Adam Film World

VOLUME SIX/NUMBER FIVE



Beauty and the Beasties

Though it revolts a lot of people, sex between girls and animals remains a staple of the real hard-core raunchy porn





WHY THE WORLD IS GOING APE OVER DINO'S SEXY NEW KING KONG

MISTRESSES OF MAYHEM: THE MARTIAL ARTS GIRLS

2ND ANNUAL PORN AWARD NOMINATIONS

FRENCH FILM HITS NEW SADISM HIGH

"I'M A SEX STAND-IN FOR PORN STARS!"

A SENSUAL SUDSER!

HARD SOAP HARD SOAP

THE SCREEN'S FIRST X-RATED SOAP OPERA



the janitor (Paul Tanner), and finds she likes it. See the whole wild action starting on page 38.

Adam Film World

VOLUME SIX/NUMBER FIVE



The World Goes Ape Over *King Kong*

Backed by a promotion that Barnum and Bailey would envy, the 40-foot simian takes on the great white shark in a box-office battle of the titans.
By Frank Thistle
Page 10



Felicia

Infatuated with a teen-age house-guest but devoted to his wife, the handsome professor solves his dilemma by jumping into bed with both at once.
A Maturpix release
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Beauty and the Beasties

Though it revolts a lot of people, sex between girls and animals remains a staple of the real hard-core raunchy porn scene.
By Ronald Rounds
Page 26

Snapshots from *Maîtresse*

A haughty dominatrix enslaves a stupid thief in Barbet Schroeder's new classic of S&M.
A Losange-Gaumont Film
Page 32

IT'LL REALLY GET YOUR LATHER UP!

Hard Soap Hard Soap

Laurien Dominique, Candice Chambers and John Holmes cavort with their horny gang in the world's first X-rated soap opera.
A Golden Gate Production
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Mistresses of Mayhem

Two sexy Oriental girls are coming up fast to challenge male supremacy in the martial arts on the screen.
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I'm A Cum-Shot Stand-In

"You wouldn't know my face if you saw it—but you've seen my prick and balls ramming into the crotches of the queens of porn!"
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Frisco's lovely live lewdies provide a brand-new thrill for jaded voyeurs.
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A high-school dropout kitten makes it with the switch-hitting college set.
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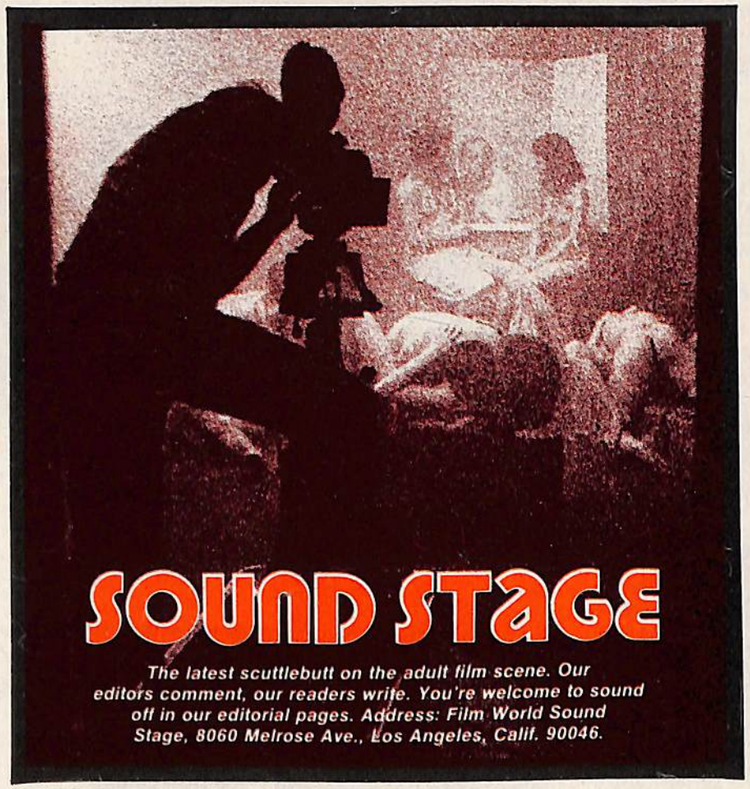
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Deep Roots
It's an erotic blockbuster that you just have to see!

Cover photo:
Laurien Dominique
and Paul Tanner
in *Hard Soap Hard Soap*

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SOUND STAGE

The latest scuttlebutt on the adult film scene. Our editors comment, our readers write. You're welcome to sound off in our editorial pages. Address: Film World Sound Stage, 8060 Melrose Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90046.

Porn Producers Race Toward X-Rated Second Childhood

In every field of entertainment, opportunists rush to hop aboard the bandwagon and copy a winning formula. While television producers have painfully overdone the "Chinese carbon copy" approach to giving the public what it wants, the porno filmmakers are not averse to joining in the old "follow the leader" game. When *Alice in Wonderland* was translated into porno format by Bill Osco and became General National's top moneymaker, even rating first of the 50 Top Grossing Films in *Variety,* the porn pack was off and running. *Alice* is returning profits undreamed of since *Deep Throat,* and may even out-distance the production record of that magic alchemy machine that turns celluloid into gold. All the wiseacres of the industry scoffed at the idea of making a sexplicit film out of a respected children's classic. By now they've laughed themselves green with envy.

The Hollywood Public Library reports that they're having an all-time record run on children's books, which has all but cleared the shelves of that department. It's not the kids who are taking out the juvenile classics and reading them but the dirty old men of Tinseltown, who are checking them avidly for feelthy movie potential!

Bill Osco is currently wrapping up production of a sexy version of *Wizard of Oz* in which even the Tin Man and the Cowardly Lion *do it* with Dorothy. A large box-ad in the *Hollywood Reporter* recently announced a talent search for a "very special girl" to play the lead in an X-rated version of *Cinderella,* and for 30 additional "innocent-looking beauties with terrific figures" to play minor roles. The ad ends with the simple statement: "Nudity required." One wonders if one of the special requirements for playing the title role is the ability to shove a glass slipper up her cooze. Maybe they'll substitute a glass dildo in the shape of Prince Charming's cock for the slipper. Time will tell.

According to the local rumor-mill, production plans are afoot to do sexplicit remakes of *Tom Sawyer, Huckleberry Finn, Little Women, The Swiss Family Robinson, Tarzan and Jane,* and the Horatio Alger "rags to riches" series. One interracial fag film firm is considering bringing the private sex lives of Robinson Crusoe and Friday to the adult screen!

You may recall that *Sound Stage* forecast this trend several issues back after we had attended the press preview of *Alice in Wonderland.* Two elements of the current scene appear grossly unfair. First, it's a shame to make children's movies that nobody under 18 can see. Secondly, now that the adult filmmakers have cleaned-out the children's book section of the library, what's left for the youngsters to read—since they can't retalliate by invading the adult book stores?

—T.H.H.





Adult Film Production Shows Steep Upswing

The tremendous success of a number of high-quality, high-budget X-rated flicks in the past few months has given the industry a stiff shot in the arm. The impressive profits amassed by such top-drawer films as *Alice in Wonderland, Sensations, Misty Beethoven* and a few others have sparked a heavy influx of anxious major investors who no longer regard pornpix production as a long-shot gamble of risk capital. High-budget, first-class erotic productions no longer go begging for want of capital. Today the big-money boys are actually romancing the producers to sell them a piece of the action.

The Essex people, whose 1975 film *All Night Long,* starring John C. Holmes, took three of *Film World's* X-Caliber Awards last year, tell us that they have four major new pornepics in production. These include *Mary, Mary,* starring Constance Money *(Misty Beethoven); Confessions,* starring Cathy Kauffman; *Oriental Baby Sitter,* starring Linda Ching; and *Sex World,* not yet cast. This impressive list is backed up by eight more major properties currently being prepared for production. This same general optimistic attitude and "full-steam-ahead" planning is echoed by most of the prime movers in the adult film field today.



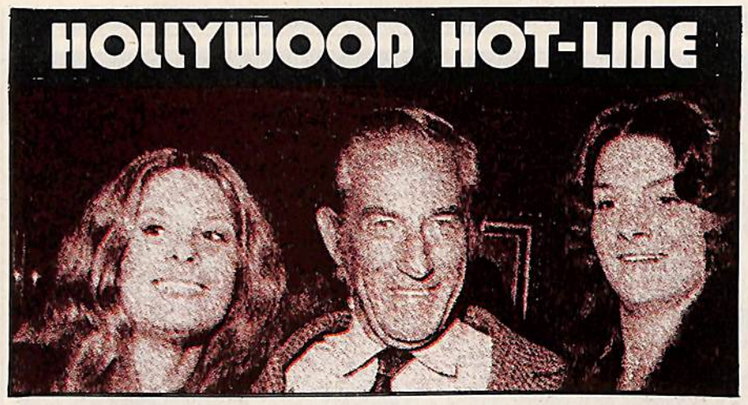
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Oops—An Erotic Erratum!

In our pictorial spread in the April issue of *Adam Film World* on the new X-rated musical sex-romp *Do You Wanna Be Loved?* starring Rene Bond, we reported that the film came from "Clement Distributors."

Not so. *DYWBL* is the latest release of Plymouth Distributors, a well-known Hollywood outfit specializing in X-raters. How did this error creep in? We don't know—but we are running our proof-reader's cute little finger through the pencil-sharpener.

HOLLYWOOD HOT-LINE



Nureyev's temperament turns directors off; Carol can't keep her halter on; Jane Fonda still irked over hubby's election defeat; Mastroianni recuperating at Swiss spa.

by LEO GUILD

DR. JOYCE BROTHERS told this reporter that Hollywood is out of thrills, the public isn't responding to sex on the screen any more, and that's why violence is taking over . . . Rock Hudson had an illegal tape quashed by his lawyers, that was bound for a national tabloid . . . Jennifer O'Neil gets $20,000 for those beauty commercials, which is more per day than she gets for movies . . . Norman Crosby, the comic, has taken over as the current happy practical joker. At parties he's the lampshade-on-head man . . . After the tragic loss of his mother, Frank Sinatra is pulling up stakes and leaving Palm Springs. He had planned to give his home there a $200,000 facelift . . . Dancer Rudolf Nureyev will never make it as a movie star. He's temperamental and won't take directorial suggestion—and those days are over in Hollywood.

Danny Kaye made some good investments years ago, and that's why you don't see him on the tube very much—he doesn't have to work . . . Jane Fonda is still not over her husband's political setback, and is marking time until she or he thinks of another ploy . . . If you've never been in Warren Beatty's apartment at the Beverly Wilshire Hotel, you've never lived. Books, newspapers, records strewn all over the floor and furniture, and orders to the maids not to touch anything . . . Marcello Mastroianni is ailing and taking the baths in Switzerland . . . Bernadette Peters has swung over from opera to sitcom. That's where the $$$ are . . . Want to have some fun with Carol Lynley? Ask her what happened in the Polo Lounge of the Beverly Hills Hotel recently. She lost a halter while walking through the room.



Dr. Brothers: Sex thrills gone.



Peters: Opera to sitcom.

QUOTE FROM Tony Martin: "There's nothing like writing a book with your wife *(The Two of Us)* to start you fighting again after 15 years of quiet!" . . . David Cassidy is on the ski-slopes anywhere in the world he can find snow. That's why you don't hear much about him working any more . . . The rumors persist that Natalie Wood is pregnant again; Bob Wagner's answer is just a smile . . . Another rumor afloat is Henry Kissinger as the new head of CBS—and how about Richard Nixon for NBC? Both nets need something to take the play away from ABC . . . The reason you don't see Richard Benjamin so much in pictures is, he says, every script presented to him sounds alike . . . Sammy Davis Jr. has upped beautiful black Ann Slider from secretary to press agent . . . Henry Winkler (Fonzie) is the hottest property on TV now. Spends most of his time turning down millions. After all, there's just so much a guy can do . . . Too late, the "Rhoda" show found out

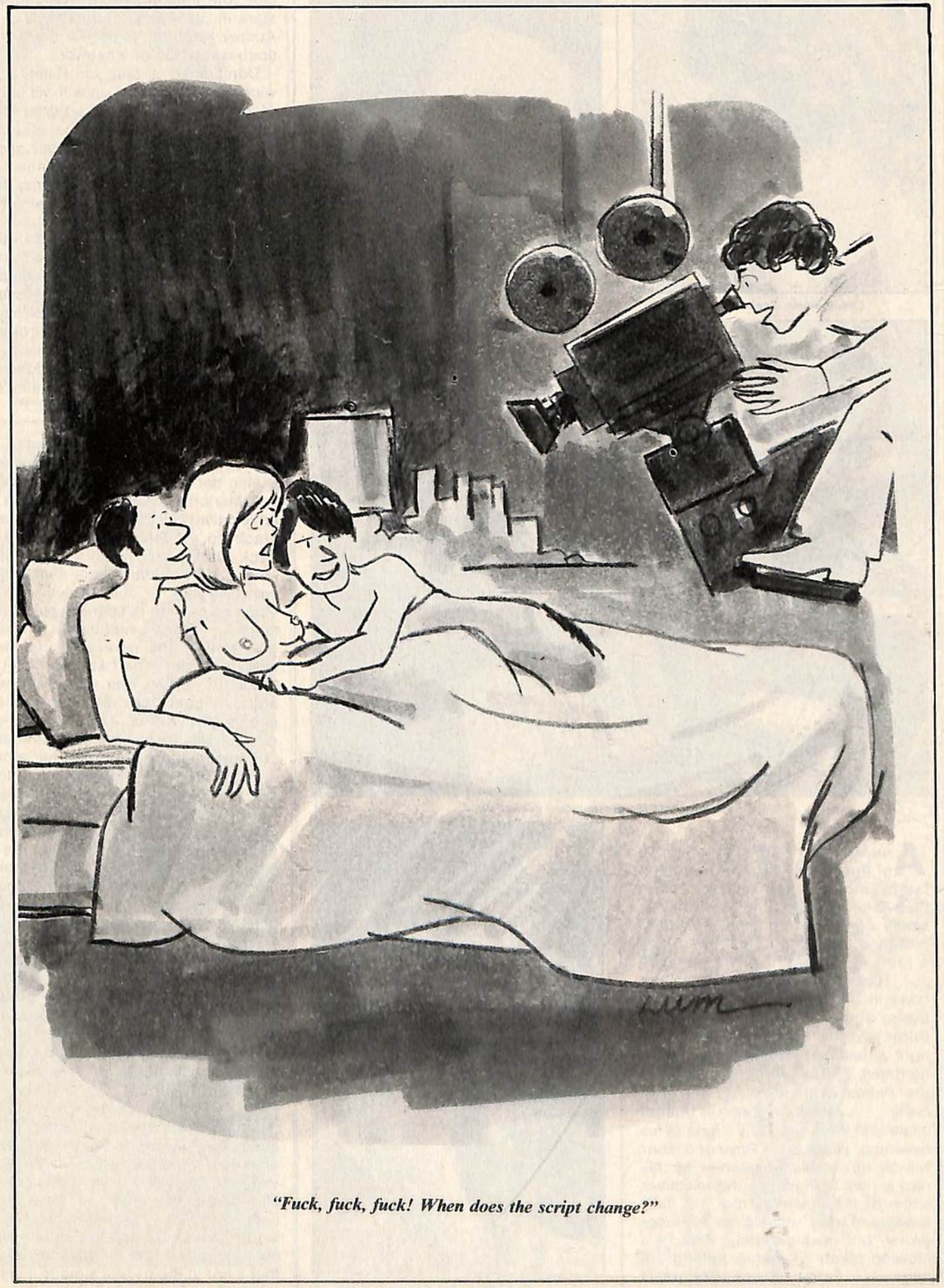


Scott: Closed sets preferred.

David Groh was responsible for almost half its rating points.

George C. Scott will now only work on a closed set. Claims visitors upset him, and that includes his family . . . Every member of the Mary Tyler Moore show has been offered their own series—Betty White, Gavin MacLeod, Edward Asner, Georgia Engle and Ted Knight . . . Jackie Gleason's recipe for good health—an hour's nap every day—and Carol Burnett attributes her good health to yoga and no more junk-food. And Julie Christie goes for cod-liver oil to keep healthy . . . Merv Griffin is the most popular man in Las Vegas because his shows telecast from there bring millions in publicity . . . Another star who is adored by hotel-owners is Dean Martin, who has a series of "roasts" planned from there . . . Bob Crane would do anything to get off the road in all those old comedies, but that's the way the public likes him.

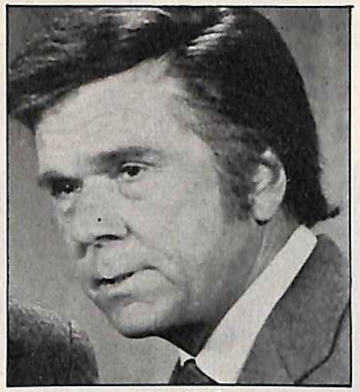
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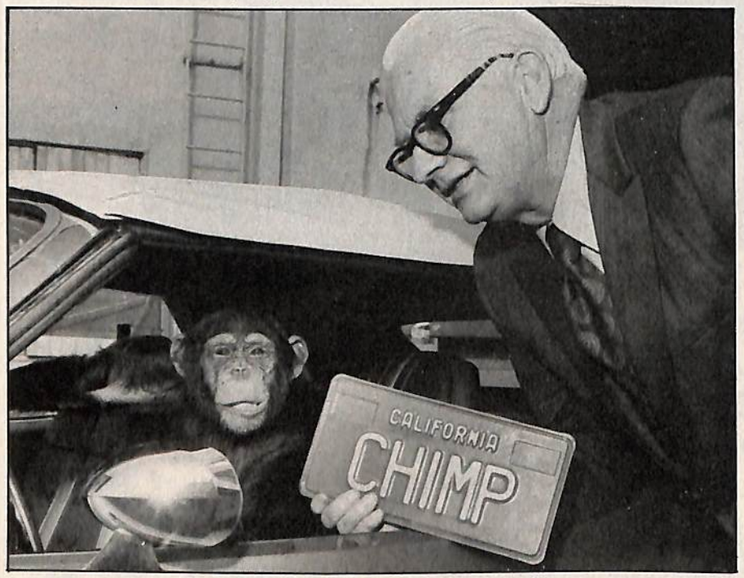
"Fuck, fuck, fuck! When does the script change?"



Chamberlain: Seeks quality.



Cooper: Castle in Germany.



Zola the Chimp gets his personalized license plate.

ANN-MARGRET is fighting the battle of the scales. So now no breakfast or lunch, just a big dinner . . . The Fred Astaire Dance Studios will have a series of dance contests, with Fred crowning the champ. But he won't be a judge—feels he'd make enemies . . . Dinah Shore can stand on her head in the shower. No, we weren't there, she told us so . . . George Burns says he would marry again if the right situation presented itself. Hell, he dates, and his favorite hangout is the Palms, with their lobster specialty . . . Jackie Cooper has bought a castle in West Germany to spend his declining years . . . Raymond Burr will be out of his wheelchair for his next series, "Kingston" and will direct some of the episodes too . . . Telly Savalas started out big as a horse-owner, but no luck lately. Also he's blowing plenty of money betting the nags . . . Farrah Fawcett-Majors is winning all those polls for the most beautiful girl in show business . . . Our vote for the two most emotional stars in pictures is John Wayne and Audrey Hepburn. Both will cry if the soup is too hot, or whatever.



Christie: Typing lessons.

Don't shed a tear for Ralph Edwards. He's cleaning up with all sorts of syndicated shows . . . Cher, for information you'll never be able to use, has more than 100 wigs, each costing over $100 . . . Liza Minnelli is taking and giving dance lessons, depending upon the situation. Even she laughs when you ask her about it . . . To look back a little, Bob Hope's very first TV appearance was on the Paramount lot, when the cameras caught him on the way to lunch and he tossed off some ad lib jokes . . . Criswell says the stock market will boom, but other seers predict bad news in stocks . . . The only star we know who doesn't care about salary, only the quality of the script, is Dick Chamberlain.

SHELLEY WINTERS has become a jogger—and it's a strange sight seeing her bump along Malibu beach . . . Marlon Brando is furious since a critic called him dumb. It was an unfair crack too . . . Strangest interviewee is Jack Nicholson, who smiles and laughs during the whole thing but says very little . . . Julie Christie at this stage of her life is taking typing lessons . . . Cloris Leachman's only regret is that she never pursued her singing career—she has a marvelous voice . . . Know who gets all those stars to guest on all those gameshows and earns a big chunk of dough? Her name is Mary Markham and this reporter once gave her a cat that she says brought her all the luck . . . Liberace's just mad about Dinah Shore. They're together a lot, but no romance . . . Yul Brynner may spring the big surprise by coming on with a blonde wig in his next . . . Howard Cosell admits he telecasts all those sporting events yet gets no exercise himself.

Los Angelenos are going nuts with wild "personalized" license plates. Zola the Chimp rides in the car with his trainer and the license plate: *CHIMP*. After all these years the Lauren Bacall house has Bogart pictures all over it . . . Angie Dickinson can't make up her mind about the divorce from Burt. Right now everything is cool, but there have been someaild fights . . . Phil Silvers is getting jobs again, with reruns of his series back on the air . . . Shecky Greene prefers Vegas to Hollywood, and turns down all those movie offers . . . Rita Kenneston, formerly married to orchestra leader Charlie Barnett has written her memoirs and there isn't a big name that's not in them—she's made it with them all. □



Howard Cosell: Sedentary type.



Shecky Greene: Prefers Vegas.

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article by FRANK THISTLE

THE WORLD GOES APE OVER KING KONG

It's a race between a 40-foot-tall ape and a great white man-eating shark, and millions at the box-office is the name of the game. Kong is riding the crest of a worldwide ballyhoo in the grand tradition of Barnum and Bailey.

THE WORLD HAS really gone ape over King Kong—that scary yet lovable 40-foot-tall creature with the big heart plus a three-and-a-half-ton aluminum frame, 4500 feet of interior wiring, and 1000 pounds of horsetail hair covering his latex flesh. Kong's chest is 20 feet wide and his arm-span is also 20 feet. But what's most extraordinary is that he is fully functional. His arms move in 16 different positions. He walks, and he turns at the waist. His eyes and mouth move. And all it took to build and operate the little fella was $1.7 million and a team of 20 crack technicians simultaneously operating hair-trigger levers.

The reason the world has literally gone ape over King Kong is not that people want to be scared to death (actually the new version is a lot tamer than the original) or that the movie itself is so good (despite some exciting moments, the new *King Kong* lacks the creative imagination of the original)—it's simply because of good old ballyhoo in the grand tradition of Barnum and Bailey. All this came about because Dino De Laurentiis, the new super-mogul of Hollywood, had a dream—to make *King Kong* out-gross (in money, that is, not in bad taste) *Jaws*. To make his dream come true, the pint-sized Italian dynamo mounted the biggest advertising campaign since the media blitz that preceded the release of *Jaws*.

He was phenomenally successful in winning advance press coverage for *King Kong*—he even managed to entice the editors of *Time* into running a glowing cover-story after seeing only the first two-thirds of the film. Once such a high-powered ballyhoo campaign gets into motion, it keeps gaining momentum and is like a steamroller pounding the public into submission.

The big question in moviedom today is whether *King Kong* will surpass *Jaws* or, as one wag put it: "Who has the biggest bite, ape or shark?" In any case, it's turning into a horserace between a 40-foot-tall ape and a great white man-



De Laurentiis predicts a total take of $200 million for his ape epic—but the Jaws people say they aren't worried about the simian competition.

eating shark.

SOON AFTER *King Kong* was released, Paramount issued a bulletin stating: "*King Kong* has achieved the largest opening three-day domestic gross in the history of motion pictures." The figure was $6,967,164 for 961 theaters in the U.S. and Canada.

Admittedly that's quite a bite—but, according to Zanuck-Brown Productions and Universal, the ones who brought us *Jaws*, a little difficult to swallow. They say that in June 1975, *Jaws* opened in 409 domestic theaters and in three days garnered $7,061,513. Those figures firmly put *Kong* in second place. A spokesman for Paramount, advised of these numbers, didn't budge. "We're the largest," he said, "and we're sticking by it."

He failed to acknowledge some other pertinent facts which make the monetary achievement of *Jaws* even mightier. There has been a 4.5 percent increase in ticket prices—and *Kong* cost $24 million to make compared to *Jaws'* $8 million.

De Laurentiis predicted that *King* would gross $25 million by the end of its first week and $100 million by the end of January, with a projected total goal of $200 million. *Jaws*, meanwhile, currently reigns as the movies' largest moneymaker, having raked in $192 million to date in the 18 months since its release.

"There are really no indications that *Kong* poses a threat to *Jaws* at the boxoffice," said a Zanuck-Brown spokesman. "*Jaws* did turnaway business, people couldn't get in at evening performances, so they came back and filled up the morning ones and the matinees. *Kong*, could, perhaps, earn $100 million—about half of what *Jaws* did."

