

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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OCTOBER 1965 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY



THE BUNNIES OF MIAMI • YOUR JAZZ-POLL BALLOT • INTERVIEW WITH ATHEIST
MADALYN MURRAY • SUPERMAN NOSTALGIA BY JULES FEIFFER • PLUS PIETRO
DI DONATO, JEAN SHEPHERD, THEODORE STURGEON, DAN WAKEFIELD, HERBERT GOLD

PLAYBOY



Fashion Forecast P. 121



Gravy Boat P. 108



Miami's Bunnies P. 136



Jazz Ballet P. 130

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PLAYBOY, OCTOBER, 1965, VOL. 12, NO. 10, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO., INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITORS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 332 E. OHIO ST., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611 SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS IN THE U.S., \$6 FOR ONE YEAR

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PLAYBOY

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These are the happy words you'll hear from all the special friends you remember this Christmas with the big gift of PLAYBOY. Uncles will send fat checks for your birthday, bosses will come across with raises, bartenders and maitre des will call you by name, brothers will leave your favorite ties alone,

FOR ENTERTAINMENT EXCELLENCE.

Nothing can match the pleasures of PLAYBOY. It's the gift for men who like their sounds swingin', their movies Mercourial, food the finest, clothes cut from good taste, travel near and far-out. It's for men who nod knowingly when they hear names like Ken W. Purdy, Ray Bradbury, James Baldwin, Arthur C. Clarke, J. Paul Getty—all PLAYBOY regulars. For men who smile broadly at the mention of Shel Silverstein, Don Addis, Jules Feiffer—the hippest of humorists. For men who have an . . .

"AYE FOR BEAUTIES."

And PLAYBOY's are the most. Each month, PLAYBOY's pages glow with lithe lovelies, from the stunning stars of Hollywood to 12 eye-catching Playmates of the Month. The pick of Playmate perfection, joyous Jo Collins, 1965 Playmate of the Year, arrives just before Christmas to announce your gift. The handsome card you see here will be signed just as you wish.



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LONDON PLAYBOY CLUB TO OPEN SOON!!

Gala New Year's Eve Debut for 45 Park Lane

Applications Now Being Accepted For Special Charter Membership

LONDON (Special) — PLAYBOY magazine's famous Playboy Clubs are coming to England and the Continent, and the first one is nearing completion in London at 45 Park Lane. Six fabulous floors of luxurious surroundings staffed by 100 beautiful Playboy Bunnies will await first-nighters when the Club debuts with a gala charity black-tie evening on New Year's Eve.

Members will enjoy every delightful amenity in this, the most elegant Club in England. The

finest food and beverages, exciting cabaret entertainment, a celebrity-packed *discothèque* and lively gaming rooms are all to be found under one roof!

Applications for Charter Membership of the London Playboy Club are being accepted right now. Apply for membership today and save £8.8.0 during the Club's first year, £5.5.0 each year thereafter. (See complete details below.)

Each time you visit The Playboy Club your personal name plate is posted in the Lobby and beautiful Bunnies direct you through the festive clubrooms.

The Playmate Bar features a swinging Piano Bar, Blackjack Room and Grill. Live beat groups play nightly in the Living Room *discothèque*, famous for its bountiful buffet. The finest cuisine is impeccably served by velvet-clad butlers and Bunnies in the elegant VIP Room (for Very Important Playboys). A VIP special feature is the 35mm film projection facilities. The Party Room offers superb accommodations for your private business and social gatherings.

The Playroom cabaret showroom presents American and



Already erected at 45 Park Lane, between the Dorchester and Hilton Hotels, the London Playboy Club will represent a total investment of over £1,500,000 when furnishings and fittings are completed shortly.

European artists, variety shows, dining and dancing. Members will find European gaming tables in Playboy's Penthouse Casino occupying the entire top floor of the Club. Other gaming areas include a Roulette Room and the Cartoon Corner, which features American games.

Staying in London overnight? There are 17 air-conditioned service flats, each with its own kitchen, located above the Club

for members' convenience. Key-holders may park their cars in the Club's basement garage.

Mail the coupon today and save £8.8.0 during the Playboy Club's first year and £5.5.0 each year thereafter. Better hurry — the Charter Membership Rolls are expected to be filled very shortly. Charter Membership entitles you to key privileges at all present and future Playboy Clubs anywhere in the world.



Bunny Dolly, a winner of Radio London contest (see below), wears Bunny costume for the first time.

The Great London Bunny Hunt

LONDON (Special) — The search is on to find England's most beautiful and charming young ladies. One hundred are needed to be Bunnies who will serve Playboy members and their guests at the new Club in elegant Park Lane.

The girls chosen to fill these posts will receive a weekly salary of £35. Six have already been selected by means of a contest run by Radio London during August. These girls left London via BOAC on September 15 for the United States, where they are receiving their Bunny training in the Chicago Playboy Club. They will return in December to train the other 94 Bunnies to staff the Club.

Girls who are interested in becoming Bunnies should mail

their photographs to the Playboy Club, 45 Park Lane, London W. 1, as a preliminary to an interview with the Club's Personnel Director or the Bunny Mother.

APPLY NOW AND SAVE—CHARTER ROSTER LIMITED

By submitting your application for membership at this time you reserve your place on the Charter Roster (Initiation Fee £3.3.0; Annual Subscription £5.5.0) which assures you a substantial saving over the Regular Membership fees (Initiation Fee £6.6.0; Annual Subscription £10.10.0). Applicants on the Continent may enclose initiation fee in equivalent funds of their own country in cheque, money order or currency.

The Playboy Club reserves the right to close the Charter Roster without prior notice.

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To the Secretary:

Here is my application for membership in The Playboy Club. I enclose £3.3.0 being the Initiation Fee for Charter Members. If accepted, I understand that the Annual Subscription for Charter Members will be £5.5.0 payable upon the opening of the London Club.

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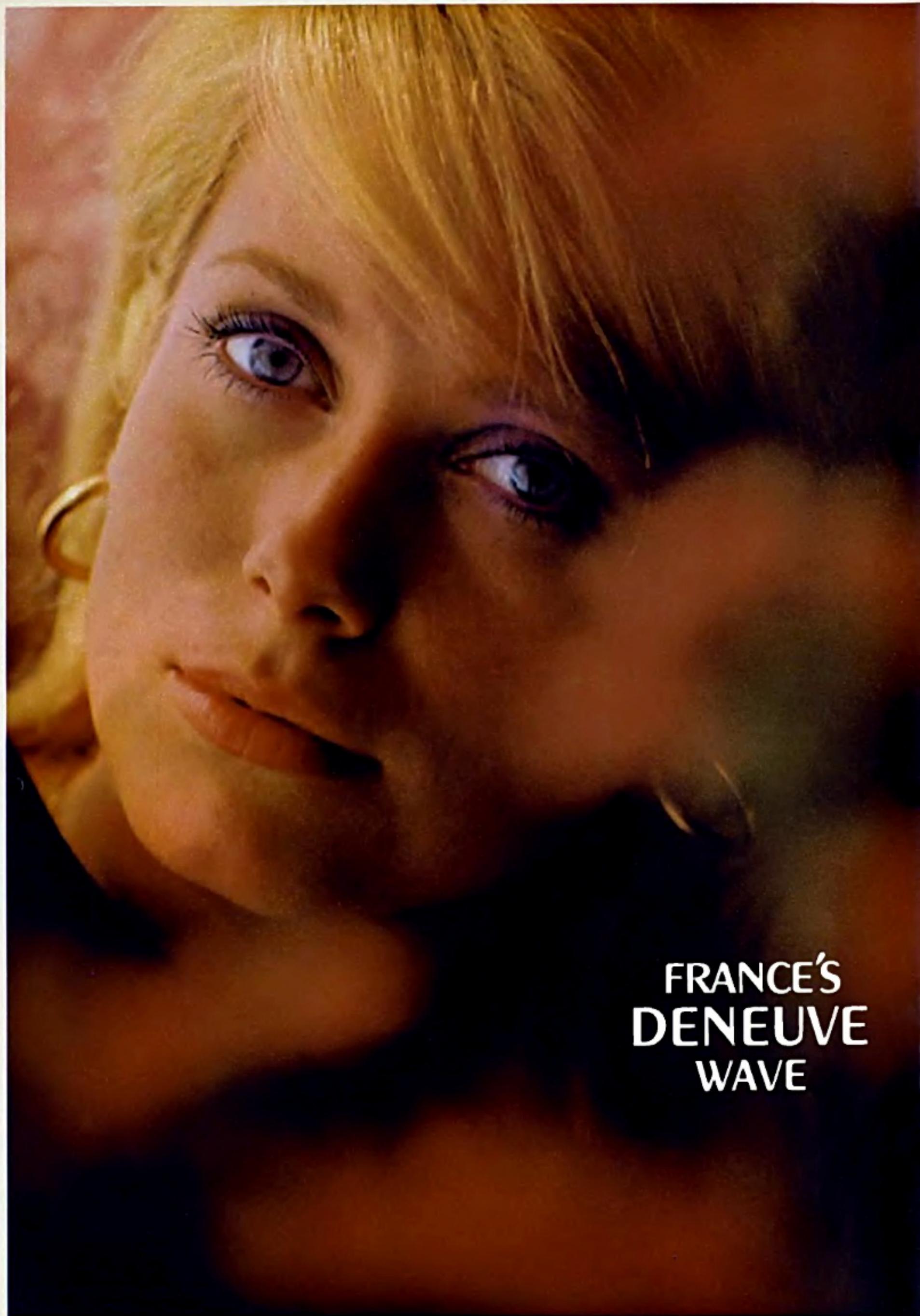
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"Now you know why ballerinas are traditionally flat-chested."



