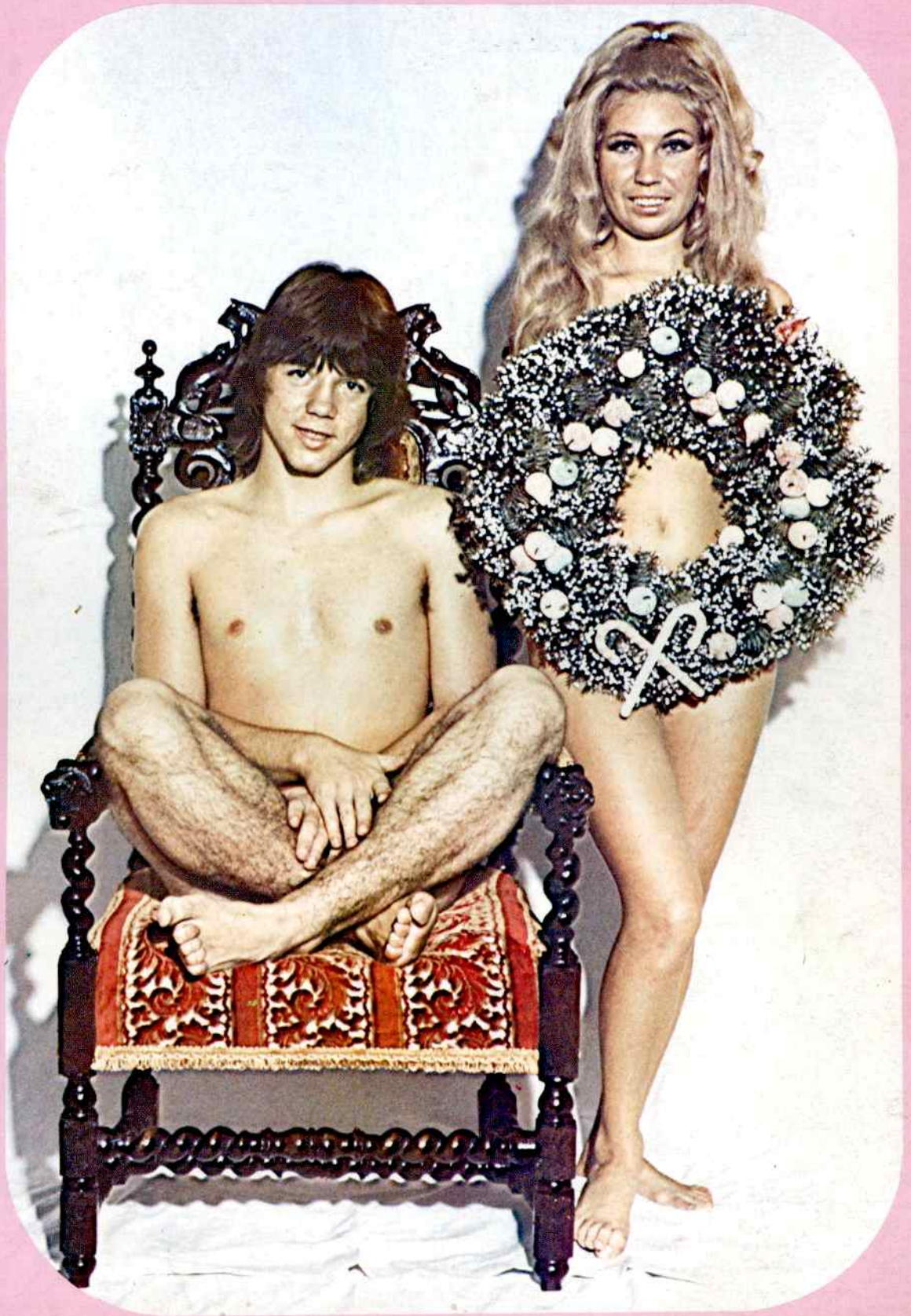


UpFront

December 1972

One Dollar





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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

This editorial is coming to you from the rear seat of "Butch," UPFRONT'S travelling van. We are presently swishing through the hills of North Carolina en route to New York where the second issue of UPFRONT will go to press.

Well, the elections are over and, like it or not, we're stuck with "Tricky Dicky" for another four years. But there's a rainbow in the silver lining. After four more years we'll be rid of him — unless he decides to run for Pope. And that might be a break. After all, we'd only have to kiss his ring.

At first, UPFRONT backed McGovern but, toward the end of his campaign, we began to lose the faith that had been shared by so many young people and the minorities during the primaries. McGov seemed to have started to vacillate, to go back on the hope he'd held out toward the liberal influences in our country. He backed away from his stand on abortion and it seemed that every day he changed his mind about what had been his original sympathy toward homosexuality. So now that we've got Nixon, we might as well support him.

Looking on the brighter side of life. New York is one helluva place to be at this time of year. Christmas seems to be its particular property — and our Gay brothers and sisters are outdoing one another as they go on their annual spree — turning Fifth Avenue and its elegant shops into opulent, glittering displays that rival the finest of stage productions. But even so, it makes us want to get back into "Butch" and head for Biscayne Boulevard in Miami.

UPFRONT, our new baby, is celebrating his first Christmas. He's had a few growing pains in this, the second month of his life, and they have a way of affecting his father, the editor. But when everything's added up — the loss of sleep, weight, the total absence of social life and quarts and quarts of black coffee, it all seems very much worth it.

Response to our first issue has been overwhelming. Letters literally have poured into the office complimenting our first effort. And there were dozens of telephone calls as well. Unfortunately I haven't had time to sit down and answer each letter personally, but as soon as our second issue is out, I plan to write each and everyone who has taken the trouble to be in touch with us. For now, accept my apologies and expect a letter soon.

We're sure you'll notice a tremendous improvement in this issue. We have been fortunate in finding a New York printer who has taken a personal interest in our publication. While wandering around his shop, one of the compositors was heard saying, "Not that way. Do it properly. After all it's OUR magazine."

And that, in essence, is what a magazine is all about. First, it is OURS. Then it becomes YOURS.

SO THANK YOU AND LOVE FROM THE ENTIRE STAFF OF UPFRONT.



A very Merry Christmas

MAY THE JOY OF THIS HOLIDAY SEASON
BRING YOU HAPPINESS.....

CHRISTMAS is PEACE and the promise
of a brighter tomorrow when all
men will truly be united and
called brothers



FROM YOUR

UpFront

STAFF

Rick Thinks



MADAME LAMARR

A man awoke one morning and discovered
he was no longer young.

So because he was old and not very happy
he sought comfort in memories of happier times.

But he could remember nothing
memories grow old too - - -

and he decided to look through a picture album
he had kept for many years.

But his wrinkled fingers turned empty pages
and then he remembered

he had only heard people talk about
Love and Friends and Lovers

he had never had them
Now he was truly sad and he thought he should cry
but water is scarce in a desert
and no tears came.

So the old hollow man lay back on his bed
closed his eyes and said

"Come Death, and I'll be your friend."

LONELY

Who will mourn the
lonely man
when he is but a shell?
Who will hear his song of woe
who'll be left to tell?
What because of life's sweet
fragrance
a cheerful song once heard?
Who will give man back his life
Will the flower?
Will the bird?

WALK AWAY

No one is to blame
when love goes wrong because
there are no rules or formulas
to follow.

Love happens or it
doesn't happen at all
We each had a dream, only,
not the same one, so,
cry if you must

or save your tears for
another time.
But don't be afraid to walk
away.

IN THE DARK

When I was a child
my mother would hold me
til I wasn't afraid of the dark
anymore

Now I'm a man and
still afraid - - - -

a dove is just a bird
love is just a word
and I need someone to hold
me now

BAD TIMES

It seems right that we should
never leave the beach
where we met

and loved one another
where our only neighbors are
the sun - - the moon - - the sea
and the stars
and the funny little creatures
who crawl out of the sand
to watch us make love

But it's easy to give
yourself to someone
on a beach - - in the summer
and I think we both know
if it's to last
love needs stronger testing.



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SILVER FOX.....2333 Hollywood Blvd.

MIAMI:

BACHELORS II.....2847 Coral Way

CACTUS LOUNGE.....2041 Biscayne Blvd.

CLUB BATHS.....2991 Coral Way

HAMLET.....3416 Main Hwy. (Coral Grove)

STEPMOTHERS.....820 S.W. 42nd Avenue

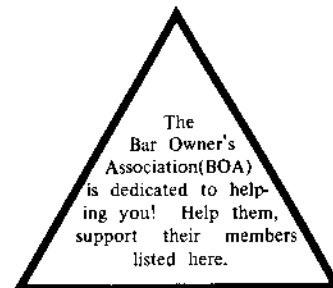
WAREHOUSE VIII.....3604 S.W. 8th Street

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FREDDIES PIANO BAR.....Alton Road

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Florida Dish Parade

by

CANDANCE O'LEARY

UPFRONT FOUND OUT

That Keith Landon, owner of Keith's Cruise Room in Hallandale, was actually forty-six years old in November. Plump redheads don't show their age. Upfront sent Cora Creed, our snooper reporter to Fairyland Alaska, Keith's birthplace, and we not only authenticated his true age, but we found our much dirt on why Keith suddenly left Fairyland for Hallandale. When

Upfront starts its pornographic section, we'll tell it all about Keith. We have come to the conclusion that he is very homesick and trying desperately to make Hallandale another Fairyland, Alaska. He's pulling hundreds of Gay kids weekly to his famous bar - - some even stay. Go see Keith - - tell him happy 46th birthday from Upfront.

UPFRONT FOUND OUT

That the three swingin owner's of the Bachelor's 11 in Miami, have hired the best chef in the whole wide Gay World. Our editor said he ate there last week and the food was just great. (believe me, our editor is surely the hardest damn guy to please in the world) Jon Hornberger, you know how hard he is to please. Bachelor's 11 have spent a bundle of Gay Loot to remodel their upstairs, and it sure shows. It's one of the nicest and cruiseest bars we've ever been in. Next time you're traveling in South Florida, be sure to have dinner, drinks, and cruising at the Bachelors 11.

If you don't, you're wasted your money coming to Florida.

UPFRONT FOUND OUT

Frank and Bill at the Hollywood Bar in Daytona Beach are planning their annual Christmas party. It's always a success and loaded with fun. We don't carry tales BUT it's rumored that Bill bumped it with an Upfront employee last week. Guess he's trying to get a cut in advertising rates. Might work! Another rumor is that Juanita Banana may make a come-back soon. We sure wish she would - - these new young drags just don't compare with those good old days of spike heels and real camp.

