

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

AUGUST 1969 • ONE DOLLAR

PLAYBOY

**THE LIVING THEATER, ON STAGE AND OFF • SENATOR FRANK CHURCH
BLUEPRINTS A NEW APPROACH TO FOREIGN POLICY • EYE-FILLING
PICTORIALS ON THE BUNNIES OF DETROIT AND "SWEET CHARITY'S"
PAULA KELLY • AN UNCENSORED LOOK AT THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS
• AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH FORMER ATTORNEY GENERAL
RAMSEY CLARK • GOLD AND THE FAST MONEY MANIPULATORS •
IRWIN SHAW VISITS A FOREIGN FILM FESTIVAL • PLUS MUCH MORE**

PLAYBOY



Motown Bunnies

P. 134



Avant-Gorb

P. 88



Sweet Paula

P. 82



Nude Beaches

P. 126

GENERAL OFFICES: PLAYBOY BUILDING, 515 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60611. RETURN POSTAGE MUST ACCOMPANY ALL MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS SUBMITTED IF THEY ARE TO BE RETURNED AND NO RESPONSIBILITY CAN BE ASSUMED FOR UNSOLICITED MATERIALS. ALL RIGHTS IN LETTERS SENT TO PLAYBOY WILL BE TREATED AS UNCONDITIONALLY ASSIGNED FOR PUBLICATION AND COPYRIGHT PURPOSES AND AS SUBJECT TO PLAYBOY'S UNRESTRICTED RIGHT TO EDIT AND TO COMMENT EDITORIALY. CONTENTS COPYRIGHTED © 1969 BY HMM PUBLISHING CO. INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. PLAYBOY® AND HARRY DEAD DESIGN® REGISTERED TRADEMARK, MARCA REGISTRADA, MARQUE DÉPOSÉE. NOTHING MAY BE REPRINTED IN WHOLE OR IN PART WITHOUT WRITTEN PERMISSION FROM THE PUBLISHER. ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE PEOPLE AND PLACES IN THE FICTION AND SEMIFICTION IN THIS MAGAZINE AND ANY REAL PEOPLE AND PLACES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL. CREDITS: COVER: MODEL PENNY JAMES, PHOTOGRAPHY BY ALEXAS URBA. OTHER PHOTOGRAPHY BY: BILL ARSENAULT, P. 80; MARIO CASILLI, P. 3; DAVID CHAN, P. 78, 111, 124, 130 (2); JOSEPH CONVENTINO, P. 118-119 (2); JONAS DOVYDENAS, P. 3; DAVID GARD, P. 3; DWIGHT HOOKER, P. 97, 118-119 (17); CARL HUSLARI, P. 3; JAMES JONES, P. 3; JAMES NAHAN, P. 3, 97; BEN NORTON, P. 3; J. BARRY O'ROURKE, P. 3 (2); BILL PIERCE, P. 3; VERNON SMITH, P. 3; JERRY TULLMAN, P. 118-119 (2); P. 74-77 ILLUSTRATION BY TED COCONO.

PLAYBOY, AUGUST, 1969, VOL. 16, NO. 8. PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY HMM PUBLISHING CO. INC., IN NATIONAL AND REGIONAL EDITIONS. PLAYBOY BUILDING, 515 N. MICHIGAN AVE., CHICAGO, ILL. 60611. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT CHICAGO, ILL., AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. SUBSCRIPTIONS: IN THE U. S., \$10 FOR ONE YEAR.

CONTENTS FOR THE MEN'S ENTERTAINMENT MAGAZINE

PLAYBILL.....	3
DEAR PLAYBOY.....	7
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS.....	19
THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR.....	37
THE PLAYBOY FORUM.....	41
PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: RAMSEY CLARK—candid conversation.....	53
QUICK HOP—fiction..... BROCK BROWER	76
THE GLOBAL CRUNCH—article..... U. S. SENATOR FRANK CHURCH	80
SWEET PAULA—pictorial.....	82
AVANT-GARB—attire..... ROBERT L. GREEN	88
GOLD—article..... FRANZ PICK	91
THE FIRE FIGHTERS—fiction..... ERNEST TAVES	94
GRAND GUIGNOL ON THE GRAND CANAL—article..... IRWIN SHAW	97
COOLING IT BY THE NUMBERS—drink..... THOMAS MARIO	98
THE COMPANY PICNIC—humor..... PHIL INTERLANDI	100
CAN YOU FEEL ANYTHING WHEN I DO THIS?—fiction..... ROBERT SHECKLEY	105
TURNED ON—playboy's playmate of the month.....	106
PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES—humor.....	114
SOMEBODY OWES ME MONEY—fiction..... DONALD E. WESTLAKE	116
LIVING THEATER: THE BECKS AND THEIR SHOCK TROUPE—article..... JOHN KOBLER	118
TIMELY WARDROBE—accouterments..... ROBERT L. GREEN	124
YUGOSLAVIA—man at his leisure..... LEROY NEUMAN	126
CUSTER DIED FOR YOUR SINS—article..... VINE DELORIA, JR.	131
THE BUNNIES OF DETROIT—pictorial essay.....	134
ST. THOMAS AND THE DRAGON—personality..... RICHARD WARREN LEWIS	142
FAIR SHARE—ribald classic.....	145

HUGH M. HEFNER *editor and publisher*

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

ARTHUR PAUL *art director*

JACK J. KESSIE *managing editor*

VINCENT Y. TAJIRI *picture editor*

SHEILYN WAX *assistant managing editor*; MURRAY FISHER, MICHAEL LAURENCE, NAT LEBMAN *senior editors*; ROBYN MCMALLEY *fiction editor*; JAMES COODE *articles editor*; ARTHUR KREITZBERGER *associate articles editor*; TOM OWEN *modern living editor*; DAVID BUTLER, HENRY FENWICK, LAWRENCE LINDBERMAN, ROBERT J. SHEA, DAVID STANBISH, DAVID STEVENS, ROBERT ANTON WILSON *associate editors*; ROBERT L. GREEN *fashion director*; DAVID TAYLOR *fashion editor*; LEN BECHTOLD *travel editor*; REGINALD POTTERTON *assistant travel editor*; THOMAS MARIO *food & drink editor*; J. PAUL GETTY *contributing editor, business & finance*; ARLENE BOURAS *copy chief*; KEN W. PURDY, KENNETH TYNAN *contributing editors*; RICHARD KOFF *administrative editor*; BURANT IMBODEN, HAROLD KAMIS, CARL SNYDER, JULIA TRILEASE, ROGER WIDENER, KAY WILLIAMS *assistant editors*; BRY CHAMPERLAIN *associate picture editor*; MARYLN GRABOWSKI *assistant picture editor*; MARIO CASILLI, DAVID LIAN, DWIGHT HOOKER, POMPEO POSAR, ALEXAS URBA *staff photographers*; MIKE LOHARD *photo lab chief*; RONALD BLUME *associate art director*; NORM SCHAEFER, BOB POST, GEORGE KENTON, KERIC POPE, TOM STAEBLER, ROY MOODY, LEN WILLIS, JOSEPH PACZEK *assistant art directors*; WALTER KRADENYCH, VICTOR HUBBARD *art assistants*; MICHELLE ALTMAN *assistant cartoon editor*; JOHN MASTRO *production manager*; ALLEN VARGO *assistant production manager*; VAY PAPPAS *rights and permissions* • HOWARD W. FEDERER *advertising director*; JULIA KASE, JOSEPH GUENTHER *associate advertising managers*; SHERMAN KEATS *chicago advertising manager*; ROBERT A. MCKENZIE *detroit advertising manager*; NELSON FUTCH *promotion director*; HELEMET LOBSCH *publicity manager*; BENNY BUNN *public relations manager*; ANSON MOUNT *public affairs manager*; THEO FRIEDRICH *personnel director*; JANET FULGRAM *reader service*; ALVIN WIEMOLD *subscription manager*; ROBERT S. PREUSS *business manager and circulation director*.



