CINEMA-X

THE ADULT CINEMA REVIEW MAGAZINE

REVIEW

OCTOBER 1980
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EXCLUSIVE EROTIC FEATURE FILM REVIEWS:
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Jezebel
Ultra Flesh
The Girls Of Mr. X
Sensual Fire

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Answers reader mail!

SANDI FOXX:
An interview with erotica's leading female agent!

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Inside: Uschi, Seka, Crystal, & Vanessa!

Uschi

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The Adult Cinema Review Magazine

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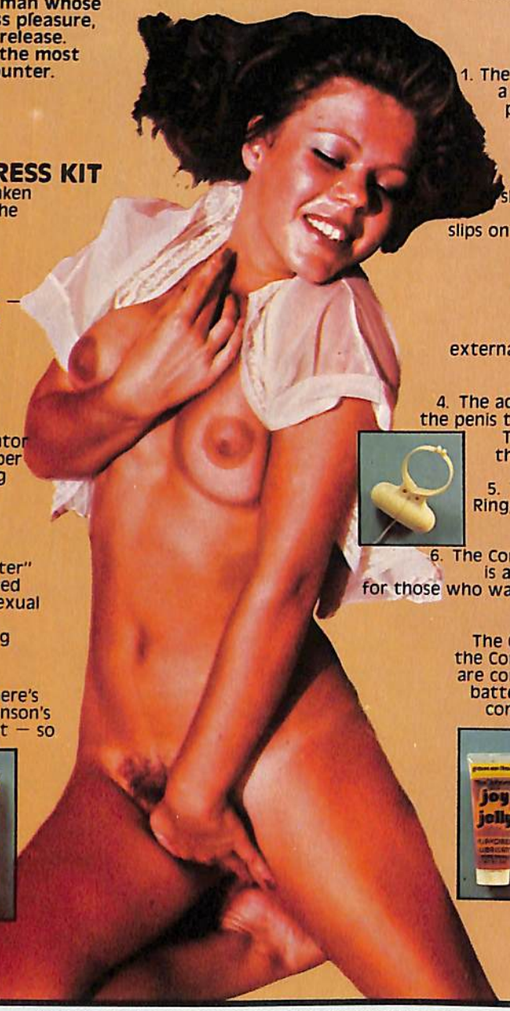
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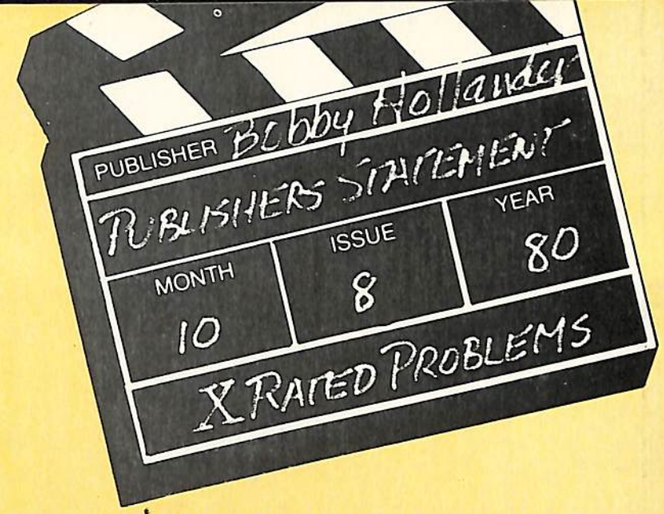
Hammond Media, Corp.
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N.Y. 10022 (212) 758-7500

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CINEMA-X REVIEW MAGAZINE,
Volume I, Number 8
Published monthly by WOODHILL PRESS Inc., 45 East 30 Street, New York, New York 10016.

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Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices.



From time to time this magazine runs into problems that could affect an individual in the same way, and when that happens I like to pass along the information. What I'm referring to is Eastman Kodak and the censorship they impose upon the consumer, who they've practically got monopolized. When you send film to Kodak they may, or may not develop and return it to you. It all depends upon what the pictures are of. If Eastman Kodak doesn't like your pictures, they won't print them and give them back. And you can bet that if you send in any "spread shots" of your wife, girlfriend, models, or whatever, you can say good-bye to them. While someone at Kodak will probably be drooling over them in private, in public they condemn you for them and impose their own particular brand of dictatorship. I therefore suggest that if you're going to take any nude pictures, you use Ektachrome film. If you use either Kodachrome, or Kodacolor, Kodak must develop them. Ektachrome film can be developed by other labs other than Kodak, and they usually do just as good a job without the self-imposed moralism.

Speaking of pictures, a recent movie release called *Caligula*, an epic about the life and times of a perverted Roman emperor features a lot of sex and sexual overtones, but very little else. Financed by Penthouse Magazine *Caligula's* budget supposedly exceeded 17 million dollars. I would just like to go on record saying that almost any student out of film school with that kind of budget and a professional crew could have done a better job. *Caligula* used sex to draw an audience, but the sex wasn't real, total, or sensual, it was freakish and exploitive and there was an excess of bloody violence which was disgusting and uncalled for. An example was a scene depicting a blow-job which concluded with the man having his cock sliced off immediately after coming. For a long time established producers in the X-rated field have been eschewing the combination of sex and violence, and in this film, probably stemming from a lack of originality more than anything else, the director, producer, and/or script called for a blatant and senseless use of violence. But at least this movie is an example of big money being spent on sex in movies with big name "straight" stars in the lead parts, and that's a step in the right direction, even though an unsteady one in this case.

For some good news, the response to our "Win Vanessa del Rio For A Weekend In New York City" contest has been tremendous and we are sorting through the applications daily. Our first winner will be announced in our October '80 issue, and because the response has been so good we are now in the process of offering another weekend in New York City with a different X-rated star. I will have more details on this contest in next month's issue of CINEMA-X.

Also, I would like our Canadian readers to know that the March '80 issue of CINEMA-X was not allowed across the border because Canadian custom officials decided you should not see it. If you would like a copy of the March '80 (or any other back issue) send $3.95 (including postage and handling) for each issue and we'll make sure you receive them quickly.

This act of censorship is especially ironic when you compare it to the opinion of CINEMA-X held by Playboy Magazine. They recently sent me a letter and I would like to share it with you. "After receiving our third issue of CINEMA-X Magazine, we must now write and thank you. Being avid followers of adult movies, video, and home movies, we truly appreciate your great magazine. It's really a tremendous aid in keeping up with the latest things available on the market. Thanks again very much, we really just love getting CINEMA-X." — Playboy Magazine.

Now — that's entertainment!

Bobby Hollander

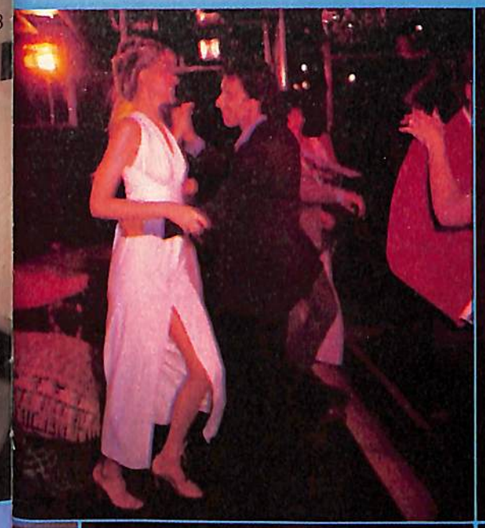
HAPPENINGS



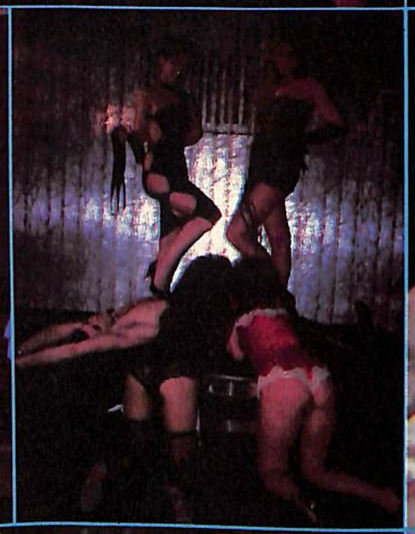














1) Vanessa del Rio taking a break on the beach in Florida where she attended the Publisher's convention on behalf of CINEMA-X Magazine, with publisher, Bobby Hollander.

2) Erotic actress, Phaedra Grant in one of her last movies before retiring from the business. We loved her on the screen, and wish her luck in whatever she does next.

3) Newly married film star Candida Royalle with her new husband, Per, and invited guests, Gloria Leonard and CINEMA-X Publisher, Bobby Hollander at movie producer Chuck Vincent's Manhattan apartment.

4) Per and Candida relaxing on their honeymoon in the Virgin Islands.

5) Leading man John Leslie and actress/model, Bridgett Hensen at the reception for Candida and Per.

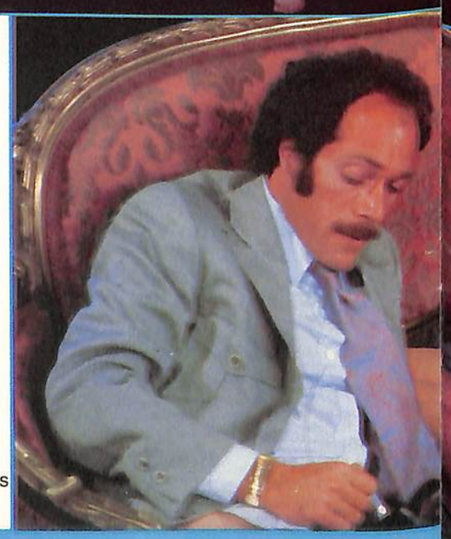
6) The Toni Rose Show performing at the Funhouse to celebrate Marc Stevens's Valentine's Day party.

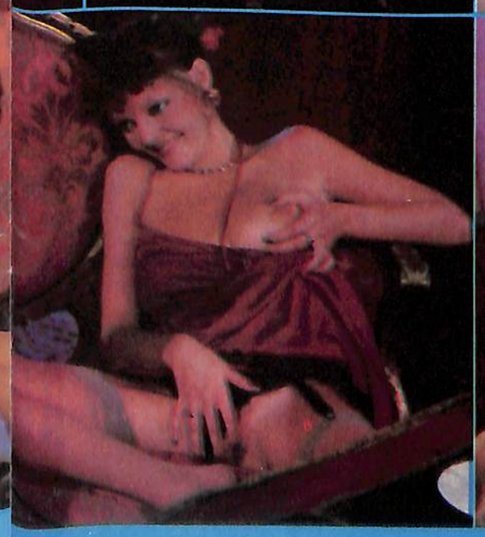
7) CINEMA-X movie reviewers, Erica Eaton and David Davidson with Partner Magazine's Peter Wolf at the Funhouse.

8) Marc Stevens and ex-wife Jill Monroe letting it all hang out for Valentine's Day.

9) Actor John Seemen with Laurien Dominique playing "show me yours and I'll show you mine."

10) Merle Michaels, who can be seen in the movie *Sizzle,* shows both her best sides.







FAN MAIL FORUM

HOTLINE ADDRESS

All amateur and professional writers, illustrators, photographers, and models who wish to have their work considered for publication in CINEMA-X Magazine are invited to send material (along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope for return) to CINEMA-X Magazine Inc., 652 First Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

GIRL TALK

Susanne and myself are from Queens, New York and we just happened onto your magazine CINEMA-X with the interview of Goddess Sasha (April '80). Susanne's looking over my shoulder stark naked with her arms tied behind her back as I sit here also nude. All this business about being submissive and hungering for someone to tell you what to do and *when* is a turn on that Susanne and I have lived with royally for the whole year we've known each other. It began in this bar when she came in and we eye-balled right off. You see I knew it was going to happen and she did too! Just like that! We're in our early twenties and we're both working now for the same advertising agency, a bunch of snobs. I won't mention which one. Our boss is a queer, the fairy kind but he's into submission all because of Susanne and me. Like for example, we lock him up in his private toilet knowing fully well he's not about to knock loud enough to call anybody to get him out. We whisper every obscene thing we can think of through the door and he goes out of his fucking mind. You'd think he'd fire us, but he doesn't.

She and I also dress up like boys and tease the living shit out of him. This is when he gives in. We take down his pants then tie his belt to his balls and another belt to his prick, the base of it and then we put Susanne's pink panties into his mouth as a gag and at the same time seal his eyes shut with bandaides, the heavy duty ones. We take turns licking his bare ass or sticking our fingers up into it. He goes goofy. When his little prick begins to shake we slap it and he groans and bends over and then we both keep very quiet and he staggers blindly around his office trying to find us, but we keep ducking. This is when we tell him to stand up on his big desk and after either Sue or I have untied his wrists, we tell him to jerk off his penis so we can catch his stuff. To tell the truth we watch, but it takes him forever so we kiss and play with each other's nipples waiting until we hear him panting then we both quickly dress and rush back to our desks. He'll do anything we say. He is our slave, at the toilet, anywhere. He licks my nylons and Susanne's sandals and of course our panties and he's forever sniffing. He pays us out of petty cash to leave our panties in a plastic sandwich bag in the bottom drawer of his desk. When we sign in for special overtime work on a Saturday morning he waits for us in his office stark naked and down on the street we call him up on the pay phone to say we're a little late and he moans and complains and begs us to hurry. We also make him pray to our cunts for rain and to see him so humiliated is a sight! Right in the very middle of a busy conference with big shots from a company you wouldn't believe, we telephone him and say come to the water cooler where Susanne is with some of her pee in a paper cup. This drives him up the wall when she's not there after he comes rushing out. On Saturdays we both drink a lot of wine and do it all over his face.

Well, I've run away with myself. What I'm trying to say is that your goddess Sasha is tuned in. There's no doubt about that. She comes right out and that is fine with us. So do we. Confidentially it's just this side of wonderful that whoever interviewed this goddess Sasha sure knew what questions to ask and didn't pull any punches. That's fine. If you can show her this letter from us maybe she'd write back. We would just love to get our fingers on her and grease her up with cold cream and then make her beg for us to tickle her to death. You don't have to print this if you don't want but we mean very much every word here.

Marchia U.
New York, New York

TWO HORNY

I read your magazine and look at the pictures while my girlfriend turns the pages. It is just simply wonderful to have your magazine, something we look so much forward to we count the days. If you can picture her, my girlfriend, the whole scene, we discovered all by ourselves that masturbation is where it's at because it leads to that kind of smooching that leaves you feeling so full after you come. Doris and me, we're two years apart in our late twenties, we keep pretty much to ourselves because we can't find anyone who understands how we do things. I mean sex.

We love to sit across from each other, real naked and horny and jerk off at each other, each of us doing our own thing when it comes to dreaming up what we'd like to have done to us. Which is why this Serena actress you show us so much of is so sexy hot we talk about her with our eyes closed and my girlfriend pretends my asshole is Serena's and when she sticks her long tongue up into my hole, me bent over down on my hands and knees with the hi-fi blasting like some downtown disco joint, well you know that I'm jerking off my cock looking at the picture of Serena's asshole and her cunt and her pretty face and if we only had the money to go see her show, well, there's no luck in talking about the impossible, but we'd lick the living shit out of her hole, that's what! And we would love to see her twist around and tell either me or Doris to eat her. Doris and I sleep together and now and then she wakes up in a dream to gobble my cock and craves for me to shoot into her mouth which I do and then tease her into kissing me. Oh boy! Could we ask you if Serena takes it up the ass and if so does she let the guy's tool just blast into her ass? Doris asked me to write this and ask you. Hope you don't mind too much.

Alexander I.
Mount Vernon, Wa.

VANESSA FANS

My wife has asked me to write to you because she would like to know if she's eligible for a weekend with Vanessa del Rio

I would gather from what I've seen in your magazine that Vanessa has the hots for females who look like Inger Olsen or Serena or Deseree so it would be possible for my wife to enter the contest, if that's what it truly is. We both know it says that it is open to men and women over 18, but what if doesn't say is when the contest expires.

Last night we took more than two dozen polaroids with a neighbor from upstairs who is latin like Vanessa and has that kind of fire. Well, these photos are along with this letter and I would also like to know that if I came along with my wife and of course paid for myself all the way down the line would I be in the way?

My wife talked to me and I wrote out her 100 words or less to win the weekend date with Vanessa del Rio and I just sure hope that we win. We're both so hot and bothered by the whole idea we can hardly keep out of the bed, if you know what I mean.

Bill W.
Wilmington, S.D.

KEEP IT UP

There are several things I want to mention while I have a moment here with my secretary out to lunch. Number one is that I think your magazine is the most unusual of all of them on the stands because it has its eye on what's going on in the x-business and that is where it's at. It shows up the whole bit about women being put down by men and degraded by men which has nothing whatever to do with the truth because women love being caressed and used sexually. This is what I've found out to be true. Women love being talked dirty to even on the street, the sidewalks and they talk about it over and over and over to their girlfriends. My wife has such a girlfriend who is always talking about this wise guy and that wise guy breathing hard and using his tongue on his lips or sucking in his breath and in secret she loves every darned minute. Women can't go half a day without some kind of admiration or even crude gawking. They can't. My wife even drags me to the movies and sits with her mouth open and the popcorn growing cold as she watches two broads going down on each other. When she sucks me off afterwards in the car, there's no question in my mind that she's imagining me being a woman. I can tell how she licks and sucks my balls. She moans and scratches my penis at the same time.

We live in a mobile home while we wait for a building to go up and we have lots of experiences with other couples and your magazine circulates all over the trailer camp. It's unbelievable. What you do is show us here a whole wonderful world of people who like other people and are not ashamed of their bodies and their dreams. You can't know how important this is today.

We also dig very much the stories by Russell Smith, who has a fine eye on details. We like that. He's also funny and my wife reads me his fiction when I get home. She loves the one about the shoe store and the salesman and especially the illustration that went with it (March '80). My wife tore it out and pasted it up in the bathroom. And that's another thing I should talk about, the advertisement for *Cinema Tech* (page 68) and how really beautiful the model is and how wild it makes us feel to see a girl on the toilet playing with her little pussy. I sent in a cashier's check for all six films and we can't wait for 3-WAY ANAL. That's something we're all getting into out here and there's just no way we can find out without your magazine.

George W.
Purchase, N.Y.

DIRTY GIRLS

I am a bachelor and live alone. I subscribe to many magazines and I have my own home viewer and a cassette collection of x-movies. I would like you to know and to tell your readers that I have never been more satisfied than by your magazine, CINEMA-X.

I have two girl friends who couldn't care less, but they like money and in exchange they let me suck their cunts and when they're in a particularly good mood which is not every day, they come to my apartment together when they have their periods and they take off all their clothes and parade around my place with only the sanitary napkins. If I pay them enough and they are still in a good mood they will let me change their napkins. How all this came about was in a film I saw in Boston and I wish I could add that film, a loop, to my collection so that's why I'm writing to you in case you know where I can send for it. I also have them, the girls, lick each other's faces. This turns me on when they start sucking each other's noses. It's all so true that girls are pretty vulgar when you get right down to it. There's nothing wrong with this but when you find this out it opens up a whole new thing. There's a whole lot more to the girl next door than you'd think.

Warren,
N.Y.C.

KANDI LOVER

I found your magazine on the train stuffed between the seats and it's like I found a gold watch. This woman or should I say girl Kandi Barbour in this x-movie *Screwples* is positively wrong for the part. She should be cast like Annette Haven, which I mean is top flight and very very sensitive because she is so real you could see her on the streets or in a bus. Honest people are not a dime a dozen. Another thing is that Kandi doesn't have a phony bone in her body. When I took my husband to the drive-in across the state line to see some dirty movies, we just happened to come across this preview and while we both sat in the car, his big prick up my ass, he compared me to this Kandi by saying that I was an honest woman, not only because he married me to make me one, which is a family joke. I can't tell you how hot this girl Kandi made me. Every time she'd stick out her tongue I'd dance up and down on Johnny's cock. And we didn't care a shit if other people in parked cars looked in at us. I loved it. When Kandi touches her titties I cream all over the place. Even as I jot this down to you, I think I can smell her. I'd love to be alone with her in a parked car with my husband in the front seat and us undressed and lewd in the back seat and people in other cars listening to us squeal and giggle. I'm writing this in my spare time and you have to keep it confidential, by this I mean that I'm not putting any return address on this envelope which I know you people can well understand.

Gloria V.
(continued on pg. 31)



SNEAK PREVIEW —SEKA—A WOMAN

Scheduled to be released this summer, *Seka—A Woman* was co-produced, co-directed, and co-written by veteran filmmaker, Fred Lincoln. His previous credits include producing, directing, and writing such successful films as *Serena-An Adult Fairytale, Daisy Man,* and *Formal Faucet.* He has also acted in the movies *Defiance, Game Of Love,* and *Sex U.S.A.,* and has produced and appeared in the hit Broadway production of *Another Way To Love.*

The following interview is with Sharon Mitchell, Mr. Lincoln's 22-year-old co-producer, co-director, and co-writer on this film. Sharon has starred in numerous X-rated feature films as an actress, including *Joy, Violation Of Claudia, Captain Lust, Heat Wave, Exploring Young Girls, Skin Flicks,* and *The Enema Bandit. Seka—A Woman* is her first attempt at working behind the cameras.

CINEMA-X: Did you have any movie training? Did you take courses in school or something?

MITCHELL: No. But when you're in front of the camera in over 30 films, I think you pick up a little.

CINEMA-X: Why did you get into the X-rated business to begin with?

MITCHELL: When I went into the X-rated business it was because of number one. I was an out of work actress, but to be in a lead role, or to be in any kind or role in front of a camera, whether it's taking closeups or not is a gas to me. I enjoy it. Plus the fact that I'm an exhibitionist. I mean, I was into it for the sex, I was into it for the money, but I was also into it because I liked the movie business and I wanted to see what was going on behind the scenes. So I checked everything out. You had to observe or else it became boring. I mean, you're there, you might as well learn what you can. It's also very daring to do you know, and it's exciting. And I had fun and as much as I've been put down for it, or made to feel that it was wrong, I never regretted anything I've done. And this is the first X-rated project I've worked on in two years.



CINEMA-X: When does *Seka—A Woman* come out?

MITCHELL: We plan for it to come out sometime during the summer. We hope to open in the Pussycat Cinema in New York City.

CINEMA-X: How would you describe the film?

MITCHELL: Well, it's more of a couple's film than purely a male oriented film I'd say. It's not an extraordinary story or anything, it's kind of typical really. It's about a lady that has a problem, and she wants to be sexually free. At first we think it's a sexual problem, but we find out that it's a psychological problem. She goes to a therapist, played magnificently by Paul Thomas and when he puts her into hypnotic trances we actually see different erotic adventures through her mind. To give you an idea of her different fantasies, she has sex at a wedding, out in the country, in the Orient, in Russia, and she even goes back to the Wild West. That's why we call the film, *Seka—A Woman* because it's about a woman's thoughts.

CINEMA-X: What part exactly did you play in putting this film together?

MITCHELL: I co-produced it and co-directed it with Fred Lincoln. And it was an equal thing. It wasn't as if my name is a figurehead on the film. I was with this film since we re-wrote it. We actually had three people write it. A man in California wrote the treatment, Roger Kane wrote the second draft that we were shooting in New York, and Fred and I wrote what we finally shot in San Francisco. I was with the script through the pre-production, throughout the production, I was in on the editing of it every day, helping the editor, working with him, deciding what we wanted in the film. I really put my all into this film. I've worked on it for six months.

CINEMA-X: You sound like you learned a lot.

MITCHELL: I really did. It was my first experience and that's why I liked working with Fred, because he's very, very experienced and he's someone that can work with me and I can learn from at the same time. And that's very rare and special. When I got the chance to do this film, when someone said they had the money to put up, I was a little nervous, but chances don't come up very often and I figured what the fuck am I going to do when I'm 65? I'll be sitting in my rocking chair wondering what it would have been like to direct a film. So I did it.

CINEMA-X: You've appeared in a lot of films haven't you?

MITCHELL: I've been in a lot of films, sure. But this is a new thing for me.

CINEMA-X: Do you appear in this film at all?

MITCHELL: Yes I do. At the end I do a cameo. When it's finished the credits say co-produced and co-directed by Fred Lincoln and Sharon Mitchell, and the last shot of the film is me walking in the street.

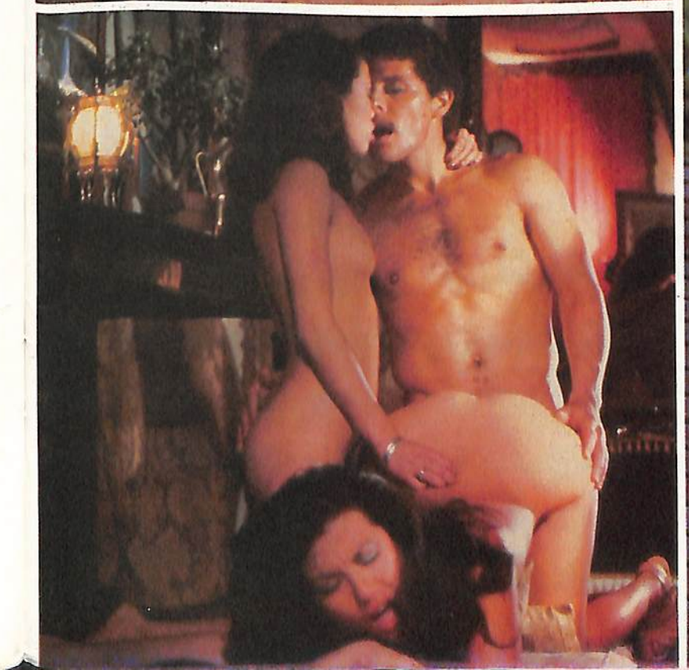
CINEMA-X: Did you get along as well with everyone else on the film as you did with Fred?

MITCHELL: No. There were a few actors and actresses I'd say I didn't get along with only because... I tried to shoot this film in New York and it failed, and I tried to do it in 16mm. And











I blew $20,000 and it was mainly because a lot of people seemed to be on a competition level with me. And I wasn't trying to compete with anybody, I was just trying to work with people and make a good product. But there were certain people, who will go unmentioned, who did not show up when they were supposed to. And there was one girl who was on the set of my film, the set was lit, and we were already into overtime, and she decided she just didn't want to do it. I refrained from wringing her neck, I never yelled once on the set.

CINEMA-X: You don't want to mention her name?

MITCHELL: No I don't.

CINEMA-X: But she is primarily a film actress?

