

Adam FilmWorld

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**JOHN LESLIE
PROVES HE'S
THE TOP STUD**
His hottest yet!

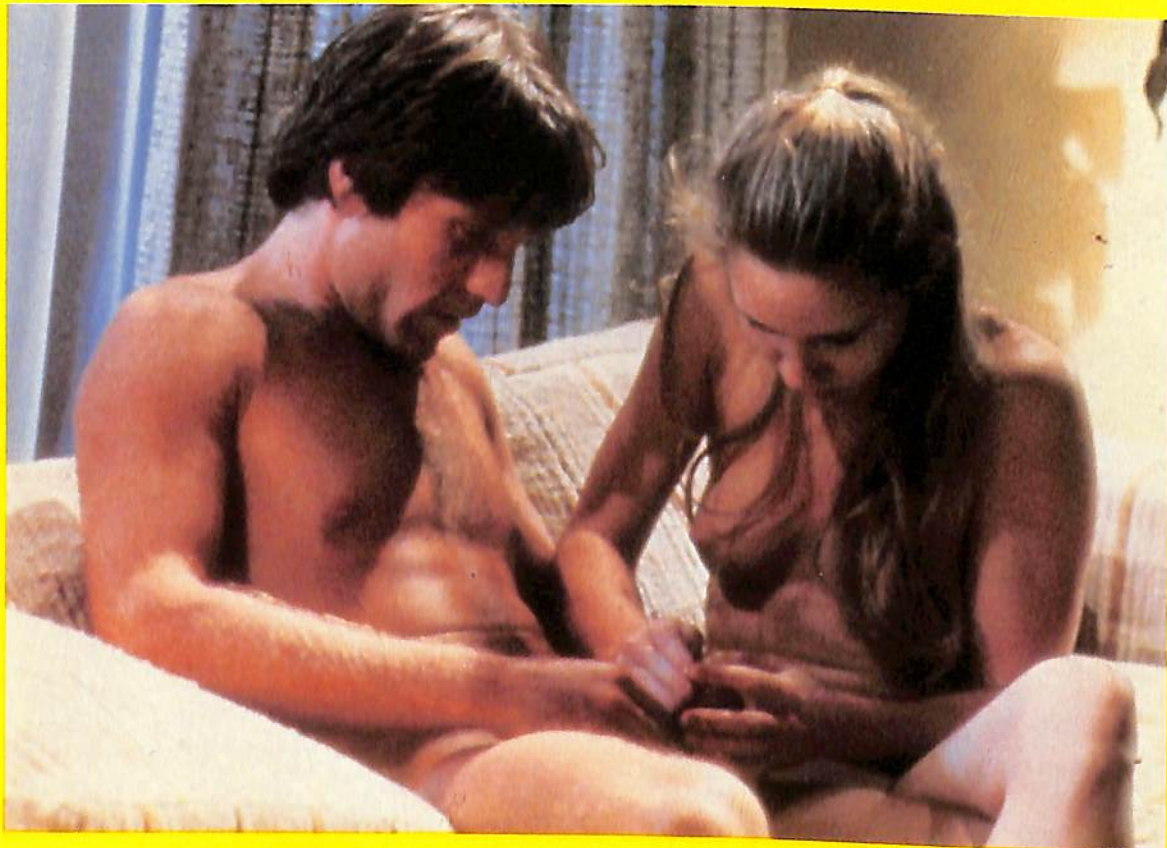


**GIRL JOCKS
TUSSLE
IN BED AND
ON TRACK**
Winner takes all!



**WHERE TO BUY
THE SEXIEST
VIDEOTAPES**
*Watching X-raters
can improve your
sex techniques!*





NOTHING TO HIDE

It's John Leslie and Richard Pacheco back again in the roles they made memorable in *Talk Dirty To Me*. Cocksman Jack hops from one girl's bed another, but this time the admiring Lenny gets a girl for his very own. Co-stars Chelsea Manchester, Erica Boyer, Misty Ragen, Holly McCall. It's our choice for Best Film of the Year. Anthony Spinelli directed.

The Blonde Next Door

Sensuous centerfold model Danielle turns in a bravura performance in the title role of this zany sex romp that centers about Gusher Cologne, a fabulous, potent aphrodisiac that turns you on with a single sexy whiff. A CalVista Release Page 6

The Female Jocks of Personal Best

Mariel Hemingway and Patrice Donnelly do their utmost to win out in the Olympic track trials, but the real theme of the film is their girl/girl sex antics. It's a voyeur's delight, a feast of well-toned female flesh in action. by Mark Mizurian Page 10



Between The Sheets

A handsome old brass-rail bed recalls all the great sex antics it has seen over the decades. Six all-star couples are featured in sex episodes, from R.J. Reynolds and Annette Haven in Colonial times to Richard Pacheco and Veronica Hart today. An A-B Film release Page 18



Snapshots from Beauty

Centerfold girl Loni Sanders and veteran stud Jamie Gillis co-star in a convoluted but highly-sexed tale of Beauty and a real horny beast, set in New York's glamor world of today. Also stars Laurien Dominique, Jeannette James, Kathy Harcourt. A Warren Evans film Page 24

THE BEST X-RATED FILM OF THE YEAR!

NOTHING TO HIDE!

John Leslie and Richard Pacheco are back in a sizzling sequel to *Talk Dirty To Me*. Macho Jack and his shy sidekick Lenny get entangled in a series of wild erotic adventures. Erica Boyer, Holly McCall, Chelsea Manchester. A CalVista release Page 31

Sexperience Of Summer

Two horny young butterfly collectors are trapped in bizarre pursuit of a girl who turns into a butterfly—or is it the other way around? A Nikkatsu release Page 71



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in our next issue

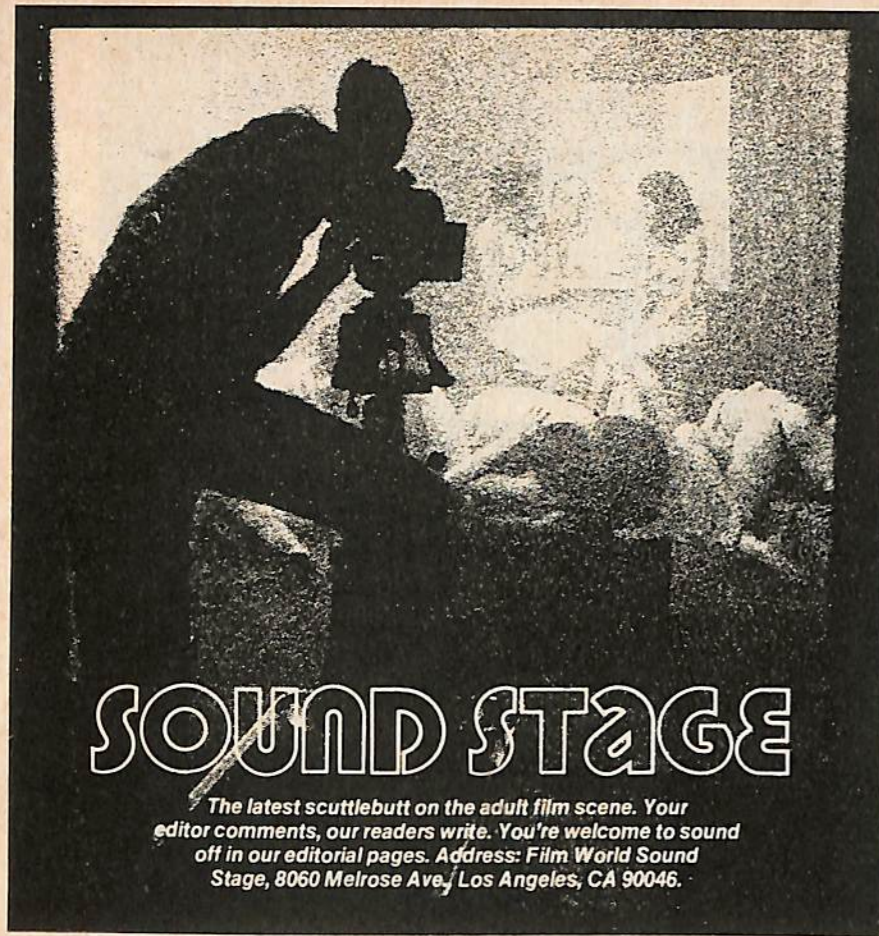
THE SEDUCTRESS and RHINESTONE COWGIRLS

Two supersexed erotic *tours de force* from top porn producer Damon Christian. Lee Carroll is *The Seductress* in an explosive action story of lust and greed in Las Vegas. *Cowgirls* stars Rhonda Jo Petty and Yvette Cole, who turn Cactus Corners upside down with their wild sex antics. Don't miss this sizzling double sex feature!

Cover photo: John Leslie and Beverly Childers in *Nothing To Hide*

Editor Edward S. Sullivan; Art Director Phillip Fox; Associate Editor Jules Griffon; Photo Editor Irving Wimpole; Editorial Assistant Leslie Gersicoff; Contributing Editors William Reitsler, Dan Bottstein, 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.

Amanda by Night, Veronica Voted Tops by New York Film Critics

Harry Lime's *Amanda by Night*, starring Veronica Hart, swept the second annual Critics Adult Film Awards, winning five out of the 13 categories, including Best Picture, and tying in another. The Critics Awards, sponsored by the East Coast Producers Association, were presented at a banquet at New York's Copacabana in March, kicking off the annual convention of the Adult Film Association of America. More than 400 industry members gathered for the gala event, twice the number that attended the first CAFA dinner last year.

In addition to Best Picture, *Amanda by Night* won Best Actress honors for Veronica Hart, Best Director for Robert McCallum, Best Editing for Terence O'Reilly, and Best Screenplay for Harold Lime and C.W. O'Hara. The film, a Leisure Time Booking release, was also represented in the Best Supporting Actress category by Lisa DeLeeuw, who tied for top honors with Vanessa del Rio, cited for her performance in A-B Film's *The Dancers*.

Richard Pacheco won Best Actor for his role in CalVista's *Nothing To Hide*, and doubled in honors as Best Supporting Actress for his work in *The Dancers*. Best Sex Scene went to Platinum's *Games Women Play*, and Larry Revane won the Best Cinematography award for

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his performance in Lunarex's *Blue Magic*.

LaRue Watts and Eddie Heath tied for Best Art Direction for their work in *Blonde Ambition* and *Blue Magic*, respectively. Michael Twice and Richard Milner won Best Song for the theme-song of Milner's *Centerfold Fever*, and Paula and Gerard Damiano were awarded Best Costumes for Damiano's *The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue*.

Veteran porn actress Georgina Spelvin, the perennial Best Supporting Actress winner in the Eroticas, was honored with a Gerard Damiano Special Achievement Award. Seventeen New York film critics balloted for the awards. The ceremony was hosted by Erica Eaton.

Following the awards dinner, some 240 producers, distributors and exhibitors of adult films met in AFAA's 14th annual convention, converging on the Sheraton Center for two days of business sessions, seminars, screenings and other events. One major development was the establishment of a war chest and hot-line for legal watchdogging and lobbying, to combat copyright violation as well as the resurgent moves to outlaw hard-core screen fare. The legal drive, according to board chairman David Friedman, was sparked by the

spreading piracy of videotapes, and by the possibility that cable TV may come under FCC regulation.

At the AFAA board meeting in New York, Sidney Niekerk of CalVista was re-elected president and veteran Dave Friedman to another term as board chairman. Ava Leighton was elected East Coast vice-president, to serve along with continuing veeps Chuck Vincent and Ron Sullivan. Jimmie Johns and Joe Steinman continue as West Coast vice-presidents along with newly-elected Carlos Tobalina. Jim Sparks was re-elected Midwest veep, and Jim Crump to the Southern post. Jack Genero and Dick Witty continue as secretary and treasurer respectively.

AFAA Sets New Voting Procedure for Eroticas

In a move to head off the intra-mural criticism and charges of vote-rigging that followed last year's Erotic Film Awards, the Adult Film Association has revamped its voting procedures for the annual trophies, coveted by producers and performers in the X-rated field. The change as announced by Jack Genero, chairman of the 6th annual Erotica presentations, to be held in Hollywood in mid-July, is designed to "add more objectivity to the selection of the winners by excluding the general membership from the final vote."

Instead, a special judging panel of journalists and film critics has been set up to view the final nominations and make selections for the best pictures in each of the 12 categories.

"The notion of 'politicking' plays a role in any awards ceremony, no matter who sponsors the presentation," Genero said. "By using a judging panel of people from outside the industry, we are hoping to divorce ourselves from those possibilities. The Association will try this procedure this year, and if it works out, we'll continue with it."

The seven members of the panel were chosen by an AFAA blue-ribbon committee for their abilities to provide know-

Veronica Hart and Jamie Gillis in award-winning film Amanda by Night.



ledgeable and also objective skillful critical assessments on films within the genre. The judging panel includes: Arthur Knight, film critic for the *Hollywood Reporter* and author of *Playboy's* annual feature "Sex in the Cinema"; Diane Grosskopf, editor of *Playgirl* magazine; Robert Rimmer, author of 16 successful novels including *The Harrad Experiment*, and lecturer and researcher on sexuality in society; David Rensin, contributing editor of *Playboy* and author of an upcoming novel on relationships in the 80s; Andrew Sarris, film critic for the *Village Voice* and a professor of cinema at Columbia University; Molly Haskell, film critic for *Vogue*, *Playgirl*, and *Ms.* magazines; and Bruce Williamson, film critic for *Playboy*.

At their inception in 1977 the Erotica Awards were created to honor excellence in the adult film industry, and were initially patterned after the Oscar ceremonies. The AFAA general membership was completely involved in the voting process, from nominating the films to selecting the winners. This year, after AFAA members have voted on the nominations, the panel of judges will view the films and choose the victors by secret ballot.

Dept. of Ooops, Sorry! Georgina Is Not Sam

There was a silly boner in these pages in our July issue, and a number of readers have written to call it to our attention. Give us credit for noticing it as soon as the magazine came from the press. A photo of Georgina Spelvin holding her 1981 Erotica statuette was wrongly captioned as Samantha Fox. Tsk! Well, it could have been worse. Both of these gorgeous ladies were honored with Eroticas, Samantha for Best Actress and Georgina for Best Supporting. Anyway, the mail and calls we've received are a heartening indication that people look at the porn stars' faces too!

Minneapolis Theater Men Win Decision on Zoning

Another legal victory has been won, this

time by adult theater operators in Minneapolis, against restrictive municipal zoning of sex-oriented adult businesses.

U.S. District Judge Diana Murphy decided in favor of Ferris Alexander and Vegas Cinema Corp. of Minneapolis, in their suit against the city of Minneapolis to strike down a restrictive zoning ordinance. Judge Murphy ruled that the ordinance was unconstitutional.

Bestiality, Incest Are Rated R in *Cat People*

We never cease to be edified at the things a filmmaker can get away with if he spends several million dollars making a "mainstream" film for release by a "legitimate" distributor. His product is rated R and draws big box-office at theaters and drive-ins across the country and around the world. But if he spends only \$100,000 or so on a film telling the same story, it gets rated X, it's confined to the adult screens, and she's liable to be busted by the vice cops.

Which brings us to *Cat People*, Paul Schrader's new film released by RKO-Universal, starring Nastassia Kinski, Malcolm McDowell, John Heard, and a bevy of black leopards. Yes, leopards. The film, set in New Orleans, is about a weirdo joker and his kid sister, who turn into people-eating cats at the drop of a tail. Here are some passages from Arthur Knight's review in the *Hollywood Reporter*:

"Back in 1942, Val Lewton's original version of *Cat People* was notable for what it *didn't* show. Lewton created most of his thrills and chills through the power of suggestion... But Schrader's version, I suspect, is going to become more notable (or notorious) for what it *does* show. A preliminary sequence, suggesting the origin of the cat people, shows a virgin bound to a tree in a sacrificial ceremony. As night falls, a black panther leaps on her out of the darkness. In the next shot the girl, obviously pregnant, is led to the panther's lair, there to give birth. It's probably the first instance of bestiality in a movie from a major studio.

Later Nastassia Kinski, a cat person, "is invited to love by her brother, Malcolm McDowell, because cat people can only mate with each other; in other words, incest is their way of life. (When McDowell mates with non-cats, he invariably ends up eating them.) And Kinski herself has more nude scenes than any heroine this side of a Russ Meyer skin-flick..."

It sounds interesting. Bestiality and incest, the two big no-no's that automatically bring the law down on a porn movie, are okay as long as the film is released by RKO-Universal and stars Nastassia Kinski rather than Annette Haven or Veronica Hart. Well, live and let live. In our next issue we'll bring you a full report on the sexy feline folk by Mark Mizurian.

Scam Artist Sells Lists Of X-Rated Filmmakers

The Adult Film Association sent out the following advisory to its members in the



Nastassia Kinski is an ominous feline type in Schrader's *Cat People*.

April AFAA Bulletin:

If you have been receiving strange telephone calls and/or letters from persons "out there" asking "how to get into X-rated movies," here is a possible explanation:

Some mail-order scam artist advertised in *Hustler* offering information on how the reader could get into the business. The price: \$10.

For his sawbuck the sucker got back a list of several production-distribution companies, addresses and telephone numbers, with the advice: "Call one or more of these firms."

Among the companies listed: *Evolution*, *EVI*, *Bunnco*, *PRP*. *Barnum* was certainly right.

Harry Reems Rides Again And Veronica's Got Him

Remember Harry Reems, the first superstar of X-rated films, whose prosecution and conviction in Memphis for obscenity along with the makers of *Deep Throat* was a landmark in the early history of adult films? Of course you remember big, hairy, horny Harry, with his macho looks and his knowing grin! Well, he's back and we'll be seeing him very soon.

Harry's obscenity conviction was eventually reversed and the charges were dropped, but he hasn't been seen on the screen for about five years, except for a couple of European-made sex films. Now he's making his comeback in a starring role in *Good Time Girls*, a major production by Harold Lime for Leisure Time release. His co-stars include Veronica Hart, Kelly Nichols and Tiffany Clark. Harry plays a stud who crashes a high-society wedding, and we go on from there. Lime has just wrapped up the shooting, and we'll be bringing *Good Times Girls* to you as soon as stills are available. turn to page 66

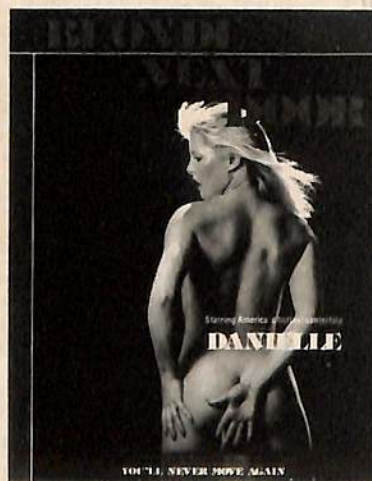
Harry Reems and friends. The *Deep Throat* stud is back in the saddle.



THE BLONDE NEXT DOOR

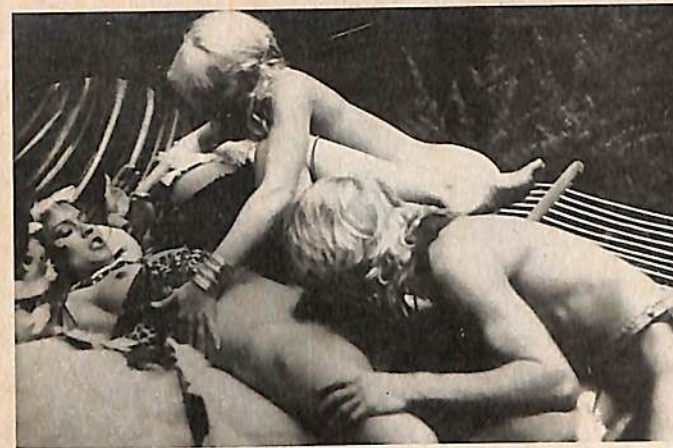
A CALVISTA RELEASE

Starring
DANIELLE as Cindy
JOHN LESLIE as Rudolf
LISA DeLEEUW as Charlene
MAI-LIN as Sara
RON JEREMY as Barry Horn
also starring **ANGEL BURGON**
JOAN VICTORIA, **BECKY SAVAGE**
Produced by **ROY McBRIDE**
Directed by **JOE SHERMAN**
RUNNING TIME 82 MINUTES

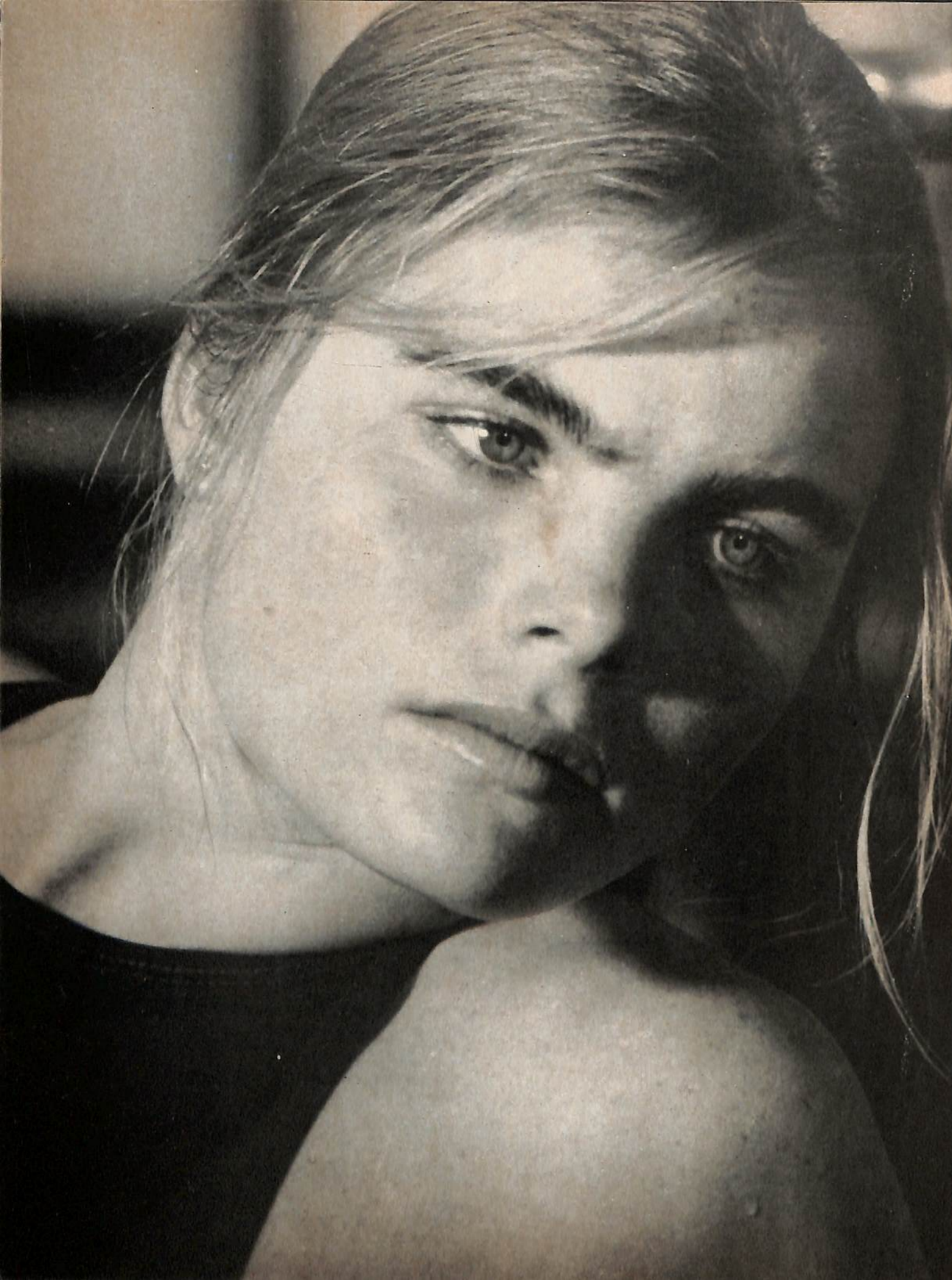


Gusher Cologne is the world's greatest aphrodisiac, and it's the center of this wild, outrageous sex riot that stars gorgeous blonde centerfold model Danielle who is new to the porn screen and is rocketing right up. Danielle is Cindy, a naive young wife who leaves her husband because he's inept at sex. She hitches a ride with horny Barry Horn and he seduces her on a lonely road. She has a volcanic orgasm and spurts her love-juices all over Barry. He finds that he's irresistible to women. Signing Cindy to a contract, he starts bottling and marketing her juice.





