

FIRST AND BEST IN THE FIELD IT CREATED

SCREW

THE SEX REVIEW

NO. 48

OUT OF NYC 75c

50c



**JOHN VOIGHT:
STRAIGHT IN
THE SADDLE,
(AN INTER-
VIEW) P.8**

**FLAVORED
DOUCHE-
THE
INSIDE
STORY!
P.19**

**EXCLUSIVE:
THE FIRST SHOWING
OF JOHN LENNON'S
EROTIC DRAWINGS! P.7**

WARNING ADULT TYPE
SEX MATERIAL
NO CIRCUMSTANCES ARE THEY TO VIEW IT. POSSESS IT, OR
PLACE ORDERS FOR THE MERCHANDISE OFFERED HEREIN
TO THE INDIVIDUALS. You are warned not to sell this magazine to a minor. If you do
it will be grounds for refusal to serve you with future issues. The Editors of this magazine
have always acted in good faith and the contents of this publication do not change or
paraphrase. Make the law your own. No liability is assumed for any damage or loss of cash or
DO NOT PURCHASE IF YOU WANT PORNOGRAPHY!

SCREW YOU!

"Labeling can also be done by individuals, who can thus make pornographic the widest range of materials—Studs Lonigan, Fanny Hill, Playboy, the Sears Roebuck catalog. This leads to the assumption that sexual fantasy and pornography have a magical capacity to commit men to overt sexual action. The assumption that the sexual impulse lies like a beast in every man, restrained only by the slight fetters of social repression, underpins most discussions of sex and its sideshow, pornography."

We found the above quote in *Transaction*, the magazine of social science and society, a publication of Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri.

It says more about the subject of sexuality and censorship than a hundred learned and dull tomes of scholarly horseshit. The article stresses the feat with which censorship groups are confronted when honesty and individual options are sought by a society that is sick and tired of living in the dark ages of Victorianism.

As the article in *Transaction* said in closing: "... Our problem is not that pornography represents such a danger (i.e., a clear and present danger) it is far too minor a phenomenon for that—but the kind of thinking prevalent in dealing with pornography will come to be prevalent in controlling the advocacy of other ideas as well."

We at SCREW, of course, maintain that we're not pornography since humor and general offensiveness are the qualities we strive for. Besides, no one in the sex field can compete with the *New York Times* magazine section.

FAME IS FLEETING

Though we agree we are thrilled to announce that *Time* magazine and the *New York Times* have planned fresh articles on the resident pathfinders (and part-time gynecologists) who have created a myth, mystique and legend around their personages and their masterpieces SCREW and GAY. So patronize those rags (the *Times* and *Time*) until our articles appear, then give them up again until they next genuflect in print to our heroic efforts to stem the tide against boredom, bankruptcy and banality.

OUR FUCKING FUTURE

Milky Way moved into new offices that take up an entire floor, and houses some of the best minds and bodies of this generation. It was only eight months ago that we moved into our first office. The first six months of SCREW, the staff

worked out of their homes and hovels. Now we have carpeting that matches the charisma of our toiling and the future looks bright indeed.

Twenty-two full-time employees (menials) and forty free lancers toil in the vinyard of Buckley and Goldstein's fertile seed, in order to produce this superior and easily digestible publication. With another paper to come out within five weeks, a fourth one by June, and the daily newspaper planned for October, the plans we have to go public seem to have the most dramatic Wall Street impact since the fall of '29. The nation's economy is safe now that SCREW is going public and public.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

Buckley and Goldstein have little use for women except as objects for fucking and to worship us, but the tides of change are in the air as exemplified by the fact that the cunts in our office are starting to wear shoes to prove that they're civilized. So to clear up the air we want to suggest that you reread our personal philosophy stated in issue no. 22 and titled "Why Women?" Back issues are, of course, available for you late starters for \$1. But to reiterate, we are opposed to ads like the following which appeared in last week's *Village Voice*.

<p>SALESMEN FULL & PART TIME EARN OVER \$150 WEEK SALARY PLUS COMMISSION NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY IN SHOESTORES, MANY OPENINGS THROUGHOUT THE CITY KITTY KELLY SHOES 233 Park Ave So. (19th St.) APPLY MR. KAY</p>	<p>SALESGIRLS FULL & PART TIME EARN OVER \$100 WEEK SALARY PLUS COMMISSION NO EXPERIENCE NECESSARY SELL HANDBAGS, HOSIERY, ETC. IN SHOESTORES, MANY OPENINGS THROUGHOUT THE CITY KITTY KELLY SHOES 233 PARK AVE S. (19TH ST.) APPLY MR. KAY</p>
--	--

We favor economic parity for women who are capable of doing the same job as a man. Their numbers must easily total into the teens. That said, we must once more remind the opposite sex (not you Pudgy) that they have been put on earth with God's infinite wisdom to fuck and fondle their men and at his wish to terminate their life. It is the least they can do for the man who owns them.

THIS ISSUE:



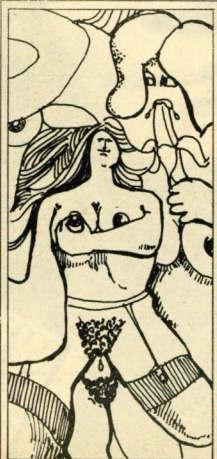
Page 5



Page 7



Page 11



Page 12



Co-publishers	Jim Buckley Mary Phillips Al Goldstein
Executive Editor	Jim Buckley
Editor	Jack Nichols
Managing Editor	Brill & Waldstein
Art Direction	Marcia Blackman
Primary Pussy in Charge of Advertising	Lenore Gollobin
Socially Redeeming Value	Joseph Sebastian
Copy Editor	J. Tigner Jr.
Production Manager	Beth Connors
Youngest Hole	Bob Goldstein
Logistics	Al Goldstein
Entertainment Editor	Jim Buckley
Director of Photography	Sandra Schwartz
Features Editor	God
Spiritual Advisor	Albert Gerber
Legal Beagal	Thornton M. Vasetarp
Statistical Nonsense	Dr. Harvey Dozier
Shrink in Residence	Jim Keegan
Master-at-Arms	John Lennon and Yoko Ono
Bed Fellows	Jim Buckley
Washroom Attendant	Al Goldstein
Mail Room Co-ordinator	

Photographers: Al Goldstein, Ken Gaul.
Contributing Art Editors: Jesse D. Horowitz, Tony Eikenbary, John Caldwell
Columnists: Lige and Jack, Mister PR, Michael Perkins, John P. Hudson, Bob Amsel.
STAFF: Maxwell Twiford Hollander, Ph.D., Mathew Davidson, Henry Edwards, Al Negro, Karl Przybylla, Aristotle Agnew.
DISTRIBUTORS: COPENHAGEN: Peter Pedersen; THE MOON: Neil Strongarm; NEW JERSEY: The Mafia.
ORGY CATERER: Mrs. Goldstein; ORGY SUPPLIES: Vice Squad. Printed by Braille on IBM stuff.

SCREW IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY BY MILKY WAY PRODUCTIONS, INC., P.O. BOX 432, OLD CHELSEA STATION, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK 10011. Tel: (212) 989-1660.

Entire contents of SCREW copyright©1970 by Milky Way Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. Reproduction in whole or in part strictly forbidden without written permission of the publisher. Second Class Postage Pending at New York City.



AND NOW THE LETTER "E"

PUSSY

BY JIM BUCKLEY

What will the place of woman be in the decade ahead? Will male and female marriages be outlawed and replaced with homosexual couplings as Mr. Al Goldstein, eminent theoretician and fat person, predicts? Or will the basic institution of love, romance and marriage remain unchanged, to continue in its fruitless and never-ending battle of superiority and ego-crushing reality?

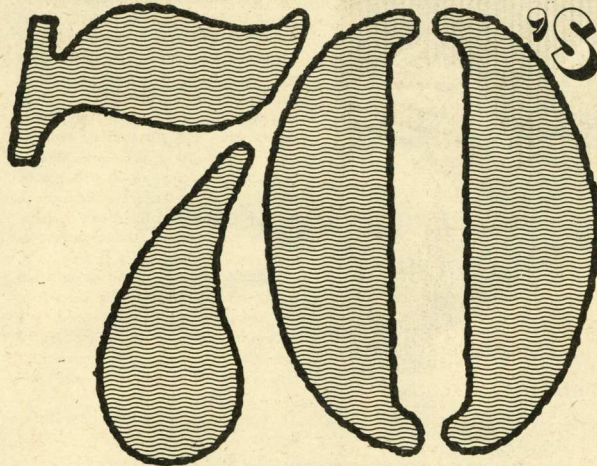
The mind boggles at the truth not to mention the insight of what you are about to read. But men, and you too ladies, there can be no denying the facts, facts which are scientifically-arrived-at conclusions of medical history. This, then, is the future of woman in the 1970's and beyond:



By 1974, the findings of a closely-guarded secret investigation known simply as "Woman-Animal or Beast?" were once more questioned, and again amplified by further proof. The conclusions were accurate, however, and there was no more proof to be had! Women were apprehensive, for they expected the worst, and justifiably so. It was found conclusively that the female of the human species could only be 13½% as effective as her male counterpart in mechanical or menial labor. But, this was just the start, the figures also reported that 85% of all women are endowed by their creator with certain inalienable faults, among which are clumsiness, sloth and vanity, and 93% of all women have attained an intellectual development of only 45% of the capacity of the male element residing in the LOWER half of the intellectual scale!

This last statistic was argued heatedly by such bizarre organizations as the Daughters of Bilitis, the National Organization of Women and the Women's Liberation Front. But to no avail, for alas, the survey was all too correct and the protests dissolved when one of the women suggested a "shopping spree" at Klein's (a chic Department Store in the Union Square area of New York City).

By 1979 events had taken their full course. Women were still regarded as purely sexual objects, but were not taken seriously, or, since the poll results, at least not AS seriously. There developed in some of the major population centers "marriage bureaus" which would, in time, spread to the most rural centers. It consisted of "liberated" women (those who accepted the survey' findings immediately—that "85%"). These women were stripped naked and placed on a huge revolving

SEX IN THE

The truth behind the rumors, the reality in front of guesswork — A Now look at things

conveyor belt. To a frenzied Rock and Roll beat they will twist and show off as much of their wares as possible, to the delight and amusement of the men hordes. As soon as one of the men either wants to get his rocks off or get married he will just point to one of the girls and take her away—for a fee, of course!

Eventually, there will be found a "female replacement" and the living, breathing variety will be relegated to glass houses in public places, where their antics can be enjoyed by all.

PRICKS

BY RANDY WICKER

Hail, hail, the seventies have commenced and optimists everywhere are heralding a new era. Bullshit! The American male of the seventies will only be older, more shopworn and duller than he was throughout the sixties.

The stadiums will still be filled with those same All-American low level morons who find the tedium of baseball stimulating. Older and richer farts will still mentally occupy themselves by sauntering about golf courses, wacking little balls about and puttering, not puffing, on the grass.

The American male in the seventies will be the same gun-ho buffoon of yesteryear. He'll still join the marines, the army or airforce—murdering, pillaging, burning—anything to prove he's a "man."

And, he'll have the same bad breath and even blacker lungs from sucking those Marlboros. He'll go even deeper in debt to bolster his masculinity by assuaging his "big car" syndrome.

Our seventies man will be a more boring braggart and more proficient liar about his sexual exploits with the girls than ever before since increasing feminism will insure his being as henpecked at home as ever.

The new crop of young studs—

to come (and I do mean come!) SCREW leers at the SORDID SEVENTIES!

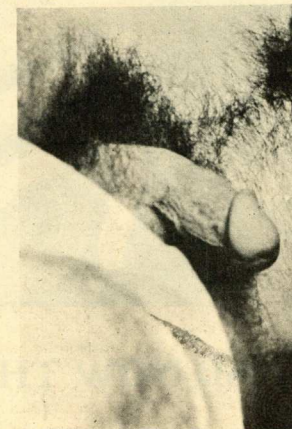
judging from the fact that the average Army inductee's height has increased six inches since World War I—will be even taller, less aesthetic stringbeans than ever before.

They'll have the same hysterical fear of liberated sexuality in any form. American men will still be too uptight to throw their arms over one another's shoulder or hold hands in camaraderie while walking down the street—something even macho Latins and retiring Orientals fear not.

Heterosexually, they'll be the same rigid, egotistical, inconsiderate boobs—hopping on any available female, jabbing their cocks in with all the finesse and tenderness of carpenters banging nails, then turning around and calling the girl they've just laid "a slut."

Homosexually, they'll still be breast-beating, guilt-laden neurotics. Occasionally they may lay back and collect a good blow job or even roll over and give a friend a piece of their ass, but they'll still freeze at feeling another man's lips on theirs, still be scared to death of showing a little affection.

It's enough to make you want to give up men.

**PERVERSION**

BY JACK NICHOLS

Love love love . . . we barely remember the Beatle's hit song of '67. It used to blare out of greasy discount shops on Times Square reminding us of naive morons and silly fools who entertain romantic notions that died with the Jewish imposter Jesus. The resurrection of love is being attempted by Tiny Tim, but in the seventies even Tiny's valiant attempts at a revival will fail. Love will be a word that's often on the lips of your neighborhood revolutionary. As he sets a match to your affluent automobile in the name of international peace and friendship, he'll say "Love." Your heart will beat with all the fury of an old-time romantic, but your reactions to his selfless overture will be different in the '70's. You'll ax him to death, screaming, "This is what I think of love, brother!" So love makes the world go round, eh? Baloney. It's fucking and sucking, rimming, humping, licking and jerking off that the truly smart people are up to. Love was OK for dimwitted Flower Children, but man's real inhumanity to man was signaled by their demise. It was a short-lived Age of Fancies that beguiled our children in '67. Today, we must prepare for mature realizations: love is dead—just like God. Get your rifle ready and bolt your door. Carry a can of mace in your leather jacket and wear a protecto device over your pecker in case some husky Women's Lib freak kicks you in the balls when you suggest that she open her cunt instead of her mouth.



Marriage will become the supreme folly of the '70's. Anybody stupid enough to tie himself legally to another and to get fucked by the insane state laws will get the bum's rush in civilized society. No decent man will admit to having subjected himself to this indignity, and those who have done so will divorce themselves to live in perversity when the truth dawns on them too. Cluster fucks and pervert parties will replace the institution of marriage before you can say, "Love," or even have an inkling of its putrid meaning.

Romantics will be laughed out of the turkish baths. Mate-hunters will get V.D. in the lonely hearts clubs. Lovers lanes will be strewn with garbage and Nixon's city plans will promote an increase of rats which will attack lovers and bite off their pricks and cunts.

FAREWELL, FAREWELL,
OH FILTHY LOVE . . .
NEVER DARKEN
MY DOORSTEP AGAIN!
FLEE, V.D.!



PLEASURES

BY DAN MOUER

Feeble attempts of nut-shriveled bluenoses won't stop the human race from taking a few struggling steps toward socialized fucking in the seventies. Genital equipment may still not receive its due exposure, but at least we may come to officially recognize its *de facto* existence. We'll see more and more of it in films, plays, books, national magazines and even TV. That last prospect may sound a bit wiggy to the average soothsayer, but then who could have predicted *Oh! Calcutta!*, *SCREW*, or tits in *LIFE*, back in 1959? What best-seller list watcher would have seen as far as Henry Miller, Candy or Portnoy?

By the end of the seventies, every major American magazine will have carried photos or artwork of pubic hair as a matter of course, with the likely exceptions of *The Reader's Digest* and *Playboy*. Casual nudity will be commonplace on television, appearing mostly in advertising and political announcements (the latter in time-slots contributed by the networks). Politics will become big show business, causing politicians to demonstrate sexuality in their campaigns. Rather than pretend to be sexless nards, they will be required to *prove* their abilities before the balloting. No longer will incidents like Chappaquidick cause a flurry with their subtle sexy overtones. By law, a politician will have to declare outside income, and by popular demand, he'll have to declare outside affairs.

Odor will become an extension of the arts and media. Skin flicks will be filled with musky smells made up of animal excretions and Indian herbs. Opening to *SCREW's* centerfold will blow a "popper" in the reader's face; opening to *Pleasure's* centerfold will get you a fart, and the *Playmate of the Month* will be packaged with a breath of Raspberry Douche.

Judges will not be allowed to decide obscenity without acting out the offense in question. It will be declared unconstitutional to knock it if you haven't tried it. Father Morton Hill will be consecrated as a Bishop, and His Holiness will be the most influential force behind the Supreme Emperor of California. *SCREW* will be very instrumental in the election of Spiro Agnew to the office of President, in return for which favor publisher Mary Phillips will be appointed Secretary of Censorship.

Marijuana will be legalized for use as an aphrodisiac for those impotents with a prescription from their shrinks. It will be available only as artificial THC in convenient capsule or suppository form.

Anything and everything will be permitted on the motion picture screen or live on a stage, as long as the audience *knows* what they're getting. In other words, pandering will not become legal, it will be required under the Truth in Advertising laws. Cigarettes will be outlawed, causing a big upswing in the number of practicing cocksuckers.

Public fucking will just begin to be accepted by the end of this decade, but it will be allowed only in designated areas of parks, beaches, etc. Police officers will hand out citations for

offenders who perform in crowded subways on unwilling participants.

Art will become completely infused with sex. Murals in vivid acrylic colors of gaping cunts with bushel baskets of real pubic hair will hang in the corridors of Telephone Companies, and major cities will erect explicitly phallic skyscrapers to grace their horizons. "Orgy Happenings" will be regular theatre events with one going every night in every major town in the country. For an exploitive admission price, you will be entertained by a cross between a burlesque show and the Living Theatre, which will involve the audience in nudity and group sex.

A balcony gallery will be provided for those who would rather just watch.

Sensitivity training and sex education will outlive the putrid facts of the Birchers; and the first generation of reasonably healthy American kiddies will be on its way to power.

I wish I could say that the seventies would finally find fucking sociable; everybody doing everyone else, anywhere and everywhere. Doing it in the road, doing it in the ear. But it's not likely. A lot of shit will flow down the river, though, and *SCREW* will continue to have a hand in the flushing.

PANSIES

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

Homosexuality is flourishing like the political fortunes of Spiro Agnew and this one-time perversion and disease is heading for the big time with newspapers, shows and movies singing its praises and practices. It seems like the advent of a daily TV soap opera called "Can a Small Hustler find Happiness in the Big City?" is only a blushing breath away, and one can expect Ed Sullivan will shortly be booking "The Continental Bath Fairies" dancing on the head of a penis for his CBS variety show. Who knows what degrading lusts remain in the pained breast of man?



Nichols will run on a "two fags in every bed" platform and will also live up to his campaign oratory by outfitting the marines in Chantilly Lace and codpieces. Another "first" will be his replacing the eagle with the bunny as America's virility symbol. All postage stamps and courtrooms will have the slogan "in KY we trust" posted, and god will be dropped to the rank of

closet queen.

In 1978, the first homosexual astronaut couple will be ejected into space. Poppers will be the propellant and the red-tipped cocklike missile will be complete even to "his" and "hers" guest towels. Unfortunately, this will be the first failure of the Nichols administration since orbiting Henry (etta) will disappear from link-up by opting for a cruise of the moon for some out-of-this-world one night stands and the whole project will probably end in disgrace when the heartbroken Senior Stud destroys his craft because of grief.

The Mattachine Society will start "war trials" for straights in 1975 in the hope of ending the polarization that FAG (Foppishly Aggressive Girls)brought Nichols into the political arena. Using TV with genitalia make-up Nichols will beat (many, many times) the vitality of Democratic and Republican candidate John Vleet Lindsay.

The show business event of the gay 70's will be the J. Edgar Hoover and Tiny Tim elopement and the subsequent honeymoon festivities on the Joany Carson show. Yes, baby, it will be a mind-blower as will the whole decayed decade.

Only this writer does as he prophesizes the fate and state of homosexuality in the 70's.

One of the most important breakthroughs will be the perfection and wide use of anal transplants of fetuses for future rectal pregnancies. In the 70's these operations will only be performed on married homosexuals but the more militant fag groups will press for this operation for unmarried queers. The Church will be appalled and the Pope will say that childbirth outside of gay marriage is a further breakdown of old style virtue. He will remain adamant that single and divorced homosexuals not be allowed to be parents.

The operation will have been successfully completed by Dr. Diddycocky at Timothy Leary Memorial Hospital in downtown Burbank, Calif. The surgical procedure will be to take a three-month-old fetus from a cow or a woman, and insert it into the passive (female) partner's rectum. Packaged in Saran wrap, the fetus is flash frozen until the warm blood of the recipient revitalizes the fetus, and after six months of careful, prenatal nurturing, the infant will be shit out by the "mother!" All donors will be paid \$5,000 check drafts from the Chaste Manhattan Bank.

By the end of the decade such homosexual births will account for a majority of pregnancies in the United States as the newly-liberated woman seeks equality in the coal mines and battlefields of the world and thusly, will have no further time for the childbearing chores of yore.

Jack Nichols, the coeditor of *GAY* will have been elected to the Pink House in 1976 with Steve Reeves as Vice President and the first lady will be that infamous transexual, Pudgy Roberts.

Nichols will create the famous scandal of 1971 by divorcing Lige with Buckley named as correspondent and the "other woman." It was last reported that Buckley and Lige were running a finishing school for Boy Scouts on Staten Island.

SEX IN THE 70'S

POOP

BY D.A. LATIMER

NOTE: The Rt. Reverend Mynheer Abdul Sean de la Villeneuve is a frequent contributor to such journals as The Roscicrucian Weekly, Archives of American Astrology, Protocols of the Elders of Zion, Dude, Gent, and The East Village Bother. M. Foucault, inventor of the interferometer and noted particles freak, has not published anything in over one hundred years.

If anything at all happens in the forthcoming decade—and it already looks unlikely that anything will—certainly the technology of sex will lift itself, shuddering and dripping, from the slough of despondency unto the delectable mountains. Yes, in the seventies, Man will discover that machines may not only be programmed to fuck, but that they put up no resistance at all, do not get pregnant, and never fill the house with the stench of burnt perman-

ent preparation. With the assistance of M. Foucault, I thy servant, Abdul Sean de la Villeneuve, hath dragged the ether from Betlegeuse to Antares and come up with the subsequent predictions.

