

PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1972 \$1.50

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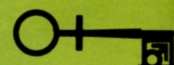
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PENTHOUSE

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*Publisher's estimate

Dutch Treat

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JOHNNY CASTANO


With that unnerving lack of possessiveness that characterizes her Dutch hippie compatriots, the Provos, Diana van Derenter is an ardent subscriber to the concept of "share and share alike". The Provos, you may recall, disturbed both police, public and insurance companies by painting 30 bicycles white and announcing that anyone in Amsterdam who felt like it could use them. "I don't mean that anyone who feels like it can use *me*," says the 20-year-old Meijufrouw van Deventer, "but I believe in letting people share my friendship, and my time, and not getting uptight about life." The delectable Diana, whose metric statistics convert into a noticeable 36-24-36, is a fashion designer whose work has taken her to England and the U.S. in search of commissions. "I prefer to design sexy clothes," she avers. "Not always see-through blouses and dresses, but tight pants and thin materials that give a subtle suggestion of the body underneath. I like showing a woman's nipples through shiny silk, or her navel through taut cotton. It means you see just as much as you would if she were naked, only with a different texture. Instead of a *flesh* nipple, you see a nipple of shot silk. That's what fashion can do to be erotic and interesting. In other words,









fashion can help a girl to share what she's got." Diana's fashionable philosophy is bringing her a high degree of commercial success, and to celebrate what she calls "a triumph of sex over style", she posed for this pictorial which is a share that's really worth taking stock of. 







Maria Del Ré



LYNN





After watching Lynn Carey—the heart, soul and uninhibited vital organ of the Mama Lion rock group—writhe, pound and sweat her way through a two-hour concert, one reporter said shakenly: “No one could put that much gut-sexuality into a public performance without having an orgasm . . .” Lynn, the leonine child-lady of the ’70s, mega-mother of an intensely new, intensely hopeful rock youth culture, has already been dubbed the most provocative

MAMA LION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

animal creation in the recording industry since Elvis Presley. And like Presley, she imposes an electric, if not ruthless, sexuality over the kind of pure talent, beauty and poise which, taken alone, would have carried many a lesser performer over the top. As the daughter of Hollywood actor MacDonald Carey, himself the star of numberless films in the 50s and 60s and now the mainspring of a modest but perennial tele-series, Lynn grew up amid the legendary folk heroes and heroines of Beverly Hills society. Like Candice Bergen, Mia Farrow, Liza Minelli, Jane and Peter Fonda and the many other sons and daughters of celebrities, she shared the congenital belief that fame was her birthright. Lynn’s power, however, relies less on the vagaries of genetic rights and folksy heritage and more on her profound ability to communicate with an audience. It

is magnetism of mind, body and talent that has fans assaulting the stage in the kind of frenzy that hasn’t been seen in rock concert halls since Beatlemania. But Mama Lion cuts deeper than the Beatles. Where they mooned over the trials of teenage infatuation, the febrile Miss Carey roars about the life and death of love in a metaphysical, beast-like coupling of pain and pleasure, pure soul and steaming genitalia. Nowhere is Mama Lion’s sexual reach more apparent

than in her self-written songs: “Sister, sister, she better than any man/She knows how to do me like no man can/ Sister, sister, strap on the gun/She knows how to do me/ She doesn’t hit and run,” Or on the other side of the spectrum: “Well friends, I’ve got plenty, and I read a good book now and then/But I need a man to make me feel like a woman/ When the day comes to an end./I ain’t looking for a father or a brother/What this girl needs is a full-time lover/’Cause I’m a woman who needs love to live/If you give me the chance, I’ve got so much to give.” Lynn talks obliquely about the meanings of her songs, but her fanatical devotion to her music, her medium and her message, leaves no doubt about what the artist in her feels for the words she delivers to her audience. She will never touch a song that she doesn’t






believe in—not for publicity, nor promises, nor money. The same relentless principle applies to everything she does. Mama Lion as a group has embraced the cause of wildlife preservation (the slogan “Preserve Wildlife” appears on their first album) and Lynn has plunged herself into the idea with utter dedication. She reels off the top of her head the survival statistics of every species of untamed creature in the world, and it’s witheringly obvious that she *cares* how many eland there are in Africa, or pelicans off the coast of California. She’s not above a gentle self-satire on the subject, though: the sleeve of the Mama Lion record shows Lynn, with just a touch of ecstasy on her face, suckling a lion cub to her breast. The picture caused a minor disturbance in the record business when it first appeared, but it is impossible to argue with Miss Carey’s clarity of purpose, or qualify her unusual beliefs. The album itself, issued on the Family Productions label (whose own trademark shows Romulus and Remus feeding from the wolf), is a statement so unequivocal and piercingly erotic that it’s impossible to accuse her of sexual exploitation.





