

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

# PLAYBOY

*PLAYBOY JAZZ &  
POP POLL WINNERS*

*A NEW IRWIN  
SHAW NOVELETTE  
COMPLETE IN  
THIS ISSUE*

*PAMELA TIFFIN  
AU NATUREL*

*AN INTERVIEW WITH  
MORT SAHL*

*PLUS WOODY ALLEN  
WILLIAM SANSOM  
J. PAUL GETTY*

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ffolkes



“... And, Father, that's not all.”



"When my roommate returns, who shall I say called?"

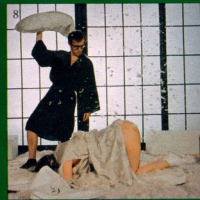
# SHINDAI!

humor **BY WOODY ALLEN** a sexy seminar in the ancient, formal art of japanese pillow fighting



SHINDAI, or the Japanese art of pillow fighting, is probably as old as the Orient itself. Maybe even a week older. It is the last word in Eastern eroticism. (Nobody knows what the first word is, a serious problem when trying to start a dirty conversation.)

*Shindai*, it is said, picks up where the *Kama Sutra* leaves off, although my copy of the *Kama Sutra* leaves off abruptly after the Double Cart Wheel Position, a posi-



tion my wife and I were accidentally locked in for six days until the New York City Emergency Squad managed to pry us apart with the help of a crowbar.

A charming anecdote is told about one of the great masters of *shindai* that best explains it. In his 50th year, the master Lao-tsung journeyed to India, where he was asked by one of his younger pupils, "Master, what is it, suddenly, with this

pillow-fighting bag?" The master appraised the younger man with cool, knowing eyes and replied, "Could you speak up a little?" Much was made of his answer by scholars and priests alike; and years later, when Lao-tsung was castrated by a group of admirers, he was heard to muse wistfully on the relationship between Zen and *shindai*, and how nice it would be if the Japanese controlled Pearl Harbor.

In picture one on the preceding page, I have just hurled the traditional *shindai* challenge by smacking the girl on the rump; next, I mount the mat with the *shindai* leap. Shortly after, I tried mounting the girl, also with the *shindai* leap. Shortly after that, I became the first *shindai* master to suffer a dislocated groin.

In picture two, we are engaging in the *shindai* prayer. As you can see, her robe has fallen slightly open. It then becomes obvious what I'm praying for. In *shindai*, it is honorable for a man to peek at a woman, should the occasion arise. This peeking is part of the pleasure of pillow fighting and should not be confused with voyeurism, which is Western and immoral. In voyeurism, you stand on a box outside a window until the police come.

In picture three, both combatants have assumed the traditional prefight position of Total Awareness. Just what we are aware of escapes me at the moment. I think it has something to do with scrutinizing each other's erogenous zones, which later come into play—and go out of play just as quickly.

In picture four, the girl is raising her pillow to deliver a No-Blow while she shouts, "*Shitsurei*," the traditional challenge. I, frankly, am not through peeking. (Peking Duck, the Chinese dish, was originally a *shindai* term telling the man to duck and stop peeking. This was later changed to an order of Beef Lo-Mein.)

In picture five, I am countering the head blow by executing a Kuchi Kamina; that is, a biting blow to the pillow. In other words, I am biting the pillow. This may seem silly to Western observers, but fortunately, there were none at the time.

In picture six, the girl is engaging in a Deceit and a Foul. She has steamed my glasses by breathing on them (the foul)



and is pointing over my shoulder (the deceit); she is trying to convince me that a minstrel show is passing by. I, like a fool, turn my head, as I love good banjo playing, and receive the Smother (picture seven). In picture seven, she has hit me a shot with her pillow that could stun a plow horse. The feathers fly into my eyes and mouth, and before I know it, I cough the traditional Oriental cough, or, as

*shindai* masters call it, Asthma.

In picture eight, the feathers drained from her pillow, she surrenders and asks for forgiveness. I stand over her and decide to be merciful, as her exposed buttocks remind me of my mother's passport photo—a lovely picture of a most honorable and venerated woman, of whom the emperor himself once said, "She swims out to meet troopships."

