

Adam FilmWorld

VOL. 7 / NO. 6

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**RUSS MEYER'S
NEW CROP OF
SUPERVIXENS**

BIG DOUBLE FEATURE:

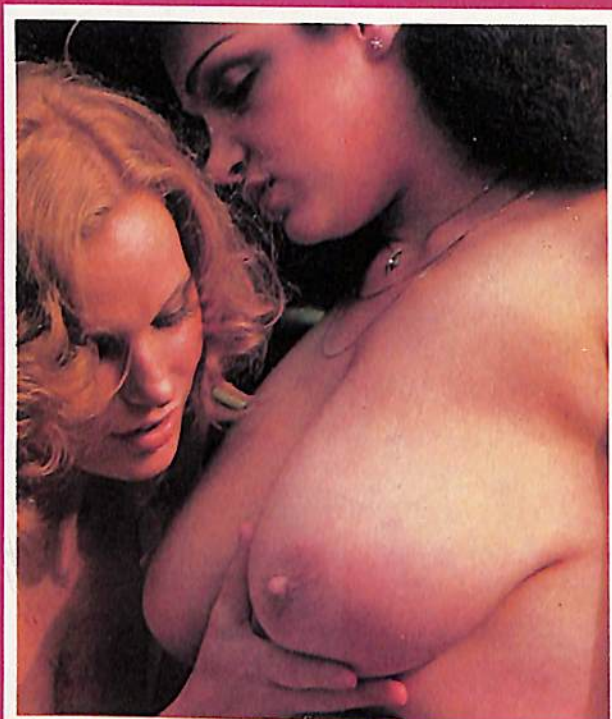
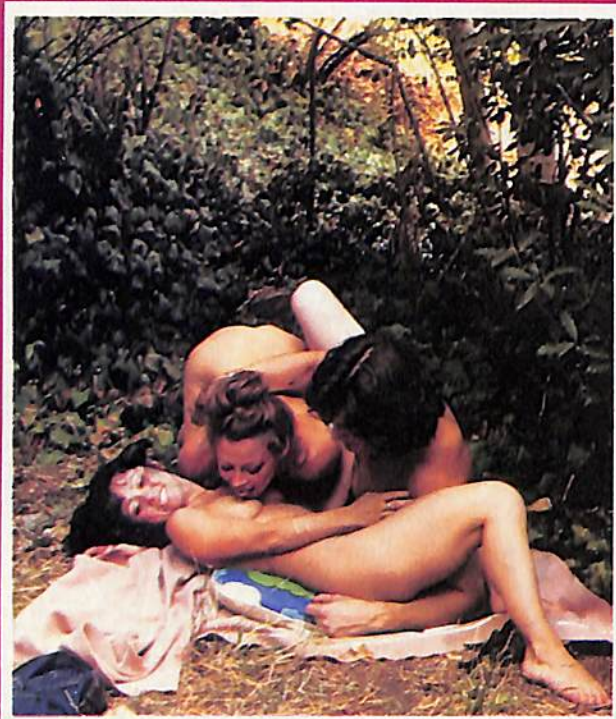
**ONE WAY
AT A TIME**

**SISSY'S HOT
SUMMER**

SPECIAL REPORT:

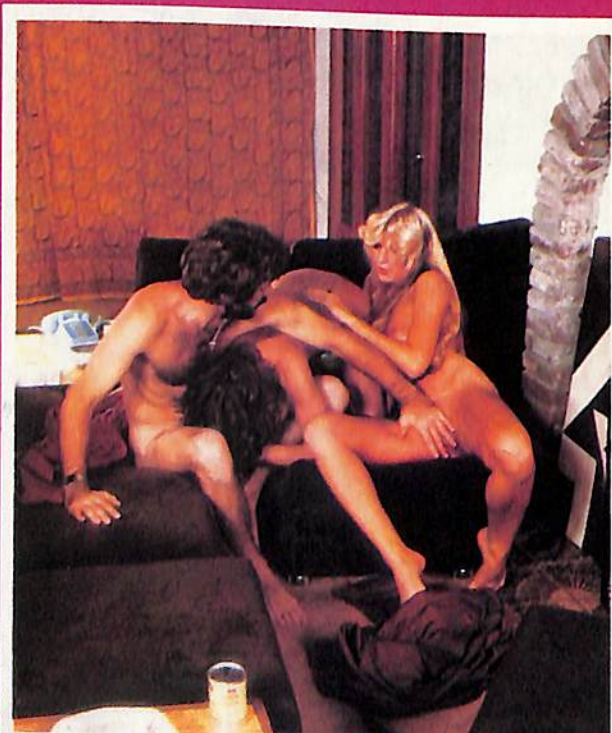
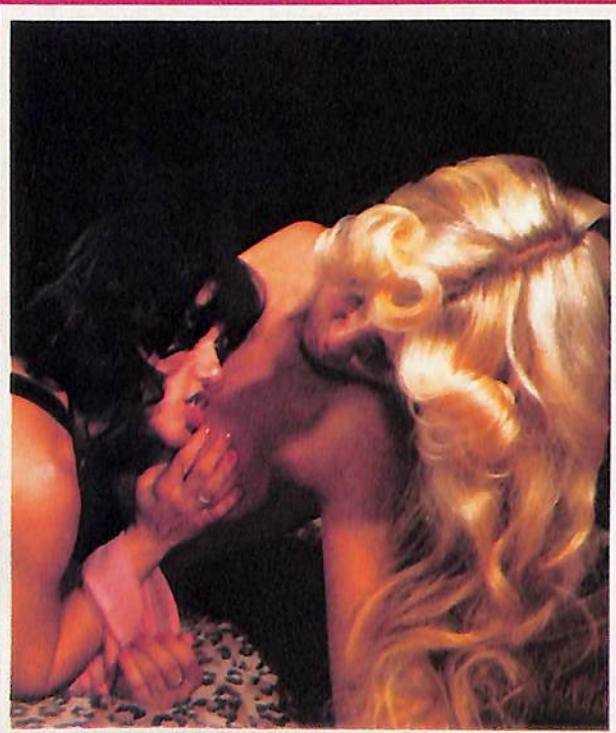
**THE BIZARRE
SEX FANTASIES
OF FELLINI**





ONE WAY AT A TIME & SISSY'S HOT SUMMER

It's a big double bill by director-producer Alan Colberg—two riotous erotic romps with the same cast of horny people, two sexed-up takeoffs on popular TV series. *One Way at a Time*—it should have been called *One Lay at a Time*—is all about a swinging divorcee mother and her two teen-age nymphet daughters. *Sissy's Hot Summer* is the jumping erotic saga of a blonde nurse and her two roommates. The action starts on page 34.



Adam FilmWorld

VOLUME SEVEN/NUMBER SIX

800 Fantasy Lane

Candy Summer and her dazzling harem of fantasy girls make the kinkiest, wettest dreams come true for their horny guests.

A CalVista Int'l release
Page 6



King Leer

Russ Meyer, the pioneer of the nudie/girlie flicks, is back once more with still another fabulous filmfest of outsize mammaries and bulging butts.

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Inside Uschi

An intimate interview with Uschi Digart, the world's most photographed figure model who doubles as an actress in X-and-R-rated movies.

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Heavenly Desire

Two madams of the Old West get a chance to go to Hooker's Heaven if their ghosts can turn on a whole sorority house to orgiastic coed sex antics.

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The Hollywood Horrors

Phantasm is the latest in the parade of scare-flicks whose box-office returns show that terror can be just as big a turn-on as sex itself.

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Snapshots from Taxi Girls

Nancy Suiter, a Cheryl Ladd look-alike, leads a bunch of enterprising Hollywood hookers who peddle their sex on wheels. Co-stars John Holmes, Serena.

A Superfilm release
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EROTOMIC DOUBLE FEATURE TREAT!!

One Way at a Time & Sissy's Hot Summer

A pair of sizzling erotic romps starring Michele Moore, Lisa Loring, Aubrey Nichols, John Holmes and sexmates in take-offs on your favorite TV shows. Valiant Int'l Pictures
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The Bizarre Erotic World of Fellini

The famous Italian filmmaker never runs out of grotesque sex fantasies to translate into his unique film classics.

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Mme. Black Rose

A trusting young bride finds herself the prisoner of a sadistic gang of bondage and torture cultists.

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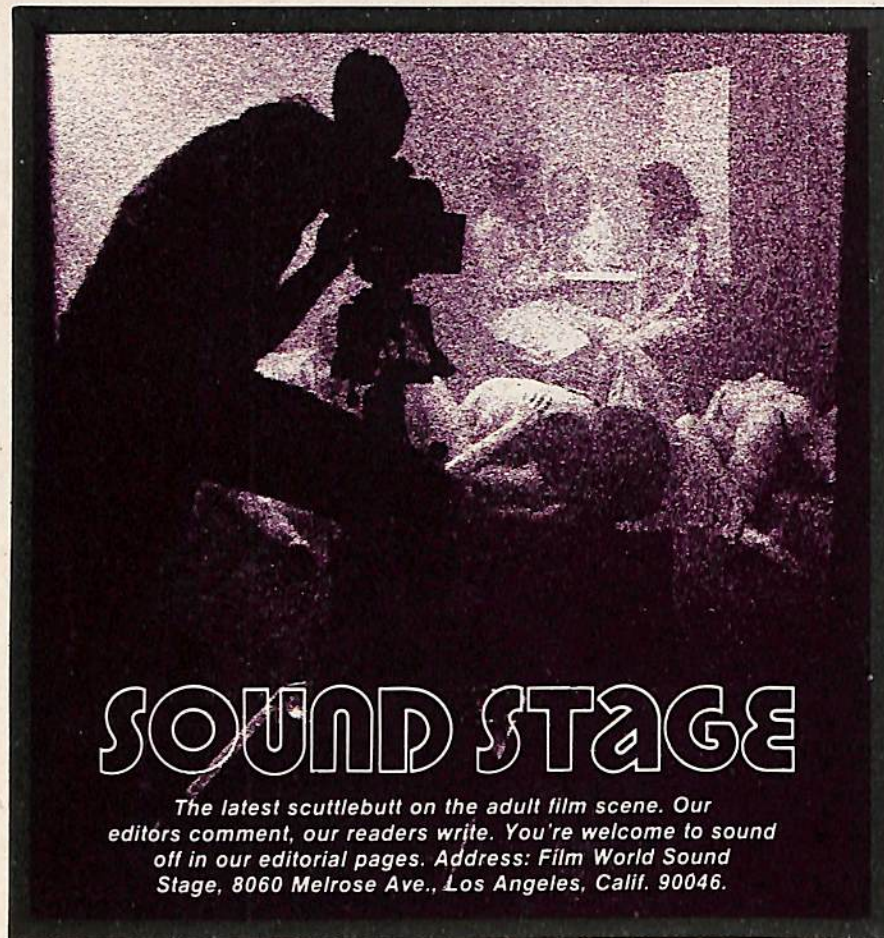
in our next issue:



Cover photo:
Laurien Dominique in
One Way at a Time
by Joel Sussman

Editor Edward S. Sullivan; Art Director M.B. Beardsley; Associate Editor Jules Griffin; Photo Editor Irving Wimpole; Feature Editor Alvin Aratino; Editorial Assistant Freddie Fischer; Contributing Editors William Rotsler, Frank Thistle, Jerry Stout, Joel Sussman, Titus Moody.

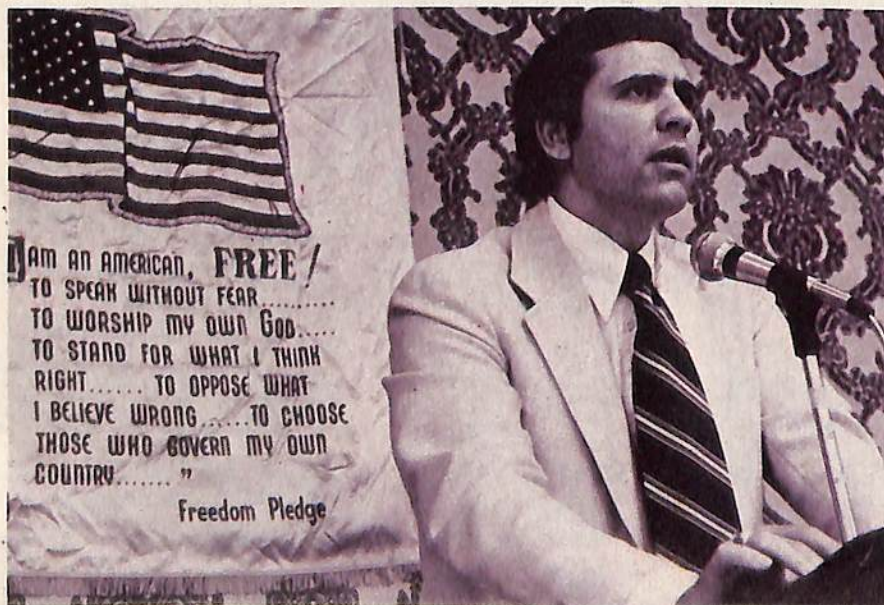
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Memphis Prosecutor's Anti-Porn Law Thrown Out by High Court

A resounding blow for freedom of the press and screen was struck in the Deep South a few weeks ago, when the Tennessee Supreme Court threw out the obnoxious anti-porno statute pushed in the State Legislature by Larry Parrish, former federal prosecutor in Memphis who led the crusade against *Deep Throat*.

The so-called "Parrish Act," which would have banned a wide variety of allegedly obscene materials, was declared unconstitutional in a unanimous opinion written by Justice William H.D. Fones, a prominent Memphis church leader. Tennessee thus returned to its former pre-Parrish standards, which are blue-nosed enough but nothing like



the new law which would have superseded them. Justice Fones stated that the court's opinion firmly "reinstates the 1974 obscenity law in full force and effect. We declare the entire [Parrish] act null and void."

Drafted by Parrish when he was still an Asst. U.S. Attorney, and filed before the legislature last year, the proposed new law was pushed in an intense lobbying effort by church and civic censorship groups, and authorities stood ready to enforce it as soon as court challenges filed by liberal groups were settled.

Justice Fones also noted in his 41-page opinion that the new law went "farther than the U.S. Supreme Court in restricting speech and press, and therefore we cannot give constitutional approval to any law expanding the standards for adjudicating obscenity."

Larry Parrish made national headlines a few years ago when he prosecuted the makers of *Deep Throat* on federal obscenity charges in Memphis. He tried to send porn actor Harry Reems to jail as one of the stars of the X-rated Gerard Damiano classic. All charges against Reems were finally dismissed. Parrish is pictured here in his role of "Daniel in the lions' den," addressing the 1976 convention of the Adult Film Association of America in Anaheim, California. The adult filmmakers invited him to air his hard-nosed anti-porn views, and Parrish did so.

William Leech, Tennessee attorney general, said the state will not carry its appeal any further. Leech, who had helped Parrish push his law across, said: "Since our State Supreme Court has ruled Parrish's law unconstitutional under both the state and U.S. constitutions, legally and otherwise we have no basis for appeal."

Phil Kohn, the chief defense lawyer in the *Deep Throat* trial, said: "This is a victory not only for the legal profession and the press, but for America as well." He should have added, for adult film fans.

Warner's Gets 4 Films Rerated From X to R

Further attesting to the rapidly changing standards of obscenity in our society, four Warner Bros. films which were originally rated X when first released in the late '60s and early '70s, have been rerated R even though they have not been reedited in any substantial degree. The four films are: *The Damned*, the late Luchino Visconti's highly-sexed and bloody 1969 drama of the dissolution of a wealthy German munitions family under the Nazis; *The Devils*, Ken Russell's 1971 story of exorcism and sex in a French convent; *The Last of the Mobile Hotshots*, and *Performance*.

Some difference of opinion between Warner Bros. and the Code and Ratings Administration of the MPAA surfaced on the question of just how close the resubmitted versions of the four films are to the original prints, but any discrepancy which exists was said to be minor. Warner's executive vice-president Edward Bleier, who initiated the push for rerating, said that to the best of his knowledge none of the films had been reedited at all. However, a spokesman for the ratings board said he believed that at least one of the films was "not exactly the version that was originally rated X."

One way or the other, the change from

the X designation to R, which allows youths under 17 to view films if accompanied by parent or responsible adult, is further evidence of the steady relaxation in "contemporary standards" which has taken place during the past decade. Possibly these films may soon be seen on TV. All four pictures were originally rated X between 1969-71 when the present ratings system was in its infancy. In those days, just about any show of nude flesh or too-strong suggestion of sex drew an automatic X. In the case of *The Damned*, a powerful film which co-stars Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin and Helmut Griem and features Helmut Berger and Charlotte Rampling, there is the off-camera but quite definite rape of a young girl, plus the all-but-explicit depiction of mother/son incest.



Richard Heffner, chief of the Ratings Administration, observed that such reratings of old films don't happen very often, but said: "We believe it *should* happen. We try to reflect contemporary standards, which don't remain static."

Bleier, who handles sales of Warner Bros. films to television, noted that an X-rating virtually rules out the possibility of non-theatrical sales. He said he decided to ask for the rerating because "these good films were just sitting on the shelf doing nothing." Bleier has started marketing the four rerated movies to pay TV, which if they go over may open up network or syndication possibilities. *The Damned* was sold to CBS in the early 70s for multiple showings, but even though the network censors cut some 30 minutes of the strongest sex and violence, it was broadcast only once because it drew extreme heat from what Bleier described as pressure groups, who were enraged not by the sex action but by the depiction of Nazi brutality.

Fornicating Is Better Than Fighting Any Day

The pussyfooting tactics of the ratings board with regard to sex films bring to mind the continuing paradox of sex versus violence, which would be amusing if it weren't essentially tragic. This has been pointed up recently by the publicity over several incidents of violence that took



place at theaters showing *The Warriors* and *Boulevard Nights*.

In a number of cities where the films were shown, fights broke out, mainly between members of embattled youth gangs, on the ticket-lines, in lobbies and in parking lots. There were knifings and shootings. One youth was fatally shot at a Palm Springs drive-in where *The Warriors* was showing, and another stabbed to death in a theater lobby in Oxnard, California. A San Francisco theater's showing of *Boulevard Nights* was terminated at the request of Mayor Diane Feinstein, and scheduled showings of *Nights* and *Warriors* were cancelled in various cities across the country.

Universal Pictures took a prudent step of its own accord, in canceling scheduled engagements last May of its new release *Walk Proud* (originally titled just plain *Gang!*) in Los Angeles, Denver, San Francisco and Dallas. "You don't have to be a sage to realize there is some tension, especially in those cities," said producer Lawrence Turman. "We think our film is life-affirming and positive. Still, we won't release it in those markets until a time when everyone feels there's no possibility of incidents." The movie was due to open as scheduled in what were considered less sensitive territories—with *Walk Proud* (nee *Gang!*) set for showing in some 500 theaters by mid-June.

This is a good trend, we think—that is, the realization of the trouble that can be directly incited by the showing of violent films, and the fact that producers and distributors are taking it on themselves to adopt some cautionary measures.

But you don't see the ratings board rerating a film from PG or R down to X because it incites violence or provokes killing. The Ratings Administration is too busy counting the dirty words and watching for flashes of nudity. It seems to us that they've got their priorities backward. To the best of our knowledge, adult sex movies don't hurt anybody. Maybe they turn people on so that more sex action takes place after the show—we don't know that a survey has ever been made. But one thing is for sure, nobody gets knifed or shot or clobbered when he goes to see *Sexworld* or *The Erotic Adventures of Candy!*.

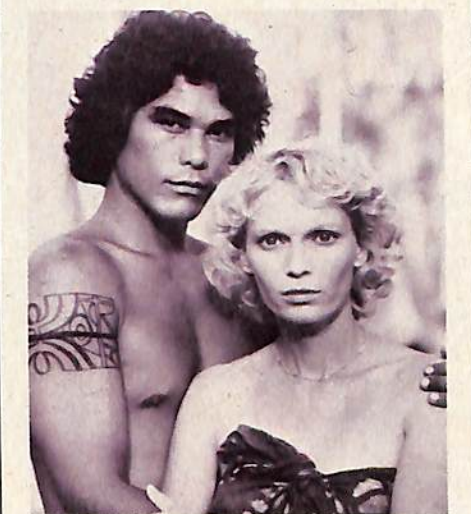
Dino's Hurricane Sets Off Samoan Tempest

The big Dino De Laurentiis South Seas production *Hurricane* has stirred up just that among the sizeable Samoan community in Hawaii, and the furor is spreading among Samoan groups in San Francisco, Los

Angeles and Seattle. Samoan chiefs and their ministers and followers, clad in colorful native garb and chanting as they walked, picketed the Royal Theatre in Waikiki where *Hurricane* opened last April. They carried placards reading: "I'm a Samoan chief that can speak Samoan," "Hurricane blows my mind!" and "Next time, Dino, ask us."

The Samoans claim the picture belittles and mocks their ancient island culture. "The movie is an offense to all Samoans and projects a negative image of Samoan culture," said Gus Hannemann, a former law student and spokesman for the picketing group. "Hollywood has done it to the American Indian and now they're doing it to us. Ours is a beautiful culture. We're trying to keep it pure and carry it on among our young people."

Hannemann's brother Mufi, a Harvard graduate, said the islanders deplored one particular scene where the bride-to-be of a chief has to parade naked in front of the wedding guests before her virginity is proved. "The virginity of a bride marrying a Samoan chief must be proved," Mufi said, "but it is a very sacred ceremony, conducted in strict privacy, after which the high chief displays a sheet with blood on it."



Hurricane, based on the novel by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, with the setting changed from Tahiti to American Samoa in the 1920's, was filmed on the island of Bora Bora. It's a romantic adventure story involving a love affair between the naval governor's daughter, played by Mia Farrow, and a young Samoan chief, played by a young Irish-Hawaiian, Dayton Ka'ne, in his first screen role.

United Artists Plans To Appeal X Ratings

The Code and Ratings Administration is being kept busy these days. United Artists has just announced that it plans to appeal the X ratings attached to two of its forthcoming releases, *Arabian Nights* and *The Canterbury Tales*—both based on literary classics. These are the first X labels to be placed on any major studio release in more than three years. The last previous was on *Emmanuelle*, the *Jays of a Woman*, a Paramount release in 1976 starring Sylvia Kristel. United Artists has released four X-raters in the past: *Midnight* turn to page 70

AN AMERICAN FILM

800 Fantasy Lane

Possibly because it comes from the creative imagination of an exotically beautiful and sexy girl filmmaker named Svetlana, this new CalVista International release is above the average in erotic impact and production values. The blurb says: *Your fantasies come alive—in 800 variations!* and that's just about true. The address of the title is a lavish Beverly Hills hideaway mansion where a whole harem full of voluptuous beauties presided over by bombshell blonde Candy Summer not only cater to the ruggedest macho fantasies of two studs, John and Victor (Jamie Gillis and Chris Anderson), but invent some far-out erotic routines that the boys never dreamed of. The girl with the tiger-stripes, in case you're wondering, is a newcomer named Shante.





The real estate racket, even in Hollywood, never saw salesgirls like these! Candy and Serena and Desiree and the rest of the horny crew take their two prospective customers on a bizarre tour of the whole sexual spectrum. What do the girls do when they learn that they're being conned? You'll have to see the movie to find out.

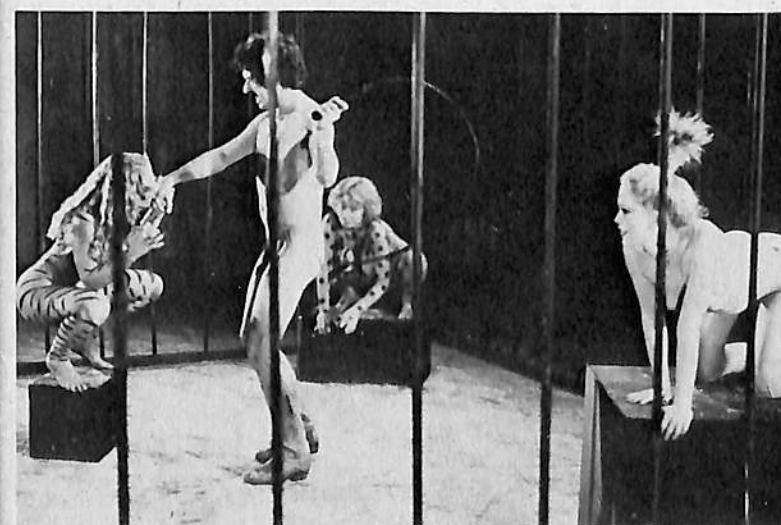
Let Your Dreams
Come True at ...

800 Fantasy Lane

Starring
CHRIS ANDERSON • CANDY SUMMER
and JAMIE GILLIS

IN
COLOR

RATED
X



John and Victor are a couple of Midwestern gas station attendants with champagne ideas but beer incomes. They constantly dream of swinging orgies in Hollywood. While pumping gas they get a brilliant idea. For the price of a long-distance call they convince the eager salesgirls of *Hollywood Star Realty* that they're wealthy oil magnates just itching to spend their money in the glamor-and-sex capital. They whoosh out to L.A. and are met by a crew of dazzling girls who whisk them in a limousine to the hillside estate—*800 Fantasy Lane*. The mansion is filled with curvaceous, eye-popping beauties who lavish their attentions on the two studs to sell them the estate. There's wall-to-wall erotic action as the wildest fantasies come to pulsing life. Here we see John cracking his whip over a ringful of female animals in heat.



Nudie film pioneer Russ Meyer makes no hard-core pictures but his big-bosom spectaculars inspire plenty wet dreams.



KING LEER

A FILM WORLD
Special Report
by FRANK THISTLE



RUSS MEYER is not a dirty old man. Sure, he likes a little pussy now and then, but what he likes more than pussy (yes, Virginia, there are such men) is—sit down and get ready for this—BIG, GIGANTIC BOSOMS. When old Russ sees a big bosom—a new one—he goes as crazy as a hound-dog in heat.

And that's exactly what his legions of film fans are doing over his latest epic of bulging boobs, *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*. Don't let the title bother you, sports fans. Remember, Russ Meyer is not a title-man—he's a *tit*-man. To star in his new bosomy sizzler, Meyer found the eighth wonder of the world—Francesca (Kitten) Natividad, who has the most mammoth mammar-ies this side of paradise. And getting a gander at them is like *being* in paradise. She is truly an outstanding young lass. Nobody with any sense cares about the lines she mumbles—they're too busy watching her tremendous tits swing and sway. What more could a guy want—except perhaps a rubber duck and/or doll?

