

PENTHOUSE

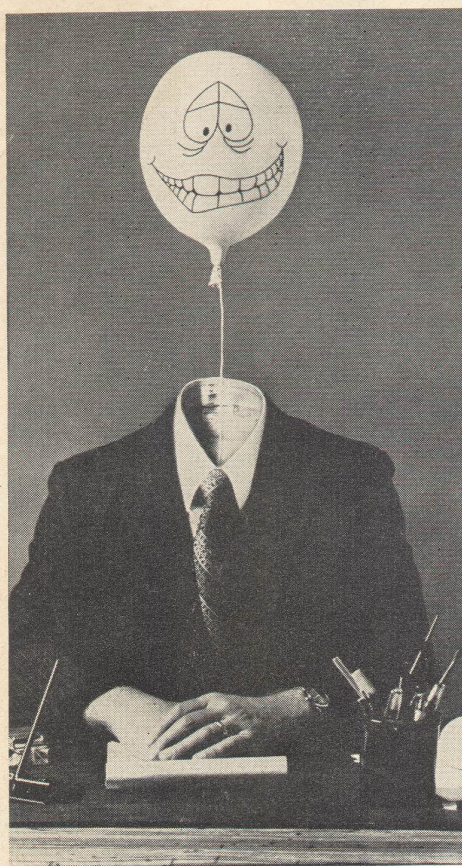
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1973 ONE DOLLAR



PET OF THE YEAR

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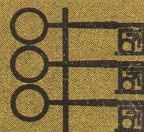
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Ask your Heart
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PENTHOUSE

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Pet of the Year

Patricia "Cherokee" Barrett, née Cathryn Louise Lacey, Dallas-born and bred.... Daughter of the American Revolution.... Daughter of the Confederacy, neo-daughter of the New Society, karma traveler in the inner consciousness.... Kundalina rising....

Seventh annual ascender to the pinnacle of Petdom.... Pet of Pets. Cherokee, whose nickname derives from a modicum of Indian blood—acquired, legend has it, by a peripatetic forebear who fled his native England to join the California Gold Rush over a century ago—picked up her ancestral threads and went to London in September 1971. "I was on my way to India. I wanted to see London and Paris and work my way south through Europe. It was a kind of sacred pilgrimage with no fixed schedule. I had lots of time and wanted to see as much of Europe as possible. Meeting the people from *Penthouse* was great. It's the sort of luck you never count on."

Cherokee with
the Pet of the
Year's premium
prize, BRITISH
LEYLAND's
super JAGUAR
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with automatic
transmission,
air condition-
ing, solid-state
AM-FM radio,
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wheels, tinted
glass, elec-
trically heated
rear window,
and removable
hardtop.
Cherokee's
comment,
"Wow!"





Cherokee, now twenty-four, made her *Penthouse* debut as Pet of the Month in January 1972. She appeared under the name of Patricia Barrett, assuming the identity of a childhood school chum. "I wasn't sure how *Penthouse* would go down in Dallas. It's a pretty conservative town and my father is a pretty conservative stockbroker. I'm a stockbroker, too, or at least I've put in my application for a license. Technically, I'm the office manager, but my father wants to retire someday and I guess I'm the only one who could take over the business." Her investiture as Pet of the Year, however, may have some bearing on Cherokee's choice of professions. Because of a



natural predilection for art, mysticism, and meditation, and with *Penthouse* gift and cash awards totaling approximately \$30,000 and her own highly promotable status as Pet of Pets sweeping her into travel, modeling, and entertainment, the call of the stock exchange may be less than seductive.

"I can't tell you how thrilled I am," she says, "it's such a great opportunity...like opening the door to the future. And I'm mad about the gifts. The white Jag is fantastic....I can't believe it! It's always been my favorite car and now...it's actually mine! I always wanted to win but I never really believed I would. All my friends voted for me, or at least they said they did. I'm really happy....I really am!"

