

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

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PLAYBOY



HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

A PLAYBOY EXCLUSIVE:
THE FIRST IN-DEPTH
INTERVIEW WITH JOHN DEAN

A 14-PAGE PICTORIAL ON
PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

GEORGE PLIMPTON TRIES OUT
AS A PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER
BRIGITTE BARDOT AU NATUREL

THE TRUTH ABOUT COCAINE

A SPECIAL TRIBUTE TO AMERICA
ON ITS 199TH BIRTHDAY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

PLUS JOHN UPDIKE, HERBERT
GOLD, SEAN O'FAOLAIN, JOHN
COLLIER AND LOTS OF OTHER
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WHAT SORT OF MAN READS PLAYBOY?

A man with good reason to celebrate. He's youthful, aware, well educated, with a future that looks bright indeed. While he has big plans for the years to come, he's also living life to its fullest right now. And he can well afford to. Fact: PLAYBOY is read by 50% of all young men in households with incomes of \$25,000 and over. That's more than are reached by any other medium. Want a sound resolution for the new year? Spend more time in PLAYBOY. (Source: 1973 Simmons Update.)

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"It's not easy, Martha, being married to a nymphomaniac!"



PLAYBOY MANSION WEST

a visit to playboy's new paradise by the pacific, a contemporary shangri-la for work and play



An aerial view of Playboy Mansion West and a part of its five and a half landscaped acres in the lush Holmby Hills area of Los Angeles. Modeled after a 15th Century English manor, the 30-room Gothic-Tudor home is set among redwoods and pines in a pastoral seclusion that seems a world apart from Century City and Beverly Hills, just a five-minute drive from the gates of the estate. But the Mansion is center of operations for Playboy Enterprises' new ventures in the film, television and recording industries, and it is contemporized with spectacular added attractions—some of them (such as the lakelike pool and waterfall above) visible even from the air—that have made it business-and-pleasure headquarters for hundreds of famous friends and associates of host Hugh M. Hefner (lounging at left).



Hefner (above) welcomes actor Michael Callan and friend Karen Malouf at the front door of the Mansion. For a lark—and for her December '73 pictorial—Barbi Benton (below) slides down an ornate oak banister in the Great Hall.



A jovial Joe Namath and Sammy Davis Jr. (above left) are greeted by Hefner as they arrive for an evening at the Mansion; and flower lover Wilt the Stilt Chamberlain tries to convince a little lady that he's really a gentle giant. Hefner and Barbi (below) mingle by the Great Hall's double staircase with an assortment of friends ranging from this issue's Playmate, Lynnda Kimball (foreground), to actors Peter Lawford and Michael Callan.





An animated charades player (above left) acts it out in the Mansion's baronial Living Room. In a quiet corner of the room (above right), up-coming Playmate Ingeborg Sorensen waits for a chess challenger to make his move. Hefner visits with friends and bearded brother, Keith—a devoted ski buff who's a year-round resident of Aspen—at one of the impromptu dinner parties (below left) that seem to be a nightly event. In the Library (below right), Hefner and Jason Miller, star of *The Exorcist* and author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning play *That Championship Season* he's just completed for Playboy Productions.



Los Angeles lawyer Dan Busby, a Hefner chum, shares a bottle with a lady in the wine cellar (below). Barbi leads Hefner and friends in a Library sing-along overseen by a striking Gallo bust of Barbi.





Hefner introduces actor Stuart Whitman (above) to Macbeth, a rare hyacinth macaw named after Playboy's first film production, Roman Polanski's award-winning version of the Shakespeare classic. Hefner pal Bill Cosby (below) jokes with guests (among them actor John Phillip Law) in line for a poolside buffet. A nude sun bather (bottom) fondles Lambert, a pet llama that strolls the grounds.



Raquel the raccoon, another Mansion pet, romps beside one of the man-made streams that wind across the estate's huge "back yard" (above) as a group of swimsuited guests plays volleyball to an audience of squirrel monkeys hidden from view in the redwood trees at right.





A circle of friends (below, including *Deep Throat's* Linda Lovelace, seated right) watch a chouette at poolside between Hefner and a tough team: backgammon pro John Rockwell and realtor Leonard Ross. Backgammon fever runs so high at the Mansion that Hefner and several other aficionados were prompted to open Pips, a private restaurant/disco/backgammon club in Beverly Hills.



As part of her December '73 pictorial, Barbi walks a pair of pet woolly monkeys—additions to the menagerie inspired by a trip Hefner made to Africa. Peter Sellers feeds the Japanese koi and Peter Lawford shows actress Kathy Baumann around the greenhouse, which also features aquariums and an aviary.





On a sunny summer afternoon, Hefner and Barbi (above) chat with fellow swimmers at the edge of the pool, an organically designed configuration of rocks, flowing water and verdant landscaping linked with streams and ponds that gives the grounds the look of a luxurious private park so idyllic that some guests call the estate Shangri-La.



Cyndi Wood, 1974's Playmate of the Year (above), takes a macaw named Merlin for a wade in the pool. During the shooting for her November '73 pictorial by ex-husband John Derek, Ursula Andress (below) was disarmed by the antics of a pet goose named Lucy that kept getting into the act. Hefner gave the goose to Ursula as a gift.



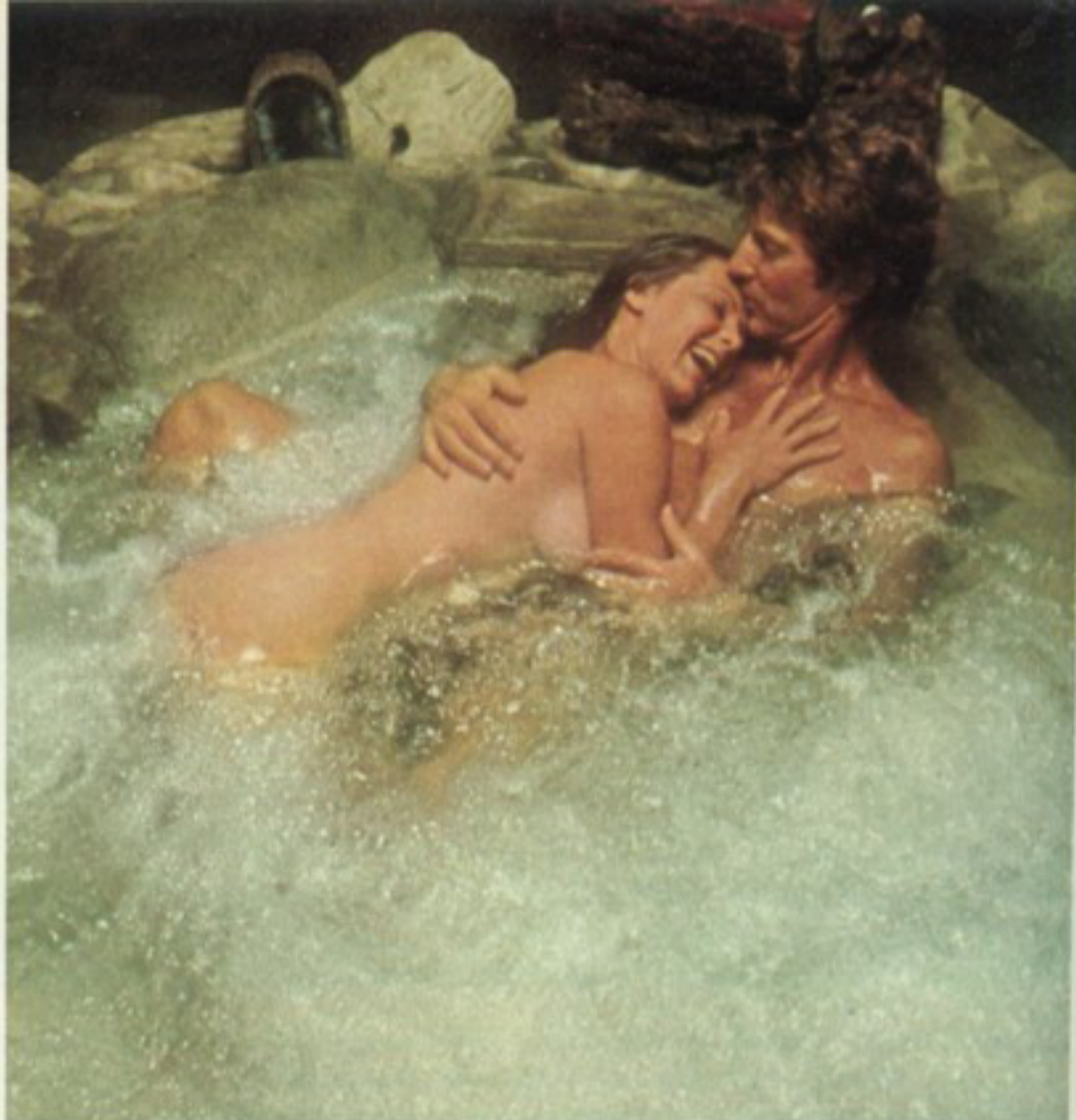


Tisa Farrow, Mia's actress sister (top left), takes the plunge beneath a waterfall during a photo session for a pictorial, *Tisa*, which appeared in *PLAYBOY's* July 1973 issue. An uninhibited bather (top center) dashes warm water onto the plans of an intruder. A tender moment is shared by Hefner and October '72 Playmate Sharon Johansen (top right), a professional dog handler who was responsible for the early training of the Mansion's two sheep dogs. It's splashing room only in the uniquely shaped pool (below left) as an overflow crowd gathers at the water's edge. Sun worshiper and skinny-dipper (below right) meet halfway. Producer Lee Wolfberg (bottom) administers a leisurely lube job.





Hefner and Barbi (above) take a breather after a set of singles. Movie star Jim Brown (below), the ex-football great and a highly competitive tennis player, too, prefers the love game at courtside. Hefner smashes one over another net (bottom) in a volleyball game on the lawn.



Reachable by swimming through a waterfall, the Mansion's unique Jacuzzi cave (above)—a romantic rock grotto equipped with thermostatically controlled air and water temperatures, dozens of strategically located high-intensity jets and even stereo from simulated rocks—has become the most popular spot on the grounds, "probably because of the emphasis Americans place on health," says Hefner.



After a sauna, guests cool off—and warm up again—in the Bath House's mirrored playroom (above). Others repair to the Game House (below) for pinball, any of the electronic permutations on Pong or an old-fashioned rack of pool—tonight between Tony Curtis and Jimmy Boyd, coached and kibitzed by Keith Hefner, Joe De Carlo and Don Adams.



