

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1975 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

Exclusive:
HOW TIM LEARY
TURNUED INFORMER

JAMES JONES ON
THE LAST GOOD WAR

College Is
a Bummer!

[GETTING BEHIND
ON CAMPUS]

Football's
Bottom Line!

[THE PIGSKIN PREVIEW]

Erica Jong
Bares Her Mind!

[A REVEALING INTERVIEW THAT
GOES BEYOND "FEAR OF FLYING"]

TR7. IT'S OUT TO STEAL THE AMERICAN ROAD

ENGINE: 4 cylinder, over-head cam, electronic ignition.

STEERING: Rack and pinion. Race-type 13" steering wheel.

BRAKES: Power assisted, front disc.

PRICE: \$5,100 manufacturer's suggested retail price P.D.E. Inland transportation, local taxes and preparation charges extra.

OPTIONS: Air conditioning. AM, AM/FM, or AM/FM stereo cassette.



First consider what you see: a bold, slashing wedge taken from the Grand Prix racetracks of the world; the dashing shape of things to come.

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Consider sensation: a swift,

nimble, taut two-seater that holds the road as if it had hands, that zooms from zero to sixty in an average 11 seconds.

Consider comfort: shut your eyes and you're riding a luxury sedan (sports cars were never like this). You enter the cockpit without acrobatics, sit and stretch in voluptuous space.

Consider the overriding sense of it: unlike the new breed of complex, fragile sports cars, TR7 emerges a beautifully simple and simply beautiful

machine; a triumph of dependability priced at only \$5,100. It's a steal.

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call 800-447-4700. In Illinois call 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc., Leonia, New Jersey 07605. From the land of British Racing Green.



TRIUMPH

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME

TR7



Olympiad—Lee presents the “European Fit” that’s snugger around the hips, narrower through the thighs and wider at the flares in these 100% sateen cotton jeans (about \$16) and matching jacket (about \$20). Wide array of colors including Biscuit, Faded Green, Loden, Brown, Camel and Faded Blue create a perfect complement to the Lee Floral Shirt (about \$14) with its dusky tones of Rust, Green and Brown. The Lee Company, 640 Fifth Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10019. (212) 765-4215.

Lee™ A company of  corporation





"Oh, God! They'll never be satisfied after this!"

GALLOPIN' IGUANAS!



COMIC-STRIP CAPERS

ever wonder what those funny-paper females did in their off hours? wonder no more



GEE WHISKERS, SAYS OUR FRIZZY-HAIRED MOP-PET, IT'S SURE HARD BEING AN ORPHAN WITH NO ONE TO LOVE YOU 'CEPT AN OLD MUTT. YOU CAN'T HELP BUT TURN YOUR BACK ON A PAL. A LITTLE LOWER WITH THE WHISKERS. ARF!

WHOOSH!



UP, UP AND AWAY. OUR SUPERHERO HAS DEPARTED WHILE THIS DAZED DAMSEL, NO LONGER IN DISTRESS, RECALLS THE CHANGES HE PUT HER THROUGH IN THE PHONE BOOTH AND HIS ABILITY TO GET IT ON WITH A SINGLE BOUND.

FLASH!



AN EERIE BEACON ILLUMINATES THE SKYLINE... ANOTHER SUPERMARKET OPENING! MEANWHILE, OUR GALLANT CRIME FIGHTER EMBARKS ON A MIDNIGHT MISSION TO EXPOSE A SINISTER— AND VERY SENSUOUS—UNDERWORLD PLOT.

PSHAW!



THE BIG-CITY SLICKAHS AIN'T WUTH THEIR WEIGHT IN SKONK CABBAGE WHEN IT COME TO RASSLIN' TECK-NEEK. THEY GETS THEIR FOOT IN TH' DOOR AND IT'S SLAM-BANG. AT LEAST TH' LI'L AH HAS ALWAYS LASTS A LONG TAHM.

FONDLE!



CONSOLED BY HER KINDHEARTED EDITOR, OUR STAR REPORTER UNDERSTANDS AT LAST WHY SHE CAN NEVER FALL IN LOVE OR MARRY ONE OF THE MANY MYSTERY MEN WHO CONTINUALLY THROW THEMSELVES AT HER FEET. BRUTES.

C-R-A-A-A-C-K!



BENEATH AN IRON MASK OF INSCRUTABLE RE-
SERVE BURN THE FIRES OF SELF-CRITICISM AND
FREUDIAN INSIGHT. OUR TREACHEROUS LADY,
THE TOUGH LEADER OF A PIRATE BAND, KNOWS
THE ROPES AT BOTH ENDS OF A BULLWHIP.



"When the guests are happy, the hostess is happy."

HIGH-FLYING HOMEBODY

miss september has her feet on the ground and her head in the clouds



COLOR PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE







Is flying dangerous? Sure, but Mesina refuses to waste time worrying. "If you let yourself be afraid for a minute, you'll be afraid for the whole day."

MESINA MILLER is one of those Southern Californians who so love the great outdoors that they refuse to leave it in its proper place, turning apartments into house-plant jungles and glass menageries. Mesina has the usual assortment of cats and dogs—her newest acquisition is a scraggly parakeet, a real-life Woodstock, that she bought for a dollar at a swap meet. Wandering around a converted drive-in theater on a Sunday, bargaining with the gypsy craftsmen who sell their goods from the backs of old Dodge vans, she spied a tiny ball of feathers in a shoe box. "I just had to rescue the poor thing," she says. "Fortunately, it was young and has responded to care. It has learned to talk, and if you're nice, it will let you kiss its little beak." Before you tar and feather yourself and climb into a box, chances are you won't find Mesina at that swap meet again. For a self-described homebody, our lady moves around a lot. Maybe this weekend she'll disappear across the Mexican border to a little town on the Baja for a few days of horseback riding. Picture her: hair flying, one hand curled in the mane of a stallion, racing the waves, shedding clothes for a dash into the surf. Catch her if you can. Perhaps she and a friend will throw a tent into a dune buggy and go camping in the desert. Come winter, she'll trade the tent poles for ski poles and the desert for the slopes of Lake Tahoe's Heavenly Valley. "I'm a few-people person," says Mesina. "A good friend and a good day are all I need to be happy. There is something profound



and beautiful about the exhaustion you feel after riding, camping or skiing together. Curled up with some hot spiced wine, by a warm fire, you can't help but feel tender and loving." On weekdays, Mesina tends her several careers—modeling and real-estate sales among them. Most of the time, she balances the books at her stepfather's flying school, learning about the business and taking advantage of the free lessons. She already has enough flight time under her scarf to qualify for a pilot's license; now she's focusing on aerobatics. "It's the most challenging way to fly," she claims. "The best thing about it, though, is that you get to fly the old planes. The new models can't take the strain of loops and rolls. I wish they still allowed barnstorming." We hope you're listening, Waldo Pepper, wherever you are.