WHATEVER KONG *earns* will be largely due to the all-out clever ballyhoo campaign Paramount has conducted for it. The arrival of the modern-day *Kong* was preceded by a deluge of promotional products ranging from T-shirts to plastic dinnerware. By a series of tie-ins with manufacturers of various products, Paramount made sure that the public anticipated the second coming of *Kong* for months before it played in the theaters. The job was extremely well done. *King Kong* fever was far more widespread among Americans of all ages and sexes than was the swine flu.

The mastermind—or rather mistress-



mind—behind the *King Kong* tie-ins was Mildred Collins, Paramount's director of special projects. She has worked on many movie tie-in campaigns, but *King Kong* was the one dearest to her heart because it presented possibilities "beyond our fondest dreams."

Her work on the movie started a year before the release of *Kong* last December 16th. Paramount ran a little ad in the *New York Times* and *Women's Wear Daily* saying they were ready to accept promotional and merchandise tie-ins. Several hundred phone-calls resulted from that ad. But this didn't make Ms. Collins' job a breeze, because 95 percent of the callers wanted to do T-shirts.

"And we had all kinds of offers to put posters in windows," she says, "but that wasn't what we were looking for. We wanted people who would make the promotion a major kind of thing."

Take the Jim Beam promotion. The company's "Ripley's Believe It Or Not" format for its advertising seemed ideal for *King Kong*. The head of marketing for the whiskey company was a movie buff, but some of the company's officials weren't too sure about a gorilla in their ads, and wondered whether or not *Kong* was too much of a children's movie. This adult slant to the promotions was one of the main reasons Paramount courted the Beam people.) But objections were eventually overruled and Jim Beam joined in enthusiastically, featuring the giant ape in its numerous magazine and newspaper ads last fall.

For Christmas, the company offered a china King Kong decanter as last year's addition to its 25-year-old collector's series. This year's advertising campaign, featuring a bourbon "cocktail of the month," was kicked off with January's King Kong—a bourbon, grenadine and orange juice concoction.

In its quest for universal appeal, Paramount also linked *King Kong* up with Sedgefield Sportswear, whose jeans are sold in boys', teen and men's departments. With each purchase came a plastic key-chain containing authentic snips of hair from the hide of the mechanical ape.

"That," says Collins, "was a brilliant idea! I wish it had been mine."

The Schrafft Candy Company sold King Kong candy-bars. Seven-Eleven Stores dispensed their Slurpee drinks in plastic Kong cups. Some areas had King Kong boutiques stocked with games, puzzles, records, socks, T-shirts and plastic dinnerware. Viewmaster had a reel of scenes from the movie, and *Family Circle* magazine had a King Kong decal inside an issue.

YOU COULDN'T count the books that appeared dealing with some aspect of *King Kong*. Many publishers revived books written 44 years ago when the original movie was made. But there was new material as well. Pocket Books came out with an account of *The Creation of King Kong*. MacMillan published a book in which King Kong himself supposedly told his own story of the making of the movie. There were also coloring books galore, as well as stuffed animals.

Then there was the birth of a new dance called—what else—the Kong. Remember the Monster Mash and the Bird? Naturally, the Kong made its debut several weeks before Christmas to coincide with the film's opening. The Kong was ably demonstrated at a Los Angeles nitery by a seven-member group called—what else—Kong. Opening night guests were feted with real Central American bananas, meant to encourage them to swing from the rafters.

There was also Beauty and the Beast stationery. The boxed sets emblazoned with King Kong holding the Beauty in one hand and a pencil in the other went on sale in Los Angeles the same day as the L.A. premiere of the re-make of the classic film legend. A box of 250 sheets on beige paper-stock sold for $6.

"We have every reason to believe that *King Kong* will surpass *Jaws* and even the Fonz as the greatest T-shirt attraction the world has ever seen," says New York T-shirt mogul Lou Strauss of Jay's Girls.

Strauss doesn't have as much to win or lose as movie mogul De Laurentiis, who put up $24 million to launch the remake of the ape epic. But having bought the T-shirt license from the movie producer, he says he's found that the public is responding even better than it did to his *Jaws* T-shirt, which netted him $5 million in sales.

"We knew we had a biggie," says Strauss, 52, who sells his latest beastly T-shirt for $6. "With *Jaws* you had a newcomer. But with *King Kong*, you've got a *legend!*"

Naturally, Kong jokes have spread like wildfire. Examples: What does King Kong eat besides hamburgers? Any blonde he can get his paws on. Why does King Kong live in a jungle? Because it's out of the high-rent district. Who does King Kong's hair? Vidal Baboon. How can you tell if King Kong is in bed with you? He has a big "K" on his pajamas. And on and on.

From all the tie-in promotions, Paramount got about $10 million worth of free advertising, all the while retaining the right to approve the advertising campaigns of the companies' promotional tie-ins. "I pointed out to them," says Ms. Collins, "that Paramount spent the first $24 million, so not to look to us for anything more. They are getting a very imaginative association with a very, very big production."

She pointed out that not all movies lend themselves to gimmicky promotions. Aside from the story-line, something that helps tremendously is a great title. *King Kong* was a natural since everyone knew him—unlike *Jaws*, the story of an unknown shark with which promotional tie-ins were possible only after the movie's successful release.

In the early stages of Paramount's plans for *King Kong*, Universal Studios had intended to film a competing version. "We feel we still could have done a good job with our tie-ins," Collins said, "but I think getting *that* matter settled (Universal abandoned the project for a percentage of the Paramount release) made my lifespan at least two years longer!"

KING KONG spawned the release of many other monster pictures. Rankin/Bass, producers of the first *King Kong*, presented *The Last Dinosaur*. In Boston, while *King Kong* was packing them in at the Savoy I, a wave of ape pictures appeared all over town. The Paris Theater showed ape movies each week-end night from noon until dawn—with *Son of King Kong, Morgan, Mighty Joe Young*, and *Where's Poppa*. The theater called its program "Go Ape" and gave away free bananas.

The biggest hassle came about when independent distributor Jack H. Harris, president of Worldwide Entertainment Corp., came out with a flick called *Ape*. Paramount won a temporary injunction against it on grounds of alleged similarities to *King Kong* in the film's advertising. Judge L. W. Pierce in New York

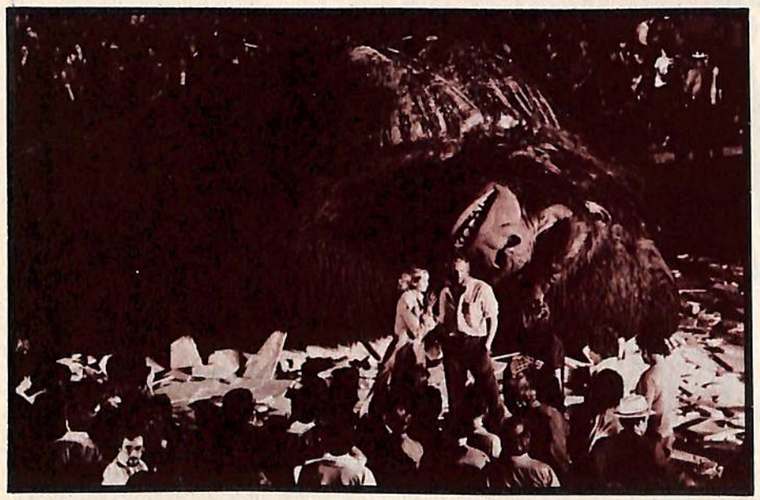
From books and T-shirts to stationery and whiskey decanters, candy-bars and games, the King Kong promotional items have blanketed the world.

Federal District Court upheld Paramount's contention that the ads for *Ape* attempted to confuse the film with *King Kong* in the public's mind. Harris went ape over the judge's verdict.

"This is just another case of a major company trying to out-spend an independent in court in order to accomplish what it can't do at the box-office," Harris charged. "The only matter in dispute is the advertising itself, and regardless of the outcome of the case, I promise we will have ads to save *Ape*."

Harris stressed that the injunction had nothing to do with the exhibition of his film, as he complained that several chains which had agreed to play *Ape* in 50 theaters were "starting to fall out of bed. Somehow or other, they got the impression they would be sued by Paramount if they play our picture. That is not the case."





The roar of *King Kong* may not have actually been heard around the world, but it sure as hell was thunderous in the U.S. Paramount created four 30-second radio spots in stereo to hype *King Kong* on FM stations around the country, believed to be a first for the film business. The spots featured Kong's roar, the native chants and assorted screams from the picture. They started airing five days before the film started playing. Paramount also took newspaper ads to trumpet the stereo *Kong* spots, giving the time and station where they would air.

While the public has besieged the box-offices to see *King Kong*, film critics have been divided in their feeling for the flick. Generally, 50 percent have praised the picture; 25 percent have straddled the fence, and 25 percent have panned it. In the latter category of critics is Daniel Henninger of the *National Observer*. He wrote:

"I expected to see filmdom's spectacular talent for illusion and technical tricks harnessed to create the most rompin', stompin' Kong imaginable. I wanted to see King tearin' up that island, whaling the tar out of man and beast, rampaging through the clogged, claustrophobic borough of Manhattan, dueling a squadron of F-16s atop the World Trade Center. I wanted the old *King Kong*, only more and better.

"Well, the new Kong is still capable of killing the occasional snake and beating up subway trains, but at base he's just a cuddly, overgrown chimp. Very simply, they've taken the *monstrousness* out of a great monster movie. I saw the film with a large audience of young kids, and when Kong entered, grabbed Dwan (Jessica Lange) from her sacrificial altar, and stared quizzically at her, they actually laughed! *Laughed* at King Kong!

"The promotional material I've been receiving says *King Kong* will 'remind the world what Hollywood magic is about.' Here are two examples of that old Hollywood magic: Jessica Lange to a presumably leering Kong: 'Let me down, you big male-chauvinist-pig ape!' And Jeff Bridges, the good guy, telling Charles Grodin, the bad guy, what Bridges did with the money Grodin gave him to be in Kong's New York side-show: 'I've given your advance to the SPCA fund to save Kong!'

"Kong! Kong! Kong! Kong! Rest in peace!"

INCIDENTALLY Henninger's movie review was headed *How Hollywood Made a Monkey Out of a Monster*. This isn't quite accurate, of course. It was De Laurentiis, not Hollywood. And Hollywood's No. 1 "organ grinder" is as happy with the monster he created as a pig in shit.

It was Dino himself who concocted the epigram to describe *King Kong:* "The greatest love story of all time!" When a reporter asked De Laurentiis if he seriously believed that or was he simply quoting his advertisements, he replied: "Seriously. Seriously!" Then he went on to explain: "When I make love, the pleasure is not the mechanical thing at the end. It's to be with the girl I love, to caress her, to be tender, to feel I am loved. What I consider this love story to be is the purest possible love story. Because it can't be consummated!"

Observers say that whether *King Kong* will outdraw *Jaws* depends on whether the ape has "legs." That is, will it sustain its drawing-power over the long run?

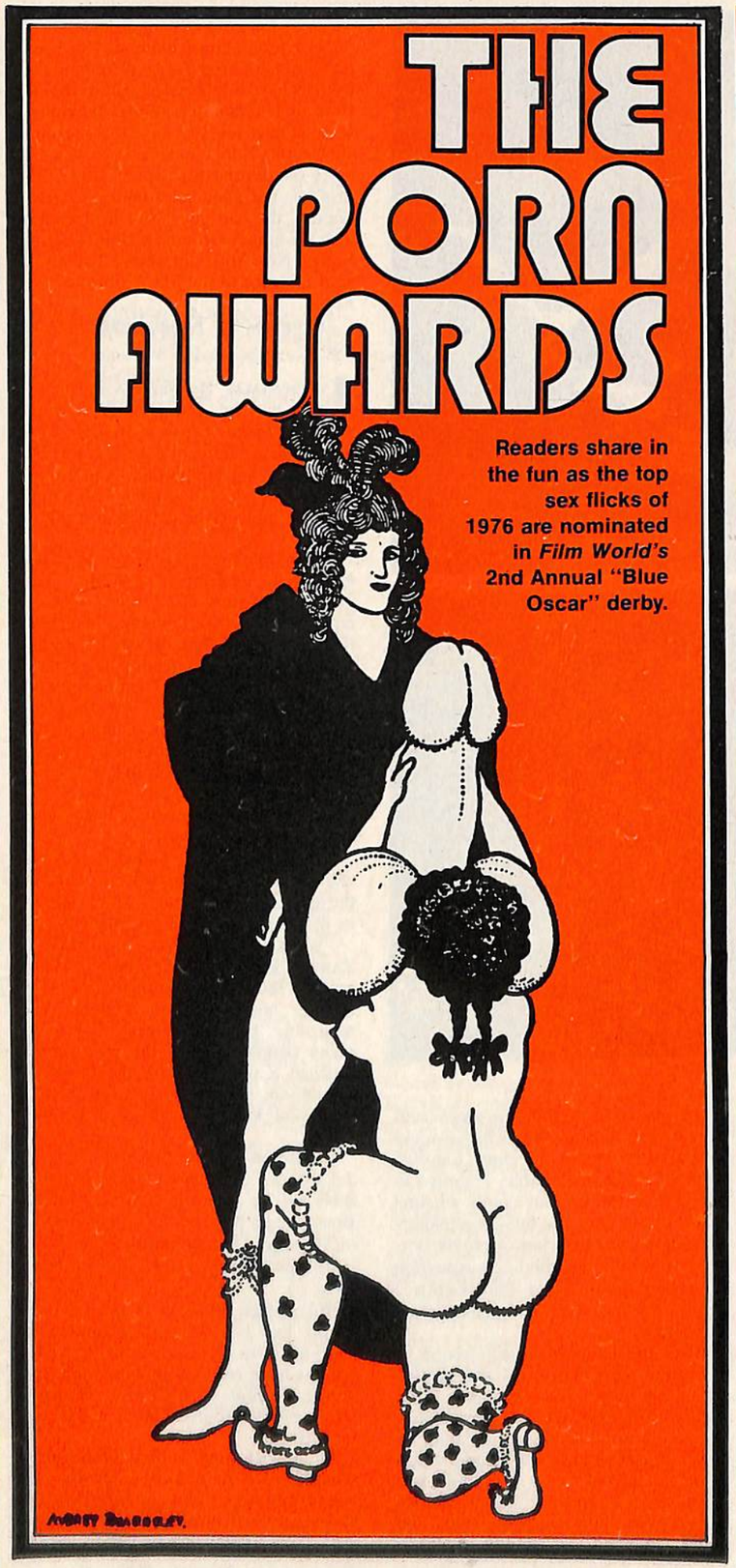
"We know *Jaws* had legs," says a Zanuck-Brown spokesman. "What brought the public so strongly to *Jaws* is another relevant factor. A shark is a realizable, personal threat, because so many people go into the water. *Jaws* touched a primal terror, the threat of mutilation. An ape 40 feet tall doesn't pose that kind of realistic, believable threat."

Regardless of whether *King Kong* or *Jaws* packs the biggest box-office bite, there will be a second contest. Zanuck-Brown begin their production of *Jaws II* in May, and De Laurentiis' *Son of Kong* is scheduled for release at Christmas 1978.

Meanwhile, if the ape falters, De Laurentiis has a whale and a buffalo in waiting. *Orca*, a man-and-killer-whale epic, will be released in June, and *The White Buffalo*, with Charles Bronson battling a nine-foot-tall beast, will be out in May.

Even with such a full production schedule, De Laurentiis is clearly obsessed with his current and biggest baby. If *Kong* doesn't turn out to be box-office king, it certainly won't be Dino's fault. □

THE PORN AWARDS



Readers share in the fun as the top sex flicks of 1976 are nominated in *Film World's* 2nd Annual "Blue Oscar" derby.

It's Blue Oscar nomination time again, and the excitement is beginning to mount in the colony of the adult filmmakers. It's that period of hushed anticipation just before the big race, when everyone hopes that his mount (pun intentional) will be led into the winners' circle to emerge wearing the wreath of roses. This is one of those magical moments of life in which we sense, rather than know, that by means of some mystical feat of human alchemy a scant handful of ordinary run-of-the-mill human beings of today will be transformed to the stars and superstars of tomorrow. The Fairy Godmother's wand is about to tap them on the shoulder so that they may leave the mundane workaday world behind and begin to enjoy the view from the top and the sweet life in the executive suite of X-Caliber fame.

As our regular readers know, last year *Adam Film World* inaugurated its Annual Awards Program for outstanding achievement in the realm of sophisticated adult motion pictures. While we called our prize scrolls the X-Caliber Awards, many people in the industry dubbed them *"The Blue Oscars"*—Oscars for blue movies.

The concept of this annual awards program of ours was based upon the fact that the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, while it purports to represent the *entire* movie industry, excludes X-rated productions from consideration for its own Golden Oscar Awards. This seemed to us to be totally inconsistent with the fact that the sophisticated adult flicks are, each year, taking a larger and larger slice of the total box-office pie. Like a minority group excluded from membership in an exclusive private country club, we said: "So fuck 'em, we'll organize our own club and pass out our own fucking awards!" (Pun again intentional.)

At first our idea of establishing our own system of awards for sexplicit performances *par excellence* was viewed with mixed emotions. Some ridiculed them, others took a tongue-in-cheek attitude, and a few saw real merit in our concept. Now that the awards system is in its second year, it has gained a certain aura of acceptance and dignity. The men and women who devote their best efforts to bringing top-quality pornographic photoplays to the screen now actually covet and seek to win an X-Caliber Award for their dedicated efforts.

Here, based upon letters from readers as well as the votes of our own panel of experts, are the award nominations for last year's flicks:

NOMINEES FOR ADAM FILM WORLD'S SECOND ANNUAL X-CALIBER AWARDS PROGRAM

I. The Best Sex-Rated Full-Length Feature Film of 1976:
   a. *Joy of Letting.* A Summer Brown Production.
   b. *Cry For Cindy.* A Henry Locke Production.
   c. *The Opening of Misty Beethoven.* A Catalyst Production.

II. The Best Foreign Sexplicit Film of 1976:
   a. *Diversions* (British).
   b. *In the Realm of the Senses* (Japanese).
   c. *Debauchery* (Italian).

III. Best Performance By an Adult Film Actress (The Pornelope Award):
   a. Constance Money in *The Opening of Misty Beethoven.*
   b. Amber Hunt in *Cry for Cindy.*
   c. Vicki Lyon in *Portrait of Seduction.*

IV: Best Performance by an Adult Film Actor (The Lucky Pierre Award):
   a. Fred James in *Cry for Cindy.*
   b. Clint Hughes in *Joy of Letting.*
   c. Jamie Gillis in *Opening of Misty Beethoven.*



Amber Hunt in Cry for Cindy.

V. Best Supporting Actress (The Knockers-Up Award):
   a. Susan Sung Lee in *Joy of Letting.*
   b. Jacqueline Beudant in *The Opening of Misty Beethoven.*
   c. Eve Adams in *Expose Me Lovely.*

VI. Best Supporting Actor (The Gung-Ho Award):
   a. George S. McDonald in *Inside Marilyn Chambers.*
   b. C. J. Laing in *Ecstasy in Blue.*
   c. Bill Eastman in *CB Mamas.*

VII. Best Interracial Sex Scene (The Zebra Award):
   a. Kristine De Bell in *Alice in Wonderland.*
   b. Donna Young in *Wild Honey.*
   c. Michelle Miller in *Mondo Candido.*

VIII. Best Adult Screenplay (The Fantasia Award):
   a. Bill Boyer for *CB Mamas.*
   b. Don Edmonds for *Wild Honey.*
   c. Bucky Searles for *Alice in Wonderland.*

IX. Best-Directed Adult Film (The Canvas Chair Award):
   a. Wendy Lions for *Cry for Cindy.*
   b. John Gregory for *Joy of Letting.*
   c. Henry Paris for *The Opening of Misty Beethoven.*

X. Best Sinematography (The Crotch Zoom Award):
   a. Joe Bardo for *Alice in Wonderland.*
   b. Robert Rochester for *The Opening of Misty Beethoven.*



Joe Bardo takes light-meter reading on the King of Spades (John Laurence) and friend in Alice in Wonderland.

   c. Casey Maxwell for *Cry for Cindy.*

XI. Best Sexaphonic Soundtrack (The Pussy Platter Award):
   a. (Unaniminous nomination) The theme music for *Alice in Wonderland,* by Peter Matz.

XII. Biggest Cock on Sex Screen (The Gunga Din Award):
   a. Marc Stevens in *Ecstasy in Blue.*
   b. John C. Holmes in *The Autobiography of a Flea.*
   c. Clint Hughes in *Joy of Letting.*

XIII. Hairiest Cunt on Adult Film Screen (The Bearded Clam Award):
   a. Vicki Lyon in *Portrait of Seduction.*
   b. Constance Money in *The Opening of Misty Beethoven.*
   c. Amber Hunt in *Cry for Cindy.*

XIV. Best Female Orgasm Scene (The Juicy Lucy Award):
   a. Leslie Bovee in *CB Mamas.*
   b. Sylvia Kristel in *Emmanuelle.*
   c. Jennifer Wells in *Expose Me Lovely.*

XV. Most Cum-Shots in One Film (The Jisming Jerry Award):
   a. John Toyland in *Fantasy in Blue.*
   b. Jake Teague in *Temptations.*
   c. Robert Aberdeen in *Saturday Night at the Baths.*

XVI. Biggest Tits on the Sex Screen (The Sacred Cow Award):
   a. Sally Foremost (The Milk Lady) in *CB Mamas.*
   b. Cindy Summers in *Love Picnic.*
   c. Uschi Digart in *Wild Honey.*

XVII. Best Cocksucker of 1976 (The Living Doll Award):
   a. Vicki Lyon in *Portrait of Seduction.*
   b. Constance Money in *Opening of Misty Beethoven.*
   c. Amber Hunt in *Cry for Cindy.*

Many are called but few are chosen. These are the top three in each category, whom you readers have helped us to call to the fore. Now send in your votes and letters to help us name the big winner in each special category of pornpix. Write to:

Annual Awards Editor
ADAM FILM WORLD
8060 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, CA 90046

Let's all get behind our favorites and make this program even bigger than it was last year. It's the best way to express your appreciation to those talented people who have given their all to entertain their audiences. □

—Thomas H. Hilton
Awards Editor

A FRENCH FILM

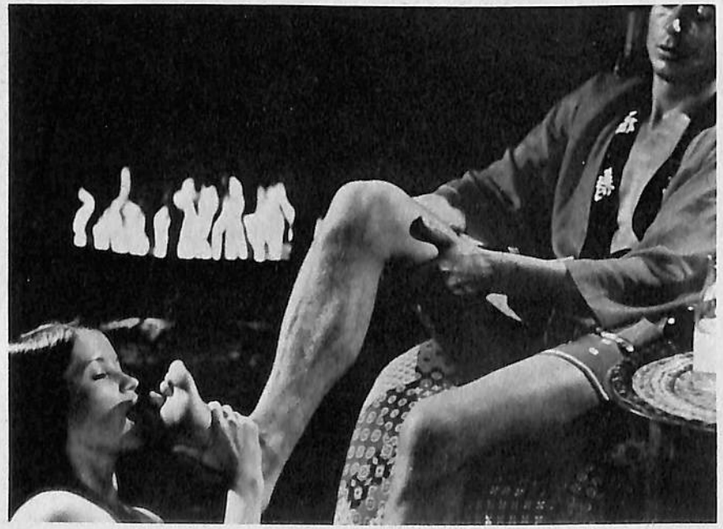
Felicia



This new X-rated release from Maturpix is blurbed as "A sex film only the French could make!" That isn't quite true of course, but it *is* a superior sex flick. Jean Roche plays Paul, a handsome young college professor who is passionately devoted to his blonde wife Gabrielle (Mary Mendem), an art photographer. Then sultry 16-year-old Felicia (Beatrice Harnois) comes to stay with them, and their love-nest soon becomes a swinging three-way ménage.

Three in the house turn into three in the bed or three on the floor or on the table or wherever is handy.





At first Paul, who even spurns the advances of his girl students, pays little attention to Felicia. She is a strange, enigmatic, silent girl who doesn't display any animation until one day she happens to see a couple of Gaby's models making lesbian love. This turns Felicia on; she joins Gaby's stable of models and soon is her favorite. Felicia spies on Paul and Gaby fucking at night; finally she asks if she can get in bed with them. Paul refuses to let her, but Gaby goes back to the girl's room with her and *they* make love. Paul continues to rebuff Felicia's advances, even when the luscious young house-guest walks around the place naked. But he can't hold out forever; Felicia traps him one night when Gaby is out, and they make love in an imaginative variety of ways.

