981 THE D. WEST/STAMPNER



**Racket Back and Bend Your Knees— Don't Get Behind in Tennis, Please**

It's a perfect combination, as you can see: CAROLE MAL-LORY, an actress in *Take This Job and Shove It*, and ILIE NAS-TASE, who has often said the very same thing on the tennis court. We're pretty certain that Nasty isn't trying to play tennis here, but he is demonstrating something important to any game. Concentration.

JACK BURSTEIN/TONY INC.



© 1981 ROBERT A. BARKER

**Call Me Adam**

It's no secret that romance is back in the land and that people are dressing up again. Other parts of this magazine report these trends regularly. But the cutting edge belongs to us: Here's ADAM of Adam and the Ants.



**Yvette? You Bet!**

Some of us are old enough to remember the first time we saw her in *Where the Boys Are*. For a while, she made B movies, and then we lost sight of her. It's our pleasure to bring her back, still gorgeous after all these years: YVETTE MIMIEUX.

© 1981 JUDI LANGE/STAMMILLION



## NEXT MONTH:

**"MAN & WOMAN, PART TWO: THE NATURAL HISTORY OF THE SEXES"**—HOMO SAPIENS MAY NOT BE THE LARGEST OR THE STRONGEST SPECIES, BUT WE'RE CERTAINLY THE SMARTEST—WE MADE SEX THE CORNERSTONE OF OUR CIVILIZATION. HERE ARE THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES—BY **JO DURDEN-SMITH** AND **DIANE DE SIMONE**

**BILLY JOEL**, WHO HAS GONE FROM HICKSVILLE TO HITSVILLE AS ONE OF AMERICA'S TOP POP STARS, TALKS ABOUT HIS LIFE, HIS MUSIC AND HIS FEUDS WITH THE PRESS IN A NOTEWORTHY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"EMMANUELLE GROWS UP"**—SEDUCTIVE **SYLVIA KRISTEL** HAS COME A LONG WAY, BABY, SINCE HER FIRST FILM ROLE. NOW SHE'S GIVING *PRIVATE LESSONS*. EXCLUSIVE UNCOVERAGE OF ONE OF EUROPE'S MOST ALLURING GIFTS TO HOLLYWOOD

**"A SEA CHANGE"**—LATELY, THE ONCE-POWERFUL SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, **TIP O'NEILL**, HAS BEEN RESEMBLING A BLEACHED WHALE. BUT IT'S NOT JUST REAGANISM THAT'S SINKING HIM, IT'S THE SHEER WEIGHT OF AN IDEA THAT NO LONGER FLOATS IN THIS COUNTRY—BY **JAMES WOOTEN**

**"THE YEAR IN SEX"**—FOR ALL THOSE WHO'VE BEEN WAITING 12 MONTHS FOR THE ANNUAL ROUNDUP OF THE HIGHS AND LOWS IN EROTICA, HERE IT COMES AGAIN

**"VIDEO'S SECOND GENERATION"**—WHEN VIDEO-CASSETTE RECORDERS WERE INTRODUCED A FEW YEARS AGO, IT SEEMED AS THOUGH ALL OUR PRAYERS WERE ANSWERED. NOT SO, ELECTRON BREATH. THE NEW CROP OF PLAYERS, PORTABLES, CAMERAS, EARTH STATIONS AND VIDEOPHILE SEPARATES DOES EVERYTHING BUT CHANGE THE CAT LITTER

**"GIANNI"**—G. B. PERGOLESÌ DIED A NEGLECTED MUSICIAN IN 1736 AT THE AGE OF 26. HOW WILL THIS STRUGGLING COMPOSER REACT TO BEING RESURRECTED SOME 250 YEARS LATER? TWO SCIENTISTS ARE DETERMINED TO FIND OUT. AN IMAGINATIVE TALE BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

**"THE OMINOUS AGE OF THE VIOLENT FAN"**—SOMETHING DARK IS BREWING IN THE LAND, AND IT IS BOILING OVER INTO OUR SPORTS ARENAS WITH ALARMING FREQUENCY. WHAT IS THIS THING, AND WHAT DOES IT WANT FROM ITS HEROES?—BY **MARK KRAM**

**"STOCKMAN: THE GAME THEY PLAY IN THE OVAL OFFICE"**—WHILE THE REST OF US COUGH UP OUR HARD-EARNED QUARTERS TO PLAY PAC-MAN AND THE LIKE, WHAT GAME DO RONNIE AND HIS ECONOMIC ADVISORS PLAY? HERE'S ONE ANSWER

**"ULTIMATE SKIING: IT'S A DIRTY JOB, BUT SOMEBODY'S GOT TO DO IT"**—TWO *PLAYBOY* STAFFERS PULL THE ULTIMATE SCAM AND HAVE A HIGH OLD TIME IN THE PROCESS—BY **TOM PASSAVANT** AND **JAMES R. PETERSEN**

**KAREN ALLEN**, THE SPUNKY LADY FROM *RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK*, MUSES ON THE ROLE OF THE HEROINE IN THE EIGHTIES IN A PROVOCATIVE **"20 QUESTIONS"**

**COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD:** LUSCIOUS **BARBARA CARRERA** IN A TOUGH-LADY ROLE OPPOSITE **ARMAND ASSANTE** IN **MICKEY SPILLANE'S** *I, THE JURY*; A CONTINUATION OF *PLAYBOY'S* **MAN/WOMAN** SERIES, INCLUDING **"THE BRAIN AS SEX ORGAN"**; **RICHARD REEVES** PREVIEWS **"THE COLUMN I'LL BE WRITING AT THE END OF REAGAN'S TERM"**; **THOMAS MC GUANE** SHARES THE JOYS AND SORROWS OF OWNING LAND IN THE EIGHTIES; **LAURENCE GONZALES** ON **"THE COMING WAR AGAINST DRUGS"**; **DONALD E. WESTLAKE** SPINS A FUNNY S-F YARN, **"THE LOST COLONIES"**; **ROY BLOUNT, JR.**, WAXES ELOQUENT ON THE SUBJECT OF THE MALE'S, UH, **"FAMILY JEWELS"**; **"ANDY KAUFMAN WRESTLES A PLAYMATE"**; **WALTER LOWE, JR.**, TELLS YOU **"HOW TO BEAT VIDEO GAMES"**; A DOWN-HOME PICTORIAL ON **"THE WOMEN OF PLAYBOY"**; AND VISITS WITH SUCH PERSONALITIES AS **KIM CARNES**, **STEVIE NICKS**, **DEBRA WINGER**, **TREAT WILLIAMS**, **HARRISON FORD** AND THE WHOLE GANG AT **SCTV**.