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# PLAYBOY

A  
LAST  
EXPLOSIVE WITH  
INTERVIEW WITH  
JIMMY HOFFA!

**GALBA**  
CHRISTMAS ISSUE

HOWARD HUGHES IN THE FLESH! (AN INCREDIBLE EYEWITNESS REPORT)  
SEX STARS OF 1975 • BATTLE OF THE SUPERJOCKS • PLAYBOY'S NEW  
MUSIC POLL • THE SECRET WORLD OF CODE BREAKERS • THE BEST PLACES  
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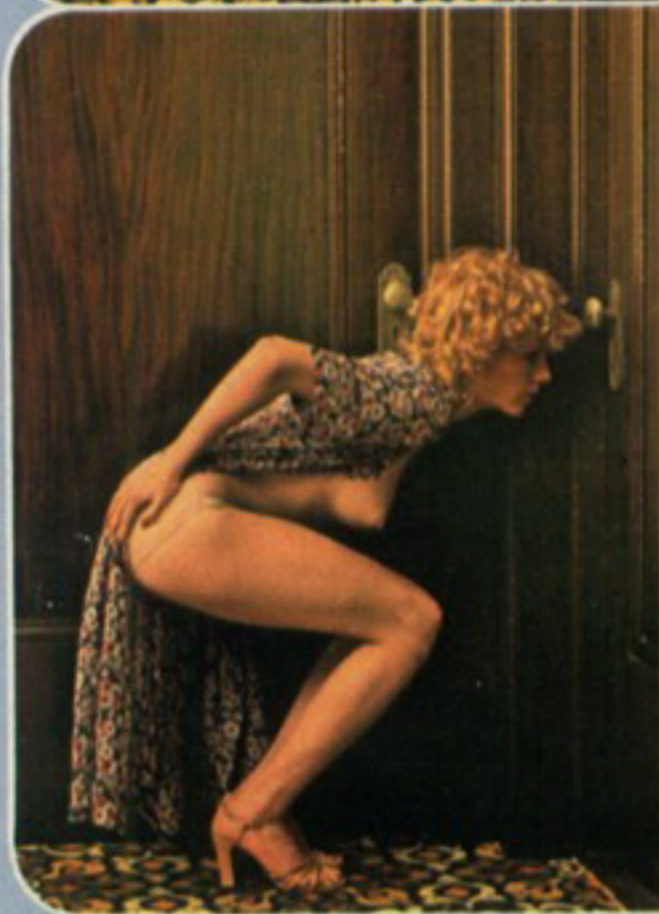
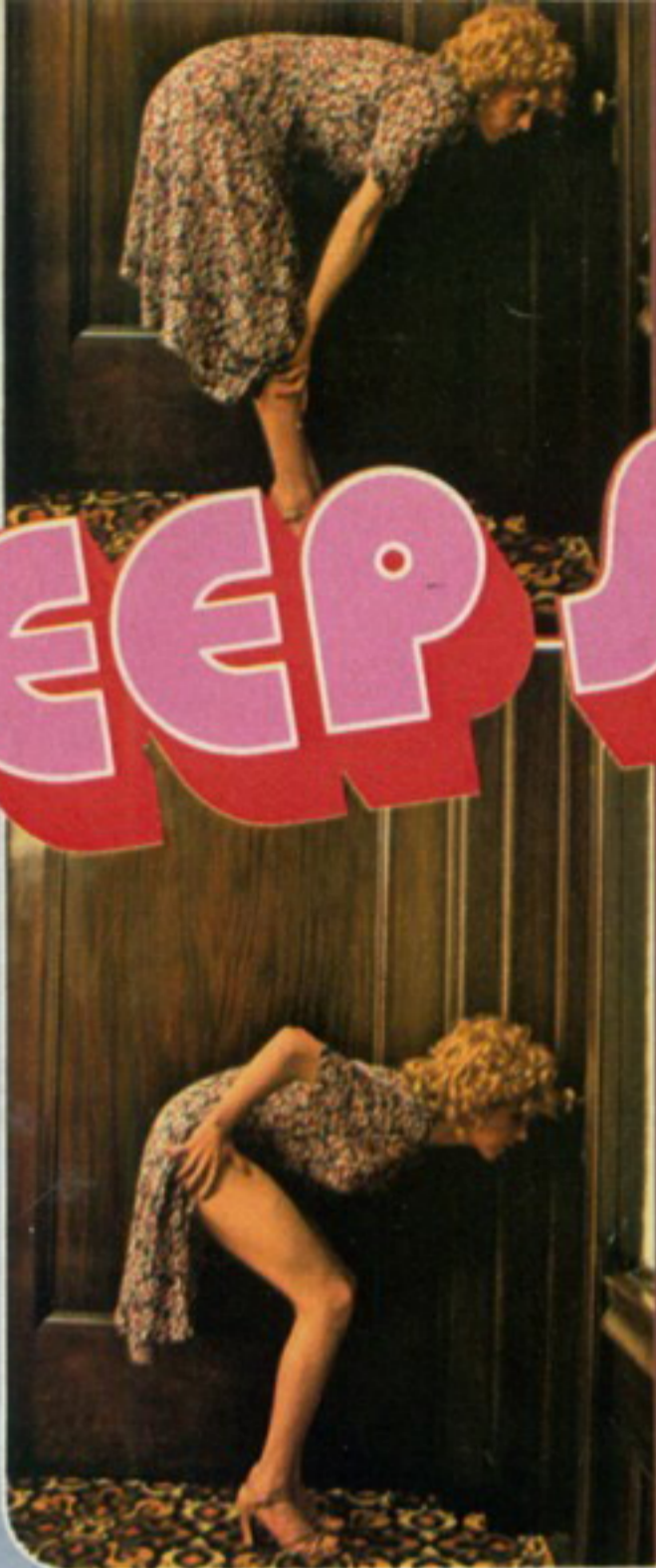
For the store nearest you, write: Acme Boot Co., Inc., Dept. DB15, Clarksville, Tenn. 37040. A subsidiary of Northwest Industries, Inc.





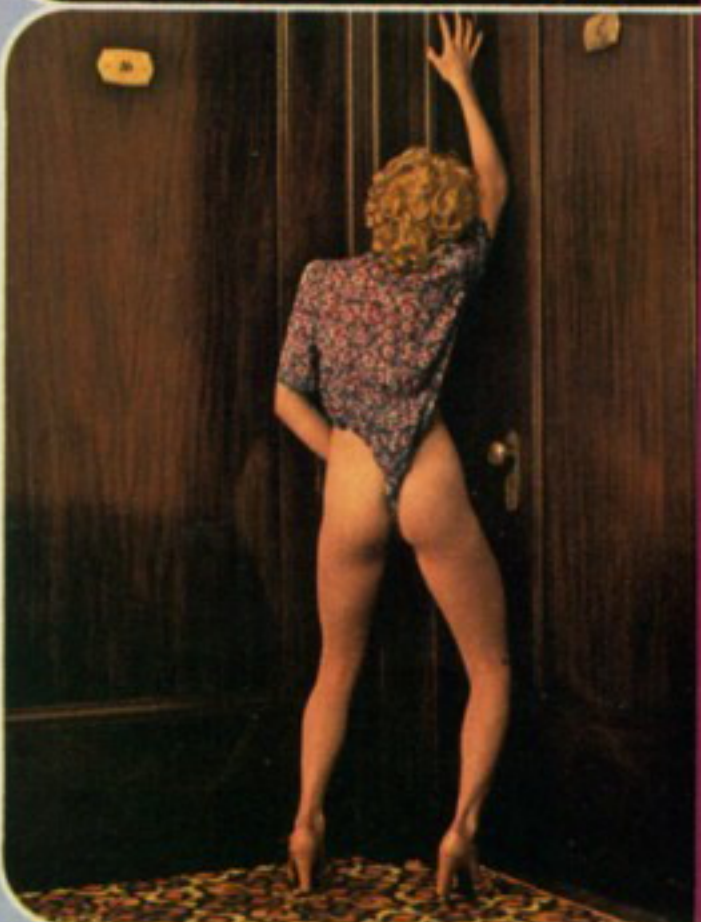
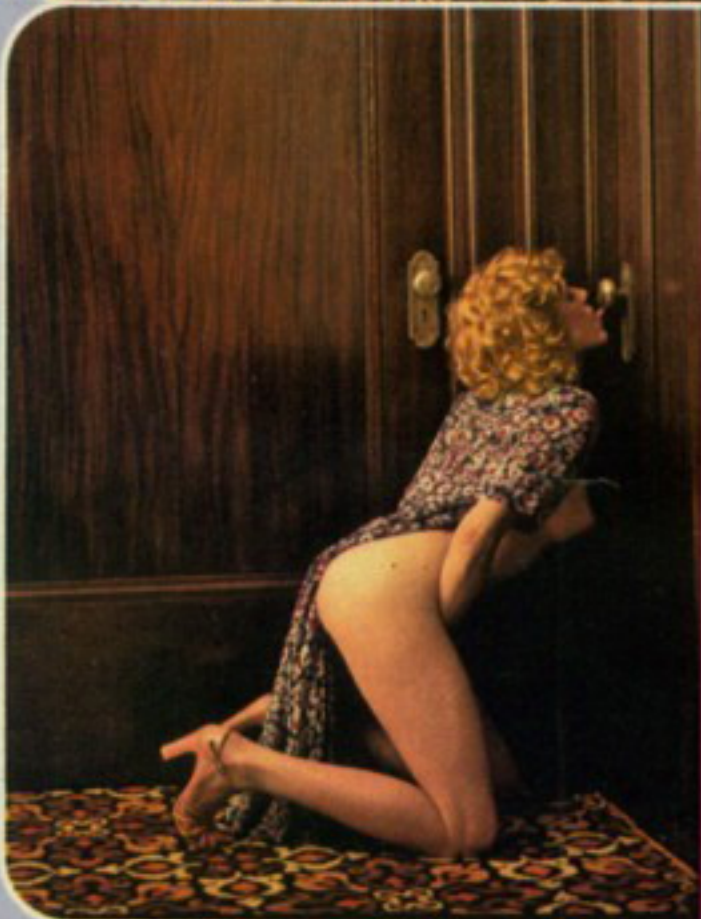
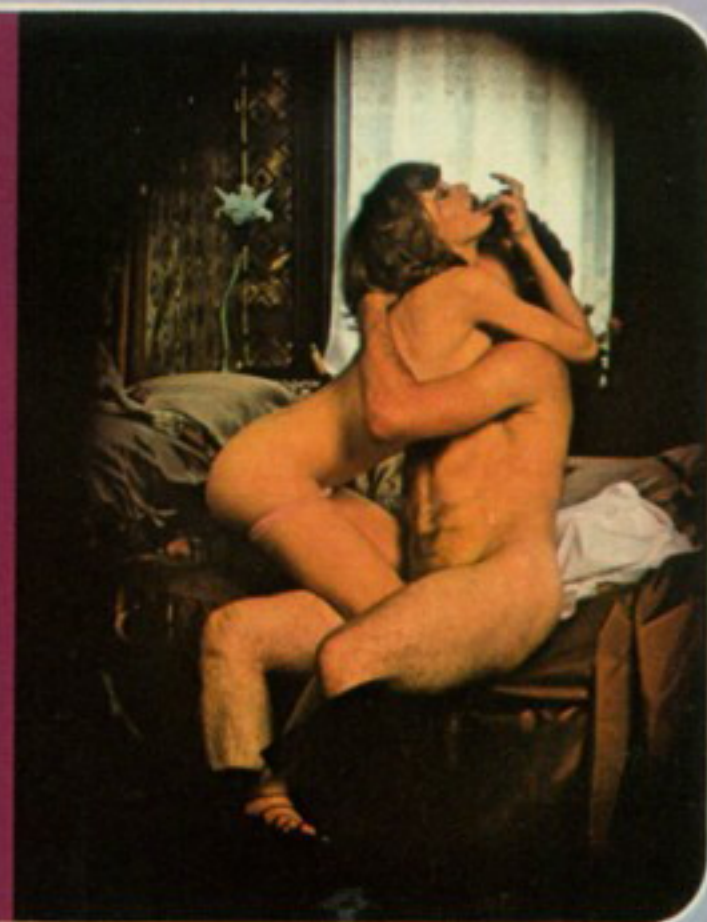
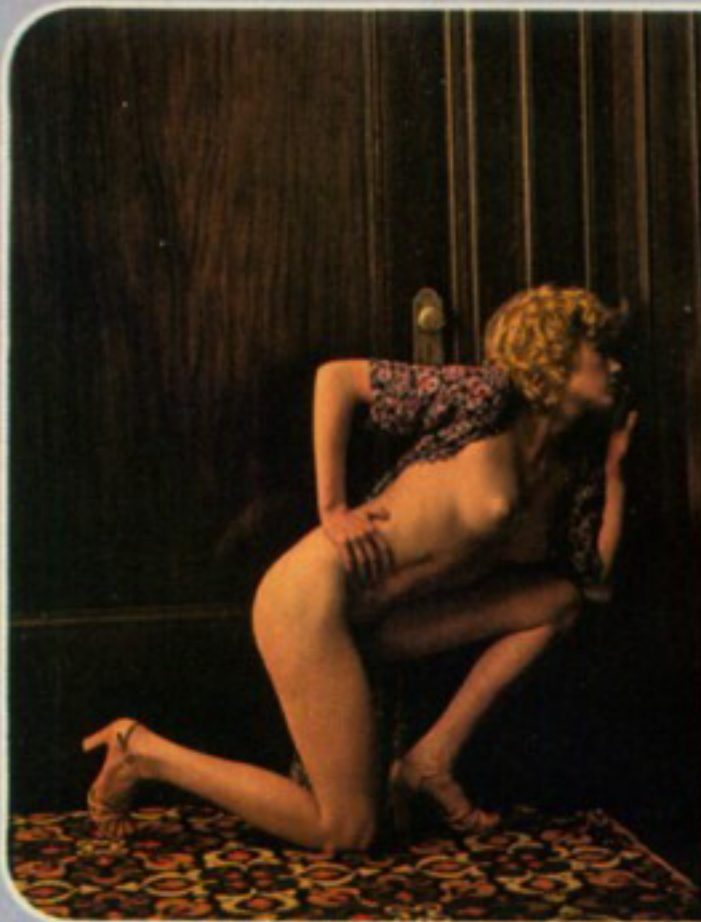
"Humbughumbughumbughumbughumbughumbug!"

