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ADULT ENTERTAINMENT

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BOSOM BUDDIES: VERI KNOTTI LEE CARROL

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First Shot . . .



Take Back Their Brains

One of the most outrageous attacks on pornography of late has come not from politicians, evangelists or professional smut fighters. It has come from a band of raving females who would have us believe that every time a man and woman fuck, rape is being committed. So far-reaching is their definition of sexual assault that we get the impression that these feminists, who have rallied under the slogan "Take Back The Night," believe that non-violent sex only occurs between or among dykes. To them, a more ideal world would be one in which all sexually explicit material, if not sex itself, would be eliminated.

Take Back the Night is also the title of a book, published late last year, which contains essays, speeches and manifestoes by such women as Gloria Steinem, Susan Brownmiller, Adrienne Rich and Phyllis Chesler. Fortunately, the "take back the night" broads have failed to win the support of a majority of women, nor have they gained the confidence of even a majority of feminists, for whom pornography remains a dubious issue. Yet they continue to make noise and at least one publishing house, *William Morrow & Co.*, has faith that their ravings will turn a neat profit.

In the book, Steinem defines porn as "any depiction of sex in which there is clear force, or an unequal power that spells coercion." Another feminist writing in *Take Back the Night* maintains that porn has "as a distinguishing characteristic the degrading and demeaning portrayal of the role and status of the human female."

This narrow and brainless fidgeting with definitions of porn makes it clear that the authors believe virtually no form of heterosexual sex is anything other than rape. Their problem isn't with smut, but with men, whom they clearly hate with an indescribable passion. If their sexual lives were as filled with passion as their hatred of males, they'd be a group of women to be envied.

As it is, what the ladies of the "take back the night" movement obviously need is to have their tits rattled on a regular schedule. But, any man who would bed one of these brow-beating broads would be a wimp of the lowest order, a problem which rules out release or expression as an answer to their sexual frustration and rage. We guess they'll be on the rag indefinitely and that we'll be stuck with their mindless rhetoric for some time to come.

Despite the book's tortured attempts at a definition of porn, what these women have in mind are not just lust-filled sex films, hard-core magazines or explicit loops. Their hatreds are not that rational. To them, such soft-core fare as *Playboy*, *Penthouse* and *Hustler* are porn. What's more, publishers Hefner, Guccione and Flynt, according to one *Take Back the Night* contributor, are "every bit as dangerous as Hitler, Mussolini, and Hirohito;" clearly the raving of a Rosie the Riveter with more than a couple of screws loose.

We, and you, can take some comfort in the fact that there's little these women can

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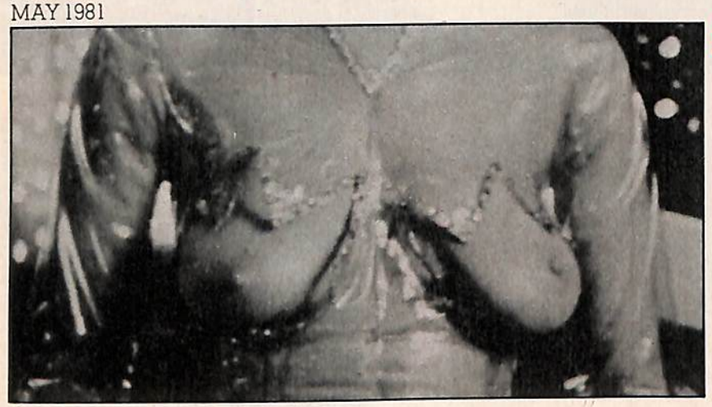
Gloria Steinem



Susan Brownmiller

Skin Flicks

MAY 1981





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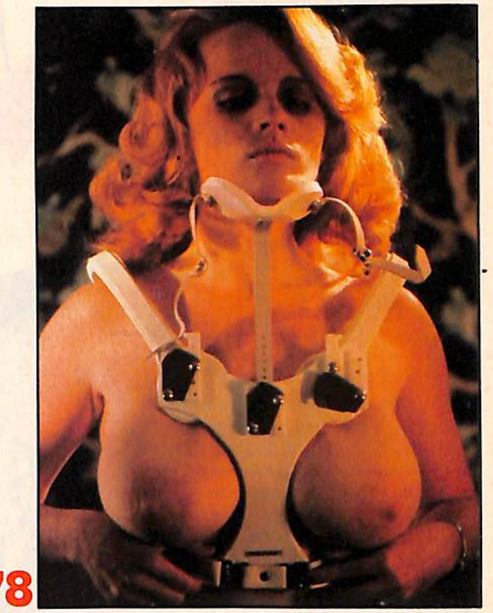
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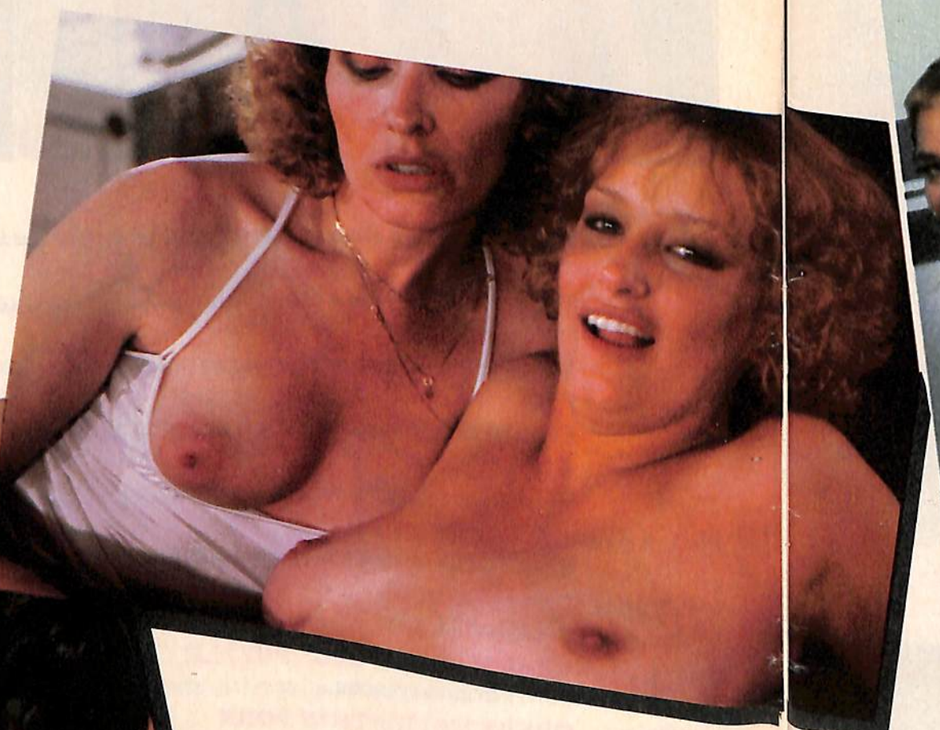
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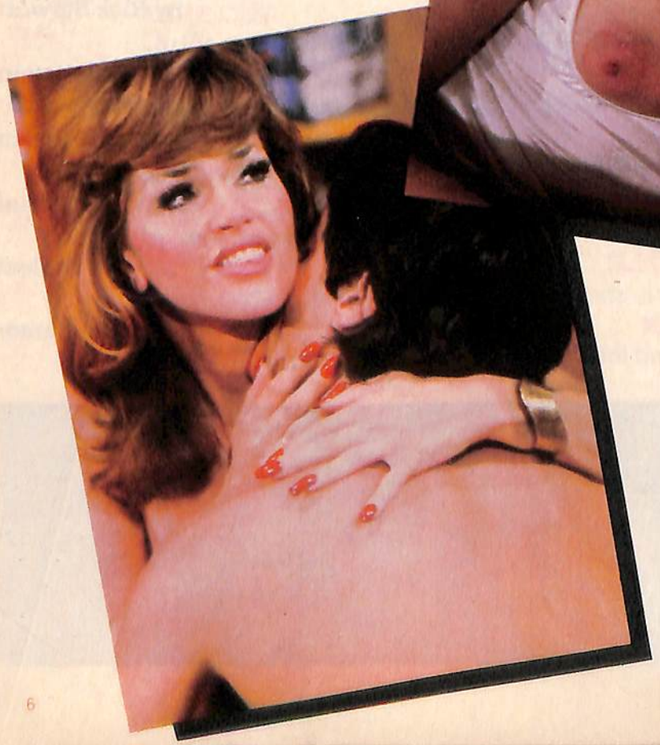


COMERS

There couldn't be any stars without ambitious starlets and while the competition is keen, the women here give every indication of having what it takes to make it to the top of the porn ladder. Today's lithesome crop of aspiring erotic beauties give an entirely new dimension to the old cliche about 'making love to the camera.' While none of the ladies here have star billing (yet), we're sure you'll agree they won't have any trouble conquering the hearts and glands of erotic audiences everywhere.



LAID BACK LUST: Newcomer Ashley Brooks makes her fuck film debut in *Tinseltown*, a film directed by Carter Stevens. Between takes, Ashley takes a break to rest her hips, her lips and her tired head.



BAWD WITH A BITE: Jennifer West looks as if she's wondering how the hell to get that guy's mouth off her neck in this outtake from Steven's *Tinseltown*, Miss West's first major feature.

TIT PARADE: Pat Manning, left, has been around fuck film sets before and seems to delight Danielle Raye, right, another Stevens find who plays a starlet-turned-harlot in *Tinseltown*.



BUTT, BUTT, BUTT: Jean Damage, left, never once opened her mouth (to speak, that is) in Gerard Damiano's new film, *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*. With her is the upcoming Latin flame, Maria Tortuga, and another porn novitiate, Lee Carrol (who shows us more beginning on page 67 of this issue).





SOLO SMUT: Trying to do a sex scene by yourself ain't easy, as Rhonda Brown discovered in *Tinseltown*, especially if it's your first time before the carnal camera. They finally got her a partner and got rid of that silly smirk, too.

SEKA AFTER HOURS

What porn stars do on their own time is their own business, right? Not as far as we're concerned, and especially when what they do on their own time is to hang around **Skin Flicks'** offices.

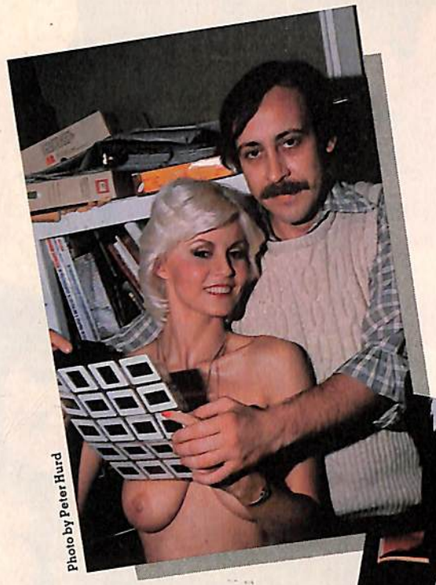


Photo by Peter Hurd



Photo by Sidney Binder

Photo by Peter Hurd



Photo by Peter Hurd

Following a recent photo session, platinum-haired goddess of sex films, Seka, was so impressed she insisted on seeing how the staff of **Skin Flicks** goes about putting together the world's ultimate sex film journal. We obliged, gladly, and took the day off work while Seka got a lesson in photo selection from Publication Director John Tido, top, and listened attentively to a proposition from *Swank* Editor Myles Ludwig. After which she was ready to spend at least a week by herself. □

SKIN FLICKS MAGAZINE PRESENTS... THIS EXCLUSIVE LIMITED OFFER!



Seka's Private Collection

Share Your Fantasy with America's Hottest Porn Star!



It's finally happened! Now for the first time, Seka, herself, wants to offer to you products from her own personal collection. Most of these products cannot be found elsewhere and are being offered for only a limited time!

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Fan Mail

Sex film insider
Colette Connor answers your
queerest queries.

Bold Face Lay

Dear **Skin Flicks:**

Up here in Toronto, we don't see any hard-core movies in the theaters. I make a lot of business trips to Chicago and Cleveland, so I get my satisfaction, if not my fill, when I'm in the U.S. I do have lots of loops at home though, and Seka is my all-time favorite. She's such a cold bitch, sometimes, that I can come just thinking about flinging her down on my bed and fucking the daylights out of her.

Everything about her is great; her boobs, her face, but best of all I love her pussy, especially the way it's shaved. I wish my wife would shave hers like that but she says the stubble growing back drives her nuts (but not me!). I could bury my nose in Seka's bald lips and let that little toupé-like bush tickle my nose for hours and hours.

Maybe you guys could tell me why she shaved it like that and how come the stubble doesn't bother her. Then maybe I could talk my wife into it.

Gerald M., Toronto, Ont.



Seka takes a break.

Dear Gerald:

We do indeed know the way and wherefore of Seka's pussy. The half-and-half look is used by many of Ron Raffaeli's models (a California photographer of erotic raunch). And, as Seka told us, (and you've probably imagined) a man doesn't have to hold all that hair out of the way. Now about the stubble problem: We know all you Canadians have beards, wear plaid shirts, drink a lot of beer and say "Eh?" after every sentence, but at one point you must have shaved your face. Pussies are not terribly different from faces, legs, etc. Your wife may develop a rash until the skin gets used to the abrasion. Next we suppose we'll get letters asking us to cure wifely headaches!

Blue Note

Dear **Skin Flicks**:

I'm wondering whatever happened to one of the more novel X-rated actresses I've seen. The only problem is I can't remember what her name was. Her talent was so unusual that maybe after I describe it, you can come up with her name.

This woman was able to suck dick and sing at the same time, sort of like those ventriloquists who are able to make their dummies talk while drinking a glass of water. It was very funny to watch, and also sexy in a kinky sort of way. Do you know who it is I'm thinking of? She appeared in some movies a number of years ago and I've not seen, or heard her, since. Can you supply me with a name and information on any future X-rated appearances by this unique musical harlot?

Sincerely,
G.T., San Jose, Ca.

Dear G.T.:

We're sure you meant to write "musical starlet," not "harlot," but in any event your description could apply to only one of the sexplicit screen's starlets, the "singing stick licker," Ms. Jodie Maxwell. She's been away from the X-rated industry for nearly five years, but her fame doesn't seem to have suffered.

However, G.T., Ms. Maxwell has returned. We haven't screened the movies yet, so we don't know if she's up to her old musical tricks, but Jody is part of the cast of two recent productions— *A Girl's Best Friend* and Gerard Damiano's sex-sci-fi epic, *Alpha Blue*. In the Damiano movie, Jody is part of a cast which includes Annie Sprinkle, Tiffany Clark, Hillary Summers and Lysa Thatcher. It seems to us that, given such an appealing band of beauties, Jodie will be licking and singing, if she wants to stand out.

White Line Beaver

Dear **Skin Flicks:**

Me and Billy Bob drive our rig from Maine to California and we want to thank you for all them glorious spreads of our favorite ladies. Truckers drive hard and we drive it home hard too, if you get my meaning!

When we climb in the back of our cab for some well-deserved sleep it is downright pleasing to look at all them pretty pictures while whacking off to sleep. Nothing relaxes the old shoulder muscles like a bit of the imagination and flipping through sleazy sluts from the movies. By the time we drive cross-country we've worn out the pages, sticking it to each and every one, especially Serena! I drift off with a smile on my face, imagining her mouth that was made for sucking cock, and her licking my nuts all over the white line. I read in your magazine that she's into S and M shit. I'd never let no woman whoop me, but I sure would like to make whoppee with her! Billy Bob's favorite is Lisa Deleeuw because she's got big jugs. He'd like to stick his meat between her knockers real bad. But I say let's see more of Serena's lips. Both pairs, so I can get off to sleep like I was sailing into heaven. Just sign me

Born in a Truck, Pocatello, Id.

Dear Truck:

You're going to die in a truck and spin out into heaven if you don't keep your eyes on the curves of the road instead of our **Skin Flicks** curves! And we thought stick shifts just got chicks turned on. As a pair of boobs, you and Billy Bob make Lisa's look miniscule! And say, doesn't it get kind of crowded with both of you big guys in the back of a truck cab?

Vexing Vanessa

Dear **Skin Flicks:**

Enjoy your magazine and as a Latin I appreciated your layout on Vanessa del Rio. As a connoisseur of magazines I don't believe anyone else has ever done a complete spread on her, solo, as you did. There is a hard-core publication in Sweden that did but she was with European men — perhaps Vanessa's only fault. She's not very selective about the men she poses with. Unfortunately, I've never seen her with a Latin man.



Deleeuw takes a maid.



Vanessa strikes a pose.

(Of course, since we're "supposed" to have the tiniest pricks I doubt any Latin man could do anything for her!)

Anyhow, not even your mag showed her in black nylons and you must, in your next issue. At least one shot for my collection!

Your readers should be made aware that Vanessa's position as porno's Latin Sex Queen is being seriously threatened by another hot spitfire: Maria Tortuga. Among Chicanos here in the Southwest, she is preferred over del Rio! You owe your readers a layout on Maria — please! She's definitely up and coming.

Thanks,
M.M., Albuquerque, N.M.

Hola M.M.:

We love hearing from anyone who appreciates our mag, even ethnic nationalists like you! What you say about Latin pricks must be true. We've never seen one dare to show its head in front of a camera. But, we're glad to reprint this picture of Vanessa from *Porn Stars* number three showing del Rio in black bra, black garter belt *and* black nylons! On the subject of Vanessa and Latins, there is a scene in the soon-to-be-released *Dracula Exotica* which involves her and a Puerto Rican (sounding) morgue attendant. All del Rio fans should catch that flick as it's one of her best to date. As for Vanessa's competition, Maria Tortuga, see the *Comers* section in this issue to catch a glimpse of the rising Latin star.

Dickery Doc

Dear **Skin Flicks:**

I'm fascinated by porn performers and what their off-screen lives are like. My wife and I like to see X-rated movies once in a while and I pick up several magazines, including yours, regularly.

We got to wondering what these actors and actresses do when they're not screwing for a living. For instance, I'm a medical student, but I do more things with my life than cut up frogs. Medicine will be my living and fucking seems to be their way of making a living. Admittedly, their way of earning bread sounds like it might be more fun, but what do they do to relax?

I jog and I'm just getting into parachuting and my wife plays on a women's softball team. It turns me on to read in your interviews what gets these hard-core ladies and gentlemen off, but I want to know what they're like as people.

Ed B., Skokie, Ill.

Dear Ed B.:

Why you little old romantic, you! Yes Ed, porn stars are people too. You don't mention who you're interested in specifically, but here's a few examples of their extracurricular activities. John Leslie's into cooking, Ron Jeremy hang-glides, Seka is just getting involved in a lingerie business, Merle Michaels loves roller skating, Jamie Gillis once collected antique coins and spent one summer going to the race track every day (and did pretty well, he says), and Kelly Nichols is finishing a degree in art. As you can see, fans, they really do other things besides fuck.



Merle kicks up her heels.

(Readers are invited to write to **Skin Flicks** *with their questions, comments and queries. Write to "Fan Mail,"* **Skin Flicks Magazine, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, New York, 10106.** *Names will be withheld upon request.)*

TAKE ONE

Skin Flicks takes you to the sex film workshops where X-rated films are being planned, filmed, edited, and dreamed of.



Sex film director Henri Pachard, out of whose erotica factory has come such sophisticated and highly sexy works as *Babylon Pink*, *October Silk*, and *The Budding of Brie*, began shooting a new film with a very provocative title in January. It's called **Outlaw Ladies** and, says Pachard, "it's about outlaws of the mind." He sees it as the last of a trilogy which began with *Babylon Pink*, a film that dealt with fantasy, and *October Silk*, whose sex scenes were presented as real-life experiences." I'm aiming for a woman's market," Pachard said, "yet the film is ultra hot. It's the most aggressive project I've undertaken."

