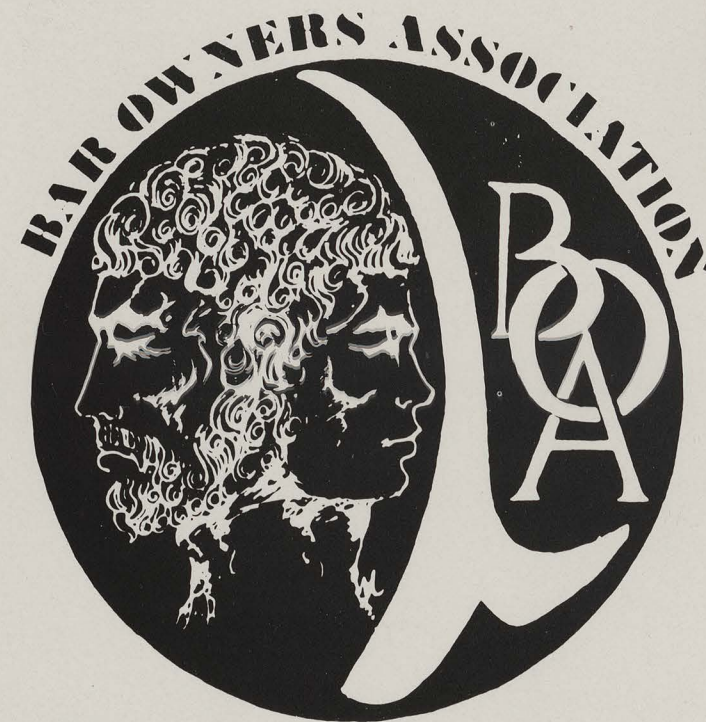


UpFront

NOVEMBER 1972

One Dollar





From The Past To The Future

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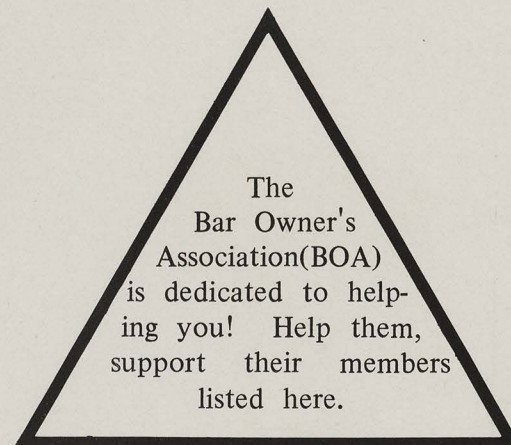
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NOTE: Be sure to get your copy
of the new BOA NEWSLETTER
that is now published monthly.
It's a Hot One!



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Barbara Cook .. Page 14



John .. Page 25

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THE EDITOR SPEAKS

HI KIDS' I'd like to welcome you to the world of UPFRONT. This, our first issue will give you a rough idea of what we plan for the future. Our current and ultimate goal is to entertain each and every one of you.

UPFRONT is our new baby, conceived in the summer of '72, and given birth on October 20, 1972. Even though our pregnancy lasted only three months, this wasn't an easy birth. Our staff has lost a combined total weight of one hundred and six pounds.

UPFRONT was finally delivered in Atlanta, Georgia at nine thirty on the morning of October 20th, and weighed 7500 pounds. I was a nervous wreck. Myself and my staff had gone weeks without sleep, working around the clock at times to see that UPFRONT would be a baby that we could be proud of. Our printer had spent ten days putting the final touches on our baby. During those ten days I expected the telephone to ring at any time with bad news, but fortunately I was spared further labor pains.

UPFRONT will reach thousand's of people that have never met each other before. Our baby was given birth with the thought in mind of bringing Gay people closer together and possibly making straight people understand and accept us a little better. UPFRONT will give us all a better understanding of our life. I feel that we could all enjoy our Gay life more if we understood it better. Many of us go through life never really understanding what it's all about, or for that matter, a lot of us don't even understand ourselves. UPFRONT was born to help us all UNDERSTAND BETTER.

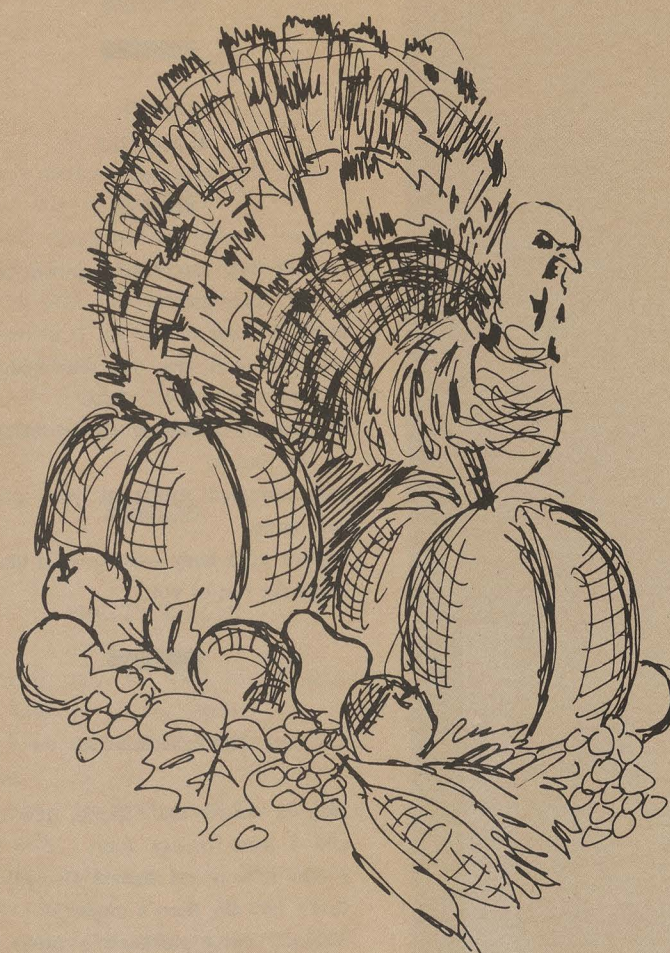
I will train UPFRONT to be a big-mouth, he'll tell you everything that his staff finds out. Sometimes he'll be nelly, sometimes butch and sometimes straight. Some months he'll entertain girls more than guy's and other months guy's more than girl's. If he's ever a bad boy and irritates you in some way, write to him and give him hell. Let him know where he's wrong. Also, if he does something that especially entertains you, let him know that too. Be gentle and patient with UPFRONT, he's just a baby and he's got a lot to learn. Let's all set back and watch him grow, get entertainment from him, all babies are entertaining.

I'M PROUD TO BE THE FATHER OF UPFRONT AND I'M ESPECIALLY PROUD OF MY STAFF. THEY HAVE HELPED ME GIVE BIRTH TO A FINE BABY. Let UPFRONT hear from you, he wants to please and entertain you very much. Without your comments and guidance he may slip-up somewhere along the line - remember he's just a baby.

FROM THE ENTIRE STAFF OF UPFRONT, WE LOVE YOU ALL DEARLY!

Robbie Llewellyn, Editor

Happy Thanksgiving



At this
golden harvest season
May your life be richly blessed
With a real abundance
of the things
That make you happiest

FROM YOUR

UpFront

STAFF



Upfront Page 6

Rick

BALLING

Drop your pants, drive her through,
fill her up,
big ones, little ones - - - there's always
vaseline,
all night, all day, instant happiness!
but it's over so quickly,
I guess there is a difference between
balling and making love.



BLANKETS and SHEETS

I can't say our love's grown cold;
I still find shelter
in your arms,
and you still give yourself willingly,
but something isn't right.
Perhaps we spend it all on blankets
on the beach,
and crumpled sheets at your place,
and mine.
I know your body well, now I'd like to
know the rest of you.



JUST FRIENDS

Dog is man's best friend, it's said,
and I have twenty four;
I also have a cat named George, but
that's not all, there's more.
Rabbits, mice, parakeets a turtle like
no other, and it's true,
dog is man's best friend, but he's
nothing like a lover.

Thinks

OPENING UP

Opening up, slowly carefully, reluctantly
letting love in and out,
Opening up, giving, getting, sharing
but not as reluctantly now.
I know it's late in the day, but I'm
finally opening up for you.



MOVIES

It was better this time; when the
loving was done,
I didn't want to run away, I wanted
to stay and light your cigarette and
talk to you, like lovers do,
in movies I have seen and I was
Mastroianni,
and you were you, and I was glad,
I went to the movies.



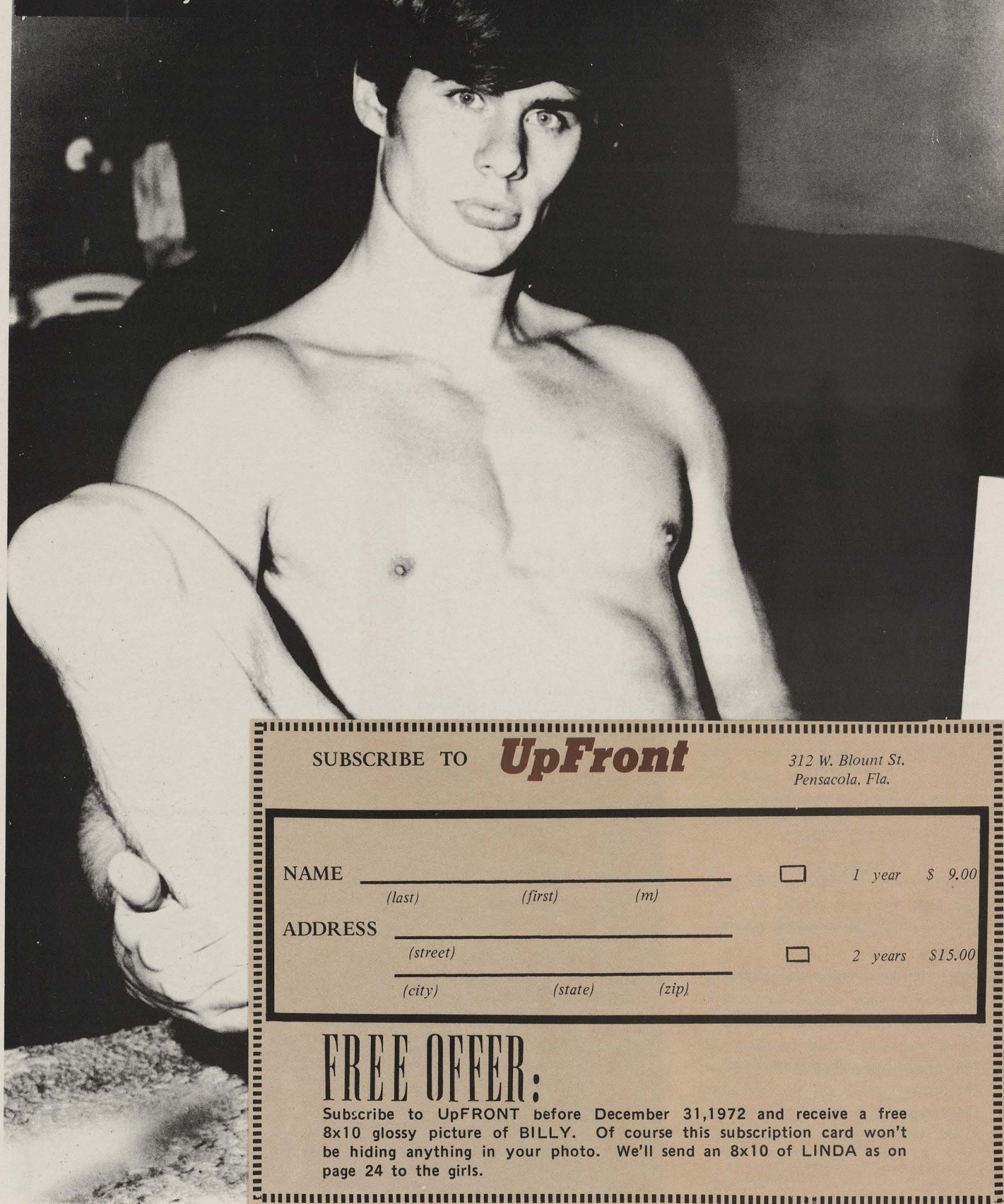
PRETTY SHELLS

I meant only to walk in the sand,
and look for pretty shells,
but I see that I've wandered into the
water.
The waves are chilling and I've tried to
turn back.
but the current is so strong, like a giant
liquid magnet,
this wicked sea pulls me deeper. Yet,
the deeper I go,
the warmer I feel. Shall I cry for help?
I did, but...there is no one on the beach.....



