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Vol. 1 No. 2, 1977

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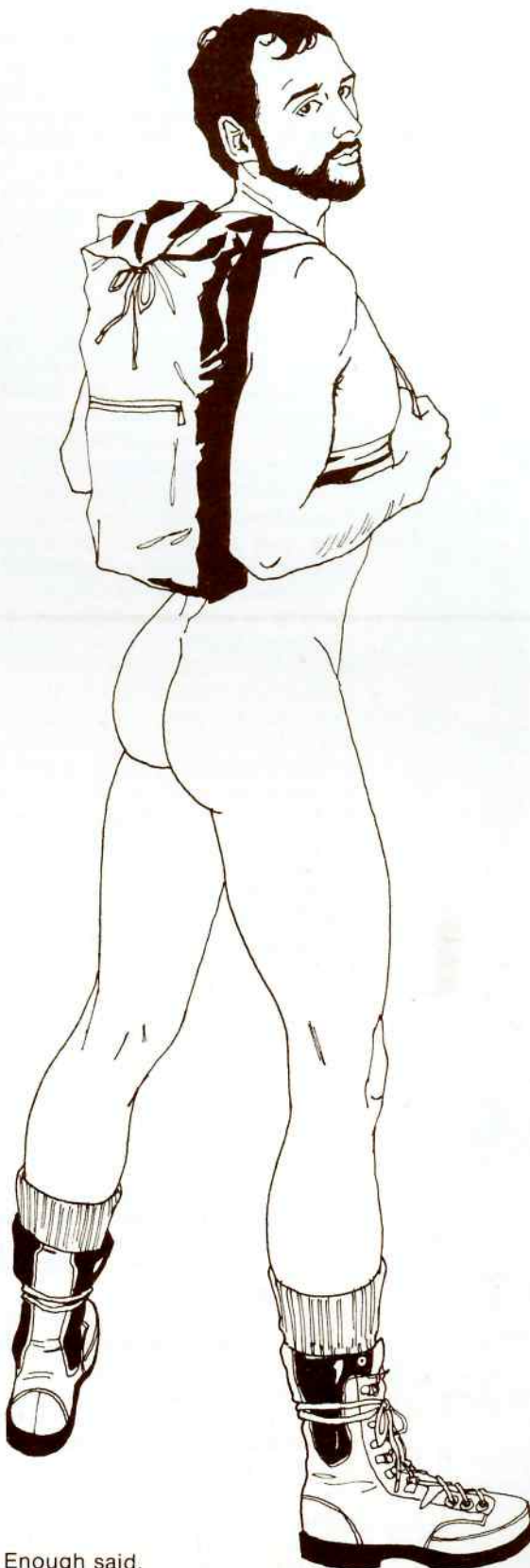
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Medifacts: What is "Kinky" Sex?

by Louis Parrish, M.D.

(GCO)—Sex is perhaps the most subjective of all human pleasures. Each of us has his or her own ideas, based on practice and preferences, of what feels good, what is physically pleasurable and psychologically satisfying. As we become more comfortable with our sexuality, both as individuals and as a society, there is an increasing trend toward experimentation—and, in turn, expansion of our sexual repertoires.

But just as we have very specific ideas about what we personally enjoy in the arena of sex, we often have very definite attitudes about the sexual preferences of others. What we like is, to us, "normal." What we don't like (and others do) is easily labeled "kinky" sex.

A Hassidic religious law decrees that copulation must be done only through a hole in a sheet which separates the partners. Would you call that kinky?

To label a sexual activity or interest kinky is to express a personal preference or prejudice. It is an extension of one of the oldest precepts (albeit perhaps an unfortunate one) of the Judeo-Christian tradition, and specifically of North America, where laws (some still on the books) give official sanction only to male/female sex for the purpose of procreation—the "biological reason" for sex. Traditionally, such legislation has approved of only the missionary (male superior) position. Believe it or not, there are still laws that label a man and woman who are attempting to have a baby, but doing it on their sides, as kinky!

However, since nature has evolved us with the ability to reason, to explore and even re-define the facts of life, it is no wonder that our feelings have directed us to elaborate on the basics.

The search for new pleasures (or kinks, if you will) began not too many years after humans took their first steps toward civilization. Having earned some free time from the constant worries of immediate survival, our cave-dwelling ancestors could devote a few minutes to sensual pleasures. Just as man began to explore his world, he began to discover his own erogenous zones, and to use them to the fullest.

Part of the evolution of sexual practice was based on perception (though not, for some time, understanding) of the fact that the passion of coitus resulted in more than the satisfaction of desire—namely, in unwanted pregnancy. Kinky sex, in the form of fellatio, anal intercourse, or masturbation by choice rather than by instinct alone, became effective means of contraception. Furthermore, they felt good.

From such simple beginnings, sexual exploration and experimentation occurred as bodies of one sex or the other, as well as of both sexes, were put together in a variety of ways. This exploration has perhaps reached a zenith in the last few decades. With the modification, if not the total dissolution of socially enforced restrictions, we have come to realize, admit, and even encourage for the benefit of mental health, the acting out of the fantasies which germinate in our increasingly convoluted psyches. Abetted by the need to control the population explosion, and by the media's recognition that "liberation" sensationalism sells books and magazines, kinky sex in some forms has become not only accepted, but fashionable.

It is hardly surprising that kinky sex is more frequently practiced among homosexuals. With intercourse never goal-oriented toward procreation, and usually practiced for sexual gratification, sexual activity between two individuals of the same gender is a fertile field for new experiences. Already complicated by the prevailing attitude that their sexual orientation was in itself "unnatural"—an attitude which has changed only recently—homosexuals have felt more comfortable with varied sexual practices than have their heterosexual counterparts. If you have the name, the reasoning might be summed up, you might as well have the game—and play by any rules you like.

As a general rule, homosexuals are more sexually oriented than heterosexuals—or at least, certainly more honest about the importance of sex. The absence of legal and personal responsibilities for a traditional (*i.e.* child-including) family brings with it a freedom to seek satisfaction for whatever desires surface from the subconscious. In the process of man's evolution, the homosexual may well be at the forefront of a startling shift of the primary organ of sexuality—from the genitalia to the mind. This transition can be evaluated only on an individual basis.

And only you, the individual, can cope with the *primary* problem of sex: finding the right partner (or partners) to do it with, no matter what your specific sexual interests are. Whether it is romantic (hugs and kisses) or rough (slaps and role-playing), the key to good, safe, satisfying sex is honesty—and the establishment of ground rules for sexual encounters at the earliest possible moment. A partner must understand and respect both your desires and your limitations. If you want to

satisfactorily transform a fantasy into a reality, your partner's needs must compliment the fulfillment of your own desires. Communication quickly establishes the possibilities for such a mesh of psyches. When we hope, or want, or wish for a fantasy to act itself out, but are limited to expressing our longings only in our own minds, we are going to be very unhappy—unless, of course, the act of fantasizing is in itself the desired end result.

There can be no doubt that there is an ever-increasing trend toward a broader range of sexual activities today, from sado-masochism, which requires a partner (unless you are so masochistic that you choose to deny yourself one), to the use of sex toys and appliances, which have their singular (as well as shared) rewards. The use of hardcore explicit material (books, magazines, movies, etc.) has become an increasingly popular stimulant to everything from "plain" to "fancy" or elaborate sex. Fetishism, from masturbation with dirty underwear to the drinking of urine, etc., has become, for some, the ultimate act.

Though these sex acts *may* be most prevalent among gay people (or, again, more openly discussed in the gay community), they are by no means exclusively limited to homosexuals.

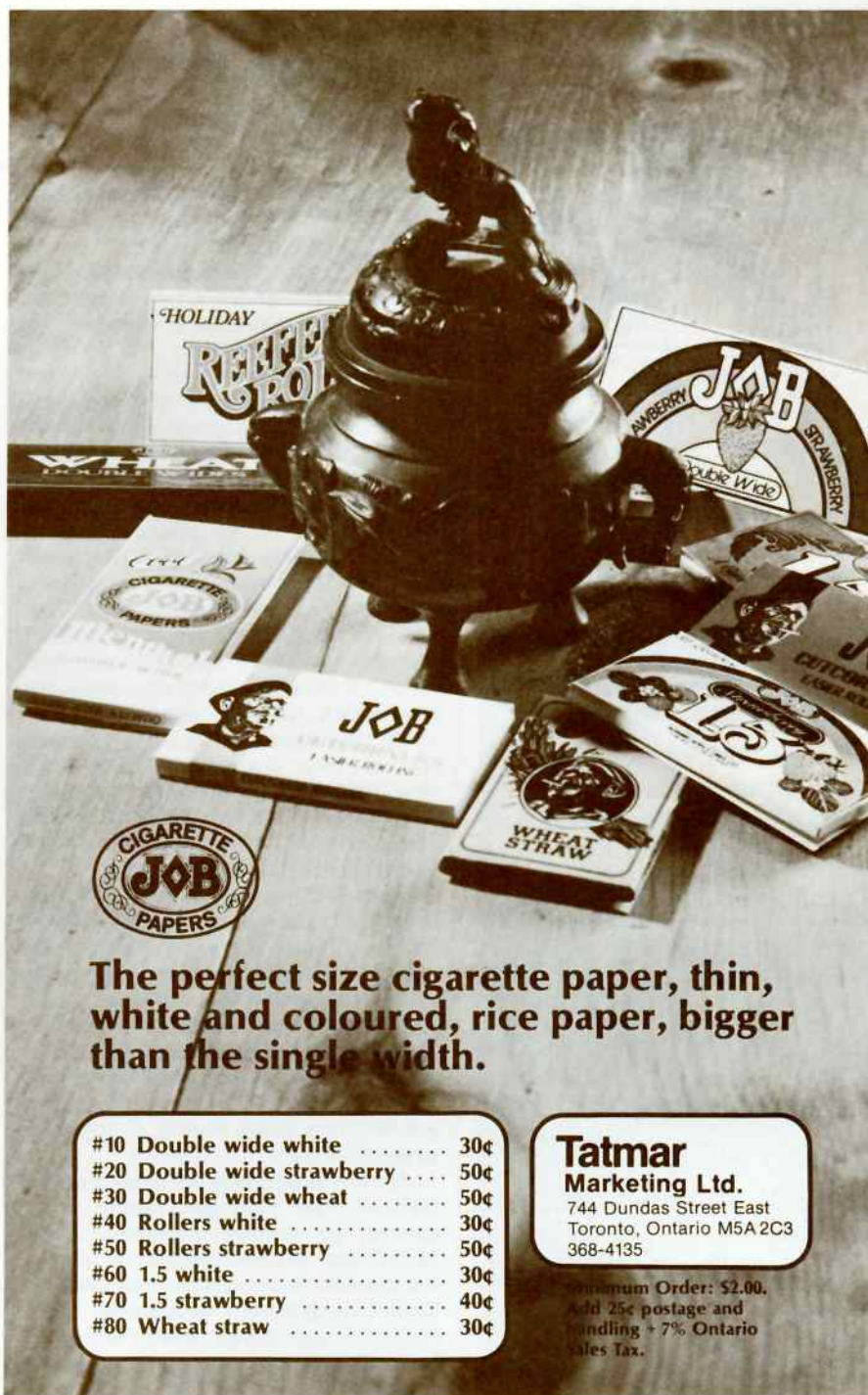
The basic fact is that there is more to do in bed today—and more people to do it with. But, as history, both ancient and modern, has amply evidenced, sex—no matter how it is employed—is not without its hazards. The relationship between "normal" missionary sex and venereal disease is a timeless horror story.