Carter Stevens has dipped his wick back into sex movies, after deserting the lusty lens temporarily. He'll soon be on the screen with **Tinseltown**, starring (as usual for Carter) a bevy of new faces. The film is about three girls who try to make it big in Hollywood and succeed at least in making it big in the laps of audiences.

The master of erotica, Gerard Damiano, is in post-production with a futuristic film which asks, "If the world were perfect would you be happy?" The philosophical confusion inherent in the question aside, Damiano says that in his new film, **The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue**, "obviously some people aren't." Maintains Damiano, "The film is literally so hot that there is material that I cannot show in the United States." Though we will, of course, get to see a hard-core version, the uncensored **Alpha Blue** will go to Europe. The cast includes some names only veteran porngoers will know including Jodie Maxwell, as well as Annie Sprinkle, Sharon Mitchell, Lee Carrol, Lysa Thatcher and Maria Tortuga, plus "almost anybody you can name. There are about 20 girls in all, though no one has a starring role."

Shooting of **A Girl's Best Friend** has also been completed and is now in post-production. It's a combined effort by producer Bob Sumner and director Henri Pachard and stars Juliet Anderson with assists from Merle Michaels, and Jodie Maxwell. The story is about a mother-son jewel thief team who are after a particular diamond they need to complete a set.

At last report, Chuck Vincent, the prolific fuck film maker whose latest triumph was the innovative *Games Women Play*, is currently at work on the script of a film titled **Roommates.** There will be three leading roles for women. One will be an ex-hooker, another is a model, and the third is an aspiring actress. Says Vincent, "It's written more-or-less from a female viewpoint. Some of the scenes are ugly, and may be an absolute turn-off to the audience. But it's based on truth and reality. I mean, not everybody has a wonderful sex scene."

When we last checked, **Blue Magic**, the subject of last month's "Rough Cut" feature in **Skin Flicks**, was still being edited. Howard A. Howard, director of such sleazy hits as *All About Gloria Leonard*, *Inside Jennifer Welles*, and *Inside Seka*, was at work with another "Inside" project, this one exploring the innards of pornster Annie Sprinkle. ☐

ON THE SET: Damiano during the filming of *Alpha Blue*, above; Anderson finds her jewels in *A Girl's Best Friend*, below; and, newcomer Danielle Raye is on her knees for *Tinseltown*.





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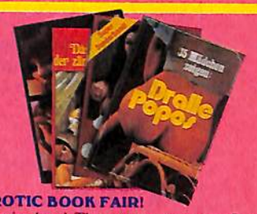


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COMING ATTRACTIONS

Skin Flicks comprehensive guide to the best, the brightest, and the bawdiest films on the adult circuit.

By Manny Neuhaus

RATING KEY

This film's so lame you just might forget what it looks like.



A letdown; not much better than a refresher course in anatomy.



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AMERICAN PIE

Produced by Damon Christian; written and directed by Jeffrey Fairbanks; starring Lysa Thatcher, Arcadia Lake, Eric Edwards, Lee Carrol, Randy West, Kitty Shane, Aaron Stuart, Robin Everett, and R.J. Reynolds.



American Pie might be one of the best sex films you'll see this year. It's highly erotic, of course, but *Pie* also serves up a hefty slice of all the things for which movie audiences pay. It's funny, suspenseful, entirely diverting and very, very dirty.

Set in the 50's, the story is about two small-time hoods trying to break into the big time. Their plan to kidnap rich kids Ann and Julie Chandler (Arcadia Lake and Lysa Thatcher) works like a charm. But from there, things go less smoothly for Rudy and Jerry (Eric Edwards and Randy West).

Rudy, the brains of the operation, has a tough time convincing the girls' father, played by Aaron Stuart, that his daughters are in real danger. Mr. Chandler prefers to believe this kidnapping business is just another prank his mischievous daughters have designed to get some attention. Rudy even dresses the girls in black stockings and garters, ties them to the furniture and sends pictures of the bound girls to their dear, but still unconvinced, dad. The girls and their captors get to know one another pretty well, and it seems that the boys' big score might be easier if the four were to choose partners and get married. Instead, Rudy decides to "sell" the girls to more experienced underworld types. The plan nearly gets them all killed, but to disclose how they escape such a decidedly unerotic fate would be to give away *Pie*'s surprise ending.

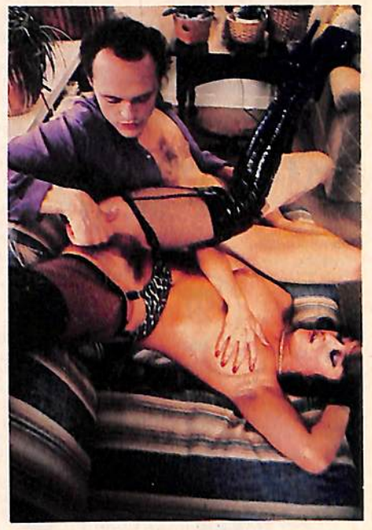
This film is one of a new breed of sexploits which, while largely unnoticed outside the X-rated media, combines the best techniques of filmmaking with hard-core sex. It's a delicate balance, and one not easily struck given the typically low budgets of porn films.

The credit for *American Pie*'s success goes largely to Jeffrey Fairbanks, the film's writer and director. The even-handedness of the dialog and the smooth pacing of the film help make *Pie* the kind of well-integrated picture porn-goers must see from beginning to end.

The cast, too, is just short of sensational. Porn veteran Edwards turns in his best performance to date as the fumbling, but ambitious 50's punk. Lake and Thatcher reach new erotic highs in their careers as the sex cinema's most rapidly blossoming cock-teasers. And Robin Everett and Lee Carrol (who's the subject of a revealing **Skin Flicks** pictorial beginning on page 67 of this issue), both newcomers, add their own varieties of sexiness to this erection-inducing comic-thriller.

Miss Everett plays Ann and Julie's younger sister, Stephanie. Early in the film, during one of *Pie*'s most rousing sequences, Stephanie receives lessons from Julie on how to suck cock. Later, she joins her reluctant Uncle Freddy (R.J. Reynolds) in the tub where she convinces him that it's okay to pop her.







MAKING IT WET: Juliet Anderson cleans up her act in the title role of *Aunt Peg*, a wash-out, above left; Roger Caine and Veri Knotti try to figure out which end is up in this orgy scene from the dubiously erotic *Blue Ecstasy* above; and, Eric Edwards and Randy West go knots for their captive, Lysa Thatcher, in the smashing X-rater, *American Pie*

NOW PLAYING

Skin Flicks ratings of X-rated film currently in release.

Talk Dirty To Me
Fascination
Sensational Janine
Her Name Was Lisa
Dracula Exotica
Ultra Flesh
Education of the Baroness
Games Women Play

A Scent of Heather
This Lady Is a Tramp
Justine: A Matter of Innocence
Coed Fever
Insatiable
October Silk
Secrets of a Willing Wife
Sizzle
Tigresses—and Other Maneaters
Inside Seka
Young, Wild & Wonderful

Sunny
Afternoon Delights
Beyond Your Wildest Dreams
Small Town Girls
Silky
California Gigolo
Lucky Stiff

The Girls of Mr. X
Inside Desiree Cousteau
Sensual Fire

Starship Eros
Angie: Undercover Cop
Honey Throat

As the foul-mouthed, hard-bitten waitress who joins up with the kidnappers for some excitement, Lee Carrol is perfectly cast. Even without this film's extensive 50's wardrobe and vintage cars, Carrol's contribution alone would have successfully established the era. In the hood's hideout, Carrol takes a boffing from Edwards and makes love to one of the captive girls.

On the technical side, especially in its recreation of classic 50's rock, *American Pie* never misses a beat. It's sure to be one of this year's bawdy box office smashes. Don't miss it.

AUNT PEG

Produced by Arthur Cutter; directed and written by Wes Brown; starring Juliet Anderson, Shirley Woods, Jamie Gillis, Seka, Serena, David Morris and John Holmes.

Juliet Anderson loves to fuck for the camera. Her joyous dedication to her work is most apparent in the legendary series of "Aunt Peg" loops which she, by her enthusiasm, has made popular. Too bad the recently released full-length *Aunt Peg* is a disaster.

The feature film version is a lighthearted, often silly, frequently amateurish and infrequently erotic film about a young fuck film director, Peg Norton, played , of course, by Miss Anderson. There's no way around the fact that no story has been added to dilute that imaginative premise. *Aunt Peg* depicts a series of events, a week in the life of the woman who has played more living room walls than any other X-rated starlet.

There is, however, Peg's niece, Lisa (Shirley Woods), who accounts for some diverting footage. Lisa writes to her aunt to say that she'd like to come for a visit. The letter in hand, Peg recalls her last visit to Lisa's family. It's a scene we'd rather forget. Because of the sloppy construction of dialog it would take a geneological wiz to figure out who's fucking who, who's regretting it and why.

Peg first seduces a man who might be Lisa's father, Lisa's husband, a second cousin, or the TV repair man. It becomes equally difficult to tell whether Lisa is actually Peg's niece, her sister, aunt, sister-in-law, some slut who was passing through town, or none of the above. And, it doesn't help clear matters up when, after seeing Peg making passionate love to a man we can't positively identify, Lisa becomes emotionally enraged and summons David Morris with whom she insists upon having sex. Mr. Morris, a bit overcome by the suggestion, plays either Lisa's brother, the boy next door, or an exchange student living in Lisa's house.

In fact, there is no incest, at least not in this scene. Later in the film, though, after the identities of the characters are explained, Lisa does finally visit Aunt Peg who wastes no time seducing her pretty niece.

Fortunately, the film contains scenes in which the character roles are perfectly clear, if not entirely perfect. In one, Jamie Gillis repeats his famous Dracula accent (as heard in *Dracula Exotica* and *Dracula Sucks*) to play Franco Ferenerelli, a film director Peg has brought from Europe to direct her next picture. (What? You thought Peg was a director? Never mind, someone's going to get undressed any moment now.) Despite the familiar Transylvanian accent, Gillis does a sensational job as the cunt-obsessed film artiste who insists on running through some positions with a starlet named Sweet Alice (Seka) the moment they're introduced.

The makers of *Aunt Peg*, the movie, apparently had two goals in mind. One was to capitalize on the success of the loops, the other was to put as much sex into the film as possible. And, on these counts, they've succeeded.

The film's main attraction, Juliet Anderson, may be more effective as an 8mm silent Aunt Peg. Just as the advent of sound destroyed many a fine actor's career, the transition to feature film may kill the loop legend. Though she offers a weak performance here, we can't believe that Anderson's failure to perform effectively is due to lack of talent, at least on her part. She's been an erotic joy in such successful films as *Beyond Your Wildest Dreams*, *Talk Dirty To Me*, and *Randy— The Electric Lady*, to name but a few.

Although *Aunt Peg* was shot as a feature film it resembles a series of strung together loops. It just might be more successful reduced to 8mm and sold through the mail.

BLUE ECSTASY

Produced and directed by Kemal Horulu; starring Leslie Bovee, Samantha Fox, Jamie Gillis, Candida Royalle, Eric Edwards, Veri Knotty, Richard Bolla and Bobby Astyr.

Here's an ambitious film which tries to make psycho-drama sexy. Surprisingly, it does.

Blue Ecstacy stars Leslie Bovee as

Continued on page 26

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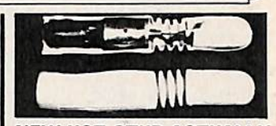


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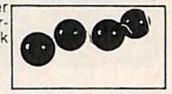
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VIDEO DIVERSIONS

Your guide to the best and worst of X-rated video tapes.

By Dave Arnold





The video cassette recorder (VCR) has virtually ended the stag era of erotic films. VHS and Beta machines are rapidly moving celluloid sex from adult theaters into America's living rooms and bedrooms — where it belongs. Several million lust-crazed couples have already joined the ranks of hard-core film fans, a group once made up entirely of horny guys with hairy palms.

Back in the frigid 50's, smut fans had to slink into dingy theaters in search of filmatic quim. Panicked by guilt and fear of discovery, they invariably sat at

FORCEFUL FUCK: The stunning Desiree West flings into action with John Leslie in this scene from *Sex World*.

least three come-stained seats away from any other patron. Trusty coats draped over open flies, meat was beat in the solitary darkness of smelly auditoriums throughout the nation.

Then came the sexual revolution—and *Deep Throat*. This was the first fuck flick to successfully arouse feminine curiosity about porn. Scared housewives and co-eds braved the porn palaces to see the world's most famous cocksucker do her sword swallowing act. And after watching Linda Lovelace down the last creamy mouthful, many dragged boyfriends and mates home to try out her method.

In general, women liked the movies but hated the theaters, a not surprising reaction. Many women simply couldn't relax surrounded by a sea of groaning pud pullers in rumpled raincoats.

VCR's provide the answer for all the couples—and singles—who want to watch suck-and-fuck epics without leaving the comforts of home. It's a solution more people are discovering every day.

New owners of video recorders very often start their library of tapes with copies of *Deep Throat* or *Devil in Miss Jones*. And many videophiles follow up this initial purchase by accumulating large collections of the best X-raters. Among liberated couples, tape swapping now rivals mate swapping in popularity. Of course, the two activities often go hand-in-hand.

Many **Skin Flicks** readers likely hope to share their hard-core tapes with equally horny female companions, or at least they fantasize about it a lot. So these reviews will indicate whether a particular cassette will thrill her too. After all, movies should madden that hot honey of yours with lust, not disgust. My very own lusty lady, Wendy, will introduce the feminine point of view to the column by adding her own rating to mine at the end of each tape review.

Some sex films are worth seeing only once, but a few are guaranteed to keep your interest—and pecker—up through dozens of reruns. It's fitting to devote my first column to a bunch of tapes worthy of space in any sex fiend's collection.

SEX WORLD

Combine *Westworld*, *Fantasy Island* and Plato's Retreat, and you've got the provocative premise of *Sex World*. A strong contender for the title of "best sex film of all time," *Sex World* is as much of an advance over *Deep Throat* as that trailblazer was over nude volleyball movies.

Why does this one top the lust list? Quality. The cast packs potent eye appeal, the action is volcanic, and the technical aspects are on a par with many so-called "family films." Even the sets, music and costumes are good. *Sex World* is one jism jamboree that won't insult your intelligence.

A posh resort that fulfills any sexual fantasy is the setting for a batch of sizzling scenes starring Leslie Bovee, Annette Haven, Desiree West and Amber Hunt. Pick a prurient dream, and the spa's lifelike androids will make it come true.

The sequences push all the right buttons. One of the hottest shows a willowy blonde and a lissome Eurasian teaching a reluctant lucky stiff about three-way fun, while another depicts a



firm-bodied brunette tonguing her voluptuous neighbor into transports of sapphic ecstacy.

Desiree West, with her angelic face and bountiful bosom, is my personal favorite. Lacing sex with humor, she shows a pint-size bigot the truth of the saying "the darker the berry, the sweeter the juice." By the end of the movie, the sawed-off Bunker is frantically trying to bribe the resort's manager to get another shot at Desiree's gorgeous black form.

Finally, there's all 10-plus inches of football's gift to porn, John Keyes. The reprise of his *Behind the Green Door* role will make men envious and have women squirming in their seats.

A trip to *Sex World* is one journey every VCR owner will want to make.

Wendy says: *Apart from Keyes, the guys could be hunkier, but "Sex World" is still a surefire winner.*

BABYLON PINK

A documentary-style look at a typical day in New York City forms the framework for *Babylon Pink*. This well-produced feature proves that even ordinary folk have steamy daydreams. More a string of semi-connected vignettes than a unified story, *Babylon Pink* alternates footage of New Yorkers going about their daily lives with depictions of each one's private fantasies.

Samantha Fox as an executive and Georgina Spelvin as a woman of means turn in their usual excellent performances, but the sensual and exotic Vanessa del Rio is the hit of the movie.

The fireworks start when Vanessa goes through the looking glass to meet her dreamboat (David Ruby). There's no trace of blasé professionalism when this pair locks together in a writhing, groaning frenzy of passion. Even the inevitable spurting come shot can't dim the luster of this cinematic hymn to heterosexuality.

The other high spot begins when Arcadia Lake and boyfriend Eric Edwards discover her roommate Merle Michaels in half-clad slumber. Aided by large doses of amyl nitrate, the couple skillfully enflames her with a variety of oral techniques. The action escalates to a mind-blowing scene in which Merle gobbles Eric's huge cock while Arcadia pleases her with a strap-on dildo.

All the segments aren't quite this good, but *Babylon Pink* is top notch porn that gives new meaning to the phrase "have a nice day."

Wendy says: *"Young stuff" scenes starring Georgette Saunders aren't my cup of spicy tea, but that menage-a-trois is a real pussy-primer.*

INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES

If you like Jennifer Welles, you'll love her farewell to X-raters, *Inside Jennifer Welles*. Riding in a limo to a fancy party in her honor, the busty blonde contemplates the highlights of her sex life.

To judge by this movie, Jennifer's been a busy lady, since her escapades seem to involve men of every shape and size imaginable. Touches of humor and characterization enliven the usual porn film action as the tireless actress mentally calls her roll of honor.

The memories are interesting, but the party itself is hard-core dynamite. It's a non-stop orgy in which a crew of elegant gentlemen gives our heroine the

Continued on page 26



BOOBS ON THE TUBE: Jennifer Welles checks hers in *Inside Jennifer Welles*, opposite; Vanessa del Rio rides Dave "The Bronc" Ruby in *Babylon Pink*, below; and, David Morris gives Marilyn Chambers a lift in *Insatiable*, left.

THE PITS OR HOW I LOST MY CHERRY

Porn stars are hatched, not born. And, judging by the first-time sexual experiences related by these lusty ladies and gents, their fates were sealed the moment they kissed their innocence good-bye. Myth has it that porn stars get laid before they can speak. As you're about to learn, some of them are still learning to speak.



SEKA
"My first sexual experience wasn't very good. I liked the guy, and sexually I thought I would like him, too. We went to bed together and I didn't know the first thing about doing anything, which made it totally uncomfortable. Hell, I don't even know if he ate me or not. You know, that was when I was 18. I guess I'm making up for lost time."

BOBBY ASTYR
"My first lay was my cousin's girlfriend at Flamingo Park in Miami Beach. There was the usual amount of fondling and feeling. By that time, though, I already had a pretty good idea of where all the sweet parts were. I should have. I was 42 at the time."





MARLENE WILLOUGHBY
"I was drunk and while I was passed out this guy had his fun. He was 48 and I was just 20. I awoke to this loud noise. He was still sticking it up me. I never realized sex was so loud. When I looked down I saw that the schmuck had painted my body green and had shaved off my pubic hairs. He grabbed me, dragged me into the bathroom and threw me in the shower. The water was freezing. He started slapping me, then he douched me. I couldn't undress in front of my mother for weeks until my pubes grew back."



VANESSA DEL RIO
"I lost my cherry when I was 16 with a guy who was also a virgin. It was funny because we did it with our clothes on at my house. He didn't want to get off me because he didn't want me to see his cock... All that was exposed was my pussy and his cock... I have recently become multi-orgasmic. It's fantastic. But when I started exploring sex, I used to have problems coming."