Meyer plays it fairly close to the vest. He doesn't go in for the suck-'n'-fuck stuff. No X-rated hard-core for Russ. No way. After all, he is a policeman's son. But old Dad never thought his off-spring would turn out like he did. Russ never studied sex education in school in his native Oakland, but he sure as hell learned in a big hurry what movie goers liked: BIG TITS.

Francesca (Kitten) Natividad stars in Russ Meyer's latest film *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens*. Kitten has been Miss Nude Universe and she's also Meyer's girl friend.



Meyer's second wife Eve (above) whom he exploited as actress and model, won distribution rights to his films when she divorced him. She was killed in Canary Islands plane crash. His third wife, Edy Williams (the brunette facing camera in line at right) was a starlet and beauty contest winner. Kitty (far right) has them out-mammared by inches.



IN HIS LATEST effort Meyer has done himself proud. Every film of his has featured a girl or two or three or four or five with bountiful bosoms, and his fans always wonder, My God, how can he keep on finding girls with bigger and bigger tits? Meyer has that talent. In *Kitten* he has discovered the biggest tits around. It's just a coincidence that she also happens to be his girl friend.

Girls will always have boobs in various sizes and shapes, and men will always have cocks. And both sexes will always like to have their appurtenances stroked, caressed and fondled one way or another. Meyer has not created sex but he's sure as hell given limp libidos a massive lift.

Meyer's obsession with big tits has earned him many things besides moola. For one thing, *Forbes*, the prestigious business and financial magazine, has dubbed him "The Hugh Hefner of the adult movie business." And rightly so. During the past 18 years, the man who loves big bosoms has produced 32 films which have grossed around \$60 million. And no longer do his flicks appeal just to dirty old men. The raincoat brigade has given way to college students and women. Oh yes, there are dirty women—old and young. They like a good fuck just like men, but they often find it a little hard finding a good hard cock.

Meyer, who was once considered a dirty old man, has become respectable—so much so in fact that the *Los Angeles Times*—the paper that won't

even run ads for porno films—runs feature stories on "King Leer." Ironical?

Meyer's movies even have plots. *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens* concerns the career of a young man whose sexual dysfunction is cured by the intervention of a lady evangelist.

Everybody likes Russ—even the girls he doesn't fuck. He's a charming gent all around—but on the set he's all business.

"Meyer is very overbearing, but he gets the job done," says Charles Pitt, an actor who played the lead in *Supervixens*. "It's like old Blood-and-Guts Patton. If he needs a shot in the mud, he'll lie down in the mud and show you the shot he wants. He'll never tell an actor to do something he won't do."

Says Russ: "My films are just extensions of my own fantasies. Right now, I want to make a film a year and have a good time."

WITH MILLIONS of dollars behind him, Russ Meyer can indeed afford to have a good time. Uschi Digart can testify to this. The buxom Swedish lass has acted in four Meyer flicks, and in *Beneath the Valley of the Ultravixens* she served as associate producer. ducer.

"As an actress, you have to give Russ what Russ wants," she says.

Uschi, who has given wet dreams to millions of men, acted in Sam Peckinpah's *The Killer Elite*. "Russ is much more of a perfectionist than even Peck-

inpah. He's totally involved, and he won't take a shot unless everything is perfect. He wants things broad, larger than life. I always wanted the films to be more sensuous, but he says that's not him. Sometimes he makes actors almost cry because he wants what he wants."

According to Uschi, none of the girls who play in Meyer films have gone on to any bigger and better things. "None of them are primarily actresses. They don't really want to be actresses. They either marry a rich man or go into other fields. I never really wanted to be an actress. I've had fun, but I've never felt about acting as I do about being behind the camera."

Kitten has a similar opinion. "I don't have to be a serious actress," she says. "I have a great body, so why not use it?"

She does, too, both on and off-screen. She is Meyer's current sex interest and on the set they often indulged in "naughty nooners." Kitten, who is not as blase as her boyfriend, would often ask Russ: "Do you think everyone knew what we were doing?"

"Sure," replied Russ nonchalantly. "When you came back, some of your body makeup was gone!"

Kitten and Russ started their romance in a somewhat unusual way. Explains the bra-busting beauty: "I was in *Up* (a Meyer flick), and after that I wanted to be in his next one really bad. I kept inviting him out to lunch, but he wouldn't go. Finally he went with me because he had nothing else to do, I



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guess. You know, he drinks and I don't, but I was drinking anyway. I passed out and woke up at his house. That's how our romance started."

ALTHOUGH the King of the Nudies has made his fortune selling sex, he is almost puritanical about off-screen passion—among other people, that is. He demands that the sexes be segregated while on location.

"A newspaper editor came by while we were shooting once," recalls Russ. "He was a real swinger. He thought we'd all be mingling together like angleworms. Fall asleep, then wake up and do a couple of shots."

"That's not the way it works. I choose to think that if the actors and actresses continue to keep being horny, their whole attitude is hungry, lean. It may contribute to their performance. More importantly, with all that aesthetic crap aside, it's a lot simpler if everyone is in their wicket at night, without the kind of problem that will keep them up overnight. If you're mixing sex with film, the moral standards have to be a lot higher in person than on the screen."

Russ Meyer's own love-life is almost as action-packed as are his sex-drenched screen sizzlers. He's got to be Hollywood's swingiest "midnight cowboy." He doesn't look like a matinee idol or swinger. He's a big bear of a man who looks more like a bricklayer than a filmmaker. One charitable columnist recently described him as "a paunchy Clark Gable."

That's really giving him the benefit of the doubt. In any case, his looks haven't been a drawback in capturing curvy cuties and amassing a multi-million-dollar fortune. Russ has revolutionized the movie industry more than any other individual in the past decade or so, by exploiting raw sex and violence. He's internationally recognized as the original "King of the Nudies," and can be credited with starting the current tidal wave of screen erotica.

He has turned out 32 nude movies including *The Immoral Mr. Teas*, *Erotica*, *Europe in the Raw*, *Wild Gals of the Naked West*, *Lorna*, *Mudhoney*, *Motor Psycho*, *Faster*, *Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* and *Vixen*.

Meyer is not actually a sex maniac as his movies might lead you to believe. He's just an almost ordinary guy, horny as the next, chasing a buck. He learned in a hurry that sex sells. And since then he has worked like a beaver producing films that reek with raw realism in



Uschi Digart was associate producer of *Ultravixens*.

below-the-belt matters.

By mixing sex and sadism and bosomy broads, he hit upon a sure-fire formula at the box-office. That, coupled with his clever business skill, has enabled him to get his racy R-rated films shown in theaters throughout the U.S. and Europe.

MEYER BEGAN exploiting female flesh shortly after a tour of duty in World War II as a cameraman. His first job was with a San Francisco industrial film producer. The pay was meager, so he started shooting models for the girly magazines.

After making a name for himself as a glamor still photographer, he cannily envisioned the pot of gold awaiting the guy who would introduce nudie-girly films to the public. His decision to switch from still photography to movies was a fast one. He plunked down \$24,000 to produce *The Immoral Mr. Teas*. That was in 1958. The film to date has made over a million.

I first talked to Meyer some years ago in his plush home overlooking Los Angeles. He told me the secrets of his startling success.

"I learned long ago that sex and sensationalism sell," he said. "A lot of people keep asking me why I don't turn legitimate and make a real good movie. That's a good question. But why should I, when I've hit upon a good formula that keeps the money rolling in?"

"If I went strictly legit, maybe I'd lose my shirt. I don't know. But it's a possibility. I'm content doing what I'm doing. I may not make the greatest films in the

world, but at least I don't have the wolf knocking at my door.

"Oh, I've considered turning legit. I've got a lot of ideas. But the public is fickle and you never know how a major production will turn out—but you always know there will be a good market for a sex film. So I keep right on making them. I'm interested in money—not in Academy Awards."

The Meyer-produced film *Lorna*, for example, will certainly never be considered for an Academy Award. But it did make a big hit at the box-office. "*Lorna* has played all kinds of houses," Meyer said. "It has played the very best RKO houses in New York, where we had a multiple run of some 15-20 theaters, right down to Skid Row. It has also played art, sexploitation, neighborhood and drive-in theaters."

MEYER CREDITS the success of *Lorna* to plenty of sex and sadism. There's a nude bathing sequence of *Lorna*, and another scene in which she is brutally raped by a convict. "The picture has been very well received both in America and Europe," Meyer said. "But in some European countries, like Sweden, the rape scene was deleted. European censors turn thumbs down on violence. As a rule they'll permit nudity, but they generally disapprove of any kind of physical violence."

"We're led to believe that American producers make two versions—one for overseas. But if anything, I would say that the weakest version plays in the European countries. There's a lot more liberalism in the production and exhibition of motion pictures right here in the United States."

The king of nudie flicks says the title of a movie is all-important. For example, he made one picture originally called *Rope of Flesh*. People stayed away from it primarily because of the advertising. An illustration showed a man being lynched, and people got the impression it was a horror film.

Meyer changed the title to *Mudhoney*—which means anything that's degrading, evil, dirty, foul—and the advertising to emphasize cruel treatment of girls. Business at the box-office picked right up.

During a later interview, I asked him if he had trouble getting girls to play in his erotic skin-flicks.

"That's the least of my worries," he laughed. "I've got so many little black books with names of willing actresses

turn to page 66

She's not only a hugely popular adult movie star—she's the world's most photographed figure model. She's adorned magazine covers for 10 years and she's still going strong.

Inside Uschi

A FILM WORLD Interview
by WILLIAM ROTSLER

I receive a lot of mail about Uschi Digart, and thought I might answer here in print the more prominent and most-repeated questions about this famous actress-model.

Q: I am in love with Uschi Digart! She's the busty model who has been on the covers of men's magazines for years. How can I meet her? I gauge every woman I meet by her standard of beauty and by the sort of person she appears to be on the screen. Is there any chance for me at all? I'm attractive, 30, well-off and am totally hung up on big-bosomed women.

A: Uschi is a good friend of mine and one of the most delightful ladies you'd ever meet. Totally warm, friendly, intelligent, and loving. Good cook, fine conversationalist, loves to "cuddle," and gets the finest tan I've ever seen on human flesh. But there is no chance for you. I'm sorry. Uschi has a steady companion, a very nice guy with extraordinary wit and charm, talented and good-looking. (I say this, giving details, because I feel sometimes that we feel

better if there is a woman we know we can't have, it is comforting to know she has a man worthy of her.)



I don't know of a single person, male or female, who knows Uschi that doesn't like her. Not one. And I don't know of a single other person you can say that about, including her husband, whose wit sometimes digs deep enough to hurt. In fact, she is so perfect that I've said to her several times: "Uschi, there has just got to be something wrong with you—you're just too good!" She pooh-poohs this gracefully, and is (truly) modest, self-deprecating, and quick to point out her flaws—flaws that certainly don't look that way to us!

Q: Where does Uschi Digart come from? What are her measurements?

A: She's Swedish, from Switzerland. Her measurements are Yum-Yum, Nice, and Hold On! I'm being facetious, of course, but I don't really see any point in measurements, *per se*. She's about five-feet-six. (I had to think back to the last time I hugged her and where she came up to on me.) Proportions are far more important than mere numbers. If you like busty women, then Uschi is well-proportioned; if you don't—go to the end of the line.

Q: Who is the most published figure model? Betty Page? Diane Webber? Uschi Digart?

A: Uschi would win easily. Although both women were well photographed—Betty Page in the 50's and Diane in the 50's and 60's—there is just no serious competitor to Uschi Digart. Appearing under numerous names, in various wigs, in films and on still sets, in bondage and orgies, in clothes and out, with guys, gals, and singly, there wasn't one month from 1969 to 1976 when she didn't appear on at least one cover. That was seven or eight times longer than most models. Not only has she appeared often, but she has appeared, I would say, in every male-oriented magazine at one time or other. And she's still appearing after a whole decade.

I once told her she was the most famous, most published model in history, and all she did was deny it. I said: "No, it's true! There has never been a model printed so often for so long a period! Not Diane Webber, not Betty Page, not Michele Angelo, Neola Graef, Antoinette Maynard, not even Virginia Gordon. Not Mickey Jines, Suzanne Snow, Vincene Wallace, Collette Berne, nor any *Playboy* centerfold. Not even Marsha Jordan or Candy Samples has been published as much.

Uschi and her mammoth mammaries have been the stars of many an adult film including many X-raters—but she has never actually engaged in explicit sex action for a hard-core porn movie. She's done many, many simulated sex scenes and you may think you're seeing her go the whole route, but actually the genital closeups are inserted and can be detected by a practiced eye. But Uschi really has nothing against sex—in fact quite the contrary.



Not Shirlee Quimby, Leigh Sands, Lubi Lopez, Marilyn Savage or Cathy Crowfoot. Certainly not Monica Strand, Vicky Lee or Wendy Wyatt, who have been extensively shot. Not Barbara Cory or the girl who called herself "Sin"; not Candy Earle, Bambi Allen, Kathy Williams or Chris Tsitrian. Karen Thomas, Rene Bond, Marti Lascher and Debbie Downey were all printed a lot and still are, but you top them all! You almost equal them all!"

Uschi denied all this, insisting she couldn't be that popular or published that much, but I'll ask you, gentle reader. Do those names ring bells? (Granted, many are phony, but those are the names you know and knew them by, and they appeared under many other names where you might recognize the face, if not the name.)

Q: Has Uschi ever made a porn film?

A: No, not really. She has appeared in simulation movies, so many I don't think she could even tell you how many. But no, repeat, no hard-core porn. There was one film where they took some simulated sex action and inserted porn closeups in such a way that it appeared that she was doing it, but I give you my word that Uschi has not done any such shots, and if you see any in which there is explicit photography, notice carefully the way it is done. There will be mismatched angles, different skin-colors, and so on.

It's not that Ms. Digart has anything against sex—quite the contrary—but simply that she chooses not to appear in explicit action, which is certainly her option. And lately she has moved up on the porn ladder, working behind the camera as an associate producer with Russ Meyer.

Q: Is Uschi Digart her real name?

A: No, though "Uschi" is a nickname. (Will I tell you what it is? No!)

Q: How old is she?

A: I'm not certain, exactly, but she is now in her early 30's.

Q: Under what other names has she appeared?

A: Dozens. The most common "switch" is Digart to Digarth or Digard, but the various names—all created by imaginative magazine editors and writers—number in the hundreds, probably. But under any name she would still be sweet.

Q: Will we ever stop seeing her pictures, both movies and stills?

A: Probably not for 20 years! Many

really good models—such as those mentioned earlier, and several English models—have their photographs reprinted in magazines for from five to ten years after they've posed. What generally stops their publication, in time, is dated hair and makeup, over-use, static poses, and generally "dated" look. Many of the photographs taken up to just a few years ago don't appear much, if at all, because they don't show the pubic hair.

I remember when small but big-busted Michele Angelo appeared in the nude photography field. Instantly she was shot by every photographer in town. I told her: "Two months from now your picture will be in or on every men's magazine in America!" She looked surprised but I explained that she was such an exceptional model, everyone would buy her, but that it took about two months for the production time necessary to putting out a magazine. Then I told her: "You'll be gray-haired before your pictures stop appearing!"

This is not true of most models. While they may be pretty enough to photograph, they lack—something. Exceptional figures, some outstanding trait, like Michele Angelo's breasts or Joanne Rotolo's rear, or some intangible aspect that somehow gets a reader to respond. Many girls are almost instantly over-exposed, and I don't mean just on the photographer's set. Every magazine uses them, and next month—well, next month they want Someone New—or a very good "oldie." The ravenous maw of the men's magazines for attractive girls eats them up rapidly. There just aren't that many pretty girls who choose to be photographed nude.

So this makes Uschi's career even more spectacular. She can—and still does—compete with each month's crop of new girls. Maybe there is a month here and there where you might find some woman who really gets to you, someone you respond to, someone who gives you fantasy material. But there is always Uschi.

When you and I are old and gray and couldn't get it up even with Uschi there in person to help, her pictures will still be printed. Somewhere. And her fans will be growing in numbers.

Uschi Digart, I love you. We love you!

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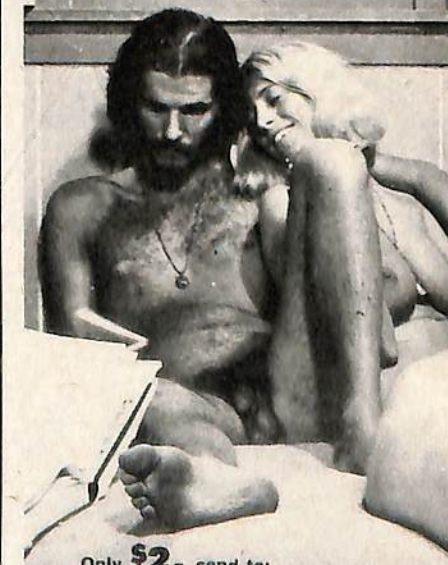
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HEAVENLY DESIRE



Two lively madams ball their way to Hooker's Heaven.

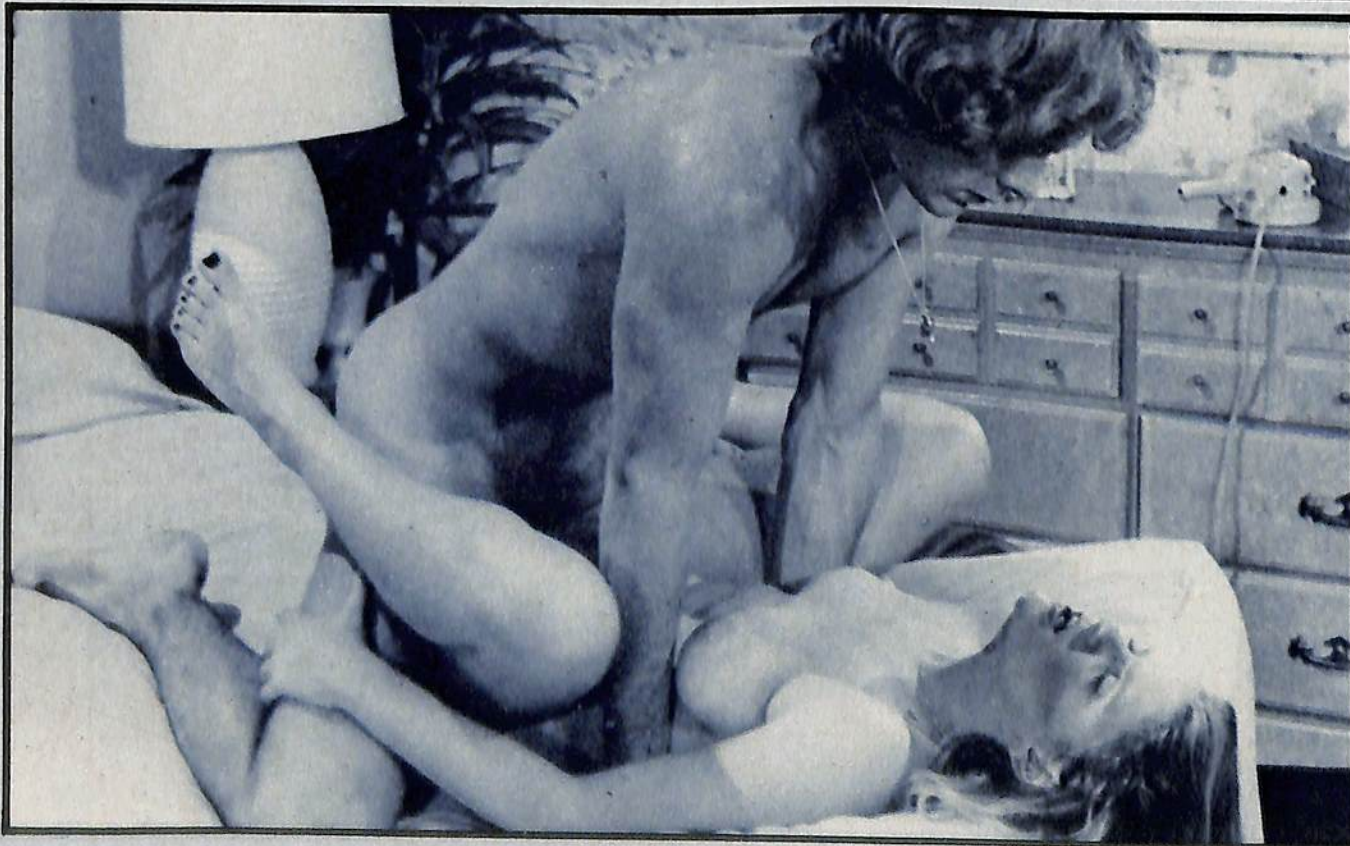
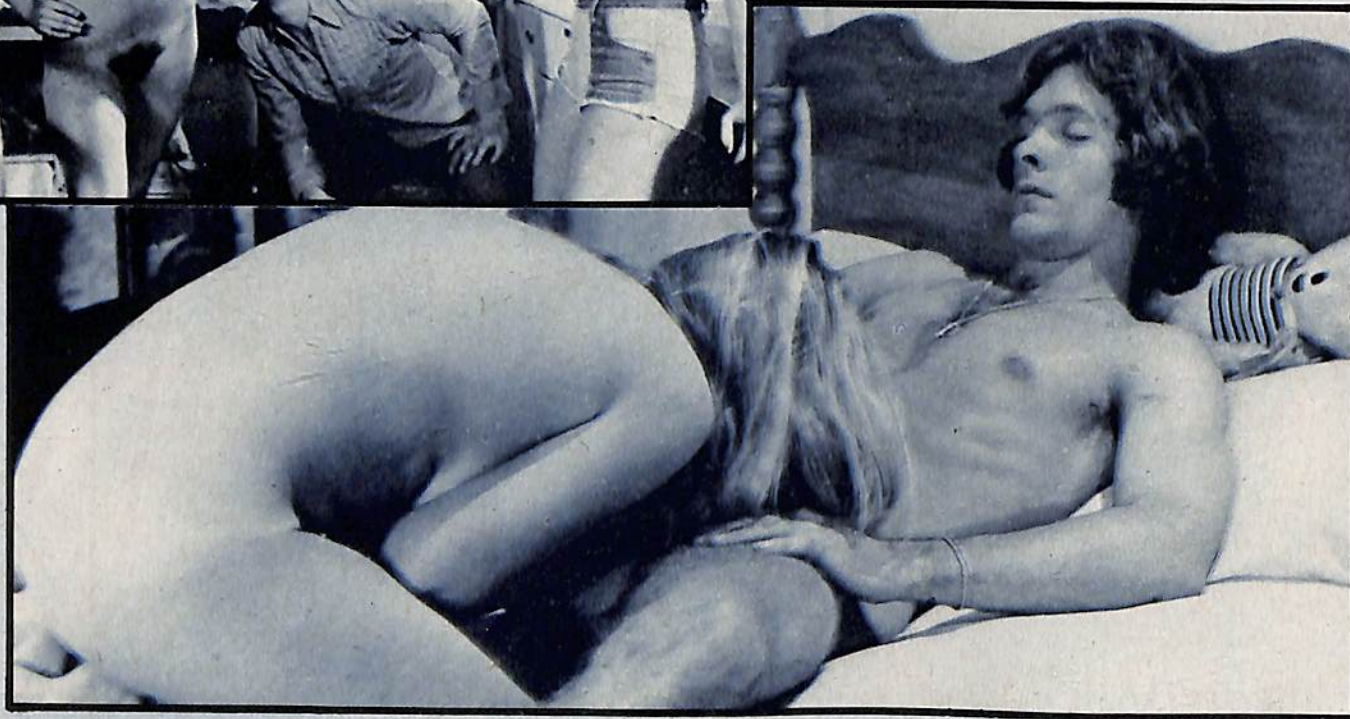


The latest sizzler from Superfilm is a super-sexed-up takeoff on the *Heaven Can Wait* theme, and Warren Beatty never had it so horny. Two whorehouse madams of the Old West, Rosebud and Mary Lou, played by Serena and Seka (she's the blonde), are accidentally shot by their near-sighted gunman lover, Ralph the Kid. Their ghosts fret in limbo until Lucifer, played by Johnnie Keyes, offers them a proposition.

AN AMERICAN FILM



It seems the old whorehouse is now a sorority house full of eager coeds, and Lucifer has a deal for the two madams: if they can get the college cuties turned on to fun and games, then they'll go to Hooker's Heaven. Rosebud and Mary Lou plunge into their task and soon the old house is jumping with wall-to-wall orgies.

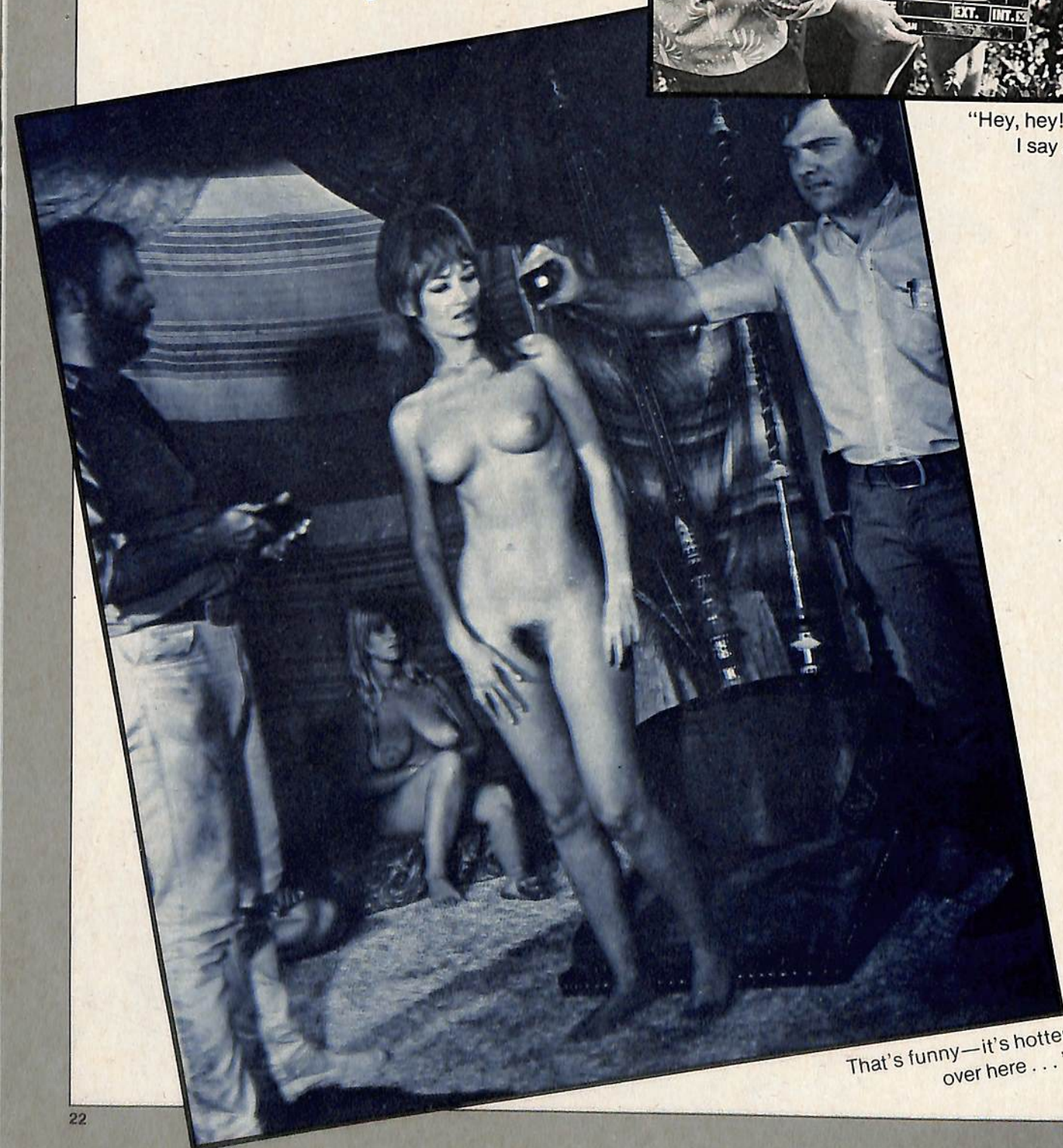


LIGHTS, CAMERA—

and a lot of action!