UPFRONT FOUND OUT

That Monroe from the Tide's Inn, in Jacksonville Beach has purchased the Castaways next door and is in the process of remodeling. When he opens, Monroe will have the largest bar in the Jacksonville area. He'll have liquor, shows and he promises many new fun things for the future. Jacksonville certainly needs a "good liquor bar!" We wish Monroe all the luck in his new bar. By the way, Monroe is a hot act in drag.

UPFRONT FOUND OUT

That Hedda Hatner, which in real life is a bar and beach fly, is really making full use of her B.O.A. column. She sure loves to spread the dirt. Ole Hatner is really a fun person, just keep face to face. She's been known to put on a dress and wig and do kicks on stage. Last time we saw her, she was at the 7-11 grocery store buying lysol spray for the tea rooms on the Boardwalk. She said she was sick and tired of coming home nights with that tea room smell on her bra.

UPFRONT FOUND OUT

That two of the seven dwarfs at Disneyworld are Gay. Can you imagine having to kiss Snow White 150 times per day. When we visited Disneyworld we found it to be fairly campy. Lots of gorgeous guys and girls, all of them with smiles on their faces. The tea rooms were not too cruisy, but they're get better with time. While you're in the Orlando area, be sure to visit the Palace Club - - it's a load of fun. We'll be telling you more about this club in a later issue.

U

Action Calendar

MONDAY GO - GO BOYS EVERYNITE	TUESDAY DANCE CONTEST
WEDNESDAY GO - GO BOYS	THURSDAY DATING GAME
FRIDAY BILLIE BOOTS REVIEW	SATURDAY GO - GO BOYS
SUNDAY BILLIE BOOTS REVIEW	If there was an 8 th day, we'd have another day to entertain you!



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Marilyn

An over the shoulder view as Upfront looks back ten years.

by: william george

I'm sure at this point you are just about to brace yourself for another one of those "I'll never forget the first time I saw her." epics. Well forget it! As a matter of fact I'm not exactly sure just when it was. Yet at a point ten years after her apparent-but still disputed-suicide, it is good knowing that she is still in the hearts of so many of us. We have had time to reflect on all that has been recorded of her life and can see a much clearer portrait of this complex

woman. It were as if time has come to a kind stop for one of us and beauty is left as a memory.

Life had it's beginning in June of 1926 when Norma Jean Baker appeared on the Los Angeles scene. It's no real news that her childhood was by no means an award winner and a series of private homes and orphanages gave her a picture of life she was never to forget. Thanks to one Mrs. Anna Loower, who Marilyn knew as "Aunt Anna,"

she was able to complete her schooling at Van Nuys High in surroundings that came close to a normal state.

Had they but known, I can only wonder how many G.I.'s would have failed to pull their ripcord as they thought about the dish that had inspected it. Sure enough, that's where our girl started out, at an inspection table of the Radio Plane Company and although defeated in her early efforts of getting up in the world of Show-Biz, she

was making it easier for others to get down in the world elsewhere.

A move to the Studio Club, home of stars, "to be or not to be," A picture of "Happy" and need of a blond for Groucho Marx to chase, landed Marilyn her first one minute job in films. Asked to go on tour with the film, she received much coverage and uncoverage. Upon her return to Twentieth Century Fox, she was given a part in "Ticket to Tamohawk." The role was that of a dancing girl in Dan Dailey's line-up; small chorus but big break. As the "niece" in John Huston's production of "Asphalt Jungle" and as "Miss Casswell" in "All about Eve," audiences got an eye full and Monroe was signed by Darryl Zanuck to a long term contract which has recorded for us all of MM's progress as a woman and a STAR.

Why can't some people look bad.....just once? I can't or don't want to remember a picture, both moving or still, that was anything less than what one would expect from Monroe. She had a way of reaching beyond the camera and making you guess just what thoughts it took to create the mood she was reflecting. The smile, with such perfect teeth that it made the word "caps" second rate, never missed. The body, which I swear kept getting better looking as the years went on, was impossible to miss and last but by no means least was her ever developing sense of comedy, both light and touching. One need only compare "The Seven Year Itch" and "Bus Stop" to get a good idea of her scope. As one member in the long line



MARILYN in "Seven Year Itch"

of "Fox Blonds," Marilyn was to be the last of that fantastic lineup which included such famous names as Alice Faye, Betty Grable and June Haver. She was also to become the mainstay of such films as "Let's Make Love," "There's No Business Like Show Business," "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." In the film "Some Like It Hot," Monroe became symbol of all those wild and wonderful jazz-babies of a by-gone era and as her credits mounted she soon became the most loved and imitated woman of the decade. Monroe simply was "the fifties."

Just before her death in 1962 at the age of 36, she said to a reporter: "Please don't make me a joke." Yet one can't help but feel that for most of her life Marilyn Monroe was playing a little joke on everyone. For all the luscious sex appeal she was a woman of deep thoughts, searching for answers to questions brought on by her larger than life existence. Had she not had to be so many things to so many people her life might have been longer and much happier. This fact is made clearer when you read some of the often bitter-sweet poetry that she has writ-

ten. It combines both a feeling of despire and longing with patches of almost child-like joy. Things closest to her were usually from days farthest away and few ever broke through the fortress she had built to protect her fragile spirit.

We have come into an era that is so full of open and often times brutal sexuality that we forget how beautiful, natural, and spontaneous this subject was projected in so many of Monroe's films. She gave us a straight forward, pleasurable, and many times hilarious view of sex and did so in a way that could offend only the hardest of noses. Her laugh was one you could laugh with. Her sorrows, those that could be understood. Although she was a serious student of the drama her acting came more from an inter knowledge than from a developed method. Had she lived it would be my guess that her star would still be bright in the heavens. Unfaded even by the changes that Hollywood has seen in the past decade. She will remain however, what each of us can recall, sometimes silly, sometimes sexy but always..... MARILYN .

U



Above: Nude scene from the documentary "Marilyn"

Below:
left: Marilyn in "Seven Year Itch"
right: Marilyn in "Let's Make Love"





MANY FEMALE IMPERSONATOR HAVE IMITATED MARILYN
(these pictures are the real Marilyn Monroe)



Ray & Ellen Ken & Nancy

by

Michael Hodges

This is a continuing story. At this time there is no ending. Each month we will share exciting adventures with Ray & Ellen, Ken & Nancy. I have a feeling that the name might change in the near future. Possibly to Ray & Ken, Ellen & Nancy! Spend awhile with them each month!

EDITOR

The roar of the powerful twin Chryslers' interrupted the quietness of the peaceful morning as the sleek cruiser pulled away from Ken and Nancy's dock. The sun was just rising in the East, bright beautiful red, indicating a calm sea and sunny weather ahead. Ray was at the controls and Ellen stood behind with one hand resting on his shoulder. Her long blond hair was blowing like golden corn silk in the morning air. She threw her head back and let the rushing wind caress her lips and nostrils. The cool salt air reminded her of a huge hand gently and carelessly stroking her body. Her thoughts wandered back 10 years during high school when she would go sailing at night with Sammy, along this same body of water. At first they just sailed, looked at the moon, sang lullabies and necked.

Each time they went sailing, the necking got neavier until one night Ellen went all the way. Sammy was the captain of the football team and consequently it was natural for him to think that he could make any girl in school. Ellen had intentionally played hard to get, but the forth time out sailing, Sammy brought wine. After a few drinks, Ellen began to notice how much prettier things seemed to be....the moon, the stars, the shadows cast on the rippling water by the beacon of a nearby airport.... first the green and then bright light....interrupting darkness only long enough to expose the beauty of the night. Ellen was lying in Sammy's arms, at this moment not caring if there were a tomorrow. Sammy's lips touch-

ed Ellen's.....first gently.....his tongue slowly parting her lips to explore the enter mouth which faintly held the sweet taste of wine. Ellen responded instantly.....her hands probed the inside of his shirt, running her fingers through the thick mat of dark hair on his chest. Sammy had raised Ellen's pull-over shirt above her breast and expertly unsnapped the bra that freed her jaunting tits. His large hand engulfed one tit and brought it upward as he slowly lowered his head.....kissing her neck..... her shoulder and finally encircling her erect nipple with his warm gentle mouth.

Ellen's hand was exploring lower into the pit of Sammy's stomach. The thick hair on his body felt soft and warm.....further down she felt the full mass of hair that surrounded his cock.....she paused, wanting desperately to grab his sex, but yet having enough awareness to wait let Sammy be the aggressor..... surely this big guy knows all the ropes. Sammy's lips were wildly searching Ellen's body..... her tits.....her stomach.....her thighs, he had turned his body around and now his head was positioned even with Ellen's crouch. His hands found and unfastened her shorts. She felt herself lifted slightly and her shorts and nylon panties being lowered to her ankles. Her body seemed to be on fire.....her hand searching for the zipper to free Sammy's erect sex, the other caressing the back of his head that was beginning to explore the enter depths between her legs. With both hands he thrust her legs apart. Simultaneously

Continued page 28

Love & Humor

BY Dizzy Arnald

*Recently I took a long trip, through the hills and valley's
of the North.*

*I cruised tea rooms along the way, and many a trick
came forth.*

*ALL the trees bore leaves of yellow, brown
and gold.*

*in New Jersey I stopped at a truck stop and
got done through a glory hole.*

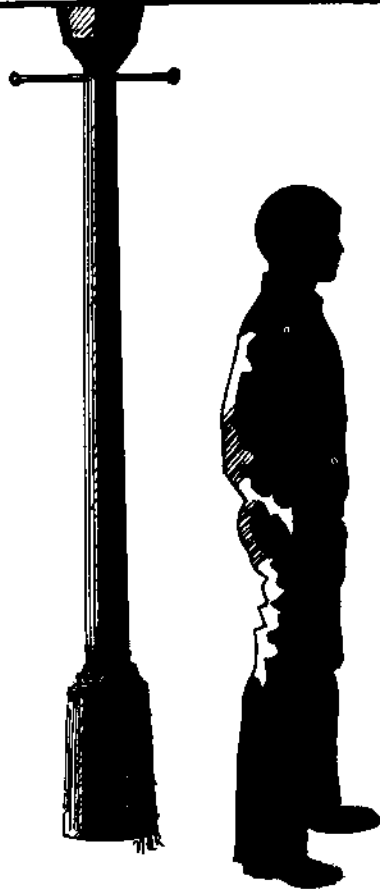
*In New York, trickin was great, the baths were wild,
the bars all top rate.*

*The play's I saw, left things to desire, the friend that
recommended them, is a damn big liar.*

*I met a great guy, and I fell in love, when he kissed me,
I knew this was it,
but after our wild, wild sex scene under the sheets,
I pulled a big split, and hit the streets.*

*I met others, most not worth even mention,
I bumped it at the Waldorf, the docks and on the floor of
one tricks kitchen.*

*Until next month, I know I'll be busy, so be good, take
care, that's all from Dizzy.*



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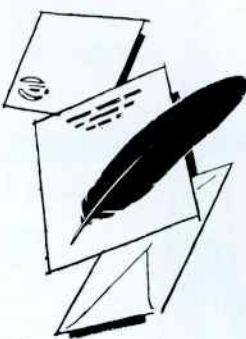
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Palm Beaches,
make new friends
at a "TURF BAR"



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR



Dear Upfront Editor:

I think it positively degrading to the Gay population for your admission in last month's article on Dr. Rubin, that you have gone to bed with over 2,000 tricks. You will make our straight friends and family look upon us all as "whores."