There will be two major breakthroughs in sex technology in 1975, the first of which—the Orgasm Box—is said to be already in production by Westinghouse Electric. Taking a page from the books of Wilhelm Reich—and you should look at them books, buddy—Westinghouse has designed a matchbook-sized electronic pulsator which may be clipped to the inside of the subject's shirt collar. Wires lead from the pulsator to electrodes implanted through the skull into the pleasure centers of the brain itself. At will, one can use the Orgasm Box to produce orgasms up to a half-hour duration—until, indeed, the entire nervous system shorts out. More adventurous consumers may be interested in an optional enzyme-sensitive attachment which, in the shape of a pouch, fits around one's testicles, or tubes, as the case may be; then, when one encounters a titillating situation—a beaver shot on the subway, perhaps—and one's "vital juices" consequently set to flowing, the pouch sends an impulse to the Orgasm pulsator, which hits the brain with both barrels—**instant orgasm!** Other optionals include a subliminal stag-film projector, instant fantasies and synthetic aspirin.

Not to be outdone, General Electric is rumored to be already at work on Sado-Maso technology. Electric whips, of course, have been a popular concept even since Isaac Asimov published *Founda-*

tion and Empire, but the new GE Multiknouts will flash sparks and emit loud terrifying snapping sounds. The same designers are at work on the Maso Machine, into which the subject lies after programming it to the tolerances of his own body. The machine straps him in and inflicts a gradually increasing amount of pain until the subject is about to pass out, then issues him a ten-minute reprieve, and starts all over again. This can go on indefinitely. But the pride of the GE Laboratories must be the Sadist Box, a little square machine that screams erotically as the consumer beats it with a belt.

Bauch & Lomb, always in there with the New Trends, claim to have patented a device which electronically controls the color of contact lenses. Imagine the sensations of watching your beloved's eyes changing from blue to green to red to peppermint as you gaze fondly into them.

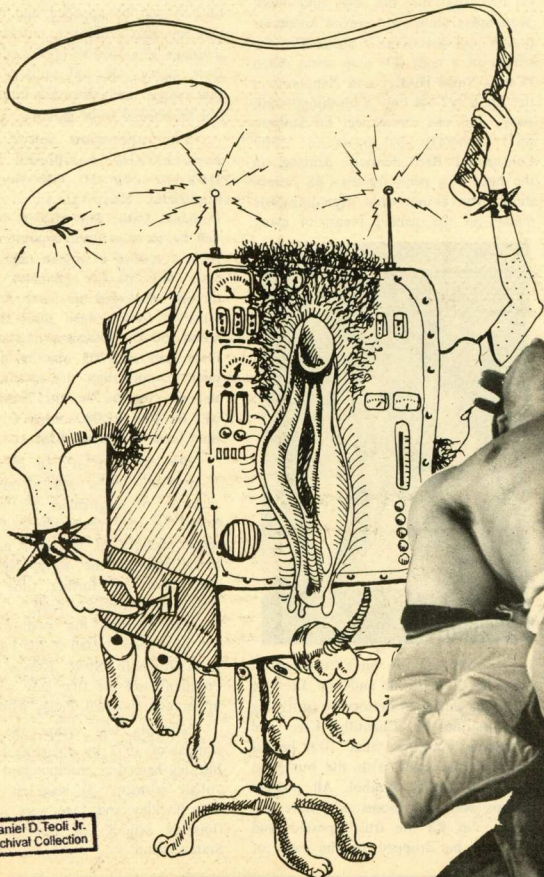
Upjohn Pharmaceuticals has a few extremely inventive potions in development. We have heard tell of a new art form called Peristalsis Sculpture: you shoot some dope into your intestines, and your feces come out in the shape of dildoes, vaginas, or the Venus de Milo. Perfect for the scat freak. Then there's Tongue Speed, which is shot directly into the mouth with a spoon and eyedropper; the rest of your body remains cool, but your tongue goes crazy. But Liddy Drugs has the best idea so far: instant VD. You'll shoot yourself up with some loathesome disease for which

only you have the antidote, and then attend your weekly Orgy Club. Afterwards you administer the antidote, and sit back and watch the horrified expressions on your friends' faces as their genitals swell up and grow green pustules within a couple of days.

Prosthetics will be bigger than ever in the seventies. Already the Goodyear Company has reportedly perfected helium falsies, which keep milady's busom ever aloft like the British flag. Then there's Instant Pregnancy, which produces at will a bloot in her belly: perfect for snoring that man she's had her eye on, and for getting a seat on the subway.

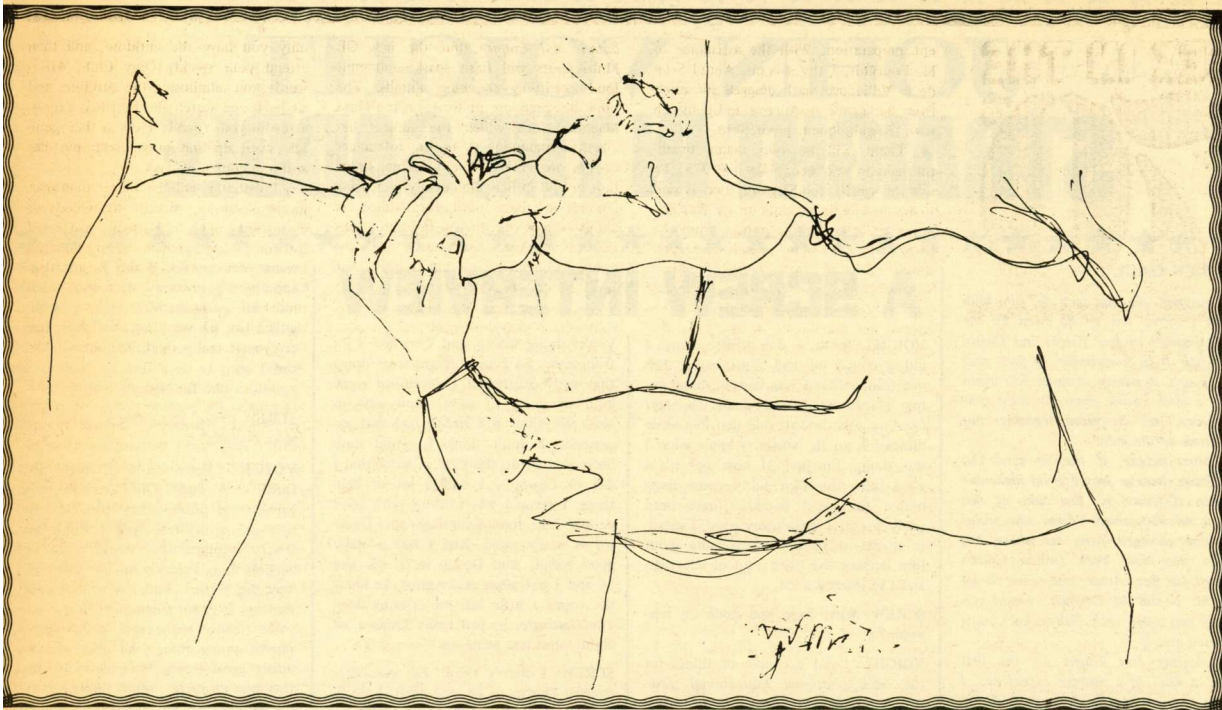
With the increase of leisure time, sex games will become ever more popular. Already Brunswick Sports Equipment is said to be working on a means to transform the Orgy into a recreation as popular as league bowling. To do this, Brunswick designers are busily working on an Orgy Umpire, which will keep track of orgasms experienced by couples and singles, chart the arrangement of bodies about the playing area, and even administer first-aid when needed.

Finally, though, the next biggest development in sex technology in the seventies will be the Maidenhead Virginity Restorer, from Helena Rubenstein. "Instant Cherry," as the uncouth will term it, will permit each time to be the first time for such chicks as go for such things. "Make him feel like a dirty old man," the ads will read. "Comes with a special intimate application of Novocaine to eliminate those unsettling first-time pangs."



Daniel D. Teofil Jr. Archival Collection





Lennon's Erotic Drawings

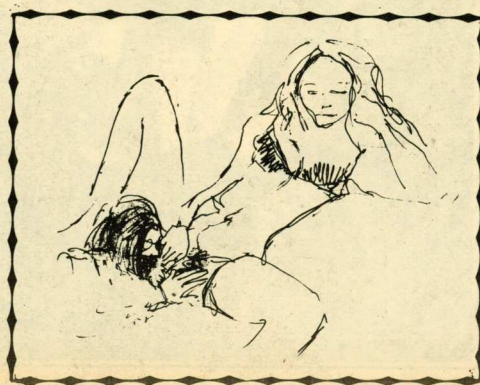
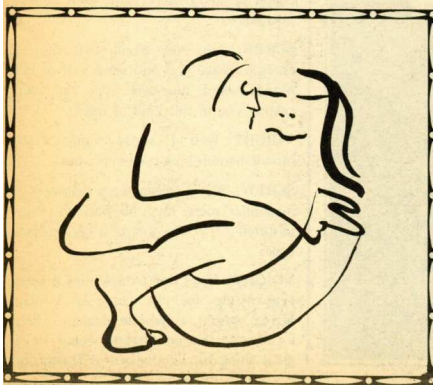
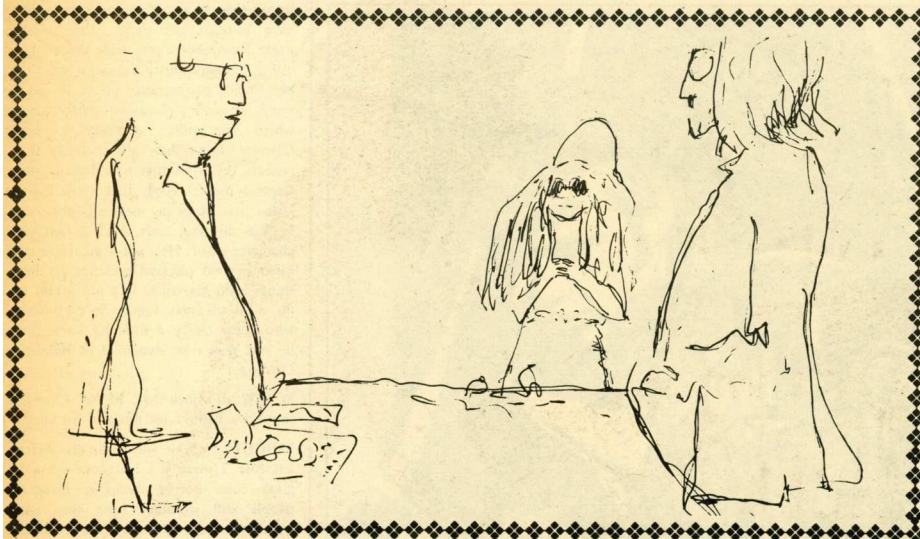
BY JIM BUCKLEY

The Erotic Lithographs of John Lennon weren't allowed a public showing in London - "doity" was the official word for the drawings of the former Member of the British Empire. Paris is the next stop for the show, before coming to New York's Lee Nordness Galleries at 236/238 East 75th St., on February 7th through February 26th.

The Lithographs presented here are some of the ones which will appear in the next issue of that hollow magazine (AVANT GARDE). The publisher tried to tie up public dissemination of the prints, but since our indomitable Executive Editor, Al Goldstein, owns a complete set, SCREW was able to surmount *Avant Garde's* shenanigans, and hereby presents the first American sight of Lennon's artistic attempts.

John Lennon, ever since his meeting with Yoko Ono, has been moving towards a more realistic representation of a life-style he has helped to create and perpetuate. I'm no art critic, so I won't try to evaluate the lithographs (14 different prints in all, with an original run of 300 numbered sets - 100 of which will be transported to New York for public sale at \$900 a throw). But I think it's significant that Lennon and Yoko are able to practice what they preach, and his display of himself with his wife in various sexual acts has got to be one of the most beautiful (it sounds corny, and certainly not SCREW style, but it's true) and unselfish acts an artist has ever done, anywhere.

By the way, the galleries themselves are worth noting, and if you're a grown-up who likes to fuck around with toys, make a special trip to Lee Nordness Galleries, it's almost as good as a trip to Disneyland.



JOHN VOIGHT STRAIGHT IN THE SADDLE

★★★☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆
BY KEN GAUL

Anyone who has seen the film *Midnight Cowboy* has to be awed by the performances of Jon Voight and Dustin Hoffman—it is conceivable, in fact, that this year's Academy Awards will again find a dual award given for best performance, ala Streisand/Hepburn, but this time to the men.

Most people, if they've seen *The Graduate*, have a pretty good idea who Dustin Hoffman is. But who is this aryan Adonis named Voight who seems to have emerged from no where, has taken the New York Drama Critic's Award for Best Actor, and, were it not for his co-star in *Cowboy*, would certainly run away with Hollywood's most coveted award.

Meeting Jon Voight for the first time is kind of a strange experience. I mean, this cat is BIG. It's a cold, slushy day and he arrives at my place wearing what looks like a hunter's outfit, rubber boots and all. You of course expect Joe Buck to grab your hand and elbow and gush forth a few: "How you, boy's," or "How do, Sir." Instead, a soft, yet resolute: "How are you, man." A cheroot dangles from his mouth, and... uh... yeah, an All-American boy look greets you. You immediately relax and somehow get the idea that it's he who is nervous. Fifteen minutes later he's relaxed, I'm relaxed over his being relaxed, and what follows is about an hour-and-a-half of friendly rapping on everything from nudity to marijuana; from his personal hangups to the possible demise of acting as a profession. Interesting. VERY interesting.

SCREW: What age group do you think that *Midnight Cowboy* was basically aimed toward?

VOIGHT: I don't think it was aimed toward any specific age group. Do you?

SCREW: Well, both times I saw it the bulk of the audience was between the ages of about 18 and 25.

VOIGHT: Well, that's who is going to the movies now.

SCREW: It was just interesting that *Midnight Cowboy* has an X-rating, which means that no one under 17 can go to see it, and when you dig the movie's message, this seems a little absurd. I mean, there are some nude scenes but a...

VOIGHT: Hey, I don't know how the X-ratings work.

SCREW: How did you feel about this, your first big role?

VOIGHT: I've done a lot of things before *Midnight Cowboy*.

SCREW: Yeah, I know, everybody seems to think that someone found you on the street and immediately type-cast you for the role, but I know that you have done off- and off-off-Broadway before.

A SCREW INTERVIEW

VOIGHT: Yeah, I did off-Broadway. I did a couple of bad films before this one, things that I was bad in, things before I knew what I was doing. *Midnight Cowboy* was the first one that had some dimension to it, where I knew what I was doing. I'm just 31 now and it's a good thing this film didn't come along before because I wouldn't have been ready for it, I wasn't any good. I mean, to an extent, I know a little more about film because I've done a lot of television and I've learned a lot.

SCREW: What have you done on television?

VOIGHT: I did a couple of things for the NET (National Educational Television). I did some *Gunsmoke* and some other stuff and they all helped me to get a good idea of how to do film work, because you never really know. I mean people tell you a lot of stuff, but when you see your mistakes yourself then you really know how bad is bad, or what

you're doing wrong, and I learned a lot from them. So I guess it was from doing that early stuff that I developed some kind of point of view about how to work for film. If I hadn't had that experience I don't think I would have been able to do the kind of work that I did in *Cowboy*. I had a lot of help there, I mean I was working with good people. Like John Schlesinger, the Director is really good. And I had a really good script. And Dustin is terrific and he and I got along really great, he knew the ropes a little bit, too. Having done *The Graduate*, he just really knew a lot about what was going on.

SCREW: I didn't think *The Graduate* showed Dustin to be that great. I mean, he seemed to be just playing himself.

VOIGHT: When you look at *The Graduate*, see I just worked for Mike Nichols and I know that Mike makes his own films his own way. He's a very strong director and he makes you do what he

wants you to do. Which is good. Because you have to say, do I want to give him his performance? Then you say, well I like his work, so I will, yes. I can say that I really think Nichols is terrific and I want to do a film for Nichols, so you do a film for Nichols.

SCREW: You just did *Catch-22* for Mike Nichols.

VOIGHT: Right. And I knew that Dusty had done *The Graduate* with Nichols and I think that Mike did a terrific job with that. And I think that Dusty's performance was a lot of Nichols, but... like you can't give what you don't have. And if you look really closely at *The Graduate*, Dusty does some really remarkable things in it; purely acting things, he does phenomenally good things. He necessarily plays that one character, which limits him tremendously but his imagination and his sense of humor, and the amount of life he brings to the screen is what made *The Graduate* work, I think. I mean, if you know what to look for, you can see that Dusty is really terrific in *The Graduate*. He really made it work. I don't think that a lot of other kids would have brought the depth, the humor, made the scenes work, made them interesting the way Dusty did. So it wasn't a personality performance at all. It was a very specific character performance which was quite extraordinary. And *Cowboy* shows that side of Dusty that reflects the work that he's done on the stage. I mean, people that know Dusty know that that's his meat and potatoes; he can do that craft. He's a fantastic character actor. He's got a great imagination, a great physical presence; he does things with his voice; he's not afraid to do a lot of crazy things. So everybody who knew Dusty a little bit knew that he was gonna be dynamite in *Midnight Cowboy*.

SCREW: It's just that, to me, *Cowboy* showed a helluva lot more of his talent.

VOIGHT: Well, it was a totally different role. I mean if I had done a lot of good roles before *Midnight Cowboy* people still wouldn't have been sure whether I could have done the Joe Buck character in *Cowboy*. But, with Dusty, you knew.

SCREW: Are you afraid that they're going to make you into some sort of tall blonde-haired, blue-eyed type and keep casting you in this kind of role?

VOIGHT: Well I already am a tall, blonde-haired, blue-eyed type, but...

SCREW: No, I mean keep casting you in similar roles, like this part you play in *Catch-22*, you're sort of a cypto-Nazi type.

VOIGHT: No, I don't think they'll keep type-casting me. In *Catch-22* I play Milo, who's a wheeler-dealer... he's a... well, the personality would be a great thing for like Sellers, or Dustin, or



Al Pacino or somebody like that. But casting me in it, they've said something else with it—like here's the All-American boy who's a wheeler-dealer or a potential facist. No, I really don't have any fears of being type-cast. I mean, as long as I've been in the business I've done a lot of bad things, but I've never ever done something that people could have anticipated whether it was right for me. I mean, the best thing I did before *Cowboy* was *View From the Bridge*, which was an Italian and closer to me a little bit, but not exactly me.

"JOE BUCK"

SCREW: Do you think that Joe Buck was in some ways you?

VOIGHT: I think that Joe Buck in a way is everybody. I think that's why people related to him. Because we all have an idea of ourselves that maybe isn't really ourselves, and then we get hurt when people don't buy that. But it's a protection that we go to. Everybody has a different kind of protection, everyone comes on a certain way which



may not be them. I mean, really mature people who are totally secure, very, very healthy people don't do that perhaps, but I think the great majority of people have some kind of an image that they feel comfortable in.

SCREW: Joe Buck was a Texan—a real down South cat—that's certainly not your background. You're from Westchester and your father's a golf pro, so how did you learn all of those characteristics of a guy like Joe Buck? The accent, the walk, even the gum chewing?

VOIGHT: I think that the gum chewing thing was John Schlesinger's idea, but the accent... well, I'd come up with different kinds of accents, but I was trying to find one that would be typical of a not too bright guy and would be very specific to that particular area of the country. And I found in that area that there were a million different kinds of accents: "Like thar'd be guys who'd talk lak this hyer, ya see. Lak, damn, kinda keepin' thar jaw stiff. Tryin' ta kinda talk lak that thar see." But John didn't want anything like that. He wanted something that was lighter than that. He wanted a light, a lively quality. And I had done some work with a guy named J.B. Smith who did all sorts of accents,

and I tried to learn every comic accent he could give me. Because it's easy once you learn a very broad accent to go back to a very subtle one. So I said teach me the broadest accents that you can, so I came up with about 10 or 15 broad accents. And then I said do you have any guy who talks with a real bubbly quality, a very musical quality? And he said he knew a guy who played football for the Rams or the Lions or something who used to call him up and say: "Hey Jimmy, Charley, how you doin' boy? What's tha matter, boy, you don' call me no more, you don' love me?" Like that, I mean it was really up there, very high. And that's the accent that I ultimately wound up using most of and then I found different phrases. Like I met a guy in Texas who was a rancher, who had a new wife, and who was... just a really nice guy. Just like I thought Joe should be, a really nice guy. And this guy was really polite. He was about my age, and yet he always called me Sir. And he'd say: "Jon, sir, ah tell ya, well, ah'm gonna try ta get me some land, ah'm gonna just get ma

land, ya know, and ah think a'll be happy if ah get ma land and a... well, sir, ah don't thank life should be that difficult. Ah thank a'll jus' get ma wife, have a coupla kids, get me some land, a few horses, and a'll be a happy man, yes sir, ya know." And he'd say "yessir" and "ya know" all the time, and he was such a nice guy, a moving guy to be with, he was very touching. But you knew that that guy was really a strong guy. Very gentlemanly and sweet, and yet a very good guy. So I said right, Joe Buck is a little of that, too. So I said "Ya know" a lot and I said "Yessir."

SCREW: So you generally picked up a lot of the accent down there?

VOIGHT: Well, I wanted to get it as solid as I could in New York, but I wanted to get it on location, too. Because when you get an accent you don't know, necessarily, what kind of mistakes you can make. I mean, if a guy gave you a New York accent and you were from the Midwest, right, you'd have to come to New York to understand that everyone in New York doesn't talk like that, you know. There's lots of different kinds of New York accents. And you have to know that even with an accent that seems to be very specific and very



complete, a guy, once he gets it... he makes mistakes. I mean, he'll pick up certain words and he'll say them one way and then in another sentence he'll throw that away and use it a different way. Like he'll use a hard R in some sentences and then other times he'll pass right over it. It can be entirely different. So you have to know that you've got basically the accent, and then you have to be able to play with it yourself, then you make it your own and then you just say fuck them, I don't give a shit what they talk like, I'm just talking like the character now. And then you... go on. So I got the accent down and became sort of... an "expert," and I was able to play with it myself and not pay any attention to rhythms or do any work on it after a while, I could just play with it and have some fun.

SCREW: So you really took the basics from various sources and then improvised quite a bit yourself with Joe Buck?