# PEEP SHOW

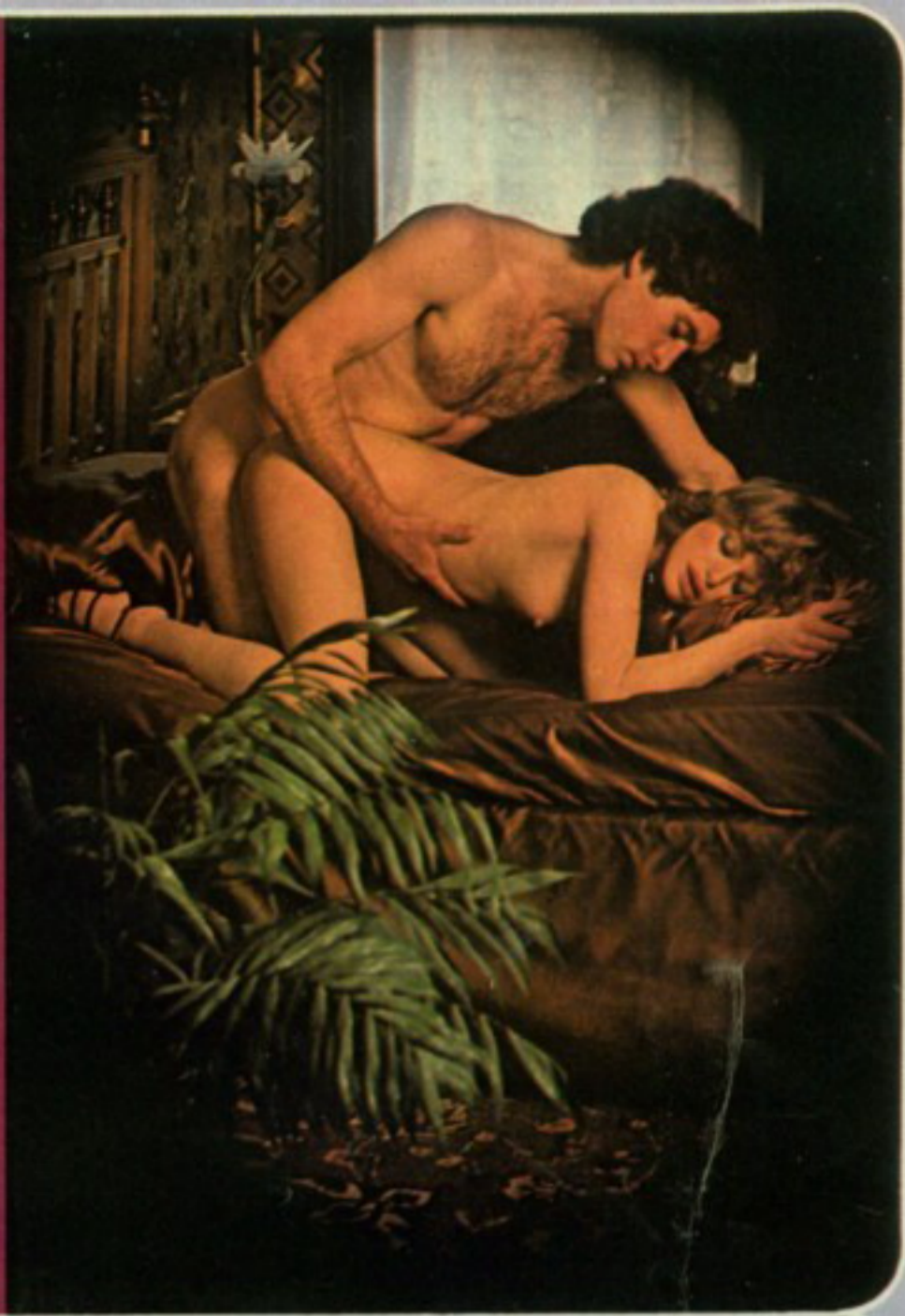


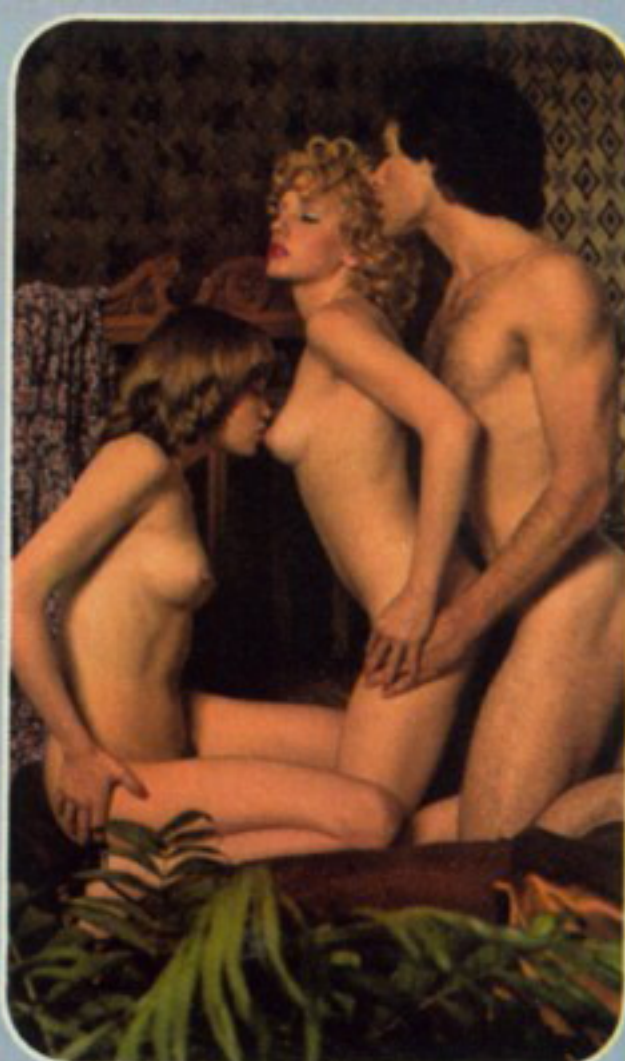
RETURN WITH US TO THE DAYS BEFORE TELEVISION, WHEN THE TONIGHT SHOW WAS WHAT YOU SAW THROUGH A KEYHOLE

FIRST LET US define our terms. A peep show is a small spectacle or object viewed through an opening or a magnifying glass. Peep means to peer through a crevice, to look cautiously or slyly, to begin to emerge from concealment and to put forth or cause to protrude slightly. Yes, even that. Watch yourself. What is about to unfold is the absorbing case of the Voyeur in the Foyer. A voyeur is someone who believes that in the kingdom of the blind, the one-eyed man is to be found at the nearest keyhole. The lady, above left, is a maid. A familiar noise from room 907 has caught her attention. It's the couple from Schenectady, here for the cure. Settle back. This could be fun.



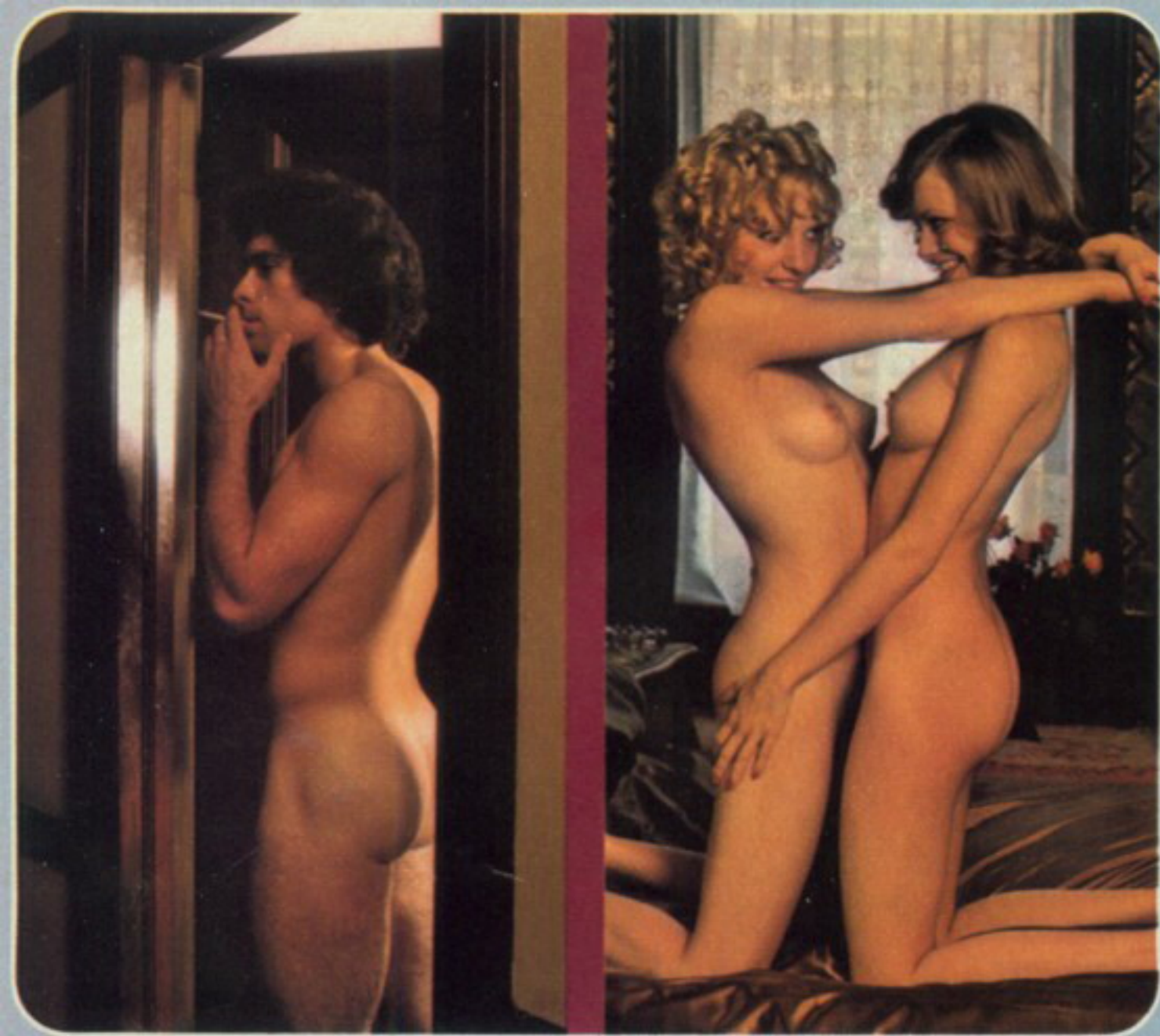
It is said that when a man and a woman make love, they play for an unseen audience. The applause ripples across their bodies, calling for more. Do the couple from Schenectady realize the effect they are having on the Voyeur in the Foyer? Probably. It is the same effect they are having on themselves. The maid pays attention to the doorknob. She recalls that her uncle, the one in real estate, once remarked that one way to increase the value of a house is to install larger knobs on all the doors. She at last appreciates the fact that her uncle was wise in many ways.



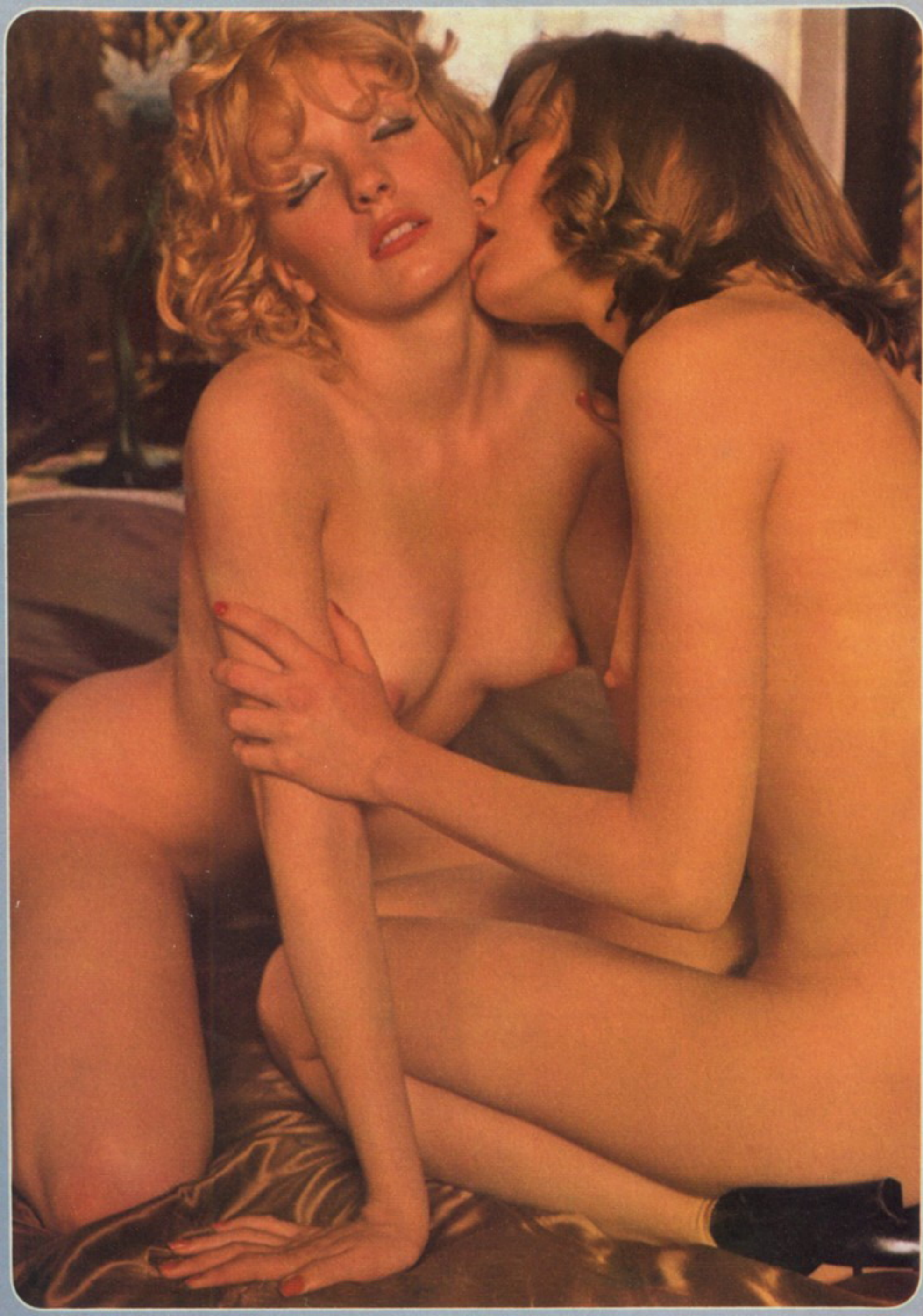


Every story has a beginning, a middle and an ending. Obviously, our heroine is in the middle. She is a maid made welcome. The man has always wondered what it would be like to make love to two women in the same night. He suspects that somehow it would be different from making love to the same woman twice in a night. He is right. *Vive la difference*. The woman has always wondered what it looks like to be made love to by the man. She sees that it looks very good. The trio decides to play a parlor game. Our heroine tells the man a secret. He passes it along to his lady. She responds correctly.



