

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

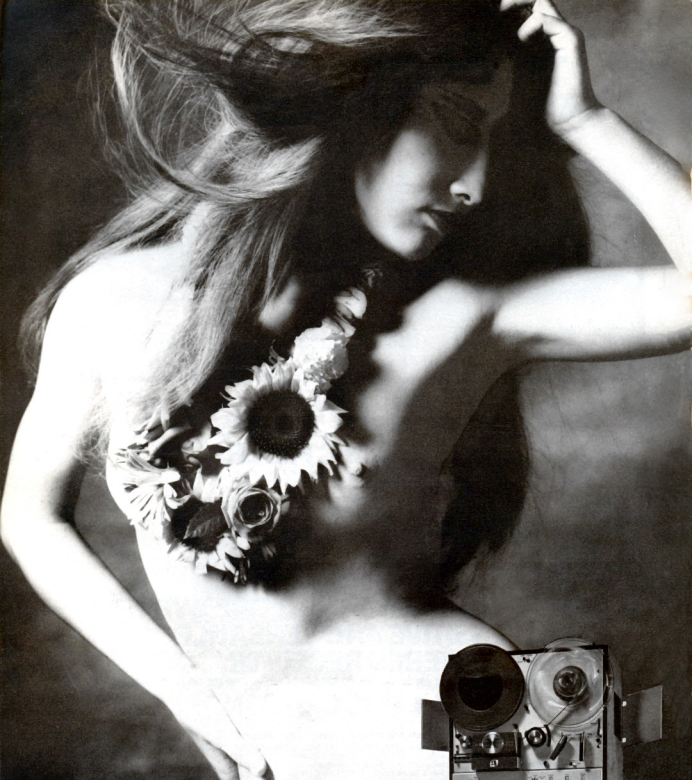
MAY 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

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BILL COSBY RAPS IN AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW
PLAYBOY'S FABULOUS LAKE GENEVA CLUB-HOTEL
CAMILLE COMES ON KINKY IN A WILD NEW FILM
WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY, JR.—GOD'S RIGHT HAND
JULES FEIFFER'S HOSTILEMAN VERSUS MANLYWOMAN
ART BUCHWALD TRIES TO WRITE A DIRTY BOOK
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"You have such beautiful skin, my dear."



"He said he wanted to make love to me in the worst way, and he did."



"Could you put your clothes on, ma'am? You're scaring the horses!"

pictorial

AUTO EROTICA

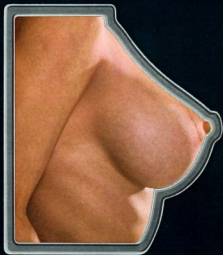
*with our own highway-beautification program, you
don't have to be a roads scholar to get the message
from these travelers' aides to happier motoring*

