JAPAN: THE NEW FAR WEST
Earlier decades of this century had their Follies girls and their Wampum baby suits. The Sixties have Playboy Club Bunnies, called by their employers “the most envied girls in America.”

What really goes on in their “glamorous and exciting world”? To find out, Snow chose a writer who combines the hidden qualities of a Phi Beta Kappa, engrossing comedienne, graduate of Smith College with the more obvious ones of an ex-dancer and beauty queen. A few weeks ago, she started her investigations armed with a large diary and this ad:

GIRLS:
DO PLAYBOY CLUB BUNNIES REALLY MAKE TOP MONEY?

Yes, in fact, attractive, young girls can earn up to $100 a day dancing and posing in front of live-broadcast audiences. And have the opportunity to travel to many places throughout the world. Interviewers are very careful in choosing prospective new girls. The main criterion is, of course, a beauty spot. But we assure you of a future in show business, if you are ambitious. You may be a star. . . .

GIRLS WANTED:
Age 22 or Under. Please Send Photo for Interview.

THE PLAYBOY CLUB
5 East 58th Street, New York, N.Y.

Saturday: 26th

Today I put on the most theatrical clothes I could find, packed my trunk in a taxi and walked to the Playboy Club. It is impossible to miss. The discreet, six-story office building and art gallery that once stood there has been completely gutted and transformed into a shiny rectangle of plate glass. White canopies embossed with black Bunny symbols jut out over the sidewalk. Stairways lead to entrances on either side and are concealed by an outdoor platform which is on a level with the orange-emptied interior clearly visible through the glass. At dead center of that interior, a modern rotating stairway spirals upward toward the second level. The total effect is cheerful and startling.

I crossed over to the Club, where a middle-aged man in a private guard’s uniform grunted and beckoned. “Here, bunny, bunny,” he said, and jerked his thumb toward the glass door on the left. “Interviews downstairs in the Playmate Bar.”

The inside of the Club was so theatrically lit that it took a few seconds to realize it was closed and empty. I walked down a short flight of stairs and was greeted by Miss Shay, a thin, thirtyish woman, who sat at a desk in the darkened bar. “Bunny?” she asked briskly. “Sit over there, fill out this form and take off your coat.” I could see that two of the tables were already occupied by girls hunched over pencils, and I looked at them curiously. I had come in the middle of the interviews, hoping to see as many applicants as I could, but there were only three: “Take off your coat,” said Miss Shay again, and looked at me appraisingly while I did so.

One of the girls got up and crossed to the desk, her high-heeled plastic sandals slipping smartly against her heels. “Look,” she said, “you want these measurements with or without a bra?” “With,” said Miss Shay. “But I’m bigger without,” said the girl. “All right,” said Miss Shay warily, “without.” Two more girls came down the steps looking fresh and innocent of cosmetics. “Bunny?” said Miss Shay. “Not really,” said one, but the other took a card. Their long hair and lashes looked collegiate.

The application form was short: address, phone, measurements, age and last three employers. I finished it and began to stall for time by looking at an accompanying brochure entitled as PLAYBOY CLUB BUNNY. Most of it was devoted to photographs: a group picture showed Bunnies “chosen from all over the United States” surrounding “Playboy Club President and Playboy Editor-Publisher Hugh M. Hefner”; there was a closeup of a Bunny serving Tony Curtis, “a Playboy Club devotee [who] will soon star in Hugh M. Hefner’s film story, appropriately enough, Playboy”; in another, two Bunnies united with Hugh M. Hefner on “Playboy’s nationally syndicated

Thursday 24th

I’ve decided to call myself Marie Catherine Orde. It is, may I ancestors forgive me, a family name. I have some claim to it and I’m well versed in its European origins. Besides, it sounds much more square to phonics.

Friday 25th

I’ve spent the entire afternoon making up a background for Marie. She shares my apartment, my phone and my measurements. Though younger than I by four years, Marie celebrates the same birthday and went to the same high school and college. But she wasn’t a slave to academics—not Marie. After one year she left me plodding along the path to a B.A. and boarded a tourist flight to Europe. She had no money, but she perished as a waitress in London, a housewait-dancer in Paris and a secretary in Geneva were enough to sustain her between beachcombing and other escapades. Last year, she came back to New York and worked briefly as a secretary in a small educational foundation of which I am a director. I shall be happy to give her a good reference. Three mutual friends have agreed to give her strong personal recommendations. To know her is to love her.