What does this mean to you? The response should be personal and subjective. Try to define your sexual scene. Does it infringe on the rights of others? Does it interfere with your daily functioning? If the answers to both questions is "no," then it is your own business. Kinky or not, as they interpret it, others have no right or reason to judge, as long as you are willing to assume the responsibility for what happens in a willing, private, mutually consensual sexual relationship.

If you contract gonorrhea, lose a vibrator in your rectum, allow someone to chew your nipples to shreds—or, for that matter, get pregnant—the problem and the responsibility are yours, along with the complications which could result.

You need not justify or defend or feel guilty about any sex act—so long as you recognize and accept your own responsibility for it. ■

Dr. Louis Parrish is a psychiatrist and general practitioner, practicing primary medicine in New York City. He is the author of *No Pause At All: Living Through the Middle Years* (Readers Digest Press, 1967) and *Cooking as Therapy* (1975, now an Avon Paperback).



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Toronto Update: Directions to Note

by George Hislop

Studio II has been having problems with a nut or two. First, it was tear gas one night, then a bomb hoax on another. All is well, though: a person has been apprehended. Most clubs have had such scares from time to time—so, it's nothing to worry about.

The Manatee was briefly re-opened for a special show by Craig Russell recently. The Film Consortium of Canada, which is producing *Outrageous*, a film starring Craig, required 200 male extras as an audience for a show-within-a-show scene. (We hope that the rumour of The Manatee's imminent permanent re-opening are true.) Craig Russell will also be opening at **The Theatre in the Dell** on March 28th, running until April 9th. If you haven't seen this talented performer, set a date for the Dell. He's star quality.

Watch for a **new club** with a stand-up bar on lower Church Street, near the new Eaton Centre. Another exciting scheme is in the air for a live-show theatre for big name stars in the same vicinity, on Yonge Street.

Patrons at **Les Cavaliers** have been delighted by the piano stylings of Lyle Barker. This is a great fun place and Lyle is the funniest one there. Come on along and listen to...

The Upstairs Side Door recently featured *The Great Imposters*. This group of four zanies is unbelievable. Their material is outrageously funny and they are worth seeing. Catch them where you can.

Bernie Green and his ever-pleasant staff at **The Carriage House Hotel** catered an excellent brunch for the **Spearhead** on the weekend of that organization's annual general meeting. From time to time, The Carriage House holds Sunday brunches with entertainment. Prices are reasonable and it's a pleasant way to spend a Sunday afternoon. Other licensed gay places, take note.

At that **Spearhead** A.G.M., the ever-popular Cy Molyneaux was elected president. This well run leather and denim group was also celebrating its seventh birthday, complete with the strains of the appropriate song. A second weekend brunch was held at **The Triangle**, catered by Maddy.

Two members of the **Yorktown L & D Club** threw open their spacious home on Winchester Street for a farewell beer bash for the Rev. Bob Wolfe and the newly ordained Rev. Larry Gauer, co-sponsored by the **Lanyards** and the **Spearhead**. About \$300 was given to Bob by an appreciative crowd to help in

the work of starting an M.C.C. in Vancouver. **The Metropolitan Community Church** (M.C.C.) held a service which filled Holy Trinity Anglican Church with over 200 people to hear Bob Wolfe's farewell address to the congregation. The service included the ordination of the first Canadian female minister, Jo Anne Monti, who joined Lloyd Greenway and Lawrence Gauer in this special ceremony.

M.C.C. is now hearing applicants for the position of Rector in the organization, which, in their words is "a Christian Church for all people, the hand of God in the gay community." Rev. David Gunton has been appointed interim Rector; Brock Brace and Brent Hawkes have revived the popular **Metro Community News**, MCC's newsletter.

Gay Youth Toronto is the new name of the Gay Youth Group which meets Tuesdays at 7:30 pm at the City of Toronto's Community Centre, 519 Church Street. Although G.Y.T.'s meetings are only open to those between 16 and 25, their every-other-Sunday night dances at CHAT (201 Church Street) are open to all.

Some of the bowlers of **The Judy Garland Memorial Bowling League** went on a trip to San Juan, Puerto Rico. They stayed at the Sheraton, right on the gay beach, and many returned to Toronto well browned. In our last column, we mentioned a couple of the league's team names. In order of their season standings, here is a complete list of the member teams in this Thursday night phenomenon at the Olympia Alleys on Edward Street: *Loose Balls*, *Friends of Dorothy*, *The Butter Tarts*, *Crisco Kids*, *The Downtown Dollies*, *Pink Pearls*, *The Bouffants*, *Tricky Dicks*, *Tessie and Her Tramps*, *The 4 Skins + 2*, *One Lady?* and *Bruised Fruit*. We don't know whether or not the last named team is into S&M, or what other proclivities might be signified. However, Jim Pullen seems to be the 'High Everything,' with Bruce Bell the 'High Single with Handicap.' The group is planning a bowling banquet at the Carriage House on Mother's Day, Sunday May 8th.

I noticed a new T-shirt around town for the **Club Granby**. The message on the back: "We do it *all* for you. The striking young man who was wearing it, along with a red handkerchief in his right-rear pocket, tells me that the gay rooming house at 96 Granby Street throws some great parties. Look for a bright glow in the the sky in the general direction of **The Club Baths**.

Speaking of Baths: Drugs were the reported cause of a raid at **The 5th Avenue** on Bloor Street West; it was alleged that a large amount of speed was seized.

More on the Law: Four men were arrested at the **International Steam Bath** on Spadina Avenue, around midnight on Feb. 10th. Three of the men were charged with committing an Indecent Act in a Public Place, the fourth with committing Indecent Assault on a Male, following police observation on the premises. It is alleged that the police were called by a disgruntled patron.

The **Bloor Street Subway Station** washroom is still raking them in—twenty people so far this year. If you don't know how dangerous this washroom is, please take note.

From the above, you might assume that the local police are not your friends. Not so. The police department is not monolithic and gays have many understanding and supportive friends on the force. One such pair of officers: Staff Sergeant Bernard Nadeau and Sergeant Julian Fantino.

These two homicide detectives have been working around the clock toward tracking down the brutal killer of Brian Latocki. Brian, who was 24 and from Winnipeg, was murdered in his Erskine Avenue apartment, either Friday night, Jan. 21st, or Saturday morning, Jan. 22nd. He was last seen at the



Brian Dana Latocki, murder victim. *Metro* Toronto police are appealing for information in their search for the killer.

St. Charles Tavern, and is reported to have been hitch-hiking north on Yonge Street after closing on Friday night. S/Sgt. Nadeau and Sgt. Fantino have talked to many of Brian's friends but need more help and information. Please don't be afraid to come forward with *anything* you might know. The police will not expose you as a gay person, or involve you in any way. Phone (416) 967-2375 to reach the Homicide Bureau, or phone me (George Hislop) at 862-1544 or 368-4135, if you have even a scrap of information.

Brian was bound, brutally stabbed and robbed. From what has been told to me regarding the case, I do *not* believe that S & M was a factor, but that it was simply a robbery motive which was ruthlessly acted out. You know, there are those who think it's o.k. to rob, mug or kill a gay person. The Law does not. Nor do the police.

On to lighter things: Michel Tremblay's play, **Hosanna**, starring Richard Monette and Richard Donat, was once again a great success. *The Globe and Mail* reported Ontario's Lieutenant-Governor Pauline McGibbon brimming with enthusiasm for the play. When asked if she liked it, she said, "Oh, very much!" *The Sun's* Victorian and lamentably homophobic MacKenzie Porter hated it and constantly referred to the characters in the play as 'fags.' I wonder if when he reviews *Porgy and Bess*, he talks about the 'niggers' in it, or the 'wops' in *The Barber of Seville*. The final paragraph in his review states, "It is true that *Hosanna* received a standing ovation on opening night. It is also true that the audience contained a remarkably large number of eccentric-looking citizens. Therefore, the general enthusiasm left this department entirely unimpressed." The man condemns himself; no further comment required.

Gay Group news: Professor John Lee hosted a Sunday afternoon coffee party for members of the **Gay Academic Union** (GAU) of the University of Toronto and a few other guests, to meet Jonathan Katz, the author of *Gay American History*, (reviewed in the *Toronto Star*, Saturday, Feb. 5, 1977). Mr. Katz had been autographing his book the previous day at the **Glad Day Book Store**, 4 Collier Street. Mr. Katz, a very bright, knowledgeable and pleasant man, appeared on some local television programmes during his visit. Morton Shulman (CITY-TV) attempted his usual red-herring of our supposed threat to children. You see, we are all supposed

—continued on page 30

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Business: Directions for success

by Peter Bochove



Gay entrepreneur, Jerry Levi, manager of The Barracks.

Unlike most gay entrepreneurs in Toronto, Jerry Levi has become the most quiet success this city has ever seen. Few people know his name, but, at the tender age of thirty-three, Jerry has achieved a high level of success as an up-front gay businessman.

Jerry has launched himself into the gay business world via four separate and concurrent enterprises, all successful: he is a stockholder in The Club Toronto; he is manager of and a stockholder in The Barracks; he is the principal of a company called Jerry Levy Inc. (which holds the Canadian distribution rights for Locker Room); he is also one of the two principals in R.L.S., a firm which handles the Damron Guide, as well as other products.

If someone were to ask me how Jerry has achieved such success, I'd give first importance to his imagination. New projects excite him and he goes into them with energy and determination few people could match. A good demonstration of his imagination can be seen by taking a good look at **The Barracks**. When The Barracks opened a little over two years ago, it quickly developed the reputation of being an S&M bath (which somehow translates as a place for people who are heavy into

hitting each other). Naturally, this news scared off a large number of potential clients who never even stopped by for a look. Jerry, since taking over as manager, has done a lot to do away with the scary reputation, one which is totally unfounded in fact. With input from The Barracks shareholders, Jerry has redesigned The Barracks and, through active promotion, has helped break the negative connotations.

What is The Barracks? The place could probably be best described as an adventure in raunch. Unlike my crystal palace on Richmond Street, The Barracks is small—twenty-two rooms, fifty lockers. The building is dark and masculine, designed to accommodate a circling traffic flow (one thing that makes a bath very cruisy). The steam room is accessible from two doors and thus, by doubling as a hall, increases the traffic flow, a unique idea that works very well indeed. Merchandise of every description is sold in their small store—items you cannot readily get anywhere else.