Privately, Cherokee believes that much of her success is attributable to yoga, meditation, and the power

of positive thinking. "I was worried about posing for *Penthouse* in the first place...more for my family and friends than myself. I try to look at things positively. We come into the world naked. God didn't make clothes and he didn't anticipate shame. Shame is a human failing and I believe it's natural and good to have your body admired. I know what the women's libbers are going to say, but they're really quite wrong. You don't have to be a libber to believe that everyone should have equal rights. Sex shouldn't be a barrier, but I'm still in favor of male supremacy in other ways. I love chivalry and good manners in men, and I like the feeling of belonging to someone and depending on him. I feel like the kind of person who should be protected. Perhaps I'm naive, but I seem to trust everyone. You learn a lot of things in India about people and—please don't







laugh—I really believe men are closer to God than women. . . . I believe we retard their spiritual growth. We nag them when perhaps we should be worshipping them. Not all of them, mind you, but some of them."

Cherokee's interest in yoga and the disparate spirituality of India began many years ago and her pilgrimage was the fulfillment of a life-long dream. "I spent some time in Paris after leaving London. I had very little money left but I met some other Americans and a French girl who were also headed for India. Traveling in company made it easier. We left Paris on the back of a truck. It was a long, uncomfortable ride through France and Austria, and when





we reached the Hungarian border we were refused entry. We must have looked like something else! The truck driver was smuggling goods into Rumania for his family and he got through. We went down to Yugoslavia and smartened ourselves up a bit at the frontier. My friend had to shave off his beard and cut his hair. We hitchhiked through Yugoslavia and Bulgaria to Istanbul and took the train to Teheran. It was a four-day trip. Then we took different buses to Afghanistan, Pakistan, and finally India. We spent five months crossing most of the country on foot. My shoes had given out and I made most of the trek barefooted. We visited all of the







holy places, spending days at a time with different gurus, looking at the temples and learning about the different religions. I took two meditation courses...meditating twelve hours a day for ten days, I collapsed during the second course, but they revived me and I continued. I was eating badly, or not enough. Food becomes so unimportant that half the time you just *forget* to eat. The whole trip was incredible....I learned so much in India that it completely altered my outlook on things. I learned

that you don't need very much to get by in the world. A person could be happy with very little if his head is in the right place...The more possessions you have, the more problems. But yoga says it's not the possessions really...not the things in themselves but our attitude toward them.

"I've practiced all types of yoga but I'm most interested in meditation. You can achieve results that make other human experiences seem trivial. You draw the life forces from within yourself. The

CONTINUED ON PAGE 119



"The only permanent thing in
life is change...if you
accept that, you're halfway there."

FRANCIS



LOVE TORY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Tory is a four-letter word. But its conservative connotation never made it an unacceptable one in England. The Tories introduced many great reforms and built the Empire. Among them were Burke, Disraeli, Churchill. And now Francis Cannon.

"When I say I'm a conservative," explains the Yorkshire lass, "I mean that I'm for every social change that increases or protects human freedom and dignity. For instance, the old conceptions of church rituals and marriage bonds, which are very beautiful in themselves, were all right for our ancestors, even our parents, to arrange their lives by. But over a long time, people make capsule versions of these institutions in their heads, and the laws of the institutions become their habits. Then when times and institutions change, people find it harder to change with

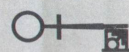




learned to listen well and to think before she spoke. Now, two years out of home and a university student in London, Francis finds her patrimony stands her in good stead. "Daddy never told me *what* to think, but *how*. My parents let me grow up believing my body is beautiful and sex in the right circumstances is wonderful. Their marriage is a really great one. For me, though, I don't really feel the need to have a wedding and all that. Those things lend one a certain security, but not the kind I need. I'm more interested in a kind of free-form pairing and living together that is based on feelings, not on laws and rituals. This is what's happening now: it may be permanent, or a formal code may evolve again, but it's probably the inevitable kind of relationship now that we have so much leisure time."


