

UpFront

February 1973

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GAY
Magazine





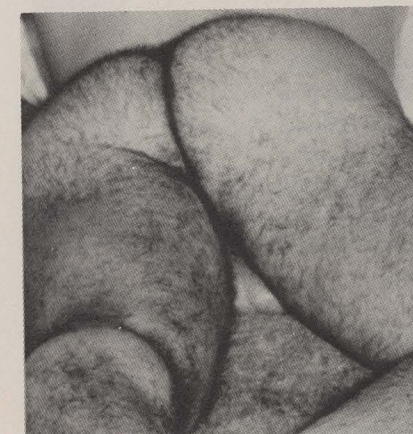
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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

At long last it looks as though the end of our involvement in Viet Nam may be near. It's a pity and shame that so many young lives have been lost and so much money wasted without our country having anything to show for it. We certainly don't have a victory to record in our history books.....we don't even have a "I'm Sorry" to record. I'm sure there are many mothers across our nation wondering WHY their Johnny died.

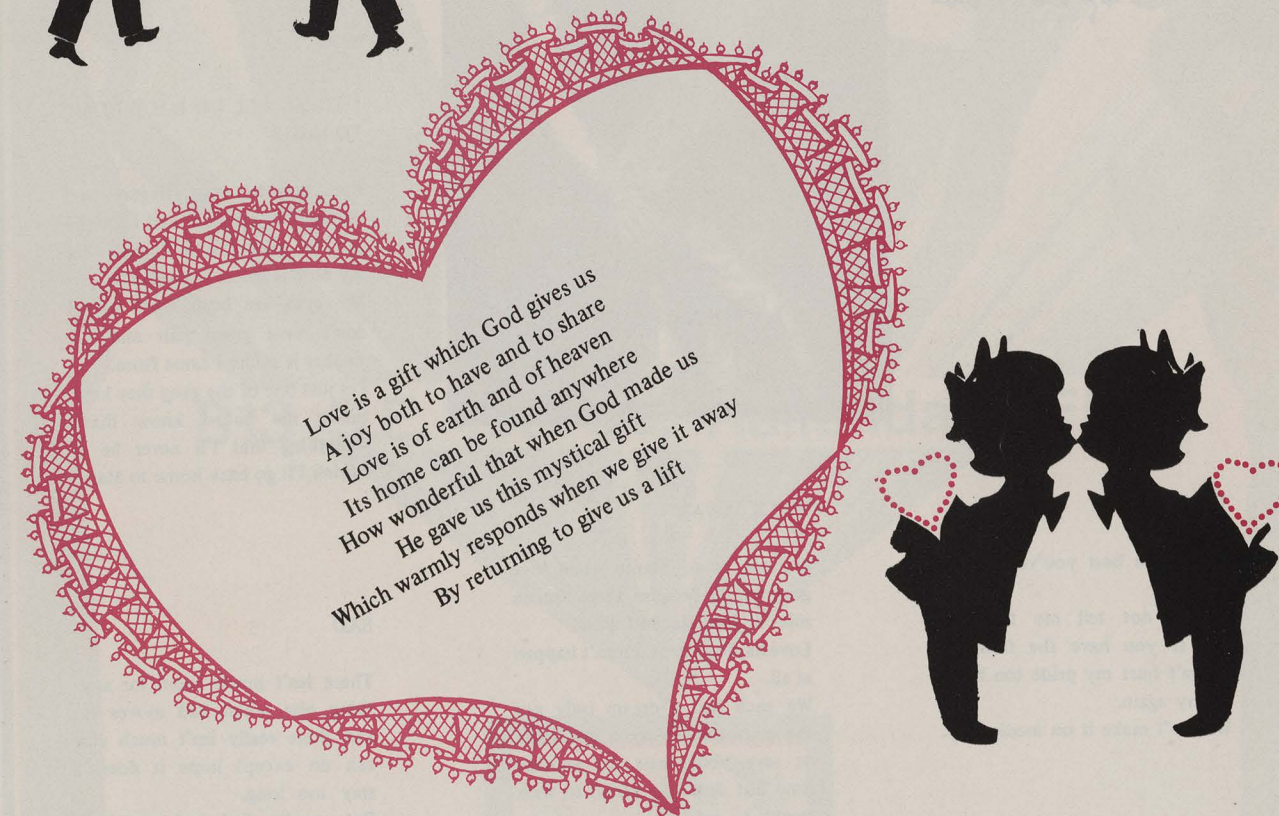
Our sons, lovers, and brothers were shipped by the thousands to a foreign country to fight, not really knowing why, but with the thought in mind that they were "defending their country." It's exciting to a young man to travel and at 17 we're much easier to influence than at an older age. It's so sad to see a forty year old Army recruiter filling the head of a young man with a Bette Davis line of how great an honor it is to go to Viet Nam and fight! It's equally sad to see this young guy pulled out of the warmth of his home and sent to a foreign land to wade in rice paddies and mud marshes until one day his body is torn apart by either a mine or a speeding bullet.

God only knows what lies ahead of us. I feel sure that in just a short while our tax dollars will be loaned to the ENEMY, so they can pay for the weapons that just cost our country lives, money and dignity. America's backbone has been drastically bent during the charade of "Peace Talks." I'm sure Kissinger has a rash from his tail being tucked between his legs.

America suffered a great loss December 26, 1972 when Harry S. Truman passed away. He would have given our enemy a choice several years ago. Stop fighting and live at peace with one another or else! President Truman was a human being, a down to earth person. He used common sense, which is unheard of today.

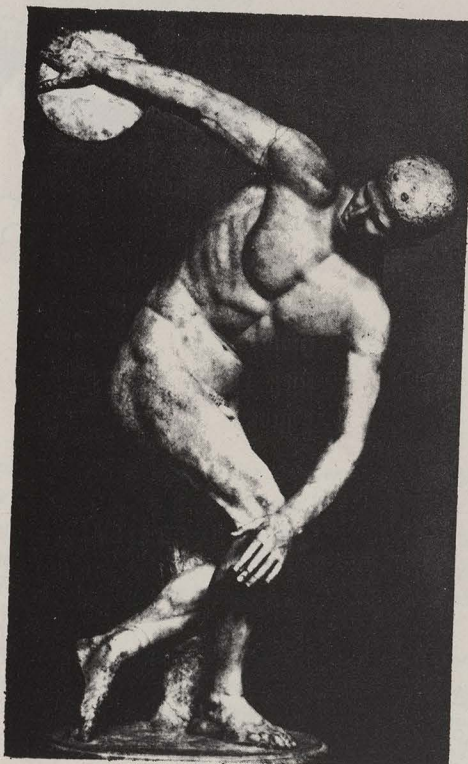
It seems to me that there are so damn many things wrong in our country today. Probably one reason for this is that it's hard to concentrate on running our country effciently when you're faced with the problem of outsmarting the guards at Watergate. Unfortunately we are stuck with politicians that don't care if they leave office remembered as one of the greats.....they're more interested in leaving rich.

Rabbi Lewellyn
EDITOR



FROM YOUR
UpFront
STAFF

Rick Thinks



TELL ME

If I'm the best you've ever had tell me.
If I'm not tell me that too, and if you have the time and haven't hurt my pride too badly, I'll try again.
We can't make it on mediocrity.

IT ISN'T THERE ANYMORE

Whatever happened to quiet walks and late night talks and troubles shared promised that day by the sea?
Must promises be spoken in so many words to be promises?
Did I see it in your eyes or was it just some cruel beach mirage playing tricks on my mind?
It was there then; it isn't there anymore.

WALK AWAY

No one is to blame when love goes wrong because there are no rules or formulas to follow.
Love happens or it doesn't happen at all.
We each had a dream only not the same one so cry if you must or save your tears for another time but don't be afraid to walk away.

FROM A LETTER NEVER SENT

You can't save love like shiny nickels, waiting for dollar-day bargains.
You must invest a little every day anyway you can and if you do I'll see that it's returned with interest.

THE DIFFERENCE

I went through it all everything the way I wanted it to be then because I am a fair man I went through it all the way it was is and the difference bothered me until I realized I am alone and there is no need to be fair.

I THINK I'LL GO BACK HOME TO MARS

I've counted my fingers and checked all my toes and I looked in the mirror and found that my nose is where it should be.
My eyes are both there and I don't have green hair and my mother is where I came from.
I'm just one of the gang they keep telling me but I know that's something that I'll never be so I think I'll go back home to Mars.

SAD

There isn't much room for anything else when Sad moves in; and there really isn't much you can do except hope it doesn't stay too long.
But maybe Sad isn't so bad; Sad is warm; warm is living.
Living sad.
Living.

RISKS

Tired, bleeding, more than a little wary I've come into your world, not quite by chance, to try again and maybe die again.
I know the risks I take but I have to try to make something right.

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Menu

CHIANTI WINE

ONION SOUP
EDEN SALAD

VEAL with
LEMON & BRANDY

FETTUCINI
CHERRIES JUBILEE

GAY DAISY

Dining at home with your lover is perhaps one of the most pleasurable ways to spend an evening.

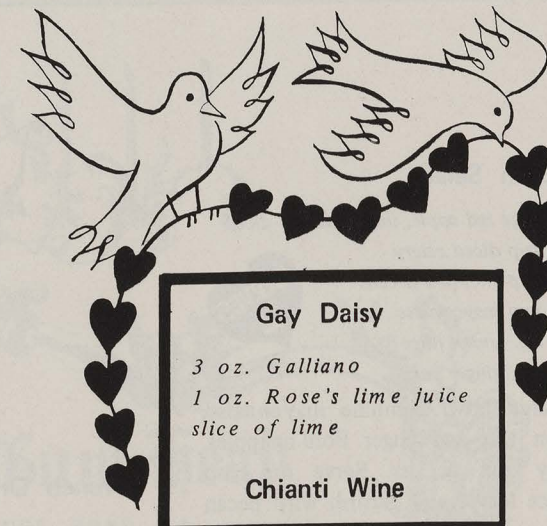
First creat a warm atmosphere by dimming the lights and lighting one small candle on your table. Then begin this meal with chilled Chianti Wine. After you have taken the first sip, and while your lips are still moist, gently kiss your lovers lips. The combination of cool wine and warm lips will certainly put you both in a loveable mood.

During the meal, do not discuss any subject that may disturb either of you. Talk about the future, your dreams and the far away places that you both want to see together.

After dessert, prepare two Gay Daisies. Do not drink these at the table; go into your living room. Have your lover lay on the sofa and you sit on the floor beside him. Drink your Gay Daisy very slowly. Kiss your lovers lips after each sip. The Galliano and lime in your drink will work wonders.

Alcohol liberates existing desires that are normally held in checkusually prolonging the erection, and deferring climax at .10 to .15 blood alcohol level.

Shortly you'll be in bed; it's your show then, this is all the help we can give.



Gay Daisy

3 oz. Galliano
1 oz. Rose's lime juice
slice of lime

Chianti Wine



Onion Soup

2 medium yellow onions
1 Tb. butter
1 Tb. flour
2 cups beef broth
2 slices finely textured bread
2 Tb. grated Parmesan cheese
4 Tb. grated Swiss cheese

Peel the onions and slice thinly. Melt the butter in the skillet and saute onions until soft and lightly browned. Stir in the flour. Add onions to a sauce pan containing simmering beef broth. Cook uncovered over low heat for 20 minutes. Check the seasoning.

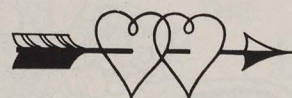
Cut a round from each slice of bread using a glass as a pattern. Toast the bread. Divide the soup between the ovenproof bowls. Top each bowl with grated cheeses and brown under the broiler for 2 minutes.

Eden Salad

1 large red apple, unpeeled and diced
 ¼ cup diced celery
 ¼ cup chopped pecans
 ¼ cup mayonnaise
 1 tsp. lemon juice
 ¼ tsp. ginger

SERVES 2

In large bowl combine mayonnaise, lemon juice and ginger. Fold in apples, celery and pecans. Serve on crisp lettuce leaves and garnish with pecan halves.



Veal with Lemon and Brandy

Preheat oven to 300

¾ to 1 lb. of veal escallops, cut from the top of the leg and flattened by the butcher.
 2 Tb. butter
 ½ cup flour for dredging
 1 Tb. lemon juice
 2 Tb. brandy
 1 Tb. chopped parsley

SERVES 2

Dry the veal on paper towels. In a large 10" skillet heat the butter until it is very hot but not brown. Dip the veal into flour and pat off excess flour between your hands. Put the veal into the skillet and brown for 3 minutes on each side. Remove the veal and place in an oven proof dish in the oven. Add lemon juice and brandy to butter in the skillet. Simmer for 2 minutes and pour the sauce over the veal.

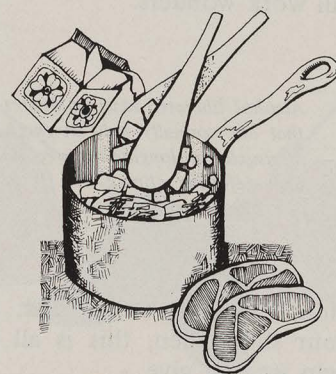
Garnish the veal with parsley and lemon slices.



French Dressing

Pinch of salt
 Freshly grated black pepper
 2 shallots of scallions, finely chopped.
 1 Tp. parsley, finely chopped
 1 Tb. vinegar
 3 Tb. light olive oil

Place the salt, pepper, shallots and parsley in a small bowl. Stir in the vinegar and add the olive oil. Taste the dressing — neither the oil nor vinegar should be dominant. Toss the lettuce leaves in the salad dressing. Serve immediately.