VOIGHT: Yeah, like very early in *Cowboy* there's a scene where Joe Buck says good-bye to the dishwasher, and says he's going up to get all of those rich women because all of the men up there are faggots. Now the script said *faggot*, but I thought, hell, a guy like Joe Buck wouldn't use the word *faggot*. So I was fooling around with some kids off the set, playing football, and I asked them what they called homosexuals. And one of the kids said *pinkies*. And I said *pinkies*? Wow, that's terrific, what the hell is that? Then I was playing ball with these kids again and I realized that they actually made up their own words. So when I was coming back on the plane I said to John Schlesinger, "Hey, I've got the word for them. We're not going to call them faggots, we're going to call them tuitty-fruities." And that wasn't really in the script, and I never heard anybody use it, but it really seemed to fit.

SCREW: I remember both times I saw *Cowboy* that particular line got a good response from the audience, too.

VOIGHT: Yeah, well see, it was right. It was Joe. I mean, he doesn't know anything about all that stuff—he's totally alien to that world. He's not a hard guy or a tough guy. So I didn't want to start his characterization off where you think this guy is some sort of a bias, I mean, he just didn't know. So it was right. It set up the character.

SCREW: Do you think that *Midnight Cowboy* turned you into any kind of a *sex symbol*? And, if so, do you think it's one that would appeal to females or homosexuals?

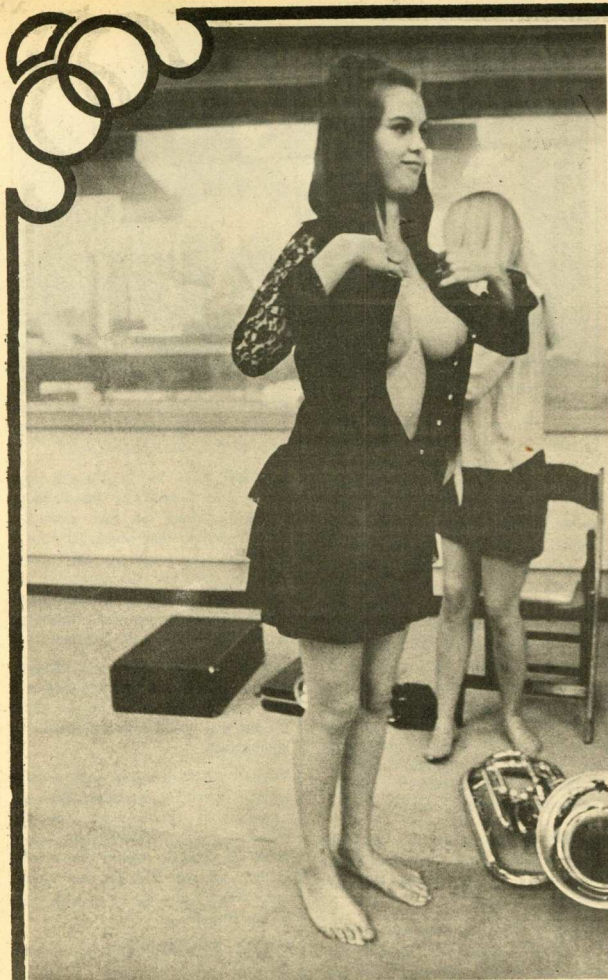
VOIGHT: Well, probably both. I don't know. I mean, in the movie there are homosexual relationships. And the author, James Leo O'Herlihy, is a homosexual. So probably what he had written in the book was from his own imagination which had a lot to do with what he was attracted to.

SCREW: What did he have to say about the film?

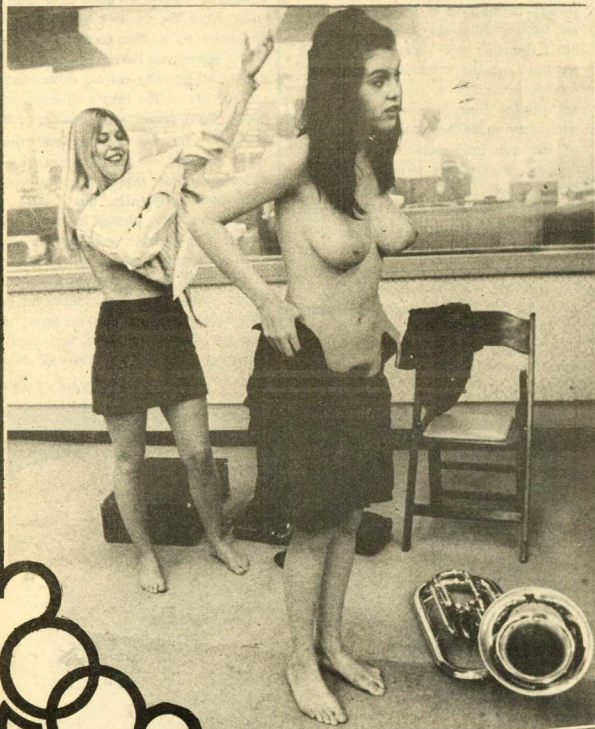
VOIGHT: I think he liked it. I mean, I really liked the book and I wanted to do justice to it. Necessarily, translating to the screen you have to change certain things and go after certain other things, and the life of the film is all important, finally. So if you take the essence of the character for the screen, well that's really all you can ask. I mean, there's obviously some things that he would have done differently, but I think he liked it and was pleased by the impact of the film—it was basically the same kind of impact that he had established in the book. I think he got along with Waldo pretty well, Waldo Salt, the guy who wrote the script, who's a pretty terrific guy, very imaginative, very capable of seeing what the book was all about.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK





Any of you fellas have a free mouth?



What this band needs are some kicks in the brass.

band ballyhoo bombs TAMPAX IN A TEAPOT!

Bob Thiele is a jazz musician, producer, and douchebag. His label, FLYING DUTCHMAN, not only carries some of the more head-splitting music on the market, but employs an absolutely unrelentless, anal explosive PR man. For such a small, relatively obscure label, they fart out a phenomenal amount of press information and promotional bullshit.

As per our God-given, court-approved constitutional right, we were about to have the post office cease the flow of this offensive rubbish into our mailbox, when up popped a

"story" from some writer we don't know, accompanied by these photos. The "story" ended up to be a hard-sell blow job for Thiele's album, which we haven't heard, nor intend to hear; but the pictures stand on their own. Whatever the hell was going on at the time looks like fun, whether it was a publicity stunt or a spontaneous orgy. By the uninterested looks of Bob Thiele and his Flying Faggy Dutchmen during the action, it seems they're more interested in tooting their own horns than fiddling around a little bit.



We're going to cool off while you guys warm up.



Wait a minute. I dropped my contact lens.



Mommy, why doesn't mine have one of those long skinny things?

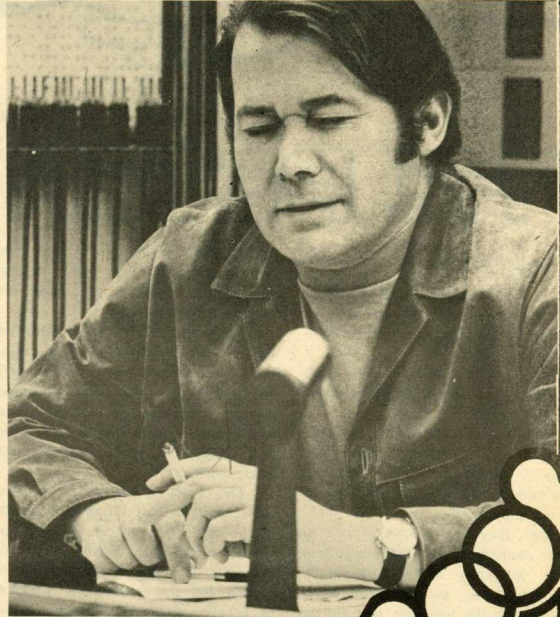


Is this what they call French Culture...

Let's blow a hot little number to get going



Or is this a Fallopian Tuba?



Ouch! Who wrote those jerk-off captions?



THE PETER PRINCIPLE

BY MARA MILLS

Penises, ah most joyous of fruit, most glorious of offerings, delectable to the eye, to the palate, not to mention that, unlike Betty Crocker's cakes, it satisfies the cunt, the anus, the hand, the ear, and any other sensuous, sexual stimulating orifice.

Penises are a study in perfection. Look at them, or at least gaze vicariously at this beauty which is hypnotically moving itself back and forth before my worshipping eyes.

Soft, they need protection. All our innate motherliness has a chance to take over, to gently caress, kiss, soothe, smooth the hair, murmur sweet words of love into the tiny hole that glistens up at you so trustingly. Slowly, so as

not to frighten the tender bud, you bring it up until Mama's baby is strong, tall, elegant in stature, and, most important, hard as a rock.

Away goes the "mother" drowned out by the primitive instincts raging from the innermost reaches of our libido, and in its place, the predatory woman, wanting to nibble, bite, lick. And what is the object which fulfills the ancient lust? Right—the penis—standing, head erect, skin taut!

The object of my immediate affections ranges in color from pinkish rose at the balls to a violent violet at the head, topped by a small promise of whiteness. It exudes a full spectrum of redness, like the Dutch boy's cheeks as he held his finger in the raging dyke. The vein, hard and throbbing, festoons

its length and, leading from head to scrotum, it beats lovingly beneath my touch. The head raises proud, and snake-like, ready to dart forward into any opening awaiting it . . . wet, hot sperm oozing into all the crevices. AH!

Again the penis proves its right to awe and adoration. Like a psychiatrist, without asking for a fee, the bountiful gift-giver relieves tensions, eases the brow's frown and wipes away worries with a single leap and squirt. Remarkable, you say, yes indeed remarkable, better than a massage or a Compoz, it only fails when not receiving tender loving care, so easy to give and such a joy to the giver, and leaves no harmful after effects.

Sperm also has been found to be a

beauty aid. Taken internally (or even rubbed gently into the pores) those marvelous little sperms make your skin supple, soft and youthful. Say goodbye Helena Rubinstein, and close the door on Avon! Who needs them. Not only that, it isn't fattening. This delectable dish, no matter how taken, will never add an ounce of ungainly weight. In fact, the penis-wise thing that it is—by dint of the exercise needed for its worship actually will put you in better shape than ever.

I raise my thighs to you, I offer you perfumed kisses. Oh giver of happiness, who with your dancing thrusts plays havoc with my nerves, flesh, muscles, toenails and hair follicles, I promise that I will give to you undying devotion!

THE SEX SCENE



the bust of CHE'S CHERRY

BY DAN MOUER

The Mayor called New York City "Fun City". A trip to State Criminal Court at 100 Centre Street shows what happens to those who are stupid enough to believe him. The court building has become the haunt of long hairs, black radicals, prostitutes and dirty playwrights. One of the funniest cases in years—and one that is very significant—is the trial of the producer, author, and tast of Che. We regret Bob Amsel didn't list the Che trial in "Naked City", because it has proven so far to be one of the more erotic events in town. Far more erotic than the play itself was ever intended to be.

The courts have become a kind of haven for derelicts who have learned to take advantage of their public nature. Sleazy old men with cheap wine on their breath hang around watching the murderers, Black Panthers and double-parkers get their due. A few of these geezers have been getting more than they could have ever hoped for in a state-provided erotic comedy in section 5b3. For instance, imagine you're a withered old schmuck who hasn't felt a twinge in his peeney for a dozen years; you walk into the courtroom and hear this:

ATTORNEY: Now tell me, Inspector Pine, who else was there at the time the president bent over and you saw his anus?

PINE: I believe the Sister of Mercy was ther, and maybe Che, I'm not sure. I was too busy watching the president. That's where the action was.

By this time, your ears, if nothing else, have started to prick up. After a little more casual conversation about the president's anus, you hear:

ATTORNEY: How many times would you estimate, on the night of May 24th, that May Fang "Bounced" the president's testicles?

CHE'S MOST AVID FAN

The trial continues with grown men spending hours on end trying to discuss the action in *Che* using clinical terms. Sometimes there is no clinical word at the tip of the tongue to describe what has happened. Rather than break down and tell it like he probably told it to the

guys back at the station house, Pine blushes, stumbles on his tongue, pisses in his pants and starts all over again. Pine is Detective Seymour Pine of NYPD's Morals Squad. One would think that, after all his dedicated years of service in this job, he would never be at a loss to describe lewd, salacious acts on the stand. In fact, Pine must spend one hell of a lot of time in courts, as arresting officer, doing just that. His is the job of an official pornographer. What a way to make a living.

Pine is a well-trained vice cop. He sees degeneracy wherever he looks. He testified that the plain old bedposts on the stage of *Che* were, in fact, phallic symbols. He insists that America has been symbolically defiled because the president wipes his ass—excuse me, his anal crevice—with a blue cloth studded with stars.

Pine admits that he saw *Che* eight times, the defendants claim at least seventeen attendances. This is why we pay taxes: to send an able-bodied man to see dirty plays. Good city funds go to paying the more-than-adequate salary of Assistant D.A. Kenneth Conboy, too. Conboy's job is to rid the city of filth and smut. He is prosecuting *Che*. He is the image of the kind of man I wouldn't want my daughter to marry. He wears plain grey suits with conservative ties (despite his youth). His hair is reminiscent of Hitler and his whole tight-assed rigid manner is that of a junior officer in the Minutemen. Boldly displayed on his finger is a huge class ring of whatever Ivy league law school he recently graduated from. Conboy is the vision of repressed cool. When he rises to object, he stands smartly (with a quiet click of heels and tightening of the anal sphincter) and speaks with the soft gentility of William F. Buckley, Jr. What finer man than this could be chosen to prosecute New York's load of porno cases?

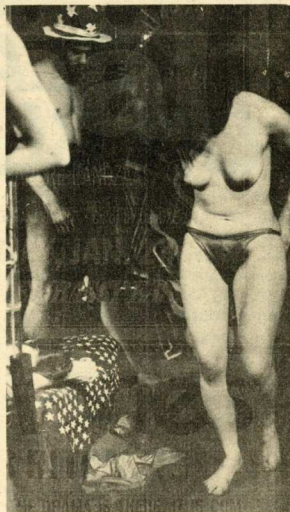
DAVID MERRICK'S MOUTH

On Monday, January 19th, Broadway producer, David Merrick, was called to testify for the prosecution as a willing witness. Mr. Merrick apparently found no "socially redeeming value" in *Che*. Merrick seemed extremely happy to have been called as an "expert" in this field, and he took every

opportunity to tell the court just how expert he was. In fact, one of the judges had to keep reminding him to just answer the questions and quit advertising. Merrick probably blew his own case, though, when the D.A. zeroed in on the point of "Contemporary Community Standards". When asked just how he determined these standards, this "expert" said he used his own opinion. In my opinion it wouldn't be wrong to castrate David Merrick and hang his shriveled nuts from a Times Square billboard, but I doubt if that means I could get away with it. If there were jail terms for just plain bad taste, Merrick would have to get life in prison for the play *A Patriot For Me* which he recently opened on Broadway. *Patriot* deals with homosexuality in the German military, and it is an affront to the sensibilities of anyone with a little intelligence. It is boring, debasing and discriminatory; but it uses fancy costumes, a fashionable faggy theme, and Merrick's "good name" to make someone richer.

The *Che* trial is a farce. After a couple of days of that sort of testimony, the laughter ceases, however. It is then that you realize that Kenneth Conboy, and those three judges are serious. They intend to hang someone!

After a morning session last week, **SCREW's** lawyer, who had sat in as an impartial observer, noted in the understatement of the year, "They don't have a very sympathetic bench, do they?"



JUDGES: THE D.A.'S BEST FRIENDS

There is something less than objective about a judge who says "Thank you" every time the D.A. calls an objection. As the prosecution presented its case, every line of script, every scene, and every one of the 54 indictments against the defendants were raked over bit by bit, word by word. When time came to cross-examine, the defense attorneys were repeatedly instructed to refrain from going into such minute detail. They were told "This is dragging on too long. Just ask your questions and get it over with."

Those who have been at the courthouse since the case opened have all noted that the judges have tamed down a bit. I came in after the so-called taming down, and I was shocked. If *this* is justice, American style, I hope my fate never depends on it. President of the panel is Judge Goldberg who recently handed down the conviction against Warhol's *Blue Movie*. It should be **SCREW's** fate to be tried by such a repressed, bigoted crusader for decency. It's enough to make you puke to think that these sexless prunes whose minds have long since turned to yogurt, hold the power to decide what we can do with our very life energies.

I, of course, am guilty of no less prejudice. I happen to know *Che's* author, Lennox Raphael, and his sexy wife, Maryanne. They have a beautiful baby boy. They're kind and friendly people who actively seek a better world for this human race, which they seem to deeply respect. It might sound *schmalzy*, but the fact remains that they have been forced to spend an enormous amount of time and money to make their court appearance.

Even if "Not Guilty" pleas are turned in for all 54 counts, the time and expense will not be repaid. All this because some dumb cop thinks he saw a couple of mouths touch a couple of cocks in a theatre he had no business to be in if he was going to find it offensive. It's a proven fact that most human mouths eventually touch some human genitalia in their lifespan. Why try to jail someone for depicting it on stage. We don't jail a man who pretends to murder someone on stage. The very fact that hours of testimony have to be sieved through to determine within millimeters how close who's what was to someone else's something demonstrates the insanity of it all. Especially when the arresting officer testifies that he had to usually crane his neck considerably to see what was happening.

CONBOY BUYS A WITNESS

The man who designed the costumes for *Che* had also been indicted, but charges were dropped when he agreed to testify for the D.A. Nothing was told of this little arrangement to the defendants, however, and thus, one of the state's witnesses sat in on every meeting with the defense attorneys. This little spy/counterspy action would normally warrant a mistrial, but when the defense lawyers requested one, they were told "You might have a case if this were a jury trial, but we're three judges. There's not going to be any partiality here. Motion denied."

The trial is still going. Tapes have been played, films have been shown. The judges have revealed the red on their necks, hidden beneath their starched collars. The D.A. has shown how well he can buy witnesses and how beautifully he can goosetep. Inspector Pine has shown how well he can lie and change his story to suit himself, and get away with it. David Merrick has proven, once more, that he farts through the mouth and eats through the ass. All that's left is the verdict. Viva *Che*.

ROCK 'N RAUNCH

BY HANK ARLECCHINO

While I was on my short, warm, sun-filled, easy-come-easy-go vacation, a telegram arrived at SCREW headquarters from Blue Thumb records, reminding Goldstein and Buckley to hustle their cruddy asses down to Bill Graham's Fillmore Theatre to see The Ike and Tina Turner Revue. Eager, greedy Buckley called the Fillmore, only to find arrangements had not been made for him. Why the hell should they have been? Ike and Tina are on the Minit label, not Blue Thumb, and Minit had not sent the telegram. However, now my two schmucky bosses had the bug and they were determined to go. It naturally befell me to get the tickets. (Yes, Virginia, even true artists have to occasionally do grubby, little things.)

I want to thank Columbia's ladylike Billie Wallington, United Artists' horny Marv Greifinger, and passionate Penny Ross, representing Warner Brothers' Reprise—for coming through with the pasteboards. I've got to thank you because gratitude is just one of the many fine qualities Goldstein and Buckley never learned.

When I gave these two insignificants their tickets, Al said, "Thank you." He knows better than to get fresh when he's getting something for nothing.

Buckley, however, said, "When you blow your nose, you always leave a little snot on your face." He then proceeded to tell me how he hated my last column because I had become too mellow and nice.

Well, shithead, I can't help it if I've begun to radiate love. Your level of bitchery has always disgusted me anyhow. Remember this, James, that only in this day and age would someone of your minuscule abilities ever become famous. And I want to tell you something else: don't try to scare me by threatening to put my picture in the toilet bowl on your silly Shitlist. I've had the clap twice, and crabs so many times I've learned to call each of them by their first name. Having my picture appear in SCREW should be the worst thing that ever happens to me. And the next time you want tickets for something, Jim Buckley, will you wait! And you know how I can make you wait! Have I ever shown you my cock—and you've been begging for a peek for over a year.

As for the concert, the first act on the bill was Mongo Santamaria, who, for me, always was and always will be very 1954. However, Mongo has a wicked little conga player named Vicki in his band. She has very flat palms and she pounds her drums with such skill I'm sure she could give your ass a wonderful spanking. Ike and Tina were great, but now that I've seen their act a few times, I'm a bit annoyed by the mechanical nature of their tum. Eventually, routinized greatness can wear you out. Actually, I prefer Janis Joplin to Tina. It's sort of like preferring Maria Callas to Birgit Nilsson.

The true highlight of the evening for me, was Fats Domino, who restored all the dignity to obesity that Al Goldstein had taken away. Fats is so great that every one of his songs seemed like an encore, and his campy, vampy band



BLACK BALLS ON BLUEBERRY HILL

makes a really joyful noise. I particularly loved watching the star push his piano across the stage with the aid of his big, bulgy, bubbly belly. Fats Domino gets the first SCREW FUCK YOU DR. STILLMAN AND YOUR QUICK WEIGHT LOSS DIET AWARD. Keep eating, Fats, and keep playing. I hear you've got eight children. Congratulations from SCREW. You're a great musician and I'm glad we don't have to worry about your fucking ability.

CHRIST WHO?

The *Village Voice* recently spent a few thousand words explaining what "The Masked Marauders" album is all about. Thanks, *Village Voice*. Who the fuck cares? It must be some strange, smart-assed newspaper that spends so much time deciphering a put-on, *Village Voice*, you are a put-on, but unfortunately, you take yourself seriously. If a couple of Berkeley, California musicians have a Lone Ranger fetish, I really think it's their own fucking business and not yours. The *Village Voice's* rock critic also informs us he was "laid in Detroit." Congratulations to you and the "Masked Marauder" who found the way to invade your tight ass! (If I was laid in Detroit, I'd never tell anyone.) People who are laid in Detroit probably never change

their sheets or wash their dishes and dig only the smelliest of pussy. The *Village Voice* has also been publishing Consumer's Reports about Rock 'n' Roll. They are readable, amusing, and great to wipe your ass with. Adults who give records marks like "B+" are no doubt about to fly out those proverbial windows to Never-Never Land anyway.

