

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1982 • \$2.50

BEAUTY AND THE BADGE

IN AND OUT
OF UNIFORM
WITH A
CAPTIVATING
(REAL-LIFE) COP

"TAKE OFF, HOSER"

THE COMIC
CRAZIES OF
SCTV LET YOU
IN ON THE JOKE

THE YEAR IN
MOVIES: THE
GOOD, THE BAD
AND THE YECH!

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW:

ROCK 'N ROLL'S
RICH 'N ANGRY
BILLY JOEL

MAN AND WOMAN:
WHAT SHRINKS
CAN'T TELL YOU
ABOUT STRESS,
MOOD AND ILLNESS



THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



Above, Hef asked a few of his best friends over to watch the pay-TV screening of The Rolling Stones' live concert, plus a showing of *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Surrounding the host in *Rocky Horror* getups are, from left, Shannon Fitzgerald, Myra Murphy, Shannon Tweed, Vicki McCarty, Cathy St. George, Lisa Welch, Heather Sills and, in front, Cheryl Block. Tim Curry, eat your heart out.

NIGHT MOVES AT MANSION WEST

What if Hef gave a New Year's Eve party and nobody wore pajamas? Below, L.A. Dodger Steve Garvey gets to first base with Laurie Price at Playboy Mansion West during the famed annual gala at which guests show up in their 'jammies' for the sheer pleasure of it. At long last, we know why Garvey's always in such good shape.



THE WOLF WHO CRIED BUNNY

This year, the J. Geils Band has repeated our success with the concept by scoring with a hit single, *Centerfold*, from its *Freeze-Frame* LP. Above, good-will-ambassador Bunnies Trisha and Judy join lead singer Pete Wolf onstage at Chicago's Uptown Theater for the band's sizzling encore number, which just happened to be—that's right—*Centerfold*.



LIFE IN THE FAST LANE, A LA NEIMAN

LeRoy Neiman, above, paints WNBC/New York radio's traffic 'copter. The PLAYBOY regular was commissioned to make this whirlybird distinct from all others. Below, Hef communes with artists Andy Warhol and Neiman at a PLAYBOY-sponsored show of their work at the Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art.





HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BE KING FOR A DAY?

The Playmates singing group helped NBC's *Tonight Show* welcome the new year 1982 by singing, dancing and more or less providing an answer to the show's perennial question "How hot was it?" Above, here's Johnny Carson among Playmates Michele Drake, Nicki Thomas, Heidi Sorenson and Sondra Theodore. Some guys have all the fun.



TINA KEEPS ON BURNING

R&B diva Tina Turner, who, in our humble opinion, has the hottest working legs in show business, shows up at Playboy Mansion West fully attired (aw, shucks) for a *Playboy Guide to Fashion for Men* photo session. Thanks, *Guide* editors, for sharing a national treasure.

PAM BRYANT: SCREEN GEM

On her data sheet, April 1978 Playmate Pam Bryant said she was aiming for an acting career, and now she is well into it. That's Pam twice below, in *PLAYBOY* and in a supporting role in *Private Lessons*, a film about coming of age sexually, starring Sylvia Kristel.



JEANA TOMASINO FINDS FUN IN THE SUN—AND GETS PAID FOR IT

Another great tradition returns—the beach-party movie. First, there was the original *Beach Party*, then *Beach Blanket Bingo*. Now our very own November 1980 Playmate, Jeana Tomasino (right), appears in *The Beach Girls*. At left, a scene from the surf-side epic, with Curtis Stuart, Jeana and Jeanette Linné, in bikini.









Like Griffiths, I've also had a little problem with a personalized license plate. A couple of years ago, I applied for and received one that read SMEGMA, a word that the people I know toss around casually when referring to a large collection of different things. Well, eventually, the Massachusetts Department of Motor Vehicles decided the plate was unfit for public viewing, having received a num-



ber of complaints from citizens and even from some state officials. I was ordered to return it immediately to avoid a hearing and was promised a four-digit plate at no cost. Wanting no trouble, I accepted the deal but never did learn the definition of the word that upsets everybody. Can you enlighten me?

Chris Karis

Hyannisport, Massachusetts

Ah, well, its most polite dictionary definition is the "matter secreted by any of the sebaceous glands" of the male or female sexual organs, in case you really didn't know.

Q U E S T...



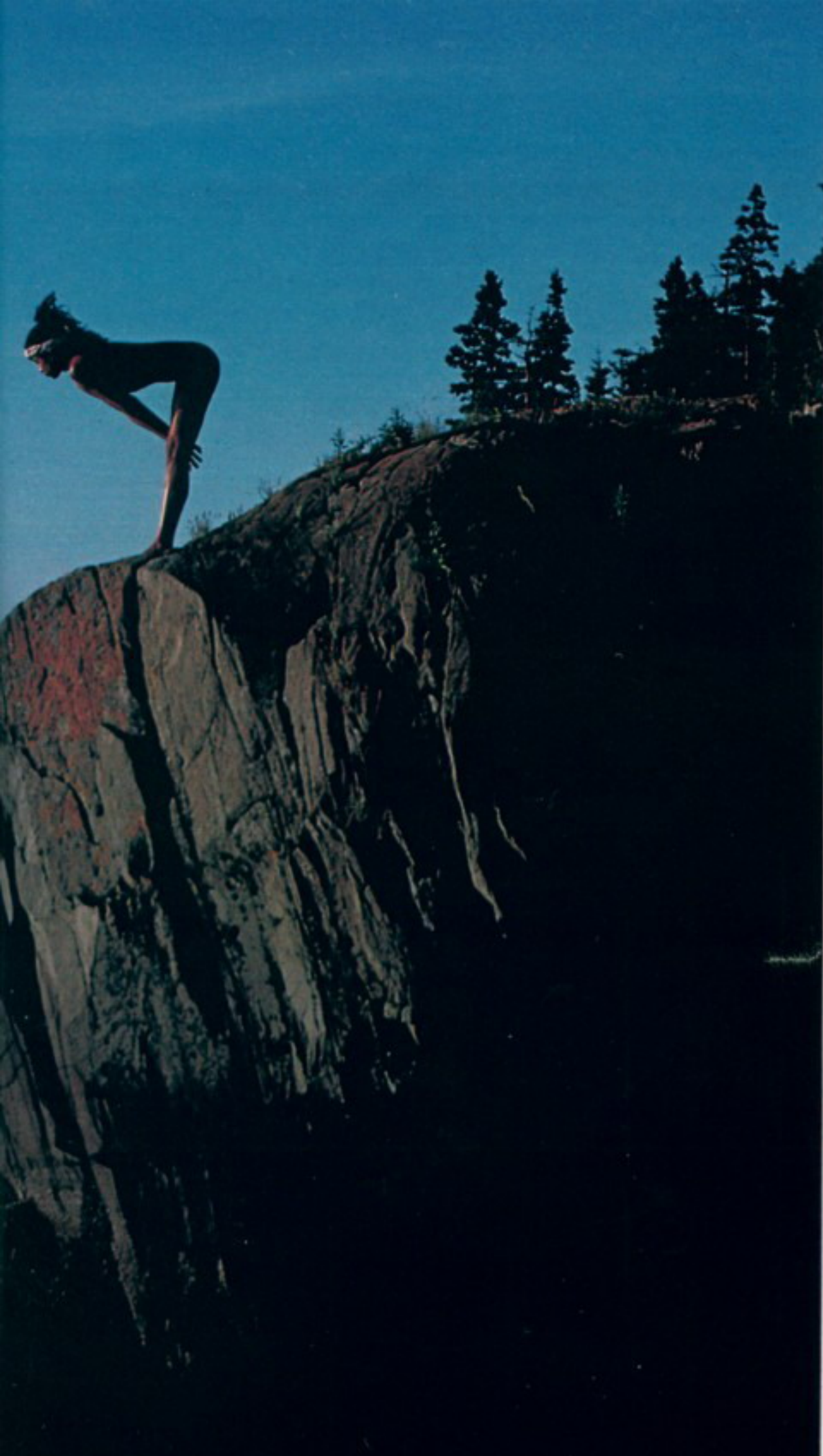
...FOR DAWN

starbright in a neanderthal epic, rae dawn chong goes native for world-famed photographer ernst haas

FRESH FROM Jean-Jacques Annaud's prehistoric drama *Quest for Fire*, in which she was generally muddy, blue-gray, nude and either quick-frozen or deep-fried in varied climes from Canada to Scotland to Kenya, Rae Dawn Chong picked the restaurant for what turned out to be our simple, civilized four-hour brunch. Her choice: a modest café on Cornelia Street in Greenwich Village, not far from the apartment she calls home. She's 21. She's cheeky and charming, the daughter of off-the-wall comedian Tommy Chong (of Cheech &), which may suggest a precocious showbiz brat on the go. Not so. Yet you see right away why *(text concluded on page 110)*

pictorial essay **By BRUCE WILLIAMSON**






They chartered a sailboat, sailed to a private island off the coast of Maine, where Haas did work with Rae Dawn (preceding page and above) that's reminiscent of *The Creation*, his landmark photo essay published more than a decade ago. Haas also shot *Quest* on special assignment (far right), catching Rae Dawn as Ika,

whose mud people of the Ivaka tribe find an Ulam warrior, Naoh (Everett McGill), mired neck-deep in marshland. In the last three of the series at right, Ika teaches Naoh how to make fire, heals his painful groin wounds with a herbal poultice, ultimately helps him learn to laugh, love and refine basic man-woman urges.







Water is life, and Roe Dawn revels in it as an uninhibited creature alone on an uninhabited isle. "It was like a birthday gift," she says, "just letting the girl in me come out in such a beautiful setting, pretending adventures, playing, throwing my clothes off and being naked, which I love." Posing for Haas, who has done

stills for such film classics as *The Misfits*, *Moby Dick* and John Huston's *The Bible*, made her feel she was "part of an impressionist painting, and to have Ernst shoot me that way for *PLAYBOY* was fantastic. I'm really excited by these images, the whole experience . . . the water flying over me, frozen in space like beads of glass."





Discovering beauty in its natural state is a habit with Haas, who found Rae Dawn "glorious as a young gazelle." She insists she's subject to "bad, dark, sort of nebulous moods," however, and did not actually relish the bed of seaweed where she struck a pensive pose. "It was very icky and squirmy, reminded me of a mon-

ster; I felt as if I were lying on top of a dinosaur. But when I'd get restless or wasn't sure what to do, Ernst would tell me, 'Just be.'" Being is hardly a problem for this energetic, nubile chip off the old Chong—a wild child who may find that Quest gives her a vantage point from which to ponder exciting new horizons.

Variety called Rae Dawn "unaffectedly radiant," while applauding her for "best performance" in a movie that could well make her but definitely won't break her if audiences prove resistant to an Early Primitive adventure tale laced with touches of moon-June romanticism. The blend is often heady, and Rae Dawn helps a lot.

While munching a salad, she used her fork to emphasize enthusiasm for recent movies she had seen—*Ragtime*, *Reds*, *Pennies from Heaven*—as well as movies she had made. Her only previous feature was 1979's *Stony Island*, an unfairly neglected Chicago-bred musical that she calls a labor of love. Shooting *Quest* on location in cold, soggy Scotland as a nature girl whose mono-syllabic dialog consisted entirely of lines such as "*Tho ma bro na me tiz me giz pu*" was far less comfortable and a formidable challenge on several counts. There were more conventional language problems with Oscar-winning French director Annaud, who was supposed to speak fluent English. Rae Dawn giggled, recalling, "For example, he'd often say, 'I'll remember you the scene.' That'll give you an idea. We were freezing our buns off and all thought we were dying every day. But when you're that cold, things become otherworldly. I learned you can *act* when you think you're dying."

She loved the Scots but was not so fond of their national dish, a yummy known as haggis. "It's made from the lining of a sheep's stomach, plus the heart, liver, lungs, all those juicy parts in something like a meat roll—and they bake it. They call it the caviar of sheep. Yeeccch, I wouldn't *touch* it."

A couple of rather explicit sexual encounters oncamera with leading man Everett McGill also rank low among her souvenirs. At one point, McGill as Naoh pushes aside another lusty, rutting cave man and mounts the girl, Ika, dog fashion.

"When they first approached me with that rape scene, I thought, Oh, boy. That was the most degrading. Though we didn't actually make love, of course, Everett's very realistic and he really hurt me. He was rough. He's a splendid actor; he played that mean guy who beat everybody up in *Brubaker*. Then, too, being the only girl among three men and being the only one *naked*, I was a true minority. Still, I loved playing Ika. I couldn't have asked for a better part at this point in my career."

Her early years were as unconventional as you might expect, and when Rae Dawn starts to chatter about her complex family tree, it's easy to get lost

in the branches. She is apt to refer to "our moms" when mentioning any of her father's three wives, by whom he has had five children.

"I'm the oldest, the daughter of his first wife, though I was raised by his second wife, Maxine. Maxine is my sister Robbi's mother, and she's black, like my mother. I believe they're even second cousins twice removed, my mother and Robbi's. Robbi is 18, a model, very up-and-coming and *gorgeous*.

"My father's current wife, Shelby, is blonde and blue-eyed, and they've got three blonde, blue-eyed children. My baby brother is only 13 months old. Right now, we're all the closest we have ever been. We support one another . . . emotionally, financially, any way we can. This family is wild, but there's a lot of love between us and that makes you strong."

