

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

MARCH 1976 • \$1.25

PLAYBOY

**THE STEAMY SEQUEL
TO "EMMANUELLE"**

**A SKEPTIC'S GUIDE TO
THE 1976 ELECTIONS**

**HANGING OUT WITH
ROCK'S NEW SUPERSTAR
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN**

JOGGING CAN KILL YOU!

**BEYOND "THE BEST":
PETER PASSELL ON HOW
TO DO EVERYTHING**

**A PLAYMATE
RETURNS
TO ACT OUT
HER FAVORITE
FANTASY**

HOT STUFF



DATSUN B-210. BUILT TO KEEP ITS FIGURE.

(41 MPG highway, 29 city*)

Tough all over. All Datsuns, like our B-210, are designed to get good car mileage as well as good gas mileage. For instance, the steel body is of one-piece unibody construction. So it will stay in one piece.

Tough match. In the B-210, power is supplied by a spunky 1400cc high cam engine. Which is matched with a durable 4-speed manual transmission. (Fully automatic 3-speed is available.)

Tough Choice. Three B-210 models: Hatchback plus 2 and 4-Door Sedans. All come with such high standards as fully reclining buckets, comfortable seating for 4, and power-assist front disc brakes.

Tough backing. Your Datsun is backed by nearly 4,000 factory-trained



service technicians and a computerized parts network.

We figure the longer your Datsun survives the longer you'll save.

**EPA dynamometer estimate. B-210 with manual transmission. Actual MPG may be more or less, depending on the condition of your car and how you drive.*

Datsun Daves







Dodman

"What are you doing after the Revolution?"



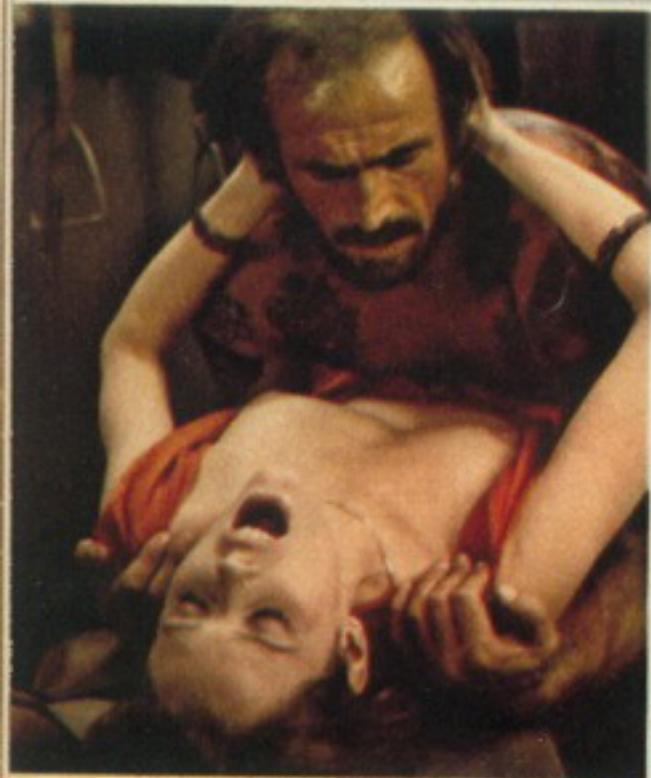
It is said that when God created woman, a French movie director was on the scene to offer her an exclusive contract. Let's face it—if it had not been for our Continental kissing cousins, PLAYBOY's yearly *Sex in Cinema* feature might have been showing pictures of John Wayne's horse. The string of provocative superstars is impressive—Brigitte Bardot, Catherine Deneuve, Maria Schneider. Of course, a few years ago, it seemed that the French had fallen on soft times: The only thing they could offer us was snapshots of the original sex kitten on her 40th birthday. (Not that we're complaining—those were *some* snapshots.) Still, we were beginning to worry that someone was doctoring their wine with saltpeter. Fortunately, the trend took an upswing in 1974, when *Emmanuelle* opened on the Champs Elysées, starring the then-unknown Sylvia Kristel. Later, the ad campaign for American theaters said it all: "X was never like

ENCORE EMMANUELLE!

further observations on the outer-fringe benefits of life in the french foreign service



Sylvia Kristel once again graces the silver screen as Emmanuelle. In the sequel, her sexual education continues with her husband, Jean (Umberto Orsini), a friend, Christopher (Frederic Lagache), and the patrons of a Hong Kong bordello. With six you get egg roll.



this." Miss Kristel, possessed of the kind of beauty that makes you want to be in three places at once, was an instant sensation. Producer Yves Rousset-Rouard and director Just Jaeckin had managed to suffuse each scene with the soft, sensuous light of a fashion spread—whether the scene was a gang rape at an opium den or a one-on-one encounter on the courts of a racquet club. Audiences cried "Encore!" and it was inevitable that we would be seeing more of Miss Kristel. Rousset-Rouard bought the film rights to *Emmanuelle: the Anti-Virgin*—the sequel to the book—written under an alias by Maryat Rollet-Andriane, the wife of a representative of the French delegation to UNESCO. The heroine of the two novels is supposedly the wife of a hydraulic engineer stationed in Thailand. Frenchmen knew better: Obviously, the career was a pose for undercover work in the foreign service. Whatever, the novel and the film still created quite



Emmanuelle soon learns that the pin is mightier than the sword: After a visit to a Chinese pharmacist, who instructs her in the finer points of acupuncture, she becomes involved with a tattooed polo player (Venentine Venentini), who shares her interest in needlework (shown above).



Emmanuelle and Jean invite their new friend, Anna Maria (Catherine Rivet), on a vacation to Bali. At a health spa, three members of the Eurasian oil cartel (Eva Hamel, Christianne Gibelin and Laura Gemser) introduce them to a unique form of body massage. A sound mind, etc.



Emmanuelle discusses (and demonstrates) her philosophy of life with her husband and Anna Maria: "All time spent in other pursuits but that of making love embraced by an ever-increasing number of arms is time lost." We couldn't have said it better.

a controversy as Parisians speculated on what members of the foreign service really did to pass the time at hardship outposts. This time out, Emmanuelle's erotic quest leads her from Bangkok to Hong Kong to Bali. No holds are barred as she turns innocence inside out in search of the perfect hedonistic life. Replacing Jaeckin behind the lens is Francis Giacobetti, one of the Continent's leading fashion photographers. (You have viewed his work in *Oui*.) As you can see from the stills included in this pictorial, the French have a slightly different approach to erotic film making. They believe that a work does not have to be explicit to be exciting, that less is more. It's enough for us, but even then, we may have to wait. French censors studied the original *Emmanuelle* for three months before allowing the public to see the film. While you're standing in line, you might look up one of Miss Kristel's other films. She's been very busy. Keep your eyes open and your raincoat on in case *The Sleeping-Car Madonna*, *Julia*, *No Pockets in a Shroud* or *Playing with Fire* comes to a theater near you.





"It all started when she was teaching him 'Down, boy!'"



Artisan

"I don't do this with just anybody! Are you sure you're all from the Bureau of Weights and Measures?"



SISTER ACT

playmates obviously run in the pennington family—first janice and now ann. sorry, guys, but when miss march was born, they broke the mold



UNLIKELY AS IT MAY SEEM, a broken leg is the fulcrum on which this tale turns. Until last year, Ann Pennington—the younger sister of Janice Pennington, our May 1971 Playmate—hadn't been putting much effort into her work. She had done a few TV shows (*The Price Is Right*, *Truth or Consequences*), played a bit part in a movie (*Funny Lady*) and done a lot of what models call print work (magazine ads and such). "But I never really wanted to work," she admits. "I married young"—to her high school sweetheart, right after graduation; it lasted five years—"and I never had the drive or the desire to really do anything." Then, after her accident—on a slope at Bear Valley, where her current boyfriend runs the ski school ("I missed a lesson but went out anyway, and I wasn't careful enough")—she had plenty of time

When it comes to sex, Ann claims to have no hang-ups at all: "I love it. I'm uninhibited and very open. And why not? It's great to experiment, and as long as I'm with someone I really love, there isn't anything I won't try."



