



PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1980 • \$2.50

BO ENCORE!

A SECOND VISIT
WITH HOLLYWOOD'S
HOTTEST NUMBER

RONALD REAGAN

WHO IS THIS GUY,
ANYWAY? BY
ROBERT SCHEER

N.F.L. PREVIEW

PLAYBOY'S WHIZ
PICKS THE PROS

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW

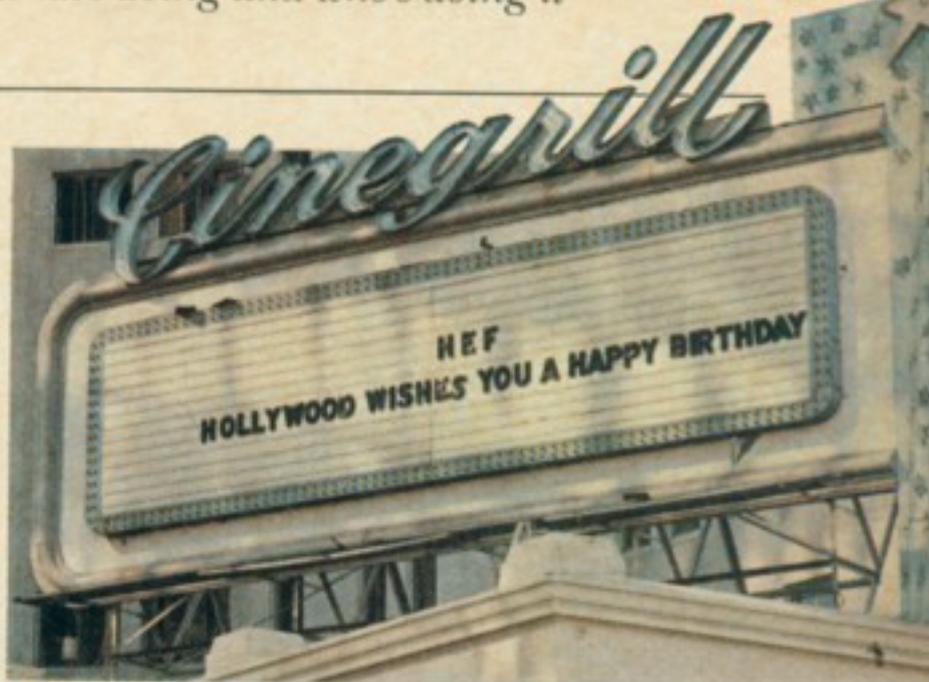
DR. SHOCKLEY
ON RACE AND
SPERM BANKS

THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

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



Inspecting Hef's newly unveiled star—which is right next to one honoring W. C. Fields at 7000 Hollywood Boulevard—are (from left) Bill Hertz, chairman of the Hollywood Walk of Fame; KTTV's Bill Welsh, who is the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce president; Hef; and Hollywood's honorary mayor Monty Hall.



ON HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, A STAR IS BORN

Now, here's a smart gift for that hard-to-shop-for guy! On Hugh Hefner's birthday (see marquee above), the Hollywood Historic Trust saluted him with a star in the legendary Hollywood Walk of Fame. First publisher so honored, Hef was cited for his efforts to save the Hollywood sign.



At his Playboy Mansion West birthday bash, Hef bear-hugs *Can't Stop the Music* producer Allan Carr (between the film's stars, Valerie Perrine and Bruce Jenner). Below left, *Redd Foxx* has a few choice words for Hef. *That's Entertainment* producer Jack Haley, Jr., below right with Debbie Chenowith, concocted *That's Hef*, a video tribute for the party.



Tony Curtis, due next in *The Mirror Crack'd*, gets a laugh from Hef, above. Eying each other (left) are actress/1969 Playmate of the Year Connie Kreski and Mac (*It's Hard to Be Humble*) Davis.





CHURLS OF THE SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE

After Baylor University honchos threatened to expel coeds for posing nude in next month's *Girls of the Southwest Conference* feature, members of The NoZe Brotherhood, a campus satire group, protested. Here they are with PLAYBOY photog David Chan.

SKETCHING CLASS

Art is about to imitate life as this month's Playmate, Victoria Cooke, poses in London for David Wynne, doing a sculpture for Playboy's Atlantic City complex.



ALL THIS AND TALENT, TOO!

Flo Ziegfeld, eat your heart out. The Playmates, a vocal group made up of some of our most harmonious Playmates, are getting ready for a showbiz debut. Shown rehearsing with Playboy exec Tom Hall are Miss July 1977, Sondra Theodore (left), Miss September 1978, Rosanne Katon, and future Playmate Jeana Tomasino.

MERCADO SPIKES THE PUNCH

Bernardo Mercado (dark trunks) and Earnie Shavers, the World Boxing Council's number-one heavyweight contender, clinch during a match at Playboy's Great Gorge Resort. Mercado scored an upset when the fight was stopped.

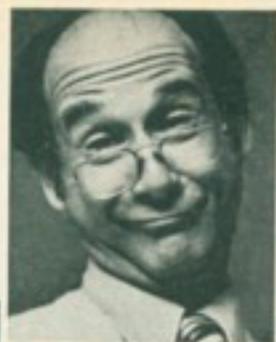


ET FU, MANCHU?

Peter Sellers (with Helen Mirren, above) doubles as Oriental villain and British hero in *The Fiendish Plot of Dr. Fu Manchu*, due from Orion in August. Hef is executive producer of the Zev Braun picture, in association with Playboy Productions.







**"Yesterday,
I kept four women
happy while I
was tied up"**



What a day. My meeting ran late, so I was still tied up at the office when Linda called the house. Then my sister. Then Pat, my stockbroker, with a hot tip. Then my mother, with a hot meal.

No problem. My Phone-Mate answering machine records all my calls. It also lets me play my messages by remote control from any telephone.

So I set a time with Linda. Pacified my sister. Told Pat to buy 100 shares of Amalgamated. And promised Mom I'd be over for leftovers.

My Phone-Mate works for me even when I'm at home. I can screen calls and select which ones to answer by listening to the Incoming Call Monitor.

Get a Phone-Mate. It'll help you

be available 24 hours a day. Even when you're not. The Remote 930 shown is \$299.95. Other models start at \$99.95. To find out where to buy one in your area, call toll-free:

PHONE-MATE®

800-421-5043

In California: 800-262-1583

The easiest way to watch your life flash before your eyes.

Perhaps you can remember being sandwiched between two great-aunts on an overstuffed sofa, while the whole family strained to see an album of tiny snapshots.

Or maybe you've languished in some darkened den, while your host juggled his Grand Canyon slides out of a storage box. Into a round tray. And back again.

Life is too short.

