

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

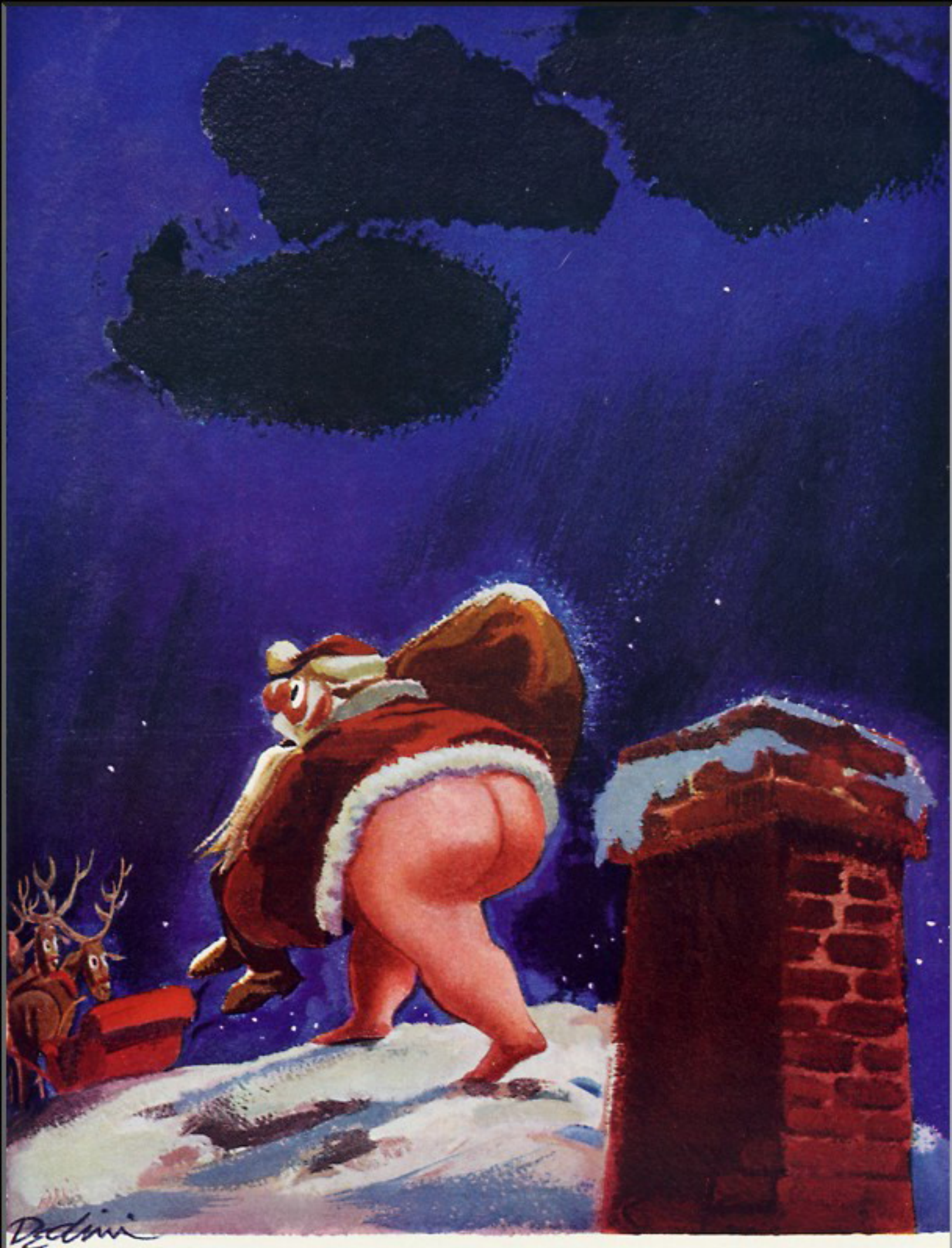
JANUARY 1970 • \$1.50

# PLAYBOY



HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE FEATURING SENATOR  
GEORGE McGOVERN • TENNESSEE WILLIAMS • THE HONORABLE  
ARTHUR J. GOLDBERG • IRWIN SHAW • BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN  
JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS • GRAHAM GREENE • DAVID  
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BOND • MORT SAHL • ROBERT MORLEY • CESAR CHAVEZ  
JEAN SHEPHERD • TOM WICKER • PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE  
REVIEW • AN INTERVIEW WITH RAQUEL WELCH • PLANS  
FOR A POSH NEW PLAYBOY PENTHOUSE • HOW TO THROW  
A WILD ROMAN REVEL • VARGAS REVISITED • AND MUCH MORE





*"My God, this has been an erotic year."*

# THE MOST UNFORGETTABLE SWORDSMAN I EVER MET



*humor* **By ART BUCHWALD** *his acne was rampant and his uniform a mess, but this swinger had a secret ploy that made the girls surrender*

AS A MAN who lives his sexual fantasies through his friends, I have made a lifelong study of the techniques of others in the pursuit of ultimate physical happiness.

The prize after all these years still goes to a friend I served with in the United States Marine Corps during World War Two. His name was Dooley and we were stationed together at the El Toro Air Base in Santa Ana, California.

Dooley was as unlikely a Marine or a swordsman as you could find in the Corps. He was 19 years old, suffered from an acne condition, was thin as a rail, walked with a slouch and his uniform made him look like a scarecrow.

We spent most of our liberty in Los Angeles, with side excursions to Newport Beach, Hollywood and Santa Monica. These trips in search of female companionship and liquid refreshment proved almost always productive for Dooley and almost always unproductive for me. Inevitably, Dooley wound up in the hay with a girl, while I usually found myself hitchhiking back to El Toro by

myself at three o'clock in the morning, trying to figure out what the hell I had done wrong.

Except for admitting that he had scored, Dooley never talked too much about his successes; and after ten liberties, I was going out of my mind, trying to discover what Dooley had that I didn't. I will say right here, without bragging, that in those days, I looked like a Marine, talked like a Marine and, by all the laws of nature, it should have been Dooley rather than me who kept striking out.

One day I couldn't take it anymore and I said to Dooley while we were sitting on the flight line waiting for our planes to come back, "Goddamn it, Dooley, how do you do it?"

"How do you do what?" Dooley asked, rubbing grease all over his trousers.

"How do you make it with the broads?"

Dooley stared down at his dirty fingernails and said nothing.

"Come on, Dooley. I'm your buddy. Tell me your secret. Last night, we both walked into the

bar together, we met two girls together, we both bought them drinks, I was twice as amusing as you were, and yet at the end of the evening, your girl took you home and my girl wouldn't even let me take her to her door. What the hell do you tell them?"

Dooley lay down outstretched on the concrete and shielded his eyes from the sun. "You really want to know?"

"You're damn right I want to know."

"OK," said Dooley, "I'll tell you, but only on the condition you never tell anyone my secret. Do you promise?"

"I promise! I promise!"

"I tell them I'm queer."

"What?"

"I tell them I'm queer. I tell them I can't make it with them sexually."

"How can you do that? You're a Marine."

"That's just the point. I tell them it's a secret. That I lied to get into the Marine Corps."

"I still don't get it. Why would you say a stupid thing like that?"

"Because almost every woman takes pity on a queer and decides it's her personal mission in life to make him go straight."

"Oh, my God!" I cried. "I don't believe it."

"It's true. I read it in a book once. Some guy thought he was queer and this older woman decided to prove to him that he wasn't, so she started taking her clothes off and, bam!"

"You couldn't get away with it," I protested. "You just couldn't."

"Well, I do."

"I don't believe you."

"OK," Dooley said, "I'll tell you what I'll do. One of these nights, when we go out, I'll take you along with me and you can watch me operate."

"I can't believe it, I can't believe it."

Three weeks later, Dooley and I were in a bar in Santa Monica and before the evening was out, we were sitting with two secretaries from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

It turned out that one of them had an apartment a few blocks away and Dooley told the girls we had no more money to spend. His girl suggested we go up to the apartment, which I, of course, seconded.

As we were leaving the bar, Dooley whispered, "Now, watch me closely."

It was a nice one-bedroom apartment, with a large living room and two couches facing each other.

Dooley's girl brought out the ice and produced a bottle of Scotch. Then she turned on the record machine.

I tried to kiss my girl, but she pushed me away. "None of that stuff," she said. "We've only invited you up for a drink. Then you have to leave."

Dooley just sat on the couch, staring at his hands.

His girl said, after a while, "What's the matter?"

"I think I better tell you something,

before we get to be good friends," he said, biting his lip. "You see, I like you a lot, but . . . but . . ." He put his head in his hands.

Dooley's girl sat down next to him. "What's wrong?"

He looked at her with large basset eyes. "I can't make it with a girl."

"Were you hurt in the War?" she asked.

"No, it's not that," Dooley gulped. "Christ, I wish it was. It's just that I've never been able to make it with a girl. Please, I better go."

His girl and my girl stared at Dooley. My girl said, "You mean you're . . . you're . . ."

"Yes," Dooley said. "You can say it. I'm queer." He hid his face in his hands.

Dooley's girl put her arm around his shoulder. "Have you ever tried?"

Dooley nodded his head. "Many times. It's just no good. Maybe it has something to do with my mother. She always dressed me in girls' clothes. I don't know why. Nobody can help me."

"You poor kid," my girl said.

"Maybe I could help you," Dooley's girl said.

Dooley tried to push her away. "It's no good. Believe me. Let me go home. I'm so ashamed."

Dooley's girl said. "Look at me. Just look at me. Do you find me pretty?"

"Yes, you're beautiful."

"Do you find me sexually attractive?"

"I don't know. Oh, why are you asking me all these questions?" Dooley cried, trying to turn away from her.

She held his face in her hands. "I can help you."

"Nobody can help me," Dooley said.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry as I watched Dooley's Academy Award performance.

"Dooley," his girl said, "kiss me."

"I can't, I can't."

"Then I'll kiss you." She put her lips on his and held them there.

"How was that?" she asked.

"OK, I guess," Dooley said.

"All right," she said, "the next thing I want you to do is open your mouth when I kiss you."

"Why?" Dooley asked.

"Don't ask questions. Just do as I tell you."

Dooley opened his mouth and she kissed him, only this time, much longer.

I was getting pretty excited and I put my hand on my girl's thigh. She immediately brushed it off and said, "Watch your hands, Marine." I went back to watching Dooley.

Dooley's girl started unbuttoning her blouse.

"Now," she said, "put your hands on my breast."

"No," Dooley said. "No."

"Do as I tell you," his girl whispered. Then she took his hand and put it on her breast and held it there.

"Does that feel nice?" she asked.

"Yes. It does."

"Now I'm going to release my hand and I want you to rub my breast gently. Do you understand?"

"You want me to rub your breast gently?"

"Yes, and kiss me at the same time."

I was going berserk on my couch and I made a grab for my girl, who whispered angrily, "Stop it. You'll spoil everything."

Dooley's girl had now unbuttoned her blouse and had removed her bra.

"Now," she said softly, "kiss my breast."

Dooley looked up at her. "Do I have to?"

"Yes, you do." She started shoving Dooley's head down to her breast.

Dooley tried to fight it, but soon he was kissing her breast.

"Now the other one."

"It's nice," Dooley said. "It's different with you. Why is it different with you?"

"You're not queer, Dooley," his girl said. "You're just afraid. Let's go into the bedroom now."

"No," cried Dooley. "I couldn't do that. Not the bedroom."

"I won't hurt you, Dooley. I promise." She lifted him off the couch. "It will be a beautiful experience."

Dooley let her lead him into the bedroom. "I hope you're right."

"I know I'm right," she said. "Believe in me."

They disappeared into the bedroom and shut the door.

My girl had tears in her eyes. "It's the most moving thing I ever saw."

"It sure as hell was," I said, trying to pin her against the couch.

"Get away from me, you animal," she said, shoving both elbows into my face.

"I'm not an animal. Why can't we do it, too?"

"Because," she said, getting up from the couch. "that's all you want from me."

I could hear moans coming from the bedroom.

"What's that got to do with it? They're doing it."

"Yes, but only because she's trying to make a man out of him. I would have done the same thing."

I put on my jacket and grabbed my hat.

"Aren't you going to wait for Dooley?" she asked.

"No," I said. "Let the queer son of a bitch find his own way home."

Twenty-five years have gone by since that excruciating evening, but it still remains vivid in my mind and I can't help thinking every time I drive through Southern California that among those houses and apartments must be at least 200 middle-aged housewives, all of whom secretly believe that their ultimate sacrifice made a man out of Dooley.

hail the new year MCMLXX by turning your pad into a villa replete with provender, potables, costumes and decor

fit for a caesar

# ROMAN REVEL



**modern living** WANT TO NERO IN ON a fresh idea for a year-end fling? Then we have just the thing, by Jupiter: an antic take-off on *Roma Antica*, that swinging citadel of the Caesars. Ancient Rome was, of course, the center of Western civilization some 2000 years ago and even its most august citizens were noted for throwing bacchanalian bashes that lasted far into a fortnight. While you'll probably want to limit your fete to one night of uninhibited merrymaking, that's no reason to cramp your Roman-style banquet giving—as the photos on these pages attest.

So that your phalanx of fun seekers will show up in appropriately wanton moods—and costumes—begin by sending out scroll-style invitations announcing the date and hour in Roman numerals and stressing that mini- rather than maxi- togas and tunics, worn with lace-up sandals, are the order of the evening. (Give a prize for the miniest.) Such Augustan accessories as plumed army helmets, gladiator-type broadswords and shields rented from a theatrical supply house will make your party look like a Legion (Roman, that is) convention.

However, if your guests have kinkier tastes when it comes to costumes—or wish to put in an appearance dressed as famous historical twosomes—so much the better. A topless Cleopatra borne aloft in her sedan chair by four muscular bodyguards would be accompanied by

Left: It's conspicuous-consumption time, Roman style, as a gala crowd of revelers gathers round the festive board to sample such delicacies as roast pig and squabs with herb sauce. Top: Two turned-on Neo-Etruscans share their fruitful pickings with aplum.

A pair of conquering heroes soon forsake the foodstuffs and partake of more comely wares.



Mark Antony. Romulus, of course, would team up with a girl garbed as Remus (the wolf is an optional accessory). A satyr, sporting fur slacks and carrying pipes of Pan, would undoubtedly insist that his wood-nymph date wear nought but a see-through gown.

Roman gods, too, can be easily summoned up. A bearded, spear-carrying King Neptune could be accompanied by a mermaid; and Mercury, the messenger god of science and commerce (not to mention rogues, vagabonds and thieves), would wear winged shoes and hat (and perhaps make off with someone's date).

In the middle of a bacchanalian boogaloo, one minitogaed swingstress is swept off her feet. The strong-armed gladiator gladly bears away his prize.