CURVES AHEAD





LEFT TURN



RIGHT TURN



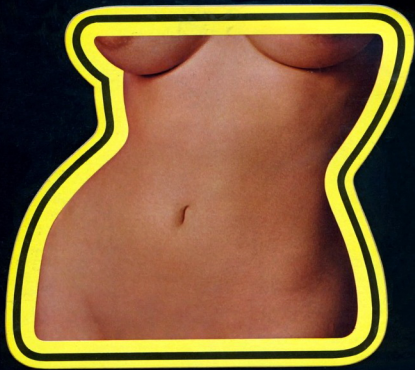
SLIPPERY WHEN WET



YIELD



HOSPITAL ZONE



ROAD NARROWS



MERGING TRAFFIC



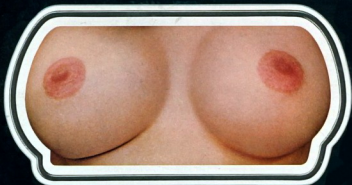
TWO-WAY TRAFFIC



DIVIDED PAVEMENT ENDS



BUMP AHEAD



TURN ON HEADLIGHTS



WRONG WAY



ROAD CLOSED



STOP



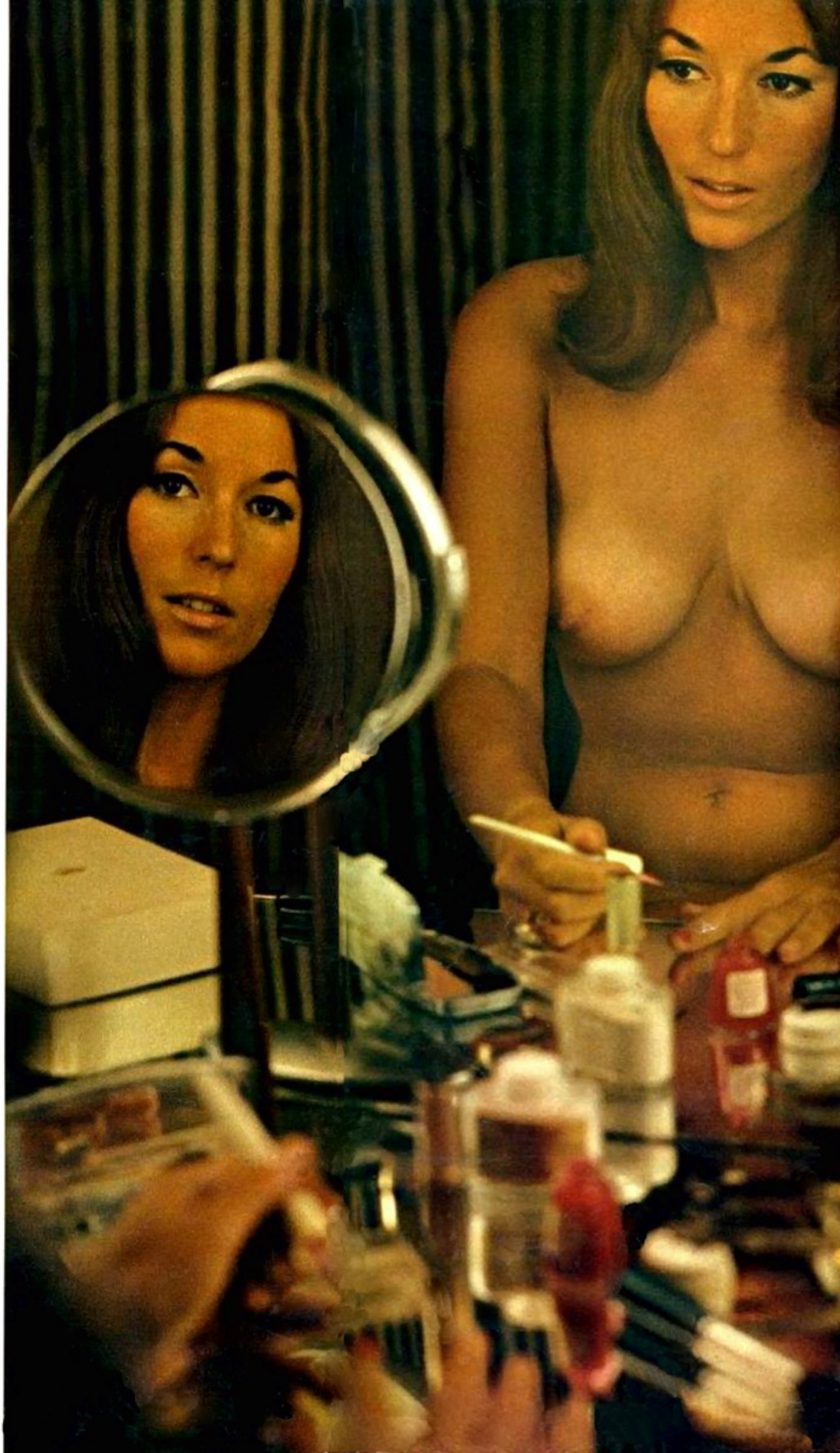
"Like hell I imagined it. She pinched my ass."

