

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN SEPTEMBER 1964 • 75 CENTS

PLAYBOY

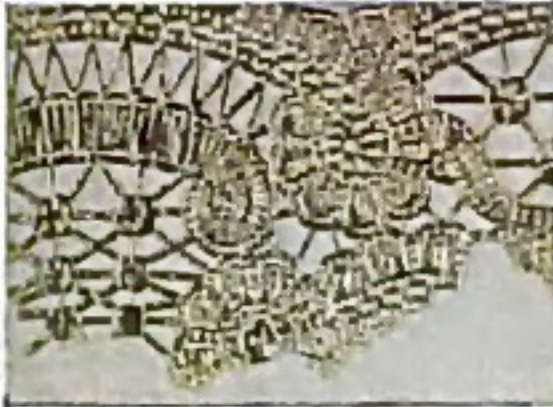


"PIOUS PORNOGRAPHERS
REVISITED" • "NUDEST
PETER SELLERS AND
ELKE SOMMER" • "PLAYBOY
IN JAMAICA" • ANNUAL
"PIGSKIN PREVIEW"
HENRY MILLER • BEN
HECHT • J. P. DONLEAVY

PLAYBOY



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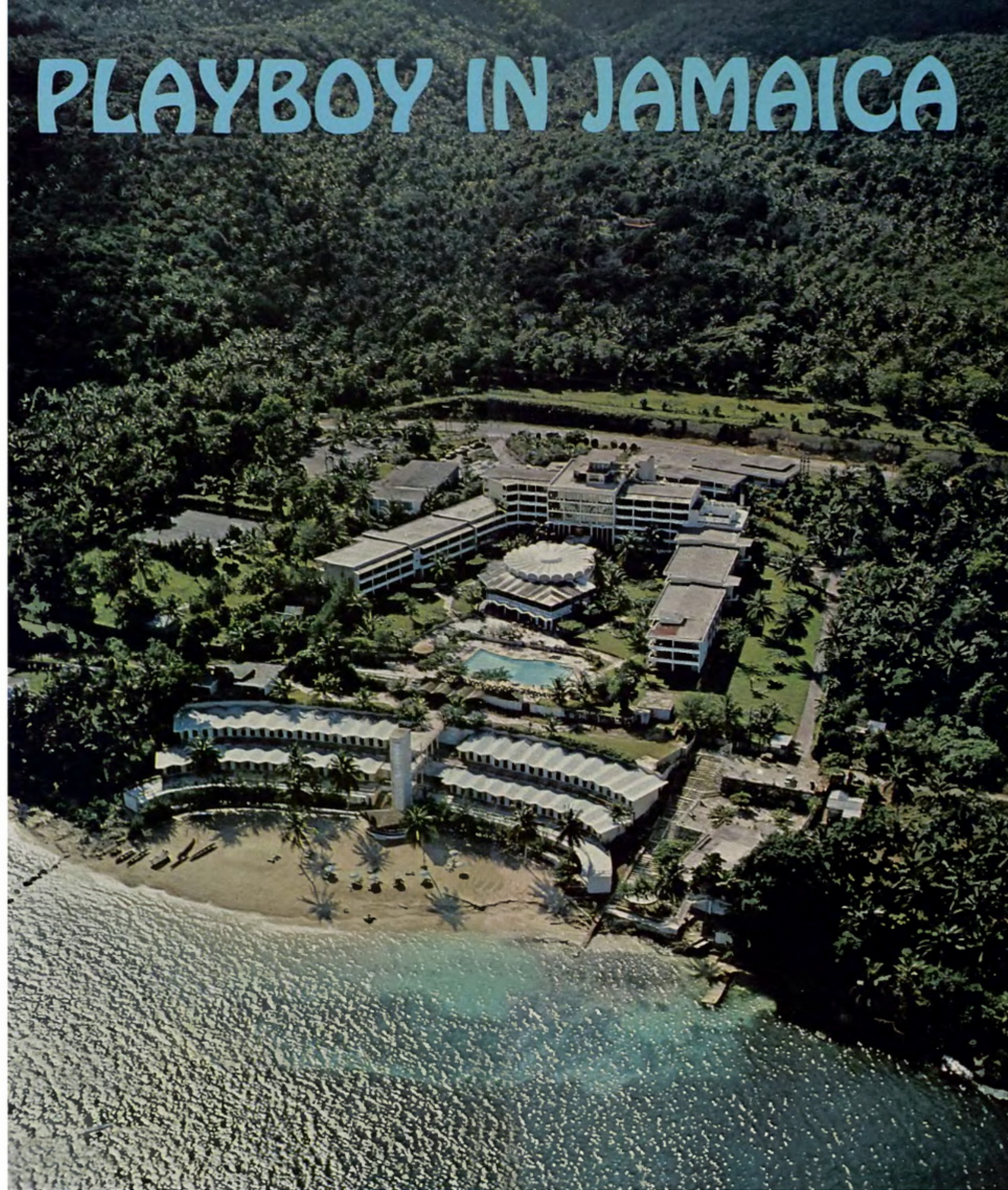
"It's a new game, dear—strip croquet!"

THE MOST EXCITING CLUB ACQUISITION TO DATE—AN ISLAND PARADISE IN THE CARIBBEAN

TWENTY-TWO MINUTES out of Montego Bay, the de Havilland Heron, its quartet of Rolls-Royce engines thrumming gently, flew eastward over the ribbon of white beaches lazily lining Jamaica's swank north coast. The plane held its course past the town of Ocho Rios; then, banking slowly to starboard, it began chasing its shadow across the lush jungle surrounding the huge resort hotel that now lay below.

Inside the de Havilland was Hugh M. Hefner, Playboy's Ambassador Plenipotentiary to Jamaica, Editor-Publisher of **PLAYBOY** and President of Playboy Clubs International, come to the island in the sun to make a decision that would extend the world of Playboy to the most exciting and sophisticated of all the Caribbean isles. With him were Playmate of the Year Donna Michelle, whose photogenic presence would later enhance this magazine's editorial coverage of Jamaica and the Club's promotional literature, and long-time friends Shelly Kasten, Playboy Club Talent Director, and Lee Wolfberg, former head of the Chicago office of General Artists Corporation and now personal manager for singer Vic Damone. Pompeo Posar, **PLAYBOY** Staff Photographer,

PLAYBOY IN JAMAICA



Above: S.O.P. for VIPs, Bunny service "bar excellence" is enjoyed by guest in Hotel's Olympic-sized swimming pool, largest in the West Indies.



Above: Male guest and water-sprite first mate cut wide, wet swath across newly named Bunny Bay, Hotel's private lagoon, once a pirate haven.



Above: Late-rising couple savors Bunny-served champagne brunch on lanai of spacious suite. 99

Top: Hefner and friends en route nonstop from Chicago to Montego Bay in private Lockheed JetStar.

Left: Prop-planing from Montego, gang is waved a warm welcome by Bunnies at airport adjoining Playboy Club's lavish Resort-Hotel.

Above: Aerial panorama of Hotel's sun-swept beach and palm-shaded ten-acre grounds, just a few miles from Ocho Rios on Jamaica's north shore.



Slipping away from Hotel social whirl, Playmate of the Year Donna Michelle makes tracks on secluded strand.

rounded out the airborne entourage.