**FRANCE'S
DENEUVE
WAVE**

A REVEALING VISIT WITH CATHERINE THE GREAT —CURRENT QUEEN OF PARISIAN CINEMA SEXPOTS

UNLIKE MOST of the current crop of Continental screen sirens who have ridden the crest of Europe's celluloid New Wave to cinematic success, France's Catherine Deneuve has relied more heavily on her acting than on her anatomy in her rise to the ranks of filmic femmes fatales. Since her initial appearance in these pages as one of *Europe's New Sex Sirens* (PLAYBOY, September 1963), the pretty 21-year-old *Parisienne* has bypassed her promotional billing as just another in the long line of international cinema sexpots to establish a reputation as a capable cinemactress, with leading roles in *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg*—last year's Golden Palm-winning film at Cannes—and her current film, *Repulsion*. The latter marks Mlle. Deneuve's debut in an English-speaking part under the dynamic direction of Polish impresario Roman Polanski, whose *Knife in the Water* earned him top honors at the 1962 Venice Film Festival and subsequent acclaim from the New York Film Critics Society for the year's Best Foreign Film.

The youngest member of one of France's most famed families, comely Catherine is an admirable addition to the Thespian tradition set down by her actor father, Maurice Dorleac, and her older sister, *Nouvelle Vague* vamp Françoise Dorleac (*That Man from Rio*, *Genghis Khan*), with whom she will soon appear opposite Jean-Paul Belmondo in a filmic bedroom farce entitled *Male Hunt*. Between sequences in the filming of *Repulsion*, PLAYBOY's cameras were busy capturing this classic uncoverage of Gallic glamor at its best.

Following in the filmic footsteps of such fascinating françaises as Mlles. Bardot and Moreau, Catherine cites her brief encounter with director Roger Vadim (a liaison that resulted in two screen roles and a son out of wedlock) as her life's turning point: "My career is a starry offshoot of my past. That past is Vadim." Right. In "*Repulsion*," Catherine's manifest charms get maximum exposure.





With mystical Gallic fatalism, Catherine prefers to describe her life in terms of the zodiac sign under which she was born: "I'm Libra—the passive, the love-prone."

Unlike most of her cinematic contemporaries, Catherine maintains a resolute attitude toward fame: "When things are not good, I wait. Good things happen to you—you don't provoke them." On sex appeal: "Keep a certain class, but look erotic."



"Well, rub-a-dub-dub . . . !"



Graham Wilson





NATURAL WONDER

*october playmate allison parks is a highflying
fan of the active outdoor life*

IN VIEW OF OUR Government's continuing interest in the physical fitness of the nation's youth, we have elected to submit October Playmate Allison Parks as pictorial proof of what frequent doses of sunshine, fresh air and physical exercise can do for the shape of future generations. A blue-eyed brunette from Glendale, California, 21-year-old Allison spends her weekday mornings soaking up the sun's first healthful rays while assisting her father in the care and cultivation of his ranch-size floral nursery in nearby Sun Valley. Then it's back to her Glendale homestead for our opulently endowed October miss, where she conducts an afternoon enterprise of her own: teaching preschool age children to swim in the family's big back-yard pool. "I almost feel guilty about charging their parents for lessons," she told us, "since I get just as much of a kick out of spending all that time in the water as the kids do. But I know what I'm doing is worth while, because any child who can overcome his fear of the water before he's six will never panic in a sink-or-swim situation later on in life." Besides her daily diet of landscaping and aquatic training, this month's classically constructed (36-24-36) outdoor miss has recently expanded her off-hours interests to include flying. Each weekend, weather

"When I was asked if I'd like to be a Playmate, I figured someone had made a mistake," says modest Miss October. Obviously, our figure experts hadn't.



Below: Allison and her instructor go through regular preflight check of plane's engine and instruments before start of her Sunday-afternoon lesson; then aspiring young aviatrix climbs aboard to test controls and shows with a smile that all is A-OK.



permitting, Allison joins a local group of fellow aerial enthusiasts who call themselves the Sky Roamers and logs in a few more air hours toward her private pilot's license. "Until I started flying, my big dream was to own a hot sports car someday," reports the attractive amateur aviatrix. "Now, I couldn't care less about cars—except as the quickest means of getting to and from the airstrip. The moment I took over the controls for the first time, I was hooked. There's something almost ethereal about sitting in a cockpit thousands of feet above the earth with nothing around to distract you."

Despite the fact that she spends most of her waking hours basking in the California sunshine, Allison still finds time for an occasional indoor interest or two. An accomplished artisan with needle and thread ("I've been designing my own clothes ever since high school") and an ambitious culinary student ("So far I've managed to master only steak and beef Stroganoff—but at least I know there's some hope for me"), the perky Miss Parks readily admits that keeping up a strong domestic front fits into her long-range plans for meeting and marrying a "tall, blond, ambitious and dominant type of man who could make me happy to stay at home most of the time." Meanwhile, marriage will have to wait its turn on our comely Playmate's calendar. As she puts it, "I'd like to do something exciting and different in my life before settling down." Fortunately, Miss October allowed herself to be grounded long enough for our alert lensman to capture this month's poolside Playmate pose for posterity.

Left: Our piloting Playmate wings it for our lensman just before take-off. "I always try to get this same Beechcraft," she told us. "It flies itself."

Below. Airborne at last, our highflying October miss seems to hove matters well under manual control. "Actually, getting a ship off the ground is a breeze," Allison admitted. "But landing one is a different story. I often feel I'll never be ready to solo."



Above: It's mothers' day at the Parks' pool (left) and there's not a frightened moppet around as a new member of Allison's afternoon swimming school blissfully belly-flops into her outstretched arms. Later (right) teacher explains error of his waves.

MISS OCTOBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Above: "Look out, below!" is all the warning our able-bodied aquanaut got from this small ponytailed slider. "I should have been furious with her for doing that," Allison confided, "but how do you stay mad at a little girl who thinks adult words like 'safety' are all silly?" Right. The day's lesson is over; but one precocious pupil manages to get in some overtime.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY WILLIAM V. FIGGE





"Eleven o'clock and, oh, boy, what I just saw . . . !"



"Oh, that's Dr. Smithly, the noted dermatologist."

pictorial essay

THE BUNNIES OF MIAMI



ON TUESDAY NIGHT, May 9, 1961, to the astonishment of Miami's big-hotel owners, some 2500 Floridians with Rabbit-escutcheoned keys in their pockets and Southern belles on their arms queued up eight abreast along a two-block section of U.S. Highway 1—known to Miamians as Biscayne Boulevard. It was first night at the second Playboy Club, and though the Club had filled its 300-person capacity faster than you can say jack rabbit, more than a thousand of the *boulevardiers* and their ladies in waiting somehow found room at the hutch that night.

Encouraging as the tremendous turnout was, it did not exactly take our executives by surprise. For almost a year before the big night it seemed impossible to pick up a Miami, Fort Lauderdale, even an Orlando newspaper without finding an item, and usually an article, about the forthcoming Biscayne hutch. With the opening of the premier Chicago Club on leap-year night, February 29, 1960, the Bunny had leaped, not hopped, into international fame. "Out of a silk ear," said Herb Rau, columnist for *The Miami News*, "Hugh Hefner is making himself quite a purse."