Ask about racism, and Rae Dawn smiles a wide-screen smile that makes you think—for a fleeting moment—that her creamy mocha complexion must protect her from any particular ethnic labels. "My father is half Chinese, plus Irish and French; his family came from China and Ireland. My mother's black ancestors came from French Madagascar. My blood is beautifully mixed, so I can say, 'Look, folks, I'm just as white as I'm black, just as black as I am white.' I'm sort of a walking example of how ridiculous prejudice is. I'm articulate, I speak clearly, yet I can get right down and talk like stereotyped black people. Nevertheless, when I'm called for a part, it's usually for a *black* girl. That's one of the oldest institutions that Hollywood perpetuates very strongly. In TV, I can tell you, not many black people get leading roles, except in farcical black shows with stupid dialog, mostly written by writers who are white. It's hard for me to deal with racism. Raised with a black mother in a white neighborhood, I never knew I was different until I found out in cruel ways—in school, then modeling."

All Canadian, the Chong kids grew up in Vancouver, where their father operated two night spots—one a strip joint, the other a jazz club.

"Later on, we lived in L.A., and my parents told me I had to start working when I was 12. I mean, I was smart and didn't run around doing stupid things like becoming a drug addict. But I just did as I liked and was basically wild. I saw every night-club act, every concert, every movie. I was hip to everything, ambitious and kind of precocious, I guess. When I was seven years old, I'd be giving you advice about your marriage, things like that. So, at 12, I got a

part at the Disney studios and began doing TV sitcoms and stuff. I sing quite well, but a singer's life is pretty crappy and miserable, centered too much on clubs. I think I burned myself out at a young age with that kind of scene."

Inside the exuberant girl, there's a self-possessed young woman who's expecting a baby before June. The proud father, she told us, is a young Manhattan stockbroker, Owen Baylis, a native of California. "Everybody who *should* know who he is already knows Owen," says Rae Dawn, initially more receptive to questions about her previous two-year relationship with wealthy record producer Richard Perry. Finally, though, enthusiasm overwhelms discretion. "Owen and I are engaged, what I think of as indefinitely engaged, living together, every day, all day. First, when we found out I was pregnant, we said, 'Why not get married?' Then I thought to myself, Oh-oh, *reactionary*. No way. I *feel* married, and marriage is just a state of mind. I'm going to give my child his father's name, and I'm just thrilled to be having the baby." [Rae Dawn and Owen were married on Valentine's Day, as this issue was going to press.—*Ed.*]

Rae Dawn notes with a hint of mischief in her manner that their relationship transcends race. "Owen is very white, tall and white, and he's one of the *blackest* men I know. He's got so much soul, he's blacker than me."

While waiting for the baby, Rae Dawn is busy writing a screenplay and a novel "with 63 chapters outlined." She developed a flair for writing, she quips, in early childhood. "Mostly because my father didn't believe in hitting us when we did wrong. As punishment, he always made us *write* something 100 times. So I became very good at writing."

She may have been punished a lot, but her conflicts with Tommy Chong have matured into a mutual-admiration society between Dad and daughter. "I just idolize him now. He left his second wife, you know, when I was about seven, and we fought seriously all the time when I was 12 to 14. But then, you finally learn that your father is just human, so give the guy a break."

That's past. What else is in the future? "If it takes ten or 20 years to do the things I want to do, that's OK. I don't see things being easy. There's no point in being a medium talent in this business. I feel extremely talented, and I'm not in a hurry, because I know in time, I'll get a chance to do what's right for me. You've got to be ready for it when it comes."







THE COMPLEAT



JUST MENTION the word computer and most minds go blank. And why not? For years, television actors costumed in white lab coats have stood in front of flashing control panels of computers, spouting high-tech gibberish. Or perhaps you're now entangled in a frustrating billing dispute with a credit-card computer thousands of miles away. No matter how nicely you write explaining that you've never been to Joplin, Missouri, a computer form letter rudely demands payment for a car you rented there. But computer phobia can be arrested once you begin to understand how a personal computer can help you with your business and personal affairs. Today's equipment is easier than ever to use, even if you have no computer background at all. And with costs coming down, it's only a matter of time before a colleague or a competitor gets the jump on you by discovering the efficiencies of the



Above: The LNW80, a high-speed color-graphic computer, which accepts a wide variety of disc-type software (including what's on the market for Radio Shack's superpopular Model I), has an 80-character-per-line screen display that's about the same number of characters as a standard typed page, a durable metal case and a fan to avoid overheating, by LNW Research, about \$1600, including a video monitor.

Opposite page, top: This little computer, by Logical Business Machines, is appropriately named David, as it's a real slayer of giant machines. Since David is programmed in English—or your choice of 20 other languages—you don't have to learn computerese to operate it, and it can be hooked up to a computer network for greater memory, from Computer Insights, Arlington Heights, Illinois, \$8500.

Above: Portability is the key word if you're considering the Osborne 1; it's a convenient all-in-one unit that's easy to transport, as the monitor, disc drive (just think of it as a turntable), keyboard and other hardware are enclosed in a briefcase-type carrying case, by Osborne, \$1795, including \$1500 worth of software (Wordstar, SuperCalc and others).

PERSONAL COMPUTER

*from apple to ibm,
here's an easy-to-
understand print-out
on little wonder
machines that are
ideal for home
or small-business use*

article
By DANNY GOODMAN



Above: No computer story would be complete without at least one machine from IBM, and its disc-drive blue-chip entry—called, appropriately, the IBM Personal Computer—is ideal for home or small-business use. Base price for the unit is \$1565, with that amount increasing in quantum leaps to \$3000–\$6000 as you add on more memory, etc.

Above: Although the Sinclair ZX81 is little larger than a paperback book, once it's hooked up to your television and cassette recorder, you have a pint-sized computer with a display of 24 lines and a 1K memory (an optional 16K extended-memory pack is available) that's ideal for personal/small-business records. And it's only \$150. Buy!

PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO PERSONAL COMPUTERS

Manufacturer and Model	Base Price	Typical System Price ¹	Remarks
HOME COMPUTERS			
Atari 400 Home Computer	\$ 399	\$ 510 ²	Among the best sound and graphics available.
Commodore VIC 20	300	485 ²	Good-value starter system for games and telecommunications.
Radio Shack TRS-80 Color Computer	399	703 ²	Low-cost computer well suited for access to dial-up data bases.
Sinclair ZX81	150	250 ²	Paperback-sized unit.
Texas Instruments TI-99/4A	525	1425 ²	Large selection of quality educational programs.
PROFESSIONAL PERSONAL COMPUTERS			
Apple II Plus	1530	3130 ²	Wide choice of programs and accessories.
Apple III	4690	5760	Superduper Apple with lots of memory.
Atari 800 Home Computer	899	2625 ²	Great expansion abilities for professional programs.
Commodore CBM 8032	1495	4285	Built-in black-and-white video display.
Hewlett-Packard HP-85	2750	7000	Suitcase portable base unit has built-in monitor, small printer and program cassette drive.
IBM Personal Computer	1565	4445	Program manuals written for the layman.
LNW Research LNW80	1600	2050	Compatible with much Radio Shack software.
Logical Business Machines David	8500	10,000–12,000 ³	Very easy for layman to program.
NEC Home Electronics (USA) PC-8001A	995	3645	Great color graphics.
North Star Advantage	3999	5500	Abundant disc storage.
Osborne Computer Osborne I	1795	2095	Powerful and portable, complete with disc programs.
Quasar Hand-held Computer HK2600TE	600	2000	Futuristic computer in a briefcase.
Radio Shack TRS-80 Model II	3899	5098	Serious business machine.
Radio Shack TRS-80 Model III	699	1197	Compact second generation of very popular Model I.
Xerox 820	2995	5895	Basic small computer compatible with many business programs.
Zenith Data Systems Z-90	3195	4790	All-in-one small-business desktop computer.

¹System prices are based on the total cost of basic computer and accessories desirable to operate most of the programs available for the machine listed. Cost of programs is not included.

²System price does not include home color television required for video display.

³Price includes custom program development and installation by company representative.

personal computer. A good place to start the learning process is at a computer-specialty store, where you can see the little marvels in action. However, few store salespeople have the expertise or the patience to work with the uninitiated, so you'll be ahead of the game if you arm yourself with the following jargon-free basics.

First, we must distinguish a personal computer from a home computer. That is not so simple, because the categories overlap. A personal computer, generally, is a desktop unit with big-system computing ability that is inexpensive enough for one person to control cost-effectively. If a company's data-processing department won't track sales or maintain personnel files the way you'd like, for example, then let your own personal machine do it. The home computer, on the other hand, is a less sophisticated machine that's ideal for keeping household-budget records and for playing video games. In general, home computers offer color graphics and hook up to your color-TV set much as Atari and Intellivision do.

Our personal-*vs.*-home definition runs into difficulty because several machines fall into both categories, functioning well as business computers and as game or education machines. And many expensive, deadly serious personal computers—small-business systems, actually—are adorning home desktops these days as business people use them as secret weapons to get ahead in their careers or to launch their own businesses on the side.

What is helping more nontechnical people realize the benefits of a personal computer is that the machine is gradually becoming more like an automatic home appliance, though an appliance that deals with intangibles. Instead of putting bread into a toaster and taking toast out, you put disorganized information or numbers into a computer and take your organized information out.

Understanding how a personal computer operates requires little more than what you already know about its close relative, the pocket calculator. If you have some numbers to add, you punch them into the calculator via the small keyboard, press the plus key and—presto!—you have the total appearing in the display. The only thing you probably don't know is that while you're pushing those keys, the microchip inside is shuttling the numbers all about and storing them temporarily until you're done. That's really all there is to a basic computer: (1) a way to get your original info into the machine (keyboard); (2) the shuttling and temporary storage by chip or chips that do all the

(continued on page 216)

"When you have a special problem, you turn to the special-purpose computer designed to solve it."

work; and (3) a way to show you the result (display or printer, as on a printing calculator).

A pocket calculator is essentially a special-purpose computer. The chip or chips inside were instructed at the factory to behave like a calculator the instant you turn the machine on. Thus, when you have a special problem—say, a column of numbers to add—you naturally turn to the special-purpose computer designed to solve it. But let's say you have another problem, such as a long list of measurements that must be converted to metric dimensions. The job would go much faster if you had a special-purpose pocket metric converter, which may have a keyboard, microchip and display similar to your calculator; only the factory's instructions on the chip would be different. Since you already own most of what makes up a metric converter, wouldn't it be cheaper to plug metric-conversion

instructions into the chip in place of the calculator instructions? You bet!

Instructions like those are called programs (also, pardon the jargon, software) and are sold at computer stores and via mail-order ads in computer magazines (from less than ten dollars to into the thousands). For the nontechnical user, a personal computer without a program is just a useless hunk of keyboard, chips and display. But with each program, your personal computer becomes a different special-purpose computer ready to tackle a specific job.

Personal-computer programs are stored, duplicated and sold on cassettes (just like hi-fi cassettes), on a device called a floppy disc (also known as a discette or just plain disc) or on plug-in cartridges (with a microchip or two inside). A cassette program requires a cassette player, which either plugs directly into the computer or is sometimes packaged with the unit. Discs need a

disc drive (acting like a record player), frequently incorporated (sometimes in pairs) into the computer console.

Programs on cassettes are inherently slower than disc programs to load into your computer's temporary memory. Long programs may take several minutes on tape, ten seconds on a disc and less than a second on a cartridge.

