

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1975 • \$1.25

# PLAYBOY

**ROBERT SHERRILL  
FINDS GOD  
IN WASHINGTON**

**THE GREAT PENTAGON  
FIGHTER-PLANE  
SHOOT-OUT**

**KEEPING COOL  
THROUGH HARD TIMES**

**COUNTRY BOY  
CUM LAUDE:  
KRIS KRISTOFFERSON**



**RIPPED OFF!  
A TORRID  
NINE-PAGE  
PICTORIAL**

# Introducing the 1975 Celica GT.

## 2.2 liter, 4-seater, 5-speeder.

The Celica GT is about the hottest Toyota around. It's got a new 2.2 liter hemi-head engine with a transistorized ignition system to increase spark efficiency. And a 5-speed transmission that's easy on gas and on the engine because fifth gear is an overdrive.

There's also a Celica ST with the same new engine coupled with a 4-speed synchromesh or, if you like, an

optional 3-speed automatic transmission.

Both Celica GT and ST come loaded with standard equipment (of course). AM/FM stereo radio. Power front disc brakes. Radial tires. Styled steel wheels. Rear window defogger. Wall-to-wall carpeting.

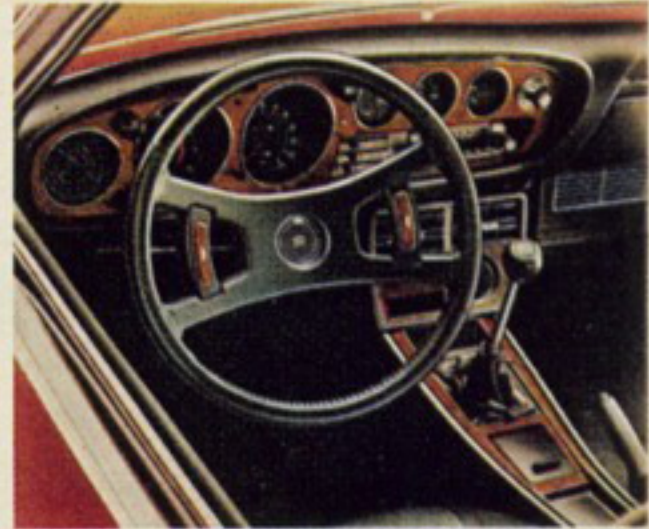
Celica. For people who want a great looking car. But don't want to spend their lives paying for it.



Standard equipment includes 8,000 rpm tach, an electric clock, a resettable trip odometer and an AM/FM stereo radio.



Reclining Hi-back front bucket seats. In the GT (shown here) upholstery is knitted vinyl. In the ST, it's plush fabric.



5-speed overdrive in the GT. With the ST, 4-speed is standard, automatic is available.

**Small car specialists for over 40 years.**

# TOYOTA

See how much car your money can buy.





**Denim Knits**—A unique doubleknit twill of 80% Dacron® polyester and 20% Orlon® acrylic is the perfect combination for the denim-like look of this "Contempo Western" jacket (about \$33) and slacks (about \$23) featuring contrast stitching and pearl-like snaps. The "Stockman" shirt (about \$14) completes another great "Tops & Bottoms" idea from The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 10019.

**Lee**™ A company of VF corporation

# 1975 Datsun. 3 Models at 39 MPG.

Other auto makers would be ecstatic if they could claim one model with mileage like that. We have three: The B-210 Hatchback, 2- and 4- Door Sedans.

In the U.S. Environmental Protection Agency tests of 1975 cars sold in the U.S., our B-210 got 39 miles per gallon on the highway, 27 in town. In today's economy, that's the kind of economy you need.

But the fantastic mileage is just one

Datsun virtue. Good old-fashioned value is another. Every B-210 comes with these features included in its base price: 1400cc engine, power-assist front disc brakes, reclining bucket seats, carpeting, tinted glass, electric rear window defogger, trip odometer, whitewalls, full wheel covers and much more.

Datsun B-210. Drive one today, and see for yourself how much Datsun Saves!



**Datsun  
Saves**



Sokol

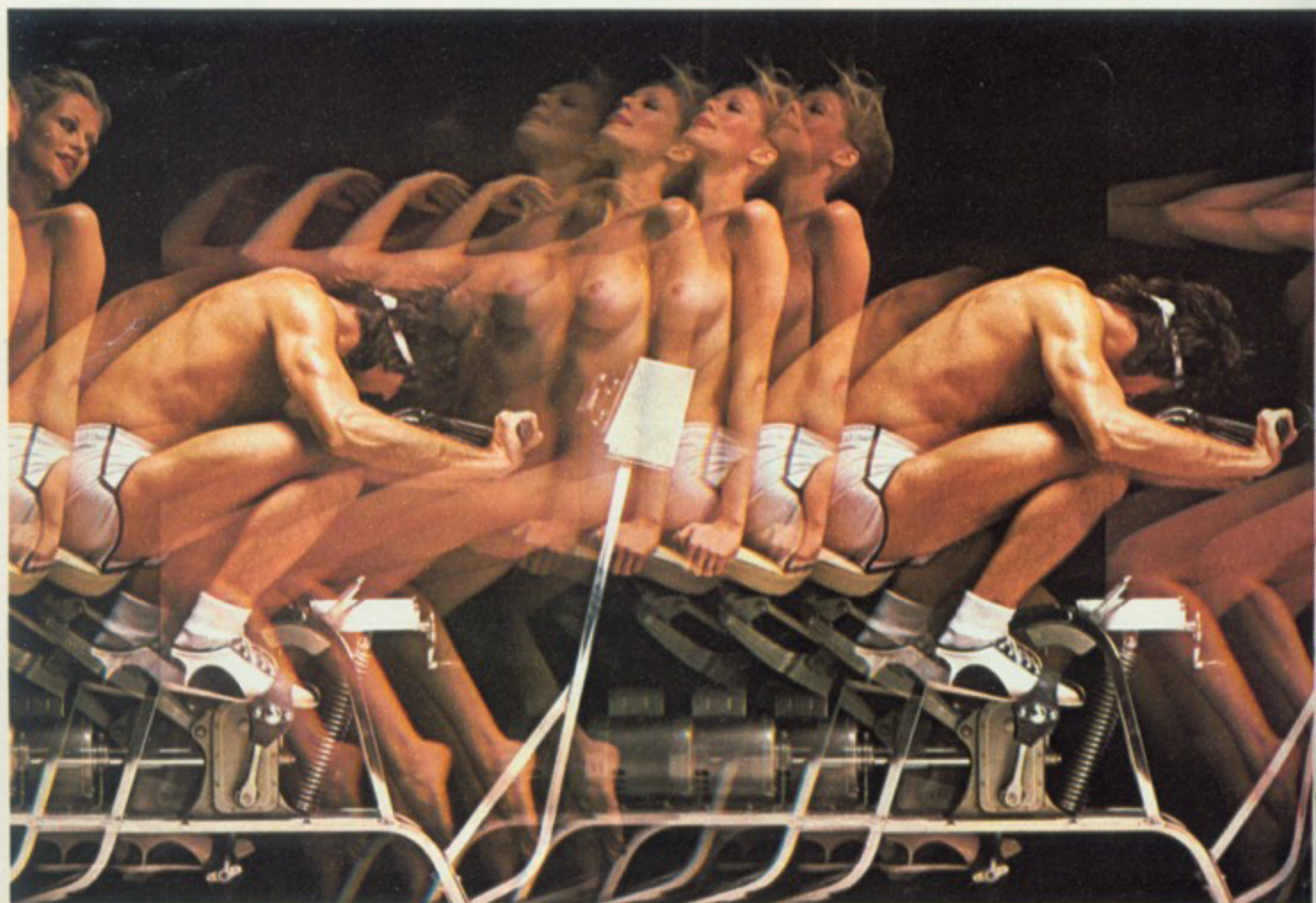
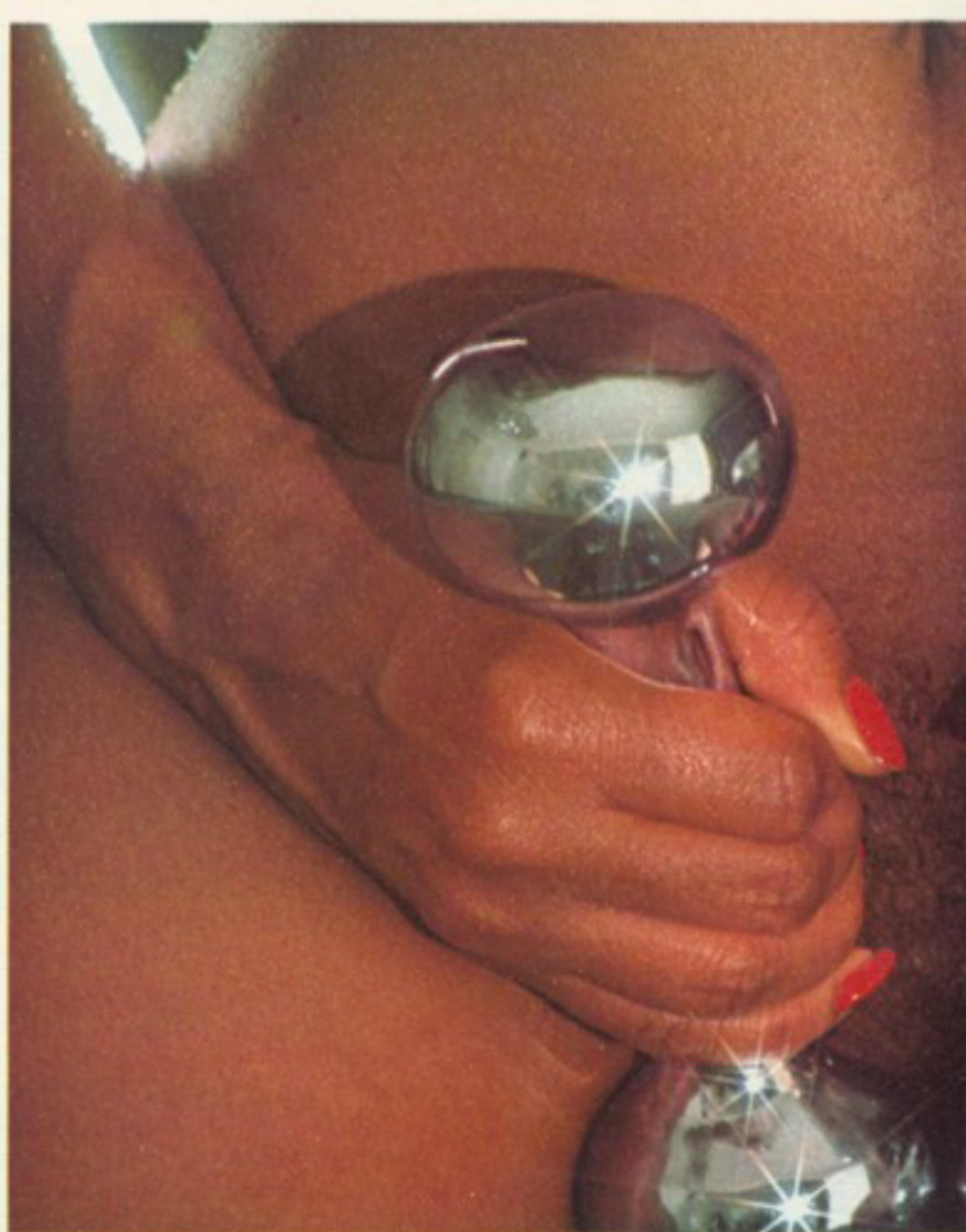
*"That doesn't look like an X-ray camera to me."*