Girl Watchers Watch PLAYBOY AFTER DARK

Because it's where the girls are! The prettiest! The tiniest! All waiting for you to join them at Hef's swinging TV party, PLAYBOY AFTER DARK. Where Hef plays host to famous guests, the stars that light up the world's marquees, sell out the smash showrooms, line them up at celebrated clubs and rockin' discos. If the time of your life is worth one hour of your time, then tune in PLAYBOY AFTER DARK. It moves with song, sound and comedy. Featuring performers such as Jerry Lewis, Sammy Davis Jr., Noel Harrison, Joanie Sommers, The Checkmates Ltd., James Brown, Anthony Newley, Morgana King, The Taj Mahal, Bob Newhart, Jim Webb and the Grateful Dead. Plus many other greats. Be there! When it's happening. On PLAYBOY AFTER DARK. • a playboy production •



PLAYBOY AFTER DARK in full color on: WOR-TV, New York; WGR-TV, Buffalo; WGN-TV, Chicago; WIRL-TV, Peoria; WTVO, Rockford, Ill.; KTLA, Los Angeles; KCRA-TV, Sacramento; KEMO-TV, San Francisco; WSBK-TV, Boston; WHNB, West Hartford; WPHL-TV, Philadelphia; WPGH-TV, Pittsburgh; WJET-TV, Erie; WDCA-TV, Washington; WUAB-TV, Cleveland; WXIX-TV, Cincinnati; WKCF-TV, Dayton; WDHO-TV, Toledo; WYTV, Youngstown; WTCN-TV, Minneapolis; WWTV, Cadillac, Mich.; WMT-TV, Cedar Rapids; KRNT-TV, Des Moines; WTAF-TV, Marion, Ind.; WYUE, New Orleans; KATC, Lafayette, La.; KBTY, Denver; KPAZ-TV, Phoenix; KRLD-TV, Dallas; KMID-TV, Midland, Tex.; KSD-TV, St. Louis; KGBM-TV, Honolulu. Check local listings for other areas.



SOKOL

"I didn't want to wake you, my dear, but I can't seem to find my gun."



*Sweet
Paula*

LITHE AND LOVELY
PAULA KELLY
ADDS HER VERY SPECIAL
BRAND OF EXCITEMENT
TO SWINGING
SWEET CHARITY

SENSUOUSLY STRUCTURED Paula Kelly promises to be among Hollywood's most memorable new faces and figures of 1969. Her first film role—as *Sweet Charity*'s tough-talking taxi dancer, Helene—gave optimum exposure to Paula's bumptious dancing and comedic talents. Though she's anxious to become a dramatic actress—especially after receiving gilt-edged notices in the ill-fated Broadway production *The Dozens* last March—Paula's sticking with song and dance for the moment. Currently, she's starring in the national road-show production of the hip musical *Your Own Thing*. As video viewers who watched her saucy dance interpretation of *Chitty Chitty Bang Bang* at April's Academy Awards presentations can testify, Paula does her own thing very well, indeed.



Paula (left) was chosen for her role in *Sweet Charity* when Bob Fosse, the film's director, saw her perform in the London production of the hit musical. "Before I signed to do the show in England, I had also played the role of Helene for six months in Las Vegas," says Paula.

"As badly as I wanted to be in the film," she remembers, "I admit to being scared to death when the call finally came for me." Below: Chita Rivera, Shirley MacLaine and Paula whoop it up in a scene from the film.

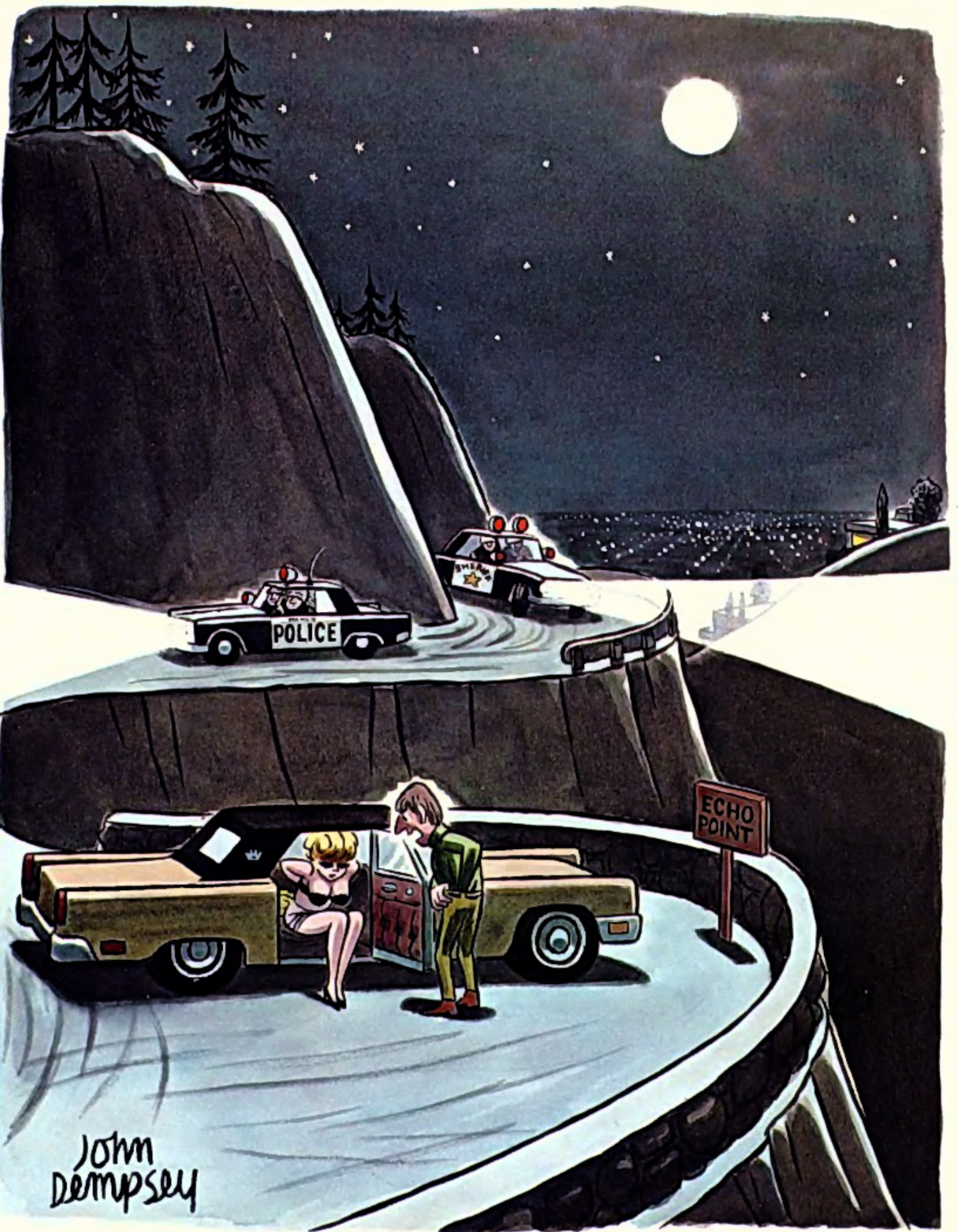
Bottom: Shooting exclusively for *PLAYBOY*, photographer Larry Schiller employs a series of strobe exposures [continued overleaf] to capture Paula at her most captivating



