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IN NEXT MONTHS

"CAMEO" visits TONI SEVEN

The second installment of :
WRONG ROAD TO HAPPINESS

A close look at THE HUSTLER

A Rebuttal to the article in the
Toronto Telegram - JIM EGAN

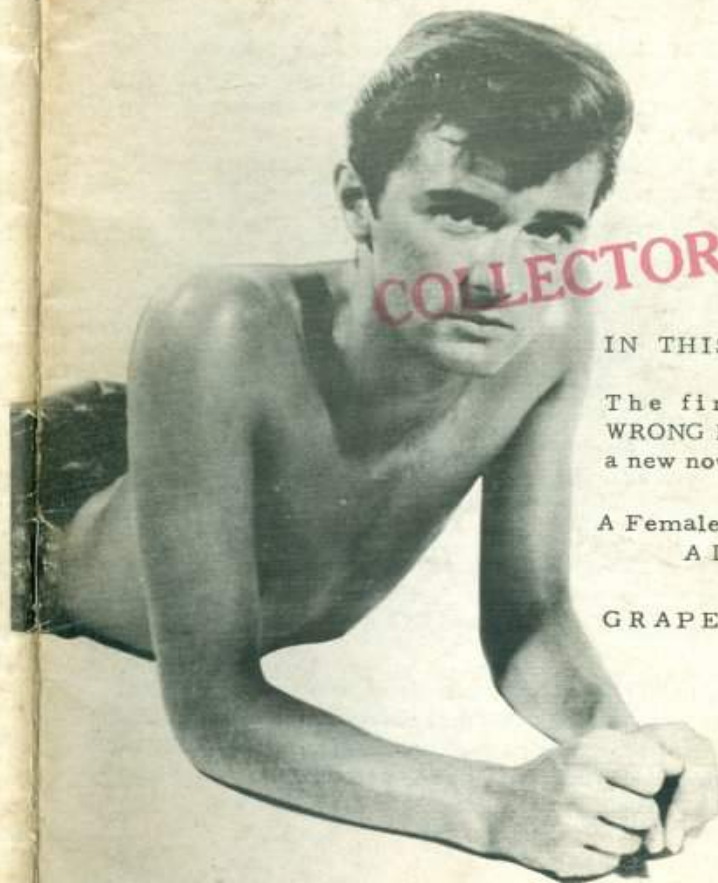
two



two

THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT IN CANADA

COLLECTORS ITEM



IN THIS ISSUE:

The first instalment of
WRONG ROAD TO HAPPINESS
a new novel by EDMOND KAYE

A Female Impersonator is NOT
A Drag Queen.

GRAPES from the vine.

two

In this, the first issue of TWO, we would like to set forth our policy and aims. We hope to find others who will agree with us and join in an effort to establish the rights and responsibilities of homosexuals. Our purpose is to promote knowledge and understanding of the homosexual viewpoint among the general public and to educate homosexuals as to their responsibilities as variants from the current moral and social standards.

The much-maligned homosexual community has long been in dire need of a "voice" to speak for itself and offer some rebuttal to the irresponsible attacks periodically made upon it. We hope that TWO will serve this purpose with honesty and integrity.

TWO will strive to keep the homosexual community informed on current events of particular interest, and feature light reading and such articles as have some application to the field.

EDITOR
ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Claude Collier
Carol Maynard
Alex Edmond

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EDITORIAL

We Homosexuals have suddenly found ourselves in a wave of "Popularity", if one could class the current vogue of articles as popularity.

We are featured in "Sensation - seeking" Tabloids who exploit the camp scandal of "THE SET".

A National magazine, Macleans, wrote an objective two-part article, which was as comprehensive as space would allow.

A three-part portrayal was given us in the Toronto Telegram. This was the biggest piece of trash imaginable, considering the alleged study given the subject.

How a paper could print this conglomeration of half - truths, and implicated ideas and call it a "Study" is beyond the ken of this editor. One need not approve one's subject matter to report honestly all the facts not make implications and deliberately misquote, as was done in this article. The harm that has been done cannot be known unless one could judge ALL letters to the Editor. It is known that Psychiatrists who were misquoted did receive retractions, BUT are such retractions ever seen by the public? When a bad impression is established in the public eye, there is little that retractions can do to repair the damage that has been done.

.. .. .

Most homosexuals go through an agonizing adjustment process which, if it could be documented or recorded, would be an invaluable aid to the next generation of homosexuals. The mysteries of homosexuality have intrigued the uninitiated for all time and have defied all attempts by the vast field of modern psychiatry, to probe its origin and causes. So it is that most books on the subject are, either sensational fiction, clinical text books, or documentary statements of facts, figures, and places. While each of these may serve a purpose for the writer and be of interest to a certain group of readers, to the homosexual looking for understanding and knowledge about his own problem, they are practically useless.

The documentation, in understandable and easy to read terms, of a true homosexual's life from his earliest remembrances to manhood would be much more enlightening and useful.

