

HOT DREAMS: WHAT YOUR SEXUAL FANTASIES MEAN

PLAYBOY

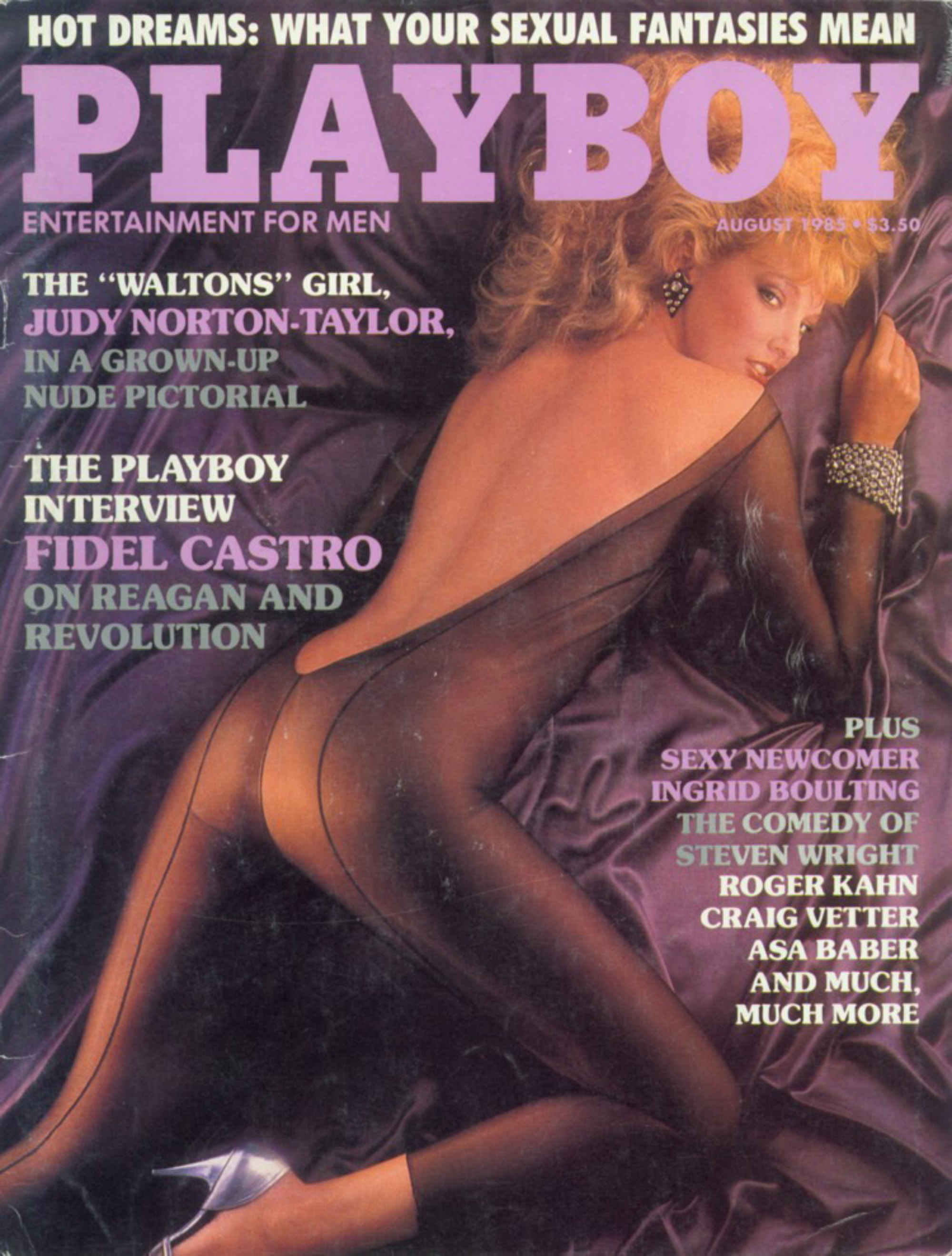
ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1985 • \$3.50

**THE "WALTONS" GIRL,
JUDY NORTON-TAYLOR,
IN A GROWN-UP
NUDE PICTORIAL**

**THE PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW
FIDEL CASTRO
ON REAGAN AND
REVOLUTION**

**PLUS
SEXY NEWCOMER
INGRID BOULTING
THE COMEDY OF
STEVEN WRIGHT
ROGER KAHN
CRAIG VETTER
ASA BABER
AND MUCH,
MUCH MORE**







DEAR PLAYMATES

The question for the month:

Under what circumstances would you be receptive to a stranger's pass?

I need to be introduced. I'm not old enough to go into bars and there aren't that many bars where I'd be interested in meeting anyone. Everyone would come up and try to get lucky. Working with someone would be a good way to meet. But the best way is to have a friend who knows me say, "I have this great person for you to meet. You'll like him." Then we'll go to dinner or out dancing in a group. Sometimes I meet guys at the grocery store. I collect their phone numbers. I don't give mine out. My favorite section of the market is where they sell the yogurt-covered almonds. In the back, by the fruits and nuts—really!



Penny Baker

PENNY BAKER
JANUARY 1984

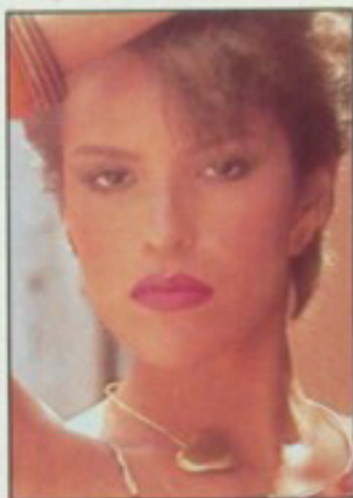
I don't hang out in bars, but I do get approached a lot in the grocery store. Strangers will come up to me, start talking, want to know my name and stalk me patiently for a couple of aisles. Usually, they go for the kill in the vegetable section. The market is an erotic stomping ground. I can go in looking like I died or looking like a million and I get hit on just the same. Sometimes I'm even recognized—once by a really well-known photographer who walked up to me and said, "Aren't you Lorraine Michaels?" I got a photo session out of that encounter.



Lorraine Michaels

LORRAINE MICHAELS
APRIL 1981

I feel most comfortable when a stranger approaches me when I'm out with my girlfriends. Safety in numbers, you know. If I'm out with my friends, I'm usually having a great time and I'm in a good mood, so I'm open to people just walking up to me. I don't really like being approached when I'm by myself, shopping or walking along the street. That makes me feel apprehensive. My favorite approach is the one I least expect, like standing in line for popcorn at the movies. I'll take a man's phone number, but I'll never give him mine until I've had a chance to get to know him. I learned this through experience. Especially since becoming a Playmate, I have to be a lot more private about my number so I won't be sorry.



Liz Stewart

LIZ STEWART
JULY 1984

Probably in a restaurant. After I've sat there for an hour or so and have had a drink, I've had enough time to look at a guy across the room and make eye contact. That is probably the easiest and most comfortable way for a guy to come up and introduce himself to me. Bars are out, and so are supermarkets. Sushi bars are good; they're very friendly and I like to feed everyone. You know how it goes: "Here, have you tried this?" or "Have a piece of mine." I once met a gorgeous young ballet dancer in a restaurant. We're still friends. Another good time to meet men is when I'm working out. There are always cute guys with great bodies in my ballet classes.