"Some women don't know how to accept compliments, so they pretend their bodies don't exist. I happen to enjoy the way I look. So does my lover. Why deny it?"







No shy or tentative lovers for Mesina. "I want a man to be a lion," she confesses, "so that I can be a lioness." Growl-l-l.





"I love old-fashioned things, but it would be hard to do anything really interesting in a tub like this one. There's barely enough room for my bottom, let alone a friend's; and if something feels good, I like to share it."

MISS SEPTEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

At a cocktail party, a young bachelor was introduced to a strikingly attractive girl and he immediately piloted her over to a corner for conversation. She proved to be a skillful questioner as well as an artful listener and drew the fellow out at length about himself—his background, his job, his hobbies, his philosophy of life, his hopes and dreams for the future—

"But enough about me," the man broke off with a laugh. "Now it's time to talk about you and *your* interests. Tell me, for example," he went on, offering the girl a cigarette, "do you or don't you fuck?"



"No, no, no!" roared the protest leader as he glanced at the hand-lettered sign his bird-brained girlfriend had brought in. "Down with the establishment, not *on!*"

*A notorious roundheels named Shore
Would allow horny sailors to score,
But employed every means
Of avoiding Marines—
She was rotten, they claimed, to the Corps.*

On the way back from a weekend in Tijuana, the fellow in the sports car stopped at the U. S.-Mexican border for the formalities. "Are you bringing anything back?" asked the Customs man.

"A fifth of tequila and a cheap straw hat," replied the traveler.

"But nothing out of the ordinary?" continued the agent.

"I tell you what," said the fellow, "I'll let your Los Angeles office know in seventy-two hours."

We absolutely refuse to believe that there's a new breakfast cereal called Porn Flakes that goes "Snatch! Nipple! Crotch!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *satyriasis* as early to bed and early to rise.

It was in Greenwich Village that a chap minced into a dentist's office, climbed into the chair, unzipped and began delicately to draw out his organ. "Hey, wait a minute!" exclaimed the startled D.D.S. "I'm a dentist, not a doctor!"

"I know, I know," lisped the patient, "but I've got a tooth in it."

The handsome young gallant, riding across the desert, sighted in the distance a small, round object on the ground. As he drew near, he found it to be the head of a beautiful young woman, buried up to her neck in the sand. "Oh, please, kind sir," she entreated him, "save me! My cruel husband has left me here to die!"

"And why should he have inflicted this terrible punishment on you?" asked the gallant.

The young woman blushed and lowered her eyes. "Because I was unfaithful to him."

"And if I do save you," continued the gallant, "what's in it for me?"

The young woman looked up at him, batted her eyes demurely, and then murmured, "Sand."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *premature ejaculation* as a spoilsport.

*I've examined this birdie's vagina,
Said the vet, "and in South Carolina,
An indictment is due
For contributing to
The delinquency, suh, of a mynah!"*

We've read about a not-too-bright London callgirl who was surprised to find herself pregnant. She thought all Members of Parliament had recessed filters.



During parents' day at a proper East Coast prep school, some of the visitors were auditing an English class. "And now," said the instructor, "for an exercise in improvisation. Mr. Parks, let us hear you complete—in a suitably literary fashion, please—the phrase 'A Grecian goddess on a hunt.'"

"In verse or prose, sir?" asked young Parks.

"Prose."

"In that case, sir," replied Parks, "I'd complete the phrase with: 'was ringed by dogs that sniffed her twat.'"

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.



Dedini

"Now I remember you. You got a C-minus in Kama Sutra."



*"Oh, ze barbarity of it, Anatole. I doubt zey
have even ze proper table wine."*

PUT IT ON! PUT IT ON!



**an exploration of the sensuousness beyond nudity.
witness. occasionally, clothes can make the woman.**



her body re-establishes its boundaries cell by cell. she imagines standing mid-thigh in a nylon stream.



the stockings encircle her legs. the touch is that of a lover. delicate. ascending. there's no escape.



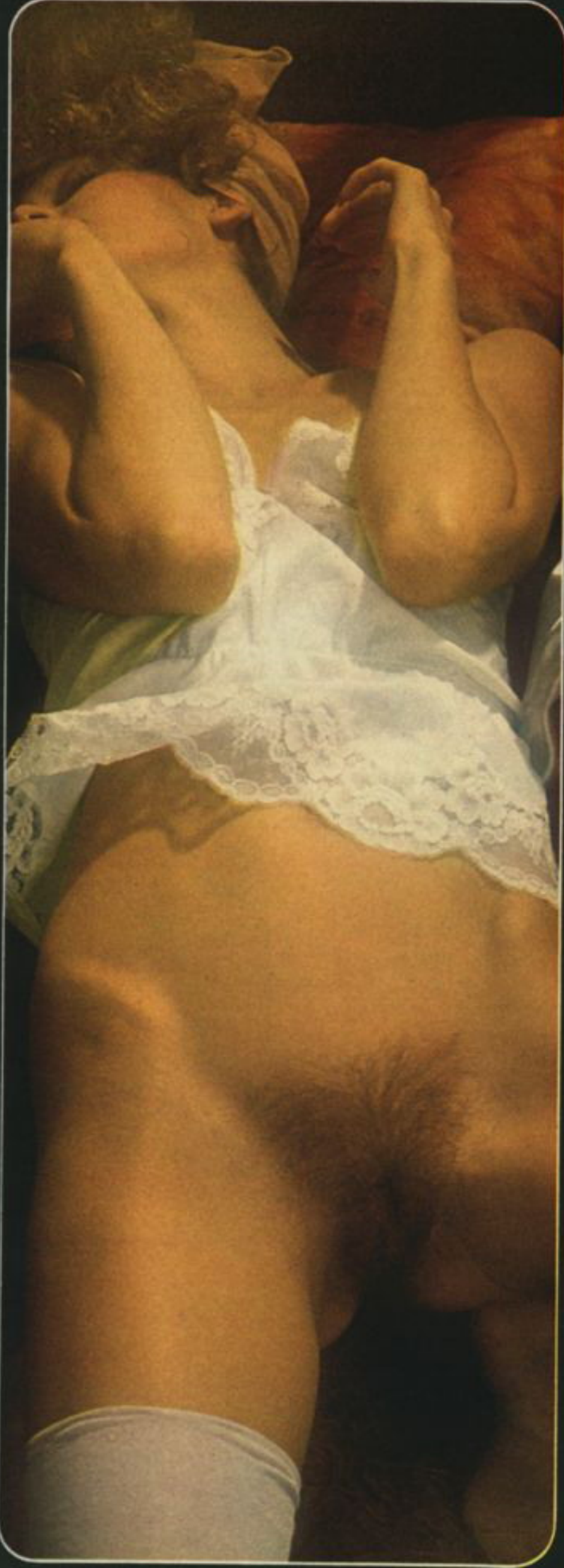
the light caress of a silk scarf creates the necessary diversion. her attention is drawn elsewhere.



