

**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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# **God Should Kill Perverts—Church**

The People's Church advocates executing all homosexuals.

"But it would have to be done by God, not man," suggested Rev. Oswald J. Smith, editor of the church's official organ, The People's Magazine, today.

An article in this month's issue signed by a Daniel Dare says:

"What would be your remedy for homosexuals?"

"Execution. That God's remedy. He destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah because of the homosexuals. He exterminated the Canaanites for the same reason."

"Aside from the Gospel there is no cure. The death penalty is the only solution."

The article also advocates that vandals should be "whipped."

"How would you put an end to gang violence and vandalism?" it asks.

Mr. Smith would not reveal the identity of Daniel Dare.

But Mr. Smith's son, Rev. Paul B. Smith, a minister of the Sheppard ave. e. church, said: "It is a name that somebody uses to express an extreme opinion."

However, Rev. Oswald Smith said that the article expresses the policy of the church.

Apparently the Peoples Church does not base its religious policy on the normal Christian doctrine of compassion and understanding. This amazing article appeared recently in a Toronto Daily and to date has not been refuted by the Church so presumably it is an accurate description of their attitudes. One cannot help but be reminded of Adolf Hitler's attitude toward the Jews, when Mr. Smith says "the death penalty is the only solution". We wonder what would happen if Mr. Smith suddenly discovered that homosexuals were a vast majority (instead of a supposed minority) and that they had decided that the Peoples Church was a perversion of true Christianity and that they should therefore be executed.

*"In Germany, the Nazis first came for the Communists and I didn't speak up because I was not a Communist."*

*"Then they came for the Jews, and I did not speak up because I was not a Jew."*

*"Then they came for the Trade Unionists and I didn't speak up because I wasn't a Trade Unionist."*

*"Then they came for the Catholics and I was a Protestant so I didn't speak up."*

*"Then they came for ME... by that time there was no one to speak up for any one."*

# Contractor Charges Police With Assault

*Police commissioners  
who see no evil*

There is one thing I ought to comment on... This  
strong has made no complaint to the police or  
one about having been hit in any  
way, how can we deal with it?

**YOUTH CLAIMS POLICE THREW HIM IN LAKE**

Just as you please, the chairman of Police Commissioners sat...  
ised at the end of the long table... similarly served the  
storeys above the  
(but \$5,000-a-

## Givens sets deadline for police probe

The Metro Police Commission has until Jan. 5 to start a public investigation into allegations that two policemen attacked a Negro sailor last summer, Mayor Givens said yesterday.

Just as you please, the chairman of Police Commissioners sat...  
ised at the end of the long table... similarly served the  
storeys above the  
(but \$5,000-a-

The rash of headlines similar to the above which have been appearing in Canadian Dailies might suggest to the average onlooker that there must be some fire where there is so much smoke. Strange as it may seem, various investigations and commissions have been unable to find any evidence that any police officer ever did anything more violent than pick his nose. This attitude may be news to the heterosexual segment of Toronto's public but it's old hat to homosexuals. It is literally impossible to lay a complaint against a metro police officer to any of his superiors and get any action. The only course left is through the Courts and that is what is happening now. A sudden rash of charges against the police on a wide front indicates that the public in general have become aware of a situation which we have known existed for some time. One Toronto Daily is now running editorials advocating election of representatives to the police commission so that the public may voice its concern. The sooner the better!

### BATMAN LOVES ROBIN?

Even if you are not a Batman fanatic, you really should see just one episode of this unbelievable vasoline opera. GLEEP!

# ARCTURIAN

A short story by PETER ALLAN

In the year 2000 A.D. Ben Bluxton wakened from a short nap in his space capsule and found he had a passenger, a magnificent young man, stark naked, sitting beside him, looking at him curiously. The young man smiled and said: "Are you my soul?" Ben looked his disbelief. It was a Gemini capsule but at the last moment his space mate became ill and Ben had rocketed alone. This was the fiftieth orbit and he was tired beyond belief. Maybe he was seeing things?

"How in Hell did you get here?" he growled.

"What is Hell?" asked the young man curiously.

"It is a fictitious place dreamed up by the righteous to punish sin."

"What is sin?"

"Anything the righteous do not approve. Mostly sex."

"What is sex?"

Ben stared. "That," he said pointing to the naked young man's groin, "is sex?"

"Oh no," objected the young man, "That is love and joy. Are you my soul?"

"Your soul?"

"Yes. I have waited so many centuries for my soul to come to me. Are you my soul?"

"I doubt it," replied Ben. "Where did you learn English?"

"I look at you, I listen to your thoughts, and I speak as you think. Where are you from? What star?"

"Not a star, a planet - earth. Part of the sun's solar system. Where are you from?"

"Arcturus."

"But that is thirty-five light years away!"

"Light years?" The young man was puzzled.

"The time it takes light to travel from Arcturus to the earth. On the earth the light we see from Arcturus has taken thirty-five years to reach us."

"That is a tenth of a life-time," commented the young man.

"You mean on Arcturus you live to be three hundred and fifty years old?" Ben said skeptically.

"Only if we do not find our souls. Then we live forever. I have been granted several dispensations as a hero because I fell at Thermoeiae, but I will be granted no more. The Gods grow impatient with me."

"The Gods?"

"Yes, the Greek Gods. Arcturus is their domain. When I left my mortal body on the battle field I came to Arcturus where I have been waiting for my soul. Are you sure you are not my soul?" The young man gazed at Ben entreatingly.

"Haven't you a soul of your own?" Ben asked.

"Only in embryo. It will not grow to fill my body until my lover has come to me."

"But I thought all you Greek warriors had lovers?"

"Alas, I did not! My heart commanded that I wait, and I died before I was fulfilled."

"Why do you think I might be your soul? Your lover?"

"I dreamed last night...."

"Last night!" exclaimed Ben in disbelief.

"Yes. And I saw you here, beautiful and strong under all the things that cover you. What are these things for?"

"This is a space suit. I wear it in order that I may have warmth, oxygen...."

"Oxygen?"

"It is a gas of our atmosphere. We have to breathe it to live. How do you survive without a mask?"

"I do not know why, but I do not need this thing called oxygen, and I am always warm. I dreamed, and I saw you here, so I came to you."

"Across thirty-five light years?" Ben said in disbelief.

"Oh, it is easy!" I think I am with you - and I am." the young man smiled.

"What is your name?"

"I was called the Young Hercules. On Arcturus I am known as T-136. The one hundred and thirty-sixth warrior to die at Thermelae. When I find my soul I shall be Hercules again. Are you sure you aren't my soul?"