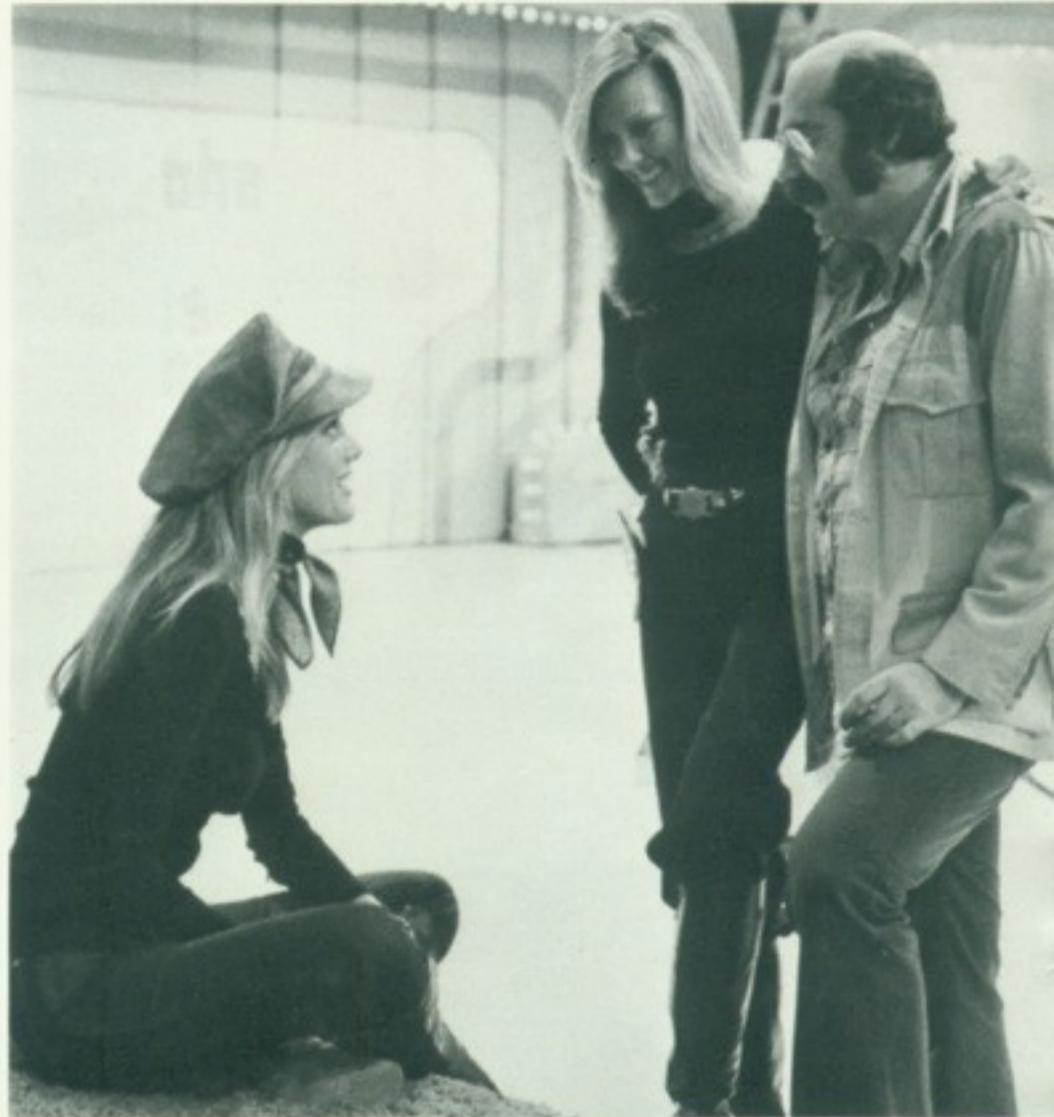


to discover herself "and get things in perspective." Now, says the 25-year-old blonde, who was born in Seattle, grew up in San Diego and currently occupies an apartment of her own in Sherman Oaks, "I realize how lucky you are to be able to do anything and, for the first time, I've been getting my head into working." Fully recovered from her spill, Ann is currently appearing in the Western *The Winds of Autumn*. And at press-time, she was updating her portfolio; she'd just signed with a new agent and was looking forward to a tougher work schedule. Which won't leave her much time for antique hunting, her favorite hobby—or for socializing. As it happens, though, Ann doesn't play the field: "I just like a good one-on-one relationship." Neither is she looking for another husband: "I might try marriage again, but not for a while. The one I had was supposed to be perfect, but we just didn't grow at the same pace. Marriage is a lot of work, and I've learned that life has no guarantees." Maybe not—but we can assure Ann that her life is never going to be dull.





Below: Ann (with the cap) and sister Janice chat with producer Jay Wolpert on the set of "The Price Is Right." Ann has made several appearances on the show and Janice—who lives in Aspen and commutes to L.A.—is a regular.



Right: Ann and Janice rap during a break. "We're all just a little bit crazy," says Ann of her family, "so we have a lot of fun together."





"I'm not a women's libber, but I think women have been exploited in a lot of ways. If a man and a woman are living together, I don't think she should be the one who has to clean the toilet bowl."

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

The attractive new stenographer was being given no peace by an unattractive type who fancied himself the office Lothario, and she finally could put up with it no longer. "Look," she said with a forced smile when he next came by to loll over her desk and leer, "have you heard the story about how to keep an asshole in suspense?"

"No, I haven't, baby," said the fellow, smirking.

"In that case," she snapped, "I may just tell it to you next week!"



"You know," fumed a plump young matron at a Weight Watchers' session, "my husband insists I come here because he'd rather screw a trim-figured woman."

"Well, what's wrong with that?" asked her seatmate.

"It's just that he does it while I'm at these damn meetings!"

Today's all-American boy eats both Mom's apple pie and the girl next door.

*In a strip-poker parlor called Dante's,
When a maiden had just lost her panties,
She blushed, glanced around—
And guess what she found?
All the male players raising their antes!*

When Adam noticed that the animals were wandering off into the woods in pairs and emerging later looking contented, he asked Eve about it. "You dope," she snapped, "that's reproduction," and she flounced off.

"Lord," said Adam the next time he was in the Presence, "what's reproduction?"

"Experience is the best teacher," announced the Deity in reply. "Why don't you go into the woods with Eve and find out? Here she comes now."

Later, though, Adam was back in the Presence. "Lord," he said, "what's a headache?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *condom* as a rubber check.

We've heard rumors about the existence of a Black Panther-gay lib group known as the African Violets.

The bedsprings creaked noisily and then settled into silence. "You're very good, you know," said the fellow after a breather.

"I wish I could say the same for you," yawned the girl.

"You could," came the reply, "if you were as big a liar as I am!"

A highly sexed young man, who had an erection at the slightest provocation when in the company of the opposite sex, sought medical advice. The doctor suggested that he simply tape the organ to his leg. Shortly thereafter, the doctor ran into the young man and asked him whether his advice had proved practical. The fellow said that all had gone well until the end of his first date under this system. "She had started up the steps of her house," he recalled, "and then she suddenly turned around and leaned down to kiss me—and that's when I kicked her right in the face."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *fertilization* as nature's way of telling a girl she's a good egg.

*When asked to do something salacious,
She answered, "Of course not! Good gracious!"
But the sight of his tool
So induced her to drool
That her view, in the end, proved fellatious.*

The handsome bridegroom went to court in an attempt to get his marriage annulled. "On what grounds?" asked the presiding judge.

"I found out her father doesn't have a license for his shotgun."

And then there was the poor girl from Appalachia who traveled to the city and made it big in the massage-parlor field—a case, we suppose, of going from rags to rigids.



"We've got a sort of ticklish emergency out at my house, doc," muttered the small-town father after he'd sidled into the dentist's office. "You see, my son Eddie was kissing his girlfriend while his mother and I were out this afternoon, and he got his braces locked."

"That's nothing to be ashamed of," said the dentist, laughing. "I have to unlock teenagers' braces all the time."

"But from an I.U.D.?"

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.

Raymond



"Your attention, everybody—Fiona and I would like to announce our engagement!"



BUCK BROWN

"Mr. Whipple, please! Don't squeeze the shoppers."



