

UpFront

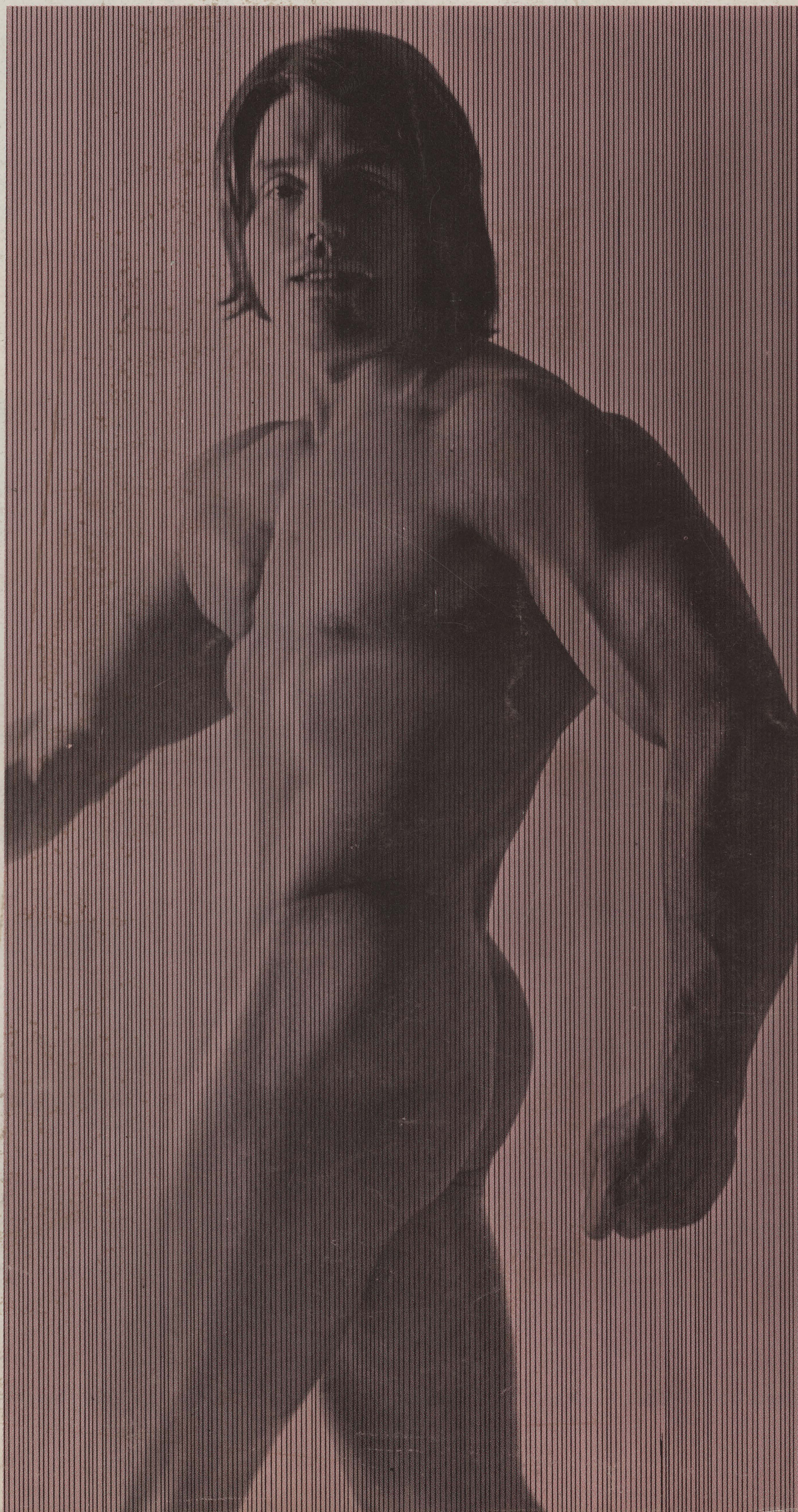
SPECIAL ISSUE

JUNE-JULY

One Dollar

America's
Newest

GAY
Magazine



Don't Miss the Second Annual:

Miss Gay Universe Pageant

1973

At

Robbie's Yum Yum Tree West

3006 East Cervantes St., Pensacola, Fla.

FIRST PRIZE:
15 day trip to Madrid, Paris,
London or \$500 cash*****

SECOND RUNNER-UP:
\$100 cash*****

MISS CONGENIALITY:
\$50 cash*****

FIRST RUNNER-UP:
7 day trip to the Bahama
Islands or \$250 cash****

THIRD RUNNER-UP:
\$50 cash*****

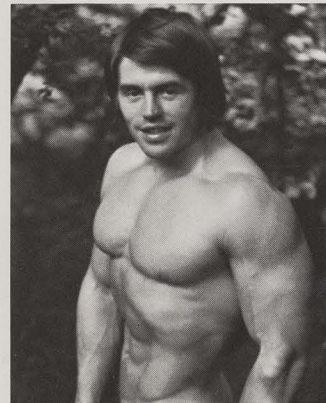
All contestants will
receive flowers.***

October 5th - 6th & 7th
Entry Fee: \$35.00*****

Interested Contestants Contact: Mr. David Preston -312 W. Blount St., Pensacola, Florida Phone 904-432-2704



Susan Hayward — Page 14



Cover Boy — Paul — Page 28



Roby Landers — Page 20

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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

During the past few weeks, my mail has been tripled with letters from our subscribers and readers, wanting to know if the new Supreme Court decision, handed down against pornography last month, would have an effect on UpFront. Unfortunately, the only logical and truthful answer that I can give at this time is that we will just have to wait and see. So far, the only effect that it has had on us is several of the bookstores that were handling UpFront have closed their doors in fear of being prosecuted for selling hard-core pornography. I might add that these stores that closed also sold Playboy and Penthouse, but they specialized in selling hard-core action books, which of course, UpFront is not.

The sale of pornography has now been placed in line with the sale of alcoholic beverages and gambling. Each State can set its own laws that govern the sale or consumption of them. There's a long standing, unwritten rule which relates to alcohol that a person has no constitutional rights when it comes to either selling it or consuming it. Each State had set its laws that govern liquor to be as strict or lenient as the state wants them to be. Our research department failed to uncover a case in history where the Supreme Court reversed any decision against a citizen with regard to alcohol or gambling.

Chief Justice Warren Burger, speaking for the majority, said an example of prosecutable pornography would be, "patently offensive representations of descriptions of ultimate sexual acts, normal or perverted, actual or simulated," and patently offensive representations or descriptions of masturbation, excretory functions, and lewd exhibition of the genitals." Burger added, "No one will be subject to prosecution for the sale of exposure of obscene materials unless these materials depict or describe patently offensive hard-core sexual conduct specifically defined by the regulating state law as written or construed."

The courts acted in five cases. The common denominator of the five opinions was simply this: common sense. Thus the majority discarded the concept of a "national" standard of free press as an impossibly difficult barrier to successful local prosecutions. The majority also tossed out the old requirements that proscribable material must be "utterly" without redeeming social value. We doubt the new test of "serious" values is greatly better, but it may become better.

Of course, we at UpFront have never considered our publication to be pornography. In fact, in comparison to Playboy and Penthouse, we could be considered very conservative. Unfortunately, society generally does not agree with my liberal views, and it's very possible that we will be forced to make some changes in our format....the worse probably being that our models will have to show their rear-end instead of what's "UpFront."

Robbie Lewellyn
EDITOR

LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Dear Robbie,

I don't know whether I'm speaking for any girls other than myself, but I'm losing interest in "UpFront." I am not particularly interested in nude or special layouts, but it seems as though you've cut the females out of everything. Ray and Ken and Nancy and Ellen is now missing the two latter characters. You also carried at one time, some articles on lesbians, but they too have vanished from the pages of UpFront. I realize that the majority of your readers are undoubtedly of the male sex, but you do have some girls who also read your magazine.

Please try to include some articles of interest to my sex also before I'm sorry I subscribed for two years to a strictly man's magazine.

D.W. Mobile, Alabama

Dear D.W.

When UpFront was conceived last year one of my objects was to print an informative magazine that would bring Gay girls and guys closer together. It pains me in my ass when I go into a Gay bar and see the girls on one side, guys on the other. I've even been in bars that catered to guys and banned girls. My feelings were that if both sexes knew more about each other, then certainly they could socialize alot easier.

As you know, our first three issues contained a complete layout on a female, and we also included a number of articles on "lesbians." I'm sure that you cannot disagree with me that we were impartial toward any sex. Well, after three months, we sat down and evaluated our progress. We found that out of several hundred subscriptions, we only had 14 that were girls. I was surprised at this figure, and I immediately began my own thorough investigation into "Why."

My findings were that the majority of Gay girls simply don't read very much. I found that there was not a single "Lesbian" magazine in the country that was operating at a profit. My own sister told me that her friends preferred to play ball and do other butch things rather than read a magazine.

Even though I decided to delete the nude girl spread each month, it was not my intention to completely disband my hopes of one day getting the girls and guys together, and I will see that more articles of interest to girls will be printed in the future.

Dearest Robbie:

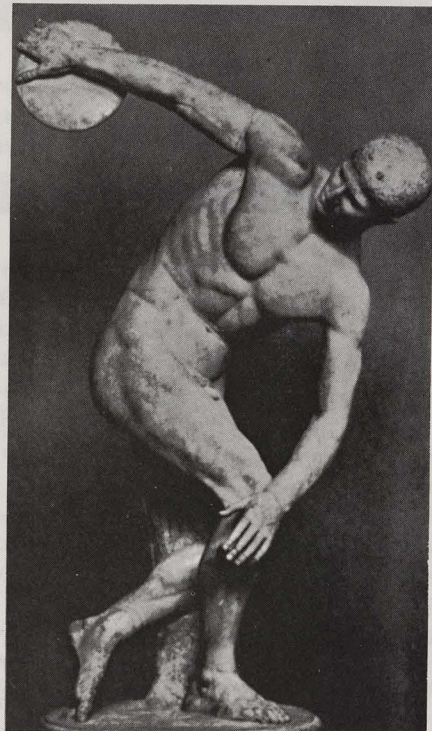
I'm thrilled over your new magazine, "UpFront." !! But there's one thing missing! A picture of yourself in the nude! How about it, Robbie, just one for me? Would it be too much to ask for you to do me another favor. How about giving my address to some of the guys you know who would be interested in writing to a poor back-woods, undersexed guy to help build my morale? I'm enclosing my subscription, and I hope UpFront comes in a sealed envelope, cause if my mom ever saw it, she would slip her kotex.

H.R. Westville, Florida

Dear H.R.

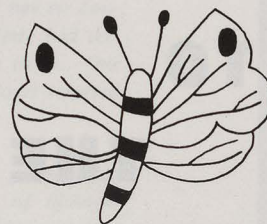
Thanks for your subscription to UpFront. As you have requested, I gave your name and address to several of my friends, and I'm sure you will hear from them soon. Sorry, I can't put a nudie of my body in UpFront because it may hurt sales, but if you ever make it to Pensacola, and you're goodlooking. I'll show you the real thing! (In my bedroom of course).

Rick Thinks



SEEDS

Sometimes I feel like just letting
go
and
falling
to that dark place called death.
I don't suppose I ever will though
it's not because I.
it's not because I'm afraid
of the fall
but what if the seeds
of the insanity of life
are planted in the grave
too.



HOPE, 1

I draped black crepe
all over my room
today
and I sat
on the floor
and mourned death
once
more.
I should be used
to it
by now ---
God knows
I've been to
enough funerals ---
but today's loss
almost overwhelmed
me;
I could barely
climb
from
beneath
this pile of
cadavers.

HOPE, 2

It's not whether
the sun will shine
tomorrow
but will
I feel
its warmth;
not whether
birds will sing
in the morning
but will
I hear
their song.
I awoke
to beautiful music
and I am warm
today
but what about
tomorrow?
If not
tomorrow,
the day
after?
Hope can be a monkey
just like horse.

HOPE, 3

I took down the
black crepe today
and put it away
but
not
very
far.

St. Jude is my friend
again
and I've decided
to give him
another
chance.

In Daytona Beach it's

THE CLUB HOLLYWOOD



We're all waiting for you -- Some of us will
serve you drinks, some will entertain you and the
rest of us will be there to tend to your other needs!!!

COME SEE US SOON

You won't be sorry!!



ZODIAC COOKING

Leo is a fixed fiery Sign, best characterized by an authoritative bearing, strong pride, and immense courage. Leo's great physical strength and powers are likened unto the lion. Just as the lion is the King of Beasts, so is Leo a King among Men. His is the Sign of the King or President. He is a natural leader, but sometimes a harsh and demanding one and his marvelous powers of organization are much sought after in business and professional circles. He is considerate, and will go out of his way not to offend. Punctuality is a must when dealing with a Leo. He is prompt and punctual and expects the same consideration from others. Leo's great need in life is to have people pay attention to him. He can't stand being ignored, and will go to great lengths to make his presence felt. Leonian women are extremely affectionate and generous, although they may at times be possessive, demanding and inclined toward jealousy. Leo rules the heart, and his heart is as

big as his trust. Being secure in his own person, Leo projects his self-confidence to his fellow man, always willing to give him the benefit of the doubt. His sympathy and concern for the plight of others make Leo an empathetic and warm-hearted individual. He is an optimist; the future holds the most excitement and challenge for him.

As a Leo, you like to entertain and be entertained, and are equally at ease at a regal banquet or a folksy picnic. You are ruled by the Sun and have a great love of the outdoors, a fact that can best be put to your advantage by doing your entertaining in the open air. Because you are extremely extroverted, preferring the company of large groups of people, your Stars bid you to greet the long, hot summer with a congenial Bar-B-Que. Man has savored outdoor cookery from the day he discovered fire, and has sharpened his appetite with clean fresh air since the dawn of time. So don your chef's hat and apron, fire

up the coals, and make sure you have lots of sauce on hand. Also be sure you invite an Aries or Sagittarius, for these are your Harmonious Signs.

Grass Roots Spinach Salad

*3 bunches fresh spinach,
washed and crisped
4 hard cooked eggs, chopped
½ cup black-eyed peas
8 strips bacon, fried and
crumbled
1 T onion, grated*

Break spinach into bite-sized pieces. In large salad bowl, combine spinach, cooked eggs, onion and black-eyed peas. Toss with dressing.

