

# PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR

MAY 1972 ONE DOLLAR

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MY SECRET VISIT TO  
THE I.R.A.: BY  
COL. CORSON

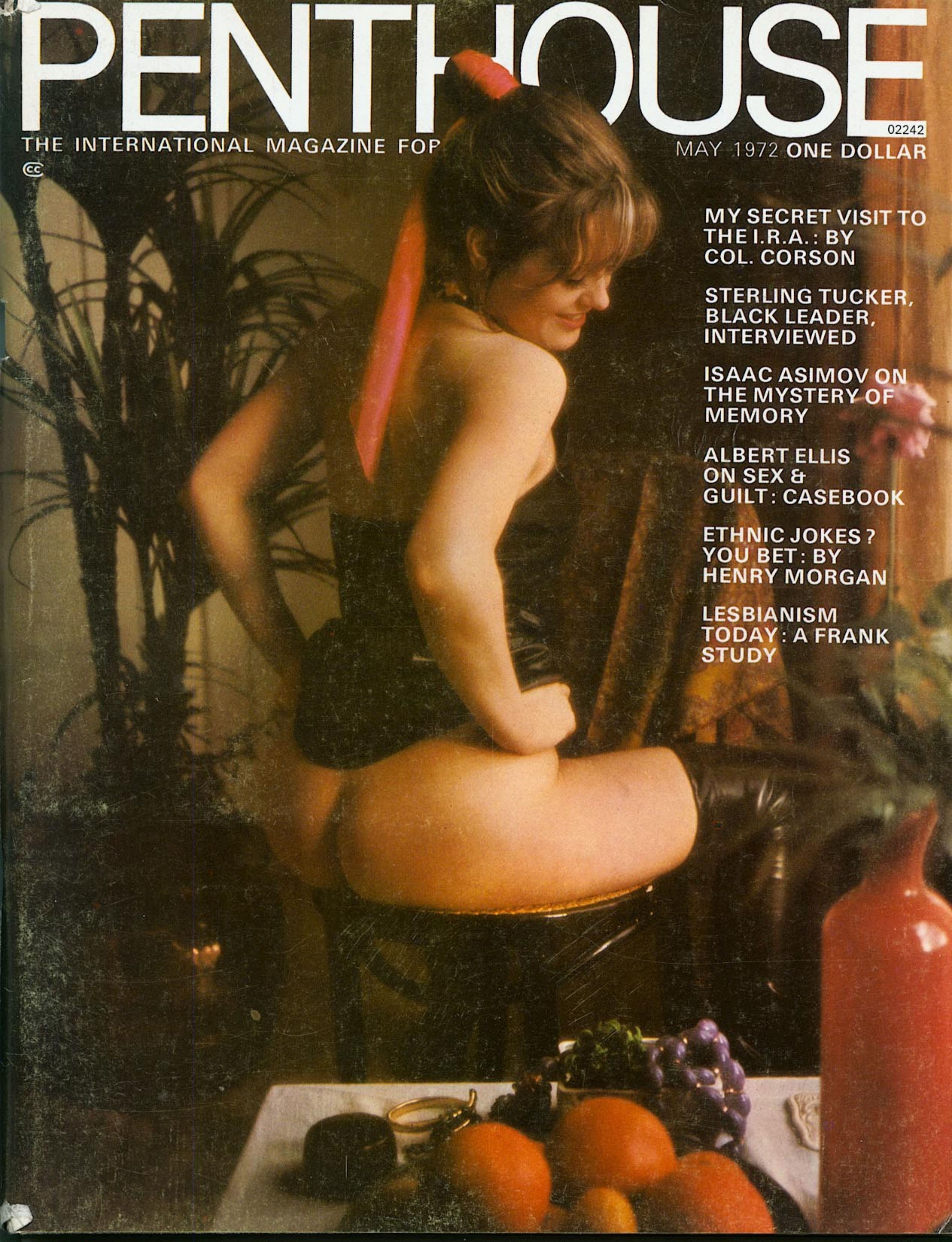
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BLACK LEADER,  
INTERVIEWED

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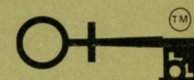
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# PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/MAY 1972

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## SHARON

A soulful Pet with  
a predilection for Presley  
and an antipathy for politicians.