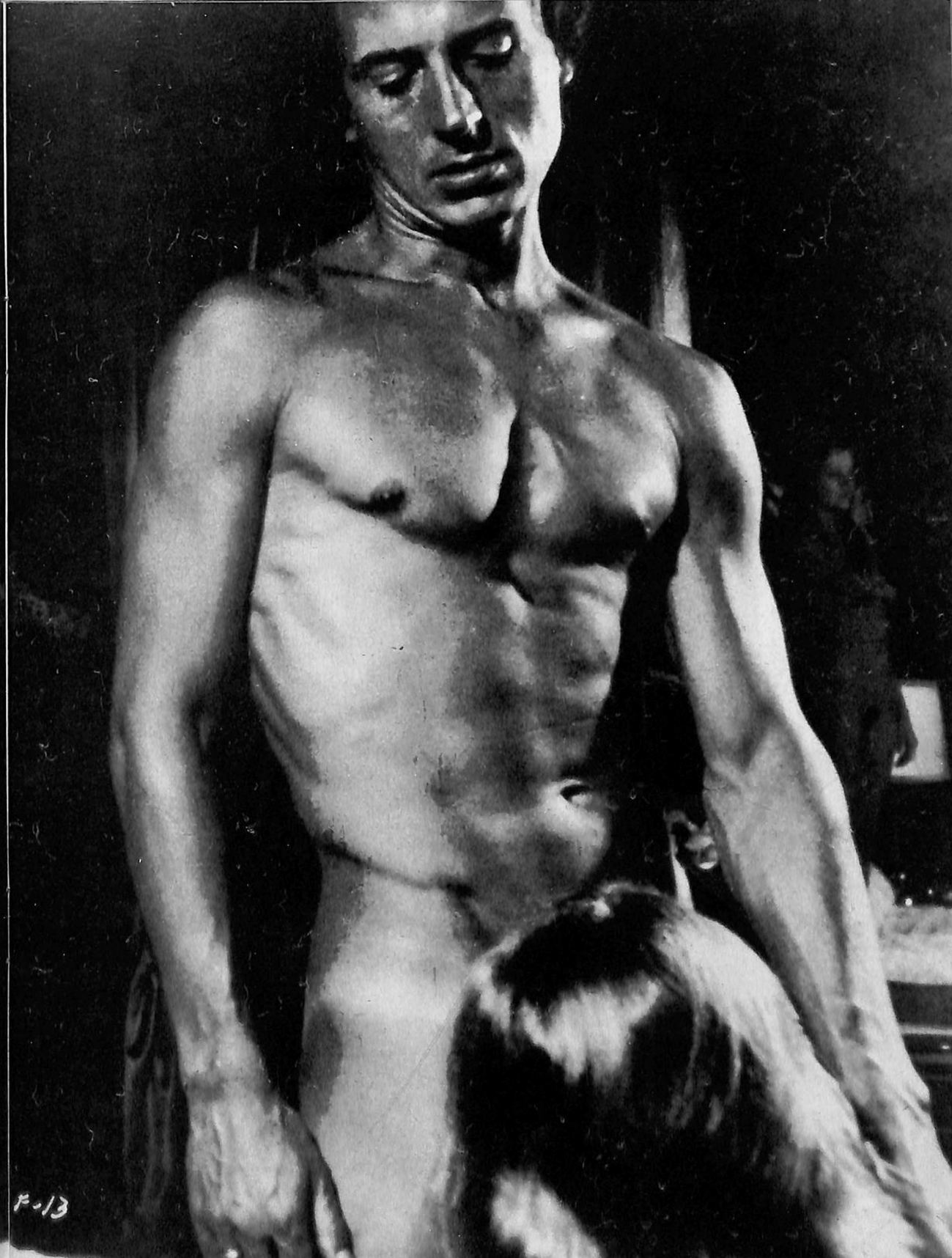


Felicia

The Pleasure of Giving Pleasure

Starring
BEATRICE HARNOIS
MARY MENDEM

A Quality Adult Film (X)





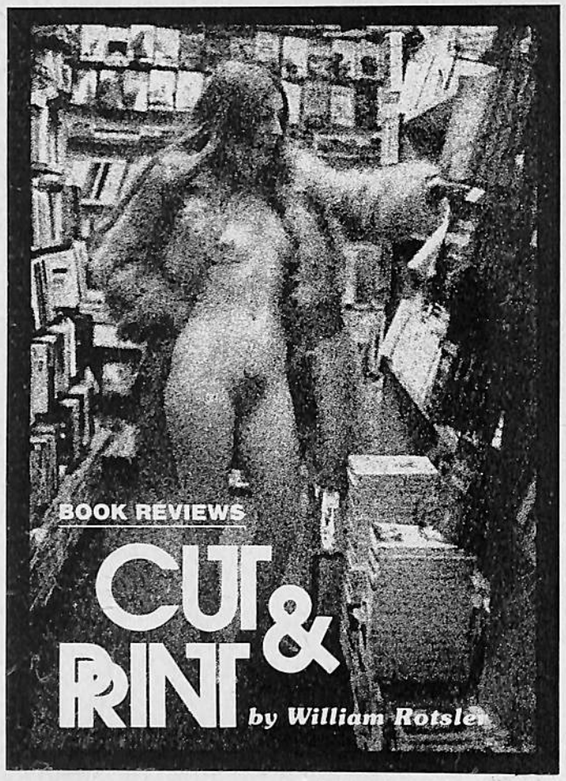






Gaby comes home just as Paul is going down on Felicia for the umpteenth time. She's furious with her husband but not with the girl. Taking command of the situation, Felicia blindfolds Gaby and leads her into the marital bedroom. She rouses the blonde wife to fever-pitch by caressing her with hands and mouth. Then before removing the blindfold she hands her over to Paul. Together in one bed at last, the three now enjoy an even greater variety of sexual games, and they go on to outdo each other in erotic inventiveness. *Felicia* was written, produced and directed by Max Pecas, with screen adaptation by Michele Ressi.

The professor wanted to stay true to his wife. It wasn't easy but he finally managed it by jumping into bed with her and her sexy girl friend and screwing them both!



HOLLYWOOD PLAYERS: THE THIRTIES ***by James Robert Parish and William T. Leonard. Arlington House; 576 pp., many photos; $19.95.***

HOLLYWOOD PLAYERS: THE FORTIES ***by James Robert Parish and Lennard De Carl. Arlington House; 544 pp., many photos; $25.***



Parish is making a huge career out of being a movie historian, and doing very well indeed—for he has covered, is or will cover all the major sectors of motion pictures. Each of us has a favorite period, usually that of our younger days when we were going to films a lot, learning from them all sorts of things—how to behave, how to dress, what was expected of us as warriors, lovers, citizens. Movies have affected—and still affect—us tremendously. Most of this influence is probably not even noticeable. It is just—we think—the way we are, the way things were when we were growing up and adopting role-models and idols.



These books have no plot, no dialogue, but one hell of a cast. To list the actors and actresses would take more space than these pages allow, but let me just say that the book on *The Thirties* has 71 actors and actresses (and 215 photos) and that the book of *The Forties* has 275 photos of 83 entries! The latter is also a book with bigger pages.

Neither book is a mere collection of bios, filmographies and photos of the Big Stars, but rather a collection of the Little Stars, featured players and other personalities. The Arthur Kennedys, Dennis O'Keefes, Gail Russells and Zachary Scotts of the Forties: the Anita Louises, Wayne Morrises, Brian Donlevys and Bonita Granvilles of the Thirties.

Neither book is a muckraker, nor do they provide deep, insightful peeps into private lives. However, there is considerable background on each actor and actress—*why* as well as *when* they took a role, interesting incidents during the filming, some attempt at explaining motivation, etc. Their private lives—marriages, divorces, tragedies, triumphs—are also briefly outlined.



These are books for the film buff (if for no other reason than their rather stiff prices) but they are exceptionally well done, as are all the Parish-authored or co-authored books. He is building a library about the movies that is the last word, the definitive history of a life-force that has affected us all.





MY SIDE ***by King Kong, as told to Walter Wager. Collier Books; 119 pp.; $4.95***

It's a clever idea and funny. But I can't help thinking it would have made a *terrific* long article in *Esquire*, with photos. It's just too long, although fairly funny—a very clever "story" padded out into a small book. I was disappointed by the absence of pictures. Something along the line of a "scrapbook" would have "made" this slim paperbound volume.



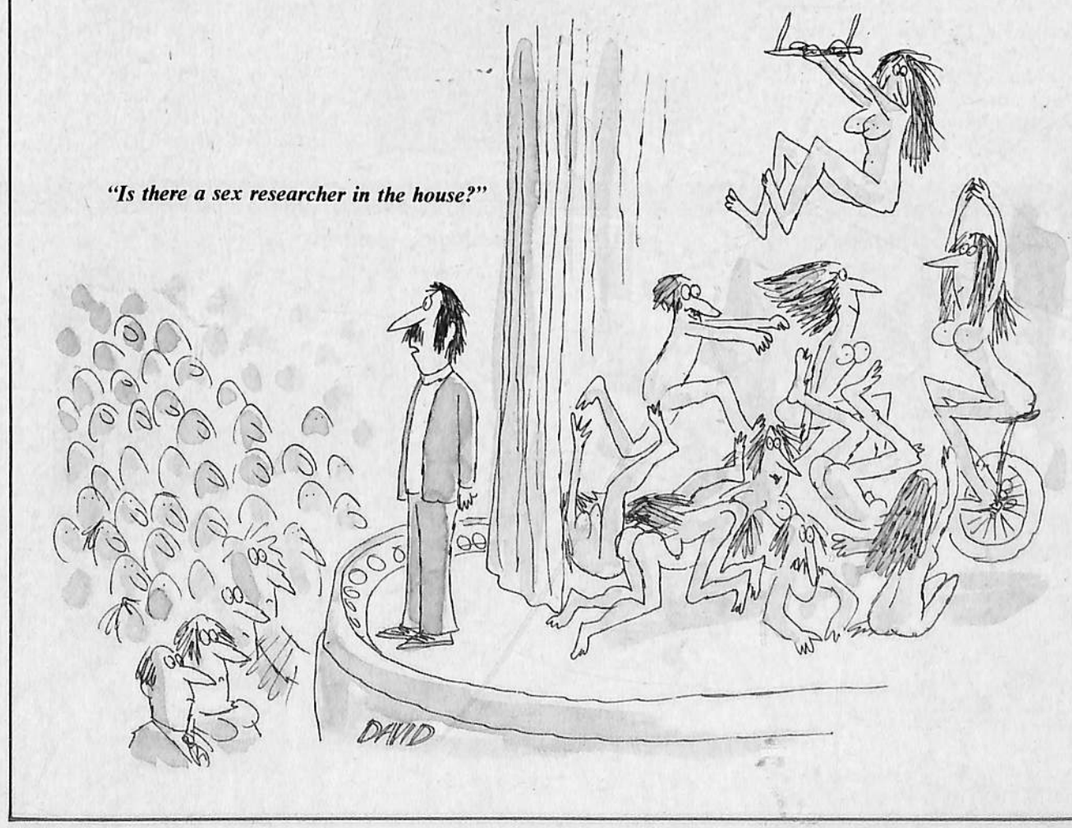
THE REAL MARY TYLER MOORE, ***by Chris Bryars. Pinnacle Books; 164 pp., with photos; $1.50.***

Mary should sue them for using the cover shot! It is really bad and very off-putting for those of us who think of MTM as eternally youthful. It may explain the cover blurb: *A Strictly Unauthorized Biography!*

Every show-business personality has had a hard time getting in, getting known, getting to be a hit. Mary Tyler Moore was no exception. (The Tyler is her father's middle name, which was *his* mother's maiden name, an old Irish tradition.) She wanted to be a dancer back in Brooklyn, where she grew up, and at Immaculate Heart High School in Los Angeles. Raised a Catholic, Mary says she was the only one in her block who didn't aspire to be a nurse or a teacher.

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BEAUTY AND THE BEASTIES

article by RONALD ROUNDS

Films of sex between women and animals disgust many porno producers—but this is the price we have to pay for freedom of the screen.

WOULD YOU believe the day would ever come when public movie theaters would show films featuring girls performing fellatio on animals—and in turn letting beasts lick their genital organs as well as engaging in "normal" sexual intercourse with them? The flood of bestiality flicks started not too long ago when two such films made in Denmark invaded the United States. One was *Animal Lover*, a color film produced by Grondahl Films and billed as a documentary. The other was entitled *Mrs. MacDonald Down on the Farm.* It was billed as an "original Tijuana stag" and the ad proclaimed: "This picture is so way-out—if you can't take it, don't come!"

Never before had such sickening sex been shown in public movie theaters. As one film critic put it: "*Animal Lover* is the final degradation in the business of catering to low motives, and is the most obscene film yet. Please don't even be curious about seeing the film. It is literally sickening. And that's from a weary veteran who has reviewed tons of footage of screen erotica."

Animal Lover stars a luscious young hunk of female pulchritude known only as Odil. This lovely Danish lass has attained a certain notoriety in the pornographic movie business due to her unbelievable sexual capers with dogs, pigs, goats, horses and other beasts. Odil is cast as a sex-mad farm girl who just can't resist performing various sex acts with barnyard beasts.



The story-line is simple. It seems that she was reared on an isolated farm where she first had a romp in the hay with an animal friend at the age of 12. She later experiments with a member of her own species, finds him unable to satisfy her sexually, and so she returns to the barnyard permanently for sexual fun and games.

HER SUBSEQUENT intimate relations with all manner of beasts are too filthy and disgusting to be described. The only possible humor in the film is when this daring Dane attempts fellatio on a young pig—but this is really stretching a point as well as the limits of good taste.

Odious Odil stars in *Mrs. MacDonald Down on the Farm* too. She does her "thing" in this flick in much the same fashion as in *Animal Lover.*

Odil is much in evidence in Copenhagen. Eight-millimeter films of her at work are widely available, and she is the star of thousands of books of still photographs. Although her unconventional sexual preferences started as a labor of love, she now makes considerable kroner by combining business with pleasure. In an age of specialists, Odil stands almost alone with her amorous antics with animals.

The majority of New York's porno moviemen expressed outrage and dismay when bestiality, their own no-no, galloped into Times Square for the first time—one result of Justice Abraham Gellinoff's decision in the State Supreme Court that New York's obscenity laws as they were then written were unconstitutional. It was *Animal Lover* that caused the uproar. The film played at the Mini-Cinema on Seventh Avenue between 48th and 49th Streets, and business was so good during its run that it was standing room only.

Most porno film veterans didn't want to go on record with any comments about movie bestiality, but all expressed serious doubts about playing the feature at the time. One of the few to offer on-the-record response was the World Theater's Robert Sumner, who said:

"I can't believe anyone would be so stupid as to book this film before we go to Albany for new censorship legislation. The public won't stand for this type of thing. It will surely wreck our chances of getting legislation which would allow consenting adults to view whatever they wish."

Screw magazine editor Al Goldstein, who had seen *Animal Lover* at the Wet Dream Film Festival in Amsterdam (where it won first prize) said he was "shocked" and that his first reaction to the local booking was to call the morals squad. On second thought, however, Goldstein said though he "loathed" the picture and had unprintable comments about the Mini-Cinema management, this is probably the price one has to pay to be free of censorship.

Goldstein agreed with Sumner that the picture could well set back the fight for liberal obscenity laws and provide



new ammunition to anti-smut groups pressuring the State Legislature. Both men also expressed surprise that ads for the film had been so readily accepted by the New York *Times,* and *Daily News* and the *Post.* "I'm having trouble with ads for *Teenage Milkmaids*," Sumner said, "but nobody batted an eye at *Animal Lover*."

BESTIALITY, OFTEN associated with insanity or feeble-mindedness, has been verboten along New York's Porno Row since hard-core films first made their debut. Out of fear of risking police and community wrath, exhibitors have refused to book such pictures, and local porno theater owners had previously turned down *Animal Lover* two years before when it was screened in Manhattan for a possible exhibition deal. At that time the same picture had been successfully halted in San Francisco, and the local outlets felt they didn't need the hassles that would result from trying to play it in the Big Apple.

Justice Gellinoff's decision and resulting statenent from local law enforcers that no picture would be cited for obscenity until the status of the state laws was clarified, raised the question of booking bestiality pictures. But most exhibitors at the time remained firmly against it because they wished to demonstrate to pornophobes that the skin-flick business could function minus such sensationalism even without laws, and thus create an atmosphere which would allow the most liberal anti-obscenity legislation to be passed when the Legislature convened.

But they did not reckon with the Mini-Cinema. This theater had been the first to show hard-core features in New York. But after its initial success, the house suffered the same fate of many of its sister porno havens. Business fell off badly. At one point the Mini-Cinema abandoned porno entirely and tried to boost the box-office by playing a series of boxing films. They flopped with that policy and reverted to porno. But the theater's reputation continued to slide when it turned to booking umpteenth-run junk-loops. The *Animal Lover* booking was a desperate attempt to revive business—and it worked.

To dispel its reputation for showing junk-loops, the Mini-Cinema took ads stressing that *Animal Lover* was a first-run film and was being shown in New York exclusively at that theater. So many people turned out for the first showing that nearly half their number had to be turned away. Patrons were predominantly white-collar men (no women) who paid $5 to see a show that lasted about an hour. There were a few walk-outs, but very few audible indications of disgust.

COINCIDENTALLY, OTHER 16mm porno loops showing the antics of a throaty porno queen and a dog began to show up in peep-show machines in Times Square bookstores. These films had been available through mail-order for some time, but their public surfacing was the result of the "open" legal climate in New York. Efforts to uncover the distributor of *Animal Lover* proved fruitless. Some sources claim the picture was never really distributed nationally, but that prints were sold outright to some exhibitors who held them for just such an occasion.



Months later, when the constitutionality of the state obscenity law was upheld, the Mini-Cinema pulled *Animal Lover* and began showing gay films. Then the management—noting the absence of police action against porno films—brought back the Danish bestiality flick. One veteran porno movie house owner said he feared the return of the *Animal Lover* would trigger a new crackdown.

"It doesn't look good," he said, "to have a nun being raped at the Lincoln Art (*Not Just Another Woman*) and a pig being raped at the Mini!"

In most parts of the country *Animal Lover* did not meet a warm reception from the law. In Las Vegas, District Court Judge Paul Goldman ruled that the film was obscene. It had been playing at the Erotic Cinema on East Charleston Boulevard.

The judge said, however, that the film could nonetheless continue to be shown for at least a year, until a ruling came down from the Nevada Supreme Court. However, Mike Kaplan, owner of the Erotic Cinema, decided to drop his fight and withdrew his appeal. Kaplan, who had argued earlier that the shutdown order was unconstitutional, made no explanation for changing his mind.

In Houston, Michael A. Burke, operator of two art theaters, was arrested for showing *Animal Lover* and charged with commerical obscenity. He pleaded guilty. He was sentenced to 60 days in jail and fined $1000.

Also in Houston, a jury in County Criminal Judge Joe Powell's court assessed Cecil Eugene Etheridge, a bookstore clerk, 30 days in jail and a $1000 fine after finding him guilty of selling a

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New York's hard-core film exhibitors shunned the Danish bestiality imports as too far-out—till a court decision opened the way for blonde Odil and her barnyard pals to copulate on the oink-rated screen.

CUT & PRINT

from page 24



She married Richard Meeker in 1955, gave birth to a son, Richie, and appeared in TV commercials and shows, dancing in the chorus-lines. She became Sam, the leggy telephone operator in David Janssen's first series, "Richard Diamond." She auditioned to play Danny Thomas' daughter in a series, but was rejected by him. "How could a guy with a nose like mine have a daughter with a nose like hers?" he asked. But he remembered her and auditioned her for *"The Dick Van Dyke Show."* her show-biz schedule was too much for her marriage and she was divorced in 1962.

She met and married Grant Tinker, who has managed the business side of Mary Tyler Moore—the MTM Productions that produce *"Phyllis," "The Bob Newhart Show"* and *"Rhoda,"* as well as *"The Mary Tyler Moore Show."* She hates her teeth and wide mouth, and used to try to purse it a lot. She likes her nose but thinks the rest of her trim figure is just average. Backed by Grant, she has become more confident as a person and as an actress.

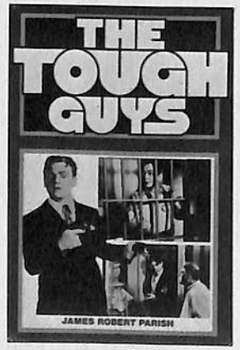
Mary is quitting and folding the show at the end of its sixth (and current) year; the main reason given is a $6 million syndication deal that puts MTM into repeats while it is still "hot."

The book is informative, has lots about the actors and actresses around her: Ed Asner, Valerie Harper, Gavin McLoed, Ted Knight, Betty White, et al. But she should still sue for using that cover photo. Anyway we love ya, Mary—hang in there!

THE TOUGH GUYS *by James Robert Parish. Arlington House, 635 pp., 315 photos, $19.95.*

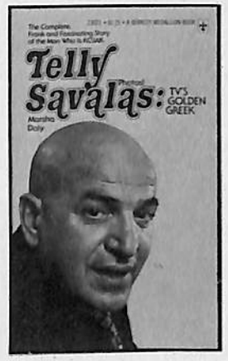
I started this book thinking it was going to be another of those somewhat superficial filmographies of certain "breeds" of actors. This one—about Cagney, Kirk Douglas, Burt Lancaster, Mitchum, Paul Muni, Robert Ryan and the Great Eddie G.—is more than that, however.

True, it has a chronological history, it has complete (to date) filmographies, it has at least one photo on every film (or so it seems), and it covers the field very well. But it is more than that. It tells about deals that *didn't* happen. For example, Burt Lancaster was offered the role of Ben-Hur first, refused it, and it went to Charlton Heston, who won an Academy Award for it. It tells of Mitchum's pot bust, Robert Ryan's secret liaison with a star actress, and why certain film deals were made.





It is more than just another collection of stills with a dry history attached. It's a big book, an interesting book, and another one in the excellent series by the same author on many aspects of Hollywood. More than just another book for the film buff, it tells stories of desperation, frustration, struggle, triumph, disillusionment, conquest, luck, and all the myriad ways people survive in a tough business.



TELLY SAVALAS: TV'S GOLDEN GREEK *by Marsha Daly. Berkley Books; 156 pp., illus.; $1.25*

He ran away to join the National Guard at 14; he fought in the Golden Gloves at 16; his full name is Artistole; he shaved his head to play Pontius Pilate in *The Greatest Story Ever Told;* he was too busy afterwards to grow his hair back and was soon famous for it. An actor who didn't even start acting until his late 30's, this blunt-speaking, stocky, balding tough guy has become a national sex symbol in his 50's.

His life has been a roller-coaster, up and down. He buys a half-share of a horse for $3000, more or less to get a friend out of his hair (so to speak) and it becomes a national winner. He gets work and no work. He is wounded in World War II and won't talk about his mangled left forefinger. His brothers are named Constantine (or Gus, the older brother), Demosthenes (or George, the next in line, who plays Stavros on *Kojak),* and Praxiteles (or Teddy), with baby sister Katherine. He's a big ladies' man—but is seen most often with Sally Adams, a girl friend of many years' standing. He has a daughter Christina by his first wife, and a son Nicholas by Miss Adams.

He didn't want to do a TV series—and became the biggest thing on the tube. He owes much to Burt Lancaster for casting him in several films and sticking with him, yet he finds it difficult to acknowledge debts to anyone where his career is concerned. He loves the limelight and likes his privacy. He's created a "real" policeman, with faults and warts, but he dresses Kojak in expensive suits that couldn't come quite so frequently on a lieutenant's pay, unless that officer was "on the pad," as they say. He says he worked for the Government Information Office before becoming an actor, he speaks familiarly of the great men of our time he says he interviewed—yet no record seems to exist of this. He has a gift for languages and accents, and a gift for survival.

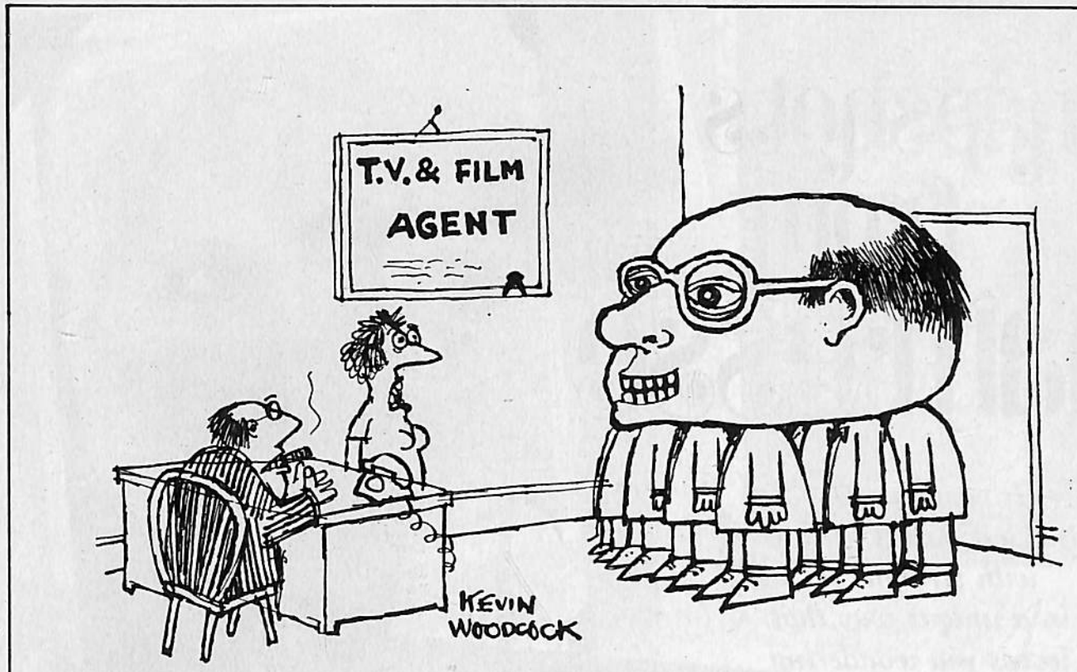
Telly Savalas is larger-than-life, twice as brassy, egotistical as a prima donna, and yet everyone seems to love him. Kojak would be a bastard to work for, but you have to admire him. Telly speaks out bluntly, sometimes shockingly, about whatever pleases or displeases him—sex, food, politics, television, executives, women, family, society, ambition, romance, dreams fulfilled and unfulfilled. This is only Chapter One, Two and Three in *The Book of Telly*—there is certainly more to come!