The many moods of the cave are enjoyed by an embracing couple (Kathy Baumann and boyfriend Dan Busby, opposite, top right) in the sensuous turbulence of the Jacuzzi, and by a playful foursome (top left)—two of them, Hefner and upcoming Playmate Hope Olson, in the cool of the pool and two in the heat of the whirlpool.



Mansion parties range from charity affairs (an A.C.L.U. benefit drew Yul Brynner and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., below) to shindigs such as the one at which Hefner is upstaged (right) on the dance floor by Playmate Janice Pennington in an abbreviated wedding costume.



Stars and superstars really come out on fight night at Mansion West. Jim Brown and Jack Nicholson (above), Mick and Bianca Jagger (top right) and Clint Eastwood (right) showed up for the closed-circuit telecast of a recent heavyweight match.

At the black-tie A.C.L.U. fund raiser, a chic lawn party that attracted an enthusiastic crowd of some 400 celebrity guests (below left), master of ceremonies Burt Lancaster addresses the gathering from beneath an enormous outdoor canopy in front of the bandstand.



At a pair of charity benefits, Playboy Foundation Director Burton Joseph chats with Ralph Nader (below), and Red Buttons and Lloyd Bridges huddle (bottom). Indefatigable Groucho Marx (below right) rewards Marilyn Cole for her 1973 Playmate of the Year victory.



An overview of the prefight scene in the Great Hall (above)—a night, unlike most at the Mansion, when male guests outnumber female. Among those in the crowd: Joe Namath, Groucho, David Janssen.





On a more informal evening at the Mansion (above), Hefner—in his familiar terrycloth jump suit—is greeted with an affectionate hug by friend Linda Lovelace, in a blouse that attracts a lot of attention to an undeservedly overlooked portion of her anatomy.



Going formal on a more elegant occasion (above left), Hefner dances with actress Barbara Leigh (subject of a May '73 pictorial), and Anthony Quinn takes a turn with his wife (above right). Songwriter-singers Ringo Starr and Harry Nilsson (below) share a drink on the patio.

After a rousing title fight last year, Paul Newman and James Caan (below) recap the ring action and trade one-liners with friends, publicist Warren Cowan, left, and L.A. businessman Joe De Carlo.





Topping off a typical Sunday at the Mansion, Hefner and Barbi are joined in the Living Room after a buffet dinner (right) by assorted friends (including Tony Curtis and spouse on the couch beside them) for the special showing of a new feature film on theatrical projection facilities that are also used for screening the rushes of Playboy films in production.

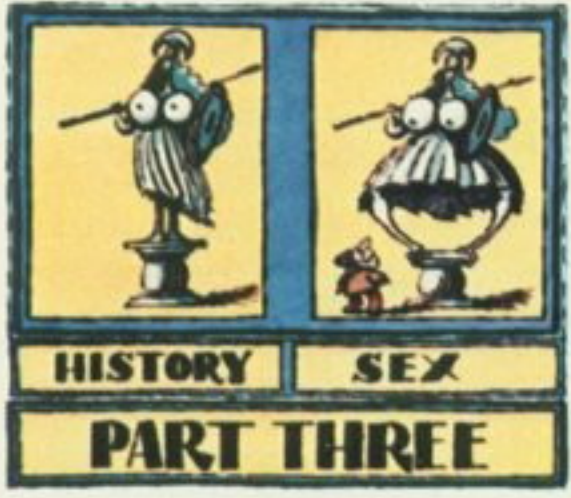


Dressed to the nostalgic nines almost entirely in white (below), Hefner and Barbi pose for a beautiful mock-formal portrait in front of the fountained driveway of Playboy Mansion West before being driven in that 1928 Rolls-Royce touring car to the Hollywood premiere of *The Great Gatsby*, F. Scott Fitzgerald's story of a man to whom Hefner, with his legendary lifestyle, has often been compared.

Hefner and Barbi make their appearance (above left) at the New Year's Eve pajama party that's held at the Mansion every year. Later on, Hefner pauses to greet Elke Sommer and writer husband Joe Hyams (top right). Still going strong near dawn, Karen Black (above) strikes a leggy pose in her shortie nightgown. Barbi and guests on Hefner's birthday—"Twenty-one at last," he said—break up over his surprise (below) at finding Playmate Christine Maddox popping out of a giant cake.







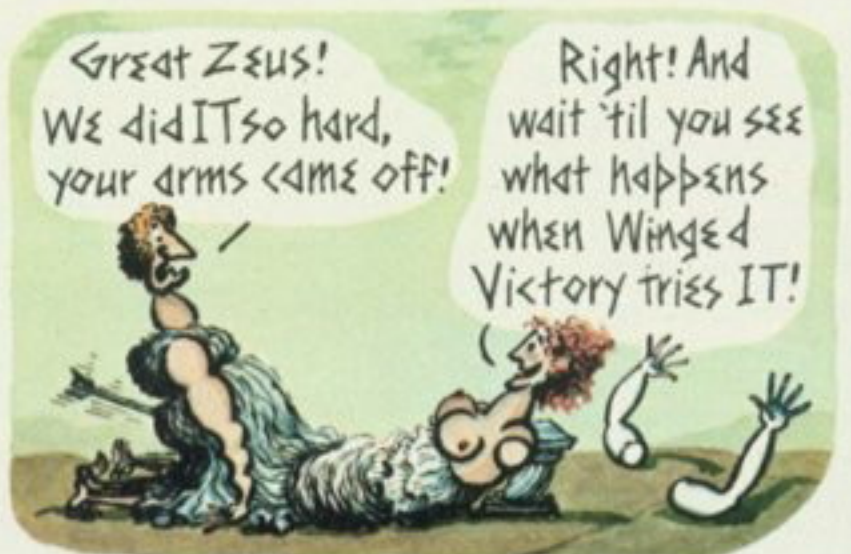
ROUNDLY A OBSERVED

HISTORY of SEX

The Ancient Greeks Had A Word For IT.

by ARNOLD ROTH

How IT came about



THE TRIALS OF ULYSSES

Ulysses' Winged Victory: as seen by that ubiquitous voyeur...the dreaded person-eater Cyclops

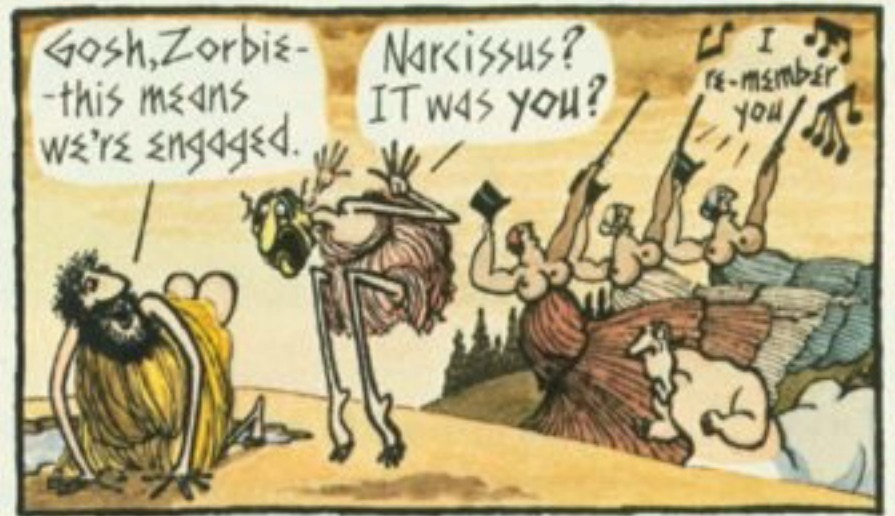


Ulysses and the Sirens (introducing that unforgettable trio of Patty, Maxene and LaVerne)



A GENUINE GREEK TRAGEDY IN ONE ACT

(reviving the unforgettable Greek chorus of Patty, Maxene and LaVerne)



A classic case of Supply & Demand: The Lysistrata Embargo



THE GLORY of GREEK CULTURE—and HOW IT GREW

The Greeks created three rigid, classic styles: DORIC, IONIC and CORINTHIAN.



PORNOGRAPHY not having been invented yet, the Greeks did ART instead.



THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

tongue-in-cheek remembrances of sundry newsmakers who—in word or deed—made the headlines in '74

humor **By JUDITH WAX**

Though marriage is a chancy game,
They seemed well-matched to hack it.
If Chris and Jimmy came unstrung,
Would Cupid raise a racket?



Chuck Colson says salvation's his.
The question now is, can he,
Having found reform through God,
Quit walking on his granny?

Bill Saxbe took on Justice
And showed himself no mouse;
His tongue appalled (at times, recalled
A predecessor's spouse).

They tell us that porno's the public's sole taste,
No subject is thought past the pale,
But Groucho and brothers had all of 'em ached;
Their "Animal Crackers" weren't stale.



Though whirlwind Tristan Kissinger
Found time to wed Isolde,
What if he'd got his schedules mixed
And honeymooned with Golda?



To call the shah a nut, claimed Bill,
Was just a verbal quirk.
So Simon said—and now his sled
Is how he rides to work.

The guru Maharaj Ji, who
Proclaims a holy life,
Has traded in his hobbyhorse
To get himself a wife.



They got the bomb in Delhi,
But they didn't come to grips
With how to fill the belly
On Indira's fission chips.

Miss Linda Blair of "Exorcist"
Did not have time to grow up
Before she hit the Big Star list
On talent mixed with throw-up.

Miss Quinn's brave try on CBS,
Alas, did not ensnare raves;
'Twas clear that by the dawn's gray light,
Walters ruled the airwaves.

When bits of the story began to unfold,
Herr Brandt claimed the whole thing was silly;
But then when the spy left him out in the cold,
It ended the tale Willy-nilly.



"The Biggest Showbiz Coup in Years!"
 (The "Gatsby" flacks insisted).
 The one who came out lucky, though,
 Was F. Scott . . . 'cause he missed it.

Though trauma abounded,
 Most shocking to hear
 Was Disney's Duck, Donald,
 Turned 40 last year!

The transcripts proved Bill Rehnquist,
 A justice of renown,
 Was moonlighting at other work
 As Renchburg, well-known clown.



When put away behind stone walls,
 Brave prisoners have cried.
 (A judge could frighten Howard Hughes
 With 30 days outside.)

The Aussies thought that Frankie had
 A certain lack of tact,
 And should he try to encore there,
 Ol' Blue Eyes might get blacked.

Playboy Press bought Spiro's book,
 A mighty blow for art.
 (Just think of spending all that dough
 To give unknowns a start!)