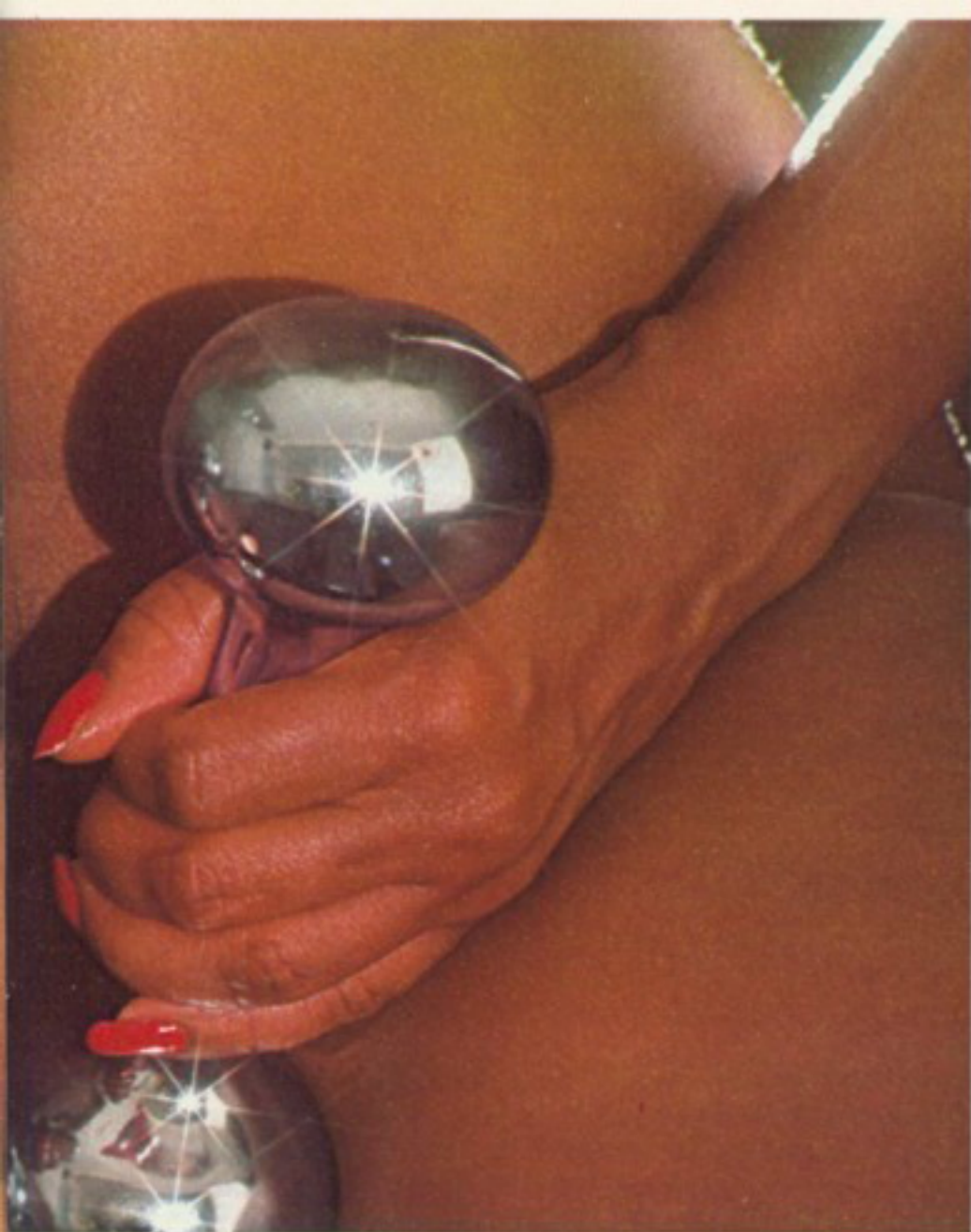
want to look sharp, feel sharp and live long?  
as the pictures show, it can be lots of fun

# SHAPING UP

MUSCLES OF IRON, the stamina of a long-distance runner and the sheer sensuous pleasure of being *really* fit—sounds hip, you say, but getting to your friendly neighborhood health club is too much of a hassle. Well, assemble a private gym right in the sanctity of your crib, turning that spare bedroom, perhaps, into a mini-workout *salon*. Furthermore, there's no law that says you can't get a little help from a shapely friend. . . . It sure beats waiting for the old rocking chair to getcha.

Right: These fully chromed dumbbells weigh four pounds each, by Paramount Health Equipment, \$55 a pair. Below: A pedal pusher's delight—the Model 210 features a two-speed motor, \$695; extras include a stand, \$35, and a Personal Exercise Planner—it's the remote-control gadget below, far right, \$225, all by Exercycle.





Above: Let the good times roll with a walnut-and-polished-aluminum Walton Massage Roller that provides whatever area of your body that you wish to tone with a continuous pulsating massage that can be varied from butterfly kiss to gut-pounding, depending on how much pressure you apply, from Walton, about \$250.







Left: This exercise bicycle duplicates cycling action, easy to hard (a dial gives you the choice), by Nadco, \$104.95. Above: There's a whole lot of shaking going on with your Mini Spa Exercise Center, by Continental, \$895. Below: The oscillations of the Re-Hab Masseur do wonders for your circulation, by Stanley, \$79.50.





Right: Looking for a better way to build up your pecs? Try these heavy plated springs, with indestructible handles, by AMF Whitely, \$9 each. Below: Excellent for massage and what not is this portable table of lightweight aluminum, padded and covered with vinyl, by Battle Creek Equipment, \$129. (You provide the masseuse.)





*"Albert, I couldn't marry a man who didn't trust me!"*

# Margot



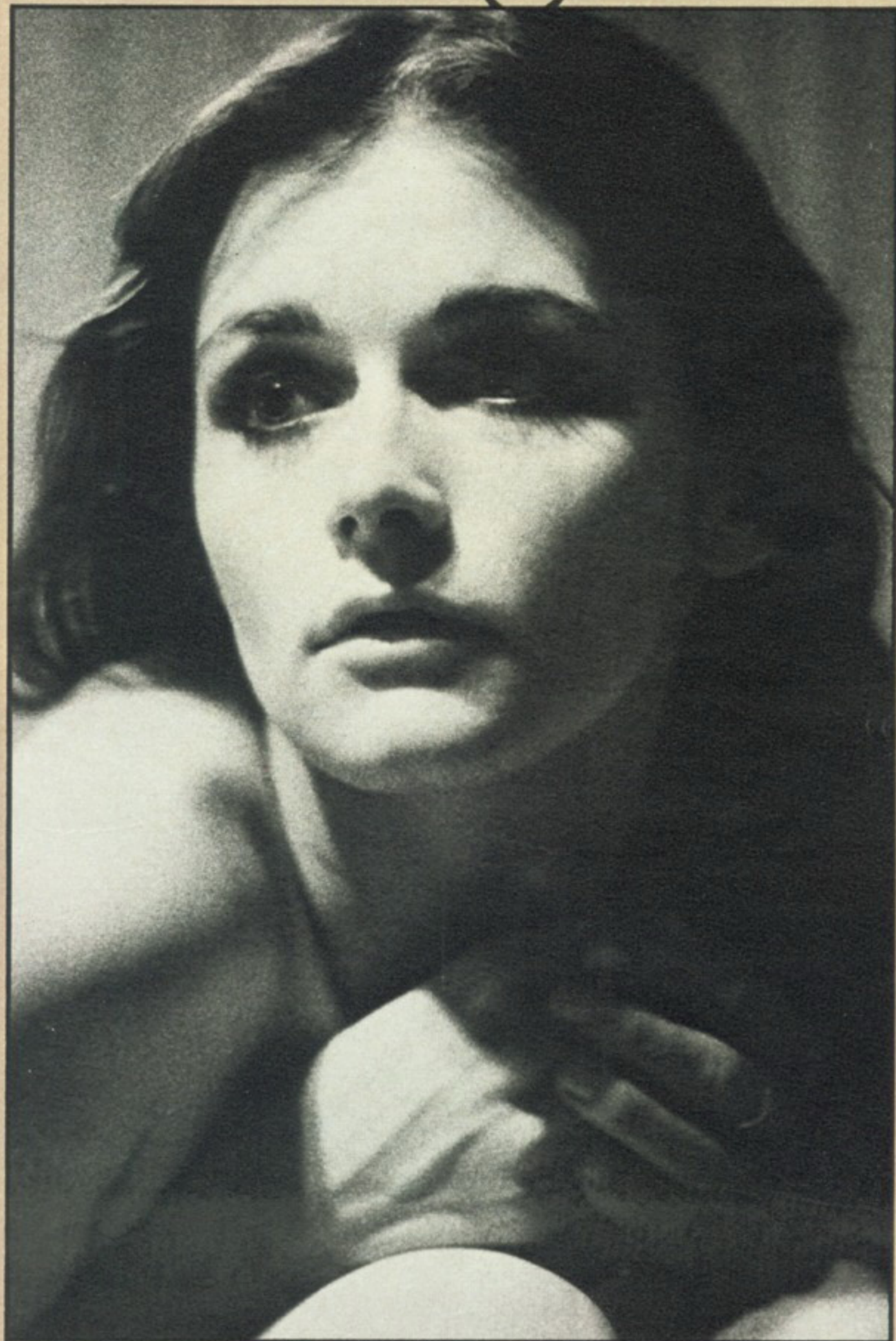
at

19 Dear Mary I really want to  
be a popular actress  
I want people to  
19 think of me sort of  
how they think of  
Anette sort of.

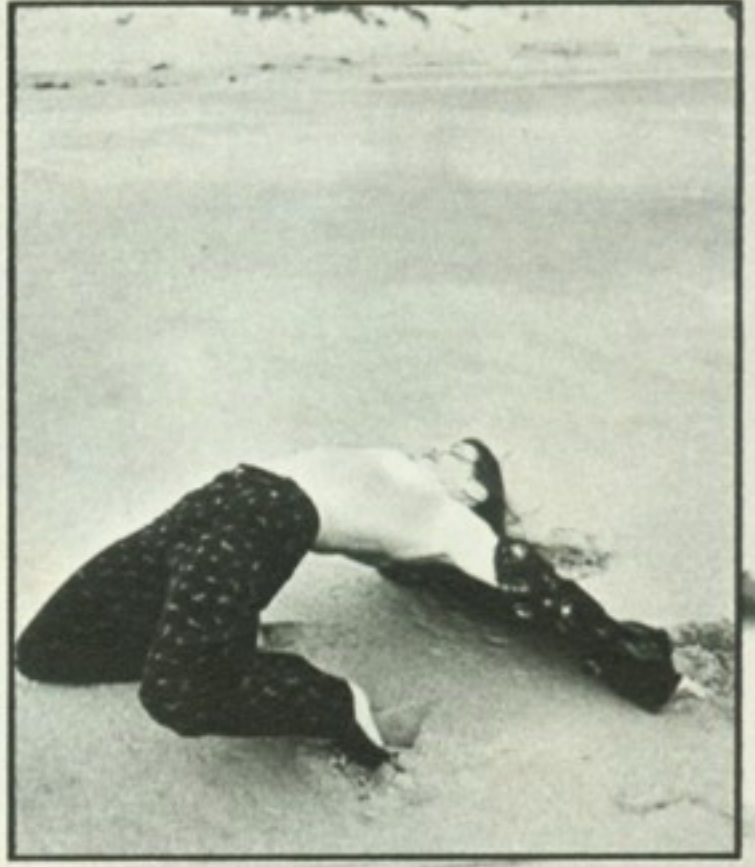
19 I am crazy  
I do

BEAUTIFUL AND BRIGHT FILM STAR  
MARGOT KIDDER REMEMBERS WHEN GLAMOR  
WAS WHAT SHE READ ABOUT IN MAGAZINES

# MARGOT



**M**argot Kidder, incurable diarist and ubiquitous film star, confided her ambitions to her diary when she was a little girl in Vancouver, British Columbia. When she was a bit older, Margot became acquainted with **PLAYBOY**, as she recounts here in reminiscences that are typically frank, personal and unpredictable. If you're a hang-glide enthusiast, you may have seen daredevil Margot kiting solo over the sere hills of Southern California (her feats recorded in a (text continued on page 91)



On the beach near her Malibu home, Margot's free spirit thrives, as witness her exuberant moods, left and right. She calls these exclusive PLAYBOY photos "the prettiest ever taken of me."







documentary on the sport for ABC-TV's "The American Sportsman" series). She first soared across movie screens in "Gaily, Gaily," went on to play a psychotic killer in "Sisters" and was cast opposite Stacy Keach in last year's "Gravy Train." Her current credits include "The Great Waldo Pepper" with Robert Redford, "Black Christmas" with Keir Dullea and "The Reincarnation of Peter Proud," which co-stars Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill (Margot as Jennifer's mother, believe it or not). For a change of pace, watch for her as the seductive Miranda in a forthcoming film version of "Ninety-Two in the Shade" with co-stars Peter Fonda and Warren Oates, directed and adapted from his own best seller by novelist Thomas McGuane. Plus many more to come. And now that she has been properly introduced, we'll let Margot speak for herself:

