

## THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT IN CANADA



"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

## OUR AIMS AND POLICY

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. It is hoped to find others who will agree with us and join in an effort to establish these rights and responsibilities.

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.

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## EDITORIAL ....

## 2 Sentenced For Indecency

WEST VANC  
Further psychiatric  
"ordered Thursday  
men "victed  
gross  
Thomas Clarke, 45, construction worker, of 110 Water, was  
sentenced Thursday to two years to com-  
munity service for indecency with  
a boy. He was found guilty of indecency with  
a boy and indecency with a person of the  
opposite sex.

Man Gets Jail  
On Morals Count

## INDECENCY BY THE GROSS

These headlines indicate that there are still people, both homosexual and heterosexual, who are stupid enough to perpetrate sexual acts in public places. We can only endorse the action of the police in enforcing the most stringent measures on these offenders. However, the arrest recently of two males for dancing together, while in a private club for homosexuals, gives rise to doubts as to the police integrity, and has focused attention on the meaning of the charge of "gross indecency".

According to one police official, "gross indecency" means "anything which you would not do in front of your mother". If this is so, then we feel sure that ninety-percent of the teenage dances operating in this province should be raided immediately. Also, if what one's mother will allow, sets the laws of the land then all we have to do is to educate our mothers to be as broad-minded as possible, and presumably then, anybody could do anything, anywhere.

• • • •  
For those of you who really read every word of our little magazine, and have noticed that we have changed our name from Gayboy Publishing to Kamp Publishing.. Playboy is already registered in Canada and has requested that we change our name because of the similarity. NOW, who would have thought of confusing Gayboys with Playboys ??

## GOOD TRICK IF YOU CAN DO IT

Having observed the highly organized and legalized prostitution in a number of European countries, we decided to take a close look at the local prostitution market as applied to the homosexual community. While we regret the criticisms leveled at the community because of this traffic, we also recognize that from when time began there has been the need for these services, both heterosexually and homosexually, and this need is still likely to continue. Our "one night stand on the trade beat" is reported on page 23

The Editor

# Cameo

## A VISIT WITH TONI SEVEN ONE OF TORONTO'S LEADING FEMME MIMICS



At the "chic" hour of ten thirty on a week-day morning, your reporter arrived at the residence of Mr. Toni Seven and found him enveloped in chinchilla on an early nineteenth-century Recamier sofa.....or was it.....wrapped in a lap-robe on a tired couch?

The apartment was decorated lavishly in vibrant, eclectic blue so typical of the personage who abode there. His first words are unprintable as the censors wouldn't condone such use of the "Queen's" English, but after three cigarettes and much coffee, Mr. Seven was in a mood to be interviewed intelligently. He was awake.

**TWO:** The most obvious question to be asked in the beginning is: how did you start in this area of show business, Mr. Seven? What incited you to become a Female Impersonator?

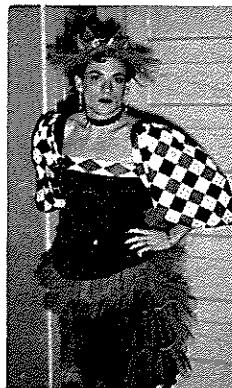
**TONI:** Actually, sweets, my first appearance as a female was in a bible-class revue. I was a member of this swinging bible group and every so often we put on a revue, where I would make all the costumes and be in the shows as well. One year we did a cancan and THIS was my start as a female impersonator. Previous to this I had gone to many parties in costumes leaning to the exotica....NOT erotica, sweets.....but never in women's clothes.

**TWO:** Mr. Seven, even this cancan affair would still be classed as a costume. Could you possibly remember the first time you ever dressed with the idea of passing yourself as a female among males and females?

**TONI:** Ackk-choo-ally, dah-lings, I was the usual Hallowe'en drag, but a very good one, for the first nine-hundred years of my career with my appearances being little more than October 31st, and a few gala openings at the Royal or the Centre. And, of course, I mustn't forget the mad white sheet at the steam baths which could be whipped up into fantastic gowns, but without, naturally, the incidentals.

**TWO:** Mr. Seven, all this is very amateur, and, of course you are now professional. Could you possibly give up the start of your professional career?

**TONI:** Ohhhh, you columnists always want the core of a person, hahaha. As most sweet people know, I figure-skated for years, when one of the feature girls fell ill. As a gag I said I'd do her part. Well - they accepted, and as it was a comedy ballet, with myself as prima ballerina, it was instantaneously successful, as only I can be, that it became a nightly bit. This was the start of my comedy kick, also, but the actual female impersonator as I am known to day, didn't really begin until the shows started at the clubs. From basic blacksweater girl types with pearl-drop earings, to smart shifts and flip hair-dos. I emerged as Mr Toni Seven, "the most gorgeous, vivacious, charming, intelligent....." ....oh there just must be more. From the shows at the clubs came nightclub routines in Hamilton and after that..well who knows?



Now I am hoping to continue in this line. What's that old saying "Dont look a gift horse in the mouth.." or something. Oh, my Gawd, it's early! Do people really live and move at this time in the morning? You know, we were drinking coffee until four thirty in the morning, and then.....well so much for that...I really must get busy. Have a show to do to-night and one musn't appear twice in the same smart outfit. I wonder?..those drapes are getting tired, maybe if I removed just one panel, I could whip up a new dress. Something smart....no....it's too early yet....show doesn't start until one..so there's loads of time. Oh God

This place looks like the aftermath of the lineup at the Scott Mission...which reminds me, how IS my sister Claudia...?

**TWO:** -- and that piece of red material over there on the television?

**TONI:** Of course, dah-ling! That's what I'll wear to-night! If I made big puff sleeves and a plunging neckline, with a straight sheath skirt...I-deal! I'll recover an old pair of heels, then Voila! a new outfit..Maybe next week I'll use the drapes..oh! it's too bright...where are my sunglasses?...natter...mutter.....natter, as I quietly slipped on a goat-skin rug, out of this den of.....?

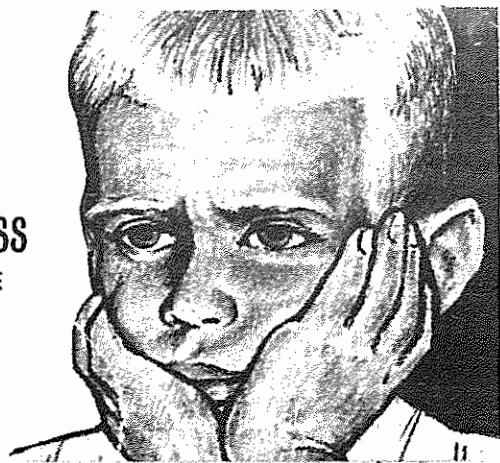




On Stage at The Golden Rail in Hamilton... Bobbi Delroy, Jami Durette and Toni Seven. Next month CAMEO visits Jami and reveals a few tricks of the trade... make up tricks that is.