surrealistically lascivious illustrations. Lynn even admits that the reporter who claimed she could not sing the way she does without climaxing was right: occasionally, at the height of a powerful and moving number, before an aroused and enthralled crowd, she does go into orgasm. But the paradox of Mama Lion is that in spite of this erotic self-awareness, she is deeply dependent on the affection and understanding of others. She is a woman whose *spiritual* sexuality is dominant and whose *physical* sensuality is little more than an incidental vehicle for interpreting and serving its emotional needs. The world may or may not be ready for a woman as mind-bendingly real as Lynn Carey, but she's here now, and one way or another she's going to hit us with everything she's got, because whatever she's got, the Lion shares. 



MISS LYNN CAREY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

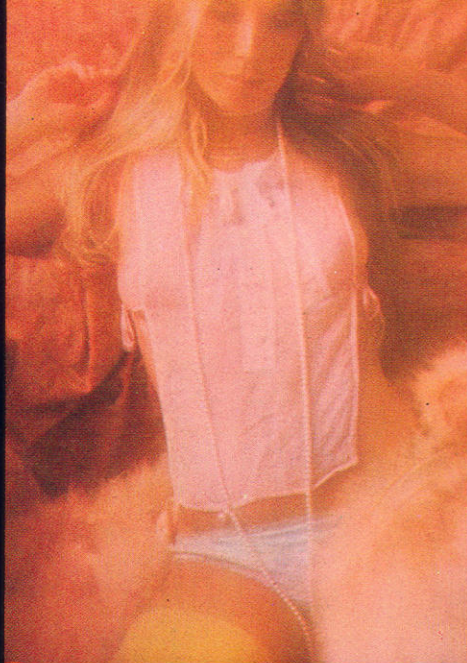




One and One Make Free

PHOTOGRAPHS BY KEN MARCUS

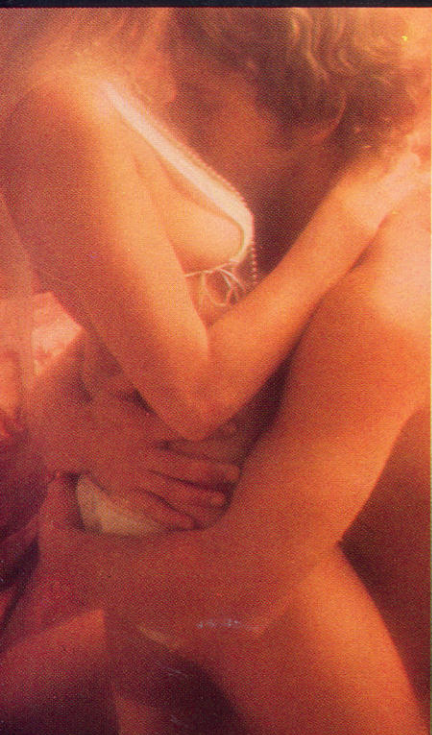
James and Gwen are in love,
and they show it.
Not just to themselves, but
to their friends,
their acquaintances, and
anybody else who
wants to know that James and
Gwen are in love



Time was, a gentleman kept his mistresses neatly stashed away in urban apartments, paying them an allowance just large enough to keep them in silk drawers and discreet silence. These days, it's far more fashionable to tote one's paramour publicly around, a







