

# PLAYBOY

COLLECTOR'S EDITION

JANUARY 1979 • \$3.00



**TWENTY-FIFTH  
ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**

**With the Great Playmate Hunt and...**



# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

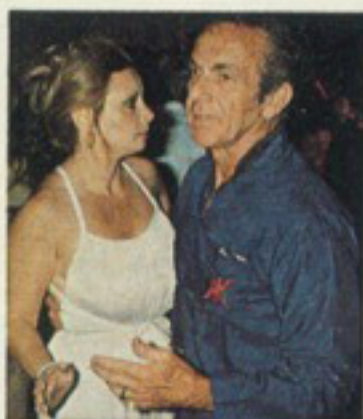
*in which we offer an insider's look at what's doing and who's doing it*



Above, actress Edy Williams in conversation with basketball's Wilt "The Stilt" Chamberlain; at right, comedian Jack Carter does a dance turn with ex-wife.

**AH, SHAKESPEARE WAS NEVER LIKE THIS!**

"Playboy Mansion West," wrote Wanda McDaniel of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, "emerged over the weekend as symbolic headquarters for all the world to come courting causes or finding fantasies." She referred to Hugh M. Hefner's hosting an E.R.A. benefit (see page 16) and his Midsummer Night's Dream party, pictured here, on consecutive evenings.



Above, our genial host surveys the scene with one of his guests, actress Polly Bergen; at right, Warren Cowan (of the public-relations firm of Rogers and Cowan) laughs it up with Teddy-bear-toting Jane Harvey. For this event, a yearly must at Hefner's Holmby Hills estate, even the bartenders wear PJs; bathrobes are supplied at the door for forgetful arrivals.



Hef, actor Michael Callan and his wife, model Karen Malouf, take a moment to chat at the Midsummer Night's Dream party (above), as do (below, from left) actor James Caan, Ingrid Greer and pro-football great turned Hollywood star Jim Brown.



Our April 1978 Playmate, Pamela Jean Bryant, claims the rapt attention of actor Burt Young (who admitted to *Herald-Examiner* reporter McDaniel that it had been years since he'd worn pajamas).



# THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

## PLAYBOY HOSTS POST-TENNIS-TOURNEY PARTY

Sol Berg (below left), owner of the New York Apples professional tennis team, and woman all-star Billie Jean King (subject of the March 1975 *Playboy Interview*) were among the guests at a cocktail party at the New York Playboy Club following the semifinals of the Apples/Playboy Challenge mixed-doubles tennis tournament at Madison Square Garden. Below right, leading tennis pro Vitas Gerulaitis talks with Playboy Vice-President and Advertising Director Henry Marks; at right, model Cheryl Tiegs, a surprise guest, gets in a few licks on the court. Tournament finals were held later at the Playboy Resort & Country Club at Great Gorge, New Jersey.



## N.W.P.C. FEATURES TRUDEAU

Cartoonist Garry (Doonesbury) Trudeau obliges a fan (above) at a National Women's Political Caucus luncheon hosted by Playboy veep Christie Hefner in the Chicago Playboy Club VIP Room. Other guests (below, from left): N.W.P.C. advisory-board member Marjorie Benton, syndicated columnist Ann Landers, the *Today* show's Jane Pauley.



## HAPPY BIRTHDAY, CENTURY CITY

Bunny Angela feeds Hef the first bite of cake from the Century City Playboy Club's celebration of its fifth anniversary in its present site; Bunny Kat looks on.



## E.R.A. AIDED BY MANSION WEST EVENT

L.A. mayor Tom Bradley and actress Jean Stapleton (below left) were among notables at a Playboy Mansion West benefit for the National Organization for Women's E.R.A. Strike Force; below right, Los Angeles NOW coordinator Gloria Allred and Christie Hefner watch as Hef adds his name to a petition asking Congress to grant an extension of the E.R.A. ratification deadline.



## BUNNY DANA IN SHOWBIZ

Ex-New York Bunny Dana Valentien (below right) joins James (Marcus Welby) Brolin, Serena BlaqueLord (left) and Sharon Mitchell in *Night of the Juggler*, a film about the world of porno.



## PLAYMATE UPDATE: MISCH MAKES MOVIE

Recognize Miss February 1975, Laura Misch (in a pose from her Playmate shooting, at left), in the movie scene above? That's Laura at the right, Anne Michelle at the left in the film *French Quarter*, which, like *Pretty Baby*, deals with life in the Storyville red-light district of New Orleans; Virginia Mayo stars as Countess Willie Piazza, madam of a 1910 whorehouse.

## COVER GIRL ON TUBE

One of our favorite models, Robyn Douglass (that's her cover pose from the December 1974 issue at left), has a new acting career; as Gussie, she co-starred with Art Hindle in the NBC-TV science-fiction movie *The Clone Master* (below).



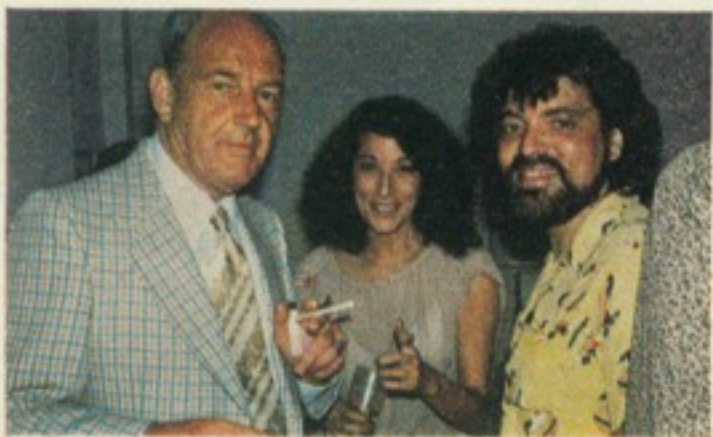
## DAINA HOUSE GUESTS ON TV SERIES

When we last checked in with our January 1976 centerfold girl, Daina House (see *The World of Playboy*, September 1978), she was appearing in *The Last of the Cowboys*; since, she's done an episode for NBC's *CPO Sharkey* (above).



**FLEETWOOD MAC, O. J. SIMPSON  
AMONG GUESTS AT LAKE GENEVA RESORT**

Among the celebrities who have found Playboy's Lake Geneva Resort & Country Club a nice place to visit: Fleetwood Mac (above, with Bunny Desiré), who stayed there during a nearby gig, and O. J. Simpson (with Bunny Tana, at right), guest at the Acme Boot Company convention there.



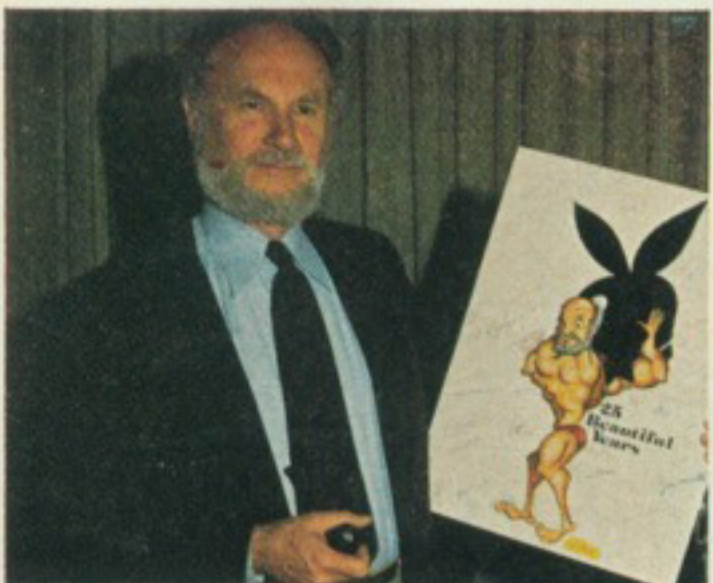
**CARTOONISTS LIVE IT UP**

Guests at a New York cocktail party honoring *Playboy Funnies* artists included (above, from left) Stan Drake, *Funnies* contributor and creator of *The Heart of Juliet Jones*; Cartoon Editor Michelle Urry and Associate Art Director Skip Williamson.



**IS A BASEBALL DIAMOND A PLAYMATE'S BEST FRIEND?**

The gatefold girls were invited to referee a celebrity baseball game at USC's Dedeaux Field, but they got in their innings, too. Above, Hope Olson (left) and Debra Jensen with sponsor Bill McEnteer; below, Ashley Cox goes to bat.



**SILVER JUBILEE FOR PAUL**

Staffers honored Art Director Arthur Paul (above) with a specially designed card (and a lot of champagne) on his 25th anniversary with the magazine.





# ONE WITH EVERYTHING, TO GO.

## CHALLENGER. THE TOTAL GT IMPORT FROM DODGE.

For 1979, Dodge brings you a total GT from Japan. And includes all of the following as standard equipment.

- 1.6 litre Silent Shaft MCA-Jet engine
- Cast aluminum road wheels
- 195/70HRx14 steel radial-ply tires



- Five-speed, console-mounted manual transmission with overdrive
- Reclining bucket seats with adjustable lumbar support
- Integral

center console

- Overhead console with pivotal reading light, digital clock, and dome light
- Electric rear window defroster
- Concealed adjustable headrests
- Adjustable tilt steering column
- Tinted glass all around
- Unique "memory" seat adjuster that returns driver's seat to upright position after loading or unloading rear seat passengers
- Quad rectangular head lamps
- Full-length, body side stripes
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- Body-colored quarter window louvers
- Dual electric remote-control, body-colored side mirrors
- Tachometer
- Temperature gauge
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- Ammeter gauge
- Resettable trip odometer
- Inside hood release
- Inside deck lid release
- Day/night inside rearview mirror
- Color-keyed loop pile carpeting
- Chimes instead of buzzer for ignition key and seat belts
- Dual horns
- Locking fuel filler door
- Power



front disc brakes

- Front suspension with coil springs and MacPherson-type struts
- Rear suspension four-link coil.

Now, you can spend a lot more for a GT, but you still won't get this kind of equipment standard.

## 35 MPG HWY / 26 MPG CITY.\*

In fact, we don't know where you can get more thoroughbred road car for your money than at your Dodge Dealer. See him about buying or leasing a Challenger soon.

\*EPA estimates for standard 1.6 litre four-cylinder engine, five-speed manual transmission. Your mileage may vary depending on your driving habits, the condition of your car and its equipment.



## 1979 DODGE CHALLENGER. IMPORTED FROM JAPAN.







A yearful of

# GREAT DATES



- 1 Ashley Cox
- 2 Julia Lyndon
- 3 Janis Schmitt
- 4 Karen Morton
- 5 Susan Kiger
- 6 Rita Lee
- 7 Nicki Thomas
- 8 Debra Fondren
- 9 Sheila Mullen
- 10 Pam Bryant
- 11 Sondra Theodore
- 12 Denise Michele

Wall Calendar  
8½" x 12½"

Desk Calendar  
5½" x 7¼"

Gift yourself and others with  
**PLAYBOY'S 1979  
PLAYMATE CALENDAR.**

At your newsstand now!

To order by mail: For each calendar, send \$2.50 (plus 50¢ postage and handling) to: Playboy Products, P.O. Box 3386, Chicago, IL 60654. Please specify "Wall" or "Desk" type.



# Don't watch TV tonight. Play it!



## THE ATARI VIDEO COMPUTER SYSTEM™

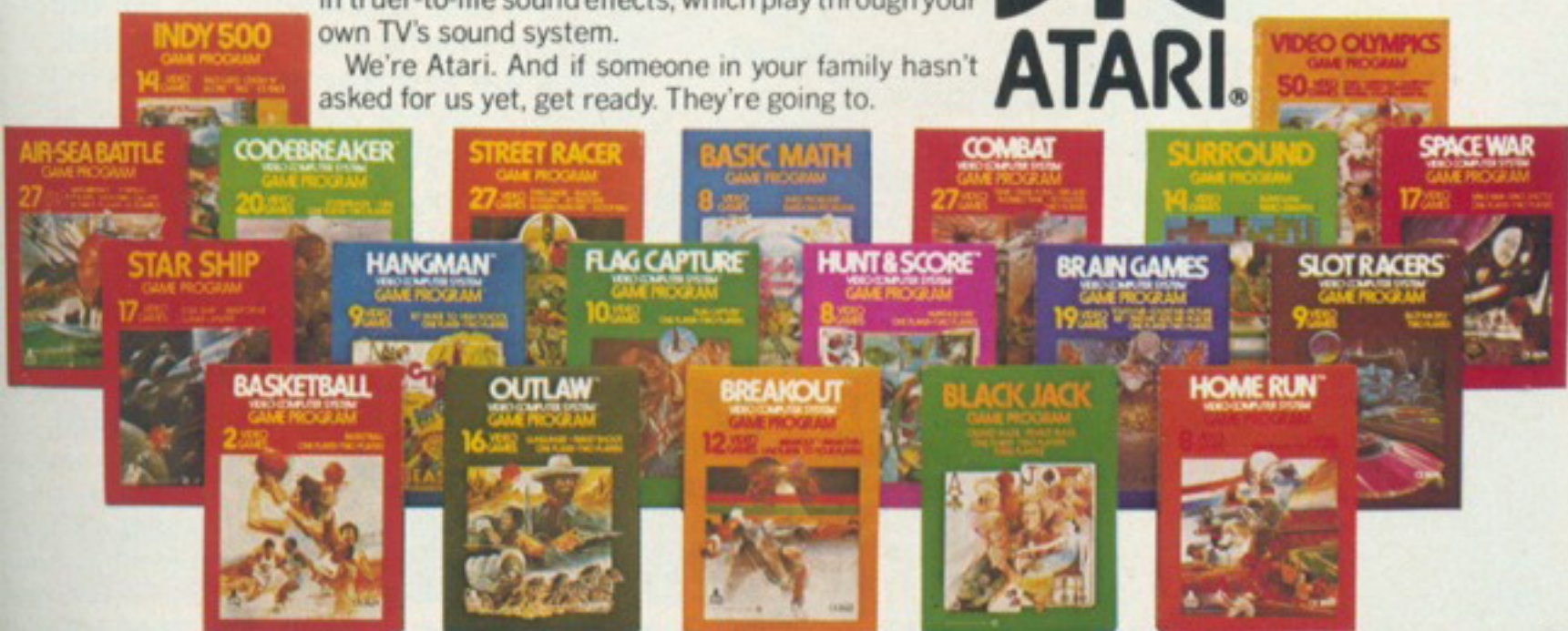
We're the games you play on your own TV set. We're the Atari Video Computer System. (Remember "Pong"? Well, that was just the beginning.)

Atari is now a sophisticated, computerized programmable unit that hooks up to your television in a matter of seconds.

Atari features a greater selection (20 different Game Program™ cartridges, over 1300 game variations and options—and with many more to come!). We're sport games. We're mind games. We educate. We entertain. We can be played by one player (against the computer), two players, three or four.

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We're Atari. And if someone in your family hasn't asked for us yet, get ready. They're going to.



20 cartridges now available. 1300 game variations.

25

BEAUTIFUL YEARS



over the past quarter century,  
playboy has brought you  
the world's loveliest women.

herewith, the ones we  
consider the most memorable

WE'RE NOT SURE that such a poll has ever been taken, but we'd bet that if readers were asked to give the first phrase they thought of in association with PLAYBOY, that phrase most often would be: "Women. Beautiful women." After all, way back in 1960, an editorial in that distinctly nonerotic London publication *The Architects' Journal* called our Playmates "one of America's greatest gifts to Western culture." We'll buy that, but we'd also like to point out—as most of you already know—that the Playmates form only part of the, ah, body of our contribution to the worldwide pastime of girl watching. Some of this generation's most famous movie goddesses have appeared in PLAYBOY; the magazine got its start, in fact, with one such legend, Marilyn Monroe. When we began making plans for this silver-anniversary issue, we found it difficult to choose *which* beautiful women to feature. (Everyone should have such troubles.) If you don't find your personal favorite among those shown, you have our sincerest regrets, but that's also a tribute to the wealth of gorgeous ladies who've made the pages of PLAYBOY such a joy to behold.

**MARILYN MONROE** As *Sweetheart of the Month*, she helped make PLAYBOY's first issue a virtual sellout. MM became a generation's love goddess; said Clark Gable, her co-star in *The Misfits*, which was the last film for both: "She made a man proud to be a man."

**JANET PILGRIM** *Playboy's Office Playmate* (above right) made the first of three gatefold appearances in July 1955. Who's the shadowy figure in the background? Hef, that's who. Janet retired from PLAYBOY to raise a family, now lives in New England.

**JUNE WILKINSON** Another all-time favorite, June (right) was a relatively unheralded British actress when she made her PLAYBOY bow as "The Bosom" in September 1958. She subsequently became a familiar figure in movies and on TV, including *Playboy's Penthouse*.





**JAYNE MANSFIELD** Miss February 1955 was an unknown when we found her; *PLAYBOY* and *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* changed all that. Jayne (left) starred in 11 films and six of our most popular pictorials.

**ANITA EKBERG** Everybody called her statuesque, so it was no surprise when sculptor Sepy Dobronyi chose her as a model for a work in bronze. Below, one of his figure studies, published in our August 1956 issue.





**JO COLLINS** Our 1965 Playmate of the Year, Jo (left) went to Vietnam to deliver a lifetime subscription to some GIs. Later, she wed baseball's no-hit pitcher Bo Belinsky; after that union struck out, she married a Chicago businessman.

**CHRISTA SPECK** Christa was our September 1961 Playmate, but her most memorable picture is the one below, from *Playmate Holiday House Party* that December. Christa wed noted puppeteer Marty Krofft, creator of *H. R. Pufnstuf*.





**KIM NOVAK** Kim (above), like *PLAYBOY*, a product of Chicago, was already an established film star when she posed for these exclusive photos in her Big Sur hideaway. *At Home with Kim* was published in our February 1965 issue.



**DONNA MICHELLE** It was a brief hop from our December 1963 gatefold to the title of Playmate of the Year in 1964. Donna (right) reappeared many times in *PLAYBOY*, usually before, once behind the camera: She became a photographer.

**CAROL LYNLEY** Like Brooke Shields, Carol (left) was a top subteen model before becoming an actress—though she did wait till the ripe old age of 15 before changing careers. Here's a picture from our March 1965 feature *Carol Lynley Grows Up*.







**URSULA ANDRESS** "*She*" Is Ursula Andress, 12 pages tagged to her 1965 movie, *She*, was photographed by her then husband, director/actor John Derek. At the time, it was the longest PLAYBOY pictorial ever devoted to one woman.

**ELKE SOMMER** "Elke is the perfect wife—inexpensive to dress," wrote photojournalist Joe Hyams in a September 1970 pictorial tribute to his actress spouse (right). Elke's still acting, Joe's still writing—and they're still happily married.



**CATHERINE DENEUVE** Photographer David Bailey and the actress/model (right) who's been called the world's most beautiful woman were just friends when he shot *France's Deneuve Wave* (October 1965); shortly afterward, though, they wed.



**PAULA KELLY** Lawrence Schiller's series of strobe exposures captured this actress/dancer at her most captivating for our August 1969 feature *Sweet Paula*. This was, incidentally, the debut of pubic hair in the magazine.

**VERUSCHKA** This high-fashion model went back to nature in *Stalking the Wild Veruschka* (January 1971). At left, a bit of body paint turns Countess Vera Gottlieb von Lehndorff (her real name) into a sensuous snake.

**MARY AND MADELEINE COLLINSON**

Identical models from Malta, these spirited young ladies became our only twin Playmates in October 1970. After that introduction, they moved right along into movies: e.g., *The Love Machine*.





**MARILYN COLE** The Playmate of the Year for 1973, Marilyn (left) is a native of Portsmouth who was a Bunny and public-relations officer at our London Club before appearing on the January 1972 centerfold. Next she pursued a modeling career but has now returned to doing PR at London's Clermont Club.

**BARBI BENTON** She made her showbiz bow in the cast of *Playboy After Dark*, where she met host Hugh Hefner. The rest, as they say, is history. Lately, Barbi's been busy in television (*Sugar Time!*, *Murder at the Mardi Gras*) and making hit records, mainly country, which explains the January 1977 pose at right.



**CLAUDIA JENNINGS** Another Playmate of the Year, Claudia (right) held the title in 1970 (after appearing as Miss November 1969). Since then, she has become even better known as "Queen of the B Movies." You saw her most recently in the futuristic thriller *Deathsport*, opposite David Carradine; her next will be *Fast Company*.









**LILLIAN MULLER** An unforgettable blonde, this Norwegian import (above) was Miss August 1975, then Playmate of the Year for 1976. Not surprisingly, she caught the eye of directors; you may have seen her last season on TV (*The Night They Took Miss Beautiful*).



**BRIGITTE BARDOT** Her life may not have begun at 40, but it sure didn't end there, either, as the photo at left, from January 1975, taken just past that milestone birthday, proves. Although BB's first PLAYBOY pictures had been published in 1958, she had barely aged.

**SARAH MILES** This 1976 shot (and others from *The Sailor Who Fell from Grace*) of Sarah and co-star Kris Kristofferson was rumored to have caused trouble at home for Kris; he's still married to Rita Coolidge, however, so she must have concluded it was all in a day's work.



**PATTI MCGUIRE** In November 1976, we introduced *Missouri Breaker*, our good-buddy gatefold girl—and her fellow C.B. enthusiasts everywhere flipped. Result: We named Patti (left), a former Bunny at the St. Louis Playboy Club, Playmate of the Year for 1977.

**DEBRA JO FONDREN** The reigning Playmate of the Year—and one of the most outstanding ever (below)—is our *Hair Apparent*, a Rapunzel-tressed blonde from Beaumont, Texas. Debra Jo's been busy criss-crossing the continent on personal-appearance tours.





**LIV LINDELAND** Another Norwegian, Miss January 1971 (left) was *PLAYBOY*'s first full-frontal-nude Playmate—and Playmate of the Year for 1972. Now married, Liv is attending real-estate school—and painting abstracts.



# Grin and Bare It



*playboy* encores the stars who played around on our pages

SEX, CELEBRITIES and comedy have been important ingredients throughout PLAYBOY's 25-year history. We need not remind anyone that Marilyn Monroe appeared in our first issue. What many may not remember, however, is that that first issue also contained a cartoon feature (*Vip on Sex*) and a nude pictorial with humorous captions (*An Open*

*Letter from California*). Eventually, we hit upon blending all three elements in one package, and the celebrity sex-capade has become one of our more popular endeavors. As an anniversary treat, we're encoring scenes from some of those pictorials; if you're a longtime PLAYBOY reader, there are sure to be a number of others that have tickled



In *Sellers Mimes the Movie Lovers* (April 1964), Peter Sellers portrays two of filmdom's unlikeliest lotharios: José Ferrer in *Moulin Rouge* (above) and Groucho Marx (above right), as well as the legendary Valentino (preceding page).

In January 1970's *The Good, the Bad and the Garlic*, an Italian Western filmed in Spain with an out-of-hock Japanese camera, the luckless Concetta tries to remove Tony Randall's overripe poncho (below)—and wins a quick trip to Capezio Boot Hill.

A Lot of Clothing and The Missionary Position (right) are good ways to prevent lovemaking, advises Monty Python's Eric Idle in *The Vatican Sex Manual*, a November 1976 collection of 13 positions for avoiding both sexual pleasure and the confessional.

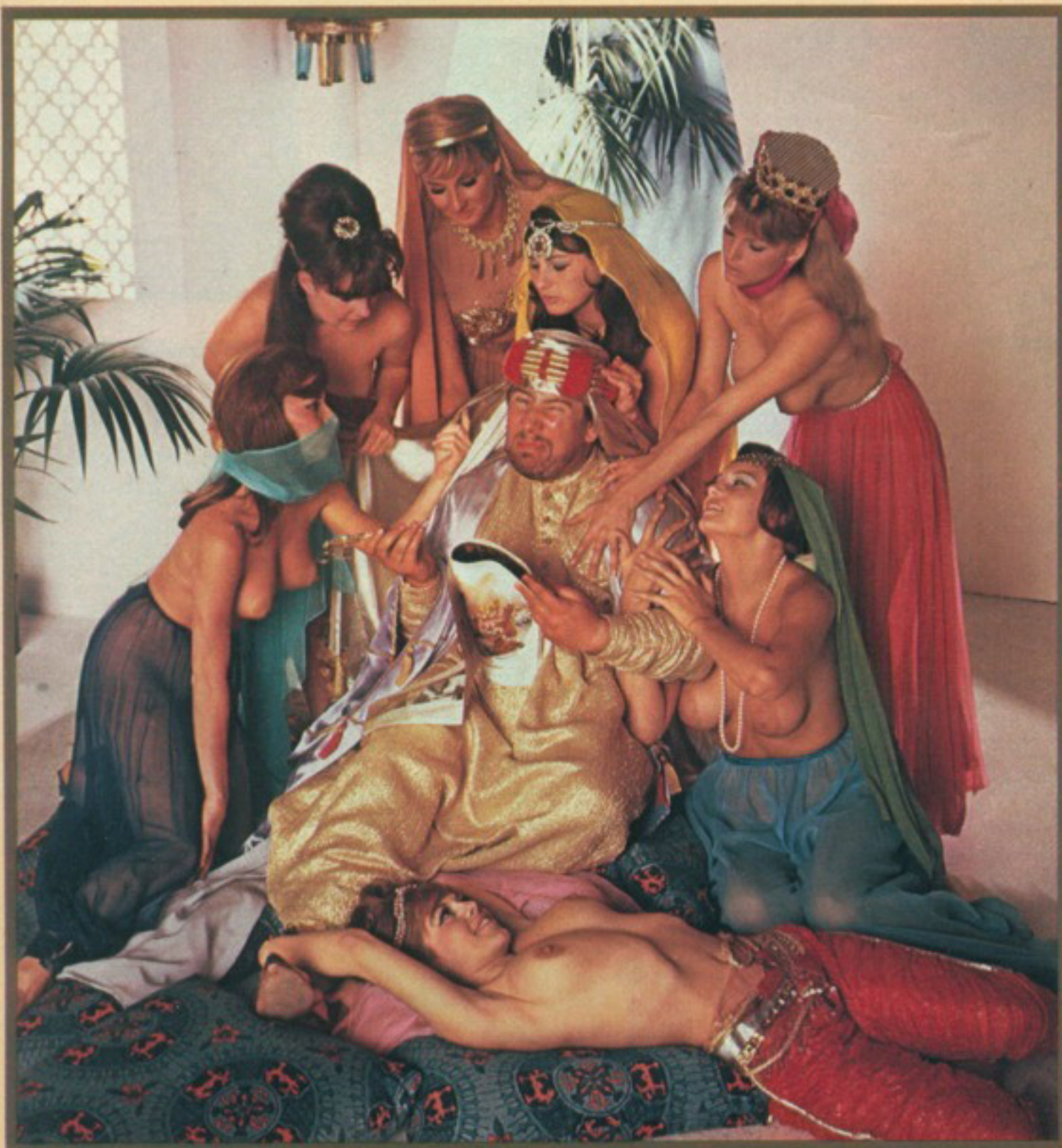
your funny bone and tantalized your libido. Between-the-scenes shootings on movie sets have been an especially good source of big names, bodies and belly laughs. Remember *In Bed with Becket* (February 1964)? Shot during the filming of *Becket*, it showed us how Richard Burton, Peter O'Toole and French actress Veronique Vendell relaxed on the set between takes: They went to bed, that's how. We've always wondered if director Peter Glenville had any trouble getting his stars back to the script. Sean Connery and Jean Seberg had some good clean fun in *Sean Connery Strikes Again!* (July 1966) as they stirred things up in a whirlpool bath during the making of *A Fine Madness*. The late Zero Mostel seemed to have a penchant for choosing roles in movies that the theatergoing public never saw, at least in their original form. A sex-comedy film called *Fourplay* was to have had a segment in which Zero and Estelle Parsons were forced to ball on national TV in order to ransom their kidnaped daughter. Censors





Omar Sharif (right) plays *Funny Girl's* Nicky Arnstein in this scene from *Omar Acts Up* (December 1968). Martin Mull (below) shows us the wrong and the right ways to bed a lady in *Martin Mull's Guide to Sophisticated Seduction* (July 1978).





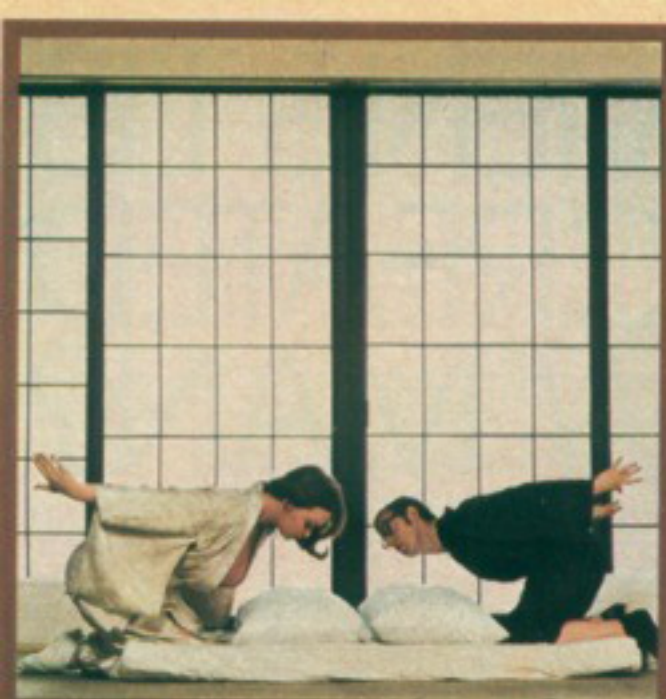
In a segment of *Fourplay* (*A Comedy in Three Acts*), about a film that became *Foreplay* after a 1973 Supreme Court decision caused the producers to delete the sexier parts of the original script, Pat Paulsen has a little trouble turning on his life-sized doll, played by Deborah Loomis, as shown in our April 1974 issue (above). He finally gets her going by tugging on her ear lobe.

Woody Allen combines two all-time-favorite activities—martial arts and sex—in our February 1969 pictorial *Shindail* about the Japanese art of pillow fighting (right) that is probably as old as the Orient itself. Maybe even a week older. Trickery is an important part of the game strategy. Woody manages to get through it all with his glasses unsteamed.

Imagine being surrounded by a roomful of voluptuous, willing women: That's what Peter Ustinov is fantasizing in *A Hypothetical History of Harems* (left), a look at what our lives would have been like had seraglios supplanted monogamy. In this shot from our January 1965 feature, Ali Ben Ustinov prefers the distant charms of a *PLAYBOY* gatefold to those displayed close at hand.

intervened and those scenes appeared in *PLAYBOY* but not at your local cinema. Many of the shots from *37"-22"-37" Meets 50"-47"-50"* (September 1969), in which Zero and Julie Newmar shared a bubble bath, were meant to be seen in *Monsieur Lecoq*; the film was never finished because of production problems. Woody Allen has made several appearances in *PLAYBOY*, as author, scriptwriter and star. It's possible that none of his relatives have spoken to him since our November 1967 publication of *My Family Photo Album*, in which he told us

that "a family characteristic was the craving to be trapped by muscular women, held down and breaded like a veal cutlet." Still more weird sexual fantasies were acted out in Woody's cinematic version of Dr. David Reuben's best seller, *Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex*. In the film (and, not incidentally, in our September 1972 feature), Allen depicted everyman's damp fantasies. Lest you think we're resting on our laurels, our cameras are already focusing on still more stars doing their uninhibited best for future issues.





# THE GREAT PLAYMATE HUNT

*in what may have been the biggest search party in history, we went looking for that one very special woman and wound up with more than we had bargained for*

At the peak of the 25th Anniversary Playmate Hunt, a little old lady called the Governors Inn near Raleigh, North Carolina, where photographer Bill Arsenault was receiving Playmate applicants. "May I speak to Mr. Playboy?" she asked. "Can you be more specific?" asked the hotel operator. "Yes," said the lady, "I want to speak to the Devil." "I'm sorry," came the reply, "but neither party is registered here."

THAT LITTLE old lady notwithstanding, nearly everybody loves Playmates. Ever since we unveiled Marilyn Monroe as our first Playmate in 1953 (under the guise of Sweetheart of the Month), we've tried to bring our readers a special kind of girl in our centerfold—a person with a rare, fresh sort of beauty that's always arresting. Faced with the task of finding our 25th Anniversary Playmate, we realized that we'd have to



make an extraordinary effort. We've learned from experience that some of the most beautiful women are somewhat shy; and because so many of our Playmates in the past have said they never would have posed nude for any magazine other than PLAYBOY, we knew that odds were that our Playmate Perfect wouldn't come to us unless she knew we were looking for her.

That's why last June, after months of planning, we launched the most massive search in our history to find the right girl. First we placed an advertisement in daily and college newspapers in 28 cities that said, in part: "PLAYBOY IS SEARCHING FOR A SPECIAL PLAYMATE. . . . The lucky lady will receive a \$25,000 modeling fee and could represent PLAYBOY on TV and in public appearances throughout our anniversary year!" Those who consider themselves

PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer David Chan interviews a Toronto applicant (above), as he sits at a desk covered with Polaroids that were a fraction of a day's shooting there. While Chan was in Canada, we found Debra Selkirk, 24 (below), in New York. A native Brooklynite ("I'm more genuine than John Travolta," she told us), Debra recently became a Bunny in the New York Playboy Club.



It looked like the Boardwalk in Atlantic City when the Playmate Hunt arrived at the Beverly Hilton in Los Angeles. At right, Miki Garcia, Director of Playmate Promotions (left), reviews a bevy of Southern California Playmate hopefuls.



