

PENTHOUSE



THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

NOVEMBER 1972 ONE DOLLAR

BURT REYNOLDS AT HIS
FRANKEST -ON GIRLS,
NUDITY, MORALS

THE WIZARD OF ODDS:
ELECTION PROFILE

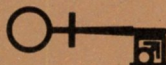
MY AFFAIRE WITH
PAUL McCARTNEY

A CONSUMER'S GUIDE
TO MYSTICISM
NEW SOUND AND
EQUIPMENT

PENTHOUSE

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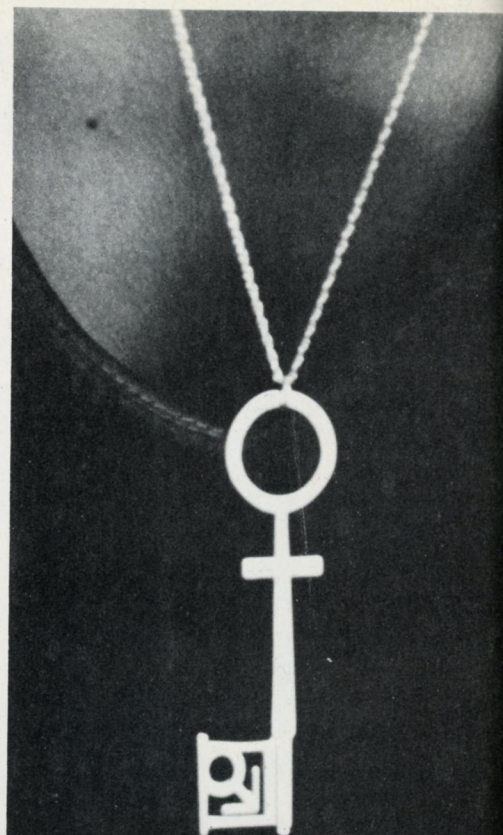
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ANGELA

*A novel view
of an aspiring
lady writer*

PAPER DOLL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE



With the disarming candor of the hotel doorman who claimed he could have been as great as Caruso if only he'd had the voice, 20-year-old Angela Adams admits that, given the right plot, she'd make a best-selling novelist. This highly-cultivated English rose, who was trained into her 36-24-37 shape in Kent—"the garden of England"—classifies herself as an aspiring authoress, and has the blank paper to prove it. "Every weekend, when I go home to Canterbury, I spend at least two hours sitting in front of my typewriter. I never seem to write anything I keep, but the view out of the window is gorgeous." Her problem, she

confesses, is that she is too easily molded: "Everybody I meet makes an impression on me; changes the way I think. I haven't got the same opinion from one day to the next. And the trouble is, a novelist has to have some kind of opinions about things." Angela started to write when she was 13 ("it was very mushy, very romantic, about a girl who falls in love with the drunken son of a taxi driver.") Despite several attempts at publication during her seven years at a very expensive private girl's academy, Angela remained out of print, and on graduation, became an escort for a London agency. "All I had to do was go out with men, chat to them,







be entertaining, and say no when they offered me money at the end of the evening to go to bed with them." Why did she decline the offers? "I don't think it was anything moral. It just wasn't the way I like to go about loving somebody. I know a lot of girls who do accept, though, and that's their choice." After five months of solid dating, Angela found that her figure was feeling the effects of nightly feasting, and quit to become a publishers' secretary. "It hasn't got me any nearer publication, but at least I know what's going on. I actually enjoy being a man's secretary. I sort of masochistically like the way I'm really nothing more than his slave and his shadow, and that the only letters I write are his. When I'm typing an angry letter, I really bash the keys, even though I don't even know what he's angry about. That's what I mean by being molded. I respond automatically to the mood of whatever man I'm with." Does that extend to sex? "It extends to everything. If a man's feeling very sexy, it makes *me* feel sexy too. And if he's very violent when he's making love, if he bites and scratches, then that's how I behave as well. I enjoy things because the man I'm with enjoys them." Schooled as she was at

one of England's more elitist academies, how does Angela react to permissiveness? "This always amuses me. The British upper class have always been infinitely more permissive than the rest of the population, I mean the royal *Georges*, with all their hideous mistresses . . . Debby girls these days are fantastically promiscuous. They will jump on to anyone provided he's male and he knows that one ought not to hunt south of the Thames. One of the girls at the escort agency came from a family that's so well known I can't really tell you her name. Well *she* . . ." The sentence, like those of all best-selling novelists, is left hanging.


For the future, the literary Miss Adams is trying to bring off the coup that all writers fantasize about—a number-one best-seller with film rights to boot. "I don't know what it will be yet," she says, half-amused and half-wistful. "The









only really good original idea I ever had was about a boy and a girl who meet at college and the girl dies of leukemia, but then someone else came out and did that." What about marriage? "I want to be very sure before I take a step like that. I shape my behavior so much on the man I'm with, it would be terrible if I married the wrong man. We'd *both* be wrong, then. But I'd marry any man if he could find me a good story." Personally, we believe that Angela needn't bother: every picture in this Penthouse portfolio is worth a thousand words. 