Tracy Vaccaro

TRACY VACCARO
OCTOBER 1983

Don't come on to me in a bar or a night club. In those places, I'm usually with my girlfriends or a date, and I'm not interested in the meat-market atmosphere, anyway. I like the unexpected meeting, at the market or shopping. It takes a lot of courage for a man to approach a woman he doesn't know, and I give men a lot of credit for doing that in a nice way. I met a really nice guy at the market once.



We bumped into each other over the corn flakes. He didn't try to look down my blouse when he said hello. He was just friendly. I could tell he wasn't the type to try to jump me in the parking lot.

Roberta Vasquez

ROBERTA VASQUEZ
NOVEMBER 1984

Don't bother me in a restaurant when I'm with my friends and I have a mouthful of food. I hate that. A club is all right, because it has a built-in social atmosphere and I'm not feeling any pressure there. If someone comes up to me in a club and I don't want to talk to him, I can get lost in the crowd. Or I can say, "Thanks but no thanks," and drift off. If I do want to talk, I can stop for a while. The grocery store's no good. Usually I've got my sweats on and have pulled my hair back in a ponytail. Nobody would want to talk to me when I looked like that.



Kimberly McArthur

KIMBERLY MCARTHUR
JANUARY 1982

Send your questions to Dear Playmates, Playboy Building, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611. We won't be able to answer every question, but we'll try.







even imagine. While her TV character may have been content to sit and knead bread for most of the day, such a waste of good daylight would drive Judy out of her mind.

"That wasn't an image I was too comfortable with. It was

The clan from Walton's Mountain (left) makes a small hill itself when assembled. That's Judy as Mary Ellen at seven o'clock. Below, several years and some judicious growing later, the real Judy Norton-Taylor emerges.

THE PUNCH IN JUDY

miss norton-taylor says, "good night, mary ellen"





too . . . boring. It wasn't what my life was, and it wasn't what I wanted it to be. But I resent that character only when it limits people's assessment of me. Even when it was the main thing in my life, it still wasn't the *only* thing. There was another whole person who went home between shots."

Understandably, the development of that other person in the shadow of the overwhelming TV image wasn't easy, but Judy is a child-star survivor. She's tough, bright and intense. When she's interested in something, her entire being is focused on it; when she's bored, she makes a quick exit.

Seven years of ballet training have given Judy a powerful grace that she uses in her pursuit of sports and the adrenaline rush they provide. She's given to such knife-edge pastimes as equestrian jumping, trapeze acrobatics, skiing and sky diving. When you consider that most of these are not sports you try out but sports you do—or get killed doing—you get some idea of her mind-set.

"I've done a lot of things that would probably be considered dangerous. But I go about them very slowly and carefully. I didn't go out there and do trapeze stunts without a belt on. I stayed in the belt until everybody agreed I was ready. In the same way, I wouldn't jump a fence that I didn't think I, or my horse, was ready for.

"It's the challenge that I like. Of course, there is that element of fear in most of what I do, too. Despite the
(text concluded on page 172)



"To me, life is like a game, and my whole attitude is geared to what I enjoy—because if I'm not going to enjoy being here and living this life, then what's the point? If there's no excitement, nothing to look forward to, nothing to achieve, then I don't want to be here."





JUDY NORTON-TAYLOR

(continued from page 79)

fact that I feel confident—well, pretty confident—about what I'm doing, there's still a chance that something could go wrong. And then there's always that urge to push it a little bit more. Like, with skiing. As I get better, I try harder hills or skiing a little faster.

"I'm sort of a dilettante, playing at everything. I like to be busy, but I hate being mediocre at anything, so I've got to choose: Either I'm going to be lousy at everything or I've got to give up some things and concentrate on what I really want to do."

Unfortunately, what Judy really wants to do is everything. She's constantly hunting for new experiences, new people, new roles to play. Somewhere behind her are two marriages. Adventure doesn't come cheap, but you do learn a lot about yourself along the way.

"I need a constant challenge. One of the problems that I run into in a relationship is mental parity. I want someone who's active, because I'm so active; I want someone I can go out and do things with—someone who's creative.

"But there's also the personal side. You can't rub each other the wrong way too often. Everyone has pet peeves. But my theory is that in a working relationship, the flaws one person has can't be those that drive the other person crazy.

"Men have told me that they find me very intimidating. I've had guys say, 'I don't think I could deal with your lifestyle; I don't think I could keep up with you.' I

think that in order for a man to deal with me, he's got to be very secure."

Acting remains the central love of Judy's life, but in the four years since she left *The Waltons*, she has put it on the back burner in favor of sports, taking only selected roles, mostly in the theater.

"For me, acting is an opportunity to live other lives. For instance, in my personal life, I'm very even-tempered; I never blow, no matter how angry I get. I always think in terms of compromise and diplomacy. When I'm acting, I can be a real bitch or very sarcastic . . . that sort of thing. It's fun to allow those sides of you, those emotions, out while you're creating a fantasy.

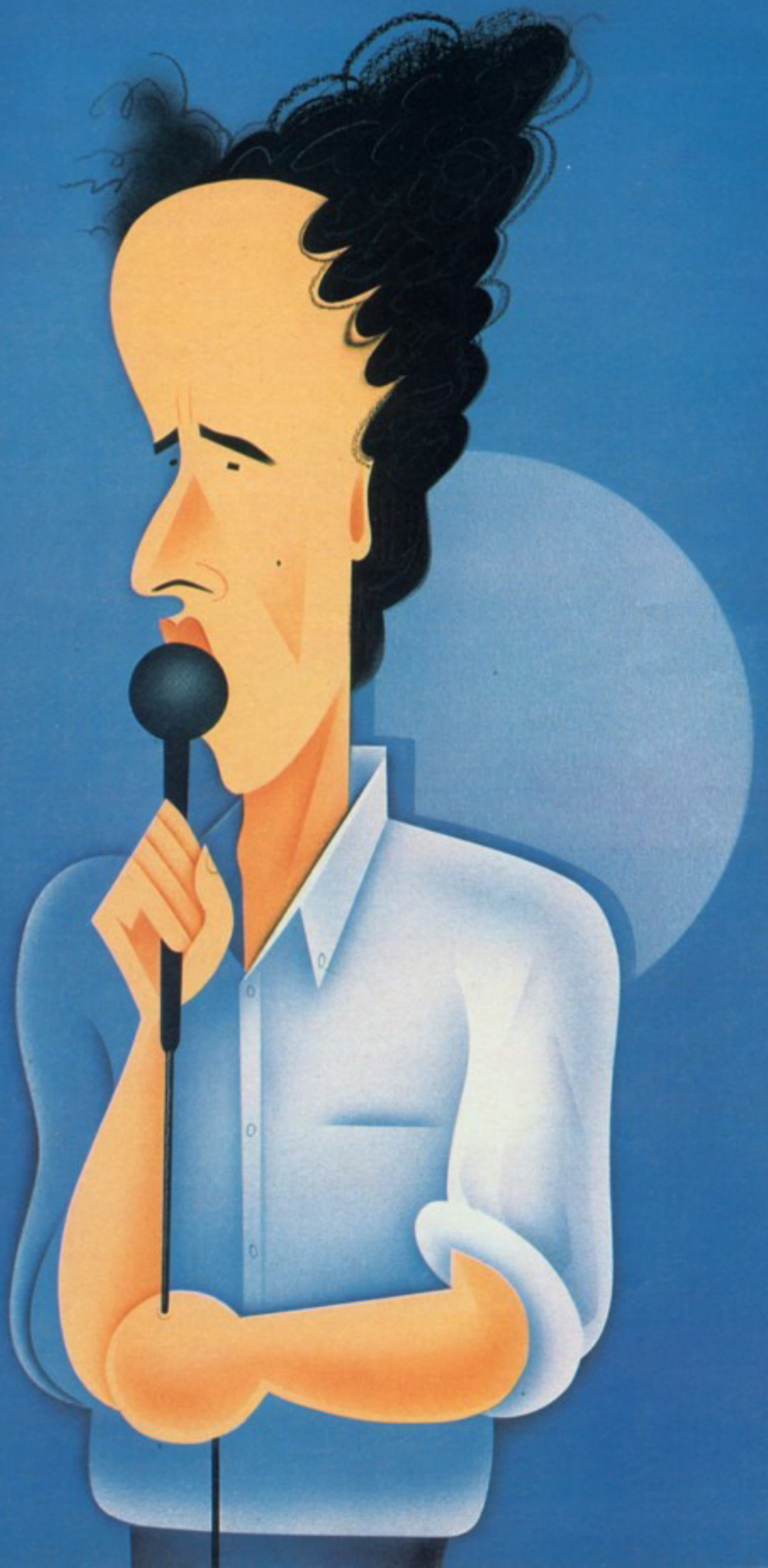
"If I did that in real life, it wouldn't even be satisfying, because I'd just have to pay the price—go back and clean up, repair the damage. So acting, in effect, lets me play."

