Cult Epics presents

All Ladies Do It (Cosi fan Tutte) (1992)

"That's complete immorality!"
- Paolo Bruni (Paolo Lanza)

Review By: Mark Zimmer
Published: January 30, 2002

Stars: Claudia Koll, Paolo Lanza, Franco Branciaroli, Renzo Rinaldi, Ornella Marucci, Isabella Deiana
Director: Tinto Brass

MPAA Rating: Not Rated for (nudity, sexual content, language)
Run Time: 01h:25m:41s
Release Date: February 05, 2002
UPC: 063390010097
Genre: late night

DVD Review

Director Tinto Brass has a certain reputation amongst Eurocult fans for softcore erotica that's a shade edgy. He's perhaps best known for the notorious Caligula, which was taken from him and had hardcore inserts added to increase its exploitation value. The relative value of Brass' contributions to that film may be in dispute in terms of praise or blame, but on the bottom line he has no one else to hide behind on this stinker.

Twenty-four-year-old Diana Bruni (Claudia Koll) is more or less happily married to her stodgy husband Paolo (Paolo Lanza). But a series of erotic encounters at her job (it's unclear what exactly she does, other than model underwear and allow herself to be fondled), at a party and on a bus lead her to sexual liberation. When Paolo finds out about this, he predictably flies into a jealous rage at his wife's unfaithfulness, and she, in retaliation, just becomes more dissolute.

Brass has one thing (well, two things) on his mind here: the female derriere. Nearly every single shot features a pair of well-shaped buttocks, clothed or not. The action, dialogue and the characters may move off screen, but the camera sticks right on the hams. Those with a fetish for the rear end will find much gratifying here, especially those who appreciate, um, lush upholstery. These are healthy, well-fed buns on display here. Not that I object, but those who find this less than fascinating will definitely want to give this picture a pass.
The women are undeniably attractive; the men range from homely to ugly to downright loathsome, apparently in a pathetic effort to make the lonely, home viewing male feel like there’s hope for them, too. There’s plenty of sexual innuendo and nudity, groping and simulated sex — vaginal, oral and anal — on display, but nothing hardcore is shown onscreen. But there’s also not much content beyond the sexual material either, so anyone looking for serious cinema can just move along right now. The only thing resembling some depth of character is Paolo’s hypocrisy in treating Diana’s tales of infidelity as highly erotic while he thinks that they are merely fantasy; when he discovers a hickey on her, however, he flies into a rage, insists on divorce and refuses to back down.

Despite having a title swiped from a Mozart opera, the film has nothing to do with that storyline other than a generalized attitude that women are fickle creatures. At least, I don’t remember the incest or the anal sex in Mozart, but it’s been a while since I’ve seen the opera. Some music from Mozart occasionally shows up in the background, but the musical illiteracy of the creators is demonstrated by a reference to Handel’s Water Music as being a composition of Mozart. Pish-tush.

Okay, enough nasty cracks. The only other objection is that the running time listed on the backside of the case is several minutes longer than the actual running time.

**Rating for Style:** C
**Rating for Substance:** D+

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**Image Transfer**

**Aspect Ratio 1.66:1 - Widescreen**
**Original Aspect Ratio - yes**
**Anamorphic - no**

**Image Transfer Review:** The 1.66:1 picture is presented in non-anamorphic fashion. This results in an acceptable, but not outstanding picture. Color is decent, but shadow detail is quite lacking. Blacks are fairly solid. The bit rate is reasonably high for a single layer disc, hovering around 5 Mbps for much of the presentation. Oddly enough, the black bars move around; sometimes they’re visible only at the top or the bottom, and sometimes they’re visible on both. This will no doubt prove irritating for anyone attempting to set a zoom for this image, but there is ample picture area around the various buttocks so that one need not be too concerned about losing vital information at the edge. There is fairly heavy grain throughout, and a persistent hair that appears in the frame. At one point, there is a visible tear in the film, so don’t expect a pristine result.

**Image Transfer Grade:** B

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**Audio Transfer**

**Language - English**
**Remote Access - no**
**Mono**

**Audio Transfer Review:** The 2.0 mono English track (badly dubbed) is the only audio presented on the disc. The sound is thin for the most part, with the dialogue far too forward and everything else too far in the back. Hiss and noise were minimal and not bothersome at all.