BLUE- RIBBON BEAUTY

gifted playmate sally sheffield
proves that looks and brains can mix



Before starting a fully scheduled day, slae-eyed May Playmate Sally Sheffield lounges appealingly in the buff, then settles down to some serious piano practice. Sally sees double as she indulges in a quick manicure, and after jumping into her riding breeches and boots, she adjusts her tie for a trip to see Eddie Time, her own registered American quarter horse.



WHEN ASKED why she wanted to be a Playmate, brown-haired Sally Sheffield candidly replied: "It would be a monetarily rewarding way to build up my ego." But even a cursory examination of Sally's variegated *curriculum vitae* shows that this talented New Yorker hardly requires such psychic therapy. A dedicated horsewoman since childhood, she has won an array of awards for her equestrian ability—including being judged one of the top ten riders in Manhattan's prestigious National Horse Show at a precocious 16. Sally, who is as accomplished on the piano as she is in the show ring—minored in music at Massachusetts' Wellesley College (where she took her bachelor's degree in psychology), then went on to Boston's New England Conservatory of Music, earning both a master's degree in musicology and a teaching fellowship in English literature. "I though I love books," she says. "I love music even more. The piano is my serious instrument; but for fun, and to learn folk songs, I also play the guitar and the autoharp." (For our less musicologically oriented readers, the latter is a zitherlike instrument that produces chords rather than individual notes.) Her musical inclinations helped prepare her for a part-time career as a folk singer in Boston coffeehouses and landed her a leading role in an NBC television series for children titled *The First Look*, for which she also co-authored the music. "Although I'm a dropout from the Ph.D. program at the conservatory," Sally says, "I'll probably wind up teaching music history at some point." Her goals for the immediate future are far from professorial, however: "I suppose my ambitions are not really unique—to enjoy good health, happiness, a solid marriage and a career to keep me from stagnating. I try hard to guard against mental laziness, because I'm convinced my mind will wither if I don't keep it exercised." Sally wishes she had more spare time to globe-trot ("I did spend eight months working in an Israeli kibbutz—artificially



inseminating hens, of all things—but next time, I'd like to be a camera-toting tourist"); to learn another language (she's already fluent in French and Hebrew); and to consume more books. Her literary tastes range from Joseph Conrad and T. S. Eliot to her all-time favorite story, *The Wizard of Oz*. "But as fond as I am of fictional wizards," she says, "I want my real-life hero to be flexible and fun-loving, though he should be stronger willed than I am—to keep me in line. What I look for most in a man is personal integrity. Moshe Dayan and Adlai Stevenson earned my admiration because of their courage and their honesty." When not daydreaming about her ideal man and free-lancing as an actress-folk singer, Miss May divides her time between the riding academy and her West Side pad—writing music, catching up on her reading and sharpening her culinary skills. Her idea of a perfect evening at home is an elegant French dinner à deux (from *escargots bourguignon* through *crepes suzette*) followed by lazing cozily before an open fire. With Sally Sheffield as a companion, that would approximate our idea of a perfect evening, too.

On her way to Ryan's School of Equestration in Brooklyn for its annual horse show, Sally plans her strategy for the upcoming competition, an reaching the stable, she breaks into a confident grin. "I suppose my mad love of riding just comes naturally from my mother's having been a riding instructress," Sally says. Putting Eddie through his paces, our equestrienne extraordinaire takes him easily over a hurdle—ultimately winning a trophy and a blue ribbon for first place in the pleasure-horse class. To celebrate her victory, a small group of Sally's friends gathers afterward in her Central Park West apartment for a demonstration of her equally prizeworthy culinary arts.





MISS MAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH





Attending an exhibition of vintage American furniture at Madison Avenue's Parke-Bernet Galleries, Sally fingers the keyboard of an antique harpsichord. After testing it, she's soon so thoroughly engrossed in her playing that she doesn't notice the crowd she has attracted until her audience shows its appreciation by spontaneously applauding after she's completed a Bach fugue. A weekend theater date leads to a postcurtain promenade down the Great White Way and an animated discussion of the show's merits; later, Miss May happily accepts some manly support as she watches the bright lights of Manhattan from the vantage point of Times Square.