Playing on the stage is a new experience for Judy, who's flexing different creative muscles from those she used on television. She's also discovering the magic of live performance.

"One reason I enjoy theater more, in a way, than television is the audience. There's that feeling of creating something that holds the attention of people. It's a form of control, a form of power, because you are, for that given amount of time, taking these people on a little trip with you. And if you're good, you hold their interest; you make them believe and care and laugh and cry with you. Then, if it all works, there's a great sense of accomplishment. You did it!"



"My wife and I are slowly drifting apart; I want you to speed it up."







F · A · I · R
C · H · E · R

this butler did it—for us

CHER BUTLER'S eyes change color from green to blue, depending on her mood. She was in a good mood the day she visited us in Chicago: One eye was green, one blue. She spoke in a tiny voice that seemed to fit perfectly the miniature tape recorder on our desk. "I've wanted to be a Playmate ever since high school, but I never told anyone about it. I was afraid that if I failed, I would disappoint people. I saw it as a lot of attention. I wanted the attention. I was kind of an ugly duckling in high school, a string bean, without much self-confidence."

We found it hard to believe that this poised young woman had ever had a crisis of confidence. So we offered her some second-rate editorial coffee in our TRUST YOUR LUST mug. She laughed. "Were you saving this for me?" We wondered if her self-assurance had come from a life on the

"I dream of faraway places. My lover and I are alone. The stars hang in the night sky. It is quiet. I dream these dreams in color. They're better that way."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY



road. A lot of Playmates have been Army brats, raised around a succession of strangers. We were close. "I come from a family of gypsies," she said. "We moved every few years to keep the boredom threshold low." Cher was born in Texas but made stops in Nevada, British Columbia and New Mexico (where she finished high school) before settling into her current address in Washington, D.C. She got off the bus just about the time her family finished building theirs. Her mom and dad took Cher's younger sister and hit the road in the Candy Ark, a rolling home built by



At the top of the page, we catch Cher in a quiet moment with her morning coffee, the newspapers and her ever-present notebooks. There's no telling what she'll write; her journals hold her most private thoughts. Above and left, we get to see why cleanliness is next to godliness as washing the car quickly turns into a soapy free-for-all. At right, Cher's at work as a veterinary assistant. "You should see how some people treat their pets," she told us. "It's enough to make you sick. I've always loved dogs. Great companions, but right now I'm too rootless to have one."





her dad. "Sometimes I don't even know where they are for months at a time, but then a postcard arrives." We asked if there were any plan to these travels. Cher told us her mother reads tarot cards and consults astrology charts. Had Cher inherited a reliance on things astral? "Well," she replied with a smile, "don't even talk to me during a full moon. I warn everyone to lock me in a closet. It's a very emotional time." What Cher does with all that extra emotion is turn to her journals. These aren't diaries. She doesn't write every day. Instead, the journals are an interior conversation. "Writing keeps my life in perspective. I only write about conversations that really strike me or my impressions of things. I'm essentially an observer. Maybe it comes from all that moving around. I kind of envy people who can just dive in. I can't do that. I have to sit back."

You're probably wondering what kind of guy can make Cher Butler sit forward. We were. He's not what you'd expect. "I can't explain why I'm attracted to feminine men. No one can *(text continued on page 98)*



"I wouldn't mind being rich, as long as it didn't turn me into a bore. I wouldn't mind being famous, either, if the right opportunity came my way. I'm in the new Don Henley video. Maybe it's the start of something."







"I keep hoping that one day I'll find one man who has all the qualities I'm looking for. Right now, I have one man to play with, one to enjoy quiet time with, one to talk with and one to make love with. But I'm young. I don't have to find Mr. Right in the next hour, do I?"



explain physical attraction. I like sensitive men; they're more attuned to music, writing and the emotions of women. I relate to them better. I don't like tough guys. They're hiding a bunch of things inside. I value dialog." Does she often run into this sensitive guy among the men in her generation? She gave this some thought before she replied, "I find that the men in my generation are full of questions but not answers. (text concluded on page 174)



TELEPHONE

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Cher Butler

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 123

MEASUREMENTS: 37½ - 24 - 35

BIRTH DATE: 3-6-64 BIRTHPLACE: Garland, Tex.



WHY DO YOU WANT TO BE A PLAYMATE? As a present to my lovers' egos and because I used to think I was funny-looking.

WHAT TURNS YOU ON? Dark-green plastic plates, empty old houses, experimental music and left-handed men.

WHO'S YOUR IDEAL MAN? One who doesn't deny his own feminine qualities.

WHAT'S YOUR SECRET FANTASY? To make love in the grasslands of Africa with a herd of gazelles jumping over us in a frenzy.

CHOOSE ONE PLACE YOU'D LIKE TO VISIT AND TELL US WHY: It would be very isolated from the Western world and have no modern technology. I'd like to see how I'd survive with just the basics.

WHAT ARE YOUR HOBBIES? Keeping a journal; collecting Marilyn Monroe photos.

WHO IN THE ENTIRE WORLD WOULD YOU MOST LIKE TO MEET? I would have liked to have known Henry Miller. His novels are so blunt and gutsy and truthful that sometimes I have to close the books and gather my own thoughts together.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF YOU HAD MORE TIME? Work on my karma.

Age 8



Age 16



Age 17



Boys were becoming interesting!

Too much Cheesecake!!

Homecoming "Blues."

(continued from page 98)

Some of them want to be rich, some want to be famous and some just want to express themselves without being criticized. Mostly, they want to be loved."

Lest you think Cher is all introspection and not really of this world, let us set you straight. When she comes home from her job at an animal hospital, Cher has been known to scour the town for a competitive game of handball, to search out really experimental rock music (and drop the band cold if it gets too mainstream) and to check out antiques stores in the hope of adding to her green-plastic-plate collection. But if you want to catch her, you'd better hurry. The wanderlust is still upon

her. She dreams constantly of travel and opportunity. Right now, she's thinking about a move to California. She's not looking for a career so much as hoping to fall into one. She believes totally in serendipity, in the thing just around the corner that *may* happen if she's open to new experiences. What's next? "Australia and Africa are on my mind. Places with no technology and not too many people. I'll go with my lover and we'll make love with just the animals for company." How can she do that and fulfill her Playmate obligations? Easy. "I want this experience to take me somewhere, but I don't know where yet." We don't mind being left in her dust.