Though the press at large shared Mr. Rau's properly playful perspective, that small, highly vocal minority who can be counted on to view with alarm whatever has charm, came through with sinister warnings. Typical was a syndicated (text continued on page 115)



"I'd feel like a fish out of water anywhere but in Miami," says Jackie Brown, who hops over to the Seaquarium every chance she gets, to feed the porpoises. Trenton's prettiest emissary, Jackie has been a Florida Bunny for four years, has her sights set on becoming a Bunny Mother. Setting sights on her on high, our camera catches Jackie in a rare moment of suspended animation.

a gracious goodness of biscayne boulevard's curvaceous cottontails



A blend of Scottish and Irish comeliness, aged to perfection for 24 years in Canton, Ohio, Bonnie Norris is one of the Miami Club's newest additions. Bonnie became a Bunny after a stint as a dancer in both *Guys and Dolls* and *Pajama Game*. Though she was pretty good in pajamas, she's obviously sensational out of them. Her pet peeve: narrow-minded people.

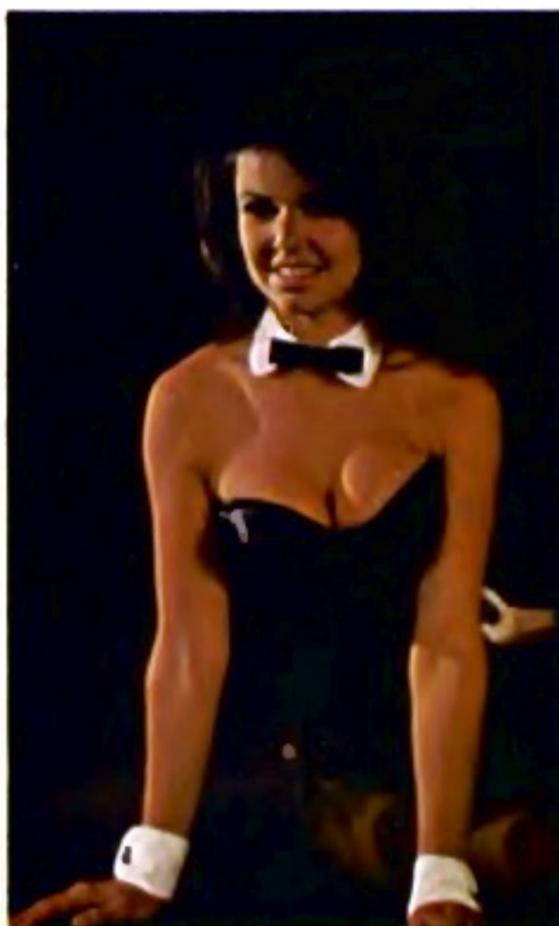


The net effect (left) of Laura Huston may win more games than her skill with the racket. A dancer from Tennessee, Laura waltzed her way into leading roles on the straw-hat circuit, then became a Bunny (above) because "it's the biggest hit in showbiz." Top right, Barbara Ager curvaceously complements a Corvette. On her days off, Barbara is off to sports-car rallies, and on vacations likes to fly to Acapulco for the bullfights. Pat Russo (below) is a stay-at-home hutch honey. "My favorite way to travel is by horseback," she says. "I may not get very far, but I don't care about that, because I love it here in Miami." Connecticut-bred and Florida-battered to a golden tan, beautiful Miss Russo will be available for further viewing when she gatefolds as our Playmate in next month's **PLAYBOY**.



Above, Laura Huston courts admiring glances. Right, one of the best-stacked editions in the Miami Club's well-stocked Library—Pat Russo.





Following her public debut at age 18 as **PLAYBOY's** Miss December 1958, Joyce Nizzari, far left, was besieged with you-ought-to-be-in-pictures offers and has since then juggled Bunnydom and an acting career with equal and unequalled skill—appearing with Sinatra in *A Hole in the Head*, with Tony Curtis in *The Great Race*, and on TV's *Burke's Law* and *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* Another cottontail with credits galore, model-Bunny Brenda Sakobie (left and below) has been Miss Jaycee Queen, Miss Citrus Queen and Miss Florida Sunshine—"my favorite reign," says Brenda, "if you'll pardon the pun." From Paris comes Christy Bertrand, above and right, who is equipped with a degree in philosophy from the Sorbonne, and rates a Ph. D. in physiology. The girl with an arm on the guitar and a seat on the stereo is Dianne Tucker from Dallas, who, when she isn't singing it or being it, writes poetry. Who else but a poet would list her likes as the ocean, grain elevators, expensive clothes, olives and April showers?





Little (not quite five feet, two) Dianne Tucker doesn't sing for her supper, but she'd like to. Like her idol Bobbie Dylan, she writes what she plays. 141



142 Joani Medina perches (top) and comes up for air (center). Above, Elaine Reynolds garnishes drink.



Both of the golden girls gracing this page are heretofore Hoosiers—Bobbie Galletta, above, coming from Evansville, and Nancilee Furnish, below, from Madison. Besides their hereditary and environmental resemblances, Bobbie and Nancilee discovered, when they met in Miami, that they're both ardent antique collectors. But while Bobbie goes antiquing strictly with an eye to prettifying her apartment, Nancilee turns a scholarly eye on the presence of things past as she moonlights at night school toward a bachelor's degree in art history. In the lively arts department, there's no one livelier than Joani Medina (far left, top and center)—an all-round outdoor sportsgirl who is, by nature, a winner. Shown coming out on top (near left, at nearly 40") is Playmate-Bunny Elaine Reynolds. Elaine grew upward and outward in Jersey City, New Jersey, and is an avid tennis player who in this shot covers the backcourt wisely and well.





The beautiful obutment on the palm to your left is Diana Balough—at home, mistress to five German shepherds: "a mother and a father and three babies." Diana herself came into the world 22 years ago a hop, skip and a jump from the spot where she's standing. Sunnie Muhlke, above, is a long way from home. A University of Zurich grad, Sunnie admits her best subject was skiing. "Arriving in Miami, I figured switching from snow- to water-skis would be easy, but one lesson proved me all wet." Another water Bunny is Linda Gail Gainer, below, who likes to get into the swim from the high board. Her best dive—the half gainer, of course. The luscious sight to the right is Sally Duberson (PLAYBOY's Miss January 1965). A liberal-arts major at the University of Miami, Sally appropriately makes one of the most liberal and artful contributions to this pictorial.

