

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1967 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

NOVEMBER



CHRISTMAS

WOODHOUSE

PLAYBOY

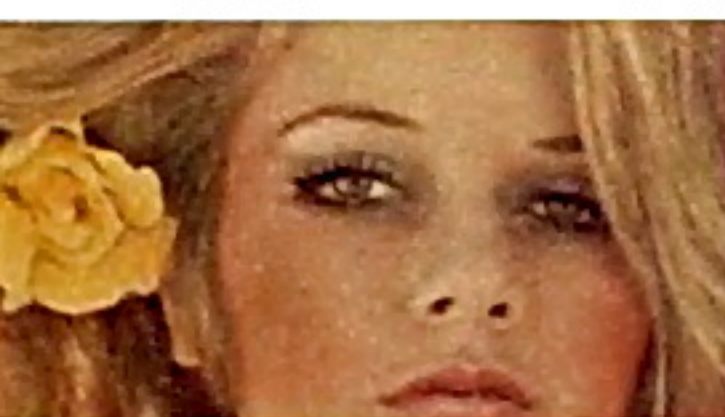
CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE



Elke's Dreams P. 166



Erotic Art P. 129



Hollywood Bunnies P. 194



Bodies Politic P. 117

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 510 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE PAID. ACCORDING TO ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED TO THIS MAGAZINE ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ACCEPTED FOR UNDELIVERED MATERIALS. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1967 BY HORN PUBLISHING CO., INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. NOTHING MAY BE REPRODUCED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITIES BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES ON THE FRONT AND WITHIN IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDIT: COVER, NURSE LYNN WINGHELL; ARTWORK BY JIM BAYLON AND BOB POST; PHOTOGRAPHY BY TOM BLAK. P. 2, WARD CRILL; P. 3, 117, 121, 141, 142, 203, 204, DAVID CHAP. P. 154, 201, 211, LARRY GORDON; P. 156, JOHN R. HAMILTON; P. 127, CARL IRI; P. 205, STAN BRILINSKI; P. 212, 214, 216, JAMES MCHEATLY; P. 2, ANNE MARIE WELER; P. 1, GERALD WEDERS; P. 3, J. BARRY D. ROORE; P. 4, 121, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

| | |
|---|------------------------------------|
| PLAYBILL | 3 |
| DEAR PLAYBOY | 11 |
| PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS | 27 |
| THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR | 27 |
| PLAYBOY'S INTERNATIONAL DATEBOOK—travel | PATRICK CHASE 81 |
| THE PLAYBOY FORUM | 83 |
| PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: JOHNNY CARSON—candid conversation | 95 |
| THE MANNICHON SOLUTION—fiction | IRWIN SHAW 110 |
| BODIES POLITIC—pictorial | EUGENIO HIRSCH 117 |
| A GOOD CIGAR IS A SMOKE—fiction | F. G. WODEHOUSE 123 |
| I AB-FLUNG FLING—food and drink | THOMAS MARIO 125 |
| ART NOUVEAU EROTICA—pictorial | 129 |
| RESOLVING OUR VIETNAM PROBLEM—opinion | JOHN KENNETH GAIBRAITH 139 |
| PLAYBOY'S CHRISTMAS CARDS—verse | JUDITH WAX 140 |
| THE UFO GAP—article | J. ALLEN HYNEK 143 |
| PARDON ME, SIR, BUT IS MY EYE HURTING YOUR ELBOW?—three plays | 147 |
| PLUMS AND PRUNES | TERRY SOUTHERN 148 |
| AN INCIDENT IN THE PARK | ARTHUR KOPIK 149 |
| JUAN FELDMAN | JACK RICHARDSON 150 |
| LOVE AND HATE IN RENT-A-CAR LAND—humor | HAROLD GREENWALD 151 |
| DEVELOPING PLAYMATE—playboy's playmate of the month | 154 |
| PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor | 162 |
| THE CRIMINAL MENTALITY—article | JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN 164 |
| THE WICKED DREAMS OF ELKE SOMMER—pictorial | 166 |
| REINCARNATION—article | ROBERT GRAVES 174 |
| RETURN OF THE SMILING WIMPY DOLL—humor | JEAN SHEPHERD 180 |
| THE LECTURE—fiction | ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER 184 |
| BOPPER BRIGADE—satire | JACK NEWFIELD and HOWARD SMITH 186 |
| THE ATTACK ON PRIVACY—article | JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS 189 |
| BUNNIES OF HOLLYWOOD—pictorial essay | 194 |
| WHY NAPOLEON ERECTED THE OBELISK—ribald classic | 205 |
| SYMBOLIC SEX—humor | DON ADDIS 207 |
| DANCE WITH A STRANGER—fiction | JACOB BRACKMAN 208 |
| STELLAR ATTRACTIONS—gifts | 212 |
| ON THE SCENE—personalities | 220 |
| LITTLE ANNIE FANNY—satire | HARVEY KURTZMAN and WILL ELDER 315 |

HUGH M. HEENER *editor and publisher*

A. C. SPECTORSKY *associate publisher and editorial director*

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSLE *managing editor*

VINCENT J. FAJRI *picture editor*

MILDRED WAX *assistant managing editor*; MURRAY FISHER, MICHAEL LAURENCE, NAI LEHRMAN *senior editors*; BOBIE MACAULEY *fiction editor*; JAMES COOKE *articles editor*; ARTHUR KRECHMER *associate articles editor*; ROBERT J. SHEA, DAVID STEVENS, ROBERT ANTON WILSON *associate editors*; ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director*; DAVID TAYLOR *fashion editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; PATRICK CHASE *travel editor*; J. PAUL GETTY *contributing editor, business & finance*; KEN W. PURDY *contributing editor*; RICHARD KOHL *administrative editor*; ARIENE BOURAS *copy chief*; DAVID BUTLER, HENRY TENWICK, JOHN GABRIEL, LAWRENCE LINDERMAN, ALAN RAVAGE, CARL SNYDER, BOBIE WIDENER *assistant editors*; BILLY CHAMBERLAIN *associate picture editor*; MARYCYN GRABOWSKI *assistant picture editor*; MARIO CAMILLI, J. PARRY DROBNER, COMFEE PUBER, ALANUS ERBA, JERRY YUSMAN *staff photographers*; SUN MALKINOWSKI *contributing photographs*; RONALD BRYME *associate art director*; NORM SCHAFFER, BOB COLE, ED WEISS, GEORGE KENTON, KERIC POPE, DAN SULLIVAN, JOSEPH FACZEK *assistant art directors*; WALTER KRABENYCH, TEN WELLS, BOBBIE SHORTLIFF *art assistants*; MICHAEL ALTMAN *assistant cartoon editor*; JOHN MASTRO *production manager*; ALLEN VARGO *assistant production manager*; PAT PAPPAK *rights and permissions*; HOWARD W. FEEBER *advertising director*; JUDY KASE *associate advertising manager*; MERRIAN KEAYS *chicago advertising manager*; JOSEPH GLENTHIER *detroit advertising manager*; NELSON FUCHS *promotion director*; HUMPHREY TORSCHE *publicity manager*; BENNY BUNN *public relations manager*; ANSON MOUNT *public affairs manager*; THEO FREDERICK *personnel director*; JANEI PHELAN *reader service*; MAX WIEGOLD *subscription manager*; ELDON SELLERS *special projects*; ROBERT S. FOLWIS *business manager and circulation director*.

PLAYBOY, DECEMBER 1967 VOL. 14 NO. 12
 PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HORN PUBLISHING CO.,
 INC., 510 N. MICHIGAN AVE. AND REGULAR EDITIONS
 PLAYBOY BUILDING, 510 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO,
 ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO,
 ILL. AND AT ADDITIONAL MAIL OFFICES.
 SUBSCRIPTIONS IN THE U.S., \$8 FOR ONE YEAR.



12 Great Things to give for Christmas...

WRAPPED IN GOOD TASTE. No man has everything if he doesn't have PLAYBOY. So be a veritable Kriss Kringle and fill up the void. Put PLAYBOY under his tree. No single gift packages the season's spirit better—or is better appreciated. It's a real holiday haul, twelve great issues that deliver a year-long party for all your special and favored friends.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN THE WORLD pass in radiant review throughout his gift year. One of our lensman's loveliest, Playmate of the Year Lisa Baker, is pictured at the left. We'll let him uncover the rest for himself issue after issue.

OUR MERRY MISS BAKER delivers your special holiday greeting via the original gift card you see below. And we sign it as you wish. Or, if you prefer to do your own name dropping, we'll send it along to you.

EASY TO GIVE, IMPRESSIVE TO RECEIVE. Your PLAYBOY gift kicks off with the glittering 12/6d. January Issue, timed to arrive for Christmas opening. Then his spirit is kept soaring for twelve months, through the festive December '68 Christmas Issue (also 12/6d.), with ...



- superb fact and fiction, works of men like Saul Bellow, Irwin Shaw, Ray Bradbury, Herbert Gold, Norman Mailer and Arthur C. Clarke, to name a few.
- revealing answers to sensitive questions in PLAYBOY Interviews with prominent personalities.
- wise ways to riches, sound investment ideas, business tips from J. Paul Getty.
- the humor and satire of Erich Sokol, Dedini, Gahan Wilson, Silverstein, Interlandi; the *tour de farce* of Little Annie Fanny.
- celebrated jazz and fashion issues; the finest in food and drink; travel, sports cars; film, play, book and record reviews.
- PLUS much more to make PLAYBOY fascinating opening all year long.

POST YOUR ORDER NOW. Just £4/10/0d. for each 1-year gift of PLAYBOY, the perfect present for happy opening all year long. THE GIVING IS EASY. Just fill in the coupon below and mail with your cheque. Your shopping worries are over. And you couldn't please those special friends more.

AND A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS.

PLAYBOY

GIFT NOW—HE'LL BE HAPPY YOU DID



This handsome card will announce your gift of PLAYBOY magazine.

PLAYBOY, 45 Park Lane, London W. 1

Send to:

name _____ (please print)

address _____

city _____ country _____

gift card from " _____ "

name _____ (please print)

address _____

city _____ country _____

gift card from " _____ "

my name _____ (please print)

address _____

city _____ country _____

PLEASE COMPLETE: N 251

Enter or renew my own subscription.

Total subscriptions ordered _____

£ _____ Enclosed

Enter additional subscriptions on separate sheet.



Napoleon made love with a zest
 That gave his amours little rest.
 But he said to his queen,
 "Not tonight, Josephine,
 I've got my hand stuck in my vest."

BODIES POLITIC

pictorial **By EUGENIO HIRSCH** *a flock of female forms fashioned into famous and infamous heads of state*



A toular head is De Gaulle
 He's Gallic and also has gall.
 From Vietnam to Quebec,
 He sticks out his neck,
 And delights in the subsequent squall!



Though Adolf had Europe in chains,
The Allies were soon making gains.
The Wehrmacht they riddled
While Hitler just diddled,
Choosing Brann every time over brains.