Upfront Page 7

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Door

★ DANCING

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We know a passionate young boy who was barred from the beach when the lifeguard saw him going down for the third time.

UPFRONT'S Dictionary defines bisexual as a man who likes girls as well as the next fellow.

Then there was the gay tatoo artist who had designs on several of the local sailors.

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Sweetie?"

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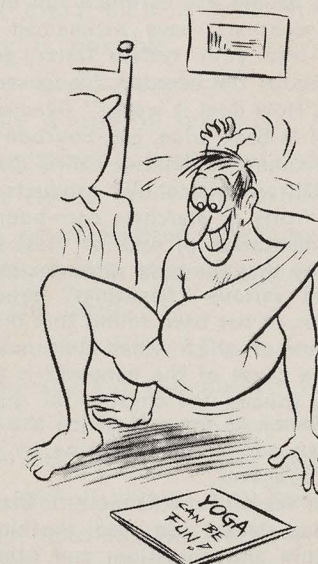
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go go boys
& d.j.

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How about a QUICKIE?

If you were in Pensacola, Florida over July 4th weekend and attended Robbie's Yum Yum Tree Beach Party, you probably were given a green metal pin-on button that said "How about a quickie." The "Quickie" they were proclaiming was a new Atlanta product GATA MIST - Isotonic Vodka. The product was being given a taste test by hundreds of Gay People and those who indulged seemed to approve it. JoAnn and Harold Rosenthal, owner's of the GATA MIST Company, were on hand to personally host the party. They both are beautiful people and graciously supplied approximately three hundred Gay Guy's and Girl's with un-limited mixed drinks made with GATA MIST Vodka.

JoAnn and Harold have hosted over fifty GATA MIST Parties during the past year. They both admitted that the turnout, response and enthusiasm over their product at this party was the best yet, and they added that they wish straight people had as much fun as Gay's seem to.

The Rosenthals' have nicknamed their Vodka, "Super Booze." It is said to get into your system faster, get out of your system faster, and do all this without the dreaded "hangover" that we queens hate so much. Everyone asked, "How does it work?" Read on!

Alcohol in beer, wine, gin, bourbon or even white light'in, all contain the same ethyl alcohol, sometimes called grain alcohol since it usually is made from grain. Different alcoholic products can be produced by fermenting different grains, fruits or starches: corn-bourbon, potato-vodka, and hops-beer. During the fermentation of each of these the same ethyl alcohol is produced. So one could say that the basic differences among alcoholic spirits is not the alcohol, but the various "flavorings" produced during the different fermentation processes. It has been found that this "flavoring" is composed of various chemicals, some of which, when consumed in large quantities, are toxic. It is believed that one cause of the hangover is the accumulation of these chemicals in the system; usually the cheaper the grade of the spirit the larger the amount of toxic chemicals present, giving the greater hangover. GATA MIST has alcohol and then adding the flavoring by distillation; thus reducing the chances of "toxic hangover."

Another reason for a hangover is that as the ethyl alcohol is being removed from the blood stream and used, the blood is being depleted of it's normal supply of sodium and potassium and other components of the body fluids. GATA MIST keeps the depletion effect from occurring by putting an isotonic formula into the product. The isotonic formula, same ingredients as Gatorade-used by football players to refresh them for the rest of the fray, is composed of substances which match the acidity and salinity of the blood which keeps the components of the blood in balance; hence reducing the chance of a "depletion hangover."

JoAnn and Harold are not allowed to advertise the true facts of their product because of super-strict federal laws governing Alcohol Advertisements. Aunt Sam apparently doesn't want anyone to be talked into drinking booze. This I can't understand, cause she sure get's her share of tax money from every ounce sold. No matter how hard she tries, Aunt Sam can't stop a queen from sounding off about something good, so I'm gonna state true facts! GATA MIST will make a person, gay or straight, drunk faster. This is great if you're trying to get your trick drunk so you can seduce him (or her), you don't have to spend all night in a bar, and if you're buying, it won't cost you as much to get her (or him) drunk. No hangover the next morning is worth it's weight in gold - have you ever tried to crank curlers smelling that wave lotion or arrange posies that smell like a funeral home, with a giant size hangover from the night before. It ain't fun.

Soon GATA MIST will be Nationwide. Presently it's distributed in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Illinois and Texas. The next time you're nite-clubbing in any of these states, ask the bartender for GATA MIST Vodka. If you like it, tell your friend's, if you don't like it, feed it to your trick.



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 was in the small galley of Ken and Nancy's 47 foot Chris Craft Cruiser, when Ken came bolting down the steps with his arms loaded with grocery supplies for a four week cruise beginning early the next day. Ken missed the last step and all 200 pounds, plus two bags of groceries and a sack of potatoes went flying through the air. Ray grabbed for Ken, but since the galley was so small, he could not get turned around in time to prevent Ken's fall. Ken hit the floor hard. A lesser man would have let out a cry of pain, because it was apparent that he was hurt. His right foot was wedged between the wall and bottom step, turned completely opposit from his body. After stumbling through spilled groceries, Ray got Ken's foot loose from the step and helped him to his feet. "Shit, I think the damn thing is broken," said Ken. He sat down and Ray pulled his sneaker off. The ankle was swollen and already discolored, turning a deep shade of blue. "What do you think Ray?" Ken asked. "I think we damn well get you to a doctor," Ray answered. "First I gotta piss," Ken said. "Help me to the head." KEN found it difficult to stand on one foot in the head, with the cruiser rocking back and forth from the rough inland waves at their dock, but he managed to hold on to a towel bar with one hand and get his bathing trunks zipper down with the other. Pulling his jock strap down and himself out at the same time presented him with a problem. He

tried to stand on his hurt foot, but quickly realized that this would not work. Finally he got his cock out and began to piss. Holding it in his hand always gave him a thrill and he couldn't help but to remember that his first sex experience with a girl was in the small head of his father's boat when he was only 13. That head was alot smaller and he had to sit on the toilet and little red headed Annie, which all the guys nicknamed "Red Fanny Annie," straddled him and nearly crushed him through the toilet trying to get every inch of him as far into her as possible. He remembered how he had exploded in her after only about 30 seconds. Also he remembered how hard it was to get Annie off -- for some reason he never wanted anything to do with Annie after that experience in the head.

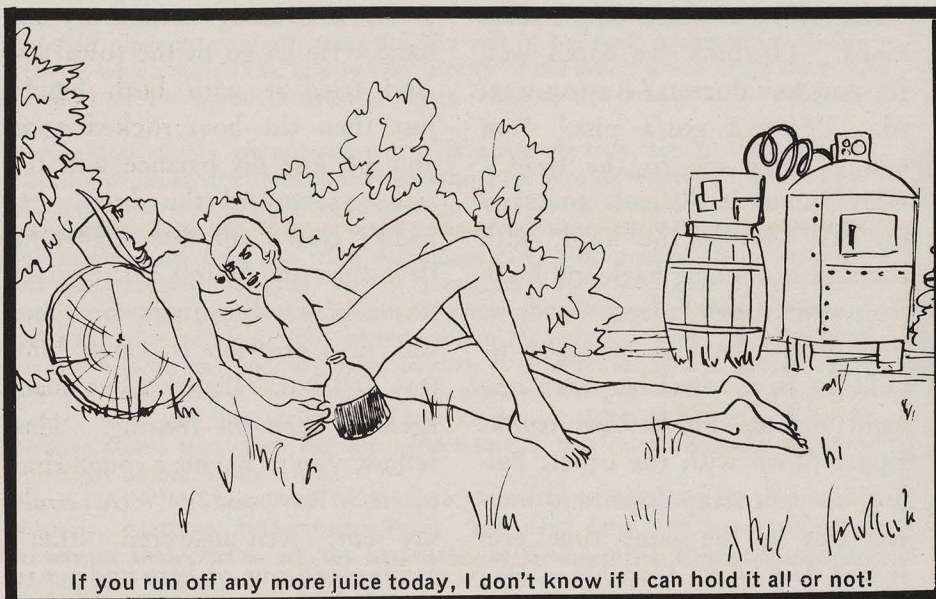
"You OK Ken?" Ray asked as he knocked on the bathroom door. "Sure, sure Ray, Ken answered, just taking me a little extra time. to tuck it away. You know with one hand it's not so easy." Ken tried to pull his zipper up, but it wouldn't budge using only one hand. He let go of the towel bar and tried it with both hands, just then the boat rocked again and he lost his balance and fell sideways toward the door. He hadn't closed the door tight and flew open and he fell. Fortunately Ray was standing right there and was in a position to catch him. Ray fell back slightly, but managed to keep his footing. "Say fellow, you're having a rough time of it," Ray said. "You could say that," Ken answered. "Let's get the hell out of here and get to

can't page 19



FEATURING THE COMBINED TALENTS OF

lavita-wendy-allyson-rachael



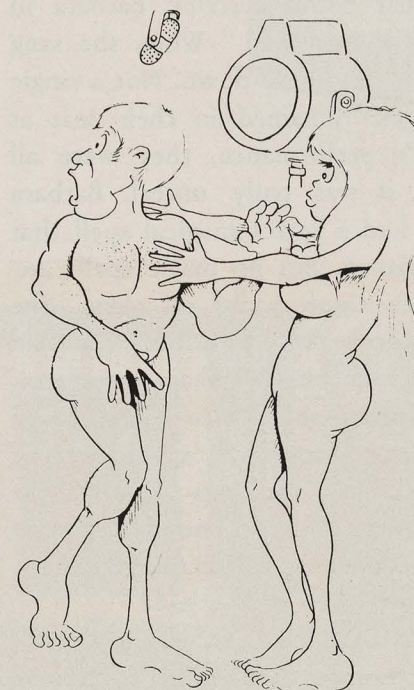
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REAL GIRL!"

Democrat Apologies

During the Democratic Convention in Miami, a McGovern delegate from Ohio, Ms Kathleen Wilch, opposed the Gay Rights Plank, Minority Report No.8.

Immediately following her speech, during which she inferred that homosexuals were child molesters, delegates from New York, New Jersey and California passed resolutions which condemned Ms Wilch for her speech.

Several Gay Organizations demand public apology from the democrates.

On July 13, 1972, Ms Wilch released a statement to the press. It read as follows:

On Tuesday night, I presented a speech to the Democratic National Convention opposing Minority Report No. 8, the Gay Liberation Plank. This speech was prepared for me by a lawyer on the staff of the Platform Committee, of which I am a member.

I opposed the plank for reasons of political expediency. The analogies I drew in the speech were aimed to show the possible ramifications of the plank as a political document. I was not aware that the speech would imply that homosexuals are child molesters. Child molestation is largely a heterosexual, not homosexual problem.