"Would you like me to be?" Ben grinned kindly, wondering what this nut would say next.

"Oh yes!" sighed the young man. "I could give you so much love!"

"Hey, I'm not sure I follow you," Ben objected. "Would I enter into your body?"

"Oh no!" exclaimed the young Hercules, "you would be my lover." "And what would we do?" Ben wanted to know.

"When we were not making love we would race, hunt, fish, swim and listen to the wisdom of the Gods."

"Sounds interesting," Ben said, stirred in spite of his doubt. "Would you take me to Arcturus?"

"If you really wish to go, we can be there in an instant."

"What about this space capsule? I can't just abandon it."

"Why not?"

"It is the property of the United States Government entrusted to my care."

"What is the United States Government?"

"It is a democracy, a country on Earth."

"A Democracy like Greece?"

"Yes. That's where Americans got the idea."

"Americans?"

"Yes. The people who live in the United States."

"Then you are an American? I thought only Greek young men were beautiful."

"We do not call men beautiful. That is a term for women. Some are considered handsome."

"Are they lovers?"

"Usually lovers of women."

"Not of men?"

"Sometimes," Ben admitted.

"Are you?" persisted Hercules.

"I've never loved anyone, man or woman."

"Why not?"

"I've been too busy growing up, getting an education, serving my country."

"Then you have never known joy?" Hercules sounded incredulous, touching himself.

"Not that kind of joy," confessed Ben, blushing under his mask.

"If we go to Arcturus I could teach you."

"But I can't abandon the capsule."

"We can take it with us."

"Thirty-five light years? I'd be an old man by the time we arrived."

"I said we could be there in an instant. Will you go?"

"Yes."

"Then prepare for landing. We are there." Hercules was triumphant. Ben went through the necessary pattern of landing and the capsule touched down softly in the midst of a large plain. When they emerged Hercules took his hand.

"How are you called?"

"Wait until I shuck this gear," said Ben. In a few moments he had emerged from his trappings, stowed them in the capsule and closed the hatch. As he turned, Hercules said: "You are beautiful! I knew it!"

"I am called Ben." He took Hercules' hand. "Benjamin."

"That was a Jewish name when I was in Greece."

"It is just a name, now. Where do we go?"

"My city is over there," Hercules gestured, and immediately they were entering the city of rose and green glass, entering the house of Hercules.

"Have you hunger?" asked Hercules, leading him into a dining room.  
"Much!"

"What would you like to eat?"

"A rare steak, baked potato, tossed green salad, black coffee, apple pie...."

As he mentioned each item it appeared on the table before him, and he gaped in disbelief. Hercules laughed, and said: "Eat!"

"Aren't you hungry?" asked Ben as he fell to.

"I ate half an hour ago before I joined you in the capsule. I think you should dress as we do, otherwise people may fear you. When you have completed your meal think of me in my bedroom and you will be there."

Ben could not believe it but when he finished his pie and coffee he thought of Hercules and found him emerging from the bath into the bedroom.

"Will you bathe?" asked Hercules.

"Yes," agreed Ben. "I've been in the capsule over two days, and I couldn't pass as a sweet-smelling violet."

"What is a sweet-smelling violet?"

"It's a very small sweet-smelling flower that blooms in the spring. If I were to wish my clothes off, would it save me the trouble of undressing?"

"It would. Wish."

Ben wished and his clothes plopped on the bed, neatly folded, while he stood in startled nakedness. Hercules looked at him with pleasure.

"You are a large brown flower that smells of manhood."

Ben ran in confusion for the bath, Hercules laughing in delight.

"Wish for the temperature of water you need and it will be so," he called.

When he emerged from the bath Hercules offered him a robe and sandals, similar to those he was wearing. "I came to you naked in the capsule for a purpose. I do not go about the city in the nude, although no one would mind if I did. However, when we go to the Temple of the Gods, we leave our robes at the door, for only men are there, and their beauty is an oblation."

As they strolled about the exquisite, ethereal city Hercules held Ben's hand, which seemed entirely natural and right. When friends greeted Hercules with a question in their voices, he said gravely: "Perhaps what is so?"

"Perhaps you are my soul. I will not know until we have loved." Ben felt an urgency in his loins. "Shall we find out?"

"First we must sacrifice to the Gods. Here is the Temple."

They entered and Hercules took golden grain and wine, sprinkling both in an eternal flame where they vanished in heady fragrance.

"Now we are home." And they were, lying on the wide bed, naked, looking into each other's eyes. They kissed and clasped in such

burning ecstasy Ben thought his heart would burst as they consummated love.

"You are my soul!" declared Hercules, "The Gods have spoken with your lips."

"And you are mine!" Ben crushed him close. "This is the most perfect moment of my life. But I cannot escape my responsibility. I must return the capsule to earth."

Hercules kissed him softly. "Then wish yourself on the capsule. You will return to me."

"Once more.....before I go?"

When he was dressed, wanting to linger rather than to wish himself dressed, Hercules kissed him and said: "When you are ready to return, think of your soul here and wish. I will be waiting." Ben wished and woke in the capsule. A dial indicated that the capsule had orbited twelve times during his absence. All seemed in order, except that he had been instructed to return to earth after the sixtieth orbit, and there had been sixty-two. He manoeuvred his descent and signalled all well. Since this was a landing on land rather than ocean, he was not concerned about being found. He radioed his approximate location and began collating his observations for a complete report.

When he set the capsule down near the desert range where he had blasted off seven days before, he was met by a jibbering commander who gave him Hell in spades. "Where in blazes have you been? We tried to get in touch with you all day yesterday. No response. We gave you up for lost among the stars, maybe. Drawn out of orbit or something."

"I was 'lost among the stars', " admitted Ben laconically. "I'll tell you later, after I've made my report." He took his data from the capsule, got in the jeep and was jerked away to headquarters. Suddenly he chuckled, wondering what would happen if he wished them over the ten miles of sand and sagebrush. He decided to try, and wished. There was an instant blur and the jeep stood before headquarters. Fortunately the commander had fainted. Ben plucked him out of the truck and carried him indoors where he revived shortly, but could not speak without stuttering.

"Wha-wha-wha-in Hell hap-hap-happened?"

"You passed out. Heart attack, maybe. I drove you in."

The commander looked at his watch. "Impossible!" he snapped. "You landed only five minutes ago. Make your report and then I want to know what happened to you yesterday."

Ben handed over his notes and collation of time, observations, operation of the capsule, weather, photographs, station contacts - all the myriad data connected with a sixty orbits of the earth routine. The commander scanned them with a practised eye and said: "Very good. Nothing new, but very good! Now, what the Hell happened

to you yesterday? We couldn't contact you, and you didn't report in."

