INTERVIEW: FASHION SUPERSTAR CALVIN KLEIN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MAY 1984 • $3.00

THE FALL OF THE YOUNG KENNEDYS
INSIDE A TROUBLED AMERICAN DYNASTY

OLDER WOMEN YOUNGER MEN
A Real-Life Pictorial Featuring
RITA JENRETTE & VIKKI LA MOTTA

"THRILLER" PLAYMATE OLA RAY

QUESTIONS YOU SHOULD NEVER ASK YOUR LOVER

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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

GOT TO BE A FOOTBALL PLAYBOY

At a Mansion West fete kicking off the bowl season, University of Illinois coach Mike White (below left) presented alum Hef with a pigskin, while L.A. Raider Marcus Allen (above right) cavorted with Mansionettes Missy Cleveland, Cis Rundle, Lorraine Michaels (surrounding Hef), Lesa Ann Pedriana and Danita Jo Fox (above and below Allen's left ear, respectively). The Illini wilted in the Rose Bowl, but Marcus became the Super Bowl M.V.P.

BARGAIN MATINEE

On TV, you'll see Carol Wayne (below, in her first post-PLAYBOY stint as Johnny Carson's Matinee Lady) dressed. In February's *101 Nights with Johnny*, our readers saw far more Carol and far less wardrobe.

BRIDGES OVER BUBBLED WATER

No, actor Lloyd Bridges (crowned) hasn't found the Mansion's Imperial margarine supply. He's one of the showbiz stars who surfaced for Hef's big pajama party last New Year's Eve. The annual bash is our founder's way of doing a little something extra for the sleepwear industry.

READY, SET, GO!

Jeana Tomasina's November 1980 Playmate pictorial was titled *Ready on the Set*; now she's gone us two better. That's Jeana above right in Orion's movie *Up the Creek* and below, with Leslie Nielsen, in ABC's new fitness sitcom *Shaping Up*.

HOUSTON: EVERYTHING'S A-OK

In an episode of ABC's *Matt Houston*, Playmates (clockwise from left) Barbara Edwards, Heidi Sorenson, Dona Speir, Marianne Gravatte, Kymberly Herrin, Trisha Long and Veronica Gamba help star Lee Horsley battle plainness.

IT'S BOFFO, J.B.!

So you think *Variety*'s the spice of life? Can't live without *The Hollywood Reporter*? Trade in the trade papers; now there's *The Official Hollywood Handbook*, by John Blumenthal, our *Coming Attractions* columnist. It's the last word on lotus-land life, unless you count "Lunch?"

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every woman should know about.
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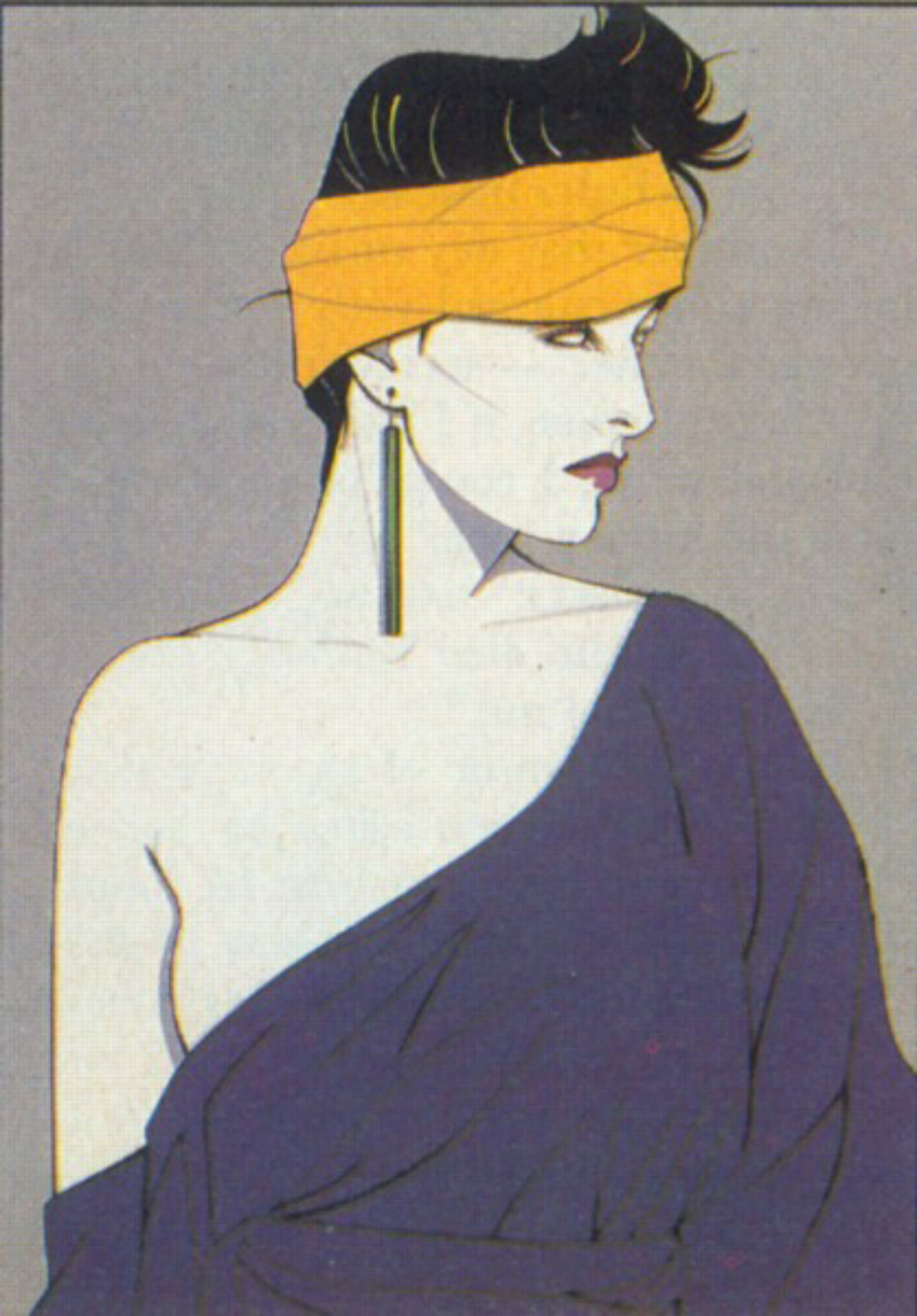


THE *THRILLER* OF IT ALL

playmate ola ray is the girl who brought out the beast in michael jackson

Ola Ray, our June 1980 Playmate, plays the part of Michael Jackson's date in his widely acclaimed video *Thriller*. In the scene above, she and Jackson watch a monster film that very soon becomes horrifyingly real.

THERE HAVE BEEN dozens of Playmate success stories, but the lady at the top of this page is the one to beat this season. Since she graced our June 1980 centerfold, multitalented Ola Ray has appeared in three feature films and several television commercials and, as the "Classy Curl" girl, has promoted that Johnson Products hair preparation (her face is on the box). But it's her performance as Michael Jackson's terrified girlfriend in his wildly popular rock video *Thriller* that has finally made Miss Ray's face as familiar to boogieing middle America as it is to her admiring PLAYBOY fans. Although we've checked in with Ola a couple of times over the past few years, usually via *The World of Playboy*, her appearance in the lavishly produced *Thriller* (directed by John Landis, who brought you *National Lampoon's Animal House*, *The Blues Brothers* and *Trading Places*) was cause for a longer interview.

Finding Ola at home was the hardest part. We called for a week before we finally made contact. She had just come in and was out of breath. "I just finished an 'It Does Your Body Good' milk commercial," she said, and laughed. "I'm a certified all-American girl now, since all-American girls drink milk." In case you're a milk lover, or just an Ola Ray lover, you can recognize this commercial by her thumbnail description: "It's a *Flashdance*-style exercise scene with different shots of me and two other girls working on a Nautilus machine and doing aerobics. We work up

a sweat, go to the locker room, put on our warm-up jackets and go get glasses of milk. I take a couple of sips and smile at my girlfriend, who takes a big gulp and smiles back." (If you're like us, you'll like the working-up-a-sweat part best.)

We asked Ola to give us a brief rundown of her career highlights thus far, including minireviews of some of the stars with whom she has worked. "I played one of the callgirls in *Night Shift*, with Henry Winkler. He was great, laughing and joking with us all the time. I told him I wanted a bigger part and he said, 'Don't worry, your time will come.' I had a lot of fun working with him. I had a dance scene beside Eddie Murphy in *48 HRS.*—just a tiny part, but I enjoyed it. Eddie is basically a nice person and a very funny guy, but he can also be kind of obnoxious at times. I think that'll change as he gets older. I also played the roommate of Charles Bronson's daughter in *Ten to Midnight*. We were nurses sharing an apartment. I got killed in the shower, à la *Psycho*, stabbed and screaming my guts out. John Landis got a clip of that scene and decided that I'd fit the part of Michael's girlfriend in *Thriller*." Ahh, yes, *Thriller*. And the experience of spending two weeks on the set with America's most reclusive (and famous) rock star. The obvious question: Was there any electricity between you two? "Oh, no, but don't make any assumptions out of that about Michael's sexuality. I've known plenty of homosexuals, but Michael doesn't seem like any of them. If anything, he just doesn't deal with sex at all. That's probably due to his being a Jehovah's

As you can see above and right, the lady we called "Sugar Ray" in her Playmate pictorial hasn't lost a drop of sweetness in almost four years. Singing, dancing and a hectic work schedule help her maintain her fabulous figure.

Witness. They're very strict. My woman's intuition tells me Michael is basically a very conventional guy who will, when he meets the right girl, settle down and have a conventional family life. He's a very simple, honest person. I was worried that when he found out that I'd been a Playmate, he wouldn't want me in *Thriller*, because of his religious beliefs. But when John Landis told him, he just asked, 'Well, is she a nice girl?' Landis said I was, and that was good enough for Michael."