she pauses for a moment. is it too late to reconsider? must she at last surrender to the inevitable?



she recalls the word that means full of whispering, rustling or murmuring—susurrant. say it softly.



enveloped in sensation, she bunches the slip around her breasts before letting it fall gently into place.



tactile delight yields to visual wonder. lingerie reveals what it was meant to conceal. what next?



**a few final touches to achieve the desired effect—
which means she'll soon have to start all over.**



"It's my own blend."

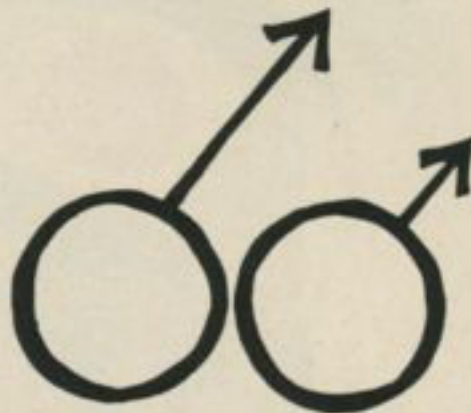
SYMBOLIC SEX

more sprightly spoofings of the signs of our times
humor By DON ADDIS

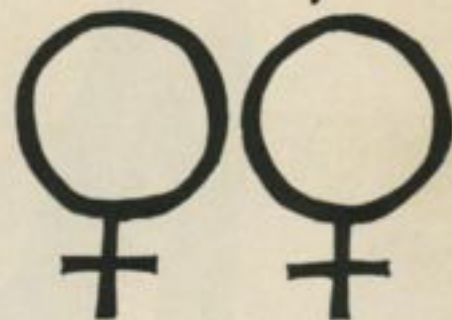
FOR CRYIN' OUT LOUD,
DOESNT ANYBODY
JUST **BALL** ANYMORE?!



AND I THOUGHT
THEY WERE SOLD ONLY
FOR THE PREVENTION
OF DISEASE!



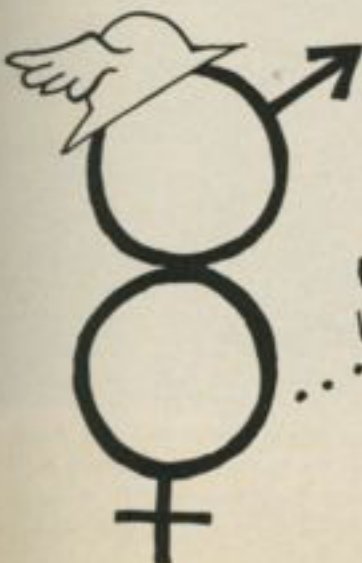
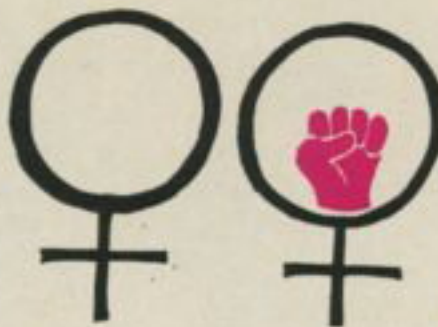
HOW COME **YOU**
ALWAYS GET THE
TALL ONE?



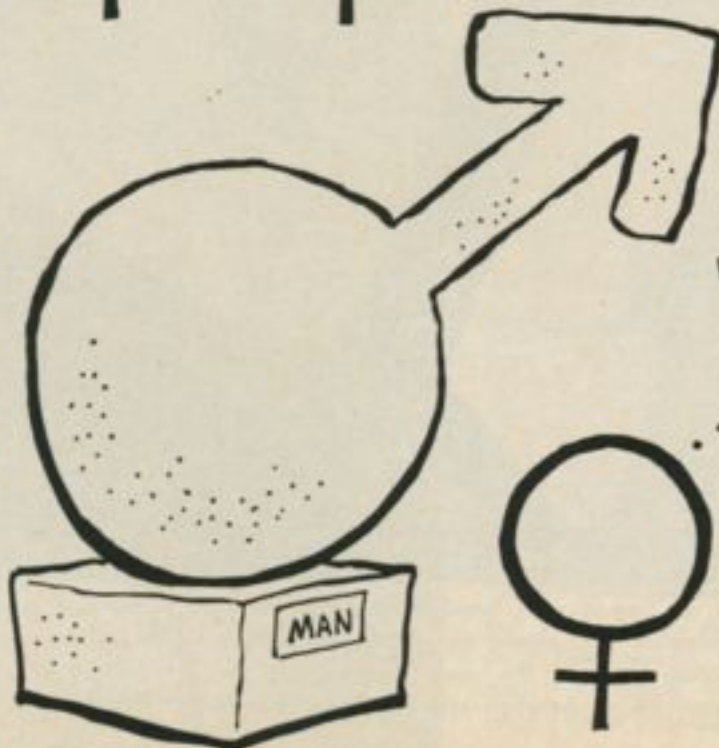
YOU CANT EXPECT TO
BREAK A BRICK ON
YOUR FIRST TRY,
MR. BURFORD



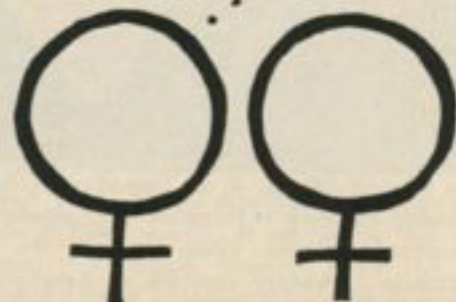
I THINK I SWALLOWED
MY GLOVE



WELL! **THAT**
WAS QUICK!