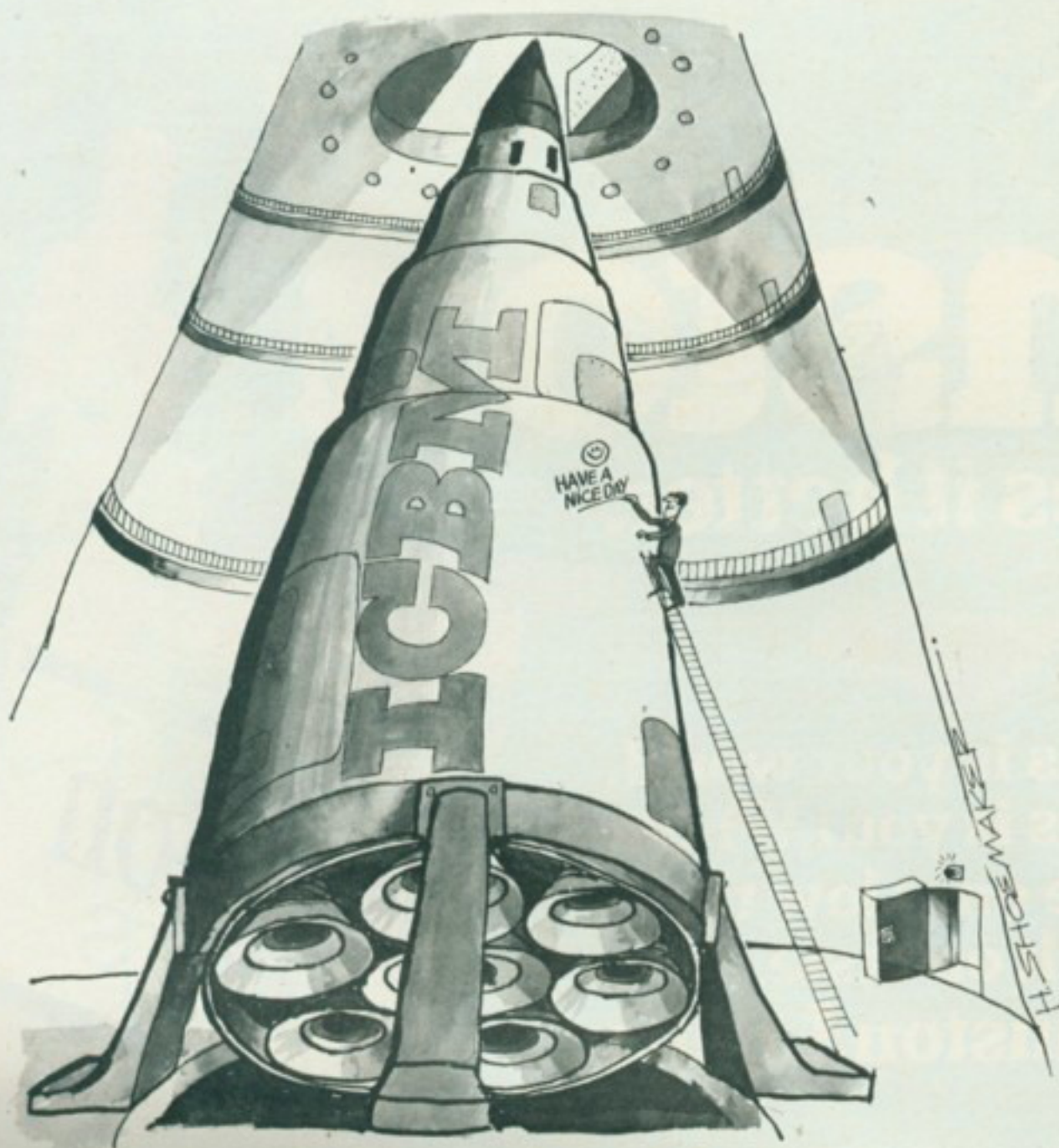
Whichever device you use to load programs (except cartridges) will also permanently store work you have in progress or information you need to update only from time to time. (Cartridges do not yet retain info you enter when they're unplugged.) Cassette or disc mass storage saves you from re-entering information each time you use your computer.

The major factor in selecting a personal computer should always be the availability of programs to solve specific problems. Three hundred games programs for a machine won't help you if a much-needed accounting program is unavailable. And since programs are not necessarily compatible among computers, shop for the programs that do what you need—then find out what machines they run on.

Let's take a closer look at the kinds of special-purpose programs or applications available. Most personal computers can be instructed to convert themselves into remote terminals capable of communicating with huge computers over a standard telephone (through an accessory gadget called a modem—a modulator/demodulator). You can conduct extensive library research through services such as Lockheed's Dialog Information Services (Palo Alto, California). While sitting in front of your computer, you can have access to more than 120 individual data bases covering consumer-periodical-advertising space; legal- and medical-journal indexes; bibliographic indexes in psychology, philosophy, social sciences; statistics; legislative action; sales prospects by Zip Code; patents . . . the list goes on and on. Dialog charges only for time used (charges vary for each data base accessed; most are from \$25 to \$95 per hour), with no registration fee.

Less imposing but very useful data bases are offered by The Source (McLean, Virginia) and CompuServe (Columbus, Ohio). Both offer current business news (stock and commodity prices, for example) and a broader interest range, including computer games. On-line costs for The Source are as low as \$4.25 per hour late at night, with a registration fee of \$100.

Many personal computers today are being used for word processing (W.P.). If you write a number of reports, professional papers or personal letters, a W.P. program will save you from re-typing pages that don't look right or



from erasing typing errors. All creating and editing are performed on the display screen before you ever print a page, and your opus is saved on a disc for subsequent editing or reprinting. Some W.P. programs have supplementary programs that check and correct spelling or typos, and some make it quite easy to personalize a string of form letters. Be prepared, however, to invest \$2000 or more for a typewriterlike printer.

A nasty chore for any professional is working on long spread sheets, whether for budgeting, forecasting or sales results. Several programs (VisiCalc is the best-known one) put the spread sheet into the computer, so you can juggle the numbers all you want on the screen. In a flash, the computer refigures all the totals whenever you make a change. Press a couple more buttons and you have a clean printed sheet to give to the boss.

Other "report"-type programs, including VisiTrend/Plot and VisiPlot, help you create impressive bar graphs and pie charts based on numbers you punch into the computer.

If you run a small business, a personal computer can handle the number crunch of your accounting. Programs guide you through setting up a general

ledger and tracking your receivables, payables and expenses—then generate a financial statement for you any time you want. You still need to key in the information, but once the data is on file, the disc keeps it together as you update. A number of program packages print checks and invoices as part of the job. Even for small computers, accounting packages can be expensive: up to \$500 or more for a general-ledger program alone. Study programs carefully before you buy to make sure they fit the way you do business—not the way they *want* you to do business.

A timesaving use for personal computers is electronic filing, called database management. Depending on the program, you essentially "dump" information onto a disc in such a way that you can later retrieve it in any order you need. An insurance salesman, for example, might store complete client records on a disc. Then, if he wants to contact clients affected by a new policy covering adults over 45 with two or more children, he can ask the computer to search through the disc and print out a list. The computer performs in a matter of minutes what would take hours of thumbing through a file cabinet.

That kind of information management has uses at home, too. After you put details of your record collection onto a disc, the right computer program could make the machine display a list of cuts of the exact time you need to fill out a cassette you're recording.

Now that you have some appreciation of what a personal computer can do for you, there are a few terms you should know before walking into your local computer emporium.

Temporary memory of computers is known in the computer world as RAM (random-access memory). A computer's RAM is something like an automobile's gasoline tank, because RAM size will determine how many program instructions (fuel) and how much newly typed info the computer can handle at once. The bigger the RAM capacity, the further you can go before having to stop and put in more instructions.

If gas tanks hold gallons (or liters) of gas, RAMs store kilobytes of information. A kilobyte (usually referred to as K) is the equivalent of 1000 letters or characters punched into the keyboard (one byte per character). For the most part, a personal computer with 64K of RAM will amply handle professional programs and leave you plenty of room within which to work.

The K denomination also comes into play with the storage capacity of disc drives. The greater the capacity, the more information you can save on a single disc. The Radio Shack Model III computer, for example, offers disc drives with 175K (175,000 characters) storage

per disc—a comfortable size for a personal computer.

Finally, there are three other important letters you'll run across: CP/M (control program for microcomputers). Almost all computers have their own peculiar program language or dialect. That is why you will see program tapes or discs labeled for the computer on which they run. But a CP/M disc designed for a specific computer gives that computer the ability to accept, understand and operate any CP/M-written program. The advantage of "CP/M compatibility" is that you'll be able to run almost all of the hundreds of professional and business programs already written for CP/M.

To help simplify your shopping, we've assembled "Playboy's Guide to Personal Computers" (see page 122), a comparative listing of the most popular units you're likely to encounter. Of course, in the consumer-electronics industry—which changes so rapidly—a real concern of a potential buyer is instant obsolescence of equipment. To avoid that hazard in a computer, you'll want to choose a system that not only offers functional programs right now but will be supported later with more-advanced software, and will also allow you to expand into new applications with perhaps more memory, electronic voice synthesis or detailed color-graphics displays. As a rule, personal-computer manufacturers who encourage outside companies to develop programs and accessories for a machine (or makers who embrace a "standard" such as CP/M) understand that no single company can do it all. The broader the support, the more likely a personal computer will have a long, useful life on your desk.

As for future machines, well, except for some minor, highly technical differences from one personal computer to the next, the basic shuttling and storage techniques should remain pretty much the same for some time. The developments to watch for over the next several years will be in the programs to let today's personal computers do even more of the work for us. With the next generation or two of programs, your personal computer will gain a semblance of personality and the pseudo intelligence to prompt you in plain English through complex computing chores you'd never consider today—even programming the computer.

In the meantime, you don't need a computer-science degree to get going on a personal computer. If you discover in your shopping that one of these gizmos will save time or improve your accuracy, then now is the time to buy. Soon, as with your pocket calculator several years ago, you'll wonder how you ever got along without one.



"What is the perversion du jour?"

"I've always been lucky," says Miss May, "but luck is preparation and opportunity put together." Using as a springboard a contest that judged hers the one perfect body in Texas, Kym prepares now to jump at her opportunities in the modern-day media. But she insists she won't sell out to those who offer short cuts to stardom: "I fully intend to stay true to myself. Dad-gum it—I'm supposed to be perfect, but I have to be me, too."



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

WHETHER SHE'S FILMING a television talk show or measuring muscles in a male beauty pageant, Kym Malin's the star when the tape starts to roll. She's from Dallas, where they write everything in capital letters, but her climb to Southwestern fame and acclaim could fill a prime-time soap opera and leave glitter left over for a Cowboys' half-time extravaganza.

Texas women are known for beauty, ambition and money—they might better

FORGET THE ALAMO!

*and remember kym malin, who proves that
j.r. is not dallas' lone star*







"How do I relax? It's all a part of the training I get from my acting coach. Before I go on the air, I lean back, take a few deep breaths and simply get comfortable—going from the bottoms of my feet up through my knees—all the way up my body. I just release all the tension and breathe."





be symbolized by newly minted Krugerrands than by yellow roses—and this one incorporates all three. Her beauty has always been there. It is what brought her first prize in a pageant called The Most Perfect Body in Texas (Texans in general are known more for their beauty than for their attention to the niceties of grammar). The ambition is present in her plans to make a bigger impact on the movies than Rocky made on Apollo Creed. And surely those two qualities will bring the money. Especially in Texas.

"I've lived in Dallas most of my life," says Kym with a slight twang that calls fellow Texan Sissy Spacek to mind. "Good things happen here. I feel I was born with ability and talent but gifted especially with the mind to know what to do with them. But so far, everything has pretty much fallen into my lap."

The men in Dallas would like to do the same thing. True to her form, a panel of judges made everything official two



Taking the measure of a man, Kym evaluates the tale of the tape with a candidate for Most Perfect Body in Texas, male division (above). The scene is Club Papagayo, the Big D's hottest disco. "Since I won in '80," she says, "they asked me to m.c. in '81. But they didn't tell me anything. The man who ran the contest just handed me the mike and left the stage! Not a very relaxing moment."



"When bad things happen, I just keep my mind straight and think, I know what I want and I'm going after it. I put on blinders to all the stuff outside me and keep plowing. Even if I'm not sure what I want, I follow my instincts. If I do what I feel is right, then good things will happen. My instincts have proven to be good."

years ago and acclaimed Kym's body the best in the state. That planted the seed of her budding TV career and led directly to this appearance in *PLAYBOY*.

"The contest people asked me to m.c. the next year's pageant," she explains, "and some people from a local television station saw it. I did an interview with them. They liked it so much, they gave me a few other things to do on the air. They couldn't believe it was the first time I'd been on television.

"From that I got a job as co-host on a national scale with a show called *American People*. It's about people who are the best in the country at what they do. It's not on the air yet, but we're going to New York later this month to interview Joe Namath and Calvin Klein. Then we go to Sun Valley, Idaho, to talk with Jack Hemingway, and from there to L.A. for an interview with Baryshnikov—he's going to show me a few dance steps. It's all very exciting. The show could still fall through, but I win in any case; I've gotten a great deal of experience in front of the cameras."

The searchers for the perfect body also sent a few of Kym's pictures to us. "The





message came back: 'PLAYBOY wants to test-shoot you,'" she recalls. "Well, I just took my time and said, 'Oh, really?' Eventually, I went to Chicago for the test shooting, they liked it and here I am in the magazine. A lot of things have happened since that contest."

Kym can, indeed, proffer quite a résumé for someone just 19 years old. But even for a self-described child of destiny, life was not always a bed of yellow roses in conservative Texas. Her youth includes an episode that sounds more like *Reefer Madness* than a chapter of *Dallas*.

"I was brought up in a strict Dallas family," she says with a roll of the eyes, "but I did about what I wanted to do. I wasn't supposed to car date until I was 16."

For those who grew up far from the Alamo, to "car date" means to go out with a gentleman caller, in a car, without benefit of parental chauffeur.

"I'd climb out my window. Then the (concluded on page 190)



Kym and fellow dance troupers stretch their capabilities (above) at a popular Dallas disco. In the daytime, she barhops at Bachman Lake Park (left) in an effort to "get busty." Honest.



Yup, as sure as there's flies buzzin' over cow pies, Southfork really exists. They shot the vital title sequence for "Dallas" at this ranch outside the city even before they shot the vitals out of J.R. Not all cowgirls get the blues—Kym can straddle that special Texan confluence of rapacity and pageantry and still be a well-rounded woman (left).