#### By MARGOT KIDDER

I told the editors at PLAYBOY they could publish these pictures of me if they'd let me write the words. The possibility of someone writing "Margot has more curves than the Santa Monica Freeway" under my naked body didn't appeal to me. Now I'm not sure of what it was I wanted to say. Maybe I only wanted to rid myself of a still-lingering irritation over all the time I wasted as an adolescent bemoaning the fact that my body didn't look like the ones in the PLAYBOY layouts; or (text continued on page 176)

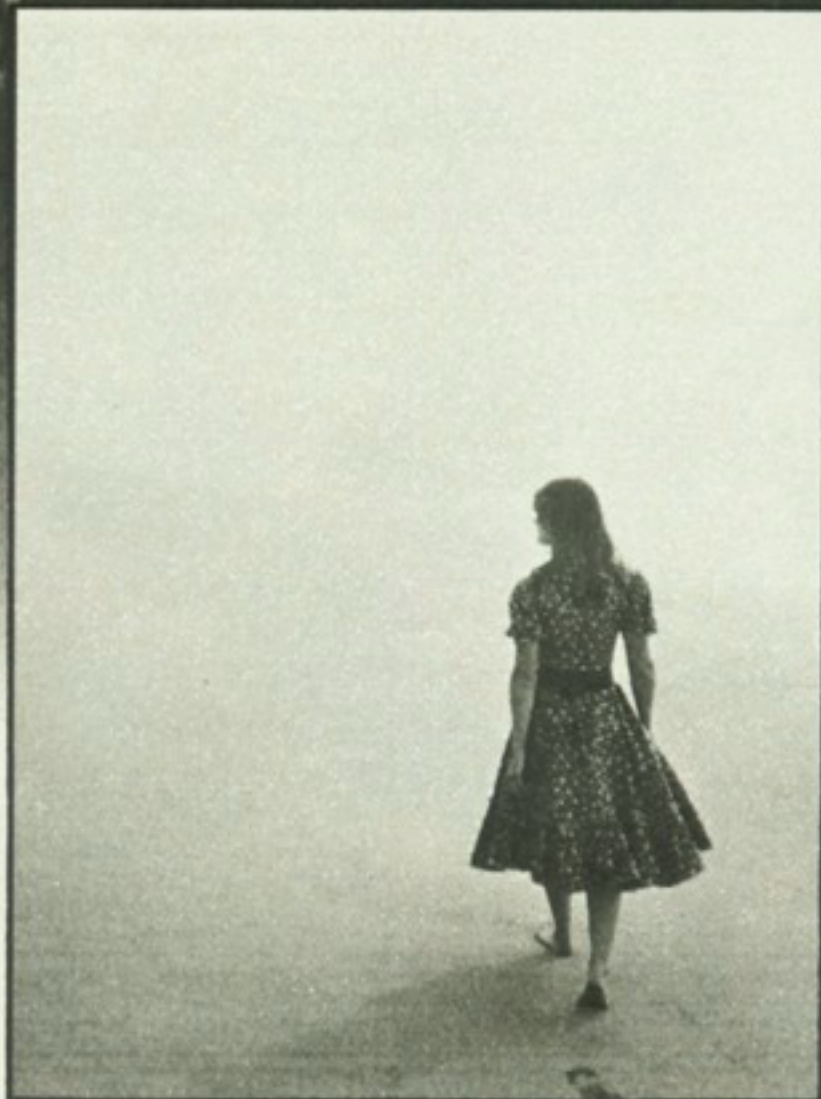
The Margot of today has a unique way with men, money and traffic tickets. The tickets she seldom pays, and occasionally gets caught by the police . . . "though I usually manage to elude them."

Money? "I'm impossible. I was going to sue my accountants for fraud but found out I'd spent every penny myself." As for men.

A few. "Recently, I've had this crazy, passionate thing with a guy who wants to make love in parking lots and telephone booths. Just great. But fidelity is a problem for me."







Her proudest public achievement, to date, was being accepted by The American Film Institute's Directing Workshop for Women. But the private world of Margot is full of her own poetry, *pensées* and "my secret fantasies about Lord Byron."

the hours I spent trying to figure out how I, too, could get my breasts to shoot skyward when I lay on my back instead of having them fall down on either side of my armpits; or the trauma I went through at 14, knowing that my true love of all time, Peter Kendall, was in love with Miss January's long slim legs, and that pretty soon he was going to discover—as soon as I let him remove my Hidden Fingers panty girdle—that I had lumpy upper thighs.

Fourteen is a nervous age for a girl. You want to be perfect and no one will tell you how. Your self-confidence is frail as glass, easily shattered. PLAYBOY used to smash mine regularly.

When I was 14, I bought PLAYBOY every month. I'd get it off the rack at Kerrisdale Pharmacy in Vancouver and then hide it under my *Scientific American*, so that the hidden thief-catcher cameras in the store wouldn't discover how low I'd sunk into the tacky depths of depravity. Then, when I'd pay for it, I'd keep my head down, so the cashier wouldn't recognize me. If anyone I knew happened to see me with it, I'd toss my head back and say in snotty tones, "It has some great articles in it." Actually, I never read the articles unless

they were about sex. I usually just rushed home and locked myself in the upstairs bathroom and looked at the pictures.

It was always demoralizing. Miss January had long thin legs, I had short thick ones. The Playmate of the Year had bikini marks that blended imperceptibly into her skin, mine were like Magic Marker lines. And the starlet in the March issue was blessed with having no knees. It wasn't fair.

Ah, sigh, sigh—I'd stare at page after page of coy dollies with dripping-wet smiles and curse my mother for not bringing me up to look like them, all pink and perfect.

The memory is painful. I'd stand undressed on the edge of the bathtub with one hand on the ceiling for balance, the other holding the magazine out in front of me with the foldout folded out. And I'd compare our bodies, section by section.

The breasts first: Hers were so high and firm they practically put out her eyes—mine swung in opposite directions, like a close-up of Jean-Paul Sartre looking at his feet. Her nipples were the pink shade of spring roses—mine were a sort of muted mud brown. Then the pubic hair: Hers was back-lit from some mysterious source

and glowed on her belly like angel floss—mine just lay there like a Brillo pad, even after I trimmed it with nail scissors. She had a delicious little dent for a belly button—I had a doorknob. Then I'd compare the thighs: Very upsetting. Hers flowed in one smooth line from her hips—mine looked stuck onto my torso as a fat afterthought. Each of her thighs measured a supple 15 inches—each of mine measured a Rudolf Nureyev 22 (my waist was only 23).

Then the worst part of the examination; the bottom: I'd look at hers for a long time, mostly to put off looking at my own. She had two perky, exactly round half-moons placed high on her back, and her skin was so taut over her flesh that it shone. There was no crease separating bum from thigh, only the slightest insinuation of a shadow under the cheeks. I'd force myself to look at my own. Carefully, so that I didn't slip down and crash into the bottom of the tub, I'd turn so that I could see in the mirror. No two half-moons mine. It was all in one piece, a flesh-colored Baggie full of hard-as-rock Jell-O; a flat pear-shaped pancake drooping over my legs. And too low. Too low? Jesus, compared with hers, it hung practically to the backs of my knees.

Clearly, I was a hopeless case and would never get to sleep with Warren Beatty when I grew up.

My one consolation was that the man photographed with Miss January while she was trying on bras in Frederick's looked like someone who bathed in strawberry milk five times a day.

At least Peter Kendall could sweat. Still, I wanted to look the way she did. I wanted to be rosy and unflawed and spend my days romping naked through the woods without embarrassment. I wanted to be perfect and unashamed. But that seemed an impossible dream, my bottom and thighs being what they were. Dance classes had not helped. Week after week of trying to make my legs extend at right angles from my hips, and what did I get in return? A bottom that stubbornly refused to stand up and thighs like Tarzan's. Short thighs like Tarzan's, useful only if you had to jump from tree to tree. I had no desire to jump out of trees, I just wanted to look like Miss January.

Young girls make heroic sacrifices in the pursuit of beauty. Somewhere along the line they're conned into believing that beauty, once attained, will absolve them of all sin and justify their lives ten times over, no matter how wastefully they choose to spend them. Beauty would mean instant adoration. Beauty would mean the elimination of fear. Beauty would mean perfection.

Obviously, Miss January would have no responsibility in life other than that of keeping her fluorescent nipples eternally erect. With her thin thighs, she'd never need anything so worrisome as a career. With my thighs, I was going to need



"Is this your idea of a joke, Hotchkiss?"

several careers. There was an ad in *Movie-land* magazine for rubber belts that you put batteries into and wrapped around whichever part of your anatomy you wanted to reduce—without diet, pills or exercise. The Hudson's Bay store in Vancouver carried them in the lingerie department, for \$49.98. I blew my savings account two thighs' worth. I got home, went into the bathroom and read the instructions. I was to wrap the belt around me. Stick it shut with that prickly stuff they use instead of zippers on modern parkas. Then I was to turn the dials on the side of the belt up to five or six. Then I was to lie back while a million magic fingers miraculously broke down fatty tissue and firmed up my muscles.

I wrapped the belts around my thighs and turned the dials. But who's going to stop a dial at five or six when you've got 22-inch thighs? I zapped the dial instantly up to nine. This was not a good idea. The million magic fingers almost electrocuted me . . . lightning bolts shot through my flesh into my bones and my legs jerked wildly in an imitation of St. Vitus' dance. I yelled at *PLAYBOY* and cursed Peter Kendall and screamed foul things at Miss January—but I kept the belts on. Then I vomited. Very cute. A 14-year-old girl with two rubber straps lashed to her body, jumping around and throwing up. *PLAYBOY* should have taken a picture of that.

I tried the belts a few more times, but the results were always disastrous. So, in desperation, I turned to Ex-Lax (I was never *fat*, but Miss January was much less fat, and that was all that mattered). A girlfriend of mine had told me that if you ate a whole 69-cent box of chocolate-flavored Ex-Lax and washed it down with coffee, you could lose six pounds a day. So I bought *two* boxes of chocolate-flavored Ex-Lax (I've never been any great shakes on moderation) and ate them one morning after breakfast. Like a fool, I assumed that because my thighs and bottom were the problem, the six pounds would come from there. No such luck. I lost eight pounds' worth of water, breakfast and lower intestine.

Obviously, I didn't spend my entire adolescence trying to look like Miss January. But I wasted enough of it to make me hate her. I exercised in rubber sweat suits, walked around with a quarter stuck between my buttocks (the idea is that you use a lot of muscles just trying to keep it from falling to the ground at awkward moments). I painted my nipples with Blush-On, poured gallons of hydrogen peroxide on my pubic hair, trying to bleach it. And now? Well, now I'm older. All I want now is to be human. But I've grown up, and finally stopped trying to change my body, and what happens? Along comes *PLAYBOY*, wanting to photograph it.

Hopefully, these pictures are of a real honest-to-God in-the-flesh fucked-up-like-everybody-else human being. At first I said no to *PLAYBOY*, pleading male chauvinism. Finally I said yes in a fit of missionary zeal. I'll show them what a real body looks like, I thought to myself. I'll be brave and outrageous and get the photographer to show me in all my imperfect glory.

If I'd been brave enough, I might have let Doug Kirkland take pictures of me just before I got my period, when my stomach was all bloated. I'd have let him take close-ups of my face after I'd been crying, with black rivers of mascara running down my cheeks. I'd have sprawled out flat on a rug and let him shoot my bottom with a wide-angle lens. I'd have let him photograph my skin under hot, hard lights, to show all the little bumps of imperfection from being exposed to the weather. I'd have let him take pictures of my pubic hair so that it looked as if it smelled of sex, not FDS.

But maybe I chickened out. When the contact sheets came back from the lab, I put huge Xs through the pictures that I thought made me look lumpy. However, halfway is better than nothing. If you're 14 and reading this, take solace: You probably look a lot better than you think. And *nobody* looks like Miss January.