MITCHELL: No, she's not. She's a mistress, but she was willing to do this, and then all of a sudden she changed her mind.

CINEMA-X: She wanted to break into the business and then all of a sudden lost control?

MITCHELL: Right. And that's when I started my lessons.

CINEMA-X: You said the film didn't work out in New York. Where did you finally end up shooting it?

MITCHELL: We finally wound up shooting it in San Francisco. It was very upsetting for me, because I put a lot of pre-production work into it, and there was a person who was involved who was posing as the producer of the film and he was trying to rip us off as well as our backers, and when we found this out, plus all the pressure I was getting from actresses not showing up, etc., and the overtime, I stopped the shoot. I called it off and said, "we can't do this anymore." And I cut it down, I stopped for a few days and I went home and cried my eyes out. And I didn't know whether I was going to do it again. I felt like a failure, I felt really bad that it was my first shot and it didn't work out. But Fred and I finally called up our backers and said, "dig into your pockets boys, we're going to San Francisco and we're going to do it in 35mm. We're going to hire Harry Flex and we're going to do it right," and that's what we did.

CINEMA-X: Harry Flex is a cameraman?

MITCHELL: Right. He's done things like *The Devil In Miss Jones* for Damiano.

CINEMA-X: When you were in front of the cameras acting, did you ever think that it was easier to produce and direct a film than it actually is? Did you expect to have all the problems you had? Did you expect things to be as complicated?

MITCHELL: I expected it, but I was hoping it wouldn't happen. All of a sudden I had to deal with things like 20 hour work days, pre-production and a hundred other things because I didn't have the money to hire the amount of people I needed to help me with it. Things like that. And I found myself buried in paperwork, and I had to make decisions and do things on time, but I dug it. I mean, I was under pressure, I was losing weight, but I

knew that I had to grab this thing by the balls and really do it right.

CINEMA-X: How was it working with the star of the film, Seka?

MITCHELL: Seka was wonderful. She really was.

CINEMA-X: Had you ever worked with her before?

MITCHELL: No. I had never worked with the lady in my life. I had never met her. I hired her on the strength of a photograph. And once we saw her we changed the whole screenplay around to fit her. You know how they used to portray Jean Harlow in films? Where she was always in a different gown, or with her hair in a different style and in different make-up. That's what we did with Seka. She looks like a woman in this film and it's beautiful. And it's a very real film.

CINEMA-X: Was she very professional to work with?

MITCHELL: And she can act. She really can.

CINEMA-X: What about the rest of the cast?

MITCHELL: Except for those few who I've already mentioned, everyone was terrific. When we eventually decided to shoot in San Francisco, we found everyone very professional, very cooperative, very sexy, and everyone worked with us as opposed to saying, "Okay, I'm doing my job. I'm doing my job." Everybody worked with us and it shows in the film. You'll see, these people are just beautiful and they're hot. It was like a joint effort, and I think that's the way a film should be, instead of these damn directors that I used to work with when I was in front of the camera, they would run around on the set saying you have to do this, you have to do that. They used to make me feel terrible and I didn't want to make anyone feel that they were working for me. I wanted to make everyone feel they were working with me.

CINEMA-X: What about dealing with the personalities of the actors and actresses?

MITCHELL: That was fun. I think that was the most fun part. The casting was a gas, because I went out to San Francisco and I hadn't met hardly any of the people.

CINEMA-X: Let's get into who these people are. Who stars in this film?

MITCHELL: Seka stars in the film of course, and in order of appearance I'll give you the rest. We have Laurie Blue, who is a beautiful, young redhead. She's adorable and she plays the co-starring role along with Seka. She has just about the second part. Then you will see a lady named Mae Lin, who is Oriental and has to be one of the hottest actresses on the screen today. When she has sex in this film, man she's screaming her brains out. We had to mix it down in the mix because she was digging it so much. And she works in a scene with China Lee, who is also Oriental.

CINEMA-X: Is that a lesbian scene?

MITCHELL: No, it's not a lesbian scene, it's a scene of two women making love when a man enters and watches the two Orientals. And then they're serving the man in their Kama Sutra stuff. In the next scene you will see Lisa Adams, who is a gorgeous lady, she's blonde and has blue eyes, and she's got the best ass! She plays in a cowboy scene with Jessie Adams and we have her wearing green leather chaps and nothing else. The next girl you'll see is a lady who is very new in this business, her name is Diana Holt and she's a college student, and she's just beautiful. She's got long hair and she's the epitomy of the American beauty, although we have her portraying and speaking Russian in the film. But she's just gorgeous. There's also Sonja Sommers and Veri Knotty. I believe that's all the women in the film.

CINEMA-X: Who were the men in the film?

MITCHELL: Paul Thomas, who personally I consider in with the greats like Jamie Gillis and John Holmes. There was Don Fernando who replaced David Morris and there was Jessie Adams. We also had Jon Martin and a guy by the name of Billy Daniels who is really great looking and a veteran. Aaron Stuart also appeared as did David Blair.

CINEMA-X: Is there a lot of sex in this movie?

MITCHELL: Yes, but it's not all hard core. I also have a lot of soft core scenes in this movie.

CINEMA-X: Do you have any masturbation scenes in the film?

MITCHELL: Yes. There are a lot of them. And they're very horny.

CINEMA-X: How long does the film run?

MITCHELL: It's going to run about 75 minutes.

CINEMA-X: Did you get the music laid down yet?

MITCHELL: Yes. We had all the music composed for the film.

CINEMA-X: How do you like the music?

MITCHELL: I love the music. The music sets the mood, it works with it. There's nothing worse than hearing the same damn canned music over and over again, or a hit record or something that you've heard a million times. We didn't want to do that. We wanted everything to be erotic. There's a whole feeling to this film and the music that goes with it, it's eroticism.

CINEMA-X: A lot of people have been writing to ask if you've retired from X acting. Have you?

MITCHELL: From the X acting I have, yeah. Because I no longer feel comfortable having sex in front of a camera.

CINEMA-X: Are you doing a lot of "straight" acting now?

MITCHELL: Yes. Mainly that's what's been my bread and butter for the past two years.

CINEMA-X: What have you been doing?

MITCHELL: I'll be coming out in a film called *Night Of The Jugglers,* which is a Columbia release with James Brolin. I just worked in a television movie the other day about Marilyn Monroe. Tomorrow I'll be working in a horror film called *The Fan,* where I play a witch. There's one thing I want to mention and that is that most people think once you work in erotic films as an actor, director, or producer, that limits you in any other field. I want to say right here and now that that's not true. It has not hindered me in any "straight" work I've gotten.

CINEMA-X: After all these months of working on the film, how do you feel?

MITCHELL: Well, I look back and it's like ... well, that was fun, but I'm glad it's over. Right?

CINEMA-X: By the way, what do you think of CINEMA-X?

MITCHELL: I think you should have me write a column.

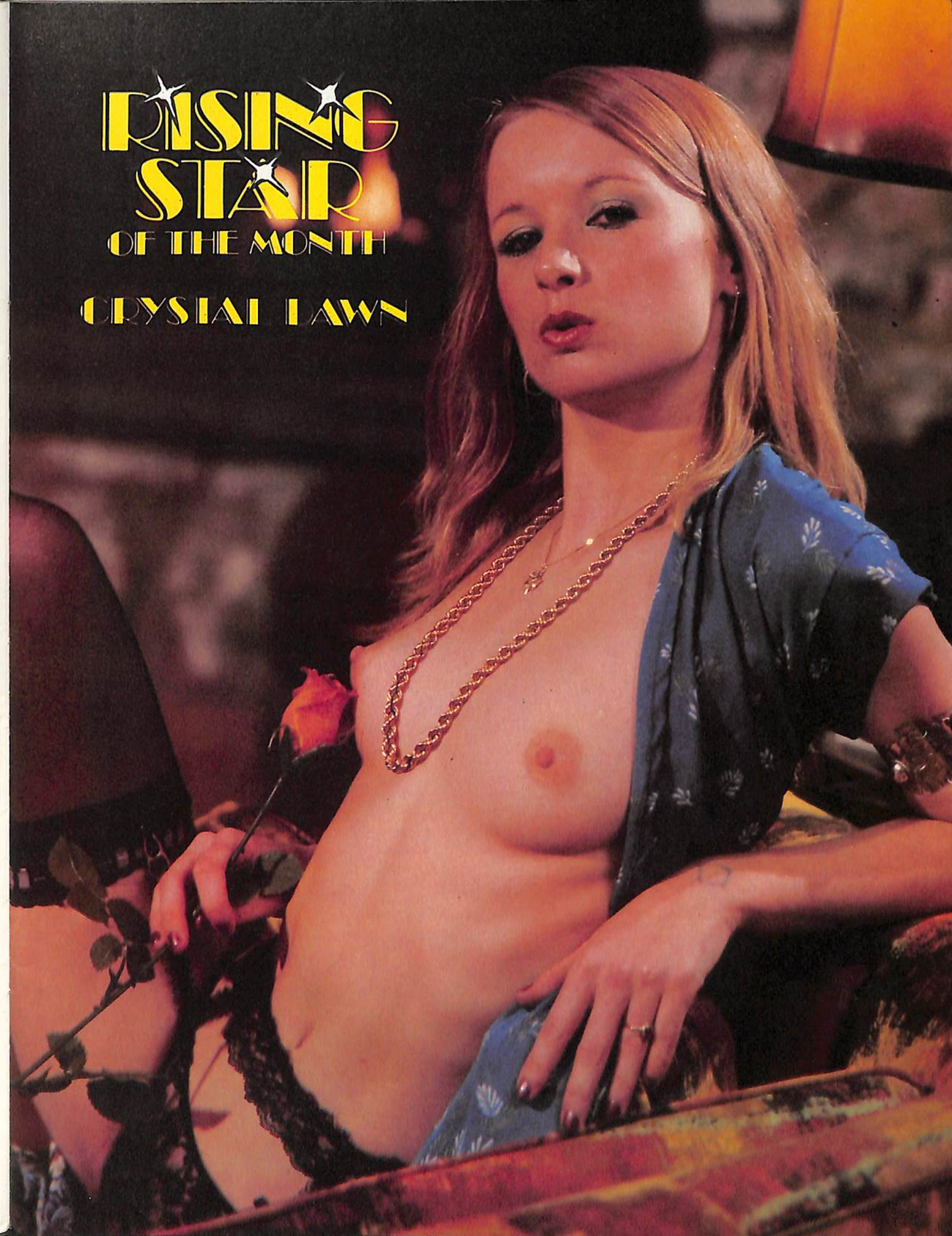
CINEMA-X: Would you like to write a column once in awhile?

MITCHELL: Well once in awhile, maybe I will. But I'd rather do this interview.

CINEMA-X: Can people write to you care of the magazine?

MITCHELL: Most definitely. Absolutely.

CINEMA-X: Sharon, we appreciate the interview and we can't wait to see *Seka—A Woman.*



Crystal Dawn was born in the San Francisco Bay area and was so anxious to star in X-rated movies that she started her career just after her 18th birthday.

Now 20-years-old, this 5'6", 105 lb. beauty has a fantasy of someday watching 500 men looking at one of her films, all with rock hard cocks. If you'd like to look at one of her films without the other 499 men, you can see her in *Pink Champagne* or the newly released, *Female Athletes*.

Besides her appearances in feature films Crystal has also starred in selected shorts from the *Joys Of Erotica* series, *Pleasure Productions*, *Swedish Erotica*, and the new *Showgirl Superstars* series.





Pie in the Sky

Fiction by Russell Smith

Illustration by Scott Fishoff

Lela and Heidi's teenage day dreams of being airline stewardesses, an exciting life more glamorous than any they could think of, occupied their thoughts every single moment until that magic day their hope became a living reality.

When Heidi rushed home with the news that their applications had been accepted, Lela, nude, trembling with anxiety, threw her shivering body into Heidi's outstretched arms. "My God! My God!" she cried, tears flooding her pale green eyes, "I can't believe it. I can't believe it ... oh Heidi, baby, it's really true? Oh God," she began sobbing as a broad smile lit up Heidi's lovely young face, her own eyes gleaming with excitement, her brain teeming with happiness. Heidi could hardly believe it either!

For a very long time the two young girls clung to each other, Heidi, the older, nuzzling her face on Lela's smooth shoulder, sniffing the stimulating fragrance of her naked flesh, hugging her close and loving the way Lela was rubbing her groin. Heidi could feel Lela's deliciously prominent mound pressing into her own.

"God, let's celebrate," Lela literally screamed, dancing up and down, her luscious breasts jiggling, her nipples suddenly alert. "Oh let's do something just wild," she squealed with a happiness that bubbled like champagne. "Really wild, honey!" Heidi had never

(continued on pg. 23)

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seen her roommate's eyes flashing so brightly.

"Maybe you'd like to fuck me," Heidi laughed, undressing quickly down to her skimpy pale lavender panties Lela had given her. "Or should we go out to the 55 Bar and fuck Malcolm?"

Lela fell to her knees in front of Heidi. Looking up at her with pleading eyes, she begged with her tongue darting between her lips. "Yes, but let me have a little taste?" she whispered, "a little taste first?"

"You're such a sexy thing," Heidi said half aloud, casually caressing Lela's soft curly hair. She parted her thighs. "Well, I don't see why you can't. You've been a good girl all day, haven't you?"

Lela, weaving on her knees, her breasts so firm and ripe and from Heidi's position standing above her, so beautifully naked, sat back on her heels. "Yes."

"All right then," said Heidi, "you may have a little taste." Heidi began to lower the pale lavender panties. "Oh let me!" Lela cried. "I want to do that." She cocked her head, "but let me do it this time from the back, yes. How's that, okay?" Her eyes gazing lovingly up at her roommate were soft and misty. "Okay?"

"Oh yes, my little darling," said Heidi, turning on her spike heels. Leaning forward a bit to exaggerate her lovely firm buttocks quite visible through the transparently sheer fabric of the expensive French panties, she began to wiggle and hum to herself as she felt Lela's trembling but eager fingers slowly pulling the panties down to expose her silky smooth buttocks.

"Wait," said Heidi suddenly. "Before you take my panties down, kiss my ass through them. I'd like to feel that again. You remember how Buddy sucked my ass and cunt through my panties? God, Lela, I just loved that," Heidi half mumbled. "Would you?"

"I'd do anything on earth you asked me to do for you, Heidi," Lela said softly. Pulling Heidi closer, Lela began by rubbing her rosy cheeks all over Heidi's warm buttocks, then gathering saliva in her mouth she began to spit it gently all over Heidi's whispy panties, rubbing it in with her mouth, the saliva cool and slippery on the silky panties.

"I love that, whatever you're doing. It feels just wonderful."

Lela worked the panties down lower and now she had a perfect view of the most delicious asshole she'd ever seen, kissed or poked her tongue into. "Oh God, I just love your asshole," she purred, spreading Heidi's ass mounds; then when the tiny rivuleted, pouting anus was completely exposed, she pressed her moist lips to it and suddenly pointing her tongue, began dabbing and dipping, then washing with her tongue flat as Heidi began squirming and bending further and spreading her feet wider.

"Ohoooooo, yesssss," she began to whimper when she felt Lela's wonderful tongue sneaking further down to wet that little bridge between her anus and her cunt slit. "Ohoooo, there ... yesssss. Do it there. Oh God, I love that sweet tongue up my ass ... ohooooooo, Lela, tongue me. Yesssss, darling ... Tongue me deep ... yesssss, use your finger now, oh darling, plug my asshole with your finger!"

As the lovely Lela obeyed, Heidi worked two of her own fingers in and

Lela worked the panties down until she had a perfect view of Heidi's delicious asshole.

out of her slippery wet cunt, writhing and weaving as Lela's finger slipped in and out with increasing speed and force. When Heidi was fucking back vigorously on the penetrating finger, Lela gripped her by the waist and began to bite her milky white buttocks, worshipping the buttocks she so idolized, the ass cheeks that made her hot-blooded just thinking about them.

"Oh yesssss. This is so nice ... so nice. I love it ... I love it," Heidi was chanting, her naked breasts swaying lasciviously, her clitoris on fire and one passion after another sweeping over her graceful body. When Lela finally pushed her face between Heidi's thighs and began to burrow like a dog into her mushy wet cunt, it was all Heidi could do to remain standing.

"Oh God, let me sit on your face," she cried. "Let me, Lela," she begged. "I can't take it. I'm going to come. I want to come into your mouth, on your face, ohooooooooo, come on your tongue ... yesssssss, come while sitting on your face," she panted, out of breath, her lovely body squirming passionately as Lela quickly lay on her back and grinned as Heidi placed one high heel on either side of her head and then slowly lowered her glistening wet cunt, squatting then and inching up closer and closer, Lela's tongue sticking out, weaving, the delightful aroma of Heidi's hot wet cunt, the sight of Heidi's matted pussy hairs, the inside of her white thighs, up higher, her lovely bare breasts with very sensitive nipples that Lela loved to suck on ... "Ohoooo yes ... Yesssssssssss," escaped from Lela's lips as Heidi began to press her cunt closer, bringing her knees together then fucking on Lela's face, first softly, rubbing, scratching Lela's nose, her chin, her eyes before beginning to squirm and then rotate and gyrate her hips; now sitting with her back straight; then kneeling and gripping Lela's head with both hands to pull it, to hug it hard up against her cunt, Lela's groans and squeals of hot passion, her biting teeth making Heidi delirious and feverish with lust.

When Heidi's hysterical cunt finally began to pound and the salty sweat gathered between her thighs and her beautiful breasts, her head shaking, her long blonde hair swinging, Lela sensed the approaching storm of Heidi's orgasm and quickly plunged two fingers cruelly up into Heidi's hot moist anus. "Ohoooooo, aaaaiiighhhii!" came her scream and she began to grind her frantic cunt with such force, Lela's nose became so clogged with Heidi's juices, that Lela almost suffocated, and only with great effort was able to catch a breath of air.

When the initial excitement passed and the two young girls were pretty much their normal selves, both felt too exhausted to celebrate further. But the tremendous sensation of relief that swept over them after suffering interminably for weeks waiting for news of their acceptance was like a cool rain after a scorchingly hot midsummer afternoon on blistering city streets. Later that night, however, they felt refreshed and both dressed as sexy as possible and took a taxi to the 55 bar on Christopher. Neither could wait another hour to tell Malcolm the good news. Their joy was utter ecstasy.

"He's not gonna believe it," laughed Lela, holding Heidi back a moment in the shadows of the little park at Sheridan Square. She fondled Heidi's breasts naked and warm under her button-down sweater. "And you're just gonna have to let him go down on you and eat you like you promised if the airline accepted us remember, honey?" she asked, stealing a little kiss, squeezing Heidi, then reaching in back to slide her hand up under Heidi's slit skirt to caress her smooth naked buttocks. "I love it when you don't wear panties," Lela murmured, hugging Heidi. Then she broke away, grinning. "Ah hah! So you did plan to let Malcolm suck your cunt, didn't you? Didn't you? That's why you came without your panties, right?" Lela's eyes were glowing. The idea excited and thrilled her.

"I thought you'd be jealous if I told you," Heidi giggled.

"Oh, don't be silly," Lela complained. "How could I? Never. Never," she repeated. "Never!! I love watching you get sucked." She smiled. "I love it more watching you get fucked and especially when it hurts at first up that darling little asshole of yours," she said, then hurried the older girl across the busy street, down the few steps and into the crowded, noisy smokey bar. "So I can kiss it and make it better for you," she whispered from the corner of her mouth as they found their way to the very rear and the table hidden near the toilets and the jukebox.

Sitting close together in the secluded booth both girls pulled their skirts up high, sitting on their naked buttocks. When Malcolm sauntered over, ivory cigarette holder between his teeth to ask what they wanted over the din of the blasting jukebox, he had no idea what was in store for him. He had jokingly bet that he would suck Heidi into a violent orgasm right there in the bar when and if the girls were accepted at the airline's stewardess training school. The very thought of this from day to day made his mouth water and his enormously long and thick cock pound with wild excitement. He could tell now by the fire in their sparkling eyes that something wonderful had happened.

But he didn't dare believe that Heidi would keep her promise. Malcolm was wise in the ways of young women, more familiar with their teasings than most men.

"So," he greeted them, bending to kiss each on her pretty lips, "you made it, huh?" He appreciated Heidi's firm ripe breasts so obviously nude under her tight Cashmere sweater. And when they both nodded and Lela looked knowingly and suggestively down into Heidi's crotch then swept her eyes up to Malcolm's face and wagged her tongue, he burst into laughter. "You're putting me on," he said, his eyes dancing behind his rimless glasses. "You're both putting me on."

...it was much later when Malcolm could take a break and the three of them stole into the ladies room. Lela closed and locked the door. "I can't wait ... I can't wait," she whispered softly, hugging the tall, gray-haired bartender, running her hands over his prick already stiffening as Heidi with her skirt high up around her waist sat on the toilet seat, spreading her thighs wide, balancing her high heels

"I love watching you get sucked," she said, "I love seeing you fucked in the ass."

on the white porcelain. She nodded and then grinned at the bemused Malcolm. "This is simply out of sight ... like space," she grinned as he fell to his knees and buried his handsome face between Heidi's warm, velvety smooth thighs.

As Malcolm's tongue excited and inflamed Heidi's clitoris and his lips devoured her sweaty hot cunt, Lela quietly unbuttoned Heidi's sweater to expose her luscious breasts. Then the smaller girl kneeled. Zipping down Malcolm's fly, she gripped his handsome cock and was soon whipping it the way she'd done once before, scratching the silky shaft, pinching the head and then masturbating it with gusto, a wide grin on her face as she pulled up her skirt to pinch her clitoris with her free hand.

"I just hope you girls," Malcolm began, coming up for air, his face smeared with Heidi's cunt juice, "will come back to visit after you begin flying," he said licking Heidi's tasty juice from his lips. "I'm gonna miss you both dearly." He was gasping for air. He needed a drink!

"Not half as much as we're going to miss you," said Heidi, her pee suddenly bubbling in the toilet as Malcolm stood and spreading his legs, looked down nonchalantly as Lela sucked his thick cock into her mouth and loved how he held her head tight while he fucked her in the mouth until within moments, the loud banging on the toilet door not helping any, his prick exploded with a barrage of raw scum that Lela swallowed greedily, licking her lips and grinning happily.

...to the girl's surprise the four-week stewardess orientation course passed swiftly. Each day was exciting, learning new things, meeting new people. Both were flabbergasted at how much the stewardess on transatlantic and even local national flights had to know before they were qualified to join a flight crew. But upon graduation day and the first wearing of their spiffy new uniforms with the cocky hat and the colorful blouse and skirt both happy young girls had never been more content in their lives, their hearts bubbling for the great adventures soon to be theirs.

Their last night in the cozy room they shared at the Airline School, both nude, both a little tipsy from the champagne drunk at the graduation party, they waited anxiously for the senior crew chief of the Paris 'section' to pay his first visit. Early that day both had been told that this "visit" was strictly "routine," that the "section" they'd requested to fly (New York-Paris-Rome-New York) would be theirs if they were "nice" to the section chief. Heidi and Lela both assumed without any question that this instruction meant having sex; and of course, they assumed further that the section chief would probably be a man. Can you imagine their utter surprise when Heidi answered the gentle knock on the door and there stood one of the most ravishingly lovely females either had ever seen.

"Well!" Miss Snell greeted them, her flashing blue eyes caressing the lithe naked bodies, the ripe young virginal breasts but mostly the delicious puffy cunt lips of Lela who lay sprawled on the bed. The curly chestnut hair between her thighs covering the delicately tinted pink pussy lips contrasting with the young girl's

milky white thighs and painted toenails was a sight Uta Snell wasn't accustomed to seeing every day. "Really, girls. What is this all about?"

Never had two young girls been so humiliated! Lela fled to the bathroom to wipe off the crimson lipstick she'd painted her lovely breasts with; also to remove the golden slave chains around her trim ankles and waist.

Heidi, usually calm and cool in any situation, was blushing profusely, the beet red color of her face descending to her neck and the tops of her luscious breasts. Her nipples hardened like little stones. She felt little cramps in her cunt and then a kind of convulsive sensation when, about to flee behind Lela, she saw a broad smile spreading over Miss Snell's pleasant face.

"Well," Heidi began, stumbling, stuttering, unable to decide what the older woman's big smile meant, "well, you see, we...we were...expecting a certain...."

"Boyfriend ... to help you celebrate?" grinned the senior crew chief, interrupting at the right moment because the trembling Heidi didn't know what else to say.

"Yes...," she muttered, now covering her pussy triangle with one hand as her other arm crossed her breasts. Heidi suddenly had to piss so bad she was terrified the yellow urine would come dribbling down her long naked legs any second.

"Well," began Miss Snell, making herself comfortable on the small leather couch facing the bed with its lemon yellow covers, "I'm so sorry I can't be that special boy, but you were expecting me, too, were you not?" she asked, her tone now more severe, professional like a teacher.

"Yes m'mam," mumbled Lela who now appeared from the bathroom in her old threadbare robe, barefooted with her hair messed up deliberately. "But not until much later," she was able to say, her voice husky and weak.

"So then, I am here and your boyfriend is not." Miss Snell crossed her legs. "Heidi," she said, "if you'll feel more comfortable with something on instead of just standing there acting as if you have to pee so bad you can taste it, well, child, go to the toilet!"

This remark brought a smile to Heidi's face. She had regained her composure. "I don't mind being nude if you don't, Miss Snell," she said brightly. Heidi had noticed how intense Miss Snell's gaze was, how she had let her eyes caress her rounded breasts, how the older woman's eyes had traced down to her hairy cunt, down further to the high spike heels Heidi had worn for the occasion, her bare toes peeping out.

"Well, be seated then," said Miss Snell. "You too, Lela and I'll get on with my little speech."

"Wouldn't you like something to drink first?" asked Heidi, taking a calculated risk but sensing that Miss Snell, because of the way her eyes were now traveling lasciviously over Lela's bare legs exposed up to her crotch by the way she was reclining on the bed, the gown gaping open up top and half of her superbly lovely breasts visible, that Miss Snell wouldn't mind at all having a drink. Heidi could see the older stewardess' lips were trembling slightly at this remarkable display of so much licentious beauty. But more, Heidi could

His prick exploded as Lela swallowed greedily, licking her lips and grinning happily.

see that Miss Snell was interested in more than just making her little speech. Her own skirt had slid up exposing a sheer expanse of silky nylon and just a glimpse of white thigh above the stocking top attached to a pale blue garter belt.

"I think I would, thank you. Yes, please."