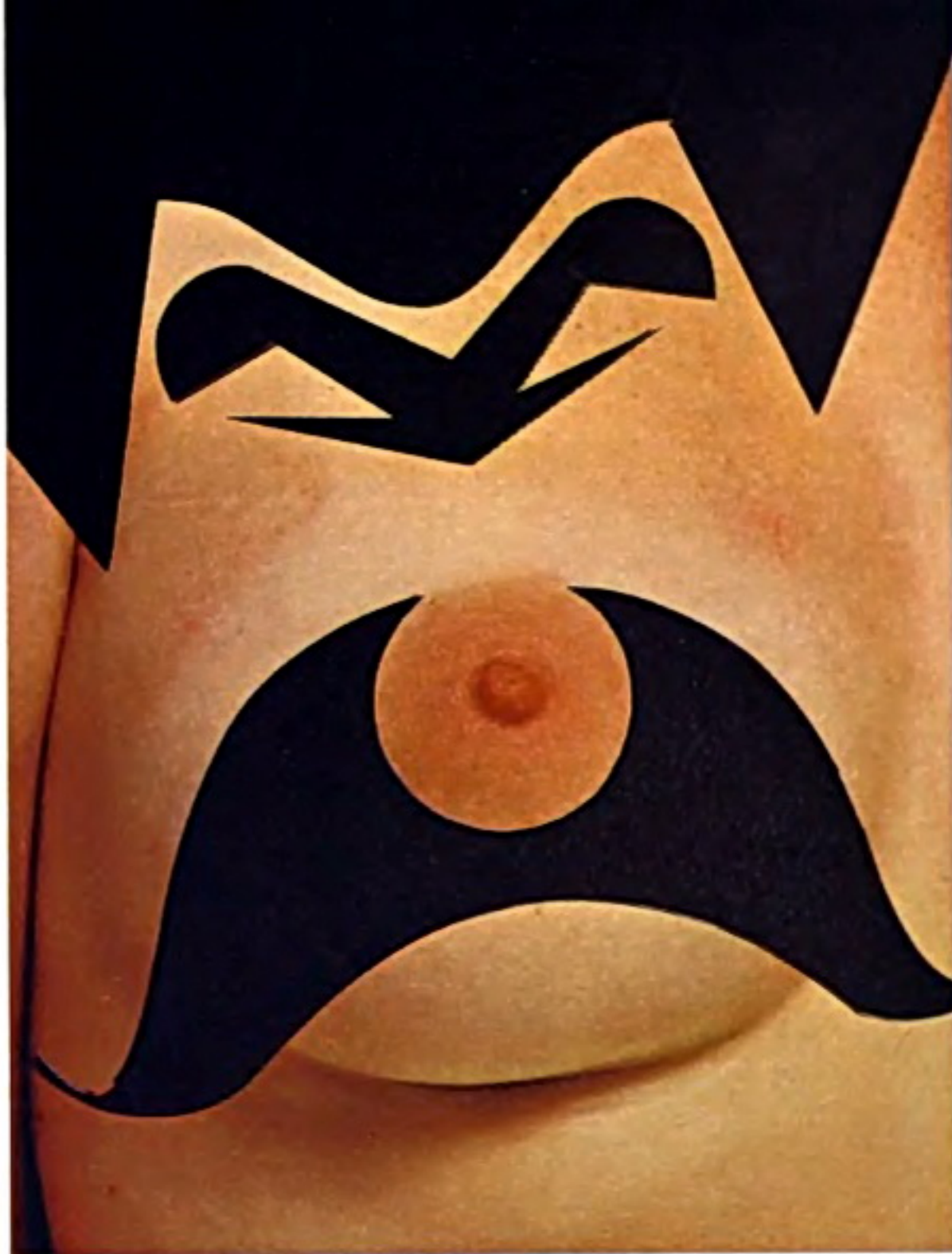


Farouk, a king of great wealth,
Through lechery ruined his health.
With women he frequently
(Oftentimes piquantly)
Made quite an ass of himself.



The Italians, despite all calamity,
Are a people of brilliance and amity.
So this counterfeit Caesar
They put in the breezer,
Restoring their country to sanity.

Stalin means steel in the Russian,
And Joe's toes received quite a crushin',
But not much is said
About Stalin in bed,
Though it's rumored his style was percussion.



In the People's Republic right now,
The girls find life boring, and how!
For it's no fun in bed
With a lover whose head
Is filled with the maxims of Mao.





An ex-beisbol player, Fidel,
Thought ICBMs were just swell.
He liked Stokely, too,
At Peking he'd con.
But barbers made Fidel rebel.



"You can run along to bed now, Lisa—Mommy will take care of Santa."

DEVELOPING PLAYMATE

as a realtor's girl Friday, miss december lynn winchell helps a lot in selling lots by the salton sea shore



Diminutive Lynn Winchell—bright-eyed, soft-spoken and knowledgeable—projects undiluted charm in her professional capacity as a sales-girl-secretary; in these unobstructed views of Lynn alone, however, she allows her natural resources to speak for themselves. During her off hours, Miss Winchell finds time to savor most of Southern California's favored pastimes—such as combing the beach (far right), with a double escort, in a dune buggy she helped construct.





AMONG THE STATES, California ranks third in area, second in population, first in Playmate production—and it's still developing its physical and human resources. Looming large in the latter category is our Christmas Playmate, Lynn Winchell, a 20-year-old San Fernando Valleyite who calls Northridge her home. Lynn combines public-relations activity with salesmanship and secretarial work for the Noram Development Company, which is profitably engaged in creating a residential oasis on the shores of the Salton Sea. A three-hour drive through the desert from Sherman Oaks, where the company's main office is located, the Salton Sea is really a huge, saline lake—"You can't see across, let alone swim the distance, but there *is* another side." Miss Winchell, a finely developed five-footer, does paperwork during the week and on weekends shows prospective buyers their prospects, accompanying them on a day-long charter-bus tour that includes lunch at a yacht club overlooking the sea. "Sales are going smoothly," says Lynn, "but there's still land available."

Home base for the sizable Winchell family (Lynn has three sisters and a brother) is in Sepulveda; Lynn's father, an auto mechanic, works only a few blocks from the Noram office, and they frequently meet for lunch. Lynn naturally has a better-than-average understanding of how cars are put together, and her savvy stood her in good stead when she was bitten by California's rampant dune-buggy bug: "It's very kinky to be able to drive right over sand dunes, so it's easy to understand why so many people have flipped out over dune buggies. They're also easy to build, if you know what you're doing—you just take an old auto and replace the frame and wheels."

Perhaps because she comes from a largish family (though she says there's no intersibling rivalry), Lynn goes in for easygoing brands of entertainment, such as circulating through Northridge's sprawling shopping centers and bowldromes ("We don't have to mention my bowling scores, do we?"), partying with friends and occasionally driving into Hollywood for a show. She's also at home in the open air, whether speeding



Always alert to the possibilities for pleasure in the world around her, winsome Miss Winchell finds that after-work relaxation is never hard to come by. It may consist of wading with a pair of friends (Lynn is in the middle) into the Salton Sea—after a day of extolling its advantages—or scooping up and cuddling a kitten discovered outside her company's central office in Sherman Oaks.





After arriving at the Salton Sea Development in her brother-in-law's Cessna (left), Lynn changes, then expounds on the virtues of the property (with the aid of maps) to an interested couple. "It's mainly the recreational assets, like the opportunities for boating, that I discuss with the people. We don't sell houses, just the land—so a client can build any kind of home he chooses," says Miss December—who learned to deal with the general public as a salesgirl in a Grenada Hills dress shop and as a receptionist for a Bel Air construction firm. Above: Lynn handles a phone call on behalf of her busy boss, Maurice Salomon—chief strategist for the development company.





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS DECEMBER

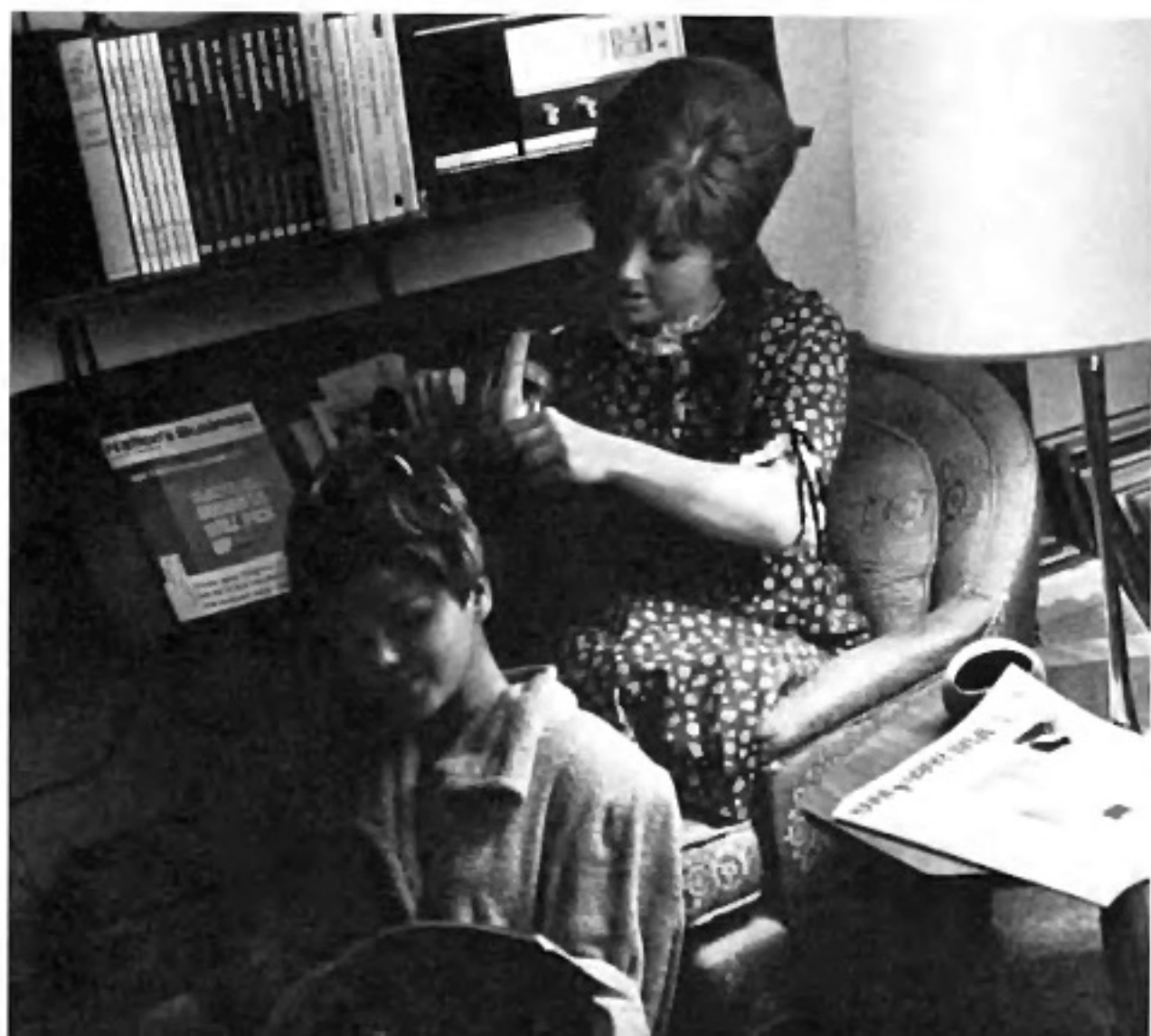


On a weekend drive, Lynn pauses in Burbank and romps for a while in a public park (above). That evening, she is visited by sister Bobbie: "Of all the kids in the family, she's closest to me in both age and interests." Bobbie brings her young son's hamster with her and turns it over to Lynn, who amuses herself with it while her sister washes her hair; then Lynn plays hair stylist.

along on water skis or leisurely driving out to explore California's snowcapped mountain ranges. At odd moments, though, Miss December finds herself yearning for a return trip to Hawaii, where she spent a soul-satisfying vacation two years ago. "The Hawaiians were unbelievably friendly—they weren't in a big hurry all the time, as Californians usually are. Every place we went, people waved to us—even though we were total strangers."

For the future, Lynn has several ambitions, one of which is rather lofty—to fly a plane. "My brother-in-law is a licensed pilot who works for an airport, and he takes me up sometimes. Thanks to him, I was able to photograph our land development from the air—just for fun. I'd like to have my own plane someday—but that's strictly blue-sky planning on my part." Lynn also has a more practical and career-centered wish: to return to school and study business management; and with expectations both aerial and earthbound, she's wisely banking her Playmate fee.