Facilities aside, the biggest single attraction to The Barracks is the clientele. The bath is always busy. Clothing rules do not apply—wear what feels comfortable, from leather jocks to tailored denim outfits (perhaps rear end

missing for easier accessibility). The business is there and the customers keep coming back.

Essentially, any business that achieves its customers' satisfaction will be successful. The Barracks certainly satisfies. Give it a try. Memberships are two dollars annually, a room is six dollars, a locker is three. If you come by cab, the Barracks refunds 50¢ of your fare. Most weeknights, Jerry Levy is on the desk. See if you can get him off it.

On other fronts, my interest in the **Carriage House Hotel** was regenerated when I learned that the Carriage House does a brisk day business. Sit at the bar and talk to Paul-the-bartender, and those around you... I'll bet you may extend your lunch hour. On weekends, even the downstairs is full. Upstairs, John McGuiness spins the records and fills the dance floor. If you haven't been to the Carriage House recently, do drop in. The place is hopping.

The Garage, 19 St. Joseph Street is drawing more and more people, and with the reopening of the Manatee, the Sandy LeBlanc and Davids/Garage complex will be swinging. The Garage added a disc jockey in mid February—Ned of the Manatee and Studio 2—to replace the piped-in music.

On a grim front, Peter Maloney, founder of the Club Baths in Canada, has been charged with the indictable

offence of being the keeper of a common bawdy house, in connection with the raid on the Club Baths of Ottawa. Should he be convicted of this offense, all Canadian steambaths would become subject to possible persecution and closure. Peter recently retired from active participation in the gay business scene, but he is, nevertheless, deeply involved with us all in wanting to defend this charge, since a conviction would create a dangerous precedent under Canadian law.

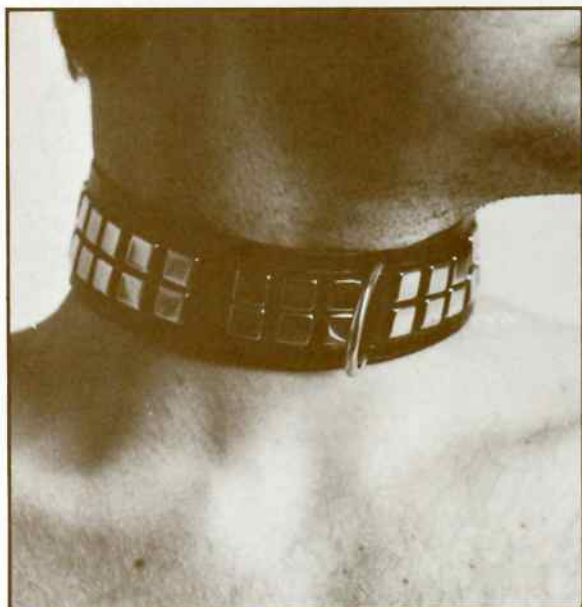
Therefore, Peter has decided to fight this charge in court. Court action is expensive and the estimated costs will run towards \$5,000. The Peter Maloney Defense Fund has been established. Contributions have been pledged by various gay businesses. Overall legal costs will be high, so, if you are interested in keeping the baths active in Canada, send a cheque payable to Rick Stenhouse, 100 Granby Street, Toronto, Ontario M5B 1J1. It should be endorsed to 'Rick Stenhouse In Trust.' Mr. Stenhouse is personally accountable for all monies in the fund and contributors will be supplied with a complete breakdown of all disbursements. If you have any questions, direct them to Rick Stenhouse, 366-6782 or 862-9132. All contributions are greatly appreciated.

Remember, even if you're not lost, always ask for Directions. ■

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JANE HAROLD 76

The Boy

a short story by David Henry Ahlers
illustrated by James Shannon

Carl was just a funny little kid when we first saw him, standing in the open doorway of a gas station garage near Kingston. Kelly noticed him when we pulled into the station, grumbling, "No chance of finding a mechanic here—and that dumb kid won't know how to do anything but run the gas pump."

Kelly was right. No mechanic. He checked with the boy to find out how far we'd have to drive to find a place that could deal with an engine problem and came shuffling back to the car more mad than before.

"No stations until we get to Kingston, but the kid's father will be here at six. He says the old man's a pretty good mechanic, but if we need parts, we'll be no better off for waiting."

I was relieved, ready to take a break from the driving anyway. Surely, the boy's father would be able to patch up an overheating problem well enough to get us home. Beyond that, I didn't care.

While Kelly fiddled around with the car, burning his hands on the hot rad cap and getting generally less pleasant, I went over to the station office for a coke. Carl came in, got me some change and introduced himself by way of offering to flush out the car's cooling system. He'd do it as soon as the engine had cooled down and he wouldn't charge for the service—if we would give him a ride to Toronto. It sounded fair enough; an hour later, we were on our way with an only slightly overheating engine and Carl in the back seat, wedged between boxes, holding a falling-apart suitcase—his own—in his lap.

We weren't too far down the road before Carl's story surfaced in bits and pieces, a rough story, told in the flat, unemotional tone of a boy explaining himself to adults—not wanting to, but there it was. He was just twelve, didn't like school, didn't get on well with his father, but thought he'd like to stay with his mother in Toronto. She had moved out a year earlier, abandoning her son and her husband. The father was a bit of

a lush, didn't sound like much of a parent either. He hadn't even questioned Carl's announcement on the phone that he was leaving with a couple of strangers. It worried me a little, the idea of our taking off with him that way. He was really a runaway, except that his parents didn't care. I didn't like feeling responsible for him. But then, what the hell, we were only giving him a ride.

It's funny how things change. By the time we'd reached the city, my feelings about Carl were quite different. I'd gotten used to seeing his wide smile and sharp, bright eyes in the rear-view mirror, couldn't keep from noticing his spikes of badly cut blonde hair and wondering who'd be looking out for him tonight, tomorrow, and all the tomorrows ahead of him until he'd be able to look after himself. I even toyed with the idea of keeping him with us, taking him home with Kelly and me. Who'd care? Who'd get ruffled about our having a boy living with us? Shit—there'd be plenty of them! Sooner or later, his mother. Then, what about school? Neighbours would start trouble. All kinds of crap would be flying around about the two fairies with their new kid. No way. How would we ever explain ourselves to the boy, telling him that we were gay, that we were a family in a way that his parents probably never had been, that we cared for each other, slept together, loved?

Looking back at him through the mirror, in his corner of the car, I was aware of his vulnerability, his innocence, his thin, pale look of need, and knew that we couldn't keep him with us, like some foundling pet. He needed more than we could offer him.

When we dropped him off at the apartment where his mother lived, I gave Carl our phone number and told him to give us a call on the weekend, maybe drop by for a swim. The least we could do would be to keep in touch. Small worry. The next morning, while Kelly and I were talking about the boy's

impact on both of us, he called. His voice was unsure and flat again.

"Hello. It's Carl. Can I come swimming today? There's nothing for me to do here..." He assured us that he could find his way and would be over shortly. Kelly had to go out on some errands, but I didn't mind staying at home and the swimming pool might be fun. When he arrived, he was hungry and looked tired. Shovelling down eggs, toast, milk, juice and coffee like a miner, he told me that he'd spent the night on the floor in the apartment his mother shared with another woman. That she'd gone out to work in the morning, leaving him a dollar for breakfast money, a warning about keeping out of trouble and the back of her hand for not checking with her before coming to Toronto.

At the pool, I again found myself wondering how his parents could appear to care so little for him. He was eager to please, fun to talk with, seemed to appreciate anything that was done for him. By the time Kelly came home, Carl and I had put away all the boxes and luggage from our trip, had eaten lunch and settled into a quickly forgotten cop show on TV. Kelly had brought Carl a new pair of jeans and a jacket, which became more important than television. While he went off to change into the new clothes, Kelly announced a decision.

"Look, we both feel sorry for the kid and want to do something for him, so let's be available to him whenever he needs us. He doesn't have to live here—he can come around when he wants to without getting in our way or running into problems. Let's see how it goes. If his mother wants to know who we are, what we're up to with the kid, we'll meet her and level with her. We're not a couple of chicken hawks, anyway."

I easily agreed and that seemed to settle it. Carl became a fixture in our lives. Every day or two, he'd drop over for an hour or so, whole days on the

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weekends. We met his mother in a strange, awkward way when Carl got the notion that she should come over to clean our apartment for us. She showed up with him, carrying a shopping bag full of housecleaning supplies. Shy and embarrassed at the misunderstanding (she thought it was our idea), she insisted on straightening up the place and cleaning the floors. It was obvious that she hadn't been dealt a full deck; in her confused and limited approach to solving her own problems of survival, she was only too pleased to share part of her load—looking after Carl—with us. She simply accepted that "you guys are good to him. I haven't got time to do much besides lookin' after me."

The pattern of our lives changed in significant ways over the next few months. Kelly and I adapted to the demands of an increasing responsibility, staying at home more often, seeing less and less of some of our friends. There were a few jokes about our "son" and our domesticity... nobody thought we were the types for parenthood. In place of our usual haunts, we found ourselves spending Saturdays at the Science Centre, hockey games, swimming, biking, taking trips to the Caledon Hills, finding things to do and places to go which would interest a lively, curious boy. In the bargain, we discovered and enjoyed a lot of new activities ourselves. We were happy, our lives were full and rewarding. And we loved Carl just as as we were sure that Carl loved us.

□

I suppose we both knew from the start that it would happen, but it's the sort of thing you don't worry about or even think about too much. Why let concern for the future become a spectre of fear, something that spoils the present? Anyway, it happened—two years after Carl turned up in our lives.

At fourteen, he had become a big strapping boy, a budding athlete, a healthy, beautiful young man. He was no great scholar, but was getting better-than-average grades in school, was enthusiastic about sports, his hobbies—and sharing so much of his young life with us. His mother had moved from her old apartment and was living with a man she'd met at work. Carl saw her several times each week, but now really lived with us. He had his own room, filled with his books, sports paraphernalia, clothes and a general, comfortable sort of messiness. This was his home. He brought his friends around, always referring to us as his "buddies," with no attempt to make us into foster relatives or phony parents.

The jokes among some of our gay friends continued, heightened by their awareness of Carl's growing attractiveness, with references to our imagined orgiastic pleasures with the boy, ques-

tions about his sexual orientation, some insisting that he just *had to be gay*; for them, Carl was too hunky, too much at ease with us (and most of them) not be gay.

We had never discussed the subject with Carl, having observed from the start that he knew damned well that birds and bees had nothing to do with the subject of a good fuck. He knew as much as he needed to about sex. He also knew about faggots, having observed and reported on the rather pathetic antics of a teacher who'd come onto him and other boys at school. But it was all taken casually by him, and reported to us with the same ease he exhibited when telling us about many of the other occurrences in his busy, active life. He never questioned, nor did Kelly or I ever attempt to explain, the precise nature of our relationship or sexual orientation.