I heartily apologize to all members of the Gay Liberation Movement for any other implications which were derived from my speech. I wholeheartedly support the right of all individuals to privacy, and equality in all areas without regard to sexual orientation.

I will do all my power to urge Senator McGovern to publicly repudiate the statement as prepared by the Platform Committee Staff and to publicly reaffirm his support for the Gay Civil Rights.

Signed: Kathleen A. Wilch

**THE
Nook**

255 Minora Avenue, Coral Gables, Florida

Member - B.O.A.



Miss Barbara Cook

by: Robbie Llewellyn

When the curtain rises on the production of "The Enemy's," November 9th at Lincoln Center in New York City, the beautiful and talented Miss Barbara Cook will appear - capturing her audience, as always, with her superb talents that certainly take second place to none on Broadway.

Very few actresses could brag of their past theatre performances like Barbara could. But brag; that's not Barbara Cook, she feels that every newfound talent must be projected to her audience. Barbara says, "there is no time for conceit or bragging when there's so many avenue's open for discovery of new idea's and ways to entertain people." "I've worked harder lately," says Barbara, "because everything in our country is so down these day's. There's a great need for a moral boost throughout our nation, and I'd like to know I've contributed, when things get better.

This is the real Barbara Cook, always wanting to make you happy, going to extremes to entertain, but always using reality, that way there's no let down. When Barbara makes you happy, you stay happy.

The first time I met Barbara, she was playing the role of Fanny Brice in Funny Girl at the Shady Grove Theatre in Washington D.C., opposite George

Hamilton. The producers of the show had cut expenses greatly. Costuming was terrible, the Orchestra was fair, supporting actresses and actors, good, the Star, Barbara Cook, Fantastic!

There's no words that could describe Barbara in that production of "Funny Girl." When she sang "People," she brought the house down. Not a single person in the audience remained in their seat at the end of Barbara's performance, they were all standing, applauding, it was truly unreal. Barbara later joked that she had a secret magical spell that she cast over an audience. But no magic spells are needed when Barbara Cook walks on stage. She combines her own personality with her character role and the outcome is nothing less than sensational. Barbara's voice is un-mistakable. Once you've heard her sing, you will never forget the uniqueness of her voice. In "Music Man," she sings "Good Night My Someone," and leaves you spellbound. Listening to her sing this beautiful song, will make you think of every good love experience you've had.

Barbara hails from Atlanta, Georgia, but has made New York City her home. Barbara say's, "I love New York because you can be yourself, everybody leaves you alone." Barbara is very liberal minded,

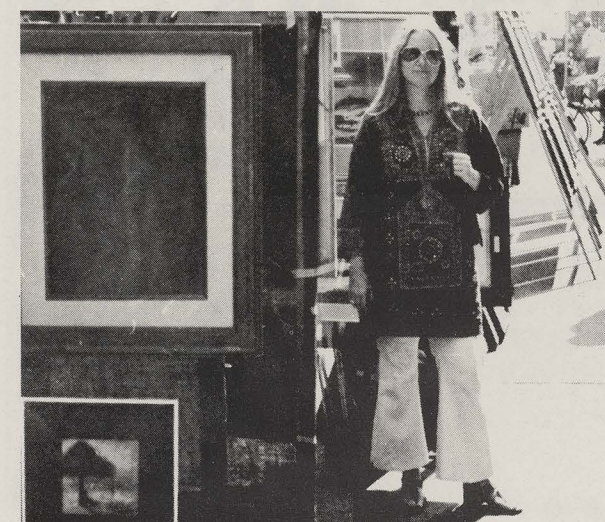
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B
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in
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DON'T
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TRASH*

Everything you
always wanted to
know about sex*

Explained by
David Reuben, M.D.

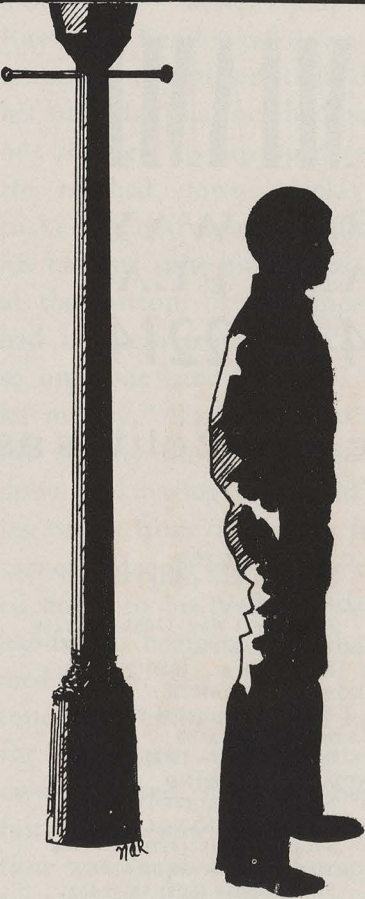


BUT WERE AFRAID TO ASK



Critique by: Robbie Llewellyn

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Love & Humor

BY Dizzy Arnald

*This morning in the early dawn, I cruised the Bus Station
wishing, that maybe at this early hour, I'd find a lonely
someone, maybe as lonely as myself,*

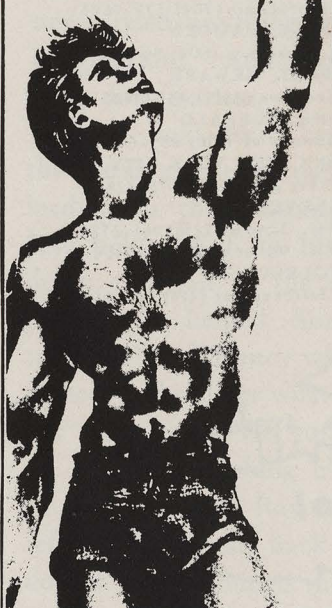
*There's someone, standing alone in a secluded corner, all by
himself, under a dim light, he looks lonely, maybe as
lonely as myself, I wonder, should I cruise him? should I?*

*There, I caught his eye, GOSH, are those eyes lonely? I hope
they are, or are they wicked? It's so hard to tell, the light is so
dim, I wonder what's he's thinking? Oh, he's leaving, no,
he's heading toward the restroom Should I follow him?
should I?*

*As I enter the restroom, I catch his eye again, are those
lonely eyes, or wicked eyes? I stood by him at the urinal
looking down at him, he has become aroused, should
I touch him, should I?*

*As I laid my hand on his warm flesh, I looked into his eyes,
those eyes ARE lonely, not wicked, he is lonely, like me,
but now for a short while, we've got each other, and neither
of us will be lonely until we part within a short time after.*

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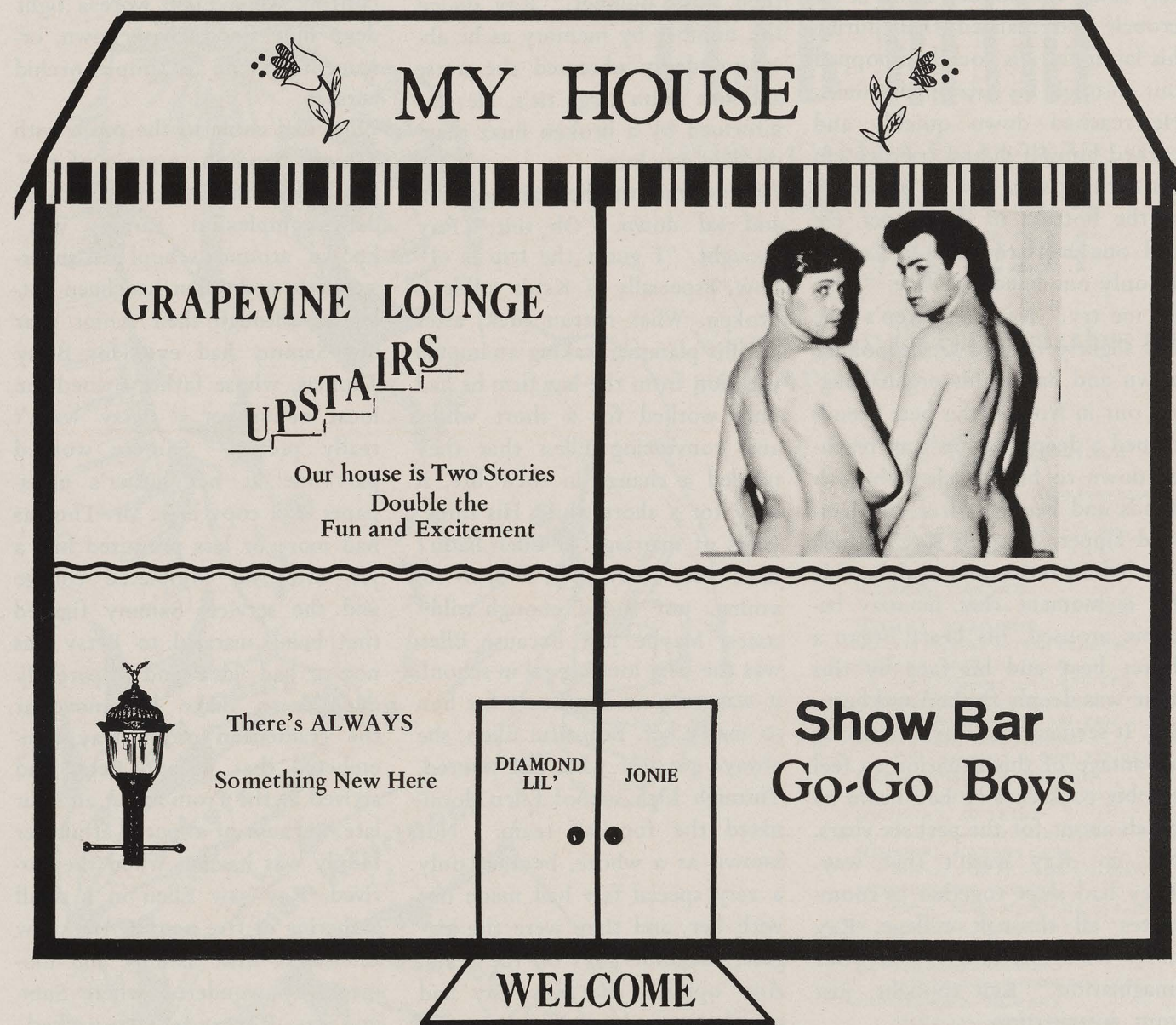
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a doctor.” “Better zip up first,” Ray said. Ken looked down at his crouch and realized that during his latter fall his cock had popped out through his unzipped trunks. He reached down quickly and tucked himself in and tried to zip his bathing suit, but it was stuck at the bottom of the zipper. He had one arm around Ray’s neck, so only one hand was free. “Here let me try,” Ray said. Ken’s face still slightly flushed from looking down and having his organ hanging out in front of his best friend, turned a deeper red as Ray reached down to his crouch with both hands and begin to free the jammed zipper. Ken felt Ray’s hands touch him intimately and he felt for a moment that he may become aroused, his heart began a faster beat and his face by this time was deeply flushed and burning. It seemed that Ray was taking advantage of this situation to feel the big cock that he had heard so much about for the past six years. No, no, Ray wasn’t that way. They had slept together as roommates all through college. Ray never tried anything, “Just your imagination,” Ken thought, just your imagination. “You’re next Mr. Cramer” said the nurse as she opened the door leading to the examining room. Ray helped Ken to his feet and down the hall to the examining room and helped him on the table. “I’ll call Nancy while you’re in here and tell her what’s happened,” Ray said. “Do you want me to tell her anything else? maybe to come down?” Ray asked. “No tell her we’ll call back after the doctor has examined me.” Could I use your telephone?” Ray asked

the nurse. “Yes sir, just dial nine then your number.” Ray dialed the number by memory as he absentmindedly observed the nurse and her extra large tit’s. He was informed by a broken buzz that the line was busy. HE returned to the waiting room and sat down. “Oh shit,” Ray thought, “I guess the trip is off now, especially if Ken’s ankle is broken. What rotten luck, after all this planning, taking an unpaid vacation from the law firm he had only worked for a short while, and convincing Ellen that they needed a change in their life, if only for a short while. His three years of marriage to Ellen hadn’t been easy. Maybe he’d been to young, not soded enough wild oates. Maybe just because Ellen was the best looking gal in school, it was only an ego boost for him to marry her. Beautiful Ellen, she always got just what she wanted. Through high school Ellen dominated the football team. Not known as a whore, because only a very special few had made out with her, and they were the biggest, toughest guys on the team. Any opinion that any guy had was kept to himself, in fear of getting the shit beat out of him. Ray was on speaking terms with Ellen all through high school, but it wasn’t until the Graduation Prom that they actually became close. Close hell, he screwed her in the walk-in cooler at the school cafeteria! Damn, what an experience! Ray remembered that he and Ellen had been dancing. Ellen had been the only girl graduating that had the nerve to wear a skin tight evening dress, making her look at least ten years older.