Miss Snell's speech which followed Heidi serving already mixed frozen cocktails from the little refrigerator, consisted of sex generally. The girls were free (on the flights they took with Miss Snell in charge) to behave as seductively with the influential passengers in first class as they knew how. "The more the better," she grinned. "You see, girls," she said, reclining, legs apart and her silk panties visible to both girls over on the bed, "these pax as we call them, are very generous tippers when the service is what they expect. I mean," she grinned, scratching an imaginary itch on the inside of her thigh, this motion hoisting her skirt even higher and Miss Snell making no effort to right it, "no brassieres are preferable to brassieres. I don't frown at no panties and thigh high or even knee high silk hose —very sheer," she added. "Neither do I object to casually, accidentally touching the men's genitals when adjusting blankets or pillows." She leaned forward. As she did she casually began to unbutton her white satin blouse, her eyes now staring avidly between Heidi's thighs, Heidi's right hand slowly, absently stroking and her fingers caressing her lush forest of thick curly pussy hair. "Do you understand, girls?" She took off the blouse. Never had the girls seen such luscious, voluptuous breasts with fascinating nipples seeming to crave adoring attention. As Miss Uta Snell cupped her beautiful breasts then began to slowly massage them, tweaking both nipples, she licked her lips. "I feel more comfortable undressed, Heidi, just as you do, m'dear," she smiled. "Do either of you object?"

Lela laughed. "Not at all. We didn't know you were human," she said. She glanced at Heidi. "Did we, honey?"

Miss Snell was taking off her skirt, folding it and handing it to Lela. Now all she wore was tight, crotch-hugging panties that sliced between her beautifully rounded and firm plump buttocks. "Well, now you see how I really am."

"You're just beautiful," Heidi said softly. As Miss Snell began to push her panties down both young girls became wildly excited. Laughing, Lela pulled the senior crew chief to the bed and the next thing Miss Snell knew Heidi was frantically kissing her belly, stroking between her wide open thighs as Lela's lovely lips were kissing her gorgeous brests. Lela would bite and nibble on her pert nipples, then whirl her tongue before making a loud funny sucking noise and pretend to swallow the nipple. When Heidi's tongue found the woman's hot clitoris and Heidi began to chew on it the way she did Lela's, there was no question in any of their minds that they were going to get along just famously on every trip they'd make together. Malcolm had wished them good luck and that which they were already enjoying was phenomenal!

As Miss Snell purred, Heidi was sucking her cunt, stabbing her long

searching tongue deep between the slippery feverish cunt lips; sucking and swallowing the rich thick juices; even fingering Uta Snell's cunt deep up inside, wiggling her fingers, then pulling them out to offer them under Lela's nose. The younger of the two girls licked on Miss Snell's nipples or kissed her passionately on the lips as Miss Snell moaned and grunted or groaned or simply squealed with delight as she lay half on the bed, half off, squirming with her knees up, spread obscenely, her bare feet on Heidi's shoulder. Heidi was down on her knees on the rug, her face buried between Miss Snell's hugging thighs, her own cunt seething and simmering with white heat because Miss Snell had whispered earlier that on the overseas flights they could relieve the monotony by sucking each other off in the radio operators cubicle where there was a three-quarter collapsible bed. This, she said, was one of the reasons she was desperate to determine how open and free the girls were. Recalling her words as Heidi sucked frantically, loving how Miss Snell bumped her cunt, how she thrust back hungrily as she swiveled her hips, the juice from her feverish cunt drenching Heidi's pretty face, the young girl was becoming so frenzied and agitated, delirious with ecstasy that she couldn't wait for their first overseas assignment.

The following day, suitcases packed, Heidi and a happily smiling Lela flew back to New York for free. Both were nearly giddy with joy. "You remember all those hot sexy stories she told, oh wow?" Lela asked, snuggling with Heidi in their seat far to the rear of the almost empty aircraft. "I loved the one about her taking two cocks one after the other in the toilet then with her cunt dribbling answering that emergency and having to rush up the aisle to the cockpit only to find the second officer with his prick out wanting a quiickie, oh wow, three hot cocks, hmmmmmm."

"...and three loads of hot scum, think of it that way. I'd have loved to eaten her slimy cunt right afterwards," Heidi grinned, licking her lips suggestively. "I love the sweet salty taste of fresh come." Lela simply looked at her, her eyes wide. Standing directly over them, arranging a blanket on the rack above was the flight steward. Lela's face fell. So did Heidi's when Lela whispered that the good looking steward had overheard her. Heidi glanced up, then had to smile. The young steward was discreetly rubbing his crotch, his eyes checked for safety. "You'd like a taste, I have a moment," he said gently. "I understand you both are two of the new girls, huh?"

Heidi laughed. "Yes," her eyes flashed. "But you shouldn't have been listening," she said. She felt dizzy with desire, the fire in her inflamed cunt making her heart pound.

"Come on, both of you, be quick," he whispered, "one of the toilet's free."

Moments later Heidi, stark naked because the young steward insisted, was sitting on the toilet as the steward, his pants down to his knees, his thick white cock fucking gently in and out of Heidi's hot sucking mouth as Lela stared, hugging and squeezing her bare breasts, her sweater open to her waist. "Oh right on," Lela squealed. She reached for the guy's heavy, hairy balls, squeezing them. "Play with my asshole, you'll find a lot of passengers want that," he said.

"I love the sweet salty taste of fresh come," Lela purred.

"Are you training us?" Lela asked, probing his moist anus with her index finger before pushing it up inside to hear the man moan. "Are you, honey?"

"Maybe," he muttered. Lela's finger was up his ass and her other scratching and pinching his balls as he rocked on both feet sideways or back and forth. Now she was reaming it in and out as rapidly as he was fucking his cock in Heidi's face, holding her head, whispering to her, "so you like a mouthful of hot come, eh, well be ready. Soon," he promised, his balls slapping against Heidi's chin as her eyes flashed up at him, the noises in her throat exciting, her jiggling nude breasts that he fondled and caressed, stroking her nipples when he wasn't hugging her face to his stiff cock. "Oh baby ... baby ... baby," he moaned. "Suck suck, *suck me!*"

When the steward's cock erupted inside her sucking mouth, Heidi almost gagged. She sucked furiously. She was frantic to drink every drop of his delicious ooze. Lela was now down on her knees, hands on the toilet seat as she sucked on his balls, her finger still up inside his ass. She was drenched in sweat. So was the naked Heidi.

"Now, spread your legs 'cause I've gotta take a piss," said the steward, pulling his cock out of her mouth. He gripped the slippery shaft and aimed it between Heidi's parted thighs. "Oh golly," cried Lela, "this is fun. I've never been this close to a pissing cock." She reached for his cock to help him aim it and in seconds his prick shot a hot trickle, then a steady stream of urine between Heidi's open white thighs, the liquid splashing and splattering, Lela's face wet as she kept kissing the cock as it continued to pour into the shiny metal bowl.

"Oh God, oh God, I can't believe this," cried Heidi after the steward had left them alone. Heidi was still swallowing, using her tongue to taste his juice.

"It was so lovely. I loved him pissing all over your tits and your belly and your cunt," Lela laughed.

"You're a little cunt," said Heidi, drying off but loving the idea. "You were the one who aimed it!"

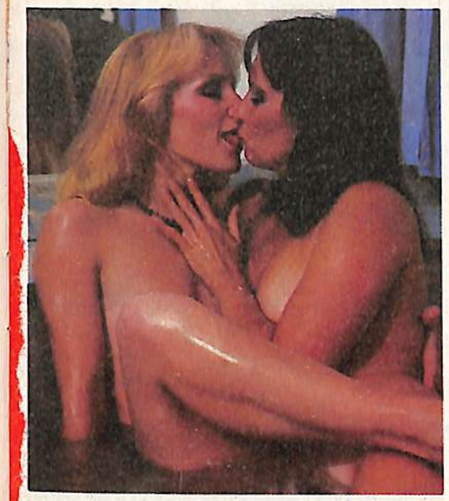
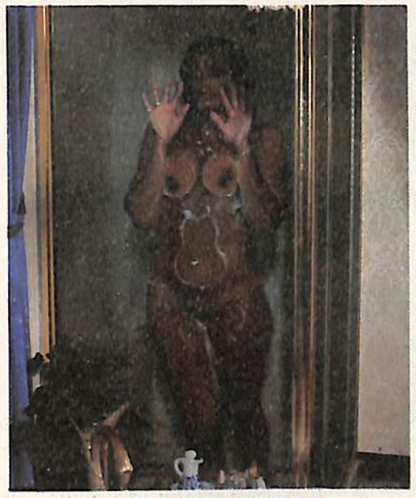
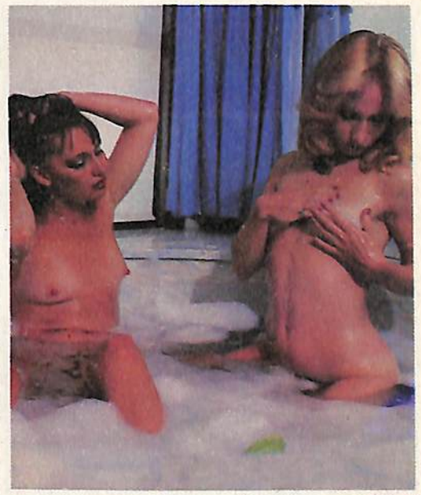
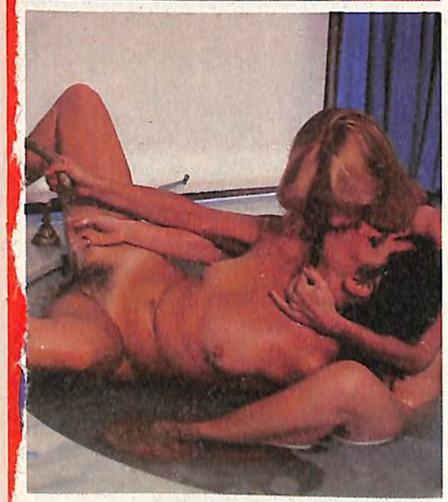
...less than one week had passed and Heidi and Lela were flying back from Paris where they'd spent a lovely two days studying the effects of jet lag and learning how to conquer it with naps induced by sleeping sedatives that also made them a little high. This was their first introduction to the famous Mile High Club both heard so much about at the Airline School.

Deadheading meant the aircraft flew from one point to another with no paying passengers, usually only crew or airline employees on a junket. On this trip there were two young captains, Heidi, Lela and another young stewardess. Her name was Mary.

And Mary was a living doll, petite, sweet but conceited about her alluring breasts and her ravishing body. She wore a sexy shimmering white cotton blouse so thin her deliciously naked breasts with hard pink nipples were visible. The short-shorts she wore

(Continued on page 67)

PRIVATE STOCK



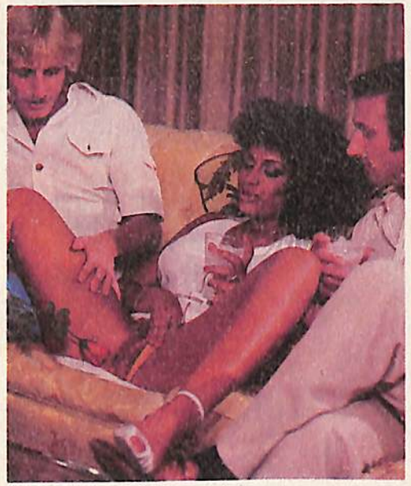
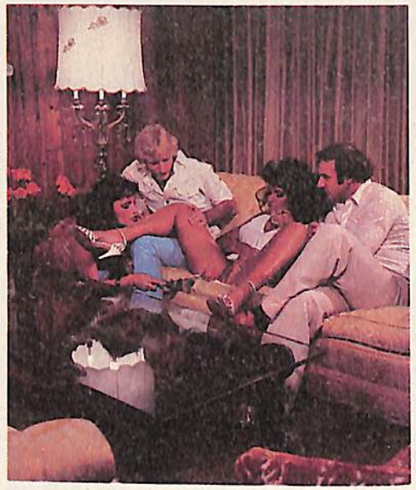
SHOWGIRL Three-Star Love

Showgirl Superstars S-105

This loop opens with Vanessa del Rio in the shower soaping her body, rubbing her large tits and then down to her hot cunt. In the giant bathtub is Samantha Fox and Merle Michaels french kissing and feeling each other's tits. Samantha positions her cunt so that the water rushing from the faucet runs straight into her pussy making it even hotter than it already is.

Vanessa comes out of the shower and joins Samantha and Merle in the tub where all three start licking and finger fucking each other. For the climax of this film, and some climax it is, they form a daisy chain in the tub and lick and suck each other's pussies and assholes until they all come!

Right from the start of this film the action is hot and fast paced and it stays that way. This is a film everyone should add to their collection!

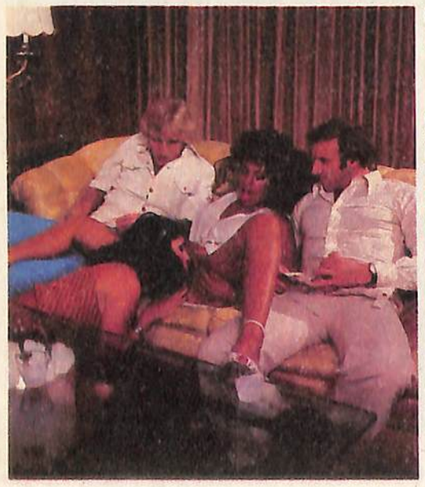
SHOWGIRL Anal Party

Showgirl Superstars S-103

This exciting film features Vanessa del Rio and Samantha Fox. It opens with the two film stars sitting on a couch with their boyfriends and the fun soon begins. The action starts when the two girls turn to their men and quickly get their cocks rock hard by going down on them, expertly licking and sucking. Everyone then gets undressed in a hurry with great anticipation of what's to come.

Vanessa positions herself on her side and her boyfriend quickly shoves his cock in her ass. Samantha gets down on her knees and leans on the couch so her boyfriend can take her doggie-style. Vanessa is hard at work playing with her clit and finger fucking her cunt as she and her man both come. As soon as that scene is done, Samantha's boyfriend is ready and she turns around to take his large load in her mouth and all over her face.

Once again, as in all the loops in this Showgirl series, this film is so good I just couldn't resist joining the action by playing with myself through the entire thing. I know you'll enjoy it as much as I did!





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Also, anyone wishing to place his or her ad may do so by sending the photo of their choice along with some biographical information to the same address as if you were answering an ad. Good luck, and we hope you meet some nice, new friends!



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13700-WA Bi girl looking for plenty of action. Has young and foxy friend who can also join in. Write telling what you're looking for and maybe we can make it happen. SASE please.



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11) 11990-TN Foxy couple wants to get it on with other couples & versatile single girls. Locals & vacationers welcome (Memphis area). Discreet, selective. Phone, photos, SASE, descriptive letter brings fast reply.



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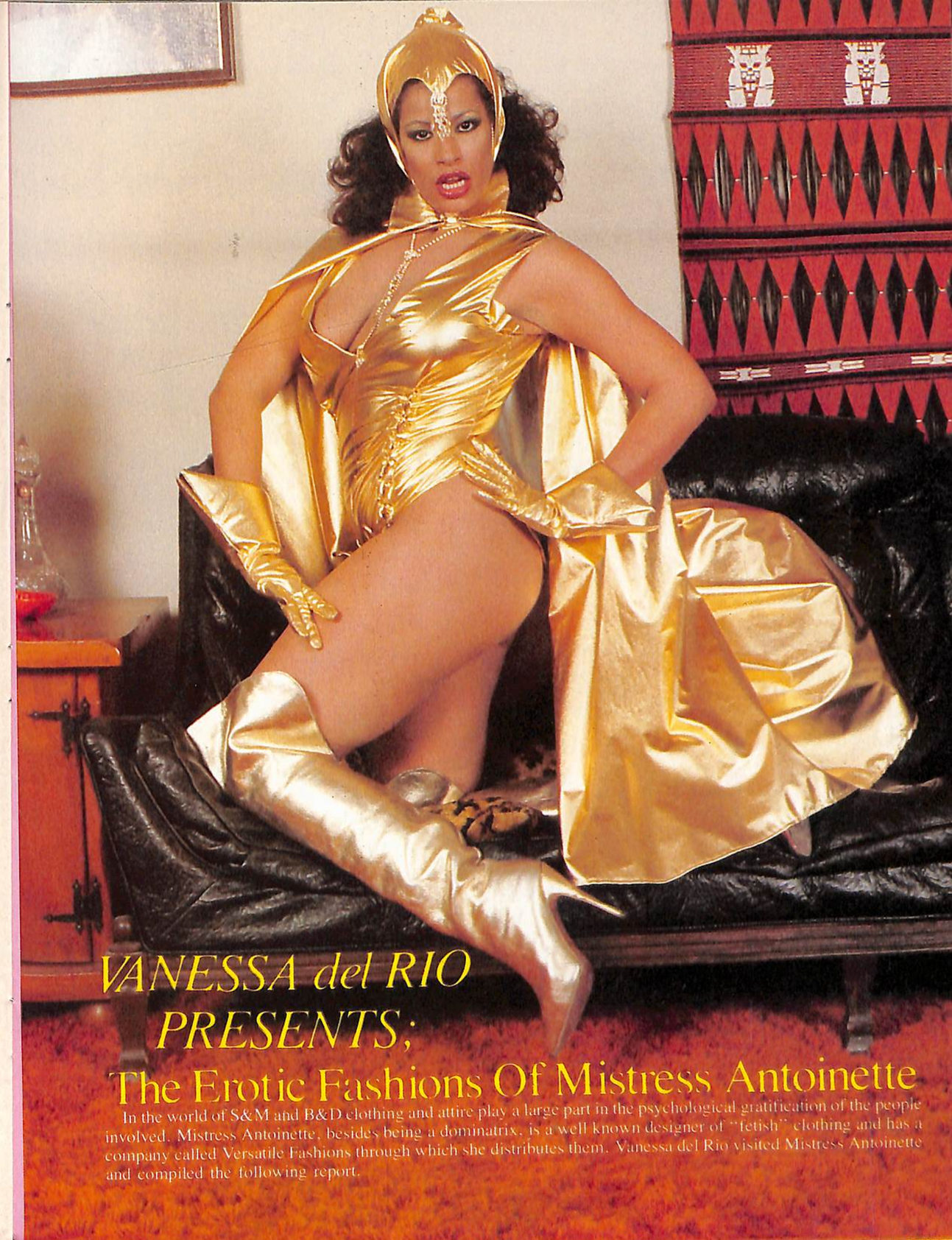
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I am known as Mistress Antoinette and I am referred to as a "Dominant." Dominance is a very natural way for me to express my feelings. Through the years I have had the pleasure of undergoing many experiences in this area of eroticism and I have come to know that people with an interest in B&D and other related aspects of the bizarre are highly intelligent as a whole and have no need to play games with each other. We have another need, one that many people in our society do not want to recognize. It is the need for beauty and sensuality as expressed through bondage, domination, and fetishes.

I first entered this field around fourteen years ago, although I had been involved in many aspects of the bizarre without really knowing they were considered a part of it. I have always enjoyed tight leather boots and shoes and revealing clothing was of particular interest to me. This interest led me into corsetry at a time when I had not yet realized the bondage capabilities of corsets, garter-belts, waist-cinchers, etc. These interests I have carried on with me into my present life style, letting them grow with me as I have grown.

I am, and always have been, a very energetic person. I feel I have a high sense of intelligence and therefore my mind is constantly active with the things I want to accomplish in life. Everyday I work hard, striving to accomplish what I can. I need to let down, and when I do I have found no greater relaxation than that afforded by a good domination session. Afterwards, my physical being and mental state are at one, relaxed totally and without tension.

The powerful female who exercises her domination over man and the world of men has been a subject of attention since remote antiquity. There is another form of dominance, subtler and not as well known. It is this kind of dominance that I portray through my costuming. This is the *Sensuous Dominant*. I enjoy jewelry and exotic make-up tremendously, as well as kinky clothing. I enjoy keeping my nails long and painted either red or black and I am a redhead by choice. I love to decorate my neck with gold or silver, my ears with long, dangling earrings. My breasts can be completely covered or decorated with the sheerest of fabrics to give the subtle suggestion of the pleasures which lie beneath. At times I wear a jewel in my navel or a tight corset to give myself a delicate figure-eight configuration in the torso. This accentuates my bust and hips, leaving the senses free to conjure up the pleasures that lie between the hips at the base of the figure-eight. I love to adorn my feet with stiletto-heeled shoes and boots. The heels accentuate the curves of the calves and tilt the hips. The higher the heel, the more difficult it is for me to walk. Then, I am myself, placed in a position of bondage and complete helplessness. I encase my legs in the sheerest of nylons, usually black. The sheer delicate feel of stockings is a turn-on in itself and the sound of them rubbing together is utter excitement. To add to the effect I then spray myself with a delicate perfume and then I am ready to turn my submissive into my helpless slave. All of this I have chosen for myself because it makes me feel good.



Mistress Antoinette and Vanessa del Rio

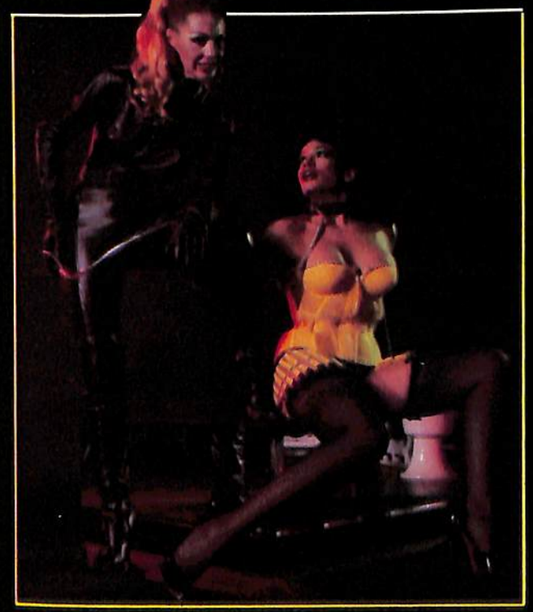
Costuming, obviously, is a large part of my life and if anything is becoming a larger part of it. I love to experiment and to create. In exploring some of the many avenues of costuming I have experimented with several fabrics and materials to create new sensations for myself and others. Leather has always meant a great deal to me because of the very sensuous feeling it imparts to its wearer. I love to wear leather gloves, opera length or short. The body responds with great sensitivity to their touch. Silks and satins and almost any shiny material are extremely erotic just by their look and more importantly by their feel.

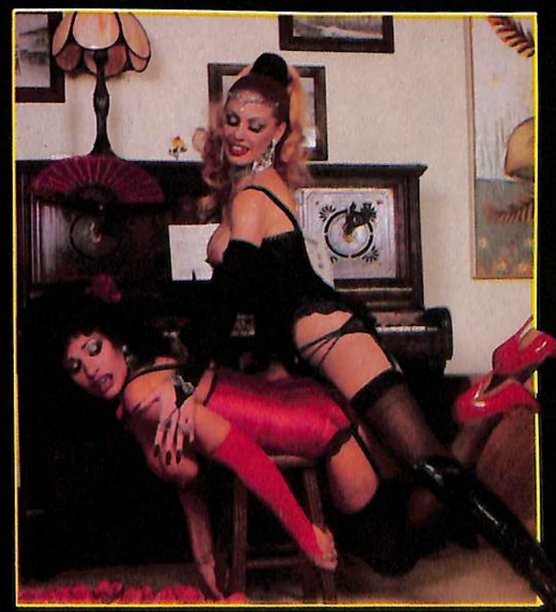
There are certain artisans who are capable of re-creating "period" clothing, but very few, and because of the difficulty in finding these people and because of my own interest and ability in the costuming field I decided to start a business that would make bizarre clothing available on a world-wide basis. My company, *Versatile Fashions* sells a great variety of clothing, boots and shoes along with other related items to those with an interest in the bizarre. For a complete catalogue send $2 to, *Versatile Fashions*, P.O. Box 0151, Tustin, California 92680. We accept Master Charge and Visa on all merchandise orders. For those who desire further information call (714) 730-0241, and I will be glad to speak with you regarding our products. I am also willing to collaborate with those people who would like something out of the ordinary that I do not already offer. This is great fun for me because I really enjoy helping others fulfill their fantasies and being creative at the same time. *Reflections*, a magazine that I publish, is a showplace for my kind of bizarre clothing. All of the costumes you see in this article and in my magazine are real and obtainable through my company. *Reflections* is also a semi-documentary of the very real world of B&D. This magazine is available through the same address as *Versatile Fashions* at the rate of $5 each (plus $1 postage and handling per issue).

Recently I had the unique pleasure of working on the movie, *The Jerk*, starring Steve Martin, Bernadette Peters, and Katlin Adams. My costuming was used in the hottest scene of that movie. I custom-made the boots and jodhpur pants, cuffs and collars worn by Katlin Adams in the motorcycle scene. This was my favorite part of the movie because the accident was real and entered the realm of B&D, though unintentionally. Also, because of the very real portrayal of life that is the hallmark of *Reflections* Magazine, I was asked to speak to a group of therapists in connection with the Los Angeles Sex Information Helpline (LASIH). This was a very pleasurable experience for me and an excellent opportunity to cross the lines and make others aware of the ability of B&D to control and re-route the more explosive emotions into a more positive direction.

What I want to be best known for is increasing trust in people, trust in themselves and in others. That is what B&D and all other fantasy-fulfillment scenes are all about. Trusting another person is a beautiful gift that we should share in this life. B&D, fetishes, love of gaiety, TV & TSism, bisexuality ... all walks of life are beautiful. I Care.