We didn't have any warning. Carl came home from school late, a few minutes after I had arrived from my office. He was all worked up, but quiet, so tense that I instantly knew something pretty heavy had happened. When I asked him what was wrong, it all came out—splat!

"My dad's in town. Came to see Mum—the same old thing about wanting to get her back home. Only this time he slapped her around and said she *had* to come home, that he would make a lot of trouble for her because she had let me move in with a couple of queers, that she had raised me to be a faggot or I wouldn't be doing this... a whole lot of crap. So she comes over to see me at school, says I should move out, get the hell away from you." So worked up now that I thought he might cry, he practically shouted, "She called you and Kelly *faggots*. She said she wasn't going to let a cocksucker son wreck her life, or make trouble. Dave, *what can we do?*"

As calmly as I could, trying to think a bit faster than I talked, I tried to calm him down and then asked, "First of all, Carl, what do you think about Kelly and me? That's more important than what your father or mother think about us. Or what they think about you, at this point in your life. If it's what you want to do, we can all stand up to either or both of them. I don't think your father wants to hurt you; he's just using you to get at your mother, using you as a weapon. And she's just scared. But when the chips are down, they won't do anything to affect you, Kelly or me. What we need to know, right now, is how you feel about the whole thing. Then we can decide how to carry on from here."

Carl had been standing up, pacing back and forth while talking. Now he came over, put his arms around me, and let it out: "Dave, I love you. I love Kelly. All the time at home with Mum and Dad, I was really all alone. Never had anyone.

When I hitched a ride with you guys, it was just a way to get out of town, but by the time we got here, I knew that *somebody cared about me*. I knew I was o.k. with you. I thought you were probably both fags, but you didn't come on to me, so I didn't care. What mattered was that I needed you to care about me, I needed someone I could count on."

He wasn't crying, but he was talking in a funny, choked way: "Please, Dave, please don't blame me for this. If my dad does kick up some trouble, I'll just take off. I don't want to get you and Kelly into a jam..."

"Forget it, Carl. This is your home. You don't have to run away from anything." Later, with Carl's approval, I went to see his parents. His mother was obviously trying to get her husband out of the place, expecting the more recent man in her life to come in any moment. My visit was short, not sweet. I merely let them know that their problems were between the two of them, that it was time to recognize that they had done little enough to help Carl and that this was no time to harm him. I also pointed out that any threat to Carl, Kelly or me would be defended, and that they could only harm themselves by creating any sort of stink that involved us. End of subject.

That night, Kelly and I discussed the matter briefly, then, satisfied that it was really over, went to bed.

It wasn't over.

There was a knock on our door. Carl came in and sat on the bed, wanting to talk. "I wasn't telling the whole truth today, Dave. When I first saw you both, back at the gas station, it wasn't just that I wanted to get out. My bag had been packed for days. There were all sorts of rides I could have had, but I was too confused and scared to really go. It seemed too much like running away to something just as bad. But, when I saw you, something clicked just right. Didn't you know it?"

"Know what?" asked Kelly.

"That I was gay."

"We've never thought about you as being anything that required a label, Carl. You've always been just yourself. We knew that when the time came, you'd find your own way with sex, discovering yourself and your own way with it. We've never wanted to influence that development one way or another—gay or straight."

"Yeah, but even when I was ten, I knew that I was 'funny'... about guys, not girls. I just didn't dare do anything... let anyone know, be queer, or let faggots come on to me... like letting people make fun of me. But I knew how I was, how I felt."

This was Carl, telling us that he had known about himself, that he had needed sexual recognition of himself. When he was twelve. Even before we

knew him, when he was ten! *Too fucking much*. I don't remember how the conversation ended, but Carl went back to his room, we talked for a few minutes and then tried to get some sleep.

It was obvious to us that a whole new phase had begun. Not particularly frightening, but certainly demanding of honesty and understanding. Our boy wasn't a little boy anymore.

□

A short while later, we noticed a new sense of assurance in Carl. He seemed to know more clearly what he wanted in many areas. His career goals began to take form, his interest in school picked up. He made friends within the gay community, most of them near his own age, began to go out with some of them. We assumed that he was getting it on, much as any other teenager might, but he didn't talk about his make-out scene. For awhile, he basked in his popularity, treating his good looks and superb body with an inordinate sense of pride, as a sort of absolute—an immutable ace in the hole. That didn't last long, though. He'd seen too many of our beautiful friends, transfixed by their own gorgeous exteriors, sort of shrivel as persons when their preoccupations with self got the best of them. He was too outgoing, too involved with things outside of himself for that.

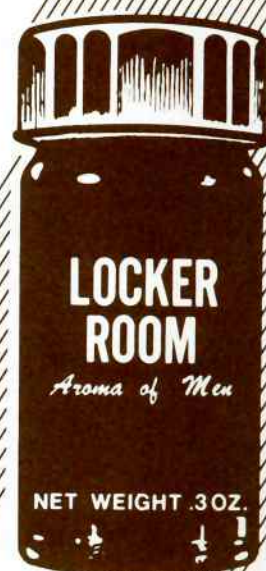
One day I arrived at the apartment earlier than usual, to find Carl at home with a friend. Kelly had mentioned the friend, Charles, wondering if he might not be an extra-special friend. So I paid more attention than ever to Charles. Better that I should have paid more attention to Carl. Too late to do much about it, I realized that indeed, Charles was special. Carl was embarrassed by my arrival and I could easily guess that I had interrupted their privacy. However, I backed out of it with a hasty shopping expedition, regretting my clumsiness and at the same time regretting that Carl had grown up so much so soon.

We began to see more of Charles. His parents were not particularly permissive or aware; therefore the boys found our home more comfortable for listening to music, watching TV, reading and studying together—and certainly to enjoy any sense of privacy. It was apparent that they spent a lot of time at the gay clubs too. Carl frequently came home with tidbits of information—anecdotes and tales—which indicated his growing sophistication and awareness of what went on in the youthful sub-culture of the gay world. He came home quite late one evening, explaining his lateness with a report of a visit to a semi-gay steambath. "I knew that I couldn't go to the gay ones because they're kind of strict about being 18 to get in, but *anyone* can get into the Oakleaf."

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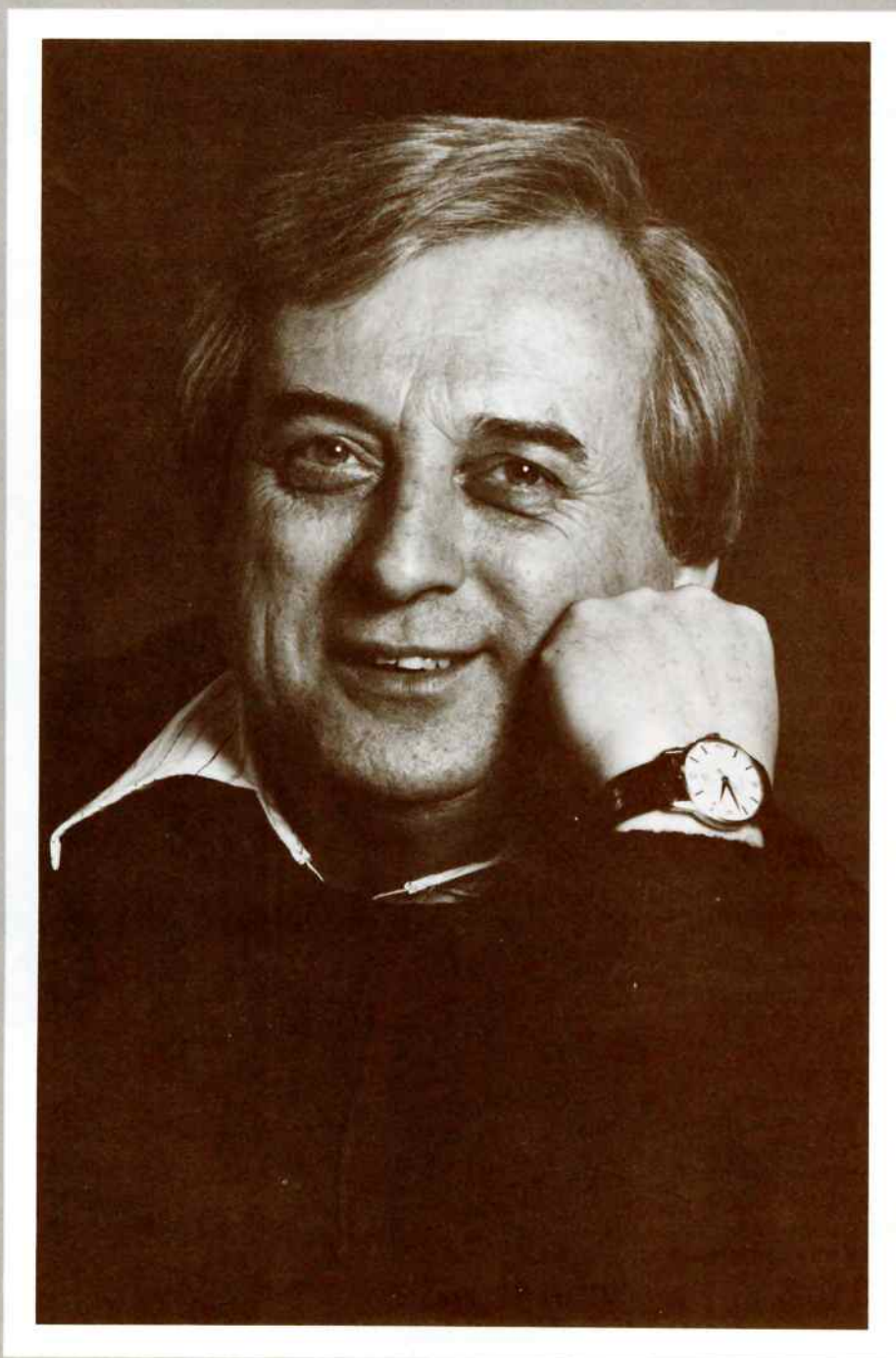
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Hislop

Homosexuality...and help

by Mary Axten

To an incredible number of individuals, organizations and agencies in and around the environs of Southern Ontario, the name Hislop has come to be synonymous with homosexuality—and help. Whether it be Metro Toronto's Homicide squad investigating a murder, or an unhappy individual wrestling with a personal problem over a beer at the Parkside, chances are Hislop in-put will contribute to the ultimate solution. Up-front and openly gay, George Hislop spends most of his waking hours in the service of the gay community.

President of CHAT (Community Homophile Association of Toronto) for the past six years, he has been largely responsible for the recognition of the need for gay in-put by the various social service agencies seeking to serve the larger community. Day after day, year in and year out, he has made himself available for counselling, lecturing, educating and generally communicating the message that homosexuality is a vital, viable, alternative life-style that is here to stay. It's been hard work, often discouraging, bringing criticism his way more often than appreciation.

What's in it for George Hislop?