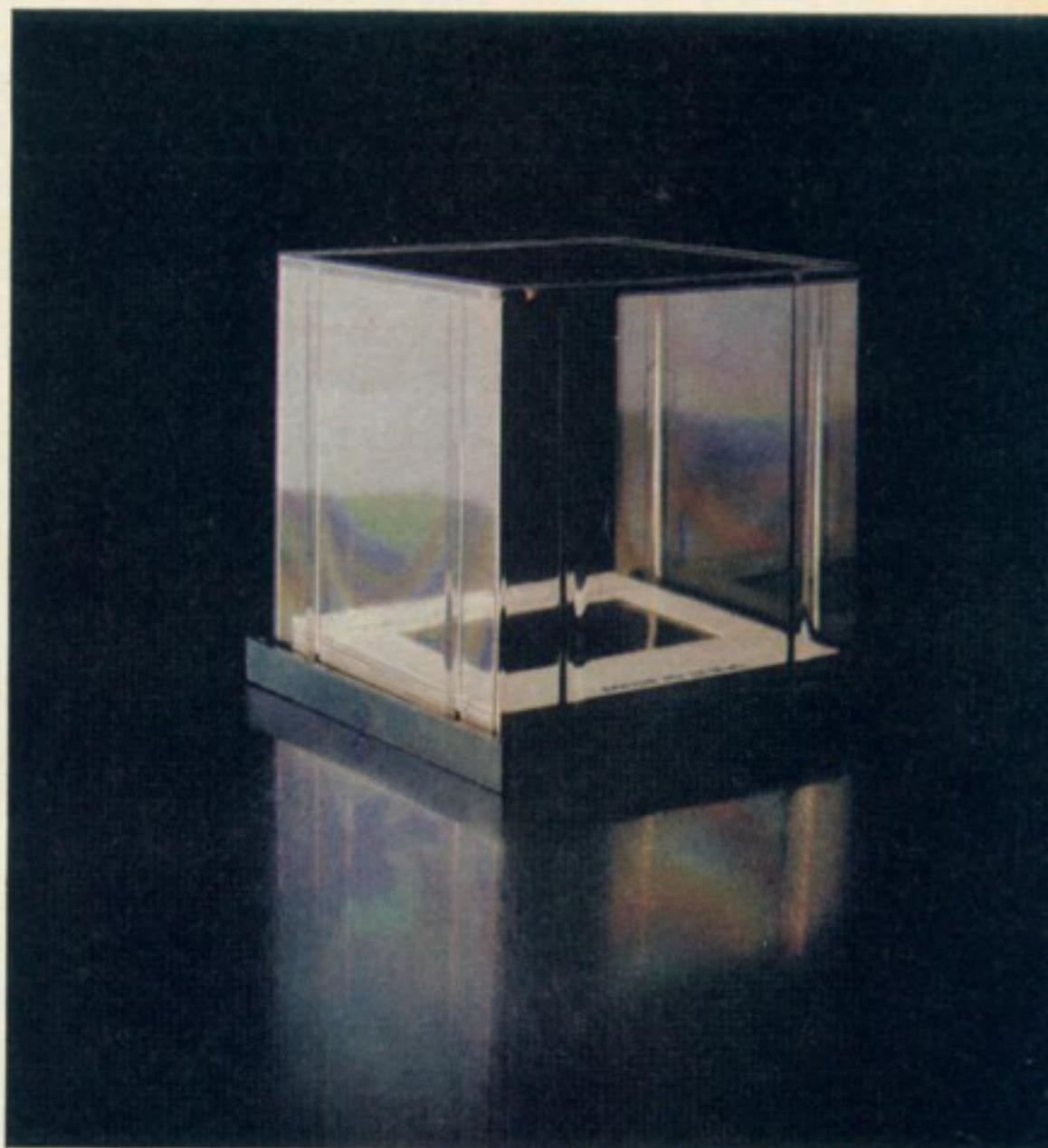
That's why Bell & Howell invented the Slide Cube™ cartridge.

Measuring a mere 2¼ inches on a side and costing about \$1.00, it uses up less space and money than family albums or round trays.

In fact, it all but eliminates the need for separate means of storing slides. You simply project right from the storage box.

So you never have to touch your slides again. They simply sit tight. Safe from fingerprints, scratches and dust.

All you do touch is the Slide Cube™ cartridge, which happens to fit neatly into our Slide Cube™ Projector. Just snap it in. Light beams through the laser-aligned optics. And



presto, your life flashes before your eyes.

If we haven't convinced you yet, let us send you a free starter cartridge* and more complete information. Write us at Box 1122, Highland Park, IL 60035.

If we have convinced you, write us anyway and enclose your projector's proof of purchase. We'll send you a free cartridge full of free vacation slides.**

The Bell & Howell Slide Cube Projection System.

*Letters must be postmarked during calendar year 1980. Limit, one per customer. In Canada, write us at 230 Barmac Drive, Weston, Ontario M9L 2X5.
**Includes 40 slides of 20 resorts with \$1,000 worth of coupons. Offer good only for Bell & Howell Slide Cube™ Projectors purchased during calendar year 1980. Limit, one per customer.
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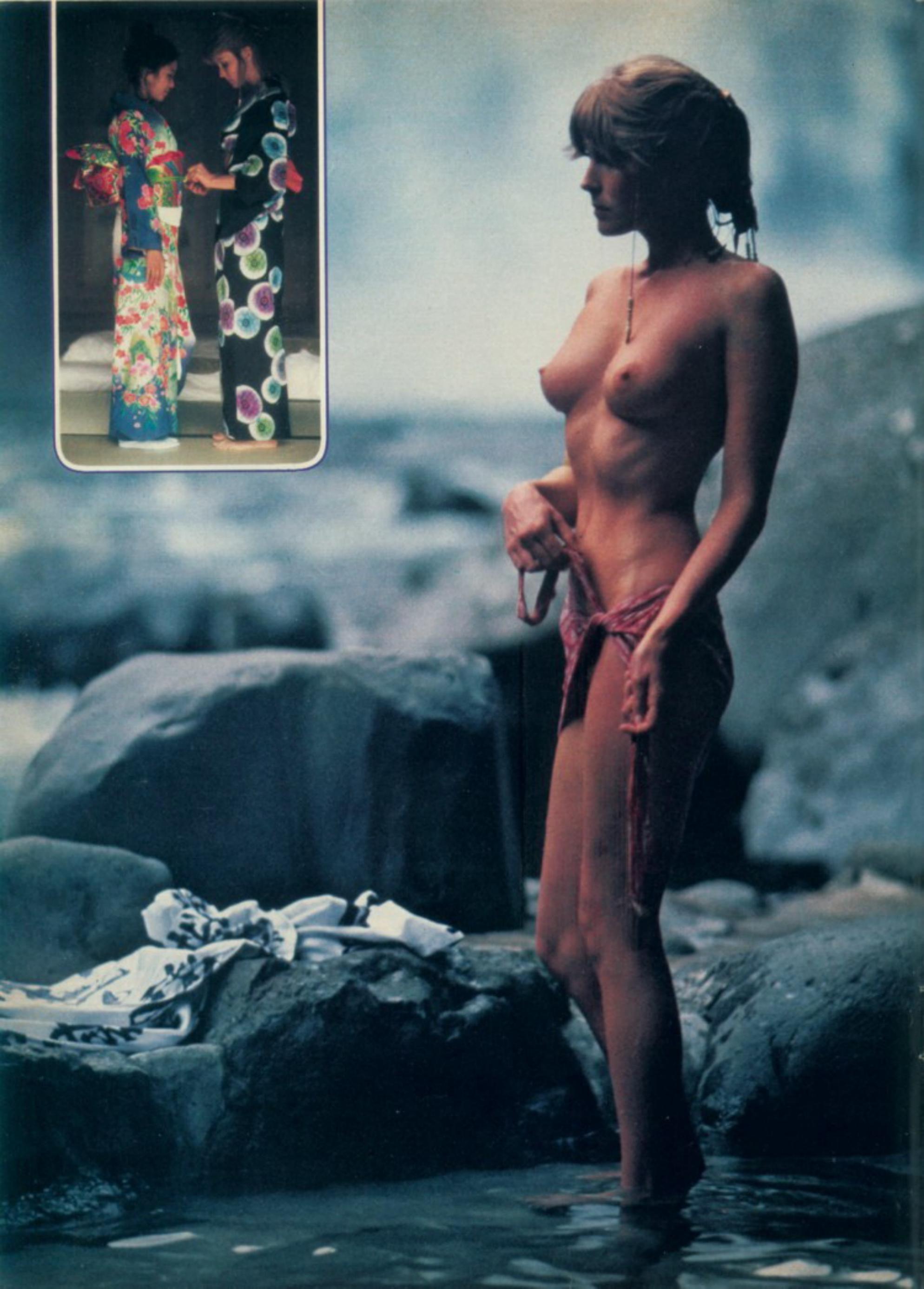
BO...



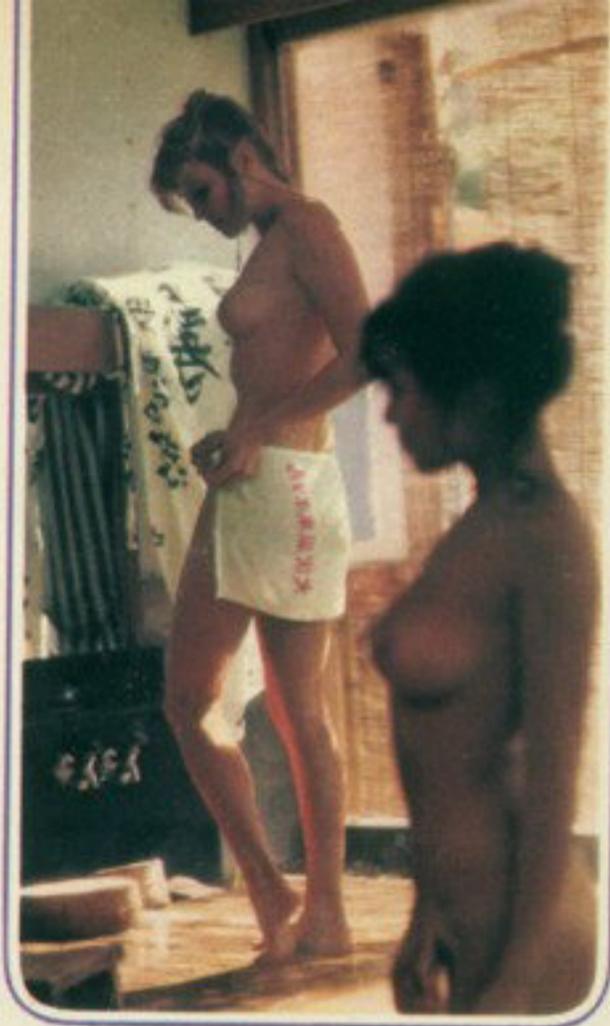
she's home from japan with a new handle on her career and looking even better than she did when we first met her







...IS BACK



The young Japanese woman bathing with Bo chanced to be in the bathhouse when the Dereks arrived and John thought her lovely enough to include in his photos.