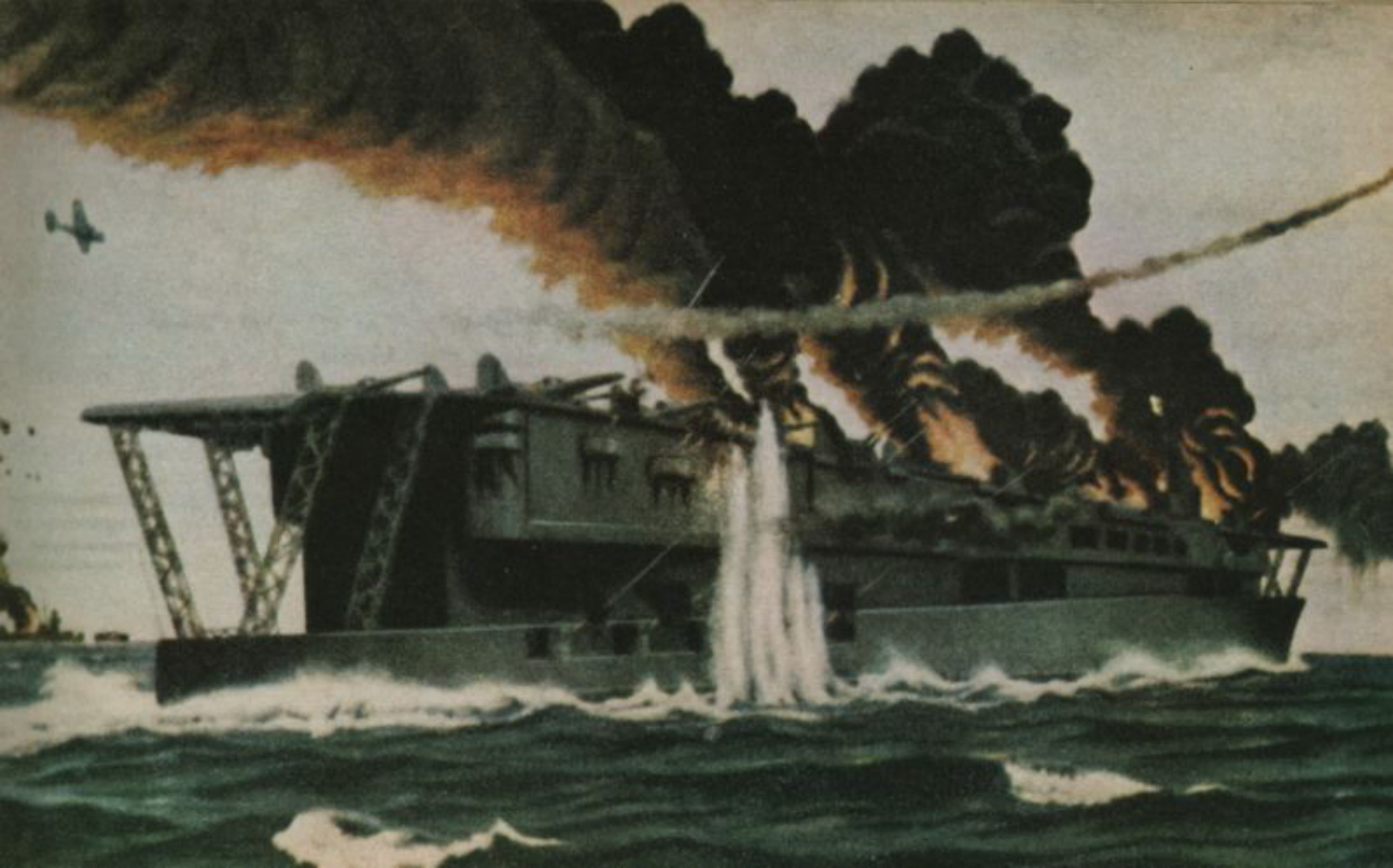


I CAN TELL YOU
WHICH PIECE OF THE
ROCK I'D LIKE
TO OWN!