Hefner earlier had sent Arnold J. Morton, Director of Playboy Club Operations, and Robert S. Preuss, Business Manager for all Playboy enterprises, to Jamaica for preliminary investigations and to work out details for the acquisition of the \$6,500,000 ultraluxurious Reef Club, which had been offered to Hefner as a Playboy Club-Hotel. The glowing reports of Morton and Preuss had brought Hefner and the others that morning from Chicago to Montego Bay in a private JetStar lent to him by Lockheed. From Montego Bay's International Airport they'd switched to the prop-driven de Havilland for the short hop to the smaller field near Ocho Rios. If Hefner agreed with the recommendations of his top executives, the signing of final papers would take place and the multimillion-dollar property, framed in a fabulous Jamaican land- and seascape, would be on its way toward becoming the most lavish and spectacular link in the Playboy Club chain.

Leaning forward in his seat as the plane began to circle for a landing, Hef pointed out the window with the stem of his briar. "There it is," he said. "My God, it's beautiful!"



Above: Taking eye-filling advantage of the area's abundant seaside privacy, Donna sheds her duds for a refreshing dip in the Caribbean.



Above: At Dunn's River Falls, a spectacular sylvan cascade that is among many natural wonders within easy access of the Hotel, Donna—a spectacular natural wonder in her own right—wades winsomely in the shallows where the falls meet the sea.

Displaying flawless form and table manners, Donna draws bean on ball during late-afternoon pool game in Club-Hotel's new Playmate Bar, soon to be adorned with gatefold photos, including hers.



Donna and Hef lend line of guests at poolside buffet which will be nightly attraction for those preferring outdoor dining to air-conditioned opulence of Hotel's new VIP Room.



Above, l to r: As part of after-dinner entertainment in Playmate Bar, Bunnies twist on tabletop to rhythms of Jamaican band, which honored Playboy's acquisition of Hotel with original calypso song of welcome. At party celebrating the event, Hef and Donna chat with fellow guest Hugh Downs, NBC "Today" show host. Below: Guests learn limbo from limber native troupe.



Ambian Nights." said Donna, as the resort came into full view.

In that brief glimpse, the Hotel did indeed seem as plush and as elegant as it had in the reports Morton and Preuss had sent back to Chicago—and, as it proved on inspection, to be: ten acres of choice land fronting on a sculptured cove; the largest swimming pool in the West Indies; an 800-foot private coral sand beach; two championship tennis courts; exotically landscaped gardens and walks; and a separate night club building. The Hotel complex itself has a main building and two large wings, between which is the huge circular dining room. There are 204 spacious rooms, most of them bilevel, with step-down living rooms for entertaining; private patios; sunken baths; and penthouse apartments. Tiers of lanai rooms and cabanas overlooking the ocean complete the layout. The site itself, though secluded and jungle girt, is within easy reach of the island's myriad vacation delights.

The private airfield is adjacent to the Hotel. Donna was the first one out of the plane. It was a balmy 72 degrees outside (it was mid-January and the temperature had been close to freezing when they left Chicago a few hours earlier); a refreshing breeze was blowing in off

(continued on page 176)



Taking cue from Donna, Playboy International President Hefner decides to pool assets, ponders how to pocket them as friend Lee Wolfberg, offering counsel, tells him he's behind the eight ball.







*Dutch
treat*

*lovely, talented
miss september adds a
touch of holland
to hollywood*



ALTHOUGH ASTRID SCHULZ, our saucy September Playmate, has been in America only one year, she's already a rising starlet, and she's adopted her new homeland so thoroughly that it's difficult to tell her from a California native. Born and raised in Heemstede, Holland, quadrilingual (Dutch, French, German, English) Astrid left home to pursue careers in acting, modeling and singing, finally arrived at her West Coast abode—which is permanent, she says—after jobs in Paris and London. Astrid studied ballet at the Sorbonne, performed professionally in light opera all across Europe and modeled in some of the best salons in London, but despite her international background and her impressive artistic credentials, she now enjoys such down-to-earth pursuits as watching



Late for rehearsal, Astrid hurries (left) to studio appointment with choreographer (above) to practice steps for her dancing role in Universal's *The Art of Love*. Below: Astrid plays a dazzling lady of pleasure (center) in Paramount's *A House Is Not a Home*. That's Shelley Winters (as Polly Adler) at left.





MISS SEPTEMBER PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

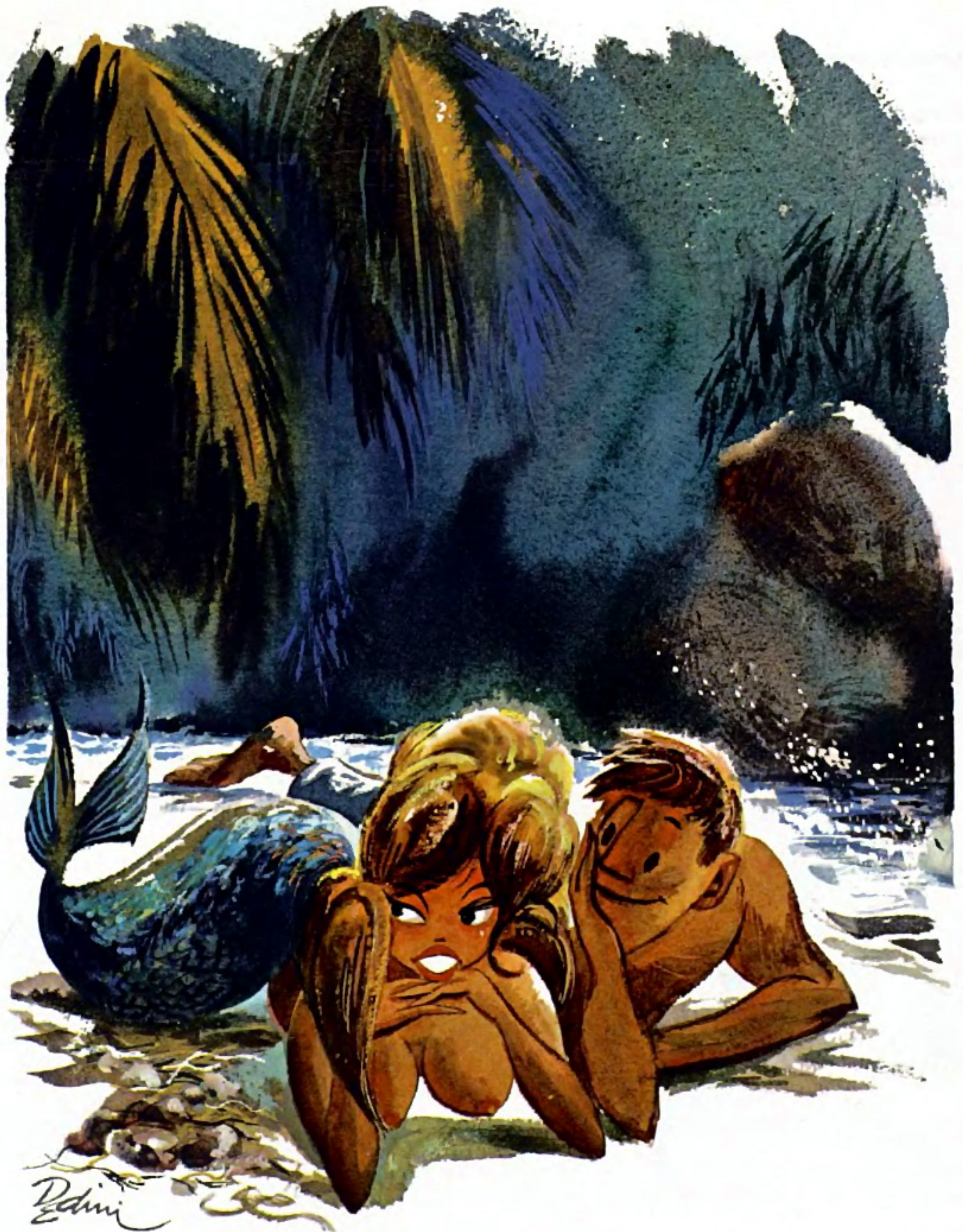


A tireless water nymph, our Hollondoise sorceress (above) talks surf with Malibu beachboys and (right) soaks up sun watching cohorts catch the big ones. Below, nonaquatic party includes game of pass-the-orange (no hands allowed) to which our Playmate applies her considerable talents.