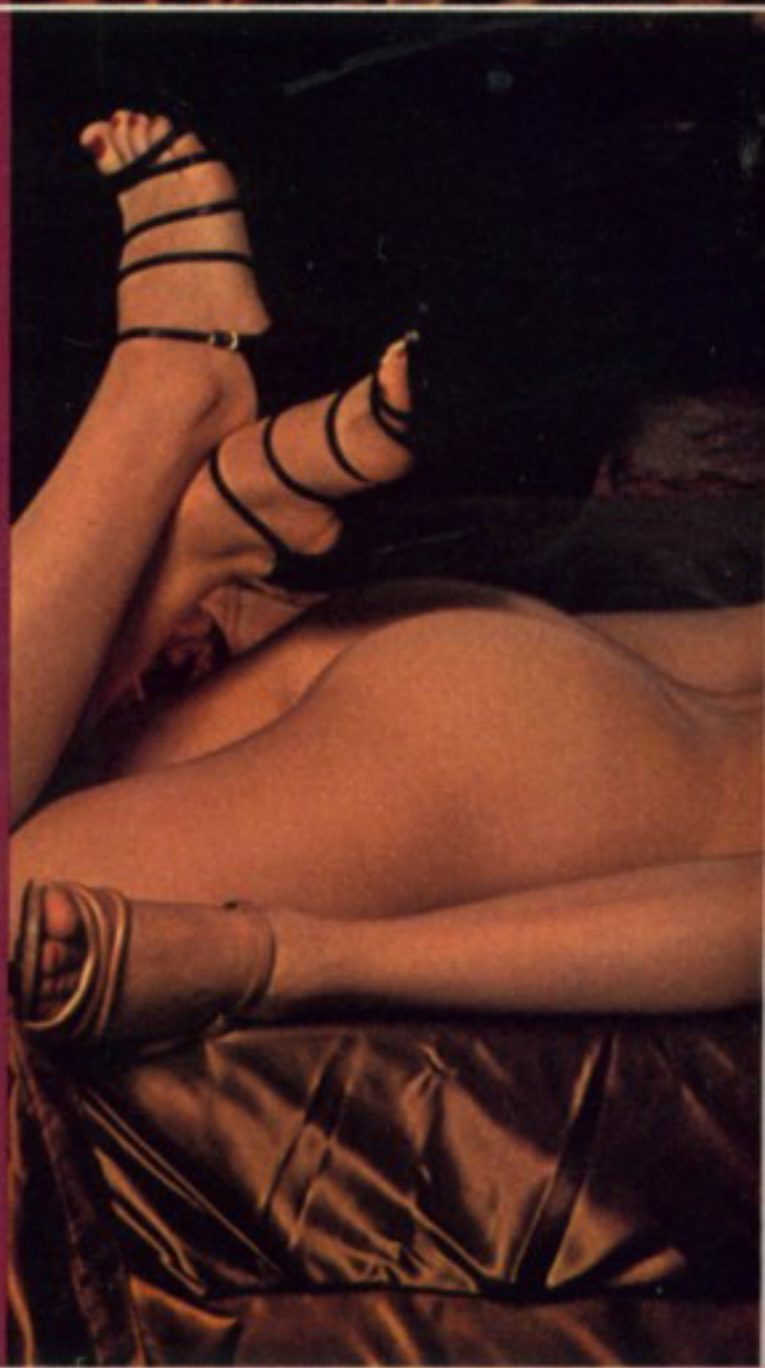


Retiring to another room for a well-deserved break, the man turns to watch the girls. Something about them reminds him of a Picasso drawing: a girl studying herself in a mirror. The symbol for female is a hand-held looking glass. The two women see themselves reflected in each other's bodies. Ah, sweet symmetry! They have more than one thing in common. "I love to be kissed on the neck," says our wide-eyed maid. "I know just what you mean," says the lady from Schenectady. Our heroine stretches, offering herself to the moment. She is in complete agreement.





Alas. The story of the Voyeur in the Foyer has almost come full circle. The moral is clear: Beauty may be in the eye of the beholder, but erotic justice demands an eye for an eye. Or whatever's available. The man from Schenectady discovers a new perspective on lovemaking. Perhaps he will rerun the entire sequence, just to study the placement of hands or the arching of backs. Perhaps he will ask his lady to leave the room. He notices that the maid has her eyes closed. What does she see?







the erotic classic by  
the mysterious pauline réage  
becomes a startling film

# STORY OF O

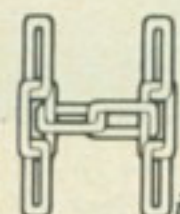
*On the way to the château, René (top) makes O take off her underclothes. Once she arrives, any man who lives there may have her.*



*O (Corine Cléry) is taken to the Château Roissy by her lover, René, and left there with instructions to do exactly as she is told. She is met by two women, bathed and made up even to the point of putting rouge on her nether lips. They then fit her with a leather collar with metal rings.*



"You will never close your lips," O is told when she arrives, "or cross your legs. Your mouth, your belly and your backside are open to us. You must never look any of us in the face. You will be flogged in the evening as punishment for breaking the rules."



*Histoire d'O* has become a classic of erotic literature, alongside *My Secret Life* and the works of De Sade. During the winter of 1954, *O* had already become the topic of conversation in French cafés and salons. To further confuse matters, no one knew who its author, Pauline Réage, was. In early 1955, the book received the *Prix des Deux Magots*, an honor that had been bestowed on such underground notables as Raymond Queneau and Antoine Blondin. The police attempted to suppress the work; but as suddenly as the investigation began, it was shut down amid rumors that a high governmental official had read the work and ordered it left in circulation. Grove Press published the English translation in 1965. Now director Just Jaeckin has turned it into a remarkable film, starring Corine Cléry and Udo Kier (as her lover, René). The story is of a young woman whose lover donates her, body and soul, to a château where women are kept enslaved for the pleasure of a group of men. They are tortured, shackled and used for pleasure. Thus trained for their submissive role, they are returned to the outside world, where they are expected to behave in a manner befitting the customs of the castle. If they slip up, they return for more training. It is a nightmare and a day-dream combined, without moral or message, an exploration of that dim area between pain and pleasure. Incidentally, Mlle. Réage's identity is still unknown.



*At Roissy, submissiveness to the men is the only way to survive and O eventually learns to love her punishment. Talk is forbidden and dress is designed so that the female body is totally accessible. When someone discovers that O, taken from behind, is too narrow, ebonite shafts are used to enlarge her.*



*The women all wear collars of leather with rings fastened to them. In her cell at night, O is attached to a chain above the bed. Rare are the nights that someone does not appear and make use of both of her passages and then disappear without identifying himself, without a word.*

*When O finally leaves the château, she is not allowed to wear any undergarments. René takes her to a bar and introduces her to Sir Stephen, a quietly sadistic Englishman. René then gives O to Sir Stephen, as a gift.*





*Sir Stephen orders O to have a hole pierced in one of her labia and a double gold ring is inserted. She is led naked on a chain attached to the ring between her legs.*



*After a number of months of Sir Stephen's brutal ownership of her, O becomes totally dependent on him. He has her make love to other women, who teach her techniques of masturbation for Sir Stephen's pleasure. In the end, she is returned to the château, where Sir Stephen abandons her.*



*"'T ain't a fit night out for man nor beast."*

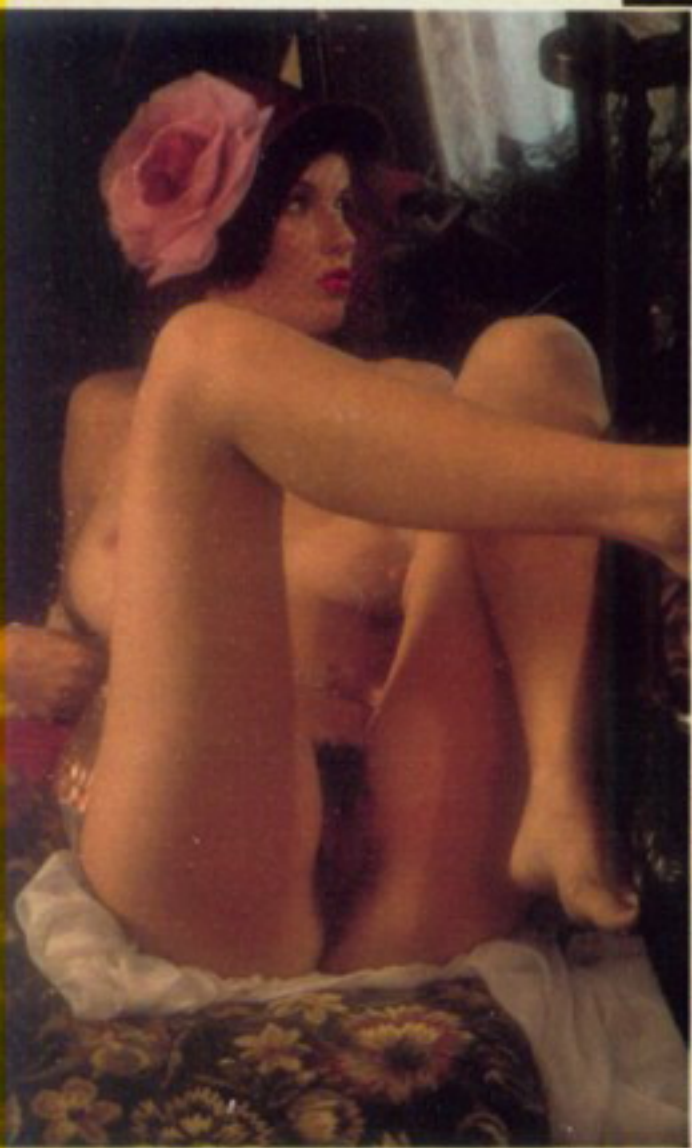


# LADY LUCK

*when december's  
nancie li brandi was  
a blackjack dealer,  
the odds were always  
working for her.  
now she's an odds-on  
favorite to make  
it as a model*



**P**LAYBOY PHOTOGRAPHER Richard Fegley discovered Nancie Li Brandi working a blackjack table at Harrah's at Lake Tahoe. Lady Luck never looked so good. He immediately asked her to pose for the centerfold, responding to her beauty the way a gambler reacts when a pair of aces, split and hit, both turn up blackjack. Maybe he needed an excuse to write off his Nevada vacation as a business trip? No matter. The Internal Revenue Service's loss is our gain. It soon became apparent that Miss December has the soul of a gypsy, even though she uses cards to determine people's fortunes in a somewhat different way. After spending a quiet childhood in the rolling hills of Pennsylvania, Nancie teamed up with an old friend for a bit of cross-country



*"I'm basically a night person. There is something magical about staying up while the rest of the world sleeps. Working the late shift at Harrah's, I would see the gamblers and their ladies—looking at each other, smiling—and think these people are just like me. Different. Special. It's nice."*

rambling. "We're both free spirits," she says; "we'd just decided to go our separate ways together for a while." First stop for the pair was a mountain resort near Williamstown, Massachusetts, where Nancie learned to maneuver on skis. "Actually, New England didn't get much snow that year," she says. "I'm not sure you could call what I did skiing. It was closer to downhill ice skating." Nancie and her guy decided to pull up poles and head West for whiter pastures. They landed at Lake Tahoe. Nancie took a two-week course in dealing at Harrah's. "At first I was all thumbs, but after a while, I could handle cards with the best of them." (All thumbs? We doubt it.) Her man tended bar and taught skiing at the Sierra Ski Ranch. For a time, their schedule seemed perfect—working nights and skiing days—but soon the gypsy spirit returned. A few months ago, they moved on to Los Angeles. There Nancie learned that one of her duties as Playmate would be a promotion trip to Japan. Perhaps that's what persuaded her to pursue a career in modeling. We're willing to bet you'll be seeing more of her in the future. With Nancie's looks, it's in the cards.





*"I used to think that desirability was something a woman had to prove to the world. The sexual revolution was a series of brief skirmishes. After a while, though, I became more confident. I've liberated my body and that's enough for me. The territory is secure."*







*"According to the rules of blackjack, dealers have to stay on 17 and hit anything less, but the odds favor the house and the house wants to keep it that way. Yet even the house gets superstitious. If a player loses, the dealer is hot. If the player wins, the dealer is cold and will be replaced." The house should know we'd pay for the privilege of sitting at Nancie's table.*



*Lake Tahoe is a favorite watering hole for Hollywood celebrities. Sonny Bono, shown here enjoying a day of skiing at Heavenly Valley with our Miss December, is a frequent visitor at Harrah's. For more details, check your gossip columns.*





*"These pictures were a revelation. I still think of myself as the shy, skinny kid I used to be at 16. I was amazed at how different I look now. Depending on how I feel, I can go from a simple freshness to a high-fashion foxiness. I accept my body and I take great delight in seeing what it can do."*

MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



# PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

**A** woman went to a gynecologist for artificial insemination. After she assumed the proper position atop the examining table, the medical man unzipped himself.

"Doctor," exclaimed the shocked patient, "whatever are you doing?"

"I'm sorry, madam," was the reply, "but I'm out of the bottled stuff, so you'll have to settle for draft today."

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *falsies* as the enhancer to a maiden's pair.



**I** have good news and bad news," announced the Pope to a hastily called meeting of cardinals at the Vatican. "First, the good news. The Lord has informed me directly of his Second Coming, and he sounded very happy."

"Then what in heaven's name could the bad news possibly be, Your Holiness?" asked one of the assembled ecclesiastics.

"He was calling from Salt Lake City," replied the pontiff.

**T**he Masters and Johnson clinic may well be the only organization in the world from which a man resigns when he becomes a member in good standing.

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *midget circumcision* as a tiny trim.

**While the bill was debated, Miss Snyder Had a Senator thrusting inside her. . . .**

To a knock on the door,  
She replied from the floor,  
"Go away—I'm attached to a rider!"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *mons pubis* as a box top.

**T**he instructor of a Red Cross prenatal course for unwed mothers-to-be was getting to know her class during a break. "When is your baby due?" she asked one girl.

"About March tenth," was the answer.

"And yours?" she inquired, turning to another participant.

"My doctor calculates March ninth," said the young woman.

"That's a coincidence," remarked the instructor. "And that girl who just stepped out for a minute. I don't suppose she could be expecting her baby about March tenth, too?"

"No," replied the first young woman. "She didn't go on the office picnic."

**A**nd then there was the nymphomaniac teenager who was popularly known as Little Often Annie.

**A**t a costume ball given by Texas society in our nation's capital, one girl turned up wearing the map of Texas as her costume. Later that night, she was chatting on the terrace with a fellow she'd just met when, all of a sudden, she slapped him resoundingly and flounced off. "What in the world happened?" asked a friend of the victim.

"It beats me," he answered. "All I know is that when she asked me where I was from and I put my finger on Amarillo, she let me have it!"