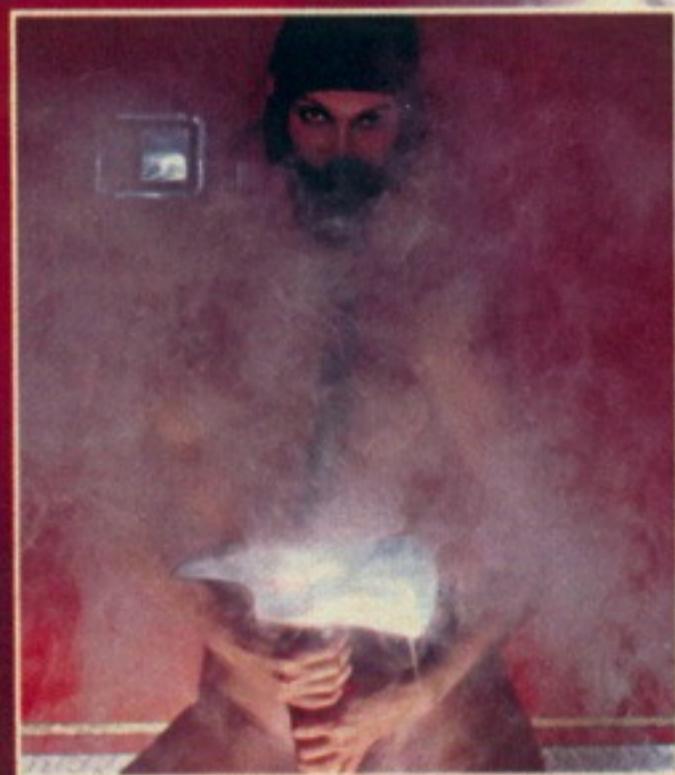
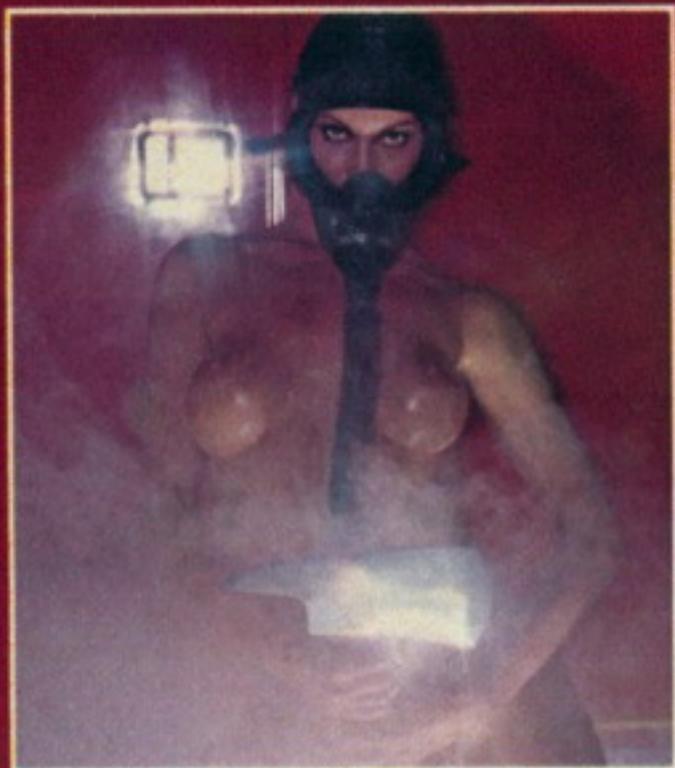
last april's playmate, victoria cunningham, has this fantasy about being a fireman (fireperson?) and for someone who looks like vicki, it's no sooner wished than done

FIRE BELLE

Readers of this magazine should be well aware by now of both the history and the anatomy of one Victoria Cunningham. Last April's *Playmate*, Vicki encored in January's *Playmate Review* and in both instances we dwelt at some length on life as she now leads it. What we didn't say was that while she was growing up to be a beautiful Bunny-Playmate, Victoria harbored a secret passion—a burning passion, so to speak—to be a fireman.



But instead of toy fire engines, it was Raggedy Ann and Barbie. So somewhere along the way, that fantasy of becoming a fire fighter was placed on a low flame on the back burner. It remained for *PLAYBOY* to rekindle the torch Vicki's been carrying all these years. As our cover and a sampling of the fire pole at right indicate, Miss Cunningham had the time of her life. She even donned a fireman's mask when things heated up. No matter, Vicki; we'd know you anywhere.





It should come as no surprise that a man's erstwhile best friend—even a Dalmatian with Sparky's impeccably spotted credentials—deserts the men in favor of hanging around the equipment and looking like an RCA ad while Vicki the Bare semisuits up. (It wouldn't do to show up at a four-alarm conflagration in only a fire helmet; company discipline would undoubtedly go to blazes.) Sparky may have other things on his mind, but he has to settle for an activity as mundane as a nozzle nuzzle. And that's what they mean by a dog's life. Later, smoke eater Cunningham gets all wrapped up in her work, then tests out some hose (no, one size does not fit all). Even though it's a high-pressure job, Vicki has matters well in hand.



Ah, but we knew all along that she'd climb aboard. Looking pleased and pleased, Vicki has obviously found her station house in life. She seems all fired up. There's no telling to what caloric heights this fire lassie's career might soar. She's found that her dream job's really quite easy—just a matter of becoming familiar with the tools of the trade. Of course, there's always the danger of becoming too familiar with them—but that's another fantasy.



One does have to worry about pyromania, which, we fear, our fire belle may have innocently encouraged. And just how many firebugs have we created by bringing this dream to life? Somehow we get the feeling that, despite all our efforts on Vicki's behalf, Miss Cunningham is going to ignite more blazes than she extinguishes. And let's face it: Who among us would sound the alarm if this young lady were to light his fire? Does anyone smell smoke?





Mike Williams.

*"Actually, my husband has a suit just like the king's,
but it's not nearly as well hung."*

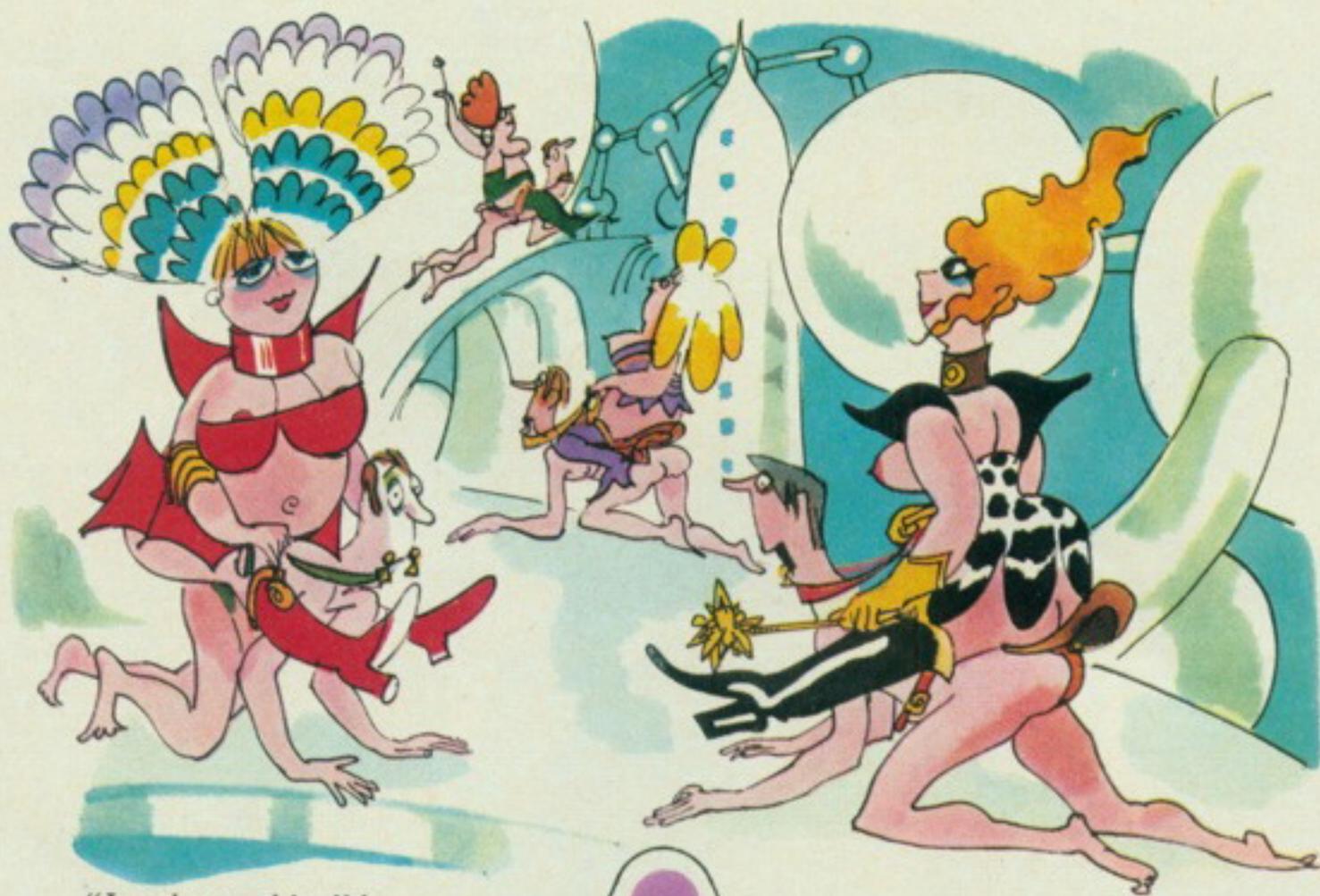


"They call me Flash Gordon."