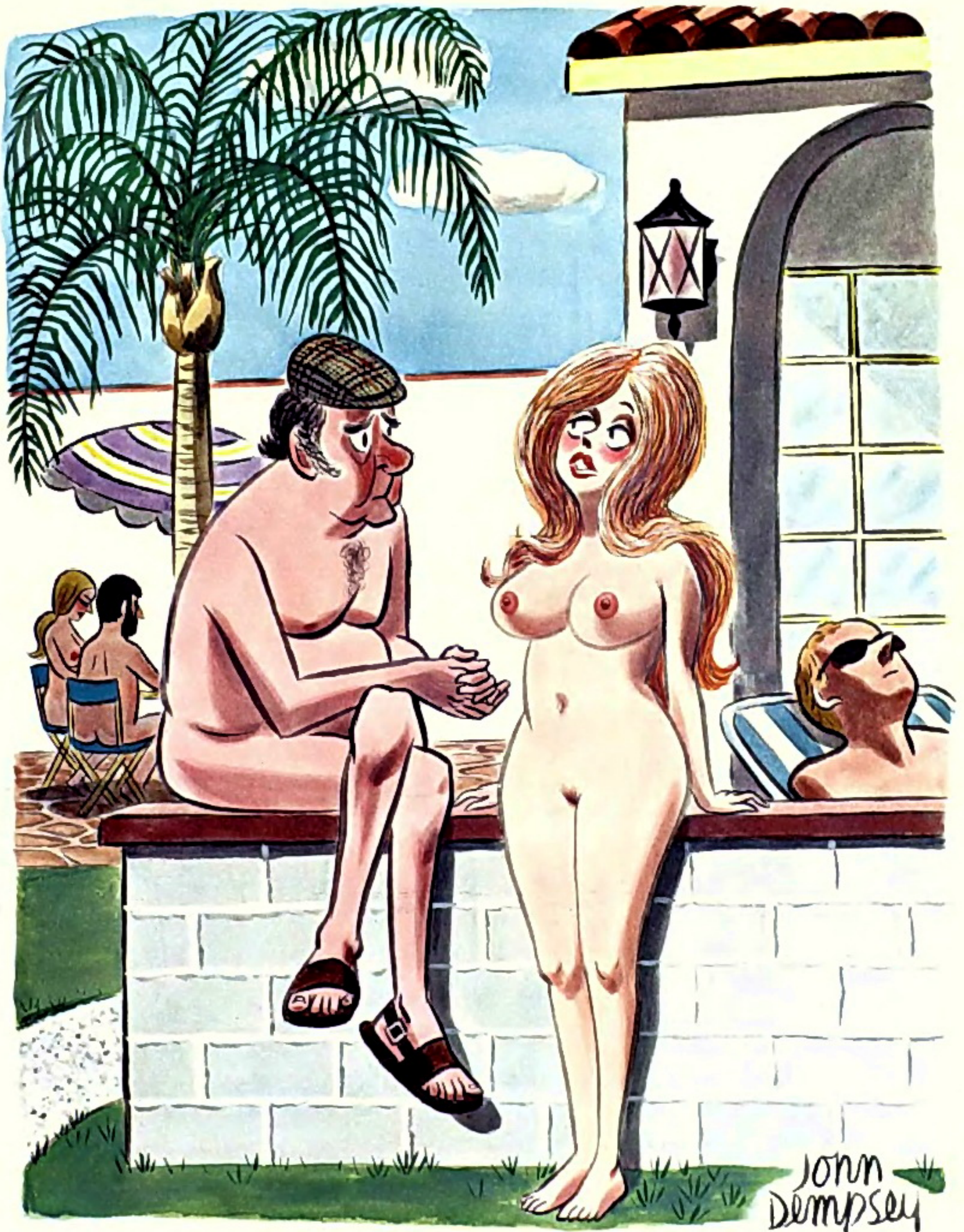


Says Paula, "The only time I feel that I'm really me is when I'm dancing. Then I have no problems, no hang-ups. It's as if I could do anything in the world."





"My God, why didn't you tell me you liked to yell and scream and shout?"



"It turned out I was allergic to cotton, wool, Dacron, Orlon, nylon, Koratron, rayon. . . ."



TURBIDENAD

*flower child-woman debbie hooper grooves on sunshine,
sculpture and progressive politics*

COMMITTED though she is to helping her generation unwind our uptight society, 21-year-old Debbie Hooper proves that one needn't storm the barricades to qualify as a liberated—and liberating—spirit. She supported Senator Eugene McCarthy's bid for the Presidency and was left "brokenhearted" by his defeat at last year's Democratic National Convention, but Debbie—who's currently studying philosophy and sculpture at San Fernando Valley State College—

tries hard to avoid the politics of confrontation on campus. "Some of the radicals' demands are good and some are bad," she says, "but they ruin their chances for success with the tactics they use. What kind of education can anybody get when you close the school?" Debbie's personal morality has been strongly influenced by Ayn Rand's objectivism: "It makes sense to live for yourself, because self-love is the basis for *all* love"; and her attitude toward sex

is unabashedly anarchistic: "Sex should be totally spontaneous and consenting adults should be allowed to do whatever they wish. A good relationship doesn't always need a long period of time to develop, and when you get zapped immediately by someone's charisma, your instincts are right more often than not." Irked by middle-aged advertising copywriters "who make egg rolls look erotic but worry about what sex is doing to their children," Debbie also



Determined to chart her own course, Debbie won't sacrifice her individuality to run with the crowd, be it hip or square: "People group

together primarily because of their opposition to other groups, and later they may find that they don't really have much in common."



looks askance at contemporaries who abhor conformity "but wish they had XK-Es and houses in Big Sur." Not that her anti-materialism is dogmatic: "I know I can live without too many possessions, but happiness is what counts, and most people need a few nonessential comforts in order to be happy." For Debbie, those nonessentials include eye-catching outfits; she favors bell-bottoms and—for the beach—leather bikinis, as small as the law permits ("if you have to wear one at all"). While Debbie uses her wardrobe as a colorful medium of self-expression, she prefers to be an appreciative spectator when it comes to painting: "The work of some artists, especially Chagall and Beardsley, really turns me on. Even though I do get ideas of my own sometimes, I lose them when I try to put them down on canvas or paper." If she could have any fantasy come true, Debbie would like to be an out-of-sight songstress: "a combination of Billie Holiday and Barbra Streisand, perhaps." The Beatles are indisputably tops among the pops, as far as she's concerned, but Debbie also responds to the pulsating sound of Creedence Clearwater Revival, a West Coast rock-and-soul combo: "Their beat always puts my body in motion." Debbie's taste in drama is relatively conventional; underground films tend to leave her cold ("Why pretend to like something you didn't even understand?"); she generally prefers to get involved in more romantic tales; and *Camelot* is her favorite film. The prospect of emoting in movies herself holds no special attraction for Miss August, who has acted successfully in a few stage plays; she worries that "my identity might dissolve" if she were immersed in the Hollywood whirlpool. We're completely convinced, however, that Debbie would continue to be her own unpretentious self in *any* milieu.



"When you're still undecided about what to do with your life," says Debbie, "you have to spend some time alone, so you can learn more about your own psyche." Miss August relishes an opportunity for meditation, whether it's in the open air at Big Sur ("LSD may be OK for some people, but the sun and the sea are enough to send me on a trip") or in the privacy of her pad in Northridge, near Los Angeles.



Left, top to bottom: Debbie gets a safety tip from sculptor Hugh Merry, then tries her hand at welding; later, students stretch out and rap. Above: Debbie paints VW to blend with coastal flora.



PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

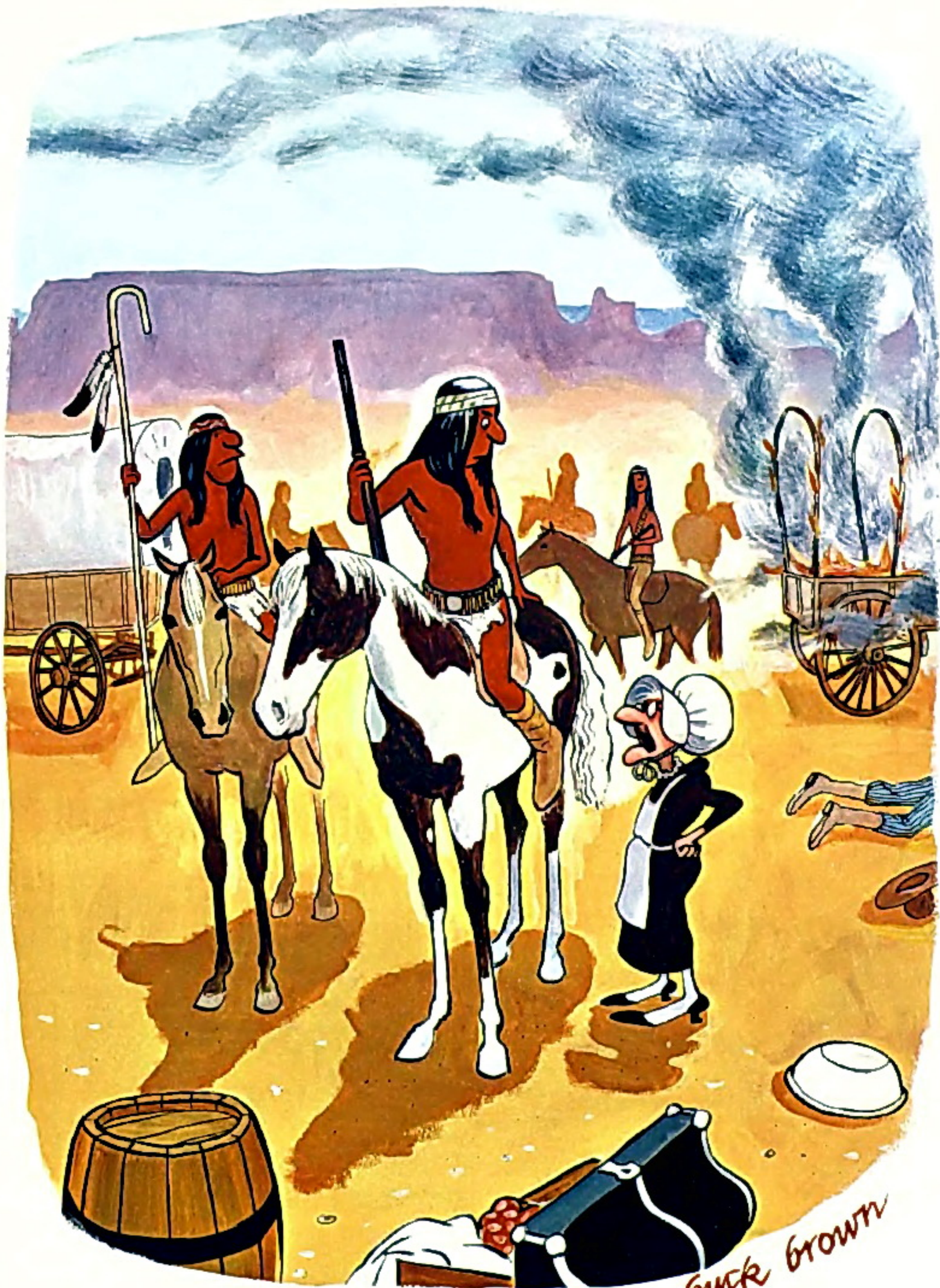
MISS AUGUST



Debbie's thoroughly enchanted with the sylvan and seaside panoramas of the Golden State and has no intention of forsaking them. She and her mother, a schoolteacher with a zest for travel, led a nomadic life until recently: Debbie's homes have included London, Cleveland and an Alaskan village of 150 people. They are now permanently settled in California, however, which is fine with Debbie.



"I knew it! There had to be nymphs in suburbia!"



BUCK GROWTH

"Don't lie to me, you varmint! You are too supposed to take prisoners!"



"Let's go inside. Someone's smoking pot."

THE BUNNIES OF DETROIT



You're on the right track with Bunny Kitty Tabor (left), who epitomizes the carefree spirit of the Detroit Playboy Club. Like most Motor City Bunnies, Kitty and Tommy Ralston (above) are Detroit born.



*a words-and-photos fanfare
for the traffic-stopping lovelies
of the motor city hutch*

AS MOST OF THE WORLD CAN TESTIFY, the best-known product of Detroit is the automobile. Gallons of ink, miles of video tape, tons of color film and countless man hours of creative effort by the highest-priced brains of Madison Avenue are all expended on the annual effort to keep it that way. We'll agree that cars are great, but the admen ought to rearrange their priorities. By rights, the most celebrated resource of Detroit should be its girls, both natives and imports. They're beautiful. For proof, you have only to stop in at 1014 East Jefferson Avenue, the Motor City's Playboy Club and the rabbitat of a group of lovelies whose sleek lines, impressive upholstery, varied options and all-round excellence of performance surpass anything the Big Three's stylisus ever conceived on their drawing boards. They're the eye-filling Bunnies of Detroit—72 percent of them born and raised right in the city or its environs. (When you add the girls who were born elsewhere but have lived in Detroit since kindergarten days, the percentage nears 90.)

If you could bundle all of Motown's Bunnies into one composite cottontail, she'd be 21 years (text continued on page 159)

The fairest flower in this midsummer meadow is Regina Schrack, who loves to spend lazy afternoons picnicking in the countryside. At the Club, Ronnie Stekier relaxes awhile as Bunny Jill Bruder works.





Bunny "Rabbit" McGregor (above) also answers to the name of Shorron, but Club visitors prefer her Playboy pseudonym. Rabbit agrees with Susan Smith (below) that blonde Bunnies have more fun.





It's easy to see why Pam Paluch (left) has won eight beauty contests during the past few years, and has been runner-up in six more; she's also been a d.j. and a roller-skating medalist. Quiet Colleen Mullen and outgoing Andrea Lynn (above, left and right) share the same hobbies: sewing and water-skiing. Andrea also goes in for basketball and miniature golf; "I'm trying to prove to myself that I can do anything I want to," she says. Vivacious Bambi Battiste (below) finds it almost impossible to hold still when the Detroit Playboy Club's Living Room swings to a solid rock beat.





Brainy Bunnies Pru Hill (above) and Jadi Joe (below) have sights set on careers in traditionally masculine fields: law and mechanical engineering, respectively. A talented dancer, Jadi once starred in a Chinese musical revue.





Bunny Maria Gurley (left) is looking for a fellow with a definite goal in life—but one who'll understand her own plans for a dancing career. Mally Ballantyne (above left) is saving her Bunny money for college, where she hopes to study nursing; petite Nancy Spiess (above right) is a motorcycle buff. Bating on nearby Lake St. Clair is the favorite fair-weather sport for both Sandy Berry and Kerrie Ferrell (below, left and right). On rainy days, Kerrie—a former art student—is most likely to be found browsing through the Sculpture Court of the Detroit Institute of Arts.





Behind those big lovely eyes (above left) lies a long-term ambition: Bunny Sandro Lawrence is hoping to earn—and save—enough money in the years ahead to open and operate her own finishing school in Detroit. Gift Shop Bunny Diane Rumble (above center) aims to teach accounting at a university, and bathing beauty Sandy Burniac (above right) dreams of becoming a sought-after photographer's model. Music's charms don't rival those of Liga Boladis (below), who has sung in operatic productions, and Dolly Tonako (opposite), who excels in interpretive dance.





