

PENTHOUSE



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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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JUNE 1971 75 cents

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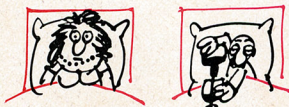
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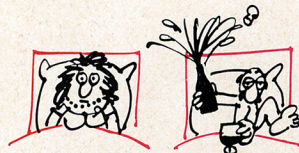
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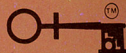
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PENTHOUSE

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IOSEE



LIBERTY BELLE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GUCCIONE

In these days of Women's Liberation, when beauty contests get picketed and gibes of "male chauvinism" are hurled at magazines for men, it takes a defiant spirit among females, and a mind not easily intimidated, to proclaim Petdom as a pinnacle of women's rights. It also takes the breath away when these sterling qualities are found in the persuasive person (35-23-36) of Miss Josee Troyat, who at 19 makes a delicious debut as Pet of the Month. Says Josee: "Liberation for women is what I am doing now — posing like this for Penthouse. It would never have been possible in my mother's youth. She would have been condemned, instead of admired, for showing off all her beauty." As Josee sees it—and she is reading philosophy with her eye on an eventual Ph.D.—the freedom to be herself as a woman is true women's liberation. "Men and women are just as badly—or as well—off as each other, so what's the point in changing one routine for another?" The author of these challenging views is of Franco-Brazilian parentage, born in Sao Paulo, and educated mainly in







Paris and Switzerland. Now she is renewing acquaintance with London, first made when she visited the British capital with her diplomat father as a child. To finance her studies she serves London's sophisticated nightlifers as a Cocktail Pet at the Penthouse Club. "By day I can be the swot in spectacles," she says, "and at night I can blossom out. It's a swinging job." Josee has pored over Kate Millett's strident *Sexual Politics* but is unconvinced by Millettant propaganda. Besides, she enjoys her existing feminine role too much to hear of changing it for Women's Lib ways. "To be utterly frank, the bit in Kate Millett's book which *really* turned me on was the excerpt from a Henry Miller seduction scene at the front." Her belief in femininity she owes to her mother, who is a retired stage actress of no small renown in such cities as Rio de Janeiro, Madrid, Paris and Rome. "Perhaps I am already liberated," Josee admits, "in which case, the movement cannot apply to me personally.



But as long as there are men and as long as there are women, well—" she blushes "—someone has to be on top." Her philosophy thesis will dwell, in less immediate phraseology, on the enduring aspects of this concept. Though she is "insane" about pop music, and would adore working as a DJ, Josee realizes that she is "fundamentally cerebral". Her problem is that because of her youth, her looks and her vivacious personality, she finds serious acceptance hard to come by. "This means my life is frustrating on one hand, and fun on the other," she explains. She hopes that by the time she returns to Sao Paulo, however, her British education and her Penthouse Club training will have given her the poise and self-possession necessary for deep and convincing conversation. "At the moment, I'm not quite sure who I am and what I am, but perhaps the fact that I question myself is a good sign." We concur: whatever her philosophies, Miss Troyat is indisputably worthy of any cross-examination. 🔑







Checkmate to the Queen

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GLAUCO CORTINI

*From the new Italian cinema stable,
an unbridled epic on
the rein of a cruel queen over her sensual servant*



However beastly masochism is, it does have one attribute to recommend it. Unlike sadism, which is a thankless complex of exhausting effort and relentless responsibilities (which whip? how many strokes?) masochism is little more than doing what you're told, and you'll get hurt. This thesis of thralldom forms the fundamentals of a new film by Pasquale Festa Campanile, whose cinematic credentials include *When Women Still Had A Tail* with Senta Berger. As vehicles for his erotic exposition of bondage and humiliation, Campanile has selected Rossana Schiaffino and Haydee Politoff, two of filmdom's newest nymphs, and cast them as the provocative protagonists in a story that the synopsis describes as "very interesting". According to the script, Man today can choose between the restful state of bondage or the workaday worry of freedom, and Miss Politoff, as a rich and pretty *contessa*, knows exactly where she's bound. She offers her services to Miss Schiaffino as a *dame de compagnie*—purely to satisfy her insatiable obsession for serfdom—and she sighs in satisfaction as her mistress treats

Black beauty and stablemate (above left) enjoy unbridled chat about when they'll get their oats. Above right: Rossana Schiaffino as the dominant mistress who keeps her girl slaves between shafts. Facing page: Contessa Haydee Politoff, after a brisk canter, gets an affectionate fondle



Franco Rubartelli (above), Verushka's favorite photographer, admires film fantasy sequence. Right: Haydee Politoff, craving humiliation, dreams about bondage and rape in a strange desert at the hands of some Freudian heavies. Below right: Sequence shows how she's leered at, laughed at, stripped and whipped, and even then she's not happy