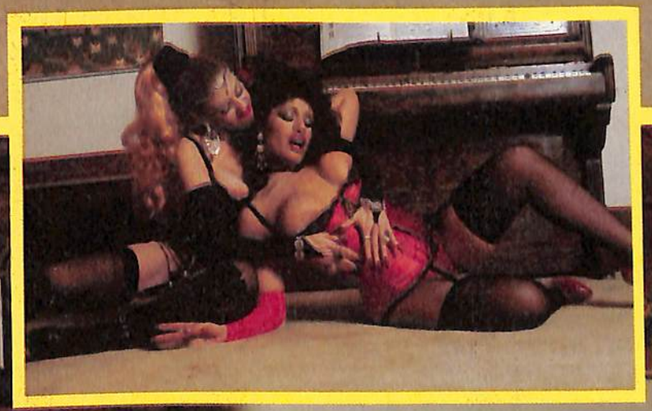
Ms. Antoinette















OUT OF THE CAN

Reviewed by Leslie Bovee

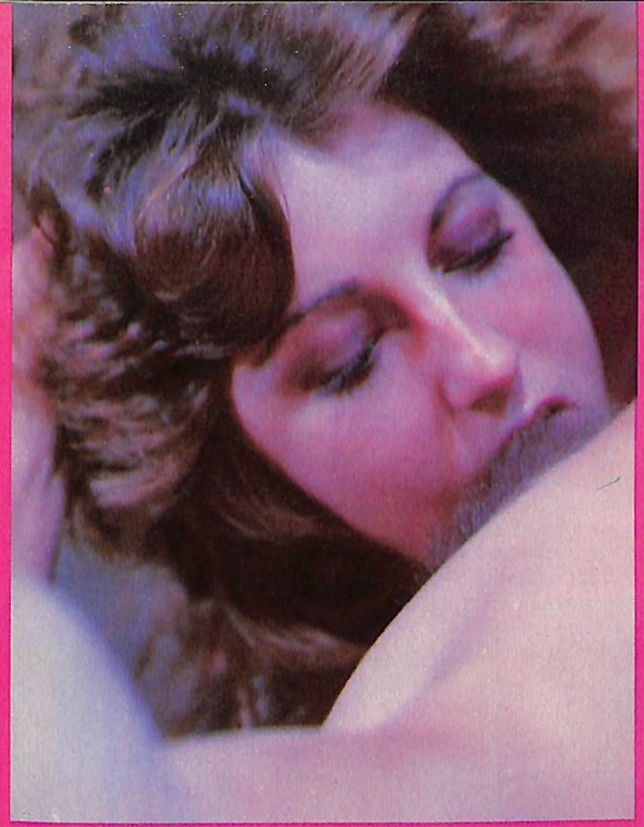
Jezebel



PRODUCED BY—Sam Norvell, **DIRECTED BY**—Charles Adamson, **ASSISTANT DIRECTOR** — Jim Greene, **PRODUCTION MANAGER**—Robert Overton, **SECOND UNIT PRODUCTION MANAGER**—Steve Williams, **CAMERAMAN**—Paul Nicholson, **SECOND UNIT CAMERAMAN**—Justin Lance, **LIGHTING**—Ian Gordy, **SOUND**—Nathan Long, **MIXER**—Joshua Martin, **SET DECORATION**—Kay Flagg, **EDITOR**—Alex Eveans, **ASSISTANT EDITOR**—George Spring, **KEY GRIP**—Chris Neal, **BEST BOY**—Gary Loren, **COSTUMES**—Margie Wayland, **MAKE-UP**—Shirley Barnes, **TITLE**—Lynn Deaton.

STARRING:—LADYE McCORMICK as Jezebel, BRENDA HALE as Gypsy, NEIL OAKLEY as Warlock, SUSAN YOUNG as Sylvia, HENRY WOODS as John, CYNTHIA KOLB as Mary, LANCE STEWART as Sparkletts water man, MARTIN LONG as Burt, JAN CLAUDE as Roxy, LAURA PEICOFF as Shawn, EARL WHITE as Private investigator, BOB SMITH as Willard, CHRIS LANDAU as Anne, BILL STANLEY as Robert, STEVE LILLINGSTON as Man #1, GARY BURTON as Man #2, WILLY CHARLES as Man #3, ALAN GREENSPAN as Man #4, JEFF WARDEN as Man #5, LESLEY RUSSELL as Girl.

RUNNING TIME:
80 Minutes





Jezebel is a blonde who believes that brunettes have more fun. In fact, she suspects that nearly everyone has more fun than she does, and she wishes she could be, even if only for one night, the kind of woman that men hunger for.

Her wish is about to be fulfilled; her cunt is about to be filled full.

But first, a scene that establishes her loneliness. She wakes up in her single bed, and drowsily begins to masturbate. This gets the blood moving, and soon she has three fingers inside her liquid labia, and is giving herself an enthusiastic hand-job (more of a hobby, than a job, really).

This scene is handled nicely by Ladye McCormick in the title role, though it is her only sex scene in the picture, for reasons that are soon revealed.

Jezebel is next seen strolling past a shop that combines two businesses: a unisex hair stylist and a gypsy fortune teller. Fortunately for the plot, Jezebel is approached by the gypsy, not the barber. "You have a problem," the gypsy says, "I can help."

Inside, the crystal ball reveals the problem: "You need to be desired." Jezebel is offered a draught from a decanter containing a magic elixir 1000 years old handed down to the gypsy by her ancestors. She adds that a glass of the stuff costs twenty bucks. Cheap at half the price, for liquor that is *really* aged.

Director Joseph Blanski has come up with some very good effects for the transition from the gypsy's back room to a dark and foggy limbo, where Jezebel is met by a sinister warlock in evening dress, replete with opera cape. He lears at the cowering woman.

The warlock knows everything about Jezebel, and offers to grant her wish, provided she gives him something in return. Without questioning this Faustian proposal, Jezebel quickly agrees. For the rest of the movie she is popped in and out of the bodies of various hot brunettes, and given a chance to experience the steamy side of life. Needless to say, she loves it, and so do we.

First she finds herself inhabiting the nubile body of a young hitch-hiker named Roxy. Remember, it is only the *spirit* of Jezebel in there; the sweet flesh itself belongs to Jan Claude. Roxy gets a ride, and the ride gets a trip. He tells her he's a private investigator, so she investigates his privates: she blows him while he drives across town.

This actress is a consummate cocksucker, and fortunately for all of us, she is given several more opportunities to demonstrate her art. Once the private dick is dicked out, he offers Roxy $400 to service a client.

The client is pioneer porno stud Rick Lutz, still sporting his Prince Valiant haircut and his boyish delight in horny sex. He and the detective (Earl White) burn Jan Claude at both ends, stuffing her with stiff cock, while she writhes with pleasure. Rick gets his rod worked over by an expert, while Earl eats, then fucks Jan from behind. She whips around as the detective starts to come, and takes it all in her mouth. she keeps on sucking while the client fucks her, and when Rick comes she takes his semen in her mouth, as well. The men are very appreciative, and pay Roxy some well-deserved compliments.

We follow Roxy home to her apartment, where her roommate, Anne (Chris Landau), is waiting to help Roxy entertain a friend. The girls change into some exotic bedroom-

wear, and when Robert (Bill Stanley) arrives, Roxy, in a white and gold see-through number, leads him to the bedroom for a "surprise." There, he finds Anne in transparent black nightie, matching panties, and nylons. He is pleased with the surprise.

Both girls dive on his cock, and give him the licking of his life. This scene sizzles, as all three participants have at each other lustily. Anne pulls her panties aside so Robert can get his tongue in there, while Roxy's tongue is wrapped around his stout pole.

He ends up fucking Anne, and when he is about to come, both girls lap up his jism like kittens lapping cream. A very hot scene, this one, made more so by the judicious use of long takes, which permit the viewer to settle down and get into it.

Jezebel is not permitted to go on being Roxy forever. The warlock calls her back, and declares that the next body she will inhabit will be that of a married woman, so that she may know what it feels like to be a neglected housewife.

Pop! Jezebel is now "Sylvia," whose husband seems to prefer his work to her play. She is left high and dry, so she wets down in the shower, and shoving her fingers up her snatch, works up a fine lather. Susan Young in this role, is splendid, giving full expression to the erotic feelings that course through her lovely body.

Sylvia then tries to do a little housework, but can't seem to keep her hand out of her panties. A neighbor lady stops by to chat, and Sylvia stares at her generous breasts while thinking about what she'd like to do with them. We see what she's thinking.

We also see the Sparkletts man the way she sees him, stark naked as he delivers her bottle of water.

It's all too much for Sylvia, who calls her friend Burt to stoke her fire. He invites her over, and we learn that she is a regular visitor, and that Burt (Lance Stewart) is in the business of satisfying fantasies. Sylvia masturbates while wondering what Burt has in store for her this day.

He enters the room naked, except for a tight black leather hood. The hood is equipped with openings for his eyes and mouth, and several metal snaps are fixed to it about the face. As he ate her cunt and fucked her this way and that, I found myself wondering about those snaps: what is supposed to snap onto that hood, a dildo, perhaps?

Susan Young is delicious in this scene, giving it the intensity and involvement that makes it boil over. When Burt boils over, Sylvia is there to catch the overflow on her lewd tongue. She licks the lucky fellow clean, purring, "You're a real friend, Burt."

The warlock offers Jezebel one final fling, this time with four guys. Lesley Russell is the girl in the middle in this scene, and she manages to keep everybody (including the audience) hard most of the time. One might expect the accumulation of come to leave her looking like she took a direct hit from a custard pie, but somebody tidied her up, alas, and she looks up at the end with a pristine visage.

She looks up because the warlock is calling her back. He wants to close the deal now. Jezebel has lived out her fantasies, now she must pay. He takes her hand in his, and the poor girl shrivels up and dies.

Or does she? In the epilogue, we find her back in the gypsy's unisex hair salon, the empty glass before her. What happened? She vaguely remembers, but isn't sure if it was all a dream, or real.

The gypsy gives her a clue as she speaks the movie's final line: "That will be twenty bucks for the elixir."

The premise of this film offers an easy way to tie together several unrelated episodes, leaving us wondering if the sex scenes were shot first, and then a plot constructed to contain them. What raises the movie above the banal level of its story is the superlative fucking and sucking of the principals. There are some new faces and bodies in this picture, ones you're going to want to see more of. Susan Young, Chris Landau, and Jan Claude especially turn the heat up, proving that brunettes can have as much fun as anybody.

CINEMA-X

JEZABEL

	EXCELLENT	GOOD	FAIR	POOR	LACKING
DIRECTION	E				
ACTING		G			
SCREENPLAY		G			
EDITING		G			
PRODUCTION		G			
MUSIC		G			
COSTUMES		G			
CINEMATOGRAPHY		G			

90%





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"You can see why Uschi's made it big."

"When she first started she was wet behind the ears, now she's wet in the right places."


CINEMA-X
Vicki







Uschi Digard started in films with movie producer, Russ Meyers, appearing in his soft core epics such as *The Vixens*. Measuring 39-24-36, Uschi has never done hard core, but her magnificent body and pretty face, along with her natural acting ability has earned her legions of faithful fans and a secure place in the annals of film.

An Interview With Sandi Foxx Ex-X-rated Agent

In the world of X-rated feature films women are playing a larger and larger role in areas other than being actresses. Women are now writing, directing, and producing along with the men, and Sandi Foxx was the first to break another barrier, that of agent. She has since gone on to other things, but she was the only female agent in the X-rated industry and this interview, by ARCHIBALD SIMMS, is about her ex-business and life.

CINEMA-X: Sandi, to our minds casting is one of the most important ingredients in any film.

FOXX: It certainly is.

CINEMA-X: You might even say it's as important as the financing. Tell us, is there a problem in getting people, considering the nature of the action to be performed in front of the camera?

FOXX: Yes. Some people think it's a prostitution business. Men, of course, are always interested in getting laid. But a lot of my better people are concerned in creating something that is erotically oriented, rather than just appearing in a jerk-off film.

CINEMA-X: With so many different films being shown at any one time, and more being made, we've noticed how many new faces pop up and some very attractive ones at that.

FOXX: Well, yes, there are so many transients in New York City. People who come and go, and who will make a film and then go on to something else. I have a girl who is studying for her masters, and I have an artist. Everyone has their own little thing that they do. They are not always in a film for the money. Sometimes they are just interested in a new experience.

CINEMA-X: Do you have an exclusive on the services of those people?

FOXX: Well, yes, if they want to work with me. I'll negotiate the money for the talent.

CINEMA-X: They're not competent doing this for themselves?

FOXX: Some of them are, but most are not. If a person feels that he or she has been taken money wise, they will be more difficult to work with on the set. There would be resentment, and it will show.

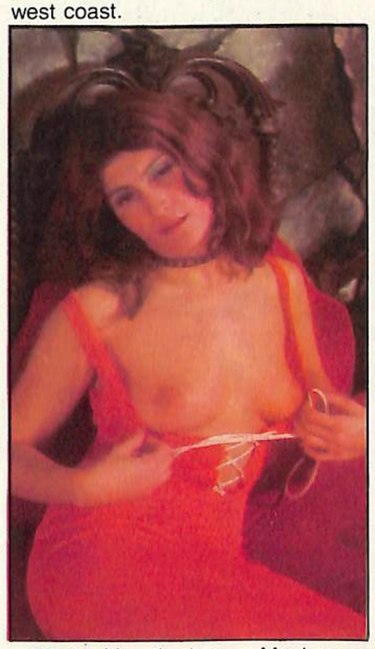
CINEMA-X: How long have you been a talent agent?

FOXX: Three years.

CINEMA-X: How did you get into it?

FOXX: Simple. I used to be an actress in the adult film business. Another actress, Darby Lloyd Raines put together a talent agency that I joined as an agent and I liked it better so I stayed. Darby is now doing her own production, and we are no longer collaborating so I'm on my own. But I work with John Leslie who often commutes to the west coast and consequently we get quite a few people from San Francisco here through him.

CINEMA-X: There seems to be quite a bit of production going on here in the east. It's no longer limited to the west coast.



FOXX: Yes, that's true. Much more so now. As far as people go though, I have to say that for ten good looking people here in the east I'll find 30 in the west.

CINEMA-X: Perhaps that is because so many have gravitated to Hollywood in the hope of making it big there in films. Some did, most didn't, but they're still there. Also, they are the children of the good looking people who migrated west years ago. Having attractive parents helps a lot. But you can get all the people here that you want?

FOXX: No. The women are not overly anxious to do hard core. There are so many other things to do in New York. Dancers, strippers, models, secretaries, receptionists. Someone who can make it in New York, which is such a vast place, usually has an opportunity of doing things other than hard core sex films. Making a film is just an easier, quicker way to make money.

CINEMA-X: Is the money attractive enough?

FOXX: $200 to $250 per day is about it.

CINEMA-X: That $200 doesn't stretch very far.

FOXX: Someone might work two or three days. It comes in by cash or check, and goes out just as fast.

CINEMA-X: Presumably, the leads get more?

FOXX: $300 to $500 per day. But it would have to be someone really spectacular. The average person though gets the standard $200 or $250 each day they're working.

CINEMA-X: That's somewhat surprising. Isn't it usually a supply and demand situation? As the demand seems to be there, and the supply being limited, wouldn't the price for talent go up?

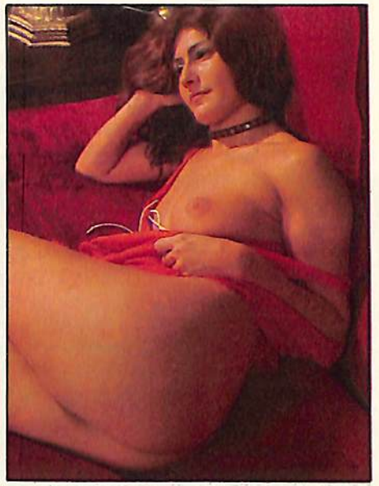
FOXX: Well, there are enough people who are willing and sexually able. The producer always has a choice among several people for the lead parts.

CINEMA-X: To stay with the question of salaries for a moment, some X-rated films make so much money at the box office that the extra few dollars in production shouldn't make much of a difference. Why squeeze the talent?

FOXX: You have to consider that it takes about six weeks to complete production. The film, including editing, will require at least six months. It will be at least a year before producers see any money from the box office, and don't forget distribution costs, and the exhibitors. That pie gets cut into many slices.







CINEMA-X: Yes, but the money does come in heavy when it starts flowing in.

FOXX: The investors get theirs first, off the top.

CINEMA-X: But there seems to be no shortage of films being produced.

FOXX: But there is a serious shortage of quality. No shortage of one-day wonders. I know someone who made seven films in eight days.

CINEMA-X: How were they?

FOXX: Terrible. Those were loops.

CINEMA-X: Is the movie business seasonal?

FOXX: January is a good month. People seem to run out of money at the end of the year. Maybe it's for tax reasons. I don't know.

CINEMA-X: Did you say there is a problem getting new faces?

FOXX: Women, not men. I've placed two ads in two years, and I've gotten two dozen men and maybe two or three women.

CINEMA-X: Our readers are really interested in how you get new talent.

FOXX: Well, here's an example. One of my girls appeared at the Melody Burlesque in New York City. I sat through the show and liked the looks of one of the strippers. So I talked to her. It pays to circulate a lot. And they always need money. For that, making a film is the thing. You get your money on the third day, not six months later as is the case posing for magazines. It makes no difference if the film is a success or not, the talent gets paid right away.

CINEMA-X: Do newcomers to the adult film business demand to see the script before agreeing to appear in it?

FOXX: Absolutely. You have to. You can't just go in and do it cold. You may not like what you see in the script. You may not want to be that character.

CINEMA-X: As far as the sex is concerned, there not being much variation from one kind of action to another, there are just so many ways that you can do it, including hanging from the chandelier.

FOXX: If you're physically capable of doing what's in the script, they'll film it. There are limitations. Suppose a guy is required to do a headstand in the livingroom, he may not be able to get a hard-on in that position. In fact, he couldn't. But once he's turned right side up, he'll get it up immediately.

CINEMA-X: We'll take your word for it, never having tried it ourselves in that position. Tell us, do people get turned off to each other on the set?

FOXX: On occasion. It happens that people are cold. It happens especially to women. Men are much less fussy about their sex partners.

CINEMA-X: Of course, a stiff prick has no conscience! Do the people meet each other before shooting starts?

FOXX: Sometimes. But it happens that people in the business know one another, but may have never worked together. Or it happens that a man had worked with a girl three days the week before, but doesn't want to work with her again. But it's unusual for someone to come out and say, "I don't want to work with so and so". Most people in this business are friendly. Some of them socialize with one another off the set.

CINEMA-X: You being a woman, is it any easier for you to recruit talent?

FOXX: Definitely. If I go up to a stripper she knows I don't want to fuck her. She is not a potential lay. When I see a stripper, I see money.

CINEMA-X: Then she might not be on the defensive with you. You're not there for sex, you're there for business.

FOXX: Right.

CINEMA-X: Are you always able to meet a producer's requirements?

FOXX: Well, I certainly try. When someone wants a tall blonde, I don't send them a short brunette. I try to meet the specifications as closely as possible. I had a most unusual black girl, and sent her to Carter Stevens. He wrote in a part for her in *Roller Babies*. It doesn't happen too often like that.

CINEMA-X: Does it ever happen that someone agrees to appear in a film, and then get cold feet?

FOXX: Yes, I've heard of that.

CINEMA-X: On the set?

FOXX: No, I've never had that happen. But there was a girl who had signed a contract and then didn't show up. She just didn't understand what it means to commit yourself. And another one was to go on location in Woodstock for an all day shooting session. At four in the afternoon she walked off the set claiming that the agreement called for her to be back in the city for the evening. Of course, there was no such agreement, she was committed to do a 12-hour day. That was the deal, but she had a date that evening. So she walked off the set, but couldn't go anywhere. It was January and there was a blizzard. No cars or buses were running, nothing moved. She was stuck until the next

morning anyway. She also failed to show up for a Playboy shoot. I never want to see her again.

CINEMA-X: In this type of business you must meet a number of unreliable people.

FOXX: Yes, you do, but it is unusual. If only she had told me a couple of days sooner, I could have replaced her. But here she loused up a lot of people. A set was rented, the photographer, stylist and art directors were all inconvenienced. And she won't work in films again, nobody wants her now. This was an unusual case though. The great majority of the people show up on time and stay with it.

CINEMA-X: Doesn't it happen that a girl who works in a film for the first time will announce at the conclusion of the shooting that she won't appear in any more sex films?

FOXX: Oh, sure. I've had girls like that. One didn't like the people, the film, nothing. But it is not a common situation. What did happen to one of my girls, though, is very unfortunate. She was interviewed and accepted for a film, but shooting didn't start immediately. So she worked in a three-day piece of trash, as she needed the money. The film was awful, and she now lost her chance to be the star in the film she was signed to do. The producer no longer wanted her, since she had appeared in the trash film, but that is a risk one has to take in this business.

CINEMA-X: Do most girls have hang-ups about being recognized from their appearances on the screen.

FOXX: Only if they get pestered. I've been recognized and I've been with other people who had been recognized. I've done personal appearances and people came over to say thay they've seen me on the screen. Mostly they don't quite know what to say. They seem to be embarrassed, but it's a nice feeling. People are generally very sweet.

CINEMA-X: Are there hang-ups about being recognized by friends or relatives?

FOXX: Yes, it happens. One of the girls on the cover of Cheri Magazine was recognized, though she wore a very obvious wig. But Cheri is not a mass circulation magazine. She won't pose for one that would likely get to her home town where her parents might see it. My parents know about what I'm doing. But when they came to visit I took down some of my pictures from the wall. They were nudes. I don't have to rub it in. What we do is a great conversation piece, but not for parents. I'm not saying that they disapprove, they're just not overwhelmed with happiness about my business.

CINEMA-X: You mean, "My daughter, the X-rated film star"?

FOXX: Right.

CINEMA-X: Would you care to name a couple of films you appeared in?

FOXX: No.

CINEMA-X: That's right, you retired. Now tell us about the men in the business. Do they present a different type of problem to you as an agent?

FOXX: The biggest problem is for the guy to get a hard-on on the set. At first, I send the new guy to do a fast loop. And there they flunk or pass.



CINEMA-X: How bad is the pay for the loops?

FOXX: Fifty bucks each. One or two hour's work. They're quick.

CINEMA-X: But that is relatively better pay per hour than doing a feature film. And the loops are the break-in point. And they're silent.

FOXX: Most of them. Sound loops are starting to sell.

CINEMA-X: But the loops generate a tremendous amount of business. We've watched some people at the "peep shows" pop quarters into the machines one after the other. It would have been cheaper to go to a full length movie.

FOXX: Absolutely. You can feed in $2 worth of quarters in a matter of minutes.

We've even seen people stand in line to get to a machine, at "Show World" for instance. By the way, do you also supply the talent for live sex shows?

FOXX: No. That is one end of the business I don't want to be involved in. So many people don't show up, leaving the management without performers.

CINEMA-X: And they also take any number of busts.

FOXX: The place, of course, takes care of them though. But it's still much safer to make films.

CINEMA-X: And you don't exactly advertise where a film is being shot.

FOXX: Of course not. Everything is hush-hush. And the set is closed. You have the cast, crew and maybe the producer. The director, of course, and that's about it.

CINEMA-X: Actually, what they are doing is not illegal is it?

FOXX: Except if that particular sex act being performed in the film is illegal in the county where the scene is being shot.

CINEMA-X: Do you check the ages of your talent?

FOXX: Rarely.

CINEMA-X: What if somebody obviously looks very young. What is the legal age?

FOXX: Eighteen.

CINEMA-X: For both sexes?

FOXX: Yes.

CINEMA-X: In case of doubt, would you check into their ages?

FOXX: Of course.

CINEMA-X: It would be safe to say that you render a very useful service to the industry. How would you describe it?

FOXX: I pick and choose who is appropriate for what part. I just don't send out anybody. I want them to stand a good chance of getting the assignment. It's not fair to waste somebody's time.

CINEMA-X: Are your efforts limited to erotic films?

FOXX: Well, you can't have your fingers in everything.

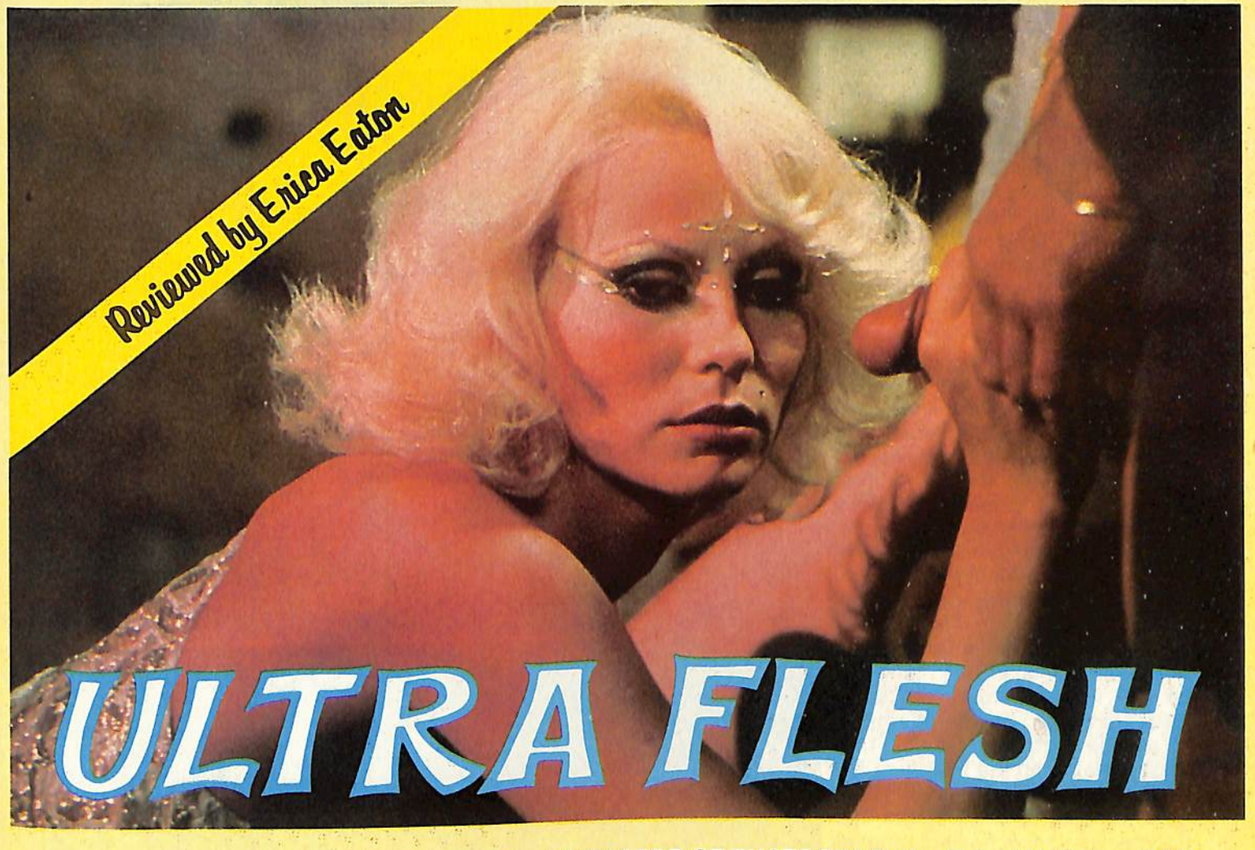
CINEMA-X: If a "straight" film needed nudity, you would presumably furnish the talent?