ffolkes's

SCI-FFI SEX

*a cosmic caper in which our
spaced-out cartoonist conducts
an erotic tour of the future*



*"I understand it all began
back in the 1970s when women
began burning their bras..."*



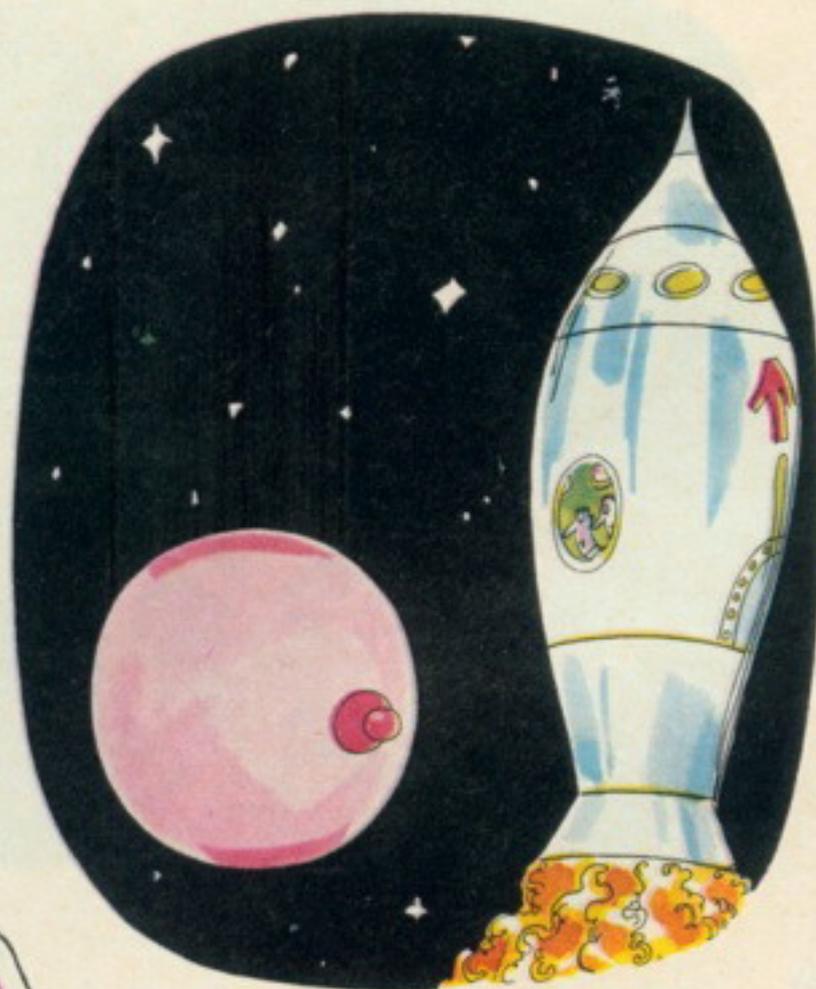
"For heaven's sake, Gloria, you know perfectly well my coital construct has been invalidated."



"I'm sorry, Roger, but this is goodbye. I'm leaving you for another Thing."



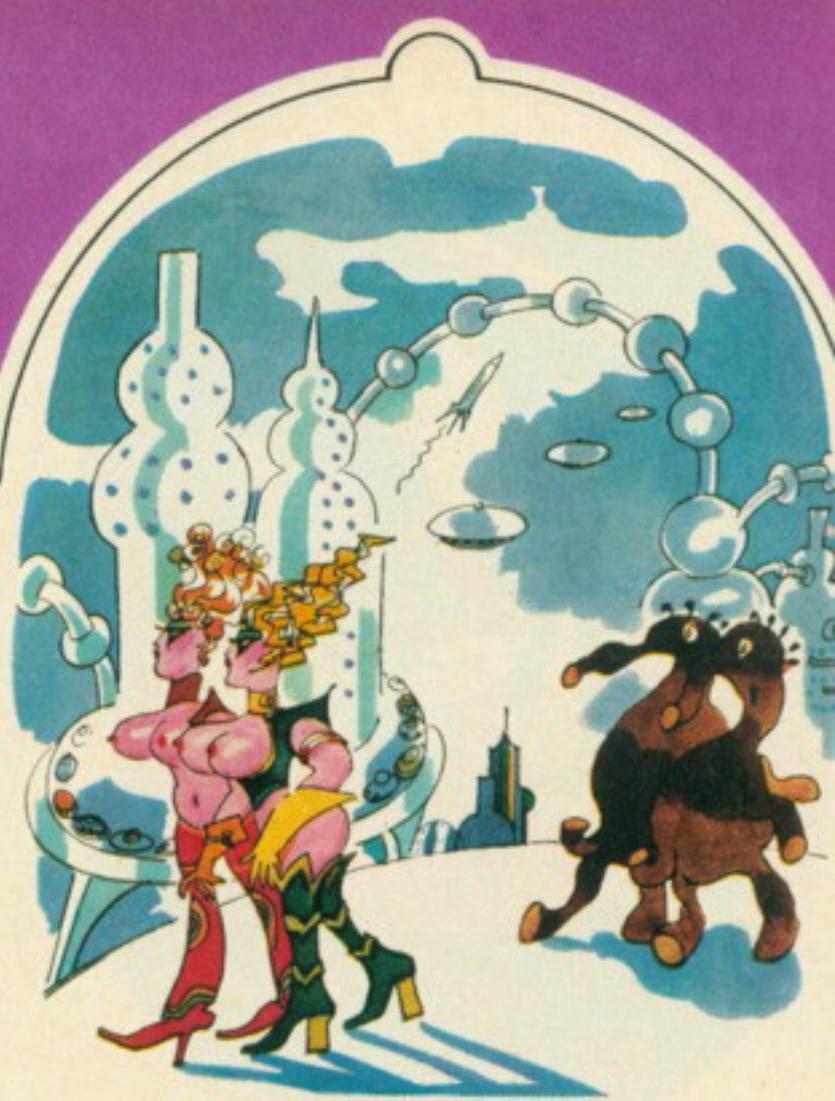
"Mervyn! I thought you were intergalactic!"



"You mean you see it, too? Maybe we've been alone in outer space too long."



"Gosh, I feel romantic tonight!"



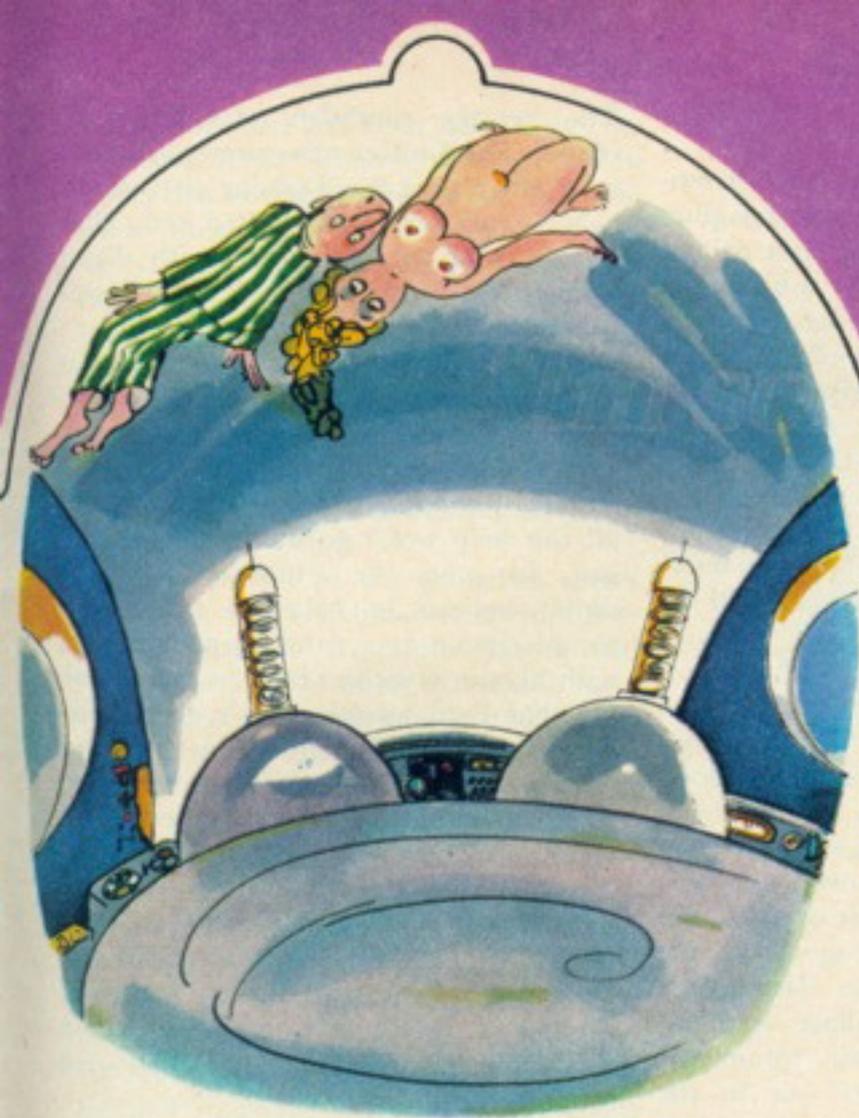
"They're supposed to be marvelous at making love."