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Kym Malin
 BUST: 36 WAIST: 20 HIPS: 34
 HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 105 SIGN: Leo
 BIRTH DATE: 7/31/62 BIRTHPLACE: Dallas, Texas
 AMBITIONS: To be more in touch & in control of myself emotionally & mentally; to retire at 30.
 TURN-ONS: Being naked on a fur in front of a fireplace, with a good bottle of wine and my favorite man.
 TURN-OFFS: Jealousy, overpossessiveness, people with no patience, Closed-minded people.
 FAVORITE BOOKS: The Other Side of Midnight, Notes to Myself, Psycho-Cybernetics, Rage of Angels.
 FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Baldie Hawn, The Eagles, Loverboy, "The Boss" Billy Squier, Linda Ronstadt, E. H. & P.
 FAVORITE SPORTS: Life; Everything I do is a sport.
 IDEAL MAN: Sean Connery's Cuth, Dudley Moore's Dilarty, Miles O'Keeffe's sexuality, Robert Plant's Hair - I call that gusto!
 SECRET FANTASY: In the words of Eddie Money, "Wanna Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star!"



It's a cold world when you're two



Turning my first trick-or-treat



Semisweet 17

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



FORGET THE ALAMO!

(continued from page 131)

window was screwed shut. I got a screwdriver and undid the screws. Then my parents cemented the window, so I climbed out the *bathroom* window."

She and her car dates would only go dancing or to dinner, but Kym was still considered something of a hell raiser for her age. She smoked a little pot, too—but "just a little."

"When I was 15," she recalls, "my mother went to a group called P.D.A.P.—the Palmer Drug Abuse Program.

"They told Mom that I was wild because of 'mind-changing chemicals.' 'If we can just get her off the beer or pot or whatever,' they said, 'she'll be fine.'

"They'd get long-haired hippies to say, 'I shot up for five years and I was sent to prison and I killed, then I found this program *and now my life is wonderful.*'

"My mother put me in the program. There were ten guys to every girl. They had a rule—if you talked to the opposite sex more than to your own, you had a problem. Of course, they told me I had the biggest problem they'd ever seen.

"One day, I was at one of their meetings and my mother and this man came to pick me up. They took me to the program's lockup hospital. It was bad. They'd put you in 24-hour room seclusion if your lights weren't out at 11 o'clock. They wouldn't even let me talk with my mother. Finally, I got word to a friend, who said he'd come to get me.

"The only door that wasn't locked was a fire exit. I took all my stuff and ran out through it. The alarm went off. I jumped into his truck and took off.

"And that was my experience with P.D.A.P. I never did drugs at all, except to smoke a little pot, and these days I don't even do that. Now my mom and I are the best of friends. I turned what might be considered a bad experience into a learning experience."

Kym thinks something good is bound to come of everything she does. Some of that is the unbroken confidence of the 19-year-old, but some is her awareness that there actually is something special about her.

Today, in Dallas, her picture adorns an 18-foot poster, matches and hatpins—all the result of her first modeling job, on which some sharp businessman is now capitalizing. All those items are advertisements for a country-and-western club, Rodeo Dallas. On the poster, Kym's face is almost as large as it would be on a movie screen.

"And that's where I want to be, eventually—in films," she says. "I've acted all my life. Life is a game, and you've got to learn how to play it."



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

"This guy was hard on my heels last night," the girl related to her friend.

"You mean he kept following you and trying to pick you up?"

"Oh, that happened, all right—but then, when we went to a motel, he turned out to be a foot fetishist!"

"I haven't been in bed with a woman for such a long time," confided the man, "that I may be a little rusty."

"That's just great!" was the reply from under the sheet. "You'll wake up in the morning with a satisfied smile on your face, and I'll wake up with lockjaw."



"I thought you'd be thrilled," the struggling model's roommate scolded, "to have the casting director say you're perfect for that perfume commercial."

"I would be," the girl fretted, "if the fragrance weren't called Bimbo."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *contraceptive* as an heir-traffic controller.

Having experienced little difficulty in persuading the pert little pickup to go to a hotel with him, the man was banging away when his partner suddenly gasped, "There's a guy in the room with us!"

"To hell with the hotel dick," grunted the fellow without breaking rhythm.

"It ain't him," squealed the girl. "It's the truant officer!"

"You wanna party with me, mister?" inquired the past-her-prime streetwalker.

"Not on your life!" snapped her target. "You know," he added, "you could get in trouble working like this."

"With the cops? Screw the cops!"

"With Social Security."

Word has reached us about an opinion canvasser who was sent to a university campus to poll the faculty but never got around to it. It seems that, shortly after his arrival, he fell in with a hot little coed—and spent the rest of the day poling that particular student body.

"I'm pregnant again!" snapped his wife to the emperor. "Are you sure you haven't been getting your condoms from the same people who made your new clothes?"

"I'm going to share a secret with you," the stoned girl murmured dreamily as the sensuous sound swelled from the stereo. "When I was younger, I used to masturbate to this composer's music."

"I've been there, too, baby," responded her equally high date. "I was partway through my teens before I found out his name wasn't Jerkoffsky."

During the weekend," boasted the cocksman to his buddy, "my organ had to work like a Trojan!"

After giving birth to her tenth child, the woman was dozing exhaustedly when her husband slipped into the hospital room, put a bouquet in the vase on the dresser, tiptoed over to the bed and kissed her gently on the forehead. The object of his tenderness opened one eye. "Frank, my dear," she managed to whisper, "I'm glad you're here . . . but do you have to start in again so soon?"

Sympathy is due the chaste young female hitchhiker who innocently told a deliveryman that she wanted to get off at the end of his route.

*A romantic attraction has clung
To a chap of whom damsels have sung:
'Tis the Scourge from the East,
That lascivious beast
Who was known as Attila the Hung!"*



It was almost closing time when a male patron who had been getting the frosty treatment from a girl at the end of the bar called to the bartender and said, "Give that bitchy douche bag over there one on me."

"We discourage that sort of language here, sir," the bartender answered sternly.

"OK, OK. Serve the lady a cocktail with my compliments."

The bartender approached the female in question. "The, uh, gentleman at the other end of the bar would like to buy you a drink, miss. What would you like?"

"Vinegar and water," she replied.

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.



"A goddamn troublemaker to the very end!"



once again, we revere the best, revile the worst and reprise the weirdest moments
that passed before our eyes

THE YEAR IN MOVIES

EVERY YEAR, just after the holidays, we start preparing the feature we call *The Year in Movies*. Our alternative Oscars. It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it. We recall a calendar's worth of date nights, compare notes, resurrect brilliant dinner conversations. We become Monday-morning movie critics. This year, it was a piece of cake. Pop culture presented itself in three forms: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, William Hurt and Lawrence Kasdan. Still, there was a great deal of hairsplitting. The first 15 minutes of *Raiders* was the best short subject ever filmed. (The still at right shows Indiana Jones in a guest appearance on *Bowling for Dollars*.) The rest wasn't bad. Fans debated whether or not the movie they saw the first time was as good as the movie they saw the fifth time. Harrison Ford was the hero of the year, in a year in which Hollywood tried to launch legions of larger-than-life leading men. Karen Allen was the kind of woman we dream about and lust after, a catalyst for the incredible.



confronts the turbaned swordsman in the bazaar; the ayatollah draws his scimitar with a flourish. Jones draws his gun and drops the sucker. Moralists may complain that the scene instills in Americans a craving for the pre-emptive strike. We say: Lighten up.

Nineteen eighty-one was characterized by the eccentric, the unpredictable. *Body Heat* had great sex, great dialog and great characters, especially Mickey Rourke as the lip-sync arsonist. *Chariots of Fire*, a come-from-behind English film, was a vision of a totally different world, gorgeous, with a sound track by Vangelis, Gilbert and Sullivan. Some old-timers came back and showed us how it should be done: We give a Lion in Winter Award to Burt Lancaster in *Atlantic City*; Henry Fonda in *On Golden Pond*; James Cagney in *Ragtime*. The notion that Hollywood did not even nominate Cagney for an Oscar is one reason we have this feature.

In short, it was a very good year. We got our money's worth. If you feel, as we do, that a good movie is worth more than an hour of foreplay, you probably had the time of your life.

We are not about to engage in a heated debate over which scene from *Raiders* is the best piece of celluloid ever

created by man; it seems obvious: Indiana Jones, run ragged and reckless by the villains who kidnaped Marion,

that a good movie is worth more than an hour of foreplay, you probably had the time of your life.

IT'S NOT HARD TO GET GOOD HELP THESE DAYS

Forget the Oscars. In 1981, the stars and superstars did little to earn their celebrity. The movies belonged to newcomers and sidemen, the names that get lost in the Best Supporting Actor category. We have our own awards, counterclockwise from 11 o'clock: The dwarfs in *Time Bandits* get our vote for Best Side-kicks. They give Harrison Ford a run for the money for Best Hero. Bob Balaban gets a Silver Gavel for Best Bit of Business (the rubber-band trick in *Absence of Malice*). In 1981, he portrayed three lawyers (in *Prince of the City*, *Absence of Malice*, *Whose Life Is It Anyway?*). Enough already. Ian Holm, the coach in *Chariots of Fire*, gets a bronzed running shoe—the James Fixx Achievement Award—for Best Coach. Robert Preston deserves a silver syringe, personally autographed by Dr. Nick, for his totally engaging performance as the boozy Dr. Feelgood in *S.O.B.* Laughter is the best medicine, and for not giving Preston an Oscar, Hollywood should go cold turkey on Quaaludes. If there were any justice in





LIGHTS, CAMERA, CRAZINESS

Movies have a special place in our collective imagination. They amuse, they astonish, they show just how far someone will go to secure a place in show business. Over the years, we've come to rely on

the Bond movies for a maintenance dose of the incredible, the death-defying. We weren't disappointed. *For Your Eyes Only* featured a chase—by bobsled, skier and cyclist (above left)—down a bobsled run that boggled the mind. The whole scene was captured by Willy Bogner

(heir to the stretch-pants fortune), who wore a full hockey suit, in case of a crack-up. Cut. We also count on the movies to mystify, to capture impossible transformations. It may be make-up, but it's amazing. The Lon Chaney Wolfman Award goes to Rick Baker, the genius who put hair on the chest of the hero in *An American Werewolf in London* (above). We thought it was an educational film on the effects of masturbation.



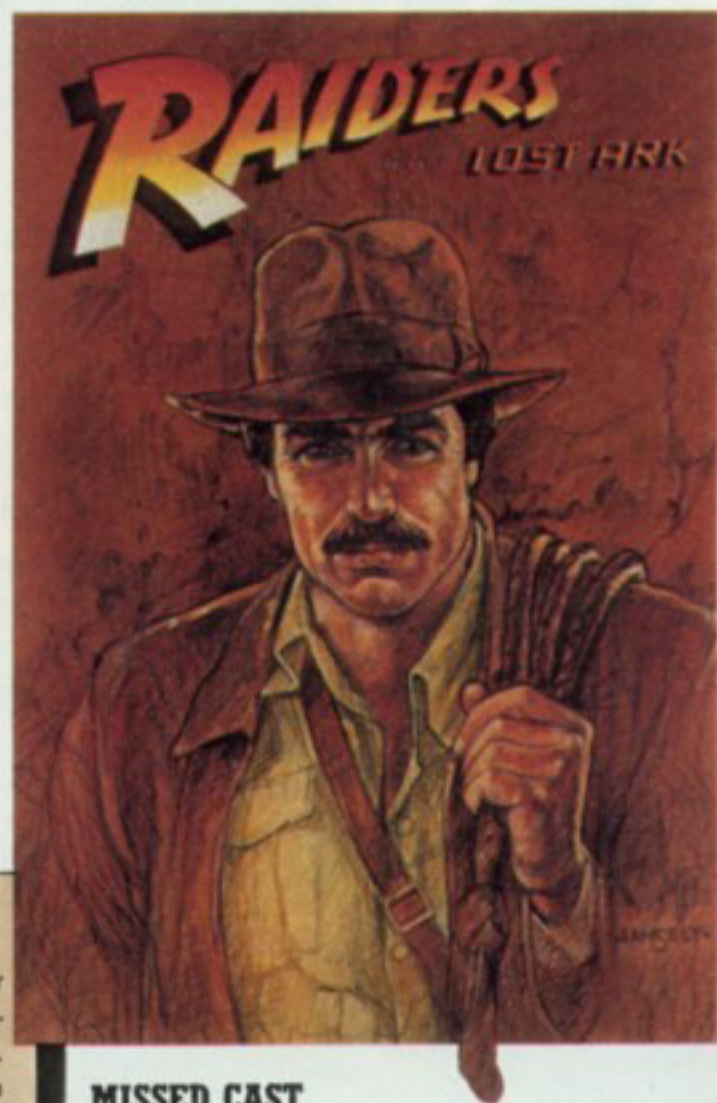
AND TO LAWRENCE KASDAN WE GIVE A SPECIAL LAWRENCE KASDAN AWARD

If Lawrence Kasdan hadn't already existed, we would have invented him. The year in movies belongs to the 32-year-old screenwriter who gave us, in quick succession, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Continental Divide* and

Body Heat. Not bad for an overnight success (never mind that it took almost ten years, six or so rejected screenplays and what seemed like a possible life sentence writing ad copy. When his agent suggested he write for television, Kasdan reportedly answered, "Why? I already have a job I hate."). He describes a career in writing as being "like having homework for the rest of your life." He wrote the story for *Continental Divide* over lunch. Lines such as Belushi's "It's so quiet up here, you could hear a mouse get a hard-on" came later. Without doubt, some of the best lines of the year belong to Hurt and Kathleen Turner: "Maybe you shouldn't dress like that." "This is a blouse and a skirt. I don't know what you're talking about." "You shouldn't wear that body." Turner: "My temperature runs a couple of degrees high, around a hundred all the time." Hurt: "Maybe you need a tune-up." Turner: "Don't tell me—you have the right tool." Hurt: "I don't talk that way." Kasdan does, thank God, talk that way.



the world, there would be separate Oscar categories for different characters, like job descriptions. John Gielgud created a character in *Arthur* that will live forever. He gets our vote for Best Butler and Best Friend. And now for the bad guys. (We'll save the rogues' gallery for your local post office.) Henry Silva, the PCP-crazed assassin in *Sharky's Machine*, almost took the prize—for endurance; 20 years ago, he was a villain in *The Manchurian Candidate*. But, in the end, we had to give our Best Bad Guy black hat to Gene Hackman (above), for his portrayal of Lex Luthor in the *Superman* flicks.