*"I got my mink the
same way minks do."*



Vargas

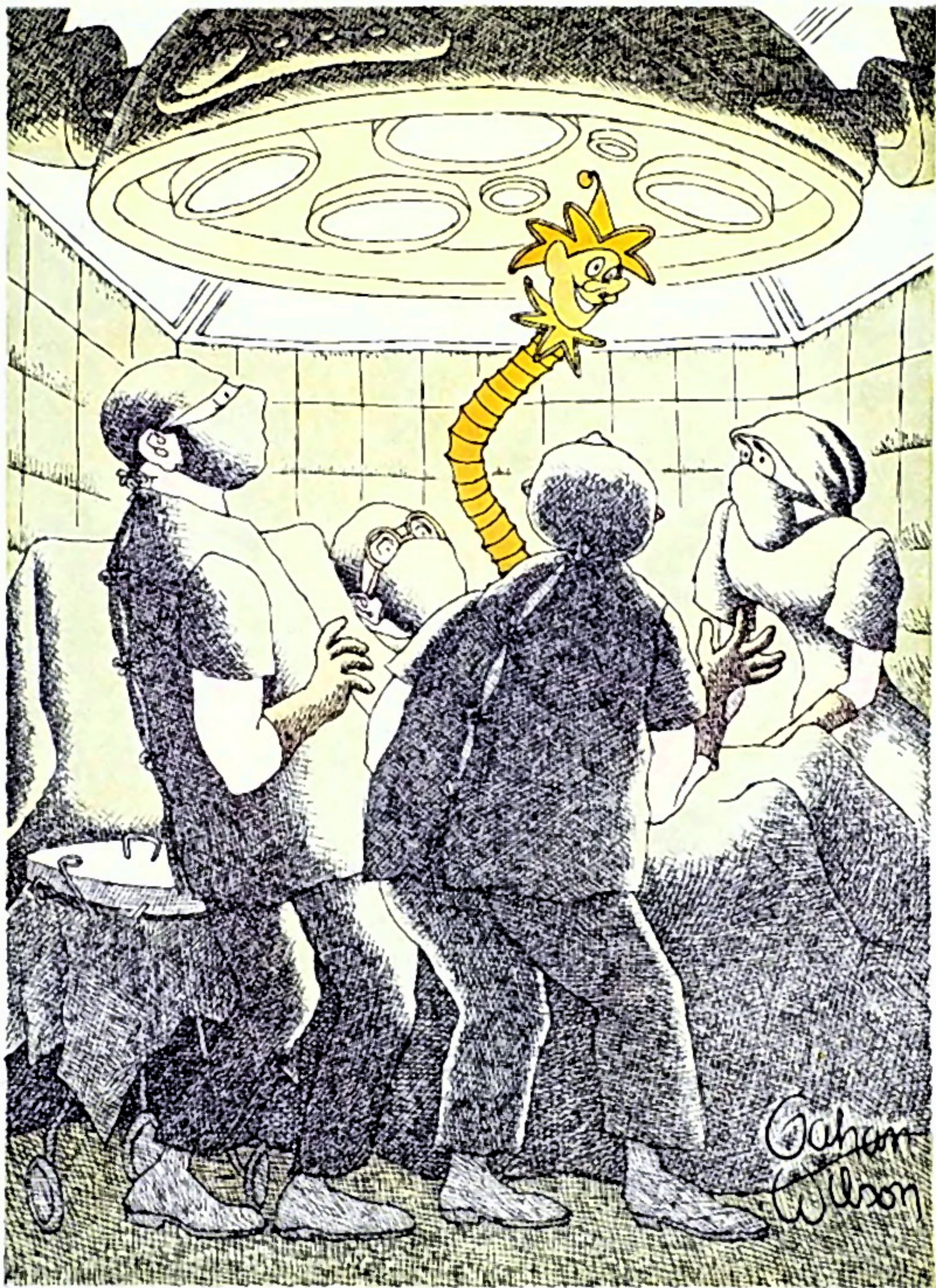


"Goodbye, Miss Einger. I wish you all the happiness in the world!"

T. Erikson



"Gosh, you weren't kidding when you said you have a weird stepmother!"



BUNNIES OF DETROIT (continued from page 135)

and 9 months old, stand five feet, five inches tall and weigh 112 pounds distributed in symmetrical 35-23-35 proportions. Like her city, famed for generations as a melting pot, she'd be a spicy mixture of nationalities: German, French, Polish, Italian, African, Irish, English, Indian, Spanish, Dutch, Swedish. She'd be a blend of homebody and wanderer, dreamer and realist, scholar and sportswoman; in short, totally feminine and just a bit unpredictable. Of course, Detroit's Bunnies don't fit into one cottontail costume. They come in all shapes and sizes (from petite Tracy LeBlanc, four feet, eleven inches tall, to statuesque Molly Ballantyne, who's really five feet, eight but claims she's "seven feet, two in heels and Bunny ears"); colors (14 percent are black); interests (from drag racing to *haute cuisine*); and life styles (from objectivism to mysticism).

What is it about Detroit that keeps this potpourri of pulchritude—which gives the Motor City hutch the highest percentage of local talent in the world-wide Club chain—happy to stay around the old home town? If you ask the girls, they'll tell you it's mainly people power. "I love Detroit," says Bunny Jeanne Tims, who has spent three years in Germany, traveled all over Europe, visited 20 of the 50 states and island-hopped in the Caribbean—and keeps coming back to the Michigan metropolis. "I've been all over," she says, "but this city rates the highest. The people make it. Detroit is a big town filled with small-town people who don't put on airs."

Like many of her sister Bunnies, Jeanne is also an accomplished sailor. Sporting attractions, most of which have something to do with water, are a big plus for Detroit in the eyes of the Bunny brigade. In a state that boasts 3251 miles of Great Lakes frontage, adding up to the longest fresh-water shore line in the world, it's not surprising that most of Detroit's Bunnies list swimming, water-skiing and boating as their favorite warm-weather pastimes. Michigan also boasts 81 snow-skiing areas, of which 12 are within two hours' drive of Detroit; so it figures that a natural leader like Bunny Jo Matthews would organize regular winter trips to the slopes on Sundays, when the Club is closed. And then there is baseball's Detroit Tigers, the surprising 1968 American League championship team that turned the whole town into a cheering section and then went on to win the world series. To a woman, Detroit's Bunnies are unabashedly avid Tiger fans. (Other teams have their hutch devotees, too—pro football's Lions, hockey's Red Wings and the collegiate gridiron powers of Michigan and Michigan State.)

The many Bunnies who are theater buffs and music lovers give Detroit equally high marks for its entertainment

and cultural attractions. They wouldn't miss the plays and concerts presented at Cobo Arena and the adjacent Ford Auditorium in the multimillion-dollar Civic Center, a Bunny hop, skip and jump away from the Club. Though the Bunnies are likely to visit Cobo Arena to groove with a big-name rock group, you may find yourself there for a convention. But whatever your reason for coming, chances are you'll find yourself in the Motor City one of these days. When you do, stop by and say hello to the Bunnies who grace these pages and the comfortable confines of the Detroit Playboy Club. For conversational openers, here are a few introductory notes about them:

Bunny Kathy Fitzpatrick, four times named Detroit's Best Bunny, has been with the hutch since its opening in December 1963. Hers is a familiar name in Detroit; her father, John J. Fitzpatrick, just retired after 18 years in the state legislature. "I might run for state representative myself sometime in the future," Kathy allows, "just to keep the family name in politics. Besides, I think we need more women in public office. They can usually get the job done faster and more diplomatically than men." While waiting for an opportune moment to toss her Bunny ears into the political ring,

Kathy plans to keep busy with her coin collection, her Yorkshire terrier, Maggie, and her favorite sports: *jai alai*, horse racing and swimming, the last at her parents' cottage in Kingsville, Ontario, 45 minutes from the Club. "Right now, I'm reading up on witchcraft and demonology," the hazel-eyed brunette adds with a devilish grin, "and working up a few love potions for some of my friends."

Kathy's companion on a recent month-long vacation junket through the South was Bunny Jill Bruder. Jill's Yorkshire terrier, Penny, is a double for Kathy's Maggie, and the pups accompanied their mistresses on the trip. Jill is serious about dogs; her greatest ambition is to raise Yorkshires (ten) and children (six). A native of Springfield, Illinois, Jill will celebrate her fifth anniversary with Playboy in October. Currently, she's the Detroit Club's Training Bunny—responsible for demonstrating proper service techniques to the novices attending Bunny School. "I've learned to wear old clothes at training sessions," Jill says. "That's the only way to avoid disaster when one of the new girls gets too nervous and spills a tray in your lap. But it doesn't happen often." A cold-weather enthusiast, Jill spends winter weekends skiing at Boyne Mountain, Boyne Highlands, Big Bear or Alpine Valley. Sometime finds her visiting her parents at



"Just one question, Natalie. Do you love the guy?"

their home at nearby Walled Lake, where she scuba dives with her brother. "On a rainy day, I curl up with a crossword puzzle," she says.

Such sedentary pastimes would be unthinkable for Bunny Rusty Zawora. "I'm a doer," she says. "I need a man who's active, too; I'm not much for the idea of sitting home and watching TV." A dedicated skier, Rusty is a five-year veteran of the slopes and the acknowledged schussing expert of the cottontail clan. She's completed her junior year at Eastern Michigan University and hopes to earn a degree in retailing. "I'd like to be a buyer, or to run my own *boutique*," she says. "I design my own fashions."

Bunny Maria Gurley, too, has a future career on her mind. "I know exactly what I want to do in life," she says. "I want to enter Wayne State University and work toward a degree in modern dance—then open my own dance school." While still a student at Detroit's MacKenzie High, Maria was a teaching assistant in modern dance. She thinks her home town is a great place, especially for its dramatic offerings: a typical week in the 1969 season afforded a variety ranging from classics presented by England's Royal Shakespeare Company at the Fisher Theater to Oakland University's staging of Giraudoux' *Amphitryon 38*. "My idea of a perfect evening," says Maria, "is to go to the theater, then on to Arthur [offspring of the New York *discothèque*] for dancing and finish it all off with a platterful of egg fooyoung at Forbidden City."

You may have seen Bunny Marcie Crumby in an auto ad; she has modeled for Chrysler for a year or so. Before

joining the Bunny brigade in May 1968, Marcie spent some time as a dental assistant—but life with Playboy has proved much more exciting, not to mention rewarding. She remembers last year's world series when a keyholding used-car dealer, in his elation over the Tigers' triumph, decided to bestow a victory token on the Bunny who happened to be serving his group. "How's that for a tip?" queries Marcie, pointing out her 1963 Comet. This diminutive dynamo pounds a mean bongo and sometimes sits in with the trio in the Club's Living Room. Off the job, her interests include night-clubbing, dancing, roller skating and cooking. "I make a beautiful meat loaf, good fricasseed chicken and all kinds of old-fashioned soul food." A dash of soul, Marcie believes, would go a long way toward curing the sicknesses of modern society; most of its problems, she says, could be solved by "broadening small minds."