We discovered both of the ladies above north of the border. Dorothy Stratten, 18 (left), is a clerk-typist for the phone company in Burnaby, British Columbia. Dorothy says she likes to wear "sexy clothes or none at all." And you may have seen Sylvie Garant (right), a Toronto fashion model, on television last year, when she was a hostess for the now-defunct \$128,000 Question quiz show.



Above, a shapely Kansas City miss poses for Associate Photography Editor Jeff Cohen's Polaroid camera.



Los Angeles model K. C. Winkler, 22 (above left), was corralled into the Hunt as she entered the West Coast Playboy Building on Sunset Boulevard looking for our modeling agency. Chicago's Liz Glazowski, 21 (above right), doubles as a secretary and a model.



connoisseurs of PLAYBOY beauty were offered a finder's fee of \$2500 if they discovered our anniversary lady for us. Each ad included a date when a PLAYBOY photographer would be coming to town to photograph the aspirants.

The 28 cities we selected had reputations for producing beautiful women. Among them were those you might expect: Los Angeles, New York and our home town, Chicago; but there were others not so obvious, such as Knoxville, Tennessee, and Norman, Oklahoma. In the South and Southwest, we also visited Gainesville, Miami, Tallahassee, Lexington, Raleigh, Columbia, Kansas City (Missouri), Austin, Baton Rouge and San Antonio. In the Western states, we visited Los Angeles, Portland, Seattle, Sacramento, San Diego, San Jose and Boulder. Among



Several mothers accompanied their daughters to the search, but few were as lovely as Deanna Tyndall (above left), who sun-bathed with daughter Nancy at the Beverly Hilton. Zita Cullum, 23 (below), came to the New York search alone but, as you can see, well prepared.



Suzanne Sheridan, 21 (above), a Miami discovery, wants to travel to Switzerland. Norman, Oklahoma's Candy Loving, 21 (below), has also been bitten by the travel bug; she says she'd be happy to go anywhere.





Largo, Florida's Deborah Boostram, 23 (above), is a waitress and a model in Clearwater. Denise McConnell, 20 (right), is a genuine private investigator in Oklahoma City. The guys below were across the street from the balcony of the Drake in New York where Hunt hopefuls posed in bikinis. WABC-TV cameramen caught them rating the girls. (With that view, who could work?)





PLAYBOY Contributing Photographer Dwight Hooker (above, with beard) interviews applicants for the New York search at his Drake Hotel suite.



Midwestern cities, we also chose Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Lincoln and Columbus. In the East, we searched Washington, D.C., and Philadelphia, as well as New York, and to give Canadians a chance to compete, we added Toronto.

Our teams moved into each city like a well-oiled machine; first, local media were alerted to the team's imminent arrival; then, when our photographer arrived, he did two days of nonstop interviews on television and radio. When the girls started calling PLAYBOY's hotel suite for appointments, he and his assistants scheduled them for Polaroid picture sessions: a different candidate every ten minutes for the next four or five days. The Polaroids went back to our home office in Chicago for screening by our photo editors. Three months, thousands of

Lisa Kalison, 21 (above left), is a native Chicagoan who recently moved to L.A., where she manages a law office. Irvine, California's Michelle Drake, 20 (above), is a dance student in Costa Mesa, a direct descendant of Sir Francis Drake, and obviously nobly endowed.



To kick off the New York search, we convened a hot group of Playmates, Bunnies and models in Central Park. The ladies were hot because, as you can see, they wore fur coats. Playmates in evidence include (from left) Janis Schmitt, Nicki Thomas, Debra Peterson and Debra Jo Fondren.



miles and 10,000 Polaroids later, we had not only discovered our Playmate Perfect but rediscovered America as well.

We knew that *PLAYBOY* was a popular magazine when we went out on our Playmate Hunt, but we had no idea *how* popular. The welcome we received in nearly all of the cities we visited was mind boggling. In all but a few cities, we received up-front articles in every local newspaper—more than 130 articles in all—and local as well as network news shows ran film clips of our photographers at work (with emphasis, naturally, on the subjects being photographed).

For the most part, the television coverage, though *(text continued on page 208)*

Louann Fernald (above left) is a Mexican-Scottish beauty from Gainesville who's a public-relations major at Florida U. San Diego's Amanda "Missy" Cleveland (above), who says "Hef is the man I most admire," has her heart on a trip to China and a modeling career.



Ruth Guerri, 20 (above left), is a St. Louis model who hopes to land a movie or television role. Ruth tells us she's particularly fond of football players. Caren Phillips, 22 (above right), is a student at the University of California's Santa Barbara campus, where she's a biology major. She aims for a career in bioillustration. Wanda Clineman, 23 (below left), is a real-estate broker and a model in Falls Church, Virginia, and extremely well traveled. She's been to Thailand, Japan, Guam, India, Spain, Turkey, Cambodia and Greece.



Above, PLAYBOY Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner (left) and Photo Editor Gary Cole review photos and slides of the finalists in the conference room at Playboy Mansion West.



*"This has been the most fun I've ever had, even if I don't win. It was a very positive thing."*

sometimes humorous, was unabashedly enthusiastic.

The most noteworthy news spot of all appeared on WABC-TV in New York. Dwight Hooker was photographing Playmate hopefuls on the promenade-type balcony outside his 20th-floor suite in the Drake Hotel when office workers in a building nearby spotted the parade of young lovelies from their windows. As a WABC reporter put it: "Business came to a standstill." Directly across from the balcony, in a skyscraper that houses the offices of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, a gaggle of men decided to make rating signs, numbered 1 to 20, which, with waving arms and shouts of encouragement, they held up to the window as each swim-suited applicant stepped out onto the balcony. The television cameramen noticed the signs (including a huge red-and-white one saying ALL RIGHT!, displayed when a particularly well-put-together lady appeared) and focused on the FDIC office windows between takes of Hooker and the applicants. Spliced together with the song *A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody*, the cuts from balcony to rating cards made for hilarious viewing.

But the media coverage wasn't all for laughs. There was a smidgen of protest to keep us on our toes. It came from four women who claimed to represent the National Organization for Women and picketed Arsenault's hotel, The Carolina Inn, for about a half hour the second day after he arrived in Columbia, South Carolina. "At one point, there were literally twice as many reporters and news photographers covering the protest as there were protesters," Arsenault said, "so it wasn't what you'd call a massive demonstration." Perhaps the protesters couldn't instigate a boycott because they misread the minds of the entrants, most of whom already considered themselves liberated.

But no one saw the search quite the way our own photographers did. For nearly all of them, it was the most intense job they'd ever done. David Chan did interviews on eight radio stations in Toronto in a single day; by the sixth, he was almost speechless from laryngitis. Hot tea and honey in large doses enabled him to whisper his way through the last two interviews. Kerry Morris, after photographing nearly 100 girls daily for three consecutive days in San Diego, was "so punchy I could hardly stand." Ar-

senault, an intense and personable character, wound up working some days from eight A.M. to nine P.M. without a break or a meal. Inevitably, he came down with a devastating cold in rainy Portland, but continued despite his red eyes, stuffed-up nose and fever to snap those Polaroids every ten minutes.

Few of the girls we saw had all the right qualities for PLAYBOY, but our photographers made a special effort to photograph each applicant with equal care. As Michael Berry put it, "You'd see the excitement in the girls' eyes and you'd just want to be as friendly as possible." When Arsenault was asked by a newspaper reporter in Portland what he would do if a 500-pound woman came in, he replied: "I figure she might have a 500-pound boyfriend at home who thinks she's beautiful. And who am I to shatter her ego?"

And, indeed, most girls who came to the search told us it was a great experience. Cindy, a Raleigh, South Carolina, entrant, said, "This has been the most fun I've ever had in my life, even if I don't win. It was a very positive thing. A creative thing. Like art. Like poetry." Sue Pagani, a 20-year-old Florida U coed, said simply, "I came here out of pride, to be able to say I've done it." Many women said they entered the Hunt only because they were prodded or dared to by friends or relatives. ("A lot of mothers brought in their daughters," said Bill Frantz: "so did a couple of fathers.") Kent (Washington) *News-Journal* reporter Susan Landgraf entered the Seattle search herself just to get a first-person account, but most other entrants had far less sophisticated reasons. One girl told Arsenault she had come because "I just broke up with my boyfriend and his last words to me were that I was a dog. I just came down here to prove to myself that he's wrong."

Another entrant, a 19-year-old Florida coed, told a University of Florida student newspaper, *The Alligator*, "My mother and grandmother would be angry if they knew I was here. Just terrible. But my dad would like it. He reads PLAYBOY all the time."

Some entered out of the pure joy of self-expression, such as the girl interviewed in this excerpt from a *Seattle Record-Chronicle* article:

"Why do you want to pose for PLAYBOY?" the reporter asks.

"Because I like to take my clothes off," she answers.

"That's good?"

"Of course. People are always nice to me when I take my clothes off. They're always friendly."

She smiles pleasantly. Her logic is simple and flawless. You can't argue with the truth.

But perhaps the best example of Zen Polaroid theater was an entrant who turned up among New York's 421 applicants (tops for any city) whom Hooker calmly refers to as The Snake Lady. She arrived at his suite with her own prop—a healthy boa constrictor that was wrapped around her body, gallantly holding her handbag in its tail. "She wasn't our Playmate," Hooker recalls, "but it was a very attractive snake."

A few came because they sought publicity or a boost for their careers in entertainment. Such an applicant was a Toronto stripper named Baby Honda who, according to Chan, weighed more than 400 pounds stripped to the tailpipes. "I said," Chan recalls, "'Since you're already a performer, perhaps you have a glossy you could give me.' She insisted I photograph her anyway." Chan, who is 5'5" and weighs 120 pounds in a soaked parka, inscrutably photographed her anyway. (Chan, by the way, swears that when he started working at PLAYBOY, he was 6'2" and weighed 220. "I've been nearly 16 years with PLAYBOY," he says ruefully, "and look at me now.")

The one reason for entering that more girls gave than any other was—you guessed it—the money. The second most popular reason seemed to be prestige. "I would be honored to be photographed by PLAYBOY," many girls told us. Perhaps because their boyfriends or their fathers or brothers read PLAYBOY, most of the entrants said they'd always looked upon PLAYBOY as the standard setter for feminine beauty. Becky Lynch, 20, a quality-verifications clerk for State Farm Insurance, told *The Kansas City Star* she remembers PLAYBOY as always being around her house during her childhood. "All I wanted to do," she said, "was be as pretty as the girls in the magazine." Not infrequently, applicants remained after their shootings to ask our photographers and staff questions about make-up, clothing and carriage.

"At times," said Berry, "I felt like a one-man finishing school."

Some girls were so aware of the kind of beauty PLAYBOY looks for that they became literally petrified once they entered the shooting room. One girl in Raleigh was so distraught she broke out in hives; and in Kansas City, Jeff Cohen had one applicant who "was so nervous she couldn't stand up. I mean

(concluded on page 336)

# PLAYMATE HUNT

(continued from page 208)

literally couldn't stand up. She couldn't talk, either. I had to ask her to kneel and I shot her on her knees. Then she crawled back into the dressing room and locked the door."

In San Diego, a girl who walked into Morris and Miki Garcia's suite was also so scared she couldn't speak. But her beauty spoke for itself. "She was absolutely terrified," Morris remembers, "but she was also absolutely gorgeous. Our mouths dropped open." As it turned out, the panicked 18-year-old entrant, Amanda "Missy" Cleveland, became a finalist, as you can see on page 194.

There were those, however, who were not only relaxed but bold. Brassiest of the lot was a girl in San Jose who kept calling Garcia at various times of day. Her calls started with a laugh sound track playing in the background; when it stopped, she'd say, "But I'm really serious," then launch into a list of questions on how she should prepare for her moment before Morris' camera. ("Should I take a vitamin E bath?") She sent flowers for Garcia to her suite; then, on the day she was scheduled to be photographed, she appeared at the door bearing a 3' x 3' layer cake with two cherry-tipped confectionery breasts on top; it said, HAPPY BIRTHDAY PLAYBOY.

She wasn't the only applicant who hoped to somehow influence our staff in her favor. In every city, at the end of each day's shooting, our photographers would almost always find something belonging to one of the girls. Invariably, the owner would return to retrieve the item and (not so incidentally) have another conversation with the photographer. Let it suffice to say that, although our photographers received innumerable invitations to dinner, drinks, etc., they easily managed to spurn the proffered extras; if only because, as Cohen put it, "we were just too damn tired."

Or they may have learned a lesson from Mike Berry about accepting dinner invitations in strange cities. Berry, despite his fatigue, accepted an invitation to dinner in Knoxville. One of his hosts, a lawyer, promised to bring Berry a taste of genuine white lightning. "He brought a glassful to this restaurant in the Hyatt House," Berry says. "Nice restaurant, pretty classy. So I take a sip of the stuff. Then, for what reason I don't know, probably the silliness that comes with fatigue, I decided to light my glass. To see if white lightning would light, I guess. A blue flame shoots up in the air two feet. I sit there, figuring it's going to die out. Well, it dies down, but then the glass shatters and there's this blue flame all over the table. I figure *that's* got to die out. It doesn't. This blue flame is now covering the tablecloth. The table starts to go up. The maître de notices it about then, comes over with a large wet

towel, calmly smothers it, then departs without a word. Like I said, a *class* restaurant."

•

When our photographers and the other members of our search teams finally returned home, they had met and photographed more than 3000 women (we also received more than 500 applications and photos through the mail). The applicants were housewives, secretaries, college students, government workers, businesswomen and, of course, aspiring models and actresses. About 100 of them were spotted by our photographers on sight as potential Playmates; of those, 50 were screened out by our Photography Department. The remaining 50 were asked to go to Chicago or Los Angeles studios for lengthier test shootings. For many of those 50, the expenses-paid trip and the opportunity to work with PLAYBOY's staff (as well as to experience our special kind of hospitality) was one of the most exciting events in their lives.

One entrant, Denise McConnell from Norman, Oklahoma, was so excited on being called back that she didn't realize that she was only being asked to do a test shooting. *The Oklahoma Journal* prematurely published a story stating that she was the winner of the search, then had to run another story explaining the misunderstanding.

Fortunately, Denise was among the finalists who were called in a third time for further shootings. She had told the *Journal* that "never in the history of PLAYBOY has there been an Okie in the centerfold" and she wanted to be the first. Ironically, one made it. The winner of the search, Candy Loving, is also from Oklahoma. But we found Denise's charms so captivating that we just had to schedule her as a future Playmate, thus making it very likely that our centerfold will see its first two Okies in the same year.

In fact, our 16 finalists were all so special we wanted to let you see them so that you could second-guess us. Our very difficult final selection was made by Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner, with the close support of Photography Editor Gary Cole, who had conceived and directed the hunt with a generalship worthy of MacArthur. Also in attendance to influence the decision were such staff heavies as Arthur Kretchmer, Arthur Paul, Sheldon Wax and Tom Staebler—each shamelessly trying to buy votes and twist arms—all in the name of beauty.

If our winner isn't the one you would have chosen, take heart. Many of the finalists will be Playmates in the near future; so to see more of them, you won't have to wait another 25 years or until the next national Playmate Hunt, whichever comes first.

# PLAYMATE PERFECT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DWIGHT HOOKER



*our 25th-anniversary  
gatefold girl proves that candy is dandy*



*"PLAYBOY has glorified women, put us on a pedestal. I certainly don't mind that and I think if any woman is honest with herself, she'll say the same." Above: genuine rock Candy.*

*"Ponca City was a great place to grow up. Because it was small, it made me feel secure. I love Ponca, but I don't think I'll ever go back there to live."*





**G**ENTLEMEN, your attention, please! The votes have been tabulated and we have a winner. And she is (dare we say it?) as sweet to the eyes as her name is on our lips: Candy. Candy Loving.

PLAYBOY was almost three years old when Candy was born in Oswego, Kansas. The Playmate for September 1956 was Elsa Sorensen (remember Elsa, all you collectors?) and Dwight Eisenhower was running for election to his second term.

When Candy was still a baby, her parents moved to Ponca City, Oklahoma, where she lived until four years ago, when she left for the University of Oklahoma in Norman. She's now a senior, majoring in public relations.

Ponca City's main industry is the Continental Oil Company. Candy's mother, Rosemary, has worked there for years, along with a sizable portion of Ponca City's population; there are oil tanks all around. The odor of oil



*"I like for my man to be physically fit, confident, intelligent and easygoing. But no matter who a man is or what he looks like, I'll find him more attractive if he's a gentleman. I love to be treated like a lady."*



*"I remember a couple of years ago reading in 'Dear Playboy' Playmate Janet Lupo's tips to girls with big breasts, one of which was 'Don't play tennis.' I never forgot that, and I never play tennis."*





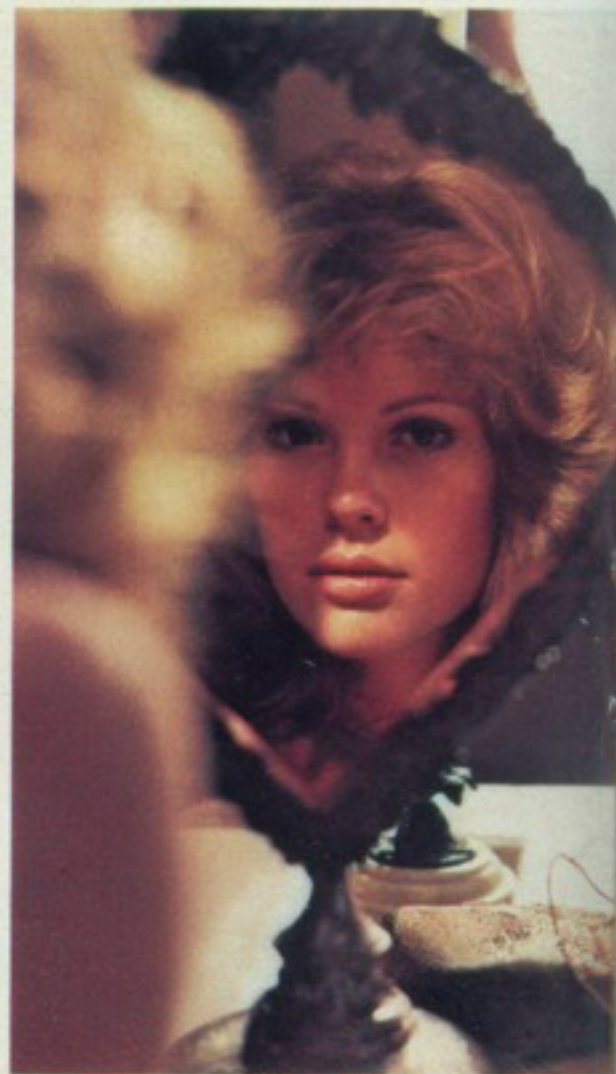
*"I had such long, skinny legs in high school I thought I looked funny. Then I developed breasts and got teased all the time. I thought if the legs weren't bad enough, now I've got these to deal with. But it's worked out very well, actually."*

permeates the air. The main Saturday-night activities are dragging Grand Avenue and drinking copious amounts of beer. When Candy was a student at Ponca City Senior High, she had a green Maverick with an ice chest in the back and a tape deck that played mostly Edgar Winter and The Beatles. She was then, and is now, a lady of uncomplicated tastes.

For example, she began reading her boyfriends' copies of *PLAYBOY* while in high school, and has a surprisingly good recall of the past six years' Playmates. She was jealous of the gatefold girls, of course ("I used to think, Ooooh, they make me so sick!"), but time heals all wounds.

On or about March 31, 1978, Candy, encouraged by her family and friends, arrived alone at nine A.M. at the Ramada Inn in Norman, where Assistant Photography Editor Michael Berry was helping conduct the 25th Anniversary Playmate Hunt. Candy was Berry's first appointment of the day, and from the way Candy describes it, he knew right away he wasn't meeting just any old Okette.

"When Mike came to the door, I didn't know what to expect, but there he was, this cute guy with his hair slicked back because he'd just stepped out of the shower. He was kind of sleepy, like he'd just gotten up. He asked me in for coffee and I asked him if he had chocolate milk. He ordered some and we sat and talked for about 40 minutes before he photographed (text concluded on page 334)





*Sister Cari, 20 (above right), is also an OU student. Says Candy, "I've always been protective of Cari." Let us know if you tire of the assignment, Candy.*

*Candy, a senior at the University of Oklahoma, spends a lot of time in the college library (above) because "I enjoy the quiet."*





MISS JANUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Candy Lovin'

BUST: 37 WAIST: 24 HIPS: 34

HEIGHT: 5'7 WEIGHT: 110 SIGN: Virgo

BIRTH DATE: 9/4/56 BIRTHPLACE: Oswego, Kansas

GOALS: To take the days one at a time and make the right decisions along the way.

TURN-ONS: Walt Disney, listening to good music, ice cream, a big, warm bed on a cold, rainy night.

TURN-OFFS: people who brag, violence, fat, people who always act obnoxious when they drink.

FAVORITE BOOKS: The Prophet by Kahlil Gibran, Macraula by Bram Stoker, How to Save Your Own Life by Erica Jong.

FAVORITE MOVIES: Romeo & Juliet, Ben Hur (I love Charlton Heston!), Turning Point, Fantasia.

FAVORITE MUSICIANS: Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt, The Eagles, Steely Dan, Barbra Streisand.

FAVORITE SPORTS: swimming, frisbee, football (I like to let the men play sports while I sit and watch!)

BIGGEST JOY: my family



age 4; posing already!



3rd grade; dig those cat eyes!



Senior pic; feeling very grown up.

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Waving the package in the face of the manager of the well-stocked drugstore, the female customer snapped, "I found this product I bought here to be completely unsatisfactory!"

"What proved to be wrong?" asked the manager. "Wouldn't your cat eat them?"

"Wh-wh-wh-what?" stammered the woman. "You mean that Pussy Treats are intended for cats?"



Years of struggle and patience finally paid off for the immigrant couple when they were sworn in as citizens. As they were leaving the courthouse, the man exclaimed, "Think of it! We're now Americans! Do you know what that means, Conchita?"

"Yes, Jaime, I do!" exulted Conchita. "Tonight you do the dishes and I get on top!"

Houses of ill fame are reportedly now accepting a specialty credit card—Master Discharge.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fist fuck* as a knuckle ball.

*Since a top-heavy maiden from Yonkers  
Is equipped to make tit men go bonkers,  
Poet Goldsmith might say,  
Were he living today,  
That whenever she stoops, sir, she conquers!*

While revenge may consist of seducing your enemy's wife, *sweet* revenge is the realization that she's a lousy lay.

"It hurts when I make love in the morning or the afternoon," the girl told the gynecologist, "but not during the evening or late at night."

"Do you use different positions or lubricants at different times of the day?" asked the medical man.

"No," replied his patient, "but I do use different partners."

Cynicism among C.B. hookers has reached the point where one of them is reported to have said, "Never give a breaker an even suck!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *groupie* as a piece of the rock.

My wife seems to have developed some sort of neurotic fixation that her collection of fur coats will be stolen," the man told the psychiatrist. "When I came home early one day last week, I found she had gotten someone to guard them—and, in fact, stationed the poor guy right in the closet."

Perhaps you've heard about the wealthy necrophile who had bier tastes on a champagne budget.

*A careless young virgin named Wright  
Got drunk with her boyfriend one night.  
She awoke in a snit  
With her maidenhead split,  
To be told that she sure had been tight.*

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vibrator* as a slot machine.

Ah, the romantic, far-ranging imagination of youth!" gushed the woman.

"How so?" asked her hairdresser.

"Just before my son and his girl drove off in his van last Saturday, I overheard him say something to her about maybe going around the world in it!"



Letter received by a woman in Pittsburgh from the National Sperm Bank in Prague: "Dear Madam: Thank you for your order, which has just been shipped by international parcel post. Your Czech is in the mail."

When the police finally tracked down the phantom obscene phone caller, he demanded to speak with his attorney, who just happened to be a woman. "Counselor Klein?" he inquired when the connection was made. "Look, I've just been booked at the Fourth Precinct, and they've let me call you while I'm getting this magnificent hard-on. . . ."

*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.*



JOHN  
DEMPSEY

*"Y'know something, sweetheart? PLAYBOY isn't the only thing that's still great after twenty-five years."*

# INTERLUDE WITH THE UNDEAD

the author of "interview with the vampire"  
reveals for the first time an all-too-human  
aspect of her singular subject

**By ANNE RICE** *In the book "Interview with the Vampire," Louis, who has been a member of the living dead for some 200 years, tells the story of his life to the interviewer, a young radio reporter in San Francisco.*

*But the book as published represents only a portion of the tapes of that interview made by the reporter. Louis told the young man much that was not included, particularly with regard to the master vampire, Armand, whom he had met in Paris. One tale was Armand's account of his methods of seduction; that is, the art of the vampire at its peak in the year 1876.*

**ARMAND'S LESSON:** As I've told you, Louis, each vampire selects his victims in his own way. The world is a veritable wilderness of singular beauties and each night too precious to allow for the slightest waste. Each night is a wedding, really, and the vampire

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILLIP DIXON  
PRODUCED BY MARIJYN GRABOWSKI  
SETS BY GET SET INCORPORATED





*"The world is a veritable wilderness of singular beauties and each night is too precious to allow for the slightest waste. Each night is a wedding."*





"Imagine her splendid terror and how easily it melts to languor in my arms. She is meek, pliant, on the verge of some awesome awakening."





is wed to the unique and alluring charms of that victim as surely as he is wed to that victim's life. You hold the spirit incarnate in your arms.

For some of us, monstrous breed that we are, and such a discerning and voracious company, it is the struggle that holds the quintessential fulfillment, the thrashing of the waning lover seems to soothe the preternatural soul. This is nonsense, really. These innocent and unsuspecting victims can't really struggle against a power such as our own. What lurks beneath these gentlemanly trappings is a strength that is unconquerable. Yet there are vampires who crave the semblance of battle, saying that it is the human spirit they love, its endurance, its faith.

I have no taste for violence, voluptuous as it may sometimes appear. It is the seduction that is perfectly in tune with this monster's heart. But do not mistake my meaning. It is not I who seduce the lovely beauties whom I take as my brides. It is they who seduce me through their dreams.

You see, they all want the embrace. There *(text continued on page 388)*







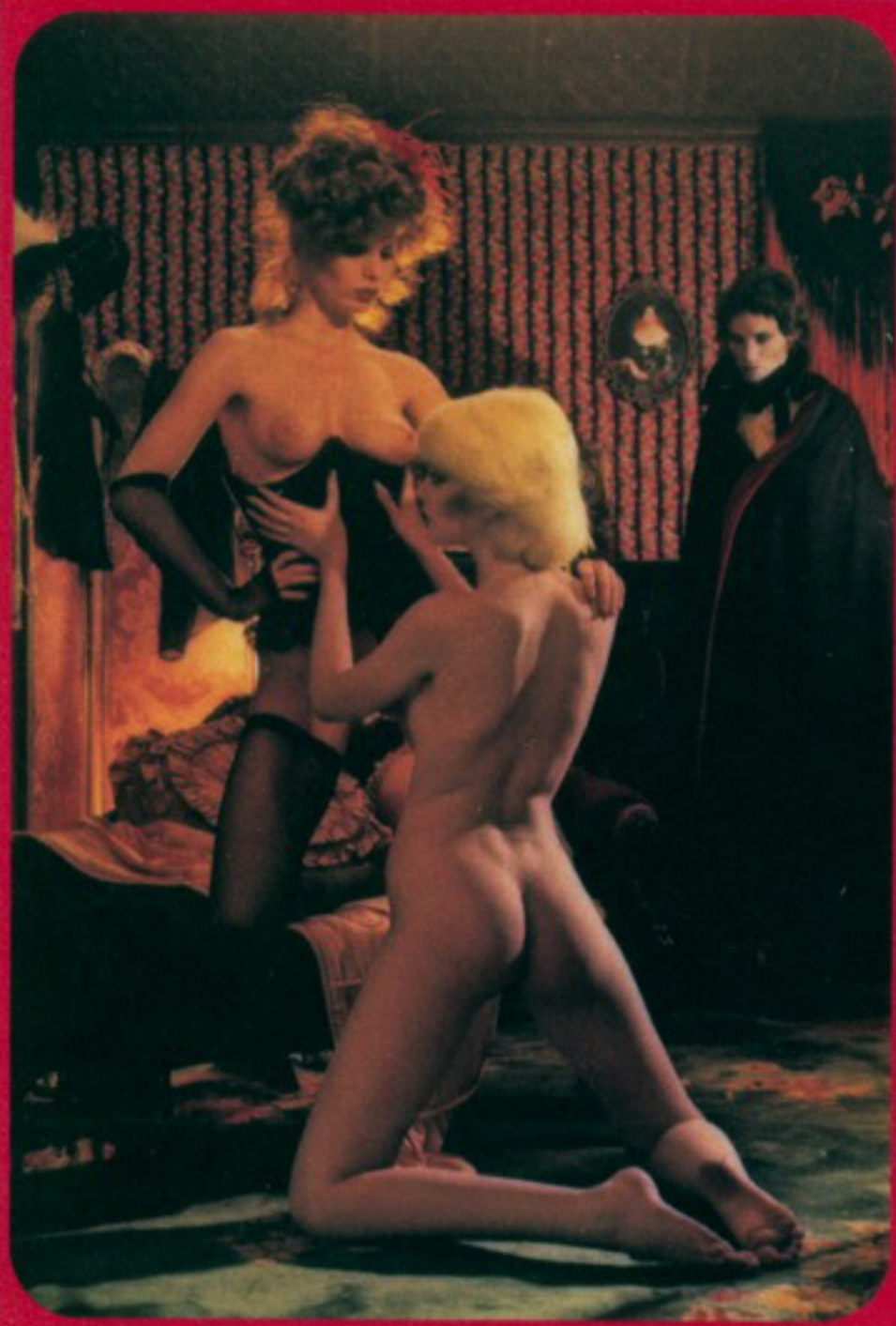
*"There is something melancholy, sad about her nestled among the trinkets of her mortal life, the soft bed, her loose and fragrant garments, remnants of girlhood, she sleeps with the trusting sleep of the child. I tell you, if I were not the monster, I would be touched."*





*"Let her wake just a little to the crude world of lamps and torn realities. Let her see her demon lover. Let her see these eyes adoring her. Let her know that in serving me she will make me utterly and completely her slave."*





*"Look at that superb young form; what does it cry for if not another woman equally as beautiful, if not the craft of another ladylove, supple, scented and schooled by me? She always waits for what is always best when shared. This is a dance for three."*





# THE UNDEAD

(continued from page 219)

is a kernel in all of them that is "half in love with easeful death" and as I wander through the late-night streets in the chill hours, I can hear their plaintive sighs, a muted chorus rising from those beds, its rhythms penetrating the very walls. They summon me. They long for me. Gentleman Death, that has been my epithet, and I so treasure it. What gentleman can refuse a lady, after all?

Imagine her, my victim, caught in the maw of mortal life and so given to dreaming. She wants an extraordinary passion, something she's only glimpsed before and lost. The memory pricks her, a flicker in the recesses of her soul, a searing rapture known but for an instant when mortal and mortal intertwine.

It is for her summons that I listen, being myself sometimes the silent siren of death that can evoke that plea from her even as I quietly pass by. No one hears my steps. I do not hear them. It seems until she offers that faint murmur, I am not even there. These winding, narrow medieval streets shroud me, no moon cuts between the jutting roofs and I am cold, cold for her as I wander, waiting with a lover's devotion for that perfect call.

You know that our preternatural flesh cannot dispel the icy air that settles on our limbs. Ours is the chill of the wind howling through eternity.

So you can well imagine the ineffable sweetness of the moment of selection, of moving out of that damp and merciless night into the bedchamber. No two of them are the same.

I need not see her. I know she's there. A warmth emanates from her living flesh and, drawing near, I see the shape of that warmth—tender, helpless, prone. There is something melancholy, sad about her nestled among the trinkets of her mortal life, the soft bed, her loose and fragrant garments, remnants of girlhood—she sleeps with the trusting sleep of the child. I tell you if I were not the monster, I would be touched. But back to the pliant treasure herself, breathing deeply in her dreams. Is it more vivid, that dream, as I draw close to her? It seems I see her eyelids flutter, she shapes a name with her lips. I tell you, she knows that the object of her inexpressible longing is there. She feels these eyes on her naked shoulders, this hand on the pale-petal flesh of her soft thigh.

It is seduction, remember.

There is *never* violence. I tell you that all embraces, no matter how tender, are surfeited with violence. Violence is the throbbing of the unsatisfied heart. Violence is the desperate pulsing of that tender fold between the legs, that precious cleft that shapes its own emptiness; violence is the restless turning of her

limbs. This is the heart and core of all violence for which the rest is rude metaphor, rough deceiving, a lie born of abused passion and broken dreams. You want the true violence? Neglect her. Then bend your head to her breasts and rest it there, to hear that awful moan.

"Half in love with easeful death" is half in love with life still. She awakes shivering and I feel my lips surrender to a smile. I know too well that I might quiet her with the stroke of my hand even as its coldness shocks her, but let her wake just a little to the crude world of lamps and torn realities. Let her see her demon lover. Let her see these eyes adoring her. Let her know that in serving me she will make me utterly and completely her slave.

Have I ever failed? It's natural enough, that question. The world is rife with passionate women, so you wonder have they ever drawn back from me, fought, begged for reprieve? Has some dim alarm ever sounded in the depths of those heaving breasts? Weren't these women just a little frightened by this fervent gaze? Never. Forgive my laughter, you don't understand the promise of my caress.