**O**ur Unabashed Dictionary defines *sexual hang-up* as the termination of an obscene phone call.

**I**n the process of convincing the rather choosy young lady that she should accept his proposal of marriage, the young man found himself making a number of concessions regarding the specifics of their prospective life together. At last, he said, "All right, honey, let's agree on a compromise. You can wear the pants in the family—but I'll retain the right to work the zipper."

**Dad,**" said the adolescent boy, "I guess it won't be long before I have an affair. You see, last night my girlfriend and I held hands for the first time."

"I wouldn't concern myself about it," chuckled his father. "Holding hands, son, is a long way from having an affair."

"Even if you're in the shower at the time?"



**J**ust before he left town on a business trip, the handsome executive surprised his girl with a vibrator to keep her company while he was away. "Imagine I'm attached to it during the long, lonesome nights," he said with a smile.

On his return, the fellow noticed the gadget in the girl's bedroom wastebasket. "You didn't like it?" he asked.

"No," she grumbled. "The damn thing kept shaking the fillings out of my teeth!"

*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.*



Deanna

*"With frankincense and myrrh, it's ten dollars extra."*

# JUGS





*"How dare the company decide at the last minute to cancel the office Christmas party?"*

# PSST! FEELTHY FIVE-LINERS?

humor By J.F. O'CONNOR *limericks to make your day and massage your libido*



A horny young footman named Dockery  
Was screwing a maid on some crockery. . . .  
Cried the girl, "This is crass!  
I've got shards up my ass,  
And find your best service a mockery!"



Since a stage-struck massage girl named Hart  
Knows directors who sample her art,  
She's aware what controls  
The assignment of roles  
Is a good working grasp of the part.



The bribe that young streetwalker Stover  
Employs as a sexual rover  
Is to hand-job police:  
As she gives one release,  
She informs him, "My cop runneth over!"



"Playing topless," says softball coach Breem,  
"Wins a girls' club both fans and esteem.  
They're the Baltimore Quails,  
But some pun-loving males  
Like to call them 'the aureoles team.'"



"My harem now has what it lacked,"  
The sultan expansively cracked.  
"There are bunk beds for all,  
Where the dears wait my call,  
Since the women I ball must be stacked!"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DOUG TAYLOR



A hot little night nurse named Hearst  
Got off with a *Bratwurst* at first;  
But her pleasure now lies  
In a non-deli guise  
As the interns take turns for the *Wurst*.



Mixing joy and suspicion, one Russo  
Told his bride, "My beloved, your trousseau  
Is a virginal white,  
But it hardly seems right  
That a virgin should know how to screw so!"



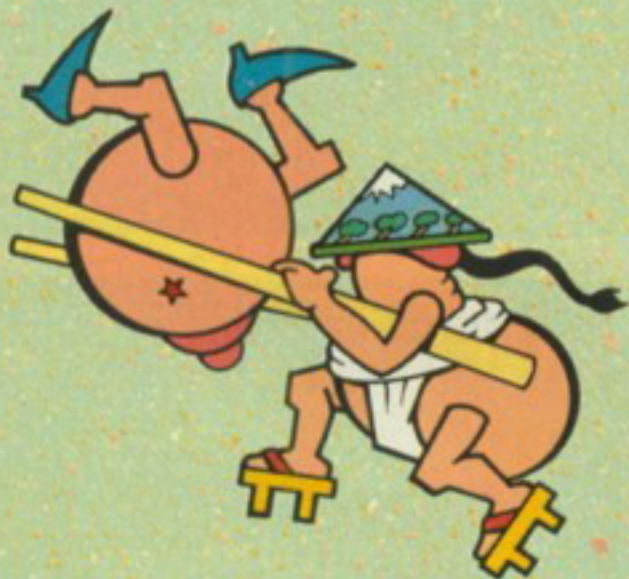
A brash adolescent named Lou  
Had just had his very first screw.  
"It's the 'in' thing, a bang,"  
Louie bragged to his gang,  
"Like a wonderful wet dream come true!"



When the Arts Ball was over, Miss Kahn  
(Who's a nympho) was worn out and wan.  
She'd attended, you see,  
As a walking TV,  
And the guys all kept turning her on!



"The queen," so an editor said,  
"Was pleased when a page gave her head;  
But was more pleased when two  
Did a synchronized do,  
While the queen did a double-page spread."



"I have found," sighed a hooker named Hickel,  
"That those Chinese are kinky and fickle:  
They screw me . . . then beat me . . .  
Then hungrily eat me—  
And the worst is, those chopsticks sure tickle!"



Said a horny young pirate named Tate:  
"There are eight different girls whom I date;  
And I'm having a ball,  
Since I'm banging them all—  
Tearing off all those pieces of eight!"



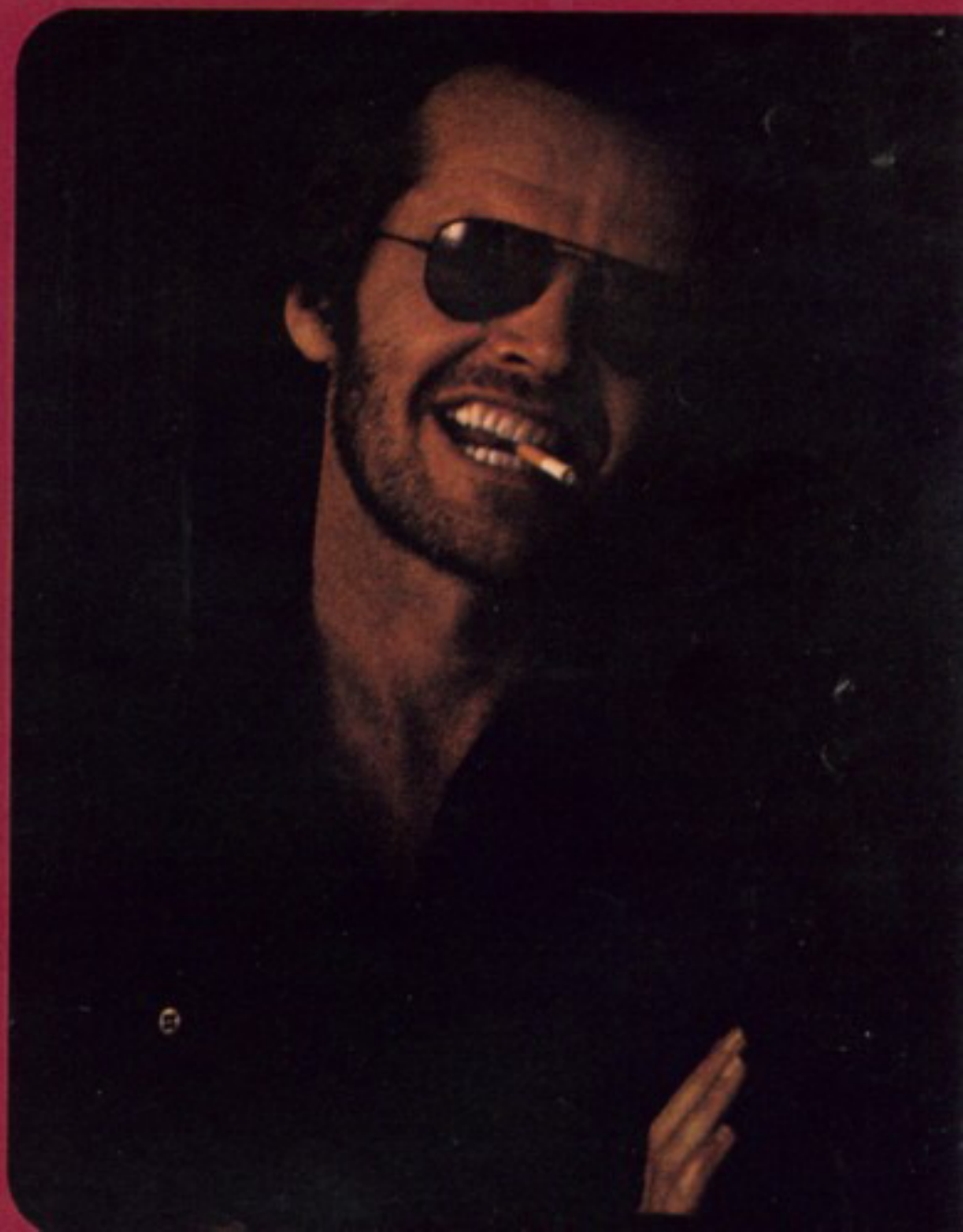
Israel Andri

*"You certainly have a diversified portfolio, Miss Wembley!"*



# THE STARS OF 1975

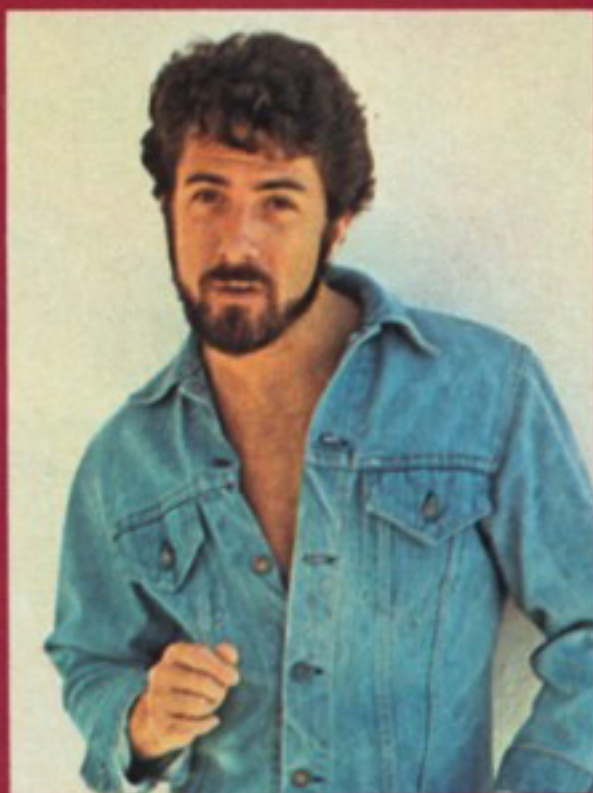
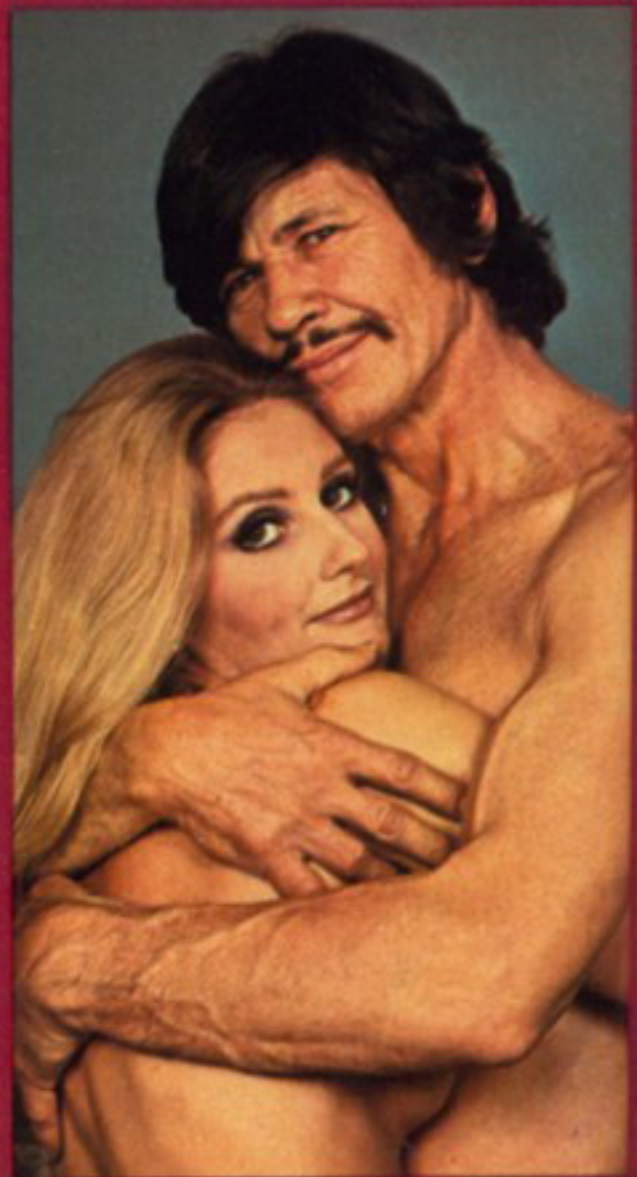
for a crowd of hollywood newcomers—  
and more than a few veterans—  
being in the movies is better than ever



**POWER PLAYERS:** Premier exponents of the art of animal magnetism, as transmitted to the screen, are Warren Beatty (opposite, with Julie Christie and Goldie Hawn in an ad for *Shampoo*, in which, at one stroke—make that several strokes—he upgraded the heterosexual image of hairdressers some 500 percent); Valerie Perrine (top right), in films a mere three years but already a top show stealer in portrayals of Lenny Bruce's wife and W. C. Fields's girlfriend; and Jack Nicholson (right), on view this year in *Tommy*, *The Passenger*, *The Fortune* (with Beatty) and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*.

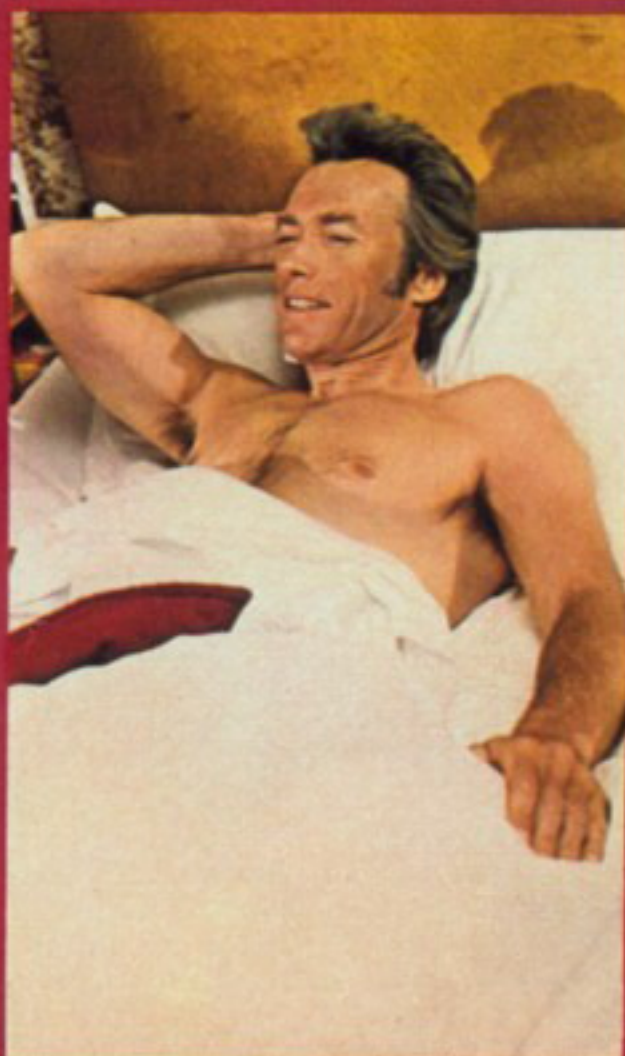


**TURN-ONS:** Still striking sparks with moviegoers are reliables Robert Redford (pictured at left as *The Great Waldo Pepper*), also appearing in *Three Days of the Condor* and, before long, in *All the President's Men*; Charles Bronson and wife, Jill Ireland (right), veterans of ten film ventures together (most recently, *From Noon till Three* and *Breakheart Pass*); Ann-Margret (bottom right), incandescent in *Tommy*; look-alikes Al Pacino (bottom center) and Dustin Hoffman (below center, sporting his *Lenny* beard), in *Dog Day Afternoon* and *President's Men*, respectively; and Raquel Welch (seen at bottom left in her role as has-been comic James Coco's mistress, Queenie, in *The Wild Party*).

