

PENTHOUSE

02242

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE

MARCH 1971 75 cents



EVERYTHING YOU WANTED
TO KNOW?

A SEXOLOGIST'S SHARP
RETORT TO DR REUBEN

FIGHTING TALK: TOP
SOLDIERS ON THE
NATION'S MILITARY
PROBLEMS

REDD FOXX AD LIBS:
PENTHOUSE MEETS THE
CONNOISSEUR'S COMIC

FORBIDDEN
TREASURES—
THE KICKS
(AND KINKS)
OF COLLECTING
THEM





Lottie



Whole Lottie Woman

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BAES

Originality, propounded John Stuart Mill, is the essential root of all good things. Undeniably, one of the choicest of these fruits is this month's precocious Pet, 18-year-old Lottie Gunthart, who is a self-attested original. It was at school that Lottie, a Danubile Austrienne from Vienna, first decided that for her, conformity was out.

The school buildings were set halfway up an Alpine mountainside, which Lottie considers may be partly responsible for her revolutionary philosophy. Her physical profile (36-23-36) bares witness to the salubriousness of the mountain air, but she thinks the heady atmosphere and freedom of the peaks left its mark on her attitudes.

"You can't live up there and be unchanged by it," she says. "The scenery looks like a picture-postcard, but it's more than



that. It's a place of perfection. The sky is perfect blue, the snow perfect white. After that, you always seek perfect beauty, and that can't be found conventionally."

Her adherence to this avowal can hardly be faulted. When her teachers wanted to send her to business college, Lottie enrolled at art school. When her art school lecturers set her in front of a nude with instructions to simulate life's proportions on paper, she drew instead "a series of dynamic circles—each one representing the *feeling* that each part of the body can give. I said to them: 'Who needs a realistic drawing? Realism you can get with a photograph. I'm showing you how it *feels*.'"

In the face of persuasion from her tutors, the rebellious Lottie declined to compromise. "Their songs were not my songs. I had words and music of my own to sing." Gradually the art college began to appreciate that her talent, though unorthodox, was appreciable, and she was allowed to follow her own artistic strategy. Pictures of Lottie's were recently hung in a small but significant exhibition in Vienna.


Her non-aligned art ("School? I don't belong to a school of painting. Call it the Gunthart School,") is only part of a lifestyle that is eccentric in the strictest sense: its course crosses but never coincides with convention. "I wear what I like. So it's raining, I wear thin blouses so the rain soaks through. It's interesting to be wet. Perhaps underneath I wear no bra. But not because I am a believer in the liberation of women. That's so much sour grapes, that business. I go with no bra because I want to feel what it's like, and see how men will react to me. Will they react differently from any other day? I must discover whether









they do or not, you see." Following this thesis, this pictorial essay on Lottie is as much an experience for her as it is for those who peruse it; she wanted to have these photographs taken to establish a two-way dialogue with as many men (and women) as she could. "Pictures like these cannot be one-sided or uni-dimensional so long as they evoke a three-dimensional response," she asserted. "The fact that it's only a page is not important, it does not make it a vicarious experience. Rembrandt's paintings were only on canvas. Does that demean them? They are as real and as solid as what is on them. Can you do something? Whoever looks at these pictures of me, tell them I am no picture, but that I am real." Gentlemen, Lottie Gunthart is real. 



MISS LOTTIE GUNTART/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



HILLS'-A-POPPIN'

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AMNON BAR-TUR

SOME old sayings defy the passage of the centuries, and one of them is the redoubtable remark from England's sagacious Dr Johnson on the country's capital. "If a man is tired of London," he said, "he is tired of life, for London hath in it everything which life may offer." Two hundred years later, who will argue, we wonder, with the sapient Samuel, as we contemplate so fatigue-banishing an eyeful as Monica Hill, who—despite her Dutch extraction—is among London's contemporary offerings?

Tall (5ft 7in) and toppingly proportioned (37-22-32) this 18-year-old from England's rich and rural West Country went to the metropolis with a secretarial career in mind, and enrolled at a stenography college. But within the week, she found the curriculum a downbeat, if not down-Hill, experience. "We'd have an hour or so of instruction in the morning, about how to take letters. That was boring and confusing enough. But the worst part came in the afternoon—they'd put all of us, about 100 girls, in a big room at



individual desks wearing special earphones. Then this incredibly banal voice would come over the earphones, dictating business letters and so on, and we were supposed to write it all down and hand it in at the end of the day. I don't think I ever got more than one or two words right. The instructors kept telling me I didn't have the right mental attitude. So after about a fortnight, I wrote out exactly what I thought of stenography in general during the usual afternoon practice period, and handed it in and quit. They had the last laugh, though, I didn't get my fees back."

Monica contemplated further courses of instruction, all purporting to teach young ladies well-paying occupations, until one day









she read that a London hairdressing house was opening its own school for hairdressers. She applied, was accepted, and now works for a new men's hairdressing establishment, cropping the crowns of some of the city's trendiest men. "Men tip better than women, and with prices rising the way they are in England, that's important. Nowadays you're expected to make your own way—I don't believe in unemployment benefits. Also, men's hair is much more fun to work with—it's usually fuller, with more body, and there's lots more room for style experimentation."

Monica aspires to her own hairdressing shop for men, but is as yet undecided about location. "London does have everything," she says, "but I would like to try Canada." An admirable suggestion, we think. Any man would be agreeable to crossing the frontier to have his hair shaped like this. 