In this, and the ensuing issues we will be presenting what we feel is just such a novel.

The Editor



A FEMALE IMPERSONATOR IS NOT A DRAG QUEEN

Although they are often classed as one and the same, there is a vast difference between the Female Impersonator and the "Drag Queen". Even some of the Female Impersonators are not aware that they have graduated from the Drag to the Professional status.

We doubt that it is necessary to explain the word "Queen", even to the uninitiated, but the origin of the term "Drag" is more obscure than any other word we have had to trace. Whether it comes from the phrase "drag-bag", meaning a bag of odds and ends of materials and trims, or whether it is associated with the long dragging skirts of the stage when men played female parts, the term is here to stay.

The general usage of the term in the gay world creates an image of an effeminate boy dressed in outlandish female attire completed with too much make-up, sometimes using his own hair, or a wig. In any case, it is usually used in an uncomplimentary sense.

Perhaps the derogatory tones are warranted, since the average "Drag" is, more often than not, an object of amusement because of his dilapidated appearance or affectations, and usually not realized by himself unfortunately. Although "Drags" are in evidence throughout the year at parties and social events in which "High Drag" might pass unnoticed even by the exceptionally aware, it is really at Hallowe'en that they blossom forth in all their glory. When one remembers that this is the traditional night for Witches and Warlocks, perhaps it is not surprising that half of them look as if they arrived on broomsticks.

While the "Drag Queen" may spend hours perfecting his make-up and practicing his mincing walk, he is no match for the Female Impersonator. No detail is too small to be overlooked by the good professional. Make-up becomes a thing of ease, the dress an exacting science. Wigs, gowns and all the accessories are most carefully chosen and the final effect is often baffling even to those in the know. They

On stage at the
MUSIC ROOM,
TORONTO 's -
Alain Adams
Robbie Willows
Noel Barri
Jami Durette
Toni Seven



study the characteristics of the female, then practice and absorb them until they become such second nature that, once in their "Drag", they practically become females. Thus the difference. Once the good "Drag" can pass unobserved as a male in female attire, he has reached the Impersonator stage.

Many Impersonators have been able to play the burlesque circuit, since stripping is not beyond the scope of these talented artists. They have often gone undetected pleasing thousands who were under the impression that the lovely on the stage was for real. Other managements will book a complete "Drag Revue" and sprinkle it with a few girls to confuse the audience even further. One of the top photographic models in New York was a "Drag"; and passed undetected until asked to model live in a fashion show.

The extremely high salaries paid to the "Stars" bear out the fact that the good Female Impersonator is enjoyed as much by the "straight" audiences as the "gay", and this very same public that will wildly applaud the Impersonator will frown on the local "Drag Queen" should they come in contact with him. Perhaps rightly so... since the

FEMALE IMPERSONATOR IS NOT A DRAG QUEEN.

In future issues, CAMEO will take a closer look at the Impersonator, his life on and off stage, and even a few tricks of the trade.

In the August issue, CAMEO has a visit with TONI SEVEN.



R.A. STUDIOS

WRONG ROAD TO HAPPINESS

a new novel by EDMOND KAYE



LONDON 1944

World War Two was building to a climax. Rockets were devastating London and its suburbs. The Luftwaffe were dropping thousands of tons of explosives almost every night. To-night being no exception.

We made little progress in our attempt to leave the city to drive north to the comparative safety of Scotland. The car had to make endless detours around fallen buildings and closed streets. The flag flying on the fender, which usually opened all doors and cleared any barricade, seemed to have lost its magical power.

I could see my father huddled into his great-coat, in the front seat next to the chauffeur. Both were wearing tin helmets instead of their uniform caps. Behind the driver, my mother sat, with my head cradled in her lap, as I pretended to sleep. I was only ten years old at the time. It was impossible to sleep with the noise of the car, the loud explosions, and the urgent shouting and whistle-blowing of the wardens and rescue crews. My mother's body tensed involuntarily as danger seemed even more imminent than usual. As she did so I opened my eyes to look upward through the thick glass windows, to see a sky full of flashing lights, drifting smoke, and the piercing beams of searchlights. The tops of buildings skipped along the lower half of the car windows, sometimes brightly lit in the light of the flares and sometimes dark against the glare of the sky. Flames licked upwards from some of the windows and occasionally people could be seen fighting fires on the roof-tops.

Because of a fire raging just ahead, we were stopped by an Air Raid Warden. In spite of protests, my father decided to drive through. I sat up to see better.

The fire was in a munitions packing plant and was being fought by an amazing array of firereels. I could see firemen high on the ladders silhouetted against the flames.

My mother put her arm around my shoulder and tried to pull me back down on the seat. She stifled a cry and tried to cover my eyes but not before I had seen the plane, clearly floodlit in the searchlight, swoop low and machine-gun the firemen on the ladders. They fell like small dolls and seemed to disappear into the flames.