All the other girls wore yards of chiffon, while Ellen wore a tight deep blue floor length gown, ornamented with a simple orchid corsage. Ellen had come to the prom with Sammy Sandino, captain of the football team, an Italian with a dark complexion. Sammy was known around school as superstud. He and Ellen had been dating all through their senior year but Sammy had eyes for Betsy Thomas, whose father owned the local newspaper. Betsy wasn’t really pretty. Sammy worked part-time at her father’s newspaper as a copy boy. Mr. Thomas had more or less promised him a job after he completed college and the service. Sammy figured that being married to Betsy was not a bad idea and apparently decided to make his move at the graduation prom. Ray remembered that he and Betsy had arrived at the Prom about an hour late, because of a special affair her family was having. When they arrived, Ray saw Ellen in a small gathering of five people. He knew Ellen was with Sammy and momentarily wondered where Sammy was. Ray and Betsy walked over and joined the group that was talking about colleges they would attend after graduation. After introductions, Ray spotted Sammy coming toward them. He joined the group and was especially attentive toward Betsy. The band came back from a break. Sammy turned to Betsy and asked her to dance. She accepted and they both headed for the dance floor.



MY HOUSE
774 West Peachtree St.
 (BETWEEN 5th and 6th)
Atlanta, Georgia
Tel. 872-2721

Note: Peaches back door is closed
 all the action has moved to "My House" — come see us

"MY HOUSE" IS YOUR HOUSE

Ray looked at Ellen and she seemed as surprised as he was. "Shall we," he said as he motioned toward the dance floor. "sure" she replied. The rest of the evening the pairing seemed to be switched. Sammy had a bottle in the car and the four of them went outside several times to spike their punch. Everytime Ray danced with Ellen, she seemed to get closer to him. At one point she rubbed against him so tight that he became aroused so that she was aware of the bulge in his pants and she teasingly pressed herself harder against him. As she did, Ray whispered "we should find a place with more privacy." He grabbed her hand and led her off toward the kitchen of the school cafeteria. The prom was in full swing now and nobody noticed their departure. In the kitchen the lights were on and it was very bright. He pulled her to him and kissed her hard. Her hand found it's way to his erect sex and she squeezed it as hard as he was kissing her. He broke loose and searched the room with his eyes for more privacy. They decided the safest place would be the walk-in cooler, and they headed for that. Inside it was dark and cold, but both body's were hot. He grabbed her in his arms and kissed very hard and at the same time searched for the zipper that would free her jaunting breast. He felt her smooth back and finally the zipper. Her hands were searching his body. She unzipped his pants and engulfed his throbbing sex in her hand. She was breathing hard and the rhythm of her chest made her breast feel like cannon balls striking again and again against his chest. Her dress fell to the floor. His tounge was in her mouth and she sucked on it. At that moment she felt his hands tug at both sides of her satin panties and she felt the cool air of the cooler caressing her buttocks as he pulled the pants down to her knees. He caressed her vulva for a few moments and then put both his hands on her buttocks. He gave a savage thrust that knocked her slightly against the wall and she felt the burning of his big sex as it passed between her thighs and entered into her body. Ray thought

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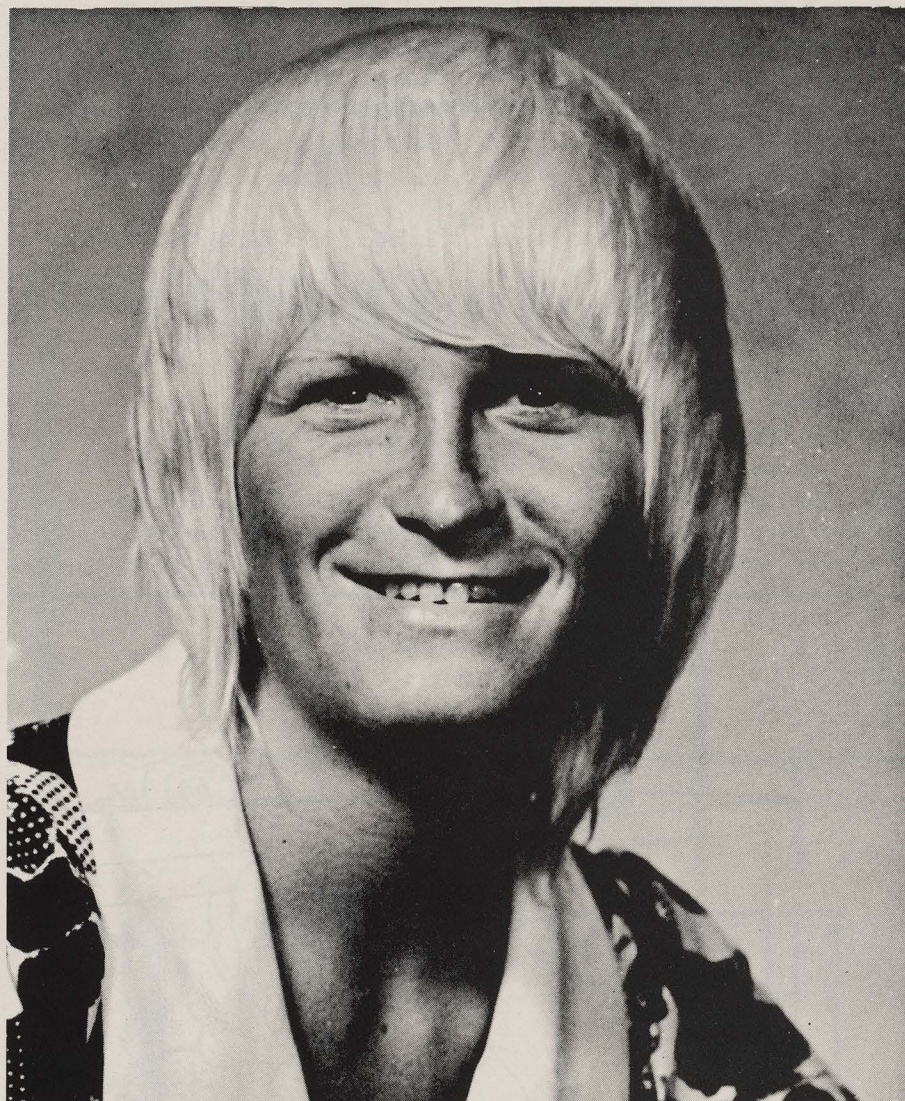
how warm the inside of her body was, his cock seemed to be on fire, the unbelievable pleasure made him gasp and he felt himself explode within her. She was quivering, her body pulsating and just seconds after Ray had felt complete satisfaction, Ellen reached a shattering climax, the first after a dozen other attempts at sex. They leaned against each other, out of breath, both totally satisfied. They dressed and returned to the prom. The restrooms were nearby so both headed toward them. Ray returned to the room before Ellen, and was heading for the refreshment table when Betsy came toward him with tears in her eyes. "Ray I want to go home, please take me home," she

said. "What's the matter" Ray asked, at the same time searching the room for Sammy, but not spotting him. "It's nothing, please, just take me home." Ray knew that Sammy had made a pass and had possibly been successful.

Ray had been dating Betsy all through school. He had never scored with her, or even tried. He was sure that she was still a virgin at seventeen. Ray himself had been a virgin until tonight's episode in the cooler. The most sex he had had was an occasional encounter on the highway with guys who had given him a lift hitch-hiking and had given him a blow job. Also, once he and his cousin from North Carolina



Yes dear, the plumber is here, and is doing a fine job!

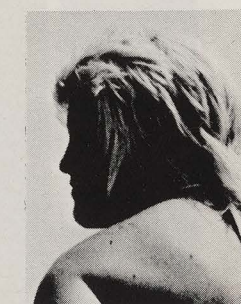
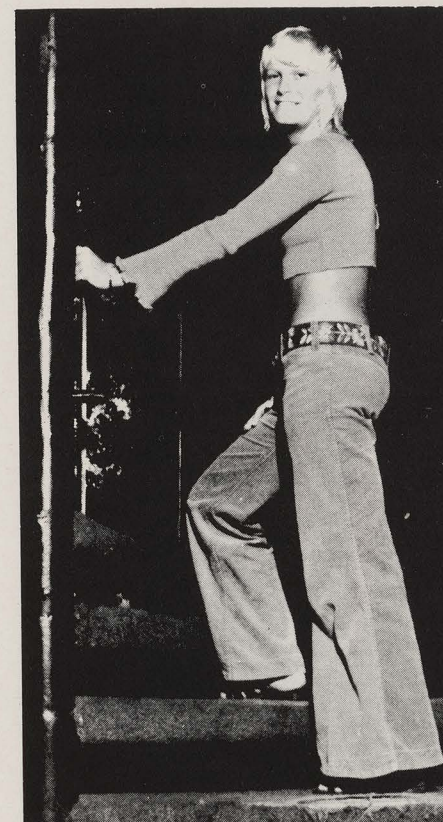


LINDA

Linda is a real Florida girl and there aren't many of those around! She was born in West Palm Beach in 1950. Her family moved to Cocoa Beach where she entered the first grade and finally to Pensacola, Florida in late 1971. She attended the schools in Merritt, Island, and graduated from high school in 1968. Linda now attends the University of South Fla., studying X-Ray technology and physical education.

Linda has always excelled in sports. Her bedroom is filled with the many trophies that she has won through the years. She has that special grace and coordination that marks the true athlete. Of course, as most athletes are, she's a "Klutz" off the field or court.

Being from the coast, Linda is a "beach



a Florida girl.

person." Her wardrobe consists of bathing suit, short shorts, tank tops, and a pair or two of sandals. The cooler winter weather of Pensacola may force her into slacks for a couple of months but she'll probably be the first one on the beach in the spring. She loves Pensacola Beach, but is disappointed that the surf isn't bigger; she's a fanatic over surfing.

When in Pensacola, Linda works at her brother's club "Robbie's Yum Yum Tree West," either at the door or behind the bar. She is a nice, friendly person, always a smile for everyone, easily an asset to the club or to any party she attends. Linda is on the go constantly; shopping, partying, doing the beach scene, always talking, and Robbie says, spending money!