"Me Homunculus 17X—you Jane!"



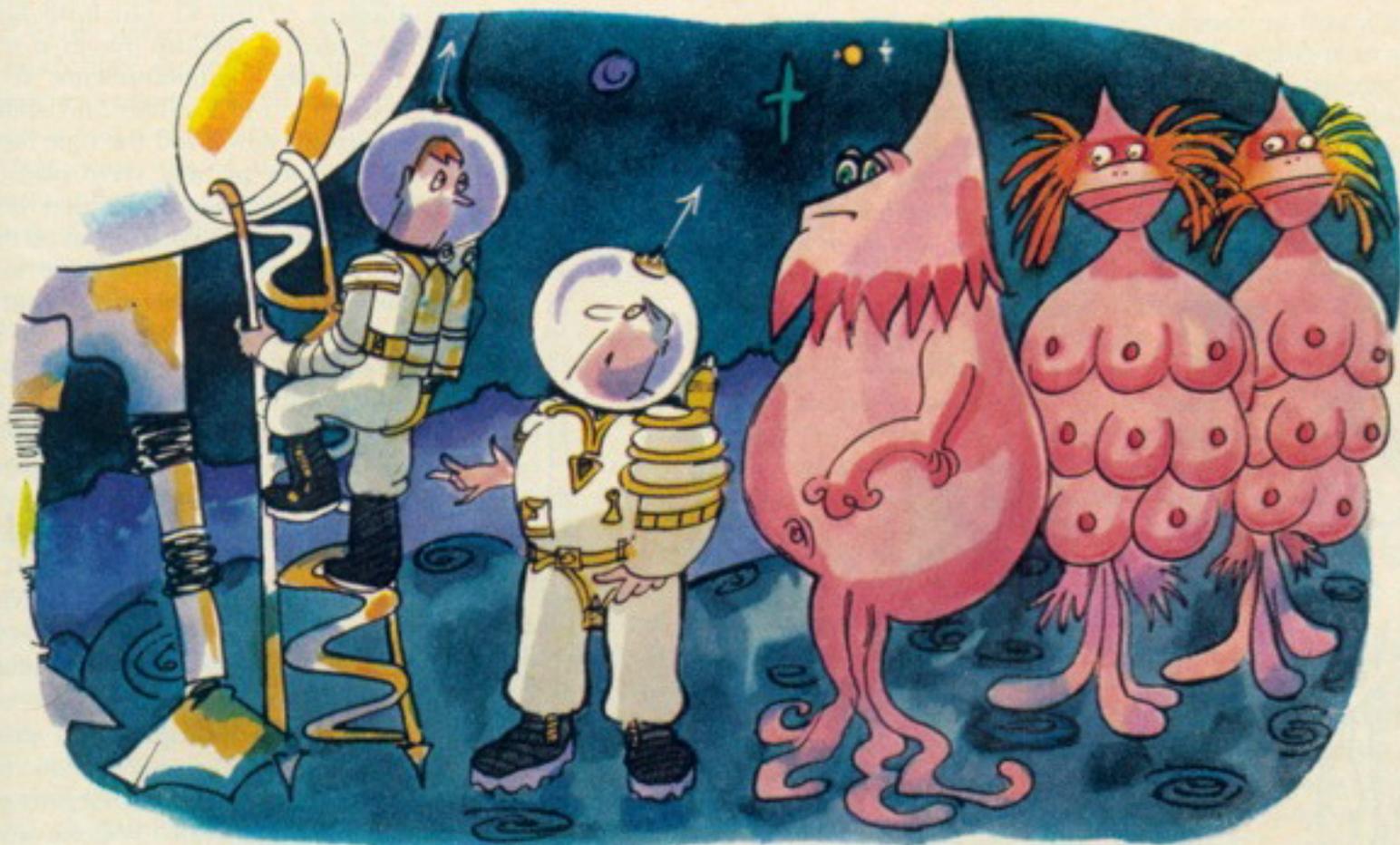
"It must be the radiation. I've fallen in love with a giant avocado."



"Damn centrifuge is on the blink again!"



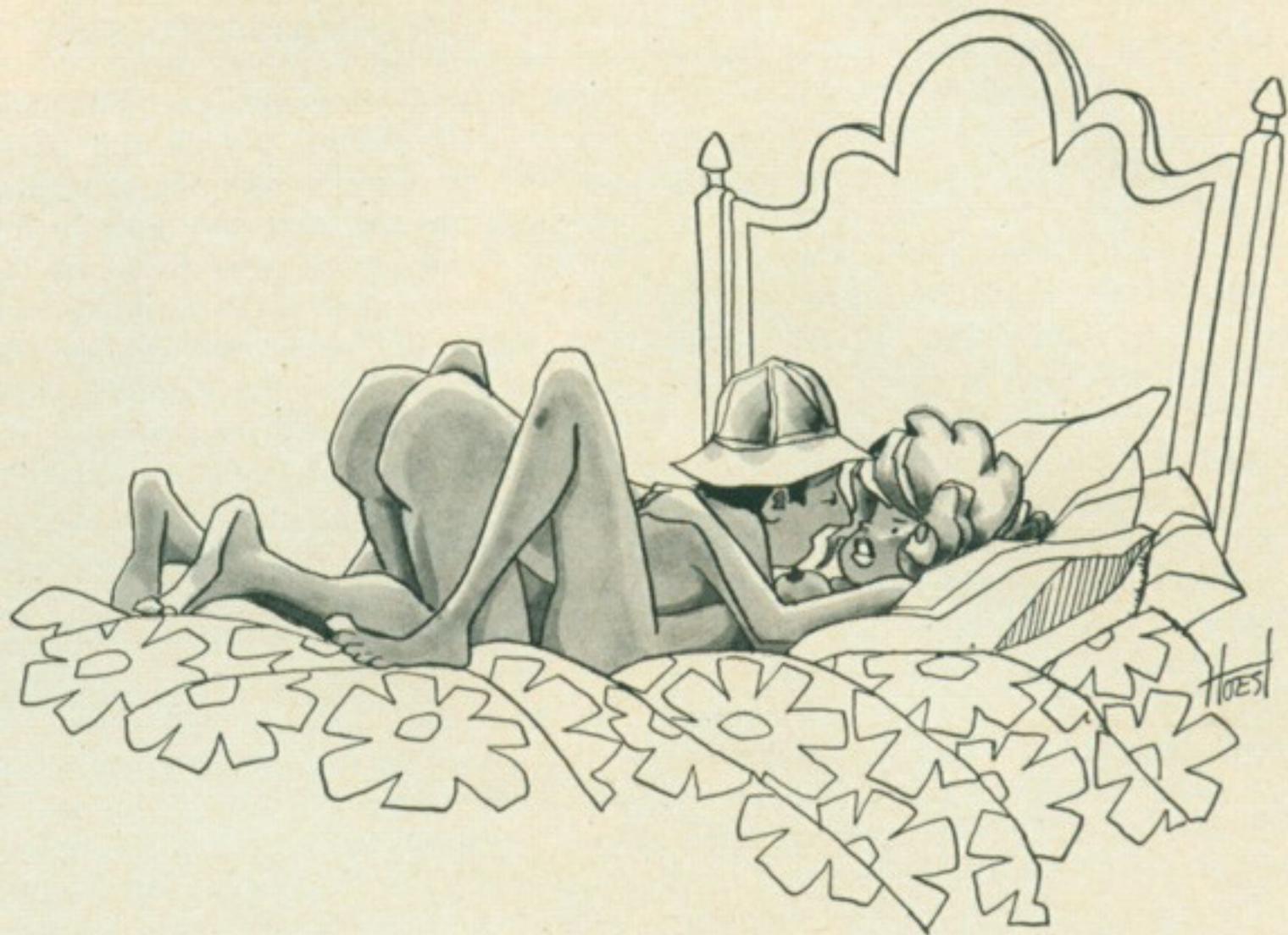
"Hell, Caroline, when you've been to one orgy, you've been to them all."