MISSED CAST

There but for the Grace of God and Central Casting Go I Department: We learned this year that Steve (Hercules) Reeves turned down the part of the Man with No Name in the Sergio Leone spaghetti Westerns. The winner: Clint Eastwood. And as the boys in the White House are fond of pointing out, Ronald Reagan was originally slotted for the Humphrey Bogart role in *Casablanca*. Can you believe that Harrison Ford was the second choice to play Indiana Jones? Here's a poster—of Tom (Magnum, P.I.) Selleck—to show what might have been.

**"IT IS A JOY TO WATCH!
FUNNY, RUEFUL, MODEST, UTTERLY
ENGAGING—ALIVE!... SAYLES HAS
A REMARKABLE TALENT"**

Richard Corliss—Time Magazine

"WONDERS!" NEWSWEEK
"Abounds with sharp, sweet touches. John Sayles has done wonders." *Krist*

"SWEET!" N.Y. TIMES
"About as sweet and engaging a movie as anyone can make." *Carly*

"COMIC!" NEWHOUSE PAPERS
"A Star! Comic, compassionate & wildly entertaining." *Fredman*

"ELOQUENT!" PLAYBOY
"Eloquent, thoroughly entertaining & incisive." *Williamson*

"REMARKABLE!" N.Y. NEWS
"A Star! & remarkably so." *Newsweek*

"WITTY!" BOMB NEWS
"I have searched for the equivalent of a standing ovation. I guess it would be 'WITTY'." *Gang*

"ORIGINAL!" PEOPLE
"Powerfully original, wise, witty and compelling." *Travers*

"IMPORTANT!" L.A. TIMES
"An important American film, witty, humane & totally engaging." *Thomas*

"FUNNY!" GARNETT PAPERS
"Inevitably likable, touching, funny, & very real movie." *Dora*

"CHEER!" AFTER DARK
"A film to cheer about! Crackles with talent! Should not be missed!" *Steve*

"CREATIVE!" N.Y. POST
"Sayles is a man of rare, versatile talents, an extraordinarily productive creative force." *Winston*

"FUN!" VILLAGE VOICE
"A grand full-strings original. Sayles is to film what Sam Shepard is to off-Broadway." *Alan*



Return of the Secaucus 7
A film by John Sayles

Written and Directed by John Sayles. Executive Producer: Jeffrey Rosen. Producer: Jeffrey Rosen. Music by: John Williams. Costumes by: ...

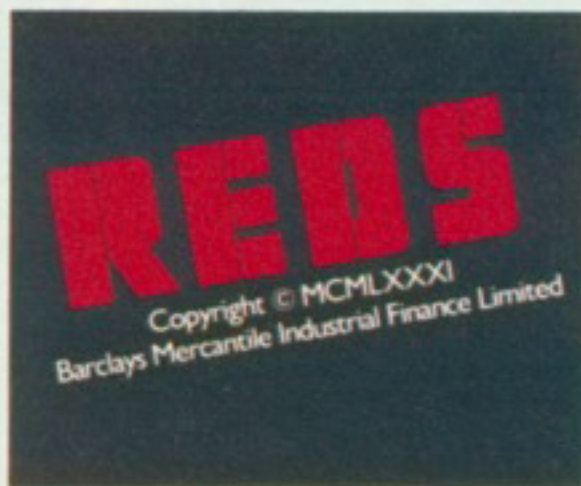


Here's to our friends...

and the struggle to put up with them.



The Four Seasons



WHERE DO THEY GET THOSE IDEAS, ANYWAY?

John Sayles's low-budget *Return of the Secaucus Seven* featured a get-together of old friends, some noisy sex, a bit of skinny-dipping and a casual but competitive ball game. So did Alan Alda's

The Four Seasons. Lawrence Kasdan's *Body Heat* had a dose of *Double Indemnity*. Brian DePalma's *Blow Out* was to eavesdroppers what *Blow-Up* was to photographers. That's called a tribute.

MONEY-MAKERS OF 1981

Everybody loves a list. On the opposite page, we present our movie critic's top ten (and bottom ten). That takes care of the art. There are other lists—the people's favorites, the industry's favorites. The movies that sold the most tickets at theaters across the continent last year were not necessarily the most profitable for the people who made them. Here are trade reports on the winners.

Top ten box office (in millions)

1. *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, \$172M
2. *Superman II*, \$130M
3. *Stripes*, \$85M
4. *The Cannonball Run*, \$80M
5. *Arthur*, \$78M
6. *The Four Seasons*, \$65M
7. *For Your Eyes Only*, \$51M
8. *The Fox and the Hound*, \$38M
9. *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams*, \$37.5M
10. *Excalibur*, \$35M

Most profitable films (in millions)

1. *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, \$58.5M
2. *Stripes*, \$20M
3. *Arthur*, \$19M
4. *The Four Seasons*, \$15M
5. *The Cannonball Run*, \$9M
6. *Friday the 13th—Part II*, \$5.6M
7. *Superman II*, \$5M
8. *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams*, \$4M
9. *Hardly Working*, \$4M
10. *Tarzan, the Ape Man*, \$3.6M



THE CUTTING ROOM

Now that Bill Murray no longer does his Rona Barrett routine on *SNL*, the task falls to us. From the top: Meryl Streep, listen. Hey, you're beautiful, but really, what are you trying to do? Win the Faye Dunaway If It's Neurotic It Must Be Good Acting Award? We would like to give *Rich and Famous* a special award for the least realistic depiction of our chosen profession—journalism. Do you really believe that a staff writer for *Rolling Stone* could end up with someone like Jacqueline Bisset? (And, to cap it off, he leaves with Candice Bergen's daughter, saying that the *Stone* gave him enough money to hire an assistant for an interview. Puhlease.) A special Conduct Unbecoming to a Superhero Award to Christopher Reeve. At the end of *Superman II*, it is obvious that during their loving interlude, Lois Lane has been knocked up. The Man of Steel gives her a special amnesia kiss and she forgets everything. This is the way they practice birth control on Krypton? And finally, a They Must Be Turning in Their Graves Award to the copyright notice for *Reds*, a movie about communism.

BEST LINES

Dialog most often repeated at cocktail parties:

Dudley Moore (in *Arthur*): "I'm going to take a bath."

John Gielgud: "I'll alert the media."

Moore (again): "Are you a hooker? . . . I just thought I was doing great with you."

"Do you want to dance or would you rather suck face?" (Henry Fonda, in *On Golden Pond*)

"That's who you were having affairs with? Hat-check girls?"

"No, they were all intelligent, worthy women—the top women in their field. I can't tell you all their names, but two of them were Margaret Thatcher and Indira Gandhi." (Alan Alda and Len Cariou, in *The Four Seasons*)

"No more wire hangers, ever!" (Faye Dunaway, in *Mommie Dearest*)

"I'll leave this office with somebody's ass in my briefcase." (Wilford Brimley, in *Absence of Malice*)

"NO MORE WIRE HANGERS, EVER!"



BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S HIT LIST

THE TEN BEST

Arthur: Imperfect, but a better screwball comedy, with snappier dialog, would be hard to find—this year, anyway.

Atlantic City: Louis Malle's bet on the Jersey gambling mecca pays off in a jackpot of goodies.

Body Heat: Hot stuff as of yore, one of those memorable crimes of passion for profit fastidiously re-created by writer-director Lawrence Kasdan.

Chariots of Fire: The year's best, bar none.

Pennies from Heaven: A bold, mostly marvelous MGM musical tragicomedy set in the Great Depression.

Prince of the City: Police corruption on such a grand scale, it's classic. Fine direction by Sidney Lumet.

Ragtime: By Milos Forman out of E. L. Doctorow's rambunctious best seller, exuberant Americana.

Raiders of the Lost Ark: All the hair-raising adventures a kid ever saw, rolled into one gigantic cliff-hanger.

S.O.B.: To Hollywood with malice toward all, the bitchiest showbiz comedy since *All About Eve*.

Whose Life Is It Anyway?: For once, a movie version that improves on the Broadway play.

THE TEN WORST

All Night Long: Having floundered as a blonde suburban sexpot, Barbra Streisand reportedly changed agents.

Back Roads: 1980 Oscar winner Sally Field—this was not her year—lost out as a whore.

The Cannonball Run: Another Burt Reynolds road movie; money in the bank but otherwise nil.

Carbon Copy: Racism made cutesy poo.

Circle of Two: Tatum O'Neal and Richard Burton stunningly mismatched in a May-December romance.

Ghost Story: A best-selling shocker turned into a bomb.

The Legend of the Lone Ranger: Klinton Spilsbury so bad as the masked man that his dialog had to be dubbed by James Keach.

Neighbors: More evidence that *Saturday Night Live* alumni can't save screen comedy by themselves, even if their names happen to be John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Taxi zum Klo: Frank Ripplloh's homosexual home movie ain't Art just because it's in German.

Zorro, the Gay Blade: George Hamilton's Zorro batted zero in this cloak-and-bragger comedy.





CUTE COUPLES

Our award for cutest couple goes to William Hurt and Kathleen Turner in *Body Heat* (left), Hurt and Blair Brown in 1980's *Altered States* (below), Hurt and Sigourney Weaver in *Eyewitness* (bottom). Some guys have all the lust.



ODD COUPLES

Top prize was going to go to the giant caterpillar that made love to a naked blonde in *Galaxy of Terror*, but we couldn't get the picture in time. The award for Best Buddies goes to David Naughton and the undead in *An American Werewolf in London* (top). C.J., the orangutan in *Tarzan, the Ape Man* (above), wins the Best Interspecies Savoir-faire prize. And Elisabeth Brooks, from *The Howling* (right), is the lycanthrope we'd least enjoy oral sex with.



WHAT WOULD THE REAL INDIANA JONES THINK?

Do you really need another reason to see *Raiders of the Lost Ark*? Here goes: The eagle-eyed may have noticed that on the wall behind the ark of the covenant were pictographic characters bearing a remarkable resemblance to R2-D2 and C-3PO. Shades of Alfred Hitchcock.

In the matter of real-life artifacts, we have the glass act of 1981—the Miss Piggy souvenir from McDonald's. We are still one glass short of a complete dinner set. If you have one to trade, please contact this magazine's editors. We'll give you first choice of Playmates.



CAPSULE CRITIQUES

Sometimes the best reviews of a movie are overheard while leaving the theater. Here are a few unpublished reviews caught by PLAYBOY staffers during the past year:

The Postman Always Rings Twice: "Jesus, that was longer than the book."

Taps: "That makes sense. Timothy Hutton was a problem kid in *Ordinary People*, so they sent him to military school. But where was the shrink when he needed him?"

Reds: "Gee, I liked the first feature."

Absence of Malice: "That Sally Field sure is something. Do you think her knees shook when she kissed Paul Newman?"

"Come on. She dated Burt Reynolds for a couple of years."

"That's Burt Reynolds. I'm talking Paul Newman."

It's almost enough to make us believe that *People* magazine has a role in American culture.

JOY OF SEX IN CINEMA

Usually, we learn secret Oriental sex techniques from our Toyota mechanic; but this year, Hollywood came through with some killers. Bill Murray and P. J. Soles (right) found a novel use for a pancake turner in *Stripes*. If you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen.



In *Atlantic City* Susan Sarandon (below), our choice for the most sensuous woman in cinema, did something with lemons that won our award for Girl We Would Most Like to Have Living Next Door. She did it early and often, too. In the movie, Burt Lancaster was the lucky fella. Some guys wait their whole careers for a moment like this. We're *still* waiting



Our This Is How It's Done? Award for clumsy sex goes to *Excalibur* (left), in which Uther, in full armor, gets it on with Igrayne—my kingdom for a can opener—and to *Endless Love* (bottom left), for which Franco Zeffirelli produced Brooke Shields's orgasmic look by pinching her big toe. Least expected turn-on came from *Heavy Metal* (sequence at right), *not* a Disney cartoon.





John
Dennis Seymour

"Say, you occupants aren't supposed to be home this time of the day."



BEAUTY & THE BADGE



PHOTOGRAPHY BY POMPEO POSAR

"Men and women approach and handle situations differently. I didn't come onto this job to copy men. I came onto this job to see what a woman could do with it; and though my outlook may differ from the men's, the important thing is that the work gets done."