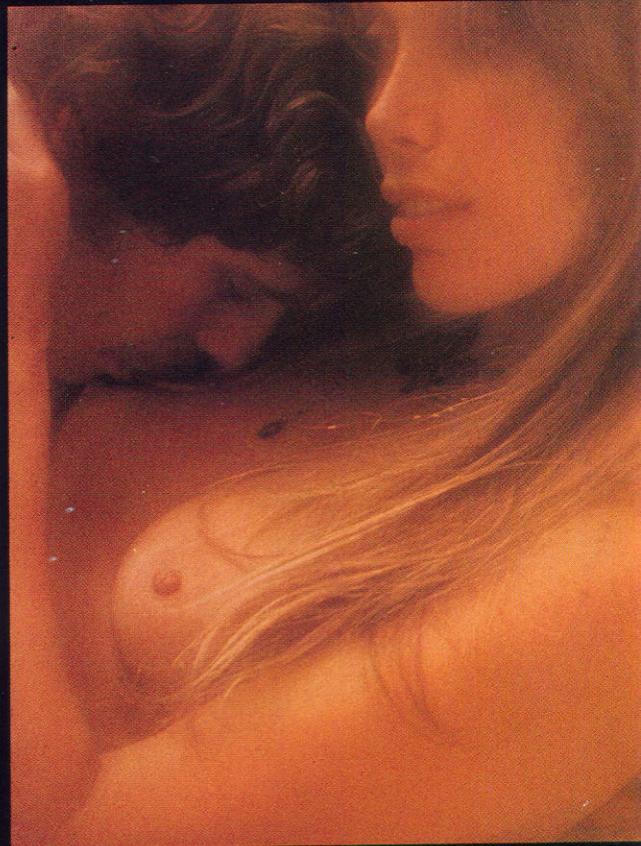
symbol of one's liberal involvement in everything that matters in life . . . like *ecology* and *liberation* and, of course, *sex*. Just such a pair are James Francis and his good friend Gwen Selvage, who spend their time wandering happily from Mexico to California to Canada in their brand-new Volkswagen camper. Both Texan-born, James (27) and Gwen (24) met through the machinations of a joint friend, two years ago in San Francisco. He is a photographer, she a model, and "somehow, we just clicked." Apart from mutually complementary careers, they share a philosophy of life that can briefly be summed up as "let it all hang loose". That is, they believe in having






enough money to keep them in Volkswagen camper fuel, and enough money to keep them in film for their Hasselblads and Yashicas, and enough money to buy the natural foods they're both into, and enough money to keep themselves in surfboards and the occasional little luxuries that make life on the road so much more pleasant; but they're not part of the *grabbing society*.

With such an ascetic way of life, how do they have fun? "Well, we dig nude sunbathing.







and making love in a Volkswagen camper is incredible." Will they ever marry? "Marriage—what's that?" Children? "To quote W. C. Fields—delicious, if cooked right." How about, you know, *swinging*? "We are both possessive and jealous. We like to concentrate on one person at a time." Isn't that, uh, sort of like being *married*? "Oh no, we *live together*." 





EXTREME CLOSE-UP

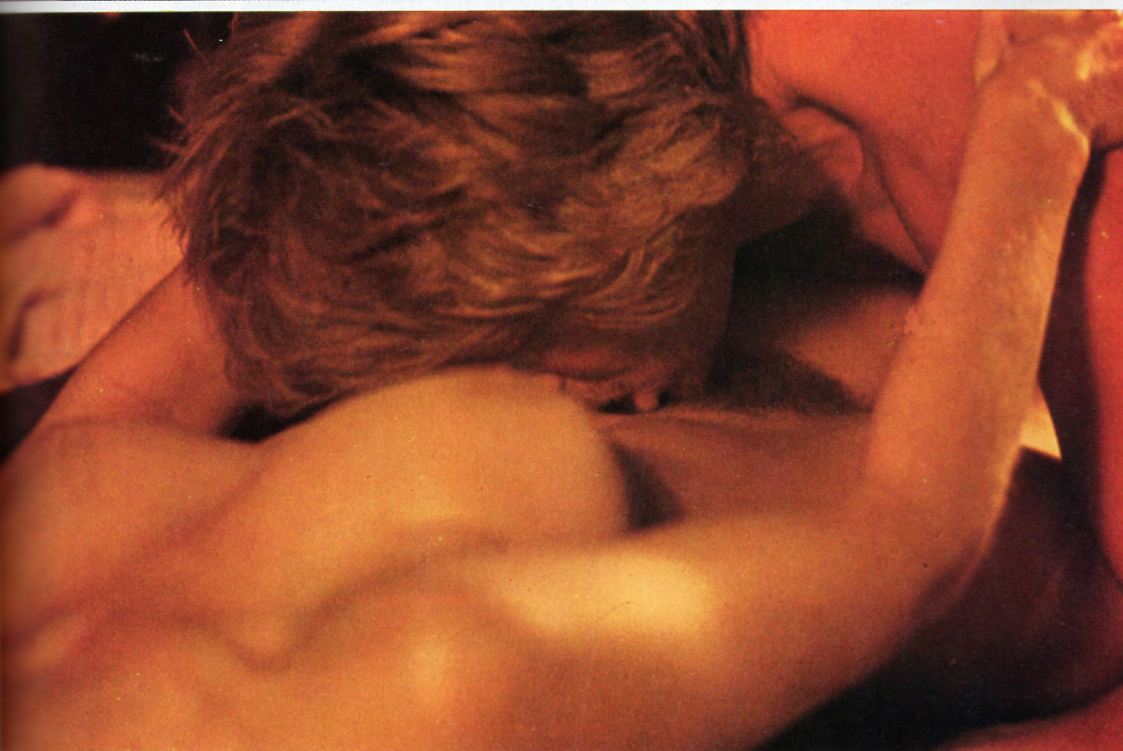
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY SILVER