In picture nine, the battle is over and a different one is about to begin. In addition to being a black belt at *shindai*, I am also the world's greatest "feel coper." Here I cunningly employ the classic left-handed "thumb pass," knowing that left thumb "feel copping," which is entirely Western, normally precedes another Western phenomenon called the "Quickie." **Y** Not in this case, however, damn it.

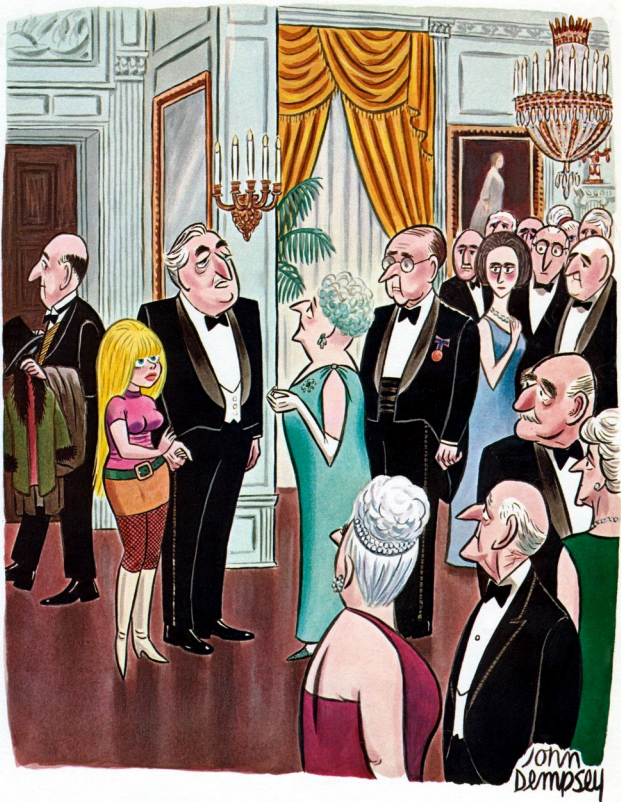
*"I certainly enjoyed the  
Valentine ball. Mr. Prentiss,  
and the dance was fun, too."*





Vargas





John  
Dempsey

*"I didn't say I was bringing my childhood sweetheart."*



# Tuesday's Child...

is full of grace,  
and lorríe menconi—  
a bright-eyed brunette  
from san diego—  
lives up to her birthright

Perched on a tortoise, Lorríe shows her cousin Jerry (on leave from the Air Force) how to feed a goat at San Diego's Children's Zoo. "These animals are so cute," she says. "They just brazenly march up and steal the food right out of your hands." Below right: A pig-tailed Lorríe pools her resources.

ASTROLOGICALLY SPEAKING, LOTTIE Menconi has her pretty head in the stars. "I was born on Tuesday," our valentine Playmate told us, "February 24th 1948. That makes me a Pisces, so I think it's perfect to appear in the February issue—it just *has* to be good luck. I guess you could call me a zodiac nut. But so many Piscean characteristics are true of me that it's hard not to believe in it." Exhibiting a prime Piscean trait—talkativeness—Lorríe goes on: "Pisces is a water sign, which may explain why I'm so crazy about living in California. We moved to San Diego when I was very young, so I don't know what it's like to live away from the water. The beach scene here is terrific. But the mountains in northern California are great, too. I went to a combination boarding school and camp up there, around Manzanita Lake, which is beautiful country. Cooking and sleeping out, sailing, swimming—really most *all* activities in or around the water—that's my kind of life."

When Lorríe isn't involved in the aquatic life, she indulges another Piscean fancy—a love of animals—by hying herself off to the San Diego Zoo. "Maybe it sounds like I'm bragging," she says, "but we have one of the world's finest zoos. In fact, I'm pretty sure it's the largest collection of wild animals anywhere. One of the best things about it is that there aren't many bars or wires, just moats or waist-high walls; it looks