TV's *The Outer Limits* in her trim Santa Monica apartment, reading gothic chillers by the Brontës, acting week nights in a Santa Monica little-theater group, and skindiving off nearby Catalina Island. With an ever-so-slight accent, brown-eyed Miss September told us she feels her given name (which means stellar) makes her destined for stardom—and she already has two small movie roles to her credit: In *The Art of Love*, a Ross Hunter/Universal picture, she plays a Mexican danseuse, and in *A House Is Not a Home*, a forthcoming Levine/Paramount movie, she plays a Polly Adler minion. Though she never skied or surfed before reaching these shores, Malibu regulars rate her above average in both. Living proof that good things can come in not-so-small packages (she stands 5'7" barefoot, weighs in at 120 sans bikini, arranged on a framable 36-23-36 frame), Astrid understandably has a wide range of dates, prefers "the fun ones—honest and outgoing guys who show me a happy time," a job for which, needless to say, most honest and outgoing guys would gladly volunteer.





"But will you love me after the novelty wears off?"



*"I believe the new nurse is going to do wonders for him.
He's already learned to count to two . . ."*

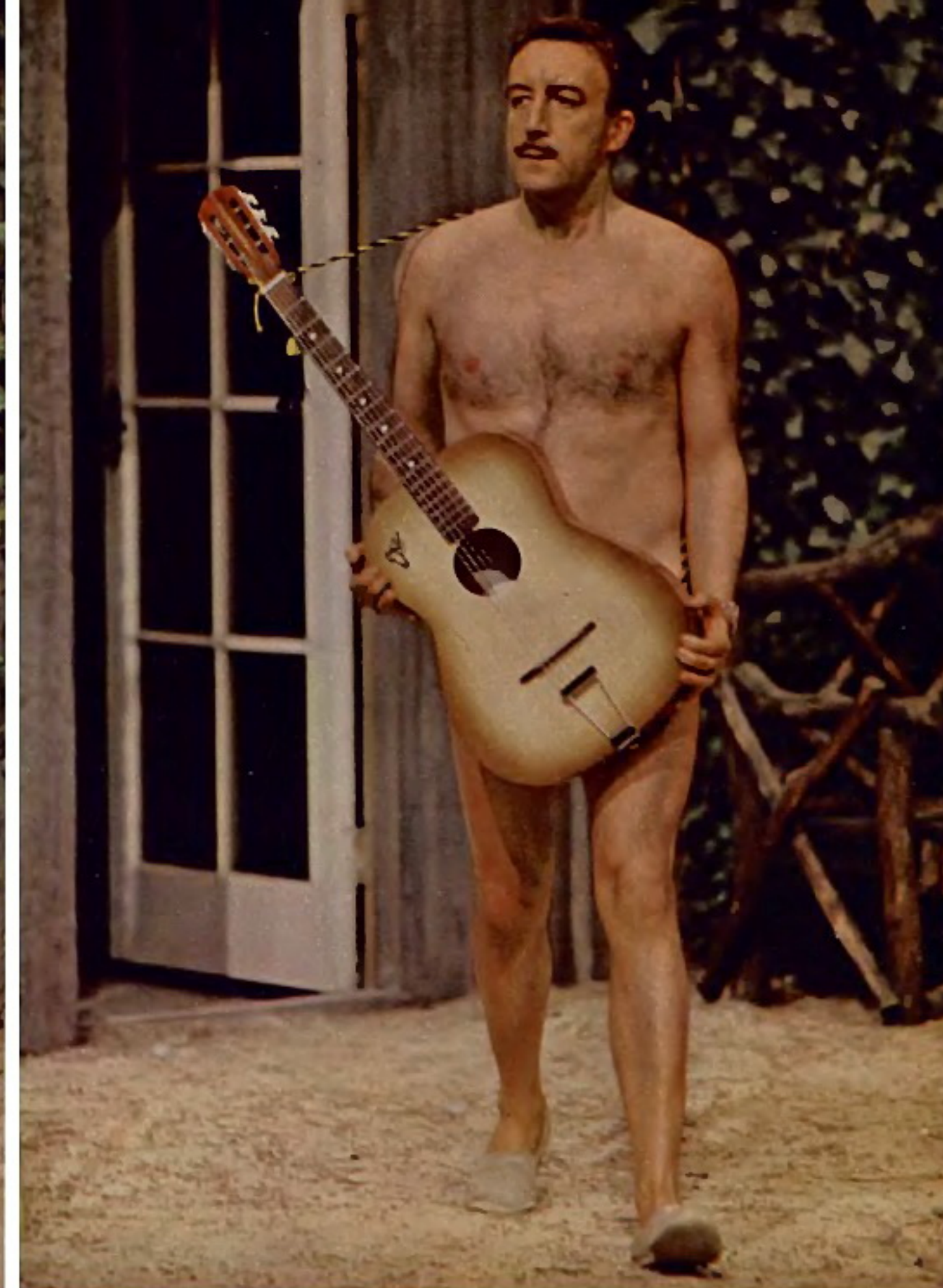


THE NUDEST
PETER SELLERS
AND
THE NUDEST
ELKE SOMMER

a preview of the
riotous nudist-camp
romp in peter's
new film with elke
plus
a pictorial review of
miss sommer's
sensual on- and off-
screen charms

THE
NUDEST
PETER
SELLERS





The most hilarious sequence of the Sommer-Sellers whodunit, "A Shot in the Dark," is set in a nudist camp where murder suspect Elke seeks refuge. Bumbling French police inspector Sellers trails her to the spot.

He soon discovers to his dismay that he can't enter the camp without going native. Undaunted and unclad, stiff-upper-lip Sellers sizes up the situation before making the best of a bare situation by draping guitar awidships.

THE NUDEST PETER SELLERS

FOR THOSE WHO FOUND Peter Sellers' characterization of the stumbling block-head French police inspector Jacques Clouseau in *The Pink Panther* a triumph of gunshoe ineptitude, the United Artists sequel, *A Shot in the Dark*, should be the topping on the trappé, as it continues Peter's maladroit masterminding. The teaming of Sellers with Germany's current sexpot titlist Elke Sommer makes the Blake Edwards-directed film a twofold treat. Well-packed parlormaid Elke has been accused of murdering her swain from Spain. Sellers, assigned to the case through a departmental snafu, decides that no one that good looking could have committed *homicide*, figures Elke is covering up for someone. Decker out as a balloon vendor, he flatloos after Elke only to be picked up for peddling without a license. Resuming *la classe*, he finds Elke standing over the very dead body of her employer George Sanders' gardener with nothing more incriminating than bloody pruning shears in her hand. Still with implicit faith in Elke, Peter has her sprung from jail, shadoes her in a Toulouse-Lautrec disguise. Another misunderstanding with the *gendarmette* deposits him in the housegown. Sellers' next guise in his pursuit of Elke is that of a hunter, and when he bags a crow in self-defense, the local game warden claps him in irons for doing it without a license. By the time Sellers is released, Elke has taken refuge in a country retreat called Camp



A grimly game Sellers, on an Elke hunt, passes bemused nature girl.