The manner in which Lynn became our Holiday Playmate lends some credence to the old saw about history repeating itself: like our reigning Playmate of the Year, Lisa Baker, Lynn was picked as a potential Playmate, at a wedding, by photographer Bill Figge. "I posed with the bride after the ceremony," Lynn recalls, "and later, Mr. Figge asked if I were a model—which, of course, I wasn't. Then he invited me to try it, at his studio—and when he said he was a PLAYBOY contributor, I thought he had to be kidding. In fact, being a Playmate still seems like a beautiful dream—and if it is, I'm not anxious to wake up." We're sure our readers will agree, however, that Lynn is a very real Playmate of the Month, indeed.





"He said the mistletoe was imported from France, so there was a slight difference in the tradition."

THE WICKED DREAMS OF ELKE SOMMER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY FRANK BEZ

*inspired by the title
of her new action comedy,
elke sommer takes a tongue-in-cheek tilt
at freud and the
misinterpretation of dreams*

The best thing about *The Wicked Dreams of Paula Schultz* is the presence of Elke Sommer in the title role. The weirdest thing about the flick—an upcoming comedy thriller about a *zaftig* East German track star who hops, skips and jumps her way to freedom over the Berlin Wall, not once but twice—is that it includes no dream sequences at all, despite its title. Never a magazine to avoid dispelling ambiguity where we find it, *PLAYBOY* decided to take a not-too-serious look at the inner reality of Paula Schultz while performing the pleasurable task of exploring the outer reality of Elke—dreamy territory, indeed, first brought to our readers' attention in *The Nudest Elke Sommer*, in September 1964. "During the two days of shooting that produced these photos," West Coast photographer Frank Bez told us, "Elke and I kept Paula's feisty character and hopes for freedom uppermost in our minds. We *did* make a real attempt to illustrate the dreams Paula would most likely have had. Since she is young, beautiful and trapped, the dominant themes in the shots are sex and freedom. On the other hand, neither Elke nor I had any pretensions about making profound Freudian analyses." In that spirit, we can only suggest a vigorous nod to the pleasure principle and a leisurely perusal of the next seven pages. Pleasant dreams.

*Elke's complex
approach-avoidance posture
toward the statues that surround her
fails to hide the fact that she wants an Oscar
as much as any other actress.*



*In this parable
on the powerful sexuality of trains,
Elke's expression seems to declare,
"Make sure the next
choochoo you catch is Sanforized!"*



*The clichéd mythicosexual
content of snake imagery aside,
this dream simply proves the difficulty
of fitting a well-rounded Elke
into an unpadded corner.*





*Is Elke on a trampoline?
Taking part in a test of weightlessness?
Is she falling in love?
Thrice wrong: She's simply expressing a triumph
of the libido over the superego's repressions.*



*Water, darting fish
and Elke's near-catatonic pose
all symbolize her quest
for libidinal release.
Either that or she's drowning.*



*Guilt-edged bonds chain Elke to
hell-fire and brimstone in this regression
to the imagery of the evangelist;
but she still manages
a Jung-at-heart smile.*





*"This year I've decided
to give something that
will eliminate all
the tiresome shopping."*

Vargas



"Ahem, I have a nurse present to help you feel more at ease, Miss Travis."

THE BUNNIES OF HOLLYWOOD

a words-and-pictures appreciation of cinema city's cottontailed hutch honeys



THE FIRST-FLOOR Playmate Bar of the Los Angeles Playboy Club creates a lively sense of *déjà vu* in any PLAYBOY reader. Among the collection of bigger-than-centerfold transparencies set into the room's walnut paneling are most of the dozen-plus past and present Hollywood Playmate-Bunnies—including the nine gatefold girls who currently don swim ears each night. The number, a record among all the Clubs in the key chain, is a testament to the remarkable ability of both the Hollywood hutch and Southern California to attract beautiful girls.

And the unique aura—lent to the southwesternmost outpost of the Playboy Empire by the profusion of Playmate-Bunnies—also attracts dozens of beautiful *non*-Playmates, such as Bunny Kathy Foster. Late in the morning on most days of the week—no matter what the season—Kathy can be found on one of the miles-long stretches of sand in Long Beach, south of L. A. She'll be body surfing, walking or perhaps just gazing out at the Pacific horizon. At three or four in the afternoon, having acquired a yet deeper cast to a tan that makes her pageboy burst of blonde hair as bright as the California sun, Kathy walks 300 yards inland to her surfside home. After donning street clothes, she jumps into her Mustang and—"minutes before the rush hour"—freeways the 35 miles to the Sunset Boulevard site of the West Coast Playboy Building, a cream-and-gray, ten-story tower on a ridge overhanging (text continued on page 289)



Bikined Linda Ridgway loves the ocean (her light mood was caught at Torrey Pines Beach in San Diego), Tolstoy and eating watermelon without a napkin—a trio of affections as disarmingly original as the mood of the whole West Coast today and the Bunnies of Hollywood in particular. Mirror-imaged Kathy Foster is one of the Los Angeles Club's numerous sports-car buffs and body surfers. In their film-career ambitions, international beauty Tanya Terán and silhouetted Bunny Marilyn Kendall typify another Hollywood Bunny characteristic. Tanya played on several South American stages and native Angeleno Marilyn majored in drama and dance at Los Angeles County College. 195

Brooklyn-born De Russell—smiling below and en route to a table of thirsty keyholders—was an East Coaster for four short years but can't imagine going back. "Where else but in Hollywood could I be a Bunny, get a crack at TV and film acting and still go surfing all the year round?" De asks



Bunny Judy Ryder spent her West Virginia and Indiana childhood following the cue of her surname to become a trophy-winning horsewoman. "I also studied dance for ten years," Judy says, a bit of information that explains the easy grace with which she carries her 37-25-37 figure on Club rounds.



Poolside Bunny Suzanne McDonald deplaned from a stewardess job for the chance to don Bunny ears "As a Bunny, I've got the best of both worlds," Suzanne says, "with exciting evenings and all day free for swimming." Enthroned Heidi Becker and sun-struck Pat Wright both made centerfold appearances before joining the Club.



Blonde Chere Davis deserted Las Vegas when the desert proved too dull. "I'm a Long Beach native," Chere says, "and won't leave the ocean again." Making a bright Club debut this fall was British Bunny Sandy Malen, above. Marianna Case, bottom left, tidies her tie in bustling Bunny dressing room.



Playmate-Bunny Astrid Schulz indulges in luxurious relaxation at home before heading off to her VIP Room duties. Astrid—a champion gymnast in her native Holland—is an enthusiastic scuba diver. Blonde Melba Ogle was working in a butcher shop when she became Miss July 1964, now concentrates on modern dance. Amateur songstress Sophia Sipes has delighted keyholders in both Phoenix and Hollywood.





Bunny Sam Moorman, pausing beside fountain at the L. A. County Museum of Art, is runner-up to Richard Nixon as Whittier, California's most famous export, moonlights in light opera. Seen at ease on a balcony, at play at the Club. Playmate-Bumper-Pool Bunny Sharon Rogers came West from our Chicago offices.



Variety is, indeed, the spice of life for Hollywood keyholders and the girls themselves. Pert Lynda McDaniel calls herself a "beach rat," loves the night life of the Club and the California-Nevada resort of Lake Tahoe. The quiet pleasures of chess and softly sung folk ballads fill the free hours of Playmate-Bunny Vicky Valentino; while Donna Hoas, relaxing below, is a happily hard-working Bunny and TV model.

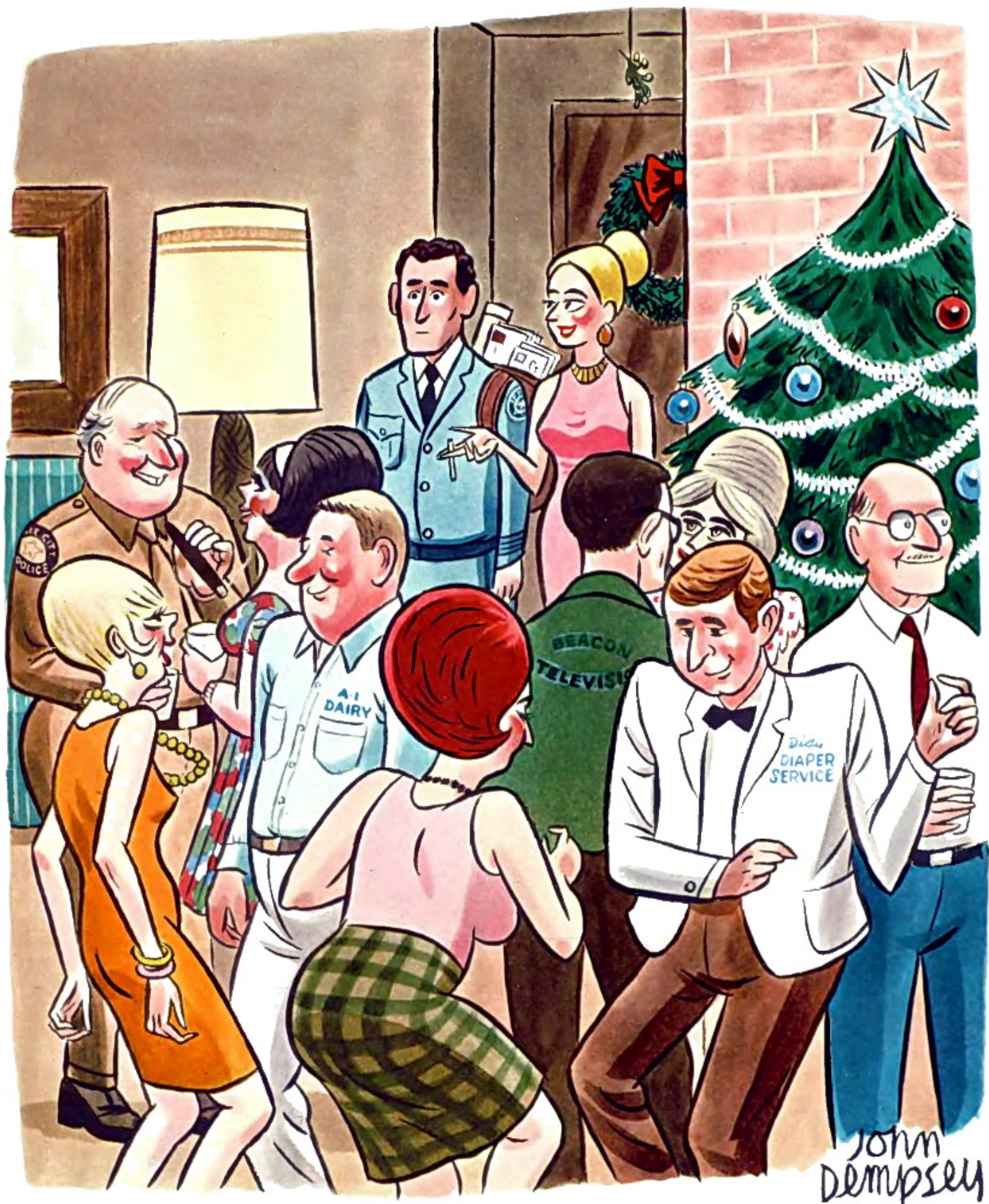




Bunny Ana Lizza's rich beauty complements the LeRoy Neiman originals and velvet banquettes of the Hollywood Club's VIP Room. The three other cottontails here—Christine Williams (above), Nancy Scott (below) and Gwen Wong—all belong to the remarkably large collection of Hollywood Playmate-Bunnies who give a unique quality to the Club. Christine settled in Los Angeles after eight years abroad and a short stint as a Vegas showgirl. When not soaring in a glider, Nancy uses free time to scout for and refinish antiques, while Gwen's out-of-Club hours are highlighted by extended trips to California's deserts and its Big Sur country.







JOHN
DEMPSEY

"We decided that since our husbands are having their Christmas parties at their offices. . . ."

R. TAYLOR



"Looks as though the Entertainment Committee has come up with some fresh ideas for this year's Christmas party."