## WRONG ROAD TO HAPPINESS

a new novel by EDMOND KAYE



When I had watched at the window until I could no longer see the retreating car, I went back to bed and lay listening for a noise... any noise. My mind was a whirl of thoughts; my emotions churned in my stomach. I had always loved Tommy, as a child does with someone who is kind and gentle, but I had never experienced this. This was something new, the attraction between us was strong, but somehow now I knew that it was different. I lay reliving mentally the strength of his embrace, and the roughness of his kiss... this brought another rush of tears, remembering how alone I would be. Thoughts turned to day-dreams, and day-dreams into dream-tossed sleep until my grandmother came to awaken me for dinner, where for the first time I was to meet all my aunts and uncles.

At the big round diningroom table sat my grandfather, six aunts, four uncles, and two officers, friends of my aunts. With my eyes glued to the tablecloth, and trying to make some sense of their laughing and joking (I couldn't even remember any of their names, there were so many of them). I sat nervous of what might happen. Ben, one of the dogs that my grandfather kept, sat under the table with his head on my knees, sensing my aloneness, as animals seem to do. We ate well, considering rationing, but I was not in the least bit hungry.

After dinner we broke up into groups, some going to the dance, some to the films at the NAFFI. I went with my grandfather for his evening walk with the dogs, along the back road towards the main gate of the next estate. This estate was being used as a training centre for soldiers, so at one point, where we could see over the stone wall, we were able to watch them testing bren-gun carriers. This seemed to revive my spirits, and I became interested in the small carriers crashing around the cement bottom of an artificial lake which had been drained for this purpose. The soldiers appeared to be playing a game, running at the banks, and almost standing the carriers on end as they tried to climb out. To my boyish eyes, this was fun.

We walked on and passed the mill, the school at the far end of the village, and on down to the river bank. Once over the south bridge we started back home following along-side of the river. On the other bank we could see the one and only street in the village... five blocks of row-houses, lying neatly along the water's edge. A number of the villagers stopped and spoke to us, all of whom seemed to know who I was, though I felt sure that I had never seen them before. They talked to grandfather of how crowded the school now was, what with the "other refugees" being billeted in town. For the first time I realized that I was a "refugee" and I wondered what school would be like in the country. Even though the next day was Friday, I felt sure I would not be allowed to stay home.

The school was a small building, having only two large classrooms; one for the boys and one for the girls. It had long high windows to let in lots of light, and it smelt like a hospital. During the last few months I had to spend a few weeks at a time in many schools, but this was surely the smallest I thought to myself. It was so small that, because of the influx of "refugees", there were not enough desks to go round and so they had to be shared.

In the afternoon we had an air-raid drill and I was introduced to an older boy named Alec, who would look after me and take me to my home in the event of an air-raid. In the other schools, we had been taught to lie under the desks, or to go to the basement for protection. Since this school had no basement, the authorities felt that we would be much safer in our own homes, so each older boy was responsible for one or two younger ones who lived near him, as there were not enough adults to undertake this important and even dangerous task.

My first impression of Alec was of how his blonde curly hair stood out against the dark tan, setting out the strongly chiseled face, so pronounced for someone his age. I stood looking at this boy, who seemed almost an adult to me he was so tall and broad. What did he think of me I wondered; did he consider me a nuisance because I had been put in his charge? He was so handsome I hoped I would be able to talk freely to him, but at this first meeting I was struck dumb.

As soon as school was out that Friday afternoon Alec grabbed my hand and we ran like mad along the length of the village street, up the hill toward our homes. It seemed to take ages and I found it extremely difficult to keep pace with Alec, although he was literally dragging me along by the hand. I was soon to discover that this was normal routine for Friday afternoon, a test air-raid drill, which to me seemed a bit silly. Still weak from a long illness of pneumonia, I wearied easily and it was beginning to effect my speed. I begged Alec to slow down. However, about three weeks later, the siren went on a Wednesday, and we were hurriedly told that this was not a practice, but to get home as quickly as we could. The urgent scramble of older

pupils looking for their charges instilled a fear into me which I had not felt during the practices.

Alec and I set off, me clutching his hand and being dragged along behind as before. I could hear the siren on the top of the mill, wailing to the townspeople, and it lent speed to my gradually tiring legs. We had almost reached the end of the long row of houses, my lungs feeling as if they would burst from lack of breath, when Alec suddenly yanked me forward and pushed me to the ground. As I hit the sidewalk, I too saw the plane rising from behind the trees just beyond the village. Landing on top of me with a force which knocked out what wind was left in me, he pinned me to the sidewalk against the wall. I could feel something digging into my chest and I tried to struggle to move it as it was painful. Alec was yelling "to keep my head down and to keep still", but already the roar of the plane was drowning out his voice.

I watched the plane from the corner of my eye, horribly fascinated by its nearness, every detail of its camouflage and markings clear in the sunlight. Even the pilot in his helmet and goggles was easily visible as the guns in the wings flamed and smoked without my realizing that they were being fired. The road ahead of us sputtered to life and the dancing puffs came straight at us across the dirt road, onto the sidewalk. The rattle of the guns and the engine's roar drowned out the sound of the shells hitting the ground, as the sidewalk in front of our eyes exploded. Chips of concrete flew past us, the wall above cracked and more stone chips and plaster showered down on us covering us with a fine greyish dust. I screwed up my face to stop the grime from getting in my eyes, and I began to feel very frightened.

The noise cut suddenly as the pilot shot over the rooftops and then.... silence. I became aware of a rushing noise in my ears as I waited for Alec to move. Panic set in, as his weight remained as it was on top of me motionless. I squirmed around, twisting my head sideways to see what was wrong, when he moved, forcing me harder to the ground. "Be still", I was informed, and we waited.... but the plane did not return.

Doors began to open and people looked out cautiously, and as a woman's head poked out from a doorway just a few feet ahead of where we shivered in fear, we scrambled to our feet and ran inside. The woman got quite excited when she saw blood soaking my shirt, but we soon discovered it was only a cut caused by the sharp stone that had jabbed me when I was thrown to the ground. After this experience I did not object to the practices and needless to say, Alec became my god. He had saved my life and I worshiped his every move from then on. As we had something in common to talk about we became better friends... also, I began to wonder if he didn't look just a little like Tommy.

The following Friday when I arrived home with Alec, the car

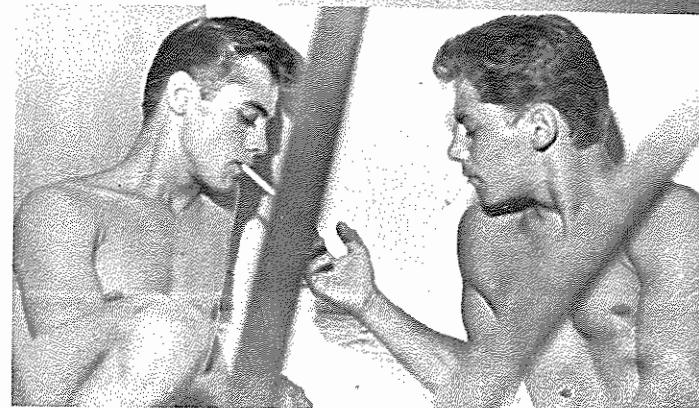
was sitting in the driveway, and in my haste, I left him standing at the top of the hill as I tore down the drive and on into the hallway. On the coat rack were my mother's coat and two uniform caps. Hearing the door slam, my mother came from the drawing room into the hall and knelt to greet me. I flung my arms about her neck in a wild embrace. Through the open door I could see my father talking to my grandparents. He stood up and held out his hand. My mother slipped her arm about my shoulders as I walked over to take my father's hand in greeting. My grandmother beamed at this piece of old world etiquette. As if in answer to my unspoken question, Tommy opened the kitchen door and came in carrying a tray of tea-things. I was overjoyed to see him and we looked deep into each other's eyes, and then with a wink he informed me that all my anticipations would soon be resolved.

