

# PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1972

ONE DOLLAR

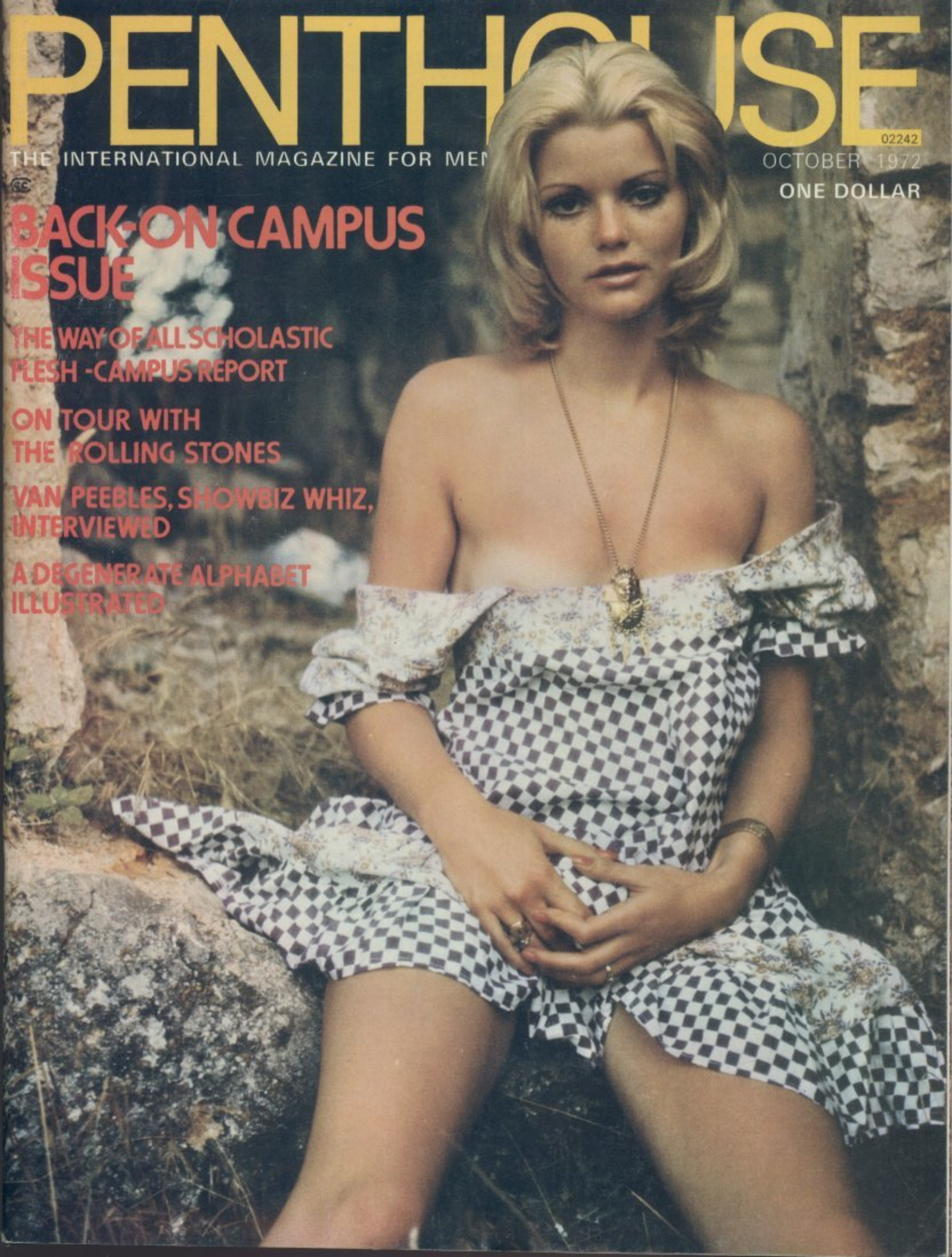
## BACK-ON CAMPUS ISSUE

THE WAY OF ALL SCHOLASTIC  
FLESH - CAMPUS REPORT

ON TOUR WITH  
THE ROLLING STONES

VAN PEEBLES, SHOWBIZ WHIZ,  
INTERVIEWED

A DEGENERATE ALPHABET  
ILLUSTRATED





## If you can't hit the slopes today... **TIMBERLINE®** instead

If you'd like to keep the feeling of the great outdoors when you're stuck indoors, reach for Timberline after shave or cologne. Timberline's rugged, exhilarating scent is like a breath of fresh, outdoor air. Timberline after shave, cologne, soap, deodorants and gift sets from \$2.50. Also in plastic for travel.

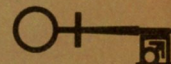


Product of MEM Company Inc., Northvale, N.J. 07647

# PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/OCTOBER 1972

World-wide sale: 2,700,000\*



EDITOR & PUBLISHER: BOB GUCCIONE  
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER: HARRY FIELDHOUSE  
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR: JAMES GOODE  
EDITORIAL DIRECTOR (BOOK DIVN): EDWARD ERNEST  
ART DIRECTOR: JOE BROOKS  
ARTICLES EDITOR: ERIC PROTTER  
ADVERTISEMENT DIRECTOR (Intl.): KATHY KEETON  
ADVERTISEMENT DIRECTOR (U.S.): JOE COLEMAN  
CIRCULATION DIRECTOR: MIKE ANDREWS  
EXECUTIVE VICE-PRESIDENT: IRWIN E. BILLMAN

## CONTENTS

## PAGE

COVER		see page 61	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		6
FORUM	Correspondence		8
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Fred Darwin, Robert Sherrill	27
SHOWS		Robert Kaiser, Richard Valeriani	28
WORDS		Norman Hoss, Patricia Bosworth	29
HAPPENINGS		John Wilcock	30
SOUNDS		Dave Marsh, Lester Bangs	32
TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT	Satire	Guccione	31