Fettucini

½ lb. wide egg noodles
 1 Tb. vegetable oil
 1 Tb. sweet butter (unsalted)
 ½ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese
 Freshly grated black pepper
 ½ cup whipping cream, heated to simmering point
 Another ¼ cup freshly grated Parmesan cheese

SERVES 2

Bring approximately 8 cups of salted water to the boil. Add oil to prevent noodles from sticking together. Drop the noodles into rapidly boiling water and boil for 8 minutes. Taste one to be sure that it is tender. Drain the noodles through a colander — do not rinse them. Return noodles to the sauce pan and place over gentle heat. Toss the butter, cheese and pepper into the noodles lifting the noodles and turning them over and over until they are well coated with the cheese. Add the simmering cream and fold into the cheese noodles. Sprinkle with more cheese and serve immediately with veal.

Cherries Jubilee

1 lb. jar sweet, black pitted cherries
 Rind and juice of one orange
 1 Tb. Grand Marnier or cherry liqueur
 1 tsp. arrowroot or cornstarch
 1 oz. brandy
 ½ pint vanilla ice cream

Drain the cherries and place in a small heavy saucepan over a medium heat. Add the grated rind and strained juice of the orange and the Grand Marnier or cherry liqueur. Heat until bubbling. Dissolve the arrowroot in ¼ cup of reserved cherry juice and add to the cherries, folding the cherries over and over as a thickening sauce forms around them. Heat the brandy in a small pot. Touch the brandy with a lighted match and pour the flames over the cherries at the table.

Place a scoop of ice cream in each dish and spoon the hot cherries over the ice cream.



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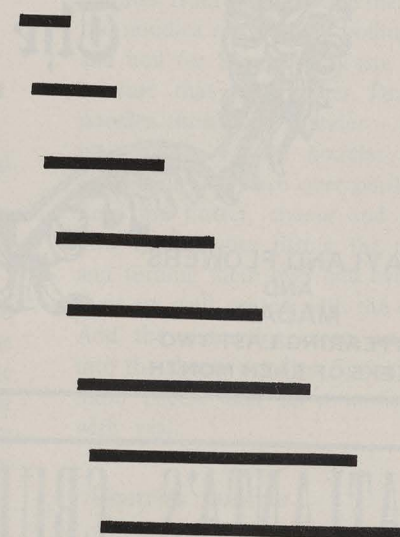
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WE LOVE YOU JUDY



By Robbie Llewellyn

Just a little more than ten years ago, Judy Garland made her last movie. It was titled, "I Could Go On Singing." She went on singing until the summer of '69 when she died.

Judy Garland is probably the most idolized star of the Gay world. Gay people loved her, and she in return loved them. Judy's closest friends were Gay. All of her life she was surrounded by money-hungry greedy producers and promoters that cared only for the money generated by Judy's many talents. At the early age of twelve, MGM had her working day and night on end. They gave her pep pills to keep her going and sleeping pills to knock her out.

She once told a friend of mine that she trusted only Gay people and her main concern when she either missed a concert or was late, was that she might offend her Gay friends and they in return would befriend her.

For forty-seven years Judy searched for happiness. She was born in a trunk on June 6, 1922. Her mother named her Francis Ethel Gumm. At the age of three she was working in a Vaudeville show with her parents and two sisters. Her first song on stage was "Jingle Bells." Judy's mother, Virginia Gumm, pushed her into the limelight. Judy never forgave her mother for robbing her of a normal childhood. After school when

most children were playing, Judy was working. Work, school and rehearsals all through her childhood. Judy once referred to her mother as the "Wicked Witch of the West."

Her two best friends as a child was Donald O'Connor and Mickey Rooney.

From 1936 to 1962, Judy made a total of thirty-six movies. The most popular of course was "The Wizard of Oz" and secondly "A Star is Born." At the age of twelve she quit the live stage and did not return until seventeen years later when she performed on stage at the London Palladium. She was such a success in Great Britain that she toured that country for five weeks.

When she sang her last song at her last performance, the audience stood and joined hands to sing "Auld Lang Syne" while Judy cried in her roses.

In 1941, when her career was sky-rocking, Judy married David Rose. She never really loved him, she only married to escape the studio and travel with his band. After a short period she divorced him. In 1945 she married Vincente Minnelli. One year later, Liza was born.

In 1947 Judy began to falter because of ill health, she worked in 1948, but less than one year later, she started down hill again. Alcohol and pills were taking their toll. Judy was late for rehearsals, and she was displaying a temper. MGM suspended her for one year. Although Judy had made fabulous

sums of money during the past decade, she found herself suspended from her studio and broke. She was desperately in need of rest and solitude. Louis Mayer paid for her stay at an expensive hospital in Boston.

In 1950 Judy attempted suicide by slashing her wrists.

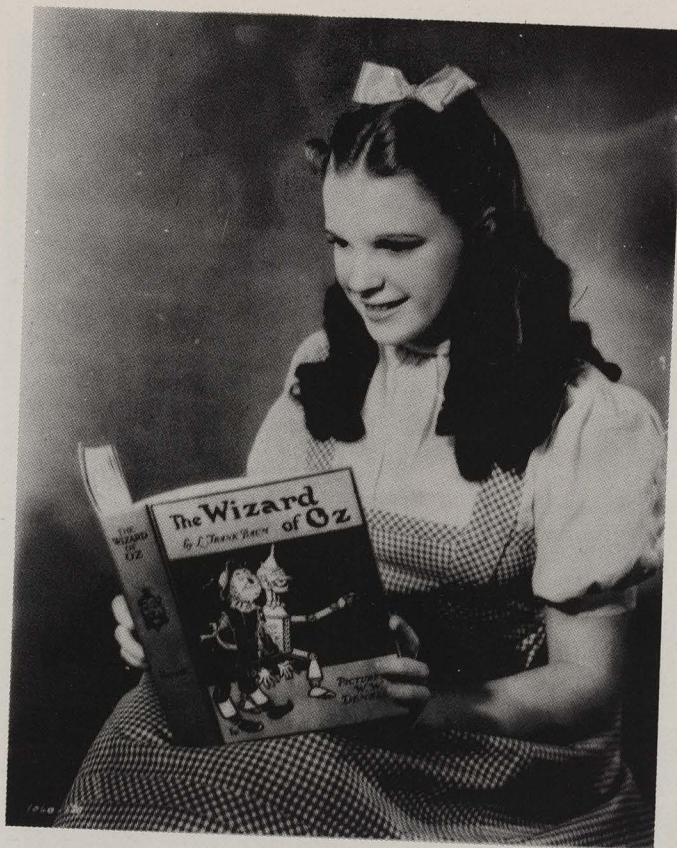
Judy divorced Minnelli in 1951, and shortly afterward married Sid Luft. 1952 brought the birth of her second daughter Lorna Luft, and in 1955 her only son, Joey Luft was born. Her career was soaring. The alcohol and pills were again flowing like water, and her long work days and short nights had resumed.

In 1959, Judy became ill with hepatitis. She was told by her doctor that

she would have to treat herself as a semi-invalid for the rest of her life. She spent nine months recuperating from this illness. When she felt better, she campaigned for President John Kennedy: he was one of her best friends.

There were times when Judy needed legal advice and would call President Kennedy at the White House. He was never too busy to hear from his favorite singer. When Judy would protest that she was taking up his valuable time, he would tell her, "You're just as important to me." We love your show and we've changed the dinner hour at the White House on Sunday so we can catch it. After they would straighten out her problem he would ask her to sing "Over the Rainbow," to "make my day a little easier."





Francis Ethel Gumm, lady with a heart, was a lonely lady. And her memory lingers on.

We have lost a magnificent person, but her memory is embedded in the mind of every Gay person. Thank God, she has given us Lisa.....a carbon copy of the fabulous Judy Garland. Judy we love you.....rest in peace.



In 1961, Judy performed what some have called her finest triumph at Carnegie Hall in New York, and Capitol recorded an album entitled, "Judy At Carnegie Hall" which was a tremendous smash. March 11, 1962, along with Frank Sinatra, CBS put on a show entitled "Miss Show Business," starring Judy Garland.

Judy divorced Luft in 1961, and married her advisor, Mark Herron in 1965. Six months later they separated, and finally divorced. In January 1969, Judy was married to Mickey Deans. She was 47, he was 35. Judy announced that at last "I'm a happily married lady." She had finally married for love. She was finally happy.

Less than six months later, her short lived happiness ended. Mickey found her dead in the bathroom of their apartment.....apparently alcohol and pills had taken their final toll.

MAMA By: LIZA

"It was tough being Judy Garland's daughter...Without getting all saccharin and gooey, may I say simply that I am very glad to be my mother's and father's child. For those who think I've had a tragic life...I don't remember it that way...I've had a swell time growing up...What people seem to forget, particularly in my mother's case, is that she was deeply loved by millions of her fans. These are folks who didn't even know her. So if strangers felt that way about her, how do you think I felt? Naturally...I've been hurt and bewildered and confused by my parents. But what kid wasn't.

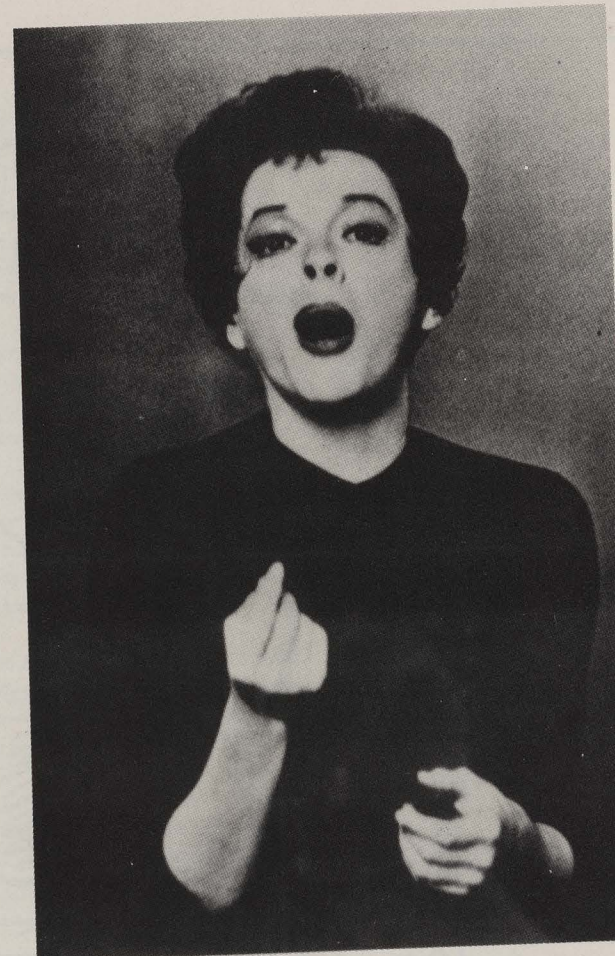
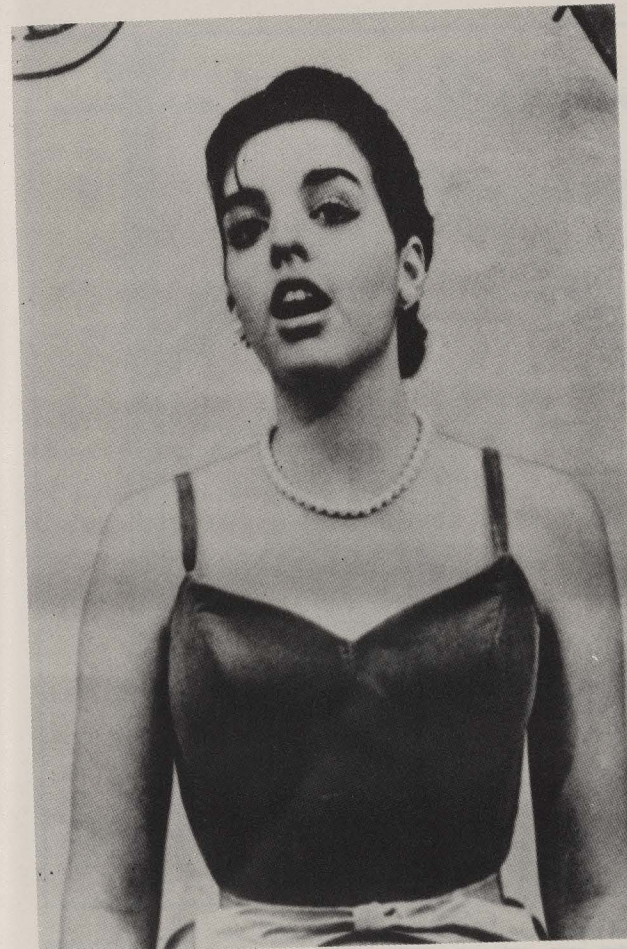
"...I was an enormously happy little girl...At our house in Hollywood Hills, Mama had a huge trunk full of her

costumes. She let me dress up in them any time I wanted. And I was always allowed to have dinner with my parents...Also, I was allowed to sleep with my parents alot. They'd put me in the middle and we'd all go to sleep.

"Sometimes Mama was sick and I'd hear about it. Sometimes, most of the time in fact, she wasn't sick and I'd hear she was...

"Mama began to see a great deal of... Sid Luft...Mama asked me if I would mind if she married Uncle Sid...I gave her my permission...In the next couple of years we all had fun. I now called Uncle Sid 'Pop.'

"One night she called me to come up to the stage. I rushed up there to that mammoth stage and danced my heart out while Mama sang Swanee.



LIZA

AND

JUDY

We tore the house down...Pop gave me \$5. for my performance.

"One day Mama decided to bake a cake. I was enchanted with the sight of her in the kitchen, bustling about like any other mother. So was our dog...Sam. Sam and I sat on the floor while Mama sang and baked. When the cake was done, she took it out of the oven—and dropped the whole thing on the floor. Mama and the dog and I all burst out crying. But then Mama pasted the cake together and all three of us ate it there on the floor, laughing and kissing each other.