"I don't feel like it now that you're up here—I've got a headache."

THE LAKE GENEVA PLAYBOY CLUB-HOTEL

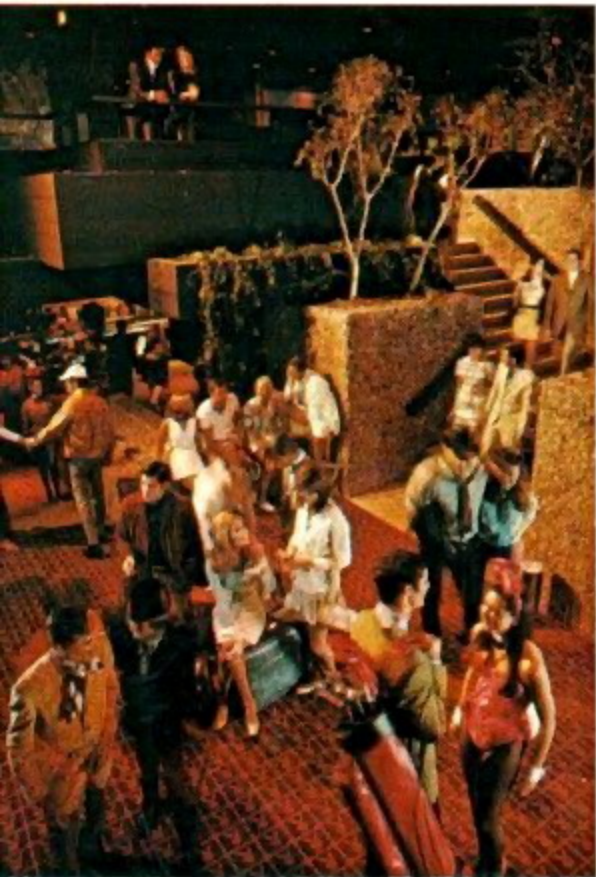
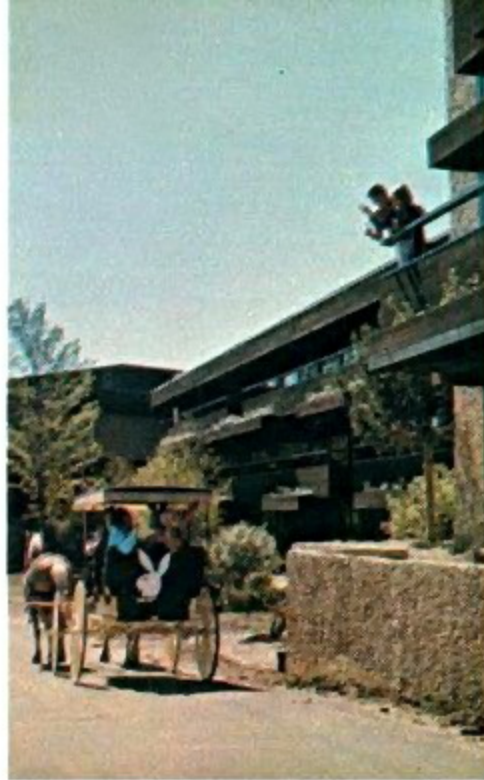
*manifold pleasures abound
at our wisconsin resort complex,
an inn for all seasons*