Finally, we asked Ola to describe her favorite fantasy. "To be in a black nighttime soap opera, like a black *Dynasty*. It would have Billy Dee Williams as the Blake Carrington character and Diana Ross as Alexis. I'd play the Fallon character, and I'd have two lovers, Michael Jackson and Rick Springfield. Don't be surprised if somebody does it. I have a lot of faith in my ideas. And so far, most of my dreams have come true." Out of a nightmare like *Thriller*, sweet dreams can, indeed, come true. Just ask Ola Ray.

"I think I scare people with my horrified looks," says Ola of her performance in *Thriller* (at left). Well, maybe in the video. In the photos on these pages, we'd say her looks are absolutely sensational.

ORGANIZATION WOMAN

if the future doesn't work out for patty duffek, it won't be for lack of planning

WE WERE IN PHOENIX, cruising in Patty Duffek's vintage Mustang, a '67 ragtop in the throes of restoration. Patty's driving style is all-American: Point it and punch it, left hand on the wheel and right hand darting periodically to the stereo. She loves the car. You can tell by the way she sits in it, head high, body hunched forward, like a jockey on a favorite horse.

Outside, Phoenix flew by, all brand-new and sparkling, lying low and wide under the bowl of blue sky and sunshine that is its trademark. It seems very few buildings in the town rise above the fourth floor. Around the newer buildings, which are in the majority, you're amazed to see acres of land, space to grow some more. What we used to call elbowroom.

Patty grew up in this sun-baked openness, and it would take a lot to get her away. "It's kind of like a little Western town, that's mostly what it is. I like the climate. I don't mind hot weather."

A good thing, too, since summertime highs in this desert town average 110 degrees. Air conditioning is not a luxury, it's a life-support system. But one adjusts. There is, for instance, tubing.

"We go to the Verde River," Patty told us. "You just get in an inner tube with a bunch of people and go tubing down the river. There are all kinds of people there, like millions. Some bring beer and lunches and all that stuff. It's real relaxing. In some places, there are rapids, which are fun, too. It's not that dangerous. I mean, people have drowned, but I think you'd have to be pretty drunk for that."

A former sprinter and soccer player in school, Patty has continued her athletic ways, playing

"I get bored easily if I'm not busy. I always have lists of things to do. If something has to be done, I'll write it down. It may not get done the next day, but it will definitely get done."

racquetball, jogging regularly and working up a good glow at her aerobic-dance class.

"I like working out as much as I like to keep in shape. Jogging is fun for me, because it's outdoors and I can use the time for thinking and relaxing. A mile or two is plenty for me. Any more than that is too much."

While still in high school, Patty got a job at the local Pioneer Chicken Take-Out. Six years later, she's still there. She enjoys the freedom that the job gives her. She's able to shift her hours around to her convenience. That came in handy when she was attending Glendale Community College and even more so when she decided to try her hand at modeling. Just a few credits shy of a business-administration

Between her business-administration classes (left) at Glendale Community College, Patty takes time to check in with her sister Nicole and a canine friend that, thinking she deserves a kiss, stretches to plant one on her.

Beneath a banner that advertises FRIES THAT TANTALIZE, *Patty looks pretty tantalizing herself behind the counter at Pioneer Chicken Take-Out. She's been passing out poultry for nearly six years there, through high school and college, with time off for travel or perhaps a quick jog in the Arizona sunshine (right).*

On an outing to a Phoenix park, the geese line up to take a gander at the Duffek sisters, who have brought goose goodies to feed them. The city has grown a lot even in Patty's time there. "It's amazing; I remember when it was all fields. It's kind of neat to see how it's all grown."

Visiting the land of the giants (above)—in this case, the home of the Phoenix Suns basketball team—Patty solicits an autograph from N.B.A. dunk champion Larry Nance. Naturally, she didn't mention to him that football is her favorite spectator sport. The Phoenix area teems with picturesque spots (left and below) such as this dam site, where a photographer and a pretty girl find they can both click.

degree, Patty intends to go back and finish it. A solid foundation is important to her.

"I don't normally do things on the spur of the moment," she says. "I'm kind of a planner, I guess. I'm organized."

In the back of her mind, Patty entertains thoughts of being an actress or a model.

"I do wonder what kind of opportunities might be out there. I've had a taste of it through PLAYBOY, and it does make you think. But I don't want to be like some girls I've observed, who've moved to Hollywood with big hopes for things that never happen.

"I guess I'm pretty conservative. Of course, if I were to say that to someone who found out I was in PLAYBOY, he'd say, 'Right! Real conservative!' But I am, in a lot of ways. I had never modeled before in my life. So, naturally, I hadn't modeled with my clothes off. I was nervous. It's kind of embarrassing at first. But now that I did it all, you know, I'm glad. I'm definitely glad, but it was real scary."

For the time being, Phoenix is exotic enough. "In some ways," Patty says, "Phoenix is about five years behind a place like Los Angeles in the way people dress, the way they act, the way they see things. But the people are friendly here. They're not pushy. I don't like pushy people.

"I think family and job are the main interests of people around here. It's not a town where you go out and stay up partying all night." Which is not to say that that's a bad way to be. It's just not Patty's way.

"On a sunny day, I like to go to the lake and get a boat and water-ski. Then have a picnic, do a little sun-bathing, come home and maybe go out to a show or a disco. That's a good day for me."

"I got involved with guys pretty early but not sexually. I guess I was kind of shy about it, so I didn't jump into it, like a lot of people do. It's weird, because I know most people aren't like that these days. If that's what they want to do, fine with me. I waited awhile."

"I know they always say that opposites attract, but I like people who are like me, who like the things I do. I find it a lot easier that way."

"I guess it's good to be with someone who's attractive. But I don't think it's the most important thing. Being good-looking is just on the outside. If you don't have good qualities on the inside, you're really nothing on the outside."

MISS MAY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Patty Duffek

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 32

HEIGHT: 5'5" WEIGHT: 107

BIRTH DATE: 8-27-63 BIRTHPLACE: Woodland Hills, CA.

AMBITIONS: To be happy and successful in whatever I pursue

TURN-ONS: aerobics, music, sunny beaches, hot tubs and a good massage

TURN-OFFS: sarcasm, heights, boredom, pushy people, dirty ashtrays

FAVORITE TV PROGRAMS: Dallas, Hill Street Blues, 60 Minutes, The Young and the Restless

FAVORITE FOODS: shrimps, spaghetti, chocolate mousse, fresh raspberries

FAVORITE SPORTS: racquetball, soccer, football, skiing

IDEAL MAN: Very romantic, secure, intelligent, sensitive yet masculine

SECRET FANTASY: To have my own tropical island

2 years old

Here, Kitty, Kitty

9 years old

Say, CHEESE

16 years old

Ready for the BIG high school game!

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

It was years and years ago that the mayor of a small town went down to the livery stable as founder's day approached. "I'd like to rent the same stallion I did last year to lead the parade on," he told the owner.

"All I have available at this date is that mare, Your Honor," was the response, "but it's the very one you rode last year."

"But that's impossible," protested the official. "I can still hear some of the spectators shouting, 'It's starting! Here comes the lead horse with that big prick!' "

I think *60 Minutes* ought to devote a segment to me and my virility," boasted the self-designated office Don Juan.

"By all means," said a female voice, "and title that segment *60 Seconds*."

A *CIA agent named Glover*
Begged head from a quick-witted lover,
Who cracked, "Your erection
Has condom protection—
Would your boss like my blowing your cover?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *horny sumo wrestler* as a hot tub.

A 50ish female clerk was acquitted of the charge of having pilfered office petty cash several years before. Her defense was that she simply didn't know what she was doing when she was going through the change.

We've heard that the newest requirement for Hell's Angels' girlfriends is to be able to suck-start a Harley.

The Vatican commissioned an exhaustive but rapid tabulation throughout the world of nuns' opinions on a variety of subjects and issues. "Until this challenging crash project has been completed," commented its director, "life for me and my associates will be just a poll of cherries."

It's obvious that the sex life of an ugly male loner is pretty much either a fist or a famine.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *skin-flick leading man* as a star in the making.

I'm going out to stretch my legs," announced a coed in the student-union lounge.

"That's understandable," reacted another girl, quite audibly, "but around whom?"

Did they maybe have computers in the Garden of Eden?" the little boy asked in Sunday school.

"Of course not," answered the teacher. "Whatever gave you that idea?"

"It was my big brother. He told me that Adam traded Eve a Wang for an Apple."

I really don't have much of a voice," the rock groupie stated slyly, "but I once opened for The Rolling Stones."

A *truck-driving lesbo called Spike*
Hauls dildos by night down the pike,
And if asked by the fuzz
What it is that she does,
She replies, "I'm a fake-dick van dyke."

That bastard of a husband of mine wanted me to sleep with the landlord because he lost the rent money playing poker," the housewife confided to a neighbor.

"You didn't do it, did you?"

"I have to admit I did, though with certain misgivings—but I haven't told my husband that the rent is paid in full for the next six months!"