GLORIA LEONARD
"I was a middle-aged lady of 18 when I lost my cherry. I keep asking myself, 'Gloria, why the fuck did you wait so long?' You know, girls were supposed to be chaste and pure back then. Anyway this guy who took my cherry was a hunk from the Bronx, an older guy of 25, a real Robert Mitchum-type. Well, this stud got me at the Hotel Dixie on 42nd Street. It was so hot, so ecstatic, it could have been the Presidential Suite at the Waldorf Astoria. I recall that just as we were getting into the missionary position (I was on the bottom in those days), I thought, 'Gloria has finally gotten out of the Bronx and the Bronx has gotten out of Gloria.' "

DESIREE COUSTEAU
"I was 17 and wanted to do it, but the guy wasn't into it like I was. I wanted to know what sex was. He was already hard and we'd been kissing and making out. I just decided that I wanted to do it. About five minutes later it was over. He was on top of me, grinding his hips, and I just came. I came a lot like that, but then, after we made love, I couldn't. I was first eaten when I was about 20, and I became hooked on it."





JOHN LESLIE
"I ate pussy for the first time when I was 12 years old. I still remember her name, too, but I don't know where she is at the moment. It was during a vacation from school and we were walking home from a dance together. We went to see these people and were in somebody's back yard. She had these blue shorts on. I didn't know what I was doing. I just took them off, looked at her pussy, and it looked so nice that I sort of kissed it. Then I found out all these things that happened. The response was very titillating. I ate pussy from then on, whenever the opportunity presented itself. It didn't happen all that often, though. Come to think of it, I fucked her that night, too." □

Cheap Shots

by Luce Lips Lucille



Luce Lips uncloaks the daggers that keep pornsters' tongues wagging.

Hi there all you dish-lovin' studs and sluts. I'm Luce Lips Lucille and I'm creaming at this chance to bring you all the hottest dirt of the Blue Screen and all the perverted news about your favorite and not-so-favorite sinema perverts, stars, producers and directors.

One of your favorites I'm sure is the sexy bombshell **Seka**. Wow, what a party she threw for the opening of her new film, *Inside Seka*. It was a *tres* festive dinner at New York City's *tres* expensive restaurant, "The Palace." Some of the celeb's present: **Seka** and hubby **Ken** (he co-stars with her), *SCREW* magazine mastermind **Al Goldstein**, *High Society* magazine's queen bee **Gloria Leonard**, straight-laced film critics **Molly Haskell** and **Andrew Sarris**, and our own **Myles Ludwig**, not to mention (when I can help it) the most oh-so-important fuck film critics in town. The wine flowed freely for four-and-a-half hours, and the food, though pretty to look at, was downright skimpy. You couldn't stuff a chihuahua on what they serve there—and at $150 a pop that's *tres cher* Alpo. So, we all merrily got smashed and pigged out at McDonald's afterwards.

Stag's managing editor **Richard Milner** just finished directing his first sex-plicit epic. It's yet to be titled and boy did he have much grief. It seems his star, the ever-cute **Kandi Barbour**, showed up four hours late the first day, and 10 hours behind schedule the second. By then he finally found the brains to write her out of his movie altogether. But not until mucho overtime, and mucho dollars had gone the way of all bucks.

Most of the action was shot at the infamous swing club, *Le Trapeze*, located in the horny heart of the Horny Apple. Among some of his other "stars" are **Marc (10½) Stevens** and **Jill Monroe**. Where he resurrected those two from (and why) will remain one of porn's great mysteries.

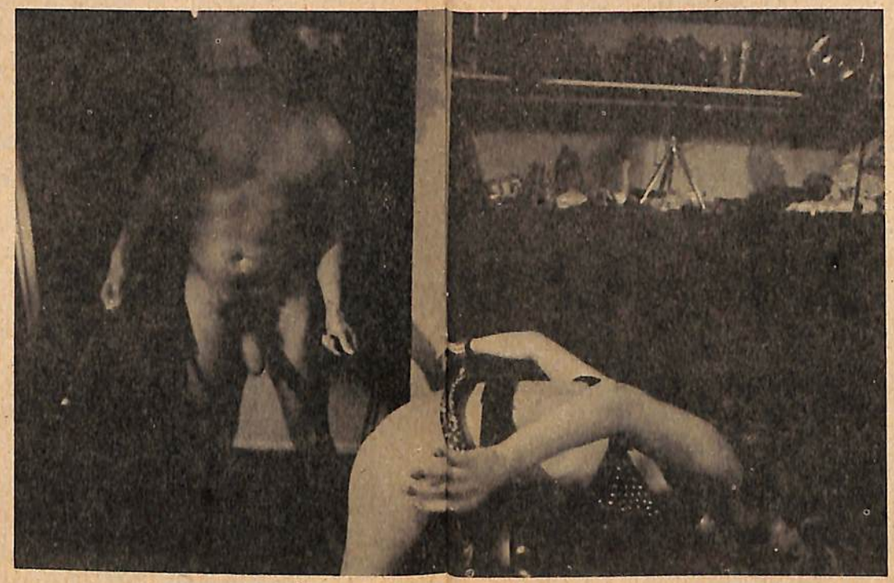
Kelly Nichols (*Bon Appetite, Games Women Play*) was in the Apple for a few days and looking delectably dynamite. The last time we saw her was on the West Coast during the Erotic Film Awards. She was so thin then she looked like she might have been playing around with that white powder, the stuff that does deliciously funny things to your head and appetite. "No," says **Nichols**. **Kelly** claims she was on a strenuous diet in order to land a commercial for a new jeans company. We love you the way you are **Kelly**, so please stay that way because bones aren't sexy unless, of course, they're between some sexy stud's legs.

Speaking of which, porn's macho **Richard Bolla** did the insert footage for **Robert DeNiro** in **Martin Scorcese's** *Raging Bull*. Seems Mr. DeNiro either wouldn't or couldn't get it up for the scene in which he wakes with an erection. Ballsy Bolla did, and with characteristic professional flair. Also on the *Bull* set was the raging porn beauty, **Marlene Willoughby** who was hired as a fluffer just in case of unexpected emergencies.

But Marlene's not saying yes to all requests to show off her tantalizing talents. She was recently offered big bucks to do a week at New York City's



A bejeweled Marlene Willoughby



Gillis and Serena

Show World sex theater. She quickly declined the offer, claiming that the last time she worked there she got busted. **Vanessa del Rio** accepted the job instead and brought along two body guards who were at her side (despite the temptation to approach her from other angles) at all times.

The Latin superstar had just gotten back from a blockbuster week in Pittsburgh where she had to spend an extra 24 hours. Seems the theater was held up on her last night there and the lady wasn't taking any chances about getting paid. Busy as she is, the vivacious del Rio always finds time for gorgeous **George Payne**, the ex-gay star gone straight (*Jack 'N Jill*, etc.).

The Amero Brothers (directors of *Every Inch a Lady*) have finally finished their sextravaganza, *Blonde Ambition*, after three years in and out of production. *Ambition* is making X-rated history by opening at the legit *8th Street Playhouse* in Manhattan's Greenwich Village. If the film does as well on its break as it's been doing at midnight previews the whole industry could be in for a major breakthrough. The film stars **Wade Parker, a/k/a Wade Nichols** (*Take Off*) who's known as **Dennis Parker** on CBS's popular housewife pacifier, *Edge of Night*.

Erotic Award-winner for Best Actress of 1980, **Samantha Fox**, just finished a smashing week at New York's *Melody Burlesk*. Foxy Ms. Fox is bitching at most producers and directors on both coasts these days. Since she won the award for her outstanding performance in *Jack 'N Jill* she justifiably raised her rates for fucking before the carnal camera. But she's heard pocket-book-shattering "no's" from just about everyone and, to top it all off, Sam's been told that she's too old to play ingenues and too young to play character roles. So fuck the awards. Who needs the Erotic Film Awards if that's what they do for a lady's career?

Gloria Leonard and *Cinema-X* publisher **Bobby Hollander** were an item for years. They broke up a while back and Hollander moved to L.A. Recently, there's been the hint of reconcilliation in the air. Namely, the air between New York and L.A. Leonard's been making frequent trips back and forth and, since her last jaunt to the coast, she's been seen sporting a beauty of an engagement ring. She's also been heard to more than whisper about plans to move out there herself in the not-too-distant future. Seems absence does make the heart grow fonder. We hear the same may be true, but in reverse, for porndom's love couple, writer-director **David Davidson**, and actress-gone-publicist **Erica Eaton**. Davidson gave Eaton a foxy fur coat for her birthday, but it seems they're slowly drifting apart just the same. C'mon you crazy kids. Get it together and get it back on.

Alas, a permanent break between one of porndom's favorite couples, sex kitten **Serena** and award-winner **Jamie Gillis**, has come to pass. Serena went off to do live sex shows for the **Mitchell Brothers** in San Francisco where she met an artist, eloped and dropped out. Bye-bye Serena. Meanwhile, Jamie is back in New York and sharing room and broad with the noted food columnist, **Gael Greene**. But all is not lost for the oversexed Gillis. Even Ms. Greene must know that he occasionally cheats with fuck-suck starlet, **Lysa Thatcher** (*Fantasy, Beyond Your Wildest Dreams*).

BITS AND PIECES: Perky **Candida Royalle** and her new Hubby, **Per**, produced and directed their first film. Its working title is *Bewitched*, though that's sure to change. Best of luck guys ... At the gala world premiere of *Co-ed Fever* the producers had to pay the stars and limo them to the theater to make sure they'd show some skin for skin mag lensmen ... **Marilyn Chambers**, while in New York to promote her new film, *Insatiable*, appeared nude at the theater to sign autographs and draw a huge crowd. It worked. The place was packed with drooling adorants who came to see Chambers' glorious, er, smile in person ... Has-been **John Holmes** was paid a whopping ten grand to do a lay-out with **Gloria Leonard**. Now *that's* funny money ... Actor-turned-director **John Seeman** (*Blondes Have More Fun*) moved to New York and is now going to film school ... Producer/director/writer ... Chuck Vincent spent the entire summer in Long Island's chic South Hamptons, but instead of fucking off (or on) he spent his time writing an R-rated musical. On the pulp porn circuit, *SCREW*'er **Al Goldstein** folded *SCREW WEST*, a paper that tried to offer hope to L.A.'s fuckless. Seems the paper had to be sold via vending machines and therefore was too soft, and too cheap. Besides, are there really any fuckless in L.A. anyway?



Lysa Thatcher and Randy West

Well, that's all the filth that's fit to print this month. See you next issue with more, more, more. (Say, isn't that an old **Andrea True** number?) Well, here's mud in your eye.

Love,
Luce Lips

Continued from page 16

Veronica, a sexually inhibited woman who suffers several social consequences not the least of which is a frustrated lover. It also stars Leslie Bovee as Ronnie, Veronica's wildly lusty alter ego. What Veronica is too uptight to do, Ronnie delights in.

Take, for example, the time Veronica's boyfriend, David (Eric Edwards), begs for a goodnight fuck. Veronica, or V, as her close friends call her, flatly refuses. But Ronnie is ready, and gives David the humping he craves. When the prudish Veronica secretly lusts after a delivery boy, it's Ronnie who comes through with an overly generous tip.

There's only one problem with Ronnie's fun and easy-going nature. No one seems to remember it. David, for example, continues to plead for sex throughout the film even though he's getting steady schtupping from Ronnie. This leads to no small confusion about who or what Ronnie is supposed to be. Is she a figment of V's imagination? Is she the other side of Veronica's multiple personality *a la The Three Faces of Eve*? To save audiences the grief of uncertainty you may as well know now that Ronnie is a good-natured spirit who goes where she's most needed. Once Veronica has liberated her libidinal drives, V's sensuous sidekick is off to find another uptight soul whose repressed wild side she can act out. In this way Ronnie saves her host the pain and embarrassment of unfulfilled sexuality.

The idea is clever enough for a sex film. In fact, for a sex film, it's damn near brilliant. And Leslie Bovee does a super job in both roles. It's too bad that audiences are left to guess what's going on until the film's closing sequence in which Ronnie explains her mission in detail.

Audiences would be wise to forego any attempt to solve the mystery on their own, and to simply sit back and enjoy the show. Don't try to figure out why, for example, the shy and retiring Veronica has chosen as her best friend a neighbor named Nikki (Samantha Fox) whose life is comprised of orgies and cocaine. Or, why V falls for a coke dealer named Mark (Jamie Gillis). Scenes of Veronica sitting with her hands folded in her lap, watching as her friends ball each other all around her and as Mark snorts coke from Nikki's erect nipples are bound to amuse, even if they don't explain much.

There are several scenes to be on the look-out for, but whether it's to avoid them or to watch more closely will depend entirely upon your level of intoxication at the time. One of these is a lesbian scene between Nikki and Veronica. Well, it starts out being Veronica, and ends up being Ronnie. After going on a shopping spree for sexy lingerie, Nikki and Veronica try on their frilly underthings with glee. Sensuous music fills the background, and coke fills their nostrils as the two dance around in each others' arms with such grace you'll think the scene was choreographed by a chimp. Once they're off their feet, though, the erotic content increases to a more torrid level.

Another sequence was apparently added to fill this film's variety quotient. In it Veronica watches a sadomasochistic scene in which Ronnie is the main attraction. Here, it seems, Ronnie warns her host of the dangers that await her should she continue her affair with Mark. Ronnie plays the slave who's commanded to crawl on all fours while Mark taunts her with an assortment of mild abuse. Appropriately, this scene never gets off the ground.

Despite the fact that they seem to have been paid in coke (or perhaps because of it), most members of the cast turn in fine performances. And, technically, *Blue Ecstacy* is very well photographed and most of the time is extremely pretty to look at. As long as you don't get bogged down in the story, it's easily the kind of filmed erotic escape porn audiences seek. □

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Continued from page 20

time of her life. Jennifer gets them off orally, anally and between her lovely breasts before fucking them to a frazzle. While her hosts rest, juicy Jennifer presents her solution to the eternal servant problem by going a raunchy round with the party's half-dozen or so Oriental waiters. Talk about fringe benefits!

Good-bye, Jennifer Welles, parting is such sweet sorrow.

Wendy says: *I don't always love her choice of guys, but Jennifer Welles' good-humored sexiness is an inspiration.*

INSATIABLE

Marilyn Chambers launches her long-awaited blue screen comeback in *Insatiable*. Obviously, she's been away far too long. The plot may be a little skimpy, but the movie brims with the kind of throbbing action that has made the one-time Ivory Snow girl the sweetheart of smut.

More indefatigable than insatiable, the beauty from *Behind the Green Door* and *The Resurrection of Eve* plays a rich globetrotter with plenty of delightful friends of both sexes. Although it is more ambitious than most X-rated movies, *Insatiable* never forgets to emphasize the "hard" in hard-core.

Sensitive production enhances Marilyn's own natural grace and fluidity. This is especially apparent in the lyrical lesbian scene in the swimming pool with Serena. Rarely has porn brought together two such magnificent women. And it's definitely no holes barred when these two sex goddesses entwine.

There are plenty of men willing to satisfy Marilyn, too, led by the renowned John C. Holmes. As gentle and personable as he is well-hung, Holmes makes a perfect partner in scenes that are romantic and dreamy as well as fiery hot.

Wendy says: *Not Marilyn Chambers' best film, but quite arousing and appealing. There's little to outrage feminine sensibilities.* □

Continued from page 3

do to prevent people from making, distributing, exhibiting and enjoying explicit sexual material. Although these ferocious feminists, teamed with the Moral Majority and the old established smut fighters, may, during the Reagan years, give a sick new twist to the old cliche about politics making strange

Continued on page 52



A chance meeting on a wharf. A friendly, "Hi there, sailor." A stiff gust of wind, and fish net hose never looked more seductive. A perfect day for a tryst with the military. A few soft words exchanged, and several suggestive innuendos. A place. A time. A price? And, a hearty, "Thar she blows!" Or, does she?

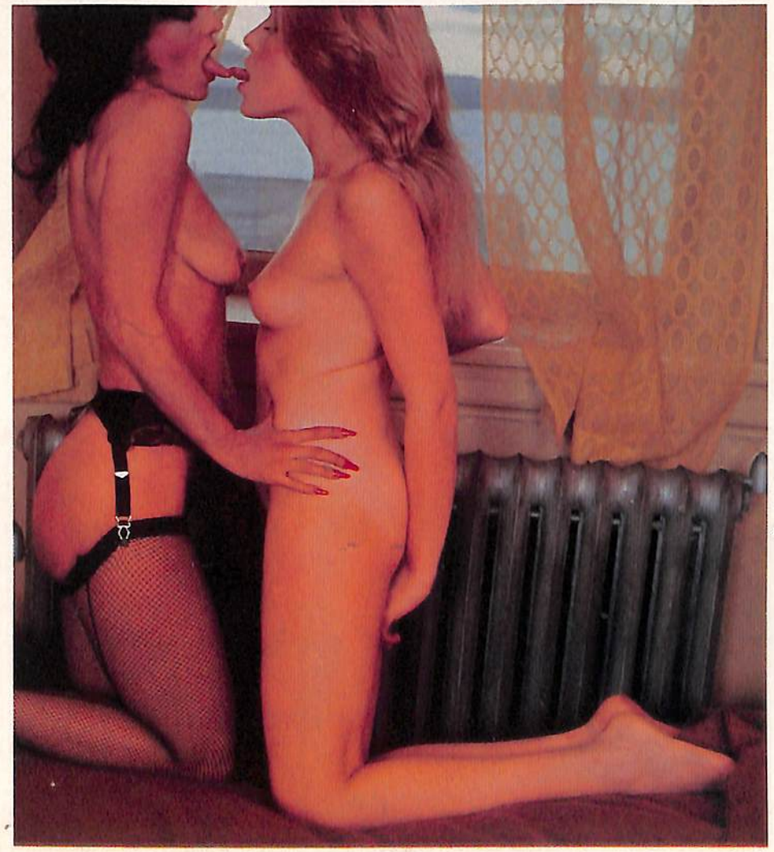


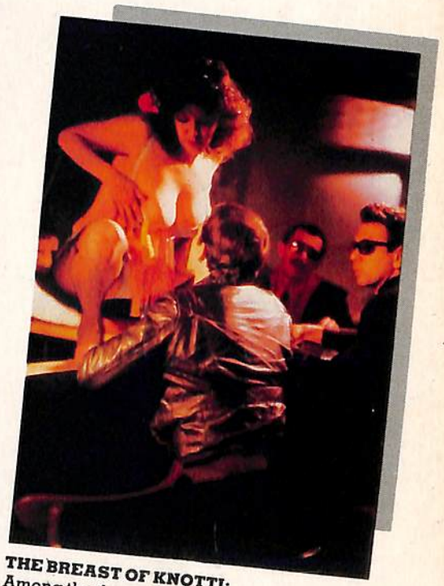
Avast! This is a shanghai! Like it or not, Veri's shipping out to see what adventures await her abroad. Nothing can repress her taste for foreign ports. "I've gotten more than a taste," she coos, "I've had a mouthful, and I'm ready for more." Doubtless, the lady approves.



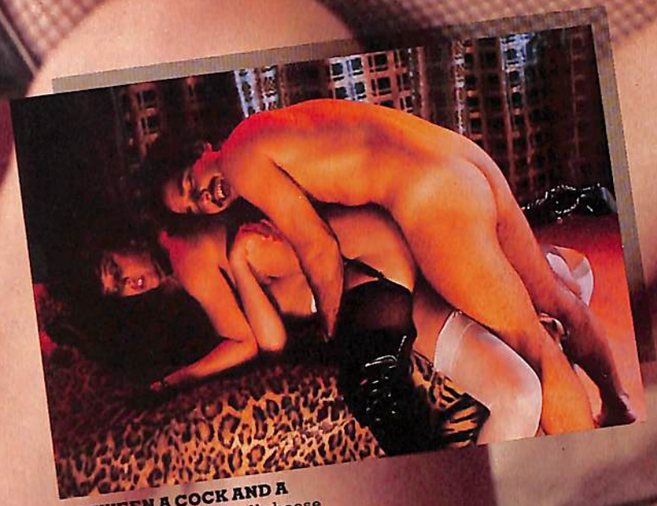


Loose lips sink the mightiest of ships, perhaps. But not in this woman's Navy. On dry land they are what men die for. "Let me taste those lips. Place them upon mine. I want to feel you all over me, all through me."