They have struggled too long and in vain for union, these succulent mortal beauties, they've known the prisons of their own flesh too well. Observe the flare of those narrow hips, the subtle curve of the buttocks; these are but the contours of a dungeon cell. See how their love acts have so often resembled the quarrel, how they've thrashed and, alone afterward, lain uneasy in half sleep.

Mine is the embrace that will penetrate that isolation, mine is the kiss that will delve to the root of the soul. She knows it, my bride; she knows it without my saying it; she knows it with an instinct that is all too human and that we immortals too quickly forget. Imagine her splendid terror and how easily it melts to languor in my arms. She is meek, pliant, on the verge of some awesome awakening. She hardly feels the little tear. The breath hisses low from between her pearl-white teeth, her eyelids show the barest gleam beneath the dark lash. She cannot know how my pulse quickens with her pulse, how my heart feeds upon her heart, how pulling me toward her, I draw the heated perfumed elixir from her with my own soul, pulling the cords of her being through her veins.

She is so warm.

Do I have to tell you how that smooth tight flesh of her arching back burns my fingers, how those taut nipples brand my chest? She is listless, fading. One arm drops to her side, hands close weakly on the lost coverlet and, turning from me even as she is given over to me, her eyes are veiled with her silken hair.

And yet my monster's eye charts her swoon. This is the union she has longed for, and with the cunning of the beast, I have let her go too soon. I measure her,

I hold her, I tingle with the life she's given me and see her moist limbs as the vessel of my mounting passion, alive as I am with her life and soothed and tormented as she is with mine.

Nothing divides us now. Her fingers prod. I savor the groans, those piquant and spirited utterances. She's mine.

Ah, but you know the price of this modulation, this rhythm. She cannot imagine my thirst for her. If she placed her hand on the marble stone in the churchyard at midnight, she might begin to understand this harrowing loneliness and, with it, she would come to know my art. I draw back from her, aching for her. I hold her, this struggling sparrow in my easy grip.

How long will that taste of her content me? It is sweet to touch her bent neck, her tousled hair. But she's given me her life's blood; what am I to give in return?

Yes, I said the word, return. Perhaps all along, you've thought me some hard and simple monster who would trick her in her sublime pleasure and give her only darkness finally as her reward? You underestimate me, you fail to understand the fire and the fiber of my own dreams.

And she's too tender to me, little bride. You misunderstand the whole affair.

Rather, I become the fount of secrets. I let her part the open shirt with her own

hands. I can feel her lips, quivering, virginal, that touching eagerness, I let her taste, I let her drink, and she is wild. Now I can see the incandescence of a vampire in her eyes, a shimmer to that beguiling form. Even a languor to her throbbing need. The clock ticks, the wind whispers in the passage. There is much for her to learn. But she is spent now with the first undulating wave and I am in no great haste to bring this to its close.

Rather, I lie like the bridegroom with her, as if accustomed to these mortal beds and their trappings, and I have time for mortal dreams.

You know we never forget it. Vampire, Nosferatu, Virdilak. What have we all in common? What separates our cloaked and smiling figures from the other unholy inhabitants of the monster realm? Simply this: that we all were and still are men.

So let me dream for a while. Let me be young. Let me become some anxious, urgent creature riding as I did in the days of brief life through the open country fields. I feel the horse under me, his striding power. The wheat blows in the wind. And through the shifting trees, I see the sun again, warm as my bride's blood; it falls on my face, on my hands. It is her blood that makes this real as I

lie there, but even as the sky is shot with those swift gold-edged clouds, it's fading, fading. I must wake. I would know greater secrets, I would lead my fledgling further on.

And she? She dreams as a vampire now. She stirs. And limp and somnolent, she falls into my waiting arms.

What would you have now? That is, if you were I?

Should I usher her into the timeless life on my own? I think not. Look at that superb young form; what does it cry for, if not for another woman equally as beautiful; if not for the craft of another ladylove, supple, scented and schooled by me? And waiting on these dreary winter nights as she always waits for the fledglings that I bring her, for what is always best when shared. This is a dance for three.

Imagine the patience of such a ladylove, dark-haired, succulent; is she petulant when she sees my new bride? What of the postulant herself in such encounters; does she spurn the skilled and nurtured woman to whom I present her? What do you think? Must I instruct my ladylove to flaunt her treasures? Oh, no. She bends with an unconcealed abandon and I see my new bride, afflicted, helplessly drawn. I wonder, would it give the master a little more pleasure if they did not go so willingly into each other's perfumed arms? A cold agony comes over me in watching the soft crush of breast to breast. I see their lips drinking one from the other with a mortal urgency I'd forgotten; they moan with some submissive sentiment I no longer know.

I cannot bear it any longer, I cannot be content with a feast only for my eyes. This is what I've waited for too long, slaves shaped to the will of the master, they may command me. I feel the prick of the hot skin again, that searing luxuriant gush, one and then the other of them, and back again, first my dark and sultry ladylove, then my shimmering bride. When will it ever end, when will I be permitted to rest? It seems these hearts so perfectly tuned now to my own will not release me, they will not permit me to withdraw. My mistresses are merciless. I was a kinder master. "Do you love me?" comes the plaintive question as I lead them. "Do you love me?" as I gaze into those glittering eyes. Their lips are blood red, fledgling teeth tease the tender flesh. "Do you love me?" comes the desperate entreaty as I gather them against my monstrous and lonely breast, lonely, lonely beyond their dazzling preternatural dreams. "Do you love me?" comes the whisper again, even as the sun dissolves the shadows. But their mute and smiling faces are pitiless. And, my anguish complete, "Do you love me?" I implore them again.



"But enough about me. Let's talk about your tits."



# WORD JOB

WHEN IT WAS CALLED  
"FUCKING"  
I ENJOYED  
IT.



WHEN IT  
WAS  
CALLED  
"BALLING"  
I  
ENJOYED  
IT.



WHEN IT  
WAS  
CALLED  
"SCREWING"  
I ENJOYED  
IT.



WHEN IT WAS CALLED "GETTING LAID"  
I ENJOYED IT.



BUT WHEN IT CAME  
TO BE CALLED  
"MAKING LOVE"  
I STOPPED  
ENJOYING IT.



WHO NEEDS THAT KIND  
OF PRESSURE?





*"In some ways they're ahead of us and  
in some ways they're behind us!"*

# PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW

a roundup of the past delightful dozen



Take a good close look at this page. It just could be the best collection of neck-snapping, knockout beautiful women we've ever presented. It could also be the last time you'll ever see them all together. Travel fever has gripped these girls, scattering them, literally, to the four corners of the earth. But they'll be back; on TV, in movie theaters and on numerous magazine covers, because talent abounds here and it will not be denied. Our loss is the world's gain, as they say, and we may get a little misty-eyed, but we don't really mind. It's been a year of sheer pleasure for us—and for our readers. Now they belong to their own bright, promising futures.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY  
KEN MARCUS



### *Miss December*

When we called December Playmate Janet Quist our "Texas Drifter," we weren't kidding. Janet's harder to find than truffles. We tried Austin, we tried Dallas, we tried California and we were about to notify the Coast Guard when Janet finally found us. She was in San Antonio (why didn't we think of that?) and having a wonderful time spinning records at the Deja Vu Discotheque. She says California is next, but our guess is you Hawaiians had better keep an eye peeled.

### *Miss August*

August Playmate Vicki Witt had just returned from her first trip to California when we tracked her down in her Michigan digs. She reported meeting lots of "really great people" and an occasional clunker. "I don't know if I could be happy in that environment," Vicki said. "People seem to have just one thing on their minds." We didn't bother to ask what that one thing was. Even so, Vicki is giving a lot of thought to the possibilities a move to the cinema capital may have to offer her budding career.





## Miss July

The last of the big-time spenders: That's July Playmate Karen Morton, who splurged some of her modeling fee on a fire-engine-red 1971 Volkswagen. The jaunty Volks was promptly and rudely introduced to a passing car. Luckily, only Karen's pride was hurt. The incident was quickly forgotten, however, in the bustle of PLAYBOY promotions that took her to Hawaii, San Francisco, Michigan, Ohio and Seattle. Personal travel hopes include vacation trips to England and Japan.

## Miss May

May Playmate Kathy Morrison has been on the road, breaking hearts and stopping traffic in England and Italy. The Italian countryside knocked her out: "They don't change things as much over there. You can still get a sense of history." Now back in the States, Kathy is hard at work fixing up her house and tending to her pets, a Dalmatian and an Irish setter. But her wanderlust is not satisfied. Next stop may be Indonesia: "I'd just like to go someplace completely different."

## Miss March

The song that goes "When you're hot, you're hot . . ." certainly applies to Playmate Christina Smith. Who else do you know who could walk into a Las Vegas casino with \$25 and, after a few rounds of blackjack, walk out with \$600? It brings to mind another old adage, "Them that has gets. . ." Christina is riding a happy wave that began with her March appearance and has continued unabated. "I still get lots of fan mail," she says, though none, we suspect, from Vegas dealers.





### *Miss June*

Where does a Southern girl go to find happiness? If you're Playmate Gail Stanton, you go all the way to Tehran, Iran. At least that's where she spent the past six months, doing commercials for Iranian television. Apparently, the Persians have an eye for Memphis beauty, since Gail has plans to return—either to open a modeling agency or to start an import business. Till then, she's home in Memphis, mulling over the flood of job offers she's had since her appearance last June.

### *Miss February*

Some girls want fame and fortune. Playmate Janis Schmitt will settle for a moderately wealthy auto mechanic who can keep her Spitfire from sputtering. After seven years as a respiratory therapist, Janis found a new career when she was discovered as a Bunny in the St. Louis Playboy Club. "I guess I'm a late bloomer," says Jan. Her next move will be to L.A., where she hopes to do some comedy acting and some grooving with her 350-album record collection. It's never too late.







### *Miss April*

Don't tell Playmate Pamela Bryant how hard it is to make it in Hollywood. You'll break her streak. Already she has episodes of *Fantasy Island*, *Barnaby Jones* and *Hardy Boys* to her credit. And her *BJ and the Bear* movie for Universal was an October winner on NBC-TV. There's also talk of a screenplay based on her life story. With all that, plus more modeling assignments than she can handle, Pamela still says, "Give me a year and look out." Look out for what—the first female President?

### *Miss September*

If the ratings for Saturday-morning kid shows take an unexpected rise, Playmate Rosanne Katon is the reason. She's starring in several episodes of CBS-TV's *Jason of Star Command*, a sci-fi adventure series for children. We'll bet a lot of adult males tune in, too. Rosanne has also just completed a major advertising campaign for Olympia Beer. Before Rosanne's appearance as Playmate, her mother was a little apprehensive. Now she brags about "my daughter, the Playmate." We're pretty proud of Rosanne, too.

### *Miss January*

You're going to be seeing a lot of Playmate Debra Jensen, who has hit the modeling world with a splash. Four months in Paris convinced her that there's a market out there for her kind of head-turning beauty. Imagine that! At the moment, our Miss January is packing up and heading not for Paris but for New York. Being a Playmate, she has found, makes traveling difficult. Despite trying to disguise herself as "just another girl," she was recognized in airports three times.





### *Miss October*

Playmate Marcy Hanson's acting career is in high gear. When we talked with her, she had just finished a made-for-TVer, *The Sacketts*, for NBC, a *Welcome Back, Kotter*, a *Family* episode and a *Dating Game*. All that while doing promotions for PLAYBOY. Marcy found enthusiasm for Playmates especially high in Houston, where "some guy actually tried to bite me." While we understand the poor fellow's reaction, we're sending a shark cage along on her next promotional tour.

### *Miss November*

Suzanne and Farrah have nothing on November Playmate Monique St. Pierre. Her poster for Lange ski equipment, featured in her Playmate layout, has racked up sales of 1,000,000 copies and the line has already formed for the next one, due out soon at a ski shop near you. Monique has her eye on a condo in Aspen. That'll give her a place to touch down between modeling assignments in New York and movie work in Los Angeles. It's all downhill for this pretty skier.

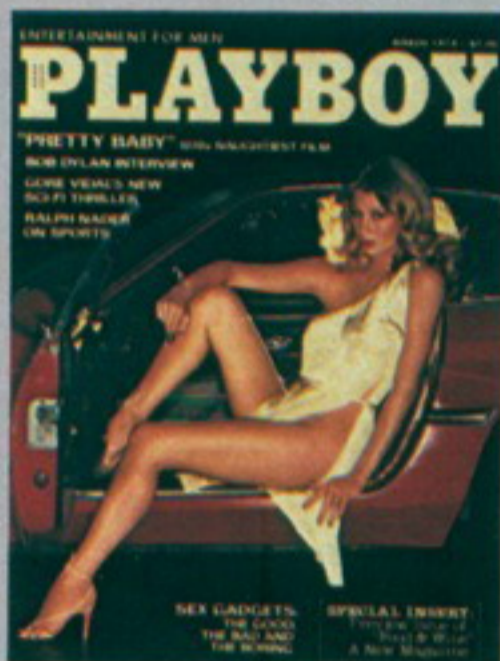


# PLAYMATES' PROGRESS



Frankly, seeing Playmate Marcia Hanson in a nurse's uniform makes us want to play doctor. Alas, it's only make-believe on the set of *Welcome Back, Kotter*, where Marcia was taping a recent episode. The fellow on the left is a moderately successful disco dancer.

Playmate Debra Jensen went from January centerfold to the cover of our March issue. Right now, however, she's not sitting in a Ferrari but in the midst of packing boxes, in preparation for her move to New York. "If you could see this place, you wouldn't believe it," she told us. Life isn't all work for Debra, though; she's also in love.



July Playmate Karen Morton (center) visited Hawaii recently and got together with her cousin Elaine, June 1970 Playmate (left), and June 1972 Playmate Debbie Davis. That's Elaine's daughter Lisa—Miss June of 1993?



Who better to judge a beauty contest than our own December beauty, Playmate Janet Quist? Janet took time out from traveling and Playmate duties to oversee the swimsuit competition at the Luckenbach World's Fair—the event of the year in that tiny Texas hamlet. She's been playing tumbling tumbleweed since her appearance last month, visiting friends in the Lone-Star State.

They sure know how to make a girl feel at home in Fayetteville, North Carolina. When June Playmate Gail Stanton showed up for a promotion at Patrick Ford, she was delighted to find her likeness painted on the side of a van by local artist Earl Stone. Unfortunately, a concern for traffic safety dictated a slight cover-up. Fact is, though, Gail could prompt fender benders in almost any outfit.



Some girls get Redford, some get Newman. April Playmate Pam Bryant's co-star in her first movie, *BJ and the Bear*, was Sam the Chimp. With movies, modeling and a recording contract in the works, Pam's a busy girl.



When we were photographing our Miss November, Monique St. Pierre, for the *Playmate Review*, Hef himself was on hand to make sure we got it right. Of course, with Monique, it's hard to get it wrong. Besides modeling, Monique's into modern dance and skiing in Aspen.



Janis Schmitt, the premier letter getter of the past months' Playmates, took a few weeks off to read her mail before packing up for a move from St. Louis to the greener pastures of L.A. All she needs now is a roommate. The line forms, fellas, somewhere in Maine.



Portraying the cheeriest of cheerleaders in the movie *Coach* is Playmate Rosanne Katon. Proceeds from her appearance in September have resulted in Rosanne's being flush "for the first time in my life." But she paid a price. While at the Equinox revolving restaurant in San Francisco on a *PLAYBOY* promotion, Rosanne solemnly assured us, she developed motion sickness.



Eschewing the cliché of a gondola ride in Venice, Kathy Morrison and friend David opt for a view from the bridge. Her stop in Venice was part of a European vacation trip.



On her first trip to California, August Playmate Vicki Witt tried the hot new sport of roller disco. After an inauspicious beginning, she got those skates rocking-'n'-rolling again.



"I'm so busy having fun, I don't have time to work," says Christina Smith, shown here with sometime beau Maximilian Schell in the Mediterranean Room of the Playboy Mansion West. Still, she has managed to wrap up a commercial for Schwinn between promotional tours for *PLAYBOY* and trips from Delaware to Kansas to see old friends. A London vacation is next.

# THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS

humor **By JUDITH WAX**

The airlines, forced to cut their rates,  
When Laker's planes began it,  
Would like to give Fred one-way fare  
To another planet.

Travolta fans bloomed coast to coast,  
They discoed through the night,  
And guys who dance like ducks in pants  
Were suiting up in white.

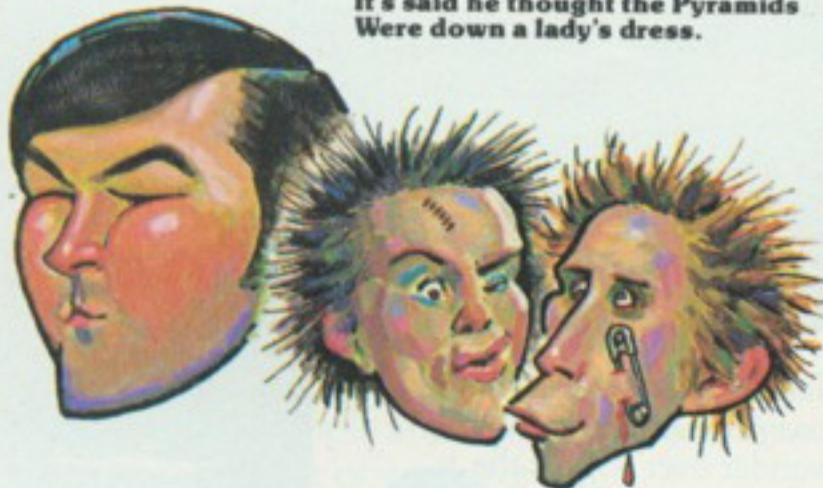
When Donny Osmond took a bride,  
His fans were up a tree.  
They'd planned to share their toothy god  
With no one but Marie.



When Miss Costanza quit her post,  
The White House learned one thing:  
A Midge, though quite petite, can still  
Deliver quite a sting.

Ron Reagan said that treaty was  
The cruelest of shocks.  
Perhaps that's why his hair went gray  
(They're Panama Canal locks).

Reports Ham Jordan spit his booze  
Had caused him such distress,  
It's said he thought the Pyramids  
Were down a lady's dress.



Though Rotten (Johnny), Vicious (Sid)  
And company conspired  
To tour the States and hype huge gates,  
The Pistols' shot misfired.



Vanessa capped her Oscar  
With an unexpected act,  
A verbal Arabesque for which  
She soon was Paddy-whacked.

Our President's a man of prayer  
At eventide and morn (amen).  
Yet after Dr. Peter's gaffe,  
He'd rather not get Bourne again.

Manhattan's trials and traumas  
Could cause anyone dejection;  
At least Ed Koch had one head start:  
His hair went pre-election.



Jaws the Second did big biz,  
This country loves a thriller,  
But Warren Beatty beat the shark  
As ranking lady-killer.

As Georgia's verbal Mr. Young  
Made speeches round the map,  
The great debate continued:  
Is he boon or Andycap?

Randy Newman wrote a song  
He claimed was just a tease,  
But short folks lined up everywhere  
To bite him on the knees.



Miss Ronstadt had to leave her home  
In very hurried fashion  
When tourists flocked. (They hoped to glimpse  
UnGovernable passion.)



Though Woody Allen's *Annie Hall*  
 Won honors by the score,  
 They should have made the Oscars flat  
 To shove beneath his door.



Bert Lance became a TV star  
 And if he's not first-rank  
 At broadcast news, at least this job  
 Is money in the bank.

While Pete Rose had a banner year,  
 His final goal was off. He  
 Tied the N.L. mark, but who  
 Can outbrow Mr. Coffee?

Princess Margaret with her Rod  
 Improved each shining hour,  
 Despite some Britons, who—by God—  
 Would send her to the Tower.



Photos of her dazzling grin  
 Led media's event list.  
 To see much more of Farrah's teeth,  
 You'd have to be her dentist.



A test-tube treasure named Louise  
 Became a headlined lass  
 When Britain served a brand-new treat:  
 Baby under glass.

Sadat and Begin's spark of peace  
 Had gone from bright to dim,  
 Until they both went off to camp  
 And bunked with Uncle Jim.

Christina might have had her pick  
 Of moguls, sheiks or bankers,  
 But Miss Onassis showed the world  
 That borsch was in her tankers.



Joe Namath quit the L.A. Rams,  
 His grid days at a close.  
 Let's hope he stashed away the cash  
 To stay in panty hose.

The Jagers split asunder  
 And they went their separate ways,  
 Which wasn't all that different  
 From their good old married days.

At diplomatic interchange  
 Ali may be an amateur,  
 Still, Brezhnev dug his every word  
 (Must be the champ's pentameter).



When Phyllis Schlafly sallied forth,  
 Her fans were lined up by the drove  
 To see her take on E.R.A.  
 But who'd she leave to mind the stove?



Frank Collin's little Nazi crew,  
 Whose business is the hate racket,  
 Should change their uniforms, folks said,  
 To swastika on strait jacket.





**THE  
ILLUSTRATED  
HISTORY OF  
PLAYBOY**

IN WORDS AND PICTURES, A COMPENDIUM OF  
HIGHLIGHTS FROM 25 EVENTFUL YEARS



## Text by DAVID STANDISH

**G**OOD FOR US: We're 25 years old. We've never felt better and we couldn't be happier.

Best is that more often than not, it's been fun—which has been the idea of it all since we began. But which in 1953 was a slightly *dangerous* notion for a new magazine to be celebrating. It's even difficult for people who lived through them to remember how grim the very early Fifties were—and how rigidly conformist. When Korea was just grinding down to an empty, meaningless impasse; our first dry-fuck war. When number one on *Your Hit Parade* was *Doggie in the Window* by the Rage, Miss Patti Page. And Joseph McCarthy, the Honorable Mad Senator from Wisconsin, began seeing Commies instead of pink elephants, spreading the illness across the country before his own grew to fever before live TV cameras—our first nationally televised real-life soap opera. Kids in grade school twice a week practiced crouching in basement hallways and kissing their asses goodbye, in preparation for the bright day when the mushroom cloud melted downtown; many were issued dog tags, so their charbroiled young remains could be identified by any survivors.

Fun was definitely not "in."

Nor was nonconformity.

In 1952, General Eisenhower, while campaigning for President, stated the national goal as he saw it: "The great problem of America today is to take that straight road down the middle." His crashing landslide over witty "egghead" Adlai Stevenson proved we were already well on our way. Fit in, go along with the team, don't rock the boat.

Stevenson lost so badly in part because he seemed too brainy, wasn't "regular" like Ike, who grinned and waved his wedgie and cheerfully mangled the English language. Most liberal-to-left politicians and journalists—especially while McCarthy was still careening around, waving his hallucinatory lists—chose ducking and hiding in the storm cellars until it blew over. Local patriots were busy ridding their public-library shelves of such Commie trash as *Huckleberry Finn*. It was the flannel-fingered dawn of the age of the Organization Man.

A great time to be alive.

In January 1954, at least one person thought so—27-year-old Hugh M. Hefner, who with not much experience and less money had somehow managed to pull off the impossible. In the midst of this dreariness and repression, he'd become Editor and Publisher of the most daring, talked-about new magazine in recent memory—and it looked like he wouldn't have to turn all his furniture over to the bank, after all.



A provocatively dressed Marilyn Monroe greeted readers from the cover (left) of our first issue, published in December 1953. A provocatively undressed MM greeted first-timers inside. Keeping a close watch on things then, as now, was PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul (right), who designed the premiere issue and our Rabbit.



January, 1954

What do you say when a dream comes true? What words do you use if you can't possibly express a thing like this?

I own a magazine -- a magazine of my very own. Or, more precisely, I am president of, and hold a majority of the stock in, a corporation that owns a magazine. Of course, we've very little money in the bank, and the road ahead will be a rough one, but, nevertheless, the dream has become a reality -- and whether we succeed or fail in the months and years ahead, I'm getting my chance to *try*.

In the summer of 1953, Hefner wrote the copy for the first issue in his apartment. The item above is the year-end message, dated January 1954, from his personal scrapbook. It was a very good year.

Rib-tickling humor has been a PLAYBOY staple since 1953. Navel-tickling humor came along in 1956 (right), when cartoonist Jack Cole, a PLAYBOY discovery, who died in 1958, used the technique to charm our readers with this memorable work.



At the last minute, the title was changed from *Stag Party* to PLAYBOY, prompting a fortunate change in symbols. Imagine "Bunnies" in hatracks.



Many works originally published in PLAYBOY have become hit movies. Among them was the short story *The Hustler*, by Walter S. Tevis, which ran in our January 1957 issue. A color woodcut (below) by Richard Tyler illustrated the piece.



**THE 1959  
PLAYBOY JAZZ  
FESTIVAL  
YEARBOOK**



PLAYBOY's 1959 Jazz Festival was such an all-round success that *Variety*, the show-business bible, effused, "Yes, cats, there is a Santa Claus, and his name is Hugh Hefner."



Hef found the girl next door in the next office when he asked Subscription Manager Janet Pilgrim to be a Playmate. She appeared first in July 1955 and made two more centerfold appearances—which still stands as the all-time record.

Our annual salute to college football, *Playboy's Pigskin Preview*, was introduced in 1957. Francis Wallace of the *Saturday Evening Post* was drafted for the initial roundup. Then, in 1958, our current prognosticator, Anson Mount, took over. Among the early choices for our ideal team were coach Forest Evashevski and a grim Alex Karras. Alex went on to develop a sense of humor.



Since his first cartoon (below) appeared in PLAYBOY in August 1956, Shel Silverstein's humor has delighted readers. He's regaled us with cartoons, ditties, poems, tall tales and songs. The ballad in this issue reveals another talent.



"Well, you can, if you want to..."

Silverstein



World-famous artist LeRoy Neiman's name has long been synonymous with PLAYBOY. The artist's distinctive style was first seen in these pages in 1954 (above), in an evocative illustration for Charles Beaumont's story *Black Country*.



Long before he was a cult figure, Lenny Bruce's humor was a *cause célèbre* in PLAYBOY. The photo at right is from Larry Siegel's 1959 article *Rebel with a Caustic Cause*. Lenny's autobiography, *How to Talk Dirty and Influence People*, debuted in October 1963 and continued on through our March 1964 issue.



The first Playboy Club opened in Chicago on February 29, 1960. Bunnies were an instant hit and multiplied like you know what. There are now 14 Clubs (two in Japan) and four casinos.

In the Beginning Was the Bed: Although Hef's rise to fame and fortune is more closely associated with his legendary round bed, the original Playboy Bed, designed by James E. Tucker, was showcased in the November 1959 issue. One could control everything from the bed—including music, TV, drinks, snacks and a publishing empire. It wasn't bad for sleeping, either.



In the years B.C..(Before Centerfolds), American men had to rely on pinup artists for their inspiration, and Alberto Vargas was (and still is) the master of that genre. The Vargas Girls, who first appeared in the September 1960 PLAYBOY, have found a home here.

Hef will do anything to meet pretty girls, including going on TV. In January 1969, the revived version of *Playboy's Penthouse* went on the air. Called *Playboy After Dark*, it featured old friends, such as Shel Silverstein and Fat Albert's friend Bill.



James Bond and PLAYBOY obviously were made for each other. In 1963, we ran Ian Fleming's *On Her Majesty's Secret Service* in three installments. Later, we published *You Only Live Twice* (art by Daniel Schwartz) and *The Man with the Golden Gun*. It was 007 heaven.

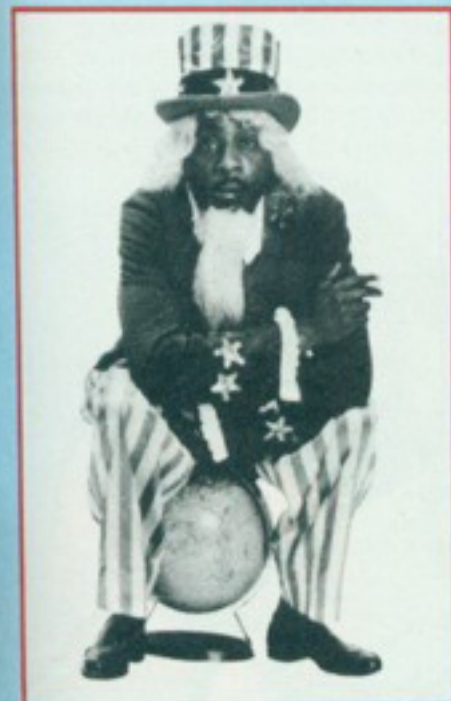




Recognize this little lady? LeRoy Neiman's Femlin made her debut on the *Party Jokes* page in July 1956.



"The fact that you are reading this letter indicates your success." Raul DaSilva's message—with the Rabbit symbol as the only "address" on the envelope—arrived at our offices on November 29, 1959.



An appearance at the Chicago Playboy Club in January 1961 launched comedian Dick Gregory's career and opened the door for other black comics nationwide.



What's a nice girl like you doing in a great place like this? Former Bunnies include Sara Lownds (who married and divorced Bob Dylan), supermodel and actress Lauren Hutton, Sue Sullivan (star of TV's *Julie Farr, M.D.*) and feminist-author Gloria Steinem, who donned cottontail as part of a magazine assignment.

Heaven can wait—there's the Playboy Mansion. These Chicago digs were purchased in 1959. After extensive remodeling, Hef moved in. The door plaque, inscribed in Latin ("If you don't swing, don't ring"), was a gift from Associate Publisher A. C. Spector,sky.



For some obscure reason, England's June Wilkinson—whom readers first met in our September 1958 issue—was known as The Bosom. She did her balancing act on *Playboy's Penthouse*.

He wrote in the graphic autobiography he's kept scrupulously since high school:

What do you say when a dream comes true? What words do you use? How can a guy possibly express a thing like this?

I own a magazine—a magazine of my very own. Or, more precisely, I am president of, and hold a majority of the stock in a corporation that owns a magazine. Of course, we've very little money in the bank, and the road ahead will be a rough one, but, nevertheless, the dream has become a reality—and whether we succeed or fail in the months and years ahead, I'm getting my chance to try.

Several factors combined to give him the chance, and one was terrific timing. Prevailing values bland and boring as those of the early Fifties virtually demanded rebellion against them—mostly, as always, among young people. By 1954, it was beginning to show itself. *PLAYBOY* came out of aspects of the same energy that created the beat crowd, the first rock-'n'-rollers, Holden Caulfield, James Dean, *Mad* magazine—and anything else that was interesting by virtue of not eating the prevailing bullshit and being therefore slightly dangerous.

Unlike some of the stories that circulate about its beginning, *PLAYBOY* didn't just drop out of the sky into Hefner's lap the moment after *Esquire* failed to come up with the legendary five-dollar-per-week raise. He'd been working on it a long time, without really knowing it. He had the disease at least since the age of nine, when he'd hand-typed a neighborhood newspaper and hawked it about for a penny a copy. In high school during the early Forties, he wrote and drew cartoons for the paper. Strangely enough, Hefner is in a certain sense a failed cartoonist. What has become his graphic autobiography began in high school as a cartoon series about himself and his friends called *School Daze*. While in the Army, he contributed cartoons to various Service papers, and afterward, at the University of Illinois, edited *Shaft*, the humor magazine—which, naturally, published plenty of cartoons signed "Hef." When he got out into what passes for the real world, his only immediate ambition was to make it as a professional cartoonist—but he couldn't sell a strip or comic-book idea to save his life.

Given his vast energy, it must have been a miserable period for him. He tried—very briefly—graduate school at Northwestern. Then, in 1950, came a job in the personnel department of the Chicago Carton Company, boring, but it paid the bills. He still wanted to be a cartoonist, but no one wanted him. He wrote in the autobiography: "Just when I come out with a good old blood-and-

thunder, psychological thriller, vice committees are clamping down on crime comics all over the country. Such is life! But just as comic chances are cooling down, I'm getting hot over an idea for a magazine titled *Chi*—a picture publication for and about the people of Chicago."

Luckily for everyone, he never got that one started.

In 1951, he was instead working at the famous low-paying job in the circulation department of *Esquire*. It's impossible to tell how important that was to the creation two years later of *PLAYBOY*. Probably less than has often been claimed, at least in terms of shaping Hefner's ideas about what his magazine should be, but it was crucial in one respect: It taught him how to write good promotional letters. The job that followed at Publisher's Development Corporation had considerably more influence on what *PLAYBOY* was to be and on how it could come to life on one tenth the money everyone told him he'd need to pull it off.

P.D.C. published a handful of small-circulation specialty magazines. One was called *Modern Man*. This was, it is useful to remember, back in the Cro-Magnon period of so-called girlie magazines. The magazines for men were of the outdoorsy, hairy-chested, *Raw Guts and Sex Stories Illustrated* variety, grizzlies for breakfast and guns for lunch. Most of the girlie magazines featured tame calendar-style pinups, with nothing else in them. Racist were the anonymous airbrushed honeys cavorting at volleyball in nudist camps, their pudenda elusive gray smears. *Modern Man* was a modest move beyond these. To the pinups were added a few "men's" articles, in a formula the publisher described as "girls, guns and gears." Hefner had other ideas.