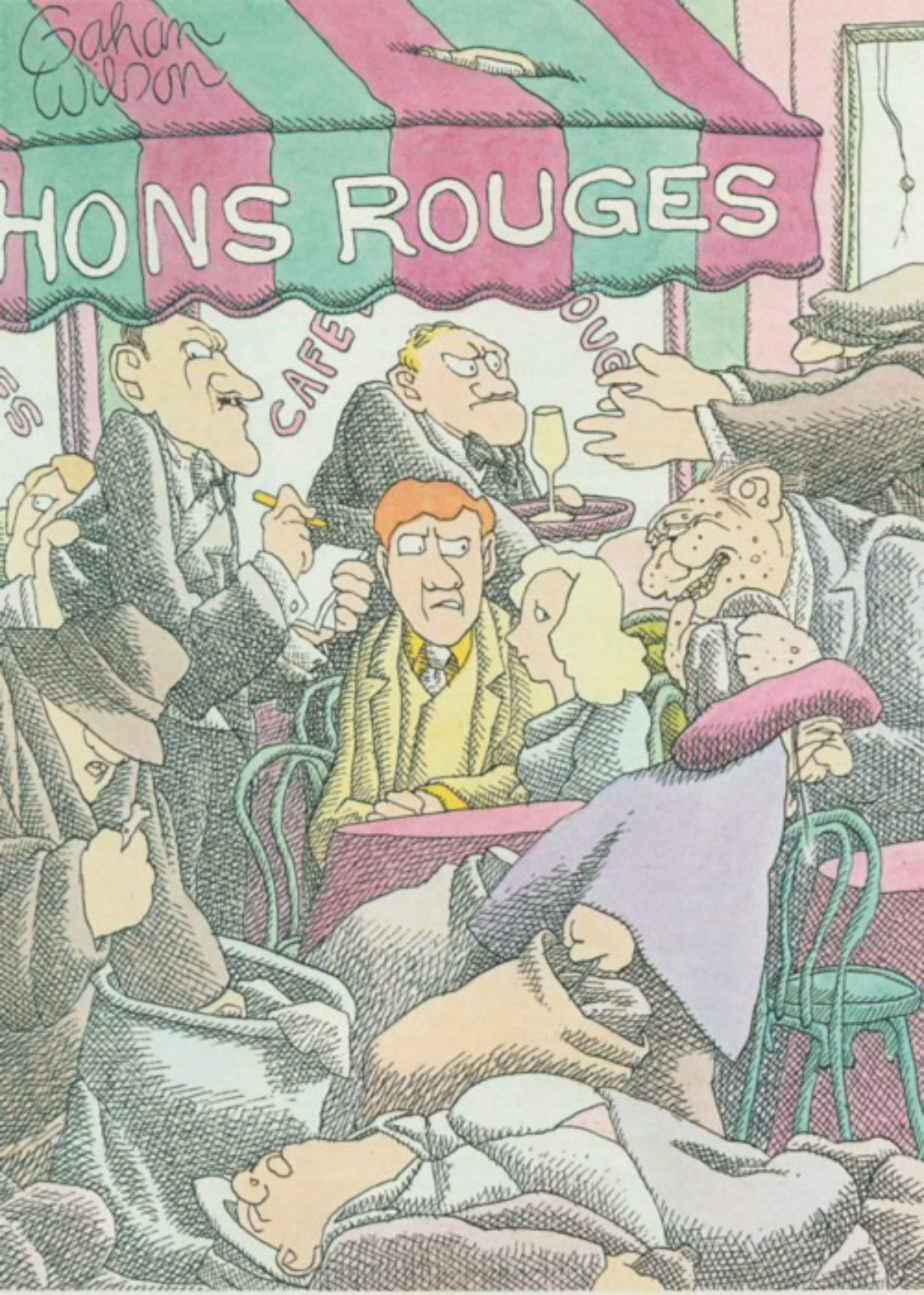
Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vintage-sperm bank* as an old semen's home.

Word has reached us about a flaky transvestite in a Southern city who prances around in a woman's ballet costume. The press has christened him "the Chattanooga tutu."

That really foxy lady who invited you up to her apartment for a nightcap," one singles-complex male tenant remarked to another, "did she turn out to be, let's say, approachable?"

"Well, I was rather surprised to find an old-fashioned sampler that she said she'd made herself hanging over the sofa," replied his friend, "until I took a closer look and saw that the saying embroidered on it was THANK YOU IN ADVANCE FOR NOT COMING IN MY MOUTH."

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.*



"I guess it's really not the right neighborhood for a sidewalk café."

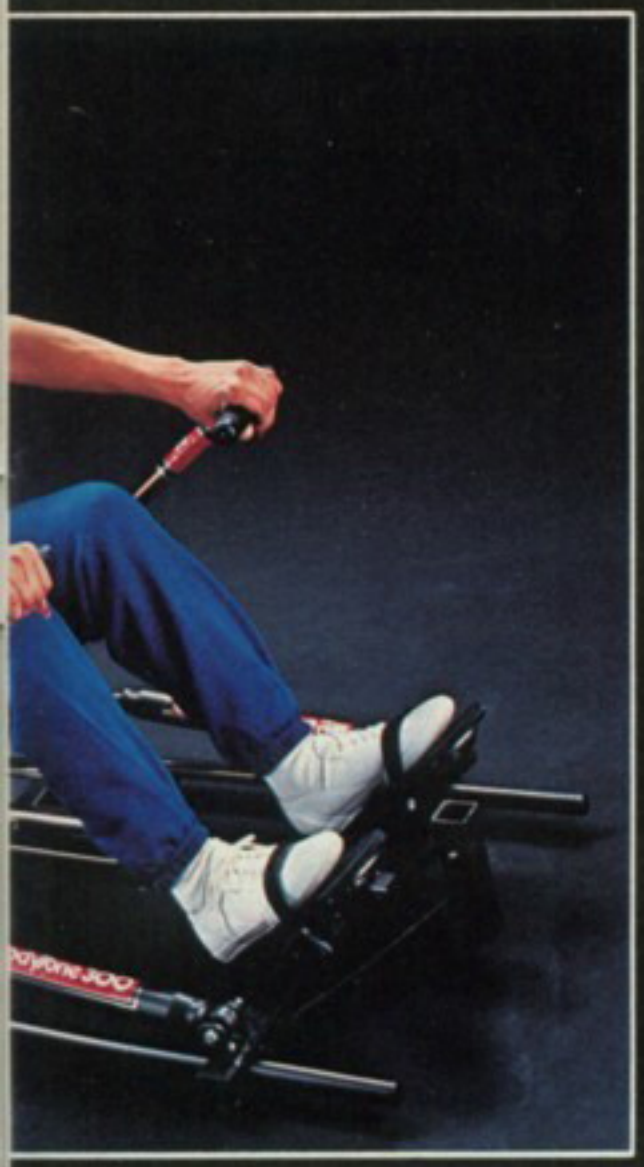
ROW, ROW, ROW YOUR BUTT

a cardiovascular-toning collection of different strokes for different folks

GIVEN YOUR DRUTHERS, you'd row your heart and circulatory system to better health—as well as build up the muscles in your back, stomach, arms, shoulders and legs—by shoving off for a brisk scull session on a lovely body of water (presumably, with another type of lovely body, plus liquid refreshments, waiting on the shore). If you can't pull that off, however, your next best move is to invest in a rowing machine. After all, how bad can it be when you can work out and watch TV at the same time? Assuming you've never rowed in your living room before, here are some tips. First, keep your rowing action smooth and flowing. Exhale during the catch (that's when your legs are pulled into your chest and the oars are at the starting point) and inhale on the release (when your legs are straight and the oars are pulled back). Keep your arms straight and pull them into your chest on the release. Always keep your back straight, bending at the hips rather than at the waist. Most come with more detailed rowing instructions, and all, you'll be happy to know, can be adjusted for different pulling resistances.

Right: There's a small-craft warning out, and you're looking at it—an 18½-foot fiberglass Warning scull with a sealed-and-molded single-seat cockpit that makes it unsinkable and unswampable. The oars are by Piantedosi and the stainless-steel-and-anodized-aluminum rigging is designed for rapid assembly and adjustment, from Chicago Water Sports, Chicago, $1400.

Working out on a sliding-seat machine isn't much different from rowing on water—except that you don't get wet when you go "ashore" for a beer. Our lean, tough lady is astride a lean, tough machine—the Finnish-made Tunturi, which has an impact-resistant lacquered surface, chrome-plated oars and seat rail, adjustments for pulling resistance and nylon foot straps, from Amerec, Bellevue, Washington, $200. (Optional pulse meters are available for compulsive types who want to monitor their heart rate.) Above center: The BodyTone 300 is more than just a rowing machine, as it also converts to a multipurpose gym; in the vertical position, you can do bench presses, military presses, squats and curls using the adjustable oar locks as resistance, by Diversified Products, about $200. Above right: Rowing on a 544 Rowbiciser is like rowing on the Thames (well, almost), as twin hydraulic cylinders coupled to its pivoting oars actually duplicate rowing action, by Walton Manufacturing Company, about $400.



Below left: Our model is beginning to work up a heavy-duty set of beads aboard one of the cheapest thrills in this feature—a 7000 deluxe rowing system with dual-action hydraulic pistons and chrome-plated steel oars that can be rotated 360 degrees as well as pulled straight back, an aluminum satin-finish frame and molded foot straps, by Huffy Sporting Goods, about $200. Below center: AMF American Life Styler 1500 offers twin power cylinders and hook-and-loop-fastening foot restraints in a unit that can stand on one end for close-to-the-wall storage, $280. Below right: At last, the pause that refreshes. And we've been right there pulling for you, baby, every body-toning inch of the way. The final machine is Amerec's flagship 660 Magnum, which is equipped with heavy-duty shocks for extra durability, an extra-wide seat and a unique stroke counter that—sorry about this—registers whether you've completed a rowing stroke or cheated, $479. Maybe that's why our model decided to sit this one out.

Hello, Young Lovers

in case you haven't noticed, the "older woman" is coming into her own—and having a wonderful time, thanks

essay

By Cynthia Heimel

THANK YOU, Mary Tyler Moore.