RICHARD KLEIN

*sexy in any line-up,
policewoman barbara schantz
promotes law and ardor*

SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, dozes under gun-metal skies this morning, an aging Middletown waiting for a train that never comes. Mornings are timeless in Springfield. The self-centered Seventies never groped this far into the cornfields; the Eighties have yet to arrive.

Most of the structures in Springfield are made of crumbling brick. They



Hearts, holster and handcuffs: It's the single woman's perfect dressing table (above). Even Ohio's criminal element calls Barb (coming out of the closet at right) an arresting officer.

huddle around a new utilitarian town square that is the only bow to modern architecture in all of Clark County. It is seven A.M. The town is silent except for the squeals from a fat man's squeegee as he scrubs the windows at the Steak 'n Egg Kitchen, which stays open 24 hours. A conservative black-and-white police car glides past, headed east toward the square. The patrolman at the wheel is 5'3" tall, weighs 107 pounds and wears a delicate gold chain around her neck.

A crackling dispatch from the radio directs Barbara Schantz back to the north side. She acknowledges, makes a U turn without signaling and accelerates up North Street to the day's first disturbance of the peace.

Patrolwoman Barb Schantz feels no quickening pulse. She knows this call is much more likely to involve an angry bride than homicide. "There's always a potential for violence when you go out on a call," she says. "But most times, you have to calm down a domestic argument or take a dogbite report."

A dogbite report? Angie Dickinson never did dogbites. Barb shrugs her blue-





It may be fixing a flat (above left) or settling a spat (above right); a policewoman's work is never done. But workwoman's compensation includes relaxing on a Sunday (left).

uniformed shoulders. "This is a pretty quiet town. You have to follow a dogbite through to the very end. Usually what happens is that the people who called in just ran across a dog and pissed it off in some way—they got too friendly with it. That's no problem. The easiest dogbite of all is when somebody's own dog bites him. You can get all the information right there."

She pulls to the curb in front of a peeling white house in a run-down section of the northeast side. She punctuates her deliberate walk to the door with unhurried glances to both sides.

"This is supposed to be a theft that didn't even happen here," she says quietly, "but you never know."

It turns out somebody has orchestrated the theft of a flute from a school locker. The thief is probably interested in the instrument's silver plating; Springfield has only one professional flutist and he *has* a flute.

After interviewing the fluteless student's mother, Barb takes ten minutes to fill out the report she'll turn in at the end of the day. There have been no



The long legs of the law (left) carry Barbara through Pontiac citations (above) and briefing encounters with fellow cops (below left). When she's not planning strategy or writing tickets, Barb goes home and stretches out to write letters (right); sometimes she gets behind in her correspondence (below right).

further calls for her, so she'll cruise this sector of town until the next insistent static from the radio.

Barb worries that the public sees policework as an exercise in muscle and blood. She seldom has to break down doors or tackle fleeing criminals; in three years on the force, she has never fired her service revolver except in practice.

"All people think of is the violence. Nobody asks me, 'Do you write good reports?' 'Do you keep an eye on your businesses?' That's a lot of what I do.

"The fighting that *does* happen isn't 'You punch me, I punch you.' It usually





involves trying to put cuffs on somebody while he's resisting, pulling his arms away. Well, we don't want to take on anybody one on one—one officer will put a choke hold on while the other locks the cuffs. The choke hold is a really good method of subduing a person. It doesn't injure him, but he'll go 'Llllggg!' and think he's dying. He'll stop the resistance."

She pulls the car over and offers to demonstrate the choke hold to the

"Some of my co-workers don't think I'm such a good police officer. Well, I'm not some supercop, whatever a supercop is. I'm no better and no worse than any of the guys."





reporter who has been following her around. She grips his left arm at the wrist, pinning it behind him, then reaches up and pushes her right forearm firmly into his Adam's apple. He goes "Llllggg!" and nearly dies.

"That's usually all it takes," she explains as the writer rubs his neck. She jumps back into the patrol car and resumes her north-side cruise.

Born in the village of Enon, Ohio, Barb Schantz (concluded on page 192)

"I need a very loving man—one who can allow me freedom to go out and challenge the world yet is always there, so that if I fall on my face, I can run to his arms."



"I've been a police officer three years. So far, I haven't gotten my ass kicked."

was 17 when she married "the first boy who ever liked me." They were divorced less than two years later. She packed up clothes and an infant son and moved to the big city of Springfield—population 72,253. She was only intermittently employed. The two of them lived for a year and a half on the \$3.72 an hour she made as a secretary at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, a half hour's drive away.

In 1979, she ignored the advice of friends and family and joined the police force. She is now one of two women in the ranks. There are 148 men.

She believes only two percent of the men are in favor of women police. "Then there's the 48 percent who think policework is not the place for a woman, but they'll work with you," she says. "I can live with that. But then there's the other 50 percent. They're out-and-out against women in policework. They go out of their way to screw with you if they can; they don't want to work with you; mostly, they talk behind your back.

"The police thing is a *macho* image. They're the last of the cowboy heroes.

Women look up to them; they've got uniforms and they carry guns. Suddenly, having a woman be able to do the job is kind of a put-down for them."

She makes a sharp left at a ramshackle intersection, squealing the tires as she responds to another call.

"I'm glad I'm not working tonight—Friday night. The drunk-and-disorderlies will be spilling out all over the street."

Asked if the work is worth all the tension and backbiting, she touches the badge over her breast. "I've been a police officer three years. From the very first, they told me, 'You're gonna get your ass kicked, you're gonna get yourself killed.' So far, I haven't gotten my ass kicked. I haven't gotten anybody else's ass kicked. It's been worth it.

"I don't want it to sound like I don't like the job. I do. There's a camaraderie on the force and I'm part of it. All the ass cutting is like that in a big family. They'll talk about the girl behind her back, but they'll protect her, too, if they can."

The new dispatch has taken her into one of the city's better sectors. She drives a little faster than the speed limit, starting out at the road as it curves into an affluent neighborhood.

"I'm happy I joined the force. I've always been one to 'go for it,' to do something that took a little courage. Being a policewoman is part of that. So is being in *PLAYBOY*."

"The whole thing with the magazine has been an exciting surprise for me. I wrote to *PLAYBOY* a few months ago and sent them some pictures of me, suggesting they do a pictorial on women in policework. They called back to say they were interested in doing a pictorial on me!"

She is reminded that being in *PLAYBOY* could cost her her job. "Yeah, it could. When I told my chief about it, he read me the riot act. I went home and cried I won't cry where people can see. . . .

"Proceedings could be brought against me, and I'd have to go before the Civil Service Commission. The chance is there that I might be fired, even though being in *PLAYBOY* doesn't have anything to do with being a good police officer."

She finds the right address, parks and gets out. There is no activity in front of the house, no lights on inside.

"I've been unemployed before," she says. "Really down and out. And I'm still here. The worst that can happen is that I'll wind up on the street again. I know I'll survive."

The large house sits quietly behind a front lawn littered with dandelions. She is a patch of blue on a field of green and yellow. Looking left, then right, she walks up to the door.



SOFA, SO GOOD

*they've invented a new late-night sport down in houston.
it's called couch dancing*



YOU WALK PAST a line of white, long-wheel-base limousines, with chauffeurs waiting, talking, smoking cigarettes. This is Houston, where people have money to burn—or, to use the old term, discretionary income, and, for that matter, indiscretionary income. It is the home of a new form of erotic entertainment in the fine tradition of topless go-go dancers and mud wrestling. Something called couch dancing.

A sign at Sugar's entrance explains:

The high point at Caligula XXI is something called the Titty Titty Boom Boom Show (above)—from 50 to 70 girls dancing at once.

YOU MAY NOT TOUCH, HANDLE OR FONDLE YOUR COUCH-DANCING LADY. IF SO, SHE WILL BE FIRED IMMEDIATELY AND YOU WILL BE BARRED FROM THE CLUB. HAVE FUN AND ENJOY OUR EXCLUSIVE ADULT ENTERTAINMENT. COUCH DANCERS DANCE FOR GRATUITY ONLY.

THANK YOU, THE MANAGEMENT

You enter the door and are almost thrown back by the rock 'n' roll. Who 181

needs a bouncer when you can just turn up the bass? The d.j. is hot and hustling: "Let's hear it, you animals out there. Coming out with a little bebop deluxe. La! Di! Da! She glows in the dark, fellas. Time to party, get a little couch dance. The ladies will give you the details. *Voulez-vous coucher avec moi ce soir?*"

The photos on these pages, taken by our eyewitness news team of Robert Scott Hooper and Theresa Holmes, show the ladies "giving the details" to clients at Caligula XXI, one of the largest and most luxurious of the couch-dancing clubs in Houston. There are at least three others—Sugar's Déjà Vu, Sugar's Club Cheetah and Sugar's by the airport. The rules are fairly simple: Customers cannot touch a girl above the knee. Usually, a guy holds on to her ankles. Girls are not allowed to touch the guys or they face a charge of lewd and



Some of the girls who couch dance have legitimate jobs during the day. Among the dancers at Caligula are dental technicians, computer operators and a legal secretary. Tammy and Tess (above) dance because they enjoy it ("It's like working out at a health club, only better") and it's lucrative. The standard dance is ten dollars, but many girls won't settle for less than \$20.

In the photo above, two couch dancers practice their craft at Caligula XXI. (That's Linda in the foreground and Brandy in the background.) Most of the girls have worked at several clubs in the Houston area. They have regular customers who follow them from club to club. Some of the girls actually have business cards printed with their names and hours. We don't know where they keep them. That's not a three-piece suit they're wearing, you know. That's Linda again in the small picture (opposite page) accepting a tip from a client.



lascivious behavior. A girl simply asks a customer if he would like to dance, and if he asks how much, she must say, "My good customers usually give me a ten-dollar tip." What happens after that is art. The girls average between \$200 and \$500 a night. Somewhere in those figures lurks a lesson in supply-side economics, trickle-down theory, Reaganomics. There has not been a more interesting, or therapeutic, use of couches since Freud practiced his craft in Vienna all those years ago. It makes us wonder—if *Dallas* is the number-one show on television, can a cable show called *Houston* be far behind? We'll leave you alone with these pictures for a while. Now, about that business trip you were planning for next month. . . .



The couch-dancing phenomenon has actually drawn girls from other states. Hooper and Holmes re-encountered Brigitte Corvaisier (in the sequence below and at right) at the Caligula. She was one of the women featured in *The Girls of Las Vegas*, a pictorial our two photographers produced in February 1979.







**“You Won’t Find a Broader
Line of Microcomputers Than
Radio Shack’s TRS-80.”**

**— Isaac Asimov
Renowned Science
and Science-Fiction Author**



From Computers That Fit In Your Pocket to Complete Business Systems, Radio Shack Has it All — at Affordable Prices!

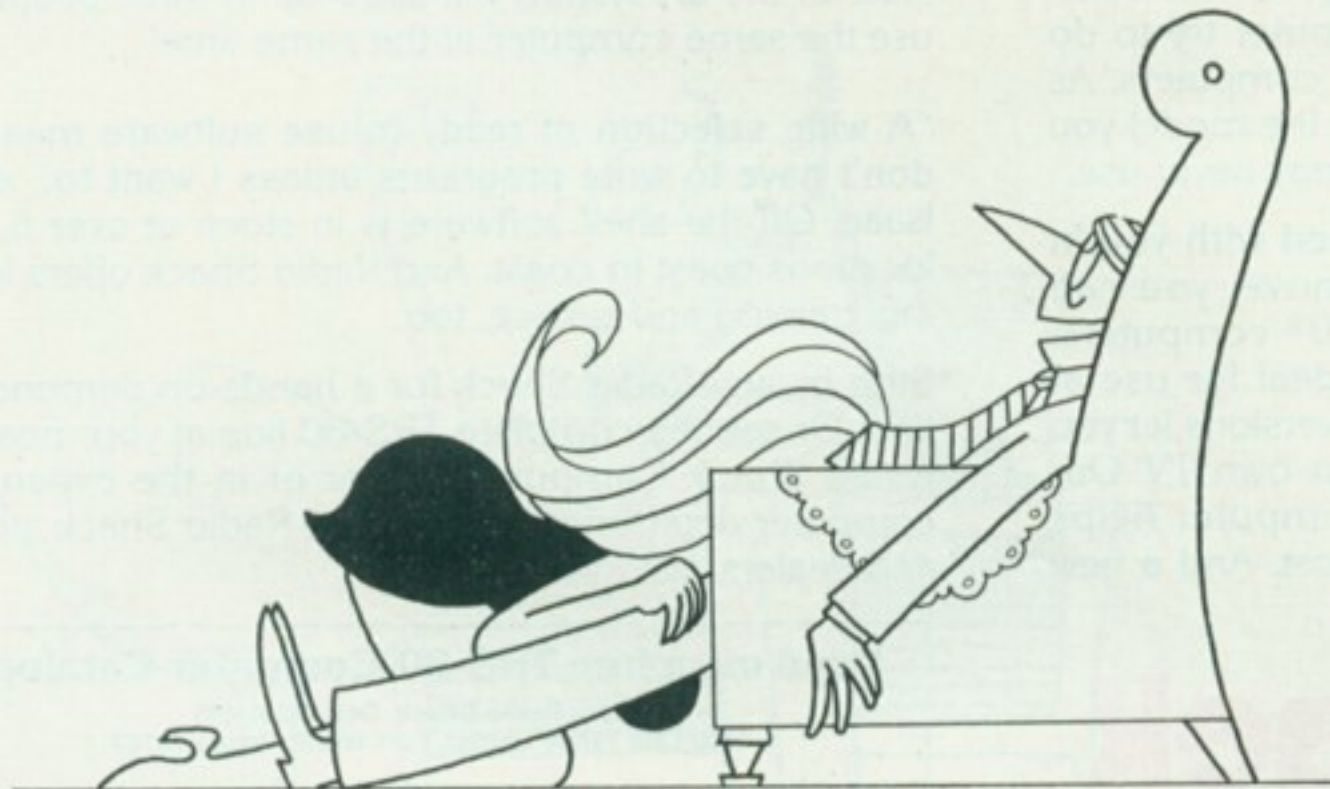
“Radio Shack has taken the logical approach to computers.” Instead of making one computer try to do everything, Radio Shack makes many computers. As Isaac Asimov notes, “You can pick just the model you need, without paying for features you may never use.”