One slave girl uses the perfect ploy to keep her own consul while the cup-bearing lady in waiting is about to render unto Caesar what is Caesar's.





The unfazed loser of a fig-throwing contest makes the best of a ticklish situation.



A horizontal hedonist pays homage to Bacchus—with a little help from a friend.



A temporarily tuckered-out warrior is careful not to rest on his laurels as he enjoys some of the fruits of the evening's entertainment. Two high-spirited handmaidens are making sure he gets the massage.



While the celebration continues in the main arena, Nero fiddles in the bedchamber.



As the saturnalia reaches its final moments of merrymaking, one pooped patrician chooses to bed down amid the curvaceous spoils of empire.



Partially obscured by a helmeted Galatea, another twosome relives ancient history.



A. Gibson



*"Then one cold winter's night I said to myself,  
'What the hell am I doing up here at the North Pole with a bunch  
of dumb-looking elves?'"*

# THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry news makers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '69

By JUDITH WAX

Though docs said Buzz and Neil and Mike  
The moon trip made with ease,  
There's been one long-range side effect:  
They hate the sight of cheese!

When it comes to showmanship,  
That Streisand's an uncanny girl.  
Her Oscar outfit was so sheer  
She could have won for *Fanny Girl*.

John and Yoko's famous pose  
Should faze no music lover,  
For, naked though the Lennons are,  
The record's got a cover.

Said Prez to Secretary Finch:  
"Look North, East, West and South, Bob,  
And find a plastic surgeon who  
Will take on Spiro's mouth job."

Jumping bail's a big no-no.  
Eldridge Cleaver, where'd you go?  
North Africa or Cuba? Nice!  
(Since China'd put your soul on rice.)

Mrs. Meir's at the ready  
When her country calls;  
She's working on some homemade bombs  
(They're Golda's matzoh balls).

How 'bout this for mind expansion:  
Hearth-bound Hef has left his mansion.  
What could make him face old Sol?  
Would you believe a Barbi doll?

Strom Thurmond wed a sweet young thing,  
Now life's not cold and hugless.  
He says, "Why not December-May?"  
(Except for Justice Douglas.)

Tom and Dickie's TV scripts  
The censor's nerves did shatter;  
Which goes to prove, beyond a doubt,  
A joke's no laughing matter!

She gave us *Valley of the Dolls*  
And though her fans salute her,  
*The Love Machine* proved Miss Susann  
Is really a computer.



O. J. Simpson got an offer,  
Then the deal was sealed.  
Now his pockets are so stuffed  
He can't run down the field.

The queen, she loves her first-born prince,  
Just like in fairy tales.  
So when young Charles turned 21,  
Mum up and gave him Wales.

Cesar Chavez led the strike,  
And, though some called him brazen,  
So bitter were the graping gripes,  
We wouldn't buy a raisin.

Norman Mailer, gifted scribe,  
Ran for mayor, and then,  
Procaccino proved the pol  
Is mightier than the pen.

De Gaulle insisted on a vote  
And pulled his well-known rank;  
But when the ballots all were tolled,  
He was a fallen Frank.

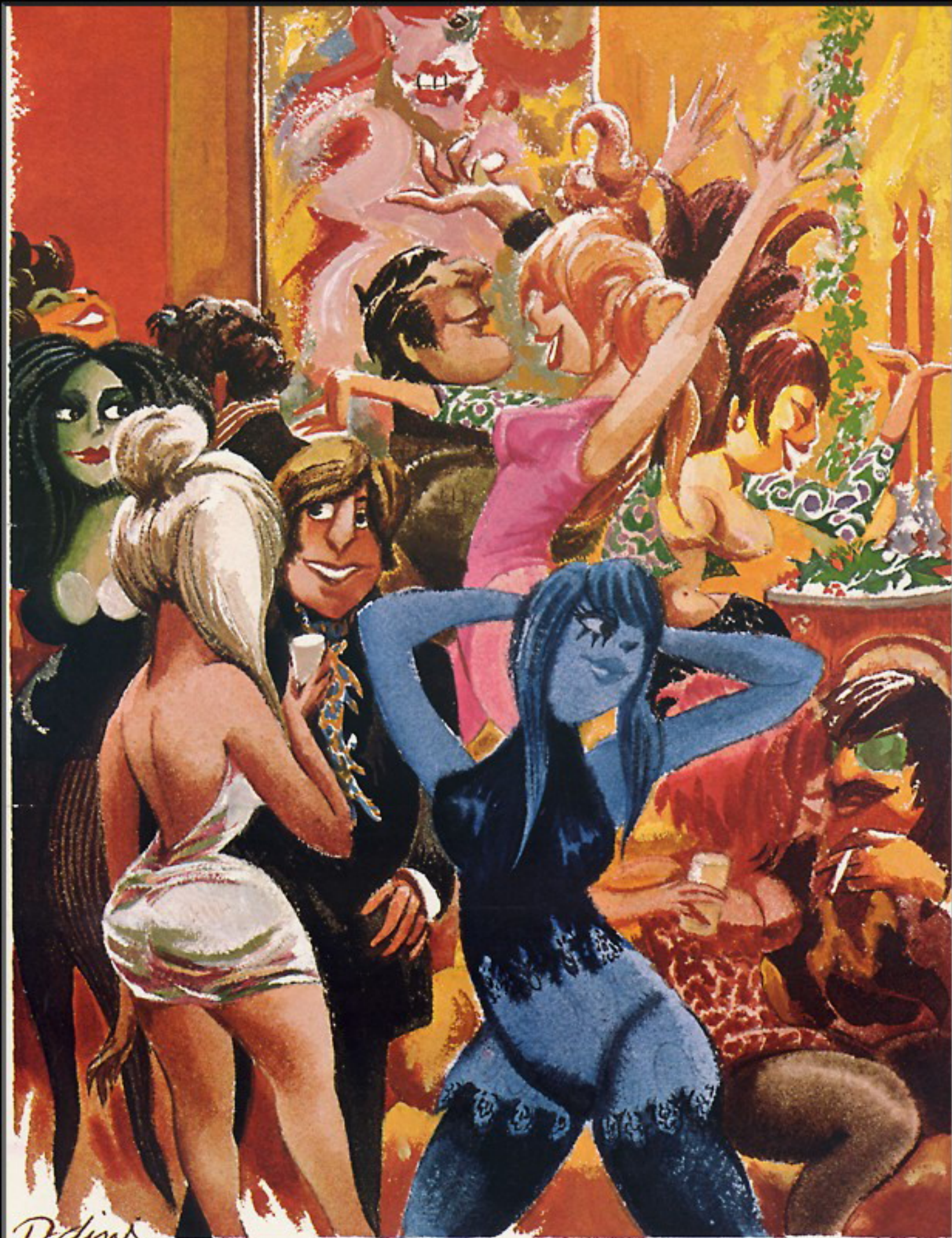
When Hayakawa faced the rebs  
Fresh from his ivory tower,  
He added some karate chops  
To tam-o'-shanter power.

They couldn't lock up Dr. Spock  
For practicing his craft,  
Since doctors everywhere agree  
It's wise to shun a draft.

A mighty Fortas, that was Abe,  
In better days, before;  
Like Riding Hood, he did misjudge  
The Wolfson at his door.

Michael Butler, born to wealth,  
Through *Hair* got rich-quick solo.  
Some say his next hirsute pursuit  
Is staging naked polo.

First Namath quit, then sold, then played  
(And shed a tear or two).  
It really makes you wonder,  
What's a working boy to do!



*"Well, I, for one, like to think that Christmas still has some redeeming social importance."*

**THE THE  
GOOD, BAD  
AND THE  
GARLIC  
STARRING  
TONY RANDALL**

AN ITALIAN WESTERN FILMED IN SPAIN WITH AN OUT-OF-PAWN JAPANESE CAMERA USING SUBSTANDARD EXPOSED POLISH FILM, PROCESSED AND EDITED COURTESY OF A REXALL DRUGSTORE IN POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, BASED ON A LUKE SHORT SHORT STORY FROM THE ANNUAL LUKE SHORT SHORT STORY ANNUAL AND PRODUCED BY THE UNITED STATES TREASURY DEPARTMENT AS A TAX LOSS.

PEPPERONI, NEW MEXICO, A TYPICAL LITTLE WESTERN FRONTIER TOWN THAT HAS ALL THE CHARACTERISTICS OF ANY TYPICAL WESTERN FRONTIER TOWN . . . THE BLACKSMITH SHOP, THE LIVERY STABLE, THE WELLS FARGO OFFICE AND THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.



GET OUT OF TOWN, IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU, STRANGER IN THE LICE-RIDDEN PONCHO. ROTTEN RIGATONI HAS TAKEN OVER THE GARLIC MINE.

THE WHOLE TOWN'S GONE COLD CACCIA-TORE!

GAR-LIC!  
GAR-LIC!

ALMS FOR THE LOVE OF GARLIC!

YOU ARE STRANGELY COLD AND DISTANT, ANCHOVY OF MY DREAMS.

A THOUSAND PARDONS, MY RAUNCHY RICOTTA, BUT WITHOUT THE HOT GUST OF GARLIC ON YOUR BREATH, YOUR KISSES MOVE ME NO MORE.

GENOCIDE AIN'T MY BAG, BUT NEVERTHELESS, IT BEHOOVES ME, AS A MORALISTICALLY MOTIVATED ANTI-HERO, TO BLAST ALL OF YOU GARLIC JUNKIES TO THAT BIG PIZZERIA IN THE SKY.

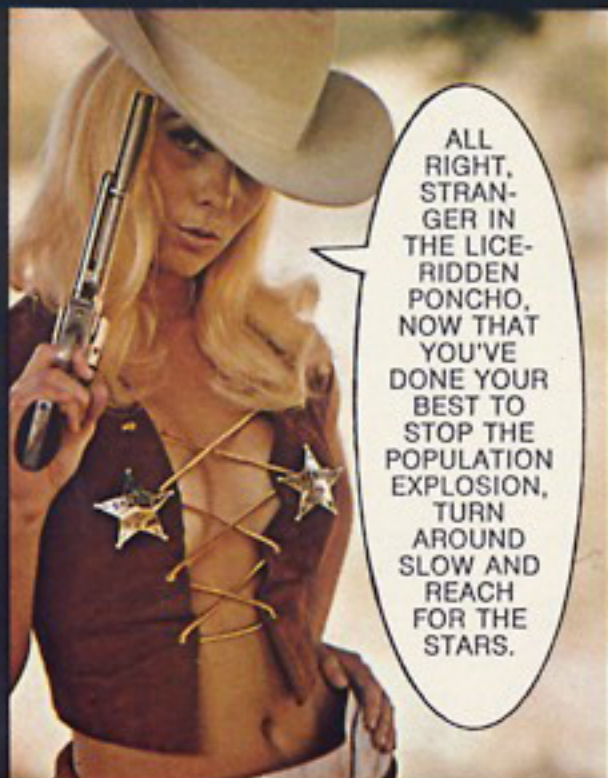


HMMMM, 'PEARS TO BE A GOOD TOWN . . . BAD PEOPLE, BUT BASICALLY A GOOD TOWN.



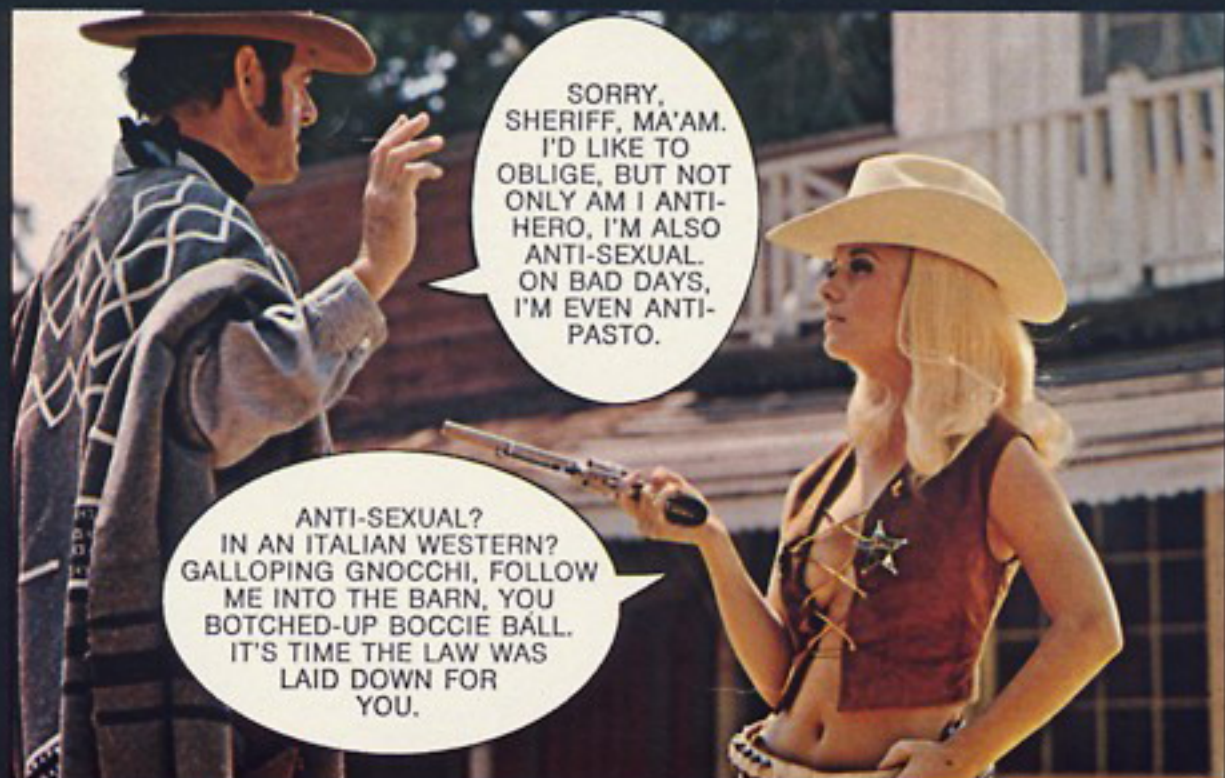
PEPPERONI, NAMI  
- POPULATION -  
38 DECENT FOLK  
62 INDECENT FOLK  
8 REFORMED AMBUSHERS  
6 REFORMED BUSHWACKERS  
4 REFORMED CATTLE RUSTLERS  
1 REFORMED PASTO!

ALL RIGHT, STRANGER IN THE LICE-RIDDEN PONCHO, NOW THAT YOU'VE DONE YOUR BEST TO STOP THE POPULATION EXPLOSION, TURN AROUND SLOW AND REACH FOR THE STARS.



SORRY, SHERIFF, MA'AM. I'D LIKE TO OBLIGE, BUT NOT ONLY AM I ANTI-HERO, I'M ALSO ANTI-SEXUAL. ON BAD DAYS, I'M EVEN ANTI-PASTO.