## FORM AND REFORM

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

In a decade apparently devoted to personal cool, a very grown-up 19-year-old, Sharon Elaine Bailey admits to one uncool urge: for one night only, she still wants to shake the sheets with the everlasting golden love idol of American pop, Elvis Presley. "And just to make matters worse," she confesses, "I'm willing to pay for the opportunity—





my entire income for the next five years!" Sharon hastens to explain that her unseemly hang-up is really a hangover from pubescence in the Presley years. "Unless you're a little girl growing up in the shadow of a Victorian grandmother and you've just discovered that you have breasts and overnight you encounter the electric sex appeal of an Elvis Presley, you'll never know what I'm talking about. What I'm really willing to pay for is that little girl's wonderful dream of growing up—not for anything I necessarily feel now. I'm all over Mr Presley, but the child in me isn't!" Born and brought up in Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, Sharon went to Italy at 16 to work as an au pair in Milan. She learned Italian quickly and acquired a taste for travelling. As a Gemini (fickle, intuitive) Sharon has a penchant for older men—"they're stable and I still need a bit of stabilizing"—but believes religiously that compatibility provideth a higher priority than maturity.







"I just can't form light-hearted relationships. I've got very few friends and I change them often."

Though not politically minded, our 36-23-36 Pet's pet peeve is politicians. "I simply see them as people. Prime Minister Heath,

for example, has as much personal magnetism as a limp cabbage, and Wilson is worse. President Nixon's eyes remind me of the little windows in a one-armed bandit. I'd like to see

England run by a black man; only because he'd probably have a greater sense of social tragedy. He might be more sympathetic.

And picture Parliament run by disc jockeys instead of politicians.

Wouldn't that make England swing again?" From the mouths of babes, etc., etc.