In the graphic autobiography, then still in cartoon-panel form, hand-inked and colored, a long series of panels shows a cheery Hef expounding his ideas in balloons to a friend:

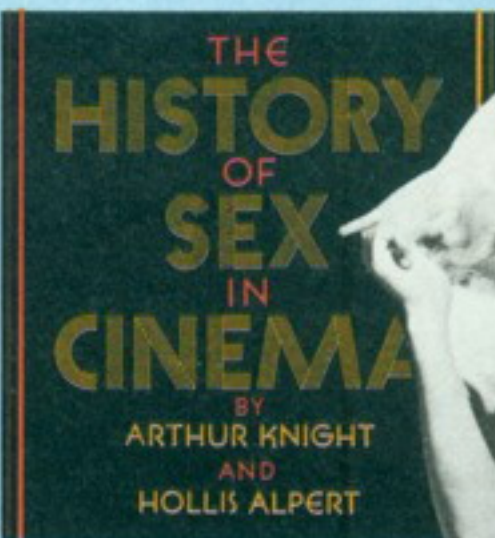
I'd like to produce an entertainment magazine for the city-bred guy—breezy, sophisticated! The girlie features would guarantee the initial sale—but the magazine would have quality, too. Give the reader reprint stories by big-name writers—top art by local artists—cartoons—humor—maybe some pages in full color to give it a really class look.

So he did just that.

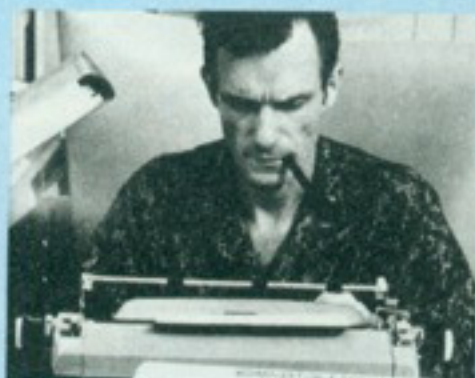
Hefner then performed some publishing sleight of hand that involved an infamous bit of calendar art featuring Marilyn Monroe curled nude on red satin, peeking out over her delicious right armpit. Nearly everyone in America had heard of it, but so far most people had only seen a stamp-sized replica



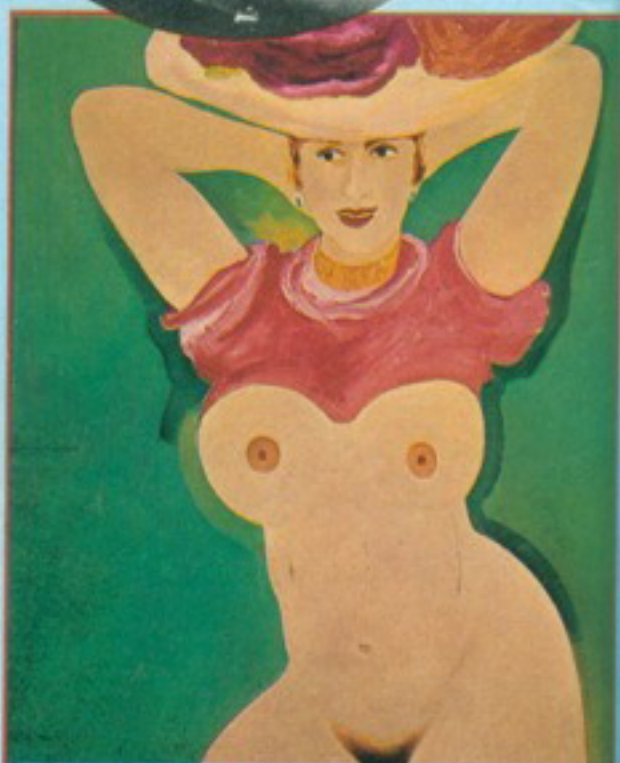
It was not our first pictorial on Jayne Mansfield, nor our last, but this shot of Jayne and co-star Tommy Noonan in the movie *Promises, Promises*, and this caption: "Alas, poor Jayne. As she writhes about seductively, the best she can draw from Noonan are some funny lines," got Hefner busted for obscenity in 1963. The jury never could make up its mind (seven for acquittal, five for conviction) and the case was dismissed.



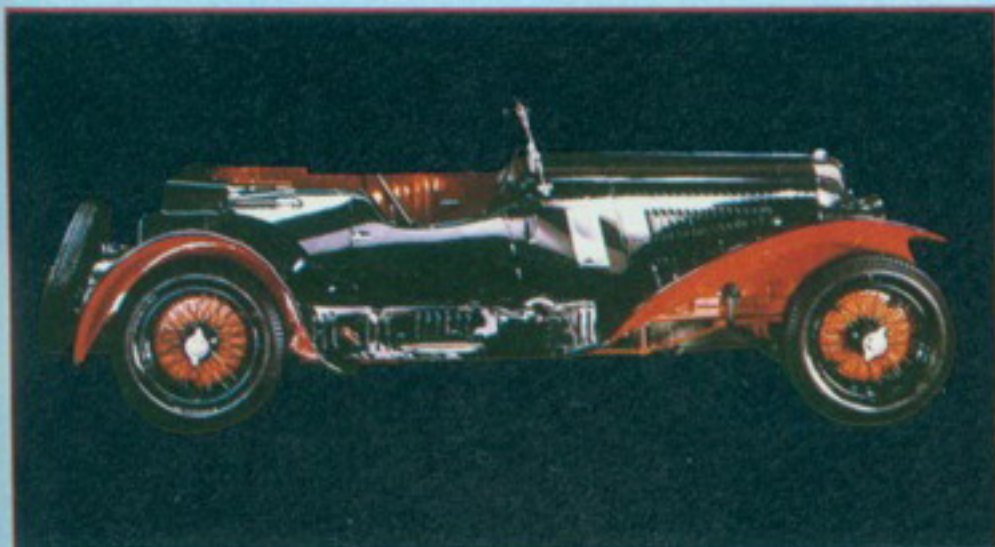
Our yearly tandem *Sex in Cinema* and *Sex Stars* has its roots in 1965 as *PLAYBOY*'s long-running *History of Sex in Cinema*. With text supplied by Arthur Knight and Hollis Alpert, it ranged from silent film through the exploding sexuality in foreign films of the Sixties. In 1969, after 20 installments, we "caught up." (Gable and Harlow, hot stuff in the Thirties, are shown in *Red Dust*.)



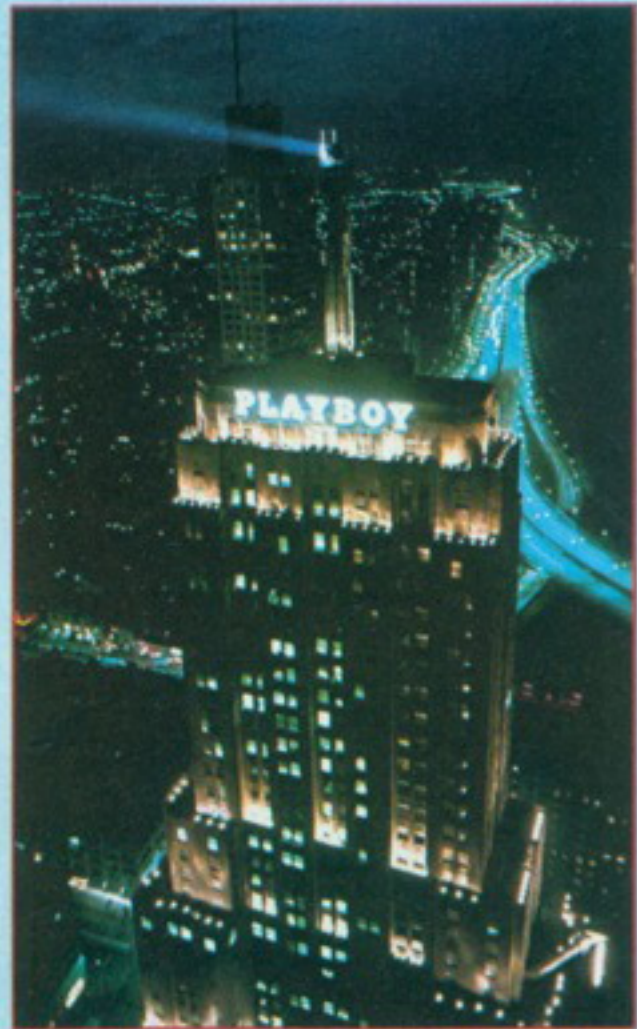
Here's Hefner in 1962 about to embark on what was intended to be a "few" installments of *The Playboy Philosophy*. Those few developed into 25 installments—highlights of which appear elsewhere in this issue.



In January 1967, we asked 11 artists to interpret *The Playmate* as *Fine Art* for the magazine. This painting by Ben Johnson was done, he said, "with the feeling of abandon a man has when making love."



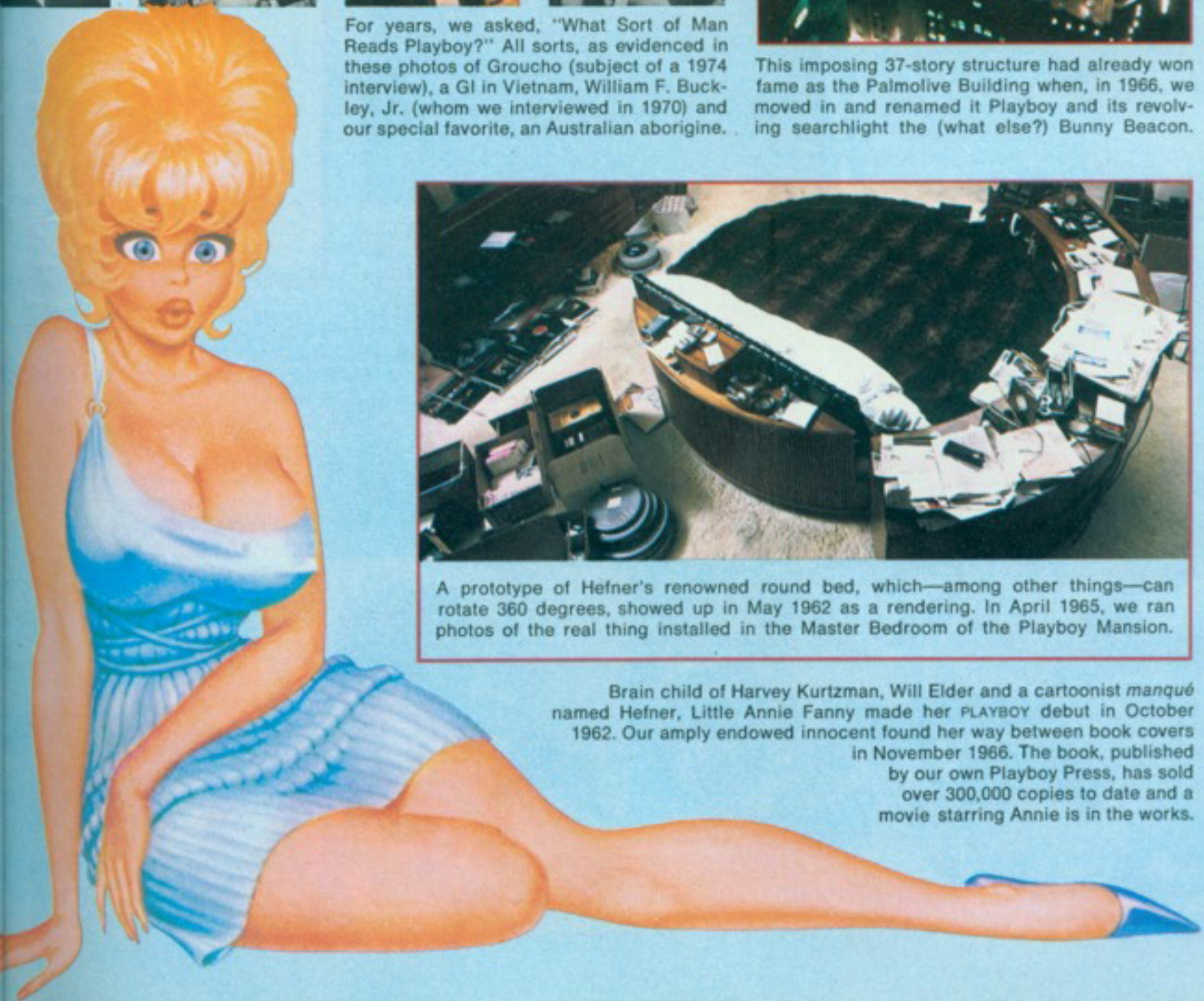
Ken W. Purdy wrote for us for 15 years on a wide range of subjects, but he was best known to our readers for his definitive articles on autos and auto racing. This 1931 Bentley is from May 1969's *Classic-Car Collecting*.



This imposing 37-story structure had already won fame as the Palmolive Building when, in 1966, we moved in and renamed it Playboy and its revolving searchlight the (what else?) Bunny Beacon.



For years, we asked, "What Sort of Man Reads Playboy?" All sorts, as evidenced in these photos of Groucho (subject of a 1974 interview), a GI in Vietnam, William F. Buckley, Jr. (whom we interviewed in 1970) and our special favorite, an Australian aborigine.

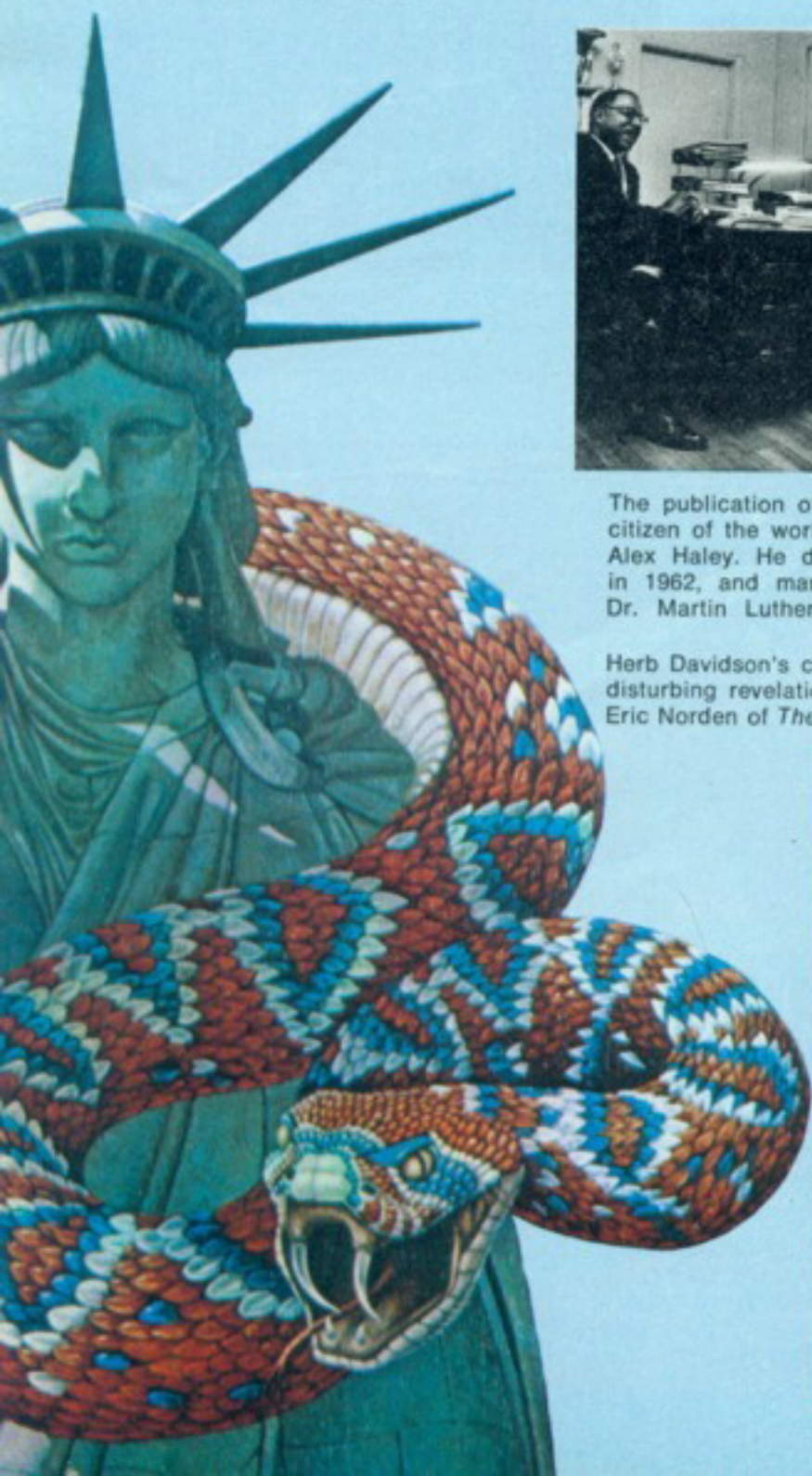


A prototype of Hefner's renowned round bed, which—among other things—can rotate 360 degrees, showed up in May 1962 as a rendering. In April 1965, we ran photos of the real thing installed in the Master Bedroom of the Playboy Mansion.

Brain child of Harvey Kurtzman, Will Elder and a cartoonist *manqué* named Hefner, Little Annie Fanny made her PLAYBOY debut in October 1962. Our amply endowed innocent found her way between book covers in November 1966. The book, published by our own Playboy Press, has sold over 300,000 copies to date and a movie starring Annie is in the works.



It was the most prestigious party a magazine ever held; October 6-8, 1971, marked the first Playboy International Writers' Convocation. In his opening remarks to the assembled galaxy, Associate Publisher A. C. Sectorsky called it a "tremendous gang ego trip for all of us," and it was just that. Seventy of our "biggest" contributors—from Alberto Moravia, John Cheever, Arthur C. Clarke and James Dickey to Murray Kempton, Robert Sherrill, Tom Wicker and the Reverend Jesse Jackson—showed up for three days of social interchange (that means having a ball). This extraordinary photo (to check out who's who, see page 284), shot by Alfred Eisenstadt, was a perfect souvenir.



The publication of *Roots* made him an honored citizen of the world, but we think of him as our Alex Haley. He did the first *Playboy* interview in 1962, and many others, including one with Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in January 1965.

Herb Davidson's chilling illustration matched the disturbing revelations in a June 1969 exposé by Eric Norden of *The Paramilitary Right in America*.



This March 3, 1967 issue of *Time*, with internationally renowned sculptor Marisol's vision of Hefner on its cover, was the magazine's best-selling issue of the year.

Hefner found this California dream house in 1971. After extensive renovations to the Holmby Hills estate had been completed, Hef bought a pair of sunglasses and moved West. You'll find him there amidst magnificent grounds, tennis court, pool, animals, birds, game house and—oh, yes—girls.





Martin Wanserski's sculpture illustrated our comprehensive drug package in September 1972. That issue was the first to hit the 7,000,000 mark.



Over the years, PLAYBOY has drafted writer Dan Greenburg as its forager on various sexual frontiers. We photographed steely Dan as middleman in 1972's *My First Orgy*.

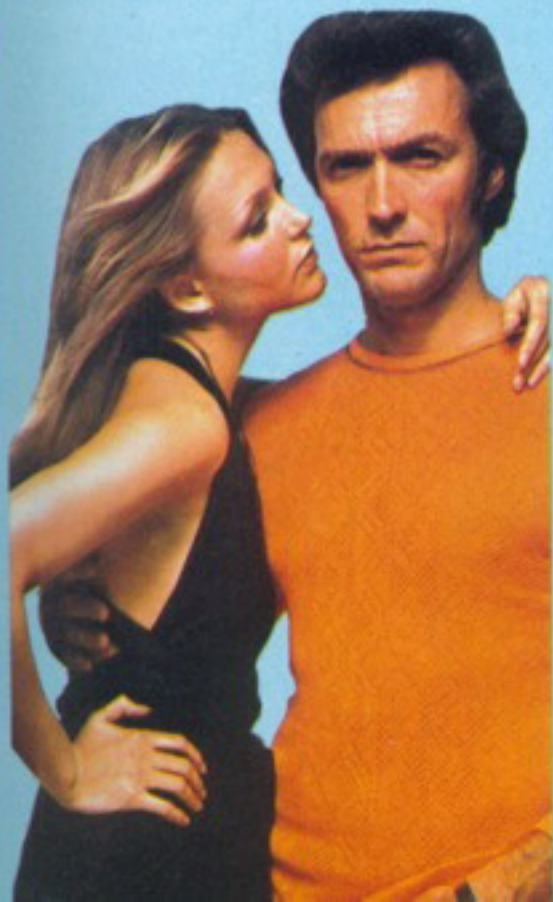


Hefner's "date" for this 1968 episode of *Laugh-In* was ebullient Ruth Buzzi. As you can see from her expression, a night of wild abandon is not in the cards, nor in their skit.



Buck Brown's cartoons first appeared in 1962, and his on-the-make Granny has become one of our readers' favorite characters. Here, Bunny Granny, drawn especially for the 25th Anniversary issue, obviously is having lots of trouble making ends meet.

What better way to sell a sweater than fitting it to Clint Eastwood? No way. This, from a fashion shooting in 1972.



A major nonfiction coup: previewing Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein's explosive best seller, *All the President's Men*, in May and June 1974. The remarkable illustration for part one was done by Don Ivan Punchatz.

in *Life* magazine that you had to be a jeweler to enjoy. The owner of the rights was an outfit on Chicago's West Side that did sexy calendars for the barber-shop trade. But it hadn't had the nerve or the enterprise to reprint it. To Hefner's slight astonishment, he talked them into letting him have it for his first issue, for just \$500—and they threw in the expensive color separations for free.

The value of that single page proved incalculable. It drew national attention to a thin new 44-page magazine that might otherwise have gone straight down the tubes. So uncertain was Hefner about his chances that he wisely neglected to date the first issue, so it could ride the newsstands as long as possible.

But Marilyn turned that first issue—which looked a lot more like a new college humor magazine with nudes than like what you're presently reading—into hot news. The 70,000 copies sold out easily and now fetch as much as \$400 apiece among collectors.

Hefner was, as they say, blown away. He couldn't quite believe it, and even today there's a piece of him that still can't. In January 1954, he wrote in the autobiography: "It is all very, very unreal. The dream has come true too quickly to be fully appreciated."

He was riding the express train and it just kept rolling. Eighteen months later, in the summer of 1955, PLAYBOY's circulation had gone up by bounds to 400,000, nearly six times the initial press run, and was effortlessly zooming past half a million by year's end. By then he could say accurately in the autobiography:

I'm beginning to realize, for the first time, how spectacularly successful this venture has become. PLAYBOY is, I believe, without precedent in the magazine publishing world. It shouldn't have succeeded, but it has. It was started without any real financial backing; had it failed, I would have been in debt for, almost certainly, years. Instead, it appears that I will be able to spend a lifetime doing the work I love best and, in the process, become a very wealthy man. When I dreamed this dream of my own magazine just two short years ago, I didn't realize that it would make me rich, but that's what it's doing. I certainly never thought that it would make me famous, but it's doing that, too.

Almost immediately, PLAYBOY proved to be wired to an undiscovered chunk of the culture that multiplied, ahem, like rabbits. By geometrical increases, the magazine quickly became part of that culture. Just as the younger kids pounced on *Mad* when it first came out, their older brothers couldn't get enough of PLAYBOY. It had tapped a brand-new main vein.

## PLAYBOY'S COVERS

For a quarter century, one of the most popular games among readers of this magazine has been trying to find the Rabbit on the PLAYBOY cover. He has been there, in one guise or another, since our second issue. Occasionally, he has appeared as a nattily dressed fur and-fabric collage. But he has also been elusively presented as the knot on a bikini, the sparkle in a girl's eye and a feather floating through the air. He has shared billing with such stars as Dolly Parton, Barbra Streisand, Jayne Mansfield and the only male ever to appear on a PLAYBOY cover, actor Peter Sellers. The original Rabbit symbol was designed in only a few hours by PLAYBOY Art Director Arthur Paul in 1953. Since then, he has become one of the most widely recognized corporate symbols in the world. His major use, however, has been on our covers, which over the years have become prime examples of the best of the cover designer's art. Says Paul, "We strive for a masculine look in keeping with the magazine's purpose. We try for boldness, fun and elegance above all and shoot for consistency with surprise over the long haul rather than a sensational look for any one cover." Obviously, those criteria have been met; we think that with PLAYBOY, you can judge a book by its cover.

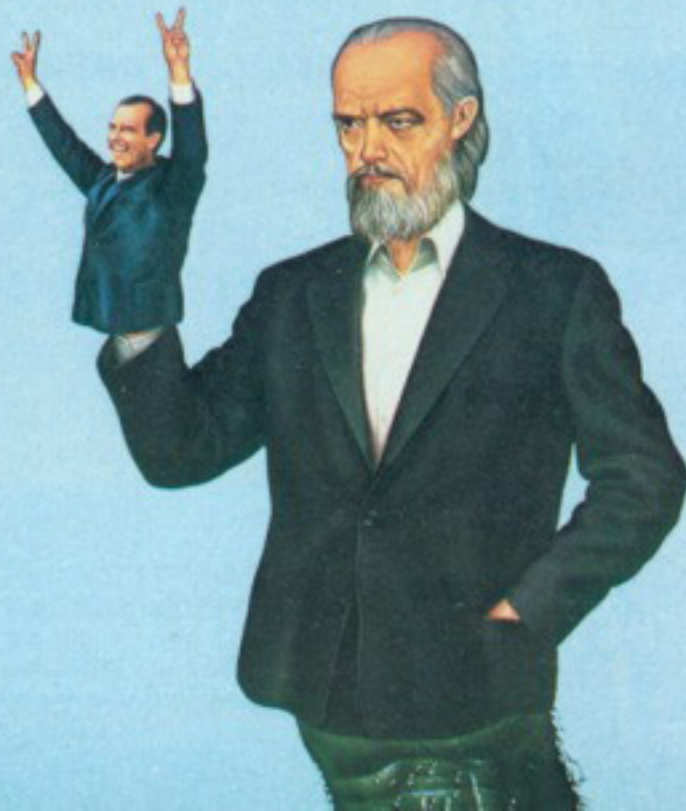


The sun never sets on the PLAYBOY publishing empire, with foreign-language editions in Germany, Italy, Japan, France, Brazil and Latin America. Latest additions: publications in Spain and Australia.



Chicago's most eligible shut-in, Hef began globe-hopping in 1970 aboard the Big Bunny. The plane was used to "baby-lift" Vietnam war-orphan refugees to American cities in 1975.

*The Puppet and the Puppetmasters* (September 1976), an exposé detailing the Howard Hughes-Nixon-Watergate connection, earned Larry DuBois and Laurence Gonzales the prestigious 1976 Sigma Delta Chi Award for outstanding journalism. This striking illustration by Eraldo Carugati accompanied the article.



Preparing a PLAYBOY cover can be hard work but usually isn't. Associate Art Director Reid Austin draws our lop-eared symbol on the tummy of Cynthia Maddox before she was photographed for our July 1964 cover. Note the concentration.

For all his belief in the Uncommon Man, Hefner down deep was normal—at least in terms of the interests and fantasies he presented to his readers in the magazine. He's said often that PLAYBOY is a straight-ahead extension of his personality and, as it happened, young men all over the country shared his interests and fantasies—even though many of them were reluctant to admit it to Mom or Sweetie. Like successful editors since Addison and Steele, Hefner had the nerve to say out loud what a lot of people were already thinking privately. No accident that a couple of years into it, a market-research report showed that the readership was the Editor-Publisher—the average reader being, like Hefner himself, a 29-year-old college graduate working in some sort of profession.

What had he done?

One thing was to evolve the idea of the girl next door, which was one small step for mankind made by the early PLAYBOY. It was the first time a magazine had ever presented a pinup as something other than a porno postcard, the roue-nipped top of a calendar or those honeys playing volleyball.

For the first year, PLAYBOY's "Unpinned Pinups"—as they were called at first—were standard calendar shots provided by the owners of Marilyn's picture. In the first issue, she was Sweetheart of the Month, but had become the Playmate by the second. The only other change in the first year was to expand the Playmate picture to two pages. At the time, Hefner couldn't afford to do anything else.

But in December 1954, he ran a photo story preceding the actual Playmate shot that was called *Photographing a Playmate*—and the response was considerably greater than to anyone since Marilyn.

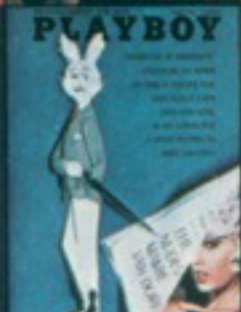
It was the July 1955 appearance of Janet Pilgrim, of our own Subscription Department, that really did it: The mail simply would not quit.

After the fact, it was easy to figure out: The shots of a regular-looking, regularly dressed male photographer touching up the back of a smiling and buck-naked Terry Ryan; and the shots of Janet Pilgrim, an engaging blonde who fulfilled subscriptions and bowled on the office team, shown first at work slaving beautifully over her typewriter, and then sitting two pages later wearing mostly diamonds at a fancy dressing table, as if we the lucky viewers are the mirror, while a fuzzy male in a tux leans against a background doorway. The fuzzy male is Hefner.

Janet Pilgrim as Playmate was an instinctive move on Hefner's part toward making the girls in his magazine more human. And the readers loved it. This is still the tight-assed early Fifties we're talking about, when most young men had been taught, as some still are, that









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# PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATES

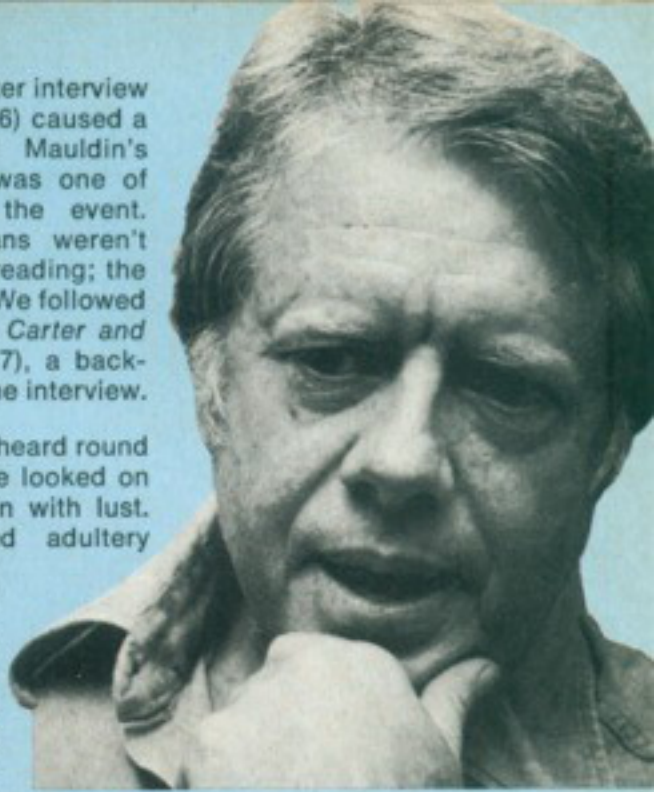
On the facing foldout are all the Playmates we've ever published, starting with "Sweetheart of the Month" Marilyn Monroe and continuing all the way through to this month's 25th-Anniversary Playmate, Candy Loving. To pinpoint your all-time favorite, just locate the corresponding letter and number on the foldout.

- 1953**
- A-1. Marilyn Monroe, December
- 1954**
- A-2. Margie Harrison, January
- A-3. Margaret Scott, February
- A-5. Dolores Del Monte, March
- A-6. Marilyn Waltz, April
- A-7. Joanne Arnold, May
- A-9. Margie Harrison, June
- A-10. Neva Gilbert, July
- A-11. Arline Hunter, August
- A-13. Jackie Rainbow, September
- A-14. Madeline Castle, October
- A-15. Diane Hunter, November
- A-17. Terry Ryan, December
- 1955**
- A-18. Bettie Page, January
- A-19. Jayne Mansfield, February
- A-21. Marilyn Waltz, April
- A-22. Marguerite Empey, May
- A-23. Eve Meyer, June
- A-25. Janet Pilgrim, July
- A-26. Pat Lawler, August
- A-27. Anne Fleming, September
- A-29. Jean Moorehead, October
- A-30. Barbara Cameron, November
- A-31. Janet Pilgrim, December
- 1956**
- A-33. Lynn Turner, January
- A-34. Marguerite Empey, February
- A-35. Marian Stafford, March
- A-37. Rusty Fisher, April
- A-39. Marion Scott, May
- B-1. Gloria Walker, June
- B-3. Alice Denham, July
- B-5. Jonnie Nicely, August
- B-7. Elsa Sorensen, September
- B-9. Janet Pilgrim, October
- B-11. Betty Blue, November
- B-13. Lisa Winters, December
- 1957**
- B-15. June Blair, January
- B-16. Sally Todd, February
- B-18. Sandra Edwards, March
- B-20. Gloria Windsor, April
- B-22. Dawn Richard, May
- B-24. Carrie Radison, June
- B-26. Jean Jami, July
- B-28. Dolores Donlon, August
- B-30. Jacquelyn Prescott, September
- B-32. Colleen Farrington, October
- B-33. Marlene Callahan, November
- B-35. Linda Vargas, December
- 1958**
- B-37. Elizabeth Ann Roberts, January
- B-39. Cheryl Kubert, February
- C-1. Zahra Norbo, March
- C-3. Felicia Atkins, April
- C-5. Lari Laine, May
- C-7. Judy Lee Tomerlin, June
- C-9. Linné Nanette Ahlstrand, July
- C-11. Myrna Weber, August
- C-13. Teri Hope, September
- C-14. Mara Corday, October



Our Jimmy Carter interview (November 1976) caused a sensation. Bill Mauldin's cartoon, left, was one of many noting the event. The Republicans weren't the only ones reading; the issue sold out. We followed up with *Jimmy Carter and Us* (March 1977), a backstage look at the interview.

Carter's quote heard round the world: "I've looked on a lot of women with lust. I've committed adultery in my heart many times. This is something God recognizes I will do and God forgives me for it."