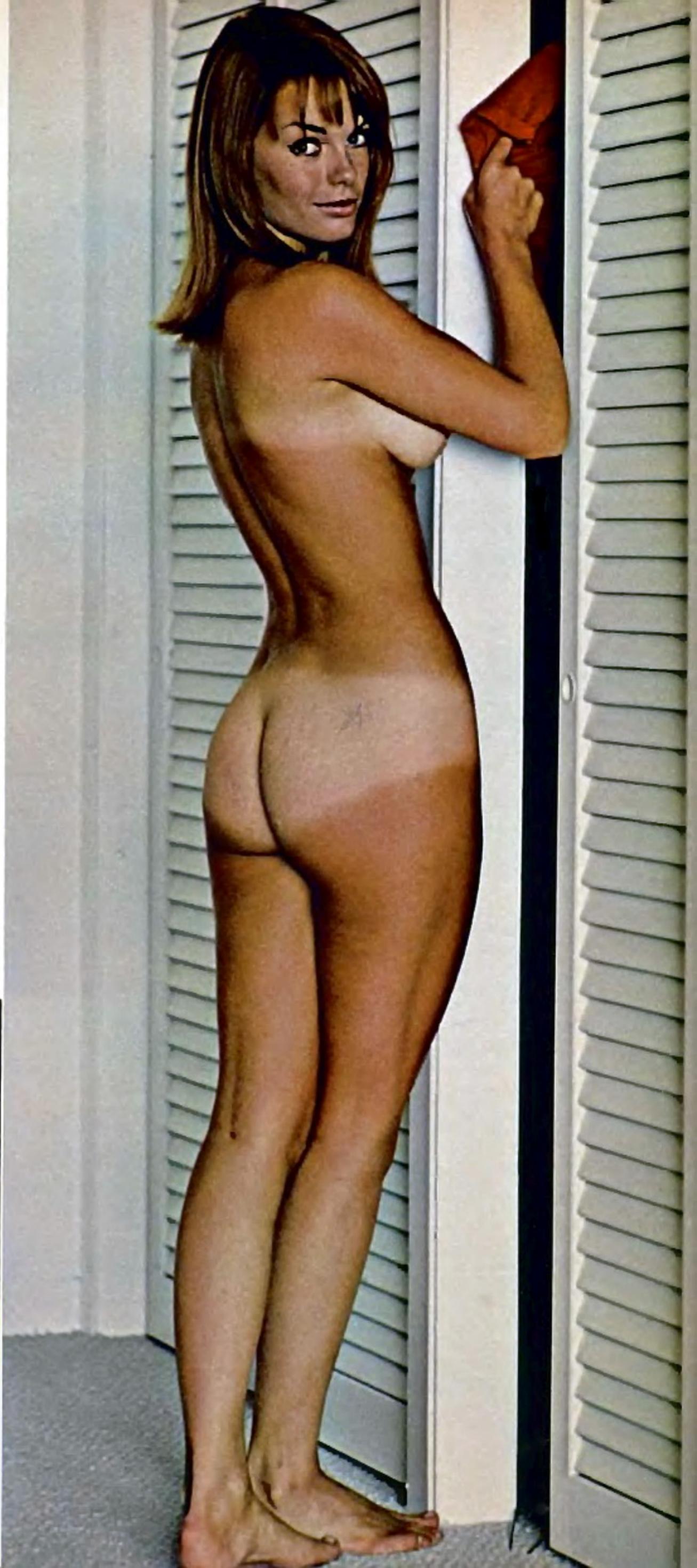


144 An adorable daily double in black tie and white tails, wearing black satins, Diana Balough (left) and Linda Gail Gainer (right) at their post positions at 11:30 A.M., as the Sunshine State hutch swings open.



column by Russell Kirk bearing the headline "BUNNY EARS ARE SYMPTOMS OF A SICK SOCIETY"—prompting one reader to inquire where he could get the whole disease. Predictably, the bar-the-Bunny intentions of the fractious fringe backfired, stimulating the anticipations (not to mention Key applications) of Sunshine Staters.

May in Miami is hardly the merry, merry month. Rather, it's sort of meantime before the summertime season really gets rolling—certainly not, mused local tourist-wise entrepreneurs, the best time to open a swimming pool, much less a swinging club, with a splash. But, as Fort Lauderdale's Ray Barbeau, original manager of the Miami Club and currently regional manager of Playboy International's Southern states operation, explained the delay of the originally planned New *(continued on page 222)*





"You're really fit for a king!"

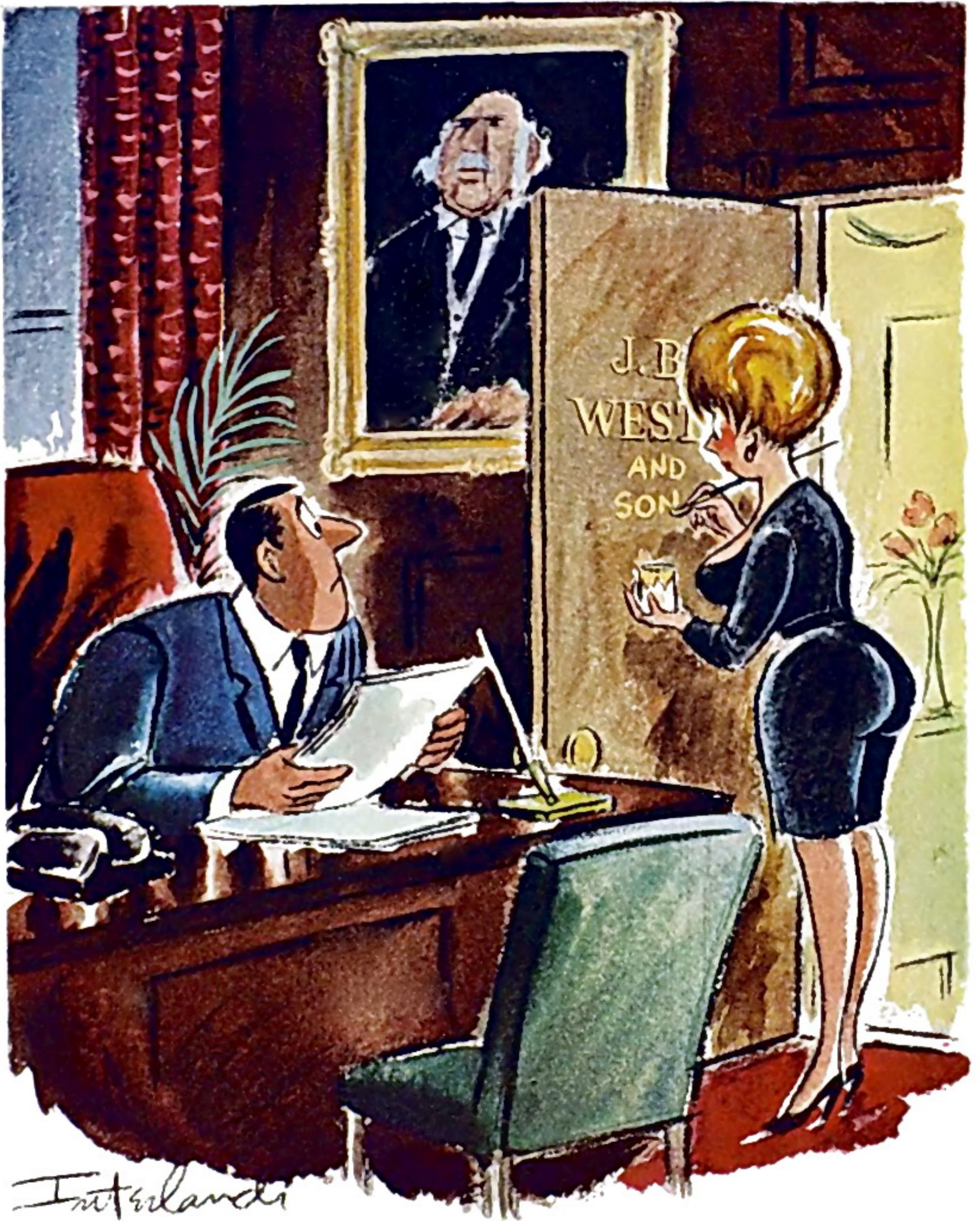
THE PLAYBOY ART GALLERY



NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE *By Jim Beaman*



"Excuse me, miss, but I couldn't help noticing that you smoke. It just so happens that I'm a member of the entertainment committee of an exclusive men's club, with the obligation of planning the annual smoker, and . . ."



Fritz Klandt



"For God's sake—call a policeman!"



"Betsy, my darling, didn't you get my telegram?"

ance of mushroom mixture on top of oysters. Melt $\frac{1}{4}$ cup butter in saucepan. Remove from flame and stir in bread crumbs and chives, mixing well. Place bread-crumbs mixture on top of oysters, smoothing tops with spoon or spatula. Place oysters on a half-inch bed of rock salt in shallow pan or casserole. (The rock salt isn't absolutely necessary, but it keeps the oysters in an upright position so that as little juice as possible is lost.) Bake 15 to 20 minutes.

PAPRIKA OYSTERS

- 24 freshly opened large oysters
- 2 10-oz. cans frozen oyster stew
- 3 tablespoons flour
- 2 tablespoons butter
- 1 small onion, finely minced
- 2 teaspoons paprika
- 4 tablespoons very dry sherry
- 2 egg yolks
- Salt, pepper, monosodium glutamate
- 4 slices toast

Place thawed oyster stew and flour in electric blender and spin until thoroughly mixed and smooth. Melt butter in saucepan. Add onion and sauté until onion is yellow. Stir in paprika, mixing well. Add oyster stew and simmer slowly, stirring frequently, until sauce is thick and all floury taste has disappeared—about 10 minutes. Mix sherry with egg yolks. Add about $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot sauce from saucepan. Stir thoroughly. Slowly add egg-yolk mixture to pan, stirring constantly, until sauce comes up to boiling point. Do not boil. Add oysters and their liquor. Heat, without boiling, only until

edges of oysters are curled. Add salt, pepper and monosodium glutamate to taste. Spoon oysters and sauce over hot toast.