Tomorrow is the day. Marie makes her first trip out of this notebook and into the world. I’m off to buy a trystard.
television show." Bunnies handed out copies of Playboy in a veterans' hospital as "just one of the many worthwhile community projects in which Bunnies participate." A blonde bunny stood before a matronly woman, the "Bunny Mother," who offered "friendly personal counseling." And, on the last page, a bikini-clad girl crouched on a yacht flying a Bunny flag. "When you become a Bunny," said the text, "your world will be fun-filled, pleasant and always exciting." It cited an average salary of $200 a week.

Another girl came down the steps. She wore glasses with blue rims and a coat that looked as if she had outfitted it. I watched as she nervously asked Miss Shay if the Club hired 18-year-olds. "Sure," said Miss Shay, "but they can't work the midnight shift." She gave her the application card, glanced down at her plump legs and didn't ask her to take off her coat. Two more girls came in, one in bright pink stretch pants and the other in purple. "Man, this place is a gas," said pink. "You think this is wild, you should see Helen's house in Chicago," said purple. Miss Shay looked at them with approval. "I don't have a phone," said blue glasses sadly. "It is all right if I give you my uncle's phone. He lives in Brooklyn." and, "I'll call you," said Miss Shay, and called me over. She pointed to a spot three feet in front of her desk and told me to stand. "I want to be a Bunny, too much," said blue glasses. "I read about it in a magazine at school." Miss Shay asked me if I were really 21. "That's a big old," she warned. I said I thought I might just get in under the wire. She nodded. "My uncle isn't home all day," the girl said, "but I'll go to his house and stay by the phone." "You do that, dear," said Miss Shay and, turning to me, "I've taken the liberty of making an appointment for you on Wednesday at 6:30. You will come to the service entrance, go to the sixth floor and ask for Miss Burgess, the Bunny Mother." I agreed, but then she added, "Are you sure you haven't applied before? Someone named Marie Ochs came in yesterday. I was startled could Marie have escaped from my notebook? I had a 30-second fantasy based on Pygmalion. Oh, was there another Marie Ochs? Possible, but not likely, I decided to brave it out. "How strange," I murmured, "there must be some mistake." Miss Shay shrugged and I brought "bathing suit or leotard" on Wednesday. "Could I call you?" said blue glasses. "Don't do that, dear," said Miss Shay, "we'll call you.

I left the Club worrying about the life expectancy of Marie Ochs. Would they find out? Or do they know already? When I got halfway up the block I saw the two college girls. They were leaning against a building, their arms wrapped around themselves in a spasm of giggles and suddenly, I felt better about everything. Everything, perhaps, except the thought of blue glasses sitting by her uncle's phone in Brooklyn.

30th

I arrived at the Club promptly at 6:30, and business appeared to be booming. Customers were lined up in the snow to get in, and several passes-by were standing on the door platform, their faces pressed to the glass. The elevator boy, a Valenite-handshaped Puerto Rican, cheerfully jammed me in his car with two uniformed Negro porters, five middle-aged male customers, two costumed Bunnies and a stout matron in a mint coat. We stopped at the sixth floor. "Is this where I get out?" said the matron. "Sure, darling," said the elevator boy, "if you want to be a Bunny." I looked around me. Dim lights and soft carpets had given way to unpainted cement block and hanging light bulbs. There was a door marked "sunrise," but I could see the outlines where the letter B had been. A sign, handwritten on a piece of torn cardboard, was taped underneath. "KNOCK! Come on, guys. Please cooperate!" I walked through the door and into a brightly crowded hallway.

"Two girls brushed past me. One was wearing nothing but bikini-style panties; the other had on long black gloves of fine mesh and lavender satin high heels. They both rushed to a small wardrobe room on my right, yelled out their names, collected costumes and rushed back. I asked the wardrobe mistress for Miss Burgess. "Honey, I just gave her a going-away present." Four more girls bunched up to ask for costumes, collars, cuffs and tails. They had on tights and high heels but nothing from the waist up. One stopped to study a bulletin board titled "Bunny of the Week."

