

REFLECTION'S DECLARATION:



A Tribute to Porn Stars Jamie Gillis and John Leslie
A.H. SCOTT

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"Reflection's Declaration"
a sexy essay by A.H. Scott

**"A guilty conscience needs to confess. A work of art is a confession."-
Albert Camus**

Today, when we hear a vigorous debate over the United States Constitution, it's mostly on the plain of The Second Amendment (the right to bear arms). Alas, it's The First Amendment, which gives us all the freedom to express ourselves as we wish.

And, this is especially the cause and core of being here on Oysters & Chocolate writing this article.

What do you think when the following words pass your eyes?
Pornography. Porn. Adult Movies. Blue Movies. Dirty Movies.

Well, since you're here on O & C, you must have a keen appreciation for the film genre that is still held in the shadows of public shame.

I used to be that way myself. Wondering who would judge me, if they found out what type of entertainment I have come to enjoy. But, then again, that's the beauty of The First Amendment of the United States of America.

"Before God we are all equally wise - and equally foolish." -Albert Einstein

When I first sat down to write this article, it was only going to be an appreciation for a pair of performers in adult films who passed away in 2010; Jamie Gillis (April 20, 1943 - February 19, 2010) and John Leslie (January 25, 1945 -

December 5, 2010).



Porn actor Jamie Gillis and his sexy co-star

But, now I've begun to rethink my own toe-dipping into the pool of pornography. From purchasing a magazine, or viewing a video or disc in my home; this writer's essence has been soaked in the sea of sensuality.

Porn places the flesh right in front of your eyes, while literature casts the imagery in a readers' imagination. Going beyond the primary titillation of watching something naughty in the privacy of my own home, any prudish arrogance I held against porn has vanished. Oh, it's obvious I wouldn't be under the spot lights in the middle of Times Square, Hollywood Boulevard, or any other Main Street with a banner announcing that I'm a woman who gets off on porn. Yet, it's given me a million waves of inspiration to write, spectate, and participate in ways that I never thought I could. This is the freedom of speech that this lady pulls around herself with a red, white and blue ribbon of independence.

Of course, the fucking is paramount for consumption of this torrid treat. But, I think for some of us, it's beyond the bumping, grinding, moaning, and money

shot. Substance takes precedence over a shallow resolution of slippery excess. In other words - the plot has to be filet mignon and not a Twinkie.

And, this is where the two legends of porn, Jamie Gillis and John Leslie come to my forefront. It takes a God given talent to raise sex films into the pantheon (yes, I use that word) of art.



John Leslie and sexy costar Careena Collins

Oh, of course, they could fuck their brains out. No doubt about that. Yet, their longevity went far beyond the ability to screw on screen. Each man could actually act. In some cases, a person can't chew gum and walk at the same time. But, Jamie and John could actually convey a character and fuck their female co-stars' brains out at the same time.

Don't get me wrong, I will be the first woman to admit that it must be a hard job (and, I truly mean that one) for a man or woman to have sex on screen. But, then again, a discerning eye enjoys more than just the credits to roll, some boom-boom-chaka-locka soundtrack, and body parts interlocking and a liquid finale.

"Beyond talent lie all the usual words: discipline, love, luck -- but, most of all, endurance" - James Baldwin

For now, what I'd like to do is to delve into the characters that showcased what made each man such a cornerstone of talent in the adult film world.

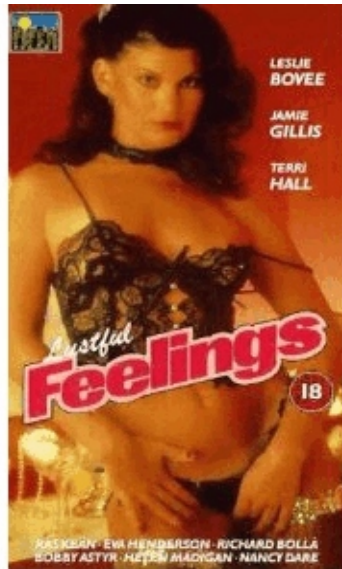
Through *The Looking Glass* (1976) had hints of Roman Polanski's *Repulsion* and *The Snake Pit*, as it dramatically dealt with a woman's descent into an erotic unraveling of her own psyche. Though, from the angle of the male lead in his film, miniscule crumbs of *Citizen Kane* can be seen if you look carefully enough.