Bunny Toni Trupiano agrees. "What the world needs most is a big serum shot of love," she says. Toni, who's now in her second year of night school (majors: art and law) at Wayne State, lives in suburban Royal Oak with her family—father, a *Detroit Free Press* artist; mother, a housewife and doctor's assistant; two younger brothers and two younger sisters. She is serious about keeping her slim (33-21-33) body beautiful: "I go to the health club two or three days a week, for exercise and swimming. I like jogging along country roads, too." Currently, she's saving up to pay for somewhat speedier means of touring Italy.

The late Ian Fleming was reportedly a

man of unflappable poise, but he might have been a bit shaken to discover a Bunny named 007 in the Living Room of the Detroit Playboy Club. The only resemblance between this five-foot, two-inch, 110-pound brunette—whose British parents named her Marie Fuller—and the fictional James Bond is a certain disposition toward derring-do. "I picked the name 007 because it had an air of mystery," she explains. "I mean, with a name like that, nobody knows what to expect. You can be whatever kind of person you feel like at the moment." Double-0, as she's known around the Club, is an accomplished drag racer, enthusiastic sky diver, novice judo student and a firm believer in spiritualism and ouija boards. "I'm working on conquering various parts of my brain in their psychological aspects," she says seriously. "It's like taking a trip without drugs." Bunny 007 has lived in the Detroit area since she was eight, and somewhere along the line she picked up the area's endemic auto fever. In her case, it's racing cars. "I drove in ten or twelve drag races last season," she says. "Now I want to get a higher-powered car, the kind that needs a parachute to stop it. I'm the only girl I ever heard of who got a set of chrome wheels for a high school graduation gift!"

Adventurous is the description Bunny Kim Stretton pins on herself, too. "You have such a short time, really," she philosophizes. "You should live life to the fullest." Kim takes her own advice: on one occasion, she set off from Flint, Michigan, with a cousin to visit New York. The girls had \$18 between them and nearly got stranded in Buffalo—but they talked a kindly bus driver into a free ride home. Kim has completed one year in psychology at Michigan State University. While in high school at Grand Blanc, Michigan, she won a trophy in an oratory contest and was chosen homecoming queen and Valentine princess. She's yet to celebrate her 21st birthday, but she's already been a staff writer for *The Flint Journal* (where she assisted the fashion editor), a secretary, a dental assistant and a receptionist. One still-unfulfilled ambition: to become a top-notch photographer's model in New York.

Taking off when the spirit moves is also the life style of Bunny Fran Witt, whose luminously expressive brown eyes betray her Italian heritage. Not long ago, Fran lit out for two weeks in Florida—"running away from the idea of getting married." Another time, she flew down to Mexico with a pair of girlfriends for two whirlwind weeks in Taxco, Guadalajara, Mexico City and Acapulco—where she boasts of meeting Michael Ansara and Ursula Andress. Fran makes friends easily—sometimes too easily. "I'm a terrible flirt, without realizing it," she says. "You know, if I were reincarnated as an animal, I think I would come back



"Speaking for the guys in the creative department, R. P., we feel it's an idea whose time has come."

as Flipper—happy, intelligent, friendly and a people lover." Fran worked at the Playboy Club-Hotel in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, for three months last year and hopes to be on hand in 1970 for the grand opening of Playboy's newest resort extravaganza, now under construction at Great Gorge, New Jersey.

Red-haired, green-eyed Bunny Bobbi Saxon is a follower of Ayn Rand, a lover of folk music and symphonic works—with Bach and Tchaikovsky leading her all-time hit parade. "I hope to be able to go to college in another year or so and take a hotel-management course," Bobbi says. "This practical experience, serving as a Bunny, should be invaluable. In a way, though, it almost scares me to go back to school, as things are now. Although I'm basically independent, sensitive and—well, romantic—I want to go to a university to learn, not to get involved in a revolution." On the lighter side, Bobbi is mad for swimming and water-skiing. Unlike many of her lurch sisters, she's not a fan of astrology. "I'm a Scorpio," she told us, "and yesterday my newspaper horoscope promised a good day. So what happened? My date showed up two hours late."

Ultrafeminine clothes and supertomb-boy sports are the seemingly contradictory weaknesses of Bunny Brenda Honey (her real name, so help us), a Hoosier native who's lived in the Detroit area most of her life. "If I'm not shopping in a *boutique*, I'm out on the shooting range or riding my motorbike—a Yamaha 180—around the sand dunes near Benton Harbor," she says. Brenda's a dead shot, whether with pistol, rifle or bow and arrow; she also wields a powerful bat at Bunny Baseball, those laugh-it-up games played by Bunnies against varied opponents, often d.j.s, to raise funds for charity. Currently, Brenda is attending Henry Ford Community College; someday she'd like to teach art. At the moment, she's involved in doing pen-and-ink drawings for the walls of her apartment and hooking a rug on burlap in "wild oranges, pinks and reds."

One competitive sport in which Detroit's cottontails have not fiddled a team is track. Our favorite in such a rabbit run, should it ever take place, would be long-stemmed Bunny Goldie Morgan. While attending high school in St. Clair Shores, Michigan, she ran on the girls' intramural team and was for two years a teaching assistant in gym. She roller-skates regularly in suburban Mount Clemens, plays touch football, baseball and volleyball. Goldie, whose real name is Donna, picked her Bunny sobriquet out of admiration for *Laugh-In's* "dumb blonde," Goldie Hawn. "It makes a good talking point with the guests," she observes. No dummy, Playboy's Goldie is saving up to go to college and study interior design. Her long-range ambition is to be a mother—either the Bunny variety at



"I see those kooks in the Sea of Tranquillity are seeing unidentified flying objects again."

The Playboy Club or, in the more traditional style, with a house full of small fry. Regarding a prospective husband, she's looking for "a man, not an adolescent. Some men can be forty but act eighteen. My ideal fellow has got to be a gentleman who treats me like a lady, acts natural and has honest insights into himself, me and the world around us."

Bunny Molly Ballantyne, a statuesque blonde Swede, has a different view. "I love men because they're just like little boys," she says. On a date, Molly likes to hit the lively night spots in Windsor, Ontario, just five minutes away across the Detroit River. Until the age of 15, Molly claims she was "the biggest rough-neck ever. I have three younger sisters, and I guess we were all making up for the lack of boys in the family." Her most unforgettable experience to date: hitchhiking to Florida with a girlfriend. "It took us a week and a half to get to Miami, but we met such beautiful people along the way."

Another tall Michigan beauty, Bunny Karen Talaske, is a blue-eyed blonde of Polish extraction. She comes from a big family—six children—and hopes someday to be the mother of ten and "outdo my folks." One sister, a year older than Karen, is a freshman at Western Michigan University, where Karen frequently heads in her 1968 Malibu for college party weekends. When she's not bargain-hunting in *boutiques* or cheering from the grandstand at a pro-football game (favorite team: the Packers), Karen's likely to be found in the public library, reading up on everything from science fiction to psychology. She's still looking for the right guy; he should be "young, from an average

family, nice-looking, intelligent and have a job he enjoys. He should also be a little stern with me. I need to be told where to get off once in a while."

Polish is also the predominant strain in the background of Bunny Ann Welch. A resident of the Detroit area since the age of four, Ann admits to being bugged by Polish jokes. "This is Be Nice to Polacks Week at the Club," she proclaimed one evening. Actually, Ann feels, people are more than nice to her at the Club, "especially entertainers. They treat us Bunnies as if we were the stars. Last week Dennis Cole, from *Felony Squad*, was in the Club, and he was great." Like most of her fellow Bunnies, Ann can be found on days off at Metropolitan Beach, which affords volleyball, tennis, basketball and other recreational facilities, in addition to swimming. Or she may be out at Tiger Stadium, rooting for another Detroit pennant. "They had just better win again this year," she says. "Last year, it was crazy—the town went wild. You should have seen the Bunnies in costume, dancing in the street outside the Club."