I want the world to know that we're not all like you - - I have only been to bed with one person in the past eight months. In the future, please think before you print fact or fiction about Gay people.

C.B. Pensacola, Florida

Dear C.B.

UPFRONT was brought into being to act as an instrument to bring Gay news and entertainment to Gay people. Its purpose is also to enlighten our straight side-kicks to the facets of our life, both good and bad. We know that "whores" exist in straight life and consequently straight's know "whores" exist in Gay life. We don't plan to pull the wool over anybody's eyes. Mind you, I'm certainly not calling myself a whore, but just pointing out to you that I can't allow UPFRONT to become a lopsided publication. We will always print the bad as well as the good. If you read the entire November issue, you will find many good things about us.

Thanks for your opinion, Editor.

P.S. Hope you have better luck trickin for the next eight months.

U

Dear Upfront Editor:

Congratulations on a marvelous first issue of Upfront. I've been

in the publishing racket for eleven years and this is the best example of a first issue that I've ever seen. I can't wait for the December issue. Keep up the good work.

J.K. Ft. Lauderdale, Florida

Dear J.K.

Thanks a million, we love ya!
Editor

U

Dear Upfront Editor:

Obviously UPFRONT is uptight about "Everything you always wanted to know about Sex, but were afraid to ask." R.M. Mazur, director of the Sex Education Consulting and Counseling Services, Salem, Mass., said it alot better and some excerpts from his article conclude..... Dr. Rubin writes on homosexuality with a pseudoscientific moralism, there by justifying the fear of those who were afraid to ask in the first place.....Reuben presents a grossly distorted view of same-sex behavior. His demeaning generalizations about the characters and motivations of the homosexuals are based on his selection of case studies, second-hand reports, and medical gossip..... The entire presentation is without compassion or empathy, shallow in understanding, and a cruel caricature of homosexuals.

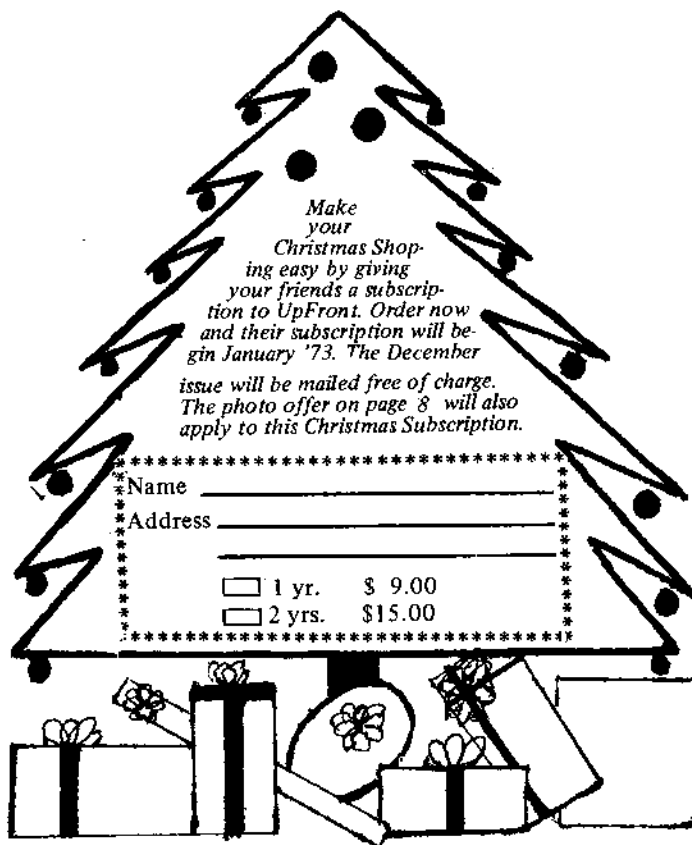
P.S. Pensacola, Florida

Dear P.S.

Thank you very much P.S. for sending us this context from Mr. Mazur's article that appeared in the November issue of Sexual Behavior.

Editor

U



Christmas Special

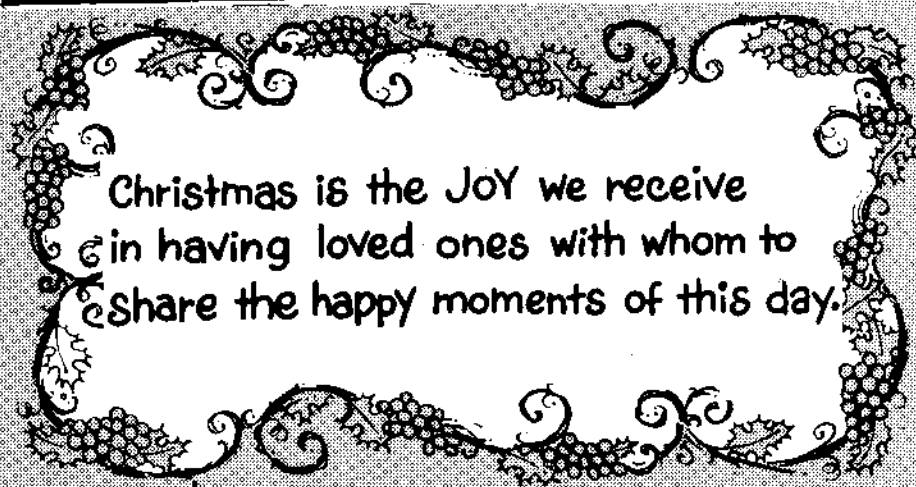
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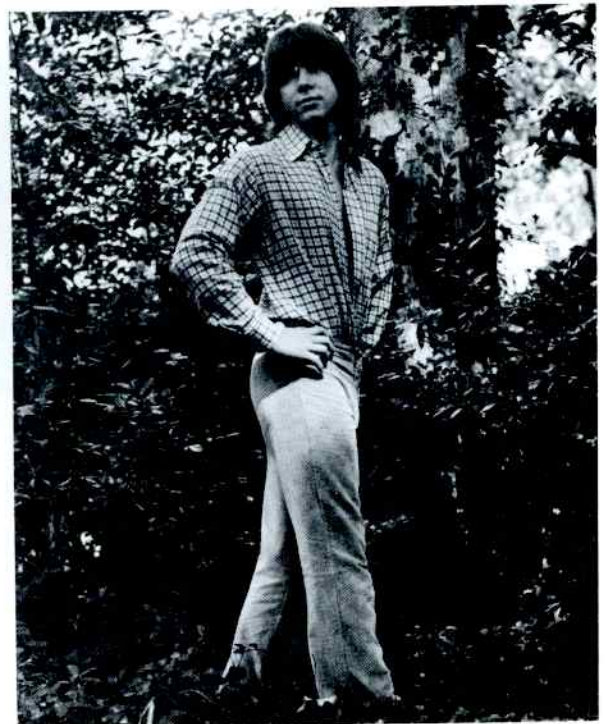
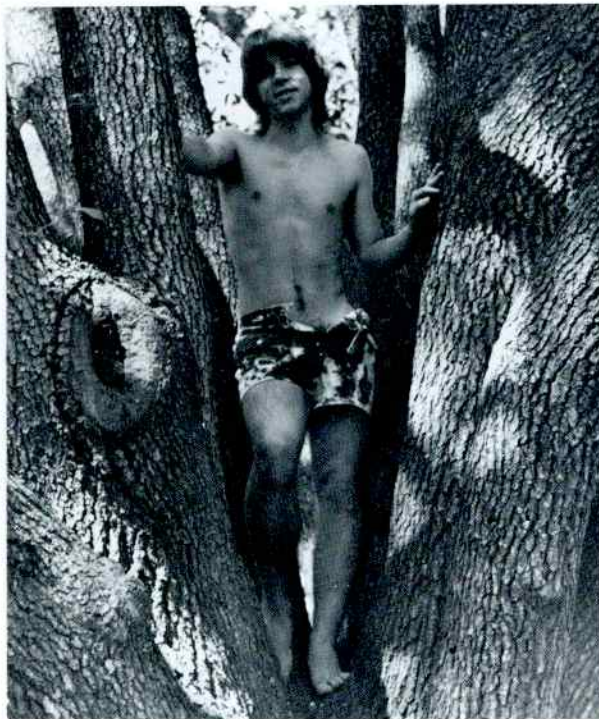