Ben grinned at him. "According to my enlistment, this was my last blast-off. Right?"

"Right. What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, if you want to know, I was on Arcturus!"

"Arcturus!" spluttered the Commander, turning purple. "Arcturus is thirty-five light years away! Going and coming, seventy light years!"

"Yeah, I know," Ben nodded gravely. "But I've been there. And I'm going back."

"Not in a space capsule, you're not!" He punched a button savagely and a guard popped through the door. "Repeat what you just said in front of this witness!"

"O.K. I've been to Arcturus. In fact I was there all day yesterday. It's a wonderful star, full of Greeks! And Greek Gods." Ben smiled wickedly.

The Commander sat back in his chair, his eyes popping.

"Don't get in a tizzy. Let me tell you about it." Ben described the star and its inhabitants, carefully avoiding his personal involvement. Behind him the guard pushed his mouth shut with a nervous hand and made a crazy sign to the Commander.

"No need to call the psychiatrist," chuckled Ben. "I'm more componementis than you are! You have my complete report, Commander. I'm going now."

"Oh no you're not!" squeaked the Commander. "I'm placing you in custody for psychiatric examination. Arcturus! Of all of the bloody nonsense! ARCTURUS! Why, it's billions of miles...." he shook a stupified head.

"Yes, I know," said Ben. "You can give my pay check to stellar research. Maybe they'll find me someday. On Arcturus you don't need money. You think of what you need and it is there. Even love!"

"Guard, seize that man!" shouted the Commander.

The guard dived for Ben and ended up in the Commander's lap. Ben was no longer there. In a split second he was in bed, in the arms of Hercules on Arcturus.

Hercules embraced him and murmured: "The time has been long, my soul!"

"Too long, my soul," agreed Ben. "Earth's people are so stupid I wonder how they manage to survive. I think my Commander died of apoplexy."

"What is apoplexy?"

"Apoplexy is the explosion of frustration," said Ben. "You ask too many questions. Now you are going to ask if I am your soul. I am! Love me as such!" • •

## SAMARATIN

Samaritans come in all sizes and guises, with myriad faces in outlandish places. Not that Hank expected to find a Samaritan. Most people usually glanced at his weary pain and passed by on the other side.

Stowing his possibles and tying his past with the neat knots of finality, he booked an Australian cruise on the Mountain King -- intending to go overboard full of gin and bitterness, some dark watch when the other cruisers were entertaining Malcolm de Merz in their cabins.

It started as cruises always start -- with the false jollification of the Activities Director. Bingo, Horse Racing, Get Acquainted Games, Hula Lessons, Amateur Night.....the works. The works for tired people who want relaxation, but who cannot escape the rigid pattern of conformity. The herd instinct. Don't be a non-conformist. The desperate spinsters; the more desperate widows -- hungry and bediamonded; the misfits of marriage, out for a despairing experience in bed.

Hank holed up in corners, with a pipe and a book. Now and then he found a bridge game. If the sun was hot he tried for a tired tan which usually ended in blisters. Bora Bora was just another tropical island. But Tahiti.....and Papeete.....Well.....He rousted at five in the morning to see sunrise. The clouds were sculptured as in a Hollywood production. At the appropriate moment, rain descended in the west and produced a prismatic rainbow. In the advertised setting the ship whispered into port and docked as the town came alive with bicycles, motor scooters, motorcycles and Renaults. As Hank watched from the ship deck, he marvelled that so many seemed to do no damage to the few pedestrians. It was a sullen town. Americans, in the tradition of De Gaulle, were not welcome. Hank went for a walkabout and became beer-thirsty, but U.S. coins were not acceptable in the bars. Finally he wandered into a Chinese Cafe, and found a Samaritan seated at a tiny bar, with a stack of dirty franc notes in front of him. He welcomed Hank, bought beer and continued his flirtation with the bar-maid.

"I have bastards in every port, and several wives, but I'll divorce them if you want me to," he told the chuckling girl. "My name's George and I'm proud to be Hawaiian." His grin revealed ruined teeth, and he displayed a bandaged thumb. "Caught it in the piston.

Off at the first joint, slick as a whistle. Doc fixed it and I went right on working."

"You live here?" Hank inquired.

"Nope. I'm a wiper on your ship," George said carelessly.

Hank looked at the grizzled hair, the thick, tough body. About fifty, he judged; ugly.....but quite a hunk of man.

"You pussy-shoppin'?" asked George.

Hank shook his head. "Lookin' for tomcats," he murmured.

George chuckled. "Better do that on board," he advised. "Most of the native meat is spoiled."

"Most of the male passengers have wives or are decrepit. A couple of the belles are pinchable, and the purser makes my gonads clank," Hank admitted.

"He's married to the steward," George said drily. "You bunk alone?"

"Yeah. My intended roomy cancelled so the cabin is all mine. 214, port side, forward on the upper deck."

George shook his head. "Too chancey. Us workin' stiffs ain't allowed in passenger country."

"Are passengers allowed in stiffs' country?" Hank grinned.

"Nights.....if you was to wander down. Bo'sun and plumber share a cabin. Both agreeable."

"Sounds pleasant. You agreeable?" Hank asked quietly.

"Trade. Us Hawaiians ain't got much, but it's awful willin'. You want me to set it up?"

"I'd be obliged," nodded Hank. "Suppose I send down a case of beer?"

"Nope. I'll do that. You can't buy anything in the fo'c'stle. I'll phone you tomorrow night round about midnight. Coupla guys got the crud. I'll steer them wide. So long, now. I got business with this Oriental fuss-pot."

George turned away, and Hank left the cafe, not sure that he wasn't dreaming. This was the kind of casual acceptance Mattachine and the other homophile organizations yammered about. He had found it before, but never with such a bland organizer as George. "He was probably having me on", thought Hank. "Women guys don't do this kind of thing."

Never-the-less, he hovered the telephone, but it didn't ring. Around twelve-thirty his door was tapped and he snatched it open.

"Plumber," said the tall, husky man in cover-alls. He winked.

"You reported trouble with the can? I'm here to fix it."

Inside he said: "George had seconds about telephoning. Operator is a snoop. He says to come on down the theater gangway, open the door marked "Crew" and there you are!"

"And where will you be?" Hank wanted to know.

"First on the list," grinned the plumber. "After all, it's my cabin!"