Irrepressible Bunny Wyndy Williams, a native of the Deep South, describes herself as a "Mississippi mud puppy" and claims she's "always getting in trouble for saying silly things. Like, a couple of weeks ago, I said to my boyfriend, 'Let's get married and have fifteen kids,' and I haven't seen him since." Wyndy has a serious side, however; she's taking classes at Macomb County Community College to qualify as a teacher of retarded children. When it comes to sports, "college football is my bag," says Wyndy, who roots impartially for the University of

Michigan's Wolverines and Michigan State's Spartans. "I like to skate, too, over at the Arcadia roller rink; and I'm wild about opera. I'm also pretty good at cooking chitlins and ribs."

A return to college studies is planned by Bunny Terri Grant, whose German ancestry shows up in her blonde hair and azure eyes. Terri completed her freshman year at Eastern Michigan University, where she was a dance major. She gave up a chance to be the lead dancer in the university's production of *Brigadoon* in order to spend three months as a Bunny at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel last year. "No regrets," Terri reports. "Jamaica was fabulous. But now I'd like to get back to school. I plan to take modern dance, ballet and Spanish at Wayne State, here in Detroit, this fall."

If Bunny JoAnn Jordan can overcome her shyness about performing in public, you may be hearing from her. JoAnn, whose natural hair style sets off her classic features in a living demonstration of black is beautiful, sings rock, jazz and ballads and has been steered by the Club's music director, Matt Michaels, to a professional vocal coach. JoAnn works an average of 27 hours a week in the Penthouse, which allows her time for not only singing lessons but driving instruction and a radio course at Highland Park Junior College. When there's an hour or two left over, she'll pack a picnic lunch and head for Metropolitan Beach or invite a date over for dinner, candlelight, good music and wine. JoAnn believes "in giving to the poor, in ending the war in Vietnam" and in her own personal dream for the future: "Ten years from now, I'd like to be sitting down, taking care of my kids and singing because I want to, not because I have to."

Any fine summer day will find Bunny Holly Hampton under sail, usually on Lake St. Clair, which lies east of Detroit between Lakes Huron and Erie. Holly's favorite escort owns a 26-foot sloop and a 38-foot yawl. Once, sailing farther north on Lake Huron, Holly and friend were pounded onto the rocks by the 12-foot waves of a sudden storm and had to be rescued by two teenaged boys in a dinghy. The experience dampened Holly but not her enthusiasm. Rainy days are fun days for Holly, too. She's decorating a new apartment, making a papier-mâché turtle and enormous paper flowers. "And I'm a dedicated junk shopper," she reports. "I haunt all the antique shops within a twenty-five-mile radius and pick up lots of bargains." One of her prize finds is a three-legged brass pot—"It looks like the one you're supposed to find at the end of the rainbow. It cost me two dollars, but I've been told it's worth at least forty dollars since I polished it up."

Sailing was both vocation and vacation for Bunny Cheryl Theisen last summer. She spent three months as a stewardess

on a 90-foot sailboat operating out of Fort Lauderdale on charter island cruises. "It was groovy," she recalls. "We visited the Bahamas, Tortugas, Bimini and the Florida Keys. We'd build a fire on the beach and, when the pot was hot enough, we'd dive into the ocean and grab lobsters to cook. You've got to be careful, though, or they'll grab you first." Shakiest experience: snorkeling near a sunken treasure ship and finding herself face to face with a barracuda. "But I was lucky. He wasn't hungry." Eventually, Cheryl went ashore to apply for a spot as a Bunny at the Miami Club—only to find she was too young, at 19, to meet the requirements of Florida law. So it was back to her home town, Detroit, where she was signed on for the cottontail coterie. "My parents were skeptical at first, but now they brag that their daughter is a Bunny," Cheryl reports. "And my grandmother—she's seventy-three—is trying to get me to pose for Playmate pictures! Maybe." Cheryl adds with a laugh, "that's because I hate to wear clothes!"

Bunny Bambi Battiste's enormous eyes give her more than a passing resemblance to the Walt Disney illustration of Felix Salten's famous fawn; she's also a believer in a kind of vision transcending the purely optical. "I truly believe in the supernatural," Bambi says. "I have a kind of ESP myself. Like, when the phone rings, I almost always know who it is before I answer it." Someday, Bambi would like to be "a singing movie star. I'm for bluesy rock tunes like *It's Your Thing*. But right now, I love working at The Playboy Club. The celebrities who come in really sweep me. I've met Ahmad Jamal, a whole bunch of basketball stars and lots of important people, like the big executives from Motown" (the mushrooming Detroit-based recording empire). Bambi, who describes herself as sensitive but not moody, independent and "very affectionate," is looking for her ideal male. He should be a professional man, have a great sense of humor and "know how to treat a woman. You know, like in that old song *Little Things Mean a Lot*." Hint for PLAYBOY readers who think they might fill the bill: There's one thing Bambi won't tolerate from a man. That's calling her "Baby."

Self-proclaimed "organizer" of the Detroit cottontail crew is Bunny Jo Matthews, a veteran of nearly four years with Playboy, who served as acting Bunny Mother earlier this year. (That was before the arrival of pint-sized lutch momma Judi Bradford, a former Kansas City cottontail about whom you read in the March 1967 PLAYBOY pictorial *The Bunnies of Missouri*.) Inspired by her success at setting up ski trips for Bunnies last winter, Jo is currently planning a Bunny bowling league. This summer, Jo has shifted some of her attention to boating; she has just bought a 16-foot

runabout. Jo became a Bunny on a bet: "A friend said I couldn't do it." She spent off-hours during her first two years at the Club working a second eight-hour shift in the X-ray department of a Detroit hospital. Although she no longer works at the hospital, Jo is still proud of her record there. "When I took the examination for registered X-ray technologists, I rated seventh in the whole country," she reports.

Bunny Ronnie Stekier, too, discarded hospital whites in favor of a cottontail costume. "I finished one year of nursing school, and eventually, I'll go back and get my R.N.," she says. "But for now, I want to live a little." To Ronnie, that means plenty of skiing, skating, boating, swimming and driving sports cars. "I'm saving up now to buy a Shelby Mustang." Tall, blue-eyed Ronnie revels in being a Bunny; "Besides, working nights keeps me out of action until my boyfriend gets back from the Service."

Just returned from three months at the Jamaica Playboy Club-Hotel is tall, dark Bunny Renée Burton, bemoaning a new crop of wall-to-wall freckles brought out by the Caribbean sun. "Detroit's really the right speed for me," she says. "I love to drive my brand-new Fiat around for hours, and you can't do that in a rush-rush place like New York." Renée has just taken a glass-walled studio apartment in a high-rise, complete with swimming pool, two blocks from the Club. An ex-varitype instructor and professional dancer (her Tahitian and Hawaiian numbers were much in demand at private luau's and at Selfridge Air Force Base USO shows), Renée claims complete satisfaction with her life as a cottontail. "I know I wouldn't enjoy college, even though I had top grades in high school. I'd feel compelled to excel and end up working too hard. I love the life I'm leading now; I don't even drink, smoke or swear, because I don't see any reason to. I'm happy with myself—and with my job, which has a glamor that others just don't offer."

The Bunnies of Detroit—each distinctly different but all strikingly similar in their open and unspoiled approach to life—are unanimous on that point. They're in love with life at Playboy, and this spirit of bouffonerie—or should we say bouffemie?—is reflected in the warmth of the atmosphere throughout the Club.

"This is the friendliest Playboy Club I've ever visited," opined one well-traveled businessman as he hoisted a toast at the Playmate Bar. "And the Bunnies here are out of this world!" Though the Motor City's Bunnies appreciate the compliment, they might quibble with his choice of words, for they feel very much part of a world that, as far as they're concerned, has a lot going for it. In our view, among the nicest things it has going for it are the Bunnies of Detroit.