I wanted to run and throw myself at him as I had done to my mother, but instead, I waited, rooted to the spot until he put the tray down and walked over to me. He reached out his big hands and lifted me high over his head, then flopped down into the big armchair bouncing me onto his knee.

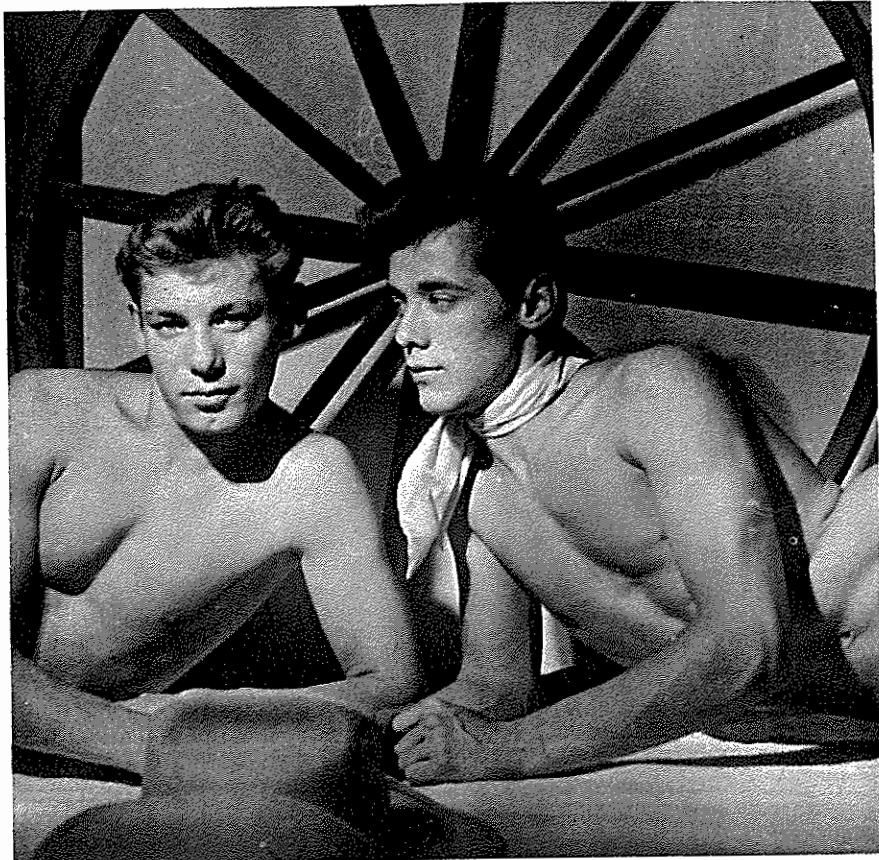
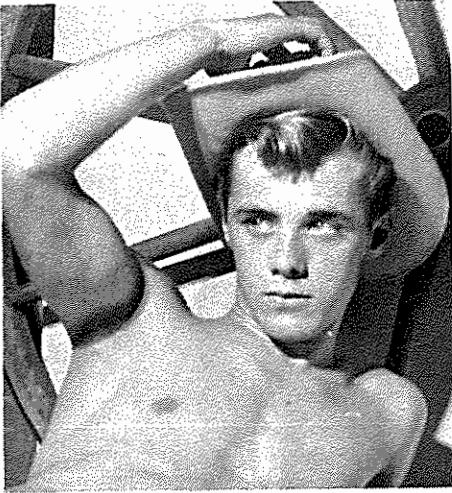
After dinner, Tommy announced that he was taking the car to the army camp and I begged to be allowed to go with him. My parents thinking that I would be interested in seeing the inside of the camp, agreed to let me stay up later than usual.

As we drove along the back road, we passed Alec on his bike. I waved at him and began to tell Tommy about us being shot at. He said that he already knew about it and didn't want to talk about it, so we were silent till he had put the car into the service pool. We walked away from the converted stables, back down the long avenue of trees. He didn't speak and I couldn't think of anything to break the silence. Cars and trucks were constantly coming and going up and down the drive, so we walked on the grass. I picked up a stick and threw it at the chestnuts in the trees trying to knock them down. At last, since I could stand it no longer, I asked him if he were angry with me. He laughed and said no, reaching out for me and pulling me to his side. A flood of talk came from me as I spilled out everything that had been pent up inside of me for weeks.

It was beginning to get dark as we walked along the back road; the crows in the big trees at the crossroads were cawing their good-byes to the vanishing daylight. A few bats were already wheeling overhead. At the brow of the hill we stopped, looking down on the river to where we saw some soldiers trying their hand at salmon fishing, then sat down on the grass. We remained long after it got too dark to see, talking about all sorts of things. Suddenly realizing it must be late, I stood up to go, but instead of getting up with me, Tommy pulled me down on top of him and lay back on the grass. He rubbed my nose with his and crushed me to him in a bearhug. We rolled over until we were side by side, facing each other, and I buried my face in his neck.



down on  
the farm ?



## two GUEST EDITORIAL

### A WORD OF EXPLANATION:

For many years now the homosexual organizations in various parts of the world have pointed out, again and again, the bitter injustice to the homosexual minority which results when magazines and newspapers - abdicating all editorial and ethical responsibilities - seek to drum up reader interest by running what is purported to be an objective article or series of articles, on "The Problem of Homosexuality".

It is no exaggeration to state that almost without exception these "public service" pieces are vicious, distorted, and prejudiced attacks on the homosexual group. Their sole purpose is to sell copy, and they do, by titillating the jaded appetites of their readers who are bored with endless reports on heterosexual outrages.

But, however inaccurate and damaging this type of article may be, no one denies the right of the publication to print anything it wants to print. The objection is that rarely, if ever, will consideration be given to a rebuttal; to a reply by the homosexual which would let the readers know that there are two sides to the homosexual question as with any other.

No better example of this can be found in recent years than the series on homosexuality by an anonymous reporter, (Mr. Ron Polton, in fact) published by the Toronto Telegram on "Page Seven" in the issues dated April 11, 14 and 15, 1964.

Mr. Polton had publicly stated that he did not want the assignment. He admitted that he was prejudiced against homosexuals and he stated that he was aware that he would be quite unable to write an unbiased, objective report. His superiors insisted, however, and his articles bore out his fears in full measure. Rarely has a more distorted, disorganized, and inaccurate piece of writing on the subject ever been printed.

I prepared a comparatively brief rebuttal of eleven of the most obvious errors, ignoring at least as many more, and submitted it to the editor of "Page Seven", Mr. Don Obe. After numerous telephone conversations, Mr. Obe returned the manuscript with a note stating "The rebuttal to our series has already effectively been made."