Dressing

*¾ cup salad or olive oil
½ cup wine vinegar
1 t salt
½ t dry mustard
Black pepper, freshly ground*

Combine ingredients and mix thoroughly.

- * Grass Roots Spinach Salad
- * Dressing
- * Finger Licken' Chops
- * Down Home Bar-B-Que Sauce
- * Grilled Onions
- * Dixie Vegetable Plate
- * Lazy Day Dowdy

Finger Licken' Chops

Place 8 1½ inch thick center cut pork chops on Bar-B-Que and baste frequently with Down Home Bar-B-Que Sauce. Pork should be well done, but not dry.

Down Home Bar-B-Que Sause

*2 T butter
1 cup tomato sauce
½ cup catsup
1 t lemon juice
1 T Worcestershire sauce
Dash of Tabasco
3 T brown sugar
½ t chili powder
½ t dry mustard
½ t celery seed
1 t salt
1 onion, chopped fine
1 green pepper, chopped fine
1 clove garlic, pressed*

Combine all ingredients in pan. Simmer sauce slowly for 30 minutes. Strain.

Grilled Onions

Slice onions and place rings on large sheet of heavy duty aluminum foil. Add butter, salt and pepper to taste. Seal foil and grill over coals for about 35 minutes.

Dixie Vegetable Plate

*1 cup lima beans
1 cup corn
1 can okra
1 large can stewed tomatoes
salt and pepper to taste
1 small onion, chopped
½ cup grated Parmesan cheese
¼ cup butter, melted
Bacon drippings*

Saute onion in bacon drippings. Heat lima beans, corn and okra. Drain. Add onions and stewed tomatoes to drained vegetables. Heat all ingredients. Top with grated cheese and butter. Serve at once.

Lazy Day Dowdy

Peel and slice 6 large green apples. Cook in ½ cup sugar and ¾ cup water for 10 minutes. Place cooked apples in well greased pie dish. Cream together 6 T butter, ½ cup brown sugar, 1 cup flour, 1 t baking powder, 1 t cinnamon, and a pinch of salt. Work together until mixture has crumbly consistency. Sprinkle over apples. Bake in 350 degree oven for 45 minutes. Serve with vanilla ice cream, whipped or sour cream.

HOBO BAR-B-QUE

* Help Yourself Hobo Stew

* Triple Bean Salad

* Bar-B-Que Bread

* Fruit 'N Nut Fluff

Help Yourself Hobo Stew

The only prerequisite to this hearty Bar-B-Que is that your guests bring a 2 lb. coffee can per couple. Then, arrange on a serving table a platter of:

*Beef cubes
Sliced carrots
Sliced potatoes
Sliced onions
Chopped parsley
Tomato sauce
Water
Several herbs and spices
Salt and pepper
Garlic powder
Worcestershire sauce
Diced celery
Red wine for cooking*

Let guests help themselves to beef cubes and seasonings according to taste. Cover coffee cans with aluminum foil and place on hot coals.

When meat is almost cooked, add vegetables and continue cooking until vegetables are tender. (Water should be included on serving table if needed to moisten beef.)

Triple Bean Salad

*1 can cut green beans
1 can red kidney beans
1 can garbanzo beans
½ green pepper, chopped
3 green onions, chopped
3 t parsley, chopped
½ cup wine vinegar
1/3 cup olive oil
1 t sugar
1 t salt
Black pepper, freshly ground*

Drain beans. Blend remaining ingredients. Pour over beans and chill thoroughly before serving.

Bar-B-Que Bread

*3 cups biscuit mix
2 eggs, well beaten
1 cup milk
1 package onion soup mix
1 cup cheddar cheese, grated
3 t grated Parmesan cheese
4 t butter, melted*

Mix eggs and milk. Add egg mixture, onion soup and cheddar cheese to biscuit mix. Stir only until mixed. Sprinkle with butter and Parmesan cheese. Place in two 8 inch cake pans. Bake in 400 degree oven for 25 minutes.

Fruit 'N Nut Fluff

*Sliced white, angel or sponge cake
2 cups sweetened whipped cream
¾ cup crushed pineapple, drained
½ cup grated coconut
½ cup almonds, chopped
½ cup maraschino cherries, halved*

Fold fruits and nuts into whipped cream. Top cake with whipped mixture using about ½ cup per serving. Makes 5 cups.

Christian Words

(PART TWO)

TO A HOMOSEXUAL

A great deal of research has been varried on to discover the origins of the homosexual drive. But so far scientists have come to no real agreement on the subject. Doubtless early family influence, perhaps certain physical factors of a congenital sort, and certainly environmental pressures are part of the picture. But what is clear, thanks to such investigations as those which we associate with the name of Dr. Kinsey, is that a very large number of men and women (particularly men) have had some evert homosexual experience at some time in their lives, usually when they were young. Most do not continue; some do. Those who do cannot be held up as objects of scorn and contempt: they are, for whatever reason, and they must be respected as human beings whom others should try to understand, whether they are "latent" homosexuals, who never act on their desires, or overt ones, who do, they are human beings. On this all the experts in sexual matters are agreed.

It is inaccurate to say that all homosexuals are "out to seduce others," especially children and adolescents. Recent studies have proved, beyond a shadow of doubt, that this is not the case. Most homosexuals are attracted to persons of their own age or very slightly younger; very few indeed are drawn to young children or adolescents. Adolescents themselves may engage in homosexual acts with one another; but that is a different matter. The truth is that homosexuals are alike in this respect, the experts tell us; only those with

some deep personality defect are likely to seduce those of tender years, whether they are male of female.

Finally, the homosexual condition is very human in one respect if in no other. Like every other man or woman, the homosexual wants to love and to be loved. So do all of us: it is the mark of our human nature to desire to love and to receive love from others. A Christian should recognize that this is a part of God's "image" in us. God is Love, as the First Letter of St. John tells us. He is yearning, passionate, seeking, active Love. He has made us men for love and he has made us to love. He intends that everyone of his human children shall become a "lover", one who gives himself to, is concerned for, and seeks loving relationship with, others of his race.

A celebrated English Quaker pamphlet on the subject has dared that one reason for homosexual prostitution and promiscuity, which are inescapable facts in the general homosexual situation, is that because homosexual's kind of love is so widely rejected or condemned, the possibility of establishing a socially approved long-time relationship with another so nearly impossible difficult the only way in which he can experience even the facsimile of love is through these unhappy means. It is not sheer physical lust which motivates him so much as it is the "deep down desire" to love and to be loved. That is why he seeks another, hoping to find relief from

loneliness and fulfilment of self. Alas, the results are usually tragic. But they are not very different from the similar case of the heterosexual who engages in promiscuous acts or uses a female prostitute, because he cannot find (or thinks he cannot find) real love. It is real love, however, that alone truly satisfies and fulfils a human being; faithfulness, mutuality, sharing, union of soul and mind and body, where each partner can give all of himself and each can receive all of the other.

God loves the homosexual just as much as he loves the heterosexual, because God loves all his Children, without respect to race of color or class or education or position or sex-- and without respect to the particular sexual drive which is theirs. Certainly no Christian could deny this, but not all have acted or do act upon it.

A homosexual once said to the writer, "I have always had a deep faith in God, but sometimes I've wondered if God had any faith in me." When asked to explain what he meant he replied, "Because so many people who call themselves Christians just reject me, and don't even try to understand what makes me tick." How tragic this was. But it shows how the attitudes taken by Christian people can convey, or fail to convey, a truth that they all profess--that God is Love and that he loves everybody, has faith that they can become truly his sons, and works unflinching towards that end.

What is even more important, God, loves his children before they ever respond to him, it is his love which always comes first and awakens the response. In the New Testament saying, "We love because He first loved us." God forgives of forgiveness that comes first and awakens penitence in our hearts for our violation of his love for us. This is the way the Christian gospel puts it, whatever moralistic people may have said. The theological name for this truth is "justification by grace through faith"--we are accepted by God and set right with him by his loving favor, to which we respond with the commitment of ourselves. Then we may "bring forth fruits worthy of repentance." The Christian church is here to proclaim this gospel of God's love and forgiveness, to make the message come alive in human experience, and to bring all the sons of men to a living awareness of their common brotherhood and mutual responsibility.

God loves the homosexual, because he loves everybody.

The homosexual reader must be helped to understand this. Let us put it in this way: "God loves you, God cares for you, God wants you, just as you are and just where you are. you do not have to deny anything about yourself. All you must do is to respond to God's love and desire. Trust him, have faith in him, try to give yourself to him--no matter what others, including some church people, may seem to say and do. You belong to God. Think, and act always on that great truth."

God does not care for his children because they are good or moral; he cares for them simply because they are his children, loved with a love that "will not let us go." So if you are a homosexual, try to make this trust in God's love as real as you can in your mind and heart and will. If sometimes you are in despair over your

condition, God still loves you. If you have accepted your condition God loves you. If after determining to avoid some unworthy act, some promiscuous contact, you have failed to do what you intended, God loves you. If you are lonely because you can find nobody whom you can love with all yourself, God loves you. Thus the homosexual need lose hope. He is always loved by the perfect cosmic Lover, the Love which in Dante's words, "moves the sun and the other stars."

But is not homosexual love a sin, especially when it leads to physical contact between persons of the

same sex? For a long time people have said so: but nowadays an increasing number would talk in a somewhat different fashion. They would say that like so much in human life "it all depends." Certainly the homosexual condition is not sinful: it is just the way some people happen to be and for which they have no responsibility. Certainly loving another person, homosexually, is not sinful: we are all meant to love other people, even to love them intensely and passionately under certain circumstances. How about the physical contacts? Here Christian opinion differs. Probably most Christian "moral theologians"

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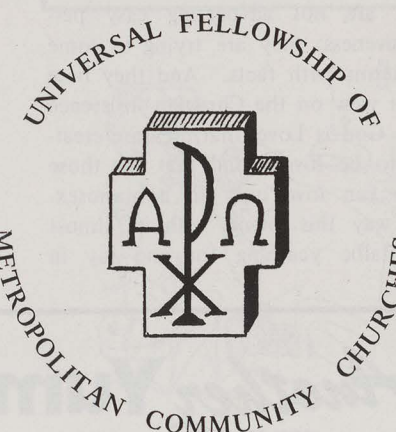
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Mr. Alex Kurjack, Interim Pastor
Home Phone (305) - 254-1302

Metropolitan Community Church of Fort
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1127 S.W. 2nd Court
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Church Phone (305)-524-0004
Rev. Don Hoffman, Pastor

Metropolitan Community Study Group of
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Home Phone (904)-387-0166
Mr. Ronald Jewett, Interim Worship Coordinator

Metropolitan Community Church of Miami
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Miami, Florida 33127
Church Phone (305) - 576-0708



Metropolitan Community Church of Tampa
2004 Concordia Avenue
Tampa, Florida 33609
Church Phone (813) - 839-5939
Rev. Charles Larsen, Pastor

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Metropolitan Community Church of Atlanta
527 North McDonough Street
Decatur, Georgia 30030
Church Phone (404)-378-6736
Rev. John W. Gill, Pastor

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Metropolitan Community Mission of New
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Church Phone (504) - 524-4425

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Metropolitan Community Mission of Nashville
P.O. Box 187
Nashville, Tennessee 37202
Rev. Terry Whitwell, Interim Pastor
Home Phone (615) - 383-1562

gains"—those who have made expert study of the principles of Christian behavior—would way that they are. Yet we find almost every Christian church today, not least in the Anglican Communion, moral theologians and others who would disagree. They would say that when there is deep and real love between persons of the same sex, who intend to be faithful to each other, who wish to share their lives, and who try to live in genuine mutuality, such physical contacts as may occur are not sinful at all—they are not only to be expected but for those who are homosexuals they are natural and normal. Those who talk in this way are not advocating easy permissiveness: they are trying to come to terms with facts. And they base their view on the Christian insistence that God is Love, that men are created to be lovers, and that for those who can love only in a homosexual way this loving, with its almost inevitable yearning for and joy in

such contacts, it cannot be wicked and wrong to allow them.

Since there is this difference of opinion among equally informed and responsible experts in Christian morality, it is incumbent upon us to accept the disagreement as a fact and to recognize the good faith and intention of those who differ from the position which any one of us might prefer. For the homosexual anyway, this means that he can feel a sense of support on the part of those who take the second line. Furthermore, the various churches which have made official statements on the matter are tending newdays to support the second line, although not always with enthusiasm and sometimes with a troubled conscience.

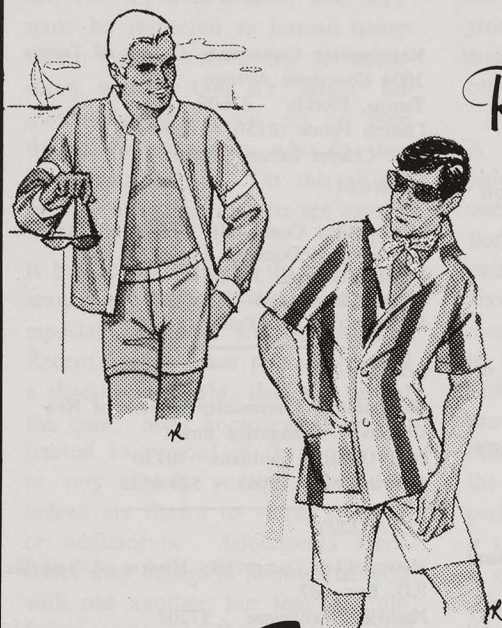
If you are a homosexual, what you want is real love. That love is marked by such qualities as tenderness,

the desire for faithful sharing together, deep hope in another's possibilities and their realization, mutual giving-and-receiving, and an urgent yearning for a union of lives. It involves self-sacrifice, too, perhaps suffering in and with and for the loved person. The model for real love is the love God himself, who in all our afflictions is afflicted, in all our joys rejoices, wants always to be in fellowship with his children, and in Jesus Christ identified himself to be full with our human lot.

U

Howard Kughn: Religious Director

Another Yum Yum Tree Opens...