"Hey, hey! Wait till
I say action!"



That's funny—it's hotter
over here . . .



"Sam, she's rising out of frame!"



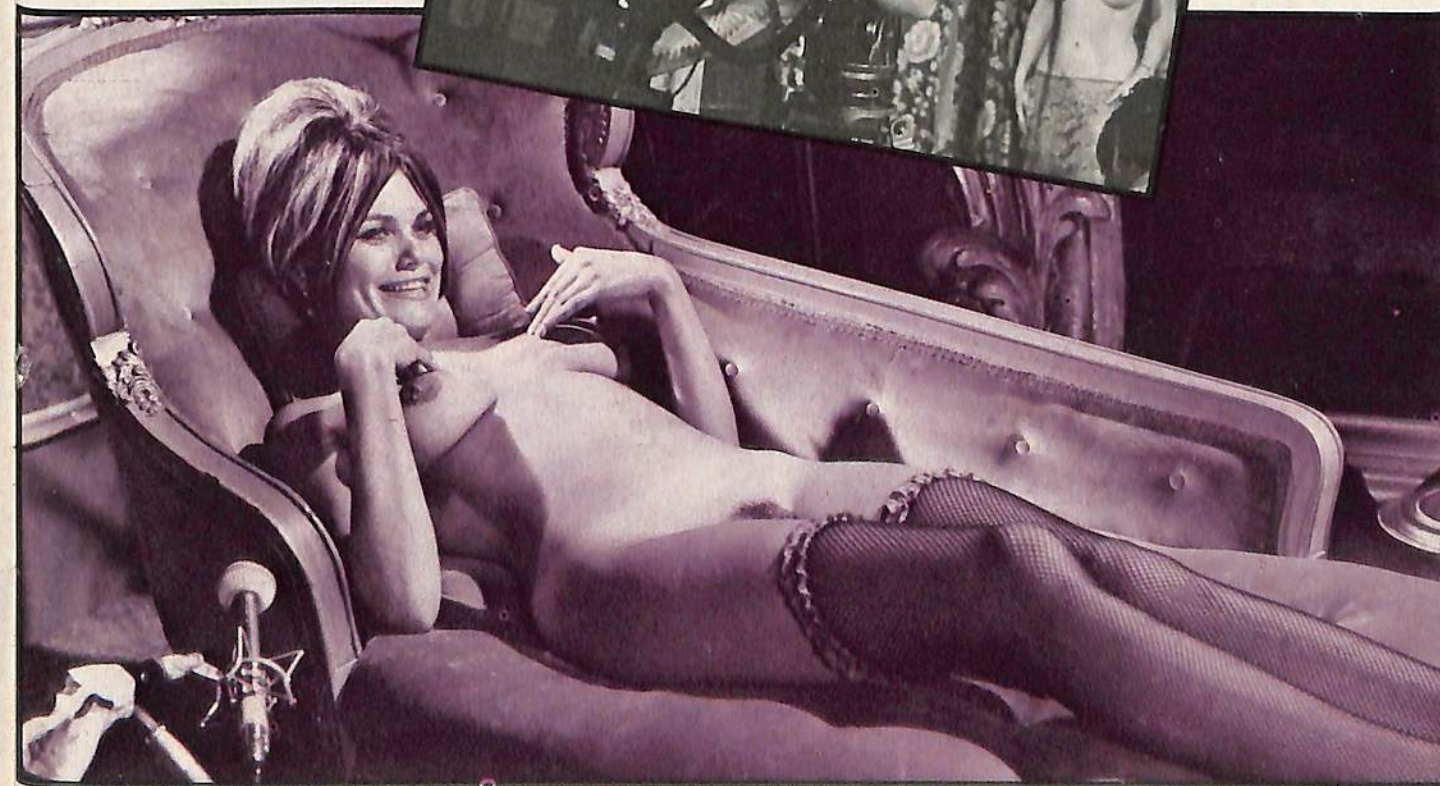
"In this film I play with
my pussy a lot!"



"I can see you're qualified
for the part—
even over-qualified!"



"Okay, baby, now
act like a virgin—
if your memory
is that good!"



"What darling cue-cards! Pictures from the Kama-Sutra!"

THE HOLLYWOOD HORRORS

ONE OF THE latest horror films is *Phantasm*, a real chiller. It runs riot with ghoulish images and delirious effects.

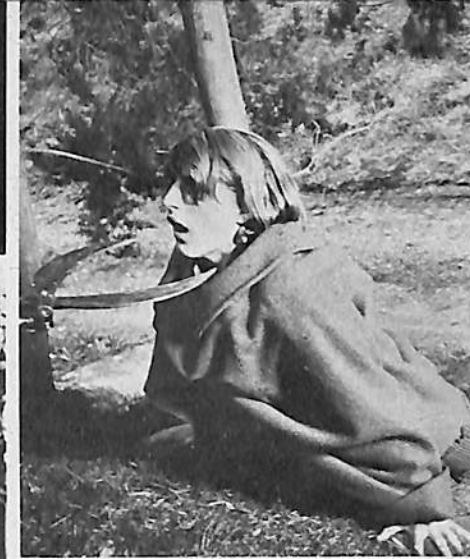
It begins in a graveyard at night, where the wind breathes ominously and a strange, growling noise comes from the dark. Hooded dwarfs rush out of the black and pounce on people. A small silver sphere zips through the white corridor of the masoleum, seeking human flesh to sink its razor-sharp daggers into, scrambling brains and sucking blood.

Faster and faster come the bizarre horrors: a little buzzing people-eater, a driverless car, red and yellow blood, a severed finger with a life of its own—and finally, the living dead. Each effect is more outlandish than the last, provoking first shocks, then laughs. Suspense is jacked up by a cartload of old movie tricks: a hand that suddenly clasps a terrified person's shoulder turns out to belong to a friend. The camera is kept tight on faces so that we're made to worry and wonder about what we can't see.

This is the storyline. When Bill Thornbury attends the funeral of a close pal, he forbids his younger brother,

BY RONALD ROUNDS

Scaring the pants off the audience is always a sure moneymaker at the box office; for many of today's moviegoers terror is a bigger turn-on than sex itself.



Kathy Lester screams in terror on a midnight visit to Morningside Mortuary, in latest Don Coscarelli scarefest *Phantasm*; Udo Kier and young friend dish up the horrors in Andy Warhol's *Frankenstein*; Angus Schrimm plays the menacing mortician turned body snatcher in *Phantasm*.





Shane Briant attaches hand to a monster as Madeline Smith and Peter Cushing watch, in *Frankenstein and the Monster From Hell*; *Texas Chain Saw Massacre* was a real screamer; *The Sentinel* had some scary mutants. That's Karloff the original *Frankenstein* monster in the background.



Michael Baldwin, to attend, since he had suffered a trauma two years earlier when their parents died in a car accident and he went to their funeral. Baldwin follows his brother anyway, watching the graveside service from afar through binoculars. He is staggered by what he sees after the funeral party leaves.

The towering and menacing funeral director steals the body, casket and all! This starts Baldwin snooping around Morningside Mortuary. Sufficiently spooked by what he sees, he then involves both his brother and another friend, Reggie Bannister, in the mystery, after having first brought home proof of his wild tales.

One good thing about *Phantasm* (which is not to be confused with the Australian sexer *Fantasm*), is that Don Coscarelli, the writer/director of the

film, insists that we enjoy our fright. His attitude is that a scare movie should be run through a carnival fun-house. He uses jokes, hurries from shock to shock, and contrives his suspense so nakedly that the film totally disarms us.

ANOTHER essentially horror movie with a completely different concept and treatment is the recently released *The China Syndrome*. When Columbia executives originally sat down to plan marketing strategy for this new movie thriller, they thought they had a big problem: the public wouldn't know if *The China Syndrome* referred to Far East espionage, Oriental eroticism or perhaps some unspeakable

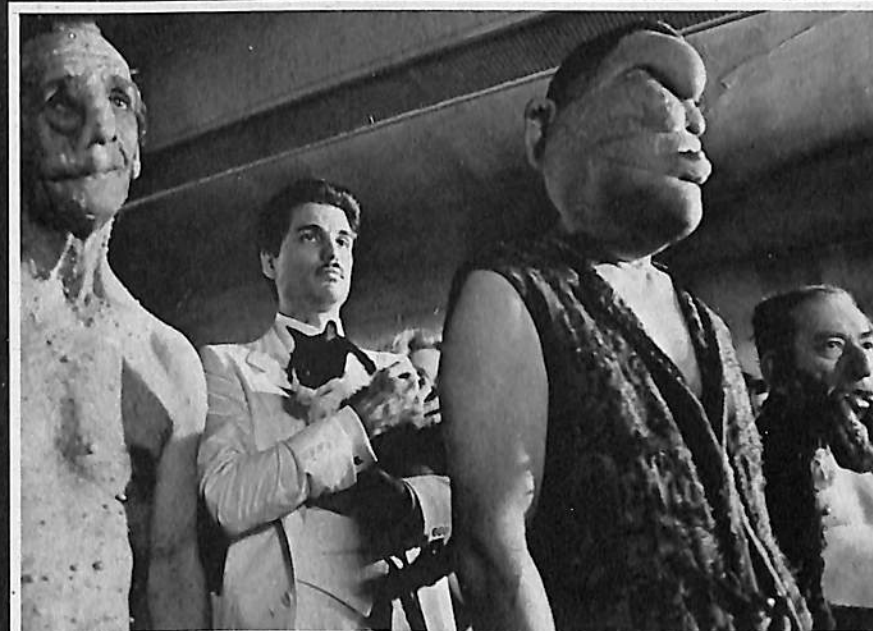
disease. The movie moguls thought about changing the title to *Eyewitness* or *Power*—but decided to take a chance. Now, the nation knows all too well about the China syndrome, reactor meltdowns, and life's chilling ability to imitate art even in the nuclear age.

The film, which opened to generally good reviews only 12 days before the Three Mile Island accident, is a rare phenomenon—a piece of popular entertainment that immediately foreshadowed a major news event and then helped explain it. But the film was a hit even before the accident, and Columbia officials estimate that the \$6 million thriller, which at this writing is playing in 700 theaters around the country, has already grossed \$26 million. To charges that the film is unfair to

the nuclear industry, Columbia executives can legitimately say the real accident in Pennsylvania was far more serious than the fictional accident in the film.

Similarities between the movie and the drama at Three Mile Island are striking. For example, the crisis both began when a pump on the generating system shut down, followed by malfunctioning gauges and the possibility of a meltdown. In both cases, too, utility officials tried to minimize the danger. The most eerie coincidence comes when a nuclear critic in the film says that a meltdown in California "could render an area the size of Pennsylvania permanently uninhabitable."

During the past several years the American public has been thrilled and



chilled by all kinds of horror films. *Jaws* spawned a plethora of "critter" flicks spotlighting the viciousness of ants, spiders, octopi, wild dogs, alligators, whales and even killer bees. *The Swarm* was brought to us by producer Irwin Allen who specializes in horror and disaster films. He brought us *The Poseidon Adventure* and *The Towering Inferno*.

Why does Hollywood have such a case of the horrors? Samuel Z. Arkoff, head of the American International Pictures, leader in the horror film field, says: "Horror films do so well because none of it is real. It's a danger, a remote danger that one can enjoy. The whole area has been popular as far back as children's stories. Look at the wolf in 'Little Red Riding Hood.' Many of the

old Disney things had an element of horror in them."

AHOLLYWOOD producer once ascribed his financial success to this credo: "Give the public what they want and they'll come." Producers long ago discovered that the public loves to be scared to death—almost. Horror pictures appeal to young and old. They all sit together, just about paralyzed during the creepier sequences, and shriek in mock terror.

Horror movies are not new to the Hollywood scene, but today they have become a major force in the industry. Twenty years ago a young film producer named Herman Cohen stated that the mass market for movies was in the 12-to-16-year-old bracket, and films should be aimed at that group. He based his theory partially on the fact that all the movies he produced in that vein had been successful. The only one that bombed had a more adult theme of fixing a basketball team.

Cohen was best known for spawning the "I was a Teenage This-or-That" idea with his *I Was a Teenage Werewolf* grossing \$2 million after being made with only a \$150,000 budget. Most of his other efforts were in a like vein, nearly all on low budgets.

Said Cohen at the time: "You'll notice that although I make horror pictures, they are 'clean' pictures with no problems, no delinquents, no hot-rodgers or undesirable aspects. All horror is supernatural, and no overly imaginative youth can identify himself with any of the characters and get himself in trouble."

The late Boris Karloff, who scared the shit out of many individuals in his lifetime, always claimed that chiller films can't harm kids.

"It's complete nonsense that the monster pictures can hurt children," insisted Karloff, who played many a creep, from *Frankenstein's* monster to *Fu Manchu*, in his time. "These films are so obviously outside anyone's personal experience that they can't harm anyone, including the youngsters. Violence, rape, murder can happen on your street. But you aren't apt to walk into a monster tonight."

The movie veteran, who pioneered the whole shocker vogue with *Frankenstein* in 1931, made four *Frankenstein* films before he died. The "monster man" of the movies never liked the term "horror movies."

turn to page 72

Snapshots from TAXI GIRLS

COME
RIDE WITH US



**TAXI
GIRLS**

starring
Cheryl Ladd
look-alike
NANCY SUITER
and JOHN HOLMES

Blonde cover girl Nancy Suiter plays a Hollywood hooker named Toni, who gets tired of constant hassling by the cops. One memorable night in jail, during which Toni and her girl friends manage to rape the jailer, she gets a bright idea: they can do a lot better operating as taxi girls than by walking the streets. The hookers eagerly join in Toni's plan.



It doesn't take long for Toni and her friends to wangle a horny bank manager into loaning them money to get started, and it's no trick at all to con a goggle-eyed young car salesman into letting them have a fleet of cabs cheap. Soon the taxi girls are on the road—and they service their Hollywood fares like they've never been serviced before. In a short time the hookers' cab business is a huge success.

The taxi business booms right along. The girls are kept busy in their back-seats and in motels with everything from blow-jobs to threesies, orgies and lesbian love. However Toni's personal life is fouled up. She doesn't really want to be a hooker; her hubby (John Holmes) wants her to quit but he can't support her.



But Toni doesn't have time to worry about her personal troubles. The taxi girls have just about put their male rivals out of business and a bunch of the boys decide to kidnap Toni and gang-bang her to teach her a lesson. John and the taxi girls rush to the rescue, and the film winds up in a wild free-swinging melee as seen below. *Taxi Girls* is a Jaacov Jaacovi production from Superfilm.



HOLLYWOOD HOT-LINE



Bob Mitchum says he has retired for good; Cary Grant still rates high as a lover; Charles Bronson now getting \$2 million per picture; Don Adams, Jack Klugman joining Gamblers Anonymous; Michael Caine, Shikara splitting up.

by LEO GUILD



Sophia Loren and husband, producer Carlo Ponti, pictured shortly after marriage.

THE SOPHIA LOREN marriage is shaky after all those years. She met someone on the tour to promote her book. He's a former talk-show host... Gina Lollobrigida will promote a concert in Rome and her star will be Canary Cahn, composer-guitar-player, a girl who once



Gina Lollobrigida (right) is promoting a concert for her blonde friend Canary Cahn, who used to be a boy.

was a boy and had a sex-change operation... Bob Mitchum now says it's definite that he won't make any more pictures—enough is enough... There was a meeting of restaurant owners in Los Angeles and they passed a "No Smoking" rule to go into effect next year... Hugh O'Brian is a sport. He frequently takes new dates on weekends to Acapulco... Oh, how hard the networks are trying to figure out a series for Julie Andrews, but writers have a block... Johnny Carson is on the wagon—and maybe that's why he got all his confidence back and is holding up NBC for a whopping \$5 million a year for his next contract... Gabriel Dell, formerly of The Bowery Boys, is playing theater-in-the-round and making a living at it.

Well, we've had *Star Wars* and next up is *Moon Wars* with all unknowns starring. They're casting now out at Universal... Beautiful Rosalind Mercier, makeup artist at Universal, is saying no to all the married stars who vow they're willing to dump their wives in order to



Gabriel Dell of The Bowery Boys is doing theater-in-the-round.

marry her... Lovely Vicky Ramirez, ex-wife of the famed jockey, will tell all in a new book that reveals what goes on in the jockeys' rooms... David Carradine's rule is never to do more than one picture in a year... We know of four lawsuits pending and four more in the works against the big-circulation *National Enquirer*. They're rough on Hollywood.



Burt Reynolds: Latest TV commercial shows him sitting on toilet instead of a horse.

HOW ABOUT that commercial for subscription TV showing Burt Reynolds sitting on the john? Where is it all leading to?... Bet you can't guess who gets the most scripts submitted to her for TV shows. It's not Farrah Fawcett or Cheryl Ladd. It's Nancy Walker, the not-so-beautiful, not-so-young comedienne... we have it on good authority that Cary Grant in his middle 70's is still a potent force in the sack. He attributes it to leading a clean life and having confidence... Jim Garner is bothered with arthritis, even as you and I... George C. Scott,



Nancy Walker, shown with Tim Conway, gets more scripts in mail than Farrah does.

an expert on makeup as well as a fine actor, got his "animal" look for *Beauty and the Beast* from a *Muppets* character... Robert Conrad, playing a fighter in a new TV show, was once a fighter and was knocked out several times... How about Rock Hudson eating chopped carrots and sawdust for dessert! He's fighting the weight syndrome... Ex-President Gerry Ford was in New York talking a half-hour political commentary stint on TV.

Jack Lord figures he's flown to Hawaii and back over 100 times since the start of his TV show... Wink Martindale will emcee a new

breakfast talk-show in 1980 as in the days of early radio... Side note: During the trial Lee Marvin lost 15 pounds and Michele Triola gained 10, and that's an indication of how men and women handle stress... Charles Bronson's price has sky-rocketed to \$2 million a picture, and the contract must specify that his wife will be used in the film... Alice Cooper has signed for four seasons at the Hollywood Bowl, and it will take a month for all four years to be sold out.

HIS BEST FRIENDS say John Denver is allergic to banks and keeps thousands of dollars with him and in his house—still fears the bubble will burst... There's much talk of building movie studios in Tijuana with cheap labor and near our border... Peggy Lee swears she didn't eat a thing for three days, got on the scale and found she has added three pounds. What a metabolism that girl has!... Shirley Jones has a jeep, a moped and a Rolls, and that covers everything... Ruth Buzzi is involved in the planning of a restaurant just for birthdays, anniversaries and holidays. Remember the picture *Holiday Inn*? It portrayed a hotel like that... Bob Hope bowed out of emceeing the Oscars because of eye problems, and he has to read cue cards when he performs... The word is out that Connie Stevens did a strip at a party at her house and caused a sensation. True, Connie?... Gamblers Anonymous cured George Raft of going into debt, and that should make Frank Sinatra happy. He helped George financially.

The only way Neil Simon would sign a contract with NBC specified he is to have complete



Bob Hope, pictured in *The Paleface* with Iron Eyes Cody, is having eye trouble.



Connie Stevens: Is it true that she did a strip number at a party at her house?



Robert Redford, shown in *The Great Waldo Pepper*, is not a home-body.

control. No one is allowed to touch one word of his material... Betty White is writing a funny book which is more or less a long interview with Alan Ludden... What in the devil can the new movie *Godmother* be about—a female version of *The Godfather*?... Mohammed Ali is tiring of making movies. Don't expect him to sign up for any more. That leaves him without a profession... Don Adams and Jack Klugman have also contacted Gamblers Anonymous. Take all these fellows out of gambling, and the Las Vegas casinos will go broke... Bet you couldn't wait for it, but *Deep Throat* is going to be re-released again... How would you like to be married to Robert Redford, girls? He says to his wife, "I'm going out for a walk"—and he returns two weeks later.

THE CONSIDINE boys still check with Dad before picking a script; John still rules the family... Michael Caine and Shikara are apart, with a parting of the ways due to be made permanently in the near future... Zsa Zsa was waiting at Pips don't come easily any more. If she hocked her jewels she'd never have to work again... Want to know what changes a picture from PG-rated to R-rated? See pic herewith of Poupee Bocar... Sammy Davis Jr. gets his biggest kicks from doing voices for cartoons... Lawrence Welk completed a clean-up of his group and brought in fresh blood. In his 70's Welk is as commanding as ever... Ray Charles is looking for talent to tour with him... There's a board of managers in the Malibu Colony who pass on whether or not you can live there. And brother, they are tough! You have to be rich or famous or both... Jimmy Carter has not been the friend some other presidents have been to the movie industry. Why not? Maybe the peanut sales are poor in the lobbies... Oscar contender Bruce Dern got knocked down by a bevy of girl fans and was lugged off to the hospital for a sprained back.

Mickey Rooney is pursuing his eighth-wife-to-be, and already has the ring. He bought it wholesale... Oscar-nominated Dyan Cannon for old time's sake went to a late movie with her



Singing actress Poupee Bocar, formerly a Las Vegas showgirl, is getting a big star buildup.

ex, Cary Grant. They each consumed two boxes of popcorn... Flip Wilson has turned down a dozen ideas submitted to him by networks for a series. He's looking for something different, but isn't everyone?... Mary Tyler Moore broke down in tears during an interview at the Polo Lounge, talking about her new series. She just can't get it rolling for high ratings... Telly Savalas got himself a chauffeur because he's got tickets piled up for parking and poor driving... Chad Everett has finally settled that paternity suit and the baby is three years old... Monte Hall has bought a home in Canada, where he came from originally.



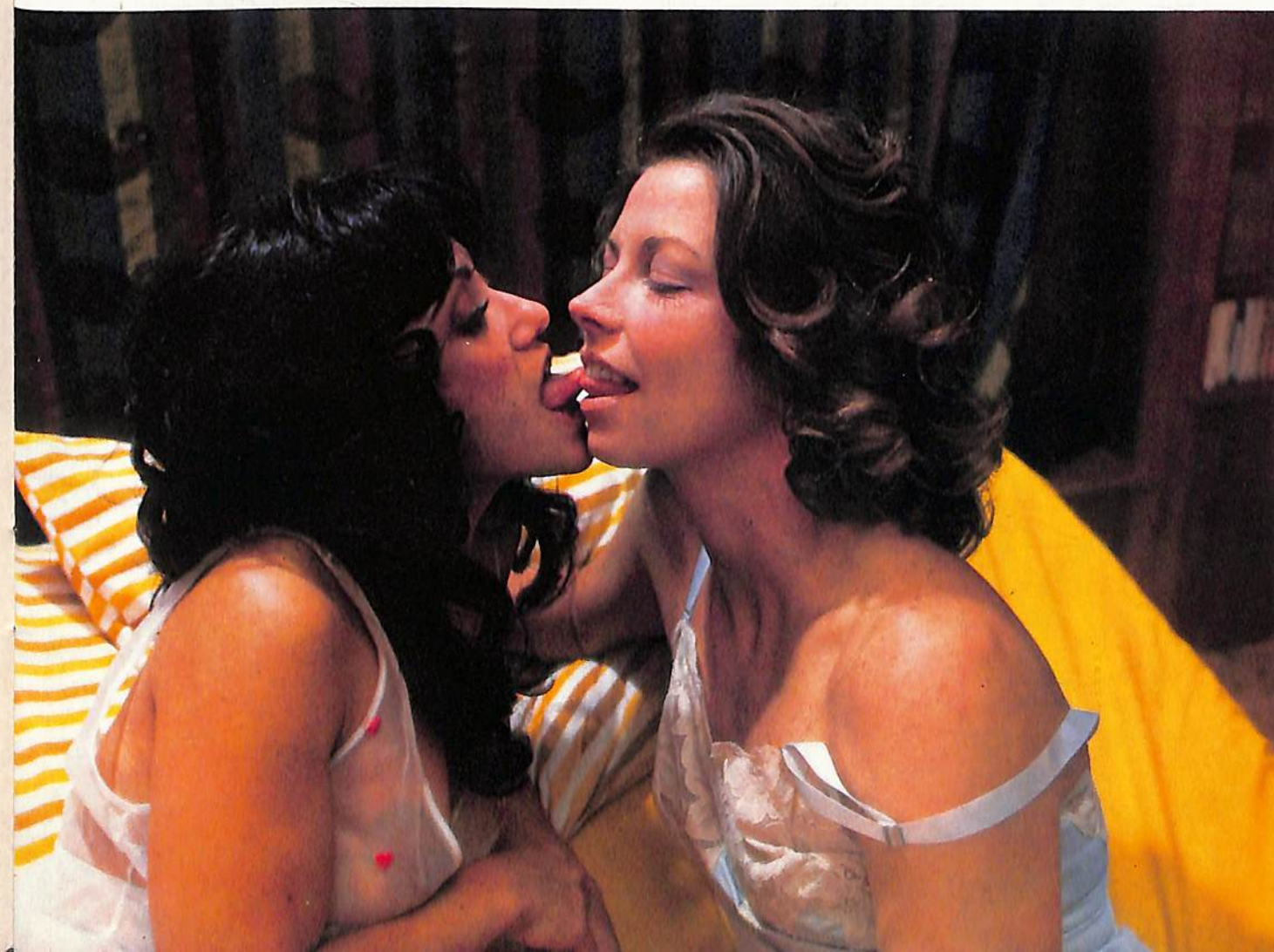
Bruce Dern, who battled an astronaut in *Silent Running*, was mobbed by girl fans.