And maybe God will forgive the man with the mike at left. That's Hef making his TV singing debut as host of *Saturday Night Live* October 15, 1977. He opened with *Thank Heaven for Little Girls*. The skits ranged from a *Star Trek* spoof to one on Socrates as played by H.M.H.

Long Shot Department: When Hefner left *Esquire* in '53, he never figured he'd show up on its cover. Well, here's Hef (right) doing exactly that for a November 1976 cover story on the men's-book boom.



Yule 1977 found Hef wishing all a Bunny Noel. His Christmas card, right, a *Saturday Night Live* tableau, had him flanked by fledgling Bunnies Gilda Radner, Jane Curtin and Lorraine Newman.



The Playboy Foundation has been involved in everything from women's rights to marijuana reform. In March 1978, the Foundation sponsored an E.R.A.-ratification luncheon. Guest speaker was Dr. Benjamin Spock, shown here with Playboy's Christie Hefner.



On May 12, 1977, ABC-TV premiered *Playboy's Playmate Party*. In our December 1977 issue, we published pix of the post-Party party—such as this, of Hef and friends sharing vintage bubbly and bubbling Jacuzzi.

C-16. Pat Sheehan, October  
C-17. Joan Staley, November  
C-19. Joyce Nizzari, December

#### 1959

C-21. Virginia Gordon, January  
C-23. Eleanor Bradley, February  
C-25. Audrey Daston, March  
C-26. Nancy Crawford, April  
C-28. Cindy Fuller, May  
C-30. Marilyn Hanold, June  
C-32. Yvette Vickers, July  
C-34. Clayre Peters, August  
C-35. Marianne Gaba, September  
C-37. Elaine Reynolds, October  
C-39. Donna Lynn, November  
D-1. Ellen Stratton, December

#### 1960

D-3. Stella Stevens, January  
D-5. Susie Scott, February  
D-7. Sally Sarell, March  
D-9. Linda Gamble, April  
D-11. Ginger Young, May  
D-13. Delores Wells, June  
D-15. Teddi Smith (Delilah Henry), July  
D-16. Elaine Paul, August  
D-18. Anne Davis, September  
D-20. Kathy Douglas, October  
D-22. Joni Mattis, November  
D-24. Carol Eden, December

#### 1961

D-26. Connie Cooper, January  
D-28. Barbara Ann Lawford, February  
D-30. Tonya Crews, March  
D-32. Nancy Nielsen, April  
D-34. Susan Kelly, May  
D-35. Heidi Becker, June  
D-37. Sheralee Connors, July  
D-39. Karen Thompson, August  
E-1. Christa Speck, September  
E-3. Jean Cannon, October  
E-5. Dianne Danford, November  
E-7. Lynn Karrol, December

#### 1962

E-9. Merle Pertile, January  
E-11. Kari Knudsen, February  
E-13. Pamela Anne Gordon, March  
E-15. Roberta Lane, April  
E-16. Marya Carter, May  
E-18. Merissa Mathes, June  
E-20. Unne Terjesen, July  
E-22. Jan Roberts, August  
E-24. Mickey Winters, September  
E-26. Laura Young, October  
E-28. Avis Kimble, November  
E-30. June Cochran, December

#### 1963

E-32. Judi Monterey, January  
E-34. Toni Ann Thomas, February  
E-35. Adrienne Moreau, March  
E-37. Sandra Settani, April  
E-39. Sharon Cintron, May  
F-1. Connie Mason, June  
F-3. Carrie Enwright, July  
F-5. Phyllis Sherwood, August  
F-7. Victoria Valentino, September  
F-9. Christine Williams, October  
F-11. Terre Tucker, November  
F-13. Donna Michelle, December

#### 1964

F-15. Sharon Rogers, January  
F-16. Nancy Jo Hooper, February  
F-18. Nancy Scott, March  
F-20. Ashlyn Martin, April  
F-22. Terri Kimball, May  
F-24. Lori Winston, June  
F-26. Melba Ogle, July  
F-28. China Lee, August  
F-30. Astrid Schulz, September  
F-32. Rosemarie Hillcrest, October  
F-33. Kai Brendlinger, November  
F-35. Jo Collins, December

#### 1965

F-37. Sally Duberson, January  
F-39. Jessica St. George, February  
G-1. Jennifer Jackson, March  
G-3. Sue Williams, April  
G-5. Maria McBane, May  
G-7. Hedy Scott, June  
G-9. Gay Collier, July

G-11. Lannie Balcom, August  
G-13. Patti Reynolds, September  
G-15. Allison Parks, October  
G-16. Pat Russo, November  
G-18. Dinah Willis, December

#### 1966

G-20. Judy Tyler, January  
G-22. Melinda Windsor, February  
G-24. Priscilla Wright, March  
G-26. Karla Conway, April  
G-28. Dolly Read, May  
G-30. Kelly Burke, June  
G-31. Tish Howard, July  
G-33. Susan Denberg, August  
G-35. Dianne Chandler, September  
G-37. Linda Moon, October  
G-39. Lisa Baker, November  
H-1. Sue Bernard, December

#### 1967

H-3. Surrey Marshe, January  
H-5. Kim Farber, February  
H-7. Fran Gerard, March  
H-9. Gwen Wong, April  
H-11. Anne Randall, May  
H-13. Joey Gibson, June  
H-15. Heather Ryan, July  
H-16. DeDe Lind, August  
H-18. Angela Dorian (Victoria Vetri), September  
H-20. Reagan Wilson, October  
H-22. Kaya Christian, November  
H-24. Lynn Winchell, December

#### 1968

H-26. Connie Kreski, January  
H-28. Nancy Harwood, February  
H-30. Michelle Hamilton, March  
H-31. Gaye Rennie, April  
H-33. Elizabeth Jordan, May  
H-35. Britt Fredriksen, June  
H-37. Melodye Prentiss, July  
H-39. Gale Olson, August  
I-1. Dru Hart, September  
I-3. Majken Haugedal, October  
I-5. Paige Young, November  
I-7. Cynthia Myers, December

#### 1969

I-9. Leslie Bianchini, January  
I-11. Lorrie Menconi, February  
I-13. Kathy MacDonald, March  
I-15. Lorna Hopper, April  
I-16. Sally Sheffield, May  
I-18. Helena Antonaccio, June  
I-20. Nancy McNeil, July  
I-22. Debbie Hooper, August  
I-24. Shay Knuth, September  
I-26. Jean Bell, October  
I-28. Claudia Jennings, November  
I-30. Gloria Root, December

#### 1970

I-31. Jill Taylor, January  
I-33. Linda Forsythe, February  
I-35. Chris Koren, March  
I-37. Barbara Hillary, April  
I-39. Jennifer Liano, May  
J-1. Elaine Morton, June  
J-3. Carol Willis, July  
J-5. Sharon Clark, August  
J-7. Debbie Ellison, September  
J-9. Mary & Madeleine Collinson, October  
J-11. Avis Miller, November  
J-13. Carol Imhof, December

#### 1971

J-15. Liv Lindeland, January  
J-16. Willy Rey, February  
J-18. Cynthia Hall, March  
J-20. Chris Cranston, April  
J-22. Janice Pennington, May  
J-24. Lieko English, June  
J-26. Heather Van Every, July  
J-28. Cathy Rowland, August  
J-30. Crystal Smith, September  
J-31. Claire Rambeau, October  
J-33. Danielle de Vabre, November  
J-35. Karen Christy, December

#### 1972

J-37. Marilyn Cole, January  
J-39. P. J. Lansing, February  
K-1. Ellen Michaels, March  
K-3. Vicki Peters, April  
K-5. Deanna Baker, May  
K-7. Debbie Davis, June

K-9. Carol O'Neal, July  
K-11. Linda Summers, August  
K-13. Susan Miller, September  
K-15. Sharon Johansen, October  
K-16. Lenna Sjööblom, November  
K-18. Mercy Rooney, December

#### 1973

K-20. Miki Garcia, January  
K-22. Cyndi Wood, February  
K-24. Bonnie Large, March  
K-26. Julie Woodson, April  
K-28. Anulka Dziubinska, May  
K-30. Ruthy Ross, June  
K-31. Martha Smith, July  
K-33. Phyllis Coleman, August  
K-35. Geri Glass, September  
K-37. Valerie Lane, October  
K-39. Monica Tidwell, November  
L-1. Christine Maddox, December

#### 1974

L-3. Nancy Cameron, January  
L-5. Nancy Cameron, January  
L-7. Francine Parks, February  
L-9. Pamela Zinszer, March  
L-11. Marlene Morrow, April  
L-13. Marilyn Lange, May  
L-15. Sandy Johnson, June  
L-16. Carol Vitale, July  
L-18. Jean Manson, August  
L-20. Kristine Hanson, September  
L-22. Ester Cordet, October  
L-24. Bebe Buell, November  
L-26. Janice Raymond, December

#### 1975

L-28. Lynnda Kimball, January  
L-30. Laura Misch, February  
L-31. Ingeborg Sorensen, March  
L-33. Victoria Cunningham, April  
L-35. Bridgett Rollins, May  
L-37. Azizi Johari, June  
L-39. Lynn Schiller, July  
M-1. Lillian Müller, August  
M-3. Mesina Miller, September  
M-5. Jill De Vries, October  
M-7. Janet Lupo, November  
M-9. Nancie Li Brandi, December

#### 1976

M-11. Daina House, January  
M-13. Laura Lyons, February  
M-15. Ann Pennington, March  
M-16. Denise Michele, April  
M-18. Patricia Margot McClain, May  
M-20. Debra Peterson, June  
M-22. Deborah Borkman, July  
M-24. Linda Beatty, August  
M-26. Whitney Kaine, September  
M-28. Hope Olson, October  
M-30. Patti McGuire, November  
M-31. Karen Hafter, December

#### 1977

M-33. Susan Lynn Kiger, January  
M-35. Star Stowe, February  
M-37. Nicki Thomas, March  
M-39. Lisa Sohm, April  
N-1. Sheila Mullen, May  
N-3. Virve Reid, June  
N-5. Sondra Theodore, July  
N-7. Julia Lyndon, August  
N-9. Debra Jo Fondren, September  
N-11. Kristine Winder, October  
N-13. Rita Lee, November  
N-15. Ashley Cox, December

#### 1978

N-16. Debra Jensen, January  
N-18. Janis Schmitt, February  
N-20. Christina Smith, March  
N-22. Pamela Jean Bryant, April  
N-24. Kathryn Morrison, May  
N-26. Gail Stanton, June  
N-28. Karen Morton, July  
N-30. Vicki Witt, August  
N-31. Rosanne Katon, September  
N-33. Marcy Hanson, October  
N-35. Monique St. Pierre, November  
N-37. Janet Quist, December

#### 1979

N-39. Candy Loving, January

sex is dirty and to be avoided, and that only cheap tramps engage in "it" before marriage. At the time, the idea that a "nice" girl would appear in the four-color altogether was shocking! . . . outrageous! And incredibly reassuring to men who hoped sex didn't have to be as sordid or as guilt-ridden as they had been told.

Suddenly, here were girls, a girl, Janet Pilgrim, who looked like a good, decent human being and worked in an actual office—as the Playmate of the Month. Revolutionary. What a great leap it allowed our fantasies to take: not some distant bored bimbo with her clothes off but, perhaps, if God were in a good mood, she might one month be that girl you see on the bus every day who's making your heart melt.

Easily as important to PLAYBOY's success was its editorial attitude, which has remained pretty much true to its school. In the introduction to issue number one, Hefner made it clear that PLAYBOY wasn't going to be a magazine for Aunt Effie or Junior, and that in spite of the gray Cold War skies all around, it was going to emphasize entertainment—*fun*, on several levels. He wrote in the number-one intro: "Affairs of state will be out of our province. We don't expect to solve any world problems or prove any great moral truths. If we are able to give the American male a few extra laughs and a little diversion from the anxieties of the Atomic Age, we'll feel we've justified our existence."

But Hefner also has his serious side, abundantly documented a few years later in the epic *Playboy Philosophy*. He was a better publisher than prophet, and the lingering psychology major in him must have prompted him to run as the first-ever article in his magazine one titled *Miss Golddigger of 1953*, a head-on attack on the inequities of divorce, particularly alimony. Not exactly World War Three, but not exactly escapist fluff, either.

In issue number four—a year after a national book purge, provoked by a State Department directive regarding Commie filth in our libraries—PLAYBOY began serializing Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451*, a powerful sci-fi indictment of censorship set in a dark future where *all* books are rabidly put to the torch. Prelude to a long series of heavyweight censorship bouts PLAYBOY would fight in its first 25 years, it also revealed where the magazine stood. PLAYBOY made a lot of people nervous—something we think has always been one of the best things about it. It has consistently kept naming names that weren't supposed to be there, from *The Pious Pornographers* to *All the President's Men* to its award-winning revelations about the Hughes empire.

Such a stance has naturally given the magazine its share of flak—legal, religious, economic, you name it. One early

antagonist was the Post Office—which instead of simply delivering the mail, tried to deny PLAYBOY second-class mailing privileges, on the grounds that the lights at the P.O. found it too racy for their taste. Rather than back down and clean up the act to suit them, as other magazines, including *Esquire*, had done, Hefner late in 1955 took the P.O. to court—and came away with second-class privileges as well as an injunction restraining the P.O. from further interference with the magazine.

Advertisers in the Fifties, even more than now, were a cautious, high-strung bunch. Didn't want their name associated with anything that smelled even remotely controversial. Despite its circulation success, PLAYBOY had to do without advertising for almost two years, and then the first were only small record-rack and jodhpur and auto-seat-cover ads trickling into the back. All along there had been offers to advertise from an array of greasy sleazoid entrepreneurs, but Hefner's policy was to do without rather than let them into his pages—and he was selling enough copies to do so, with a press run that just kept jumping.

You could measure the growth in buildings: From Hefner's small apartment in Hyde Park to one floor of a narrow old building at 11 East Superior (smack across the street from Holy Name Cathedral, a face-off that was harbinger of things to come); then all four floors of that one, plus a few offices scattered nearby; to signing a \$500,000 lease on a building at 232 East Ohio Street, a huge

loft area completely redone to suit the magazine's needs and tastes, including a lavish on-the-premises apartment for the boss. All in three years.

Or you could measure it using a favorite unit of Hefner's in those days: the size of the office Christmas party. He wrote in the autobiography at the end of 1955: "Nothing illustrated the growth of the company more clearly than the Christmas Dinner. A year ago, we were able to group our half-dozen employees around a small table in a local sandwich shop; this December, the more than 30 working for the HMH Publishing Company filled two giant banquet tables at Younkers Restaurant." A year later, he wrote: "On this, our Third Anniversary, the growth is still more phenomenal: The company has over 100 employees and Christmas parties are planned at both the new Playboy building here in Chicago and our advertising and editorial offices in New York."

One significant addition in 1956 was A. C. Spector as Assistant to the Publisher. His arrival marked a visible upward turn in the quality of the magazine. Ray Russell, the first editor Hefner hired in 1954, has said with some accuracy that until the arrival of Spec, the magazine had been put out by "a bunch of amateurs." Hefner's experience had been spotty in many areas, Art Director Arthur Paul (the other half of the staff at first) had been a free-lance artist, not a magazine designer; and Russell was an aspiring novelist writing ad brochures for Walgreen's when he was hired. Given

their credentials, they were doing all right, but as Russell remembers it, Spec heralded the magazine's entry into the big leagues.

Spec brought with him the *elán* of New York, a precious commodity then. He was author of a recent, bitingly witty best seller, *The Exurbanites*, had an extensive and tasteful background in magazines and newspapers and was senior editor on NBC-TV's *Home* show when Hefner lured him away. Much more than Hefner ever could or would want to be, Spec was the embodiment of the sophisticated urbane male PLAYBOY was aiming for. Also, he had terrific connections.

In 1956, PLAYBOY stopped publishing reprints and began buying original work from the best writers and artists around, paying \$2000 and up for a lead story. By the end of the year, the magazine had bought fiction from Ray Bradbury, Budd Schulberg, Evelyn Waugh, Philip Wylie, Wolcott Gibbs, John Steinbeck, Max Shulman, P. G. Wodehouse and Alberto Moravia. At 800,000 and rising, PLAYBOY passed *Esquire* as the best-selling men's magazine (duly noted in the autobiography), and some genuine big-time advertisers had begun to nibble; among them, Winston, Budweiser, Marlboro and Hiram Walker.

Everything was coming up money, in a continuing gusher, or so it seemed. And Hefner had never gotten over his love affair with cartooning and humor. PLAYBOY was already making cartoonists such as Shel Silverstein and Jack Cole famous; and a thematic thread among the articles was the developing of a "new humor," in reviews and profiles of comedians such as Lenny Bruce, Mort Sahl, Jonathan Winters, Shelly Berman, Don Adams, Bob Newhart, et al. Because of Hefner's abiding fascination with humor, PLAYBOY was right there on the crest of that new wave.

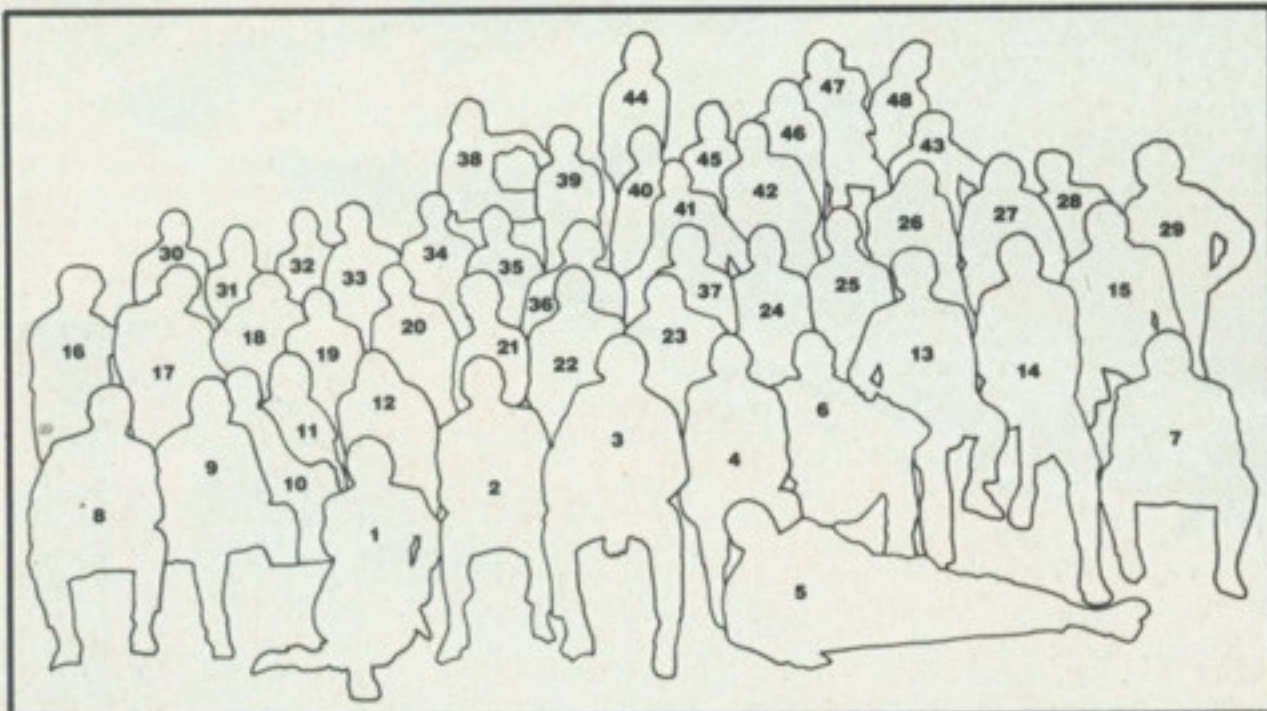
It is an axiom of guerrilla warfare that when you begin to feel comfortable, you're about to be dead. Nineteen fifty-seven was to be that kind of year.

Circulation figures showed that PLAYBOY's fall newsstand sales had slumped badly; in the spring of 1957, internal upheaval among magazine distributors sent all newsstand sales into chaos, and the May PLAYBOY got creamed by it, dropping below the level guaranteed to advertisers. During the first months of 1957, HMH was losing approximately \$50,000 per.

All sorts of cuts were instituted. Hefner quit taking a salary and chopped one quarter off the top from his executives. It wasn't enough. By July, it was clear he'd need a \$250,000 loan if he wanted to keep PLAYBOY afloat until the profitable autumn months. And to get it, he

(continued on page 288)

## PLAYBOY'S 1971 WRITERS' CONVOCATION



- |                            |                            |                          |                        |
|----------------------------|----------------------------|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Gay Talese              | 13. Ken W. Purdy           | 25. Morton Hunt          | 37. Michael Arlen      |
| 2. A. C. Spector           | 14. John Kenneth Galbraith | 26. Larry L. King        | 38. LeRoy Neiman       |
| 3. Hugh M. Hefner          | 15. Dan Greenburg          | 27. Larry DuBois         | 39. Harvey Kurtzman    |
| 4. Arthur C. Clarke        | 16. Herbert Gold           | 28. Garry Wills          | 40. Bruce Jay Friedman |
| 5. Art Buchwald            | 17. Sean O'Faolain         | 29. William Simon        | 41. Hollis Alpert      |
| 6. Shel Silverstein        | 18. Nicholas Von Hoffman   | 30. Carl B. Stokes       | 42. Arthur Knight      |
| 7. Marvin Kitman           | 19. Hal Bennett            | 31. Stanley Booth        | 43. Brock Yates        |
| 8. John Cheever            | 20. George Axelrod         | 32. Warner Law           | 44. Stephen Yafa       |
| 9. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. | 21. Mary Calderone         | 33. John Cleillon Holmes | 45. Robert Sheckley    |
| 10. Kenneth Tynan          | 22. Joel Fort              | 34. Jules Feiffer        | 46. Alan Watts         |
| 11. Saul Braun             | 23. Jean Shepherd          | 35. V. S. Pritchett      | 47. Michael Crichton   |
| 12. Richard Warren Lewis   | 24. Calvin Trillin         | 36. David Halberstam     | 48. Donn Pearce        |

*“The Big Event in PLAYBOY’s life during 1959 was a three-day Jazz Festival in early August.”*

finally had to do something that must have made him crazy: hand over 25 percent of PLAYBOY’s stock to Empire News in exchange for the money.

In July 1957, Hefner observed in the autobiography: “I have learned a lesson I hope will never leave me: When things are brightest and all is at its very best, that’s the time to be thinking about tomorrow, and making sure that enough is being put away to cover the days when all may not be quite as it should be. It wasn’t easy—giving up a part of what I’ve worked so hard for—but more important, I haven’t lost control of the publication—and so the dream remains intact.”

The following year began with its own kind of storm.

Enter pretty Elizabeth Ann Roberts, the January 1958 Playmate. At sweet 16, according to Illinois law, she appeared to be just two years too young to pose semi-nude. Hefner, who took the picture, had been told by her mother that she was 18, and you’d never guess otherwise from looking at the Playmate shot, which was, incidentally, innocent and healthy—almost tame—even by 1958 standards: Elizabeth Ann being a *developed* brunette, almost zaftig, who’s standing naked in heels, turned three quarters away from the camera, so she’s mostly flank and firm derrière, not a breast or a pubis in sight. But a local columnist ran a tsk-tsk item on it—despite the fact that Elizabeth Ann was an honor student who planned to become a model and that she had her mother’s full approval—and the indignant citizens were off. Soon Hefner and the girl’s mother had a warrant issued against them for leading to the delinquency of a minor.

The trial was jurisprudence at its finest. Everyone was in court because of a law designed to protect minors. The judge ended up dismissing charges against Hefner and the girl’s mother, while slapping Elizabeth Ann, who was the theoretical protectee, with a 15-day sentence for refusing to testify. Then, a few days later, he issued a second verdict. Charges were dropped against Elizabeth Ann, and Hefner and her mother were now not guilty.

By the end of 1958, PLAYBOY had scrambled out of the financial hole of the previous year. Circulation was moving inexorably toward and beyond the magic 1,000,000 mark, and the advertising dam was broken, prestige accounts

came flowing in. At year’s end, Hefner wrote:

This labor of love has turned into the most spectacular magazine success of our generation, has brought me in five years more recognition and wealth and purpose than I ever dreamed of having in an entire lifetime. I am—I think—one of the luckiest men in all the world. If life ended tomorrow, I would have had more of a real taste of it than most can ever hope to have. I am supremely happy. Happy beyond words to express it.

One casualty in this high flight was his marriage, which early in 1959 ended in divorce after prolonged separation. Ever since moving into the office on Superior Street, Hefner had essentially lived and breathed the magazine. He turned part of that tiny first office into an apartment, and it would sometimes be two weeks between visits to his other apartment and family on the South Side—about six miles away. From the first, PLAYBOY consumed him and, truth be told, try as he might, he could never bring himself to be Dagwood. He has since remarked that the divorce left him free for the first time, that until then he’d always been trying, often without success, to behave in ways pleasing to someone else. You can feel the conviction in the section of *The Playboy Philosophy* in which he advises young men to strenuously avoid such foreign entanglements until at least ten years after they’ve left school, that it’s a time for goofing and checking things out, not raising babies. Hefner is a loving father to his daughter, Christie, and son, David, but there’s a real wistfulness when he writes about what he missed. It also suggests part of why Hefner has so vigorously been making up for lost time ever since.

The Big Event in PLAYBOY’s life during 1959 was a three-day bash and Jazz Festival sponsored by the magazine early in August. Hefner’s devotion to jazz and big-band swing goes back almost as far as his fascination with publishing. In high school, he reviewed current Sinatra and Artie Shaw platters for the paper; and from then intermittently through college, he fronted his own band, at times called Hef and the Hep Cats. Sinatra was god and model and, according to some reports, the Editor-Publisher wasn’t bad. But jazz crooner is another of Hefner’s failed careers, like cartooning, and thus

in 1959, PLAYBOY’s bash emerged as the biggest and best jazz festival to date. Critic Leonard Feather called it “the greatest weekend in the 60-year history of jazz!”

But because PLAYBOY was still regarded as dangerous in some circles, it almost didn’t come off. Originally to be part of the Pan-American Games celebration in Chicago that summer, it had been slated for three days in the south bowl of Soldier Field. After sinking almost \$70,000 into the project, and booking nearly every jazz great you could think of, PLAYBOY was informed by the city that it couldn’t have Soldier Field, after all—something about possible damage to an expensive new cinder track, which would presumably remain pristine during the All-Star football game and the Chicagoland Music Festival that were still scheduled there. Closer to the truth was that there had been heavy pressure from Chicago’s powerful Catholic machine, speaking through the editor of the *Roman Catholic New World*, who wrote to the park district questioning PLAYBOY’s fitness to participate in the Pan-American Games celebration.

The Jazz Festival was out on the streets.

But not for long. Luckily, Chicago Stadium was open for those dates, and PLAYBOY quickly signed up. The stadium held 22,000 people, several thousand fewer than Soldier Field, but it was air-conditioned, which never hurts in Chicago in August.

With Count Basie, Big Joe Williams, Miles Davis, Dave Brubeck, Dizzy Gillespie, Sammy Davis Jr., Louis Armstrong and Ella Fitzgerald as headliners, it was the biggest one-time event jazz lovers had seen in the Fifties. At the end, a beaming Hefner stood on the stage and said to the cheering sea of people, “This is certainly the greatest moment in my young life!” In the autobiography, he describes it like the fan he is:

Every performance was emotion charged, topped by the moment near the Festival’s end, when Miss Ella Fitzgerald, the first lady of jazz, came into view on the turning stage. The roar was greater, the Chicago Stadium managers swore, than any they’d ever heard at a championship fight or any of the other great sports events for which the Stadium is famous. More than 18,000 jazz fans packed each of the three performances, but far from the unruly rock ‘n’ rollers expected by police, these were serious music buffs who quieted down to theater-style stillness to catch the careful phrasing of Ahmad Jamal and Miles Davis.

Another dream come true. The music freak’s fantasy of bringing together every band and performer who sends chills up your spine, and then sitting there digging

it all in bliss. It is characteristic that Hefner had the focus and energy to make it happen. To stand there with people who'd been icons in your high school pantheon, to be accepted as a peer by people who created part of you: What a rush.

As you may have noticed by now, Hefner doesn't mind a challenge. Most people would have been happy to have started what by 1959 was the biggest men's magazine ever—and which on a per-issue basis was outselling *Life* and *Look* as well. Not Hefner. In retrospect, there's a hint of regret in his reaction to PLAYBOY's swift initial success, quoted earlier: "The dream has come true too quickly to be fully appreciated."

While he's never abandoned his interest in the magazine, as soon as it was again sailing along on its own, all sorts of other things started popping. He needed something to *do*. This in under two years:

- Not one week after the Jazz Festival, a television show called *Playboy's Penthouse* was announced and it went on the air in late October.

- About the same time, Playboy bought a classic late-Victorian brick mansion at 1340 North State Parkway and began an extensive renovation that included an indoor pool, an underwater bar and a duplex suite. Hefner himself supervised the plans.

- On February 29, 1960, the first Playboy Club opened for business to keyholders only in Chicago. Two of the largest attractions belonged to Bunny June "The Bosom" Wilkinson, who merited her nickname if ever anyone did, the very same who made television history on *Playboy's Penthouse* by balancing two champagne glasses above the neckline of her low-cut dress while an extra posing as a waiter poured. The Club was such an immediate hit that plans were made to open 50 around the country. And in December 1960, a fourth floor—the Penthouse—was added to the Chicago Club as a showcase for top talent, a night club for keyholders inside the Club.

- In December 1960, too, Hefner announced that a new magazine called *Show Business Illustrated* would be forthcoming.

- And by early 1961, Playboy Tours and the Playboy Model Agency were about to be added; at least they were being worked on.

Ray Russell, who left to write novels about that time, has called Hefner a "battery pack," a seemingly endless energy source, and that seems pretty accurate. While there's always too much to do, there's never enough, either.

He could spend so much time on other projects because PLAYBOY's circulation and ad revenue just kept climbing. By

late 1960, circulation had hit 1,300,000 and was going up so fast that PLAYBOY found itself in the odd position of getting *too far ahead* of the competition. So it did something interesting: raised the cover price. Hefner says in the autobiography:

With the September issue, PLAYBOY increased its cover price from 50 cents to 60 cents per copy, not because we needed the additional revenue but because we are climbing too quickly away from our advertising competition (*Esquire*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Holiday*), all with circulations below the 1,000,000 mark. The new price will give us the same or greater revenue while holding the circulation somewhat in check and presumably increasing its quality by eliminating borderline readers.

In this same year-end wrap-up, he quoted a fat significant statistic: The postwar baby boom would begin actually to boom during the Sixties and PLAYBOY's potential audience was due to increase by 72 percent in the next ten years. We were all into a new game.

The Cold War hit a record-low chill factor as the Sixties arrived. In a black international chess game, Castro had taken Cuba, the U. S. bungled into the Bay of Pigs and Khrushchev's ships full of missiles, bound for Cuba, put the world briefly on Doomsday Alert. In that respect, the dread Fifties were still very much with us, and getting worse. We soon began sending "advisors" to Vietnam.

But also in 1960, in London, Mary Quant introduced the miniskirt. At Harvard, Tim Leary and Richard Alpert were messing around with psychedelic Mexican mushrooms, Sandoz LSD-25 and other mind-expanding goodies. In a smoky basement club in Hamburg, a teenage rock group then known as the Silver Beatles was working on the act. Change was blowin' in the wind.

Handsome prime symbol of the coming shift was John F. Kennedy in the White House—not to mention pretty Jackie, with her great toothy smile and pillbox hats. You can be sure that if Nixon had won in 1960, he never would have invited Hefner to the Inauguration. Kennedy did, and Hefner went, taking Playmate and longtime sometime girlfriend Joyce Nizzari as his date. A big moment among many for Hefner, certainly, but, better, a *Playmate* at the Inauguration.

The invitation said much about what a part of the culture PLAYBOY had become since 1953, but it suggested as well how much the culture had changed in that time. Many of the ideas and values that PLAYBOY had taken so much shit for

in the Fifties were on their way to becoming mainstream. Camelot had arrived, and it looked as if the young were going to inherit the earth.

Among those out in the water first to catch that changing wave, PLAYBOY was riding it right in the pipeline. And, as a result, experienced in those first years of the Sixties an initially subtle but profound shift of its own: By fits and starts, it was changing from a magazine to an empire.

The most obvious indicators were the Playboy Clubs. Late in 1961, Hefner wrote in the autobiography:

With just three Playboy Clubs in operation, Playboy Clubs International will earn about as big a profit this year as the publishing side of the Playboy empire, and it will very soon be a matter of the tail wagging the dog, as far as profits from this latest Playboy offshoot are concerned.

Beyond the novelty of a chain of private night clubs offering food, entertainment and pretty waitresses wearing stylized rabbit ears and cleavage, the Clubs were and are a tangible physical extension of the magazine. That made them a focusing point for an increasing fascination in America with Playboy. The opening of a new saloon isn't usually thought of as hot news, but when a Baltimore Club was announced as in the works, every newspaper in town went into a tizzy of front-page coverage. The Clubs set off a surge of national and international publicity about Playboy that even Hefner himself hadn't expected.

In 1961, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation did an hourlong radio documentary on the Playboy empire; in its "Show Business" section, *Time* ran a major story on Hefner called "Boss of Taste City"; Paul Krassner interviewed him in *The Realist*; on the day the New Orleans Club opened, Hefner was greeted at the airport by officialdom and given a key to the city; *The Saturday Evening Post* prepared a long profile; and more. In the present jargon, Playboy was *happening*.