"Well, Mr. Norris! What an unexpected surprise! Does this mean that you've chosen my agency to handle your advertising?"



Smilby

"An orchid for your gown, my dear."



"All I know is every December 25th I wake up and this jolly little fat fellow is in bed with me. . . ."



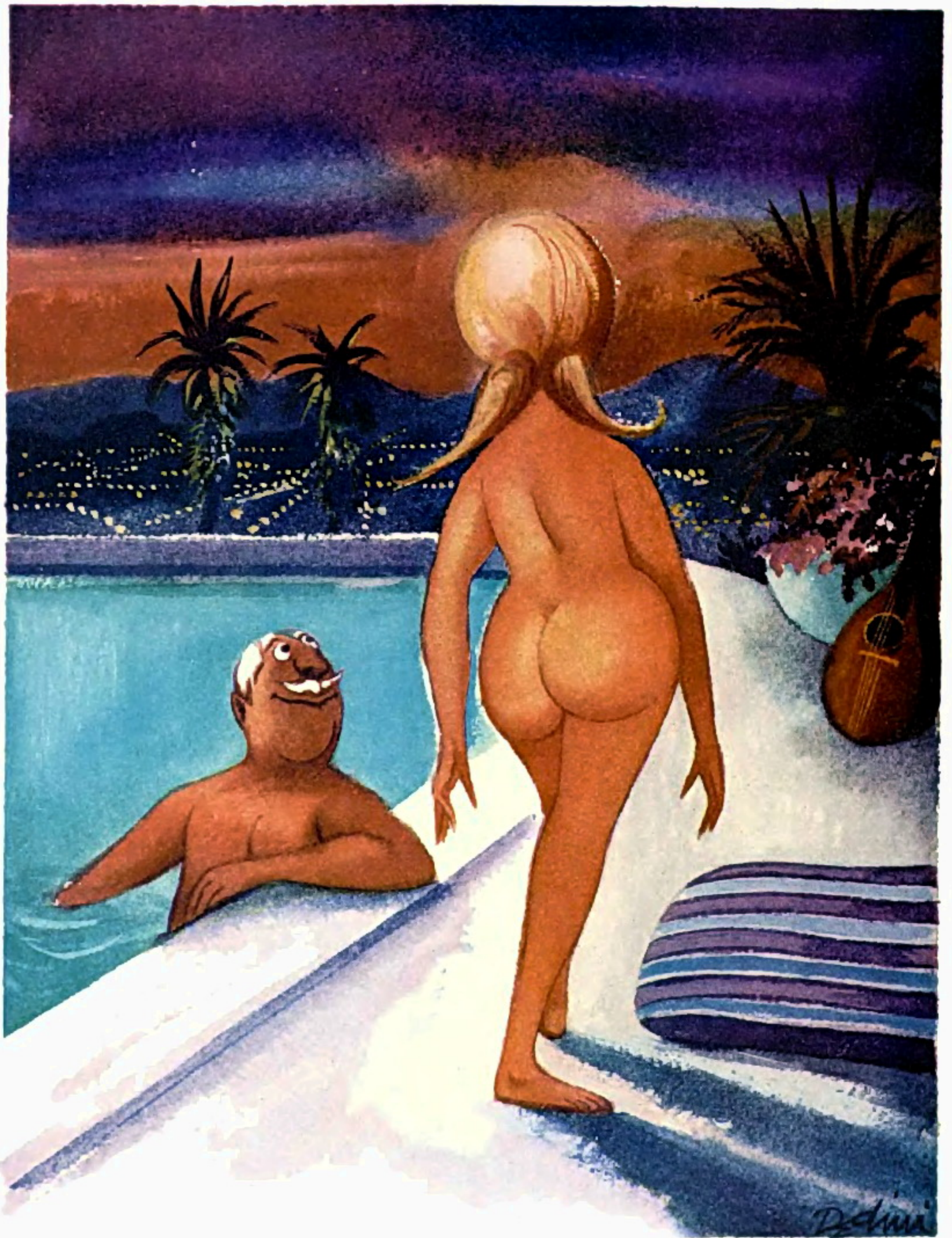
"Same gift for you again this year, Jarvis?"



Cahan Wilson



"Evidently you're not the little boy who wrote that he wasn't getting anything. . . ."



"I still can't get used to a Christmas without snow."

THE BUNNIES *(continued from page 195)*

the sprawling vastness of the City of Angels. In the Bunny Dressing Room on the third floor of the building, Kathy slips into her Bunny outfit, refreshed and ready to greet keyholders in the ground-level Living Room of the Club.

"In the Living Room," Kathy says, "I'm able to feel the mood of the whole evening. Then, when the night's over, a bunch of us zoom down the Strip to the Whisky à Go Go or around the corner to P. J.'s"—two of L. A.'s most popular all-night rockaterias—"to relax with the latest dances. I don't know how anything that looks so strenuous can make you feel so free."

Kathy's love for her "wheels," for the beach and for the music a local disc jockey calls "Boss sounds for Boss Angels" is as typical of her cottontail colleagues as are her all-American good looks. The Bunnies of Hollywood (or of Los Angeles, if you prefer—Sunset Strip technically falls in West Hollywood) hail from six foreign countries, from U. S. urbia as distant as Spokane and the Bronx and as nearby as Southern California itself (a 100-mile circle with its center at the Club would include the home towns of half the Bunnies). They come to or stay in Los Angeles for the fun and excitement of the Club, for the incomparable advantages of L. A.'s geography and climate and for Hollywood's movie opportunities.

To a girl, the Bunnies of Hollywood enjoy at least one of the outdoor sports available, in unique proximity and profusion, to Southern Californians—and most are involved in what sound like comprehensive courses in the consummate enjoyment of the great outdoors. Snow skiing and water-skiing, scuba diving and sky diving, desert exploring, surfing—in fact, almost every alfresco activity invented by man—can be practiced year-round someplace within a half day's drive of the Los Angeles Playboy Club. It's no surprise that Hollywood's Bunny brigade is the most completely peripatetic collection of cottontails in the key chain: an evening with any of them that doesn't include at least one automotive excursion—or allusion—is as rare as a rainy day.

If, as many observers contend, Los Angeles is a vision of what the rest of America will become in ten years, the good news is that for every extravagance celebrated in the works of Nathanael West and Evelyn Waugh, the city offers extraordinary examples of good taste and *joie de vivre*. Its complex of near-at-hand action theaters, for example—from the Dodgers' Chavez Ravine to the Hollywood Bowl—make similar attractions in less-gifted cities pale in comparison. Hundreds of galleries and museums (most notably, the Los Angeles County

Museum of Art, the Pasadena Museum and the Municipal Art Gallery) compete for the attention of legions of Southern California painters and connoisseurs—such as Bunny Candy Humphries, L. A.'s 1965 Bunny of the Year and its most articulate artist-in-residence. Candy's off-beat, sandside life ("My favorite supper is pizza and chianti on a beach just as the sun's setting," she says) is only one of the multifarious *modi vivendi* of the Bunnies of Hollywood. If Candy and her colleagues are harbingers of things to come, we can look forward to a future filled with style.

As a recent and entirely appropriate addition to a city that makes style a way of life, L. A.'s cottontails instinctively embrace a relaxed informality that makes their spacious Club an unhurried refuge from the "let's-close-the-deal-yesterday" pressure that occasionally characterizes the rest of L. A. When regular visitors Jack Palance or Tony Bennett—or Bill Dana and Don Adams, whose offices are in the same building—drop in, they may ask their favorite Bunny for a tableside telephone, but they're more likely to concentrate on unraveling harried nerves. Yet work and leisure have always intermingled uniquely in Hollywood. Bunny Mother Alice Nichols—who wore satin ears herself in Chicago—notes that "so much in Hollywood depends on attractiveness in both appearance and personality that my girls wouldn't think of going out onto the floor unless every-

thing from their make-up to their mood is certain to relax and impress the keyholder." Producers, directors and agents often are impressed, and the Club reacts with unqualified pride when one of its own starts toward stardom. Almost half the Hollywood cottontails have won parts in films or TV shows, and a clear-cut majority—including Kathy—have tested their Angeleno wings in TV commercials.

Among the most talented of the current Hollywood Bunnies is Sam Moorman ("Sam is Sharon Ann spelled fast," Sam explains). After a childhood in Whittier, California, a stint as a model for West Coast designer Rudi Gernreich and a gig at college on a music scholarship, Sam brought her striking talents—and 36-25-37 figure—to the Playboy Club in New York. In close to three years as a Bunny, she has shuttled between the Coasts, acquiring suitably a schizophrenic set of tastes—"glamorous New York opening nights and my big black California motorcycle." With the full blessings of the Club, she took a leave of absence last spring to appear in a production of *Call Me Madam*—with Ethel Merman—at L. A.'s prestigious Carousel Theater.

Bunnies Kathy, Candy and Sam aren't exceptions: The Bunnies of Hollywood are a stunning cross section of the beautiful, sun-browned girls of California, open with themselves and with anyone they like and zestfully involved in



"Just tell the Senator I represent five thousand nudists in his state."

the pleasures and variety of the benign world around them. Camera Bunny Shannon Gaughan, for example, went to Los Angeles after a year at San Jose City Junior College and more than a year "studying people, keeping a diary and just relaxing" in the North Beach area of her home town, San Francisco. "I've kept my journal for six years now, in about 20 big, three-ring notebooks," Shannon says. "It's great to look back and see exactly where I've changed." One recent change is a wholehearted commitment to an acting career: She played the lead in a short film by West Coast moviemaker Mel Henke and has brightened *The Man from U. N. C. L. E.* as well as several TV commercials. A brand-new part of her training finds Shannon front-row center every chance she gets at the Ahmanson Theater or the circular Mark Taper Forum, twin drama showcases that opened last spring to complete the vast Los Angeles Music Center.

Most of the Bunnies with stardom in their eyes elect to leave their days free for shooting and work evenings at the Club. But the business and professional men who hie themselves to the hutch (in Southern California, a 50-mile drive for a lunch date is S.O.P.) for a lavish noon-time smorgasbord in the Living Room or for a steak upstairs in the Playroom, are still able to enjoy the company of cottontails they caught on TV the night before. Daytime Bunny Annazette Chase, for instance, whose dark-brown hair and sienna eyes have delighted keyholders since the Club opened on the last night of 1964, played the well-remembered role of Mrs. Adams in *Hotel* and smaller parts in *Ben Casey*, *Mr. Novak*, *The Eleventh Hour* and—like Shannon—*The Man from U. N. C. L. E.*

Noon-hour Bunny De (pronounced "Dec") Russell describes herself as "a little bit of beatnik, a little bit of Hollywood and a little bit of Hell's Angels"—which sounds like low camp but on De looks good. Despite an aversion to early-morning shooting assignments, De's handled small parts on *Wagon Train* and *My Three Sons*, as well as highly visible frug-ons in a recent *Beach Party* epic. She's hoping for more substantial roles in the future, but meantime has no trouble keeping occupied. De lives 100 yards from swinging Playa del Rey Beach and—when she isn't polishing her Honda—can be spotted in any crowd of surfers.

After Annazette, De and the other daytime Bunnies serve the last Club lunches around three, the next few hours find the heaviest concentration of keyholders in the first-floor Playmate Bar—

surrounded by those delightfully familiar transparencies. Dianne Danford, Joni Mattis and China Lee are among the Playmates who have graduated from the home of their picture gallery to impressive new careers. Among the current Playmate-Bunnies is Sharon Rogers, L. A.'s Bumper-Pool Bunny. Sharon, who was featured in four PLAYBOY pictorials within 13 months, discovered Los Angeles' climate shortly after her January 1964 centerfold appearance. She decided she'd rather switch than fight Chicago winters, although it meant leaving twin jobs as an Assistant Photo Editor for PLAYBOY and as a Bunny at the premier Playboy Club. Now, after roles in one film and two TV shows, she's devoting her time outside the Club to horseback riding, chess—and the raising of a future star. Sharon's married to a Hollywood comedy writer and, with only a little urging, will produce rushes of their young son, Brandon, being jiggled on Jimmy Stewart's knee in scenes from the recently released *Fury at Firecreek*.