"Poor Luigi's so unhappy . . . still waiting to kidnap Miss Right."

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

During half time, the furious football coach entered the subdued locker room carrying a live alligator. Glaring at his bumbling players, he dropped his pants, whereupon the reptile clamped its jaws onto his penis. Finally, after enduring several moments in its grip, the coach poked the beast in the eye and it dropped off and scuttled under a locker.

"Any of you wimps man enough to do that?" he bellowed.

After a moment, a blond young man stepped forward. "I am, Coach," he volunteered. "Only *please* don't poke me in the eye."

The Washington Dictionary defines *ménage à trois* as a trilateral commission.

Look at this ad for VCRs," the man called out to his wife. "Let's get one while they're on sale."

"Forget it," she answered. "I already have a fourteen-day, one-event player in the bedroom."

The Loser's Dictionary defines *ménage à trois* as a lonely guy and two hand puppets.

I disagree," the young stockbroker told the bartender. "President Reagan has done *a lot* for the little guy."

"You've got to be kidding," countered the bartender. "Give me one example."

"Well, using his economic policies as my guide, I don't think of myself as cheating the IRS anymore," the stockbroker said. "I think of myself as a deficit taxpayer."



I don't want to say that Walter Mondale has dropped out of sight," remarks comedian Mike Ostrowski, "but the other day I saw his picture on a milk carton."

The Lancelot and Guinevere Dictionary defines *ménage à trois* as two characters in search of an Arthur.

The vice-president of a small company had two loyal employees, Mary and Jack. One day his boss told him that he'd have to lay one of them off. "But how?" protested the V.P. "Mary's terrific; she's been here for ten years. And Jack's a great worker with a family to support. How can I choose between them?"

"Make it easy on yourself," said the boss. "Whoever arrives first tomorrow morning—that's the one who gets fired."

Dreading what he had to do, the V.P. spent a sleepless night. At 8:55 the next morning, Mary walked into the office. "Mary," he stammered, "I have some very difficult news. I . . . I've worried all night about it, but . . . I . . . well, I have to lay you or Jack off."

"Ah, jack off," she said. "I've got a headache!"



Delroy Neiman

The Los Angeles Dictionary defines *ménage à trois* as two nostrils and a \$100 bill.

After losing his penis in a horrible industrial accident, the desperate worker visited doctor after doctor, seeking a remedy. Finally, a creative plastic surgeon agreed to substitute a baby elephant's trunk for the missing member.

Thus equipped, the elated worker headed for home, deciding to break the news to his wife over dinner.

Before he had found a way to explain his new appendage, however, the trunk swept up onto the table, grabbed a dinner roll and shot back beneath the table.

The man's startled wife demanded an immediate explanation. Upon learning of the operation, she became visibly excited and pressed her husband for details.

"Tell me," she eagerly inquired, "can you do that again?"

"I think so," he replied. "But, to be honest, I don't know if I can handle another bun up my ass."

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.



"Hi! My name is Rick—I'll be your executioner today!"





TO BED A THIEF

actress ingrid boultong shows just how much fun a game of cops and robbers can be



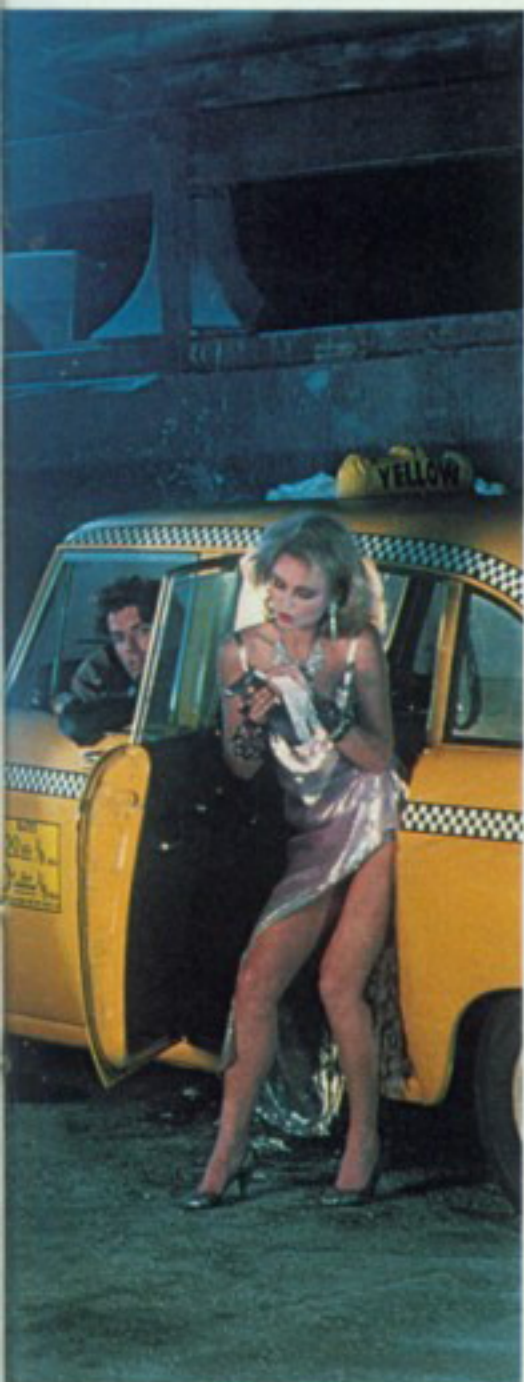
INGRID BOULTONG likes to be different. That's why she had one restriction when she agreed to pose for PLAYBOY: It couldn't be an ordinary pictorial. It had to have humor and tell a story, so that she would get to act, not merely pose. And Ingrid wanted to play a far different character from the one most often associated with her, that of Kathleen Moore, the ethereal beauty who haunts Robert De Niro in *The Last Tycoon*. "I'm tired of being type-cast as an untouchable Madonna," she says. Ingrid is a woman who knows her own mind. She knows movies, too: Her father, Roy, is one of Britain's famed Boulting twins,

producer/directors of such classics as *Lucky Jim*, *I'm All Right, Jack* and *Seven Days to Noon*. So we were interested in her opinion of her own latest movie vehicle, *Deadly Passion*. "It's a low-budget quickie," she said. "It's supposed to be *The Maltese Falcon Meets Body Heat*, but I refuse to see it. At least it gave me a chance to visit some family while I was on location in Africa." In *Deadly Passion*, Ingrid played a villainess. In our pictorial, she gets to play a detective, which she sees as a nice departure, though she's ambivalent about nudity. "To me," she says, "what is sexy is suggestive. But then, I'm not a man, am I?"

Before you begin reading this pictorial story, concocted especially for Ingrid, the star herself has a helpful suggestion: "I think the background music to this should be Tina Turner's *What's Love Got to Do with It?*" Those of you without stereos handy can hum along as Ingrid plays a daring detective getting ready to stalk a famous jewel thief (he's the one reflected in her glasses, left, and featured in the dossier above).



You can't catch your prey without bait, right? That's why Ingrid, at left, is sparing no expense—new clothes, expensive diamonds, strategically placed gun—in her quest to snare Nick the Thief. "Remember," she cautions, "my character is a cop, but she's greedy and ruthless." She takes a cab (below) to the seedy Gardenia Club (right), a.k.a The Rotten Club, Nick's favorite hangout. There she tries to win his attention with a suggestive dance. (That's Nick sipping his drink at a ringside table.) What she doesn't realize is that she's already gotten his attention. Tipped off by accomplices with access to police files, Nick has been following her since she first put together her thief-catching wardrobe—and has plans of his own to turn the tables on her.