"...I had made up my mind that now I had to make my stand about show business...I prepared myself for an awesome argument with Mama. To my amazement, there was no scream-

ing. She said, in a deadly calm voice, 'Okay, if that's what you really want to do, go ahead. You have my blessings. Just one thing. No more money from me ever again.'

"...Mama was so adored. In a way a Judy Garland concert was a revival meeting. My mother's fans were totally idolatrous. No matter what age they were, she held them in thrall. Anyone else on stage just cannot buck that orgy of emotion.

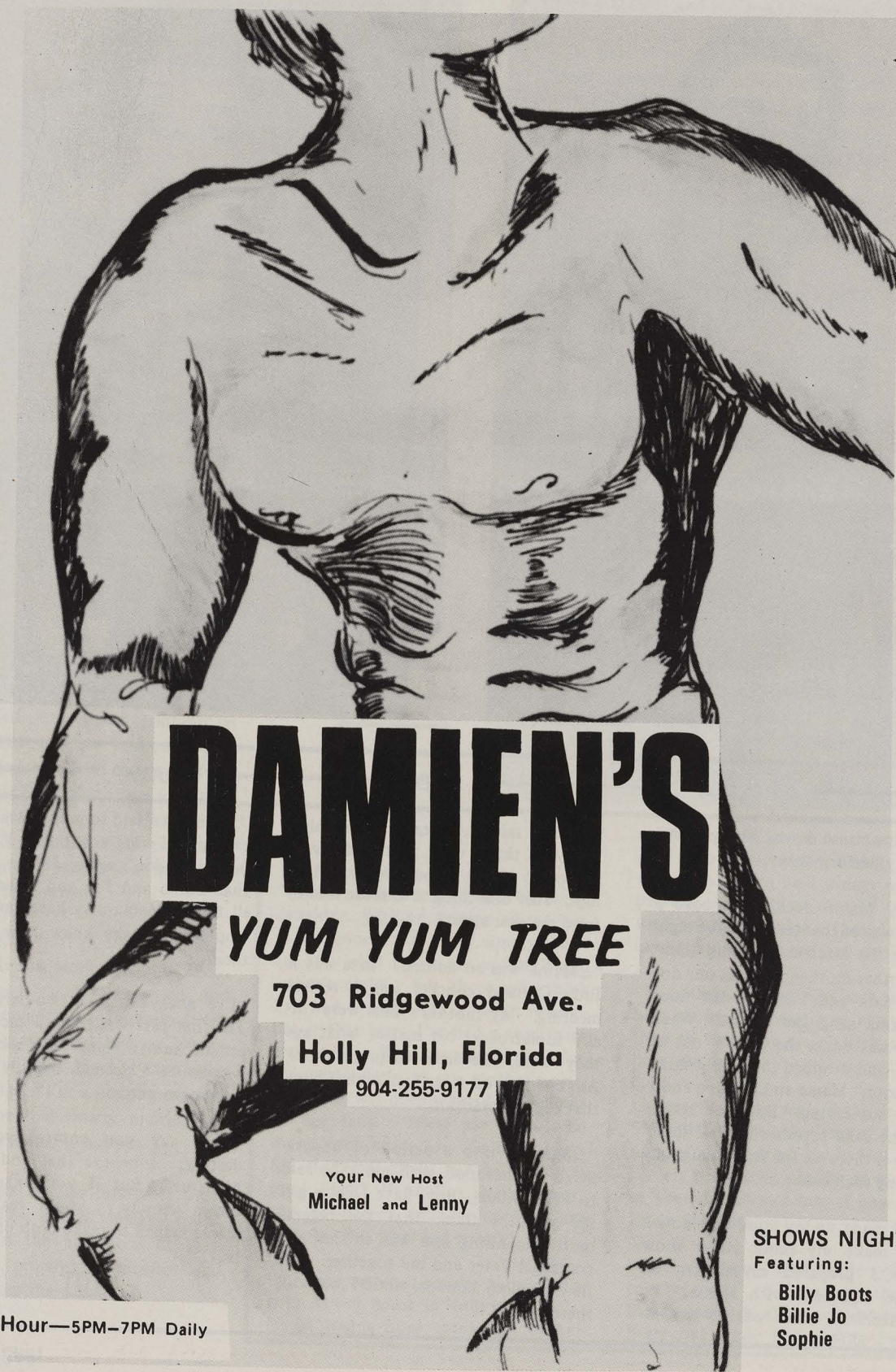
"...She fell into a period of unparalleled motherhood with me...She said to Peter Allen, 'Boy, have I got a girl for you!'...I think that her biggest motive in hiring him was so that she could get Peter and me together. She flew them to London while I was still there.

"...She once said to me, 'I'm your best example of what not to do.' I'm sorry, but I just don't agree...It's no accident that Lorna and Joe and I turned out all right. Mama may have caused the troubles, but she knew how to cure them...

"I've always had a two-part dream. The first part was to be a successfully artistic human being. The second part was to be a normal, happily married young woman.

"They say you control your own destiny. I believe that and I know it's true. But if you examine my dream closely, you'll realize that Mama helped to make both parts come true."

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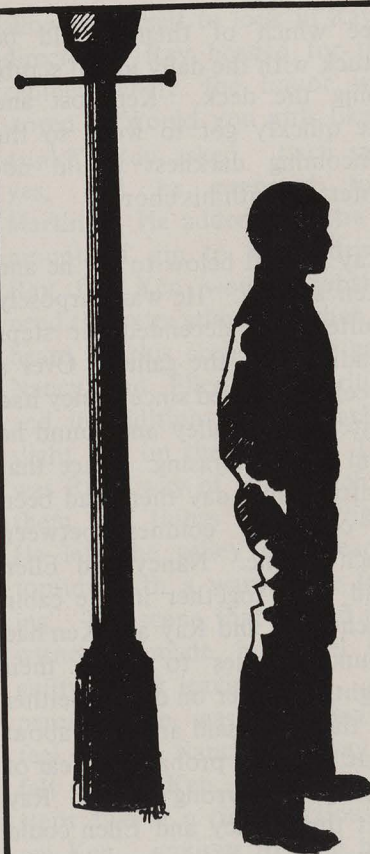
SHOWS NIGHTLY

Featuring:

Billy Boots
Billie Jo
Sophie

Love & Humor

BY Dizzy Arnald



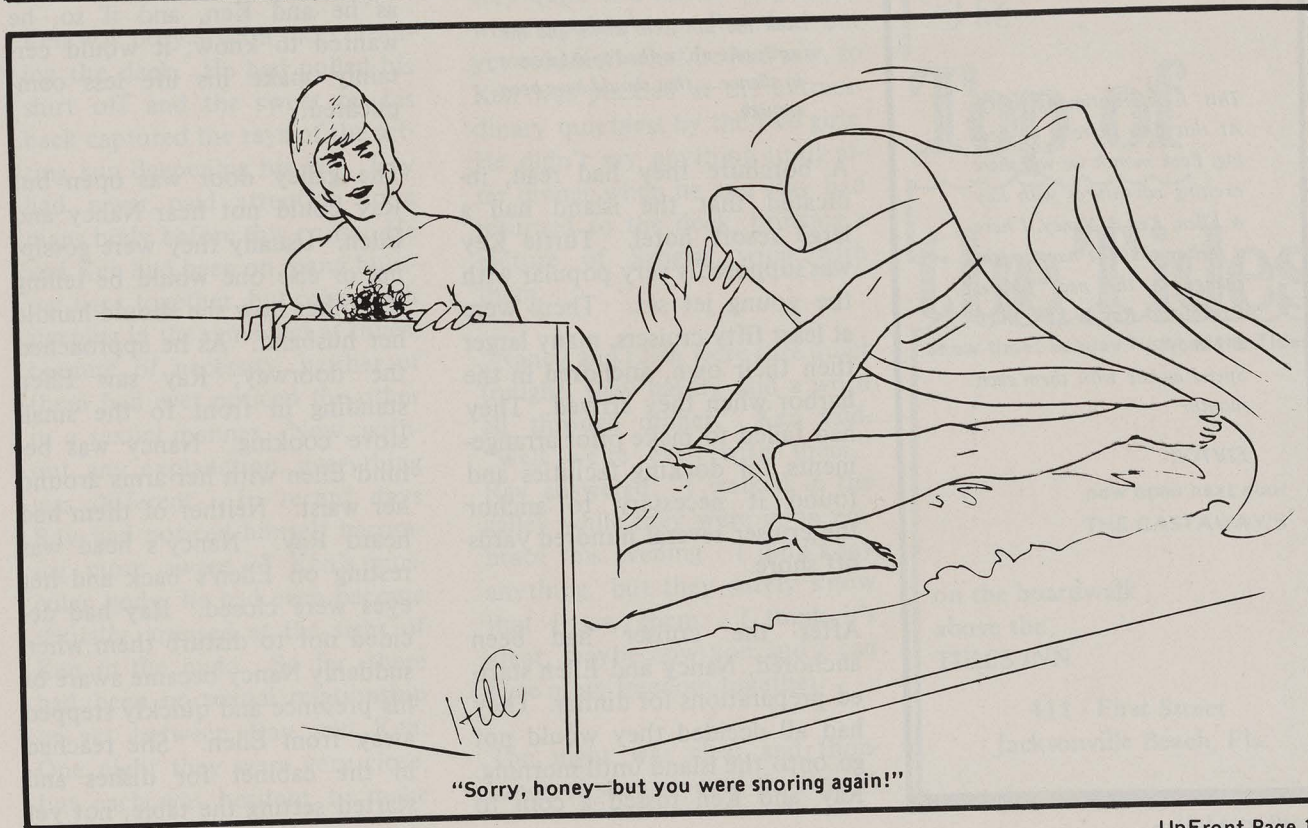
*For one day last week, I fell in love.
The sun was brighter, the sky was bluer,
The stars that night never shined brighter,
My heart filled with love was never lighter.*

*We met in a bar, or maybe just outside,
We chatted awhile, and he invited me to his apartment.
It was a nice cozy little place, not nelly at all,
He mixed us a drink, I sure was hot to ball.*

*That evening was filled with love and sex,
his body was warm, his mouth tasted fresh.
We got up in middle of the night and went for a stroll
When no one was in sight we held hands and touched,
I knew then that I liked him too much.*

*We returned to his place, it was close to dawn,
he made coffee and breakfast, with eggs and French toast
I watched him closely, as he prepared food for us
he was so good looking, full of fun and so robust.*

*I had to leave, I wish I had not, but
sometimes your heart has a way of playing a game,
I wish I could write him, I wonder what's his name?*



"Sorry, honey—but you were snoring again!"

Ray & Ellen

Ken & Nancy

by

Michael Hodges

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

EDITOR

Ray woke abruptly. The sun was rising and in the far distance he could hear roosters crowing. He turned his head to the side and realized that he and Ken had fallen asleep on deck, nude. He jumped to his feet and found his pants. After partially dressing he sat in a lounge and rested his elbows on his knees, his face in the palms of his hands.

His head throbbed and his stomach seemed to be on fire. Slowly he began to remember last night. They had pulled their cruiser into a small Bahamian Island, called "Turtle Key," just before dusk. Their original plans had been to spend four days on this island. It was about one mile wide and three miles long and the population consisted of about 500 people, most of which were black and spoke in a heavy English accent.

And the sun went down and the sun came up, we had spoken once in silence.....that should have been enough.

A brochure they had read, indicated that the island had a large resort hotel. Turtle Key was supposedly very popular with the young jet set. There were at least fifty cruisers, many larger than their own, anchored in the harbor when they arrived. They had failed to make prior arrangements for docking facilities and found it necessary to anchor the cruiser several hundred yards off shore.

After the cruiser had been anchored, Nancy and Ellen started preparations for dinner. They had all decided they would not go onto the island until morning. Ray and Ken tossed a coin to

see which of them would be stuck with the daily job of scrubbing the deck. Ken lost and he quickly got to work so the oncoming darkness would not interfere with his chore.

Ray headed below to get he and Ken a drink. He was purposely quite as he descended the steps leading into the galley. Over a week had lapsed since Nancy had entered the galley and found he and Ken embracing. Since that unforgettable day there had been a confusing coldness between each couple. Nancy and Ellen had slept together in the cabin each night and Ray and Ken had found excuses to spend their nights together on deck. Neither of them had said anything about that incident, probably in fear of saying the wrong thing. Ray felt that Nancy and Ellen could very well be in the same position as he and Ken, and if so, he wanted to know; it would certainly make his life less complicated.

The galley door was open but Ray could not hear Nancy and Ellen. Usually they were gossiping or else one would be telling the other how she should handle her husband. As he approached the doorway, Ray saw Ellen standing in front of the small stove cooking. Nancy was behind Ellen with her arms around her waist. Neither of them had heard Ray. Nancy's head was resting on Ellen's back and her eyes were closed. Ray had decided not to disturb them when suddenly Nancy became aware of his presence and quickly stepped away from Ellen. She reached in the cabinet for dishes and started setting the table, not yet

allowing herself to look in Ray's direction. Ray headed for the cabinet where the liquor was stored. "Would you girls like a drink?" Ray asked. Each said yes, and he prepared four Martinis. He added an extra amount of gin to Ken's drink. Ray felt Ken would probably need the extra stimulant when he heard of this scene. Ray gave Nancy and Ellen their drinks, and in addition he gave each a slight kiss on their cheek. This was Ray's way of telling each of them that things were all right. He left the galley and headed topside with a warm, free feeling. The scene that he had just witnessed made him feel less guilty about leaving Ellen. Apparently she was beginning to feel toward Nancy, the way he felt toward Ken. He bound the steps two at a time, anxious to see Ken.....anxious to hold him.

