

# PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1981 • \$2.50

VIKKI LAMOTTA

RAGING BULL'S  
WOMAN IS 51  
AND A KNOCKOUT

MORIANA FALLACI

WE TURN THE TABLES  
ON THE GREAT  
INTERROGATOR

DAVID HALBERSTAM

WILL BIG BUCKS  
BREAK THE N.B.A.?

SEX  
IN  
CINEMA





# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



Above: As usual, the Playboy Rabbit Head logo is all ears during one of the festival's great moments, the teaming of George Shearing and Mel Tormé. At the end of Shearing's set, Tormé, right, wanders onto the stage to join Shearing, seated at piano, for a few sizzling numbers. Bassist Brian Torff stands at left.

## JAZZ BOWL III

"It's time we all faced up to it: Playboy . . . does things right," wrote jazz critic David Weiss about the third annual Playboy Jazz Festival. Some 35,000 fans packed the Hollywood Bowl, setting an early sellout record. In a light moment, Ann Patterson of the all-female group Maiden Voyage quipped, "Never before has Playboy brought you so many women with so much clothing on."



Above, Hugh Hefner completes a rather unlikely jazz trio backstage. On Hef's left are saxman Richie Cole and festival emcee Flip Wilson. (Well, you didn't think it was Lambert, Hendricks and Ross, did you?) Cole's tour de force was a punchy send-up of *Stormy Weather*, rewritten as an ode to jazz critic Leonard Feather.



At right, legendary bebopper Dizzy Gillespie fills his ample cheeks to blow his trademarked, elevated-bell trumpet. Dizzy and an all-star combo of James Moody, Ray Brown and Lalo Schifrin delighted the massive audience (above). One festival fan: copacetic Cary Grant (left).







## HE ONLY HAS EYES FOR MONIQUE . . . AND BETTE DAVIS

Above, 1979 Playmate of the Year Monique St. Pierre beams at her husband, veteran recording engineer Val Garay, whose skillfully produced Kim Carnes *Mistaken Identity* album, including the superhit *Bette Davis Eyes*, topped the charts earlier this year. Garay has since produced The Motels' new album.

## GEORGE, MIKI AND THE COEDS: TAN FOUR

Suntan sultan George Hamilton and January 1973 Playmate Miki Garcia (in shawl), now Director of Playmate Promotions, judge the tans of coeds Andrea Rolston (left) and Lori Lawlor at Theta Xi fraternity's Suntan Classic Competition at UCLA.



## KYM HERRIN COVERS THE WATERFRONT, SO TO SPEAK

Kymerly Herrin, this year's Miss March (below), showed up on the August cover of *Surfing*, which also carried an article about the surfing Playmate in its September issue.



## WHAT WE LIKE MOST ABOUT CLEVELAND: EVERYTHING

In the movie *Blow Out*, April 1979 Playmate Missy Cleveland showed up in a shower scene. Here she shakes it up in a shot from her latest film role in the United Artists killer thriller *True Confessions*.

## LOOKS LIKE GEORGE GOT HIS CHRISTMAS WISH

George Burns must have heard that people judge a man by the company he keeps. Here he's surrounded by singers from The Playmates on *George Burns' Early, Early, Early Christmas Special*, coming November 16 on NBC. The Playmates are, from left, Heidi Sorenson, Kelly Tough, Michele Drake and Sondra Theodore.







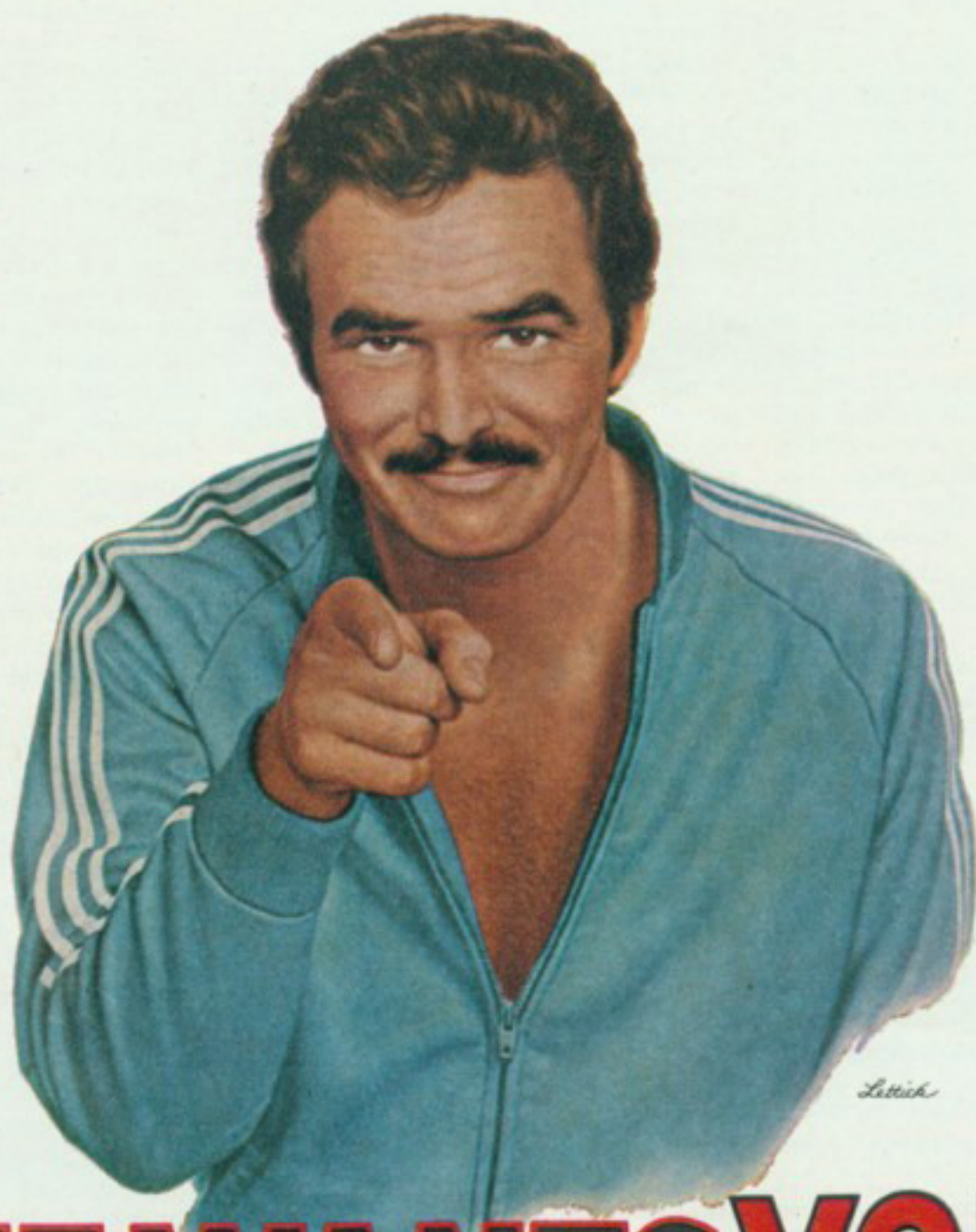












*Leticia*

# HE WANTS YOU TO HAVE HIS BABY

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PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED  
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

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# "If your family likes to show off as much as mine, put them on TV. It's easy with my Panasonic portable Omnivision video system."

*Reggie Jackson*



My teammates are my family. And even if they are a motley crew, I want more than just a few snapshots to remember them by. That's why I have the new Panasonic portable Omnivision® VHS™ video recorder (PV-4500) and video camera (PK-751). They

make it easy to bring the guys' goofy faces, clowning, and fun back to life, right on my TV.

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It can record up to 6 hours from TV. Or

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8 different shows over 14 days.

My Panasonic portable Omnivision

brings all the fun of outdoors, indoors.

Simulated TV picture.



**Panasonic.**

just slightly ahead of our time.





*when she was only 15, she had the look  
that drove boxer jake la motta into fits of jealousy. now, at 51,  
vikki la motta is proving that very little has changed*

# RAGING BEAUTY

*pictorial essay*

By JEAN VALLELY

**T**HE HAUNTING question that lingers at the end of Martin Scorsese's evocative and brutal film *Raging Bull* is what became of Vikki, the young wife of fighter Jake La Motta, whose astounding beauty became the obsession of his life and drove *The Champ* into terrifying rages of jealousy and violence.

Not to worry. Vikki La Motta, it turns out, has been doing just fine. Just fine, indeed.

Her (text continued on page 119)

Vikki was just 15 when she caught Jake La Motta's eye in New York (above). "He was so cute," she recalls. "He made me feel so safe." Right, photographic evidence that Vikki at 51 (far right) looks better than ever.







In 1950, not long after he had won the middleweight title, Jake entered his wife in the Mrs. America Contest (above)—but when the judges refused to allow The Champ backstage, he wouldn't let Vikki participate in the pageant.



Although Jake's jealousy kept Vikki from having very much of a social life, she was a familiar feature at ringside (left). When she got to see her life re-enacted 35 years later in *Raging Bull*, which starred Cathy Moriarty and Robert De Niro (above), she went prepared, taking along six large men's handkerchiefs, and she insisted Jake and her children sit with her. "I knew it was going to be honest," she says.





"Sex is everything," says Vikki. "And I'm always ready. I make sure that the house is in order and that things are taken care of, so when I meet someone I want to be with, I'm ready. When I'm with a man, I am really with him. I love men. Every single thing I do is sexual."







"Posing for PLAYBOY was Jake's idea, and my children thought it was great, too," Vikki declares. "I have a beautiful body. I have never been inhibited sexually. I have always been passionate and, for the first time in my life, I'm totally free. It's my destiny."





head flung back and her dreamy brown eyes hidden behind oversized sunglasses, Vikki La Motta brings her red Datsun to a halt in front of Miami Beach's Doral Hotel, throws the gearshift into neutral, opens the door and flashes a big welcome smile.

"I think I'm in love," whispers the man who parks the cars. His expression suggests he is certainly in heat.

One glance at the real Vikki La Motta and you know that Scorsese got it right. Clearly, this is a woman capable of driving men mad. She has one of the ten great bodies in the world—a real woman's body, firm



Vikki and Jake grin with Jimmy Durante, one of Jake's fans, at the Latin Quarter in Miami Beach (top). Above, the La Mottas on one of the calm days with their children (from left), Joe, Christi and Jack. "The ultimate thing in life is to be in love with your man," Vikki maintains even today. "If that ever happened to me, then I would gladly stay married forever."







and curvaceous. Her perfect face is framed with a mass of spectacular golden hair. Her skin is extraordinary—caramel in color. Vikki La Motta is a composite of all the women John Derek has married.

And she is 51 years old. One can imagine what she must have looked like at 15, when Jake first laid eyes on her at a swimming pool in the Bronx, a sultry beauty lolling about in her white two-piece bathing suit. It's no wonder the poor man lost control.