Presently Francis is endeavoring to establish her financial independence by modeling and acting. Therein her 5'5½" stature and poised 38-23-35 configuration have brought her a gratifying modicum of success. But whether acting or modeling is her *métier*, Francis is determined not to give up her education. Though undecided about her far-future plans, she is much given to philosophizing on the lifestyles and lovestyles of her own generation. She believes that the *exploration* of sensuality is the central theme in the current cycle of socio-sexual history. "I lost my virginity three years ago..." she recalls. "I like older men—they care lots more about your feelings."

Miss Cannon is likewise concerned about violence, wars, social change, cultural stagnation, the ecology of



MISS FRANCIS CANNON / PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEAN-YVES HAYDAR

DUTCH MASTERPIECE

What a lustrous Amsterdam lass
can do in the warm light of Nice...
like life trapped on an old Dutch canvas, Juliana
stops time and space at every angle.



At twenty-three, she is a woman who has never fully outgrown the child. Maastricht was a good place to be born in, and Juliana van Troost grew up in the slow, comfortable, Dutch Catholic tradition. Her days there were spent in the care of nuns who taught her to hold all life sacred, and her nights in the house of her father, a small merchant and deeply religious paterfamilias who harangued Juliana and her sisters against the corruptions of the flesh. "By the time I was sixteen," she recalls, "I really believed I was doomed to hellfire and brimstone for eternity." Then, with Juliana's maturity, her father sent her to live in Amsterdam with her grown-up sister Trina, a fashion designer.

Amsterdam in the 1960's was the center of the international jet set and youth counterculture—an Old World town blazing with revolutionary agitation, hazy with marijuana fumes, and turbulent with rock, jazz, sexual freedom, and experiments in radical lifestyles. In this atmosphere Juliana slowly





shed the paternal inhibitions of Maastricht. "I met thousands of beautiful people there, playing and reveling in life instead of running away from it—it was like meeting my own real self. When you meet something new, a strange person or experience, you shouldn't try to protect yourself but relax and understand it, and try to make it a part of you. If you do, you'll usually discover that it was inside you all along, just







waiting to be learned about and used."

Juliana's beloved Amsterdam is many things to many people, but first and foremost it is the tulip capital of the world. Three years ago when Juliana decided to become a semiprofessional model, her capacious photogeniality swiftly carved a 5'7", 35-23-35 niche for her in the Tulip Queen pantheon—and soon she was on her way to Paris, Copenhagen, Rio, Reykjavik, and points east and west, to make great designers' clothes look even greater. (And Juliana has just added Hollywood to her itinerary—there she will meet with television producers to entertain their proposition that she host an international Amsterdam-based talk show). Recently, she has come to favor the French Riviera as her summertime playground, and it was there, in Nice, that she met photographer Jean-Yves Haydar and collaborated on the present stunning portfolio for *Penthouse*. "I've been around the world half a dozen times now," says Juliana, "but I'll always come back to Amsterdam, my real home. I'm patriotic about Dutch men, they're the greatest lovers in the world, but all lovers come to Amsterdam eventually. It's the only old-fashioned city where a romance can be full of intrigue. But it's also completely modern...guilt and regrets are just out of date there. History is made at night in my old Amsterdam....I've had my affairs and they've gone on for months, or





on and off for years, but I'm not too greedy to settle for one man. And when I'm with a man, my life is in his hands, utterly.... Women's liberation? Once I went to a meeting in the Vondel Park, and all they talked about was the Common Market. ...When I'm not exploring the old streets of Amsterdam with my boyfriend, I like to read a lot, especially writers like Emily Brontë. I've read *Wuthering Heights* three times, I think. I'm also taking art classes—perhaps some day I shall design clothes, as well as model them.... Right now my boyfriend is a race car driver. He's very tender and innocent when he's with me, but in his car he is totally insane. One day he'll go too fast—that's what I'm afraid of. But racing is what he has to do. I can't stop him."

We doubt it. Like those great old Dutch painters who mastered the infinite variety of life on canvas, Juliana can be seen at a glance—as long a glance as you like—to be a lady who can stop time, space, and hearts as effortlessly as she might wish.