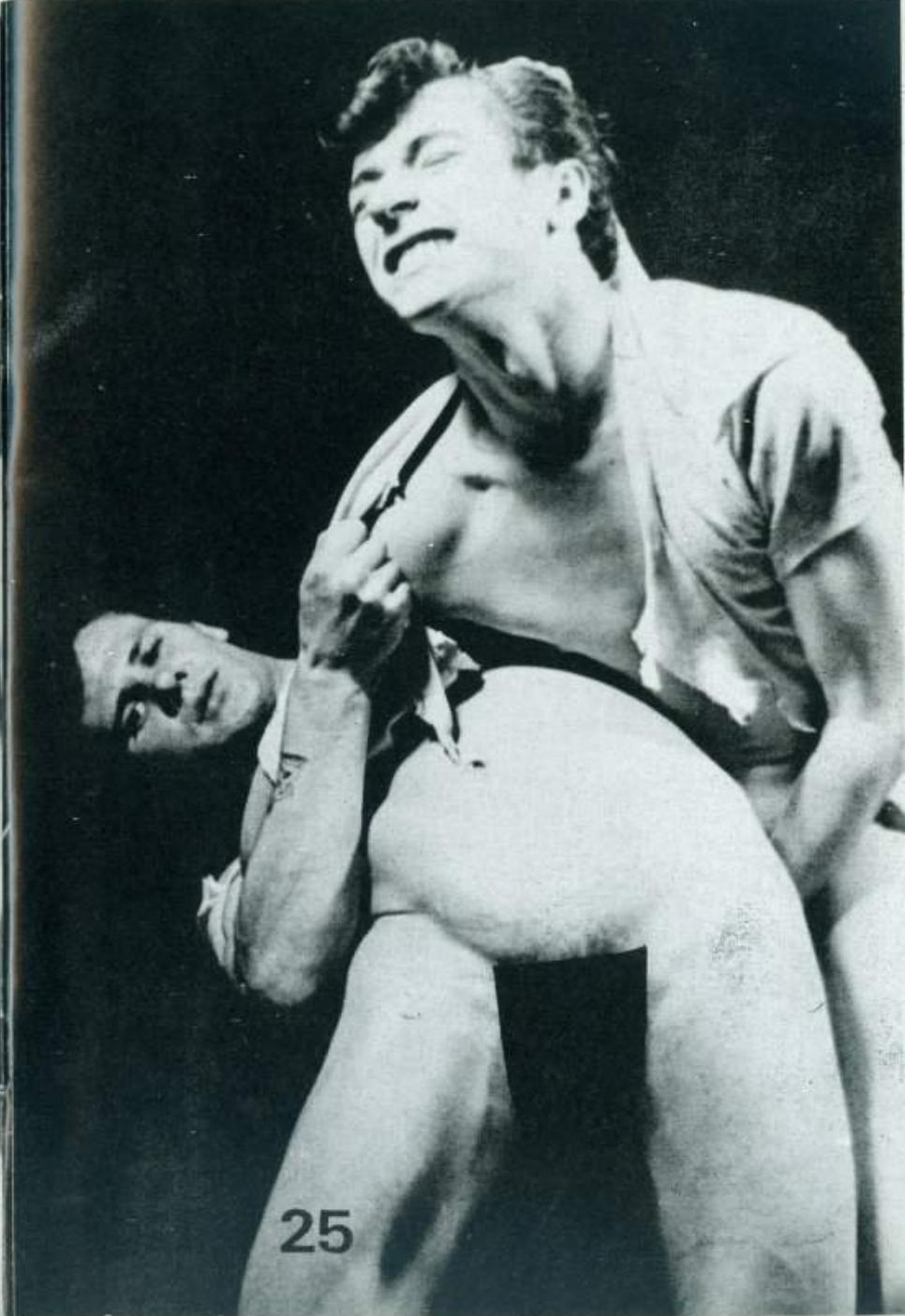
## two PHYSIQUE SECTION



TWO is pleased to present a sampling from the new Frank Borck Catalog. Featuring 64 different sets of dual pictures, this catalog is the finest collection of multi-model sequences ever produced. Dual pose photography is both the blessing and the bane of the photographers existence, but Frank Borck has long been a past master at exacting the last ounce of excitement from his models. We are sure you will enjoy them.