I jump into the car as Vikki winks and waves at the parking attendant, then drives off. We are booked at The Forge, explains Vikki, and she hopes the food is good. She remembers it as being terrific, but it's been a while since she's eaten there. It's been a while since she's been to Miami Beach, for that matter.

There were the trips to New York to help with the script of *Raging Bull*. Then came the release of the film itself, followed by a ten-state promotional tour she took with Jake. "It was nice at the beginning," laughs Vikki. After all these years, traces of her Bronx accent still

"Jake has a passion for controlling me," explains Vikki. "He has always distrusted people and he doesn't like life. He's still that way. And I thought that if I gave in to that, then he would make me feel the way he felt about life and about people. So I decided my values were too important to give in to his whims. I am still excited about my life. I just love the kind of life Jake hates."









manage to sneak their way into certain words. "Jake saw this as his opportunity to romance me. But as we toured, he became the old Jake, expecting me to be the subservient Vikki. He got jealous. He started telling me what to wear and when to sleep. He told reporters not to ask me questions. He yelled, 'I'm The Champ, ask me.' We went to do a TV show and Jake wouldn't let me appear. By the end of the tour, we weren't speaking to each other."

Next came the Academy Awards and a trip to Hollywood and another promotional trip, this time to Europe with Cathy Moriarty (who played Vikki in the film). "The only way to go," sighs Vikki as she maneuvers her car through traffic. "I had two limousines, one for me and one for my luggage. I mean, how much luggage can I take?"

And, of course, there was another trip to Hollywood and a stay at Playboy Mansion West. "It was like a dream," she says. "And you know what happened? I was up in my room one evening and I got a message that Dan Pastorini [of the Oakland Raiders] was downstairs." Vikki rolls her eyes. "What a hunk! But I was exhausted and didn't go downstairs. He came back the next night and we were introduced and flirted a little. The next afternoon, he was waiting for me at the pool. Before I knew it, he picked me up and carried me into the water. I had on my high heels and jump suit and he kept rolling me around and around in circles, telling me how much he loved me. He wouldn't let me out of the pool. And pretty soon," says Vikki, her eyes dancing, "off came the shoes and off came my jump suit. . . ."

"There's The Forge," she says suddenly, and, with moves that would put Mario Andretti to shame, she slams on the brakes, makes a U-turn and screeches to a halt in front of the restaurant. And, like the man who parks the cars at the Doral, the man who parks the cars at The Forge cannot keep his eyes off her. "I have to put on my shoes," she giggles as she playfully wiggles her bare feet into her sandals.

"I want to be able to look at you all night," murmurs the maitre de to Vikki as he leads us to a table smack-dab in the middle of the restaurant. The maitre de isn't the only one who wants to gaze at her. So does every man in the restaurant. And, dressed in a tight cranberry V-neck top and tight white jeans, Vikki is something to look at.

"I have always been the center of attention," she laughs as two waiters fight to unfold her napkin. "You get a reputa-

tion just by being good-looking. Men started giving me all this attention when I was 13. I didn't do anything and I was a celebrity in my neighborhood." Vikki takes a sip of her white wine. "When I met Jake, I was starting to become afraid of some of these men. This was the Bronx and these guys were tough. Jake was not aggressive like the other guys and he was protective. I wasn't afraid of Jake."

The fear would come later.

"Jake lived for me," continues Vikki. "He was jealous of anyone and anything that took my attention away from him and his needs. He didn't allow me to have girlfriends. He bought all my clothes. He stocked the basement of our home with cases of tomatoes and toilet paper. Cheeses and salamis hung everywhere and there was a big freezer stocked with meat. If I needed anything, I went downstairs.

"And I must tell you," she adds, "in the beginning, I didn't care. I was in love, and so what if he went shopping? And who wanted to be with the girls, anyway? I was busy raising my children. Jake treated me like a china doll."

Vikki's hermetic world began to come apart when Jake's career began to slip. He had trouble training, trouble making his weight. Then he began to drink. And the booze made him nasty and contentious. At that point, Vikki the china doll began to rebel. It wasn't a serious rebellion, mind you; dinners with her family, nights out with the girls. Jake took to the bottle with a passion.

In an attempt to work things out, Vikki and Jake moved to Miami, where Jake opened a liquor store and night club. But everyone wanted to buy The Champ a drink and the drinks made Jake belligerent and the belligerence drove the customers away. Then the violence started.

The first time Jake beat Vikki, she blamed the hard times and the alcohol. The second time he beat her, she decided to leave him. The violence intensified, exacerbated by the separation, and stopped only when Jake was sent to jail for five months on a morals rap.

Vikki La Motta was 26 and broke. She had three small children and no idea of how to deal with the real world. She sold her jewels, her furs, her clothes. She packed up her kids, moved them back to New York and into an apartment in the Bronx, dyed her hair black, started using her maiden name and got by doing odd television gigs: a billboard girl on *The Steve Allen Show*, spots on *The Garry Moore Show*, bit parts on *The Phil Silvers Show*. Vikki was making money, but those day jobs left her no

time for her children and once again she packed them up, moved back to Miami and took a night job as a show-girl at a club 15 minutes from home. But despite her black hair and new name, people still recognized her. "I was embarrassed for Jake," recalls Vikki. "And for me. Here I was, 28, a mother, and I thought, Look at me up there."

Eight waiters hover over Vikki, each hoping to be the one to clear away the red snapper, refill her wineglass, bring more rolls. A man passes the table, notices Vikki and actually stops and stares at her. "What are two beautiful women like you doing alone?" he asks.

"What makes you think we're alone?" she teases. The man wilts.

Vikki La Motta is at ease with men the way the Rockefellers are at ease with money. "The first man to ask me out after Jake and I separated was Johnny Carson. I couldn't believe it. He was so nice. He sent me flowers and we went to hear jazz."

Only one man has ever intimidated Vikki, and that was Robert De Niro, who won an Oscar for his portrayal of her husband in *Raging Bull*.

Vikki cringes when she thinks back to her first meeting with De Niro. She was furious at how she had been characterized in the book *Raging Bull* (upon which the movie was based), and when De Niro and screenwriter Mardik Martin arrived in Miami, Vikki was sure they hated her. "I was standing outside the terminal and all of a sudden they were there—staring at me. I didn't know what to do. I went like this [*she covers her face with her hands*]. I wanted to disappear. When I took my hands down, they had turned away. I was sure they thought I was pretending to be shy."

During the drive to her home in North Miami Beach, Vikki regained her composure. But not for long. The men sat at her dining table and grilled her. They were very personal questions, questions she had buried long ago. "They asked me things like, 'Did you fool around?'" Vikki shakes her head. "I mean, why didn't they just sit around and insult me? It was awful, but I kept my cool." She screened home movies—of her courtship with Jake, of their marriage, of the birth of their children. "The movies were self-explanatory," says Vikki. "They showed love."

Vikki takes a long sip of her wine. "De Niro wanted to sleep at my house. I didn't know what to do. Should I let him sleep in my bed? I was so shocked I just threw a sheet and a pillow on the couch in the spare room." She takes a

(concluded on page 268)



*"But it's more than her fabulous body and gorgeous face. Vikki La Motta loves men and it shows."*

deep breath. "I couldn't sleep and I went into the room and sat on the floor by the couch. He was snoring just a little bit. I kept thinking, This is Robert De Niro on my couch, the face from *Mean Streets* and *The Godfather, Part II*. Then I got up and moved closer and watched him sleep."

De Niro returned to New York but would call Vikki often with questions. Is this how Jake talked? Is this how she behaved? Did she remember any jokes Jake had told her? And then

Vikki was summoned to New York. De Niro and Scorsese sat in her hotel suite and, with De Niro playing Jake and Scorsese playing all the other parts, they read her the script from beginning to end. "They wanted the truth," she says.

Vikki was now completely absorbed in the film. She stopped going out and broke off all her romantic involvements. "I didn't want anyone to interfere," she explains. "I wanted to be prepared, in case I got a call from De Niro."

De Niro's obsession with detail, truth and getting it right is legendary and, as he got more and more into the role of Jake, things got very confusing for Vikki. Where did De Niro end and Jake begin? Just how far does one take this? To the logical end?

"I wanted to," she recalls. "In fact, for a time, I thought, How could I not? An affair seemed the most natural thing to do. But Bob," smiles Vikki, "wanted things to be businesslike." She smiles again. "I should have just attacked him or something. But I got shy. If I were just attracted to him sexually and didn't like him, I would have known just how to make it happen. But I was intimidated and did everything wrong."

Like the night she and De Niro had dinner in New York and he returned to her hotel suite to look through some family books and pictures. It was very late and De Niro was due back at her hotel the next morning for a meeting. "Anyone else," sighs Vikki, "I would have just said, 'Stay here . . . I have room.' Or I would have at least offered him a drink, a cup of coffee, some water. He's so sweet and so easy to be nice to." She grimaces.

"Instead, I sent this man out into the streets. When he came back a few hours later, he brought his own container of coffee."

The number of waiters buzzing around Vikki keeps growing. But it's more than her fabulous body and gorgeous face. Vikki La Motta loves men and it shows. She knows how to make men feel good. She smiles, bats her eyes, cocks her head, winks. Vikki is an old-fashioned flirt. Pure and simple.

But even more seductive is her excitement about life. In an age of cynicism, Vikki La Motta is a romantic and just a whole lot of fun to be around. "I think of myself as a little girl," she says, "so everything and everyone is fresh and new. I have absolutely no memories of the past, nothing to inhibit. I put no importance on suffering. I don't think suffering is a necessary thing in your life and I don't believe that it leaves a permanent scar on your soul."