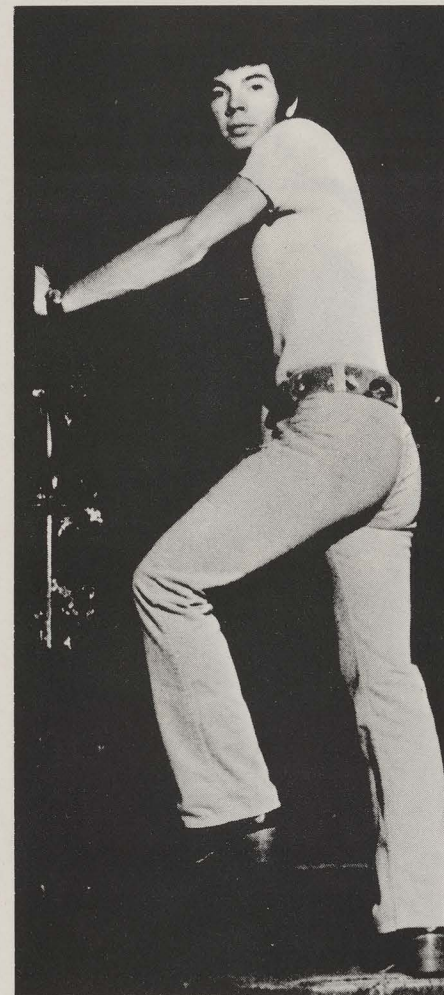




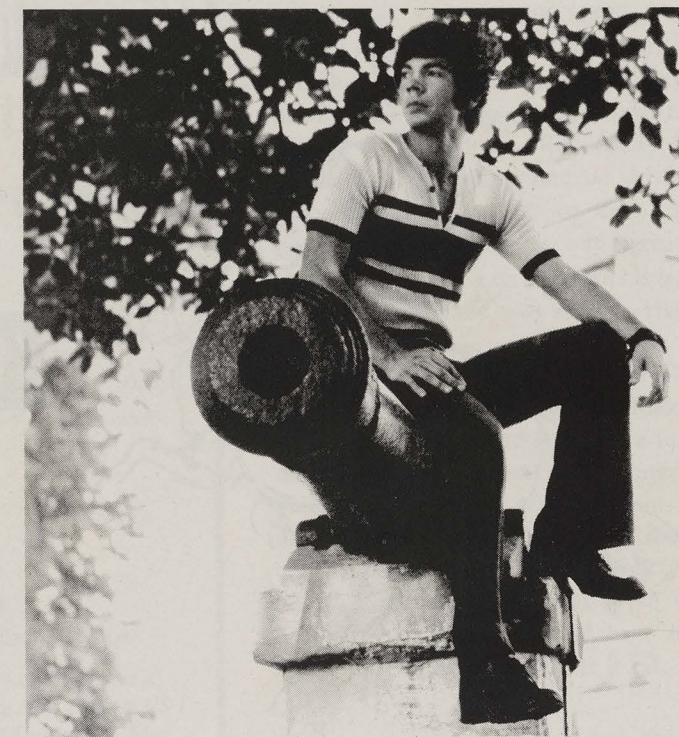
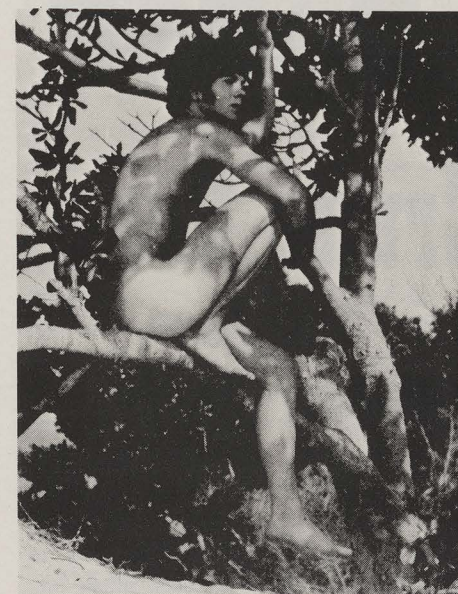


John has been in Pensacola, Fla. for approximately three months, enjoying the beautiful summer weather. He doesn't claim any city as his home, preferring to satisfy his wanderlust. He enjoys

music, shopping for and collecting antiques, and of course the beach scene of North West Florida. John weighs approximately 150 lbs. and stands 69" tall.



JOHN



Action Calendar

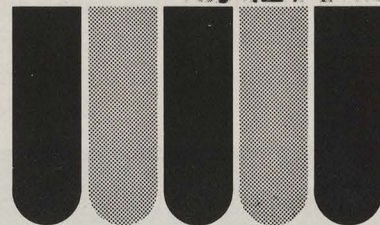
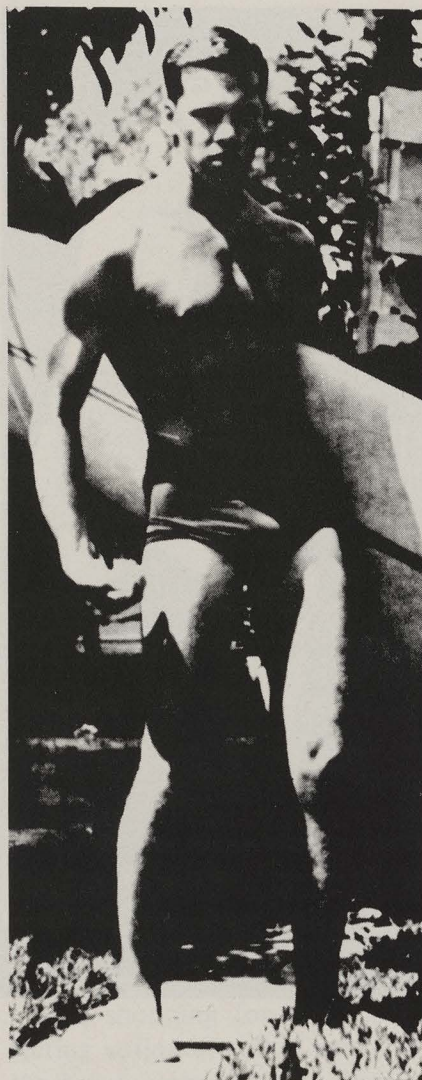
MONDAY GO - GO BOYS EVERYNITE	TUESDAY DANCE CONTEST
WEDNESDAY GO - GO BOYS	THURSDAY DATING GAME
FRIDAY BILLIE BOOTS REVIEW	SATURDAY GO - GO BOYS
SUNDAY BILLIE BOOTS REVIEW	If there was an 8 th day, we'd have another day to entertain you!

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had tried an anal experiment with each other using vaseline, but that had hurt too much to be fun. Ray remembered how good he used to enjoy being picked up by strange men and given a blow job in the back seat of a strange car, but as soon as he climaxed, he would push the guy away. Usually he would jump out of the car, zip his pants up, and run. Sometimes he would even get a little rough if the guy insisted on not stopping. He remembered once being picked up by a young blond guy. Possibly the guy was just eighteen or nineteen years old, just a few years older than he. His car was a brand new Corvette, Ray's dream car. Yellow with white interior. "Damn," Ray thought, "what a car, I'd do anything to own wheels like this! Listen to that engine, powerful, relentless, responding to every command by it's master." Ray was lost in his enthusiasm over the Corvette that he failed to hear the dude ask his destination. Ray's arm was laying on his left leg. He felt a hand touch him. "Say, where are you going?" the driver asked. "just a few miles out Lillian Highway," Ray replied. He added, "sure is a fine machine you have here." "Yea, I just got it a few days ago, he said. "A present from my uncle for completeing my two years at Junior college, I really expected a Volkswagen or a small economy car, but I've spent alot of time with my aunt and uncle so I guess they wanted to repay me in a more fashionable manner than a Volkswagen. Are you in school?" he asked Ray. "Yes. the eleventh grade," Ray answered. "Sure wish I had an uncle that would give me a machine like this. I'd give anything just to drive it." "Do you mean that the boy asked?" "Sure" said Ray. The blond braked the powerful Corvette and when the RPM's had lowered, he geared down into low, and pulled over to the shoulder. He opened his door and motioned with his head for Ray to get behind the wheel. They exchanged seats. The engine was running. "Damn! damn, what a machine." Ray thought again. He pulled it in gear, looked for oncoming traffic and being satisfied there was none, he pulled the powerful Corvette onto the

pavement. Ray went through changing of the gears like a professional. With all gears changed, he relaxed and let the speed climb steadily to eighty miles per hour. The blond remained quiet. The sun was just going down and darkness was falling. Ray rounded a curve and home came into view, but he'd already decided that he was going to drive just as long as the guy would let him. "Hell I've got all night to hitch-hike back," he thought. His parents were out of town, and he wasn't expected anywhere tonight. He turned the lights on and was impressed to find that all dashboard lights lit up in red, casting a soft red glow throughout the cabin of the Corvette. He looked at the other guy, but said nothing. The soft red light made him look younger, very blond hair. If it wasn't for the hair on his arms and the way he was dressed, he could be mistaken for a girl. His complexion was light and he seemed very well groomed. "Tell me when to stop," Ray said. "I just passed my house, but I want to keep driving until you stop me. OK?" "Sure" the blond said. He reach-

ed his hand over and squeezed Ray's leg, and left his hand lying where he squeezed.

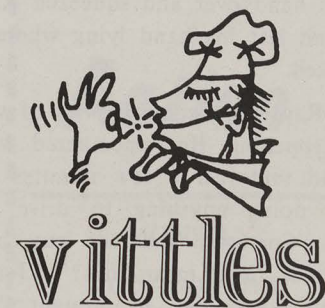
NOW Ray was becoming aware of what was happening. He remembered what he had said just a few minutes ago about doing anything to drive this yellow Corvette, and the guy had answered, "You mean that?" "Jesus, this guy wants me," he thought. "But why get upset?I've let guys have me before. But what if this blond guy wants me to take him also. Oh no, I draw the line. But I did say I'd do anything. NO! If he wants to suck me, OK, but that's it!" Ray felt his pants around his crouch getting tighter, the blond's hand was now resting high up on Ray's thigh, almost, but not touching his crouch. "If it gets any harder, it will touch the side of his hand," Ray thought. "Why worry? Slide down a little in the seat and let the guy get a good feel," Ray thought. Ray changed his position slightly, lowered himself in the seat enough so his aroused sex was now under the hand of the blond. He felt the blond quickly unzip his pants and only an instant passed before his head was laying in Ray's lap and the guy was taking Ray in his mouth. Ray looked down first at the speed which had reached 100 MPH, "no sweat" he thought, "open road ahead," then he looked at the back of the guy's head which was slowly and expertly moving up and down. Ray found it difficult to keep his mind on driving, such a great sensation to drive this powerful yellow Corvette, but a greater sensation was going on between his legs. The two combined was sheer ecstasy. But what's going to happen when I come and we're doing 100 MPH?" Ray thought. "If this blond doesn't stop - - - ! Just ahead Ray saw a turn off that he knew went down into a hollow. The kids at school would go down there on weekends and drink beer and make out. "Let's pull off here," Ray said. The blond lifted his head, pushed back his blond hair, and raised up. "Sure" he said, "is it safe?"

con't page 34

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Sailor: "Why did you spit that out?"
Gay: "So I can enjoy it again later!"

When you're stuck with a
frigid femme, it can be a
real hassle to get on top of
the situation.

UPFRONT'S Dictionary defines chim-
panzee as a gay monkey.