Ken was busy with a mop cleaning the deck. He had pulled his shirt off and the sweat on his back captured the rays of the setting sun deepening his tan. Ray had never paid attention to a man's body before this cruise. He and Ken had been on many hunting trips together, but other than sleeping in the same bed at times, because of necessity, neither of them had ever noticed the other in a sexual manner. Now, without any explanation, everything was different. In recent days Ray had noticed himself becoming more aware of Ken's muscular body; he had even become sexually aroused at the sight of Ken in the nude. So far, there had been no sexual relationship or act between Ray and Ken. One night they were very close, but each was hesitant to make

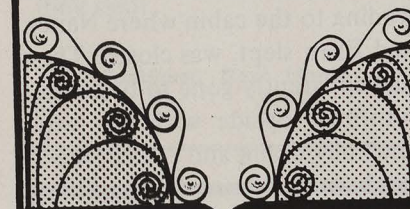
the first move. On one occasion they had discussed their relationship and both had decided that it would be best to let whatever happen.....happen. They had kissed on numerous occasions and each had become aroused, but neither would make the first move toward the sex act.

"Here's your drink fellow," Ray said. Ken stopped working and turned and reached for his drink. Ray handed it to him and at the same time he kissed Ken on his cheek. "I kissed each of the girls; don't want to make you jealous," Ray said. "Cool it Ray, there're other boats around here and someone may see us," Ken said. Ray smiled and said "Who cares." They both headed for a lounge chair where they rested until Nancy yelled from below that dinner was ready. During dinner, Nancy and Ellen were very quiet and would only speak when spoken to. Ray had not yet told Ken what he had saw, so Ken was puzzled at the extraordinary quietness by the two girls. He didn't say anything until after dinner when he and Ray had returned to the deck, bringing a picture of Sangria wine with them.

"Nancy and Ellen were sure quiet tonight, they hardly said a word all through dinner." Ken said. "Well we're even with them," Ray answered, "I walked in the galley while they were in an embrace this evening. I didn't say anything, but they surely know that I saw them. I think it's great, maybe now you and I can have more freedom together."

The night was clear and thousands of stars covered the sky. A

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new moon was out and the water was extremely calm. Ray and Ken quickly finished their pitcher of Sangria and Ray went below to get a refill. The door leading to the cabin where Nancy and Ellen slept, was closed. They had apparently gone to bed. Ray returned topside with the wine and they drank and talked, mostly about their past hunting trips, for over an hour. They were both in an extremely good mood, in fact, both of them were well on their way to getting drunk. The pitcher was again empty and Ray headed below for a refill, after he had kissed Ken.

"I've got to take a leak," Ken said, "If I go below, I'll have to wake Nancy and Ellen, I think I'll just piss overboard." "Go ahead," Ray said, "like I said earlier, who cares." Ken went to the bow of the cruiser and unfastened his fly. The wine had

filled his bladder and he felt relieved as a steady stream flowed into the water and the rippling caused by his urine reminded him of when he was a young boy throwing rocks in a pond on his grandfathers farm. The water had always excited Ken, he had always wanted to screw a girl under water, but never had the chance. The Sangria had taken its effect. All of a sudden Ken realized that he had finished pissing and was just staring down into the water, and Ken was standing behind him. He had become partially aroused and was embarrassed for Ken to see him with an erection. He quickly tucked himself in, but before he could zip his fly, Ken had sat the wine down and his lips were pressing upon Ray's. Ray responded without hesitation, and for a long moment their bodies clung together and their mouths tasted the light salt air from the

ocean that had rested on each of their bodies. As if ordered to do so, they both broke their embrace at the same time and Ray filled their glasses with wine.

"Let's drink this pitcher of wine and go swimming," Ken suggested. "As much as we've drank, we'll both drown," Ray answered, but he did agree to go. When Ray drained the last bit of Sangria in his glass, they were both only a few notches from being drunk. Their conversation had varied from hunting trips to having babies. Ken had jokingly asked Ray how they would ever have any babies, Ray had answered, "the only way is for you to get screwed." That idea didn't appeal to Ken so he changed the subject.

They both had on jeans and they decided to go swimming in the nude rather than wake Nancy and Ellen. They dropped their pants and Ken was the first to dive overboard. The water was cool and felt relaxing to their bodies. They raced each other around the cruiser, each going in a different direction and meeting back at their starting point. They challenged each other to swim under the cruiser and emerge on the opposite side. After a while of racing and playing, they were tired and swam to the bow of the cruiser where there were brackets to hold on to. They found that there was just one bracket on each side of the bow, so Ken held on to it and Ray put his arm around Ken's waist and they both just relaxed. The water was calm, but a slight under-water current caused their bodies to touch. The night was so quiet, the only

sounds were off in the distance.

"Ray, give me your hand," Ken said. He took Ray's hand and pressed it against his chest, and he slowly lowered it. Ray felt the hard muscles in Ken's stomach and then the mass of hair. For a moment he hesitated, but then let his hand be guided lower until it touched Ken's erect sex. He felt himself getting a hard-on and he felt the urge to go all the way with Ken. Their lips met, first closed, then each of them, slowly, opening their mouth, inviting the other, their tongues met, and they were lost in ecstasy. Ken had searched and found Ray's hard sex. "Let's go aboard," Ray said, "But, please, let's finish."

They climbed the ladder and boarded the cruiser. Both were still erect and they embraced immediately. Their bodies were wet, and the salt water tasted

clean and good as they kissed each others body. They laid on the deck, Ken at first, in a spread eagle position. Ray towered over him, first kissing his lips, his blond hair, his neck and he gently, without knowing why, lowered himself until his face was embedded in the mass of blond hair surrounding Ken's hard sex. Ken's hands were searching Ray's upper body. He gently put his hand on Ray's head and pushed him down onto his erect cock. Ray took him in his mouth and Ken began to rotate his hips. Slowly and gently he entered his cock into Ray's mouth, his hands resting on the back of Ray's head. He felt himself being brought to the limits of his control and he lunged forward, at the same time pushing down on the back of Ray's head. He had full possession of Ray and he met with no resistance. He felt a bursting release and his body

relaxed. He reached down and slowly he guided Ray upward until their bodies were parallel. He gently kissed Ray's lips.....and they slept.

Continued Next Month

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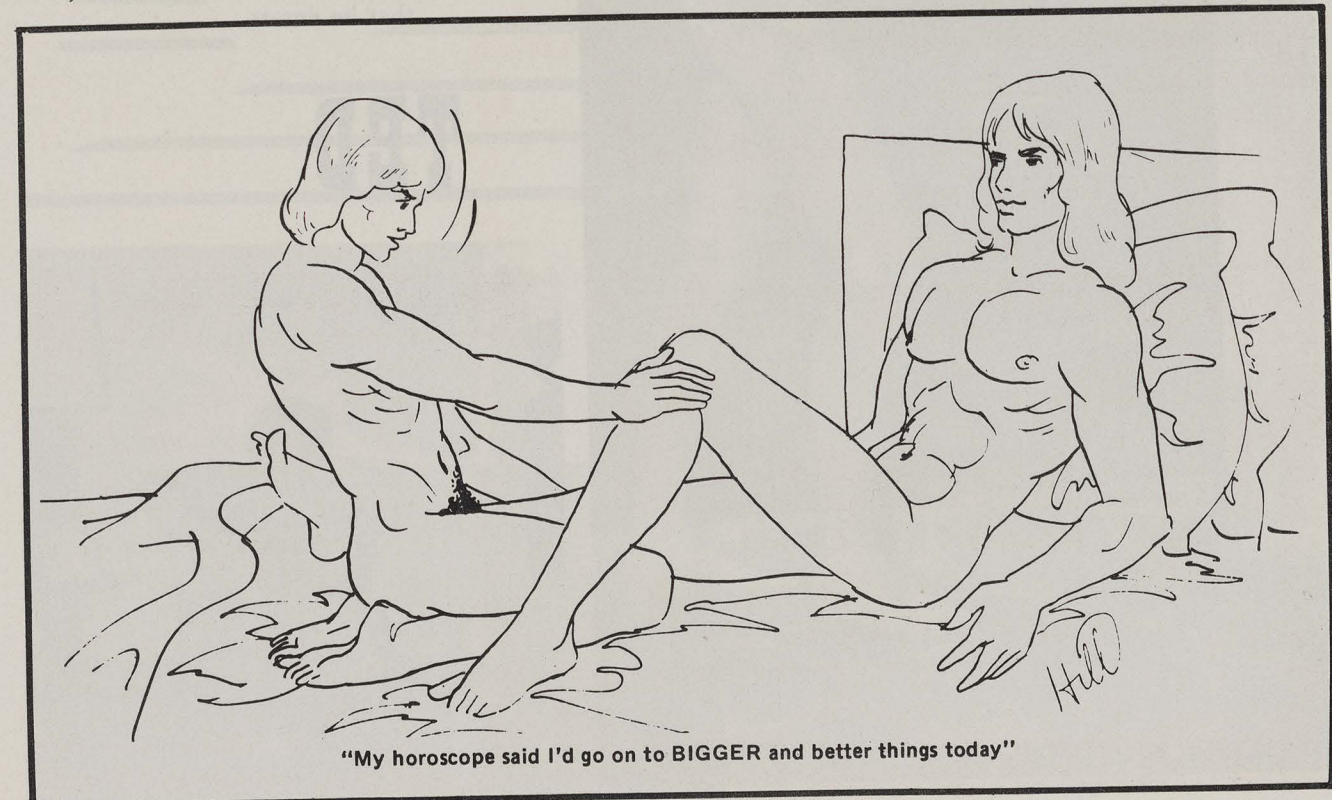
Robbie's Yum Yum Tree West

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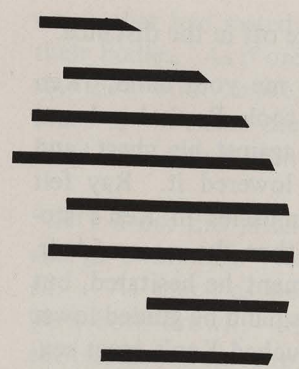
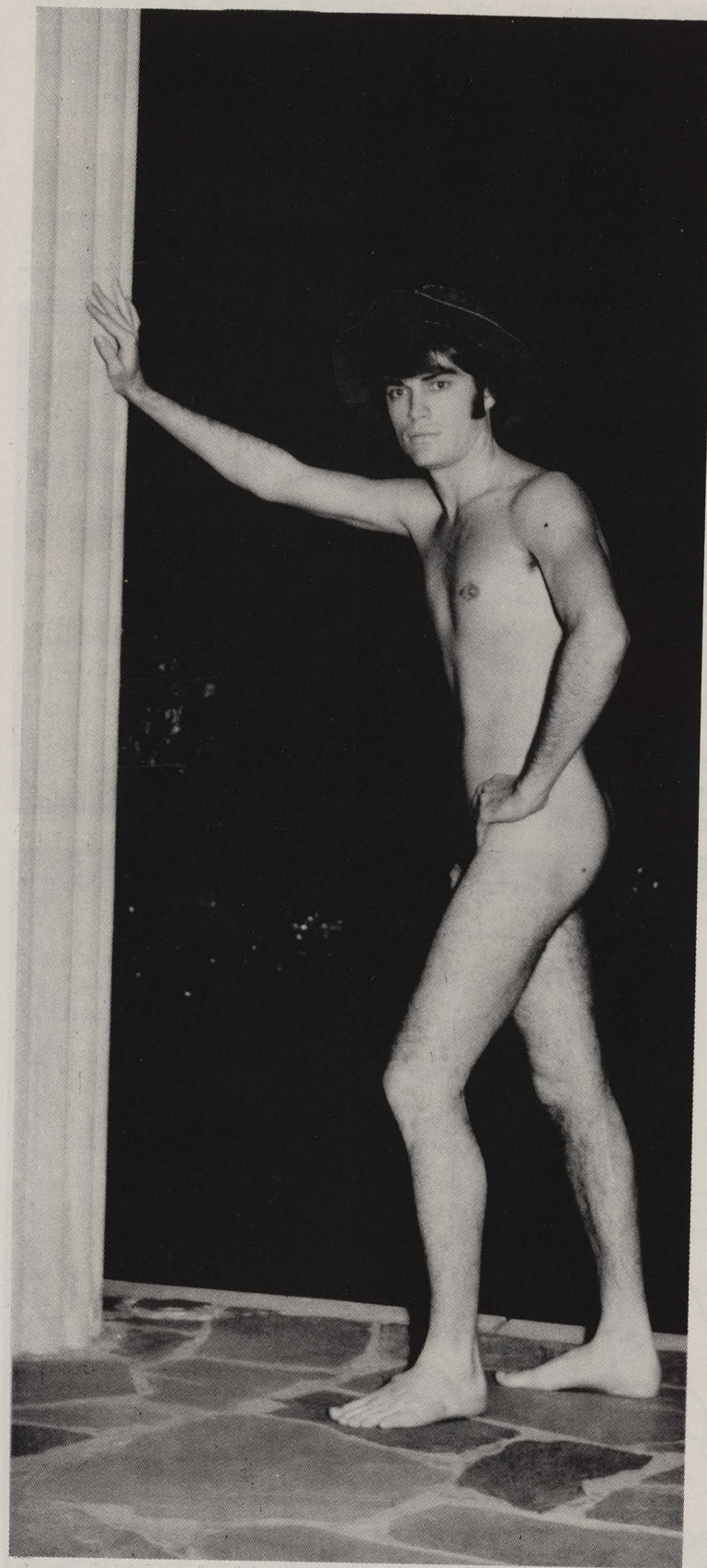
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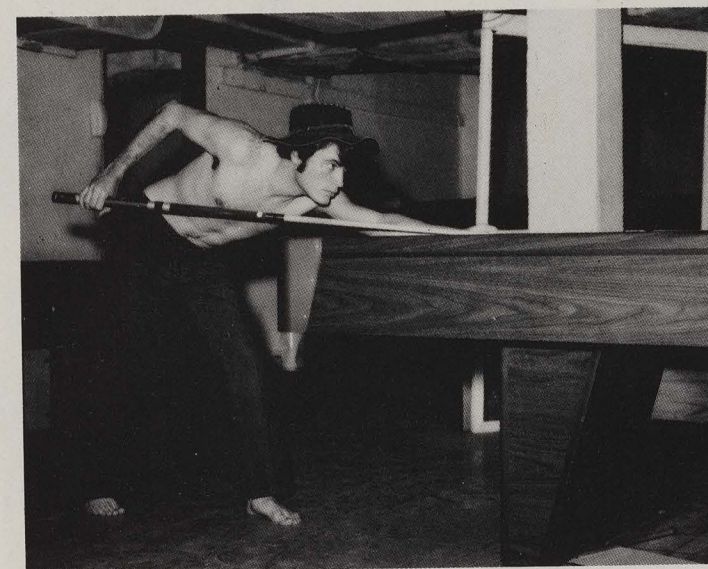
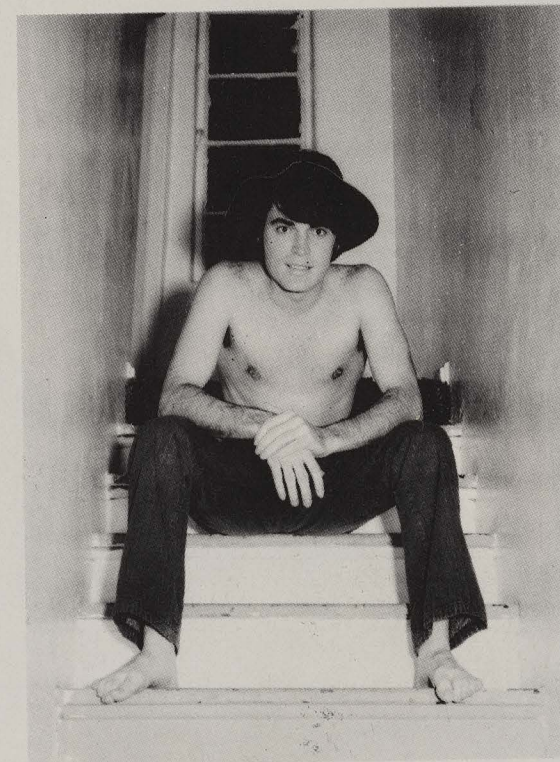
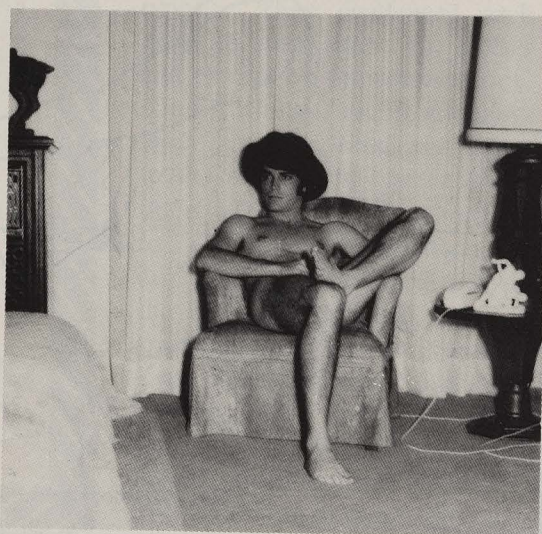