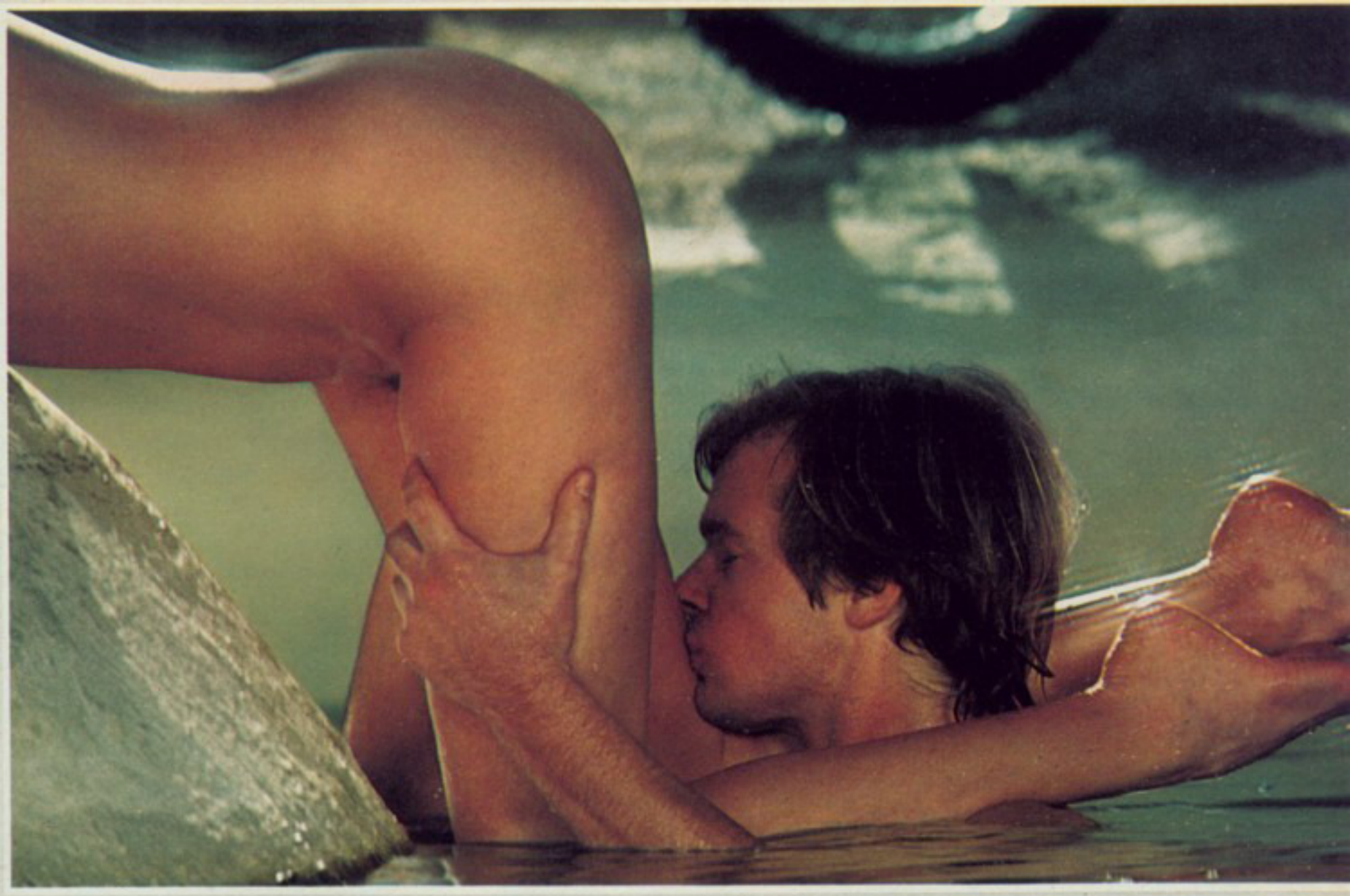
I thought that you'd done enough for America already, keeping us wild-eyed insomniacs happy with reruns of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*, routing all our two-A.M. demons and making us laugh instead.

But now, Mary, you've married Dr. Robert Levine, cardiologist, who some magazines say is 29, while others have decided he's 30. But all the magazines tell us you're 45, and they all say you're blissfully happy and nuzzle with your new husband in public a lot.

Because you're so popular, Mary, everything you do turns immediately into status quo. Not that it wasn't pleasant to find out that Carly Simon, 38, has a boyfriend of 27, or that Olivia Newton-John, 35, has a 25-year-old sweetie, or that Linda Ronstadt, 37, was cavorting with a 21-year-old before she took up with George Lucas. But, after all, they're only singers, whereas you're *Mary*, everybody's favorite. Women identify with you; men chastely adore you. You've made everything OK, and now other, not-so-famous women—I, for one—can come out of the closet. It was getting boring, apologizing: "Oh, well, I know he's a decade younger than I, but you'd be surprised how *(text continued on page 212)*

RITA JENRETTE AND PHILLIP ANDERSON: Since her divorce from ABSCAMmed Congressman John Jenrette, lovely Rita, 32, has appeared in *Fantasy Island, The Edge of Night* and a Los Angeles stage production of *The Philadelphia Story*, for which she drew critical praise. She's now appearing in the film *The Last Picnic*, as well as in the arms of Phillip, an L.A. actor and dancer. He's 24. "I think the slightly older-woman/younger-man relationship is a trend whose time has come," says Rita, a quadrilingual *cum laude* alumna of the University of Texas who's looked at love from both sides now. "For years, older men have dated younger women. Why not the other way around? Before, I always felt secure with an older man, protected. But younger men kind of adore you. They respect you and they listen to you. And younger men are much more fun." Says Phillip, "Just look at and listen to Rita and you'll see everything I love in a woman. She has a woman-child quality that fascinates me. I've never met a woman so mesmerizing. Just when I think I know her completely, I learn that I don't know her at all." How about older/younger sex? "I wouldn't touch that with a ten-foot pole—no pun intended," Rita cries. "She's my friend *and* my lover," says Phillip. "I've learned so much from her."

LINDA HOLMES AND JAMIE WATSON: She's 36, he's 26. Linda works in production for a Los Angeles company that makes Dr Pepper, Pepsi Light and other commercials. Jamie is a pro free-style skier and a motocross racer. "I wouldn't go out with him at first," Linda recalls. "He asked and asked, but he was just . . . too young. Then I went skiing at Heavenly Valley one day and there he was, *surrounded* by women. I had on a beautiful pair of $125 ski pants. He talked me right out of them." "They looked better on me," says Jamie. "Anyway," Linda continues, "I suddenly decided I needed a ski teacher. We met later at a disco and drank. Too much. We went to my house and I got absolutely out of control." "She wanted me to take her to bed, so I did," Jamie remembers. "He was such a gentleman," says Linda, smiling. "He carried me upstairs and put me to bed and said, 'See you later.' I thought that was really sweet. I mean, I don't remember it, but I thought it was nice when I heard about it." And how did two such sports-minded people spend subsequent afternoons? "Well, you never ski on Sunday, so what can you do?" Linda wants to know. It's a rhetorical question. "We watched football naked. I liked off sides in particular." "And illegal use of hands in the huddle," Jamie interjects. Jamie had never dated an "older" woman before; Linda had never dated a superstar skier. "My attraction for him wasn't based on his ability to ski," she says, "but when I found out he was the best, it was an added attraction." "Let me tell you," he interrupts, "when I found out how good *she* was. . . ." "You're sick, Jamie," she says. "You know," he says, "I actually *prefer* older women, if Linda is any indication."



JOANNE BOSWELL AND MARTIN BOZLEE: Check this. Martin is a model and Joanne's a millionaire. Real-estate broker Joanne, 37, met sometime go-go dancer Martin, 21, two years ago at a Tahoe resort. "There I was, just a bachelor type of guy," he remembers, "looking through the glass wall, and there was this cute girl playing racquetball. She looked 18 or 19. Saw her later that night at a club and we danced four hours straight. We took a cab home. I dropped her off and then came back the next day. We had champagne and Mexican food for dinner, then went home for a romantic evening—the first night we really knew each other. It looked the way it looks in these pictures." "I sent him home after that," Joanne says, "for a couple of days." "But I came back," says Martin, "and we partied for months." "He's so uninhibited, so immodest," savvy, successful Joanne says of her beau. "I was always the meek, modest type . . . cancel those pictures we just did!" "There's a bar in the rafters of our bedroom," he mutters. "It looks a little flimsy to hang from, but ever since I saw *Behind the Green Door*. . . ." "No, no!" she says. "Truthfully, we have a pretty normal sex life." And they both smile.

LINDA BUSCH AND CHUCK MAKAREWICZ: They were born on the same day, May 13—she in 1949 and he in 1959. Now a sales assistant for a Dallas radio station, former ecdysiast (that's *stripper* to everyone but you, Mr. Buckley) Linda met fitness counselor Chuck at the Dallas health club where he works. Everything has worked out fine ever since. Linda on Chuck: "I've been with men who knew less about sex and men who knew more. But I've never been with anyone who *felt* it as much. He cares more about my insides than my outsides. Whether we get married is up in the air, but I would like my son—he's 12—to be like Chuck. And that's about the highest compliment I could pay him." Chuck on Linda: "When she showed up at the club, I was pretty impressed. I think it helps a lot that we're both fitness oriented." Chuck admits he was apprehensive about any erections that might come up during our shooting. "I'd never been photographed nude," he says. "We were both nude in the bed, and a few times I did get a little aroused. I kind of had to think of other things." "He has a very positive attitude," says Linda. "We have a 50-50 relationship. Our one rule is, Last one up makes the bed."

