

Adam FilmWorld

VOL.8/NO.11

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Lime's Latest:
CENTERSPREAD
GIRLS ENTRAP
HORNY CENSORS

Swedish Sex:
IT'S SO HOT
IT ISN'T EVEN
RATED!

SAMANTHA AND
VERONICA ARE
ROOMMATES
And Kelly Too



FAIRCHILD IS
TARGET OF
PEEPING LENS
Morgan Bares It



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VOLUME EIGHT/NUMBER ELEVEN



Roommates

Erotica winner Samantha Fox teams up with Veronica Hart and Kelly Nichols in a landmark film by Chuck Vincent about three girls whose lives and loves get all tangled up when they share an elegant New York apartment.
A Platinum release
Page 6



Susan Anspach: Nice Girl Goes Dirty

The co-star of *Five Easy Pieces* has taken a giant leap from Disney roles to star in a Swedish film so hot that they didn't even try for a rating.
by Mark Mizurian
Page 10

The Seduction of Morgan Fairchild

If you've been frustrated watching Morgan's teasing cleavage on *Flamingo Road* now you can enjoy ogling her in the raw in her very first sexy movie feature.
by Jules Griffon
Page 18



Snapshots from The Master and Ms. Johnson

Two far-out disciples of Freud treat an assortment of zany patients in a sex therapy center like you'll never believe. Stars Larry Moore, Dawn Perry, Monique Faberge and Jennifer West.
From H.N.R. Associates
Page 24

ANOTHER SMASH HIT FROM HAROLD LIME

Centerspread Girls

A woman publisher and her crew of high-powered models fight a bunch of blue-nose reformers with the weapons they know best. Georgina Spelvin, Lisa DeLeeuw,

Annette Haven, Veronica Hart, Desiree Cousteau.
A Leisure Time release
Page 30

Inner Pleasures

The wild erotic adventures of a girl ex-convict who refuses to hold still for the men who exploit her. Stars Rumi Tama, Rei Okamoto and Tatsuya Hamaguchi.
A Nikkatsu release
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Pornpourri

Never So Deep

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Cheryl Hansson
Cover Girl
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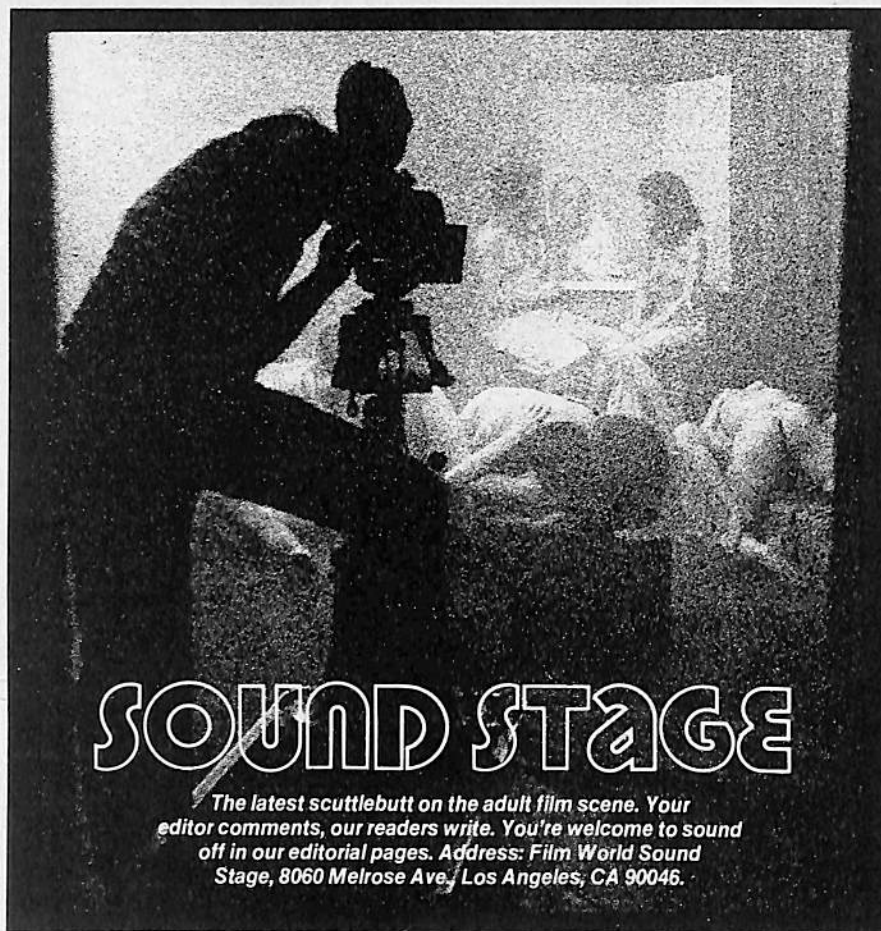
NOTHING TO HIDE

CalVista's sizzling hot sequel to *Talk Dirty To Me* is *Film World's* Best Picture of the Year, the leader of our Top Ten. Again John Leslie and Richard Pacheco co-star as the macho stud Jack and his side-kick Lenny. Sharing their wild erotic adventures are Chelsea Manchester, Elizabeth Randolph, Misty Ragen and Erica Boyer plus a host of other girls.

Cover photo:
Jacqueline Brooks in
Centerspread Girls

Editor Edward S. Sullivan; Art Director Phillip Fox; Associate Editor Jules Griffon; Photo Editor Irving Wimpola; Editorial Assistant Leslie Garsicoff; Contributing Editors William Rotzler, Dan Bettstein, Joel Sussman, Titus Moody, Nigel Fleming, Mark Mizurian.

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SOUND STAGE

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

Petite Pia's Career Gets a Boost When Press Criticism Backfires



The cinema debut of petite blonde nymph Pia Zadora in Matt Cimber's film *Butterfly*, based on James M. Cain's explosive novel about incest, received a massive shot of adrenalin when criticism of her Golden Globe Award as New Star of the Year provoked a backlash that resulted in even more publicity for the 25-year-old screen newcomer.

For unknown reasons, two writers for the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner* saw fit to lambast the Hollywood Foreign Press Association for giving the New Star award to the sultry and sexy but relatively unknown Pia, passing over such talented and widely-heralded newcomers as Howard E. Rollins of *Ragtime*, Kathleen Turner of *Body Heat*, Rachel Ward of *Sharky's Machine*, and Craig Wasson of *Four Friends*. The *Her-Ex* reporters made much of the fact that little Pia just happens to be the wife of Israeli millionaire Meshulam Riklis, who just happens to be the money-man behind the production of *Butterfly*. They charged that Riklis had "bought" the Golden Globe prize with an all-out publicity campaign engineered by Rogers and Cowan, and by lavishly entertaining members of the foreign press corps at his Riviera Hotel in Las Vegas, where Pia sings. The cinema writers noted that *Butterfly* had not yet been released and had been seen only at a few festivals.

They reported that the general reaction to the award was "Pia who?"

At that point a formidable knight in clanking armor came riding to little Pia's defense, in the person of Jim Bacon, the *Her-Ex's* long-time Hollywood columnist and something of a dean of the filmland press. Bacon had just returned from the Manila International Film Festival where he had seen *Butterfly* twice and thought it was great. Here's what Slugger Jim had to say in his column:

No other picture at the festival caused the excitement that Butterfly did. And, I might add, no other star caused the excitement that Pia did. I have known Pia for 10 years, long before she even met Riklis. The girl is no overnight sensation. She is a Broadway veteran who had a child's role in the original production of Fiddler on the Roof, to name just one credit.

Butterfly is her movie debut and the picture was financed by Riklis, who has since become a mini-major. So far he has completed The Chosen, which did not star Pia, and Fakeout, which stars Pia, Telly Savalas and Desi Arnaz Jr. Next on the agenda is Harold Robbins' Lonely Lady starring Pia.

Rik doesn't need me to defend him (not with all his money), but what's wrong with a millinaire producer starring his wife—or girlfriend—in movies? It's one of Hollywood's most hallowed traditions. Where would Sophia Loren be today without Carlo Ponti? Or a half-dozen MGM stars who performed extra-curricular functions for Louis B. Mayer? Names on request only.

And don't forget Darryl Zanuck with Bella Darvi, Juliette Greco, etc. Even the great Cecil B. DeMille had Julia Faye in all his movies, from The Ten Commandments to The Sign of the Cross.

I would also mention my old friend, Howard Hughes, but it would take up the whole section to mention the stars who owe their careers to romances with the elusive billionaire.

That just about says it all, and we're looking forward to seeing much more of petite Pia. Oh yes, about *Butterfly*—which is rated R but according to Bacon and some others comes closer to X. Set in a Nevada mining town in the 1930s, it's about a sex-starved miner (Stacy Keach) whose sexy grown daughter, whom he has never known, comes to live with him.

Deep Throat Ends Record Run at L.A. Pussycat

A milestone in cinema history was marked recently when Gerard Damiano's pioneer porn classic *Deep Throat* ended its record run at the Pussycat Theater on Hollywood Boulevard after almost a decade of continuous showing in Los Angeles. Pussycat president Vince Miranda says it was the longest single-film run in history. *Deep Throat* was still packing the crowds in, but was finally forced our due to the theater chain's backlog of quality adult films and no place to play them. It was replaced by



Carol Connors in *Deep Throat*

the John Holmes documentary film *Exhausted*.

The Linda Lovelace classic, which was made for \$28,000 in 1972, has grossed more than \$6 million at the Pussycat Theaters in Los Angeles alone. The film opened at the Pussycat on Santa Monica Boulevard in West Hollywood in November 1972. In 1974 it moved to Hollywood Boulevard, where it played every day until recently on a double bill with *The Devil in Miss Jones*.

Iowa Gospel Singer Sues Minister Over Sexy Photo

A New York City minister and an old-line Bible publishing firm have joined *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Hustler* and the *National Enquirer* as targets in the continuing rash of big-figure lawsuits alleging libel and invasion of privacy—with sexual overtones. In a suit filed in U.S. District Court in Davenport, Iowa, gospel singer Debra Studer of Iowa City seeks \$250,000 damages over a photograph printed in a religious book which, she says, falsely pictures her as a New York prostitute.

The photo shows a young woman in a tight blouse, short cutoffs and knee-high boots, standing on a littered sidewalk in front of a couple of posters advertising sex-encounter clubs. The picture appears in *Shepherd of Times Square*, the autobiography of the Rev. Paul Moore, former pastor of the Manhattan Church of the Nazarene. The book is published by Thomas Nelson, Inc., one of the world's largest publishers of Bibles. The caption under the photo does not identify Studer by name, but says it is a picture of a New York prostitute.

The lawsuit says that Studer posed for the photo in 1978, with the understanding that it was to be used exclusively in connection with a Carnegie Hall fund-raising program for a home for runaway girls. Studer, who had gone to New York to further her singing career, was an active member of the Rev. Moore's church at that time. She sang at the Carnegie Hall fund-raiser, dressed in the street-girl costume with the blown-up photo used as a backdrop.

Moore is named as a defendant in the suit along with his co-author Joe Musser and the publisher. "We're innocent of any international harm," Moore said. Musser and the publisher declined comment. Studer's lawyer said the young woman learned of the use of the photo in the book only recently when a friend happened to spot it.

Court Quashes \$11 Million Suit Over *Born Innocent*

Remember the controversial scene in *Born Innocent*, 'way back in 1974, where teen-age Linda Blair was raped with a broomstick by a bunch of girls in the shower-room of a girls' institute? And the little San Francisco girl whose mother filed an \$11-million damage suit in her behalf against NBC and KRON-TV, claiming that the scene had inspired some girls in real life to rape her with a beer bottle?

Well, the damage suit has finally been quashed by the California Supreme Court, after some seven years of court skirmishing. The damaged girl, Olivia N., now 17, won't collect her \$11 million. The justices declined without comment to reinstate the lawsuit, which had been dismissed by a Superior Court judge and the dismissal upheld by the State Court of Appeal. The suit was thrown out because Olivia's attorneys acknowledged that they couldn't prove that the TV movie had actually incited the sexual attack, which took place four days after *Born Innocent* was shown. Mere evidence of negligence or recklessness was not enough, the appeals court ruled.

Erotica Awards Event Will Be Shown on Pay/Cable TV

The *Erotica Awards Special* is the first project of Human Interest Television, a newly-formed independent company producing video material for pay-cable. The tape was shot at the Adult Film Association's fifth annual Erotica Awards presentation bash at the Hollywood Palladium last July. Northern California producers Burt Arnowitz and Joe DiVincenzo acquired the pay-TV rights to tape the award ceremonies, and now are completing post-production work. They hope to market their *Erotica Special* to one of the main-line pay-TV operators like Showtime or Home Box Office.

Despite its title, Arnowitz said, the video special will not be X-rated. What the producers plan to offer to the pay-TV people is a three-tiered product mixing event coverage with features and interviews with porn-people, and soft-sex film-clips. The special will run 80 minutes plus. It will begin with a history of erotic movies dating back to stag films at the turn of the century. The *Erotica* event itself will be the anchor for the program. But in other feature segs, the special will examine the changes taking place in the adult film business. There'll also be interviews with adult film actors John Leslie, Richard Pacheco and Eric Edwards, among others, as well as with actresses Samantha Fox, Jesie St. James and Veronica Hart.

Appeals Court Knocks Down Adult Theater Zoning Law

Zoning laws designed to restrict or prohibit adult theaters were dealt a serious

setback by the recent ruling of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Eighth Circuit, that a restrictive ordinance in North Little Rock, Arkansas, was unconstitutional. The ruling, which reversed the trial court and a panel of the Court of Appeals, was rendered on behalf of Avalon Cinema Corp., which had been prevented from opening its Avalon Cinema in North Little Rock to show X-rated sex-oriented films.

The opinion of the appellate court made it clear that while the First Amendment will permit, in limited circumstances, zoning legislation based on content, the courts must carefully scrutinize all such legislation to make sure that it is not disguised censorship; that it does not diminish access to protected expression; and that its proponents meet the heavy burden required to justify such legislation.

The decision was particularly important because North Little Rock's zoning law did not completely zone out adult theaters. Since the *Young vs. American Mimi Theatres* decision in 1976, other cities including Los Angeles have adopted adult zoning legislation based on guidelines set forth in that decision. In this new action, which determined that this ordinance exceeded Supreme Court guidelines, the Appeals Court paved the way for similar examination of zoning legislation in other cities.

Obscenity was not at issue in this case. The city will have the power to prosecute Avalon if it exhibits a film deemed obscene. When Avalon first was issued a privilege license to operate a movie house, it planned to exhibit sexually oriented films to consenting adults over 18.

The previous opinions stressed that the North Little Rock legislation did not totally preclude the existence of adult theaters in the city, and that the prohibition against Avalon's locating within 100 yards of a residentially zoned district was a reasonable regulation justified by the city's inherent power to preserve the quality of urban life through the use of zoning legislation.

Lawyers on behalf of Avalon argued that the action was "clearly an attempt to censor through the guise of zoning legislation. This, the Supreme Court has said, cities may not do."

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Samantha Fox with her 1981 *Erotica*

ROOMMATES



A PLATINUM RELEASE

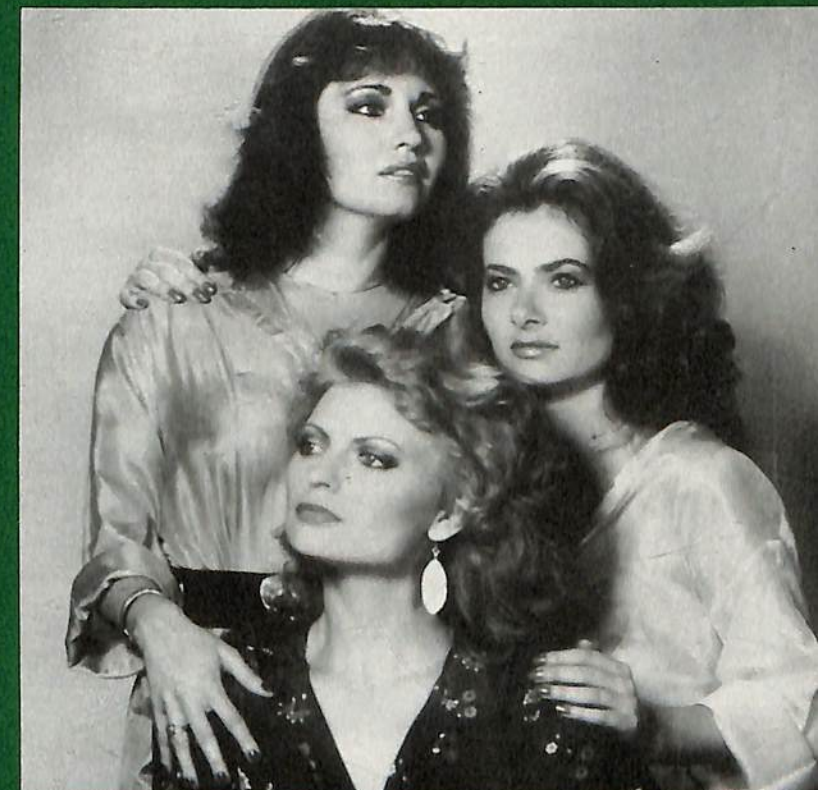
Starring

SAMANTHA FOX as Billie Donnell
VERONICA HART as Joan Hamilton
KELLY NICHOLS as Sherry Collins
GLORIA LEONARD as Marlene Reuss
JAMIE GILLIS as Joel
JACK WRANGLER as Jim
BOBBY ASTYR as Marv Lester
ROY STUART as Frank
RON HUDD as Danny
STEVE NIMROD as Steve
RON JEREMY as Dick

Produced by CHUCK VINCENT

Directed by CHUCK VINCENT

Chuck Vincent's latest film, as we noted in *Sound Stage* in our May issue, is something of a breakthrough in adult film fare. It's an X-rated movie with a more serious, in-depth approach to characters and action. There's plenty of explicit sex in it but none of the "gynecological" closeups which Vincent believes are on their way out. It's all about three young women whose lives become entwined as they share a Manhattan apartment. Billie is an ex-call girl; Joan is an aspiring actress; Sherry's a model from California. That's Sherry in a gang-bang at far left.





There's plenty of real drama mixed with the sex as the trio's lives unfold. Billie's trying to build a new life with her boy friend Jim but the past keeps bugging her. Joan's under intense pressure in her career and she faces a vital decision between an old love and a new one that could change her whole life. Sherry chases after thrills, and when she gets tied up with Joel she finds that she has plunged into a way of life that threatens to overwhelm her and could cost her life.



SUSAN ANSPACH: NICE GIRL GOES

Dirty



A FILM WORLD Special Report

by Mark Mizurian

Montenegro is a long way from Walt Disney

EVERYONE KNOWS that nice girls finish last. Just ask Susan Anspach. She is a fine actress, a cool blonde with class, looks and smarts to boot. Everyone took notice of her when she made her screen debut in the early 1970's opposite Jack Nicholson in *Five Easy Pieces*. You remember her: she played the nice girl, the cultured one into classical music. There was another girl in that movie, the girl who played the dumb, trashy slut. That was Karen Black, and she went on to have a very busy career for the next few years because of it. But what happened to Susan Anspach? Sure, she was in some other flicks, but

“Yup, Susie's gone dirty—and the result is so hot that it's being released as 'an unrated movie for mature audiences.’”

can you think of the name of any of them? Probably not. You see, nice girls finish last.

But you *will* remember Susan in her latest movie. It is called *Montenegro*. It was made in Sweden by a director from Yugoslavia, which may sound pretty dreary; but it isn't. It is very funny and erotic and off-the-wall. And it will put Susan Anspach's "nice girl" image to rest once and for all. Yup, Susie's gone dirty—and the result is so hot that *Montenegro* is being released as "an unrated movie for mature audiences." That's a euphemism

for an X-rated movie that never gets submitted to the ratings board people. It plays the "art" houses instead of the grind houses, and thus can take out advertisements in the family newspapers and be reviewed by the respectable critics.

Susan plays the American wife



Blonde Susan has taken a giant leap forward after decade in the doldrums.

of a rich Swedish industrialist living outside Stockholm. She has everything a woman could ask for: fur coats, a big estate, two nice children, you name it. But she's climbing the walls nonetheless. Maybe it has something to do with the cold Scandinavian climate and those long winter nights. Or the fact that her fur coats keep shedding. One way or another, neurosis seems to be very popular in Sweden. Just look at all those fucked-up ladies in Ingmar Bergman movies.