A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION FILMS *by Jeff Rovin. Citadel Books; 240 pp.; lavishly illus., $12.*

This is another in the fine Citadel series on various aspects of film and the personalities in it. This one is solidly filled with hundreds of photos, capsule reviews, histories of certain *genres* of SF movies (such as giant bugs or trips through time), television SF, and so on. Being a super-fan of both science fiction stories *and* SF films, I still found at least one film with which I was unfamiliar—Czechoslovakia's *Ikaria XB1* (1964), which was released here as *Voyage to the End of the Universe*—so I *know* the book has to be extensive and thorough.

My only (and very trivial) gripe is that the "backstage" photos really aren't very interesting or informative. But the rest is excellent, both text and photos. Although such a huge field must necessarily get only a once-over-lightly treatment, the author has done a good job, made fine choices of photos, and his comments are well done. □



"He's looking for a job as a crowd scene."



"Remember, if you're asked to go to bed, you say you only go to bed with your teddy bear!"

A FRENCH FILM

Snapshots from Maîtresse

It combines the kinkiest quirks of S-M with straight sex in a unique way that leaves you wondering which is which.











Filmmaker Barbet Schroeder has come up with a fascinating and disturbing movie. Gerard Depardieu plays a country youth caught burglarizing the Paris flat where Bulle Ogier operates a bizarre S-M service for degradation addicts. She enlists him as her assistant and they fall in love. Soon they're mixing business with pleasure—and vice versa.

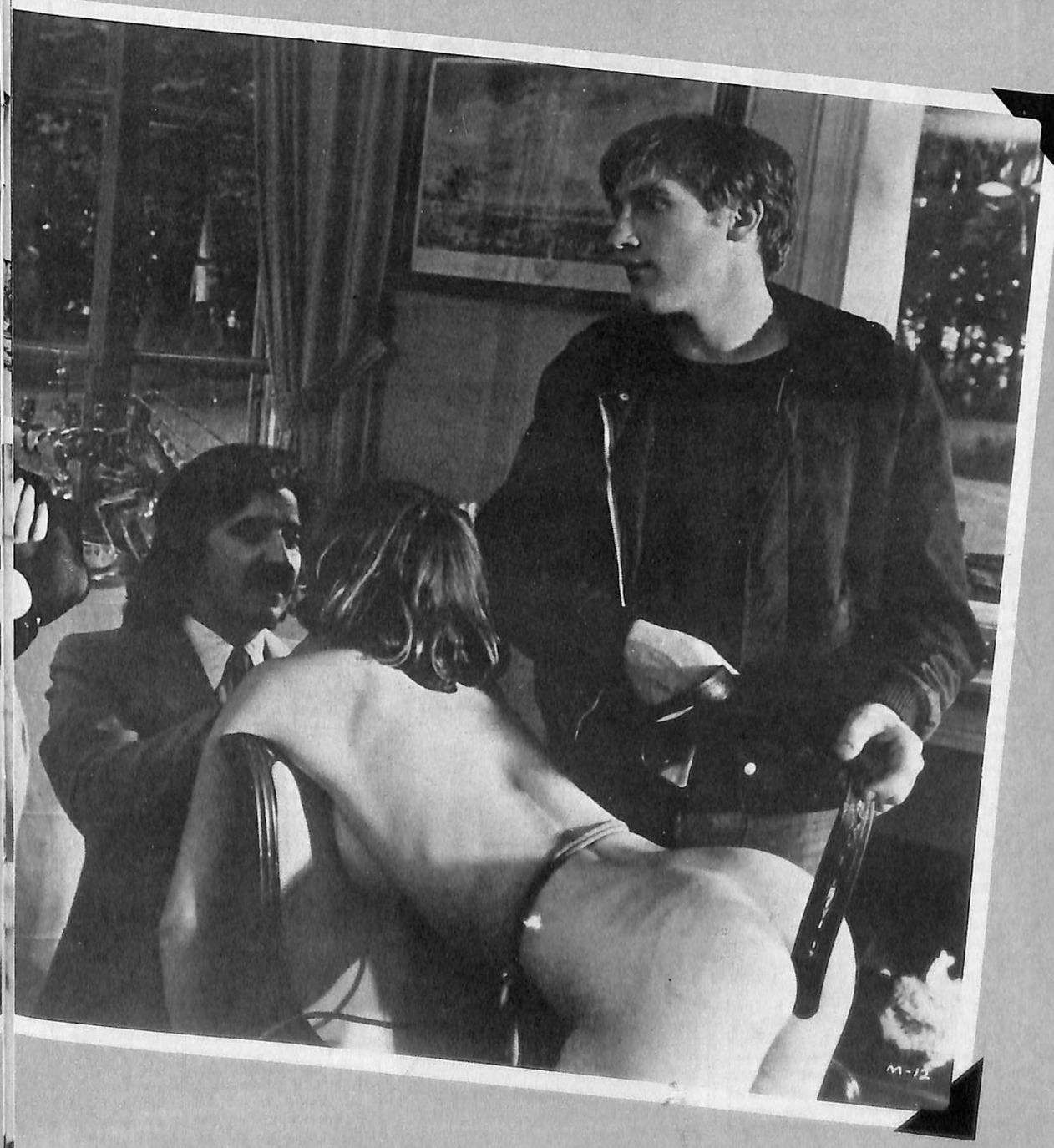






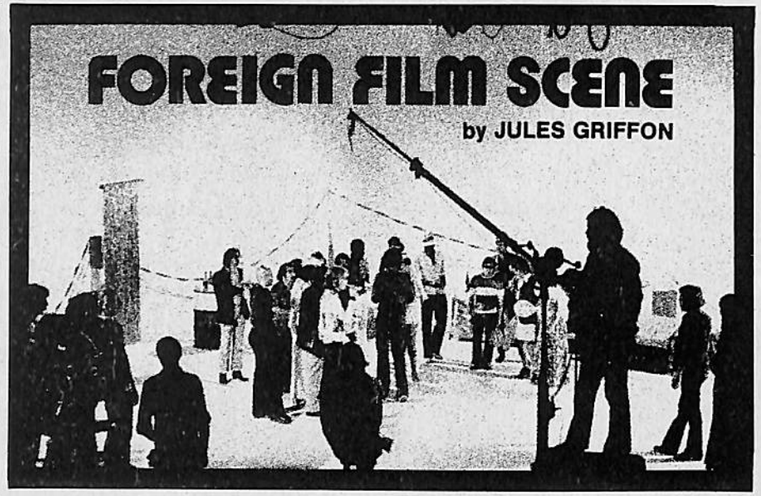
You can view it as either a deep-probing psychosexual study or a kinky peep-show for voyeurs. The moral is that offbeat sex drives can interact with so-called normal sexuality in many unsuspected ways.





FOREIGN FILM SCENE

by JULES GRIFFON



Liliana Cavani filming the sick sex-life of Friedrich Nietzsche; Italian feature film production hits new low; success of *Cousin, Cousine* spurs French film exports.

ROMAN FILM producer-director Liliana Cavani, who made a worldwide splash with her bizarre movie *The Night Porter,* which was all about sex and sadism under the Nazi regime, is doing it again, and this time probing even deeper into the sick and abnormal. Currently she's making *Beyond Good and Evil,* about the weird love-life of the 19th Century German philosopher Friedrich Nietzsche, who died in an insane asylum, and some of whose far-out theories were adopted by Adolf Hitler.

Nietzsche's famous work from which the title is taken, published in 1886, was a serious philosophical tome. He regarded Western civilization as decadent, fettered by a "slave morality" which should be replaced by the concept of a master race of supermen, who would be apart from the "common herd" of humanity. Liliana Cavani, however, has zeroed-in on Nietzsche's bisexual personal life. She candidly explains that she was fascinated by the eccentric philosopher's notorious *menage à trois* with his friends Paul Ree and Lou Andreas-Salome. Miss Cavani's interest came to focus on the character of Lou and the scandal she caused. "I wanted to show how Lou, that blonde female beast who dominated Nietzsche's life, became the model for his 'superman.'" Asked if movies like *The Night Porter* and *Beyond Good and Evil* indicate that she has an obsession with the bizarre, Miss Cavani said with a shrug: "Well, what's bizarre to you may not be bizarre to me!"

The "blonde beast" Lou is played by 25-year-old French actress Dominique Sanda, an elegant Parisian beauty who doesn't actually look like a beast at all. She has starred in *The Garden of the Finzi-Continis, The Conformist,* and recently in Bernardo Bertolucci's *1900.* The role of Nietzsche is played by Swedish actor Erland Josephson, who caught Liliana Cavani's eye in Ingmar Bergman's recent *Scenes From a Marriage.* Josephson, who really looks like Nietzsche, is also a director, a poet and a screenwriter.



Virna Lisi plays the mean sister of eccentric writer Nietzsche.

Paul Ree is played by Robert Powell, a Britisher who was in Ken Russell's *Mahler* and *Tommy* films and who starred in a TV series called *The Life of Jesus.* Veteran Italian actress Virna Lisi, remembered for her role in *How to Murder Your Wife* with Jack Lemmon, plays Nietzsche's mean sister.

GLORIA SWANSON, a contemporary of Rudolph Valentino, received the Golden Valentino Award at the festival in Lacce, Italy, marking the 50th anniversary of the death of the great screen lover, who was born in Apulia. Previous recipients have included Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Sophia Loren, Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau and Liza Minnelli. James Mason and Marcello Mastroianni were in Leece to add their handprints in the cement to those of Miss Swanson.

Shelley Winters, who has just finished her second consecutive Italian film, will soon make a third, the title unannounced as yet. Meanwhile she has approved the project of ex-husband Vittorio Gassman to make a film called *My American Daughter,* all about their daughter Victoria, with Jodie Foster playing the title role.

ITALIAN OUTLOOK DIM

The Italian film industry, which was badly hit a few months ago by the moving of the multi-million-dollar filming of *Superman* from Rome's Cinecitta to London, as reported in these columns in our last issue, seems to be going from bad to worse; some of the top figures of the Roman cinema are singing the blues. "The film industry in Italy is in an advanced state of crisis," director Lina Wertmuller said glumly in a recent interview, "but the crisis is not so much economic as cultural." Wermuller put her finger on which many observers believe is the worst slump to hit Italian filmmaking since World War II. Echoing her statement, producer Roger Beaumont said: "We have to face up to the fact that our problems are not just financial. This is a crisis of ideas. The Italian audience is tired of the stale films the producers keep giving them." And actress-commentator Victoria Zinny added: "In social terms, the Italian audience is where the American audience was a dozen years ago. At that time American audiences had turned their back on the hackneyed Hollywood fare, to watch television.

"Italian producers," Signorina Zinny continued, have underestimated the Italian public. They don't seem to realize that Italians are maturing rapidly and are increasingly turned off by the same old formula pictures. The crisis is not just a matter of money."

The production of Italian feature films has fallen off drastically; as of this writing, moviemaking has been at a standstill for the past three or four months. Many producers have blamed rising labor costs plus the government's austerity measures, but more and more critics are coming to recognize "the crisis of creativity" and to comment upon it in public.

Box-office receipts for Italian films have dropped sharply. In the first six months of 1976, four of the six top grossers at Italian theaters were American films: *Jaws, Cuckoo's Nest, Three Days of the Condor,* and *Godfather II.* In recent months the most popular films have also been American ones: *Taxi Driver, Barry Lyndon,* and *Murder by Death.*

One veteran Roman movie buff was quoted by a roving reporter: "I hardly ever go to see any Italian-made movies any more. I stick to the American and British films. Our people aren't making anything worth seeing!"

ROBERTO ROSSELLINI has been named president of the jury for the 1977 Cannes Film Festival, which is scheduled to take place May 12–26. In accepting the responsibility, the Italian director said at a Paris press conference that his presence should be interpreted as "participation in the reflection necessitated by the crisis in world cinema."



Valentino: Golden awards given in his memory. Shelley Winters is getting ready to make her third Italian movie, as yet untitled.



Due to some hassles at last year's festival and some acriminious discussion in the interim, plus the increasing competition from other film festivals which seem to be proliferating all over the world, a measure of pessimism seems to pervade the Cannes Festival headquarters in the Faubourg St. Honore. However, as of this writing in mid-February, not a single hotel reservation is left anywhere in Cannes or nearby. Stricter allocation in the allocation of accreditations and tickets is being planned by the committee, according to festival director Maurice Bessy. There will be a new theater on the Croisette with more than 400 seats, the Palais Miramar, which will be reserved for the press and for special sections of the festival.

One of the newer film festivals that's in trouble is the one in Toulon. This fledgling fete had a budget of 350,000 francs, of which 220,000 was contributed by the city of Toulon. The mayor has now announced that he will no longer give this amount, "because the festival has not brought in the expected crowds." The president of the festival, Maurice Perisset, said the festival would continue this year as scheduled, but on "an inevitably smaller scale."

After several years of discussion, Jacques Tati's first four films have finally been acquired for French distribution by Parafrance. *Jour de Fete* opened in Paris in February, preceded by a major advertising campaign. To be shown later are *Les Vacances de M. Hulot, Mon Oncle,* and *Playtime.*

Francois Truffaut's new film *L'homme Qui Amait les Filles,* starring Charles Denner, is scheduled to open in Paris in April, distributed by United Artists.

MORE FOREIGN IMPORTS?

The optimistic hope that the success in America of the French erotic film *Cousin, Cousine* may open the door to more and wider foreign film distribution in the United States was expressed by Daniel Toscan du Plantier, president of Gaumont Studios in Paris. *Cousin, Cousine* was "an interesting miracle," Du Plantier said. "Because of worldwide distribution it grossed 10 times what it would have if it had been released only in France. The film cost only $400,000 to make. Films like this, up to now, the artistic-erotic type, have been considered non-commercial—but *Cousin* has opened a new door."

Gaumont is active in production, distribution and exhibition, with theaters in all the major French cities. It is the largest circuit in France, booking 500 cinemas. In 1975 Nicholas Seydoux bought the controlling interest in Gaumont, which was established in 1885 and had been producing mainly family entertainment films. Seydoux brought in Du Plantier as director-general, and now the firm has rapidly expanded into more sophisticated filmmaking for the international market, as well as acquir-

turn to page 80

AN AMERICAN FILM

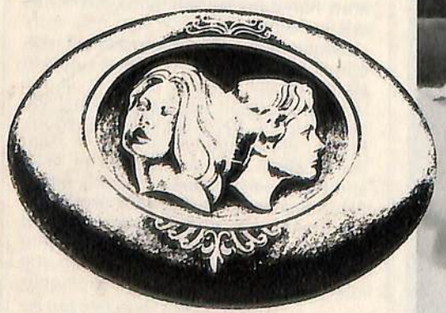
HARD SOAP

HARD SOAP

An X-rated soap opera where all problems are sexual, all solutions orgasmic!

The double-barreled title of this zany new Freeway Film Corp. release means it's a hard-core soap opera. The double format is a takeoff on *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. It's a co-production of Golden Gate Films, The Great American Soap Opera Co., and Damon Christian. Guest star John C. Holmes (hanging out at right) plays a psychiatrist who suffers from a temporary potency problem; his sexy blonde wife Penny (Laurien Dominique) and her brunette chum Linda Lou (Candice Chambers) team up to help him—and that's where the soap-opera action comes in. They start out with the best of intentions to solve Johnny's problem. But they keep getting sidetracked. Other people need help too—like Willard the shy newsboy (Jerry Jordan) whom Linda helps cure his Peeping Tom complex.



















The big-hearted girls keep running into people with sex problems. At left, Penny tries to help the milkman; he (Charles Law) suffers a heart attack; she revives him with an energetic massage and they go on from there. Then Penny is accosted by the janitor (Paul Tanner) who can get his rocks off only by raping a resisting woman.

We interrupt the preceding action to watch Linda Lou entertaining her boy friend Fred (Ken Scudder). Helpful little Penny decides that *they* need help so she joins them in an educational threesome. Turn page for more of Penny's action with the milkman and the janitor.







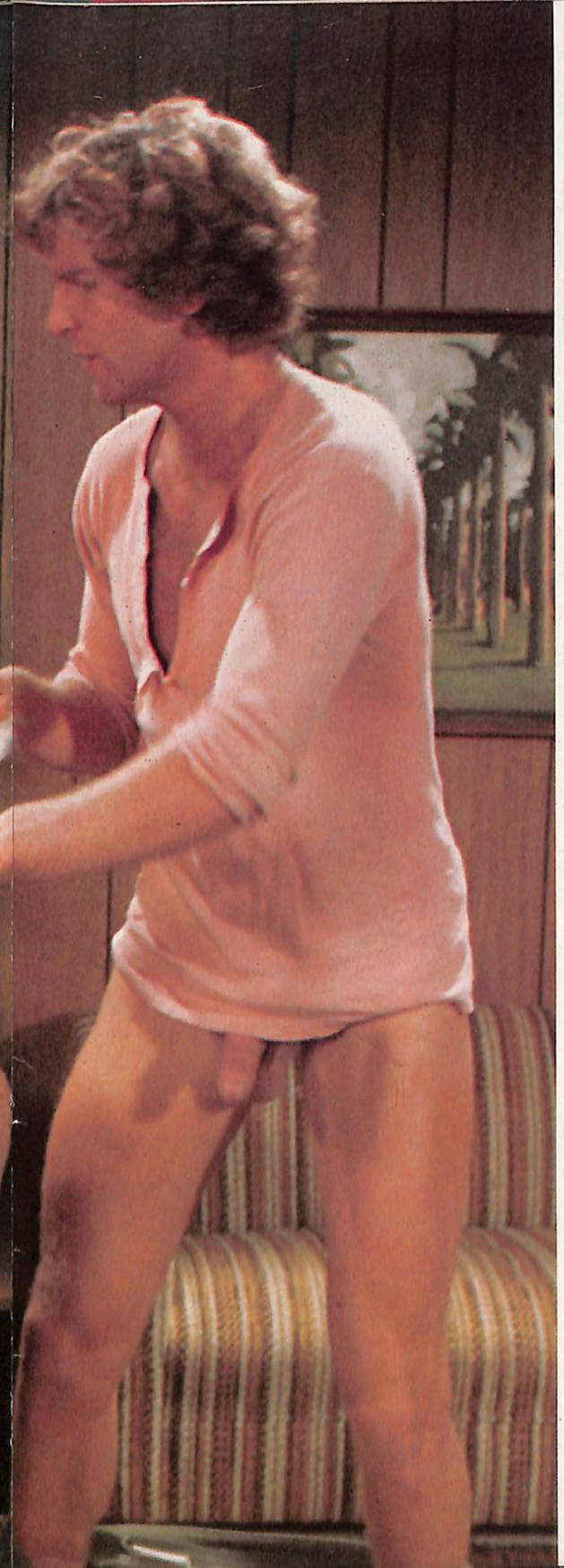






Back to pretty Penny and the sadistic janitor who has caught her alone in her husband's office and decided she can be put to good use as a sex object. At first Penny resists his athletic advances—then she finds that she *enjoys* being raped and abused! This gives rise to a brand-new problem for the girls to tackle; Penny is obviously suffering from masochism, and they have to cure her. But first she has to *want* to be cured.



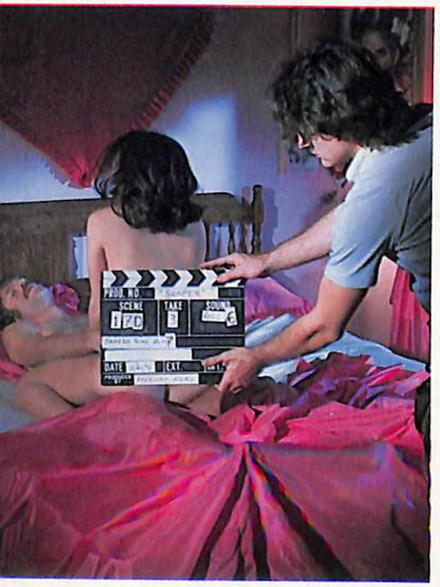








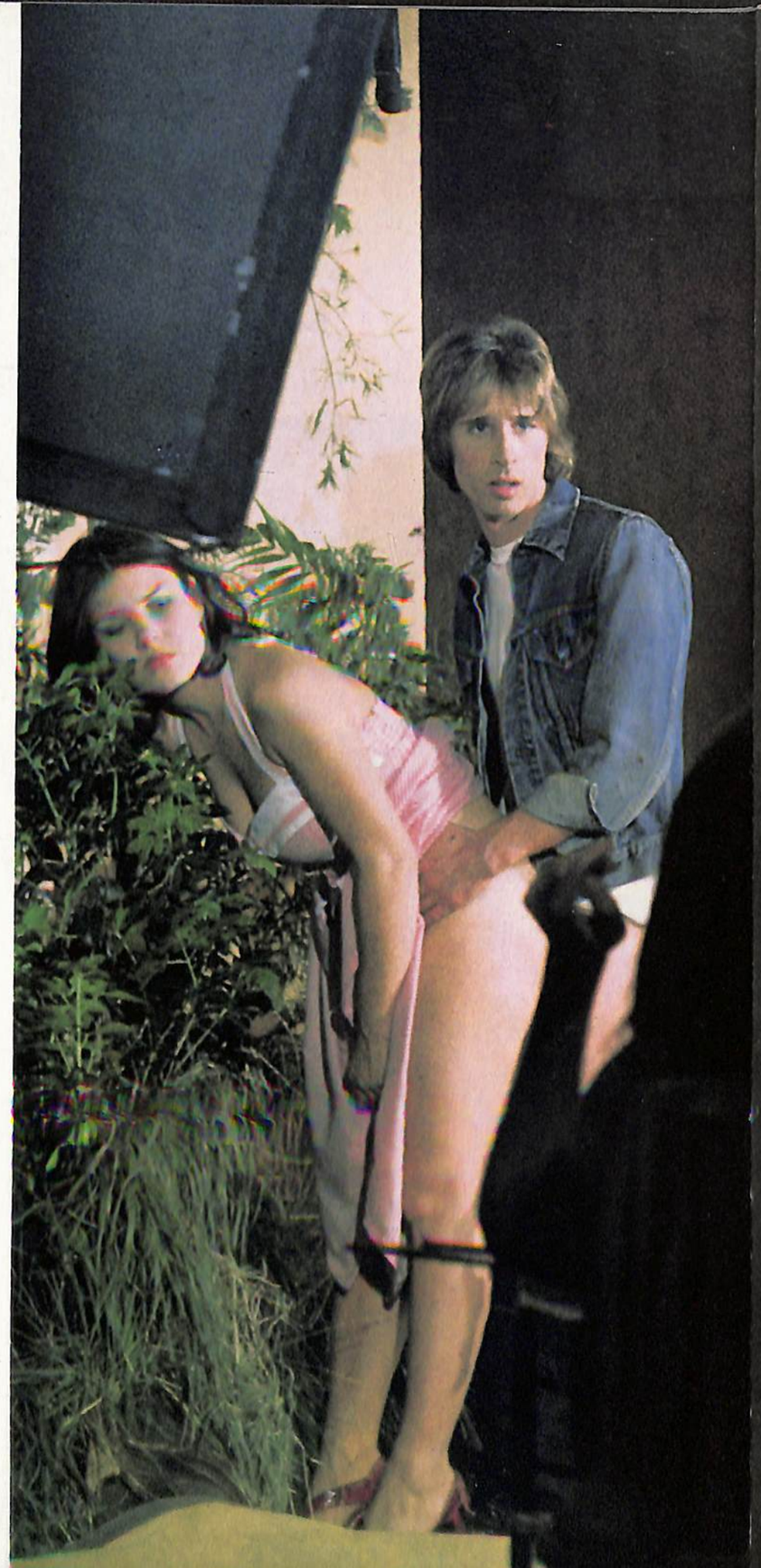
But what about Dr. Holmes, whose impotency worry started the whole thing? By this time Penny and Linda Lou realize that the good doctor's trouble most likely was due to overwork. To relieve his burden, they take over Johnny's weekly group therapy session and plunge energetically into work with the maladjusted patients.