I retreated to the other end of the tiny hall. It opened into a large dressing room filled with metal lockers and long rows of dressing tables. Personal notes were taped to the mirrors ("Anybody wants to work B Level Saturday night?" and "I'm having a swingin' party Wednesday at Washington Square Village, all Bunnies welcome..."). Cosmetics were strewed along the counters and three girls sat in a row applying false eyelashes with the concentration of yogas. It looked like a cartoon of a chorus girls' dressing room.

A girl with very red hair, very white skin and a black satin Bunny costume turned back to me and waited. I understood that I was supposed to zip her up, a task that took several minutes. I gave her my best smile and she was a big girl and looked a little tough, but her voice when she thanked me was a tiny, baby voice. Judy Holliday has done better. I asked about..."
Miss Burgess. "Yeah, she's in that office," said baby voice, gesturing toward a wooden door with a glass peephole in it, "but Sheralee's the new Bunny Mother." Through the glass, I could see two girls, a blonde and a brunette. Both appeared to be in their early twenties and nothing like the matronly woman pictured in the brochure. Baby voice tugged and pulled some more. "This isn't my costume," she explained, "and I can't get the croch up." She walked away, snapping her fingers and humming softly.

The brunette came out of the office and introduced herself to me as Bunny Mother Sheralee. I told her I had mistaken her for a Bunny. "I worked as a Bunny when the Club opened last month," she said, "but now I've replaced Miss Burgess." She nodded toward the blonde who was trying on a three-piece beige suit that I took to be her going-away present. "You'll have to wait a while, honey," said Sheralee. I sat down.

By 7:30, I had watched three girls tease their hair into cotton candy shapes and four more stuff their bosoms with Kleenex. By 7:15, I had talked to two other prospective Bunnies, one a dancer, the other a part-time model from Texas. At 7:20, I witnessed the major crisis of a Bunny who had sent her costume to the cleaners with her engagement ring pinned inside. At 7:40, Miss Shy went into the office and said, "There's no one left but Marie."

By 8:00, I was sure that she was waiting for the manager of the Club to come tell me my real identity had been discovered. By 8:15, when I was finally called in, I was nervous beyond all proportion.

I waited while Sheralee looked over my application. "You don't look 25," she said. Well, that's that, I thought. "You look much younger," I smiled in disbelief. She took several Polaroid pictures of me. "For the record," she explained. I offered her the personal history I had so painstakingly fabricated and typed, but she gave it back with hardly a glance. "We don't like our girls to have any background," she said firmly, "we just want you to fit the Bunny image." She directed me to the costume room. Should I put on my jeans? "Don't bother with that," said Sheralee, "we just want to see that Bunny Image." The wardrobe mistress told me to take off my clothes and began to search for an old Bunny costume in my size. A girl rushed in with her costume in her hand, calling for the wardrobe mistress as a wounded soldier might yell, "Medic!" "I've broken my zipper," she yelled, "I'm stoned!" "That's the third time this week," said the wardrobe mistress sternly. "It's a regular epidemic." The girl apologized, found another costume and left. Could a society really break a costume? "Sure," she said, "Girls with colds usually have to be replaced."

She gave me a bright blue satin. It was so tight that the zipper caught my skin as she fastened the back. She told me to inhale as she zipped again, this time without mishap, and stood back to look at me critically. The bottom was cut so high that it left my hip bones exposed as well as a good five inches of untanned derriere. The boning in the waist would have made Scarlett O'Hara blush, and the entire construction tended to push all available flesh up to the bosom. I was sure it would be perilous to bend over. "Not too bad," said the wardrobe mistress, and began to stuff an existe plastic skye clinging lug into the top of my costume. A blue satin band with matching Bunny ears attached was fitted around my head like an enlarged bicycle clip, and a grapefruit-sized hemisphere of white fuzz was attached to looks at the costume's rear view point. "Okay, baby," she said, "put on your high heels and go show Sheralee." I looked in the mirror. The Bunny Image looked back. "Oh, you look sweet," said Sheralee. "Stand against the wall and smile pretty for the brief."

She took several more Polaroid shots. The baby-voiced redhead came in to say she still hadn't found a costume to fit. A tiny blonde in lavender satin took off her tail and perched on the desk. "Look," she said, "I don't mind the derrieres, okay I put five derrieres, but don't get ideas for working overtime!" Sheralee looked harassed and turned to Miss Burgess. "The new kids think the girls from Chicago get special treatment and the old kids won't train the new ones."