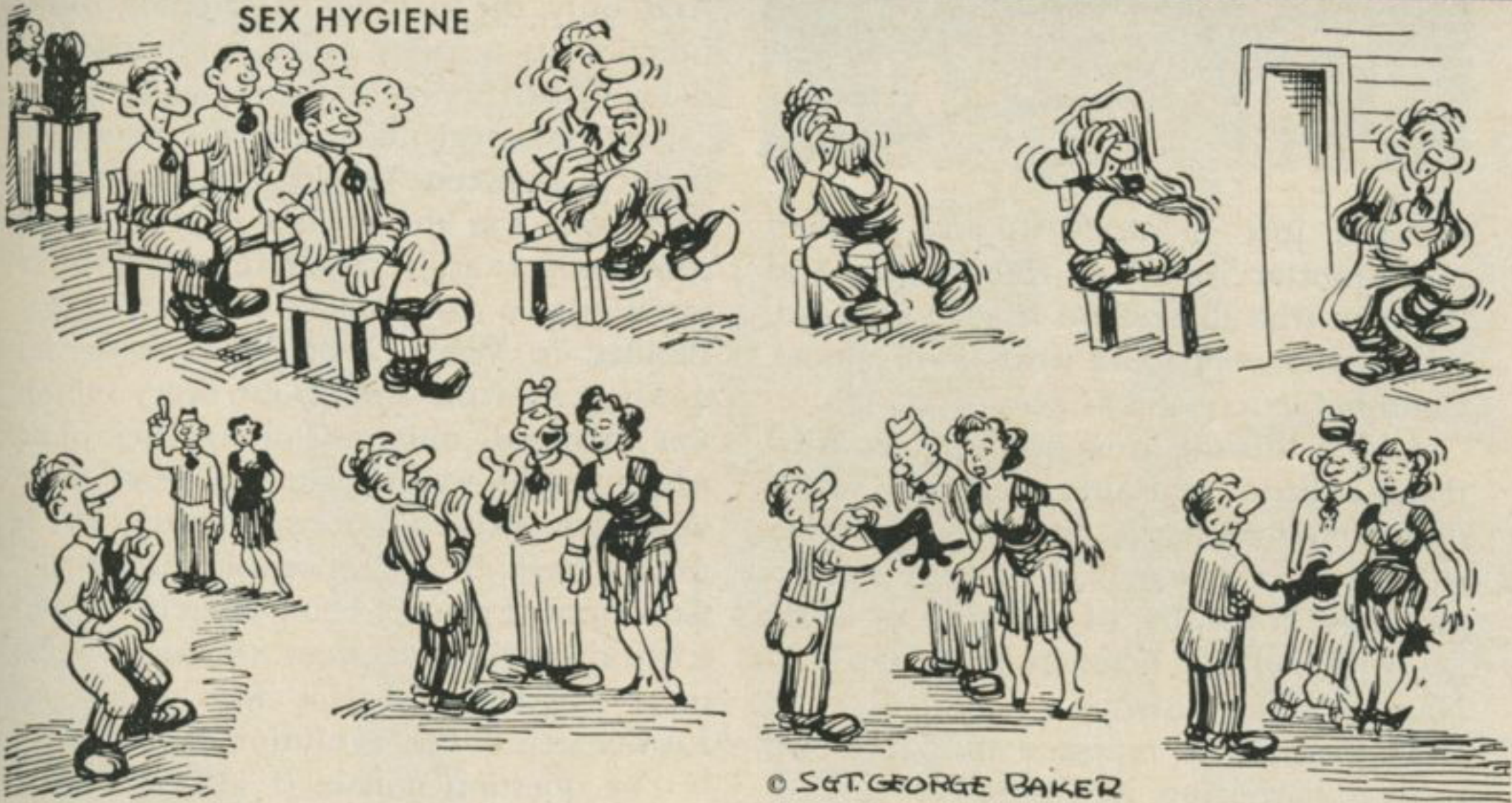








SEX HYGIENE





WAAC

[Signature]
12



German artists often went to extremes in depicting their ruler. One saw him as a crusading knight. After things took a bad turn for the *Führer*, the painting fell into the hands of American GIs. One of them spoke for his comrades when he rammed a bayonet into Hitler's eye socket.



BOOTH

"Lecture time!"



"It's nice to see a return to old-time religion."



"It has been proven conclusively that as far as performance and sensation are concerned, the size of the sex organ is of absolutely no consequence. Nevertheless, if you show me yours, I'll show you mine."



"Now, join hands and repeat after me..."



'You were right, Dr. Whitcomb—I didn't feel a thing.'

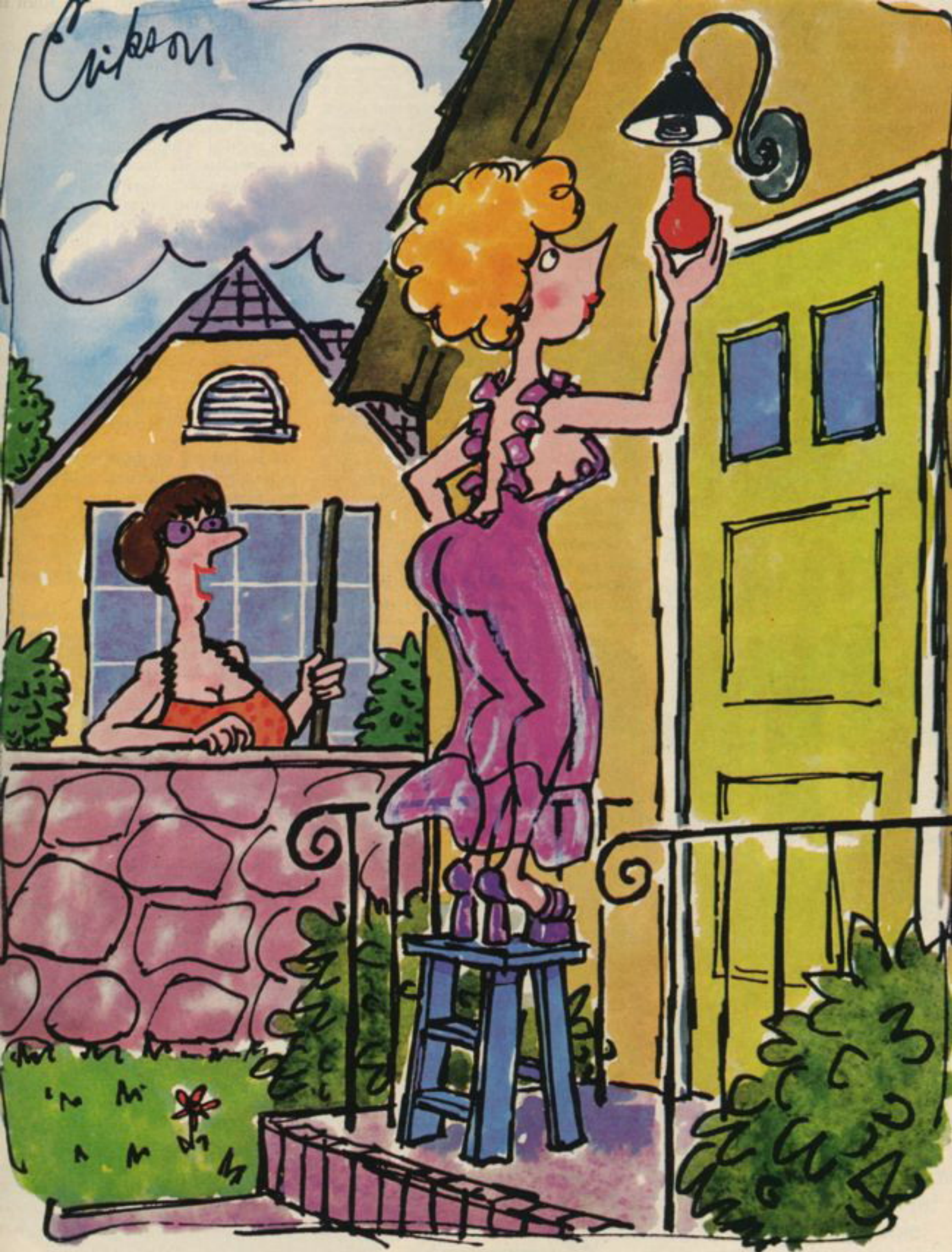


Interslandi

"My pimp doesn't understand me."



