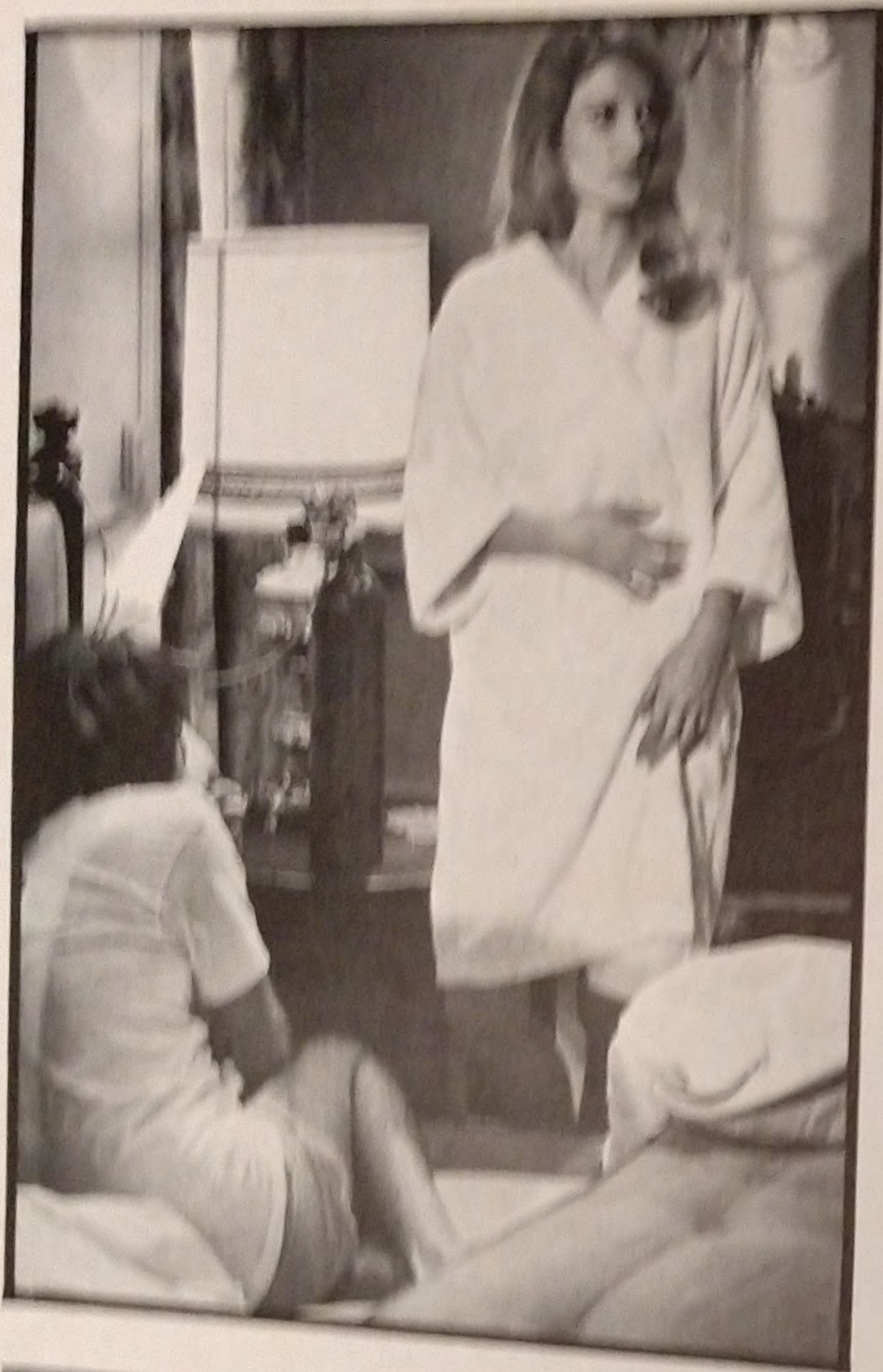


THE PHYNX

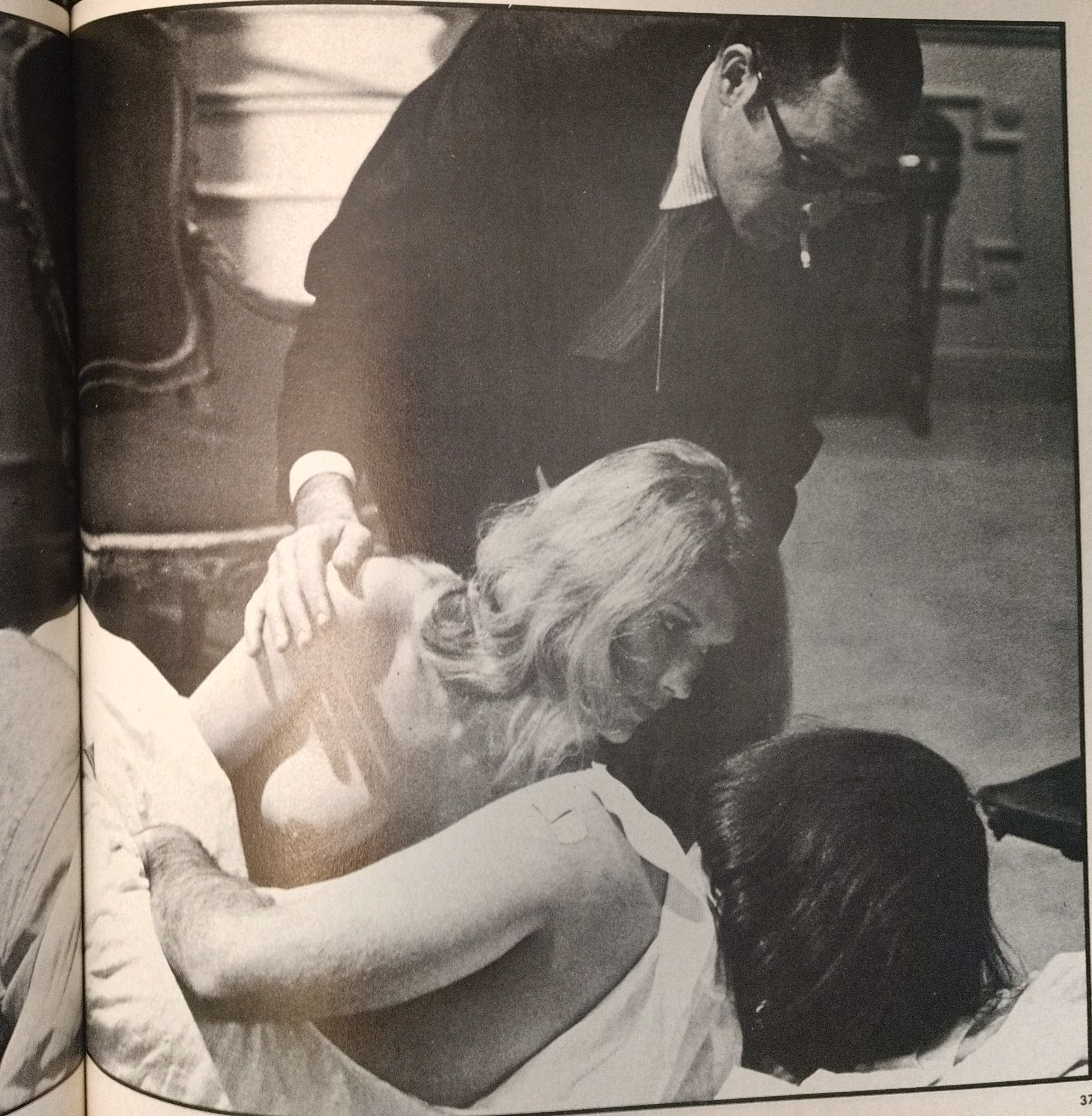
THE FILM is a frivolous, flesh-bared take-off on those solemn International Commie Conspiracy thrillers of a decade ago, with a dash of James Bond bravado. Seems some evil foreign power is kidnapping top show biz stars from this country and sealing them off in the dismal depths of Albania. Top agent Corrigan of the S.S.A. (Super Spy Agency) calls his motley crew together to hash out this new threat to the American way of life. Corrigan and his agents from the Hooker Section, Bible Belt Brigade and Drag Division consult M.O.T.H.A. (Mechanical Oracle That Helps Americans), a sexily solid-state female robo-puter who burps out a solution: send over a rock quartet of all-American-type fellows — "The Phynx."





A
CINEMA
ORGANIZATION
PRODUCTION
(ENGLAND)

A movie mishmash
of rock 'n rollers,
groupies & the
CIA!



The sex-sated supergroup corner the dictator (George Tobias) and his wife (Joan Blondell) only to learn that they are really American-loving captives of strong-man Rostinov. Pitting noise against nastiness, the Phynx let loose with a brain-reeling barrage of 500 guitars and crack the Iron Wall confining the cream of American entertainment talent. Loyal worshipper Muriel rewards the musicians in her own special way, and the four Phynx return Stateside, glowing with hard-won victory.