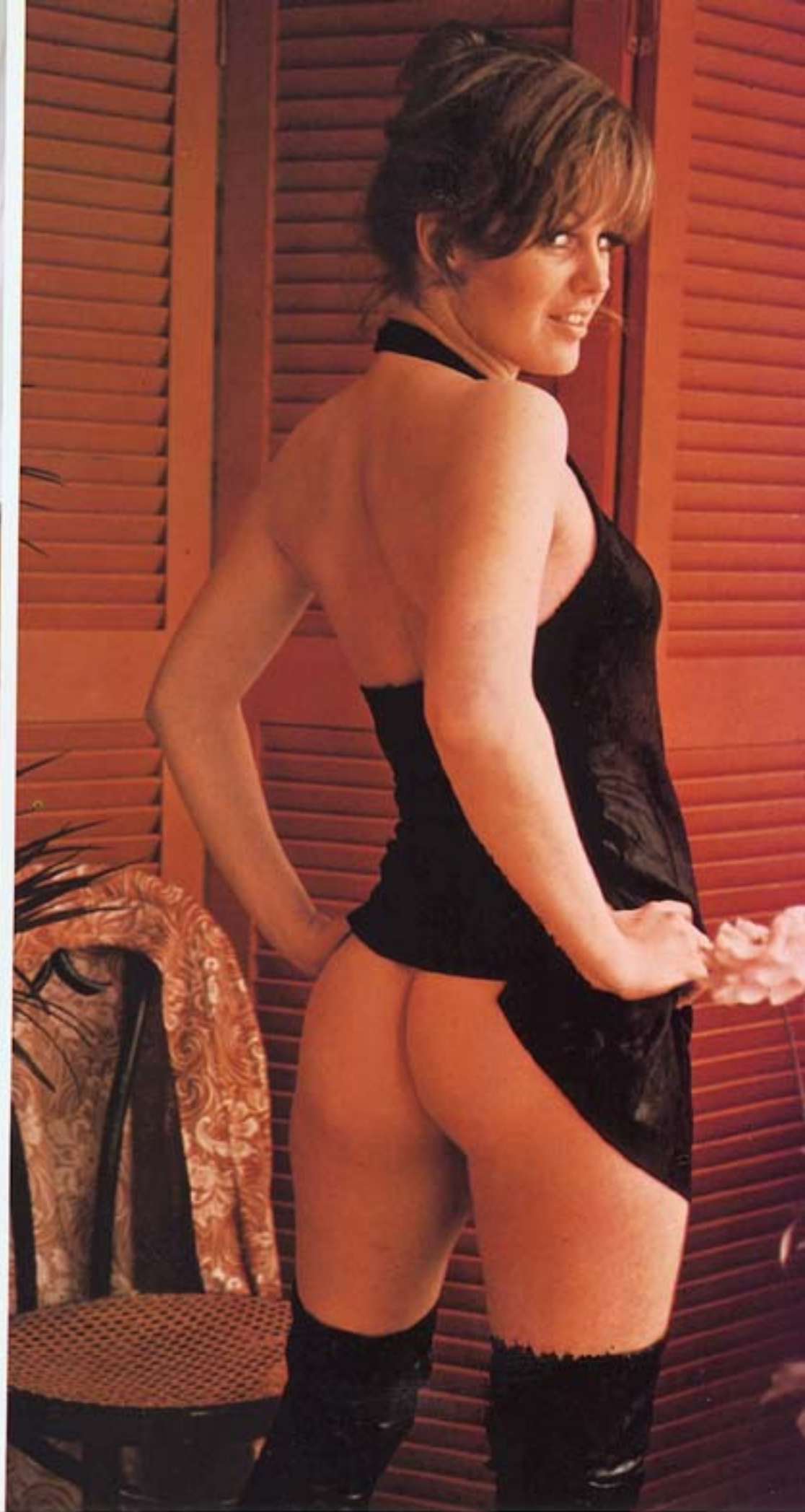
















MISS SHARON BAILEY/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE ADAMS



*Unimpressed by  
romanticism, this erudite  
English girl has nonetheless a  
peerless prospect  
in fields both emotional  
and economic.*

*Super Starr*







With cynicism rare for a girl so likely to impress the most chauvinist of males, 21-year-old Celia Starr subscribes to a view of romanticism that is best summed up by H. L. Mencken's uncompromising aphorism: "Love is the triumph of imagination over intelligence." The sensual Celia, whose perusable proportions (36-23-36) add classic atmosphere to the antique emporium in London's Kensington where she works as an assistant, ascribes her unromantic attitude to an early *affaire*. "He promised me everything, and like a fool







I believed it. I came down so hard I could never forget it. I won't ever quite trust a man in the same way again, although that doesn't mean for a moment that I dislike men." Celia, whose eventual ambition is to buy a shop of her own, and run it in conjunction with "a man I may almost love", is a specialist in Regency inlaid tables, and to watch her indentify the bird's-eye maples and mahoganies is an education in itself. Celia may be offhand about love, but we feel that, given time, she has the potential of a super-Starr.











# DO YOU FREAK FRENCH?

Latent in many apparently unassuming objects, according to the French photographer Marc Kramer, are erotic possibilities that would stun the uninitiated mind. Take the humble banana, suggests this gourmand of Gallic grotesquerie. Now you mightn't credit it possible, but this firm plain fruit, stiff and curving,