The "rebuttal" was an anonymous letter to the editor, which was not only ineffective, but one which, in the hands of a clever critic could be used to compound the damage already done to the homosexual by the original articles. I called Mr. Obe again and discussed this in detail, finally being advised to contact a Mr. Charles Nichols, his sup-

erior. A dozen telephone conversations later, plus a request to resubmit the manuscript, I found myself dealing with the new editor of "Page Seven", Mr. John Aitken.

Mr. Aitken wasted little time in pointless talk. He informed me at once that he did not intend to publish my rebuttal, but after only a few moments of conversation, he told me that he had not even seen the manuscript or the letter to the editor - so highly regarded by Messrs. Obe and Nichols. He suggested that I call in a few days time, during which he would read both, then render a decision. I did so, only to be informed that the manuscript was already in the mail on its way back to me. The letter that accompanied it is worthy of reproduction in its brief entirety:

"As I told you on the telephone, I do not intend to use this rebuttal, not because it is a rebuttal, but because I feel there has been sufficient publicity given to the problems of the homosexual."

If a more fatuous and pitiful excuse has ever been offered for the perpetration of distortions, half and untruths, I have never heard of it.

#### THE MANUSCRIPT SUBMITTED TO THE TELEGRAM:

We are told that the recent Telegram series, "Society and the Homosexual", written by an (understandably) anonymous staff reporter, was published in order to provide "Accurate information on the subject of homosexuality" leading to "public enlightenment" and "a climate in which scientific research can be conducted."

Rarely, then, has a goal been so widely missed.

With their author's prejudice all too evident, the articles serve merely to perpetuate the same hoary old myths and innuendos about the homosexual minority that have provided grist for the tabloid mills for many years. He writes: "I've come to the conclusion that ignorance outweighs wisdom and fancy outruns fact." With this observation no one will argue and the truth of its validity is to be found in the articles themselves, - in abundance.

The following eleven excerpts and corrections merely scratch the surface; at least as many more should be corrected.

QUOTE: One recent windblown night...thousands of homosexuals were in their favourite clubs and bars.

FACT : There are four beverage rooms and two bars in Toronto that cater to a predominately homosexual clientele. There are three clubs that do likewise. If all nine were simultaneously filled to legal capacity, (and they never are since the bars do most of their business after the beverage rooms close and the

clubs are virtually empty until 11 o'clock) the total number of homosexuals involved would not exceed 1300. Where, then, do we find "thousands of homosexuals"?

QUOTE: One male....his hair coiffed, garb resplendent, lips painted: the epitome of every fairy tale ever told by a burlesque comedian -(and two paragraphs further on)- The popular conception of the mincing fag is hard to find.

FACT : The "mincing fag" is hard to find because he represents a small fraction of 1% of the total number of homosexuals, yet the author chooses this type to describe in minute detail without, in the course of the entire series, ever mentioning the thousands of individuals who lead quiet, uneventful lives (often in permanent and monogamous relationships, indistinguishable in appearance from their heterosexual brothers and sisters), and who rarely, if ever, enter the gay world of bars and clubs.

QUOTE: As the music changed from an up tempo version of "Goodnight Irene" to a waltz, dancers clasped arms around necks and swayed. Cheek to cheek. Ever so dreamily.

FACT : This is the sort of sniggering drivel one expects to find in sensation - tabloids. The lowest form of sensationalism. And in passing, it is impossible to dance the waltz with arms about necks, cheek to cheek....dreamily or otherwise.

QUOTE: "Why call it the Gay Life?", I asked a member. He thought it over and admitted there was "a lot of irony in the word".

FACT : The word "gay" is merely a synonym for "homosexual". One refers to a "gay novel", a "gay bar", or a "gay movie". The term was never intended to indicate a state of perpetual bliss.

QUOTE: All authorities agree the proportion of male homosexuals to heterosexuals has increased since 1900.

FACT : Quite untrue. The Kinsey Report, (which the author quotes glibly when it suits his purpose) states, p. 631: "Finally, it should be noted that there is no evidence that the homosexual involves more males or, for that matter, fewer males today than it did among older generations....(my emphasis).

QUOTE: Homosexuals in the States have formed two organizations.

FACT : Homosexuals in the States have formed, to-date, nine organizations that are fighting for civil rights and justice for the homosexual, and have already made a number of significant gains.

QUOTE: But there are experts like Val Hartman of the Forensic Clinic who will argue: "I have never met a happy homosexual."

FACT : It's little wonder that the "problem of homosexuality" continues to plague society with "experts" like Mr. Hartman seeking a solution. Surely it must occur to him that if his patients were "happy" they would not seek help at the Clinic. On the other hand, one might ask, "How many happy heterosexual patients does Mr. Hartman have?"

QUOTE: The disease is homosexuality.

FACT : The Report of the Wolfenden Committee, ( read, apparently, by the author) states, p.p. 13,14: "The traditional view seems to be that for a condition to be recognized as a disease, three criteria must be satisfied, namely (i) the presence of abnormal symptoms which are caused by (ii) a demonstrable pathological condition, in turn caused by (iii) some factor called "the cause", each link in this causal chain being understood as something necessarily antecedent to the next..our evidence suggests, however, that homosexuality does not satisfy any of them ( the three criteria ) unless the terms in which they are defined are expanded beyond what could reasonably be regarded as legitimate". The concept of homosexuality as a "disease" has been firmly rejected by a number of experts in the field and, indeed, with good reason; for, as Kinsey states, on p.666 of the Report: "The homosexual has been a significant part of the human sexual activity ever since the dawn of history, primarily because it is an expression of capacities that are basic in the human animal." (my emphasis).

QUOTE: Homosexuality can very definitely be cured with psychotherapy. It definitely is not true that homosexuality is incurable. Those who make such statements have never tried to treat it.

FACT : Regarding the possibility of successfully treating "sexual deviates", one may read in the Report of the Royal Commission on the Criminal Law Relating to the Criminal Sexual Psychopath, p.83: "We have heard no medical evidence to warrant this assumption nor have we been referred to any medical authority who would appear to give it substantial support..many of the medical witnesses who were in a position to speak with great authority took a pessimistic view of the prospects of obtaining satisfactory results from any known form of treatment.

The Report of the Wolfenden Committee, the most thorough, accurate, and objective study of the subject ever undertaken, states, p.p. 66, 67: "We were struck by the fact that none of our medical witnesses were able, when we saw them, to provide any reference in medical literature to a complete change of this kind.(from homosexuality to heterosexuality) Our evidence leads us to the conclusion that a total re-orientation from complete homosexuality to complete heterosexuality is very unlikely indeed.....there may be good grounds, from a medical point of view, for not attempting any fundamental re-orientation of the sexual propensity of a homosexual who is already well adjusted and is a useful member of society."

As for the pseudo-scientific 'balderdash' attributed to Edmund Bergler, the esteem in which he is held by reputable authorities is best illustrated by the following excerpts from the introduction to the recently published "Problem of Homosexuality in Modern Society": "The omission of any essay by Edmund Bergler is quite deliberate. His observations on homosexuality are so close to psychoanalytic nonsense that their inclusion would violate the editor's criteria of responsible scholarship". This was written by Dr. H. M. Ruitenbeek, one of the most respected and eminent authorities in the field to-day. It is an opinion shared by many of his colleagues.