The car shot forward between the firereels, bumped over the hose pipes criss-crossing the street, and we were in darkness again. Forcing myself to keep my eyes shut, I lay back, afraid of what other horrors I might see. I must have gone to sleep, because the next morning we were turning into a military camp in the north of England tired and weary, but miraculously safe.

There had been many such journeys in the past months, but this was to be the last, for me anyway. Many nights I had lain awake listening to my parents arguing about sending me away. My mother wanted to keep me with her, on the grounds that I would be better to die with them than to be left an orphan; but my father wanted to send me to my grandmother in Scotland for safety.

We were going to Scotland.

Tommy Kosowsky, my father's aide and chauffeur, brought me breakfast in the empty canteen building. The place seemed very big and almost like a church, with all the empty seats. It was cold in there but the eggs were warm and they had tea with sugar.

I was Tommy's responsibility when my parents were on government business; which seemed to be very often these days. A Pole, whose father had been a friend of my father, he was a big man of infinite patience. Although only twenty at the time, to me he was that same nebulous age as every other adult. When we had finished breakfast we walked across the parade ground through swirling mists to a row of Niessen huts. My parents were nowhere in sight and I did not ask where they were. I knew that they wouldn't tell me the truth anyway.

I sat, crouched on the bed, wrapped in Tommy's coat, watching him make up a bed for me on the fold-away cot. The gas fire in the corner sputtered and did nothing at all to heat the room. In the next room a radio was playing and I could hear someone typing. I wondered if it was my father typing his reports.

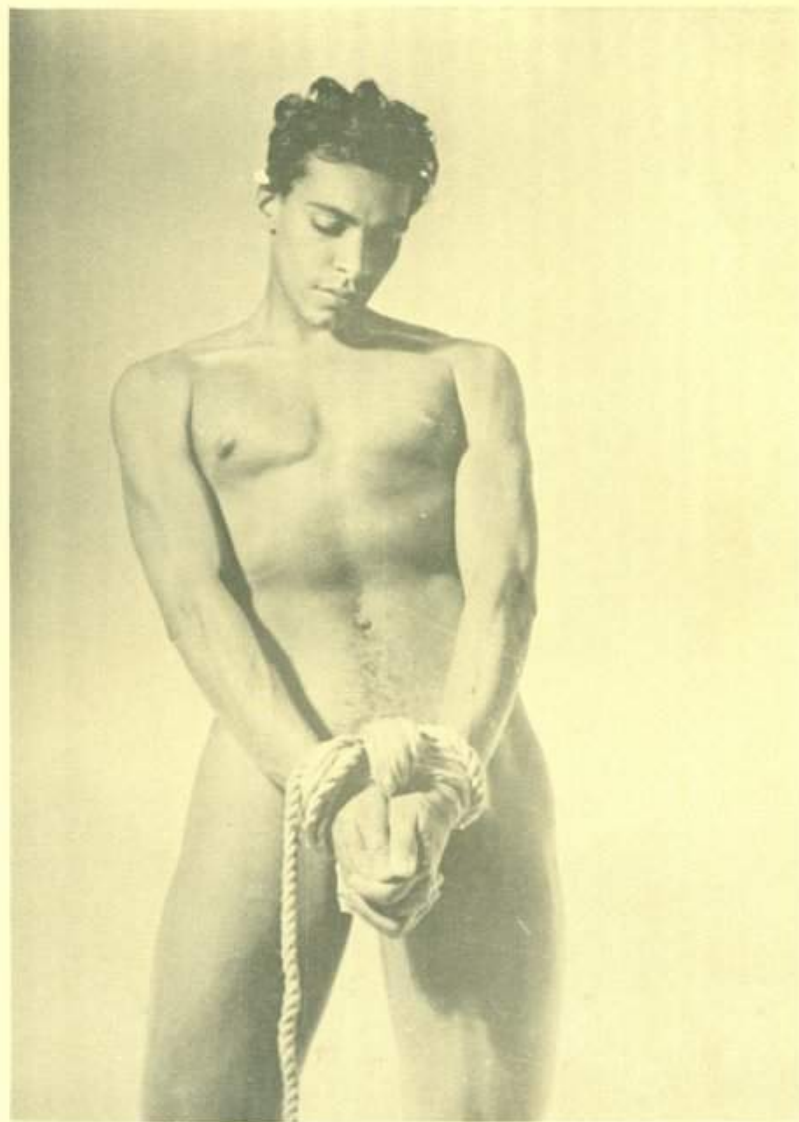
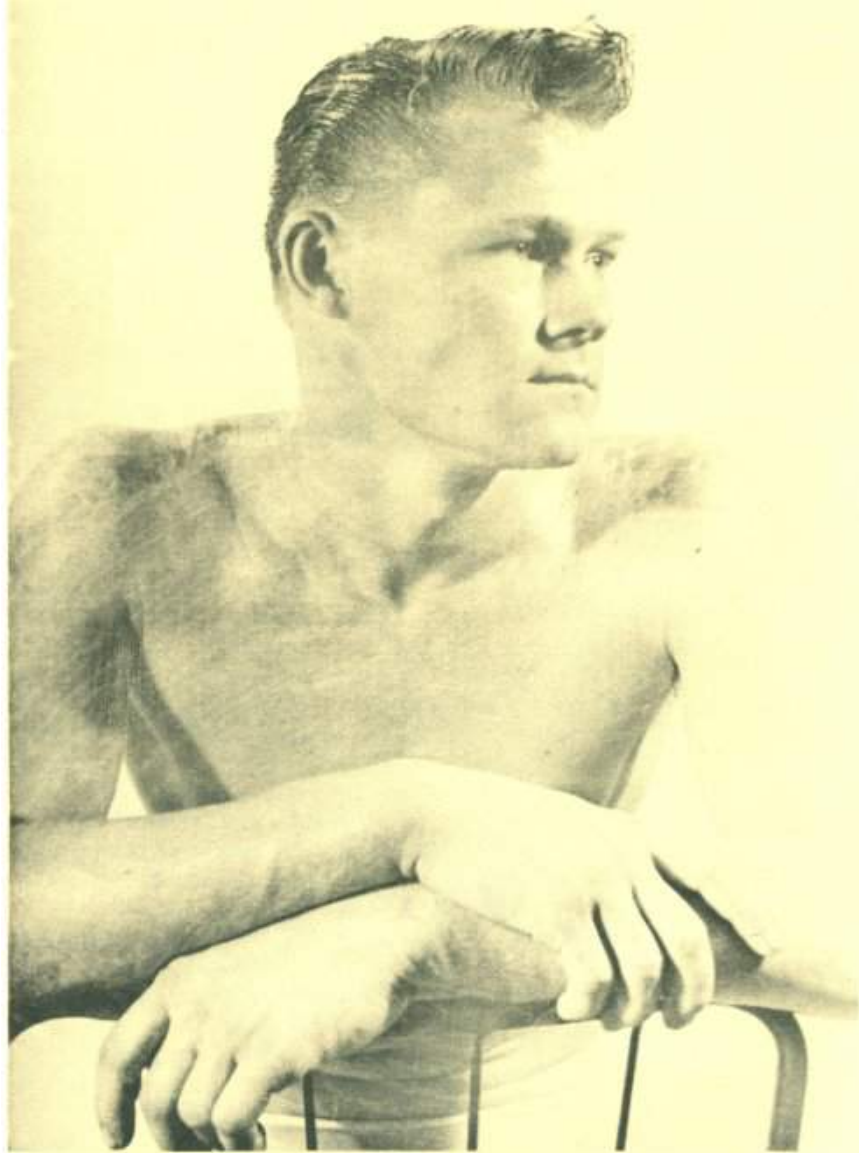
Crawling into the bed still in my siren suit and socks, and pulling the cold sheets up around my chin, I lay watching him make up the other bed and undress. No matter how cold it was he always slept naked. We hadn't talked as much as we usually did, that morn-