To film the Bernstein-Woodward tale
 Deserves the screen's top pair;
 Though Redford's set for Woodward, where
 Will Newman get the hair?

Though Watergate was far away
 From Richard Nixon's garden,
 He swore, "If I have gone astray,
 Dear Jer, I beg your pardon."

To say Hank Aaron's pitiless
 Would probably be truthless,
 And yet he showed no mercy when
 He left the records Ruthless.

Did Connally skim milk-fed cash,
 A pail of dairy pull?
 Uncowed, he pleaded innocence,
 Grand jury—though—said, "Bull!"



The arts in Mother Russia
 Were given every chance;
 Was Panov not allowed to write
 And Solzhenitsyn, dance?

Though Rabbi Korff backed Nixon up
 (A real comfort giver),
 The rabbi's words were not enough;
 He should have tried chopped liver.



Our brand-new President appeared
 American as pretzels.
 "A good old trusty Ford," fans said,
 And no one mentioned Edsels.

When Rocky got his V.P. bid,
 He gladly took the chalice;
 He's given up his White House aims
 (He's got a bigger palace).



Jaworski, in pursuit of Dick,
 Avowed to get the truth;
 Yet Nixon put him where he is—
 How sharp the serpent's tooth!

Mr. Bono does his act
 Solo at the mike.
 That's because he couldn't learn
 To Chér and Chér alike.







*you never know—
sometimes the search
for a playmate
doesn't go beyond
your front door*

CLOSE TO HOME

LYNNDA KIMBALL is the victim of an unusual occupational hazard. She was working as a part-time photo stylist in PLAYBOY's West Coast studio when someone asked her to pose for the gatefold. It's a familiar story, the stuff of late shows and soapers: A jaded staff photographer, unable to recognize the obvious when they're staring him right in the old F-stop, one day put on his glasses, pulled the hair from over his eyes and beheld the lovely Lynnda. Rumor has it that a tiny electronic flash went off in his frontal lobe as the full extent of his



As a photo stylist for **PLAYBOY**, Lynnda frequents antique-clothing stores and art-deco shops (above), looking for funky objects that will enhance a picture. Of course, we didn't mind when she turned up empty-handed for one of her own shootings. Look Ma, no props.







Lynnda noticed one difference between acting and modeling. "We do scenes in class where you have to convey the 'experience' of sunshine or a cup of coffee or a visit to the dentist. You have to move your body in a certain way to convince the audience that your feeling is genuine. When you model, you don't have to be believable, only beautiful." Just look at these pictures. Unbelievable, right?



discovery became evident. The only thing that puzzles us is why it took so long. Attentive readers (we have no other kind) noted Lynnda's potential last year in the July pictorial *Heady Stuff* (she was the model perched atop two giant lips) and again on the August cover (she was the boardwalk waif ogled by a crowd of comic-strip crazies). Before she wandered in front of our viewfinder, Lynnda lived with a friend in Bolinas, a seacoast town above San Francisco. "I was one of those people," says Lynnda, "who think California begins when you cross the Golden Gate Bridge driving north. There's no toll and the first thing you see is the rainbow on the arch of the tunnel leading into Marin County." There she raised vegetables in her back yard, sampled the dry red wines of the region, reread the *Lord of the Rings* trilogy and enjoyed what are sometimes called the country comforts. "When I lived in the middle of nowhere, I did next to nothing and that felt natural. Then I moved to Los Angeles. It was a head-on collision. Suddenly, I was pure adrenaline. It took a while for my body to adjust to the rush. Now I'm addicted to the chaos. I've become an adrenaline junkie." To satisfy her activity habit, Lynnda attends courses at Los Angeles City College and then goes across town to take acting, fencing, dancing and speech lessons at the Lee Strasberg Theater Institute. Although it sounds like she's preparing for the lead role in a women's lib song-and-dance swashbuckler, she has no plans for a Hollywood career—she doesn't even own a television set: "An acting class just seemed to be the right thing to take in Los Angeles. Like a Berlitz course in a foreign language—it helps me understand and communicate with the natives. And besides, it's a lot of fun. Your mind and body have to be quite agile on-stage. We do exercises that help shed inhibitions and free the instrument for self-expression. I am more aware of my body now than I've ever been before." And so are we.



"I keep busy just to keep my balance," says Lynnda. An average day includes a music-appreciation course at LACC (opposite top right and above) and a workout with her acting and fencing coaches at the Strasberg Institute (below). Errol Flynn, eat your heart out.





Test driving the props and costumes she finds is all part of the job and a chance for some spontaneous clowning. That's what we like: a stylist with style.





PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The recent bride, who was already seeking a divorce, explained to the attorney that her husband was so hugely endowed that intercourse was a painful experience. "OK," advised the lawyer, "if you simply can't put up with it, you ought to file your petition."

"Like hell I will!" snapped the girl. "Let the big ape sandpaper his!"

We know a beautiful woman with lustrous raven tresses who does 100 strokes a night as a beauty treatment. And after that, if she has any energy left, she brushes her hair.



"My dearest darling," sighed the young man hoarsely. "I love you! I worship you! You are the sun and the moon and the stars and all of life to me!"

"No, please, don't!" whispered his date as she disengaged herself.

"What's the matter, my only one?" he panted.

"It's just that I don't want to get serious," she answered softly.

"But wait!" countered the young man. "Who's serious?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *masturbation* as a self-service elevator.

A kinky night-coach passenger grinningly exposed himself to the stewardess as he boarded the plane.

"I'm sorry," said the girl frostily, "but you'll have to show me your ticket, not your stub."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *avant-garde* as a French chastity belt.

Mused a film fan in far Pago Pago
As she mirthfully munched on a mango,
"Those who titled that flick
With its accent on prick
Should have added a Poon to that Tango."

Pills, coils, condoms—they're none of them foolproof," said the man to his drinking companion at the club bar. "There's only one tried-and-true method of keeping your wife from becoming pregnant—good secretarial service!"

A bachelor rancher was sitting on the porch glider with his girlfriend and doing some heavy petting. "I'm sorry you can't join me for the barbecue tomorrow afternoon," he said suddenly, "but there's a dance for the hands tomorrow evening. Can you come then?"

"If you don't control those hands," the young thing moaned, "I'll come right now!"

Called on the carpet for having been verbally savage in his handling of the football squad, the new coach snapped at the university president, "If you don't like the way I do things, you can shit in your hat! And as for you," he turned and snarled at the athletic director, "you can fucking well screw yourself!"

"Tell me," asked the educator, mopping his brow after the coach had left, "what are Dublin's qualifications for the job?"

"In his ten years at Sorghum State before he came here," replied the athletic director, "his record was ninety-one wins, two losses and three ties."

"Hmm," mused the university president, "I suppose I can always buy myself a new hat—but I'd say you have a real sex problem."

A distorted young fellow named Fred
Had a tool with a corkscrew-shaped head.
He found, having hunted,
A girl corkscrew-cunted,
But—alas!—with a Fred-reversed thread.

Our Unabashed Dictionary (Japanese edition) defines *cunnilingus* as constluctive cliticism.

It's rumored that the state of Washington has refused to register the acronymic name of a new, all-female organization called Women Helping Others Relax and Enjoy Seattle.

The plane hit an air pocket just as the gay passenger raised his glass of wine, with the result that a substantial amount of the liquid cascaded into his lap. "Well, now," said his constant companion in the adjoining seat, "let's take you right back to the washroom for a little clean-up. I've always wanted to sample *coq au vin*."



A fundamentalist minister, sorely tempted, finally propositioned the buxom young contralto one evening after practice in the choir loft. "Where?" she enthusiastically inquired.

"Maybe . . . right here, on the floor," he panted.

"It'd be too cold," whispered the girl.

"How about on that bench over there?" asked the clergyman.

"That's way too small," giggled the chorister. "But wait, Reverend, how about doing it against the organ, standing up?"

"No, no, no!" exclaimed the minister. "Anybody who came up here might think, God forbid, we were dancing!"

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

Gifts
FOR
HER



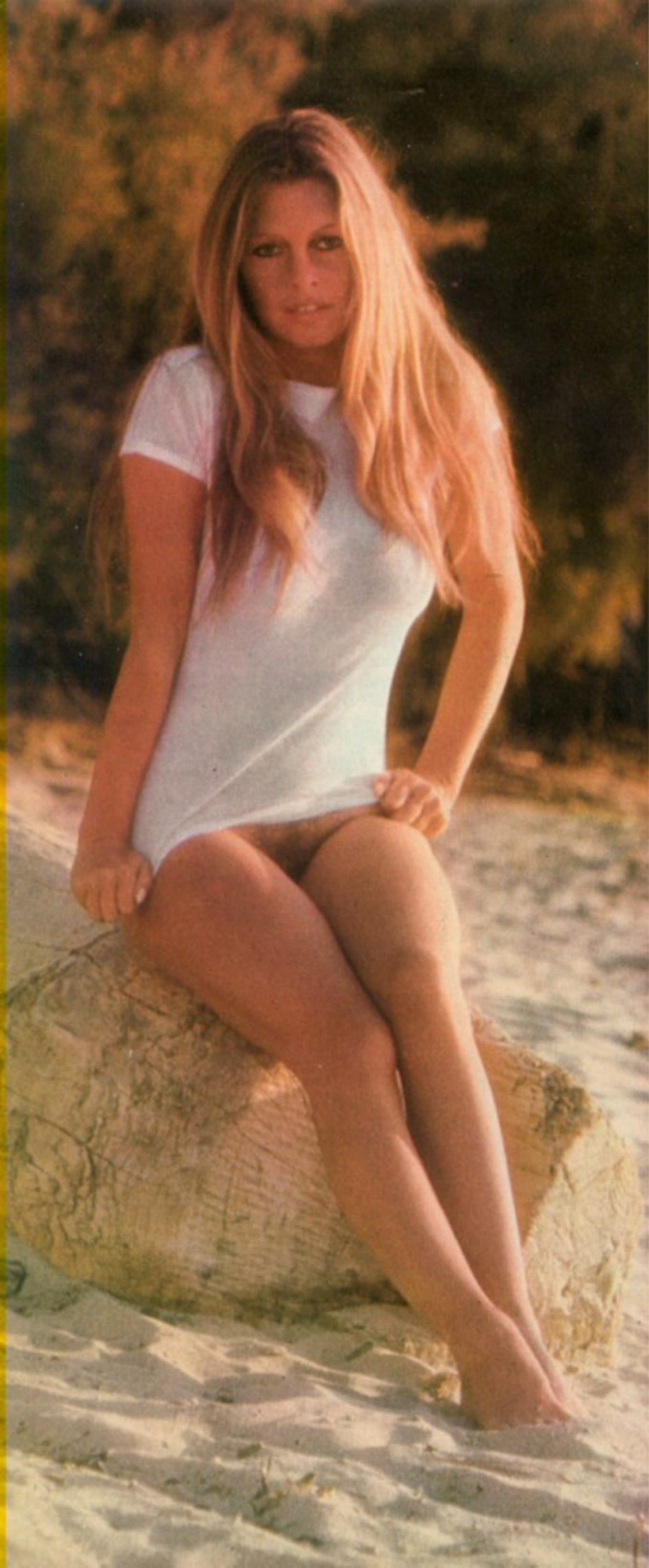
"Well, tell me a little about her. Is she good in the sack?"



the ageless sex kitten has just had a milestone birthday, but—as you can see—what's in a number?