QUOTE: One club has the look of a converted bowling alley; antiseptically fresh, etc.....(and).....Because it is sadly obvious that hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young people are being drawn to the friendly air of the clubs. One such club even manages to look downright homey.

FACT : The homosexual is not "drawn" to the clubs in the usually accepted meaning of that term. He is, rather, driven by society to seek sanctuary in bars and clubs where he can relax with others like himself and enjoy a few hours of freedom from the hypocritical "front" he is forced, in sheer defence, to wear every waking moment. But still not satisfied with this state of affairs, society then uses his presence in the bars and clubs, to which it has driven him, as justification for still further condemnation and criticism. Never does it offer an alternative. Never, for instance, does it say to the homosexual, "Live thusly, do so-and-so, and we will accept you." Instead, it snarls, "No matter how you behave, no matter what you do, no matter what your contribution to our welfare, we offer you nothing but sneers, scorn and rejection." Little wonder, then, that a few misguided homosexuals say, in effect, "We might as well be hanged for wolves as for sheep." Little wonder that a

(comparatively) few crack under that constant strain and end up at the Forensic Clinic. As for the "perhaps thousands" being drawn to the clubs, this is sheer sensationalism for its own sake and unworthy of a reputable newspaper.

QUOTE: Toronto's Morality Inspector Thurston contends: "I have nothing against homosexuals if you put them on an island... say about 5000 miles square..."

FACT : If any public servant had dared to insult and libel another minority group, as Thurston has insulted and libeled the homosexual, he would be swept from his job on a wave of outraged public indignation. The Inspector's superiors should inform him that the homosexual citizen is entitled to the same respect and protection that is accorded any other citizen of Metro and that he is as much a public servant of the homosexual as of the heterosexual.

Let it be clearly understood: the homosexual never has, and never will ask for special dispensation from the law simply because he is a homosexual. He is the first to agree that where homosexual tendencies lead to the commission of criminal acts, society has an unquestioned right to punish the offender. Homosexual offences should be punished with the same severity as equivalent offences of a heterosexual nature, but certainly with no greater severity. The homosexual's prime concern, however, is that the offender be punished because he has committed a crime against society, not simply because he is a homosexual. And further, he be accorded, regardless of his homosexuality, full equality under the law and the same respect for his civil rights and the dignity of his person as is accorded any other citizen. The average homosexual is a decent, law-abiding ( except in one area ) respectable citizen, often with a unique contribution to make to society. No contortions of logic, however extreme, can show him to be the slightest threat to the society in which he lives. He is no more disloyal, dishonest, irresponsible OR talented, artistic, sensitive and witty than is his heterosexual brother.

The Telegram's " Society and the Homosexual ", regardless of the good intentions which prompted it, will serve only to perpetuate many of the old myths and bogeys it purports to dispell. The reason is obvious; articles of this sort must be written, not necessarily by homosexuals, but by writers who are thoroughly familiar with the over-all problem from the point of view of the homosexual as well as of society and whose writings reflect this complete understanding. It is little wonder that confusion reigns supreme around the entire subject of homosexuality when, after two months of research, presumably in bars, beverage rooms and after-hours clubs, a writer produces a series of

articles loaded with bias, distortions, half-truths and untruths. The reader is left with a vague feeling of fear and alarm and could well assume that homosexuals lurked behind every hydro-pole and bush, posing some vague, un-named threat to society.

The most dangerous result of this series, however, may be that it will blacken the homosexual in the public eye to such an extent that no voice will be raised in protest should the authorities decide to institute a " witch-hunt " against the homosexual similar to that now under way in Florida, complete with flagrant disregard for civil rights ( for everyone ) and in violation of the guarantees of the Constitution.

Homosexuality is a problem in modern society only because of the ignorance and prejudice that surrounds it. The solution to the problem, just as in the case of the Negro or Jewish problems, lies in the abolition of prejudice and ignorance. Let the various means of public communication be thrown open to a full and free airing of all aspects of the matter and the homosexual minority will have no cause to complain at the verdict of society, while society will discover that it has nothing to fear and much to gain from its homosexual members.



GUEST EDITOR.

Mr. Egan, a self-employed business man, is well known for his articles on homosexual issues. Widely read on the subject, he is an ardent campaigner for social and legal reform on the homosexual problem and has done a great deal of research with this in view.

Mr. Egan has written for other homophile publications including ONE, and it is hoped that he will be a regular contributor to TWO

In fairness to the Toronto Telegram, and for your interest and comparison, we have reproduced on the next page the rebuttal printed by the Telegram on April 22, 1964.

## the readers *Write*

### 'Gay Life Not A Shadow World'

The "gay" life is not a shadow world, but a world of real people who are often more courageous in facing what they are than those called "straight".

There is indeed a serious lack of information—and a wealth of misinformation—about the homosexual and his world. But The Tely articles, just concluded, have not helped clarify the problem. In an effort to be objective, your reporter has produced a mish-mash of fact and fancy, which must intensify the confusion of the average reader.

The sarcasm of "one such club even manages to look downright homely" is only slightly less annoying than the laughable generalization that "homosexuals are essentially disagreeable people," or Val Hartman's claim to never have met a happy homosexual. I have met as many as I have happy heterosexuals.

Is the gay life really a sick life? The most striking fact about the social life of the homosexual is the capacity to enjoy life under extremely difficult circumstances. If the gay life has some severe problems, they are largely the result of an intolerant attitude of the larger society. Where this attitude becomes more reasonable, recognizing the right of the homosexual to live his own life, then many of the problems disappear.

In the case of homosexuality, blackmail and many of the other legal problems associated with this practice would disappear (as they have in many European countries) if the law were amended to recognize the right of consenting adults to engage in sexual activities of their own choosing in private.

No evidence is presented for your reporter's charge that homosexuals are responsible for the upsurge in venereal disease, but if there is any truth in it, the cause is again a law requiring those reporting the disease, in this case, that they have committed a crime by engaging in homosexuality. If the latter were legal, there would be no cause for hesitation in reporting disease.

As for the description of the gay life in Toronto, your reporter had better spend another two months on the scene, for he has not learned much in the first two. Most of what he reports is true, but only a fraction of the truth.