THE BREAST OF KNOTTI: Among the dozens of films she's spiced with her buxom bravura and her lovable lips is Chuck Vincent's *Fascination* in which she plays a barroom stripper.



BETWEEN A COCK AND A HARD PLACE: Veri will choose the cock every time, but in this scene from *This Lady Is A Tramp*, she doesn't have much choice.

Skin Flicks



The Roots of Reel Raunch

HARD TIMES









The Twenties roared with raunch, the Thirties were only economically depressed, and in the early Forties mom and dad learned moral lessons the hard way. For your absoluetly prurient delight and enlightenment we present the second of our six-part history of the erotic cinema.

By Dan Shocket

Back when sex was dirty, especially between the 1920's and the end of World War II, Americans were God-fearing, sexually naive and decent. They also enjoyed watching movies in which people fucked, sucked and frolicked in a lewd manner unknown to God-fearing, sexually naive, decent Americans.

During those years, which encompassed periods of both widespread prosperity and devastating depression, viewing dirty movies was distinctly a group affair. Men gathered to watch "stag films," in which harlots and studs did very much what porn stars do today. Audiences comprised of both men *and* women delighted in viewing exploitation films, movies with a moral message focusing on the horrors that inevitably ensue when evil triumphs over good. That these films were supposedly meant to warn the God-fearing public about the consequences of sin also allowed the nudity they contained to triumph over local censorship.



VINTAGE VICE: From far left, the thank-you-masked-woman scene from *Wonders of the Unseen World* (1927); three-way dyke diddling from *Adventures Abroad* (1930's); surprise and delight over a blow-job now historic in *The Casting Couch* (1924); fair foreplay from *Wonders of the Unseen World*; and, giving a prick a lift in the cartoon *Buried Treasure* (1923-33).

(All stills from *Dirty Movies*, $15, available by mail from *Chelsea House Publishers, 133 Christopher St., New York, N.Y. 10014.*)

'Watching a throbbing cock sliding in and out of a receptive pussy was not an act of prurience in itself. Getting aroused by the sight, however, was the mark of a true degenerate.'

Continued from page 32

While stag films were good, dirty fun, exploitation films were educational experiences for mom and pop. In them, one form of dreaded social malaise or another was shown to cause otherwise innocent and likable folks to lead lives of promiscuity and perversion. The titillated audiences were ostensibly there to learn how they could avoid similar sexual tragedy. They, like stag film audiences, loved every lascivious minute of it.

As we examine these two raunchy renegades of cinema history, it's important to remember that they were meant to be seen in a respectable community environment. Any beating off was done aftewards, and in private. Which is to say that any man showing up in a raincoat would have been arrested on sight. To these clean-living audiences, watching a throbbing cock sliding in and out of a receptive pussy was not an act of prurience in itself. Getting aroused by the sight, however, was the mark of a true degenerate.

As will soon become obvious, these audiences were not only naive, they were plenty confused. And no wonder.

Calvin Coolidge is president. The Model T Ford has been around for 19 years and is about to be replaced by the Model A. Liquor is, officially, taboo. The movies, the kind you go to see with your family or a date, have just begun to talk. The ideas of Sigmund Freud have barely gotten past the big city bohemians and intellectuals who first introduced them to the United States. Somewhere in California, or in Maine, in Georgia or in Washington State, men are gathered in a large smoke-filled room. They're Elks or Eagles or Moose, or American Legionaires or Shriners. Whatever the location, whoever the participants, the scene is unchanging.

> 'Ironically, because M-G-M was so thorough in tracking down the Joan Crawford film, the actress can never be absolved of the lingering accusation.'

A temporary movie screen stands at one end; at the opposite side rests a 16mm projector. Between them are men crammed into chairs or squatting on the floor. As cigars and cigarettes are lit, someone joshes, "This is gettin' to be a real smoker, ain't it?" Everybody gives a worldly snort and pretends to relax.

The master of ceremonies stands before the screen. Greeted by a smattering of sarcastic applause, he suffers good-naturedly. "I don't have to tell you fellas what we're don' here. Brother Hiram is gettin' hitched in three days—despite all the good reasons we gave to talk him out of it! Well, we figured if he was stupid enough to get married, he's got to be pretty all-around stupid. So we rented these films to give him—instruction. Hell, the bride can't be expected to know everythin'!" The crowd laughs raucously, except Hiram, who blushes. "Y'know I'm only kiddin', Hiram. Gladys is a wonderful girl. But take it from me, she don't know everything. Don't take my word for it. Ask anybody!" There is more laughter, during which Hiram again blushes.

"Hell, that's enough jawin'." He peers over the crowd to the projectionist. "Everythin' ready back there? good. Well, as they say, on with the show!"

The room goes dark. A crude title card appears on the screen:

WONDERS OF THE
UNSEEN WORLD

It fades. Another appears: Seduced By
A. PRICK
Directed By
IMA CUNT
Photographed By
R.U. HARD

Boy then meets girl on grainy film. After several minutes, the plot is forgotten as the two principals undress, Various men remind Hiram to pay attention.

Hiram is lucky. *Wonders of the Unseen World* is a perfect film for a man about to lose his innocence. Title cards describe each position, everything from "Old fashion [sic] way which has long been out of use" (no points for guessing it's the missionary position) to "The latest importation from Paris" (two points for identifying the description of cunnilingus).

The film's producers aren't being coy when describing cunnilingus as something new, at least as it pertains to the stag film. Cinematically speaking, oral sex for the satisfaction of the female is a rare filmic sight. During the Twenties, American pornographic films are innocent of the more exotic sexual acts. It's not hard to imagine Hiram's astonishment as he sees "The New Method": The man rises to his knees while the woman wraps her legs around his waist. For most of the men in the audience, despite their pretense at manly worldliness, stag films are a learning experience.

Wonders of the Unseen World is only one of many films Hiram sees that night; "stag night" is an entire evening's entertainment. Each movie is one reel long. There are several minutes spent in setting the scene and then comes the heterosexuality. The plots, for the most part, are dirty-smutty, often a dramatization of a popular dirty joke. These sexual antics are laughable; certainly nothing to get angry about because the wife won't do them. Besides, real men don't go down on women. Still, it sure is fun to watch the perverts do it.

The Twenties also saw the rise of the century's greatest rumors: stag films made by movie stars when they were struggling actors and actresses. The first actress to be so scandalized was Joan Crawford. As starving starlet Lucille LeSueur, she was rumored to have starred in a lewd and lascivious one-reeler.

Crawford and her studio, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, went so far as to deny the claim. The studio head, Louis B. Mayer, viewed the film in private and publicly announced, "That woman is not Joan Crawford." In the Watergate era, that would become known as a non-denial denial. As Mayer knew, "Joan Crawford" was entirely a creation of his studio's publicity department. His public announcement didn't say the woman wasn't Lucille LeSueur.

In those years, when there were few prints made of each film, it was a simple matter for Mayer to buy and burn them all. Of all the stars who've been rumored to have romped in stag films, only the supposed Crawford reel has never surfaced.

As fate would have it, the "star stag films" which have surfaced only prove the rumors to be false. Ironically, because M-G-M was so thorough in tracking down the "Joan Crawford" film, the actress can never be absolved of the lingering accusation.

Recent history has shown how insubstantial and undying most of these rumors are. Last year, a grainy, badly photographed loop surfaced which was widely heralded as a "Marilyn Monroe" blue movie. And not long before that, singer Barbra Streisand was the subject of a similar story.

In the early Sixties, a "television cowboy star" was reputedly the stud in a homosexual stag loop. Those "in the know" maintained that the actor was Chuck Connors. As time went on and Connors' fame waned, the rumor proved too delicious to die. Sometime around 1970, the "television cowboy star" became Clint Eastwood.

Old rumors never die, but they are fickle.

It's seven p.m. on a quiet evening more than three decades ago. Sex was still dirty then, remember? A theater is filled with women. Men will be allowed

Continued on page 52

SEX BOOKS THAT SIZZLE!





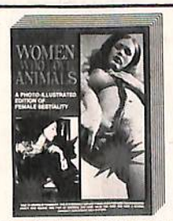
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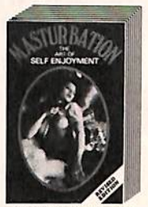
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CARTER STEVENS GOES TINSELTOWN

The director who doubled our fun with *Teenage Twins* and opened the door to the *Pleasure Palace* is dedicated to 'family sex films.'

By Richard Jaccoma

Carter Stevens' cavernous Manhattan loft overflows with comfortable clutter and he sits calm as a pornographic Buddha in the midst of it, surrounded by tools of his trade. An ancient desk is piled high with tear sheets, stills from his fifteen porn flicks, posters, plastic coffee cups, assorted scraps of paper. An enormous film editing console glowers in the corner, dreaming about sinking its teeth into *Tinseltown*, the latest Stevens' sex epic, filmed in Hollywood and currently awaiting its final edit.

Against the far wall, a Betamax flickers with its sound off. Carter occasionally uses it to view one or another of his past fuck films. (*Teenage Twins*, a history-maker from 1976 which featured identical twin cuties fucking and sucking each other and the rest of the cast, is still raking in the bucks on video cassette.) Just now, *Halloween* is playing. Carter loves movies like a dog loves his bone, and he has a taped collection of the straight films he considers The Classics.

Seven years of porn movie posters have been tossed up on the walls, peeking out from behind scenery flats used in his features and which will probably be used again in a loop or two. A Fireball pinball machine stands next to the bed which, in turn, is just a short stagger from the kitchen table. The pinball machine saw use in the memorable eat-out scene in *Punk Rock*, a detective/punk rock/thriller/comedy which was good enough for Carter to reshoot as his first R-rated film. *Punk Rock* still lurks on drive-in screens of this land, retitled *Rock Fever*. There are piles of film cans in the loft too, and assorted props and empty Colonel Sanders boxes.

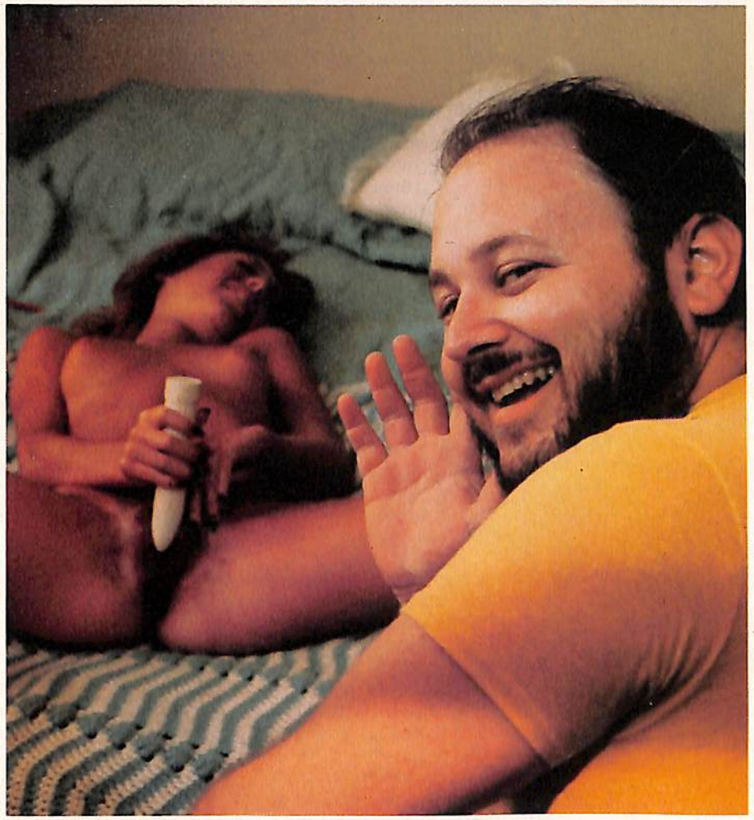
Oh, and the women.

A little sweetie sits on the kitchen table next to us, calmly painting her toenails. She wears a towel coiled around her wet hair, and a large blue bathrobe which, however, is warming only her shoulders and upper arms. I believe she has full, pear-shaped breasts and a healthy, Midwestern face and blonde pubic hair frizzed by her recent shower. I also believe she is pretty, but do not study the matter too closely, because staring isn't polite.

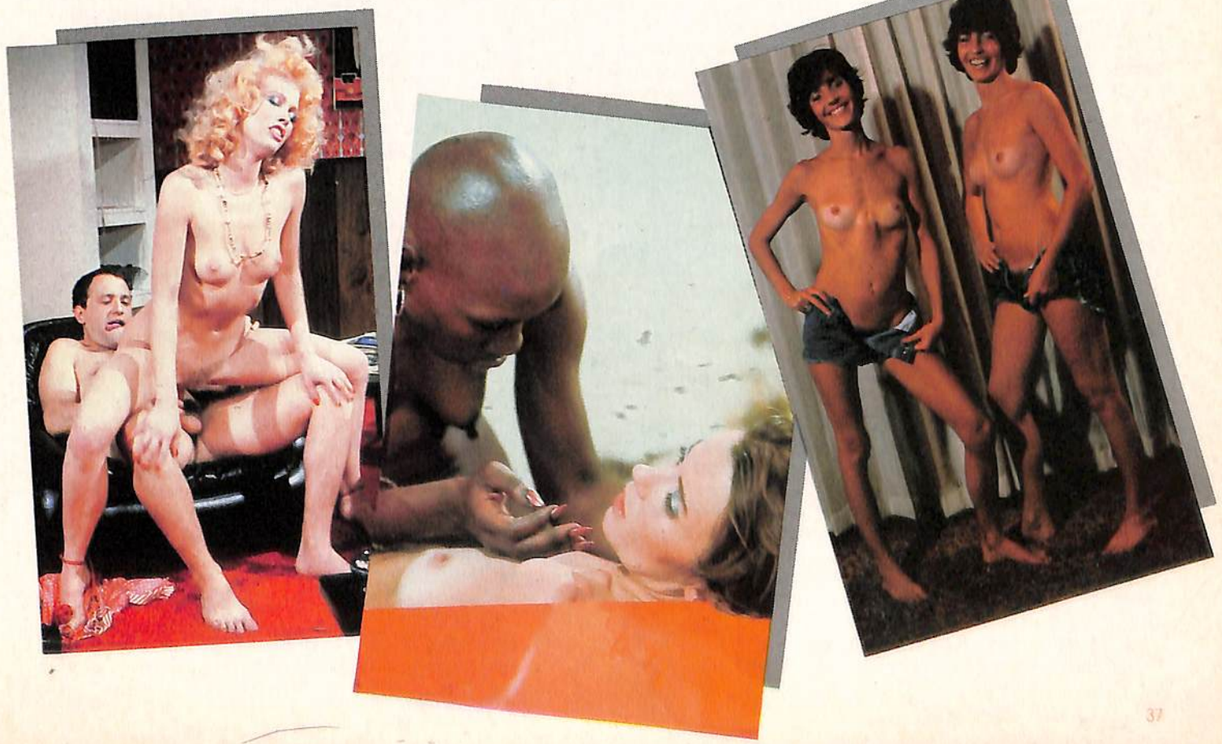
Suddenly, there is movement from beneath the piled quilts of the nearby bed. The hidden shape sighs, giggles dreamily, a decidedly female sound, then settles back to sleep. I recall that both the girl beside me and the suspected female in the bed, are just two troopers in the endless caravan I've been seeing in Carter Steven's loft for years. Strippers, hookers, live sex show queens, loop actresses, aspiring porn starlets—they all know Carter's place is good for a crash when they hit New York. Carter doesn't hassle them as long as they stay cool. But lest Carter Stevens be thought of as a sort of kindly uncle of porn, it should be noted that he benefits from his popularity with the professional ladies—his loft doubles as an X-rated hiring hall for his films.

We happen to be discussing a related topic at the moment when I notice the female shape in the bed. Carter fishes me an ashtray from beneath the Kentucky Fried buckets, refocusing my attention on our conversation, and continues.

"I've always been lucky in that way... always been able to find new faces for my films. Sometimes they go on in porn... become big names. Like Serena, who I used in *Pleasure Palace* about two years ago. But sometimes they just make a



CALLING HER MUFF: Sleaze genius Carter Stevens calls the shots on the set of *Tinseltown*, left; Richard Bolla lets it hang out with Serena in *Pleasure Palace*; interracial raunch from *Rollerbabies*; and, twins Brooke and Taylor Young take a break from the filming of *Double Your Pleasure*.



film or two and then drop out. Like Tina Lynn . . . a really incredible little blonde . . . absolutely gorgeous. I featured her in *Jailbait*, in 1977."

Are there any more recent porn queen discoveries?

"Sure. Danielle Raye. You'll see her in *Tinseltown*. She's stunning. Tall, *perfect* body . . . most luscious tits you've seen in years, a lovely face . . . And *Tinseltown*'s her first and last porn movie. She's married and pregnant now, but not necessarily in that order. I was lucky to get her for the one film."

[*For more on Stevens' success in discovering potential porn queens, see this issue's 'Comers' section.—ed.*]

Carter Stevens is popular with the porno ladies, but his reputation goes well beyond that. In the rather insular world of X-rated films, Carter is a directors' director. He's famous in the sex industry for making good, impeccably crafted, *hot* sex sizzlers, on budgets designed to warm Ebenezer Scrooge's heart. Carter makes three-day wonders which really *are* wonders. And he's been doing it since 1973, when he did his first feature, *Collegiates*.

'Strippers, hookers, sex show queens, loop actresses, porn starlets, they all know Carter's place is good for a crash.'

Collegiates got good reviews, but his second feature *Lickety Split* really went through the roof. It quickly grossed over half a million in profits, was rated the number four porn film of 1974 by *SCREW*, and earned Carter and its producer a bust just four days before the New York City elections. The busts gobbled up the profits, but all the charges against Carter were eventually dropped. The producer wasn't so lucky. He fought the charges and lost. Carter claims it was just a fluke.

"I was tried in Manhattan, but he was tried in Queens, which is a much more conservative community. The laws are weird . . . and enforcement is quite arbitrary. One of the ironic things is, the arresting officer turns to me while he's hauling me away and says, 'By the way, I saw your film, and I think it's the best porn flick I've ever seen. It's very well done.' So I said, 'Hey thanks alot. So why the fuck are you taking me to jail?' No answer."

Carter isn't exactly a martyr to the cause of sexual liberation, but the '74 bust wasn't his only one, either. In 1978, Carter was carted off on a charge of producing child pornography—a particularly ironic bust, since Stevens has been one of the loudest voices in the industry *against* kiddie porn which he considers "a sick, criminal activity." The charges stemmed from his use of a little chippy in a porn loop—a young lady who later proved to be not quite old enough to be doing such things in front of a camera.

All charges were eventually dropped when Carter proved that the female in question had produced mountains of phony ID long before the cameras started rolling or the cocks started pumping.

"But I lost a solid year's work before we ironed it all out. A year's work *and* the boys in blue confiscated all my records. I still haven't gotten them back."

He says it all quite calmly though, without any bitterness. He seems happy to be sitting in his messy loft instead of a nice neat jail cell. His tone reflects another aspect of the Carter Stevens reputation. Film directors seemingly have to take many, many courses in scumbag school; and porn makers have a tendency to be just as obnoxious as their straight brethren. Stevens is an exception.

I suddenly recall my first professional encounter with him, on the set of *Teenage Twins*, which I was covering for a making-of-a-porn-flick article to run in *SCREW*. I recall how surprising my first taste of the porn flick world was; not just because it was weird and sexy to watch an X-rated movie being made, but because of the general feeling on and off the set. I was amazed at the calm, civilized, friendly atmosphere which prevailed: Just one big happy family fucking and sucking in front of a camera and making a full length feature sex movie in three days.