# NORSE STAR

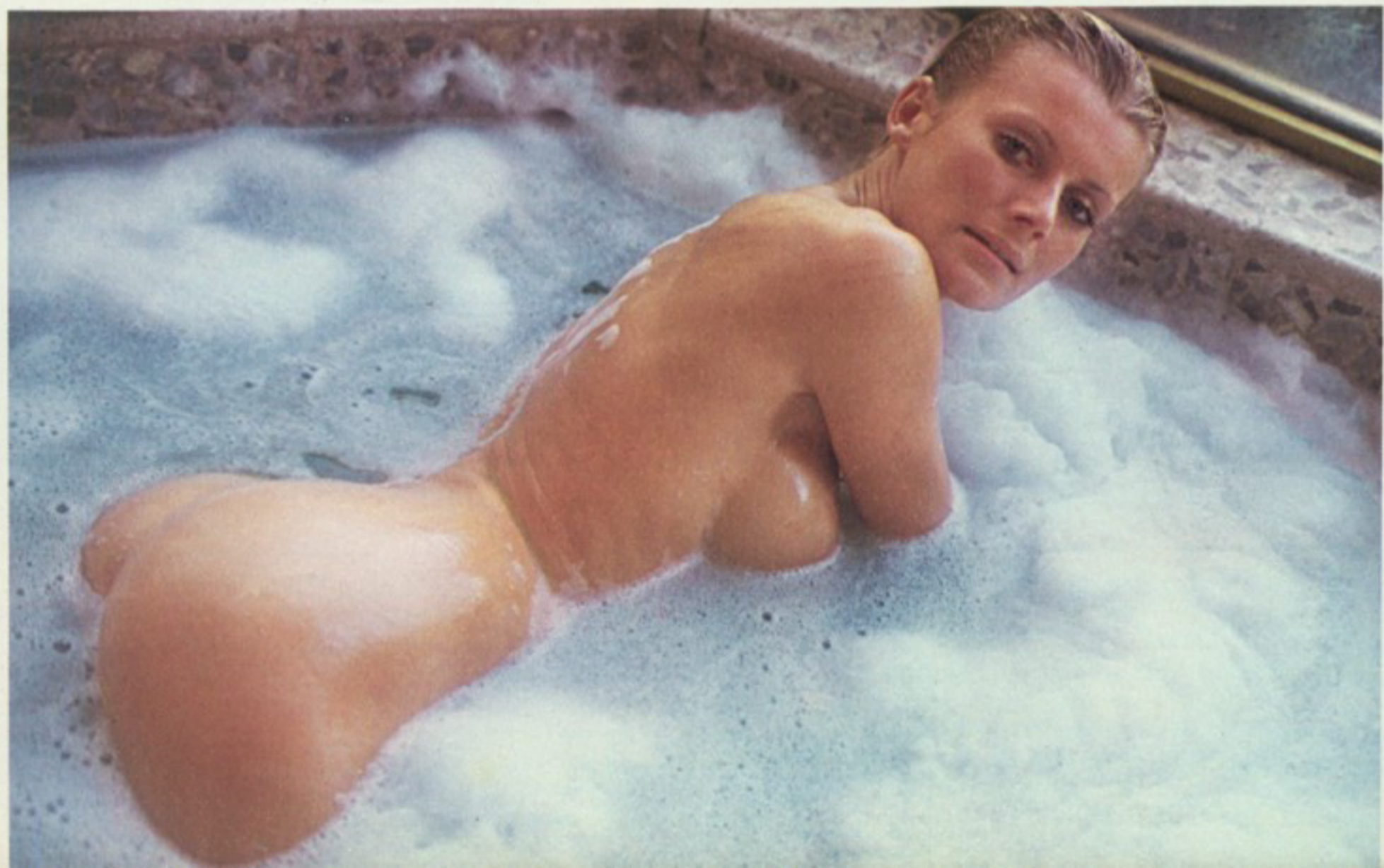
*she's already modeled on three continents,  
but for miss march it's only the beginning*



IT'S A LONG HOP from Oslo, Norway—where Ingeborg Sorensen's mother minds the family drugstore while her father and brother are out driving cabs—to the Hollywood suburb of Bel-Air, where Ingeborg now lives in the company of four Venezuelan monkeys and a toy dachshund. Rest assured, though, that she got from O to B in the most logical way—via Japan, where she toured department stores a few years ago, showing off Norwegian fashions as part of a Nordic festival. An American photographer suggested that she try Hollywood and she figured, "Well, I'm halfway around the world.

*Some construction was under way near Ingeborg's house and she picked up props for these whimsical shots. Good thinking, as you see.*

anyway; instead of going home by way of Alaska and Moscow, I may as well go via Hawaii and Los Angeles." So Ingeborg—a former Miss Norway and Miss Europe who was also runner-up in the 1972 Miss World contest—paid a visit to the Southern California glitter capital. Then another. And after shuttling back and forth a few times between L.A. and Oslo, she moved to Hollywood for good. And it *has* been for good, as far as Ingeborg is concerned. She's been very busy making TV commercials, and you've probably recognized her already as the blonde who says "Watch Joe Namath get creamed!" in the Noxzema commercial ("How was Joe to work with? I'll just say very nice"). Ingeborg is currently studying acting with Jeff Corey—she's already made a couple of films but nothing she's inclined to brag about—and fully intends to be prepared for the big movie opportunity she's certain will come her way. Her family





*Miss March is a former Miss Norway  
and Miss Europe who migrated to  
Hollywood on a photographer's tip.  
Score one point for America*



*In Norway, just about everybody grows up on skis, and Ingeborg was no exception. Now, when she yearns for snow, she travels to Colorado.*



*On a trip to Vail, Ingeborg rides the ski lift (above) with her instructor, Dave Ross. Below: Whatever goes up must come down.*



isn't too crazy about her living in Hollywood ("We're extremely close, like most European families, who always want to have the people they love around them"), but, she declares, "I have to live my own life." Not that Ingeborg, who visits Norway about twice a year, doesn't miss it: "People care more about one another there than they do here, and they go out of their way to show affection. You always know you have friends. Here you have friends one day and if you don't have them the next, you don't much care. I'm sure that L.A. isn't typical of America, though. Perhaps the film industry has something to do with it, but the truth is that a lot of the people I've met out here are very artificial. As it happens, most of my friends—the people I spend time with—are Scandinavian." But even if she wishes the folks in L.A. were "a little more real," Ingeborg doesn't want to sound overly critical, because she does like living



*Ingeborg, who's nuts about Vail—"Everything is built in the European style"—relaxes on the terrace of a ski lodge (above), tries on some fur coats (right) and enjoys a cup of coffee in a mountaintop tavern.*



*Ingeborg feels that in the future she's going to be making a lot of motion pictures. We agree. We just wish our pictures could move.*

there. "Otherwise, I wouldn't stay." The Southern California climate is a prime attraction: "If there's a fuel shortage here and you can't turn on the heat, you won't freeze. Norway is cold, and you *would* freeze." And she manages to enjoy herself, riding horseback, sketching or simply socializing. Then, too, she has her pets: "Any time I feel really lonely, I can talk to the animals—though I might have to get rid of the monkeys, because they're getting jealous of the dog, and I'd rather hold on to him." Now, what was that nonsense about leading a dog's life?





MISS MARCH PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** woman suing her husband for divorce charged that he was too uncouth to be lived with. "He's an inveterate tea drinker, your Honor," she explained, "and wherever we go, he always drinks his tea with his pinkie sticking out."

"But that's a silly criticism," said the judge. "Why, lots of people drink tea with their finger sticking out."

"Who said anything about his finger?"



**I**m afraid that I have both bad news and worse news for you," said the doctor to the Southern bigot.

"W-what's the bad news, doc?" gulped the patient.

"You have an incurable disease," replied the medical man.

"Oh, my God!" groaned the racist. Then he muttered, "But what could be worse news?"

"It's sickle-cell anemia."

**A** toothsome young starlet named Smart  
Was asked to display oral art  
As the price for the role.  
She complied, met his goal—  
And then sank her teeth in the part.

**T**he girl and her date had checked into a motel, stripped, smoked a joint, leafed through some pornographic magazines they'd bought on the way, tried out a new type of vibrator on each other and finally coupled in a frenzy. Now they lay quietly side by side, at peace with the world.

"Just think," mused the boy, "in one more year we can walk into a bar and order a beer."

**A**nd then there was the old gentleman who had a massive stroke—which is what made him popular at Sun City orgies.

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *loser* as a man who's tried in small-claims court for exhibitionism.

**I** sometimes have twenty or so consecutive orgasms using clitoral self-stimulation," the bachelor girl told the sex researcher.

"Good heavens, that's fantastic!" exclaimed the normally blasé researcher.

"Oh, I don't know," shrugged the woman. "After maybe fifteen times, I run out of fantasies, and from there on it's no fun!"

**T**wo women on a plane were chattering away behind a man who was preparing to nap. "How do you manage to dress so well on your husband's salary?" asked one.

"It's quite simple," replied the other. "I have a boyfriend who gives me five hundred dollars a month for my favors."

"That's a great idea," rejoined the first woman, "but I'm afraid none of the men I happen to know could afford that much."

"In that case," said the wayward wife, "find two guys who'll pay two-fifty apiece, or four who'll pay one-twenty-five—"

At that point, the man in front peered over the seat back. "Look, girls, I'm going to sleep," he said, yawning, "but give me a nudge when you get down to five bucks a throw."

**W**ord has just reached us about the ultimate in singles bars. It's a place where girls have to show their I.U.D.s to be admitted.

**I**t was an everyday traffic occurrence: One car had stopped for a light and the other had plowed into it from behind. The only odd circumstance was that the first vehicle was being driven by a minister and the second by a priest.

A policeman came sauntering over as the two clergymen began to expostulate with each other. "How fast would you say he was going," interjected Officer O'Malley, "when he backed into you, Father?"



**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *French square dance* as a go-down hoedown.

**T**he red-eyed widow asked the attorney about her late husband's will. "I'm sorry to tell you, my dear," said the lawyer, "that George left all he had to the Happy Valley Home for Indigent Gentlewomen."

"But what about me?"

"You're all he had."

*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.*



*"The way I figure it, Captain, the aborigines sense an acute infringement of their territorial imperative and are retaliating with aggressive antiestablishment behavior!"*



*"For heaven's sake, Freddie, must you always wonder what your uncle would have done in your place?"*





*watch what  
happens when seven  
photographers  
go on a tear*

# RIPPED OFF



128 *When the lady's between the sheets au naturel (preceding page), pulling aside that last bit of cover can be titillating.*

*The guy above, enthusiastically manhandling what was once a nightie, is really getting into the spirit of things.*



How long since you've seen a girl—let alone two—in lingerie like this? "I picked very feminine, almost outdated slips for

the girls to wear in this scene," says photographer Gregory. "To me, that made it more of a fantasy, more of a turn-on."



"The sensuality of tearing those wet T-shirts is what I was interested in," says Peterson. "The tactile sensation of

shredding fabric is erotic in itself. The models, incidentally, really enjoyed themselves during the half-hour shooting."



*Just because a girl is solitary doesn't mean she has to be in confinement. There are times when she's alone, dreaming*

*her very own personal dreams, when even the flimsiest wisp of sheer bikini panties becomes—simply—too much.*



*To photographer Gremmler, the combination of force and eroticism could best be realized by placing the human female*

*form in "something unusual, something it isn't normally found in. So I encased my model in transparent plastic wrap."*



*The image of a woman relentlessly but gently—even daintily—tearing her lover's tank-top undershirt with her teeth*