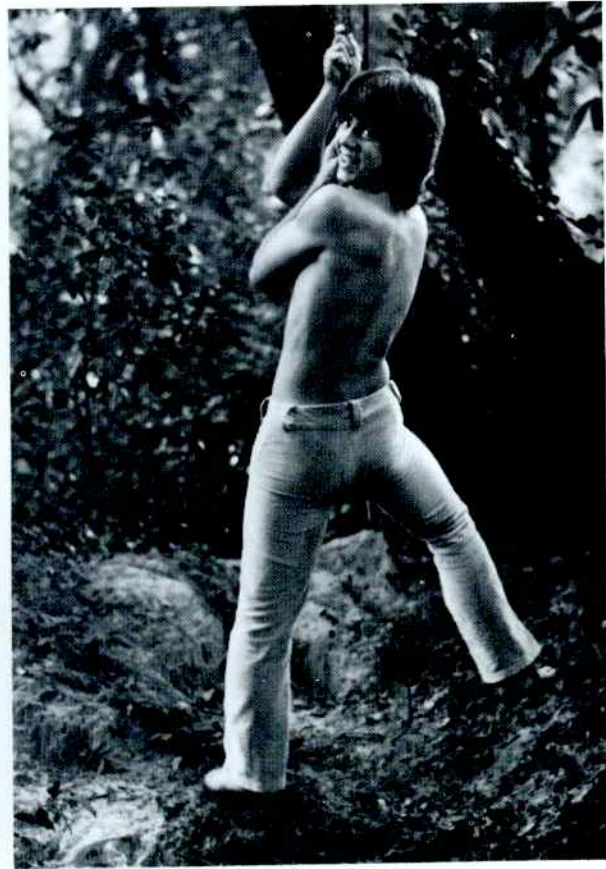
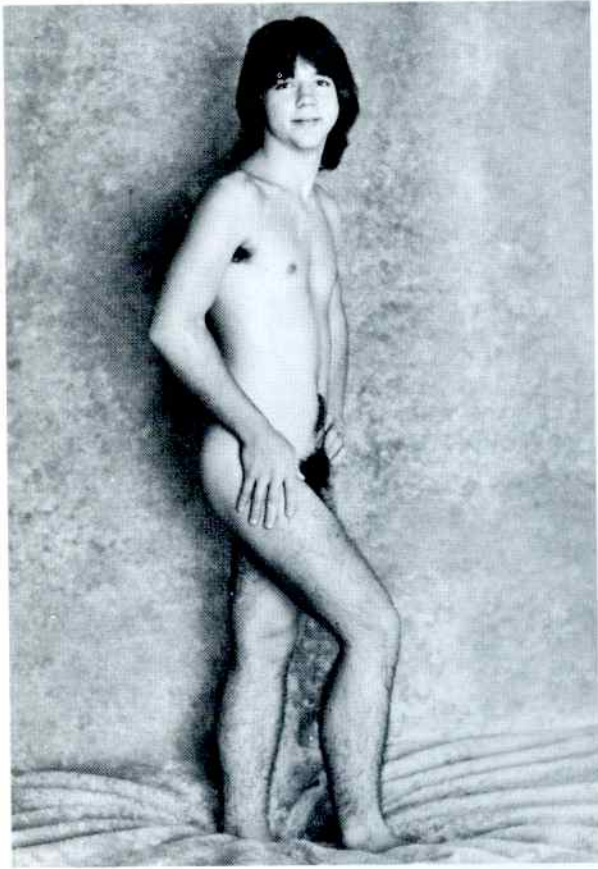
Bobby

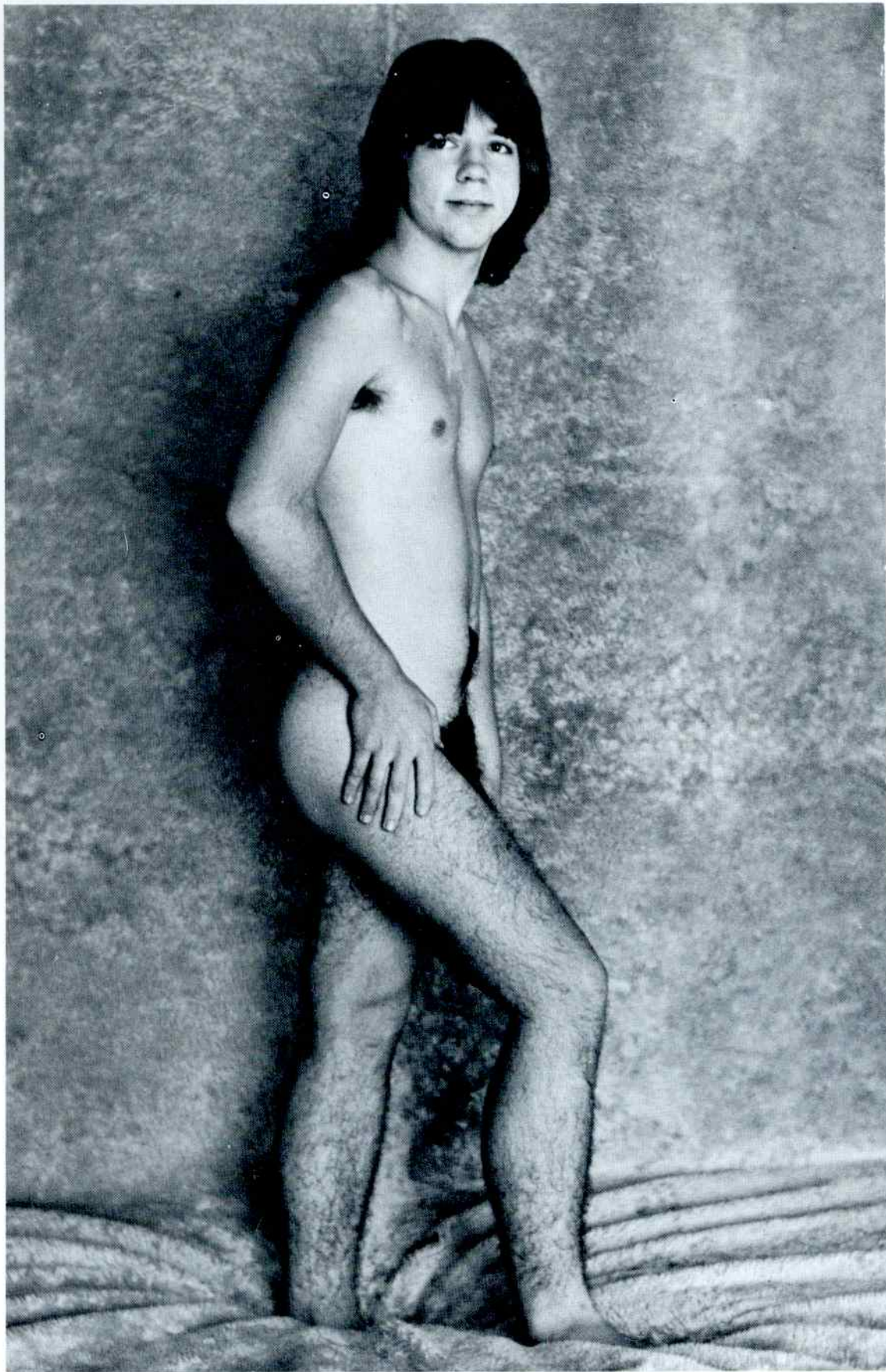
Bobby is nineteen years old and has just moved to Florida from Detroit. He plans to attend the University of South Florida next semester.

Bobby is a rugged little guy and an avid believer in physical exercise and works out daily.

He hasn't as yet decided what profession he wants to go into, but has very strong ideas about wanting to pursue the life he enjoys most, and that's the..... Gay Life.







BOBBY



BOBBIE



Bobbie

Dynamite comes in small packages and our December girl is small in stature, but packs a wallop with her measurements (34-22-35)

Bobbie arrived in Florida on April Fools Day in 1968, saw the beaches, met the people and decided to stay. She now attends the local college, and is majoring in Mathematics and Science.

Being an expert seamstress, our Bobbie does quite a bit of costume and clothing design, and receives orders from all over the United States.

Bobbie's goals, at the present, are to complete college, buy some beach property, and most of all, acquire an Austin Healey.





Continued from page 16

and almost savagely he buried his face in her vulva. Ellen reacted wildly, thrusting her body forward, realizing that she had never before felt such pleasure, never a sensation so demanding,demanding her to enjoy it.

Her body was moving in spasms, no rhythm, just wild movement. She had freed Sammy's cock, and engulfed it with both hands. His body was pulsating gently, and his sex was very close to Ellen's face.....she took his sex in her mouth and he became wild.....thrusting his entire body upon her, his sex driving deep into her throat. She wanted to cry out but was unable.....her body was on fire. She felt herself being brought to the heights of ecstasy and suddenly the climax, a shattering climax.

Sammy was wildly moving his body back and forth, each time plunging his sex deep into Ellen's mouth, she began to choke, she grabbed for him to stop..... suddenly he climaxed, the warm, seemingly never ending fluid expelling into her mouth.....Sammy had stopped his erratic movement and slowly withdrew from Ellen.

"Hey sweetheart, knock off the day dreaming and make us a Bloody Mary," Ray said. Ellen, realizing her momentary absence from the present while day dreaming, obeyed Ray's command without hesitation. She went below deck to the galley. Ken and Nancy were sitting at the table, both staring out the window and neither looking very happy with each other. "How about a Bloody Mary," Ellen asked. "Sure, make mine a double," Ken said, "Maybe it will help me to forget this rotten ankle and my nagging

wife." "Nag Hell!" Nancy viciously interrupted. "I wanted to call this whole damn trip off anyway. Who in the hell wants to be stuck in a shitty little dingy in the middle of the ocean for four weeks with an invalid? If I'd had my preference, I'd have stayed home and toted garbage; give him a triple Ellen, he's going to need it; I'm going up on deck.....bring my drink up there."

Nancy left the galley and bound the steps to topside as if an alligator was snapping at her ass. Ellen stood looking dumbfounded at Ken. "Damn, I didn't know this was hurricane season," Ellen said. "It's not! Nancy is angry with me because I decided to go ahead with the trip. She feels it's unfair to Ray because I won't be able to do my share of the work.....after a day

or so out to sea, she'll get over it; if not, we'll throw her ass overboard.....after that remark, Ken looked at Ellen and gave a big laugh.

Ellen prepared the drinks and after giving Ken his double, she headed for the deck. She had offered to help Ken up on deck, but he had elected to stay below; and he said, "to get drunk."

Topside, Ray was still at the controls and Nancy had found a lounge chair, a true confessions magazine, and it seemed a whole new personality. Ellen handed her the Bloody Mary. Nancy tasted it and held her two fingers up in a peace sign indicating her approval. After giving Ray his drink, which she received a kiss and a gentle thank you. Ellen moved a lounge chair next to Nancy and sat down. Nancy

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seemed engrossed in her magazine, but looked up long enough to comment on what a beautiful day it was. Ellen looked at Nancy and thought how beautiful she was....dark auburn hair....dark eyes....a bathing beauty figure; a little sparse in the tit section, damn good looking legs. How could such a good looking woman be such a bitch?