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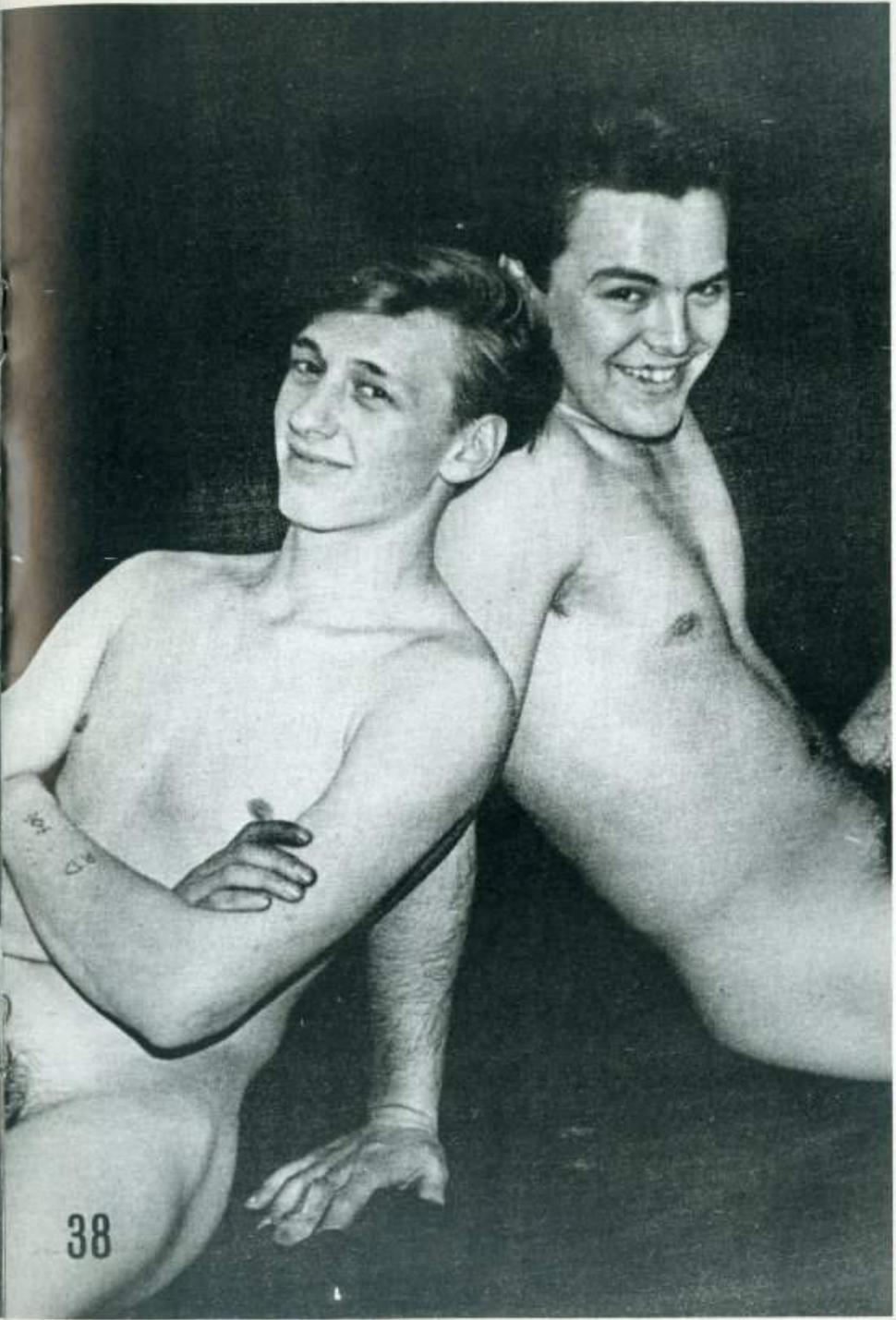
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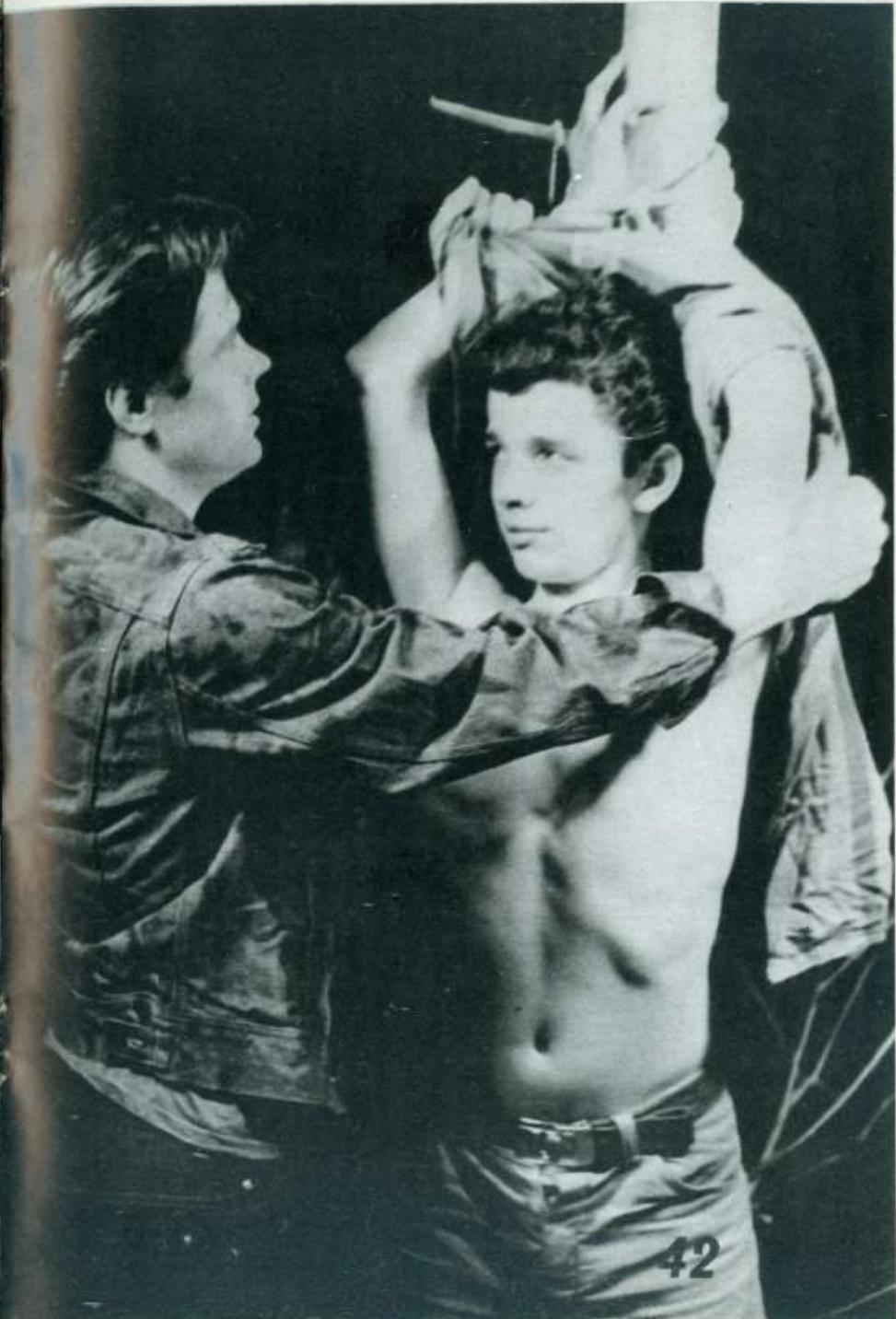