“One of these TRS-80’s was designed with you in mind.” If you’re constantly on the move, you can choose from two pocket-size TRS-80® computers. Four personal desktop models are ideal for use at home or office. Three color computer versions let you play exciting computer games on your own TV. Our deluxe TRS-80 Model II business computer helps improve office efficiency at very low cost. And a new

state-of-the-art system will allow up to three people to use the same computer at the same time!

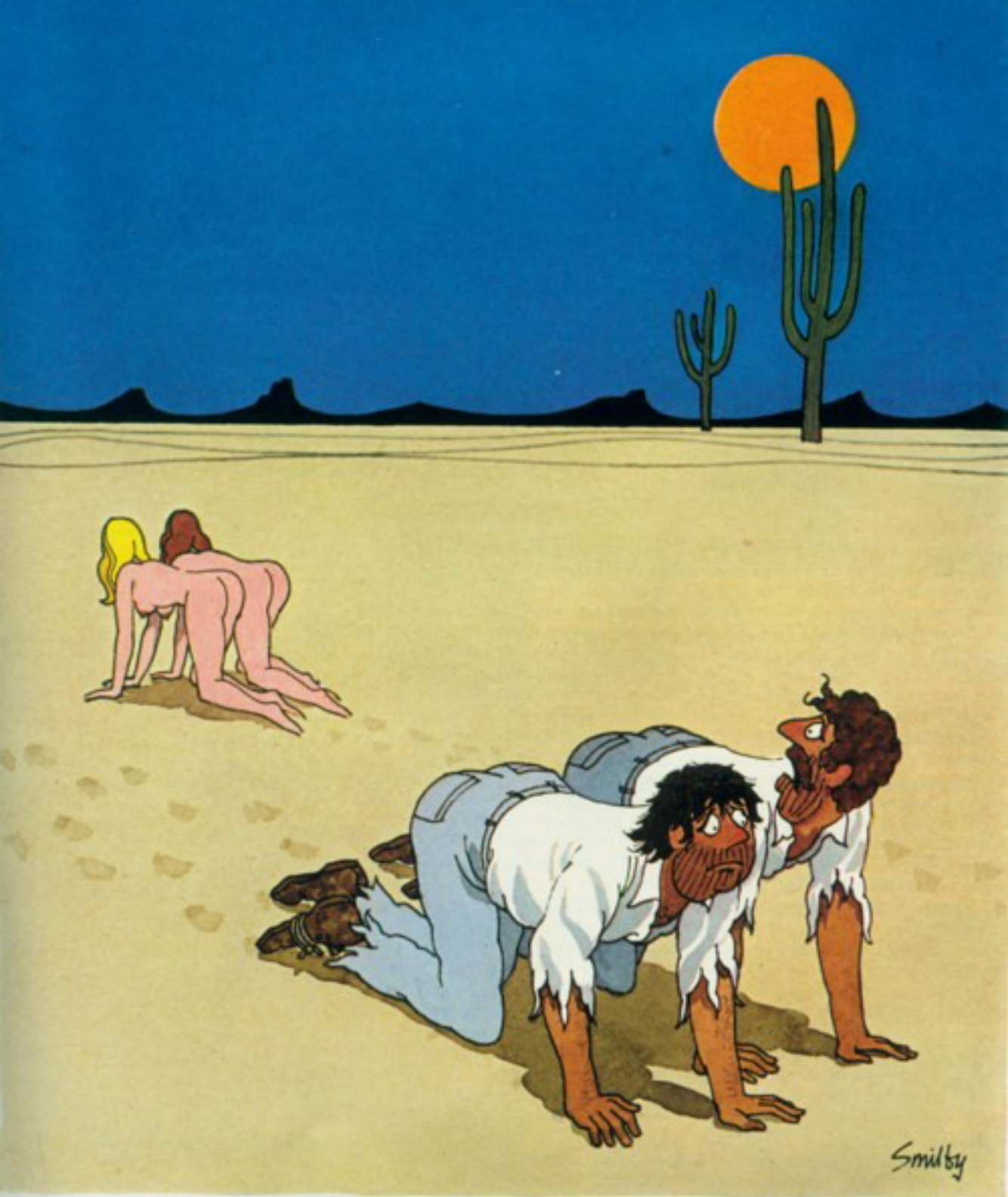
“A wide selection of ready-to-use software means I don’t have to write programs unless I want to,” adds Isaac. Off-the-shelf software is in stock at over 6,200 locations coast to coast. And Radio Shack offers leasing, training and service, too.

Stop by any Radio Shack for a hands-on demonstration. Or see the complete TRS-80 line at your nearest Radio Shack Computer Center or in the expanded computer department of selected Radio Shack stores and dealers nationwide.



Cipriani

“OK, we’ll go out for dinner.”



Smilby

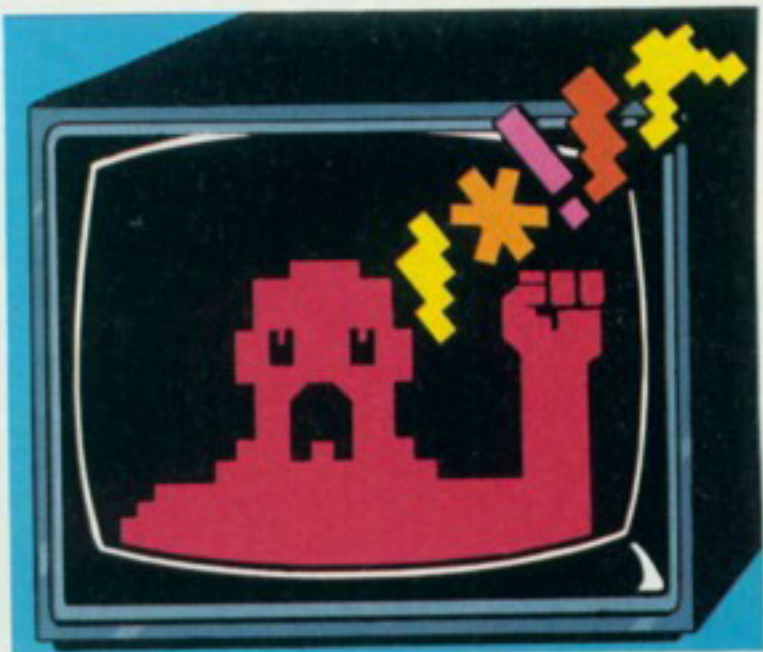
"Yes, but what if they weren't a mirage?"

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

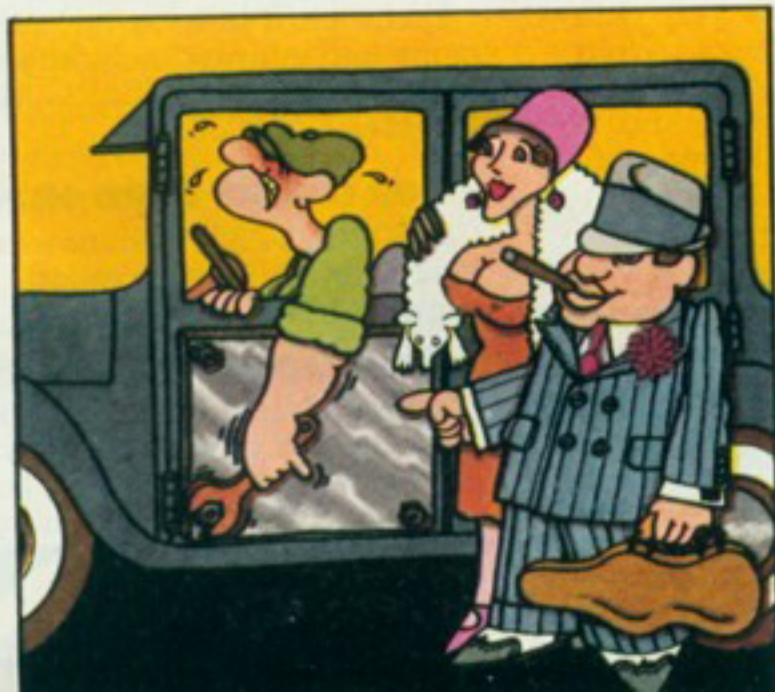
ABUSE, SPACE-AGE STYLE

Just when you thought home computers had been cut down to size, along comes Abuse, a program that gives an Atari 400 or 800 or an Apple II/II+ a nasty mind of its own. Slip an Abuse disc into your little wonder and it will start acting like Don Rickles, taunting you with insults that will leave you laughing. The manufacturer of this space-age smart aleck is Don't Ask Computer Software, 2265 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90064. The \$21.95 price is not an insult.



HAVE BULLETPROOF CAR, WILL TRAVEL

With blackout windows and flame-thrower fog lights all the rage, you might as well go whole hog and *really* turn your wheels into a mean machine by ordering a do-it-yourself bulletproofing kit from CCS Communication Control, Inc., the antiterrorist folks at 633 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10017. What you get are windows and pre-cut panels that will stop just about anything short of a nuke. For \$20,000 to \$30,000, we hope so.



MON DIEU, CAPITAINE! THIS IS ONE FOR THE LEGION!

We've had cowboy chic, military chic and wilderness chic. Now comes French Foreign Legion chic, in which refugees of other fashion movements can begin a new life—no questions asked. Hats in the Belfry, a store at 103 Main Street, Annapolis, Maryland 21401, that stocks more than 350 different kinds of lids, is possibly the last outpost of the kepi blanc, that dashing chapeau that Gary Cooper popularized in *Beau Geste*. And it'll send you one, providing you send a check for \$57 that's not signed with an assumed name. (Your correct head size also helps.) No, Belfry doesn't sell kepis for camels, too.

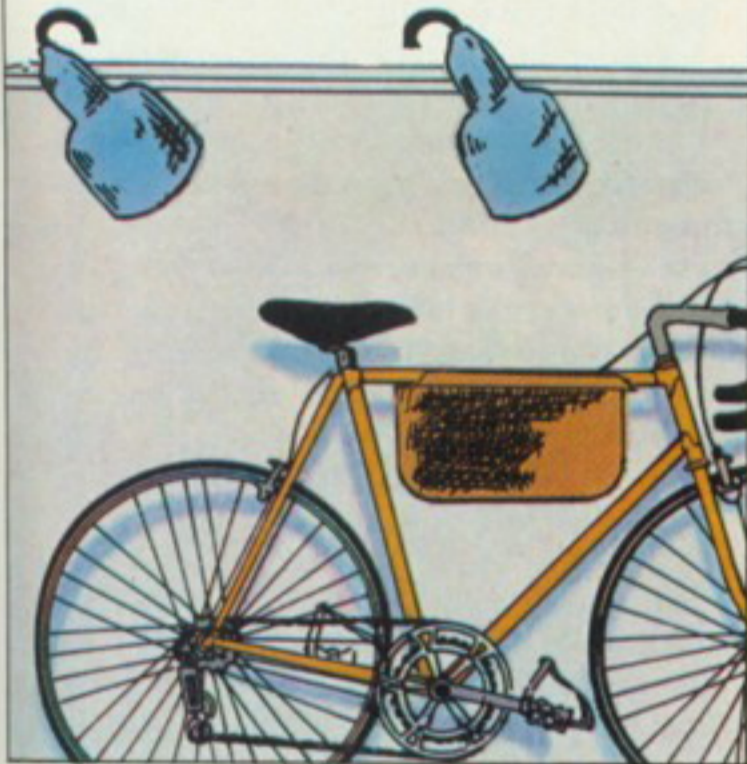


F-STOPS ON THE WILD SIDE

While your snapshots may not end up in the pages of *National Geographic*, Wilderness Photography Workshops, P.O. Box 2605, Evergreen, Colorado 80439, does whisk adventuresome shutterbugs to some off-trail locales with a seasoned naturalist photographer as a guide. The Wilderness seven-day itineraries range from a Wyoming junket for \$455 to an Alaskan great escape for \$1150 (not including air fare). And there's even one to the Virgin Islands. Three guesses what they photograph there.

SHELF LIFE FOR YOUR BIKE

Sometimes the best things in life are free; sometimes they're just amazingly simple. Case in point for the latter is the Eliasanne Bicycle Shelf, a superstrong, gracefully contoured wall mount for a bicycle that Eliasanne Research, 1105 Park Street, N.E., Washington, D.C. 20002, is manufacturing in birch (\$30), white plastic (\$35) and black walnut (\$37.50)—all prices postpaid. One problem: Bikes tend to look so good on an Eliasanne, you won't want to go pedaling.