SEX ON THE CAMPUS	Article	Melvin Shestack	36
DID YOU MISS ME?	Humor	Henry Morgan	42
EXILES ON MAIN STREET, '72	Article	Craig Karpel	44
AN ADULT ABC	Graphics	Harvey Kornberg	56
SOL FA SO GOOD	Pet of the Month	photos by Bob Guccione	61
PENTHOUSE SEXINDEX	Encyclopaedia		72
THE INNOCENCE OF FATHER BANGS	Fiction	Ron Goulart	74
RE:	Pictorial	photos by Harry Cohn, design by Nick Nichols	77
MELVIN VAN PEEBLES	Interview	Charles Childs	88
TOEING THE LINE	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	97
THE FLESH IS WHEELING	Pictorial	photos by Juste Jackin	98
AN INTIMATE CLOSE-UP ON THE MANDANS	Article	G. G. Burke	107
FILTER QUIPS	Photoons	John Jensen	116
CORDIALLY YOURS	Party page	Lionel Braun	120
GROOM AT THE TOP	Toiletry	Ed Emmerling	122
KAMPUS KARS	Merchandise	Dawn Steel	126

PENTHOUSE, 1972, U.S. Volume 4 Number 2; published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 1560 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10036 (tel. 212-541 8960). U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB (tel. 01-385 6181). Entire contents copyrighted © by Penthouse International Ltd., 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulation. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as above. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to Penthouse or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semi-fiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. Subscriptions: U.S., Canada, AFO \$10.00 one year, \$18.00 two years, \$26.00 three years; elsewhere \$15.00 one year, \$25.00 two years. Single copies \$1 in U.S., Canada and AFO (\$1.50 December issues). Address changes etc. to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to above address.