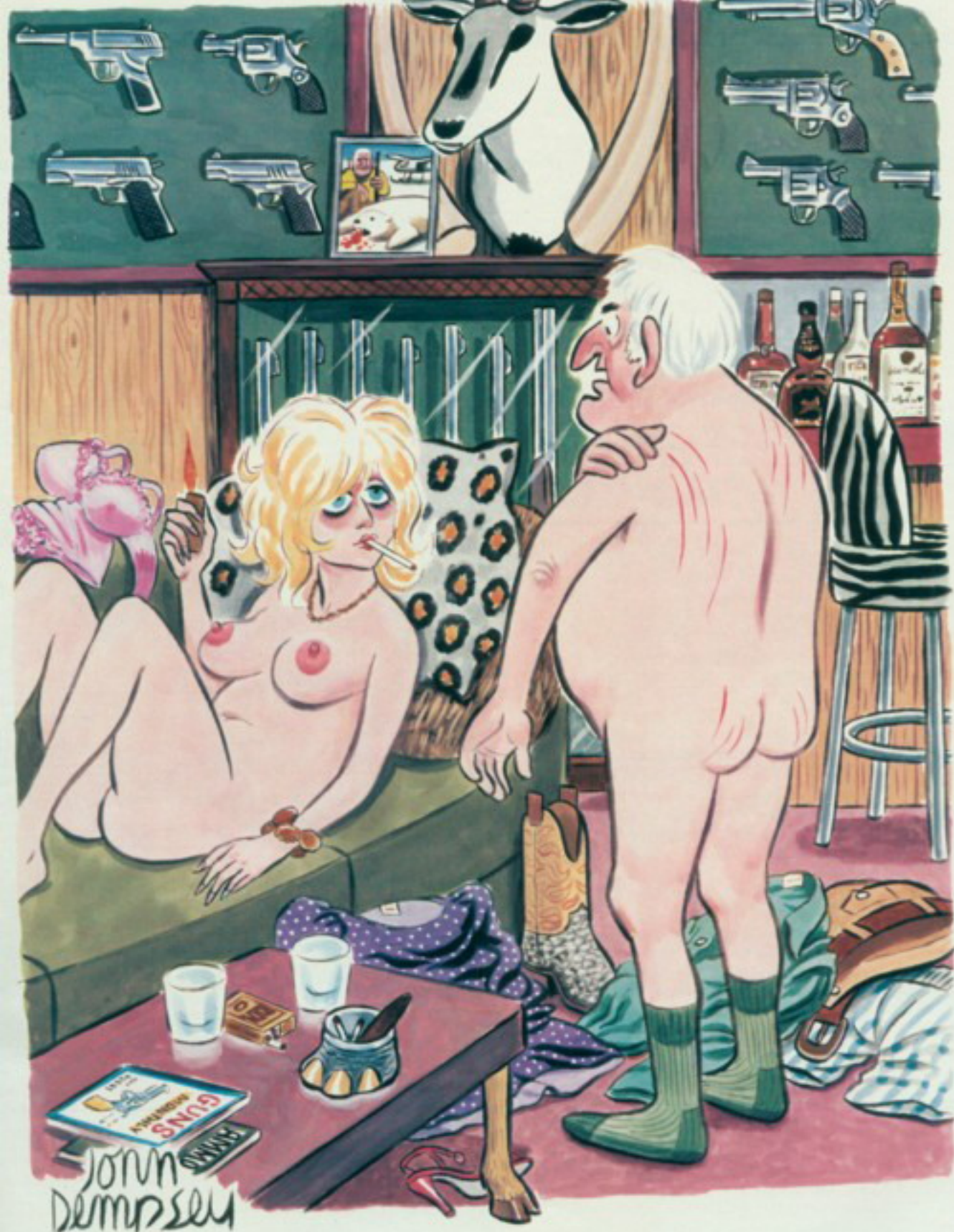
It's late and Vikki drinks the last of her wine. "People walk around, crying, 'Oh, what I've been through, what I've suffered!' Well, big deal. Years later, they're still living it. I don't mean that I didn't suffer, that I didn't feel pain. But so what? Next case.

"The key to remaining sexy," Vikki emphasizes, "is to remain passionate; about life, people, everything. Age doesn't matter."



*"Relax, lady, I'm not just any Peeping Tom—you're on closed-circuit TV."*





"Fingernails don't scratch—people scratch."



getting a reading on your diminished expectations

# NEW MAGAZINES FOR THE EIGHTIES



**W**elcome to the hard Eighties. Looked around lately? It's *awful* out there. A 75-watt bulb in the White House. Double-digit inflation becoming a tradition. Unemployment rivaling baseball as the national pastime. Soaring gasoline prices, energy shortages on all fronts. Johnny Carson down to 60 minutes and the Hershey bar shrinking even as its price goes up. Terrorists. Nuclear waste. Pollution. *Three's Company*. . .

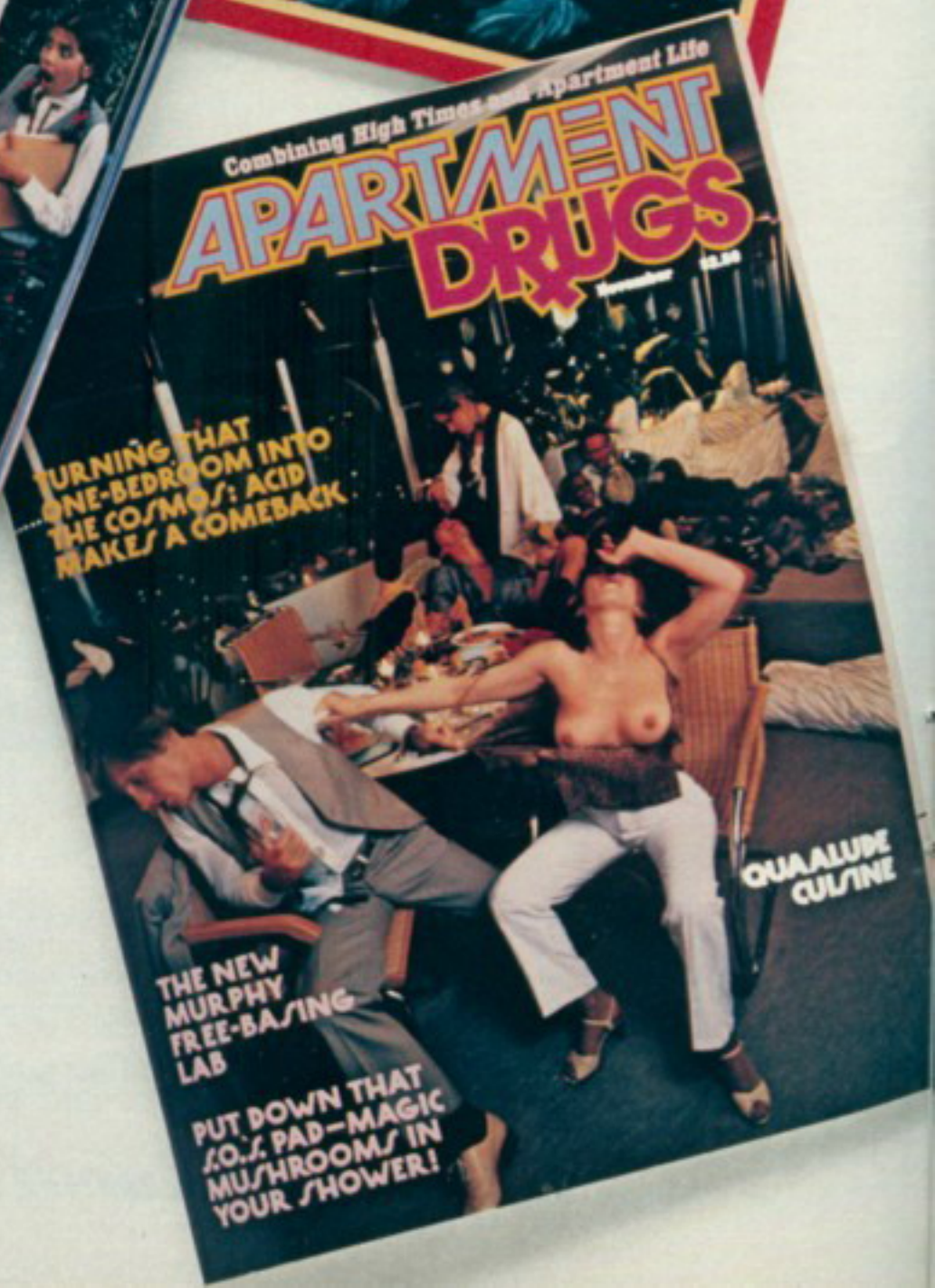
Clearly, it's all downhill from here. Hard and getting harder. You're not going to get through this without some help. But cheer up. Look how awful the past decade was: Vietnam, Watergate, Billy

humor **By DAVID STANDISH and JERRY SULLIVAN**

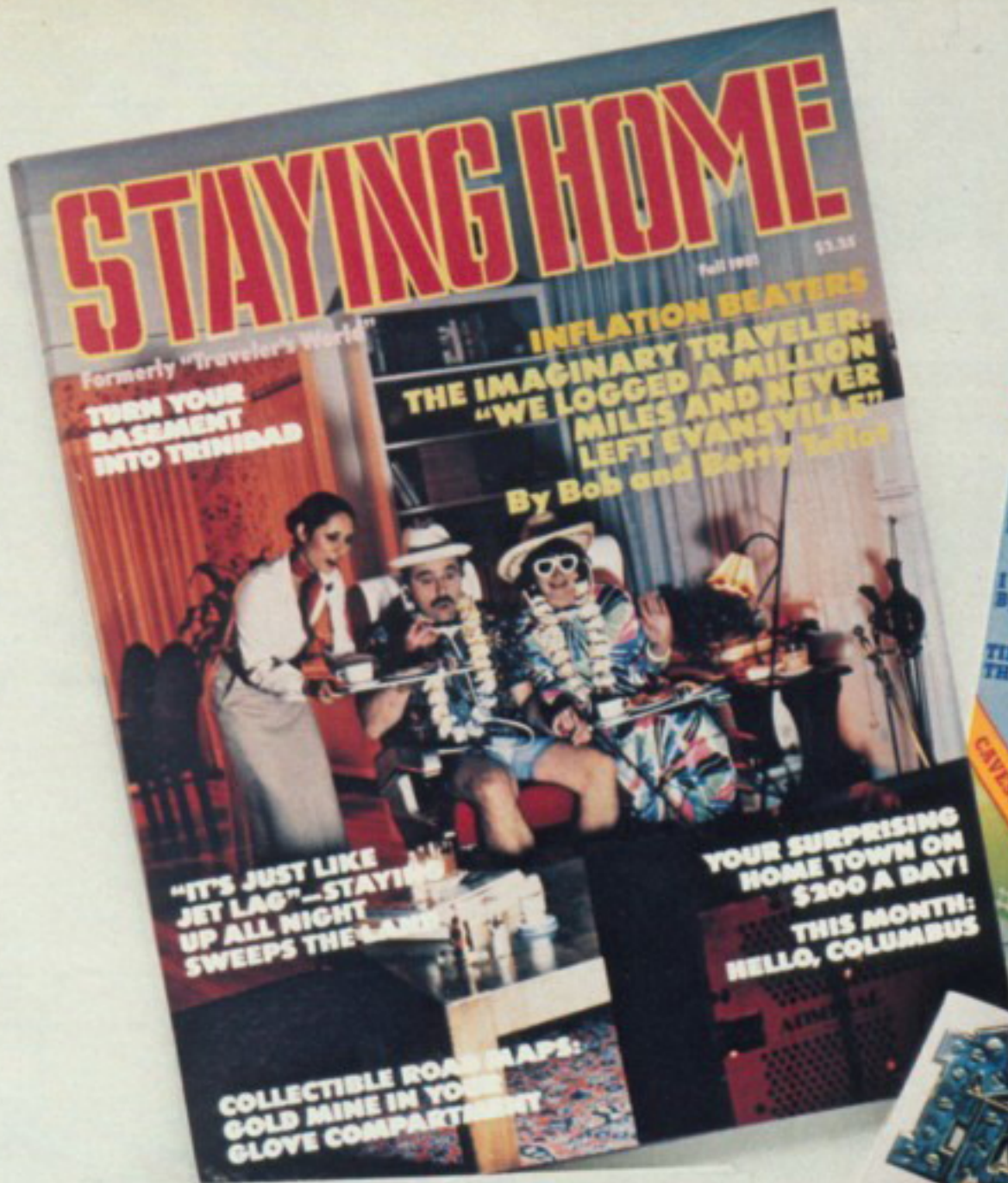


Carter, disco. We toughed it out. How? By reading magazines, that's how. Could any of us have outlasted the Seventies without *People* to tell us who was hot and who was not? Without *Mother Earth News* helping us feel good and *High Times* telling us how to feel even better and *Money* showing us how to finance it all? And now that the darkness is really settling in, America's resourceful magazine publishers are ready to do even more. Whatever you like, whatever you do, whatever you are scared of, there's going to be a magazine just for you. And with our usual prescience, we've uncovered the best of what's to come.