FICKLE FIDDLE FUCKER

If violin maker Antonio Stradivari had been able to envision Doug Kershaw, you never would have been able to wipe the smile off Antonio's dead



face. Kershaw is a wild-eyed, long-haired, incredibly turned-on Bayou Boy and he plays a thumping, rousing kind of country music on his electric fiddle. Can this boy's fingers pluck! And Doug can sure use his bow! He did things to his instrument of Sade would not have

done to a virgin. He had it moaning and groaning, crying and coming. And his audience let go of their load, too. And why not? How often do you see a performer who can make you feel? DOUG Kershaw gets SCREW'S RUBBING IN ROSIN WILL DO IT EVERYTIME AWARD. You are great!

EGO TRIP

I wish to set the story of my life to music. If you are a talented rock composer, please write to me, Arlecchino, Milky Way Productions, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011—and we'll set up an appointment. I feel this project must be accomplished, as I am the only rock writer in New York with Soul. the SCREWBOX SCROUNGY FIVE will appear in my next column. Drop me a note (please, not postage due) and tell me what records you've been fucking to. And don't be ashamed. I know some of you make it to Guy Lombardo, well, that's alright. Mr. Lombardo is a nice man even though he refused an interview with me. He has also inspired a great many people. On New Year's Eve, I caught my father jerking off to Guy's version of "Auld Lang Syne." Have I wished all of you a Happy New Year yet?

100%

Camping Out With Aunti Butch

Nobody is left in New York, of course. Anybody there now is a nobody, but you knew that. The Too-Beautiful People have fled to warmer climes—and climbs.

Nothing is better than the fucking in Haiti, members of the Wet Set (the more mature and therefore sloppier cocksuckers) and the Tweed Twats (your blue-blooded Lesbian Ladies) can testify. And, my dears, it's so untouched (until we got there) and inexpensive—the latter not being a worry for any but the highly pedigreed, a pity.

Well, it all began New Year's Eve at a party at Count Beverly D'Ovary's Dakota triplex, when Joan "Dill" Doe challenged Fifi Fuchs to an Indian Wrestling match, and the loser had to take us all someplace marvy. By that time we were all on Bloodclots (which is that ingenious punch you make after the booze is all gone and you pour the dregs of everyone's abandoned drinks into a loving cup). Such high hilarity! Fifi lost. Which means she will wear that platinum tire-chain bracelet Polly Saks gave her on Anne Francine Night at the Luv Cage and which will weigh a girl down even when she keeps in shape at Al Room's. So Fifi dipped into some of that money her concentration camp directress mama stashed in Switzerland during the Big One and chartered a plane.

There was a flurry of packing all over the East Side for two days, and Bloomingdale's didn't know what hit them as we all did last-minute shopping. Pugh Bix even picked up a ribbon clerk to drag along on the junket. They were discovered suddenly when we laid over in Miami and Pugh caught his number going down on a Cuban exile in the airport men's room. It wasn't that dear Pugh was jealous—he's too suave for that—but he was turned off when his little friend expectorated afterward into the urinal. A gentleman always swallows. Pardon the obvious.

Anyway, we all finally put down in exotic Port-au-Prince, where for a week we all put out madly, but with style, as you would imagine. Haiti is black, but it is also French, and that adds a bit of refinement to the native tongue, as Chess Harris so quaintly put it. Bass Ackwards was less delicate: "The nigger pountang is the best south of Thomasville, G-A," he said, and we all drank to that.

Frankly, for sheer size and agility and abandon and sweat I haven't seen anything like it since the Pecker Sisters' house party in Savannah, where they lined up the family servants for our amusement. (Those Georgia blacks haven't even heard of the Emancipation Proclamation, and they're so sweet. They just adore white cock and pussy.) You know Red and Vageline Pecker, the fraternal twins who have that divoon plantation where they grow the special Tampax cotton. Red and Vageline have always dressed alike, and they are identical except that Red has bigger tits, and everyone likes him that way. Jim-Sox of California does both their wardrobes, especially having created the cocktail sweatshirt that Vageline has made famous. His and Hers telescopic dildo nestled in the crotch, optional in the male version,

as are the sequins in the female. You wear the dildo extended—at the Stud or the Corduroy Club—when you are slumming and conceal it at Chez Pat or Lincoln Center where genital ostentation is frowned upon.

Such ostentation is *not* frowned upon in the Black Republic. Dear me, no. Everyone down there is hungry as can be. They will sell anything and do anything, which is the way it used to be in Harlem when our crowd went there in ermine and pearls. The good old days. The humpy young black studs besiege you wherever you go, luring you to "ex-hi-bee-see-owns" where you can watch boys-weez-boys, girls-weez-girls, and—for the jaded—girls-weez-boys. We

weekend from Montego, and pale. Ayer was having a twenty-dollar suit made while in Haiti, which we all did for a lark, including Flo Gentry and Lucy Morales, but Ayer announced he was taking his home with him. Not done. You give such trifles to the waiters and porters for extra favors.

Boobs Hutton arranged for a private Voodoo ceremony to be held at the Villa de Sade which Ronnie Ronny took this season from Headly Cabot-Kennedy of Boston, Newport, Palm Beach, Scottsdale, Acapulco, Costa Smeralda and Cherry Grove (on the Cabot side he's Scotch whiskey, and on the Kennedy he's Back Bay, or course, and none of them speaks to anyone except perhaps

As long as we were down Caribbean way, Lash Payne suggested we swing over to St. Croix in the Virgin Islands for a few days with Philip Van Rensevelt. It was a grand reunion, with a day and a night in St. Thomas, where the girls dined at Harbor View (two charming ladies from the States run it, you know), admired Katie's new baby at Katie's (her wife is such a dear), and had a brouhaha at Sebastian's with six Israeli sailors who tried to steal Francine from "Doc," Antoinette from "Moose," and Esmeralda from "Speed" (last names unnecessary). Our Twats do keep in shape, which is a marvy argument for our Gay Society system: eat, drink, and be marvy, but wear that Relaxacizor belt 'til noon. Also carry a big stick when you're slumming. A Dildo Will Do is a motto which has never failed us yet.

No need for the male counterpart—the copdiece—as long as Fuller Koch and Pud Pullman are along. They led the cruising at Lindberg Beach, where the little sailors are so young and closet their pimples haven't come out yet. In the grove at Magens Bay, Fuller demonstrated (with Pugh Bix's hearty approval) that a gentleman can be a gentleman wherever he goes down, by wiping asses with Virgin Island Hilton napkins before he rims. Fuller is such an expert at the aforementioned that he can tongue out an entire banana daquiri without touching the glass. This he proved at a luau on Morningstar Beach where we all gathered for our last fling before separating for Mexico, Southern California and the Cote.

Pugh played host in celebration of his engagement to someone he had met in the dark at the marketplace the night before. Imagine everyone's surprise when the mystery man turned out to be Vageline Pecker, who had been wandering a bit tiddly from the Black Patch with her telescopic dildo extended and fell into Pugh not realizing. As Pugh's voice is a bit high, and Vageline's a bit low (Suthun women, you know), she accepted the invitation to the special event at Morningstar and didn't know it was Pugh and the group she'd be encountering. What fun! It was a good joke on both of them—and Pugh announced he hadn't had such a good fuck in ages. They should get together and perpetuate their fine lines via artificial insemination since, in this case, the Dildo *Won't* Do. The mix-up just goes to show that the Right People are the Right People even when they are in the wrong ballpark, doesn't it? It's better to take a dildo up the ass when it's strapped to gentry than to ride the real thing belonging to some peasant who doesn't fit in ways that really matter. Pugh Bix should really take heed when he's giving head, too, as it were. It's all right to suck and fuck outside your caste, your color and your creed, but just don't *mean* it. As we say in Turtle Bay, "It's all right to be effete and a snob as long as you're not intellectual." It's the thinking class that of the Upper Echelons of Gay (or any) Society have to fear. Down with the Gay Power movement and all the resulting boat-rocking. Let's keep what we've got to ourselves, my dears. Homosexuality on the grand scale isn't for the masses. Let them eat cake.



all tried something of each and vice versa, being in a holiday mood. The Too-Beautiful People are always in a holiday mood, but in Haiti it's *de rigueur*.

Bass Ackwards (his people have the Government Food Stamp printing franchise in Georgia), a little tiddly on that exquisite Barbancourt Rum, proved his mettle by taking three native cocks at once up the ass after the native performance was over and we all joined in, sportsmanlike, and farted *Dixie*—with an accent. He's so deliciously Suthun. Wouldn't swim in the pool at our hotel with the Ambassador from Upper Intestine, mind you, but he was positively insatiable when it came to sex with them. The American Way. "Separate but Equal" is still the best way, as I'm sure Spiro would concur.

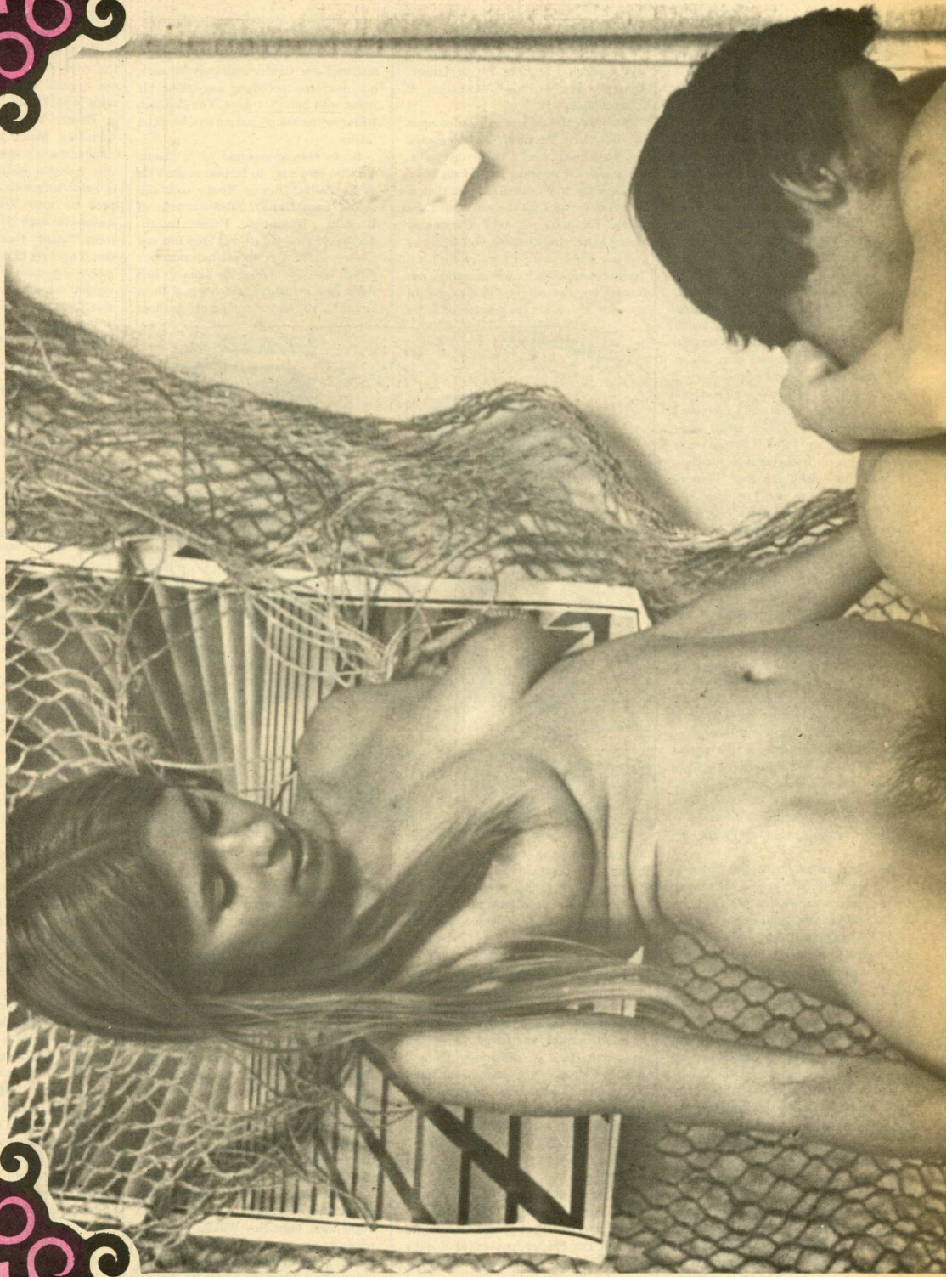
We stayed at Le Gran Hotel Oloffson, where Spurlock "Spur" Matta (of the Very Important Mattas) and Lash Payne (he and Les Fincter have called it quits and divvied up their whip collection housed in East Hampton) shared the John Gielgud suite. Sir John's vibrations are still there, if the attraction of young black lovelies to the cunning little salon and gallery overlooking the pool was any indication. Whom should we all run into at the bar but Ayer Loeb, up for a

Creighton Townsend). High point of the revel came when Richter von Dingue and Prince Alexi Jergoff fucked a chicken. I think his name was Pierre, and he was mulatto. Lotta Thighs, a bit tiddly on Barbancourt, did her muff-diving act with a beguiling little witch from Kenscoff. She gave the child her precious brass ring which was once owned by Jo Carstairs, it is said. Had the brown beauty tongue it out of her cunt while the drummers just went mad, and we all danced the Twist in a frenzy around the drawing room. Amusing and baroque, but tasteful. You can pull anything off if you have been properly reared.

The evening was not without social significance, social with a small 's.' Fermin Upp, swathed in Isadora Duncan's last scarf, a legacy from Scott and Zelda, bit the cock of an ouanga doll representing President Duvalier. Or it might have been Roy Wilkins. Anyway, wherever we are, our crowd does its bit for the brand of democracy we believe in. After all, it keeps us where we are—on top. As Hardin Cox says, "You can be on the bottom and still be on top." How true.

Back at the Oloffson we telephoned Tony and Margaret long distance. Karim answered. Margaret was out.

"You're My First..."





'Cept For Mom, Of Course.'

*Homosexual Citizen***THE MAN
WITH THE
BROWN THUMB**

BY LIGE AND JACK

Lige and Jack are male lovers who dig life together. They laugh at silly prejudices and laws that make love a crime and look forward to the day when homosexuals and heterosexuals are happily integrated. They are coeditors of GAY, a newspaper to which you may subscribe by sending \$6 (for 13 issues) to Four Swords, P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011.

IS HARRIET HORNEY?

Dear Harriet Van Horne:

There are certain unmistakable ways in which some women begin to show their age. Insecure in their femininity, jealous of the pleasures of youth, these women crusade against all of the delights and joys which they, in their paranoid state, imagine to be spoiling the quality of life. They start bitching about miniskirts and unisex clothes, mouthing off about the marching army of "fags" who are wresting men from their aging arms.

Usually these women confine their silly remarks to acquaintances and friends. But there are a few whose nuttiness is on record for all to see. Their loony lines find their way into newspaper columns on a daily basis which are read by other women with similar problems, poor sad creatures who agree with them and keep them in print.

These women hate long hair on men. No doubt its beauty is a rival to their own greying locks. Perhaps, deep in their hearts, they suspect that long-haired men may actually be more beautiful than they are. Do you know which women we're talking about, Harriet?

**THERE'S HOPE
FOR SEXOLOGY**

Sexology Magazine, no matter what may be said about its 1935 photo layouts, is catching up with the '70's. They printed a photograph of Jack taken in 1965 (that's only 5 years ago!) in the February issue. In those days Jack looked like a 1959 basketball player (a Kraut haircut). He's carrying a sign which says, "Fifteen million U.S. homosexuals protest Federal Treatment," and he's walking in front of the house where Nixon lives (in those days it was LBJ's house). Behind him is Dr. Franklin E. Kameny, who appears to be rather angry with the Government (he's frowning) and behind Kameny is Lily Hansen, GAY's expert on ladies' matters. But the really interesting thing about the February issue of *Sexology* is the debate



It's a gay, gay world indeed!

that's written around the photo. It's called "Is Gay as Good as Straight?" Dr. Kameny, who has a Ph.D. in astronomy, argues affirmatively. The dreary and self-hating old creep who argues negatively (we know him too... since he's a long-time crusader against homosexual life styles) is a Ph.D., too: Dr. Edward Sagarin, Assistant Professor of Sociology at the City College of New York. We know all about Dr. Sagarin, and if he persists in his silly campaigns, we may be tempted some day to tell you the whole unhappy story behind his escapades.

Anyway, get a copy of the February *Sexology*. Some of the major issues facing homosexuals are argued between these two men, and you won't want to miss it. Sagarin says homosexuality is on a par with blindness, deafness, epilepsy and claustrophobia. Kameny believes that homosexuality is fully on par with,

and not different in kind from, heterosexuality. It's not a disease, disturbance, or neurosis of any kind. If you can't get *Sexology* on your local newsstand, write to the magazine at 200 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10003. Send 50 cents plus postage, and they'll send you your copy.

**BOYS IN THE BAND
IS A BORE**

The most boring movie of 1970 is on its way to your local theatre. It's called *The Boys in the Band*. Be sure to tell all of your friends how boring it is. Tell your parents it's boring. Tell everyone in the office that it's boring. All the stars are ugly; the acting is lousy; the plot confusing; and the camera work is atrocious. Also, the soundtrack is unintelligible, not to mention the price of admission, which is prohibitive. When-

ever and wherever you can, let it be known that an evening spent watching *The Boys in the Band* is an evening wasted. Of course we haven't seen the film ourselves, but we've heard it's boring, so we're not going to see it. If it worked on us, it'll work on others, too!

**CLAP TRAPS
AND SYPH WHIFFS**

If you catch the clap and have never had it before, don't panic. Usually it's easier to get rid of than a cold is, and not nearly as uncomfortable. But it deserves immediate attention, and you should get your shots when the first signs pop up. Also, if you get laid regularly (with strangers or promiscuous friends), you should have a medical examination and a blood test at least every six months. This should include a rectal examination as well.

There's a lot of ignorance about V.D. in this tired old world. Silly goons are running around loose who are infected with both clap and syph, and they don't even know it! There's no reason to jump off a bridge, hide in a corner, or freak out if you get V.D. Shame should play no part in your attitude about it. It's just a disease—pure and simple. Ever had crabs? No reason for shame, either. Don't panic, just get rid of 'em. They itch.

If you get clap, you'll feel a burning sensation in the end of your prick when you urinate. Anal clap can be detected if your ass itches, or your shit is covered with mucous. You'll be generally uncomfortable back there.

However, syphilis, of course, has stages, and therefore is harder to detect. *It can be cured.* The first symptom is a painless sore or chancre which appears on either your cock, your mouth, ass or elsewhere. After a while, the sore may disappear and up to six weeks may pass before you enter the "second stage." You may get sores in your mouth and/or headaches and rashes.

Contact the Department of Health by telephoning WA 5-4142 for information on what you should do and where you can go for treatment. There are V.D. treatment centers throughout New York. All treatment is confidential.

Call or write to The Mattachine Society for copies of its excellent V.D. information pamphlet containing facts you need to know. The phone number is 799-0916 (call between 6 pm and 8 pm). The address is Box 102, 243 West End Ave., New York, N.Y. 10023. The Society will refer you to a good doctor if you don't already have one of your own. Don't forget to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope when writing.



Cupid's Quivering Cunt

BY M. B.

(alias Princess Moosie Ha-Ha)

Joseph Laboratories in Los Angeles has come out with the newest product to rid girls of the horror of all horrors, a pussy that smells and tastes like one. They are the manufacturers of Cupid's Quiver, a liquid premeasured douche that comes in such tantalizing flavors as Champagne, Jasmine, Orange Blossom and Raspberry. Al Goldstein is the egomaniac who usually insists on testing every one of our consumer products personally, but since he didn't have a cunt, he had to ask me to act as official taster, with himself as official taster.

Quick, I went to the local discount drug store and purchased Cupid's Quiver in all four flavors, not knowing which one my lover would prefer. For just a simple cunt camouflage, the cost is astronomical—\$2.79 for 12 packets of the same flavor. All four flavors would cost you \$11.84 with the tax, costing you almost 25 cents every time you want your hole to smell like a flower or a fruit. I asked Terry his preference of

flavor, and he was disappointed that Cupid's Quiver didn't come in his favorite—peanut butter. Anyway, he settled for raspberry, and while he worked his Irish meat stick into a frenzy waiting for me to prepare myself for the test, I went to the bathroom and prepared my douche. The packets are hard to open and Terry had jerked himself off three times before I even got finished opening up this miserably packaged tube of cunt cleaner. I finally managed to open it by biting on the tip of it. Splish, splash and there I was. Fresh as a daisy, smelling like a raspberry and feeling wild as a boysenberry. It did smell good, and I was even tempted to put some sour cream on my vagina to go with the raspberries, but what does an Irishman know about a good nosh? I left it au natural, and Terry revived himself from his third orgasm and dove into my raspberry patch. He admitted it smelled awfully good, tasted kind of sweet, but he still preferred the smell of my natural and very own unretouched snatch. It didn't taste like raspberry, only smelled like

it. At first he thought it tasted like dingleberries, but then he discovered that his tongue was in my ass hole. He does get carried away sometimes.

The next flavor I tested was Orange Blossom, and this time the taster was my great Dane named Tongue—aptly named, of course, and almost as proficient as Terry. Since dogs don't talk, let me tell you that he took to my pussy like the starving dogs take to Gaines Dog Meal on one of those TV commercials. Can you imagine if Cupid's Quiver came in meat flavors? I decided to save the Champagne flavor for something special, like New Year's Eve. The advertisement for Cupid's Quiver is a girl (nude of course) just staring into space, and the copy reads, "Relax. And Enjoy the Revolution." They are probably referring to the revolution of having a clean cunt, since most manufacturers who make deodorant spray for snatches and douches will not admit in their advertising that men are probably eating your pussy and smelling it as well as just fucking it. A few years ago, this subject

was taboo. However, the revolution of a clean cunt is old stuff; what with all the pussy sprays and deodorants on the market, a girl doesn't have to douche to cleanse her hole. If you have the time to douche before balling, that's all well and good; but if you're the type of chick who never knows when and/or whom she is going to ball, then you can join the revolution simply by carrying around a can of pussy spray in your purse and spray your snatch when the action starts.

If Joseph Laboratories is planning to go into competition with Howard Johnson for cunts that come in 28 flavors, they can certainly come up with some better flavors and smells than the sweet-smelling four they now have. How about Scotch Snatch or Bourbon Bush for the man who can't get away from the bottle? Chocolate Cunt and Vanilla Vagina for the man with the sweet tooth. You can even get into Ethnic tastes with Pizza Pussy, Chopped Liver Quiver; and for our soul brothers, Fried Chicken Licken which is finger-lickin' good.