"I'll train the little buggers," said baby voice. "Just get me a costume."

I got dressed and waited. And listened: ...
... he gave me 50 bucks and I only got him cigarettes.

"Bend over, honey, and get yourself into it." "I don't know, he makes Milk of Magnesia or something."

"You know people commit suicide with these plastic bags." "Then this shuck orders a Lace Curtain."

Who ever heard of a Lace Curtain?"

I told him our tails were adhesion, so he tried to find out.

"Last week I netted 50 bucks in tips. Big deal."

Sheralee called me back into the office. "So you want to be a Bunny," she said. Oh yes, very much, I said. "Well..." she paused significantly, "we want you to be!" I was startled. No more interviews! No investigations! "Come on tomorrow at three. We'll fit your costume and have you sign everything."

I smiled and felt foolishly elated.

Down the stairs and up Fifth Avenue, Hippey-hop, I'm a Bunny!
And you keep your tips in there. 'The Vault' they call it."

A girl with jet black hair, chalky makeup and a green costume stopped at the door. "My tail shoes," she said, pushing it into position with one finger, "those damn customers always yank it." The wardrobe mistress handed her a safety pin. "You better get a cleaner tail too, baby. You get derelicts running around with a scruffy old tail like that." More girls began calling for their costumes, checking them out in a notebook chained to the counter. I learned that they were allowed to take their costumes out of the building and that one girl was supposed to pay $2.50 a day to cover the cost of her costume's upkeep and cleaning. Bunnies also paid $5 a pair for their thin black nylon tights and could be given derelicts if they wore tights with roms in them. The wardrobe mistress gave me some sketches from my two costumes and told me to have shoes dyed to match. I asked if the Club allowed us any money for shoes. "You crazy or something, baby?" she said. "This place don't allow you no money for nothing. Make sure you get those rich black shoes. You get derelicts, you wear 'em any lower.

I dressed and went to the Bunny Mother's room. Sherarste was at the desk, her long hair pinned back and looking about 18. She gave me a large, shockingly pink form marked "Bunny Application" and a brown plastic briefcase with a miniature nude girl and "The Playboy Club" painted on it in orange. "This is your Bunny Bible," she said seriously, "and I want you to promise me you'll study it all weekend."

The application form was four pages long. I had already made up most of the answers for my biography, but some questions were new. Was I dating any Playboy Club holders and what were their names? Naive. Did I plan to date a particular keyholder? No. Did I have a police record? No. The space for a Social Security number I left blank.

Up one flight in the main office, I delivered the form to Miss Shay. The remodeled room was checked with desks, but, as Personnel Director, Miss Shay rated a corner position. She scanned the form and began making Polaroid pictures of me. "Be sure and bring your Social Security card tomorrow," she said, and I wondered what to do about the fact that Marie Och's hadn't. A stout man in a blue suit, black shirt and white tie approached and gestured toward a chubby girl standing behind him. "Mr. Roma told me to bring this in," he said, and winked. "In cases of extreme personal recommendations," said Miss Shay coolly, "we do schedule a girl's interview right away." She signaled to Sherarste, who took the girl downstairs. The stout man looked relieved. A red-haired woman and two men came over, but Miss Shay asked us to wait. The younger man tapped the redhead's chin with his fist and grinned. "You ain't got a thing to worry about, baby." She gave him a look of utter scorn and lit a cigarette.

I signed an income tax form, a meat ticket, a receipt for the meat ticket, an application form, an insurance form and a release of all photographs for any purpose—publicity, editorial or otherwise—deemed fit by Playboy Club Incorporated. A barred-looking young man in shirtsleeves came to tell Miss Shay that two men working in the basement were going to quit. They had signed contracts to work six days for $75 and were working only five days for $60. They were upset because they had families to support. "I can't make changes," she said, "I'm only implementing Mr. Roma's decisions."

Miss Shay showed a set of Polaroid pictures to her employment form and gave me my schedule. "Tomorrow, you'll have make-up guidance at Larry Mathews', this weekend is Bunny Bible study and Monday I've made an appointment for you to see our doctor for a physical exam." She leaned forward confidentially. "A complete physical," she said. "Monday afternoon is the Bunny Mailey Lecture and Bunny Father Lecture. Tuesday you'll have Bunny School, and Wednesday you'll train on the floor."