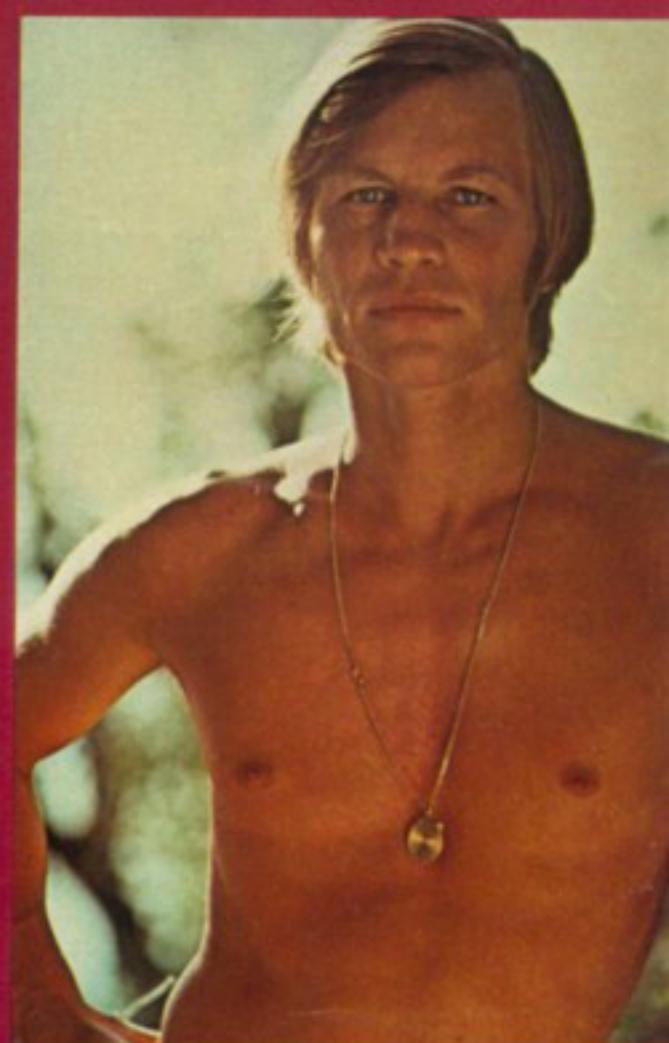




**CROWD PLEASERS:** The story, as well as the star, counts at the box office today, but some personalities can usually be depended on to sell tickets. Among them: James Caan (above left, in a shot from *Rollerball*), appearing next with Robert Duvall in *The Killer Elite* and with Elliott Gould in a safecracking caper, *Harry and Walter Go to New York*; Burt Reynolds (above right, suited up for *At Long Last Love*), now starring in *Hustle* and due soon in *Lucky Lady*; Faye Dunaway (in *The Four Musketeers*, below right), who plays opposite Redford in *Three Days of the Condor*; Clint Eastwood, bedded down in *The Eiger Sanction* (below center); and Candice Bergen (below left), an ex-hooker in *Bite the Bullet* and a kidnaped, Gibson-girlish matron in *The Wind and the Lion*.

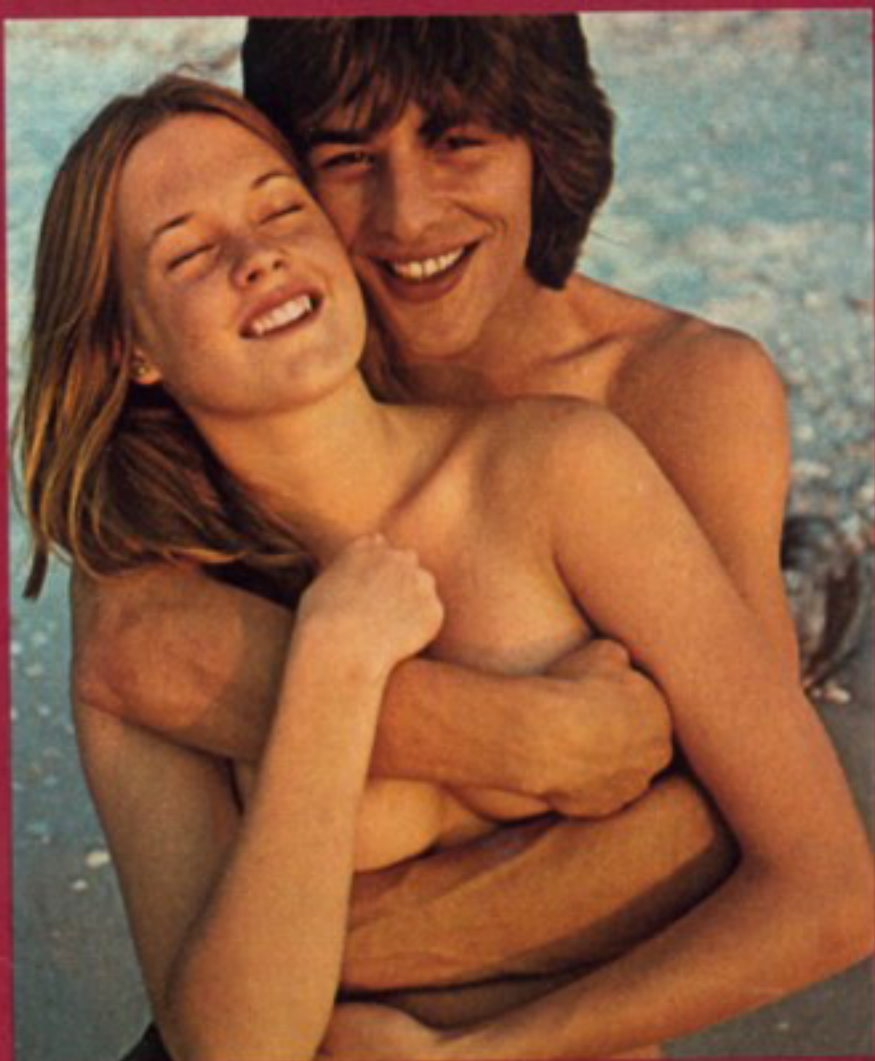




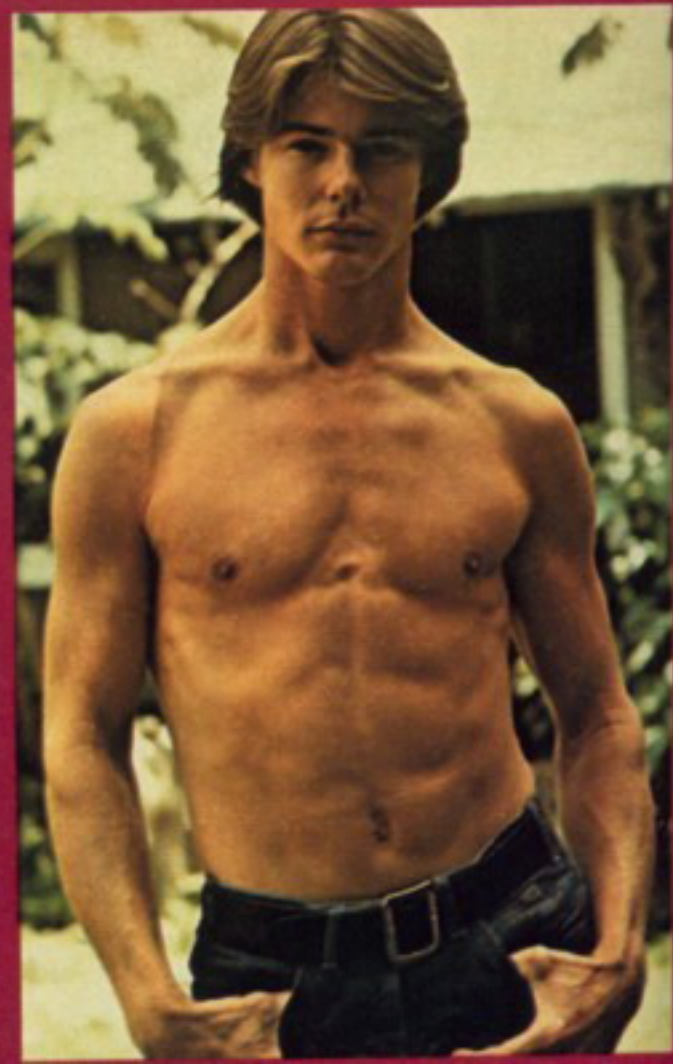
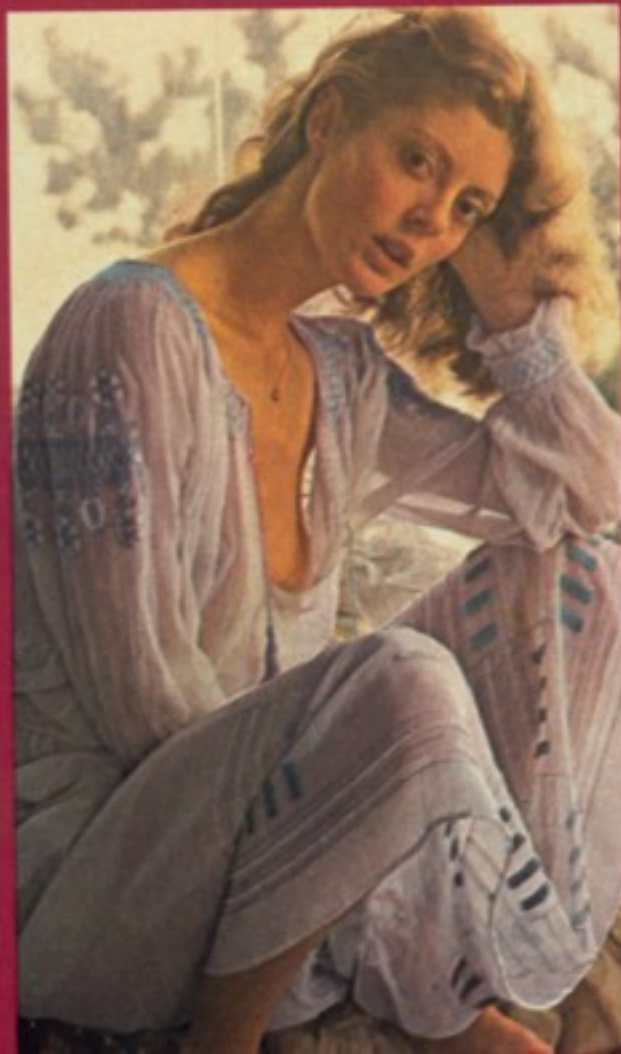
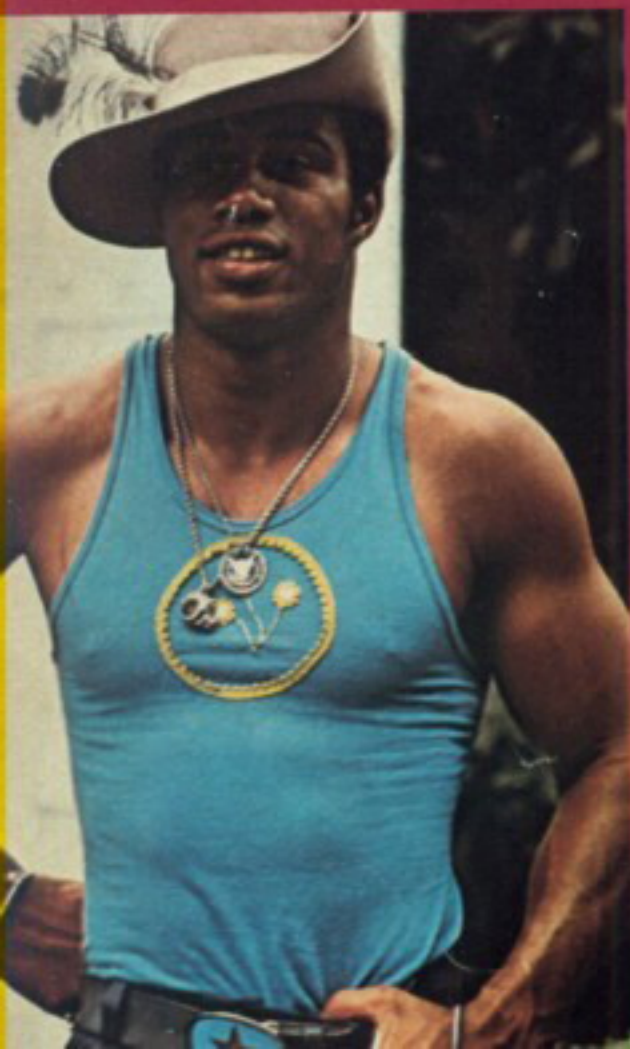