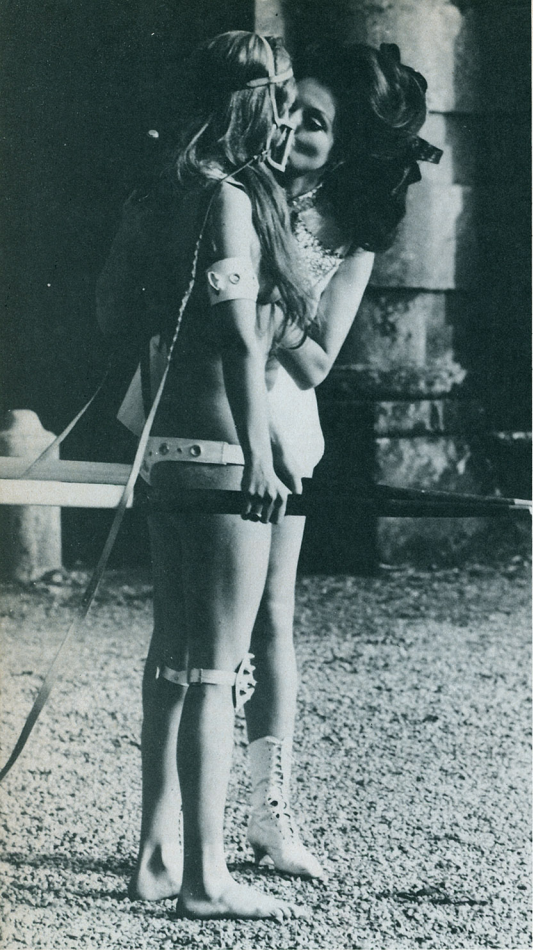




her more and more like a slave. The capitulating *contessa* tries to lower herself progressively each day, ceaselessly seeking the nirvana of nonentity that masochists crave: total cancellation of her own personality. But even this is not enough. Humiliations, like Hershey bars, tend to pall past the first five dozen, and Miss Politoff realizes that low as she is, she will only be satisfied with absolute abjection. Her desires, which run to pulling chariots for her mistress, are obviously too expensive to mount, so she settles for the bargain abasement of dreaming about them. If her fantasies demonstrate anything, they show she has a stable mind: she imagines herself bridled and bitted and chained in a horsebox. Occasionally she is taken out for a canter by Miss Schiaffino, who in the dreams of her servant is just as


The abjectional Miss Politoff (above) debases herself as much as she can by washing her mistress' feet in a twin tub. But give her a foot and she takes a mile: after this she fantasizes desperately about being a horse

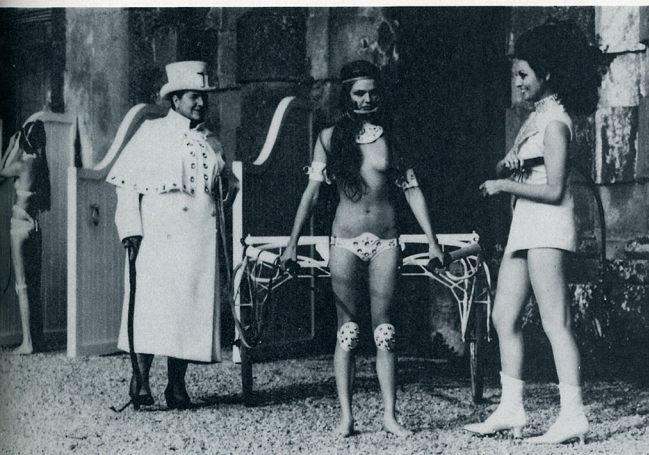




Right: Haydee gets a lump of sugar after a good day's trotting, then (above left) a sweet-and-sour kiss to follow. Above right: bridled stable companion watches the proceedings and feels a bit left out of the running



keen on equal rights for women. Again, however, frustration sets in: you can only gallop round the grounds so many times before the novelty—and the skin on your knees—wears off, and the grotesque imaginings of the perverse Miss Politoff lead her still further on her sensual short-cut to erotic annihilation. She dreams she is being whipped and raped in a fantastic desert inhabited by monstrous beings and deformed people, but even in this erogenous zone she cannot find the humiliation she so painfully requires. Campanile climaxes his film by arguing that even though life is easier under someone else's thumb, it's almost as difficult to shed responsibility as it is to acquire it. This means that his sexually saltire slavegirl is left, after her dreams, with an erotic emptiness that reality can no longer successfully fill: she is alone with her hopeless solitude, her desperation and a hardly used bridle outfit. *Checkmate to the Queen* is the latest in a new wave of Italian sex cinematics, which includes such epics as *The Awful Story of the Nun of Monza*, *Ecce Homo* and Campanile's previous erotic *Tail* piece. Their common factor is their emphasis on sexual fantasy and nudity, but each of them has been distinguished by social theorizing on a higher or lower level. What *Queen* ultimately represents, as far as society is concerned, is a moral tale that being weak is a week's work. 



Miss Schiaffino (above right) ecstatically rides postilienne as the self-humiliating Haydee pulls her along. Above left: a high-heeled stable assistant wheels out the human chariot. Left: the horseless carriage under way, making, if nothing else, a hansom pair