Studio technicians dig scene as Sellers asks information of sun worshiper who proves uncommunicative since she is a murder victim (something Sellers fails to note). Nudiste adjusting her beach towel adds to Sellers' distress.



Sellers, who has added a plastic raft aft, edges perilously close to lake's edge as he backs away from an undraped female. A step in the wrong direction dunks the distraught detective in the drink. As raft and guitar float away, the hapless Sellers wonders how he can continue the search for the elusive Elke and still maintain his modesty.



Sunshine. To Sellers' discomfiture, it turns out to be a nudist camp. Here, Peter reluctantly settles for the haphazard cover-up of a guitar and plastic pool raft as he commences a bare hunt for Elke among the sun bathers. What he does stumble upon is another corpse (though he doesn't realize it at the time). When he eventually finds Elke, after a series of dishabilled disasters, the two of them just manage to avoid the law called in for the latest murder. There's no time for clothes as they drive *au naturel* through the streets of Paris, returning to George Sanders' mansion just in time to discover yet another corpse. This is the last straw for Sellers' superior, who takes him off the case *vivement* and banishes him to Le Havre. Sellers' exile is short-lived, however; his superior has second thoughts and reassigns him to the case. Sellers' first move is to have Elke, now in prison, released to join him for dinner. A night-club tour results in four more murders as an assassin out to get Sellers keeps bungling the job. Our defective detective, blithely unaware of the carnage, takes Elke back to his apartment for a tryst, but it's *bonjour* tryst as a time bomb explodes under his bed, shattering the mood. Undaunted, Sellers assures his chief, by now a manacle depressive, that he's about to crack the case, gathers together a half-dozen suspects in the Sanders mansion. The denouement that follows is too wildly improbable to let *le chat* out of the bag. Suffice to say that Peter as a flick *flut* is superbly incompetent and Elke as a *domestique formidable* is incomparably sensational.



Our intrepid inspector decides to press on regardless. In this corner, wearing nought but tree trunks, Sellers tries to pick out the Sommer anatomy from among the unfettered naiads parading before him. The perceptive powers that have made him the farce of the farce fail to detect a delectably unclad Elke on the other side of the bush.



Sellers' balloon-sharp sixth sense tells him Elke is near at hand. She finally reveals herself to him when, zut alors!, the camp swarms with gendarmes summoned because of the murder. Sellers believes Elke is a misjudged miss, helps her escape, then joins her in a wild car ride, au naturel, that takes them through the streets of Paris.



THE NUDEST ELKE SOMMER

HOLLYWOOD has been frenetically searching around the world for a sexpot who will provide its cash registers with the same healthy ring in the Sixties that Brigitte Bardot and the late Marilyn Monroe imparted to them in the Fifties. It now believes that relief is finally in sight in the form of a handsomely configured *Fräulein*, Elke Sommer. Born in Germany not much more than a score of years ago, Elke has blossomed into an international attraction. The fast-rising and fast-driving (she's used to touring Europe's speed-limitless highways at well over the century mark) Elke got her first break while on vacation in Italy. She was spotted by someone who called himself a movie producer and who, contrary to what mothers warn their little girls about, turned out to be a movie producer. A series of European flickers followed (including one directed by Vittorio De Sica) in which Elke was given an ample opportunity to display almost all of her amply endowed (36-23-37) frame. Hollywood producer Pandro Berman caught her statuesque symmetry in a German film, *The Girl*, and realized that she was the girl to play Paul Newman's Swedish skoalmate in *The Prize*. That did it. Her *Prize* performance brought her a revealingly ripe part in Carl Foreman's *The Victors*, where she more than held her own among the fast female company of Melina Mercouri and Romy Schnei-

Her face (a hypnotic blend of gamine and tigress) and figure (a sensuous delight) are Elke Sommer's fortune. Elke's natural beauty is such that movie moguls, in attempting to give her the Hollywood "glamor" treatment, were hard-pressed to find flaws to correct, wound up making minor repairs on two teeth, slightly changing the color of her hair (the styling remains her own).



The delectable charms of Elke that most American movie audiences have yet to see are displayed here in sequences from two European films that helped catapult her to Continental fame. Scene below is from "Sweet Ecstasy," a tale of wealthy European youth living la dolce vita on the French Riviera. A torrid love bout (one of several in the film) with Christian Pezy, which takes place on a yacht, is part of a daylong roundelay of orgiastic revels that almost ends in tragedy when boat burns.



"Daniella by Night," made several years ago, has yet to be shown in the U.S.; the producers won't allow it to be run without the above sequence; American censors insist on the scene's deletion.

In the controversial sequence, Elke is forced into a unique striptease, as a pair of cloak-and-dagger types, in search of microfilmed secret plans, undress her on the stage of a Roman peclery. The divestiture is accomplished behind a transparent curtain which does little to hide what is undoubtedly filmdom's friskiest frisk. The night-club audience, thinking it's a new act, gives the uncovering undercover men and unwilling edgyist Elke a round of applause.

der. Now very much a part of the Hollywood scene, Elke is comfortably wrapped in a three-picture MGM contract that will bring her approximately a quarter of a million dollars. Along the road to stardom she has managed to raise a number of roofs over her head—a \$300,000 mansion in her home town of Erlangen, Germany, a villa in Spain, an apartment in Switzerland, and a house she rents in Beverly Hills for a modest \$900 a month. One of Tinseltown's most eligible bachelor girls, Elke belies the cliché image of the bubble-brained beauty: she knows Latin, Greek, French, English, Spanish and Italian, has more than a passing acquaintance with Homer and Plato, Goethe and Schiller. *A Shot in the Dark* and the upcoming *The Unknown Battle*, in which she co-stars with Tony Perkins and Stephen Boyd, should prove to be two important rungs up the filmic ladder. Miss Sommer, with a firm resolve that has characterized her movie career, is striving to bring her acting ability up to her screen sensuality. Few who know her artistic capabilities (she's a passable painter and a composer who has recorded her own songs), and strong-willed determination, have any doubts that she will make it. And when Elke, who has no objection to shedding her clothes for the cameras, emerges as the complete movie star, the super sex symbol of the Sixties may well have arrived.



Monobikini'd Elke, right, was completely nude for scene with George Hamilton in "The Victors," above right, that was shown only in Europe. Segment was reshot with Elke in bra and Levis, above left, for the American market.





"In these small towns everybody knows everybody else's business!"

Playmates Revisited • 1961

playboy encores its eighth year's gatefold girls

HEREWITH, the eighth step in our Tenth Anniversary romp down Playmate Memory Lane, to be followed shortly by a December *Readers' Choice* portfolio. The phenomenal growth of PLAYBOY was reflected in its eighth year by a torrent of mail responses to 1961's gatefold girls. So many readers raved about Christa Speck (September) that her total has never been topped; Speck-tacular Christa (38-22-36) later appeared in the *Playmate Holiday House Party* feature (December 1961), which garnered additional overwhelming male reaction; shortly thereafter, PLAYBOY's editors unanimously selected her the Playmate of the Year. Christa's bosom companion, Heidi Becker (June), a strudel-sweet Austrian, elicited enough letters to place her third in all-time Playmate popularity; our mail room also worked overtime toting billets-doux for Barbara Ann Lawford (February) and Connie Cooper (January). Sheralee Connors (July) and Lynn Karrol (December), having tasted gatefold fame, opted for cottontailing and became two of New York's most popular Bunnies; admirers may also recognize Lynn as one of Peter Sellers' charmers in his movie-lover parody (PLAYBOY, April 1964), and Sheralee via her appearance on Steve Allen's show, when she tutored him on the techniques of Bunning. If you've already decided on your ten favorite Playmates of the Decade, send in your choices now. Any girl who appeared between December 1958 and December 1963 is eligible for our year-end portfolio.