The fame of Gusher Cologne spreads overnight among swingers and they clamor for it. Barry is raking in the money. His one problem is to keep Cindy gushing out the potent juice. His own stud services aren't enough, so he brings in pairs of horny men and scores of beautiful and eager girls to keep the orgasms going—until Danielle is finally overcome by sheer overfucking, and the juice stops spurting. Barry is desperate; he's taken in millions in cash advances and now he can't deliver. He calls in the World's Greatest Lover (John Leslie) to get Cindy started again. But it doesn't come off. Barry takes off with the loot, just as Cindy's husband, who has tracked the potent cologne to its source, comes busting in, and the juice flows again.



THE FEMALE JOCKS OF **PERSONAL BEST**

A FILM WORLD Special Report
by Mark Mizurian

THE TROUBLE WITH being a woman athlete is that everyone just assumes that you are a dyke. Billie Jean King's much-publicized lawsuit, brought against her by a jilted girl friend, has not helped that image much, nor does the lesbian-themed movie *Personal Best*.

Let's face it, if you are six feet tall, have a beard, and throw the shot-put, but are of the feminine gender, people are going to be suspicious. But what if you are cute, 20-year old Mariel Hemingway, granddaughter of macho author Ernest Hemingway, and you are getting your pussy licked on-camera for a big Hollywood movie? Well, that's the news. It means that Hollywood has jumped on the gay-is-okay bandwagon with both feet. And while the movie has been called a work of art and has been praised for its "honesty" and "realism" and "frankness," the fact is that the studios are finally getting around to realize what X-rated producers have known for years. Namely that two girls getting it on together can make for some hot action and sell lots of tickets. Papa Hemingway is probably jacking off in his grave.

Do not be fooled by the highbrow quotes from the critics that appear in the ads for *Personal Best*. Hypocrisy being what it is, none of the family-newspaper reviewers are quite daring enough to come out and call a spade a spade (or a dyke a dyke). They want us to believe rather that the movie is distinguished primarily as a serious study of competition among athletes, and all that malarkey. They point out how real Olympic athletes were hired to assure an authentic depiction of behind-the-scenes training for the big race. They talk about the sensitive portrayals and fine camerawork.

The critics can say what they will, but the fact is that this movie is mostly interested in looking up girls' crotches. It is a voyeur's delight, an orgy of well-toned female flesh in motion. And while the girls may be engaged in some seamy homosexual acts, the movie is

watching it all with a healthy heterosexual interest.

UNDENIABLY THE MOVIE is authentic in its depiction of Olympics-bound athletes training and competing in their various categories. After all, a lot of Olympic-quality athletes were hired to act in it, others as advisors. The giveaway is not *what* is shown, but *how* it is shown. The camera is placed strategically low so that when the girls run by we can catch snatches of inner thigh and pubic hair.

The critics can say what they will but the fact is that this movie is mostly interested in looking up girls' crotches.

If this is what we see on the playing fields, it should come as no surprise that we get full nudity when we go inside the locker rooms. Another favorite location is the girls' steam-room. Here the girl jocks lounge around nude and (just like their male counterparts) tell dirty jokes about the foibles of the opposite sex.

The naked girls in the steam-room come in all shapes and sizes, from the big-busted amazons who put the shot, down to the trim flat-chested runners with their over-developed leg muscles. One of the better words the critics have used to describe these girls is "bawdy," and this is certainly true. There isn't a prim librarian or school-teacher type in the bunch. These girls are into developing their bodies, not their minds.

But what makes this movie sensational is not what the girl jocks do on the playing field, in the lockers, or even in the steam-rooms. It's what they do in

the bedrooms that is the big interest. The camera is just as generous here, exploring close-at-hand the landscapes of that well-toned female flesh as it is soothed, massaged, and aroused. Never before in a major Hollywood production have we seen such explicit scenes of girls getting it on with girls. They always used to fade out when these scenes began. In this movie however, we get those full sensuous montages of flesh moving over flesh, the kind of lyrical erotic treatment that is usually reserved for male-female encounters.

The girl lovers in question are actress-turned-athlete Mariel Hemingway and athlete-turned-actress Patrice Donnelly. Patrice was once the fourth-ranked woman hurdler in the world and a participant in the 1976 Olympic Games in Montreal. Mariel has always been an outdoors girl, growing up in Sun Valley, Idaho, and doing a lot of skiing.

IN THE MOVIE as in reality, Patrice is the seasoned athlete while Mariel is the inexperienced newcomer. In the opening scene Patrice spots Mariel from a distance and immediately sees her potential. Since Mariel is in the process of coming in last in a race, one must suspect that the "potential" Patrice is savoring is more the potential lover than the potential super-jock. And sure enough, we aren't ten minutes into the story before the more worldly Patrice is inviting the novice Mariel up to her room to teach her some pointers. Patrice has obviously done this before. Mariel just as clearly has not.

Actually Patrice is consoling Mariel, who is real upset about losing her race. Lots of adolescent tears in the dining-room and all. So up steps Patrice with some encouraging remarks about her potential. Mariel already knows who Patrice is; she's a big star in the pentathlon event. So Mariel is real flattered by the attention.



Mariel and Patrice meet as strangers at the Olympic trials, soon become lovers.

The two girls retire to Patrice's bedroom and share a joint of marijuana. That's always good for openers, and who cares about breaking training and all that bullshit? In fact while they are at it, why not have a couple of beers and really forget the day's frustrations. So they get a little stoned together, then Mariel challenges Patrice to a bout of arm-wrestling. You know, these girl jocks have got to prove how macho they are. They lie out on the floor, lock hands, and strain muscle against muscle; and damned if they aren't a good match. Mariel may not be a star athlete, but she has years of practice beating her little brothers at arm-wrestling.

So the girls are on the floor, stoned and drunk and worked up by physical combat and mutual admiration. Before you know it, admiration leads to kiss and kiss leads to touch. And like any teenager who is touched in the right places, Mariel responds. It all seems so natural and right. Mariel may not have had her pussy licked before, but she knows a good sensation when she feels it.

THERE IS NO beating around the bush in this movie (though there's lots of bush and breast on display). The opening premise has the two girls hitting it off that first night and becoming in-

separable lovers. They are in sapphic heaven. Girl meets girl, girl gets girl. Nude in bed together, they check out each others bodies. Patrice is compact, wiry, small-breasted. Mariel is large-scaled and probably still growing. Unlike her fashion-model sister Margaux, Mariel could be described as somewhat horsy, her teenage figure not yet sleeked out from baby-fat to mature form. But in the eyes of a girl who likes girls, Mariel is clearly a horsie made for riding.

Patrice and Mariel move in together.

It starts with an arm-wrestling bout on the floor; before long they move to bed.



Patrice persuades her trainer/coach (played by Scott Glenn) to let Mariel work out on his squad of girl contenders. They make no secret of the fact that they are lovers, and no one seems in the least bit shocked or surprised. The other girls in the locker-room accept it as nothing out of the ordinary. Apparently, homosexuality among girl athletes is as common as among male ballet dancers (the cover-up of the President's son notwithstanding).

But the course of true love never does run smooth. The coach decides that Mariel is enough of an all-round athlete to compete in the pentathlon event, just as Patrice does. This, of course, means that the two lovers will be competing against each other; and this is bound to lead to trouble. Suffice it to say that misunderstandings, hurt feelings, and the well-known instability of adolescent emotions soon give rise to conflict and jealousy between the two lovebirds. While Patrice may be a confirmed lesbian, Mariel is young and inexperienced and not uninterested in the advances of men. So when a guy asks Mariel to dance at a party, she dances with him and Patrice stomps off in a jealous tiff.

WHEN MARIEL GETS back to the apartment, Patrice is washing dishes and rattling them loud enough to get the point across that she is pissed. Innocent Mariel just wants to kiss and make up. She puts her arms around Patrice, sliding one hand down toward the older girl's crotch.

"I'll bet I can make you drop that dish!" says Mariel, a wicked gleam in her eye.

Mariel is confused by Patrice's jealousy. Why should Patrice be upset just because she dances with some guy? Patrice is her friend, but that does not

give her the right to get possessive.

"We may just be friends," Patrice reminds her, "but every once in a while, we fuck each other!"

All this jealousy and emotion is becoming counter-productive. It's getting in the way of their workouts. It's time for coach Glenn to step in, though God knows he doesn't want to get caught in the middle between two fighting dykes. He gives the distraught Mariel a nice upper-thigh massage, but he can take just so much of her whining about her girlfriend.

"Why don't you go home?" he suggests. "Make up, kiss, eat each other, or whatever the fuck you do together!"

But it is too late for making up now. Mariel moves out and takes an apartment by herself. She avoids Patrice on the track and in the dining-room. Girl meets girl; girl gets girl; girl loses girl. And then something different happens: girl meets boy.

The boy is Kenny Moore, another of those real-life Olympic athletes. In the movie he plays a member of the water-polo team who starts flirting with Mariel while they are both working out in the same gym. They decide to help each other lifting weights. Mariel goes first. She lies down on the mat, and Kenny helps hand her the barbells so she can press them a couple times. Jock that she has become Mariel can't resist showing off her muscles. But it isn't her biceps that Kenny is interested in.

When it is his turn to pump the weights, they reverse positions. He lies down on his back, and she helps hand him the barbell. The only problem is that Mariel has to straddle Kenny's face with her legs in the process, which means that Kenny is looking straight up her crotch. Small wonder that he had trouble concentrating on the weights and almost drops them!

OBVIOUSLY KENNY likes what he sees from this vantage point, and it is not long before he is getting a better view of the same thing in Mariel's bed. Since all Mariel's sexual experiences have been with other girls, Kenny has to educate her about the various uses of the male anatomy.

It absolutely fascinates Mariel that men can take a piss standing up, and she wants to experience for herself what it is like. So when Kenny crawls out of bed to take a leak, Mariel stands right behind him, reaches around and holds his dick in her hand while he urinates. What fun! It looks like Mariel's dyke days are over, as the movie ends with our heroine opting for the good old straight-and-narrow.

The scene where Mariel holds Kenny's dick was one of the last scenes shot during the production of *Personal*

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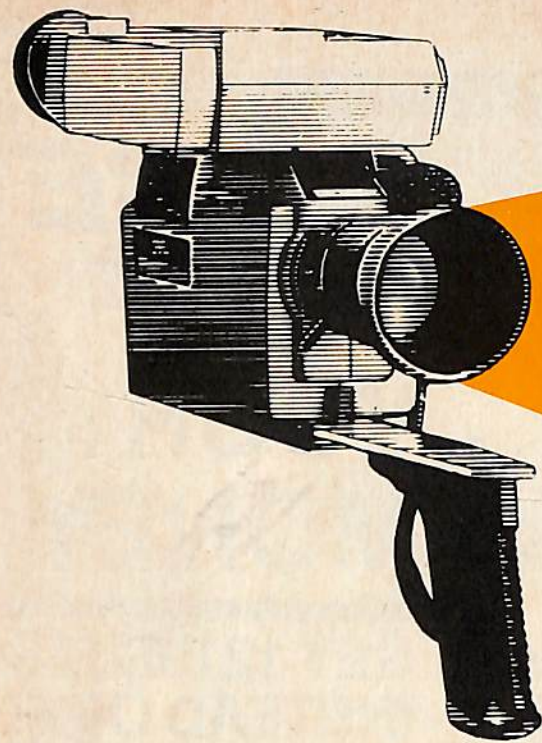
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VIDEO-X

BEST BETS ON TAPE

DR. MARTIN HENDERSON, a Los Angeles psychologist, is a strong believer in the idea that a large number of people in the United States can learn proper sexual techniques from watching X-rated videotapes. "You'd be amazed at how many people don't know the first thing about achieving mutual satisfaction," the doctor recently told a marriage improvement seminar in Long Beach. "Explicit videotapes can teach them."

According to Dr. Henderson: "Many of my patients complain that their mates don't know how to satisfy them. But upon questioning the couple together, I learn that either one or both partners don't know a great deal about sex. One man, for example, thought his wife should have an orgasm every time he came inside her vagina. This is total nonsense! So what I did was recommend that the man and his wife rent or purchase a VCR so that they could watch erotic movies together. By doing so, they would learn new sexual techniques, and most likely improve their physical relationship."

Quite a few people in the medical profession agree with Dr. Henderson's analysis of the situation. "Most couples I've talked to think people should expand their horizons and toss all their Victorian hangups out the window. The new breed of adult filmmakers are turning out highly sensual love-tapes. If more people would watch *them* instead of the violent, brutal films, the country would be a lot better off. I suggest that all my patients watch a good hard-core tape with someone they love!"

Here are the candid comments of a few people who've improved their sex



lives thanks to the coming of X-rated tapes and VCRs:

JOHN WILLIAMS is a 35-year-old dentist of Akron, Ohio. "I've been going with Barbara for three years now. We'll probably get married in a few months, but we wouldn't have if it weren't for X-rated tapes. That might sound weird, but it's true because, you see, before we watched *The Dancers* together, our sex life was rotten.

"Barbara would never go down on me, and if I tried to eat her, she'd push me away, calling me a dirty animal. But after we watched John Leslie and Kay Parker

fucking up a storm in that visually exciting tape about a traveling troupe of exotic male dancers—well, let me tell you, Barbara became an animal! Now she loves to suck me off, and when I don't go down on her, she complains like hell!"

Doreen Chapman, a 29-year-old waitress of Las Vegas, Nevada: "Sex is a big thing in Las Vegas, but it sure wasn't in my life. I never had sex education in school and my parents never told me a thing about sex, which is why most of the guys I went out with thought I was a real turn-off.

"Connie, a girl friend of mine, suggested that I come over to her place to

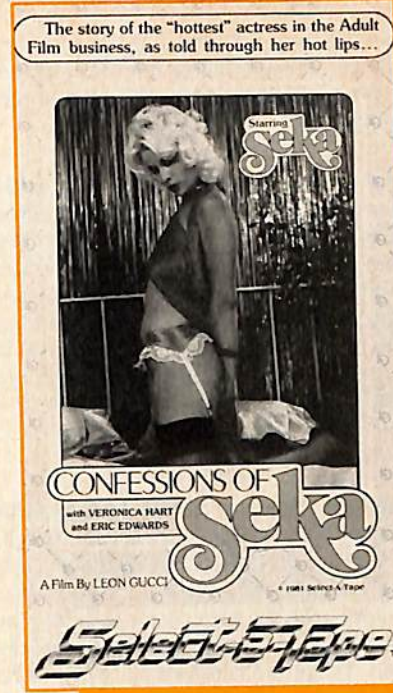


watch *High School Memories* with her. I just laughed at first and told her that I'd never seen a porno movie before. 'That's why you should see *this one!*' Connie informed me.

"At first I told her I didn't want to see it, but she insisted, so I got my butt over to her house. The VCR was in her bedroom. I felt nervous as I entered the room, where Connie was lying on the bed naked.

"As soon as I sat down next to her, she turned on the tape. The next thing I knew, I saw a couple going at it! For a while I couldn't keep my eyes on the picture, but then a funny thing happened—I started to really enjoy the tape! I didn't even mind when Connie started undressing me and fondling my titties.

"By the end of the film I was really hot. Connie took care of me with her tongue; then she called up a couple of male friends of hers. They came over and we had what I guess some people might call an orgy. It sure was a wonderful experience for me!"



Glen Mason is a 52-year-old truck driver of Long Island, New York. "To me sex was always just climbing on top of a broad, sticking my cock into her cunt, and pumping away like mad until I shot my cum into her snatch. Maybe that's why two of my three wives left me.

"Fortunately I got turned onto a VCR real cheap, and the guy that sold it to me threw in a few porno tapes as part of the deal. After watching those flicks a few times with my third old lady, I started to experiment with all sorts of things I'd never dreamed of doing before. I even let my wife Helen sit on top of me while we fucked. I wouldn't have let any woman do that to me when I was younger and less experienced.

"As far as I'm concerned, everybody in the fuckin' country who has some sort of sex problem should buy a videotape recorder and a bunch of XXX tapes. Then all they have to do is watch them. In no time at all their sex problems will be gone. You can bet on it!"



NOW THAT YOU'VE learned how watching X-rated tapes can improve people's sex lives, here are some sizzling erotic videocassettes that'll entertain you—and teach you a thing or two about the wonderful world of carnality:

BEYOND YOUR WILDEST DREAMS starring Juliet Anderson, Lyssa Thatcher, Holly McCall, Susan Nero, Mai Lin and Sinona Wing. The sexy, glib-tongued Juliet Anderson once again proves that she has the fastest mouth in porno. When she sucks a chick or a stud they know they're being taken care of by the best. This time around Juliet plays a dreamer, who imagines a wild party, which is attended by more than a dozen of her horny friends. What goes on is sure to spring your cock to attention. (VXHL)

CONFESSIONS OF SEKA starring Seka, Veronica Hart and Eric Edwards. This is one of those tapes that you'll want to view over and over again, for Seka and Veronica are dynamite together on the screen. As you watch Seka describe how she became the "Angel of Porn," your eyes will be glued to her delectable orifices, which she lustfully wiggles in front of the camera at every opportunity. (ST)

GARAGE GIRLS starring Georgina Spelvin, John Leslie, Lisa DeLeeuw, Susan Nero, Brooke West and Chris Cassidy. There's plenty of hot, titillating sex action in this porno-lover's delight. From the grease-pits of the Garage Girls to the fabulous homes of their clients, you'll see one delicious fucking-sucking scene after another. This is one of those tapes that'll send the blood straight down to your prick. See it with someone horny so you'll have a place to rest that hot pecker of yours between some of the more torrid scenes. (CV)



STARLET NIGHTS starring Leslie Bovee, Monique LeBare, with Sandy Nichols and Tyler Horne. Once upon a time there was a very sexy actress named Joyce whose whole life has been one exciting sexual fantasy after another. This comely tart has the beauty and talent to become a first-rate movie star, but before that happens our spicy sexpot ends up marrying Dr. Leo White. Everything seems to be going well at first, but then Joyce becomes a wee bit jealous of her beautiful, fine-assed stepdaughter, Snow. It seems that Snow occupies too much of Dr. White's time, and Joyce wants him all to herself. Does Joyce get the bigger share of Dr. White's cock? Do the bigwigs of Hollywood beg the voluptuous pussy to become the next goddess of the silver screen? For the answers to these baffling questions, take a look at this new, fun-filled escapade, which is destined to become a classic. (XT)

THREE WOMEN starring Rita Berlin, Jilie Combo and Misty. This film proves that there really is a very fine line between fantasy and reality. The action gets going when three gorgeous dolls meet for lunch and discover that what they need to satisfy them isn't on the menu. As they sip their wine, the topic of their conversation moves to the subject of love. Each girl vividly describes her most erotic fantasies. Make sure you have lunch with these wanton wenches, but be prepared to leave hungry, for you'll never get your fill of them. (XT)

SUMMER SCHOOL starring Laurien Dominique, Sharon Kane, Lysa Thatcher, Lisa Loring and Eric Duko. Godfrey Daniels, the adult filmmaker who gave us *Teeny Buns*, *High School Memories* and *Insatiable* has another winner on his hands with *Summer School*. It is a unique film worthy of your attention. The story revolves around Jamie Franklin (Laurien Dominique), who goes from Virginia to California's Queensbrook Academy prior to college. There she is introduced to a sophisticated sorority where they think about sex more than acquiring knowledge. Besides plenty of great heterosexual frolicking, you'll be

turned on by a tantalizing three-way encounter, and a sizzling shower scene between Laurien and the hauntingly striking Sharon Kane. (VCX)

THE GOOD GIRLS OF GODIVA HIGH starring Richard Bolla, Davida Monroe, Kitsy Storme, Susan De Angelis, Mae East and Maria Lopes. A very fine X-rater, which has a wide selection of lovelies to ogle. You'll see more tits and ass in this film than in the average porno tape. Bolla turns in a fine performance as usual, but that's not hard to understand when you get a gander at the succulent cunts surrounding him. (VCX)

TANGERINE starring Holly McCall, Cece Molone, Laurie Blue and Mandy Morgan. A high society hostess has three "teen-age daughters"—Faith, Hope and Charity, who are actually quite older than they pretend to be; in fact, they're not even Tangerine's offspring. Why is all this sneaky business going on? Check out this provocative tape to find out. You'll be glad you did, and so will your cock! (VCX)

TARA starring Seka, Veronica Hart, Samantha Fox, Jamie Gillis, Zebedy Colt, Ron Jeremy and Christie Ford. One of Seka's most recent starring vehicles. It's a sensational film about a girl's initiation into sexuality with the encouragement of a hip father and his young mistress. There's one hot lesbian sex scene with Seka and the ubiquitous Veronica Hart that's sure to go down in the annals of porn history. (IV)

DEEP INSIDE ANNIE SPRINKLE starring Annie Sprinkle, Heather Young, Lisa Be, Ron Jeremy, Sassy, Mal O'Ree and Barbara Miller. If you love to watch girl's licking one another's twats then this is a tape you should definitely add to your library. The girl-girl scenes are highly erotic and will steam up your glasses!