BARDOT- INCROYABLE!

SHAKESPEARE ONCE WROTE OF Cleopatra, "Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety." The old Bard might just as well have been talking about France's ageless sex kitten, Brigitte Bardot, who turned 40 last September and on that occasion remarked, "Look at me, now that I am 40 years old. So what?" So what, indeed! As a birthday present to BB, her current lover, 25-year-old Laurent Vergez, took the photographs on these pages at BB's sumptuous villa in St.-Tropez. Vergez, who some of BB's closest friends predict will be the next Monsieur Bardot, is the newest in a list of lovers and husbands that includes Roger Vadim, Jean-Louis Trintignant, Jacques Charrier, Gunther Sachs, Bob Zaguri, Sacha Distel and many, many more. "No man can have any security in loving me," says BB. "The problem is to hold on to me. And that is difficult."



BB, a sun worshiper all her life, spends most of her days on the shore at St.-Tropez. "I am a wild animal," she says. "I do what I want to do. No one can stop me. Life is so short."





"My man is the center of my life," she muses. "I have had many men but only one at a time. I live my whole life around my man. When I am alone, I am lost. I am both very shy and very wild, and I can find myself only with a man. My man makes me live, makes me exist."



What does the most prominent sex symbol in the world demand in her men, besides physical attraction? "Complicity," says Bardot. "Not always having to speak to be understood, having passwords and mad coded laughs. Feeling like making love at the same moments and for the same reasons." Second to men on her list of favorites is man's best friend, the dog. Once, when visiting a home for stray dogs, BB, unable to resist their whines, stowed 15 dogs in her Rolls-Royce and took them home. This is where the term lucky dog was derived. Will Bardot fans ever see her on the screen again? "I am not interested in making movies anymore," she says, although she may do a stage tour of Italy in 1975. She is infatuated with the impresario. At 40, when life supposedly begins, the world's reigning sex kitten sums herself up in two short sentences. "I am not an actress," she says. "I am a phenomenon."

Over the past few years, Bardot has been turning down movie offers to maintain a lifestyle she describes as an "external vacation."





"Sex is OK in its place . . . and your place . . . and my place . . ."



Vargas



"Can't you knock before opening?"

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a portfolio of the past delightful dozen

IT USED TO BE that our Playmates were all girl-next-door types—innocent, unassuming and always available for interviews. Now we tend to get more professional young ladies—actresses, models, etc.—and we have to catch them between gigs. Which is all to the good, we think. Because these worldly young women—one of whom will be Playmate of the Year (we welcome your nomination)—still have many of the qualities you'd hope to find in the girl next door; it's just that the girl next door is growing up.





Miss February

Francine Parks has kept busy working for one of L.A.'s top publicity firms, interviewing and writing releases on a variety of stars such as The Supremes, Wilt Chamberlain and Merv Griffin. She also helped promote some charity functions and took part in a telethon in New Mexico. But Fran continues to study voice, acting and dance, and, much as she likes public-relations work, she's ready to pack it in if show business beckons. "I've come a long way in the last year," she admits, "but it's going to get a lot better."

Miss January

Nancy Cameron is still in Pittsburgh, where she's been "modeling like crazy" and doing a lot of swimming in the new back-yard pool she and friend Paul, the rock impresario—he's producing records now, instead of concerts—had installed. Nancy hopes to keep her schedule as busy as possible ("If this were L.A. instead of Pittsburgh, you'd get a better interview"). She reports, incidentally, that her pet Shih Tzu—given to her by members of our Photo Department—is about to be mated. Hurray!

Miss September

Kristine Hanson was in Alabama on a Playboy promotional assignment when we caught up with her. She'd been busy: studying TV, radio and theater arts at Sacramento State, performing at the California State Fair (she played vaudeville queen Irene Castle), broadcasting news on her college station and serving as Race Queen for San Francisco's offshore powerboat races. And Kristine was about to begin an internship at a Sacramento TV station. We have a feeling that you'll be seeing lots of her.





Miss October

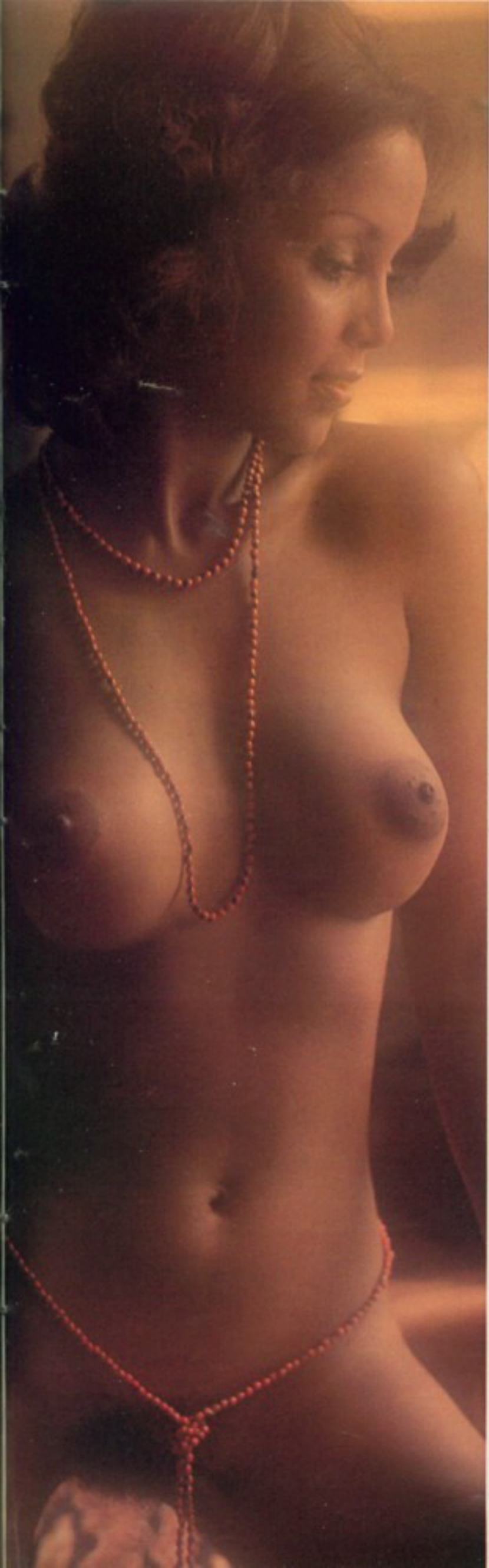
Ester Cordet (right)—who, when we checked, was still with a California airline—found that soon after her Playmate story appeared, a lot of passengers would ask, "Are you Ester?" and then hit her up for autographs. "It was embarrassing," she laughs (sounding flattered in spite of herself). But she'd also caught the attention of a few fashion photographers and movie producers, and at presstime she had several important meetings on her calendar. We've no doubts about her ability to make them count.

Miss June

Sandy Johnson still sells cosmetics, and she's got so much business that she now has a staff to help her. But she continues to study, both acting—she's done several TV commercials and had a lead role in a movie called *The Surfer Girls*—and, at Santa Monica Community College, gourmet cooking (baked chicken in wine sauce, avec grapes, is one of her specialties). When she does have a little free time, Sandy can usually be found on the beach, tossing around a Frisbee. It is, she adds, a damned good life.

Miss August

Jean Manson (far right) returned our call to Madrid from Roma, where she'd been living after a brief stay with her parents in Spain. She was putting her career—and life—into a new gear; and her first movie assignment in Italy was coming up soon. Not that Jean, who earlier in the year had made a film in Spain and acted in some stage plays back in Los Angeles, had lost interest in Hollywood: "I just decided there were places I had to go and things I had to do. Everything is temporary; nothing lasts forever." Amen.





Miss July

Carol Vitale we found in New York, where she'd flown to shop at Gucci's and other favorite haunts. She'd been having fun traveling, playing tennis and spending her Playmate money (on, among other things, a white convertible, which she'd wanted for a long time). Carol had also done a successful singing engagement at a friend's night club—she sounded hoarse, but it was from a cold—and when she got back to Miami, she would start looking for the right musicians to fill out her own combo. May we play?

Miss November

Bebe Buell, after doing a lot of thinking and trying to get herself "sorted out"—and, of course, modeling for a couple of issues of *Cosmopolitan*—had decided to head for London, Paris and Milan, where she'd already contacted some of the best agents. Not that she wasn't still in love with rock star Todd Rundgren—but she needed to do some things on her own. And since Todd was about to embark on a concert tour, it was a perfect time for Bebe to take on the fashion-modeling establishment of Europe.

Miss December

Janice Raymond had just enough time, between our December and January deadlines, to complete her two weeks of training as a Jet Bunny: "It was more interesting than I'd expected—learning how to get out of the plane in the event of a crash, and so forth." At presstime, she was awaiting the call to make her first flight ("Hope I don't have to put that emergency knowledge to use") and looking forward to some free time in which to go skiing (she's recreation-oriented—just like us).





Miss April

Marlene Morrow had 15 minutes, when we called, before she had to leave for the airport—there to catch a plane for Canada, where she had a promotional assignment. After completing a film early in the year, she traveled awhile in Europe and America, then decided to leave London, where she'd been modeling for two years, and move to the States. So for the past two months she'd been Americanizing her portfolio and getting to know the right people in L.A. Which shouldn't take her long at all.

Miss May

Marilyn Lange was going through and packing her stuff; the next day she'd be leaving Hawaii for Aspen, Colorado, where she was hoping to make a living without doing the kind of steady waitressing gig she had in Honolulu—she'd sub for other girls, maybe, and thus be free to do her own thing. Her piano-playing Honolulu boyfriend, Kip, meanwhile, was headed in a different direction: to Tahiti, where his band had a three-month engagement. Would they be getting back together? Only time will tell.