In terms of gatefold appearances, Gwen Wong, PLAYBOY's Miss April 1967, is the most recent of the Hollywood Playmate-Bunnies. Her exquisite, classically Oriental features are recognized wherever she goes—and she still gets a packet of fan mail every day. "A lot of the letters are from soldiers in Vietnam," she says. "I wish I could tell you how warm their appreciation makes me feel." Gwen's five-foot stature makes her the tiniest Bunny in the hutch, and her friend and hutchmate Marilyn Mason is only an inch taller. (Marilyn's appearance in Gwen's Playmate feature has also provoked considerable audience reaction; although her auburn hair and electric blue-green eyes were lost in the centerfold story's black-and-white photos, Marilyn attracted enough attention to land a string of TV-commercial assignments.) Gwen and Marilyn are still taking road trips into the heartland of the West—like the journey described in Gwen's Playmate story. As Gwen says, "I'm romantic enough to drive 100 miles out of my way just to see a beautiful grove of trees." For Playmate-Bunny Astrid Schulz (September 1964), the best playground in the world starts a couple of miles due west of the hutch. Astrid is one of the Club's several scuba fans, all of whom are impressive in or out of a wet suit. After underwater initiation on the sandy ocean floor off Los Angeles, Astrid let Bunny Irene Taylor persuade her to explore the reefs of Catalina Island, 25 miles offshore. "It's like a yellow jungle," Irene says of her favorite diving spot. "The most beautiful sight is a school of small fish turning off in one direction at once, catching the sun like 10,000 diamonds."

Astrid herself discovered L. A. after

schooling in her native Holland, where she was a champion gymnast, and in Paris, where she studied ballet. "But after I became a Playmate, I went out on some promotions," she recounts, "and discovered that what I really want to do is work in public relations. When I was in the movies"—*A House Is Not a Home*, *The Art of Love*, *Sergeant Deadhead the Astronaut!*—"one of the studios wanted to sign me to a contract, but you lose your independence, so I didn't sign. I like contact with different people so much that I can't tie myself to a few."

Astrid's only complaint about her new—and now permanent—home town is "the funny guys," which is her Dutch-American description of the long-haired types who temporarily occupied the Strip en masse a year ago. The best thing about her year at the Hollywood hutch, Astrid says, is the Continental atmosphere in the second-floor VIP Room, where she can converse with the room's international clientele in all four of the languages in which she is fluent (Dutch, French, German and English) and even a little of the Spanish she's now learning.

Nancy Scott, the Hollywood VIP Room's second Playmate-Bunny, proves how easy it is to create a private universe divorced from an outsider's clichés about Los Angeles. "Billboards, unattractive architecture and freeways are my pet peeves," Miss March 1964 says, "but by centering my life around the Club and my house in the hills, I can manage to avoid almost all of them completely. Of course, I have to spend a half hour or so every day on the freeways, but they're not bad at four in the afternoon and two in the morning." A medical technician when PLAYBOY discovered her, dark-blond Nancy joined the hutch soon after her Playmate appearance and her decision that—since she wasn't ready to go on to become a doctor—she could do as much for general health in Bunny satin as in nurse's white.

The VIP Room's Latin-affairs expert—an important role in a city that hosts thousands of south-of-the-border businessmen and officials—is Colombian Ilva Tarud. Bunny Ilva is endeavoring to parlay her fine features and cascading honey-blond hair into a career as "a really top-notch model"—which entails a steady routine of dancing classes, horseback riding and careful attention to her graceful figure. "I think the thing I miss most about Barranquilla," Ilva says of the Colombian city she left two years ago, "is the siesta. Los Angeles is wonderful for satisfying ambitions, but I'm still trying hard to get used to the pace."

Demure, dark-blond Charlotte Bovenkamp, who came to L. A. from Hamburg, divides her time between "doing sketches of friends or of the city from

the balcony of my apartment," and her VIP Room duties, among which she includes a refresher course in German for one of her colleagues, Tami Lee. A tall, green-eyed beauty with a 37-25-36 figure, Tami discovered the land of *Liebfrauenmilch und Lieder* during a full year's sabbatical after college at Brigham Young and the University of Oregon. (In fact, precisely two thirds of the Bunnies of Hollywood have completed a year or more of college study—mostly in liberal arts—a mark that holds its own among the 16 other links in the key chain.) "Germany is beautiful," Tami says, "but I knew I'd settle in a large American city. Los Angeles is perfect. I had a Wild West childhood in Montrose, Colorado, and here, just like back home, I can go horseback riding and skiing throughout the year."

The international flavor of the VIP Room spills over into the Club's third-story Penthouse, through the second-floor Playroom and down into the Living Room below. Cocktail Bunny Françoise Bouley, whose Parisian features hint at her Gallic origins even before her accent confirms them, left her native Le Havre a year ago and, after returning for one visit, has decided to make Hollywood her home—with a vengeance: She spends much of her free time behind the walnut wheel of her newly acquired Firebird. "I love driving, as long as I can go fast," she says, "and I'm really glad I'm in a part of the country where I can ski on both snow and water. I don't know if it's California or the whole U. S. A., but I love the way everything is in *motion* here."

Two other living embodiments of L. A.'s dedication to outdoor avocations—Bunnies Toni Macdonald and Chere Davis—each live within blocks of the sea, Toni in Malibu Canyon and Chere within strolling distance of Kathy Foster's Long Beach digs. For a couple of months one high school summer, Toni lived in a Volkswagen bus just to be in Big Sur, "the most beautiful place on earth." But Malibu, with its famous beach and its rugged canyon in the foothills of the Santa Monica mountains, runs a close second, Toni says—a happy circumstance for the L. A. keyholders and their guests who decide to take home a souvenir of their night at the Club from the Gift Shop Toni usually attends. Chere shares her beach house with "Ralphie the white rat, Touche the turtle and Maja the dog. I had a skunk, too—Sweet Pea—but he seemed to upset people, like my landlady, so I had to give him to the zoo." At 5' 9", with real California blonde hair and bright-blue eyes, Chere is the tallest of a half-dozen L. A. Bunnies, including Toni, who can best be described as the kind of girl Jax' Jack Hanson makes

clothes for and Roger Vadim makes movies about.

Tall, green-eyed Kelly Cochran spends the bulk of her off-time shuttling between the ski slopes of northern California and the desert resort of Palm Springs in her 1956 black Morgan. "That car is just like a baby," Kelly says. "You have to treat it gently or it'll throw a tantrum—or a piston." Kelly has been in and out of Hawaii all her life but, she says, "I've finally decided not to settle there, despite the weather and the beaches and the wonderful people, because you get too lazy. It's so easy to live on the islands that you wind up hardly living at all." Bunny Geri Monticelli's 5' 5" stature is only half an inch over the hutch norm, but her long-legged Grecian figure and flowing black hair create the sense of tallness that is one of the Hollywood Bunnies' uncommon denominators. Also aiding the illusion, in Geri's case, are the tall but true tales (her best is about being kidnaped in Cairo), which she remembers from the years when she accompanied her missionary father around the world.

Though they're natives of, respectively, New Orleans, Latvia and Inglewood, California, the same tanned, Southern California glow shines in Bunnies Beth Mell, Iris Niedra and Sandy Speth. Beth—who's table-hopped at six Clubs during her several years in satin—says she'll stay in L. A., because the horseback-riding trails and beaches on which she spends the biggest slice of her off-duty time are so near at hand and so unspoiled. Iris and Sandy have also Bunny-hopped elsewhere (Iris garnered Bunny-of-the-Year honors at the Playboy Club of Miami in 1965) and they, too, have decided that the good life finds its most complete expression in Southern California. Their own completeness—a winning parlay of beauty and brains—is as multifaceted as the life they lead. It comes as no surprise, for example, when Iris interrupts an account of her enthusiasm for boating and skiing with astute observations on the Sunset Strip teeny-bopper scene: "The teenagers *should* have a place to get together," Iris says, "where they can dance, meet each other or just stand around and be seen if they want to. What happened a year ago was that the kids were *used*, especially by the TV news crews that visited the Strip on the two riot weekends. The total property damage on the worst night was something like \$50, and that was done when a newscaster suggested that a knot of kids start rocking a bus because it would make good footage."

"There are a lot of crazy things in this city," Bunny Sandy says, "but the people here—at least those we see in the Club—are independent, articulate and relaxed. I think it's because it's so easy to get away from the neon and concrete. I've always been a beach person—my

perfect day would be sunning all day and then going out to Redondo Pier for smoked fish and beer—but now I'm learning to ski, too. Sure, I'm hung up on cars, like everyone else in L. A.—in fact, my brother and I have gone through two engines in our dragster; but what's wrong with a little speed?"

The Bunnies haven't entered racing teams at any of the area's tracks yet, but they've tried their luck at bicycle racing, basketball and even broom ball and are probably the most active of the cotton-tail contingents around the world who form athletic teams for their own fun—and for charity's profit. "I think the biggest thrill of my life," says baseball-playing Bunny Mei-Ling Leung, whose 35-24-35 figure and jet-black hair couldn't be hidden in her catcher's rig, "was when I caught a pop-up that won the game we played against a team of disc jockeys—in front of 35,000 people!" Bunny Kippi Hake—who starred in a Bunny-promotion soccer game early this fall and is perhaps the most versatile hutch athlete—comes to her skill naturally: After high school in her home town, Madison, Wisconsin, and a year and a half of college, Kippi joined the circus. "I really didn't run away to the circus," she says, "but I guess part of the reason for joining was the same yen for adventure a little boy feels. I was in the production unit of the Ringling Brothers Circus. When they lost a girl from their trapeze act, they trained me into it. It was great fun for a couple of years, but then I decided to swing a little less literally—like here at the Club and in the Bunny sports events." As sportswriter Frank Lieberman of L. A.'s *Southland* magazine wrote in a recent article titled *The Bunnies at Play*: "They may not be the world's best athletes, but there's no denying they're in the best shape." In another voluntary, communal effort, the Bunnies of Los Angeles—like Bunnies throughout the Playboy chain—put aside part of their Bunny lettuce to support underprivileged children in countries from Greece to South Vietnam.

"It's a unique city," one keyholder has said, "warm enough and sprawling enough so that the pace is relaxed and everyone—if he can avoid the freeways at rush hour—has plenty of elbow room. And new enough to be kookie and exciting—in the worst and best senses. The Bunnies make a terrific symbol for the good things about their town. And, you know, I think they're the best-looking Bunnies in any of the Playboy Clubs around the country, but I guess you can't print that." Quite the contrary.