AN AMERICAN FILM

ONE WAY AT A TIME

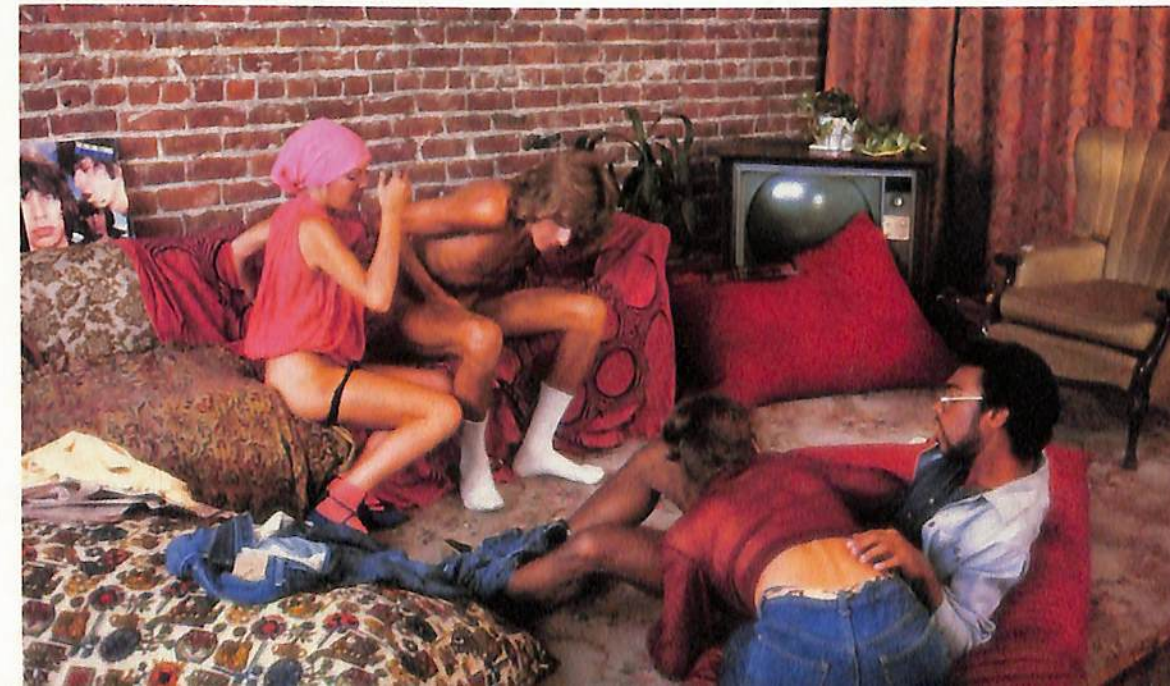
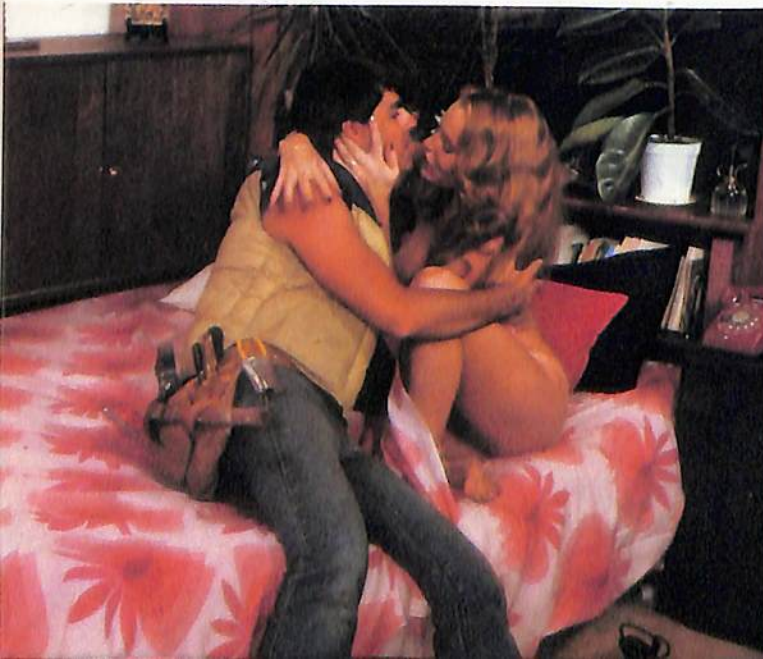
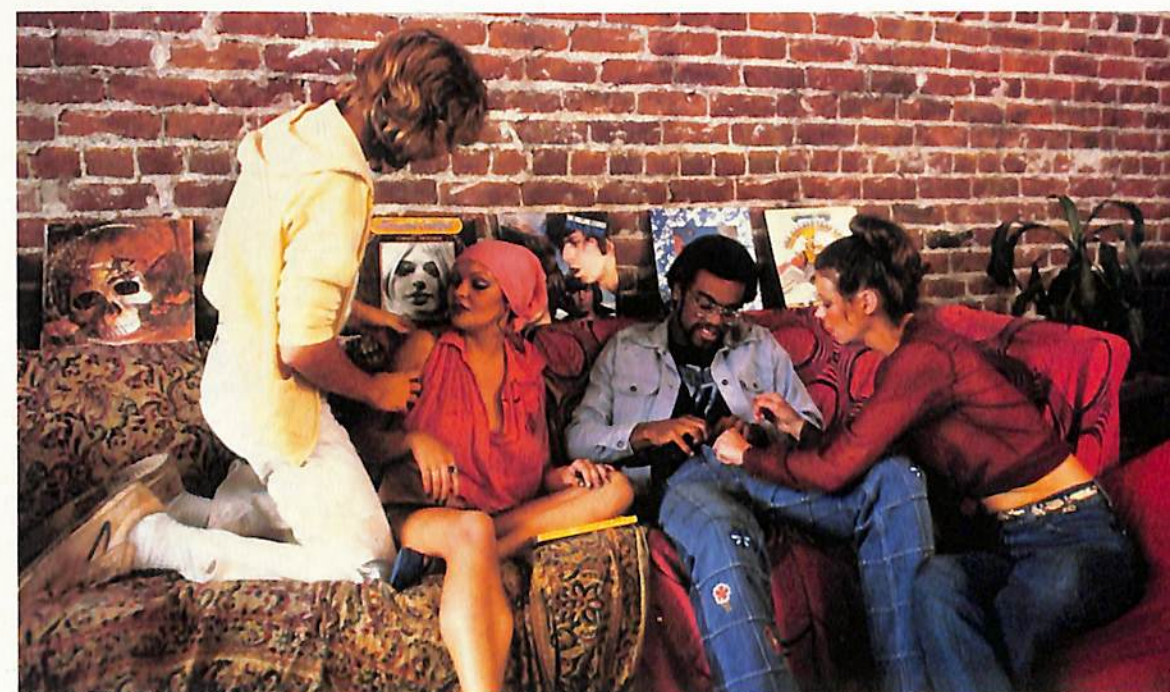


Our special double feature in this issue consists of two lively erotic romps, sexed-up takeoffs on popular TV series. They were shot back-to-back by Alan Colberg for Valiant International Pictures—but the action is more like front-to-front. *One Way at a Time* is the story of a happy, horny household of two girls and their divorced mother and the men and boys who flock around them. Aubrey Nichols plays Ann the swinging divorcee. Michele Moore and Lisa Loring are her teenage daughters, Julie and Barbara. Julie, the elder, knows what it's all about, and eager Barbara is just about ready to find out as the picture opens.



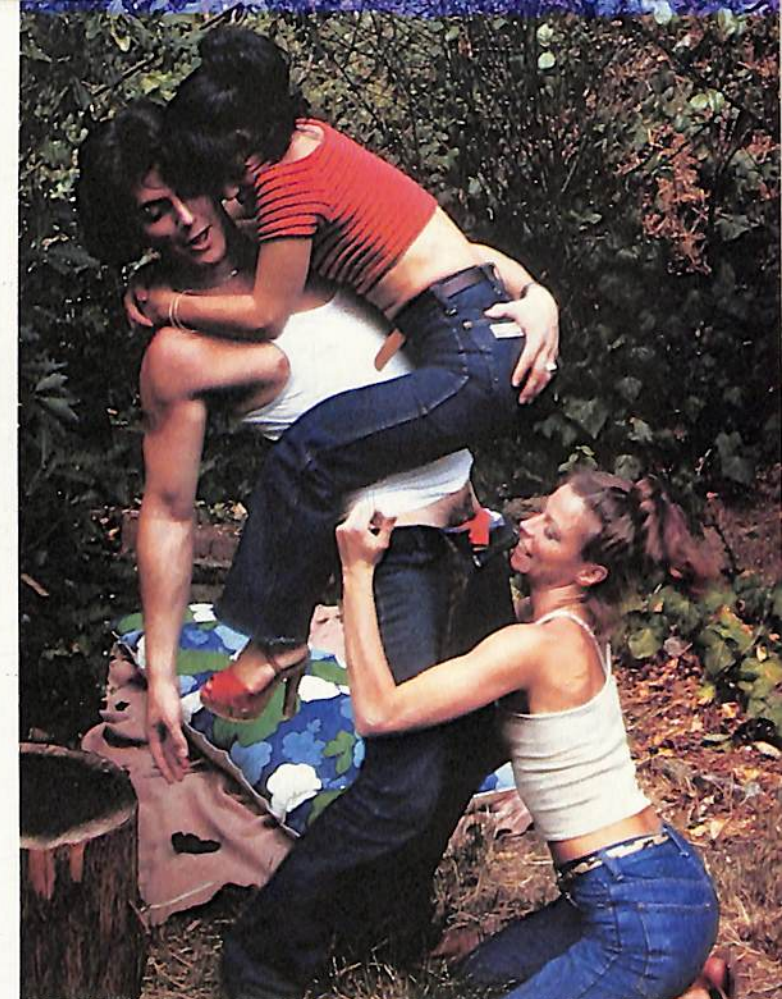


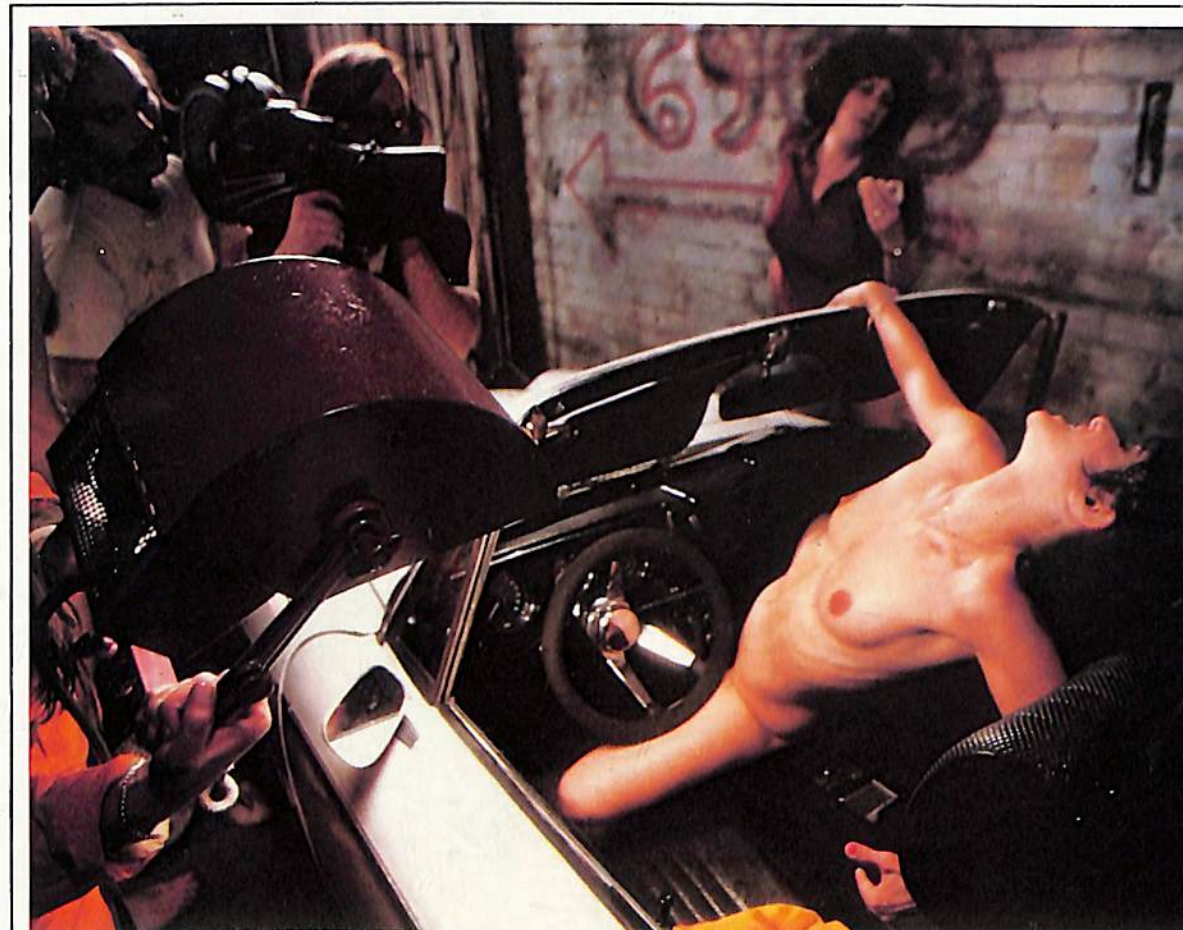
Divorced for ten years from her strait-laced husband, Ann is merrily making up for lost time. At top left we see her entertaining her wealthy boss Herb (Jeremy Harden). At left her tennis-pro lover Helmut (John Holmes) gives her a farewell service before leaving on a tour. Below, Schneider the apartment super (Jack Wright) consoles her in Helmut's absence. Ann doesn't worry about her two girls—she knows that they can take care of themselves. Right: Julie and her girl friend Nancy (Laurien Dominique) take care of a couple of college boys down in the rumpus room.





Helmut isn't there to give her his super-service but Ann just can't stay away from the tennis courts. Her girl friend Yolanda (Susan Nero) goes along to join her in hitting a few, but balls and rackets are quickly forgotten when the girls start to shed their togs, and we're treated to a memorable sapphic interlude. Ann's two daughters are likewise busy on this summer day. Julie and Barbara are cruising around on their mopeds when they meet Julie's boyfriend Rocky (Himself) Racoon down at the drive-in. The three go for a ride in the park. At a secluded spot the girls pull Rocky's clothes off and before he knows what's happening he's giving Julie and Barbara a sex education course—or maybe it's vice versa.

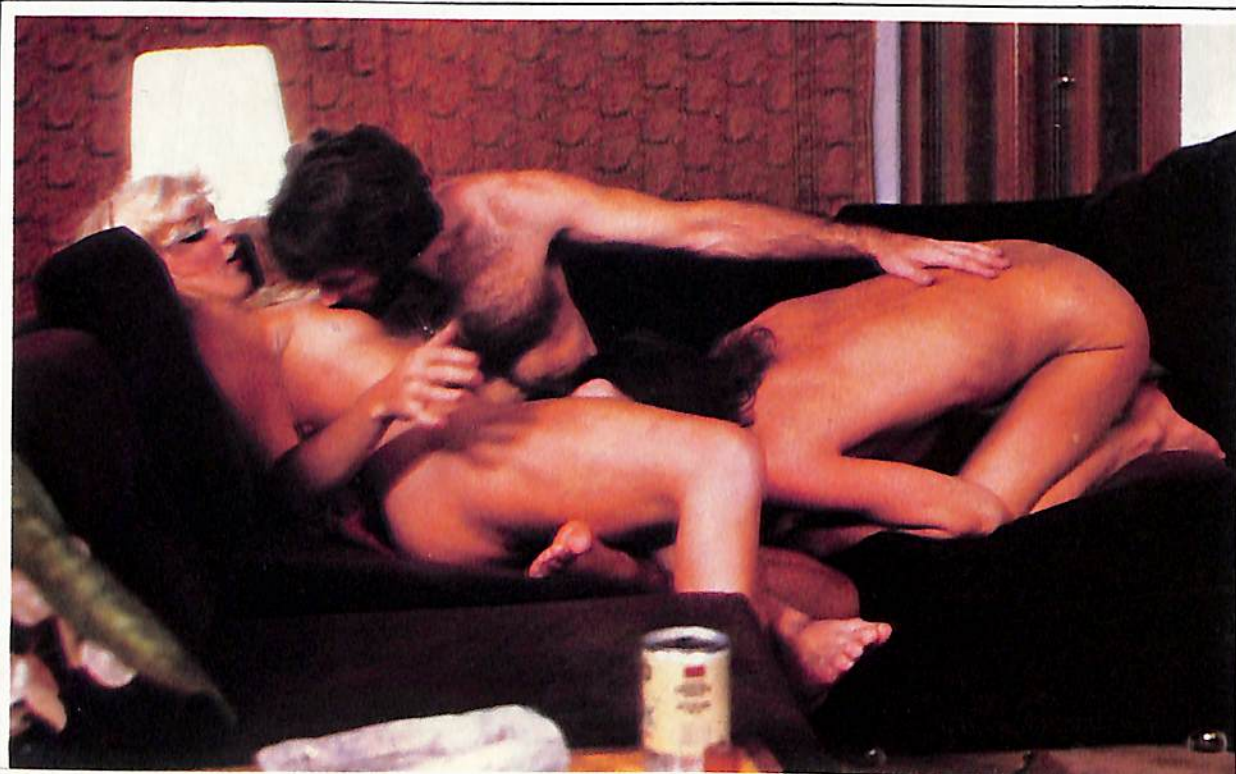




The horny escapades sizzle on and on. In the climactic episode Julie and Barbara are riding down an alley on their mopeds when they are brushed by a speeding sportscar driven by a handsome bearded young man (Tony Bond) with a sexy blonde (Jennifer Walker) beside him. The man jumps out and runs to help the girls. "Hi, I'm John Holmes!" he tells them, and they believe him. Inviting them to his hideaway, Tony whooshes the car into a private garage and the orgy starts before they can even get out of the car. Clothes are thrown off and Tony and his friends are all over the two girls. That's Barbara with Tony and Jennifer at left, and above getting in position for the big scene. Alan Colberg was assisted in production by his lovely wife Laurie. The title song *One Way at a Time* by Freddie Redd is sung by Candida Royalle.

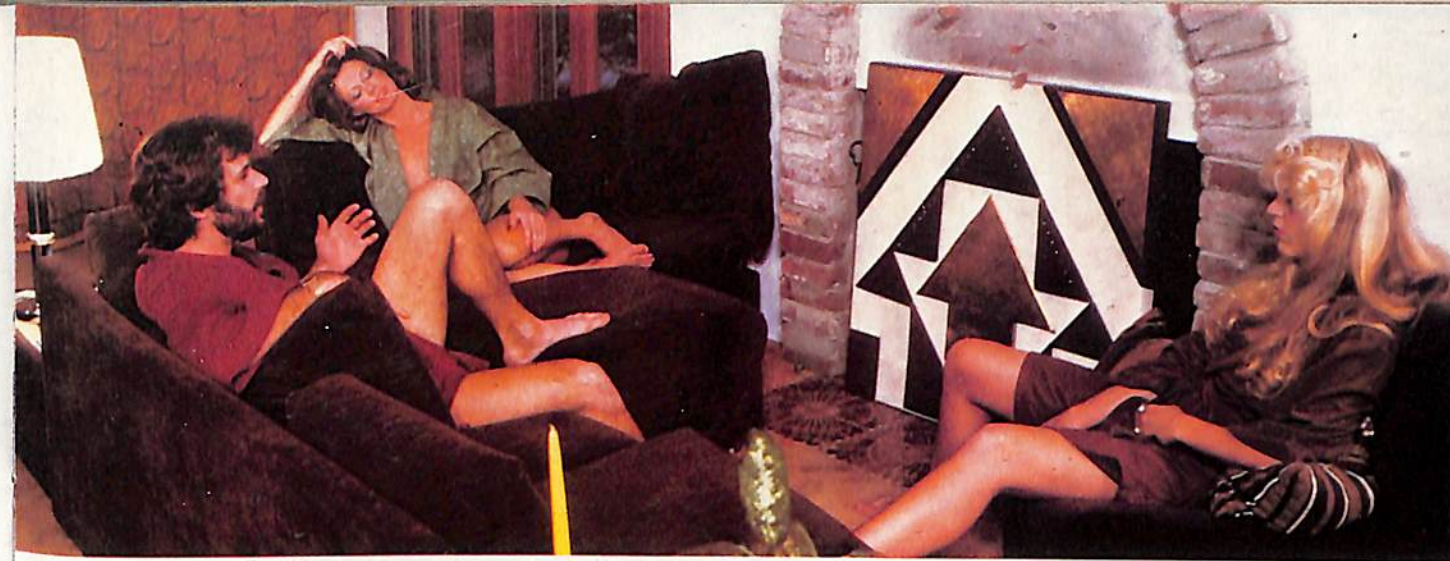
Second Big Feature

SISSY'S HOT SUMMER



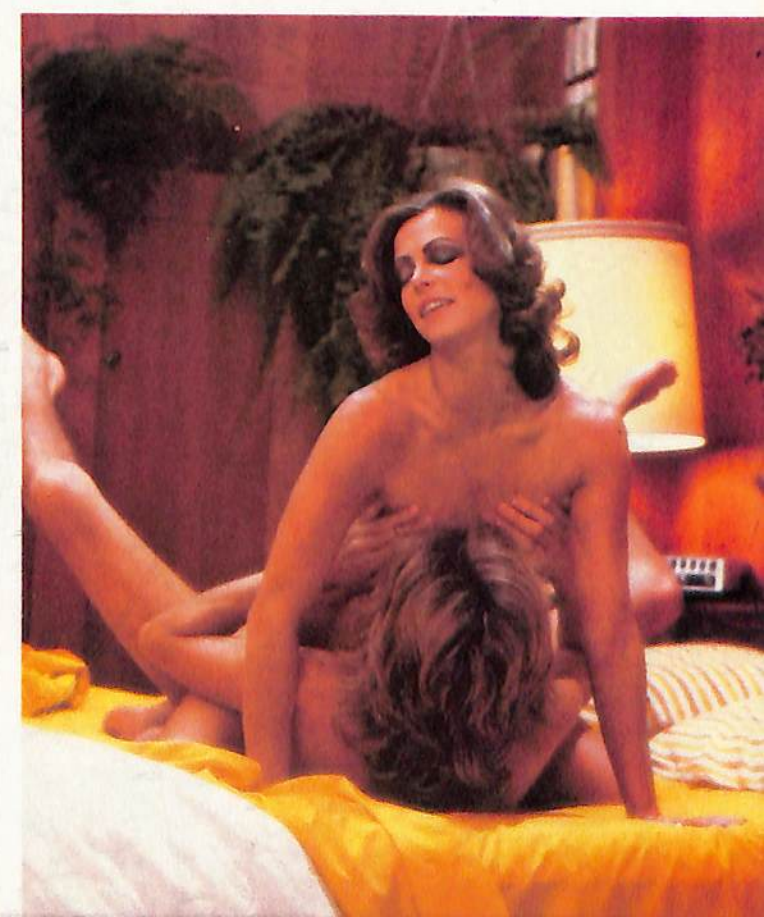
The second part of our double bill, shot piggyback with the first by the Colberg team, was originally entitled *Three's Not Company* and is a broad takeoff on the TV show *Three's Company*, with considerably more sex than we see in prime time. The casts of *Hot Summer* and *One Way* overlap—and you can say that again. Jennifer Walker is Sissy, a blonde bombshell student nurse, who shares the apartment rent with Janet (Michele Moore), a serious-minded college girl, and Jack (Tony Bond), a hardworking paramedic. To get Jack into the building the girls had to pretend he was a faggot, but that's far from the case. The three roommates between them fill all of each other's sex needs. But when they get behind by \$1000 in rent and are threatened with eviction, their cozy threesome isn't enough. Janet services Stanley the landlord (Jeremy Harden) but succeeds only in getting the rent bill cut in half. The three decide on a desperate move. They'll simply have to hustle—and sex is all they have to hustle with.

AN AMERICAN FILM





So our hero and heroines go out to peddle their readily marketable flesh. They get action real fast. Jack runs into a wealthy socialite (Laurien Dominique) from the Riviera, who invites him to her apartment to play Mozart. They wind up playing a lot more than Mozart, in a memorable sex scene that starts on the piano bench. Blonde Sissy meets an eccentric playboy (Johnny Holmes) who thinks he's Tarzan. He takes her to his private hideaway, where he beats his chest and gives his jungle mating-cry as he screws her in a swing suspended from the treetops. Janet picks up a youth (Jeff Scott) who is tired of being a male virgin. She breaks him in.





Climaxing the triple hustle, Sissy lets herself be picked up by a teen-age girl (Lisa Loring, who actually has been out of her teens for some time) who seems to be well-heeled and takes her to an expensive pad. Sissy thinks it's going to be a pleasant lesbian interlude which will be a welcome change after Tarzan. As the girls start to take off their clothes, Lisa eyes Sissy's bulging breasts and remarks, "You're cute!"—then, *whammo*—she knocks her across the room with a resounding slap, jumps on her and pins her to the floor. It turns out Sissy's young customer is a teen-age S&M addict! There ensues a wild wrestling match that progresses to violent sapphic lovemaking. With this, the three roommates wind up their hustle and make their weary ways home. They've got the rent money to pay off the bothersome landlord and they tell him to get lost. Before climbing into bed with Jack, Sissy and Janet celebrate by taking a long hot shower together.

FOREIGN FILM SCENE

By JULES GRIFFON



Julia, Jane win top British Film Academy Awards; *The Deer Hunter* restricted by Paris censors; China buying U.S. movies.

BRITISH AND American tastes in movies are very much alike it would seem, on the basis of this year's awards of the British Academy of Film and TV Arts, which were presented in London shortly before Hollywood's Oscar winners were announced. American films and their stars swept the British awards. Jane Fonda, who won the Oscar for Best Actress for her role in *Coming Home*, was honored in Britain for her previous performance in *Julia*, which was not released there until last year. *Julia* won a total of four awards, to dominate this

year's ceremonies presided over by Princess Anne and hosted by Michael York at Wembley Conference Center. *Julia* was voted Best Picture, and also won citations for screenwriter Alvin Sargent and cinematographer Douglas Slocombe. Last year Vanessa Redgrave and Jason Robards won Oscars for their Best Supporting roles in *Julia*, released in the U.S. in 1977.