Money can't buy you love or erase the past. And, all that glitters definitely ain't on angel's shoulders.

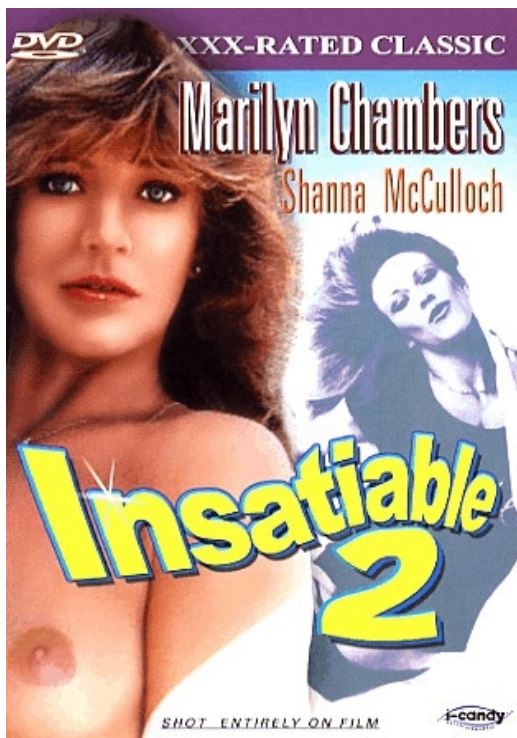


Picture of Dorian Gray starring Jamie Gillis and Catherine Burgess has the feel of an opulent lifestyle of the rich and bored, set off by a father's portrait come to life. Or, so it may seem at first. Yet, Gillis takes the beauty of a painting and twists the reflection to an ugly and deep introspection in this film's performance.

Lustful Feelings (1977) conveys a true vibe of New York City in the late 1970's. The cinematography brings to life the breath of the city. Watching the film, you can inhale deeply enough and smell the streets of Manhattan. The performances of Jamie Gillis and Leslie Bovee thread together a tale of life on the edges of respectability and sacrifice. That complexity of East Side and West Side intermingling shows that everything that glitters ain't gold. And, it proves the hustle goes on and on.



Jamie Gillis might not have been the lead character in *Insatiable II* (1984), but his scene with the late Marilyn Chambers (R.I.P. Marilyn) elevated the erotic sparks that flew off the screen. He played a master, who knew the power of educating a willing submissive. The eroticism between Chambers and Gillis soared as candle wax dripped upon her skin. And Chambers' mouth became a funnel for Gillis' tool of temptation. She was an heiress who was granted lessons in lust by a duke of dominance.



Sunset Stripped is his swan song taken to that highest plateau of meaning and poetic depth.

I am glad Jamie Gillis lived long enough and had a lengthy career to be able to have another younger actor, Mickey G., portray him in a flashback clip within this film.

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"Everyone has talent. What is rare is the courage to follow the talent to the dark place where it leads." - Erica Jong

In 1987 Jamie Gillis gave a grand performance in Chuck Vincent's *Deranged* with co-star Veronica Hart. If you really want to see the acting vista of Jamie Gillis (this is one of his non-sex roles), then this is a little known gem of a film that you have got to see.

Lastly in salute to Jamie Gillis, one of his lustiest performances came in the films *Dracula Exotica* (1980) and *Forever Night* (1998), two films in which he played a vampire. Ooh, the titillation of a delving into another being's welcoming flesh is a delicious treat of desire and decadence. The almost twenty year space between films didn't diminish Gillis' sexual strength and command.