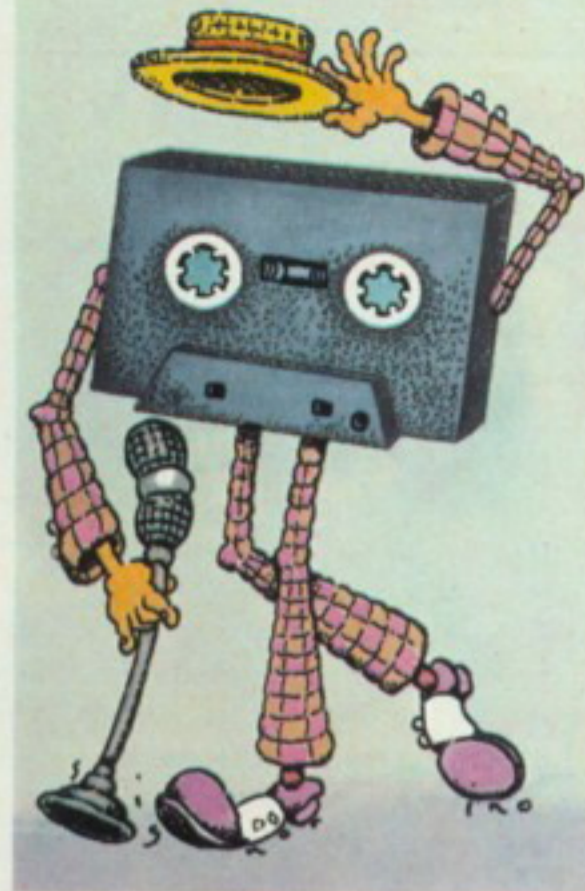
THE PULL TO GRAVITY

Remember the Inversion Boots that Richard Gere exercised with in *American Gigolo* to build up his stomach muscles? Well, Gravity Guidance, Inc., the manufacturer, has flipped again and come up with the 1100 Series Gravity Guider, a chrome-plated-steel-framework and high-impact-plastic oscillation bed that comes with the boots for \$450, or without them—if you already own a pair—for \$372, F.O.B. the company at One West California Boulevard, Suite 411, Pasadena, California 91105. Walk tall!



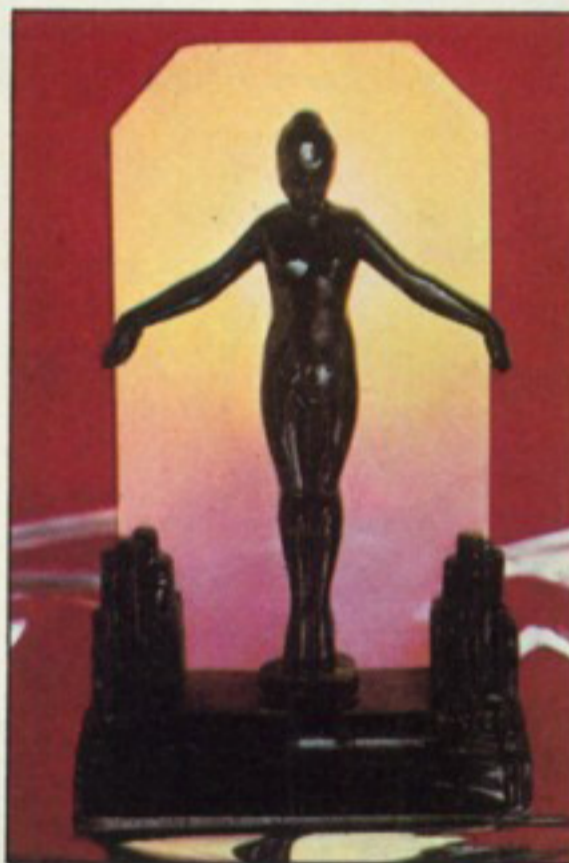
SOUNDS INCREDIBLE TO US

We won't guarantee that Sounds Incredible cassettes are the ultimate ego trip, but if your bruised psyche needs a little shot in the arm, drop this firm a line at P.O. Box 801, Charleston, South Carolina 29402. What you get for \$16.50 is a personalized minute-and-a-half tape—created from a questionnaire—featuring a narrator (your choice of male or female voice) who raps about the recipient of the tape, whispering favorite likes or dislikes, telling a funny anecdote or two and generally making that person feel like a million bucks. In fact, it's a little like the old *This Is Your Life* TV show—without Ralph Edwards. That sounds good to us.



DECO-RATIONS CARRY ON

Art nouveau and *art deco* are still alive and well, thank you very much, in the catalog of 21st Century Antiques, Box 60, Hadley, Massachusetts 01035, a dealer in original and reproduction *objets* of the *moderne* movement. The enameled-metal inviting nekkid lady with arms outstretched pictured here silhouetted against a frosted-glass pane will light up your boudoir for a mere \$100—and there's a matching \$195 Venus smoking stand for postamour puffing. Twenty-first Century's catalog is a de-light—and \$4.



BLUES-CARD KINGS

Blues buffs who dig the sounds of Blind Willie McTell, Mississippi John Hurt and Peetie Wheatstraw can now check out how their heroes look—and read a bit of their history, too—by ordering a set of 36 Heroes of the Blues trading cards for only \$7.98, postpaid, from Yazoo Records, 245 Waverly Place, New York, New York 10014. Yes, eagle eyes, the illustrator of this boxed offering is none other than the legendary underground artist R. Crumb, creator of the late Fritz the Cat. Jazz fans, take note: A series is planned on your heroes, too. Watch this space for further details.



LEROY CARR and SCRAPPER BLACKWELL



“With this instrument, Miss Ward, blow means blow!”



"The ex-starlets who intend to plead guilty to shoplifting in Beverly Hills boutiques last weekend, please step forward."



"Gosh, Miss Watson—when you said you'd come to check out the hardware, I never dreamed. . . ."

Jett's Set

JOAN JETT, formerly of the all-girl group The Runaways, now has her own band, The Black Hearts. The group and Joan's tough guitar style have the critics raving. We want to know where she put the rubber ducky,



PHOTO: TADASHI ICHIKAWA



© 1981 WAYNE WILLIAMS LTD.

A Little Tab'll Do Ya

Since he co-starred last year with Divine in John Water's movie *Polyester*, no one is asking anymore, "Whatever happened to TAB HUNTER?" Now we know. From the looks of this pic, the old teenage heartthrob hasn't lost his touch.



PHOTO: TADASHI ICHIKAWA

Amazing Grace

With the release of the latest Jefferson Starship album, *Modern Times*, the first lady of rock, GRACE SLICK, has returned to the fold. As one of the founders of both the Airplane and the Starship, Slick's name and sound are synonymous with both groups. As you can see here, Grace is getting tired of explaining all those comings and goings.



© 1981 HEAVY ALBUMS LTD.

American Visigothic

We're always happy to report on the antics of rock's madman TED NUGENT. He's never doing anything anyone would call normal. Here he's out for a walk in his beloved outdoors with the lady in his life, PELE. We don't know if they caught anything, but the photographer sure did.

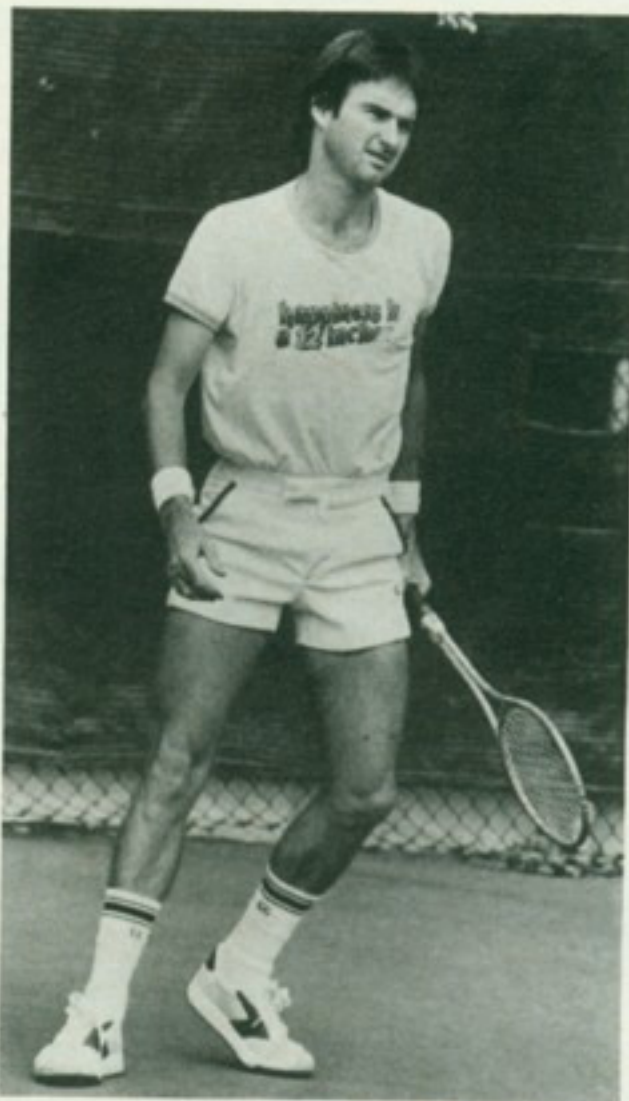


Gray's Anatomy

We'll leave it up to you: Would you throw this beautiful woman out of bed? To millions of people, she's J.R.'s long-suffering wife, Sue Ellen, on the hit TV series *Dallas*. To the Grapevine department, LINDA GRAY's the winner of our celebrity-breast-of-the-month award. So what's J.R.'s problem? Tired blood?

Advantage: Connors

Tennis pro JIMMY CONNORS is trying to sell his Florida condo for about \$2,000,000, we heard. From the looks of his T-shirt, he's trying to sell himself, too. The photographer said the back of the shirt hypes the joys of bass fishing, an old story about the one that got away. It appears to be a case of false advertising however you measure it.



Pooling Her Assets

We believe in the old adage that more is not enough, which is why we're bringing you another view of PIA ZADORA, who has the best new tush in showbiz. Last March, PLAYBOY published some pictures of Pia from her movie *Butterfly*, based on the James M. Cain story. Since then, amidst some controversy, Zadora won a Golden Globe Award. We'd award her golden globes any time.

NEXT MONTH:



CELEBRITY SEX



RAGTOP RETURN



LETTER, HARRY



WINNING PLAYMATE

SUGAR RAY LEONARD ADMITS TO HAVING BEEN A TEENAGED WIMP AND TALKS ABOUT HIS IDOLS (**MUHAMMAD ALI** AND **BRUCE LEE**), HIS TITLE BOUTS AND HIS ALL-AMERICAN-BOY IMAGE IN A CHAMPIONSHIP **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

"HOLY TERROR: FUNDAMENTALIST RELIGION AS AMERICAN POLITICS"—THE BEST LOOK YET AT HOW BIG-TIME EVANGELISTS SNARE CONVERTS AND WIELD INFLUENCE AT THE HIGHEST LEVELS—BY **JIM SIEGELMAN** AND **FLO CONWAY**

"THE CELEBRITY SEX REGISTER"—BY CAREFUL READING OF HOLLYWOOD TELL-ALL BOOKS, THE AUTHOR CONSTRUCTS A DAISY CHAIN OF WHO HAS SLEPT WITH WHOM. CRAZILY, IT ALL LINKS UP—BY **SHIRLEY SEALY**

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—THE LADY YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR, TOPS FROM THE CENTERFOLDS OF 1981

"TO THE LETTER, HARRY"—TWO SIMILAR MURDERS WITH APPARENTLY OBVIOUS CLUES MAKE SAN DIEGO'S POLICE LOOK STUPID. A MYSTERY YARN BY **JAMES MCCLURE**

"THE WESTERN STATES ENDURANCE RUN"—THIS IS THE ONE A GUY TRIES WHEN HE'S CONQUERED ALL THE REST: 100 GRUELING MILES THROUGH MOUNTAIN AND DESERT. YOU'LL BREAK OUT IN A SWEAT READING THIS ACCOUNT BY **LEE GREEN**

"RETURN OF THE RAGTOP"—THE REPORTS OF ITS DEATH TURN OUT TO HAVE BEEN PREMATURE. THE CONVERTIBLE IS COMING BACK, BETTER THAN EVER—BY **GARY WITZENBURG**

"MAN AND WOMAN: THE PLEASURES OF PAUL AND PAULINE"—YES, IT WAS GOOD FOR HER, TOO, BUT NOT QUITE IN THE SAME WAY. THE INSIDE STORY OF HOW EACH SEX EXPERIENCES SEX—BY **JO DURDEN-SMITH** AND **DIANE DESIMONE**

"DAN AYKROYD, RESIDENT ALIEN"—THIS SOMETIME BLUES BROTHER, *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE* ALUM AND MAN ABOUT TOWN ISN'T WHAT YOU'D EXPECT. FOR ONE THING, HE LOVES GUNS. A SURPRISING PROFILE BY **CAROL CALDWELL**