

## Special Report

# SEX ON TV—

## NEW YORK'S BOOB TUBE X-TRAVAGANZAS

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"I'm mindin' my own business, just flickin' on the tube, when what comes on the screen? These two enormous knobs is what! And pretty soon there's some way-out weirdie bouncin' them big bazooms in his hands. . . . In my own livin' room, yet! Me, I love it, but don't youse think it's goin' a little too far?"—Statement of a New York City TV viewer, January, 1973.

By FAVIA BRAUN

*There are these two girls sitting on the sofa, chatting. One of them, Cheyenne, is just beautiful, a knockout. Her friend is pretty fine but the comparison is, well, painful. Anyway it's just girl talk, about clothes and men and life in the big city. They laugh a lot. All of a sudden, as Cheyenne throws back her hand to make a point, her boob falls out. She's wearing a wild Indian necklace and a loose chiffon blouse, kind of free-form and in a softly fluid movement it just falls out, ripe and perfect. She goes right on laughing but her friend looks over with some warmth. She mentions that she's always admired them, even been a little envious. She reaches over and fondles the nipples, sweetly, and sighs about how she's really hated being flat. Cheyenne kisses her, warmly, and tells her she's smashing, it's okay. Her boobs slide in and out. Just as casually, her friend starts taking off clothes like in a boarding school locker-room. They give each other hot little kisses and tickles, they keep laughing, and the talk really starts getting raunchy . . .*

What the hell is going on here? Don't these chicks know they're on television? Right across town a viewer, an enraged matron has had just about enough. She grabs up the phone, wattles shaking. "Listen here!" she sputters to the sta-

tion manager, "I pay good money for Cable TV, and now you're bringing smut into my home. That even my children could tune in! Who's in charge here? Isn't this at least against the law?" Then she goes back to catch the rest of the show.

Now by this time the one girl is down to her pantyhose and blouse, which actually is open to the waist. This makes it easy for Cheyenne to reach in and stroke her. They giggle around and she gets into guys with penis fetishes. "I've had some things happen to me on the subway you can't imagine!" says she.

"And they really want to make sure you see it." Her friend has something she wants to show, too, namely her own attractive can. She strips down her pantyhose and moons around and asks, "Listen do you see (some imaginary blemish) down there?" and naturally a detailed and affectionate inspection comes out of this. Finally she's back on the couch and they're back into the penis problem . . .

"There was this one guy on the subway who just held his balls in his hand, so obvious, so that I couldn't help but see." And she folds her hands down there and throws her legs wide, laughing. "But the very worst was when . . ." And in response her girlfriend has

*started masturbating, her long fingernails stroking and stroking the obvious creases in her undies. The camera moves in for an especially loving and intimate close-up through her sheer pantyhose. Her lips part and she smiles out at us all*

The wealthy lady in Apartment 15-A must be having a coronary by this time.

"Okay, the very worst was this creep with a c-k like a—it was the biggest thing I'd ever seen! The subway of course, and he opens up all the way and there it was. Couldn't take my eyes off it, but I couldn't give the bastard the satisfaction so I looked away. He stays right there. Finally he gets off, but he stands right outside my train window. But now I've got my sunglasses on so he can't see me watching him . . . but . . . he waits until we're pulling out and he opens wide again, flashing that gigantic thing at me! I'll tell you, I don't think I'll ever forget the size of it . . ." as her friend gives her a long, deep loving kiss for such a great story. Then she goes back to getting herself off. A few more long giggly kisses, breast strokes and then they hit upon the idea of dropping walnuts down her behind. How will it feel? Groovy, even funnier than it looks. They roll around in transports of hilarious delight, using most of the dirty



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*"The trouble with censorship by public access TV is that they have no standards to apply. They shouldn't be doing it. A television station is just wires, that's all."*

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pared to the usual things we're allowed to see on TV. By those people's (TV critics, outraged viewers) definition . . . which is very simplistic . . . anything that's sexually titillating is called "pornography." Can you actually say that the relatively mild sexual activity so far represents the limit you'd do in a film?

**ANTON:** What I've done so far . . . that's it, completely. I'll tell you again I'm not making pornographic films. I've just been badly interpreted, especially by that writer from the *Daily News* . . . it was a form of hysteria.

**US:** How about the people who see your films who are somewhat . . . uptight. They get offended about controlling what goes into their homes. Do you think they have any rights?