It was clear even then that the prevailing attitude was largely due to the let's-be-calm-and-professional vibes coming from the director. In fact, the closest to riled I ever saw Carter Stevens get, was when a major performer disappeared on the last day of filming. The actor in question was having more than a little trouble getting his dick to do its stuff, and he finally slunked off right before the filming of a key scene. I still have an image of Carter on his knees, fiddling with a camera, as he received the news of the actor's disappearance. He looked up, thought for a moment, and then, without raising his voice at all, said, "I will kill him."

He didn't though. He simply reshot some footage and brought the film in only one half a day late. A very sensible man.

See any one Carter Stevens movie and you may come away with the impression that you've seen a good, raunchy but not particularly remarkable porn product. See any two or more and you start to realize there's something more going on. According to Carter, it's all part of a careful strategy.

"I make family sex films," he says with his tongue only partially in his cheek. "If you like sex, if you don't find sex offensive, you won't be offended by my films. The main message of my films is, fucking is fun. Not cosmic or arty or kinky. Just fun. I make good clean dirty movies."

If that's his formula, it seems to work. None of Carter's movies have been blockbusters on the *Deep Throat* scale, but they all keep the raincoat brigade glued to their raincoats—and all his films make money. He keeps his producers very happy.

"I really hate ad libbing in a film. Porn actors, any actors really, need a script to work with. That's why I always go into a film with a full shooting script. It sounds elementary, but too many porn makers don't bother. I'm one of the few directors who actually pays writers for complete scripts. Not much, but I pay.

"I seem to have a sense for getting the best an actor can give. I'm not afraid to give an actor the chance he or she needs to turn in the best job. I was the first one to give Eric Edwards, who's maybe the finest porn actor around his first totally *non*-sex role in a porn flick. Richard Bolla, too. He's damn good, and I used him for a straight part in *Punk Rock*.

"But there's more to it than that. Like in every one of my films—for my own satisfaction—I have to have *some* unique element, either sexual or non-sexual. There has to be something to make the film different. *Rollerbabies* was a really elaborate take-off on *Rollerball* . . . *Punk Rock* was the first time rock music was used extensively as a plot element in a porn flick . . . *Honeymoon Haven* used a progressive flashback technique—a series of stories taking place over an extended time period, so you watched the actors aging through the course of the movie . . . *Double Your Pleasure* had the twin girls going at each other . . . and so on."

Carter thinks that *Tinseltown*, soon to be released has a chance at being his most popular movie to date.

"It has lots of good things going for it. My three leading ladies are great, all beauties and each one a different type. It's

Continued on page 53

KELLY NICHOLS

Porn's Prettiest Slut: An Exclusive Interview

By Colette Connor



Just over a year ago, *Bon Appetit*, the story of a young girl who fucks the world's ten top lovers on a bet, dramatically thrust Kelly Nichols into the blue spotlight of the erotic cinema. Her next move was anything but typical of an aspiring starlet.

Instead of promoting her new fame, Kelly retreated to the Malibu beach house she shares with her brother. Although she continued posing for men's magazines—under a variety of names and with various disguises—Kelly temporarily disappeared from the X-rated screen.

Photo by Marco Nero





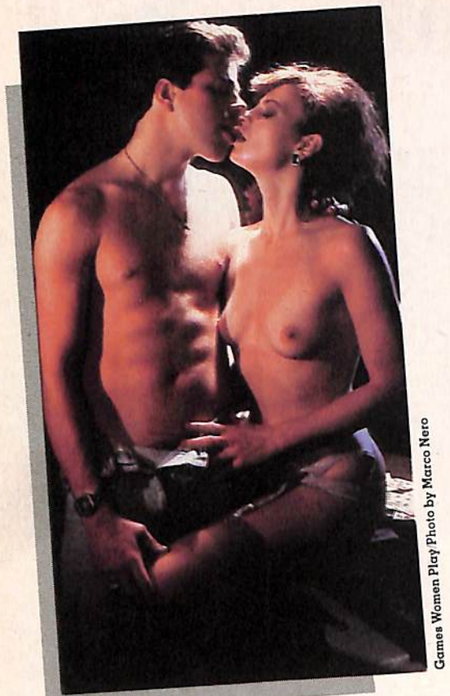
SQUEEZE LAY: Kelly contributed some of the most erotic moments in porn film history when she became the pokee at a poker game, above, and in a lesbian scene in *Games Women Play*.



When Chuck Vincent, who had directed her screen debut, developed a part for her in *Games Women Play*, Kelly was lured back to the big screen. Her performance in *Games* was not only the hottest of her career, it was considered by fans and porn film critics alike to be among the most rousingly erotic footage in sex film history.

So, despite a cast which includes Samantha Fox, Merle Michaels, Leslie Bovee and Veronica Hart, Kelly is by no means lost in the plentitude of pulchritude around her. As the cold, hard whore who entertains five card-playing studs, and in another scene in which she comforts a distraught Merle Michaels, Kelly raises more than the audience's interest.





Games Women Play Photo by Marco Nero

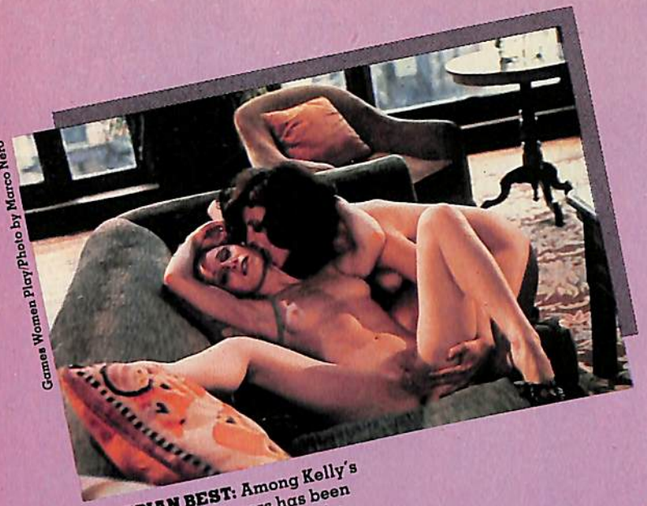
TONGUE TWISTER: Ron Hudd is the lucky stiff warming up for the scene with Kelly. He hasn't been the same since.

The Kelly Nichols screen image is one of a particular kind of bitchy coldness which, in an instant, can turn torrid, sensual and hot. Her celluloid image, however, gives little indication of the off-screen Kelly Nichols. During a recent visit to New York, Kelly was holed up in a drafty Midtown loft nursing a cold with cups of steaming hot tea. The dark brown wavy hair she had in *Bon Appetit* had changed to a streaked blonde, impishly tied in a pony tail and worn to one side.

As she turned off an episode of *Three's Company* and began to get in the mood to have her mind (for a change) probed, she exclaimed: "I don't care how sick I am. I'm going shopping tomorrow. I have to get a shopping bag from Macy's or Bloomingdale's or no one will believe I've been in New York!"

She buried the tip of her nose in the folds of her turtle-neck sweater and wig-

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Games Women Play/Photo by Marco Nero

THESPIAN BEST: Among Kelly's many on-screen lovers has been Merle Michaels with whom she played into the laps of porn audiences everywhere.

ROUGH CUT

Making It With Cowgirls

Where the hell did all these big city cowpokes come from? Here's an erotic slant on the phenomena in which urban buckeroos get fuck-arooed.

By Rick Stewart



ROUNDED-UP RAUNCH: This cowboy in running shoes is a shrewd judge of whore's flesh, above, and Lee Carrol, right, ponders the meaning of cowpoke in these scenes from *Urban Cowgirls*.

Makers of sex films will never stand accused of not cashing in on a trend. Ever heard of fuck features with titles like *Close Encounters of the Sensual Kind* or *Heavenly Desires*? The first was an obvious take off on the space adventure craze, even though the film featured more nookie than wookie. And *Heavenly Desires* was released shortly after the hit film, *Heaven Can Wait* had finished its premiere run. Are you ready for the next racy spin-off? It's called *Urban Cowgirls* and in finishing stages even as the propped-up urban cowboy craze is clinging to its status as a fad.

Urban fascination with cowboy ways and styles reached some sort of all-time high last year. Judging from reports on the urban cowboy phenomena in magazines, newspapers, and on TV, anyone who wasn't wearing Levis and shit-kicker boots was either a fireman or a priest.

Everyone was in on the urban cowboy act for fun except, of course, for those who were in it for the profit. Clothing designers who wouldn't know a lariat from a hula-hoop announced new lines of Western duds; politicians became good ole boys, posing with any country and western music star who could tolerate their company; and, if one more snooty East Coast slick magazine had featured a cowboy on its cover, we all would have had the right to puke. Mad Ave. types, Hollywood bigwigs and network TV honchos were carrying on like a bunch of cow pokers on pay day.

California s Jet Productions is the first, and might very well be the last, to join the western gold rush with *Cowgirls*. If the title reminds you of another non-smut feature film—one with plenty of tired titillation, but no tits—well, that's tough titty for John Revolta.

So, while the American media are exploiting it, and the public is buying it, the sexplicit cinema is dishing out its own horny slant. Wonder why all those male and female fannies are being stuffed into skin-tight dungarees, and why all those tender city feet are crammed into narrow cowboy boots, and just what makes all those Texas-style honky tonks flourish in the middle of the big metropolis?

It's like this pardner. Big city buckeroos want to get fuck-arooed. *Urban Cowgirls* gets down to the meat of the matter.

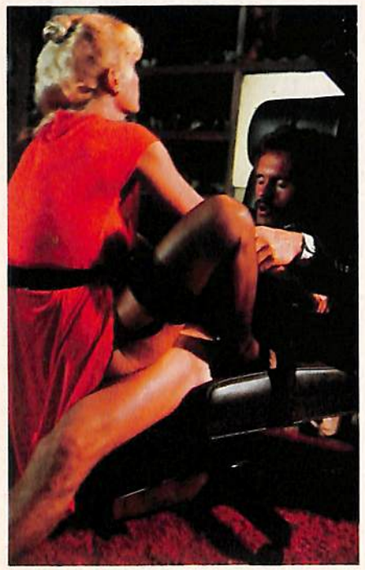
The movie, filmed on location in Northern California, is the story of five modern misses (and a mrs.) who want to round up some little (and not so little) doggies. What they're aiming to ride is *not* the range. The female stars—Georgina Spelvin, Hillary Summers, the yummy Veronica Hart and rising star Lee Carrol —are exactly the caliber of pistol fanners who can burn their brands onto the characters.

But even these cowgirls get the blues. Laura Stevens, who co-produced the film (and wrote the script) with Cliff Stern, maintains that the emotional depth of *Urban Cowgirls*, not its urban raunch hand gimmick, is what will make the film a success. "It's a different kind of erotic film," she said in an interview, "the sex takes place within an emotional and psychological context which makes it all that much more realistic."

For music, an important part of the whole urban cowpoke



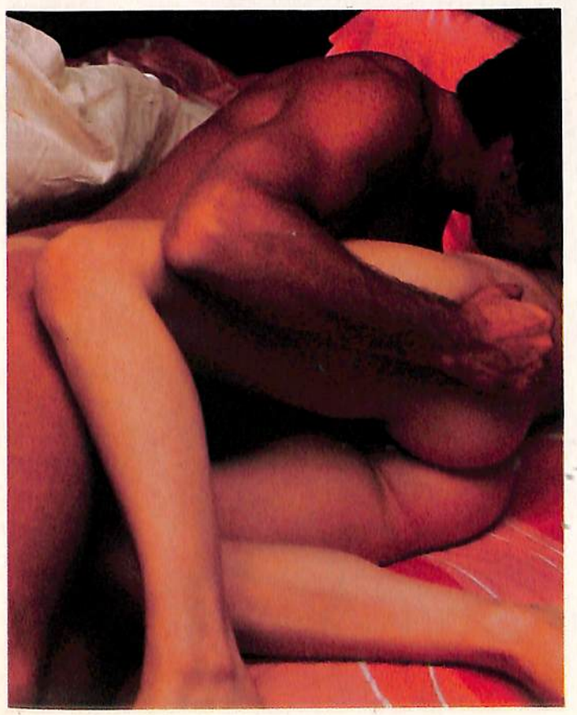
'If the cowboys of this movie are bow-legged, it ain't from riding horses.'





ALONG THE OLD JISM TRAIL: The Code of the West is redefined in these scenes from *Urban Cowgirls*, a film in which your favorite stars don't let a little saddle soreness stand in the way of a good time.





brouhaha, *Urban Cowgirls* features a score which includes both country and western standards and some original music. The movie's main tune is entitled "Waiting For Your Love," a damn fine country song, but also an important theme of the movie's hot and heavy action.

In *Urban Cowgirls*, Kathy waits for Paul, Marianne waits for Billy, Harry waits for Jocelyn, Jocelyn waits for Marianne and, in the meantime, they all do a lot of fucking and sucking to fill up the time. The folks of *Urban Cowgirls* aren't bad or mean. They're not out to rustle someone else's herd, or husband, or foreclose on someone's spread (although they might like to open it up), but gawd are they horny! From nightclub to parking lot to office to bedroom; it's a wonder anything gets done, because everyone's so busy getting down.

From humpy beginning to happy ending, *Urban Cowgirls* releases enough jism to float the state of Texas and give a quick rinse to most of California. If the cowboys of the movie (John Leslie, Eric Edwards, Aaron Stewart and Joey Sivera) are bow-legged, it ain't from riding horses.

True to the producer's word, however, all the pulsating action (every which way but loose, amigo) takes place within a believable emotional context. Georgina Spelvin plays a wife whose husband's prick should be named after one of the Old West's most famous towns—Deadwood. Hillary Summers is a cocktail waitress with a hankering for something more than a swizzle stick from her boss. Veronica Hart is a cowgirl who reserves her fanciest moves for the dance floor and the bedroom. Lee Carrol (who described the shoot as "hot, very hot") is a secretary with abundant expertise in, as she puts it, taking dic-tation.

The movie's characters hang around a hot and horny honky tonk called Rock A Bye Billy's, the film's central setting. In real-

'From humpy beginning to happy ending, *Urban Cowgirls* releases enough jism to float the state of Texas and give a quick rinse to most of California...'

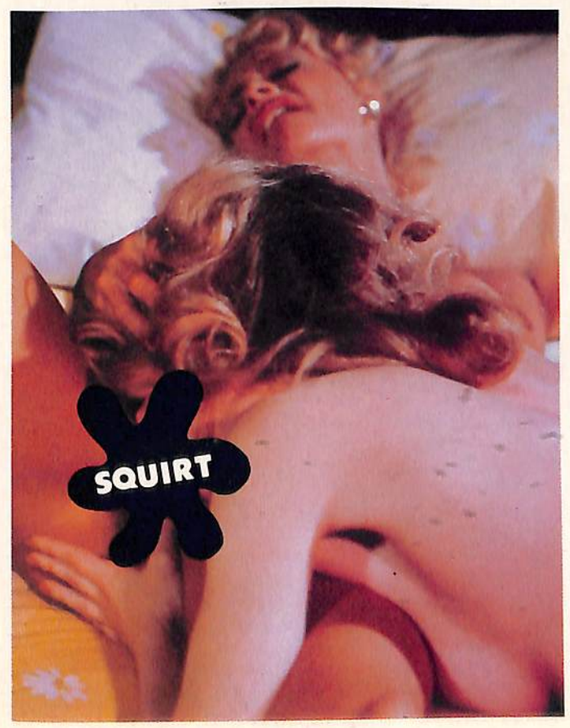






MUFFALO CHIPPIES: Hollywood may never have given you frontier images like these, but Georgina Spelvin, Lee Carrol, Hillary Summers, and Veronica Hart show how the West was really won in *Urban Cowgirls*. Why do you think they called it the open range?





ity one of Sausalito's most popular nightclubs, Rock A Bye Billy's gives *Urban Cowgirls* an opportunity to show off some superior production values. As in real life, the nightspot's torrid dance floor and table hopping action serves as a prelude to intimate acts of a most inflammatory sort. If the Old West had been anything like the urban west portrayed in this movie, it would never have died, except possibly from exhaustion.

Urban cow trend or no trend, *Urban Cowgirls* promises to please hardcore audiences with its winning combination of reel sex and real emotion. Producer Stone was particularly proud of the movie's casting. "We developed several of the roles with specific actresses in mind, and it worked out wonderfully! Georgina is great, she brings a real feeling to a difficult role and Lee Carrol's career should get the boost it deserves from her work here."

Carrol, for whom *Urban Cowgirls* is a second major role in sex-rated films, had nothing but good words for the production. "Everyone had great rapport, on the set and off." She particularly enjoyed working with Ms. Spelvin, whom she described in the kind of glowing terms usually reserved for critic's quotes on a movie poster.

The blonde buckeroo also admitted to an off-screen affection for the urban cowpoke revival, "I think it's great, I've got some western outfits myself." For those unfamiliar with her earlier screen work, Ms. Carrol described herself in *Urban Cowgirls* as the lady with "blonde hair, a red cowboy hat and big tits, I also have a beauty mark," one the audience surely won't miss.

Jet Productions is shrewd not to depend on the C&W gimmick to win *Urban Cowgirls* an audience. Hopping on a trend is no guarantee that by the time the movie is filmed, edited.

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in for a later showing. The women are conscientious wives and mothers intent on keeping their loved ones happy and safe. They're about to see a showing of *Mom and Dad*, a sex education film that concludes with the birth of a real, *healthy* baby.

Before that happy ending can occur, however, the ladies must learn about the many pitfalls that might befall the promiscuous, ignorant and diseased. The film smarmily shows unmarried people in various states of undress. Off-screen, the audience is told these hedonists behaved in a manner unbecoming decent people. Innocent boys and girls are seduced by syphlitic sybarites, their lives ruined. If only they'd known the facts, this film sorrowfully states, tragedy would never occur.

'Three hours of fucking and sucking could be rented from anywhere between $50 and $100, projector and projectionist included.'

After the film, a venerable gentleman appears on stage. Accompanying him is a serious woman in nurse's clothing. The lecture begins. The gentleman stresses how only education can prevent sexual catastrophe, education like that provided by the film and contained in a book he is, quite coincidently, selling. The audience, minds racing with a thirst for knowledge, thrust their money at the lecturer-salesman. *Keep away, venereal horror.*

Afterwards, the ladies file out as their husbands file in. Some husbands have been sent by wives who attended the matinee performance. They have an advantage over the other husbands; they know if their wives bought books or not. Those who don't know may wind up with "his" and "her" copies.

Mom and Dad is probably the most famous and successful of all exploitation films. Made in 1944, it was also one of the last.

The sex exploitation films were as old as movies themselves. Everyone made them. They were meant to be shown publicly to large audiences, the larger the better. Most of the eroticism occurred off-screen. They were a sure way to make a quick buck.

In 1922, Hollywood opted for self-censorship. Marginal filmmakers decided to ignore the code and make marginal fortunes. For more than two decades, they ground out these uniformly ridiculous but technically efficient films. These full-length features aped the major films' technological advances. They had sound and decent reproduction and actors who could almost portray a believable emotion. In an era when major movies couldn't acknowledge sexual intercourse, these films were as racy as hell.

"Hell" is the operative word. Exploitation films rationalized their existence by depicting immorality and its dire, oft-time tragic consequences. Ignorant girls (those unable to see these movies) were constantly being ruined by unscrupulous dastards. The poster for "Sinful Souls" asked the question, "She got into Trouble! Who was to Blame?" The film answered the question as luridly as the law allowed.