Confident and yet in continuing wonder at the path of his life, Hefner wrote at the end of the year:

We've received more publicity overall in the last 12 months than in the first seven years combined and, like a snowball, this is probably just the beginning, too. . . . The Playboy empire and its prexy have grown in fame and stature over the last 12 months to a degree that could never have been imagined a year or so ago. . . . It's difficult to bring into perspective and fully appreciate, but we are truly becoming, in our own time, a legend. And what does it feel



like, being a living legend? Well, it feels just great!

One thing wasn't so great: *Show Business Illustrated*. From the first issue in September 1961, Hefner had been unhappy about the editorial product, created initially by a sleek fleet of editors imported from New York. Practically everyone involved has a different version of what went wrong, but what came out was just another magazine, lacking real personality, and it mainly sat there on the newsstands. A few issues into it, Hefner replaced the sleek fleet with his ace PLAYBOY troops—chiefly Spector and Paul—and began pouring more and more time into it himself. The figures began to turn around and head upward, but not at a rate that justified the effort or the investment—\$2,000,000 as of January 1962. Hefner reluctantly sold it to Huntington Hartford for \$250,000 and *SBI* was devoured by Hartford's *Show* magazine, which he'd started, apparently, as a hobby—about the same time *SBI* came out. *Show*—at least that version of it—didn't last much longer.

PLAYBOY's progress through 1962 was such that the red ink from *SBI* was almost completely eradicated by the end of the year. It was a big year inside the magazine. In September, partly as an outgrowth of the *Candid Conversations* that had been running in *SBI*, the first *Playboy Interview*, featuring Miles Davis (and conducted by a free-lance writer named Alex Haley), was published. Mainly through the efforts and strong hand of Editor Murray Fisher, PLAYBOY raised the art of the magazine interview several levels. In October, Little Annie Fanny—a creation of Hef's in collaboration with former *Mad* cartoon wizards Harvey Kurtzman and Will Elder—put in her first appearance, grinning and blinking and jiggling. And in December commenced the first installment of a series that would finally stretch to 25 parts: *The Playboy Philosophy*.

It, too, was a result of the tremendous publicity rush PLAYBOY had experienced in the past year or so. All the attention and hoopla meant that Hefner was being constantly asked all sorts of questions about his magazine and budding empire—many of them regarding its values, or supposed lack of them. Since the beginning, he'd tried his best to show people that PLAYBOY wasn't intended as just another girlie magazine, that it was more, a way of life. The TV show, *Playboy's Penthouse*, had been an early attempt to reach nonreaders (who were usually those with the lowest opinion of PLAYBOY) and let them see this; in regular segments, it featured serious discussions among Hefner, Spector and various current intellectual heavyweights regarding the meaning and impact of PLAYBOY in American society. But except

for a single short editorial against nuclear proliferation, the magazine had never run a straight-ahead statement of policy. The idea until then had been more indirect, to let the contents represent its values. By 1962, however, it seemed time to lay it out.

The original plan was to do the *Philosophy* in two modest parts for the holiday issues, blam blam. Several things happened to change that. One was that the first installment in December 1962 created an inundation of mail and response, much of it of the *go go go* variety. But equally important, Hefner really got into writing it. He remarked frequently while working on it that it was by far the most satisfying project he'd taken on in a long time, maybe since beginning the magazine. The ideas just came pouring out.

Hefner readily acknowledges that it isn't a philosophy in the strictest sense, since it's not a systematic body of thought and doesn't entirely hang together in that respect. It was written on Dickensian deadlines, often only a few jumps ahead of a printer whose overtime meter was running—which didn't permit graceful order. Several times he announced that at the end it would be unscrambled and put into more structurally coherent form, but other projects apparently intervened and it never happened.

The *Philosophy* is really more what it was called in the subhead: a credo, a statement of Hefner's beliefs. Sometimes repetitious, sometimes given to long elliptical excursions away from the ostensible main path, it is, nevertheless, a fascinating document. Elsewhere in this issue, you'll find *The Playboy Philosophy*, a sampler of the ideas Hefner has brought home. Just as interesting in the original are the flashes of real life scattered through it, especially Hefner's passionate defense of Lenny Bruce during his sad, pointless troubles with Chicago's bluenoses and men in blue. In doing so, Hefner took on some very big guys, indeed—particularly his old friendly enemies, Chicago's Catholic establishment.

The Lenny Bruce installments of the *Philosophy* were published in the April and May 1963 issues. By some strange coincidence, the June issue was declared obscene by the office in charge of enforcing Chicago's obscenity laws. Four cops and a CBS-TV crew showed up at the Chicago Mansion at night to roust Hefner and take him down to South State Street to book and fingerprint and mugshot him. The charge, after all the smoke cleared away, was violation of a Chicago city ordinance.

A bust for a bust: The alleged obscenity occurred in an eight-page pictorial featuring Jayne Mansfield on the set of her latest movie, *Promises, Promises*. The

particular offending sequence showed Jayne re-creating a scene from the movie. Lying nude not nearly beneath sheets on a bed, she tries without success to seduce her husband (played by Tommy Noonan), who's sitting *in a suit* on the edge of the bed, *reading a book*, indifferent to her. Or, as one also offending caption put it, "Alas, poor Jayne. As she writhes about seductively, the best she can draw from Noonan are some funny lines." Ho stuff, eh?

Never mind that Supreme Court decisions then and now don't require pictures to be "art" to avoid being obscene; or that just two weeks earlier at a Loop theater, a French film starring newcomer Elke Sommer had been shown that included a scene—passed by the Chicago Censor Board—in which she's lying as nude as Jayne on the deck of a boat, but additionally in the passionate embrace of a man. Didn't matter.

With the trial set for November, Hefner devoted large chunks of two upcoming *Philosophy* installments to the brouhaha, demonstrating in detail that by no present definition of the word was the June issue obscene. Better, as a service to Lenny Bruce fans everywhere, and a fine editorial thumb in the nose at all the Bruce baiters in Chicago and elsewhere, PLAYBOY began in the October issue to serialize Bruce's autobiography—edited, incidentally, by Paul Krassner.

The trial had its moments. Star prosecution witness was one Dr. Busby, a psychiatrist from Des Plaines, Illinois. He testified, according to the *Sun-Times*, "that the content constituted an attack on society's values and that the nude photos of movie queen Jayne Mansfield were sexually stimulating." He added that the June installment of the *Philosophy* revealed Hefner to be "beset by feelings of inferiority and guilt."

Under cross-examination, Dr. Busby admitted that he had no psychoanalytic training.

Asked if he had ever read Freud's essay on *Wild Psychoanalysis*, he responded that he hadn't.

The defense lawyer, wrote the *Sun-Times*, "read to the court excerpts from the essay in which the founder of psychoanalysis touched on the dangers of laymen and even physicians making psychoanalytic judgments without thorough training. . . . The psychiatrist was asked how he personally reacted to the spread on Miss Mansfield. 'As a person, I was stimulated, but as a doctor who is used to these things, I was not,' he replied."

The defense lawyer remarked that making such fine distinctions must be difficult.

It went on like that, ending two weeks later in a mistrial. A hung jury, seven for acquittal, five for conviction, deadlocked.

(continued on page 298)

*“Playboy had outgrown its offices on Ohio Street, sprawling into several other buildings.”*

There were newspaper stories afterward about a new trial, but evidently no one had the energy for it, because there never was one.

In January 1964, PLAYBOY turned ten years old. Circulation was up to 2,000,000; nine Clubs were in operation; Playboy Products of all sorts—including Bunny Chocolate—were selling like, well, Rabbit-embossed ankle bracelets; a major real-estate empire was beginning to accumulate; and the number of employees had grown from the original seven to nearly 2000.

This period also marked for Hefner the beginning in earnest of *The Years Indoors*. They were prefigured by the statement in the very first issue that “we plan to spend most of our time inside. We like our apartment.” Now that the apartment had become the Playboy Mansion, there was no reason to leave. As Tom Wolfe exclaimed: “Hugh Hefner is at the center of the world. He is deep down inside his house—at the center of his bed. The center of the world!”

And as Norman Mailer described the Mansion during a party there: “Timeless, spaceless, it was outward bound. One was in an ocean liner which traveled at the bottom of the sea, or on a spaceship wandering down the galaxy along a night whose duration was a year.”

Judging from the numbers, Hefner really didn't have to step out too often. Between January 1964 and January 1968, PLAYBOY's circulation went from 2,000,000, which was remarkable already, to over 5,000,000, which was a genuine magazine-business miracle. During that time, the Clubs also expanded in new, ambitious directions, with a Resort Hotel in Jamaica, a year-round Resort at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, and a ten-story Club with a casino in London's posh Park Lane. As a service to keyholders, *VIP* magazine began in 1964; and in the same year, the old Surf Theater on Chicago's Near North Side became the Playboy Theater.

As always, new projects abounded. One from that time that would have increasing significance was the establishment of the Playboy Foundation. The very first grant was \$1000 toward court costs for a man involved in a Florida heterosexual-sodomy case. The case eventually reached the Supreme Court. The second grant, for \$6000, went toward legal help for a West Virginia ex-jockey doing one to ten for “submitting to a crime against nature”—heterosexual

fellatio. Just as the *Forum* section in the magazine had grown naturally out of the considerable response to the *Philosophy*, the Foundation quickly became the action arm of the *Forum*, taking sides on the issues discussed there in the form of cold cash.

Also in 1965, Hefner did something from the depths of his fur-lined submarine that must have been yet another great kick. Playboy had outgrown the offices on Ohio Street, sprawling once more into several other buildings around the neighborhood. At the time and still, the deco jewel of North Michigan Avenue was indisputably the Palmolive Building. Its 37 floors then towered above everything nearby on the so-called Magnificent Mile. The soaring black crossed girders of the Hancock Building, the world's first high-rise oil rig, hadn't yet put it in shadow, nor put a blink in the famous Lindbergh Beacon rising from the top. The Palmolive Building was and remains a Chicago landmark. Better, it was the very same in which Hefner had toiled in a cubicle for *Esquire*. And, you guessed it, sweet revenge on a super scale, he bought the building. For all practical purposes, anyway, since the lease doesn't terminate until 2028. He renamed it Playboy and put the magazine's name across the top.

Hefner had leased the building without setting foot inside it again, signed away his money without even seeing for himself if the basement leaked. By early 1967, when architect Ron Dirsmith was completing the lavish futurist renovations (much white stucco in organic shapes and forms, executive desks with travertine-marble tops, *carpeted* fire stairs) and the first departments were moving from Ohio Street, Hefner had become such a celebrated recluse that it made “Kup's Column” one morning when he actually *went outside*, to a party in the suburbs for Arnie Morton, then head of the Clubs and an old friend.

But that period was coming to an end. One sleek black signal was announced in July 1967: the purchase at \$4,500,000 of an airplane, a DC-9. It was to be done over in typical Playboy fashion (there would be a shower in the boss's suite, etc.), painted shiny black and christened the Big Bunny. Evidently, Hefner was getting ready to leave heaven on occasion.

Several factors prompted it, personal and otherwise.

Until 1968, Hefner couldn't bring him-

self to delegate one tenth the authority he should have, given the startling growth and increased complexity the corporation had experienced. He stayed home all the time because he worked all the time, except for regular therapeutic parties. His weight dropped from 175 to 135; in news pictures, he looked gaunt and burned. But not burned out. Bright enough to see the end of that path, he realized that he'd better change quickly. By the summer of 1968, he was working out and eating, building his weight back up.

Beyond staying alive, there was a secondary reason to let up, get in shape and get out more. It was an intriguing image, the young recluse Howard Hughes with a harem, but it was hardly accurate and had begun to bother Hefner, who dislikes being misunderstood. He decided to revive the television show in a new, improved format. It would be called *Playboy After Dark* and he would be host. Scheduled for a January premiere, the show began taping in Los Angeles in late July 1968. Hefner had gotten healthy again and traded his terrycloth bathrobe and slippers in on \$15,000 worth of snappy Edwardian suits.

Two much-publicized things happened to Hefner in August.

First and more pleasant was meeting, on the set of *P.A.D.*, an 18-year-old extra named Barbara Klein, an ex-Miss Teenage Sacramento. Within a year, she'd become Barbi Benton and Hefner was flat-out in love.

The second was less fun and more sign of the times. One night during the Democratic Convention, Hefner and friends, including Max Lerner, went out for a walk, to see what was happening in Lincoln Park. They wandered by accident into a police riot against protesters near the park: bloody long-hairs ducking and running, polished oak night sticks flashing, thin gray clouds of tear gas dappling the grass like ground fog. As Lerner described it in his newspaper column, “We got tangled in a group of spectators and stragglers from an earlier ‘hippie’ demonstration, were chased down a side street by a police car, were threatened by a small phalanx of guns held by cops who jumped out of the car, and barely managed to get away without serious trouble except for an injury to Hefner by a police club.”

Some of the subsequent press made more of the incident than it merited, coming up with a cartoon version that went: The whack on the ass had radicalized Hefner and his magazine. It was, in fact, neither so sudden nor quite radical, but the image brought focus on something that was very definitely going on in the pages of PLAYBOY—and had been for some time. The bloody Chicago

(continued on page 392)

*“George Lincoln Rockwell sat wearing a Nazi arm band and had a pistol on the table.”*

convention was a cusp of the Sixties, when sweet peace and love were first souring and turning bitter, and it's more symbolic than significant that Hefner was touched physically by the change, and changing mood, because his magazine had been on the case very early, and would continue to be so.

PLAYBOY was the first mass magazine to chronicle the emerging drug culture—to take one aspect of times changing—in a straightforward way. Dan Wakefield's *Prodigal Powers of Pot* was years ahead when it came out in August 1962, and it remains as complete and fair an ap-

praisal as you can find. PLAYBOY has never *advocated* drugs but has, rather, tried regularly to present accurate information about them, believing that with drugs, ignorance isn't bliss for long. In November 1963, a three-part package of articles ran under the general title *Hallucinogens*. Alan Harrington wrote *A Novelist's Personal Experience*; Dan Wakefield, *A Reporter's Objective View*; and Aldous Huxley, *A Philosopher's Visionary Prediction*. The September 1966 *Playboy Interview* was with the acid guru himself, Dr. Timothy Leary.

PLAYBOY had also not been afraid to

provide an early and continuing mass forum for the strong new voices of civil rights. In the very first *Interview* back in 1962, Miles Davis had spoken searingly about the ugly inequalities he encountered in life on the road. The interviewer was, as we noted, Alex Haley. Not long after that, Haley did another for the magazine, that one with Malcolm X. For the January 1965 issue, he talked with Martin Luther King, Jr., and in 1966, he crossed the street into a rough neighborhood to talk with George Lincoln Rockwell, who sat wearing a Nazi arm band and had a pistol on a table before him, saying by way of greeting, “It's nothing personal, I just hate niggers.” Especially in interviews but also in articles, PLAYBOY has been host to a formidable group who have used the guest soapbox one by one to give their views on race. Among many, Jesse Jackson, Muhammad Ali, Eldridge Cleaver, Norman Thomas, Sammy Davis Jr., Marshall McLuhan, Bill Cosby, Julian Bond, Ray Charles, Hank Aaron—the list goes on.

Its belief in individual rights also made PLAYBOY a forum for women's rights early on. In the March 1964 *Interview*, Ayn Rand articulated basic feminist issues, such as equal pay for equal work. The December 1965 issue carried the magazine's first statement favoring legalized abortion. By the early Seventies, the Foundation was giving regular grants to various women's-rights projects, and in January 1973, the magazine published *Seduction Is a Four-Letter Word*, an article by Germaine Greer about the small rapes women experience, which antedated Susan Brownmiller's *Against Our Will* by about three years.

But what spilled the blood in Chicago was the black hole of Vietnam, inexorably sucking lives, spirit and money from the country, into nowhere. Most of those doing the actual fighting had been PLAYBOY readers before they were so rudely interrupted, and they continued to be in Vietnam. As one correspondent put it, “If *Stars and Stripes* was the magazine for World War One, PLAYBOY was the magazine for Vietnam.” Another said that like counting rings on a tree, you could go into any encampment and tell how long they'd been there by finding the oldest Playmate gatefold on the wall.

Only superficially was it a contradiction that by 1968 PLAYBOY was, by weight of the opinions published in interviews and articles, coming out with greater and greater intensity against the war. Somehow, on balance, the magazine was clearly *for* the soldiers who were there, the actual bodies, while heatedly opposing the policies that put them there. Most of the grunts understood. In the late Sixties, a few on leave “borrowed” the flag of the St. Louis Club, sending it back months later rent from a cluster of bullet holes—having served as the unofficial flag



Smilgy

*“And what infuriates me is that she'd do it for nothing—she gets her kicks from old men.”*

for a Special Forces camp somewhere in the north. In 1966, when PLAYBOY was offering a visit from a Bunny to deliver the first issue of a lifetime subscription, a unit in Vietnam signed up for a collective one—for \$150—and PLAYBOY responded by having Playmate of the Year Jo Collins be the first-class mail carrier. The Huey chopper that took her around was renamed in whitewash the Playboy Special, complete with dual Rabbit heads. Betty Grable and Minnie Mouse of World War Two gave way to Little Annie Fanny as the cheery boobs-a-lot mascot painted on the noses of many B-52s flying bombing runs on Hanoi.

As always, PLAYBOY at once reflected and influenced common feeling in subtle swirling countercurrents that defied measurement but were there. By 1970, it was a major voice against the war, giving space to thoughtful dissenters of all stripes, including Norman Thomas, John Kenneth Galbraith, Senators William Fulbright, George McGovern and Charles Percy, Arnold Toynbee, William Sloane Coffin and, in two separate blue-burning essays—*The Americanization of Vietnam* and *The Vietnamization of America*—David Halberstam.

Those pieces didn't always go into the magazine without a struggle and considerable shouting among the staff beforehand. The younger editors hired in the late Sixties were generally of a Get-the-Pigfuckers cast of mind, whether it was racism, Vietnam, pollution, the IRS—you name it. Spector'sky, who ran the magazine on a day-to-day basis, at first fought strenuously against such dark subjects' intruding on his light domain, believing that PLAYBOY should be entertainment exclusively. But, like the younger editors and Hefner, who realized that PLAYBOY was virtually *required* to be a spokesman on these issues if it were to continue to serve its readership, Spector'sky was at last convinced.

Spector'sky suffered a heart attack in April 1970 and went on extended leave. Although his health remained uncertain, and he was failing by slow degrees, he couldn't manage to keep himself away from the office entirely. He died in January 1972 at one of his favorite pursuits, yachting in the Caribbean. His body was buried at sea in U. S. waters.

In that context, the Playboy Writers' Convocation of October 1971 had, beyond being the biggest such bash ever, also been a week-long tribute to Spector'sky, who had lured the first name writers to PLAYBOY back in 1956. The assembled were another list that wouldn't quit: John Cheever, James Dickey, Arthur C. Clarke, Bruce Jay Friedman, Tom Wicker, John Clellon Holmes, Larry King, Art Buchwald, David Halberstam, Garry Wills, John Skow, Sean O'Faolain, Stanley Booth, V. S. Pritchett, Dan Greenburg, Arthur Schlesinger,

Jr., Alan Watts, Ken Purdy, Donn Pearce, Ray Bradbury, Brock Yates, Shel Silverstein, Robert Sherrill, Jean Shepherd, John Kenneth Galbraith, Michael Crichton, Studs Terkel . . . sex experts Dr. Mary Calderone, Morton Hunt, Masters and Johnson, Joel Fort, William Simon . . . plus film maker Roman Polanski, artist LeRoy Neiman, others, most of the PLAYBOY editorial staff, wives, girlfriends, writer groupies of all genders. . . .

There were panel discussions and formal dinners all week, but it was, in fact, a blowout on the grand scale. Writers who actually write spend so much time alone that when they gather in groups, they are almost pathologically gregarious. The Writers' Convocation was a *party*, just as it should have been. It's not every day you can get drunk with Arthur C. Clarke and ask him what *2001 really* meant. Or have elevator doors open to reveal this Mutt-'n'-Jeff combination of red-haired bean pole and shrimp hippie, only to realize in double take that it's Michael Crichton and Roman Polanski. Or witness a Pulitzer Prize winner (no names, please) two sheets to the wind, bopping out of a reception with a handful of cold green Heinekens and a girl from Reader's Service on his arm. Or listen to a discussion about prize fighting between Donn (*Cool Hand Luke*) Pearce and poet James Dickey hover on the hairline between theory and practice. A good time was had.

Spector'sky's death pulled Hefner out of a much-needed semiretirement, or at least what passed for one with him. He was still paying attention, but in February 1970, the Big Bunny had been delivered and he and Barbi were soon traveling all over the world—Mexico, the Caribbean, Hawaii, Europe, Africa. Then, in 1971, Playboy had acquired the Mansion West and Hef moved in immediately on a part-time basis, ten days there, ten days in Chicago. Who could blame him? The Mansion West is yet a newer version of heaven, a stately piece of baronial old England set on seven acres of hills and tropical gardens, alongside a dark towering stand of virgin redwoods that, at one quarter acre, is the largest remaining in the Los Angeles area. It's right off the hot Mercedes track of Sunset Boulevard in Beverly Hills, but once inside the gate, you'd never know: You have plunged into a green peaceful dream with an elegant Tudor mansion at its center.

Back in the real world, Hefner had to choose a successor to Spector'sky. After endless long meetings and discussions, he settled on splitting the job, naming Richard Koff as Assistant Publisher and former Articles Editor Arthur Kretchmer as Executive Editor.

On the surface, everything looked peachy in September 1972. PLAYBOY's circulation hit a phenomenal 7,200,000 and *Oui* magazine, introduced that month,

sold out its entire 800,000 press run in a matter of days.

But there were hard times ahead.

For one thing, the economy was staggering along even more uncertainly than usual, lurching in 1973 toward recession and Mach-three inflation. It was creaming everybody but was a special kick in the stomach to the leisure business. Some days our Miami hotel was a ghost town of empty rooms, and it was sold in 1974.

About that time, too, PLAYBOY came up against competition of a new sort on the newsstands. Ever since 1955 or so, the world had not lacked in imitations (and parodies) of PLAYBOY. One such started in 1965, *Penthouse*, was one of the more slavish and humorless imitators; but by the early Seventies, it was changing the game somewhat by, simply, being a lot raunchier than PLAYBOY had ever been—or wanted to be. And then along came Larry Flynt with *Hustler*, who went way down the line from *Penthouse*, in the direction of animal-husbandry films and color instruction manuals for butcher's school.

Apparently, Mencken was still right, you still couldn't go broke underestimating the taste of the American people: Both *Penthouse* and *Hustler* were beginning to sell in the millions. PLAYBOY's circulation was affected and dropped gradually. The decline was real, but not drastic, and PLAYBOY remained, as it does today, among the country's top ten magazines in terms of revenue. Still, among other problems, circulation was down. Accustomed to nonstop growth and success, PLAYBOY, with difficulty, reported its first losing quarter in recent memory.

And in 1974, in the midst of those business hassles, along came the DEA, in the imposing form of U. S. Attorney James Thompson, presently governor of Illinois. Taking on PLAYBOY has never been the worst way for a politician to get his name in the headlines, and Thompson used it well. It didn't matter that there was less drug use at the Chicago Mansion than in any reasonably well-heeled fraternity house at the University of Chicago, nor that Hefner's drug of choice *really is* Pepsi. For some time, the DEA had been looking for an excuse to get inside and look under Playboy's rugs, and it found the handle with Bobbie Arnstein, Hefner's Executive Secretary for 11 years. Her story is too long and sad and complex to tell here, but it let her drift onto the edge of a cocaine deal because she wanted desperately to please and hold on to a young man involved in it. The DEA pounced. Bobbie—a slight, hip, smart, funny woman who was fragile and easily hurt emotionally—felt enormous guilt about opening the door for the DEA. She had attempted suicide more than once. On January 12, 1975, she died in Chicago of a self-inflicted drug overdose. Her suicide came three months after she was convicted and

conditionally sentenced to 15 years in prison for conspiracy to transport and distribute cocaine. Bobbie passionately maintained her innocence on those charges, and she was appealing her conviction at the time of her death.

Hefner flew immediately to Chicago and called a press conference. Shocked, shaken, angry, holding back tears, he charged that Bobbie's death had occurred because he had become the target of a "politically motivated" drug investigation stemming from PLAYBOY's advocacy of liberal causes such as the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws. Comparing the tactics used in the investigation to those of the witch-hunts of the Middle Ages, Hefner blamed Bobbie's death on the "incredible pressure" she had had to endure. "Narcotics agents frequently use our severe drug laws in an arbitrary and capricious manner to elicit the desired testimony for trial. . . . And when these laws are as serious as some of our drug laws are, the results can be horrendous."

Less than a year later, the DEA dropped the investigation, for lack of evidence. But Bobbie Arnstein was still dead.

In December 1975, Hefner told those gathered at the annual shareholders' meeting, "This has not been an easy year for the company."

But sometimes it is darkest, etc. In what the newsweeklies were calling The Raunch Wars and The Pubic Wars, PLAYBOY took a chance and did it right. After brief indecision, it decided to *not* follow the trend toward intrauterine photographic expeditions and beavers so split and close up they might as well be *steak tartare*.

As Hefner explained at the 1975 shareholders' meeting: "We are moving in new directions aimed at disassociation from imitators. We will present sexuality without vulgarity. Sex will continue to be an important part of the editorial package, but we are not going to take the magazine out the window."

By 1976, the decision began to pay off. What had been lost in circulation was being regained in record advertising revenue, as advertisers increasingly fled in flocks from the competition as it got nittier and grittier. Hefner was able to say accurately in January, "I think we've turned the corner."

The October 1975 *Sappho* pictorial pointed the way: *hot stuff*, ten pages of sisterly love . . . but photographed as in a vivid dream, more sensuous and romantic than sexually explicit, and more of a turn-on for being so. Also in 1975, PLAYBOY ran a pictorial of Brigitte Bardot on the occasion of her turning 40 that was, for all its relative innocence, magnificently sexy. When it came out, one editor, who'd never done so in ten years of working there, ripped out the page of the magazine where she's stand-

ing nude by a stream and stuck it up on his wall, to stare at for inspiration. In 1976, PLAYBOY revisited another regular in *Incomparably Ursula*, discovered sex in the great outdoors in a 1977 Grand Canyon pictorial and in 1978 pushed to yet new frontiers with *Sex in Outer Space*.

Like the pictorials, other areas of the magazine were changing, also in ways that remained true to PLAYBOY. In fiction, the Names were still there in abundance: In 1974, PLAYBOY previewed *Humboldt's Gift*, which won a Pulitzer for Saul Bellow; in 1976, John Cheever's best-selling *Falconer* and Alex Haley's blockbuster *Roots*; in 1977, *The Honourable Schoolboy*, the latest John le Carré; and in 1978, Irwin Shaw's sequel to *Rich Man, Poor Man*, as well as new stories by Arthur C. Clarke, Paul Theroux, John Updike, Günter Grass, V. S. Pritchett, Gore Vidal, Norman Mailer, Kingsley Amis—another of those lists. But the Fiction Department under Victoria Chen Haider is also actively looking for—and publishing—good younger writers, as evidenced by Arthur Rosch's *Sex and the Triple Znar-Fichi* in the September 1978 issue and William Hjortsberg's two-part *Falling Angel* in October and November 1978.

The most dramatic change in PLAYBOY during the Seventies may be in the area of nonfiction. Arthur Kretchmer, now Editorial Director, said recently that he probably never got over being Articles Editor. Certainly, during his tenure, PLAYBOY has hung in at the top of the big leagues, replacing the celebrity outrage of the late Sixties and early Seventies increasingly with tough, probing investigative journalism. Since 1973, there have been two exhaustive nonfiction series, the *History of Organized Crime* and the *History of Assassination in America*. In 1974, PLAYBOY previewed Woodward and Bernstein's *All the President's Men*. For their revelations about the inner Hughes empire in the September 1976 issue (*The Puppet and the Puppetmasters*), Articles Editor Laurence Gonzales and free-lancer Larry DuBois won the Sigma Delta Chi Award, about as close as journalists get to an Oscar. And if not precisely probing but just as tough, PLAYBOY sent former Staff Writer Craig Vetter out to kill himself in a variety of flamboyant ways (including ice climbing and wing walking), which became a series of reports in 1978 called *Pushed to the Edge*.

The *Interviews*, now the satrapy of Executive Editor G. Barry Golson, haven't been slouches, either. Jane Fonda and Tom Hayden sat down to talk in 1974, which for her was a little remarkable, since a few years earlier she'd sued PLAYBOY for umpteen million dollars. Like an increasing number of significant voices, Fonda and Hayden realized that, like it or not, PLAYBOY has what one writer has called "tremendous

reach." Given the statistics of pass-along readership, each issue of the magazine is seen by approximately 20,000,000 people. That's reach. Far enough that the April 1976 *Interview* with Jerry Brown established him as a national contender for the Presidency—at least in the eyes of Jimmy Carter's advisors, who decided because of it and the reaction to it to let Jimmy be interviewed for the November issue. He was, and it became the interview heard round the world. PLAYBOY has also published the last known interview with Jimmy Hoffa, talked with Gary Gilmore days before he was shot by the state and with James Earl Ray in jail. In 1978, the *Interview* gave embattled orange queen Anita Bryant enough space to tell her story, and last month went inside John Travolta's brain to see how things looked from there.

We remain on the case.

And, as we said at the beginning, we feel fine.

In 1977, the boss fulfilled yet another lifelong ambition as guest host on *Saturday Night Live*—no, not to meet John Belushi but to *sing* on a network television show. The rumors were true: He wasn't bad. And it must have seemed like old times last August when he saw the goggling front-page headlines in the *Chicago Tribune*:

#### HEFNER AND PLAYBOY ACCUSED OF OBSCENITY

A zealous prosecutor in Atlanta was accusing Hefner of "distributing obscene materials." It was a misdemeanor under Georgia law, but, nevertheless, was front-page news to Hefner's old friend, the *Trib*. Apparently, it did not matter to the prosecutor that a Federal judge in the Atlanta district court had ruled that recent issues of PLAYBOY and *Oui* were definitely not obscene; nor that PLAYBOY had never lost such a case in a court of final appeal. He thought it was dirty, and that was that. As of this writing, he still does, and may continue to do so for some time.

The more things change, the more they stay the same.


In 25 years, Playboy has become an international empire, with foreign editions of the magazine in Germany, Italy, France, Japan, Brazil, Latin America, Spain and, as of February, Australia; the Clubs and Resort Hotels have also expanded world-wide—a new Club in Manila, a casino in Nassau, a planned hotel on the Boardwalk in Atlantic City. The Playboy Rabbit is certainly among the most universally recognized symbols in the world.

And some zealot still wants to put Hefner in jail.

It seems like a portent of 25 more lively years.

Have fun. We will.

# DAVID STEINBERG'S GUIDE TO DISCO ETIQUETTE

A photograph of a man and a woman dancing in a disco. The man is wearing a white three-piece suit with a black collar and sunglasses tucked into his jacket. The woman is wearing a purple strapless dress and high-heeled sandals. They are surrounded by other people in a dark, festive setting with hanging lights and confetti.

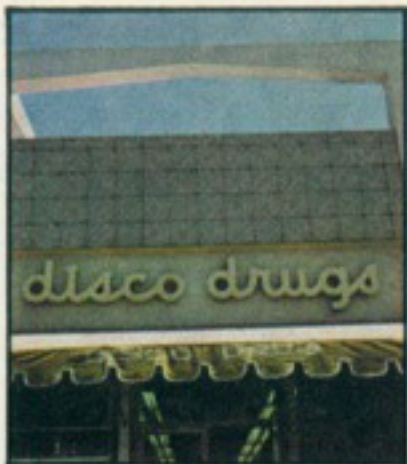
*a few basic pointers  
to help you keep your  
cool on the dance floor*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GARY HEERY  
PRODUCED BY MICHAEL BERRY  
AND JOHN BLUMENTHAL

# HOW TO IDENTIFY A DISCO



People often mistake synagogues for discos. How can you tell the difference? For one thing, the women are sexier in a synagogue. I myself have been luckier there.



The word disco can be misleading. This is a drugstore. Also watch out for Disco Hospital, Disco Kennels, Disco College, Disco Cleaners and Disco Theological Seminary.



Yes, this is your basic disco. (What else could it be—an odyssey store?) If people go in cool and come out sweaty, it's probably a disco...or an IRS audit bureau.

## DISCO ACCESSORIES



**Merkin**

**Coke Spoon**

**Name Tag**

## YOUR BASIC ENSEMBLE

OK, so the coke spoon's a bit big, but girls at discos are into big, right? No problem—put a few grams of detergent or some baby laxative in a foil wrapper and go to the bathroom 12 times every hour. On your name tag, use something provocative like ACCOUNTANT, or HUNG, or just wear a doctor's beeper on your belt and furrow your brow when it beeps..

## PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT

Whom you choose as your practice partner can be very, very important. Any old airhead won't do. (I met my partner, Loretta, at a disco, and when I held her in my arms for the first time, I was amazed—she seemed lighter than air!) What I like most about Loretta is that she's not writing "the woman's novel," nor has she ever said, "What I really want to do is direct." We have a great rapport and our practice sessions move along quickly. And, frankly, I never feel used when she asks if I know anyone who could get her a job as an anchorperson.