Anyway, Susan is getting weirder and weirder, and it has her family worried. Like one day she cooks up a big batch of *Wiener schnitzel* for dinner, but then wolfs it all down herself without offering a crumb to her hubby and kids. Another day she puts poison in the family dog's food-dish, just out of

curiosity to see if the pet will eat it or not.

MAYBE SHE HAS a sexual problem. Repressed sexuality, as any Freudian worth his salt will tell you, is well known to drive people nuts. Susie is certainly still attractive, but her husband (played by Erland Josephson) is getting pretty paunchy and is not very attentive in bed. To get the point across, one night Susan sets the bed-linen on fire with a cigar-

“One way or another, neurosis seems to be very popular in Sweden.”

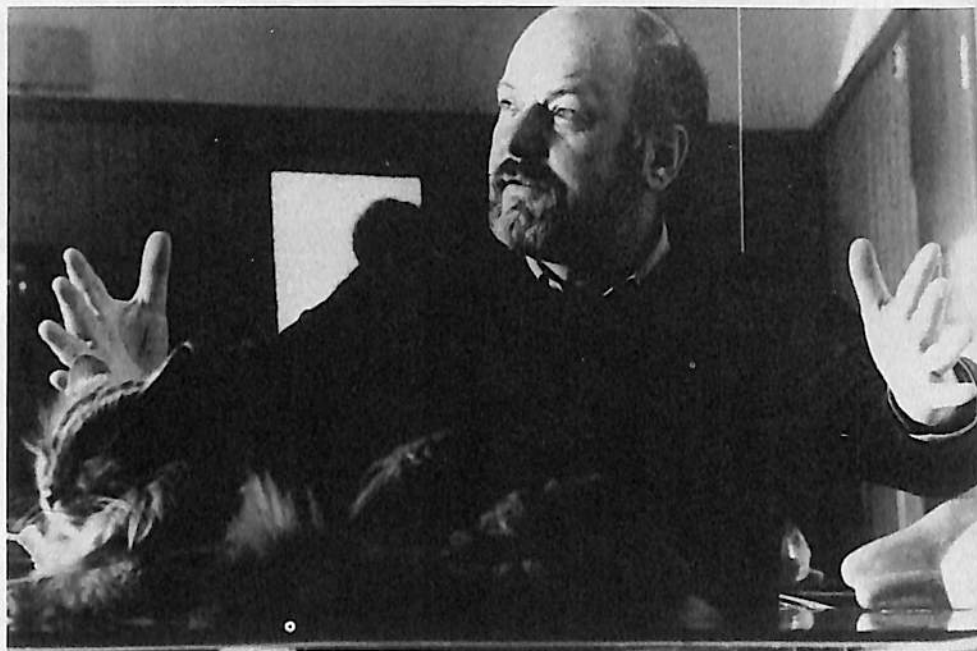
ette. And hubby is sleeping in the bed at the time!

That's the last straw. Hubby goes out the very next day and hires the most expensive psychoanalyst he can find (Per Oscarsson). He invites the analyst to dinner, ostensibly to check out their live-in Grandpa, who is admittedly a little crazy also. But in reality, of course, the shrink is there to check out Susie in her natural habitat. Susie is smart enough to know what's really going on, so she shows the shrink her nice legs. You know—seduce a shrink, save a shilling.

Maybe a vacation trip would help. As it happens, hubby is taking off on a business trip to Brazil the next day. He invites Susan to come along, but she declines. Then at the last minute, she changes her mind and rushes out of the house for the airport. But she leaves in such a hurry that she forgets to take her gardening shears out of her handbag. Airport security thinks she may be planning something funny with the shears, so they take her off to a private room to be

thoroughly searched. The girl cop doing the search takes the opportunity to snatch a feel of Susie's oh-so-gropable body. Susie complains and the dyke retorts: "Another comment from you, and I'll give you a total body-search!" Not particularly wanting a vaginal inspection, Susie keeps her mouth shut.

Another passenger is being searched in the same compartment. She's a backwoods country girl just in from Yugoslavia. She is trying to get a roast pig past customs in her luggage. She and Susan become friends. And since Susan has now missed her plane, she leaves the airport with the girl and a bunch of her immigrant gypsy friends. They all crowd into an old station-wagon with a couple of goats and take off for the immigrants' favorite local hangout, the Zanzi Bar. Susie is up for an adventure, and she is going to get one.



Dusan Makavejev, the director of *Montenegro*, is well known for his bizarre and offbeat movies. Even in Yugoslavia he got away with kinky sex films.

THE ZANZI BAR is a real dive, a seedy, sleazy back-alley haven for sex and violence. Before our friends can even settle in for a drink, they have to take a guy off to the hospital to get a knife taken out of his forehead. Seems there was a little disagreement over a game of cards. Anyway, it turns out that the country girl has been imported by the bar to be their new exotic dancer. They ask her if she has any experience, and she replies: "I spent the summer fucking foreigners to learn English and good manners!" They try teaching her some basic bumps-and-grinds. She catches on quickly.

Susie is an immediate hit with the

“ She leaves the airport with the gypsy girl. Susie is up for an adventure and she's going to get one. ”

guys in the bar. They strike up a chorus of a nice Yugoslav ditty for her benefit, the lyrics of which translate roughly as: "I swear to the skies above so blue, how nice it would be fucking you!" They ply Susie with some strange Old Country brew, but before it can take full effect, she gets sidetracked by another fight.

Two guys are going at each other with shovels. The loser is a tall, dark and handsome young immigrant named Montenegro. Since everyone else seems quite willing to leave the guy unconscious in the street, Susie takes it upon herself to apply some mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. Afterwards she starts feeling the effects of the brew she's been drinking. Everything whirls dizzily. "That comes from kissing a guy with bad breath!" the gypsies rib her.

Since she is about to pass out, they let her lie down in the upstairs loft. She wakes up in the middle of the night and finds the buxom barmaid and one of the patrons going at it on the same bed. They get carried away, and the whole bed collapses. Susie isn't really up for a three-way, but she doesn't stop the barmaid from getting cozy. "What do we need him for?" asks the barmaid, referring to her boy friend who is now snoring away. She starts caressing Susan. "That feels nice!" coos Susie.

In the morning, Susan would like a shower. They send her into a back-room where a makeshift shower is rigged up in a corner. No privacy here, and in fact someone is already using the shower. It is the hunky Montenegro, and he is not at all modest. Susie takes a long look up

his body from feet to smiling face. This guy has the kind of equipment that women dream of. Susan tries not to stare, even manages some polite chit-chat; but you can tell her heart is pounding away.

MONTENEGRO finishes his shower and then waits around for Susie to strip and take hers. Now it's his turn to check out her equipment. Not wanting to seem a prude, Susie takes a deep breath, gets out of her clothes and into the stream of water. She has a nice body too, but she's not so accustomed to having it on exhibition. Montenegro leaves her to her shower, but from the looks that have been exchanged, we know that these two will be getting together later.

Meanwhile back at Susan's estate, the family doesn't seem too upset by her absence. They just casually assume she has been kidnapped and are expecting a ransom note. "It's so peaceful when your mother's not here," the husband remarks to the children. Since he's paying the psychoanalyst a huge fee anyway, hubby drops over to the shrink's office and jollies it up in a three-way with the analyst and his shapely nurse.

Back at the Zanzi Bar, the little peasant girl has been turned into an exotic dancer. She wriggles her way through the appreciative crowd of drunks, dressed only in jungle vines which she removes one-by-one, revealing more and more of her nude body. The master of ceremonies appears with a remote-control box with which he manipulates a toy armored tank across the floor toward the girl. Stuck on the gun-turret of the tank is a big dildo.

The tank heads toward the girl, and she straddles it teasingly, letting it pass just under her leg. She plays treader with the dildo in pass after pass. The crowd loves it. The master of ceremonies keeps sending the tank straight toward the girl's crotch, and

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Svetozar Cvetkovic is Montenegro the horny young immigrant zookeeper.

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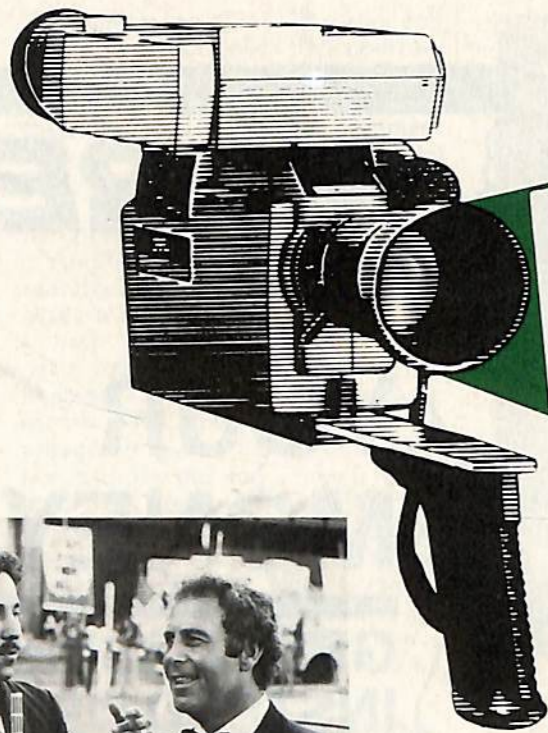
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Susan Anspach plays Marilyn Jordan, the American wife of a rich Swedish industrialist. Boredom and sexual repression are driving her up the wall.



VIDEO-X

BEST BETS ON TAPE



Actor Ron Jeremy interviews Sidney Niekerk at the AFAA's Erotica Awards presentations.

SIDNEY NIEKERK, president of the Adult Film Association of America and president of CalVista International, strongly believes that videodisc hardware and software sales are lagging far behind those of VCR machines and tapes because the videodisc wholesalers and retailers currently aren't offering any adult software products for sale. "The videocassette market boomed in the first place because of adult tapes," Niekerk says, and many authorities agree with him, because X-rated tapes now account for approximately 60 percent of all cassettes sold for home use.

Niekerk hopes soon to solve the videodisc dilemma. "We (CalVista) will have adult products out on videodisc this year," he promises, "if I have to buy the recording equipment myself. Otherwise the videodisc industry will go the way of the Edsel."

The films that have done the best for CalVista are *Eruption*, *Easy*, and *Vista Valley P.T.A.* It's still the film versions of these works that bring in the most revenue, "but I expect the software division (tapes) to eventually overtake film rentals," Niekerk says. The producers of adult software are bringing home plenty of bacon. Niekerk claims that even a number of major studios are presently waiting for the proper time to jump into the adult market.



One of the reasons that X-rated tapes sell so well is that many people, including doctors, lawyers, politicians, *et al.*, who wouldn't go to a theater to see a steamy sex flick, are willing to pay out the cash to purchase the cassette, so they can view the orgasmic action in the comfort and privacy of their own bedrooms.

EVEN THOUGH they're doing well financially, a lot of erotic film producers are discontented because they don't feel they're being treated with enough re-

spect by their peers in the "straight" film world. "It's time to break a certain image—we are normal business people," Niekerk maintains. "There's a need for our product. If there isn't—then why are our sales so high?"

But Niekerk doesn't maintain that everything is rosy in porno-land. He believes that some adult producers are acting a mite too sleazy and that they should clean up their act—on and off the screen. He says it's time for better stories, a higher standard of production values, and less emphasis on gynecolog-



ical close-up detail.

When Niekerk became president of the Adult Film Association last year, the first thing he did was to "dress up" the industry. "Everybody had to wear a tie at our meetings. Anyone using dirty language was kicked out. The old image had to be shattered!"

Another reason that videodiscs aren't selling too well is that people can't go out and buy a blank record and then make their own visual masterpieces; however, for a couple of thousand bucks anyone can purchase a VCR, a videocamera and a bunch of blank cassettes and start making skin flicks, home tapes of the baby, etc.

ALSO KEEP IN mind that a VCR enables you to record your favorite television shows while you're not home so that you can view them later, but with a videodisc player you can watch only what's already on the record. Sure, it's less expensive to own a videodisc player than a VCR, but in the long run you get much more mileage with a video recorder.

However, if you can afford it, it's nice to own one of each. Videodiscs are much cheaper than videocassettes, and they afford a much sharper image on your TV screen. However, when your woman strips off her clothes and is writhing around on the bed naked, whip out your videocamera and capture the action on tape. A blank record won't do you any damn good when your honey's flashing some beaver and shouting "Action!"

Now it's time to go over some of the hottest tapes of the month. Take a look at these with a comely chick. Better yet, watch them with three or four naked wenches. Why not be greedy?



NEON NIGHTS starring Lysa Thatcher, Veronica Hart, Kandi Barbour, Arcadia Lake, Jody Maxwell and Jamie Gillis. This is a beautifully done film about a young girl struggling with her own mind. As the tale unfolds, elements of psychological disturbances are made evident, hinting at what turns out to be a grand old Electra complex. (CM)

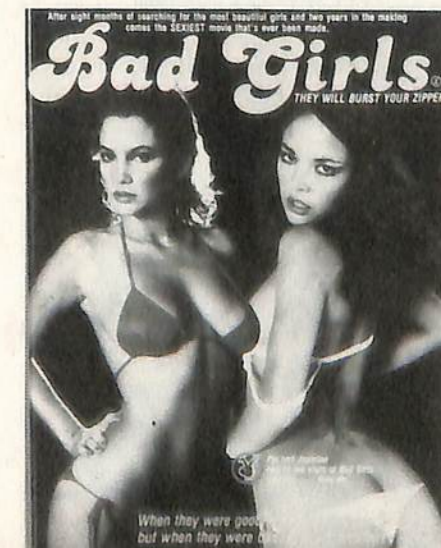
ELECTRIC BLUE 001 starring Marilyn Chambers and Long Dong Silver. It's the first in a series of Europe's top-selling erotic videotapes, and I can see why because it's totally different from any other X-rated cassette you've ever seen. Done in a magazine format, this gem includes sensuous scenes with Marilyn Chambers, who hosts the tape, as well as a segment entitled *Real Nude Wives*, where you get to see tapes shot by amateurs, of their own mates. Besides that, there's exotic dance numbers featuring beautiful, naked women. Make sure you take a look at this one. There's definitely a place for it in your adult home video library. (KEV)

FASCINATION starring Ron Jeremy, Candida Royalle, Samantha Fox and Merle Michaels. This titillating tape is by Chuck Vincent, the man who brought us *Bon Appetit*, *Jack 'n Jill* and *Bad Penny*. In this one Ernie Gordon, an apparent born loser, proves that even a down-and-out lout can make it big in the world of sex. Among other things, his sexual escapades include a rejection in a porno theater, an ejection from a topless bar, and a non-erection with a transvestite hooker. You'll laugh, cry, thrill, and ejaculate with Ernie as he ultimately triumphs and fucks the girl of his sordid dreams. (QX)



BAD GIRLS starring Pia Snow, Jasmine Du Bay, Victoria Knoll, Lenora Bruce, John Leslie and Ron Jeremy. One of those films that'll have you coming over and over again. In this one there's an abundance of teasing and tantalizing. The sex isn't rushed. Everything is built up slowly, culminating in some of the horniest adult action to come along in many a moon. Open your fly before turning on this one, or you'll pop your zipper. (COV)

BLONDE AMBITION starring Suzy Mandel, Dory Devon, Eric Edwards and Jamie Gillis. This is a far-out sexual extravaganza involving two English tarts, who as Sugar and Candy Kane have the crapiest vaudeville act in the history of cunt-kind. Luckily they run into a millionaire who flies them to the Big Apple where they can get it on in show business and other things. There's plenty of action in this one, so be prepared to cream your jeans. (QX)





FIREWORKS starring Carolyn Grace, Nadine Russell and Joan Berry. The film centers around the best male whorehouse in the world. A woman phones in for service to have a fire put out and the whole brigade shows up. A class of schoolgirls supposedly on a field trip wind up at the cathouse, which results in all sorts of nasty goings-on. One of the best scenes is an orgy number reminiscent of *Pretty Peaches*, complete with oil. (CCC)

TIED AND TRANSFORMED starring Jennifer Jordan, Candy Mathews, Mibi West and Jerry Kellar. This tape starts off with Frankie and his gorgeous wife Eva lying out by the pool. They soon become engrossed by a swingers' magazine that specializes in transforming men into beautiful women. Soon after, Frankie makes an appointment with The Jennifer West Agency, and he heads south to Palm Springs. His life changes dramatically as he encounters women of the strange kind. (BVP)

SKINTIGHT starring Annette Haven, Lisa De Leeuw, Paul Thomas, Lee Carol, Randy West, and Mai Lin. This tape comes from the folks who brought you *Getting Off* and it's just as bizarre. The

difference is that the sex scenes and the photography here are brilliant. Dr. Chambers employs sex research assistants to help folks through therapy, and the more help they get, the hornier you'll get. The music is really great, so keep both your ears and eyes wide open. (CCC)



LITTLE FRENCH MAID starring Connie Peters, John C. Holmes, Mike Ranger, Phil Tobias and Johnny Keyes. A hot, gross, and nasty piece of exciting adult entertainment. As you witness the little French maid getting screwed and screwing others you'll feel like hopping the next jet to Paris so you can get it on personally with the likes of Connie Peters. (COV)

TRANSEXUAL SECRETARY starring Pasha, Jean Langston, Lynne Ann Wilson and Morgan Monroe. The chief executive of a major financial firm sure gets his figures confused when he discovers his sexy secretary and his wife are both transsexuals. You'll never see this one on *The Late Show*. (BVP)

TOUCH ME IN THE MORNING starring Veronica Hart, Lisa de Leeuw, Sharon Mitchell, Nicole Noir and Becky Savage. A beautifully filmed story of lovers caught up in some of the most exciting, explicit sexual fantasies imaginable. There's enough libidinous action here to please most X-rated film buffs. (CCC)

LAS VEGAS LADY starring Drea, Mark Ranger, Donna Joy and Candy Moore. If you love the glitter, lights and glamour of Las Vegas, then you'll surely enjoy this film. It starts off in the gambling city and then moves clear across the country. There's plenty of intrigue, lots of sizzling sex, and loads of beautiful people. You won't be gambling on this one, it's a sure winner! (VCX)

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND starring Juliet Anderson, Ron Jeremy, Samantha Fox and Veronica Hart. Anything with Juliet Anderson and her fabulous non-stop talking/sucking mouth is worth taking a

look at. This is no exception. There's mystery, intrigue, excitement, and plenty of fucking and sucking. Veronica Hart turns in another delightful performance as one of the most succulent diamond thieves that ever graced the silver screen. (QX)

NOSTALGIA BLUE starring Sativa and Teddy Steel. While an attractive young couple, Nan and Mark, are going through an old trunk in the attic one day, they find some extremely old film and decide to take a look. What they find are rare, classic 8mm stag films (blown up to 35mm and tinted blue, in the theatrical version). Not only are the films enjoyable to look at from an historical point of view, they are also quite erotic, and many of them will even cause the juices to flow and the peckers to rise. Also, the action in this tape includes some highly arousing scenes of Nan and Mark getting it on while they watch the old classics. (VCX)

SWEDISH EROTICA Volume 37 starring Bambi Lee. An hour of sheer bliss. In *Rising Star* Bambi plays an on-the-rise recording star, who gets it on with a variety of good-looking co-workers. There's a little something here for everyone—male-female sex, lesbian action, etc. (CCC)

SWEDISH EROTICA Volume 38 starring Lisa de Leeuw, John Leslie and Sue Benton. This is another 60-minute package that'll have you climbing the walls. In *The Making of a Star* a director interviews a sultry starlet in his plush Hollywood Hills home. There's plenty of spicy action on the casting couch, insuring the gal a big future in the business and a steady stream of firm cocks up her snatch.