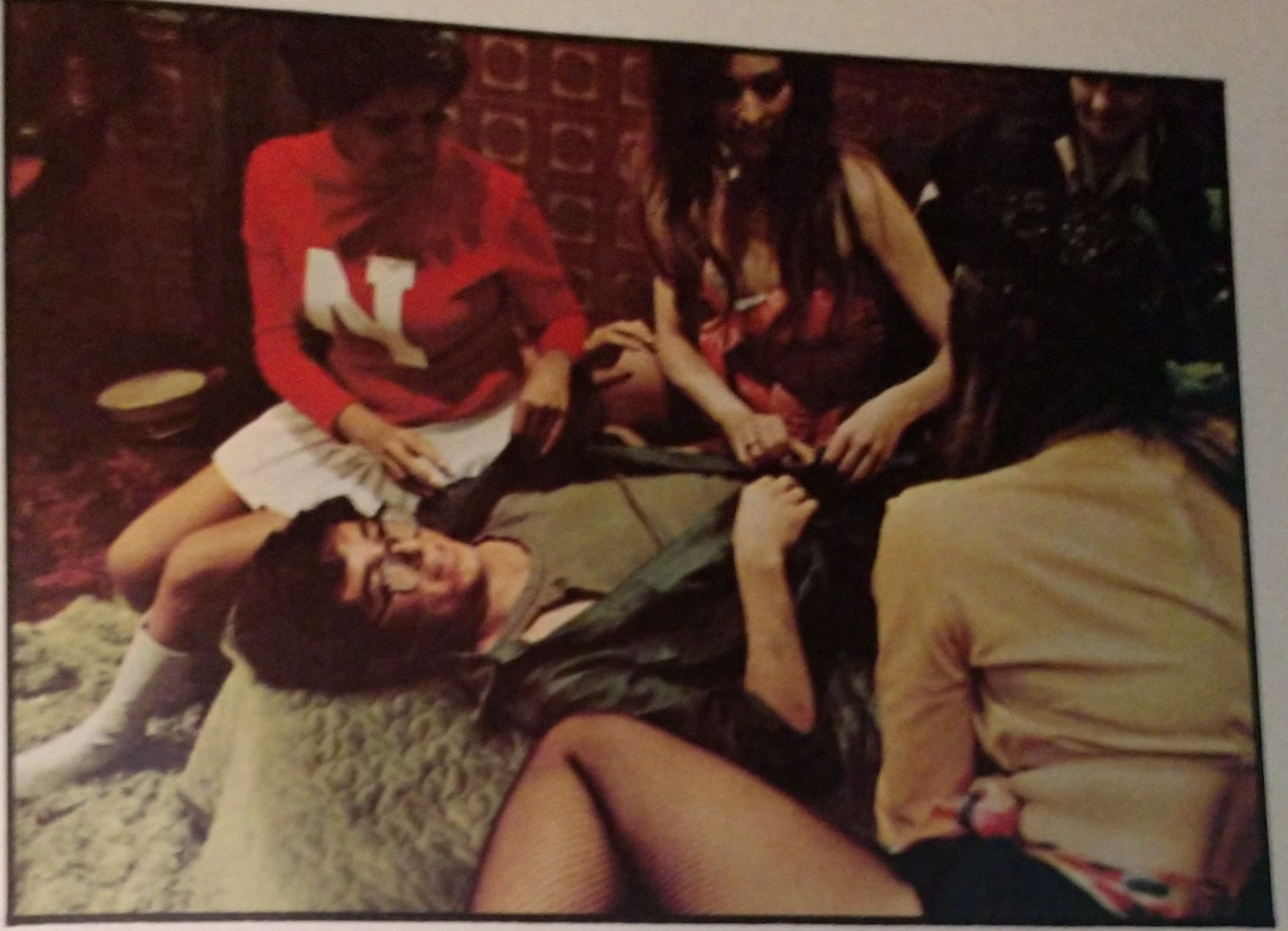
But once home and settled in their plush new mansions complete with a crew of adoring teenage fans, the Phynx are appalled to learn that they have become members of the uptight, affluent, tax-trapped U.S. upper class. So tepid is the taste of material success for the roving minstrels that they fail to vibrate at the next super-secret assignment from SSA: to crack the Berlin Wall.



Success spoils these rock hunters when they learn that even the amorous attentions of a devoted fan (Sally Anne Struthers) don't assuage the ache of being trapped in a 90 percent tax bracket and all the other little trials of being a millionaire. Just goes to prove that success is all too often wasted on the young, who'd just as soon give back a gift horse and find something better to ride.