Midnight Express was second in the British awards with three trophies, which went to director Alan Parker, editor Gerry Hambling and supporting actor John Hurt.

Richard Dreyfuss was named Best Actor for *The Goodbye Girl*, for which he also won an Oscar last year. Geraldine Page was chosen Best Supporting Actress for *Interiors*, and Christopher Reeves was voted Most Promising Newcomer for his title role in *Superman*.

Anthony Powell was honored for his costume designs for *Death on the Nile*, and Joe Alves for production design/art direction for *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. David Rolfe won the Robert Flaherty Award for documentaries for his *Silent Witness*. *Star Wars* won the Best Soundtrack award and the Anthony Asquith Award for best film music by John Williams.

Bob Hope presented the Best Actress award to Jane Fonda, and Sir Laurence Olivier the Best Film award to Fred Zinneman, director of *Julia*. Other guest presenters included David Janssen, Chloris Leachman and Susan George, all of whom were doing films in London at the time.

On the television side, the home product won out. The serial *Edward and Mrs. Simpson*, which has been purchased for U.S. broadcasting, won three awards: Best Drama Series/Serial; Best Actor, Edward Fox; Best Design, Allan Cameron and Martyn Herbert. Francesca Annis was named Best Actress for her role as Lillie Langtry in the 13-part series *Lillie*, currently being shown on PBS in America, and *Pennies From Heaven* was chosen the Most Original Program/Series.

CANNES FESTIVAL

The Cannes Film Festival is just about to open as we go to press, with three American films announced for competition: *The China Syndrome* from Columbia Pictures, *Days of Heaven* for Paramount, and *Norma Rae*, 20th Century-Fox. French entries are *The Bronte Sisters*, *La Drole*, and *Serie*

Noire. The big film fete is scheduled to open with the showing of United Artists' *Hair*. French novelist Françoise Sagan has been named to preside over the festival jury.

The 15th annual MIP-TV Festival, world mart of the TV industry, wound up at Cannes shortly before the big film event. Pointing up the growing international trend, Universal Club Rete Italia of Milan, representing 50 of the biggest independent channels in Italy, spent more than \$2 million in TV program acquisitions, spread among the

Graas, managing director of Radio-Tele Luxembourg, each country will now have to launch its own satellite. West Germany currently has plans to launch its TV-Sat in 1982, but France is studying a proposal to join the Germans in a joint satellite system.

ELSEWHERE on the festival scene, an expanded international film market is being planned for the fourth annual World Film Festival to be held in Montre-



The United Artists film *Hair*, based on the hit musical show, was the opening film shown at the Cannes Film Festival in May. The scene above is in Central Park.

U.S., Holland, Britain and Canada. Most of the purchases were series such as NBC's *The Man From Atlantis*, which UVC president Renate Cepparo said will be dubbed in both Italian and Arabic.

In other massive TV purchases at Cannes, Japanese TV, a state monopoly, reached three separate sales agreements totaling over \$2 million with Trans World International, covering sports events to be held in the U.S. and Britain during 1979-80. Included were the rights to broadcast the National Football League championships, the U.S. Open golf championships, and the Wimbledon tennis title matches. Japanese TV will also carry the Super Bowl and Pro Bowl football games.

An official delegation from the People's Republic of China, which had been expected to attend the MIP-TV Festival, failed to show up. The Chinese government sent word that the delegates were too busy with China's "rapidly expanding TV industry" to take time off. Two observers attended from the Chinese Embassy in Paris. The word is that the Chinese are anxious to purchase documentaries, cartoons and science programs. They have already bought a fictionalized animal film from the Japanese.

It was learned at Cannes that plans for launching a multi-antenna broadcast satellite to serve all of Europe with TV signals have been canceled, due to technical problems of launching plus disputes over frequency allocations by Europe's governing broadcast union, Europeenne de Radiodiffusion. According to Gustave

at August 30th to September 9th, according to Serge Losique, founder and director of the Canadian event. This will be the second year that the Montreal festival will be competitive, with awards to include the Grand Prix of the Americans, Best Actor and Actress and two jury prizes for feature films, and the Montreal Grand Prix and a jury prize for the best two short films.

Losique said that about 75 films will be shown at the event, in addition to "a very huge film market." Four cinema houses will be used for the market, which will be separate from the festival itself. "There is a need in North America for a major film market," Losique said, "and Montreal is the perfect place for this because of its cultural background and its ties with both Europe and North America."

Evidently there will be some overlapping between the Montreal event and the fourth annual Festival of Festivals, scheduled for September 6-15 in Toronto. Last year there was some public friction between directors of the rival events, over such matters as films not being shipped to one or the other festival on time. William Marshall, president and director-general of the Toronto festival, said a Trade Forum consisting of six workshops focusing on the business of film-making has been added to the schedule.

In anticipation of the festival, the world's largest cinema theater complex opened recently in Toronto, with 18 individual theaters in the Eaton Center featuring rear-projection equipment, with seating capacities

ranging from 57 to 137. The Cineplex theaters, located on two floors, show films in their original languages from all over the world. The operators of Cineplex say that ticket lineups have been virtually eliminated by using a computerized vending machine which issues tickets in advance for each performance of the day, with staggered starting-times.

"HUNTER" NOT FOR TOTS

Turning back to Europe, the Oscar-winning *The Deer Hunter* finally opened in Paris late



Parisians can see Robert De Niro in *The Deer Hunter*—if they're over 13.

in March. Children under 13 are not admitted, and the government censors have ruled that all ads must carry the warning: "Three scenes of a death game could be hard for non-adult sensitivities or fragile natures." French cinema critics commented that the censors were being a bit hard-nosed, since many movies depicting extreme cruelty and brutality are shown without any restrictions or cautions at all.

American films are riding high in London. Following its royal premiere at the Odeon Leicester Square in April, *California Suite* took in \$77,350 in its first week, setting a new year's high at the theater and establishing it as Number One of the Top 10 of the London box-office. *The Deer Hunter* was second with a net of \$53,000, *The Boys From Brazil* third with a take of \$44,450, and *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* fourth with a net of \$37,642.

EMI's multi-million-dollar film *S.O.S. Titanic* wound up two months of studio filming in London and the company moved to the Isle of Man for location shooting. The cast is headed by David Janssen, Chloris Leachman and David Warner. Executive producers are Roger Gimbel and William S. Gilmore.

Derek Jarman's film of *The Tempest* has completed location shooting at Stoneleigh Abbey in Warwickshire. Don Boyd is executive producer. Another Boyd production, *Hussy*, starring Helen Mirren and John Shay and directed by Matthew Chapman, started filming on locations in London and Norfolk. Busy Don Boyd is also involved with

turn to page 74



Oscar winner Jane Fonda was honored by the British Academy for her role as Lillian Hellman.



The British award for Best Actor went to Richard Dreyfuss, pictured here with Marsha Mason in the Neil Simon film *The Goodbye Girl*.



THE BIZARRE EROTIC WORLD OF FELLINI

IT'S QUITE understandable, although regrettable, that in the minds of many people, the erotic is often considered synonymous with the obscene, the sexy equated with the vulgar, pornographic and smutty. We need only consider the ups and downs and twists and turns of "public morality," sex laws and censorship in America ever since Puritan days, particularly the vicissitudes which "dirty books" have undergone—such classics as *Ulysses* and *Fanny Hill* having been cleared by the courts for our reading only a few decades ago.

When it comes to movies, the sad confusion is compounded by the banning and prosecution of such films as *Deep Throat* and *Behind the Green Door* in some parts of the country, while in other localities they are hailed as *avant-garde* classics. Now that the Sexual Revolution is long-since over and the last—well, nearly the last—basket cases have been carried off the greening battlefields, it's high time that such misunderstandings were cleared up—but still they persist.

A prime example of this erotic/

obscene confusion is the work of the great Italian filmmaker Federico Fellini, whose amatory classic *Casanova* was released a couple of years ago, and who is now in the midst of his latest production, *City of Women*, which according to information leaked from Rome's sometimes close-mouthed movie-making circles, will be an updated look at the decadent sex-life of the Eternal City, a sort of *Son of La Dolce Vita*.

Fellini, who recently was voted "Filmmaker of a Quarter-Century" by the prestigious Union de la Critique de Cinema, has been called everything from a moral degenerate to filmdom's most inspired revolutionary. In spite of varying opinions, most critics agree on one point: without Fellini there would be no X-rated adult cinema today, or at best only a pale imitation of it—even though he has never made an actually explicit film himself.

Back in the early 1960's, when Fellini's landmark film *La Dolce Vita* was first released in America, the general opinion among the moviegoing public, abetted by the distributors and the way they promoted it, was that

Fellini's now acknowledged masterpiece was just another "dirty Italian movie" of the sort that had been flooding American screens in the late 50's. In fact, something of the same opinion prevailed to some extent with the long-heralded release of *Casanova*, not to mention Fellini's *Satyricon*, that grotesque saga of sex in ancient Rome, which came in between.

The fact is that, while they are filled with scenes of sex, both realistic and fantastic, and frequently revolve around sexual themes, the films of Federico Fellini are no more to be considered "dirty movies" than, for example, the amazingly innovative drawings and paintings of Pablo Picasso, or the writings of James Joyce, who revolutionized 20th-Century literature, are to be classed as mere "dirt" or "smut" simply because they are filled with explicitly sexual material.

FELLINI WAS born in the Adriatic seaport of Rimini, in northeast Italy, in 1920. From earliest childhood, as he has

recorded in various autobiographical notes, he was fascinated by two things which have obviously left their mark on his art: the comic-strips in newspapers and magazines, and the bizarre world of circuses and carnivals. At the age of ten he ran away from home and joined Pierino's circus, where he found a job looking after a sick zebra. He found his way home again, but left school for good at 17, and during the war he traveled all over Italy with a touring theater troupe. He earned his keep by writing comic and bizarre sketches for the troupe to perform, and designing sets and costumes for them. He seems to have been naturally gifted, even as a teenager with little education. He schooled himself in the arts of writing and drawing, with emphasis on cartoon humor.

Still in his teens, Fellini left the touring troupe to settle for a time in Florence—still during the war—where he managed to sell his cartoons and satirical sketches to a magazine. He moved on to Rome, served a stint as a newspaper copy-boy, sold his whimsical writings and sketches to the humorous weekly

The Italian cinema genius has been called everything from a sex pervert to the screen's most inspired revolutionary. Despite conflicting opinions most critics agree that without Federico Fellini there would be no X-rated films today.

BY ED SULLIVAN

French actress/model Capucine played the seductress Tryphaena in Fellini's *Satyricon* (1969), based on Petronius Arbiter's classic satire on the vices of ancient Rome.



Marc Aurelio, wrote some radio plays, and worked as a gag-writer for the comedian Macario.

By his own account the young Fellini had a number of love affairs, frequently with the landladies of his rented rooms. In the course of his radio work he met Giulietta Masina, a beautiful and gifted radio actress, and they were married in Rome in 1943. In 1944 they had a son, who died in infancy. Unlike many of the wild and horny creatures of his exuberant imagination, Fellini today is still married to the same gorgeous, pixieish wife, who starred in his *Giulietta of the Spirits* and other films.

With the end of the war and the coming of the American occupation forces, Fellini was inspired to open a "Funny Face Shop" where he drew caricatures and portrait sketches of the soldiers and their girlfriends. Through his wife he began to meet movie people, and soon was writing gags and short scripts for the frantic production requirements of Italy's blossoming post-war film industry. He met Aldo Fabrizi, a comedian who wanted to make movies, and wrote a successful script for him. Through Fabrizi he met Roberto Rossellini, who spotted the young Fellini's unique talents and made him his assistant on *Open City* (*Roma, città aperta*), which won worldwide acclaim in 1945 for its smashingly new brand of stark realism.

FROM THAT point, Fellini's career went up and up. He wrote screenplays and worked as assistant to several top directors. His first film as a director in his own right was *Luci del Varieta* (*Variety Lights*), which he and Alberto Lattuada co-produced and directed from their own script in 1950. Three years later Fellini won his first major prize as a filmmaker, the Silver Lion of Venice, for his powerful *I Vitelloni* (*The Layabouts*).

He first became known to American audiences with his *La Strada* (*The Street*), a uniquely original and memorable *tour de force* which won the Grand Prize at Venice in 1954 and, on its American release, an Oscar as the best foreign film of 1956.

Produced by Carlo Ponti and Dino De Laurentiis, starring Anthony Quinn as a clown and Fellini's wife Giulietta, an extraordinarily gifted actress, as the clown's naive assistant, *La Strada* was ranked extremely high by most critics—although there were some of Fellini's rivals in the neo-realist movement who protested that the "sordidness" of the film's milieu might give foreign audiences the mistaken idea that such sordidness was typical of the lower classes in Italy.

The Italian government authorities



Above: Marcello Mastroianni and friends joy-ride through streets of Rome in *La Dolce Vita*. Right: Fellini directs Sandy Allen as the giantess in *Casanova*. Below: Directing Donyale Luna as Oenoe the sorceress in *Satyricon*; Giton and Encolpio stroll through Rome's whorehouse quarter in *Satyricon*. Opposite page: A scene which was cut from *Juliet of the Spirits*; two youths are lifted in a basket to screw the lusty prostitute Suzy, played by Sandra Milo.

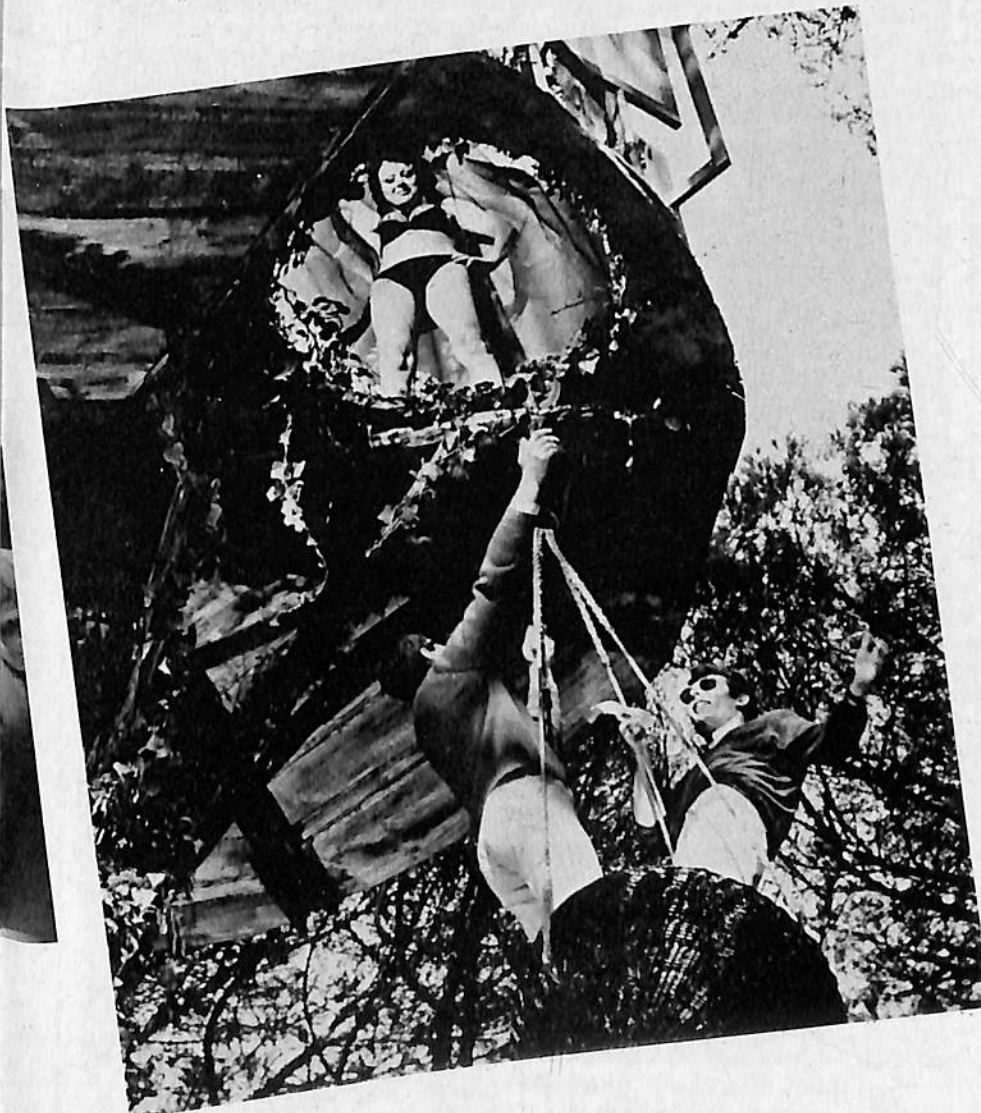


were on the point of censoring and banning *La Strada* on this basis, but Fellini saved his film by appealing to his friend Cardinal Siri of Genoa, and the Church prevailed over the State. Fellini won his second Oscar for best foreign film in 1957 for his *Nights of Cabiria* (*Le Notti di Cabiria*) in which Giulietta starred in the title role of Cabiria.

All of Fellini's films were—and still are—characterized by grotesque, bizarre imagery and far-out symbolism,

has been real—real in the sense that our erotic fantasies may actually be more real to us than our outward sex lives.

IT'S QUITE TRUE that from the very beginnings of the cinema early in this century, European filmmakers have generally been more liberal, daring and sophisticated in dealing with human sexuality than have their American counterparts, who for a



amply loaded with sex, although it is not explicitly portrayed in every anatomical detail, as it is in our X-rated flicks of today; nor is it ever deliberately inserted just for the sake of sensation or of box-office appeal. Fellini's genius in the handling of sex-on-the-screen is that no matter how bizarre or outrageous or fantastic it may be, it comes naturally into the story he is telling; it is an integral part of the slice of life he is doing his best to portray as he sees it with his uniquely-oriented, clown-and-comics-educated vision.

Fellini's films are full of prostitutes, pimps, transvestites, monsters, caricatures of deformed and deviant sexuality, yet his depiction of sex is and always

long time were forced to work under the unnatural and frequently comical restraints of the Production Code, which is now long dead and buried.

Thus the foreign film in the mid-decades of the century became synonymous with sexy or "dirty" movies, and American entrepreneurs were quick to exploit just about any French or Italian "art film" that came along, with publicity hinting or openly stating that it was the sexiest thing yet to come from overseas.

Joseph Levine grabbed up the American distribution rights to Rossellini's fine realistic film *Open City*, and he made a mint by exploiting it with the leering implication that it was a daring

sex film. *The Bicycle Thief* and other top-quality movies that came from overseas in the late 1940's and early 50's were similarly exploited. This technique gave a sorely-needed shot in the rump to waning U.S. box-office receipts. But it was not until Federico Fellini's first really great film, *La Dolce Vita* (*The Sweet Life*) came along in 1960 that a foreign movie really hit the American public with blockbuster impact.

Ironically, while audiences flocked and queued up to see the latest "dirty" picture from Italy, *La Dolce Vita* was not actually a sexy movie, but rather an erotic statement in the deeper sense. In his classic film, which Fellini directed from an original script written by himself and several collaborators, the Italian cartoonist and side-show artist turned cinema-wizard explored with consummate artistic sensibility the frequently unbridgeable gap that may lie between a man's inner sexuality and the frenetic world around him. Fellini's protagonist, Marcello, acted superbly by Marcello Mastroianni, was an intelligent, sensitive, talented journalist constantly searching for meaningful sexual and/or intellectual involvement with other people in the world around him, but frustrated again and again.

MARCELLO WANDERS through a series of sexual adventures, but none of them are satisfying or even meaningful in any lasting way. He has a brief affair with the exotically beautiful Anouk Aimee, but he cannot satisfy her nymphomania, even when they make love in the room of a prostitute. His escapade with Anouk causes his flighty mistress, played by Yvonne Furneaux, to attempt suicide. Marcello manages to get away from both of them and enjoys a brief fling with a beautiful blonde American movie star, played by Anita Ekberg, but the morning after finds him as lonely as ever, still vainly seeking what Fellini is evidently trying to tell us it is impossible to find in life. He finally resigns himself to indulging in sex as a sort of mechanical exercise.

Thus, while it did not depict sex action explicitly, *La Dolce Vita* was a deep-probing, incisive commentary on the sexual element in today's world, specifically in the prosperous, free-wheeling milieu of Rome a decade or so after World War II. *La Dolce Vita* was condemned by blue-nosed censors here and there, but it won most of its legal battles, and American audiences by and large recognized it for what it was: the first great international classic of the cinema art.

The prestigious critic Andrew Sarris wrote in 1967: "It could be argued that in . . . social impact, *La Dolce Vita* is the most important film ever made." One way or another, Fellini's masterpiece had a stunning influence on filmmaking in both Europe and America—an influence that is still plainly apparent. Lester Keyser, writing in *Sexuality in the Movies* (1967), states that *La Dolce Vita*, in launching the so-called "Swinging Sixties," actually revolutionized the modern cinema, "forcing films around the world to deal with adult themes in a serious manner." Thus it can be said that *La Dolce Vita*, with its serious and deep-ranging treatment of human sexuality as Federico Fellini saw it, actually paved the way for early abandonment of the outworn Production Code, and for today's sexually liberated X-and-R-rated movies.

FELLINI MADE several remarkable films, stamped with his indelible trademark of sexuality, in the years immediately following *La Dolce Vita*. Notable were his 8½ (meaning the "8½th" movie he had made), once again starring Marcello Mastroianni in a role modeled on Fellini's own life, including his youthful sex experiences, romances and far-out fantasies; and *Guilietta degli Spiriti* (*Juliet of the Spirits*), starring Fellini's wife in a delicate, evocative tale based on their life together—depicting the beautiful Giulietta as he saw her through the eyes of love.

With these and a few other films, Fellini wound up what might be called his "autobiographical" period, and ceased drawing on his own life and fancies, sexual and otherwise, for cinema material. His first venture into the big world outside of his own mind—albeit seen as usual with his particular kinky brand of vision—was Fellini's *Satyricon*, released in 1969. *Satyricon* was followed by *I Clowns* (*The Clowns*) (1970), in which Fellini again displayed his mastery of sideshow caricature as a vehicle for intricate symbolism. Then there were Fellini's *Roma* (1971) and *Amarcord*, the latter winning the filmmaker still another Oscar as best foreign film in 1975.

The year 1977 saw the release of Fellini's much-ballyhooed blockbuster, *Casanova*, the director's own peculiar and fascinating interpretation of the life and romances of the 18th-Century Venetian rake. Fellini made *Casanova* at the insistence of producer Dino De Laurentiis: he said later that he hadn't realized what he was getting into. "I signed the contract without realizing that there was nothing in Casanova's *Memoirs* to give a clue to the man's real

life, to his thoughts and feelings. All he did was hop in and out of bed with one woman after another!"

NEVERTHELESS after some inner turmoil, Fellini managed to make another great film. As his protagonist, after considerable searching, he chose an unlikely leading man: Donald Sutherland, who doesn't look much like a Venetian libertine, and who, in fact, looks like an impassive, emotionless zombie with his heavy makeup which partially rebuilt his face.

But despite handicaps and production problems, Fellini managed to turn out a film which, if it didn't quite rank

Even though Fellini says his films are no longer based on his own life, it's evident in *Casanova* that his creative imagination is still linked inescapably with his bizarre private sex fantasies which he translates surrealistically.

with *La Dolce Vita*, at least offered a serious and eloquent commentary on the compulsive mechanical, emotionless sex on which *Casanova*, as Fellini saw him, was hooked to an extent reminiscent of Mastroianni's sad situation in *La Dolce Vita*. There's sex in *Casanova*, all right, but it isn't the kind that normally appeals to the patrons of X-rated movies. There's a hectic scene with *Casanova* engaging in a contest to out-screw another man on a bet; in another, the aging anti-hero fucks a mechanical doll.

Although Fellini avowedly had long since given up his "autobiographical" filmmaking, it was evident in *Casanova* that the Italian filmmaker's creative imagination remained inescapably linked with his private sex fantasies. There was one scene at a circus in England where Sutherland takes on a huge, monstrously fat woman wrestler attended by a couple of dwarfs. This image of the fat woman as a symbol of opulent flesh recurs again and again in Fellini's films—and he himself said that it is based on his memories of a fat prostitute, La Saraghina, whom he remembers from his boyhood in Rimini.

For his muscular giantess in *Casanova*, Fellini spent some time hunting for the largest young woman available. He advertised all over the world. He finally found her in the person of Sandy

Allen, a 20-year-old brunette secretary living in Shelbyville, Indiana, who stood 6-feet-8 and weighed 528 pounds. The redoubtable Miss Allen, described in Italian press releases as a pleasant young woman "of placid temperament," was flown to Rome for the shooting of her literally earth-shaking scene.

In her circus act she challenges any man from the audience to pit his strength against hers. Casonova, visiting London, accepts her challenge and is pinned down by her mountainous body, to his intense humiliation. This, a Fellini spokesman explained, was the filmmaker's way of showing "the supremacy of women over men."

FELLINI'S volcanic creativity was not at all set back by the fact that *Casanova* didn't exactly meet with the smashing worldwide box-office success that had been predicted. He planned to go into a co-venture with Ingmar Bergman, and when this fell through due to Bergman's health, Fellini finally agreed to make an epic screen version of Milton's *Paradise Lost* for Paris-based British producer Oliver Unger.

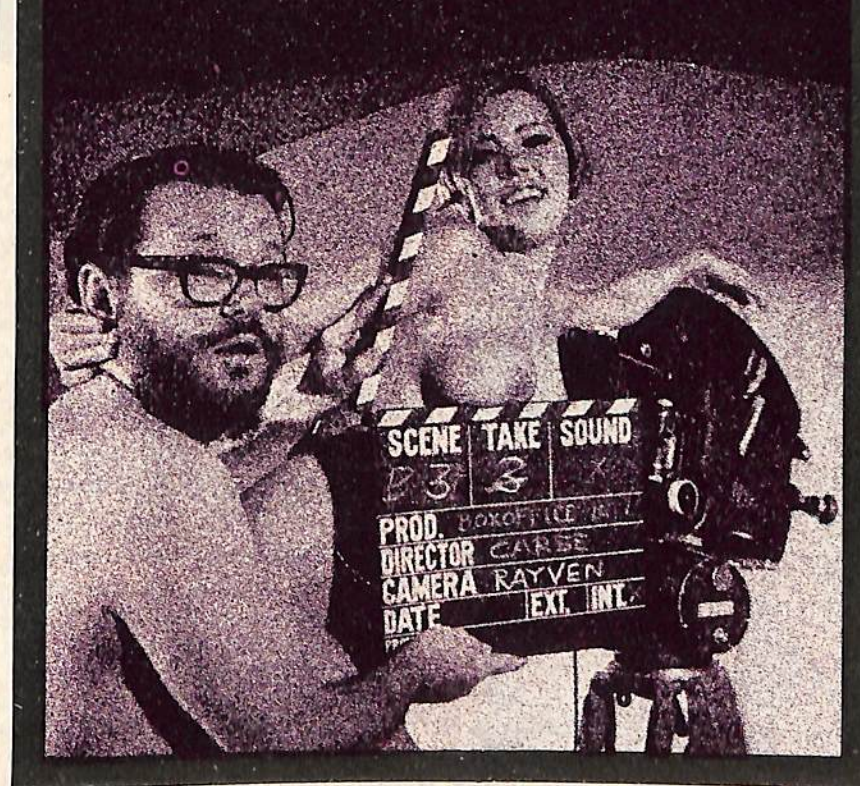
"He told me he had a dream about the Garden of Eden," Unger solemnly told reporters, "and he interpreted this as a sign from God that he should make this film for me." Adam and Eve would be shown in complete frontal nudity, cavorting in the garden, Unger confided. Plans for *Paradise Lost* got as far as preliminary casting before it was abandoned.