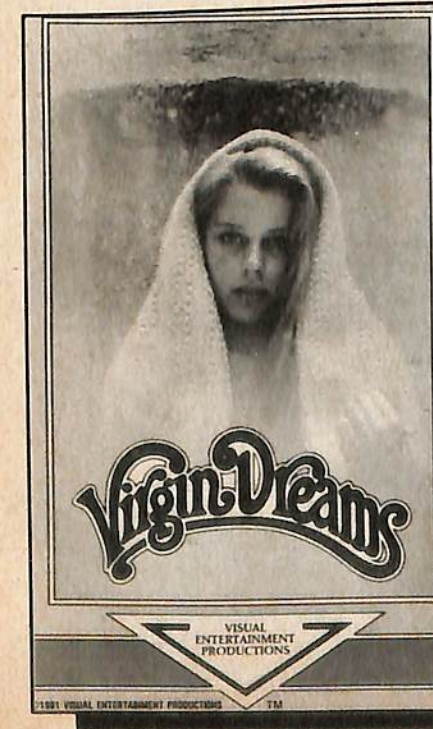
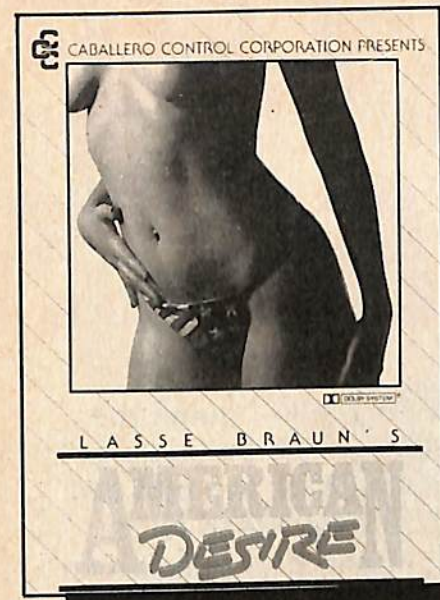
After viewing this one, you'll feel as if you personally know Annie—and that wouldn't be half bad now, would it (VXP)

EROTIC INTERLUDE starring Seka, Juliet Anderson and Bridgette Monet. When you put together Swedish Erotica superstars Seka and Juliet, you can bet your honey's sweet ass that you're going to have one hell of a fucking good film on your hands. This is no exception. What starts out as an innocent camping trip turns into one of the steamiest sexual romps ever recorded on tape. You can almost taste the cunt-juices dripping from the pussies of these dynamic lovelies. It's a real winner! (CCC)

AMERICAN DESIRE starring Veronica Hart, Lysa Thatcher, and Mai Lin. If you want to learn what a frustrated housewife (Veronica) does to get her lubricating fluids oozing, then take a look at this sensational new release. The scenes with Mai Lin are really hot, proving again that she's one of the brightest Oriental porn stars to come down the pike in many a year. (CCC)

AUNT PEG GOES HOLLYWOOD starring Juliet Anderson, Lisa DeLeeuw, Little Oral Annie and Rhonda Jo Petty. When Aunt Peg arrives in Hollywood to cast her latest porno flick, every Dick, Cunt and Hairy wants to get into action. The lesbian scenes are super, and the heterosexual stuff ain't chopped liver either. This sequel is just as good as the ones that preceded it. Aunt Peg just keeps on getting better, so don't be a chump, take Juliet to bed with you this evening. (CCC)

LITTLE DARLINGS starring Lysa Thatcher, Richard Bolla, Lori Palmer, Crissi Dalton, Kathy Harcourt, Jack Teague and Juliet Jay. A dazzling series of libidinous fantasies highlight this sexually stimulating tape. It all begins when a bunch of shapely lasses, who are on



their way to camp, suddenly find the bus they're traveling on stranded in front of an isolated resort hotel. The owner of the place quickly volunteers to let the chicks stay at his hotel, which thrills the lustful desk-clerk, who quickly begins fantasizing about screwing, sucking, licking, etc., the hell out of all the dolls. (VEP)

VIRGIN DREAMS starring Jean Jennings, Terri Hall, Wade Nichols, Zebedy Colt and Gloria Leonard. After an attractive young girl announces her engagement to Danny, she begins to have some of the kinkiest dreams imaginable. Her parents make matters worse because they get their jollies fucking up a storm in front of her puss. The girl vows never to sleep again, but she quickly zonks out and ends up sleepwalking to the bed of her horny boy friend. The two of them get into some pretty advanced fondling, which proves that fucking while asleep is a mighty orgasmic enterprise. In the end, everything works out dandy for the two lovers. By the way, watch for Wade Nichols in this one—he does one bang-up job! And if you want to see even more of him, tune in to the popular daytime soap opera *The Edge of Night*, where you'll find old Wade—under a different name—playing of all things a cop! (VEP)

VALERIE starring Katrina Rexford. This is a teasingly pleasant film about a young girl without a home. During its attempts to find her one, the State Orphan Placement Center sends Valerie various places, where she meets up with all sorts of weirdos. The fucking-sucking scenes are plentiful as the comely young star goes from one sexual adventure to another. Nothing Valerie does works out the way she planned, but she has plenty of shattering orgasms along the road to finding her place in this big, cruel, perverted world of ours. (VEP)

BLUE HEAT starring Lysa Thatcher, Dorothy LeMay, Chris Cassidy, Annie Hall, David Blair and Jessie St. James. This is an oldie-but-goodie with a rare treat for all fuck-films—an early appearance of delicious Jessie, who looks so cute and cuddly that you'll feel like fucking her through the TV tube. The film's about the making of an X-rated flick. It's worth seeing for its historical value, as well as for young Jessie's voluptuous tits, cunt and ass! (VEP)

LURE OF THE TRIANGLE starring Patricia Rivers, Victoria Lee, Scott Daniels and Mike Cone. This tape is unique because the entire flick was shot off the coast of Florida in the beautiful waters of the Bermuda Triangle. The scenery is breathtaking and the sex scenes will leave you spellbound. This is definitely not just another run-of-the-mill fuck-film. (VEP)



Turn to pages 68-69 for up-to-date list of WHERE TO BUY X-RATED VIDEOTAPES, plus Tips on Buying and Caring For Your Video Equipment.

BETWEEN THE SHEETS

AN A-B FILM RELEASE

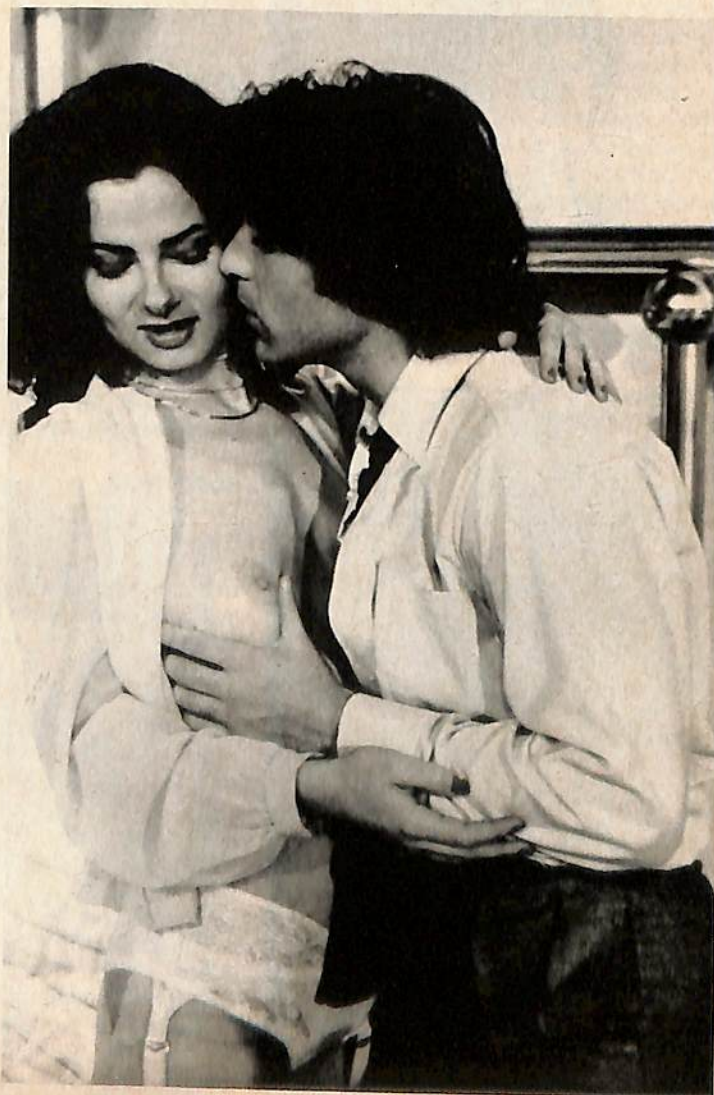
Starring

R.J. REYNOLDS as Lord Dukemire
ANNETTE HAVEN as The Maiden
RICHARD PACHECO as The Husband
VERONICA HART as The Wife
ERIC EDWARDS as The Soldier
ARCADIA LAKE as Farm Wife
JOHN LESLIE as Rico Regato
SEKA as Judy
RANDY WEST as Sheldon
VANESSA del RIO as Shirley

Directed by ANTHONY SPINELLI

RUNNING TIME 93 MINUTES

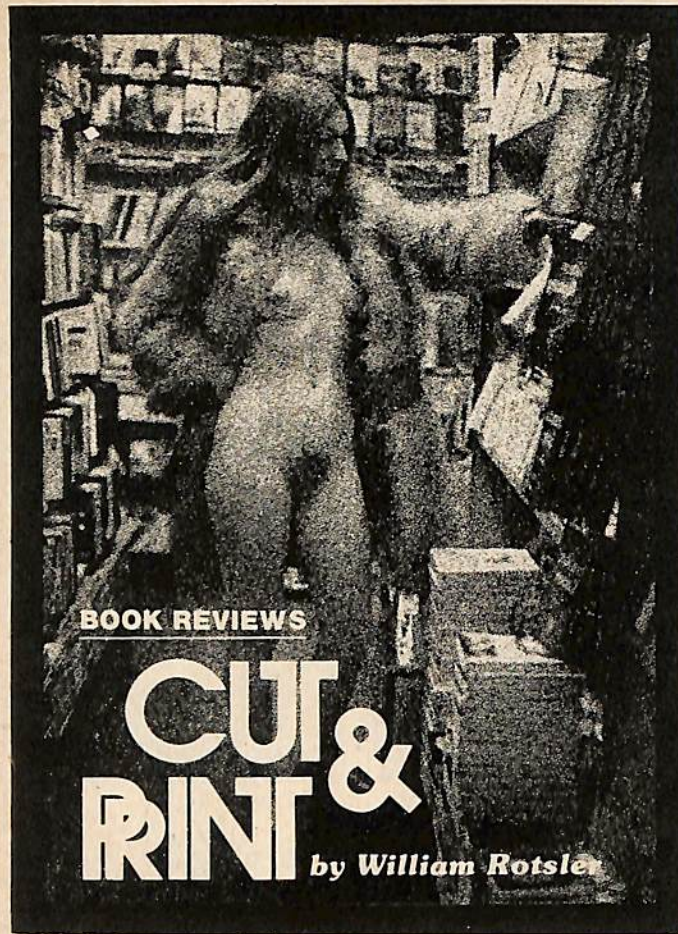
"If this bed could only talk!" quips the gangster Rico Regato as he balls his girl Judy for the last time. Well, the bed can talk, and the old brass bedstead is the real hero of this jumping pornflick which features six different teams of top-flight stars in its rollicking romp through history. The first couple to slip between the sheets are British Lord Dukemire and a Colonial maiden.





Telling its raunchy stories to a fluffy young mattress, the old bed skips back and forth from decade to decade. Here we see mobster Regato and his moll in the 1920s, and a Yankee soldier who meets a sexy farm wife in the haystack. That's Vanessa del Rio getting impatient in her role as a gum-snapping Philly girl waiting for her smart-guy boy friend. She just loves those big brass knobs!





BOOK REVIEWS

CUT & PRINT

by William Rotsler

THE DREAM THAT KICKS: The Prehistory and Early Years of Cinema in Britain by Michael Chanan. Routledge & Kegan Paul, 353 pp.

This documentary on early British film is sadly un-illustrated, but tells in great detail what were the influences in the creation of British cinema. From Victorian magic lanterns to a fact of popular culture we see how it happened and how it has affected every aspect of culture, mores, music, and life in general.

This is a "heavy" book and not for the casual fan of films, but it offers a rich feast for any real movie buff who understands that film is not an "ordinary commodity."

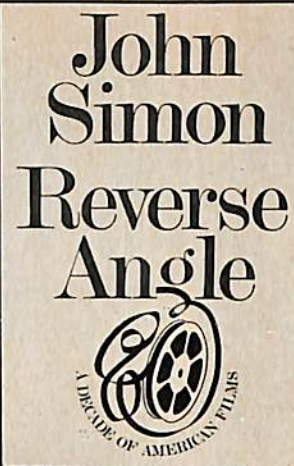


FINDING MARILYN by David Conover. 199 pps., illus., \$14.95.

The author is the photographer who discovered Marilyn Monroe. There is a great innocence—and sadness too—about this book. The author is obviously "square" by Hollywood standards, but he comes across in another way too, in an older meaning, still with the word "square" in it: foursquare.

Conover was in the Signal Corps in 1945, stationed at "Fort Roach," the old Hal Roach Studios, with the now-legendary 1st Motion Picture Unit. His C.O.—a captain named Ronald Reagan—sent the photographer off to a model airplane factory owned by actor Reginald Denny, to take pictures of women at work, making radio-controlled target drones.

He saw a 19-year-old with brown hair named Norma Jean Dougherty and took her first professional pictures. Intrigued by the young beauty, he took off-hours photos, and these were the pictures which got her started. This book is the story of that relationship until her death seventeen years later—another mosaic chip in the mural of a legend.

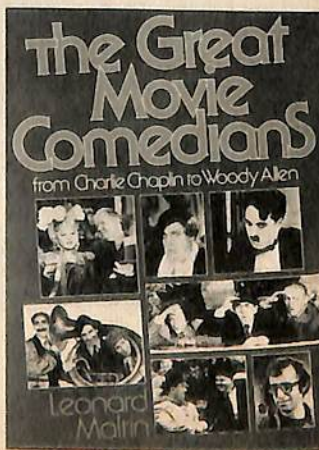


REVERSE ANGLE by John Simon. Potter, 466 pp., \$17.95.

John Simon is one of those theater and film critics most often identified as "acid-tongued," and this is a collection of his reviews as well as his thoughts on the craft of reviewing. It's subtitled *A Decade of American Films*, and it covers a very wide range of films and types of films. "Criticism at its best is an invitation to thinking," he writes, observing that it should be "a dialogue with the reader."

Simon has been film critic for *Esquire*, *New York*, the *New Leader* and now the *National Review*. I must admit it feels odd to review a book of film criticism—but in this amount of space it sure as hell isn't a matter of criticizing it, but simply bringing it to your attention.

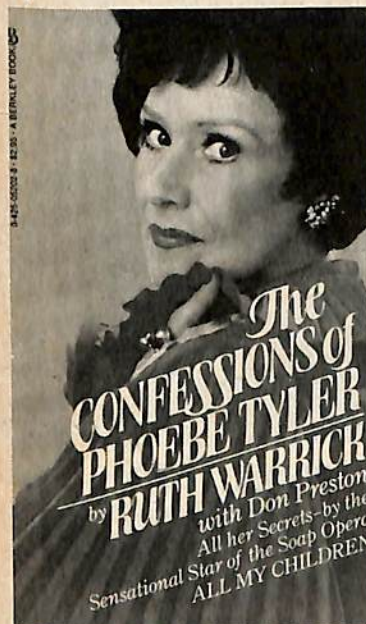
Simon brings a great deal to what is essentially a collection of out-dated reviews. I mean, you've probably seen the movies long ago, but you will certainly learn a lot about film, acting, emotion, relationships and other such esoteric subjects by reading this. And about yourself too, I think—which is, after all, the Ultimate Subject.



THE GREAT MOVIE COMEDIANS from Charlie Chaplin to Woody Allen by Leonard Maltin. Harmony Books, 238 large-format pps., illus., paperbound, \$5.95.

The author, perhaps best known for his fine guide, *TV Movies*, has written extensively in the field and brings this experience to this book. Although dealing with 22 comedians and teams means that each section is necessarily small, he has packed a good deal of pertinent information into it.

Maltin has also included a few comedians who are usually not found in similar collections of Greats; people like Marie Dressler, Mable Normand, Charlie Chase and Raymond Griffith, who were very good but not in the class of Chaplin, Keaton or the Marx Brothers. This makes this book especially valuable. Informative, well-written, and extensive—a book for any one interested in filmic history.



THE CONFESSIONS OF PHOEBE TYLER by Ruth Warrick. Berkley, 239 pp., illus. \$2.95

Not being a devotee of *All My Children*—or for that matter any other daytime soap opera—I had no idea who "Phoebe Tyler" was, or is. But I knew who Ruth Warrick was, and is. She was the wife of *Citizen Kane*. She was the "perfect wife" and very classy lady in many a Hollywood film, and a very beautiful lady, too, by God.

So I read her book, and y'know,

I like it. It wasn't full of the usual And-Then-I-Slept-With stuff (well, a little, like with Tony Quinn, and several marriages, and . . .). But it was interesting.

She (and co-author Don Preston) intercut her life story with very intriguing and informative back-stage descriptions of how, "soaps" come together, from conception and writing, through casting and the physical action, to camerawork, editing and so on. For the fans of her soap career, she tells of earlier soaps she was

the show-biz life, and a lot of other good stuff, is just plain damned readable. So it isn't just for fans of Phoebe Tyler.

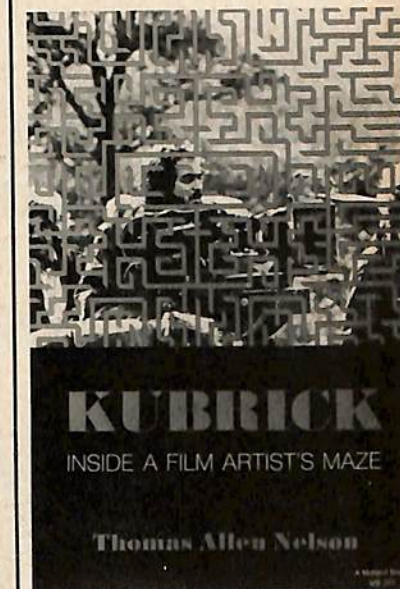
THE HOLLYWOOD MUSICAL By Ethan Mordden. St. Martin's Press, 261 pps., illus., hardbound, \$15.95.

People have often said that America has contributed only a few original arts to the world of music and entertainment: jazz and the film musical. Musicals—



"Ethan Mordden Hall of Fame and Disrepute," in which he lists the best and worst musical films/performances/directors/etc. Also the Most Bizarre Performances ("Everyone else in Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band."), Most Underrated Performances, Least Original Premise (*Alexander's Ragtime Band*), Least Authentic Bio, Best Anarchist Argument, Burger Queen Award for Least Impressive Design, Most Bizarre Person (Carmen Miranda), Dullest Person (Gordon McRae), and so on for several pages.

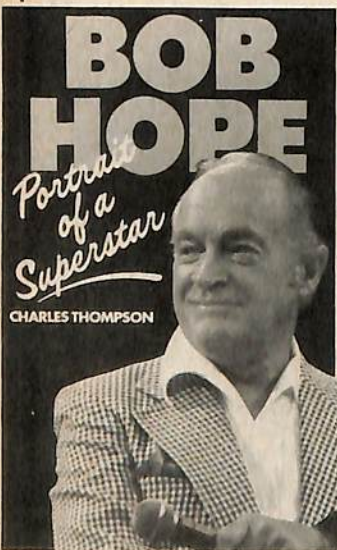
Now I'll give an Award: For Best Book on the Hollywood Musical During a Time when Everyone Seems to Be Writing Them: this one.



KUBRICK: Inside a Film Artist's Maze by Thomas Allen Nelson. Indiana University Press, 268 pp., illus., paperbound, \$9.95.

A scholarly book about a major filmmaker who has had a lot of ups and downs. Brilliant and innovative, unafraid to take great risks, Stanley Kubrick has produced a great number of unusual films: *The Killing*, *Paths of Glory*, *Barry Lyndon*, *A Clockwork Orange*, *The Shining*, and the film many think is the best (certainly the most cerebral) science fiction film, *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

Nelson writes about Kubrick as an adapter of other people's writings, of his commitment to film as a narrative art, and the way how, in his early films, he reshaped conventional plots. A serious book of interest to the serious film buff and would-be filmmaker, but I don't think it's for the casual fan.



BOB HOPE: Portrait of a Superstar by Charles Thompson. St. Martin Press, 250 pp., illus., \$9.95

A detailed and interesting biography of one of our true superstar entertainers. Born in 1903, Hope has been a star most of his life and author Thompson gives us a very detailed account of events, remarks, shows, even typical jokes. It is a book about a man, not just a show-biz personality, so Hope's family, politics, religion, etc., are brought in as

well.

A well-rounded, interesting book about the development of superstar Hope, his machine-gun delivery, his thoughts on acting, awards, show business, war, soldiers and many other things.

GROWING UP WITH CHICO by Maxine Marx. Prentice Hall, 181 pp., illus., \$9.95.

Chico's daughter writes a pleasant biography of one-third (or one-fourth, depending on how you look it) of the Marx Brothers. This is the first book about the "Italian" one, and we can see why.