MALE
FILM
CONFESSIONS
ALL MALE CAST
REAL LIFE EXPERIENCES - FULL STORIES
ALL MALE COLOR FEATURE
HIGH CLASS SWAP
MasQue 140 W 42 ST 736-2578
THEATRE 100 W 42 ST TERMINAL 9 AM MID
NEW SHOW EVERY FRIDAY

ALL MALE ADULTS ONLY
COLOR FEATURETTES
MA SEUR
COLOR ME COLOR
TRICK OF THE TRADE
MALE ON PARADE
All the best Theatre exclusively
built and designed for its audience
Eros
The Best of 8th Ave
732 Eighth Ave
bet 45 & 46 581-4394
Cont. From 10 am Mid Shows Daily

Cordless Massager 7" long.
Works off 2 standard C batteries.
Deluxe Model **ONLY \$2.95**
D MANZI P.O. Box 930
Radio City Station N.Y. N.Y. 10019

PERSUADE HER TO POSE NUDE
or semi-nude. Loan her a copy of the
"Nude & Semi-Nude Modeling Guide."
For wives, girlfriends, secretaries, go-go
girls, etc. Convincing presentation of
the fun and profit of nude modeling.
Adults only - \$6.95 postpaid
AX PHOTO - Box 2308
Dayton (Ket) Ohio 45429

Do you like getting mail?
CONTACT offers YOU:
Personalized continuing correspondence
As frequently as YOU wish.
Immediate response to your letters about
Problems - Ideas - Conflicts
Everyday Happenings - Love
THE THINGS THAT REALLY MATTER
TO YOU AND US. . .
We relate to you personally
through your continuing correspondence.
Send \$2 with each letter
to cover our handling.
Trust us. We do what we say we will.
Why not try it? Write today.
CONTACT, Box 386,
Planetarium Station,
New York, N. Y. 10024.

**A HUGE 48 PAGE
ADULT CATALOG**
A FANTASTIC ARRAY
OF BARGAINS FOR MATURE
MEN AND WOMEN.
• BOOKS • MAGAZINES
• STEREO LAUGH TAPES
• ADULT NOVELTIES AND
EXCLUSIVE IMPORT ITEMS
A TREMENDOUS OFFERING
The most complete line of adult
merchandise in the land. Bargains
galore on countless items imported
and domestic. PLUS FAST, EFFI-
CIENT SERVICE ON ALL ORDERS.
NOW ONLY \$1.00
BONJAY SALES, P. O. BOX 271
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND, 21207-USA
Gentlemen:
Please send 48 page catalog to address below. I enclose
\$1.00 and certify I am at least 21 years of age.
SIGNATURE _____
NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____
THIS OFFER IS OPEN TO ADULTS ONLY

FROM SEXY SWEDEN
We have the best, Cheapest, hottest
available material that you can get from
Scandinavia today. Send \$2 for samples
and air-mail delivery to: FGB, Box
5150, STGLM. 5, SWEDEN.


From the Company that brought
You "INGA" And "FANNY HILL"



She's
woman
enough,
are you
man enough?

Jerry Gross presents
**female
animal**
starring
ARLENE TIGER · VASSILI LAMBRINOS · ANDRE LANDZAAT (X)
A Co-Production Distributed by
MADRID / ROME · CINEMATION INDUSTRIES · PANAVISION® · Color by DeLUXE
WORLD PREMIERE FRIDAY, JAN. 23rd
victoria A WALTER READE THEATRE
Broadway & 46th Street JU 6-0540
59th St bet 3rd & 2nd Aves. 688-1717

sticks&stones
IS AT ITS BEST DURING ITS RITUAL
RE-ENACTMENTS OF SEX. BUT THE DRAMA IS THERE. IT IS COM-
MITTED TO SENTIMENT IN A WAY THAT HETEROSEXUAL PORNOGRAPHY ALMOST NEVER IS."
ROGER GREENSPUN N.Y. TIMES
"You see so much that is authentic and bizarre. If you are curious and too yellow to
go see Cherry Grove for yourself, this picture can serve as introduction. Like 'Boys in
the Band' it has a good eye for detail." ARCHER WINSTEN
N.Y. POST
IN COLOR
AN X RATED FILM
FILMED ON FIRE ISLAND
sticks & stones
A Film By STAN LoPRESTO / TOM O'KEEFE / MIRO BARTONIK
GARRICK THEATRE 152 BLEECKER STREET • 533-8270
11:30, 1:10, 2:50, 4:30, 6:10, 7:50, 9:30, 11:10 plus 12:50 FRI & SAT



MISS-MASH MANIACS

DIRTY DIVERSIONS BY AL GOLDSTEIN

This was a REALLY BIG WEEK from the major studios as they turned out a couple of interesting products from the depths of their cold corporate hearts.

20th Century Fox was caught in a torrent of activity as they screened *Mash* and *Patton* at the same time. One sexual (see this page's photos), and the other classically momentous.

Mash stands for Mobile Army Surgical Hospital and stars Donald Sutherland and Elliot Gould (the latter being the unlucky guy who married Barbra Streisand) as the leading zanies who run rampant and roughshod over this country's efforts to snatch defeat from the mouth of victory during the Korean War (police action?).

This film is an accused pornographer's dream (me) since it extends community standards even further down the roads of maturity than heretofore. It shows beautiful tits, a glimpse of bush, and some language that until two years ago would have been reserved only for underground films.

"Then screw her!"... "cunt"... and a host of other sexual sorties that portray the doctors and nurses of *Mash* as one long daisy chain, were just some of the quips. One of the dentists is supposed to have the biggest cock in the

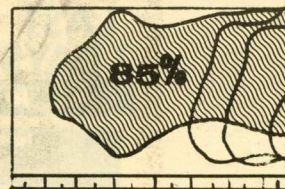
military—though, of course, General Dough MacArthur was the ultimate prick. Another sawbones is the pussy-monger par excellence and others simply fuck and finagle the night away!

Much of *Mash* is hilarious and the bods are finely-crafted works of lust provocation. Yet some of the film must be chalked up as failure that makes it still worth seeing, although definitely not in the category of the unforgettable. The problem is that the film doesn't sustain its pace and eventually runs out of steam—and sperm. Using a wild football game to engender some more life into its wilting super-structure is understandable, and the football game is a goof and funny. Nevertheless, one gets the feeling that it's still a cinematic emergency transplant, without which the whole life functioning of the entity might have expired.

Also, the blood spurting from ghastly wounds makes it a bit difficult to swallow the flick as the comedy that it should be. Blood and pain are synonymous and even if *Macbeth* were a comedy, those corpses make it tragedy to me. In somewhat the same way the pathos of war dead makes a lot of *Mash* humor quite tenuous.

In spite of these flaws *Mash* should be seen and supported if only because of the "X" rating and adult language—and bodies that fill the landscape. It's also entertaining and the acting is on target. I PETER-METER MASH AS FOLLOWS:

Possible	Actual
INTEREST—70%*	60%
SEXUALITY—20%	15%
TECHNICAL—10%	10%
TOTAL—100%	85%



Mash is now playing at the Baronet Theatre on the fashionable East Side of New York City.

(*Keep in mind that this is THE OTHER peter-meter reserved for big studio films which, consequently rates films differently. Instead of 40% for sexuality, the percentage drops to 20% and interest goes from 50% to 70%, as if you really give a shit.)

PATTON

This 20th-Century-Fox film opens on Feb. 4th at the Criterion Theatre on 45th and Broadway. It is a thunderingly magnificent film that is sheer delight to any and all movie buffs and/or people buffs. The story of General George S. Patton and his swaggering exhibitionist, brutal discipline and outstanding leadership during World War II is an example of Hollywood at its rare best.

From the invasion of Sicily to slapping a soldier in a field hospital gives this movie all the sweep and scope of Tolstoy's *War and Peace*. The wide screen has never been put to better use and the performance turned in by George C. Scott is a must for next year's Academy Awards. He towers over this script in the same manner as my prose wings its way into your hearts as you read *SCREW* weekly (weakly). Karl Malden gives a low-key but superior

performance as General Omar N. Bradley.

DO NOT MISS THIS FILM, unless of course you are a Nazi and refuse to concede that the Krauts lost the war.

NIGGER COCK

My favorite studio and the one with the business savvy and guts enough to advertise in *SCREW* is Warner Brothers. These folks have a little epic that has an "X" rating, the raunch of which is strangely packaged. Called *Last of the Mobile Hot-Shots* (*Blood Kin* for foreign distribution and *The Seven Descents of Myrtle* when done as a play by Tennessee Williams), it's presently playing at the Trans-Lux West on 49th and Broadway and the Trans-Lux East at 58th and Third Ave.

On the surface it's the story of a crack-pot marriage and a black half-brother wanting a piece of the land and the action. But it's actually a tale of the mythical sexual power of the Spade and the Southern white girl who wants that wild animal cock in her mouth and cunt, and the Southern white guy's realization of the situation and his consequent hatred of the Negro, or "Nigra."

The symbolical blow-job by Lynn Redgrave on Robert Hooks while James Coburn slowly dies is an obvious metaphor about the white man's sexual inability.

The rest of the film I didn't understand since I'm not too intellectual anyway. However, Redgrave has great legs and I'd like to fuck her but outside of that comment I might as well close this week's review since my deadline is long gone and I want to eat lunch.



SEASON'S GREETINGS!

"Holiday Special"

"SCREW YOU"
KEY CHAIN
\$3.00

"MONKEY"
KEY CHAIN
\$3.00

We wish to take this opportunity to extend our personal thanks to all our customers, and wish them a very Merry Christmas and a Sexsational New Year.

From the Staff of UniSales

Battery-Operated PERSONAL VIBRATOR

This Deluxe Model (Battery-Operated) "Vibrator" brings new and pleasurable relaxation and satisfaction to men and women alike. It massages any portion of the body, gently and deeply—working dexterously, expertly, excitingly to produce tension-easing results. 7" long by 1 1/4" in diameter. Additional Features: No hard, uncomfortable protruberance. Completely safe with creams or oils. Uses standard batteries. **\$5.00 ea.**

Strap-on Rubber HEALTH MATE \$5.00 ea. It was created and designed for its sole purpose. HEALTH MATE is made of prime quality rubber, unbreakable, semi-rigid and flesh colored. Reusable time after time! 6" long and 1 1/2" in diameter.

FRENCH TICKLERS

Sold as a Novelty only. A large percentage of men have heard of this item—only a few have seen them. We now have them in stock at our fantastically low, low price. **\$1.00 ea.**
6-\$5.00, 12-\$9.00 (Minimum: Three)

MINI-VIEWER

This unique designed "Viewer" brings you the most exclusive, un-retouched NUDE MODELS ever seen. You'll see poses like never before—intimate, close-ups revealing every silky, succulent inch of flesh. A Masterpiece of Art. Viewer comes with 4" x 25-mm slides in FULL NATURAL COLORS. **\$6.00** A Collector's item!
* Additional slides @ \$2.00 ea. NO TWO ALIKE
Set of 10 slides: \$15.00. Set of 20: \$20.00. Sample slide \$2.00

Sample slide \$2.00

(Orders accepted on 2 or more above)

(All Items Shipped First Class) POSTAGE PAID—NO C.O.D. (State Age)

UNISALES

Dept. J, P. O. Box 574,
Times Square Station
New York, N.Y. 10036

"FINE PERFORMANCES!"
—See You Times

"GENUINELY EROTIC!"
—See Magazine

"IT HAS THE EFFECT OF ART, AND VERY TROUBLING ART AT THAT!"
—Life Magazine

"SLUGS ITS AUDIENCE WITH EXPLICIT BLOWS OF SEX."
—See Magazine

"SIMULTANEOUSLY SAD, FUNNY, VULNERABLE AND OBSCENE!"
—Popping Magazine

COMING APART

Rip Torn/Sally Kirkland/Viveca Lindfors

Written and Directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg
Produced by Israel Elster, Andrew A. Kuehn
Music (Jefferson Airplane)

(NO ONE UNDER 18 WILL BE ADMITTED.)

TODAY AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU

MANHATTAN APOLLO 42nd ST.	BRONX ASCOT ELM	BROOKLYN ASTOR ELM	NASSAU BAR HARBOUR MANHASSET	SUFFOLK ART CINEMA PORT JEFFERSON
GREENWICH MIDTOWN 99th ST. W 47th St.	QUEENS CONTINENTAL FOREST HILLS	WESTCHESTER HARTSDALE CINEMA	WESTBURY SALISBURY WESTBURY	WESTHAMPTON BEACH HAMPTON ARTS
PARKWAY 107 YERGEN	STATEN ISLAND EMPIRE PORT RICHMOND	ROCKLAND CINEMA 45 SPRING VALLEY	NEW JERSEY MALL - ORMONT FRANKLIN	ISLIP RIALTO PATCHOGUE
				ROCKAWAY RONKONKOMA ROCKAWAY

Anytime, enjoy your own private
'Peep Show'

Nude Pen Viewer

with magnifying telescopic lens

\$2 (or 3 different pens, only \$5)

Never a dull moment with this superbly crafted ball point pen that writes, excites and delights! Hold it up to the light and WOW—EEE! See 10 enticing Danish nudes in each pen in all their loveliness. Natural poses; glorious full-color! Newest thing out. Wonderful ice-breaker and conversation piece. Get yours now! Adults only. Send order to:
Bon-Joy Sales
P. O. Box 271
Baltimore, Md. 21203

LAST complete new all male 2 DAYS color show every Wed.

ALL MALE FILM FESTIVAL IN COLOR!

1st N.Y. SHOWING! Cont. 9:45 A.M. - Mid.

THE GOLDEN Stroke

plus
'SPY FLY'
and
'JUST FRIENDS'

ADULTS ONLY

EXCLUSIVE!
MALE TALES
DIRECT FROM THE WEST COAST!

PARK-MILLER MIDNITE SHOW FRI. & SAT. NITE Adm \$5.
43rd St. (Bet. 6th & B'way) BR9-3970 SEND FOR FREE BROCHURE

**HOMOSEXUALS
HERE IT IS!**

THE CADILLAC OF ORGANIZATIONS!

Designed for the 70's
Not affiliated with any organization
Doors NEVER closed
Dancing anytime - Special Dances
NO RESTRICTIONS
Parties - Raffles
Education, Employment, Psychological
Legal and Medical Services
Appropriate drinks, sports, lectures
MORE still MORE! Send \$1
For prospectus (applied to dues)
CALVIN HOPPS
36 West 35th St., NYC, 10001
No mail drops or Box numbers PLEASE

I LIKE SEX!

check or m.o. to: 574 dept. box 1029
radio city station, n.y.c. 10019—new yorkers
add 6% tax—whsl. inquiries invited

QUALITY ADULT ITEMS
(100% Guaranteed Workmanship)

- Battery-Operated (Deluxe Model) Personal VIBRATORS, 7"x1 1/4", \$5.00. • Prime Strap-on Rubber HEALTH MATES, 6"x1 1/2", \$5.00.
- Novelty FRENCH TICKLERS—\$1.00 ea. (min. 3); 6-\$5.00, 12-\$9.00. All Items Shipped First Class. We Pay Postage. No C.O.D.

UniSales, Dept. S, P.O. Box 574,
Times Sq. Sta., New York, N.Y. 10036

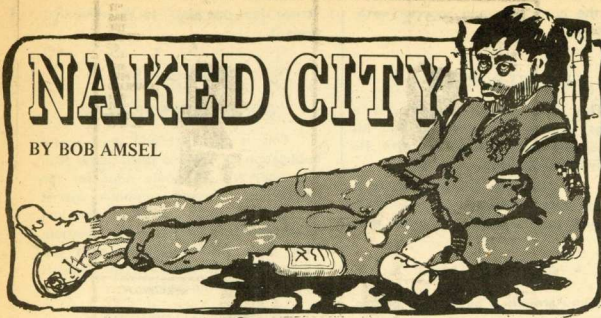
SCREW is a great mag for teenagers. But if you are an adult send \$2 for my illustrated fuck brochure in color, plus samples. Delivery guaranteed. Anita Hansen, Betex-Trading, Vesterbrogade 140, 1620 Copenhagen, Denmark.

I ALSO LOVE ANIMALS

I am a beautiful blonde Danish girl, who has a large selection of my own very private and exciting photos, slides, films etc.

Send \$3 for brochures and samples or \$10 for hot sample package.

SUZY WARM, BBC Box 11,
Frederikssundsvej 273, Bronshoj, Denmark



BY BOB AMSEL

FOR STRAIGHTS:

Flicks:

LAWYER, soon to be released—check local papers. This may very well be one of the major hits of 1970. Although in the same genre as ANATOMY OF A MURDER and WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION, it surpasses its predecessors. It is an extremely slick, sharply edited, smoothly acted film concerning a lawyer's attempt to win a murder trial. A doctor is accused of bashing his sexy wife's brains in, and we see three or four versions of what might have happened. Did the doctor actually do it in order to be free to marry his slutty mistress? Or, was the wife fucking around with a married guy whose jealous wife starts the blood splashing all over the room? The sturdy lawyer could care less. He bases his strategy on the outmoded idea that a man is innocent until proven guilty. As the lawyer Tony Petrocelli, Barry Newman outdistances James Bond with his super-hedonistic portrayal. He drives a car like a berserk

white rabbit, he makes pithy statements about marital fidelity and women in general, he keeps his luscious wife (beautifully portrayed by Diana Muldaur) contentedly smiling, and unlike most superheroes, he even takes a leak now and then just to prove that he's human. In short, he's the kind of stud that Al Goldstein would like to be if he could cut that much mustard. E.R.!

INTRASEXUM, Avon Love, 42nd bet. B'way and Sixth Ave. Opening soon, this supercharged sex flick is not the type of a thing a truckdriver would take his mother to see. Although I can't review it officially yet, the previews indicate that there will be some hot come floating down the aisles.

MAN AND WIFE, Cine Lido, 48th & B'way, 757-4228. If you think a fuck film is worth five bucks, you see the real thing under the guise of "Marital instruction," although without a story line, it gets to be a drag.E.W

MADAME LEE, Avon Hudson, 44th St., bet. 6th & B'way. A number of horny moments, but not up to par with some of the flicks shown here. The heroine's deliciously shaped tits help to make up for the rest of the film's inadequacy. E

STUDIO C, Eros 2, 728 8th Ave., 246-6696. (May change by press time) Better than some of the recent grind films. The plot is unintentionally funny, but the girls go through their motions in a most serious way. One sex scene in particular almost got my pants wet. W

FOR GAYS:

Flicks:

STICKS AND STONES, Garrick Theatre, 152 Bleeker St., 245-5618. The makers of this film decided that they



were sick of the usual tripe that passes for gay entertainment, so they went off to Fire Island to see what they could come up with. The result is a full-length color movie that shows some intelligence behind it. Done in sort of a half-improvisational, half-script cinema verite style, the story concerns the rocky relationship between two handsome lovers, Buddy (J. Will Deane) and Peter (Craig Dudley). Various friends converge on the couple for a 4th

of July party-orgy, and by the end of the film a few bones are crushed despite the title. As the couple's nelly friend, Jimmy Foster practically steals the show with his campy antics. His attempt to change a flat tire is enough to flatten a few more. On the erotic side, Fernando's dance with a bisexual chick and Buddy's strip should make your cocks stand at attention. But on the whole, this is not just a beefcake flick, but an attempt at something better. It may not be perfect, but it's superior to anything else that's been done with a gay audience in mind. Too bad the admission price is four bucks. If it were less, more people would probably see it. E.W.

MEETING PLACES: For those who are turned off by the bar life, call 799-0916 in the evening (bet. 6 and 9) to find out about groovy Friday night dances in a hotel.

Plays:

THE GAME IS STUD, Clubroom of Hotel Hargrove, W. 72nd and Columbus Ave. Still packing in audiences because of the advertised nudity. The beauty of one member of the cast (pardon the pun) may be worth admission price, although the play itself leaves much to be desired. E

RATING SYSTEM:

- S = Soft-off
- C = Cock-tease
- R = Rough-stuff (S&M)
- E = Erection
- W = Whack-off
- ! = Screwable

Welcome To The Wonderful World Of "Hospitality"
GIRLS - GUYS - COUPLES
 EXPLORE and ENJOY social relationships...
 Become a member of a new modern DISCREET and CONFIDENTIAL correspondence club... Exclusively for sophisticated SWINGERS over 21.
 A truly EXCITING experience where up to date FOLLOWS YOU PEOPLE who want people MAKE MANY CONVERSATIONS, DELIGHTS and PLEASURES.
 Write FREE Details
 The Hospitality Swinger
 One 797 Cherry Hill, N.J., 08004

GREAT SEX OVER 45
 World-famous Doctors say, 45, 50, 60, 70 or more, if you are normally healthy, you can and should be enjoying more satisfying sexual pleasure night after night after night! Amazingly simple instructions show you how! Like a wonderful dream come true. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. Send just \$1.00 to: AMERICAN IMAGE CORP. Dept. 000 276 Park Ave. South, New York, N.Y. 10010

HI-VOLTAGE ENERGIZER
Pep Secret of the GAUCHOS
 it's **YERBA MATE**
 100% pure natural herb tea,
 the traditional potion of the virile gauchos of South America.
Gives you that extra lift.
 60-day supply - \$6.00 post-paid
MONEY-BACK GUARANTEED
 Rush cash, check or money order.
 No C.O.D. orders accepted.
YERBA MATE Dept. S
 15748 Plymouth Rd., Detroit, Mich. 48227

80,000,000 FRENCHMEN CAN'T BE WRONG....
 In France and in other countries all over Europe the "HAPPY HOUSE" line would be merely remarkable, but here in the U.S.A.
WE REALLY HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU...
YOU WILL FIND IT HARD...
 to believe the wide variety of adult devices and sexual aids which we have to offer.
BET TWO BUCKS ON YOUR FUTURE SEXUAL HAPPINESS....
 Send \$2 today for our giant, profusely illustrated and informative catalogue.
HAPPY HOUSE
 P.O. Box 1963
BROOKLYN, N.Y. 11202

NOW FOR THE BROAD-MINDED • SWINGING SET!!
 For confidential personal contacts, clubs for singles, couples, nudists, non-conformists. NEW-World Club Directory. Contains clubs & groups for all races, to meet "the swinging set." There are clubs near you.
 112 pages. Nearly 2,000 club names, addresses, descriptions in every state in USA & 80 foreign countries. Most complete listing in the world.
 Includes confidential publications for off-beat tastes.
 Send check for \$2 to Singles Directory, Box 876-S, Peter Stuyvesant Sta., NYC, NY.
 NAME.....
 STREET.....
 CITY..... STATE..... ZIP.....