SHERALEE CONNORS, July 1961



SUSAN KELLY, May 1961

JEAN CANNON, *October 1961*



KAREN THOMPSON, *August 1961*



HEIDI BECKER, *June 1961*

BARBARA ANN LAWFORD, *February 1961*



LYNN KARROL, *December 1961*



NANCY NIELSEN, *April 1961*



TONYA CREWS, *March 1961*

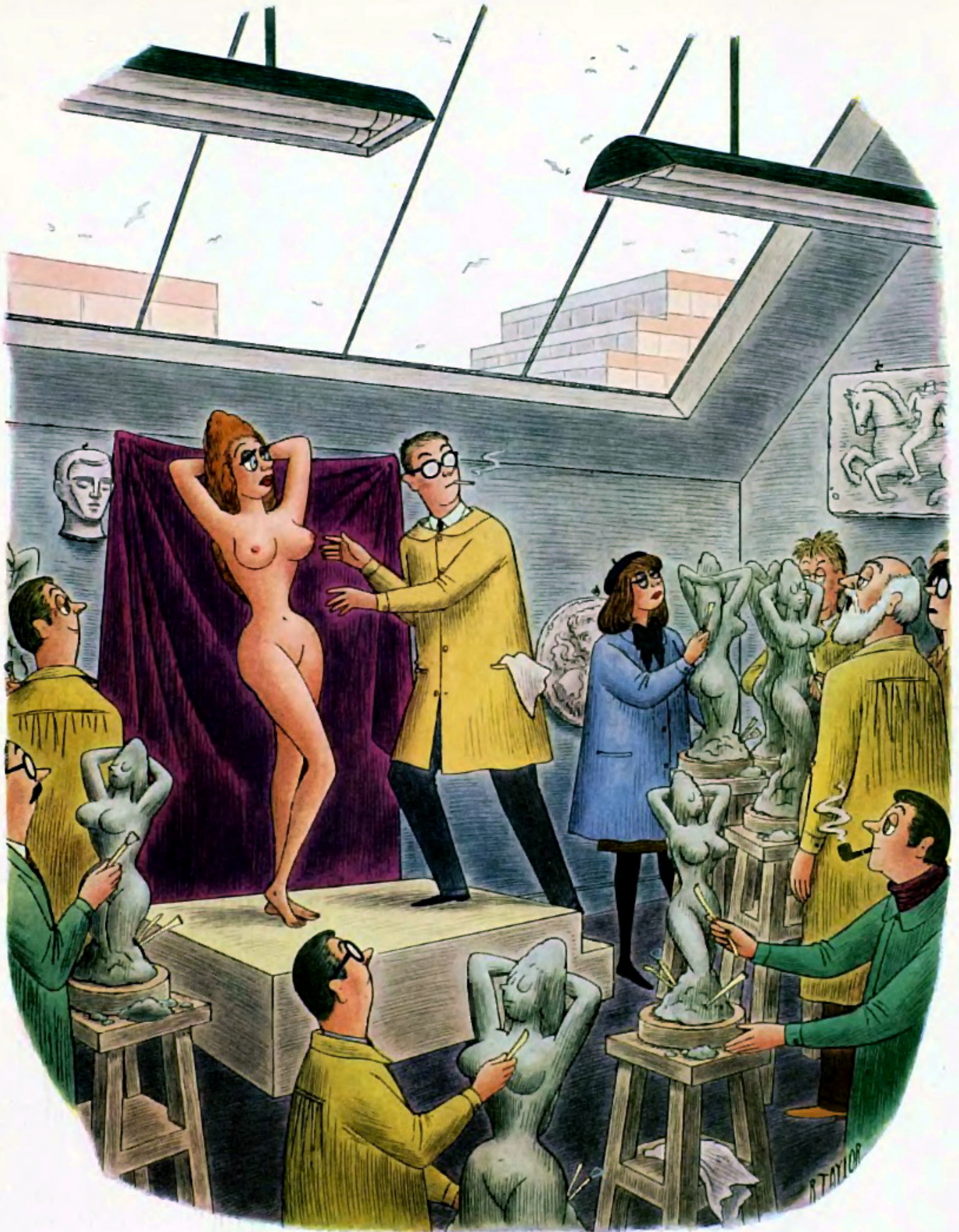
CONNIE COOPER, *January 1961*



DIANNE DANFORD, *November 1961*



CHRISTA SPECK, *September 1961*



"Uh, Hutchins . . . when I remarked that you weren't getting enough feeling into your work, I was speaking in terms of aesthetics . . ."

PLAYBOY IN JAMAICA *(continued from page 102)*

the ocean. A pair of Bunnies were at the field to greet them when they landed: Playmate-Bunny Jean Cannon (Miss October 1961) and Bunny Diane Stewart, who had been flown down from the Miami Playboy Club for publicity and promotion photos; they began waving and running across the field, their familiar costumes an incongruous but welcome sight in this tropic island setting.

A party had been arranged for that evening in order to meet the local dignitaries and the press. Someone suggested a bite to eat, but Hefner wanted to take a tour of the Hotel and its sun-drenched grounds before anything else. Preuss and Morton accompanied him, and Art Miner, Director of Playboy Club design, followed them with a pad and pencil.

The Hotel's rooms were everything they had said, being 30 feet long and 16 feet wide, with step-down living rooms, private patios 10 feet wide, and baths equipped with sunken Grecian tubs, all tile and 9 feet long by 4 feet wide. Morton pointed out a large low structure adjacent to the Hotel. This would be ideal for a shopping arcade where guests might purchase all manner of luxury items—British tweeds, silver, diamonds, Swiss watches, leather goods, cameras, bone china, French perfumes, binoculars, fine liquors, crystalware—from all over the globe. Since Jamaica enjoys free-port status, with no duty on these luxuries, shops could sell at prices half those in the States.

Entering the Hotel through the main lobby, they made their way down a flight of steps to a large hall about half the size of a basketball court. This would become the Living Room, a place for quiet socializing, relaxing over a drink with some friends. The back of the room, under the overhang of the upper lobby, would be turned into the Den, with card and billiard tables.

The grand tour led next through a wide corridor to the circular dining room.

"I think this would make an ideal VIP Room," Morton said.

"It could be decorated in Wedgwood blue and white," Miner added, "with blue carpeting, sconces, dark-blue tablecloths and light-blue napery." The room—one of the largest on the island, seating 450—seemed perfect. Continental cuisine and tangy native dishes could be highlighted on the menu, Morton pointed out. At the front of the proposed VIP Room, French doors open onto a terrace that offers a stunning view of the blue Caribbean. "It's breath-taking," Donna said, and Hefner nodded in agreement.