Miss March

Pam Zinszer was enjoying the bucolic early-morning atmosphere of her family's Topanga home ("You can't see anybody for miles, just horses, donkeys and chickens"). It was a far cry from the bustle of Los Angeles, where she'd been studying acting and dance. She'd also been talking to an agent about making commercials. And she was going back to Pierce College, in Woodland Hills, to get some in-theater experience with live audiences: "My L.A. teacher is camera-oriented." So, just for the record, are we.





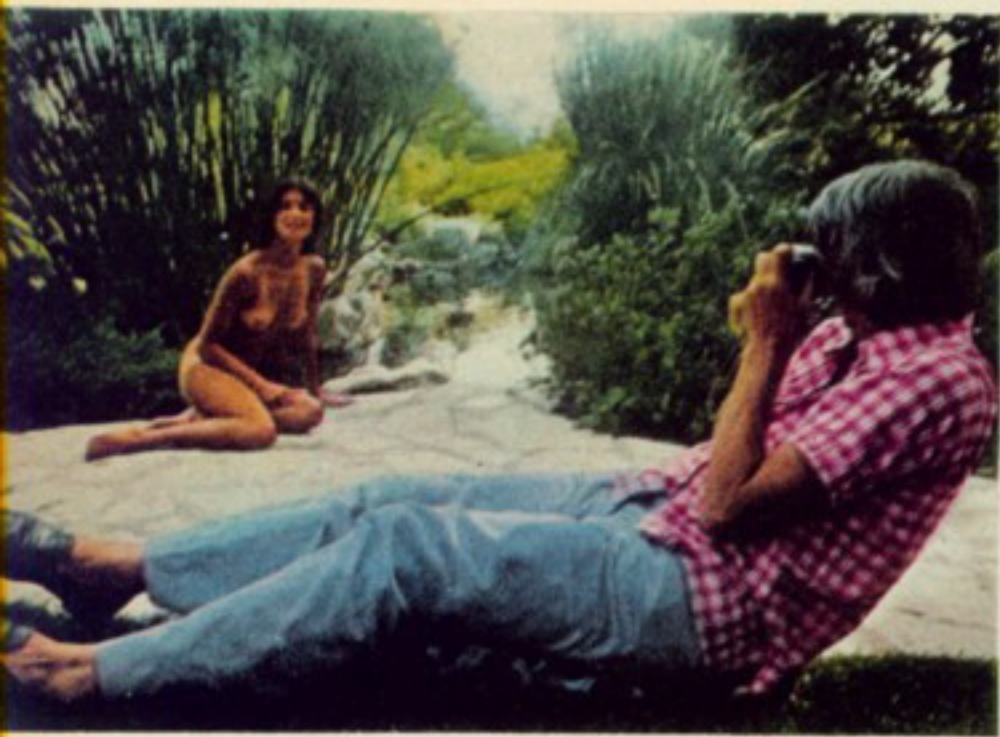
GEORGE PLIMPTON

PLAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER

the "paper lion" faces his greatest challenge yet— hunting for and shooting the elusive playmate

"I am smiling at left because I hadn't yet tried shooting a Playmate candidate with the big camera. Bottom: I show savoir-faire as I shield my 35mm camera from a berserk sprinkler."





"No matter what anybody says, a PLAYBOY photographer's job is not always a piece of cake—cheese- or otherwise. Here I am, above, valiantly trying to maintain a position that is going to wreak havoc with my spinal column while my subject attempts a contemporary variation on the traditional White Rock pose."



"As a neophyte PLAYBOY photographer, I felt no compunction to be bound by custom. I thought I had made a major graphic breakthrough in shooting Barbara at ease atop a kitchen counter, above, and playing peekaboo through a shower curtain, top right. Unfortunately, the Editor-Publisher thought otherwise."



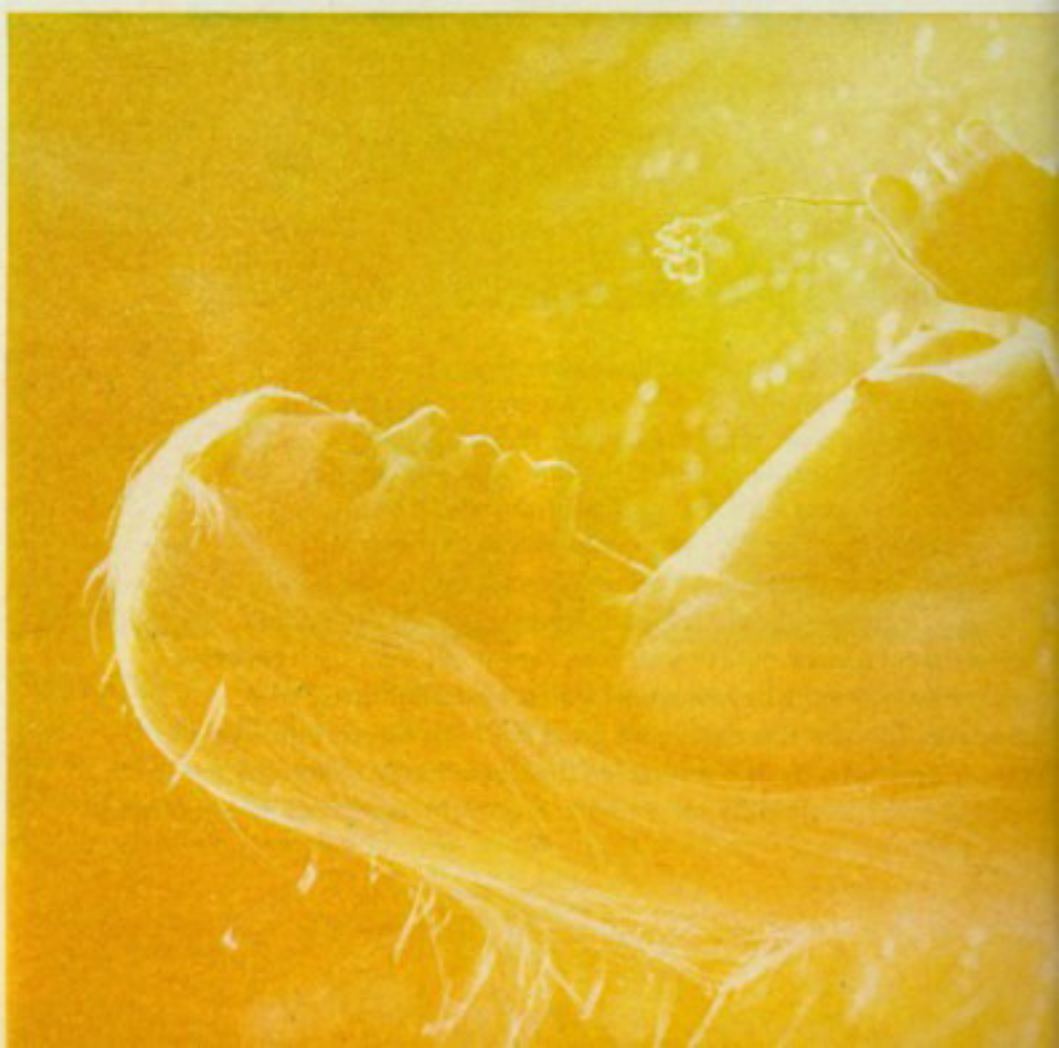
"Left: I face up to the challenge of shooting a large-breasted woman. I felt the leopard added a certain tension to the photo. Above left: High-fashion model Naty Abascal on a Caribbean beach. Above right: My most successful subject, Kevyn Taylor, is impulsively joined by her roommate in giggling parody of one of David Hamilton's moody studies."



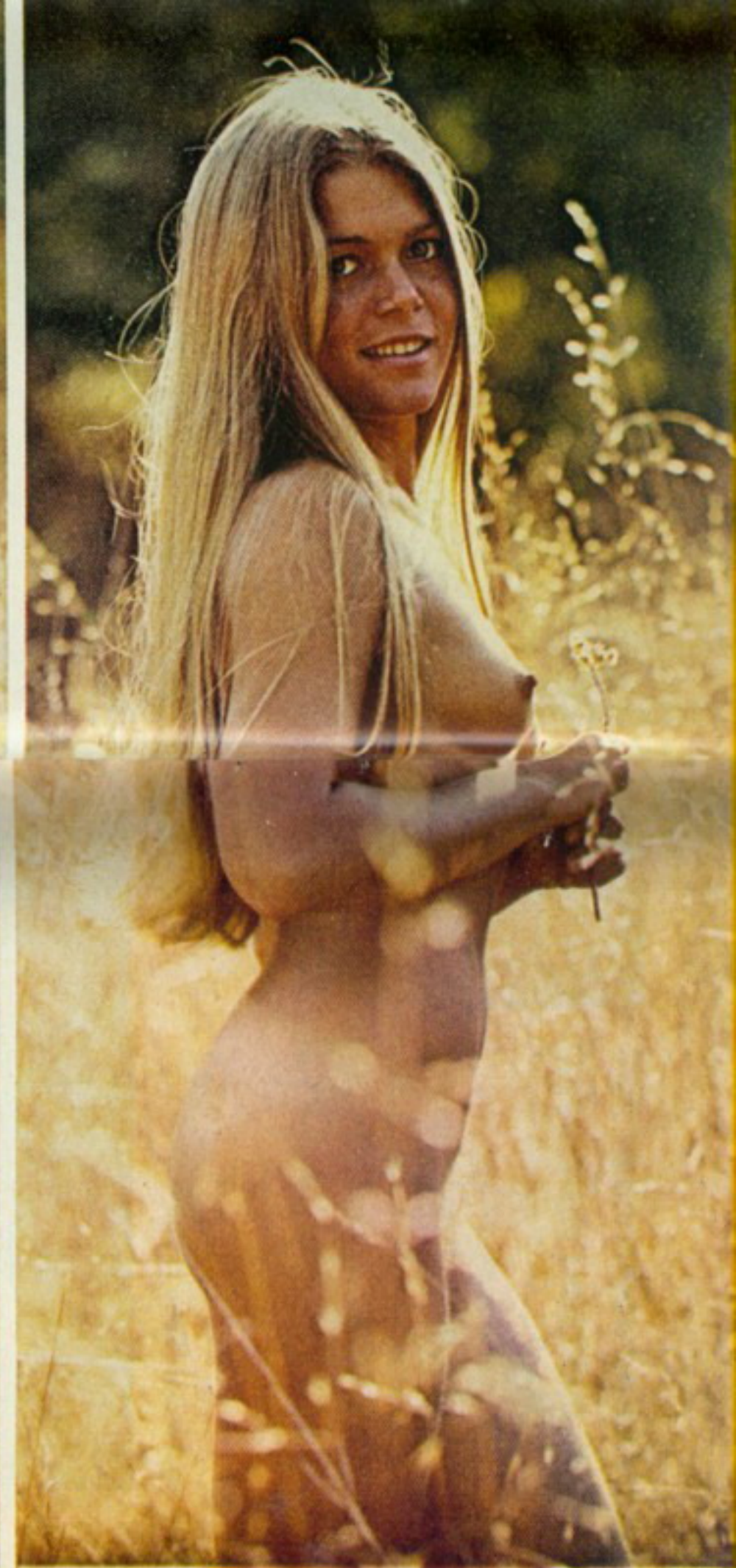
"The strip of photographs at the upper right shows Editor-Publisher Hefner in a Playmate-candidate meeting at Playboy Mansion West going over the submissions of a new photographer, Henri Derrière. The outrageous pseudonym, along with the quality of the shots, instantly broke my cover, and Hefner's comments just as quickly shattered my confidence. I had recovered sufficiently by the next day to begin shooting Kevyn Taylor, the girl the Photo Department picked out for me. Top: I went out on a limb with this shot of Kevyn and was rewarded with a beautiful array of shadows. To show there were no hard feelings, Kevyn shared a sun hat with me, above. The test photo that was finally chosen by me to reshoot with the eight-by-ten camera is at right—graphically annotated."