Of course, some places allowed more lurid than others. In many towns, police turned away (for undisclosed reasons and sums) as the theater owner inserted a film reel containing nudity, called a "square-up" reel. Of course, any character appearing nude either died or worse.

The films were distributed by salesmen assigned a territory by the movies' producers. They would convince a theater owner to book the film for one or two nights, provide all publicity paraphernalia and then split the receipts in an agreed upon deal. A single film might be played in 2,000 theaters. That means the life of a sex exploitation film could be seven years. While that may not compare with the decades-long lifespan of stag films, the money to be made by exploitation films was far better.

The wages earned from depicting the wages of sin were much greater than the wages of sin. There's a moral in there somewhere.

Probably the most well-known exploitation film is 1938's *Reefer Madness* (also promoted in its day as *The Burning Question* and *Tell Your Children*), which is famed today for all the wrong reasons. Contemporary audiences believe it to be a serious warning against killer marijuana. The audience for whom the movie was intended couldn't have worried less about marijuana; the same crowd would have gathered for a film titled "Cholesterol Madness."

They paid their money to see innocent virgins corrupted. Though there's no proof, we can safely guess that a "square up" reel was inserted into the film's climactic, tragic party scene. It's strange to think that today we're getting the censored version of a film made 40 years ago, and therefore are laughing at the wrong people for the wrong reasons. The real laugh is on today's audience who see *Reefer Madness* and think anyone ever took the movie's message seriously.

Back when sex was dirty, pornographic films were mass entertainment. For most people, cinematic sex was viewed within a large group of acquaintances; a stranger in town would have felt out of place. Within this harmless gathering, erotic tension was dissipated and everyone seemed satisfied. Things could have gone on like this indefinitely. Then some busybody invented the 8mm camera and everything changed. □

Roots Three:

Next month: Pornography produced by the masses; television drives the exploitation film into raunchy, more dangerous subjects; and, naked people fuck and suck across the den walls of suburbia.

Continued from page 26

bedfellows; even Jerry Falwell wouldn't relish waking up in bed next to one of these.

As far as we're concerned, the *Take Back the Night* argument that sexually graphic material leads to violent sex crimes is about as weak as these ladies' brains. If they really wanted to do society some good we suggest they learn how to cook, to sew, or how to give (and get) good head.

Finally, if Steinem and women of her ilk ever bothered to actually investigate what they denounce with such self-righteousness, they'd find that sex films have, in fact, been profoundly changed by the women's movement of the past decade. Film makers are more concerned these days with achieving high levels of eroticism rather than raunchiness; films which depend on overt violence are often condemned by men's magazines and shunned by the hard-core audience (Can as much be said about "straight" films?); and the need to make sex films more appealing to women is perhaps the hottest single issue in the porn industry today.

If eroticism, rather than what they label as abusive sex, is what these ladies want, we advise them to look around. It's there. But what they really seem to look forward to is a sterile world in which vaginas are used for moistening stamps and cocks are condemned to eternal limpness. □

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released and distributed, the fad won't be as dead as last night's used condom. Trends are discovered, trends are exploited and, just as surely, trends die.

The launching pad for this particular one was, of course, last year's Hollywood treatment of the traumas of young love amid the oil derricks of Texas. The John Revolta vehicle was supposed to get the urban cowpuncher scene off to a roaring start. On its own, it didn't. The grosses from the film were described by industry insiders as "disappointing," "embarrassing" and "shitty."

By the time the film's limited appeal became clear it was too late. The whole shit chute of pop culture was already loaded and ready to go. Box office bomb or not, the dam broke and before you could say, "I'll be a blue-balled gopher," America was up to its armpits in Western gear, Western music, Western dives and hombres of the kind which used to be described as drug-store cowboys.

When *Urban Cowgirls* hits the blue screen, the entire fad may be as dead and buried as Hoot Gibson. But something tells this old smut hound that, dead fad or not, *Urban Cowgirls* will find its audience. Hell, pardner, when all them fillies and studs get out of their duds, there ain't no way to tell 'em from city slickers. □

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Carter Stevens' first Hollywood movie, a riff on the three-girls-go-to-Hollywood theme. One is a very pretty, very cynical New York hooker type, the other girl's a Midwestern corn-fed innocent and the third's a California beach bunny. The film's funny and sexy. Very funny and *very* sexy."

'"The main message of my films is fucking is fun Not cosmic or arty or kinky,'"

Tinseltown took longer to film and edit than any other Carter Stevens opus, and Carter is adamant about keeping things that way for future fuck films he may do.

"Now, after all the time I've put into the industry, I can finally afford to take more time with my films. No more three-day wonders. In fact, from now on I probably won't be doing more than one sex flick a year. The quality of what I *do* produce will reflect that extra care... It's already happening in *Tinseltown*."

Carter admits to having *non*-porno professional plans too. He's fine-tuning a thriller script for his second, and much more elaborate R-rated feature which he hopes to get into production within the year. But at this point he doesn't want to be more specific about his numerous "straight" projects.

"Let's face it. With Reagan in office there's no telling how this country will go in the next few years. I think there's a real danger that we will go into a very repressive phase, and not just sexually, but politically and socially too. Aside from the fact that I find other kinds of film projects interesting and challenging... it just makes sense for all of us to widen our options as much as possible.

"I'm really grateful to the porn industry. It has allowed me to work at the craft I love, and it's fed my family for years. But it's important to be flexible. Carter Stevens is a nice old guy. But some day soon he may just have to, uh, cease to exist." □



A HART ACT TO FOLLOW



So, what's a nice girl like her doing in a smutty business like this? Everything.

By Dan Bottstein and *Skin Flicks'* Staff

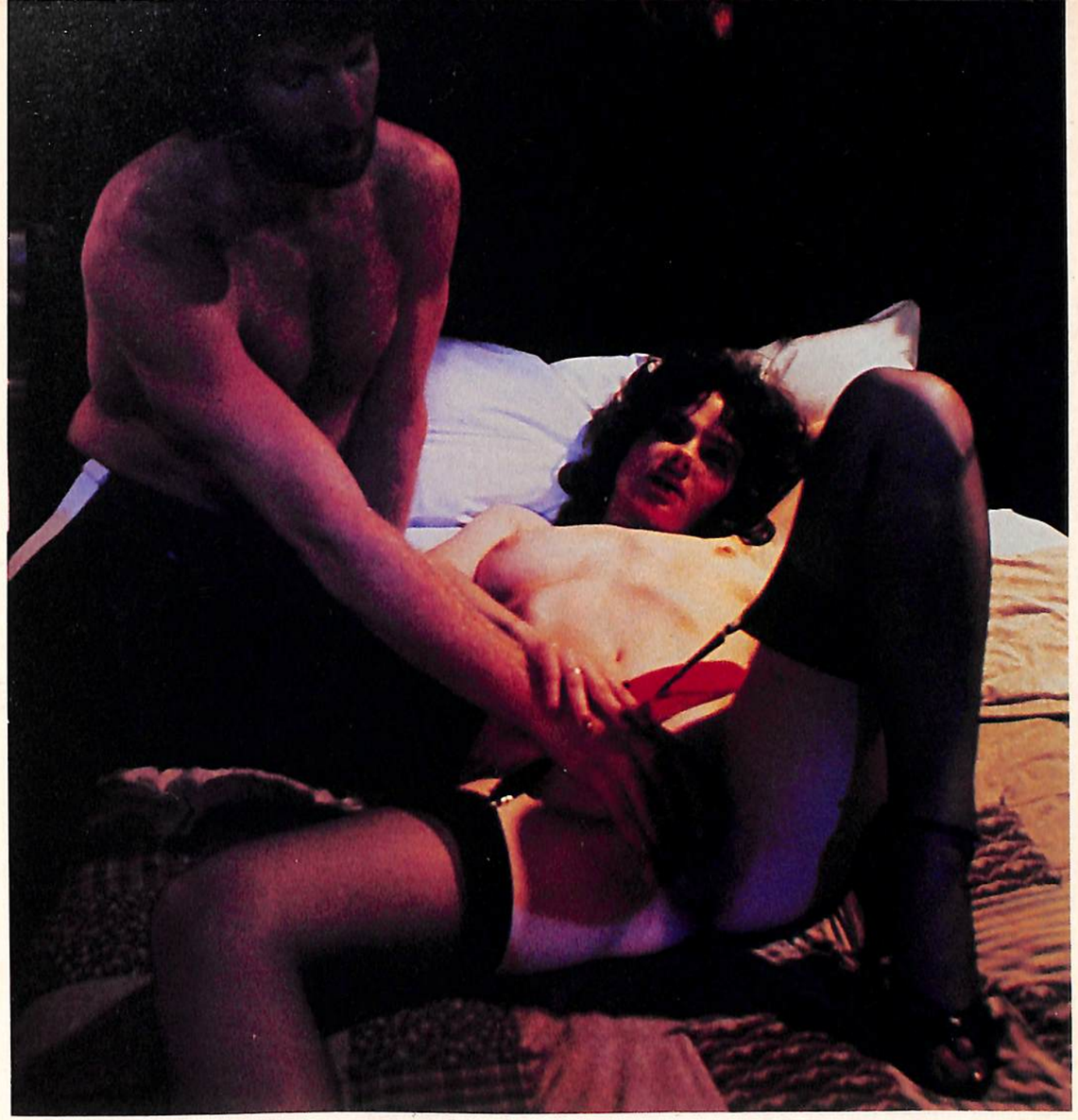
Veronica Hart is coming on strong. Anyone who's ever worked with her on the dozen or more features she's been involved in seems to agree she's got a clear shot at being the next X-rated superstar.

Meeting her for the first time you're struck by her multi-faceted personality, by her wit, her charm and her intelligence. One moment she displays the elusive qualities that make a lady, the next she's got the gutter-mouth of a hooker. Which is the real Veronica Hart? Both.

"If you're going to be a slut," Veronica once said, "you might as well be the best slut there is."

She's put that philosophy into practice in several loops, and such features as *Afternoon Delights*, *Fascination*, *Games People Play*, *A Girl's Best Friend* and in lead roles in *A Scent of Heather*, and upcoming films titled *By Night*, and *The Maid Servant*. In all of her work, Veronica has received accolades from critics, and praise from the producers and directors with whom she's worked. They applaud her not only for her talent as an actress who's opted to pass some time in the porn genre, but for her professionalism on the set and the sincere warmth of her personality. Watching her fuck in front of a camera, under bright, revealing movie lights and with a dozen or so crew members looking on, she undergoes a startling transformation. The charming woman who was being personable and relaxed a moment ago, who made you feel right at home in the strange surrounding that is a film set, is now getting royally porked or giving a cast member a blowjob he'll not soon forget.

"I've always enjoyed sex," Veronica explains. "And, I've always enjoyed acting. In porn you've got to think you're hot and aroused for the actor, and that he's hot for you. You've got to believe that you're burning with desire for one another. You've





HART THROBS: Veronica helped harden countless porngoers in such films as *A Scent of Heather*, above, and in Chuck Vincent's *Games Women Play*, left.

got to establish that rapport, or it just doesn't come off right."

Sex on the set is something which Veronica didn't have to deal with in her past dramatic experience, although it reared its head often enough away from the stage and productions she was involved in. Veronica's appeared on the stage and in television, performed in summer stock in her home town, Las Vegas, at the American College Theater Festival in Los Angeles, and at Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C. She hung around the fringes of the movie industry when she first arrived in New York. She found the "legitimate" movie industry more than a little reprehensible.

"Most of those in the straight film business were the most disgusting people I knew. Don't get me wrong, porn has its share of good and bad, too. But they're far superior to the self-important characters in legit movie-making."

'"She's vivacious, vital, funny, has a good sense of humor, and a very nice pussy."'

The main contrast between straight films and sex films, according to Veronica, is one which might not occur to most people. In sex films, she says, "you don't have to give the producer head" to get a part. There's less competition, she agrees, so most producers and directors are far more careful about how they treat their cherished talent.

Which is not to say that some fuck film makers don't take personal advantage of the position (or positions) their stars happen to be in.

Veronica's first carnal celluloid encounter happened on the set of a well-known loop maker. She made four loops in 10 days, co-starring with the blonde siren of the blue screen, Seka. That was definitely a sleazy beginning, she recalls. "The director stood in for the come shots, and that," she says, "is the kind of thing that puts the porn in pornography."

Nonetheless, doing loops was a definite step up in Veronica's porn career. Previously she had done live sex shows in New York's Times Square tenderloin.

"I was here (in New York City) and needed work when a friend told me about a no-experience-needed opportunity. I tried it for a week and it wasn't bad. Even after I'd made a couple of films, I went back to doing the live shows. But I'd never do them again now because I respect my body too much."

'Doing loops was a step up in Veronica's porn career. Before that she was doing live sex shows in Times Square.'

Though doing live sex shows for the raincoat crowd placed minimal demands on her acting talents, fucking on cue four to six times a day, seven days a week made her feel like a "fucking machine," and didn't exactly fulfill her dream of seeing her name up in lights. "There's no way to avoid it," she says of the experience. "When you make love that often, you're bound to lose some sensitivity." Besides, the job held little promise for advancement.

For an actress, though, neither does porn. It's the kiss of death for aspiring actors, and any porn performer who thinks otherwise is living in a fantasy world. Yet anyone who's seen Veronica at her thespian best will attest to the fact that she's at least as talented as most TV and screen celebrities around these days.

"I don't fool myself by thinking that doing porn will help my career. It's one of the worst things an aspiring actress can do. But it pisses me off to think that if I were up for a straight part that I would otherwise qualify for, the fact that I've done porn would stand in my way... It's the kind of hypocrisy that prevails in this country, but there's little you can do about it."

Veronica feels she could have used sex behind the camera in the straight film world to get where she wanted to be. "It's very true about screwing your way to the top in the film world," she told us. "But, any screwing I do now is for love or money. I don't need to go down on anybody in return for favors.

Yet, by going down on dozens of people, men and women, often total strangers, Veronica fully expects that she'll get to the top of the humping heap of the porn world. Stardom is something she sees as a virtual inevitability.

At the same time, though, she realizes it may not happen and her attitude towards that possibility is downright stoical. If it doesn't happen, well, that's the way it goes, is how she seems to think. And, like many porn up-and-comers who have more going for them than their ability to convincingly thrust their groins this way and that, Veronica won't say that porn will be her life-long career. "I don't know what I'll be doing next year," she insists.

Whenever a better opportunity arises, a ticket to something more creative, more lucrative, you can bet she'll waste no time in pursuing it. If other things don't pan out, Veronica is confident that the porn world will welcome her back with open arms and unzipped flies. Women like Miss Hart, porn aficionados agree, do not come along that often.

Her latest film was produced by Bob Sumner whose other credits include such well-known X-raters as *Misbehavin'*, and *Take-Off*. "She's terrific," says Sumner of Hart. "I fell in love with her the first time I saw her. She's one of the best actresses to come out of the hard-core field." And, Chuck Vincent, who directed Veronica in *Games Women Play*, takes credit for introducing Veronica to the feature fuck film. He utlized her talents, charm and quim to their fullest advantage and says, "she's one of the best."

Two problems arise in talking at length with Veronica. She's not so easily drawn out, and she makes an interviewer work hard for juicy quotes. She's not inclined to the smutty variety of chatter which editors, in their tiresome way, think is the reason people read interviews with porn personalities. Except in wicked and well-aimed jest, Veronica simply doesn't talk dirty. For more salacious insights, the reader may have to depend on the stills from her films.

'"Any screwing I do now is for love or money. I don't need to go down on anybody in return for favors.'"

In talking with others who know her, I find several who agree that she's not unlike another Veronica, the one Archie Andrews was always dumping Betty for in the comics. The one who, as a pubescent kid, I always suspected of doing the kinds of things pubescent kids weren't supposed to know about when

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Don't Miss The Bus



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gled deeper under an assortment of comforters and afgans as the howling wind from the Hudson River chilled the air around us.

Skin Flicks: Are you sure you're Kelly Nichols? You hardly even look like her. You're not into promoting the star image, are you?
KELLY: No. Kelly Nichols, the star, is sort of an enigma, which is kind of good. I like it. Here I am on film, coming across as this cool calm intelligent person yet very sexy.
SF: You used to have dark hair.
KELLY: I juggle everything. I had dark hair in *Bon Appetit* and it was longer, with a summer tan. But I do a lot of print and magazine work and one of the most important things to be is a chameleon. I've been in *Chic* and *Hustler* about 12 times in a three year period, also twice for *Penthouse*. I was a blonde, a redhead, a brunette. Long hair, short hair, very very tan and very very white. But for movie work, it's important for your audience to identify you. If you're gonna be a star, you have to have a following.
SF: How'd you get started in this business?
KELLY: I grew up in a suburb just outside of Los Angeles, just a small town girl, very naive all the way through high school to the point of being a *virgin* until I left home and really decided to cut loose. I was coming from a very small town where everybody kept their lawns mowed and minded each others' business and kept up with each others' cars. All through high school I had wanted to be an artist so I went to L.A. and to art school. But being kind of lazy I didn't particularly want to support myself by washing dishes and I wasn't into prostitution. I just wanted fast bucks to get me through art school so I started doing nude modeling. Then I hooked up with an agency that handles straight and nude modeling and acting. I did *Penthouse* and *Oui* gigs and even some straight acting. Even got my Screen Actors Guild card and did stunt work in *King Kong*—real weird bullshit. Then I came out to the East Coast.
SF: Why?
KELLY: To maybe try something different. I was about 22 and my ex-husband was here in New York. We were going to try to have a new life together. He was a musician and struggling and I was a chick with absolutely nothing to do except I had my past out in Hollywood. It got real easy to do some magazine work here and then someone approached me with the whole idea of *Bon Appetit*. It paid $12,000 and a trip to Europe for two weeks and Washington, Las Vegas, San Francisco, all over! That happened just at the time my ex-husband and I really decided we just couldn't make it anymore. We were splitting up again and *Bon Appetit* was something to do with that little hole in my life.
SF: So you had experience posing in the nude but how did it feel when you walked on the set of your first porn movie? It's generally people you've never met before and you're going to have sex with them. . .
KELLY: Well, *Bon Appetit* was different. It was filmed over two months. First we went all over and did the exteriors in all the cities so we were all friends by the time we were ready to shoot the sex. I had a thing going with my leading man when we got back to New York to shoot the hard-core. Funny thing was, I had sex with everyone else in front of the camera and he was the last one. And I

> "I ended up doing it with two guys. I wasn't too crazy about that because I was already busy with two other yahoos on either side of my face."

had made it with the cameraman, too, so I felt really comfortable with him when we did the hard-core stuff. And the director was Chuck Vincent, who's got an affinity for the whole thing. He's not behind the camera lusting and doing all sorts of bullshit. He's very much into aesthetics. Getting not just a good come shot, but having a good story line around it. Chuck lets you get into your acting. Each setting we did, it wasn't like "Right. Get into the room. Lay down and fuck." It was dialog, and a real comfortable feeling. Plus each scene had something funny around it. In one scene in *Bon Appetit* I'm supposed to do this newscaster. While he's giving the news I'm under his desk giving him head. And of course at the end my little head pops up. The sex scenes were so laughable, so mild, it was nothing. I could have been having a hot dog or something. *Bon Appetit* paid good, but it was one of those films that wasn't hot enough for the raincoat crowd. It was pretty; it was a montage; it was for a mixed crowd. I could have died real quick after *Bon Appetit*; Kelly Nichols would have been gone. But now, with all the publicity I'm doing for *Games Woman Play*, I'm really gonna come out Kelly Nichols.
SF: Kelly Nichols as opposed to you?
KELLY: People ask me questions and I'm not going to make up stories for them. "Do you do it with cats and dogs?" No. I'm sorry, I don't. The worst thing I ever said was that I appreciated women as much as men. That's as much as I'm going to reveal about my private life. That attitude works for me.
SF: What do you appreciate about a woman and what do you appreciate about a man?
KELLY: Let's put it this way: I'm getting hit on by men and after a while I find that a little redundant. Now, if you have a very attractive *woman* come up to you and say "Hey, you're really pretty." . . .and not only are you really pretty but there's that certain vibe that she likes you a little bit more than what you are . . .I myself find that very hot and very much a turn-on. I've had relationships with ladies, oh, just a few times. Sometimes just to see what it was like. Other times because I knew the ladies were really into it. I'm too shy to really approach pople. I might get into it and try it; it might be kinky. I realize that it's such a turn-on for someone to do it to me, that for me to come on to someone else might give them that much joy and pleasure. But I want to be the submissive in a particular relationship.
SF: And men?
KELLY: I enjoy guys too. Ultimately I think I'm hetero. That's my favorite, if I'm supposed to define what kind of sex I like best. I like that *finished* climax. With a lady, it's sensual, you can get into all sorts of trips and fun. Touching and rolling around in bed. I think maybe half the time you can get each other off. For me, I almost always get off with a man. Approaching it from those two points of view, it's really six of one, half dozen of the other. You get sensuality from a woman and satisfaction from a male. But that's very general. I found men who were very sensitive, but a lot of times, that's because they're bisexual. I like going with bi guys because you get both the satisfaction and the sensuality from their male and female parts.
SF: Have you ever had sex with someone you don't care for? And how would you get into it?
KELLY: Yeah. . . (laughs) I hate answering this kind of question because it's telling the truth like it is, and so much of the audience wants to believe the fantasy that whoever's doing it is really getting

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SELECTED SHORTS

Skin Flicks reviews loop delight.