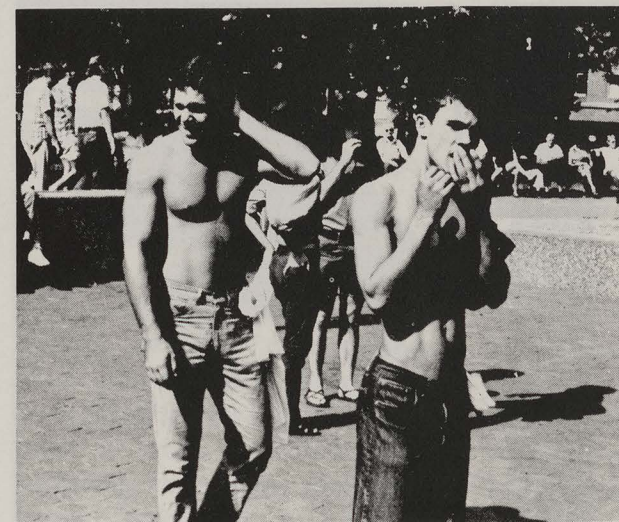
KING'S

Ransom Pub
"Dancing"

WE CATER
TO THE YOUNG CROWD

Monday Is Girls Night

20 E. CHICAGO AVE.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS



Welcome to the first issue of
Upfront. My name is Yetta Hop-
per and I will be your New York
Correspondent. I am out to bring
you New York's Gay News, or
Dirt! (however dull it may seem)

This time of year, dances seem to
be very popular. If your lover isn't
around to keep you warm, you
head for your favorite dance.
Every other Saturday, you can
find the GAB dance (Gay Alliance
of Brooklyn) in the heights. Two
bucks will get you in. The price
of admission includes all the beer
and soda you can get down in
your tender body. Every Saturday,
you can find a dance at the GAA
Fire House (Gay Activists Al-
liance) located on Wooster St.
This dance gets a very large crowd
and has been known to be very
tacky at times. In the Fire House,
on every other Friday Evening,
GAA puts on a Cabaret. People
with talent (?) are invited to try
out for the show. New York
will soon be the home of another
Gay Organization. This one will
be called "Flatbush Gay Friends."
General meetings will start Nov-
ember 15th. Their first dance will
be November 17th. An official
address has not yet been estab-
lished. Keep your eyes and ears

open for a location and more
dates. This organization will be,
in my opinion, the finest in the
City.

For those who like the bar scene,
New York supplies a bundle. To
list all of them would be some-
what impossible. (check the last
section of Upfront for New York
Bar Listings). Each month we'll
take a look at some of New York's
Bars. Perhaps one of the finest
in New York now is the Round-

table on 59th Street. Cover charge
is - \$3.50 - which includes two
drinks. Shows on Friday and Wed-
nesday start at 1:15 AM., also
they have shows on Sunday. The
decor is nice. The show consists
of the LaFleur Sisters. Both are
very talented. The show is some-
times a drag, but the good times
make up for the bad ones. Danc-
ing at the Roundtable is by D.J.

Julius' on West 11th Street in
the Village is an old timer to the
scene. Music is supplied by a juke
box with a bad speech defect. The
crowd that goes there is straight
from Fort Knox. Their golden
balls you do not touch! But if
you do, you won't find much.
It reminds me of a Gay Wax Mus-
eum. No dancing and no hard
breathing. High class as it may

Yetta's Thing

By: Yetta J. Hopper

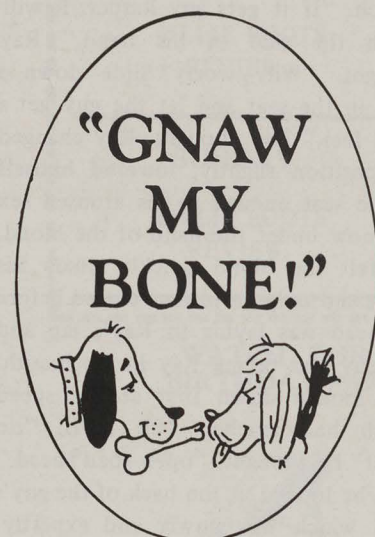
seem, the Candy Store on West
56th is now a piano bar. No more
upstairs dancing and at last check
tie and jacket is your admission.
Bars all over seem to be having a
bit of hard luck these days. Some
of their cover charges are some-
thing to cry over. There is no
use crying, when you hear the
price, just laugh in their face and

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Princess House Lounge

Mobile's Only
Gay Club

254 Government
Mobile, Alabama

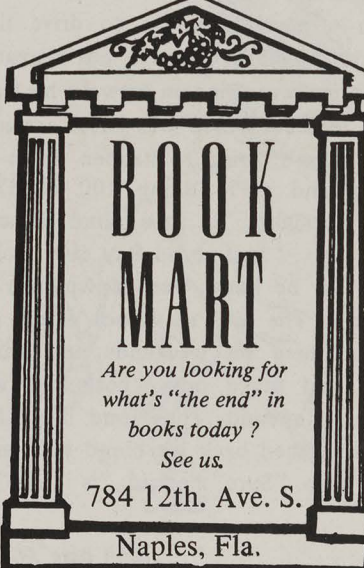


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the horny



1100-A Florida Ave.
Tampa, Florida

go elsewhere.

Greenwich Village has always been the East Coast Capital of the Gay Community. Memories of the Stonewall Riots are still vivid in our minds. On June 27, 1969 Gay Folks fought back for the first time against police brutality, and routed out the men in blue who had come to raid the Stonewall, a neat Gay bar that has since closed. At least now we can walk the streets of the village hand in hand, with few people including the police, giving us a second look.

There are alot of activities going on in the city. One Gay play which I saw the other night, is knocking them dead. This was the best I've seen in a long time. The name of it was "The Bitches" and it sure is one hell of a bitch. You will find yourself sitting there and seeing reflections of yourself and friends. It's playing off Broadway near 9th Street.

The bird is almost ready to be straddled on the dinner table. Watch the bones! Soon Christmas shoppin' will begin. Sit easy on Santa's lap! The ocean breeze is getting a little too cold for cruising. Get out your wolly bloomers. The trucks still smell and it's getting worse. I guess it is still good for grease job. They're great if you do not like bars or what the organization's have to offer. New York's wonders never cease, if you can't find the man of your dreams anywhere else, you will find him at the trucks or on the boardwalk. Enough news of New York for today. Before I close, I'd like to change the subject if I may. Thank you! Few people realize what a great vacation spot Pensacola, Fla., can be. While I was

in the Navy (and visa-versa), I was stationed there. I discovered a club called Robbie's Yum Yum Tree, West. They have shows, dancing and the friendliness bar tenders and waiters I've ever met. If you are ever down that way, give my regards to the manager, Bob Ragin. Give him a big kiss for me. If he turns hostile, well there's Puerto Rico.

Now that the time has come to a close, I leave you with just one thought until next month: As Fanny Flagg once said, Protect your heart as you would your other vital organs. BYE!

Club Midwest inc

steam baths

19 W. 39th. St. Kansas City, Mo.

MICKEY'S

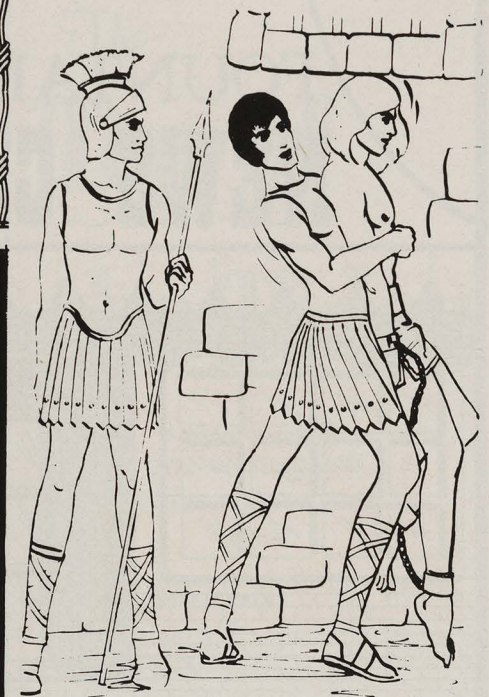
COVE

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Milwaukee, Wis.

Annie's Oar Room

The only club in Cocoa Beach catering to gay people.

44 N. Banana River Blvd.
Cocoa Beach, Florida



To hell with the lions, this one I eat myself

Ray said, "yes," and he flipped the turn signal on to indicate a right turn. When he approached the turn off, his speed was still considerably high, but he decided to make the turn anyway. He turned to wheel to the right and he heard the screech of tires and the blond fell to the left at the same time, grabbing Ray with his hand. He straightened the Corvette out after making the turn successfully and slowed the Corvette more so he could prepare for the steep grade that led down to the hollow. "Damn" Ray thought, "what if someone from school is out here now and see me with this guy?" Ah hell, I'm too horny to think about that now." There were no other cars in the hollow and Ray brought the Corvette to a stop in front of a small dirt road that branched off the main road. He backed the Corvette several hundred yards down the dirt road. In this position, they would be able to see anyone that came into the hollow. The blond now had Ray's belt unbuckled and was trying to unsnap the top of the pants. "Will you pull your pants off?" the

guy asked. "Hell no," Ray replied, "All I want to do is for you to take me." "Well let's get outside, I have a blanket, we can lay on the ground," the guy said. "OK" Ray agreed. The blond got the blanket and placed it on the ground behind the Corvette. "Lay down," he said. By this time Ray was no longer aroused and he was becoming nervous, but he obeyed the request. The blond lay down beside Ray and positioned his head even with Ray's crouch. Ray realized that if he should turn on his side he would be facing the guy's crouch. "Hope this guy doesn't have it in mind to sixty nine," Ray thought. Ray remembered seeing a drawing on a restroom wall showing the sixty-nine position. The blond's head had again began to go up and down slowly on Ray. "That feels good," Ray thought. The blond stopped and pulled the pants down as far as Ray's knees. Ray started to protest, but didn't. The guy began again, only this time his mouth explored between Ray's thighs. Ray looked into the sky, the stars were brightly shining, no moon

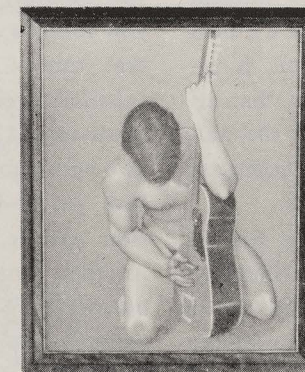
yet, but a clear beautiful night. "God that feels good!" Ray felt his hips slowly start moving, he felt himself being brought to the limits of his control. The blond must have realized that Ray was near a climax and he slowly eased back, and buried his face between Ray's legs. They lay quietly for a minute and the blond again started moving his mouth. Ray turned his head sideways and saw the guy unbuckle his own pants and slid them and his undershorts down to his knees. Ray looked back into heaven at the glowing stars. The blond now had Ray's sex in his mouth and he seemed lost in thrusting spasms. Ray's chest began heaving, his breath became shorter, his hips coming off the blanket thrusting upward when the blond's head came downward. The blond now had moved closer to Ray and his organ was just inches from Ray's face. Ray turned his head slightly sideways and suddenly realized that the guy's sex was so near he could move just an inch and touch it. The thought of touching the guy

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seemed to excite Ray. He felt an unimaginable feeling of complete submission. His body had now adopted it's own rhythm and he felt himself flying toward climax. Just when he thought he would explode, Ray turned his head, opened his mouth and took the organ into his mouth, just the head of it. At that moment Ray put his hand on back of the blond's head and pushed down hard. He exploded deep into the guys mouth, and at the same time he brought his head forward taking the whole organ into his mouth. The boy bolted forward and Ray felt the warm flow of a liquid in his mouth. "God, what have I done!" Ray thought. He pushed the guy away from him and spit the fluid from his mouth. He jumped to his feet pulling his pants up at the same time. "You son-of-a-bitch" Ray yelled, "You-son-of-a-bitch." The blond started to get up from the blanket when Ray swung at his head and the blow landed below the left eye. He fell back with a cry of pain and covered his face with both hands. Ray kicked wildly and his boot landed, heel first, on the side of the guys head. Ray turned and ran through the hollow leaving the blond lying on the blanket. Ray had to get to water, he had to wash his mouth out. "Oh God, never again!" Ray thought.