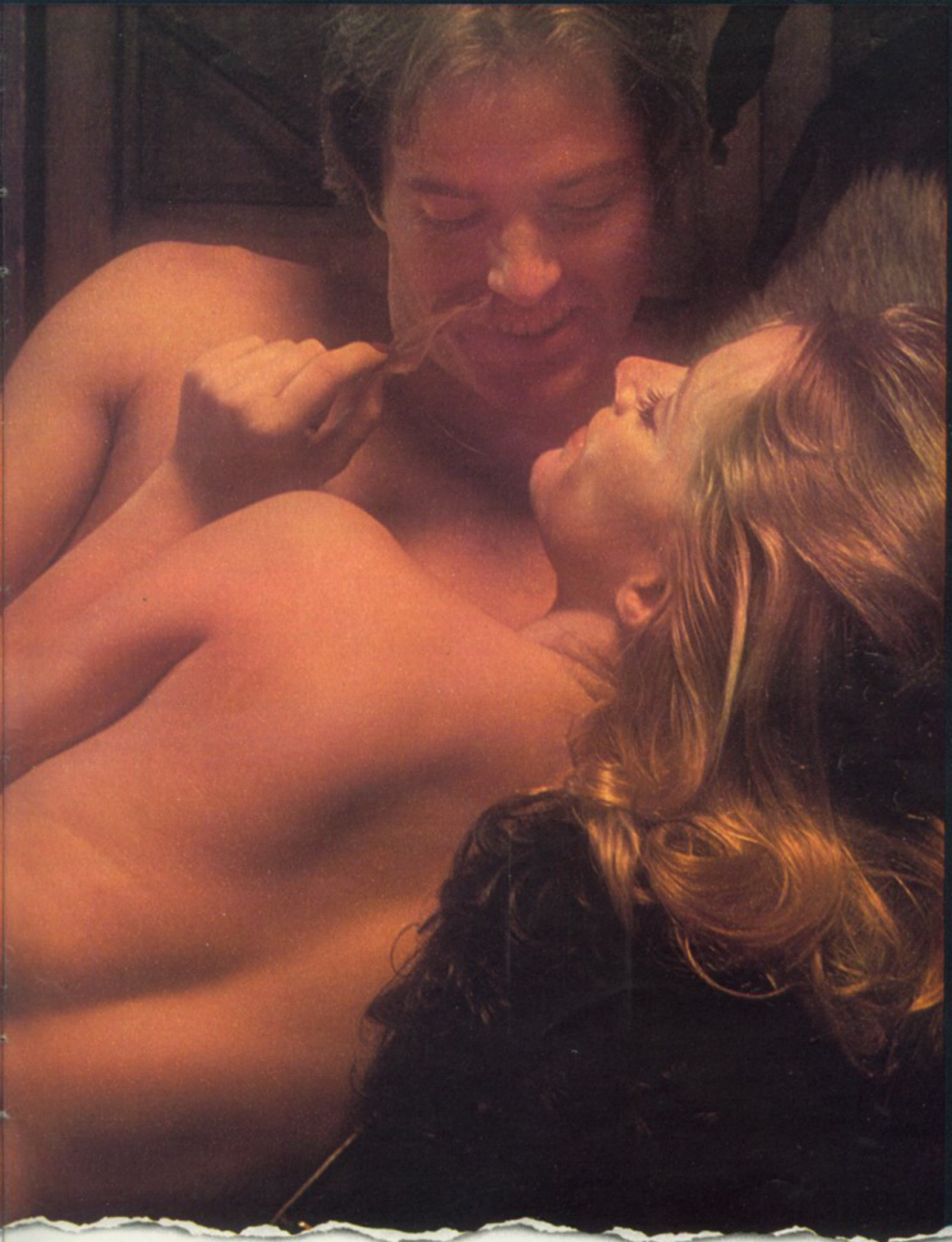
*connotes, to Gregory, every man's "age-old fantasy—the desire to be raped. Trouble is, in real life it never seems to happen."*



*Clothing's not the only thing that comes off in amorous by-play, as the stalwart above discovers when he begins seducing*

*a ravishing brunette—only to end up by ravishing a seductive redhead, who quite literally flips her wig for him.*





*One revelation deserves another in this hair-razing story. If a girl can shed her raven locks for love, surely her partner*

*may sacrifice his mustache—especially when the facial unveiling can be accomplished with a little help from his friend.*

THE VARGAS GIRL

*"And you say it's called hot-dogging?"*



Vargas

for the person who has everything—  
including a case of the hots

# SEX SHOPPE



By *Raymond*



"Guess what's purple and green,  
ten inches long with feathers . . .?"



"Our baby!"



*"I don't know what you're grumbling about, lady—it is in a plain wrapper!"*



*"If you don't mind me saying so, ma'am—you look like the sort of lady to whom I can confide one or two other functions of this amazingly versatile machine. . . ."*



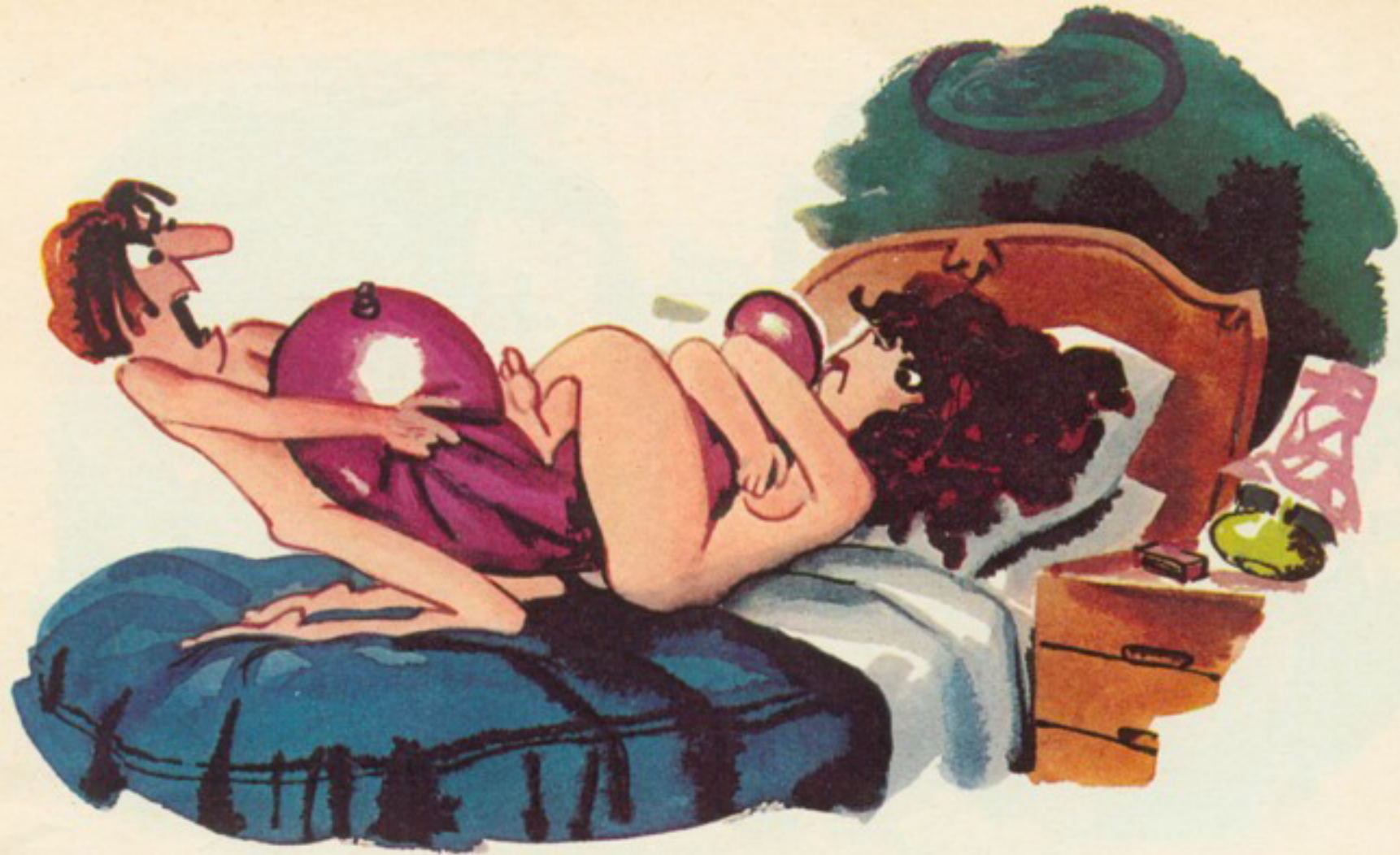
*"Esmond! I swear you're trying to ruin a very beautiful relationship!"*



*"Changing batteries at two in the morning sure ain't my idea of an emergency, lady!"*



*"Lady! For heaven's sake!"*



*"Whose damn Patent Reciprocating Adjustable Love Cushion is it, anyway?"*



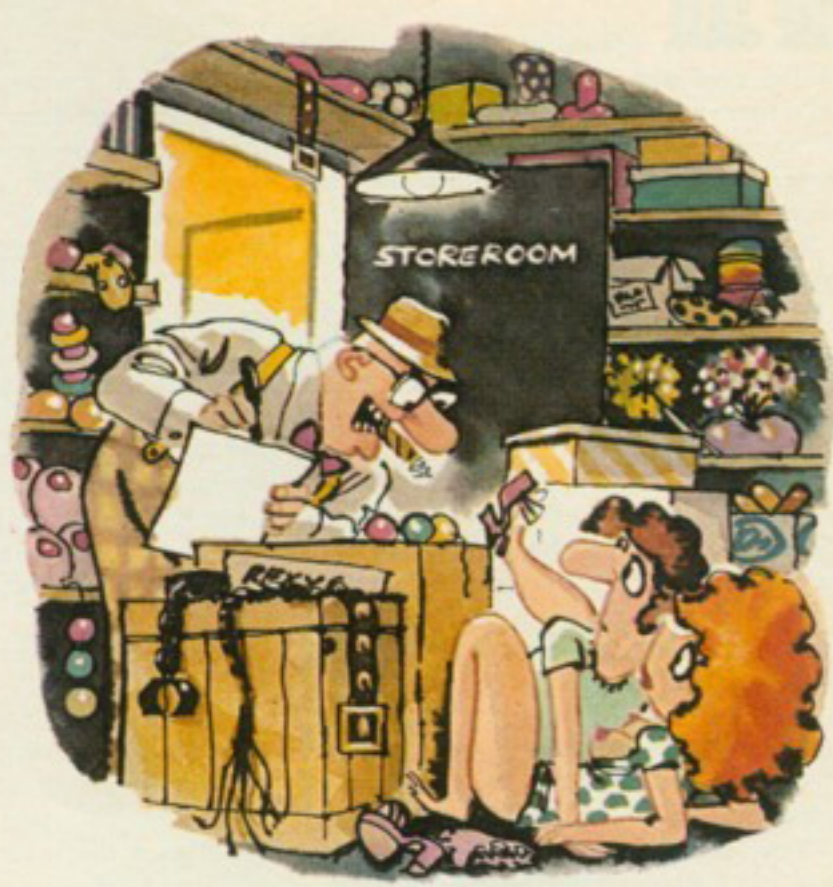
*"Zelda! Either fix that thing or save your foreplay till after the big fight!"*



*"Are you feeling as hilariously horny as I am, Miss Cheeseman?"*



*"That's funny—it don't look Jewish."*



*"You two got nothin' better to do?"*



*"Mother sure was right when she told me  
I couldn't go wrong with that nice girl next door!"*



JOHN  
DEMIDOFF

*"You know, you're really not all that abominable."*



# Jeep® wrote the book on 4-wheel drive...



We pioneered 4-wheel drive over 30 years ago and we've been making improvements ever since. Jeep was first with automatic-transmission in a 4-wheel drive vehicle, the first 4-wheel drive maker to offer a really complete line of vehicles—one for every need.

And recently Jeep became the first American manufacturer to

offer automatic 4-wheel drive, Quadra-Trac,<sup>™</sup> the 4-wheel drive system that's caused such a stir in the 4-wheeler's world.

We are happy to compare our heritage, our know-how and our vehicles with any other manufacturer's. We do it in this book. Before you decide on a 4-wheel drive vehicle, read it. The facts are yours for the asking.