FOXX: Sure. Generally somebody who makes an R-rated film will not want to use X people.

CINEMA-X: Thank you for talking to us, good luck, and we're glad to hear that you have a successful operation.

FOXX: And I do it without a casting couch!

OUT OF THE CAN



PRODUCED BY—Svet **DIRECTED BY**—Svet **DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY**—Robert McCallum **CAMERA OPERATOR**—T. Pallidum **FOCUS ASSISTANT**—Eric Robert Alan **ASSISTANT CAMERAMAN**—Moshe Levin **STILL GIRL**—Jackie Giroux **SOUND**—Anna R. Delanzo **BOOM MAN**—Dick Powell **GAFFER**—Raymond **ASSISTANT GAFFER**—R. Michael Bilger **BEST BOY**—Benjamin Batzdorff **FIRST GRIP**—Stanley Ritz **SET OPERATIONS GRIPS**—Ian Winn & Stanley Rogers **ART DIRECTOR**—Josh Koral **SET BUILDER**—Kevin Rooney **SPACE COMPUTERS**—Modern Props **STUNT COORDINATOR**—Bob Yerkes **SPECIAL EFFECTS**—Robbi Knott **HEAD WRANGLER**—Loyd Gibson **COSTUME DESIGNER**—Gail Viola **COSTUMES**—The Costume Place **MAKE-UP ARTIST**—Fred Alderman **HAIR STYLIST**—Steve Riley **PRODUCTION MANAGER**—Roy Karch **STORY LINE**—G. Louis & Sebastian Leone

STARRING: SEKA as Ultra Flesh JAMIE GILLIS as Sugarman TY HORN as the President JOHN LESLIE as Intergalactic Lover MR. SHORTSTUD as Midget 1 GEORGE VEGAS as Midget 2 LISA DeLEUW as Dr. Wissenall JOHN SEEMAN as Presidential Aide NANCY RACETOR as First Lady SANTEN SUNNY as Chinese Leader SERGEI NOVOTNY as Russian Leader SONNY as Intergalactic Leader BUDDY OWEN as Red Man CLYDE WILCOX as Green Man DOUG LEAR as Gorilla KEN CONRAD as Black Monster KENNETH MILO as Big Mack MISHA BOYKO as Russian Aide **FEATURING:** SERENA, CANDIDA ROYALLE, MIKE STEPP, TERRI DOLAN, JESSIE ADAMS, DAVID ROSEN, SUE PEARLMAN, STEVE LACEY, GEORGE MITCHELL, PIPER SMITH, LORI SMITH **FLESHETTES:** CATHY EBELT, BONNIE BENSON, DELPHY MEADE, PAM BOWMAN, SPARKIE, CATHY REMUND, BRENDA DARLING, EVE BRYNA, GLORIA VERVER, MOLLY MANNING, JERILYN HIRSH, CAMILLA BRYANT, ANDREA PARDUCCI, CHRIS GARLAND, CANDY BARBOUR
RUNNING TIME: 90 Minutes

Ultra Flesh is truly a "new wave" film for the 80's in the X-rated genre. It's a sexy, zany, and outrageous parody on politics with science fiction overtones. Mainly because its director Svetlana, responsible for last year's smash hit *800 Fantasy Lane* is a pioneering female who caters to a lavish audience's taste. Her name is associated only with high-budget productions.

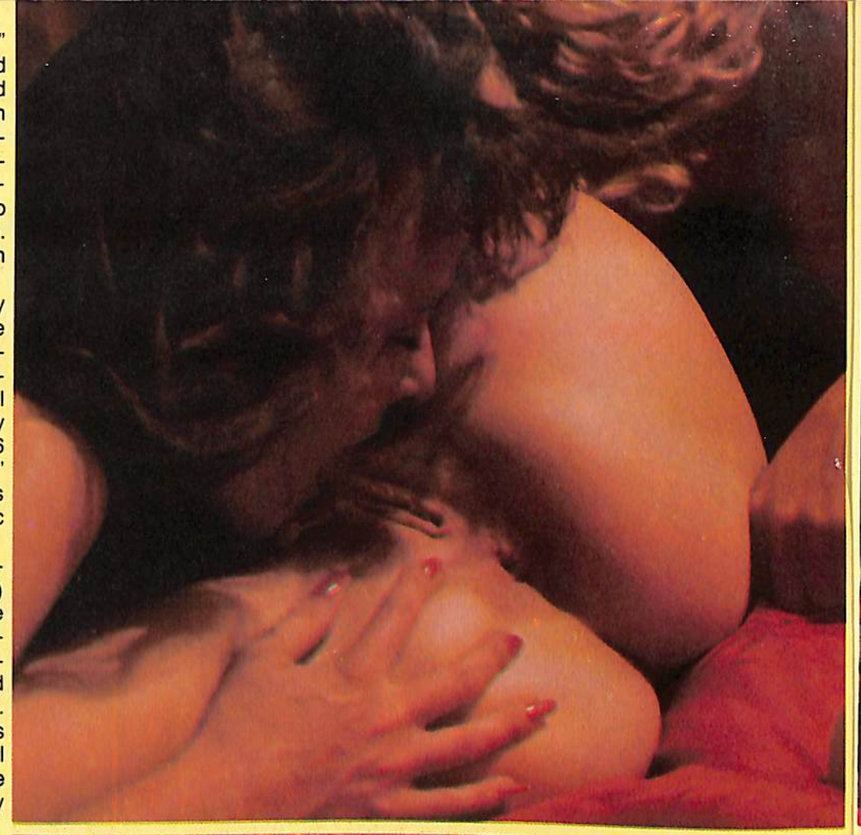
Svetlana's latest epic is an overly ambitious effort, starting with the opening titles which are an impressive five minutes in length, superimposed over very expensive special effects. The well known cast is easily over 50 in number and most of the 26 femmes billed as the "Fleshettes" have graced magazine centerfolds and have appeared in other erotic films.

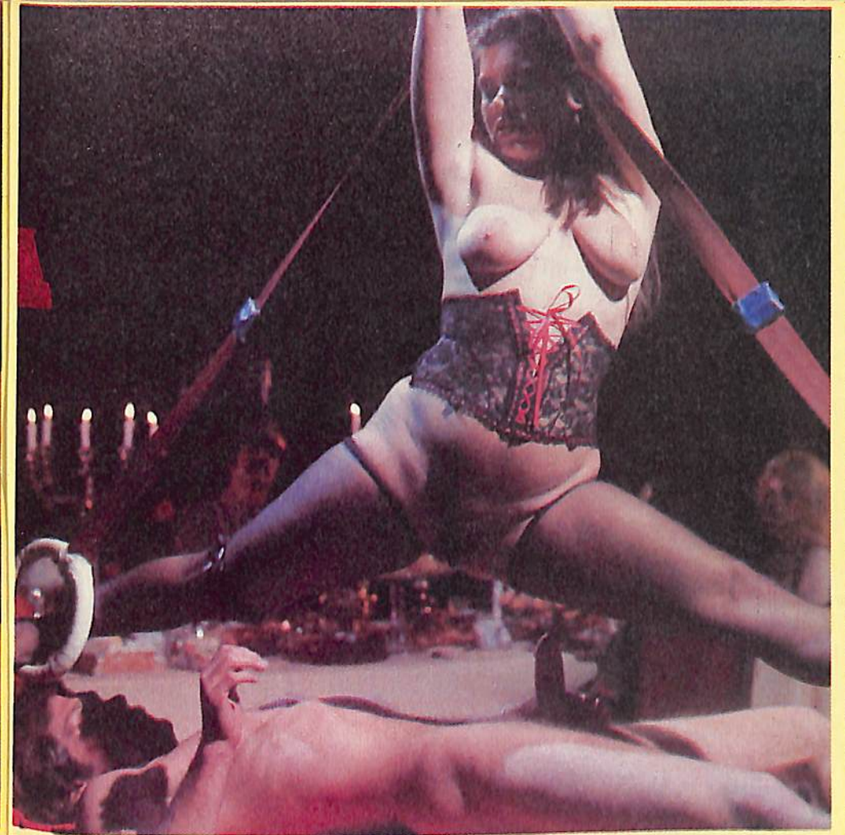
In addition to the other leading featured players, Seka (Ultra Flesh) especially is her radiant self. The lavish sets show great attention to detail along with the rich California landscapes, outer space costumes, and make-up which is super impressive. Technically, the production scores high with its lush optical and special effects. Also the lighting effects are outstanding, reflecting the film's many changing themes.

The main story line is simple. It seems all the men on earth can't get it up due to eating too much sugar. Enter Ultra Flesh and her Fleshettes to aid the earth. First Seka (Ultra Flesh) deals with the President and other world leaders, explaining and demonstrating how she'll cure their impotency. Once having relieved them of their jism, they allow her to complete her mission, which is to cure the rest of the male population, so they in turn can relieve their unhappy ladies.

Lurking in the shadows is her arch rival, Sugarman, who is from the planet Krypton. He is responsible for the world's dilemma. Lusty Sugarman, a Fidel Castro type villain is superbly played by Jamie Gillis, in true comic book style. He learns of Seka's mission and sets out to destroy her before she can destroy him. Which is eventually what happens. When he finally captures the sultry Seka and plunges his hot cock into her wet pussy for a healthy fuck, he melts away.

There are many erotic sex scenes in this "Flesh Gordon" epic and we have selected the two best. The first









one is between Seka and her intergalactic lover John Leslie, which takes place before her mission to earth. In a huge, floating "Star Trek" looking set the two lovers perform a super space fuck. Both Seka and John give their all in this scene which runs a sizzling 15 minutes. And you miss none of the hot action as it is well photographed from all angles.

Also there is a daring, skillful trapeze act where Earth Mother, Candida Royalle descends from the ceiling on a swing and seductively implants herself on a dazzling dick. And that's only a mere sample of the sexual stunts you'll witness. The remainder include the Fleshettes, two midgets, Sugarman in an icy bath, plus an outrageous orgy at the end.

On the minus side of *Ultra Flesh,* of which there appears to be little because so much is going on, one problem is an over active script. Another minor flaw is the apparent lack of confidence in sound mixing and the over worked musical selections. Sex scenes run rampant for holding your attention, but there are so many and they happen so quickly that only a few will sizzle your pubic hairs.

Special merit goes to editor David Frazier for his protective hands and to all the other people who worked so hard to make this production a success. Svetlana's direction, however, is not as brilliant as it was in *800 Fantasy Lane* or *F,* which is soon to be released, but if you liked *Star Wars* and remember Mickey Mouse, you'll love *Ultra Flesh!*

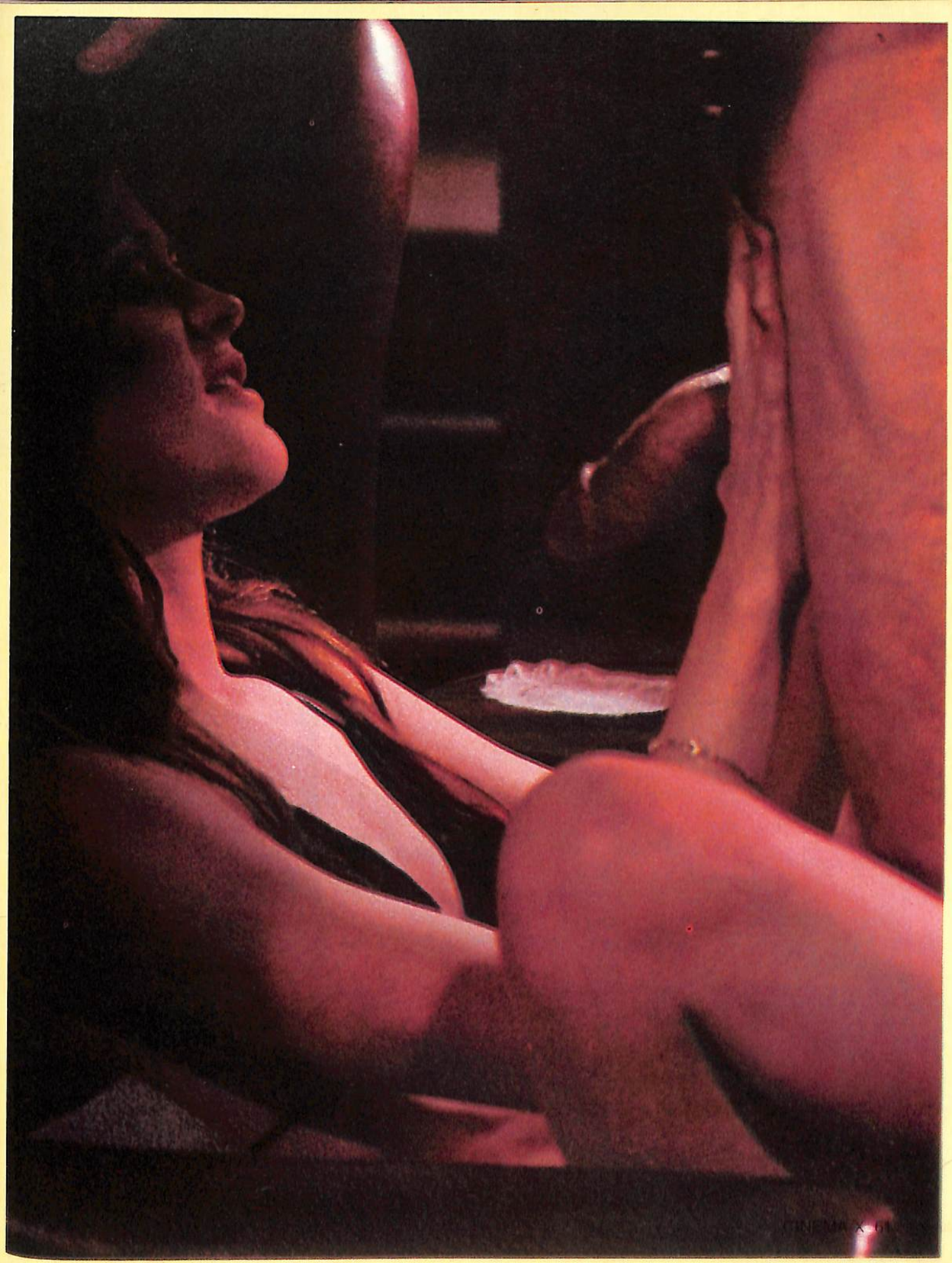
CINEMA-X

ULTRA FLESH

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ACTING		G			
SCREENPLAY		G			
EDITING		G			
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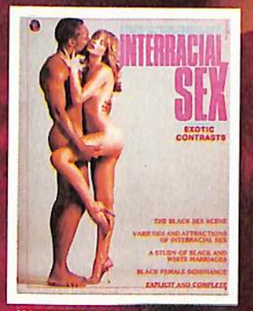
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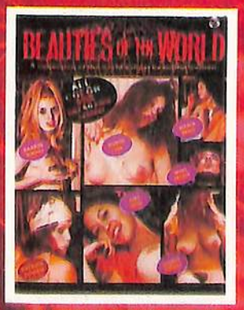




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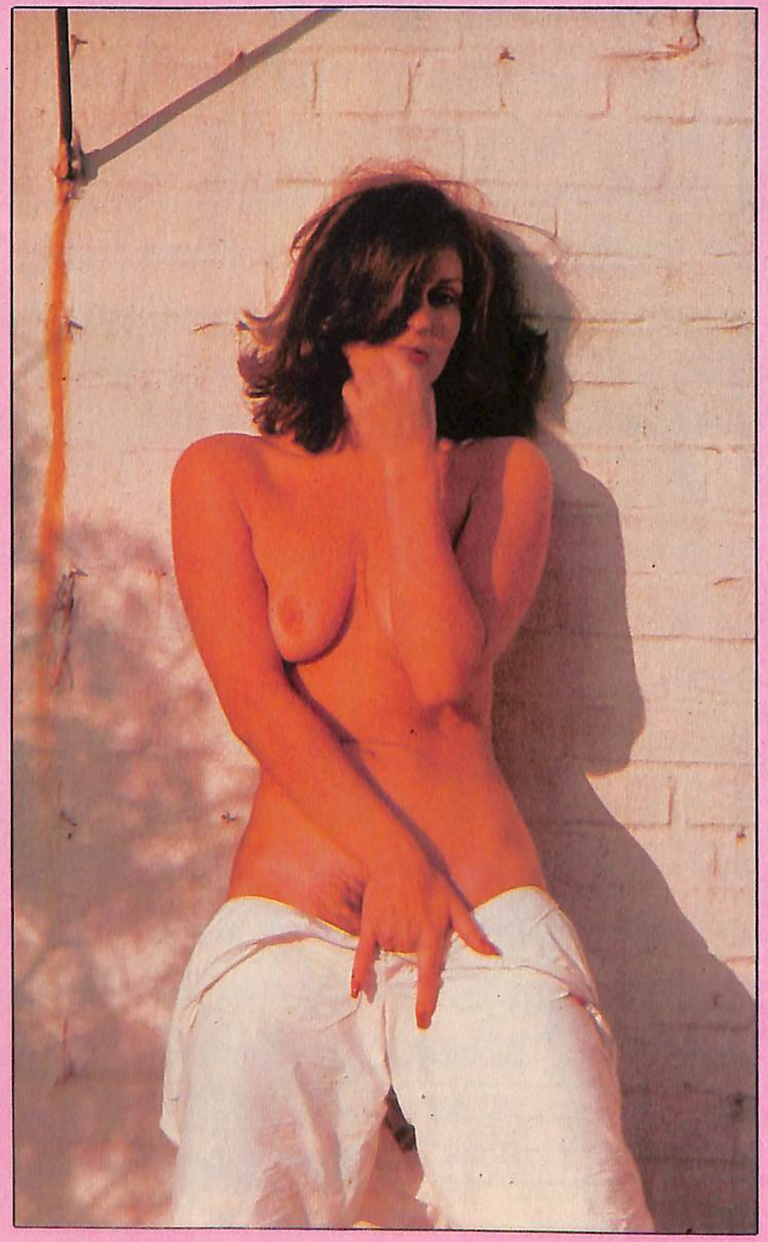
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Letters to Lesllie

Award winning erotic superstar, Lesllie Bovee will answer letters from fans and readers who would like to talk to her about sex problems, fantasies, films, and fun. Keep her box full, address all letters to CINEMA-X Magazine Inc., Dept. Letters To Lesllie, 652 First Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016.

CREAM DREAM



Dear Lesllie,

On page 18 of the February issue of CINEMA-X there is a picture of you preparing to take on three studs for one of your favorite sexual fantasies: to be filled up in all three body openings at the same time.

This set off a fantasy of my own: to be the one who fills your openings myself, till the come is oozing out all over. Since you used to be a stewardess, my fantasy scene begins with an unscheduled layover in Columbus, Ohio. You need a room for the night and notice a sign that says, "Cheap room for one night: $5.00." So you think to yourself, "Pretty cheap." You decide to take it.

I am the desk clerk, and there is no one else around at this late hour. I take you to your room, which is furnished with a bed and a stool, nothing else.

Since you are tired from your flight, you strip naked and go to bed. You are startled awake by movement, and you look up surprisingly. There I am, sitting on you, with my dick between your gorgeous boobs and moving back and forth, breast-fucking you. You are tied spread-eagle to the bed, and I am telling you how I am going to fuck the daylight out of you.

After a while, I move up and force my dick into your mouth and begin fucking you there. I tell you to suck it, but you shake your head no, so I slap you hard and begin squeezing your tits. The pain becomes unbearable for you, and you begin sucking. I force you to keep doing it until I shoot my load into your mouth and force you to drink my sperm.

Then I untie you and force you to kneel on the floor. I tie your wrists in front of you and force you to give my cock a hand-job. Then I lay you on the floor and ram my dick up your pussy. I start fucking you nice and mellow, but you are not fucking back, so I start biting your tits, and you begin moving to my rhythm. We fuck until I shoot my second load of sperm, this time deep in your cunt.

I then tie you over the stool on your belly so that your ass is stuck out for me. I feed my cock into your asshole, and slowly fuck you until I come a third time, so much that my sperm overflows and trickles out of your ass.

By now you are tired, and I decide to give you a rest. I untie you and tell you to put your stewardess uniform back on, then I tie your arms behind your back and take you to my van.

I drive across town to Hooker's Lane, and every John I see, I sell you to them for ten bucks. I drive around while they fuck you in the rear (of my van).

After I make about 100 bucks, I take you to the park and begin fucking you myself again. Once more, I fuck your breasts, mouth, pussy, and asshole until all your openings are filled with my sperm.

Finally, when it's all over, I strip you, tie you up, and drop you off back on Hooker's Lane. No telling what will happen to you then, or how many people will fuck you and abuse you. You might even be kept by someone as a love slave.

Just think about it: from sweet stewardess to love slave in one night!

H.L.B.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear H.L.,

Is that what you call "overnight success"? You seem like a nice, quiet, considerate sort of fellow, have you ever thought of going on "The Dating Game"?

I hope you don't mind if I comment on a few of the particulars in your scenario. First of all, it's doubtful one could find a room for $5.00, even in Columbus, and even if you could, I wouldn't take it. I am no cheapie, and would never take a room for less than $6.50.

Second, if I awoke to find a man sitting on my chest, it is not "surprising" that I would look up.

Third, the street price for a piece of ass, even in Columbus, has gone up. To get it for $10 you have to go to Rangoon (that's east of Cincinnati). Besides, I'm a trained flight attendant, and deserve at least twice that amount.

Otherwise it's a real cute love story although the "boy-meets-girl" theme is a little over-familiar.

SEX ED.

Dear Lesllie,

I am an exchange student in law school. I was sent to this country to study, and nothing more. I was not sent here to go to pornographic movies. This sort of film is forbidden in military-controlled countries such as my homeland, so when a friend asked me to see one with him, I was at first



opposed to the idea. But finally I agreed, and I have never regretted that decision, because the film we saw was one of yours.

Your ease and naturalness on the screen put you in a class by yourself. You are number one. Apart from the marathon and Olympic posters I have on the walls of my room, yours is the only picture, because I display only the best in my room. I have to admit your picture is not related to sports at all, but I like it anyway.

Ray
Bronx, N.Y.

Dear Ray,

Nobody can study "and nothing more." I'm glad that when you finally broke training it was one of my pictures you saw. I love fresh new eyes!

Isn't it terrible about the medieval attitude toward sex-oriented entertainment that some military-controlled governments have? I hear, though, that Iran has moved to legalize masturbation (formerly, it was a crime punishable by amputation of the offending fist), but only on condition that said masturbation is performed by the numbers according to the prescribed drill in the army's Manual For Self-Abuse (Enlisted Personnel).

I'm flattered that you pinned me to the wall, Ray, but surprised that you find my photo unrelated to those of the marathon and the Olympics; I've had many marathons myself, some of them of truly Olympian proportions, and in my event I have a reputation for being a real good sport.

BLACK BALLED

Dear Lesllie,

I am a blonde, 23, 5'2" tall, with small but firm and well-shaped breasts. I have unusually fair skin, in fact one of my boyfriends compared it to the complexions you see on the girls in English paintings from the 18th century, *very* white, almost translucent.

The thing is, one night last year I slept with a black man for the first time in my life, and the contrast between his dark skin and my own touched off in me some deep and hidden response. I was incredibly aroused by the image I saw in my bedroom mirror of the two of us, and I came so many times I lost count.

I saw the guy for awhile, and then we split up. I started dating white guys again, but I couldn't get as excited over a white cock, and sometimes I couldn't come at all.

I started thinking about finding a black lover again, but there had been some hassles with my friends and family over the first one, so I didn't really want to start "dating" a black man again. I just wanted to get fucked by a hard black cock, and see us in the mirror as I licked and sucked till it was glistening wet, then climbed on and fucked till he shot his hot come

deep inside me.

Finally, I got my nerve up and went to a bar that is a hangout for what you might call "upwardly-mobile" blacks, the ones who don't have a "job," they have a "position." It seemed like everything went quiet when I walked in alone, dressed in my "disco" dress that's split up the middle almost to my pussy. When I sat down, a few of the guys caught a glimpse of my panties as I crossed my legs.

I was trying to look cool, but my heart was pounding so loud I thought they could all hear it. My drink hadn't even arrived when this tall dude in a three-piece suit came over and said something about how this was no place for a woman like myself to be alone in. He was nice and real good-looking, so I let him talk me into leaving with him.

We went back to my place, because I wasn't sure whether he'd have a mirror near the bed.

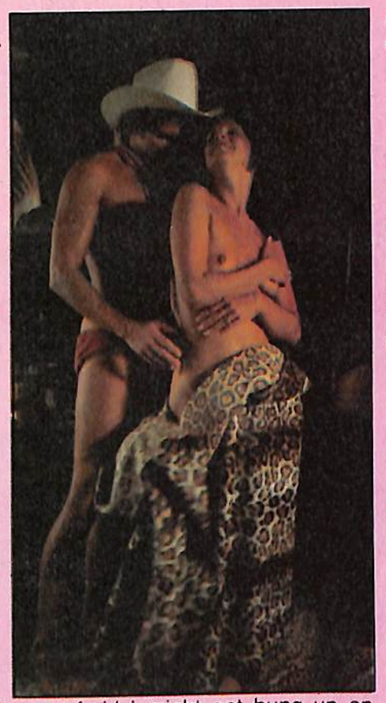
We undressed and lay down on the bed facing the mirror. We both looked at our reflection while his hands slowly stroked and caressed my body. His cock got bone hard, and it was even bigger and blacker than my former boyfriend's. And he really knew what to do with it. He fucked me every which way for most of the night. Somehow he managed to keep from coming all that time, though I must have gotten off a half-dozen times.

Finally, he told me he was getting a little sore and wanted to finish. I got off his cock, which was throbbing and wet from my cunt, and looking straight in the mirror, I rubbed it all over my face. I put my mouth on it and slowly slid it down my throat till I had all nine inches in there. By that time I was real hot and totally relaxed, so I let him fuck me in the mouth and slide his whole dick in and out of my throat.

When I felt him starting to come, I let the first hot jet spurt down my throat. It was so deep I didn't even taste it. Then I slipped his cock out of my mouth while it was still jerking and shooting hot white stuff, and I pulled him off all over my face and lips and tongue.