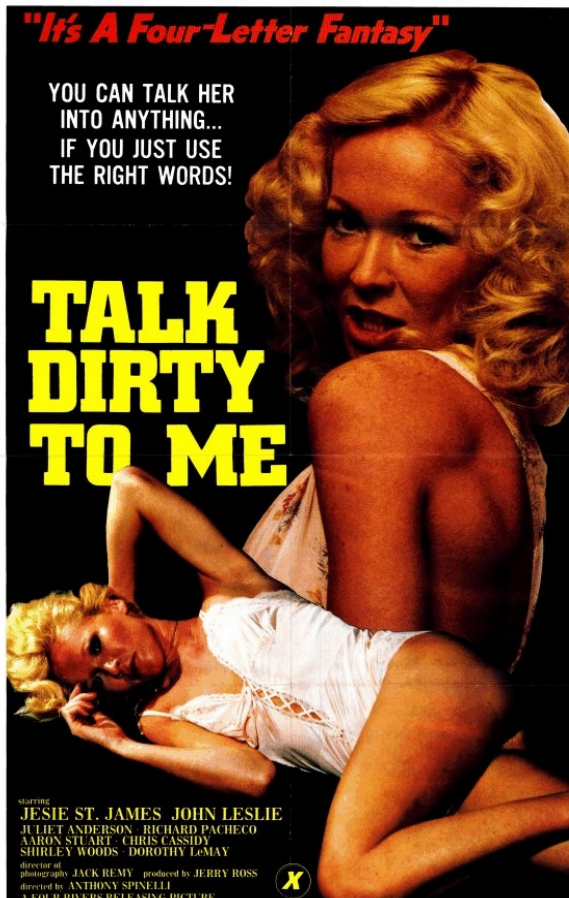
Now, onto Mr. Leslie...

"If being an egomaniac means I believe in what I do and in my art or music, then in that respect you can call me that... I believe in what I do, and I'll say it." - John Lennon

As a stud on the prowl, John Leslie's character in *Talk Dirty To Me* (1980), directed by Anthony Spinelli, seemed the quintessential role for Leslie. He played a man who knew just how to get into a woman's mind, and between her legs. Oh, what an apt endowment he had in that film.

Besides the great sex scenes, the underlying story of John Leslie and Richard Pacheco's relationship gave *Talk Dirty To Me*, another dimension. I've watched this film several times, and it still amazes me that I can see slight slivers of John Steinbeck's work in the interaction between those two actors. This takes a skin flick to a higher level of thoughtfulness and true talent.

For me, any fuck film that can have the same potency without the sex scenes in it, is one that has the ability to stand as a classic. And *Talk Dirty To Me* does just that. It's a layered masterpiece of filmmaking. And, this goes for any genre, across the board.

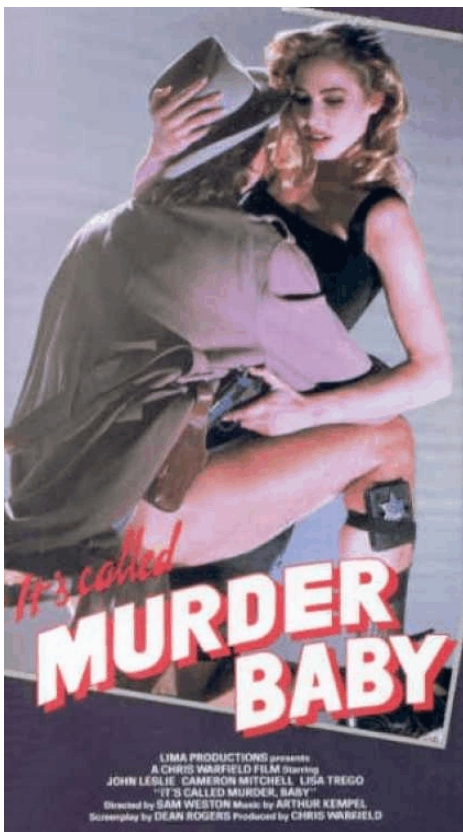


Anthony Spinelli's *Nothing To Hide* (1981) is the second of the *Talk Dirty To Me* franchise of films. I hold nothing personal against *Talk Dirty To Me Part 2* (1982),

directed by Tim McDonald. But, it doesn't have the same continuity of story and level of performances, compared to Spinelli's *Nothing To Hide*.