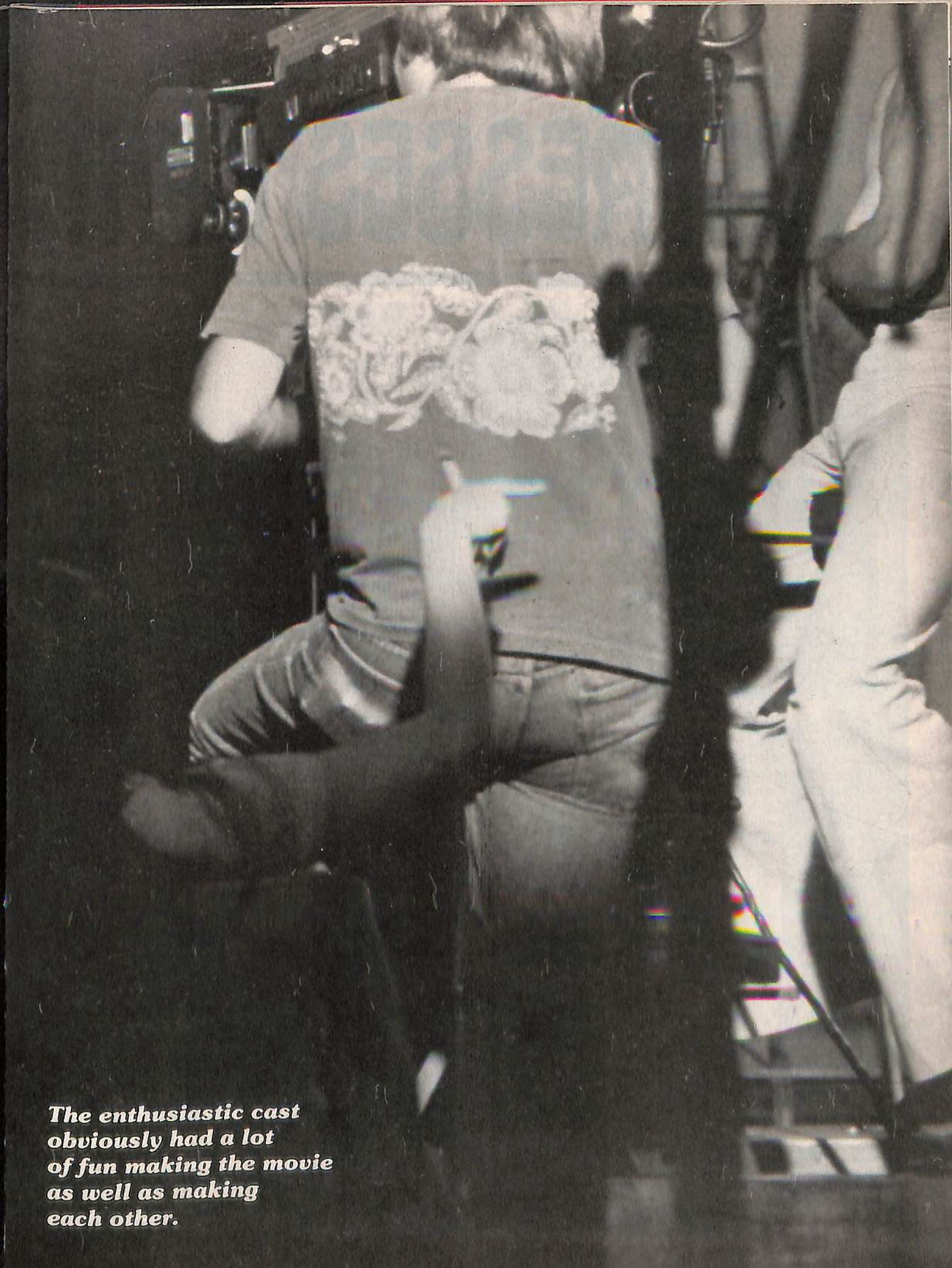


The climax comes—or rather the climaxes come—swiftly. The go-go therapy session moves to Penny's pad, where her sister shows up with a *real* problem: she has been "blinded by a flasher"! There can be only one cure, and only one man to administer it. Enter Dr. Johnny Holmes—whose own problem must be solved before he can cure sister Patty (Joan Devlon). The girls are up to it, and soon Dr. Holmes is up to it, and all are happy.

Hard Soap was produced by Richard Aldrich with Damon Christian as executive producer. It was directed by Robert Chinn from an original—and you can say that again—script written by John T. Chapman.

The girls teach the psychiatrist that the bed is mightier than the couch.





The enthusiastic cast obviously had a lot of fun making the movie as well as making each other.

article by **JERRY STOUT**

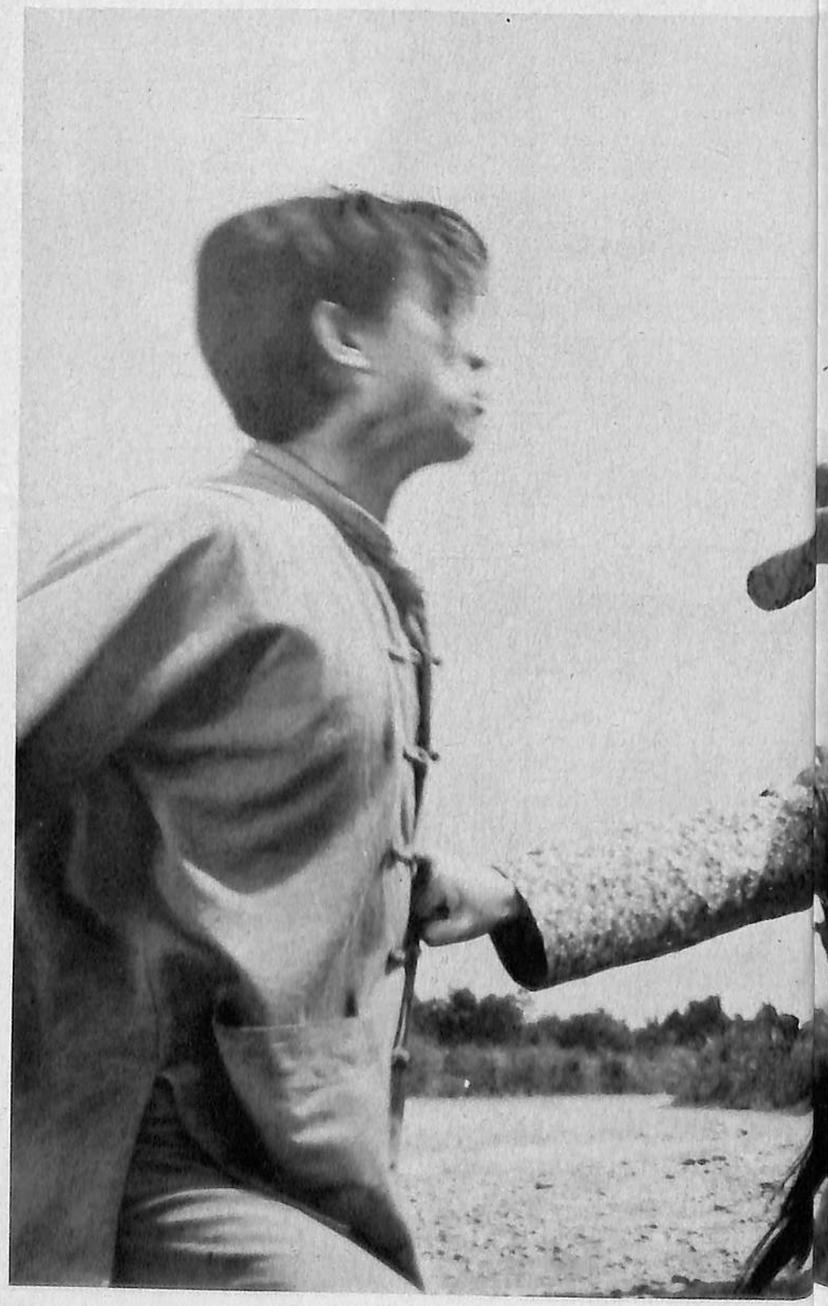
MISTRESSES OF MAYHEM

Oriental women, traditionally subservient to their men, today are moving into the martial arts action films with a thwack and a crunch—and the fans love their sexy exuberance.



FOR MANY YEARS past the Orient, one of the last bastions of male chauvinism, has seemed impervious to the deballing effects of the Women's Liberation movement. The bars and brothels of Hong Kong's Suzie Wong section pulsated with the exotic-erotic charm of the luscious descendants of the sing-song girls of Old China. Swathed in clinging silken dresses, their lithe, sinuous bodies belied the modesty of their mandarin collars, their slit skirts emphasizing the temptation of their well-turned thighs. The entire area served to reinforce the Westerner's stereotyped perception of the Chinese woman of pleasure's role as a seducer and exciter of men.

And in Japan the image of woman, whether she be charming geisha, obedient wife, or hip Turkish bath-girl, has been one of docile servility. Thus until recently it was assumed that the Oriental woman's only function and her only ambition was to serve her man both emotionally and sexually. Now it seems she

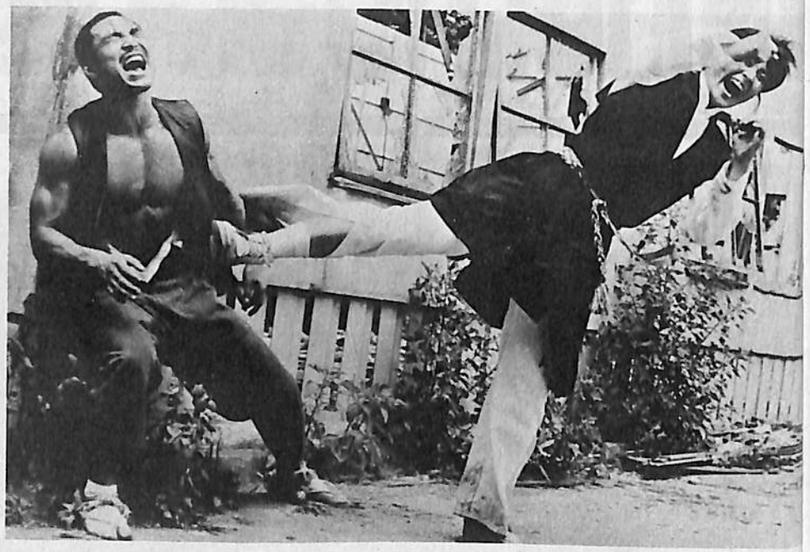




Angela Mao-Ying is the kung fu queen of the Chinese action films made in Kong Hong. Here she zaps two men in Deadly China Doll.

Young Japanese girl challenges established Chinese star for supremacy among the few female exponents of the strenuous Oriental arts of bone-crushing, groin-kicking and head-bashing.





also wants to deck him—to lay him out as well as to lay him!

It has been three years since *Enter the Dragon*, the picture which is now considered *the* definitive martial arts film, exploded onto screens throughout the world. What it did for its star, Bruce Lee, is now legend: it became the apogee of his short-lived career. And it also introduced a cute and energetic little Hong Kong chick to American audiences.

PLAYING LEE'S sister, in what amounted to a cameo role, she walloped her way through half-a-dozen would-be rapists led by a sneering "white devil." Cornered, exhausted after having beaten most of her attackers into insensability, she improvised a Hong Kong version of *hara kiri*, using a long sliver of glass. It was never established whether the heavy was a necrophiliac.

The girl of uneasy virtue was played by a contract player from co-producer Raymond Chow's Golden Harvest Studios, Angela Mao-Ying, whose career immediately zoomed. Raymond Chow, shrewd showman that he is, realizing her international potential, dubbed some of her earlier Mandarin Chinese releases into English, ground out some quickie new projects, and deluged the States with Mao-Ying chop-socky flicks. Using titles like *Deep Thrust* to catch the Yankee eye and dollar, Chow exported *Lady Kung Fu* and *Deadly China Doll* in rapid succession. Meanwhile he began shooting *Stoner*, a new Mao-Ying product with





Japan's 20-year-old Etsuko Shiomi says: "I want to be the best female action star in the whole world!" She is pictured in portrait by Jerry Stout and scenes from Karate Woman.

the additional ingredient of an Anglo male star, George Lazenby, the James Bond drop-out, for the international market.

Who is this golden girl of the groin-kicks? Known variously as Angela Mao, Angela Mao-Ying, or simply as Mao-Ying, she was born in 1950 in Taiwan and named Mao Ching Ying. Her family had fled the Chinese mainland just before the Red takeover, seeking sanctuary in Taipei where her father, Mao Yung Kang, re-established himself as a director of classical Chinese opera. It was in her father's Foh Sing Opera Academy that the three-year-old Mao-Ying's training in *kung fu* began.

Years later, Angela's classical training paid off for her. One of Raymond Chow's directors, Huang Feng, was in Taipei filming a sword-picture—there was a spot in the film for a girl who knew the martial arts. Mao-Ying was suggested by a mutual friend. She was tested, and Chow immediately signed her to a long-term contract.

AT THAT TIME Chinese sword-pictures were extremely popular all over Southeast Asia. An extension of the Japanese samurai films of the early 60's, the costume epics were ground out in two or three weeks to meet the demands of their insatiable audiences. The fans, however, needed more and more new faces and—eventually—different methods of bloodletting.

Kung fu, which had originally played a minor role in the films, augmenting the sword-play, gradually took over a larger part of the action. What had earlier been snubbed by the young Chinese as being too old-fashioned began to grow in popularity. *Kung-fu sifu* (instructors) who had been overlooked for years had their status reaffirmed and reopened their *kwoons* (gyms) to the new students who rode the wave of chauvinism back to the ancient, half-forgotten art. It was during this transition that Angela Mao was discovered.

Since starting her film career, Angela has added another fighting style to her repertoire. While in Korea shooting *The Angry River*, she was introduced to the relatively new art of *hap ki do* by instructor Shi Han Tsi. After two years of intensive training, she was awarded a black belt. Mao-Ying's combination of styles has helped her team up happily with a variety of *kung fu, jeet kune do* and *tae kwon do* leading men. Consequently, in a genre which demands more credentials than just another pretty face, Angela has been considered the undisputed mistress of mayhem. Now, however, her position may not be all that secure—with the recent emergence of a new challenger from Japan, shapely young Etsuko Shiomi.

LIKE HER Hong Kong predecessor, Shiomi was introduced to American audiences in a small supporting role in a film dominated by a male martial artist. The star was Sonny Chiba, the picture *The Streetfighter*. And as it was with Mao-Ying, the movie which put Shiomi into the American spotlight was by no means her first.

Twenty-year-old Etsuko Shiomi was born in Okayama City, where she lived until she moved to Tokyo to attend high school. Excelling in gymnastics and trampoline, she wanted to put her agility to good use in the study of martial arts. She heard that Sonny Chiba had organized the Japan Action Club as a training-ground for martial arts actors and stunt-men. Having been a fan of the actor's for years, Shiomi started writing to him every day, asking permission to join.

Sonny Chiba's credentials for forming such a club were excellent. He is a graduate of Nihon Taiiku Daigaku, the Jap-

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BROTHELS OF NEVADA

by Robert Engle

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"Well, that's show business!"



"How did I get started in this business? Which business—prostitution, or making porno movies?"



Sonny Chiba, Etsuko's martial arts mentor, instructs her in intricacies of kendo kata. Jerry Stout photo.

anese University of Physical Education, where he studied gymnastics and martial arts, planning a career as a phys-ed instructor. For five years he studied *go-ju ryu,* attaining *ni-dan,* with the legendary sensei, Mas Oyama, whom he is now portraying in a series of biographical films. Chiba also acquired *sho-dan* in judo, kendo and shorinji kenpo, and during his senior year he coached at the university. It was his chance entry in a New Faces contest sponsored by the Toei Studio that diverted Chiba's career from athletics to show-biz. He won the contest.

THE JAPAN Action Club is a non-profit group which Chiba and the Toei stunt coordinator, Koji Hiyo, formed over four years ago. With the upsurge in popularity of the action film, they saw a growing need among Japanese actors who were unschooled in martial arts. Contrary to the popular Western stereotype, all Japanese are not black belts in judo or karate, and not all Japanese actors are well trained in kendo. Yet each new action feature demanded more stunts and flashier fights. Realizing that the average Japanese actor earns very little pay and cannot afford extensive training, Chiba and Hiyo organized the JAC to train those actors at no charge.

After many months of daily letters, Etsuko Shiomi was accepted into the JAC. During her first year of membership she performed trampoline stunts in films, emulating the acrobats in the Chinese kung fu flicks, and doubled for actress Yoyoe Watanabe in karate scenes. All this was accomplished before the pretty neophyte had graduated from high school. It was during this period that Shiomi laid the foundation for her daily regimen of two hours of karate and weapons workout. In no time at all, she became Sonny Chiba's prize pupil.

After a year of apprenticeship, Etsuko made her acting debut as Chiba's sister in a fantasy called *To Kill Love,* in which they both played 1000-year-old demons who come to earth to avenge themselves on young people in love! The role gave the budding actress a chance to display an age-range from 18 to 80.

Within the next few months Etsuko was cast in several other pictures, and finally was awarded a co-starring role in Chiba's television series *The Bodyguard.* In this she plays a karate expert who is the star's right-hand girl, a kind of Japanese equivalent of Mrs. Emma Peel.

SHIOMI'S FIRST real starring role was in a picture called *Onna Hissaysuken* or *Lady Karate,* which has not yet been released in this country. She plays a half-Japanese, half-Chinese girl who has learned *kung fu* while growing up in Hong Kong. After hearing that her brother, a Chinese undercover narcotics agent, has disappeared mysteriously while investigating a Tokyo-based narcotics ring, Shiomi volunteers her services to her brother's agency.

She is sent to Japan to infiltrate the drug traffickers in order to find him. In Japan she meets karate expert Seiichi Hibiki, played by Sonny Chiba in a small but pivotal role. Chiba appears in the proverbial knick of time with some followers aiding Shiomi in her attack on the gangsters who hold her brother prisoner. Among the drug racketeers is an assortment of weapons experts hired by the narcotics boss as bodyguards. Shiomi and Chiba have a field day chopping their way through a host of grotesque heavies who specialize in *nunchaku, sai, tonfa* and *kama.* The choreography is crisp and colorful, with Shiomi using a *kung fu* style rather than the *go-ju ryu* or *kenpo* which are her and Chiba's mainstay.

Lady Karate was followed by a running (literally) part in Chiba's next TV series, *Guerillas Seven,* a spy-adventure program featuring less karate and more far-out stunts. It was not unusual for Shiomi to find herself hanging from beneath a helicopter, crashing a car, or fighting on top of a moving train, or mountain cable-car—reminiscent of *The Perils of Pauline.*

ETSUKO SHIOMI is a phenomenon of modern Japan. She incorporates the idealized virtues of young Japanese womanhood—humility, poise, shyness—in her daily life. Yet on the mats she becomes another person, an athlete, a martial artist, the equal of men, confident of her own abilities. She announces with understandable pride that she is the first female action star in Japan. She is aware, of course, that her immediate competition is Angela Mao, whose films have made inroads into the Japanese market in recent years. She realizes, however, that Mao-Ying is—in Shiomi's estimation—a doddering 26, and is married, a state which makes more infringements on a woman's career in the Orient than it does in the United States.

Shiomi's approach to the martial arts is possibly more pragmatic than is Mao-Ying's since her early training was not in the dance-like ritual movements used in the Opera Academy, but in *waza* to be used directly in a film. Since Sonny Chiba does not bestow ranks, Shiomi has no belt standing. Her concentration is not on *kata,* but on the polishing of practical techniques which work well on the screen and—with small modification—on the streets.

Tall, lean and leggy, Shiomi's stance is wide and her attitude is aggressive. The product of much preparation, she is equally at ease using an arm-throw on an opponent, or a double flying kick. She has mastered both soft and hard styles.

ALTHOUGH SHE has never acted in *jidai geki* (period films), Shiomi studies kendo under the direct tutelage of Sensei Chiba. Using the *boken* (hardwood stick) they practice kendo forms, applying them to motion-picture scenes which require weaponry. Hence in a modern movie the sword may become a cane, a broom, or a pool-cue. Though the weapon may changed, the basics remain the same.

Shiomi also works out with other weapons. In most of her pictures thus far, she has been called upon to use at least one. In *Lady Karate* she used several: the *sai, tonfa,* and her favorite, *nunchaku.* About the only martial arts weapon she hasn't used in a film is the ancient *naginata,* which is used in period pictures exclusively. Etsuko is confident that, if necessary, she could master it.

That about summarizes Etsuko Shiomi—confidence, candor and ability. Coupled with youth and good looks, they are an unbeatable combination. She sums it up when she says: "I want to be the first all-round female action star in Japan! I want to be Angela Mao's competition. By the time I get to her age, I want to be *better* than she is. I want to be the best action girl in the whole world!" It's obvious that Etsuko has a very good chance of attaining her goal. □

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by **GARY GROIN** *with Thomas H. Hilton*

I'm a cum-shot stand-in

DON'T YOU DARE come in my cunt!" the sex queen shouts from the silver screen at Hard-on Horace, the heart-throb of hard-core. The lines seem somehow unreal, since she is humping beneath him like an abandoned whore while he's pistoning that huge glistening prick in and out of her gaping gash like a runaway steam-engine.

"Cripes, no power on earth could make a man pull out at a moment like this!" you say to yourself as you are about to flood your own Fruit of the Loom with crotch-cream sauce. A man would have to have superhuman control to be able to stop short and slip out of that seething snatch just when he's ready to blast his balls in that hot creamy cunt. At this point your hand has slid into your pants-pocket and you're cursing the fact that you didn't bring a raincoat to the adult theater tonight.



There's an audible gasp throughout the audience as the superstud on screen suddenly backs off and breaks contact with that torrid hairy crotch. The sex-plicit scene has been shot close-up, and now suddenly the camera-angle changes. You see his slimy shaft, twitching and throbbing, as he presses towards her, and either he or she grasps it and strokes it to the final moment of truth. The glistening glans swells like a puff-adder about to strike, and then the hot starchy cum blasts out in gusher after gusher, to mat her muff-fur or settle in little irridescent puddles of pearlescent white on the ivory skin of her belly, breasts or buttocks.

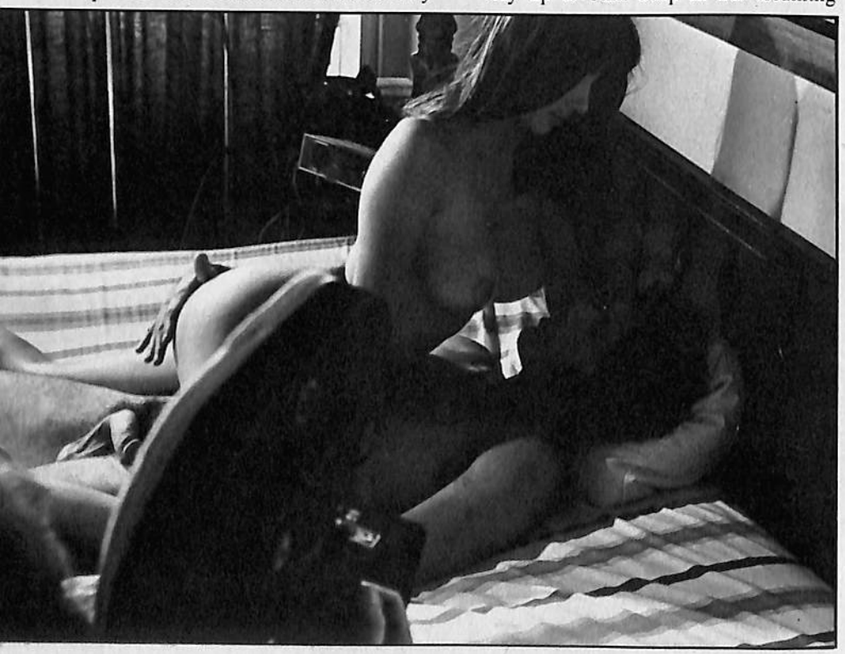
You've watched him fucking her in the cunt or asshole or cramming it into her luscious lips. What you see now is the "cum shot," and it has become a big item in sexflicks. You can watch his jism jettison, and this removes all doubt that there is anything simulated about this sex scene. The sight of sperm spewing from the climaxing cock adds a new dimension of realism to sex-on-screen. And pornpix producers and directors have discovered, of late, that it does far more than just this. It establishes a strong avenue of appeal by means of which to attract females as well as males to the adult theaters.

"The sight of sperm spurting from a climaxing cock has added a new dimension of realism to sex-on-screen—and I'm the guy who provides it for you!"



"You've never seen my face in a movie and you most likely never will, but you'd recognize me in an instant by my cock! You've seen it spurting its starchy stuff into all those lovely faces and bodies . . ."