At last reports, the undaunted Fellini was forging right ahead with his newest project, *City of Women*, which started shooting at Rome's Cinecittà last February after more than a year of hassles and near-cancellation over financing, casting and other matters. Originally announced to be bankrolled by Bob (Penthouse) Guccione, *City* finally got under way as a coproduction by Yves Gasser of Action Films, Paris, Franco Rossellini of Viva International, Rome, Pegase Films of Geneva, and Gaumont of Paris. *City of Women* is a story of the interplay between dream and reality. Fellini and Bernardino Zapponi collaborated on the screenplay. Originally Dustin Hoffman was sought as the star, but it's finally being shot with Fellini's trusty veteran of the erotic flicks, Marcello Mastroianni, in the role of an Italian playboy who has bizarre fantasies (what else?) about women. □

A FILM WORLD FEATURE

EROTIC FILM CHECK LIST

compiled by WILLIAM ROTSLER



Still more of Bill's trusty capsule reports on pornpix new and old, good and bad, torrid to tepid, as they scorch their jumping orbits across the adult theater screens.

Bill Rotsler's capsule listings of porno films have been running in these pages for more than four years now. Some of the movies in the following list already have been reported upon elsewhere in our pages; this is in most cases the first time they have made Bill's list. According to Bill and his nationwide network of correspondents, all the following are currently, or were recently, playing somewhere in the U.S. It's possible that some are old flicks re-released under new titles.

As all our readers 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 overall erotic quality of the movie in the reviewer's judgment.

ALL-AMERICAN HUSTLER XXX/NG

American, West Coast, 1979. Prod./dir. by W.L. Klieger. Stars Tracy Scott, Paula Mason, Frank Rodes, Greg Taylor. "Heroin injection and wrist-slashing aren't my brand of eroticism," says Richard V. Grant.

ANNA OBSESSED XXXI★

American, East Coast, 1977. Prod. by The Strangers; dir. by Martin & Martin. Stars Constance Money, John Leslie, Annette Haven, Susan McBain, Jamie Gillis. "Psycho-type drama with multiple flashbacks and dream sequences," reports Richard V. Grant. "The film is really confused because Susan McBain (the secretary) resembles Constance Money (the wife). One of the women is a rape victim, but the screen is too dark and fast to tell which. Subsequent footage indicates each of them as the victim. Possibly the director didn't know either."



Constance Money plays a relaxed rape victim in psych film *Anna Obsessed*.

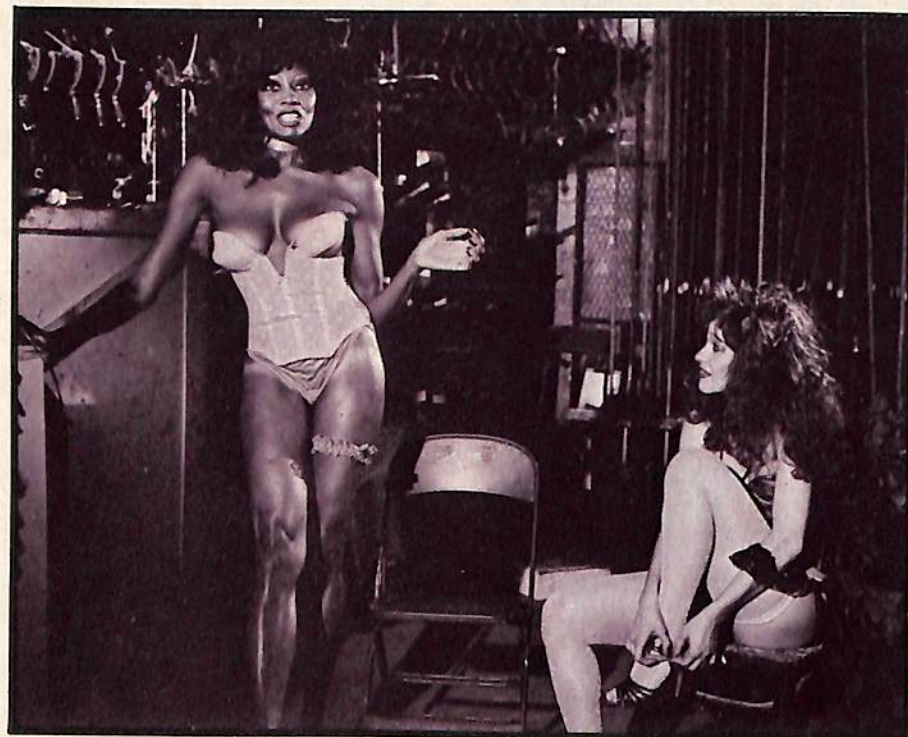
BEACH HOUSE XXX/0

American, East Coast, 1979. DF Enterprises. Written/produced/directed by Robert W. Norman. Stars Beth Anna, Tony (Hook) Perez, Wade Nichols, C.J. Laing, Pat Sebring, Bree Anthony, Jennifer Jordan (Sarah Nicholson), Jean Rexler, Richard Bolla, Jenny Baxter, Crystal Synk, Paula Reis (Paula Morton)—(And "Singing Jenny" is in one brief scene.) "A lesbian needs a good fuck and she'll turn straight. Such is the theme of what little footage wasn't

stolen from other films, mostly from *Holly*," reports our eagle-eyed reviewer Richard V. Grant. "It is general knowledge that Jennifer Jordan and Sara Nicholson are the same actress, but they are not Patty Hearst, despite appearances."

BIZARRE SEX XXX/NG
American, West Coast, 1978? "Obscure plot about call girls. Features heroin injection and a bloody suicide." (Richard V. Grant)

BOUND IN WEDLOCK XXX/0
American, West Coast, 1979. Short B&D flick with a dumb "plot" but lots of B&D.



There's lots of jumping backstage action in *Chorus Call*, which spotlights the sexy side.

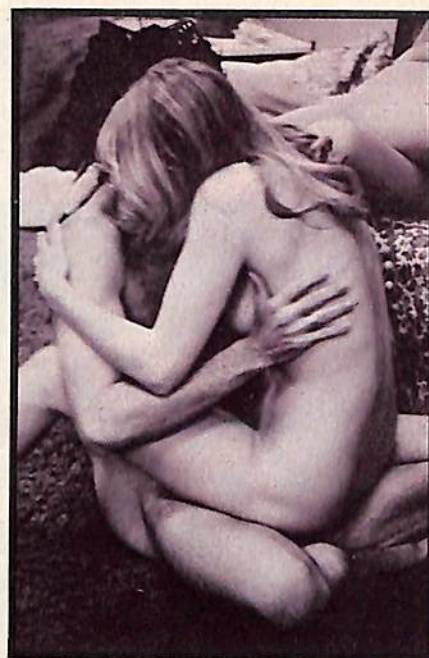
CHORUS CALL XXX/★ ★ ★
American, East Coast, 1979. Stars Kay Parker, Darby Lloyd Raines, Beth Ann, Susan London. "Excellent made story of how girls get into show biz—legit theater, anyway—through sex," reports Charley Greene. "It's a takeoff on *Chorus Line* done by the same people who made *Seven Into Snowy*."

COMING THRU THE WINDOW XXX/0
American, East Coast, no credits (1979?). Richard V. Grant, our demon reviewer, recognized Arlana Blue, Michelle Magazine, Jason Russell. "Voyeur uses binoculars. Neighbors all enjoy being watched, so they visit him to party and use the binoculars themselves. Every one of them just happens to also be a voyeur." (Note: There was a Carol Connors film a few years ago with the same title.)

DAUGHTERS OF DISCIPLINE XXX/0
American, West Coast, 1979. Short B&D flick that is good for those what dig it.

DIARY OF A BED XXX/★
American, 1979. A Brass release. Writ/dir. by L. Wilson. Stars Ass Pumpin, Rod Shortened, Sandy Penny. Richard V. Grant thinks it's a West Coast production. "A bed relates its memories." The credits are the kind of thing that we believe cheapens a movie, and are a giveaway that the people making it think it's a piece of junk.

DOMINATION BLUE XXX/0
American, West Coast, 1979. Short B&D movie with the sort of thing domination fans dig; but if you aren't into that ... ho-hum.



Dutch Treat is all about two American studs who blow their wads in Holland.

EVIL PLEASURES XXX/★ ★
American, West Coast, 1979? Harry Harper Prod. Richard V. Grant says he thinks he recognized Tylor Horne and Mary Rexroth, the daughter of the Beat poet, Kenneth Rexroth. "A priest is into streaking, confessional seductions, and sodomizing a nun." In an additional note Dick says: "Except for this film, *Fireworks Woman*, and *Defiance*, all the anti-clerical films are made by either the Mitchell Brothers or Lassie Braun. I think the priest in *Evil Pleasures* played a priest in a Lassie Braun loop."

FORMAL FAWCETT, A XXX/0
American, West Coast, 1978. Ethan Marks Prod., dir. by Fred Lincoln. Stars Norma Gene, Tina Austin, Laurie Blue, Nancy Hoffman, Desiree, Norma Bloom, Rocky Rhodes, John Toland. "Charlie is a Hollywood agent who gets all the best jobs for his girls," reports Richard V. Grant. "Predictable and boring. Star looks a little like Farrah Fawcett and a lot like a junkie."



Busy newcomer Desiree Cousteau has a lively role in *A Formal Fawcett*.

GIFT OF LOVE XXX/0
American, West Coast, 1979. Vividcolor Production. Stars Mari Lewis, Sue Collins, Bob Mathews. "Wife gives hubby a girl friend for their anniversary." (Richard V. Grant)

GLADYS AND HER ALL-GIRL BAND XXX/0
American, East Coast, 1979. Stars Terri Hall. "Two porn studs on the lam go in drag to hide out with an all-girl band," reports Richard V. Grant on this *Some Like It Hot* ripoff. "Gladys (Terri Hall) finds them out and blackmails them into an orgy where they literally fuck the shit out of her."



East Coaster Terri Hall is the star of *Gladys and Her All-girl Band*.

Messy," Grant adds: "This particular scene starts out with both pricks in Terri's cunt before the more conventional sandwich scene. Terri did the same bit in *Honey Pie*."

GO FLY A KITE XXX/★
American, East Coast, early 1970's. Stars Andrea True. "Several kit flyers get their strings tangled up so (naturally) they go to an apartment for a real tangle," says Richard V. Grant.

HEAT WAVE XXX/★
American, 1979. Stars Susan McBain, Alexandra, Gloria Leonard, Sharon Mitchell. A devilish spirit helps nymphomaniacs work out their lusts. The plot's a big nothing but there is a lot of sex. Well-photographed. One wild scene: Fanny Wolfe puts an eight-ball up her crotch, then gets balled on a pool table by bikers.

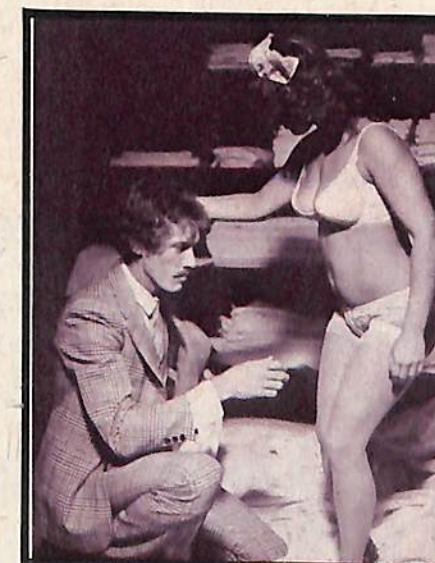
HERE COMES THE BRIDE XXX/★
American, East Coast, 1979. Stars Samantha Fox, David Morris, Joey Civera, Karen Havens. "Man thinks his wife was a



Sharon Mitchell is girl rapist in *Joy*.

virgin when they married but a series of flashbacks disproves that ... and shows that he was a virgin! Fairly good production values. Good bridal-shower-becomes-orgy scene." (Gary Summers)

HOT COOKIES XXX/★ ★ ★
American, East Coast, 1977. Bloomer Prod. Stars Serena, Isolde Jensen, Lenore, Anna, Marie, Abigail Clayton, Joe Nacivera. "A personal ad leads our hero through a bookstore to a sex sorceress (Serena), who turns paintings into real life and/or vice-versa," reports Richard V. Grant.



John Holmes stars in *Lusty Princess*.

JOY XXX/★ ★ ★ ★
American, East Coast, 1978. Produced by Derek Davidson. Directed by Harley Mansfield. Stars Sharon Mitchell, Richard Bolla, Gloria Leonard, Jack Teague. "Terrific film! Rape, brutality, teasing, sex-sex-sex!" reports Gary Summers. "Sharon Mitchell teases a guy, does not ball him, but gets raped by others—and it turns her on to the extent she goes around raping men! Well-cast, realistic. A finely-made porn flick! Sharon Mitchell seemed to be really knocked around in the rape scene."

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Hot Cookies is about a sex sorceress who turns pictures into real life.

LAURA'S DESIRES XXX/★
German, 1979. Stars Siegrun Theil. "Beautiful women, excellent photography. Plot is mostly flashback, dubbing into English only so-so, but a well-made flick." (Mark Parker)

LOVE COUCH, THE XXX/NG
American, East Coast, 1979. Stars Richard Bolla, Eric Edwards, Jo Anna Miquel, Fluffy La Bush. "This is a total bust... no pun intended," says Richard Stern.

L'I' ANGELS IN PAIN XXX/O
American, 1979. "A bored couple sail flick featuring young-looking girls being 'disciplined' and such-like activities.

LURE OF THE TRIANGLE XXX/★
American, 1979. "A bored couple sail their boat *Proud Peter* from Ft. Lauderdale to the Bermuda Triangle. Badly acted, bad sound, but the underwater sex scenes really helped—and the fact it wasn't shot in one apartment as so many pornos are," says H.K.B.

LUSTY PRINCESS XXX/O
American, West Coast, 1979. Stars Ronnie Ross, Fernando Fortes, John Holmes. "Producer of cheap porno movies, a very unfunny cameraman, and a guest appearance by the cocksman John Holmes are about the sum of the 'plot.' Terrible editing, terrible everything." (Mark Parker)

MR. UPTIGHT'S REFORMATION XXX/O
American, East/South Coast, 1979. "Boss gets his secretaries to seduce the auditor and screw him until he doesn't know the IRS from his scrotum," reports Richard V.

Grant. "Cute idea spoiled by lack of enthusiasm."

NIGHTBIRD, THE XXX/★ ★
American, East Coast, 1979. Prod. by Robert Michaels; Written/dir. by Felix Daniels. Stars Misty Winter, Marsha Valentino, Marlene Willoughby, Frances Mark, Eric Head, Christa Duncan, Bill Smith, Lou Falco, Beth Anna, David Morris, Lou Smith, Roger Caine. "Another disco film that wanders from one dismal scene to another," reports Richard V. Grant. "Yet the sex is hot sometimes, and a bar gets blown to bits to break the tedium."

PLEASURE IS OUR BUSINESS XXX/O
American, 1972? Richard V. Grant reports: "Four party-girls and three Democrats. The redhead from *The Perfect Position* was in this one. She looks like a younger Candy Samples but without the big boobs."

REVENGE ON THE ROPEMASTERS XXX/★
American, West Coast, 1979. A standard theme in B&D films is table-turning. Once one side has been tied, whipped, fucked and made to perform or endure certain acts, then the game is to turn the thing around and "get" those who previously dominated the scene. This is one of those stories.

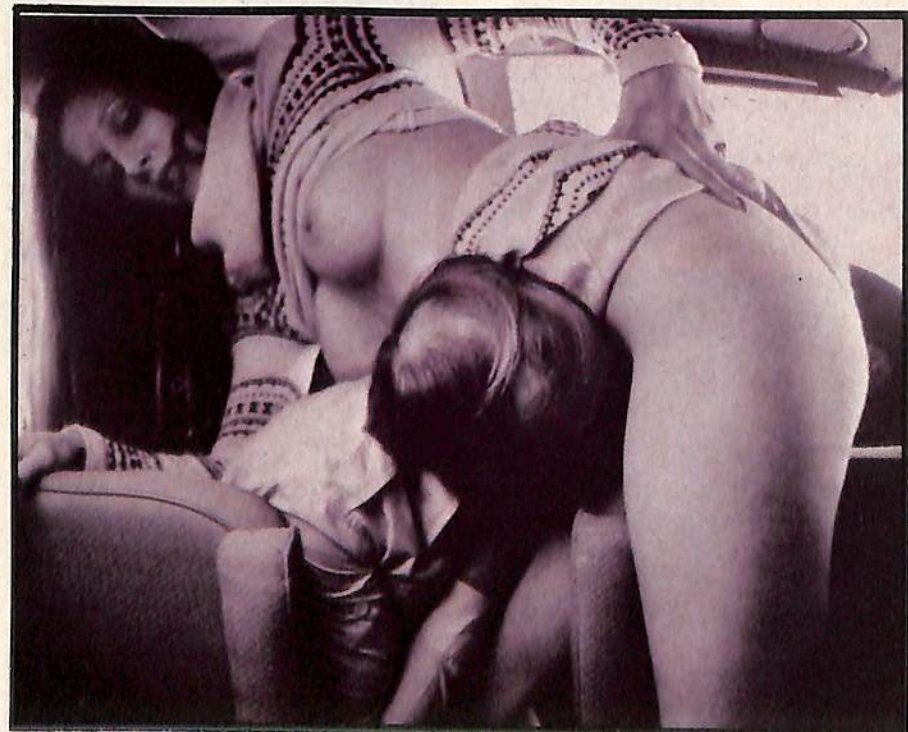
ROLLER BABIES XXX/★ ★ ★
American, East Coast, 1979. (Sometimes shown as *Pushed to the Edge*). MSW Productions. Prod/dir. Carter Stevens. Stars Robert Random (John Ashton), Yolanda Sevalas, Susan McBain, Terri Hall, Mary Stuart, David Williams, Linda Young, Solange Shannon. Our freelance reviewer Richard V. Grant, also recognized Kim Pope

as the robot. "Sex on roller skates is a novel gimmick. The rest of the film is a ZPG (Zero Population Growth) science-fiction plot, but it is witty and there is plenty of hot sex." Mr. Grant adds a note that the next day he saw *It Happened in Hollywood* with Felicity Split, who had supposedly dropped out of sight, but he believes she is Susan McBain.

SAVAGE SEX XXX/O
American, West Coast, 1979. Stars Tony Nacivera. "A fun rape-and-bondage film," reports Richard V. Grant.



Savage Sex features bondage and rape but it's all really fun and games.



Siegrun Theil stars in the new German film *Laura's Desires*, with English dubbed in.



A tiny golden amulet that possesses super-erotic potency is the real star of *Sensual Encounters of Every Kind*. Right: Leslie Bovee preps for action.

SENSUAL ENCOUNTERS OF EVERY KIND XXX/O
American, East Coast, 1979. Prod: Harold Lime. Dir: Ramsey Carson. Stars Serena, Leslie Bovee, John Leslie, Samantha, Dorothy LeMay, Georgina Spelvin, Turk Lyon. "The story of an amulet with magical powers. A lot of vignettes connected only by the gimmick, and they take place in different spots, such as a steam-room, which is the location of the best sex scene in this otherwise boring film." (Gary Summers)

SEXTEEN XXX/★
American, East Coast, 1979. Stars C.J. Laing, Peter Locke, Grover Griffith, Angel Barret, Candy Love, Lefty Cooper, Jamie Gillis, Gwyen Starr. Richard V. Grant—who knows all—says that Gwyen Starr is just another name for C.J. Laing. His report: "The Death Angel (Griffith) visits Laing and Gillis. They try to change his mind with sex stories. (After all, it worked for Scheherazade.) Mostly vignettes, but fairly good."

SMALL CHANGE XXX/★
American, East Coast, early 1970's. Stars Andrea True. "Several kite flyers get their strings tangled up so (naturally) they go to an apartment for a real tangle," says Richard V. Grant.

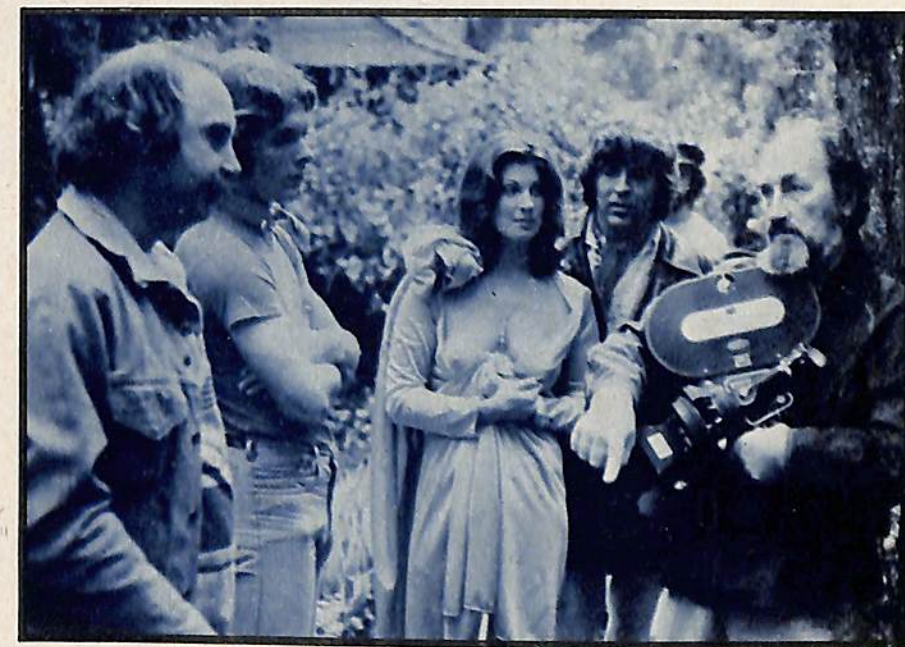
STOCKS AND BONDS XXX/O
American, West Coast, 1979. Standard B&D short film of no particular merit.

THRILLING AND DRILLING XXX/★
American, East Coast, 1974(?) Dir. by Stan Coby. Stars Linda L'Amour (Lynn Stevens), Mark Stevens, Bobby Astyr, Eric Edwards. "Several hot sex scenes in a dental office earn this cheapo a star," reports Richard V. Grant. Our favorite free-lance reviewer also adds this bit of speculation: "Back in about 1974, Lynn Stevens made a big splash in the New York porn scene. Screw hailed her beauty as the only good thing in *Lady On A Couch*. Then she dropped out of sight. A paragraph in *Pleasure*, the sex newspaper, said she'd been in an auto accident. A few months later, Annette Haven appeared on the West Coast in *China Girl*. The dif-

ferences between her and Lynn Stevens are: hair color, eyebrow makeup, and evidence of skin-grafting on one leg." What about that, Annette?

VERONICA'S KISS XXX/★
American, East Coast, 1979. Big Apple Production, directed by Bruce Wilson. Stars Joanne Barker, Hannah Blake, Bill Roberts,

Jose Romanz, Marc Stevens, C.V. Laing, Helen Madagan, John Ashton. "No credits on the screen," reports our eagle-eyed reviewer Richard V. Grant, who takes notes in the dark. "Two fugitives drop in on a lesbian cult; they are seduced along with a robbery victim and a cop, who becomes an S&M victim. (Same two robbers from *Gladys and her All-Girl Band*.)" □



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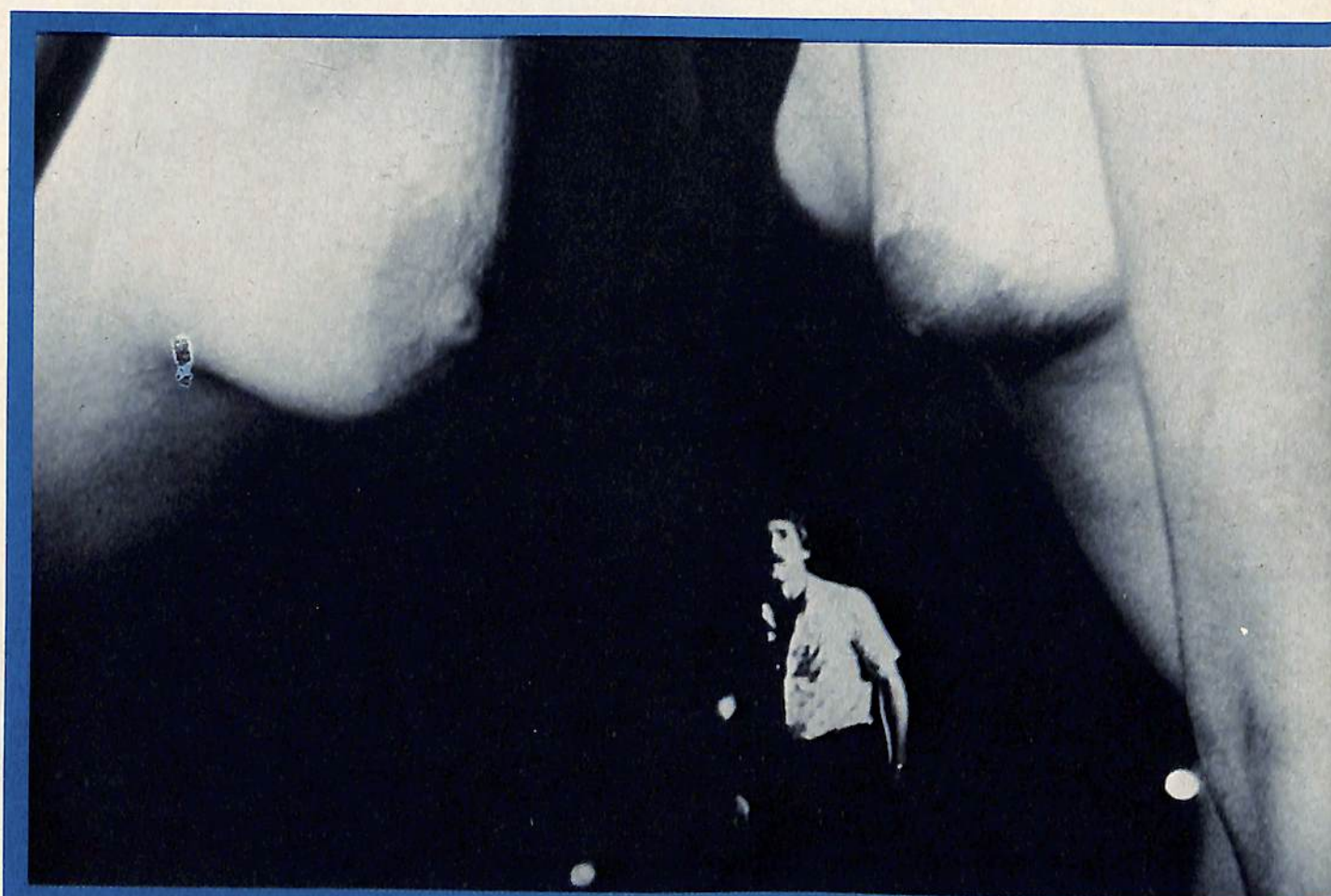


When they and their friends go into swinging, they turn the whole swinging scene topsy-turvy and then some!