From a Subsidiary of  
**American Motors Corporation**



*"If you don't like my coffee, how do you like this, fascist pig?"*



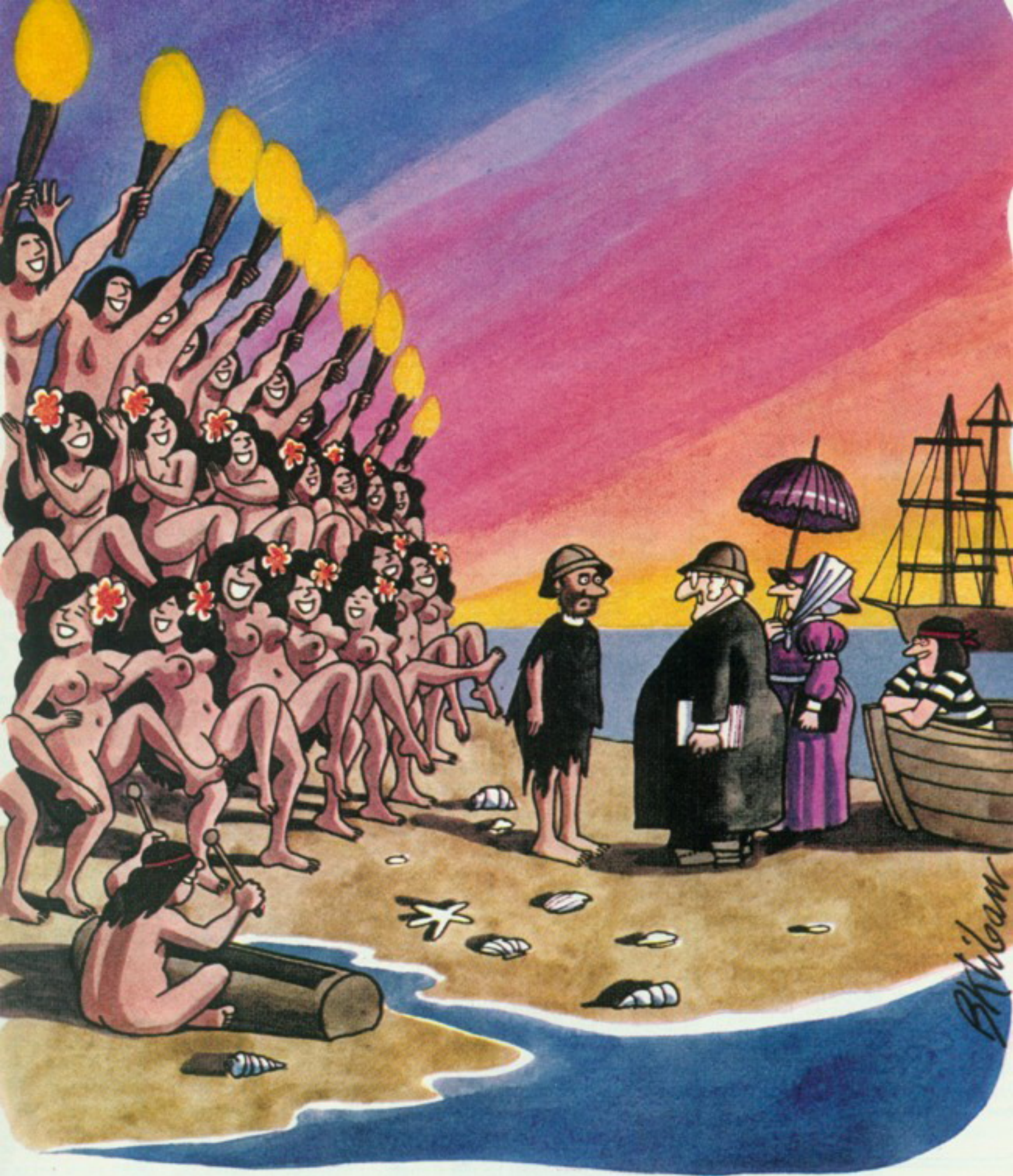
*"Look closely, ladies and gentlemen, and tell me if this man has the equipment to be a rapist."*



*"I'm a friend of neither!"*



*"Really? It's mandatory?"*



*"Christianity? I thought you said to teach them choreography!"*



*Intarlandi*

*"I've got great news for you, Charley . . . I'm not frigid after all!"*



*"Really, Helen—just because he wasn't all you expected last night."*





VE OLDE  
REST ROOMS

← KNIGHTS

DAMSELS →

SHYEMAKER



*“Look at the corner apartment on the 12th floor.  
That’s what I want you to do to me.”*



*"Bancroft? George Bancroft? Never heard of him.  
You've got the wrong number."*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

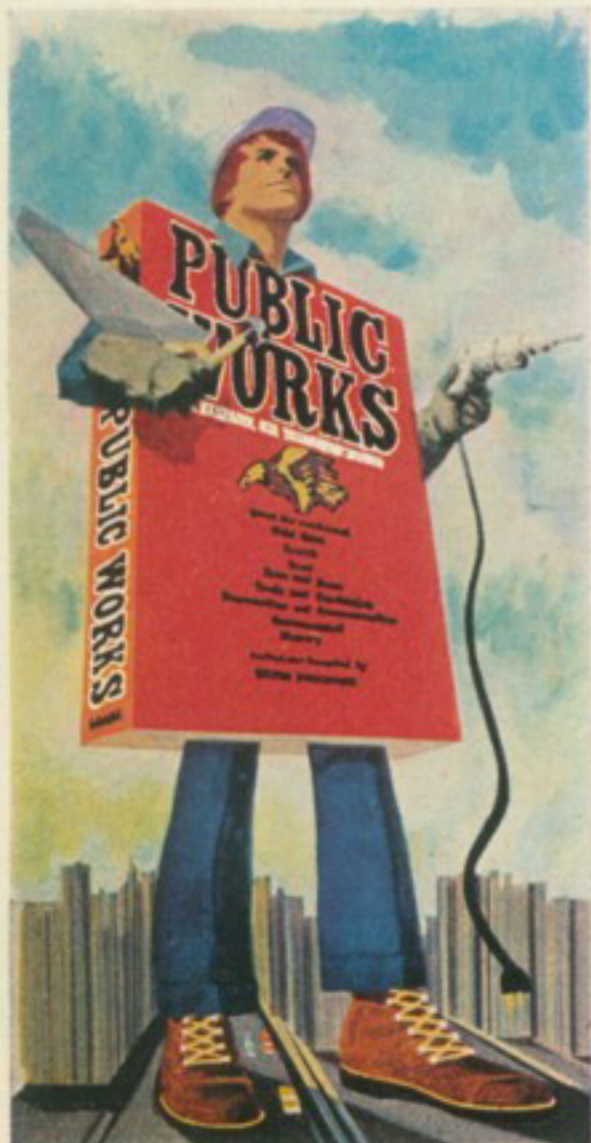


## AIRING YOUR BEDDING

"Like a spare bedroom in a bag," claim the manufacturers of Inflate-A-Bed (World Products, 5410 East 23rd Street, Kansas City, Missouri), which they say offers the coziness of feathers, the support of springs and the sensuousness of water without any of said ingredients. Not your everyday boy-scout-camp air mattress, Inflate-A-Bed boasts air-coil construction and a nonclammy flocked surface that takes to water like a lily pad. Furthermore, it's available in three colors, three sizes (twin, double and queen) and costs only \$59.95 to \$79.95. You fill it from a canister-type vacuum and hope for the best. Ker-splash.

### THE JOY OF SEXTANTS

It's nice to know that in this day and age of digital-readout timepieces and instant-developing cameras, there's still a source for items of historical technology, such as huge tripod telescopes and spy-glasses, ancient navigational instruments, fabulous brass microscopes and other precision-made goodies from bygone eras. The place to write to is Historical Technology at 6 Mugford Street, Marblehead, Massachusetts, enclosing a buck for its catalog number 110, which will be hot off the press in late spring. Believe us, the objects to be included will blow your mind—and the same goes for your bank balance.

A technical diagram of a sextant. It shows a circular arc with a scale. A horizontal line is labeled 'Horizon Vane' and 'A'. A vertical line is labeled 'Shade Vane' and 'E'. A diagonal line is labeled 'Sight Vane' and 'F'. Points 'B', 'C', and 'D' are marked on the arc. A sun icon is at the top. A small illustration of a person's face looking through the instrument is on the right. The letter 'G' is at the bottom right.

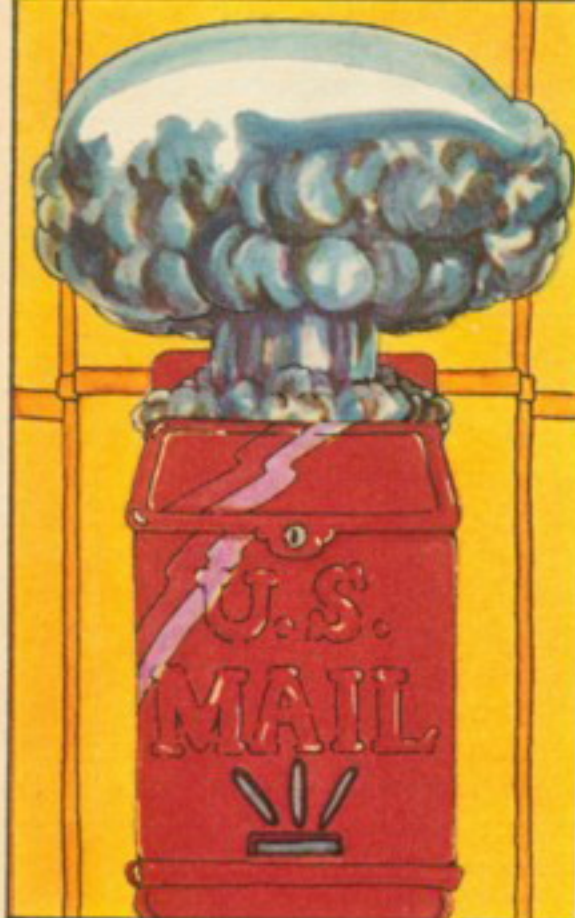
## IN THE WORKS

You want information on cross-country bus fares, you call Greyhound, right? Need info on your retirement benefits, call Social Security, right? Sure, or you can also get said dope—plus the ABCs of desert survival, auto repairs, mildew removal, the formula for determining the number of bricks needed to build a wall and the recipe for Lima Bean Creole—in a hefty tome called *Public Works* (Links Books, \$10) that's available at your local bookstore. What distinguishes *Public Works* from just another how-to guide is the fact that most of the material included has been legally ripped off from the U. S. Government, plus other sources, such as the University of Alaska and New York Radical Feminists. *Public Works* runs 1024 pages, and it's laced with illustrations ranging from instructions to 19th Century engravings. Instant expertise for \$10—how can you go wrong?

### POP ART

With the economy flagging and food sources dwindling, why not do something meaningful—like give the one you love (or hate) a chocolate lollipop made in the likeness of your face? The die (done from your photo) costs \$50 and each pop is 50 cents (minimum order: 120), from Astor Chocolate Corporation, 48-25 Metropolitan, Brooklyn, New York. You might even wish to include a message—such as Eat Me!

A colorful illustration of a young child with blonde hair, wearing a blue sailor-style outfit with a white collar and a blue bow. The child is holding a lollipop that has a face on it, looking like a small child's face. To the left, a large, orange, furry creature is looking at the lollipop. There are some small, white, teardrop-like shapes around the lollipop.

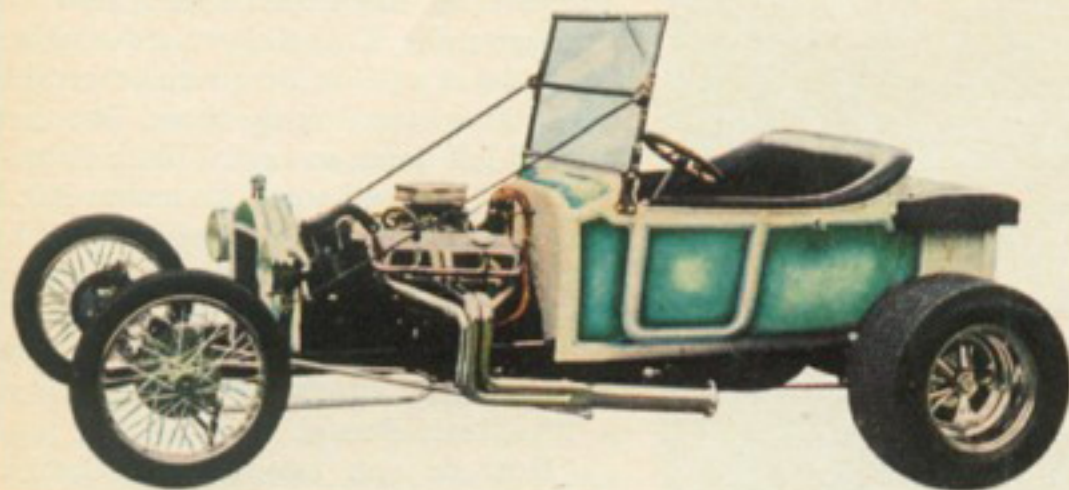


### NUKE KNACK

Now, for the first time anywhere, you can send a nuclear missile through the mail. How? By joining Flying Buffalo Inc. (P. O. Box 1467, Scottsdale, Arizona), a computer company that moderates play-by-mail games. They provide the games, the opponents and the results—all you do is send them your moves at three dollars or more per game (15 cents for game rules). The games they moderate are Nuclear Destruction, Time Trap, Board of Directors and others. If you're an impatient warmonger, you can even play a blitz game that's faster. Blast off!