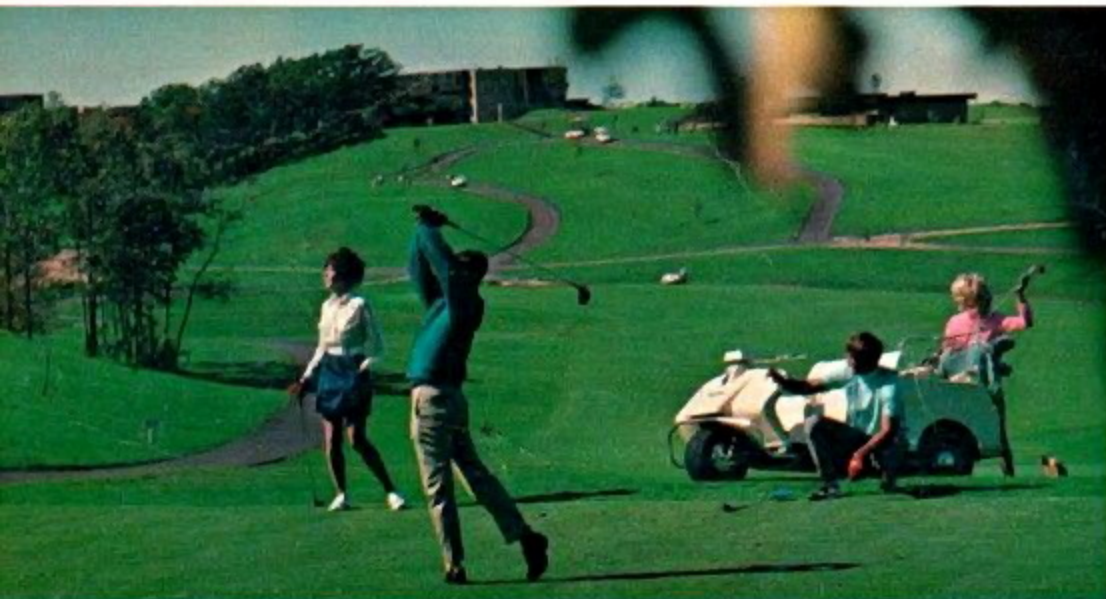
WHAT IS IT about the Playboy Club-Hotel in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, that launches normally levelheaded people on flights of poetic fancy? Henry Kissel, reporting in the *Chicago Daily News* on a weekend spent at the luxury resort, wrote: "When all the reviewers called this place 'Xanadu' after that pleasure dome Coleridge built in his mind, they weren't doing it justice. Old Sam, on his wildest hashish trip, could never have imagined the Playboy Club-Hotel." The editors of *Institutions*, the restaurant-industry magazine, headlined a 16-page feature on Playboy's Lake Geneva operation "EVERYMAN'S EDEN." And syndicated columnist Ivy Kupciner said, in the *Chicago Sun-Times*: "It's enough to boggle the mind."

Arnold J. Morton, Executive Vice-President of Playboy Clubs International and the man who masterminded the development of this 1000-acre pleasure preserve—an area that could contain the principality of Monaco almost three times over—explains its otherworldly appeal: "We've created a total environment here. You have the feeling that even if you're from Chicago or Milwaukee or right down the road, you're very, very far from home the moment you drive through the gates." The opportunity to feel luxuriously at home away from home has drawn to Lake Geneva thousands of golfers, armchair sportsmen, equestrians, night people, day people, skeet shooters, gourmets, boaters, *bons vivants*, swimmers, skiers (snow and water). (text continued on page 144)

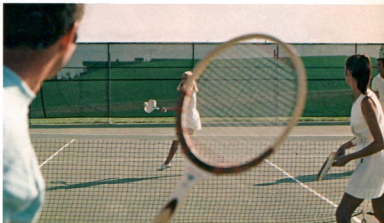
Playboy's 1000-acre wonderland, the sumptuous new Club-Hotel at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, as seen from the air. This approach is becoming increasingly popular since Playboy's private airport added facilities to handle everything from Piper Cubs to executive jets.