Advertising Offices: New York, Penthouse International Ltd., 1560 Broadway (tel. 212-541 8960); Midwest, The Bill Patis Co., 4761 Touhy Avenue, Lincolnwood, Illinois 60646 (tel. 312-679-1100); West Coast, J. E. Publishers Representative Co., 8560 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California 90069 (tel. 213-659 3810); Southeast, Narvell & Crank Associates, 3110 Maple Drive, N.E., Suite 102, Atlanta, Georgia 30305 (tel. 404-261-0436); U.K. Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, London W14 9PB, (tel. 01-385 6181/6). Printed in the U.S.A. by Wisconsin Cuneo Press Inc., 5400 West Good Hope Road, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Color origination by Mansell Litho Ltd., London. Distributed in the United States, Canada and all U.S. territorial possessions by the Curtis Circulation Co. Inc., 641 Lexington Avenue, New York 10022, and distributed throughout the rest of the world by Magazine Division, New English Library Ltd., Barnard's Inn, Holborn, London E.C.1. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York ©12 August 1969 Penthouse International Ltd. \*Publisher's estimate



# JANET

From London with love –  
a musical Pet with a forte  
for classical piano

# SOL FA, SO GOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

If Janet Dunphy could express in music how she feels about being a Penthouse Pet, the resulting composition would sound closely akin to *The Flight of the Bumblebee*. For since she donned the distinctive Penthouse uniform nine months ago, this piano-playing Pet has flitted from London to Yugoslavia to New York and back again — all on top-speed promotional tours for the magazine's ever-expanding interests. "I've never traveled so much in my life before," she says, in a breathless voice that gives the impression she has just this minute arrived from the airport. "But I'm enjoying myself more than I ever have before, too." Janet, scarcely 19 years old, and a music fan "since I can remember", is a note-able 35-25-37, and a career in modeling and promotion has





always been high on her scale of priorities. "I adore music, and there's nothing I like better after I've finished work than to sit at the piano and relax myself by playing a few bars of beautiful classics, but I've never wanted to be a professional musician. I'm too involved in really immediate things, and working as a Pet is what I call *immediate*." Her first trip for Penthouse was a visit to the idyllic island of Krk in Yugoslavia, seat of the famous Penthouse Adriatic club, now becoming one of the most fashionable resort-casinos in Europe. "I loved







it," Janet reported. "The sea and the air are so clean it makes you forget that pollution ever existed." New York she found exactly the opposite. "Brash, alive, active. It takes a long time to get to know an Englishman, but with Americans you feel you know them the moment you've met." As far as men are concerned, Janet is playing it distinctly cool. "I'm still very young, right?" But she has her favorites: "I do like tall, dark men in their late '20s, but then who doesn't?" She is still very susceptible to out-and-out romance: "When I go to see a film, I go to see a love story. Something really involving and sentimental."





That sentimentality extends to her view of sexual politics. She has a short, sharp answer to women's liberation that, coming from so exceptional a face, makes those unused to the London sense of humor stop in their tracks. "It's a load of old rot," she says flatly. "Nothing but a heap of old rubbish." Janet has few plans for the future, except to further her exciting Penthouse career, and doesn't think she will ever undress for the camera again. All we can say about this pleasurable pianist is that, even if this is her first and last performance, she is right at the top of the tonic scale.