*"And remember, Billy, don't take any
crap from your teacher!"*



"So this is how you're fighting inflation, Mrs. Tickwell?"



"No change. Eleven votes acquittal, one vote guilty with the same notation that he'll change his vote if Miss Fawcett will sit on his face."



"You know damn good and well, Irene, that when I suggested a ménage à trois, I meant another woman."



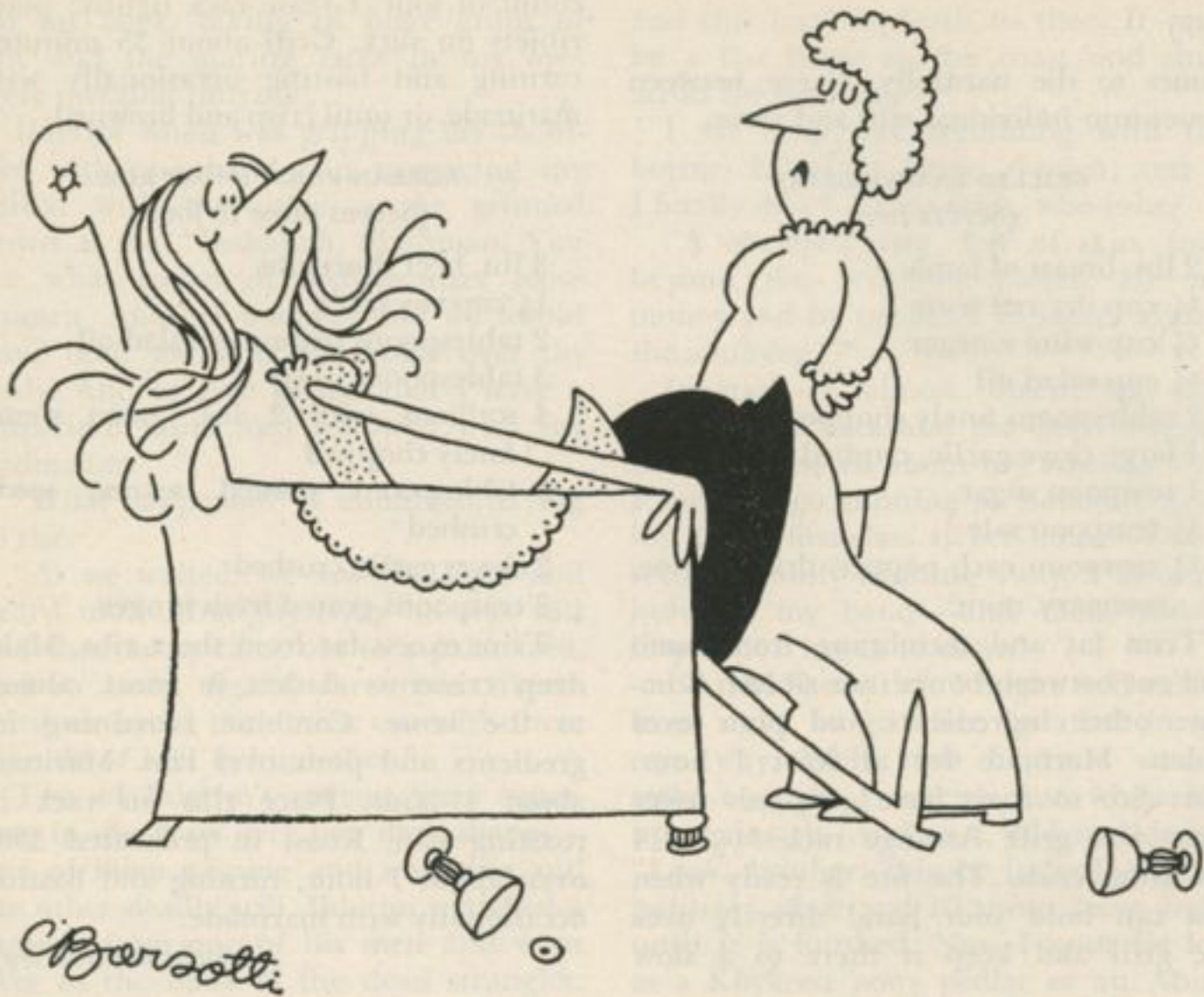
"Oh, for heaven's sake, Miss Corbett! 'Sewercide'?"



"I have another couple who are bored with each other, too. Now, if I may make a suggestion. . . ."



Richter



“Really, Clarice, if you had simply assured Lord Cowdray that the hors d’oeuvres were to be served presently....”

ON THE SCENE







"I'm afraid our expedition has been a trifle too successful, professor."

PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement

GASHOUSE GANG

With all the attention being given to dressing functionally and casually these days, we suppose it was inevitable that somebody would eventually rediscover what must surely be the most comfortable and practical item yet: the gas-station jump suit. Yes, trendies, gas-station chic is where it's at—minus the genuine grease and oil that invariably adorn the real McCoy, of course. Men's white suits with a variety of motor-product patches can be had for \$50 each from Jenny Waterbags, 150 East 19th Street, New York, N.Y. The ladies are serviced at Ménage à Trois, 222 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. If you'll pardon our saying so, either model is a gas.



GREENING OF THE LP

If your rubber plant bitches because you never take it dancing, cheer up. An LP called *Green Sounds* (\$6.50) has just been released by Arlington House (P. O. Box 536, Belmont, California 94002) containing ten compositions claimed to be stimulating to plant growth. There's *Social Climbing Ivy*, *Song for a Bonsai* and *Transplant Blues*. The sounds are a cross between Donny Osmond and Muzak, so you may wish to check out flora earphones, too.

GET ON THE BAND WAGON

Feel like tuning into the BBC news? Maybe catch the Moscow Symphony orchestra or that new jazz group playing in Tierra del Fuego? Well, here's just the radio to do it—Panasonic's RF8000. It sports 12 short-wave bands, eight VHF, two marine and AM/FM, in addition to telling the time of day in any part of the world (so you don't miss the programs). If you're ready to plunk down \$2500 for it, you'll probably know what they mean when they say it has a double superheterodyne system. If you don't, Panasonic also makes nice TVs.