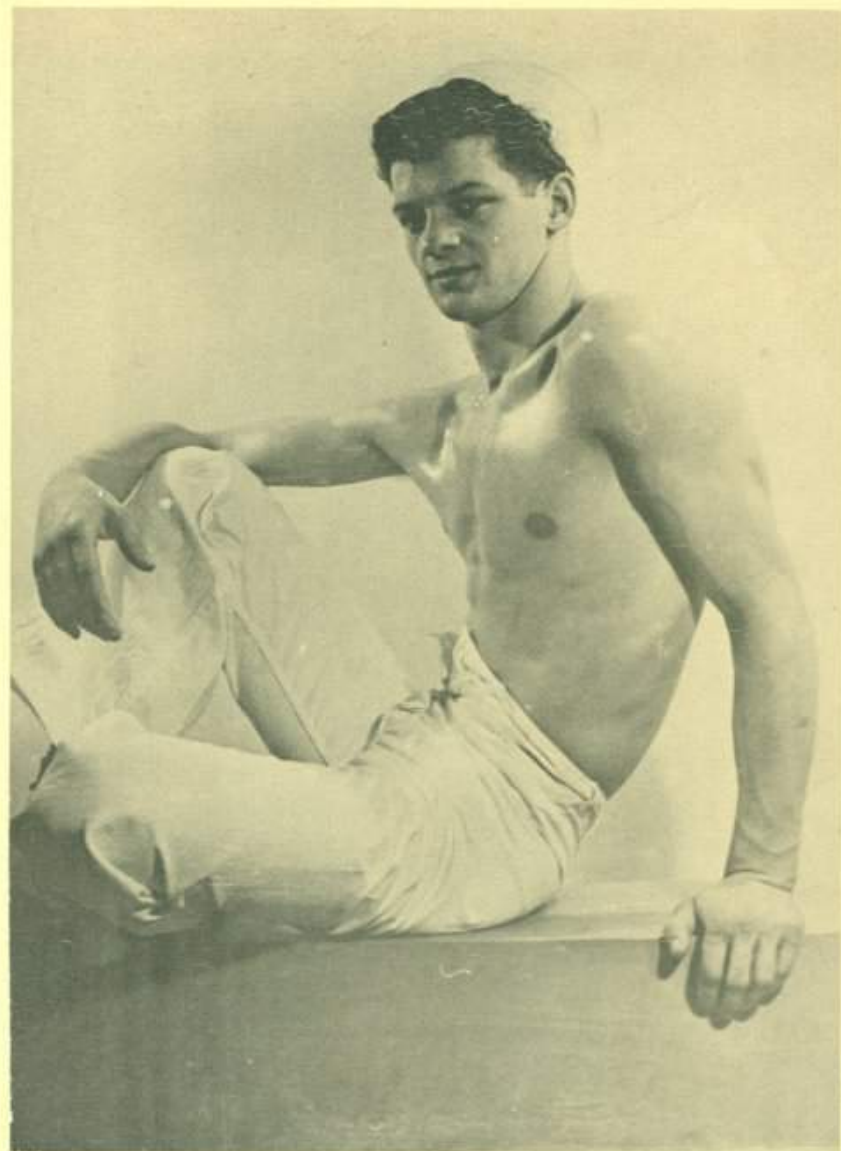
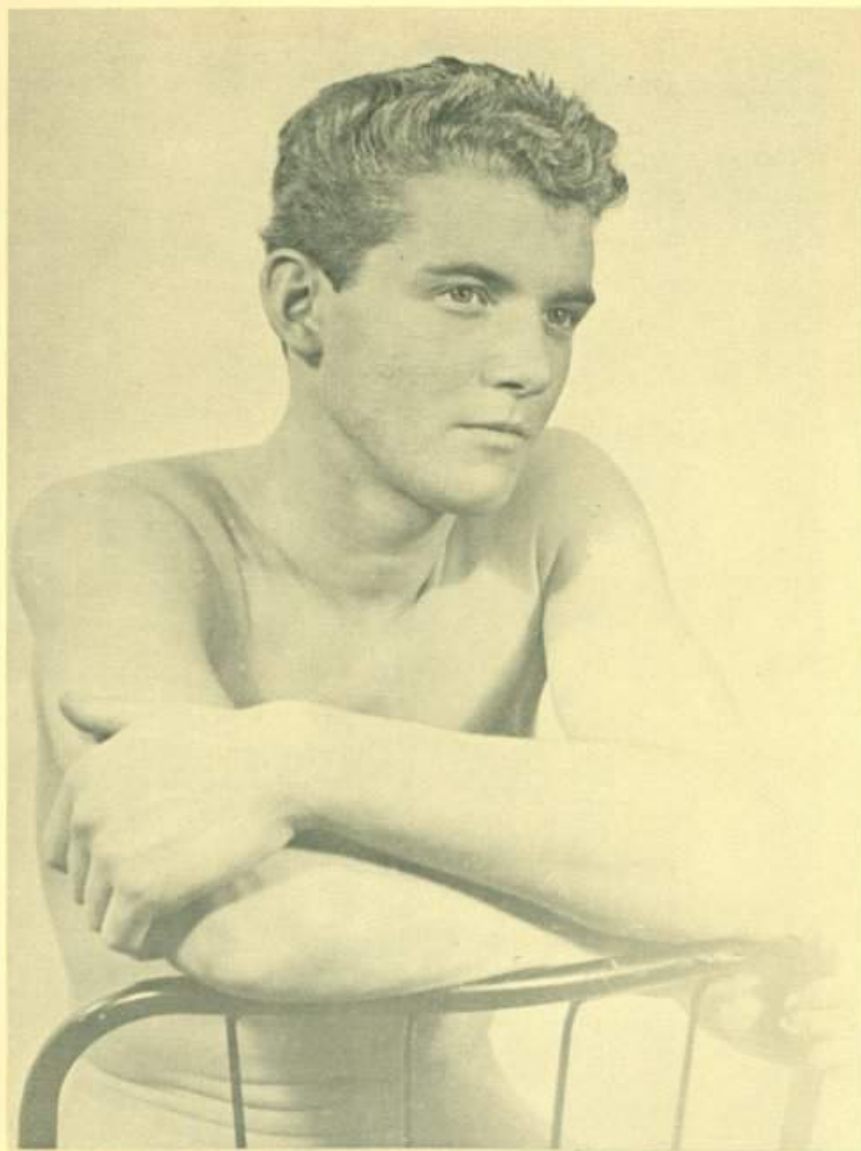
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ing, but now he came and sat on the edge of the cot. He told me that next day we would be at my grandmother's place, while he stroked my head in the same way that my mother always did, smiling his big easy smile that showed lots of teeth. Very blonde, he always seemed to have a tan, even in the winter. He was over six feet tall and well muscled. I could see goose-pimples appear on his chest and on his thighs, but still he sat there stroking my hair. His other hand lay on his leg and I reached out to clasp it tightly. His hand was big and rough and the hair on his leg tickled my wrist.