Is the camera killing privacy? Preview of a movie
that satirizes our bugged era
by Roger Finborough




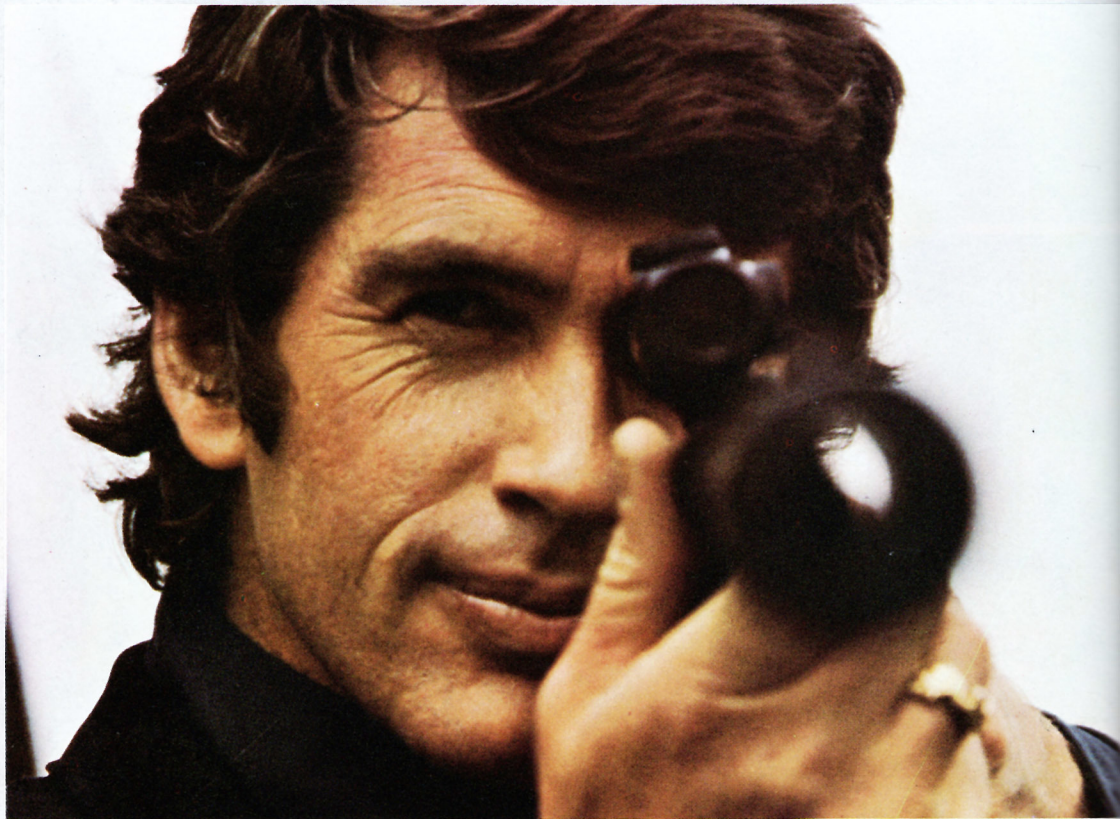
Through a glass, starkly: a TV newscaster (John Norman) spies (in the interests of public privacy, of course) on the friendly frolics of Glenn Jacobsen and Lynn Kimball. But he soon discovers that he, too, is mesmerized by the distance lens enchantment, and becomes a confirmed eyecoholic. These liberated clinches are part of Extreme Close-Up's attempt to demonstrate that no matter where you are or who you're doing, the long-distance camera can see you