Face it; you couldn't get along without us.







RESHAPING THE UNIVERSE: A PROGRESS  
REPORT ON NASA'S "PROJECT PTOLEMY"

GAME THEORY AND JUDGMENT DAY



PRODUCED BY SKIP WILLIAMSON







# BOSS TWEED

*one smooth canadian and  
her thrill of a lifetime*

WHEREVER Shannon Tweed goes, there is a moment in which all action stops and everyone turns to look. On this cold October evening, that moment comes when she passes the maitre de's station in the 1000-foot-high Top of Toronto restaurant. Conversations pause and waiters slow their paces, balancing their dishes more carefully, afraid that something somewhere has gone wrong. The piano music softens in the background. Ice cubes chime in half-full glasses.

Accustomed to being the focus of attention, this conspicuous woman smiles at the upturned eyes and follows a small, attentive waiter to a table at the window. She is nearly six feet tall. She is blonde. She is startling to see in person; it is as though someone had breathed color and animation into a striking statue of a young woman.

The waiter holds her chair for her. When she is

*Our new-found young lady from Newfoundland  
loves farm denims as much as fashion designs.*



"Becoming a Playmate and becoming a part of the thoughts and the fantasies of literally millions of men—that's a tremendously exciting fantasy for me. Being seen as desirable by so many is simply so terribly flattering. For every nasty look or insult I ever got, every rejection that hurt, this is a compliment that goes a long way toward making up for it. I look better to me in the mirror."





seated, the two of them are eye to eye. He hurries off to bring her a vodka and pineapple juice. Gradually, conversations resume, restaurant sounds gain volume; the moment of her appearance has passed. Still, as long as she stays, there will be darting looks of appreciation and longing from tables within sight of her.

"It's a lovely city, isn't it?" she says. She trails a finger tip against the window, touching Toronto's reflected light in the

glass. "It's both bigger and cleaner than the American cities.

"I grew up on a mink farm in Newfoundland. It was very, very quiet," she says, beginning an unpolished thumbnail sketch of her life.

She frets with her hands for a second.

"I'm really not that used to having to talk about myself. Generally, I smile for the camera and that's that.

"Anyway, my daddy made the food and I fed the mink—





that's plural. We used to drive down to the harbor to get a load of fish, then mix it with vitamins and liver and various animals' meat. The mink loved it—maybe I could ask for a side order."

The waiter overhears as he trundles a cart past the table. He stops and offers to bring a side order of anything *mademoiselle* wants. She laughs and tells him the chef probably doesn't have the recipe.

She lowers her eyes, examining her deep-red polished fingernails, and continues.

"My parents separated when I was

"Modeling to be a *Playmate* is different from fashion modeling. In fashion, you can 'put on' your smile."







13. My father and a friend went out one night to test-drive a new car. The driver of the car was drunk. They had an accident on a gravel road. The driver died and they found my father in a tree 24 hours later. He was unconscious in the hospital for almost a year. My mother couldn't keep up the mink farm herself, couldn't even ask him for advice. So she had to take her seven children and go home to Saskatchewan.

"They never got back together. My father recovered after a long time, and even put the farm back together. He had to learn how to walk again and talk again, and when he died of a heart attack last March, he had bred 20 mink into 1000. I always stayed in touch with him, and I miss him.

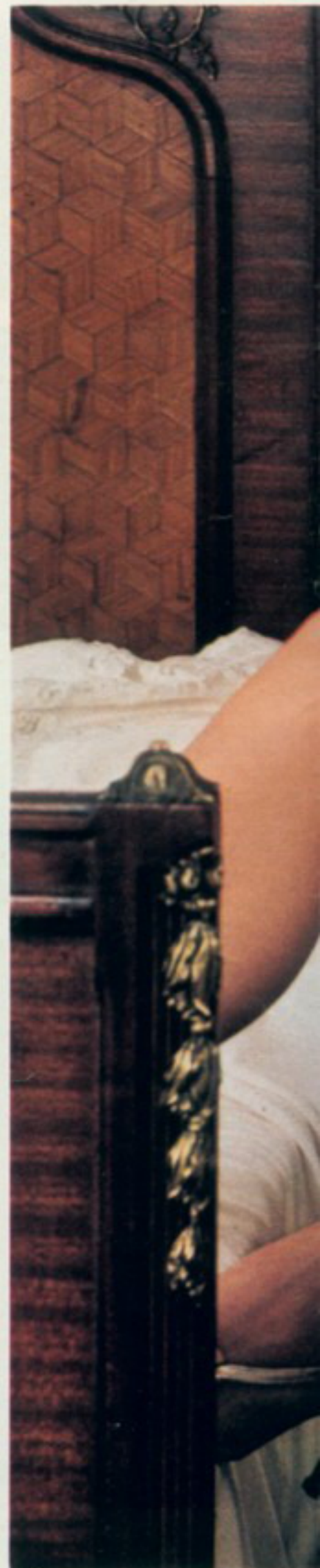
"I finished growing up in a little town in Saskatchewan, then after high school, I went to Ottawa to become a lowly cocktail

*Miss November found her way to us through "Thrill of a Lifetime," a TV program that makes Canadian dreams come true. The "Thrillers" wanted a beautiful girl who dreamed of being a Playmate. Thrilled to find Shannon, they put her on tape in Toronto (above), sent it to us and, once we regained our breath, we accepted their offer.*





*"Country girls have an advantage. I find I can handle little irritations better than city people can. Even though I don't appear slow-paced and quiet, that's what I am inside."*



140 *Snow white during bleak Ontario winters, Shannon can be a bronze bombshell in more clement climates. But in any setting, the mirrors say she has to be the fairest of them all.*



waitress and make bundles of money. I got to be Miss Ottawa, third runner-up for Miss Canada in 1978—I won the talent competition in that pageant as a singer. I was quite well known in Ottawa after that, so I opened my own bar, called Shannon's. It went fine for a year—we made some money—but it

was just too much work. Tending bar was great fun, though.

"People had mentioned modeling to me before. They'd come up to say, 'You should model, you should model.' So I went to an agency in Ottawa and they said, 'You should model.' I worked in Montreal for a while, then came to live







*Upset with the gender confusion she sees as part of women's lib, Shannon doesn't mind if she's put upon a pedestal or asked into a bedroom. "There's nothing wrong with being a sex object," she insists, "if that's not all you are."*





in Toronto, which is the best place to be in Canada. I got into high-fashion modeling here.

"But I really had always wanted to be a Playmate. Every girl's fantasy is to become the ideal—the most beautiful, desired woman in the world, at least for a month. That's what I hoped someday I could be.

"There was a television program starting up here in town called *Thrill of a Lifetime*. What they needed were real-life people to tell what they had always wanted to do or be. A schoolteacher had always wanted to be a clown in the circus, and he got to do that in Montreal. A traveling salesman was just dying to get out of his car and do the morning traffic report from a helicopter. He got to do that. Then (concluded on page 210)



*Miss Tweed and the boss laugh it up at Toronto's Jo Penney agency (right).*



*Highly successful in Canadian fashion, Shannon should do well in America now that the glamor girl is back in vogue. In fact, she's featured this month in Vogue.*

*"You have a sense of working for the important things if you come from a farm. I guess you can take the girl out of Newfoundland but not Newfoundland out of the girl."*





MISS NOVEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Shannon Lee Tweed

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'10" WEIGHT: 128 SIGN: Pisces

BIRTH DATE: 3/10/57 BIRTHPLACE: St. John's, Newfoundland

AMBITION: To be a starlet and then a star on the silver screen.

ROLE MODELS: Katharine Hepburn, Lauren Bacall, Hugh M. Hefner, Pierre E. Trudeau.

TURN-ONS: well-toned bodies, fast cars and boats, Arabian horses and spending money.

TURN-OFFS: Gaudy jewelry, born-again zealots, bleached-blond hair, hovering salespeople, cheapies.

PREFERRED PERFORMERS: Vanessa Redgrave, Gregory Peck, Tom Selleck, Lou Rawls, Janis Ian.

PERFECT EVENING: He arrives with fine wine and orchids. We toast, undress and go for a midnight swim.

PERFECT EVENING COMPANION: He's very masculine, a bit chauvinistic, definitely tall and smells good!!!

SECRET: I love chocolate; does that give you any ideas?!



First birthday



Third grade - my sophisticated look



At 18 - my first modeling feat



# BOSS TWEED

*(continued from page 143)*

there was Shannon Tweed, who always wanted to be a Playmate in *PLAYBOY*. And here she is. Isn't that wild? The show got in touch with the magazine in Chicago, we did some filming for the show and test shooting for the gatefold there, and now this month is my thrill of a lifetime.

"It probably would have been easier—and maybe more appropriate—for me to be a circus clown. But it certainly wouldn't have been as exciting."

When her meal comes—a salad—she eats delicately, the way a farm girl who has been careful to memorize the manners of the city eats.

Asked what she'll do with the rest of her lifetime, she folds her hands in her lap and hesitates, and when she speaks again, her voice is soft. She places a finger against her temple.

"There's an actress in here. It's very hard to make it—to become famous—in fashion modeling. Maybe it's even harder in acting. But the camera rolling just excites me, excites me no end.

"I'm a little way into my acting classes now, and it's a process of digging down deep inside. Not like modeling. Some of the other students don't like models. They think we should go smile into a mirror and keep quiet. It's nerve-racking sometimes.

"But I want to act more than anything else. I've done a few commercials, but no big speaking parts yet. I could do it. And it's a good time for it—in the movies, they tell me, the glamor girl and the happy ending are coming back.

"So that's the way I'd like to go from here. I know the odds are a hundred to one against, but I don't want to give it up until I've tried."

Later, when the meal is over and dessert refused, Shannon takes a last sip of her drink and gets ready to leave.

"Being a Playmate is wonderful. It will introduce me to a lot of people I wouldn't have had a chance to meet in everyday life. Even if some of them view me only as a sexual object, I'll be glad to have met them. Maybe they'll see me again in the movies. I'm hoping for some nice fantasy stories and happy endings.

"I'm afraid I'll make another scene on the way out," she smiles. "I think I'm just too tall."

All eyes embrace her again when she stands. One young dark-suited businessman in particular seems entranced. He never looks away as she smooths her dress, passes the maître de again, says good night and steps into the elevator out of sight.





# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

I managed to hang on to my job through the change of administrations," said the Washington female special assistant, "but, office-sex-wise, these new conservatives just aren't the same."