ANTI-SEXUAL? IN AN ITALIAN WESTERN? GALLOPING GNOCCHI, FOLLOW ME INTO THE BARN, YOU BOTCHED-UP BOCCIE BALL. IT'S TIME THE LAW WAS LAID DOWN FOR YOU.



-SO THEY MADE YOU SHERIFF BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE LEFT WHO CAN KEEP THE EVIL BRUTES OF PEPPERONI IN LINE, EH?

CUT THE PALAVER AND DO YOUR THING, YOU MANGY MANICOTTII! LIFT ME TO THE PEAK OF VESUVIAN VOLUPTUOUSNESS! IN OTHER WORDS, LET'S MAKE LAVAI!


BUT FIRST, LET ME RIP AWAY THAT PONCHO FROM YOUR FREAKY FRAME.



DON'T TOUCH MY PONCH--


BANG!





POOR GAL,  
SHE DIED O' CURIOSITY.  
WELL... THAT'S THE WAY  
THE STELLA-D'ORO  
CRUMBLES.

AFTER BURYING THE SHERIFF ON CAPEZIO BOOT HILL, THE NAMELESS MAN SPURS HIS FAITHFUL HORSE, MARCELLO (HE HAS AN UNFAITHFUL HORSE AS WELL... BUT THAT'S ANOTHER STORY), OVER TO THE TOWN'S TOPLESS HOT SPOT... THE COPA CANTINA, WHERE HE HOPES TO SNIFF OUT THE GARLIC THIEVES, AVENGE HIS LONG-STANDING GRUDGE AGAINST ROTTEN RIGATONI, RID A BASICALLY GOOD TOWN OF ITS BAD PEOPLE AND, WITH ANY KIND OF LUCK, CATCH JERRY VALE IN PERSON.



WHAT YOU  
MEANUM,  
FIREWATER?  
ME WANTUM  
A ROB ROY,  
STRAIGHT UP,  
WITH A  
TWIST OF  
LEMON.

WHERE  
HAVE  
YOU  
GONE,  
JOE  
DIMAG-  
GIO?

WHAT'S  
AN HOMBRE  
LIKE YOU DOING  
IN A WESTERN  
LIKE THIS?

-WESTERN?  
HEAVENS! I THOUGHT THIS  
WAS WHERE THEY WERE FILMING  
MY LATEST FLICK—HERCULES  
GOES HOMO. BY THE WAY, CAN  
I BUY YOU A PINK LADY?

A BUCKET OF WATER  
FOR MY HORSE, A BOTTLE OF  
CELLA LAMBRUSCO FOR ME AND A  
DOZEN LICE FOR MY PONCHO.

YOU'RE  
NEW HERE,  
STRANGER. IF I WERE  
YOU, I'D HIGH-TAIL IT  
OUT OF TOWN....

THIS JOINT  
IS CRAWLING  
WITH ROTTEN  
RIGATONI'S MEN  
AND THEY KILL  
AT THE DROP  
OF A HAT.

SO  
IF THEY  
DON'T  
GIVE US  
15 PERCENT,  
WE PULL  
THE JUKE-  
BOX AND  
THE CIGA-  
RETTE MA-  
CHINE.

SUPPORT  
YOUR  
LOCAL  
CARIBIN-  
IARI



LET'S  
JUST SEE  
WHAT  
HAPPENS.

LOOK, SANTOS. SOME STRANGER  
DROPPED HIS HAT. I RECKON WE'D  
BETTER START SHOOTIN'!



KER-  
BLAM!  
BLAM!



**BLAM!**

*Menu*

OOH! THERE GOES MY NEW HEART TRANSPLANT!

**BL BLAM!**

HERE COMES EXCEDRIN HEADACHE NUMBER 28!

CHAIR WANTS THE FLOOR!

I TABLE THE MOTION!

HAVING WITNESSED THE CANTINA SHOOT-OUT, AND UNNERVED BY THE NAMELESS MAN'S LETHAL EFFICIENCY WITH HIS .44-CALIBER LAMBRETTA BERETTAS, GARAGIOLA, A HENCHMAN OF ROTTEN RIGATONI, RUSHES TO WARN HIS BOSS.

BOSS!  
BOSS!

**BUTTON'S BORDELLO**

OUR PROS HAVE 20% MORE PROTEIN

TARNATION, GARAGIOLA . . . HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO BANG FIRST WHILE I'M KNOCKING . . . UH, I MEAN, KNOCK FIRST WHILE I'M BANGING! . . . WHAT IS IT?

BOSS! THE NAMELESS MAN IS IN TOWN! WHY HAS HE BEEN TRAILING YOU FOR 20 YEARS? IS IT BECAUSE YOU KILLED HIS MA AND PA AND RAPED HIS OLD GRAND-MADRE?

MAH-RONE! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH HIM? HE'S FASTER ON THE DRAW THAN SAMMY DAVIS JR.!

I'M TOO SMART FOR THAT, STUPIDO! COME HERE, CONCETTA. I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU, YOU'LL LURE THE NAMELESS MAN UP TO YOUR ROOM—

DO NOT TELL CONCETTA WHAT TO DO.

I DID NOT WORK THE VIA VENETO SIX YEARS FOR NOTHING!

"DEAR ABBY: WHY IS IT THAT EVERY TIME I'M ON THE VERGE OF SEXUAL FULFILLMENT—"

WORSE THAN THAT, GARAGIOLA. YOU SEE, I ALSO TOOK THE FAMILY'S RIGHT GUARD . . . LEFT THEM DEFENSELESS.



YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO HANDLE YOURSELF, HANDSOME LICE-RIDDEN STRANGER, BUT WHY DO ALL YOUR GUNSLINGING ALONE, WHEN IT'S BETTA WITH CONCETTA?

I APPRECIATE THE LASCIVIOUSNESS OF YOUR OFFER, MA'AM, BUT UNTIL ROTTEN RIGATONI IS DEAD, I'VE SWORN TO CURTAIL ALL TAIL WHILE ON THE TRAIL.



LURING THE NAMELESS MAN TO HER QUARTERS, UNDER THE PRETEXT OF DIVULGING THE WHEREABOUTS OF ROTTEN RIGATONI, CONCETTA SEIZES THE OPPORTUNITY TO WORK HER WICKED WILES . . . DEFTLY POURING A TIN OF TOMATO PASTE INTO THE NAMELESS ONE'S TWO GUN HOLSTERS.

OH, SOCK IT TO ME, YOU LANKY LINGUINE... BUT WHY DO YOU WEAR YOUR PONCHO, YOU MALODOROUS MOUND OF MUSCULATURE? WHAT ARE YOU HIDING UNDER THAT LICE-RIDDEN PONCHO? YOU BLUSH FOR CONCETTA TO OBSERVE HOW YOU ARE APPOINTED?



NO, NO, YOU STACKED SICILIAN SPUMONI... DON'T TOUCH MY PONCH—

**BANG!**



SORRY, CONCETTA, BUT ALL MY APPOINTMENTS ARE PRIVATE.



AFTER ANOTHER TRIP TO CAPEZIO BOOT HILL TO BURY THE LUCKLESS CONCETTA, THE NAMELESS MAN PAUSES IN HIS ODYSSEY OF REVENGE TO REPLENISH HIS STRENGTH WITH A TYPICAL FRONTIER DELICACY.


## MAW RONE'S PIZZA STAND

PIZZAS. PLAIN — 100 LIRE  
WITH EVERYTHING — 75 LIRE

SEX AND VIOLENCE SHORE DO WHET A MAN'S APPETITE. BUT THIS PIZZA JUST DON'T MAKE IT. WHAT'S ON IT?


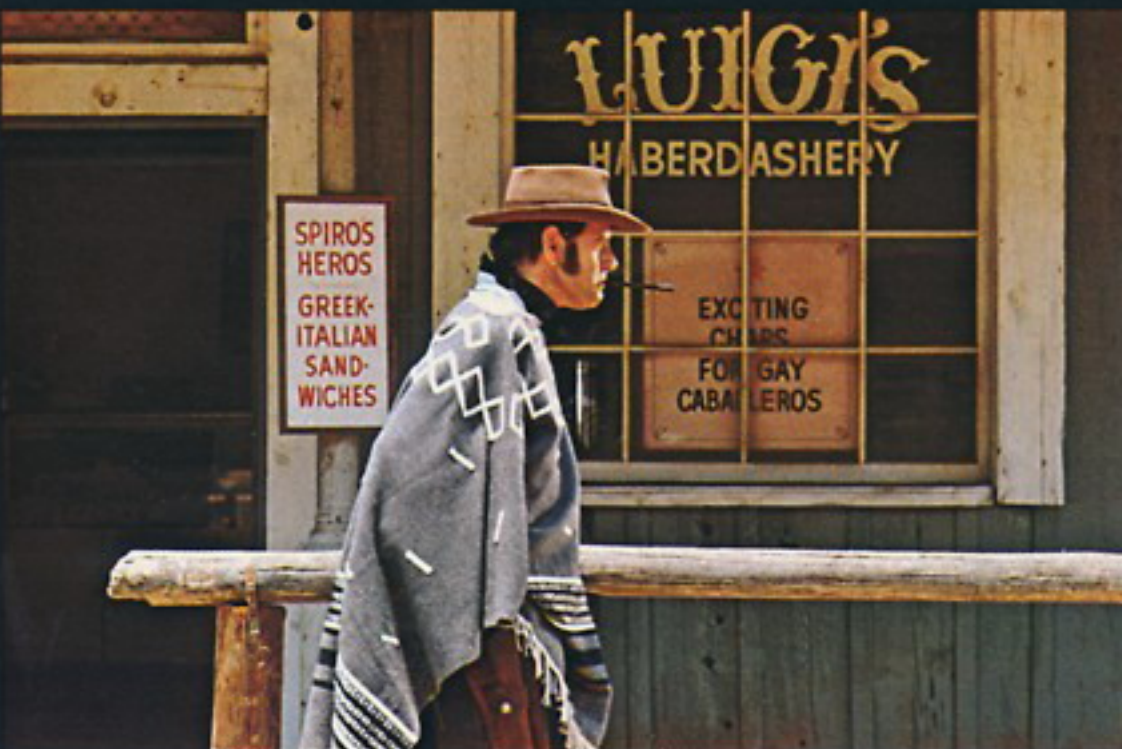
MAYONNAISE.





**MAYONNAISE?**  
THAT'S SO . . . SO . . .  
**GOYISH!** RECKON  
IF THIS TOWN'S GONNA  
HAVE LAW AND ORDER AND  
GARLIC AGAIN, IT'S TIME  
FOR MY SHOWDOWN  
WITH ROTTEN  
RIGATONI.


**ON MAIN STREET, THE NAMELESS MAN STALKS RIGATONI—**




**MÉ-  
NAGE!**  
THE  
NAME-  
LESS  
MAN IS  
STALK-  
ING  
RIGA-  
TONII

"DO NOT FORSAKE ME,  
OH, MY DARLIN'—"


YOU  
CAN  
BET  
YOUR  
COJONES  
THERE'LL  
BE A  
KILLING  
BEFORE  
HIGH  
NOON.




ALL RIGHT, YOU  
DIRTY GARLIC PUSHER, MY  
20-YEAR ODYSSEY OF REVENGE  
IS OVER. NOW I'M GOING TO SETTLE  
ALL OF SOCIETY'S SCORES AGAINST  
YOU . . . THE INCREASED INCIDENCE OF  
CRIME IN THE URBAN GHETTO, THE  
GENERATION GAP, THE POLLUTION OF OUR  
SKIES AND STREAMS, THE LABOR  
DEFECTION TO WALLACE, THE  
LIBERALIZATION OF THE CATHO-  
LIC CHURCH IN REGARD TO  
BIRTH CONTROL—



HA, HA, HA, NOT  
TO MENTION THE MINDLESS  
ANARCHISM OF THE NEW LEFT,  
THE REVANCHIST TENDENCY OF THE  
NEO-NAZIS IN GERMANY, THE POOR  
GROSSES FROM DORIS DAY'S LAST  
THREE PICTURES AND, LAST BUT NOT  
LEAST, THE DEFEAT OF BOB GIBSON  
IN THE SEVENTH GAME OF THE  
'68 SERIES!! NOW—**SLAP  
LEATHER!**



TARNATION, MIA!  
MY GUNS ARE  
STUCK!



HA, HAI  
YES,  
THEY ARE,  
THANKS TO  
EXTRA-THICK  
CONTADINA  
TOMATO PASTE,  
WHICH MY DOXY,  
CONCETTA, POURED  
INTO YOUR HOLSTERS.  
NOW, HANDS UP!  
I'VE GOT A SPECIAL  
DEATH PLANNED FOR  
YOU, BOUNTY HUNTER!  
YOU SEE, EVERY  
BULLET IN MY GUN  
HAS BEEN RUBBED  
WITH GARLIC.  
YOU ARE GOING  
TO DIE AN  
EXCRUCIATING-  
LY SMELLY  
DEATH.