After the Bay of Pigs, the least popular invasion in American history is that of personal privacy: the filming, photographing, recording and bugging of every human activity from robbing a bank to laying the boss's wife. It's hardly surprising, with the intensity of surveillance that goes on, that the nation's leading cartoon character is called Snoopy, or that sooner or later someone would make a movie based on the finer points of prying. *Extreme Close Up*, America's first big-scale voyeur movie, is written by best-selling American whizkid Michael Crichton, author of *The Andromeda Strain*, *The Terminal Man* and *Five Patients*, which together have made him one of the most successful of today's younger authors. Along with producer Paul N. Lazarus, director Jeannot Szwarc, and a liberal injection of independent money, Crichton set out to make a high-quality erotic film with a sharp social message, i.e. that there is no privacy left in today's wide-open society. On the screen it's John (*Downhill Racer*) Norman who crusades for an end to official voyeurism, playing the part of Jim McCullan, a TV newscaster who sets out to investigate the hardware of snooperism. Armed with long lenses and directional microphones, he flits from vantage point to vantage point, looking in on gardens, bedrooms, conferences and tête-à-têtes. Our noble hero, however, soon becomes obsessed with the I-pry business, and finds that his own Peeping-Tom tendencies begin to surface, which is a fine

Freudian reason for training a high-powered lens into a courting couple's boudoir, right? As the movie comes to its climax, McCullan's nefarious nosiness has reached such a peak that we see in glorious full-color detail the jeopardy in which we are all placed by tacitly condoning a society in which any stray TV newscaster can enjoy himself vicariously from our shrubbery. Surveillance in America has reached such a degree that even the watchers are watched, and even the watcher's watchers are watched by watcher watcher watchers. So watch out. Kidding apart, *Extreme Close Up* is something of a landmark in today's movie business, marking the celluloid debut of several highly-talented screensters. Norman's female lead is British-born Kate Woodville, and both Vara Byrnes and Lynn Kimball make an impression one doesn't easily forget. What's most important about *Close Up* is that its independent production, supervised by executive producer Ted Mann has given its creators a political autonomy still rare in feature films: the freedom to say what they feel about the invasion of sexual privacy. On release early in the New Year, it will inevitably stir up a substantial controversy, even among those who believe that outside a horse and a dog, a look is a man's best friend. 



*Drink to me only with
thine spies dept: and
this time it's dark-
haired Vara Byrnes
to get the close-up
treatment from the
ever-alert lenses of
our disreputable
reporter. The movie
concludes with the
stern moral, however,
that every spy has
another spy behind his
back to sight him, and
that if one agrees with
widespread
surveillance, one has
to expect to be
surveyed oneself.*