SEND US A SAMPLE OF YOUR WRITING AND LET US BE THE JUDGE. WRITE TO: Milky Way

Elegant Figure Modeling Studio, Inc.
 45 West 39th Street - 2nd Floor
 563-8778 or 868-1107
 Sketching & Photography

Studio - A, Inc.
 68 West 39th Street - 2nd Floor
 279-6452 or 563-8663
 Photography, Sketching & Painting

Artistic Figure Modeling Studio, Inc.
 301 W. 50th St., (cor. 8th Ave.) - 2nd Floor
 247-5686 or 247-5685
 Sketching & Photography

GOT A PARTY? LET US PLAN IT FOR YOU.
 Group sessions \$5/hour. \$8 for 2 hours
 Private sessions \$20/hour. \$12 1/2 hour.
 Camera rental - \$2/hour. Film - \$3.



1. PICTORIAL MANUAL OF PRIMARY & POSTERIOR POSITIONS
 MALE & FEMALE DOMINANT POSITIONS \$6.00

2. PICTORIAL MANUAL OF SECONDARY POSITIONS
 VARIATIONS OF MALE DOMINANT POSITIONS
 VARIATIONS OF MALE SUPINE, FEMALE DOMINANT POSITIONS
 VARIATIONS OF THE REAR POSITION \$6.00

3. DEUXIME
 IT'S ALL HERE JUST WHAT YOU WANT TO SEE \$6.00

4. KATS 'N' KITTENS
 CANDID, UNRETOUCHED, EXCITING
 SEE BOYS & GIRLS DOING THEIR THING. \$6.00

YOU MUST BE 21 TO ORDER. SEND CASH OR M.O. TO
R & R SALES P.O. BOX 26214 SAN FRANCISCO, Ca.
 SORRY NO C.O.D.
 PLEASE ENCLOSE 50¢ FOR SHIPPING & HANDLING



SHIT LIST

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

Hi kiddies, I don't have any money for you and don't intend to bring peace to the Vietnam war since a concentration of 500,000 soldiers is a great block of potential SCREW readers that has priority over all of that pacifist and peace shit. I do have, however, some inside hates that the glare of publicity, I hope, will force to wither away and turn to dust.

Last issue I promised to spotlight my ex in-laws and do this today with the feeling that exposure may prevent other innocent Jewish boys from getting mixed up with a family lower than pus from an elephant's asshole.

THE ULTIMATE SHIT

The Leavitt family of Brooklyn. I married their virginal daughter (who else would ball her?) on Jan 1, 1963 and 24 months later they robbed my home. There were no children (thoughts of Rosemary's baby fill my brain) and only their corrupt and dishonest treatment helps me hate with the purity of the wounded.

These "superior" insects say they have stuff on me. Fine. SCREW will run it in these pages as a public service and in the spirit of equal time while I continue to document the corruption of a family that continues to harass and hound me.

Next issue of SCREW will contain intimate secrets about Lonni. Keep up

with the newspaper and reporter with no secrets.

DAVID BUCKLEY

This loser is not Jewish (for a change) and is the handicap that his brother Jim Buckley must live with. He was fired by SCREW six weeks ago

Please be advised that he is not connected with this paper or GAY and you deal with him at your own peril.

RECTILINEAR

If you are a hi-fi buff and intend to buy new speakers, don't buy Rectilinear, 30 Main Street, Brooklyn, New York. SCREW bought two of their \$200 (each) speakers for its offices and the quality is worse than a \$5 Jap radio and has all the color and resonance of a worm's burp. The speakers were bought at Packard Hi-Fi on Union Square and they continue to stock the cream of this world's defective merchandise. The shitty equipment from Koss (earphones) and Panasonic's low grade TV sets also came from this bastion for bummers.

FORD MUSTANG

This piece of shit continues to disintegrate in front of my eyes while neither the manufacturer, service station (Gotham Ford) or the leasing company (ESSO) lift a finger of concern. DON'T BUY ANY FORD PRODUCT UNLESS YOU ARE A KNAVE, FOOL OR ARE SUICIDE-PRONE. The Mustang is headed for the glue factory and I hope that it's stolen 'cause that will prove

"crime does not pay," to the thief that steals it.

GOOD GUYS

"CONSUMER REPORTS"

This is the best and most useful publication in America (even better than this one) and the only hope for the harried and cheated consumer against corrupt and dishonest advertising and merchants. It is located in Mt. Vernon, New York and I recommend that you subscribe for \$6 for 12 issues. Read it and be saved while saving.

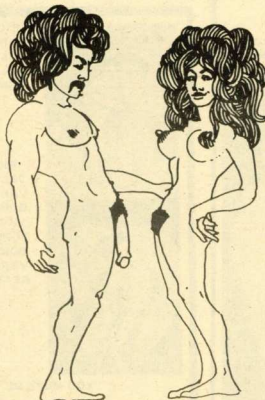
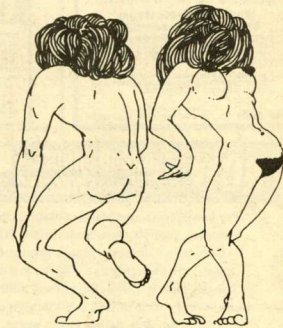
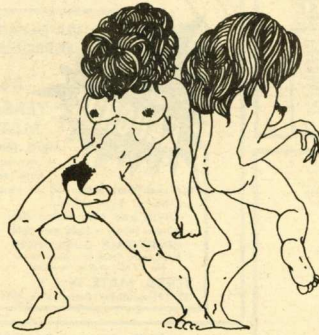
KONICA-AUTO-REFLEX T

If you look on the masthead you will see that our director of photography is one James Buckley. This boy-child took seven years to graduate from Instamatic School and now takes great photos. He's stupid as ever but the "Konica" is so fully automated that even "Gentlemen Jim" can operate it. It's the perfect camera for women and other dumb creatures and even I replaced my Nikons with Konicas.

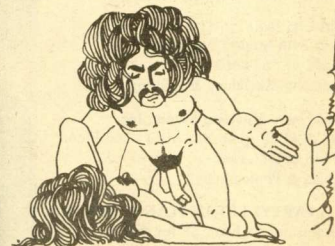
[A] thinks a single lens reflex is winking one eye at a time. JTjr., the house blackie]

FISHER HI-FI EQUIPMENT

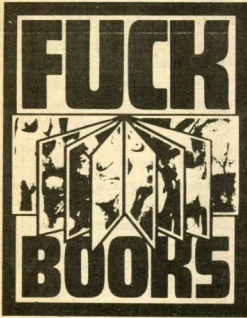
Fisher is one of the oldest and most important names in hi fidelity and is still led by its president Avery Fisher who insists that they turn out the best in components. We bought their amplifiers, speakers and turntables for our palatial new offices and everlasting joy is ours. If you intend to buy superb quality sound and can afford the best, then buy "Fisher."



WHEN YOU GET RIGHT DOWN TO IT, BABY, EVERYTHING ELSE IS JUST SUBLIMATION



Sam Levenson's Sex Schlock



BY LEAH FRITZ

Sex and the Single Child, Sam Levenson, published by Simon and Schuster, N.Y. \$3.50

When I was a child I used to keep my bunkmates at summer camp up the whole night long with erotic stories I'd made up while masturbating in the woods in the afternoon. My game was to slip away from the softball diamond where the kids didn't want me anyway (any team I was on was a sure loser on account of my astigmatism and general lack of coordination). I was maybe eight or nine when I began the habit, and the things I dreamed up, SCREW would hesitate to print. I didn't know about fucking—nobody would tell me anything except "when you're older you'll find out"—so my fantasies usually centered around what has come to be known as "foreplay." Also S&M. One of my analysts later said I had been "sexually precocious," but I don't think so, considering that not one of my little girl bunkmates ever fell asleep while I was unwinding. Under the covers, ten little hands diddled five little cunts until my voice gave out or the counselor came in.

The game of sex fantasy started even earlier, though. I remember spanking, enema and thermometer games when I lived in Flatbush, and we moved to Manhattan before I was six!



So there ain't nothing dirty old Sam Levenson can tell me—or my kids!—in *SEX AND* (ha, ha... get it?) *THE SINGLE CHILD*. About the only thing mysterious to some children whose parents are particularly repressed (as mine were) is the church-approved conjugal sex act. Every way of arousing the organs is deeply imbedded in instinct, and the less information imparted to the



child, the more obsessive the imagination.

Sam wrote his book for money, the way any pornographer does. And it probably has made money, though God knows why. It's a terrible book that could only have been written by a former teacher in the Public School System. Because the most dirty-minded people are chosen to teach children. One first grade school-marm I know safety-pinned a little boy's pants pockets. Know why? Because he liked to put his hands in them... to make sure, from time to time, she or his mother or father hadn't really stolen his little cock away like they promised. Or maybe he was just feeling for the chewing gum he would enjoy after school.

Let me come right out with it: I am AGAINST sex education in the Public Schools because it will be taught by dirty old men like Sam Levenson who snicker at the innocence of the world's

best people... kids.


Sam goes to great pains to insist that sex has to be backed up with love. That's either not true or it goes without saying. If you have to spell it out, it means that love is not connected with sex in nature. Personally I believe that every sexual act is an act of love, but who the fuck cares? It's good, good, good... and not a subject for snickering. The fantasies that made me cream in my cot at camp made me feel yummy.

Sam's tome—which you were supposed to buy to the tune of \$3.50 for your Aunt Tillie who's in the hospital with gallbladder trouble because she hasn't had a fuck or touched her clit since Uncle Herman died of prostate trouble thirty years ago—bears the imprimatur of a psychologist, was put together by the entire Levenson family, including the poor relations, and is a total waste of cash. Buy Aunt Tillie *PORT-*

NOY'S COMPLAINT and let her die peacefully of a heart attack.

The very first cartoon turned me off. It's a picture of a billboard outside a movie theater. The billboard shows a scantily-clothed actress and bears the legend, "For Mature Audiences Only." Three little kids bundled up in snowsuits are leering at it. Why the fuck aren't the kids inside the theater where it's warm?

Levenson says that sex without love "reduces" us to "mere" animals... and I think of the beautiful puppies running around my house and how my kids watched the pups' mother fuck the local cocker spaniel to get them and how much nicer these creatures are than Sam Levenson and Richard Nixon and all the other fucking phonies that befoul the human race with their hypocrisy.

The one book in the house that I won't let my kids read is Sam Levenson's *SEX AND THE SINGLE CHILD*. It's the only obscene book I own. 



Mr P.R. presents

Along the erotic lines . . .

Pimps for call girls are now using new tactics that seem to work very well. They rent the right to use an unsuspecting citizen's home as a mailing address. Then they send out thousands of letters describing the girls and the prices, and use the mailing address they've rented as a return address. The police and postal officials are none the wiser of what's going on, at least until now.

South Africa banned the sale of the soft-cover edition of the book *Nudie Photos*, but okayed the hardcover version. Their reasoning was: "The type of person

who buys a soft-cover edition is more likely to be corrupted . . ."

More letters have come in with complaints that companies either do not deliver or send out inferior or bad products—in exchange for one's hard-earned money. Here, once again, is a listing of companies that have inferior material, that don't deliver the goods, or are suspected of being fraudulent. ORDER AT YOUR OWN RISK!

DANSK SALES, Dept. 1535 (1552 in some ads), 234 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001.

RESPONSE, INC., Dept. 42, 5466 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90029.

SHOW ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 29413, Hollywood, Calif. 90029.

JOHN MERRYWEATHER, Dept. 38, 5466 Santa Monica Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90029.

SOMMA, 1310 E. 53rd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234.

B. LACROIX, 1830 S. Robertson Blvd., Suite 203-A, Los Angeles, Calif. 90035.

FRANKFORT IMPORTS, Box 1309, Reseda, Calif. 91335.

PARADISE PRODUCTIONS, 919 N. Fairfax Ave., Hollywood, Calif. 90046.

PENT-R-BOOKS, INC., P.O. Box 1555, SC 6, Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y. 10017.

GLIMMS PRODUCTIONS, Box 403, 123 04, Farsta 4, Sweden.

COLLECTORS PUBLICATIONS, Box 3584, 14823 Proctor Ave., City of Industry, Calif. 91744.

F.G.B., P.O. Box 81, New York, N.Y. 10019.

THE PHOTOGRAPHERS GUILD, Box 54071, Los Angeles, Calif. 90054.

BENTLY CO., 7906 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif. 90046.

TRAVEL ARTS, P.O. Box 14110, Houston, Texas 77021.

CYBERTYPE CORP., 80 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10011.

EDUCATIONAL RESEARCH ASSN., 5441 Paradise Rd., Las Vegas, Nevada.

HOMOSEXUAL RESEARCH ASSN., 1350 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles, Calif. 90028.

DAVID SALE CO., Box 31411 Lincoln Heights Sta., Los Angeles, Calif.

FORTUNE STUDIOS, Box 490, Forest Hills Sta., Flushing, N.Y. 11375.

MAJESTIC, Box 59, New York, N.Y. 10017.

BOOKS UNLIMITED, P.O. Box 3328, Hollywood, Calif.

SWEET LIPS, P.O. Box 986, Fremont Sta., Bronx, N.Y. 10457.

DOCUMENTARIES UNLIMITED, 26 O'Farrell St., San Francisco, Calif. 94108.

TA-TRU ART, Dist. Co., P.O. Box 6000, Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y.

OLYMPIA, P.O. Box 88, Brooklyn, N.Y.

STEADMAN HYGIENIC LABORATORIES, Long Island City, N.Y.

FLEMING & MARSH LABORATORIES, 550 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y.

Should YOU find a company that does not deliver the goods or is fraudulent in any way, please report it to me so that I can warn others. Give me as many details and facts as possible so I can have them investigated. Far too many companies have been taking advantage of the poor consumer, and I have every intention of revealing them to YOU.

If you have a problem or a question concerning erotica, sex or pornography, I will be very happy to give you a confidential, personal reply, provided you enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with your inquiry, plus 25 cents in coin for handling.

Also, if you have a product that you think would be of interest to readers of this column, and it is of good quality, I will be very happy to mention it if and when you send me a sample and any additional information you think necessary. There is no charge for this service as long as your product is of good quality.

Send all material and questions to:
Mister P.R. Presents
c/o Milky Way Productions
P.O. Box 432
Old Chelsea Station
New York, N.Y. 10011



OH, CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN

Dear SCREW:

This X-mas eve I am very angry reading your paper (this neologism, or euphemistically referred to paper) SCREW.

You know what really makes me miffed is the fact that I can't pass a newsstand without a deep compulsion to reach for this Sex Sheet. How deeply I've tried to avoid picking it up and shelling out fifty cents. But alas, it's no use. I am waiting for the next copy!

It seems that SCREW is motivating me. I really can't stand buying this paper. I've always been strong-willed. I'm adamant when it comes to morals. But it seems lately, strong, libidinous feelings (phallically speaking) come over me. And usually this happens when I'm in a nice, hot tub.

Please, please leave out all pictures of young females—you can still publish nice long esoteric stories, etc. Why suc-

cumb to those animalistic pictures of gluteous maximus?

Please help me to stay strong. At present I have resisted all these temptations. I'm very thankful though that at least you haven't showed any pictures of nice, sweet, real young girls—otherwise I would be reduced to a base minimum. It's really cruel how women have such a power over us men—we are really walking images of God-made slaves, passionately speaking, by silly, weak females. They play with us like dolls. But I'm one that is strong!! I have resisted so far, all things. I'm completely in command.

Yours,
The Captain.

THE GAME IS CRUD

Dear SCREW:

Would you kindly pass this letter along to the person who came to review the play entitled *The Game is Stud* at the Hotel Hargrave on 72nd and Columbus on Saturday night, January 9th.

I was the leading actor in the show (I say *was* because I quit the show as of Sunday night's performance) and I wish to say right here and now, even before the review comes out, that I find the play deplorable, an insult to all decent men who happen to be homosexuals, a cheap and ugly play, of which I am ashamed to be performing in. I turned in my notice at the first available moment. The form of the play that you saw was not the form that I originally read and I wish the world to know that I fought long and hard to make this play an in-depth study of human beings and not a silly masquerade of silly people, but I was overruled by the director and author, who kept adding one filthy and tacky thing after another.

I would be proud at anytime to appear in a play that was about homo-

sexuals and not a play that was made to titilate them.

I am, by the way, the author of an article that appeared in SCREW several months ago, entitled "My First Blow Job," which you printed as being written by *obviously anonymous*.

I write this letter because I feel a responsibility to my fellow man and to fellow homosexuals, and I wish them to know that I was not proud to appear in a play that exploited homosexuality rather than a play that explained and showed to an audience what a wonderful and fine thing homosexuality can and should be.

Regards,
Walter A. Dunnett III
(Spike Adams on the program)

YOU LOSE A.G.

Dear SCREW:

In you (sic) comments about Judith Crist - SCREW December 29, 1969 Page 19 - you accuse her of using a word "PLEASUREMENT" which does not exist. YOU are wrong about that and owe Miss Crist an apology.

The word PLEASUREMENT is defined as "pleasure taking" and can be found in WEBSTERS second edition (The Big Book, baby). It is a noun and is perfectly acceptable to use. Since you quoted only an extract from Miss Crist's full statement it is difficult to know if the word was used correctly in syntax, but I'm certain that Miss Crist would not permit such an error of composition to get by without correcting it. After all she is (and she writes for readers who are) intelligent and sophisticated.

Sincerely,
Don Walls, News & Views
The Daily Record
Baltimore, Md.

[Ed. Note: Who the fucked asked you? A.G.]

CLUB WOW AGAIN?

Dear SCREW:

In a not-too-long-ago issue of SCREW I noticed the Club Wow ad. As far as I am concerned this is a gyp outfit if I ever saw one.

Enclosed is the envelope that the Club Wow news bulletin came in. It is a long time from March 28, 1969 to July 20, 1969 when you are looking for your first ad to appear and you never get the WOW no. 16. Then you write and ask for a no. 16 and to this date you never hear and you do not get a copy of no. 16 or a single answer to your ad.

Again, all I can say is, WOW should not advertise in a magazine like yours. You have a good publication and are trying to tell people who does and who doesn't send what is paid for. Well, here is positive proof of WOW.

Very truly yours,
Marcus Berger
University City, Missouri

CUSTOM CRUMBS

Dear SCREW:

I have contacted some of your Swedish porno distributors. The U.S. Customs department seems to control all imports of books and magazines. If these people cannot make deliveries then it is wrong for them to take our money. Thank you!

James Walker
Phila., Penna.

[Ed. Note: It should be up to Customs to repay your loss. The Scandinavian exporters aren't doing anything illegal. J.B.]

PLEASE SEND ALL CORRESPONDENCE, INQUIRIES, SUGGESTIONS, COMPLAINTS, and PROPOSITIONS TO: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, SCREW, P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, N.Y. 10011.

THESE LIVE ACTION 8mm. HOME MOVIES CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO BECOME A SEXUAL DYNAMO IN ONE HOUR!



A-101: ROMAN ORGY: A gel-together to recreate "The Glory that was Rome." Sex scenes you will look at again and again. This film will stimulate you and your wife to new adventure. 8mm; \$19.50 B/W, or \$34.50 in color. Add \$2.00 for Super 8.



A-102: THE DANISH DELIGHT: See beautiful couple go through their love-making paces with several very demanding techniques. \$19.50 B/W, \$34.50 color. Add \$2 for Super 8.



A-103: ORIENTAL LOVE TECHNIQUES: An amazing example of Chinese and Japanese techniques for arousing love and sustaining orgasm. Can add new joys to your married life. \$19.50 B/W, \$34.50 color. Add \$2 for Super 8.



A-104: SWEDISH SENSATIONS: This film shows why Scandinavians are known as the masters of sex technique. See how young girls learn to make love. Fantastic close-ups of love scenes. \$19.50 B/W, \$34.50 for color. Add \$2 for Super 8.



A-105: THE BUILD-UP: How to take a girl who seems cold and aloof and turn her into a warm, uninhibited love-mate. Teaches you new sex approaches, breathing tricks that can make you into an expert! \$19.50 B/W, \$34.50 color. Add \$2.00 for Super 8.



A-106: THE FRENCH ORAL ADVENTURE: This girl pleases her lover. She knows all the bedroom techniques... but wait until you see what she has up her sleeve! \$19.50 B/W, \$34.50 for color. Add \$2.00 for Super 8.

ANY LOVE FILM FREE

when you join the exciting new InterArts International Club.

No obligation to ever buy a thing!

So you think you know how to make love? Think again! Take any film shown above and discover new techniques, new excitement, new variety, with these professionally-made "see it and do it" movies!

Now you can add new joy, new variety and know-how to your sex techniques. You can discover advanced love-making tricks of the trade, that will make any woman (even the most frigid, man-castrating iceberg) melt and moan with delight. You can learn breathing techniques that may double orgasm time. Learn how to touch a girl—and make her tingle with desire for you.

"Baby... you are the greatest!"

Think of it—you'll have live action demonstrations of new (and thrillingly different) sex positions right on your bed room wall. Discover little-known ways to arouse passion to new peaks. Learn how you may DOUBLE your orgasm output and leave your girl with the greatest experience she has ever known, gasping with delight: "baby, you're the greatest."

You will see Oriental love-making approaches that are still considered illegal in many southern states, so please check your local laws before trying these incredibly potent techniques! These techniques can make your next love-making session into the most fabulous experience you've ever had. See handsome men and gorgeous girls demonstrate thrilling new positions. (You've got to see it to believe it...so stop the camera and watch it again. See it in slow motion—then try doing it yourself.) See thrilling close-ups that teach you everything—and we mean EVERYTHING—about oral-love techniques. All this (and a great deal more) await you as a member of this exciting new InterArts International Club, Inc.

Take one FREE FILM when you join

Do not confuse the film's we are offering you with low-grade stag movies. These films are top quality productions. They have been photographed with superb cameras and lenses. (The zooms, close-ups and magnificent camera work will prove that these films have the stamp of professionalism.) Truly, there has never been an offer like this before.