By Jay Blickstein



BREAST OF LUST: Holly McCall excites herself in *Veri Kinky*.

FROM COCK TO COCK

There's only one thing in this world that's better than gang-banging a broad—gang-banging a broad who digs every moment of it. Unfortunately, such ideal erotic encounters are extremely few and very far between—except in the fantasy realm of 8mm lust loops, where just about anything is possible. In *From Cock to Cock*, a 41.7-meter, full-color, hard-core fuck flick—veteran porn pussy Leslie Bovee, with the help of three well-hung buddies, puts on an exhibition of joyous multiple-member sex that'll leave your sperm-drenched cock panting for more.

Jumping right into the prurient proceedings, Leslie starts off by sucking one of her gentlemen callers' cocks while situated on her knees. Shifting onto her back, she divides her blowjob-bing skills between two stiffening dicks while the third plunges into her heaving honeypot—the tight close-ups here make it impossible to determine which penis belongs to which stud. The camera then pulls back to reveal that one of the lucky fuckers is porn veteran John Leslie! John proceeds to get his big bong blown by Ms. Bovee as the other anonymous cocksmen perform the notorious sandwich shot: One rod probes Bovee's cunt while the other explores her spacious bunghole.

As we near the gland finale, the Three Muffketeers withdraw their throbbing tools from her body and start stroking themselves off as she quickly flops down on her back once again. A beautifully filmed close-up showcases the resultant tidal wave of jism as the trio of Lotharios fire their loads onto Bovee's blissful face. The end.

As for production values, this loop has excellent color, photography and editing, and plentiful if occasionally too-dark close-ups. For fans of broads who just can't get enough, *From Cock to Cock, Showgirl Superstars #129*, is a gonad godsend. This loop can be purchased for $20 from *Krow Enterprises, P.O. Box 10842, Chicago, Ill. 60610.*

VERI KINKY

In the entire raunchy realm of sexual curiosities, the amazingly pliable cunt-lips of Veri Knotti are perhaps the most wondrous carnal oddities of all. Veri's ability to tie her lubricated labia into a square knot has astounded and excited many a salacious spectator, and *Veri Kinky* in the *Pleasure Productions* series, should do likewise. This 41.7-meter, full-color, hard-core, 8mm loop features Veri and budding porn starlet Holly McCall, who, inspired by Ms. Knotti's pussy gymnastics, indulges in some supremely sleazy acts of lesbian degeneracy.

We open right up with a shot of Holly—or "Betsy" as she's called here—watching her fem freak-friend tie herself into knots. Betsy then makes some feeble attempts to dupliate Veri's muff magic. No matter, though, because both bitches are sufficiently turned on to strip off their dresses and get down to serious Sapphic business. Betsy starts munching on her bosom buddy's box, and Veri writhes and groans with ever-increasing passion, spreading her black-booted legs as wide as possible and sticking a finger into her own asshole for maximum erotic effect.

Things really begin to get hot'n'heavy when Betsy grabs a huge black dildo, coats it liberally with Vaseline and rams it into Veri's churning cunt. Our kinky cooze-lady bucks and screams, ending off with an electric, shuddering orgasm before collapsing back onto the couch. Grateful for such a surrogate porking, Veri then reciprocates by lustily licking Betsy's bearded clam, followed by some frenzied tit-rubbing against the petite brunette's snatch. Blissful Betsy bucks and writhes, her face flushed with an onrushing climax—and suddenly, we're out of film. A bit abrupt, perhaps, but still well worth the price of admission.

Technically, this loop has decent color and photo quality, but the suddenness of the beginning and ending indicates a need for a more competent package man. Nevertheless, *Veri Kinky, Pleasure Productions #2104* is a must for one-handed voyeurs who get off on both lesbo lust and pussy lips which are fit to be tied. *Veri Kinky* is available for $30 from *Stag Merchandising, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10106.*

A DAY IN THE PARK

Now that the first buds of spring have begun to rear their heads, every perverted young man's fancy turns to thoughts of lecherous lust. In particular, the warmer weather causes many horny guys to start fantasizing about that oft-desired but seldom-realized wet dream: Getting laid in the great outdoors. Well, boys, we've got an 8mm loop that's right up your alley—*Day in the Park, #375* in the *Swedish Erotica* series, a 41.7-meter full-color, hard-core opus which proves that fucking and sucking is still the hottest thing under the



TWO ON THE FLOOR: John Holmes concentrates on his work in *Water Nymph*.

sun.

Day in the Park stars melon-breasted porn luminary Susan Nero; a pretty redhead with only slightly smaller tits; and a good-looking dude with the usual enormous tool. The titillating trio perform their raunchy rendezvous in a secluded park setting, with lots of green grass, tall trees and bright sunshine as a bucolic backdrop. The red-haired honey begins the action by pulling off stud's jeans and mouthing his stiffening schlong as sweet Sue unhooks her bra, revealing those mammoth mammaries. Our top-heavy harlot then gets down and helps her slut-sister blow their boyfriend's bodacious boner as the camera zooms in for a jism-inducing close-up.

We then pull back for a long shot as Ms. Red climbs on top of her man and impales herself on his stiff stick. After a quick switch, the ladies 69, and Sue screams with ecstasy/agony when her prickly paramour jams his joint into her gaping asshole. Next up is a missionary-position porking of the redhead as Suzy Creamcheese holds her fem friend's legs up in the air, and then stud lays back and lets Ms. Water Wing Tits sit on his throbbing tool. Still more tight, well-lit close-ups reveal all the mysteries of sex.

As we head for home, the raunchy redhead wraps her hand around Lover Boy's longhorn as he howls in the face of his onrushing orgasm. Suddenly, a column of come geysers out of his prick as Sue fits her huge hooters around the spurting schlong. That's all, folks; now, let's go wash off our fists.

Technically speaking, the color and photo quality in this loop range from fair to very good, and the editing and staging are crisp and very professional. *Day in the Park, Swedish Erotica #375*, is yours for $20 from *Krow Enterprises, P.O. Box 10842, Chicago, Ill. 60610.*

WATER NYMPH

You'd think that the jaded honchos in the 8mm loop business would have used every conceivable setting, both exotic and mundane, for their fuck 'n' suck epics. Well, you are *wrong*, Celluloid Breath. No one, at least to our carnal knowledge, had ever filmed a loop in a shower with the water running until the folks at *Limited Edition* decided to produce *Water Nymph, #80* in the series. This 41.7-meter, full-color, hard-core flick stars the Human Tripod himself, John Holmes, who combines with the mammoth-mammaried Lisa de Leeuw and bearded stud Biff Parker to prove that the wethead is definitely not dead.

We jump right into the waterlogged lust as Lisa sucks on John's legendary lingam and gets porked doggie-style by Biff; meanwhile, the shower spray cascades all over the three lucky fuckers. Biff pumps harder and faster, suddenly withdrawing his uncircumcised purple putz to shoot a sticky wad onto milady's rounded rump. A quick edit takes us to a shot of Beard Boy eating some pussy as Mr. Holmes continues to enjoy his paramour's expert oral techniques.

We then segue to a rather interesting configuration: Lusty Lisa reclines on Biff's back as the hirsute rodsman crouches on all fours, allowing John easy access to the redhead's juicy twat. Mr. Big Dick obliges by inserting his humongous hard-on as far as it will go, pumping Lisa as he energetically strums her clit with both thumbs. Lisa shows her appreciation by frantically jiggling those heavy hooters as her face contorts in bawdy bliss.

The big finish is near at hand when we segue to a shot of our voluptuous redhead licking Holmes' massive meat once more. Suddenly, he yanks back his foreskin and comes, dribbling his viscous semen onto Lisa's freckled face. Now, we can resume normal breathing.

The technical values in this loop are uniformly superior—the color quality, photo quality, editing and staging here are all much better than the run-of-the-mill 8mm fuckfest. In short, *'Water Nymph,' Limited Edition #80*, is proof positive that wet 'n' wild sex can be a total turn-on for masturbators young and old. The cost is $20 from *Kinematics, 708 Seventh Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036.* □



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Continued from page 58

into it. But you can't. Think how hard it would be to get into the sex on camera, to have an orgasm, when you know you have to do at least four positions. You have to hold those four positions for the camera. Then wait. Then stop for some stills. Then wait; lighting change. I'd say I'm lucky if I get together with a male and actually feel anything. I don't know if I've actually climaxed on camera. I've come close to getting hot. Most of the time though, I have to go through the whole bullshit prima donna bit: "Are the lights right for me?" Because if you don't pay attention you'll be sorry later. Hey, it's you on film. You want to look good. You want to make sure your nose isn't bent out of shape and there aren't any folds in the skin. You learn how to hold your body so your stomach doesn't pooch out.

SF: You certainly look like you're into it on film. Is there anything you would not do?

KELLY: I would not do anal because I have to be very, very much in the mood and very relaxed. It's difficult; it takes a lot of psyching up for that particular act on film. Sometimes not. If the guy's good looking enough, you need very little fantasy and you can just jump right in. Let's see. Enemas, no. Things like enemas and dildos really take away from *me*. I saw something the other day and that blew me away and I might try it: Amber Hunt being fist-fucked. That's the sort of thing that when you hear about it, you just go "Ugh!" But it was everything from the music to the gentleness in the way the guy handled her. It was a very erotic scene.

If I was high enough and loose enough, it's probably the heights. Who knows? Dogs, no. Lightening rods, no. S&M would be something I'd like to try, not because I'm into it, but because I like to dress up. Not hurting each other, but just having fun with it. . . it could be cute, campy, mildly erotic.

SF: Something you have done on film is give great blowjobs. Do you have any tips for our readers?

KELLY: (giggles) Wash your mouth out with salt!

SF: Before or after?

KELLY: (laughing) Oh shit! Blowjobs. . . What turns me on about blowjobs is. . . well, you don't start with the actual cock. You move your tongue down as the guy is laid back, down until you're just above the head. And you tease the hell out of him! Everything from tickling the little hairs underneath his balls to just touching him all around. Then touching the top just a little bit. It's almost like being in bondage for the guy or like having a girl tickle you all over with a feather. Every guy I know has gone totally nuts over something like that. Then you can take your finger and rim the very top. It's just a start but it puts all his blood and sensation in that particular area. Whatever you do from that moment on, you've got him! You can bite him, you can give a bad blowjob, it doesn't matter. A mouthful of ice. . .

SF: Is he expecting it?

KELLY: Oh yes, he has to be expecting it!

SF: What do you do when you meet someone you like who doesn't know what you do for a living? He says, "I'm a Fuller Brush man, what do you do?"

KELLY: A Fuller Brush man? I'd run the other way! But I'm pretty honest, really. I usually start out with "I'm a model." And then maybe "And I do some skin stuff." Then later, I'll say something about a movie or two: "My first one, nobody's seen and my second hasn't come out yet."

> "I saw something the other day that blew me away and I might try it; Amber Hunt being fist-fucked. . . It was very erotic."

SF: Your second, *Games Women Play*, has you in two scenes. You're good, everybody's good in it.

KELLY: Chuck Vincent's a good coach. A lot of directors don't bother, but Chuck takes people ahead of time and explains the scene. And when he writes a scene he has a specific person in mind to do it. He's seen me be very cold to people sometimes when I need to be. And he knows I'm sort of into ladies, so he had me doing the scene with Merle.

SF: The poker scene was dynamite. Was that written all before hand?

KELLY: No. These guys are sitting around playing poker waiting for this prostitute to come in. Then I come in being cool and suave and sophisticated, sort of "stay in your seats, boys." In control. And I start walking around the table, doing 15 minutes of improvisational stuff. Telling them what I picture doing for that night and what they're suppose to do to me. Only someone forgot to remove the cards and the money from the table. So when I sat my cold ass down on that table I got a surprise. And I walked away with the most incredible imprints on my ass.

SF: Is it hard to be the only girl with five guys?

KELLY: When Chuck first told me about the scene I told him to find another girl. He knew I don't like anal and I don't like mass orgy scenes. But he said, "Oh don't worry. We'll do it artistic. We'll do it right." And he said I'd only have to do it with one of them and I could have my pick. Except when we did the scene, the guy I picked was nervous. I guess the four other guys really intimidated him or something because he started and then nothing was happening. We ended up having to do a switch-over and I ended up doing it with two guys. I wasn't too crazy about that because I was busy with the other two yahoos on either side of my face. All of a sudden Chuck really started to get artistic. Now this is the part I love and hate about Chuck: When he sees potential. "Okay," he says, "We're going to get those two guys coming *at the same time*!" And he sure did it, too. The hottest scenes turn out to be the ones where everyone's in a panic. . . the guy can't get it up or "Help! Let's get it over with!" Those are the scenes which come across the hottest.

SF: I've heard rumors you don't want to do another film. Is that true?

KELLY: Well, I shouldn't let this out of the bag, but Chuck's working on another one now, writing parts for Samantha Fox, Veronica Hart and me. And each character is going to be totally different from any other character we've done in any of our movies. Some people may not like it because people expect a certain personification from each actress.

SF: Stereotyping in porn, eh?

KELLY: Sure. We'd like the freedom to be different people, try different roles. To be able to pull eroticism from all kinds of different situations. I don't always have to be the cold-hearted bitch. And I think it'll happen, especially now with the audiences getting more and more couples.

SF: You think porn will get better because more couples are beginning to come and see it?

KELLY: Women see the subtleties and nuances. You'll start getting better actors and actresses. When I first did *Bon Appetit* it was a little pathetic. They could do a good come shot every half hour but as for acting, it was just embarrassing. Some people get better, mainly by doing film after film, but there's a lot of new blood now. But the biggest crossover has to be the story line, getting that balance between a good story line so people can laugh a lot, but not lose sight of what brought your audience out: an erotic movie.

Continued on page 76

LEE CARROL



Gift to the porn-lorn Lee Carrol is an old-fashioned kind of girl. We don't mean she's expert at cooking, scrubbing and baking. No, fucking, sucking and spreading are the domestic arts she's mastered.

When she's not getting down and dirty under the hot lights of skin flicks like *Amanda*, *The Girls of Company C*, *The Surrogates* and, most recently, *American Pie*, *Alpha Blue* and *Urban Cowgirls*, she hits the runways of America's burlesque circuit as a stripper.



BACKDOOR MAN: A corn-rowed Lee gets some valuable backup from cinema stud Ron Hudd in this scene from Gerard Damiano's, *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue.*

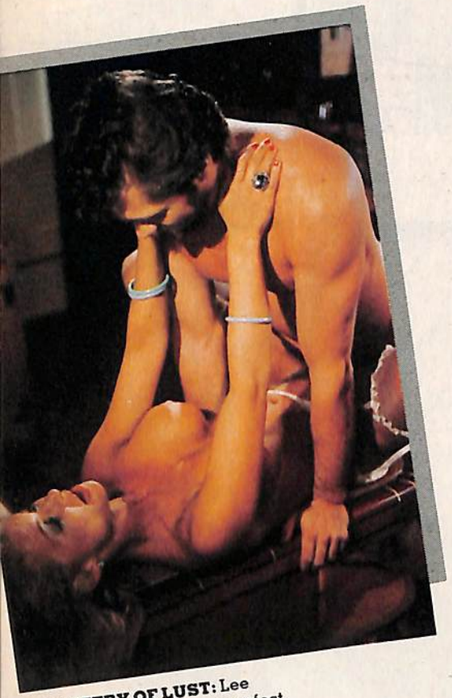




As gorgeous dames have for generations, Lee likes going on stage and giving her all for the bald-headed row. Ohio, Georgia, New Mexico, Massachusetts, Indiana, Florida, Connecticut, Puerto Rico; in all these places she's left titillated toupee wearers and tumescent organs behind. These, however, are not Lee's favorite states. The ones she really enjoys are shown here—torrid, aroused and horny.

A passion which consumes the lady is body building; the exercise of muscles, the tightenting of flesh. For the past year she's joined the muscle men and steel studs at her local gym for a series of workouts, the non-prurient kind.





GEOMETRY OF LUST: Lee and Eric Edwards form a perfect 90 degrees of missionary sensuality in *American Pie*.

Last winter she toured to publicize her role in *American Pie*. It was no ordinary promotional jaunt. "Some actresses just sign autographs and pose for pictures, but I like to give my fans something more to remember. I get dirty..."

Finally, Ms. Lee tells us she's working on her autobiography. We can only hope she's laid in a supply of fire-proof paper and that her eventual publisher will understand her story demands an illustrated edition.



COOZE ON A COUCH: Beauties apair, Lee and Arcadia Lake about to heat up the action in *American Pie*.