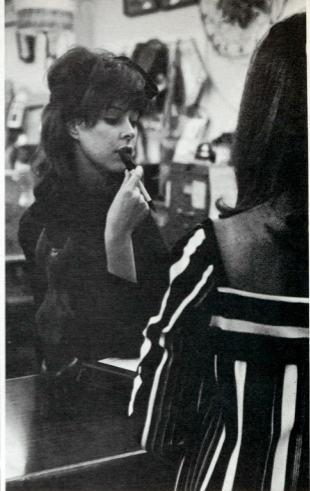


more natural that way. And because of this gorgeous climate, the animals are outside all winter long. I'm so crazy about it, I think it might be fun to *own* a zoo someday." Lorrie attributes some of her fondness for fauna to her mother, who wrote a children's book called *The Pony Who Lost Her Neigh*. "All the animals in the story," Lorrie explains, "were based on our family: my father, my three sisters and me. There was billy goat Harry, pony Susie, porky Marilyn and duck Rosane. I was a turkey—you know, gobble, gobble—because I talk so much; there's that Pisces again."

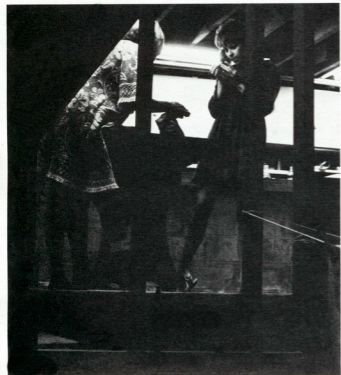
Many Pisceans have an aesthetic sense that's particularly attuned to interior decorating, and Lorrie is one of them. Along with her sisters, she works part time at the House of Rattan, a shop managed by her mother. "We sell just about anything you can imagine that's made of rattan," Lorrie says. "My mom is a fabulous decorator, and I enjoy going along with her to Los Angeles when she's on a buying trip. But it's always nice to get back home again. You know, San Diego is called the place where California began, because the Spanish padres founded their first mission here in 1769. So this year, we're celebrating our 200th birthday. I'm really proud of this city—it's sunny and warm and beautiful." We think it's a safe bet that San Diego is just as proud of Lorrie.

Below: Miss February takes a dust rag to an antique picture frame before tackling the job of refinishing it, a new hobby of Lorrie's.






At San Diego's House of Rattan, Lorrie tells a prospective customer how to be a swinger in her own back yard. Successful saleswoman-ship prevails, whereupon Miss February writes up the order. Says Lorrie, "I don't know whether my interest in interior decorating is because of my mother's influence or because I'm a Pisces. But I have a very strong creative urge." Below: Friend Marilynne Ellis helps along Lorrie's creative instincts by giving her instruction in the fine points of wood refinishing in Marilynne's basement workshop.









PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS FEBRUARY





er removing the varnish stains, Lorrie has a manicure and a cup of coffee; then Marilynne's son, Kevin, appears for a goodnight kiss. For that evening, Lorrie takes a long walk with her French poodle, Go-Go, stopping to check what's new in shoes. Below: Still not quite ready to call it a night, a freshly shampooed Lorrie settles down for some reading and snacking before bedtime. "I can't just drop everything and fall asleep," she says. "I have to unwind slowly, think awhile and resolve any problems, and then everything's all right."





*"I hope nothing has happened to those two satyrs who  
always surprise us at our bath."*



*"You came highly recommended, but I had no idea . . . !"*

# A TOAST TO TIFFIN

*jet-set cinema star pamela tiffin pauses between overseas movies for an exclusive—and revealing—playboy pictorial*



TWO OF THE MOST ENDURING MYTHS in the mythmakers' paradise of Hollywood hold that every star should be discovered by accident and that any girl who gets typecast as a scatterbrain is really an intellectual. Pamela Tiffin

in each instance happens to be the exception that proves that myths aren't always untrue. On a Thanksgiving trip to Hollywood in 1960, Pamela took a tour of the Paramount Studios with friends, was approached



in the commissary by lieutenants of producer Hal Wallis and that afternoon found herself reading for the role of Nellie in Tennessee Williams' *Summer and Smoke*. She got the part, of course, and within the year had finished work

on two more films—Billy Wilder's *One, Two, Three* and 20th Century-Fox' *State Fair*. And she got the Hollywood superbuild-up: "Pamela is the greatest film discovery since Audrey Hepburn," said Wilder. "She learns so quickly,