"My horoscope said I'd go on to BIGGER and better things today"



Our cover guy of the month is Ted. This was his first modeling experience and all during the shootings he was scared to death. We thought at any minute he would tell us what to do with our camera and take off, but he stuck it out and you are now witness to the results. Ted is 23 years old and hasn't as yet decided on a career, but from his good looks and pleasant personality, we don't feel that he'll have a problem with any career that he enters.

TED







The Lusty, Busty, Redhead

Brenda Dee

By: Robbie Llewellyn

The "Lusty-Busty" redhead, Brenda Dee, hails from Dayton, Ohio where she entered this Gay ole' world in June of 1944. Her mother had expected a girl and bought clothes accordingly so consequently Brenda was in drag when only three days old. All of her baby clothes were pink instead of blue.

For the past decade, Brenda has worked clubs from Chicago to Miami. Her first paying job was in Dayton at the Club Bertini's. She worked there part time at a salary of \$8.00 per night.

"The life of a Drag Queen ain't easy honies."

During the past decade, over forty five different club stages

have been adorned by the talents of Brenda Dee. She's always a success and a return engagement is usually requested of her. She's noted among bar owners as being very difficult to get along with, but they usually overlook her sensitivity because of the crowd she draws and the additional green backs in the cash register due to her appearance.

Out of drag, Brenda is Jim. He's a happy go lucky chubby little redhead. If he likes you, he'll do anything for you, but if you cross him, watch out. He's a hairdresser.....one of the best. He makes his own wardrobe, and usually ends up making the wardrobe for the entire show.

Brenda is modest and very sel-

dom ever talks about herself. She's credited with helping some of the best drags get started. Dior Christian, now show director of the Yum Yum Tree in Pensacola, Florida, is an example of what a good teacher Brenda is. She started Dior in drag four years ago, and today, Dior is one of the best. Tory Durand, Tilly Plumpkin and Leigh Angelique are prime examples of Brenda's tutoring.

Brenda's life is far from dull. I remember getting a call late one night from Daytona Beach, Florida and it was Brenda. She and Dior were in jail for stealing a motor bike. We later found out that she had been playing a practical joke and it backfired.

Feathers, traveling, jail houses, great times and sad times aren't strangers to Brenda Dee. "Honey's, you haven't lived until you've been chased out of town by a bunch of red-necks."

Brenda remembers her closing night at Tito's in Birmingham as a disaster. A friend came back stage and told her that six red necks were getting ready to wreck the place and "beat-up the entertainers. Not being a violent person, Brenda gathered her beads and feathers and escaped through a back entrance. It was the first time she left a club without her pay.

Brenda is currently appearing at the Downtowner Club in Louisville, Kentucky. Starting in February, she will appear the last weekend in each month at Robbie's Yum Yum Tree in Pensacola, Florida

There's no doubt in anyone's mind that Brenda is a true professional. Her job is entertaining and she flat does that. She's no angel, but we all love her.

U



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Robbie:

Mr. Editor, your Upfront magazine is extremely interesting and in very good taste, the top of all Gay magazines I have ever read and I think I have read and seen them all. It's absolutely just beautiful. I would describe Upfront as Well bred, Handsome, Personable, very interesting and intelligent. We wish you all the luck in the world.

Howard and Eddie, Clearwater, Florida

UpFront Page 28

Dear Howard and Eddie:

Thanks for your very kind letter. It's people like you that make the long hours and hard work that it takes to publish a magazine worth while. I received it on a day that my spirits were low, due to circulation problems, and your letter made the day much brighter.

Dear Robbie:

I purchased a copy of Upfront at Keith's Cruise Room in Hallandale and I like the magazine except for your use of a girl on the cover. Why don't you print two magazines, one for the girls and one for the guys, personally I don't like the mixture. However, I'll keep on buying Upfront, I think it's a good publication that tells it like it is.

Jim, Fort Lauderdale, Florida

Dear Jim:

Don't get the big head and think we changed our format because of you, but, have you looked at this cover? We have certainly not forgot about our gay sisters, but I have learned over the past few months that girls do not care for nude pictures of other girls..... like we guys do. We will continue to have "Lesbian" articles, but we have discontinued our "girl nudes." We are adding a "Drag" section, which should appeal to the girls. For several months we have been considering the possibility of publishing a magazine just for girls. We might.....if I ever get my strength back form the last five months of publishing Upfront.

Dear Robbie:

I read Upfront and I really thought it was great. I have subscribed to it and can't wait for my February issue. Maybe Upfront will help the straight people to understand better about us gay people. What are you like Robbie? I hope you don't mind me asking that

question. I can imagine you're a really great guy. When I came to Florida, I hope we can get together. I bet you're a pretty good looking guy with a dark tan and a hairy chest. If Upfront projects your personality, you've got to be great.

Doug, Virginia Beach, Virginia

Dear Doug:

Our main purpose at Upfront is to strive for a better understanding of us from our straight friends; we hope we are doing an effective job. As for me....I haven't checked in five months. My normal work day is from 10:00 A.M. to 4:00 A.M. Between Upfront Magazine, The Yum Yum Tree's my mother The "Big D," and an occasional trick, I stay super busy. The only way I could keep a tan is to have a skylight installed over my desk or else strap myself to the roof of "Butch," our traveling van, while we're on the road. I look forward to meeting you, hope you're not disappointed

Dear Robbie:

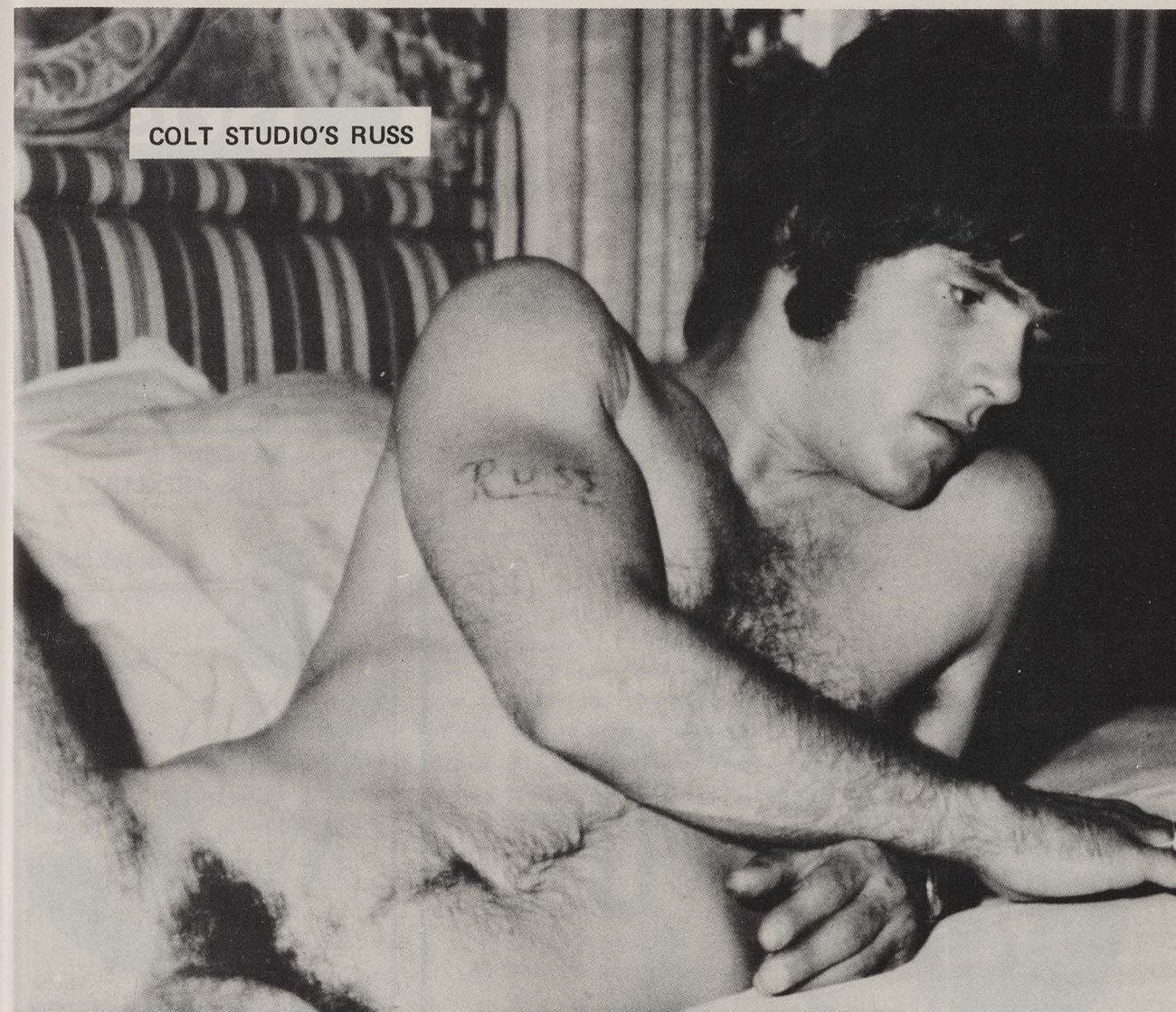
Recently I saw a copy of Upfront. I was impressed by its quality and its slickness especially since it is such a young magazine. Moreover, I was impressed with the service it was attempting to provide the gay community. Incidentally you might be interested to know that I saw the copy while skiing in Salt Lake City during the holidays.....did you realize you were getting around so well?

Jim, Troy, Alabama

Dear Jim:

Your letter was very much appreciated by myself and the entire Upfront staff. I'm especially pleased to hear that Upfront is getting to different parts of the country. We received our first subscription from a foreign country this week, so maybe we're here to stay. Have a nice day Jim!