UNDOUBTEDLY she wasn't going to hide her ill feeling toward Ken, even for the sake of making this a pleasant trip. The original purpose of this trip was for



both couples to try and reconcile their troubles. Their thoughts were that they had been caught up in a social-rut at home and possibly being away for a few weeks would make a difference. Both couples had been to the point of divorce recently...thank God no children were involved. If this trip doesn't work, what then?

"Hey Ellen, take command of the ship while I go to the head." Ray yelled. She replaced her husband at the wheel of the powerful cruiser. Navigating was no problem for Ellen, she and Ray had been on many short cruises with Ken and Nancy and for safety reasons, each had learned to operate the cruiser.

RAY went below to the head and relieved himself. Before returning topside he decided to

refresh his drink. Ken was still seated at the table in the galley with an empty glass before him. Ray had sensed tension in the air between Ken and Nancy and therefore decided to keep Nancy out of any conversation. "How's the leg?" Ray asked as he proceeded to make his drink. "Slight pain, but nothing I can't stand; how about making me a double while you're mixing?" Ken answered. "Sure" Ray said, "but why doubles, it's mighty early to get plowed." "Well it's a long story," Ken began "and has to do with the fact that I've convinced myself that women were put on earth to torment men." Ray placed the double in front of Ken and sat down at the table opposite him.

Whatever Ken had drank earlier was easily noticeable; both in his

speech and the expressionless gaze now focusing out the window at the blue sea. Ray felt an uneasiness that he had never felt around Ken before. During the past few years they had become very close and usually placed total confidence in each other. Ray lifted his drink in salute to Ken and both took a hearty drink from their glass.

"HOW could you possibly be upset on a beautiful day like this," Ray asked. "Easy" Ken replied, I'm married....you know I haven't been happy for several



years. I just can't seem to get with this marriage bit. Sex-wise there's nothing between Nancy and I and hasn't been for over a year. The few attempts that we make at sex have proved totally futile....she just lies on her back showing no response to any form of sex act, and for me to perform; usually I let my mind wander into the middle of a wild sex orgy....and you wouldn't believe the sex acts I've performed through imagination." Ken paused and pushed his empty glass toward Ray indicating that he was ready for another double Bloody Mary. "Better take it easy pal, we've got four weeks to go...you don't want to live them with a hang-over." Ray said. "Don't worry, everything's under control, make another drink....let's get shit-faced and see what island our two intelligent partners in mar-

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riage runs our ass aground on." Ray hesitated, he didn't want to make Ken angry, but neither did he want them to sit there and get drunk. There's no telling just how far this scene would go. Ken WAS getting drunk. Ray decided to humor Ken as least through another Bloody Mary; he prepared them and returned to the table.

"RAY old boy, did I ever tell you about the excellent Bloody Mary's that you make?" Ken asked, "and have I ever told you just how much I value your friendship, and...he paused. Ray looked into Ken's eyes and realized the question had come from Ken's heart and not the vodka in his drink....Ken's eyes were becoming moist...they held an uninterrupted gaze into Ray's eyes. "AND what," Ray asked. Ken continued...."Sometimes I

can't help but think how much easier and happier life would be without Nancy and Ellen. Ray, haven't you noticed how well we get along together when they aren't around?...we always have a ball. "Ken dropped his gaze to his near empty glass; he was speaking in soft tones....moisture becoming more apparent in his eyes, he turned his head so his gaze was now at the sea.

RAY was now feeling the effect of his four drinks.....he studied Ken's profile. Ken's eyes were as blue as the sea....his blond hair slightly disarranged, his tanned, normally spirited face, now lackadaisical. He reminded Ray of a young boy that had just lost his first dog.....stripped of love. How miserable he must be, Ray thought. During the past six years of their friendship,

Ray had never seen Ken display unhappy emotions on any subject; even though Ken confided in him on many occasions when he and Nancy were having problems.

Ray and Ken's normal solution for solving marital problems was a fishing or hunting trip. Normally a few days away from their wives would "recharge" their spirit so they could "fight back" at unjustified attacks. Unlike the conventional stag buddies that slip away from their wives for a night out, Ken and Ray never went whore-hopping. They had always been satisfied just searching the mountains and streams together looking for new adventures, and places not yet explored. Once they became lost in the wilderness of the Rocky Mountains. For six days they lived a totally self-sustaining life.

Continued page 32

FOUNTAINHEAD NEWS CENTRE



*Wishing the best
Christmas ever to
all our friends.
Happy holidays!*

from
RON & GARY

Yetta's Thing

By: Yetta J. Hopper

"Autumn in New York" is a fine song title - - and so is "Paris in the Spring" - - but when you're looking for fun and games few places are quite the queal of "Winter in New York." (And who has ever used that as the title for a song.) Yes, yes, yes, there are the slushy snow storms, but they don't happen every day and any New Yorker can show you how to avoid their discomfort by zipping through block-wide buildings and learning to walk, as well as ride, the subway's underground labyrinth.

The Fire Islanders and those Capri regulars are all back in town. By mid-winter they've lost their tans. They may be pale but they are still interesting. The town's two opera companies at Lincoln Center are going full blast; the ballet troupes are performing their annual schedules; the Gay movie houses save their best attractions for the winter and the theater has settled down into established hits, near misses near hits, flops and things that "should be seen."

Everyone is talking, at deadline date, about "Butley," the English play starring Alan Bates—all about a homosexual teacher who loses both his wife and his lover on the same day. Butley is a mean, nasty disagreeable soul but, in his awful way, likeable. At any rate, as played by Alan Bates, it is a tour de force, a bravura performance worth any one's time if he's lucky enough to get a ticket before

Bates shoves off on January 20. It's believed, though, he'll hang on for a few more weeks if the enthusiasm he's received for his acting continues undiminished. So much for the arts, Homoh-pile plays and movies have worn out their welcome in the past couple of seasons - - but we'd interpret that as just a respite from those incredible seasons in the late sixties when you couldn't find either a Broadway play or an off-Broadway experimentation without a green lurking on stage right. With a few exceptions like "A Fortune in Men's Eye" and "Boys in the Band," they were all pretty dull, especially the nude scenes. We'll take the all-out sex on view at the Park Miller Gay movie palace any matinee. And especially the downstairs cruising.

New York has a new piano bar and restaurant now in "Walter's Apartment," which lodged itself at 56th Street and Second Ave-

nue a few weeks ago and caught on instantaneously. There are lots of reasons. It's decor which features a photographic panoramic view of New York's skyline is one. The others range from the food to the friendly smile of Christian, ye host. And then there's John Wallawitch at the piano, an engaging young man who wanders through an assortment of requests, ranging from old to new, with the aplomb of the Ancient Mariner navigating Central Park Lake.

Walter's Apartment is not for the feint of pocketbook, but it's not outrageous either. So mark it down as being in the "moderately expensive" class and you'll feel safer. It's warm and intimate - - the kind of place you might find useful in trying to impress a new trick - - or even a maiden aunt. "Walter's" get's a sprinkling of very elegant and chic women in an age range that excludes dowagers.

"Walter's Apartment" is the creation of Walter Kent, public relations director of the Beacon Baths on East 45th Street. The Beacon is one of the city's best steam establishments and raced to the front of more popular baths when it provided guests with free V.D. tests.

Walter donned greasepaint a few months back to work as an actor in "Dragula," a fascinating gay movie spoof of the old Bram Stoker novel, plan and 1001 movies. In it, the vampire, after going about his blood-sucking business, turns his victims gay. And that ought to teach anyone. Going to the village? The one potato is a small, intimate spot with a bar that's busy both day and night. It serves a limited but excellent menu of hamburgers and steaks at average prices. The ser-

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Continued from page 30

They both remember that as their most adventurous endeavor into the wilderness, and sometimes joke with each other that it was the longest period of peace that either of them had had since their marriages.

KEN'S eyes were still gazing across the water, his mind wandering.....not really focusing on any one subject.....what should he do, stay with Nancy and continue to be unhappy or leave her, what then; if he left her, what would he do.....it would certainly complicate his friendship with Ray and Ellen.....he would always be a third person, and would have to stay away when Nancy was at Ray's house. What if Nancy were to remarry and she and her new husband became good friends with Ray and Ellen, then Ken would be out in the cold.....no close friends, no wife, no Ray. Ken's mind was con-

fused. The alcohol had taken its effect and he felt himself wanting to say things to Ray that had flashed through his mind in the past.....things that he had forced out of his mind on several occasions as being unrealistic were now, under the influence of alcohol, materializing vividly in his mind.

WHY couldn't he and Ray be happy together, why did they need these two women to make their life miserable. He and Ray had always had good times together, their hunting and fishing trips were always filled with fun and excitement, always pleasurable. Maybe we could go away.....far away from their present life..they would have each other, certainly each strong enough to care for the other. We would find a place where the existence of women is zero. But life without sex; why would it have to be

Continued page 43

vice is good; the clientele, smart and sophisticated....and in more or less the same category is Frisbee's on Hudson St., which used to be the old Coven.

By the time this epistle reaches print a new gay bar will be opened in Brooklyn Heights at the Pierrepont Hotel. It will feature a bar hauled 3000 miles from California and a \$25,000 mural. Which is lots less important than the fact that when the first Gay waltzes in, he'll be entering the sixth gay bar to open up in the Brooklyn Heights area. And that's real news! Not that Brooklyn has ever been without it's gay haunts, but they have invariably been dusty, far-away places known only in their neighborhoods. Manhattan will miss the Brooklyn boys who no longer will have to cross the river to the Village and East 50's. But maybe our nobish Manhattanites will get off their behinds and take a look at what's going on at the end of a 35 cent subway ride.

For winter visitors who may be dismayed at the departure of the Rock Queens from Central Park, the paucity of hustlers on 42nd Street, the spareness of the crowds in Greenwich Village, be of good cheer. For those who like their cruising outside, winter's still for cruising. Don't overlook the skating rink at Rockefeller Center or Lincoln Center at any time. But it's especially good during intermissions (if you can't get in) and perfectly wonderful brisk New York afternoons, with a bright sun high in the sky, when special audiences are admitted on rehearsal tickets. The Gay who can't make out either inside the auditorium or waiting for intermissions had better start taking Geritol. U



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TWO MEN MARRY

Last month in Houston, Texas, the city's vice squad chief filed fraud charges against a frail female impersonator and a burly ex-football player who were married in a chapel - - one in a tuxedo and the other in a gown.