OYSTERS CASINO

- 24 large oysters on half shell, deep side
- $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter
- 1 small green pepper, finely minced
- 4-oz. can pimientos, finely minced
- 2 tablespoons finely minced shallots or scallions
- 1 tablespoon finely minced parsley
- Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ lemon
- Tabasco sauce
- Salt, pepper
- 8 slices bacon
- Bread crumbs

Preheat oven to 400°. Let butter stand at room temperature until soft enough to spread easily. Combine butter with green pepper, pimientos, shallots, parsley and lemon juice. Add a few dashes Tabasco sauce and a generous sprinkling each of salt and pepper. Mix well. Sauté or broil bacon only until it is half done; drain, and cut each slice crosswise into three pieces. Place oysters in a shallow pan or casserole on a half-inch bed of rock salt. Spread pimiento mixture on oysters; sprinkle generously with bread crumbs, and place a piece of bacon on top of each oyster. Bake 15 to 20 minutes or until bacon is crisp.

"The world is mine oyster," said Shakespeare. And a big, wide, wonderful one it is, too.

BUNNIES OF MIAMI

(continued from page 145)

Year's Eve premiere: "Hefner is a crazy-like-a-fox perfectionist, and he determined the Club would open only when everything was 'bull's-eye.'"

"Bull's-eye" at Playboy Club International's H. Q. means achieving the just-right relationship between a Club's local color and its family resemblance to other links in the chain. On the one hand, any keyholder should be able to enter any Club and feel right at home; on the other hand, each Club should have its own distinctive features that fit neatly into the physical and mental landscape of the place. Thus, in Miami, for example, where, as in most tropicalities, the pace is staccato by day and saturnalian by night, Hefner had his designers create a unique, comfortably couched oasis of afternoon ease shelved with hundreds of excellent records and fine books. (On a recent afternoon visit to the Miami Club's Library, we noted a keyholder sipping a daiquiri and dipping into Simone Weil's *Waiting for God*—a knotty tome rarely found in public libraries. A few hours later, however, when the moon was over Miami, Simone was back on the shelf, and the Library had turned into a swinging showroom.)

Not only major general architectural concepts such as the double-duty Library and the back-door yacht marina had to be "bull's-eye" before opening night—a thousand and two specific questions were raised and resolved. (Sample Q.: Should ties and jackets be required in Miami's Club as they are in Chicago's? Final A.: No, if by day. Yes, if by night.) And a thousand and two Bunny hopefuls had to be viewed and interviewed and, if selected, tutored to a tee.

To aid the cotontails-coming-lately in the moves and manners they had to master before winning their posterior puffs, a weeklong cram course called Bunny School was initiated. Presided over by several specially trained Training Bunnies from Chicago, the girls spent their days in such chiropractical maneuvers as bending over backward to learn to bend over backward in the Bunny Dip—a graceful movement that, considering the décolleté cut of their costumes, substantially minimizes their chances of spilling something besides drinks. At night they curled up with a book called the *Bunny Manual*, an explication of everything a Bunny has to know from how to say "May I see the keyholder's Key?" invitingly, to how to say "You may not see mine," ineluctably.

The fruit of such backstage labors is the unparalleled, ever-expanding success of the Playboy Clubs—and though the Bunnies are by no means the whole show, they are (translate it as you will) the *pièce de résistance*.

hold your spirits with ...

THE PLAYBOY LIQUOR CADDY



The blasé Playboy Rabbit adds a touch of *joie de vivre* to bookcase, bar or mantel, while keeping your favorite potable contained within. Removable head allows easy access to 4/5 quart size bottle.

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In Florida, of course, rabbits have been part of the local sporting life for decades, but until the amiable invasion by the girls with cottontails on their hind-sites, *Les Bunnies* of Miami were strictly bunny-sized, felt-covered mechanical lures designed to lead the greyhounds a futile chase at such establishments as Flagler Kennels. With apologies to Flagler's, we admit to getting more kicks watching the 40-some full-scale Bunnies at Playboy's rabbit run—for reasons which should be abundantly clear from the accompanying photographic sampler.

Under their tans, the Bunnies of Miami are a pretty (extremely pretty) fair sample of the 500 plus cottontails who, at this writing, are generously distributed among 13 Playboy Clubs. Their backgrounds (all are at least high school grads and almost half have been to college) and their foregounds (averaging out to 36-22½-35) do not differ statistically from those of Bunnies everywhere—and yet, there is a sense in which Miami's Bunnies are a beautiful breed unto themselves.

Playmate Bunny Jean Cannon, who unfolded almost all her endearing young charms in the October 1961 *PLAYBOY* and began her Bunnyship at the Chicago Club at about the same time, put it this way: "This Club is, well, more leisurely, I'd guess you'd say. You know, the tempo. Like, a guest here will order a tom collins and sip it slowly, and by the time he's finished it, a man in Chicago or New York might have polished off three martinis. You may not like my saying this, but let's face it, one tom collins adds up to a smaller tip than three martinis. But money isn't everything, is it?"

Another lovely young old-timer, Bunny Nancilee Furnish, concurred with Jean's comments on the slower Miami tempo: "What a relief when I came here three years ago all wound up and run down from a hectic stint as a secretary in Washington, D.C."—but didn't concur with Jean's financial statements, noting that by last year, after two years at the Miami Club, she had stashed away enough inedible lettuce to take a trip around the world she used to dream of on the family farm back home in Indiana. "Hong Kong and especially Macao were crazy. I went into East Berlin, too. When I came back I decided to study languages. That's what I do in my spare time now, but here I am chattering about my, ahem, un-Bunny self, and I forgot your question."

It slipped our mind, too (an occupational hazard journalists have learned to expect when the object of their attentions is, ahem, gorgeous). However, Nancilee's sojourning and new knowledge of the world enable us to segue into a matter of no little importance to Bunny recruiters: It's not just what's up front



Fit to be tied ...

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And, for other distinctive neckwear, try the Playboy Ascot or the regular Playboy Tie. All are of the finest silk, featuring the same eye-catching Rabbit design.

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Tie available in red, gray, olive, brown, navy, wine and black.

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PLAYBOY's frolicking Femlin kicks up her heels on these custom ceramic mugs. Coffee Mug holds up to 10 oz. of your favorite hot beverage.

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that counts: it's also what's upstairs.

In the brief, bountiful annals of the Playboy Clubs, many a beautiful but not-too-bright broad has been heave-ho'd before she got her foot in the Bunny Department door. "You've got to keep in mind," says Sandra Herron, the smart girl at the desk behind the door, "that we have a special problem in recruiting Bunnies. It's one of those so-called 'happy problems'—the unusually high level of the nearly half million men who hold Playboy Keys. Practically all of them went on from college to executive positions—they've been around. Wait a minute," she said, fishing through a sea of pulchritudinous photos and pulling out a pamphlet titled *A Study of Playboy Club Keyholders Conducted by the Conway / Milliken Corp.* "Take the worldly-wise angle: 71.7 percent take their vacations in other countries. When you translate that, it means the girls we hire will be dealing with a pretty sophisticated bunch of people. I'm not saying Bunnies have to be Christina Pallozis or Baby Jane Holzers, but it's nice if they know who Christina and Baby Jane are.

"You asked about Nanciee's leave of absence to take a trip around the world. On the one hand, we hated to lose her services even temporarily; on the other hand, in the long run, it's to the Club's advantage to encourage Bunnies in any educational sort of endeavors—night school, travel, et cetera, et cetera."

Back at the hutch on Biscayne, we talked to a girl who represents the opposite side of the travel coin: Bunny Jackie Brown, a beguiling brownette who's been at the Miami Club for three and a half years and has absolutely no desire to shift grounds or, to be literal, littorals. Jackie (she's the one feeding a porpoise on page 136) swears she once caught six sailfish—"little ones"—in 45 minutes, and threw them all back.

Aside from the seaside, we asked her, what's so hot about Miami? It was a question we found ourself forced to come back to with each Bunny, because loyalty to their local Club was a characteristic they all seemed to share to a far greater degree than wanderlusty Bunnies in other hutches.

"It really is different here," said Jackie. "I worked at the New York Club for three months and it was exciting in its own way, but it's such a big Club, I don't think I ever waited on the same person twice. Here you get to know the keyholders—not of the premises, of course. At lunch we see practically the same people every day. I'll bet I can tell you practically what everyone's drinking at the tables right now, without even looking," she said, looking.