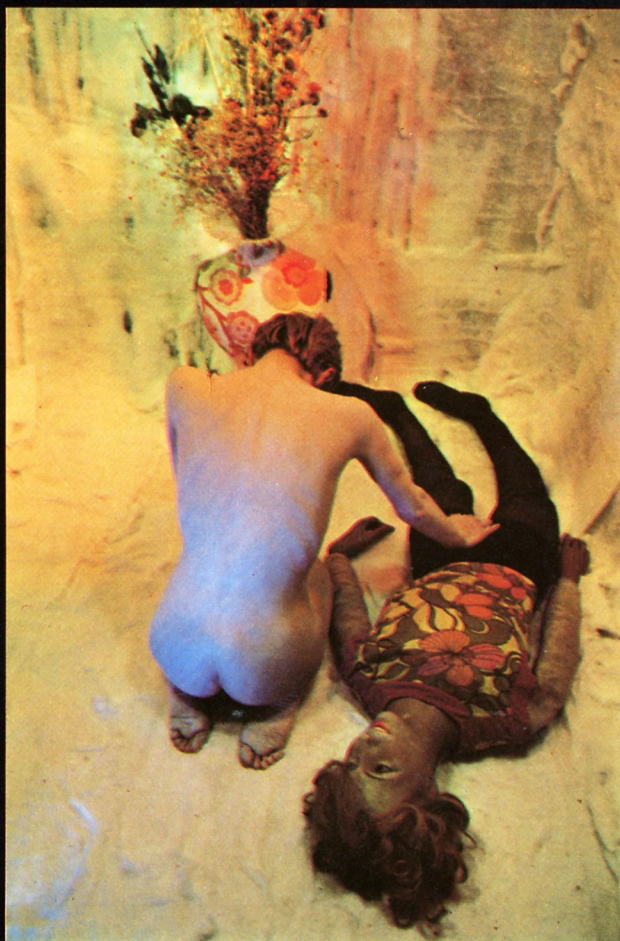






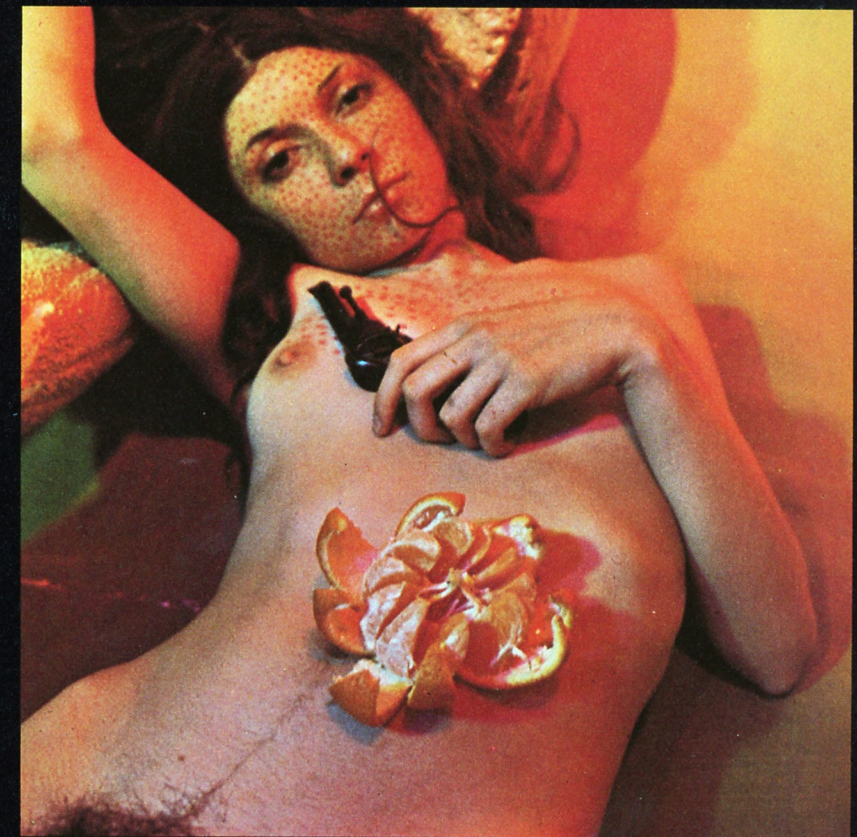


actually puts some people in mind of a—well, you know, a *dong*. And if this sexual transmogrification is not of itself enough, Kramer goes on to use his camera in a way that really brings out the worst in things. Apples, flowers, needles—even *people* are all part of a hypersexual symbolism in which superficial beauty is stripped mercilessly away to reveal the superficial ugliness beneath. In fact, it is probably not too far



*"Here's licking at you, kid," (left) as dubious doll debouches with dummy, who eventually proves (top left) a flop, sexwise; though sometimes it's hard to tell (top) which one is the big stiff. (Facing page) dummy gets a lift and all the stuffing rushes to her head.*





from the truth to aver that this  
lensman of the lascivious, by seeking out with his camera  
the carnal possibilities of whole-  
some, everyday artefacts, only succeeds in reflecting  
his own distorted view of sexuality.  
But then the possibilities are weld and limitless:  
the Eiffel Tower is obviously a  
ferric representation of French fertility; the Paris





*Pensive poupée (right) with sex on her mind and veg. on her body. Prickly situation (above) leads (top left and right) to further uncomfortable postures, culminating (facing page) in a fruitful fantasy of bejewelled bliss, a picture which, despite the heavy symbolism of its accessories, gives a reasonable view of the goodies.*





Metro is a womb. New York is nothing less than Phallusberg; and every eggplant, cucumber, fig and French loaf is a potential symbol of sex. And navel oranges, for God's sake! Leastways, that's how M. Kramer seems to see things. To us, the finest and most suggestive symbol of eroticism is that unassuming object—a beautiful girl.