Robbie's YUM YUM TREE

Annex

PENSACOLA BEACH, FLORIDA

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Susan Hayward

It's certainly not like a red-head to give up.....especially when it's a female and her name is Susan Hayward; that's why I was surprised, and most of all deeply saddened, when I heard last week that she is presently a patient in a California hospital, suffering from a brain tumor....with no chances of survival. Possibly by the time that you read this issue of UpFront, we will have lost our great "hard-hearted red-head" who virtually fought her way to stardom from poverty.

Susan arrived on the scene fifty four years ago, in a low-class tenement house in Flatbush, New York. Her father was a barker at Coney Island and was unable to provide Susan, or her sister and brother, with the necessities of life, such as shoes, dresses, decent food, and schooling. Susan learned at a very early age that life was nothing but a battle, and it didn't take her long to realize that competition with others was very difficult, and to survive one had to do unto others as they do to you, "Only do it first." "Survival" was the name of the game to Susan in those early days, and it is still the name of the game.

Susan got her start as a young model in New York, and through her strong determination to be in the movies, she wound up with a screen test for the role of Scarlett O'hara in the movie

"Gone With the Wind." David O. Selznick sent her a train ticket to come to California for the screen test, and immediately disapproved of her and suggested that she take the return



ticket and head back to New York. She informed Selznick that she had cashed in the ticket and was staying in Hollywood. She went to Warner Bros., where she got a six-month contract in a "nothing" picture. and a new name. After that picture her contract was canceled. She then managed to wangle her way into Paramount for three years, and after poor acceptance and while attending Paramount's sales convention in 1942, she grabbed the microphone and announced to the stockholders: "Would you like to see Susan Hayward in pic-

tures? They won't put her in pictures, and you've got to do something about it." This stunt impressed Cecil B. DeMille, and he later cast her in "Reap the Wild Wind" which gave her good exposure.

In 1945, Susan signed with an independent producer, Walter Wanger, who placed her career and ambition on the same track, and within two years she received her Academy Award nomination. Susan was now on her way to stardom....her refusal to quit, her temper inspired by her red-hair, and her insatiable

determination to be wealthy, had finally started paying off. The years that followed were not easy for our hard-hearted red-head.

Susan always played the role of "strong-willed" women. She looked for honesty in her character, and she always considered what dramatic challenge the part had to offer. Her most difficult part was the portrait of Lillian Roth in "I'll Cry Tomorrow." She read the book several times, attended AA meetings, visited jails and hospitals, and actually began to feel Miss Roth's life and how she lived. Susan wanted to win the Oscar for this picture, and remembered that her failure to do so was the cause of a crying spell, in privacy of course, and one of her very few.

Susan has always been obsessed with making money. Money, this subject is one that has seldom been out of her mind—from the absence of it, to the security of it. When she married her first husband, Jess Barker in 1945, she insisted on a legal agreement that he would never be able to touch any of her money. After ten years of marriage, and twin-sons, frequent arguments were not uncommon between Susan and Jess. His acting career was failing, and hers was sky-rocketing. Susan filed for divorce and offered Barker \$100,000 as an out-of-court settlement. He refused the offer and tried to hold out for a community property settlement; fortunately the judge realized who the bread-winner was, and awarded Susan her entire amassed fortune, which a-

mounted to over one million dollars.

Barker was a sore loser who visited Susan frequently, with the pretense of seeing his sons. He fought with her during every visit, and soon after one of his tongue lashings, and during a period of despondence, Susan emptied a bottle of sleeping pills into her stomach. Fortunately she was found in time to save her life. Unfortunately, the news media had a heyday, as did the Evangelist Billy Graham. He mounted his pulpit and claim-

ed that Miss Hayward had tried to kill herself because "movie stars are miserable, unhappy people." He had not stopped to realize that this "movie star" was a person. Mr. Graham, like millions of others, had not appraised the real Susan Hayward's life, and saw only the hard-hearted red-head who had guts enough to stand up and fight for what she wanted, and guts enough to call a son-of-a-bitch a son-of-a-bitch. On the outside, she's cold; she almost never smiles...."If you smile at someone, you get shit on," she once

said, but, on the inside, and in private, Susan is a woman....all woman: one who possesses deep love, especially for her sons and her second husband, Eaton Chalkley.

Susan married Eaton Chalkley in 1957 and immediately disappeared from the theatre. She left the industry that she loved so much, and an Oscar for "I Want To Live," to be a housewife on a 200 - acre farm in Carrollton, Georgia. Eaton was quite a man....actually the only man who ever made Susan feel



like a woman. Susan once said, "that when she met Eaton, that her sleepless nights and nervous days were all over."

The farm consisted of a huge house and a guest house and acres of rolling lawns and trees. She loved it, and so did her boys. For the next nine years, Susan knew the happiest times of her life. Eaton loved her, and she knew it, and no matter how strong his love for her, hers was twice as great. But in 1966, this great love was ended by Eaton's unexpected death, and Susan was again alone, more so now than ever because her boys were grown and gone, and she had lost contact with the motion picture industry. She left her beaut-



iful home, taking only her cherished memories with her, and moved to Fort Lauderdale, Florida, where she lived until just last year, when she decided that the sand and surf was not for her and bought a home in Beverly Hills....much closer to her first love....the motion picture industry.

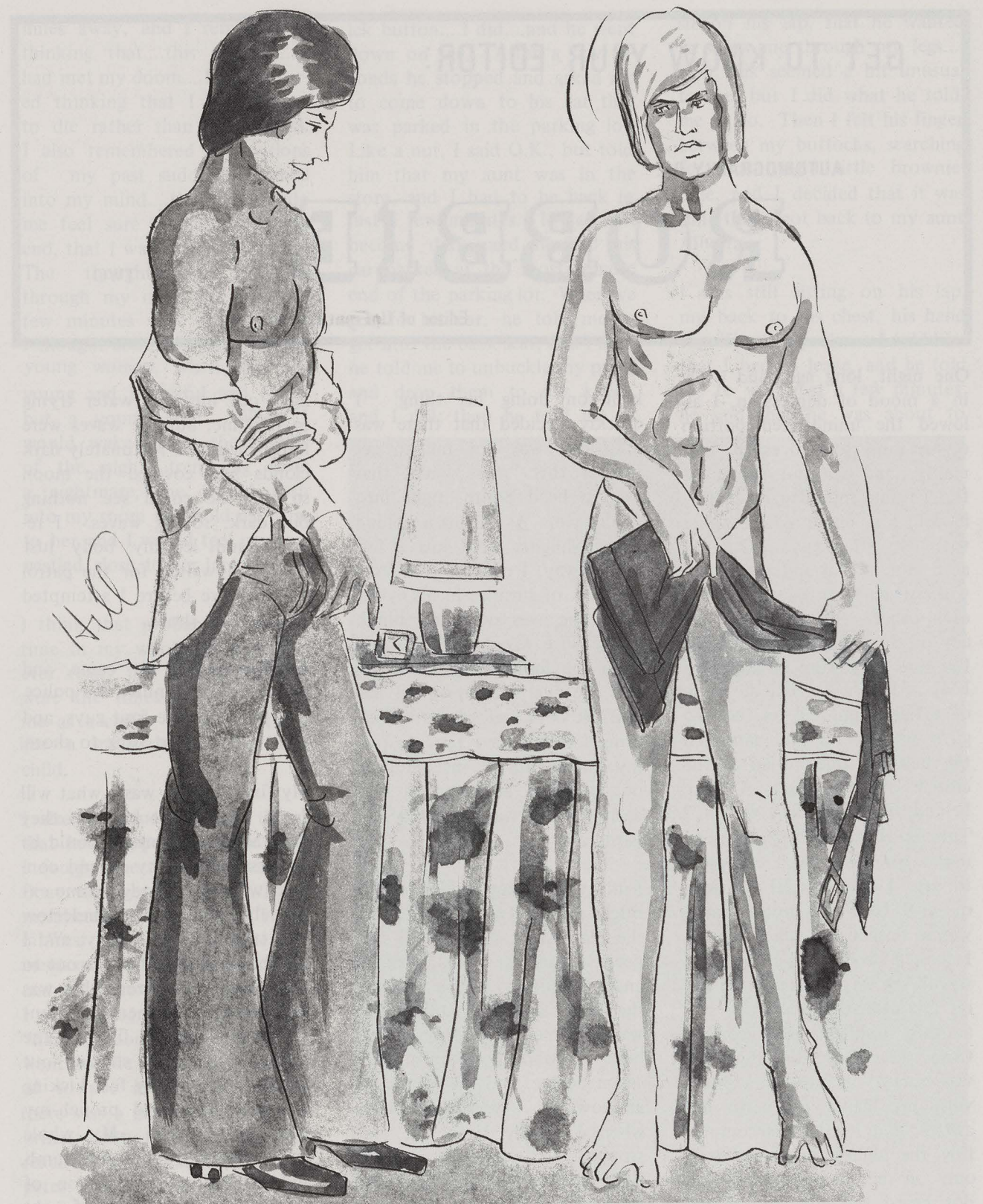
Last year Susan began doing television work. She worked like a slave, but said it was fun. She worked hard, right to the time that she was admitted to the hospital, where I hope, and I'm sure that millions of others hope, that she keeps on fighting and will soon be back with us.

U

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" I suppose your little bit of something is better than a whole lot of nothing."

GET TO KNOW YOUR EDITOR:

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF:

ROBBIE

PART TWO

Editor of UpFront Publications

One night, long ago, and while in a mood of depression, I allowed the uninhibited portion of my inner soul to escape into reality, and without shame or fear I found myself participating in wild sex, under a fishing pier with five other guys. Our sex acts were brutal and performed without emotion of feeling for each other. I had never seen any of these people before, and I'm sure they were in the same boat. All of a sudden, the beam of a flash light fell on the two guys next to me and silhouetted the head of one buried in the crouch of the other. A voice behind the flashlight yelled, "This is the police; your're all under arrest." Well, needless to say, I almost shit! Visions of steel bars and bolony sandwiches flashed through my mind. I looked around, and everyone was trying to get his pants either on or pulled up, and I saw another flashlight beam coming from the other direction. I was backed up against a piling with my pants down to my ankles, and a guy was committing the highest degree of sodomy on me; he apparently had not heard the cop, or he had absolutely no respect for our law enforcement, because he just

kept on doing his thing. I quickly decided that there was only one way for me to get out of this "mess", and that was to head South, right into the ocean. As the men behind the flashlights were just a few yards away, I decided that from the look of surprise in his eyes... either he was deaf and blind, or he sure loved cock because from the look on his face, this was the first indication he had that the cops were present. Figuring I didn't have time to pull my pants up, I just stepped out of them and made a mad dash for the water only a few yards away.

I hit that water like a ton of bricks and started swimming like the real Esther Williams. I had been dressed in levis, sneakers and a T-shirt; now I was missing the levis, and I remember the water seemed cold only on my butt. I swam like I ani't never swam before, and I was amazed at how far I was from shore when I finally tired out and stopped to catch my breath. Back at the beach I could see the police leading the four guys to a patrol car. One smart-ass cop was on shore flashing his

light out into the water trying to find me, but the waves were fairly high, and fortunately dark clouds had covered the moon so that he could see nothing but dark, rolling waves. I relaxed and let my body just float and waited for the patrol car to leave before I attempted to head for shore.

Another patrol car came, and within a few minutes the police had left with the four guys, and I felt safe to start back to shore.

My first concern was....what will I do when I get back; if they had taken my pants, I would be bare-ass naked; my second concern was that I had become extremely tired, and an undertow was tugging at my body, and I was being carried farther out to sea. When I realized what was happening. I Momentarily panicked and started fighting the water, my arms striking out desperately, and my feet kicking the dark waters to propel my body into shore. My whole body seemed to become numb, and I swallowed a gallon of water. As I frantically fought the water, I glanced toward shore which seemed a thousand

miles away, and I remembered thinking that....this was it.....I had met my doom....I remembered thinking that I had elected to die rather than be arrested. I also remembered that visions of my past suddenly flashed into my mind....this alone made me feel sure that this was the end, that I was surely drowning. The thoughts that passed through my mind during those few minutes were unbelievable. I thought about my mother as a young woman, when she was young and beautiful and I was but a young boy. When I would wake up in the middle of the night, trembling from a nightmare, she would rush into my room and hold me close to her and I would feel comfort nestled close to her large breast.

I think that probably the only time in my whole life that I've ever really felt safe and secure were the times when she held me as a child. There's nothing like a mother's love for her child.

I also had visions of bad things that had happened to me. As I fought the water to stay afloat and get to shore, I remembered the time that I was in West Palm Beach in a department store with my Aunt Alberta and I had to use the bathroom. I was fourteen years old and very "navie" about gay people. I went to the john and proceeded to pee at a urinal, where there was a guy standing at the urinal next to me. He just reached over and felt of my peter. Well, at the age of fourteen, not I, or anyone else could help but get a roaring hard-on when someone touches the pan-

ick button....I did....and he went down on me. After a few seconds he stopped and asked me to come down to his car that was parked in the parking lot. Like a nut, I said O.K., but told him that my aunt was in the store, and I had to be back in just a few minutes. It had just become dark, and he had his car parked at the most remote end of the parking lot. When we got to his car, he told me to get into the back seat, and I did.. he told me to unbuckle my pants and drop them to my knees, and I did; then he told me to

sit on his lap, that he wanted to screw me through my legs.... well this seemed a bit unusual to me, but I did what he told me to do. Then I felt his finger between my buttocks, searching for that virgin little brownie-hole, and I decided that it was time that I got back to my aunt Alberta.

I was still sitting on his lap, my back to his chest, his hand engulfing my pecker. I told him that I had to leave, and he told me to wait just a few minutes; he said that he was about to



"I look irritated because I didn't find a trick that day"

"come", and I felt his cock going up and down between my legs. I folded my arms over the back of the front seat and rested my head on them. Again I felt him feeling around my rear end, and suddenly he jabbed his finger up into me, and I grabbed his hand and asked him not to do that again....I told him that it hurt. I felt him tighten his grip on my erect sex, and he continued to push his finger deeper into me. Again I grabbed his arm and tried to push him away from me, but I felt his muscles tighten and I suddenly realized that my strenght was no match for him. He grabbed the back of my neck and pushed my body downward until I was in a prone position on the floorboard of his car.