"On location in a Topanga Canyon meadow with Kevyn, a sun umbrella and the Deardorff, which proved my master most of the time. Below, top to bottom: I stare blindly into the sun, reposition the camera and Kevyn, then say a prayer and click away. Right: Some of the results—one that seems to have suffered sunstroke, another where the camera moved and a third that combined Kevyn's good looks and my good luck in a shot of which even that esteemed photographer Henri Derrière would be proud."









No, I wouldn't like to dance. What I'd really like to do is get laid."



With each month another beautiful Playmate from Playboy

All on sale at your newsstand.

Wall and Desk Calendars available from newsstands and agents in U.K.

April 1975

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
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Our Nancy Cameron declares The IRS a meanie. It might at least allow a girl To keep her last bikini.

MARCH

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MAY

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Wall Calendar 8-1/2" x 12-1/2"



Desk Calendar 5-1/8" x 7-3/4"



Datebook 8-1/4" x 9-1/8"



Martha Smith



Christine Maddox



Cyndi Wood



Nancy Cameron



Lenna Sjooblom



Julie Woodson



Ellen Michaels



Marilyn Cole



Liv Lindeland



Marilyn Lange



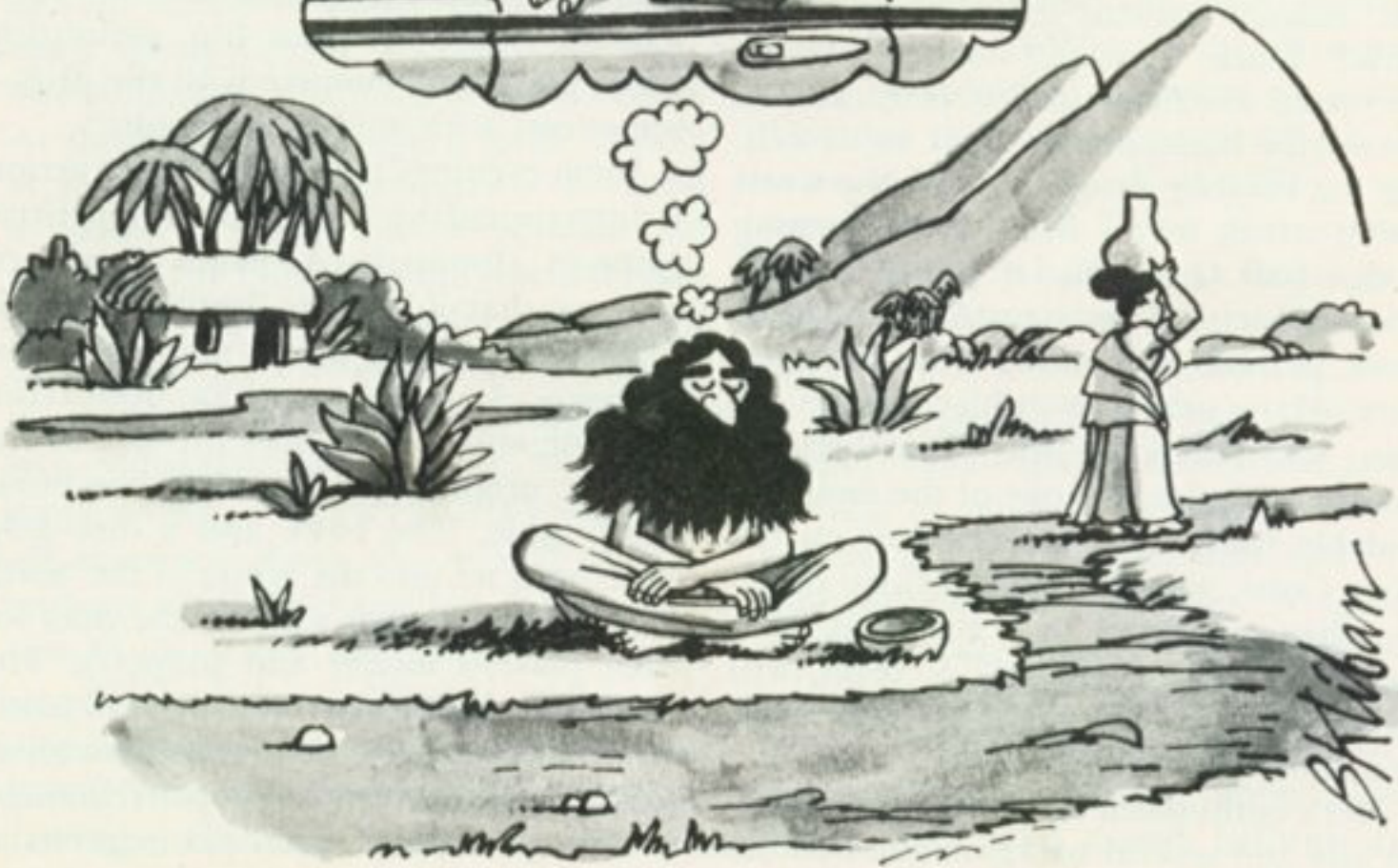
Miki Garcia



Karen Christy



*"So! This is my
reward for years of slaving for
you! This is how you repay my trust and
devotion! Sordid little games with
cheap young girls!"*

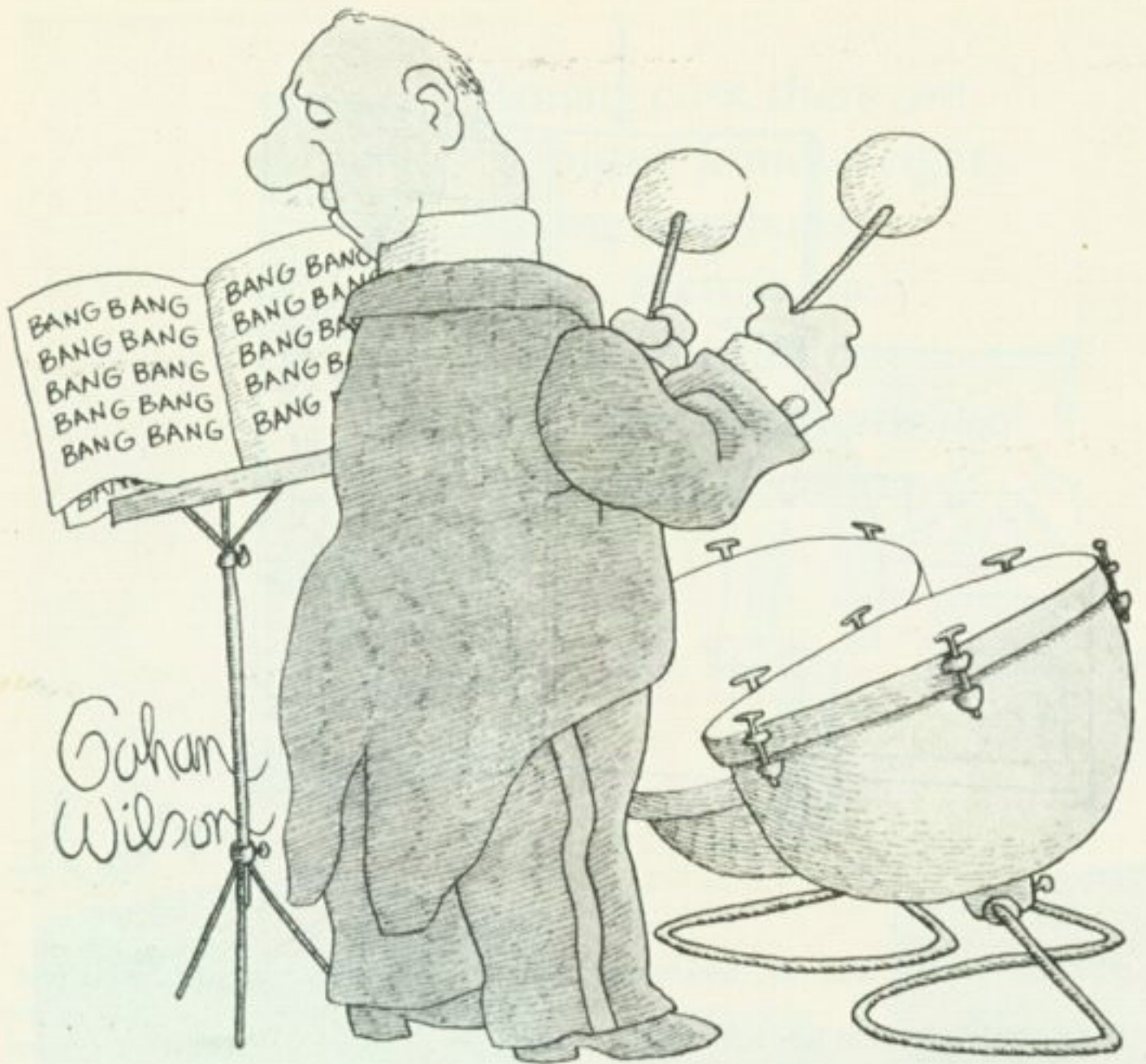




*"Gold and silver from
base metals is OK, but what
I'm trying to transmute is angelica root, mugwort and
tincture of marigold into an
effective aphrodisiac."*



Mal





“Does this convince you? ‘I swear that I do not understand Walter H. Biggs. Signed, Mrs. Walter H. Biggs,’ and notarized.”