In *Ride 'Em Cowboy* a dude arrives at big-titted Lisa's ranch in response to a newspaper ad asking for studs. In no

time at all, the horny hombre mounts Lisa and gives her the wildest fucking ride of her sex-filled life. And in *Dick...tation* a yummy piece of ass is hired as a private secretary and then taken back to her boss' house, where she demonstrates that she can do a hell of a lot more than take ordinary dictation and type. And after her new employer gets a rise, the shapely lass is sure she's due for a raise. (CCC)



THE BITCH GODDESS starring Jennifer West. After Eva threatens to leave Kurt unless he becomes less brutal in their relationship, he reluctantly agrees to seek help. He ends up going to Yvette who changes him more than he ever thought was possible. If you dig domination, garter-belts and humiliation, then this is the tape for you. (BVP)

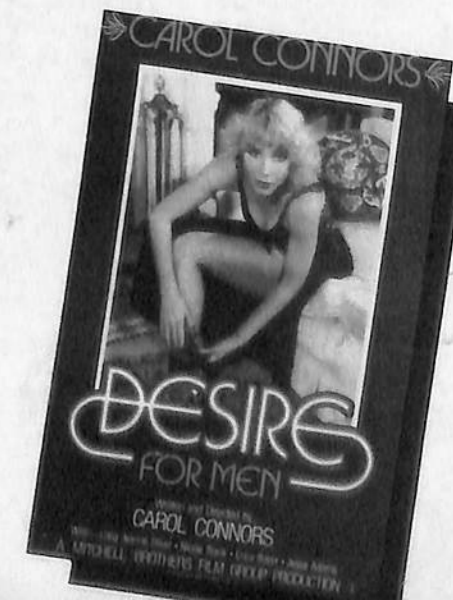
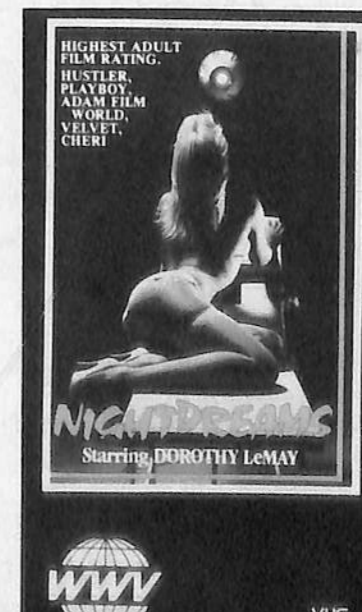
NIGHTDREAMS starring Dorothy LeMay, Loni Sanders, Jennifer West, Andy Nichols, Danielle Martin and Monique. The plot centers on a woman in a psychotherapy setting being observed by two doctors. She undergoes the complete range of living out her sexual fantasies. There is also a bit of a trick ending to look forward to. It's photographed beautifully and should prove to be one of the most innovative, unique, exciting adult films made to date. (WWW)

THE LIBERATION OF HONEY DOLL JONES starring Virginia Winter, Tracy O'Neil and Candida Royale. Miss Jones is one of the sexiest farmer's daughters to ever tickle her pussy with a straw. And when you get a look at her two delectable sisters, you'll be headin' out for the country before the next harvest. By the way, the car-chase in this one will make the Dukes of Hazzard green with envy. (VCX)

PANDORA'S MIRROR starring Veronica Hart, Kandi Barbour, Tiffany Clark, Heather Gordon and Marlene Willoughby. A mirror in an oddball antique shop becomes an object of interest to Pandora, who cannot keep from gazing into it, despite warnings from the old shopkeeper. She eventually traces the entire history of the mirror, becoming involved with its sexual past, until she too is consumed by it. The film is paced slowly and deliberately, with a sense of brooding always lurking in the background. (BV)

DESIRE FOR MEN starring Carol Connors, Long Jeanne Silver, Nicole Noir, Jesse Adams and Kirk Kent. This is Carol's return to adult films following the blockbuster *Candy* series. She not only stars, but she directed as well, and this is the Mitchell Brothers' first video release in many years. It's an interesting erotic effort. Carol's dirty dialogue, delivered in a cooing voice, totally differs from her *Candy* characterizations. It is surprisingly effective and really helps make the movie. The story revolves around a girl (Carol) who can't get enough action, even if it means hornoring in on her friends and playing them off against each other. A wide variety of sex situations, good comedy, a typical Mitchell Brothers orgy scene, and a few surprises make this tape worthy of your attention. (MB)

Turn to page 68 for up-to-date list of WHERE TO BUY X-RATED VIDEOTAPES.



THE SEDUCTION OF MORGAN FAIRCHILD

by JULES GRIFFON

IF YOU'VE EVER wanted to see more of Morgan Fairchild than they are allowed to show on television, you'll want to check out TV's perennial bad girl in her first starring role in a motion picture. The movie is called, appropriately enough, *The Seduction*; and it features a seductively nude Morgan in scene after nipple-baring scene giving her all for her art. The story may not be much, but it is "fleshed" out into a voyeur's delight.

After several very successful years on the boob-tube, Morgan's big-screen debut is a true revelation. What is revealed is not a great acting talent, but a great set of knockers. These organs are worthy of preservation at the Smithsonian. If they gave an Academy Award for best physical presence, Morgan would undoubtedly win Body-of-the-Year for 1982.

If you watch Morgan on TV's hot *Flamingo Road* soap, you are probably already hooked on your weekly dosage of teasing cleavage shots of Ms. Fairchild. Well, the tease is over, and the promise is fulfilled. Hollywood has found yet one more convincing argument for getting us out of our living-rooms and into the movie theaters.

The Seduction is a real fantasy fulfillment, aimed at the voyeur in all of us.

Morgan plays a TV anchorwoman on the evening news. She is wealthy, beautiful and famous, everything a girl could possibly want. There's only one catch—an overzealous fan is pursuing her. He is not a bad-looking guy. In fact, as played by Andrew Stevens, he is as handsome as they come. The problem is that he is obsessed, and his obsession is quickly turning into psychosis.

What Morgan knows is that he keeps calling her on the phone, sending her flowers and chocolates and such, and following her around all the time. What she *doesn't* know is that he lives in the house just above hers and that he watches her day and night through the telescopic lens of his camera.

AND WHAT HE SEES is a real eyeful! For one thing, Morgan likes to swim nude in her pool. This is how the movie opens. Morgan is swimming laps in her pool, white flesh flashing through clear blue water—and Andy-boy is up there on his balcony snapping shots of her tits and snatch. Stroke, stroke, stroke. *Snap, snap, snap.*

It is night-time; but conveniently, the pool has underwater lights to illuminate

it. Andrew isn't the only one taking in the sights, but Morgan knows about her other admirer. It is her steady boy friend, played by Michael Sarrazin. He's watching from poolside.

"I like looking at you," says Mike. "I like being looked at!" replies Morgan with an arch smile.

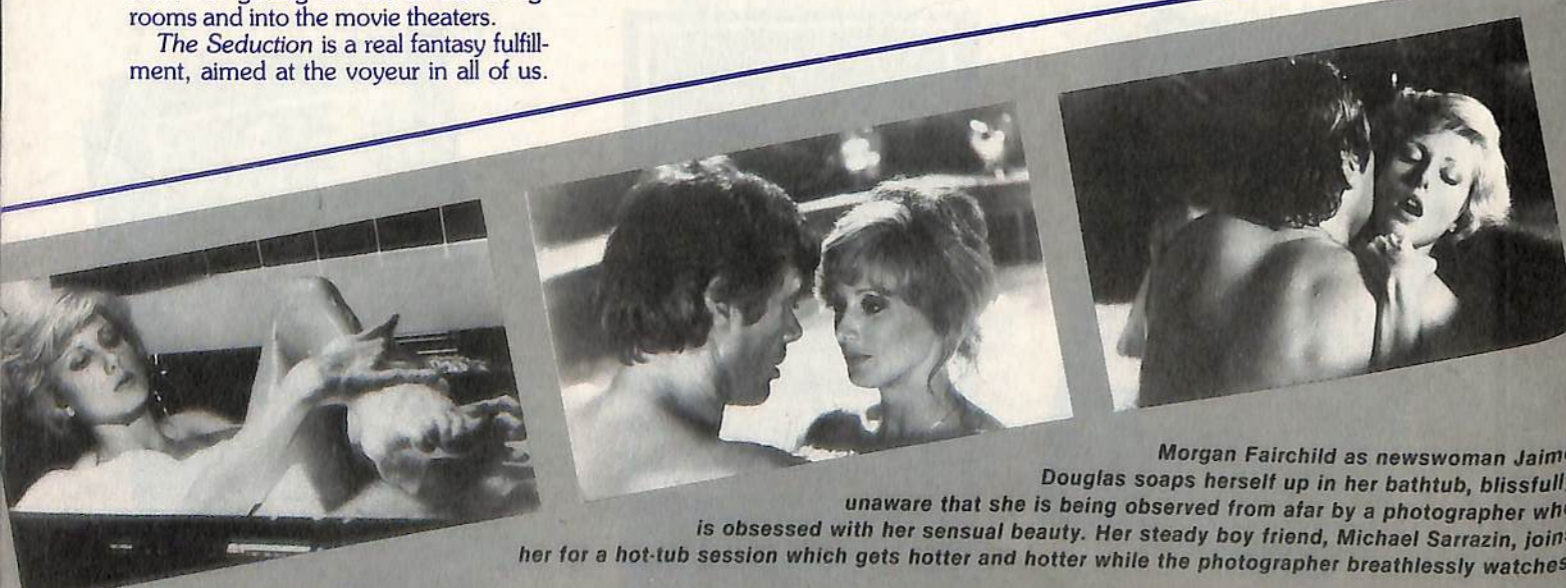
Mike slips into the pool and starts making all the right moves to slip into Morgan, when suddenly the phone rings. What a bummer! Just when they were going to get it on. Morgan answers the phone.

"I watched you today," says the anonymous caller. "You looked beautiful!"

Of course, the caller is Andrew. The one thing he does *not* enjoy watching is Morgan getting it on with her boy friend. Thus the phone call and the *coitus interruptus*. Andy can see her while she is talking on the phone too. You see, she has one of those Southern California houses that have lots of big windows and sliding glass doors to make things easier for neighborhood voyeurs.

The following day, Morgan gets home from work and switches on her telephone-answering machine to listen to the play-back. As she listens, she

turn to page 53



Morgan Fairchild as newswoman Jaime Douglas soaps herself up in her bathtub, blissfully unaware that she is being observed from afar by a photographer who is obsessed with her sensual beauty. Her steady boy friend, Michael Sarrazin, joins her for a hot-tub session which gets hotter and hotter while the photographer breathlessly watches.



LAFF TRACK



"Turn off the vibrator, I'm out of film!"



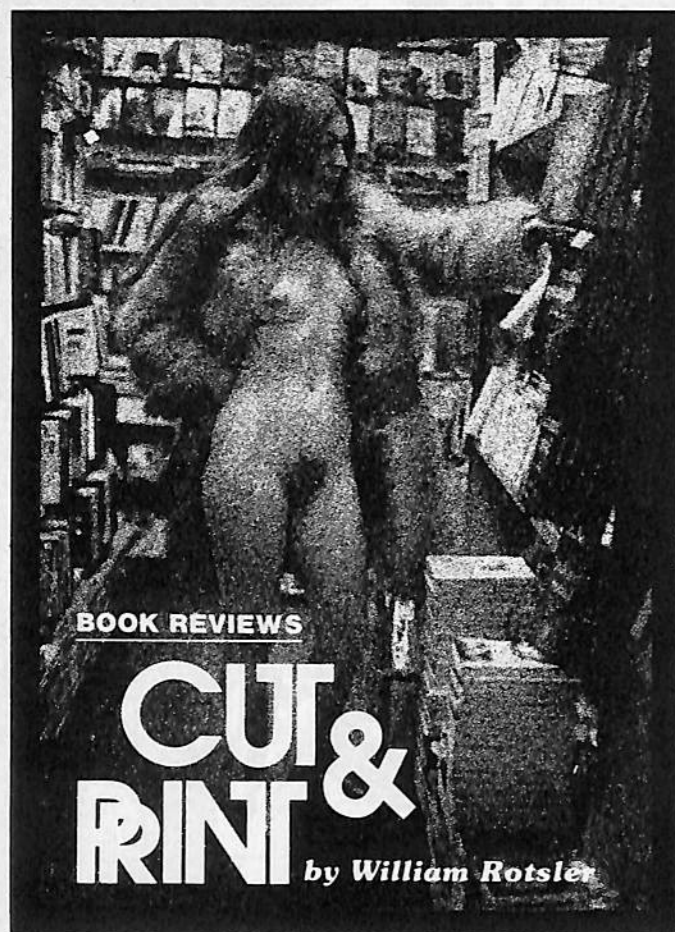
"Cut! Dora darling, that third 'uh' is supposed to be an 'oh'! Let's get with it, sweetie—Take Two!"



"It's not fair! I had to go to bed with the producer and the director and the script girl to get the part—and now you guys come along and bust the picture!"



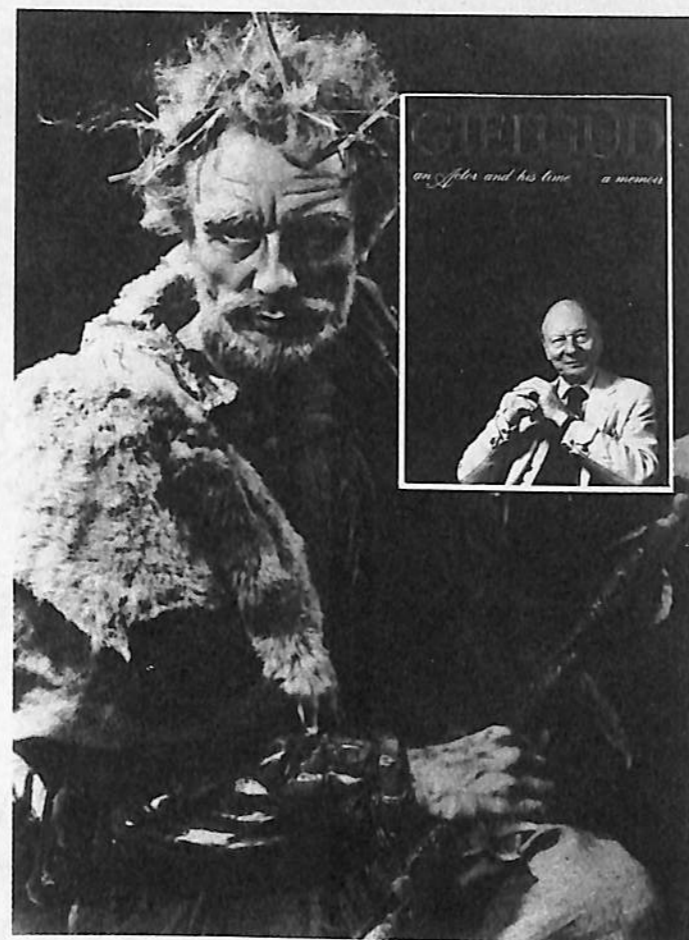
"Tell me, is 'Wanda Scroo' your real name?"



BOOK REVIEWS

CUT & PRINT

by William Rotsler



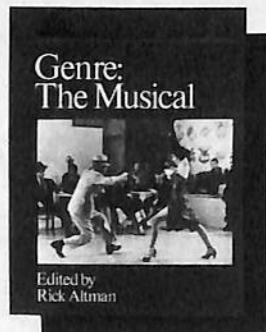
STOP MOTION ANIMATION



FILM MAGIC: The Fantastic Guide to Special Effects Filmmaking edited by Don Dohler. Cinema Enterprises, Baltimore, large-paper format, fully illus., \$11.95.

A compilation of articles from *Cinemagic* magazine. A very good book for the amateur and aspiring filmmaker, and a handy reference for the professional too. From the same editor and publisher comes a companion book **STOP MOTION ANIMATION: A Complete Step-by-Step Guide**, \$5.50. A good book, clear and extensive, on that special aspect of filmmaking.

GENRE: THE MUSICAL edited by Rick Altman. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 228 pp., illus., \$19.95 hard-



bound, \$9.95 paperbound.

This is one of the British Film Institute series and is (surprisingly) illustrated with only a few photos. It's a serious critique of the film musical. All of a sudden critics are "discovering" the musical—those things you and I have loved for decades—perhaps because they have done books on just about everything else in films.

This is a collection of pretty serious (and mostly, I'm afraid, on the dull side) articles about a subject which we, the film-goer *ordinaire*, think of as fun.

But if you really want to examine this type of film, this is certainly a respectable way to do it. Is that damning by faint praise or what? Well, that's the sort of ambiguity I feel about this book.



WATCHING TV: Four Decades of American Television by Harry Castleman and Walter J. Podrask. McGraw-Hill, 314 large-format pp., illus., \$14.95.

This is an interesting book and has something different going for it: a timetable of important events in or related to television during each year. It's a chatty, informative, slightly opinionated (that is to say, they aren't afraid to call a spade a spade), and generally excellently done history of this newest of the arts.

It's rather interesting to see such a young art so heavily documented. Even the movies did not receive such an intense examination until decades later—and television has even fewer permanent records.

GIELGUD: An Actor and His Time by Sir John Gielgud. Potter, 255 pp., illus., \$14.95

Perhaps the real value of this autobiography is not the accounts of when he played what, or troubles on the set, or that sort of thing, but the constant sidebars and comments on the way an actor (he and others) approaches certain roles, on costuming, and observations on actors, on humanity. This is a superb actor who has played the classic roles, worked with the best on stage and screen, and seems to love acting every bit as much today as he did nearly seven decades ago when he played Shakespeare in school.

A charming and informative work by one of the best, who has "done everything" including producing. Excellent theatrical biography and good biography in any sense.

TV DETECTIVES by Richard Meyers. A.S. Barnes, 276 pp., illus., \$14.95.

This narrow-focus history of television concentrates on every private eye, mystery lawyer, reporter, secret agent, cop, and amateur sleuth who has ever

barked "Freeze!" in the history of this relatively young medium. And it does a pretty good job of it, too. It points out changing styles, gives you all kinds of statistics in an easy-to-digest manner, and perhaps its only flaw is not having enough pictures. Oh, there's a still photo for every major show, but I would have liked more.

That's a minor and perhaps personal nitpick about an otherwise well-done book. The cover is a visual pastiche of the gimmicks of countless detectives: Ironsides' wheelchair, Baretta's bird, Kojak's lollipop, Rockford's answering machine, Hawaiian Eye (or Magnum's) flowered shirt, cop helmets, etc., etc.

The authors give bits of history of the actors and producers before the shows and after, which is interesting, and in general places each series into a context. Nice book.

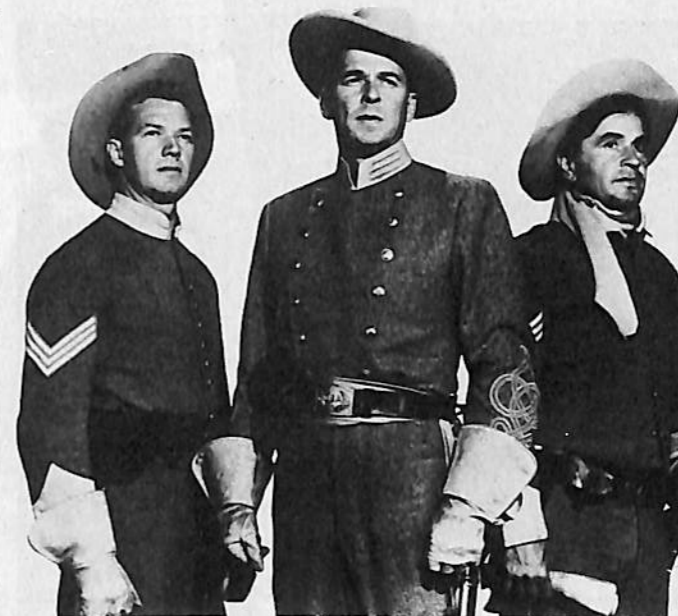


HOLLYWOOD AND THE AMERICAN IMAGE by Tony Thomas. Arlington House, 208 large format pp., \$22.95.

The theme here is that films are and have been America's ambassador to the world—and a mirror to itself. Examining 25 films of the 1937-1947 era (the author's "Golden Years" designation), this well-produced volume is more of a personal reaction than anything else, but a good and sound one.

Illustrated with excellently reproduced photographs (something not always done this well in other film books) Thomas tells the story of each film and how it reflects what America thinks of itself—even when what it thinks is totally wrong, or a fantasy.

Not a *great* movie book, but interesting enough, and for the movie fan who wants to place this art-form in some kind of cultural niche.



THE BIG BOOK OF B MOVIES, or How Low Was My Budget by Robin Cross. St. Martin's Press, 208 large-format pp., illus., \$10.95.

This is mainly a book of stills—over 350 of them—with a short introduction to the various categories of thrillers, series and serials, Westerns, horror and science fiction, war quickies, musicals and teen films, and even epics-on-a-shoestring, plus a gallery of B movie stars.

Good reproduction, some wrenching of the memory back to the oldies, and a lot of nostalgia. A good book about the training ground for a lot of filmmakers.

There's a still in the book from *Tarantula*, the 1955 Giant Spider movie starring John Agar and directed by Jack Arnold, which brought back a recent memory. The Academy of Science Fiction and Horror Films was having an awards function, screening trailers and bits of film. They gave an award to John Agar for a lifetime of performances, and capped the presentation with film-clips from his career. This included the one where the 100-foot spider is lumbering down a desert road and Agar tries to kill it by setting off a bundle of dynamite—and fails. The spider creeps on, undaunted. A friend of mine in the next seat shouted out: "Run for your life! The optical didn't work!"