The good life, as it's lived at Playboy's Lake Geneva Club-Hotel, begins as you enter the lush lobby (left) of the Main Lodge. The tropical plantings, pebbled surfaces and rough-hewn redwood beams seem to draw the outdoors within the walls of the building. Warm colors, nubby-textured fabrics and polished metals create an air of masculine comfort in the suites (top left), several of which feature round beds, bars and fireplaces. The recreational facilities available outside are no less lavish. Lovers of relaxation may choose to reconnoiter the grounds in a horse-drawn surrey or do a bit of girl watching on the sun deck by the terrace pool—where bikinied Bunnies stand by to provide thirst quenchers on request. Energetic types may elect to improve their diving form or to try their luck on one of Playboy's two championship golf courses, both of which will be open for play late this summer. The resort's first 18-hole layout, designed by golf architect Robert Bruce Harris, debuted last year and has thus far defeated most attempts—both professional and amateur—at breaking its par of 72. The second course was blueprinted by Jack Nicklaus and architect Pete Dye to resemble the rolling links of venerable Scottish courses.







Cocktails and dinner at dusk on the terrace outside the Playmate Bar (opposite page), with its view of Playboy's 25-acre lake, provide a prelude to an eventful evening at the Lake Geneva Club-Hotel. The next day's fun could include a turn at such popular pastimes as shooting on an elaborately equipped trap and skeet range; pool in the Cartoon Corner game room of the Main Lodge; tennis on one of four courts adjoining the golf driving range; or riding through the "back country," deliberately left in its pastoral state by the planners of Playboy's inn for all seasons. Lessons in horsemanship—English or Western style—are available to Club-Hotel guests; instruction is also offered in a wide range of activities, from golf to flying. The hearty appetites induced by this sporting life can be assuaged (below) at the Lucullan buffet in the Living Room. Seen in the background is LeRoy Neiman's panoramic 72-foot mural, *The Hunt of the Unicorn*, which was commissioned especially for this room.





Winter offers an exhilarating array of sports at the Lake Geneva Club-Hotel. Swimmers (above) move to the lavishly landscaped indoor pool. Skiers take to the hills beside the picturesque Ski Lodge, designed in the shape of joined snowflakes by Alexander McIlvaine, the architect who created the Squaw Valley complex for the 1960 Winter Olympics. At the foot of the slopes, ski-suited Snow Bunnies ply schussers with mugs of hot wassail. Meanwhile, back at the Main Lodge, a quintet of tobogganers races down the run to the lake side. The frozen surface of the lake is cleared for skating, and snowmobiling enthusiasts stage impromptu gymkhanas. The après ski crowd congregates in the Jug of Wine bar for hot buttered rum, while playful couples head out for an old-fashioned sleigh ride.







After-dark entertainment at Lake Geneva is diversified to suit every mood. The VIP Room (above) offers gourmet repasts in an atmosphere of quiet elegance. Liza Minnelli (right) typifies the star performers who headline shows in the luxurious Penthouse. The Bunny Hutch disco (opposite page) combines a spaced-out light show and hard-rock beat, and such groovy combos as The New Zealand Trading Company (below) swing in the Playmate Bar.



ffolkres



"OK, Hercules, for your next labor we've thought up a really tough one. . . ."

CAMILLE TURNS ON

set in the year 2000, this updated classic

portrays the doomed heroine as a fun-loving speed freak who's fond of avant amusements

HISTORIANS have long claimed that each age rewrites history to suit its own needs. *Camille 2000*—a fleshy, futuristic updating of Alexandre Dumas' much-revived melodrama—is the application of that assertion to the screen. In former incarnations, Marguerite Gautier, called Camille because of her penchant for camellias, was a Parisian courtesan whose headlong rush toward death was interrupted only by a brief but all-consuming love affair. *Camille 2000* shifts the action to Rome, hypes the timeworn plot with an overdose of *la dolce vita*, Hollywood style, and revamps the traditional tubercular finale into an amphetamine ladeout. As the star-crossed symbol of the fast, empty life, Daniele Gaubert (at right, with Nino Castelnuovo)—who at 25 already has 15 films and a stormy marriage to dictator Trujillo's son behind her—moves through a lavish world inhabited by professional partygoers, homosexuals and sated sylphs of every stripe. For her, life is a spiritual vacuum filled only partially by lover Armand Duval; but for audiences, *Camille 2000* is intended as an exotic comment on the decadent trend of contemporary high society.