All this time I never took my eyes off the mirror, and the sight of that big black cock shooting come all over my white face was so exciting that I came myself at the same instant his sperm hit my face.

Even though we both had a great time, I didn't see him again after that. I



was afraid I might get hung up on black men, and also I was afraid if I kept going into bars alone that I might get hurt some night. So I've gone back to white men.

But, Lesllie, I just can't seem to get



as turned on to a white dick as a black one. Do you have any suggestions?

Sheila M.
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sheila,

To borrow an idea from The Rolling Stones, you could "Paint It Black."

Or if you're looking for a black man who wouldn't want to be be seen with you in public, I could put you in touch with a Mr. Wilbur of Hartford, Conn. (see below)

FUCKED OUT

Dear Lesllie,

I am a 25-year old black law student, who is married to an outstanding white girl. One night my wife, Barbara, asked me what it takes to turn on black men. I could only answer for myself, but I told her I had always wanted to watch two girls making love. I also told her that after I see one of your movies, especially the one where you fuck three guys I feel like I could fuck for months without stopping, just dreaming it's me doing that to you.

When I told Barbara about how I would like to go down on these three girls in my class, she got upset, thinking that I don't enjoy fucking her any more. But we have fucked in every way I could think of, and I enjoy every moment of it. I have told Barbara how much I enjoy sex with her, but she keeps saying that I want to fuck other women. What should I do?

P.S. Do you know any white girls that don't mind going out with a black man? Enclosed is a photo of myself.

Wilbur
Hartford, Conn.

Dear Wilbur,

You're a good-looking fellow, to judge from your picture. I'm showing it around to the girls in the office here, to see if there are any who would like to take you up on your offer. How white do they have to be?

Maybe I can help you out with your wife. Show her this:

Dear Barbara,

Wilbur loves you and would never dream of fucking anyone else.

There. Does that help?

(Continued from page 26)

under her skirt that she took off once the flight back to New York was airborne, were so sensationally lewd and obscene, outlining her puffy cunt lips and barely covering her naughty buttocks anyone could tell were stark naked under the scandalous shorts.

"Oh God, get a load of her, she's out of sight," squealed Lela, once again hugging close to Heidi as the working stewardess came down the aisle. "Terrific!"

"Something to drink for you two new girls?" the stewardess asked pleasantly, her eyes noticing Lela's tight skirt up high and her panties visible as she lounged comfortably.

Heidi ordered and then pointing to Mary, sitting across the aisle but further up front, winked at the stewardess. "Who's she?"

"Oh, you don't know," the stewardess replied. "That's our little sexy Mary. She's the unofficial president of the Paris-New York Mile High Club.

"What's that?," asked Lela, pouting, opening her blouse because it was growing warmer in the long, empty cabin of the 747. Lela, as usual, wore no brassiere and the stewardess caught a long look at her lovely bare breasts. "Well, she's...put it this way," said the woman, "Mile High means your first initiation, introduction to the job as a fly gal." She laughed. "I hope I don't offend either of you," she continued, sitting on the edge of the seat, the armrest, "but it's your first fuck up in the sky above five thousand feet which is not quite a mile." She smiled. "Understand?" She again glanced at Lela's half exposed breasts. "You've got nice titties, honey," she said. "Look," she whispered, "if you two are making out like I think you are," she winked, "it's okay with me if you fool around together. Nobody'll bother you back here. Mary up there," she pointed, "is just waiting to get fucked. She loves it," the woman laughed, now leaning closer and gently putting her hand down inside Lela's blouse, her fingers caressing her bare breasts, pinching her taut nipples. "You see, Mary's got first claim on the two young captains you haven't met yet. They're up in the cockpit."

"With their cocks?" Heidi laughed. "Right?" She reached over Lela to fondle and touch the stewardess's breasts, so full and ripe and swollen under her tight uniform bodice. "And you're perfectly right about Lela and I making out. We're in love."

"I can see that plain enough," was the woman's reply. "I'd love to watch you eat each other, you know. I just love to jerk off watching, just like our skipper on this trip, which is why I'm flying it because he's aboard," she added.

"How does one get into this Mile High club?" asked Lela. Her blouse was all the way open now and she had pressed the seat button to leisure and now she was sprawled out, her legs parted, skirt still high exposing her tight panty crotch. Heidi was gently caressing her crotch through her pink panties, fingering between Lela's puffy cunt lips so exaggerated because of the tight panties. The stewardess's eyes were riveted, her tongue hanging out and her breathing becoming more and more rapid as her passion seethed.

"I'd love to get down on my knees right now and suck your pussy, honey," said the stewardess, panting.

"I'd love to kneel down and suck your juicy pussy," said the older stewardess.

"I'd love to tickle your clit, baby."

"How does one get into the club?" Lela repeated, smiling broadly, winking at Heidi, opening her thighs wide, then raising one knee up and taking the stewardess's hand and guiding it to her warm mound. "You can finger me, if you want," she giggled.

"Well, you just get fucked up at 33,000 feet. That's all, honey," she replied. She was breathing harder now. Her nipples were pushing through her uniform shirt. "Would you let me eat you, please?" she begged.

"Can we both suck you off too?" Heidi asked, now sneaking one finger under the tight crotch of Lela's panties to insert it into her hot wet cunt. "Yes?"

"Oh God, yes...yesssss. Any time. I'd adore it," the stewardess whispered. Then she sat up suddenly. "Ooops, here comes one of the young captains. Mary's going to get it now... for sure. Look, see, his cock's already stiff," she grinned, fondling her own cunt up under her skirt.

"Is it going to happen right out here?" asked Lela, squirming, enjoying Heidi's two fingers now working so beautifully, erotically up inside her feverish slit.

"Mary's a little devil. She's an exhibitionist, can't you tell? She's wearing those sexy shorts on purpose. I've seen her take on three cocks once, one right after the other. I've had her too," bragged the stewardess. "I've fucked her ass with my vibrating dildo. She adores it. Very anal erotic, know what I mean, honey?"

As Lela and Heidi watched and the stewardess got down on her hands and knees in the aisle and Lela threw her long naked legs over the armrest, spreading them wide so that the lush curly hairs of her delicious cunt were visible all around the panty crotch, all three were soon witness to Mary getting fucked furiously by the young captain with his pants down to his knees. Mary was on her hands and knees in the aisle, facing the rear, balancing as the man thrust his huge cock in and out of her hairy cunt. They could hear her grunting and watch her breasts bobbing inside her blouse as the cock sank deep up into her cunt.

"Is he going to fuck her up the ass?" Lela asked, now letting the stewardess pull her panties down to begin kissing her hairy cunt passionately as Heidi, despite watching the action with Mary, pulled Lela's tender wet pussy lips wide open so that all her lovely pink was exposed. "God, this makes me hot," she said. "But will he fuck her ass?" Lela moaned when the stewardess no longer looking at Mary and the young pilot, began to ravish her young virginal cunt, slurping noisily and wagging her tongue, dipping it in deep, then sucking the puffy pussy lips into her mouth, taking them between her teeth, her eyes in Lela's smiling eyes as Lela began to moan and writhe. "Touch my tits," she breathed to Heidi who was now masturbating her own cunt frantically as she listened to Mary's little cries of passion, her deep low grunts and then finally a low muffled scream because the pilot was holding her mouth as he reared back and suddenly jammed his slippery cock deep up into her asshole. "See," cried the stewardess, "she's taking it up the ass," she sighed, renewing her tongue lashing of Lela's cunt. "She's

taking that thick hot cock up her ass," she moaned. . . .

It was about an hour later after a light lunch that the stewardess came hurrying down the aisle. "Oh listen," she grinned, "if you're ready for the Mile High initiation, now's the time to get it on this flight. The skipper himself said he'd be delighted to admit you both and sign the little certificate all us girls carry with pride."

"Little certificate?" asked Lela. She was nude under the blanket, her little feet bare. She felt just marvelous being all bare naked up in an airplane with Heidi now and then caressing and fondling her warm body.

"Yes," smiled the stewardess, "it has the date and the flight number, the Mile High initiator's name and even the navigational position and the altitude printed on it. Very official looking," she added, lifting up the blanket to look at Lela's precious cunt. "I loved sucking you," she said softly, her eyes melting.

"I'd love to get fucked up in the sky," cried Heidi. Laughing, she took down her panties and tossed them up in the pillow rack. "When's the skipper coming down."

"He isn't," said the woman. "We all got to go up there. . . ."

"To the cockpit?" Lela was ecstatic. "I'd love that."

"He's going to fuck you both while we're on automatic pilot and the co-pilot, the second officer and the navigator are taking their naps, you see."

"Both of us?" Lela cried. "We'd love that." She cupped her mouth confidentially. "It's been a long time since we were both fucked with the other right there," she said, again guiding the stewardess's hand between her warm silky thighs, smiling at her as she beckoned with her eyes. "Suck me a little again?" she smiled. "I'd love that tongue again. You're so very good . . . real good!"

"Later," the woman said. "Look, we must go now."

This wasn't Heidi's or Lela's first time in the cockpit of a giant wide-bodied aircraft but they were suddenly thrilled with the professionalism and the fact that the craft was flying high above the clouds with a bright sun lighting the white fluffs and above a remarkably deep blue sky. It was beautiful!

When they were introduced to Captain Jacks, both knew they were going to have a lot of fun. There wasn't much talking aloud but their eyes spoke often and to the point. Putting a pillow in the aisle, the stewardess had Lela lie down, naked except for her heels. Kneeling the stewardess took out Jacks' penis and as Heidi also kneeled to fondle and caress his buttocks and his lovely balls, the stewardess began to suck the long cock into a thrilling erection. At the same time she masturbated her cunt up under her skirt.

Then she bent between Lela's thighs and was soon sucking and kissing, licking and tonguing the young girl's cunt prior to the captain plugging his enormous cock up into it. She kissed Lela's tight moist asshole then tickled it with the tip of her pink tongue as Lela giggled and smiled, reaching up to grip the captain's thick round cock and pulling him down to fuck her. "I want it so bad . . . I want your cock, sir?" her eyes pleaded. "I'm famished for a fuck. . . oh, yesss. I want it!"

"Honey," said the Captain, "do you want to take it up the ass?"

And when the cock sank in up to the hilt, Lela's legs high in the air, her naked breasts jiggling with each powerful lunge, Lela fucking back, gripping the captain's shoulders, scratching, moaning and almost lifting her bare bottom off the little pillow, it was Heidi who reached under to clutch the captain's balls, squeezing them as she leaned up to kiss him on the mouth, their tongues clashing as the skipper plunged and thrusted deep into the young girl squirming so deliciously under him.

"I'm saving my orgasm," he breathed deeply, looking at Heidi. "You're next, my dear," he smiled. He was so handsome.

When Heidi pulled up her skirt she wore no panties. Her lovely hairy triangle was lush and inviting. The stewardess first brushed her lips across it, then inserted her tongue. Holding her by the head, Heidi began to bump and grind her cunt into the woman's face. Then the stewardess looked up. "Honey," she asked, "do you want it up the ass, maybe?" She was fondling and caressing Heidi's bare behind, spreading her ass globes, the captain looking but still fucking in and out of little Lela who was now crawling with lust and desire, out of her mind with her sweaty cunt on fire.

"Oh God, yesssss, that would be lovely. I'd love it up my ass!" she squealed, her brain whirling. "Because that way Lela can suck my clitoris while I sit on her face," she said, her voice low and sexy. "I'd love it. And Lela's crazy to suck my cunt while some great big hot prick is up my ass. We've always fantasized this, oh God, don't tell me it's going to happen at last?"

The captain smiled benevolently showing his perfect white teeth. He smelled of expensive men's cologne. His prick was enormous. Thick, deeply veined and well rounded with a perfect head, a nicely shaped instrument.

"But will all that fit up my ass?" Heidi cried.

The answer to this came in moments. Just as he pulled his dripping cock out of Lela's slimy cunt and waited for Heidi to lay on top of Lela, her hairy cunt over Lela's mouth, Heidi was to first feel the stewardess's tongue tickling in her asshole, then her cheeks being spread wide and held open, then that wonderful beautiful moment of the great cock first nudging the anus open, then with one immensely powerful thrust, penetrating deeply into Heidi's bowels. Heidi almost fainted. When she felt Lela's teeth actually biting her clitoris, then Lela's fingers digging up into her cunt, the next strong thrust of the captain's cock sent her into wild orgasms.

. . . After the first two weeks when their flight program settled into a routine that suited them perfectly, Lela and Heidi had no doubts they had chosen a profession that suited both to a t. On flights to Rome they vacationed at Ostia, enjoying the lovely beaches. In Paris they did nothing but sight-see, sit at cafes and fuck the crew members in the nice luxury hotel the airline provided for crews on 'fatigue-rest.' Neither liked London although the private clubs were very sexy and they watched eagerly, half-naked themselves as two girls fucked each other right in front of their eyes while all around in the candlelighted shadows men and women were making love, petting, women on their knees sucking off perfect strangers, other women being gang-banged by men the management lined up from those standing at the bar.

In New York they spent much of their time alone. But when they did go out, they frequented the 55 Bar on Christopher in Greenwich Village. All sorts of hungry sexy males came here looking for cunt and both Lela and Heidi found something terribly exciting about being fucked in the ladies' room, the half sour smell of stale urine, the danger of interruption, the jukebox right outside the door, but mostly the amiable bartender who couldn't get enough of either girl's vividly described accounts of their sexual adventures in the friendly skies.

Heidi was especially glib and she and Malcolm would sit at the little table with the green wide-brimmed lamp shade. Under the table and protected from view, Lela would be playing with Malcolm's exposed cock or sucking on it or fingering his anus while up above Heidi, tickling her own clitoris, would spin one long adventurous tale after another.

". . . he was a big film star once, but quit, drank a lot and loved to be sucked off, didn't keep it any secret either. On one flight eastbound (to Paris) Lela and I sat on either side of him taking turns on his huge cock while he read or listened to the stereo. Lela and I would kiss passionately as he looked down at us and this made him happy. When he'd shoot off, he'd say he was coming and if Lela took his load, she'd share it with me. He loved watching us share his scum, so slimy, rubbing it all over our faces, or he'd want Lela to rub it all over my breasts which he'd insist I expose for him. Once he had us both suck his ass, I mean, all of it. He was lying on his side on three seats and she and I were down on the deck and just licking all over, his heavy balls, really hairy and while she would spread his ass cheeks, I'd drive him crazy with my tongue or I'd flick his tender asshole with my sharp fingernail; then he'd suddenly roll over, holding this huge cock ready to explode and I'd take his cream full blast and swallow and then pretend to gulp because he loved the sound. Then he'd kiss me, pull me up roughly, plant his mouth on mine, then suck his own scum. He'd pay Lela with hot cunt kisses to lick his cock after he shot off in my cunt or up my ass, another thing he liked very much but which we had a lot of trouble, despite his money, getting enough privacy to do. It's not so hot getting screwed up the ass standing up in the toilet even if it is first class and roomier, even with little Lela down on her knees or sitting nude on the toilet seat squeezing his balls and finger fucking his ass to make him come off sooner than he would normally.

". . . we had a mom and pop couple, so gentle, refined and like from the country but holy cow, they were as perverted as two pigs when we got to know them. You see we had a layover in Paris and we met this couple again after having served them on the flight and they tipped us really good. They invited us to their hotel, a homey place expensive but not popular and once we had a couple of drinks the man asked me bluntly if, as a stewardess, I'd ever been propositioned up in the air. Lela and I both laughed. We're propositioned everywhere, I told him and then laughing he asked if he and his old wife could proposition us. We looked at each other!

He loved watching the girls suck his cock, smearing his come over their faces.

". . . now with old people like this, gray haired and so gentle, you'd never expect it but pretty soon his wife, Lela and I were on the rug at his feet, him with his pants down and the three of us licking and sucking his prick and balls. Pretty soon the old woman was naked and Lela was kneeling over her, her hot cunt in the woman's face as she sucked her like a professional whore. I sucked the woman while the man played with my asshole and tried to push his cock into my ass but it was too huge. We sucked them both off and for this they gave us a lovely surprise, five hundred dollars each. Can you imagine!?"

". . . on one trip to Rome we had half the Yugoslavian soccer team and they adored little Lela. While I stood guard on the aisle, each of these hulking guys everyone with a prick at least seven inches long and so unbelievably thick, took turns fucking Lela in the mouth while she kneeled in the toilet. Lela was high and so was I and when they finished with her down to the last man she was a wreck. Later she said she'd swallowed enough scum to sink a rowboat. . . ."

As Heidi was telling this to Malcolm, Lela poked her touseled head up from under the tablecloth. "Oh, yes," she said sweetly, "that's all too true, Malcolm, "but I loved every minute of it, each new cock, the smell of them, the silkyness and the different sized heads and how each of these athletes had a different way of holding his cock and making faces when he'd come into my mouth. Would you believe one insisted on shooting all over my breasts? Another on my toes which he later sucked clean, would you believe that, my little toes all covered with his slimy come and then me sitting up on the toilet seat, my foot up to his lips, him licking and sucking my toes while he milked his big prick down. Even soft it was huge!"

"Tell him about that crazy guy who promised he'd buy you a Mercedes Benz, Heidi, if you'd just pull up your red skirt and not wearing any panties, back up as you were serving the couple across the aisle and just like accidentally land in his seat, on his lap only he'd have his cock out and you're to land right on it—tell Malcolm about that, honey," said Lela, crawling back under the table, reaching up again to take Malcolm's elegant cock between her warm silky lips to nurse on it until it stiffened and she would almost bring him to orgasm before he would back away and then suck in his breath to keep from coming.

"He was nuts!" exclaimed Heidi. She was sitting on the inside on the bench at the table close to the wall. Now and then Malcolm would have to jump up to serve a customer. Business was light but these interruptions were unnerving and spoiled the moods Heidi would create with her spicy stories and just as often as not Malcolm wouldn't budge to serve the customer. He'd let him wait until eventually, shaking his head, he'd stroll out. Malcolm would hardly notice. But several times he did get up, his prick hard, almost fully erect, to scoot be-

hind the bar to serve a regular who popped in. When this happened and he'd hurry back to the little table, Lela under it, couldn't wait for his naked prick to pop into her hot mouth.

"Did you ever land right on his cock?" Malcolm wanted to know, examining the burning cigarette in its long holder. "Quite a trick I'd say."

"You're so right," laughed Heidi but then suddenly turned as she saw a customer going out the door, leaving the bar empty, quiet, nostalgic for her. "C'mon," she laughed. "Is he hard, Lela?" Lela answered, "he sure is honey, you want it. He's close to coming, honey," she added.

Instantly Heidi pulled up her skirt and moved over to sit in Malcolm's lap. "Stick your cock up in me," she breathed, spreading her thighs, opening her blouse. "Play with my tits. Lela," she said, "help his cock get into me, honey. I'm wet enough?"

"You sure are, baby," cried Lela joyously, helping the enormous cock slide gracefully between Heidi's slippery cunt lips, then surge deeply up into her cunt.

"Oh wow," Lela squealed, "it's gone, his cock's vanished," she laughed. Bending her face closer, brushing her hair back, she began to lick the base of Malcolm's shaft as Heidi slowly rose and fell, taking the full length of the mighty cock deep up into her body. "Ohooooooo, this is just marvelous," she squealed, turning her face so Malcolm could kiss her, so she could tongue his face, lick his eyes.

"Oh yessss ... fuck fuck fuck," Lela was saying as Heidi would raise high up, Malcolm's cock almost escaping her clinging cunt lips at which point Lela would lick his prick furiously, tasting Heidi's lovely juices before the hot wet cunt lips would once more descend and the shivering, pounding cock would again disappear.

"Oh yessss ... fuck fuck fuck," Lela kept chanting, masturbating her clitoris then doing the same to Heidi who threw her head back when she felt Lela's sharp fingernail flicking her clitoris. "Oh God, Lela," she screamed, "that's so nice. Oh yessssss, his cock's so hard ... oh Lela, when he comes in me," Heidi was moaning, whispering softly, sucking for breath, clutching her own naked breasts as she rode up and down on the powerful cock ..., "Lela, darling, when he ... when he comes in me are you going to suck me, eat me ... are you ... oh God, I want that ... I want you to eat me after he's shot up into me ... oh ... I want that so bad. So bad!"

So did Lela. This was all she could think about down there under the table. She loved to suck Heidi any time but mostly after her best friend had been fucked by a loving cock and all the sweet juice of the man had squirted all over the walls of her cunt and soaked her pussy lips and matted her cunt hairs. Lela loved to take her time cleaning up Heidi, licking up every trace of scum.

On one layover in Rome the two young stewardesses went to a private party hosted by an executive of the airline. They flew in the bosses' private Lear jet to a coastal resort in the south near Palermo. Both served the executive's several guests wearing a scandalously naughty costume, high red heels, a red mini-skirt, topless with their hair down, heavily made up and perfumed. The men wore only their shirts and were naked from the waist down. Everyone was high on coke.

It was on this trip that Lela saw Heidi take three cocks at once.

It was on this trip that little Lela saw her best friend take three cocks all at once and she loved how thrilled Heidi was riding on this one cock while a second was stuck up her ass. Heidi made faces as the third was plunged into her mouth, then winked with her eyes and Lela went over to her to play with her breasts, fondling and caressing them, kissing them, biting Heidi's hot nipples until they were nearly raw the way Heidi liked this kind of sharp thrilling pain.

When the first cock exploded in her cunt and Heidi was writhing and squealing, Lela encouraged the cock up her ass to go into her cunt and blow off. The guest happily obliged. Then it was no trouble for the man with his cock in Heidi's mouth to plough it up deep into her cunt soaked with sperm from two men. When he shot his load and Heidi was literally drenched in scum, Lela begged Heidi to sit on her face, to squat over her face with her knees and thighs spread and then to move lazily back and forth over her so Lela could watch the slimy sperm slide down Heidi's white silky thighs or just dribble or cling to her soaking wet cunt hairs before grasping Heidi's bare buttocks and pulling her cunt close to her lips so she could drink all the sweet male juice as she sucked and kissed and swallowed and licked as Heidi began finally to fuck her face, a special kind of fucking both girls enjoyed very much after they'd made hot love to a man.

Heidi told this story to Malcolm in the ladies toilet at the bar with little Lela sitting on the toilet with her panties down idly half listening as Heidi, stark naked, lay on the dirty tile floor while Malcolm stood astride her jerking off his cock with both hands. "Such a beautiful sight," moaned Lela, grinning, hardly able to wait to see Malcolm's great cock explode and splash all over Heidi's lovely face and bare breasts.

"Pretend you're gonna piss all over her; she would like that," Lela exclaimed, getting down on her knees, kissing Heidi's mouth, fondling her gorgeous breasts as Malcolm, in earnest, was huffing and puffing his way to a cataclysmic orgasm.

So these were the days of wine and roses for Heidi and Lela. As the weeks and months passed, their reputations flourished. At some point prospective passengers no longer inquired which movie was to be shown on the flight but if either Heidi or Lela were members of the crew.

There are untold stories; how they both frustrated an alleged hijacker by distracting him with a little sex show; how they sold prophylactic rubbers privately to men they encouraged to jerk off into so the girls could chew on them like gum as they worked the hysterical meal sessions ... these and more, all of them incredible but at the same time believable, as astonishing as the successful careers of the girls themselves whose initials can still be seen carved by Malcolm in the corner table, a heart but instead of cupid's arrow, a pair of fluttering wings. ...