A hooker teaches Jack some new tricks. Jill already knows plenty tricks. Jack and Jill decide to take up swinging, first playing strip poker with their friends, then answering classified ads—with startling results. Jack Wrangler, Samantha Fox.

VISIONS



Cuban art filmmaker Felix Miguel Arroyo has come up with a unique and fascinating excursion into erotic surrealism. *Visions* is a hauntingly beautiful film, all about a trip into the after-life—which turns out to be a very sexy affair indeed. Wade Nichols plays Larry, a young composer who, at his piano late one night, conjures up a mysterious beauty (Susan McBain), who beckons Larry to follow her. He does.



The bewitched composer runs into some burglars at work and is clobbered by them. He finds himself floating down a long, dark tunnel—and lands in a strange world where fantasy and reality merge. The mysterious brunette leads him through a bizarre maze of pulsing sensuality, with romantic adventure and bacchanalian revelry at every turn. Larry is drawn into one wild erotic experience after another. The sultry beauty offers him the choice of staying there with her forever or going back to the land of the living. What is his choice? You'll have to see the picture to find out. Victoria Corsaut co-stars as a fantasy girl.

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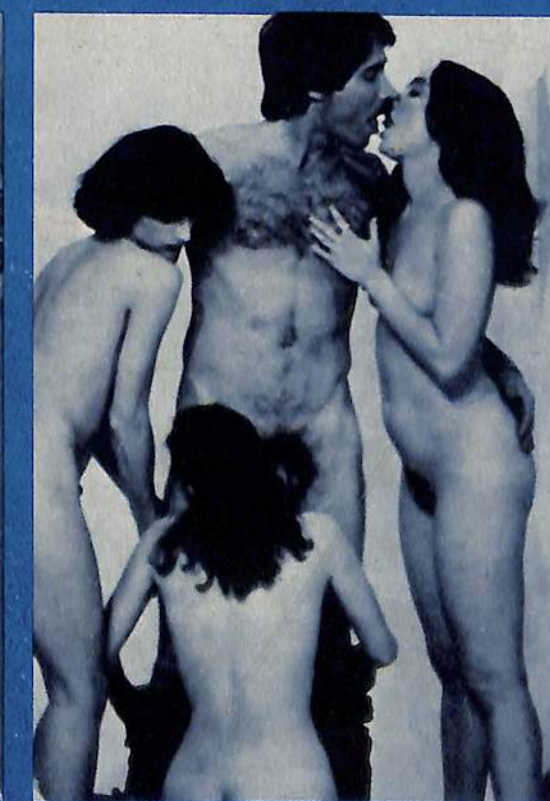
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LAURA'S DESIRES

Laura, played by busty blonde Siegrun Theil, is a hot-pantsed, swinging young girl who can never get enough. In this fast-paced erotic romp Laura relives in fantasy her hectic sexcapades of the past week, trying to decide which of her lovers she likes the best. There was the slim black high-fashion model for whose affection Laura had to outsmart her own brother. There was that buxom model from Italy with exotic tastes. There was her boy friend's sexy maid—and then there was that guy on the plane.



MIX BUSINESS
WITH PLEASURE?...

(Every
chance
I get!)

LAURA'S DESIRES

...always becomes her reality.

Starring SIEGRUN THEIL as LAURA



FOR LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN OVER 21



"Eve accused me of hating women. She said I drag girls through so much muck in my films that I must really hate them!"

KING LEER

from page 14

and models, you wouldn't believe it! Most girls today don't mind taking their clothes off for a movie. And for that matter, almost any big star will take her clothes off if you offer her enough money."

Meyer says the girls appearing in his films get about \$50 a day. The female star, however, may receive as much as \$500 a day. Although the money the nude cuties get isn't much compared to the wage-scale big studio producers pay, their parts usually aren't too demanding and the money supplements their income from modeling or stripping.

Needless to say, Meyer is against any kind of censorship. "Of course I'm against any form of censorship," he declared. "I think an adult should be able to view any kind of film he chooses. But the film must be sold on an adults-only basis. A lot of these real hard-nosed movies are sold around a little too generally, I believe, and some theater operators don't enforce the 'adults only' bit."

IN 1970 Meyer turned "legitimate" for a while, and went to work for 20th Century-Fox as a producer-director. His first effort was *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Among the distinctive features of this film were 18 acts of simulated or suggested intercourse, undoubtedly an all-time high for a flick produced by a major studio.

Dick Zanuck, head of 20th-Fox, was ecstatic when he saw Meyer's masterpiece. He promptly signed him to produce three more hot properties—Irving Wallace's *The Seven Minutes*, Edward Albee's *Everything in the Garden*, and *The Final Steal* by Peter George.

Zanuck had asked Meyer to work for him after he saw his movie *Vixen*, which included such standard Meyer fare as incest, lesbianism and adultery. He told an associate: "If Meyer can get that kind of production quality out of simple equipment and 70 grand, think what he could do with proper equip-

ment and budgeting!"

Zanuck offered Meyer the pick of any property the studio had in inventory if he would work for him. Meyer selected *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Jacqueline Susann had already written a screenplay and her husband, Irving Mansfield, was set to direct it. But Fox bowed to Meyer's wishes and canceled the deal.

Meyer modestly calls his first "legit" effort "a real sensational blockbuster—a numbing tale of sex and violence." He made *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* with unknowns to cut costs. Two of his three leading ladies were former *Playboy* playmates—Dolly Reed and Cynthia Myers.

Meyer had been married and divorced three times. His former wives, Betty, Eve, and Edy, were almost as bosomy as his sexy screen stars. His first wife Betty made a complete break from him. He turned his second wife Eve into a cheesecake magazine model. As part of the divorce settlement, she got the distribution rights to his films. Eve was killed in that big plane crash in the Canary Islands a couple of years ago.

"Eve accused me of being a woman-hater," Meyer says. "She claimed I dragged women through so much muck in my films, that I must really hate them. I hope it isn't so. I respect females, and I love beautiful women. But I may harbor a grudge somewhere. I'm concerned about it. Sometimes I think maybe I do have some deep-seated resentment that makes me debase women."

SEVERAL YEARS ago Russ Meyer married Edy Williams. Naturally, she had mammoth mammaries. She is a stunning, statuesque, dark-haired beauty who has won many beauty contests. She also starred in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*. Significantly, perhaps, she was the only female star in the film who didn't appear in the nude. Maybe Meyer thought it wouldn't be proper for his wife to be seen naked.

Edy was programed for screen success. Ten years ago she was one of 22

young people selected by Fox for intensive training in its school for new talent. Getting into the school is no snap. Fox sees about 25 applicants a week, auditions about five of these and selects one student a month. Edy, who grew up in Tarzana in the San Fernando Valley, was "discovered" when her agent took her to lunch at the Fox commissary.

"I wore a mod outfit with a big diamond-shaped hole in the middle that showed a lot of cleavage," she explains. Curt Conway, the school's acting teacher, saw her and invited her to audition. Fox signed her to a contract, not so much for her acting ability as for her sex appeal.

Says Conway: "Edy doesn't have a great deal of natural acting ability, but like Marilyn Monroe she's so sexy it's almost a put-on of sex. We tried to develop the humor in her style."

WELL LET you decide whether Meyer, Hollywood's biggest bosom-buff, fell for Edy because of her acting "talent" or because of her sexiness and big boobs.

The king of the nudies thinks most exploitation films produced today are trash. "What distresses me is not the sexual content of these new pictures, but the lack of professionalism. They're thrown together with no finesse whatsoever."

There is no question that Russ Meyer is an authority on today's movie scene. Several years ago, the Yale University Law School Film Society hosted an eight-picture, two-day-long Russ Meyer Film Festival. He addressed the festival audience on "Pornography and Art," and participated in panel discussions on "Sex in the American Cinema."

Russ Meyer, once considered a dirty old man, has finally found respectability. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the growing trend toward permissiveness and sexual freedom in the United States has caused the American public to see him in a different light . . . not as a corrupter of morals but as a real artist and a fighter for freedom in filmmaking. □

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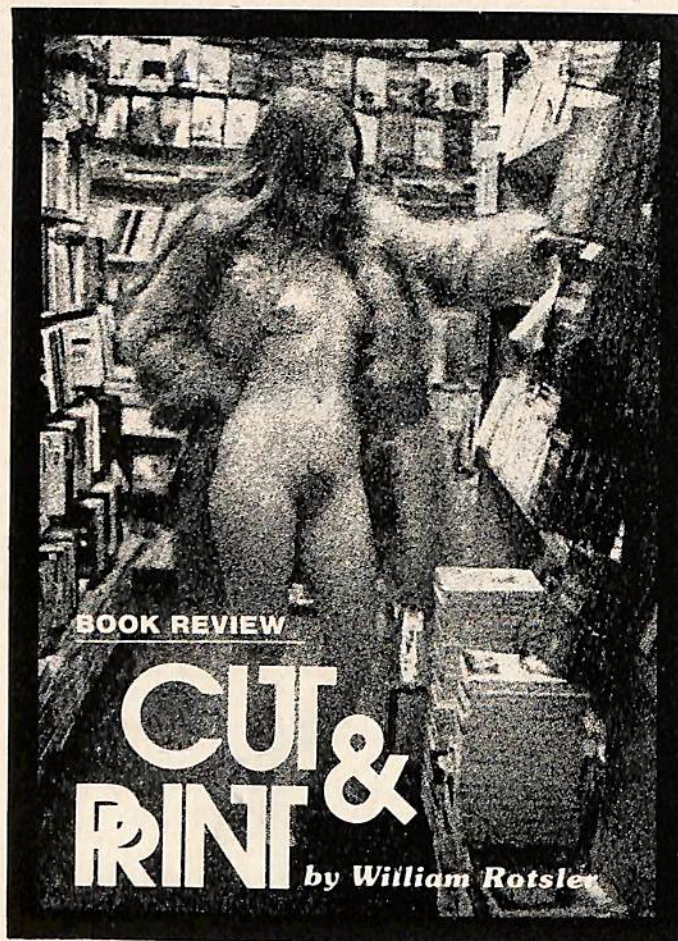
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HALLIWELL'S FILM GUIDE by Leslie Halliwell, Scribner's, 897 pp., illus., \$24.95.

There are only a few, but those few good, illustrations in this immense and very well-done reference guide to more than 8000 English-language feature films. Covering a 50-year period, the book is solid with information, including country of

origin, year of release, running time, whether b/w or color, distribution credit, production credits, a synopsis, writer and director credits, music and cast credits, even photographer credits. Also—and this is often left out of many such books—a rating, an assessment, comments from critics and, where applicable, alternate titles.

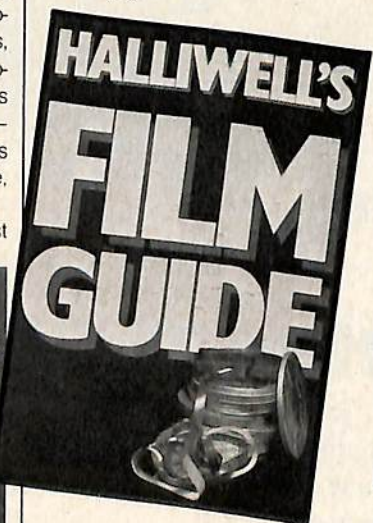
This is the best-organized, most

complete book of motion pictures I've seen. Even TV movies are included when they are thought to be of special merit, or show promise in some department. The editor also has done the superb *The Filmgoer's Companion* but since it would be quite an effort to catalogue the approximately 25,000 English-language films, the editor has selected 8000 of the more memorable ones.

Normally we never mention dedications. I mean, they are usually to someone you don't know and don't care about, or to some cryptic set of initials. But Halliwell, in part, dedicates his book to those who have refrained from making "the following films, which I have over the years anticipated with dread but which never actually arrived: *I Was An Infant Frankenstein*; *The Dancing Nun*; *I married a Martian*; *Return To Lost Horizon*; *The Bride of Sherlock Holmes*; *That's Monogram!*; *The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Richard*; *All The President's Women*; *Son of Psycho*; *I Was a Cannibal for the FBI*; *The Ghoul Next Door*; *The Keefe Brasselle Story*; *Abbott and Costello Meet The Exorcist*, and *Jerry Lewis in Me, Myself and I*."

My favorite non-made movie is *Frankenstein of Sunnybrook Farm*.

This is a book for anyone interested in the movies. It is very handy and very good.



THE FILM BUFF'S CATALOG by William R. Meyer, Arlington House, 432 pp., no photos, \$18.95.

This is something of a different sort of film book. It's almost a *Whole Earth Guide to Movies*, as it lists film books and magazines, films and novels about Hollywood, film distributors, film schools and instructors, bookshops and photo sources, research facilities (libraries, museums, archives, etc.), fan clubs, honor lists, rental houses, selected directors and their films, minibus of



important cinema people, and so on. There is also an interesting list of 50 questions about films that is a bit different from the usual.

A good reference book for the deep-dyed film buff, certainly, but I don't think this is a book for any but the dedicated fan.

FILM COLLECTING by Gerald McKee, A.S. Barnes, 224 pp., illus., \$12.

There are film collectors all over the world and, in general, they are thought of by the movie industry as thieves and crooks at worst, and at best barely tolerated. Yet it is from these private archives that many of the silent classics have been rescued.

Hollywood has always thought of



its "product" as just that—a product—not an art-form. It still does, to a certain extent. But from the beginning there have been those who collected the completed films. It was dangerous, too, as the deterioration of the early nitrate-stock films could lead to fire and explosion. But nothing stopped the collector, and it was from these sources that some of the great films were recaptured after the studios had let the prints self-destruct and often destroyed the original negative.

This book is quite comprehensive, going into "all shapes and sizes," into print quality and the mechanics of collecting. There is a chapter on collectors' organizations and publications, should you want more immediate information.

There has been a lot in the news lately about pirated prints—which is the source of Hollywood's discomfort with "collectors," as the industry does not seem able to distinguish between collectors and pirates. The rise of the video-tape cassette has further proliferated prints, but has also contributed to advanced piracy. In some cases, tapes were offered of *Star Wars*, *Superman* and other films before the official openings!

But if you are thinking of collecting films, or are a collector, this is the book for you.



THE HOLLYWOOD BEAUTIES by James Robert Parish, with Gregory W. Mank and Don E. Stanke, Arlington House, 476 pp., illus., \$25.



Seven beauties were picked: Dolores Del Rio, Kay Francis, Ava Gardner, Jean Harlow, Grace Kelly, Elizabeth Taylor and Lana Turner. No two alike, that is certain. There is a short biography on each, and a complete filmography. In addition to the usual production stills, there are off-stage photos, film ads, marriage pix, endorsements, star-holding-new-child photos, news pictures, and so on.

Parish has produced a steady stream of such books, all well-done even if nothing new or exciting is added. (Or, in all fairness, *could* be added.) For those of you who care about these things, the astrological signs are included.

50 FROM THE 50's by David Zinman, Arlington House, 418 pp., illus., \$25.

Film historian Zinman has done a good book on that rather insipid and neglected era—the 50's. By selecting 50 pictures, giving credits, storyline (with excerpted scenes) and background, he gives us a very good idea of the 50's. While that decade produced such films as *Sunset Boulevard*, *High Noon* and *All About Eve*, it also produced low-budget goodies like the (original) *Invasion of the Body Snatchers*, *Marty* and some good European flicks.

The 50's, Zinman reminds us, produced *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, *Ben-Hur*, *The Caine Mutiny*, *From Here to Eternity*, *The Man in the White Suit*, *On the Waterfront*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Shane*, *Paths of Glory*, *Rashomon*, *Some Like It Hot* and one of my all-time personal favorites, *Singin' In The Rain*.

The 50's were marked by a certain falseness in their approach—short-haired women no matter what the era shown, the over-lighting, the heavy makeup, the "safe" themes. But there were at least 50 good ones, as Zinman shows us. For film buffs and nostalgics. □



HORROR IN THE CINEMA: 3rd Edition, revised, by Ivan Butler, A.S. Barnes, 162 pp., illus., \$15.

Originally published in 1967 as *The Horror Film*, this book has been extensively updated and should be considered something of a standard text in this genre. The book contains, as you might expect, a history of horror and horror films, an index and filmography of every important film, plus chapters spotlighting various directors and certain motion pictures.

If you are a horror film fan (and, I suppose, who isn't?) this is a nostalgic trip, a fine reference volume, and fun to page through.



SOUND STAGE

from page 5

Cowboy, the first major studio X, in 1969; *The Decameron*; *Last Tango in Paris*, and *Inserts*.

A spokesperson for UA's United Classics, which distributes films to art houses and repertoire theaters, says that whether or not either of the two films will



be released at all in this country depends partly on a successful appeal of the X rating. "We would like to see the MPAA change its rating system to enable films like these, which are not really pornographic, to get a softer rating," she said. Failing such unlikely action, UA will press an appeal of the X's. Both *Arabian Nights* and *Canterbury Tales* contain total nudity and some on-screen sex, which guarantees an X tag under the present guidelines.

As we go to press it has not been announced just when the appeals will be filed, and no dates for domestic release have yet been set. The two films have already been released abroad by UA. Both were produced by Alberto Grimaldi and directed by the late Pier Paolo Pasolini.

This business of getting films rerated, or trying to do so, seems to be catching on like an epidemic. Who knows, by next month maybe *Deep Throat* will have gone PG!

Dept. of Oops, Sorry!

In our report on the film *Damiano's People* in *Film World* for May 1979 we mentioned the name of Kara Bennett as one of the actresses in it. This brought a call from Kara Bennett herself, who insists that we set the record straight. She did not act in the X-rated *Damiano's People*, she says. She appeared in another film by Damiano which was rated R. However, clips of this R-rated film were inserted into the European version of the X-rater, but not the American version, she says.

All we know is, Miss Bennett's name was listed in the cast of *Damiano's People*, X-rated, which we received from the Damiano organization in New York. Anyway, the record is now straight, or as straight as it will ever be. Sorry, Kara.

Legal Tangles Cleared For James Bond Film

After considerable legal hassling, the way has been cleared by an opinion of Queen's Counsel in London for Sean Connery to return to

the role of James Bond, which he originated, in producer Kevin McClory's long-delayed \$22.5 million film *Warhead*, originally titled *James Bond of the Secret Service*. The film also stars Orson Wells as Blofeld, chief of Spectre, and Trevor Howard as Bond's boss and head of the British Secret Service. The three leading femme roles are still to be cast as of this writing. Filming will begin next spring in the Bahamas and on Okinawa.

Screenplay for *Warhead* was co-written by Bond, McClory and Len Deighton. London attorneys confirmed that McClory's company, Paradise Film Productions Ltd., has the right to make the film, with the legal objections filed by United Artists, the Ian Fleming estate, and Cubby Broccoli, producer of the rival film *Moonraker*, apparently settled. Paramount at one time was supposedly set to distribute *Warhead* but has evidently backed out. Anyway, Connery's legions of dedicated fans should be happy.

LETTER BOX

As a long-time admirer of Uschi Digart, I wish to support the plea of your correspondents who ask for pictures to be published in your excellent magazine. The more the better!

There are, however, a couple of things that interest me about her. Could you tell me whether she has actually appeared in porno films and has been photographed in genuine, non-simulated screwing shots—and if so, in which films? And are any of these available in 8mm versions? Over here in Europe we do not have the same range of American porno films available to us in the cinemas as you have in the States, and I would dearly love to see the lovely Uschi in action.

And of course, if you can publish pictures of her in some of these scenes, you will earn my eternal gratitude. Uschi forever!

Franz W.
West Germany

Turn to page 15 for an intimate interview with Uschi and profile of her by our own Bill Rot-



ler, who is a long-time friend of hers. Bill tells us that Uschi has never made any hard-core, only simulation, and he ought to know. Last year somebody inserted a hard-core segment

into one of her films, and she stopped the screening in San Francisco. Read all about it in the interview. Here's another shot of our girl for good measure.

AND STILL MORE USCHI FANS

I am a lover of big tits and have enjoyed the letters from readers praising Uschi Digart in your past several issues. Your magazine does a fine job of presenting numerous film layouts but I have yet to see you review a film by the legendary big-tit film director Russ Meyer. It sure would be nice to see a layout of his latest film featuring his super-stacked actresses.

I realize you rarely present layouts of "old" films but why can't Russ Meyer be an exception? His camera angles of Uschi Digart and of enormous-breasted lesbians are classics!

B.G.
Seminole, Fla.

Whenever I purchase your magazine, I read with interest William Rotsler's numerous mini-reviews of the new porn-flicks. Since I love eyeing big tits and have been somewhat disappointed that Uschi Digart hasn't been making many new movies, I read with interest Mr. Rotsler's review of the new film starring the buxom Marsha Jordan. Why don't you present a layout of Marsha's new film in a feature issue, being sure to include some classic shots of her famous figure?

A.A.
St. Petersburg, Fla.

It seems like our Uschi is big in Florida—as well as everywhere else. See Frank Thistle's article on Russ Meyer in this issue, in which Uschi is mentioned further. We've run layouts on some of Meyer's films in past years and we just don't have room in the magazine to repeat them. We're aware of the appeal of the older classics to real dyed-in-the-wool fans of erotic films, but we find that our readers in general want to read about the latest hard-core X-raters now screening. And let's face it, Meyer's movies are not hard-core.

Also you readers must understand that it's not always possible for us to obtain stills on every film that we might like to run. Frequently for various reasons, they're just not available. Unlike "legitimate" films with bigger budgets, production stills are not always shot during the making of porn movies, and the producers don't like to cut up their movie prints to make stills. We'll do our best on Marsha Hunt but we can't promise.

FILM HE'D LIKE TO SEE

We have still another letter from A.A., the big-tit lover of St. Petersburg. He wrote to our Fantasy Editor with his idea of "The Porn Film I'd Most Like to See," but his letter arrived after we had already gone to press with the last submissions in that reader contest. His film fantasy is a good one and we print it herewith:

I have an obsession with big tits and jogging. The film starts with a lean young man doing some warm-up exercises on an over-cast morning and them beginning his run through the neighborhood. He notices that



he's gaining on two girls ahead of him. Then the skies split open and the rain pours down, causing the two girls, one white and one black, to seek shelter. They scamper into the open garage of an empty house—and our hero follows them.

They get acquainted and talk about the storm. His eyes are riveted on the huge breasts of the girls, the erect nipples pressing through their wet T-shirts. Both girls are slim, with long legs and arms, and proudly carry their jumbo-jugs. They realize he is turned on and both peel off their tops, their big tits jiggling and swaying. Without a word they start to press and rub their priceless treasures together and play with each other.

The young man isn't wearing any jock-strap and soon his erect manhood pops out from the side of his jogging shorts. The girls let him join their fun. Now the camera shows closeups of his penis rubbing and sliding all over their enormous breasts, and each girl's tongue darts out every so often to lick his tool. The girls now play with each other's snatches, and when he explodes all over their bountiful chests, they gather his juice and spread it all over each other.

The camera slowly pulls back out of the garage as the skies clear. We hear the moans of ecstasy coming from inside. Then in a panoramic shot we see the young man and the two big-titted girls leaving the garage, the girls pulling down their T-shirts. The film ends with a close-up of all three jogging side-by-side, with the girls' big knockers bouncing and the man's crotch area bulging.

That sounds like a real turn-on, A.A., and thanks for sharing your fantasy with us.

AN X-RATED RIPOFF

I'm mad, maybe not clear through but pretty goddamn mad! I'm a fan of X-rated movies. I've been going to them ever since the adult theaters started up. I read the reviews of new fuck-flicks in *Film World* and the men's magazines, and I read the newspaper ads. Since the going rate at the adult box offices is now five bucks or sometimes more, I try to be selective and pick out the movies I want to see, the ones that will turn me on. But lately it seems like half the time I'm conned

into plunking down a fin for some flick I've seen already or don't particularly want to see.

I'm talking about the business of changing titles. More and more I run into some film I've seen years ago, released again under a different name. Sometimes they're recut and jazzed around, sometimes they're just the same except for the title. What I mean is, maybe five years ago I saw a picture called *Sexpots 74*. Well now I see one advertised called *Sexpots 79*. I naturally think it's a brand-new film, the latest in a series. I pay my five skins—and see the same picture I saw back in '74. That's just a sample. Usually the title is completely changed, like *Tokyo Tarts* becomes *Houston Hustlers*, or *Three in a Bed* will turn up as *Seven on the Roof*.

Not long ago I saw an ad for a film called *My Flesh Is Hot*. The ad said something like: "A shocking look at today's wild world of off-beat sex—starring six of the latest stars in the porn galaxy." Well, I fell for it and shelled out my five skins. It turned out to be a slightly reedited version of a flick I saw in 1973 called *I Think Give It to Me, Daddy!* I'd seen it maybe twice more in the interim, each time under a different title, ballyhooed as a brand-new release.

It was about as shocking as *Little Women*, and the only thing offbeat was the crummy sound-track. I couldn't recognize any of the six "stars," coyly cavorting in the nude, 1973 style—except for Rene Bond, who was a young filly then but today is older than John Holmes.

The film didn't even give my prick a twitch, much less a hard-on. I was so annoyed, having fallen for the title-switch on this one so

many times, that I went to the box-office and asked for my money back. Natch, I didn't get it. Isn't there something that can be done about this lousy ripoff? Don't the porn movie people have an association or something that could stop this sort of thing?