HARD-CORE PORN PUZZLE

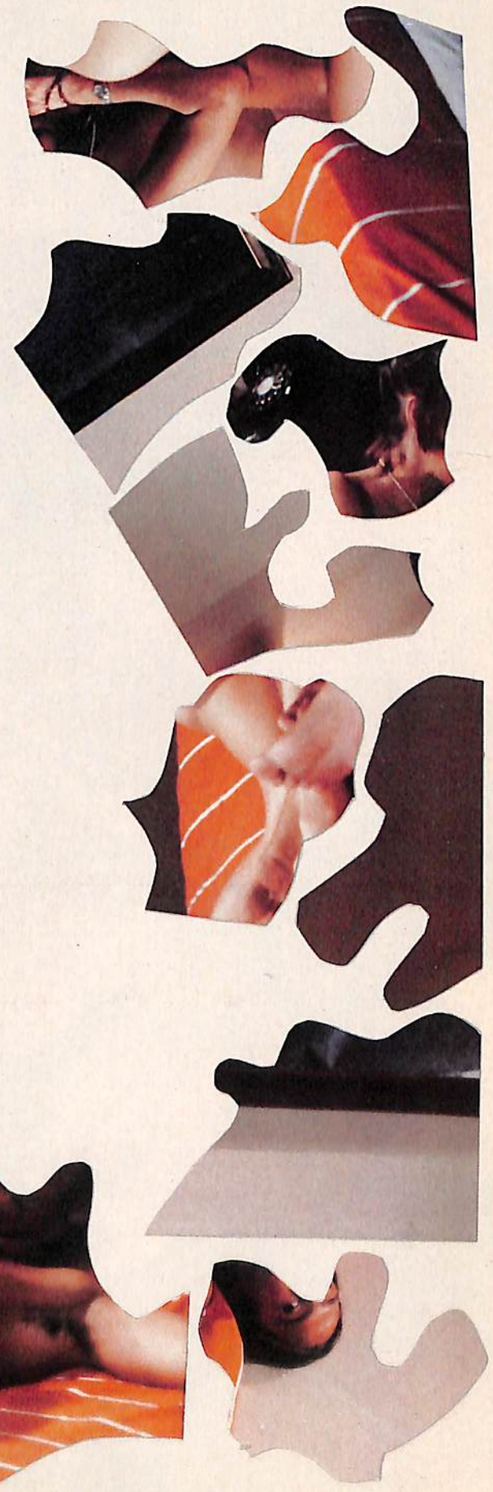
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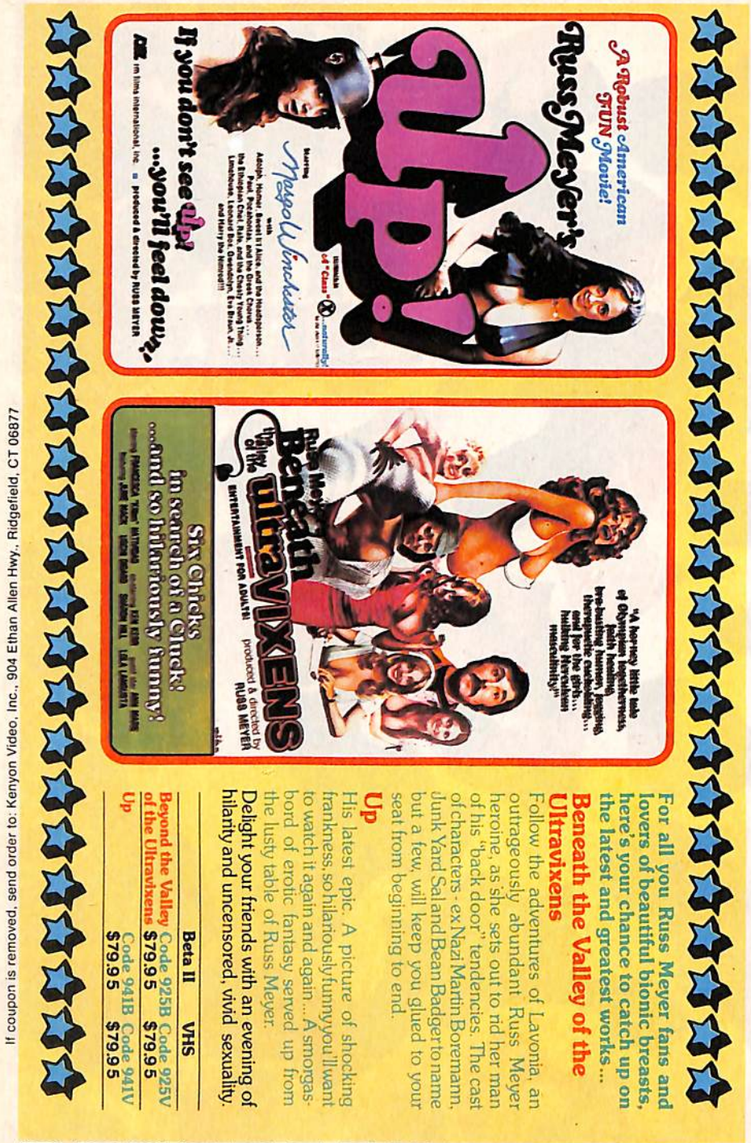
Sounds like fun, right? But just hold on there a second sticky fingers, your job's not over quite yet. To win, you must name the fuck film in which this scene occurs. Sound hard? Don't go limp here. Read on because for those of you a little rusty in the sinema history department, here are two clues: 1) The ladies at work in the picture puzzle are the famous Young twins, Brooke and Taylor. 2) One of the feature articles in this issue of **Skin Flicks** reveals the movie's title.

We couldn't make it any easier if we tried. Just read the official rules, get yourself a pair of scissors, some tape, glue or paste, and warm up your fingers for a profitable pastime for a change. If you're not the lucky reader who wins the TheaterVision System, don't despair—you just might be one of the ten blessed runner-up prize-winners who will receive an eight-by-ten color print of our completed Hard-Core Porn Puzzle.





For official rules and entry blank see page 82



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Continued from page 66

SF: Do you see yourself involved in porn in the future?
KELLY: I swear, if I continue doing this, one of my goals is to join with other women, like Gloria Leonard, as an advocate of pornography, as spokeswomen. I think what porn needs, not only films but magazines as well, is more women involved. I believe that there are a lot of steps that can be taken to bring to the public a greater awareness that porn is not all bad. That if anything, it can enhance and help their lives. To make them aware of their own sexuality, make them aware of being free. I know that sounds clichéd, but a lot of people *are* uptight about their own sexuality. There are a lot of different things I could be doing soon. One might be to work with Gloria on a magazine that would have an understanding of

"Porn can enhance people's lives. It can make them aware of their own sexuality, make them aware of being free."

both sexes. One that a woman could have on her coffee table but would turn her *and* a man on. I'm also going back to school to finish my degree in art and I've been doing production work for legitimate films.
SF: You've worked on both coasts in porn. Are there differences?
KELLY: Porn on the West Coast, in L.A., is a bust. It's very hush-hush, you don't do it within the county. Some people have gotten away with loops in L.A., but porn is a serious bust there. If you're doing a film, you do it outside the county or up in San Francisco. Most of the magazine work is on the West Coast and the girls there tend to be very selective. They'll do nude modeling and maybe sneak up to San Francisco to do a movie, but they won't do prostitution. The whole thing is, you have the movie industry in Hollywood. Everyone out there is always hoping to have that big break. It still hasn't crossed their minds that if they're caught doing porn, it'll mess up their chances for a straight film. And there are all these agencies out there that get these little girls from the midwest who want to be actresses and they stick them in real schlocky situations with dogs and enemas and making them go off with guys in Las Vegas, It's so sad: they get hungry and they don't know what else to do. There are two well-known agencies in Hollywood that'll send these girls to "dance" in Japan, promising them $600 a week for 12 weeks. They get over there and it's horrible; it's like white slavery. They never see their money, they hardly get fed and they don't get their ticket back until their 12 weeks are up.
SF: Did that ever happen to you when you were starting out?
KELLY: An agency sent me to Toronto. At least I made sure I got my round trip ticket first. I get to this crummy dive and there were girls who'd been there for weeks and hadn't got paid. The guy in charge was feeding them twice a day and telling them the cost would be deducted from their paychecks and the girls had yet to see a check. I was lucky. My lawyer happened to be in Toronto and he helped me get my bags—they didn't want to give them back to me—and I turned around and split! It's not that these girls aren't smart, they're just very desperate. They don't want to go back to their mothers and families and say "I'm a failure, I couldn't make it."
SF: How about the East Coast?
KELLY: Here, when you do a porn movie, some producers seem to think they can drag you off at any time of day or night and work around the clock. Bullshit like that. There's no union coverage because it's not a "legal" operation.
SF: Is there something you'd like to do in films? Some fantasy you'd like to act out?
KELLY: I would really like to *make* a film, especially a European type film, with a woman director. I'd be the main character, or maybe me and another girl. There are too many boy-girl things. It would have a lot of foreign money sunk into it because I have a feeling they would do it right. The Europeans have the appreciation to put the money into backgrounds, into lushness and into time spent. I like the way they shoot, their cinematography (laughs). But that's a real bullshit I-want-a-yacht type fantasy.
SF: What's your personal sexual lifestyle?
KELLY: Bored right now. After I broke up with my ex-husband I was just playing it cool. I know I don't want to get involved in a heavy relationship right now. If anything, keeping busy keeps me out of that. I'm still slightly madly in love with my ex-husband. I suppose I'll just see a few girlfriends and date on occasion. Right now, though, I'm available. □

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SCENE FROM BLUE MAGIC/PHOTO BY MARCO NERO

OH! NURSE!: Pornster Hillary Summers once trained to be a sexual therapist, but flunked out when it came to taking hard-beats.

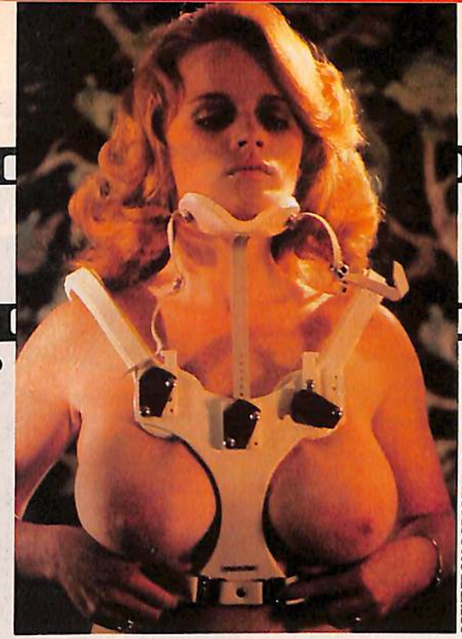


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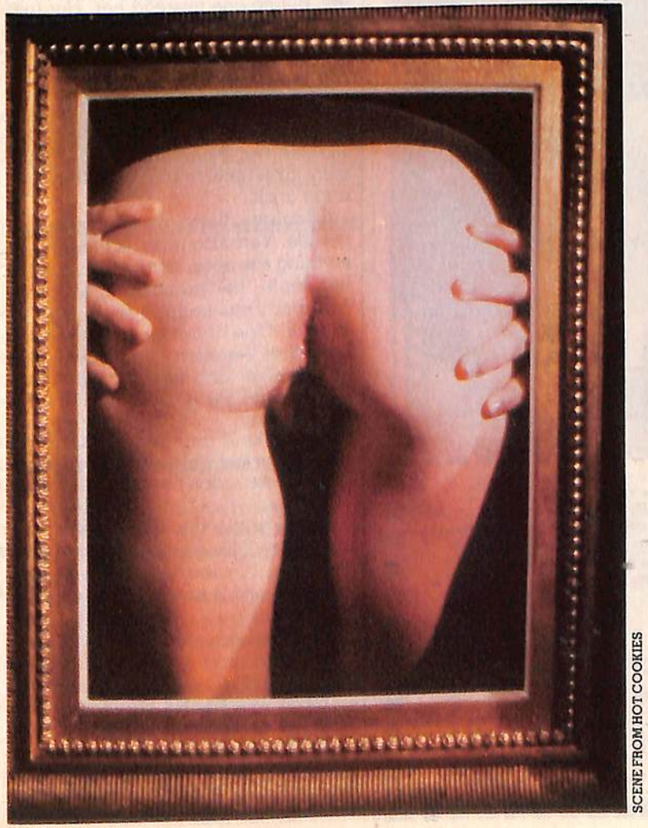
BONING UP: This unlucky stiff (the one in the bowler) is porn's version of Rumple-foreskin. He fell asleep on the set one day, and...



SCENE FROM OCTOBER SILK

ALL TRUSSED UP WITH NO PLACE TO GO: Put a designer's name on it and some women will wear anything.

BUT IS IT ART?: Not something you're likely to find at your local art museum, this holesome piece was recently unearthed in the studio of a famous artist. It's titled "Tall Tail" and reportedly released noxious gases when angered.



SCENE FROM HOT COOKIES

SCENE FROM JACK 'N JILL



GYPSY BIKERS: This scene from the truly visionary epic of the same name, that's *Truly Visionary Epic*, was never released. But its stars, Ricardo Mandlebaum and Lucci Riccardo (no relation) have since found careers as violinists who entertain at expensive restaurants in Dubuque.

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Continued from page 56

the comic books were folded away in a dark drawer. I can almost see the comic's Veronica behaving as Veronica Hart did one day on the set with Ron Jeremy. Jeremy was screwing her in the ass. As the scene was being shot silently, Veronica felt free to frolic. Adopting the hard-edged, slightly hysterical delivery of a play-by-play sports announcer, she narrated the action: "He's in, he's out, he's in..."

It's quite a lady who can be sexy without being obvious, carefree without being careless, and eager without being impatient. Veroncia, during our

> " "The porn business has quieted my life down," she says, "I don't have to get laid to prove a point." "

talk, constantly and naturally exuded sex, but no one misread her. Her free-flowing life style seems to impose an order in which everything gets done—the interview, the shoot, the shopping. Only when one of her four cats was temporarily missing did Veronica become unnerved. She wants to achieve porn success, but she realizes that achievement takes time. She's a busy lady in no hurry at all.

Of course, there are always men in her life. Veronica attracts them by everything she does, her walk, her voice, her smile, her humor and laughter. And porn has nothing to do with the appeal. One of her close friends confided that Veronica "wants guys to be possessive. She doesn't want their money, and she doesn't like liars. She likes the truth.

"She's kind and generous and she makes you feel welcome if she likes you. If she doesn't, don't worry, she'll let you know."

"I like witty, intelligent men," says Veronica. "I like men who know where they are. I love artists, writers, musicians. Music is my first love, rock and new wave."

She hesitates, and then adds, "Basically, I like men who can make decisions."

When the phone rings I seize an opportunity. "Answer it," I command.

"Fuck you," she shoots back.

Later, traveling in a cab, the driver obstinately misunderstands her directions. She curses, then cackles. At a neighborhood shoe repair shop, she is plucked like a favorite child from the end of a long line of customers. The busy proprietor has lots of time to talk with Veronica.

A strict vegetarian, Veronica declares, "the only meat I eat is live." Questions about her screen name inspire an equally flip answer. "It's designed to give men a hart-on," she says.

"She's a doll," said one of her male co-stars. "She's vivacious, vital, funny, and has a good sense of humor, and a very nice pussy, too."

As for the image that most porn starlets lead wild, debauched and reckless lives, Hart maintains that's not for her.

"The porn business has quieted my life down," she says. "I don't have to go out and get laid to prove a point. I don't have to depend on anyone for anything.

"Actually, I'm amazingly normal. In my own sex life, I like good, clean fucking and sucking. I hope I never get so jaded I won't like it anymore."

Her fans are familiar with Hart's flair for brightening up any sex scene whether she's playing opposite, and with, a man or a woman. When asked once whether she preferred men to women, she replied:

"It's different. Having sex with a man is not the same as having sex with a woman.

"I love the warmth and tenderness you get through ladies, but you can have that with a man, too. I love pussy, and I love cock. I think that everybody is basically bisexual. People are turned on by feeling good. Screwing is

> 'Jeremy was screwing her in the ass... She narrated: "He's in, he's out, he's in..." '

wonderful, it's fabulous by itself. But I'd be the last one to say that sex is everything... It's important, but it's not everything."

As a sex film star, though, sex is more important to Veronica than it is to most people. Sex films have been very very good to her.

"You never have to do anything you don't want to do," she told us. "You can tell the director in advance what you will and won't do. It's hilarious screwing in front of the camera with everybody watching. I make jokes with people all the time. Screwing in front of the

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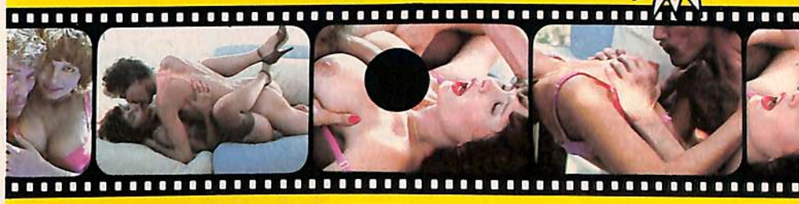


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his clothes off to get a good look and a feel of the real thing! Well, he's only human and what happens next we have to leave to your imagination and delightful enjoyment when you see the sweetest young thing with the big boobs get "stuffed good" by the biggest dick you'll ever see on a screen.

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Home from a hard day's work Bobbie enjoys a relaxing shower. You won't be able to take your eyes off her magnificent breasts. The masseuse arrives and an erotic rubdown begins. Bobbie is aroused to the point of no return, when her younger sister arrives unexpectedly. One of the most erotic, lesbian scenes on film!

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Glove Love Foursome

Regular 8mm, Code 328R; Super 8mm, Code 328S

After the party the voluptuous hostess slips off her dress and gets down to business. Be the secret admirer and watch what naughty girls do behind closed doors.

Hot Vibrations

Hot Vibrations, Regular 8mm, Code 245R; Super 8mm, Code 245S
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Hot Vibrations and Glove Love On one Videocassette
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camera is a sort of taboo," one which Veronica thoroughly enjoys violating. She has techniques of her own to make sex in front of the camera good for both her own enjoyment and that of the audience.

"I fantasize on the reality of the scene I'm in. I look at what I'm doing and get off on that. I get my sense attuned to what's going on.

"Even though it may feel good in front of the camera, that doesn't mean it'll look good on film. But if you don't give it that basic ingredient, it hasn't got a chance of looking hot. Basically, the hotter you are, the hotter it's going to come across to the audience. They can tell whether you're into sex or whether you're just going through the motions. Coldness comes across on the screen as well as passion. So, it's important to psyche yourself up and be hot."

Veronica Hart is hot, and her attitude about sex on camera isn't the only reason why. She's an intelligent lady who gives intelligent performances. That she also gives great head, and parts her lean legs for our prurient glee seems, in a way, less significant. For our own selfish reasons, we hope she stays in porn for a long time to come. ☐

Continued from page 74

OFFICIAL RULES

1) Correctly assemble the puzzle pieces printed on pages 74-75. Fill in the entry blank, including the name of the movie from which the scene is taken. If the entry blank is missing, print the movie's name, your name and address and a signed statement that you are over 21 on an 8" x 11" piece of paper. Mail each entry, including the completed puzzle to: Skin Flicks Puzzle Contest, 888 Seventh Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10106. Entries must be postmarked no later than August 31, 1981. Only one entry per envelope will be accepted.

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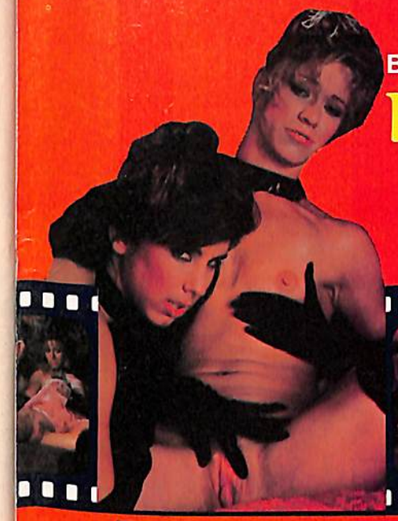
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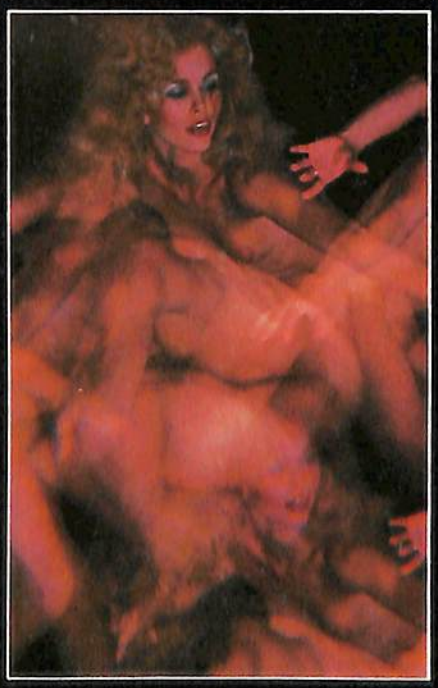
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