*"It's no good complaining to the parks commissioner.
That is the parks commissioner."*



John
Dempsy

"Isn't it nice the company canceled the Christmas office party so we could be home with our wives?"



"Shame on you, Jamie! Mr. Huntington will be here in a few minutes and he'll say, 'Henry, is my car ready?' And what am I going to say? . . . Am I going to say, 'Mr. Huntington . . . Jamie made a boo-boo?'"



MIKE BROWN

*"And I thought you were just boasting when you said
you were good on a pool table!"*

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

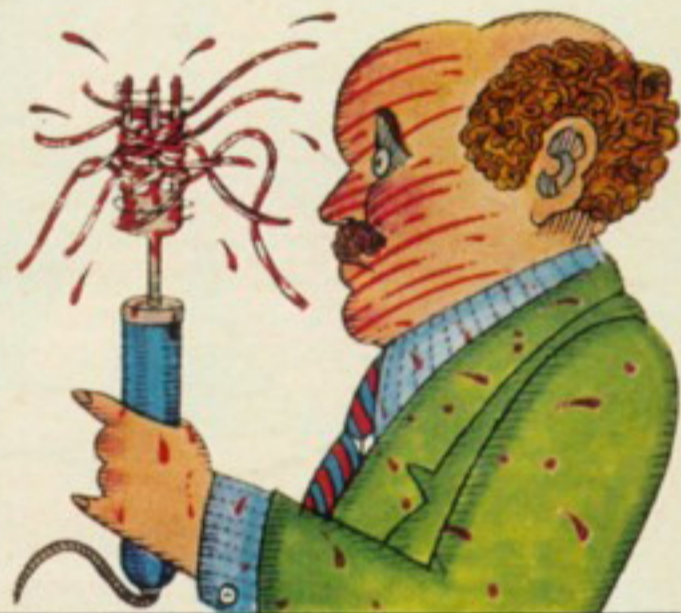


DO THE CONTINENTAL

Music student comes to New York City. Finds apartment to share with girl. Gets gig blowing piano (if you'll excuse the expression) at the Continental Baths. Which is, of course, renowned not only as one of Gotham's hipper night clubs but also as a mecca for gay men about town. Our guy soon finds himself in a dilemma concerning bisexuality, of all things. How does he work it out? Well, if we told you that, we'd be giving away the rest of the plot of *Saturday Night at the Baths*, a new flick being produced and directed by David Buckley (brother of *Screw* publisher Jim), with camerawork by Ralf (*Inaugural Ball*) Bode. Watch for it at your neighborhood theater—but don't hold your breath.

PATENTS PENDING

Lest you forget that 1879 was a very good year for suppository molders, the U. S. Patent Office is sponsoring a third annual National Inventor's Day (the suppository device was featured last year), to be held this February 9 and 10 at 2021 Jefferson Davis Highway, Arlington, Virginia. About a hundred inventors will be on hand with their latest creations, along with a random sampling of antique devices dredged up from the Patent Office's musty archives. Nothing's for sale, but you just might be inspired to invent something important—like a no-stick zipper.



HOT PANTS

If it's true that the nicest things happen on a Honda, just imagine what's going to occur when you put your girlfriend into a pair of Honda underpants. It seems a company called Drag Specialties (7035 Washington Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minnesota), which deals mainly in motorcycle parts and accessories, has broadened its horizon; it now sells sexy stretch panties emblazoned with emblems of not only Honda but Harley-Davidson Wings, Harley-Davidson #1, Kawasaki, Norton, Triumph and the ever-popular Yamaha. The panties cost \$3.50 a pair, including postage; one size fits all—so we're told—from petite to Graf Zeppelin and they're available in a variety of colors. OK, gypsies, let's ride!

TAPPING THE TILLS

As the saying goes, old cash registers never die, they're sent to Bill Hanson at 810 Third Avenue, Durango, Colorado, whose hobby is refurbishing such masterpieces as the National shown here. Hanson provides free estimates, can manufacture most missing or broken parts and sometimes has models for sale at bell-ringer prices. What the world needs are fewer new cash registers and more vintage Bill Hansons.

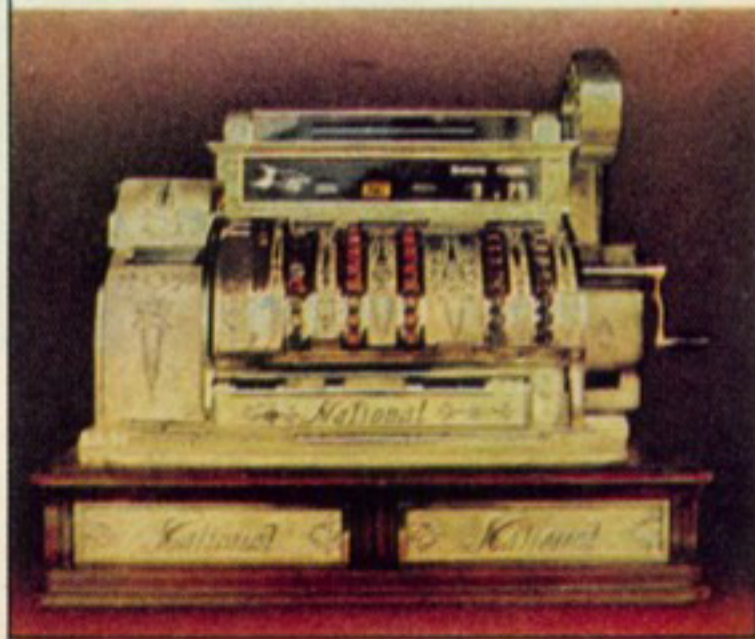


PHOTO FINISH

The nostalgia craze has summoned back many wonderful things from the past—old radio shows, old clothes, old Depressions. Now the tintype is back. For a mere pittance (\$3.75 for a 3" x 4", and up), Raintree Enterprises (P. O. Box 30035, Chicago) will reproduce any picture you send them on a highly polished plate of tin in the warm sepia tint of an old engraving. Or, if you aren't photogenic, you can get tintypes of Sherlock Holmes or Flash Gordon, to name a couple.



SILVER LINING

It's been said that there's a pill for everything that ails you. This could very well be true, if Cloud Chasers are any indication. They're big yellow tablets composed of vitamins and iodine and designed to protect your lungs from the nasty effects of smoking and ozone. A bottle of 60 tablets will set you back \$5.95, sent to The Mollenhauer Co., 1357 Rosecrans Street, San Diego, California. One a day, they say, helps eliminate the poisons. Now, if we could only find the bottle in this smog.



AND NOW FOR MY DECODER RING

Let's say you're bumming around Europe and your best girl back home has just eloped with your sister. How can Mom secretly reach you with this bit of news? By sending \$10 to join an organization called America Calling (3 Hamburg Turnpike, Pompton Lakes, New Jersey). It specializes in coded messages placed in the classified section of the *International Herald Tribune*. With the special code books A.C. provides, only you and the sender will know what DDF05WT really means.



SCOREBOOK

You are refereeing a hot game of korfball between the League of Women Voters and the Hell's Angels and the female player with the ball gets kicked in the head. What do you do? You consult your \$14.95 copy of *Rules of the Game*, a Paddington Press release that modestly subtitled itself "The Complete Illustrated Encyclopedia of All the Sports of the World." In it you'll find pigeon racing, shinty and slalom canoeing among the hundreds of listings. By the way, the League gets a free throw.



FAST COMPANY

We all know what they do at Club Méditerranée villages when the sun goes down and the tide goes out. Well, for those of you who'd like to try something different through the club, the world's largest racing yacht, *Vendredi 13*, which is 128 feet long and sleeps eight, is now available for \$700-per-person one-week cruises—departing from Buccaneer's Creek, Martinique. Built specifically for a 1972 solo transatlantic crossing, the *Vendredi 13* features three aluminum 82-foot masts, battery-powered automatic steering, spacious sun decks and a cozy game lounge. Anchors aweigh.





COCHRAN!

"When you asked if I wanted to see you in action, I thought you meant you'd get me some football tickets!"



"Well, I guess that's the last time the Cullings ever invite us over!"



"Bradey—in for Smolenski!"

== TATTOOS ==



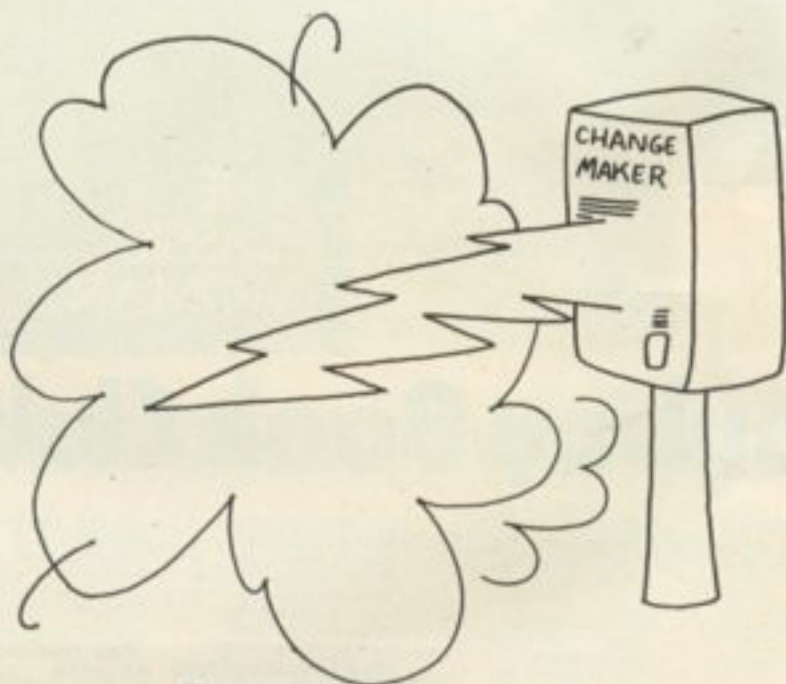
WOODMAN



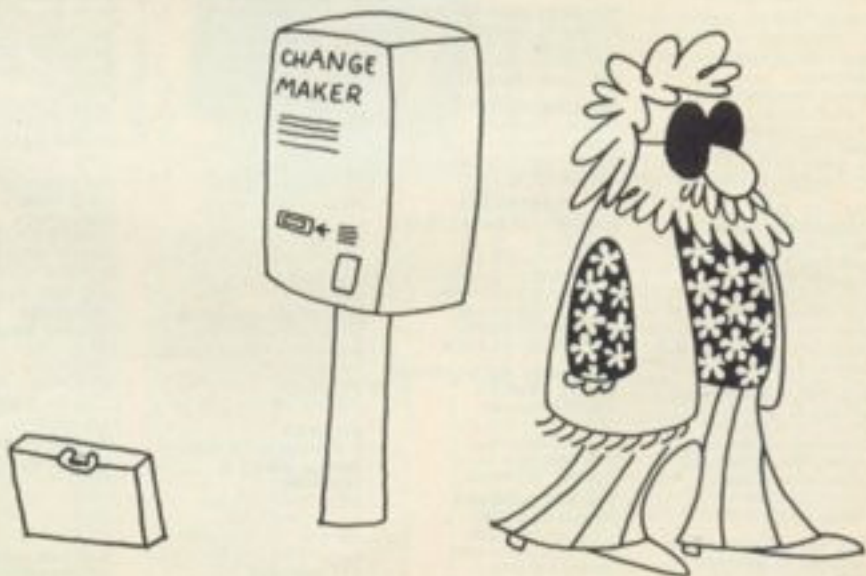
“Now, get this straight, stupid! When hog futures go up, pig futures go down.”