SHERIDA AND BILLY OERDING: This is marriage number three for Sherida, 35, and number two for Billy, 26. He's the breadwinner; she's the housewife. They live in Upland, California, where he runs his own lumber business. "I'm confident in the way he feels about me," says Sherida. "We're best friends," says Billy of their May-June romance. "I take extra care in making sure that I always make her feel that I love her. I try to make her feel she doesn't have anything to worry about, because she doesn't. In the beginning, the age thing was a factor, because society said it was. It's not to us. But if there are other people who want to do the same thing, they should know it won't work unless the man is mature enough to handle it." A dynamic duo, Billy and Sherida have eyed all the sexual flavors society offers and even tasted a few. "I've partied with other people," Billy says. "She has, too." "I think in everybody's mind, a threesome is a fantasy. I was talked into one once," recalls Sherida, "in another relationship. The man said there was only one person in the world he could try it with, and that was his best friend, who was like a brother to him. So we did it. I'm not saying I didn't enjoy it; I just realized that type of thing was not for me. But it *was* an experience." Billy concedes that he thinks about "things like that" at times. "I could probably count the women I've been with on two hands. I'll think about her experiences and it hurts me." "He dwells on my past," Sherida says gently. "He's still young in that area. He's jealous. I like that. And nobody would ever get up at two in the morning to get me a pack of cigarettes. He would. He wouldn't let me go out to the 7-Eleven at two A.M."

VIKKI LA MOTTA AND PETER ATHAS: Peter, a former defensive back with the New York Giants and the Minnesota Vikings, is 37. Vikki, former wife of middleweight champ Jake La Motta, C.E.O. of the new Vikki La Motta Cosmetics corporation and veteran of one spectacular PLAYBOY appearance (November 1981), is 53. That's no typo. Here it is again—53. "I was unsure about this pictorial," she said with a bewitching smile after the photo session. "There's no one I could have done it with but Peter. He's a good friend and he's a wild man." Peter had his own reservations. "It was weird," he says. "You don't pose with your buns hanging out every day." They played Alphonse and Gaston, in fact, at the photo session. It went like this—VIKKI: "You get undressed first." PETER: "No, you go first." VIKKI: "No, *you*." PETER: "No way. You first." VIKKI: "We'll do it at the same time." Which is what they did. Does this older woman remind Peter of any N.F.L. stars? "The Raiders," he says. "They're tough, they're outlaws and they're winners." Let's close, now, with Vikki's message to all her PLAYBOY fans: "Make every day fresh and young and new. Don't be crippled by the past; age is just a word."

Hello, Young Lovers

(continued from page 128)

mature he is . . ." or "Well, we *do* sleep together occasionally, but really I'm only kidding. I'll put him back in a minute."

Even more tedious was hearing how it would never work out. Friends, acquaintances, the meter man, my upstairs neighbor, even the mailman would screw their eyes into a disapproving, condescending but somehow lascivious glint, much like the one elderly men must get from the madam when they enter a whorehouse. "Honey," said my best friend, with her typical Texas directness, "it sounds OK for now, but don't you be trying to make a future out of it."

Another friend said, with typical limey viciousness, "The equivalent for a man of what you've got would be a teenaged blonde with big tits." I wanted to shoot him in the arm.

Why, Mary, do people react with such fear and loathing when they find anyone transgressing the social norm? An age difference of a decade, if the man is older, is considered fine, even dandy. Even two decades' difference, and nobody looks askance. People sing a happy tune and think of something else. A man of 60, if he happens to be rich, is probably in the habit of dandling naked 18-year-olds on his knee, and all anyone says to him is "More power to you, Herb, you lucky devil!" Yet I personally have been treated more than once like a pervert.

The problem may well be one of power. Sexual attraction, at its most superficial, is based either on physical beauty or on power. In our culture, youth is tantamount to beauty. So the older woman, since she isn't adolescently nubile, must be powerful. And that, of course, is weird, since traditionally, women are honor bound to be supportive, nurturing, compliant and passive, *not* presidents of corporations or superstar singers.

But things, as they will, change. Women in their 30s, 40s, even 50s and 60s, now self-sufficient and successful, are taking young lovers, men who don't have to assume the role of provider.

It's fun. I'm crazy about my boyfriend. He's witty, sensible, smart, kindhearted and quite probably the sexiest man on the planet. If he feels threatened by my success, he keeps it to himself. In fact, he actually seems to *like* it, unlike some of my ex-lovers, my age or older, who used to get snively and whiny when my pay check was bigger than theirs, or who used to retreat in sullen silence for days if I happened to get more attention at a party than they did. Ah, the freedom of it all!

Here are some of the advantages of a young lover:

Sex: Everyone knows that we old broads of 30 or so want it all the time. Too much, for us, ain't enough. A woman allegedly reaches her sexual peak at 35, though I know some 40-year-olds who dispute that, who say they just get hornier and hornier. Yet a man reaches his sexual peak at 18. This is mother nature's little joke, and it's not funny. If you're a mature woman who wants it morning, noon and night, where to turn but the cradle?

Exigency: Available men in their 30s are as rare as kangaroos in Manhattan. If a 35-year-old man is not psychotic, not gay, not married and solvent, he is in grave danger of being kidnaped. An available, sane man in his 40s is even rarer, and if he's in his 50s, he could make the *Guinness Book of World Records*. If a man is in his 60s or 70s and becomes a widower, lines of women bearing chicken casseroles immediately form around his block. But there are plenty of 25-year-olds running around loose.

Enthusiasm: The younger a man is, the more he bubbles. If you say to a 45-year-old, "How about we move to Peru?" or "What d'ya say we become Zen Buddhists?" he will develop a peptic ulcer on the spot, whereas a 25-year-old, or at least *my* 25-year-old, is constantly brimming with adventure. He often makes me feel like a stick-in-the-mud and, believe me, I am a girl who will do anything for a laugh. But that didn't include climbing mountains, until him.

Innocence: There is such a thing as too much sophistication. Several years on the sexual battle front breeds weariness, jadedness and the diminishing of honest emotional response. A man (or a woman) who's 30 or 40 and still running around must have had his heart broken three or four times, not to mention a probable ex-wife or two and all the alimony and child support that entails. People who have been hurt become increasingly self-protective. They are loath to put their hearts on the line and will play any game in the world to avoid it. If I had a dime for every time I've heard a 37-year-old man say, "Sure I care for you, baby, but I'm not ready for a commitment right now," I could move out of this rat's nest of an apartment and into a palace. A younger person carries less emotional baggage; he won't get angry with you because of what the third woman before you did. When he says "I love you," it's not a terrible risk to believe him.

All of the above is not to say that life with younger men is a total rose bed. I have to admit to a certain chill when he asked, "Who's Julie Christie?" I'm not sure I particularly like the awe in his eyes when I tell him I've been to Woodstock. And it gets very trying when he rejects TV movies because they're not in color.

But these are mere quibbles—offerings to the gods so they won't punish me for my little corner of happiness. This older woman/younger man theme is too jolly to be a mere fad. It's a new, endearing social phenomenon. Mary, I know you'll agree.

THE YEAR IN MOVIES

playboy's annual popcorn awards for the good, the bad and the ridiculous

IT'S THAT TIME of year again. After miles of aisles, we sat down to recall our favorite moments spent in dark theaters during the past 12 months. There was the air-bike ride through the forest in *Return of the Jedi*. There was the return of Sean Connery. One critic labeled *The Right Stuff* the best collection of male talent since *The Magnificent Seven*. *The Big Chill* and *Terms of Endearment* showed the power of big names' making small roles perfect. It was a year when women got tired of asking where the good parts were and played men (Linda Hunt in *The Year of Living Dangerously*, Anne Carlisle in *Liquid Sky*). If you believed that Streisand was a boy in *Yentl*, you've got problems. It was the year Clint Eastwood became the number-one box-office star. It was all that and more. For further highlights, turn the page.

BRUCE WILLIAMSON'S HIT LIST

THE TEN BEST

The Big Chill: Larry Kasdan on a hot roll back to the Sixties.
Fanny & Alexander: Ingmar Bergman warms up with a bawdy family comedy.
Gorky Park: Finely honed thriller; scenes (inset) not for the squeamish.
Heart Like a Wheel: Bonnie Bedelia scores as real-life race-car champion Shirley Muldowney.
Local Hero: Canny Scots villagers *vs.* Big Oil. No contest.
The Man with Two Brains: Maybe 1983's funniest.
Monty Python's The Meaning of Life: Outrageous, irreverent, the best yet from those English madcaps.
Never Cry Wolf: Something completely different from Disney.
The Right Stuff: Imaginative epic of the Mercury-seven astronauts, still not the stratospheric hit it deserves to be.
Terms of Endearment: You'll laugh until you cry.

THE TEN WORST

Deal of the Century: I'll pass on unfunny gunrunners.
Hanna K.: Still another Jill Clayburgh dud.
The Keep: Quick, raise the drawbridge.
A Night in Heaven: Pure hell on the male go-go circuit.
Psycho II: The best recent argument against sequels.
Querelle: What German New Wave? One of the last—and worst—films of Rainer Werner Fassbinder.
Romantic Comedy: It was neither.
Rumble Fish: Francis Coppola's near-terminal case of the zits.
Stroker Ace: This flat tire tossed Burt Reynolds off the track (and out of first place at the box office).
Two of a Kind: It is probably mere rumor that John Travolta is attempting to buy all existing prints of this and his other (albeit profitable) 1983 turkey, *Staying Alive*.

MONEY-MAKERS

Despite evidence (below) of a thriving box office, Hollywood pissed and moaned about losing money to VCR owners. One bumper-sticker retort: THEY'LL GET MY VIDEO-CASSETTE RECORDER WHEN THEY PRY MY COLD DEAD FINGER OFF THE EJECT BUTTON. Still, Eddie Murphy (below) won't have to beg, as he did in *Trading Places*.