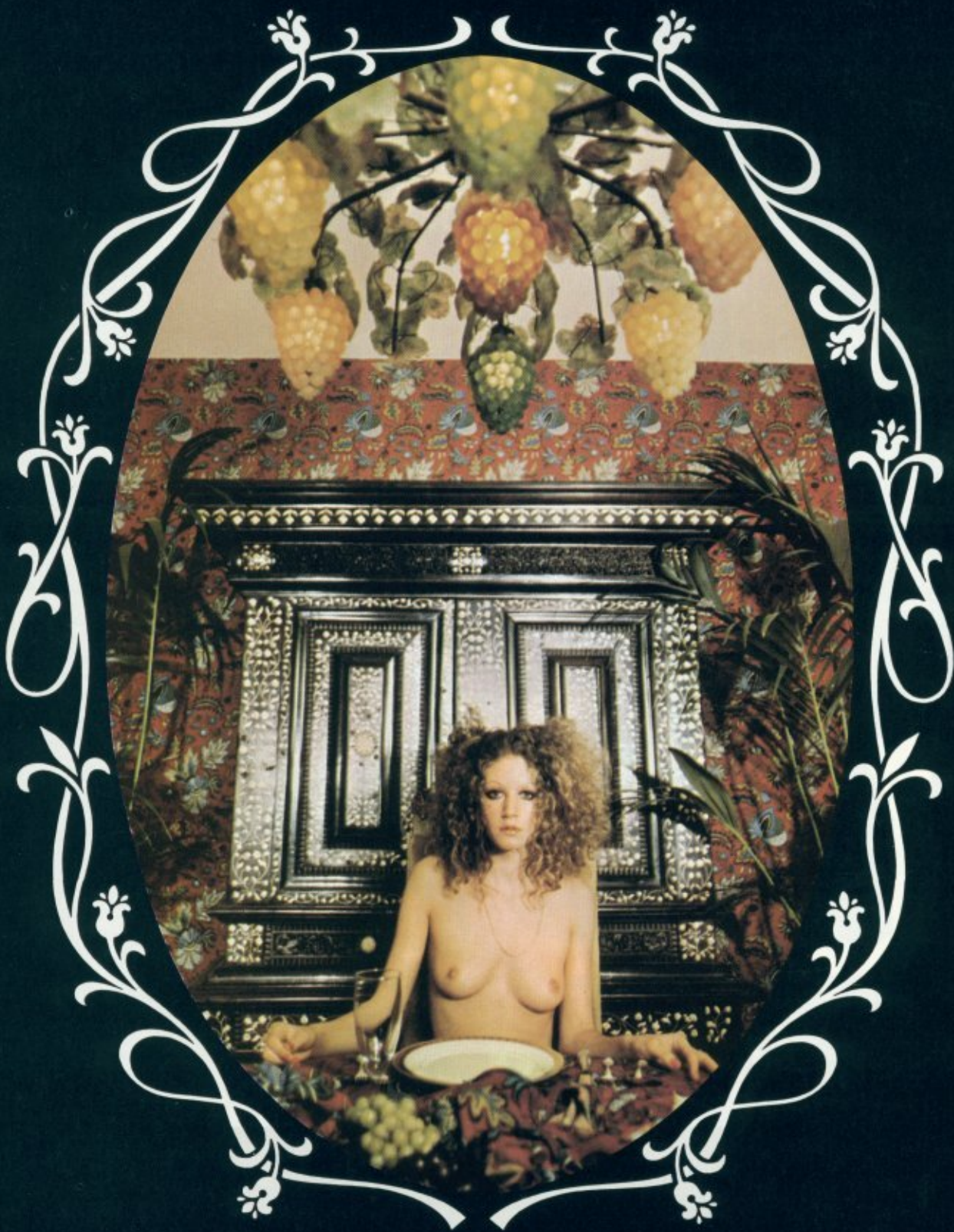






MISS JANET DUNN/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





*Re Debris,  
hippiedom's  
newest movie queen,  
demolishes the tradition of  
the shy and simpering starlet*



# re:

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HARRY COHN & NICK NICHOLS

The first decade of hippie culture has created an erotic archetype all its own: the spaced-out, dandelion-headed girl with no allegiance to the flag of straight morality. Sometimes fey, sometimes disconcertingly earthy, but consistently hypnotic, the underground woman is mind-expandingly represented here by Re Debris, actress, antique collector and First Lady of the Sausalito houseboat community.