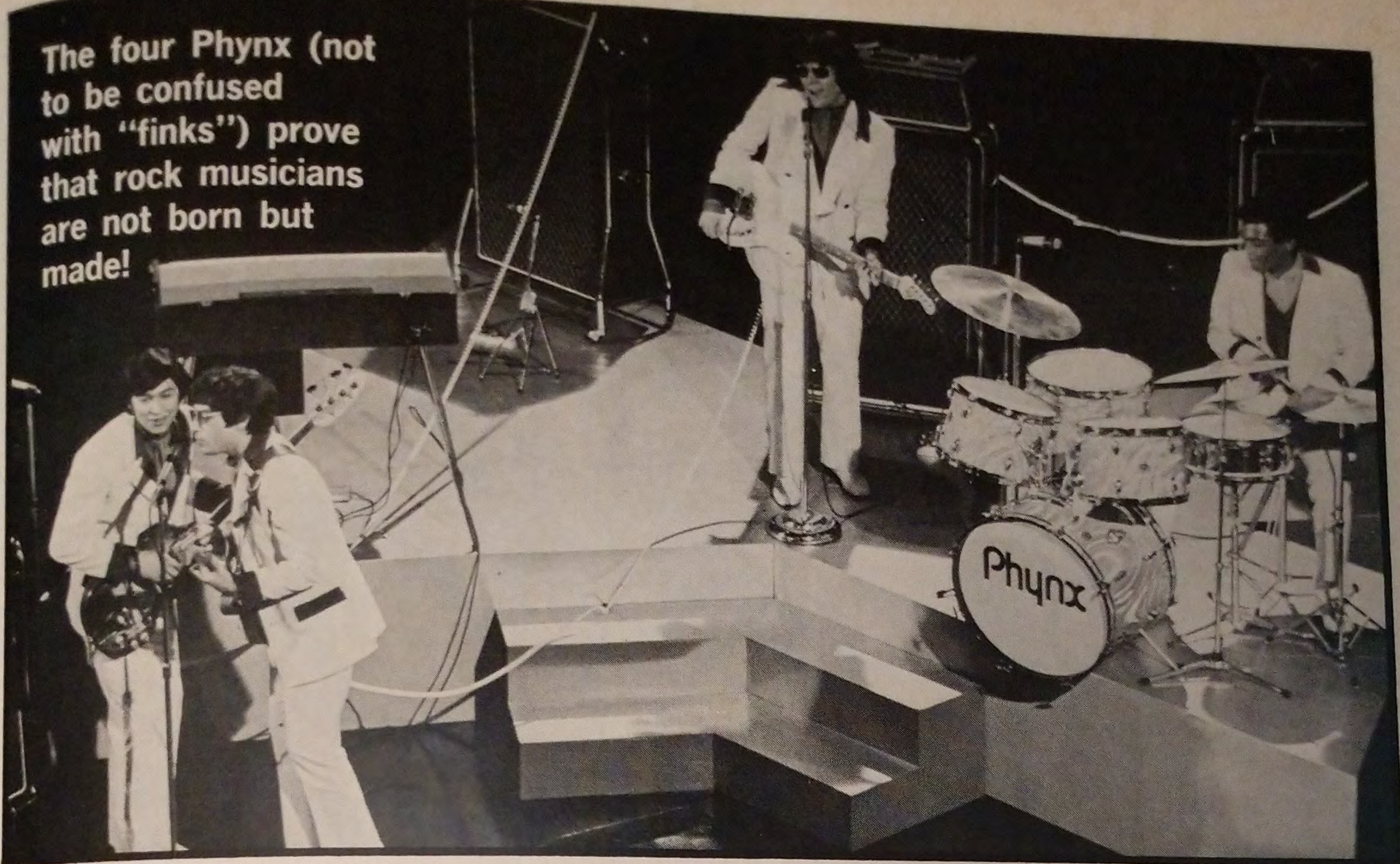


making it to
the top was
not, but once
there, the four
Phoenix would
rather make it
with some
bottoms!





The four Phynx (not to be confused with "finks") prove that rock musicians are not born but made!



The friendly computer spouts out a plan for SSA: create a rock group, hype it up into big time, train it to spy, and just wait for the Albanian rock freaks to invite them behind the Iron wall. Agent Corrigan digs up four shaggy youths and ships them off to a military base to be trained as singer-spies under the tightest security (which means total sexual abstinence). The hirsute heroes soon learn to make a loud enough noise, coaxed on by press agent Felice (Ultra Violet). Finally the red-carpet invite comes from the Com-mie starnappers, and the Phynx, attended by hordes of horny groupies wherever they stop, contact double agent Foxy (Martha Raye) who reveals that a needed map is tattooed on the tum-mies of her three daughters in three different countries. After throwing three concerts (for blondes, brunettes, and redheads) and donning SSA spy goggles that give them X-ray vision, the Phynx scan the belly skins for the tit-tattoos that pinpoint the dictator's hide-away. ★





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EBAY

SHAPED UP: Pamela Austin inspects "The Phynx," a pop-music group involved in foreign intrigue, during counterspy training, in Warner Bros.' zany new comedy. From left, The Phynx are Ray Chippeway, A. Michael Miller, Lonny Stevens and Dennis Larden. Lee H. Katzin directed a galaxy of celebrities in the color film. Bob Booker and George Foster produced.

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