Sir, "Mr. Cramer is ready to go, would you please come back and help him?" Ray, coming out of his daydream, looked up to see the big tit nurse holding the door open for him. "Sure," Ray said, and he went through the door to where Ken was waiting. "Damn things not broken," Ken said, "Just a bad sprang." Ken put his arm around Ray's neck and together they headed out. "Did you call Nancy?" Ken asked. "Yes, but the line was busy. We'll be there in a few minutes." Ray replied. The doctor had taped Ken's ankle, and provided him with a crutch and advice not to walk on that foot for two weeks. "Do you think you'll still make the cruise," Ray asked. "Sure" Ken replied, "but it may put more work on you and the girls." That's OK" Ray said, "don't worry about that, let's get home.

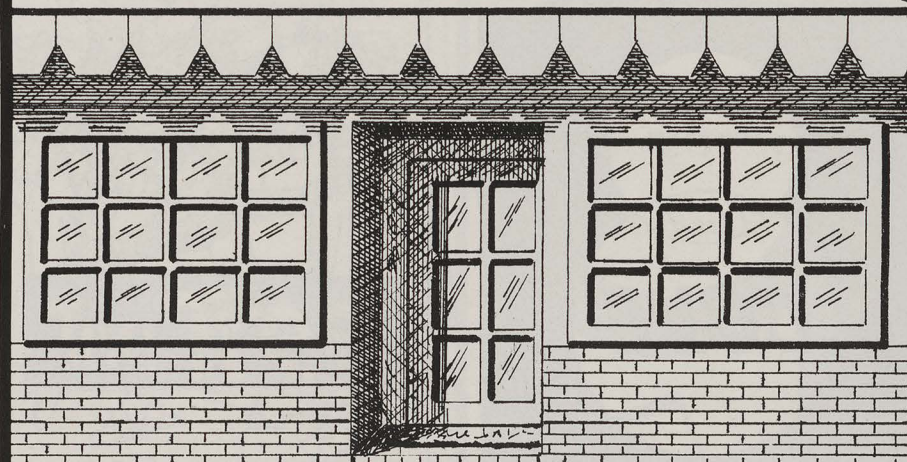
Continued next month



Chuck's Atlantic Club

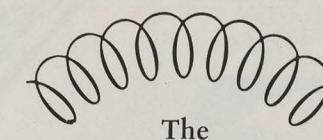
44 North Atlantic Avenue, Daytona Beach, Florida

FOUNTAINHEAD NEWS CENTRE



8 East Bay St.

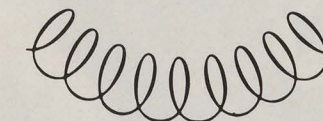
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The

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TIDES INN

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or you may go to jail for punching it's author in his face. Pages 129 through page 151 contain nothing but a bunch of bullshit! Dr. David Reuben, is apparently under the impression that his yellowed sheepskin tacked to the wall makes him an authority on homosexuality.

Dr. Reuben says that he has left no taboo unexamined and no allegedly "shameful" practice unexplained. On the back flap of the cover that surrounds this piece of LOW-RENT CRAP, he has classified the homosexual with whores. Well Dear Hearts, this is possibly the closest DDR may have come to telling the truth. Part of Webster's definition of a "whore" is, to like, be fond of, desire, whence, dear and precious. (if you don't believe me, look it up) I'd much rather believe Mr. Webster than DD Reuben. After all, Webster's book has thousands of pages, DrDR has only 342 including index.

If DDavidR doesn't know any more a-

bout screwing women, then Mrs. DDR you certainly have my sympathy. Can you imagine going to bed with a guy that thinks; "The usual homosexual experience is masturbation." (DDR quote-page 132) Mayzell, I've been to bed with probably 2,000 tricks and I have yet to have a "mutual masturbation episode."

Another quote - DDR page 133. "The homosexual's primary interest is the penis. (some of us like the ole' ass.) He may have as many as five sexual experiences in one evening (my brother who is super-straight, married nine times, once screwed eleven times in a period of five hours.) He rarely knows their name, few homosexuals use their real names. Normally aliases, choosing first names with a sexual connotation. like Harry, Peter or Dick." I think maybe this guy (DDR) is SICK!!!!!!How can any one person be so wrong. Hitler made mistakes, but she had a whole Army of advisors.

**The
Red Lion**

COCKTAIL LOUNGE



1514 Jackson St.
FORT MEYERS, FLA.

Another-quote-DDR page 135. 'Sadist and Masochist, literally trouble. Those who combine homosexuality with sadistic and masochistic aberrations are among the cruelest people who walk this earth.' The Editor of UPFRONT thinks that any author that writes a book that's full of untrue bullshit that could easily cause a civil war between straights and gays. The majority of Gay People today are striving to live decently and endeavoring to get straights to understand us, and then some nitsy claudie writes a book of fiction, pornography is a better description, and because he has a M.D. behind his name (which is the only thing that gives him any class) the straight people automatically assume that he knows just what he is talking about. Years of hard work on our part goes down the drain because of someones greed for money. (he made a bundle for telling lies and degrading us because of our sexual preference. Another quote - DDR page 136 "One homosexual licks the anus of another. Rarely is this enough to bring on a climax; it is usually a prelude to masturbation." Mayzell, this guy is a true idiot. God know's it would take a stupid or foolish person to make that

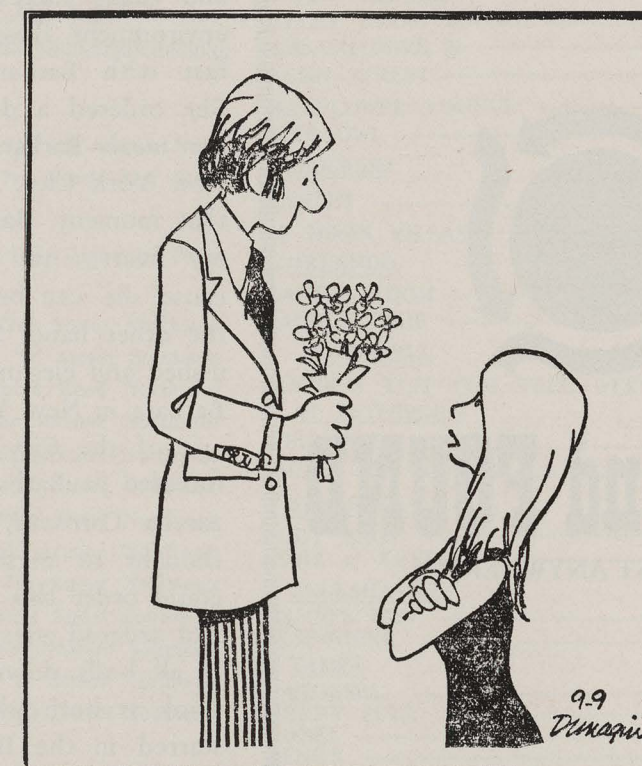
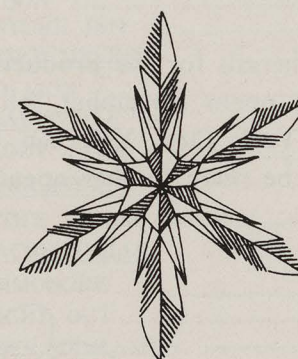
statement. Who in the hell is going to start beating their meat when you got someone rimming you!

I refuse to print another word from the degrading novel written by Dr. David Rueben, M.D., (and god know's what else.) I feel sure I've got my point across.

Maybe sometime in the near future, we'll be lucky and a gay guy, with credentials to match DDR will write the truth about us. Until that time, "Just Keep On Truckin."

P'S' If you're ever in San Diego, California, and Dr. DR, MD should step off the curb in front of your car.....


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"Really, Arnold, I wish you'd let me know when you're going to wear heels."

Member B.O.A.

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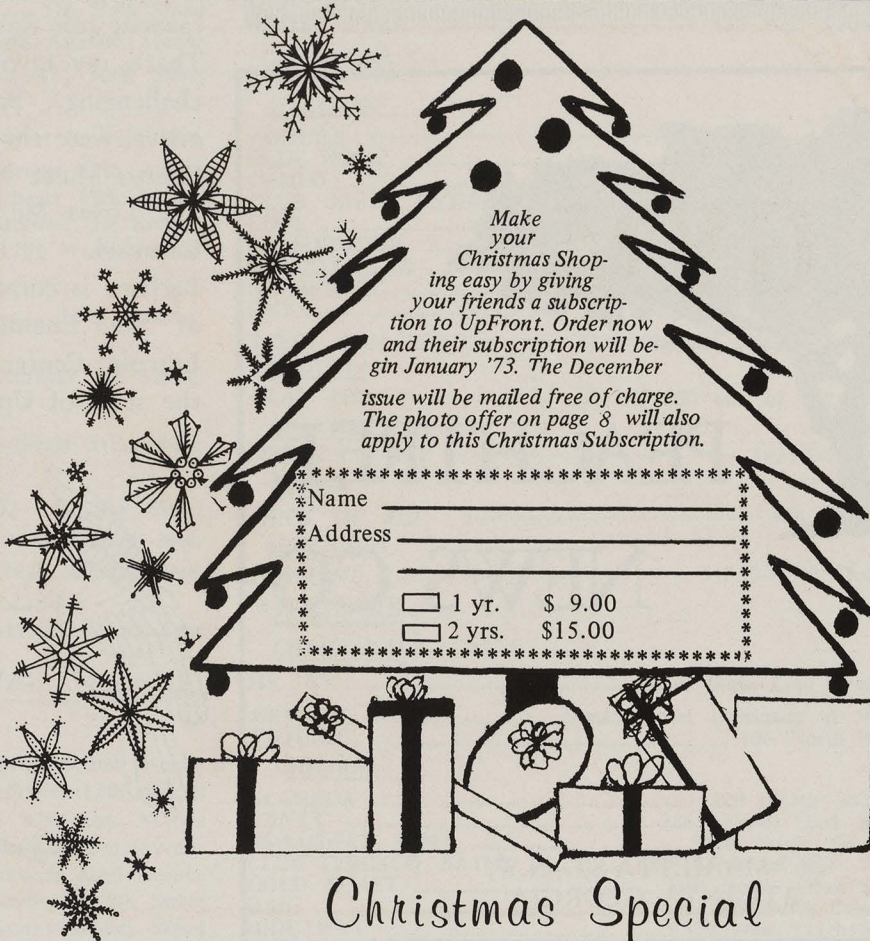
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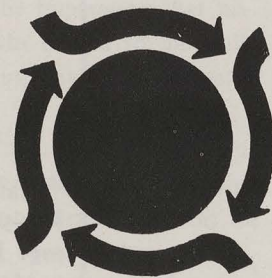
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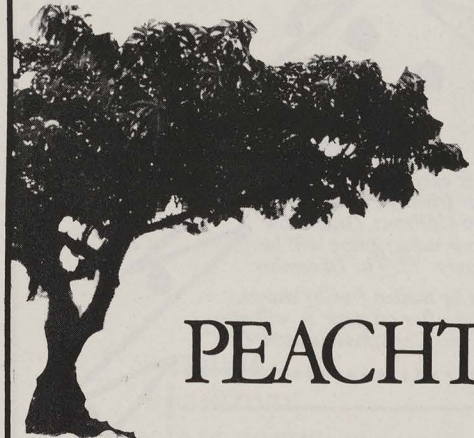
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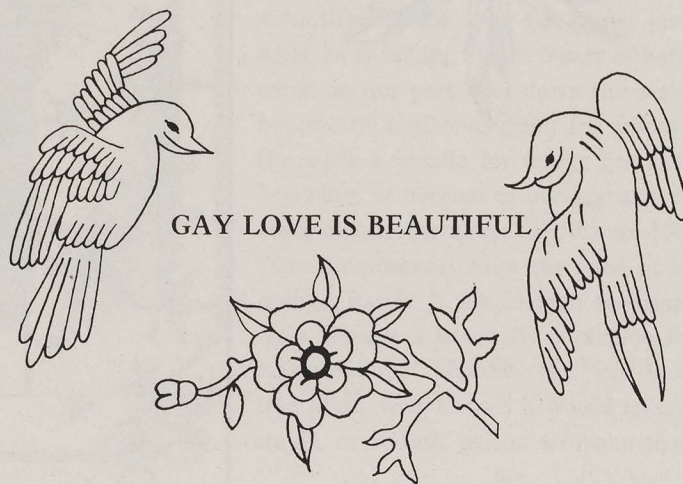
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ATLANTA, GEORGIA

and easily mixes into any crowd. She lives her environment flawlessly. I remember having breakfast with Barbara several years ago in Virginia. She ordered a double portion of grits as part of her meal. Barbara said that she can't get grits in New York City. I'm a true Southerner and from that moment, Barbara has held a special place in my heart....not because she likes grits, but because she can be just plain, like most of us. On the other hand, Barbara Cook is a refined, distinguished and elegant lady. Several weeks ago, I visited Barbara in New York. We dined at Orsinny's, surely one of the City's finest restaurants. I sat dumbfounded as Barbara ordered, Asti Spumante', Mozzarella Carrozza, Veal Piccata, etc., with ease. I thought to myself that it was amazing that she could order this meal with as much ease that she had ordered grits in Virginia.