Not, by ordinary standards, a helluva lot. Hislop, however, is anything but ordinary.

"When I was sixteen years old," he recalls, "I worked like mad to help my brother organize a trade union. Some of the people in that plant were against us. I couldn't believe that *everybody* wouldn't want better working conditions, better pay. And I resented those who didn't.

Then I learned that I could resent them and do nothing—or, I could do it for myself and if they reaped the benefits too; well... so what!"

In June, George will celebrate his 50th birthday, but he hasn't forgotten the lesson he learned at sixteen. Aware that there are a great many gay people who are doing nothing for themselves, and that some of them are against what he is trying to do, he continues to work.

"Now, I'm working for a better world for Ron Shearer and George Hislop—first. A better world for us will be a better world for them and, as far as I'm concerned, that's good!"

George and Ron have lived together in a loving relationship for eighteen years. George's total involvement with the gay community has only been

possible with the understanding and support of Ron Shearer.

"He has never complained about the time and energy and, yes, money, that I have had to spend on my work that quite properly might have been shared with him. When I come home late and I'm tired and sometimes discouraged, he'll run a bath for me and put a beer in my hand—and we'll talk. Ronnie being the kind of person he is has been my good fortune. It's been very important."

Young people active in the movement today seem automatically to assume that gay liberation is about eight years old. George Hislop has news for them.

"My motivation goes back to the early '50's," he explains, "and mostly relates to my good friend, Jimmy Egan. He was—and still is—an extraordinary man, and light-years ahead of his time. I remember us reading Donald Webster Cory's 'The Homosexual in America,' and thinking how revolutionary it was. When we first heard of the Mattachine Society, we talked about how great it would be to start such an organization in Canada.

"As far back as 1967, Jimmy Egan was leading discussion groups at 'The Music Room,' one of the first gay clubs in Toronto. And we were still working on getting an organization together, but somehow, the time just wasn't right. It wasn't until 1969, when the law in Canada changed, that the right time seemed to have finally arrived."

It was Gordon Sinclair's radio broadcast that alerted George to the existence of the University of Toronto Homophile Association. He decided to go to a meeting.

"It was the fall of 1969," he recalls, "and at first, I sat at the back. But as I attended more meetings, I gradually began to sit closer and closer to the front. By the fall of 1971, more people from the community than from the university were attending and the UTHA had neither the personnel nor the financial resources to cope with the growing needs.

"I was asked to head a steering committee to look into the feasibility of starting a community organization."

In a kitchen on Gladstone Avenue in Toronto's west end, the steering committee was formed. Wanting the organization to be built upon a healthy, busi-

ness-like foundation, Hislop went out and rented a tiny office above "Cine City" in midtown Toronto and arranged for a telephone to be installed. He remembers somewhat wistfully, "But nobody knew we were there."

Investigating suitable accommodation where meetings might be held turned up a most unlikely spot. Holy Trinity Church, the magnificent old landmark in the very heart of the city, warmly accepted the notion that Toronto's gay community should have a place to meet. The first meeting was held in February of 1971. There were 55 people in attendance. CHAT had begun, and George Hislop was its President.

To be an effective representative of the gay community, George 'went public.' He began to make himself known to politicians at every level of government, to the city's police department, in the courts. An Opportunities for Youth grant was procured for thirteen weeks, making minimal salaries possible for CHAT's staff, all of whom had been working tirelessly to provide the services that so obviously were needed. And nobody worked harder than the President. As a result, CHAT became a respected referral agency, recognized and called upon by social workers, psychiatrists, police and parents, wherever people problems could be alleviated by better knowledge and understanding of homosexuality.

"Sexuality is a self-definition," states Hislop, "and somehow we must make it understood that there is a world of difference between the person who, for whatever reason, may take part in a homosexual act and the person who is *homosexual*—between the person who may temporarily be in a situation of sexual deprivation and the person whose primary sexual orientation is towards another of the same sex."

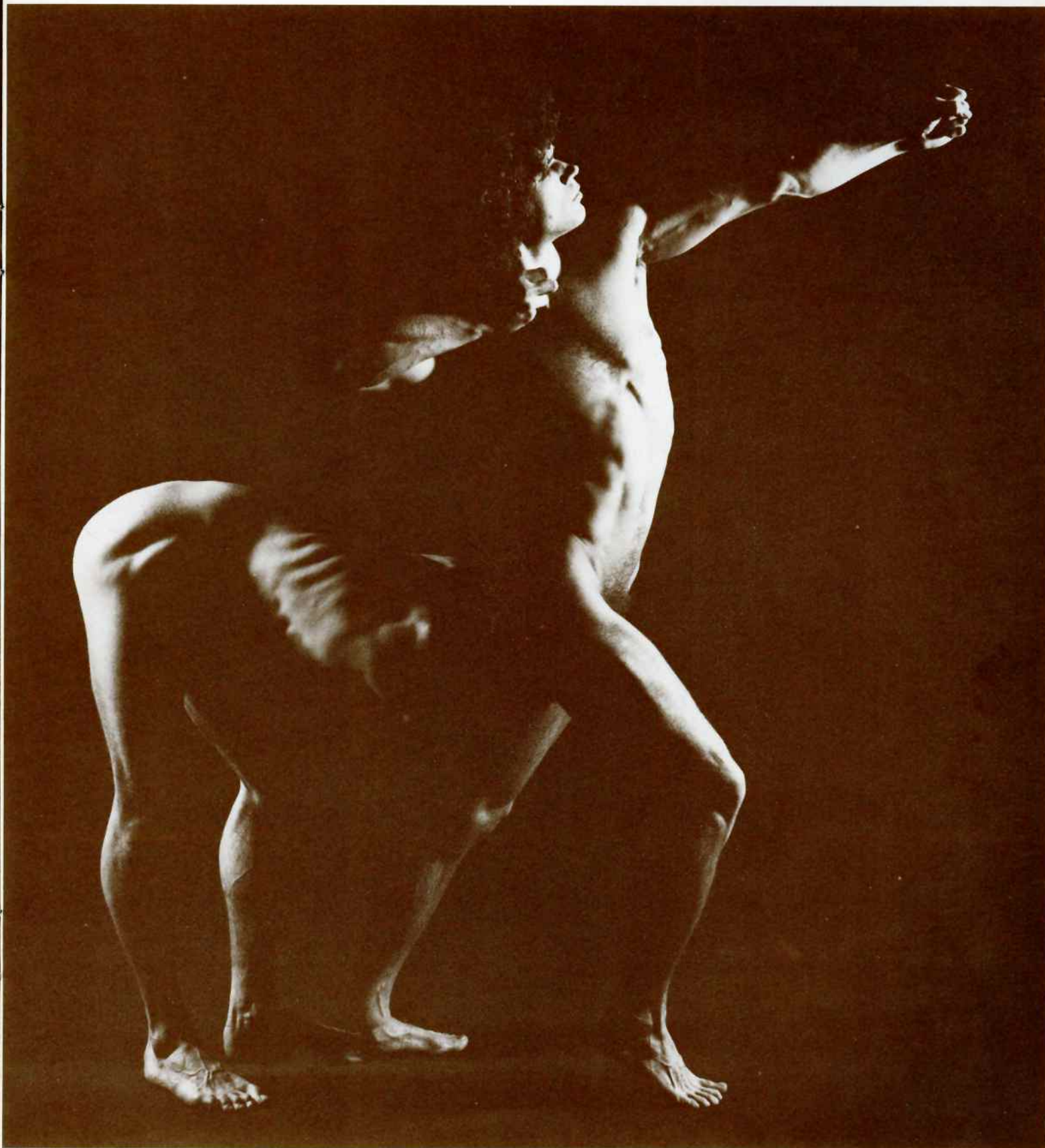
Will it ever be understood? If his work schedule is any indication, George Hislop will make it understood—or die trying.

At the beginning of every school year, he's booked to speak to the School of Nursing at George Brown College and Ryerson Institute of Technology on a regular basis. He lectures at Sheridan College as part of its Lifestyle Course. As a follow-up to talking to gay men incarcerated at the Ontario Correctional Institute at Brampton, he has become