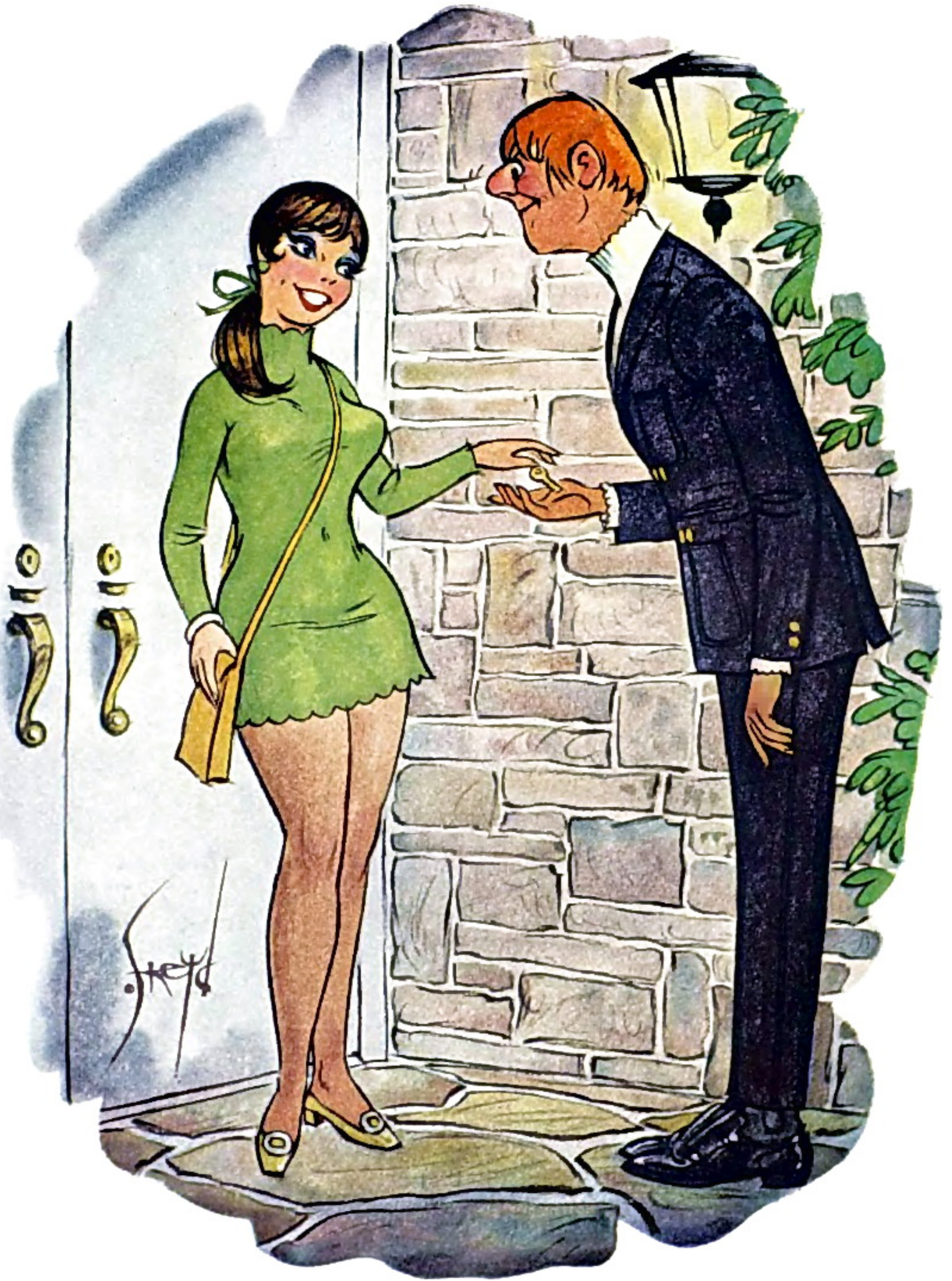
"Phil—you're jealous!"



“Dear Playboy Advisor. . . .”



"Well, you're the right type, and you seem to be a nice bright lad. Can you start Monday?"



"You'll like my parents—they're out of town most of the time."



"Din-din will be late, dear—I've still got customers."



"And now, folks—a half hour of uninterrupted music."

PLAYBOY

READER SERVICE

Write to Janet Pilgrim for the answers to your shopping questions. She will provide you with the name of a retail store in or near your city where you can buy any of the specialized items advertised or editorially featured in **PLAYBOY**. For example, where-to-buy information is available for the merchandise of the advertisers in this issue listed below.

Ampex Stereo Tapes	29
AZIRAN Shoes by B. F. Goodrich ..	15
H.I.S. Shirts	5
Mamiya/Sekor Cameras	41
Rover Auto	71
Sprite Auto	1
Winthrop Shoes	175
Yamaha Sportcycles	11
Yashica Cameras	14

Use these lines for information about other featured merchandise.

Miss Pilgrim will be happy to answer any of your other questions on fashion, travel, food and drink, hi-fi, etc. If your question involves items you saw in **PLAYBOY**, please specify page number and issue of the magazine as well as a brief description of the items when you write.

PLAYBOY READER SERVICE

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

SEND
PLAYBOY
EVERY
MONTH



- 3 yrs. for \$24 (Save \$15.00)
 1 yr. for \$10 (Save \$3.00)
 payment enclosed bill later

TO:

name _____ (please print)

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip code no. _____

Mail to **PLAYBOY**

Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Illinois 60611

N450

NEXT MONTH:



AWESOME AUSSIES



ACADEME SEX



I AM DYING



PIGSKIN PREVIEW

A PLAYBOY PANEL ON STUDENT REVOLT—WITH **TOM HAYDEN**, **S. I. HAYAKAWA**, **U.S. SENATOR CLIFFORD CASE**, EX-CCNY PRESIDENT **BUELL GALLAGHER**, **EDGAR FRIEDENBERG**, BLACK MILITANT **HARRY EDWARDS** AND OTHERS INVOLVED

"I AM DYING, EGYPT, DYING"—A CONTEMPORARY STORY SET ON THE ANCIENT NILE IN WHICH A YOUNG AMERICAN FINDS HIMSELF HELD CAPTIVE BY HISTORY—BY **JOHN UPDIKE**

"THE HUMAN ZOO"—THE AUTHOR OF *THE NAKED APE* REVEALS STARTLING SIMILARITIES IN THE STYLIZED STATUS RITUALS OF MAN AND MONKEY—BY **DESMOND MORRIS**

"SEX IN ACADEME"—PLAYBOY'S *SUMMA CUM LAUDE* LOOK AT CAMPUS MATING MORES, WITH A TWO-PAGE CHART PINPOINTING WHERE THE ACTION IS AND ISN'T, AN IN-DEPTH SEX SURVEY OF FIVE COLLEGES AND AN INSIGHTFUL ANALYSIS OF THE CURRENT CAMPUS MOOD BY **STEVEN (THREE IN THE ATTIC) YAFA**

"THE GIRLS OF AUSTRALIA"—A DAZZLING PICTORIAL ON THOSE SUN-BRONZED BEAUTIES FROM DOWN UNDER

"HOW NOT TO ELECT A PRESIDENT"—OUR ELECTORAL COLLEGE, AN OBSOLETE SYSTEM, MAY LEAVE THE NATION LEADERLESS—BY **U.S. SENATOR GAYLORD NELSON**

"PLAYBOY'S PIGSKIN PREVIEW"—PRE-SEASON PICKS FOR THE TOP COLLEGE TEAMS AND PLAYERS—BY **ANSON MOUNT**

"SUPERCYCLES"—PLAYBOY SCOUTS THOSE HIGH-POWERED MACHINES. THE LAST WORD IN EXOTIC TWO-WHEELED TRANSPORT

"COUNTY FAIR!"—THE INTREPID SHEPHERD CLAN, IRON MAN GABRUZZI, PRINCE BERNADOTTE CHARLEMAGNE D'ALEXANDRE OF HONEYVALE FARMS AND A CAST OF THOUSANDS STAR IN A HEART-WARMING SPECTACLE—BY **JEAN SHEPHERD**

"THE DANNOLD CHEQUE"—A SARDONIC TALE IN WHICH THE MEMENTO OF A MAN'S COURAGE AND FAME IS ALSO THE TESTAMENT TO HIS DOWNFALL—BY **KEN W. PURDY**

"BACK TO CAMPUS"—PREVIEWING THE NEWEST OF THE NEW DIRECTIONS IN MEN'S ATTIRE FOR THE UPCOMING ACADEMIC YEAR—BY PLAYBOY'S FASHION DIRECTOR, **ROBERT L. GREEN**

"ANDY WARHOL"—A LIFE-SIZED PORTRAIT OF THE CHIMERIC POPPA OF POP ART NOW THE REVERED AND REVEILED POOH-BAH OF UNDERGROUND CINEMA—BY **PAUL CARROLL**