I went to sleep feeling safe and secure.

Later the same day, I said good-bye to my parents and drove north with Tommy. My mother had cried and my father looked as if he was in a terrible temper.

We drove very fast and only stopped twice to eat; once, a picnic lunch just as it was getting dark, and once at a road-house full of soldiers and truck drivers.

As we arrived in the village, it was getting light. Although I had been there many times before, it seemed different this time. The workers, mostly girls, were straggling down the one street between the row houses on their way to work in the mill. We stopped to allow three tanks to rumble across the street. We passed the little school and the clocktower at the end of the village, and we took the back road. Tommy explained that the big house and estate behind my grandmother had been taken over as a training depot for the army.

My grandmother was expecting us and was already up and about. Four of my aunts were leaving to go to work and there was a great deal of noise and banter. They made a great fuss over me, trying to make me feel welcome, but their forced laughter and good humour so early in the morning, seemed to scare me more than the bombings. For the first time I realized I would be alone here without my parents, without Tommy, without anyone that I really knew.

When they had all gone and we had eaten breakfast, my grandmother took us upstairs to the room that was to be mine. It was a small room at the back of the house, with a large old-fashioned wardrobe and two beds. There were wedding pictures of two of my aunts above the bed-heads and it smelled very fresh and clean.

The house was strangely quiet now and although I was tired after the overnight drive, I couldn't sleep. I think that I was afraid that Tommy would leave while I was sleeping. I knew that he was only going to have a few hours rest before returning to England. Looking

over at the other bed, all I could see was the back of his head and his bare shoulders, but I knew he wasn't yet asleep. I asked him if he would wake me when he was leaving. He rolled over to look at me, smiled, gave me a wink and closed his eyes.

I lay awake watching him for a long time, waiting for him to go to sleep. Even though the drapes were drawn, the growing daylight made it quite easy to see him clearly. Suddenly the stillness and silence of the house closed in on me and I felt tears well up inside. I felt a kind of panic as everything seemed to slip away from me.

Pushing back the covers and swinging my legs over the side of the big bed, I stood on the cold floor looking down on Tommy. He must have heard me for he opened his eyes. Looking at me for a few moments, (I knew tears were dripping down my cheeks), he held up one arm, holding the covers open for me to climb in. I crawled in beside him, the covers dropped around me, and his arm encircled me in a world of warmth. I buried my tear-streaked face in his shoulder and hugged him. We didn't talk and soon I stopped crying. I had slept with Tommy many times before, but I knew this time it was different, although I could not understand why.

He held me very tightly, both his arms around me, his hands feeling rough on my back as they slid under my pajama jacket. With my hands, I explored the broad expanse of his back which seemed very smooth compared to the coarseness of his hands. He told me that he would write and try to come and visit, then he kissed me on the mouth. His mouth was not soft and sweet like my mother when she kissed me, and his beard was scratchy on my face; but it seemed the right thing to do.

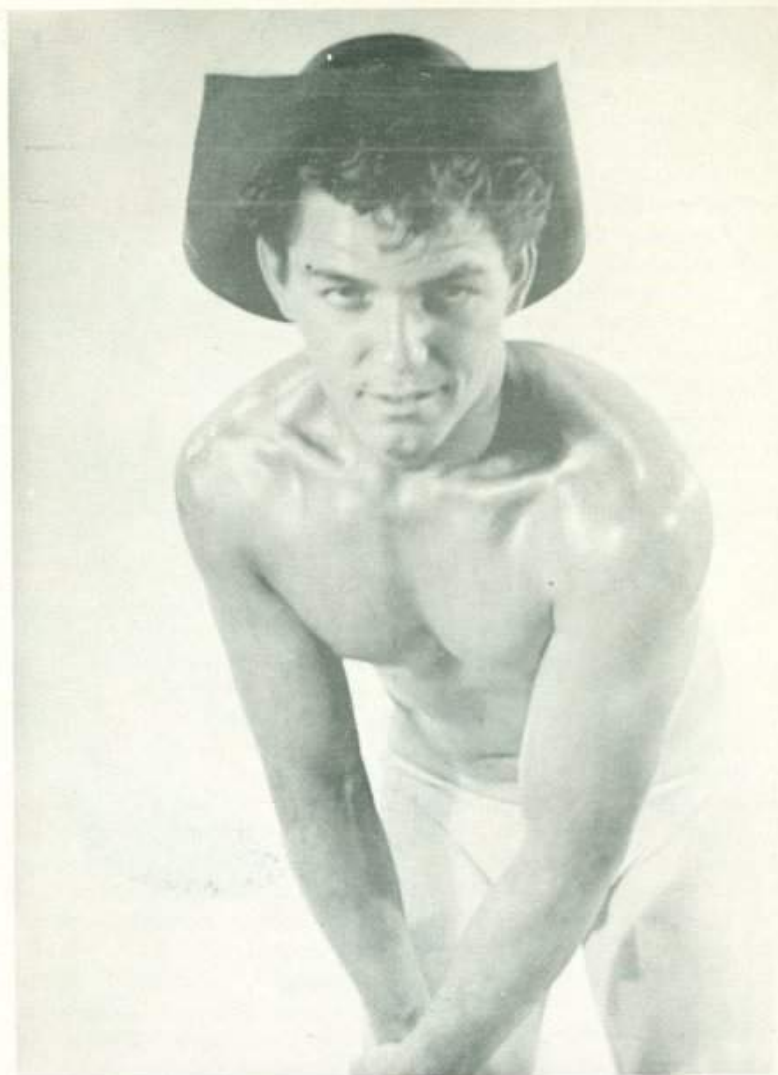
We lay like that until Tommy heard my grandmother coming upstairs to wake him. He got up and talked to her through the door as he dressed, saying that he would be down in a minute. He came back and sat on the bed to say good-bye, making me promise to go to sleep. He then picked up his suitcase and went downstairs.