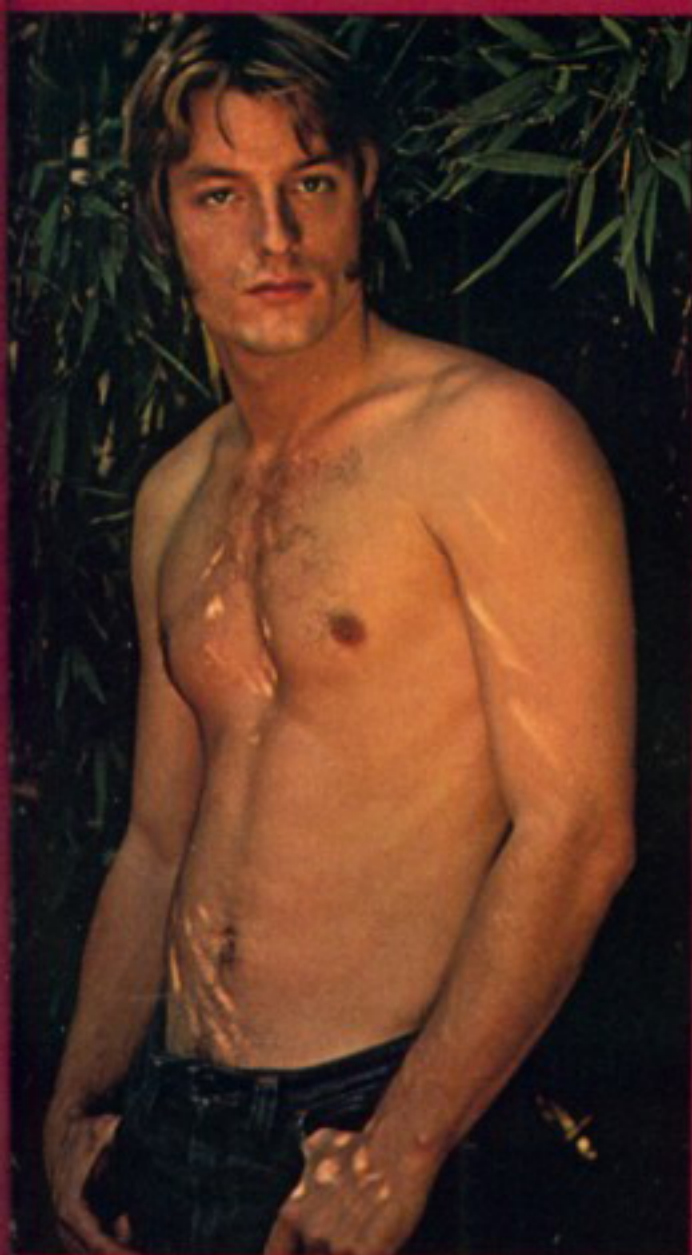
**FOREIGN BODIES:** Overseas talent, coming from both sides of the English Channel, spiced up the fare on view in America's picture palaces in 1975. Top imports (clockwise from far left): France's Sylvia Kristel, of *Emmanuelle*, *Playing with Fire*, *Julia* and the recently completed *Anti-Vierge (Anti-Virgin)*; Britons Fiona Lewis and Roger Daltrey, co-stars of *Lisztomania* (Daltrey, whose original claim to fame was as lead singer for The Who rock group, also played the title role in 1975's other far-out Ken Russell extravaganza, *Tommy*); Frenchwoman Maria Schneider, remembered as Brando's buttered-bun girlfriend in *Last Tango in Paris*, seen again this year as Jack Nicholson's fellow traveler in *The Passenger*; Michael York, D'Artagnan in the two *Musketeers* films, who's just completed shooting on a futuristic police yarn, *Logan's Run*; Brigitte Ariel, one of the abducted heiresses in *Rosebud*, who becomes Edith Piaf in the forthcoming French film biography of the celebrated chanteuse, *La Môme Piaf*; and Charlotte Rampling, the British actress who, after triumphing in *The Night Porter*, went on to further plaudits as a sort of second-generation Lauren Bacall opposite Robert Mitchum in the detective thriller *Farewell, My Lovely*.





**THIS WAY UP:** It's been a great year for newcomers. Clockwise from above left: Susan Blakely, impressive in 1974's *The Towering Inferno*, kept it up in 1975's *Capone* and *Report to the Commissioner*. Both Melanie Griffith and true love Don Johnson made it big—she in *Night Moves*, *The Drowning Pool* and *Smile*, he in *Return to Macon County* and *A Boy and His Dog*. Perry King smolders in *The Wild Party* and *Mandingo*; Victoria Principal, late of *Earthquake*, returns in *I Will, I Will... for Now*. Perhaps the hottest of all the new males: Jan-Michael Vincent of *Bite the Bullet* and *White Line Fever*. Susan Sarandon followed up on 1974's *Lovin' Molly* and *The Front Page* with roles in *The Great Waldo Pepper* and *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Ken Norton, who once broke Muhammad Ali's jaw, forsook boxing to debut as a stud slave in *Mandingo* (and as a fashion model for *PLAYBOY*: See page 171).





**THREE TO GET READY:** Oddsmakers are predicting big things for these young actresses. Brenda Sykes (above), a favorite in several blaxplo films, now gets exploited interracially in *Mandingo*. Linda Haynes (below left) plays a hooker with a hankering for Paul Newman in *The Drowning Pool*, while Margot Kidder (below right) made no fewer than four films—*The Great Waldo Pepper*, *The Reincarnation of Peter Proud*, *Black Christmas* (which was originally titled *Silent Night, Evil Night*) and Thomas McGuane's *92 in the Shade*—all released this year.





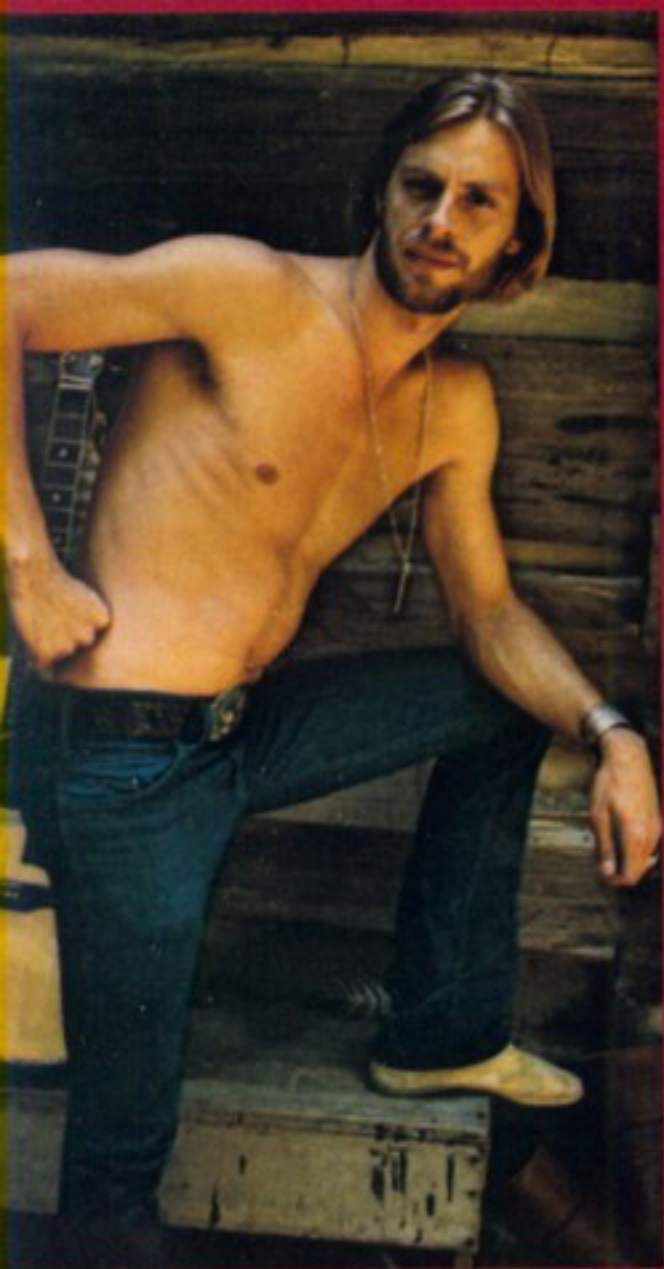
**TEASERS:** Russ Meyer's newest discovery, Shari Eubank (above), gets top billing in his rambunctious *Supervixens*. Doing a bit of role switching are the actresses below: Maria Lynn (left) stars in porno features *Flossie* and *Justine and Juliette* (the latter with the redoubtable Harry Reems) but draws the line at performing the hard-core scenes herself; Linda Lovelace (right), who once had no such compunctions, abandoned her *Deep Throated* explicitness to make a soft-core comedy, *Linda Lovelace for President*. Linda's now filming *Laure*, along with author Emmanuelle (yes, the creator of that *Emmanuelle*) Arsan.





**GOING ALL THE WAY:** Bluenoses notwithstanding, hard-core lives! Current headliners, clockwise from above, are Brigitte Maier, of *French Blue* and *Sensations*; Marc Stevens, autobiographer (*10½!*) and star of countless films, including a porno version of *A Christmas Carol* (with Screwge, of course); Barbara Bourbon, the titular heroine of *The Private Afternoons of Pamela Mann*, who may also be seen in the straightforwardly titled *A Dirty Western*; Jean Jennings, sent away in *Defiance* to unlearn masturbation (she learns, natch, much more); and Enjil von Bergdorf, whom Alex deRenzy cast as a frontier madam, Crystal Lil, in his first 35mm color release, *The Pleasure Masters*.





**THE NASHVILLE BUNCH:** One film, *Nashville*, provided a boost toward stardom for two dozen aspirants, among them, clockwise from top left, Keith Carradine; his real-life ex-love Cristina Raines, who used to go by the name Tina Herazo; Shelley Duvall, Carradine's co-star in an earlier Robert Altman film, *Thieves Like Us*; sultry Karen Black, who also scored in *The Day of the Locust*; Gwen Welles, also seen in Altman's *California Split* (and two previous PLAYBOY pictorials); and Ronee Blakley, a Stanford University music graduate who won critical raves in her motion-picture debut as a country-vocal queen.





Raymond

The wages of sin  
is \$25.00



"That's what I like about you, Wanda—you're a hooker's hooker!"



*"I've been transferred to Southwood, Mrs. Lipton. So this is Melvin—  
he'll be screwing you as of next Monday."*

VOL. 1, NO. 1

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# NATIONAL PORNOGRAPHIC

## EDEN IN AMAZONIA:

Hidden Deep in the Jungle,  
An Innocent Stone Age Tribe

By SIR REGINALD ROSS-LEMMING

## THE BREATH-TAKING CHICKENS OF INDIANA

## AKRON: AMERICA'S SECRET JEWEL

## GIANT GAY IGUANAS OF THE GALAPAGOS

\$36.00 A YEAR

\$3.00 A COPY



# Mysterious Insects Battle for Survival

I have observed for years that certain insects engage in bizarre battles. In these rare photographs, the struggle goes on between consenting adults of several species, including *Atrichously horni* (above left) and the Japanese swinger beetle. The reason for these activities is unclear, but the combatants never kill or even go steady. Specialists have reported observing similar behavior in dogs, cats, chickens, mice, cattle and humans. The mystery may someday be explained, but for the time being, we must simply observe and try to delve deeper, deeper, oh, God, *deeper!*

By NATALIE SPEIGLASS      Photographs by EDWARD S. ROSS

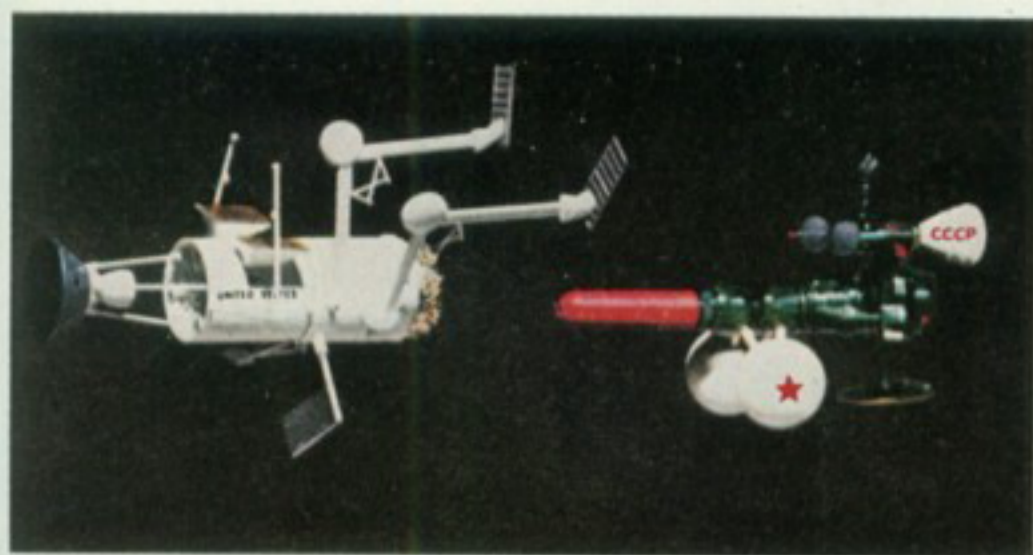


Locked in mortal embrace, Persian dildo bugs appear to be well hung on grass stalk (below right). Rare *ménage-à-bug* is seen at bottom.

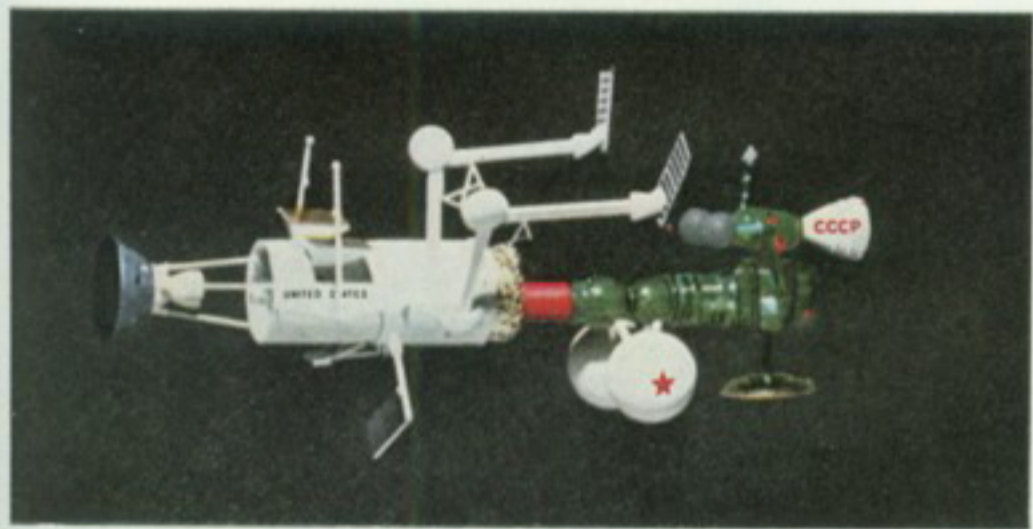


# HISTORIC EMISSION IN SPACE

By MAJOR GENERAL BUZZ ("BUZZ") BIRCH  
Photographs by BILL FRANTZ



Solar panels spread wide, U.S. capsule prepares to dock with Soviet vehicle.



As capsules link up, U.S. crew sends message to Soviet craft: "Is it in yet?"

The first coupling in outer space was a fitting climax to the joint venture undertaken by the United States and Red Russia. Commie space technicians successfully completed docking maneuvers by inserting their vehicle into the opening of the American module, although NASA officials had insisted that the Bolshevik vehicle be provided with a heat-resistant sheath (painted bright red, of course)—for the prevention of disease only. Inside the U.S. capsule, cosmonaut and astronaut joined in a historic embrace that will be remembered as one giant *schtup* for mankind.