BUT  
ONE FINAL  
HUMILIATION.  
YOU SEEM TO  
HAVE A SECRET,  
AND NOW WE'RE  
ALL GOING TO  
SEE WHAT YOU'RE  
HIDING UNDER  
THAT FILTHY,  
LICE-RIDDEN  
PONCHO!  
**STRIP!**

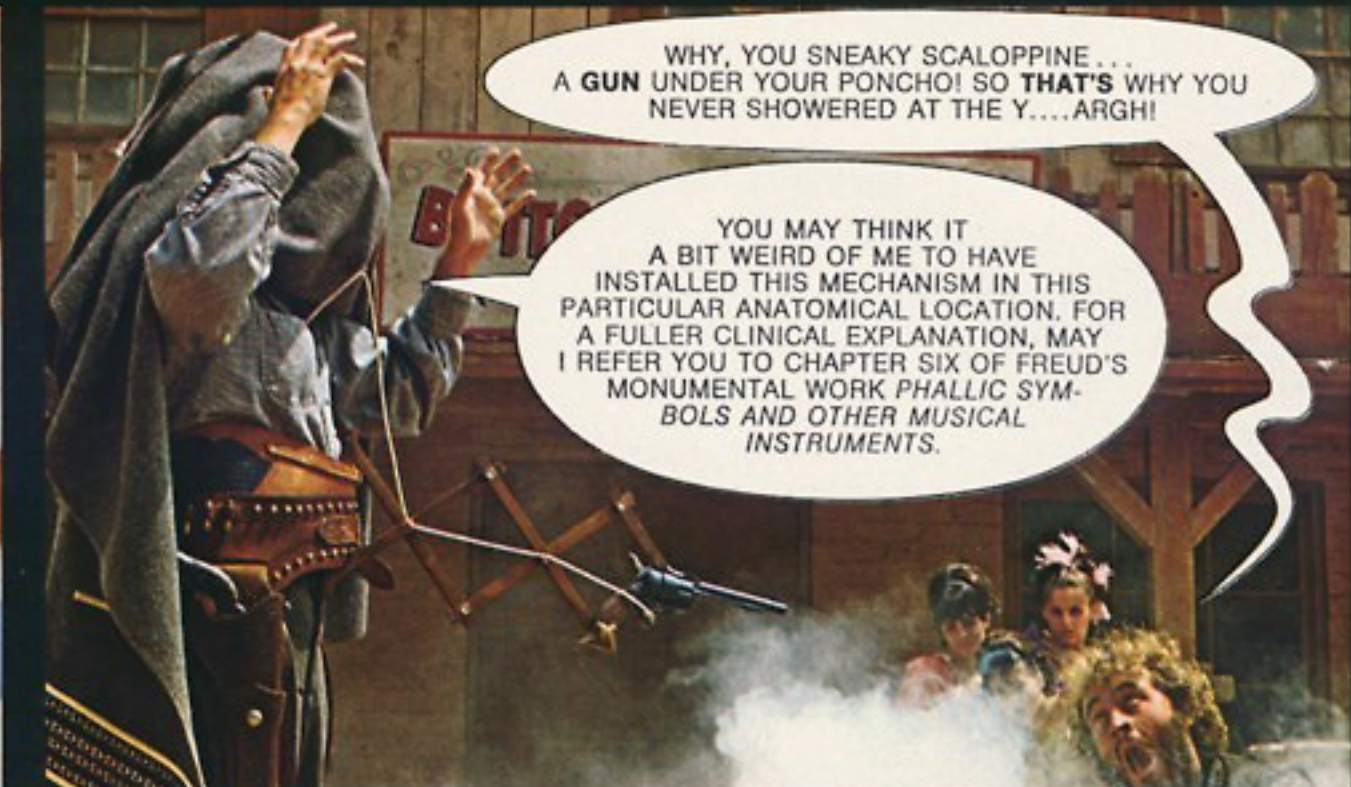
YEAH!

TAKE IT  
OFF!



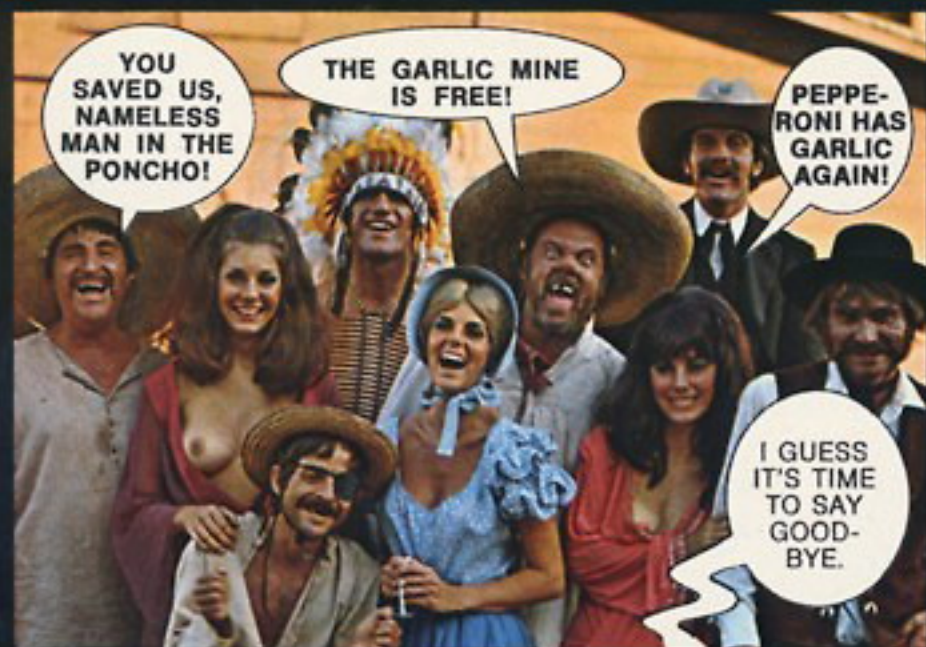
ALL RIGHT, RIGATONI! YOU ASKED FOR IT!

**BANG!**



WHY, YOU SNEAKY SCALOPPINE... A GUN UNDER YOUR PONCHO! SO THAT'S WHY YOU NEVER SHOWERED AT THE Y.... ARGH!

YOU MAY THINK IT A BIT WEIRD OF ME TO HAVE INSTALLED THIS MECHANISM IN THIS PARTICULAR ANATOMICAL LOCATION. FOR A FULLER CLINICAL EXPLANATION, MAY I REFER YOU TO CHAPTER SIX OF FREUD'S MONUMENTAL WORK PHALLIC SYMBOLS AND OTHER MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.



YOU SAVED US, NAMELESS MAN IN THE PONCHO!

THE GARLIC MINE IS FREE!

PEPPERONI HAS GARLIC AGAIN!

I GUESS IT'S TIME TO SAY GOOD-BYE.



CIAO, SHAMELESS HUSSIES!

VALE, CROOKED LAWYER!

ADIOS, VENAL MAYOR!

AU REVOIR, HYPOCRITICAL CLERGY!

BEST REGARDS, NOISY NEWSBOY!

GOODBYE, ONE AND ALL!

**BLAM! BLAMMY BLAM!**



LIKE I BEEN SAYING ALL ALONG, PEPPERONI IS BASICALLY A GOOD TOWN. IT JUST HAD BAD PEOPLE.

BUT NOW THAT ALL THE PEOPLE ARE DEAD, IT'S A GOOD TOWN AGAIN.

GOOD TOWN!

GOOD TREES!

NICE ROCKS!

NIFTY SILO.

KEEN BARN.

SWELL TRAIL.

**FINE**

*not one to take her cue from  
the past or to worry about the future,  
blithe-spirited jill taylor  
digs living in the now*



SUNNY  
GRL



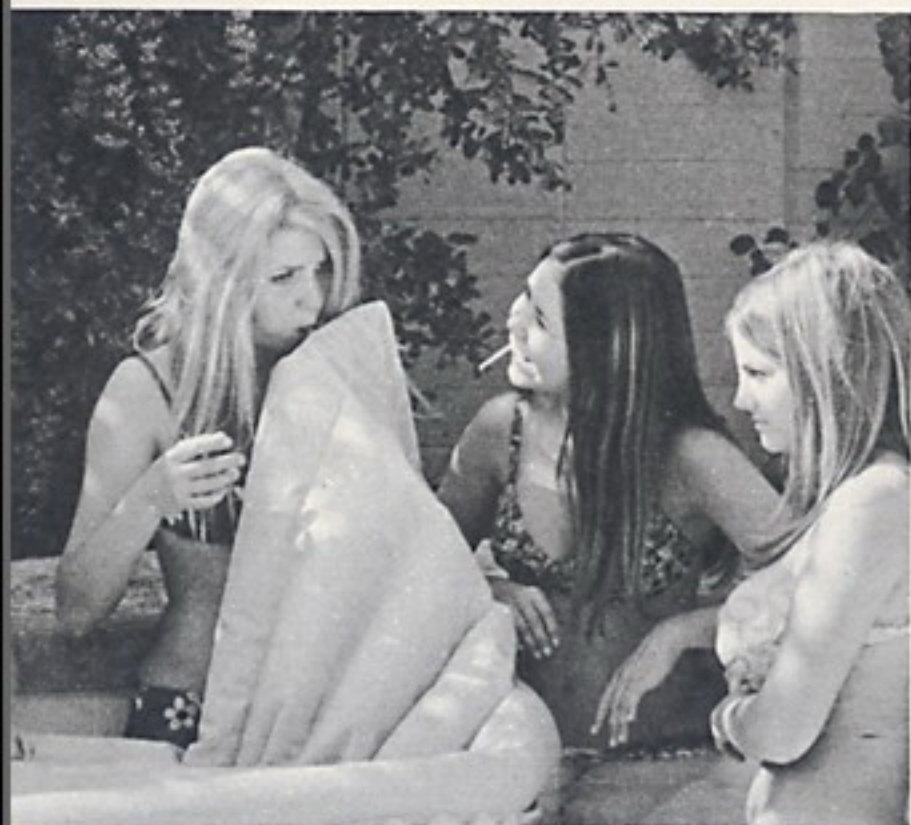


SINCE "ROWAN AND MARTIN'S LAUGH-IN" took firm hold of the Nielsen ratings, "beautiful downtown Burbank"—as that California metropolis is sarcastically referred to on the show—has become the butt of countless quips by people who have never even approached the city's limits. Indeed, Burbank was strictly a laughing matter for us (conditioned reflex) until we met honey-haired Jill Taylor, at which point our respect for the place increased a hundredfold. For Jill, however,



It's Saturday morning and Jill awakens (top left) in an unfamiliar place: the luxurious Palm Springs home of a family friend, where she and four other girls have been invited to spend the weekend. Jill wastes no time rousing the occupant of the bunk opposite her own—and her roommate responds by tossing the pillow that gets the day officially, and riotously, started.

life itself is but an extended laugh-in, and she couldn't care less what Dan Rowan, Dick Martin and their viewers have to say of her home town. A recent graduate of Burbank High School, where she was chosen senior-class queen, 18-year-old Jill is proof that not all of America's young people



Midmorning finds the girls at poolside. A collapsed rubber raft proves more difficult to inflate than Jill had expected (top), but the effort seems worth while later.



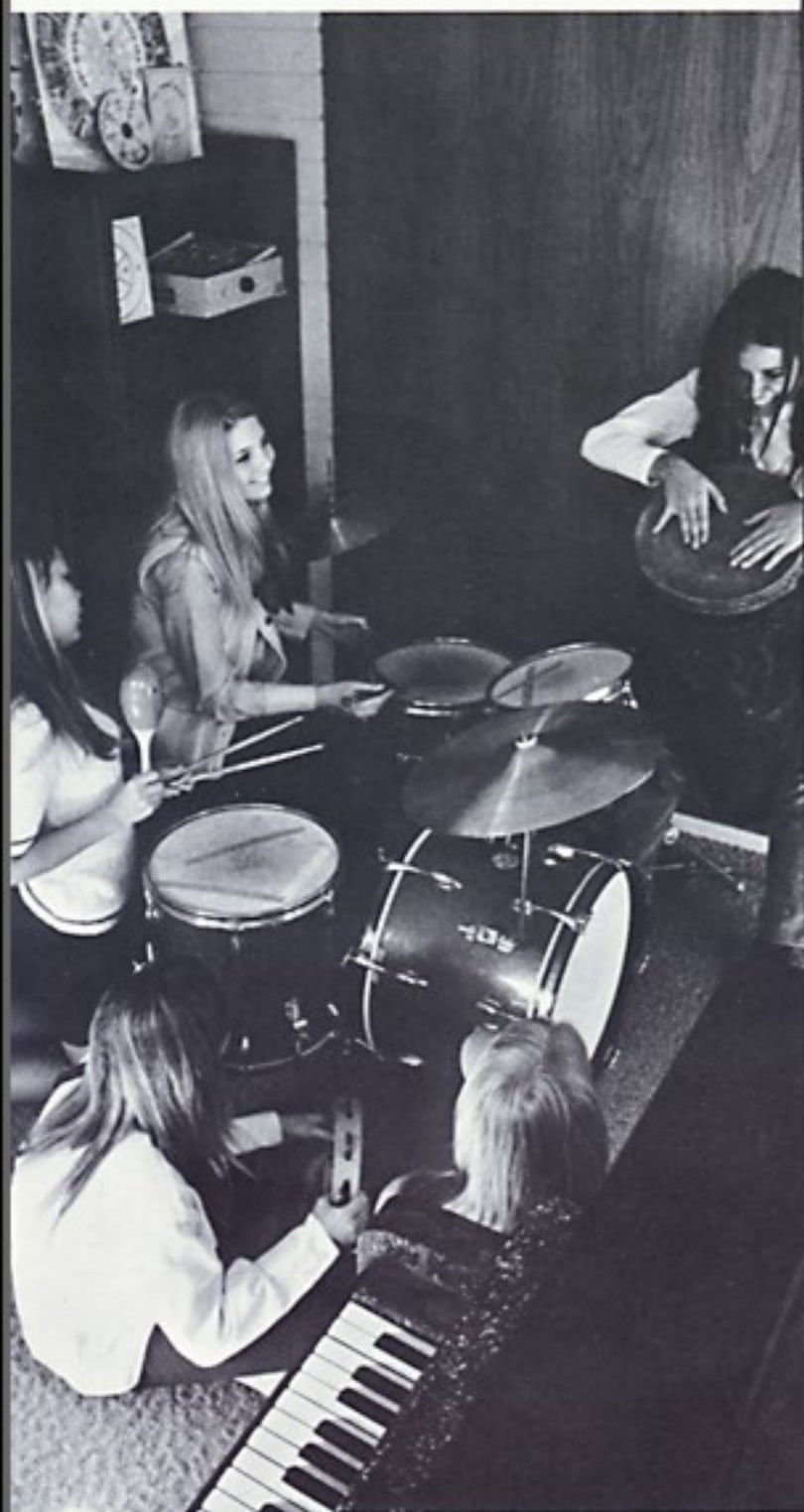
are clawing at the social structure or trying to find their own bag—and then crawl into it. She's in no hurry to commit herself to a course of action, be it employment or further schooling; she's convinced that our present nation in flux will straighten itself out in due time; and, while she admits the possibility is ever-present, she doesn't believe that California is about to tumble into the ocean. However, Jill would never claim to be an authority on politics—nor geology. Her thing is having fun in the sun with her friends and, in moments of solitude, amusing herself by sketching fanciful outfits: "If I ever do settle on a career, it'll have to be designing or modeling fashions—or maybe both. But for now, I'm more interested in having a good time." One



Top: Time passes quickly—to the accompaniment of splashes and giggles—as the mermaids indulge in a variety of improvised water sports, such as racing across the pool and tussling for possession of the raft. Above: Having sated their appetites for aquatic horseplay, the girls move indoors for a hearthside marshmallow roast, and Jill gets her hair braided, then digs into the sticky delicacies as hunger overrules finesse.



reason that Jill isn't in a hurry to become a professional designer is that the current uni-sex craze turns her off: "I'm old-fashioned about things like that—I appreciate the difference." So do we, and we were glad, indeed, that Jill didn't prove to be old-fashioned when we asked her to grace our January gatefold.



In the evening, having ingested all the marshmallows they could handle, Jill and the gang appropriate a piano, a drum set and assorted rhythm instruments that belong to the absent hosts. Jill sees to it that the beat goes on as the girls, in an admittedly amateurish jam session, sing a mixed-up medley of Top 40 favorites. "I'm sure glad there's no tape recorder here," says Jill.



MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Noticing that her husband's relationship with the alluring miss across the street was becoming more intimate, the suspicious wife awoke one morning to find herself alone in bed. Angered, she dialed her attractive neighbor and bel-lowed into the phone, "Tell my husband to get his ass across the street."

"Ma'am," a soft, sexy voice replied, "that's where he's been getting it for some time now."



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *marijuana* as the only kind of grass capable of mowing down the gardener.

As the end of the day drew near, the handsome executive summoned the newly hired secretary to his office. "Do you know what time we quit around here?" he asked, glancing at the clock on the wall.

"Sure," the girl nervously giggled. "Whenever somebody knocks on the door."

Then there was the aging alumnus who lamented that when he went to college, it was only a lot of fun, but now it's a riot.

The recently married gentleman came home after a day at the office to find his young wife stretched languorously on the sofa, dressed in a revealing negligee. "Guess what I've got planned for dinner?" she cooed seductively. "And don't tell me you had it for lunch!"

We know an octogenarian who married a woman in her late 70s—they spent their honeymoon trying to get out of the car.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *parlay* as one that is just average.

On a southbound train a few months after the Civil War, a young belle suddenly moved from her seat next to a businessman and sat beside a Confederate veteran who was on his way home from the battle lines. "That carpetbagger offered me ten dollars to spend the night with him," the offended girl indignantly told the soldier.

The Southerner immediately drew his gun and shot the man. "Let that be a lesson to any other damn Yankees," he proclaimed in a loud voice. "Don't come down here and try to double the price of everything."

Upon finishing examining his cute new patient quite thoroughly, the obstetrician smiled and said, "I've got good news for you, Mrs. Smith—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the young lady, "but it's Miss Smith."

"Oh, I see," gulped the physician. "Well, Miss Smith, I've got bad news for you. . . ."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Navaho erection* as a scrotum pole.

Then there was the amorous actor who tried out for a part in the latest nude play only to find that the position he wanted had already been taken.

Seeing her brother undressed for the first time, the little girl questioned her mother: "Why haven't I got one of those?"

"Be patient, dear," the mother answered knowingly. "If you're good, you'll get one when you grow up. And if you're very good, you'll get quite a few."

The highway patrolman stopped a speeding car and, noticing the motorist's inebriated condition, delivered a stern lecture on the dangers of drunken driving. "Do you realize that you were going over seventy miles an hour?" the officer demanded.

"I know," the driver explained. "I want to get home before I have an accident."



After trying to fix a flat tire during a raging blizzard, the young man jumped back into the car with his date and began rubbing his nearly frozen hands. "Let me warm them for you," she offered, placing his hands between her thighs.

When his fingers had thawed out, the chap rushed back to continue working on the tire, but he quickly returned again, complaining that his hands were numb with cold. As he reached under her skirt, she slid forward and whispered ecstatically, "Darling, aren't your ears cold, too?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it on a postcard to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Building, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



*"Nothing like chestnuts roasting on an open fire, eh, Miss Blythdale?"*

# "BEAUTY TRAP" BEAUTY

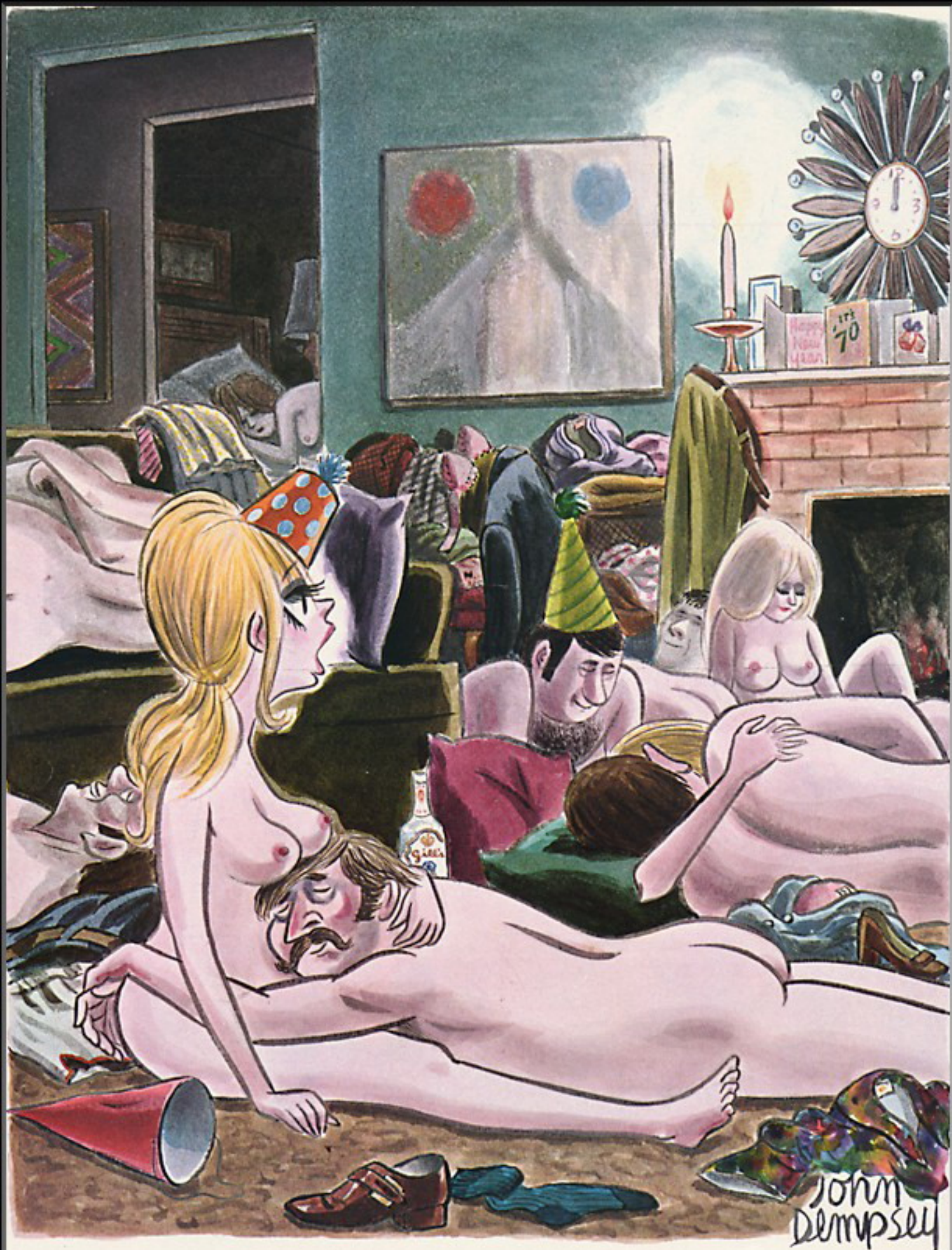


*actress, model and now author, jeanne rejaunier  
has concocted a sexpourri of life among the mannequins  
that's spiked with all the ingredients of a best seller*



"BEAUTY IS A COMMODITY that is used and then thrown away when something better comes along," declares lovely Jeanne Rejaunier, who lived through ten years of oncamera commercials before quitting to write *The Beauty Trap*. Broadly based on her modeling experiences, Jeanne's novel both reflects and denounces what she calls "the American dream—a culture which places a premium on beauty, success and status, and which lives by the images Madison Avenue dictates." Jeanne, who refuses to be caught in the trap, has never relied solely on her looks: She mastered three languages as a child, studied piano, violin and voice, and won her share of ribbons in equestrian. A Vassar graduate, she also attended the Sorbonne, the University of Pisa and Rome's *Goetheschule*. After leaving the modeling scene, Jeanne moved to Hollywood, landed several movie and television roles and enrolled in a creative-writing workshop at UCLA. Now working on four more books, she has been asked to star in the film version of *The Beauty Trap*, but says, "I haven't made a decision. Anything that takes me away from writing has to be carefully weighed." Her little leisure time is spent with two calico cats, Tabby and Kimmy, and riding her horse, Red Pepper. Regarding the bridal path, she feels that "the conventional type of marriage, for the sake of society, is not for me. All too often, women forfeit their individualism. I won't do that." Whatever her future holds is certain to be founded on more than pulchritude. As Jeanne put it when she posed for us among some auto wrecks, "Beauty becomes tacky if there's nothing behind it but junk, and ends up—like all material things—in the junk yard." Predictably, there's no such fate in store for this beauty.





JOHN  
DEMPSEY

*"Happy New Year, Herbie, dear—wherever you are."*



*a portfolio of the past delightful dozen*



*Nancy McNeil* MISS JULY

## PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

ASTROLOGERS are in strong disagreement over whether or not we are yet living in the Age of Aquarius. The Playmates of 1969, along with so many of those who graced centerfolds of years past, seem to lend themselves strongly to the camp that believes we are well into Aquarius, with its incumbent freedoms of expression and life style or, in other words, a period of 20 centuries or so in which the thing to do is—your own thing. For many of last year's girls, being a Playmate has opened up fresh vistas. July's Nancy McNeil, who just turned 22 under the sign

of Sagittarius (frank, honest and gregarious), was a bridesmaid when she was tagged as a most likely Playmate. Since Nancy appeared in the gatefold, she's discovered that she has a real talent for dealing with people and is now on her way toward a promising career in promotion. Nancy also found that small planes are her bag. She was up in a single-engine job for the first time recently and says, "It was the wildest experience of my life." For a look at last year's other high-flying Playmates, let your radar scan the following pages.



*Lorrie Menconi*  
**MISS FEBRUARY**

Since she appeared as our Playmate for February, lovely Lorrie has been lured from her home in San Diego to Hollywood, with its end-of-the-rainbow promise of a career in movies and television. Twenty-one-year-old Lorrie already misses her regular visits to the famous San Diego Zoo—she's totally hooked on animals—and the surf scene she made so often around Del Mar and La Jolla. Meanwhile, until she gets a foot in the studio door, Lorrie's working for a Hollywood veterinarian. Even though Miss February's only a receptionist, the job pays a bonus in keeping her near animals—something she used to do for free.

*Shay Knuth*  
**MISS SEPTEMBER**

This past year, the golden-tressed native of Milwaukee left the city that made beer famous far behind. While a Bunny at the Lake Geneva Playboy Club-Hotel, Shay took a leave of absence and drove several thousand miles to Mexico City. Enrolled at the University of the Americas, Miss September studied Spanish, philosophy, international relations, and was a one-girl goodwill mission. But, at the end of last summer's term, she hopped a jet for a quick visit home and then on to London, where she's a Bunny again. Shay and London are hitting it off famously. She has only one complaint: Mexican food is hard to find.

*Lorna Hopper*  
**MISS APRIL**

New Orleans, which lays claim to all sorts of attractions—the French Quarter, the birthplace of jazz, Creole cooking—has something new to brag about: PLAYBOY'S 19-year-old Miss April, who is currently brightening the scene as a Bunny in the New Orleans Club. The much-traveled Lorna started as a Bunny in Chicago and, after becoming April's Playmate, took a long vacation in Mexico before going to the Crescent City. Her Texas-born folks moved to Los Angeles (which Lorna quickly learned to love) after spending two years in Manchester, England. As for New Orleans, Lorna is emphatic: "Every day is Mardi Gras."





*Debbie Hooper*

**MISS AUGUST**

Debbie, our Southern California flower child, has turned into a career woman working both sides of a television camera. Soon after her Playmate bow, she broke in as an assistant in the production of television commercials. Now Debbie's in front of the cameras in a movie being readied for a world television premiere. Although production is her forte, Miss August feels the acting experience can only enhance her chances for success. Debbie escapes her new pressure-filled world in her Laurel Canyon pad high on a Hollywood hill. "In the unlikely event of a clear day," she says, "I can see all the way to Griffith Park."

*Claudia Jennings*

**MISS NOVEMBER**

From Milwaukee to Chicago to Hollywood, theater audiences have been seeing Claudia since she was ten. But her acting career took its biggest upturn after she appeared in the gatefold two months ago. Bill Cosby picked her to do a comedy record with comedian Sandy Baron and Susan St. James. Released on the Decca label, the record, what with Cosby having written the material, promised to be a smash and a big boost for Claudia. After a successful engagement as the female lead in *The Tender Trap* in a Little Rock theater, Claudia's back in Hollywood. With her is faithful Samoyed, Latcho. Oh, for a dog's life.

*Sally Sheffield*

**MISS MAY**

"To enjoy good health, happiness, a solid marriage and a career to keep me from stagnating." Those are the ambitions of our Miss May, who usually gets what she starts after. One of New York's better horsewomen, Sally also is a pianist, actress and guitar-strumming folk singer. An inclination to globe-trot led her to spend eight months on an Israeli kibbutz. Always on guard against mental laziness, Miss Sheffield is learning additional languages, although she is already fluent in French and Hebrew. And when there's time, dark-eyed Sally is sure to be out collecting more blue ribbons for equestrian excellence.





*Jean Bell*  
**MISS OCTOBER**

Are people friendlier in Houston or Los Angeles? Having just moved from her Texas home town to that sprawling coastal metropolis, Jean is far from making up her mind. Her Playmate debut made the black-and-beautiful Miss Bell an instant celebrity in Houston, where *The Houston Post* ran an interview and her picture on the front page of its women's section. On the other hand, Hollywood has her up for a role in a movie titled *Dial the Wrong Number*. She's also appeared at Chicago's Black Expo trade fair in PLAYBOY's booth and in Gary for Mayor Hatcher Night. Jean finds friendly people everywhere.



*Leslie Bianchini*  
**MISS JANUARY**

Alas, Leslie, the Bunny by the Bay, has deserted those hilltops of San Francisco—for the cool, crisp air of Denver and its panoramic scenery, where for the moment she's reveling in a familiar rustic life (she grew up on her father's turkey farm in Illinois). Among the bucolic pleasures Miss January is enjoying around Denver is fishing the many secluded trout streams in the surrounding mountains. Although the lithe miss is considering several lucrative model-agency assignments in New York—and Manhattan's lofty stone canyons may lure her away yet—it will take a lot to uproot Leslie from her pastoral pursuits.

*Helena Antonaccio*  
**MISS JUNE**

All kinds of ideas are buzzing around in the head of this twinkle-eyed miss from New Jersey. With earnings from her Playmate stint, she bought a yellow Mustang and is planning a trip to Florida. Becoming a stewardess is a possibility, but Helena is pleased about an offer for a speaking part in a movie that will star either Steve McQueen or Marlon Brando. Meanwhile, she is a standout Bunny in the Living Room of New York's Playboy Club and at the same time is studying astrology. Miss June's trying to decide whether she's Pisces or Aries—March 21, her birth date, could go either way. Helena favors fun-seeking Pisces.