Police Lt. J.M. Albright said he thought the county clerk who issued the marriage license to the two men was duped and Texas law violated.

"We certainly are going to try to press charges against them and the people that performed it," Albright said. "This is obtaining a document by false pretext."

RICHARD CROSS, the couple's attorney, said the marriage was legal and they planned to ignore the fraud charges.

"There is nothing in Texas law which says the two persons getting married must be of the opposite sex," Cross said. "For there to be fraud they must obtain something of monetary value and there is no provable

monetary value to that slip of paper."

William Ert wore a mini-skirt a wig and lipstick when he and Antonia Molina applied for their marriage license in Wharton, Texas, a small town just sixty miles from Houston.

The two men were married at Harmony Wedding Chapel by the Rev. Richard Vincent of Dallas, whose church offers service for Gay's.

For the eleven minute formal ceremony, Miss Ert, formally of Buffalo, N.Y., wore a blonde wig and dressed in a flowing white gown with a train five yards long. Any blushing bride would have been truly jealous of Miss Ert's appearance. She carried a bouquet of artificial pink and white flowers. (Why artificial? maybe she plans to use the same bouquet at her next wedding) Miss Ert was the hair stylist for Jane Mansfield from 1963 to 1966.

MOLINA, 33, a 235-pound former football player in high school at Brownsville, Texas, and the University of Houston, wore a black tuxedo with tails and a white bow tie. He is a Navy veteran.

"In all probability, this could open the way for similar marriages," Albright said.

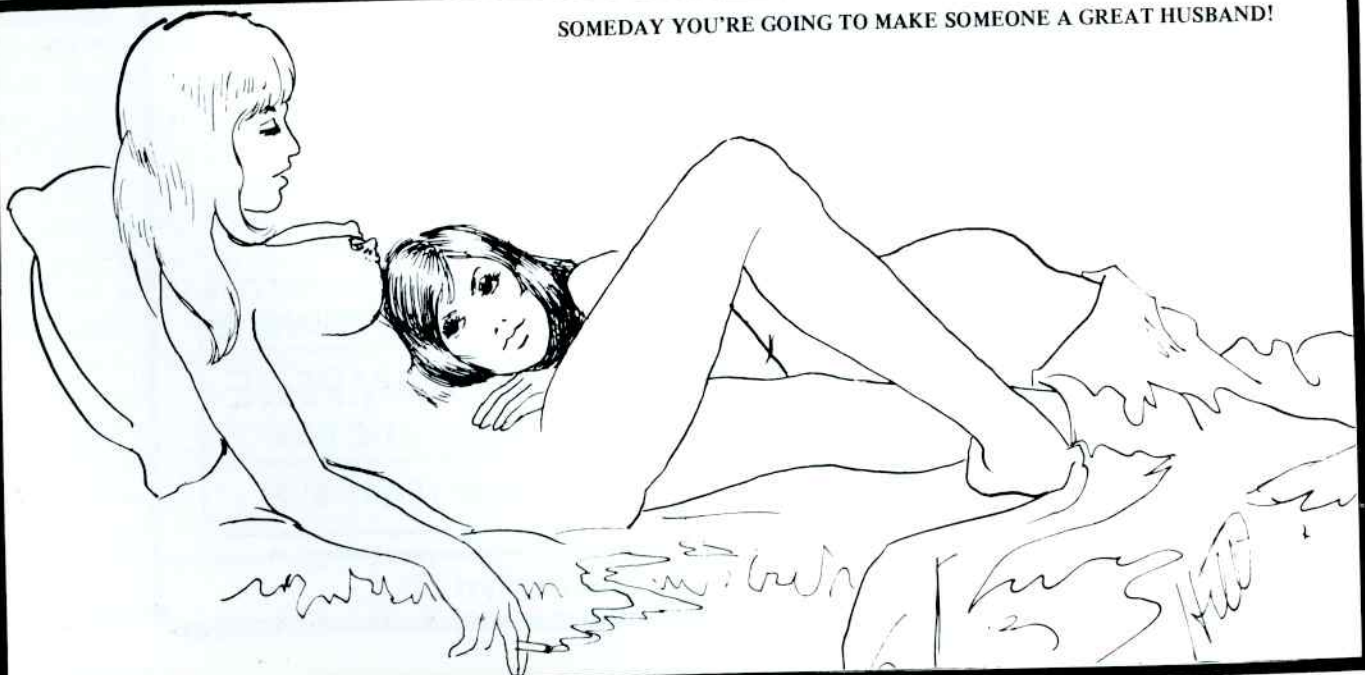
The Texas attorney general ruled only last month that anyone who had a license could marry, but he instructed county clerks not to issue licenses to persons of the same sex.

"The law says they cannot marry," said Houston district attorney Carol S. Vance. "They have no marriage at all. The marriage is just a worthless piece of paper."

Antonia and Billie are now Honeymooning at an unknown spot.

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SOMEDAY YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE SOMEONE A GREAT HUSBAND!



ATLANTA IS COMING UP

by
SID TAYLOR

GAY ATLANTA is really growing, and right along with this growth new Gay bars are opening to keep up with demand. Upfront's snoopy reporter covered the grand opening last month of John McBride's new club, "My House." We all remember John and his lover Steve from "Peaches Back Door." They closed Peaches in September to go on to bigger and better things, and one of those things took the form of "My House."

As we entered on the main floor of "My House," we were greeted by a smiling Gene Opry. Gene is the general manager. He came to Atlanta from South Florida where he ran the Venture Inn.

Gene offered a guided tour, and we accepted.

The main floor is on several levels with the stage located so all patrons can see the show with ease. Gene explained that this floor was designated as the "Show Bar." For their grand opening, they had both a rock-band and drag-shows. The name of the band was "Pilot," and the drummer was just divine. He could pilot me any ole day. Gene must have had the same thoughts, because he rushed us upstairs when he noticed me eyeballing that drummer.

UPSTAIRS turned out to be quite festive. Gene introduced us to Pete Carey and departed. - - - probably to go after my drummer. Pete told us that he

had recently moved to Atlanta from Daytona Beach, Florida. He and his lover were the original owner's of the Hollywood Club and the Yum Yum Tree in Daytona Beach. Pete now manages the upstairs bar at "My House," and he has named that room "The Grapevine."

"The Grapevine" features Go-Go Boys that would knock your ever-loving eyes out. Pete offered to buy us a drink and we accepted. I ordered my usual Pink Lady - - - I always try to be as butch as possible. The bartender was a hunky little number, but before I could meet him a gorgeous big butch stud sat just across the bar from me, and simply wrecked my frame. Just when I caught his eye, John McBride came through the door and headed our way. He gave me a hearty handshake, and slapped me on the back - - - such treatment for a frail girl. It was easy for us to tell that big John was proud of his new creation. We congratulated him on a job well done. John invited us to join him at his table downstairs, the show was about to begin.

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DOWNSTAIRS there was standing room only. Unfortunately John had failed to leave his "seat occupied" sign and his table was occupied.

Being a true bar-owner - - - and watching after that dollar, John left the six gay's alone. We edged our way into a corner where we had a great view of the stage, but only about sixteen square inches to stand - - - is this any way to treat a famous reporter?

Jonie, (John calls her the "house drag") hit the stage with our old favorite, "Suwannee." It's her favorite and it usually brings the house down. Next came the famous "Diamond Lil." This one you would not believe! She bumps and grinds, tears ass across the stage, insults the customers, sings in her own voice, and God only knows what else. She was down-right entertaining,

certainly one of the best that we had ever seen.

The show continued with Tricia Marie, the current "Miss Florida." Next came Apple, a true little darling - - - her Space Captain was great. The "Grease Sisters" did their thing as did Diana. James Hart and his troupe from Memphis also performed and they were great.

Steve Hamby is the Entertainment Director at "My House," and we all had to agree that he had done a great job for this grand opening. There wasn't a minute during the entire show that we were not entertained.

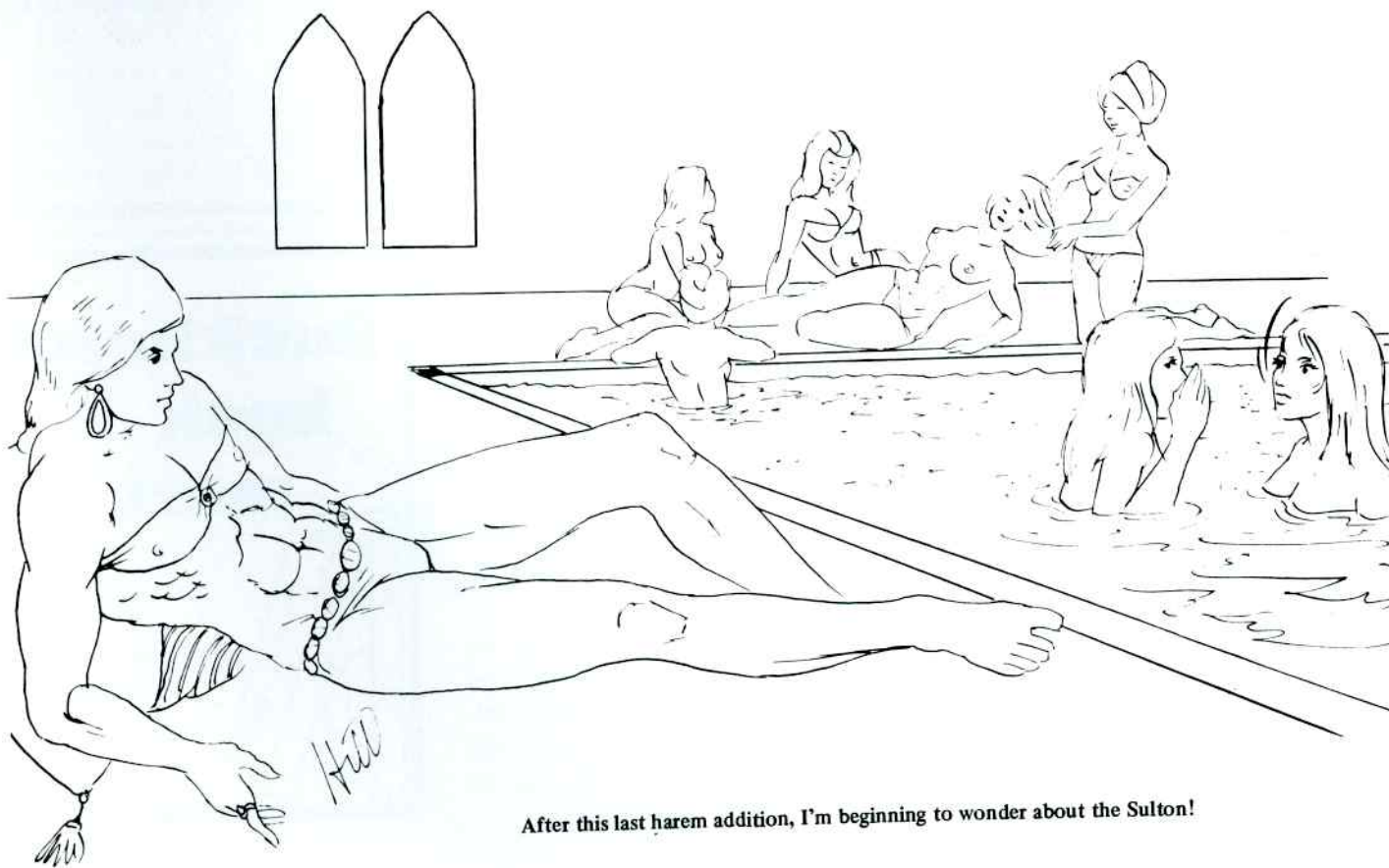
By the time the show ended, the customers were really having a ball. Free Champagne was flowing like water and the buffet was delicious.