You can discover how the club can help you attain new heights of sexual enjoyment—without risking a penny—by enrolling today as a new member. A full year's membership costs

AN ESSENTIAL LEGAL NOTE

Our lawyers tell us that we must make this point clear: these films are offered for educational purposes only. They may not be shown for profit. They may not be shown to persons under 21. Once you have seen them you will understand that they have wonderfully redeeming social value.

NEW MEMBERS GET ALL THIS FREE!

Every month you will receive special announcements of new movies...LP records...and other special merchandise (often mailed to you from Denmark, Sweden and other overseas ports). All materials are rushed in plain wrapper—to assure you total privacy. All materials are sold to help adult men and women increase the joys of married life and improve the techniques of sexual love.

only \$10.00. (You'll agree that it's the best value you ever got...after the very first night.) And, if you act now, you can get this extra bonus: all members who enroll through this ad may receive one FREE 8mm FILM from the group shown above. All films may be shown on any conventional projector—8mm or Super 8—and are guaranteed to be the most spectacular (and educational!) that you have ever seen.

Preview before you buy!

When you join, you will be entitled to preview all films (plus books and other exciting merchandise)—BEFORE BUYING. See these movies before you decide to keep them. (We are so confident that you will want them to study, night after night, to make certain that your technique is perfect.) No other organization makes this daring no-risk challenge; you must be delighted with everything offered or you pay nothing!

EXTRA FREE GIFTS—IF YOU ACT NOW!

In addition to your introductory gift, you will be entitled to an additional FREE 8mm FILM with every three you order—at special member's low prices. You'll get 4 films for the price of 3—PLUS your introductory FREE FILM. But you must hurry. Offer is limited.

Why are we making this offer? Because we know that once you have seen these remarkably educational films, you will want to own the complete collection. Once you have seen your progress, you will want to learn more and more about new, different and daring sexual delights. You will become a demon for self-improvement.

Month after month you will be offered special new films—both in magnificent color as well as black & white—designed to teach you the latest new techniques in the arts of love-

making. You will discover how to keep your spouse in a state of perpetual bliss...how to make each orgasm a new and thrillingly different experience.

In addition, you will be offered other items to help you in the study of the sexual arts: special LP records...exciting new books on the art of married life...art prints depicting every act of normal and abnormal sexual love...all at special discount prices...and many other items that can only be offered to married people.

Never before has there been a club like this international arts club. But you can discover this for yourself—without risking one cent! Send in the membership form (below) right now—with this no-risk money-back guarantee:

If you are not totally delighted with the benefits of membership, simply let us know within 10 days. Return your big introductory membership package and your money will be refunded in full—no questions asked.

But please—act fast. Our supply of these fabulous adult sex education films and memberships are limited. Once they are gone, this offer will end and membership will no longer be available. Act today—mail the coupon right now.

Could you use an extra \$15,000.00 or more this year? As an agent for the club, you can make \$5,000...\$10,000...yes, even \$15,000.00 or more a year. All you do is show the materials to your friends—and take their requests for films & publications—and you take a bit of the "cream" off for yourself. Interested? Check the box in coupon below and send with your order. We'll rush details. InterArts International Club, Inc. 6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California 90028

FREE MOVIE CERTIFICATE

InterArts International Club, Inc.
6311 Yucca Street, Dept. Y-122
Hollywood, California 90028

Yes! I am over 21 years of age. Enclosed is payment of \$10.00 for one FULL YEAR OF MEMBERSHIP. Cash Check Money Order. Enter my name as a member and send me the free movie I have circled below.

NOTE: If you would like your FREE FILM in full color instead of black & white, add \$5.00. Make checks payable to I. I. CLUB, INC.

GUARANTEE: I understand that I may return all merchandise within 10 days for a full cash refund—no questions asked—and may resign membership for any reason whatsoever at any time.

CIRCLE THE NUMBER OF THE FREE FILM YOU WANT:

- A-101 A-102 A-103
- A-104 A-105 A-106
- Color Black & white
- Regular 8m Super 8m

Signature _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

I am interested in becoming an agent Total enclosed \$ _____

A SPECIAL OFFER FOR NEW MEMBERS ONLY!

New members may order extra films at BIG DISCOUNTS with this coupon. To order, use price schedule below — and circle the numbers of the films desired. All purchases over \$36 may be sent COD, but Club membership (of \$10 or \$15) must accompany order.

PRICE SCHEDULE — NEW MEMBERS ONLY:

	B/W	COLOR
1 FILM	FREE!	\$ 5.00
2 FILMS	19.50	34.50
3 FILMS	35.00	62.00
4 FILMS	52.00	95.00
5 FILMS	69.00	124.00
6 FILMS	79.00	150.00

Add \$2.00 per reel for Super 8 film.

CIRCLE THE NUMBERS OF THE EXTRA FILMS YOU WANT TO BUY:

- A-101 A-102 A-103
- A-104 A-105 A-106
- Color Reg 8
- B&W Super 8

Select 

For sophisticated couples & singles everywhere who value discretion and confidence: A modern club devoted to unusual, exciting correspondence with friends whose interests are similar.

FREE! Details and List of Sample Ads

SELECT CLUB
BOX 889, DEPT. 4 CAMDEN, N. J.

FREE TO MATURE ADULTS catalogue describing the most satisfying films, books, party records, photos, gags, gimmicks, and gadgets. Write to Federal Premium, Dept. SCREW, 6652 N. Western, Chicago Illinois 60645.

Don't miss this outstanding chance but send one dollar today to cover costs of a carefully selected and richly illustrated list of catalogs for enjoyment of a far out nature. Yes, we can deliver. We have our own ways.

Miss Dorte Madsen
Tjoernegade 6, Kld.
2200 Copenhagen N.
Denmark.



FANTASTIC MAG. - woman being mounted by a STALLION. If you are an adult send \$6 for this great mag via airmail. Or just send \$2 for our new, exciting color brochure: INTERMAG, Vesterbrogade 140, 1620 Copenhagen V, Denmark.

ADULTS PARTY PILLS

Frenchie's SPANISH FLY "MAKE THEM HOT" PILLS, a Real Stinger that works. 12 for \$2.00

Frenchie's SPANISH FLY WHISKEY PILLS. When you put one in someone's drink they won't forget you for a long time. 12 for \$2.00

BUCHANAN
152 W. 42nd St. - Suite 536
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

MEN.

For the first time in the U.S.A.—MAGNAPHALL the new scientific wonder method of improving virility and actually increasing man's vital dimensions. A method that is absolutely safe, involves no drugs or apparatus, and is GUARANTEED.

Developed in England after years of research, MAGNAPHALL has benefited tens of thousands of men all over Europe. There is no longer need for any man to envy the sexual vigour or proportions of others. You don't have to take our word for it—we can send you such PROOF as will convince even the most sceptical.

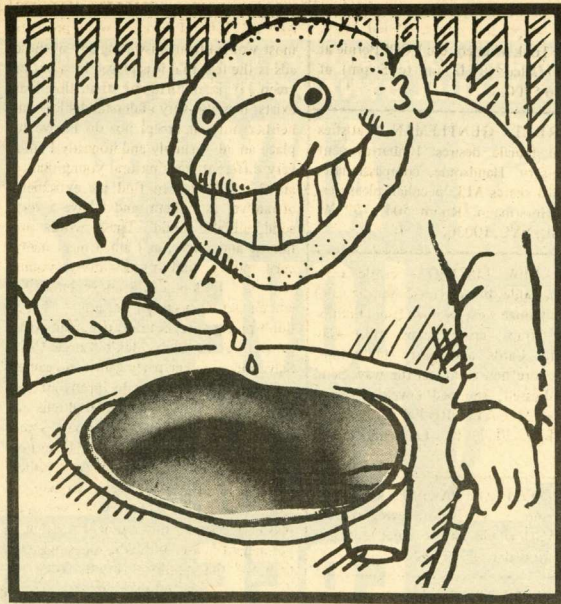
Send \$1.00 for full details of how MAGNAPHALL works and positive proof of its success, or \$10.00 only for the complete MAGNAPHALL method. Fill in the form below or write today and take the first step to being the lower women really want.

To: Section 9
Ravensdale Products Ltd.,
Springfield Road
London, N.15., ENGLAND.

Please send, by return, under plain sealed cover:
*Full details of how MAGNAPHALL works and positive proof of its success for which I enclose \$1.
*The complete MAGNAPHALL method for which I enclose \$10.00.

Name.....
City.....
State.....

*Delete whichever is inapplicable
All orders and inquiries answered on day of receipt by first class air mail.



BAUBLES & BALLS

CLASSIFIED AD RATES: 10 cents per word for personal classified.
SUBSCRIBER RATES: First 25 words \$1.00, 10 cents per word thereafter. Good only when sending in new subscription or renewal, otherwise personal ads are 10 cents per word.

COMMERCIAL RATES: 20 cents Per Word, \$5.00 minimum.
COMMERCIAL ADVERTISERS ARE NOT ELIGIBLE FOR SUBSCRIBER RATES.
MAIL TO: Milky Way Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

TO OUR READERS: All classified/personal-type ads which include a telephone number that is to be called, please include the hours between which you can be reached so that we may verify your advertisement before publication in our august (not to mention april and november) pages. If the aforementioned requisite remains incomprehensibly elusive to your vacuous cranium, give us a call at 989-1660 and we'll rap about it.

PRIVATE COLLECTORS. Not getting what you want? We CARE and will prove it. Beautiful young girls shot to order or buy from our stocks. Details and sample \$1. David Friedman, P.O. Box 93, Fleetwood Sta., Mt. Vernon, N.Y. 10552.

YOUNG, INTELLIGENT MALES who have no hang-ups and who dig other male companions. No queens. Write L. McFarland, 3 Journal Square, Jersey City, N.J.

INTELLIGENT, HANDSOME, SOUL BROTHER starting a new group. Seeks French, Greek enterpriser (female) any race, 21-40. Send \$1 to Box 1317, Galveston, Texas 77550

I AM WHITE, 45, attractive, and sexually and racially unbiased. If you are intelligent, attractive and discreet, you ought to know me. Single, couples or groups on Long Island preferred. A.W., P.O. Box 15, Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y. 11735.

RATED X POCKET CARDS. Set of 10 only \$2. PETER FINDER FREE with order. Be life of the party. Over 21. Sent First Class. LW, P.O. Box 1064, Smithfield, N.C. 27577.

COLOR SLIDE FILM PROCESSED. 35mm, 126 or 120 EXTACHROME ONLY. \$4/roll. Also B/W-- prices on request. Confidential white glove handling. DIXIE DARKROOM, Box 9195, Greensboro, North Carolina 27408.

PARALYZED GIRL from waist down, looking for active cunt-lapper who can make my pussy quiver. I only have slight feelings in my clitoris and am dead all over beyond that. Doctor says oral stimulation might bring back feelings in other parts of my wasted, shriveled body. Do your thing for medical science. God will love you and so will Billy Graham. Bless you if you have the time to help. ME 7-1212.

COMPULSIVE EATER tired of eating food and getting fat, wants to maintain her size 9 figure. Looking for right man to replace Weight Watchers in her life. He should be 27-37 years old, unattached and must have no sexual hang-ups. Write F.S., Box 431, N.Y.C., 10011.

SEXY 69 FEMALE would like to swap revealing photos and correspond with all. Only letters with photo answered. D. Holland, P.O. Box 66401, Chicago, Ill. 60666.



VERY GOOD-LOOKING, well-built, tall white MALE, 35, wants to hear from an attractive woman who needs a good lover. 516-HE 3-0846. BURT. 1'm 20 minutes from NYC. Anywhere, anytime.

HANDSOME, YOUNG executive would like to meet a lovely young lady to share a few secret hours with during the day. She should be slim rather than chubby, shy rather than aggressive, and curious enough to call 685-1541. Days.

I FUCK FIVE NEW CHICKS EVERY WEEK because I discovered unbelievable places and ways to find fuckable broads and clever ploys to overcome resistance. My course, "101 Certain Ways to Get Laid in NY TODAY" specifies meeting places, times, techniques, orgy contacts. Send only \$2 to Box 337, NYC, NY 10021 and screw like gangbusters.

SEXUAL INTERCOURSE excitement can be boosted with something found in every home. This method has been proven by doctors and can be used by either sex. For name of item and complete instructions send \$1 to Sal's Taxidermy Studio, P.O. Box 402, Dunkirk, N.Y. 14048.

BLACK AND WHITE COUPLE. Swinging twosome eager to meet chicks and couples for groovy group scenes. No freaks. Call any evening after 8 PM at 373-7061 if you know where this ad is at.

PUSSY TIGHTENER. For the first time in this area, we are offering a fantastic new product for sale directly to the public. TIGHTEN-UP is its name and that's exactly what it does. Forget about exercises and mechanical devices for vaginal contraction. TIGHTEN-UP is a safe, pleasant cream product that takes the worry out of not being close enough. For a generous one-month supply, clip this ad and mail it with \$6.00 (no cash please) to: APHCO LIMITED, Box 1241, SAN RAFAEL, CALIF. 94902. Please include 50 cents for postage and handling. GUARANTEED OR MONEY BACK.

ADULTS ONLY! Unretouched French deck features 7" x 5" color photos of well-endowed nude European models! \$5 per deck. Universal Enterprises, Dept.-X, 103 Park Ave., NYC, NY 10017.

DIG HORNY MAIL— If seeing hairy cunts and big cocks tickles your fancy, then put your name on the adult mailing list and see plenty. Send \$2 to AML, P.O. Box 912, Azusa, Calif. 91702.

LIKE NICE JUICY SNATCH? Wide open closeups? Only the grooviest chicks and teeny-boppers? Very far out!! Proof, \$1. Larane, Dept. SC, Box 1125, Yuma, Arizona 85364.

UPTIGHT? Cool it man. Climax your day with a mind-blowing massage by Pietro, by appointment. 10 AM to 10 PM every day. Call 734-5094. Studio or residential.

NUDE BOYS & MEN, all types, Sizes & shapes. Photo sets, Slides, Movies, Magazines. Get our 32-page Catalog plus Big Sample. Send \$1. & state in writing you are over 21. MIKE DIAMOND PRODUCTIONS, 7471 Melrose Avenue, Dept. Y, Hollywood, Calif. 90046.

OUTTASITE GUY wants to rap with groovy chicks, DETROIT vicinity. NO FAGS. Call 313-291-9143.

SWINGING COUPLE wants swinging lady under 50 to join in fun and games. Can live in board free. Phone 517-754-2178

ATTENTION ORGYISTS & HEAVY LOVERS: At last a body balm made especially for stimulating and heightening the pleasure of the whole body. Apply Orgy Butter to any or all parts of your body and your partners. Slip, slide and groove totally unrestricted. Delightfully scented - 4oz jar \$3.50, 5 for \$15, 10 for \$25 - Hurry! Supply limited. Send cash, check or money order to FLASH, P.O. Box 1642, San Francisco, Calif. 94116.

NEED FAITH, hope, encouragement, sympathy, lonely or have a problem? Send \$2.00 to Chan, P.O. Box 82, Pearl River, N.Y. 10965 and we will send you a reply.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY! If you are a woman, any age, attractive and in need of a fantastic muffdiver, among other things, now is the time to be honest and I guarantee beautiful things will happen. Call 673-6413 or write, Rodgers, 226 E. 6th St., NYC, NY 10003

BLACK MALE, 25, history student, would like to meet and study with single or married women, 20-45. Race unimportant, fat or thin, let us begin. Courses, French, Greek, or the History of your choice. Ask for William. Call 212-323-4217. No phone freaks please, or men. If not in, leave name and time to call.

TOP QUALITY battery-operated VIBRATORS, 7" x 1 1/4", \$3 each. Prime Strap-on Rubber HEALTH MATES, 6" x 1 1/2", \$3 ea. Novelty FRENCH TICKLERS, \$2 ea.; 6/\$9.00; 12/\$14.00. Other Exciting Items. For illustrative brochure, send 25 cents in coin. All items shipped First Class. Postage paid. Please make Checks or M.O. payable to: A. ROBERTS, Dept. G, P.O. Box 780, Times Square Sta., NYC, 10036.

QUALITY PERSONAL VIBRATOR @ \$3.50, 6 x 1 1/2 and 7 x 1 1/2. Rubber Health Mate @ \$3.50. Free for each or both items completely, nude, color sex playing cards. Taxes and first class postage paid. Check or money order sent to C. Mahoney, Box 838, Radio City Sta., NYC, 10019.

TOP QUALITY battery-operated VIBRATORS, 7" x 1 1/4", \$3 each. Prime Strap-on Rubber HEALTH MATES, 6" x 1 1/2", \$3 ea. Novelty FRENCH TICKLERS, \$2 ea.; 6/\$9.00; 12/\$14.00. Other Exciting Items. For illustrative brochure, send 25 cents in coin. All items shipped First Class. Postage paid. Please make Checks or M.O. payable to: A. ROBERTS, Dept. G, P.O. Box 780, Times Square Sta., NYC, 10036.

WHITE MALE, 40, I am seeking for a pleasant white female, 25-45, married or divorced, from New York or New Jersey. I am free in the evenings. Winter is here, and it is the coldest season of the year. And my lips are warm, you name your desire, and I will please you as you wish, soft and gentle. T.M., P.O. Box 399, Times Square Sta., NYC, 10036.



FREE ROCK ENTERTAINMENT, private parties only. Rhythm and lead guitars, amps and mikes. (Proud Mary, Honky Tonk Women, etc.) Call Bernie at United Delco (8:30 am to 5 pm) at 201-846-5800.

DISCREET GENTLEMAN, satisfies unusual female desires. Embarrassment unnecessary. Handsome, compassionate, sensualist shares ALL 'peculiar' pleasures. Write Horstmann, Room 504, 152 W. 42nd St., NYC, 10036.

FREE NEW LISTING - erotic male statues, nude books (male and female) campy lounge wear for men (mini bikinis, posing straps, crotch cups, etc.), Gay Greeting Cards and party invitations. Many more new items on the way. Send self-addressed, stamped envelope. State age over 21. GAYLORD ENTERPRISES, P.O. Box 2037, Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 22203.

FRENCHY FROM PARIS FRANCE and Jack from Las Vegas both swingers from CHICAGO would like to meet local gals for exciting dates. Call 312-822-9174

FREE NUDE PHOTO Hi, my name is Tina, I'm 5'4", 36-26-37, and I'd like to send you a free photo of myself. Send only self-addressed and stamped envelope to: TINA, 10 W. 28th St., NYC, NY

NEGRO BACHELOR, clean-cut, intelligent, 33 years old, jazz drummer, seeks white females, age 18-40, for love-making, 69 style. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send photo, phone no. and address to Ed Jones, 249 Brook St., Westbury, N.Y.

WANTED: Feminine Gays and T.V.'s WITH CUTE REARS. Must be slim and have own pad. I'm strong-willed, 6', 180 lbs. P.O. Box 535, Harrison, N.Y. 10528.

EDUCATED MAN MARRIED TO SEXLESS WIFE, needs woman with similar problem. Let's have a discreet affair to satisfy our hungers. I'm expert at French, Greek arts. Your pleasure my objective. Will also play group scenes with swinging couples. I'm 29, 180 lbs., gentle and discreet. P.O. Box 535, Harrison, N.Y. 10528.

TWO MATURE EXECUTIVES, discreet, in our 30's and 40's and are interested in meeting other congenial guys to 40 who appreciate discretion in a male relationship. We have a comfortable apartment for meeting, conversation, sociability and what have you. Call Rich 914-478-1766

GAY BOOKS FROM HOLLYWOOD! Plus Huge Selection of Male Nude Magazines. Send 25 cents for illustrated Brochure, and state that you are over 21 years old. RAINBOW STUDIO-X, Box 46544, Hollywood, Calif. 90046.

FEMALE SLAVE WANTED. Artist needs slim, submissive chick in his groovy studio pad. Food and some bread. Call 685-1541, days. Ask for Herb.

INTERRACIAL COUPLE: Swinging, uninhibited and experienced. We seek similar couples or chicks for groovy scenes. Immediate meetings. No freaks. Call evenings after 8 PM, 373-7061.

I AM SEEKING a sincere female or females to teach me the pleasure of French. Have teachable tongue. Won't you help me with my French lessons. David, 914-MO 8-8017.

THERE MUST BE SOMETHING WRONG WHEN SOMEONE HAS TO ADVERTISE....I imagine what prevents most women from answering any of these ads is the fear that it is placed by a nut or creep. It is unfortunate that this fear exists; it is also very understandable. I am neither nut nor creep; nor do I have to place an ad - simply and honestly I am a very different, very natural young man; I am 27, tall; women find me extremely attractive, as I them, and I have a very solid athletic build. These words are honest and direct, as I am. I meet many very pretty and quite lovely young women - because of the above, because I am an actor, because, because - but I don't play games; not sensitive, man-artist games, not Le Club, Max's Kansas City, Salvation, etc., bar/party games, no games - I try not to suffocate in any of the phinness and fear which frightens us from being ourselves. I think to dig some one person is lovely; however, I am not putting this ad in for that purpose; rather I am putting it in to meet a woman or women, who, for whatever her personal reason is not at this moment seeking a permanent mate, but who does want a man, of the quality I briefly tried to describe. If you are open, natural, warm, and ONLY either beautiful or very pretty, and not overweight (heavy women do not attract me) and lay awake too often at night wishing for someone to touch, smell, talk - call me JOHN, 989-4260. No homosexuals, and please do not waste your time or mine calling for other reasons.

SCREW? GREAT! Let's do it! White man, 36, seeks women and couples for uninhibited pleasures. All ways. Don't hesitate, your secret desire, let's do it. Afternoons preferred. N.J., and NYC. Call Harold, 201-542-2727, Mon-Fri. after 3 pm.

LATEST SCANDANAVIAN COLOR CATALOG Movies***Foto-magazines Slides***Fotos The most advanced selection of exquisitely produced erotic material at reasonable prices. Adults only. Act today! Only \$2 rushes you our NEW "richly illustrated" catalog and free introductory gift sample. Export Service, Dept. SS, Box 59, Savedalen, Sweden.

GROOVY MALE NUDES 18 and up available in your home for \$35/session...complete discretion and integrity assured. 355-6196, 3 PM to 11 PM, 7 days.