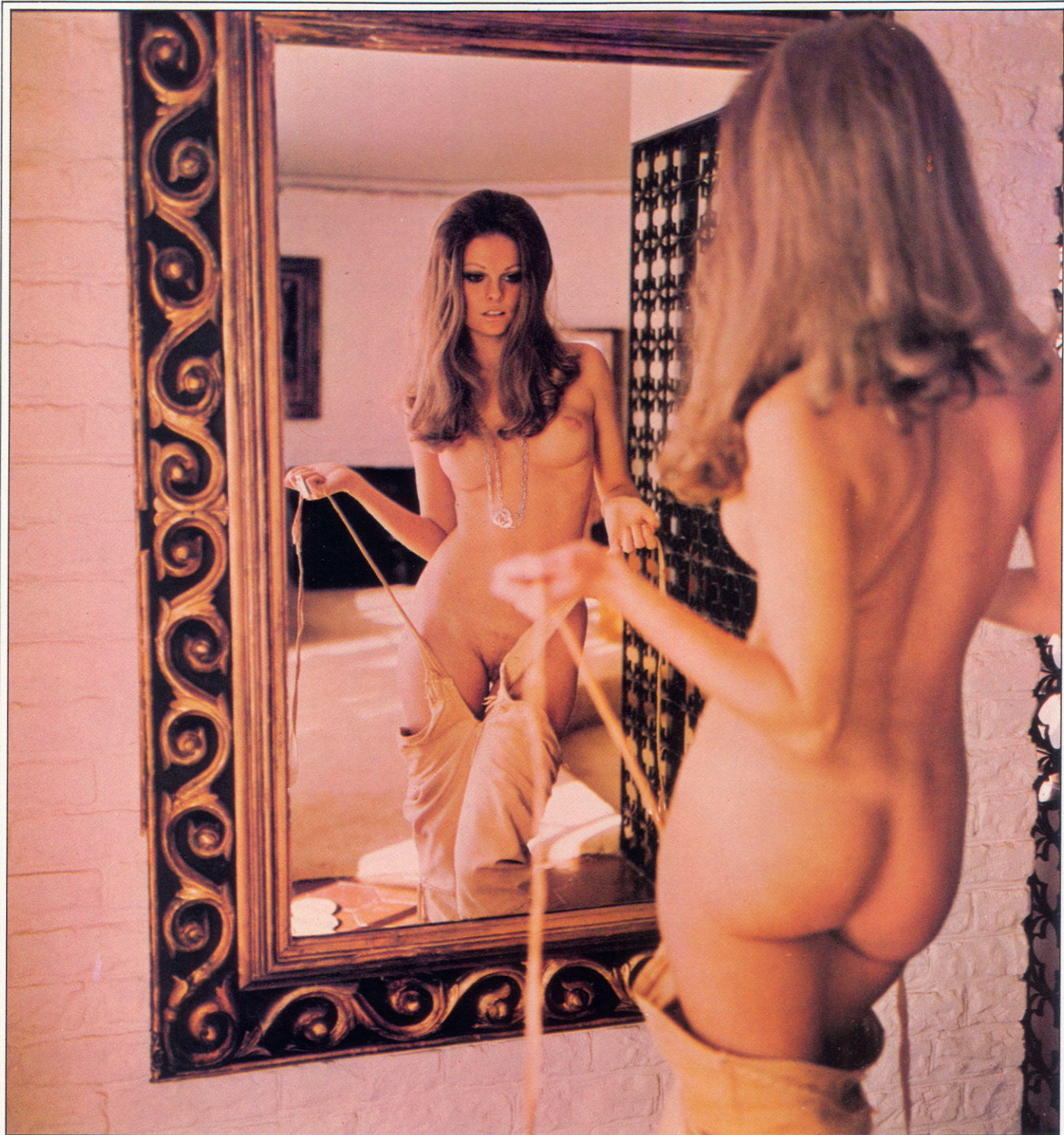




PENTHOUSE CALENDAR



1973



JANUARY

Patricia "Cherokee" Barrett, a 23-year-old from Montana, was nicknamed after a distant Red Indian ancestor, but quit her home reservation to hunt for peace and happiness in London. Months of heap hard work at her modeling career, plus a 36-22-35 figure that brought smoke signals of admiration from both sides of the Great Water, have sent many fashionable photographers on the squaw path.

PENTHOUSE 

SUN		7	14	21	28
MON	1	8	15	22	29
TUES	2	9	16	23	30
WED	3	10	17	24	31
THUR	4	11	18	25	
FRI	5	12	19	26	
SAT	6	13	20	27	



FEBRUARY

Carole Augustine is the 18-year-old daughter of a South American father and a Polish-Scottish mother, a poly-nationalism which gives her a character both fiery and fey. Visually (37-24-36), she maintains that what she knows about love could be written "on the back of a postage stamp," which just goes to prove that philately will get you nowhere.

PENTHOUSE 

SUN	4	11	18	25
MON	5	12	19	26
TUES	6	13	20	27
WED	7	14	21	28
THUR	1	8	15	22
FRI	2	9	16	23
SAT	3	10	17	24



MARCH

Aspiring actress Billie Deane, 20, has traveled through Europe in search of thespian experience, and now believes she is on the verge of a glittering stage career. Several producers have apparently told this 36-24-36 Canadienne that they would like to make a play for her.