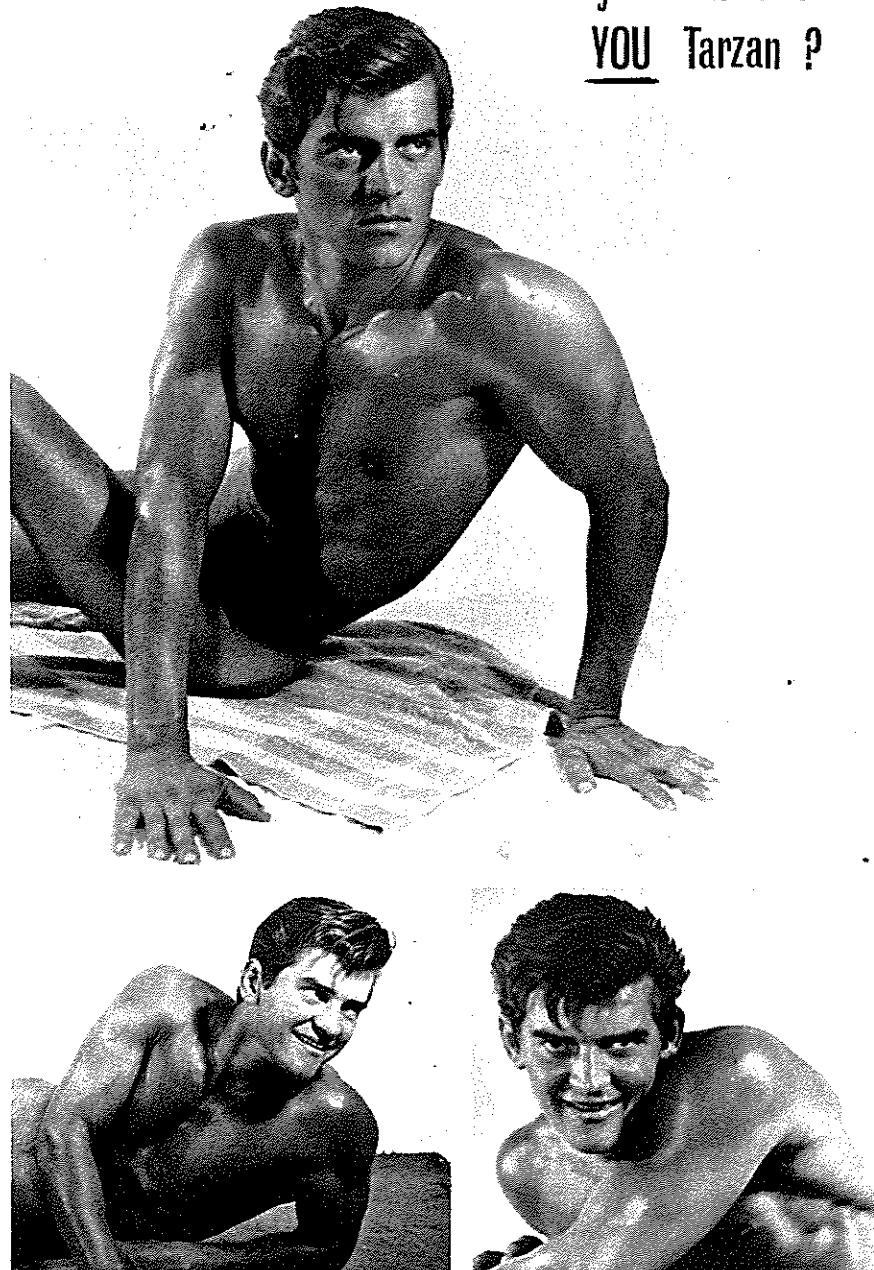
Compare the basically wholesome and pleasant gay life in Toronto with the situation in Detroit. In that large American city, intolerance forces the gay life underground. There are a few gay bars, two with floor shows. But there is no opportunity for relaxation or dancing without alcohol. Instead, the bars are jammed with customers, most seeking a night's partner.

In Toronto, the homosexual can enjoy music, dancing, light or serious conversation, billiards or TV, all without the presence of alcohol, in pleasant surroundings. Occasionally, the police drop in, not for a raid but to make sure these private membership clubs are enforcing their own rules against petting, drinking, etc. The presence of the police, far from creating resentment, provides the assurance of freedom from the undesirable elements that plague the Detroit underground.

Is this not a far superior and more reasonable way to deal with the inevitable presence of the homosexual in our society?

LONDON SOCIOLOGIST

Whaddya mean . . .  
YOU Tarzan?





The physique studies featured in TWO are of professional models who are not necessarily homosexual. Photos in this issue are by courtesy of R. A. Studios.

# THE HU\$TLER

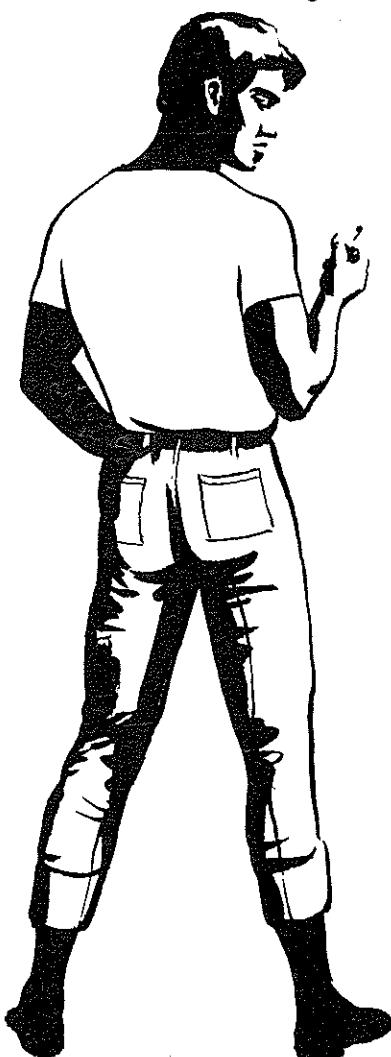
The hustler is not to be confused with the Call Boy, the Kept Boy, or the Gay Boy out for a bit of adventure by going "trade" for a night. The hustler, male, version, is a very different animal. His livelyhood is derived from selling himself to the highest bidder whenever and

wherever he can be found. His is a world of vice, intrigue, angles, marks, larcenous deceit, and harmless make-believe. It is his lot to con and be conned, to cheat and be cheated, to steal and be stolen from, to lie and to be lied to, and to look forever for that one final "mark" who will, like the fabled pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, solve all his financial problems.

To penetrate the hustler's world one must have a willing guide; even the most experienced "customer" is not fully aware of the intricate workings of this weird and wonderful segment of gay society. With just such a guide we recently spent an evening on Toronto's Trade Beat.

We picked up our guide at a rundown rooming house on Granby St. He was a small well-built youngster about seventeen, although he could have passed for younger. He was dressed in blue - jeans and a striped shirt, toting a black sweater over his shoulder. A thick leather belt and half boots with cuban heels were the only things which might have made him stand out from teenagers in any other part of town.

It was already well after eleven as we cruised up Yonge Street in the car. Our guide pointed out various other youngsters on the street identifying them as his co-workers.





In spite of the number of his acquaintances on the street, he considered it still too early for the Yonge Street beat, so we went over one block to the bus terminal.

Here things were a little livelier. A number of boys were lined up against the wall of the hotel across from the station. On the other side of the street, a group of boys talked in the doorway of a pool hall. A few more strolled nonchalantly up and down the street in ones and twos.

Occasionally a car would slow down to pass the section and then speed away, only to come back around the block to repeat the performance. A restaurant and a magazine store seemed to do an active trading as men of various ages came and went, pausing now and then to chat with one or another of the boys leaning against the wall. To the passer-by there was nothing out of the ordinary.

A very young-looking boy in tight white pants and a white nylon windbreaker caused a stir of interest as he passed through the doors of the hotel. According to our guide, he must have been a new boy, since he had never seen him before. A few minutes later there was a flurry of movement. The boys against the wall suddenly headed off in all directions. A police cruiser pulled up in the glare of the entrance, and a detective got out and went into the hotel. His partner stayed in the squadcar and idly watched the rapidly emptying sidewalk. Seconds later, the officer came out of the hotel with the boy in the white pants and what was obviously another plainclothes man. All three bundled into the car and drove off. In no time at all the boys were back in position and things went on as before. We left the car and entered the restaurant.