"There's one thing you should know, Frobisher; etiquette demands that you sleep with their wives."



*"He wouldn't let me give him a bath unless I
let him give me one first!"*



"I wish you'd take your hat off, Ralph. I can't tell if you're coming or going."



Mal

"Oral sex! Is that all you Cheshire cats are interested in?"



"Helen, please. You know I'm not worth a damn until I've had my morning coffee."



"Has the defendant anything to say before this court passes sentence?"

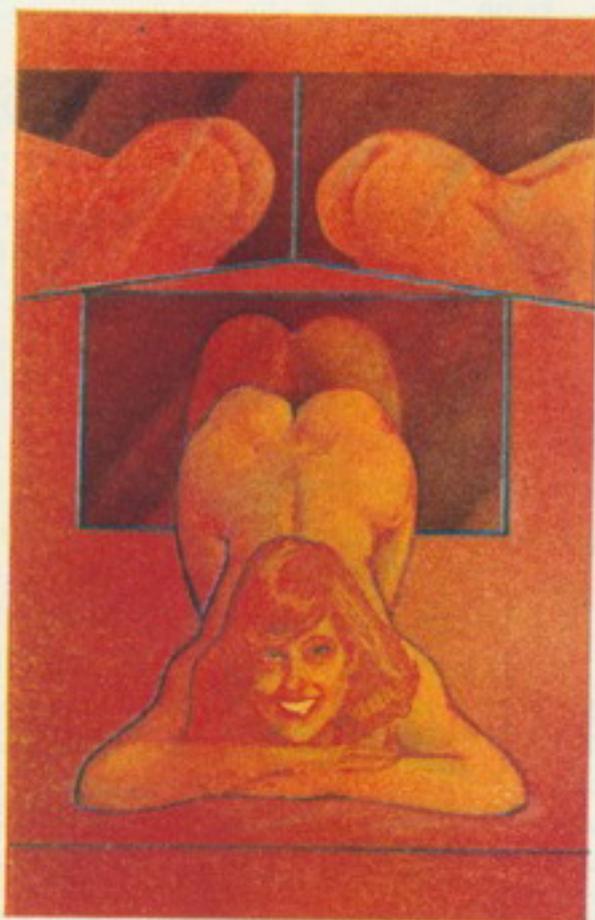
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



SCORE TACTICS

Computer technology has, uh, come to sex. For a mere \$29.95, Programmed Studies, Inc., P. O. Box 113, Stow, Massachusetts 01775, will send you *How to Meet and Bed Girls: A Programmed Course in Seduction and Love-Making Techniques*. Author Dick Whitson confesses he was "painfully shy" before developing the skills revealed in his book—which includes chapters on "How to Use Computer Logic to Seduce Women" and "What to Do When You've Got Her in Bed." Sample: To gain expertise in clitoral stimulation, practice with a vibrator, a grape and a brick.

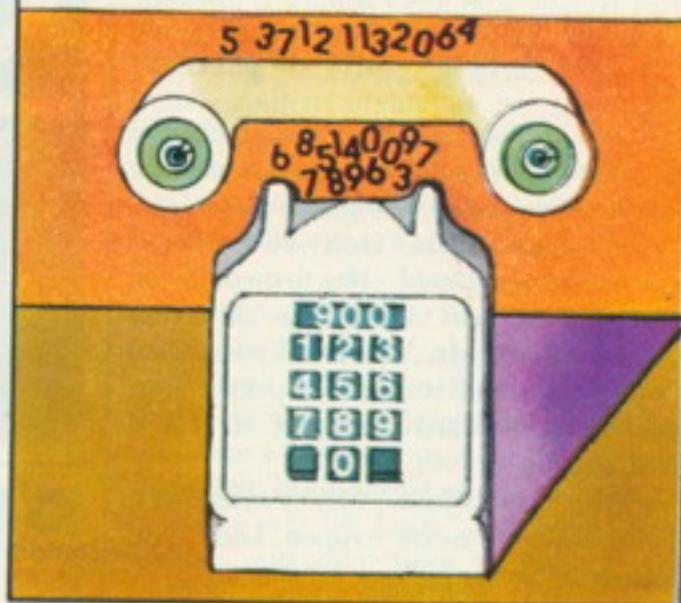


SEE VOYAGE

Mirror, mirror on the wall, who's the fairest of them all? You probably aren't, Mr. Ugly, but perhaps the young thing you're in bed with is—and you'd like to see her here, there, everywhere, reflected in her glory. If that's the case, have we got a product for you; it's a \$295 contraption called Hide-A-Mirror (available from Eric Creations, 375 Executive Boulevard, Elmsford, New York 10523) that by day hangs disguised as a mild-mannered etching. But after dark, it converts to a multiple-image back and overhead canopy that's ready to reflect your wildest gymnastics. Who knows? It might even improve your technique.

"THIS IS AN OBSCENE COMPUTATION!"

It's the perfect gift for your favorite stockbroker—or bookie—a combination telephone, calculator and digital clock that Folio Collections, 449 West 14th Street, New York City 10014, is selling for \$300. Furthermore, telephone conversations and calculations can be made simultaneously—or separately, of course—and the time is broken down to hours, minutes and seconds. Dr. Bell's monster never had it so good.



PAST TENTS

If you had any reservations about owning an authentic Cheyenne tepee, forget them. Morning Star, a small company at P. O. Box 11000, Aspen, Colorado 81611, manufactures 16-foot-diameter canvas models for only \$475, postpaid. (They're roomy enough to hold a party of 20.) Once up, the tepee can be a year-round installation, and it can be disassembled for camping trips. Furthermore, smoke flaps make for cozy indoor cooking—and think of all the fun you'll have bundling in buffalo robes.





DOUBLE YOUR PLEASURE

A stereopticon, of course, is the weird 3-D contraption that Grandma and Gramps used to look through when they wanted to see the pyramids or Mark Twain. Well, stereopticons are staging a comeback and a company called Three Dimension Classics, Ltd., Box 3176, South El Monte, California 91733, has the mother lode. Prices range from a replica set for \$49.95 to a limited-edition model in a hand-rubbed wooden presentation box for \$250, including pictures. No, guys, they *aren't* the kind men like.

THE HIGH ROAD

Everyone should have a taste of luxury at least once in his life. And if that's what your palate is craving, we suggest you contact Clouds, Touring at 100 Saint Martin's Lane, London WC2 N4AZ, a firm that specializes in chauffeured Rolls-Royce junkets through Scotland, with the chaufferees staying as guests in some of the country's finest castles and mansions. The eight-day trip for two costs \$2000—plus air fare to London—and includes a night of dining on haggis. On second thought, laddies, skip the haggis.