When I heard the outside door open, I jumped out of bed, rushed to the hall window and looked out onto the driveway. Tommy was about to climb into the car. He looked up, as if expecting to see me, and he winked.

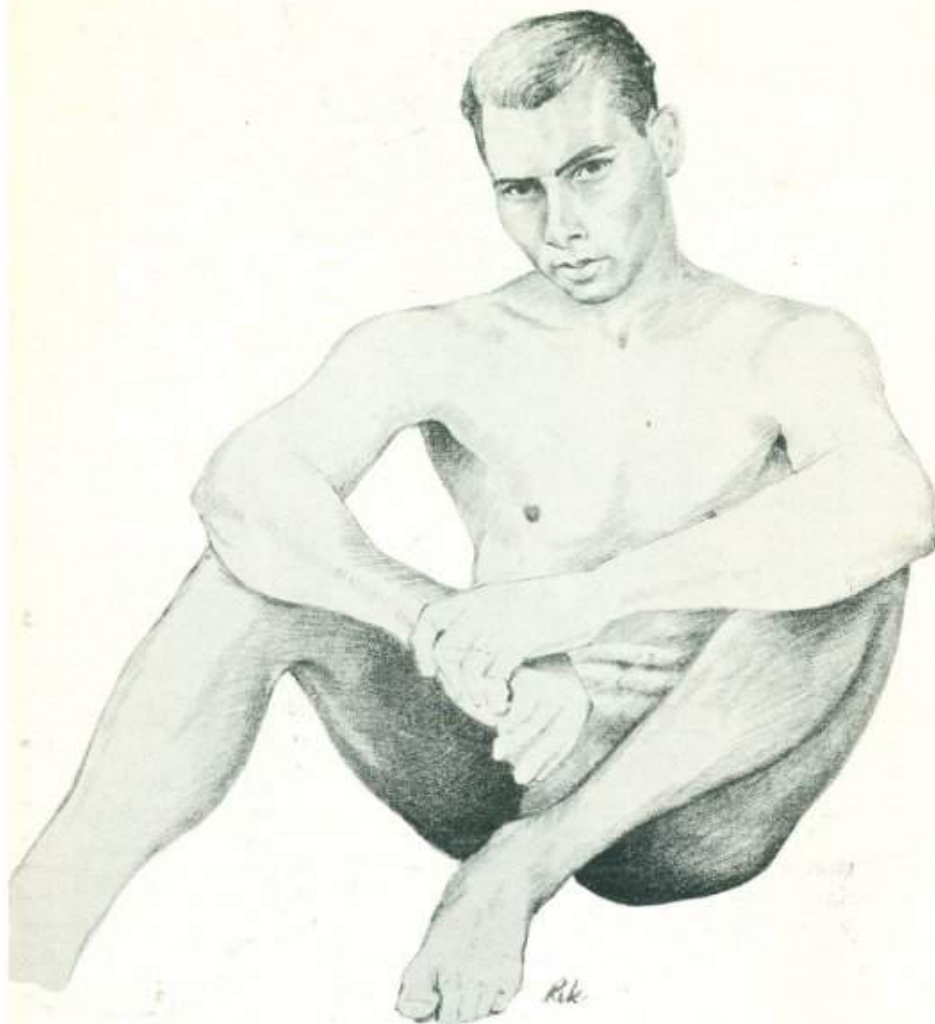
The car door slammed, then he drove slowly through the gates and disappeared along the back road.

The house was uncannily quiet, and I was alone.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH.



R. A. STUDIOS



Two welcomes contributions by its readers and is anxious to establish reliable representatives in all Provinces.