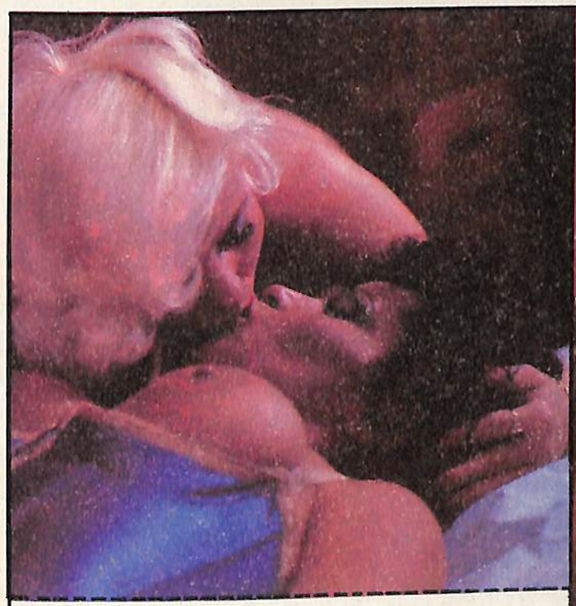
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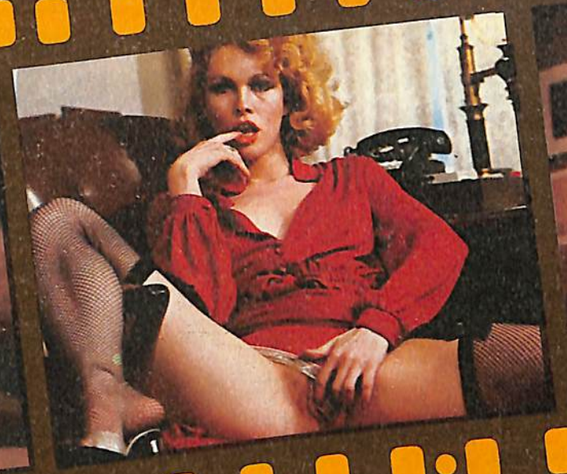
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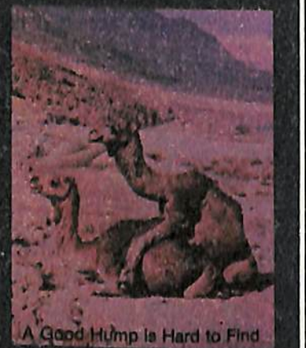
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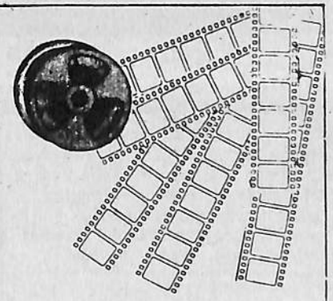
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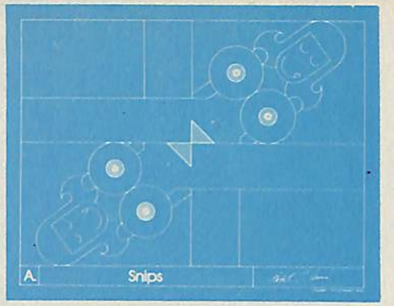
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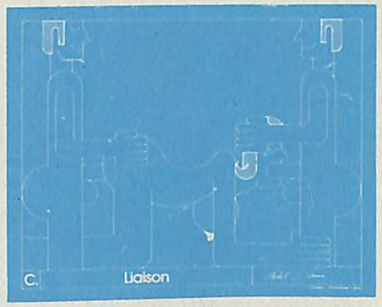
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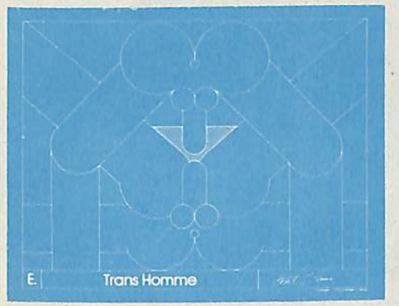
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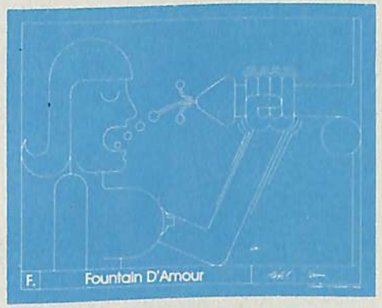

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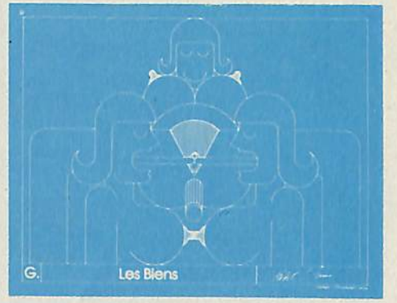

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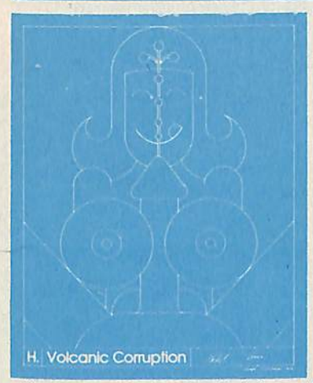

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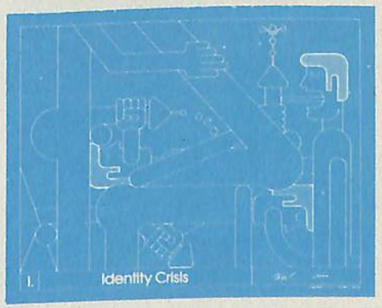

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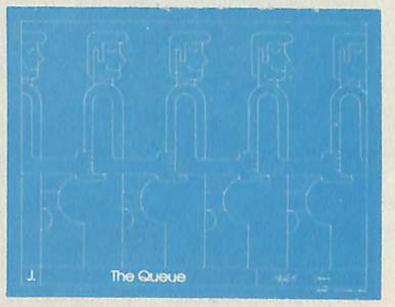

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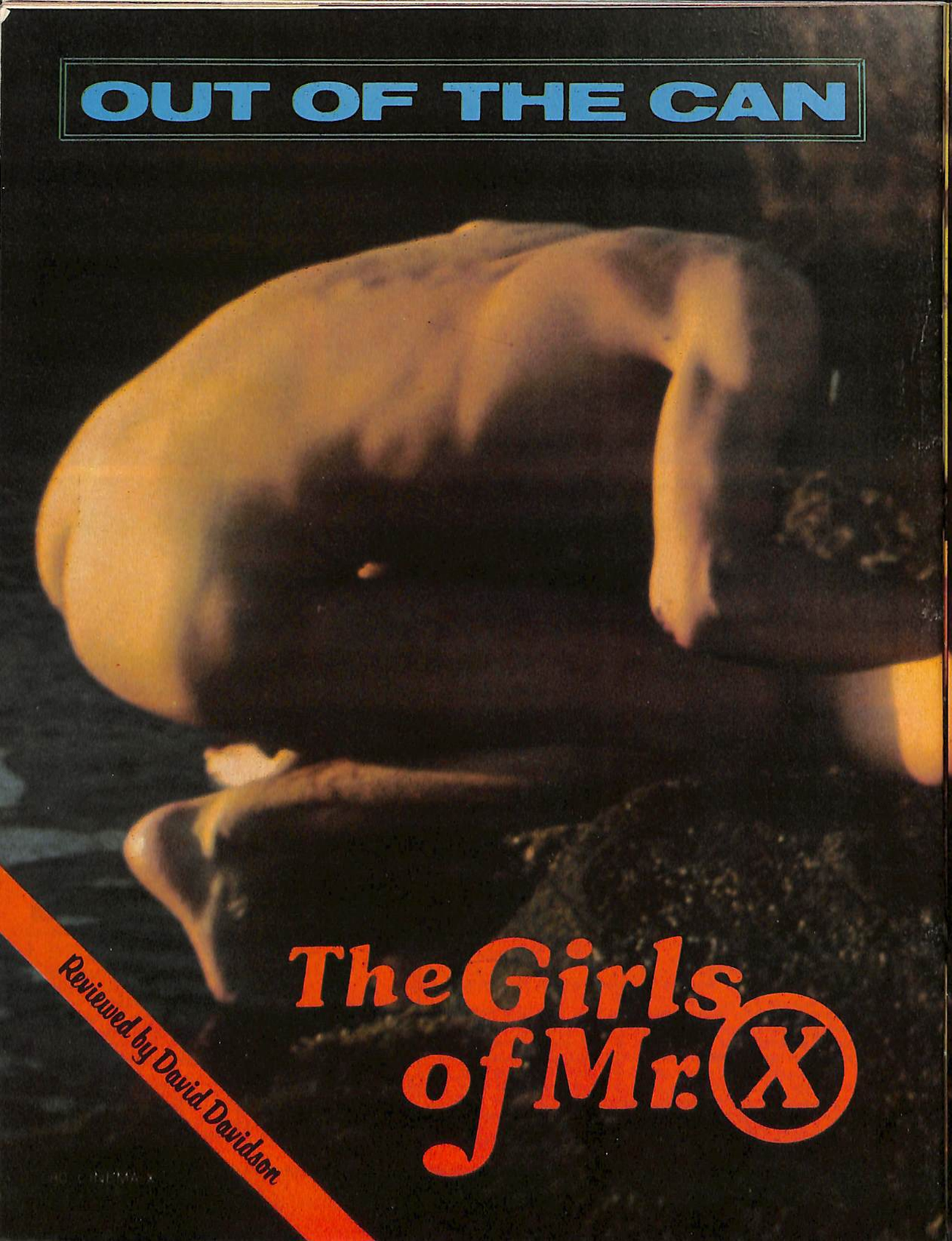
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OUT OF THE CAN

The Girls of Mr. X

Reviewed by David Davidson





PRODUCED BY — Rudolph Films
DIRECTED BY — A. G. Schmidt

STARRING:

ANGELIQUE BROWN
DOMINIQUE FRAZIER
PEGGY SCOTT
MARLENE ROSS
BETH WILSON
HANS ENGELS

Running Time: 95 Minutes



It's more than obvious that the filmmakers involved in creating *The Girls Of Mr. X* had a great deal of fun. This German import is loaded with irreverent gags and humor in a story that could easily have gone the other way — toward tedium in both story and sex. *The Girls Of Mr. X* appears to be as slick as its picturesque locations. By the bold titles, audiences can tell immediately that this film will feature a bevy of beautiful young foreign femmes. And it does.

What does money buy? For some people everything, but for Mr. X, well, it seems his dough doesn't get him much. It seems he's always getting screwed, but he seldom gets laid. However, everyone else in this film gets it on, always at Mr. X's expense. They get the girls while he gets the bills. Unfortunately that is the main substance of the storyline, and we're afraid that's pretty flimsy for our tastes. But not all is lost. What redeems this sparse plot is an over abundance of well-shot sex scenes, ten to be exact. So throw your cock to the wind and let your thoughts drift over the heavenly bodies in *The Girls Of Mr. X*.

First there is lovely Angelique (Angelique Brown) who's an incredibly stunning brunette. We discover Mr. X (Hans Engels) and Angelique in a nightclub together having drinks. He is sure he's going to get laid. She's bored and excuses herself to powder her nose and before she can bat an eyelash a heavy looking macho soldier is by her side playing with her bouncy tits and stroking her tight ass. As he gives her the old in-and-out routine her inner thoughts demurely tell us (in flashback form) how much she gets off with other women. "A man can never fulfill a woman's sexual needs," she thinks.

Angelique and Marlene (Peggy Brown) are old bed buddies. As her fantasy begins we see the two of them lost in a long lesbian rapture somewhere in a gardeners tool shed. They confess to each other their love and lust since school days and agree that only they know how good it feels to make love to women.



Next Angelique is off to ballet lessons with another female student. Here she fantasizes about being raped by her big, burly, black ballet instructor. After class she willingly submits her pussy and desires to her fellow student, played by Beth Wilson whose hot tongue should make many horny couples pant with enjoyment.

Before the sun sets on her dreams we find her running to the beauty parlor for sex, then to a boutique for sex, then a drive through the country for sex.

Meanwhile Mr. X has had it with Angelique's absenteeism and decides to try his luck with her girlfriend, Peggy, a stunning looking strawberry-haired tart. He takes her horseback riding only to find himself in the stall along with the horse eating hay for lunch. Sound weird? Not really, because most foreign screenplays seem to run wild with this sort of humor. Most sex scenes open and close with these comedic transitions so that when the hot action occurs everything else is over and the time can be dedicated to pure sex. Anyway, it's the riding instructor who gets it on with Peggy as another female student watches with heated anticipation before joining in for some fucking and sucking making this a truly hot mixed combo!

And there are numerous other episodes involving the other women in Mr. X's life before the film ends with lovely Angelique inviting him to a party. He accepts with the attitude that he has nothing to lose and he doesn't, for aside from her raven like face, her largest assets to this film are her fabulous tits!

The abundance of sex and laughs in *The Girls Of Mr. X* make it among the more enjoyable ways to fuck away an hour or two, and it is one of those rare erotic imports that delivers sex merely being fun. However, technically it's far from being a masterpiece. But if you crave a lot of explicit fucking and sucking join Mr. X and his girls. They're the best!

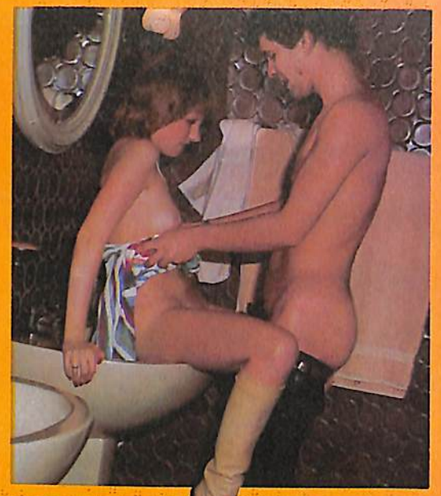


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Goddess Sasha,

I've been reading your column in CINEMA-X and I've never heard you mention anything about the branding of a slave. Are such things common in S&M?

Peter S.
Buffalo, N.Y.

Peter,

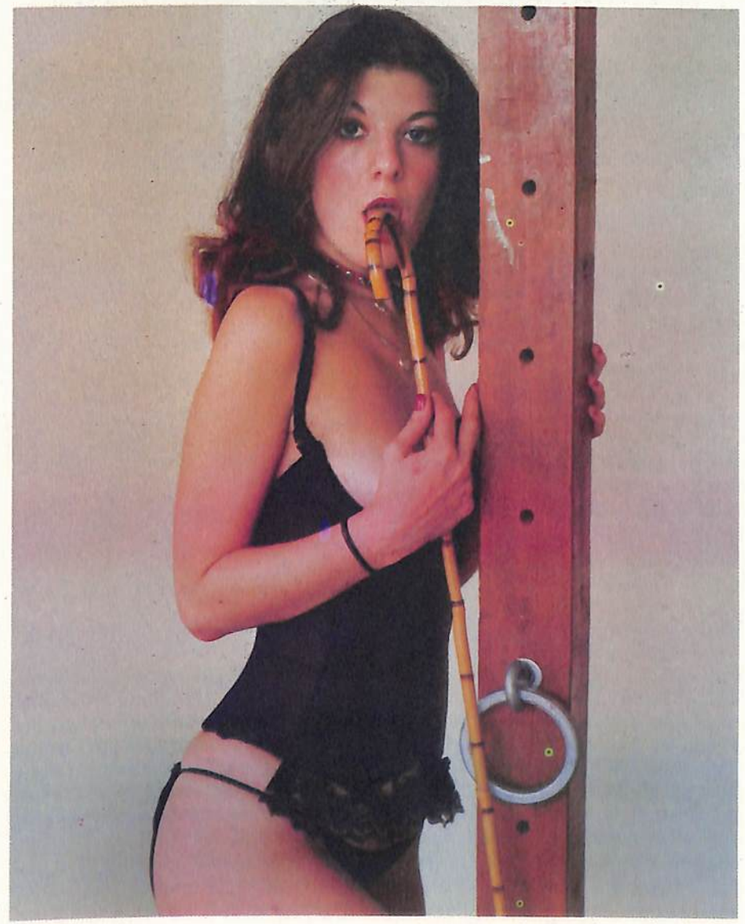
I would not say that branding is a common practice in the S&M world although I have seen it done several times. I do not engage in this practice though several slaves have asked me. To me, branding a slave indicates lifelong ownership. Frankly I have yet to meet a slave I would consider worthy enough for me to own for a lifetime.

Goddess Sasha,

I'm writing in response to your column. I have read books and stories about S&M and B&D for about five years. My girlfriend and I have always maintained a pretty straight sex life. Recently, we started talking about some friends of ours who mentioned that they enjoy some kinky sex games. My girlfriend has agreed that she is interested and would like to see a live show when we visit New York City this summer. I am afraid though that she will see something very heavy that will completely turn her off. I'm very apprehensive about the whole thing because I've been trying for years to get her into the scene.

Are there any shows that you know of that would present a sexually stimulating image of S&M and B&D? I would be so grateful for the help.

Bryan L.
Tampa, Florida



Bryan,

The ideal show for your girlfriend to see first would be "Another Way To Love." It is called "The Project" and is located at 127 Grand Street in New York City. There is a $5 admission price per person. For further information call 212-966-0322. It is an extremely creative and sensitive show; an ideal introduction for a beginner. The atmosphere is very relaxed and congenial and I think you will find this show to be of great help in easing your lady into the scene. There are also many other great S&M shows of a heavier nature after she gets going. Good luck and let me know how it all turns out!

Goddess Sasha,

I'm an older slave heavily into infantilism. Have you ever had any good experiences with this fantasy?

Charles E.
Baltimore, Maryland

Charles,

I should say that I have! Two years ago I met a slave while I was vacationing in England. I allowed him to serve me in a maid capacity. One afternoon as he was going about his daily chores, washing my silky lingerie by hand he fell to his knees and expressed his desire to be treated like an infant. When I'm on vacation I have better things to do than play nurse to a grown man! I commanded him to rise and return to his chores. If there was another outburst he would be dismissed. We became very close as is natural of a Goddess and her maid and he confided to me that he would be visiting the United States on business and begged me to see him when he arrived. Four months later I received a phone call from this slave who begged for permission to be called "Baby William." Remembering the vacation incident I smiled to myself and granted permission to my 50-year-old infant to visit me.

Baby William arrived carrying a large package full of diapers, baby clothes, teething rings and baby bottles. He entered and I told him he had been a very bad boy and that he must go to his room at once and change into his baby diaper. Ten minutes later Baby William came out of his room and he was truly a sight to behold! My 50-year-old Baby William was wearing his diaper and a pink baby bonnet! Through his pouting mouth a large pacifier protruded. Baby William told me that he had the extraordinary luck of finding a large box of delicious chocolates and that he had eaten them all! My favorite chocolates too! I ordered him over my knee at once for a spanking he would not easily forget! I began spanking him with a large old-fashioned wooden hairbrush when I suddenly felt a dampness on my leg. To my astonishment Baby William had wet his diaper! If what excited Baby William was the total humiliation of being an infant that was indeed what he would have, in extremely large doses!

His first punishment would be a bit more severe than expected. This baby would definitely learn a lesson. I told Baby William of his severe punishment to come and observed that magnificent combination of terror and excitement on his face. If Baby William was to serve The Goddess Sasha he would have to suffer pain and humiliation far greater than he had ever had before.

I changed Baby William into a clean, dry diaper and instructed him to recline on his stomach on my leather bondage table. Being very sweet and stern I asked him if he enjoyed the chocolates he had eaten. William replied that he loved them, but that his stomach felt a bit ill from



eating so many. I was very sympathetic and told him that I was going to make him feel much better. I went into the other room to prepare an enema for him. I ran the water until it was hot and filled it to the two quart limit. When I entered the other room again Baby William seemed quite alarmed. He told me he had never had an enema before. I told him that when I had finished he wouldn't have such a bad tummy-ache anymore, and proceeded.

Usually when I give an enema a lubricant like vasoline is used, but Baby William had a special treat. I rubbed a bit of Vicks Vaporub onto the nozzle. I then strapped Baby William down securely to the table and slowly I began to ease the nozzle into his baby bottom. The hot water began to run in and poor Baby William began to squirm. I walked over to my equipment wall and took down a nice baby cat-o-nine-tails. I let some more hot water flow and as he squirmed I whipped his buttocks with the cat. He began to whine and whimper, begging me to stop, but I ignored his childish pleas and continued to whip him as the water poured in. By this time poor Baby noticed there was a burning sensation near the nozzle and his stomach was fully distended from the enema, causing him cramps and total discomfort. He begged me to let him go to the bathroom, but I had other plans. When he had taken the last drop of enema water I inserted a butt plug in his baby bottom so there would be no chance of any leakage. I opened his package and brought out a pair of immense rubber pants. I instructed my most uncomfortable charge to put them on. I burst into laughter at this point, his discomfort and embarrassment were a wonderful sight!

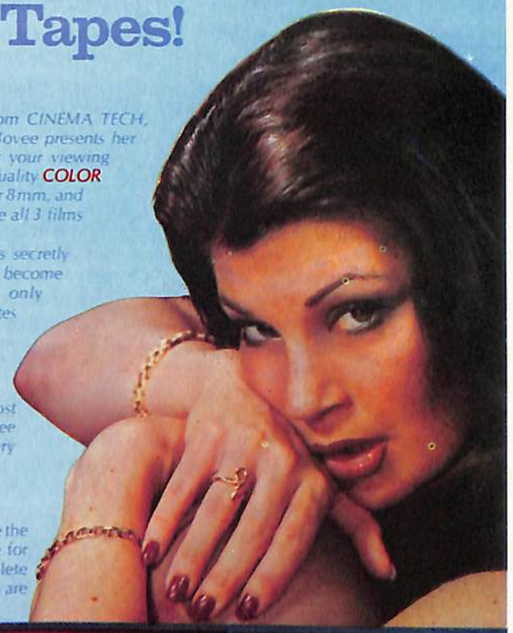
Baby William's next instruction was to go and sit in the bathtub. There he was, his bottom burning, stomach cramping and next on my list was more wetness! Baby William was instructed to play with himself until he came. He was enjoying himself until he realized he would only suffer more when he finished. The sticky, wet come on his thighs only contributed to his total humiliation. After he came in his diaper I told him he could now remove the butt plug. At once the water rushed out into his diaper but the rubber pants held his baby mess quite nicely. I looked down at him and smiled. He was so unhappy, so miserable, sitting there in his own mess. He began to cry and begged me to change his diaper. He said he had learned his lesson and was ready to be a big boy. "You will sit in that tub until my female slave arrives to clean you up!" I told him. When she did arrive she couldn't believe Baby William's mess. It took her 2 hours to clean him up, but when he was, Baby William thanked me and said he loved every second of what we had done. He begged for permission to return and play some more baby games, but I told him he must earn the privilege to play these games. He was instructed to return to his domestic duties throughout his business stay in New York.

Since that time I've had many infant slaves come to play, but no one I shall remember as fondly as Baby William.

LESLLIE BOVEE PRESENTS

Double-Length Erotic Movies & Video Tapes!





For the first time ever, exclusively from CINEMA TECH, Erotic Film Award winning star, Lesllie Bovee presents her private collection of 'Fantasy Films' for your viewing pleasure. These double-length, highest quality COLOR films are available in Regular 8mm, Super 8mm, and Super 8mm with sound. Also available are all 3 films on a 1 hour sound video cassette!

Yes, these are the films that Lesllie has secretly always wanted to make and are soon to become COLLECTORS ITEMS! In her first and only masturbation film (LB 10) Lesllie masturbates solely for you, and the show she puts on is unbelievable! In a beautifully filmed lesbian movie (LB 11) Lesllie seduces her real life roommate who she has always had a crush on! And in the most action packed of all, Lesllie takes on three guys at one time (LB 12) and has every opening in her body filled at once!

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CINEMA TECH guarantees that these are the finest quality color action films available for your home viewing. We offer a complete money-back guarantee on all films, which are (each) 82.6 meters on a 400 foot reel.







MAIL TO:

60 East 42nd Street
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New York, N.Y. 10017

Regular 8mm—$40
Super 8mm—$45
Super 8 mm with sound—$55

1 hour sound Video Casette containing all 3 films—$79

Enclosed is my check ☐ cash ☐ money order ☐ including $3.00 for postage and handling) for $ _____ to cover the cost of _____ film(s)/casette(s).
(New York resident only—add 8% sales tax)

	Regular 8mm	Super 8mm	Super 8mm with sound
LB 10	☐	☐	☐
LB 11	☐	☐	☐
LB 12	☐	☐	☐
Video Casette	Beta ☐	VHS ☐	

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

AUTHORIZATION

I hereby swear under penalty of perjury that I am an adult 21 years of age or older, that I am not a member of any LAW ENFORCEMENT and/or CENSORSHIP GROUP against SEX EDUCATION, that I am purchasing these films for my own personal use, that I will NOT allow minors or any non-interested adults to view these films, that my name and address as shown is not on the United States Postmaster's list of names of people who wish to be protected from receiving sexual material through the mail and that I hereby submit my order to purchase these films and to have them shipped to my residence listed below, at my request and approval for sex educational purposes.

Signature _____

(I certify and sign that I am 21 years of age). No orders will be filled without a signature

CX



Video Hotline

Steve Gruberg, in addition to writing this column, produces and hosts *The Grube Tube* on Manhattan and Teleprompter Cable T.V. systems in New York City. Gruberg is also the Marketing Director for *Midnight Blue*, the erotic videomagazine on New York Cable T.V. and syndicated cable systems seen in many areas of the country.

I recently received a letter from a reader asking what it was like to be a member of the crew on an X-rated video production. Well, recently I was such a crewmember. I was the key grip, the lighting assistant, the chauffeur, and most importantly, the dispensor of towels on *Midnight Blue's* first entry into the X-rated home video softcore market.

Dissolve to shoot number one. The location was an office, vacated at 6:00 P.M. on Friday eve after the normal work force left. This segment was to be the secretary-boss-triangle, but with a twist. Two famous porn personalities were the stars. We were working with pros who had more experience with this kind of shoot than we did, and aided us with some technical and lighting procedures. They knew their lines, they knew their actions, and performed without incident. We recorded it on tape without incident and all went well. One ad-libbed line I shall always cherish came from the female star who said during the shooting, "You don't have to stop kissing me just because you're fucking me."

The next day. Saturday. Shoot number two. The location was an on-premise swing club in New York City. The scene was to include 12 on-camera participants and a few extras, along with the owner of the club, various onlookers and the crew. The shoot begins. It is a very strange experience to be walking on a matress while all around you are people fucking and sucking, singing and swinging. "You're too soft," was shouted out by our engineer. The participants, thinking that everyone had lost their erections at the same time, didn't realize that the engineer was instructing us to focus the cameras. "You're too hot," was the next direction from the engineer, and again the participants were confused. "Should I stop fucking?" was one worried question. "No, no carry on!" Next followed an explanation that "you're too hot" meant the picture was too bright and we should either close down the iris or move the lights around. We learned quickly to use "focus up" instead of "You're too soft" and "close the iris" instead of "you're too hot." The participants in this segment were really into the swing of things and I do mean swing. And they were talented too. One guy could kiss the tip of his dick and obligingly did so for the camera. Another guy was fucking two women at the same time. One stroke in one of them and the following stroke in the other. Of course when it was his time to come, he did it in between them. All captured perfectly by our ace cameraman. And of course, there were those performers who could come on cue.

Sunday. The last and hardest day of the shoot. We were going to shoot three individual loop type sequences at one location, using three different rooms. We had staggered the arrival of the performers and had scheduled them for 4, 7:30 and 10:00 P.M. We got started setting up at about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The location was a nice duplex apartment. The first two performers thankfully showed up on time and we went right up to the upstairs bedroom. The performers, both pros who had done much film work before and were honest, straightforward and good at fucking and sucking. They provided good reaction shots and good come shots. Who could ask for anything more? Three down and two more shoots to go. The next couple was a married duo who performed live sex shows and were accustomed to working six shows a day. Today would be a cinch for them. The premise of the sequence was a sort of Olympic turn-on contest.

Only one more shoot. The crew was getting punchy and everything turned into a giggling session. It was contagious. We were tired and had witnessed a lot of sex while at the same time we were removed from the action. I think we were all horny, but it came out as giggle city. Enter couple number three. This was our punk segment and they were perfect. Two punky looking characters. The girl had done previous film work, but her partner today was her boyfriend who hadn't done this kind of work before. I had heard that elevator operators have their ups and downs, but I don't think as many as the male star had in this sequence. His cock was hard, then soft, then hard, etc., but he finally got it to do what he wanted it to do. The female was my kind of fantasy lady. Short, cute, and with great big tits. I offered my entire salary for a chance to stand in for the male lead, but no such luck. He wanted in and he got in. On the rug, on the stairs, on the couch, and on the bed. All this with no previous formal experience. A quick learner. Outside of the ups and downs they were terrific and we were finished with a spurt. His spurt. Exhausted, we slowly packed up the equipment, dropped if off at the rental agency, and headed in six separate directions, vowing to meet at least once a month to sharpen our skills.

The editing, music, and general post-production tasks are being done on this tape and we expect that this videocassette will be released by the time you are reading this. It's working title is *Midnight Blue Uncensored.* Look for it, I think you'll find it to be some of the best X-rated material shot especially on video for the home market. In addition to all the healthy sex sequences, there are some interviews with the swingers that are not only informative, but funny as hell. If you ever have the opportunity to be a member of the crew of an X-rated production, I would advise you to do it. It's an experience you won't soon forget!