### UNSQUARE T

For all you latent delinquents who're longing for an open-hooded, souped-up roadster in which to terrorize the populace, here's your chance. Total Performance Inc. (406 S. Orchard Street, Route 5, Wallingford, Connecticut) is manufacturing a replica of a 1923 Model T that comes equipped with a new Chevy engine, sealed electrical system, Naugahyde upholstery and spoke wheels. It's yours—along with a face full of wind—for only \$5995. Take it to the drive-in and watch the teeny-boppers turn green.

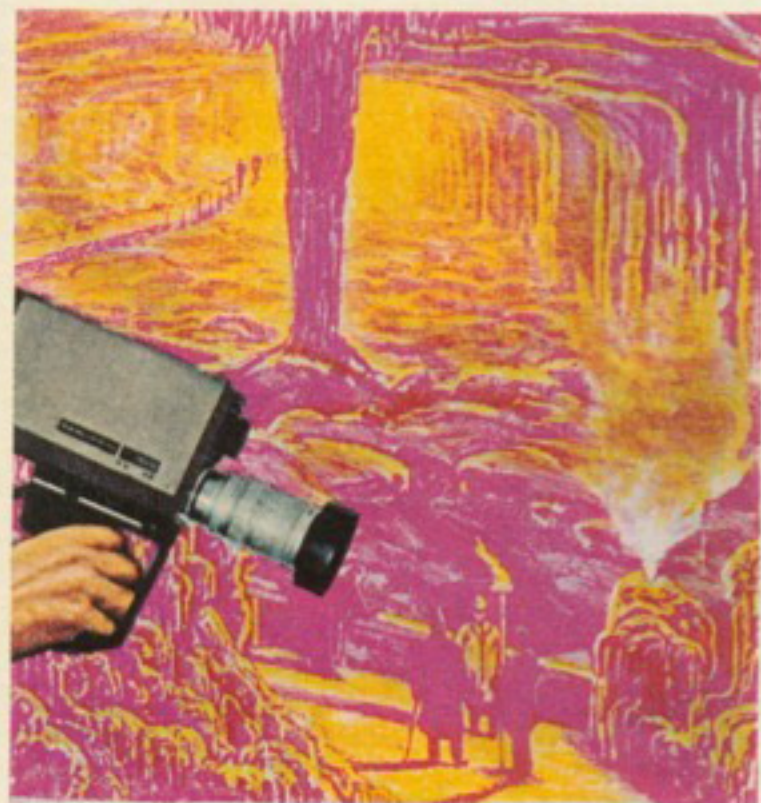


### FROG MAN

The latest in mail-order madness comes from Richard Mitchell, an artist who's formed an erotic-serigraph-of-the-month club called Frog Prints, at P. O. Box 203, Glassboro, New Jersey. Each month, Mitchell is offering a \$30 limited-edition bit of naughtiness guaranteed to rekindle a spark in your jaded old eyes. The name of Mitchell's company, incidentally, comes from a series of prints he once did in which a frog serviced a maiden in truly wondrous ways. Rivvit!

### FOUND MONEY

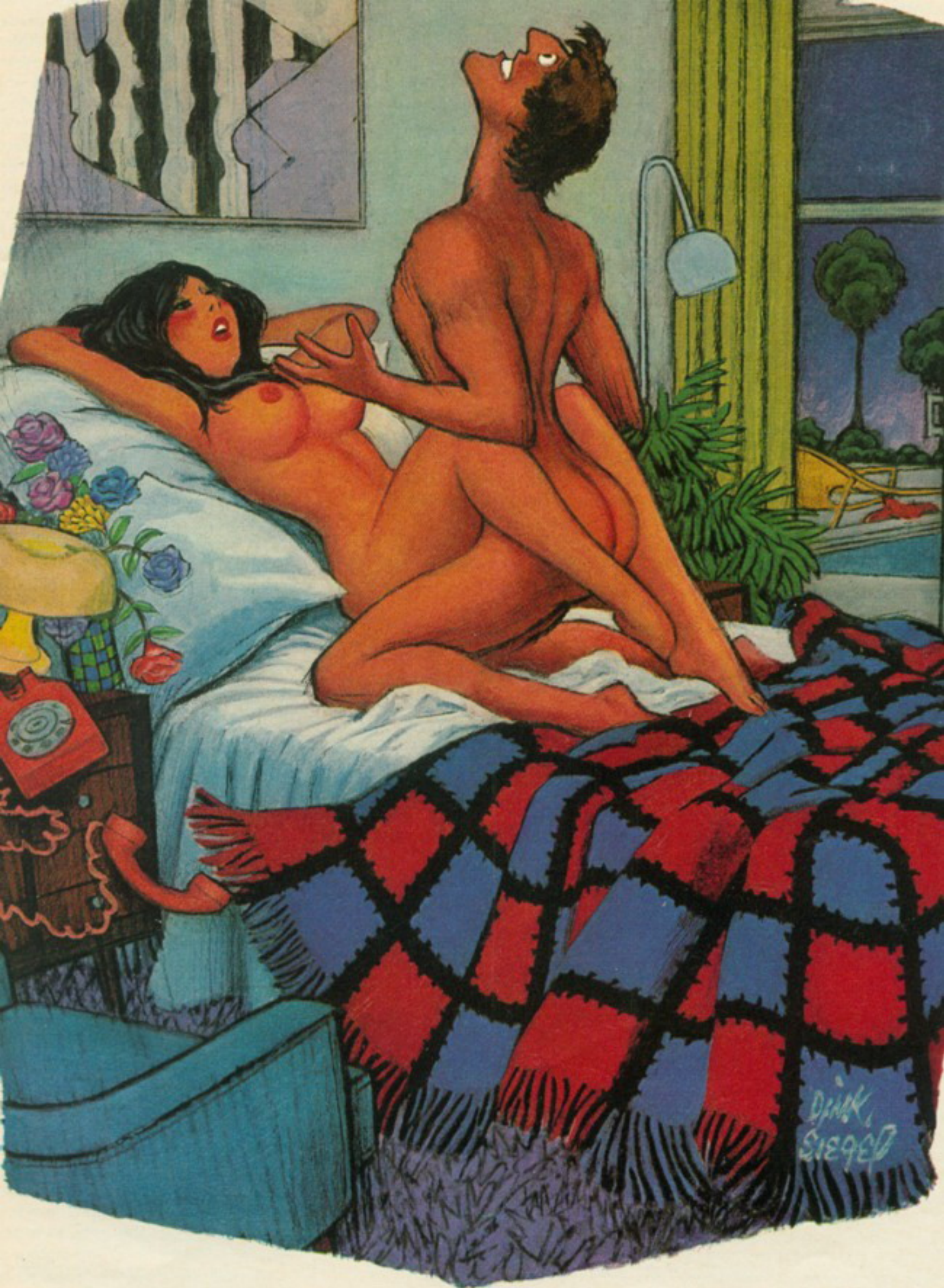
Let's face it. The one thing you've wanted in life more than fame, fortune and sex is to see your bathroom on television. Now that dream can be a reality, not only for your bathroom but for your kitchen, bedroom or living room as well. Location Finders (200 W. 51st Street, New York) specializes in scouting out unusual settings for advertisements and commercials. The lights, cameras and action might be inconvenient, but Location Finders has developed an ingenious way of assuaging these problems—money. Depending on how long the setting is needed, it will pay you \$200 to \$1000 for its use. Now take a long, hard look at your pad.



### PRIZE BOOBIES

At first glance, you may think that the pillow shown here is the handiwork of some sleazy porno emporium. But, in truth, its manufacturers are two little old ladies operating A&M Enterprises at 120 S. Route 83, in Grayslake, Illinois. Their product, The Sensuous Pyramid Pillow, is available for \$15 (including postage) in a variety of colors, with contrasting tips. And yes, girls, they've also pillowed a portion of the male anatomy. It, too, is fully stuffed.





*"Ralph, I've been waiting to get you in a good mood.  
I want a divorce."*



*“By George, you’re right, it does look like two spiders balling on a peanut-butter sandwich! And look at this one! This one looks like two frogs making it on a manhole cover! . . .”*



*"I know it hasn't been easy for you, having to be both mother and father to me, but now that I'm grown, Dad, how about being just a father again?"*





*"Well, we found out what's been clogging up your drains!"*

# OUI MARCHES ON

**CONVERSATION WITH PAUL MORRISSEY** takes you inside the far-out head of Andy Warhol's movie director. Warhol's alter ego has a mind of his own.

**SWINGERS MAGAZINES** reviews the tabloids that let your fingers do the stalking. In this case, A.C./D.C. is not the Washington Athletic Club.

**HIP IN THE SEVENTIES** gives you some sound advice on how to be "in" without flipping out. If you can't stand the pace, join the strategic slowdown.

**TENNIS YOUTH TAKE-OVER** examines the coup de court by the younger set and their groupies. The net result is a love game.

**GREAT MYTHS OF OUR TIME** lists those childish rumors that used to keep you awake nights. Reading this could make you go blind!