Here's where the story gets complicated, if not downright implausible. Let's start with the top picture, far left. While Ingrid temporarily loses herself in a sensuous reverie on the dance floor, Nick sneaks up behind her and, true to his calling, snatches her jewels, which is an embarrassing development for any detective. She gives chase outside the club but to no avail (middle, far left). Not even yelling "Stop, thief!" at the top of her lungs seems to help. But Ingrid still has a few tricks secreted in her garter belt, and she makes haste for Nick's hotel room, where she resourcefully picks the lock (bottom, far left). When Nick comes back (left), Ingrid is ready to turn the tables on him. She whips out her gun (above right), which, fortunately for Nick, fires only blanks. Crafty Ingrid is using the gun as an invitation to a private party that has a guest list of two. Lowering his guard while lowering Ingrid's slip (right), Nick R.S.V.P.s that he will, indeed, be attending. And when it comes to parties, Ingrid shows that she's a very special hostess (see overleaf), displaying, as good hostesses do, all the tricks she learned before graduating at the top of her class at the police academy, including how to apply a tourniquet and some of the subtler techniques of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. True, these aren't the methods favored by Cagney and Lacey, but in the world of professional law enforcement, a good cop knows when to improvise. Even a jaded jewel thief like Nick is moved, and as for our detective, she, too, is caught up in the passion of the moment. As we shall soon see, however, the result of intense fun and games can muddy a person's sense of his or her professional responsibilities.





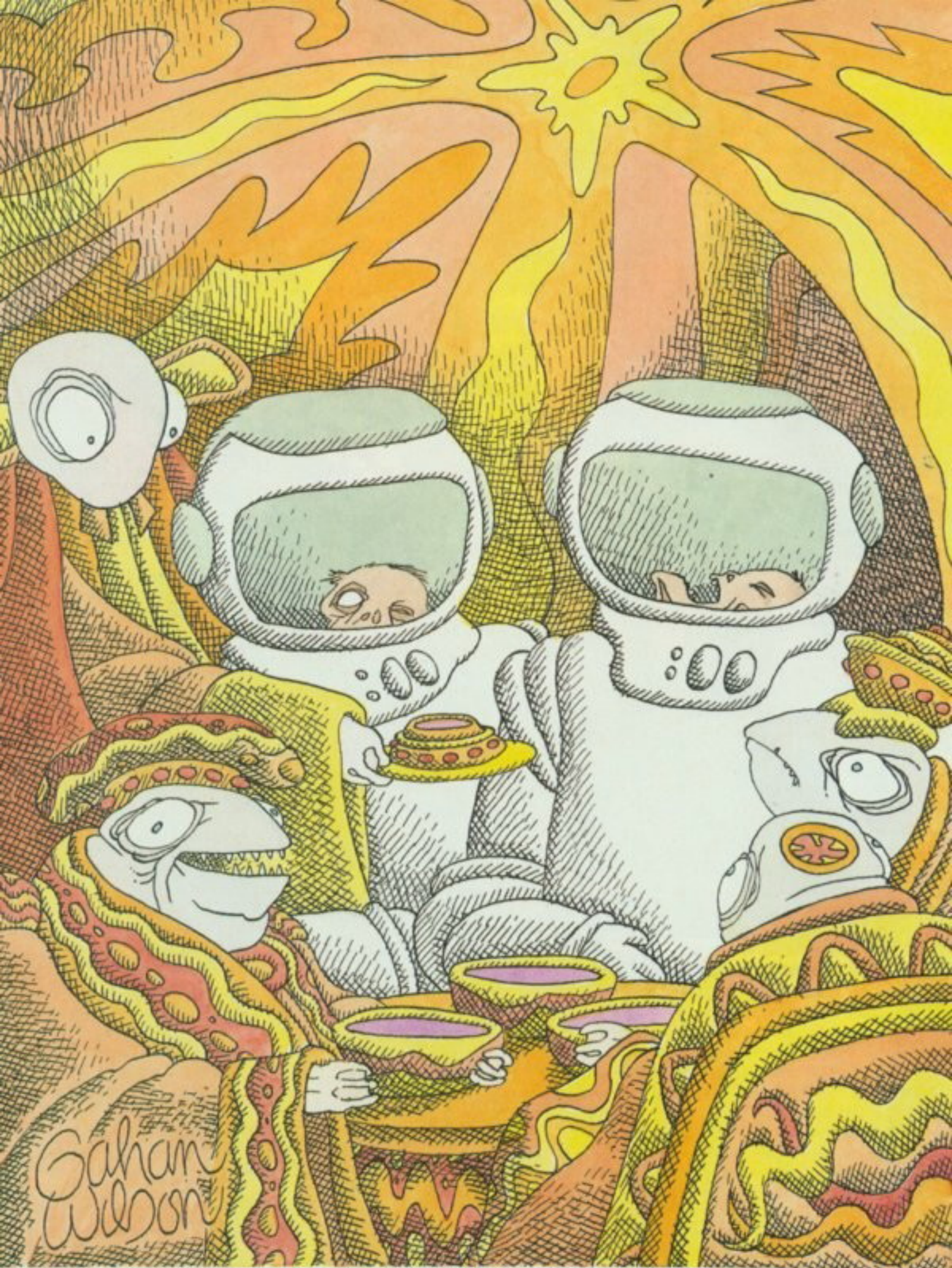




This is obviously the problem with sex on the job. Ingrid looks happy, right? That's because she's gotten her jewels back and her rocks off (left and below). Remember, as the song says, girls just want to have fun. But what about her professional deportment? Why isn't Nick in handcuffs, on his way to the station to be fingerprinted, booked and sent up the proverbial river? Before you jump to any sexist conclusions that Nick has won a major victory, ask yourself why he's leaving with no more jewelry than his own cuff links (right). What's the point of being a jewel thief if you don't get the jewels? The answer is clear. When it comes right down to it, boys just want to have fun, too. We like this ending because it leaves room for a sequel. If Nick isn't up for a rematch, we're certain there'll be no shortage of volunteers. Just don't call us; our switchboard is already overloaded.