I asked if I could go to my own doctor. "No," she said, "you must go to our doctor for a special physical. All Bunnies have to."

Miss Shay gave me one last form to sign, a request that Marie Och's birth record be sent to the Playboy Club. I signed it, hoping that the State of Michigan would take a while to discover that I did not exist. "In the meantime, I'll send your birth certificate," she said. "We can't let you work without it." I agreed to send a special delivery letter."

Of course I wasn't allowed to serve liquor or work late hours without proof of age. Why didn't I think of that?"

Well, Marie's future may be short, but she can still try to make it through Bunny School.

Friday 26

I was fitted for false eyelashes today at Larry Mathews', a 24-hour-a-day beautician salon in a West Side hotel. As she feathered the eyelashes with a manicure, a world-famous makeup expert pointed out a girl who had just been fired from the Club "because she wouldn't go out with a Number One key for a holder." But aren't we forbidden to go out with customers? "You can go out with them if you're got Number One keys," the beauty shop girl explained. "They're for Club management and reporters and big shots like that." But to be fired for not going out like that. "Well," she said (Continued on page 114)
A BUNNY'S TALE

(Continued from page 9)

I thought, 'What's he doin' with his cell phone?' I thought he was texting or something. So I guess he's not using it for anything useful. I mean, why would he be using it for something like that? It doesn't make sense.

I found him sitting on the floor, looking at the phone. He was texting, I think. He started laughing and talking to himself. I'm not sure what he was saying, but he seemed really happy. I wondered if he was having fun or if he was just being ridiculous.

I decided to leave him alone and go back to work. I guess he's just a lazy person who doesn't want to do anything productive. I hope he learns to be more responsible and start using his phone for something useful.

I'm really disappointed in him. I thought he was going to change and start working hard, but he's just lazy and懒惰. I wish I could help him, but I don't know what to do.

I'm going to have to talk to him and see if I can convince him to change. I'm sure he can do better than this. I just don't know how to help him.
men, "Not even husbands!" the magician's assistant asked, "Absolutely no men!" she asserted. "But of course you don't have to go if you don't want to."

We all went down to the VIP Room for the Bunny Father Lecture, but not before a Bunny stopped at the door of Sherelle's office and called, "Gloria!" I froze. After what seemed an eternity, the Bunny sitting next to me answered. It was her name, too. I had learned to answer at nine. Now I must stop answering to Gloria.

There I met the Bunny Father, but two side shows with taped narration were the only act that came across my mind as I listened. He was a professional. And the Bunnies in general and the Bunnies in this act at least. Were playing 60% to touch the Bunnies. The second show was the "The Fishing Bunnies," which was called "The Cocktail Bunny." And showed how to get to the tops, fill out checks and other things about the tables. The narration didn't syn-

chronize with the slides, the room was cold and I emerged with a splitting headache.

Sherelle said that Miss Shay wanted to see me. My heart sank. The main office was the same fluorescent-lit chasm as before, but Miss Shay was on an island at last. "You may need an identification card," she said, "just so you can get in the building. I gave her the note from the doctor, and my real Social Security number number, and I told her that I had lost the card. She looked doubtful but took the letter. I wanted to ask about this morn-

ing's medical parade, but decided against it for the moment. By calling attention to myself, I might only gag and make the memory about being made into a hick more vivid. I told her that my file was as near as I could come to a check. X-ray and I left. It's hard to believe that the efficient Miss Shay won't catch up with me soon, but I'll stay until discovered.

Tuesday Oth.

As usual, I waited in line for a free chest x-ray at the Department of Health, muttering, "I'm going to get lemon, orange and lime ice." Miss Shay led me to a place under my breath. These bits of wisdom from my David Scott and all the other docu-
ments in brown plastic envelope were to be the subject of a written Bunny Quiz at 9:00.

I reported to Sherelle and she arranged for me to do a trick. "Oh sweetie, I'm absolutely desperate," she said, "we have a "new girl". She said, to work the hand check concessions from 7:00 that evening to four the next day. Would I help her out? Of course I would, she said, if I thought I could handle it. "Oh sweetie," she added, "it's terrific. I'm matching shoes weren't ready yet, but never mind. I could wear black, she said. All I needed was a pair of shoes that matched.

Wednesday 2nd.

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