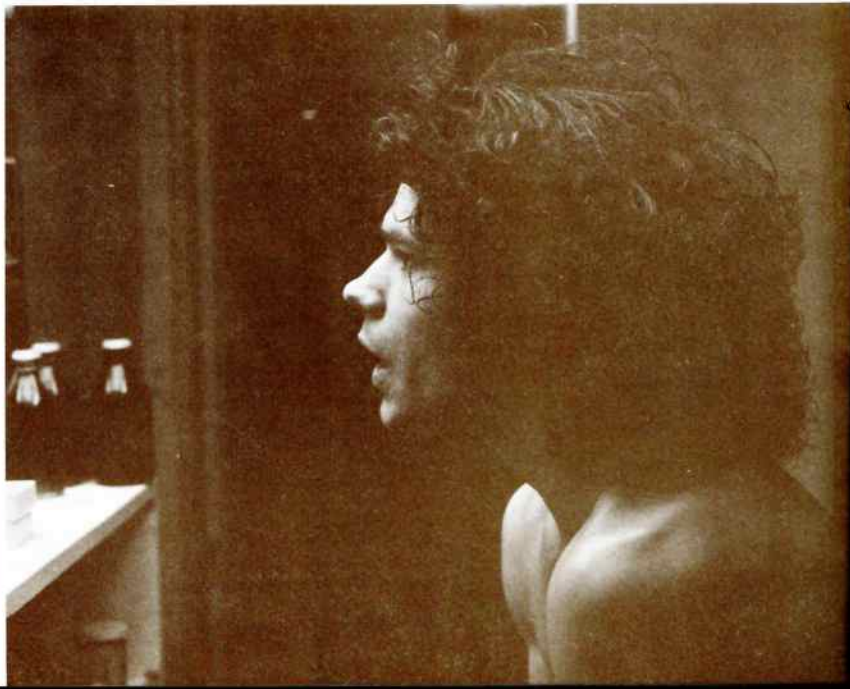
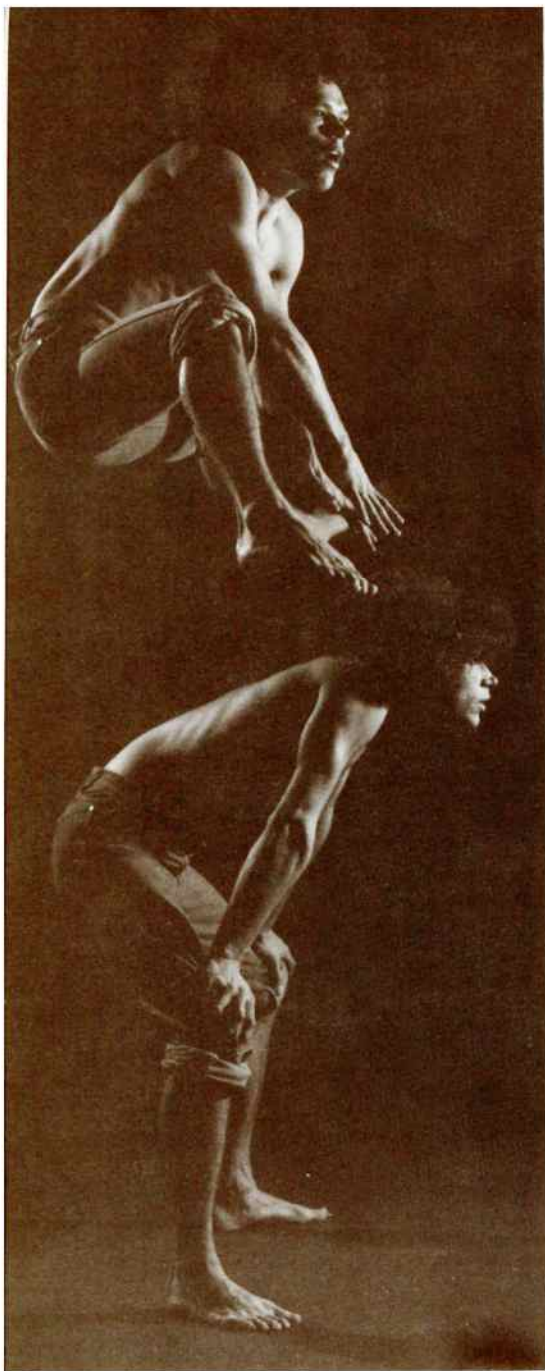
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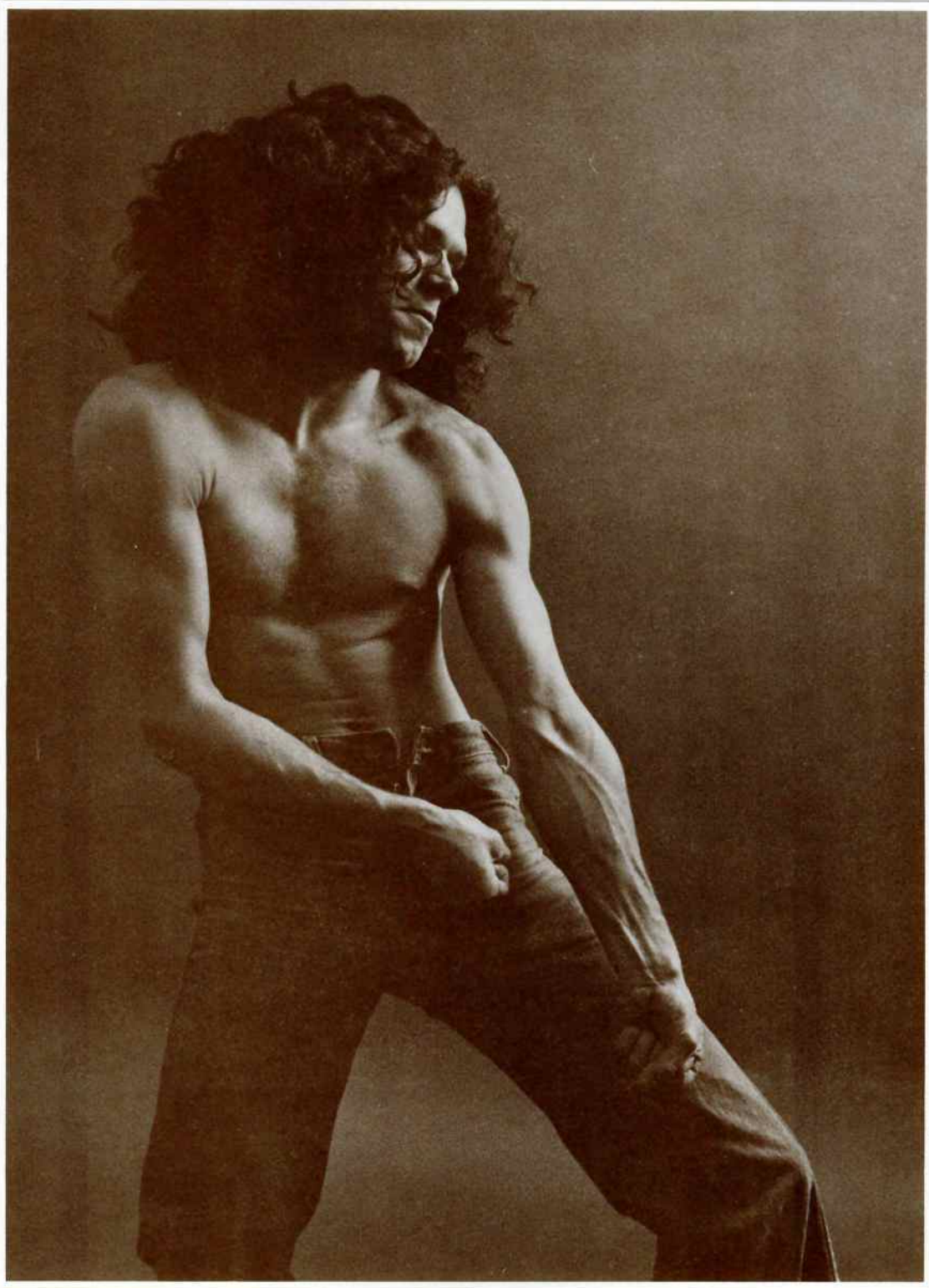
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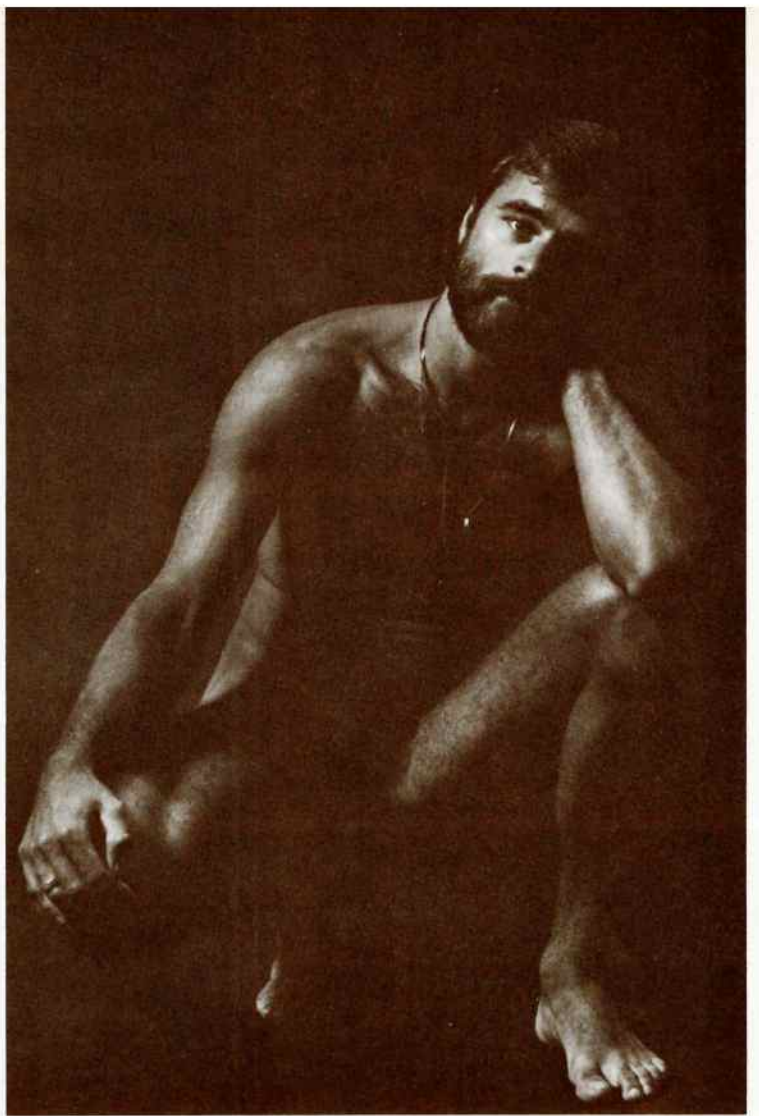
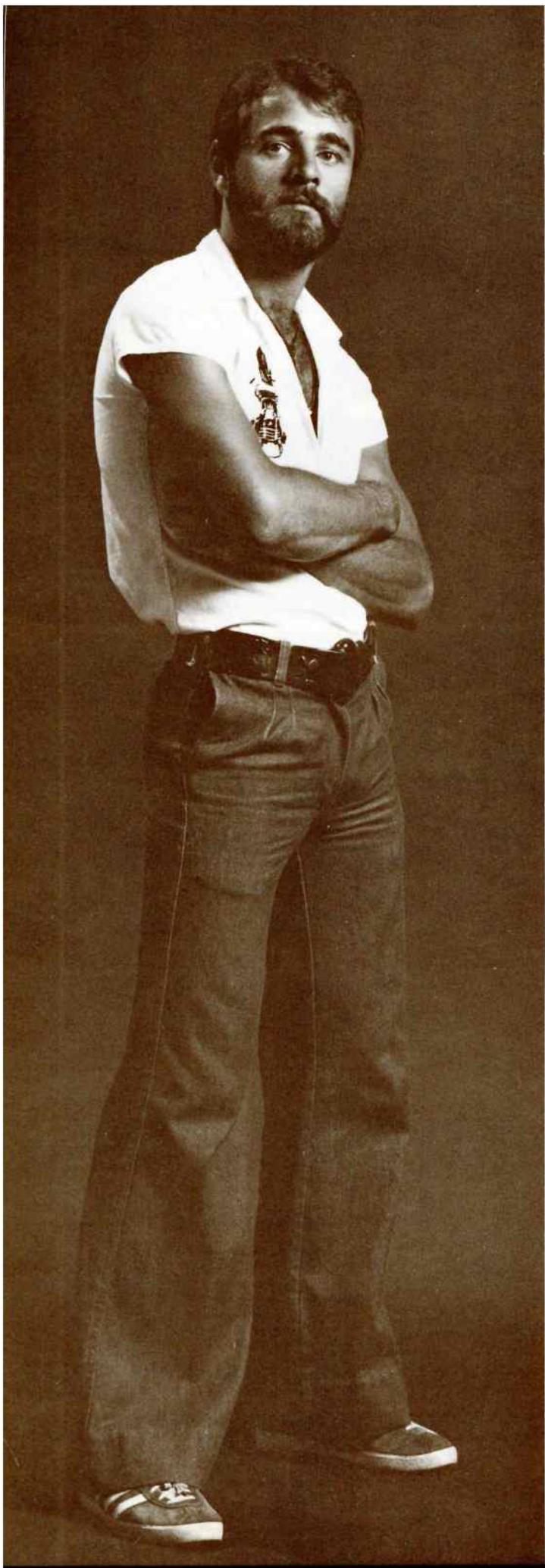