"How so?" inquired her listener.

"The days of Big Government are over!"

There've been bumper crops this year," the rural madam told the members of her staff as cash-heavy farmers began showing up.

"Yeah, sure," said one of the girls, "so it's time again for the harvest-boon maul."



That's certainly an odd statement, Chet," was the comment at a college bull session. "How do you mean that girls are like rocks?"

"The flat ones are better to skip."

Say, what's a Breathalyzer?" one tavern patron asked another.

"I'd describe it as a bag that tells you when you've drunk too much," answered his fellow beer buff.

"Well, whaddaya know?" said the questioner. "I've been married to one of those for years and years now."

There's a coed at State named Doreen  
Who's renowned on the oral-sex scene.

Since vibrato, it's said,

Is the crown on her head,

She's been voted the Humcoming Queen.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bicuspid* as an A.C./D.C. dentist.

It had taken cajolery for the man to persuade his wife to let him make love to her; she hadn't been very cooperative during the act and now that it was over, she snapped, "You're lucky, you know, Herbert, that I don't make you pay me what I'm worth for submitting to this!"

"I sure am, Louise," sighed her husband, "because if I did that, I'd probably be prosecuted for violating the minimum-wage law."

Now, now," murmured the gynecologist soothingly to his obviously upset patient. "There's really nothing to this and it will soon be over. Tell me," he added, "haven't you ever been examined like this before?"

"Yes, I have," gulped the girl, "but never by a doctor."

For much of Saturday afternoon, the youngster had been tearing in and out of the house, tootling madly as he played at directing traffic on the run. Finally, his mother could take no more of it and screamed, "Do that one more time, Billy, and I'll blow your damn whistle for you!"

"That goes to prove it, Marge," remarked her husband, looking over from the sports action on the screen. "I've always said you treat the kid better than you do me."

We wonder if you've heard about the sensuous female bather who slipped in a bar of soap.

In a frat house, a girl who was square  
Downed a tumbler of Scotch on a dare.

She no sooner had finished

Than her hang-ups diminished,

And she found herself loaded for bare!

It was during a hard-core-skin-flick obscenity trial, of course, that one witness gave X-spurt testimony.

A man applying for work in a Florida lemon grove seemed rather well bred for such a job. "Look, Mac," said the foreman, "have you actually had experience picking lemons?"

"I certainly have," replied the applicant. "I've been divorced four times."



But this isn't an engagement ring," protested the girl. "It's just a tiny, unset diamond."

"I know, honey," said the fellow, "but it'll be mounted the very day after you are."

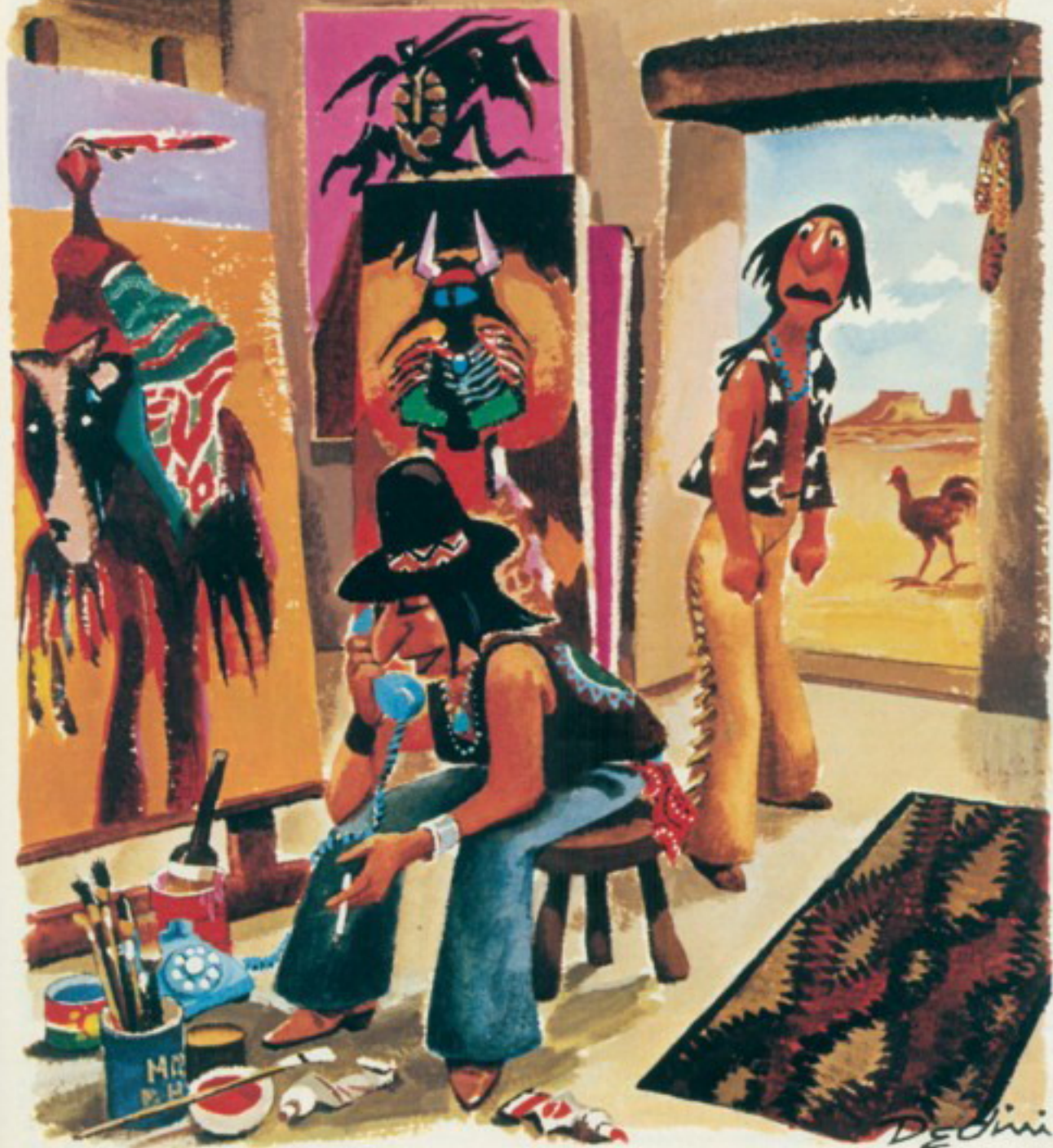
When I was small, my mother told me that my future husband's penis would grow like a tree before he planted it in me," the recent bride confided to a good friend, "but every time I see Arnold's supposed erection, I feel like shouting, 'Bonsai!'"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hot tub* as a balling bowl.

I was initiated into a fascinating tribal rite during the summer vacation," the shy maiden told a classmate at the mission school. "It was my very first date, who told me that he had a special, intimate peace pipe and that it was customary for a girl to smoke it."

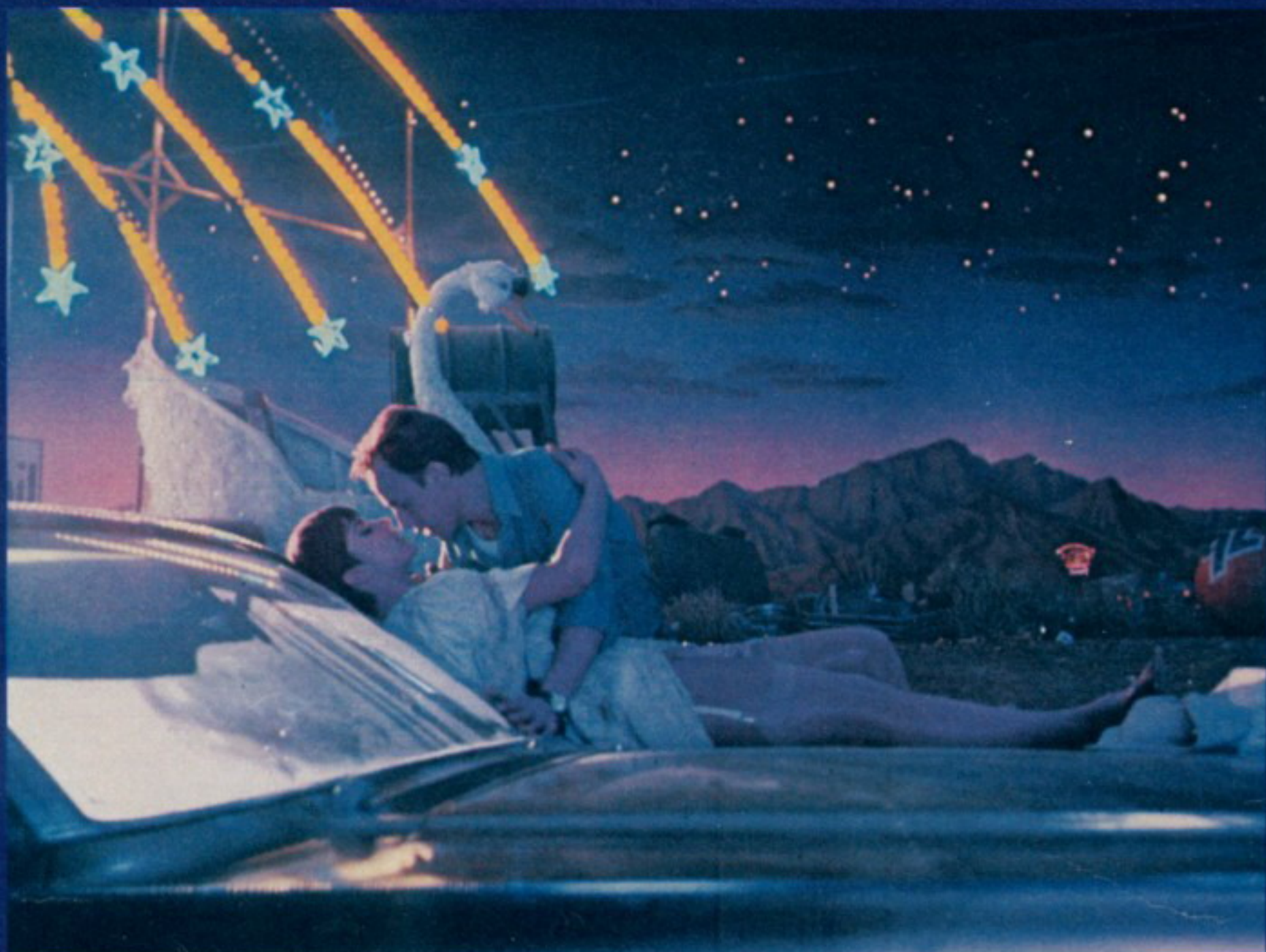
Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.