A great collection of stills, with the ones in the horror and science fiction genre being particularly fascinating.

Snapshots from

the
MASTER
and
MS. JOHNSON

AN H.N.R. ASSOCIATES FILM

Starring

LARRY MOORE as Dr. Strudelwasser

DAWN PERRY as Veronica Johnson

HALEVAH as Himself

JENNIFER WEST as Thresa Easy

with VIVI VALLINI, RANDY LANE

R.J. REYNOLDS, MONIQUE FABERGE

Produced by PETER BALAKOFF

Directed by PETER BALAKOFF

RUNNING TIME 79 MINUTES



A Carnal Cuckoo's Nest!

THE **MASTER** AND
MS. JOHNSON

A H.N.R. Associates Film

Produced and Directed

by Peter Balakoff

Full Color

X

WARNING! AN UNUSUAL FILM STRICTLY FOR ADULTS

COPYRIGHT MCMLXXX

It would be hard to find a zanier and kinkier crew of sexual basket-cases than those assembled at Dr. Ludwig von Strudelwasser's Center for Advanced Study and Research in Remedial Sex Therapy—and we include the good doctor himself along with his voluptuous but addled associate Ms. Johnson. Surrogate sex partners, group gropes, you name it.

Ably assisting The Master and Ms. Johnson are their two unique surrogates: Halevah the Magnificent Incredible Hulk and Peaches, an electrifying blonde who can turn the most impotent patient into a slaving satyr. The patients include a neurotic with a sexual inferiority complex who is married to a volcanic nympho; an Errol Flynn look-alike who thinks masturbation has driven him blind; a jealous lesbian and her lover who is queer for men; an alluring beauty with split personalities ranging from frigidity to wild depravity; a married couple who are into transvestism; and a private eyeball who's addicted to flashing. The antics of all these weirdos are wild enough in their private sessions but when they come together for a day of "come as you think you really are" group therapy, all bars are down and we are treated to one of the wildest and maddest orgies in recent cinematic memory. It's a genuine sexual smorgasbord.




**THE
MASTER
AND
MS. JOHNSON**
A Carnal Cuckoo's Nest!



HOLLYWOOD HOT-LINE



Dudley Moore is Hollywood's hottest property; Alan Alda won't like that new book; Stallone will play a shrink in next film; Polanski is really trying to get back into the USA; Raquel Welch slated to star in TV's *Scruples*.

by LEO GUILD



Jean London was Queen of one of the last Hollywood Christmas Parades.

WE HAVE IT ON very good authority that this year there'll be no Santa Claus Lane Parade at Christmas-time in Hollywood. The budget just won't take it. Like everybody else, the Hollywood Chamber of Commerce, which sponsors the Parade, is hurting. Here's one of the last Parade Queens, **Jean London** . . . Because the **Ronald Reagans** used to eat so often at Chasen's in West Hollywood, stars and others who frequent that place often ask **Maud Chasen** what the Reagans ate and then order the same cuisine . . . **Christina Crawford**, despite the problems with her late mother Joan, wears Joan's favorite ring all the time—a ruby with a small diamond. One time Joan lost it down the toilet at the famous **Ciro's** night-club and a plumber had to be called on New Year's Eve to retrieve it . . . **Jimmy Stewart** will do a series of gratis commercials for Senior Citizens. **Henry Fonda** was scheduled to do them too, but

cancelled out because he was ailing . . .

Carol Burnett says she won't work away from home any more. She feels it is necessary to be close to her teen-age daughter during this period . . . The hottest Hollywood property now is **Dudley Moore**. All of his pictures are making a fortune. That famous laugh he created for *Arthur*, he can use after looking at his bank account . . . A book is being written about **Alan Alda** that is a real hatchet-job. He'll sure scream when he reads it . . . There's a Star Trek Restaurant on Route 66 on the road to Las Vegas. We wonder if they got permission to name it that? . . .

LEE MARVIN HAS learned his lesson. He's living alone now, but there are frequent beauties visiting the house . . . **Johnny Carson's** theatrical enterprises are being di-



Farrah isn't as energetic today as when she wrestled with Jenny Agutter.



Marvin's living alone these days but his romantic life isn't all dead.

rected by a large law firm in New York. And so far, his various properties have made money . . . The next picture that **Fay Dunaway** will go into is one on which she herself worked on the script. It has a great title: *Loophole* . . . **Sylvester Stallone's** newest film will probably have him playing a psychiatrist. That's some switch from playing a boxer! . . . Her friends are real worried about **Farrah Fawcett** who reportedly has an extreme case of depression . . . **Jamie Lamb** is the name of the lovely girl violinist who strolls at the MGM Grand Hotel and, at least once a week, is offered a movie role. She turns them down . . . **Glenn Campbell's** three-acre Holmby Hills estate is for sale for \$5 million and there are no mortgages . . .

Goldie Hawn has told intimates that she won't work with **Chevy Chase** again. He's a practical joker and she's a serious young lady. It caused problems . . . **June Lockhart**



Leonard Nimoy is positively out of Star Trek series at his own request.

has completely recovered from the automobile accident in which her pelvis-bone was broken, and is now ready to be an actress again . . . **Richard Chamberlain**, who has done so many romantic leads and Shakespearean plays, has decided he would like to do a mystery and is reading scripts . . . **Leonard Nimoy** is definitely being written out of *Star Trek* at his own request—though the publicity has been that the producers wanted to let him go. Not so.

THE GAY PRESS is getting a whole lot more Hollywood advertising. In fact, they're leaning on it. Hollywood producers feel that the gays are big movie-goers . . . **Louis Nye** is ailing and will take a long vacation in Hawaii . . . **John Gavin's** duties as Ambassador to Mexico will not interfere with a movie coming up. It's a film that shows



Louis Nye isn't feeling so well and is taking a long vacation in Hawaii.

Mexico in a favorable light, so no guilt feelings . . . Did you know that **Bob Stack** speaks fluent French and Italian and does a lot of commercials in those languages? . . . Who do you think, of all the stars, is the most charitable? Surprising that it is **Barbra Streisand**. She gave \$500,000 to UCLA for a medical chair and a great deal more for the Jewish Cultural Arts . . . That remarkable **George Burns** is about to do another album called "All About Love." He should know, being in his 80's . . . With all the problems **Bob Wagner** has had and all the tragedy in his life, he is also suffering from a very painful back. He had traction once and may have to go into it again . . .

Bob and Delores Hope are coming up to their 50th wedding anniversary. They'll celebrate it in Palm Springs with friends . . . Whenever there's a poll of the most-hated men **Howard Cosell** is always on top. But the boys he telecasts with, **Frank Gifford** and **Don Meredith**, think he's the greatest . . . **Jane Fonda** has hired another publicity firm, feeling that her image is going in the wrong direction—that of a very serious girl instead of one with humor . . . There are rumors from France that **Roman Polanski** will really try to get back into this country and will use every angle he can. He's fed up with the restrictions in Europe on movie production.

THERE'LL BE A TV series made from the well-known book *Scruples*. And who do you think will star in it? **Racquel Welch** and she's perfect for the part . . . **Mean Joe Green** has been cancelled out of those cola commercials . . . **Dyan Cannon** is going to be in the strange position of having her son directing her in a picture, and she's very proud of it . . . Did you know **Gilbert Roland's** daughter Lorinda, whose mother was Constance Bennett, is one of the real beauties, but has had no film career? She doesn't want it . . . **Ron Lewis**, Jerry's son, is recuperating from a motorcycle accident. He made a turn at a corner too fast . . . Big-time L.A. realtor **Mike Silverman** is trying to



That's Dyan Cannon in the back seat. Her son will direct her next film.

into a multi-million dollar home for **Rex Harrison** . . . **Lily Tomlin** is telling friends that she prefers working in London over New York and Los Angeles. They seem to understand her humor better there . . .

Frank Sinatra has stopped playing golf. He got disgusted with his scores . . . You can expect **Queen Elizabeth** and **Prince Philip** to be visiting Hollywood next Christmas. They'll tour the film studios as usual . . . There's no one who delights more in working in Hollywood than **Mickey Rooney**, and his orders to his agents are: "I'll take anything, but just don't let me *not* work!" It drives him crazy . . . That **Loni Anderson** marriage which blew up, may make it again. Her husband, **Ross Bickel**, occasionally dines with her . . . **Peter Falk** has taken up the jogging craze and you can see him on Sunset Boulevard at 7 a.m. doing his three miles.

WALTER MATTHAU whose best friend is a judge, is trying to influence that gentleman to oppose censorship in any form in any part of entertainment . . . That beauty, **Cathy Lee Crosby**, is one hell of a softball pitcher. If she ever misses in entertainment, she can go on the diamond . . . **Steve Martin** will readily admit that while he writes a lot of his own material, the stuff he buys is better. He just enjoys mouthing his own words . . . **Geraldine Page** will tell anyone who listens that she's made enough money in entertainment to live now without worrying or working. She's so active in charity groups, which she enjoys, you probably won't be seeing her on the screen . . . When **Fred Astaire** and **Ginger Rogers** were making pictures, Fred objected to all the feathers and sequins that took camera-notice away from him. But know the two of them are the best of friends . . . **Eric Estrada** is wearing a neck-brace again when he isn't working. He's still bothered as a result of that accident . . . **Cesar Romero** has never owned a home. He's always rented. And he holds onto his bucks. His friends get a kick out of it. ■

CENTERSPREAD GIRLS

A LEISURE TIME RELEASE

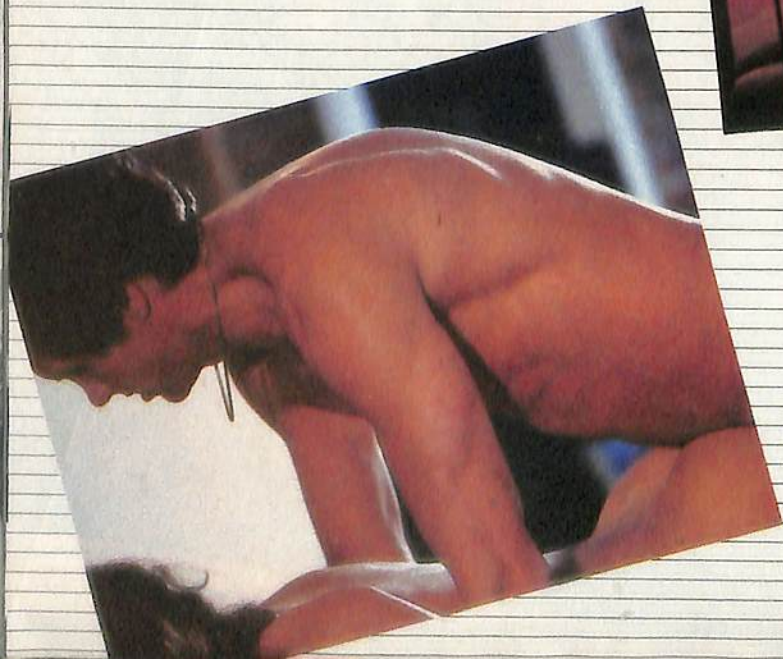
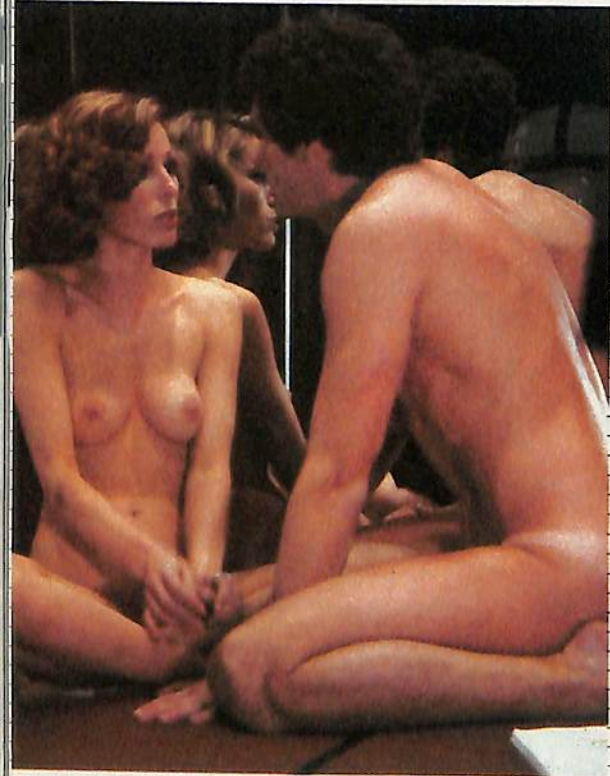
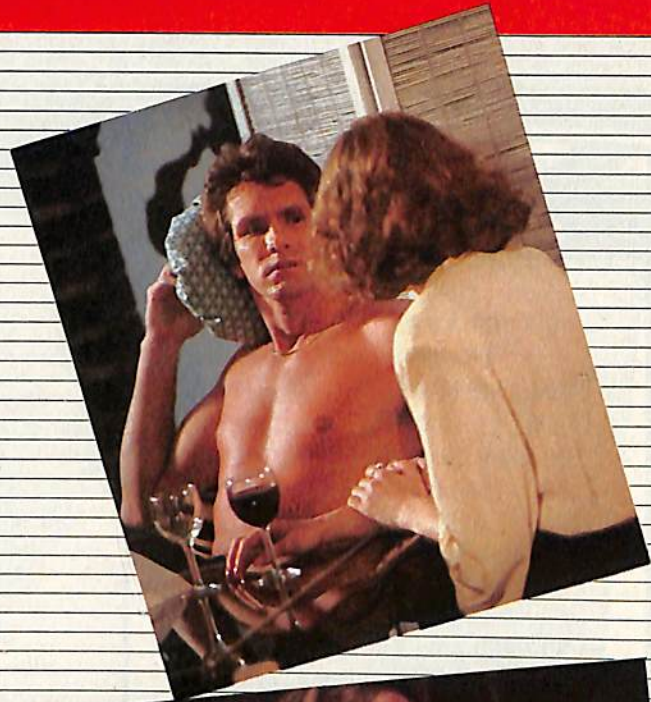
Starring
GEORGINA SPELVIN as Sue Forbes
VERONICA HART as Jane
ANNETTE HAVEN as Beverly Martine
JESIE ST. JAMES as Louella Parrish
DESIREE COUSTEAU as Ellie Parker
LISA DeLEEUW as Vee
TARA AIRE as Anne
JACQUELINE BROOKS as Shauna Carson
LILI RODGERS as Celeste Carson
VICTORIA SLICK as Tina
RICHARD BOLLA as Judge Hammer
ERIC EDWARDS as Lindon Loveless
MICHAEL MORRISON as Ham Osmond
FRANK HOLLOWELL as Thurmond Parrish
PAUL THOMAS as W.W. Williams
JON MARTIN as Harvey
Produced by HAROLD LIME
Directed by ROBERT McCALLUM

RUNNING TIME 95 MINUTES

Sue Forbes, the dynamic publisher of *Cheetah* magazine, is threatened by a self-appointed watchdog committee of reformers. She and her attorney Jane enlist six former centerfold models in a plot to turn the tables.

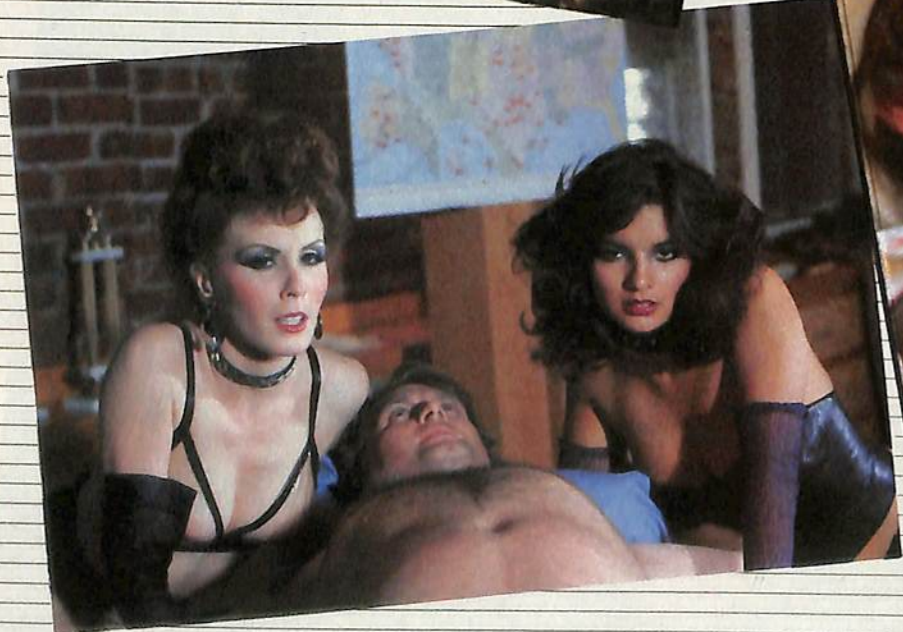
PRODUCTION STILLS BY VALDESTA





Spearheading the counter-attack is Beverly Martine, who is now a rising film star. She's assigned to seduce committee member Lindon Loveless, a reformed porno star. For the lovely Beverly it's like shooting fish in a barrel. Lin has a potency problem but Beverly takes care of that.



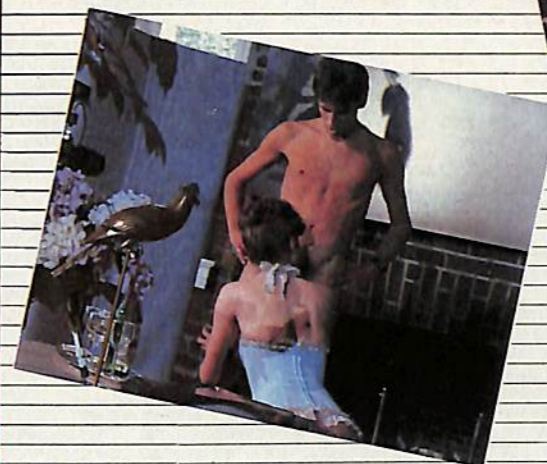


Shauna and Celeste, former top *Cheetah* models who now operate a glamorous escort service, are picked to zero in on Hamilton Osmond, a fat-cat executive who is running for governor. They spy on him and his sexy secretary and learn that Ham is an addict of kinky sex. Their date with him becomes a B&D threesome.

HAROLD LIME
IS BACK AGAIN WITH
THE HOTTEST X-RATED
FLICK EVER!