MISS ANGELA ADAMS / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





BY ROGER FINBOROUGH

PSALM LIKE IT HOT



What with hot pants
and see-through tops, it's
getting hard for a
girl in full-length black to
attract attention on
the streets these days. To
boost the declining
audience ratings of the street-
corner Salvation Army
sing-songs, I therefore suggest
a new routine to
attract the casual passer-by,
especially those who
are susceptible to the






weaknesses of the flesh.
A special regiment of
versatile young ladies, handy
with a horn and practised
with a pamphlet, yet
capable of doffing their
uniforms to the tempo
of *Jerusalem the Golden*,
would be an invaluable
asset to the force, and prove
that there's more under
that familiar black
straw hat than one would think.





A woman with long dark hair, wearing a yellow short-sleeved button-down shirt, is lying on her side on a highly reflective surface. Her shirt is open, revealing her chest. She is looking towards the camera with a slight smile. The surface she is lying on reflects her and the background, which is a clear blue sky. The overall mood is serene and artistic.

Beaune Idyll

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAGARDE

*Beset by the tensions
of urban living, European girls are taking the weekend drop-
out one stage further:
retreating from metropolitan routine to a rural fantasy-
land, where for two or
three days, they can spin out a paradise of their own invention.
The experience is
ephemeral, but because it never lasts long enough to come
to terms with the reality
of primitive life, the illusion of never-never land is
preserved intact*



Their names and numbers vary from week to week throughout the Indian summer. They are mostly French, but sometimes an Italian or American voice will mingle with the soft accents of private-school Parisiennes. What they share is a well-paid career in the city, an elegant employment like boutique buyer or executive's assistant, and a common love for the sort of sophisticated wildness that can soothe away urban pressure without demanding rural drudgery. They arrive in twos and threes at the half-abandoned Beaune farm during Friday afternoon and Saturday morning: chic girls in Dyanes and on mobilettes. They are still dressed, coiffed and made-up for their office existence, but as Saturday's sun waxes hotter, the scent of Balmain is superseded by Ambre Solaire, and the exquisite clothes are folded in tissue in favor of miniscule bikini-bottoms or (more often) total nudity. There may be nakedness, but there is




none of the rigorousness of the usual "sun-club" atmosphere. Here the gentle conversations meander from the latest social scandals to the gorgeousness of someone-or-other's couture. And though some ride the local horses bareback, and light evening camp fires out of twigs, they ride with the straight-backed posture of the Bois de Boulogne, and eat cold pheasant from wickerwork hampers. "It is as far from the 'rough life' as Maxim's is from a *routier's* restaurant," one of them said, with the sort of haughtiness that usually comes with a floor-length silk dress, not a wind-tanned nudity.







"We come here because it is private, and one can relax completely and get brown. There is something very superior about knowing that one is utterly brown, all over, under one's clothes at work." So far, the drop-outs have only been girls, though several of them have asked to bring their boyfriends or lovers. "But that would change the whole character of it. It would make it aggressively sexual, instead of passively *érotique*. We don't want an orgy." Winter has drawn the nature-buffs' activities to a temporary close, but spring will probably see the re-emergence of this small and highly select community. They feel—as anyone would, scanning this pictorial essay—that you can't beat a retreat. 





WATCHBIRD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY MOUSSOULIDES

Hailing as she does from Phoenix, Arizona, it's appropriate that 21-year-old Carrie Shusmith should entertain an abiding interest in birds. She has studied the fowl of the air since she was a child, and now hopes to major in ornithology, an esoteric pursuit for such a striking female, but one which she insists is just as worldly as, say, topless go-go dancing or

helping out Masters and Johnson. "You can learn a lot from bird-watching," she says, with an air of innocence that may or may not be affected. "The other day I was out in the dunes watching a family of sandpipers, and *right* into my field of vision walked this beautiful couple . . . I'm not a voyeur or anything like that, but how can you restrain your curiosity when two lovely people are

stripping everything off and doing, well . . . the most fantastic things?" Weekdays, Carrie spends her time studying in libraries and reference rooms, but at the weekends she lets herself live a little. Either she meets friends and water-skis,

or else she camouflages her 35-23-35 form in a bush shirt and shorts, and takes herself with Zeiss and cold Coca-Cola into bird country. "I'm trying to record the habits of as many local birds as I can before whole species are wiped out by









pollution. I'm not an anti-pollution freak; I think you can be more constructive about the human situation than that. But I do want to preserve whatever I can of our wild-life heritage, even if it's only in words and pictures." Where the critics of smog and oil-slicks err, Carrie believes, is in seeing the problem in terms of evil factory-owners and innocent public. "I just don't understand how anyone can see a factory as something separate from his or her own existence. Factories are totally bound up with all of our lives, and we've got to see that the cost of clean air affects all of us."



Once off her solemnest topics, Carrie has a waspish sense of sexuality which zoologists (brought up on the absurdities of the reproductive function) seem universally to possess. "If a guy says to me: 'I think you look very sexy today,' I love him for it, but at the same time I can more or less analyse exactly why he thinks I am. It may be the bikini I'm wearing, or the way I've got my blouse tied up, or just the way I've got my hair." We can only remark that, analysis or not, the bird-watching Miss Shusmith would be a feather in any man's cap.