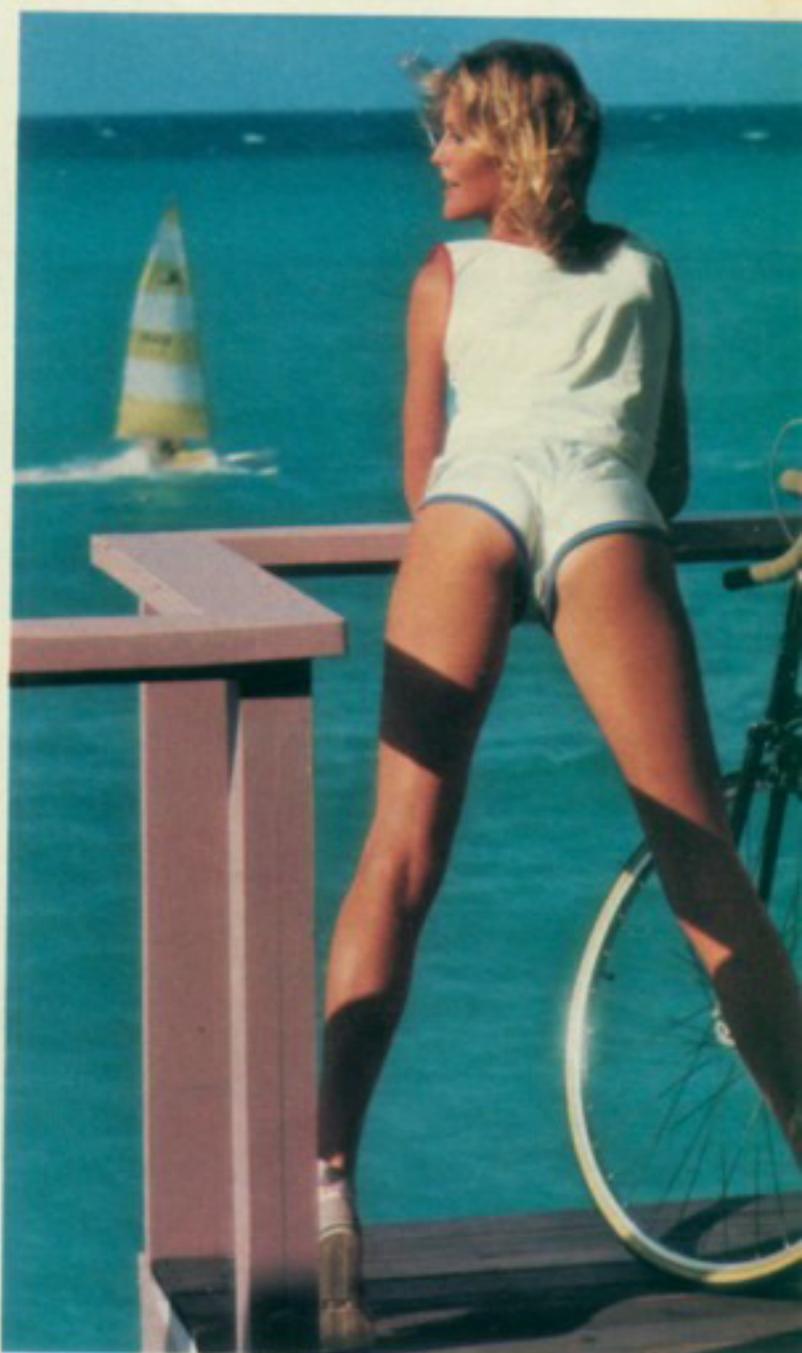






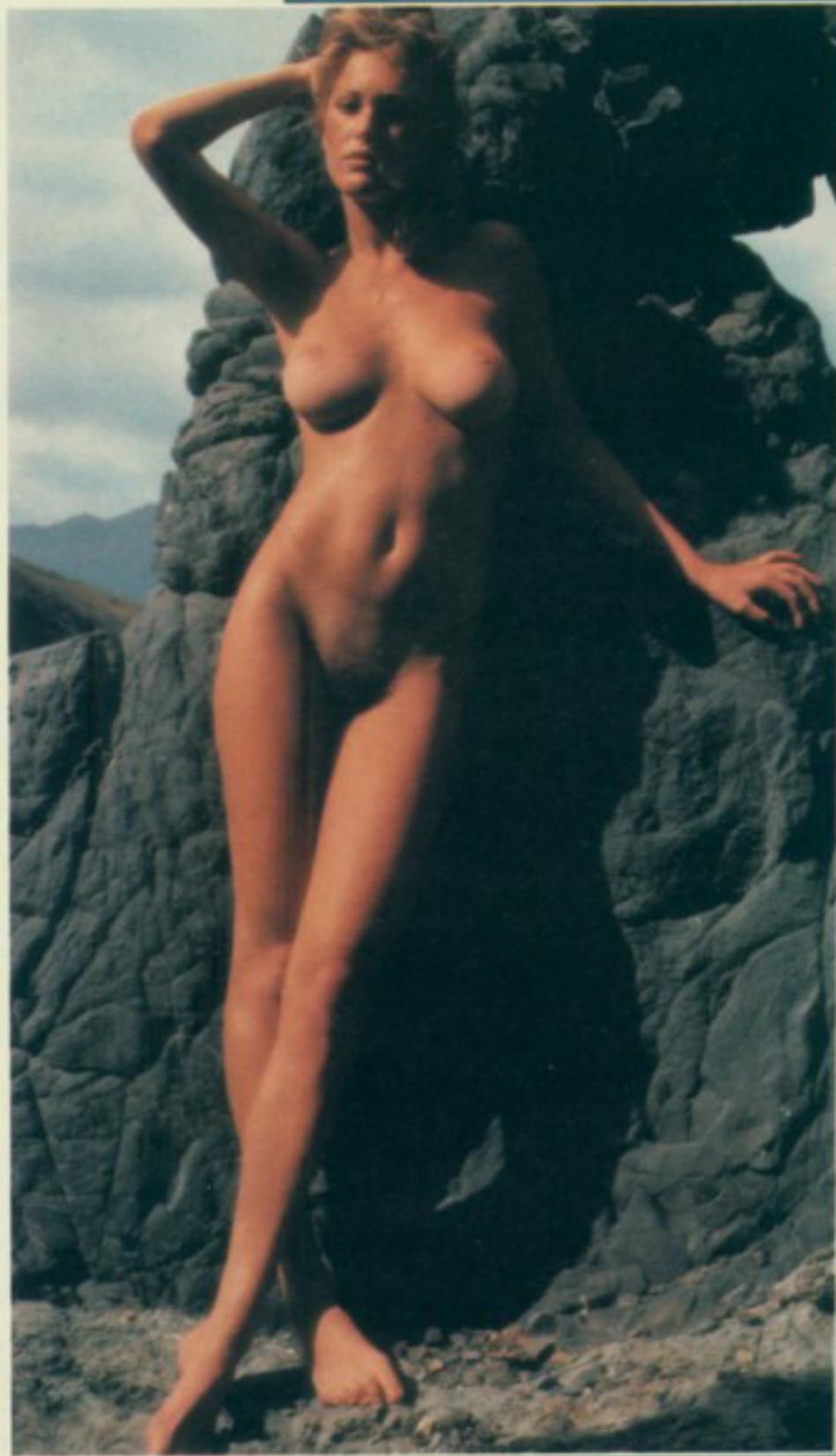
COOKE'S TOUR

*forget fantasy
island—just feast
your eyes on this
playmate in paradise*



An avid sailor (she crewed on a 1979 Hawaii State Championship winner), Victoria Cooke watches wistfully (above) as the sailboats glide by off Oahu's north shore.