When I first saw *It's Called Murder, Baby* (1983), it was under an alternative title, *Dixie Ray, Hollywood Star*. John Leslie's performance as a private detective brought Phillip Marlowe into a blue light. He and co-star Lisa De Leeuw's chemistry was that of heat & ice. It even has a glint of the coy coolness of *Chinatown* and bold bravura of *The Big Sleep* peppered in.

Sexy as always, John Leslie used his two greatest assets to their full extent: brains and balls, and *It's Called Murder, Baby*, stands as one of Leslie's best performances. In and out of clothes.



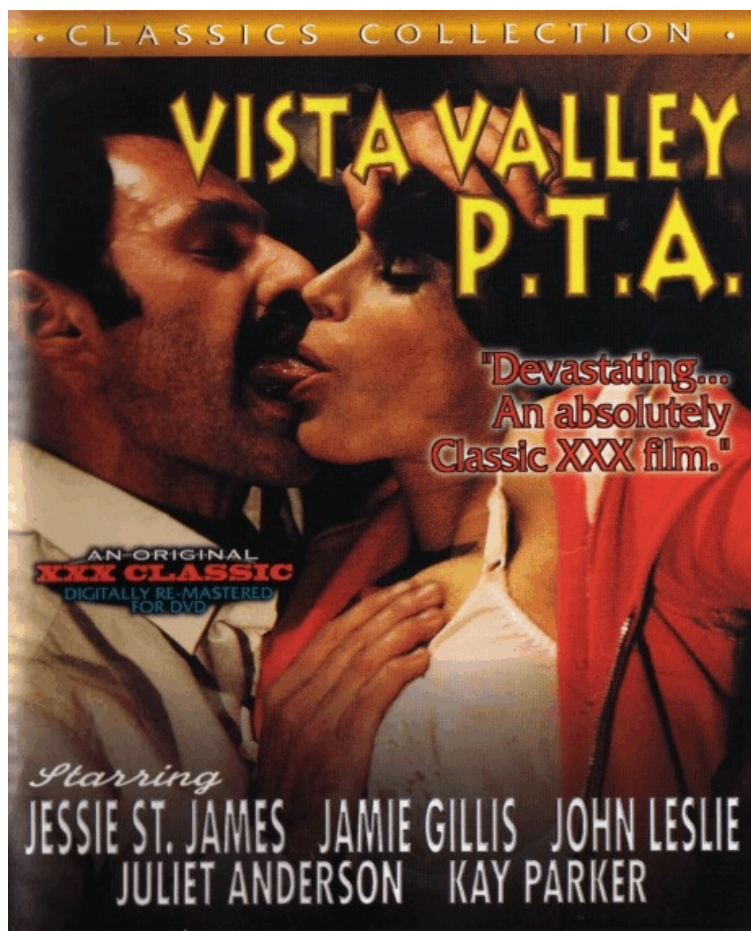
A title can be worth a million unspoken words, and *Every Woman Has A Fantasy* (1984), is the one title that John Leslie seemed destined to play in his career. His passion and playfulness blew my mind and inspired me to add this gem to this list of great roles that the talented actor has portrayed.

The heat of John Leslie and Rachel Ashley in *Every Woman Has A Fantasy*, drizzled off a spicy and nipple hardening sequel with *Lois Ayres* (1985). In both films, Leslie's talent for making a woman feel the grip of his arousal makes this a

particularly great film for couples to watch together. And, for a woman to enjoy alone with her own thoughts & desires.

Because, no matter how fulfilled a woman can tell you she is - every woman has a fantasy.....

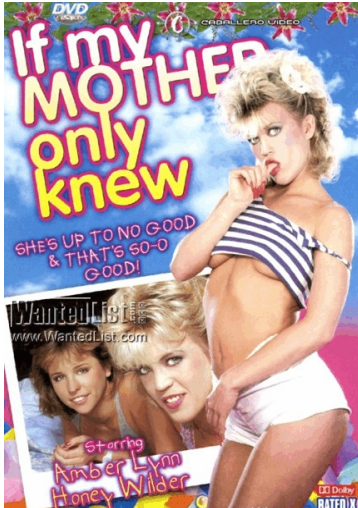
John Leslie is a lonely and horny woman's best friend. Or, should I say, a man who'll come and fuck you once or twice a week. That's the character he played in Vista Valley PTA (1981). Juliet Anderson's parched desire is quenched with John Leslie's moist words and actions . The suave charm and complete confidence exuded by John Leslie remind me of William Holden in Picnic or Paul Newman in The Long, Hot Summer.