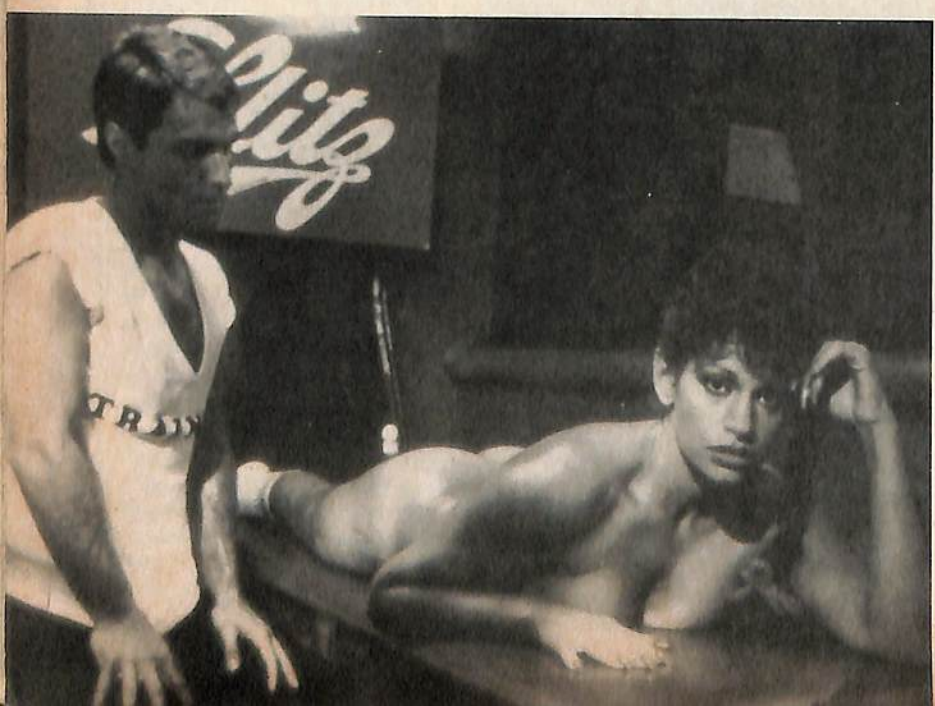
Chico was probably a nice man to know—kind, funny, antic—but he didn't have the hot personality of either Harpo or Groucho. He was whimsical, a notorious womanizer and a compulsive gambler. It was Chico who was the main guide in the path of success, yet he died broke.

There's a bonus here—seeing Groucho and Harpo off-stage as well as historically. The horse-player has center stage in this biography, and while interesting, it is not a riveting narrative. But probably a must-read for any Marx Brothers fan who can call a grease-paint moustache his own.

Snapshots from BEAUTY



This updated version of the old fairy tale of Beauty and the Beast is half reality, half fantasy, and all sex. Beauty and her sisters Faith and Hope get caught up in non-stop sex action that's both acrobatic and strenuous. Beauty is a California girl whose father gambles away his fortune; the Beast is Martin Gross, wealthy New York City sex merchant.



A WARREN EVANS FILM

Starring
LONI SANDERS as Beauty Mara
LAURIEN DOMINIQUE as Faith Mara
JEANETTE JAMES as Hope Mara
VANESSA del RIO as Judy Lopez
VERONICA HART as Ann
JAMIE GILLIS as Martin Gross
MICHAEL MORRISON as Barry
MAI-LIN as Madame Wu
HERSCHEL SAVAGE as The Butler
SARA CRUZ as The Maid
RON HUDD as The Coach
GEORGE PAYNE as The Trainer
BILL McKEAN as The Boy Friend
 Produced by **WARREN EVANS**
 Directed by **WARREN EVANS**



**BEAUTY KNOWS
HOW TO TAME
THE BEAST!**

BEAUTY

Starring
LONI SANDERS
 PENTHOUSE "PET OF THE MONTH"
 AND HIGH SOCIETY CENTERFOLD

In Color ADULTS ONLY



BEAUTY KNOWS HOW TO TAME THE BEAST!



BEAUTY Starring
LONI SANDERS
PENTHOUSE "PET OF THE MONTH"
AND HIGH SOCIETY CENTERFOLD
Also Starring Vanessa del Rio
Veronica Hart Laurien Dominique Mai Lin
Jeanette James George Payne
Paul Thomas and Jamie Gillis as the "Beast"
Produced and Directed by Warren Evans
In Color ADULTS ONLY

BEAUTY KNOWS HOW TO TAME THE BEAST!
BEAUTY Starring
LONI SANDERS
PENTHOUSE "PET OF THE MONTH"
AND HIGH SOCIETY CENTERFOLD
In Color ADULTS ONLY



The Beast agrees to spare Beauty's father from ruin if she will come to live with him. He won't lay a hand on her; but she must watch his antics with other women. Beauty does so and she gets mixed up in bizarre capers, half real, half fantastic dreams. Her jealous sisters complicate things, but all works out happily in the end.



HOLLYWOOD HOT-LINE



Curtis pushing for new film roles; Caan battling gambling habit; Randy Jackson recovering from auto injuries; Redford, Streisand plan musical.

by LEO GUILD



Bo Derek says the gossip about her and John's "open marriage" just isn't true.

NO MATTER WHAT you hear, the Bo Derek marriage isn't an open marriage. Of course, no one can prove it, but since Bo says so—she wouldn't lie, now would she?... The Shecky Green and Nalani Keele divorce coming up is a real dirty one. Both have changed lawyers in mid-stream... Just like you and me, Frank Sinatra has a touch of arthritis, only he does something about it—like \$500-per-visit doctor bills... Are you aware that the morals clauses in actors' and actresses' contracts are becoming more strict all the time? And the Actor's Guild is fighting it behind the scenes. Perhaps Ed Asner ought to get involved in that one... And, talking of contracts, John Travolta's current pact states that he cannot grow a beard or mustache for any forthcoming picture.

Frank Capra's recipe for a long healthy life isn't new. His advice is to keep busy from when you get up to when you go to bed, and enjoy what you're doing... Next season's television will get into the Western cycle again—several cowboy shows are in the works... The rumor is that Ray Anthony has got himself a new house up in the hills after some 25 years living in the San Fernando Valley.

Someone said about Bob Hope's new Palm Springs desert home that you don't measure the floor-space in feet, you measure it in miles... John Forsythe has all those great TV roles, but what he likes best is putting two dollars on a nag, preferably his own... There are now 28 publications that deal entirely with daytime television and the soap operas. Most of them are in the black, too... What is the most secretive part of Hollywood? Why it's Brooke Shield's

Frank Sinatra looks active here but now he's suffering from arthritis pains.



sex life—or, if you want, her dating life. She really plays it close to the vest, and that vest is top-value property for what it covers.

IT'S PETER FALK'S contention that anything but comedies wears an actor out, so he'll slant in that direction for a while... The J. Walter Thompson org, trying to find the most beautiful girl in pictures, surveyed through their offices on both coasts and came up with the name of Jaclyn Smith. Not a bad choice... The L.A. Press Club has decided that they want no more controversial speakers there. It causes problems in the ranks... Piper Laurie, after two years of charity work, is deep in picture production again. She has always says fate smiles kindly on her when it comes to movie jobs... More about "Live Nude Girl"—that's the name of the new rock group. Where will it all stop? Another new one is "The Noise"... Concert violinist Jamie Land and Ken Hartford, movie producer, are thinking about going all the way... Jack Lemmon is one actor who always gives the producer a list of the people he likes to work with. That includes people in front of the camera and people behind the camera. He knows how to stay out of trouble...



Brooke Shields, pictured here in Blue Lagoon, keeps her private life secret.

Over at Filmways some of the stationery has printed on it, *Financial Restraint*, as a reminder to producers to take it easy on the budget... Farah Fawcett has told her agent that she'd prefer TV shows and pictures where she doesn't have to rough it. She's been bumped, bruised, scratched, kicked, and prefers not to be... You'd be surprised how cooperative the White House is about interviews with The Prez. If it's any big name and the questions can be seen beforehand, The Prez will do it...

SUSAN STRASBERG'S biography *Bittersweet* is up for bids; it should take a rather low one and it'll become a movie... Another biography that is getting a play is *Bahama Fever* by Lolita Armbrewster. It's



Jack Lemmon makes a point of working only with people with whom he gets along.

her life with a well-known U.S. Senator... They've finally made it coast-to-coast with a movie coming up called *Hollywood Goes Broadway*. Stanton Owen thought it up before... James Caan of his own accord has cut off his credit at the Vegas hotels. He couldn't take the roulette table losses... Great double feature we saw — *Hair* and *Grease*... Would you believe that Joan Kennedy, Senator Kennedy's wife, has hired an expensive public relations firm?... Several of our states now put up some of the money for motion picture production, just like foreign countries do. Some of them even pay most of the below-the-line costs.

Randy Jackson of the Jackson Soul Group is recovering from an auto wreck and surgery. He had a relapse and is recovering again... Is motion picture business good? After *Atlantic City* got all those awards, we went to a Santa Monica movie theatre on a Monday night. We were the only couple there watching the movie for several hours... To show the difference in audiences all over the country, the play *Gypsy* goes great in New York, Chicago, Miami and Los Angeles. Elsewhere, it doesn't do good at all. There have been

Jeff Bridges has formed a production company in Germany to save on taxes.



eight touring companies of the play... Debbie Boone, now a mother is spending lots of time doing the voices behind comic cartoons. It's work she likes to do, but what a difference from her lyrical past.

THE OTIS CHANDLER (*L.A. Times*) home in San Marino has sold for \$2,500,000... We're told that Bette Midler has priced herself out of the market as far as concerts are concerned, but she can still get the big bucks from the movies... That Caribbean diet has worked well for Harry Belafonte—

them... Coming up will be a Robert Redford-Barbra Streisand musical if they can put enough money together. Initial budget is \$20 million.

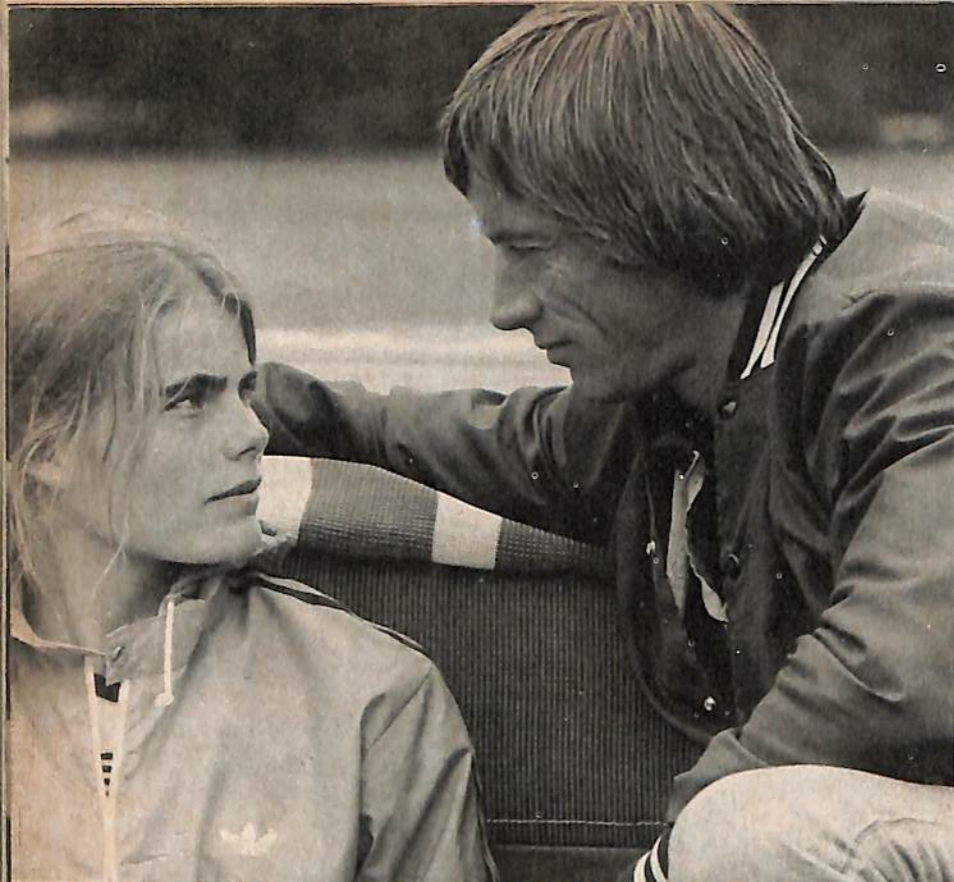
STRANGE THAT Elizabeth Taylor is starring in *The Little Foxes*. In her first marriage to Nicky Hilton, he called her "the little fox" as an endearment, and that was some 30 years ago... Loni Anderson has insomnia and the worst kind. She can only sleep in little catnaps here and there. Lucky she's an avid reader when she's not working, which



Loni Anderson: Would you believe she has insomnia and spends hours reading in bed?

he has never had a cold in his life. Also, he hasn't put on a pound in 15 years... Spot advertising on television, which has gone up in price over the years, has finally hit its peak and is even panning off a little... Rich Little has added Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas to his night-club repertoire and both with very funny dialogue. Also, Rich does a great imitation of a star accepting an Oscar. That's new, too... Jeff Bridges has formed his own production company in Frankfurt, Germany, and is getting all kinds of tax-breaks. Sooner or later a lot of the production-minded stars will flock to Europe unless taxes are made a little easier for

is not often... Katharine Hepburn eats all of her meals at home. She says: "I won't spend the kind of money they're asking outside, when I can make dinner for one-tenth of the price!" Of course, Katherine has a nice chunk of money in the bank... You know what it takes to fix a Rolls Royce fender? Twelve hundred dollars—for a scratch, that is. Ask Sheldon Leonard, he knows. He got his Rolls scratched by a head-on bump... Who's the hardest worker in Hollywood? Anyone will tell you that it's Tony Curtis. If he isn't actually before the cameras, he's working trying to get jobs. He's still possessed by ambition at this age.



Mariel confronts her demanding coach, played by Scott Glenn, at the high-jump pit.

FEMALE JOCKS

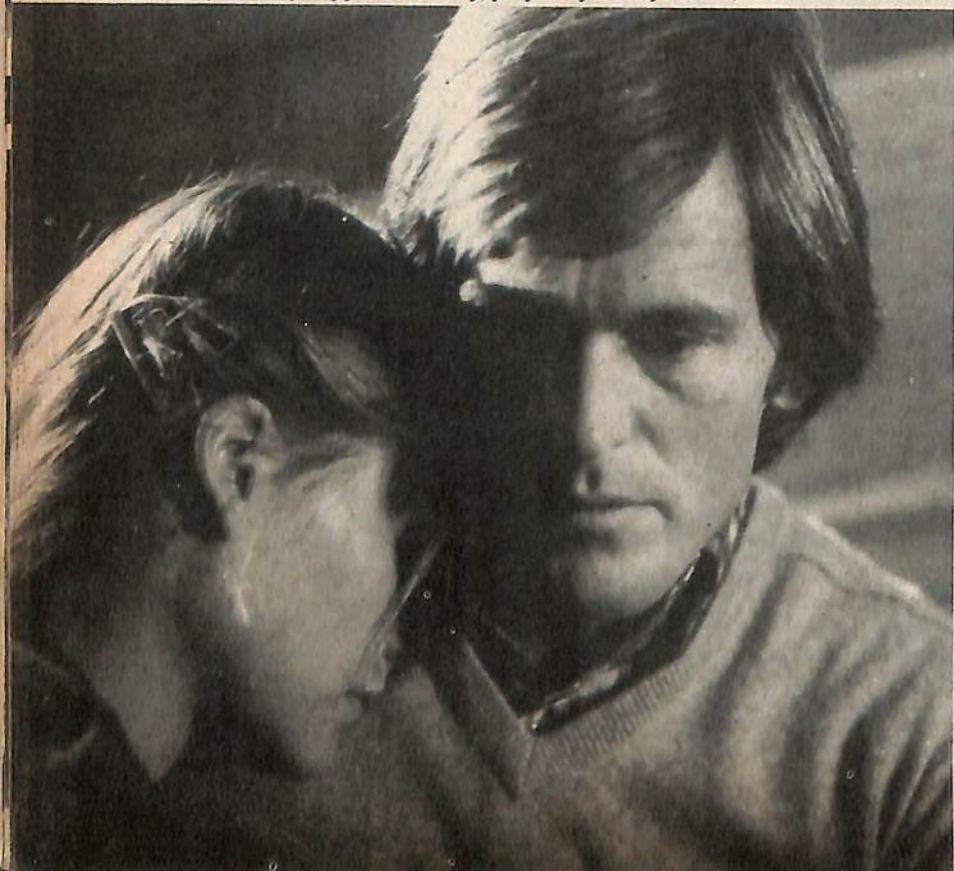
from page 13

Best. Kenny Moore, who had never intended to be an actor, was not looking forward to doing it. The former athlete is now a writer for *Sports Illustrated*, and the idea of standing around naked all day waiting for a 20-year-old actress to help him take a piss was not his idea

of fun. Suppose he got a case of bashful bladder? They might have to shoot take after take waiting for him to piss on cue! Mariel for her part found the whole business very funny. After all, she had already done all her nude scenes. On a picture like this, you just have to get over being bashful about such things.

"Kenny wanted to do that scene about as much as a nun wants the

Mariel is comforted by boy friend Denny, played by Kenny Moore, in a tender moment.



clap," recalls writer-director Robert Towne. "Kenny was the most reluctant princess you've ever seen. I had to really persuade him. But he did it finally, and he was absolutely wonderful."

Towne previously won an Academy Award for his screenplay of *Chinatown*, but *Personal Best* is his first film as a director. Consequently he had not had much experience doing nude scenes nor sex scenes either. One idea he had was to have the whole crew strip during the nude scenes, so the actors would not feel self-conscious. But Mariel nixed this idea because she felt she wouldn't be able to stop laughing if she was surrounded by a lot of guys checking the lights and camera-angles with their dicks hanging out.

Towne got the idea for *Personal Best* in 1976 while he was lifting weights in a gym at UCLA.

"I was struggling away at some weights," he recalls, "and out of the corner of my eye I looked over and saw 140 pounds going up and down like they were nothing. Whew, I thought, that guy's really strong! Then the guy got up, and it was a woman!"

Tactfully, Towne has denied that he based the lesbian relationship of the movie on any real women jocks he met.

THE WOMAN WAS Jane Frederick, a two-time Olympic contender in the pentathlon and the American record holder. Towne and Frederick struck up a friendship, and he became fascinated by the idea of lady athletes in the male track world. Over the next several months, Frederick introduced him to other prominent women athletes whom he talked to and watched. Out of these conversations came the script for *Personal Best*.

Tactfully, Towne has denied that he based the lesbian relationship of the movie on any of the real women jocks he met. He claims that his inspiration for the gay elements of the story was a movie called *The Trials of Oscar Wilde*, which emphasized the dangers of homosexual love.

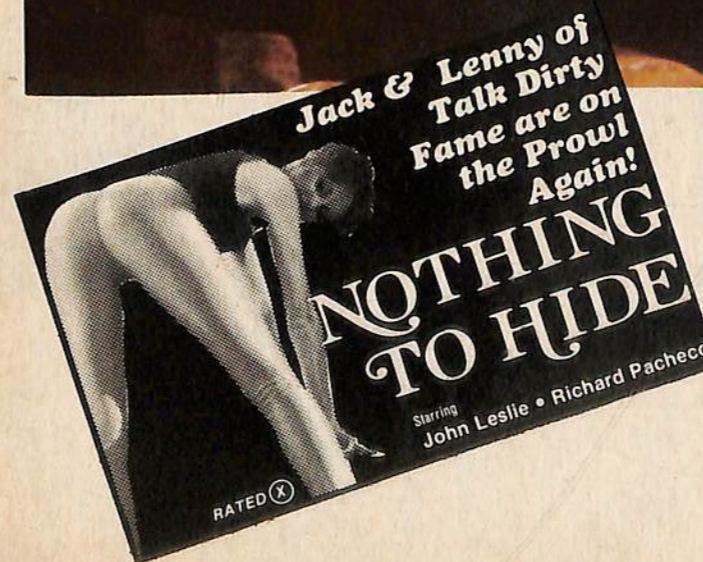
"I was struck with the idea that only in a so-called deviant relationship would it be possible to express anything romantic between two people," Towne contends. "There's so little danger in