Victoria Cooke loves the great outdoors. It is the only place she feels truly at peace. She's energetic, physical, sensuous, adventurous and extremely athletic and soon becomes restive when surrounded by four walls. "Let's go outside," she always seems to be saying. "It's nicer outside." But then, ever since her childhood, she has gravitated toward the wide-open spaces. Born in California, the daughter of a real-estate developer, Victoria (one does not call her Vickie) moved to Arizona at 17. After studying real estate and finance at the University of Arizona (and appearing in *PLAYBOY's Girls of the Pac 10*, October 1978), she became restless and just picked up and moved to Hawaii. "I got tired of being in the desert," she says. "I had a desire to go to some faraway place, far from school and family, and be independent." She'd



"I was an ugly duckling in high school," says Victoria. "I tried out for cheerleading so many times, but I just didn't have the assets. Then one day I suddenly had breasts and they just didn't want to stop growing. Immediately, I started getting attention."





"To me, falling in love is the greatest thing there is. Nothing else matters when you're in love. I've been infatuated a lot more often than I've been in love, and sometimes it's hard to tell which is which; but I honestly think that experiencing different relationships can help you get a better definition of what love really is."







never been to Hawaii before and found that her concept of the islands differed radically from the reality. "I had this romantic image that Hawaii was just a bunch of grass huts and deserted beaches," she recalls. "Boy, was I surprised flying into Honolulu Airport and seeing all those high-rises along the beach; but I decided to stay anyway—mainly because I didn't have enough money to leave." The first week, with a paltry \$100 left in her purse, she took a bus tour around the island of Oahu and did some exploring on her own. "It was so beautiful," she says, "and I felt a lot better about it." But money was running low, so she applied for jobs at hotels on Waikiki Beach, only to be turned away: She'd arrived during the off season and nobody was hiring. Which turned out to be a blessing in disguise, since she eventually did get a job—an outdoor one—selling suntan lotion on the beach. "I became a beach bum," she says. "Eleven hours a day on the beach, in the sun, peddling lotions and surfboards." She prospered, mainly because, as she herself admits, "I've got the gift of gab and I'm excellent at selling things. Always have been." Figuring that she could sell anything, Victoria got her real-estate license and soon started selling time-sharing condos. And she prospered at that, too. "I'd stop people in the hotels and say, 'Aloha, folks,' and we'd take it from there. I did quite well at it." In fact, she did so well that she had plenty of time to get involved in sports during the day. "I'd work till three o'clock, then jog three or four miles, then swim a few laps, then do a little wind surfing or sailing, then just collapse on the beach and watch the sunset." She became particularly adept at sailing 16-foot catamarans and crewed on the boat that won the 1979 Hawaii State Championships. But then, Victoria Cooke doesn't strike you as the sort of person who loses at anything. She has certainly won us over.



"Sailing is like sex," says Victoria. "When you haven't done it for a while, it's especially great!" As you can see (top), she hasn't lost the flair. And, of course, after a day of sailing, what better way to relax than a beach party with friends (above)?

MISS AUGUST

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Victoria E. Cooke

BUST: 36 WAIST: 25 HIPS: 35

HEIGHT: 5'8" WEIGHT: 119 SIGN: Geo

BIRTH DATE: 7-31-57 BIRTHPLACE: Hollywood, Calif.

AMBITIONS: To be blessed with health, wealth & love, and time to enjoy it.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Gone with the Wind, Camelot, Romeo & Juliet, Revenge of the Pink Panther

FAVORITE ENTERTAINERS: Those in Central Park on a Sunday Afternoon.

FAVORITE FOODS: Antichos, papayas, plum pie, Crepes Suzette, Savagna

TURN-ONS: Enthusiasm, Sports, Gardening, Camping

TURN-OFFS: Idolatry, Passivity, Jealousy

LEAST FAVORITE PHRASE: I hate...

FAVORITE COUNTRY: U.S.A - - Because we're given the freedom to live the lives we each choose.

PEOPLE YOU'RE TIRED OF HEARING ABOUT: The Shah, Ayatollah Khomeini



1yr. Getting in shape



4yrs. Only winners on my team.



17yrs. When I thought I knew everything.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

My current boyfriend doesn't call his sexual organ John Henry or Big George or any name like that, the way some fellows do," the girl confided to a close friend. "Instead, he calls it Confidence."

"Because he never has any trouble getting it up?"

"In part, yes—but also because he keeps instilling it in me!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gay pride* as a group of homosexual lions.



The next time we say 'Screw or walk!' to our double dates," groaned the fellow to his buddy, "we better have our own car."

Unbra'd in her T-shirt, Miss Young
Caused antilib cads to give tongue. . . .
And 'twas off she'd get pissed
When a chauvinist hissed,
"You are certainly, lady, well hung!"

Why are you in this particular line of work?" a sociology researcher asked the massage-parlor girl.

"I'm in the clutches of a loan shark named Paul something or other," the girl replied, "so I'm rubbing peters to pay Paul."

There's a susceptible physician with a lithe, big purring cat of a receptionist with whom he spends many Wednesday afternoons when he has told his wife he'll be golfing. He doesn't consider it actually lying, though, since the fact is that he really will be on the lynx.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexual lubricant* as greasy id stuff.

A not-too-bright habitué of a neighborhood bar had finally married, so when he next stopped by, one of the other regulars maliciously asked him, "How many times did you do it on your wedding night, Gus?"

"How many? Oh, six and a half."
"Six times? How did you ever manage that? And what was that half time?"

"It was like this," Gus explained, "in, out, in, out, in, out—and then in!"

We've been told about an old rabbi who has performed so many circumcisions that he's popularly known as Max the Knife.

It's the weirdest group-medicine clinic," the patient reported, "because of the doors of the various doctors' offices. The orthopedist's has a broken hinge, the oculist's has a peephole, the psychiatrist's is painted in crazy colors—and the gynecologist's is open just a crack."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *orgy* as rolling with the bunches.

There's an Allen who lives in La Salle
With a dream that inflates his morale:
It's a dollar a gallon
At the gas pump for Allen—
But there's ass at a dollar a gal!

Someone has compared Southern California to a granola cereal: When the nuts and the fruits have been removed, what's left are the flakes.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *off-color comedian* as an obscene jester.

The record of Ben Franklin's sexual exploits leads inevitably to the conclusion that he didn't invent the lightning rod. He was born with one.



Iflew today with so incredibly stacked a stewardess," one navigator told another in awed tones, "that even the automatic pilot made a pass at her!"

During the summer months in Fun City, a young man was sleeping in a subway train late at night with a copy of *The New York Times* open on his lap. Suddenly, a wild-eyed girl darted into the car, clawed through the newspaper, unzipped the startled rider and applied her mouth to his manhood!

Ever since, he's been recounting to buddies how he got a job through the *Times*.

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 can't do it with mirrors, Debbie—I keep looking at my bald spot."



"OK, you've got the TV part. Now do you want to try for a role in a major motion picture?"



GIRLS OF HAWAII

*in the land of eternal aloha,
the natives—and the new-
comers—are very, very friendly*

Back by popular demand: Audria Wilson (top), the black-Choctaw-Blackfoot-Swiss-German-French-Irish-Dutch-Cherokee-English beauty who bid you aloha oe in last month's Hawaii travel feature. The wall tile at right center represents island womanhood; we'll take the flesh-and-blood variety, such as Maile Seaman (near right), a Polynesian dancer from Kailua-Kona on the Big Island, and Honolulu receptionist Lori Lehuanani Kaohimaunu (far right), who's of Hawaiian-German-French-Portuguese stock.





PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHARD FEGLEY AND KEN MARCUS

WHEN, JUST A LITTLE OVER 200 years ago, the British sea captain James Cook arrived at the tropical archipelago we now call the Hawaiian Islands (Cook himself named them the Sandwich Islands in honor of his patron, the Earl of Sandwich), he was astonished at the hospitality of the natives—particularly the females. "No women I ever met were less reserved," he wrote, noting their eagerness to "make a surrender of their persons." The Congregational missionaries from New England who followed him in the 1820s made note of the same tendency and were particularly shocked at the expanses of bare skin that confronted them. They soon enveloped Hawaii's buxom wahines in baggy Mother Hubbard dresses (predecessors of today's colorful and casual muumuus). Ah, for the good old days. The tourist landing at bustling Honolulu International Airport today is unlikely to be surrounded by females (text concluded on page 250)





Perambulating by pedicab above is Sherry Bush of Kailua; relaxing below is one of the natural wonders of Maui, Holliday Nejla Ozan, a self-described "island girl" of Turkish-Italian heritage. Honolulu-born-and-raised Rebecca Libadisos (right) tells us her ambition is to be financially independent by 30. She still has four years to go; our guess is she should try modeling.





Chicagoan Elise Travis flashes down Lahaina's Front Street (above) while wintering in Maui; she probably wouldn't on Lake Shore Drive. Elvina Taurua (below) is one of 15 children of part-Tahitian parents.





That big smile at left belongs to entertainer Don Ho's daughter Lei, a singer who looks as if she could take over as official greeter for the whole 50th state. Below, Pattie McKinley is a mermaid in dry dock at Hanauma Bay, a three-star beach on the island of Oahu. Pattie, who has a degree in social science, also owns a cookie company.



Both Mimorie Açain (above) and Carole Rose (left) work as cocktail waitresses—Mimorie in Honolulu and Carole in Kihei, Maui. Mimorie was born in Hawaii, but Carole transplanted herself to Maui from her native New England; after the death of her parents, she moved there to live with a cousin and promptly fell in love with the place.



The latter-day Lady Godiva riding through the ginger field is Leilani Ketell, daughter of a Honolulu bank vice-president; Leilani aspires to being a Bunny if we open a Playboy Club in Hawaii. At left is Honolulu boogie-board aficionado Sally Plada; at the top is another scenic attraction, one of Hawaii's patented sunsets.



Here's another look at Maile Seaman (above left), this time accompanied by Clarissa Matthews, who lives on an 11-acre macadamia-nut farm, and a trio of male dancers. Above right, carvings from Pu'uhonua o Honaunau sanctuary, a national historic park on the island of Hawaii.



Cherie Maiava (above), New York-born resident of Honolulu, is the daughter of a professional wrestler. Kehaulani Cubio (left), who's half Hawaiian, one quarter Filipino and one quarter Portuguese, lives on Maui; she hopes someday to become a "famous female vocalist." At right is Lourdes Ann Kananimanu Estores, a physical-fitness instructor who is obviously very physically fit herself. Lourdes has two ambitions: One is to be a NASA space-travel coordinator and the other is to be a PLAYBOY Playmate.



“To many of these girls, nudity is no big thing,” observed Associate Photography Editor Jeff Cohen.”

clamoring to “surrender their persons,” nor is everybody running around Maui unclothed. But much of the islands’ tradition of hospitality remains—as does their inhabitants’ lack of reticence about their bodies. Maybe the weather has something to do with it, but PLAYBOY staffers, scouting for this feature, found that most girls of Hawaii have a positive attitude toward their bodies.

“To many of these girls, nudity is just no big thing,” observed Associate Photography Editor Jeff Cohen, who coordinated the project.

An idea of Hawaiian ladies’ responsiveness may be gathered from the fact that when Honolulu radio station KORL conducted a Playboy Wahine Search for applicants interested in appearing in the magazine, more than 350 young women submitted photos of themselves. By comparison, when two years ago the Great Playmate Hunt went to New York City—which has a population 23 times greater than that of Honolulu—in search of a 25th-anniversary Playmate, 421 applications were received. And that contest, you’ll remember, carried the tantalizing prospect of a \$25,000 bonus!

The hospitality noted by the aforementioned Captain Cook—never mind that he was assassinated by those same hospitable Hawaiians; that was due to a misunderstanding over his position in the pantheon of gods—is also responsible for the most noteworthy feature of Hawaiian womanhood, its strikingly beautiful mixture of racial heritages. Hawaiian, European, Japanese, Tahitian, Chinese, Korean—all strains have blended over the years in the easy, relatively nonprejudicial atmosphere of the islands. In our own less enlightened recent past, that racial mixing was largely responsible for delays in admitting Hawaii to statehood; Southern legislators thought it set a bad example, and statehood bills failed in Congress dozens of times. The 50th state finally flew the American flag on July 4, 1960.

Since then, more and more haoles—a term denoting foreigners, now usually taken to mean whites—have settled in Hawaii, so that among the dark-haired, dark-eyed natives we find a generous smattering of lighter-skinned mainlanders, some of whom themselves now feel like *kamaaina*, or old-timers. Take Holliday Ozan: “My dad and I arrived in Hawaii in 1962,” she told us, “when I was eight years old. He met and married a local lady of Japanese descent, and we decided to stay in Hawaii. Back then, I was the only white person I knew. Life

was very simple, very primitive.”

California-born Nicole Ericson first visited Hawaii in 1970 with her father, actor John Ericson, who was on tour. Today she actually commutes from Los Angeles to Oahu. An actress herself, she has appeared in *Hawaii Five-O* and *Eight Is Enough*, as well as in live theater.

In contrast, Shelly Silva, another Hawaiian girl we interviewed, can trace her ancestry back on one side to a shipload of early missionaries and on the other to a great-grandfather who “just happened to get off the ship here while sailing around the world in search of employment; he married a local girl.”

Audria Wilson’s paternal great-grandfather was born into slavery in the American South; her maternal grandfather, Fred B. Sutter, was a descendant of California pioneer John Augustus Sutter.

“I give up trying to break my ancestry into percentages,” she says, “but I’m black, Choctaw, Blackfoot, English, French, Cherokee, German, Swiss, Irish and Dutch.”

Clarissa Matthews’ parents and grandparents were all born in the islands; they’re a mixture of Hawaiian, Chinese, Irish and Korean blood. Clarissa’s father is now director of a school for disadvantaged children on the Big Island.

Elvina Taurua comes from the island of Moorea, sister island of Tahiti; youngest of 15 children of Tahitian-English-German parents, she was taken to Hawaii at the age of seven to be educated by an American couple who later adopted her. A professional Polynesian dancer, she speaks three languages: Tahitian, French and English.

To Pattie McKinley, a *hapa haole* (half-Caucasian) resident of Honolulu, growing up in Hawaii was wonderful. “There’s so much to do outdoors all year round; I was always *brown*, out at the beach, fishing, climbing mango trees and eating the fruit right off the branch. There’s a real family feeling in Hawaii, too. Everyone helps out; grandparents, parents and children live under the same roof in many cases, like mine. I basically grew up in an Oriental family, spoke pidgin among friends and family and good English in school and on the job. Being from Hawaii is like weaving a multicolored tapestry.”

Mahalo nui (many thanks), Pattie. That celebrated literary admirer of the islands, James Michener, couldn’t have put it better.