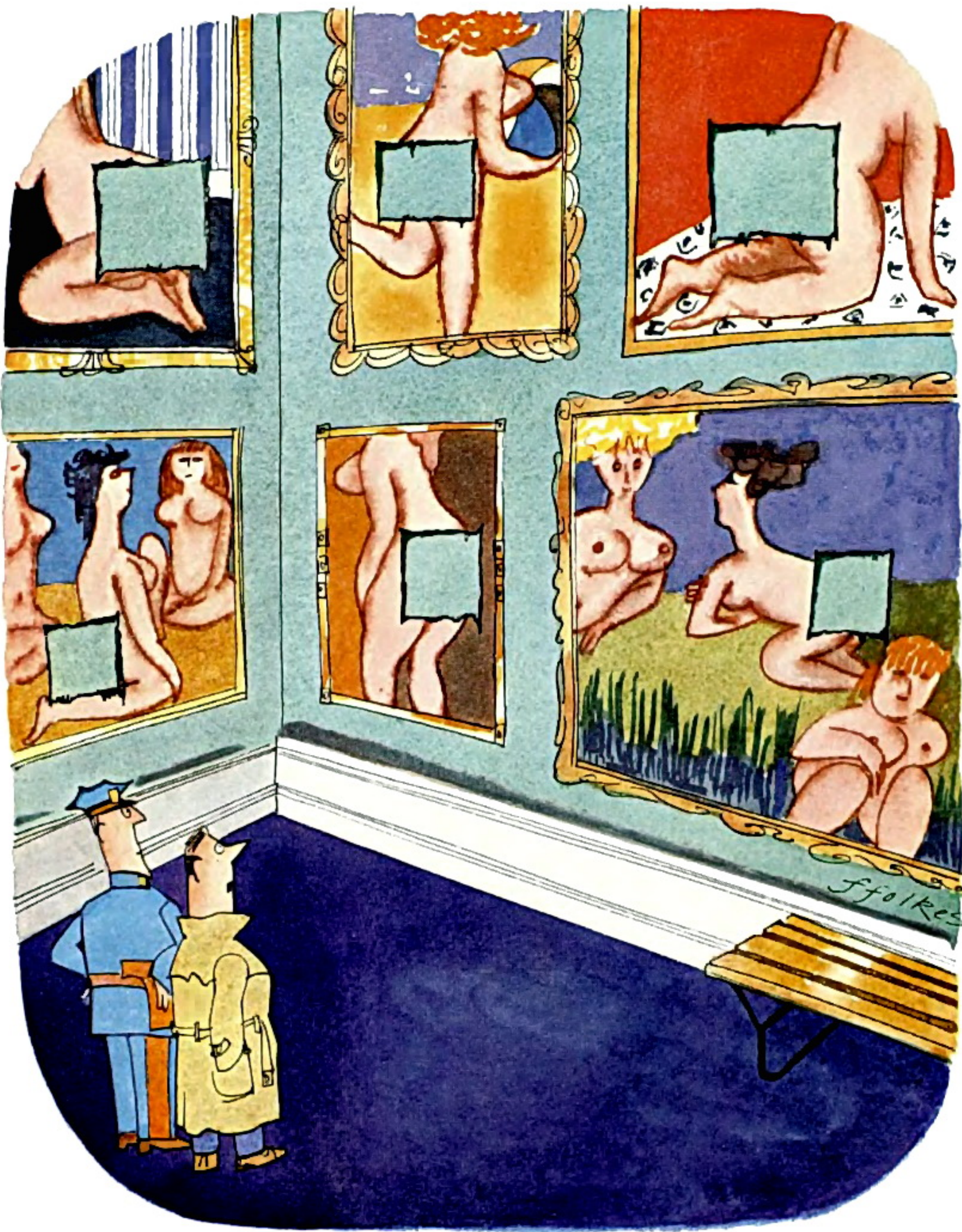
If you would like to become a Playboy Bunny and if you meet minimum age requirements, please contact the Bunny Mother at the Playboy Club nearest you.



*"I was going to put
him in his place—but
he found it all by himself."*



Don Lewis



"Most unusual robbery I can remember."

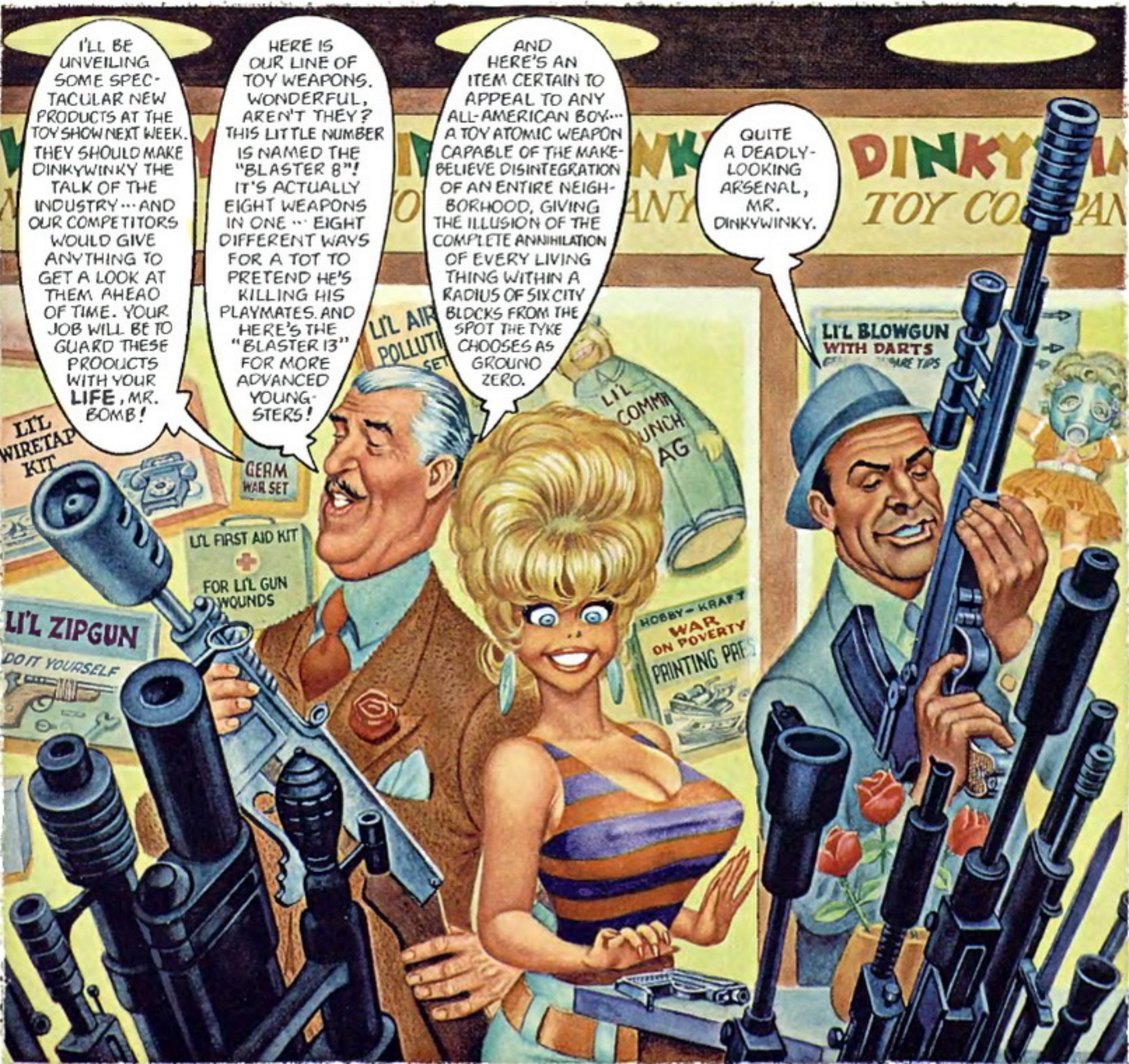
Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER
WITH LARRY SIEGEL

OUR TALE IS TOLD AGAINST A BACKDROP OF DEATH-DEALING DEVICES OF EVERY SIZE AND CALIBER! IT'S THE TOY MANUFACTURERS' CONVENTION! OUR DOUGHTY DARLING IS WORKING AS A DEMONSTRATION MODEL OF SORTS FOR THE DINKYWINKY TOY COMPANY. WE OPEN IN A PLUSH, PRIVATE SHOWROOM WITH TOY TYCOON J. P. DINKYWINKY, MODEL ANNIE FANNY AND ANOTHER RATHER FAMILIAR-LOOKING FELLOW, WHO HAS BEEN HIRED BY THE COMPANY AS A SPECIAL SECURITY AGENT ESPECIALLY FOR THE OCCASION... GREAT GOLDFINGERS! CAN IT BE? ... YES, IT IS -

AGENT 0007,
AREA CODE
212! JAMES
BOMB! WHAT
ARE YOU DO-
ING HERE,
JIMZIE?

I'VE GIVEN UP
INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE,
ANNIE, MY PET. THE FIELD'S
TOO CROWDED! SOLO! HELM!
FLINT! BLAISE! ... TOO MUCH
COMPETITION! ... TOO LITTLE
OPPORTUNITY FOR ADVANCEMENT!
-HAD NO CHOICE BUT TO
GET INTO THIS WORK.
YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW
FEW POSITIONS ARE
ADVERTISED IN THE
TIMES UNDER "S"
FOR "SECRET AGENTS
WITH CRUEL MOUTHS
AND LICENSES
TO KILL."



I'LL BE UNVEILING SOME SPECTACULAR NEW PRODUCTS AT THE TOY SHOW NEXT WEEK. THEY SHOULD MAKE DINKYWINKY THE TALK OF THE INDUSTRY... AND OUR COMPETITORS WOULD GIVE ANYTHING TO GET A LOOK AT THEM AHEAD OF TIME. YOUR JOB WILL BE TO GUARD THESE PRODUCTS WITH YOUR LIFE, MR. BOMB!

HERE IS OUR LINE OF TOY WEAPONS. WONDERFUL, AREN'T THEY? THIS LITTLE NUMBER IS NAMED THE "BLASTER 8"! IT'S ACTUALLY EIGHT WEAPONS IN ONE... EIGHT DIFFERENT WAYS FOR A TOT TO PRETEND HE'S KILLING HIS PLAYMATES. AND HERE'S THE "BLASTER 13" FOR MORE ADVANCED YOUNGSTERS!

AND HERE'S AN ITEM CERTAIN TO APPEAL TO ANY ALL-AMERICAN BOY... A TOY ATOMIC WEAPON CAPABLE OF THE MAKE-BELIEVE DISINTEGRATION OF AN ENTIRE NEIGHBORHOOD, GIVING THE ILLUSION OF THE COMPLETE ANNIHILATION OF EVERY LIVING THING WITHIN A RADIUS OF SIX CITY BLOCKS FROM THE SPOT THE TYKE CHOOSES AS GROUND ZERO.

QUITE A DEADLY-LOOKING ARSENAL, MR. DINKYWINKY.

LIL WIRETAP KIT
DO IT YOURSELF

GERM WAR SET
LIL FIRST AID KIT
FOR LIL GUN WOUNDS

LIL AIR POLLUTER SET

LIL COMMUNCH AG

HOBBY-KRAFT WAR ON POVERTY PRINTING PRESS

LIL BLOWGUN WITH DARTS
SHARP TIPS

DINKYWINKY TOY COMPANY



I REALLY THINK THIS ONE IS CLUTE AND HARMLESS-LOOKING - YIII!

KRA-
BLAM!

CONFOUND IT, ANNIE! THAT'S MY BERETTA!



YOU CAN'T EXPECT A REAL WEAPON TO LOOK AS DEADLY AS ONE OF TODAY'S TOYS.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, OUR KIDDY KAP PISTOL - MADE OF LIGHT, DURABLE PLASTIC - IS SO AUTHENTIC IN APPEARANCE THAT NINE OUT OF TEN LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS CAN'T TELL IT FROM THE REAL THING. MORE KIDDY KAP PLASTIC PISTOLS WERE USED IN "FAKE GUN" HOLDUPS LAST YEAR THAN ALL OTHER TOY GUNS COMBINED.

NOW LET ME SHOW YOU OUR BOXED GAMES.

GUNS! UGH!