With one hand he kept a tight grip on my cock, squeezing it

so hard that I almost yelled out in pain. With his other hand he guided his throbbing hard sex to the crevice of my ass, and without any tenderness, emotion....or lubrication....he jabbed at me. I, of course, had lost my erection, and I knew that any second he would tear into me. I started to yell but he buried my face into the floorboard of the car, and squeezed my cock and testicles so hard that I thought I would throw-up. "I'll tear that dick and balls off if you make any noise," he said, and then I felt a piercing sharp pain tear through my body, and I screamed out in agony. He hit the back of my head with his fist and squeezed my testicles and cock, and at the same time plunged deep into me. He was like a wild man....tearing at my body, ripping into me with his huge sex. My entire

body felt as it were on fire; I tried to fight him, but it was useless....the sharp pains kept shooting through me and after what seemed to be an eternity, I felt the full impact of his body as he shoved himself deep into me, and an undscribable pain tore through my body as I lost consciousness. I don't know how long I was out, but the nest thing I remembered was the car door opening, and rough hands grabbed me by my arms and pulled me to the pavement.

My body was limp, and I lay motionless, in fear, only half aware of my surroundings and expecting to be further assaulted any second. I heard a door slam and the roar of a car motor. I slowly opened my eyes and saw the taillights of the car in which I had just been raped disappearing through the parking

lot. Suddenly I realized that I was lying face down on cold asphalt with my pants down to my knees and my shirt pulled up around my neck. My whole body was numb, and my head throbbed with pain. I reached down and tried to pull up my pants, but with every move the pain intensified, and I finally submitted to defeat and again lost consciousness.

Hours later I awoke and was lying on clean white sheets in a dimly lit room, I heard voices outside the door, and I remembered being very frightened. My first thought was that the guy who had assaulted me had come back to the parking lot and brought me here, but after looking around, I realized that I was in a hospital room and was relieved. I started to sit up, but as the slightest move caused pain I closed my eyes and slept. Later that night a policeman woke me up and started questioning me as to what had happened. He said that a man and his wife had found me lying in the parking lot and immediately called the police. He said that I did not have any identification on me, and he asked my name. By this time, I was scared and embarrassed. I was afraid to go home; I certainly didn't want my mother to find out what had happened. My mom is from the old school, and since she's a true believer in "where there's smoke..there's fire," I knew that she would suspect that I wasn't an innocent little boy who had been raped by a sex-crazed queer. I lied to the policeman about my name and address, and I lied to him about the "real" way that I got into the guy's car. I

told him that the guy had forced me to his car with a knife. After several other questions, the policeman left, saying that he would return shortly with my parents. Well, I knew that no matter how much pain I was in, I had to get out of here. I threw my legs over the side of the bed, and pain shot through my whole body, but I was scared to death, and the thought of that policeman coming back made me forget all about the pain. I opened two doors before I found the closet, and then I nearly shit when I didn't see any clothes hanging up. Then I looked toward the floor, and my trousers and shirt were lying there. I grabbed them and as I hurriedly dressed, I noticed that the back end of my pants were covered with blood. For some reason this upset me tremendously, and I started crying and was still crying as I descended the back steps of the hospital and ran out into the crisp morning air. I was a long way from home, and it took me several hours of cutting through back streets, alleys, and cow pastures to get home. Finally I arrived home about noon, and as my mother was out, I quickly ran to the bathroom and got myself into shape. After I had showered and changed clothes, with the exception of a small bruise on my forehead, I looked just as I had the day before. Since my mother had not looked in my room that morning before going out, she never knew that I had not come home. As for my Aunt Alberta at the department store, she later told me that she had waited until the store closed and then went home thinking that we had just lost each other.

Rene's
TAMPA



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The waves seemed to be getting bigger and the undertow stronger, but I kept lashing at the water, and it seemed forever before I finally reached shore. I knew that if I had to swim fifteen more feet, I would drown. The current had swept me several hundred yards from the pier. All I had on was my T-shirt and sneakers, and I'm sure that I must have looked a sight coming out of that water. As I always left my keys under the front tire of my car, my only problem was to get back to my car without being spotted by the cops. I did that, and hours later I lay in my bed and laughed myself to sleep, thinking of the night's events. How many queens get caught having sex under a pier and jump into the ocean rather than go to jail???

Next month read about the first guy that I ever LOVED...how it began....how it ENDED"



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ROBY LANDERS

IT'S SHOW TIME and the darkened interior of the club is packed; the tables are full, the bar is crowded and the standing-room-only space behind the bar is packed. The curved stage bulges out towards the audience heavy blue curtains hiding it from view. Now the recorded music starts and a tape announces that this is the Roby Landers Hot Pants Revue starring Roby, Tanya Terrell, Audrey Brain, Ebony, Wanda Lust, Artesia Welles and Ricky. The curtains part and Mister Roby Landers steps through the curtains at the rear, clutching his microphone. She's black dressed in an enormous flowing white

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gown and an even more enormous blonde wig.

The humor is rapid-fire and overwhelmingly campy--Roby hits 'em hard.

"Vote for me--I promise a chicken for everybody. And for you girls, we'll find something for you, too--we'll find somebody to eat the whole thing."

"I'm no Democrat--don't I look like a knocked-up Republican?"

"You going to have a baby, lady? Take a bow--you must've done it with a dildo."

And then, pointing to her blue and silver gown: "You know how many

tricks I had to hustle at 35 cents a throw for this?"

"There's going to be a King and Queen contest at the Greyhound Bus Station. Did you know there was a gay bar in the bus station? And can you imagine being called Miss Greyhound Bus Station? All aboard--there's room in the back!"

The audience loves it and drinks are passed up to the stage. One, two, three...They disappear in a single gulp. Suddenly Roby turns to a man in the audience and says in mock fury: "I'll beat him to death--I work so hard to be beautiful and he says, 'Yes, sir!'"

Off stage and out of costume, Roby Landers is a quite, mild-mannered black man with close-cropped hair. Bulky in build, he still is no match for the all-too voluptuous Roby on stage. The dress is gone and he's conservatively dressed in slacks and short-sleeved denim shirt. He was born and brought up in San Francisco, went to college in Berkeley, but while he first became interested in dramatics in high school, he was never a theatre major. He had wanted to be a CPA, though he changed his mind after a stint in the Army Medical Corps as a Lieutenant. If show business ever soured for him, Roby would always have a job--he's a Registered Nurse.

How did he become interested in drag?

"After I was back in the States, a group of us went to Ann's Forty-Four, just up the street from Finocchio's. Somebody bet me \$50 that I couldn't look like a girl and I said that I not only could, I could win the contest that Ann had every Sunday. It cost me \$150 to win that \$50, but I took first prize and they gave me a contract. I came out and started to sing one night but my voice broke and I decided to go into comedy. They loved it. Another show in town asked me to emcee for them as a boy, then one of their entertainers got sick and I started doing female impersonation for them. I wanted to quit but people kept offering me jobs and finally, one club offered me a show of my own. I've been directing and putting on shows of my own ever since."

Roby's no stranger to Chicago--he used to be at the Chesterfield when it was one of the biggest clubs in town and is proud of his appearances there. "I'm really one of the originators of Big Time drag. There were always clubs where people went on stage in dresses and the audience would laugh or applaud and say, how



pretty. I decided to put a show together, to show that female impersonators had some talent. So I only hired people with talent." He pauses for a moment. "I'm not patting myself on the back, but putting on a show is a natural thing for me. I like it. It would probably be better for me if I just directed, but you have to be in it, too, you have to keep your name big. I don't just emcee, I can do comedy, I can do anything. But on stage, enough of one person is enough."



Roby doesn't believe in contracts for his actors. "If somebody wants to leave, they should be allowed to leave. If they stay with me, it's because they want to. I hate to have somebody stay if they don't want to because then they won't give me the work that I want. I made an agreement with my bosses, I'll give you a month's notice before I leave and you give me a month's notice if you want me to leave."

Does Roby think that female impersonation has grown more popular than it used to be? "Female impersonation's been around for many years, but most people don't realize it. But if you're going to be an impersonator, you have to enjoy playing the part of a woman. I couldn't play the part of a woman 24 hours a day, it would really bug me, I couldn't take it. But you have to enjoy it; if you don't the audience can tell you're not really feeling the part. It isn't a case of enjoying putting on the dress. I enjoy entertaining, I like to make people laugh or applaud. You live off it."

Somebody in the room remarked that some of the performers apparently are on stage because they're admired for their beauty, while others seem to do it for camp. Roby was glad to straighten out the difference. "A clever entertainer will feel his audience out. If you see that you're not going over, that the audience is getting nervous and you don't have their complete attention, then the best thing to do is become a camp. Make them watch you by doing funny things, things they aren't expecting--anything to throw them off."

Does the audience ever get hostile to the idea of female impersonators? Roby, an expert at handling hecklers, explains how he gets the audience on his side. "Believe it or not, most female impersonators work in straight bars, especially female impersonators who have no talent. That's

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the best place to go since they're not used to seeing any female impersonation at all and they'll appreciate it. I've worked for straight audiences and the approach is completely different from a gay audience. Gay audiences are hip--and I don't mean this to be derogatory to straights. Gays get around more, they do more, they see more. When you work a straight audience, you have to come out immediately and make fun of yourself. I laugh at myself first and then I make them laugh at themselves. Eventually they forget that I'm a boy wearing a woman's dress; I'm just an entertainer up there. Most of them, once they like you, they don't think of you as anything but a girl, even after you take off your dress."

The Landers humor breaks through the reserve for a moment. "That can be pretty bad sometime. You walk down the street and somebody cries out, 'Aren't you the girl who

talks about big boobies all the time?' And there I am, trying to be very butch. Or you're standing on a corner waiting for a bus and somebody comes up and says, 'Can I have your autograph--aren't you the one in the blonde wig?' So there I stand--in my color--while somebody's referring to me as the one who wears the blonde wig. Or I'll be in Marshall Field's and somebody will scream out, 'Oh Miss Landers!' "

You mention the drinks that are passed up to the stage, which Roby downs as if they were soda water. How come he never gets drunk? "It's mental. I know I have to run the whole thing backstage and I can't get drunk. I've drunk as many as seven drinks at a time on stage, between acts, but if I sat down at a bar and drank seven shots, I wouldn't be able to walk. Most people don't realize it so when I go to a bar, they set all these drinks in front of me because they think I drink

off stage like I do on."

Does he plan to stay in female impersonation? "I've had my offers for other things. One guy offered me a part in 'Mickey One' and I thought he was joking. He gave the part to another entertainer who was working with me, Chris Cross, and she got paid very well for it. You can't say yes to every offer, you'd go out of your mind. But I'd like to play Las Vegas some day, I'd like to go as a single act, with a piano player."

Something's bothered you during the conversation and you ask Roby how the actors refer to each other off-stage--as Wanda and Artesia or as Steve and Joey or what?

"It's the same off stage as on. We get used to it. You take a long time to build up a name, why not stick with it? It's like a movie star. I'm not making a direct comparison but it is a smaller form of the same business and sometimes you are actually treated like a movie star. But one thing is true, when I'm off stage, I'm a different personality, I'm not the same person at all. It's me off stage--on stage, it's what I'd like to be. When I'm off stage, something happens to me. I can't even be as amusing as I am on stage. I feel very awkward trying to do all the things I can get away with behind makeup. Wearing the makeup is like wearing a mask. On stage, I become whatever I want to become. But when I'm off, I'm off, I know what I really am."

And what would Roby Landers like to be in the future? He smiles, perhaps a little wistfully, and Berkeley and the CPA training is suddenly more real than the wigs and the fancy gowns. "I'd like to be a businessman. Entertaining is just a way of getting to be a businessman."

NEWS RELEASE

Atlanta will be a center for Gay activity on Labor Day weekend. The Metropolitan Community Church of Atlanta is hosting the Fourth National Conference of the Church's Universal Fellowship. Over a thousand people are expected for the conference, hundreds of them arriving on chartered flights from the west coast.

The Conference opens Wednesday, August 29, with registration and committee meetings. Business sessions will be held Friday and Saturday with delegates and ministers from 48 congregations of the less-than-five-year-old church. This will be the first conference attended by delegates from international congregations. The local church will host services and social events, but all of Atlanta will play host to the conferees.

Rev. Troy Perry, MCC Founder and Moderator of the Board of Elders, will preside over the meetings which officially conclude Sunday, September 2. Visitors will be invited to stay in Atlanta for a celebration Monday at Stone Mountain hosted by Rev. John Gill and the Atlanta congregation.

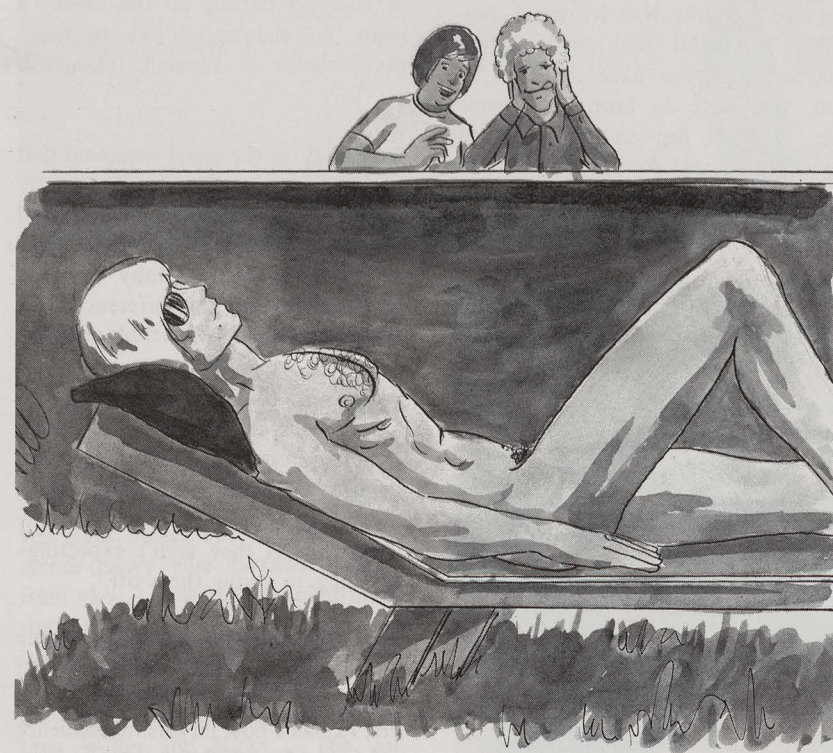
The State of Florida reiterated its earlier decision, and passed a law giving full adulthood to persons eighteen years old. Included in this statute is the right of eighteen year olds to gambol and to purchase and be served alcoholic beverages. Beginning on July first, 1973 the bars are open to anyone eighteen and over.