**ANTON:** What about *our* rights? They can always switch to another channel. But you know more and more people are watching every Sunday night, so something must be right. My first shows reached only a few people but now they tell me there are over 100,000 people watching. I am the most popular show, after the sports events.

I will tell you that I think television is at present the most obscene medium. You see real things in films, in the theater. But every movie on television is *cut*, or made especially for TV. It's very disturbing; it makes us feel like idiots! That is my definition of obscenity.

**US:** And you think you're going to change this all alone?

**ANTON:** As I said, I'm getting a very good response. I'm trying to put a very real piece of life on the air, *un-cut*. The censorship on television is the strongest in the arts. This can be changed. But for the past ten years, for example, you never saw what was going on in the art scene. Like the avant-garde films from Mekas to Warhol to Brakhage, they never hit the screen. But they had great performers, and I'd like to make them TV stars and I know the people want to see them, because of the response.

**US:** Where do you get your actors?

**ANTON:** Well I've been here for three

years and a good many of the people I knew from Paris are here now. Also I know a lot of people on the New York art scene . . . artists, poets, personalities. Some real people and theater actors, fashion models. Lately I've been with Andy Warhol stars like Taylor Mead, Candy Darling, Tinkerbell, Viva. I like working with the "Factory" people very much . . .

**US:** The girls don't mind being nude on television?

**ANTON:** Oh no, most of them love it. Rachel Worth was a go-go dancer. I made two or three tapes with her; those were my first. The girls are dancers, models, some transvestites. I get more and more new ones all the time. If I'm out, like at Max's and see someone interesting, I ask if they'd like to perform. And they're all crazy about videotape!

**US:** How about your crew?

**ANTON:** I do my own camera work; I work only with the one camera, a walking camera. I have my friends as crew, taking care of lights. I have over a hundred people I can call on anytime. So it is so easy to arrange things.

**US:** Who handles the script?

**ANTON:** I make a short plot . . . I put it down scene by scene. The rest is all improvised. We shoot it once or twice, maybe three times . . . but mostly just the one, because the actors are so intelligent and so good. And very natural. Most features are a half hour, 35 minutes at most. My entire Sunday show is one hour, so then I might have two short ten-minute pieces. I do a lot of music, new rock bands like the New York Dolls. They are sooo fantastic!

Now tonight I'm shooting with Taylor Mead . . . I'm making a series on him, because he's such a good television character. Tonight he'll be somebody very rich, an oil magnate with his entourage, daughters, wives, friends . . . a real decadent family scene. A real satire on wealth. Scandal, intrigue, blackmail, kidnapping, doctors everywhere, drugs . . . every half hour someone will drop dead. I think there's a great deal of

decadence all around, and Taylor Mead knows about this. He's so good at making up stories . . .

**US:** It's funny . . . but your films do a lot of stuff about rich people . . . and you're actually going *out* for rich viewers. You know it costs a lot to have cable TV; it doesn't even run down in the sections where most of us live!

**ANTON:** Yes, I know that Channel C goes mostly to rich people in new buildings. But I am hoping to make it to network television. I think that's possible, at the rate my work is becoming popular. Public access is the most important thing in television, and will have a very, very important effect on commercial TV.

**US:** That's gonna be hard, making that jump. Take that *Mr. Fixit* tape . . . are you really ready for some young child to see that on prime-time? Can you imagine the hassles?

**ANTON:** Oh no! I'd edit the strong parts out, of course. Maybe I'd have to make a different type of film with the same ideas . . . but I definitely think I'd be a success on the networks. I really think they're ready for me now.

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As we spoke with Anton just before finishing this, he'd been featured on both the Channel 7 and Channel 5 Evening News, and his star definitely was still on the rise. However, because of all the publicity the public-access channel began previewing his material carefully before air-time. They also told him to forget about putting sex in future films, because they'd only edit it out.

All this is very ironic. He gave them the necessary hint of scandal to draw attention—and new subscribers—to Cable TV. The mild sexual satire in his little gems made them (and him) successful . . . and now that everybody's happy he's told to keep it clean. And by a carrier with no legal definition of "obscenity" to control him! Of course the real loser in all this is, as usual, the poor schnook of a viewer . . . namely, you and me. •

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*"The girl's breasts popped out of her Indian style dress. They were ripe, perfect. So her companion did what comes naturally—she began to fondle them. All over the city, normally placid viewers were coming alive. . . ."*