# DAVE'S FAVORITE DANCE STEPS

A lot of guys ask me, "Dave, what's the right dance for me?" My advice is to choose a dance that says the most about what kind of person you are—most of my students start with the jerk and work up to the monkey. Dancing is easy. It's all in the eyes. Never look at your partner, except to check if she's still there. And never, never smile—only schmucks smile while they're dancing.



**The Aztec Two-Step**



**The Bump**



**The American Hustle**

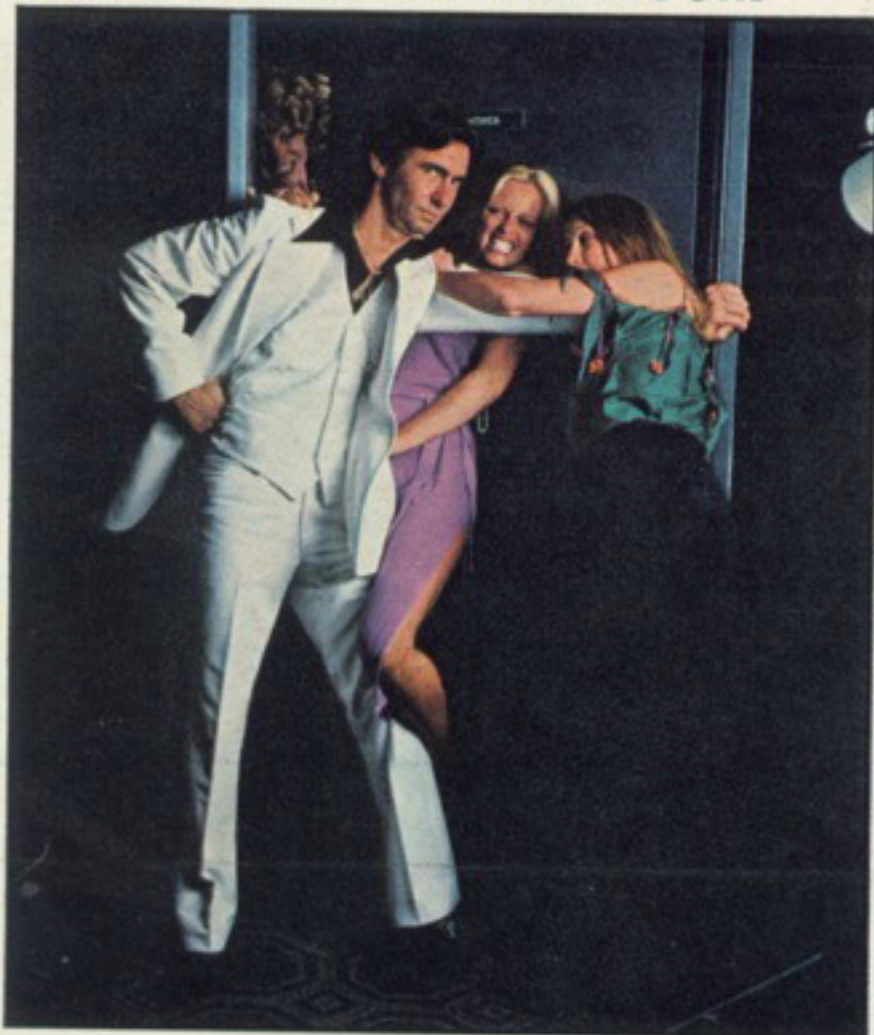


**The Doggie-Doodoo**



## AT THE DISCO

**STAND BY THE LADIES' ROOM**



**NEVER WEAR SUNGLASSES INSIDE**



Let's face it, guys, once you're in the disco, the object is to check out the available females, while at the same time making yourself as visible as possible. My statistics indicate that the female of the species visits the ladies' room on the average of four times in any given hour. You can tell a lot about a girl by the number of times she visits—if it's only once every hour, she's probably not a big drinker. If it's eight or more times an hour, she's probably just gotten back from Mexico. If several attractive girls go in together and nobody comes out for over an hour or so, it's perfectly all right to go on in and investigate—there's probably something very kinky happening and no one will mind your intrusion.

Since most discos are dark, you're better off not wearing your sunglasses, even though this lessens your cool by a few grams. Discos that feature mirrored walls can also lead to some confusion if you wear your sunglasses. A friend once spent an entire evening putting the make on his reflection—asked himself to dance, took himself out for a nightcap and brought himself back to his place before he realized his error. This can be a waste of time. Even if you're not wearing shades, those mirrored walls can be tricky. I've noticed that walking head on into a wall can tend to lower your cool at a disco. My advice is to ask someone not wearing shades where the walls are early in the evening.





## HOW TO ASK HER TO DANCE

### First Make Eye Contact

I've always been a great believer in the subtle approach, but if that fails, go right for the buffoon approach. Notice how I've managed to amuse her? She's fighting it, trying to look disgusted, but I can see right through that.

### Don't Let Her Know You're Desperate

As you can tell, she's practically begging me to take her for a spin on the dance floor, but I'm being very, very casual about it. I've got her wrapped around my little finger, so to speak. It's quite obvious that she's crazy about me.

### Be Cool if She Turns You Down

So she doesn't want to dance with me, so what? It's her loss, right? Hey, I'm a mature adult, I can handle a little rejection—I've been shot down before. Right about now, she's probably impressed by my nonchalant attitude.



## HOW TO CLEAR A CROWDED DANCE FLOOR

Most people think that in order to clear a crowded dance floor, you have to make a nuisance of yourself. Not true—if you've followed my instructions to the letter, you won't need to push and shove, because after the first five minutes the other dancers will voluntarily clear a space for you and stand in a semicircle, totally enchanted by your display of grace and artistry. (If they don't do this voluntarily, then make a nuisance of yourself.) I don't think it's being immodest to point out that I've captured everybody's imagination, including that of my partner, who is nauseous with admiration. The crowd is going wild! (If you get them *really* excited, you can actually hear them hissing with delight!) And the disco's managers are pleased, because while dancing, I am also cleaning the dance floor with my jacket. This crowd loves me. See how they egg me on toward my big finale.





*"Now that we got that out of the way,  
my name's Frank; what's yours?"*



*"We can't make him take it down. It's his grandmother."*

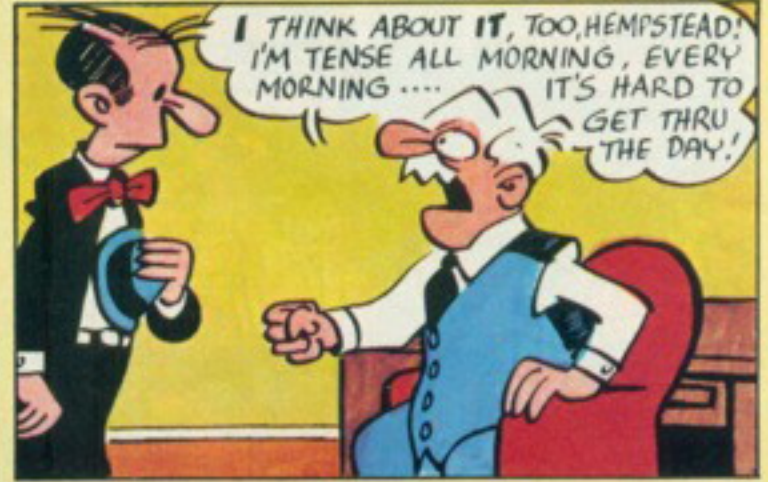
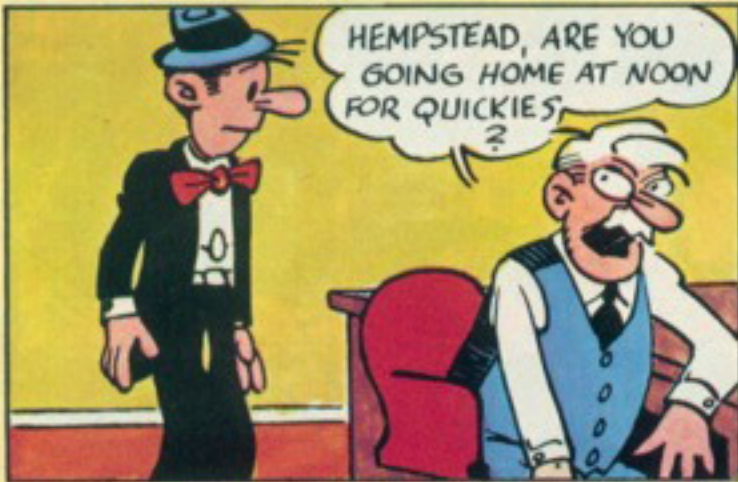
# PLAYBOY



## MOMS



## BIG BLONDE





HERE COMES

# JERRY!

"HE'S A REALLY FUNNY GUY!"

STORY AND ART BY LOU BROOKS



GOSH AND GOLLY, PRISCILLA! IT SURE IS NICE OF YOU TO COME OVER AND HELP ME WITH MY STUDIES WHILE MY FOLKS ARE AWAY!

REMEMBER, JERRY! NONE OF YOUR FUNNY PRANKS! I INVITED MARY LOU ALONG TO CHAPERONE, JUST IN CASE!



OHHH!

I'M HER, PRIS! TO SHOW YOU I'M ON THE LEVEL, I GOT YOU SOME FLOWERS!



GALS SURE LIKE A GUY WITH A SMART SENSE OF HUMOR!

HA! HA! LOOKS LIKE YOU TWO WILL HAVE TO GET OUT OF THOSE WET CLOTHES!

THE GIRLS DRY OFF WHILE JERRY IS UPSTAIRS...

YOU KNOW, PRIS, A SENSE OF HUMOR IS WHAT I LOOK FOR MOST IN A MAN!

AND A SCHLONG LIKE A HORSE!



SUR-PRISE!

EEEEK! JERRY! YOU PROMISED TO STAY UPSTAIRS TILL OUR CLOTHES DRY!!

CLICK!



C'MON, GALS! WE'LL HIT TH' BOOKS LATER! LET'S ALL FOOL AROUND! AND I PROMISE... NO MORE GAGS!!



I MUST ADMIT I'M RATHER CURIOUS!



GOODY! LEMME JUST FEEL THAT RIPE ASS OF YOURS, MARY LOU!

BZZZ!

YIPE!



WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN ON THE SOFA, PRIS? HA! HA! LOOK OUT FOR THAT WHOOPEE CUSHION UNDER THE SEAT!

OOH!

BRRAP



AW, CANTCHA TAKE A JOKE, PRIS?

WHY, CERTAINLY, JERRY!

HA! HA! HA! THIS TIME, JERRY, IT LOOKS LIKE THE JOKE'S ON YOU!!

LEMME JUST PULL DOWN YOUR PANTIES FOR A GLIMPSE OF HEAVEN!

TEE HEE

SPONG!

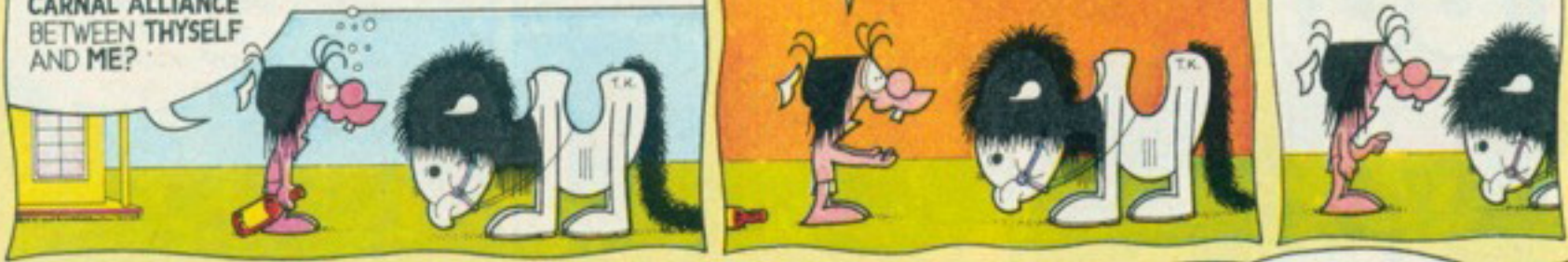
END

# TUMBLEBRUSH by Howard Cruse

BE NOT DETURD BY SOCIETAL STRIKCHURS REGARDING IMPROVIZASHUNAL EROTIC COUPLINGS—OMNISEXUALITY BEING ALL THE RAGE IN THE CHIC BACKWASH OF VARYUS STELLAR CULCHURAL PIONEERS AND DENIZENS OF DUBIOUS OLD-WEST DISCOS.

MAY I INTERPRET YER SILENCE AS ACQUIESCENCE, CHERISHED HORSE?

SALYEW TASHUNS, EQUINOUS QUADREWPE! (hic!) EMBOLDENED AS I AM BY THE SALUBRIOUS MINISTRASHUNS OF VINTAGE FIREWATER, MIGHT I PROPOSE AS BALM FOR MY INSURGENT HORNYNNESS AN UNCONVENSHUNAL CARNAL ALLIANCE BETWEEN THYSELF AND ME?



I FEER I MUST DEKLINE YER TITILLATING PROPOZISHUN DEW TO THE FOLLOWING EXIGENCIES: (a) THE UNGAINLY EXPENDICHUR OF TIME WHICH WOOD BE REQUIRED TO EVALUATE YER PRO-FESSHUNAL HISTORY, CREDIT REFERENCES AND COLLEGE BORED SKOARS PRIOR TO DETERMINASHUN OF YER FITNESS AS MY SEXUAL PARTNER; (b) THE BLOOD TEST ON YER PART WHICH WOOD BE DE RIGUEUR TO ESTABLISH YER FREEDOM FROM VENEREAL INFEKSHUNS; AND (c) I HAVE A HEADACHE DEW TO THE BRICK JUST HURTLED AT MY NOGGIN BY YON RODENT IGNATZ!

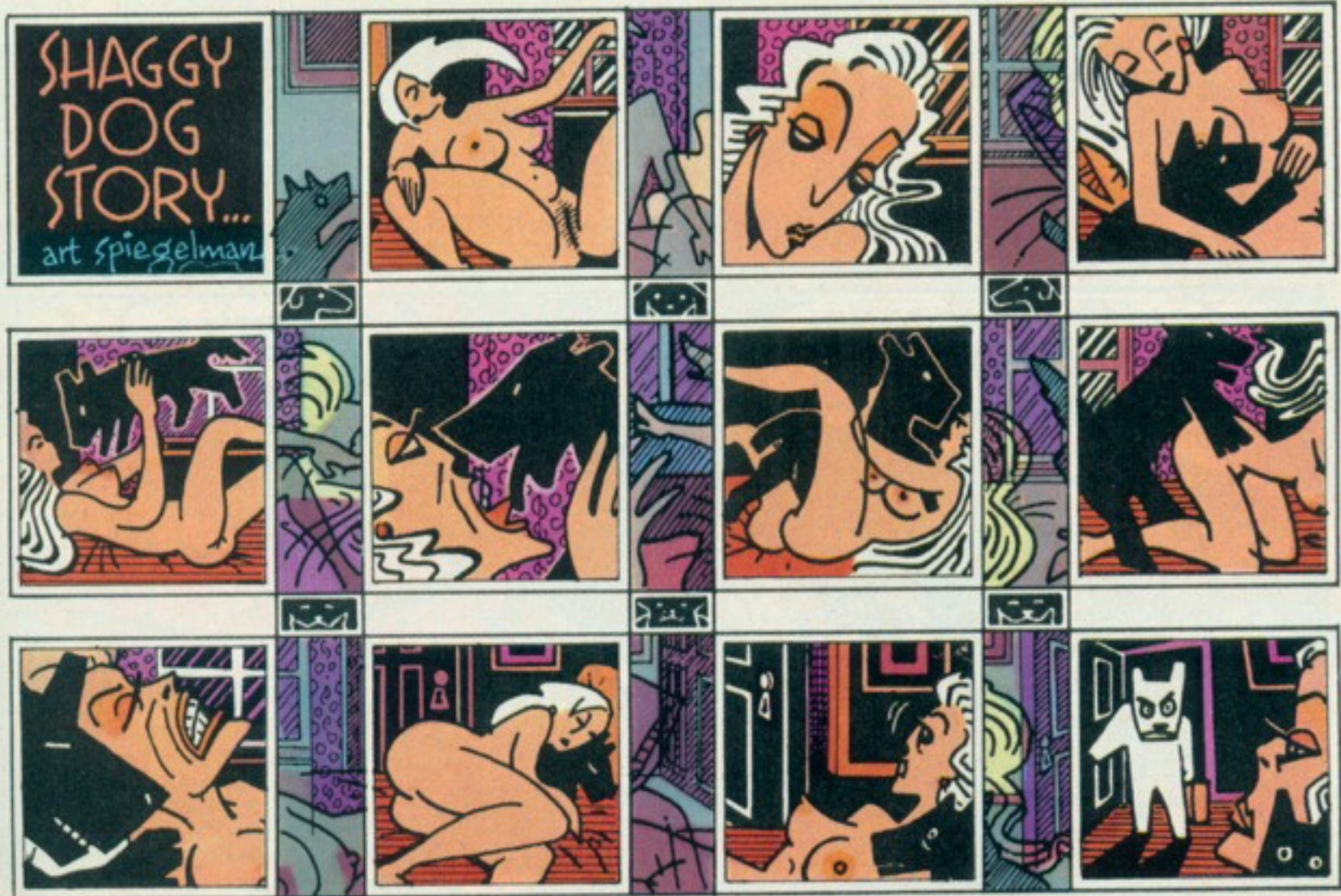
ALLOW ME TO APPEAL YER VERDICT, WORTHY STEED....  
**AARRRGH!!**

TH' HOSS SAID, "NEIGH!" REDSKIN! NOW GIT YORE VENTILATED ASS OUTA TOWN!

KEEMO SABBEE HE AINT!



## SHAGGY DOG STORY... art Spiegelman



# BENNY JUICE



YES?

MR. BENNY JUICE?

MR. PUHTZ WILL SEE YOU NOW.



HAVE YOU FOUND ME A JOB, MANNY?

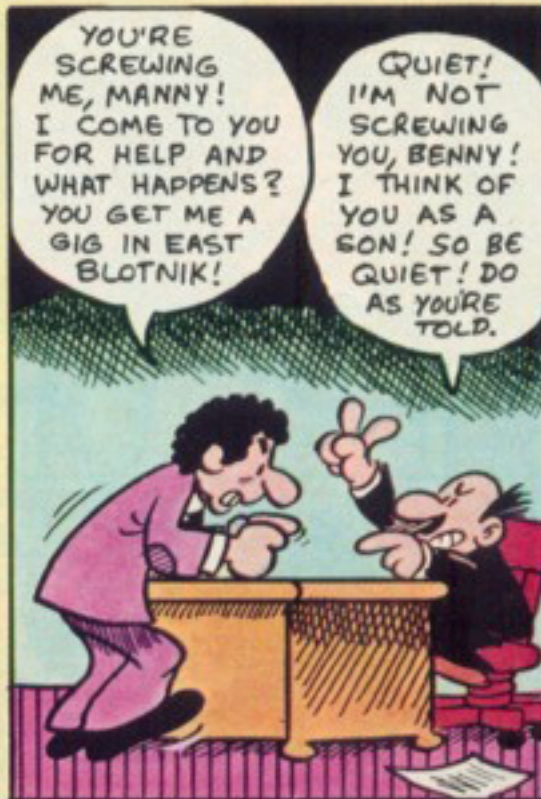
BENNY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! COME, SIT!

JOB? SURE I GOT YOU A JOB! EVER SINCE BERLE, PEOPLE WANNA SEE STAND-UP COMICS!



WHAT'S THIS? EAST BLOTNIK?

IT'S A NICE HOTEL IN THE CATSKILLS. EVEN BUDDY HACKETT PLAYED THERE. TRUST ME!



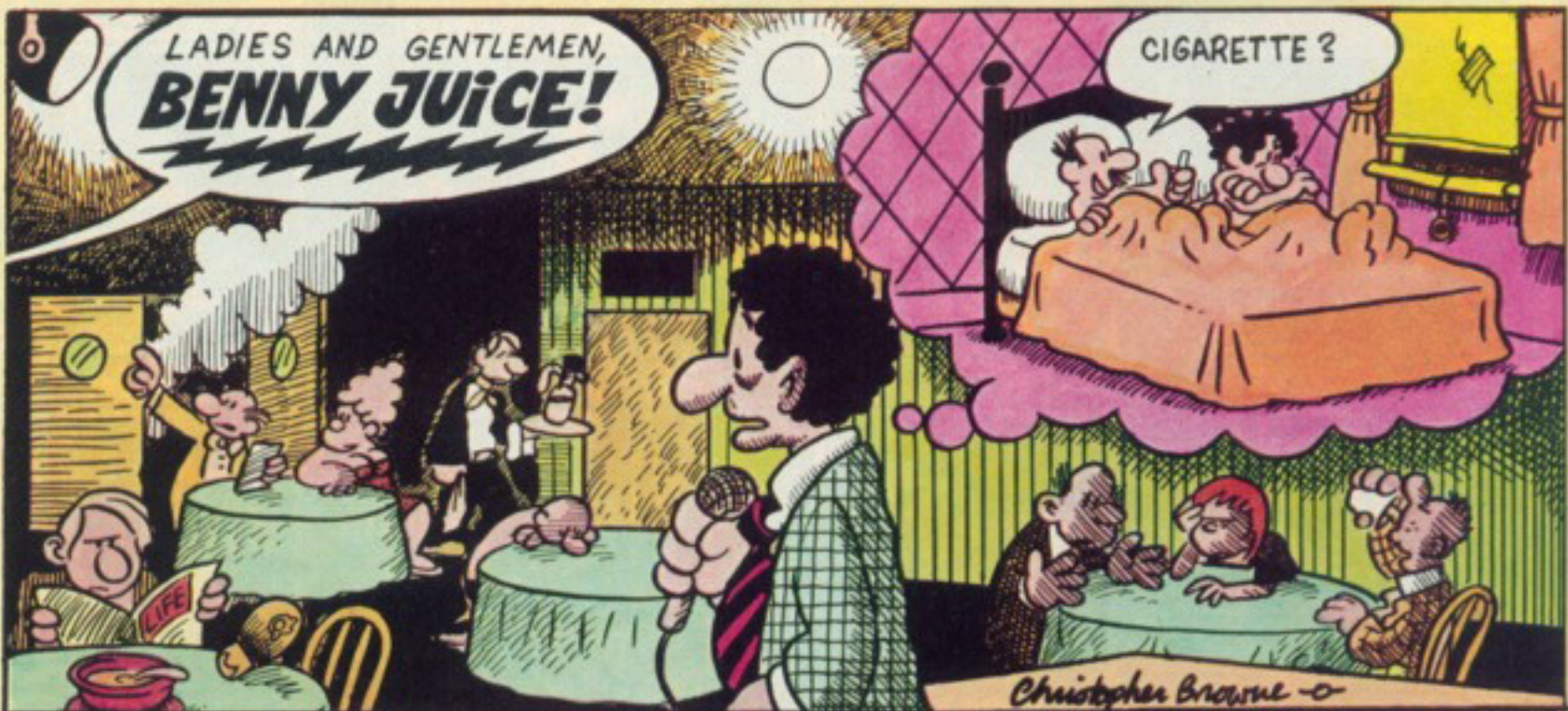
YOU'RE SCREWING ME, MANNY! I COME TO YOU FOR HELP AND WHAT HAPPENS? YOU GET ME A GIG IN EAST BLOTNIK!

QUIET! I'M NOT SCREWING YOU, BENNY! I THINK OF YOU AS A SON! SO BE QUIET! DO AS YOU'RE TOLD.



I'M BEING SCREWED! MANNY PUHTZ, MY OWN AGENT, IS SCREWING ME! HELP! RAPE!!

HAVE I EVER SCREWED YOU BEFORE? PLAY BLOTNIK, THEN TELL ME I'M SCREWING YOU!



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, **BENNY JUICE!**

CIGARETTE?

Christopher Browne

ROCHBERNY  
RON MARTINEZ

# ARIEL

INTERGALACTIC NYMPHET, WOMAN OF THE UNIVERSE, HOTTER THAN A COMET, BRIGHTER THAN A NOVA, IN SEARCH OF CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF ANY KIND....

ARIEL & MAX, HER ROBOT VALET, ARE CRUISING THE EXPANSES OF SPACE, CONSIDERING THE MUSIC OF THE SPHERES, WHEN SUDDENLY....

ARIEL! OUR STARSHIPS ARE DISAPPEARING NEAR THE PLANET ARBORON.

POOR COMMANDER STARLOG - HE'S SO EXCITABLE.

NOT TO WORRY, COMMANDER - WE HAVE THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND!

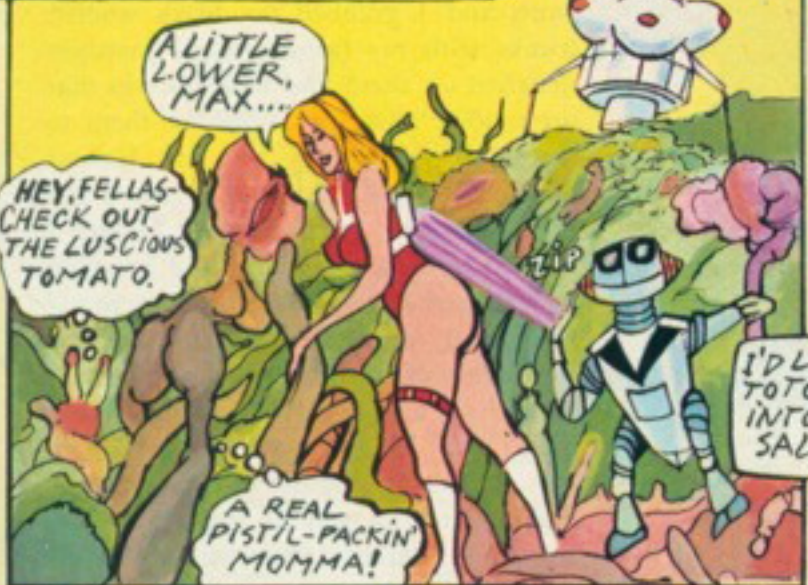


MM... THAT'S TERRIFIC, MAX. A LITTLE MORE TO THE LEFT!

MMM... THAT'S TERRIFIC, MAX.

A LITTLE HIGHER, PLEASE.

SHORTLY, ARIEL & MAX TOUCHDOWN ON THE PLANET ARBORON AND FIND IT UNINHABITED BY ANIMAL LIFE BUT TEEMING WITH HIGHLY DEVELOPED FLORA...



A LITTLE LOWER, MAX...

HEY, FELLAS - CHECK OUT THE LUSCIOUS TOMATO.

A REAL PISTIL-PACKIN' MOMMA!

I'D LIKE TO TOSS THESE INTO A SALAD.

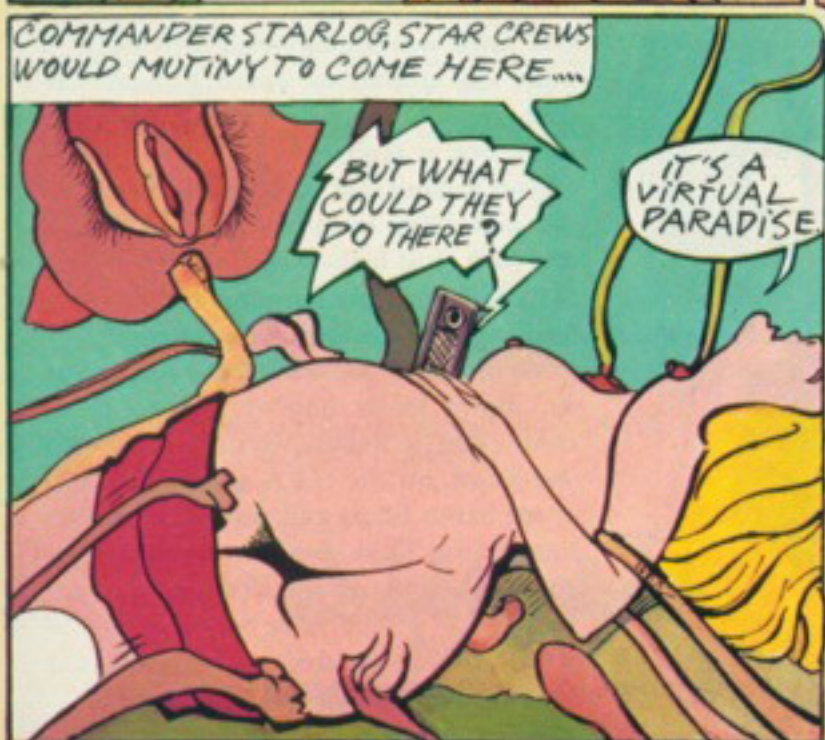


THE SOIL SEEMS QUITE FERTILE HERE!

TIME FOR A LITTLE SPRING PLANTING!

TIME TO PLOW THE FURROW!

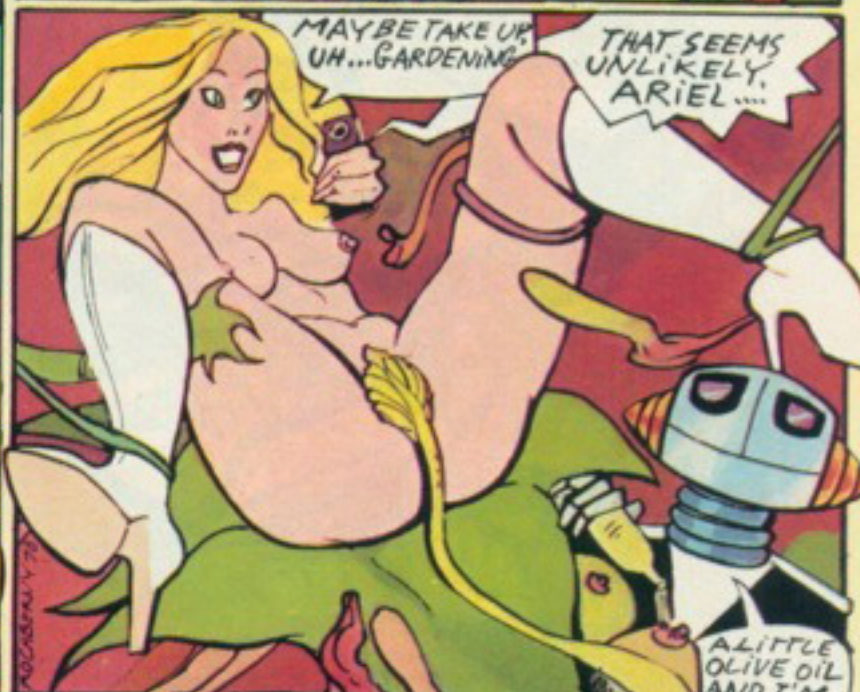
MMM... BEAUTIFUL, MAX!



COMMANDER STARLOG, STAR CREWS WOULD MUTINY TO COME HERE....

BUT WHAT COULD THEY DO THERE?

IT'S A VIRTUAL PARADISE.

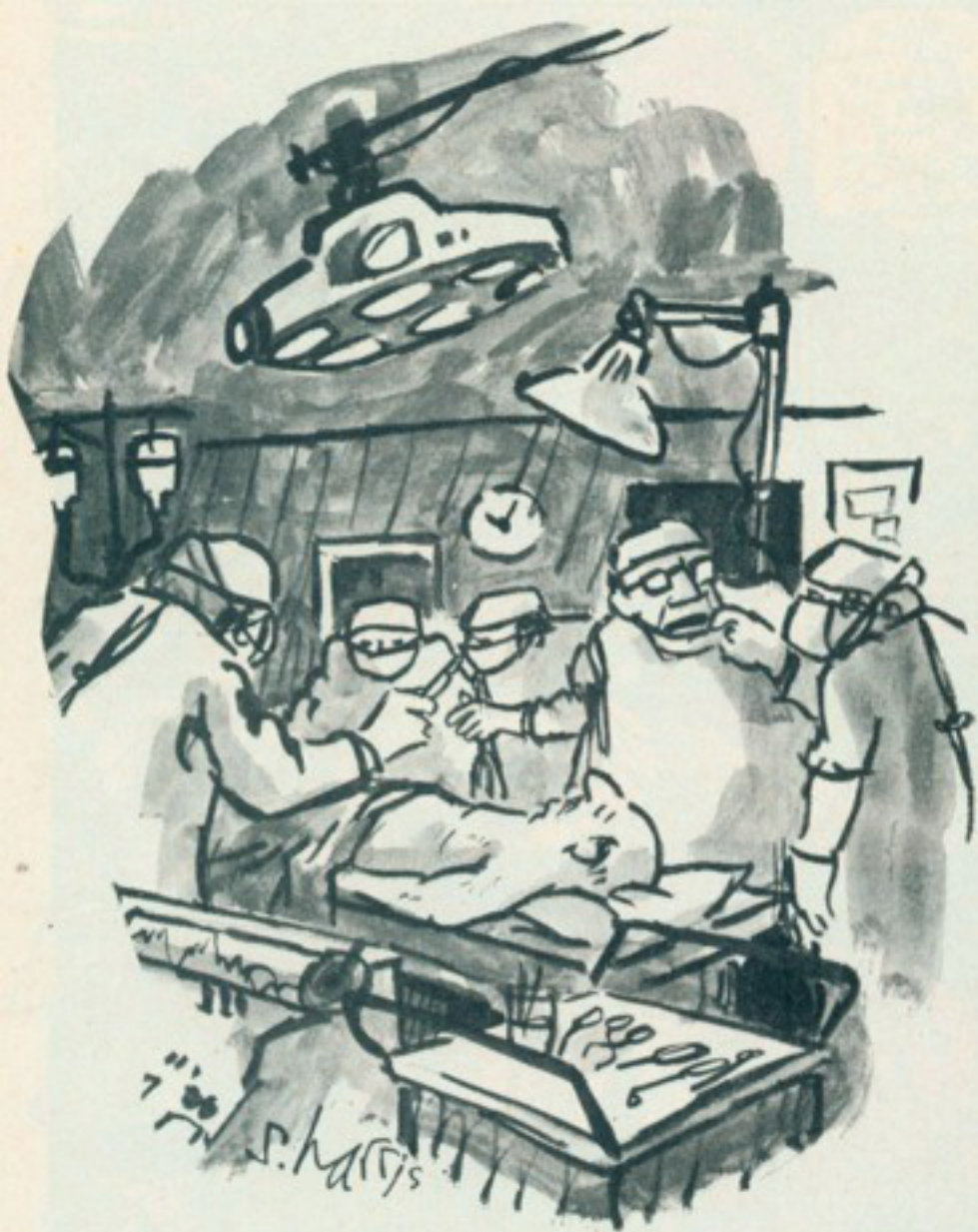


MAYBE TAKE UP UH... GARDENING.