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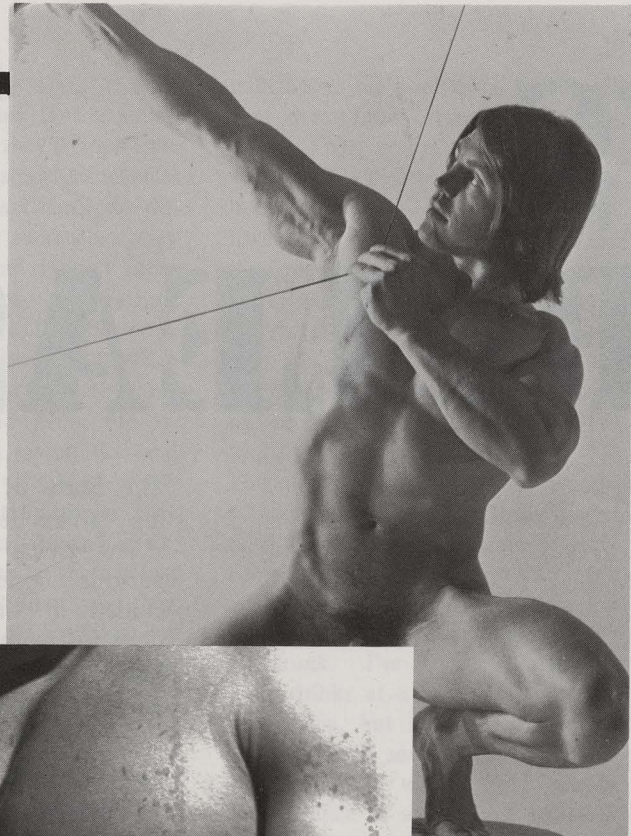
The Supreme Court of the State of Florida ruled on the law forbidding 'unnatural and lascivious acts' and held that sodomy can be punished. In reference to the conviction of two Miami men, the Court upheld conviction and their 60 day sentence.

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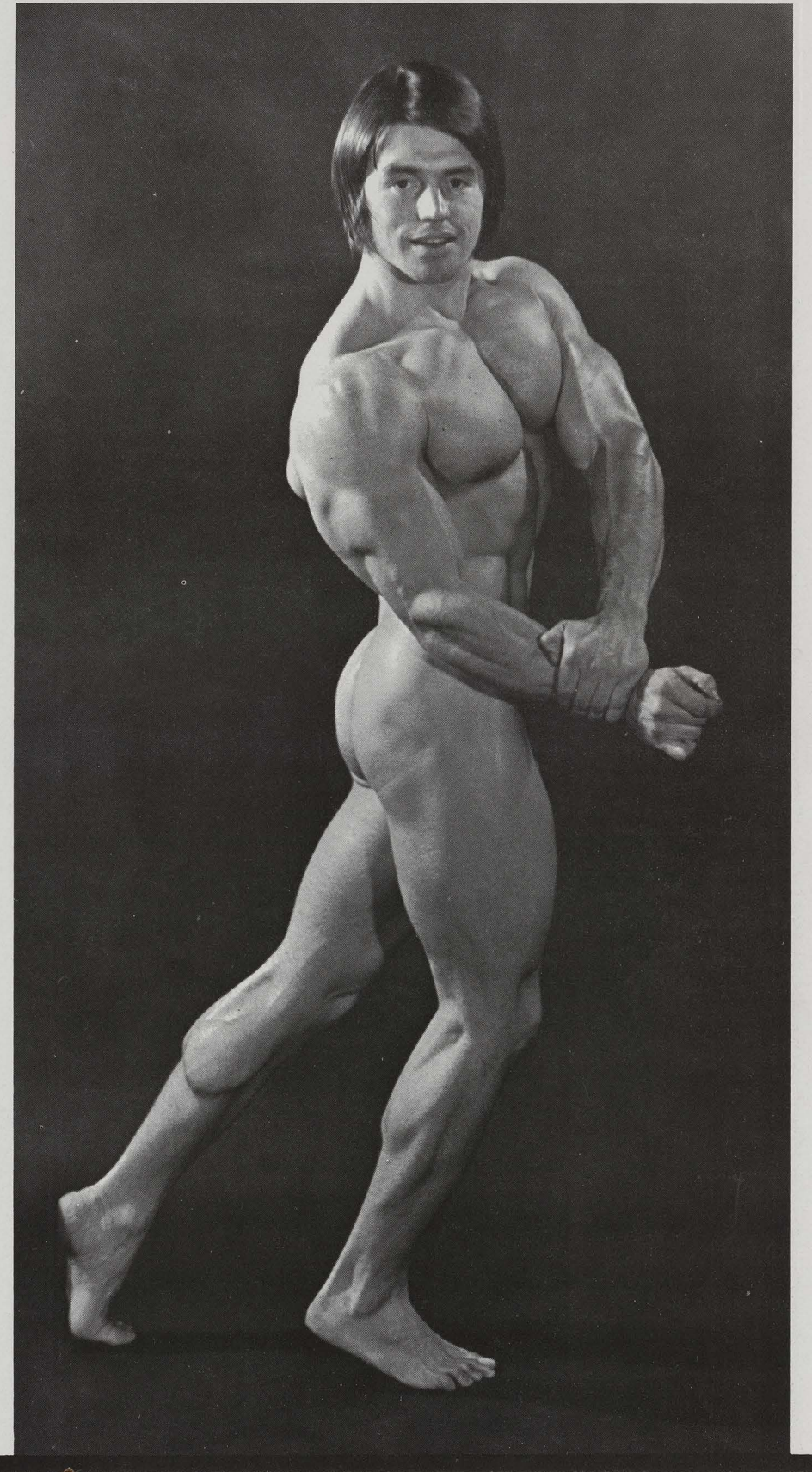
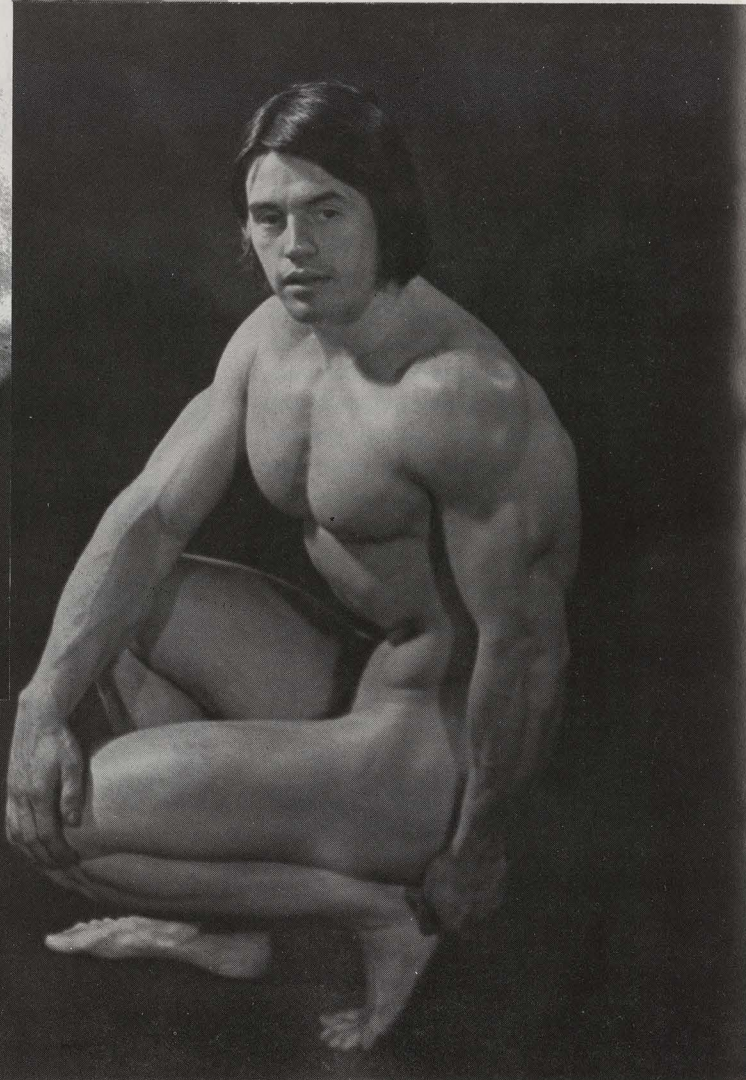
On June 1st, '73, the Florida House altered and slightly revised a massive bill originally designed to clear the books of ancient sex laws...the result is that fornication, adultery, co-habitation and sodomy between consenting adults is against and punishable by the Law.

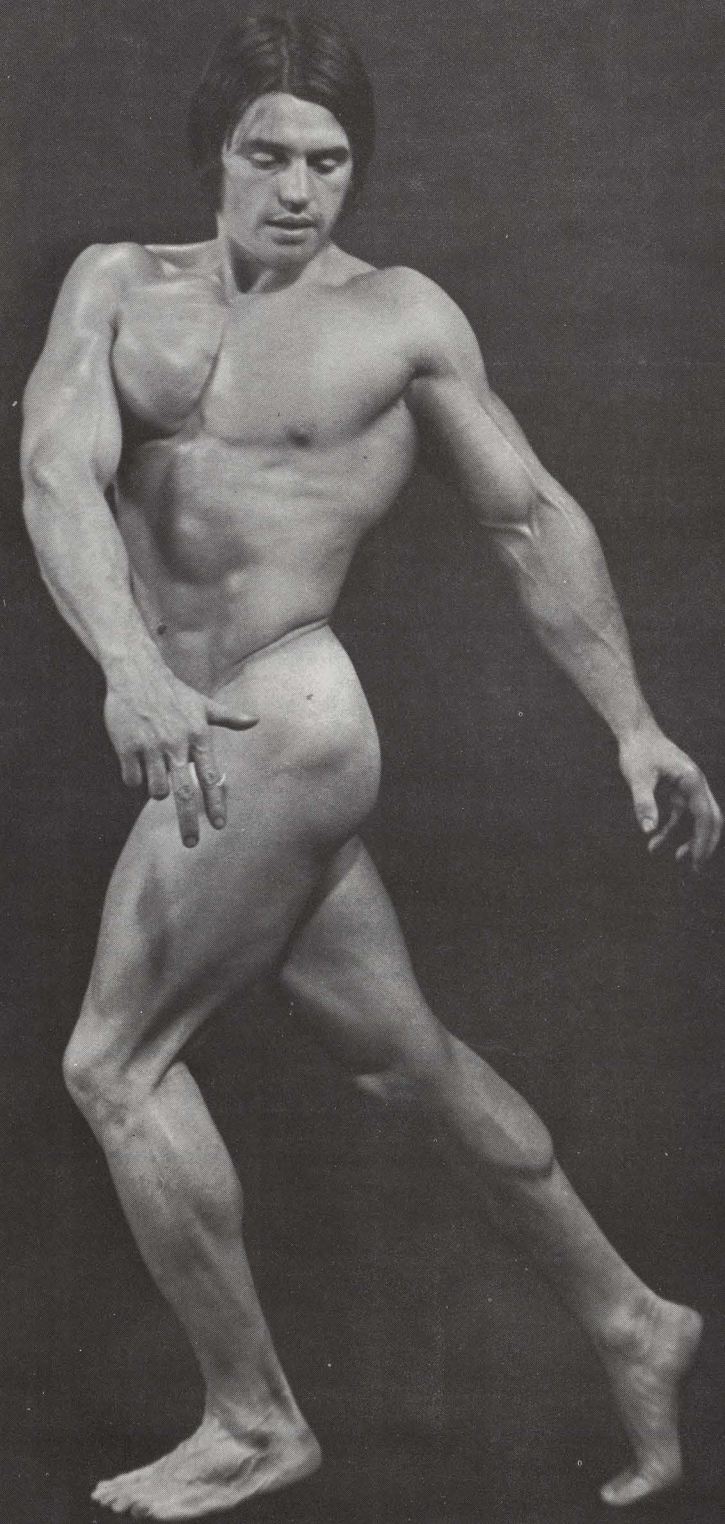


"Have you ever seen the sun make ANYTHING grow so big!"