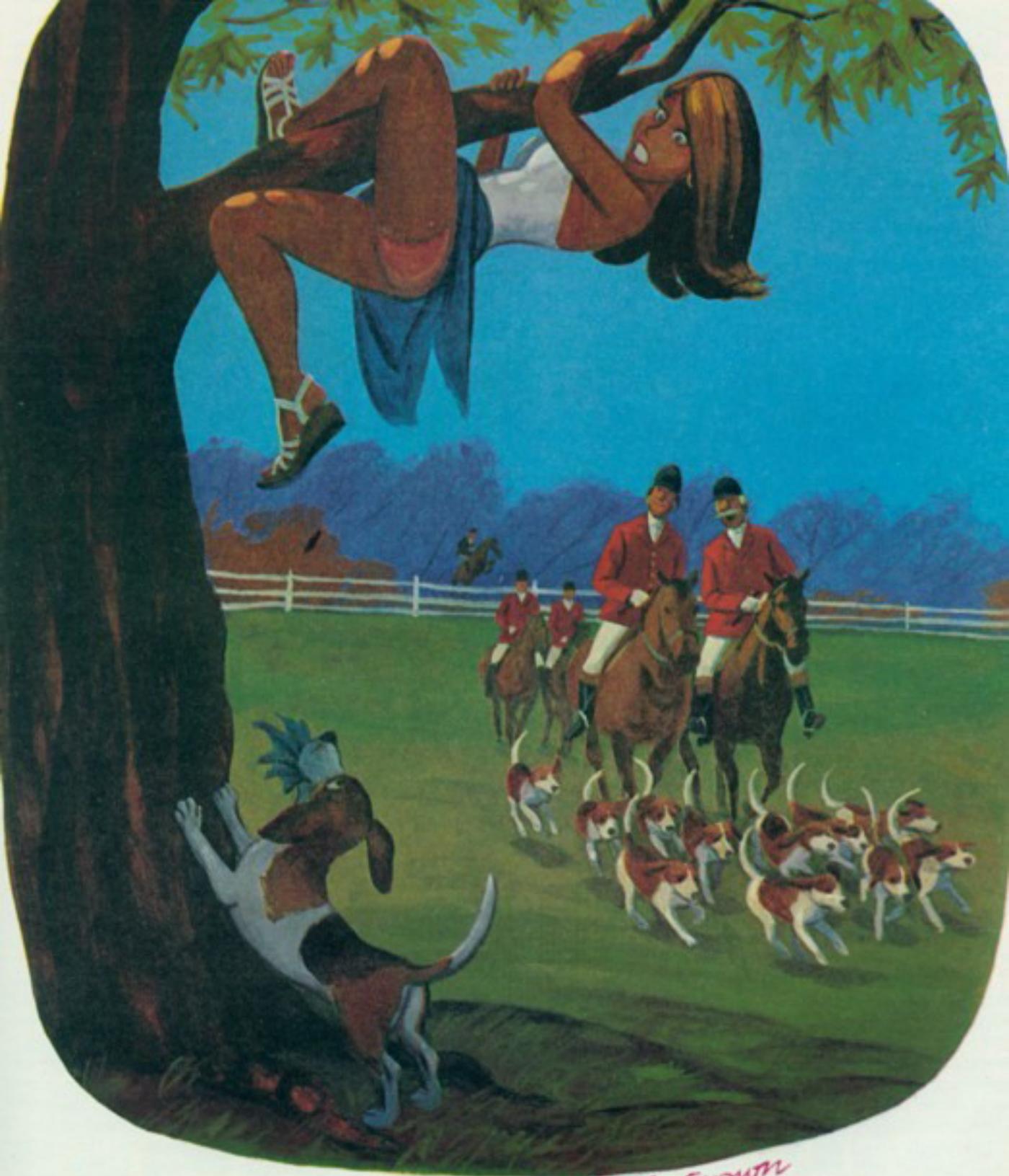


"I've told you, not when company's here!"



Smilby

"Why, Miss Fanshawe—Jennifer—without your bra you're—you're beautiful!"



Buck Brown

"Now, there, Victor, is a real foxhound!"



"I'll tell you what. Get your analyst on the phone; if he says it's dirty and perverted, I promise I'll never ask you again."



*"It's not for any charity. This
is the business I'm in."*



"Good news, Mr. B. . . Your little woman is definitely not seeing another man."



"Don't mind him, Mr. Wilcox, he's just gathering evidence for my sexual-harassment suit."



"Boy, I'll say my husband would be furious. He's the greenskeeper."



"Then someone suggested we go to a tattoo parlor, but, frankly, I was drinking so much I don't remember if we went or not."

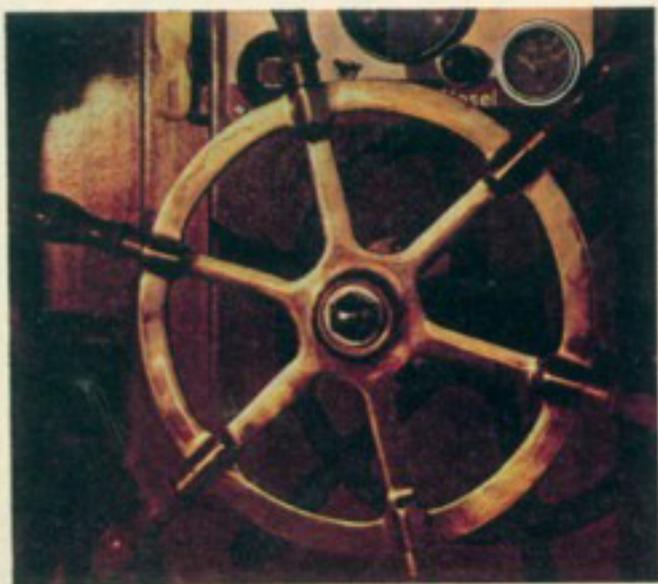
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SOLAR HEAT!

This summer, that lucky old sun is going to have some sexy new fans, sun worshipers in string bikinis with solar-powered propellers that spin when the sun shines (she'll have to go topless into the water). A string bikini in yellow, black or red is \$56.50; a bikini with removable solar units is \$61.50; the solar-powered hard-hat is \$18.50; and there's even a man's bikini with propeller for \$41.50—all from Up in the Air, 1615 North Laurel Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90046. Anyone for a spin?



A WATERY GROOVE

Nautical Quarterly magazine contains the kind of stuff most landlubbers can only dream about: gorgeous photographs of the paneled interiors of yachts, a look at exotic ports of call and in-depth coverage of both the sailing and the motorboating scene. Four slipcased issues annually cost \$49.50 sent to *Nautical Quarterly*, 141 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10016. That's cheaper than a brass oarlock.

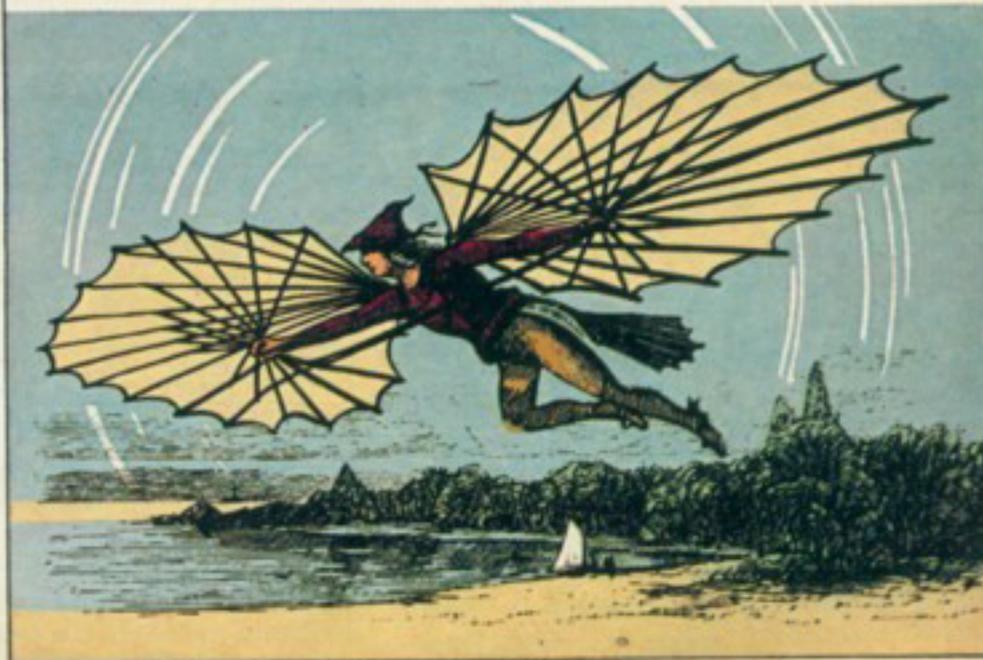
PAYING ATTENTION TO MR. DETAIL

Kenna Pridemore is a stickler for detail. Mr. Detail, in fact, is the name of his company at 2301 Purdue Avenue in Los Angeles and he's that car-crazy town's number-one cosmetologist. Call him for an appointment at 213-478-3486 and quicker than you can say Porsche Carrera, Kenna and his crew of cleanup men will have gone over your cherished machine, polishing, rubbing, scrubbing every nook and cranny, followed by a wax job. The cost? Just \$85 to \$250, depending on the machine. Yes, he's planning to franchise.



STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT

If our kit-plane feature in this issue leaves you longing to learn how to pilot your own little cloud jumper, pick up a copy of *Pilot Training*, a soft-cover by Arthur J. Sabin that's available from the publisher, Anderson World, Inc., P. O. Box 159, Mountain View, California 94042, for \$5.50, postpaid. Included in the book is info on how much it costs to become a pilot and a self-evaluation quiz to tell you whether or not you've got the right stuff for flying. No, it doesn't show how to pack a parachute.





CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN

Everest, the mountain-climbing game for two to six people, has something for every armchair adventurer: illness and falling cards, foul-weather bulletins and the chance that you won't have the right equipment. The good news is that the game costs only \$9.50, postpaid, from Wilkins & Associates, Box 8043, Greenville, South Carolina 29604. That's \$250,000 less than the going rate for an expedition. Press on, Sir Edmund.

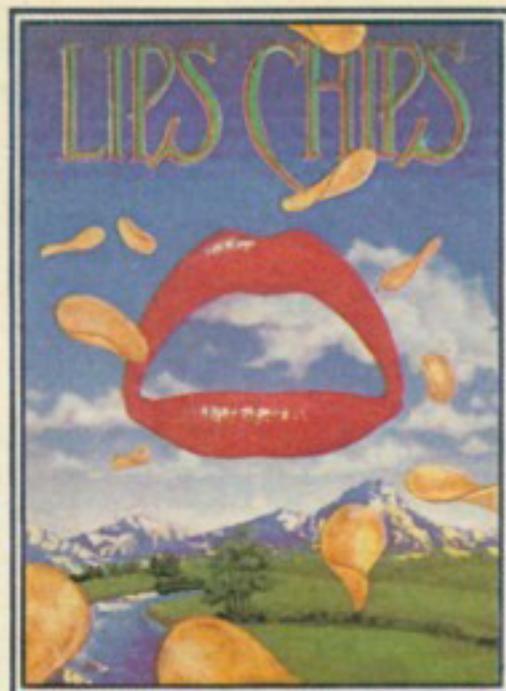


WAY OF ALL FLESH

Want to add a little spice to your cooking? Try serving up your favorite tuna casserole in Flesh Pots, British-made male/female torso serving dishes, and watch your guests line up to lick the platters clean. The dishes, which are ovenproof and sell for \$300 a torso or \$550 the set, are available from On Broadway, 3176 North Broadway, Chicago, Illinois 60657. And when dinner's over, it's a sure bet that everyone will help with the dishes.

SNACK YOUR LIPS

The free-floating abstract lips at right are the label for Lips Chips—tasty, open-kettle, hand-salted and hand-stirred potato chips that definitely don't taste like the machine-made spud shavings you get at your local supermarket. Lips Chips are cooked with loving care and for that you must pay accordingly: \$15.95 sent to the Lips Chips Company at 10517 West Pico Boulevard, Los Angeles 90064, will get you a one-and-a-half-pound can of unsalted or salted ones. And for \$17.50, you'll receive the same-size can of Hot Lips—barbecued chips liberally sprinkled with cayenne pepper. When you're through snacking, the cans make terrific wastebaskets.



**Available
No Postage Necessary**



SINK OR SWIM

We haven't personally had the opportunity to take the plunge with an Aquamax snorkel, but according to the manufacturer, Marketing Control Corporation, it's the greatest thing to happen to underwater diving since the invention of the face mask. The Aquamax incorporates a unique engineering principle: Dive deep below the surface and an air pocket will automatically form in the top of the snorkel—even during a 360-degree somersault—and keep practically *all* water out of the breathing tube. And, best of all, the price isn't going to drown you—only \$12.95 sent to Marketing Control at P.O. Box 2643, Palm Beach, Florida 33480.

COLD STORAGE— EXECUTIVE STYLE

Busy executives may not have time for three-hour lunches, but that doesn't mean the cottage cheese they tote to work has to be eaten warm. A company in Tustin, California, called Divajex is marketing the Lunch Pal, a polystyrene 10" x 7½" x 4" suitcase-style container that has room for a can of pop, a sandwich, yogurt or whatever, all kept well chilled thanks to a refreezable Blue-Ice unit that tucks into the corner of the case. Lunch Pals are being sold at drugstores and supermarkets for about \$7. A mini flask of martinis will fit nicely in there, too. Drink up.





*"But, before continuing, I suggest
we get on a first-name basis."*



Bucke Brown

"Heck, up in the Yukon, this stuff was worth a lot more than gold!"

RING! RING! RING!

Louie Anne Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

AUGUST 11, 1980... ELECTION FEVER GRIPS THE NATION. NEW YORK TEEMS WITH ACTION...HOTELS STUFFED WITH VISITING POLS...ONE HOTEL ROOM, CONVENIENT TO CONVENTION HALL, STUFFED WITH ANNIE AND WANDA. THE BIGGEST SHOW ON EARTH HAS COME TO TOWN. WHERE ELSE CAN YOU GET A RINGSIDE SEAT TO RAW DEMOCRACY IN ACTION, AMERICAN HISTORY IN THE MAKING, ROBERT REDFORD, WARREN BEATTY AND PAUL NEWMAN IN THE AISLES?



WAKE-UP CALL!

GOOD MORNING, WANDA...WHERE WERE YOU LAST NIGHT?

THIS POLITICO KEPT ME UP, EXPLAINING PROPOSITION 13, WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE PROPOSITION 69.



I'VE GOT DATES WITH SWING-VOTE DELEGATES WHO NEED SWING-ING.

I'M OFF TO HELP DADDY BIGBUCKS. SEE YOU ON THE CONVENTION FLOOR!

WE'LL GET THOSE RIGHT-TO-LIFERS FOR THIS.

I THOUGHT YOU SAID THE A.M.A. HOSPITAL SUITE HAS AN AMBU-LANCE.

WHAT I SAID WAS, THEIR HOSPITALITY SUITE HAS AMBIENCE!



WHAT'S YOUR POSITION?

DOGGIE STYLE!

GOLLY! SO MANY HOSPITALITY SUITES!

GET IN HERE!



AND WHAT'S THE OTHER ONE'S NAME?

HI, DADDY!

ANNIE, THESE CREDENTIALS WILL GET YOU INTO THE CONVENTION HALL. MIX WITH THE DELEGATES. ... I MUST GO SUPERVISE THE HOSPITALITY SUITE, SPONSORED BY OUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBORHOOD GAS STATIONS.



MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

I HAVE TO GET INTO THE PRESS SECTION.

I'M A GUEST.

MY WIFE JUST FAINTED.

LET ME THROUGH. I'M A DOCTOR.

SHOW YOUR CREDENTIALS, PLEASE.

SORRY. THAT'S A "FLOOR" CREDENTIAL.

YOU'LL NEED FLOOR CREDENTIALS AS WELL AS GUEST CREDENTIALS.

DOES SHE HAVE A "FAINTING" CREDENTIAL?

HOLD IT! WHERE'S YOUR "DOCTOR" CREDENTIAL?



UH, OH!

TAKE YOUR SEATS!

CLEAR THE AISLES AND TAKE YOUR SEATS.

WE RENT 5000 CHAIRS AND NOBODY SITS.

ISN'T THIS BETTER THAN LAST YEAR?

I LOVE YOUR BUTTON.

WHAT BUTTON?
YOUR BELLY BUTTON.

HOWDY. WE'RE ROY AN' DALE FROM NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

WE'RE ANGELA AND SOPHIA FROM DALLAS, TEXAS.

WHERE'D YOU COUNT THREE VOTES?

ONE, TWO (HIC), THREE!

AS PER THE FIFTY PERCENT RULE, OUR DELEGATION HAS ONE TOO MANY WOMEN.

NOT TO WORRY

DO I LOOK DEAD, DUMMY?

EASY, JOHN. HE WANTS TO KNOW IF THIS IS THE CAUCUS, NOT THE CARCASS.

IT SAYS 'PRESS!'

OH! NO!!!
MR. BILL FOR PRESIDENT

SIR! THAT'S MY WIFE!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, ALEX! HE'S YOUR ALTERNATE!

DON'T WORRY. IF I PASS OUT, THERE'S ALWAYS MY ALTERNATE DELEGATE, O'LEARY!

(HIC) SOMEBODY CALL ME?

LEAPIN' LIZARDS... ME, LITTLE ANNIE FANNY, AT A PRESIDENTIAL CONVENTION! NOW I KNOW WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT.

IT'S ABOUT FIVE DAYS IN NEW YORK WITHOUT OUR WIVES, SWEETHEART.

RUN! THE GLAD-HANDERS ARE COMING!

UGH. MY ICE-CREAM CONE!

AGH! MY ARTHRITIS!

HIYA, JOE!

SLAP!

YOU ARE "SERVICE"?! WHERE ARE YOUR TOOLS?