turn to page 50

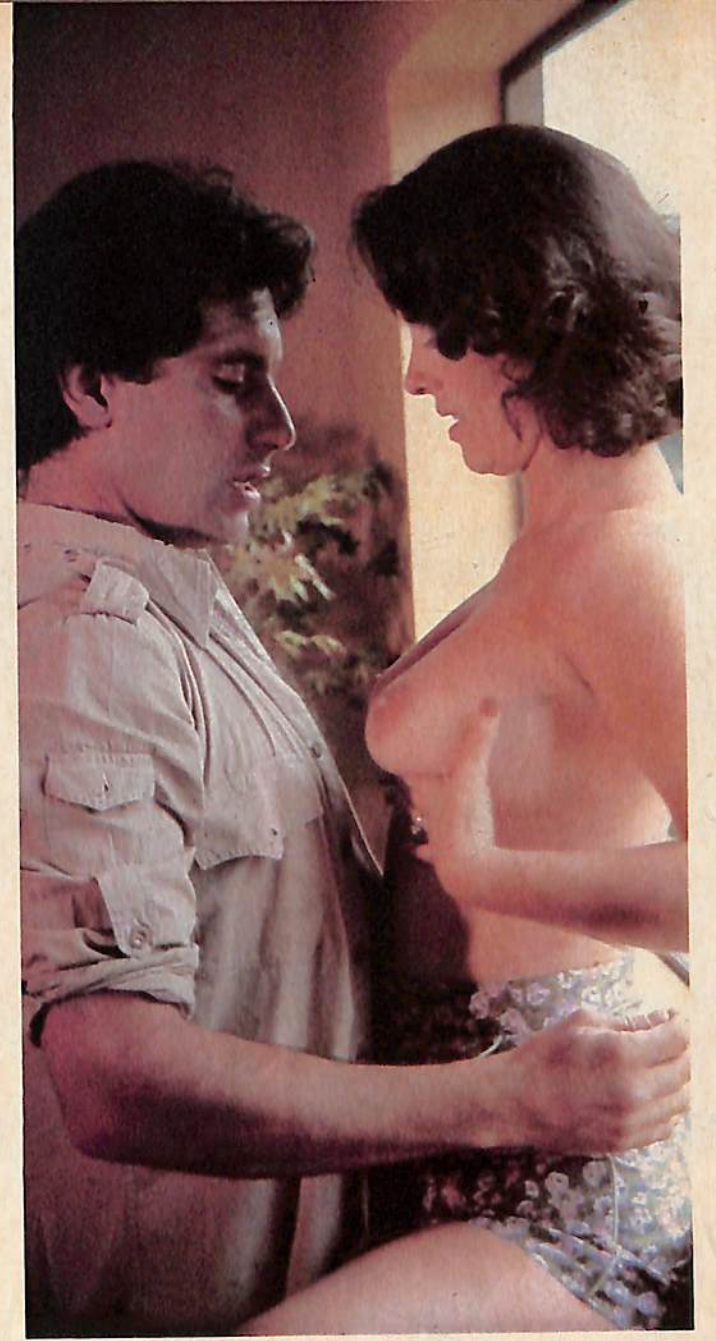
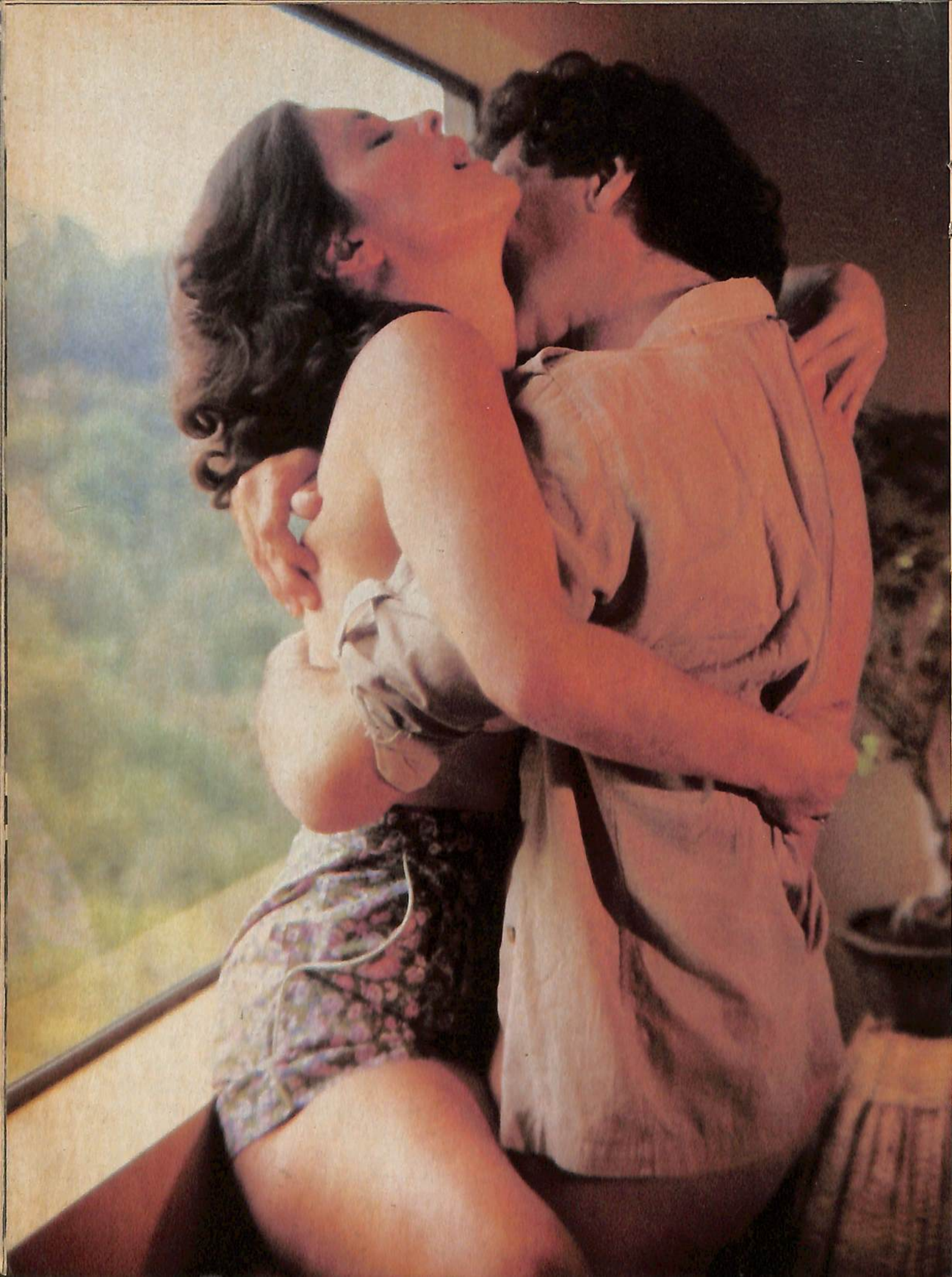
NOTHING TO HIDE



PRODUCTION STILL BY VALDESTA

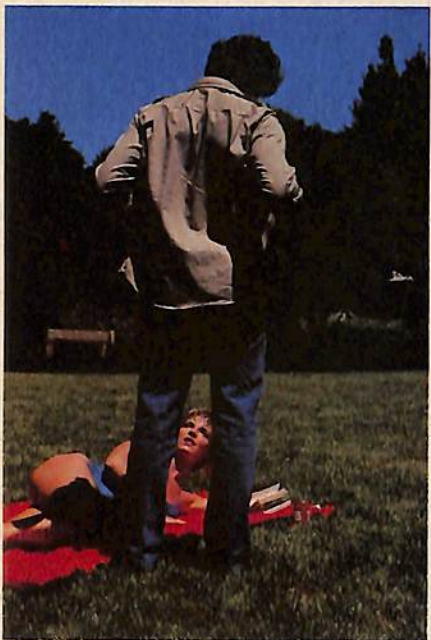
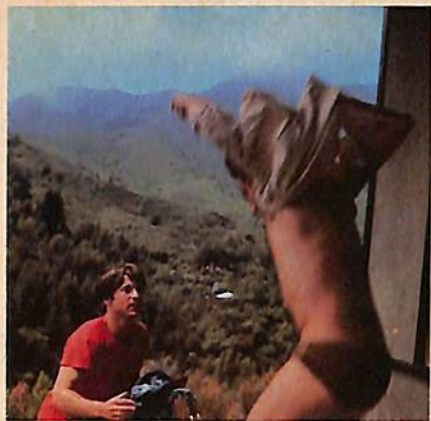


It's CalVista's superb sequel to the award-winning *Talk Dirty To Me*, and it's our choice for Best Adult Film of the Year, heading Film World's Top Ten. John Leslie and Richard Pacheco outdo themselves in the further outrageous erotic adventures of macho Jack and his shy side-kick Lenny. Director Anthony Spinelli rehearsed *Nothing to Hide* for five weeks before the 17-day shooting.



In a pinch, the window-sill is as good a place as any other

As the picture starts out, Jack has plenty to hide. We first see him balling a suburban housewife with Lenny acting as lookout. When Lenny taps on the window to warn him that her husband is coming, Jack—who was just getting ready to come himself—grabs up his clothes and starts to leave by the window. But he can't resist turning back for one more, and he gives it to the horny wife right there on the window-sill.



Jack talks dirty and she likes it

Jack finally tears himself away and makes his exit via the car window, and he and Lenny zoom off in his car with the irate hubby running after them. Relaxing over coffee and donuts, Jack expounds his philosophy about women: Fuck 'em and run! Walking through the park, Jack spots a voluptuous girl sunning herself. After some idle talk he asks her: "Wanna fuck?" She does, and Jack and Karienda are off and running.



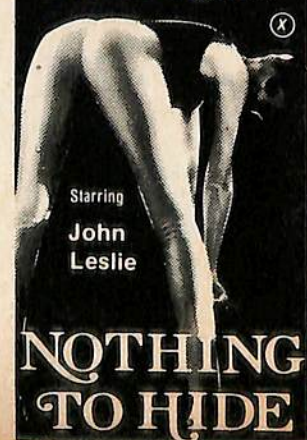


A threesome that doesn't come off

When our heroes get home Jack's friend Lisa is there waiting. Jack tells her she'll have to screw Lenny too. But Lenny turns shy and stays in the bathroom while the pair go at it.



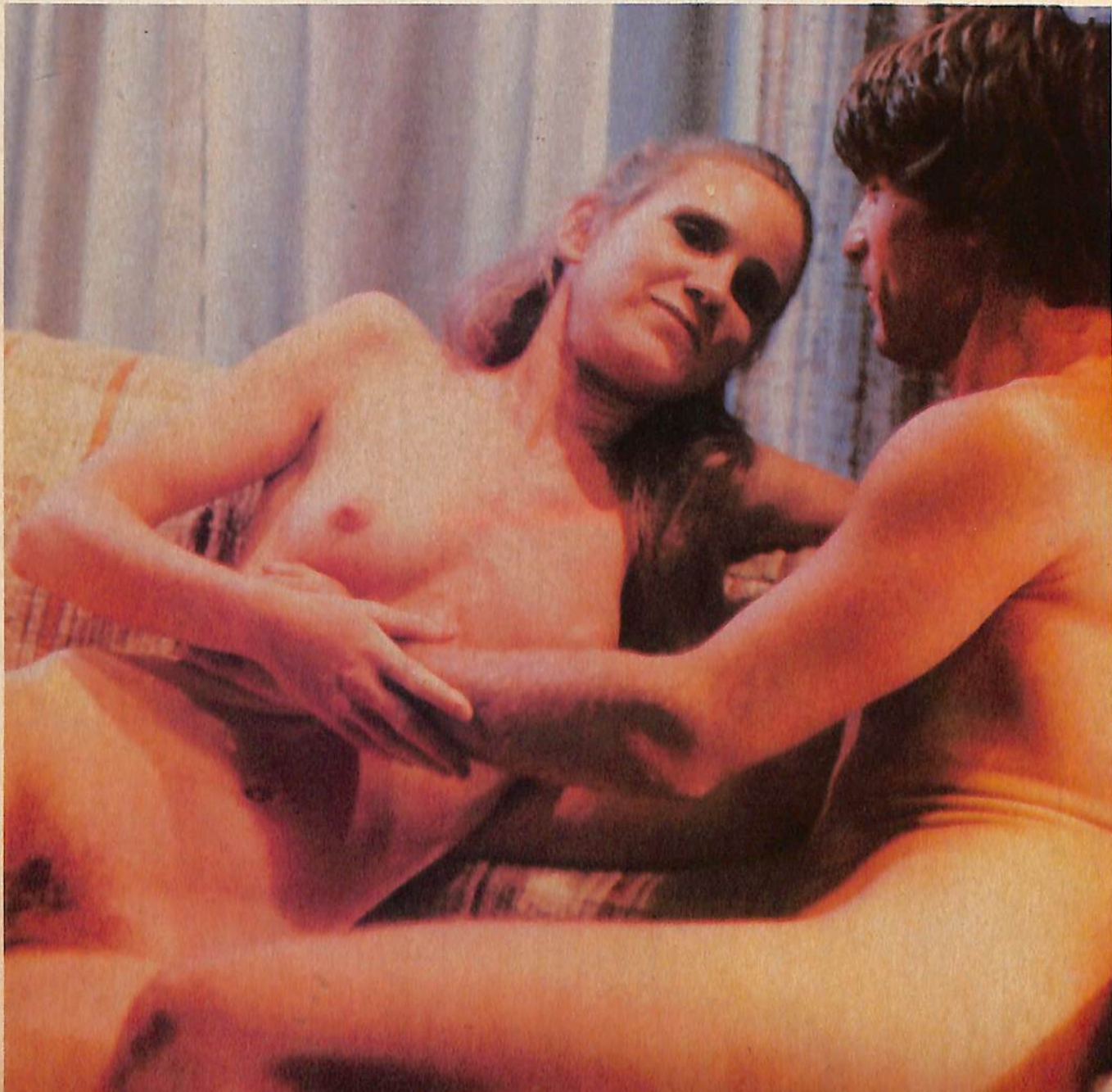
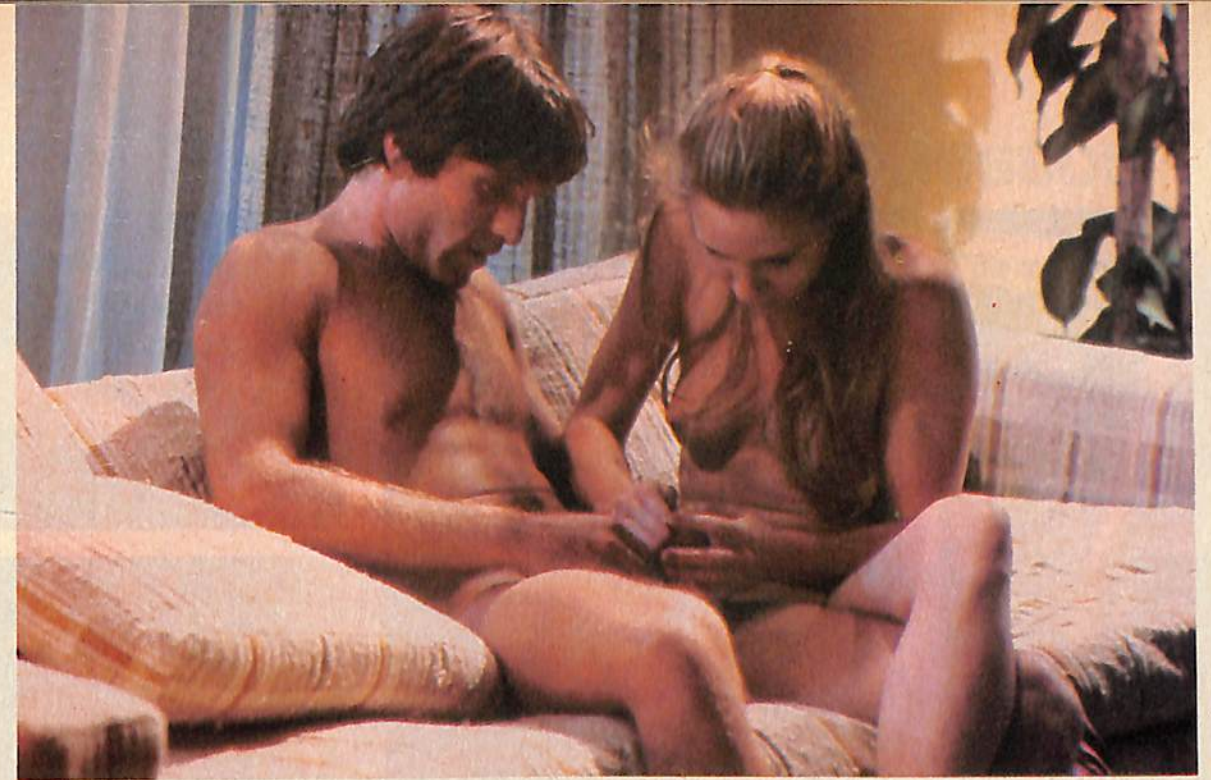
**Jack & Lenny
of Talk Dirty
Fame are on the
Prowl Again!**



Starring
**John
Leslie**

**NOTHING
TO HIDE**



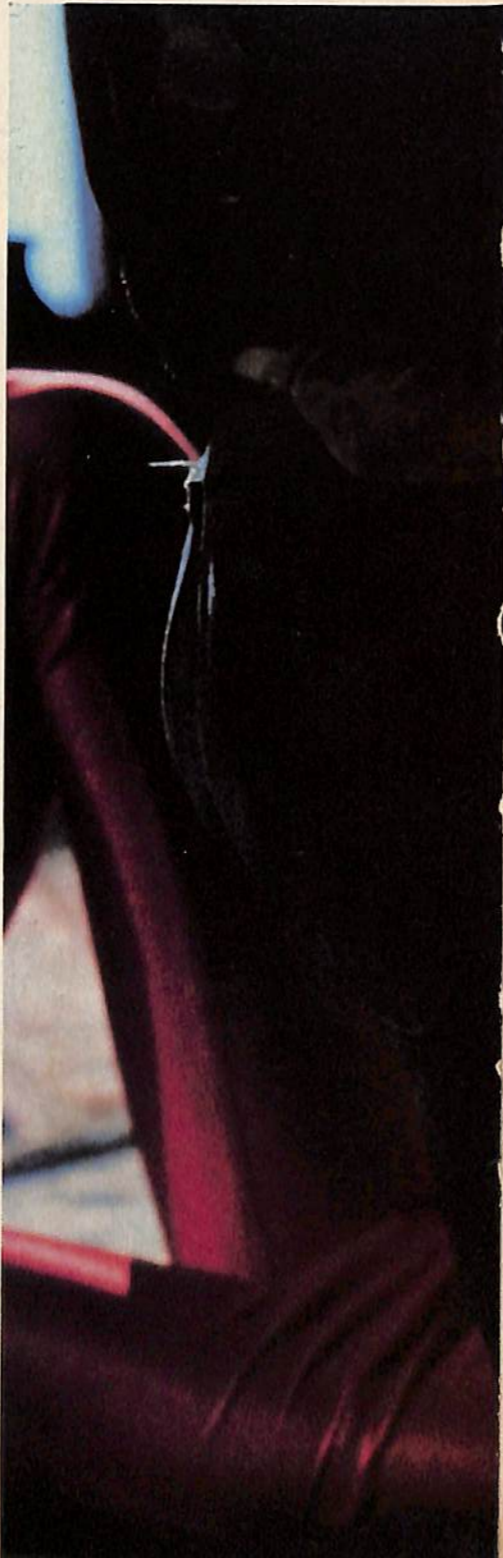
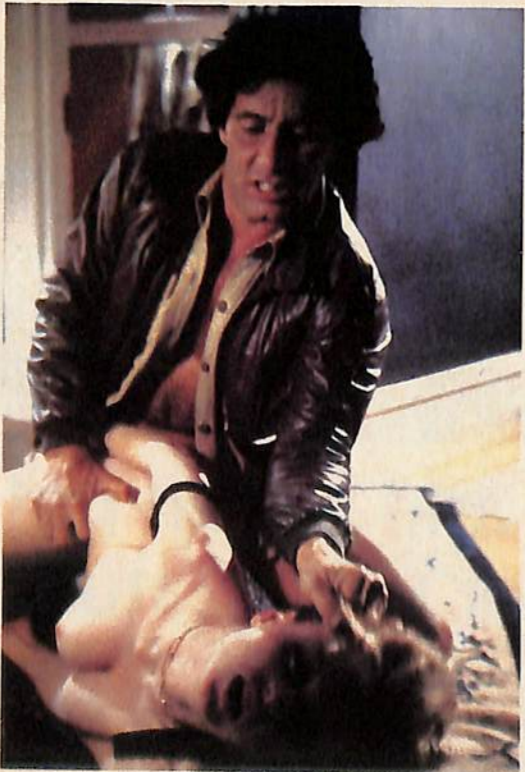


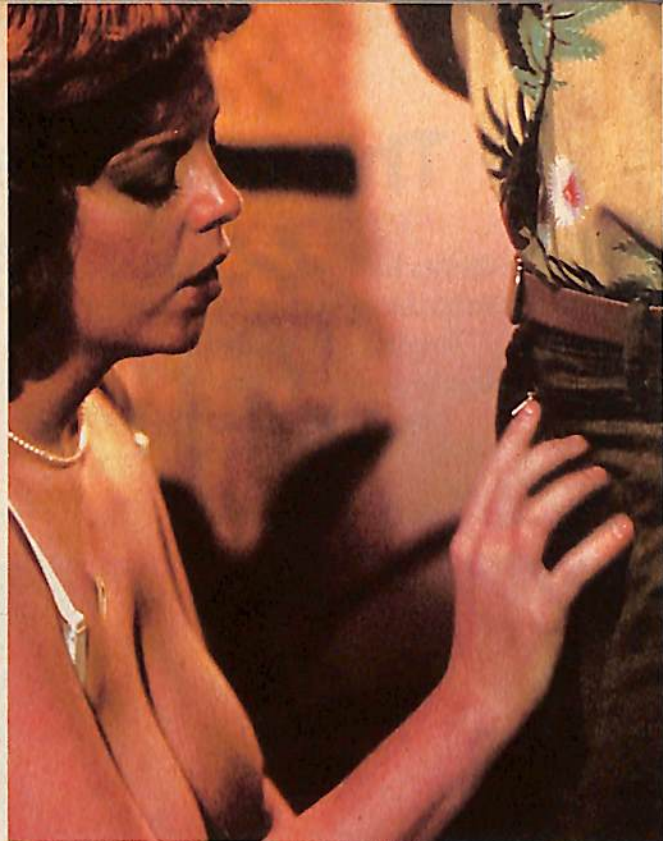
Lenny and Karen get it on together with Nature's aid

Lenny finally meets a girl of his own when Karen runs into him on her roller-skates. Jack doesn't think much of Karen but she and Lenny are attracted to each other by their mutual young innocence. They meet again and wind up in Karen's apartment where she lives with her brother. Nature takes its course. Together they figure out how to use a condom, and they take each other's cherry in a clumsy but blissful roll on the couch.

The girl driver gets a lesson

When Lenny tells Jack that he and Karen are planning to be married, the macho stud blows up at his young chum. "You're just jealous!" Lenny sobs. Driving down the street, Jack is rear-ended by a girl driving a sports car. He demands that she pay for the damage. She takes him up to her pad and Jack, running true to form, collects in more ways than one.





It's long overdue

Patti, the girl who works at the mobile hamburger stand, has had a yen for Jack for a long time, but for some reason he's never paid any attention to her. Now he arrives just as she's walking off after being fired. Jack sees her with new eyes and soon the pair are balling furiously.





Jack can enjoy all the sex he wants—but something's missing

Jack has a great session with Patti, but it finally ends as all Jack's liaisons do. He knows he can pick up another girl any time he wants and that he'll never lack for sex. But he misses his pal Lenny, and he finds himself secretly envying Lenny's happiness with Karen. Defensively he tells a friend that the marriage will never work out, that Lenny is just a simple dummy who'll never make it on his own. "No," his friend says, I think the problem is *you!* You're losing the only child you ever had. But children leave home every day. Lenny just took a little longer to grow up. He'll be fine!"


Although he hadn't meant to go to the wedding, Jack turns up. Lenny greets him with delight and makes him best man. After the ceremony Jack hugs and kisses the newlyweds and tells them: "Take care of each other!"