A jeune fille created by Dumas fills in his 1848 novel, Camille has since been portrayed repeatedly in plays and movies by each generation's leading actresses. Among her interpreters (below, left to right): Sarah Bernhardt, who brought her to the States on stage in 1880; Eleonora Duse, in an 1893 production; Ethel Barrymore, in a 1917 play; Theda Bara (with Albert Roscoe), in a wide-eyed 1917 silent-movie version; Nazimova, playing her as a vamp opposite Valentino in a 1921 tear-jerker; Norma Talmadge in the 1927 remake that introduced Gilbert Roland to the screen; Eva Le Gallienne (with Richard Waring), portraying her in a Thirties' play; Greta Garbo (with Robert Taylor), who turned her into a movie legend in the 1936 classic; and Susan Strasberg (in 1963) as a demure-looking lady of the flowers.





"Camille 2000's" carnival of concupiscence becomes bizarrely gala when the heroine's friend Olympe (Silvana Venturilli, below) redecorates her villa in a surrealistic jail motif and stages an undraped prison party of orgy proportions (left). Camille's short but stormy affair with Armand (Nino Castelnuovo) has already blown over when both of them show up—separately—at Olympe's bash, and he is in the mood for revenge. Bottom, left to right: After observing such diversions as the courting games of two Lesbians and a pilloried centerpiece au naturel, Armand repairs with Olympe to a cell, where they provide spectator sport for the assembled guests—including Camille. A couple in another cell tries to whip up enthusiasm of a different stripe among the S & M set, but Olympe and Armand steal the show. Next morning, however, as he wanders among the debris, Armand realizes that his revenge was bitter, not sweet.






Ever the avant courtesan, Camille boasts a bedroom equipped with such sci-fi accouterments as a transparent plastic bed and a network of mirrors that permits bedmates to quadruple their pleasure—as voyeurs as well as participants.



"I like life better loud," says Camille, when Armand offers home and hearth in exchange for her life of self-destructive sensuality. "It's only the pace at which I live that keeps me alive." And, as Armand discovers, that pace is frenetic.





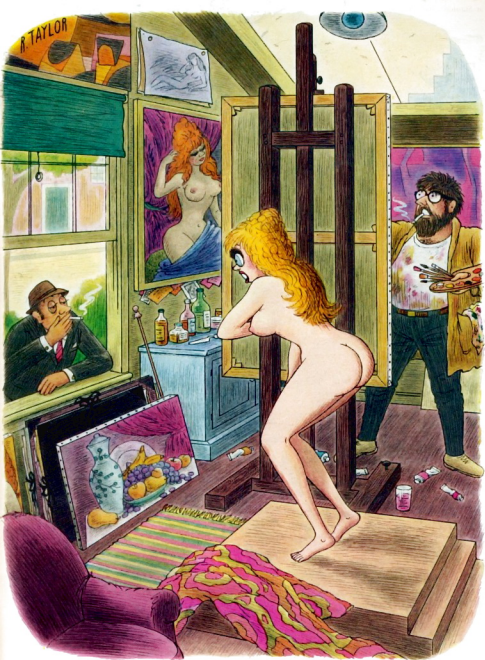
A painting of a woman from the back, with blonde hair, gold jewelry, and a snake tattoo. She is wearing a gold chain belt and a gold snake tattoo on her right arm. Her left hand is raised to her hair. A dark, sheer fabric is draped over her left shoulder. The background is plain white.

*"What I asked you
was how you
liked my asp, silly."*

Vargas



"My insomnia got me started. I figured as long as I was lying there in bed awake all night anyway. . . ."



"What the hell, let him look. Most of my paintings are for the man in the street anyway."



Intel andi

"I said 'putt out'—I didn't say 'put out' . . . !"



"Miss Morgan, I'd like you to know I'm not taking these cold showers because I'm dirty."



*"Frankly, I'm beginning to think I liked him better
when he was a frog."*