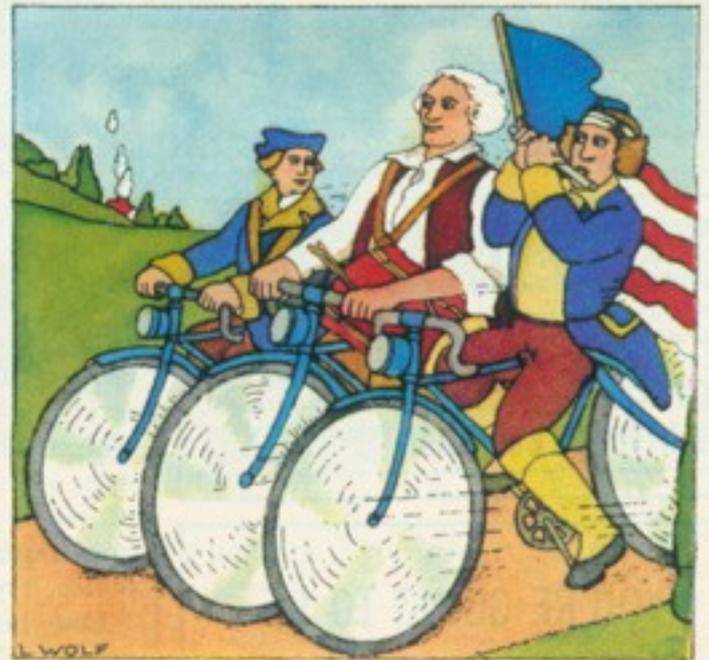
KEEP THE LEAD OUT

We can't promise that this will do much for milady's figure, but the Protective Apparel Corporation of America (333 Sylvan Avenue, Englewood Cliffs, New Jersey) does guarantee that it will stop unwanted advances in the form of hot lead. It's a woman's bulletproof vest, available in sizes small to extra-large for \$152, postpaid. Also available are men's in ten-ply Kevlar for \$131 or in 15-ply for \$161. And if you *really* want to engage the enemy in style, the Paca-Jac sports jacket is yours for just \$252. Ka-chow!



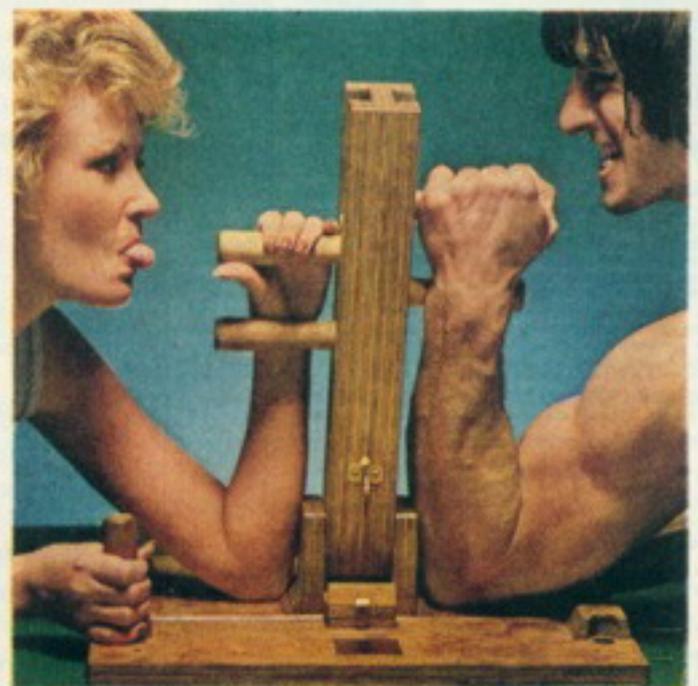
WHERE THERE'S A WHEEL . . .

For all you pedal pushers of America, a company called Bikecentennial (P. O. Box 1034, Missoula, Montana 59801) is offering an organized cross-country bike tour this summer on the new Trans-America Bicycle Trail. And when we say cross-country, we're not kidding: 4200 miles from Oregon to Virginia or vice versa, with groups of about 12 leaving daily for one month beginning May 16 and taking 55 to 82 days, depending on pedal power. The cost is \$920, including food and lodging, or \$580 if you rough it and camp out. Sore backsides are guaranteed, but think what shape your legs will be in—if and when you get there.



ARMED CONFLICT

Tired of having people imply that you cheated at arm wrestling when you know that you're the strongest s.o.b. who ever breathed air? Pony up \$34.95 for The International Arm Wrestler (228 N. Garfield, Box B, Monterey Park, California 91754), a contraption made of laminated Scandinavian hardwoods that's adjustable for arm length, can be used by both righties and southpaws—and latches shut when the loser's arm comes too close to the table. Gotcha!





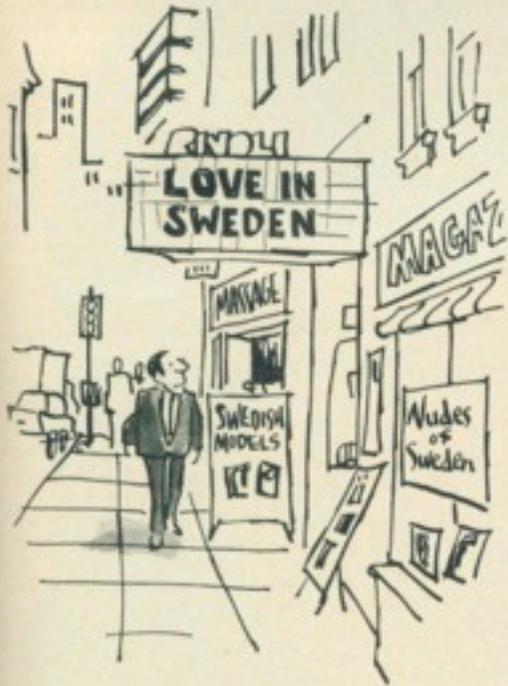
"Do you have any pancakes? I'd rather have some pancakes!"



"I ask you, is that a ventriloquist act that's different or isn't it?"



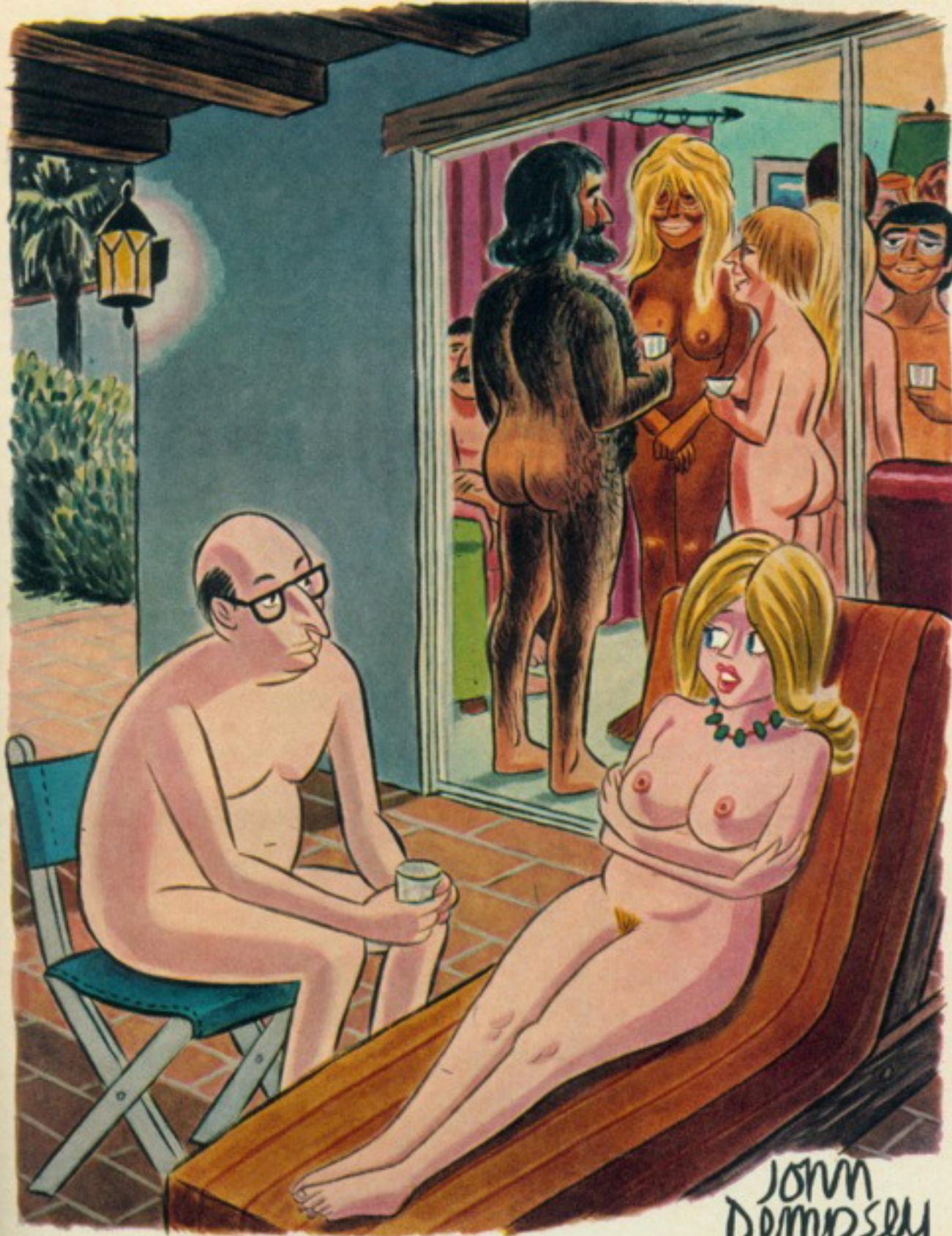
*"And to think there were some people who assumed
I married you for your money."*