Illustrations, photographs and manuscripts of a suitable nature may be submitted to Gayboy Publishing, 457 Church Street, Toronto 5, Ontario

... in Review.

THE SERVANT.... Starring DIRK BOGARDE - according to all reviews and advertisements, is reported to have strong overtones of homosexuality. Hence its inclusion in this publication. The story of a manservant, employed by a wealthy, young, English Gentleman, who allows himself to become so dominated that, in reality, the positions of the two become reversed, and it becomes difficult to distinguish between Master and Servant.

After ingratiating himself, the servant, played by Dirk Bogarde, uses every device in the book to lure his master into a life of degradation, including the use of his own mistress with which to break the master's present engagement. The ruse, when discovered, leads to dismissal. A reconciliation follows during which the servant becomes the dominating force of the household, and one sees the young master slip further and further into the mire until the close of the picture, which offers neither climax nor solution to the problem. It leaves the viewer to form his own con-

clusions, which this reviewer found more than a little troubling. So much had been done with such meticulous care to lay an intricate groundwork to the story, that a very strong ending seemed essential. As for filling in one's own preference, there were several alternatives open, depending on your viewpoint....

We are told that censorship is becoming less severe, but possibly this film lost some of its impact in the shearing. If so, one can only hope that the future will allow less of such destruction.

The inferences and allegations of homosexuality were most difficult of all to understand. It would seem that this is simply one more example of hanging this label on anything and everything that is any way out of the ordinary. Is it possible that by such inferences an aura of sensationalism is created which means good "box office".

For those who like the bizarre and the unusual this film will provide a goodevenings entertainment. Fans of Dirk Bogarde will find a very different actor. Gone is the image of the matinee idol and there emerges a strong competent performer. It is to be hoped that this is a preview of better things to come.

Reviewed by - Weston Woodside



grapes from the vine

We have no resident gossip columnist we merely rely on titbits from the "gay grape vine"

TORONTO: We understand that the notorious columnist and gossip-monger, the self-styled Lady Bessborough, is suffering from a severe heart attack after hearing that there is a new publication devoted to the gay-set that is NOT going to carry her column. We have sent flowers in the form of a wreath and are now hoping for the best. Toronto now boasts no fewer than four gayclubs and there are rumours of a fifth. Business is so brisk at these places that many of the other clubs are casting speculative glances at the GAY TRADE. CKEY, one of Toronto's leading radio stations, is currently taping an interview sequence for a program scheduled to go on the air in the fall. A number of the leading lights in the gay crowd will be heard, as well as a few unidentified shadier characters. Watch out for Norm Perry's PERISCOPE program on Homosexuality. General harassment by Toronto's Boys in Blue has resulted in a tidying up of the Trade Brigade, in the past few weeks. A late spring cleaning ?

HAMILTON: Still following hot on Toronto's footsteps, Hamilton now has its own gay club. The Nite Lite on James Street North is a faint flicker of hope on a rather dismal horizon but unfortunately is not being given support by the locals.

SARNIA: The Noel Barri Revue, after a highly successful engagement in Sarnia, is expected to return to the Golden Rail club, in Hamilton.

VANCOUVER: Apparently there is also a gay club in the west. The Montrealer, which is an odd name considering that it is in Vancouver, is a wild and woolly place.. even for the Wild West.

MONTREAL: The World's Fair to be held in Montreal, has already had its effect on the gay night life there. A number of the bars have been closed or demolished.

OTTAWA: If there really is such a place, will someone write to us please, with some local information, even if it is from the basement of the Lord Elgin? Contributors urgently required in the various areas mentioned.

VERY MUCH OUT.....AND ABOUT



THE REGENCY CLUB



Located in a converted Victorian home on a quiet residential street near the University, THE REGENCY CLUB is one of Toronto's better after-hours homosexual clubs.

Since its opening, new ideas have constantly changed the facilities and decor of THE REGENCY. During our latest visit, we noticed a vast improvement by its use of vari-coloured walls and revolving lights.

The television room located downstairs has an easy, living-room atmosphere where members can feel entirely at home. For the Butch-er types - male or female - a poolroom has been supplied and it is constantly in use. There are other rooms for general relaxation, conversation, games, and the playing of cards. No gambling allowed, of course.

In the garden is a quiet, quaint cafe, where an added effect has been achieved by the painting of the fence red and white, to match the checkered table-cloths. The food is excellent and you can obtain a wide range, from a simple sandwich to a pizza. We have always been impressed by the cleanliness of this club.

On week-ends the entertainment is 90 per cent live. Lately the shows have been most excellent. This is partly due to the many professional entertainers who drop in after work-hours and freely donate of their many talents.

The clientele leans towards the gay-girl set and the "quietly married" who enjoy the excitement of an evening of dancing without the frantic pace of some of the other clubs. Dancing is to records with a wide range of tempos.

Although it is by no means a fixed rule of the club, the acceptable thing seems to be to bring your own date, or come with a group, for a very enjoyable evening out.