IN THE EARLY days when adult films were going through the simulsex stage of development, even the daring introduction of the "cum shot" was simulated. A length of thin transparent plastic tubing was taped to the lower part of the guy's prick. This was attached to a syringe with a rubber squeeze-ball filled with white hand-lotion. Superstud could appear to spew his sperm right on cue, by simply squeezing on this third ball between his thighs. It was a new and startling special effect in its day—but porno productions have come a long way in a very short span of time. Audiences today are infinitely more sophisticated and selective. In pornos, as in other types of movies, *realism* is the big thing. No longer will they buy the phony sex sequences and counterfeit climaxes. Any-



one who tried to palm off any such ersatz erotocism these days would find his film laughed and booed right out of the theatre.

As a result, Harry Hardcock, the heartthrob of hard-core, no longer comes onto the sound stage of sex fitted out to look like something that should be hanging over a pawnshop door. The demands of the current market call for an *authentic* eruption of lover's lava from the slit glans of a real live spewing prick.

That's where *I* come in (pun intentional)—since I am a "cum shot" stand-in for the superstuds of the sex screen. You've never seen my face in a movie and you probably never will, but you'd recognize my by my cock in an instant. You've seen it spurting its starchy semen all over the lovely faces and bodies of every sex queen of the adult theater world. While some young actors with a promising future are often called "comers" in the industry, I hold a solid grip on the title of "king of the *cummers*." On the closed sets of pornopix I'm affectionately known as "King Kum."

"Fuck me, fuck me, *fuck me!*" gasps the glamorous naked girl before the camera under the hot klieg lights, "Harder, deeper, faster! I'm gonna come all over your big beautiful prick in my hot little cunt!"

THE CAMERA moves in close now as the male star drives his drooling dong deeper and deeper into her greasy gash. You can almost see his pulse pounding in the tightly swollen vein along the bottom length of his throbbing, twitching prick as he crams his famous cock from the very tip to balls-deep in her creaming cunt. It's all too painfully obvious that he's on the very verge of blasting his balls deep inside the lovely lady.

Off-camera in a canvas chair next to the director, I sit watching the action and stroking my meat to keep it near the bursting-point. My big moment is rapidly approaching. The guy on-camera is fucking her furiously now. The director could yell "Cut!" until he was hoarse but no avail. That star stud is only human, and no power on earth could make him stop and quit the race this close to the finish-line. Like the old saying goes: "A stiff prick has no conscience."

I stop pounding the bishop now lest I cross the finish-line right along with him. This is *one* race in which a dead-heat finale is easy, but I'm not paid for a tie-finish. My job is to produce the second coming. A few feet in front of me the couple on-camera are fucking like a pair of maniacal minks. Their bodies are glistening with sweat from the hot lights above. The female star begins to tremble like an autumn leaf, and suddenly the convulsive contortions of climax take over her body with earthquake force. It's obvious that she isn't faking this orgasm. The complete cookie crumbling inside her crotch has its effect upon her male co-star. Now he rams his glistening shaft of white-hot man-meat into the slimy slash of her torrid twat like a runaway pile-driver. There are little swishing sounds as his prick pistons in-and-out, and these are punctuated by what seems to be applause from her ass as his dangling balls slap against her asshole between widespread cheeks, making little clapping noises.

Suddenly he emits an animal cry midway between a groan and a grunt. The cheeks of his ass are pressed tightly together now and twitching. He's spewing his spunk deep inside her seething snatch! The little sex-show has reached its logical conclusion. She's been satisfied, and now he has too—but the audiences still want more. They demand to *see* him come, and they'll feel cheated if they don't watch the depth-bomb detonate in his balls and blast their milky contents in spurts of sperm to make little puddles of cum all over the soft white skin of her now-heaving lower abdomen. This is *my* cue. I'm about to go on and do my thing. I'll get no screen credit for it. Stand-ins never do. We're the unsung heroes of the movie industry who do the seemingly impossible feats for which the stars take bows and accept the plaudits of their fans.

I REACH DOWN and stroke my meat to make sure that I'm ready to go on. My big stiff prick is hard as a rock and hot as a firecracker. Off to my right I hear the director call "Cut!" The star stud pulls out of her now. His slimy *schlong* is shrinking fast. He moves out of camera-range as the female leads remains motionless, as she's been taught to do for such "instant replays" of erotic eruptions. The camera, which has been positioned for a crotch-shot close-up, is quickly dollied around and up to shoot down across her tits and focus on her abundant mound of hairy muff.

The director gives me the nod. He checks my cock. It resembles a reddish ramrod and he seems satisfied. I move in between her open thighs and bury my burning meat-balls deep in her greasy grocket. I hold very still with my prick deep inside her pussy. Off to the side I hear the sound-man call "Speed!" and now the director gives the order to the cameraman: "Roll em!" Then he adds, as a little private joke among the *in* group on the set, "And keep filming til King Kum Comes!"

I am vaguely aware of hearing the whirring of the shutter now and then. I hear the magic word "Action!" I begin to pump in-and-out of her with desperate fury now, to visually indicate to the audience that my climax is building fast. It's an act I don't have to fake in the slightest. She's so hot and juicy and the moist muff-massage she gives my hot dry cock with her creamy cunt is like liquid lunacy that is driving me rapidly mad. I try to hold back to enjoy as many strokes into her famous furred furrow as I can, before I pull out and blast my balls all over her belly. It's the principal fringe-benefit of my unique employment, and I plan to play it to the hilt.

All too soon I feel the telltale rumblings deep down inside my tortured nuts. The moment of truth is at hand. Mustering all the willpower at my command, I pull my twitching cock from her warm moist muff and tickle its trembling lower side with her cunt-hair. Her soft cool hand (with the well-known three rings) reaches down and encircles the very base of it right next to my balls. She strokes it tenderly, being careful not to obscure the camera's view of the little jerky motions it makes entirely on its own. I see the cameraman zoom in for an even closer choke-shot, as the mauve head of my near-exploding prick swells up and then jettisons its hot jism in four distinct spurts, which glisten iridescently under the strong lights like little white oil-slicks on her beautiful belly. Her hand squeezes and pulls on my spent shaft now like a milkmaid at the udder, intent upon pumping the very last drop of crotch-cream from this torrid teat. She rubs and massages the slimy knob, and then her fingers trail upward over her cum-covered lower tummy as she finds those pools of milky molten manhood and rubs them appreciatively into her smooth white skin like the most precious of beauty lotions.

CUT AND PRINT IT!" the director calls from somewhere far away in the background. The huge hot lights overhead go off suddenly. I help the gal to her feet. She throws me a wicked wink and strolls off, giving no more afterthought to either her male co-star or me, than she would to a couple of guys who'd held a door open for her at a department store.

After less than an hour on the set my day's work is over. In accordance with the star caste system of the picture industry I am just a stand-in, a low man on the totem pole of talent. As such I don't rate a dressing-room. I wobble a trifle weakly over to the far side of the big sound stage where my clothes are hung on two hooks in the raw wood wall. Once dressed, I seek out the producer and sign a voucher for my day's "work." Within the next few days I'll get a check for $25 in the mail. On the way out I pass the female star whom I have fucked briefly and then shot my load all over. I don't think she even recognizes me with my clothes on.

The little classified ad I'd answered a month ago in the underground Hollywood newspaper had sounded intriguing. At the time I'd had no inkling that it would launch me on my uniquely erotic career in sexphisticated adult films. Although it had appeared under "Actors' Opportunities," it had started by announcing that acting ability was not required. A prominent producer of pornpix sought a well-endowed male, readily aroused (preferably a "self-starter") with great sexual self-control, and capable of cumming on cue. It promised pleasant working conditions, short hours and good pay. I hastened to phone the number listed and arrange for an audition.

It was a memorable experience. Two



"I reach down and stroke my meat to make sure I'm ready to go on. The director yells 'Cut!' The star stud pulls out of her snatch. His dick is shrinking now. She lies with legs wide, ready for me!"

minutes after I walked into their office, two men who were total strangers to me asked to see my cock. When I obliged, it seemed that I had passed the first test. Next they wanted to see it get hard. One kept licking his lips and offered to help me get it up. I declined, and stroked it rapidly with my hand to a state of roaring erection. They exchanged glances and nods of approval. Next I would have to take a screen-test to prove that my prick was photogenic. I was given a slip of paper with an address and a time on it.

WHEN I ARRIVED on the impromptu "set," lights and camera were already set up. I was told to go into an adjoining room and undress and come back "ready for action." When I did, the "take" was already under way. I recognized the most famous cocksucker of them all, doing her well-known deep gulp on a male porn star whose cock was legendary. I stood on the sidelines stroking my meat as I watched the action from just a few feet away. She was riding full-length up-and-down what appeared to be a baseball bat growing out of his crotch. She slurped her lips and tongue all the way down that towering inferno, till they grazed its very foundations and tickled his balls. I don't know how long she'd been going down on it when I came in, but within two minutes his whole body shuddered and it was obvious that he was coming in her mouth and shooting his wad deep down into her throat. I could see her swallowing repeatedly to ingest his full disgorge. One of the producers turned to me and asked, "Ready?" Looking down at my roaring hard-on, he smiled foolishly as though he'd just asked a stupid question.

They moved me into position, and soon the high priestess of head was swooping down on my throbbing shaft like a starving sword-swallower. I felt her lips graze my pubic hairs and her tongue dart out and tickle my balls. I remember thinking: "For this I'm gonna get paid!" I tried to hold back but she was sucking my prick voraciously. Her trained tongue told her when I was ready to crumble my cookies, and she practically forced my cock from her mouth with it.

While the cameras whirred on, she licked the glistening glans and swollen vein as she grasped my balls gently and squeezed them encouragingly. I didn't just cum, I *exploded!* I blasted out my hot cum in burst after burst all over her famous face. I must have pumped at least a pint of it into her eyes, nostrils, hair, and over her lips, cheeks and chin. She ran her fingers over her face, working some of my spunk into her skin and accumulating more on her fingertips, which she then licked and sucked dry, as if intent that not a drop of her favorite ambrosia should go to waste. Everyone seemed pleased with my performance, and my cum-career in the cinema was launched in high gear.

Since then I've shot my cum all over the faces, tits, tummies and asses of just about every sex siren of the sex screen. And yet, if I were to bump into a couple of them at a party, they probably wouldn't know me from Adam with my clothes on. Perhaps if I were to unzip my fly and whip out my cock, *that* they'd recognize—and so would you.

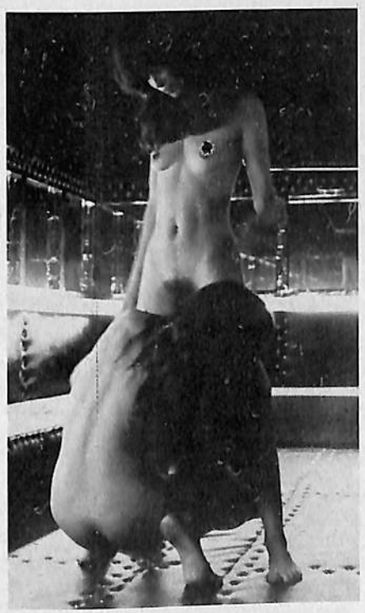
I may never be famous and see my name in lights, but I'm quite happy with my little niche in the industry. I get paid by the cum, and I work 12 to 20 cum shots a week. The money's good, the working conditions are fantastic, and I don't even have to join the union! □



pictorial report
by BILLY RYDER

Frisco's live lewdies hit a new high in erotic nostalgia—combining the old-time peep-show with bizarre S&M quirks for a spanking-new brand of way-out kinkiness.

THE GIRLS IN THE ULTRA-ROOM



EVER SINCE San Francisco's Mitchell Brothers erupted into national porneminence with their bombshell film *Behind the Green Door,* they have remained in the forefront of today's liberated sex scene. Their latest "happening," the Ultra-Room, is the *coup de grace,* the livin' end. This reporter was privileged to be among the select group of 33 people who witnessed the inaugural performance in the Ultra-Room one afternoon last January.

The Ultra-Room measures 20-by-30 feet. It has been built in an area of the Mitchells' O'Farrell Theatre which previously housed an erotic art gallery. Upholstered in black leatherette, the room is encircled by small private booths on three sides, while the back area is large enough to accomodate eight or nine standees. Inside the darkened booth, a patron has his or her own window on the scene. Inside the leather-padded room, the performers are surrounded by mirrors. The members of the audience are invisible behind the two-way glass.

Here is the ultimate voyeurist fantasy! For ten dollars, a customer gets 30 minutes in the booth where he may see all there is to see of the women inside without their knowing who he is—quite a different experience from attending a live show and having the female performer watching him watch her.

The first show in the Ultra-Room was sold out in a couple of minutes, and the others went just as quickly. Soon we were inside and the door to the lobby was closed. I was on my knees in front of the glass door, shooting the pictures you see in these pages, at an 8th and a 15th of a second. Around me, the local straight press was trying to figure out how to cover the event. Kinky sex is *in* these days, but you'd never know it to read the S.F. *Chronicle* and *Examiner.* Two women fighting, bad-mouthing each other, fingering each other's cunts, licking a lot of tit, and generally having themselves a good time swinging on the rings and bouncing around on the leather. How you gonna tell the family reader about stuff like that? Over the speaker, a narrator is reading some cornball Chinese fairy-tale, and the two women are supposed to be acting it out—but it's strictly a low-key bondage act in what has to be the ultimate torture chamber in town.

THE WOMEN are nicely contrasted. One is a tall thin blonde, the other a shorter and rounder brunette. As the action begins, the short woman is bound by her hands to a pair of rings suspended from the ceiling. The blonde fondles her, pulls off her black silk panties, and goes down on her. Then she frees her and the tables turn as the brunette grabs a black leather cat-o'-nine-tails and begins to whip hell out of her. The blonde seems to enjoy it, and we know it isn't faked because we can see the marks left by the whip on the white skin of the blonde's hips and thighs.



The brunette ties the blonde's hands and sits on her face. Whether or not she's getting a mouthful of pussy is impossible to tell from where I am positioned, one of the drawbacks of the Ultra-Room being that the viewer has only one viewing-spot and can't see the action from various angles. This means the girls have to move around and repeat their various moves and positions. They know the press is on the door, and you can bet they come up and rub a little juice on the glass for us!

Those women seem to be having a good time in there. Since the audience is invisible, they've probably forgotten all about it. The blonde has three fingers inside of the other's cunt now, and the brunette is sucking on her titties. Now they're rolling around again on that silver-studded leather floor. Is this a sex act or a wrestling match? What's going on inside those private booths? I'll bet some of those businessmen are licking



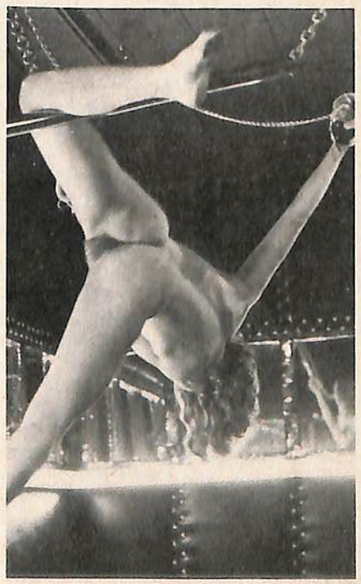
them. They didn't even have a rehearsal, but then there rarely *are* any rehearsals in the sex-show game, either live or on film. In a week or two, one woman will be carrying the other around from window to window, smearing each one with a cunt-imprint while the guys inside yell for smell-o-vision! They could make a mint by wearing a different pair of panties for each performance and auctioning them off to the highest bidder after the show. The kinkier you get, the better the boys like it. Just watching a couple of naked girls wrestle isn't going to make it, not even in a big collective orgasmatron like the Ultra-Room.

And the vice squad? Well, there are two schools of thought about that. There are the speculators who are gambling that pornography will become more and more legitimate as the 70's peter out, and with wider distribution opening up, that it will boom. These folks are investing in sex and sex-related projects. In the other camp are those who anticipate a lot of repression coming along in the wake of Carter's victory. This would mean a narrower market for sex films and a big loss for the speculators.

Meanwhile, the Ultra-Room is wide-open as of this writing. The first two weeks of shows are sold out, and nobody has been busted. What will happen when the Mitchell Brothers put a man and a woman in that leather box is anybody's guess. Mine is—nothing. San Francisco has a rep for being Sex City, and that rep brings in the tourists and the tourist dollars from all over the world.

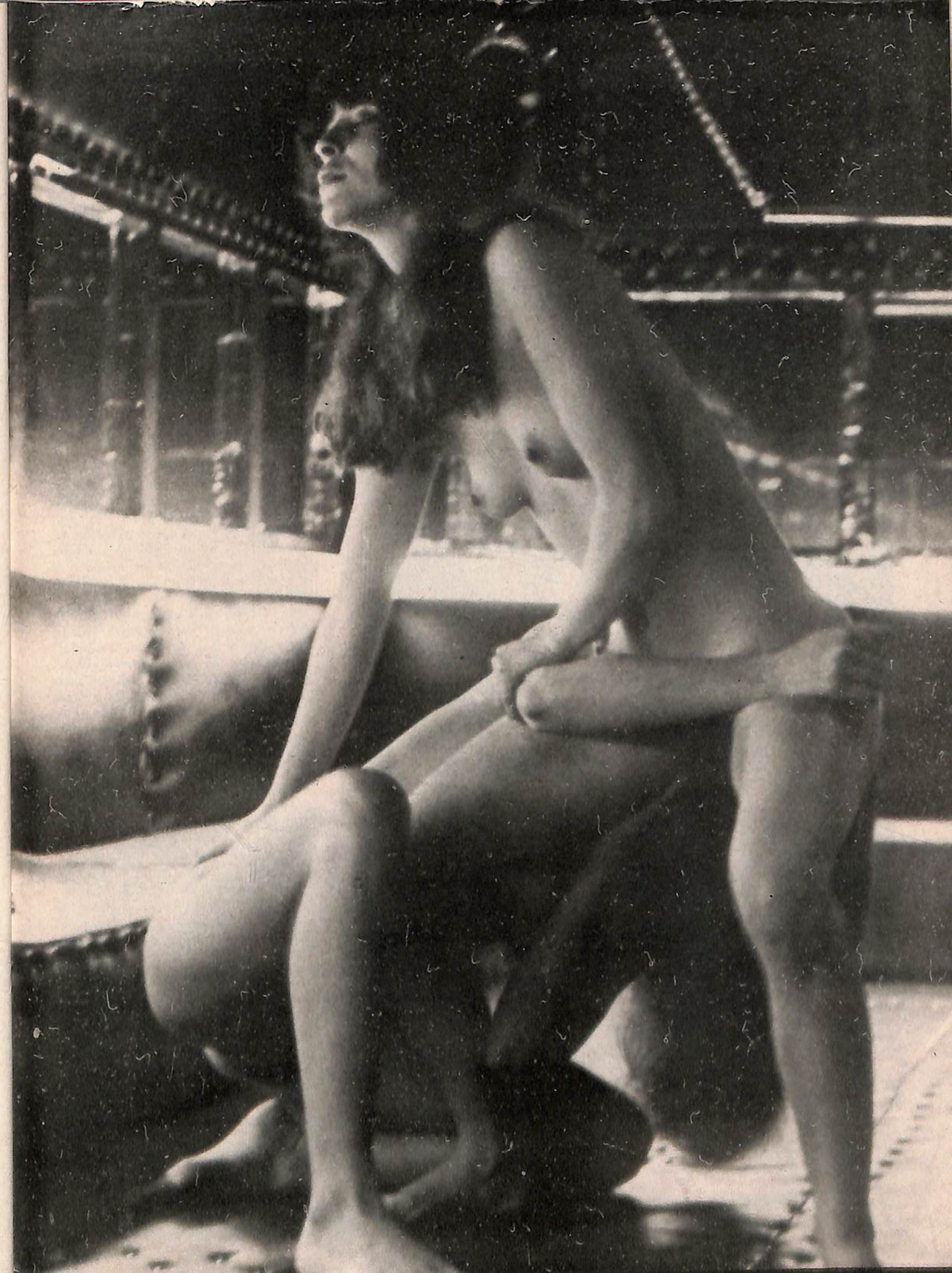
Porn star C. J. Laing and the Argentine Bombshell inaugurated the Ultra-Room. They were to be followed by Kinky Jeanne's stumpfucking act. Whoever follows *that* one has her work cut out for her! □

The antics of the two tussling girls in the leather-studded room offer a new thrill for sex appetites jaded by the regular theater fare. And what goes on in those dark little viewing booths? Let's don't ask!



the glass and beating their dummies for all they're worth! They'll probably try to shoot all the way over the top, and drown those two girls in a rain of cum! It's for sure they'll hit the glass, and the Mitchells probably have some scum-boys hired to come in and squeegee the windows after each show. You know, like the horseshit sweepers in Disneyland. "Okay, guys, today we're having our annual Cumshot Contest. In this one, everybody beats off to the theme from *Jaws*, and the one who cums the fastest and longest and farthest wins the privilege of licking up the room after the rest of us have gone out to the lobby for popcorn!"

THESE TWO take their work seriously. They know the boys in the booths want to see the pink and they give them a lot of it. This first show is a test for





New and old, torrid and tepid, shot all the way from Hoboken to Hong Kong, they keep right on sizzling across America's adult screens.



Barbara Bouchet and friend

Bill Rotsler's concise, pithy, definitive listings, which have been running in this department for more than a year, continue on the massive side. Some of the movies in the following list already have been reported upon elsewhere in our pages; this is the first time they have made Bill's list. According to Bill and his correspondents, all the following are currently, or were recently, playing somewhere in the U.S. Bill says in a footnote for this issue: It should be noted that some of the "classic" porn films are currently being released in highly laundered versions. In the case of Deep Throat they have done an optical change by moving in on the frame, excluding the hard-core. Behind the Green Door is now out in a self-censored version, but in this case they have simply cut out the "offending matter." So if you see one of these highly-publicized "classics" and wonder what all the sound and fury was about, this is probably the reason.

Readers are urged to clip and save this popular Film World feature. Some readers report that they card-index it for ready reference. As everybody should know by now, the number of X's after the title indicates the degree of erotic content: XXX means hard-core; XX means simulated sex; X means soft-core with some nudity and some erotic content. The number of stars indicates the over-all erotic quality of the movie in Bill Rotsler's expert judgment.

ABBESS OF CASTRO, THE XX/0

Italy, 1976. Dir. by Armando Crispino. Stars Barbara Bouchet. Complicated story-line about rich girl in love with commoner. Family puts her in covent, which the lover raids, trying to get her back. Disillusioned, the girl gives up the world, becomes in time the abbess—and takes a lover. Scandal breaks, up comes the Inquisition, and eventually the heroine commits suicide. Ms. Bouchet is lovely, but the film is a downer. *(Eric K.)*

AFFAIRS OF JANICE, THE XXX/★★

American, East Coast, 1976. Taurus Films. Written/directed by Zebbidy Colt. Stars C.J.Laing, Zebbity Colt, Ras Keen (Eric Edwards), and Annie Sprinkle. "With a repressed alcoholic husband, a lesbian wife, and a suburb full of swingers, an ugly ending is to be expected," reports Richard V. Grant. "But first there are some hot scenes—sometimes underwater!"

ALL NUDITY WILL BE PUNISHED X/0

Brazil, 1972. Dir. by Arnaldo Jabor from a play by Nelson Rodriques. Stars Darlene Gloria, Paulo Porto, Isabel Ribeiro, Paulo C. Perelo. Black humor about young son of rich family, a prostitute, and his attraction/repulsion for her. Not erotic, but rather surprising, coming from Brazil, where censorship is notoriously rigid.

ANIMAL LOVER XXX/NG

Swedish, 1969. Stars Odil Joensen, who plays herself. You should have one of three reactions to this flick. If you dig bestiality you will think this is *Gone With the Wind* and The Greatest. Or you will barf. Or you will laugh *and* barf. A young farm girl makes it with animals, especially with a great lumpen *pig*, who just lies on a couch in the living room while she masturbates him, sucks him off, fucks him, and . . . I must say it gave me the biggest laugh I have *ever* had watching a pornpic.

The pig is just lying there, looking very pig-like, and hardly moving. I found it *most* curious that his cock actually has a cork-screw-type end on it. But the laugh came when she was doing this and that, and they cut in for a reaction shot—*on the pig*. I was in a private screening-room and literally fell out of my chair. "A reaction shot—of a *pig!*" And he didn't even have the couth to leer, the cool to look cool, or the heat to gasp. He just lay there until he came. In some versions of this film the girl does a horse, dog, etc. but the "biggie" is that pig.

ATTENTION LES YEUX X/0

French, 1976. Dir. by Gerard Pires. Stars Claude Brasseur, Robert Castel, Catherine Lachens, Guy Marchand, Serge Marquand, Sonia Vareuil. Unsuccessful film producers decide to make a buck producing a sex film, but a *quality* sex film. Thinking their names would look good on the posters, they buy rights to works by Dr. Albert Schweitzer and others, put together a "loser" crew and make a sex film. A funny take-off on the sex film scene—but more amusing than erotic. *(Remi Richter)*

BACK DOOR XXX/NG

American, 1976. Back out the door—fast!