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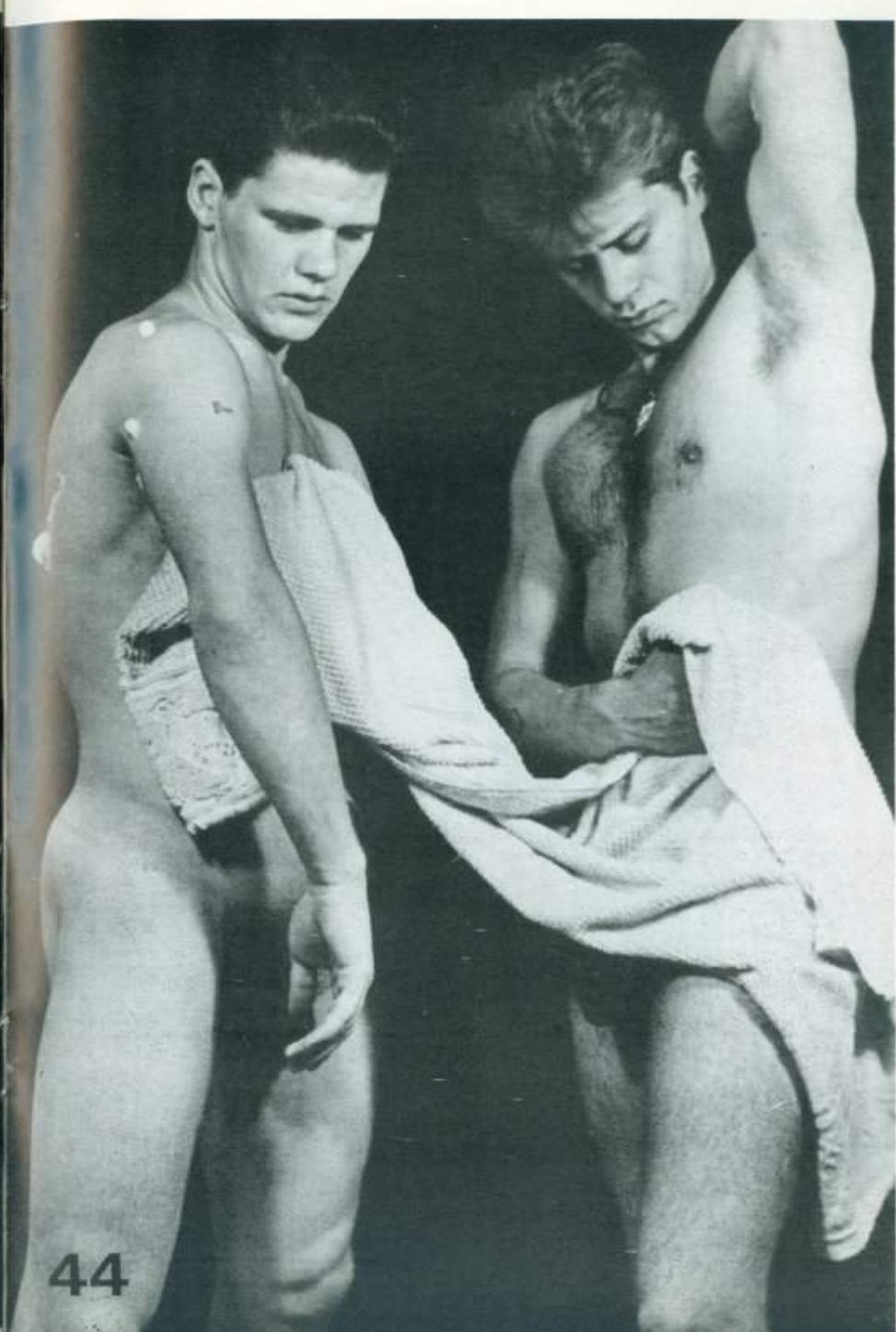
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by Frank Borck



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## A FABLE for the 20 th CENTURY

by MILES JOHNS

Once, in another time and in a country that doesn't matter, there was a respectable old man and his respectable old wife. They lived in a respectable house in a respectable neighbourhood. Now this respectable man believed very strongly that he would remain respectable only if he, and all his family, always acted just like everybody else, and he was determined that his four sons, named Alpha, Beta, Gamma and Delta, would grow up just as respectable as he felt he was, so he was very careful to do everything that the respectable child-development books said he ought to do, and he never allowed his children to do anything that he felt was not respectable. He was therefore quite sure that he was a most respectable citizen and his family was a most respectable family. When quite young, the children however discerned that it was only necessary for them to be respectable when anyone else was looking, and as long as nobody else knew about it, they could do pretty much what they wanted. All but Delta, that is, but he was the youngest and therefore the least respectable to begin with.

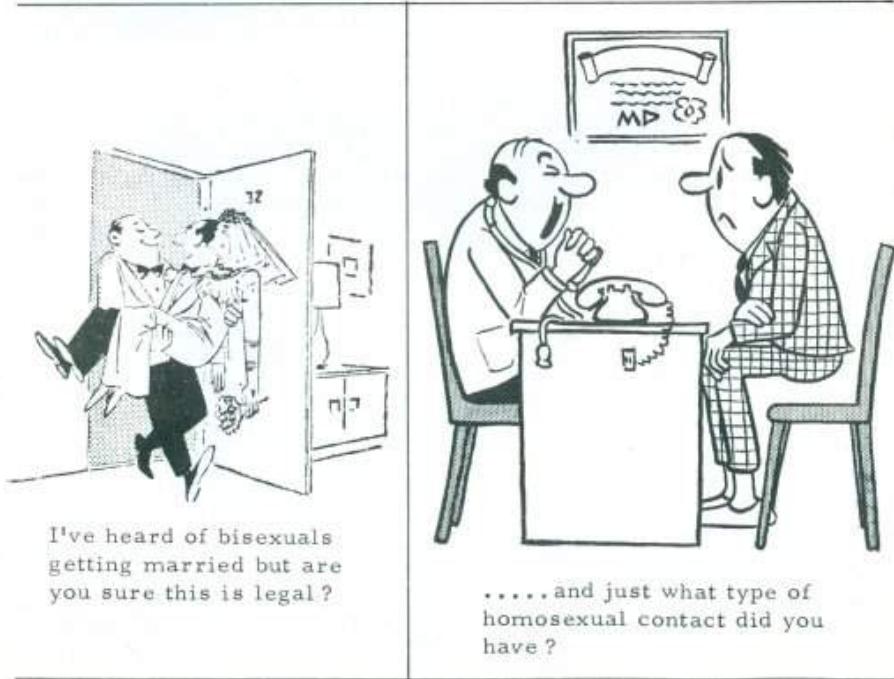
In due course the children grew up and went their respective ways. Alpha, the oldest, studied at a respectable university and graduated with a respectable degree. He went to work for a respectable company and in due course rose to be its president, eventually retiring respectfully with the knowledge that, by producing poorer goods at higher prices and stifling competition at every opportunity, he had cheated more customers out of more money than any other respectable company in the business.

Beta, the second son, became a respectable lawyer and soon went into politics. He was respectably elected to City Hall several times until one day it was discovered that a large amount of money was missing. He told everyone that his assistant was dishonest and the assistant went to jail. Beta then went on a world cruise in a newly purchased yacht, and when he returned he was made Chairman of a committee to build houses for the poor. The committee attended many respectable conventions in distant cities, but was somehow unable to build many houses for the poor.

Gamma, the third son, was very respectable and therefore could not possibly be an alcoholic. He drank many respectable glasses

at many respectable gatherings, and on the way home from one of them he drove his respectable limousine so wildly that a bus was wrecked trying to avoid a collision, and twenty people died. Since bus drivers are not very respectable, the accident was universally considered to be caused by the bus driver being on time, since if the bus had been late it would not have been near the limousine. Gamma did not mind having to buy a new car because it is not respectable to drive a car more than a year old.