*Kathy MacDonald*

**MISS MARCH**

Kathy received more than 2000 letters from American Servicemen in Vietnam and Thailand after she made her way in to the pages of *PLAYBOY*. As a result, the blue-eyed blonde was booked for a meet-the-troops tour of the front lines last fall with actor Tom Tully. Now living in Beverly Hills, Kathy is busy breaking into television. Miss March has already appeared in a pilot variety show titled *Meet Me at Martoni's* and on *Playboy After Dark*. In addition, Kathy, who became our Playmate while working in the Montreal Club, finds herself in growing demand for video commercials. The reasons are delightfully obvious.

*Gloria Root*

**MISS DECEMBER**

Our Miss December is an activist in the politics of the New Left. "Young people," says Gloria, "aren't pushing any particular life style—just the freedom to choose. The youth revolution bridges all boundaries." She became an activist after fleeing the inactivity of being a telephone operator in Chicago and has been living her convictions ever since. Gloria first crisscrossed the U.S., visiting outposts of the hip political scene. Right after her starring role in last month's centerfold, Gloria took off for a long stay in Europe, where she plans to groove in such Old World headquarters of radical ferment as London and Amsterdam.





Vargas  
revisited

*"I don't mind if a man loves me  
and leaves me—as long as he  
leaves me enough."*



encoring a curvaceous gallery of favorites created by playboy's  
unsurpassed portrayer of quip-equipped lovelies

THE HUMAN BODY has appeared throughout modern times in the visual arts primarily in abstract forms. Some avow that representational art is now on its way back; but it seems hung up for the moment on soup cans, soft watches, plaster of Paris and pseudo-psychedelic effects. Which makes the continuing career of Alberto Vargas all the more remarkable: Over the past five decades, his straightforward renderings have unflinchingly asserted the natural beauty of the human figure—specifically, the female. Vargas' women have always been irresistibly real, from the desirable, dissolute flappers he painted in 1920 to the liberated lovelies he portrays today. The life story of the Peruvian-born painter is by now familiar: He honed his skills during 15 years of painting posters with painstakingly wrought impressions of Flo Ziegfeld's showgirls, an abbreviated stint as a star sketcher in Hollywood and an especially productive period—cut short by legal hassles—as a regular contributor to "Esquire" before his work first adorned these pages in March 1957. It didn't take long for Vargas and PLAYBOY to realize their mutual admiration, and the artist's relationship with the magazine quickly became a permanent one. Now in his eighth decade—like the turbulent century to which he has given a small but valuable note of stability—Vargas shows no signs of slackening production; and as the accompanying illustrations, which span the past decade, indicate, he remains as sure-handed as ever.

*"But aren't you the gentleman  
who asked Santa for the life-size doll?"*



*"Or do you like it better  
as a one-piece, darling?"*



*Largas*

*“Mirror, mirror, in my hand,  
This coat was priced at fourteen grand.  
What I paid could be shown clearer,  
If I but had a full-length mirror.”*



*Jargas*



*"Well, you know what they say:  
If we don't go to bed, Santa will never arrive."*



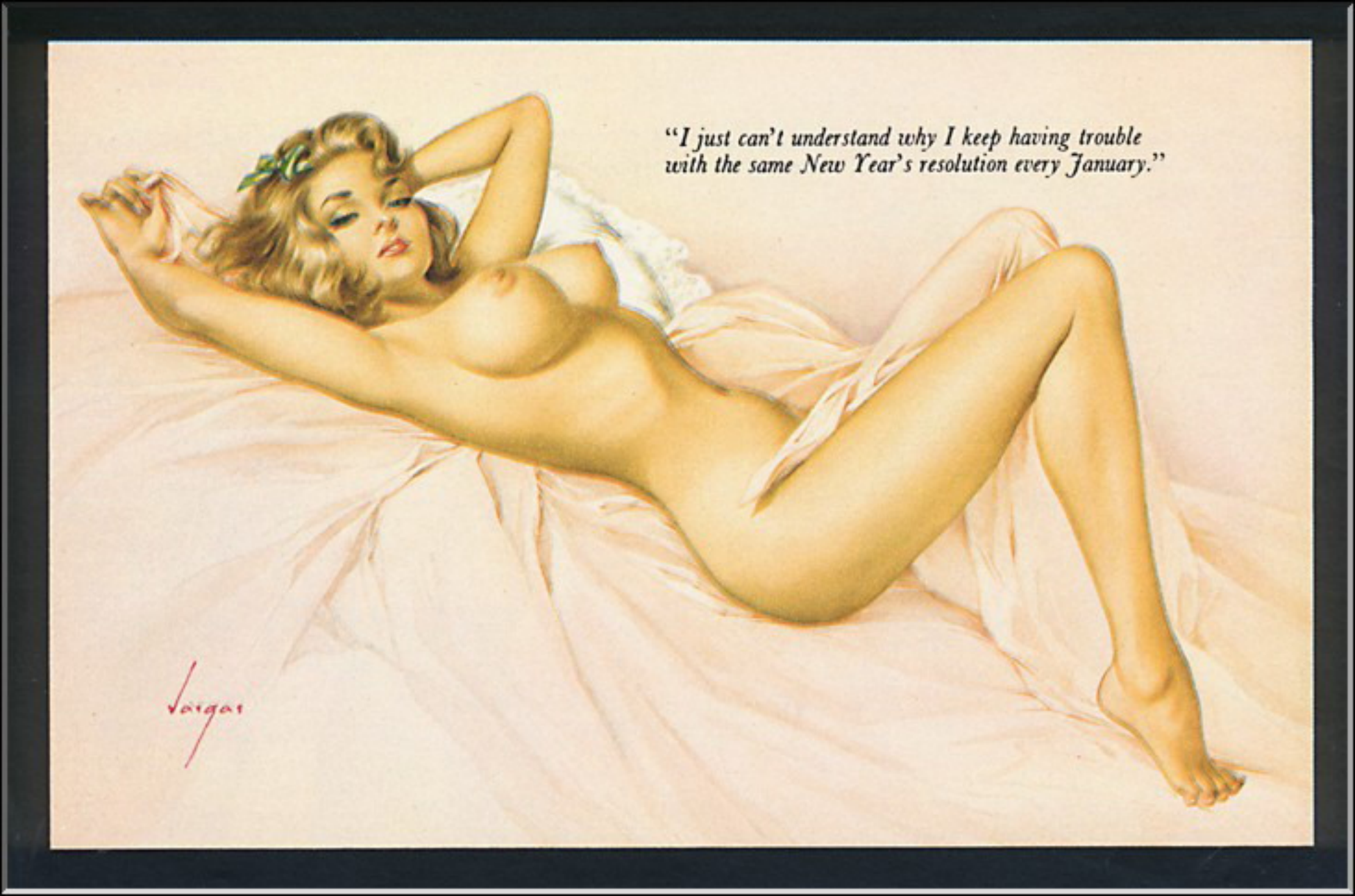
*"Well, you've finally  
convinced me.  
I'm ready to  
throw in the towel."*

*"I'm a little tired this evening—  
mind if I don't play hard to get?"*



*Vargas*





*"I just can't understand why I keep having trouble  
with the same New Year's resolution every January."*

Vargas

*"Mother was so pleased  
when she learned  
Mr. Hefner would be  
using only my face on  
the cover of PLAYBOY."*



*"You must have been born in March—  
you come in like a lion and go out like a lamb."*

*"Is this what  
they mean by having  
a formal affair?"*



*Vargas*

# ALPHABÊTES NOIRES

*a biting and bizarre bestiary  
to put in your funk and wagnalls*

*humor*

By J. B. HANDELSMAN

## A

**ASS**



When the law is an Ass, it is often because an Ass is the law. Sometimes nine asses sit together to form an Asinine, or baseball team.

## B

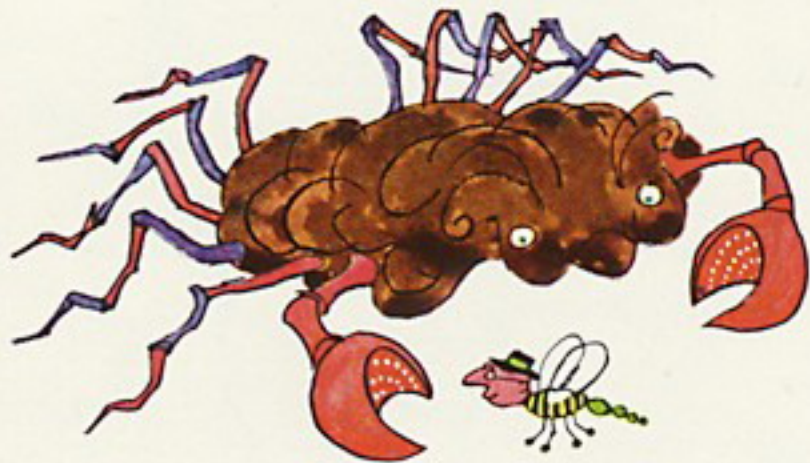
**Wild, or Crashing BORE**



Possessed of the strength of ten ordinary bores, this terrifying brute drives its victim into a corner, where it recounts episodes of its childhood.

# C

## Soft-Sell CRAB



As fierce as the hard-sell or "Buster" Crab, when the blue chips are down, the Soft-Sell confounds its prey by attacking sideways.

# D

## DOGMA



The stubborn Dogma, loyal beyond belief, survives by having almost no sense of smell. When the master's scent penetrates its tiny nostrils, the Dogma dies.

# E

## Electoral EEL or Power-Seeking Shocker



There is no insulation to protect one from the charge of this slimy denizen of the shallows. Campaigning for volts, eye on the main switch, the Electoral Eel has something, but no one really knows watt.

# F

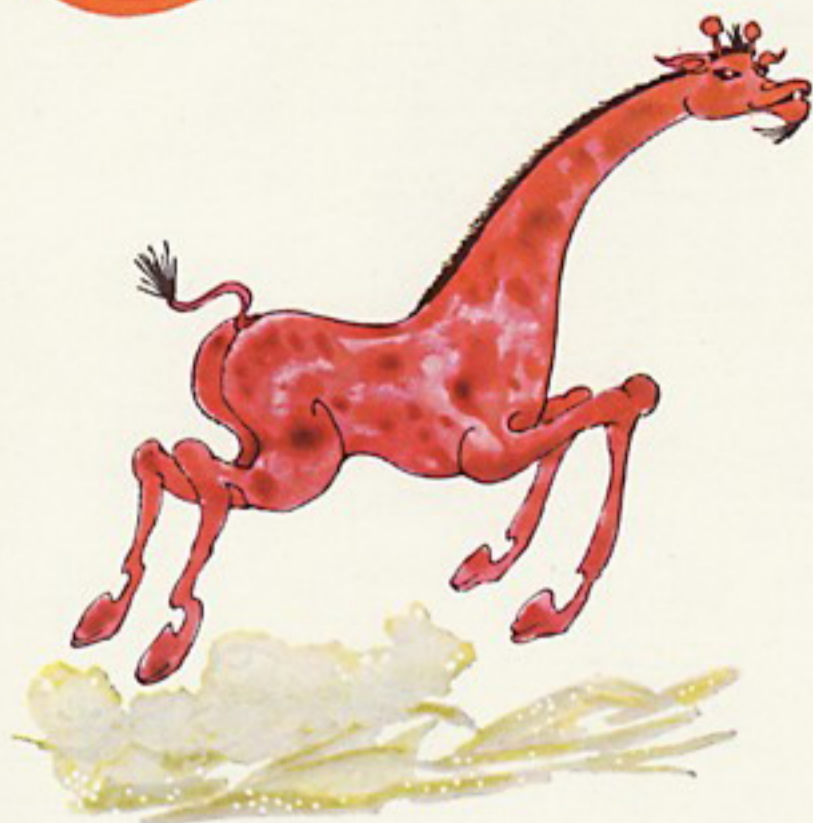
## Cold FISH



Alone in his icy think tank, the Cold Fish silently plans disasters and counts corpses yet unborn.

# G

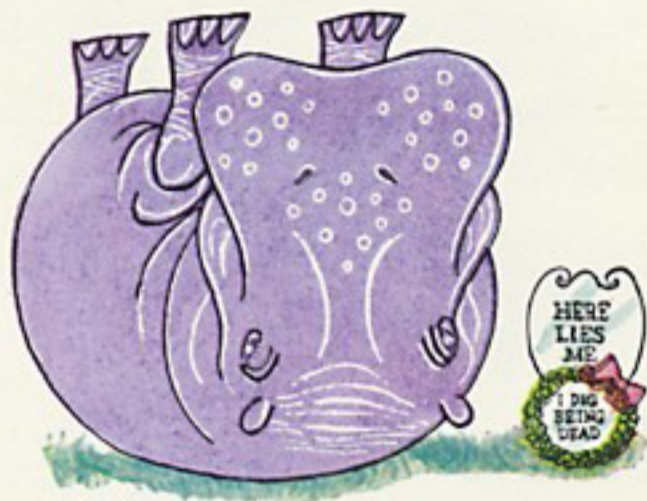
## GIRIFFRAFF



Also called Girash, or Running Sore, its lack of vocal cords has made this animal inarticulate with rage.

# H

## HIPPOPOSTHUMOUS



"Life? Who needs it?" That is the swinging philosophy of the hip Hippoposthumous, born dead of dead parents and forever one up on the living.

# I

## ILK



The Ilk is the most unfairly unloved of all creatures, because those who are hated with all their Ilk often have no Ilk of their own and have to borrow one. Shown here are a mother Ilk and all her Ilk.

# J

## E-Type, or Laughing JAG



This great, purring beast, a status symbol from the word "ignition," glides softly away at mating time and trades itself in. Thus is the endless life cycle renewed.

# K

## KATANGAROO



The remarkable thing about the Katangaroo, or Great White Mercenary, is that no matter how high it jumps, the money never falls out of its pocket.

# L

## Bear-Faced LYREBIRD



The Bear-Faced Lyrebird does not tell it like it is, was or will be, and quickly proves to be a pest, leaving its little white lies and large brown name droppings everywhere.

# M

## MISERERE or Praying Mandatory



The pious, company-loving Miserere prays that the wicked may be torn to pieces and devoured, and digested in time for its next devotions.

# N

## NOWT



Possessing hindsight in two directions, the slippery Nowt is a lizard for all seasons.

# O

## OSTROGOTH and OISTRAKH



The ostentatious Ostrogoth, whose name comes from *Osterreich*, or *Strauss*, is here shown in the throes of a Viennese waltz. It should not be confused with the Oistrakh, which is a bivalve; that is to say, there are two of them.

# P

## PARROTROOPER



Quick to learn and repeat the latest military phrase, grave or exultant, the clever Parrotrooper is equally at home with the difficult "Enemy retains substantial uncommitted resources" and the simple "Charlie is hurting."