"Of course, at night it's sort of the other way around. You can always expect a surprise—Johnny Carson, Tony Bennett or Jackie Gleason. Miami's loaded with well, big-name entertainers, but I think they have the same feeling about coming to the Club that I do, because even at night when it swings, it swings in a kind of relaxed way. We all get up on the piano, one at a time I mean, and twist, and Art Ceccchini—he's the night manager—grabs the mike and gets into the act. We always kid him that he thinks he's Trini Lopez. Can I tell you the truth? You know what my ambition is? If you won't think I'm putting you on—someday I'd like to be a Bunny Mother."

The current Bunny Mother at the Miami Club is Frankie Helms, a champagne-tressed doll with magnums of effervescence. "Somebody told me I ought to go on *I've Got a Secret*," Frankie told us first thing. "I'm not married, no children, so my secret would be that I have had all these children—about eighty-five during the years I've been here. But you know something, in a way it's true—I'm such a busy Mother I couldn't find time to do it."

For the edification of Dr. Spock and anyone else who does not know what a Bunny Mother does, herewith is a totally inadequate description of Frankie Helms' roles:

She's a Color Analyst: "We have a Bunny here who absolutely won't wear a green costume. I'm trying to get to the bottom of it."

She's a Deployer of Troops: "Something seems strange, I can't quite put my finger on it, then all of a sudden it hits me—all the Bunnies in the Playroom are blondes and the Living Room has nothing but brunettes. Who can I shift?"

She's an Apartment Hunter: "You may not have noticed, but here and there amid the hotels and motels there are some lovely apartments for new Bunnies just coming to town."

She's a Disciplinarian: "You can't spank a Bunny, because she's got that cottontail, so I just tell them to be good."

And because she's in Miami, she's a Sun Worrier: "Down from the North comes a Bunny paleface. Two days later, she's a lobster. You can't imagine the number of problems the sun gives me."

Indeed we couldn't, and Frankie filled us in. "OK, take the strap problem. Suddenly all the girls start wearing those horizontally striped 1920ish bathing suits with the straps, then they slip into their Bunny silks and there it is—a big white line over each shoulder. At least with this problem I don't feel entirely helpless. But there is one little two-tone trouble

which is really unsolvable. See if you can spot it."

"It" was a tiny white isosceles triangle on the outer, upper reaches of the Bunnies' thighs. "There's just no answer," Frankie said, "because our costume is cut higher at that point than a bikini. Since our man in Chicago will never consent to lower the hippest part of the Bunny costume, the world will just have to find a way somehow to make the bikini bikini. I guess," added Frankie, "with all its hang-ups, the world is moving in the right direction after all—forward to Eden."

Though the silk-eared Eves in Miami's garden spot are outnumbered by those in all other Playboy Clubs (except Phoenix), no bevy in Bunnydom is more deliciously seasoned with man's favorite spice—variety.

Admirers of the statuesque will find themselves invited into the Club by Door Bunny Alice Wilder, who, at six feet, three, not counting her silk ears, tops them all. And for *aficionados* of the best-things-come-in-small-packages, Bunny Margaret Zamboli's delightfully distributed 89 pounds make her Bunnydom's reigning petite laureate.

Between the long and short of it, Miami's cottontail contingent includes Cam Brock (a first-rate cartoonist), Carole Collins (a highly ranked professional diver), Christy Bertrand (holder of a degree in philosophy from the Sorbonne), Bonnie Norris (a dancer who appeared in *Guy's and Dolls* and *Pajama Game*), Diane Tucker (a poet who, though she is not quite five feet, two, was named, with poetic license, Miss Grand Prairie)—and the highest per-capita quotient of Playmate Bunnies in any Club—from one of the earliest, Joyce Nizzari (who debuted in PLAYBOY's December 1958 issue) to one of the very latest, Pat Russo (scheduled to gatefold next month's PLAYBOY).

Speaking of Playmates, it might be fitting to conclude this paean to Biscayne Bunnydom with more of the same concerning the young lady on page 145 who brings our photographic display to the happiest possible ending—PLAYBOY's Miss January 1965, Sally Duberson. A descendant of President James Monroe, who in 1819 purchased Florida from Spain, Sally, like all her sister Bunnies at 7701 Biscayne Boulevard, adds a nifty look-but-don't-touch nuance to what her illustrious ancestor called "The Era of Good Feeling."

Bunny applications may be obtained by writing Playboy Clubs International, Bunny Department, 232 East Ohio St., Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH JACK DAVIS AND LARRY SIEGEL

HOLLYWOOD! DREAMSVILLE, U.S.A.! TINSELTOWN!
WHERE UNKNOWN YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN FROM
ALL OVER THE LAND WORK AND PLAY, PRAYING THAT
SOMEDAY THEY WILL BECOME ACTORS AND ACTRESSES!
HOLLYWOOD! WHERE SANDRA DEE, CONNIE STEVENS,
TROY DONAHUE, CARROLL BAKER AND FABIAN WORK
AND PLAY, PRAYING THAT SOMEDAY THEY WILL BECOME
ACTORS AND ACTRESSES! INTO THIS BAGHDAD ON THE
PACIFIC STEPS SOLLY, THE AGENT, WITH OUR HEROINE -



LEAPIN'
LIZARDS, SOLLY...
IT'S SO EXCITING
BEING HERE IN HOLLY-
WOOD, WATCHING THEM
MAKE "DOOMSDAY"
MOVIES! OOOH, LOOK!
THAT BLAST MUST BE THE
NUCLEAR HOLOCAUST
SCENE FOR THE NEW FILM,
"OR. STRANGETASTE"! OR
IS IT THE H-BOMB
EXPLOSION FOR THE
NEW DOOMSDAY
FILM, "FAIL-
FAIL"
!



NOT QUITE, SWEETIE-BABY...
THAT BLAST IS 19TH CENTURY - FOX
STUDIO BEING TORN DOWN TO MAKE
WAY FOR A SUPERMARKET!

I'M RUINED!
WE'RE ALL SET TO SHOOT
MY NEW ANTIMILITARY SEX
FILM, "SEVEN DAYS WITH MAE,"
AND MY STAR IS WALKING
OUT ON ME!



QUICK, BUBBIE! IT'S JOE LAVERNE, THE PRODUCER!

JOEY, HONEY-BABY... YOUR TROUBLES ARE OVER! ANNIE CAN GO ON FOR THE STAR! ... SHE KNOWS ALL THE SONGS, THE DANCES, THE WHOLE SHTICK! SHE'S WASTING HER TIME IN THE CHORUS LINE!

IDIOT! THIS ISN'T A MUSICAL!



SEE ... I TOLD YOU SHE'S WASTING HER TIME IN THE CHORUS LINE!

DON'T YOU SEE WHAT YOUR DOOMSDAY FILM NEEDS TO DIFFERENTIATE IT FROM OTHER DOOMSDAY FILMS? A NEW CONCEPT! A NEW ELEMENT! A NEW FACE!

-YE-E-ES ... A NEW FACE.



LATER ...

WE OPEN IN THE WHITE HOUSE. THE PRESIDENT SENDS FOR HIS TRUSTY WAC AIOE, COLONEL CARRUTHERS, TO HELP HIM WITH A PROBLEM! ... OK-ACTION!

COL. CARRUTHERS, SCUTTLEBUTT HAS IT THAT THERE IS A PLOT AFOOT IN THE PENTAGON TO DEPOSE ME AND TAKE OVER THE GOVERNMENT. I WANT YOU TO SCOUT AROUND AND UNCOVER THE PLOT FOR ME.

YES, MR. PRESIDENT!