Announcing CINEMA-X's AMATEUR HOME EROTIC VIDEO CONTEST! WIN $500 Plus POSSIBLE NATIONAL DISTRIBUTION OF YOUR EROTIC CASSETTE AND A CHANCE AT FAME AND FORTUNE!



If you haven't already produced some erotic videotapes of your girlfriend, wife, boyfriend, husband, lover or any combination of the above then this is the time to do it. Why? Fame and fortune. That's right. $500 cash for the winners and a chance for a possible national distribution contract of your videotape through CINEMA-X Magazine!

What do you have to do to enter? It's very simple. Just submit a tape of at least 30 minutes, but not exceeding 120 minutes to: CINEMA-X Magazine Dept: Home Video Contest, 652 First Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016. Tapes can be submitted on Beta, VHS or ¾ inch formats. Your tape will be screened by a panel of judges including producer/director/writer, Gerard Damiano, screen star, Vanessa del Rio, CINEMA-X publisher, Bobby Hollander, CINEMA-X executive editor, Joseph Coyne, and columnist Steve Gruberg. The panel will vote independently and tapes with the highest point totals will become semi-finalists. Voting will be based on originality, sensuality, and story line. A second screening of the semi-finalists will produce the winner. If your tape is chosen as a semi-finalist you will be required to submit model releases from all who appear in your videotape. Winners will be chosen three times a year, in July, November, and March. There will also be three 2nd place winners who will receive $300 in cash, and three 3rd place winners who will receive $200 in cash.

This competition is open to all amateurs over 18 years of age and any tapes submitted by professional videographers or cinematographers will not be considered. All tapes submitted will be held for a period of 90 days and then returned.

So if you havn't already produced an erotic videocassette then get out the camera and start shooting. If your tape already exists, then send it to us for judging. Enclose entry form with your submission. Good luck!

Mail all entries to:
CINEMA-X's Magazine Inc. : Home Video Contest, 652 First Avenue, New York, N.Y., 10016.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY, STATE, ZIP _____

TELEPHONE (Area Code) _____

I am the producer of the enclosed videocassette and if chosen as a semi-finalist I will submit model release forms of all those who appear in this tape.

SIGNATURE _____

(I certify and sign that I am 18 years of age or older)

REEL NEWS

All The News That's Fit And Unfit To Print About The Dudes And Dames In Movieland!

by Rona Boner



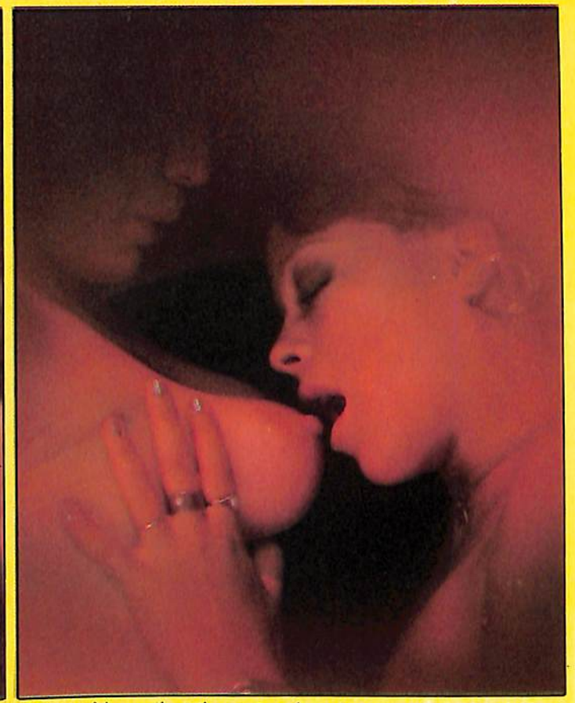
Hello my dear, faithful readers. I'm back with more juicy dirt and gossip than ever. With some of the flak we receive at our office one would be amazed they still print my words of truth, hard as some of it is to swallow. But they say the pen is mightier than the sword, and often more gentle than any feather. And gossip will never die!

Before I begin I would like to put to rest rumors floating around (and they always do) that I am leaving CINEMA-X. I am totally committed to my column featured in CINEMA-X Magazine and I have indeed turned down several offers to write for other books. So to keep up on all the latest tidbits of gossip and information stick to reading our winning, one-of-a-kind magazine. Now that I've cleared that up, here's what's been happening.

Nolo Contendre Dept. (No Contest): Already the pieces of mail are pouring in by the hundreds in response to our *Win Vanessa del Rio For A Weekend In New York City* contest. For those of you who are unaware of the contest, entries must consist of one hundred (100) words or less stating why you would like to spend a free all expense paid weekend with this beautiful Latin lady. In addition to everything else offered the winner(s) will also get $500 spending money for the time they share with Vanessa and an interview and photo layout in CINEMA-X Magazine. Two separate winners will be selected for this event, one male and one female who will each get their own weekend. Entry blanks are provided in the April '80, May '80, and June '80 issues of CINEMA-X. What better excuse do you need for ordering back issues than that? Good luck to all and I'm already jealous of the winners because Vanessa happens to be my idea of the hottest woman in the adult film industry!

Voluptuous Video: A perfect name for an incredibly hot new product exclusively from CINEMA-X Magazine that you'll want to own when you see it. Recently our intrepid cinematographer **Ted "The Lens" Snyder** and CINEMA-X publisher, **Bobby Hollander** captured **Vanessa del Rio** and beautiful blonde bombshell, **Seka** on videotape together for the first time anywhere! Destined to become a classic collector's item this sizzling hot videotape features these two gorgeous and horny actresses in a lesbian love sequence that you won't believe! It is a beautifully done, erotic piece of videotape, and one of the best I've ever seen. And I've seen plenty of them! We will no doubt feature some of the stills in a future issue of CINEMA-X, but





for a sneak preview see the ad on page 71 of this issue.

Also, the word around here is that Seka will be the next star offered in our aforementioned *Win A Weekend In New York City* contest. Now that would really be something to prize!

Meanwhile Back At The Big Apple Ranch: There has been an unprecedented amount of films being shot in New York recently. At the time of this writing I understand that there are in the neighborhood of a dozen features being done in the city. And some of the work is being given to our very own talented X-rated performers. As I mentioned in my previous column (July '80), **Jamie Gillis** headed back east to begin filming a part in **Sly Stallone's** new film and **Paul Thomas,** after completing a co-starring role with **Annette Haven** and **John Leslie,** is also headed to New York for parts in several new flicks. The situation is such that there are plenty of out of work actors, refugees from the broadway scene, who are talented and available. In New York producers find interest in other than just the sexual performances, lending a nice, needed touch to the erotic aspect of adult films. Our adult films are a true, legitimate expression of freedom and I am happy more and more people seem to be interested in our certain art form.

Big Orange (Life In The Fast Lane): L.A. or "El Lay" as refugee New Yorkers refer to it continues to flourish with work, mostly in the men's magazines' soft core love sets. More and more of the "girlie" type mags are now doing male and female nude sets as our media continues to prove that sex is appealing to all kinds of people. Just look at all those nude celebrity shots in Playboy and High Society keeps coming up with. ... My, it seems as though everybody's done "it." And CINEMA-X does "it" better than anyone else!

Movin' On: **David Morris** has since moved in with buddy prince Paul Thomas out in "marvy" Marin county. So girls, now you know where two of the sexiest studs in the biz are. I hear that these two handsome young bachelors have indeed been living up to their reputation, which is pretty outrageous. Their pal, **David Blair** lives right near by as does David's guru. So everyone is cozy as summer arrives fast.

Who's Running The Show?: Cousin Blair is still setting up work for **T___** and **J___** and I must say Mr. Blair is the most organized talent member to do production work along with his performing. **Paul Thomas** is now doing all the setting up for Swedish Erotica, taking the reigns from venerable **Bob Vosse,** and **David Morris** has been casting for several features, notably, **Gerard Damiano's** recent new hit, *Fantasy Island,* in which David was special assistant to the producer. Also, David did the production work for the upcoming movie *Seka—A Woman.* So it seems the talent on the west coast are also organizing factors behind some excellent quality features recently shot. **John Seemen** is getting ready to direct another movie after his debut. Good luck John.

Up And Coming: **R. J. Reynolds,** who resides in "El Lay" is finally getting recognition as a fine character actor in the adult film business. Seems R. J. had done a bit of "legitimate" work before his loving lust lured him to the adult side of films. This tall, well muscled young man has been working in both his home and more and more in San Francisco, appearing in *Taxi Girls, Seka—A Woman,* and a hilarious part as a transvestite in *The Master and Ms. Johnson.* R. J. supplements his income with a videotape half-hour cable T.V. show in L.A. called *Characters.* So here is a man to watch for in some big upcoming roles. Incidentally, he is one of the strongest sexual performers we have. **Ron Hyatt** is another addition to the adult film trade. Ron is a former Playgirl centerfold besides being a comedian in New York's "borscht" belt up in the mountains.

Well, that's all for this month dear readers. Until my next column just remember, gossip is as American as apple pie!

OUT OF THE CAN

Sensual FIRE

Reviewed by Carl Esser



Here's a novel situation for an X-rated film: the hero is a nice guy who wants very badly to fuck a certain young girl, but restrains himself because he happens to be in love with her mother. Consideration for the feelings of others is in short supply in some X-rated features where the underlying motive of the leading man seems to be to get laid at all costs, regardless of how ruthlessly people are used.

This approach has attracted criticism of the industry in the past, and it is to writer/director Troy Benny's credit that in most of his films people actually care for each other. In this one he has the mother (Jesie St. James) say to Roy, her lover (Jamie Gillis), a line of dialogue I don't believe I've heard before in an erotic film. What's more, she says the same line again in a later scene with Gillis. The line is: "I love you."

Gillis and St. James play their scenes together with a naturalness and sincerity that is winning, and the affection they show to one another makes the line entirely credible. At least when she spoke it, no one in the audience laughed.

The picture begins with the mother sucking her lover's cock, then mounting him for a brisk canter. Close-ups of Jesie St. James' glistening wet cunt offered unarguable proof of her genuine involvement in the sex. She's a hot mama.

EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS—Joel & Burt Sorensen, **PRODUCER** — Miguel A. Merino, **PRODUCTION COMPANY** — Diamond Films, Inc., **WRITTEN & DIRECTED BY** — Troy Benny, **SPECIAL EFFECTS**—Carlos Tobalina, **KEY GRIP**—Steve James, **LIGHTS**—Ron Levine, **ASSISTANT** — Sue Killmani, **SOUND** — Joe Killmani, **CAMERA** — Robert C. Smith, **ASSISTANT** — F. Fortes. **STARRING:** JAMIE GILLIS, DOROTHY LEMAY, SERENA, JESIE ST. JAMES, LUCY TELLERMAN, FRANCINE SORENSEN, JOHN SEEMAN, CARLOS TOBALINA, SALLY REGAN, JOE C. SCOTT, ROSE MILLER, BRIAN SMITH, LINDA MENLO, ROBERT STOUT.



Roy finally meets the daughter, played by Dorothy Le May. The actress is young enough to be convincing as a teenager without the much overdone knee socks and twin ponytails they make her wear. Aren't you all getting tired of that cliché? How many *real* teenagers wear saddle shoes and that quaint hairdo?

Roy has a peephole in his room that opens onto a splended view of "Teena's" bedroom, and he gets very turned on watching her play with herself in the shower. Quickly, he runs to plant his burgeoning staff in the girl's mother, who is unaware of the cause of Roy's ardor. While he fucks the mother he dreams of fucking the daughter, and we are treated to a rather erotic and somewhat confusing blend of the two scenes. Sometimes in the close shots, the only way you can tell the mother from the daughter is by the bruises on the younger girl. Poor Dorothy must have played some tackle football the day before this scene was filmed. She looked a bit like a bruised banana.

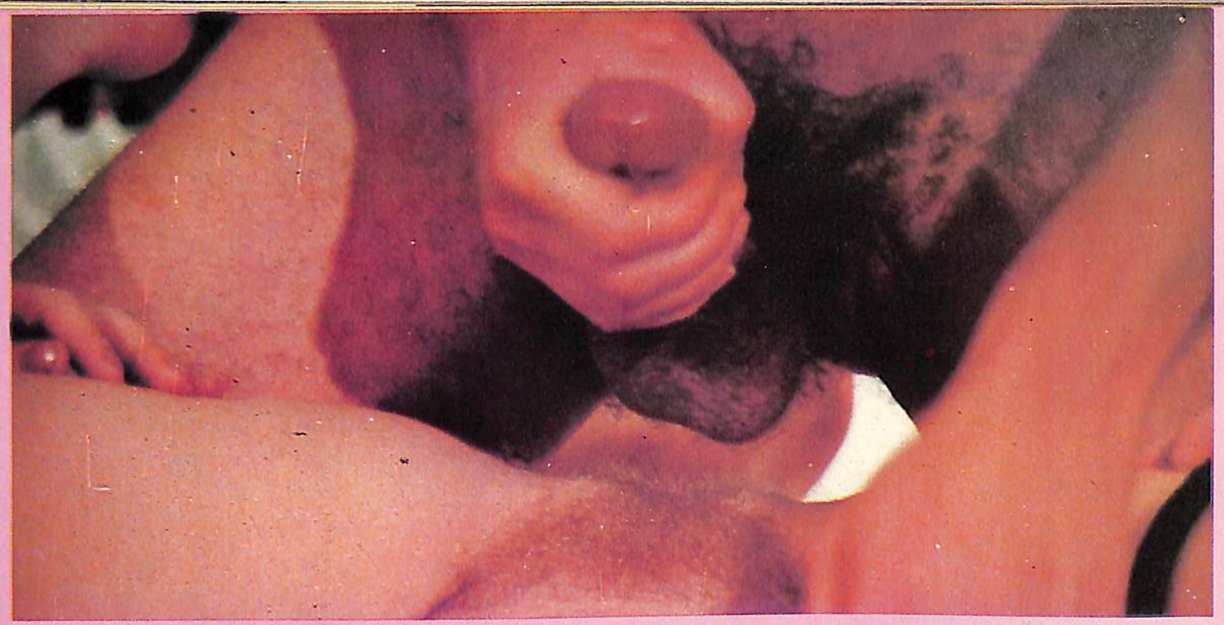
In a later scene, Roy peeps in on Teena as she masturbates with a vibrator. Here, as in many moments throughout the film, the sound effects track is mixed much too loud, and Teena sounds as though she's under attack from an eight foot killer bee.

Again Roy fantasizes about fucking the luscious nymphet, and we see the stuff his dreams are made of. Dorothy Le May makes a lot of sexy faces while she's jerking off and getting fucked by Gillis, but her cunt never gets wet, which is the equivalent of a man not getting hard, an indication that the involvement in the sex is not total. And, of course, the ideal sex scene calls for total involvement, wouldn't you say?

This fuck ends with a great cum shot, however, as Teena laps it up with gusto, painting her lovely face with jism from Roy's spurting cock.

Teena is becoming an obsession with Roy, but he doesn't want to hurt her mother. So he visits a psychiatrist friend (played by John Seeman), and asks his professional advice. Seeman is a very sincere actor, but in this role he chews on every word like a puppy with a slipper. The shrink suggests Roy take his problem to Madam Rose, a local madam. He says, "Fortunately, we're in San Francisco, where almost anything can be had for a price." What he is suggesting is a surrogate, some other very young girl to take Roy's mind off Teena.

Roy goes to the whore house, and looks over a gaggle of lollypop-lickers. Madam Rose herself apparently is away on a house call, and has put a pretty blonde in charge



(Serena). As the nymphets are cute but have the numb look of seventh grade drop-outs, Roy, not surprisingly, asks the blonde if *she* is available. Here the story takes a turn toward never-never land, as the substitute madam gives Roy a "freebie." It don't happen that way, do it?

A friendly note to Serena, and to all sex queens or princesses: remove all labels from your undergarments before a scene. They catch and hold our attention when it ought to be directed elsewhere. And nobody cares where you bought your panties.

During this scene between Gillis and Serena the camera keeps cutting away to the other girls waiting downstairs. They make unintentionally comic faces meant to convey, I suppose, "Hmf! How could he choose Serena when he could have had *me?*" Troy Benny has an irritating cinematic device he much over-uses: the cutaway. To cover a time lapse or angle change, he cuts away to another shot briefly. The trouble is, his cutaways often are jarring, as they have little or nothing to do with what he's cutting away *from.* An example: in the middle of this film's first fuck, he cuts away to a shot of the Golden Gate bridge!

Roy returns to his hot mama, but the problem persists. It is aggravated by Teena's behavior. She keeps bringing her friends over to fuck, and Roy of course watches her through his peephole. He becomes desperate enough to seek the counsel of a priest.

The liberal, not to say libertine, priest he goes to (played with simple and affecting sincerity by Carlos Tobalina), surprisingly makes the same recommendation the shrink offered: find a substitute at Madam Rose's. But the priest learns from Roy that as a youth he had been hung up on a girl who looked rather like Teena, so Madam Rose is asked to come up with a look-a-like. She does, and they dress the girl (played, of course, by Dorothy Le May) in stockings, garters, and long black gloves. The sex scene that follows is highly charged eroticism.

Another hot scene is the one in which Roy spies on Teena as she makes it with her girlfriend (Lucy Tellerman). In his mind, and on our screen, Roy joins them for a torrid three-way.

Finally, he figures out a way to have his cake and eat her daughter, too. He begs off accompanying mother and daughter to a costume party so he can disguise himself and fuck Teena without anyone being the wiser. He shows up dressed as Zorro, and in true Restoration comedy style, manages to ravish the damsel without her ever suspecting his true identity. Fat chance.

Here Benny's cutaways justify their existence magnificently. While Zorro slashes Teena with his mighty "sword," we keep nipping back to the costume party, which turns into an Olympian orgy, with some of the movie's most exciting footage packed into this fifteen minute segment.

When Roy finishes with Teena, he assumes that his one-shot has been shot. Imagine his delight when he returns home and discovers that Teena has raved about her mystery lover and is disconsolate that she will never get to fuck him again, so her mom asks Roy to show her what a *real* lover is like. Presumably, this will snap her out of her funk. And it does.

It leaves the audience wondering, however, why she didn't recognize him—at least by his sword. You know, the one that leaves on a behind, not a Z but a great big X.

CINEMA-X

SENSUAL FIRE

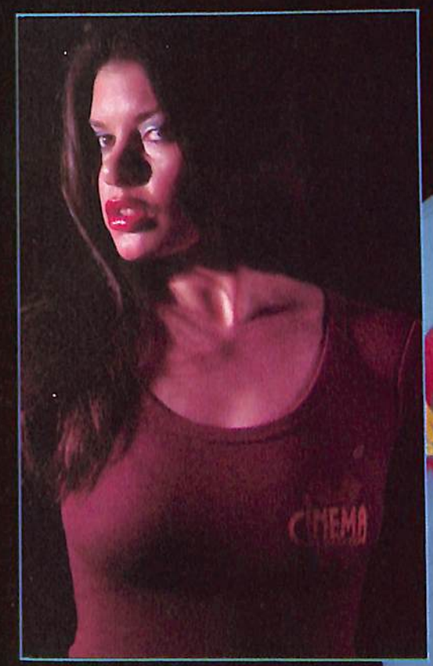
	EXCELLENT	GOOD	FAIR	POOR	LACKING
DIRECTION		G			
ACTING		G			
SCREENPLAY		G			
EDITING		G			
PRODUCTION		G			
MUSIC		G			
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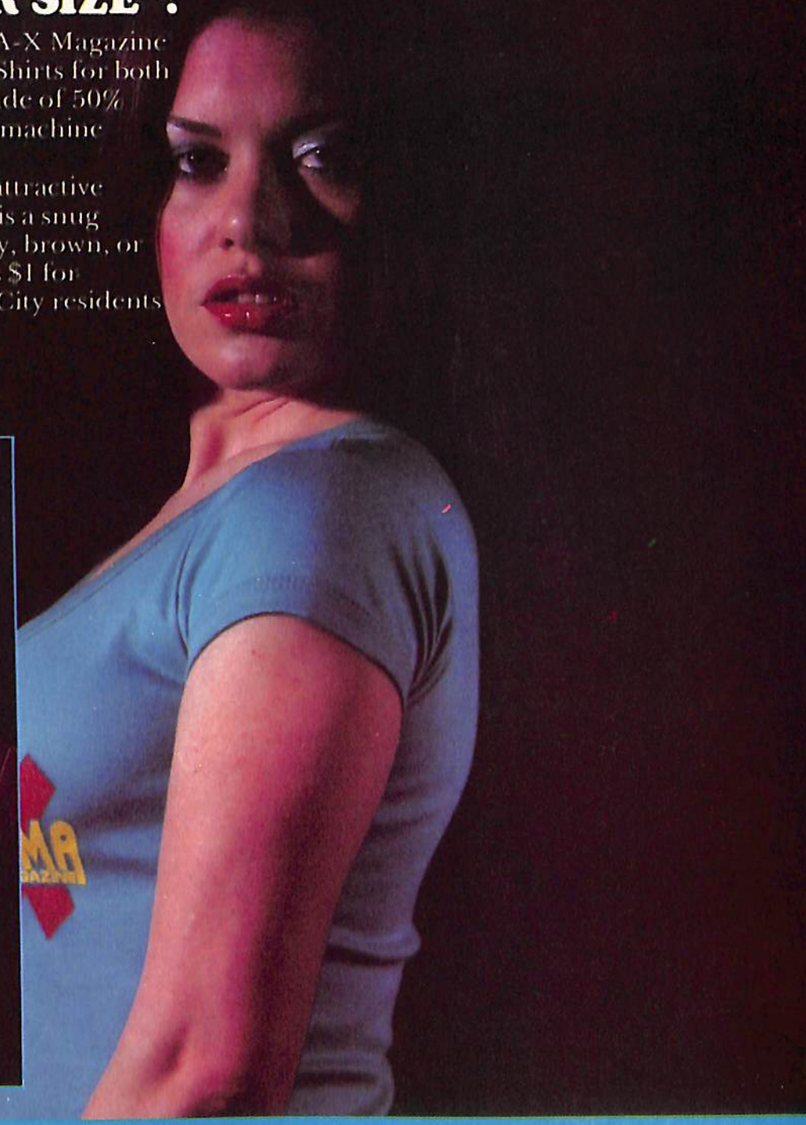
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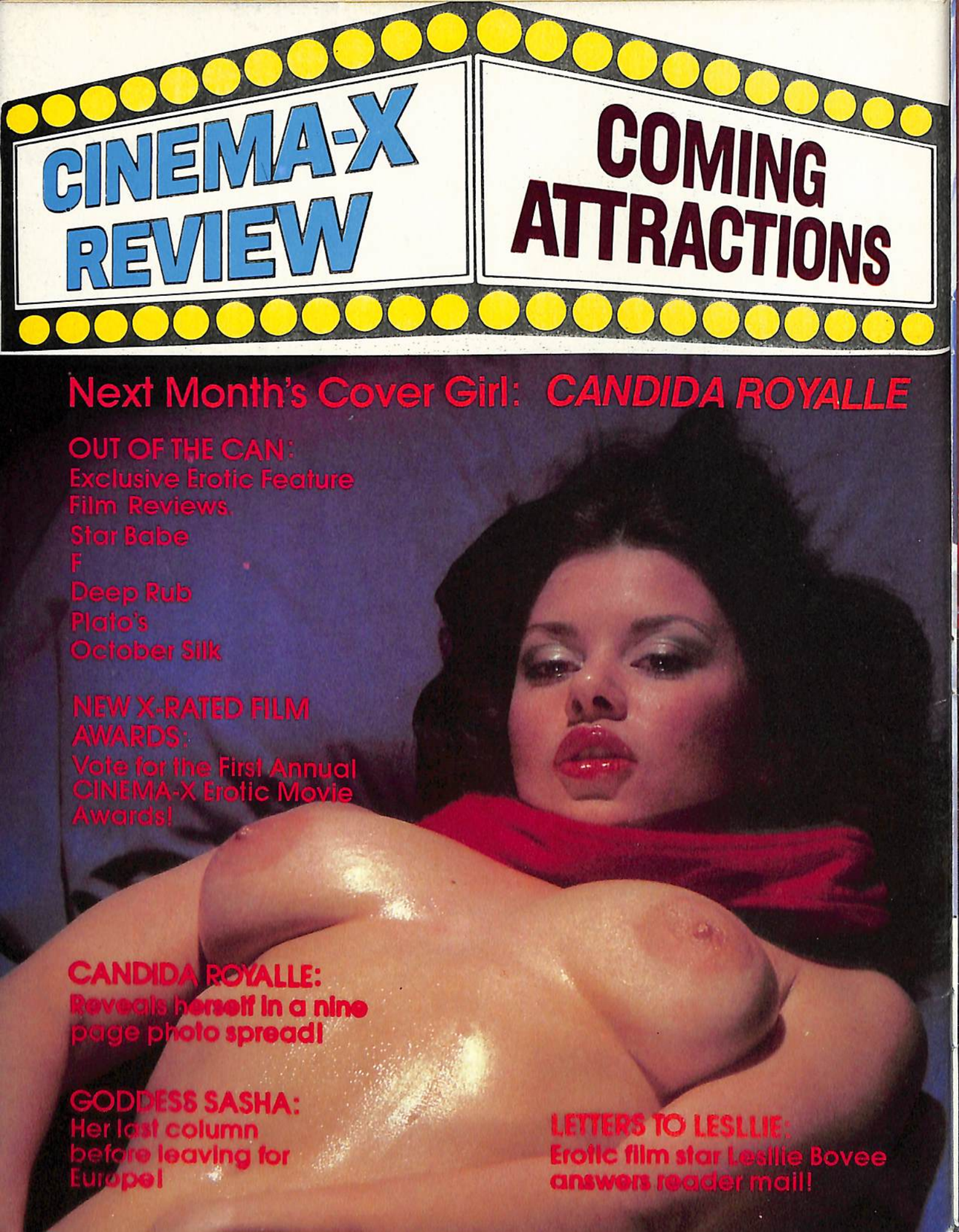
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MEN'S SIZES
☐ Small ☐ Medium ☐ Large ☐ Extra Large

CINEMA-X REVIEW

COMING ATTRACTIONS

Next Month's Cover Girl: *CANDIDA ROYALLE*



OUT OF THE CAN:
Exclusive Erotic Feature
Film Reviews.
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