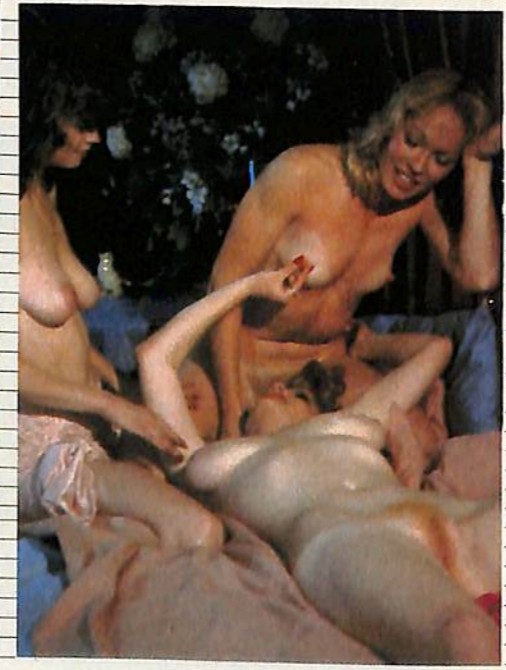
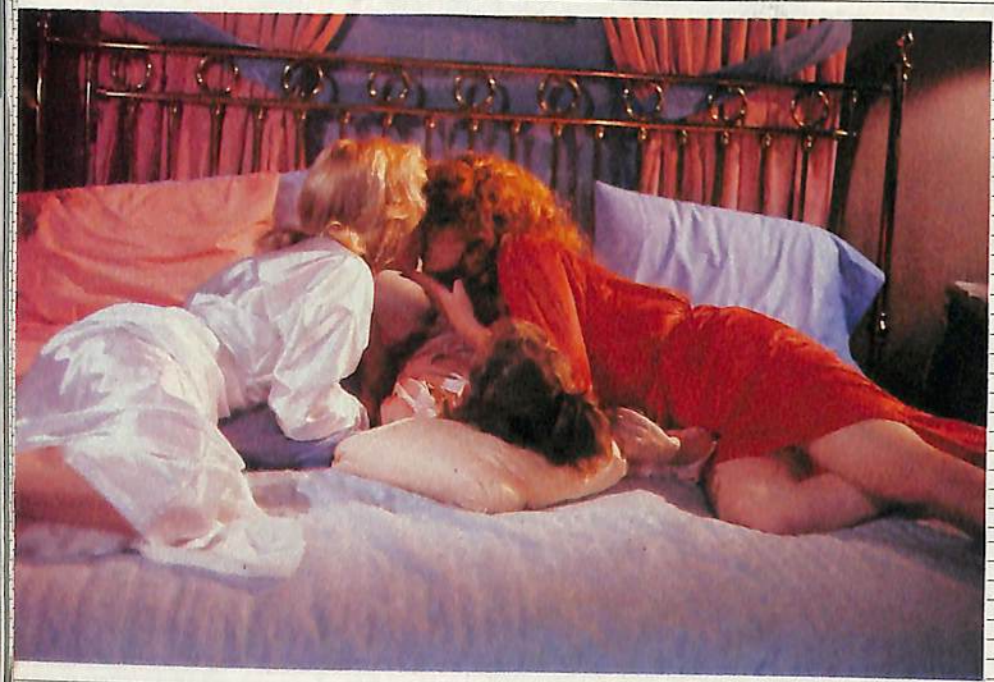
Centerspread
Girls
IN COLOR MAIL EX



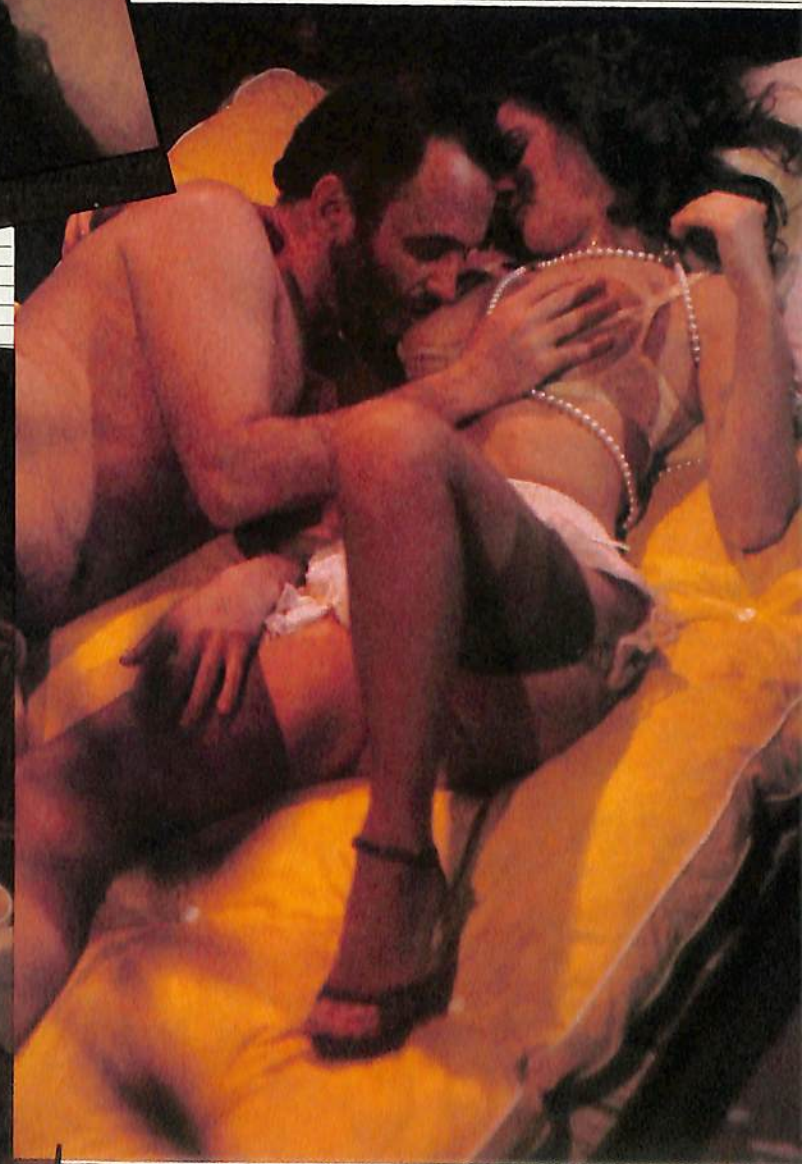
Busy Jane next hunts up Vee, an ebullient red-haired model who is now a successful artist, and Anne, a top photographer. She finds Vee in the middle of a merry caper with a boy friend whom she is playfully touching up with her paints, and Anne enjoying a cozy photo session with Harvey. Both girls readily join in the scheme.



HAROLD LIME Presents
Centerspread Girls
FEATURING TARS
CIVIC & HUSTLER
CENTER SPREAD GIRLS
DESIREE COUSTEAU • LISA DELEPLAN
TARA AISE • JACQUELINE BRIDGES
RATED X
IN COLOR



Vee and Anne team up to seduce the puritanical committee chairman Thurmond Parrish. They wangle an invitation to his home and Vee turns on the sex but nothing happens. However, all is not lost. Parrish's wife Louella turns out to be a lesbian. Thurmond sees them in bed but doesn't do anything.



Jane the lawyer goes after Judge Roy Hammer, whom she had considered a tough target. He turns out to be a pushover, but things get a bit complicated when Jane finds herself falling in love with the judge.

HAROLD LIME
IS BACK AGAIN WITH THE
HOTTEST X-RATED FLICK EVER!

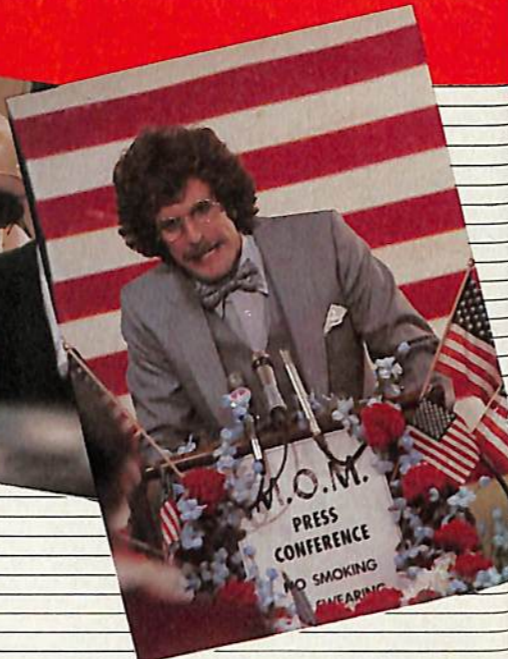
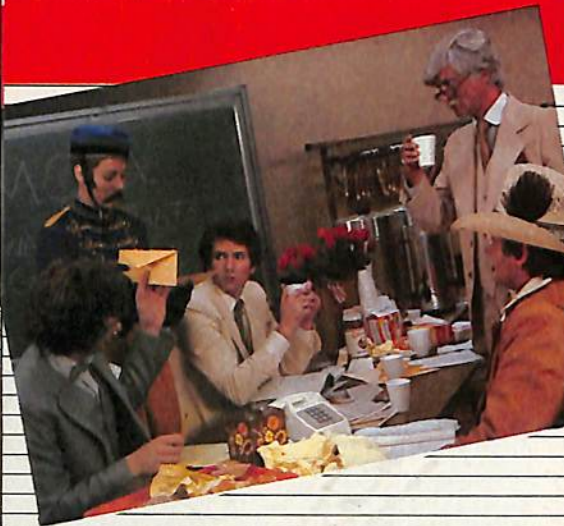
FEATURING THOSE
CHIC & HUSTLER
CENTER SPREAD GIRLS
DESIREE COUSTEAU
TARA AIRE • LISA DELEEUW
JACQUELINE BROOKS

HAROLD LIME Presents
Centerspread Girls
IN COLOR
RATED X




Ellie is a top-flight TV interviewer. At top we see her in a typical day at work. Her target is W.W. Williams, a preacher who rants about morality. Ellie makes a tape of their big session—but W.W. switches the tapes.



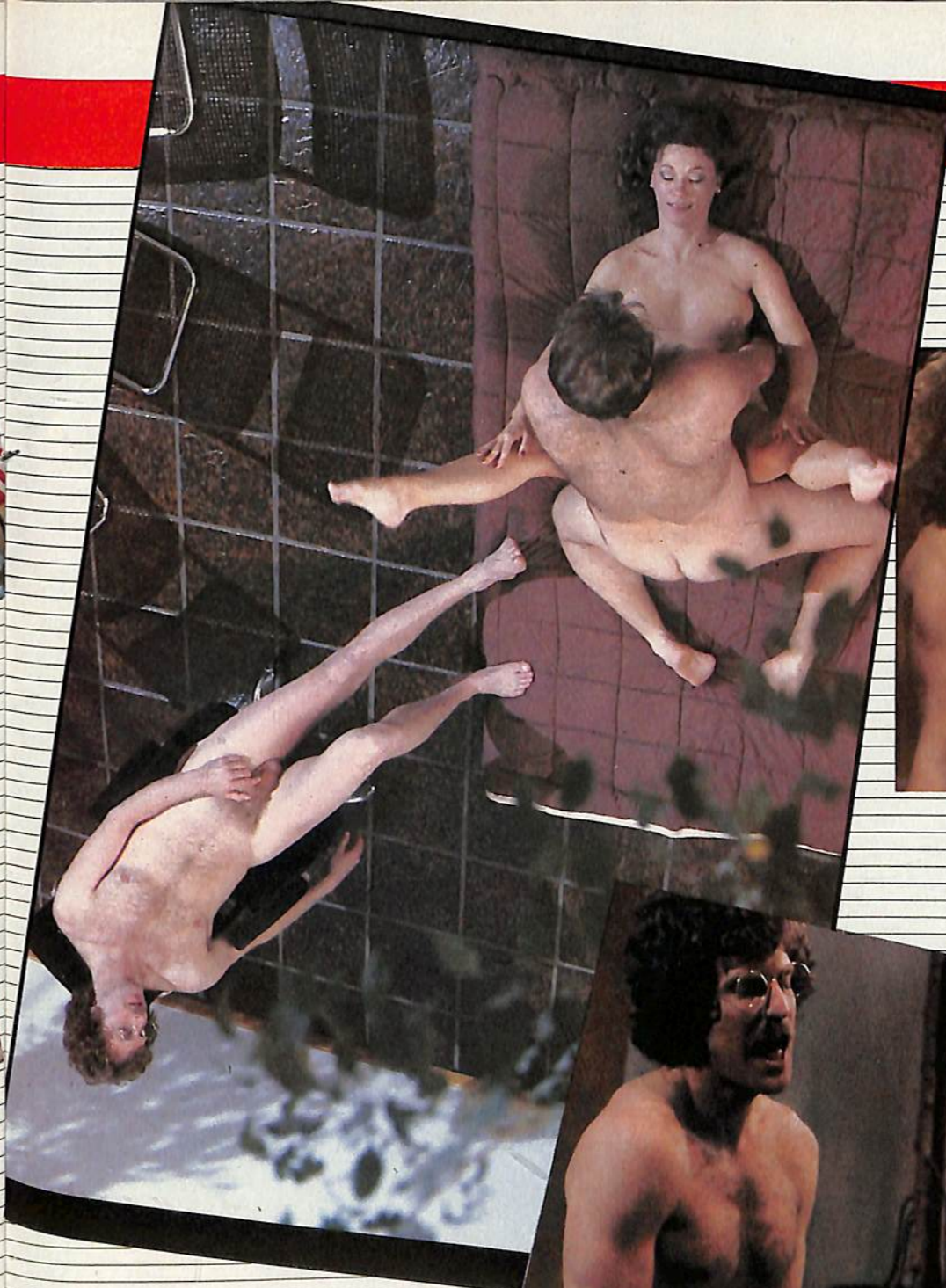


HAROLD LIME Presents



Centerspread Girls

FEATURING THOSE **RATED X**
CHIC & HUSTLER IN COLOR
 CENTER SPREAD GIRLS
DESIREE COUSTEAU • LISA DELEEUW
TARA AIRE • JACQUELINE BROOKS



The action hots up as the time approaches for the big press conference, carried on national TV, at which the committee had planned to denounce Sue and her magazine for corrupting public morality. The committee members are nervous about what's been happening in their private lives. They're holding a last-minute breakfast meeting when Beverly busts in disguised as a messenger boy and delivers a message that upsets them greatly. As the conference opens Sue and her girls are worried but they needn't be. Thurmond Parrish refuses to take the stage. Lindon Loveless reneges. Williams talks and Sue rebuts him. Ellie triumphantly produces her original tape. The committee hastily gives Sue and her magazine a clean bill of health. Sue's off the hook but she insists her persecutors have to do penance. She challenges Osmond and Williams to an intimate workout. She vows she'll fuck the living hell out of her erstwhile tormentors—and she does!



HAROLD LIME Presents

**Centerspread
Girls**
FEATURING: CHIC & HUSTLER IN: OLDF
CENTER SPREAD GIRLS
DESIRE COUSTEAU • LISA DELEUW
TARA AIRE • JACQUELINE BROOKS
RATED **X**

Williams the preacher is soon worn out but Ham Osmond the blustering politician with the kinky tastes is made of more rugged stuff. He gives Sue Forbes as good as she gives him, and by the time their marathon threesome is over it's a question who has fucked the living hell out of whom. Anyway Sue and her girls have won the battle. Cheetah magazine will now go on to greater heights of erotic publishing without the snooping interference of the would-be moral censors. For their part, the members of the blue-nose committee realize they bit off more than they could swallow, and they're quite happy to live and let live—just as long as all the outrageous doings of the past few days remain a deep dark secret between them and the gorgeous Centerfold Girls who have outsmarted them as well as outfucked them. Oh yes, we might note that Jane and her new boy friend Judge Hammer never did show up at the conference—they were too busy elsewhere with more pleasurable things.

FOREIGN FILM SCENE

By JULES GRIFFON



France relaxes censorship, lowers age restrictions; Italian box-office figures are picking up after slump.

Texas Chain Saw Massacre and *Mad Max*, which previously had been banned from showing in France.

Under the new regulatory law the outright banning of especially violent films, the X-rating of them, and the minimum age limit of 18 for viewing them, have been dropped. The age restriction which formerly applied to violence and soft-core pornography has been lowered by two years to 16, and now applies only to hard-core sex movies. And films formerly restricted to those over 13, corresponding to the PG rating in the U.S., can now be seen by 12-year-olds. The X-rating remains in effect for hard-core sex films, which can be shown only in special adult theaters and are heavily taxed—but 16-year-olds can now view them.

In a sweeping reorganization putting an end to bureaucratic control of France's film fare and reflecting the younger age level of today's audiences, the eight government representatives on the Commission for the Control of Cinematography have been dropped and replaced by men and women between the ages of 18 and 25, recruited from universities, unions, the Boy Scouts and other organizations. The rest of the powerful commission remains the same, with eight representatives of the film industry and another group of eight consisting of educators, psychologists and social scientists.

The current shakeup is the first in 20 years. The long-existing film-control system was set up by decree, and the commission established, in 1961 at the height of the Algerian War. At that time President Charles de Gaulle packed the

original commission with government officials who had an eagle-eye for politically sensitive films. Among other things, they banned the export of any movies which "might reflect poorly on the international image of France." The censors who reviewed all films included officials from the ministries of defense, foreign affairs and interior.

DELUGE LED TO CURBS

Under mounting pressure of criticism from the industry and the press, President Valery Giscard d'Estaing in 1974 issued a decree abolishing all official censorship of movies. This sparked a deluge of explicit sex films (what else?) that gave rise to a public outcry, which in turn led to the imposition in 1975 of audience age restrictions based on explicit sex content and "incitation to violence."

To control the mushrooming of porno movie houses, which was getting out of hand, the government adopted the further measure of imposing a whopping 30-percent surcharge of admissions to explicit sex and especially violent films. Theaters which chose to show such films were not allowed to show any other kind, and suggestive posters outside the theaters were banned. The restrictions left only about 100 porno houses surviving in France, 52 of them in the city of Paris.

Under the new law which has just gone into effect, local officials, particularly mayors, will retain censorship authority over films which they judge to be "against the public interest of the community." Their decisions may be appealed to the national commission. France's provincial mayors have frequently cracked down on films that have offended local tastes or morals.

On the French film production scene, Francois Truffaut is getting ready to start shooting on a new film adapted from the Charles Williams novel *Lively Sunday*. Truffaut also has another movie in the works, based on Leautaud's autobiographical novel *The Boyfriend*. Truffaut's new independent production company, Les Films du Carrosse, appears to be doing fine.

Michel Serrault of *La Cage aux Folles* fame and singer-composer Charles Aznavour are teamed as co-stars of Claude Chabrol's new \$2-million production *Les Fantomes du Chapelier* (*The Hatmaker's Phantoms*), from a novel by Georges Simenon, currently shooting for distribution by Gaumont. Jean-Jacques Beneix, following up the success of his *Diva*, is putting together a \$3-million film project based on David Goodis' novel *Moon in the Gutter*. Gerard Depardieu has been signed to star. Director Bertrand Tavernier, who stepped in when his friend Pierre Granier fell ill during the shooting of *North Star*, has completed the film, which stars Simone Signoret.

Remember Miles O'Keefe, the hand-



Miles (Tarzan) O'Keefe has landed a talking part—but it's in French.

some, muscular young former football player and screen newcomer who played Tarzan to Bo Derek's Jane in last year's sexed-up version of the apeman epic? Remember how he didn't utter a single word during the whole film, except to emit his Tarzan yell while beating his chest—while Bo rattled right on? Well, it looks like Miles is finally going to get a chance to speak in a movie—but he'll be speaking French! He's been signed to star in Raoul Coutard's *Terreur a San Salvador*, which is scheduled to start shooting June 1st for Christmas release.

FEDERICO FELLINI has designed a special poster for the Cannes International Film Festival, which will be celebrating its 35th anniversary when it opens on May 14th. A number of special *hommages* are being prepared for the big Cannes event. As of this writing the festival people are trying to lure Brigitte Bardot out of retirement for a retrospect of her films, and also to firm-up the hoped-for appearances of a number of American all-time screen greats including Henry Fonda, Lillian Gish, Bette Davis, Gloria Swanson and Katharine Hepburn.

Elsewhere on the cinema festival scene, Carlo Lizzani, president of the Venice festival, has launched an intensive worldwide media campaign for the event, which runs August 28-September 8. Lizzani and his foreign press agent Mario Longardi were due to visit the U.S. in March to promote the Venice fete, at which the coveted Golden Lion awards this year will be restricted to two. Following the Venice event, Lizzani is scheduled to make a movie on terrorism called *Nucleus Zero*. Currently he is in the middle of shooting a thriller entitled *The Yellow Carpet*. And Lizzani has an-

nounced that he will make a one-hour documentary on Venice as part of a series on the capitals of European culture. Francois Truffaut will make a documentary segment on Paris, and Carlos Saura will do Barcelona.

With Italian box-office figures picking up after a long slump, it seems that in Italy as elsewhere, filmgoers are getting younger. A recent survey conducted by Doxa, Italy's largest polling institute, showed that young people comprise the bulk of movie audiences. Most Italian filmgoers are between 15 and 24, with 54-year-olds making up only 5 percent of the moviegoing public. Movie attendance is heavier in the north of Italy than in the south, and the most preferred films are comedies, with Italian-made comedies rating first in popularity, foreign comedies second.

Bernardo Bertolucci has started principal photography on his film *1934*, based on the new book by Alberto Moravia. As soon as *1934* is wound up, Bertolucci plans to go to the U.S. to make *Rain of Blood* from the Dashiell Hammett novel *Red Harvest*. Another top Italian filmmaker, Giuliano Montaldo, is finally back from Peking after completing filming of the \$25-million miniseries *Marco Polo*, which is scheduled to debut on American TV in May and in Italy in November. Montaldo has written a mini-book about his experiences shooting a movie in the Forbidden City.

DISNEY COMES OF AGE

Hollywood producer Jerry Leider has assembled a genuinely international cast and crew to make the \$8-million comedy-thriller *Trenchcoat* for Walt Disney Productions, being shot mainly on location on the Mediterranean island of Malta. The cast is headed by Canada's Margot Kidder and the young U.S. actor Robert Hays. They have been joined by Gila von Weitershausen from Germany and a number of British stage actors including John Justin, Ronald Lacey and David Suchet. The director is Britisher Michael Tuchner; the Italian camera crew is headed by cinematographer Tonino Delli Colli; then there is the French sound team led by Jean-Louis Ducarme, plus assorted Maltese assistants. *Trenchcoat* was originally titled *Malta Wants Me Dead* and was being developed at the EMI studios before Leider took it to Disney.