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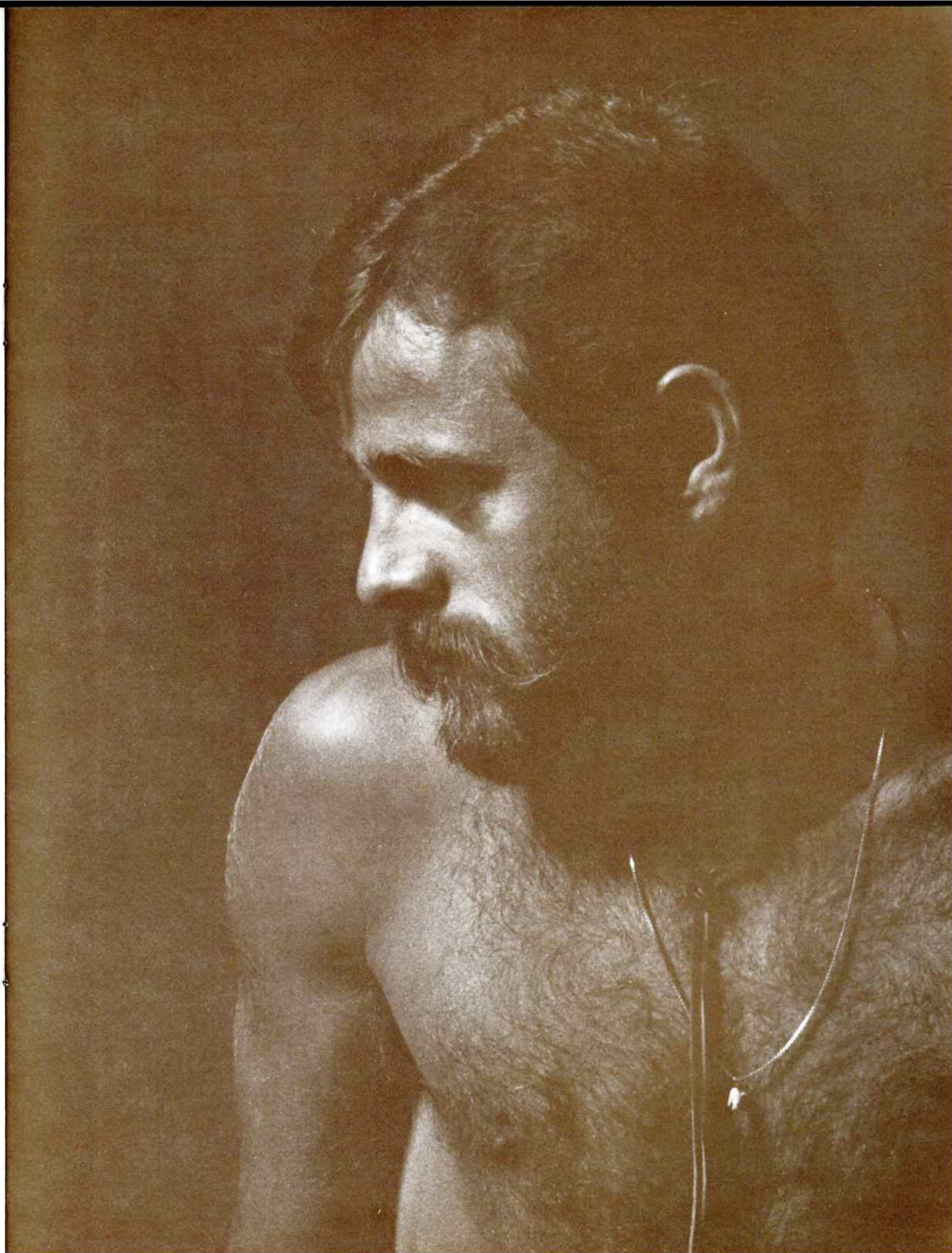
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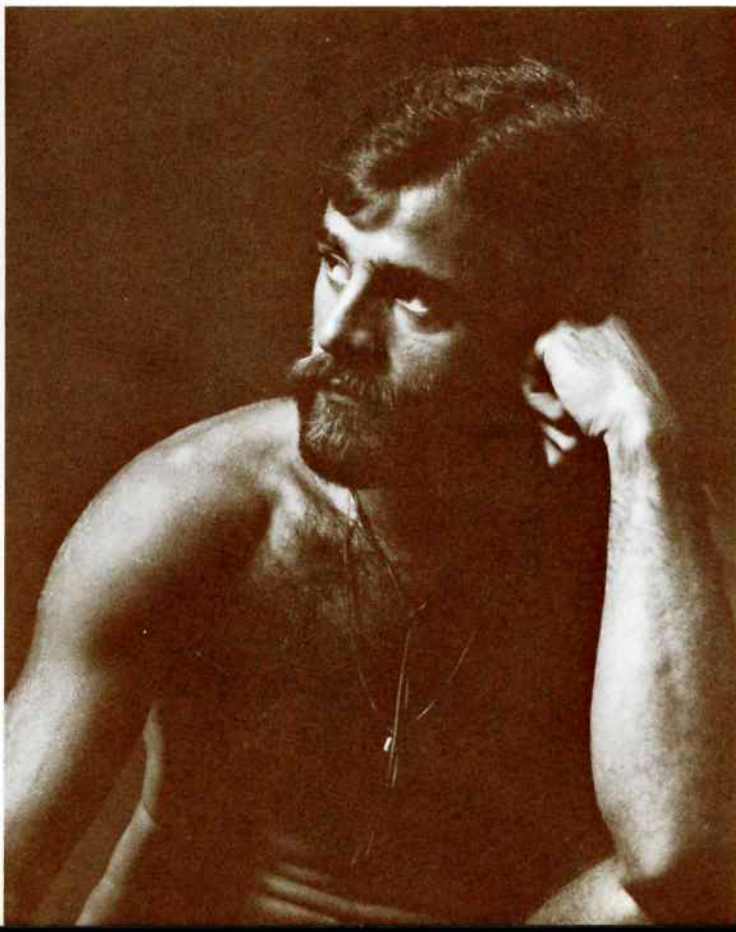
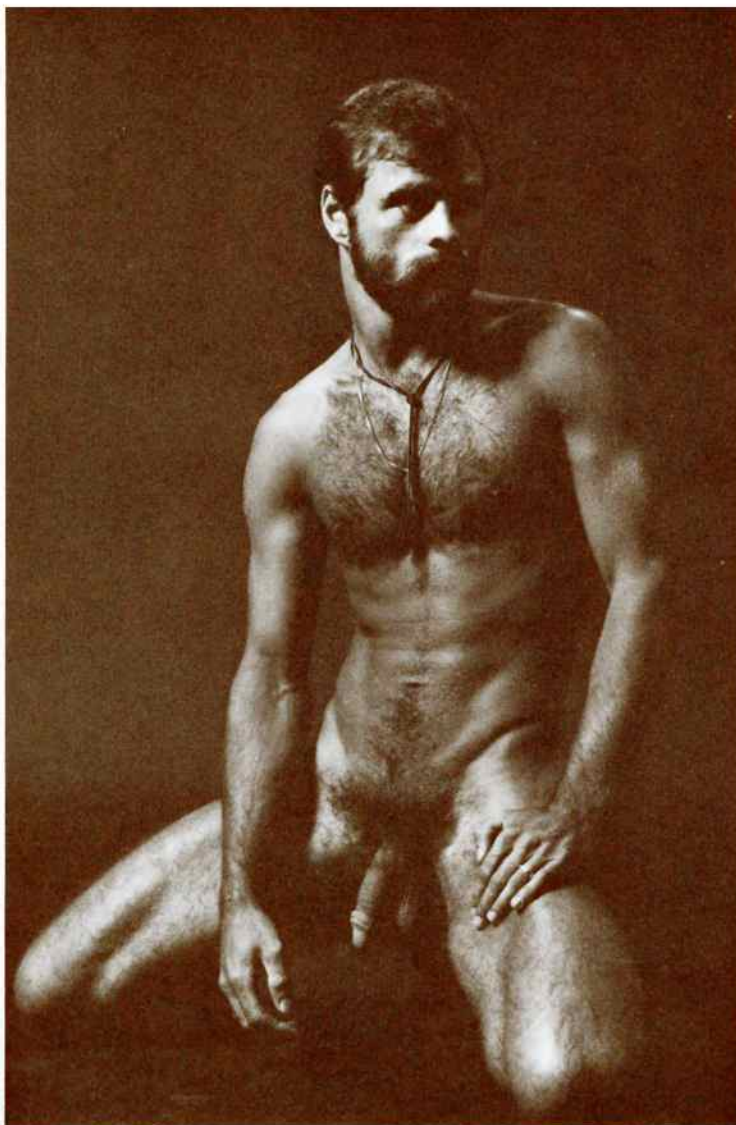
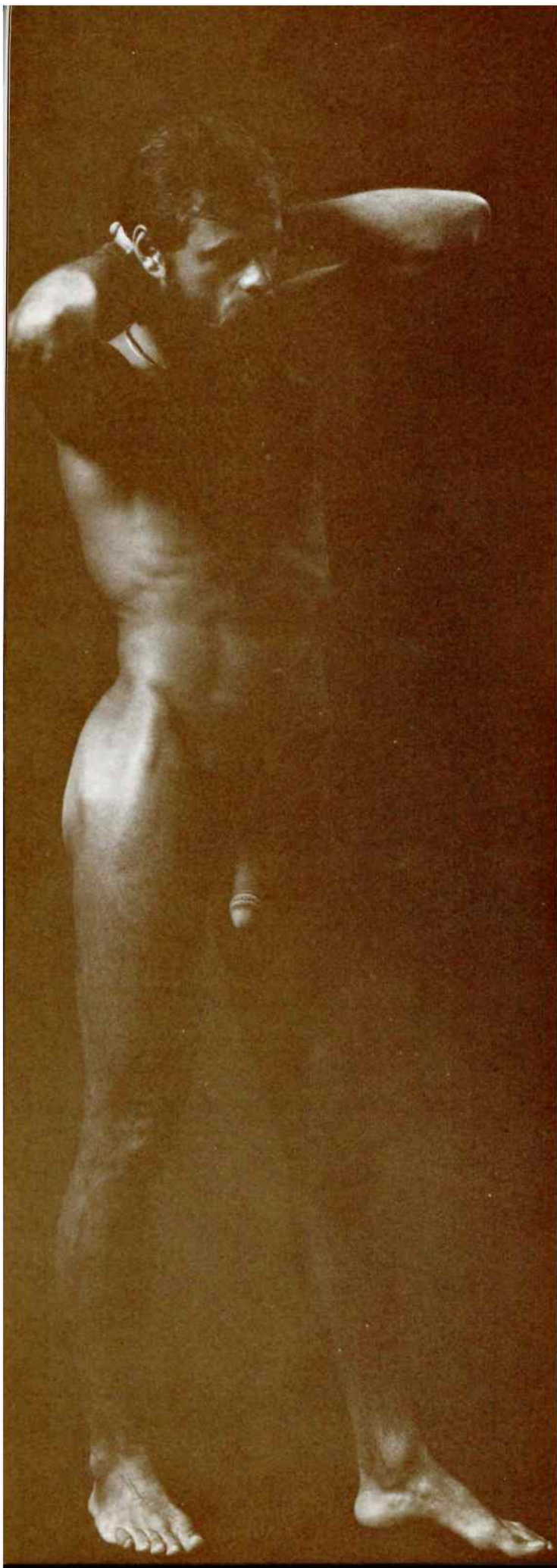
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Ray