COLT STUDIO'S RUSS



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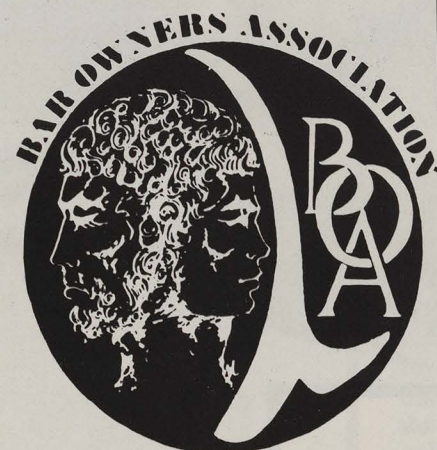
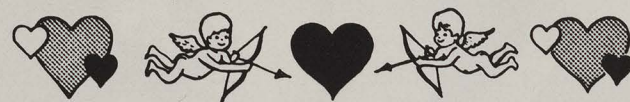
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UpFront Page 29

THE NOOK

255 Minorca Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida

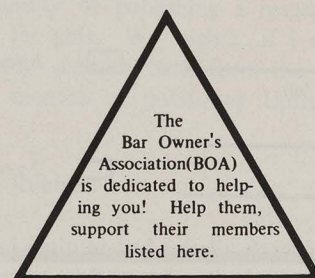
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BJ's

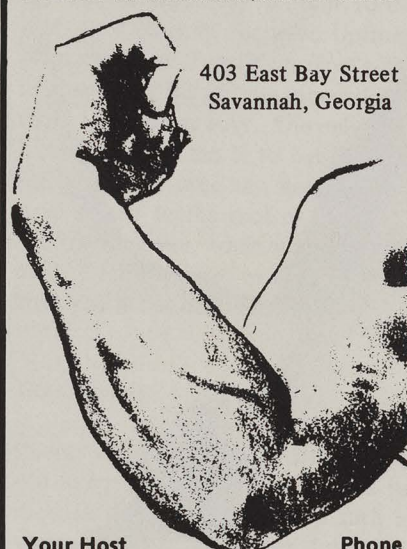
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LESBIAN MONOGAMY

The Author of this article is Donna Martin.
Reported from G.P.U. News

Part II

IS THE LESBIAN REALLY
PROGRAMMED FOR.....
MONOGAMY?



FLAWS IN THE LESBIAN LOVE ETHIC

We have noted the strong tendency of lesbians to give themselves permission to yield to sex by glossing over reality and renaming it LOVE. Naturally, this propensity for gazing at the stars while stumbling in the ditch is not unique to the lesbian. Alas, it is all too common regardless of sex, class, or intelligence. Although this sort of situation is rich in fodder for the acerbic wit of an Aristophanes of Swift, sadly, for the lesbian it often results in domestic tragedy.

Generally the lesbian couple feels committed, often from the first handholding and kiss and definitely after that peak of the drama when they first make love to one another. Thereafter, as the turbulence subsides, they really get to know one another. That is when some sobriety, some realistic mutual assessment finally is allowed to filter through. The marvelous mutual exchanges of confidence so often attendant

on the lowering of barriers with sexual congress (a very important part of its pleasure for women) is now followed by a slower and longer, but equally important period of personal disclosure. Now is when the truth of that old proverb 'Action speaks louder than words' strikes home, especially if the couple has decided that their passion warrants setting up housekeeping together. Whatever their living arrangements, this is when the two women gradually come to know each other as participants in the real world and not as actors in a highly charged drama. It is only from such data that a realistic decision for permanence can be made, but willy-nilly, that decision has already been made. Not unexpectedly the results are often sad, if not disastrous, the women frequently finding themselves bound to each other in the absence of basic compatibility. Committed to a morality of their own devising and thus even more dedicated to prove its rightness, such a couple really finds themselves committed to

endurance rather than each other. To this end they slog through storms of heated abresiveness or calms of unendurable boredom in a determined effort to maintain the relationship.

For the single lesbian who has lived through a number of such affairs and has come to realize their dynamics, this general expectation of sex entailing permanence among her sisters presents such problems that some enterprising person might earn herself a few bucks by writing a Sex and the Single Lesbian. In brief it constitutes a suffocating maneuverability. Hopefully, in the process of intimate involvement with various people she has come to know herself better as well as her desires and needs regarding a permanent partner. Therefore she has come to realize that not every attractive pleasant girl will suit her for life. Out of a maturity wrested from hard experience she now has a better idea of what other qualities are essential for her.

In short she may well have become somewhat fussy and recognizes that finding that right 'somebody' may necessitate much sifting and winnowing. But by the rules of the lesbian mating game, this becomes an especially difficult process particularly if she is at all sensitive to other people. Because physical contacts are generally understood as the prelude to permanence she seems to be relegated to a de facto celibacy. She can look, she can converse, but she cannot touch except when dancing which is mercifully exempt from the rules. That is, unless she is willing to acquire a bad name for herself among her comrades by hopping in and out of beds and importantly, also, unless she is lured to inflicting much emotional devastation on others expecting commitment from such activity. Ironically what she is denied is the relative freedom of

mutual exploration, including sexual, that is allowed her straight sisters. She may finally awaken to the fact that though they differ, the rules cripple her courtship period no less than those of her straight sister.

What is common to both situations is the heavy load of significance that our culture has foisted on sex. But like many things in this badly organized world, that meaning has come to adhere more strongly in one group than in another. Shrewdly, the male, by ensuring property rights through sexual restrictions has managed to get away with placing the major burden of strict fidelity on the female. As a guarantee, when he didn't condemn sex outright (as St. Paul just barely escaped doing) he loaded it with great symbolic meaning. It is either a holy act cementing the bond between the husband and wife, analogous to

that of Christ and the Church, or in a non-religious context, it is the ecstatic culminating intimacy of a lengthy, increasingly close relationship (as propounded in the standard sex manuals). Traditionally, then because of her inferior status, the female has generally subscribed to both the doctrine and its noble aura, its fabricator (and her oppressor), the male, has operated far more independently of it.

In swallowing this line, most people have failed to observe that human beings don't operate like some neat novel with its clearly defined stages of build-up and climax, not that they are not single-dimensioned puppets who respond simply to signal. It may, however, be argued that such expectations of behavior are necessary for maintaining the stability of marriage and the family, though whether this holds today is a subject of much dispute among current observers of modern society. Clearly gays have no such obligations. In a very real sense, then, they are far freer to fashion new and richly rewarding life styles.

A NEW LESBIAN LOVE ETHIC

Anyone who has experienced the contentment and excitement of a one-to-one mutually loving relationship or who has known couples of this type will not deny that it holds first place in terms of total human satisfaction. Basically all of us deeply long for this blending of erotic passion and devoted friendship. Thus, importantly, I feel that the lesbian life style has far more potential for fulfillment than that of the male homosexual which is all too of-

ten focused on an amputated self, a severed, isolated sexual mechanism. But nonetheless, the evidence points to the odds against such fulfillment. The couples, whether heterosexual or homosexual, who are so blessed have always been a rather small minority. Our own age, while according unalloyed approval to the love match, presents other hazards to its achievement. Most notable is the fact of the increased emergence of complex individuality fostered by such prods to sell discovery as greater education, leisure, and the current cultural ethos which puts a high premium of self-expression. When people cease to be simple cubes, emerging instead as multifaceted polyhedrons, it's simply far less likely for an individual to meet up with someone whose equally complex configurations can combine with their own in a new, harmonious figure.

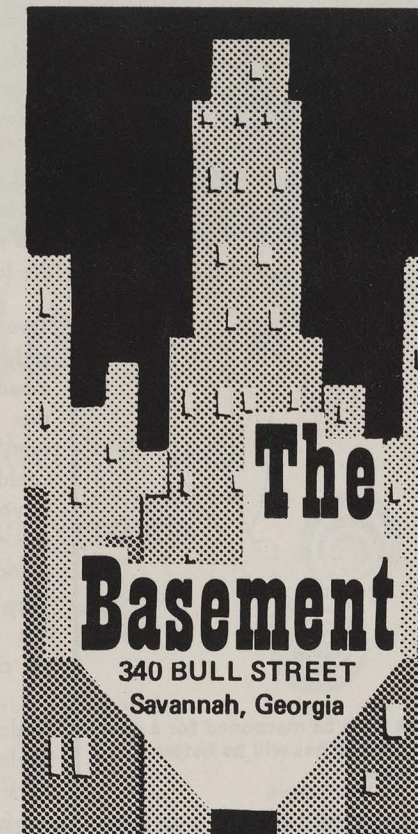
The question for the lesbian, for whom societal mores do not operate as a coercion to programmed monogamy and who thus would seem to be freer to seek a truly satisfying mate, is how to operate in the meantime. And that 'meantime' can be a long time indeed, a lifetime for some the time when one is earnestly seeking a soul mate or perhaps has more or less concluded, after a number of unsuccessful attempts that such a prospect for her seems rather unlikely. Should the lesbian resign herself to celibacy in spite of the fact that she continues to feel sexual desire and the need to be held by a sympathetic person now and then? Or should she opt for the equality desiccating pattern of one night stands, brief sexual

encounters which for the female are generally accompanied by guilt and are seen as unsavory and dehumanizing? I would like to propose a *modus vivendi*, a middle way which avoids both extremes while permitting, indeed promoting, humane if not excessively charged relationships.

Like many of my sisters, inspired by emotional/sexual hurricanes, I too have plunged into a goodly number of relationships and pledged myself to permanence. But after the passion passed, and I was beached on the dry land of sober assessment, I found myself, nonetheless, very often desiring and indeed cultivating the friendships of former lovers. Simply because the ecstasy couldn't be sustained didn't, in my mind, mean that we had nothing going for us. Indeed, there was often a great deal going for us. This led me to tentatively grope my way toward concluding that sex was possible, permissible, and desirable even between people who don't foresee a great future together. That is, if they can free themselves of that great burden of significance attached to sex which is our culture's loving legacy to the female.

As I am able to see it today, sex is both a nearly uncontrollable drive and one of the many ways of relating to and communicating with another person. What this means is that, regardless of the consequences, frequently the charge between two people increases to such a voltage that unless they break off relations completely sexual contact is virtually unavoidable. In other words, it is simply a stage that must be lived through. This

sounds like an ignoble capitulation to 'base desires' (in Biblical parlance), but for myself, finally unfettered from this life-denying association, I would counter that on the contrary it can function as a most rewarding outreach to another. When entered into with moderate honesty on the part of both, it ministers to many needs, not the least of which is the further communication engendered by the trust implied in giving one's body to another. Naturally, as an average well-indoctrinated female, but as a fairly put-together, all around human being, I see such surrender as an extension of prior friendship and knowledge. I'm also aware of the barriers to honesty about real feelings between two women who almost surely have been brainwashed into the conviction that the price



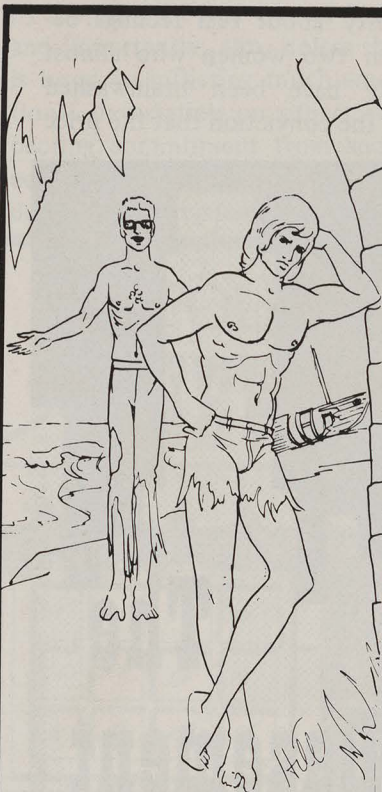
of sex is nothing less than undying devotion. Finally, I'm aware that in almost all relationships one is more involved than the other and that thus there is always the prospect of one emerging from this passionate stage somewhat scathed. But, as adults, we must realize that regardless of the nature of the relationship, where there are emotions involved, this is one hazard which one must expect and with which one must be prepared to cope.

My modest proposal has many things going for it. People relate to others in an amazing kaleidoscope of ways: some you only care to exchange civilities with;

others you like to discuss work, or politics, or books with; still others you enjoy partying with; some you can open your feelings to and some you find yourself attracted to physically. Ideally, we'd all like to find that one person we could relate to in all these ways—but miracles don't seem to happen too often these days. So, in the interim most of us trudge along making do with second best, except that for most of us, it's third or fourth best or worse. Gay life affords us the opportunities for escaping the rigid maze imprisoning heterosexuals and the rules about masculine and feminine models of behavior that tend, so severely, to devitalize life. Les-

bians, I feel, are in the best position of all—if they can shuck off that hallowed but antiquated equivalence between sex and permanence. Unlike their gay brothers, they are addicted to the belief that sex is not only more fulfilling, but more fun, when linked to some of the other aspects of the total human being. Here, then, is a great opportunity for lesbians—not to utterly reject that larger society which has so shamefully rejected them, but to appropriate its best ideal of honesty and consideration for others in the pursuit of meaningful, though not necessarily permanent and perfect relationships.

U



"Since we'll be marooned for a while—my four inches will be better than no inches!"

A nelly little Frenchman was on trial for killing his lover for having an affair with another man. Upon being asked why he shot his lover instead of the other man, the little nel replied.

"Ah, M'sieur, is it not better to shoot your lover once than a different man every week?"

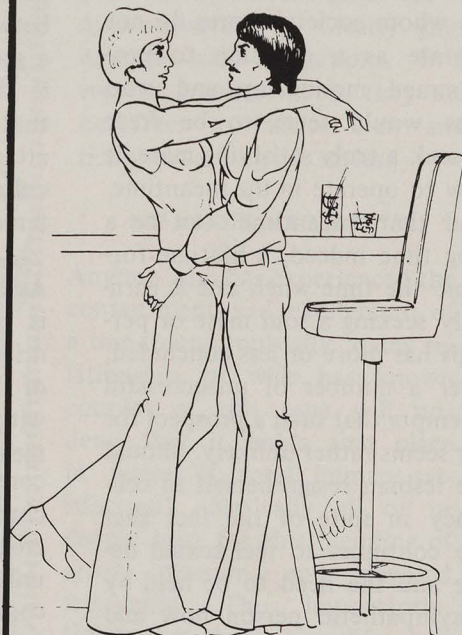
The angry butch found his nelly lover in bed with a stranger. "What are you doing?" he screamed. "See?" said the little nel, "I told you he's stupid!"