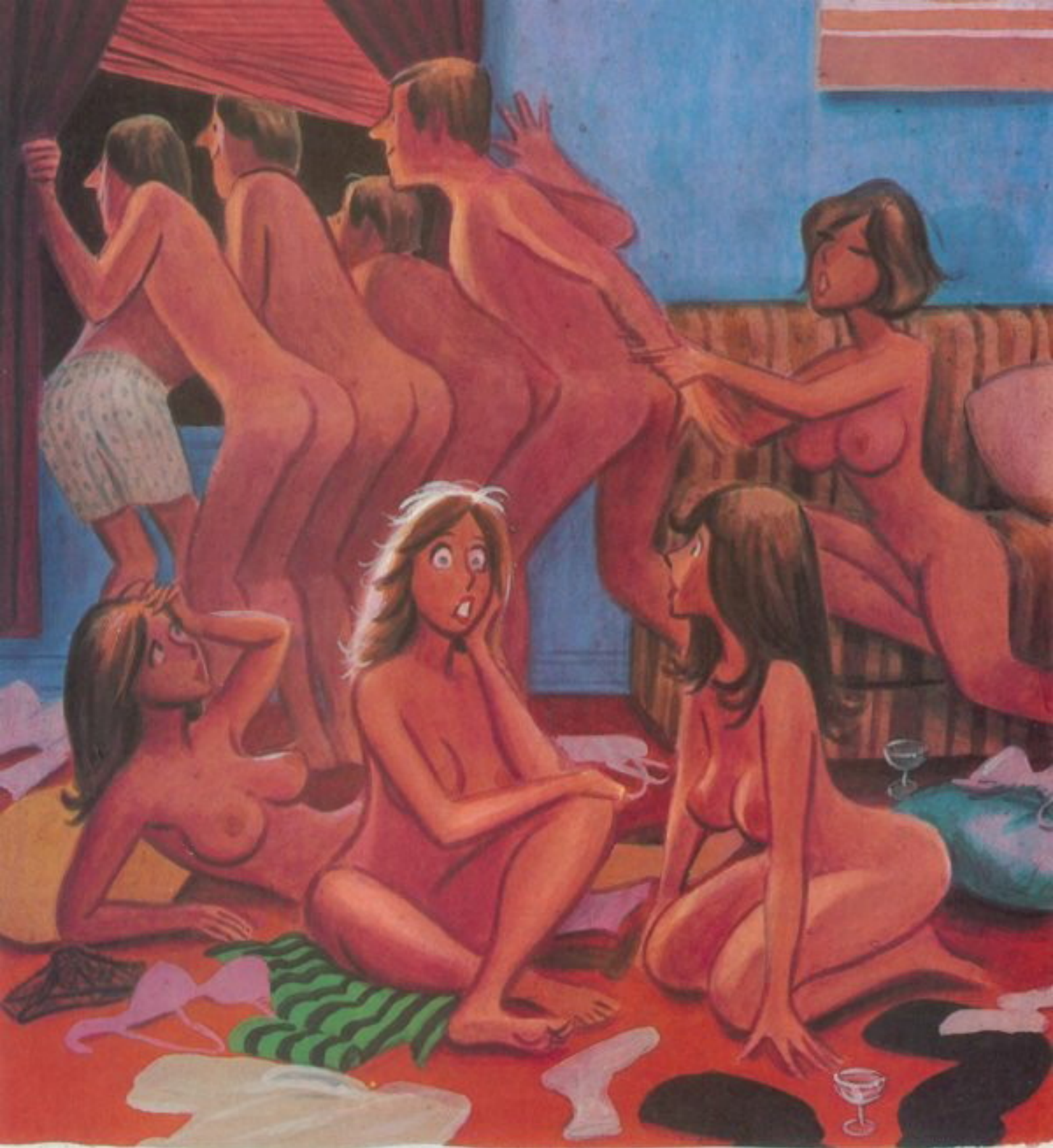


"They were pleasant enough at the beginning."





*"Would you like to take advantage
of our July white sale?"*



BUCK BROWN

"What the hell is it about fire engines?"



"We don't expect this to turn into an actual big war. We view it as a 'combat opportunity.'"



Don't settle for walking.

HONDA 



"Remember those carefree days when we used to whistle and sing on the way to work?"



"This is the crazy, redheaded nymphomaniac's husband. Can I help you?"



"Well, if you're not a proctologist, why have you got your hand up my ass?"

Budweiser

This is the finest Budweiser beer we know of no brand produced by any other brewer which costs so much to brew and our exclusive Lagerweiss Aging produces a taste, a smoothness and a drinkability you will find in no other beer of same price.

16.9 FL. OZ. (500 ml)

Budweiser
KING OF BEERS.
Brewed by our original process from the finest Lagerweiss and the Best Barley Malt.

Budweiser



THIS BUD'S FOR YOU.™

BUDWEISER®-KING OF BEERS®-ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS



"Just relax, ma'am—let the stage do the work."

PLAYBOY GOES RACING

The sport is road racing, in which every hairpin turn is a heartbeat skipped. The cars are Sports Car Club of America showroom stock, essentially unchanged since they rolled off the assembly line. The series of six races being run from March 30 to September 29 at six tracks across the country is the Playboy United States Endurance Cup, with \$800,000 in prize money at stake. Pictured here is the March 30 opening race, at Riverside Raceway, near Los Angeles. All makes of cars can compete,

from Porsches to Escorts. Drivers will race in four classes, with equal payoffs for each class, and the winners stand to be kissed by co-host Playmates Marlene Janssen and Kym Malin. Playboy U.S. Endurance Cup promoter/organizer/competitor Gary Mathewson promises full fields, celebrity drivers and surprises at every event. "If you're thinking performance," he says, "this is the kind of racing you should be watching." Why do drivers do such things? For the money. For the glory. And for the sheer crazy fun of it. Let's go racing.

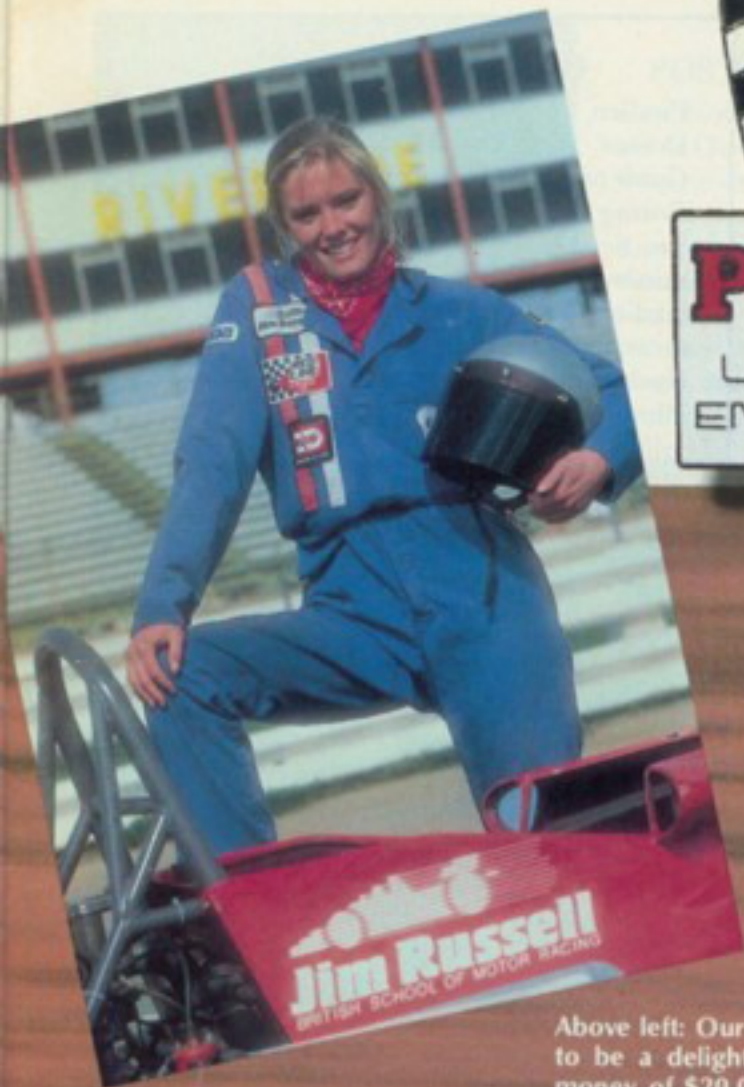


Playmate co-hosts Kym Malin (left) and Marlene Janssen honed their driving skills at the Jim Russell School of Racing. Kym's lap time was second best in her class. Above: Playboy goes racing.