HOLY BOARD GAME, BATMAN!

When maturity finally arrives, what's an aging Boy Wonder to do? Burt Ward, who played the video version of Batman's constant companion, Robin, has grown up and gone into the adult-games business. His Malibu, California, firm—Abuse and Corruption Unlimited at 23901 West Civic Center Way, Tower 2, #345—specializes in board games that show players how they get ripped off in the real world by institutions such as hospitals and funeral parlors. Your play, Robin.



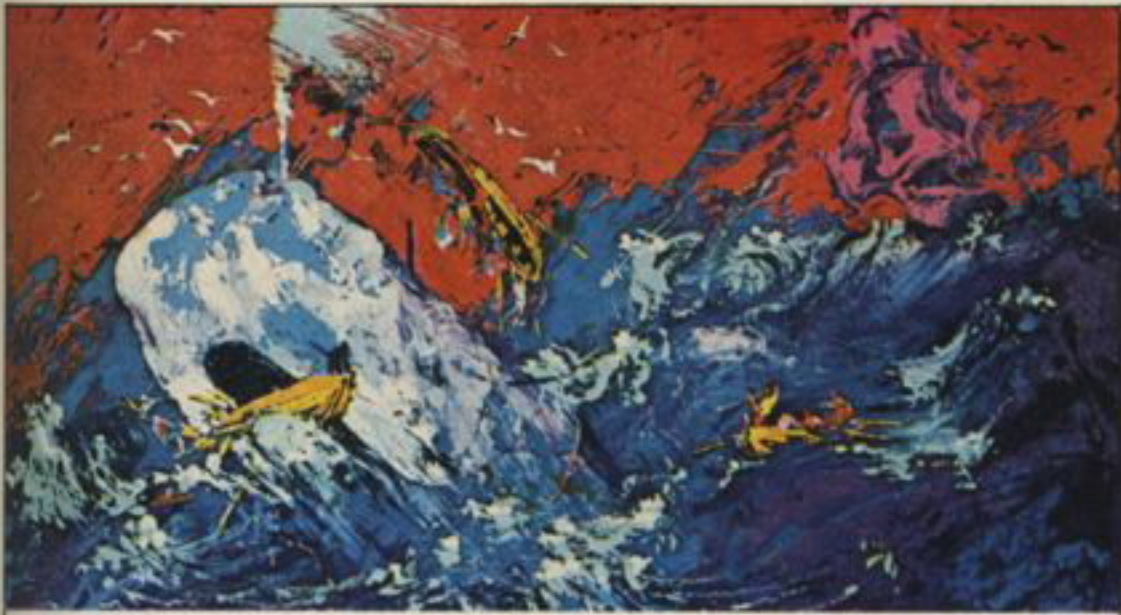
PIPE DREAMS

What do Bing Crosby, President Ford and Hugh Hefner have in common? Well, for one thing, they're all pipe smokers; and, for another, their pipes are all on display at an unusual museum, the Pipe Smoker's Hall of Fame, 218 East Griffith Street, Galveston, Indiana. The hall also features a display of pipes that look like nude women, including a sexy meerschaum of actress Lynda Day George, and holds classes in the art of pipe smoking. There's a lot more to it than just fondling the bowl.



NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

Let's say you're a tourist in New York City and you want to get a taste of what the Big Apple is really like. What do you do? Eat a pound of raw soot? No, contact Subway Tours of New York (527 Madison Avenue). Traveling exclusively by subway, the tour includes layovers at Wall Street and Chinatown, where you'll emerge aboveground for a stroll. Approximately four and a half hours long, the standard tour goes for \$9.75, which includes fares, an entertaining spiel on the history of the subway and all muggers' fees.



FISH STORY

Moby Dick, Herman Melville's masterpiece of piscatorial symbolism, surfaces again, this time in a limited printing of 1500 hand-bound, morocco-leather copies that The Artist's Limited Edition, 40 Hartford Avenue, Mount Vernon, New York, is selling for \$450 each. Furthermore, each edition is signed by Jacques Cousteau, who wrote the preface, and LeRoy Neiman, who illustrated Ahab's obsession with 13 original paintings. It's a whale of a book.



THE WILDER SIDE OF HOLMES

That madcap trio of *Young Frankenstein* fame, Gene Wilder, Madeline Kahn and Marty Feldman, is at it again. Due for a Christmas release from 20th Century-Fox is *The Adventure of Sherlock Holmes's Smarter Brother*, with—you guessed it—Wilder playing Sigi, the younger sibling of the Baker Street sleuth. Kahn is a music-hall singer, Feldman is a Scotland Yard sergeant, Dom DeLuise is a rascally opera singer and Sherlock himself is portrayed by Douglas Wilmer. Quick, Watson, the laugh meter!

BONNY FINE WHISKY

Labeled the Grand Liqueur Whisky of the Highlands and once reserved for royalty and private clubs, Usquaebach, possibly the world's rarest blended Scotch, now is available on a very limited basis from an enterprising firm, Twelve Stone Flagon, 4001 Greenridge, Castle Shannon, Pennsylvania. Shipped in hand-crafted stone flagons (hence the firm's name), Usquaebach—Gaelic for "water of life"—is 86 proof and a wee bit dear: \$330 per case or \$27.50 per flagon (not including shipping). At that bonny price, it sure as hell ain't served with a spritz, Charlie.





COCHRAN!

"Perhaps we should move along, Horace, and give the young couple some privacy."