*"You used to hunt, fish and dance. Now all you do is call your gallery in New York."*





# SEX IN CINEMA-1981

IN A YEAR THAT FEATURED MORE GORE THAN AMOR, MOVIEGOERS' BIGGEST TITILLATION  
MAY WELL HAVE BEEN PROVIDED BY A BARE-BREASTED JULIE ANDREWS





**WHATEVER TURNS YOU ON:** Was Hollywood ever like this? Nastassia Kinski and Frederic Forrest have stars in their eyes, as well as in the cardboard sky, in *One from the Heart* (opposite), Francis Coppola's new romance. Elsewhere on the screen (this page, left to right, from the top): Susan Sarandon, unaware she's being watched by Burt Lancaster, anoints herself with lemons in *Atlantic City*; Kris Kristofferson beds Jane Fonda in *Rollover*; Valerie Perrine and Jessica Lange are pushovers for Jack Nicholson in *The Border* and *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, respectively; *Stunt Man* performers clown around before the roof falls in (a scene later excised); and Leon Isaac Kennedy grapples with Azizi Johari (our June 1975 Playmate) in *Body and Soul*.





**HIGH-JINKS:** Anything for a laugh seems to be the motto for the makers of *Polyester* (above left, Divine with pizza boy Paul Holland); *National Lampoon Goes to the Movies* (above, with Teresa Ganzel and Peter Riegert); *Cheech & Chong's Nice Dreams* (above right, the stars have a go at go-go); *Pennies from Heaven*, a black comedy starring Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters (below right); *Stripes*, in which Bill Murray (with P. J. Soles, below) plays Private Benjamin in jockstrap; and *So Fine* (below left, with Ryan O'Neal in a Richard Kiel-Mariangela Melato sandwich).







#### HIGH ADVENTURE:

Larger-than-life heroics turned audiences on to *Excalibur* (above, with Nicholas Clay as Lancelot and Cherie Lunghi as Guenevere); *Superman II*, with Christopher Reeve, once again in the dual role of Clark Kent and the Man of Steel, finally hitting the sack (right) with Lois Lane (Margot Kidder), but at the expense of his superpowers; and Roger Moore's latest Bond pic, *For Your Eyes Only* (below, with Cassandra Harris).







**THE FEMININE CRITIQUE:** In these days of Moral Majority—Women Against Pornography cross fire, it's noteworthy that a woman Supreme Court Justice is asked to rule on porn footage in *First Monday in October*, a straight film (above); *The Dancers* (below), in hardcore, features lady-killing bump-and-grinders (here, Randy West).



**PRIMAL SCREEN:** Designed to bring out the beast in you were the Bo Derek remake of *Tarzan, the Ape Man* (above, with beautiful Bo showing a bit more skin than the Edgar Rice Burroughs estate was ready to allow); *Tanya's Island*, a Canadian movie featuring luscious newcomer D. D. Winters (right); and *Quest for Fire* (below), a film that has been described as "the serious *Cave-man*," due soon from 20th Century-Fox.







**MIND-BLOWERS:** One way or another, the people in these two films had their brains fucked over. In *Outland* (above), Sean Connery discovers that miners in outer space are kept working via drugs and sex shows; in *Altered States* (below), William Hurt undergoes sensory deprivation and is ultimately rescued by his wife (played by Blair Brown).







**AGE + BEAUTY:** It was a year for May-December, or at least October, romances on-screen; for once, not only the males had younger partners. Here are Paul Newman and Rachel Ticotin coming clean in *Fort Apache, the Bronx* (top); Paul Simon and Mare Winningham doing likewise in his quasi-autobiographical *One-Trick Pony* (above); Pia Zadora and Stacy Keach rubbing it in for *Butterfly* (above right); Barbra Streisand coping a feel of Dennis Quaid's derriere (right) in *All Night Long* (a film that had Barbra romantically involved with Quaid's screen dad, Gene Hackman, as well); and Katia Berger flashing Ben Gazzara, who portrays a poet in *Tales of Ordinary Madness* (left).







**HELLO, YOUNG LOVERS:** Members of the younger generation were, of course, still doing it with each other in the films of 1981. Passion overcomes Bulle Ogier and Michael Gothard in the French release *The Valley* (above left); Dennis Quaid, as a randy redneck in *The Night the Lights Went Out in Georgia*, beats a hasty retreat from an encounter (above right). Most controversial of the flaming-youth films (in this case, literally flaming, as obsession leads to arson) was *Endless Love*, with Brooke Shields and Martin Hewitt (below left); hunks of the film had to be cut to avoid an X rating. Most beautiful of the genre was Roman Polanski's *Tess*, a film version of the classic Thomas Hardy novel (below right, Leigh Lawson has his way with Tess, Nastassia Kinski).







# **BLOOD SPORTS:**

Moviegoers are getting their jollies in some pretty peculiar ways these days. Isabelle Adjani makes love with a monster in *Possession* (above); Maren Jensen discovers she's sharing her tub with something very strange in *Deadly Blessing* (right). And *The Hand* (below, with Annie McEnroe peeling for Michael Caine) treats its audience to disembodied digits scurrying around to wreak vengeance on those perceived as adversaries.







**FOREIGN EXCHANGE:** Isabelle Huppert, whose bod may have been the sole redeeming feature of Michael Cimino's fiasco *Heaven's Gate*, returns to her French homeland to co-star with Gerard Depardieu in *Loulou* (above left). From Holland comes *Spetters* (the title a *double-entendre* for ejaculation), with Renee Soutendijk and Hans van Tongeren (above right) in a motorcycles-and-sex saga. Klaus Kinski, Nastassia's dad, wields a chain in the Japanese-French coproduction *The Fruits of Passion*, something of a follow-up to *Story of O* (at right). Patricia Gelin plays a young erotic dancer from Yugoslavia in *Montenegro* (below center), a Swedish-British release; while Sydne Rome shows a well-matched pair in Germany's *Looping* (left)—a story about amusement-park roller coasters, not the making of porn films.







**TITZAPOPPINS:** Julie Andrews has come a long way from *Mary Poppins* to the let-it-all-hang-out climax of husband *Blake Edwards'* *S.O.B.*, in which she bares her breasts (below center and right) to save a dying film. A darkly satirical view of Hollywood, *S.O.B.* features Robert Vaughn as a kinky studio head two-timed by Marisa Berenson (above left). Much of the action takes place in







the Malibu beach house where film director Felix Farmer (Richard Mulligan) has just tried to commit suicide. Participants include Larry Hagman and friend (above), Gisele Lindley (on balcony), Mulligan (with an unidentified guest emerging from blanket, above right), William Holden, Robert Preston and Rosanna Arquette at Mulligan's bedside (left center), Shelley Muir and bosom pal (below left).





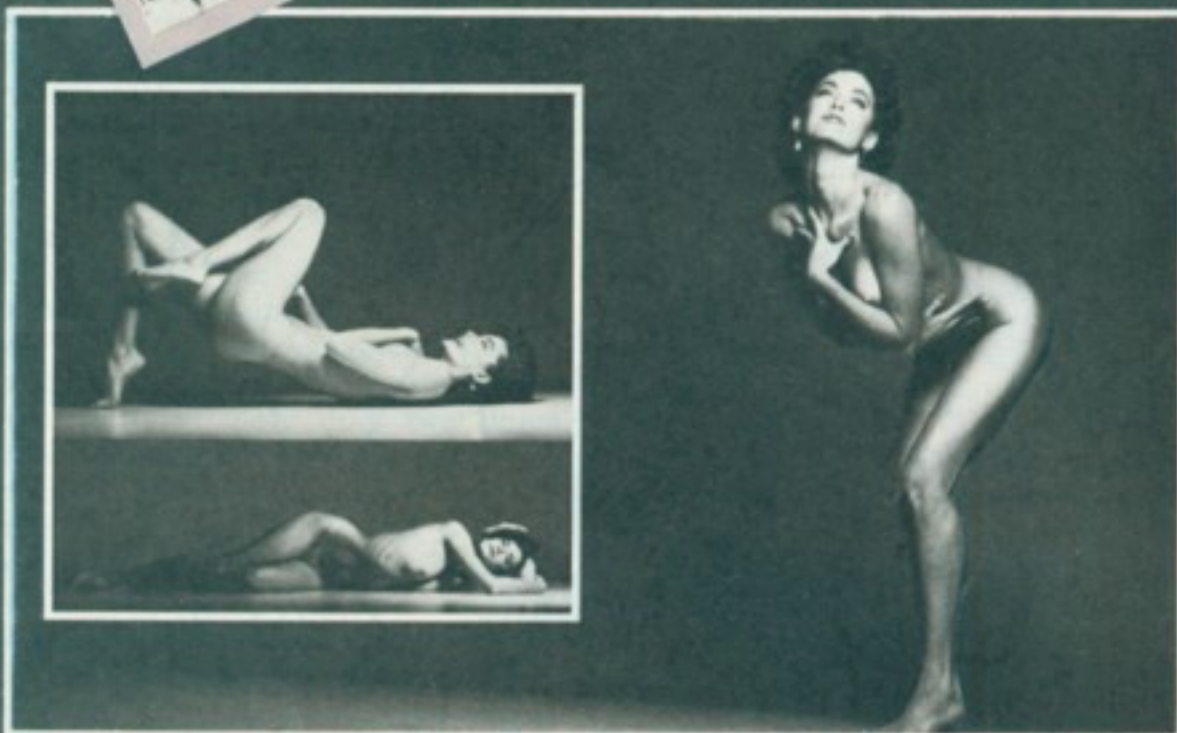


## All the Nudes Fit to Print

Charles R. Collum is on a roll. In 1977, he released a photo album of the citizens of Dallas, appropriately called *Dallas Nude*. (No, J.R. and his women didn't make it.) For the past few years, Collum has been photographing the locals in the Big Apple, *au naturel*. The result is a charming collection of portraits called *New York Nude* that we hope will replace the telephone book. Collum likes his work—in fact, he is taking his camera on the road. His next work will be *Los Angeles Nude*. If you want to pose, drop him a line at P.O. Box 663, New York, New York 10013. What next? A *Des Moines Nude*?

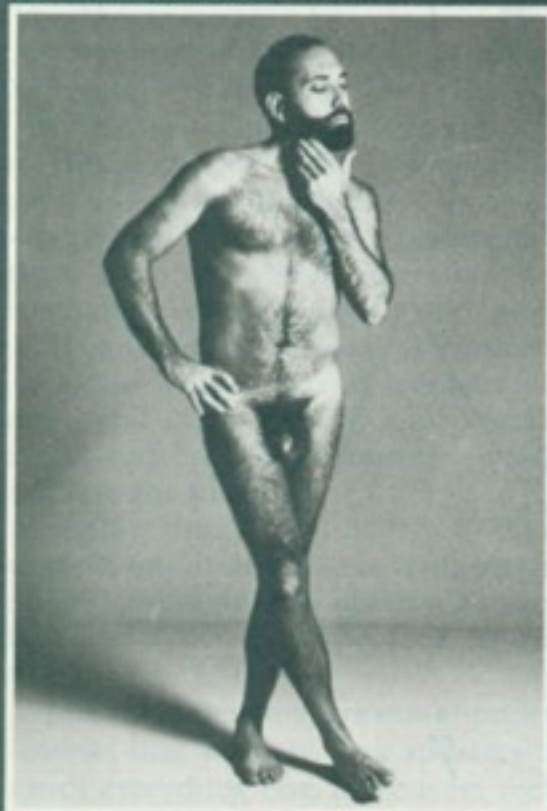


Lyndé Johnson, Miss World, Miss Norway, Miss Olympus Body Beautiful U.S.A.