I can't understand why she isn't on the Supreme Court bench." None of her eight subsequent American films revealed Pamela's acknowledged braininess, though not all were mindless: Besides such forgettable beach-and-surf epics

as *For Those Who Think Young* and *The Lively Set*, she also appeared in *The Hallelujah Trail* with Burt Lancaster and in *Harper* with Paul Newman. Now 26, a veteran of art-history courses at Columbia and language courses at







Berlitz—she's fluent in French, Italian and Spanish—Pamela has spent the past few years filming in Rome. For *Kiss the Other Sheik*, in which she became the first American actress to play opposite Marcello Mastroianni,

Pamela reluctantly bleached her brunette locks—but loved the results: "Go blonde, gain weight and lose your inhibitions," she told her fans through a reporter soon after the change. Herewith, then, the uninhibited Pamela.







*"Cranston, it's time we faced facts about Inez. Nobody, but nobody, makes two hundred dollars a night selling cosmetics door to door."*



SOKOL

"See here, Carstairs—it's my turn to give her a shot!"



*"It's like they say, Miss Marchbanks. If you can't beat them, join them!"*



"Oh! Pardon me!"



Rowland B. Wilson

*"And please don't tell me again what you would do if you were in my shoes."*





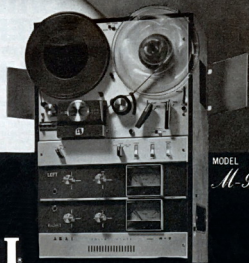
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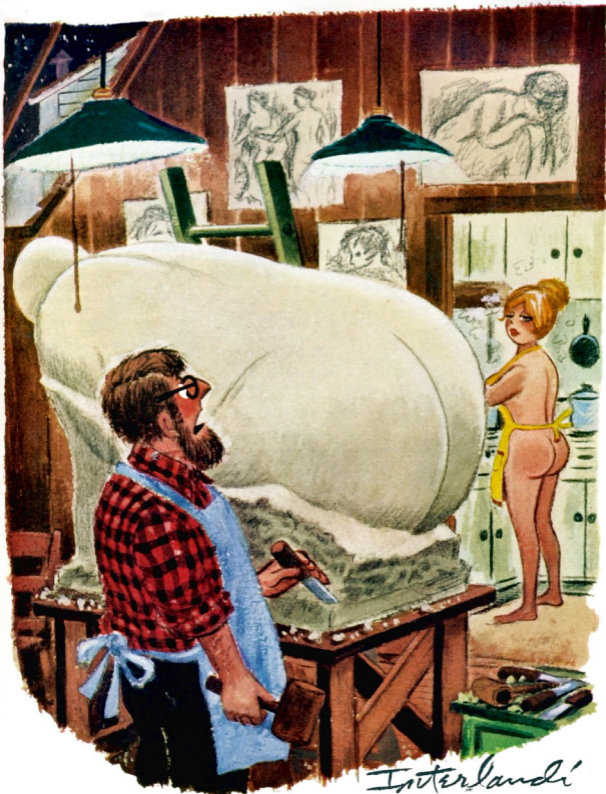
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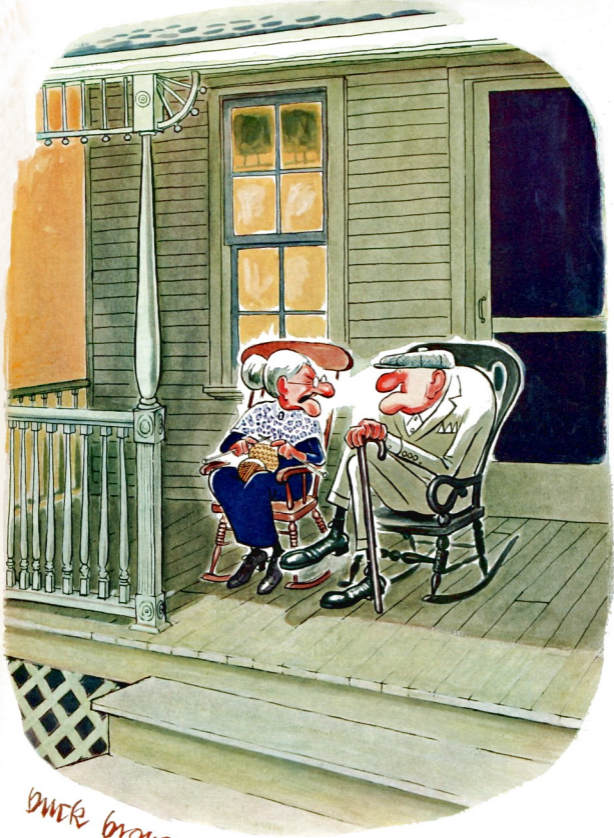


*Interlandi*

"Daphne! Get your ass in here!"