1. ***Return of the Jedi*** $165,500,000
2. ***Tootsie*** $94,571,613
3. ***Trading Places*** $40,600,000
4. ***WarGames*** $36,595,975
5. ***Superman III*** $36,400,000
6. ***Flashdance*** $36,180,000
7. ***Staying Alive*** $33,650,000
8. ***Octopussy*** $33,203,999
9. ***Mr. Mom*** $31,500,000
10. ***48 HRS.*** $30,328,000

NEWS MAKERS

In 1983, movies made headlines. TV's *The Day After* was really made for the covers of *Time* and *Newsweek*. Some thought Ed Harris' performance in *The Right Stuff* might get John Glenn elected President. On the contrary, we thought his crazed mercenary in *Under Fire* might get Reagan re-elected.

REEL PEOPLE

This year, Hollywood muses seemed to go on strike. Many movies were remakes of classics: *Breathless*, *To Be or Not to Be*, *Never Say Never Again* (a recycled *Thunderball*), *Scarface*. But even more were based on real life or a reasonable facsimile thereof: *The Right Stuff*, *Star 80*, *Heart Like a Wheel*, *Silkwood*, *Cross Creek*, *The Grey Fox*, *Daniel* and our favorite, *Never Cry Wolf*, from a book by Farley Mowat. Of course, in the book, the hero doesn't fall through the ice; the wolves don't get shot; there is no bush pilot turned guide; and Ootek, the wise old Eskimo, is a young man. The hero does eat field mice, but only after being warned, "They will make your parts small." Well, anyone who saw Charles Martin Smith (right) run with the caribou knows that isn't so. Smith definitely had balls to do that scene.

"GO AHEAD... MAKE MY DAY."

BEST LINES

Where would the English language be without Dirty Harry, who, as usual, gave us the year's best line? Who can forget his famous soliloquy delivered in *Dirty Harry* and repeated in *Magnum Force* and on the record *Sudden Impact and the Best of Dirty Harry*? To refresh your memory, it goes, "I know what you're thinking. Did he fire six shots or only five? Well, to tell you the truth, I forgot myself in all this excitement. But bein' this is a .44 Magnum, the most powerful handgun in the world, and it could blow your head clean off, you have to ask yourself one question: 'Do I feel lucky?' Well, do you, punk?"

•

Other memorable lines from 1983: L. Q. Jones, as a Texas Ranger, to his fellow Ranger Chuck Norris on seeing Barbara Carrera on horseback: "How'd ya like to bite that in the butt, develop lockjaw and be dragged to death?" (*Lone Wolf McQuade*)

•

Valerie Kaprisky: "Do you know William Faulkner?" Richard Gere: "Who is he? Some guy you fucked?" (*Breathless*)

BEST LYRIC:
"Every sperm is sacred,/Every sperm is great./If a sperm is wasted,/God is quite irate." (*Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*)

LIP-SYNC OR SWIM

Just take those old records off the shelf. In 1983, Hollywood seemed to abandon dialog for music. Tom Cruise lip-synced a Bob Seger tune in *Risky Business* (left). Richard Gere lip-synced Jerry Lee Lewis in *Breathless*. And *Flashdance* and *Staying Alive* were just marathon MTV bits.

STILL WANNA BE A STAR?

PLAYBOY would like to give Monty Python a special Popcorn Award for the most inventive effect. You think life at the top is all fish and chips? Nola Safro, on the set of *The Meaning of Life*, grabbed the candid shots of magic in the making at right.

BEFORE AND AFTER

It was a year of transition. From the top: John Travolta had a close shave and a stomach operation (surgeons implanted Sylvester Stallone's abs) for *Staying Alive*. Mariel Hemingway had breast surgery for reasons of her own. George Lucas based a munchkinlike character called the Ewok on his own likeness. Shades of Alfred Hitchcock. Lucas also pulled a fast one with *Jedi*'s title. Promos were sent out for *Revenge of the Jedi*. The posters are worth up to $500 to some collectors.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

A couple of years ago, we invented the Lawrence Kasdan Award for screenwriting and gave it to Lawrence Kasdan for giving us *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Continental Divide* and *Body Heat* in quick succession. This year, we give the Lawrence Kasdan Award to Stephen King, and from the looks of it, King will cop it next year, too. Last year saw films made from *Cujo*, *The Dead Zone* and *Christine*. Due soon is *Firestarter* and in the works are *Children of the Corn* and something called *Creepshow II*. King is currently adapting *The Stand* for George Romero. And screenplays apparently aren't enough. King has also taken to writing *reviews* of the movies made from his books. For example: "*Christine* is fast, funny, scary and raunchy. . . . I like it just fine. I think of all the film adaptations of my stuff, John Carpenter's *Christine* comes closest to capturing the spirit of the book." We guess King's laughing all the way to the bank.

"WILL YOU DO A LEOTARD SCENE?"

"YES, IF IT'S FOR ART"

Hollywood left a lot to the imagination in 1983. Instead of nudity and celebrity breasts, we were treated to adventures in the Danskin trade. There were leotard scenes in *WarGames* and *Never Say Never Again*. Meg Tilly (above right) gets a Popcorn Award for her workout in *The Big Chill*. It was a clear-cut case of immediate, undying love. The dance outfit at right belongs to either Jennifer Beals or Marine Jahan from *Flashdance*. Only their hairdresser knows for sure. And for the boys, below, we have John Travolta and Cynthia Rhodes in a scene from *Staying Alive*. Tights! Camera! Action!

SEX AND VIOLENCE

Hollywood should be put in charge of the arms race. Face it: It was a great year for weapons. *Scarface* had a chain-saw scene so bloody it ended up on the cutting-room floor. Sean Connery, in *Never Say Never Again*, killed a villain with a urine sample. Is that what "bottled in Bond" means? Mere knuckles sufficed for *Silkwood*'s Kurt Russell and Craig T. Nelson. Sean Penn gets a Popcorn Award for his novel use of pop and pillowcase in *Bad Boys*. A second award goes to the ghetto-blaster bomb (above right) from the same movie. *Videodrome* sported a lethal tube (above left). Our favorites were the women (below) hounding Graham Chapman to death in *Monty Python's The Meaning of Life*. If you gotta go. . . .

POPCORN SURPRISE

It was a big year for X-rated movies and video cassettes. It seemed that every adult movie ever made was suddenly available at your local video store in 1983. The best sellers, in no particular order, were *Erotic World of Angel Cash, Roommates, Taboo II, All-American Girls, Inside Seka, I Like to Watch, Blonde Goddess, Behind the Green Door, Taboo, Talk Dirty to Me Part II*. We asked Bruce Williamson to choose ten top all-time erotic movies. His choices: *Bad Girls, Behind the Green Door, The Devil in Miss Jones, A History of the Blue Movie, Insatiable* (shown in inset), *Nothing to Hide, The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann, Roommates* (at left), *School Girl* and *Sensations*.

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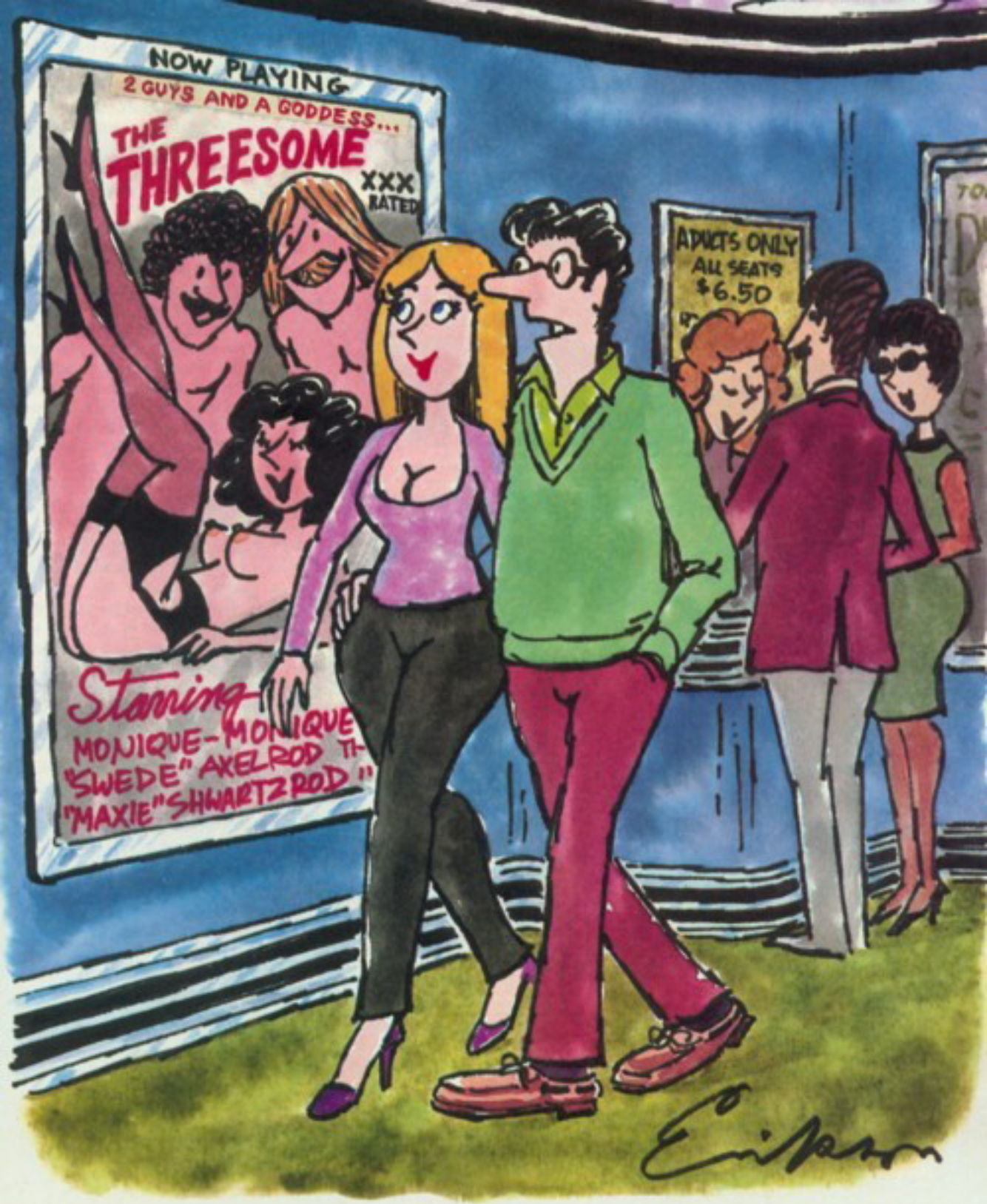

"Remember, Susan—those guys are pros."