Delta, the youngest son, was not at all respectable and had friends who were not respectable either. He left home early, and went to work for a charitable foundation. He worked long hours for low pay (which was considered very un-respectable by his family) and many unfortunate people were helped by his hard work. He eventually was put in charge of a home for blind and handicapped children. Here he worked harder than ever and the children revered him. One day it was accidentally discovered that Delta was homosexual, which is the most un-respectable thing of all. He lived quietly by himself and was never guilty of even the slightest indiscretion with the handicapped children, but of course he lost his position with the home, was evicted from his modest apartment and disowned by his respectable family. When, in despair, he killed himself shortly afterwards, everybody considered it a perfectly proper end for such an inhuman monster. And nobody cared -- except the children, but after all they were not respectable either. • •



# THE GAY TOUCH

A POEM WITH A POINT

We're fearfully House & Garden now, we're too, too terribly new;  
We can hardly wait for the earliest date when publications due.  
Too long we lived in miles of Gothic splendour at "The Gables"  
Where we couldn't find a thing to match contemporary tables...  
So we've buttoned-up the Manor and we're living in the stables!  
Yes, we're fearfully House & Garden now, we've joined the  
enlightened few.

We're awfully House & Garden now, we've got the newest look.  
We took a broom to the harness-room and designed it from the book:  
The palest shades of mal-de-mer our painted walls anoint,  
The carpeting is bloodshot puce to give the room some point,  
But we cribbed our emerald dado from the Duke of Bedford's joint...  
Yes, we're awfully House & Garden now, you'll adore our little nook.

We're terribly House & Garden now, you must really come and see.  
There's a truly rural mural where the loose-box used to be  
And the Duchess of Axminster, an authority no doubt,  
Thought the place a little crowded so we put the horses out--  
All except for one old Clydesdale which we stuffed... and left about...  
Yes, we're terribly House & Garden now. Have you tried Tibetan Tea?

We're too honestly House & Garden now, our Music Room excels  
Since we waterproofed the Bechstein with the pokerwork lapels;  
The window-wall is dishcloth gray, another is in woad,  
The other two are varicose blue... and to keep things a-la-mode  
We grow Alpine penicillin in a sculptured Spode commode.  
Yes, we're honestly House & Garden now, we have it where it tells.

We're dreadfully House & Garden now, we're really on the ball:  
The telephones are Regency, a tree grows in the hall,  
And the boudoir's a confection in peppermints and creams  
With a cowshed-yellow ceiling and with tartan on the beams.  
But I must confess to sleeplessness... and technicolour dreams--  
Yes, we're dreadfully House & Garden now, and conform to protocol.

We're decidedly House & Garden now, we belong to the elite.  
And our French Provincial bathroom is considered rather sweet.  
The tiles are overprinted with a Verdi overture,  
The fittings are upholstered in a blushing-pink velour,  
And the incidental plumbing was designed by Henry Moore.  
Yes, we're decidedly House & Garden now, and rather hard to beat.

We're completely House & Garden now, and we're sure you will admire  
The Elizabethan tandem poised above the Adam fire.  
Our feathered candelabra is a rather daring touch,  
And our newest off-the-shoulder chair delights us very much...  
Though we don't know whether to sit in it...or use it as a crutch!  
Yes, we're chronic House & Garden now...if Cecil doesn't tire.

I'm appearing in their photographs in fluorescent trews....  
Yes...we're fearfully House & Garden now, and hardly even scarred.

We're finally House & Garden now, from all the better shops...  
Exciting drapes in significant shapes -- like nuclear lollipops,  
Truncated fruits, mosaic cherroots, exploded cosmic static...  
The angular, the strangular, the furniture's rheumatic...  
But sh..... an overstuffed armchair is hidden... in the attic.  
Yes. We're painfully House & Garden now, and this is where it stops.

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*... in Review.* A monthly critique by Miles Johns

The City & The Pillar, by Gore Vidal (N.Y. 1948, paperback 1950)  
The City & The Pillar, Revised, by Gore Vidal (N.Y. 1965)

This is the story of Jim, a small-town boy who spends an intimate weekend with Bob, his best boyhood friend. Bob leaves town suddenly, and a year later Jim also leaves, first becoming a sailor and then settling in Hollywood. He had always rationalized his feelings for Bob as being something unique to the two of them, but in Hollywood he recognizes his own tendencies, comes to realize that homosexuality does not always mean an abandonment of masculinity, and is therefore able to fit his love for Bob into a wider context. Nevertheless, Bob continues to be his inspiration, and his other contacts, first with a famous movie star and later with a masochistic author, he regards as lesser things.

He assumes that sooner or later the circle will be completed and that he and Bob will meet again and the idyll will be resumed. Eventually, their paths do in fact cross, but the idyll is abruptly shattered when Bob makes plain his loathing for "queers".

So much for the outline of the plot. The differences in its treatment between the 1948 book (slightly revised, by alterations to two climactic sex scenes, for the 1950 paperback edition) and the 1965 revision, make a fascinating commentary both on the increasing maturity of the author (he was just 21 when the first was written) and the changes in public taste as reflected in the emphasis of the revised book, particularly the ending. The earlier book was rather discursive, treated each episode in Jim's life independently, and ended in tragedy and squalor (Jim, rebuffed by Bob after years of idealizing, murders him and sits down to drink himself into insensibility in a tavern). The Revised book is shorter, tauter, much better integrated, with more plausible characters and motivations, and has an entirely different ending: the rebuff and disappointment are the same, but Jim contents himself with raping Bob, and walking out. One is well rid of that murder, which always seemed out of character and a needless pandering to the "tragic-ending" tradition. There are many other changes which add up to an almost complete re-writing, making a greatly improved book.

The author has added an interesting "Afterword" in which he tells why the earlier work was written as it was, and why it was revised. The revision is very successful, and can be recommended as one of the better works in the field.

NAKED TO THE NIGHT  
by K. B. Raul  
(New York, 1964)

A new homosexual literary stereotype is replacing the swishy "Queen". Gone are the limp wrists, the gushy talk, the bleached hair. Instead we have the unscrupulous, self-centred, greedy boy who will take all possible material benefits from friends, then unhesitatingly walk out when any chance at apparent betterment comes along. Rick, the central character of this book, is the typical representative of the new stereotype: young, handsome, masculine, ambitious, self-centred, fabulously well-hung, who takes everything he can from any source, and gives nothing in return except the grudging use of his body. Hustler, "physique" photo star, gymnast, kept boy, house servant, movie star, he rises (by his definition) in the world at the expense of all who befriend him, stealing money from one and a car from another, betraying or ignoring those who truly love him. Not a pleasant character, but rather too common in current fiction.