**OUI GIRLS** Vicky and Brigitte are enough to keep you awake nights, too. You should only be so lucky.

**AT YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW** Just say OUI!

# OUI

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

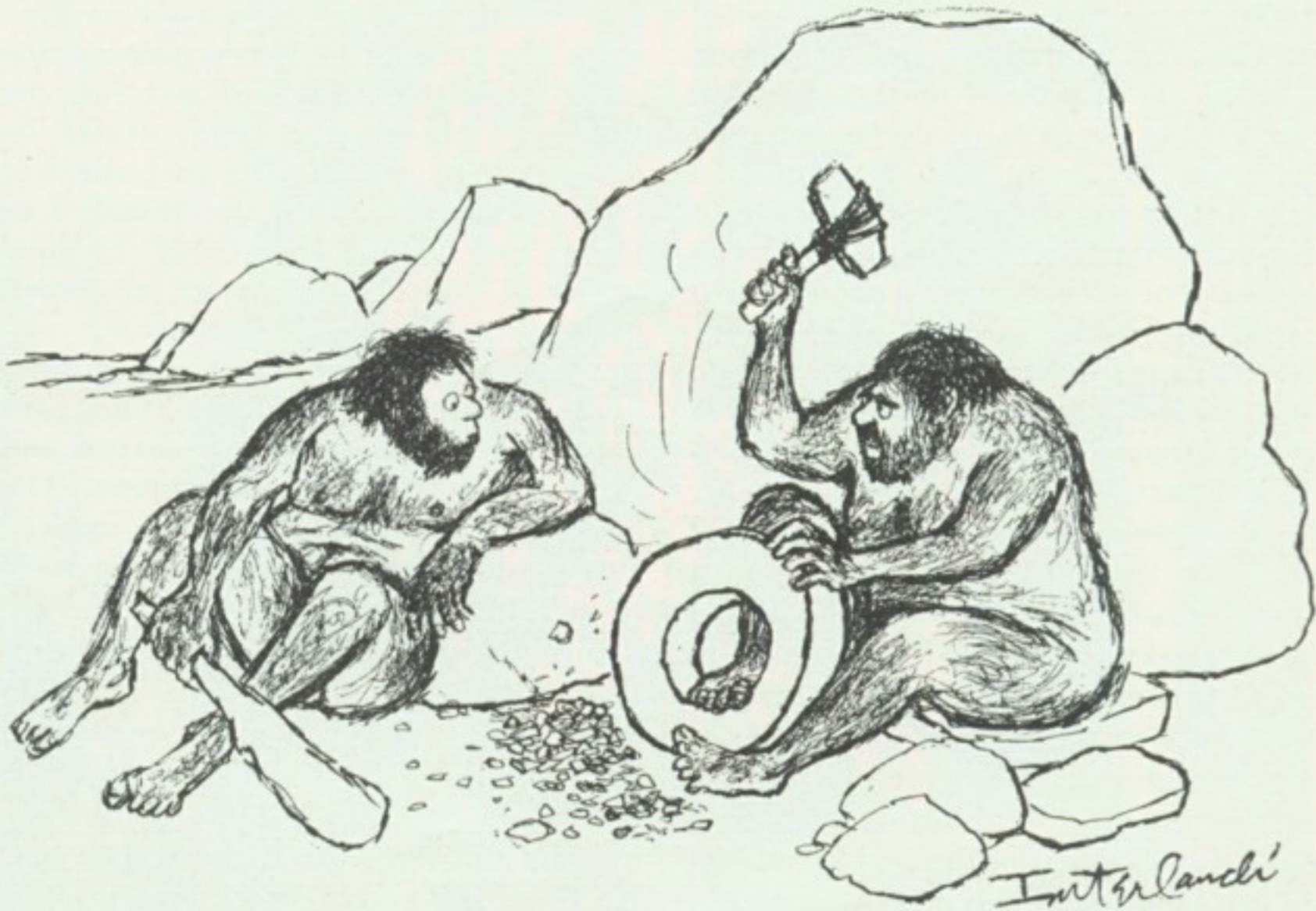
MARCH 1975

\$1.25





*"Supplies coming aboard, Cap'n."*



*"What good is it if you can't screw it?"*

# Little Annie Fanny

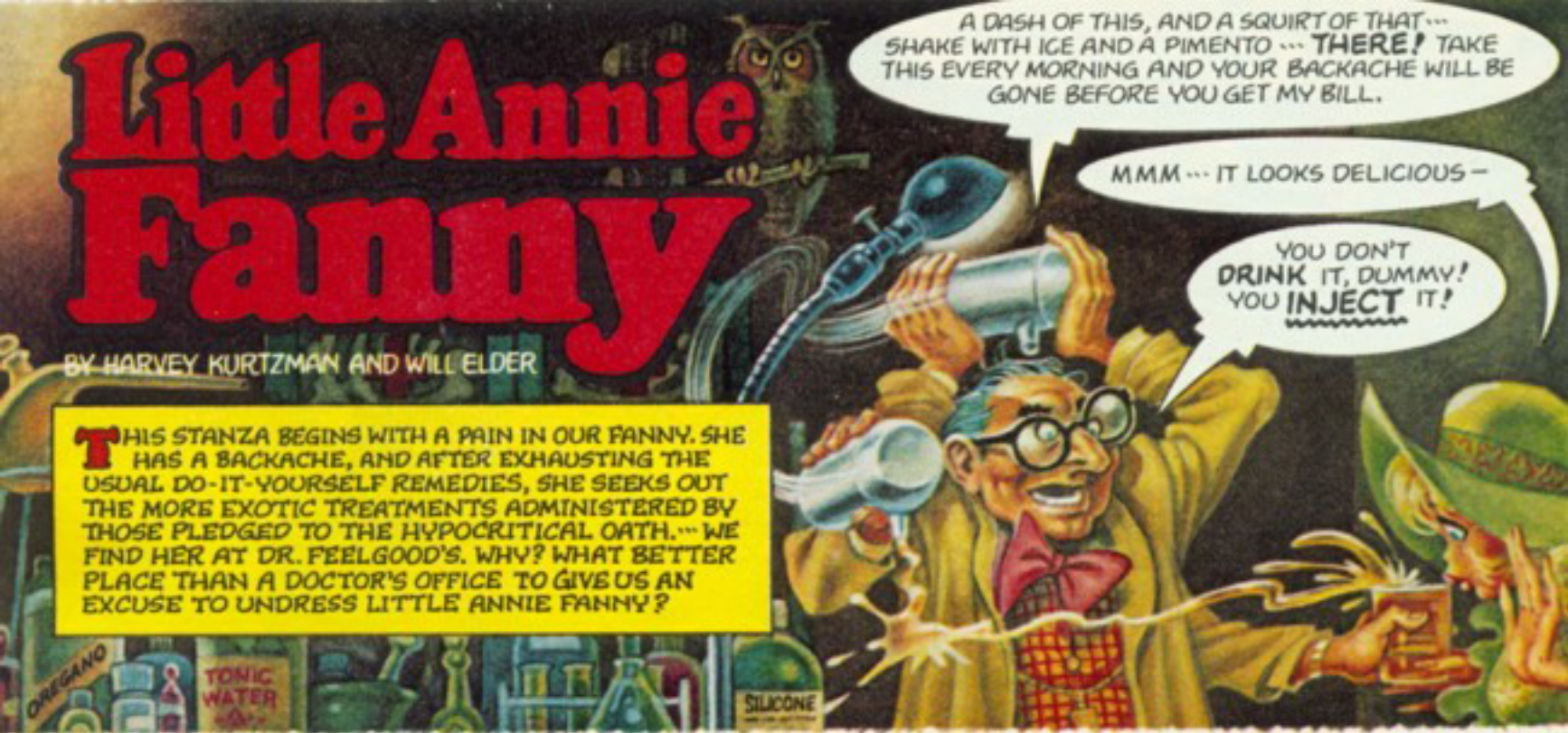
BY HARVEY KURTZMAN AND WILL ELDER

**T**HIS STANZA BEGINS WITH A PAIN IN OUR FANNY. SHE HAS A BACKACHE, AND AFTER EXHAUSTING THE USUAL DO-IT-YOURSELF REMEDIES, SHE SEEKS OUT THE MORE EXOTIC TREATMENTS ADMINISTERED BY THOSE PLEDGED TO THE HYPOCRITICAL OATH.™ WE FIND HER AT DR. FEELGOOD'S. WHY? WHAT BETTER PLACE THAN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE TO GIVE US AN EXCUSE TO UNDRRESS LITTLE ANNIE FANNY?

A DASH OF THIS, AND A SQUIRT OF THAT... SHAKE WITH ICE AND A PIMENTO... **THERE!** TAKE THIS EVERY MORNING AND YOUR BACKACHE WILL BE GONE BEFORE YOU GET MY BILL.

MMM... IT LOOKS DELICIOUS -

YOU DON'T DRINK IT, DUMMY!  
YOU **INJECT** IT!



GOLLY, DOCTOR... ALL THESE THINGS... I MEAN, ARE THEY VERY STRONG?... I MEAN... IS IT HABIT FORMING?

-A COMPOUND OF VARIOUS VITAMINS, HORMONES, CELLULAR EXTRACTS AND A SOUPÇON OF AMPHETAMINE... HA-HA, NEVER FEAR, MY CHILD, WOULD I PRESCRIBE SOMETHING THAT WAS **HABIT FORMING!?**

**-MY SHOT, DOC!  
I'VE GOTTA  
GET MY  
SHOT!  
I'VE GOT A  
MONKEY  
ON MY  
BACK!**







HOW'D IT GO, HON? DID DR. CRANKSHAFT FIX YOU UP?

HE GAVE MY HEAD A WRENCH... **JEEPERS!** I'VE GOT SUCH A PAIN IN MY NECK, MY BACK FEELS GOOD BY COMPARISON.

RUTHIE, I'M GETTING DESPERATE. THERE'S AN ACUPUNCTURIST DOWNSTAIRS. I THINK I'LL TRY HIM.



AH, SO! ... CROSE EYES. LEST EASY. I MUST FIND CLITICAL NERVE ENDINGS. ACUPUNCTURE WORKS LIKE ANESTHETIC - NEEDLE IN **KNEE** WILL BLOCK PAIN IN BACK.

A NEEDLE IN MY **KNEE!**?



ROUND RYDY, DO NOT QUESTION MYSTERIOUS WAYS OF THE EAST. ... CROSE EYES. YOU FEEL WHEN I TOUCH YOU HERE?

OW! YES!!



YOU FEEL WHEN I TOUCH YOU HERE?

NO. I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW YOU TOUCHED ME.



- YOU FEEL WHEN I TOUCH YOU **HERE** -

- BUT YOU NO FEEL WHEN I TOUCH YOU **HERE?**



YOU REALLY NO FEEL WHEN I RUB YOU **HERE?** ... I SQUEEZE HARD FOR GOOD MEASURE!

TOUCH ME WHERE?

手好 AND SONAMA-GUN!



DR. YIN-YANG, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE NEEDLING ME, NOT YOUR-SELF!

EXCRUSE ME, BUT THIS INSCRUTABLE ORIENTAL IS GETTING TOO SCRUTABLE. MUST ANESTHETIZE AREAS OF OWN HUMBLE SELF, OR ELSE I'M GONNA GET MY LOCKS OFF.

EXCRUSE, WHILE I STERIRIZE NEW BATCH OF NEEDLES! ... HALF AN HOUR LATER, YOU HUNGRY FOR MORE.



- HE PUT NEEDLES IN MY TOES! HE BURNED INCENSE IN MY BELLY BUTTON! IT WAS ALL RIGHT UNTIL I TOOK OFF MY PANTIES. I SHOULD HAVE BEEN SUSPICIOUS WHEN HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO INSERT HIS "LIVING NEEDLE"! **I BARELY ESCAPED!**

... OH, RUTHIE ... WILL MY BACK EVER BE NORMAL AGAIN?

\* SEE WHAT I FOUND IN YOUR MATTRESS COVER. YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING ON YOUR LONG-LOST **ALARM CLOCK!** ... YOUR BACK WILL SOON BE FINE. IT'S JUST A MATTER OF TIME.

END

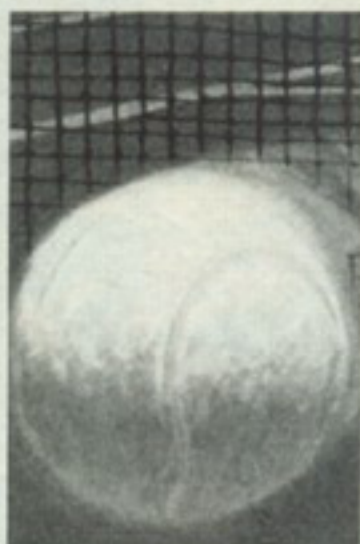
## NEXT MONTH:



DREAM CARS



LADY SPAIN



PLAYING PANCHO



BED, BOARD

**"WISH YOU WERE HERE"**—A GOOD FRIEND'S NOSTALGIC RECOLLECTIONS OF A VERY HUMAN JOHN F. KENNEDY AND THE VANISHED DAYS OF CAMELOT—BY WASHINGTON POST EXECUTIVE EDITOR **BENJAMIN C. BRADLEE**

**"LADY SPAIN"**—YOU MEET THE STRANGEST PEOPLE AT A SAN FRANCISCO BENEFIT. A LOVE STORY—BY **HERBERT GOLD**

**DUSTIN HOFFMAN** TALKS ABOUT FAME, MARRIAGE, HIS EFFORTS TO MAKE LENNY BRUCE LIVE AND HIS BRIEF CAREER AS A MACY'S PITCHMAN IN AN EXCLUSIVE **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**"HOW I ALMOST BEAT PANCHO GONZALES"**—WELL, ANYWAY, THE WRITER MANAGED TO RETURN A FEW SERVES. A FRUSTRATING SCENARIO—BY **PETER NORD**

**"BOCKMAN, AND WHY HIS ARM NEVER GOT BROKEN"**—A TALE ABOUT AN UNEMPLOYED ENGINEER WHO COULDN'T TWO-STEP AT THE CAR-REPAIR SHOP—BY **JORDAN CRITTENDEN**

**"PLAYBOY'S SPRING AND SUMMER FASHION FORECAST"**—WHAT TO WEAR WHEN IT WARMS UP—BY **ROBERT L. GREEN**

**"AGGRESSION"**—IS SAM PECKINPAH YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE DIRECTOR? OR ARE YOU A CLOSET CASPAR MILQUETOAST? A QUIZ TO RANK YOUR HOSTILITY QUOTIENT—BY **SCOT MORRIS**

**"THE MODEL"**—WHEN JOSE WENT TO POSE, THE HORNY LADY ARTIST HAD TO HELP HIM GET UP FOR THE OCCASION. AGAIN, AND AGAIN, AND AGAIN—BY **AL CAPP**

**"EAT YOUR HEART OUT!"**—FANTASTIC EUROPEAN CARS YOU CAN'T BUY HERE FOR LOVE NOR MONEY—BY **BROCK YATES**

**"WALKING THE APPALACHIAN TRAIL"**—HIKING OVER THE MOUNTAINTOPS, A WRITER MEETS TOURISTS, A FROSTY-FREEZE LADY AND A LOT OF TRUE GRITS—BY **HARRY CREWS**

**"BED AND BOARD"**—REMEMBER THAT LASCIVIOUS MEAL IN THE FLICK *TOM JONES*? YOU'RE INVITED TO ATTEND OUR EIGHT-PAGE CONTEMPORARY TAKE-OFF

**"HISTORY OF SEX, PART FOUR"**—WE MOVE ON TO ANOTHER CHAPTER IN THIS CARTOONIC CHRONICLE—BY **ARNOLD ROTH**

**"PRAY FOR FROST"**—A REPORT ON A HEGIRA TO LEBANON, SAUDI ARABIA AND POINTS MIDEAST WITH A WHEELER-DEALER IN THE COMMODITIES MARKET—BY **REGINALD POTTERTON**