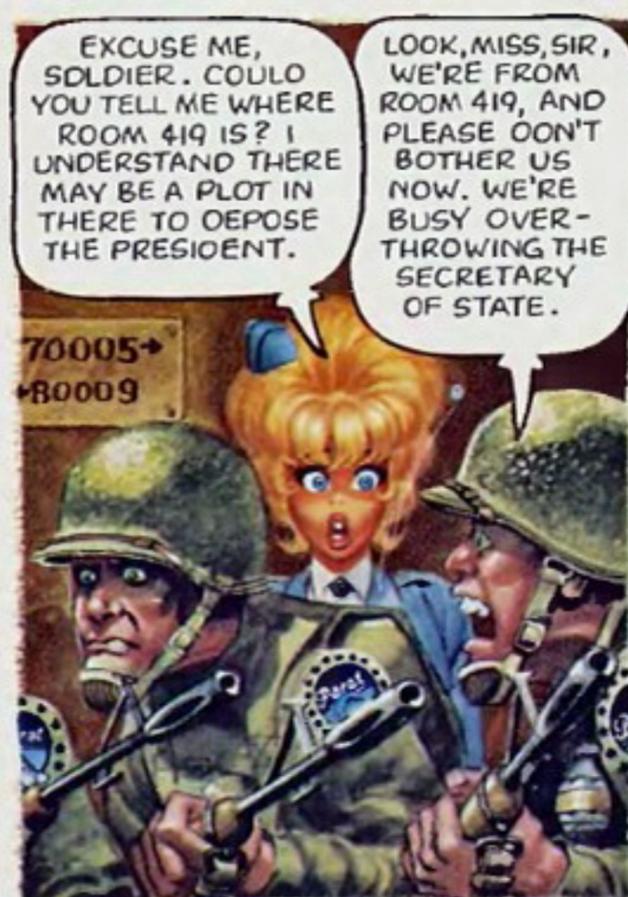
EXCUSE ME, GENTLEMEN. I'M TRYING TO UNCOVER A PLOT TO DEPOSE THE PRESIDENT. DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT IT?

LOOK, MISS ... WE'VE GOT OUR HANDS FULL THINKING OF WAYS TO OVERTHROW THE SECRETARY OF DEFENSE. DON'T BOTHER US WITH PRESIDENTS! WHY DON'T YOU TRY ROOM 405? THEY THINK BIGGER IN THERE!



HI, GANG. ANY ANTIPRESIDENT PLOTS HATCHING IN HERE?

NO, BUT WE ARE RUNNING A SPECIAL PLDT ON THE SECRETARY OF STATE TODAY. UNFORTUNATELY, THOUGH, WE CAN'T OVERTHROW HIM BECAUSE HE'S BUSY OVERTHROWING THE SENATE MAJORITY LEADER. WHY DON'T YOU TRY ROOM 419?



EXCUSE ME, SOLDIER. COULD YOU TELL ME WHERE ROOM 419 IS? I UNDERSTAND THERE MAY BE A PLOT IN THERE TO OEOPOSE THE PRESIDENT.

LOOK, MISS, SIR, WE'RE FROM ROOM 419, AND PLEASE OON'T BOTHER US NOW. WE'RE BUSY OVERTHROWING THE SECRETARY OF STATE.



BUT THE MEN IN ROOM 405 ARE TRYING TO OEOPOSE THE SECRETARY OF STATE, ONLY HE'S BUSY OVERTHROWING THE SENATE MAJORITY LEADER.

WELL IN THAT CASE, I THINK WE'D BETTER OVERTHROW THE MEN IN ROOM 405.



-I SEE WHERE G.H.Q. REPORTS WHERE THE COMSYMPs WRECKED A COMPOST.

OH, THAT PENTAGON TALK! - IT'S SO COLORFUL!

COMSIT, COLONEL CARRUTHERS! COMSIT!

MORE PENTAGON TALK, GENERAL?

WHAT PENTAGON TALK! - ON MY LAP! - COMSIT!



GENERAL, SUPPOSE YOU TELL ME A LITTLE ABOUT THIS ROOM.

WELL ... THAT'S THE BIG BOARD UP THERE. WHENEVER WE SEE AN UNIDENTIFIED BLIP ON IT, WE GO INTO VARIOUS CONDITIONS, DEPENDING ON THE SERIOUSNESS OF THE SITUATION. CONDITION BLUE IS THE LOWEST CONDITION OF READINESS. THEN COMES CONDITION GREEN, THEN CONOITION YELLOW AND FINALLY CONDITION RED ... NUCLEAR WAR! ... IT'S MY JOB TO OFFICIATE OVER THESE VARIOUS CONDITIONS ... IMPORTANT WORK, BUT I OFTEN YEARN TO BE OUT IN THE FIELD WITH THE TROOPS. UNFORTUNATELY, THE ARMY HAS REJECTED ME FOR FIELD ACTION BECAUSE I'M COLOR BLIND.

UNIDENTIFIED BLIP AT ANGELS 29, SPEED 575, HEADING 198!



IT MAY BE A RUSSIAN PLANE!

GO TO CONDITION BLUE AND ALERT THE BOMBERS!

NO! MAKE THAT YELLOW!

NO! MAKE IT PURPLE!

BETTER MAKE IT GREEN!

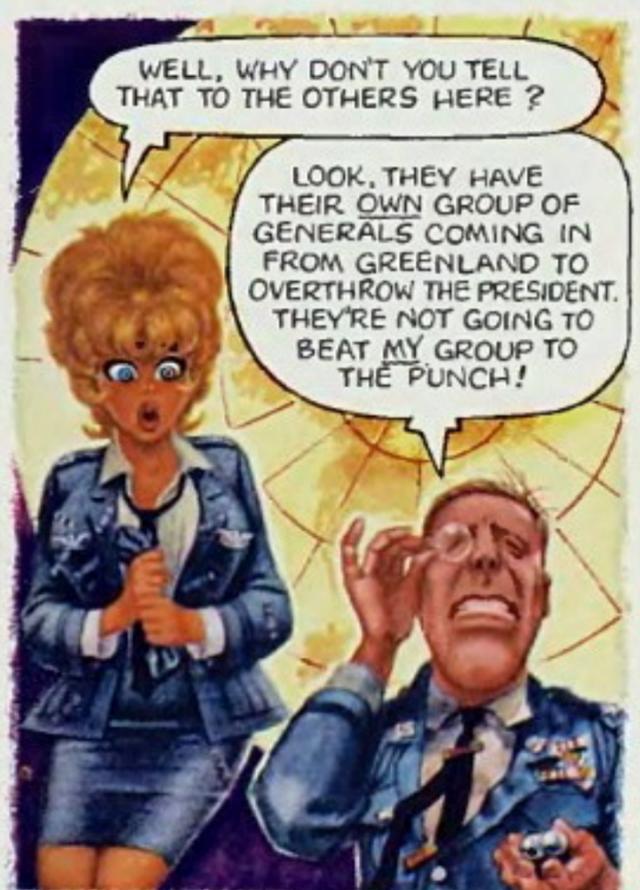
PURPLE? WE HAVE NO PURPLE!

WHAT A SHAME. PURPLE IS MY FAVORITE COLOR!



GENERAL, IS THAT REALLY A RUSSIAN PLANE UP THERE?

NO ... IT'S AN UNMARKED PLANE COMING FROM ALASKA WITH A GROUP OF AMERICAN GENERALS TO OVERTHROW THE PRESIDENT.



WELL, WHY DON'T YOU TELL THAT TO THE OTHERS HERE?

LOOK, THEY HAVE THEIR OWN GROUP OF GENERALS COMING IN FROM GREENLAND TO OVERTHROW THE PRESIDENT. THEY'RE NOT GOING TO BEAT MY GROUP TO THE PUNCH!



MR. PRESIDENT! I THINK I KNOW WHO'S PLANNING TO DEPDSE YOU. IT'S THE WHOLE UNITED STATES ARMY AND AIR FORCE!

-I'LL HAVE THE NAVY ARREST THE AIR FORCE, AND THE NATIONAL GUARD ARREST THE ARMY!



THANKS TO YOU, COL. CARRUTHERS, THE PLOT TO DEPOSE ME HAS BEEN SMASHED!

MR. PRESIDENT! AN AMERICAN PLANE HAS GONE PAST THE FAIL-SAFE POINT BY MISTAKE, AND IS ON ITS WAY TO BOMB MOSCOW!

ONCE OUR PILOTS GO PAST THE FAIL-SAFE POINT, NOTHING CAN TURN THEM BACK! WE'VE GOT TO FIND A WAY TO STOP THAT PLANE! OUR ONLY HOPE IS THAT THE PILOT, WAYNE WELCH, HAS SOMEONE WHO KNOWS HIM INTIMATELY WHO CAN TALK HIM OUT OF THE MISSION, VIA TELSTAR!

I KNOW HIM INTIMATELY, SIR!



HELLO OUT THERE IN THE WILD BLUE YONDER - THIS IS COOKIE CARRUTHERS! REMEMBER ME? ... THAT CRAZY NEW YEAR'S PARTY IN THE RECRUITING BOOTH ON TIMES SQUARE? THERE'S BEEN A LITTLE MIXUP IN YOUR ORDERS, LT. WELCH! YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO BOMB MOSCOW ... TURN AROUND AND COME HOME!