**Audio Transfer Grade:** C+
**Disc Extras**

Static menu  
Scene Access with 13 cues and remote access  
Packaging: Scanavo  
Picture Disc  
1 Disc  
1-Sided disc(s)  
Layers: single

Extras Review: **Nothing but chapter stops. These are adequate. The end.**

Extras Grade: **D-**

**Final Comments**

Mildly entertaining soft-core Euro-smut with a reasonably decent transfer. No extras to speak of. But be prepared for ample gratuitous displays of female rears.

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**dvdtalk.com**

**All Ladies Do It**
CAV // Unrated // $24.95 // February 5, 2002  
Review by Jason Bovberg | posted February 7, 2002

**WHAT’S IT ALL ABOUT?**

This film is a celebration of the female buttocks. It glories in the arse, the backside, the bum, the buns, and the hindquarters. Its camera glides over the sensuous contours of at least 57 tushes, posteriors, rears, and rumps. It wallows in the keister, the bottom, the behind, the derriere, the fanny, and—above all—the ass. I’m not sure I’ve ever seen a movie so comically obsessed with the southern-rear portion of the female anatomy.

Best known for directing *Caligula* (into which *Penthouse*’s Bob Guccione famously inserted hardcore smut footage), Tinto Brass in 1992 came up with the soft-core, fetishistic *All Ladies Do It*, a story about the sexual empowerment of women directed by a famous objectifier of women. This is a strange contradiction of a movie, which seems to take place in an alternate universe where women are demonstrably horny exhibitionists who simply crave sexual freedom and subservient men.

Diana (Claudia Koll) is the sexually adventurous yet perfectly content young wife of Paolo (Paolo Lanza). She is consumed by sexual fantasies—at parties, at the lingerie shop where she works in various stages of undress, on public transportation, at disco clubs—and these flesh-focused fantasies inevitably bleed into reality. She begins a series of real erotic dalliances, much to Paolo’s eventual dismay. He is outraged, and she doesn’t understand his anger. After all, she remains, at heart, a faithful and sexually satisfying spouse. The remainder of the film is a study of that dichotomy, as well as an intense study of—as previously mentioned—a plethora of asses.
There are so many butts that you can taste them. They’re all over the damn place, everywhere you look, plastered across the screen like a sorority house full of girls hanging BAs out all the windows. The camera practically fondles these tushes as they pass, lingering pervertedly, seemingly wanting to climb up inside them. You’ll certainly get caught up in all the keister worship, and there’s a genuine sense of eroticism to the sheer volume of beautifully rendered flesh. Heterosexual women might want to give this one a pass, though, because the men range from bland to repulsive.

The story certainly doesn’t offer amazing insight into the female mind. It’s prone to silly caricatures and ridiculous scenarios and dialog, all in the name of male hormones. This is truly a film constructed by a man. Brass’s engorged fantasies translate to the screen with all the subtlety of a fat, bloated erection. Still, the in-your-face ass imagery makes All Ladies Do It an interesting piece of erotica, if only for its sheer decadence.

HOW’S IT LOOK?

Cult Epics presents All Ladies Do It in a lackluster non-anamorphic 1.66:1 widescreen transfer, but the original aspect ratio appears to be wider. I noticed several instances of panning and scanning—or, at least, very poor framing. Of course, a new anamorphic transfer, as well as some kind of restoration, would have been ideal. As is, this image offers relatively sharp close-up detail, but colors are washed out and I wouldn’t even use the term "black level," but rather "gray level." Grain is fairly heavy. And the print is distractingly dirty, with a hair (I wonder where that came from) frequently wiggling at the bottom of the frame.

I noticed a strange anomaly in the black bars above and below the image: They shift from shot to shot, and the end credits even spill into them. Close-up views of naked bottoms are never cropped, however, so the main attraction remains problem-free.

HOW’S IT SOUND?

After some research and calculation, I’ve come to the conclusion that this DVD contains the worst English dub job I’ve ever heard. Worse, it’s the only audio track the disc offers. Dialog is centered at the screen in this mono track. Sound is tinny and even crackles in places like an LP. In the extended music scene, the sound is often distorted and lacking in fidelity. I would’ve liked the option to switch to the original Italian with English subtitles, but no such luck. At the very least, my eyes were free to roam all the glorious hineys.

WHAT ELSE IS THERE? - Nothing.

WHAT’S LEFT TO SAY?

I value nude female rears as much as the next guy. I found this salacious celebration of them to be reasonably arousing yet hopelessly silly.