*"I'm glad you asked that question."*



*Buck Brown*

"You never sock it to me anymore."

# Little Annie Fanny

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

EVER SINCE THE BIG POWER BLACK-OUT IN THE EAST IN '65, PEOPLE HAVE BEEN ASKING, "CAN IT HAPPEN AGAIN?" THINK WHAT IT WOULD MEAN IN 1969 TO HAVE 30,000,000 PEOPLE IN AN AREA OF 8000 SQUARE MILES DEPRIVED OF LIGHT AND POWER ... ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO RUN 100 AVERAGE AMERICAN CITIES ... OR TWO AVERAGE AMERICAN DISCOTHEQUES.

- YOU DRESSED VET, SWEETIE - BABY?  
I'VE MADE RESERVATIONS AT A QUAINT,  
OLD - FASHIONED SPOT -

YOU'VE HAD  
SUCH A TOUGH DAY,  
HONEY ... ARE YOU SURE  
YOU'RE UP TO GOING OUT  
WITH A CREEP LIKE  
SOLLY BRASS?

- A NICE  
OLD - FASHIONED  
PLACE SOUNDS RELAX-  
ING, RUTHIE ... SOFT  
LIGHTS ... VIOLINS -







(SNIFF, SNIFF)  
PACIFIC BREEZES WAFTING O'ER TAHITIAN MANGO TREES.

(SNIFF) THE FRESH SCENT OF LEATHER UPHOLSTERY IN A FERRARI! ZTS/GTB.

(SNIFF, SNIFF) THE HEAVY FERAL AROMA OF A NUBILE PEASANT GIRL DANCING THE MAZURKA IN A VAT OF BORDEAUX GRAPES.

-AND NOT ONLY SMELL, ANNIE, BUT TASTE! MMM! (LICK, LICK) TRY A PÂTE DE FOIE GRAS-ON-AN-ONION-BISCUIT STREAMER!

(CLICK, CLICK) OSSO BUCO WITH A THIN STRIP OF ORANGE PEEL AND A BRUISED GARLIC CLOVE!

THIS LOBSTER-BISQUE-FLAVORED CONFETTI NEEDS SOMETHING. PLEASE PASS THE SESAME-SEED-CROUTON STREAMER.



SIGHT! SMELL! SOUND! TASTE! LEAPIN' LIZARDS, SOLLY, WHAT NEXT?

JUST HANG ON, SWEETIE-BABY, AND YOU SHALL SEE!

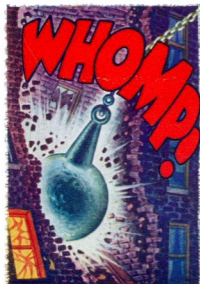
ELECTRIC EARTHQUAKE



ISN'T THIS "WOW," BABY? CAN YOU FEEL THEM VIBRATIONS?

WHUMP!

I FEEL IT! THE WHOLE ROOM IS SHAKING. HOW DO THEY DO IT?



WHOMP!



A GREAT CONCEPT, BUT FINANCIALLY ... PFFFT! ONE BIG NIGHT! THEN SIX MONTHS TO REBUILD!

ARE YOU READY FOR OUR NEXT DISCO?



WE'VE FELT EVERY SENSATION POSSIBLE! WHAT ELSE IS THERE?

SWEETIE-BABY HONEY ... PREPARE YOURSELF FOR THE BIGGEST "SMASH" DISCOTHEQUE EXPERIENCE OF ALL ... THE ULTIMATE ASSAULT ON THE SENSES!

WELCOME TO THE "ELECTRIC EROTICA." HOW MANY IN YOUR PARTY, SIR? TWO? RIGHT THIS WAY.



END