YOU LOOK FAMILIAR ALL RIGHT, BUT HOW DO I KNOW THIS ISN'T A TRICK AND YOU'RE NOT REALLY A RUSSIAN?



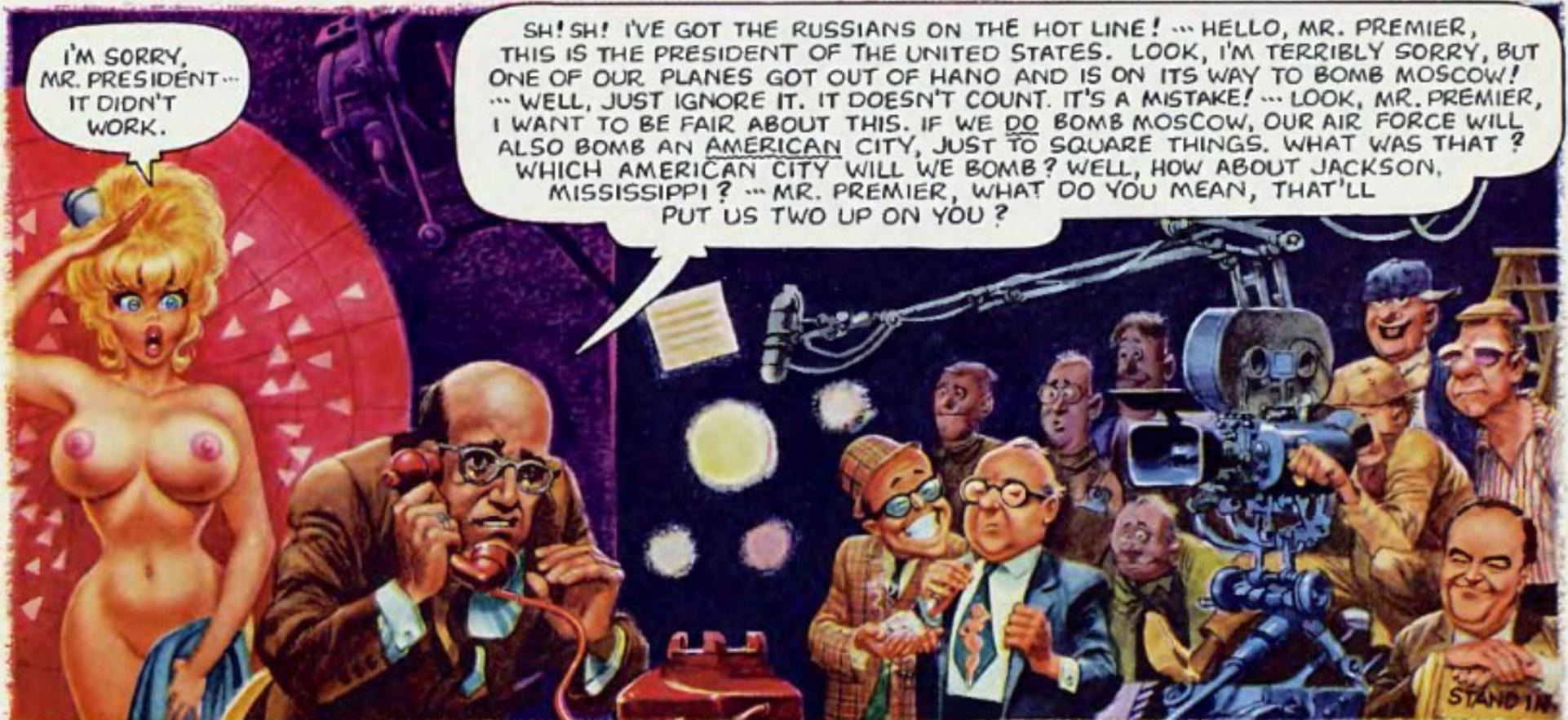
LT. WELCH, DO RUSSIAN WOMEN LOOK LIKE THIS?

WELL THEN MAYBE YOU'RE REALLY A TRAITOR IN OUR STATE DEPARTMENT.



LT. WELCH! DO STATE DEPARTMENT PEOPLE LOOK LIKE THIS?

I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU GUYS AND YOUR STRANGE SEX HABITS... DRESSING UP LIKE GIRLS AND ALL! LOOK, MAC! I'M HEADING FOR MOSCOW!



I'M SORRY, MR. PRESIDENT... IT DIDN'T WORK.

SH! SH! I'VE GOT THE RUSSIANS ON THE HOT LINE! ... HELLO, MR. PREMIER, THIS IS THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. LOOK, I'M TERRIBLY SORRY, BUT ONE OF OUR PLANES GOT OUT OF HANO AND IS ON ITS WAY TO BOMB MOSCOW! ... WELL, JUST IGNORE IT. IT DOESN'T COUNT. IT'S A MISTAKE! ... LOOK, MR. PREMIER, I WANT TO BE FAIR ABOUT THIS. IF WE DO BOMB MOSCOW, OUR AIR FORCE WILL ALSO BOMB AN AMERICAN CITY, JUST TO SQUARE THINGS. WHAT WAS THAT? WHICH AMERICAN CITY WILL WE BOMB? WELL, HOW ABOUT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI? ... MR. PREMIER, WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THAT'LL PUT US TWO UP ON YOU?



EXCUSE ME, MR. PREMIER, I JUST GOT A MESSAGE! ... OH, THANK GOD! GREAT NEWS! OUR PLANE OVERSHOT ITS TARGET! IN FACT IT OVERSHOT RUSSIA COMPLETELY! MR. PREMIER, GET THIS ... OUR PLANE ACCIDENTALLY BOMBED PEKING!

CUT! PRINT THAT! ... NOW, ANNIE, GET READY FOR THE BEDROOM SCENE!

WHAT'S THAT? YOU WANT TO RETALIATE? YOU WANT TO BOMB SHANGHAI? ... ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT, YOU BOMB SHANGHAI BUT WE GET TO BOMB CHUNGKING-



HOLD IT! HOLD IT! AS THE PRODUCER OF THIS FILM, I SAY THERE ISN'T GOING TO BE A BEDROOM SCENE. THE FILM ENDS WITH THE CONVERSATION ON THE HOT LINE! A BEOROOM SCENE WOULD BE IN BAD TASTE.

- A BEDROOM SCENE IN BAD TASTE? WHAT DO YOU THINK THIS IS ... 1945? TODAY, A BEDROOM SCENE IS NOTHING! BUT IT IS AN ESSENTIAL "NOTHING"!



WHAT'S THIS?! IN THE PRESIDENT'S BEDROOM?!
- THROW HIM OUT!

A BEDROOM SCENE IS THE ONLY ENDING! DON'T YOU GET THE SYMBOLISM? ANNIE REPRESENTS THE MILITARY, AND IN THIS FINAL SCENE, THE PRESIDENT DOES TO THE MILITARY WHAT THE MILITARY HAS BEEN TRYING TO DO TO THE PRESIDENT ALL THROUGH THE PICTURE!

YOU CANNOT CUT IT!

IT IS HONEST!

I KNOW I'M EARLY, DADDY BIGBUCKS, BUT THE PRODUCER CALLED AN END TO THE SHOOTING EARLIER THAN EXPECTED! ... I'M SO GLAD YOU ASKED ME OVER FOR DINNER. WHAT A RELIEF TO GET AWAY FROM THAT CRAZY STUDIO.

AH, ANNIE, MY DEAR ... I'LL BE FINISHED UP IN A MOMENT. RELAX WHILE THE "WASP" MAKES YOU A DRINK.

THE WHOLE MOVIE IS CRAZY. IMAGINE ... THE MILITARY TAKING OVER THE WHOLE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT! ... IT'S SO SILLY!

NOW, GENTLEMEN, I KNOW YOU CAN TAKE THE CAPITOL, BUT YOU MUST OCCUPY THE TV AND RADIO STATIONS, TOO, IF YOU WANT TO COUNT ME IN!



END

PLAYBOY

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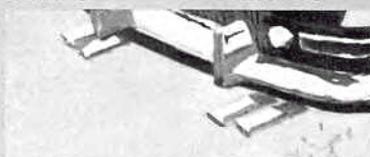
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