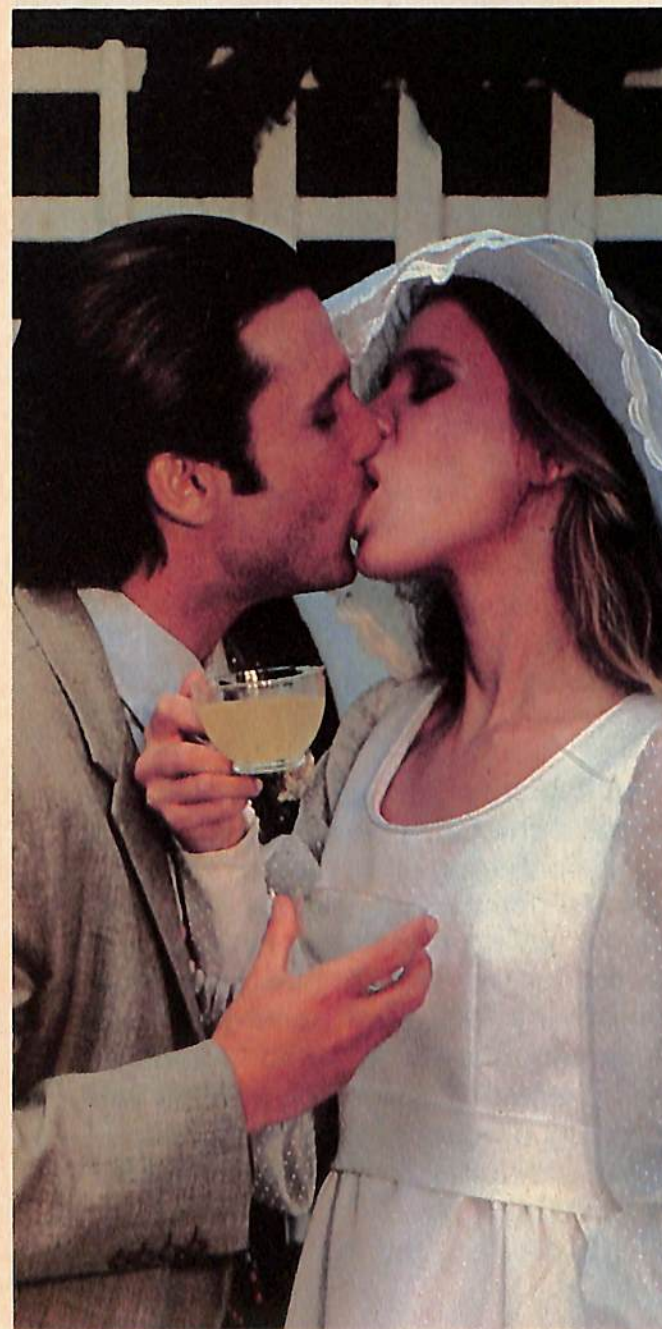
Jack & Lenny of Talk Dirty Fame are on the Prowl Again!

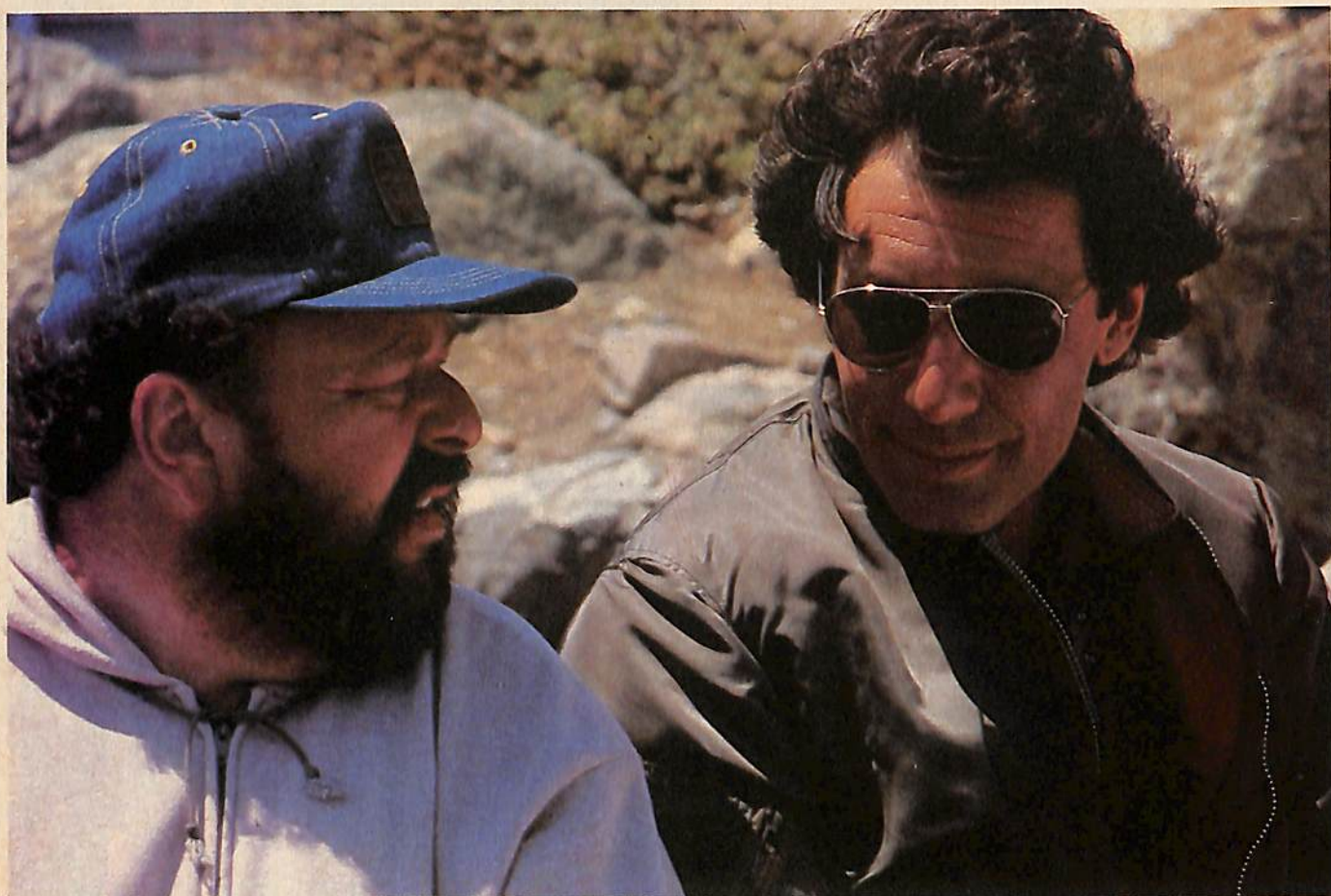
NOTHING TO HIDE

Starring John Leslie • Richard Pacheco, Chelsea Manchester
Co-Starring Erica Boyer • Misty Ragen

This Time They Could Go All The Way!

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Then she touched my crotch and began rubbing my panties and in a minute reached under the leg of my panties saying, "Um-mm . . . let me play with your hard cock, honey. Oh, I love to feel a young man's cock . . . um-mm!"

Then she did something no one else ever did. She began to softly run the head of my swollen penis back and forth against her stockinged thighs. The feeling and sensations were simply exquisite! It's the *most* sensitive sexy feeling I'd ever experienced. I could see my drool oozing out and wetting her hose, glisteningly, and she commented on this. I moved my hand back to her panties and began to probe her moist vagina with the nylon and my fingertip. Soon I saw that her panty crotch was becoming soaked with her drool and we just lay there kissing and fondling each other in that maddeningly sexy way. My penis was on fire and certainly the hose rubbing against it hurt me some but, god! What a delicious pain! And finally I had to tell her to stop as I was going to come all over her thighs.

She replied, "Baby, I want to masturbate you and see you shoot a big load of come all over my stockings! I love it. And I want you to fuck my pussy with your fingers . . . ah! Fuck it good, baby! Make me come fucking with your finger-pricks! Ah!"

So we both masturbated each other fiercely and I came first and my cream shot all the way up on her bare thighs, her hose and against her panties. Then while I continued to finger her clit furiously, she took her finger tips and removed my sticky cream against her thighs and with the tops of her hose. It was such an *intimate* sexy thing to do! I thought it intensely at the time and since then. Maude then came very fiercely and the sop of her "come" was all over my fingers and in the crotch of her panties.

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RICHARD PACHECO as Lenny

ELIZABETH RANDOLPH as Cheating Wife

RICHARD DOVE as Her Husband

JACK HOFFEY as Hot Dog Man

ERICA BOYER as Karienda

ROBYN WHITING as Girl in the Park

CHELSEA MANCHESTER as Karen

RAVEN TURNER as Lisa

MISTY RAGEN as Lady in Sports Car

HOLLY McCALL as Patti

Produced by BERNARDO SPINELLI

Directed by ANTHONY SPINELLI

RUNNING TIME 101 MINUTES

That's director Anthony Spinelli, *Film World's* choice as Best Director of the Year, conferring with Jack on the set. Spinelli directed the original *Talk Dirty To Me*, which shared last year's Erotica Award for the Best Picture. As of this writing the 1982 Eroticas have not yet been announced, but we're confident that *Nothing To Hide* will walk off with a goodly number of them. Spinelli's other directorial credits include such porn classics as *Sex World*, *Portrait of a Seduction*, and *Vista Valley PTA*.



FOREIGN FILM SCENE

By JULES GRIFFON

Spain is finally getting X-rated movie theaters; porn producers dupe French authorities; BAFTA honors *Chariots*.

SPANIARDS ARE finally going to be able to enjoy X-rated movies in adult theaters, under terms of Spain's complicated new law governing "classified" films, which recently went into effect. That is, they'll be able to see them if potential porn exhibitors decide to gamble on the considerable investment required, and the heavy special taxes levied by the government. Earlier this year we reported on the adult movie situation in Spain, where censorship as such was abolished several years ago, but hardly any erotic films were shown due to the arbitrary restrictions imposed on theaters by the Direccion General de Cinematografia. Spaniards seeking X-rated film fare had to hop across the border to France, where adult houses in several southern towns offered explicit sex movies specially dubbed in the Spanish language.

After considerable study by a special commission, the regulations governing the showing of films featuring sex and violence have now been codified into a law which was promulgated in the official state gazette in February. The "S" rating for soft-core films has been phased out. But it remains to be seen how many exhibitors will take the financially dubious plunge into porn. The new law permits the setting-up of special X-rated theaters under stringent conditions. A 30 percent box-office tax will be levied, with the money to go into the national film fund which subsidizes mainstream production, plus an additional 10 percent public entertainment tax earmarked for another government fund for

the "protection of minors."

The new adult theaters can show nothing but X-rated fare, and must undertake to operate without interruption for at least a full year. They can admit no one under 18. They are required to have a minimum of 100 seats and a maximum of 200. Such theaters will be authorized only in localities where at least three full-time movie houses are already in operation. Further, the porn palaces in any area are limited to a maximum of one adult theater to ten "regular" ones. The X classification will be assigned by the Culture Ministry to films containing strong and/or explicit sex or excessive violence, upon request from the exhibitor. The X-rated houses will not be eligible for any kind of state subsidy or other financial aid.



Indecent Displays Act has outlawed these signs in London's "sin city."

ADVERTISING LIMITED

As for the advertising of erotic and violent movies, the new law specifies that only the film's technical and artistic credits may be used, with no pictorial material nor anything alluding to the plot. Such advertising can be shown only within the theater and in movie listings in the newspapers. And the titles of films must *not* suggest their pornographic nature. The latter provision obviously poses a problem. Suggestive titles of films already in release, including classics, will have to be changed. What about *Deep Throat*, *Inside Seka*, *Bad Girls*, *Tiffany Lust*, *The Ecstasy Girls*, *Sex World*, and a couple of dozen others we could name?

Another section of the new cinema law concerns so-called experimental theaters (*cines de arte y ensayo*) showing Spanish or foreign fare, the latter with the original sound-track and Spanish sub-titles. A government classification committee will decide which movies are to be classed as "art films" and which not. The classification of "art house" may be requested by the exhibitor. If the request is granted, such theaters in the big cities of Madrid and Barcelona will be limited to showing only films classified as "art." If a theater is in another city with a population of more than 500,000, it must program the art films for a minimum of 200 consecutive days each year.

For towns with populations between 200,000 and 500,000, the requirement is 150 consecutive days, and for towns of under 200,000, a minimum of 100 consecutive days of art programming. Finally, for towns of under 50,000, the art houses must unroll a minimum of 25 consecutive days of art fare. The rest of the time the exhibitors may show any other kind of films, provided they're not X-rated. All of the art houses, considered as cultural enterprises, will be exempt from the regular business tax.

It all sounds very complex. We're glad the Spaniards will be able to enjoy sex and art films, but it's a question how many exhibitors are going to put their money into these chancy enterprises under the new government regulations. Then of course there's the other question which promises a lot of headaches for the classifications board and the enforcement authorities. When is a sexy film art, and when is an art film sexy?

THERE'S SOME AMUSING news from the French porn scene, which as we have previously reported is subject to government regulations which have recently been liberalized. In a series of raids in March, French police swooped down on several Paris porn palaces and seized prints of a number of films. Francois Mischkind, known as the "porno king" of French cinema, was



Raging Bull, which won an oscar for De Niro, won two awards in Britain.

called in for questioning by authorities. It seems that out of 90 "special" films which had applied for government production aid from the new fund set up to help small independent producers, 10 were turned down because they were rated X. However, several others which were not so rated were okayed for government funding—and turned out on belated viewing to be porno films. The Commission for the Control of Cinematography was up in arms, claiming it had been tricked by Mishkind and his associates into subsidizing the porn industry.

At the same time, officials leaked the fact that a number of Paris distributors and exhibitors have been slipping hardcore sex footage into prints already passed by the official censor. Cinema officials undertook new screenings to compare the flicks with the prints previously authorized. One commissioner told newsmen that it's not a question of any resurgence of official prudery, but of cracking down on shady operators who try to outwit the film regulation system.

In the wake of the French Socialist government's decision to end the state monopoly on broadcasting, at least one radio station has been quick to jump on the bandwagon of liberated sex. The new independent station Carbone 14, as part of its program called "Love at First Sight," aired the erotic sounds of a live sex encounter between two strangers while press reporters watched. The half-hour nude session on a mattress was broadcast at two o'clock on a Sunday morning. A mike hanging over the mattress captured the "oohs" and "ahs" and X-rated dialogue of the busy couple, while a commentator provided a running description of their positions and action. The reporters watched through a window.

Principals were a 23-year-old woman identified only as Chrystel, who said she was an office worker. Her partner, whom she allegedly had met for the first time that night, was a muscular 19-year-old unemployed man named Denis, who said he was an amateur weightlifter. Chrystel told the radio audience she had volun-

teered "for provocation and fun."

Station manager Jacques Fiszbin, who created the show, said its purpose was to explore the social aspects of initial sexual encounters. He said he hoped to make the program a weekly event, if there were enough volunteers. Parisians wondered: if radio can broadcast explicit sex action, can television be far behind?

RED LIGHTS ARE DIMMED

London's red-light district donned fig-leaves, temporarily anyway when a rigid new anti-pornography law went into effect last March. But the new regulations, aimed not at commercial sex activities themselves but at the blatant advertising of them, left open the question of what constitutes obscenity, and things were expected to return to normal soon, with judges due to rule on test-cases.

The acres of bare flesh that adorned



Hurt and Turner were honored at Brussels Festival for Body Heat.

billboards outside movie theaters, book-stalls and strip clubs in London's "square mile of sin" vanished under hastily applied masking-tape and old newspapers as the Indecent Displays Act became law. Signs that decreed: "Persons passing beyond this notice will find material on display which they may consider indecent," appeared outside Soho's sin-bins.

The manager of one Soho movie house said he was up until the early hours taping over signs outside the theater. The new legislation was the brainchild of Conservative legislator Timothy Sainsbury, who introduced the bill in the House of Commons in a bid to stem the tide of soft-porn material outside movie houses and newsstands. Violators faced a fine that is the equivalent of \$1820 or a two-year jail sentence.

On a more serious note, "private" sex

cinema clubs in London and elsewhere in the U.K. were facing parliamentary action that threatened to put them out of business altogether. A bill designed to close a legal loophole which has allowed cinema clubs to show hard-core porn films and avoid licensing regulations was given an unopposed second reading in the House of Commons.

The Cinematography Bill, presented by Conservative M.P. Peter Lloyd, was welcomed by Patrick Mayhew, minister of state for home affairs, on behalf of the British government. The minister said that there was a total lack of control over films in the cinema clubs, and as a result "highly objectionable" material was being screened. Three of the movies involved, which had all been banned by the British Board of Film Censors, appeared to make rape victims grateful for the experience.

Under the Cinematograph Bill, prem-

ises at which films and videotapes are screened for gain would need a license. The maximum fine for breaking the law would be \$2000. Lloyd said that if the bill becomes law, he did not see how some of the sex cinema clubs in London's Soho district could remain open.

AND THERE'S STILL more news on the European censorship front. Police in the Greek capital city of Athens seized prints of the British film *Erotica*, by Paul Raymond, from the nine first-run theaters in which it was playing, and arrested the managers or the projectionists, on orders from the Attorney General's office. Authorities pronounced the film to be obscene, and it was confiscated.

However, the press noted, 22 other

turn to page 70

FEMALE JOCKS

from page 30

anything heterosexual these days that it's not very dramatic any more."

Not everyone has appreciated Towne's dramatic choice. One outraged reaction came from Paul Ward, a women's coach on the Olympic women's development committee. He has urged all women athletes to boycott the movie.

"The homosexual concept that is presented in that movie is a detriment to women's track," complained Ward. "I think it is an abomination to God."

Towne has tried to minimize such complaints with an odd sort of rationalization: "One of the reasons for showing the sexual relationship between two women was to point out that it is kind of insignificant. It has nothing to do with lesbianism. It just has to do with people whose bodies are really a mode of knowledge. They learn their limitations and, coincidentally, struggle with the burden of their own sexuality, whatever it is."

This little double-talk joke about the movie not being about lesbians is shared by Mariel Hemingway:

"Most of the people who oppose the film haven't even seen it," she says. "If

you leave this movie thinking all there is in it is the lesbian relationship, then you haven't watched it."

"Actually, I never even thought of it as a lesbian relationship," Mariel continues with a straight face. "When I first read the script I didn't get any feeling of it's being a strange relationship. It seemed so normal for the characters. For me, it was so innocent. It was just girlfriends being very close at a time when both needed it. I think it is done without being offensive and with a good deal of honesty. I think it shows the kinds of problems that can creep into any relationship."

YEAH, SURE, MARIEL! Except, as your co-star says in the movie, every once in a while you fuck each other. And if that isn't lesbianism, we'd all better go back to school and check out what they are teaching in sex education courses these days.

Maybe Mariel is a little naive, sort of the wide-eyed innocent. But it is not like she has led a sheltered life, at least not a sheltered movie life. In her very first screen appearance in *Lipstick*, she was the victim of a brutal rape. Then in a

made-for-TV movie, *I Want To Keep My Baby*, she played an unwed teenage mother. Then she had an affair with an older man, Woody Allen, no less, in *Manhattan*. And now, she's dyking it up!

One wonders why everyone has gone to such extents to downplay the fact that *Personal Best* is about lesbian jocks. The movie is a big hit, especially among women of the sapphic variety. You should see all the butch-looking girls in the audience. I guess the filmmakers are afraid that if they flaunt the gay angle too much, it will invite too much Moral Majority backlash.

Another recent Hollywood studio gay-is-okay movie, *Making Love*, has also been doing well at the box-office, despite unenthusiastic reviews, and has also bent over backward to de-sensationalize the fact that it is about male homosexuals. The strategy of both movies seems to be to attract the gay audience without putting off everyone else. Still and all, it has taken Hollywood an awfully long time to realize the commerciality of things polymorphously perverse. Maybe next they will find a nice tasteful way to make a movie about child molestation or bestiality or some other long-neglected minority perversion. We can always hope. ■

Patrice, Mariel and Jodi Anderson enjoy the rewards of doing their best in the trials.



Mariel is intent on giving everything she has to make the Olympic team as she gets her first chance at the hurdles.

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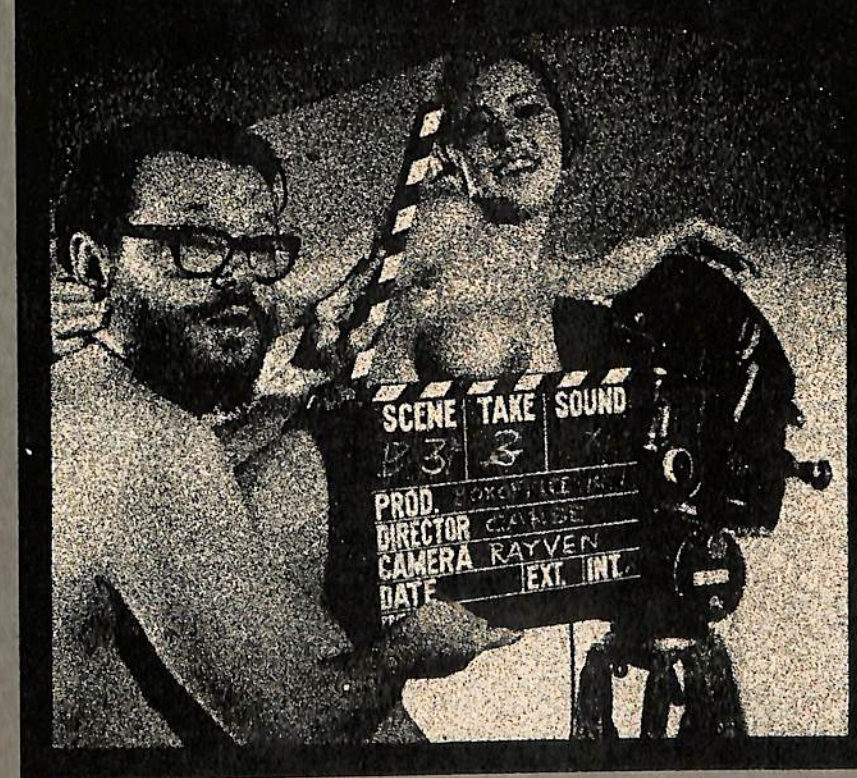
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EROTIC FILM CHECK LIST

compiled by WILLIAM ROTSLER



And yet more of Bill's capsule comments on the pornflicks torrid and tepid, new and old, as they are currently sizzling or drizzling their way across the adult screens.

Bill Rotsler'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, which may include a few resurrected oldies, 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 individual ones.

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.



Richard Bolla scores again in *American Desires*—but where's the mattress?

AMERICAN DESIRES XXXI/★★★★

American, 1981. Writ/prod/dir. Lasse Brown. Stars Veronica Hart, Richard Bolla, Mai Lin, Lisa Adams, Alan Clement, George Payne, Roy Stuart, Dave Ruby, Mistress Candice. Very sexy, well-produced film about a couple's search for sexual liberation. Living together but finding the sex slipping away out of their relationship, Hart and Bolla find excitement elsewhere, and of course get together at the end. A bit of something for everyone here (though two sadomasochistic scenes are very short and light and unresolved).