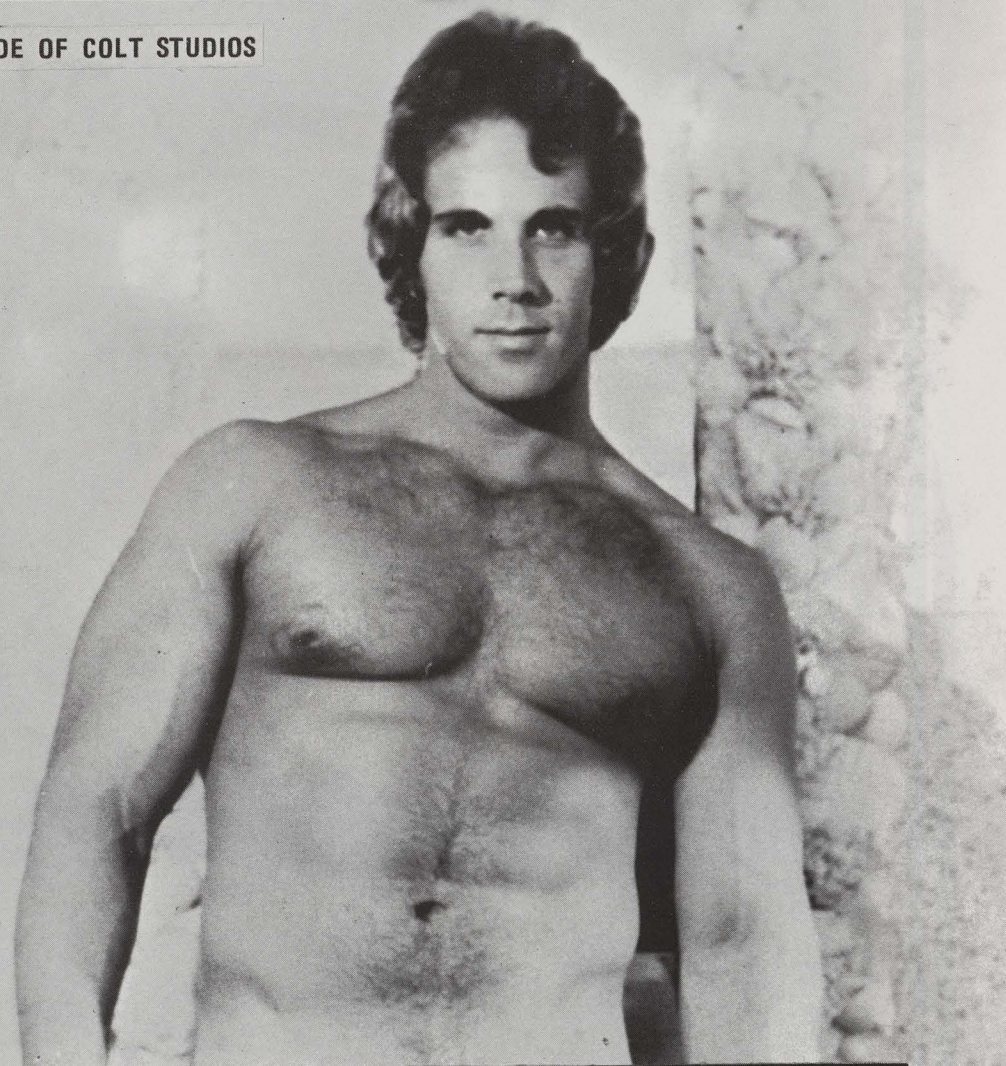


Paul





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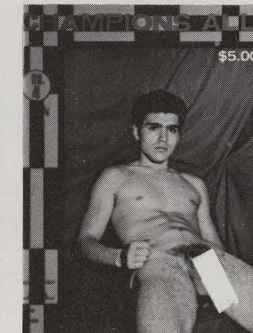
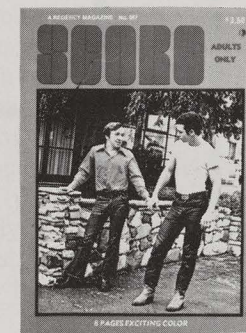
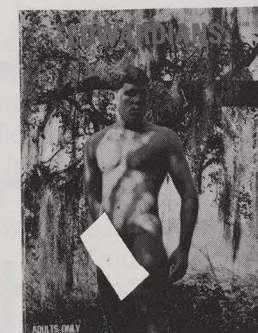
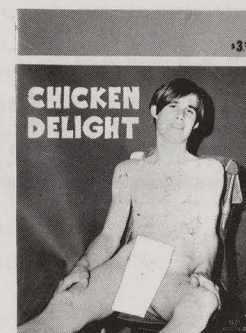
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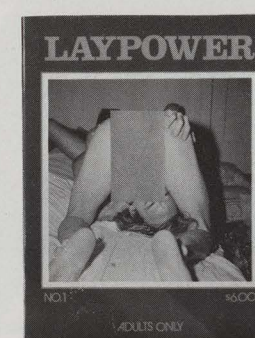
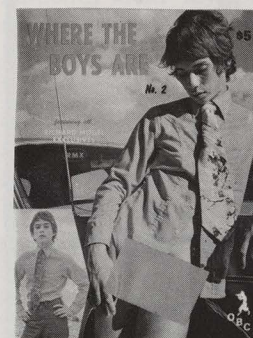


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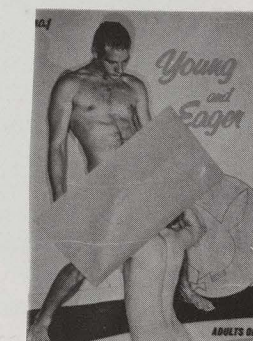
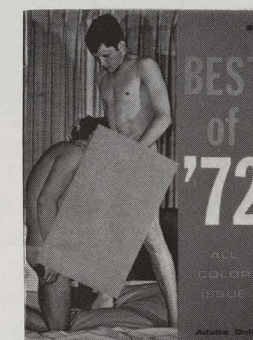
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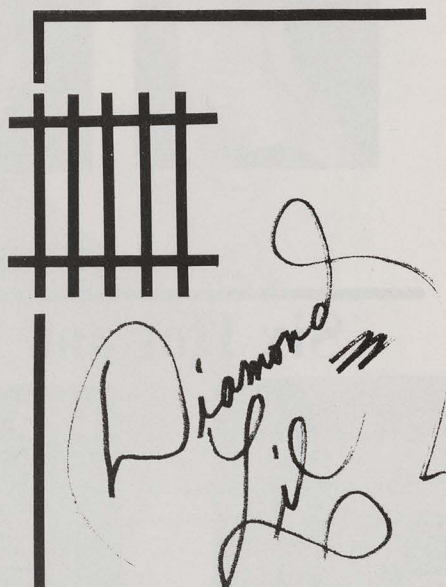
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JAILHOUSE JEZEBEL



By: DIAMOND LIL,

the most glamorous queen in the world.....in captivity !!!!!

My conscience no longer lets me sleep at night, for it is my duty to blab to all one of my darkest secrets locked in a corner of my tormented heart that this humblest of souls has known throughout a lifetime of grease and struggle with only one question in my very mind, "To be, or not to be?" How could a queen that is loved the most be jailed from coast to coast? Any-hoo, my dahlings, to show that they will try to get "even" with you in one fashion or another - your most beloved, tender-hearted guiding ray of salvation, your voluptuous Goddess of the Stage (coach and theatrical), was tossed behind

bars back in my very own home town - just knowing all along the detriment my exotic career would suffer if my public ever found out this terrible piece of scandal - particularly since I had always been known as a lady of highest discretions and purest qualities.

As I recall, I had been invited to "go down", by special request, of course, to ole SAV-A-NAH and perform one of my special acts at a masquerade party held in some sort of "dungeon", which was operated by an early belle, who went under the guise of "Cousin Cora", notoriously

known for her assemblage of dirt, ruff trade, derelicts, grease, southern aristocracy, paranoia, closet queens, dowagers, heads, homos and dynamic phantasmagorical top-drawer entertainers (sometimes banned from stage), namely: DIAMOND LIL.

Well, it was one helluva romping, stomping evening, for right in the middle of my most incendiary number, "The Heat Is On", (Rita Hayworth's dance for the soldiers in Miss Sadie Thompson), I was informed that the heat and/or fuzz were plenty outside. Now mind you, in an effort for me "to do" these wild, uninhibited

numbers, I get worked up on speed (high blood pressure, I mean) (?) and I really "peaked" when word came out about la gestapo. Although I was in mixed company - I was stirring everybody up - I no longer had center attention. Some sissy queens flew out the back door; a couple hid under a rug; and a hot pair in the boudoir never knew what was going on.

While some general mayhem continued in front of this tomb, I sort of sleezed on by, hoping desperately to be unnoticed, when a pig snorted in my direction, "Halt!" or you'll, er, I'll blow my whistle!" He demanded my name....I held my breath until I turned purple in the face. Finally, I replied meekly, "I'm DIAMOND LIL, Queen of All Glamour, and screaming various assorted sundry stage effects." He asked my age and I truthfully told him 23. He asked my sex and I replied

"neuter" on the grounds that anything I said further might incriminate me. There was a drag along side of me commonly called L.P. (She had nothing to do with records, although she had collected a few here and there.) It actually stood for Lady Pat, but she never believed in using her title in ordinary public. She was adorned reverently in a hot fuchsia frock, purple lips, and violet eye shadow softened by albino white hair, delicately swirled over a Carmen Miranda turban. I thought she was a "searous" girl until she openly admitted to Lilly Law that to her own utter regret and dire dismay she was, in reality, a boy! Honey, you have never seen so much grease on the pavement at any one time - that is, unless you happened to be in New Orleans (by the way, I've been busted there, too) when John Phillip Sousa and I docked there on the river boat playing, "The Stars and Stripes Forever,"

while I whooped it up with the tambourine, with just one encore of "Saved" thrown in for good measure.

Along about this time, a lovely black paddy wagon pulled up and all sheep were loaded cheerfully inside by assorted pigs, who had amassed in numbers to make sure they could handle this violent, rip-roaring group, which consisted of three drags, several school teachers from decadent small towns in South Georgia, some ruff trade looking for a "good" time, a couple of lesbians, a piece of queer bait, a fag hag, and a vampire called Ollie Owl (although she really wasn't one) - making a grand total of 18.

I found out that pigs, being of the animal kingdom, have memories like elephants. They remembered to have everyone's car towed away, which were legally



parked, so that the city could reap extra harvest from the impoundings. A special award should be given to this one cop, however, for meritorious victory. A late-comer to the soiree arrived in a cab and paid its driver. He stepped on the curb and inquired of someone where a certain address might be. The benevolent policeman was more than happy to usher him straight into the portable police wagon. This scene, my dear readers, stole the shew! (A future tip to the wise - have your taxi driver escort you inside. Why in the hell should he be allowed to drive away?)

Oh, the ride in the paddy was a joyful one for all. I started the words to "Oh, Happy Day" in an effort to encourage all arrested for the first time that it surely was not all over and to always bear in mind that "JUSTICE

would be done." Many believed me!

Inside the bastille, the sheep sort of hovered around in a corner away from the policeman's desk, while your writer, the celestial gift to the twilight set, slinked on over and purred, "Scuze me, captain..." He interrupted, "I'm NOT your captain. I'm wearing no bars!" I retaliated, "Yeah, you got me behind 'em!" "I'm your sergeant - notice my stripes." I told him I thought they would look better on a Zebra. Anyway I thought that if she was going to be our sergeant, that surely she would serve tea. She didn't however.

Several cops were hovering about wondering what charges, etc., with which we should be blessed. Meantime, a truly beautiful policeman with a rosy-cheek com-

plexion came in and announced softly to the three painted Jezebels, "Come this way, pulleaze." I whispered to the other girls, "Here's where they check out our tits." We were a third way down a long corridor when someone blatted out, "Where ya takin' them?" He replied, "To the Women's Division." A discourtesy rang back, "Them ain't no real wimmen - bring 'em back here." It was just at this same moment that we had decided that we were gonna give him three good pieces - oh, er, of our minds, that is. He was a "broad"-minded cop, all right, with ideas channeled in one direction.

Well, I couldn't bear up any more, so I demanded to know the assorted charges that they had been able to dream up and was told that so far there were two - drunk and disorderly conduct, which I

immediately hated so much. Well, me being more sober than most judges, I at once, demanded a sobriety test and was told there would be a very reasonable charge of \$10.00 for same. I told them I frankly didn't give a damn if it was a hundred dollars and that I was most certainly the most sober hussy that they had taken in all night. They did not worship my obstinance too much. They would not give me the test and called a brief consultation. They decided to drop the drunk charge from each of the drags arrested upon my constant insistence. However, the detectives would not bear up to the fact that we were having our cock, er, cake and eating it, too. They brought out an old Civil War law book to see if they could at least get these three strumpets for eating their krumpets and blowing three pig's trumpets; but

there was no such charge in that category. Then a very crude - looking detective came in with a jumbo-size police Polaroid camera and wailed, "We'll git 'em for impersonating wimmen!" They lined us up against the wall and demanded pictures (atrocious violation of constitutional rights!) Although I screamed it was against all studio policy, including breach of contract, to be photographed on location at some other station, they told me they would beat me if I refused to pose for pictures. Much to my dismay and strongly against what little will I had left, and the Lord knows it's true, I forced myself to strike a demure pose just out of the goodness of my heart for their own confidential records. I certainly hope they appreciate my generous efforts, for it was 5 a.m. Sunday morning and much too early for a star to be at a station, par-

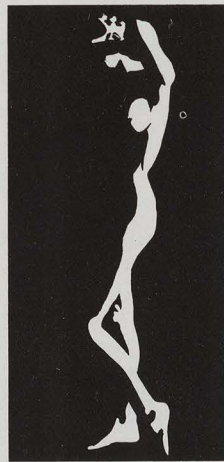
ticularly police. We were forced before the camera, not once, but three times - much to my reluctance as is totally obvious from the picture that you are gazing upon.

Camp time came when they tried to nab Ollie Owl for "impersonating a vampire," which was extremely weird because it was the same garb he used for a television horror show in Charleston, S.C. Seems there was no actual law against impersonating a vampire. The old Manila documents indicated that if proper justice were to be fulfilled a real vampire must be shown a silver crucifix, while the arresting gendarme donned a necklace of freshly cut garlic. Nevertheless. Ollie wasn't allowed to express any opinions because of the highly offensive language and discourtesy directed toward him. Ollie im-

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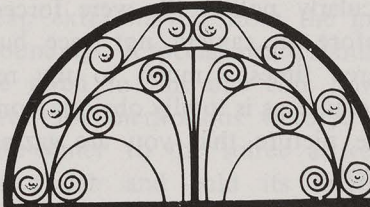
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pressed me as being a very sweet vampire, along the lines of Casper, the friendly ghost; and I personally felt that he should not have been hurted in this form of sheer repugnancy!

At last, I could take no more and my heels were killing me anyway. I perched my glamorous frame upon the sergeant's desk and murmured coyly, "Honey, ya really missed it." He gazed back enticingly into my sea green eyes and asked an important question; "What?" I quipped sharply, "The good hot orgy which evolved instantaneously after I had completed my seductive dance of the seven veils." (The same legendary dance that opened and closed the Club Centaur.) I added that it was such a shame that they had arrived too late. He had a wide-eyed look but was saddened as he forced himself to write up the charges on the rest of the group who were beginning to feel the pain that this "natural" star has borne so many unlimited times.

Suddenly, the other 15 people were ushered into a separate room and/or bull pen and were allowed no telephone calls whatever, I was saved by a minor factor. I had no true identification on me - only 743 publicity glossies in my handbag. They refused, for some strange reason, to believe that DIAMOND LIL was my real name. I was trying desperately to keep my real identity concealed for an extremely important reason. I could never let my public know that my name in all reality was Nova Pilbeam. Such a name would never sell, and, if revealed would cause untold damage to my ultra notorious career. A stroke of luck turned my way. They allowed me one phone call to obtain

my 4-F 'drift' card, which was located in my luxurious motel suite at 311 Indian Street - one of the finer red light districts of the old historical city. My traveling companion immediately brought down my documents case filled with all my credentials and commitment papers from the riverboat days and other paraphernalia of false arrests and incriminations that this flamboyant star had had to bear. My crony instantly called a local bondsman, that "just by chance" happened to know me quite well.