# Q

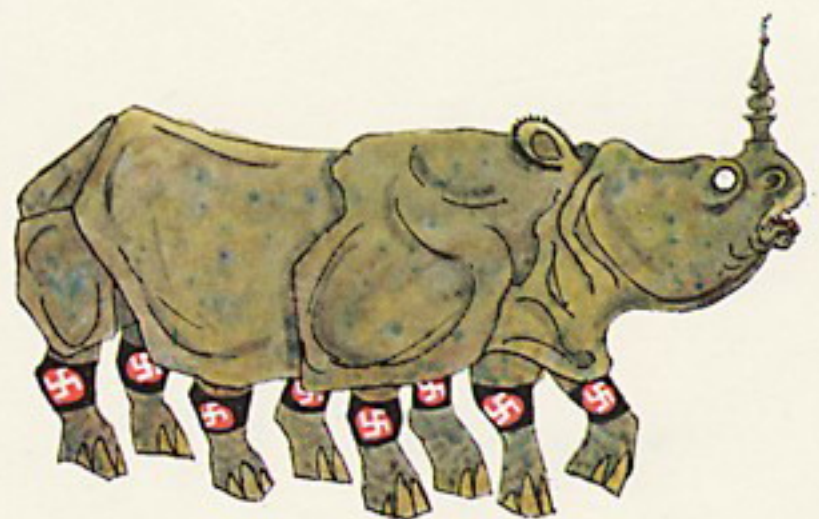
## Quaking QUAIL or Bobbing White



The white-lipped, ashen-faced Honkiebird, as its enemies affectionately call it, wants desperately to do the right thing but is hampered by a fear that it may turn out to be the left thing.

# R

## RHINOPTIMIST



Idly humming snatches of *Das Rheingold*, the Rhinoccupant stands at the banks of the Rhine, dreaming of past rhinopulence as a rhinofficer and looking forward rhinomiously to even greater rhinomnivorosity.



# S

## SYCOPHANT



At best, the Sycophant is useless, and farmers consider it a nuisance because of its habit of praising harmful insects.

# T

## Painted TURTLE



The Painted Turtle never fails to display the latest fad: pop, op, minimal, maximal, organic, electronic, emetic.

# U

## UNDERDOG or Union Jackal



Hating every newly liberated minute, the abandoned neocolonial hopes for the return of its mother country. Eventually, it sells itself to the highest bidder.

# V

## Cultured VULTURE



The Cultured Vulture cannot sing a note but knows at once when the nightingale is off pitch. On such occasions, it eats the nightingale.

# W

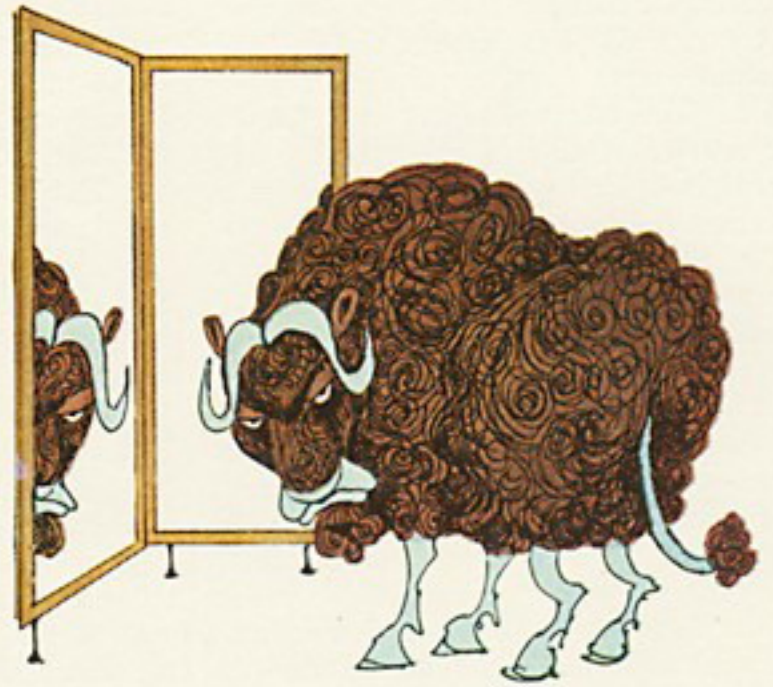
## WOODCHUMP



The Woodchump is a credulous little marmot that lives in a wood and is a chump. All of the Woodchumps can be fooled all of the time.

# X

## XEROX and XOKSUM



A Xerox is a muskox that duplicates itself by means of mirrors. Each mirror image is then a Xoksum. A Xoksum is also a muskox that looks back in anger, often to snarl, "What was that last crack?"

# Y

## YOK



Seldom found live nowadays, the Yok, or Guffawing Boffola, provides the raw material for canned laughter.

# Z

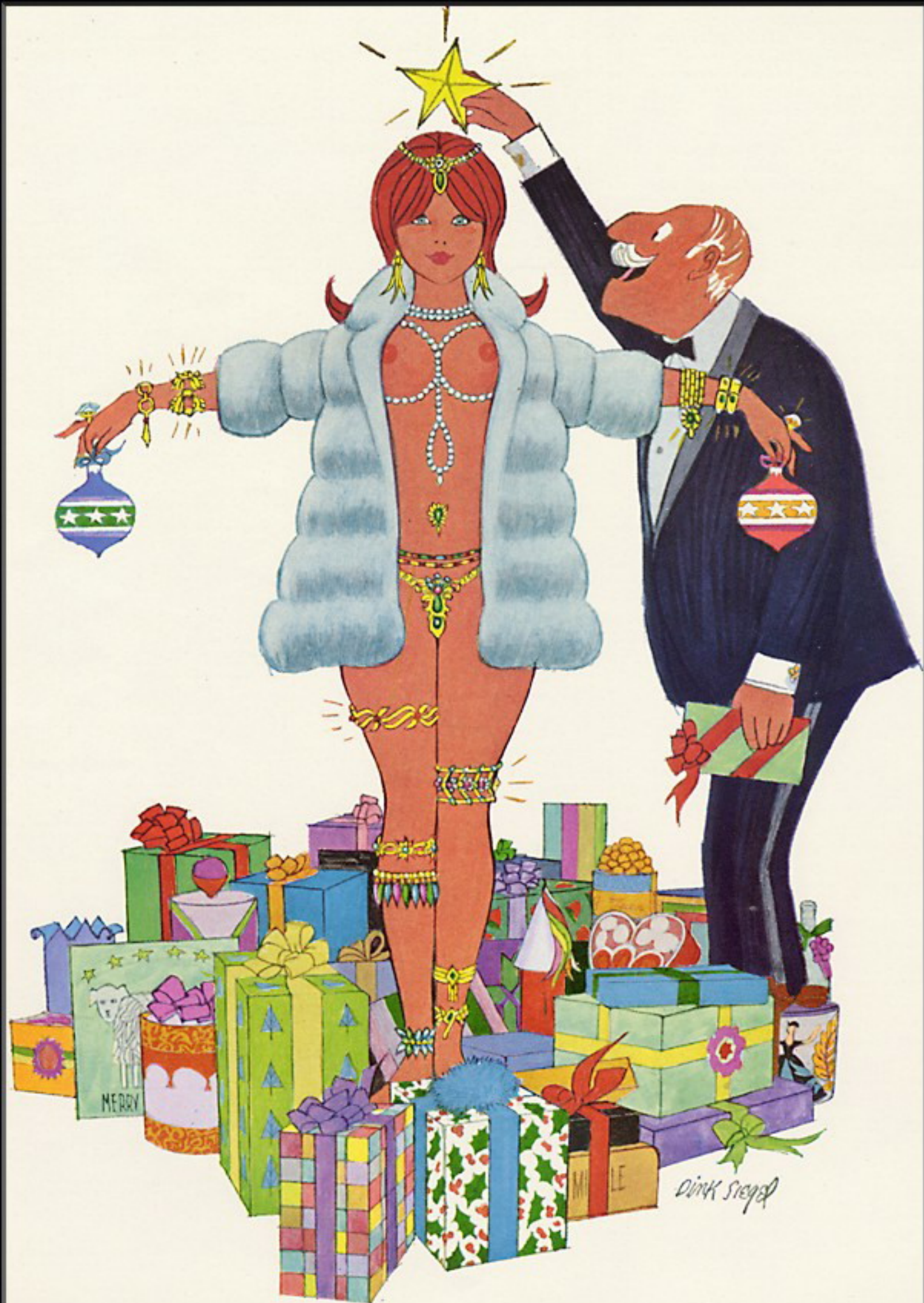
## ZEBREW



Whether fiddling on the roof or doing some other comic turn, the Zebrew is increasingly used by trappers to snare the elusive Yok.



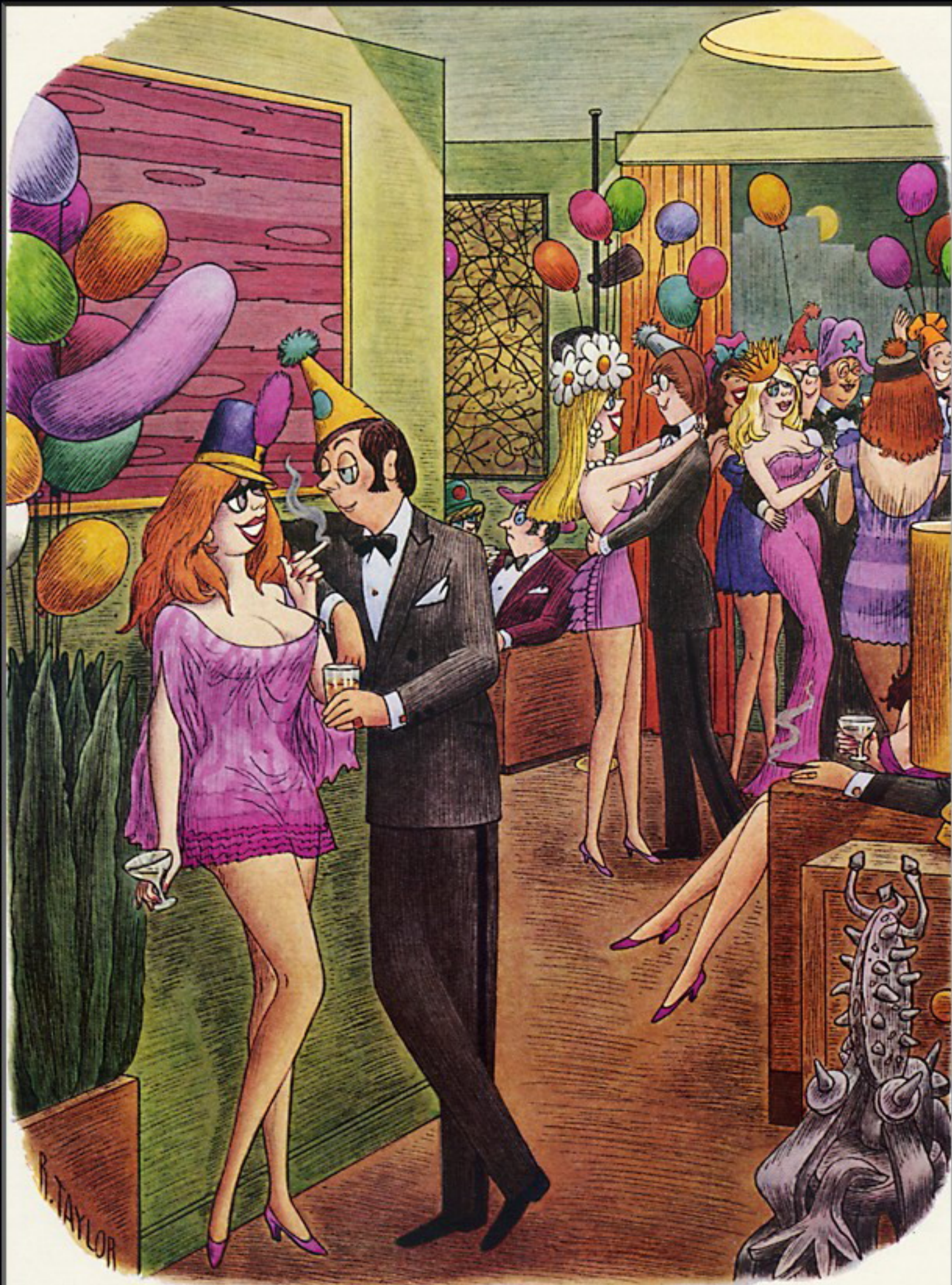
*"Hey—what about foreplay?!"*



*"I told you we wouldn't need a tree."*



*"Well, it looks suspicious as hell to me!"*



*"My New Year's resolution is to stop cheating on my husband,  
so if you plan on anything you'd better hurry up."*