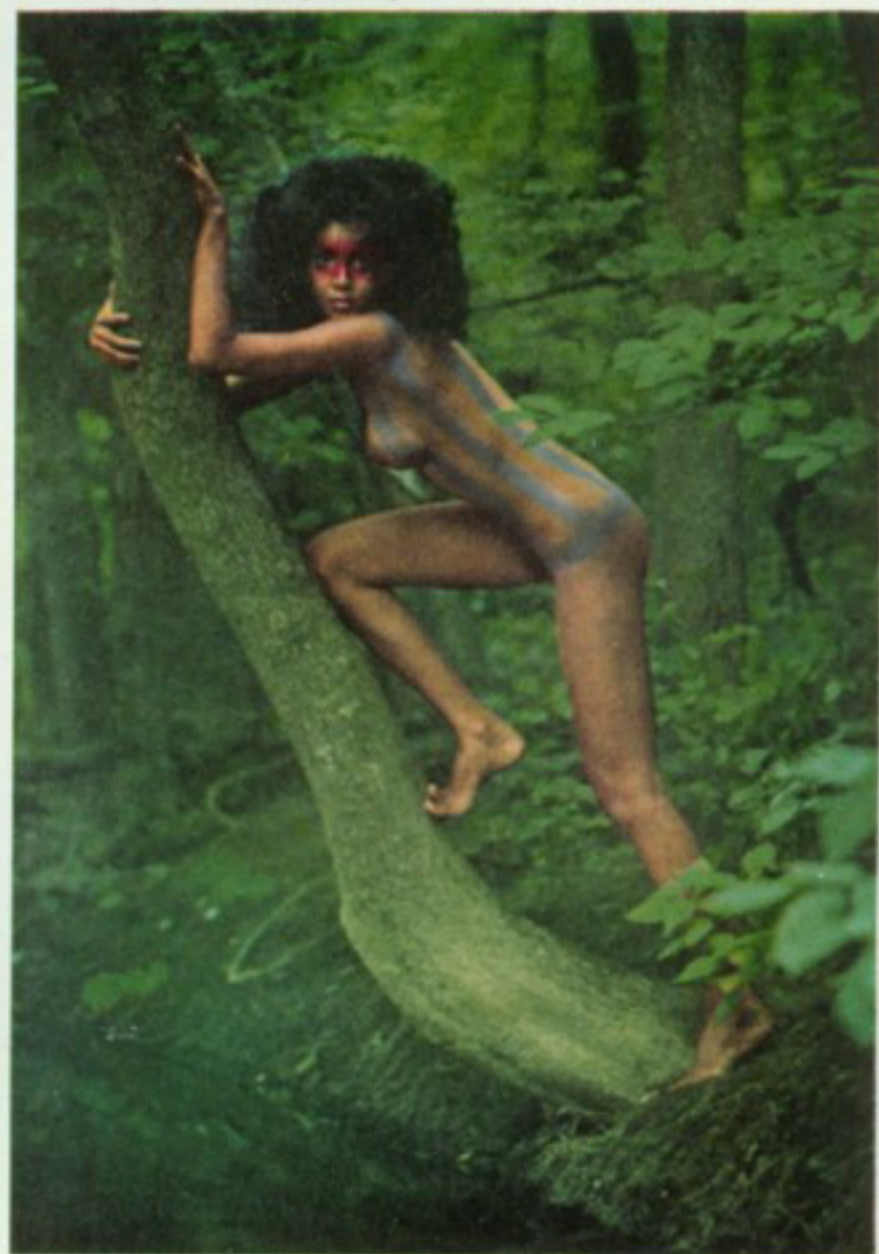
East meets West in the vast, weightless reaches of outer space. Soviet cosmonaut radios, "My bird has landed!" while pretty U.S. astronaut muses aloud, "I wonder why this reminds me of the U.S.-Soviet grain deal."



# Living in Eden: The Titsaday

While on an expedition to the upper Amazon, where we had hoped to study the rather inventive mating habits of the rare and agile black garter monkey, we came upon, instead, deep in the jungle, an innocent Stone Age tribe—the Titsaday.

My first encounter was with three of them (bottom). There, suddenly before me, basking on a sunlit bank in open naked splendor, was a sensuous vision that sent a rush of scientific curiosity coursing through me; my well-traveled pego pulsed with anthropological anticipation.



The religious Titsaday gather round their sacred fire for morning prayer to the sun-god (far left). Their names, as transliterated by Sir Reginald, are, from left: Fidel, Musk, Raquel, Dee Dee, Elvis and Hotpants. Raquel, above, most intelligent of the Titsaday, was the first to grasp the advanced Western concept of "deep throat." At left, Musk exhibits a ritual ax used only for filleting plantains. Titsaday language has no words for war, kill, maim, bother slightly, annoy or hydrogen bomb. Their only aggressive phrase quaintly translates as "Waste the motherfucker!"





Sir Reginald spent much of his time attempting to teach the Titsaday about basic medical practices. At left, he explains to Raquel how wearing magic juju panties will protect her from the wrath of Dakk-Ar, evil God of the Underworld—but only if she vows that every day she will submit to Greek culture from Sir Reginald. At right, his assistant Sir Bruce demonstrates the value of cleanliness by beginning to lick Dee Dee's entire body. Above, Dr. Weaselton shows her approval.

After arduous months of waiting, the expedition is treated to its actual meeting with the Titsaday (above). Musk playfully inspects Dr. Weaselton's dress while Sir Reginald determines that the proper translation for the name Titsaday is Poon Tang.



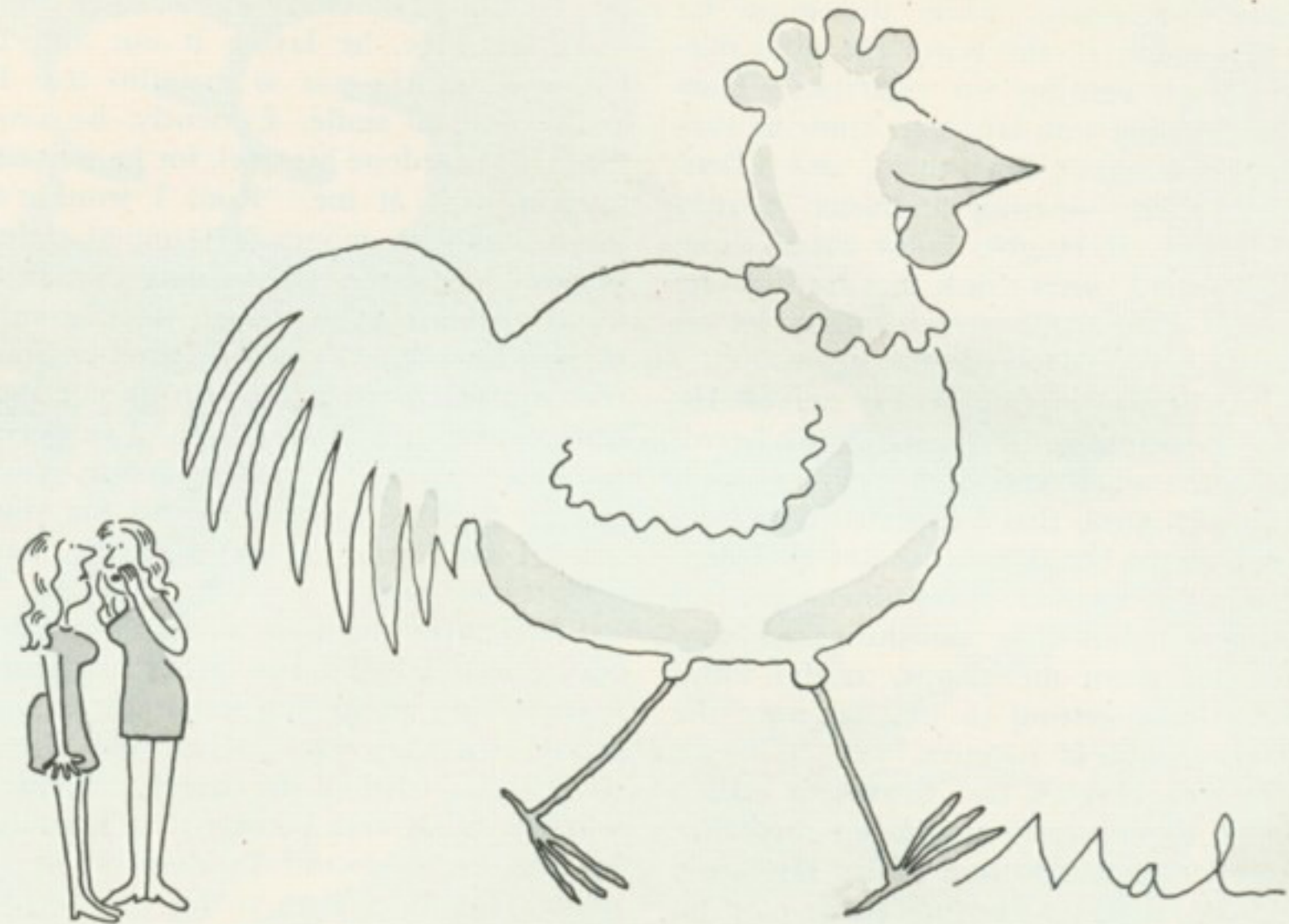
During the unforgettable months that we lived with and studied the Titsaday, always scrupulously careful not to alter or damage a way of life that had existed unchanged since the dawn of mankind, the thought occurred to me again and again—often at night, as I fell asleep with my cheek resting against the soft down covering the pouting lips of Raquel's exquisite love grotto—that beneath the skin we are all the same, pink on the inside. In essence, everyone in the world needs the very same thing, although in recent years I have become particularly fond of being urinated upon by groups of adolescent mandrills. Our time with the Titsaday made a deep and satisfying impression upon all of us, even our usually tight-bummed botanist, Abigail Weaselton. The tribe's simple, dignified way of life should stand as a living metaphor of humanity's peaceful, childlike origins, a vivid reminder of how we first banded together out of common need, in a simpler time, when you could still find a good blow job for under \$25.

As the expedition prepared to leave, Dr. Weaselton—at right, accepting a parting gift from Elvis—expressed everyone's feelings when she said, "I think we learned as much from them as they did from us." Below, a final gathering around the fire for a prayer to the sun-god, asking to be spared V.D.





*"My, don't we look Christmasy."*



*"He's listed in the 'Guinness Book of World Records'  
under 'The World's Biggest Cock!'"*



Fritz Koenig

*"Gimme, gimme, gimme; that's all I ever hear!"*



*“OK, now let’s get you out of those wet clothes  
and get something hot into you....”*



*"I lied to you, Armando—you're not my first daredevil of the air!"*



*“So my husband said, ‘Screw the mailman. Let’s not give him any money this Christmas!’ ”*



SHOSMAKER



*Bedini*

*"You didn't forget the batteries for  
Grandma's vibrator, did you?"*



*"Think of it! For one night he has complete access everywhere!"*



*"It's economical, but it's too little to screw in; so what I save on gas, I spend on motels."*

# PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

*people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement*



## TOSSING IN A RINGER

One hidden benefit of the Esselte Electronic Diary, a new desk calendar that automatically rings to remind you of appointments throughout the day, is that it lets you ignore with a clear conscience those bothersome events you want to avoid. You simply leave them off the schedule card in the morning and, sure enough, lunches with myopic Aunt Helga slip your mind every time. This handy, battery-powered gizmo is \$100 from the Horchow Collection, P.O. Box 34257, Dallas, Texas 75234, and, considering what it lets you avoid, it's worth every penny of the price.



## WEIRD!

As any confection freak will tell you, today's butterscotch ain't what it used to be. That's where Weird Cedric Waggoner comes in; Waggoner is a man whose mission in life is to manufacture the world's best butterscotch—his Weird Cedric brand sells for \$1.75 (plus postage) sent to London Candies, 1281 S. Main, North Canton, Ohio. You'll get back a half-pound box of delicious chewy stuff, sans artificial ingredients, that your dentist is gonna love.

## STRANGERS IN PARADISE

There are several ways to acquire an allover tan: You can stretch out on your bathroom floor with a sun-lamp bulb screwed into your ceiling socket, you can go up onto the roof of your building next spring and hope the police helicopter doesn't fly by or you can sign up for something called a clothing-optional junket to Tahiti that Elysium Tours, Suite 207, 1701 Clinton Street, Los Angeles 90026, is sponsoring. What you get for one week (\$769) or two (\$949) starting June 12 is a stay at the Club Méditerranée village on the island of Mooréa and the option of heading off to nearby, uninhabited Elysium Island, where you and whoever you choose to accompany you will be left to your own devices. Don't forget to turn over now and then.



## LONG JOHNS' RETURN

What's the second best way to keep warm on a long winter's night? By snuggling into a pair of genuine drop-seat, button-front red-flannel long johns, of course. The folks at the Red Flannel Factory, 73 S. Main Street, Cedar Springs, Michigan (which bills itself as the Red Flannel Town), are selling them for \$13.50, along with such other red-hot items as union suits (\$6.50), granny gowns (\$13.50) and 30-inch tasseled nightcaps (\$3). They'll keep your bod nice and toasty while waiting up for Santa.





### VALLEY HIGH

They're all here—*Drums of Fu Manchu*, *Dick Tracy* and *Son of Zorro*—in *Valley of the Cliffhangers*: a \$66 coffee-table anthology of 66 great old Republic Pictures serials. Compiling the 3000 photos and 150,000 words in *Cliffhangers* was a six-year labor of love guided by adman Jack Mathis. Write to him at Box 714, Northbrook, Illinois 60062 and learn how Captain America foiled the plot to destroy the dynamic vibrator. It's a humdinger. And no waiting until next week!



### BANKING ON THE STARS

Here are a couple of toll-free numbers for your little black book: 800-227-4710 and, if you live in California, 800-792-2939. The voice at the other end of the line is that of an unusual computerized horoscope service called Astro-Phone and, for a prepaid charge of \$9.95, it'll spend ten minutes telling you everything you always wanted to know about yourself but were afraid to ask. Additional time can be bought for a buck a minute. Blabbermouths need not apply.

### DRUCKS STOP

To some, the body of an automobile is nothing but an impersonal piece of sheet metal stretched over a chassis. But to a fellow named M. J. Drucks of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, it's the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. Drucks paints acrylic-lacquer fantasy pictures on cars, trucks and vans. Vampires, lovers, naked ladies—Drucks does them all, and quite well, too. So well, in fact, that he's formed a corporation, Shelbe Creations Unlimited, at 118 W. 24th Avenue, and charges from \$150 to \$3000, plus traveling expenses, for a finished machine. One original Drucks—to go!