Her name, like, is assumed.  
 She was awarded it by  
 her first husband, Captain  
 Garbage (his real name—  
 his brother is called Dredge),  
 and it's stayed with her.  
 Now separated from her  
 inventive spouse, she lives  
 alone on a houseboat in  
 Sausalito, California,  
 building up a fledgling  
 career as an underground  
 movie queen. Twenty-three  
 years old, she was born  
 of conventional parents  
 in Campbell, Texas, and  
 she lived with them in  
 Kentucky, Tennessee and  
 Seattle before running  
 away from home at the age







of 16 to join up with one of the first hippie communes. While married, she worked for a time at Sausalito's famous Trident restaurant, before separation—plus an appreciation of what her 36-22-36 figure could do for her in movies—led her to seek fame further afield. In Mexico, to be exact, where Re is on location with Alejandro Jodorowsky in a movie called *The Holy Mountain*. "I'm in love with Alejandro," Re confesses, "but he's married and I don't want to break up his family." In her film role, Mrs Garbage is required to be thrown "like a chicken bone" to an 8,000-lb fuck machine, an *objet d'art*





owned by the world's wealthiest art dealer. What does she feel about men—especially men who would consign her to such a fantastic fate? "I like men who think *positively*," she avers. "I can't stand men who *wallow* in the *slime* of *negative emotions*." Needless to add, film director Jodorowsky doesn't come into the wallowing category—he's her ideal example of the aware and positive man. On these pages, Re is undressed in her own clothes: that's *her style*. And it's been demonstrated time and time again that a memorable style makes film stars famous. Who knows: after Garbo . . . Garbage?

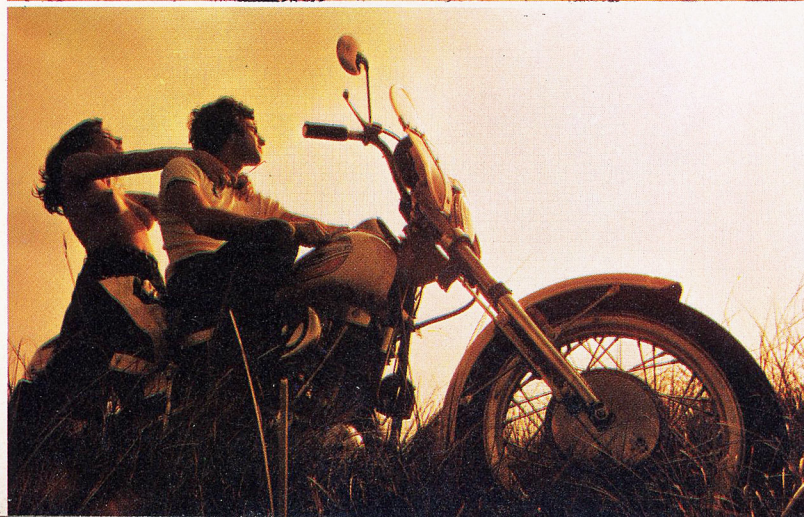




# THE FLESH IS WHEELING

Now that off-the-road  
biking is gaining ground  
Penthouse conducts  
a subjective scrutiny  
of this new sport's stirring software

This year *le sport très snob* is off-road biking : driving your automobile as far as it will go into the wilds, and then unpacking from the trunk a light-weight motorcycle to take you o'er hillock, clump and dune into the utmost seclusion of no man's land. The first off-road bikers carried only sandwiches with them, but then pioneers are not noted for their sociability : Alcock only took Brown, and Daimler wasn't even friends with Benz. What these early motorcyclists didn't appreciate was that they were laying the foundations of a new sexual fun trend. Just as Messrs. Alcock and Brown opened the way for balling on trans Atlantic flights, and *Herren* Daimler and Benz made possible the back-seat seduction, so those first off-the-roaders were putting hitherto-inaccessible territory on



the sophisticate's map. All you have to do now is gather some buddies, straddle your bikes, and high-tail it for the privacy of the wilderness, where men are men, women are unquestionably women, and a Honda is a man's best friend. In a way it's back to the old frontier days—cuddling up to your saddlemate in anticipation of a night during which you can amply prove the maxim that where there's a wheel, there's a way. 