①



②

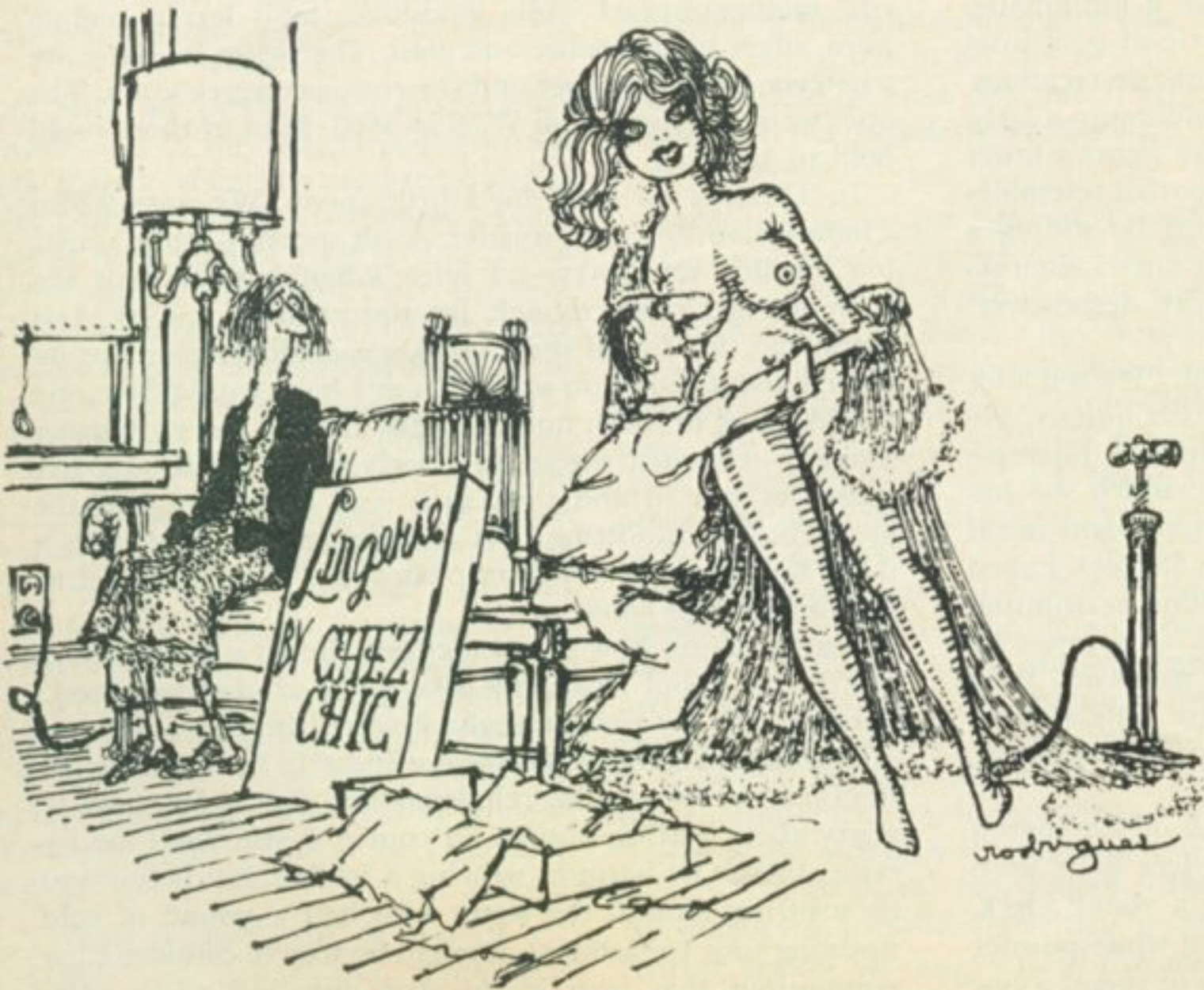


③

C. Barnett



"If I'd known being a hostage was like this, I wouldn't have made such a fuss as you dragged me out of the bank."



"You never buy me nice things like that."

"THE ADMIRALTY SPIRE"—AN INTERNATIONALLY CELEBRATED AUTHOR REDISCOVERS AN EARLY LOVE AFFAIR, MUTILATED IN THE PAGES OF A CHEAP NOVEL—BY **VLADIMIR NABOKOV**

MEL BROOKS, COMIC GENIUS, IS BY TURNS OUTRAGEOUSLY FUNNY AND REALISTICALLY SERIOUS AS HE TALKS ABOUT HIS BROOKLYN BOYHOOD, HIS CATSKILLS TUMMELING, MOVIES, SEX, GOD AND POLITICS IN A REVEALING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"JIMMY CONNORS AGAINST THE WORLD"—SOME LABEL TODAY'S HOTTEST TENNIS PLAYER A MOMMA'S BOY. OTHERS ARE LESS KIND. YOUR CALL—BY **PETER ROSS RANGE**

"GOING DOWN IN VALDEEZ"—IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE ALASKA PIPELINE, WOULD THE MOBILE-HOME INDUSTRY STILL BE IN BUSINESS? A VISIT WITH BOOMTOWN'S CONSTRUCTION STIFFS, FISHERMEN, PIMPS AND TATTOO ARTISTS—BY **HARRY CREWS**

"LINDA LOVELACE FOR PRESIDENT"—AS ONE OBSERVER NOTES HERE'S A CANDIDATE WHO KNOWS HOW TO USE HER HEAD. A LOVING LOOK AT YOU KNOW WHO, NOW STARRING IN A WINNING SEX COMEDY

"BANKS ON THE BRINK"—UNDERCAPITALIZED, OVEREXTENDED AND BADLY SUPERVISED, OUR FINANCIAL INSTITUTIONS MAY BE HEADED FOR ANOTHER COLLAPSE—BY **JOHN B. TIPTON**

"JAZZ & POP '75"—WINNERS OF THE 19TH ANNUAL PLAYBOY POLL, INCLUDING PERFORMERS PICKED BY THE READERS FOR THE 1975 PLAYBOY ALL-STAR BAND, THE ARTISTS' OWN FAVORITES, THE ADDITION 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**

"DETROIT THINKS SMALL"—AMERICA'S AUTO INDUSTRY HAS FINALLY TURNED SOME SERIOUS ATTENTION TO THE CITY DWELLER'S DREAM CAR, THE SUBCOMPACT—AN OVER-ALL LOOK BY **BROCK YATES**

"THE FRENCH MAID"—CAN EVERYTHING YOU'VE DREAMED ABOUT THAT DELECTABLE CREATURE BE TRUE? A FANTASTIC PICTORIAL

"GOODBYE, BOB"—WHEN A FELLA'S GOT AN INCURABLE DISEASE, THE LEAST HIS CLOSE FRIENDS CAN DO IS HELP BLAST HIM OUT OF HIS MISERY—A WRY TALE BY **MALCOLM BRALY**

"FRANK GALLO—SEXPRESSIONIST"—ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST OUTSTANDING ARTISTS SCULPTS EROTICA IN MINIATURE

"STRESS"—OVERBEARING BOSS? BALL-BREAKING WIFE? IS THAT WHAT'S BOTHERING YOU, BUNKY? RELAX, IF YOU CAN: YOU'RE MOST EMPHATICALLY NOT ALONE—BY **STEPHEN H. YAFA**

"WORKING?"—STUDS TERKEL NEVER GOT JUDAS AND TORQUEMADA DOWN ON TAPE. NOW, THROUGH THE MAGIC OF TIME TRAVEL, WE LEARN HOW THEY HACKED IT, JOBWISE—BY **LAURENCE GONZALES**

"THE MAN UNDER THE FRONT PORCH"—THE QUESTION WAS, WHY WAS HE THERE? A PUZZLE—BY **JORDAN CRITTENDEN**

COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD: EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **BETTE MIDLER**, **DUSTIN HOFFMAN** AND **WARREN BEATTY**; AN ON-AND-OFF-THE-SET PICTORIAL ON "CALIFORNIA SPLIT" DIRECTOR **ROBERT ALTMAN'S** NEW FILM, "**NASHVILLE**," STARRING **GWEN WELLES**; **PETER NORD'S** ACCOUNT OF "**HOW I BEAT PANCHO GONZALES**"; "**HOCUS POCUS**," **DAN GREENBURG'S** INVESTIGATION OF SEERS AND HEALERS; A TOUGH APPRAISAL OF THE STATE OF JOURNALISM IN THE U.S. TODAY, WITH PLAYBOY'S PICKS OF THE HEAVIEST PEOPLE IN THE MEDIA; AN INTIMATE VIEW OF MOVIEDOM'S **MARGOT KIDDER**, WHO, IN ADDITION TO EVERYTHING ELSE, HAS A MIND OF HER OWN; THE REAL SCOOP ON WHAT'S WRONG WITH AIRLINE SERVICE AND SAFETY; MORE MISS-ADVENTURES OF "**LITTLE ANNIE FANNY**"; PLUS THE WORKS OF THE BEST AUTHORS AND ARTISTS CURRENTLY PUBLISHED, INCLUDING **JOHN UPDIKE**, **HERBERT GOLD**, **LEROY NEIMAN**, **ROBERT SHERRILL**, **ARNOLD ROTH**, **EVAN HUNTER**, **ALBERTO VARGAS**, **RICHARD RHODES** AND MANY, MANY MORE.