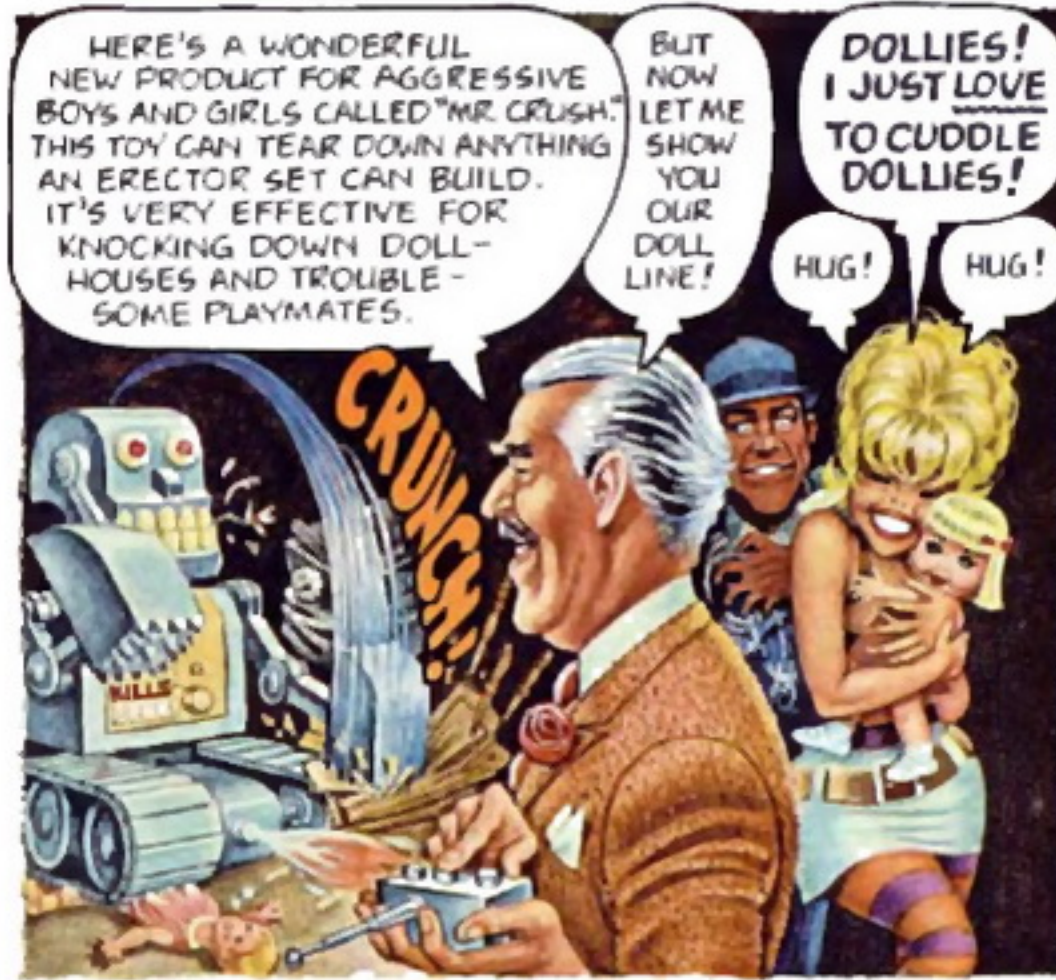
STICK 'EM UP!



I THINK WE HAVE THE ANSWER TO MONOPOLY HERE.

THIS IS THE ULTIMATE "BUSINESS" GAME. IT IMITATES HIGH FINANCE WITH ASTONISHING FIDELITY. WE CALL IT "CHEAT." IT'S SIMILAR TO MONOPOLY, WITH PROPERTY CARDS AND PLAY MONEY. THE OBJECTIVE, HOWEVER, IS TO OBTAIN YOUR OPPONENT'S MONEY BY GRABBING IT WHEN HE ISN'T LOOKING, OR BY FORCE.

CAN YOU PASS GO AND COLLECT \$200?



HERE'S A WONDERFUL NEW PRODUCT FOR AGGRESSIVE BOYS AND GIRLS CALLED "MR. CRUSH." THIS TOY CAN TEAR DOWN ANYTHING AN ERECTOR SET CAN BUILD. IT'S VERY EFFECTIVE FOR KNOCKING DOWN DOLL-HOUSES AND TROUBLE-SOME PLAYMATES.

BUT NOW LET ME SHOW YOU OUR DOLL LINE!

DOLLIES! I JUST LOVE TO CUDDLE DOLLIES!

HUG! HUG!



I SAY! ME, TOO!

HUG!

HUG!

YOU'VE SEEN OUR LITTLE NEENY NONNY BABY DOLL. WELL, THIS YEAR WE'VE GIVEN HER ONE INNOVATION THAT SHOULD CAUSE SOME EXCITEMENT.

NOT ONLY WILL THE LITTLE NEENY NONNY BABY DOLL WALK, TALK, LAUGH, CRY, COUGH, BURP, BELCH, WET, DRIBBLE AND DROOL, BUT... THANKS TO A BREAKTHROUGH IN OUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT, SHE WILL BE THE FIRST DOLL CAPABLE OF ACTUALLY CONTRACTING ANY OF A DOZEN DIFFERENT CHILDHOOD DISEASES. BUT THAT'S NOT ALL WE'VE ALSO FOUND A WAY TO MAKE HER DISEASES CONTAGIOUS FOR OTHER DOLLS. AS YOU CAN SEE, FOR EYAMPLE, THIS BOOBY DOLL IS STARTING TO CATCH YOUR NEENY NONNY DOLL'S MEASLES.



HUG!

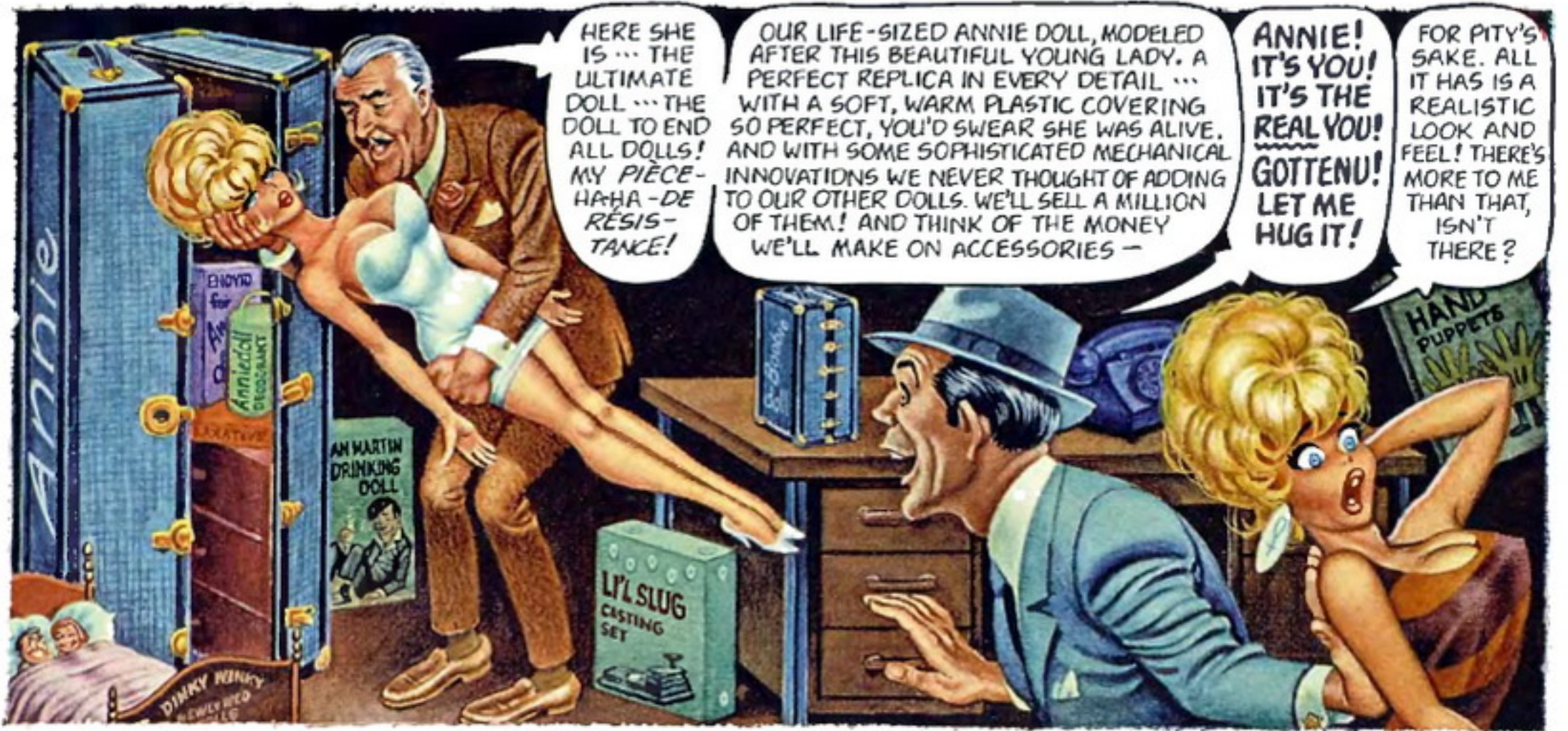
HUG!

HUG!

NOW, JIMZIE... BE NICE!

OF COURSE, YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH OUR FAMOUS BOOBY DOLL AND WHY WE CALL HER THAT, EH? WE MAKE A FORTUNE WITH HER, PARTICULARLY WITH HER EVER-CHANGING SEASONAL WARDROBES AND ACCESSORIES.

BUT AS PROMISING AS THESE MANY INNOVATIONS ARE, I NOW WANT TO SHOW YOU THE MOST EXCITING NEW DINKYWINKY PRODUCT OF ALL - THIS IS THE LITTLE NUMBER THAT'LL MAKE THEM STAND UP AND PAY ATTENTION AT THE TOY SHOW!



HERE SHE IS ... THE ULTIMATE DOLL ... THE DOLL TO END ALL DOLLS! MY PIÈCE-HAHA-DE-RÉSIS-TANCE!

OUR LIFE-SIZED ANNIE DOLL, MODELED AFTER THIS BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY. A PERFECT REPLICA IN EVERY DETAIL ... WITH A SOFT, WARM PLASTIC COVERING SO PERFECT, YOU'D SWEAR SHE WAS ALIVE. AND WITH SOME SOPHISTICATED MECHANICAL INNOVATIONS WE NEVER THOUGHT OF ADDING TO OUR OTHER DOLLS. WE'LL SELL A MILLION OF THEM! AND THINK OF THE MONEY WE'LL MAKE ON ACCESSORIES -

ANNIE! IT'S YOU! IT'S THE REAL YOU! GOTTENU! LET ME HUG IT!

FOR PITY'S SAKE. ALL IT HAS IS A REALISTIC LOOK AND FEEL! THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN THAT, ISN'T THERE?



I SAID, "ISN'T THERE?"!

REMEMBER, MR. BOMB ... I WANT YOU TO GUARD THIS WITH YOUR LIFE BECAUSE ...!?

...UH--EXCUSE ME, BUT DID YOU JUST SAY "GOTTENU"?

HE MOST CERTAINLY DID, SIR. YOU SEE, THIS CHAP'S AN IMPOSTOR.



שהצמח השמלית בנטבה

I SAID, "ISN'T THERE?" !!

TELL THEM WHO YOU REALLY ARE ... NOT JAMES BOMB, BUT ISRAEL BOMB, A FORMER SECRET AGENT, BUT NOW A SPY FOR THE COMPETITION -



YOU SEE, MR. DINKYWINKY ... THIS BOUNDER RENDERED ME UNCONSCIOUS, TIED ME UP AND POSED AS ME, HOPING TO STEAL YOUR TOY SECRETS FOR YOUR COMPETITOR.

STOP HIM! HE'S GOT THE ANNIE DOLL! IT'S THE ONLY WORKING MODEL THAT WE HAVE! GRAB HER! GRAB HER!

THE DOLL, JIMZIE, THE DOLL!



YOU'RE TRAPPED, ISRAEL, OLD BOY! THERE'S NO WAY TO ESCAPE -

IF MY COMPANY CAN'T HAVE THIS DOLL, THEN NOBODY WILL HAVE IT! LONG LIVE THE MENDEL TOY COMPANY EEE

CRUNCH!



LEAPIN' LIZARDS !!!