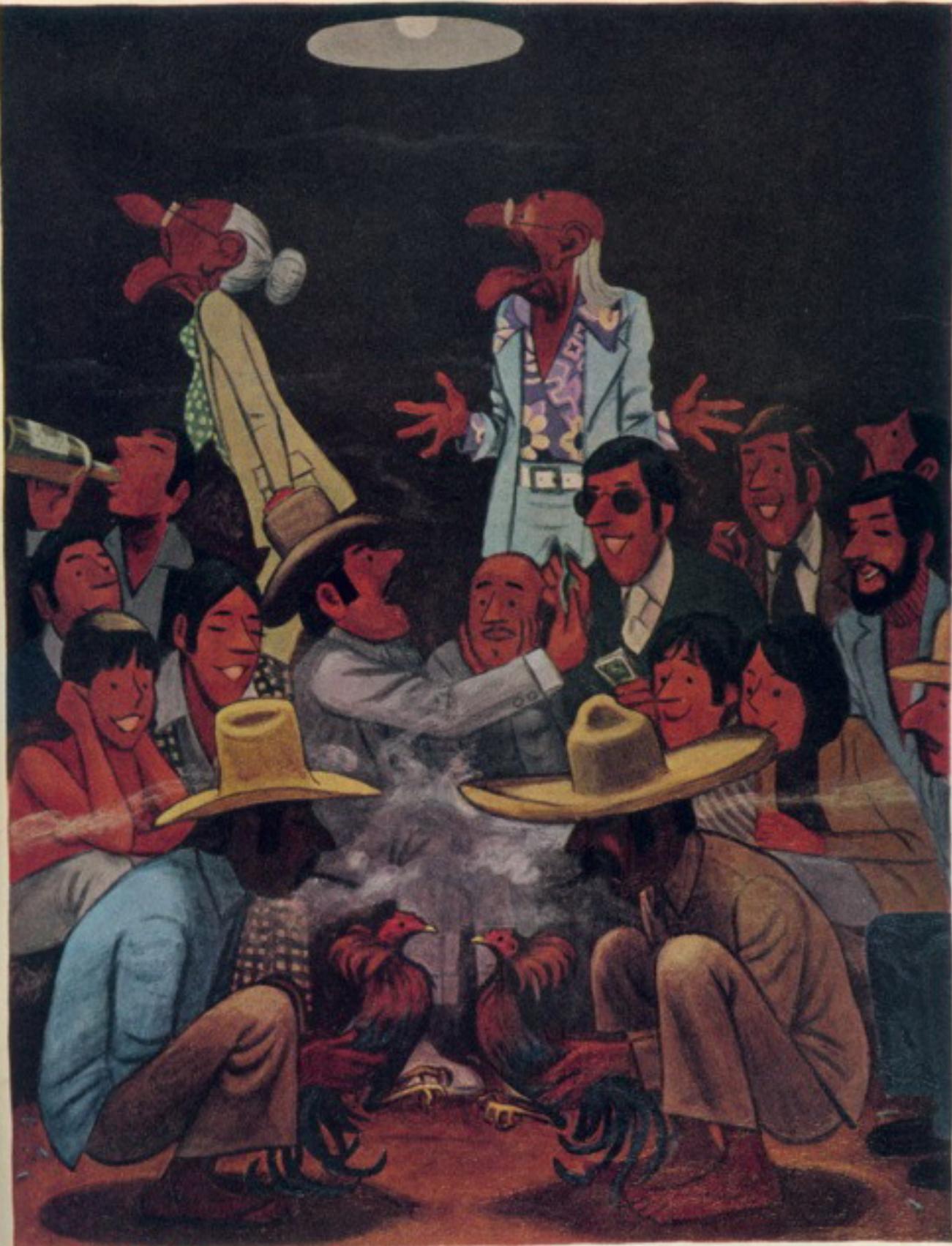
Manny's RED HOTS

"Listen, Manny, I think I'll have that order to go!"



JOHN
DEMPSEY

"I'm feeling a bit chilly, Mr. Hoopes. Would you mind getting me Mr. Ames?"



Duck Brown

"What the hell did you expect when I invited you to a cockfight???"

NEXT MONTH:



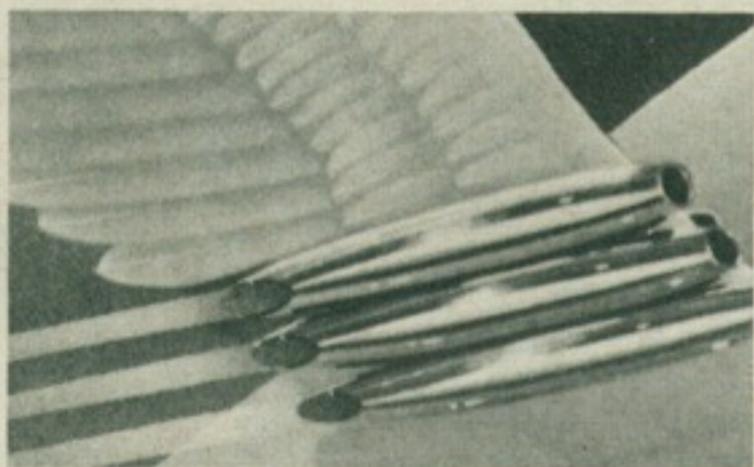
TUBES



SOX



WIGS



SPEED

"THE WEST END HORROR"—THE AUTHOR OF *THE SEVEN-PERCENT SOLUTION* UNEARTHS A FURTHER ADVENTURE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (STARRING G.B.S., OSCAR WILDE, GILBERT AND SULLIVAN, ELLEN TERRY AND FRIENDS). FIRST OF TWO PARTS—BY **NICHOLAS MEYER**

JERRY BROWN, CALIFORNIA'S ENIGMATIC YOUNG GOVERNOR, TALKS ABOUT HIS REFUSAL TO LIVE IN A MANSION, HOW HE WAS INFLUENCED BY THE JESUITS (AND DYLAN) AND HIS PRESIDENTIAL CHANCES IN A STARTLING **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

"PLAYBOY MUSIC '76"—A NOTABLE WRAP-UP, INCLUDING RESULTS OF *PLAYBOY'S* MUSIC POLL, A LOOK AT THE YEAR THAT WAS AND A BUNCH OF OFF-THE-WALL TRIBUTES: LAWSUIT OF THE YEAR AND THE LAZARUS AND DORIAN GRAY AWARDS, FOR STARTERS

"THE SHORT SEASON"—THE FORMER MAJOR-LEAGUE PITCHER VISITS THE SPRING-TRAINING CAMP OF THE GO-GO-GOING-NOWHERE CHICAGO WHITE SOX—BY **JIM BROSNAN**

"55 BE DAMNED!"—WHO OBEYS THE LAW? NOT EVEN YOUR AUNT RUTH IN HER '63 RAMBLER AMERICAN. HOW TO OUTWIT THE SMOKEYS—BY **BROCK YATES**

"THE FIRST TIME"—THOSE OTHER AUTHORS INTERVIEWED DR. SPOCK, ERICA JONG, ET AL. WE BRING YOU THE MAIDEN, AS IT WERE, SEXUAL EXPERIENCES OF ADAM, OEDIPUS, NAPOLEON AND CATHERINE THE GREAT—BY **JOHN BLUMENTHAL**

"THE FACE IS FAMILIAR. . . ." —PLAYMATE **NANCIE LI BRANDI** WIGS OUT OVER QUICK-CHANGE HAIR STYLES

"TIRED OF BEING PUSHED AROUND EVERY APRIL 15? PUNCH OUT THE IRS"—TIPS ON BEATING THE REVENOOERS AT THEIR OWN HIGH-STAKES GAME—BY **JIM DAVIDSON**

"URSULA UNDRESSED"—THE BEAUTEOUS MISS ANDRESS, STARRING IN THE COSTUME MOVIE *SCARAMOUCHE*, RETURNS FOR ANOTHER UNCOSTUMED EXTRAVAGANZA

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