While these films definitely aren't Shakespeare, they still effectively capture the viewer's interest and imagination.

In If My Mother Only Knew (1985), John Leslie has a complex relationship with his ex-wife and stepdaughter. Faint whispers of the film Mildred Pierce come to my mind, as the mother-daughter dynamics come into play. Now, it would be

simple to just take it into a land of tabloid trash and make this film nothing more than a third rate soap opera. But, John Leslie pulls off a great performance. His character has compassion, wit and a charm, which overflows throughout the entire film.



"Equality is the soul of liberty; there is, in fact, no liberty without it." - Frances Wright

Even when watching films, such as Nighthawks and 52 Pick-up with some members of my family and friends who have no clue who Jamie Gillis is, I can't resist having a little chuckle at seeing him in those motion pictures. The parts he had in so called "mainstream" films, were never the starring roles. But, if an admirer of that actor's presence paid close enough attention, they would see Jamie Gillis amongst the background noise.

Pity after all those years of John Leslie's career on the blue side of the street, he never got that chance to gain more exposure on film's sunny side of the acting avenue. Although It's Called Murder, Baby, actually has a version that can be seen by the masses of video viewers.

Anyone who has the luck of seeing Chameleons (1993), will see the deft eye and vision of John Leslie. His direction of that film had smatterings of Don Siegel's Invasion Of The Body Snatchers (1956) and Adrian Lyne's Jacob's Ladder all mixed together. Besides the new breed of adult actors in the form of Ashlyn Gere, Deidre Holland, and Rocco Siffredi, it also had nice special effects in it.

There must be honesty in those who proclaim their love of our freedom, which has to include a complete defense of the entire United States Constitution.

Oh, I say to those who are offended by porn as being drenched in deviant

debauchery, that only satisfy any adult consumer's most prurient desires the following:

Art isn't meant to be cookie-cutter or antiseptically aesthetic. It's sweaty. It's growling. It's lip-snarling. It's woman and man. It's man and woman. It's duos and trios. It's arithmetic of arousal. It's even that emotional intensity of Antonio Canova's *Psyche Revived by Cupid's Kiss*. It's that ageless strut of Jagger and kinetic connections of Richards. It's the thematic kaleidoscope of David Bailey. It's the lightness of a peacock's feather. It's the heft of a hazelnut-bourbon brownie. It's the liberating lines of Marley's Rasta and Fania's pulsating beats. It's a howl of release. It's the syncopation of soft hips that sway. It's a python constrained beneath denim. It's the vagina of Vanessa and penis of Paul. It's the flowering of freedom, which blossoms with exposure to mature audiences. It's the cool breeze that blows between perfumed thighs in the afterglow. It's the simplicity of the Garden of Eden.



Psyche Revived by Cupid's Kiss

Not everybody can or must be Renoir. Or, even Austen.

Porn is Art. Art is porn. And, to the critics of the genre - if you don't like it, don't watch it.

To all who read this article, I urge you to cherish and cradle the freedoms that imagination & eroticism bring to you.

"If liberty and equality, as is thought by some, are chiefly to be found in democracy, they will be best attained when all persons alike share in

government to the utmost." - Aristotle

Now, as I step off my soapbox in red stilettos, I know all who read this article may have your own thoughts about the intersection of freedom of speech and expression. Use that freedom to comment at the bottom of this article, if you wish.

But, if you are too shy to write your comments on Oysters and Chocolate's site, stitch together your thoughts and email me - . Please be advised, if you do email me, I might not respond quickly, but I will respond. Declare your own reflections to me.

John Leslie's s harmonica has fallen silent. Yet, he and Jamie Gillis' beautiful melody of erotic ecstasy will forever hit the succulent and most seductive notes for all of us who are receptive to nature's rhythms and complex artistry.

Rest in peace, Kings Of Blue.....

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