HOW GHASTLY! THIS HORRIBLE SENSELESS TRAGEDY TURNS MY STOMACH.

I FEEL SORRY FOR THE MAN, TOO.

HARD CHEESE, OLD BOY. I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO DISPLAY YOUR SUPER DOLL AT THE TOY SHOW TOMORROW AFTER ALL.



THE TOY FAIR-

I'LL BUY 100 GROSS OF THESE. WILL YOU TAKE MY ORDER?

PLEASE, SIR, I ONLY HAVE TWO HANDS. I'M BUSY STEALING IDEAS FROM ANOTHER MANUFACTURER RIGHT NOW.

LOOK! FRISBIE IS STEALING FROM YOU!

PLEASE DON'T INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M STEALING FROM YOU.

COULD I INTEREST YOU IN BUYING A FEW HUNDRED GROSS OF THESE? IT'S THE GREATEST PRODUCT I EVER STOLE.

LOOK! YOU SHOWED ME THE SAME THING LAST YEAR AND I TOLD YOU THEN IT WAS ROTTEN.

OH, MY GOO, I STOLE FROM MYSELF!



DINKYWINKY REALLY TURNS OUT A FINE BOOBY DOLL. THE HAIR... THE EYE-LASHES... AN EXACT MINIATURE IN EVERY DETAIL!

YES, BUT IT'S GETTING A LOT OF COMPETITION FROM IRVCO TOYS' BABETTE DOLL THAT COMES WITH AN EXACT MINIATURE ST LAURENT WARD-ROBE.

DID YOU SEE MAXCO TOYS' BEEBEE DOLL THAT COMES WITH AN EXACT MINIATURE APARTMENT HOUSE?

THERE'S A RUMOR THAT THE EDUCATIONAL TOY COMPANY IS COMING OUT WITH A BOOBOO DOLL AND HER BIG BEN BOYFRIEND DOLL WITH EXACT MINIATURE PRIVATE PARTS!

EXACT?

NOT JUST SMOOTH PLASTIC?



WELL, WELL, DINKYWINKY, I UNDERSTAND YOU HAD A LITTLE TROUBLE UP IN YOUR SHOWROOM YESTERDAY. TOO BAD YOU WON'T BE DISPLAYING YOUR SUPER-SECRET NUMBER THIS YEAR.

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YOU, MENDEL, THINGS DIDN'T WORK OUT EXACTLY AS YOU PLANNED.

WINKYD TOYS PRESENT



STAND ASIDE, MENDEL-

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE DINKYWINKY TOY COMPANY PRESENTS ITS SUPREME TRIUMPH IN TOY MANUFACTURING... THE MAGNIFICENT ANNIE DOLL!

SWISH!



GASP!

STIKY FUN TOYS

STIKY FUN TOYS



HOW LIFE-LIKE! FEEL THE SKIN!

AND LOOK AT THE DRESS! LIKE A MINIATURE PUCCI, ONLY LIFE-SIZED!



AND LOOK UNDER THE DRESS... LIKE MINIATURE GERNREICH BRA AND PANTIES ONLY (CHOKE) LIFE-SIZED!



-AND UNDERNEATH THAT... UNDERNEATH THAT...!! (CHOKE) (GASP) IT'S LIFE-SIZE, ALL RIGHT... ONLY MORE 50!

SMACK!

IT SLAPS!



I WANT IT FOR MY STORE!

YOU'RE A BUYER! YOU DON'T HAVE A STORE!

I'LL BUILD ONE! I'LL BUILD ONE!

I'M IN LOVE! I'M IN LOVE WITH THE ANNIE DOLL. THIS TIME I'M SURE IT'S TRUE LOVE!

ANNIE, COME BACK AND ACT LIKE A DOLL TILL I GET THEIR ORDERS! YOU OWE ME ONE MORE HOUR'S LABOR, AFTER WHICH, YOU'RE FIRED!

(PUFF) (PUFF) ... I'LL NEVER CATCH IT! ASK IT IF IT HAS A SISTER DOLL FOR ME!

MR. DINKYWINKY, I'M GIVING YOU ONE MORE MINUTE'S NOTICE, AFTER WHICH, I QUIT!

END



Subscribe to PLAYBOY now and save 20% off the single-copy price with these one-year rates:

Europe \$12.60 U.S. currency or:
 • British Isles £4.10.0 • Belgium 630 BRFS.
 • Luxembourg 665 L.F. • Denmark 89 DKR
 • Finland 41 FMKS. • France 63 NF
 • Greece 382 DR. • Ireland 90/-
 • Netherlands 46.00 FL. • Norway 90 NKR.
 • Portugal 381 ESC. • Sweden 66.00 SKR.
 • Switzerland 55.00 SFRS.

\$15.60 U.S. currency or: Austria 411 Sch.
 • British Possessions £5.11.5
 • Egypt 6.75 E.L. • French Possessions 78 N.F.
 • Germany 62.65 DM. • Hong Kong 90 HKD
 • India 118 Rupees • Iraq 6.5 Dinars • Israel 47.00 I.L.
 • Japan 6,500.00 Yen • Lebanon 51.00 L.L.
 • New Zealand 11.60 Newz. • Saudi Arabia 71.00 Rials
 • South Vietnam 3,120 Piastre • Thailand 347 Bahl
 • Turkey 199 Pounds

All other Countries \$16.50 U.S. or equivalent funds. U.S., U.S. Poss., Canada, Pan-Am Union, APO & FPO \$8.

MAIL YOUR ORDER TO: PLAYBOY

c/o The Playboy Club
 45 Park Lane
 London W. 1, England
OR
 The Playboy Building
 919 N. Michigan Ave.
 Chicago, Ill. 60611 U.S.A.

Date _____

Please enter my one year subscription to PLAYBOY. I am enclosing cheque, postal draft, money order or currency in equivalent funds for my country. I understand that credit orders may not be accepted.

Name _____ (please print)

Address _____

City _____ State or Province _____

Country _____

Complete here:

I have enclosed the correct amount in equivalent funds.

Please send information on joining the London Playboy Club.

Send PLAYBOY Binder. Now available in the U.K. & Europe for 25/- postpaid. Holds six months' issues. From London office only. 0251

SPECIAL ISSUE \$1.25

NEXT MONTH:

PLAYBOY'S GALA HOLIDAY-ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

NORMAN MAILER, THE AUTHOR, PLAYWRIGHT AND HIPPIE HERO SPEAKS HIS MIND IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

SAUL BELLOW—A FAMILY'S LIFELONG CRAVING LEADS TO A GROTESQUE, IRONIC DENOUEMENT—**"THE OLD SYSTEM"**

U.S. SENATOR STEPHEN M. YOUNG ARGUES THAT PROFESSIONAL PRESSURERS DO PLAY USEFUL ROLES—**"THE CASE FOR LOBBIES"**

JOHN CHEEVER—IN A SARDONIC FANTASY, A MAN'S SEARCH FOR SURCEASE LEADS TO VIOLENCE—**"THE YELLOW ROOM"**

EVGENY EVTUSHENKO—RUSSIA'S POETIC YOUNG GENIUS LIMNS HIS THOUGHTS ON LOVE AND DROPPING OUT—**"TWO POEMS"**

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER—THE INVENTOR OF THE GEODESIC DOME ENVISIONS A FLOATING, SELF-CONTAINED **"CITY OF THE FUTURE"**

BUDD SCHULBERG—A WRY TALE OF A BARE-KNUCKLE FIGHTER AND A WAR THAT SENT HIM OVER THE HILL—**"A LATIN FROM KILLARNEY"**

STIRLING MOSS DELINEATES THE PHYSICAL AND MENTAL MAKE-UP OF A UNIQUE BREED—**"THE MYSTIQUE OF THE RACE DRIVER"**

HARVEY COX—BENEATH THEIR SURFACE ECCENTRICITIES, THE FLOWER CHILDREN POSSESS THOSE QUALITIES THAT MAY HELP RELIGION PLAY A SIGNIFICANT ROLE IN A CHANGING WORLD—**"GOD AND THE HIPPIES"**

OGDEN NASH—A FARRAGO OF WORLDLY FIVE-LINERS FROM THE PUCKISH PEN OF THE RENOWNED VERSIFIER—**"OUT ON A LIMERICK"**

JIM BISHOP—YELLOW JOURNALISM'S HEYDAY IN NEW YORK FOUND CRIME, SEX AND SCANDAL (REAL, IMAGINED AND STAGED) CROWDING THE FRONT PAGES—**"THE WAR OF THE TABLOIDS"**

RAY BRADBURY—MOVIE GHOULS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE AND THE WORLD'S THE WORSE FOR IT—**"DEATH WARMED OVER"**

ART BUCHWALD—WASHINGTON'S WITTIEST WORDSMITH PLAYS TOUCH FOOTBALL WITH DETROIT'S LITERARY LION—**"PAPER PLIMPTON"**

ARTHUR C. CLARKE—SOME PRESCIENT PROGNOSTICATIONS ON MAN'S COMING ENCOUNTER—**"WHEN EARTHMAN AND ALIEN MEET"**

JOHN CLELLON HOLMES—AN APPRECIATIVE APPRAISAL OF THE EMERGENT FEMALE AND HER SWINGING WAY OF LIFE—**"THE NEW GIRL"**

KURT VONNEGUT, JR.—A FANTASY OF A FUTURE WORLD IN WHICH SEX IS SHORN OF PLEASURE—**"WELCOME TO THE MONKEY HOUSE"**

PLUS: A REVEALING TEN-PAGE PICTORIAL ON **STELLA STEVENS**; MORE MISADVENTURES OF **"LITTLE ANNIE FANNY"**; AN EIGHT-PAGE **"VARGAS PORTFOLIO"**—FROM THE THIRTIES TO THE PRESENT; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; **"SHEL SILVERSTEIN IN HOLLYWOOD"**; **LEROY NEIMAN'S "MAN AT HIS LEISURE: ROME"**; **"MID-NIGHT EXPLOSION"**—HOW TO FLING A RING-A-DING RINGING-IN OF THE NEW YEAR—AND **"BREAKFAST IN BED"** FOR THE MORNING AFTER; AND A GALA ARRAY OF GIFTS FROM **"THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA."**

COMING SOON: INFORMATIVE AND PROVOCATIVE PICTORIAL-AND-TEXT FEATURES ON **SEX IN CINEMA OF THE SIXTIES**, BY **ARTHUR KNIGHT** AND **HOLLIS ALPERT**; LUSH PHOTOGRAPHIC UNCOVERAGE OF **"THE GIRLS OF SCANDINAVIA, AUSTRALIA, THE ORIENT," "BUNNIES OF NEW YORK,"** AND THE LOVELIES WHO GRACE THE FILM VERSIONS OF **"BARBARELLA"** AND **"FUNNY GIRL"**; A PLAYBOY PANEL ON **"THE DRUG CRISIS"**; EXCLUSIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS WITH **U. S. SENATOR CHARLES PERCY, JAMES BALDWIN, BISHOP PIKE, TRUMAN CAPOTE** AND **ALLEN GINSBERG**; THE BEST WORKS OF THE MOST PRESTIGIOUS AUTHORS AND ARTISTS TO APPEAR IN ANY MAGAZINE TODAY, INCLUDING **BERNARD MALAMUD, U. S. SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, KENNETH TYNAN, ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR STEWART UDALL, NORMAN THOMAS, ALAN WATTS, NAT HENTOFF, LEN DEIGHTON, JOHN KNOWLES, JULES FEIFFER, JOSEPH WECHSBERG, J. PAUL GETTY, JOHN D. MACDONALD, MERLE MILLER, SHEL SILVERSTEIN, WILLIAM IVERSEN, J. G. BALLARD, ARTHUR C. CLARKE, HERBERT GOLD, JACOB BRACKMAN, ALBERTO VARGAS, DAN GREENBURG, KEN W. PURDY, BERNARD WOLFE, P. G. WODEHOUSE** AND MANY MORE.