From the dining room they walked down one flight to the Shipwreck Bar, and all agreed that there would be no difficulty in turning it into a Playmate Bar, complete with illuminated transpar-

encies of Playmates on the walls. The bar opens onto a terrace bordered by shrubbery and overlooking the Olympic-sized 50-meter pool. Here, luncheons are served and guests gather at night to dance, enjoy an outdoor buffet, and watch the native floorshows.

"We'll want Bunny lifeguards for the pool," Hefner said. "Maybe we can design a special Bunny bikini for them."

"With waterproof Bunny tails," injected Lee Wolfberg with a laugh.

A pair of championship clay tennis courts are hidden by some trees at one side of the pool, and there's a top Jamaican tennis pro on hand to give free lessons. There's also an archery range on the grounds and a nine-hole golf course nearby.

The group walked on past the pool to the beach tower, which houses an automatic elevator to whisk guests to the sunny beach below. At the bottom of the tower is a thatched-roof bar on the coral strand. When the Playboy Club-Hotel is in full swing, there will be weekly burro races with pari-mutuel betting, torchlit beach parties after dark complete with native entertainment, outdoor barbecues and Bunny beachguards.

All agreed that this was an aquatic sportsman's paradise. With swimming, snorkeling, scuba diving, surfing and water skiing already available, it would be simple to add a glass-bottomed boat for sight-seeing over the coral reef that sheltered the cove, pedal boats, sailboats and a sportfisherman or two for deep-sea angling. Hefner suggested that they rename the cove Bunny Bay and check the cost of building a small marina at one side of the beach so that visiting yachtsmen could tie up.

Now everyone was talking at once—making suggestions, expressing their enthusiasm in superlatives that were unprecedented even for Playboy, where, after a decade of unprecedented publishing and Club success, the extraordinary is almost commonplace.

"Every Playboy Club keyholder will want to vacation here," Hefner exclaimed. "It can become a meeting place for keyholders from all over the world. When we add the fun and excitement of The Playboy Club to what's already here, this will be one of the most fabulous resorts in the world!"

"There'll be nothing else like it *anywhere*," Shel Kasten said.

"My only problem," Hef added, "will be trying to explain to the staff of the magazine why it isn't a good idea to move our editorial offices down here."

"Well, for one thing," said Preuss, "you'd never get an issue out on time. All the editors would be down on the beach, or chasing the bikinied Bunnies around the pool. Now with my business department, it might just make some

sense. . ." His voice cracked as he ended the sentence and began to laugh. Everyone was feeling wonderful. The tropic sun warmed them. This was another world; the pressures and problems of everyday life seemed a million miles away. This was a paradise . . . a Playboy paradise.

The hotel is set on ten acres of gently sloping land, surrounded by jungle on three sides and the ocean on the fourth, with the main building, the dining and drinking areas, pool, cabanas and beach all on separate levels. The grounds are handsomely landscaped with tropical greenery; there are winding paths, and water fountains, and exotic flowers and foliage, and numberless palm trees.

The tour ended with a look at the night club. Like the dining room and pool, it is the biggest on the island; it was decided that it would be renamed the Playroom, again carrying through the Playboy Club nomenclature familiar to keyholders. The group discussed entertainment policy for the Jamaica Playboy Club: shows in the Playmate Bar and on the Patio every night, using the best in native Jamaican talent, as well as the most entertaining acts from the Playboy Club circuit in the States. There would also be entertainment down on the beach: a calypso band, limbo dancers and the like. The night club—the Playroom—would be reserved for really big name acts: Tony Bennett, Vic Damone, Sammy Davis Jr., maybe Sinatra.

The afternoon had disappeared and it was time to be getting back to the Hotel, to get ready for the party. There are a pair of penthouse suites on top of the Hotel. One had been reserved for Hefner; the other for Hugh Downs and his wife, Ruth, friends of Hef's, who had been invited down for the week. As Hef showered and dressed, he made mental notes on details that could be added to the penthouse suites to make them the ultimate in luxury living.

The beginning of a crowd had gathered at 7:30 P.M. in the Shipwreck Bar. From a landing off the stairway to the dining room, the Shipwreckers, a native calypso group, played *Yellow Bird*. The landing would also serve as a stage, giving the guests a good view of the fire-dancing and limbo exhibitions to come later. Now the maracas flashed and rattled, the rumba box boomed and the penny whistle and guitar carried the melody of one calypso tune after another—*Mary Ann*, *Star O*, *Matilda*.

Present at the gathering was the Honorable Chester Touzalin, *Custos Rotulorum*, representing the Government of Jamaica in the area. He was there with his wife, who stood listening attentively as Touzalin asked Hefner questions about his plans—and how many Bunnies would be at the Jamaica Playboy Club.

"I can't be sure until we do a full

analysis of the operation," Hefner said, "but we have over five hundred Bunnies working in the nine Playboy Clubs in the States. We'll want to use both Jamaican girls and girls from the U. S. for the Club here. And if those I saw at the airport are any indication, I'd say Jamaican girls are among the world's loveliest."

"Will you use Bunnies for room service?" Mrs. Touzalin asked, having spotted Bunnies Diane and Jean in costume.

"No," said Hefner, "just in the dining and drinking areas, in the night club, at the pool and at the beach."

If Mrs. Touzalin had any vague reservations about the role of the Bunnies in the Playboy Club operation, they had disappeared by evening's end. She engaged Bunnies Diane and Jean in an extended conversation that ended with her requesting, and receiving, Diane's beribboned Bunny tag (worn by each Bunny to identify her by name) as a souvenir for her teenage daughter. "She'll be the most envied girl in school when she wears this," Mrs. Touzalin enthused.

"You'd better be careful," her husband warned. "You may be starting a teenage fashion fad."

Hefner shook his head. "The Bunnies aren't ordinarily permitted to give them away. Your daughter will have the only one."

A reporter from the *Daily Gleaner*, and another from the *Star*, Jamaica's largest papers, came over to talk to Hefner. The *Star* man asked why he had decided to go into the resort business. "That's easy," Hefner said. "The first Playboy Club grew naturally out of PLAYBOY itself. We'd been writing about the best in entertainment, fine food and drink; we'd been running picture stories on beautiful girls and elegant bachelor apartments. Why not a gentlemen's club that incorporated the same ingredients? Make it admission by key only, for those whose appreciation of such things matched our own."

"Now, let's extend the Playboy Club concept a bit. Add to the basic elements I've just mentioned the romance of a Club far removed from the surroundings of office buildings. Put such a Club on an exotic tropical island steeped in romantic legend; supply every modern luxury imaginable, yet retain the full flavor of the traditions of the island. Serve its native foods and beverages along with the finest in urban cuisine. Surround a man with its beautiful women, the sounds of its music. Give him beaches so isolated that he and his playmate can bask and frolic as they please."

"Jamaica is as close to a tropic island paradise as you can find anywhere in the world today, with the advantage of being only seventy-five minutes from Miami and three-and-a-half hours from New York. That's why we're here."

Someone wondered aloud how successful Playboy in Jamaica would be. Major

Douglas Vaughan, retired British Army officer, who owns an 800-acre banana plantation in the area, and R. Alan Philip, publisher of *Jamaica Pictorial Panorama*, voiced as one the opinion that it could only be a resounding smash. They also felt, they said, that the tourist business of the entire island would benefit from Playboy being there. The Jamaican government apparently feels the same way about it, giving Playboy and its executives the warmest welcome they have received anywhere.