Before the bondsman came, however, the pigs threw the ladies of the evening in a trough in the Men's Division; and we had to bear all sorts of horrible proposals and all kinds of sexual aberrations. (I think it was worth it.) One trustee thrust his key into my cage, and it wasn't the metallic one I know that you out there are thinking about. It was rather fat and pulpy. I wanted my door unlocked, but he was using the wrong tool. I gave a yelp for help, and he ran through the halls hiding his balls. Somehow, I calmed down and began singing a few stanzas of "Don't Fence Me In" when a big ole juicy pig appeared before my bars. I sultrily wailed, "Sew-ooo-wee, can you set me free?" Believe it or not, my \$150 bond had been joyfully paid by my cohort. I sashayed triumphantly from my prison with a stroll only Marilyn could have duplicated.

The reely big trial was set for Monday morning at 9 o'clock, which gave me just time enough to have a new platinum coif for the courtroom spectacular. Well, thank God for Ollie, the Owl, or vampire, or whomever she mi-

ght have been. She had the smarts to get the group a young budding lawyer to defend all clients on a nominal basis.

The courtroom was very reminiscent of my schoolhood, although I can't say that I have learned many lessons. The fine police strutted around in all their regalia and chauvinistic, haughty attitudes, as I am sure you must know what I mean. The judge was the stereotyped nonchalant actor that many of them are, depending strongly on which side of the bed they got up that morning. The pigs ranted and raved on how much of a commotion the rampart party was supposed to have been, although there were no witnesses to testify on this behalf. The lawyer retaliated with the individual's right to have a party - masquerade, sex, or otherwise. The police screamed how drunk everyone was and brought out the Polaroid pictures made of the drags only, to convince the judge. This was a bad move on the piggy's part, for the pictures revealed only how sober the three actually were. The lawyer pointed out this fact. In view of my radiant beauty, (as shown in the picture) which bedazzled the judge, he set all three drags free. In an effort not to make the police department look bad, he had to make some sort of decision to cover up the farce of the whole arrest. He dropped the drunk charge from the other 15 person, leaving them with disorderly conduct and cordially charged a reverent sum of \$15 each, which allowed several promiscuous, er, prominent school teachers, etc., a nice record to accompany them for life.

In an effort for me to get the

illegally-taken photos returned to me, I was informed by the judge that I would have to meet with the Chief of Police, since they were considered police property at this time. I was informed, of course, that he conveniently could not see me until 30, er, 3 days later. This forced me to "hang over" even longer to obtain the glammers.

Came time for me to ooze on down to police head quarters - this time in an attire to look "butch" (Editor, better dot that 'u') to obtain pictures. Girls, I was a "star" when I hit the front door! Random fingers pointed at me from assorted offices. Secretaries in Joan Crawford suits, rimmed glasses and buns (non-savory, of course) glared from behind turn-of-the-century typers. I glanced behind and noticed an array of heads peering my way

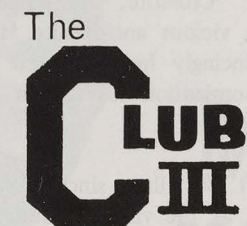
in chorus-line form. They wanted a show. I gave it.

They clamoured and adored and were jealous. I rapped with a cordial secretary, who informed me that the whole police department had seen my beauty, had made comments, and appreciated me. I knew they were sincere. The Chief of Police gave me my pictures reluctantly and told me cheerfully to keep my damned ass out of Sav-a-nah - glamour and all. And to think, this was the Hostess City of the South, my home town - so much and all. Maybe he was just jealous because of my stardom and my stealing the shew. Who can be clear?

Well, it's all in a hard night's work, honey. Or better still, it seems as if it's been an awfully "long day's journey into night!"

DIAMOND LIL.

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Gone... BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Robert Ryan, an actor who often played the villain in his more than 90 movies, died on Wednesday, July 11, 1973 of cancer. He was 63.

Ryan entered a New York hospital about a week before his death for treatment of lymph cancer, a recurring ailment which had been arrested by cobalt treatment in 1970.

His wife, writer Jessica Cadwalader whom he met in dramatic school and married in 1939, also died of cancer, in May 1972.

Ryan, the son of a Chicago building contractor, boxed in college and became a Marine in World War 11. Although a movie personality for 34 years, he worked as a sandhog, seaman, salesman and miner before turning to acting.

"I never even thought of acting until I was 28," he once said. "The first minute I got on the stage I thought, 'Bing! This is it,' he said.

Ryan made his first attempt at acting in 1938 in Hollywood but was rejected in a screen test at Paramount as "not the type for pictures."

After marrying, he went East and worked in summer stock theater, often living off his wife's earnings as a fashion model.

In 1941, Ryan made his Broadway debut in Clifford Odets' "Clash By Night" in which he worked with Tallulah Bankhead and Lee J. Cobb.

His first big movie break came in



1947 in "Crossfire," in which he played a vicious anti-Semite Marine so convincingly he drew hate mail and a nomination for a film academy Oscar.

In about 80 films since then he was cast as the villain, although he could act a variety of roles.

He played the title role in Shakespeare's "Coriolanus" in 1954, was Anthony to Katharine Hepburn's Cleopatra in 1960, and starred as Othello at Nottingham, England, in 1967.

Among his movies, Ryan was proudest of "The Setup," about a broken-down prize fighter, and called the film the best boxing movie ever made. He boxed as a student at Dartmouth College and was heavyweight boxing champ before graduating in 1932.

Other credits include "Flying Leathernecks," "Bad Day at Black Rock,"

"The Iron Major," "Tender Comrade," "Behind the Rising Sun," and "Billy Budd."

Always interested in politics, Ryan was known for his support of liberal causes. He joined the late Adlai E. Stevenson's presidential campaign and was on the board of the American Civil Liberties Union.

Ryan was also active in civic affairs. He and his wife founded the Oakwood School in Los Angeles in 1958 when their son Timothy was of school age.

"The public schools were overcrowded and the private schools were full of rich kids and-or disturbed kids. So we started one of our own," Ryan had said, "Now, the school is considered the top elementary school in Southern California."

He also helped launch a center for foreign students at the University of California at Los Angeles and started the Hollywood chapter of SANE a group that sought to ban nuclear weapons testing.



JOE E. BROWN, 81, the movie comedian who earned his laughs with his big mouth-usually just by opening it, died in Los Angeles, last July 6. In "Elmer the Great," and most of his other pictures, Brown played the part of a good-hearted rube. His trademark was the elastic cyasm with which he produced siren-like wails, Brobdingnagian yawns and mile-wide grins.

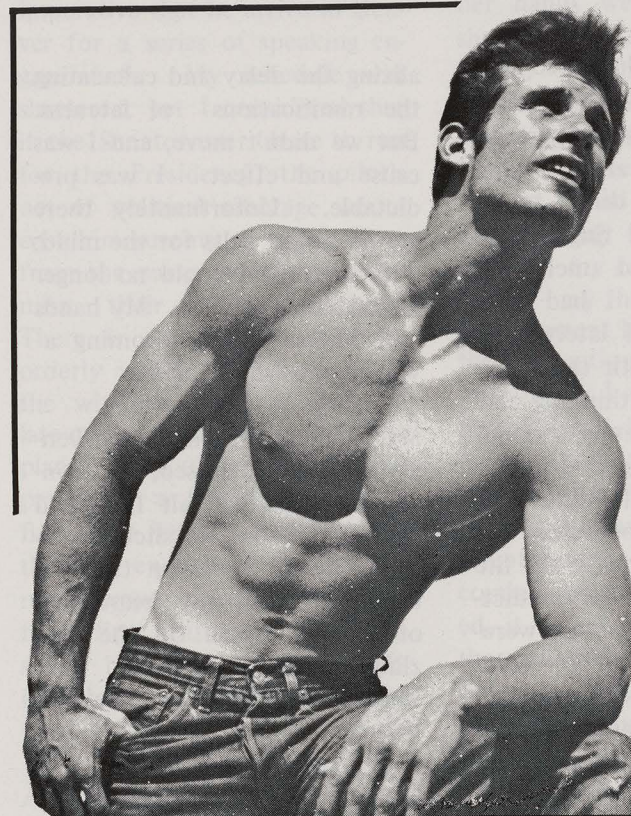


VERONICA LAKE, 53, Hollywood meteor of the 1940's, the blonde with the "peekaboo" hair that took a seductive dip over her right eye died of hepatitis, in Burlington, Vermont last July 7. From overnight stardom in "I Wanted Wings" in 1941, she went on to become Alan Ladd's leading lady in "This Gun For Hire," "The Glass Key" and "The Blue Dahlia." Washed up in the early fifties, she drifted out of the lime-light and into jobs as a barmaid and a factory worker between bouts with the bottle.



BETTY GRABLE, 56, pinup queen of World War 11 and star of "Million Dollar Legs" and other musicals died of lung cancer, in Santa Monica, California last July 2. Betty was the first to admit her Limitations as a singer, dancer and actress. "There are two reasons why I'm in show business," she said, "and

I'm standing on both of them" Petite and curvy, she hoofed her way to fame and \$300,000 a year on Hollywood's best-looking legs. After a brief marriage to Jackie Coogan, she was Mrs. Harry James from 1943 until their divorce in 1965.



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THE PLEDGE

BY GANYMEDE

In synchronization with the humming 727 jet, my fingers buckled my safety belt. Having been advised of immediate departure, my hands and fingers, like the fingers and hands of some tumultuous deaf-mute convention, clicked, tightened, and snapped myself into place, into time. My fingers, with sparks of cerebrospinal efficiency, reasoned that the jet would soon taxie, then lift and hover over the Wasatch Valley, and finally leave Salt Lake City. I had been thinking and living a great deal lately through my hands and fingers. I respected the way they thought and analyzed, always objectively and logically; I respected their concern for safety devices; safety belts, safety matches, safety nets, umbrellas, life preservers, and life

guards. The jet hummed and strained and we had been advised of immediate departure; but, time passed, and we didn't move....But we didn't move, and my hands and fingers nervously checked and unchecked the safety belts. I had been living a great deal lately with the predictable, with cause and effect; I had been thinking and living a great deal lately through my hands and fingers—grasping and clutching what could next be in sight, what could next my fingers be put upon. My life was safe; my life was predictable; my life and the jet weren't moving. Unable to comprehend our suspension, our status, my hands and fingers stopped thinking; and reluctantly my mind jetted into action ration-

alizing the delay and calculating the ramifications of lateness. But we didn't move, and I was cause and effect. I was predictable. Unfortunately there are no safety belts for the mind; unfortunately I could no longer afford non sequiturs. My hands and fingers idled, becoming a workshop for the devil.

My connecting flight out of Denver would be missed; my connecting flight to Salt Lake had been amiss—but predictably amiss. I had come on the pretense of skiing my heart out, of locking myself on the dazzling slopes of Solitude. But with all the probability and the necessity of snowshoes, I had come really to be reunited with someone whom I had fallen out

of love with, actually someone who had fallen out of love with me. But we didn't move. And after just one day on the slopes together, we shook hands and our fingers realized that there was nothing there to reunite. There are no safety belts for the mind and likewise there are no nylon safety belts for love affairs. It's better to think with your hands and fingers....a bird in hand is worth....So instead of coexistence and synchronization, I skied my heart out until there were blisters all over my hands.

The world soon became straight, predictable, when the pilot explained our lateness while the stews served Seven-Up. In an orderly universe, we were waiting for a connecting flight from Los Angeles. It seemed that a United States Senator was aboard the L.A. Plane, and it was imperative that he arrive in Denver for a series of speaking engagements. My schedule was shattered; yet I considered that if the Senator ever chose to run for the Presidency, the pilot's act of political sabotage would cost him seventy or eighty votes from the passengers who would miss their connecting flights. There is always justice in an orderly world. Suddenly, from the window, I saw a series of late arrivals being ushered to the plane like obedient children practicing a fire drill. Safety first. The Senator, however, was the one exception; he was the mischievous child who never took fire drills seriously. Instead, he made votes by shaking a sea of hands reaching for him.

A breathless woman, with a flop-

py hat clutched in her hands among other objects, was the first of the L.A. passengers to enter the coach section of the jet. Although she too was still thinking with her hands, manipulating hat, glasses, tickets, purse, and thoughts, a delicious Texan accent apologized for the delay. It was as if she assumed we had waited just for her. When you think with your hands you think of yourself. She prattled on aimlessly while attempting to get her hands together. She was glad we waited but she was sorry that we had to wait so long. She realized that life was just one vicious circle blowing like tumbleweed; and although she had never missed a connection in her entire Texan life, she could well sympathize with us who had waited for her, with us who were now destined to stand-bys. Finally her hands were together, and she was seated, and she was stilled. I had missed my connection predictably long before strapping myself into the jet. In the last five years, since coming out, I had left various parts of my body and spirit do my thinking—my heart, my sex, but usually my hands and fingers. Hands meant habit; hands meant the conventional for the unconventional. I wasn't happy but then I didn't know anyone who really was—not even the Texas woman with the floppy hat who chronically made her transcontinental connections. I was becoming accustomed and I wanted it that way. When you thought with your hands, you did not sit in the center of the degutted belly of a 727 composing a jeremiad. I was instead interested in cause and



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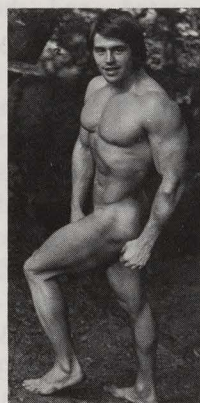
effect, order, possibility, and probability. Previously, I sought surrealistic experiences; I sought to be surprised. Previously, when thinking with my heart, my head, or my sex, I was never really bothered that my luggage never quite ended up exactly where I was. Now such events outraged me. I wanted custom; I wanted habit; I wanted order. At one time, I was more fascinated by coincidence and that which was remarkable from lack of apparent causal connection, but now I was wedded to caution and routine. As the cabin pressurized itself and my ears' eustachian tube made slight adjustments in balance, I reassured myself that one could not ski his heart out forever, one could not remain on stand-by forever.