I CAN STRAIGHTEN YOUR PIPES, HONEY.

HER BUTTON READS "UN-BUTTON"

WHO, ME PACK MY DELEGATION WITH RELATIVES?

HIMOMSEED \$

YOU'RE OK.

YOU'RE OK.

YOU'RE FANTASTIC!

BLACK-LIGHT CHECK.

MAGNETIC-TAPE CHECK.

FRISK!

FRISK? SECURITY DOESN'T HAVE A FRISK..

I'M IN LABOR.

PIPE-FITTERS for TEDDY

GUESS WHO HAS BIGGER BOOBS THAN DOLLY PARTON'S? MIZ LILIAN HAS... BILLY AND JIMMY!

YOU'RE A RIOT, BOSS!

YOU'RE FUNNY, BOSS!

NYUK YUK YUK!



DID YOU HEAR ABOUT ROSALYNN'S SEX LIFE? SHE ALWAYS HAS TO GET ON TOP BECAUSE JIMMY NEEDS TO SCREW UP!

THAT'S A DUMB JOKE!
YEAH, DUMB!
STUPID!

GLORY-OSKY! THERE'S DADDY!



HEY, LOOKIT THEM BUNS!
LOOK-IT THEM!

WOW!
YOU CAN PICK 'EM, BOSS!

HI, DADDY... OVER HERE!
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU, MY DEAR.



I CAN'T STAND IT! I FEEL FAINT! AK!
ME TOO, BOSS! YAK!

ME!

I WANT YOU TO SEND DELEGATES TO MY PARTY... FREE LIQUID REFRESHMENTS... BOOZE AND GASOLINE... IN THE SUITE MARKED "OPEC."



CAN WE GET UP NOW, BOSS?
HAH, BOSS?

AND WHAT KIND OF A DELEGATE IS A "GOFER"?

I GOFER THIS. I GOFER THAT. AND, MAINLY, I GOFER THEM, THERE.

ANNIE, MEET WILLY. HE'S A COUNTY LEADER. I'M TRYING TO PERSUADE HIM TO SHIFT HIS VOTES.



LATER

ARE YOU AWAKE, WANDA? WHEW! I'VE BEEN DISCUSSING POLITICS SINCE FOREVER.

I DON'T THINK I CHANGED A SINGLE OPINION. DID YOU PERSUADE ANYBODY WITH YOUR POLITICAL LOGIC?

NO, BUT I USED THE LOGIC OF LOVE.

YIKES! SOMEONE'S IN THE BED!



I THINK WE'VE GOT WILLY AND HIS COUNTY FIRMLY IN THE CARTER CAMP.

SHOOT! I AIN'T REALLY A COUNTY LEADER. I AIN'T EVEN A DELEGATE! ...AND, HELL, JIMMY IS FAMILY.

BILLY! DIDN'T WE TELL YOU TO WEAR THE DISGUISE?

HE ISN'T WEARING ANYTHING!



ALWAYS MAKING TROUBLE! DIDN'T WE TELL YOU TO AT LEAST WEAR THE MUSTACHE? DIDN'T WE TELL YOU TO KEEP A LOW PROFILE? I DO DECLARE!

HE KEPT A LOW PROFILE, ALL RIGHT!

AW, GEE, MA!

... LEAPIN' (SIGH) LIZARDS ... GOOD NIGHT, WANDA.

END

The Chicken Meets the Chicks

The SAN DIEGO CHICKEN was spotted interviewing this great-looking trio (from left to right): CBS sportscaster JAYNE KENNEDY, MARY CROSBY of *Dallas* and *Dukes of Hazzard's* CATHERINE BACH. This was the annual CBS *Celebrity Challenge of the Sexes*.



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LYNN GOLDSMITH

**Mirror, Mirror
Off the Wall....**

Who wins our celebrity breast award this month? NICOLETTE LARSON, who finally stepped in front of the mike after years of legendary backup singing for most of the greats. Welcome to the front, Nicolette; we're happy to see you.



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Sissy Goes Bananas

We're not going to be shy: This is a love note. Actress/singer SISSY SPACEK is talented and adorable and we think she's great in *Coal Miner's Daughter*. So will the Oscar committee, we bet.

MELINDA WICKMAN





The Man Who Fell to Earth

On his most inventive days, **DAVID BOWIE** strives for the bizarre and is usually quite successful. The last time we saw him on television, he was wearing a smart women's suit. Here's Bowie doubtless explaining bisexuality to the natives.



Bridge over Untroubled Waters

Sweet Home Chicago's **Elwood Blues**, a.k.a. **DAN AYKROYD**, is balanced here on the edge of his new movie. If you don't go to see *The Blues Brothers* right now, we hear he's going to jump. Honest.

She's Got It on Tape

Punk princess **WENDY WILLIAMS** of The Plasmatics was rocking and rolling one night recently when somehow (how do these things happen?) her top flopped, revealing a hint of electrical tape. In basic black, of course. We can see endless fashion possibilities....



LARRY BASCHUKIN/LABRUS PRODUCTIONS

Blondes Have More Fun

Signs of creeping respectability: *Call Me*, the hit song from *American Gigolo*, and some upcoming TV commercials. Can punk first lady **DEBBIE HARRY** survive the mainstream? Stay tuned.



JOHN ROCA/ILYNN GOLDSMITH © 1980

NEXT MONTH:



SILVERFINGER REVEALED



ROMANCE'S RULES



SOUTHWEST GIRLS



CHEECH, CHONG

"THE NEW RULES OF ROMANCE"—AS WE ENTER A NEW DECADE, THE GIVENS OF MAN-WOMAN RELATIONSHIPS HAVE ALTERED. CAN YOU MAKE REAL LIFE ROMANTIC? YOU BET YOUR LIFE YOU CAN, AND THAT LIFE WILL BE A HELL OF A LOT MORE SATISFYING. PLUS: **"THE ROMANTIC MAN OF THE EIGHTIES"**—WHAT HE'S ALL ABOUT—A THOUGHTFUL ESSAY BY **JOHN SACK**

"SILVERFINGER: A PORTRAIT OF NELSON BUNKER HUNT"—HE MADE HEADLINES A WHILE BACK BY GOING BOOM AND BUST IN THE SILVER MARKET. BUT WHO IS HE, REALLY? WE TELL IN A REVEALING PROFILE BY **HARRY HURT III**

WILLIE NELSON TALKS ABOUT GOOD AND BAD TIMES, HIS NEW MOVIE CAREER, LIFE ON THE ROAD AND THE ASCENT OF COUNTRY MUSIC IN A GOOD-OL'-BOY **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"THE RISE AND DEMISE OF COWBOY CHIC"—SPEAKING OF WILLIE, IT WAS ALL RIGHT WHEN HE AND WAYLON WORE SHIT-KICKER BOOTS IN PUBLIC, BUT RALPH LAUREN? JOHN TRAVOLTA? COUNTRY DISCO? ENOUGH, ALREADY!—BY *PLAYBOY'S* VERY OWN STAFF TEXAN, **WILLIAM J. HELMER**

"STILL LIFE WITH WOODPECKER"—SPARKS FLY WHEN PRINCESS LEIGH-CHERI AND RADICAL BOMBER BERNARD WRANGLE MAKE WOWEE ON MAUI. A WHIMSICAL STORY BY **TOM ROBBINS**

"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"—YOU'VE BEEN WAITING ALL YEAR FOR THIS ONE, FOOTBALL FANS. OUR FEARLESS FORECASTER TELLS YOU WHO'S ON FIRST (DOWN) IN WHAT COLLEGIATE CONFERENCES IN 1980—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"GIRLS OF THE SOUTHWEST CONFERENCE"—*PLAYBOY'S* EQUALLY FEARLESS PHOTO STAFF BRAVED BOMB THREATS AT BAYLOR (AND TORRENTS OF APPLICATIONS ELSEWHERE) TO BRING YOU THE BEST IN REGIONAL COED BEAUTY

"BACK TO CAMPUS"—WHAT THE WELL-DRESSED MAN WILL WEAR TO CATCH THE EYE OF THE ABOVE (AND GIRLS FROM OTHER COLLEGES, TOO)—BY **DAVID PLATT**

"CRAZINESS WITH CHEECH & CHONG"—THE STARS OF *CHEECH AND CHONG'S NEXT MOVIE* SEND A *PLAYBOY* PHOTO SHOOTING UP IN SMOKE