*J. Folkes*

*"Why, Mr. Bernstein, you didn't remember to kiss me."*

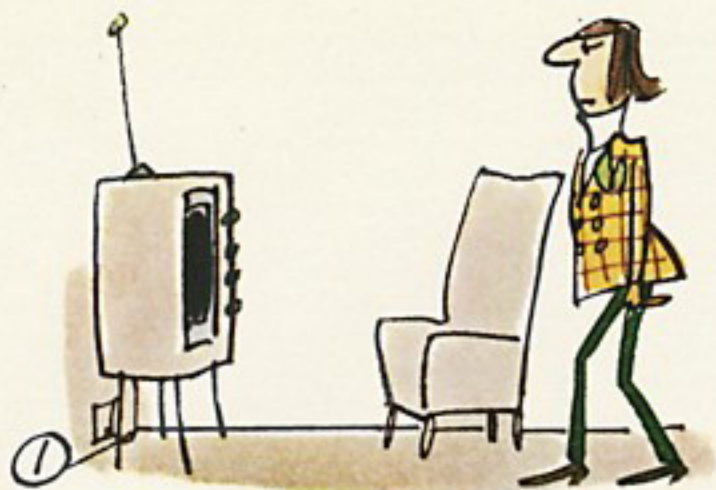


*"Well, at least that's one gift I won't  
have to worry about returning."*

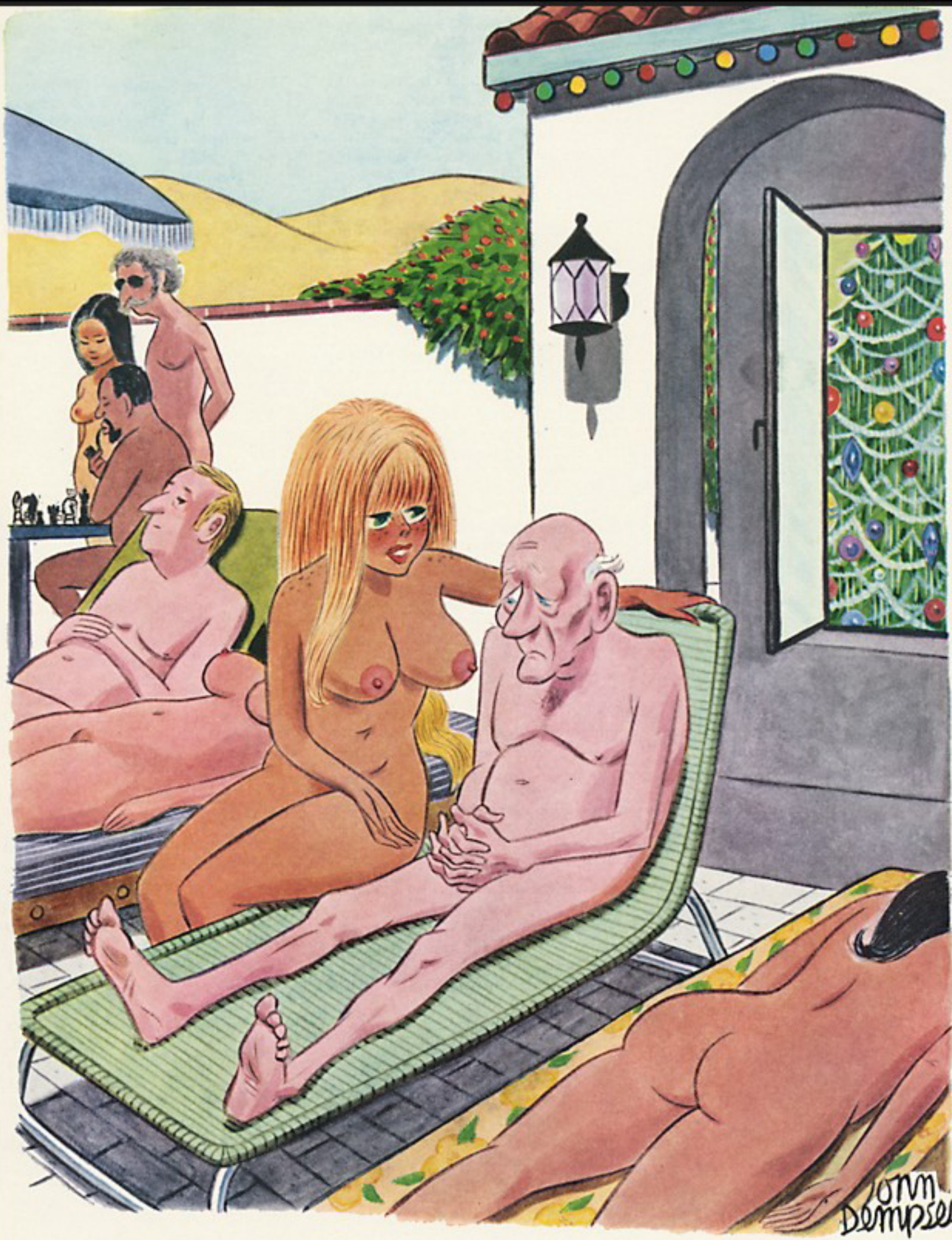




*"But in the bar you said you wouldn't mind making five big ones."*



DAVE



John  
Dempsey

*"Well, if it's not having snow at Christmas, Mr. Jensen,  
just what do you miss?"*

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

AS WE ALL KNOW, AMERICANS ARE CREATURES OF HABIT. OFFHAND, SOME HABITS WE CAN THINK OF ARE PREMARITAL AND POSTMARITAL SEX. AND THEN THERE ARE **BAD** HABITS-- LIKE SMOKING AND DRINKING AND DRUGS. UNFORTUNATELY, OUR HEROINE EXAMINES THE LATTER AND NOT THE FORMER.

ARE YOU ENJOYING MY PARTY, BENTON? YOU'D BETTER TAKE SOME CHAMPAGNE WHILE YOU CAN. EVERYONE'S BEEN GRAB GRAB GRABBING IT UP!

I'M NOT BENTON. I'M SOLLY. AND I DON'T DRINK. I SMOKE.

I'M BENTON.

YOU SMOKE TOO MUCH, SOLLY! AND THOSE HORRID CIGARS! ...UGH! LOOK AT LANCE SILVERTHIN BACK THERE. SEE HOW STYLISH HE IS WHEN HE SMOKE.

George:  
The over  
here! Ebb!



I KNOW! BROADS ALWAYS MOONING AROUND HIM ... TRYING TO CRIB HIS PACK OF CIGARETTES! ... HE'S IMPOSSIBLE!

WATCH! ... THE BROAD YAKETY-YAKS ... HE IGNORES HER. THEN SHE TRIES TO CRIB THE CIGARETTES -

- BUT HE DOESN'T MISS A THING, AND STRAIGHT-ARMS HER INTO THE ELEVATOR. WHAT A TECHNIQUE! ... IMPOSSIBLE!



LOOK AT THE WAY HE LIGHTS UP AND EXHALES THROUGH HIS NOSE! BEAUTIFUL! LOOK! HE'S EVEN GOT ANNIE HOOKED.



LOOK! HE TAKES A DRAG... TAKES HER IN HIS ARMS... CRUSHES HER TO HIM... THEIR LIPS COME CLOSER... CLOSER-



HE PRESSES HIS MOUTH TO HERS... AND COUGHS.



HAK!  
HAK!

HE CERTAINLY IS IMPOSSIBLE!

CIGARETTES MAY LOOK GOOD, SWEETIE, BUT CIGARS ARE A LOT HEALTHIER.

ALL TOBACCO IS A FILTHY BUSINESS. IF YOU NEED A HABIT, FIND ONE WITH ELEGANCE AND SOPHISTICATION. I'LL PICK THE BUBBLY OVER THE PERNICIOUS WEED ANYTIME.

BOOZE! BAH!



AS PAPA ERNEST USED TO SAY, YOU CAN'T TRUST A MAN WHO DOESN'T DRINK.

OBSCENITY ON A MAN WHO DOESN'T DRINK!

A MAN WHO DOESN'T DRINK ISN'T A MAN!

DON'T YOU THINK SO, BLUE EYES?





NOT WITH YOUR FINGERS, BENTON! I'LL GET YOU A SWIZZLE STICK!

IMBIBING IS A NOBLE ART. I MYSELF SAVOR THE DRINK OF THAT GREAT INTERNATIONAL FIGURE, JAMES BOND ... THREE FINGERS OF A GOOD SCOTCH WHISKY GENTLY SWIRLED IN A TUMBLER OF ICE CUBES ... AND WHEN THE SCOTCH IS BROUGHT TO THE FLAVORFUL CHILL THAT PUTS A SKIN OF ICE ON THE HULL OF THE GLASS, WHAT I LIKE TO DO

15-



SPILL IT DOWN A LADY'S DRESS!

CHAMPAGNE, RALPHIE?



BENTON BATTBARTON IS EXPLAINING ABOUT COCKTAILS AND HIGHBALLS IN THE NEXT ROOM. HE'S SO ELEGANT AND SOPHISTICATED -



WATCH, EVERYBODY! - BROADWAY JOE NAMATH FADING BACK TO THROW THE BOMB!

DON'T WORRY. HE'S JUST PLAYING GAMES.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, DON'T WORRY! THAT'S A REAL BOMB!



**BARF!**  
**BARF!**

TSK, TSK ... WON'T THESE OLDER FOLK EVER LEARN ABOUT SMOKING AND DRINKING? DON'T THEY KNOW ABOUT THE CARCINOGENIC PROPERTIES? CIRRHOSIS? DON'T THEY REALIZE THAT THEY MAY ALTER THEIR BODY CHEMISTRY AND BECOME ADDICTS? AND DON'T THEY KNOW THAT THERE IS A SIMPLE ALTERNATIVE TO THE SMOKING AND DRINKING HABIT?

GOLLY, RALPHIE, WHAT IS IT?



GRASS.

YES, GRASS IS NICE. TREES AND BUSHES AND LOTS OF FRESH AIR IS GOOD, TOO ... GLORYOSKY! ... WHY IS EVERYONE SHARING THAT ONE OLD CIGARETTE? ARE WE ALL OUT?

THAT'S GRASS! ... MARIJUANA!

BEAUTIFUL!

GROOVY!

OH, WAOW!

THAT'S TERRIBLE! THEY'LL GET SICK! IT'S DANGEROUS!

IT IS NOT DANGEROUS!

WELL, I WOULDN'T SAY IT'S EXACTLY HEALTHY PASSING GERMS FROM MOUTH TO MOUTH. WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME ANY OF THEM BRUSHED THEIR TEETH?

GRASS MAKES EVERYTHING BEAUTIFUL!

YEAH! YOU CAN UNDERSTAND THINGS MORE CLEARLY!

LIKE ... IT'S A GROOVE, LIKE, WHEN YOU GROOVE IT, YOU, LIKE, GROOVE AROUND IN A KIND OF GROOVINESS, LIKE, AND EVERYTHING TURNS INTO LIKE, **ONE BIG GROOVINESSENCE!**

THAT CERTAINLY IS VERY CLEAR!

THERE ARE OTHER THINGS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT MARIJUANA, ANNIE -

**BAM  
BAM  
BAM!**

OPEN UP!

**CRASH!**

**FUZZ!**

HANDS UP, DOPE FIENDS!

THIS ORGY IS UNDER ARREST!

- BUNCH OF TWISTED PREVERTS!

GROOVY!

- IT IS USED BY MANY EMINENT SCHOLARS AND SCIENTISTS -





## NEXT MONTH:

**PLAYBOY PANEL: "THE DRUG REVOLUTION"**—WITH ALAN WATTS, WILLIAM BURROUGHS, HARRY ANSLINGER, RICHARD ALPERT, JAMES COBURN, LESLIE A. FIEDLER, DR. JOEL FORT AND OTHERS

**"HOW OTHER MAGAZINES WOULD PHOTOGRAPH A PLAYMATE"**—PLAYBOY PLAYFULLY ENVISIONS WHAT MIGHT HAPPEN IF OTHER POPULAR PUBLICATIONS SPOTLIGHTED THEIR OWN SPECIAL GATEFOLD GIRLS

**"JAZZ & POP '70"**—WINNERS OF THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL PLAYBOY POLL, INCLUDING PERFORMERS PICKED BY THE READERS FOR THE 1970 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND, THE ARTISTS' OWN FAVORITES, ADDITIONS TO THE PLAYBOY JAZZ & POP HALL OF FAME AND THE TOP INSTRUMENTAL AND VOCAL LPS OF THE YEAR, PLUS THE PRECEDING YEAR'S JAZZ & POP HIGHLIGHTS IN RETROSPECT—BY NAT HENTOFF

**"DISTAFF SEX QUIZ"**—CLUES, CUES AND GUIDELINES TO THE SEXUAL QUOTIENTS OF THOSE IMPORTANT LADIES IN YOUR LIFE

**"THE LAND OF A MILLION ELEPHANTS"**—IN VIETNAM'S FICTIONAL NEIGHBOR CHANDA, COMIC-OPERA ESPIONAGE COMMINGLES WITH BUREAUCRATIC BOONDOGLING AND EXOTIC BEAUTIES—BY ASA BABER

**"JUSTICE, MILITARY STYLE"**—A TIMELY, EYE-OPENING REPORT ON INHUMANE COURTS-MARTIAL AND THE BRUTALITY THAT RUNS RAMPANT IN STOCKADES AND BRIGS—BY ROBERT SHERRILL

**"FUTURE SHOCK"**—MIND-BLOWING CHANGES IN EVERY AREA OF OUR LIVES, FROM HUMAN RELATIONS TO TECHNOLOGY, ARE ACCELERATING BEYOND THE CAPACITY OF MAN TO COPE—BY ALVIN TOFFLER

**"PLAYBOY'S WEEKEND HOUSEYACHT PARTY"**—COME JOIN US ON A SEE-WORTHY FUN FEST AS WE CRUISE THE FLORIDA KEYS ABOARD THE LATEST IN ELEGANTLY INFORMAL LIVING AFLOAT

**"SKIING THE PSYCHOLOGICAL ALPS"**—THE CHALLENGES AND REWARDS OF TAKING ON EUROPE'S TOP SNOW SPAS—BY JOHN SKOW

**"BIBI AND BARBARA"**—AN EXCLUSIVE PICTORIAL ON BIBI ANDERSSON AND BARBARA PARKINS, COMELY CO-STARS OF *THE KREMLIN LETTER*

**"THE REBIRTH OF YOST"**—IN A SERIOCOMIC FANTASY, A MODERN MYSTIC PREDICTS HIS OWN REINCARNATION—BY THOMAS BAUM

**"AUDIO EXOTICA"**—A LONG LOOK AT SHORT WAVE AND ITS FASCINATING SPECTRUM OF INTERNATIONAL INTRIGUE AND ENTERTAINMENT

**"SUITED FOR THE CITY"**—THE MAN ABOUT TOWN TAKES ON A FRESH AND FLATTERING SILHOUETTE—BY ROBERT L. GREEN

**COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD:** LUSH PHOTOGRAPHIC UNCOVERAGE OF "THE GIRLS OF ISRAEL," "THE GIRLS OF MEXICO" AND "THE BUNNIES OF NEW YORK"; EXCLUSIVE PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS WITH RAY CHARLES, DAVID BRINKLEY, PETER FONDA, JOHN WAYNE, KENNETH TYNAN, BUCKMINSTER FULLER, DUSTIN HOFFMAN AND JOAN BAEZ; REVEALING PICTORIALS ON BARBI BENTON, LOLA FALANA AND THE GIRLS OF "JULIUS CAESAR"; A KNOWING LOOK INTO THE FUTURE OF "THE NEW URBAN CAR," BY KEN W. PURDY; "THE BASIC URBAN WARDROBE," BY FASHION DIRECTOR ROBERT L. GREEN; A PANORAMIC PREVIEW OF "HOLLYWOOD'S FUTURE SEX STARS"; A PHOTO TOUR OF A FREEWHEELING, FREE-LOVING CALIFORNIA COMMUNE; PROVOCATIVE PERSONALITY PIECES ON JANIS JOPLIN, JULIAN BOND AND JOHNNY CASH; MORE IN-THE-FLESH FROLICS OF "LITTLE ANNIE FANNY"; THE BEST WORKS OF THE MOST PRESTIGIOUS AUTHORS AND ARTISTS CURRENTLY PUBLISHED IN ANY MAGAZINE, INCLUDING U.S. SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, WILLIAM STYRON, ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER, NELSON ALGREN, IRWIN SHAW, LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS, JOHN CLELLON HOLMES, MORTON HUNT, HERBERT GOLD, GEORGE PLIMPTON, DOUGLAS KIKER, GAHAN WILSON, SHEL SILVERSTEIN, MARVIN KITMAN, ALAN WATTS, LEROY NEIMAN, JEAN SHEPHERD, J. PAUL GETTY, ALBERTO VARGAS, JULES FEIFFER AND MANY, MANY MORE.

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