BIRTH CERTIFICATE, marriage, divorce, high school, college diploma, adoption, baptism, will forms: correctly worded, BLANK - \$1 each. HEADLINES, Box 202, Dept. 14H, Commack, NY 11725

NOTICE TO ALL OUR SUBSCRIBERS: We know you don't want to miss your weekly SCREW, but please don't send in any money to renew your subscription until we send you notice that your subscription is about run out. Otherwise, you will fuck up our records and end up getting a double SCREW every week instead of extending your subscription.

TAKE A TRIP
Turn on with the "FAMOUS TRIP-OUT BOOK." Sure-fire formulas to make HASH from legal chemicals. Make psycote, DMT, cannabis, LSD, etc. Do it now! Send \$2.00 to:
TRIPS UNLIMITED
Box 363475C Hollywood 90036

AREA Toledo
WIDE SCREEN PEEPSHOW
"Some of us ever talk to you"
SHOW CHANGES TUES. 8:30
HARBOR THEATRE
4195 W. JEFFERSON
ECORSE MICHIGAN
381 9689
12:00 Noon Sun 4:00 PM
RESTRICTED ADULT MEN ONLY - YOU MUST BE OVER 21

HAVE FUN PARTY GAG
Frenchie's SPANISH FLY LOVE PILLS
MAKE HER HAVE FUN WITH YOU
MAKE HIM HAVE FUN
24 PILLS - \$2.00
SEND TO:
ISABELLA OF PARIS
P.O. BOX 239
GARY, INDIANA 40401

TAROT
37 Union Square West
CH 3-1006/7
LIVE PERFORMANCES
with
VIC HENDERSON
AND THE TRADES
Tuesday thru Sunday
From 11 PM
Continental Cuisine
Dining Drinking
Dancing 2 Dance Floors
Dinner - 6PM Until
Parking Available - Reservations

MEXICAN SPANISH FLY
IN LIQUID FORM
A great gag! It is powerful - just a drop or two will start the fun. Keep a supply on hand for parties, conventions, etc.
1 Fl. Oz. \$3.00
R.H. - P.O. Box 239
Gary, Indiana 40401

BROTHERS NOW AVAILABLE IN U.S.A.
Actual reproductions of female vagina or male penis taken from human models and specially made with a synthetic fleshlike reaction material. Designed in Swedish Med. Labs for natural lifelike appearance, feel, grip and suction. (U.S. PAT. PEND.)
MALE-6x1 1/2 6x1 3/4 7x1 1/2 7x1 3/4 7x2 3/4 9x1 1/2 9x2 1/2 (S.W.) All self adjustable with automatic action release. All models \$20.00 Any two-\$30.00 STRAPS-\$2.00. SENSITIVE-\$2.00 tube. VIBRATOR for reproductions-\$ELECTRIC-120volt, 12watt, Heavy Duty, UL LISTED, with extra attachments for body-\$10.00. All products carry a 10 day money back guarantee. OWL PRODUCTS DIST. H. BOX 492 TIMES SQ., N.Y. 10036

TICKLE HER FANCY
with the original French Ticker.
NOT AN IMITATION! Guaranteed to drive her wild or money unquestionably refunded. Completely safe and effective. Assures a hot time with the slightest effort. Adults Only, please. Rush \$2.00 for \$3.50 to Consumers Unlimited, Dept. S.P.O. Box 2666, NYC, NY 10001.

RESULTS BY MAIL
Letter writers! Don't answer an adult personal ad until you see what others write. Dozens of hot letters answering ACDC & straight ing couples - just released! Sent in plain wrappers! RUSH \$2.00 for SCORE EVERY THE LETTER FILE TIME!
Box 36603 Hollywood Cal. 90036



Hello - write to me. Send \$2.00 for erotic photo catalog and sample - or my \$10.00 special. **INGA PETERSEN**, Dept SC, Box 23, Grevestrand, 2670, Denmark.

SPANISH FLY CIGARETTES
Five for \$5.00
LABORATORY PRODUCTS
BOX 8122 - ERIE, PA. 16505


QUALITY ADULT ITEMS
(100% Guaranteed Workmanship)
• Battery-Operated (Deluxe Model) Personal VIBRATORS, 7"x1 1/4", \$5.00. • Prime Strap on Rubber HEALING MATES, 6"x1 1/2", \$5.00.
• Novelty FRENCH TICKLERS-\$1.00 ea (min. 3); 6-\$5.00; 12-\$9.00. All Items Shipped First Class. We Pay Postage. No C.O.D.
UniSales, Dept. S, P.O. Box 574, Times Sq. Sta., New York, N.Y. 10036



LEGAL HASH
Turn on guaranteed just like grass—cook or smoke it. \$2.00 lid makes 20 joints. 3 lids/\$5.00. 7 lids/\$10.00. Hurry!
DEALERS WANTED
WINNER
Box 48475 - Hollywood 90018

IKE PRESENTS
I LIKE IT!!!
THE BAR
for the man with special tastes and desires
It's the latest and most extravagant place in town!!!
1076 Third Ave. (Between 63rd & 64th Sts.)


MEET SWINGERS
BROAD Minded MEN, WOMEN AND COUPLES IN EVERY AREA WHO SHARE THEIR INTERESTS AND DESIRES. FREE DETAILS & ADS. "THE SEEKERS" BOX 781 DEPT.72 CHERRY HILL, N. J. 08034



WIDE SCREEN PEEPSHOW
HARBOR THEATRE
4195 W. JEFFERSON
ECORSE MICHIGAN
381 9689
12:00 Noon Sun 4:00PM
RESTRICTED ADULT MEN ONLY- YOU MUST BE OVER 21

FRENCHIE'S
Spanish Fly Chewing Gum
ADULTS PARTY GAG
Innocent looking stick of gum especially designed. Takes just a few seconds to produce results. 5 sticks, \$1.00.
UNITED DISTR.
SUITE 536
152 W. 42nd St., N.Y.C., N.Y.

APHRODISIACS
INDUCE SEXUAL DESIRE IN OTHERS
RUSH \$2.00 TO MAGIC
Box 748185C HOLLYWOOD 90004



SEXUAL CLIMAX is a totally beautiful experience WITH or WITHOUT a PARTNER. We have developed a complete line of hand-crafted erotic pleasure devices, to satisfy your every erotic desire. If 21 send \$2 for a beautifully illustrated catalog to: **BACCHUS & CO.**, P.O. Box 487, Mill Valley, Calif. 94941.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, 25, sincere, warm, serious, fun-loving, seeks very shapely, sexy, passionate female for Prolonged sexual intimacy and meaningful relationship. I am tender and affectionate and desire Unselfish love-making. Will provide fulfilling pleasure to a sensuous, shapely female. Call Ron, 787-5748 from 8pm-1am all weekend.

MATURE MALE, (40's), with airplane, digs flying and fun. Seeks female who digs flying and fun. Object, flying and fun, of course. Box 1083, FDR Sta., NYC, 10022.

SHY MALE, 35, desires female over 40, interested in French culture and movies. Box 387, Midtown Sta., NYC, 10018.

BOB & BOB'S RUBS. Young Black/White rubdown duo, working singularly or jointly TO RUB YOU THE WAY YOU LIKE. 10 AM -- 12 midnight. Call 724-8185 or 982-4851.

SLAVE, 26, in search for female master. Will obey every command. Am good-looking and have means New York area. P.O. Box 339 Times Square Sta., NYC, 10036.

PHOTOGRAPHER would like female models for artistic figure shots. Call 201-963-6241, nights.

SWINGING COUPLE, 36/40, Caucasian, seek gal friday, 20/35, wishing to relocate. Security and good times assured. Gal that enjoys the company of both sexes preferred. Short letter and photo assures an early meet. Mrs. K., P.O. Box 6, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11231.

MUMSY, NANNY, SONNY & GIRLY want to make new friends 18 to 25. All sizes, colors, sexes. Come play their game and be tickled to death. The family that plays together slays together. Phone 581-5882 anytime.

WANTED: Houseboy, 17-26 to service white germanic, 30. Send Polaroid and experience. Box 809, 530 North Union, St. Louis, Mo. 63108.

BACKWARD MALE seeks forward action males. Joe, 415-8632529, San Francisco, Calif.

FELT CHEATED LATELY? Have what you desire!! Completely uncensored "action" photographs. Male-Male, Male-Female, Female-Female. \$2/set. Adults. Sterling Limited, Box 369D, Canoga Park, Calif. 91304.

HEY GIRLS! Professional writer needs your horny experiences for articles and stories. Names and places will be changed, of course. Write to: Apt. 4, 49 Hamilton St., Paterson, N.J. 07505.

OUTSIDE NYC, get Zebedy Colt's sensational new album, \$5.25 postpaid, personally autographed. Send to Libran Prod., Box 145, Stockton, N.J. 08559.

MIAMI VISITORS: Handsome, well-hung, college grad. offers discreet services to all swinging couples and females. Love all cultures and have large, private house to stay for stimulating hours or days. Private or groups your every desire fulfilled. Call Charles, 305-238-6861.

CANADIAN MAN, 39, 180 lbs., 5'10" seeks Latin or Oriental women. Good figure. Let's meet. Jim, 287-0464.

GIRLS, IT'S TIME to take the initiative. If you are nympho-type, physically neglected, or sincerely in need of attention, give yourself a chance. I offer you the sweet ecstasy you need and desire; ecstasy in the French manner. Complete discretion, privacy, gentleness and understanding guaranteed. Very near Manhattan. Call 201-945-4873, evenings after 6:30, or anytime weekends. You won't regret it.

PARTY, PARTY, PARTY. Swingers, you are invited to a groovy LOVE-IN Party on Saturday, Feb. 14th. Sponsored by New York's grooviest swinging magazine. Featured will be live music, cocktails and hors d'oeuvres, and the chance to meet lots of sexy swingers. Admission: \$10 per couple. Ladies Free. Contact: The Continental Spectator, Room 504, 152 W. 42nd St., NYC. Phone 212-947-0949.

GET INTO PANDORA'S BOX! Her collection of LOVE TOYS will make you giggle and wiggle with delight. Her profusely illustrated catalogue will fill you with wonder at the many imaginative uses of Ultramodern Materials. Adults send \$2 for catalogue of 20th CENTURY SEX EQUIPMENT to: Pandora's Box, P.O. Box 5760, San Francisco, Calif. 94101.

COLLEGE GRADUATE, sincere, understanding, warm, fun-loving, seeks very, very passionate female for Prolonged sexual intimacy and a meaningful relationship. Am tender, affectionate and desire unselfish love-making. Will bring you to the climax of satisfaction. Must be very shapely. Write Rick, P.O. Box 916, Cupertino, Calif. 95014.

FANTASTIC LIGHT SHOW for rent for your next orgy. Blow your mind while you're getting blown. \$25 minimum, \$50 maximum. Free to religious organizations. 201-947-3741. Arthur Bay.

GIRLS, 18-50, single, married, bi or couples, discreet, seeking friendship or steady companionship. Oral, any pleasure you desire. Handsome. Richie, TE 7-0305

GET ZEBEDY COLT'S SENSATIONAL ALBUM, personally autographed. Send check or money order for \$5.15 postpaid, tax included to Libran Prod., Inc., Box 145, Stockton, N.J. 08559.

WHITE MALE would like to hear from broad-minded ladies seeking modern fun, satisfaction, especially bored wives who, like myself, would welcome the excitement of the clandestine. I am in my early 40's, clean cut, well-built, can entertain well. Discreet promise. NO MALES. Mickey Volner, P.O. Box 153, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230.

NEW JERSEY BACHELOR will travel for good-looking females. Tall, 28, white, all pleasures possible. REverse charges. 201-722-1084. NO MEN!

THE GROUP WORKSHOP IS NEW. We experience and communicate feelings through exercises and improvisation. Please call and ask questions. OR 4-1182 evenings.

GREAT RAY, where the hell are you? Are you still alive and eating? Send us a tongue-print so we are assured all is well and we will continue to run your ad. Love, SCREW.

GAY DANCES: N.Y. Mattachine Society presents GAY SINGLES PARTIES every Friday and Saturday night, 9 pm to 2 am. Come! Groove to a live band and GO-GO boys in an out of sight atmosphere. Dress casual. The Riverside Plaza, 253 W. 73rd St. (West End Ave.). Donation includes 2 FREE drinks.

IKE PRESENTS, "I LIKE IT"!!! The bar for the man with special tastes and desires. It's the latest and most extravagant place in town!!! 1076 Third Ave., (63rd and 64th Sts.)

EXCITING ADULT MOVIES! Photos, Color Slides, Sex books, Imported Magazines. Illustrated catalogs and sample photos, \$1. **GOLDFIELD**, Dept. MW-1, Box 267, Hagerstown, MD. 21740.

SCANDINAVIAN STAG FILMS, Photos, Slides, Magazines, Playing Cards and other erotic offers. Send \$2. for complete brochures. **BENTE**, P.O. Box 262, Copenhagen V, DENMARK.

DANISH PHOTOS, FILMS & BOOKS. Send self-addressed NOT stamped envelope for FREE details of World's Best ADULT MATERIAL. Send to UNIVERSAL PRODUCTIONS, P.O. Box 124, Elsinore, 3000, DENMARK.

RARE EROTICA - Some privately printed. Exclusive. Send \$1 for samples, catalogs. State age. Shipped in plain wrapper. Frank J. Pepe, 216 Cedar St., Watertown, N.Y. 13601.

IMPORTED PORNOGRAPHY. Learn the true facts before sending money abroad. Send \$1 for fully illustrated booklet. Must be 21 and so declare. Normax Press, P.O. Box 989, Fontana, Calif. 92335

FAST, CONFIDENTIAL B/W photo processing, \$3 per roll. 20 cents each 4x5 print. NO RESTRICTIONS. Hal Corp. P.O. Box 54, Gardena, Calif. 90247

MALE, horny and wild needs to be satisfied by studs or over average males only. Ask for Joe. Call HBHEGRD after 7:30 PM.

THE PERFECT LOVER - tall, well-built, handsome, white, 35. Would like to hear from an attractive woman. I live only a few minutes from N.Y.C. 516-433-0846, anytime, anywhere. Love Eric.

FEMALE "Spread magazines, movies, paperbacks, FREE catalogs. Beaver, Box 2372-Y, Phila. Pa.

GAY MALE book, magazines, movies, FREE catalogs. Trojan, Box 2121-Y, Phila. Pa.

UPTIGHT? Cool it man. Climax your day with a mind-blowing massage by Pietro, by appointment. 10 Am to 10 PM every day. Call 734-5094. Studio or residential.





MEAT, OUR FOUNDING MEMBER

\$2.00 EACH!!

3 FOR \$5!!

WHAT OR WHO IS "MEAT?"

MEAT is, above all, tender. MEAT is loving and firm. MEAT is also a full 24" by 36" poster which SCREW sells to its readers and other peculiar people.

WHAT IS SO SPECIAL ABOUT "MEAT?"

MEAT is special because it can be framed! Which means that you don't have to be the fool in front of all your friends for scotch-taping a clumsy poster on your staccato wall. You should buy the most expensive frame available and stick MEAT into it, and presto! MEAT becomes an Old Master, or an example of Expressionist Realism! Or Escapist Cubism! Or Impressionistic Fantasy! MEAT is wonderful, and pleasing to the

eye!

MEAT comes (?) only in one size and is sold and made exclusively by SCREW and its perpetrators. You can't buy MEAT anywhere else for any price. So why not amaze your friends and divorce your wife by buying MEAT, OUR FOUNDING MEMBER from us? The cost is just \$2 for one, or better yet, \$5 for 3. You don't pay any postage and think what a great gift it would make for that "special someone." We'll send it out to you so fast you won't even have time to stop the check!

Speaking of money, you can send it in one of three forms: A U.S. Postal Money Order, A Personal Check or in Cold Cash. Do your best to see what you can come up with, and then send it to us. Be a boon to the brotherhood of man!

Make Check payable to: Milky Way Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Sta., NYC, NY 10011.

Dear Beloved, I must have "Meat, Our Founding Member" hung in my house as soon as possible. Enclosed is:

-\$2.00 (including postage) for one (1) Poster (36" x 24")
-\$5.00 (including postage) for three (3) Posters (36" x 24")

My name is: _____
My address is: _____
My city is: _____
My state & zip: _____

GAY IS GREAT

You don't have to be a homosexual to love GAY! But it helps. Girls like GAY too! If you're a Jewish, Negro lesbian, there's something in GAY for you. Or, maybe you're a handsome truckdriver who's lonely... or a soldier who wants an easy way out of Vietnam. A subscription to GAY could be your big chance! There's nothing "dishonorable" about GAY although Uncle Sam may think so.

Mothers! GAY is for you too! Do you know that your chances of rearing a homosexual child are one in ten? Be prepared. If your little monster digs his own sex, you'll have to know what kind of thought waves he's having.

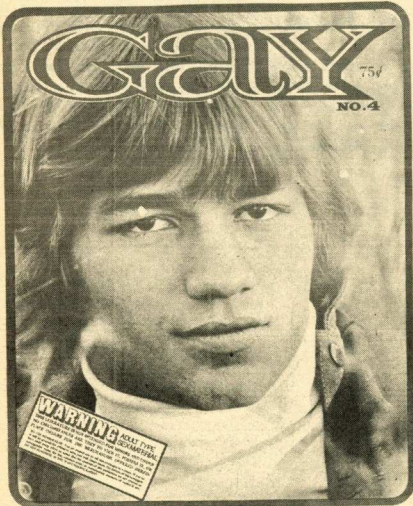
Fathers! GAY will put you at ease. No, your little gay son doesn't want to screw you. He only wants you to understand his head. GAY will help you do that.

Everybody from scared "closet

queens" to bold, outspoken butch types is reading GAY for the latest news and the wildest views. The best homosexual writers in the USA are contributing to this exciting newspaper.

Edited by SCREW columnists, Lige and Jack, GAY includes such notables as Mattachine Director Dick Leitsch, Homosexual Handbook author, Angelo d'Archangelo, Occult expert, Dr. Leo Louis Martello, Rock expert, Everett Henderson, Lesbian editor, Lily Hansen, Business man, Randolph Wicker, Homophile President, Robert Amsel, Film Critic, Ian J. Tree, Advice expert, Stephen Kaiso, Man about town, John Paul Francis, and a host of others.

Paranoids will be relieved to know that GAY arrives in a plain brown envelope, first class. Step in the 1970's with a bright new outlook on life: a GAY outlook! Subscribe sooner than immediately!



MANHATTAN GAY BARS P.4
JIM MORRISON:
BACK DOOR MAN P.16
THE PHALLUSY OF RACISM P.19

LIBERTYFIGHTER DENNO, STAR OF "A SECRET YEARNING" COMING TO THE BRONX THEATRE.

Daniel D. Teofil Jr.
Archival Collection

I understand that I will receive a copy of GAY in a plain brown envelope (first class mail) and that I will receive:

_____ 3 issues of GAY for \$6.00 _____ issues of GAY for \$11.00

_____ 12 issues of GAY for \$20.00

MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: Four Sw... P.O. Box 431, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011

I certify by my signature that I am over 21.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE & ZIP _____

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS MAILED IN PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE



WHY SHOULD I SUBSCRIBE TO SCREW?

Because it lengthens **OBVIOUSLY** your sex glands, makes you more potent in every way and generally adds to your feeling of well-being and competence.

WHO ELSE SUBSCRIBES TO SCREW?

Your dentist, your wife/husband, your mother/father, your doctor. Your local cop, your cab driver. Also, the degenerate next door!

WHAT MAKES SCREW SO SPECIAL?

A fine blend of humor, sex, detail, hard fact, and a precision that the world has never before contemplated—even in its finer moments!

WHAT DO I GET AS A SUBSCRIBER TO SCREW?

You get love and devotion you never before imagined. You will become the most popular man/woman on your block (cell). **YOU ALSO GET SPECIAL RATES IN SCREW'S FANTASTIC CLASSIFIED AD SECTION, BETTER KNOWN AS "BAUBLES AND BALLS."**

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

We mean that when you first subscribe, or renew your present subscription to SCREW, you receive A 25-WORD

CLASSIFIED AD FOR THE CHEAP AND LOW PRICE OF ONLY \$1.00, which should be included in your check to us!!

SO, WHAT DO I GET OUT OF THAT?

You get to meet some of the most interesting and delightful people this side of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. You get to meet **PEOPLE JUST LIKE YOURSELF** with discrimination and discretion and a taste for the better things in life. People with culture, like French and Greek culture!

THEN WHAT?

Are you kidding? Once you have subscribed and placed a personal classified ad in SCREW, screened your answers and met the person or persons of your choice, you have been initiated into the world's **MOST ELITE CORPS** of experts and novices in the world of sex! Each week you will receive the finest in sex literature and humor in a pleasant and easy-to-open plain brown wrapper with your very name on it!

HOW LONG WILL IT LAST?

A 13-issue subscription lasts for 3 months at a cost to you of \$6 (plus \$1 for your 25-word classified ad, 10 cents per additional word!), which in reality costs a little more than 6 cents a day

Of course if you subscribe for 26-weeks (26 issues for \$11) your costs run a little lower and a 52-week subscription (52 issues for \$20), even lower yet!

WHAT WILL MY POSTMAN SAY?

He might say, "Hey, Joe, what's in that little brown envelope you get each week from Milky Way Productions, Inc.?" But there's not much else he can say. SCREW is sent via First Class Mail and

it is a federal offense for anyone to tamper with it!

WHAT SHOULD I DO NOW?

SUBSCRIBE! What else? Just fill out the coupon below, make out a check or money order to: **MILKY WAY PRODUCTIONS, INC.** And don't forget to add that extra \$1 for a classified ad to meet a new daisy chain of people and inject a little mystery into your life. **DO IT RIGHT NOW!**

.....the next 13 issues first-class mail for \$6
the next 26 issues first-class mail for \$11
the next 52 issues first-class mail for \$20

As a new subscriber, I am enclosing one extra buck (\$1.00) and here is my 25-word (10 cents per add'l word) ad, to appear in Baubles & Balls as soon as possible.

I certify by my signature that I am over 21

MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO: Milky Way Productions, Inc. Subscription Dept., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, NYC, NY 10011

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY.....STATE & ZIP.....

ALL SUBSCRIPTIONS MAILED IN PLAIN BROWN ENVELOPE

Issue No. 1 - \$25.00 Issue No. 7 - \$10.00
 Issue No. 2 - \$10.00 All other back issues - \$1.00 each
 Issue No. 3 - \$25.00