Tara Shannon  
Famous model

Alan Bresler, president, Bresler Enterprises, Investment Bankers and president, Sutton East News Inc.



Pamela Peters  
Student of anthropology  
Hunter College



Gary and Sherry Mickelson, twins  
He: photographer; she: artist-singer



Rollerena  
New York City's fairy godmother





Virginia and Lillian Peralta  
Virginia: sells shoes at Canal Jeans;  
Lillian: high school student

The Sanford J. Greenburger Literary Agency  
(group shot, including Mr. Greenburger)



Ron Galella  
Paparazzo photographer

The Contessa Jeritza-DeNova Scone  
and her daughter Gina Cleo Bloome



Michael C. Riter, stained-glass artist,  
with his wife and his mother-in-law





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AM Tuner Pack that works in both the KT-S1 and KT-R2.

With our KT-S1 stereo cassette player, you get sophisticated features such as metal tape compatibility open air, feather-weight headphones, and even two headphone jacks so you can invite a friend to join the fun.

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*"Did you ever notice how hard it  
is to fart below three hundred feet?"*





*C. Barvotti*

*"Look at it this way: If I  
weren't a very good lawyer, could I practice  
in a clown costume?"*



# A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO ADULT VIDEO CASSETTES

*if you're considering your own home library,  
here are the best sellers—and/or the best*

Sales of adult cassettes still account for between 30 and 50 percent of the over-all video-cassette market, depending on your source. Listed below in alphabetical order are the 13 all-time top sellers, along with the "label" under which they're distributed. There's really no way to confirm manufacturers' typically inflated figures, but it's a safe bet that *Deep Throat* is the best-selling adult cassette of all. The popularity of these films depends largely on being familiar names to consumers still unfamiliar with the extent of what's available. Some are better than others, but all offer a good historical overview of the best of porn.

*Behind the Green Door* (Mitchell Bros.)

*Debbie Does Dallas* (VCX)

*Deep Throat* (Arrow/VCX)

*The Devil in Miss Jones* (Arrow/VCX)

*The Ecstasy Girls* (Blue Video)

*The Erotic Adventures of Candy* (Wonderful World of Video)

*Fantasy* (VCX)

*Insatiable* (King of Video)

*Inside Jennifer Welles* (Video-X-Pix)

*Inside Seka* (Video-X-Pix)

*The Opening of Misty Beethoven* (Quality X)

*Sex World* (Select Essex/VCX)

*Talk Dirty to Me* (Caballero Control Corp.)

moviemaking. Some are currently available on video cassette; others will soon be released. But all reflect some measure of an emerging social, artistic and erotic consciousness. The plots, acting, production values and sexual information are better than ever before.

*Amanda by Night* (Love story of a homicide cop and a high-class hooker. Veronica Hart and R. Bolla are the Hepburn and Tracy of adult films.)

*The Dancers* (Male strippers come to town. Often very funny. Definitely a film for women . . . and men.)

*Nightdreams* (First avant-garde adult film. Dorothy LeMay gives a great performance. Fellini meets Eraserhead.)

*A Girl's Best Friend* (High-society jewel thieves pursue their objects of desire. Very good production values.)

*Roommates* (It's tough being young and female in New York. Solid script and solid performances by Samantha Fox, Kelly Nichols and Veronica Hart.)

*Blonde Ambition* (Campy cut-up story of two blondes' rise to Broadway fame through a series of carnal coincidences.)

*Nothing to Hide* (Director Anthony Spinelli's vision of the rewards of love and marriage, as well as of hot, available sex. Inspired acting, emotionally wrenching.)

*Outlaw Ladies* (Ladies have fantasies, too—some even get to live them out. Done vignette style. Merle Michaels excels as the adult-genre Judy Holliday.)

—DAVID RENSIN

The following titles—in no particular order—might be referred to as "transition films": They're prime examples of the new wave in adult





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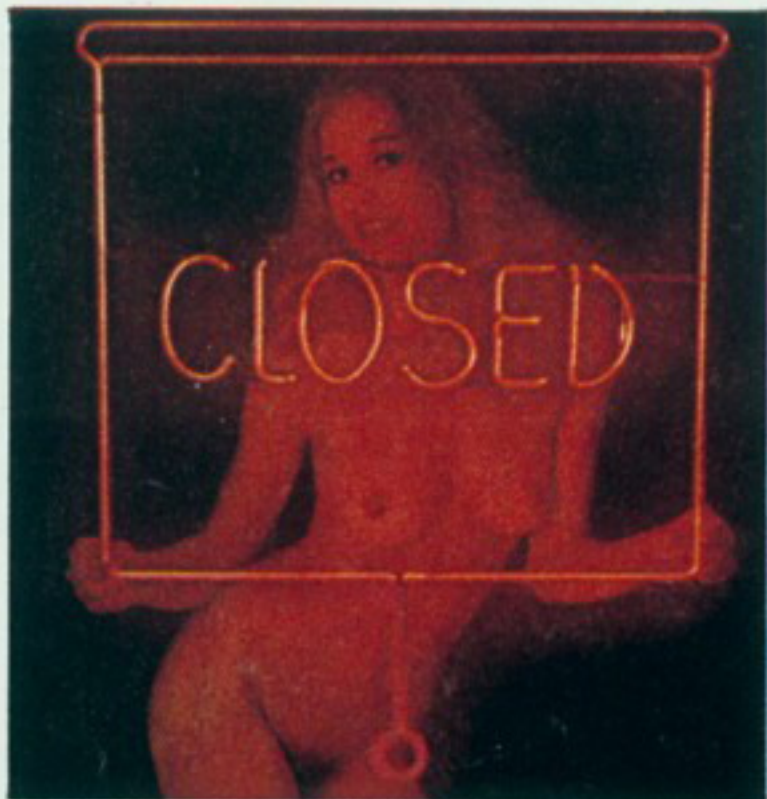
WE BRING  
GOOD THINGS  
TO LIFE.

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

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



## CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT

If you're looking for something off the wall to hang on your wall, the Rare Gas Company, 1479 N. Farwell Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53202, manufactures a window-sized neon pull-type shade (no, it doesn't really pull) for \$350 with the word CLOSED incorporated into the design. You can just look at it—or some night, when you and your sign are both switched on, have a girlfriend “pull” the shade and undress while you play Peeping Tom.



## TOUR OF THE COOKS

Just about everybody has hankered to set sail aboard a freighter bound for faraway places with strange-sounding names. And just about everybody stays deskbound instead. But if you can spare 32 days and \$3900, Goodtravel Tours, 5332 College Avenue, Oakland, California 94618, will put you aboard its Exploring the Cook Islands sojourn that visits—via tramp freighter—Rarotonga, Pukapuka and points south. Somerset Maugham would have loved it.

## THE CHIC OF ARABY

Talk about flaunting it when you've got it, a company called Longoria Sales (2903 W. 70th Street, Shreveport, Louisiana 71108) is offering petro barons who truly want to gloat a 24-kt.-gold-plated 28"-tall oil well that recirculates an oil-like liquid in and out of two mini storage tanks. The cost of this desktop trinket is a mere \$2430 (shipping included, of course). Most sheiks we know have that much lying about on top of their dressers.



## BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD....

Dr. Robert K. Stevenson has it all backward—and he wouldn't have it any other way. His softcover \$8.95 book *Backwards Running* is the first ever written on the subject, which, he claims, develops your cardiovascular system, improves your posture and prevents runner's knee, among other benefits. (You can order it from Stevenson International, P.O. Box 3308, Fullerton, California 92634.) There's no mention of which direction Reagan runs.







### WINNING OF THE WEST

The Gamblers Book Club, the world's largest store devoted to new and used books on games of chance, is just a dice toss from the Strip, at 630 S. 11th Street, Las Vegas, Nevada 89106. Browse there before hitting the tables—or send \$1 for the latest catalog of titles. You'll find something in it for everyone, from *Memoirs of a Gambler* and *Greyhound Betting for Profit* to an *Owner's Pictorial Guide to the Care and Understanding of the Mills Bell Slot Machine*. Jackpot!

### SEE YOU IN THE PAPERS

Ancient financial documents, vintage comic supplement sections, old Automobile registrations, outdated catalogs, discarded land deeds, long-forgotten magazines and just about anything else that survived the circular files of long ago seem to have ended up on the sale list of Yesterday's Paper, P.O. Box 294, Naperville, Illinois 60566. Five dollars sent to Yesterday's will get you two product lists and two canceled stock certificates. Let's see: We'll take a 1913 Kroeschell Brothers Ice Machine catalog from list A, a 1910 Amalgamated Gold Mines of Sheep Creek stock certificate from list B and we've still got enough for the naughty postcard pictured here.



### PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE ROUND

Serious shutterbugs who want to take truly spectacular panoramic photographs will wish to consider investing \$1500 in the Globuscope, a 35mm 360-degree panoramic/scan camera that's as simple to operate as pushing a button. (It yields eight photos per 36-exposure roll.) Globuscope Inc., at 1 Union Square West, New York, New York 10003, is the manufacturer, and a note to them will get you the address of a nearby dealer and more information. And since the Globuscope is spring driven, you don't have to worry about dead batteries' the next time you scale Mount Everest.

END  
POVERTY  
ADOPT THE  
POOR

### ALL BUTTONED UP

Black Hole Buttons, at 362 W. Erie, Chicago, Illinois 60610, specializes in special-order buttons—and for a mere \$2.50, postpaid, they'll print any wise-ass witticism you want on a 2 1/4" disk, provided your comment doesn't exceed about 60 letters. (Short and dirty is the way to go.) Sample lapel graffiti we've seen include THEY'RE ALL BITCHES & SLUTS, SAVE OUR RATS and the ever-popular WHAT THE FUCK DO YOU WANT? Anyone FOR HAVE A NICE DAY?

### SPACEFACED OUT!

Of course, every day is Halloween in *Potpourri* Land, but with Allhallow Eve just around the corner, the rest of you can join in the fun—if you hurry—and improve your looks with a SpaceFace: one of a wild and crazy assortment of soft-plastic visors and masks that look like spiders, bats, birds, ghouls, dragons and other creatures we can't even recognize. SpaceFace, 23042 AlCalde, Suite C, Laguna Hills, California 92653, will send you a free color sheet of styles, and the \$6 to \$12 prices won't break the bank. And since SpaceFaces are weather-proof and really tough, you can wear them to bay at the moon.