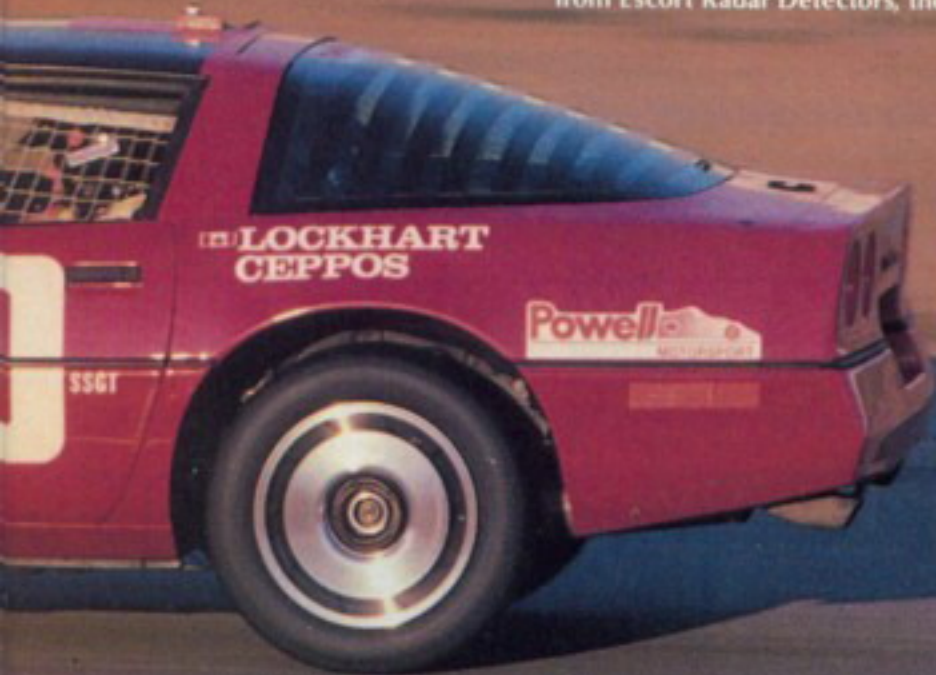


Left: Yes, that's Kym again, with Stirling Moss, who flew in to compete in the Playboy United States Endurance Cup and finished 17th overall in the S.S.G.T. class in a Porsche 944. Right: Kym and Marlene keep a lookout for the over-all winner at Riverside—a 1985 Corvette driven by Don Knowles and Bobby Carradine.





Above left: Our other Playmate co-host, Marlene Janssen, proved to be a delightful trackside diversion. Above right: With prize money of \$20,000 per race, plus a \$40,000 championship fund from Escort Radar Detectors, the action was predictably aggressive.



Left: The six-hour Riverside race continued into the night, with track competition as hot as the pit lights. Right: A gorgeous send-off to a great racing series. The last two events will be a six-hour race at Lime Rock, Connecticut, on August 31 and a 24-hour race at Mid-Ohio on September 28-29. Our crash helmets are packed.



HEATING UP THE LONG, HOT SUMMER

The next best thing to three gorgeous naked ladies is three gorgeous ladies almost naked in three of the sexiest swimsuits we've seen this side of St.-Tropez. And who gives such great swimwear? Ujena, a mail-order company at P.O. Box 7211, 1400 Stierlin Road, Mountain View, California 94039-7003, that sells swimwear all year round. The one at top left, modeled by Playboy model Carmen Monique, is opaque when dry but *transparent* when wet. Oh, yaaaaas—and it's only \$36. The yellow twist bikini that March 1981 Playmate Kym Herrin has slipped into is \$47. And the little red bikini that July 1984 Playmate Liz Stewart likes is a scant \$29. Ujena has an 88-page catalog for \$2.95. Go for it!

OFF TO THE RACES

Pimlico, Portland Meadows, Marquis Downs and The Meadowlands: *Ryan's Guide to North American Thoroughbred Racing* covers them all, listing every fact you need to know, from racing dates and minimum purses to the previous years' leading jockeys. And the price isn't much more than a \$2 wager: just \$5.35 sent to *Ryan's Guide*, P.O. Box 412, Glenview, Illinois 60025. A smart bet.



**NET GAINS—
WITH A CATCH**

Duffers have been driving balls into nets for years. But now there's a catch. A unique product, the Catcher Sport Net, that's handmade knotted and braided nylon netting, measuring 6' 10" high and 6' 10" wide, holds the ball in the netting (the net is actually *two* nets, one superimposed over the other and the two woven together by hand) wherever you hit it, thus giving you a better fix on how to correct hooks and slices, as well as helping you connect properly with the sweet spot. Better yet, the Catcher, which hangs on a self-supporting, freestanding frame, is light, portable, can be used indoors or out and doesn't cost a bundle: \$159, postpaid, sent to Catcher Sport Net Company, P.O. Box 742, Lewiston, New York 14092. Set it up in front of your TV and play the U.S. Open with Nicklaus, Watson and Zoeller.



DETAIL CONSCIOUS

Anybody can take his cherished chariot to a car wash. But owners of *serious* machines in the Manhattan area are making fast treads to Steve's Detailing, an auto-cleaning service that began in Beverly Hills eight years ago and has just gone East. Steve's is at 265 11th Avenue, near 28th Street, and for \$145 you get eight to ten hours of squeaky cleaning that even includes a toothbrush scrub-down of the engine. Yuppie heaven!





POSTER PURRFECTION

Last November, we showcased six of Olivia De Berardinis' lingerie designs in *Roving Eye*. Olivia has returned to the drawing board and has produced a series of six posters—including *La Femme & Feline*, pictured at left—that are about as lusciously erotic as your jaded orbs can stand. A collection of the posters is available as lithographs in a signed edition of 325, with prices ranging from \$375 to \$500; printed posters are \$35, unsigned. For a catalog, send \$5 to Robert Bane Publishing, 9255 Sunset Boulevard, Suite 716, Los Angeles 90069.

FIRE AND ICE

There is a fire down South Carolina way, and it's burning inside the bottles of ginger ale that Blenheim Bottling Company, the nation's oldest independent bottler, sells to customers who have asbestos esophagi. Blenheim's Extra Pale brand is hot, but its Old #3 will bring tears even to the Devil's eyes. A mixed case of 24 ten-ounce bottles costs \$20 sent to Blenheim Bottling, P.O. Box 62, Mineral Spring Road, Blenheim, South Carolina 29516. Both kinds have a mineral-water base, which means you stay healthy while your throat goes up in flames.