Well-motivated sex scenes. Mai Lin, while no actress, is very good indeed in her sex scenes. But the real star is versatile Veronica Hart, who continues to get better, both as a sex performer and a dramatic actress. Pretty girls and attractive men in realistic and believable—and hot—sex scenes. Now that is high praise. It is the naturalness and believability of the characters and how they relate, that for me, makes this an erotic film. Just people meeting and fucking is

not very exciting to me, but people I know, people whose lusts and desires and inhibitions I understand—that's erotic!

ANGEL BUNS XXXI ★ ★
American, 1982. Stars Veronica Hart, Richard Bolla. "Angel comes down to be Bolla's mystical guide to all the sexual experiences he missed out in his life. Often funny, rather sophisticated, with good photography." (T.J. Bennett)

AUNT PEG GOES HOLLYWOOD XXXI ★ ★ ★
American, 1982. Caballero Control Corp. Writ: Paul G. Vatelli and Mike Hunt; Prod/dir: Paul G. Vatelli. Stars Juliet Anderson, Lisa Deleew, Tara Hupp, Rhonda Jo Petty, Lee Carroll, Ron Jeremy, Jeff Conrad, Kevin Jaye, Irene Wilson, Robin Marcus, Nancy Smith, Richard Stevens, Joel Jacks, Jeap Phillips, Steve Rossi, Greg Fargo, and introducing "Little Oral Annie."

Very pretty girls and lots of sex scenes in this film, which is supposedly the story of casting a porn movie. There are several things I did not find believable: no porn stars I know live as lavishly as these do; and I doubt if casting sessions always end in sex; and that every single woman not only kept on her garter-belt and stockings, and her heels (definitely a dangerous thing to do in bed) but a scarf as well!

But outside of that it's pretty good. Lisa Deleew has developed into one of the best and most natural actresses in the business, plus being a very good porn-scene performer. (Which is more than I can say for Tara Hipp.) Little Oral Annie takes every cock to the hilt and seems to like her work. Juliet Anderson does well, both as actress and sex-person, although she doesn't come into the film until halfway through—but she does go right into one of the best screwing scenes—a threesome—in the flick.

BLONDES HAVE MORE FUN XXXI ★
American, 1981. Producers Associates. Dir: John Seeman. Stars Jack Wright, Dorothy Lemay, John Leslie, Jessie St. James, Billy Dee, Mick South, Suzana French, Phaery Burd, Lynn Lucas, Max Devo, Amber Rae, Seka, John Seeman. A confusing and episodic plot about a down-at-the-heels con-man who gets "Professor Brains" to invent a health drink which turns out to be a potent aphrodisiac. This potion is the "plot" linkage between a bunch of otherwise disconnected sequences of sex in various forms.

CHERYL HANSSON: COVER GIRL XXXI ★ ★
American, 1981. Alex de Renzy, no other credits. First, the bad things about this new film by one of the old hands in the game: trivia plot about the modeling

business; music track which overwhelms the dialogue too often; a strange and distorted idea about how figure photographers work. (They seem to think the agents decide what models a photographer uses! Which will be surprising news to all the figure photographers I know. Agents present potential models and that's it.)

A mystery man kills a pimping agent and must pass himself off as the agent to new and innocent Cheryl Hansson, an actress with a good body, a fair face, and medium-sized acting talents. She's been told the only way to get work is to ball the agent—a surprise for the real agents, I'm sure. Many of the women in his film seem to be natural bitches or else better actresses than I think. One of them is a particular tease and gets balled by a gym attendant. A photographer and his assistant semi-rape a model—and boy, would that screw up his career! There's a pretty good lesbo sex scene in a gym and a lot of various sex scenes as models try to find a guy with a "Lulu" tattoo in his groin.

EROTIC INTERLUDES XXXI ★ ★
American, 1981. Writ/Bob Williams. Dir/Jeff Winestock. Stars Seka, Kevin Jay, Mike Ranger, Juliet Anderson, Ron Jeremy, Angel Cash, Jenny Wilson, Skip Bennet, Betty Ward, Terry Keeler. Several guys on a river-rafting trip sit around telling of sexual exploits, which I suppose is as good a way as any to string together a bunch of short filmic stories.

There's one about Kevin Jay's college days, with him and his football buddies screwing cheerleaders, and later he returns as a telephone repairman who repairs Seka's phone in the hottest and best of the vignettes. (Seka should get a Doctor of Fellatricity certificate!)

EXPOSED XXXI ★ ★ ★
American, 1979. Prod: Wesley Emerson. Writ: Randy Cole and Jeffrey Fairbanks. Dir: Jeffrey Fairbanks. Stars John Leslie, Shirley Woods, George Spelvin, Kitty Shayne, Jon Martin, John Seeman, Lynn Lucas, Kelly Stuart, Lysa Thatcher, with Blair Harris, Jody Miller, Suzanne Nero, David Morris.

An ex-porn star (Leslie) has retired and the first anniversary of his marriage to Shirley Woods is approaching. She knows nothing of his risqué past and he wants to keep it that way. But a porn producer whose film is financed by mysterious tough guys is in trouble, as his male stud has walked out. The whole film is about the attempts by the producer to lure John Leslie—now a photographer—out of retirement to save the film—and the producer's neck.

A horny neighbor recognizes Leslie and blackmails him into balling her in the desired rough manner. (Makes one wonder if people do have fantasies about



Above: Anderson's back again in famed role as Aunt Peg Goes Hollywood.

Below: There's plenty action in Exposed.



porn actors and desire them as potent sexual symbols.) But still Leslie holds out. Secretly, the producer sends two bisexual women to him to have themselves photographed making out. They get Leslie hot and into a three-way, just missing getting caught by his wife.

FAST CARS, FAST WOMEN XI ★
American, 1981. Exec. prods: Donne Amme and Nick Azziz. Prod: David M. Tear. Writ/dir: Scott McHaley. Stars Kay Parker, Carolyn Jackson, Kevin Gibson,



Mike Ranger gets himself a mouthful from his complaisant friend in Erotic Interludes, a string of sex vignettes.



Al Chiurizzi, Ron Jeremy, Lisa Lane, Rocky Balboa. Note the X, not XXX rating. This looks as though they cut a hardcore film, trying for a R rating but because it was still too sexy, too much nudity, they settled for an X. No explicit sex.

NIGHTDREAMS XXXI ★ ★ ★
American, 1982. Stars Dorothy LeMay, Loni Sanders. "Dorothy LeMay—who really looks good and acts very well—is a patient at a sex therapy clinic, so it's a

series of sex vignettes. Some are very funny, often bizarre, lots of every kind of action including a good double-dildo scene with Loni Sanders." (T.J. Bennett)

RING OF DESIRE XXXI ★ ★
American, 1981. HNR Presentation. Writ: Ted Roter and Jaime Michaels. Prod/dir: Pierre Balakoff. Stars Georgina Spelvin, Gena Lee, Paul Thomas, Jennifer West, Hillary Summers, Monique Faberge, Ron Jeremy, John Dollyfield, Chris Parker, William Marhold, with Carla McKizzick, Hillary Scott, Diane Martin, Ken Starbuck, Billy Joe Brown, Tokyo, Jim Swain, Dusty Reeves, Bill Buck, Wayne Reynolds.

This is a circular plot in the manner of the old *Tales of Manhattan* or the French *La Ronde*, with a "magic" ring going from a lawyer to his secretary to a photographer to model to the model's lesbian lover (well-played by Georgina Spelvin) who is a screenwriter. At a party the ring is transferred from Georgina to a brother and sister (a little incest here), to a movie director, to a prostitute, to her pimp, to an aspiring actress he turns out, to one of his rich customers—who turns out to be the original lawyer.

SEKA'S FANTASIES XXXI ★ ★ ★
American, 1981. Prod/Ted Synder; dir/Bobby Hollander. Stars Seka, Chriss Cassody, Connie Peterson, Crystal Dawn, Sophia Solano, Cindy Lewis, Jayne Paygan, Randy West, R.J. Reynolds, Michael Morrison, David Blair, Vic Falcon, James Fulton, Frank Jones. Classy-looking Seka operates a company fulfilling people's fantasies—a thin premise but allows for any kind of sexual arrangement you want. This film deals heavily in multiple sex-partners—three men, one woman; three women, one man; and well as threesomes and the standard twosome.

There are lush settings, good clear photography, pretty poor scripted dialogue, hard-to-hear ad-libs, women fighting, hot tubs, cum-shots galore, orgies, lesbian stuff and mild sadism. There's two-and-three-cocks-in-women scenes and some very fine fellatio—the best by the sophisticated Seka herself. I relish watching her at work, putting myself into the scene; and she does excellent, intense orgasms.

Multiple partners gets rather complex but seems to be an enduring sexual fantasy. The "king triad" of one man and two women really only works, I think, if at least one of the women is bisexual. The "queen triad" of one woman and two men works easily, as there are enough orifices and penetration devices. I'm about to give birth to a new term (and you were there!) which is "empress triad." That's when there is one woman and as many men as she has orifices to fill and maybe then some. But then it wouldn't be a triad, would it?

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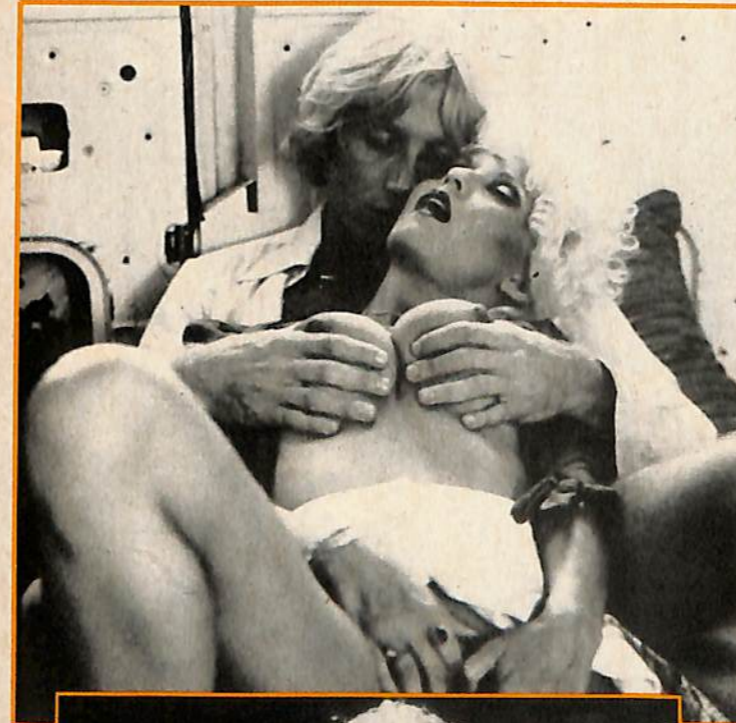
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PLACE

PORNPORRI

Yes, that's our ebullient blonde Seka all over the place, and in this robust sex-action flick she really gets it from all directions. She plays a blonde (what else?) who teams up with a pair of clumsy burglars in a series of zany capers, just a step ahead of the cops.





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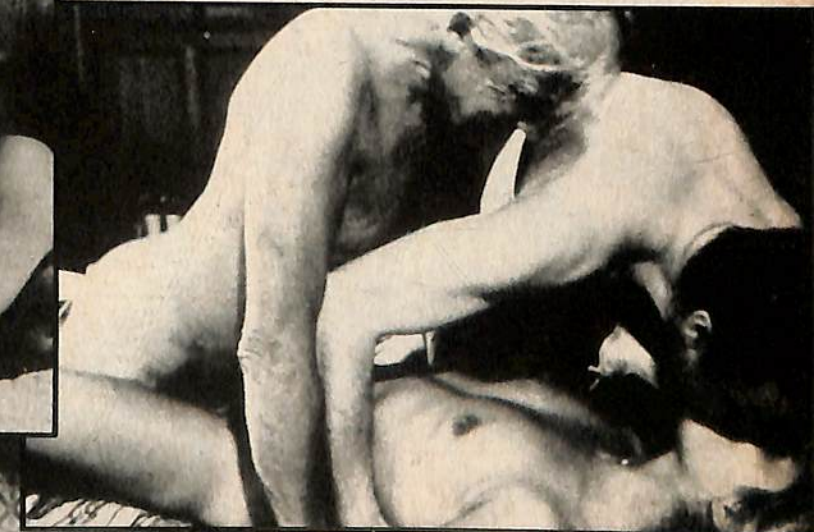
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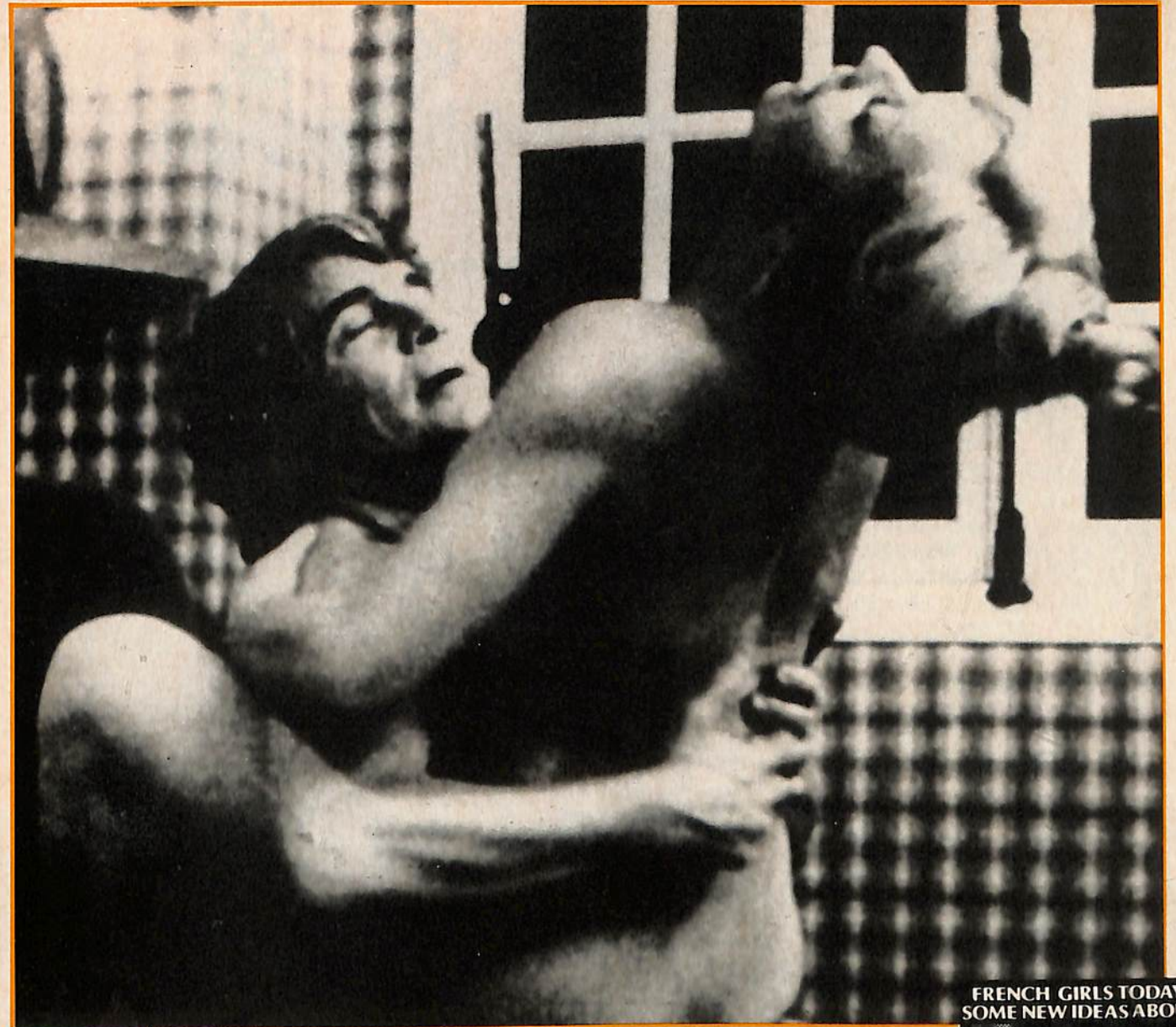
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PORNPORRI

This is another French import with some of the same people. A wealthy, eccentric French wife offers an enticing reward for the return of her lost pussycat: a night in her boudoir! The men of the town compete frantically for the reward and their wives hatch a counter plot.



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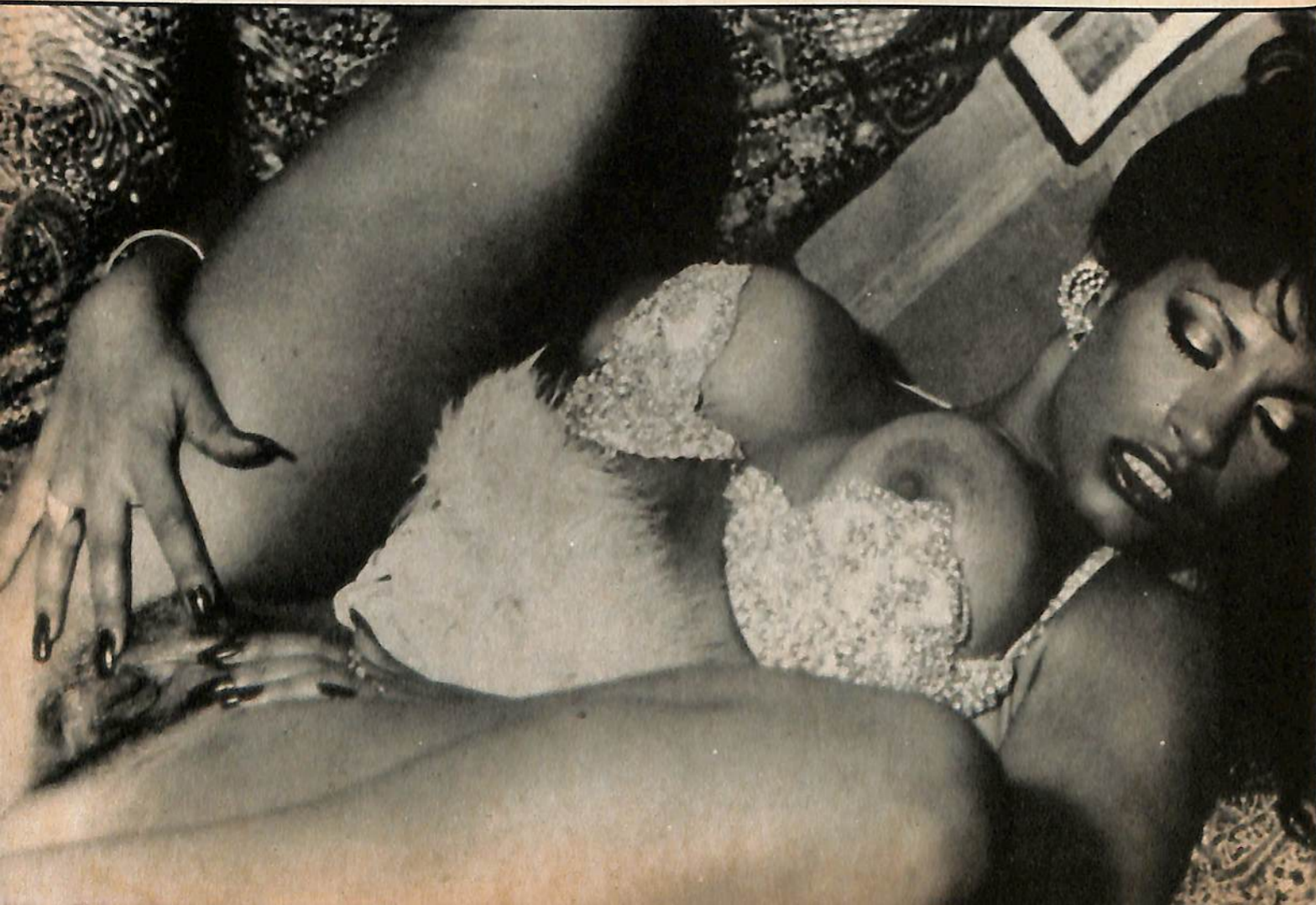
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PORNPORRI

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SOUND STAGE

from page 5

Lasers Gearing Up to Groove Porn Vid-discs

The laser videodisc, which has not done so well in its almost two years on the market, may be going through a change of life with the expected advent of X-rated discs. Ken Kai, president of Pioneer Video, told an ITA seminar in Hollywood that his firm, which has bought out its former partners MCA and IBM, has relaxed its policy regarding the content of videodiscs, and now has no objection to X-rated fare. "Whatever material anybody is willing to put into laser, we will press," Kai said.

Spokesmen for the other two videodisc systems, RCA's Jim Alic and Gary Dartnell of DHD, were on the panel with Kai, and were emphatic in stating that there was "no way" their operations would touch adult fare. The general feeling in the industry has been that it would be too much of a gamble to put X-rated



James Bond's image is 96 percent pure. That's Madeline Smith with Moore.

material on the discs, which are very costly to make, and further that it would turn off many people and damage the corporate images of the biggies like RCA, IBM and MCA. By the same token, many video people have blamed the absence of pornpix for the failure of the discs to catch on as anticipated.

The laser discs are pressed in Japan, and there have been some problems with censorship, the panelists said. Mainstream films like *Escape From Alcatraz*, *Serpico* and *First Monday in October* have been viewed by Japanese customs censors when the masters are sent over, and then returned to the U.S. without reason, according to Reg Childs, Paramount's general manager. The titles, he said, apparently are turned down on the basis of a flash of nudity or an occasional violent word.

"I don't mind sensitive subjects," Ken Kai said. "I have no moral standards; we're just pressers." Kai is working on a solution to the problem and is negotiating with Discovision Associates to run its Carson, Calif., disc-pressing plant which would take care of the problems,

he said. The main Japanese facility would still produce most of the product. MCA and IBM still own the DBA plant and had announced plans to close it in March.

U.S. Tax Funds Go for Sleazy Horror Flicks

Adult filmmakers, who are chronically complaining about the tight budgets that prevent them from producing the great sex epics they are capable of grinding out, have good reason to cast a jaundiced eye at some of the activities of the National Endowment for the Arts. A recent news release from Washington routinely noted that the NEA had granted \$7500 in federal funds to a husband-wife team of avant-garde filmmakers, whose best-known flick featured a naked actor being brutally tortured.

The lucky pair, who shun the spotlight, are known only as Scott and Beth B. A spokesman for NEA said a panel of filmmakers and critics had reviewed the work of the B's and felt it was "of sufficient artistic merit for us to fund a feature-length film."

The B's have achieved a sort of underground fame for their grotesque 25-minute film called *Black Box*, which New York cinema writer Frank Rose reported in *Esquire* magazine "was greeted with shock and revulsion when it was shown . . . One viewer got so upset that she rushed to the bathroom and vomited."