Two lover's had bought a farm together. One night the butch was in a bad mood and he decided to go over the bills. "If you could only lay eggs," he grouched to his lover, "We could get rid of the chickens. And if you could only give milk, I could get rid of the cow. Think of the money we would save.

"Yes," countered the lover, "and if you could only get it up, I could get rid of the hired man.

Wesley never worried about his lover's fidelity until they moved from New York to Texas and he discovered they still had the same barber.

"Of course we don't know each other's name—you don't think I'd do this with anyone I knew, do you?"



* hypothesis

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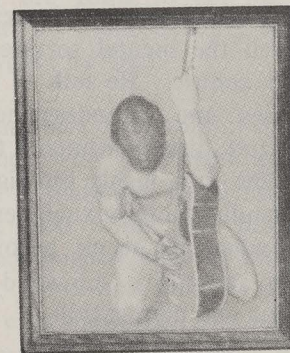
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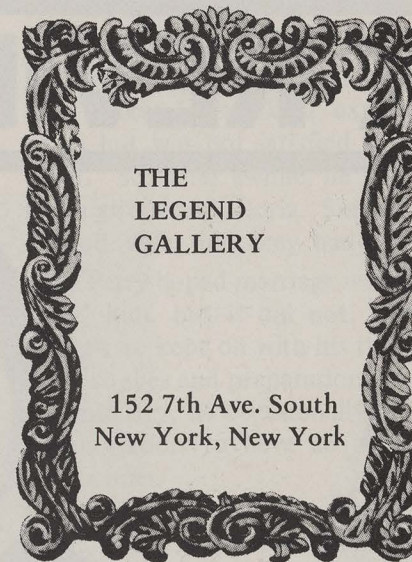
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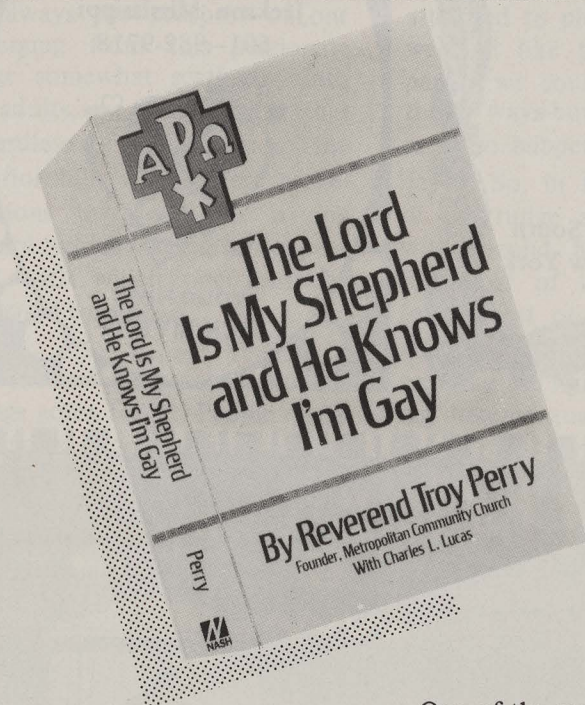
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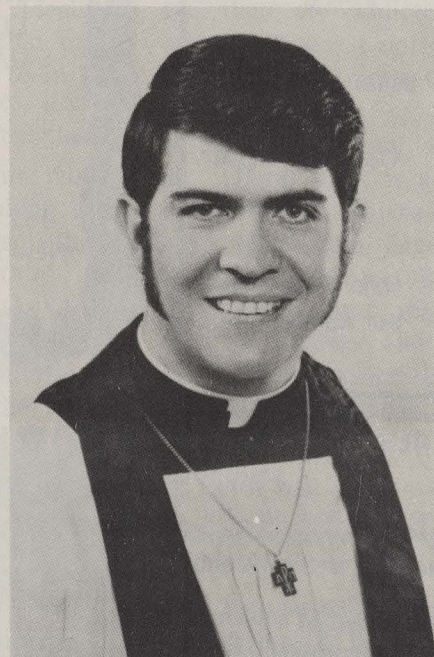
BOOK REVIEW



The Lord Is My Shepherd
and He Knows I'm Gay

Metropolitan Community Church
of Tampa
2904 Concordia
Tampa, Florida

The price is \$7.95. Please send check
or money order. The proceeds from
the sale of Rev. Perry's book is used
in his crusade to brighten our lives
through his religious beliefs.



One of the most instructive auto-
biographies I have ever read in an
account of the mental distress that
can overwhelm a fine young man
who, around the age of 18, discovers
that he is somewhat homosexual. When
the author, the Reverend Troy Perry,
realized what his difficulty was, he
bought a number of books on homosexu-
ality. Until then he had had only a
vague idea of what was troubling him.

Perry was a big, handsome man
with a friendly, kind face. Much of
the psychic distress he had before
he was 20 was due to the fact that
he wanted to be a minister of the
gospel but realized that homosexuality
would be a decided handicap. In the
232 pages of his book ('The Lord is
My Shepherd and He Knows I'm Gay,'
Nash Publishing Corp.,

Los Angeles, 1972), this dedi-
cated, idealistic, very religious
young man describes honestly and
well the mental torture he had to
endure. He tells of the distresses
and discouragements that can come
to a highly intelligent and kindly
homosexual, especially when his secret
becomes known and he is subjected
to rejection and persecution.

I wish all young physicians would
read this book so they might better
understand what homosexuality can
do to a fine man. I fear that most
of us physicians would much prefer
not to have homosexuals come into
our offices asking for help. How
unfortunate it is that in many
medical schools adequate instruction
is not given about the life-long
distresses of many sexual

deviates. I doubt if I ever heard
a word about these people when I
was in medical school. Many a
time in my office I have been
shocked to learn that some of my
medical brethren had shown no
sympathy at all for even a transsexual
who could benefit from an operation.

Because many experts are sure
that homosexuals are born with their
peculiarity and few can get rid of
it, heterosexuals should never blame,
harrass or punish them or deprive
them of their right to earn a living.
To show what can happen in the
way of senseless harrassment, one
day Perry and two homosexual
friends went into a bar where they
set down and had a drink. A
plainclothesman came in and
arrested Perry's two friends, although
they had not committed even a
misdemeanor. At the jail, the police
told one of the men they are going
to tell his boss about his homosexuality
so that he would be fired.

When Perry later told one of his
friends who had been arrested that
if mankind could not love him, God
would love him, the friend laughed
bitterly and said, 'Oh, come on, Troy,
God does not care about me. I went
to my minister and told him I was a
homosexual and was much troubled,
and you know what he told me? He
said that I couldn't be a homosexual
and a Christian too. No. Troy, God
does not care about me.' Perry
realized that his friend could be
right; certainly in that day, no
church was likely to welcome a
homosexual as a member. This gave
Perry the idea that one of the finest
things he could do would be to build
a church for homosexuals.

For the next two of three years,
he studied for the ministry. He had
a few homosexual experiences but
was not satisfied with them. So,
after awhile, he married a girl named
Gloria. She was a good wife, and
they had two sons. Perry hoped
marriage would 'cure' him, but it
did not. Although he kept on with
his theologic studies and preparations
for the ministry, he occasionally
felt a temptation to have an affair
with a man.

Then, because his few homosexual
contacts made him feel so 'dirty' that
he wept, he told one or two ministers
he thought were his friends what he
feared about himself and why he
wondered if he should go ahead with
his ministerial studies and aspirations.
Unfortunately, his friends were
shocked and turned against him,
and his bishop practically fired him.
Naturally this attack nearly broke
his heart. He became doubly
distressed when he found that his
beloved church was hostile to him
and unwilling to help him in his
mental distress.

Then his wife's sister, having
heard whispers about Perry's sexual
worries, wrote a nasty letter to
Gloria telling her 'what a dirty filthy
fellow' her husband was. His wife
decided to leave him, and Perry
felt that under the circumstances
this was a good thing for her to
do. She took their sons and went
to Florida, leaving Perry in California.

Perry tried hard to get over his
homosexuality, but for six months
he lived with a man. Then the man
got a new sexual partner and left.
Perry resigned from his church and
kept asking,

'Oh, God, why me? Why me?'

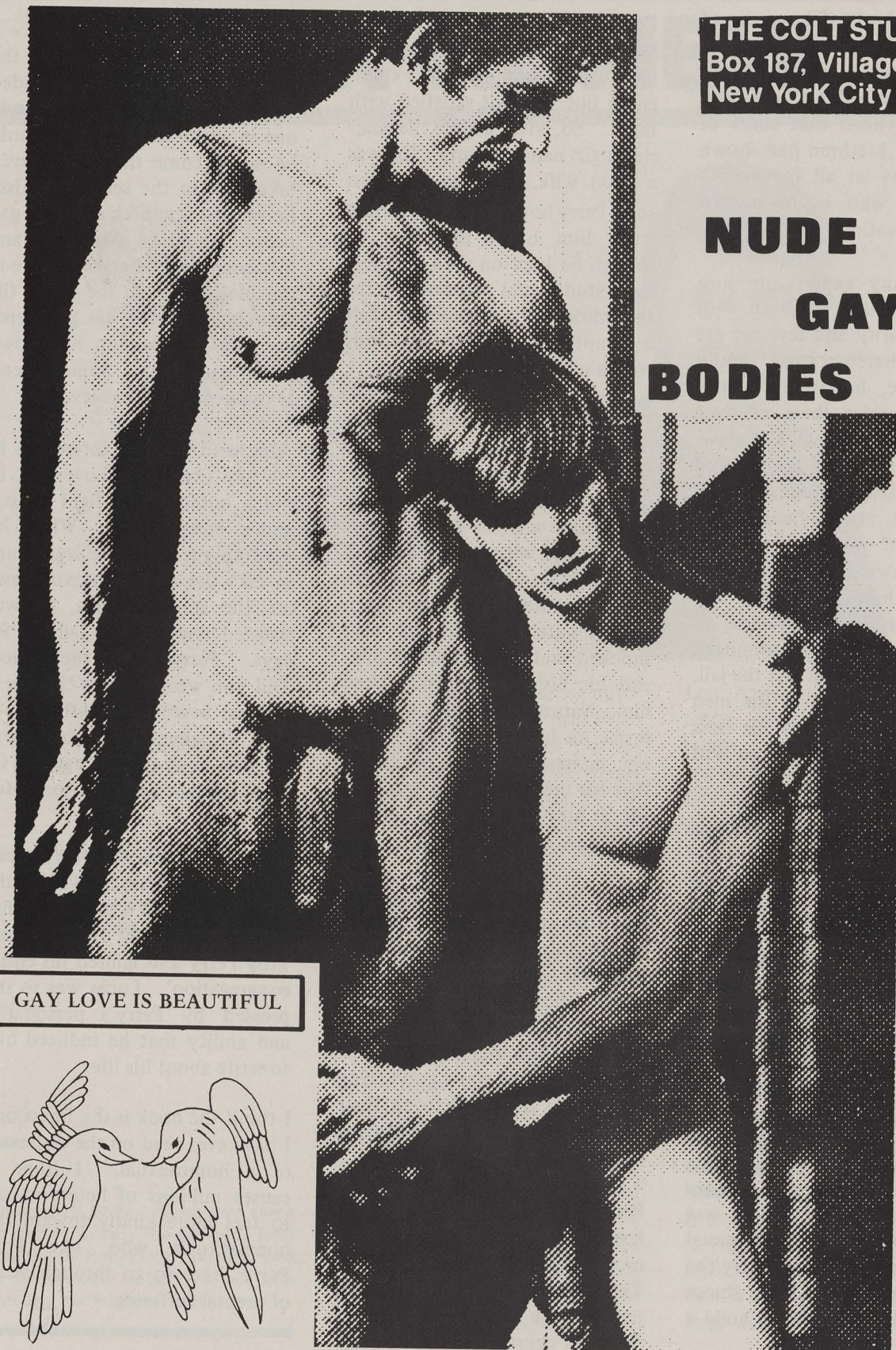
Then he got an idea. Lacking the
comfort of religion, he decided to
start a new type of church, one in
which homosexuals would be so
welcome they could even take part
in the services. Also, he wanted a
church in which gay people would
be given help and kindly counsel
when they were in trouble. Through
the years, the church he started has
prospered and the membership has
grown larger and larger. Some
heterosexuals come to the services.

Perry also became interested in
the gay liberation movement in
which homosexuals fight against
police harrassment. When he tried
to get the state legislature to take
the antihomosexual laws off the
statute books, he was arrested and
sent to jail for 90 days. Perry asked
the police, 'Did you weep when a
homosexual was beaten to death by
police? Or when another homosexual
was shot in the back? Or when
another was imprisoned for life?'

In a postscript, Charles Lucas,
who assisted Perry in writing the
book, tells what a great preacher
Perry is: 'Energy flowed from
Troy Perry and ignited his entire
congregation'. Lucas was so
impressed by Perry's personality
and ability that he induced him to
write about his life.

I think the book is the finest one
I have ever read on the distresses
of a homosexual. I hope it causes
millions of heterosexuals to feel
more kindly toward the homosexuals
who, like Troy Perry, have to go
through years of mental suffering.

U

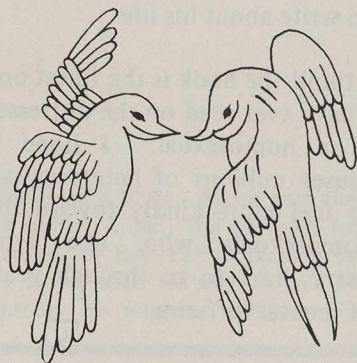


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MISS KNOW IT ALL...