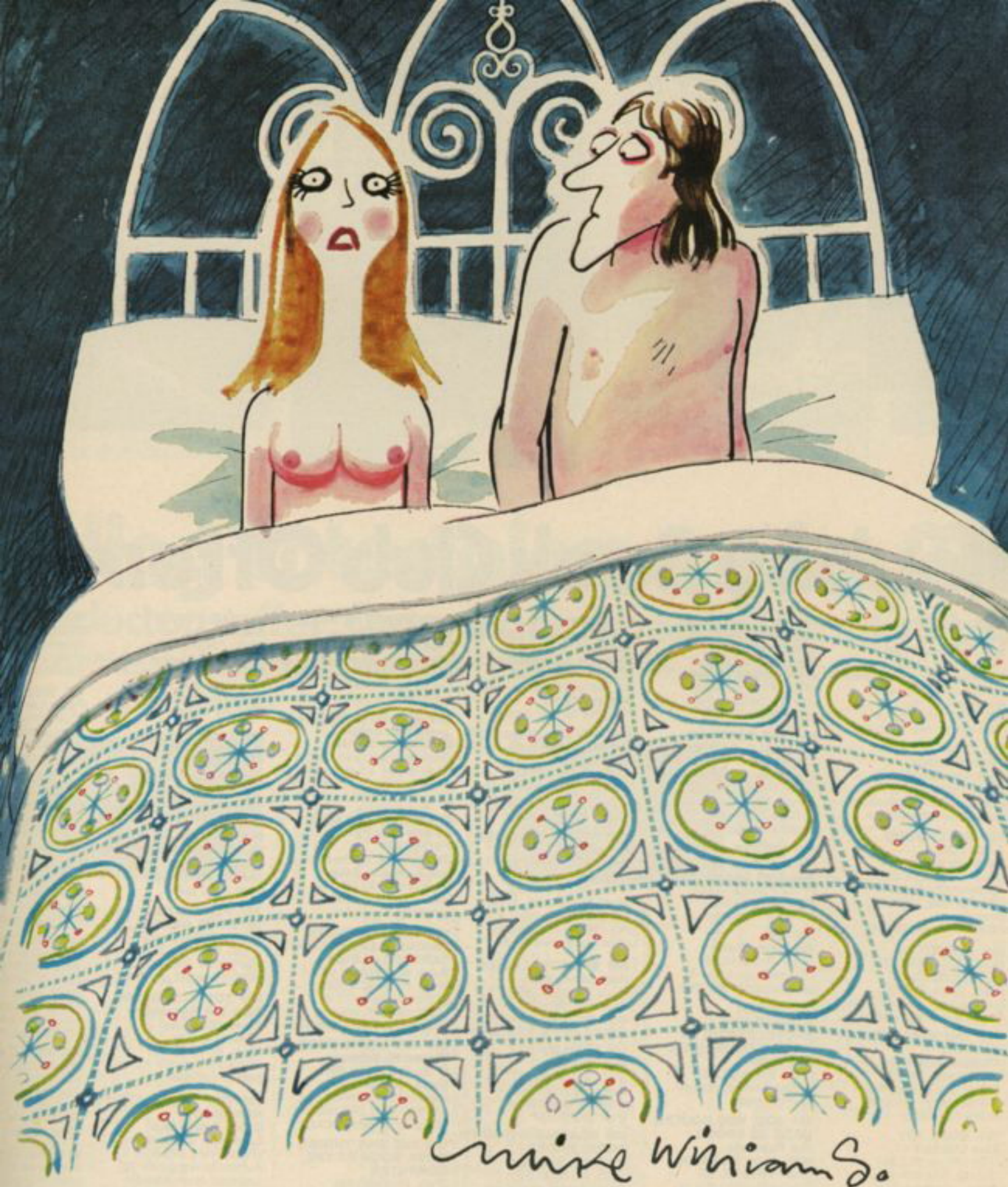
*"Old enough to be your father? Perhaps.
What's your mother's name?"*



"Look, Igor, the monster lives! . . . and not badly, either!"



*"I've got to try to bag a duck this time, darling.
Edith is getting suspicious."*



Mike Williams

"Before we start, Harvey, I'd just like you to know I'm a vegetarian."



"I may be good-for-nothing, but I'm certainly not bad-for-nothing."



OVER BROWN

"Isn't there some alternate method of scoring? These constant references to love are upsetting my partner."

NEXT MONTH:



SAPPHO



COEDS



BRONSON



LISZT

"NELSON ROCKEFELLER TAKES CARE OF EVERYONE"—WHAT'S THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN AMERICA UP TO THESE DAYS? YOU'D BE SURPRISED—BY **ROBERT SCHEER**

"LISZTOMANIA"—A KINKY ROMP THROUGH KEN RUSSELL'S FAR-OUT FILM ABOUT THE LIFE AND LOVES OF COMPOSER FRANZ LISZT, PLAYED BY TOMMY'S ROGER DALTRY, WITH A SPECIAL SHOOTING ON SEXY **FIONA LEWIS**

"ODD THURSDAY"—WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT, LIFE IN THE UNEMPLOYMENT LINE ISN'T SO BAD; AND IT SURE BEATS WORKING FOR A LIVING—BY **ROBERT S. WIEDER**

"THE 1976 PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL"—YOUR PERSONAL BALLOT FOR OUR TWENTIETH ANNUAL SURVEY OF POP, ROCK, JAZZ, SOUL, COUNTRY-AND-WESTERN, ET AL.

"CHARLES BRONSON"—WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE BADDEST WRITER WE KNOW HANGS OUT WITH THE BADDEST ACTOR IN THE WORLD?—BY **HARRY CREWS**

"WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING IN MY DORM?"—WHAT ARE COLLEGE WOMEN THINKING ABOUT COLLEGE MEN THESE DAYS—AND WHAT'S GOING ON BETWEEN THEM? A CONVERSATIONAL SURVEY OF AMERICAN CAMPUSES

"PLAYBOY'S FALL AND WINTER FASHION FORECAST"—NEW DIRECTIONS IN MENSWEAR—BY **ROBERT L. GREEN**

"SAPPHO I"—FIRST INSTALLMENT OF A TWO-PARTER IN WHICH PHOTOGRAPHER **J. FREDERICK SMITH** PUTS PICTURES TO THE WORDS OF GREECE'S MOST FAMOUS LESBIAN POET

"HI-FI ROUNDUP"—THE LATEST SOUND AND LOOK IN STEREO EQUIPMENT FOR THE HI-FIDELITARIAN

"FLASHMAN IN THE GREAT GAME"—IN PART II OF THIS MADCAP THREE-PART SERIES, FLASHY SURVIVES A MURDEROUS INDIAN REVOLT, A SEDUCTION AND A SWIM WITH CROCODILES—BY **GEORGE MACDONALD FRASER**

"A MESSAGE FROM HOME"—AN ILLEGAL MEXICAN ALIEN GETS A TASTE OF AMERICAN HOSPITALITY FROM HIS LANDLADY, WHO LETS HIM SHARE HER BED—BY **DANNY SANTIAGO**