PENTHOUSE 

SUN		4	11	18	25
MON		5	12	19	26
TUES		6	13	20	27
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FRI	2	9	16	23	30
SAT	3	10	17	24	31



APRIL

Marianne Gordon, a 24-year-old Ayrshire, Scotland, lass, is now in New York working with the Penthouse advertising staff. She had begun to train as a teacher, but hung up cap and gown in search of more excitement and better remuneration as a Penthouse Club cocktail Pet, eventually graduating to selling space. We're sold on the way her 35-22-35 statistics fill the space above, anyway.

PENTHOUSE 

SUN	1	8	15	22	29
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FRI	6	13	20	27	
SAT	7	14	21	28	



MAY

Secret ambition of 20-year-old Penthouse Pet Sharon Bailey is to spend one night with well-known singing and recording personality Elvis Presley. She agrees that this pop adulation might just be an affair of the charts, but even the perspicacious Mr Presley must admit that her rhythmic 36-23-36 configuration can't be beat.

PENTHOUSE  

SUN		6	13	20	27
MON		7	14	21	28
TUES	1	8	15	22	29
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THUR	3	10	17	24	31
FRI	4	11	18	25	
SAT	5	12	19	26	



JUNE

Yugoslav cinema actress Nevenka Dundek is, at 21, one of the fastest-rising stars in the East, and now lives in Rome, at the center of Europe's burgeoning film industry where there is plenty of cinema scope. So busily employed is this shapely (35-24-35) Serbian starlet, that friends who want to see her anywhere but on the screen, have to see Nevenka on Sunday.

SUN		3	10	17	24
MON		4	11	18	25
TUES		5	12	19	26
WED		6	13	20	27
THUR		7	14	21	28
FRI	1	8	15	22	29
SAT	2	9	16	23	30

PENTHOUSE 



JULY

Egyptology buff Lesley Harrison, 24, works as a Pet at the London Penthouse Club, but yearns to travel amid the pyras. She believes that an encounter with her ideal travel-mate ("tall, dark and loaded") is still away off, but after her 36-25-36 made a notable impression as Pet-of-the-Month, her dream may be realized sooner than she sphinx.

PENTHOUSE 

SUN	1	8	15	22	29
MON	2	9	16	23	30
TUES	3	10	17	24	31
WED	4	11	18	25	
THUR	5	12	19	26	
FRI	6	13	20	27	
SAT	7	14	21	28	



SEPTEMBER

From the Netherlands, fountainhead of cheese, gin and tulips, comes under-ambitious Maureen Renzen, one-time Miss Holland, now a would-be coffeeshop proprietor. This 22-year-old Lowlander's high-rise assets (36-22-36) proved of considerable promotional benefit during a Stateswide Penthouse publicity tour, and will undoubtedly look neat among the coffee jugs.

PENTHOUSE 

SUN	2	9	16	23	30
MON	3	10	17	24	
TUES	4	11	18	25	
WED	5	12	19	26	
THUR	6	13	20	27	
FRI	7	14	21	28	
SAT	1	8	15	22	29



OCTOBER

One-time songstress Helen Caunt (21) surrendered her score in favor of a more harmonious life as one of the Pets at the London Penthouse Club, where her melodious 36-24-36 is a feature of note. Confessing a need to be dominated by men, Helen is nonetheless appreciated by Club members as the face that shipped a thousand lunches.

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FRI	5	12	19	26	
SAT	6	13	20	27	



NOVEMBER

A degree-bearing devotee of Elizabethan music and drama, 23-year-old Lynette Asquith joined the editorial staff of Penthouse as Girl Friday and office decoration, a colorful career which climaxed in Pet-of-the-Monthdom. Now returned to her intellectual studies, she still possesses the 37-24-36 configuration that would have made Shakespeare.

PENTHOUSE 

SUN		4	11	18	25
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SAT	3	10	17	24	



DECEMBER

Big-selling attraction of last year's Christmas issue was Sale-born Lynn Partington, 24, a much-traveled model with a self-confessed penchant for "ugly-attractive" men. For a neatly-trimmed 35-21-35 like that of the more-than-likeable Lynn, it's almost worth making yourself plain.

PENTHOUSE 

SUN	2	9	16	23	30
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