It's amazing how many people in our country think they know everything. Ann Landers happens to be a member of the "Know It All" generation. The following article recently appeared in her daily column. Read it and decide for yourself if Lady Landers is qualified to give advice...or for that matter, do you think she's even qualified to change a diaper.

DEAR ANN LANDERS:

Are you brave enough to print this? We will see. Recently I read where two men were legally married in Texas. What I don't understand is why they had to resort to trickery to get married. Why are homosexual relationships considered illegal? Why is it considered a sex crime when there is no victim, such as rape or child molesting? Why do some police departments hire men to tempt the homosexual and then arrest him for being a pervert? It seems to me this is much more dishonorable, much baser conduct than loving someone of the same sex.

Why must people like me sneak around behind the backs of parents and relatives so that we don't shame or "disgrace" them? Why can't I hold hands with

my lover in public and dance with him the way heterosexual lovers do? Surely love is not indecent, to be scorned and despised. The world needs less hate and more love—any kind of love. I do not understand why so many people do not understand, Can you explain it? —One

DEAR ONE: You read wrong about the "legal" marriage. In no state in the union can members of the same sex marry. This goes for Texas as well as the other 49.

I agree that police entrapment is a rotten device and I am against it. I also agree that most victimless crimes should be taken off the books. In Illinois, as well as many other states, (Illinois was first) homosexuality between consenting adults is not considered illegal.

Why can't members of the same sex kiss publicly and dance together and proclaim their love as heterosexual lovers do? Because homosexuality is unnatural. It is, in spite of what some psychiatrists say, a sickness—a dysfunction. In our culture, in the year 1973, we are not conditioned to accept homosexuality as the normal human condition.

For 18 years I have been pleading for compassion and understanding and equal rights for homosexuals, and I will continue to do so. But I do not believe homosexual activity is normal behavior and unfortunately most people have a tendency to equate any and all abnormalities with sin, disgrace and shame.

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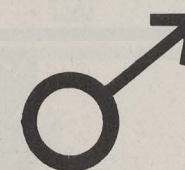
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The UGLY American

...REVISITED



BY BURKE WILLIAMS

Probably one of the few countries in the world today where the 'American' is both invited and welcome is Mexico. We have ostracized ourselves from many of the tourist capitals through or because of interfer-

ence, occupation, and sloppy wars in countries where we were once the hero. The American tourist has done much to cement and exemplify that image.

Mexico City boasts a population in excess of 9,900,000. Larger than New York or any other city in the United States and Mexicans, like our northern neighbors, are most definitely Americans. However, State-side tourists have a glib egotistical view that Mexicans are a lower race and by the privilege of them being in their country they should speak and understand perfect English. Tourists enjoy a giddy pre-school amusement, laughing and miming Mexican customs and language.

Visitors from the United States are, by and large, pushy, arrogant, demeaning and without a drab of patience. Nevertheless, the Yankee dollar is solid and makes up a good percentage of Mexico's gross national product. The tourists constantly complain about the hawkers on the streets

and beaches selling everything from serapes to stuffed armadillos. They gripe about the prices which are usually reasonable and negotiable. This same group can be seen waiting for their prospective flights home with a wild assortment of sombreros, straw baskets, silly little hats that read Acapulco, and a variety of other junk for which they have paid four to twenty times the true resale price buying at the last minute at the more expensive airport shops. Of course, not all American tourists display this every-man-for-himself attitude. It falls the blame on our pseudo-middle class. I was pushed out of line at a ticket counter by an ethnic couple from New Jersey. A group of tourists practically forced me to lay flat at a boarding gate when they stampeded past.

The gay tourist, I observed, perhaps because of being part of a minority group, is more generous and interested in the Mexican and is therefore, made more welcome. Any attempt at Spanish,

spanglish, or Berlitz is appreciated and never, never laughed at. If a gay person makes his situation known, he will be introduced and entertained. One will encounter a gay person or persons in most bars and lounges from the Continental Hilton to Sanborns, which are like glorified Woolworths with a bar. The many fine sidewalk cafes in the Pink Zone are casual and comfortable meeting places. In Mexico City, at least not on the surface, there are no gay bars the way we know them. The gay society there is just that, social, with many parties and get-togethers. There is, indeed, a large gay population which one will encounter through passing an ordinary afternoon and evening.

Ironically, the only attempt at cheating me in the exchange of American dollars for pesos occurred at the only gay bar in Acapulco. More ironic is that this bar has a lovely setting on the side of a mountain overlooking the city and while there was not an empty room in Aca-

pulco, the bar was dead. But why waste your time in a bar when you will see and meet more interesting people sipping a cocktail or beer in an open air cafe or even in a shop or just browsing on the colorful streets.

I can only conclude on my recent trip to Mexico City and Acapulco that the United States gay population can do much in our travels abroad to change this image of the ugly American. I find that gay people have done much to brighten and enhance the attitude of Mexicans towards Americans. Homosexuals, by nature of their own station, as tourists are generally more welcome because they are courteous, considerate, patient, and usually maintain an attractive and pleasant appearance. If what I've just written is fifty percent true then that is enough to offset the typical selfish, self-centered attitude of the, say, dry goods peddler, an overweight wife, and three spoiled brats from Muncie, Indiana who manage to monopolize a hotel from the elevator

to the swimming pool.

Now, in all fairness, I must admit to homosexual acquaintances who in their travels have made the word 'queer' prolific. We do have those in our group who almost believe that they are above reproach. Homosexuals range from the intellectual to the idiotic as do members of any other group, however, as I've said in the past, as a unit, gay people have the emotional advantage in that they are sure of their own sexuality. Therefore, as a unit gay people have a duty to represent their group in the very best of taste when traveling out of the country so that their sisters and brothers who may follow will be as welcome and comfortable as is possible under our present international conditions.

Should you not agree with me, then let me know the last place you visited and I shall play it straight if I should make a similar trip.

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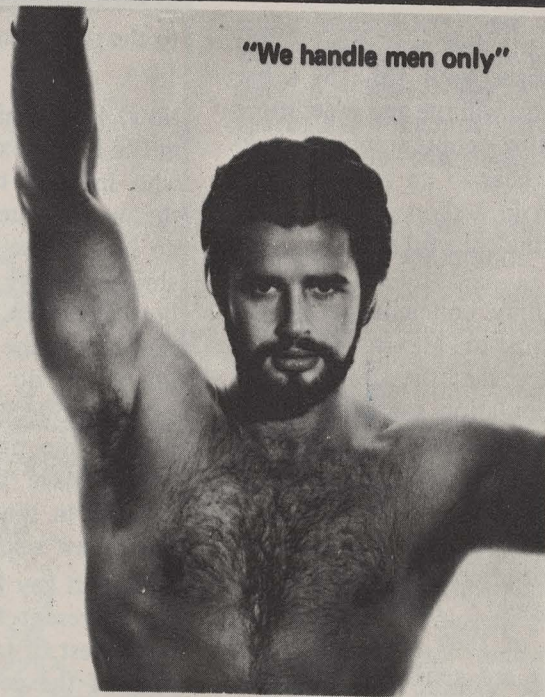


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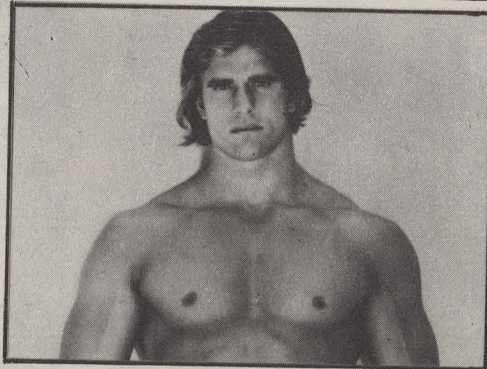
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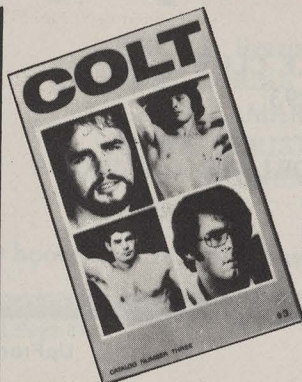
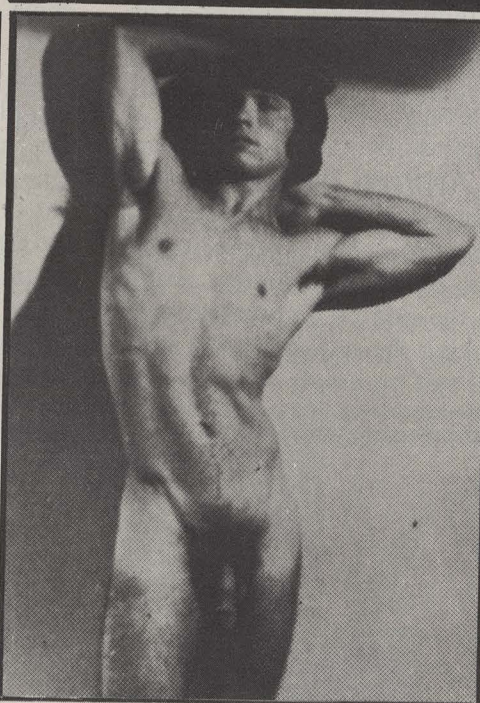
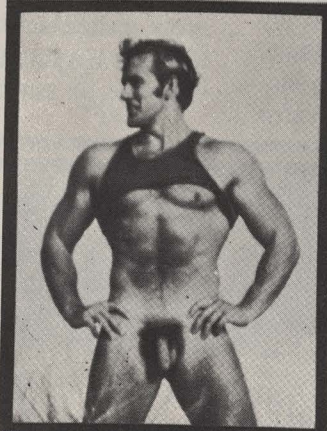
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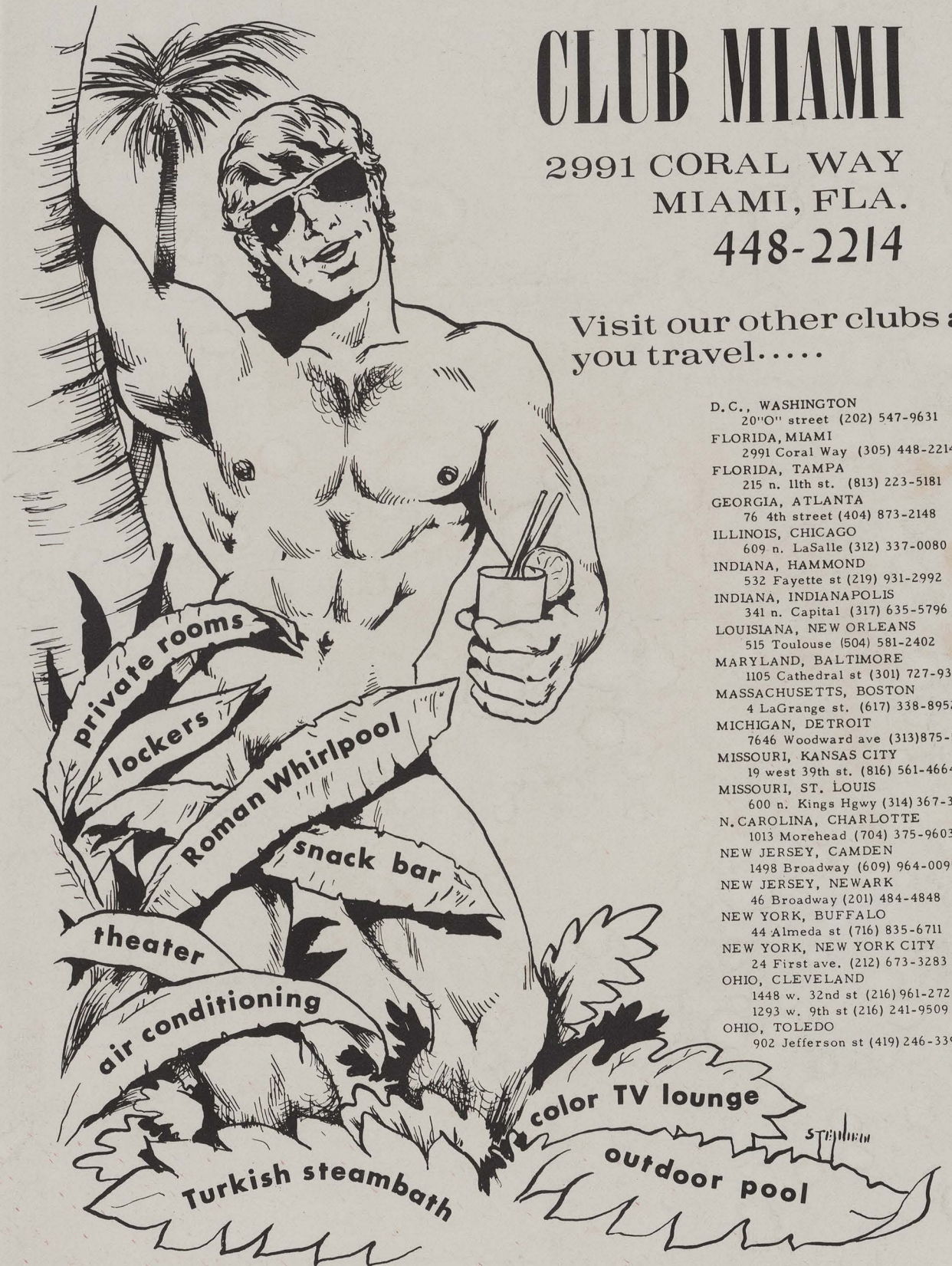
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