BEST OF THE SAN FRANCISCO EROTIC FILM FESTIVAL XXX/NG

American, 1976. A two-hour collection of what are *supposed* to be short films (8) by Bay Area pornographers—this is a complete ripoff, phony, bad film, turn-off stuff. Avoid like the plague, good hearts.

BISEXUAL *(Les Onze Mille Verges)* XX/0

French, 1976. Dir. by Eric Lipmann. Stars Yves-Marje Maurin, Nathalie Zeiger, Florence Cayrol, Bernadette Robert. Based on the book by Guillaume Appolinaire. Although without explicit sex this film manages some fine sex scenes. Good production, very pretty women, good story and decent acting.

BLACK EMANUELLE X/★

Italy, 1976. Dir. by Albert Thomas. Stars Laura Gemser. A beautiful young woman goes to Africa, where two friends get her interested in the native brand of sex. She gets involved in a very erotic dance ritual, etc. Though not erotic in the sense of hard-core, the star is quite beautiful and there is a fine sense of erotica throughout and lots of nudity. *(Remi Richter)*



Blowdry



The Double Exposure of Holly

BLONDE VELVET XXX/★★

American, East Coast, 1976. Stars Jennifer Welles, Bobby Astyr, Richard Bolla. A group of women set out to blackmail the entire Security Council of the United Nations with sex, hidden cameras, etc. Not the most original idea, but Ms. Welles does an excellent job—especially in the fellatio scenes. *(G.T.)*

BLONDE WITH THE SWEET BOSOM, THE XX/0

German, 1976. Dir. by Erwin C. Dietrich. Stars Ingrid Steegar. Young girl makes ends meet modeling in a life class, where an art student falls for her. Not much plot, but Fraulein Steeger is quite charming and is making a name for herself on German TV. *(Eric K.)*

BLONDY X/0

European, 1976. Dir by Sergio Gobbi. Stars Rod Taylor, Catherine Jourdan, Bibi Andersson, Mathieu Carriere. Taylor is a disarmament expert who is gotten at through his mistress. Terrorists, UN Peace Researcher assassination, etc. Catherine Jourdan is stunningly beautiful, seen nude, but beyond that there's not enough eroticism to get much of a rating. *(Henri T.)*

BLOWDRY XXX/0

American, East Coast, 1976. Prod. by Joey Vincent. Stars Helen Madigan, Pepe. Another tedious spoof of *Shampoo*. Lots of production, but too long, dull, rather poor sex. A few laughs, however.

BY SPECIAL ORDER XXX/NG

American, East Coast, 1974. By special order—avoid it!



Maitresse

CANDY LIPS **XXX/NG**

American, 1976. "The 'coming attractions' of this flick were so totally phony that I felt *insulted,* just by having them put on the screen in front of me," reports Richard V. Grant.

CLOCKWORK NYMPHO **X/0**

European, 1976. Dir. by Max Pecas. Stars Jean Roche, Beatrice Harnois, Rebecca Brooke. A young girl/older man story, with attractive people and some scenes that could have been quite erotic but didn't quite make it. *(Remi Richter)*

COMING WEST **XXX/NG**

American, 1976, No! No! Stay in the East!

COMMONSENSE OF SHAME, THE **X/0**

Italy, 1976. Dir. by Alberto Sordi. Stars Sordi, Rossana di Lorenzo, Florinda Bolkan, Claudine Cardinale. In the first of four episodes, an ordinary Roman couple go to a movie thinking it is a regular film, but find it is a porno film. They leave in indignation, but are drawn back, time and again, to other erotic films. At home, awkwardly, excitedly, they try to imitate what they have seen.

Another episode involves a sexual freedom newspaper; a third (with Cardinale) a husband and wife who sleep apart until she discovers the kind of magazines he is reading—and the fourth is about a famous film star who refuses to play a sexy scene in a remake of *Lady Chatterly's Lover.* Amusing comedy, but not very erotic. *(Remi Richter.)*

CRY RAPE **XXX/NG**

American, East Coast, 1976. Standard violent porn.

DIRTY DORA *(Dora—La Frénésie de Plasir)* **X/0**

French, 1976. Cinecenta release. Stars Monique Vita in a story of a woman who tries to get her husband back via witchcraft. *(Henri T.)*

DOCTOR AND THE GIRL STUDENT, THE *(Il Medico—La Studentessa)* **X/0**

Italy, 1976. Dir/ by Silvio Amadio. Stars Gloria Guida (who was Miss Teenager, Italian style, in 1971) and Jacques Dufilho. Sex farce; cute, but no erotic cigar. *(Henri T.)*

DOUBLE EXPOSURE OF HOLLY, THE **XXX/★**

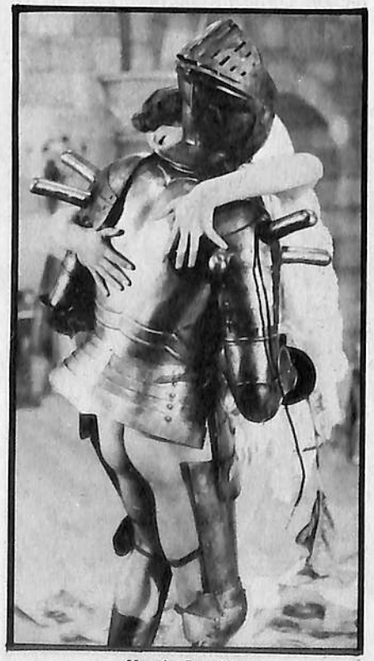
American, East Coast, 1976. Stars Catherine Earnshaw, Annie Sprinkles, Jamie Gillis, Terri Hall. Very sexy film about a rich bride who goes from one lover to another until she is found out and divorced. Catherine Earnshaw is beautiful but doesn't allow herself to be balled. Superb S&M scene between Gillis and Hall.

EASY ALICE **XXX/0**

American, West Coast, 1976. Prod/Dir/photographed/edited by Tom Hoffman. Stars Annette Haven (of *China Girl*), Linda Wong *(Sweet Cakes),* Leslie Bebeaux, Joey Savera, John Leslie. The enthusiasm of the actors save this first effort at porn by All Purpose Hoffman. Supposedly about the "private lives" of porn stars, this film has pretty good camera-work, some good sex moments, but is basically not very good. *(W.T.)*

FOR MEN ONLY **XX/★**

European, 1976. Dir. by Bert Torn. Stars Harry Reems, Christa Linder, Maria Lynn, Bi Warburg, Jacqueline Laurent, Bent Warburg. Loosely based on Maupassant's novel *Bel Ami,* it is set in the editorial offices of *Playhouse* magazine. A puritanical reporter goes out to condemn an exhibition of erotica sponsored by the mag, stays to be converted to



Mondo Candido

a feature-story writer, eventually fornicates his way to the editor's chair. *(H.H.)*

FOUR DAYS OF LOVE **X/0**

France, 1976. Dir. by Alain Nauroy. Stars Valerie Boisgel, Yan Brian. A young woman is humiliated by a man determined to prove that love overcomes all obstacles. Trivial story set to look "heavy" but doesn't come off. *(H.H.)*

FRENCH BLUE **X/0**

French, 1976. New Realm Prod. Fun and games in the French countryside after the master of the house dies. *(Henri T.)*

HOT NASTIES **XX/0**

American, East Coast, 1976. Miramar Productions. Prod/Dir. by Alex Newman. Stars Claire Sanders, Heather Leigh, Susan Catherine, Julia Martino, Peter Cane, Evaline Somers. "Sex, blood and satanism. They tried hard to make a serious sex movie with a message, but produced pure corn," writes my freelance reviewer Richard V. Grant. A doctor bargains with Satan, who brings a female corpse to life. Acting so-so. Bizarre, good for necrophilia fans.

HOT SUMMER IN THE CITY **XXX/0**

American, East Coast, 1976. Stars Lisa Baker, Coke Chain, Duke Johnson, Black Orchid. Inter-racial junk film.

KINKORAMA **XXX/NG**

American & European, 1976. Billed as "Lasse Braun's Most Bizarre Film" this 60-minute collection of loops has actually only one section. Stars Brigitte Maier, Cindy Reems, Loria Leonard. Lots of sucking and fucking, no plot, and—ho-hum.

LES NYMPHO TEENS **XXX/0**

American, 1976. Prod by Lloyd Kaufman. Boring film with too much talk, poor acting, and sex that just isn't very good. And has nothing to do with French teen-agers.

LOVE IN STRANGE PLACES **XXX/0**

American, West Coast, 1976. Stars John Holmes, Crystal Sync, Mousendi. Another sex flick built around the leaning tower of porn, Johnny Holmes' cock.

MAÎTRESSE **X/★**

French, 1976. Dir. by Barbet Schroeder. Stars Gerard Depardieu, Bulle Ogler, Andre Rouyer. A hustler from the provinces goes to Paris, turns bookseller, then burglar—till he and a friend are caught by a leather-wearing dominatrix and become involved in bondage and discipline. Not hard-core, but does have graphic scenes (as opposed to explicit) which are of an S&M nature. Man falls in love with an expensive whore/dominatrix who prods, whips and degrades him. She (ugh) nails his cock to a piece of



John C. Holmes

wood. Despite this (and you'll find it hard to believe) it *is* a rather delicately done love story. Basically for S&M fans, though. *(Jules K.)* "This earns its star only if you like B&D," adds Remi Richter.

MONDO CANDIDO **X/★**

Italy, 1976. A Jacopetti-Prosperi Film. Stars Christopher Brown, Michelle Miller. A new version of Voltaire's classic, with lots of production (castles, armor, pretty girls, torture-chambers, burning towns, etc). Candide and Cunegonde are imprisoned, tortured, beaten, whipped, raped, buggered, etc., etc. and accept it all with the good Dr. Pangloss' philosophy that such disasters are part of life, that everything will work out for the best, and that this, after all, is the best of all possible worlds. Cruelty abounds, and despite no real *explicit* sex, it manages to be erotic nevertheless. *(Henri T.)*

MORE WAYS THAN ONE **XXX/NG**

American, East Coast, 1975. Never mind, erotica-fans. Go home and play Scrabble instead. Or pare your nails with a bandsaw. Or try masturbating with a fistful of sandpaper. Anything else . . .

MOST VALUABLE PIECE **XXX/NG**

American, East Coast, 1976. Forgettable flick.

MY EROTIC FANTASIES **XXX/★**

American, 1976. Not all that sexy, but certainly is a funny film. A comedy about a teen-ager who keeps trying to lose his virginity. Actually shot some years ago, released now, it doesn't compete in the sexual content department with what is happening today, but still an interesting flick. Sex comedies are rare—ones that are *meant* to be funny, that is.

9 LIVES OF A WET PUSSY CAT **XXX/★★**

American, East Coast, 1976. Stars Pauline La Monde, Dominique Santos. Two newcomers score in this well-produced porn goodie. Pauline plays a nympho and Dominique plays an ex-lover who is trying to get her back with gypsy magic. Hot film, but with a certain dream-like quality. Thin plot, but lots of good sex. *(H.H.)*

NUDA PER SATANA **X/0**

Italy, 1976. Satanic themes are big in Italy and getting bigger. (Italy is not alone, of course—look at our own *The Omen, Burnt Offerings,* and *Exorcist Part II, et al.*) The theme of obsession and exorcism allows for hot stuff, nude ladies and implied or simulated sex. But this film, like most of this type from Europe, is not erotic, only titillating.

OH, MY BEAUTIFUL STEPMOTHER *(O, Mia Bella Matrigna)* **X/0**

Italy, 1976. Dir. by Guido Leoni. Stars Sabina Ciuffini, Gloria Piedimonte, Gianfranco De Angelis, Maurice Ronet. Step-parents are "in" in a number of the new Italian movies. This thriller is trendy, very decorative, but not erotic, just variations on a formula. *(Henri T.)*

ON THE STREET **XXX/NG**

American, 1976. "No credits given. Story of a black female gang. Blacks rape white and vice versa. Plenty of suffering and race hatred, but no acting," reports free-lance reviewer Richard V. Grant.

PIGALLE **X/NG**

French, 1976. Dir. by Pierre Chevalier. Stars Alice Arno, Beatrice Costantani, Jean-Michel Dhermay. Good basic idea not done well in terms of eroticism. *(H.H.)*

PLEASE TURN ME AROUND **XXX/0**

American, 1975. Please turn me off. (They obliged.)

PLEASURE CRUISE, A **XXX/0**

American, East Coast, 1975. Stars Andrea True, Harry Reems. Two true-and-tried (and in Harry's case, convicted) old-time porn stars can't save this dud.

PORN BROKERS, THE **XXX/NG**

American, East Coast, 1976. An Artemis Film. Stars Jamie Gillis, Helen Madigan, Lasse Braun. Most of this film was shot around 1969 or 1970 (or so it appears), with the hard fucking shot in what can only be described as a clinical and cold atmosphere. A dull, dated film with bad photography and poor color. *(G.T.)*

PRIVATE COLLECTOR **XXX/NG**

American, 1975. Don't bother, horny readers.

PROSTITUTION RACKET, THE **X/NG**

Italy, 1976. Banal story of the street-girls.

PURGATORIO **XX/0**

Sweden, 1976. Dir. by Michael Meschke. Stars Jan Blomberg. Based on Dante's *Divine Comedy.* Middle-aged author has mental breakdown and the man who takes him to the mental hospital becomes his Virgil, guiding him through this "Purgatory." Beautifully photographed, well-acted. Most interesting film, though not erotic. *(H.H.)*

turn to page 82

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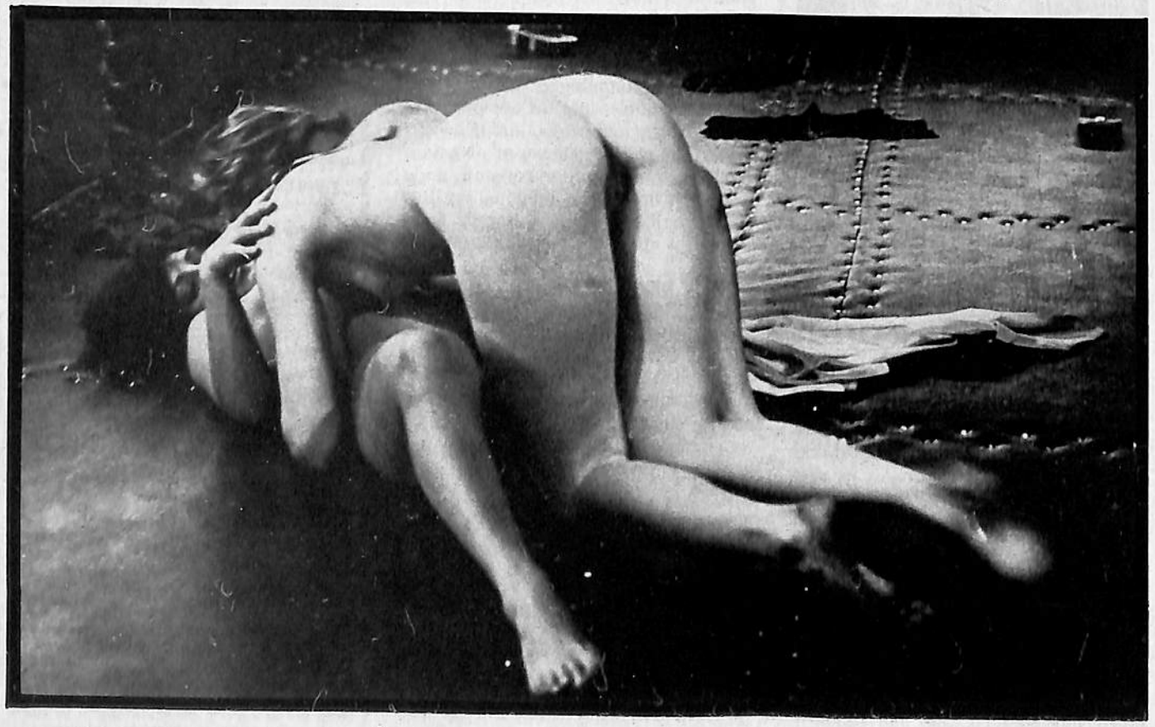
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smelling, if not touching, distance of her devoted fans.

The popular appeal of seeing the sex stars live on stage as well as filmed on screen is so great that it may well establish a strong future trend in the palaces of porn. With double X-rated features on screen and star-studded live sexy vaudeville on stage—can the thunderous notes of the mighty theater Wurlitzers of old be far behind?



Dirty Vaudeville Already?

Those indefatigable innovators of screened sex, the Mitchell Brothers, have come up with yet another new erotic gimmick. They've added live sex on stage to that on the silver screen! In their San Francisco theater headquarters they've installed what they call the "Ultra-Room." It's a modernized version of the old-fashioned sex peep-show. Here, through one-way windows, their pornpix patrons can watch a veritable circus of live sex acts on a padded stage. Here the devout voyeur can do his thing by watching "in-person" sex as well as sex-on-screen. See full pictorial report by our lecherous peeping lensman, elsewhere in this issue.

In the middle of Hollywood, the Ivar Theatre now offers its patrons an erotic stage show of nude and lewd lovelies. Star attraction of this raunchy version of vaudeville is none other than a totally nude Rene Bond—whom the moviegoers have just watched in the starring roles in two X-rated features. The runway stage, reminiscent of burlesque days, brings the busty beauty within ego-trip hunger of any person in the public eye whose name has become a household word. But no, it seems having reached the pinnacle of specialization they become hell-bent to prove their versatility. Mark Spitz and Joe Namath tried to prove that they were great actors as well as superlative athletes. Jane Russell, whose twin claims to fame were solidly established long ago, tried to con us into believing that she could sing and dance. Now Linda Lovelace, whose expertise in erotic enticement was permanently established in *Deep Throat*, has joined this disaster march by trying to prove that she's the Hildegarde of the supper-club circuit and the Ann-Margret of the Vegas spectaculars.

Linda's Vegas Stage Debut Is Deep Dud

In this age of specialization one would think that achieving the epitome of perfection in any facet of the performing arts would be enough to satiate the

Linda's fanfared debut in the Bagdad Theater of the Aladdin Hotel on the fabled Vegas Strip in an ill-conceived comedy-sex satire, called *My Daughter's Rated X*, by Robert Fisher and Arthur Marx, fell flat on both counts. The show, which drew more flies and yawns than bravos and guffaws, closed two weeks prematurely, with all concerned sneaking quietly off to quietly fold their tents like the Arabs. The great LL appeared on stage fully dressed for the Chicago blizzard of '77. The cocktail jockeys on the floor looked sexier than the legendary headmistress of Eros on the stage. The cast labored through its dull lines, and one wondered what kept the audience from exiting earlier.

A typical line of the show's dialogue was: "I thought *Deep Throat* was a Disney picture about a giraffe." The female who five years ago "brought America to its knees" failed to bring her Vegas audience to its feet. She smiled continually at the audience as if unaware of the disaster zone of which she occupied center-stage. After 90 seemingly endless minutes of sheer drivel, the audience filed out silently, happy to lose the rest of their money at the gaming-tables. Go to the head of the class Linda, and stick to what you've proven to be your real bag!

THE LETTER BOX

I was looking at one of your *Adam Film World* books and I saw this wonderful woman *(picture enclosed)*, and I would like to know if I can have her name and address so I can write her.

It's very important and will mean a lot to me if you can help me out.

M. W.
Euclid, Ohio

Which way did you come in? Seriously, M. W., we appreciate the sincerity of your letter and can understand your desire to correspond with the lovely lady. Unfortunately there is absolutely no way we can help you in this connection. All we know about her is that she is a minor actress in a porno movie. These girls move around constantly. They answer an ad and do a day's work in a flick. Almost invariably they give the producer a phony name. He doesn't even know their real names or how to get in touch with them, so how can we do so?

The same applies to photographers' models. They live in a private little world of contrived anonymity. Sorry, but that's the way it is.

Wants To Be a Model

Hello *Film World!* I was looking through, or you could say checking out, your Vol. 6 No. 2 issue, and I think it is bad.

This may come to you as a shock, but I am very interested in being a *Film World* model myself, if that is what you call it. I have seen a few of your books and a few others, and I think I could be as good as any model you could want, and I would like to give myself a chance at this thing. I also figure that you are the right one for me to get in with.

I would like you to send me some kind of reply and tell me what I could do, or if there's anything else you would like to know about me personally.

Bo B.
Eure, N. C.

Thanks, Bo, for your interest and apparent faith in us. Unfortunately we are in no position to help you achieve your admirable career goal. Adam Film World does not hire or use models, professional or otherwise. Our magazine is devoted exclusively to reporting on X-rated adult type motion pictures which are made by commercial film production people all over the world. The men and women you see pictured in our pages are not models but actors and actresses who make these movies. The still photos from these porno flicks are supplied to us by the producers.

If you really want to become a photographers' model, then you must realize that you will have to go to where the photographers are. They won't come to you in a small town. By the same token, if you aspire to become an actor in adult films, like the young men who appear in our magazine, then you'll have to go to a major city where such productions are being filmed. The best advice we can give you if you want to become an actor in these films, is to write to our man Bill Rotsler, P.O. Box 3126, Hollywood, CA 90028, and ask him for his professional tips on how to break into the acting game.

We don't want to stick a pin in the balloon of your high hopes or to rain on your erotic parade of promising dreams, but we would be less than honest and would be doing you, as a reader, a disservice by advising you otherwise. As a tempering word of warning, this town is full of handsome, well-hung studs who have struck out repeatedly at making it right here on the home front. To do so from afar is assuredly an idle dream. Sorry.

I love you guys! For years I've wasted many hard-earned bucks going to see X-rated flicks that stunk. They proved to be nothing but a boxoffice rip-off. Then I discovered *Adam Film World*. By following Bill Rotsler's rating charts and taking tips from the recommendations in *Sound Stage*, I have succeeded in doubling my pleasure while halving my expenses at the adult theater boxoffices.

The cost of your magazine is more than repaid by avoiding the "bummers." For this I offer you my sincere thanks and wish you all the best in your future efforts to protect us porno fans.

R. O.
Las Cruces, N. M.

Thank you, and happy future viewing!

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NUN'S PARADISE

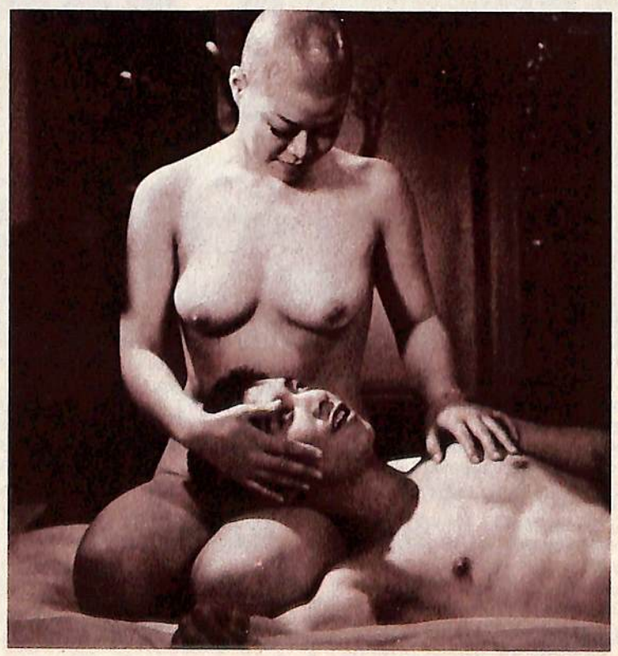
Like their U.S. counterparts, Japanese film producers have been on a nostalgia kick which has invaded the realm of the erotic. In this Nikkatsu release, a middle-aged man goes to a Tokyo bath-house where the girls are gotten up like Buddhist nuns with shaven heads. This reminds Shinichi of a love affair he had as a village youth, with a nun who had been a geisha girl. We see this dramatic, sometimes bloody affair in flashback—alternating with the bizarre sex action of the present moment.





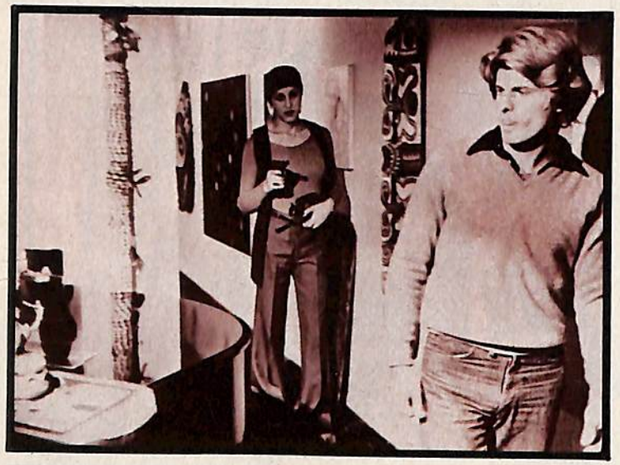








EXPOSE ME, LOVELY





Written, produced and directed by Armand Weston, who gave us the porn classic *Defiance, Expose Me* is a sexy takeoff on hard-boiled private eye films like *Farewell, My Lovely* and *Chinatown*. It's a *Maltese Falcon* with balls, a *Thin Man* with fucking instead of kissing. Rugged newcomer Ras Kean plays Harry "Frosty" Knight, a tough, fast-talking private eye in the Sam Spade-Philip Marlowe genre. He lives and works in New York's Greenwich Village, and the plot weaves its way through a succession of bars, artist studios, lofts and after-hours joints. Frosty is hired by a rich and beautiful girl (Carol Lacy, likewise new to the porno screen), daughter of a presidential hopeful, to find her missing brother. Frosty soon is entagled in a complex web of sex, intrigue, deceit and murder. The trail leads him through a variety of sex adventures with his lovely client, his voluptuous ex-wife, played by East Coast porn star Jennifer Welles, a kinky sculptress (Jody Maxwell), and others, all of whom plunge into the sex action with eager proficiency. There's a memorable group orgy scene. In between the fucking and sucking Frosty meets up with an assortment of freaky characters and is slugged, attacked by a karate champ, chased, shot at, and finally set up and framed for murder. It winds up with a really bizarre twist.







