



Bunny Terry watches as applicants fill out card

The search begins

By SHIRLEE IDEN

The lights were dim and the action minimal.

But for hundreds of potential Playboy "bunnies", it was show biz and a chance for the glamorous life.

"The money's good, the work is exciting and the opportunities to travel are excellent. It's the sophisticated world of the Playboy Bunny."

That's how the advertisement read that in three days brought more than 800 women to Stouffer's Northland Inn in Southfield for interviews. The new Detroit area Playboy Club was looking for "bunnies."

They brought a bathing suit or leotard, high heels and each, her dream. Crowded into several rooms, the line getting longer all the time, some waited more than two hours.

WHY BE a bunny?

"Well...I'm a dancer and I love the costumes."

"It sounds like fun."

"I like dealing with people."

The waiting and tension led each woman to an interview with Toni Le May, international "Bunny Mother", and a gentleman colleague, Dan Stone.

The longest lasted four minutes.

THE SCENARIO, almost word-for-word, was the same for each shaky applicant.

"Relax...have you any questions?"

"Are you employed and how much notice would you have to give?"

"Would you walk to the door and back, just so we can get an overall view of your figure?"

One by one, they entered and left.

The models brought flattering

glossies. The reigning Miss Michigan opened an elaborate portfolio.

"WE'RE LOOKING for figure, a good face and poise," Bunny Mother Le May confided. "It's an image that's made us a success."

Ninety minutes brought a parade of more than 30 Lindas, Vanessas, Pattis and Marys.

Very few had any questions and most were noticeably relieved when the interview ended.

"You'll be notified by mail within a week," they were told.

Only 35 to 40 would be hired. They left still dreaming, not knowing that the brief interview was all the "bunny hunters" needed.

Of the 30 girls, only one was even considered to be "bunny" material.

Nerves go along on bid for bunnyship

By CHRISTINE WALDEN

Forty of us wait in two rooms. We are all shapes and sizes, some married, some single, young and old.

We are told that 800 have come before us and we already know that only 35 will get the job. Most of us are nervous, others reek of confidence and size 38 bras.

If Hugh Hefner had never invented a new breed of bunnies, we wouldn't be gathered. But he did, and the lure of shiny, skimpy costume, glittering ears and a cottontail attracts, or at least becomes a fantasy to thousands of women.

All that in light of women's lib.

SO WE WAIT, anxious about inspection by the "Bunny Mother" and hopeful about a job in Detroit's New Playboy Club, to open in October. The "bunny hunt" was on and all wanted to be captured.

I was there, not to be a bunny, but to see what making a bid for bunnyship was like. Bunnies, as such, are against my grain. And like many, I had my carbon-copied image of seeing loads of Marilyn Monroes and Raquel Welch's about me.

As we sit, Bunny Terry brings us our application cards. Bunny Terry is, by most standards, a knock out.

With waning confidence, I survey the room and find many women the same size as me. Suddenly, for whatever reason, I wished I had taken more time for this competition. I wish I had camouflaged some areas and accentuated others.

My ego was at stake, but bunnies are against my grain.

FINALLY it's our turn. Bunny Eddy leads 10 of us into the bunny waiting room, which is just a room with two beds. We all change into swimsuits or leotards. Modesty is not a good bunny trait.

We sit and talk, while one after the other has her inspection. Bunny Eddy is personable and tells us about bunny life and bunny protection.

"If someone keeps touching you or pulling your tail after you've asked them nicely to stop, you can get the room supervisor and he'll make them stop," she says.

You ask them nicely perhaps partially because you get 17 percent of the money they spend. If you aren't nice, they won't spend much.

She provides more information. Bunny suits are provided, so are ears, collar and cuffs. You do have to buy your shoes and stockings.

IN BETWEEN Bunny Eddy's insights, we talk about ourselves. One woman confides she applied because her ego was so bad, another because "I'd be so mad at myself if I didn't even try and my husband agreed."

None of them look like bunnies to me. Only a few are "effervescent" (a good bunny trait) and only a few have terrific figures, but then again, only a few will be selected.

As each bunny-to-be concludes her interview with the bunny mother, we ask her what it was like. We also look at the back of the application card which is where the Bunny Mother makes her mark.

Most of them get 'N's; the few who were "effervescent" and gorgeous get 'P's. We figure out the rating system.

Finally it's my turn and I make one last attempt to straighten my posture, pull up my panty hose so they don't create a roll at a supposed waistline and turn on the charm.

I ENTER smiling; the Bunny Mother sits behind a desk, sniffing. She has a cold, she said. We make small talk. She asks me what I want

to know. I ask about the money and training.

"We have our own way of doing things and we like to keep it that way so all the bunnies go to bunny school," she said.

She asks me to walk to the door and back. I do, as gracefully as possible. She marks my card and asks me to take it to Bunny Mary Jo.

I leave.

IT WAS all simple, easy and above board. I got the impression that personality is important, but figures are top priority.

I take the card to Bunny Mary Jo but not before looking at the rating. Mary Jo hands me two magazines, the employee's magazine and "How a Bunny Eams Her Ears."

I hand her my "N" marked card and hop away.



They wait, they walk