There were a number of boys sitting along the counter and since our guide knew them, we joined them. Introductions were on a first name basis and this seemed to be the accepted thing. Our guide made remarkably quick work of explaining us away as friends of his from New York; a better class hustler and his contact man. It seemed that each and every one of them had "worked" New York at some time or other and all had remarkable stories to tell of easy pickings and good times. Before the evening was over, we began to realize that no one in the group believed a word of these wild and wonderful stories, but never a word of disbelief was spoken. Any story, no matter how outrageous, was treated with respect and muttered acceptances like "no kidding", "gee", and "is that right"!

Everyone knew everyone else, and there were constant comings and goings from the table. We gathered that tonight was not very good with the police standing around the corners scaring off customers. A group of boys who did not mingle were identified as muggers, whose practice it was to make a pick-up and then rob the victim, violently, if necessary.

There was a lot of talk about "customers", past and future.... derogatory talk for the most part, in spite of the fact that they were discussing their source of livelihood. Information concerning the customer's wants, how much they could be expected to pay, names, telephone numbers, were all exchanged readily. Glowing descriptions of luxury cars, well - appointed homes and apartments, out-of-this-world cottages and boats, were commonplace. There were even a few warnings about customers suspected of being sadists, or amused laughter over a number of well-known fetishists, ranging from transvestites to those hooked up on leather.

Some of the boys who had been busy earlier and had already earned money, left to go to a bootlegger's, and to pick up some girls for a party. Others, not so lucky, headed for greener pastures.

We left and went back to the Yonge Street beat in time to watch the bars emptying. About a dozen boys, some very young-looking, were hanging around outside of hotels in the College Street area. At closing time people spilled out of the bars and it was difficult to keep track of who picked up whom, but ten minutes later the streets were deserted and all the hustlers had disappeared with the crowd.

According to our guide, the boys at the bus terminal were available for prices varying from \$2.00 to \$15.00, and if they were new and good looking, up to \$20.00 and \$30.00. By the time the bars closed, those who had no place to stay, could be coerced in return for a bed with breakfast.

We thought now that the bars were closed things would be pretty well over but no, there was still the "meat rack"! A quick trip around the park and past the stadium showed that this sector was only beginning to come to life. A preponderance of unattached males wandered aimlessly along Bloor and down "The Walk", while convertibles cruised the area, all with the tops up, which seemed most strange considering the eighty-degree weather.

Coffee in a nearby restaurant gave us an opportunity to look at the "customers", but our guide advised us that it was difficult to spot them here,



since this area was also very "gay". The "gayboys", out looking for companionship — free, gratis and for nothing, were often mistaken for customers by hustlers, but, in effect, were a very powerful competition, considering their non-union rates.

We took a stroll down "The Walk", where the fast-buck boys made from \$2.00 to \$5.00 for "quickies" in the bushes. We had to walk alone as three of us walking together would have been out of place. We joined forces at the other end, both of us having refused propositions; our guide, however, had made arrangements to meet later in a Yonge St. restaurant. He had met an old customer who was good for a ten spot. By now it was well after 2:30 am, but new faces and cars were entering the area.

For the hustler who had made all the rounds and not "made a score", there was still one more place, an all night drug store, its name corresponding to the hotel opposite the terminal. The lunch counter is a home-away-from-home for the hustler without a bed. At 3:00 am. the place was doing a landslide business in cokes and coffee. Noticeably, as the evening wore on, the quality of the available "merchandise" seemed to deteriorate, until now it appeared to be extremely rough and not a little foreboding. There was no cruising going on, in fact, not a customer was in sight.

Again, everyone seemed to know each other, but we were not introduced, as before. We sat down at the long counter and listened to conversations around us...preparations for leaving town in a hurry...details for a break-in...telephone numbers...bail before 8:am....I know a place where we can stay...who's a queer?...you owe me a fin...Montreal is hot...these are the guys from New York...didn't he get eighteen months?....Suddenly, an uncanny silence.

Two plainclothes officers walked the length of the counter and stopped, identification flashed, and they motioned for two boys and a girl to leave with them. Despite loud protests of innocence, the trio was herded to the door. Suddenly a scuffle developed, broken glass tinkled, an arm swung in the air and one of the boys hit the floor with a thump. A paddy wagon pulled up and a few moments later the chatter had resumed in the drug store.

Just as we finished our coffee, our guide's customer showed up and as the night was literally over we drove home with the sky already getting light. It had been a gruelling tour, and the thoughts of making this nerve-racking circuit every night for a living, left us as cold as the dawn we were viewing.

Denis



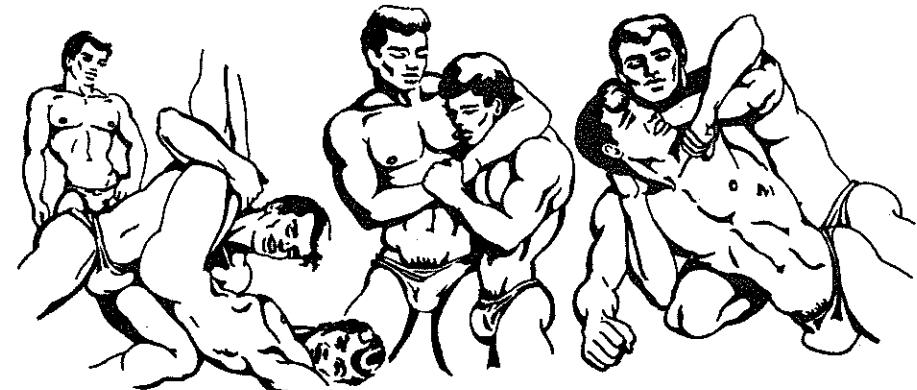
## NO NO NO !

We haven't gone on an S&M kick, but we DO think that your weekend guest might get a charge out of finding this full-length figure printed on the bed sheet in your "Trick room".

A sensational new line of "conversation pieces" is available from SATYR of Toronto. Items such as aprons, towels, underwear, handkerchiefs, pillowcases, beach robes, etc. are imprinted with a wide selection of the wildest drawings. We have reproduced only a few of the fifty different designs available. From the aesthetic to the camp, these items will be ideal as a surprise gift for a friend or a gassy idea to spring on your visitors. A catalogue showing the full range of illustrations can be obtained at a nominal fee of \$1.00 by writing to:

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## ... in Review.

QUATREFOIL - by James Barr, (Vision Press Ltd., London 1953)

This series of book reviews begins with your reviewer's nomination for the best all-round work of fiction on a homosexual theme. It tells an interesting story; it is well-written; and it has a believable plot and characters with whom the reader can identify. It is not pornographic; there are no sexual descriptions or torrid love scenes. The author is himself homosexual and the book gives a reasoned, balanced presentation of the "gay" life, demonstrating its good points and not glossing over the bad ones. It is therefore a good introduction to the subject for heterosexual readers. One could wish that it had achieved wider circulation, so that it could counter-act some of the more vicious mass-circulation paper-backs that have appeared in recent years.