Major Vaughan brandished a well-worn Playboy Club key and exclaimed, mustache bristling, "Wait till Noel Coward hears there's a Playboy Club down the highway. He'll be here every night." Coward and Ian Fleming each have homes nearby and, in fact, the first James Bond movie, *Dr. No*, was filmed near the Hotel. A few days after Hefner's return to Chicago, he received a personal note from Fleming commenting on the amount of excitement Playboy's coming to Jamaica was causing.

Someone mentioned that Elizabeth Taylor and Eddie Fisher had honeymooned at the Hotel. Someone else said they thought that it was a very romantic spot *anyway*.

The Hefner party now included Donna Michelle, magnificent in a chiffon gown, and Hugh and Ruth Downs, who had just arrived by car from Kingston. Downs gave Hefner the latest issues of the *Star* and the *Daily Gleaner* which he had brought from Kingston. Both carried stories about the Playboy arrival. The *Star's* read: "The Playboy agreement to take over the Reef Club has delighted the Director of Tourism, Mr. John Pringle. Mr. Pringle told of the enormous promotional potential of the Playboy organization. The organization, he said, was known throughout North America, but Jamaica was the first country chosen by Playboy for a Hotel and a Club. He added: 'This is international news of consequence.'"

"Mr. Morton had earlier told of his admiration for Jamaica and why the country had been chosen for another phase of Playboy International's operations. The Club already has 300,000 keyholders. He said: 'Jamaica is a young, vibrant, growing nation and we believe it will prove to be an ideal tourist location for our keyholders.'"

The story in the *Gleaner* made page one, and next to a large photograph of Bunnies ran the headline: "PLAYBOY BUNNY JOBS FOR JAMAICAN GIRLS." The story went on to list requirements for being a Bunny, outlined the strict rules for Bunny behavior, then told about the plans to hire Jamaican girls. "To the query as to whether Playboy chooses colored Bunnies, Mr. Morton said there are colored Bunnies in the American Clubs and the same policy will be applied in Jamaica. A number of American Bun-

nies will serve in Jamaica along with the local girls."

Hugh Downs told Hefner, "I don't think you could have made a better choice as far as location goes. You've picked the most beautiful island in the West Indies and you're in the area that should become the Riviera of the Caribbean in the next few years."

Downs went on to explain how the trade winds cool the island even in mid-summer, that the year-round temperature averages 78 degrees. "Since Columbus discovered Jamaica in 1494," said the erudite Downs, "people of all kinds have come here looking for either peace or excitement. The English drove the Spaniards out in 1655, not far from here, at Runaway Bay. That's how it got its name—the Spanish left in a hurry."

The Shipwreckers were playing a limbo for a troupe of barefooted Jamaicans dressed in clam-digger trousers and ruffled-sleeve shirts. Each member of the troupe moved in turn under the limbo pole which was moved lower and lower. Now the leader of the group took a pole that had been wrapped in rags and doused it with kerosene; he placed it so that each end rested on the mouth of an empty beer bottle, then he ignited the rags. When the flames licked across the entire length of the pole the band began a frenzied beat. The man proceeded to slither step by step under the flaming rod, through a gap from floor to flames of no more than nine inches, as the audience burst into wild applause.

As a capper to the party, the Shipwreckers had prepared an appropriate calypso ditty. The leader sang:

*"In January of Sixty-Four
Hugh Hefnah come to Jamaica's shore.
He bring to our island in de sun
A new idea called Playboy Jun.
Sing de chorus:
Play—boy, Play—boy, Playboy in
Jamaica.*

*Soon we all will roll in clouah
When Playboy's Hefnah he take ovah.
He bring to our island plenty money
But best of all he bring de Bunny.
Sing de chorus:
Play—boy, Play—boy, Playboy in
Jamaica."*

It wasn't difficult for Hefner to make his decision. He confirmed what his key Club executives, Morton and Preuss, were already confidently counting on; that made it official, and they immediately set up meetings to work out the details of the acquisition. The official opening of the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel is planned for late December.

Reservations for the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel may be secured by writing to Travel Director, Playboy Clubs International, 232 E. Ohio Street, Chicago, Illinois 60611.



Futrelaudé

"We changed our minds."



"He wants to know if we make deliveries!"

Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

WE CAN'T SEEM TO GET ANNIE OUT OF THE SOUTH SEAS BUT WITH HER FETCHING GRASS-SKIRT ENSEMBLE... THERE'S NO HURRY! ... IF YOU RECALL, ANNIE AND RALPHIE HAD A RUN-IN ON A DESERT ISLAND WITH A BAND OF NO-GOODNIK CASTAWAYS LED BY AN ORANGUTAN, BUT MEN WHO CHOOSE TO BE LED BY APES ARE EVENTUALLY DISILLUSIONED AND NOW THEY SEEK TO ESCAPE IN THE LIFE-BOAT ANNIE AND RALPHIE ARE ALSO USING TO ESCAPE IN...





NO MORE ROOM! NO MORE ROOM!

ONE MORE PASSENGER AND WE'LL BE SWAMPED!

- FIRST TIME I'VE SEEN RATS BOARD A SINKING SHIP!

THEY'RE HUMAN BEINGS, RALPHIE ... AND FORTUNATELY THERE'S JUST ENOUGH ROOM FOR EVERYONE.

IT WOULD BE TERRIBLE TO LEAVE ANYONE IN THE WATER.

OH, IT WOULD! IT WOULD!

SNAP! SNAP!



LET ME IN THE BOAT! LET ME IN THE BOAT!

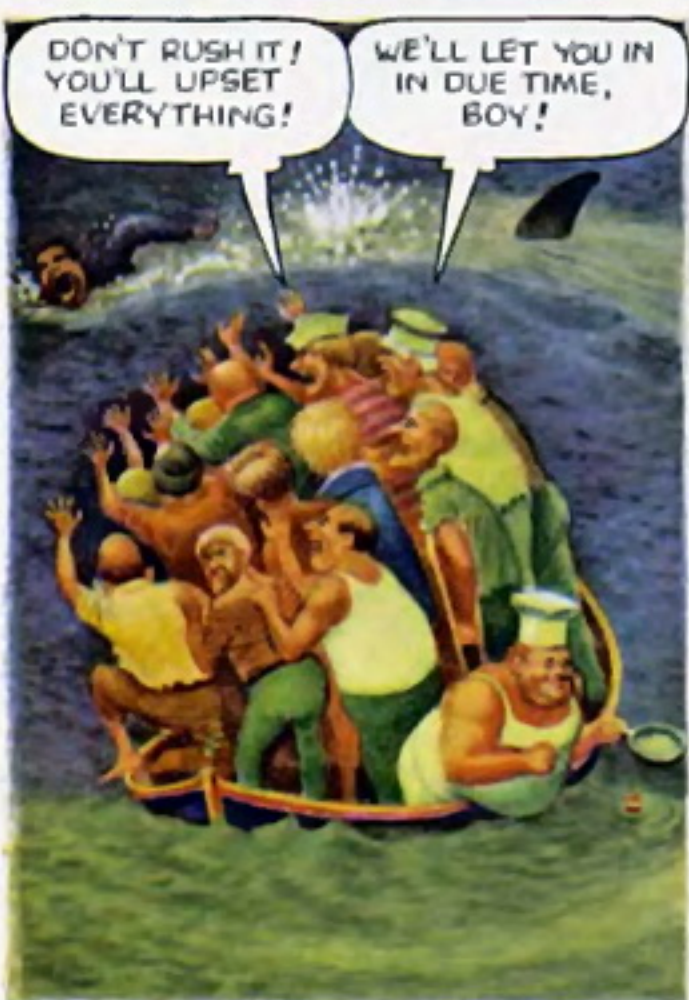
SNAP! SNAP!