John introduced us to a good looking guy named David Straw-

ner, who turned out to be manager of the main bar. I was just getting interested in him when John suggested that we see the basement where he plans to open another bar - - - goodbye to possible trick number three. In the basement we were surprised to find another large bar being remodeled. John said that this would be his Country-Western Bar. (are there any hillbilly queen's in the crowd?) we were abit confused over this idea, but there's always a first.

All in all, it seems that John has gone all out to give us gay's a nice place to go. "My House" offers a variety of entertainment and if you go there and enjoy yourself one-half as much as we did - - - you'll damn sure go back for more - - - we plan to!

U



After this last harem addition, I'm beginning to wonder about the Sultan!

BOOK REVIEW

In 1970, Gordon Merrick created quite a sensation with a novel entitled "The Lord Won't Mind". This book garnered critical acclaim as well as financial assets when it became a best seller in hardback and an even bigger best seller in its paper back edition. The unusual part of the novel's success story is that it dealt with a homosexual love affair and it also had a happy ending.

This year, Mr. Merrick has produced a sequel to *The Lord Won't Mind*, "One for the Gods" which picks up the story of the lovers, Charlie and Peter, some ten years after the end of the first novel, while they are living among the international set in Europe.

In an era in which we are besieged by sequels (especially about Apes and Dolls) the idea of a sequel loses some of its luster. However, if anything, Merrick

has surpassed the excellence of his first novel, and I believe one of the main reasons for this is that this time around, the author has relaxed a great deal more with his subject matter. Important, influential persons on many levels have accepted the story of Charlie and Peter by now, so it isn't as necessary for them to be quite so graphically depicted in their sexual relations. As I recall my initial reaction to the first novel was that it came dangerously close to being pornographic. I finally came to the conclusion that its detailed sex sequences served a positive purpose. These sequences made explicitly clear to the curious just what two men are capable of doing sexually.

"One for the Gods" reminds me of several couples I have known. It deals with the realistic aspects of almost any permanent relationship, including finances and

fidelity. This novel also ends happily. How many happy homosexual ending can we get by with?

We are grateful to Mr. Merrick for his open, unabashed and affirmative statement of the homosexual experience, not once, but twice. There are already rumors going the rounds that he is preparing a third novel about Charles and Peter. After getting to know them so intimately in these first two books, I don't know whether I'll be very anxious to read about the closing years of their lives together. But then, why not? Homosexuals are normal and human, and is it not human and normal to grow old and die?

We should follow Peter's lead at the end of the novel and try making each of our experiences ONE FOR THE GODS.

U

GORDON MERRICK was born in Cynwyd, Pennsylvania, and, in the limited time he allotted his teachers, educated at Princeton. He has been an actor (in the original production of The Man Who Came to Dinner, among others), a journalist (New York Post, Baltimore Evening Sun), a spy of sorts (the wartime OSS), a television writer (BBC-TV adaptation of James Purdy's The Nephew), a literary critic (The New Republic), and a novelist. His first novel was The Strumpet Wind, considered one of the better novels to come out of World War II. Other novels include The Vallery Tradition and The Hot Season. Mr. Merrick has lived in New York, the south of France, Paris, San Francisco, and London. He is currently living in Hydra, Greece, where he wrote THE LORD WON'T MIND.



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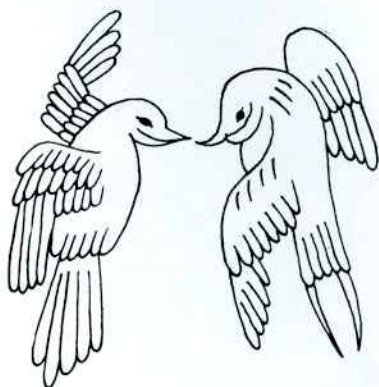
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Christmas Dinner



(Planned for 6 to 8)
 Corn-and-Clam Chowder*
 Old-Fashioned Roast Turkey*
 Bread Dressing* Giblet Gravy*
 Baked Acorn-Squash Halves
 Broccoli au Gratin*
 Crisp Relishes Cranberry Jelly
 Buttered Hot Biscuits
 or Cornbread Squares
 Warm Maple-Squash Pie*

BROCCOLI AU GRATIN

2 pkg (10-oz size) frozen broccoli spears
 1 can (10½-oz) condensed cream-of-shrimp soup, undiluted
 ½ cup light cream, ½ cup tomato juice
 ¼ cup fresh white-bread crumbs
 3 tablespoons butter or margarine, melted
 ½ cup grated sharp Cheddar cheese

1. Cook frozen broccoli as package label directs; drain well.

2. Meanwhile, preheat oven to 400F. In medium saucepan, combine soup, cream, and tomato juice; cook, stirring, until hot.

3. Arrange broccoli in 1½-quart shallow casserole; pour soup mixture over it. Toss crumbs with butter; sprinkle over broccoli; sprinkle with cheese.

4. Bake, uncovered, 10 minutes, or until crumbs are golden and cheese is melted.

Makes 6 to 8 servings.

MAPLE-SQUASH PIE

3 eggs, slightly beaten; ½ cup sugar
 ½ cup maple or maple-flavored syrup
 ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon ginger
 ½ teaspoon salt
 2 pkg (12-oz size) frozen squash, thawed, undrained
 1 cup light cream
 9-inch unbaked pie shell
 ½ cup heavy cream, whipped; maple syrup

1. Preheat oven to 400F.

2. Make filling: In large bowl, combine eggs, sugar, ½ cup maple syrup, the spices, salt, squash, and light cream. Beat with rotary beater until smooth.

3. Turn most of filling into unbaked pie shell. Place on lowest shelf of oven; pour in rest of filling. Bake 55 to 60 minutes, or until filling is set in center when pie is gently shaken.

4. Let cool on wire rack. Serve pie slightly warm or cold. Garnish with whipped-cream rosettes drizzled with maple syrup.

Makes 8 servings.

CORN-AND-CLAM CHOWDER

3 slices bacon, cut up
 1½ cups chopped onion
 2 tablespoons butter or margarine
 2 tablespoons flour
 2 cans (8-oz size) minced clams or 1½ dozen fresh clams
 1 can (12 oz) whole-kernel corn
 2 cups diced, pared potato
 1 teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon black pepper

1. In 6-quart Dutch oven or kettle, sauté bacon slightly. Add onion and butter, and sauté until onion is golden—about 5 minutes. Remove from heat. Add flour, stirring until smooth.

2. Drain canned or fresh clams, reserving liquid. Chop fresh clams coarsely. Drain corn, reserving liquid.

3. Add clams, corn, potato, salt, pepper to Dutch oven. Combine clam and corn liquids; add water to measure 4 cups. Add to Dutch oven.

4. Bring to boiling; reduce heat, and simmer, covered, 25 to 30 minutes, or until potato is tender. Serve hot.

Makes 7 cups, 6 to 8 servings.

OLD-FASHIONED ROAST TURKEY

14-to-16-lb ready-to-cook turkey
 Bread Dressing,
 1 cup butter or margarine, melted
 Salt, pepper
 Giblet Gravy,

1. Remove giblets and neck from turkey; wash; set aside. Wash turkey inside and out. Pat dry with paper towels. Remove, discard excess fat.

2. Make Bread Dressing. Preheat oven to 325F.

3. Spoon some of dressing into neck cavity of turkey. Bring skin of neck over back; fasten with poultry pin.

4. Spoon remaining dressing into body cavity; do not pack. Insert 4 or 5 poultry pins at regular intervals. Lace cavity closed with twine; tie.

5. Bend wing tips under body, or fasten to body with poultry pins. Tie ends of legs together. Insert thermometer in inside of thigh at thickest part.

6. Place turkey on rack in shallow roasting pan. Brush with some of butter; sprinkle with salt and pepper.

7. Roast, uncovered and brushing occasionally with remaining butter and pan drippings, about 4½ hours, or until meat thermometer registers 185F. Leg joint should move freely. When turkey begins to turn golden, cover with a square of butter-soaked cheesecloth or a loose tent of foil.

8. While turkey roasts, cook giblets and neck as directed in Giblet Gravy.

9. Place turkey on heated platter. Remove cheesecloth or foil, twine, poultry pins. Let stand 20 to 30 minutes before carving. Make gravy.

Makes 14 to 16 servings.

BREAD DRESSING

12 cups fresh white-bread cubes
½ cup chopped parsley
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper
½ cup butter or margarine
3 cups chopped celery, 1 cup chopped onion

1. In large bowl, combine bread cubes, parsley, poultry seasoning, salt, and pepper; toss to mix well.

2. In hot butter in medium skillet, sauté celery and onion until golden—7 to 10 minutes.

3. Add to bread mixture; toss lightly until well mixed.

Makes 12 cups, enough to stuff a 16-pound turkey.