It's an erotic takeoff on Chinatown and the rest of the tough private eye flicks. The hero is a sexy Sam Spade, a phallic Philip Marlowe. In between all the frantic sex action which includes a wild orgy in a Greenwich Village loft, he manages to bring the complex murder plot to a bizarre twist ending.



THE TRUE MISSION OF THE APE











Italian playboy looks forward to a great sex-romp in Paris—but he's frustrated among the hungry whores and zany fillies.

The plot of this new Italian sexer, which could pass for a comedy, is just about as bizarre as the puzzling title. British actor Tony Kendall stars as a horny Italian businessman. In the middle of screwing his secretary in his Rome office, he's called away to Paris on business. He cannily secures some hot Parisian phone-numbers from a pal, and starts off with high expectations.

But things don't work out so well. The numbers don't answer, and there is an embarrassing episode with a girl at Tony's hotel. Finally he connects with one of the numbers, but it turns out to be a hardened prostitute—his pal has played a joke on him. He tries again to make out at his hotel, but the whore follows him around. Just as he's making it with a sexy girl, he's called back to Rome.

BEASTIES

from page 29

sex movie involving humans and animals. Houston vice officer A. D. Dugger testified that Etheridge sold him an 8mm silent film entitled *Dirty Doggie II* at the Main Street News Stand.

Last year during Critic Week, an event within the main film festival at Cannes in France, the theme was bestiality, even though most dealers in porno movies in both Europe and America regard sex with animals as beyond even the porn boundaries of permissiveness. One film shown was from Belgium and is called *Wedding Trough.* It concerns a bachelor farmer with a pet sow. This one has been unreeled in New York at the Museum of Modern Art, of all places.

IN THE U.S. Tom O'Horgan made a film called *Futz,* again about a farm boy with a yen for a female hog. When it was shown at the National Association of Theater Owners in Washington American theater man went into shock.

Compared to some cheap 16mm beatiality loops, pictures like *Futz* and *Animal Lover* seem like good clean wholesome sport. Consider *Two Girls and a Mule.* The only plot in the picture is two teenage sisters getting it on with a mule while their mother watches. Instead of any dialogue, there is a narrative in which the mother relates what she sees her daughters doing. The action is disgusting. You never see the mother in the film, only her two daughters and the mule. The producer certainly didn't have to waste money on expensive scenery or a luxurious location. The mother's narration makes it perfectly clear what transpires in the film:

". . . I was more turned-on over what I was watching then I had been over my husband in months, if not years! I don't know whether it was the sight of that big distended penis that was hanging down from the mule, or whether it was the sight of my two naked daughters going at it. I don't know. I do know I gave myself a good satisfying orgasm while they were fucking the mule.

"Candy knew exactly how to mount the mule from underneath. She wrapped her hands and arms around the mule's neck first, and then swung her legs up and around the mule's lower half. I'd never seen such an accurate aim as Candy had with her pussy! When she swung her lower half up, the mule's big penis glided immediately and directly into Candy's pussy. Candy howled with delight. It was obvious that that huge penis had pushed as far into her slot as room would permit. It had given her an immediate orgasm! I envied her, the feeling of having her vagina completely filled by something that big. Candy groaned as she moved her cunt back and forth on that long penis. I gazed between the mule's legs and saw his hairy balls hanging loose and swinging freely, as his long pinkish-gray loaf throbbed inside my younger daughter's pussy.

I COULD SEE young Candy's face as she slowly brought her pussy upward and backward on that long organ. I had never seen my daughter so happy! I knew that she'd fucked several of her boy friends, but this was the happiest I had ever seen her. I watched as Candy stroked her pussy back and forth on the big mule's penis for several minutes. 'Oh, Gwendolyn,' I heard Candy say. 'He hasn't come yet!' 'Keep stroking,' her sister advised her. 'But—but I can't hold on any longer,' Candy complained. 'My pussy's orgasmed so much that it's almost sore!'

"Candy stroked her wet slit for the final time across the mule's penis. Then she slowly let herself dismount from beneath him in the same way that Gwendolyn had. Then she rolled out from underneath the animal so that she wouldn't get a big hoofmark across her bare breasts. 'We can't just leave him with a big hard on,' Gwendolyn said to Candy. She moved to the mule and put her hands up and felt his penis.

"She gave his balls a few gentle pats and then she squeezed the shaft of his rod. 'He's almost ready to come,' she said. 'We have to bring him off. Otherwise he'll end up pissed off and he'll never want to fuck with us again. If we leave him satisfied he'll remember us and want to fuck for us again!'"

"Gwendolyn crawled beneath the big mule until she was sitting right on her bare buttocks with her legs spread wide apart. Then she held her head upright as she held her hands around the mule's rod. She pressed her mouth to the mule's penis. She managed to get the front five inches of the animal's thick penis in her mouth. She must have blown air into his hole or moved her tongue briskly across the underneath of the penis head, because he came right away. The mule's penis spasmed once into her mouth and she quickly moved her mouth away. She rubbed her hands quickly up and down the underneath of his penis as the penis was spasming. The mule shot off a number of long gushes of white foaming come. One gob hit Gwendolyn on her left nipple, but most of the rest of it sailed over her shoulder . . ."

YOU GET THE picture, right? Bestiality films are very popular in the mail-order trade. In a recent issue of a men's magazine, I spotted a number of ads for such films. One ad was headed *Young Girls Loving Animals.* The 200-foot color films sold for $10 each and included such titles as *Dog Fashion, Pussy and the Pig, Little Girl, Big Stud* and *Teenies and the Sex Pet.* Another outfit advertised 100-foot, 8mm films for $5 each. Their three titles were *Woman and Dog, Woman and Pony,* and *Barnyard Ball.* Still another ad for bestiality 'sex and fellate films advertised loops with "men and women who have sex and fellate and lick cows and sows and other animals." One ad simply said: "A woman and a dog—different." Now what could be different?

Is there any redeeming social value in such films? Well, a lawyer for the peddlers of screen smut might argue that witnessing such activities could broaden one's horizons. But it is very doubtful that a jury would buy such a pitch. It would be exceedingly difficult to establish in court that a bestiality film would redeem anything but the bank account of those responsible.

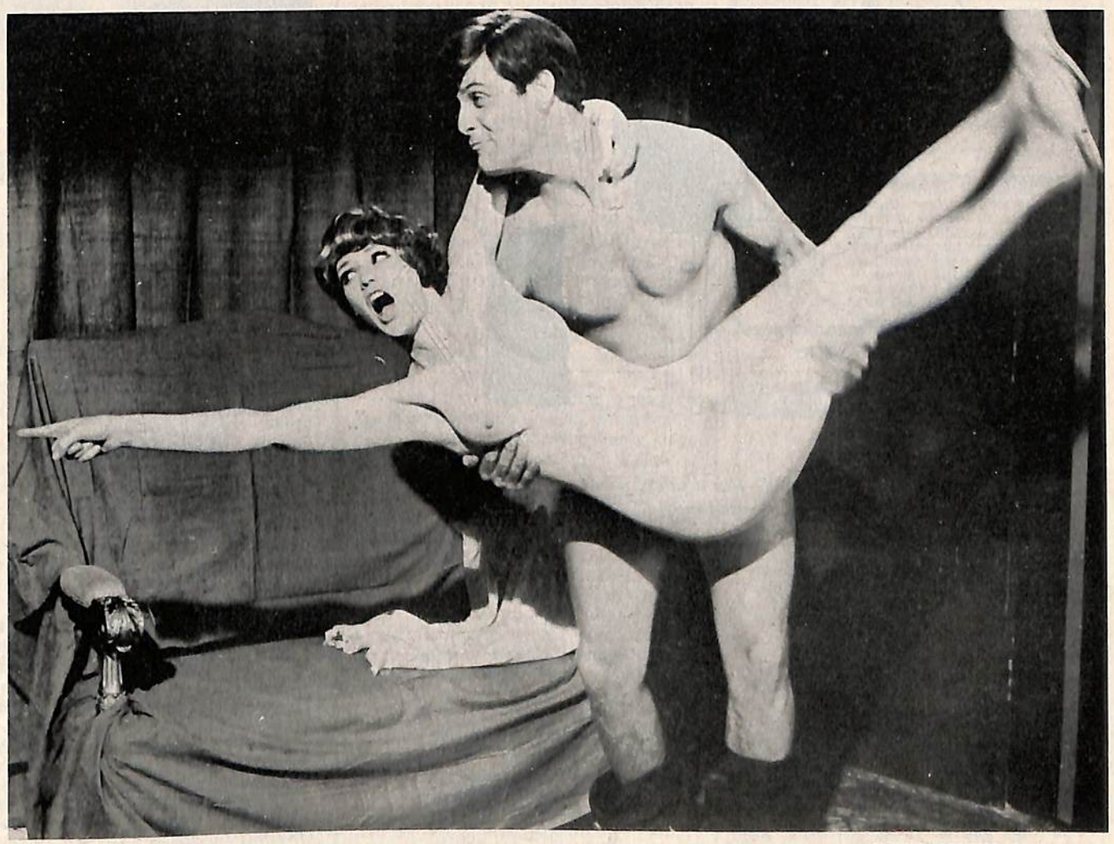
Does a bestiality film exceed customary limits of candor? This is a hard area to define legally. It is more dependent upon educated guess than demonstrable proof. But certainly if one concedes that it is *possible* to substantially exceed these limits, then a young girl lapping the sex organ of a young porker would fit the bill.

The third criterion governing when a film is legally obscene is: does it portray a shameful or morbid interest in sex? Martin Blinder, a San Francisco psychiatrist who has testified on film obscenity matters a number of times, has this to say on the subject: "The average man is not sick. Some psychiatrists see mental illness in everyone and every place. But it is my feeling that the average man is pretty healthy and has healthy interests. Average, at least. An interest in this sort of film is neither healthy nor average. Rather, it is sub-average."

If this is the case, then a lot of Danes must be mentally sick. Several years ago, Danish producer Benni Korzen's picture *Why Do They Do It?* played at Copenhagen's big downtown Palladium Theater. The theater had traditionally been a family house, but only mild shock was registered over the film. It had a lengthy segment showing Odil, that beauty of the beasties, bestowing her favors on barnyard animals. The film played to 80 percent capacity in a theater equivalent to New York's Radio City Music Hall.

American authorities have started to crack down on the flood of smut films from abroad. Recently for example, the University of California Archive in Hollywood and Filmtex united in presenting Karen Authur's *Legacy* as part of the French Critics film rally. *Legacy* was a replacement for the Belgium bestiality film *Vase de Noces* (*The Wedding Trough*). Publicity for the switch mentioned only that the Belgian feature had been canceled by the film's American distributor, Larry Joachim. But the truth was that the film, under its Joachim title *The Pig and I: A Love Story,* had been seized and held in New York by U.S. Customs. The action would appear to be a good omen in helping to keep the sickest type of porno film from invading the American scene. □

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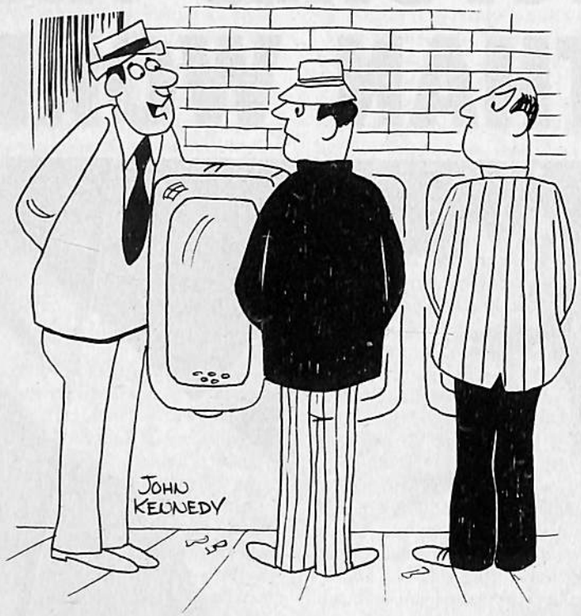
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State_____ Zip_____



"Hold it, men—I'm a talent scout for an X-rated movie!"



"No, no! I asked you to bring me a giant grosser!"

FOREIGN FILM SCENE

from page 37



Mia Farrow stars in Full Circle.

ing 40 new theaters for exhibition.

Du Plantier said Gaumont's emphasis is increasingly on films for worldwide distribution such as *Cousin, Cousine.* "More than 220 French films are distributed in France every year," he noted, "as well as many American films and most of the Italian. *Barry Lyndon* has been a great success in France. Our national market needs competition to stimulate it."

FIRST FILM to be made in Britain under the year-old Anglo-Canadian co-production agreement is now shooting in London locations. It's a psychological thriller called *Full Circle,* starring Mia Farrow and Tom Conti and directed by Richard Loncraine, who recently withdrew from Harry Saltzman's *The Micronauts* project. Peter Fetterman is the British producer of *Full Circle,* working with Alfred Pariser of Classic Film Industries, Montreal. Dave Humphries wrote the screenplay for *Full Circle* from Harry Bromley Davenport's novel *Julia.*

Four more Anglo-Canadian co-productions are currently in the planning stages: the Claude Hereux/Milton Subotsky production *The Uncanny,* to film in Montreal and at London's Pinewood Studios; producer Gavrik Losey's *The Disappearance;* and two Harry Alan Towers productions, *Flight to Hell* and *King Solomon's Treasure.*

Nicolas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth* was rejected by the Russians for showing during British Film Week in Moscow. The only reason given to the Film Production Association in London was that the movie was "not suitable for showing in Moscow." Among the films that were found acceptable by the Russians and were scheduled to be shown at the week-long festival were *The Slipper and the Rose, Monty Python and the Holy Grail, Acres High, Bugsy Malone,* and *Conduct Unbecoming.*

After four weeks of filming in Switzerland and two in Morocco, *The Silver Bears,* starring Michael Caine and Cybill Shepherd, moved into London's Twickenham Studios for its final six-week shooting schedule. Ivan Passer is directing the Raleigh Film Production for producers Arlene Sellers and Alex Winitsky and EMI.

BRITISH EQUITY ACTS UP

Equity, the British actors' union, has served notice that it will not allow British talent to be bypassed for Ilya and Alexander Salkind's super-mammoth production of *Superman,* which is expected to keep the Shepperton Studios busy for about a year. Equity said it will consider applications for working permits for American actors "on their merits."

Meanwhile the chairman of Shepperton, Clive Hollick, denied rumors of plans to sell the big studio complex. He said no firm offer had been received in the past five years from anyone interested in running it as a movie studio. The board, Hollick added, was considering a program of capital expenditure to expand the Shepperton facilities over the next five years. He made his announcement while the set-building was getting under way for *Superman,* which moved to London after Marlon Brando, who plays the father of the name character, objected to working in Rome.

THE FOURTH International Film Festival, which ran for 10 days in Brussels in January, seems to have been a success on all counts. The three showings a day were well attended. The American entries, which included *Carrie, The Front, The Bingo Long Traveling All-Stars and Motor Kings, Murder by Death,* and *Mother, Jugs and Speed,* pleased the viewers and received good notices.

Highlight of the busy 10 days was the closing night of the festival, when actor-producer Alain Delon, who has a large and enthusiastic following in Belgium, came over from Paris for the premiere of his latest film. For several years Delon, who is not very well known in America, has won the film-star popularity award both in France and Belgium, in a contest sponsored by the magazine *Cine-Revue,* and he was wildly applauded when it was announced that he still holds the title for another year. Second place went to Paul Newman, fifth to Robert Redford, seventh to Steve McQueen, and ninth to John Wayne.

The women's *Cine-Revue* award went to Mireille Darc for her beautiful performance in *Pink Telephone,* in which she plays a call-girl de luxe. American actresses didn't fare so well. Raquel Welch took 11th place, Liz Taylor 13th, and Barbra Streisand 22nd.

During the Brussels festival, the Committee for the Cinematographic Industries of the European Communities (CICCE) met under the chairmanship of Dimitri Balachoff. It was attended by delegates, producers, distributors and technical experts from West Germany, Great Britain, France, Denmark and Holland, who discussed financial problems and administrative difficulties currently facing the film industry in many European countries.

The Bambis, Germany's counterpart to the Oscars, were awarded in Munich in January. American winners included Marthe Keller for her role in *Marathon Man,* and James Garner for best actor in a non-German TV series. Ingmar Bergman, who traditionally refuses such awards on principle, received a Bambi, which was accepted for him by cinematographer Sven Nykvist. Sam Peckinpah received an award for his *Steiner* (originally by *Sgt. Steiner)* which has not yet been released. □

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CHECK LIST

from page 69



The Porn Brokers

REUNION **XXX/0**

American, East Coast, 1976. Panther Productions, Jay West Film. Stars Bree Anthony, Tony Richards, Nancy Love, Alan Logan, Vanessa Del Rio, Taylor Young, Marlene Willoughby. "The class reunion tales place in an isolated mansion on a small island. Now you add an insane host and a secret room, subtract some disappearing guests, and you have the late, late show in hard-core! So ridiculous it's entertaining, but not very erotic," says Richard V. Grant.

ROLLS ROYCE BABY **X/0**

French, 1976. Dir. by Michael Thomas, Prod. by Erwin C. Dietrich. Stars Lina Romay as a rich girl who goes around picking up men in her Rolls. Obvious film; nice star-looks; not very erotic.

SCANDAL **X/0**

Italy, 1976. Dir. by Salvatore Samperi. Stars Franco Nero, Lisa Gastoni, Andrea Ferreol, Raymond Pellegrin, Claudia Marsani. Set in 1939-1940 this is a story of people stifled by their own mistakes, victims with no solutions, and eroding moral concepts. A kind of hell for provincial characters; well-acted, but not erotic, despite some nudity by beautiful Lisa Gastoni, and some voyeuristic scenes. *(Remi Richter).*

SEVEN WOMEN FOR SATAN **X/0**

France, 1976. French title: *Les Weekends Malefiques du Comte Zaroff*. Another "Satan" movie, which is about what you expect. Nudity, but no erotic content really. *(H.H.)*

SEX MUSEUM **XXX/NG**

American, East Coast, 1976. Don't bother, troops. *(W.T.)*

SINS OF SANDRA **XXX/NG**

American, East Coast, 1976. Pass on this one, troops.

STARLETS **XXX/★★**

American, 1976. Quadravision International. Noted only for the fact it is in 3D, which means cocks stick right out at you, etc. A boring film, however, with only the gimmick going for it. *(G.T.)*

TROUBLE WITH YOUNG STUFF, THE **XXX/NG**

American, East Coast, 1976. Written/directed by Odus Hamlin. Stars Christine Williams, Marlene Willoughby, Richard Bella. A no-goodnik of the first water. *(Richard V. Grant).*

STRIP FIRST, THEN WE CAN TALK **X/0**

Italy, 1976. Stars Silvia Dionisio, Lia Tanzi, Valeria Fabrizi, Noni Castelnuovo, Enzo Cerusico. There is a kind of film coming out of Italy now that has been described as "pop sex-comedy," and this is a good, frothy example. Take pretty girls who are willing to appear nude, add a few handsome men, plop in a trivial, light-hearted plot, mix well, film in color in lots of locations and export fast. Not erotic, but clever, quick, and fairly pretty. *(H.H.)*

SWEET CAKES **XXX/★★**

American, East Coast, 1976. Stars Jennifer Welles, Linda Wong, Serena Raskean, Brooke and Taylor Young (identical twin sisters). Well-photographed sequel to *Honey Pie*. Lots of new faces in this four-vignette film, but suffers from a "quickie" production viewpoint. Story and acting are blah, but sex is good, including an incest scene between the twins.

TEENAGE BEAUTIES **XXX/NG**

American, East Coast, 1976. Stars Marc Stevens, the Paul Newman of porn. He must have just taken the money and fucked—but even his formidable talents cannot save this dog.



Tokyo Throat

THAT GIRL IS A TRAMP (Les Baisuses) **X/0**

French, 1976. Dir. by Guy Gilbert. Stars Bente Nielsen, Laure Viala, Isabelle Coppejans, Boris Stoikoff, Yves Collignon. Another story of trouble with a stepfather, a formula trend that is quite valid in each film, but is getting to be something of a bore. *(Henri T.)*

THAT LADY FROM RIO **XXX/0**

American, 1976. Stars Vanessa del Rio. Ho-hum.

THREE SHADES OF FLESH **XXX/★**

American, East Coast, 1976. Three horny women—one black, one white, one Oriental—who go on a sex spree and compete to see who can fuck the most men. Acting and script bad, but the quantity—and quality—of the orgasms bring this otherwise ordinary film up to one-star rating. *(Terry James).*

TOKYO THROAT **X/0**

Japan, 1976. Toei Studios Prod. Stars Kumi Tagucki. Better than the usual Japanese sex film—which isn't saying a lot—with all sorts of facial and body contortions during sex that looks ludicrous and unnatural to western audiences. Lots of simulated cocksucking. One scene has the girl getting mouthfuls of soapsuds along with her love object—and you know what *that* tastes like! The rest of the sex is the standard Japanese bizarre brand—S&M, bondage and blood, submissive and humiliated women, etc.

TRIUMPHAL MARCH (Marcia Trionfale) **X/0**

Italy, 1976. Dir. by Marco Bellocchio. Stars Franco Nero, Miou Miou, Michele Placido, Patrick Dewaere. Interesting film of a new recruit in the Italian army, trained to kill, but not an erotic one, despite some nudity. *(Henri T.)*

UNDERGRADUATE GIRLS **X/0**

European, 1976. Dir. by Michele Massimo Tarantini. Stars Gloria Guida. Art students discovering their sensuality. Some nice-looking ladies, handsome men, but they skirt all around real eroticism. *(Remi Richter)*

VIRGIN WIFE **X/0**

Italy, 1976. Miracle Films. Dir. by Franco Martinelli. Stars Edwige Fenech, Carol Baker, Renzo Montagnani, Ray Lovelock. Cute, sexy little film, with beautiful women (especially Edwige Fenech). An almost impotent husband's condition becomes known; an uncle tries to revive his manhood with a succession of waitresses, servant-girls, even his own mistress. The very premise of this story eliminates a lot of the eroticism, I'm afraid. All is well in the end, but it wasn't all that good a trip. *(Henri T.)*

□

AN AMERICAN FILM

She's only a high-school dropout but she earns herself plenty of college credits.

COED CAPERS



Life in a small college town can be a bore, especially when you're a young local girl who was a high-school dropout. Lonely, a little dumb, but the possessor of a gorgeous body, Sally Seldom will do *anything* to hobnob with the college crowd. She wears thin T-shirts and tight jeans. One night at the beer-joint Sally is discovered by an AC/DC coed, Lorna Lustmacher, whose tongue twitches at the sight of Sally's buxom body. Lorna invites the girl to a party at one of the off-campus pads which the coeds chip in to maintain for just such soirees.



All sexes and all organs mix when the AC/DC coeds toss a party in their secret off-campus pad where no holds are barred.





Sally is dazzled by the thought of finally being accepted by the college "in" crowd. She eagerly takes up Lorna's invitation with no questions asked. When she arrives at the hideaway apartment Sally is flattered to find that she is the center of attention. In the heat of the evening, as the clothes come off and young flesh rubs against young flesh, she is even more delighted to find that her furry little cunt is the focal point for every horny cock and tongue in the place—especially the stiff tongue of Lorna, whose wily machinations pay off in a splendidly satisfying sapphic suck-fest. *Coed Capers* features a bevy of nubile nymphs whose private parts are brand-new to the X-rated film scene.



Sally starts out as an innocent pupil but it doesn't take much tutoring to turn her into a full member of the swinging sorority.



Linda Lou (Candice Chambers) and her horny boyfriend Fred (Ken Scudder) take time out from their do-good chores solving other people's sexual hangups in "Hard Soap Hard Soap." The pictorial spread on pages 38–51 will really get your lather up!



French film stars Gerard Depardieu and Bulle Ogier play a couple of lovers caught up in a bizarre web of torture and bondage in the offbeat film *Maitresse.* The dog gets into the action too. Turn to pages 32–35 for kinky scenes.

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SEE PAGE 79