WAIT A MINUTE! TAKE IT EASY, BOY!

YOU'LL SWAMP US!

GIVE ME AN EQUAL CHANCE IN THE BOAT WITH EVERYONE ELSE, QUICK!



DON'T RUSH IT! YOU'LL UPSET EVERYTHING!

WE'LL LET YOU IN IN DUE TIME, BOY!



ALL IN DUE TIME!

I CAN'T WAIT! THE SITUATION ISN'T VERY TOLERABLE OUT HERE.



A SHARK IS NIBBLING AT MY TOES!

THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THEM KIND! ALWAYS IN A HURRY FOR EQUALITY!



HE'S GOT AN EQUAL RIGHT TO GET IN THE BOAT!

YOU EXPECT US TO RISK OUR LIVES -- TO SACRIFICE FOR HIS EQUALITY?

YOU WANT HIM SQUEEZING IN THE SAME BOAT WITH YOUR GIRL?

LOOK! A SHIP!



YOU BETTER MOVE FAST, BOY!

THAT SHARK GONNA GET YOU, BOY!

THEM KIND SURE CAN SWIM, SING AND DANCE-

SNAP! SNAP!



DID YOU SEE THAT BOY GO?

OH, RALPHIE! THEY'RE TURNING AROUND! NOW EVERYONE WILL BE RESCUED.



WE TOLD THAT BOY TO JUST BE PATIENT-



WHO YOU CALLING "BOY"?



WELL, SIR... THIS GENTLEMAN WAS IN THE WATER-

-UH... MAY WE COME ON BOARD TO DISCUSS THE MATTER, BOSS?

-HUH? MAY WE, YOUR EXCELLEN-CY?

GROVEL!

CRINGE!

GROVEL!

GROVEL!

FAWN!



SORRY! NO WHITES ALLOWED! THIS SHIP IS THE PROPERTY OF THE MILITANT BLACK MUSLMENS AND I AM THEIR LEADER ... MARVIN X ... FORMERLY MARVIN ECKS ... BUT WE DON'T ALLOW LAST NAMES.

WE ARE THE GREATEST! WE ARE BEAUTIFUL!

GO FIND YOURSELF A SEPARATE BUT EQUAL SHIP, BOY!



WE HAVE SECEDED FROM THE WHITE MAN'S WORLD. THE WHITE MAN WORKS ONLY FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE WHITE MAN. THEREFORE WE WILL DESTROY THE WHITE MAN SO THAT HE WILL WORK FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE BLACK MAN!

IN '66 THEY'LL CALL IT "FIX" - SO WE'LL SEAL THEIR FATE IN '68!

EVEN NOW A HELICOPTER BRINGS US EQUIPMENT TO FAN THE FLAMES OF THE BLACK MUSLMEN MOVEMENT -



LOOK! THE HELICOPTER IS HOVERING OVERHEAD! THE HATCH IS OPENING! SOMEBODY IS COMING OUT -

WHO IS IT?

IS IT A BIRD?

IS IT A PLANE?

WE'LL GIVE YOU A HINT! WHO ALWAYS COMES TO THE RESCUE WHEN LITTLE ANNIE FANNY IS IN DIRE STRAITS?



LEAPIN' LIZARDS - IT'S SUGAR-DADDY BIGBUCKS!

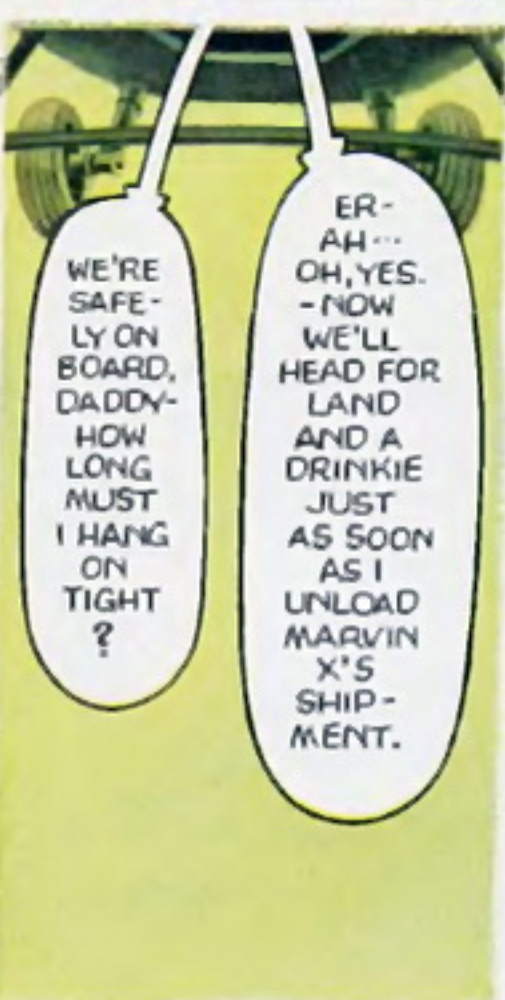
DA-DAA!



QUICK, ANNIE! GRAB ME AND HANG ON TIGHT!



HANG ON TIGHT, BABY!



WE'RE SAFELY ON BOARD, DADDY - HOW LONG MUST I HANG ON TIGHT?

ER-AH... OH, YES. - NOW WE'LL HEAD FOR LAND AND A DRINKIE JUST AS SOON AS I UNLOAD MARVIN X'S SHIP-MENT.



-OFFICE SUPPLIES AND FARM TOOLS!



RALPHIE! WE'RE SAVED! SUGARDADDY BIGBUCKS DID IT AGAIN! HE'S ALWAYS RESCUING ME IN THE NICK OF TIME AND COMING TO PEOPLE'S ASSISTANCE AND LIKE THAT. HOW DO YOU DO IT, DADDY?

YOU'VE GOT TO HAVE HEART, ANNIE. I'M WILLING TO HELP ANYBODY WHO WANTS MY HELP... REGARDLESS OF RACE, CREED OR COLOR.



OF COURSE, THOSE MUSLMEN HAVE KIND OF EXTREME VIEWS, BUT THEY WERE WILLING TO RESCUE THAT POOR MAN IN THE WATER.

EXTREMISTS ARE A GOOD INVESTMENT, MY CHILD. I LIKE TO ENCOURAGE THEM. THERE'S NOT MUCH MONEY IN THIS ADVENTURE, BUT I LOOK ON IT AS AN INVESTMENT IN THE FUTURE THAT CAN GROW TO STAGGERING PROPORTIONS! - AND WHAT HAVE I GAMBLED? - SOME OBSOLETE EQUIPMENT! - A FEW SURPLUS UNIFORMS!

Elder, Heath & A. Jaffee



THE BLACK MUSLMENS MUST BE OBEДИENT AND RESOLUTE! WE MUST HAVE NEAT, CLEAN UNIFORMS! WE MUST HAVE RIFLES! AND WE MUST BUILD A SUPER RACE!! ... LET THE LIQUIDATIONS BEGIN !!!

UNFORTUNATELY THE UNIFORMS STILL HAVE THE ORIGINAL SWASTIKAS, BUT THEY CAN BE CHANGED TO X'S WITHOUT MUCH TROUBLE.

HEY! - WHERE YOU GOING, BOY?

I THINK I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES WITH THE SHARKS.

END

PLAYBOY

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