After they wind up the principal shooting on Malta, cast and crew will move on to San Francisco for some further scenes. *Trenchcoat* is scheduled for worldwide release early next year. In line with Disney's current trend toward more sophisticated pictures to get away from the kid-stuff image of the past, *Trenchcoat* has the first homosexual character ever to reach the screen in a Disney film: a gay female impersonator played by Ronnie Lacey. Incidentally Margot

Kidder, interviewed on one of the location sets, said she will go back for another round as Lois Lane in *Superman 3*—if the producers ask her. In *Trenchcoat* she plays an aspiring writer of thrillers who gets mixed up in a murder.

If you think Larry Hagman is permanently type-cast in his role as the Texas tycoon in *Dallas*, you should see him in the offbeat Swedish film *I Am Blushing*, which is currently drawing good box-office all over Western Europe. *Blushing* was filmed in, of all places, the Philippine Islands by Swedish director Vilgot Sjoman, who won worldwide fame with his break-through *I Am Curious* films 15 years ago. *Blushing* stars Gunnar Hellstrom and Bibi Andersson in a story about a filmmaker who goes to the Philippines to make an epic movie based on Joseph Conrad's *Victory*, and gets bogged down among greedy local movie people and venal politicians. Larry Hagman plays himself. That's right, he plays Larry Hagman.

ON THE HEELS of the successful Warren Beatty film *Reds*, which depicted the short, stormy life of the American Communist revolutionary hero John Reed, Russia's Mosfilm is in the midst of making a three-part production on the same theme. Franco Nero plays John Reed in the Soviet version, and American actress Sydne Rome plays his feminist wife Louise Bryant. The ambitious Soviet production has the advantage of being filmed on locations in Moscow and Leningrad as well as in Mexico. The first of the three parts, *Mexico in Flames*, depicting Reed's adventures

turn to page 70

They're trying to lure Brigitte out of retirement to appear at Cannes.



The Texas Chain Saw Massacre can finally be seen in French theaters.

A RASH OF VIOLENT exploitation films, mostly American products of the mid-1970s, has been the immediate result of the partial relaxation of France's film censorship standards under the new liberal government of President Francois Mitterand. The radical overhaul of the whole censorship system, which went into effect by government decree early this year, has lowered the age restrictions for moviegoers and put an end to political censorship. The reforms, recommended by a government commission after months of study, are designed to recognize "the evolution of the public and the media" in recent years, and to bring government control of film distribution and exhibition more in line with contemporary realities. One of its immediate side-effects, however, has been the rush of exhibitors to release super-violent exploitation films such as *The*



Tirke (Patricia Gelin) the exotic dancing nymph and Alex Rossignol (Bora Todorovic) in tank-dildo scene.

SUSAN ANSPACH

from page 13

she evades the big phallus in an increasingly sensuous dance. Finally, the dildo hits its target, and the girl eases her pussy down onto it for the grand finale of her act.

Susie decides to join the floor show, though in a somewhat less explicit act. She is introduced as Susie Nashville, a singer from America. "Gimme a little kiss, will ya, huh?" she sings, playing pouty and sultry. She's a big hit.

AFTERWARDS THE music turns slow and danceable. Susie spots her shower friend Montenegro on the other side of the dance-floor. Their bodies seem to be drawn toward each other like magnets. She wraps her arms around his neck and her legs around his waist. Their mouths press into a kiss from which neither comes up for air. Montenegro moves off the dance-floor with Susie still wrapped around him. He's heading for the back-room, and she's not saying no.

Once they are alone, however, she does say no. "You didn't think I was going to make love to you?" she teases. But he sees through her tease, and a moment later his body is on top of hers, they're both nude, and he's pumping it hard into her. Hey, no cool blonde ever leaves the Zanzi

50 ADAM FILM WORLD

Bar without getting what she came for!

The next morning Susan leaves the bar and returns home. Montenegro is found dead in the shower, his blood trickling down the drain. Who knows what happened to him? No explanation is given.

Back home, Susan gives her family a simple story about where she has been for the last two days. "Two men fought a fight with shovels; I saved the life of one of them; he was my lover!"

In the last scene, a smiling Susie hand-feeds grapes to her husband, the kids, Grandpa and the psychoanalyst as they sit around the dining-room table. A title-card flashes on the screen that tells us: "The fruit was poisoned." Very funny. I guess you'd call this a black comedy.

Well, as we pointed out at the beginning, Susie was a little crazy. But who would have guessed she'd end up murdering everyone in sight? A final card tells us that "This story was based on real events." Maybe it was. Who knows? It sounds like a story you would read in the *National Enquirer*, which is probably where the director got his idea.

ACTUALLY THIS director is well known for his strange ideas. All his movies have been, well, odd. And sexy. His name is Dusan Makaveyev,

which is Yugoslavian. He made his first movies behind the Iron Curtain. That was in the 1960's, and don't ask me how he got away with his kinky ideas and full frontal nudity in a Communist country, but he did. Maybe it was because these early films were very intellectual and symbolic.

Then in 1971 he made a movie called *W.R. Mysteries of the Organism*, and it was a big hit at the Cannes Film Festival. It was a semi-documentary about the late controversial psychoanalyst Wilhelm Reich, who had theories about a world revolution based on the sexual liberation of mankind. This may have been a trendy notion in the West, but the powers-that-be in Yugoslavia were not amused. They were just about ready to send the too-kinky Dusan somewhere cold and dark to be rehabilitated, when as luck would have it, a French producer offered to finance a new Makaveyev movie, thus luring the director away from East Europe once and for all.

So Dusan Makaveyev became what is euphemistically known as an "international filmmaker," which means he is now a man without a country who makes movies whenever and wherever he can find the money. The film he made for the French producer came out in 1974 and was called *Sweet Movie*. It was even more off-the-wall than his earlier ones. Makaveyev had his

actors running around nude in huge mounds of granulated sugar and taking baths in chocolate syrup. Again, it was a big hit at the film festivals, but a little too weird to make much money. As a result, Makaveyev found himself in the awkward position of being respected in intellectual circles but unable to get financing for any further films. That's how he ended up teaching a course on filmmaking at Harvard University.

And that's where he was when Swedish producer Bo Jonsson offered him the chance to come to Stockholm to make a movie. The producer wanted "a high quality comedy with popular appeal and measured eroticism." Makaveyev agreed, and the result was *Montenegro*.

YOU'VE GOT TO wonder what exactly Makaveyev had in mind in making this movie. Originally, he says he wanted to have a title-card at the beginning that would have read: *This film is dedicated to the new invisible nation of Europe, the fourth largest,*

of 11 million immigrants and guest workers who moved North to exploit rich and prosperous people, bringing with them filthy habits, bad manners, and the smell of garlic.

“**Dusan Makaveyev became what is known as an ‘international filmmaker,’ which means he is a man without a country.**”

Since Makaveyev is himself an immigrant, there is more than a little social criticism implied in this sarcastic dedication. He was going to call the film *Weiner Schnitzel Waltz*,

but the producer wanted something a little more commercial sounding. "Something like *Casablanca*?" asked Makaveyev, again sarcastically. "How about calling it *Montenegro*?"

• The movie still opens with a biting title-card. It reads: *A little girl asks a monkey in a zoo: "Why do you live here? Isn't it nicer where you came from?"*

Maybe the reason Makaveyev doesn't get too many opportunities these days to make movies is because of this tendency, as an immigrant, to bite the hand that feeds him. Many of the Swedish film critics were not amused to find their country the target of this ingrate immigrant's ridicule. But the movie has nonetheless been quite popular in Sweden as elsewhere.

WHETHER OR NOT *Montenegro* helps Makaveyev's career, it should do wonders for Susan Anspach. It could be argued that this is the first time that her unique qualities have really been properly used in



In Susan's absence her husband Martin (Erland Josephson, at right) Dr. Pazardjian the psychoanalyst (Per Oscarsson) and his secretary (Marina Zindahl) dance in the New Year in what turns into a three-way sex orgy.

the movies. There has always been something a little crazy about her eyes, as if there were something being held back that needed to be set free.

But *Five Easy Pieces* got her type-cast from the very start as a bland nice-girl. And let's face it, as bland nice-girls get older, the parts available to them just get blander and nicer until finally there is nothing left but Walt Disney productions and guest stints on family-hour television shows.

This is, in fact, pretty much what happened to Susan. She kept having to play nice sensible women in well-intentioned bleeding-heart liberal movies, like Hal Ashby's *The Landlord*, Paul Mazursky's *Blume In Love*, and Michael Douglas' *Running*. Then there were the well-intentioned (and vaguely boring) television movies, such as *I Want To Keep My Baby* and *Blue Collar Journal*. Finally, you guessed it, that last straw of movie-land goodness, she starred opposite Elliot Gould in something called *The Devil and Max Devlin*, a Walt Disney production. There was nowhere to go from there but down.

“Once you've played a crazy woman in an erotic film that may be all people will be able to imagine you.”

Poor Susan! No wonder she jumped at the chance to go to Sweden, take off her clothes and let the crazy energy, long repressed within her, finally come out! Of course she now runs the risk of a new kind of typecasting. Once you've played a crazy lady in an erotic movie, well, that may be all people will be able to imagine you in the future. It might be like what happened to Tony Perkins after he made *Psycho*.

But Susan Anspach is clearly willing to take that chance. She has suffered and suffocated long enough as Goody Two-shoes. Now the lady's gone dirty, and you aren't going to see her down on the farm any more. Bring on the studs! She's ready to take on the whole football team. ■



Anna Prucnal and Pierre Clementi is a zany scene from *Sweet Movie* which director Dusan Makaveyev made for a French producer back in 1974.



The psychoanalyst's secretary, played by Marima Zindahl, relaxes on a pile of fine and expensive Swedish furs in a scene from *Montenegro*.

THE SEDUCTION

from page 19

undresses. Well, guess who left a message on the machine, and guess who is watching her undress right now? You guessed it. Andrew the voyeur. No sooner has she heard his message on the machine than the phone rings and it's Andy in person. Uncanny how he knows just when to catch her at home. But she's losing her sense of humor and she hangs up on him. He's beginning to give her the creeps.

So Morgan goes next door to visit her girl friend (Colleen Camp), and damned if Andy doesn't phone her there too! How does he know where she is all the time? (We in the audience, of course, know that it is because his house is on the hill just above hers). Andy is up there lying naked on his bed. His wall is covered with blow-ups of the pictures he has taken of Morgan. He talks to the pictures on the wall that seem to be looking back at him. "Can't keep your eyes off me, can you?" he pants.

THE NEXT DAY Andrew gets into her dressing room at the TV station where Morgan works and introduces himself to her in the flesh. Since Andrew Stevens is a good-looking guy and very polite, she doesn't get too angry with him. He gives her a box of candy and promises not to bother her any more.

But Andy isn't too good about keeping promises. No sooner does Morgan get home from work when there is a knock at the door. It is Andy, and he has his camera with him. He is tired of those telephoto shots; he wants some close-ups. So he barges in and starts snapping away. The more Morgan screams, the more turned-on he gets. She is so cute when she's angry! He pins her to the couch, straddles her, and snaps picture after picture right in her face. Boy-friend Mike arrives just in time to find all this going on. He is even less amused than Morgan. He gives Andy a good beating-up. Still, Andy turns and whispers: "Thank you, Morgan!" as he goes out the door.

Andy just isn't one to take no for an answer. Far from being discouraged, he is more convinced than ever that he and Morgan can be an "item," as they say in the gossip columns. This guy is sick. The movie even drums up a pseudo-psychological term to describe Andy's particular psychosis. He is in the grip of "erotomania" or the "Clara Bow Syndrome." This is a mental aberration in which the psycho is not only in love with his victim, but he imagines that the victim loves him back.

Next comes the infamous peeping scene. Andy hides in Morgan's bedroom closet while she undresses to take

a bath. He peeks through a crack in the door as she unbuttons her dress, then slips out of her slip. He's practically drooling in the closet. She eases into a classic bubble-bath and starts massaging the suds over her legs, up her thighs. It must be hot in the closet, because Andy is sweating like July. As Morgan rubs the suds over her gorgeous breasts, Andy's fingers start working their way down into his pants.

And then, you guessed it, the phone rings! Just when things were coming to a head. So Morgan gets out of the bath and puts on a robe. Then her boy friend Mike shows up again. So Andy has to beat a hasty retreat out the back-way.



Andrew Stevens is the peeping lensman who's obsessed with Fairchild's beauty.

You'd think they would have figured out by now that the guy is a neighbor. But no. That's Southern California for you. The last person you want to get to know is your next-door neighbor. Nor do they take any particular precautions against his coming back.

WE NEXT FIND Morgan nude in her jacuzzi waiting for her boy friend Mike to join her. They're going to pick up where their *coitus* was interrupted. Mike leans into her against the wall of the jacuzzi and starts pumping away. Morgan starts to moan and brings her legs up around his shoulders. She climaxes, and Mike screams out at the same moment, but not because he came too. He screams because Andy has just planted a carving-knife in his back! Now Morgan screams, too, and screams and screams and screams.

Andy drags the body away and buries it. Then he goes back to his apartment to change his clothes. He wipes the blood off his knife, then uses it to cut himself a slice of apple to eat. He is your typical psycho, calm as can be.

In the meantime, you might imagine that Morgan would be running down

the street looking for help. But no. To her credit, she does try to call the police, but gets only a recorded message. Rather than hold the line, she decides to take things into her own hands. You see, her boy friend left her a loaded shotgun, and she is going to surprise Andy with it.

She now has Andy's phone number, and she dials it. "I need you," she tells him. "Please come back!" Cool as a cucumber, she combs out her hair, takes off her skimpy bathrobe, and climbs into bed, her nipples hard with excitement. She is acting as if she's thinking of laying a man; but in fact she is laying a trap. And Andy falls for it, creeping into the bedroom with expectation. Boy, is he surprised when Morgan starts blasting away at him with the shotgun! He dives through a window and runs back to his pad.

Now it is Morgan who is on the offensive. She phones him again and taunts him, saying: "You left so quickly. What's the matter? Don't you love me any more?"

Then she puts on some fresh lipstick and changes into a revealing black negligee. This may seem like an odd way to avenge her boy friend's murder, but this movie threw all logic out the window a long time ago.

Sure enough, Andy shows up again. But before she can get to her gun, Andy has her pinned to the bed with his knife at her throat. She spits in his face. He slaps her. She slugs him and momentarily gets away. They start crashing around the room, but Andy ends up on top again. This time he means business. He starts trying to undo his belt, but he's all thumbs. So what does Morgan do? She pitches in and tries to help him get his pants off.

"Come on," she taunts, "Fuck me! Do it! Fuck me!"

Poor Andy, psycho that he is, just can't deal with a sexually aggressive woman. His big opportunity and he can't get it up. Morgan grabs the knife away from him and snarls: "You're not a man!"

They have another big scuffle, and Andy gets the knife back. He's had enough of Morgan's pussy-whipping. If he can't put his dick into her, he's going to slip the knife in instead. He's just about to stab her in the chest when an old girl friend of his suddenly appears (she has been following him) and saves Morgan's life by shooting Andy in the chest with the shotgun. End of the psycho, end of the movie.

IF THIS WHOLE turn of events sounds a little improbable to you, you are right. It is all quite ridiculous. The police department may be a little short-handed these days, but

turn to page 59

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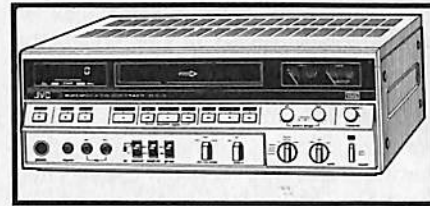
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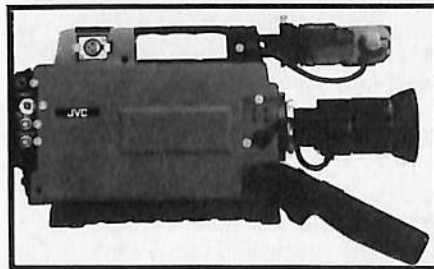
**TIPS ON BUYING
VIDEO EQUIPMENT**

THE OLD ADAGE says that seeing is believing, but when you take a look at some of the new video cameras, VCRs, electronic games and assorted other wonders of modern technology, you'll find yourself mumbling: "I can't believe it!" Each time you enter your favorite video retail store there'll be new items for sale that will totally amaze you, which is why you should make it a habit to visit your local electronics outlet at least once a month.

If you're into making your own videotapes and watching your own horny masterpieces on television, then you'll be interested in the following products; not only are they finely constructed and guaranteed to give you limitless amounts of pleasure, they're also priced reasonably so that owning them won't put a tremendous strain on your family budget.



• The JVC BR-6400U videocassette recorder, which according to Jim Muntz of Muntz Electronics, Inc., 7700 Densmore Avenue in Van Nuys, California, is one of the top products you can buy. Here are just some of the many features that make this machine such a hot item: direct-drive motors; a rugged diecast aluminum chassis; motorized front cassette loading; a 4-head system; shuttle-search that lets you scan through a whole 2-hour program in about 12 minutes, backwards or forwards; playback at any speed from still to five times normal speed in either direction; and hi-fi sound, which will enhance viewing and make listening a pleasure. Selling price: \$1895.



• The JVC KY-1900U portable three-tube professional color video camera. For the price, this is one of the best bargains of the century! Just a few years ago, a camera of this quality would have cost in the 30 to 40 thousand-dollar range, but now it's available for much, much less. It weighs just about eight pounds and features innovations in its optical and electronic systems giving it a high signal-to-noise ratio of 52dB. Due to its vertical and horizontal image enhancement, your pictures come out much sharper, and amateurish "comet-tails" are eliminated because of the Automatic Beam Control, so you don't have to worry about shooting bright moving objects any more.

Among some of the other features are a high-performance parallel optical system with multi-layer coated lenses and dichroic mirrors, an automatic white balance control circuit with 8-bit digital memory, a plug-in circuit-board construction for easy serviceability, and a higher portability with the provided battery and AC adapter. Selling price: \$4995.

• The Panasonic WV-3160 color video camera, which is great for the non-professional who wants to make professional-looking tapes. It's got a 2/3-inch stripe-filter integrated Newvicon tube; standard C-mount lens mounts; built-in zoom lenses with automatic light/iris control; an automatic white balance set; a single red-and-blue gain control for color adjustments; a built-in microphone jack for external microphone; a signal-to-noise ratio of more than 49dB; a built-in battery warning, recording tally and white balance indicator lamps on viewfinder; horizontal resolution (luminance) of 240 TV lines at center; video fade-in and fade-out switch for VTR recording; and an adjustable handgrip with VCR trigger-switch and zoom lens control. Selling price: \$1575.

So, the time's at hand. Get out of your cozy rocker and dash on over to your favorite video shop. Even if you don't buy anything, you'll have a great time looking at all the latest gadgets and gizmos. And don't be surprised if you come home with a VCR, a video camera, and a box of blank tapes; after all, you and that sexy mama of yours belong in pictures—video pictures, that is!

**EROTIC FILM
CHECK LIST**

compiled by WILLIAM ROTSLER



Pia Snow and Jasmine DuBay sail off with Kenny Gibbs in film Bad Girls.

Bill Rotzler's mini-reviews of currently-playing adult films have been running in these pages for more than seven years now. Some of the movies in the following list may already have been reported upon elsewhere in our pages, but this is the way Bill and his nationwide network of volunteer reviewers evaluate them. Their opinions are strictly their own.

As everybody should know by now, the number of X's after the title indicates the degree of erotic content; XXX means hard-core, XX means simulated sex, X means soft-core with some nudity and erotic content. Number of stars indicates the overall erotic quality in the reviewer's estimation.

BAD GIRLS XXXI ★ ★ ★
American, West Coast, 1981. Stars John Leslie, Pia Snow, Victoria Knoll, Jasmine DuBay, Jennifer Knight, Leonora Bruce, Liza Moor, Sylvia Benedict, Ron Jeremy. Gary Raymond reports: "Lotsa really fine-looking quim in this flick. Locations (Northern California) are very attractive. Story: A girl photographer takes models into the woods for photo session. Sex ensues (as one might say) but the plot becomes engorged when they run across a cult based on female slavery. At that point the story goes out the non-existent window and the sex scenes get a bit phony, but the first half is good. Like the part where the girls tease a Boy Scout."