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ON THE JOB

Beauties

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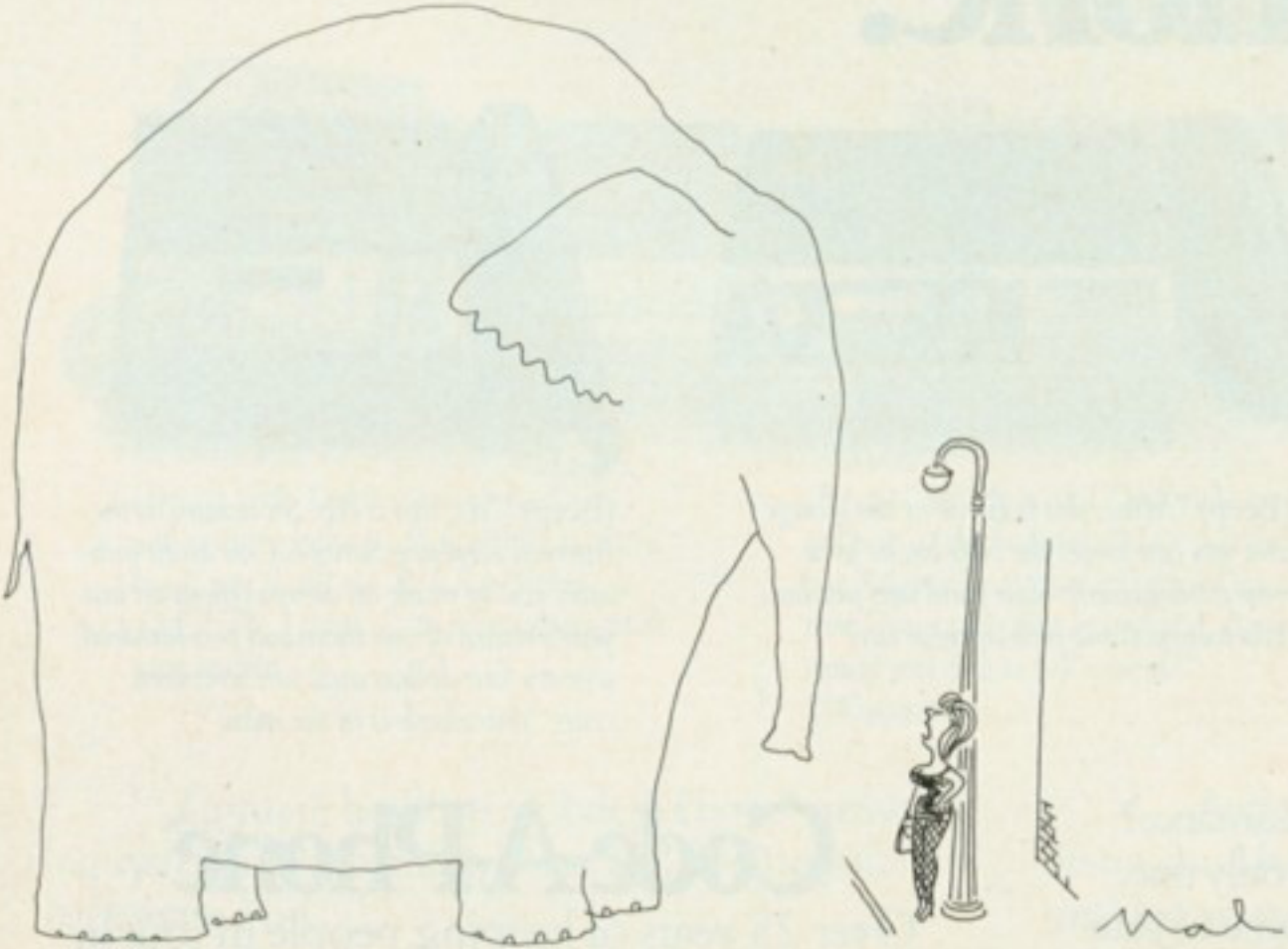
AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!

"Watch out, pal! I've got video-game-trained coordination."



"I don't care if you do have the money . . .
the answer is still no!"

"I do everything on the first date. That way, I know if I want a second date."

BIGGER THAN A BREADBASKET

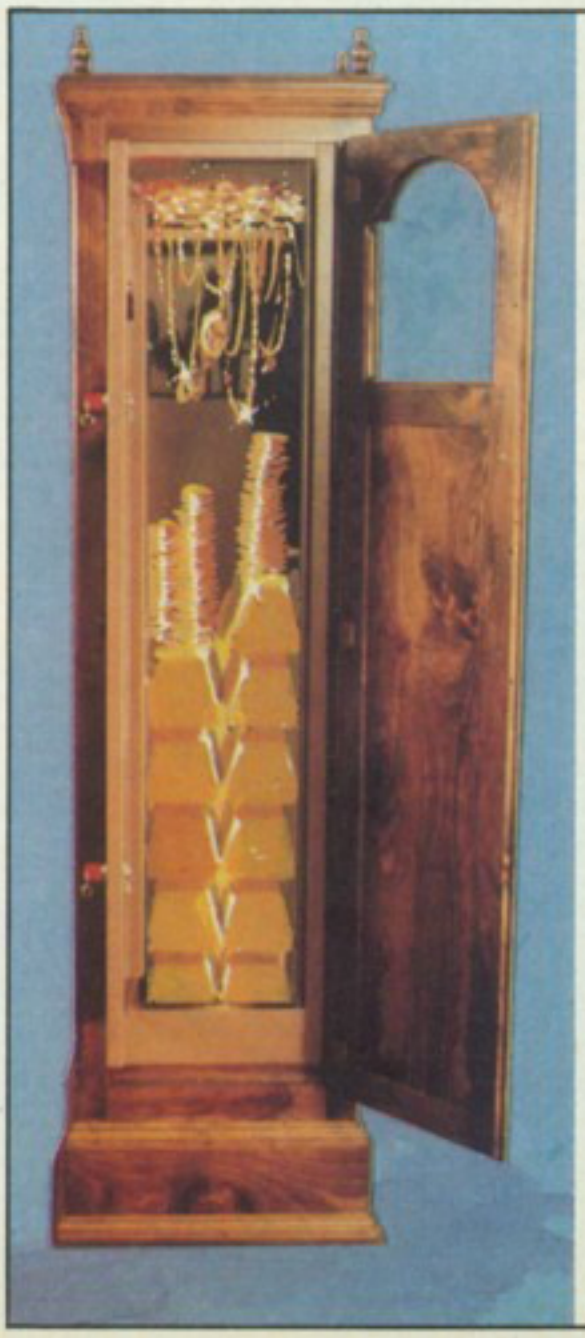
The Manhattan store Think Big! at 390 West Broadway, New York 10012, definitely doesn't think small. It stocks king-sized crayons, 14″-tall martini glasses and now an all-metal Luxo Lamp that will far outshine the dinky one you've got at work. A black or white Luxo adjusts from five to ten feet, has a weighted base and costs $650. Use it any time you'd like to sit and know for a minute what it feels like to be Lily Tomlin playing Edith Ann.

SUITED TO A MINI-"T"

Stan and Ollie never did have much luck with cars, on or off the links, but then they (or anyone else) would never have seen a Mini-"T"—it being an electric two-seater that's ideal for putting about a golf course. Mini-"T"s have fiberglass bodies, disc brakes and a two-horsepower motor that will eventually get you to 12 miles per hour. For more info, write Mini-"T" Electric Motor Car Company, 1140 Highland Avenue, Glendale, California 91202. The price? Just $5995. Ollie would like that.

SYBARITE OF THE SEA

If you've just won the state lottery, have we got a cruise ship for you. It's the Sea Goddess I, a 340-foot luxury yacht fitted out with spacious suites, private baths and the kind of help you can't find anymore. But what makes the Sea Goddess I so unusual is that its itineraries in the Caribbean and the Mediterranean put you in at small ports where big cruise ships can't dock. Sea Goddess Cruises, 5805 Blue Lagoon Drive, Miami, Florida 33126, will tell you more. Weekly cruises are $3300, so pack your wallet, skipper.