THAT SEEMS UNLIKELY, ARIEL....

A LITTLE OLIVE OIL AND I'M ALL SET...





*"A heart transplant isn't worth much if he doesn't look good—let's give him a hair transplant, too."*



*"It's Harrison, from store security . . . I . . . I think you know why I'm here. . . ."*



mike Williams.

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



## RUN FOR THE MONEY

It's rumored that more people are into jogging than are into sex these days. If that's the case, all you horny runners will wish to sign aboard an organized Alpine/Bavarian or British Isles road-running adventure that World Athletic Tours, 315 W. Gorham Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53703, is offering for about \$750 and up this summer. Make no mistake, these junkets are for runners. You can compete in an Octoberfest Marathon or the London-to-Brighton 52-miler. Meet you at the finish line.

## WE CAN SEE IT CLEARLY NOW....

Some months ago, we featured a pair of jeans that had transparent-plastic hip pockets. Well, buddy, you ain't seen nothing yet. For the girl who has everything—and wants to prove it—La Parisienne, 416 West Eighth Street, Los Angeles, California 90014, is selling see-through plastic jeans for \$35, postpaid, that come in three revealing shades: clear, red and the ever-popular yellow. Waist sizes are from 26" to 32" (if you're bigger than that, your jeans should be opaque) and lengths are all extra-long for rolling or trimming. To top the pants off, La Parisienne also offers a clear-plastic vest for \$20, postpaid, in small, medium and large sizes (same shades). Of course, you don't have to go bare under your plastic threads to attract attention, but what the hell. When you've got it, flaunt it!



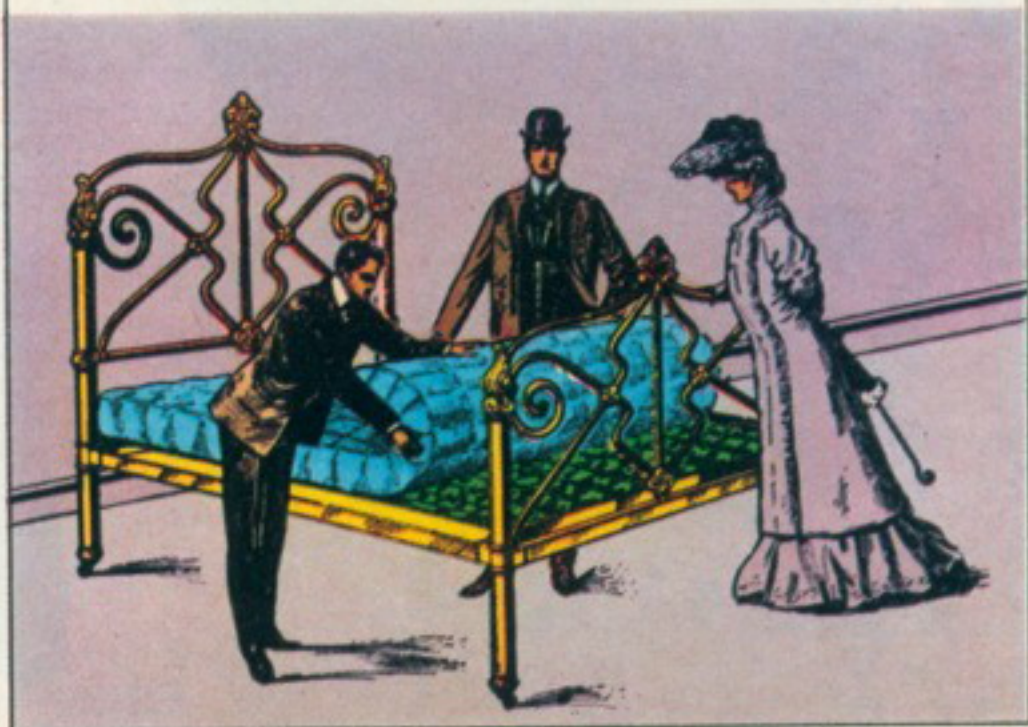
## TURNING INTO MR. HIDE

Everybody's got goodies to hide, either in his pad or on his person. But most people don't think beyond the ball pocket in a golf bag or the lining of a hat when selecting the spot they think is perfect for squirreling away something valuable. If you'd like to learn more about the art of hiding—really hiding—the things you treasure most, send \$5.95 to And/Or Press, Box 2246, Berkeley, California 94702, for a softcover copy of *The Stash Book*, by Peter Hjersman. Now, if we can only remember where the hell we stashed that book. . . .



## DOGGY DON'T

The Romans had words for it: *excrementum Canis*. But the stuff by any name is a problem that's here to stay, and even stiff cleanup fines haven't completely raised canine owners' consciousness. If you'd like to post a reminder to dog walkers not to leave their pets' deposits behind, Creative Designs, 237 Washington Street, Marblehead, Massachusetts 01945, is selling this 12" x 12" aluminum sign for \$6.95, postpaid. That's cheaper than buying a gun.





### IT'S ALL DOWNHILL

You can roll out the barrel, hot doggers, and peel off two skis. Or you can send \$32.50 to Slat Skis, RBP Industries, 1900 Grantham Court, Louisville, Kentucky 40222, and get yourself a pair of the same things equipped with inexpensive, quick-release bindings that fit anything from tennies to cowboy boots. These babies are short (under three feet) and not for the serious downhill racer. Pick a pair and you'll end up king of the mountain.



### YOU TELL 'EM, CHARLEY

Ever get the urge to complain about a rude bus driver or the lack of service on your last airplane flight, only to find that you're so damn mad you can't write straight? Then send \$6.50 to Grand Mal, Ltd., 444 East 86th Street, New York, New York 10028, for a TELL-'EMOFF kit: 16 different prewritten complaint letters that take real-life situations to the absurd and have a good time doing it. We feel better already.

### SEXY STORY

The facts that homosexuality was common to most Indian groups and watermelons are better to have sex with than cantaloupes are just some of the revelations you'll discover in *The American Way of Sex*, by Bradley Smith, an informal illustrated history of how we've been doing it ever since one of Christopher Columbus' sex-starved sailors reported that "these people eat when they are hungry and have sex openly when they feel like it." *Sex* is available from Two Continents Publishing, 30 E. 42nd Street, New York, New York 10017, for \$19.95. It's hot stuff.



### LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

The Vigilite is a processor-based, preprogrammed light-control unit that fits into a home wall switch. You can use your Vigilite as a normal switch, yet at the press of a button, it automatically takes over, turning your ceiling lights (or whatever's wired to your wall switch) on and off in a random pattern that simulates the typical lighting use in your choice of five areas: bedroom, bathroom, kitchen, living room and outside. Vigilites cost \$39.95 each, postpaid, from Hutec Corporation, 1050E East Duane, Sunnyvale, California 94086. And it's a digital clock, too.



### DATE WITH PINBALL

The 1979 Pinball Aficionados Calendar is more than just a yearful of day-to-day trivia questions and miscellaneous information on the history of the game. It also offers what, as far as we know, is the first full-color collection of some of the beautiful and sensuous pinball back-glass ladies, such as Pinky Tuscadero from Bally's current game Eight Ball and the sexy waitress who you may remember appeared on its 1977 game Night Rider. To order the calendar (which measures 15" x 22" when open), send \$10 to The "A" Team, P.O. Box 2176, Union, New Jersey 07083. Just don't hang it next to your own game if you want to stay a pinball wizard.





*"I feel that I must warn you,  
counselor, that you are perilously close  
to a contempt-of-court citation."*

Graham  
Wilson



*"That will be mine."*



*“Actually, this is harder on me.  
I was into group sex.”*



# INTRODUCING THE NEW PLYMOUTH ARROW PICKUP.



## NOW, THERE'S AN ARROW THAT REALLY HAULS.



It took imagination to build a little pickup with this much cargo capacity.

Arrow can handle over a half ton of cargo. In other words, it can haul more of whatever it is you want to haul.

And we'll leave that up to your imagination.

### DRESS-UP YOUR PICKUP.

This is one pickup you can really dress-up.

Arrow is available with lots of different options to fit your own imagination.

Choose from exciting items like a skylite sun roof, air conditioning, or racing mirrors. The Arrow Sport model pictured

above comes standard with many features that are optional on other pickups.



Like an AM/FM stereo radio, raised white letter tires, a cargo lamp, sport wheels, and of course, a snappy exterior decor treatment.

### MILEAGE THAT'S A REAL "PICK-ME-UP!"

This little truck uses little gas. Thanks to its 2.6 litre, air

injected 4-cylinder engine, Arrow Sport achieved EPA estimates of 29 miles per gallon on the highway, 21 in the city.\*



**29 MPG HWY / 21 MPG CITY**

By now you're probably wondering what it's like to drive the new Arrow Pickup. Stop imagining and find out for yourself. At your Chrysler-Plymouth Dealer.

\*Your actual mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your vehicle's condition and its optional equipment. California mileage lower.



**THAT'S IMAGINATION. THAT'S PLYMOUTH.**

# Little Annie Fanny

BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

**I**T'S THE "HAPPY HOUR"... THAT MAGIC MOMENT WHEN THE T-BARS STOP AND THE SKI BARS START. MAKE NO MISTAKE. THESE ARE SKIERS FIRST. AND, TO A MAN, THEY'LL TELL YOU THERE'S NO WOMAN IN THE WORLD WHO'S WORTH A RUN DOWN A SLOPE OF FRESH POWDER. THIS ADVENTURE CONCERNS THE DOWNHILL RACERS AND THEIR STRUGGLE TO CONQUER THE POWDERED SLOPES ON THE PERFUMED PEAKS OF OUR HEROINE.

**WET T-SHIRT CONTEST TONITE**  
**NO T-SHIRT CONTEST LATER TONITE**

YOU KNOW SKIING, MACHO MITCH. DOES MY HAT HAVE THE PROPER APRES-SKI CHIC?

WANT ME TO WET YOUR T-SHIRT DOWN?

YOU ALREADY HAVE.

NO SKIN, NO WIN.

WHI-SKI!

YO! NOT NOW, TURKEY! I SEE A SNOW BUNNY WHOSE EDGES I'D LIKE TO BE SHARPENING.

APRES SKI

FREE-STYLE SKIER

APRES DRINK

REAL SKIER

REAL SKIER

LET'S GO BAR-HOPPING. IT'S ONLY 9 O'CLOCK.

FAKE SKIER

DIG THEM MOGULS!

HE SAID WE CAN EXPECT EIGHT INCHES TONIGHT.

WHAT A SCENE! FANTASTIC FASHIONS, DISCO DANCING, SKI JOCKS, NUDITY--

-GOD, ANNIE, HOW I LOVE SKIING!

BUT, WANDA, WE HAVEN'T EVEN SKIED YET!

ANNIE, MEET MACHO MITCH AND HORST THE JOCK. AREN'T THEY BEAUTIFUL? WHY DON'T WE HAVE A BEER PARTY IN OUR ROOM? IT'S ONLY 9:30.

9:30! YO! GOTTA HIT THE SACK!

YA! GOT TO BE ON THE SLOPES EARLY.

TAKE ME NOW!

9:30! GOT TO BE ON THE SLOPES!

HELP! COME BACK!

9:30! SLOPES! EARLY!



NEXT DAY

READY? LET'S GO.

HAVE I GOT EVERYTHING? BOOTS, ADJUSTED BINDINGS, POLES, SAFETY STRAPS, GOGGLES, EXTRA LENSES, GLOVES—

—ZIP JACKET AND PANTS, BODY SUIT, TURTLENECK, HEAVY SOCKS, THIN SOCKS, THERMAL UNDIES, TIGHTS... I THINK I'VE GOT EVERYTHING—

I'LL GET THE LIFT TICKETS.

HEY!

EVERYTHING EXCEPT MY TAMPON!

YO, GIRLS!

YA!

MACHO MITCH AND HORST THE JOCK!

YO, LI'L SNOW BUNNY, YOU RIDE WITH MITCH!

YA, MACHO MITCH, HE IS ZE BEST. HE LIKES ANNIE.

BUT—

MACHO MITCH LOOKS AT ANNIE LAST NIGHT AND FALLS CR-R-RAZY IN LOVE MIT HER.

BUT, BUT—

HE LOVES HER SO MUCH, HE WILL TEACH HER MANY THINGS, YA?

YO!

HE'LL TEACH HER THINGS ANYHOW, BECAUSE HE IS CR-R-RAZY IN LOVE MIT HER, WHOEVER SHE IS.

BUT ANNIE IS BACK AT THE LODGE. THAT'S NOT ANNIE WITH MACHO MITCH!

MEANWHILE, I TEACH YOU ZE SHNEEPFLUG AND ZE SHUSS. BUT NOW, I TEACH YOU ZE SHTUPP.

THE SHTUPP? ... NOW? ... HERE?

OH, YASS!

...FIRST YOU PUT ZE FEET LIKE SO. SECOND, YOU PUT ZE TUSH LIKE SO—

—THIRD, I POSITION MY POLE LIKE SO—



WE ONLY GOT TEN MINUTES FOR SHTUPPING, BECAUSE IN TEN MINUTES, ZE RIDE IS OVER!

OH, WAOW!

YO, ANNIE FANNY... YOU KISS GOOD!



THE WIND MUST BE FIERCE. LOOK AT THOSE GONDOLAS ROCK.

HEY! THE CABLE'S STOPPED!

THE ROCKING TRIPPED THE BRAKES!



GOTTA SEE THEM JUGS!

SWOON!

YO! WHAT'S THIS? A HAIRY CHEST!?



BRRA! SO COLD OUT THERE! I THINK I'LL TRADE THE SKIING FOR THE SAUNA.

I'VE BEEN SMOOCHING WITH A GUY!

...LEAPIN' LIZARDS, THE LIFT IS STUCK! ... AND ISN'T THAT A MAN CLINGING TO THE CABLE?

IT'S ALL RIGHT! I'M A GAY GUY!



JEEPERS, I WONDER WHY THE LIFT OPERATORS HAVEN'T NOTICED THE TROUBLE YET.

YO!

THE SKI LODGE! SECOND PICTURE WINDOW FROM THE BOTTOM!

HUBBA HUBBA!

LET ME SEE!

YOU WATCH THE LIFTS! I'LL SEE!

ME!

NO, ME!

END

# PLAYBOY

## ON · THE · SCENE

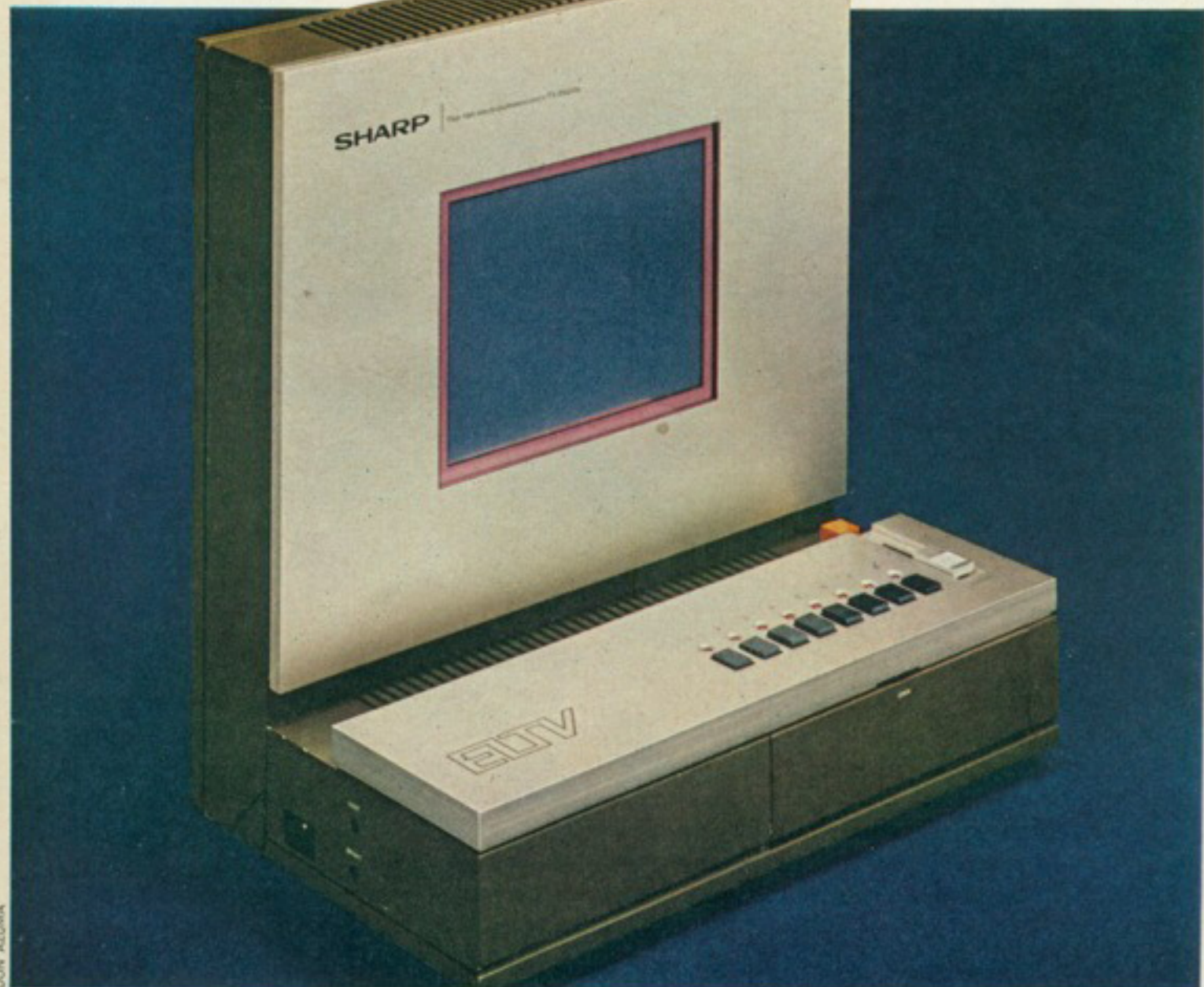
WHAT'S HAPPENING, WHERE IT'S HAPPENING AND WHO'S MAKING IT HAPPEN

### GEAR

## THINK THIN

**T**wenty-five years ago, a fledgling PLAYBOY featured Marilyn Monroe as its first Playmate and the family boob tube was built like a box. Twenty-five years later, oh, baby, look at them now: PLAYBOY is the hefty, handsome publication you're holding and TV sets have screens in a variety of sizes from postage stamp to more than a yard wide. Below, you see the shape of TVs

to come: Sharp Electronics' new superthin EL model that can sit L-shaped, as shown, or hang flat against a wall. The eight-pound black-and-white set, which Sharp hopes to introduce by late 1979 or early 1980, has an ultraclear yellowish-orange picture created by pulses that alternately polarize and depolarize electrodes built into the screen. Pretty Sharp!



How did Sharp Electronics Corporation create this revolutionary superthin-screen black-and-white television with its six-diagonal-inch viewing area? It replaced the cumbersome picture tube with an electroluminescence panel that's only two inches thick, that's how. Price: about \$450.

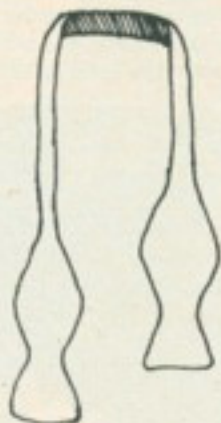
# BOW TIE ONE ON

The rediscovery of what fun it is to go formal has brought about a problem: There's a whole generation out there that never learned how to tie a bow tie. So here's how, gentlemen, demonstrated by a dapper fellow wearing a three-piece formal outfit, by Tyrone, \$495; a wing-collar shirt, by Gil Truedsson, \$65; and a pin-dot bow tie, by Vicky Davis, Ltd., \$8.50.

—HOLLIS WAYNE

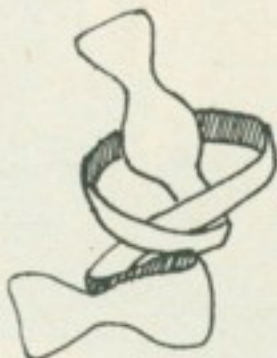
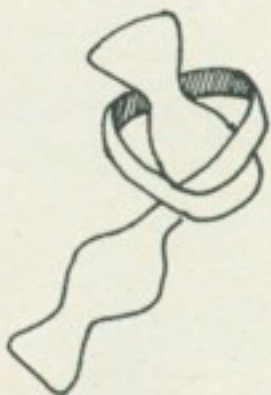


CHRIS CALLIS



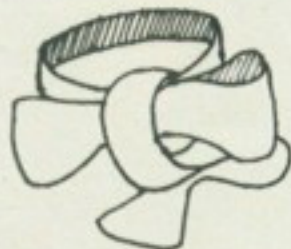
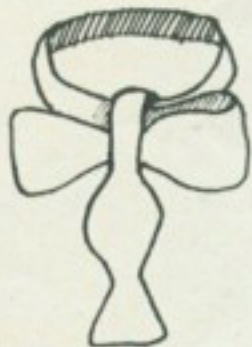
Left: Place your bow tie around your neck and leave the right end dangling  $1\frac{1}{2}$ " longer than the left. Simple enough.

Right: Now slowly cross the longer end over the shorter end and pass the longer end up through the loop.



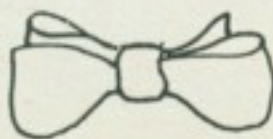
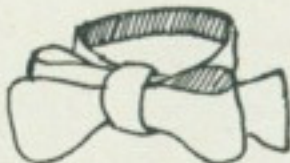
Left: Now grab the shorter end and—here's the tricky part—carefully form the front loop of your bow tie with it.

Right: When you feel the loop is right, hold it with thumb and forefinger and drop the longer end over it as we've depicted here. It's not so tough.



Left: Next, form another loop with the longer end and pass this loop behind the front loop and between the crossed ends you formed in figure two.

Right: You can easily adjust your bow tie by simply pulling on the loops and ends.



Left: You're ready for a night on the town. The bow tie being adjusted around the young lady's pretty neck, by the way, is worsted/satin, by After Six Accessories, \$10. (Her tuxedo vest, American Champagne.)

**They Can't All Be Robert Redford**

Our July 1973 Playmate, MARTHA SMITH, was a Detroit model looking for a career in the movies. We're happy to report she found one. Here are before and after pictures, the larger an outtake from her Playmate shooting, the smaller (Martha's on the right) from "National Lampoon's Animal House," in which she plays Babs, the prissy, stuck-up sorority queen, who runs off with an "animal" named Bluto, played by John Belushi. Yes, that's right—John Belushi.



EVA SERENY/ISYGMA

**Break an Arm!**

Talking with your hands may be dangerous to your health. Ask Italian movie director BERNARDO BERTOLUCCI if you don't believe us. Bertolucci, best known for "Last Tango in Paris" and "1900," was in the midst of filming "La Luna" in Rome with Jill Clayburgh when he tripped and broke both of his elbows. Ci-ow!

POMPEO POSAR

## Talk About Big Apples!

Singer DOLLY PARTON has really been around—on our cover, visiting Johnny Carson and in the Big Apple, where she gave a free concert on the steps of city hall. Her enthusiastic audience included New York mayor ED KOCH, who seems to be trying to measure her bust. Dolly told *PLAYBOY* last October, "My body is not really as extreme as people make it out to be. I have plenty, but it's not like what people say..." Sure, and Koch has a lot of hair.



## "I'm Mad as Hell and I'm Not Going to Take It Anymore"

Even before the movie "Network" popularized that slogan, editor-writer and former "Realist" publisher PAUL KRASSNER was angry. His outrage has covered just about every issue from assassination-conspiracy theory to Patty Hearst. This photo is either Krassner's fond farewell to fellow staffers at "Hustler" or his current opinion of California politics. No matter. Count on Paul to be pissed about something.

## Out for the Evening

We don't know for sure if this photo was snapped at the Paris premiere of "Grease," but we do know that MARISA BERENSON needs to have a talk with her dress designer. What with one thing and another, you may not have noticed her escort—singer JOEY TRAVOLTA's younger brother, JOHN.





## Page-Three Girls

America has the gatefold. London has the page-three girl. Every morning, thousands of Englishmen get up to peruse the beauties who bare their breasts in black and white on the third page of *The Sun*, a tabloid published by Rupert Murdoch. Here are eight page-three girls. Hey, Hef, have you ever considered putting out a daily?



DENISE PERRY

NICKI DEBUSE



JACQUIE DUNBAR



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY MICHAEL WILSON

DIANE WEST



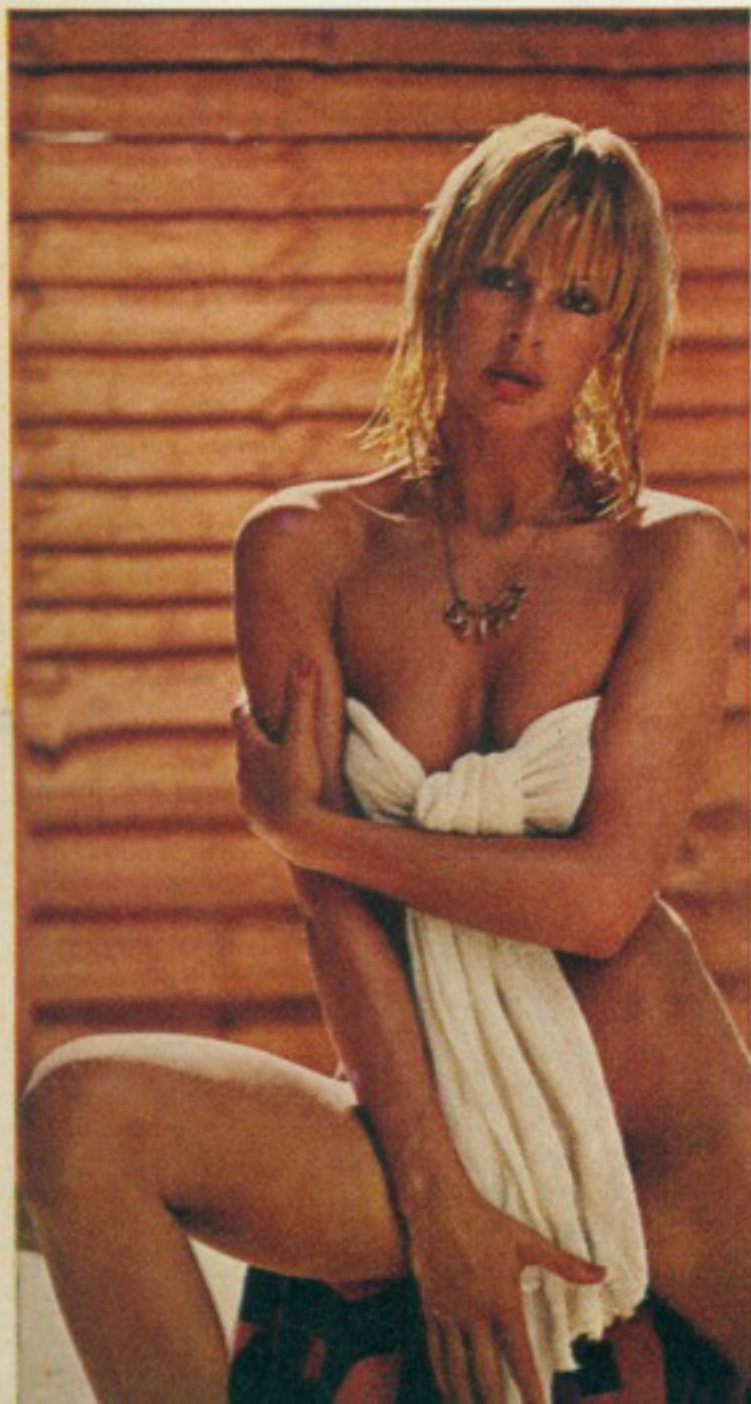


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## NEXT MONTH:

**"STRIKE TEAMS"**—WE ALL KNOW WHAT HAPPENED WHEN THE COMMANDOS BLEW THE DOORS OFF THE PLANE. BUT WHO WERE THOSE MASKED MEN? OUR MAN IN TERRORISM TELLS ALL—BY **DAVID B. TINNIN**

**NEIL SIMON**, THE COUNTRY'S MOST SUCCESSFUL PLAYWRIGHT/SCENARIST, TALKS ABOUT NEW YORK VS. HOLLYWOOD, STAGE VS. SCREEN, HOW HE DEALT WITH THE DEATH OF HIS FIRST WIFE AND HOW HE FEELS ABOUT HIS SECOND MARRIAGE, TO ACTRESS MARSHA MASON, IN A FUNNY, POIGNANT, REVEALING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"THE FOUNTAINS OF PARADISE, PART TWO"**—A RESEARCH TEAM IS STRANDED IN SPACE IN THE CONCLUDING INSTALLMENT OF WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS IS HIS LAST NOVEL—BY **ARTHUR C. CLARKE**

**"THE GIRLS OF LAS VEGAS"**—BEHIND THE DRESSING-ROOM DOOR WITH THE LADIES WHO SET YOUR PULSE POUNDING. A SEVEN-PAGE PICTORIAL WITH TEXT BY NOTED AUTHOR **JOHN SACK**

**"THE GRAPES OF ROTHSCHILD"**—A FANTASY-FULFILLING WEEK ON THE ESTATE OF BARON PHILIPPE DE ROTHSCHILD, A WINE MAKER FOR ALL SEASONS—BY **G. BARRY GOLSON**

**"TEN HISTORICAL SEX HANG-UPS"**—OUR ANCESTORS' ATTITUDES MAKE CONTEMPORARY INHIBITIONS SEEM TAME—BY **MORTON M. HUNT**

**"JOGGER'S JOURNAL"**—ONE MAN'S TONGUE-IN-ADIDAS CHRONICLE OF HIS UNTIRING (WELL, ALMOST UNTIRING) QUEST FOR RUNNING PERFECTION—BY **RICHARD LIEBMANN-SMITH**

**"THE YEAR IN SEX"**—HERE WE GO AGAIN, FOLKS: ALL THE NEWS (GOOD AND BAD) ABOUT LIFE AND LUST IN 1978. AN IRREVERENT AND LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED COMPENDIUM

**"CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING"**—WHAT IT REALLY FEELS LIKE, WITH TIPS ON THE GREAT GEAR AVAILABLE—BY **CRAIG VETTER**

**"DIESELS"**—WITH EVERYTHING BEING DOWNSIZED, IT WAS ONLY A MATTER OF TIME BEFORE THE OLD WORK HORSE WAS TRANSFORMED INTO A FAST-STEPPING PONY—BY **BROCK YATES**

**COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD:** EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEWS** WITH **RICHARD PRYOR**, **HAMILTON JORDAN**, **STEVEN SPIELBERG**, **MIKHAIL BARYSHNIKOV** AND **STEVE MARTIN**; TWO PARTS OF **JOSEPH HELLER'S** NEW NOVEL, **"GOOD AS GOLD"**; **"ALL THE BIRDS COME HOME TO ROOST,"** AN IRONIC HORROR STORY, BY **HARLAN ELLISON**; **"SEX IN AMERICA: CHICAGO,"** PART II OF OUR SURVEY OF THE SEXUAL TEMPERATURE OF THE CITIES, BY **WALTER L. LOWE**; **"RAIDING THE CONGRESSIONAL COOKIE JAR,"** THE BIZARRE, OFTEN FUNNY TALE OF HOW LOBBYISTS AND OTHERS TRY TO GET THEIR WAY ON CAPITOL HILL, BY RETIRING **SENATOR JAMES ABOUREZK**; AN INTIMATE LOOK AT **MARILYN MONROE**, WRITTEN BY **LENA PEPITONE**, HER PERSONAL MAID AND CONFIDANTE DURING THE LAST SIX YEARS OF HER LIFE; **"INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY,"** A PROGRESS REPORT ON THE ATTEMPTS TO SLOW THE AGING PROCESS, BY **RICHARD RHODES**; A REVEALING PROBE OF **"THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PROFESSIONAL RACE DRIVER,"** WITH A MAN-TO-MAN TALK WITH WORLD DRIVING CHAMPION **MARIO ANDRETTI**; **"THE LEASER OF TWO EVILS,"** AN OUTRAGEOUS TALE ABOUT A MAN WITH A SPLIT-PERSONALITY PROBLEM, BY **PHILIP JOSE FARMER**; AND PICTORIAL VISITS WITH **"THE GIRLS OF CANADA"** AND **"FOREIGN FEMMES FATALES."**