CHAMPAGNE FOR BREAKFAST XXXI ★ ★ ★
American, West Coast, 1981. Champagne/Essex. Prod/dir: Chris Warfield. Stars Leslie Bouvee, John Leslie, Kandi Barbour, Juliet Anderson, John Toland, Bonnie Holliday, Ken Scudder, Sharon Kane, Blair Harris, Candida Royale. Richard V. Grant reports: "Leslie Bouvee plays a successful business woman who wants to live it up but not with a bodyguard. John Leslie plays a horny schmuck out of work who pretends to be a queer so he can get the job. Combines story with plenty of sex action."

Here are still more of Bill's pithy capsule comments on pornifilcks new and old, torrid and tepid, as they are currently sizzling or drizzling their X-rated way across adult screens.



John C. Holmes was interviewed on the set of his last movie, *Exhausted*.

CHERYL HANSSON, XXXI ★ ★ COVER GIRL

American, 1981. Dir: Alex de Renzy. Stars Cheryl Hansson, Nicole Black, Joey Civera. Gary Raymond reports: "Mystery, murder, the magazine biz, lotsa fuck'n'suck scenes with mostly newcomers mark this latest by the guy who gave us (at a price, of course) *Pretty Peaches* and *Babyface*. Fast-moving or confusing, I'm not certain which, but a lot of sex and some good scenes indeed."

EXHAUSTED XXXI ★ ★ ★

American, West Coast, 1981. Prod/dir: Julia St. Vincent. Stars John C. Holmes and, in clips, a lot of his "co-stars" from other films. At this writing John Holmes is in jail accused of complicity in four dope-related murders in the Hollywood Hills last summer. So this may be the last John Holmes film. It is obvious that the distributors will re-release every Holmes flick ever made, but this one—a semi-documentary on his life—has hit at just the right time to clean up.

Holmes claims to have balled 14,000 women. There are man-in-the-street interviews, montages, umteen clips from old Johnny Wadd flicks and other features, interviews with Holmes between takes and elsewhere. An interesting document in the light of recent events.

FANTASEX XXXI ★

American, 1976. Prod: Bud Green. Writ/dir: Robert Norman. Stars Jeffrey Hurst, Terri Hall, Roger Caine, Jennifer Jordan, Juliet Graham, Lyndee Mitchell, Ward Summers. "Story of a wimp go-fer who's always getting lost in sex fantasies, messing up his real life, which in turn drives him to seek more escape in his sex fantasies—ad infinitum. Depressing, but perhaps a valid warning for some of us," warns free-lance reviewer Richard V. Grant.

GAMES WOMEN PLAY XXXI ★ ★ ★

American, East Coast, 1981. Prod/dir: Chuck Vincent. Stars Leslie Bouvee, Roger Caine, Merle Michaels, Jack Wrangler, Samantha Fox, Frank Adams, Veronica Hart, Ron Jeremy, Montana Station, Kelly Nichols "in a slice of NYC life," reports Richard V. Grant. "Three couples, several sex games, and a little story that grows. Refreshingly realistic." Another reviewer, Ron Gaiter, says: "Realistic sex-game flick that is really very good!"

GIRL'S BEST FRIEND, A XXXI ★ ★ ★

American, 1981. Maturpix. Prod: Robert Sumner; dir: Henri Pachard. Stars Juliet Anderson, Ron Jeremy, Veronica Hart, Richard Bolla, Bobby Astyr, Merle Michaels, Erica Eaton, Jody Maxwell, Linda Vale, Samantha Fox, Vera Knotty, Patricia Dale, Dave Ruby, Kurt Mann, Christie Ford, Ron Jones, Wendy Luck, Cliff Reed. "Glittering high-budget film about jewel thieves and the international jet-set," reports Richard V. Grant. "Many of the sex scenes are highly verbal, almost to the point of banality. Jody Maxwell is great in a brief scene." Ron Gaiter also thought Jody was very good and added: "Expensively-done porn—the way they ought to make 'em—just like a 'real' movie!"

HER NAME WAS LISA XXXI/NG

American, 1981. Prod: Robert Michaels; Writ/dir: Richard Mahler. Stars Samantha Fox, Vanessa Del Rio, Richard V. Grant reports: "Begins with a young model in a coffin, then goes through a series of flashbacks on how she got there. Granted, this may have quite a bit of socially redeeming value, but it wasn't my cup of blood."



Games Women Play Features a variety of stars in a variety of sex capers.



There's quadruple sex action in the Carter Stevens film *Honeymoon Haven*.

Vanessa Del Rio really ties it on with friend in *Her Name Was Lisa*.



HONEYMOON HAVEN XXXI ★ ★

American, East Coast, 1977. Written by Carter Stevens and Al Hazrad. Stars Wade Nichols, Richard Bolla, Marlene Willoughby, Karen St. Joy, Al Levetski, Leo Lovelace, Gloria Todd, Roger Caine, Bobby Astyr, Karol Kane, Suzie London. "A new bride looks at herself in the bathroom as the motel proprietor consoles the groom with anecdotes about the motel's history—filling the film with flashbacks. Rather well-done and erotic, for a one-day wonder." (Richard V. Grant)

HOT DALLAS NIGHTS XXXI ★ ★

American, 1981. Prod: Nikolai Lublo, Julian Orynski; writ: Robert Oakwood. Stars Hillary Summers, Tara Flynn, R.J. Reynolds, introducing Greer Shapro. "A *Dallas* spoof about a family of manure magnates and a ranch-hand who makes it big." (Richard V. Grant)

INSATIABLE XXXI ★ ★

American, 1980. Miracle Releasing. Prod/dir: Godfrey Daniels (the old W.C. Fields line). Stars Marilyn Chambers, Serena, John Leslie, John C. Holmes, Jesie St. James, Mike Ranger, David Morris, Richard Pacheco. "Features a few imaginative scenes, like the gasoline blow-job, and a great musical score—but the real box-office value is that Marilyn Chambers is back," reports Richard V. Grant. "The only things lacking are a story and sunshine." Ron Gaiter says: "Love watching Marilyn go at sex!"

KID STUFF XXXI ★ ★

American, 1981. Stars Lysa Thatcher. Gary Raymond reports: "Don't get excited—it is not kiddie porn. It does have

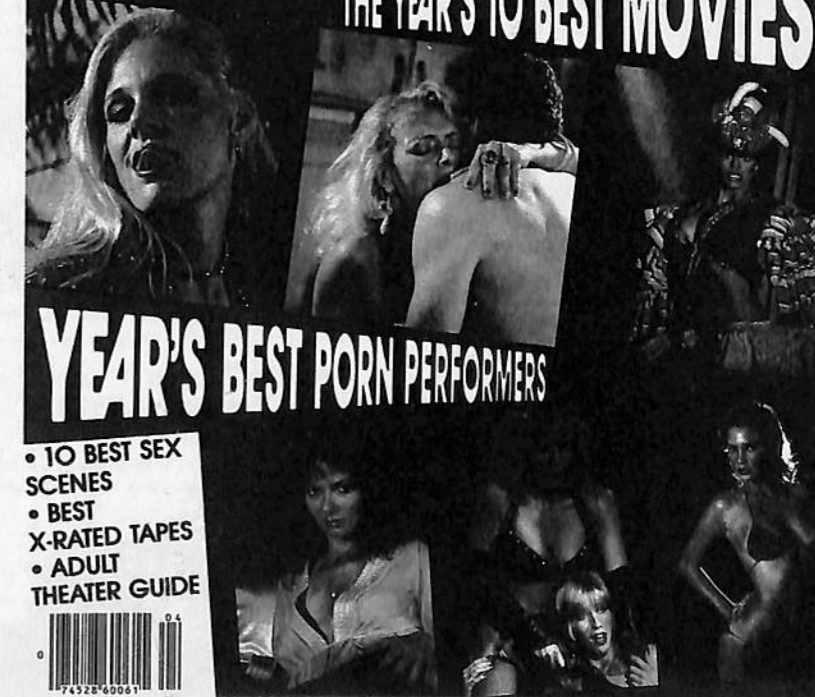
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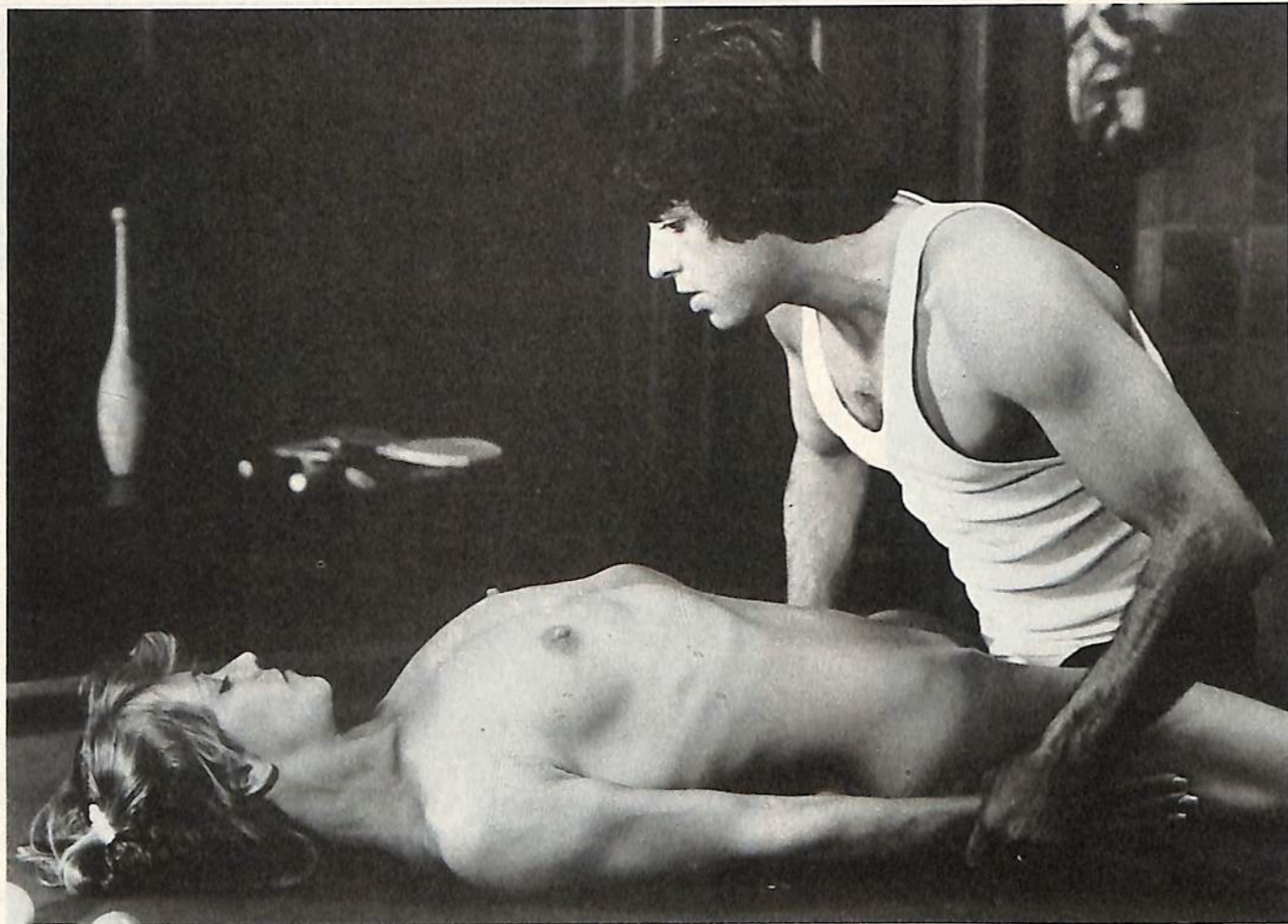
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Nick the Gardener (David Morris) does his best but Marilyn Chambers remains insatiable.

some new faces (and therefore bodies) however. About girls spending the night at a country inn, daydreams of a guy joining them, and lesbian stuff. It's rather funny, well-made, but a weak script."

RED HELMETS INVADE TOKYO XXI ★ ★
Japan, Toei Company, 1981. Dir: Nori-fumi Suzuki. A better effort in the Toei series about the doings of female motorcycle gangs in modern Japan. Reiko Ike and Miki Sugimoto hang it all out.

ROCKIN' WITH SEKA XXXI ★
American, West Coast, 1980. Essex Prod/Billy Thornberg Prod. Prod/dir: Ziggy Zigowitz Jr. Stars Seka, Serena (although our reviewer, Richard V. Grant, didn't see her in the film!), John C. Holmes, Patricia Lee, Judy Carr. "Recognized Desiree West, Juliet Anderson, Jamie Gillis. Memoirs of an airline stewardess. Am surprised to see the name Essex on such a poorly photographed film." Terry James adds: "Piss-poor production—I was suckered by the Essex name, because they usually do pretty good ones."

SEDUCTRESS, THE XXXI ★ ★ ★ ★
American, West Coast, 1981. Damon Christian presents a production by Louise Barrett. Stars Lee Carroll, Lisa DeLeeuw, Billy Dee, Kathy Malcourt,



There's exoticerotic action in the new Japanese film Red Helmets.

Cury Maryjohn, Lee Jason. "Features a bedroom with a one-way mirror, and an ever-more-tangled web of blackmail. This in one of those few that have good sex and a substantial plot," reports Richard

V. Grant. Terry James adds: "Good sex film, the sort of thing that makes you horny and you don't feel ripped off."

ULTRA FLESH XXXI ★ ★
American, 1980. Mucho Films. Prod/dir: Svetlana. Stars Seka, Jamie Gillis, Ty Horne, John Toland, Short Stud, Lisa De Leeuw, Ken Milo, Buddy Owen, Serena, Candida Royalle, Sparkle. "Generally tacky science-fiction film which had a few good moments," says Richard V. Grant.

WICKED SENSATIONS XXXI ★ ★ ★
American, West Coast, 1981. Four Rivers Releasing Inc. Prod: Jerry Ross; dir: Ron Chrones. Stars John Leslie, Annette Haven, Diahna Holt (her introduction), Paul Thomas, Mai Lin, Sonya Sommers, Holly McCall, Suzannah French, Chris Cassidy. "John and Annette play a pair of lovers in an affair gone stale," reports Richard V. Grant. "He is a compulsive voyeur and she is going crazy. Finally he goes chasing a dream-girl at a ski resort and things are off dead-center. Scores with location shooting, photography, story and sex scenes." Harry Willson writes: "Good to see a sex film get out of the city, and some unusual—but not too unusual—sex scenes." ■

THE SEDUCTION

from page 53

still it isn't necessary to seduce a psycho to bring a murderer to justice. There are bound to be a lot of laughs from the audience when Morgan takes time out to freshen up her lipstick while expecting a raging loony to return any moment.

But then, this movie was not aiming for the Academy Awards anyway. It was written and directed strictly for sex-and-violence thrills by a young filmmaker named David Schmoeller, whose only previous claim to fame was another exploitation sickie called *Tourist Trap*.

Schmoeller knows enough to never let things get too boring. For instance, there is a long scene where Morgan talks out her problems with her girl friend. And lest all this talk should become tiresome, they stage the scene in a girls' gym, with lots of naked cuties lounging around in the background to help you keep your eyes open.

One thing for certain, Schmoeller really has the voyeur's sensibility down pat. Morgan is never anything less than alluring. In the scene where she takes the bubble-bath while Andrew is in the closet, she is not supposed to be aware that anyone is watching. But she sure puts on a show, rubbing those suds all over her naked body. She certainly seems to have something more on her mind than just getting clean.

Morgan has been typecast as a bitch throughout her career, and she seems to like it that way. Bad-girl parts in movies and TV do tend to be juicier and more fun.

"Bad girls get to do what good girls want to do, but aren't allowed to," she points out. "And besides, they don't write very interesting good-girl roles in Hollywood. They tend to put the good girls up on pedestals where they can't



Morgan is comforted by Michael when she gets upset over the harassment.

move unless they fail and become victims."

Her bad-girl reputation, however, does not help her private life, or so she claims. She has been married and divorced, but now she lives alone. Men seem to be scared of her, she contends.

"Everyone expects me to act like a bitch just because that's the sort of character I play," she says. "But that just

isn't me. It takes men about an hour with me before they realize I'm not going to chew their heads off. I can actually be quite nice, but just try to tell that to anyone else! When I come through the door at a party, all the women grab their husbands. It just isn't fair."

WITH HER NASTY reputation and her mane of long blonde hair, it is something of a surprise to see Morgan in person, as she is only five-foot-four and appears petite and fragile. When she first arrived in New York in 1971 looking for a career, she was rejected by all the big modeling agencies as too short to be a fashion model. This is rather ironic, as she is now one of the most popular "cover girls" in the country.

Fortunately she wasn't too short to play a paranoid murderess on the CBS daytime soap *Search For Tomorrow*. She was so popular in the role of Jennifer Phillips that the network didn't kill her off during her three years of treachery and conniving.

By then the die was cast. She moved to Hollywood and found that bad girls were in big demand. She had a continuing role on *Mork and Mindy*, and a brief fling on *Dallas*, where she tired to break up the marriage of Bobby and Pamela Ewing (Patrick Duffy and Victoria Principal). She was a gunman's moll in a B movie called *A Bullet For Pretty Boy* with Fabian Forte, a particularly nasty murderess in the TV movie *The Memory of Eva Ryker*, and a "warped" actress in the TV mini-series *The Dream Merchants*.

But without a doubt, the baddest and most popular of her bad girls is her current gig on NBC's *Flamingo Road*. She plays Constance Carlyle, the rich, spoiled, and slutty daughter of the town's millionaire. There is no end to the amount of trouble a bad girl can cause when she has money to boot.

At one point in her career, when she was being cast in a TV movie called *The Initiation of Sarah*, she asked the producers if she couldn't play one of the nice girls for a change. They refused. The explanation they gave her: "We can find a pretty ingenue anywhere, but a good bitch is hard to find!"

WOULD YOU believe that when she was in junior high school in Dallas, Morgan was "this ugly little, fat, dumpy kid with no eyelashes, overweight and pudgy, and wearing glasses"? Well, that's how she claims she once looked. But then she went on a six-week diet of eggs and grapefruit and got contact lenses, and the ugly duckling emerged as a swan, quite to

the amazement of her classmates, especially the boys, who had hardly even noticed her before.

The following summer she must have felt more confident about her looks because she entered a Miss Teenage Dallas beauty contest. That was her first taste of glamor and show biz. Her name was then Patsy McClenny. Then she saw the 1966 movie from England called *Morgan* and changed her name because of it. She doesn't reveal where along the way she learned to be a convincing bitch, but it may have been during her six-year marriage to a Dallas rock promoter.



Colleen Camp plays Morgan's friend who gets a mysterious phone message.

A casting coincidence adds a nice incestuous resonance to *The Seduction*. Andrew Stevens, of course, is the son of actress Stella Stevens; and Stella is one of Morgan's co-stars on *Flamingo Road*. In fact, Stella plays Morgan's mother, although this fact is one of the dark secrets of the show. Somehow it seems right that all this sex and psychosis should be kept in the family.

The Seduction was produced by Irwin Yablans and Bruce Cohn Curtis, both of whom have made their money in the scare-and-tear business. Yablans likes to call himself "The Merchant of Menace" because of his success with such cheapie sickies as *Halloween* and *Halloween II*, *Fade to Black*, *Roller Boogie*, and *Hell Night*, the latter two exploiting Linda Blair's creepy nymphet image. Curtis has made some classier pictures, but has made more money thinking below the belt with such teen-mayhem flicks as *Zuma Beach* and *Joy Ride*.

It is Curtis who is credited with the following amusing statements regarding Morgan's many nude scenes in *The Seduction*: "The nude scenes are done in the very best of taste," says the coy producer. "They are absolutely essential to the dramatic action."