K.S.
New York City

We're well aware of what you're talking about. Many supposedly sharp people have fallen for these phony title-changes. Unfortunately there isn't much to be done about it in the present state of the porn movie industry. Yes indeed, the producers, distributors and exhibitors do have an organization, the Adult Film Association of America, with 280 members, headed by Dave Friedman here in Los Angeles. They are working hard to raise the standards of the adult film industry. They frown on such practices and are doing what they can to rectify them, to see that you get your money's worth in brand-new first-run X-rated film fare. But porn movie production and demand being what they are, and the industry frequently still operating on a semi-underground basis due to legal harassment, it's hard to avoid such abuses.

The exhibitors have to fill their theaters, and when there isn't enough new product coming up, some distributors will slap new titles on old films, maybe piece several together just to keep the projectors clicking. Anyway we think you'll see a gradual improvement in this regard. Meanwhile you'll just have to enjoy your porn with a touch of nostalgia. Consider those 1973 sex-flicks like vintage wine! □

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"Horror isn't the right word," Karloff always insisted. "The connotation of the word is something entirely different from what we are aiming at in this kind of film. Horror suggests recoil, revulsion. We want to give the moviegoers goose-pimples, but we don't want to turn their stomachs."

THE HORROR craze gained momentum some 20 years ago, thanks primarily to Samuel Z. Arkoff and James H. Nicholson, the heads of American International Pictures. Some of their early titles, as eyebrow-raising as they were hair-raising, were *The Beast with a Million Eyes*; *The Day the World Ended*; *Female Jungle*, *She Creature*; *Blood of Dracula*; *Teenage Frankenstein*; *Viking Woman*; *Sea Serpent* and perhaps the most priceless of all, *How to Make a Monster*.

The two shocker pioneers in four years parlayed an initial \$3000 into a million-dollar film factory and a national craze. Their secret weapon, so to speak, was the "package" or double feature.

"Our first release, *Apache Woman*, taught us our lesson," recalls Arkoff. "A single horror feature usually gets played—and played down—as the second feature. But when we came out with our first package—*The Day the World Ended* and *Phantom From 10,000 Leagues*—we were in business. In our whole organization many people double on jobs. Basically we're merchandisers, so it's easier when we work with fewer people, the ones we know can match the concept we have in mind. Titles, monsters and gimmicks are the stars. If these can't attract, we've missed the merchandising boat."

Most AIP films are shot in eight to 10 days, though three or four months may elapse between conception of title and getting the result in the can. The running times varies from 75 to 85 minutes. The average budget is put at \$150,000.

"However," Arkoff points out, "if we add in print costs, advertising and distribution fees the way major companies do, it would come closer to \$250,000. Grosses are deceptive. Don't forget we have to divide the profits between the two pictures. Roughly, we must take in 10 times the cost at the box-office to break even."

HORROR films never lose their play-off value. They can be played from year to year like the Disney cartoons. The majors soon got into the act with lavish \$1 million productions. But as long as horror films remain cheap and exploitable, the low-budget independent companies will continue to turn them out in droves.

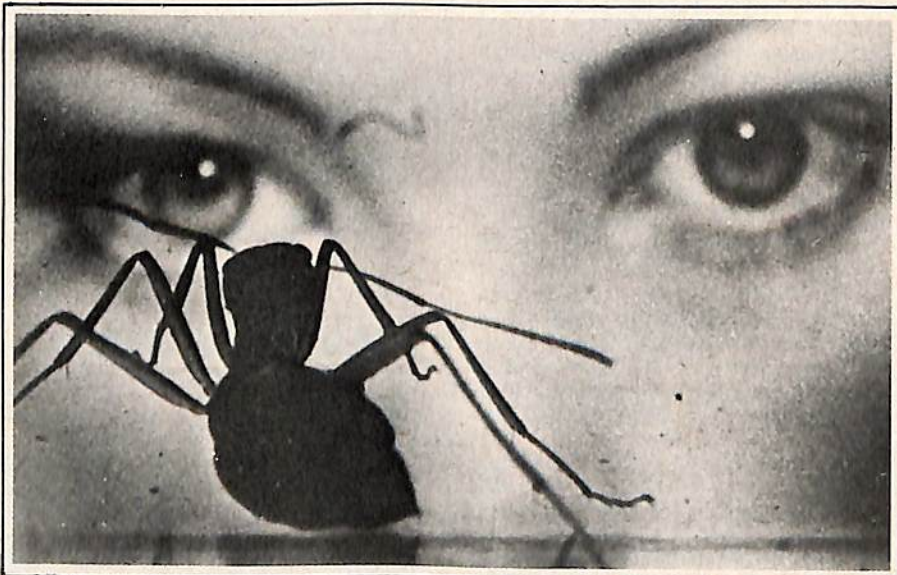
Without question, the low-budget horror movie has replaced the Western as Hollywood's surefire bread-and-butter draw. The horrors are the staples of the drive-ins and neighborhood theaters. Peopled with monsters, murder and mayhem and dripping with gore, horror pictures are laughable to most adults but thrilling to kids and teenagers.

Hollywood moviemakers, literally scared half to death by television, have put on their fright-wigs, forsaken art and message pictures and turned to horror, suspense and monsters to fill their moribund theaters. A whole new generation has discovered movie terror and fallen

theater. The trend started when movie exhibitors reported their adult audience had dwindled to almost nothing. Eighty percent of the moviegoers remaining were found to be in the age group of eight to 25 years.

YOU WON'T find any Academy Award material there, but they are all gassers in the blue-jeans-and-ponytail set. The titles are often more interesting than the movies, and arouse much comment from worried parents and PTA groups. They complain that the pictures of terror and horror have a disturbing influence on children and may possibly incite teenagers to violence. To which the producers and theater-men retort: "Nonsense!"

"The horror films are fantasy—sort of grown up fairy tales—and no worse than the witches and goblins of childhood fables," one producer said. "We invite protesting PTA groups to review



Paramount's *Phase IV* (1973) was one of first films featuring insect menaces.

in love with monsters, things, creatures, super-beasts, vampires, bats, saucer-men, fiends, mutants, humanoids, bat-men, catwomen, and werewolves.

Led by a handful of low-budget producers, Hollywood is cashing in. And the big studios are joining the parade to the bank. Every major studio has produced horror movies and has more on its schedule.

It is estimated that three out of four movies being made currently in Hollywood are in the so-called "exploitation" class—movies whose titles and themes have a "hook" to drag the customer away from his TV set and into a

our films and they often come away embarrassed over the fuss they have stirred up. The kids know the monsters and horrors are make-believe. Their fright is often tinged with amusement. "It's fun to be scared," is the way the kids put it."

In this the producers are backed up by most psychiatrists and child psychologists. Dr. Martin Grotjahn of the University of Southern California, a psychiatrist often called as an expert witness at criminal trials, believes horror films may be good for youngsters.

"Fright films can be helpful to teenagers," he says. "Some childhood

anxieties never die—fears of witches, ghosts and things that are sinister and mysterious. These things stay with the adolescent. There are three ways to overcome these anxieties—psychoanalysis, nightmares and horror movies. Since a teenager associates himself with the movie he finds therapy in the happy ending or else in the return to reality when he leaves the theater."

Dr. Leland Johnson of USC and the College of Medical Evangelists holds similar views. "Horror films cannot be lumped into a similar formula with crime pictures. One is fantasy and the other strives for extreme realism," he explains. "Fantasy is an escape from the realities of our anxious age. It gives us something definite to fear, if only for a time. Either type of film, however, does not stimulate criminal acts in normal people, even if the fictional criminal is a teenage celluloid hero such as Marlon Brando or the late James Dean."

"Some people want to coddle our teenagers too much, even though the teenagers themselves disapprove. This is a violent world—one filled with atomic destruction. Teenagers know this world is a violent one—it is foolish to pretend otherwise."

MANY ADULTS act like kids when it comes to the good old-fashioned entertainment of horror movies. "You can't keep an audience out of a good suspense thriller," a motion picture producer confided recently. "They want it, and we give it to them."

Psychologists ascribe the acceptance of fright in the arts to "a kind of comforting detachment." "Fear is the human response, the preparation of the body for flight or for a good fight," explains USC psychologist Chaytor Mason. "Our first impulse upon feeling fear is to get the hell out."

But we need not flee the scene. In any of the art forms, we can stay around and enjoy the fright with the detached comfort of being out of danger. Psychologists advance two reasons for this enormous delight in vicarious thrills: To enjoy ourselves—either we identify with the characters involved, or the scene triggers memory of some similar experience in our own lives.

"The movies today make horror especially realistic. The wider screens, the depth processes and the stereophonic sound involve our senses more," says Dr. George F. J. Lehner,

professor of psychology at UCLA. He also associates laughter with fear. "How many times have you talked with a person who punctuated every comment with a quick giggle? He's obviously embarrassed—in effect, fearful of something."

History gives us many examples of the fear phenomenon. Just as children today still find special delight in gathering around the campfire for a session of ghost stories, the same activity has fascinated generations of adults.

ONE THEORY holds that too many real horrors exist in the 20th Century for us to cast our fright-lot with ghosts and other unnatural phenomena. Today we have The Bomb, man's inhumanity to man, and countless day-to-day problems.

"We feel a need to handle our fears," says Chaytor Mason. "We ride roller-coasters, see traffic accidents on the freeway and attend monster and Alfred Hitchcock movies. We live in a world of intrigue, power and threats. And subconsciously, we want to come to grips with it, to conquer our fear of the known rather than the unknown."

Hence, we have the phenomenon of *Dr. Strangelove*. Audiences laughed at it because it was only a story, but Mason believes we all found it a bit more comforting in our daily cohabitation with The Bomb. For solutions, we can turn to Ian Fleming's best-selling character. James Bond rarely gets really hurt, never loses his life and always solves his problems. And there, by the grace of God, the British Secret Service and Hollywood, go we.

What's next on the Hollywood horror horizon? Plenty. For one thing Irwin Allen, the industry's disaster expert, is readying still another film called *The Day the World Ended*. Of course the title is a bit of a fraud. It doesn't really end. (Well, you knew that didn't you?)

Says Jacqueline Bisset, who stars in the film: "The title is misleading. What the film is really about is a volcano erupting on a Pacific Island."

But before you say oh-is-that-all?—remember that erupting volcanoes can be scary things. In this case, Jackie, who plays a hotel publicist who spends her time chasing after Paul Newman and Bill Holden, escapes just before the hot lava arrives with the orange juice and breakfast rolls.

"Don't laugh," she says, laughing. "It's really quite frightening." □

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Farrah winds up filming *Saturn 3* in London; to make more British films.

FOREIGN SCENE

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Howard Koch Jr. in the production of John Schlesinger's forthcoming *Honky Tonk Freeway*, which was developed from a Boyd idea. *Honky Tonk* is a \$10 million production for EMI, to be distributed in the U.S. by Association Film Distribution. Another \$10 million film currently in the works is Max Keller's *Space Port*, a sci-fi thriller which started casting in May.

David Niven canceled his projected trip to Hollywood for the second time, to prepare for his starring role for London producer Ben Fisz in *A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square*, a suspense flick in which Niven will play a master chef... It's not true that Farrah Fawcett-Majors has had problems with her role in the British production *Saturn 3*. Farrah has done fine and has made the grade with Sir Lew Grade, who at last reports was negotiating to sign Farrah for several movies... Sophia Loren recently visited London without her husband Carlo Ponti, to plug her autobiography and her new ITC film *Firepower*. Of her book, Loren said: "It's about time to set the record straight."... Meryl Streep, Robert De Niro's 29-year-old co-star in *The Deer Hunter*, has been offered the role of Nancy Astor in a major BBC-TV dramatic series based on the life of the first American to become a member of Britain's Parliament.

American films have risen steadily in popularity with German moviegoers, to the extent that they now dominate the German screen, at the expense of French, Italian and German features, which have fallen far behind in Germany's burgeoning box-office receipts. *Superman* was big with German movie audiences this spring and *Grease* was a tremendous box-office draw. "American films are dominating Germany after years of stiff competition," Sam Wayneberg, managing director of Scotia Films in Munich, said recently. "French films don't have a chance, Italian films are dead, and even German pictures have little success."



Sophia visited London without hubby Carlo, to plug her autobiography.

Scotia Films has just bought Lorimar's *The Big Red One* and also Dick Clark's tele-feature *Elvis*, which is scheduled to open in Germany as a theatrical release on August 22nd, the anniversary of Presley's death. All foreign films are dubbed for German screening. Only a handful of theaters in the major cities play American films without dubbing, in very short runs for the American tourist trade.

Filming is scheduled to start in Munich and Israel in August on the controversial \$3.6 million film *Oktoberfest*, which Barrie St. Clair and James Faulkner are making for Samarkand Motion Picture Productions, who produced the \$12-million *Zulu Dawn*. Frank De Felitta, who wrote the book and script of *Oktoberfest*, will direct the story of a German concentration camp inmate who goes insane as a young man. Thirty years later he escapes from a Munich sanitarium and goes berserk during the Oktoberfest, setting out to kill everyone who resembles a hated former Nazi concentration camp officer. The cast and crew will be made up of English, German and South African performers and technicians, according to St. Clair, whose headquarters are in Durban, South Africa. Co-producers St. Clair and Faulkner are partners in the Samarkand enterprises, along with Nate Kohn and Dieter Nobbe. Their *Zulu Dawn*, which evoked criticism from the South African press during its filming, is due for world premiere in London this summer. It's about a battle in which a band of Zulu warriors wiped out a British regiment in 1879.

Airing last March of the nine-and-a-half-hour NBC miniseries *Holocaust* on West German television, at the same time as Parliament was hotly debating whether or not to extend the statute of limitation for prosecution of Nazi war criminals, created a furor unparalleled in German TV history. Government leaders were sharply divided over merits of the program, church leaders cautiously called it "an important event for both Christians and Jews," and TV station managers sweated over whether to show it in prime-time. In the middle of the controversy, several TV stations were bombed by neo-Nazi groups. More than 20 million Ger-



The *Great Dictator* and other Charlie Chaplin films are popular in China.

mans watched *Holocaust*, and 265,000 copies of background material were distributed. Some 30,000 viewers made phone calls to their local stations, pro and con.

CHAPLIN BIG IN CHINA

On the heels of President Carter's recognition of the People's Republic of China, American films old and new, such as *Modern Times*, *Futureworld* and *Convoy*, started playing to packed houses in Peking, Canton and Shanghai. Audiences were reported enthusiastic over the first U.S. movies shown in Communist China in 30 years. Mark Petersson, a New York filmmaker who was among the first Americans to tour China's film studios, said he visited a number of theaters and talked with the eager moviegoers. "They were dazzled by the special effects in *Futureworld*," he said. "They'd never seen anything like it. They liked *Convoy* because they thought it was a workers' film. And Charlie Chaplin is a national hero."

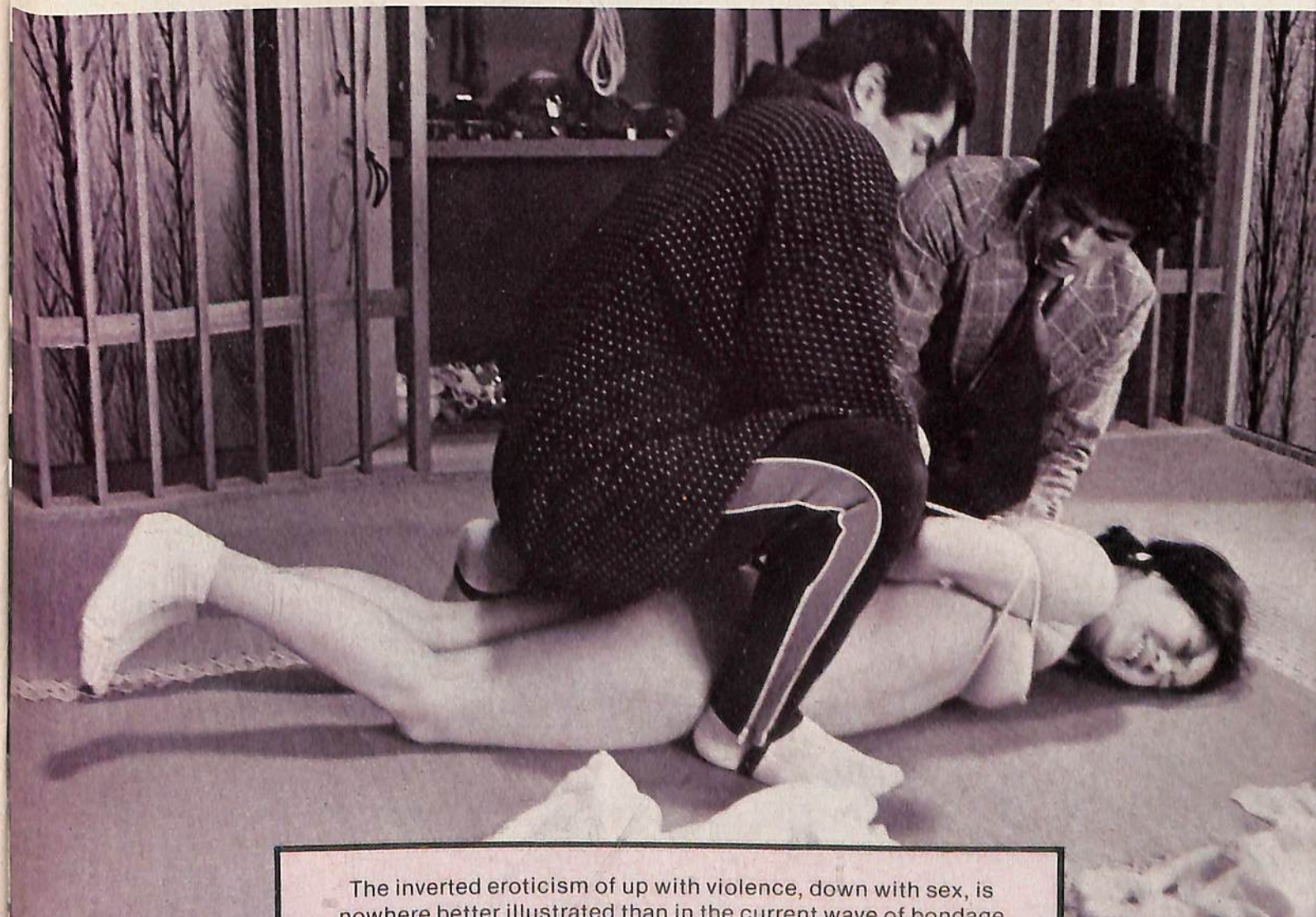
The first international film deal made after the ban was lifted was for all of Chaplin's films to be shown in China. The China Film and Exhibition Corporation, a government agency, purchased the films from the Chaplin estate for a reputed \$2 million. Some of the Chaplin movies were remembered by Chinese fans from many years ago, and others are being shown in China for the first time.

China's film negotiators are no slouches at striking a sharp bargain. Norman Jewison has been pressing for permission to film a movie in China. Before agreeing to consider his application, the wily Chinese horse-traders asked him to send them a print of his award-winning *In the Heat of the Night* and also one of Sylvester Stallone's *F.I.S.T.*, both with Chinese subtitles.

Japanese filmmakers are vying with the U.S. to sell films to the newly expanded Chinese market. A three-man delegation from Peking visited Tokyo recently and after viewing 50 feature films at special screenings, bought seven of them for showing in China, at an average price of \$10,000 for each theater screening them. □

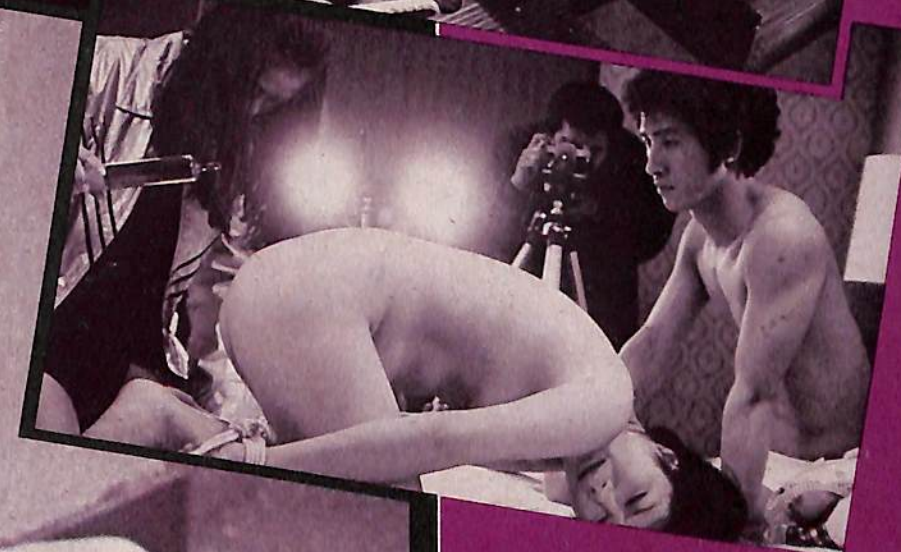


MADAME BLACK ROSE



The inverted eroticism of up with violence, down with sex, is nowhere better illustrated than in the current wave of bondage and torture movies from Japan—and there's no better example of it than this latest Nikkatsu release. Torture and agony are okay on the Japanese screen, but explicit sex action is out.

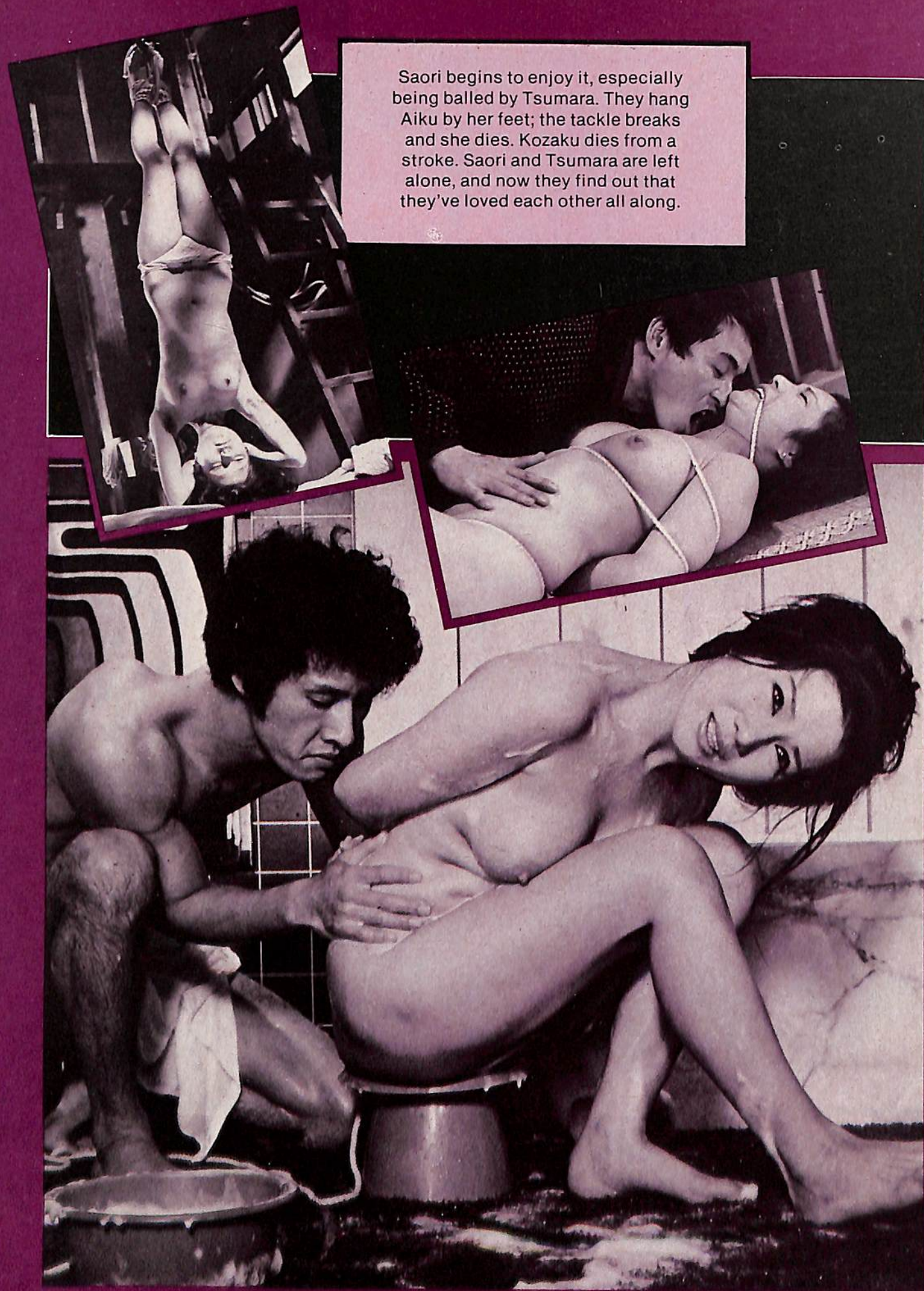
A JAPANESE FILM



Her impotent husband and his male secretary subject lovely Saori to some really kinky torture routines and her maid Aiko joins in the fun. They outdo each other in devising new punishments for the helpless young wife.

Naomi Tani, bondage queen of the Nipponese cinema, plays Saori, a beautiful young wife whose wealthy older husband (he's the guy with the glasses) is impotent and gets his kicks from B&D. Saori doesn't realize this and has her fun with other men—till one day hubby Kosaku orders his male secretary Tsumara to strip her, tie her up and rape her. Once Saori is broken in, hubby and the maid Aiko join in the fun and games. Saori is bound, manacled, and subjected to a bizarre series of humiliating tortures.

Saori begins to enjoy it, especially being balled by Tsumara. They hang Aiku by her feet; the tackle breaks and she dies. Kozaku dies from a stroke. Saori and Tsumara are left alone, and now they find out that they've loved each other all along.



DON'T MISS OUR NEXT BIG FEATURE!

BLONDE FIRE

Superstud John C. Holmes is back again as Johnny Wadd the fabulous private eye, in a fast-moving sexepic of diamond theft and intrigue set in South Africa. Kitty Shayne and Jessie St. James head up his all-new harem. Coming in your November *Film World*.



There's not much Rocky can do but give in to the impetuous ardor of Barbara and Julie. What you can do is turn to pages 34-47 for our double bill: *One Way at a Time* and *Sissy's Hot Summer*.

FREE BOOK OFFER

THE TRUTH ABOUT WHAT'S
COMING DOWN IN SEX

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