This book is technically superior -- written by a competent author who knows how to write grammatical English. The plot is vaguely plausible, until the climactic episodes at any rate, and if you can overlook Rick's jungle attitude to life, the book is quite entertaining. The ending (in which Rick becomes a movie star overnight and is murdered in the act of unfaithfulness to his lover with a hotel bellboy) is simply "too much". However unpleasant Rick may be, it is rather tiresome to have yet another homosexual novel end with violent tragedy.

There is however, one piece of unintentional comedy in the book. Just read that fatuous "Introduction"! When will these doctors realize that if most of their homosexual patients are sick, this only proves that sick people go to doctors, and the rest of us don't. It's rather like an obstetrician solemnly informing us that 97% of the women in the world are pregnant, because almost all of his patients are pregnant! Shades of the late and totally unregretted Dr. Bergler!

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The Gay Game (tiring of his wife, he looks for another male)  
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Three Men (at odds with themselves & society, a homosexual)  
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## grapes from the vine

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For those of you still wondering what really happened to GAY magazine, the above item was clipped from the Business & Law journal.

Tallahassee: State and Florida State University officials blasted police recently for having college students to act as bait and informers in a crackdown on homosexuals. Students were paid \$10 for each homosexual convicted. Two or three students worked at one time in the local bus station which is the favourite hangout for homosexuals in Tallahassee.

Montreal: A replica of Michaelangelo's David has caused a dilemma in a Montreal shopping plaza. The nude male youth was almost removed on a tidal wave of complaints. However, Montreal rose to the occasion and is considering putting a fig leaf on the figure in the morning and removing it in the afternoon.

London: One of London's most exclusive residential areas was rocked recently when it was discovered that a certain Lady Barbara Ashton was using the premises for "business" purposes. No.12 William Mews was the scene of constant comings and goings - as a parade of "gentlemen" visited Lady Barbara. More surprises were in store however, when it was revealed that the mink and jewel covered, Cadillac driving Lady Barbara Ashton was really a man.

Detroit: A sudden flood of Canadian "trade" boys heading across the border for the greener pastures of Detroit has caused the American Customs and Immigration to lower the boom. Pretty young things with less than \$50. and little identification and no definite destination are being turned back by the hundreds.

Toronto: One of two U.S. citizens awaiting trial on charges of kidnapping two boys, escaped from a Don Jail guard at Toronto General Hospital. Police surrounded the hospital within minutes but the man had got away. The case promised to be one of the most interesting homophile actions ever before the courts but both men failed to appear on Jan. 25th. One man forfeited \$10,000 in bail.

## WE GET LETTERS

Why not yours? If you have a gripe, a groan, a titter, or a bouquet...lets hear from you.



I have been weight lifting for four years and consider myself good-looking. I would like to have my pictures published but there doesn't seem to be a photographer interested in this particular type of work in my area. Can you suggest anybody.

J. Biggs,  
Aylmer.

Get a Polaroid! Or if you are as good as you say, a photographer will come to you. Write to Frank Borck.

Some time ago your publication announced the formation of a religious group in Ottawa who were willing to tackle the homosexual question. I live in Ottawa and I haven't heard or seen anything of this group. Is it still active? Are they doing anything constructive, or is this just another of those high flying pipe dreams? I would honestly like to have some information on this as I am a member of the United Church and would like to contribute to this movement.

J. Sellers,  
Ottawa.

We have been unable to get any information. Sorry. (Ed.)

I notice in the papers recently that Britain has decided to adopt the Wolfenden Report. Will this automatically change the law in Canada regarding homosexuality.

J. Osborne,  
Toronto.

It might eventually but not automatically. (Ed.)

When your magazine started I had high hopes that it would be a delightful, pleasant ending to each month. Instead it is now every two months and you are forever complaining. Why don't you just change the name to the Anti everything Gazette. When you aim your 'big guns' at authorities like the Police Dep't. you are only causing them to take out their animosity against the first homosexual they come across. Would you find it impossible to adopt a severe positive attitude and do what you set out to do, which was supposed to be a "voice" for the homosexual community. I'm sure you won't print this because a critic as severe as you people seem to be won't be able to bear criticism.

B. Carruthers.

Well we did print it, and we don't mind criticism, but..... If we don't mention the unpleasant things..... who will?

Incidentally, a late bulletin which might be added to the article on page 4, indicates that the police dept. concerned has established a complaints bureau after the publicity given the 'Armstrong Case', so it sometimes pays to speak out.

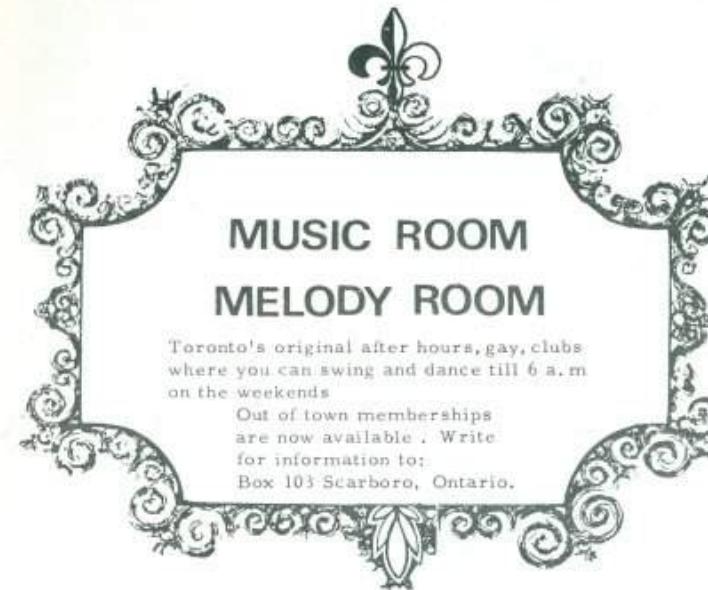
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Continued from Page 26

"Have your plunger ready!" chuckled Hank, and felt a kind of giddy, exultant relief. George hadn't been kidding..... Afterward he tried to remember the incredible night so quietly stage-managed by George. After the eager plumber and the hungry bo'sun, in the dark they came, nameless, quiet, seeking, finding relief. Some with tenderness, some with callous practicality, and he gave them what they sought..... and what he needed; proof that man is not alone in desperation and that tenderness has no boundaries. George came last, and said: "If you are tired.....?" "Only if you are," said Hank. "I hoped you would come, you womanizer."

"I learned something when I was a sprout. Not from missionaries. From my father. He said: "Never give less than you get, or you are less than a man. "George's mouth found Hank's. "Do unto others....." he murmured. ••



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