The Senator was first class, so I wasn't interested in the other late arrivals filtering down the narrow second class aisle. I wanted instead to selfishly keep the vacant seat next to me unoccupied. Hands off! But necessity is blind, and man's encounter with it robs him of his eyes. Driven by some internal radar and need, however, I looked up and locked into the eyes of a young man about my own age who was just entering the cabin. Blinded! He approached, and it was hard for me to concentrate on the urban renewal of removing myself and maintaining myself from stand-by status. Folding my hands, I crossed my heart: no risks, no tricks, no surprises while coincidence was at hand. He stopped. He smiled. Blinded! He asked if the seat next to me was taken. Trying to be casual, uninterested, and controlled, I

said, simply, no. There are no safety belts for the mind and the heart, and likewise there are no safety belts for sex. He threw some gear on the racks above our heads, only to be reprimanded by the stew who followed him. Coats and jackets above, heavy objects and carry-on luggage under the seat. No exceptions.

"I only travel with carry-on luggage. At least you know your flight bag is going to end up with you in Chicago and not without you in Ethiopia," he said while struggling to slide the baggage under the seat.

From his smile and from his familiarity, I assumed that the young man strapping himself next to me was a brother, a fellow traveller whose eustachian tube also made slight adjust-



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ments. Tumbleweed. I was interested in him but I wasn't interested in him—all the fault of having to think with one's head instead of one's steadfast hands and fingers. The mind manipulates contradictions and paradoxes with acrobatic ease; the mind savors a chapter of accidents. I had left the slopes of Solitude without a broken leg or a broken arm, but I needed time to recover, to plan, to outline. Blinded! But what could such jet lag encounters really develop into? All very predictable. A secret handshake, and exchange of names and telephone numbers on tiny scraps of paper that are left in coat pockets and sent to cleaners never to be heard from again.

The jet lifted and Mack and I exchanged, instead, polite conversation. He was concerned about making a connection out of Denver for Chicago, and I was concerned about making a connection out of Denver for St. Louis. I volunteered that I used to live in Salt Lake, that I had been visiting hand-me-down friends, and that I did some skiing. Mack volunteered nothing personal. Yet we did converse, and our conversation was natural, friendly, entertaining, and blindly inviting. Suddenly, we both realized we were only minutes from Denver's Stapleton Airport. We were already a half hour late and we'd probably be stacked over Denver for another twenty minutes.

Mack's knee occasionally touched mine during the descent. An explanation? I preferred the cause and the effect of air turbulence, but I appreciated the longing for planned accidents.

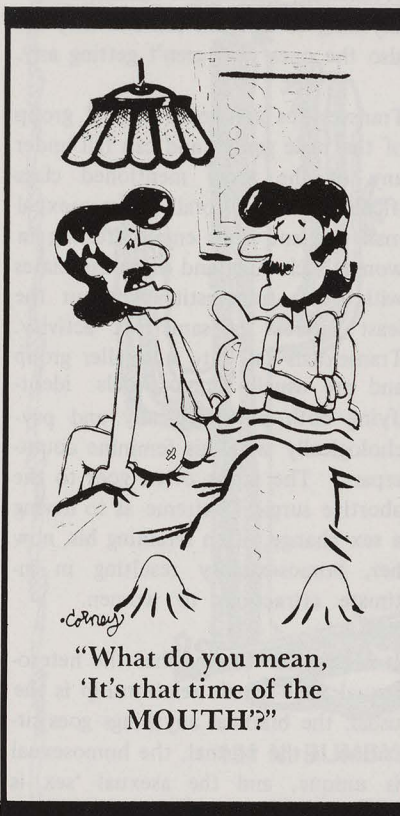
Mack wasn't used to flying; and the bumping and thumping of the air pockets unnerved him and was probably responsible for his endless flow of conversation. I began to calculate and to conclude while watching him seize the knobs of the seat arms and while noting the strain on his face, that he was gay but that he hadn't come out yet. My life was to predictable. Mack needed to be taken by the hand. He appealed to me, but I dismissed the conspiracy being arranged by my heart, my sex, and my head. Mack was crying for cultivation, but after all I was going to St. Louis and he to Chicago. I declined to live from hand to mouth; instead I tightened my safety belt and enjoyed the roller coaster ride into Denver.

The Senator was the first to depart from the jet and I envied him. The Texas woman with the floppy hat was the second and I envied her. Mack and I shook hands, and I then departed through a maze of moving escalators to see what could be salvaged from my carbon copied tickets. He had given me an indication that he would have liked to have lingered, but I tucked my hands into my pockets and compelled my mind to sort through timetables and time zones. I, already caught up in the vicious circle of life, had missed my flight; and I had to make sense out of being placed on stand-by. And I think that is why I did not encourage Mack.

After being out for five years, after skiing my heart out, I was frightened of being placed on stand-by permanently. For that

fear, I craved cause and effect, I craved order. How long can you keep flying without a safety belt?

Approaching the airline's desk, I noted that my flight had departed on schedule which caused both pleasure and pain—pleasure because it affirmed my hope for the regular, pain because I was no longer a part of that order of the regular. I had learned from the near misses in my life that it does no good to sheepishly apologize when handing your tickets, or your life, to the clipped winged figures of authority who always await you when you have missed. With the expertise of a former professional misser, I had the stew place my name at the top of the waiting list—above the names of the waiting soldiers and students. I, after all, had paid full fair, and fair



was fair. I next succeeded in getting her to give me a meal ticket for the airport restaurant since I was scheduled for a three hour holdover and holdup.

I then headed for the tiny arcade of shops housed in Stapleton. I controlled my eyes so they would not deliberately cruise. I had already been blinded once that afternoon. Surprisingly, but not really surprisingly, I found myself being greeted by Mack who too missed his connection and who had a four hour delay.

My head, heart, and sex greeted him; my hands withheld welcome. As we made our way to the bar, Mack was crying to be brought out, but with my current stand-by status I didn't want the responsibility of handing over his liberation. There was an undercurrent of mystery about him, but I was no longer a detective.

The bar was dimly lit and intimate. Mack suggested that we isolate ourselves by occupying a small corner table. Two drinks relaxed me enough to want to reveal to Mack that I was gay; nevertheless I restrained myself. Instead I asked him why he went to L.A. for a vacation. I could think of more desirable places. His answers were evasive, and I presumed his sojourn was predictable.

I ordered another drink and was immediately beset by a swirl of thought. I was losing control and I didn't know which part of me was doing the thinking.

continued next month!

MAN AND HIS SEX

By BURKE WILLIAMS of Quiet Village Inn

An intriguing and fascinating subject and a good title for a thirty volume encyclopedia, however, following our format in UpFront to entertain, as well as to inform, our reference above is to man and homosexuality. Men are basically bisexual in nature, a statement repeated here, but brought back to attention by Sigmund Freud. The admitted and practicing homosexual can be traced from ancient times through yesterday. A puritanical society might have stifled the careers of such great men as Virgil, Plato, or even Julius Caesar. Shakespeare might have bombed, today we might not be enjoying the arts and inventions of Michelangelo or Da Vinci, the music of the great Tchaikovsky or Beethoven, nor the works of Oscar Wilde, Whitman, or Maugham.

Man's sexuality, a, homo, bi, or hetero, can be inherited, envired, cultivated, taught, learned, or as in most cases, a result of his own experiences. It also can be castrated by an ignorant society. A heterosexual's bedroom manners are shielded safely under the umbrella of our society. The bisexual usually has a safe retreat, the asexual doesn't need one. It's the gay American Man who

is left out in the cold at the mercy of his three brothers mentioned above. However, after prudently narrowing man's sexual preference down into four categories, we find the asexual or sexless person appears to have the most serious problem. These are usually the pillars of society, the critics of the late in coming sexual revolution, against sex education, anti anything to do with sex and they are also the ones who aren't getting any.

Transvestites are not a special group of the male gender and can fall under any of the afore mentioned classifications. The totally heterosexual man can and does enjoy dressing in woman's clothing and often associates with other transvestites without the least interest in same sex activity. Transexuals fall into a smaller group and are usually homosexuals identifying both physiologically and psychologically with his feminine counterpart. The latter often goes to the abortive surgical extreme as to having a sex change, often retaining his, now her, homosexuality resulting in intimate attractions to women.

It seems fair to say that the heterosexual male-female relationship is the usual, the bisexual anything goes situation is the normal, the homosexual is unique, and the asexual 'sex is not for me' is the closet contestant

for any of the above.

it follows that the sexual male deviate, being that the male human animal with healthy mind and body is the normal, consists of the heterosexual and the homosexual with the asexual falling into a less than retarded group of his own. Therefore, it is not surprising to realize the preoccupation of the 'usual' man with the activities of the gay community.

Man and his sex only become familiar with each other and appreciate his sexual appetite and satisfaction within the realm of his own sexual experience. The so-called sex drive cannot exist without these experiences whether they be real or fantasy. The competitive spirit and compassion between men is not only inborn and inherent, but a vital and challenging attribute in the human male figure. There is no culture that could erase these natural and quite necessary traits. Man will search out man not really knowing why and not really caring why, but mostly feeling that need for competition and compassion.

If an older man shows enthusiasm toward sex, he is considered a dirty old man--a young man is virile. Should a mature woman seduce a youth, he

is fortunate. Reverse the situation and it's called statutory rape. Should one man cohabit with another man, he is not only queer, a faggot, a ferry, but a threat to society. Theoretically, the mature woman has a better chance of making the kid gay than had he had an innocent sexual encounter with a fellow his own age.

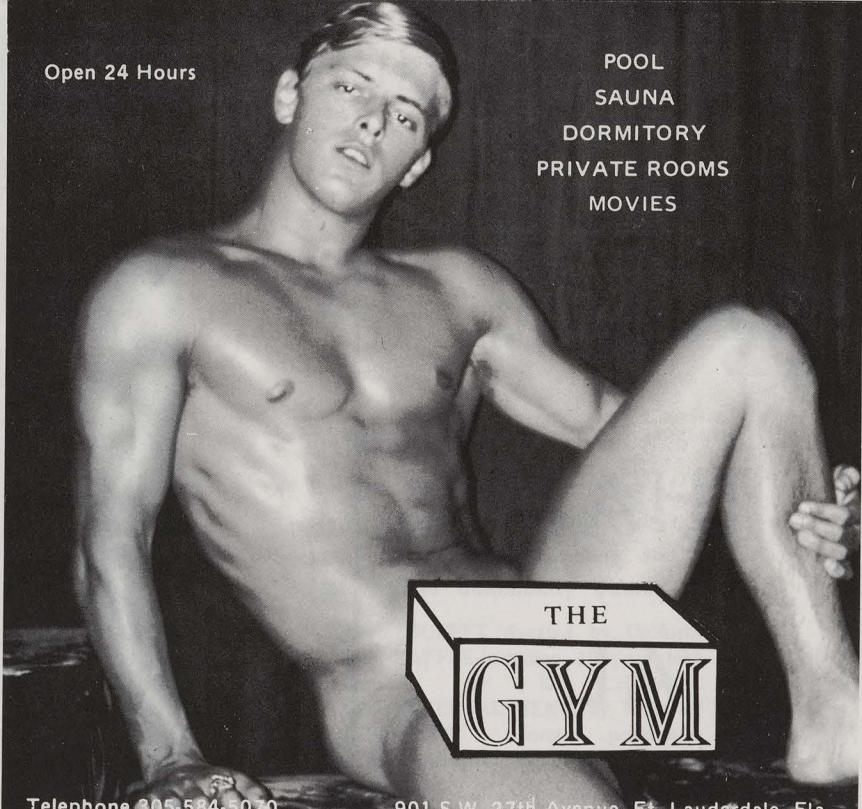
The male population is in need of each other and finds this need satisfied through business relationships, sports, saloons, and in simple every day to day encounters. He compares himself, improves and competes, is challenged, defied, and grows with men. There certainly exists a more reasonably balanced and a close sensible relationship between men than that has ever appeared between women. Man is generally proud of his sex, exploits it, enjoys it, wants, searches for, and needs it. He is hardly known to save it, protect it, or ration it.

The greatest business empires in the world have been built by men working together.. the sorriest wars in history have been won and lost by men fighting and dying together... the best entertainment we have in the sports arenas is men playing together...and ironically all these men live, fight, die and even play together, but are afraid to love each other. Perhaps a profound statement and I'm sure not even a true statement, but acceptable considering men are not allowed to love other men...Thank God that so many do.

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Sometime during the prohibition era, Al Capone decided to extend his empire to the North side of Chicago. A candy store located on Diversey Parkway was a fine cover for Al's business. He added two rooms onto the candy store, imported marble from Italy for the walls and floors of his annex, built a kitchen and dining room and finally brought in his gin and gambling machines. Unfortunately Al never opened the back rooms for business. It seems he moved into someone else's territory and the famed mr. Capone was "persuaded" to leave the North side and his costly candy store.

The building was sold several years later and re-opened as an Italian restaurant tho the one large room on the upper floor retained its underworld image as a bookie joint. Hundreds of telephones were in use until the police closed both the betting parlour and the restaurant.

Since the days of Al Capone, the building on Diversey Parkway has been an Italian restaurant, an Irish pub, a Latin restaurant another Italian restaurant. Of course we only know about what happened on the main floor. the second floor might have been a brothel or a strip joint or perhaps political headquarters. The mystery of the second floor adds to the fun of the place.

In late 1972, negotiations to buy the building began by a group of local businessmen. Months later the workmen started the task of restoring and redecorating Al's now famous candy store. The marble was cleaned, the kitchen updated, a bar installed, a stage built and a fantastic painting discovered on the ceiling of the main room.

Al's house has just re-opened as The House of Landers. Roby Landers and a group of professional female impersonators perform on the upper floor of 936 W. Diversey Parkway seven nites a week. The main floor still has a dining room which serves good food at moderate prices. The marble walls now encase a dance room.

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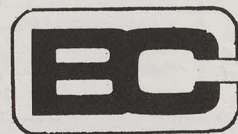
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