The story concerns two naval officers and takes place just after World War II. Phillip Devereaux, the younger, is the intelligent 23yr. old son and heir of a wealthy Oklahoma family of bankers. He is facing marriage for business reasons with a vapour-minded but pretty home-town girl. An individualist by temperament, he is awaiting

trial for disobeying orders. He is befriended by Tim Danelaw, an older staff officer who uses his influence to settle Phillip's case. Tim is a well-educated and travelled gentleman, an admitted homosexual, who acts as a catalyst in developing Phillip's brilliant and inquiring mind, left untouched by his strictly business education. The result is a relationship very close to the classic Greek model (in which an older man would act as teacher and guide in the education and maturing of the younger). Eventually a physical aspect is added, and this causes a profound emotional crisis for Phillip in which he is forced to face up to his suppressed homosexual nature. With the help of wise counsel from Tim, and encouragement from his sister, he realizes that acceptance of his true self will not result in the loss of his position in his influential family; he finally admits his love for Tim and they live together briefly and very happily.

Tim is killed in an accident at the end of the book. Tragic endings are unpleasantly frequent in homosexual literature as an easy way for the author to solve the supposed moral problems. In this case, however, I feel that the author's intention is to show that Phillip's "new self" has become a permanent feature of his personality and will survive the individual who caused it to develop.

The only criticisms that I could make of this book are



## grapes from the vine

TORONTO: Connie, one of Toronto's brightest lights was the star of a special Music Room floor show recently. A camp version of "This Is Your Life" was a surprise send off for a real "lady" Connie rose to the occasion and did a half minute dance routine to the overture and broke the house up. Good Luck Connie!

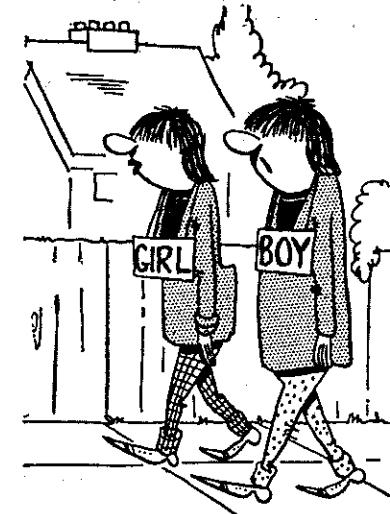
HOLLYWOOD: The arrival of the famous Coccinelle in the film capital is said to have upset the starlet crowd. Seems Coccinelle is stealing their limelight with lower necklines and more daring cleavage than any of them can muster.

VANCOUVER: An organisation called A.S.K. is publishing a newsletter which would be of interest to homosexuals. The address is PO Box 4277 Vancouver B.C.

WASHINGTON DC: A recent trip to the American Capital proved that not all Capitals are as dull as Ottawa. There are a number of flourishing bars although cruising is very circumspect.

## in Review. cont.

minor. It seems to me that both main characters are a trifle over-emphasized: Tim is a little too unselfish, and Phillip is a little too devoted to the welfare of the family's bank and too unaware of his own nature; also his fiancee is too feather-brained. However, all in all, "QUATREFOIL" is to be rated highest among the over 100 works of fiction on a homosexual theme in your reviewer's experience.



*very much out... and about.*

## **YORKVILLE VILLAGE**

Toronto's sophisticated gay set will readily assure you that "Yorkville Village" is NOT gay....but it's a grand place to spend an evening, or go shopping during the day.

The Village is one of those rare places where it's almost impossible to pick out the gay boys ( which is as it should be: who wants a gay ghetto in Toronto ? ). When two good-looking, swinging young men in bright shirts, tight pants and sneakers stroll by your table, don't be surprised to find them returning later with a couple of girl friends. They were just style-conscious college students on the prowl for willing female playmates.

Much of Yorkville Village is new this summer, but the street already has an air of establishment. When bulldozers tore the heart from Toronto's old artist village on Gerrard Street, some galleries and shops moved to Honest Ed's new "hamlet" on Markham Street. But the spirit of the village moved north, to rise phoenix-like from the converted 19th-century homes of once fashionable Yorkville Street. Only a slight odor of excess commercialism betrays the Village's newness. With the passing of one or two summers, those in it for the money will move on, leaving what promises to be one of Toronto's liveliest night spots.

Starting on Avenue Road, a succession of coffee houses, shops, stands and sidewalk restaurants beckon the visitor to the Village. On weekends the sidewalks are crowded with students, young lovers, tourists and the gay set, from about 9 pm to 2 am, and even later. During daylight hours, Toronto's chauffered elite rub elbows with the beatnik and the ordinary shopper looking for something different in the specialty shops of the Village.

One of the best known coffee houses features a backyard swimming pool, with bikini-clad waitresses serving the poolside tables. (Alas, no muscular bikinied waiters yet!)

The intellectual may find another coffee house further down the street more to his liking. Every evening you'll find several chess matches under way, surrounded by advisors and admirers, while guitar-strumming folksingers provide a soothing musical background.

If it's bawdy folk-songs you want, you'll find them in several coffee houses as a regular program, or you can keep an eye open for

the impromptu "recitals" presented by wandering minstrels in the Village parking lots.

In the night spots extending up Avenue Road from Yorkville, you'll find a wide variety of entertainment, including modern music, jazz, vocal artists and a garden movie theatre featuring old Charlie Chaplin silents.

For refreshment, the Village offers coffee in its many moods, light snacks, and a specialized sidewalk restaurant where higher-priced ice-cream dishes are served to the tuneful strains of a small orchestra. One warning: be prepared to spend about an hour talking with your friends once you sit down. It will take that long for a waitress to notice you, accept your order, and return just as you are becoming convinced that she has gone off shift.

For arty types, the Village offers an unusual attraction: mechanized art. Just push your way through the crowd surrounding a long counter on the sidewalk. (Ignore that bearded young artist picketing with the sign reading "Automation Unfair to Artists.") Pour a variety of brightly coloured inks on a large white card and fasten it to one of the record turntables on the counter. Two spinning minutes later you have a work of art. Some of these productions, with luck and practice, can be remarkably attractive. Prices 50¢ and \$1.00. Where can you buy originals cheaper than that?

For more patriotic ready-made art you may prefer to buy one of the many versions of a new Canadian flag hawked from a Village corner by several college students who have hit on this novel way to raise their fees. Your choice of various designs: a ring of nine beavers urinating on a frog; a red ensign with the stars-and-stripes replacing the union jack, and a dollar sign added to the crest; or, for the gay set, three golden Mounties dancing hand-in-hand across a red field.

In daylight hours, the Village offers a pleasant place to eat your lunch and to shop for the imported-from afar, the exotic and the Very Latest. At least one coffee house will allow you to bring your own sandwiches if you order coffee ( at 25¢ a cup ).

Gifts and fashionable clothing are the special shopping attractions of the Village. For the gay set there is an excellent, though expensive, men's wear shop on a Village corner. Striped shirts and gaily coloured sports shirts are featured in its display window.

Another village corner is the location of one of Toronto's most fascinating gift shops. A magnificent array of glassware, pottery, metalware and other fine gifts is displayed in tasteful and attractive surroundings. Some of their special greeting cards may catch your eye. For example, why not send a friend this one: a bare-backsided good looking youth whose head glances around to complain, "It's too long...." and inside the card: "....since I saw you last."

PETER ALANN



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