It all boils down to the simple fact that Barbara Cook is both plain & fancy. By coincidence, she starred in the Broadway production of "Plain & Fancy," several years ago.

Barbara has a long impressive list of credits. Her favorite role was "Cunegonde," in the play "Candine." That's my favorite role, because it was the most challenging," Barbara said. Some of her other favorites, were the starring roles in Flahooley, Plain & Fancy, Music Man, The Gay Life, The King & I She Loves Me, Any Wednesday, Showboat and Carousel.

Barbara is currently in rehearsals for the production of "The Enemy's" which opens November 9th at Lincoln Center in New York City. You can bet the staff of Upfront will be there for her opening.



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Upfront Page 40

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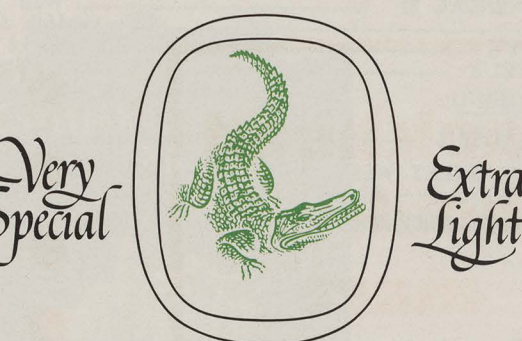
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EDITOR'S NOTE:
 Read about Gata Mist on page 10



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THE HOMOSEXUAL MAJORITY



THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A HOMOSEXUAL AND A HETEROSEXUAL IS.....sometimes not even an inch. Being that we are now allowed to use these words in mixed company, it is surprising to find that homosexual still has a sting to it and many people, in fact, do not understand the meaning of heterosexual. To wit: An inquiry was made recently to syndicated columnist, Dr. Ted Thorenson as to its definition. These two labels seem to have agglomerated and have thus lost some of their punch. The purpose here is, of course, to determine the difference providing that there is indeed a difference. We are talking about men, a subject in which we can claim credentials, and their relativity.

Hetro, a Greek word meaning different, has proved its form down through the ages to the hypocritically diffident hustler or male prostitute. This straight man is compellingly chronicled in John Richy's City of Night as a hustler who for the exchange of money allows the fellation by the score and more. However, Richy's hero returns in the sequel Numbers, seeking the homosexual experience, not for pay, but for his own gratification, something he did not allow or admit in his first go round. Through two novels and more than

seven hundred pages we have this straight man participating in every aspect of sexual cohabitation with other men only to emerge through the miracle of the written word a heterosexual. It need be noted that most hustlers use this approach to life as a comfortable means of coming out in the gay world.

Much has been said and written about the homosexuality in our prisons. A subject which has shocked the world for centuries, but like with all forms of sexual prostitution, has been written off as a necessary evil. It is estimated that less than 5% of the prison population is comprised of the effeminate queen. The self-declared homosexual, but unrecognized as such, will avoid sexual contact with other inmates if this is possible. The prison inmate who make up the larger portion of homosexual activity may have had little or no homosexual experience outside of the prison walls and indeed learned all from a "Protector" or "Daddy" fellow inmate and grow to protect their own self-image masculinity by assuming the role of their peers. The fact that homosexual rapes, sexual assaults and forced fellation exists is, of course, a gross indignity. However, on the other end of the sex continuum it is the straight

man, the heterosexual as instigator. Most of these prisoners, upon release, return to heterosexual relationships and revert in the case of being re-incarcerated.

The average American's idea of the homosexual is well described in Ken Marlow's autobiographical "Mr. Madam, in which he flits from bar to boarding house. He is a hairdresser by day, a drag queen in the evenings, and a whore in the wee hours of the time zone when homosexuals do their best. (our best) This topically typical type has fast been replaced by the more modern mod male who melds into the community functioning unnoticed alongside his hetero brothers.

In an interesting melange of opinions by a learned group of the intellegentia on the relationship, if one exists, between homosexuality and creativity, Dr. Harvey Dain, Associate Medical Director, Post graduate Center for Mental Health, New York City, attempts to parallel mental disorders and creativity. He could be written off along with "Everything Dr. Rubin always wanted to know about men, but was afraid to try." However, Dr. Dain goes on to say, "It is a frequent experience in analytic work that resolution of jeurotic conflicts liberates creative forces. We may

therefore conclude that homosexuality like all other neuroses, may result in creative accomplishments if inhibitory techquies are not the operating defense. Dr. Dain blantly classifies sexual preference as a neurosis, a quite popular opinion voiced by the latent homosexual. A far fairer generalization would be to clarify it as a society induced neurosis. As Reverend Ted McIlvennia, Director National Sex Forum, San Francisco so aptly describes, "...we want to stress that the oppession of Homosexuals, so that they cannot be honest about their feelings, wants, and needs, has stifled much creativity which could had contributed to our society if homosexuals could have been honest about their sexual orientation." Ah so! How many men and women have lost their rightful place in the working community, in society, and often in their homes by this same oppession and the ill word propagated by misguided so-called professionals who decry homosexuality a disease and thus to be avoided.

The condemnor is oft times the damned. The psychoneurologist is most often the neurotic. The homosexual has the emotional advantage, he is secure and stable in his own sexuality. The heterosexual on the other hand, has no emotional permission, he is not allowed to

cry, to be excited over the arts and beauty of the world, nor to even emotionally relax.

The heterosexual has more problems in the bed than the practicing homosexual. Ignorance leads the list with impotence, worry, fear, anxiety and lack of imagination following right behind. These same characteristics and phenomenon can and do harbor in gay persons, but of main concern is what will it be tonight.

The right of sexual preference is inherent, personal and should be of interest only to the sexual object. The difference between a homosexual and a heterosexual begins and ends there..... right there w.....ith the sexual object!

by Burke Williams

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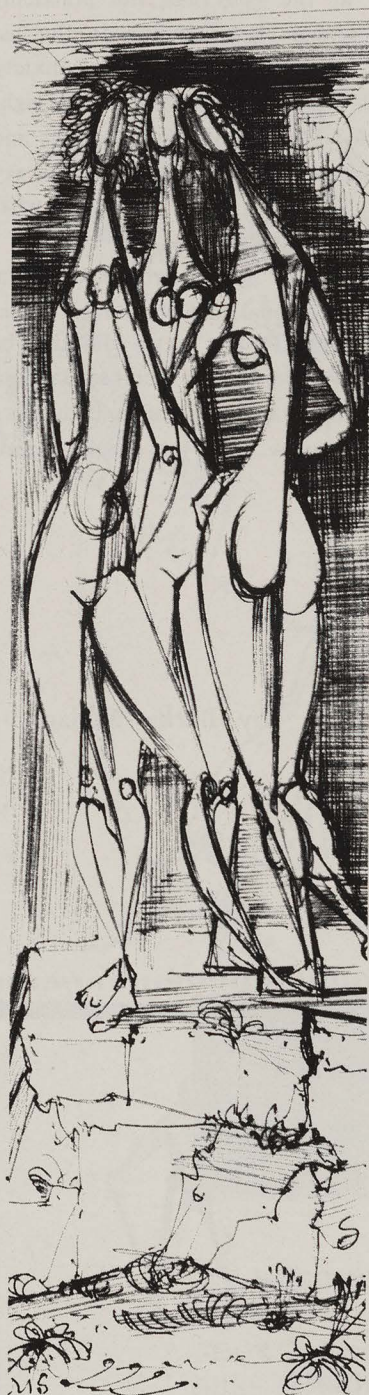
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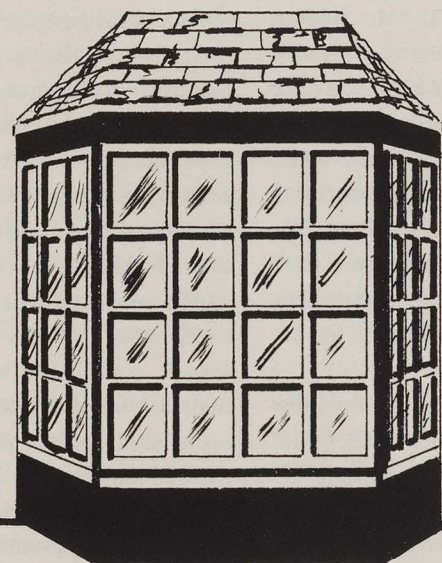
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THREE — SOME

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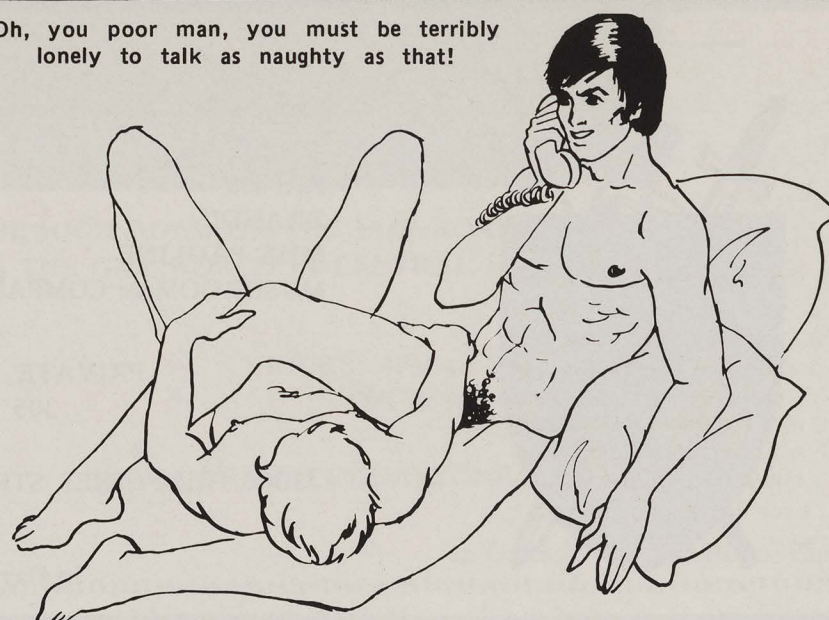


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