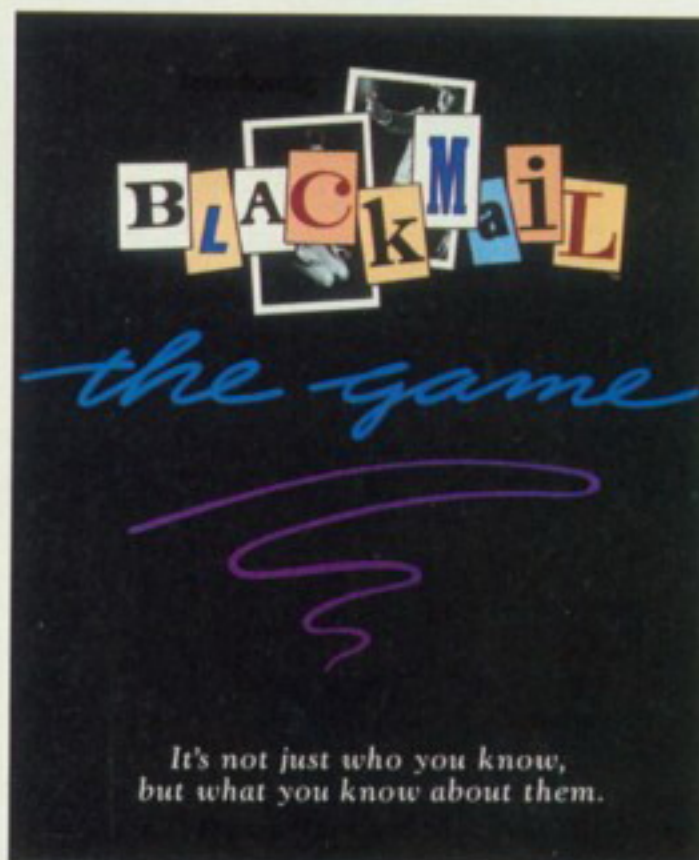
IT'S IN THE CARDS

It's no secret at Hofstra University that Drs. Richard Block and Harold E. Yucker are playing with a full deck. The deck, in fact, is an outgrowth of Dr. Block's passion for collecting unique playing cards and visual images and Dr. Yucker's interest in people's attitudes and perceptions. Their Can You Believe Your Eyes? deck of regulation playing cards contains 52 optical illusions—all for a price that's no eye popper: \$7.50 sent to the Hofstra University Bookstore, Hempstead, New York 11550. Nice!



WE'VE GOT A SECRET

All those dirty bits of trivia you've gleaned from reading the *National Enquirer* have finally come home to roost in *Blackmail*, a game from Action Games, Woodland Hills, California, that makes you a winner if you're ruthless enough to take advantage of other players' weaknesses. The first step is to identify a famous person pictured on a card. The second step is to show just how much you know about him—all for \$29.95. Then the game *really* gets nasty. Have a nice day—quick



THE BIRDMAN OF SPRINGFIELD

Some architects design great houses; Craig Yerkes designs great bird cages. A graduate of Pratt Institute, Yerkes flew the coop several years ago and opened Hamilton Studios at 27 Lyman Street, Suite 606, Springfield, Massachusetts 01103. His specialty is flights of fancy for favorite fowl. The 28"-high Sheldon's Tavern cage, below, costs \$750—and he'll even do custom cagework at prices that aren't chicken feed.





We've Just Met a Girl Named Maria

For all those hot days and cool nights, actress MARIA MICHAELS brings you our summer fashion statement. You've seen Maria on *Night Court* and *T. J. Hooker*, or maybe at the movies in *The Boys Next Door* and *Summer Jobs*. We like her sense of style.



Racy & Lacy

We're going to brag, OK? We published a photo of gorgeous APOLLONIA back in 1983, when she was just plain Patty Kotero. We thought she was hot stuff even before the whole *Purple Rain* business became a downpour. But who picks her outfits?



Another Lennon Marshals the Masses

JULIAN LENNON can relax now. He's proved he's his own man. *Valotte*, his debut album, went platinum, and the single *Too Late for Goodbyes* hit the top ten. He toured last spring to sold-out halls. Here, with guitarist JUSTIN CLAYTON, he explains why he's doing it on the road.

Airport Motel

Singer MARTHA DAVIS of The Motels is feeling good. She's exercising and has cut down on junk food. She's cleaned up her act. The Motels' long-overdue album will be in your hands very soon. But what's a year among friends? Martha can come fly with us any time.





Gimme an F!

These guys don't look too weird. They're called METALLICA. They live in the Bay Area and disturb the peace. They hang out with Ednas (their word for groupies). They play heavy metal. Loud. They're currently writing songs for a new opus. The old one, *Ride the Lightning*, was on the charts for a long time. You can see that success has given them a new appreciation for art. They're keeping it simple. And they're smiling.



Fine Crystal

BILLY CRYSTAL is so hot he's burning up. He's waited a long time for this and deserves the acclaim. He can do Sammy Davis Jr. better than Sammy can, and the whole world is talking like Fernando Lamas. Even Sammy.

Royal Cheek

These past few months, we've been bombarded with the front of this dazzling lady. PRINCESS STEPHANIE's face has stared out at us from countless magazines. No question, it's some face. How could the daughter of Princess Grace be any less than beautiful? Still, we're public-service-minded. It's our duty as responsible journalists to bring up the rear. Mission accomplished.



NEXT MONTH



RATING NIELSEN



MENSA MISSES



MBO THEATER



SCIENTIFIC SNAFU

"COPS"—THE WRITER OF THE BEST-SELLING 'NAM TOOK TO THE STREETS TO INTERVIEW MORE THAN 100 OF OUR BOYS IN (AND OUT OF) BLUE. THE RESULT: GRITTY, TOUCHING, HILARIOUS FIRST-PERSON ACCOUNTS BY GUYS WHO SEE THEMSELVES AS NATURE'S GARBAGE MEN. DON'T MISS THE PADDY-WAGON CHASE, THE KENTUCKY FRIED STAKE-OUT OR THE ASSAULT OF THE GYPSY MOTHER'S MILK—BY **MARK BAKER**

"THE MENSA GIRLS"—THEY COULD BE SMARTER THAN YOU ARE, BUT THAT DOESN'T KEEP THEM FROM BEING KNOCKOUTS. AN A-PLUS PICTORIAL FEATURE

"I'M DICK FELDER"—THIS SHOPPING-MALL DENTIST HAS PROBLEMS: HIS WIFE MAY BE PLAYING AROUND AND HIS KID WANTS TO CHANGE HIS NAME. PIECE OF CAKE COMPARED WITH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN HE HITCHES A RIDE ON THE NEW WAVE—BY **JERRY STAHL**

"MBO THEATER; FEAR AND LOATHING IN THE NEWSROOM"—FACED WITH A MISGUIDED MANAGEMENT, A REPORTER FINDS AN UNUSUALLY CREATIVE WAY TO PROVE HE, TOO, CAN PULL STRINGS. A TRUE AND TERRIFIC PHILADELPHIA STORY—BY **PETE DEXTER**

"MEN, WOMEN AND MORALITY"—DO MEN REALLY ASPIRE TO HIGHER ETHICAL PRINCIPLES? OR ARE FEMALE BEHAVIORAL STANDARDS SUPERIOR? SEPARATE BUT EQUAL? REPORTAGE FROM THE LATEST SEXUAL BATTLEFIELD—BY **ANTHONY BRANDT**

BILLY CRYSTAL TALKS ABOUT **FERNANDO LAMAS**, DESIGNATED HITTERS, ASTROTURF AND THE SEX ADVICE HE'D GIVE HIS DAUGHTER IN A SURPRISINGLY REFLECTIVE **"20 QUESTIONS"**

"POINT OF VIEW"—REMEMBER *PLAYBOY'S* SCIENCE-FICTION CLASSIC *THE FLY*? WAIT TILL YOU READ THIS TALE OF RESEARCH GONE AWRY—BY **DAMON KNIGHT**

"BONKERS OVER BRIGITTE"—IT'S NOT **BARDOT** THIS TIME BUT A DANISH BEAUTY NAMED **NIELSEN**. SHE'S ON SCREEN IN *RED SONJA*, WITH **ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER**, BUT YOU'LL SEE MORE OF HER HERE

PLUS: A QUARTERLY REPORT ON HOW INVESTMENT SYSTEMS REALLY PERFORM, BY **ANDREW TOBIAS**; **"PLAYBOY'S PRO FOOTBALL FORECAST,"** BY OUR OWN **ANSON MOUNT**; **"PLAYBOY GUIDE: BACK TO CAMPUS"**; AND MUCH, MUCH MORE