*"Vivian! Are you doing the dishes  
in the nude again?"*

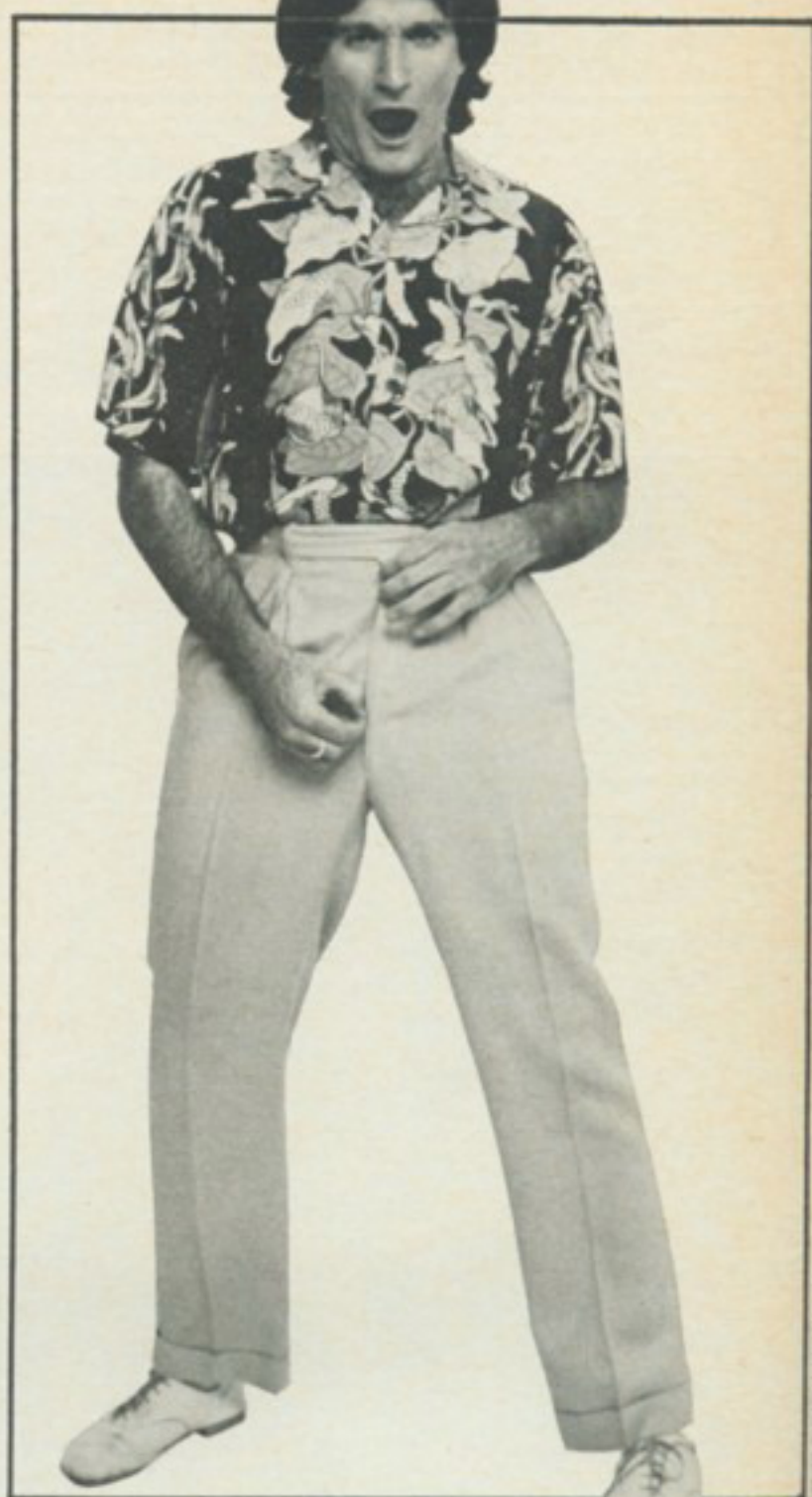




## For Your Eyes Only

Actress CASSANDRA HARRIS appears loosely wrapped in the latest James Bond movie. She caught our attention, naturally, and then we watched her get sent to 007 heaven by a couple of bad guys. We decided to bring her back and give her the celebrity-breast-of-the-month award. Some things are too good to give up.

© 1981 OSCAR ARSLAN



## Couldn't We Just Shake Hands?

Let's see. He's Mork. He was Popeye. He's going to be Garp (in the movie of *The World According to Garp*). These are not your average roles. But then, ROBIN WILLIAMS is not your average fun guy. He lives right on the edge with his comedy. We don't know what laughs he's keeping under his zipper. Anything goes.

## Bedtime for Blondie; Debbie Does D.C.

If we wanted to start a trend, we'd use this photo and call it *old New Wave*. Now that singer DEBBIE HARRY wants to make serious movies, she looked around for some serious role models—and came up with Ronnie and Nancy. Better them than Bonzo, right?







### Daughter of S.O.B.

We must confess. We were so busy laughing our way through *Blake Edwards'* very funny *S.O.B.* and marveling at Julie Andrews' chest, we forgot to check the credits. JENNIFER BLAKE EDWARDS, daughter of Andrews and writer/director Edwards, was sexy as one of the hitchhikers. We won't be fooled again.

### Caution: Man Working

Some people have their best ideas in the bathroom, but it's unusual to keep a typewriter there. We're fans of *The Greatest American Hero*. A show that has Robert Culp and a reluctant superhero, WILLIAM KATT, gets our vote.



### Breaking Out

We'd like to introduce you to singer/actress KATHRYN MERRILL. If you don't know her yet, you will. Merrill plays Mimi on top soap *Days of Our Lives* and is scheduled for a nighttime series. She played a nun on *The Young and the Restless* and made a Disney children's album that went platinum. We'd say it's time to kiss Mickey and Donald goodbye.

### Wearing Thin

A special *Grapevine* ode to the art of hopeless self-promotion: Twinkle, twinkle little BRITT/ Here's a quarter if you'll quit/Up above the earth so high/Like Edy Williams in the sky/Twinkle, twinkle little Britt/ Come see us when you get a hit.





**SPECIAL ISSUES \$3 EACH**

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**THE GALA CHRISTMAS AND ANNIVERSARY ISSUES**

**JAMES BALDWIN** UTTERS AN ELOQUENT CRY OF GRIEF FOR ALL OUR CHILDREN AFTER A VISIT TO THE HUB OF THE SO-CALLED NEW SOUTH IN **"ATLANTA: THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN"**

**HENRY FONDA** TALKS ABOUT HIS 56 YEARS IN SHOWBIZ, HIS REAL FEELINGS ABOUT **PETER** AND **JANE**, THE WOMEN IN HIS LIFE AND HIS FORTHCOMING AUTOBIOGRAPHY IN A HISTORIC **PLAYBOY** INTERVIEW

**JOYCE CAROL OATES** TELLS OF A HAUNTING YOUNG GIRL WHO LEAVES HER MARK ON NEW YORK'S AVANT-GARDE IN **"THE SUNKEN WOMAN"**

**JIM HARWOOD** NOTES THAT IN 1979, *PLAYBOY* BROUGHT YOU YOUR FIRST LOOK AT **BO DEREK**. WE HAVE A FEW SURPRISES (AND SOME FAMILIAR BODIES) FOR YOU THIS YEAR, TOO, IN **"SEX STARS OF 1981"**

**THOMAS "HOLLYWOOD" HENDERSON** REVEALS (WITH HELP FROM **WALTER LOWE, JR.**) HOW HE DEALS WITH WOMEN (IN MULTIPLES, AT TIMES), HOW HE BECAME A FOOTBALL STAR AND ALMOST BLEW HIS CAREER UP HIS NOSE IN HIS RIVETING **"CONFESSIONS OF A COCAINE COWBOY"**

**JULES FEIFFER** SKEWERS THE **REAGAN** PHILOSOPHY IN A SATIRICAL COMMENTARY, **"ONE-LINERS: THIS IS YOUR PRESIDENT SPEAKING"**

**PHILIP CAPUTO**, THE AUTHOR OF *A RUMOR OF WAR*, OBSERVES THAT JOHNNY DIDN'T COME MARCHING HOME FROM VIETNAM, HE CREPT BACK. YOU'LL WANT TO READ **"THE UNRETURNING ARMY"**

**ANSON MOUNT** IS BACK ON A FAVORITE COURT—AND HE DOESN'T MISS A SHOT IN **"PLAYBOY'S COLLEGE BASKETBALL PREVIEW"**

NEW EASY-LISTENING SINGING GROUP **THE PLAYMATES** STAR IN THEIR OWN EASY-ON-THE-EYES PICTORIAL

**GEOFFREY NORMAN** WRITES ABOUT THAT MOST MISUNDERSTOOD OF RELATIONSHIPS, THAT BETWEEN MALE FRIENDS, IN **"BUDDIES"**

**RICHARD PHALON** DISSECTS THE MOVES BEHIND THE SNATCH OF A MEDICAL FIRM IN **"ANATOMY OF A CORPORATE TAKE-OVER"**

**JOHN UPDIKE** EXAMINES THE INNER FEELINGS OF A WOMAN ABOUT HER DYING FATHER AND HER ESTRANGED HUSBAND IN **"KILLING"**

**STEPHEN BIRNBAUM**, *PLAYBOY*'S TRAVEL EDITOR, TELLS YOU WHERE TO STAY IN ACCOMMODATIONS THAT WOULD MAKE LORENZO DE' MEDICI JEALOUS. IT'S ALL THERE IF YOU KNOW HOW TO **"LIVE LIKE A KING"**

WHAT'S **JOHN DEREK** GOT THAT WE HAVEN'T GOT? LET'S SEE, THERE'S **URSULA**, **LINDA**, **BO**. . . THEY'RE ALL IN ONE PLACE WHEN WE TAKE A LOOK AT JOHN'S FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM

**BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN** SPINS A YARN ABOUT A VERY HAPPY MAN WHO IS SOMEHOW COMPELLED TO FOUL UP HIS LIFE IN **"THE ADVENTURER"**

**STEPHEN KING** ABANDONS HORROR FOR A MOMENT TO EXAMINE A NEW MENACE: **"HOW RADIO IS RUINING ROCK 'N' ROLL"**

**JO DURDEN-SMITH** AND **DIANE DE SIMONE** LAUNCH A MILESTONE SERIES ON WHAT MAKES MAN MAN, WOMAN WOMAN AND PAIRING COMPLEX, WITH A *PLAYBOY* QUESTIONNAIRE FOR READER PARTICIPATION

**PLUS:** VISITS WITH ECONOMIST **JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH** AND THE NOTORIOUS DEFENSIVE END FOR THE OAKLAND RAIDERS, **JOHN MATUSZAK**; **"PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS"** AND **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS,"** BY **TOM KOCH**; **LITTLE ANNIE FANNY** UNDERGOES SENSORY DEPRIVATION; TIPS ON HOW TO BE A GUEST AT YOUR OWN POSH PARTY, BY **EMANUEL GREENBERG**; *PLAYBOY*'S PICKS OF THE CAR MARKET FOR 1982; A NUDE BY **NORMAN ROCKWELL**; **"MR. BILL'S CHRISTMAS"**; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; **"THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA"**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE

BOTH ISSUES WILL BE COLLECTOR'S ITEMS YOU WON'T WANT TO MISS