GIBLET GRAVY

Turkey giblets and neck, washed
1 celery stalk, cut up
1 medium onion, peeled and quartered
1 medium carrot, pared and cut up
1 teaspoon salt, 4 whole black peppers
1 bay leaf
1 can (10½ oz) condensed chicken broth
½ cup flour

1. Refrigerate liver until ready to use.

2. Place rest of giblets and neck in a 2-quart saucepan. Add 3 cups water, the celery, onion, carrot, salt, peppers, and bay leaf.

3. Bring to boiling; reduce heat; simmer, covered, 2½ hours, or until giblets are tender. Add liver; simmer 15 minutes longer. Discard neck. Remove giblets from broth, and chop coarsely. Set aside.

4. Strain cooking broth, pressing vegetables through sieve with broth. Measure broth; add enough undiluted canned broth to make 2½ cups. Set aside.

5. When turkey has been removed from roasting pan, pour drippings into a 1-cup measure. Skim fat from surface, and discard. Return ¼ cup drippings to roasting pan.

6. Stir in flour until smooth. Stir over very low heat to brown flour slightly. Remove from heat. Gradually stir in broth.

7. Bring to boiling, stirring; reduce heat; simmer, stirring, 5 minutes, or until gravy is thickened and smooth. Add giblets; simmer 5 minutes.

Makes about 3 cups.

Continued from page 32

without sex, Ray and I could have sex together.....I've tried it before with a man and got enjoyment.....my God, what am I thinking, if I even suggested that to Ray he would bust me in the mouth. I have to say something.....it's a must, life just can't continue life this.....I won't return home under the same circumstances that I left.

Ken finished his drink and turned to face Ray. Their eyes met and without words being spoken each realized FRIENDSHIP was no longer the word to describe their relationship.....they both

knew that something far more rewarding than friendship was being brought to light, possibly by faith. Each had tears flowing down his cheeks.....and it was only natural for Ken to reach across the table and take Ray's hand into his own.....lifting it to his lips and kissing gently.

Continued Next Month

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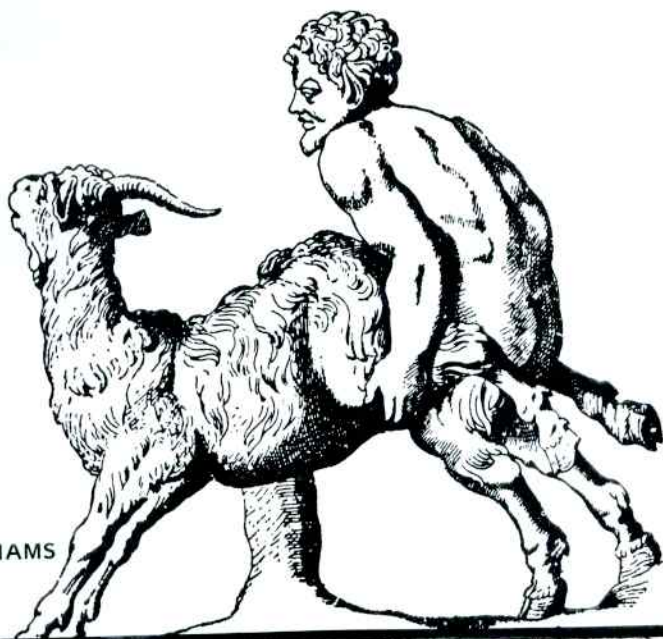
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PHALLIC WORSHIP

by: BURKE WILLIAMS



.....is not your bright idea. In the earliest recorded history it has been written of the practice of phallic worship often and openly and usually through religious rites and ceremonies. In the Nineteen Sixties art nouveau got high on mushrooms.....the ancient Egyptians were more explicit. A statue of the God Osiris (who, by the way, married his sister) was carried through the streets in processions baring his organ erect. The Significance

here being that he was the Farther, Creator of all men. His wardrobe was of one luminous color portraying unity.

SUPERSTITIONS and rituals of somewhat obscene and licentious fashion thrived throughout the centuries after their true meaning had been long gone and forgotten. It appears that phallic worship was an important part of pagan ceremonies and customs. The Gnostics offered their wives to their guests which was

also a practice not uncommon among twentieth century Eskimos. More solicitous were the Gnostics who would acknowledge their sectarians with a secret tickling of the palm in a handshake. Thence, they would invite him home to supper and his woman's favors. The tricky tickle has held some of it's meaning today. Aside from communal intercourse after church.....in the church, even more disgusting was that the Gnostics were accused of eating human flesh and offering semen, did you get that, as their sacrament.

Perhaps it was Osiris' reincarnation in the Neapolitan provinces of the eighteenth century. Here was to be found in the religious festivals of St. Cosmo, an image of the deity himself, his penis aired in obvious optimistic anxiety, paraded throughout the fair. Medallions and omenetic amulets depicting the male private parts were displayed for sale with the same abandon as that of a barker at a hot dog stand. The holy oil of St. Cosmo was sold by the flask and said to give an invigorating quality

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when applied to the loins. Women, indeed, have their place in the realm of phallic worship. In the ruins of Pompeii, medals were found with the image of the male organ of generation, rigid and tense ready for performance. These were used as charms attached to bracelets that a woman wore to show off that she was devoted to motherhood. This was her constant spiritual manifestation of gratitude to God for her participation in all human creation. The female organs have been symbolized, too, in the form of the conche shell and worn as ornaments devoutly and reverently. Somehow this thesis has been reversed in some ethnic groups who now believe that a shell in the house brings bad luck.

BEFORE CHRISTIANITY, an emblem in the form of a 'T' representing the male organs of procreation, was popular. It was used as a connecting point in a string of beads. The beads were a method of keeping time. The separation between groupings produced days - - months and

years. Sometimes a head appeared at the top of the 'T' and hence, when the Roman Church adopted the cross as a sign of salvation, the rosary resulted and was easily accepted. Heretics did infiltrate the Church, living in a double standard and some of the pagan rites survived.

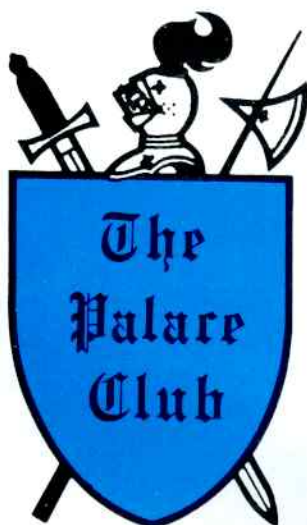
It is difficult to put historical facts, legend, and mythology together on the subject of the phallus without the threat of heresy and a tinge of the sacrilegious, however, all of our research uncovered religious backgrounds as either origins or intentions. The voyeurisms nor the pornographic lusts were to be found as a basis for these beliefs and practices, no more than the referee insisting no hitting below the belt is meant to be sexually stimulating no matter how it does, in fact, call attention to the man's toys.

THE PENIS is a life giving instrument and acknowledging it's importance is still practiced openly. Many South American young boys are encouraged to run naked to produce healthier and long-

er organs. Some African men wear bamboo poles between their thighs pointed upward in lengths to two and three feet in virile pride as part of their ceremonial costume. By the by, some African brides - - to - - be masturbate on their wedding eve with hand carved dildos to dispel their virginity, sometimes aided and abetted by their mothers and others to prepare themselves to make them fertile. On the Margueas Islands in the South Pacific, where sexuality is a way of life as well as the survival of the species, this practice occurs before puberty as marriage there is not a prerequisite to childbirth. The purpose here is to enlarge the lictoris and practice the pleasures of sexual intercourse.

Ironically, we could find no evidence of phallic worship among the early American Indian, but did discover the popular pastime of the All American male sketching his vision of the male appendage while holding one similar and tinkling in the urinal.

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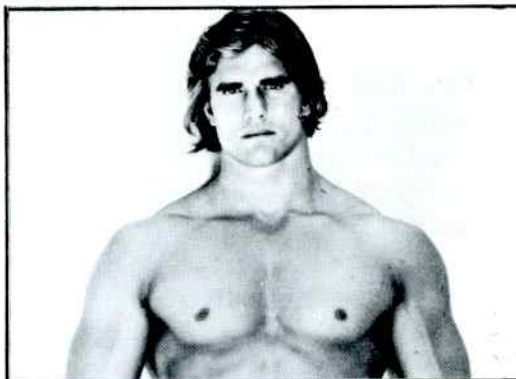
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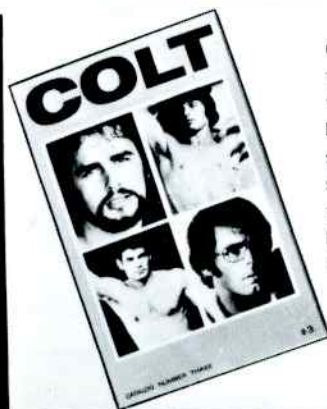
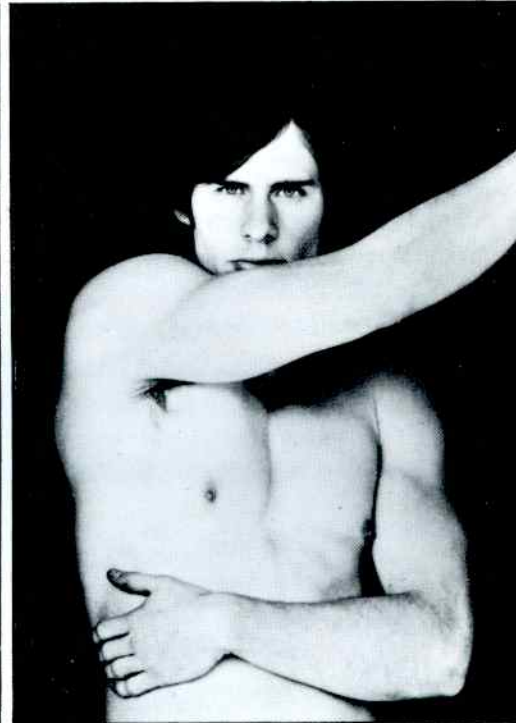
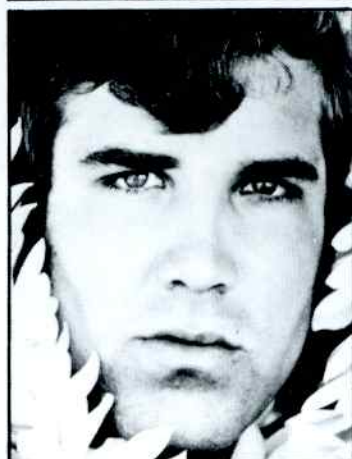
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