"It's outrageous that taxpayers' money is used for such purposes," irate Rep. Larry McDonald (D-Ga.) told Washington newsmen. But the NEA spokesman countered with the reply: "It is essential to the whole concept of artistic freedom that nobody be told what to do."

We can only remark that if our tax money is going to be spend on making movies, we'd like to see some of it go to bringing us more of Veronica Hart, Samantha Fox, John Leslie, Dick Pacheco and their porn playmates, who at least don't make us vomit.

Survey Gives Octopussy A Clean Bill of Health

If anybody thinks the title of the next James Bond movie is obscene or in bad taste, producer Cubby Broccoli has the facts and figures to prove that *Octopussy* is clean as a hound's tooth. Rebutting an article in the *Los Angeles Times* that said a lot of women objected to the title, Broccoli produced the results of a survey he commissioned, taken by the National Research Group in Los Angeles, New York, Houston and Kansas City.

Some 600 women between the ages of 12 and 49 were asked if they'd go to see a movie called *Octopussy*. Thirty-seven percent at first replied in the negative. But when asked if they'd go to see a James Bond movie titled *Octopussy*, there was only a 4 percent negative reaction. This means 96 percent would go to see the picture. Evidently it was the Bond image that worked the magic. Wonder what this proves?

THE LETTER BOX

Can you help me with a small problem? Since I'm getting into video and I want to build a library of films of my own, I've bought a copy of your *Annual Guide* to help me pick them out. Now on page 49 you have a photo, but in the article you list half a dozen films, and I can't make out exactly what film the photo refers to. Also on the cover, the girl in the bottom line far left—is that Veronica Hart, if not, who is it?

I think you are putting out a very good magazine. You have only two faults as far as I'm concerned. First, you should indicate exactly what films the photos come from, and second, you should have a new issue on the stands every month, instead of every two months for *Adam Film World* and every three months for the Guides.

R.P.A.
Patterson, N.J.

On page 49 of our *Annual Guide* for May 1982 there are three photos showing three male performers in action, with text referring to their various films. We see your point of course, but our pages are tight and there simply isn't always room for captions identifying every picture in full. Yep that's Veronica Hart on the cover, as you will find noted on the contents page.

You'll be glad to know that *Film World* is currently moving to nine issues a year rather than six; the four Guides (*Annual Guide*, *Porn Star Annual*, *X-Rated Movie Handbook*, and another), continue to come out four times a year.

VISITORS VERBOTEN

I'll be visiting Hollywood with my girl friend this summer, and both of us being dyed-in-the-wool addicts of porn films and tapes, we want to tour some of the X-rated studios and watch these films being made. It would be a great thrill to shake hands with the Beautiful People of Porn like Veronica Hart, Annette Haven, John Leslie and Jamie Gillis, and we'd love to get their autographs.

Please send me as fast as you can a list of all the porn studios in Hollywood so we can plan our tour of them. Maybe we can write in advance and make reservations for our visits. Thanks for any advice you can give us.

V.J.
Joplin, Mo.

The best advice we can give you is: No way, V.J.! It seems like we get inquiries like this every summer. The simple fact is that there are no porn studios as such, and if there were they wouldn't encourage visitors. The adult film industry isn't like the big Hollywood "mainstream" movie companies that even promote tours of their studios. After all, porn is only one step away from the days when cast and crew worked in constant fear of busts by the police. Sorry. ■

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Adam Film World Guide

VOL. 1 NO. 5 \$3.75

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X-RATED VIDEOTAPES

WHERE TO BUY

You can purchase adult video tapes from a number of sources, ranging from your local store to national mail-order firms. The companies listed here are the actual originating sources. They are the major legitimate distributors of their titles. No pirates or dupers are included in this listing.

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.

ARROW VIDEO & FILMS (AR)

16153 Cohasset St.
Van Nuys, Calif. 91406

ADULT VIDEO CORP. (AVC)*

18121 Napa St.
Northridge, Calif. 91325

BIZARRE VIDEO PRODUCTIONS (BVP)*

12812 Garden Grove Blvd., Ste. B
Garden Grove, Calif. 92643

BLUE VIDEO (BV)*

3615 Carnegie Ave.
Cleveland, Ohio 44115

CABALLERO CONTROL CORP. (CCC)*

7920 Alabama Ave.
Canoga Park, Calif. 91304

CAL VISTA (CV)

6934 Canby Ave., Ste. 105
Reseda, Calif. 91335

COLLECTOR'S VIDEO (CLV)

1029 North Harper Ave.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90046

COMMAND VIDEO (CM)

1540 Broadway
New York, N.Y. 10036

DIRECT VIDEO (DV)*

1800 N. Highland Ave., Ste. 709
Hollywood, Calif. 90028
(This is the national mail-order division of VCX)

EROTIC VIDEO CO. (EVC)

495 Ellis St., Ste. 2938
San Francisco, CA 94102

EURO (EU)*

Caballero Control
7920 Alabama Ave.
Canoga Park, Calif. 91304

FREEWAY FILMS (FWY)

6331 Hollywood Blvd., Ste. 200
Hollywood, Calif. 90028

H.I.F.C.O.A. VIDEO (HI)

1044 S. Hill St.
Los Angeles, Calif. 90015

INTERNATIONAL HOME VIDEO (IHV)*

230 W. 54th St.
New York, N.Y. 10019

JOHN HOLMES VIDEO (JH)*

15015 Ventura Blvd
Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91403

KENYON VIDEO INC. (KEV)

22 Commerce Rd.
P.O. Box 6300
Newtown, Conn. 06470

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495 O'Farrell St.
San Francisco, Calif. 94109

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YOUR VIDEO EQUIPMENT

CARING FOR IT

THE AVERAGE VCR and videocassette—whether they be of the Beta or VHS variety—will last you many years if you only take care of them properly. Just as you must handle audio recordings, fine paintings, and rare books with care, so too do you have to "baby" your videotape recorder and assorted tapes; however, this doesn't call for any great effort. It's just as easy to give your video hardware and software the proper treatment they deserve, as it is to slowly destroy them with inexcusable abuse.

Follow these simple rules and you'll help avoid costly VCR repair bills, as well as insuring that your favorite tape will look and sound as good the 99th time you view it as it did the first time!

TO PROTECT YOUR VCR: Carefully read your machine's operating instructions so you'll know what the VCR's capabilities are. By doing so you won't misuse it and cause harm to the unit.

Never use the VCR near water! Make sure you keep it away from tubs, sinks, a wet basement, swimming pool, etc.

Operate the unit with the correct type of power source, which will be indicated on the maker's label.

Never attempt to service the unit yourself, because doing so you might be exposed to dangerous voltage or other hazards. In addition, you could seriously damage the VCR.

Make sure the unit isn't exposed to excessive heat, dust, moisture or vibration.

If you have to transport your VCR, remove the videotape from the cassette compartment, which should then be latched down. Also, don't keep tapes in the unit when you're not viewing them.

TO PROTECT YOUR TAPES: If your tapes have been exposed to extreme heat or cold, don't try to play them in your VCR. All videocassettes should be at room temperature for at least two hours before use. (This goes for VCRs as well.)

Treat your tapes with tender loving care. Never touch the tape itself, and prevent videocassettes from accumulating dust, for any form of dirt or fingerprints can cause deterioration of quality.

Tapes should never be exposed to direct sunlight or heat. Never place a tape on top of any appliance or electronic device that produces heat.

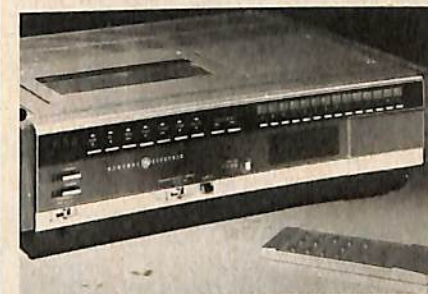
When you're not using them, always place your tapes in their proper containers, and store in upright position.

Handle your videotapes as little as possible—by your doing this they'll last much longer.

SHOPPING FOR IT

WHEN IT COMES to video equipment, no one in the country is more knowledgeable in that field than Earl "Madman" Muntz, the inventor of self-contained projection television. His showroom at 7700 Densmore Avenue, Van Nuys, Calif. 91406 (telephone (213) 988-7800) is literally loaded with the latest in VCRs, video cameras, home surveillance systems, television sets, etc.

If you have any questions about the present state of electronics equipment, or what to expect in the future, then Earl Muntz is the man to ask. Just like Howard Cossell, he'll "tell it like it is!" So if you're in the market to buy some new equipment, take a tip from the grand master of video and consider the following:



• **The General Electric 1VCR2018W** 6-hour programmable VCR, which is one of the best machines to come out since the video revolution began. This VCR is made by Hitachi, a company Muntz is so impressed with that he has bought a million dollars worth of their superior equipment. "General Electric is making tremendous progress in the video field," Muntz said. "Their merchandise has been moving extremely well since we took on the line."

Among other features, this new GE VCR features a handy wireless remote control unit; a recorder time-selector, which lets you choose between 2, 4, and 6-hour recording speeds; a pause control so you can edit out unwanted scenes, such as annoying commercials; audio dubbing, which lets you replace a program's original sound-track with one of your own selection; a video-scan feature, which lets you view the tape at a speed four times faster than normal in the SP mode or 10 times faster than normal in the EP mode; electronic tuning with midband and superband capability; and special video effects, including slow motion, quick motion, freeze-frame, and frame advance. Selling price: \$1300 (Muntz price: \$849 with cable ready, \$799 without cable ready).



• **The Muntz Enhancer.** According to Martha Watkins, vice-president of Muntz Electronics Inc., "Muntz customers kept asking for an enhancer. We kept telling them 'as soon as we find a good one that works.' We never did, so we made one ourselves!" This little beauty has to be seen to be believed. It not only enhances your picture, it also contains a special effects generator and a built-in copy-guard stabilizer. Also it allows you to fade to black at two different speeds as well as go from black to picture.

The Enhancer portion gives you controls for brightness, contrast and color; these are three controls a VCR lacks. As for special effects, the Muntz Enhancer allows you to do wipes to black. You can wipe from right to left, up and down, as well as from the left corner to the right one. Another handy feature of the Enhancer is that it will accept two inputs. It also has three outputs which allows you to go to three different recorders.

"The Muntz Enhancer is a must for the consumer who demands a more professional look," Miss Watkins concluded. Selling price: \$199.95.

• **The RCA SelectaVision Convertible VCR Model VGP170** is a beautiful piece of equipment, but according to Muntz it's way overpriced. However the cost should come down in the near future. "This is the first portable to have quad heads, which affords greater resolution," Muntz noted. Other handy features include the ability to record up to eight hours on a single cassette; a wireless remote-control unit; a 16-position electronic touch-button varactor tuning with 105-channel capability; built-in battery recharger for recharge of recording deck; up to 21-day electronic programming; special effects (in the SP and SLP modes) such as slow motion, frame-by-frame advance, stop-action, and high-speed picture search. Selling price: \$1495 (Muntz price: \$1299).

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Harrison Ford in *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, which won a British award.

FOREIGN SCENE

from page 49

theaters in Athens, not to mention other cities in Greece, were showing sex and porno films much stronger than *Erotica*, but they were not prosecuted.

As of last November, censorship on pictures for viewers over the age of 17 was abolished, and questionable films were allowed to be shown without a release license if they were labeled "Unsuitable for Youths." This encouraged Greek film distributors to import and release second and third-rate sex films to make up the deficits from other movies. But in view of the existing national Obscenity Law, this abolition of censorship for audiences over 17 has led to a state of anarchy in the industry throughout the country.

As the law now stands, any local prosecutor or even a police officer may confiscate a film as "obscene" on his own judgement. This was the case last spring with the award-winning Japanese erotic film *The Empire of the Senses*, which was confiscated by police in Larissa. Exhibitors and distributors never know whether or not a film is going to fare safely, until and unless it is prosecuted. The Greek film industry has taken a strong stand against what it sees as the inadequacy and ambiguity of the Obscenity Law. Meanwhile the incidents of police censorship continue and lengthy legal battles are foreseen.

BAFTA HONORS CHARIOTS

The Oscar-winning movie *Chariots of Fire* also took top honors in overseas competition, picking up three awards from the British Academy of Film and TV Arts. Most notable was the Best Film prize for its producer, David Puttnam, who also won the Sir Michael Bacon Award for Outstanding British Contribution to Cinema. *Chariots*, which is a 20th Century-Fox release in the U.K., also won the Best Supporting Artist award for actor Ian Holm and Best Costume Design for Milena Canonero.

The French Lieutenant's Woman also

picked up three BAFTA awards. Meryl Streep was honored as Best Actress, Don Sharp for Best Sound, and Carl Davis for Most Original Film Music. *Atlantic City* picked up two awards: Best Director for Louis Malle and Best Actor for Burt Lancaster. Two honors went to UA's *Raging Bull*: Best Editing for Thelma Schoonmaker and Most Outstanding Newcomer in Leading Role to Joe Pesci.

Three other films were honored, with Roman Polanski's *Tess* winning Best Cinematography for its two cameramen, Geoffrey Unsworth and Ghislain Cloquet, both of whom have died since the film was released. *Raiders of the Lost Ark* won Best Production Design/Art Direction for Norman Reynolds, and ITC's *Gregory's Girls* captured the Best Screenplay award for Bill Forsyth. A British Academy fellowship was awarded to Polish filmmaker Andrzej Wajda, director of *Man of Iron*.

The 9th Brussels Film Festival, which nearly didn't take place because of the failure of expected government subsidies to come through, turned out a success despite the obstacles it had to hurdle. The well-attended fete lasted 11 days, opening with Arthur Penn's *Four Friends* and winding up with the Yves Boisset production *Spy, Stand Up*. The festival was able to go on thanks to the Luxembourg Radio and Television station, which came to the rescue with a loan of two million Belgian francs (\$50,000), which will be repaid as soon as the Belgian government pays up.

THE BRUSSELS EVENT, while non-competitive due to the lack of funds, was on the whole more successful than last year's. The United States and France each screened six films. Other films came from Hungary, Belgium, Czechoslovakia, Germany and Great Britain. A number of stars were in attendance, including Kathleen Turner and William Hurt, who were honored at the screening of *Body Heat*.

Ranier Werner Fassbinder, the offbeat Munich filmmaker, has almost completed shooting on his new film *Querellen*, based on Jean Genet's homosexual novel *Querelle de Brest*. Brad Davis (*Midnight Express*) plays the male lead; others in major roles are Jeanne Moreau and Franco Nero. The German-French coproduction is being filmed on location in the Bretagne, with interiors in Berlin's CCC studios.

Fassbinder is riding high on the strength of the unexpected success of his black-and-white film *Die Sehnsucht der Veronika Voss* (*The Longing of Veronica Voss*), which was sold to UA Classics in the United States, UGC in France and Gaumont in Italy, even before it won the Golden Bear at the Berlin Film Festival.

SEXPERIENCE OF SUMMER

A NIKKATSU RELEASE

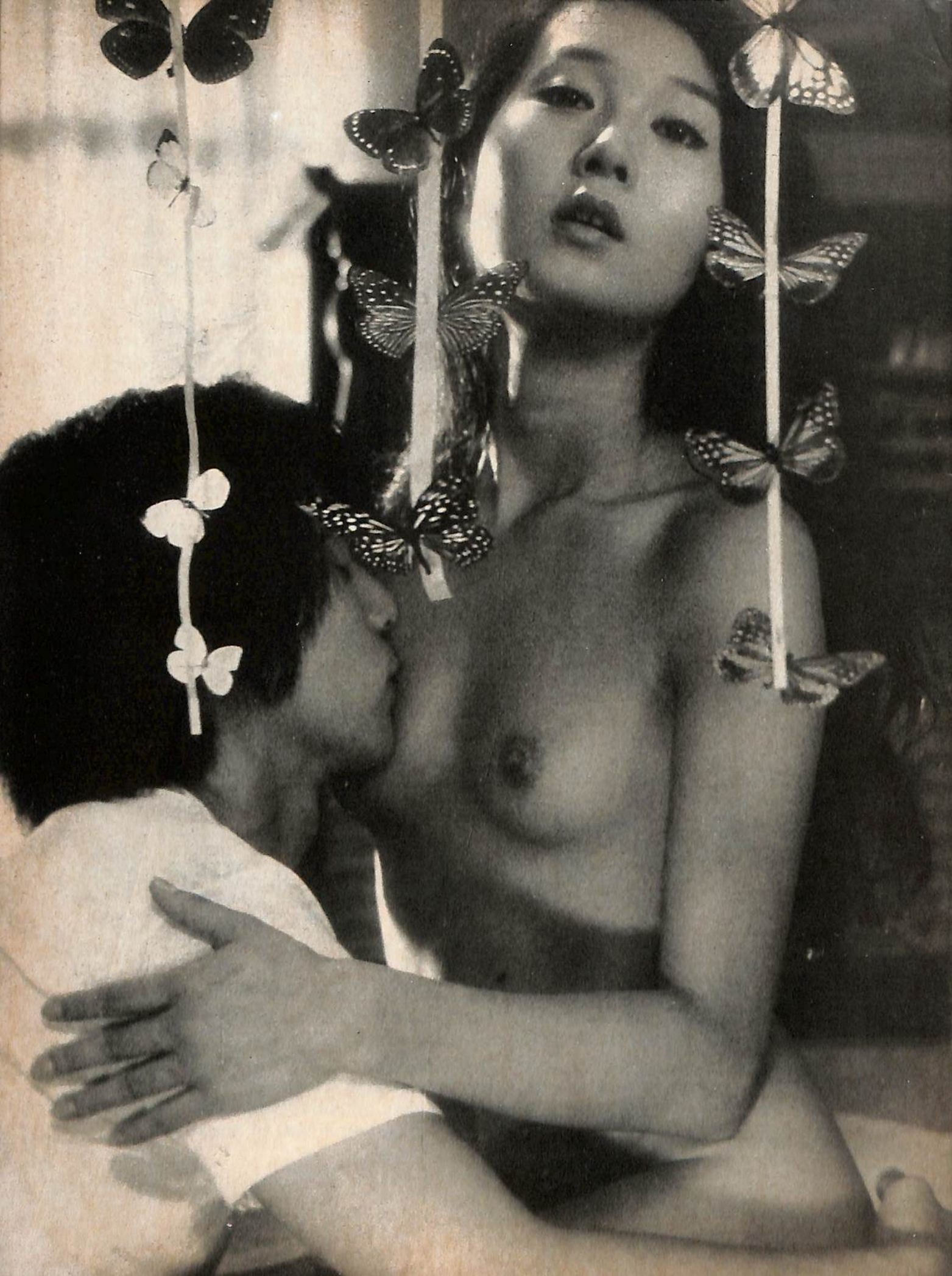
Starring
TERUMI AZUMI as Ruriko
KATSUHISA SHINODA as Nobuyuki
YOSHINORI FURUKAWA as Masahiko
Produced by RYOJI ITO

Even for Japanese porn, this Nikkatsu flick is considerably offbeat. It's about the masturbatory fantasies of two young butterfly collectors. Nobuyuki is lying in a summery meadow playing with himself when a rare and beautiful butterfly comes fluttering along. He gives chase but it gets away; returning for his clothes he finds a girl, who runs off.





Nobuyuki receives a letter from Ruriko, who says she's the elusive girl he saw in the woods, and she wants him to rescue her from a mental hospital where she's unjustly held. He rescues her but she turns into a butterfly and flutters off. Nobuyuki confides in his friend Masahiko, who as it turns out has been screwing the same butterfly-girl. Nobuyuki finds her in his bed, and he joins the club. Ruriko gets her kicks from bizarre rituals with butterflies pinned on her. The ending is sort of messy.



Preview

Coming in your next Adam Film World!

RHINESTONE COWGIRLS

AN X-RATED MOVIE

Our big double feature in the next issue brings you two ballbusters from the steamy lens of Damon Christian. *Cowgirls* stars Rhonda Jo Petty in a slam-bang sex saga of the New West.



THE SEDUCTRESS

AN X-RATED MOVIE

It's a fast-moving, powerfully sexed story of intrigue and corruption in Las Vegas. Busy blonde Lee Carroll stars in the title role. Lisa DeLeeuw is the conniving wife and Richard Laidlaw the cheating and grafting husband. Plus Yvette Cole, Kathy Marcourt and a host of other top-flight pornpeople. Be sure to catch this sizzling double bill!



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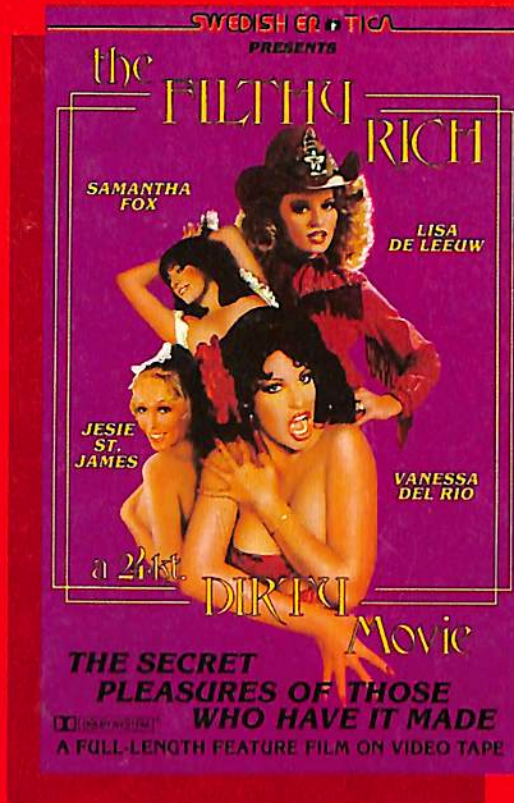
**VANESSA
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**SAMANTHA
FOX**

**JESIE
ST. JAMES**

**LISA
DE LEEUW**

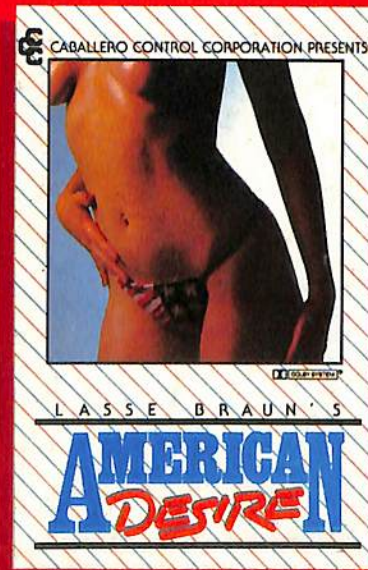
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