FATHER-TIME CAPSULE

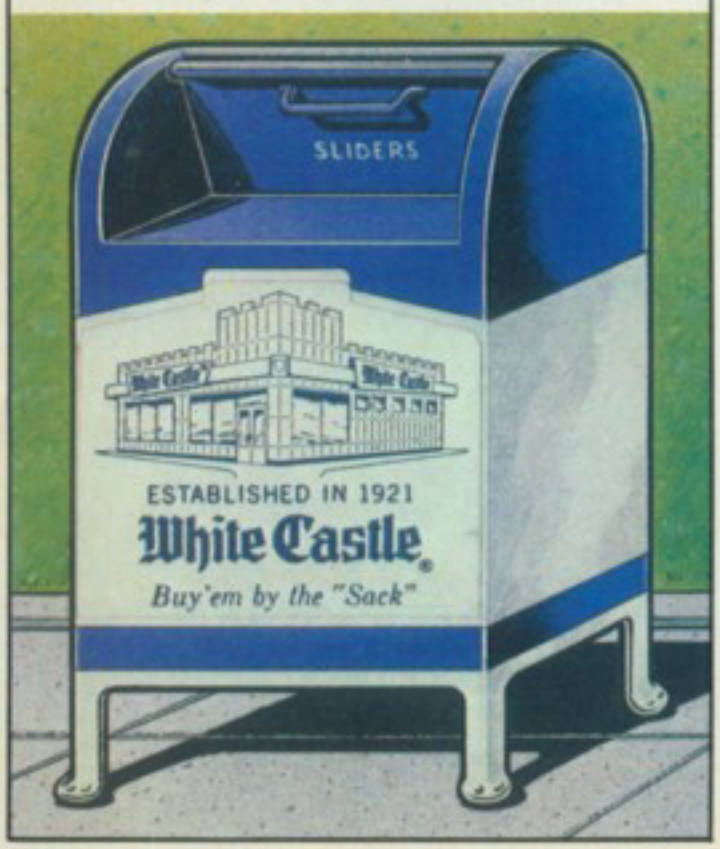
Hickory, dickory, dock, the mouse ran up the clock—and guess what he found? A king's ransom in baubles, bangles and beads, plus silver coins, cameras, old copies of PLAYBOY, your little black book—anything that's valuable and small enough to fit into the 60″ x 16″ x 12″ confines of Nesci Enterprises' grandfather clock. Why would anyone hide the family jewels in the old ticktock? Because while the outside of the clock is of mellow New England pine (the exterior dimensions are 72″ x 18″ x 14″), the interior houses a concealed safe of 14-gauge steel with heavy-duty cylinder locks and concealed hinges that would frustrate even Raffles. The price for this security is $965 F.O.B. Nesci Enterprises, P.O. Box 119, East Hampton, Connecticut 06424. More good news: Your upright safe actually does tell time, too.

FOR PETAL PUSHERS ONLY

For the person who wants to know something no one else knows, there's the battery-powered Color Time Clock, which is available from Color Time, 3124 Woodhaven Drive, Birmingham, Alabama 35243, for $37. Here's how it works: You choose a color and point all the petals in the three layers to the correct time. (The big layer is hours; the middle, minutes; and the small, seconds.) Then, you just read the petals. Sneaky!

KING OF THE CASTLE

What growing boy can't make a dozen dollar-sized "sliders" disappear down his throat faster than you can say "White Castle"? If you've never eaten a White Castle hamburger or you've moved away from an area where they're sold, here's a solution: Call 1-800-WCASTLE and order 50 for $57 or 100 for $82 and put them on plastic. White Castle will Federal Express your burgers packed in dry ice. We're coming over.



CHARACTER BUILDER

Your friends all laughed when you sat down to dinner at that little Chinese restaurant where the menu's not in English, but then you began to *translate*! Your secret was that you'd just stuffed your brain with information found in *The Eater's Guide to Chinese Characters*, by James D. McCawley, which The University of Chicago Press, 5801 South Ellis Avenue, Chicago 60637, is selling in softcover for $5.95, postpaid. The characters at right, as you'll soon learn, stand for "fish balls and ginkgo nuts." Ah, we think we'll order from column B.

IT RESTORETH YOUR SOLE

Old jogging shoes never die; they just end up in the back of your closet or endlessly retreaded with tattered-tennis-shoe liquid goo. Now a product called Eternal Sole has surfaced, offering contoured urethane patches that bond to the bottom of your shoe in just a few hours. And for hard-charging tennis players, there's also Eternal Toe—similar molded-to-fit patches that cure ailments up front. They're available for $4.95 and $5.95, respectively, from Runner's Products, P.O. Box 210006, Montgomery, Alabama 36121. It's cheaper just to pick up your feet.

YOU GO TO MY HEAD

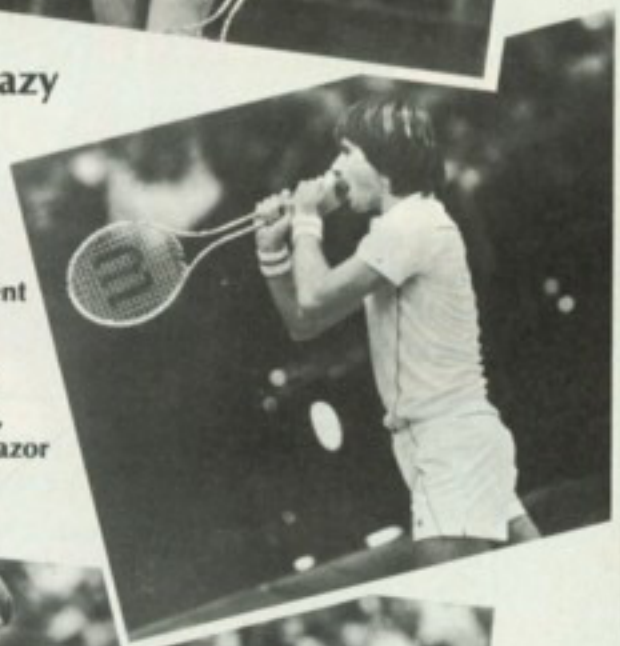
You can be sure that any company that calls itself Rotten Dog Studio is going to come up with something pretty low-down and dirty. But we never thought that even Rotten Dog, operating out of its den at 1442A Walnut Street, Suite 288, Berkeley, California 94709, could come up with FantaBags: brown-paper bags with caricatures of Marilyn Monroe or James Dean on them that you can pull over the head of a date whom you just can't face. Who would pay $2.95 each for this silly, sophomoric, asinine item, anyway, just to play a joke on a date? We'll take a dozen.

I Did It My Way

We don't think lead singer DEE SNIDER is crooning a ballad here. For those of you who are underinformed, Snider's heavy-metal band is called Twisted Sister. A recent track, *Burn in Hell*, probably says more about its world view then we ever could.

Doing That Crazy Hand Jive

When we caught up with JIMMY CONNORS during the Challenge of Champions Tournament last winter, he was practicing his John McEnroe imitation. If he gets good enough, maybe he can get a razor commercial, too.



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Roberts' Rule of Order

Here's a good one: When the producers were casting about for the right woman to play Sheena, Queen of the Jungle, TANYA ROBERTS was on the October 1982 PLAYBOY cover. They dyed her hair blonde and, as they say in Hollywood, the rest is history. See for yourself soon.

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Souped-Up Chevy

Is this the same CHEVY CHASE who told the media he's really mellowed out? Chase put on these glad rags for a syndicated TV show called *The Top*, which may not be ready for prime time.

The Last Straw

Just in case you didn't think he had it in him, we bring you the lighter side of LARRY HAGMAN. We doubt that the Ewing Oil board would find this amusing.

Bountiful

As you can see, MEL GIBSON gets the girl. And what a girl! She's TAVAITE VERNETTE, and you'll find them both on the silver screen this month in *The Bounty*, a variation on the compelling Bligh-Christian story. And if they're not enough to make you rush to the theater, how about classy co-stars Anthony Hopkins and Laurence Olivier?

NEXT MONTH:

THE AFFAIR

BLIND DATE

TOP PLAYMATE

POPULAR PUNK

JESSE JACKSON, THE MOST CHARISMATIC BLACK LEADER SINCE **MARTIN LUTHER KING, JR.,** TALKS ABOUT HIS PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDACY, HIS MISSION TO SYRIA, THE RACIAL CLIMATE IN AMERICA AND HIS VIEWS ON JEWS, BLACKS AND ARABS IN A HARD-HITTING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"MY LIFE IN PINSTRIPES"—A FIRSTHAND ACCOUNT OF THOSE TUMULTUOUS YEARS WITH THE YANKEES, A BASEBALL SOAP OPERA STARRING **BILLY** AND **GEORGE** AND OTHER DENIZENS OF THE BRONX ZOO—BY **REGGIE JACKSON** WITH **MIKE LUPICA**

"FAST, LOUD AND POLITICALLY CORRECT"—PUNK DIDN'T DIE; IT MERELY WENT TO MAINSTREAM SUBURBAN HIGH SCHOOLS, WHERE IT'S GIVING RESONANCE TO TEENAGE ANGST AND EVEN TO TV—BY **CHARLES M. YOUNG**

"PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR"—IS SHE A BLONDE? A BRUNETTE? A REDHEAD? YOU WOULDN'T WANT US TO TELL, WOULD YOU?

"CRITICS' CHOICE"—LIKE THE OLYMPICS, THE NATION'S MOST RESPECTED RESTAURANT SURVEY—*PLAYBOY*'S—TURNS UP EVERY FOUR YEARS. THE TOP 25 DINING SPOTS IN AMERICA, AS SELECTED BY GOURMETS AND LEADING CRITICS OF CUISINE, COMPILED BY **JOHN MARIANI**

"THE AFFAIR"—IF SEX IS MOSTLY IN THE MIND, IMAGINE HOW EXCITING INFIDELITY COULD BE WHEN CONDUCTED TELEPATHICALLY. AN UNUSUAL TALE BY **ROBERT SILVERBERG**

EBERT AND **SISKEL,** THE LAUREL AND HARDY OF *AT THE MOVIES,* GET A LOT OF STUFF OFF THEIR CHESTS, INCLUDING **ROGER'S** CAREER ADVICE TO **RICHARD GERE, GENE'S** FAVORITE POPCORN BLEND AND THE TRUTH ABOUT THEIR RELATIONSHIP, IN A FREE-WHEELING **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"BLIND DATE"—NO DOGS IN THIS ONE, A MOVIE BY THAT NAME. WE SHOW YOU SOME COMING ATTRACTIONS