It is hard to imagine for whose benefit this "defense" of nudity was issued, because this film really makes no pretensions about being anything other than sexy sleaze. And if any moral sorts want to complain about that, it can always be pointed out that the character that Morgan Fairchild plays is probably the least bad girl of her whole career. She's really just a nice girl with nice tits, and there's nothing wrong with that. ■



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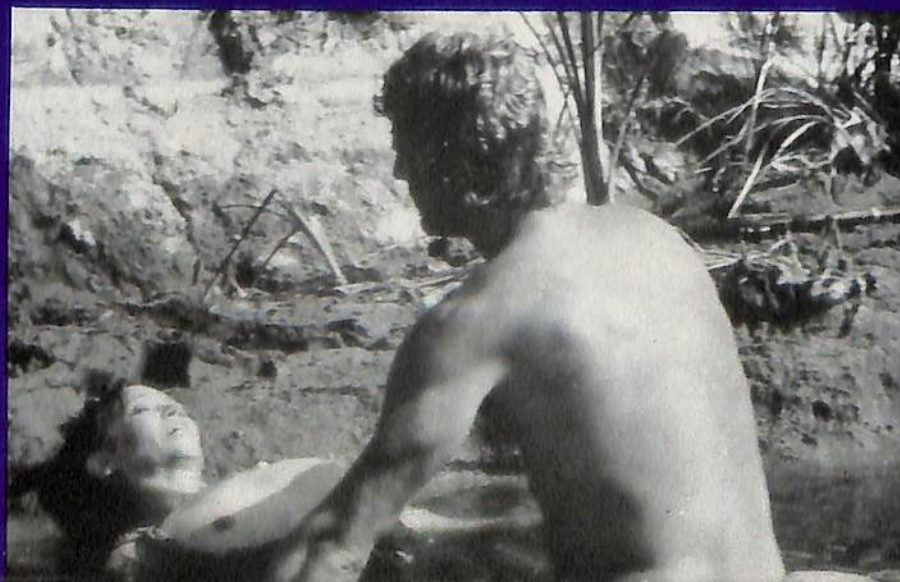
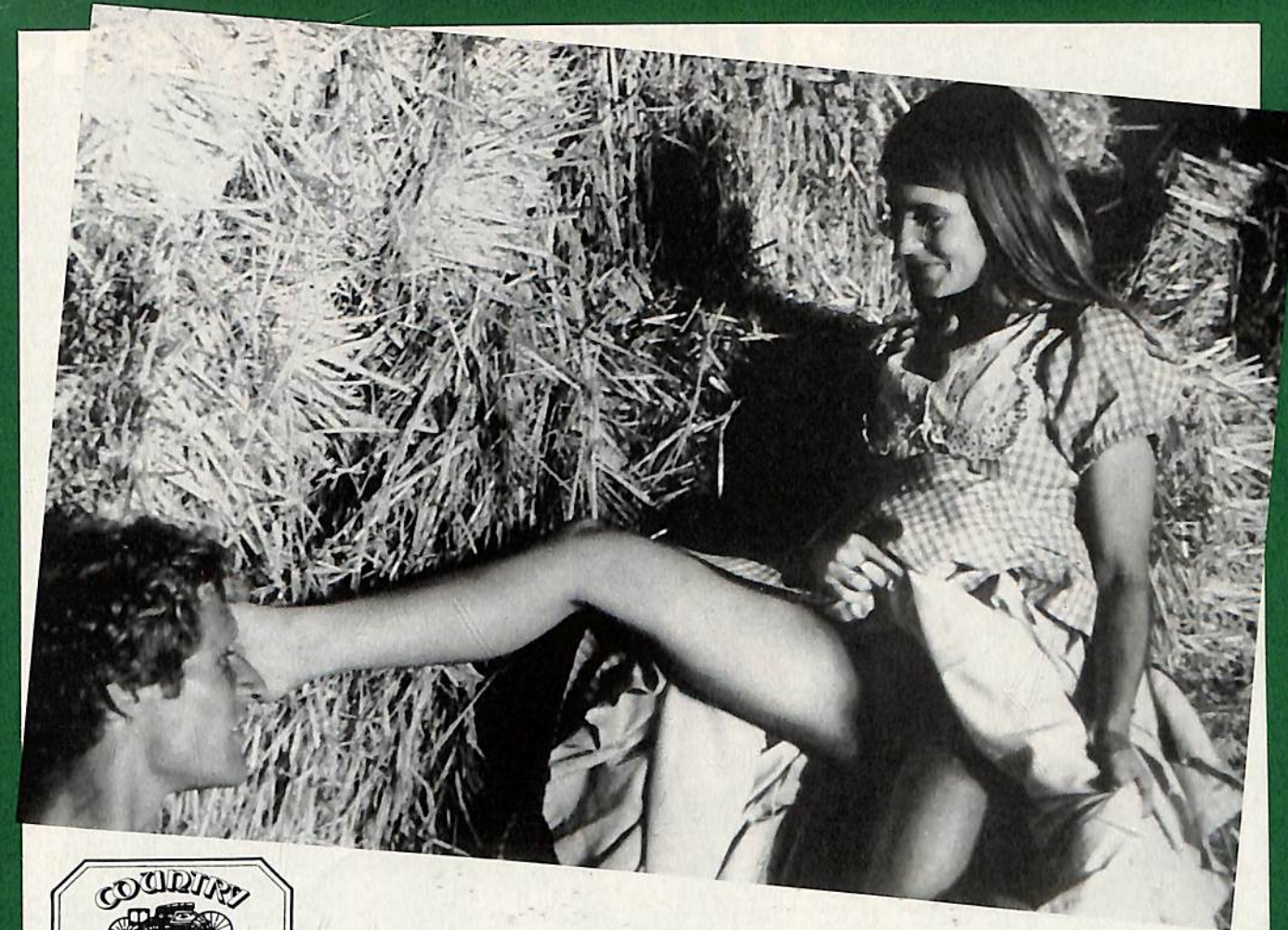
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Produced by TONI ROBERTS

RUNNING TIME 86 MINUTES

It's a period piece, all about lust and more lust and lechery and more lechery on a backwoods farm at the close of the Civil War. Georgina Spelvin turns in her usual bravura performance as the brawny mother left to run the farm with her two daughters and daughter-in-law when the men went off to war. There's only one man around, Marsh the young hired hand, and he's overworked until the macho stud Tom comes along to set things popping.





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SOUND STAGE
from page 5

Misty Beethoven Okayed for Showing on College Campus

The X-rated movie *The Opening of Misty Beethoven* was okayed for showing on the campus of the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Virginia, despite an effort by the Student Association president to have it banned. Randolph Beales, the student body president, originally vetoed the screening of *Misty* and several other films in the W&M film series because, he said, he was concerned that such sponsorship might make it look as though the Student Association Council was "trying to make some sort of statement"—presumably that adult films are okay.

The council overrode his veto, however, after it was pointed out that the 1976 Henry Paris porno classic had already been shown at several universities including Yale, Princeton, Stanford and Virginia. Students who opposed the veto argued that: "The SAC should not back away from controversy; *Misty Beethoven* is a different opportunity for students and should be looked upon favorably."



Gloria Leonard helps to open *Misty*

Full Frontal Nudity Seen Creeping Up on TV Soaps

Maybe you shouldn't be in too much of a hurry to buy the latest and most expensive videotape recorder or go ape over collecting X-rated tapes. If a Monmouth College (New Jersey) psychology professor is right, within the next 10 years there will be full frontal nudity on your regular commercial TV screen right smack in the middle of the afternoon, specifically in the soap operas. And if total nudity comes, can explicit sex be far behind?

Prof. Kenneth Haun, whose academic specialty is the study of TV soap operas, told a United Press interviewer that there is a growing trend toward sex in the afternoon. "As the amount of sex you have on TV increases," Haun said in his office on the West Long Branch campus, "the number of viewers goes up. We're going to see more and more sex on these shows. And within the next decade there is going to be full frontal nudity. You already have it on the afternoon shows in Australia."

Haun teaches a course called "Psychology of the Soap Opera." The 47 students enrolled watch one half-hour of television per day during the three-hour class. They discuss the basic human motivations of the characters and their psychological needs, such as identity and escape, that the soaps fulfill for their fans.

When "Psychology of the Soap Opera" was first offered in 1977 it was an immediate hit. "I expected it would be three students and me watching soap operas in the basement," Haun said. Instead, 54 students enrolled and the soaps course was approved for three credits.

"There was some snickering" when the college was approached with the idea, Haun concedes. "One member of the board of trustees wanted to know why we would be teaching such a trivial subject." But the soaps course has been such an obvious success for the school, at \$400 per student for tuition, that no one questions it any more.

It is mostly college students and a few housewives from the New Jersey community who take the course, which the professor conceived after becoming addicted to soap operas during his lunch periods at home. Haun says he can now fully justify the three credits because: "There is a good, solid core of material now." (He said solid, not hard; that presumably will come later.)

He said *General Hospital* is currently the most popular soap, drawing more than 30 million viewers a day. The "Luke and Laura story," as Haun calls it, particularly attracts younger audiences. Luke raped Laura, who is 19, on a discotheque floor and eventually married her. Haun says this appeals to teenage girls because he believes many have a subconscious rape fantasy and can justify the violent act. "Well, after all if he really loved her it wasn't really rape," he quoted one of his students as saying.

Soap-opera characters are usually wealthy and beautiful, says Haun, and can serve as role models for teenagers' emotional conflicts. But faced with Haun believes most young fans are more influenced by their friends than by television characters.

The Monmouth professor, aged 52, is considered an expert on gauging the effect soaps have on high-school and college fans. He believes there is too much concern about teenagers watching sex on TV. "I believe the public in general, particularly organizations like the Moral Majority, is overreacting. I don't think kids are copying what they see. I am not alarmed by it [sex on television] very much. Most of them can separate reality from something on the screen."

THE LETTER BOX

MORE ON DEEP FIST
I am writing in the hope you may be able to help me in some way. While stationed in Germany I had a chance to see the videotape of *Candy Strippers*

(the uncut version) in a little theater our unit had set up, and the deep-fisting scenes were outstanding. But upon returning to the States and shelling out a couple of hundred bucks for tapes, I find to my dismay that these two scenes were cut from the film.

I would like to know if there is any firm that sells the original version of this film, or anyone in your circle who has it and would be willing to sell a copy of it. I would supply the tape and any fee they would require.

G.S.C
Ft. Devens, Md.

Sorry but we can't help you. Yours is one of many letters we've had on this subject since it first came up several issues ago. We went into it rather thoroughly in this column in the May issue. Since then we've made a few further inquiries and have confirmed that fist-fucking is one of the few definite no-no areas in X-rated videotapes—along with kiddies and beasties. It isn't a matter of shipping across state lines, but of the risk of local prosecution in certain areas of the country. No, we don't know anyone who has an uncut tape of *Candy Strippers*.

CRAVES MORE OF CAROL
After reading about Carol Connors in a recent issue of *Film World* I came across an article about her that told of her appearing on *The Gong Show* and her performance in *Deep Throat*. Could you please tell me any way I could get some more information about her?

B.D
Dowell, Ill.

You don't say just what sort of information you want, and Carol Connors is a very hefty and meaty subject. We've printed quite a bit about her and her films over the past few years. Did you know she recently wrote and directed a film of her own? Desire for Men, produced and released by the Mitchell Bros. in San Francisco, stars Serena along with Carol. Some time back Ms. Connors was receiving fan mail at P.O. Box 1212, Hollywood, Calif. 90028. You might try it, though we can't guarantee that address is still good.

JAPANESE SOFT-CORE

We enjoy your magazine very much. We purchase every issue. In your latest issue in William Rotsler's Erotic Film Check-List, he listed three Japanese films by Nikkatsu. We would like to have videotapes of these. Can they be purchased? Could you tell us where to buy them?

J.J
Pittsburgh, Pa.

To the best of our knowledge, these Japanese films are not available on tape in the U.S.A. The American distributors who handle Japanese releases don't know of any tapes on sale here. It's possible, in fact very likely, that they are sold in Japan, but it would be a losing battle to get tapes of even soft-core erotic films past the Customs of both countries.

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If you are currently buying tapes from someone not listed, it does not necessarily mean that they are pirates. In all probability they are legitimate dealers in the tapes of the various distributors. But make sure you get an original tape. For example, if you have a copy of Debbie Does Dallas, and it is not packaged in the copyrighted VCX box, odds are that it is a bootleg.

Many of these companies have a national mail-order division, sometimes under another business name. The companies with national mail-order divisions are indicated by an asterisk. If you want catalogs or further information, write to them. It is always best to enclose a couple of dollars to cover their postage and handling costs. And tell them you read about them in Adam Film World.



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"His hand on the back of my head encouraged me to slowly lower my head to it, bringing my parted lips closer and closer to the throbbing head. Charles shot his hips upwards eagerly, making contact with my soft eager lips. And they really were eager by this time!

"Now he pushed his prick past my lips and into my mouth, as my mouth opened and stood waiting.

"My tongue danced happily over the slickened surface of his prick and he pushed it even further into my face. My lips tightened and I began to suck on the head of his cock. I felt a spasm of excitement shoot through the length of it and he tried to cool himself down by holding still. But evidently what I was doing to it with my lips and my tongue proved too much.

"I felt him stab his fingers into my hair and hold my head completely still in place, making it difficult to bob it up and down on the length of his shaft. I continued to suck up and down the full length of the glistening white shaft, and I heard him moan in excitement.

"That's a girl . . . yeah, baby . . ." Charles crooned down at me as his hips began to writhe and quiver.

"Make me come, baby, make me come good!" he hissed.

"Now he was bucking and jolting his hips back and forth and his cock was riding deep into my mouth toward the back of my throat. I could feel the wet slickness of his love juice bubbling within his balls.

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Yes, that's Larry Hagman with Gunnar Hellstrom in Sjoman's *I Am Blushing*.

FOREIGN SCENE

from page 49

with Pancho Villa during the Mexican civil war in 1913-14, was recently completed. Mexican and Italian film crews worked with the Soviet filmmakers. The second and third segments, *October* and *I Saw the New World Born*, are still in production at the Mosfilm studios. Sequences in Greenwich Village and in Provincetown, Massachusetts, have been filmed on the Moscow sets.

Miss Rome says it is simply coincidence that the Soviet and American movies on John Reed's life have been made at approximately the same time, and that the Russian production is not intended to compete with the Beatty film. "The John Reed story is perfect for a romantic lead," she told reporters, "and Warren has played him as a romantic hero. The Russian film is more of a documentary. The Russians regard Reed as their own hero, and Sergei Bondarchuk, the director, has wanted to film his life for some time."

John Reed, son of a wealthy Oregon family and a graduate of Harvard, was a war correspondent in Eastern Europe and Mexico, and went to Russia in 1917 to cover the Bolshevik Revolution. A militant socialist, he was befriended by Lenin and worked as a propagandist for the new Communist government. Reed died of typhus at the age of 33 and was buried at the foot of the Kremlin wall as a Communist hero. His fame rests largely on the book he wrote about the October Revolution, *Ten Days That Shook the World*.

The role of Mabel Dodge, who was Reed's mistress for a time, is played by Ursula Andress in the Soviet movie. She appears totally nude in one scene in the first part. Soviet film authorities said this scene is for export only and will be cut from the version shown in Russia, where nudity and sex are rarely seen on the screen.

JAECKIN PLAYS IT COOL

Skipping over to London, French director Just Jaeckin visited Britain recently to promote the \$3.5-million Anglo-French coproduction *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, a Cannon Film which already has grossed more than \$3-million in France and has been picked up by Columbia for worldwide release outside the U.S., where it has opened with an R rating as an MGM release through United Artists. Explaining why *Lady Chatterley* has

turned out rather less sensationally sexy than had been expected from Jaeckin and his star Sylvia (*Emmanuelle*) Kristel, the French director said: "I tried very hard to follow Lawrence's novel, and not to make just another sex film." This caused a row with his executive producers, Menahem Golan and Yoram Globus, Jaeckin said, but his contract allowed him to make the sort of film he wanted, and he is satisfied with the result.

To the surprise and delight of Britain's adult film fans, the British Board of Censors put its stamp of approval on a softened-down version of Marilyn Chambers' latest X-rater *Insatiable*. It was due to open in February as an Amanda Films release in the EMI cinema chain. *Insatiable* is without doubt the most explicit sex film ever to be shown on the legitimate cinema circuits in Britain. Previous Marilyn Chambers films like *Behind the Green Door* and *The Resurrection of Eve* have been banned outright in the United Kingdom, and could be seen only at a few private club screenings.

The 1982 festival season got an early start with the Manila International Film Festival, billed as Asia's first cinema fete of international scope, drawing more than 1000 film industry people from all over the world to the Philippines in January. While a representative menu of top films was shown, American and Western European movies didn't do so well in competition. The Manila Festival's top award, the Golden Eagle for best film, was voted to an Indian movie, *36 Chowringhee Lane*, a story about the plight of Anglo-Indians who are scorned as half-breeds in their homeland. Best Actor award went to New Zealander Bruno Lawrence for his role in *Smash Palace*. Lyudmila Gurtchenko of the Soviet Union was voted Best Actress for her performance in *The Beloved Woman of Mechanic Gavrilov*. Koran Matkovic of Yugoslavia won Best Director for his film *Majstori, Majstori (Jacks of All Trades)*.

In addition to the four top honors, special jury awards were voted by the 11-member jury to Polish director Julius Machulski for his exceptional first film *Vabank*; to the Australian film *Gallipoli* as "a film which combined technical virtuosity with great sensitivity," and to *The French Lieutenant's Woman* for "excellence in script, direction and cinematography."

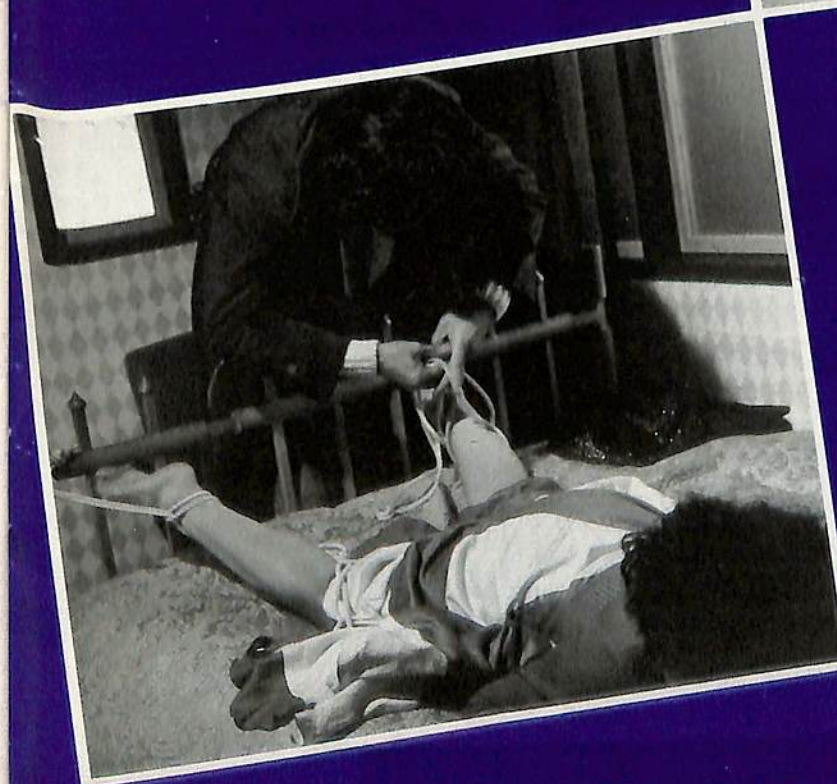
Sylvia Kristel and Nicholas Clay are cozy pair in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*.



INNER PLEASURES

A NIKKATSU PRODUCTION

RUMI TAMA as Keiko
TATSUYA as Shuji
AOI NAKAJIMA as Kimie
REI OKAMOTO as Yuko
WILLY DOSHY as Bill
Produced by RYOJI ITO
Directed by SHOGORO NISHIMURA



While the sex is technically soft-core as in all these adult films from Japan, it's pretty strong fare and is not for the squeamish. What's missing in explicit sex is more than made up in violence. Our heroine Keiko is released from prison and picked up by a horny truck driver. While being worked over by him, she sees her past life in flashbacks, starting with her first rape and then her marriage to a philandering professor whom she murders.



Shaking the trucker, she moves in with a former prison-mate and her boy friend in a quarrelsome threesome. Then she takes up with a vicious rapist who's killed in a police chase. Worn out, Keiko is preparing to leave for a new life in France but she gets mixed up with a wealthy importer and his kinky coterie including a huge black stud, and there's a climactic orgy.

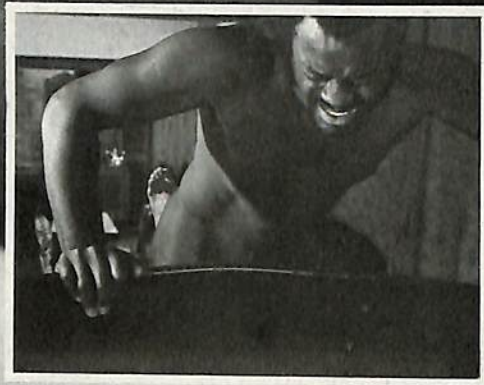


Preview

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