### ALL ABOARD

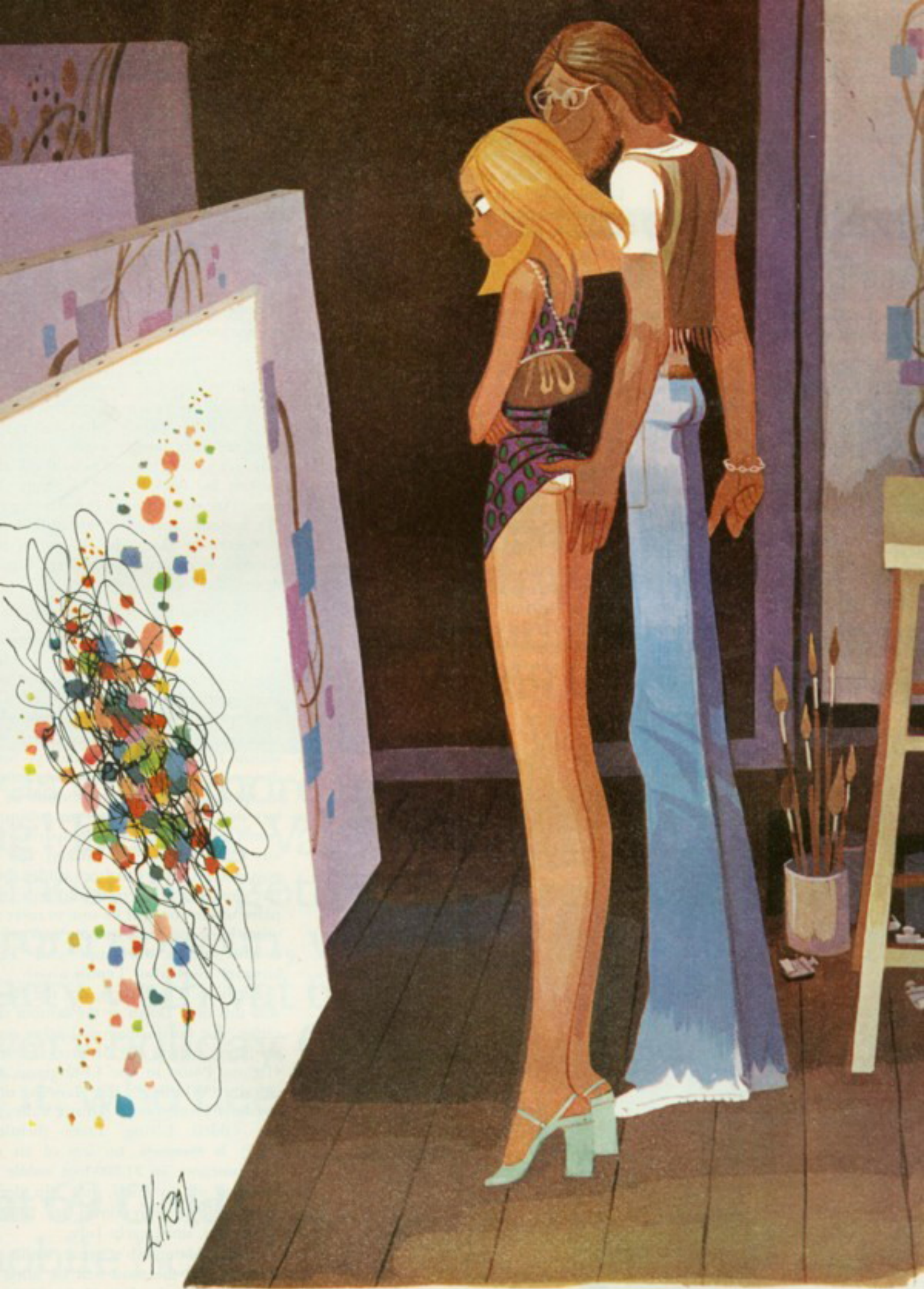
Chances are, there was once an American Flyer or a Lionel model train in your Christmas past and, chances are, your parents junked it years ago, depriving you of the chance to sell it, today, for a few shekels. Well, that train may be gone, but the old model-railroad catalogs from which you ordered are still chugging—in the form of reproductions printed by the Greenberg Publishing Company, 9323 Afternoon Lane, Columbia, Maryland. Their brochure also lists a number of other vintage toy-catalog reproductions, including the ever-popular Buddy-L line of trucks and one that shows what Tootsietoy was doing in 1925. It's enough to make a grown man cry.



### JUMP FOR JOY

The trouble with physical exercise is that the people who need it most are usually the people who want it least. Jogging is nice, but it's a hell of a pain, what with dogs and muggers. Weight lifting is good, but who needs a hernia? Well, an ex-heavyweight boxer named Bobby Hinds has the answer to all this *tsooris*—and he calls it the Lifeline Jumprope. Endorsed by such people as Bobby Riggs, the Lifeline Jumprope adjusts to height and is weighted by plastic tubing that encases it. For only \$4.95 to P. O. Box 2052, Madison, Wisconsin 53707, you get the rope plus an instruction booklet on how to jump without looking like a spastic third-grader. OK, everybody, ready for over-and-unders?





*"I'm just beginning to feel what you're trying to achieve."*



*"And that goes for smoking as well."*



*"So long, Slim."*



*"First, the good news. Your uncle found true love about six months before he died!"*



Graham  
Wilson

*"How many times I got to ask you to  
go easy on the stops?"*



"Ho! Ho! Ho!"



W O O D M A N

*"Gee, I don't think I've ever slept with a comedian before."*



*“The little match girl was very cold and hungry and poor. On the other hand, she had very big tits.”*

# Winston wasn't my first cigarette.

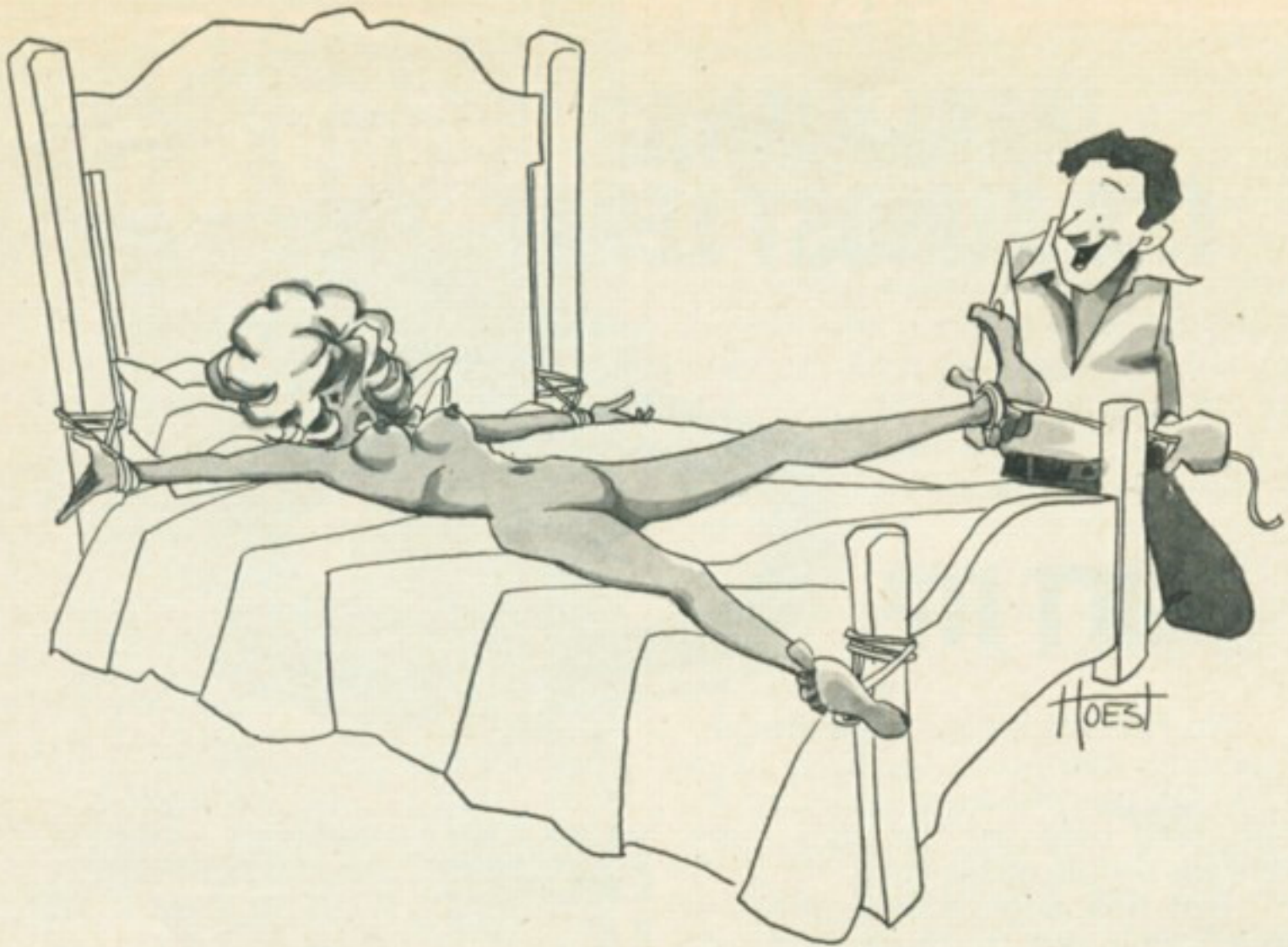
I learned about smoking by trying different cigarettes. I found out about taste. I know now Winston's real taste and real pleasure are all any cigarette can give. Winston may not be where you start. But when your taste grows up, Winston is for real.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.



*"My wife will be down shortly—she's still getting undressed."*



“Comfy?”



OVER BROWN

*"Hey! I think Santa's been here and gone!!!"*

**PLAYBOY'S GALA HOLIDAY ANNIVERSARY ISSUE**

**MUHAMMAD ALI**, UNDAUNTED BY NOVEMBER'S INTERVIEW, OFFERS SOME ANSWERS TO THE LOCKER-ROOM QUESTION OF THE CENTURY: **"SHOULD ATHLETES HAVE SEX THE NIGHT BEFORE?"**

**JAMES MCKINLEY** BEGINS A MAJOR SERIES—"PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF POLITICAL ASSASSINATION IN AMERICA"

**ROBERT ARDREY**, AUTHOR OF *AFRICAN GENESIS* AND *THE TERRITORIAL IMPERATIVE*, PREDICTS THAT MAN IS ON THE VERGE OF A NEW ICE AGE IN **"THE END OF THE GOOD TIMES"**

**VLADIMIR NABOKOV** WRITES ABOUT AN IRONIC REUNION OF A MOTHER AND HER EX-SOLDIER SON, WHO FINDS THE WELCOME MAT AT MOMMA'S SLIGHTLY SHOPWORN, IN **"THE DOORBELL"**

**DAN GREENBURG**, PURELY OUT OF OVERWEENING INTELLECTUAL CURIOSITY, OF COURSE, CHECKS OUT A FEW OF THOSE ADS WITH SURPRISING, AND WALLET-LIGHTENING, RESULTS: **"DOMINANT WRITER SEEKS SUBMISSIVE MISS WITH SPANKABLE BOTTOM"**

**ELTON JOHN** TALKS ABOUT HIS "HORRIBLE CHILDHOOD," HIS IMAGE AS "THE JOHN DENVER OF ROCK 'N' ROLL," HIS PASSION FOR CARS AND PINBALL AND WHY HE HAS TO CHANGE HIS PHONE NUMBER EVERY TWO WEEKS IN A FREEWHEELING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

**JOHN CHEEVER** PAYS A MEMORABLE FICTIONAL VISIT TO A HIGHBROW PRISON INMATE IN **"FALCONER"**

**CRAIG KARPEL** CHRONICLES SOME PRIME EXAMPLES OF REVERSE HORATIO ALGERISM IN **"THE SWEET SMELL OF FAILURE"**

**SCOTT BURNS** WONDERS IF SOCIAL SECURITY—THE BIGGEST CHAIN LETTER IN HISTORY—COULD GET MORE FOULED UP THAN IT IS NOW. ANSWER—IT CAN AND WILL: **"AMERICA IS GOING BROKE"**

**ROBERT KERWIN** QUERIES FAMOUS FOLKS, FROM **JOE LOUIS** TO **LAWRENCE WELK** TO **ROBERT MITCHUM** TO **LILY TOMLIN**, ON HOW THEY MAKE IT THROUGH THE NIGHT: **"WHAT, ME WORRY?"**

**JUDITH WAX**, AS USUAL, FINDS THERE WAS A LOT TO LAUGH AT IN THE PAST TWELVEMONTH: **"THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS"**

**PLUS:** A STUNNING PORTFOLIO OF THE WORK OF *PLAYBOY* STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER **RICHARD FEGLEY**; **"THE BEST OF THE PLAYBOY ADVISOR QUIZ"**; **"LITTLE ANNIE FANNY"** GOING A.C./D.C.; **"PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE REVIEW"**; **ELDON DEDINI** CARTOONING HIS WAY THROUGH THE WORLD OF THE OENOPHILE IN **"COME WITH ME TO THE CHATEAU, MY DEAR"**; TIPS FOR TARDY GIFT BUYERS FROM **"THE ELEVENTH-HOUR SANTA"**; **"PLAYBOY'S ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS"**; AND MORE—MUCH MORE—OF THE MOVIEGOING COVER GIRL WHO TURNED YOU ON LAST MONTH.

**COMING IN THE MONTHS AHEAD:** EXCLUSIVE *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEWS WITH **JAMES CAAN**, **BRIGITTE BARDOT**, **WARREN BEATTY** AND **FREDDIE PRINZE**; BEHIND-THE-SCENES PICTORIALS ON **"CASANOVA,"** THE MOVIE **FEDERICO FELLINI** WILL FINISH IF HE EVER GETS HIS FILM BACK, AND **"EMMANUELLE II,"** WITH **SYLVIA KRISTEL**; **"PLAYBOY'S GUIDE TO THE '76 ELECTIONS,"** BY THE HOT-SHOT TEAM OF **HUNTER THOMPSON** AND **DICK TUCK**; **"TORTURE,"** BY THE AUTHOR OF THE WILDLY ACCLAIMED BEST SELLER *RAGTIME*, **E. L. DOCTOROW**; EXCITING FICTION BY **PAUL THEROUX**, **ASA BABER** AND **MELVIN VAN PEEBLES**; PORTFOLIOS BY **HELMUT NEWTON** AND *PLAYBOY* STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS **POMPEO POSAR**, **DWIGHT HOOKER** AND **BILL ARSENAULT**; **ARNOLD ROTH'S "HISTORY OF SEX"**; **"SAPPHO II,"** MORE PHOTOS OF WOMEN IN LOVE BY **J. FREDERICK SMITH**; PROFILES OF **PRESIDENT FORD** AND **CHIEF JUSTICE BURGER**; A DIFFERENT VIEW OF TV, BY **JOHN LEONARD**; **ROBERT SHERRILL** ON **"A NATION OF SCANDAL"**; AND—OF COURSE—LOTS OF OTHER GOODIES.