Photographs by Steve Hiller







Hislop, from page 13

a regular lecturer at Centennial College, in its course for Correctional Service Officers.

At the suggestion of a student who had attended his lecture at the University of Toronto School of Social Work, he was invited to talk to the staff at the House of Concord, a facility for men who will soon be released from custody, operated by the Salvation Army. An appeal from a young man suffering from cerebral palsy took him to the Ontario Society for Crippled Children where he made it very clear that the answer to the problems of a gay person who is handicapped is not to attempt to 'cure' his homosexuality, when what he needs is support while he is learning to accept that there is no known cure for cerebral palsy.

Students at Humber College who are in Law Enforcement courses, studying Travel and Tourism, child care workers, and those who are learning to find ways to deal with retarded children, hear George Hislop lecture on homosexuality. He speaks regularly to staff and inmates at Vanier Institute, a correctional institution for Women. And he speaks to meetings of B'nai Brith and to Lions Clubs, where at a recent meeting, the rules were bent a little to permit male members to bring their wives and people showed up for the largest atten-

dance in their history—because of the subject matter and the speaker.

At a recent Conference on Forensic Medicine at McMaster University in Hamilton, attended by coroners, crown attorneys and pathologists, George Hislop found himself on his feet, speaking again. The topic being discussed was suicide and the suicides specifically being considered happened to be males who had hanged themselves—wearing women's clothing. The instructor conducting the lecture was basing his points on the premise that the suicides were homosexual. George explained to the instructor and the others present that it is an established fact that the great majority of males who cross-dress are heterosexual.

It's an endless process, or so it would seem. And exhausting, too. But apparently, light is beginning to dawn and George is beginning to see results appear.

"There have been tremendous gains on a variety of fronts," he explains. "There's a whole new breed of social workers, for instance. Then, there's the Metro Toronto Youth Services Network—it includes representatives from the YMCA, YWCA, Children's Aid Society, the Youth Bureau of the Police Department. And as an openly gay person, I was a member of the board!"

Saying it that quickly belies the

degree of effort it took to get there. The Youth Services meets every other Friday from 12 until 2. Since 1971, when he first became President of CHAT, Hislop has been attending those meetings.

And then there's the other side of the coin. The equally important necessity to spread the word within the gay community. Not everybody wants to listen—and hardly anybody wants to be heard. Hislop has always been working towards finding a means of communicating with gay people—and helping gay people to communicate with each other. He thought about starting a newspaper and almost succeeded, but those who presented themselves as being interested in becoming partners, ultimately wanted to do little more than talk. Then Peter Maloney expressed his desire to join George in publishing a magazine. *Esprit* was born. Unfortunately, Maloney's financial support was primarily based upon his interest in various branches of the Club Bath chain and with the 'bust' of Club Montreal (just prior to the 1976 Olympiad) and then Club Ottawa, Maloney's resources were seriously depleted and he was unable to continue as a partner in the magazine. Hislop could not continue alone.

"*Esprit* will be back," George states emphatically. "The company is dormant presently, and will have to remain so for

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a time, due to legal hassles. But, they'll be sorted out and the magazine will be back on your coffee table every month."

For the present, George is a partner with five others in Tatmar Marketing Ltd., which includes as one of its endeavours the publication of *Directions*, unabashedly for gay men.

"It's not a replacement for *Esprit*," he says, "but if the enthusiasm for our first issue is any indication, it certainly is the answer for a lot of people. I want Canadians to have a magazine published in Canada—and I want gay people everywhere to be reading about the positive things that are going on. You read so much about the things that are going wrong. God! Lots of things are going right! And we should be hearing about them!"

Hislop has been roundly criticized for his efforts on behalf of gay people. He's been accused of everything from ego-tripping to being in it for the financial gain.

"There have been times when it has hurt," he says, "because most of it is so untrue. If finding satisfaction in what you're doing is ego-tripping, then I guess I'm guilty. As for financial gain—well, there's precious little of that! I've never sought a speaking engagement and, while in some cases there is a fee, I've never turned one down because they didn't have any budget."

His reputation as a knowledgeable source of factual information and an excellent speaker has grown far beyond the area of Toronto, or Ontario—even Canada. In Chicago at a recent conference of psychologists, when a representative from Toronto asked about a speaker on homosexuality, he was told by the U.S. lecturer that he didn't have to look very far. "Contact George Hislop," he was told. "He's the best in the business."

And here, at home, George Hislop smiles as he speaks of one example of what he has been able to accomplish.

"In downtown Toronto," he explains, "there's a school called 'Contact.' And once a year, a class of 25 kids from 15 to 17 come to hear a talk from a real, live homosexual."

Yes, there is an incredible number of individuals, organizations and agencies which have come to consider the name Hislop to be synonymous with homosexuality—and help.

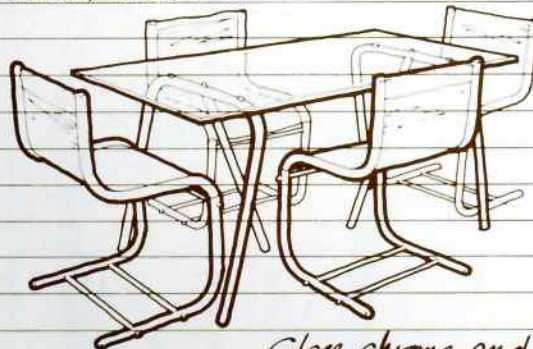
And in the gay community? Well—what do you have to do to be a hero? ■

Over-ruling the publisher's modest protests (it can be done, you know), the above article was commissioned for the following reasons: The non-gay media has covered several aspects of George's work, his personal life—most certainly his homosexuality. None of this coverage, however, has really gotten to the heart of what George Hislop is all about, or what he really is trying to accomplish in the gay community and the world-at-large. We thought you should know.—Editor

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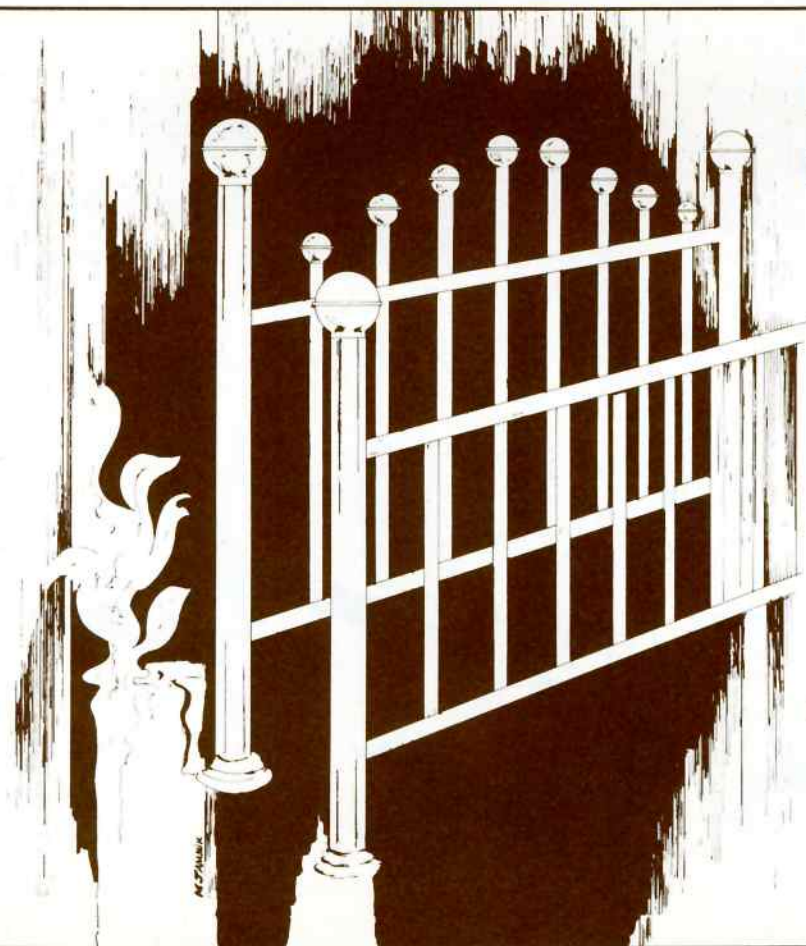
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The Telephone

a short-short story
by Larry Dawson

February always seems bleak in Toronto and this Saturday was most bleak. I had finished a long soak in a hot, soapy tub, pondering what to do for the rest of the day. It was just past noon and the choices were still endless—but all too familiar and unappealing: I could do an extended cocktail hour at the Parkside, an early movie and then the clubs, or kill time with garrulous neighbours. Boredom and a vague want of change matched the greyness of the day as I towelled dry.

Then I saw him.

My bedroom window faced an adjacent apartment that had been vacant for almost three months, offering a view of blank, empty rooms. But there he was, standing in the window, smiling. He had to be over six feet, with dark hair, and eyes that obviously were beamed into my window. And that smile.

My reaction was immediate and strong. Caught with my pants down and embarrassed by the exposure, I flipped my towel around my hips and moved out of sight. Finally dry, with the towel again cinched tightly, I went back to the window for another look—curious, wondering if he might still be there, hoping to see him again. His smile hadn't changed, his arms were still folded across his chest and his steady gaze was still directly on my window. And that smile... it was the warmest, brightest spot in my day and I wanted the excitement of seeing it to last, to turn into adventure... something, whatever. Who was he? A new neighbour? Would he be a regular part of the view from my window?

The smile was contagious and I smiled back at him, hoping for contact, recognition, or just more time to look at him. He gestured in a kind of pantomime motion, repeating it until I understood: *telephone. Did I have a telephone?* I nodded 'yes,' wondering how to signal my phone number, but then he motioned again, indicating that he wanted to come over. *To use the phone. Of course. No phone in the empty apartment.* So, I wrote out my apartment number in big numerals and held it up to the window. Another smile and he disappeared.

When I heard my buzzer, I just pushed the door button without using the intercom. Waiting, I felt the excitement mounting, still wondering who he was and wanting to believe that it was really happening, trying to be realistic, trying to organize my racing thoughts. When he knocked, I was still trying to compose myself, feeling the whole thing was silly and awkward, but I took a breath and opened the door.

The smile again. Sexy. Warm and winning.

"Sorry to bother you, but there's no

phone over there yet. Hope you don't mind my using yours."

"Sure," I answered, "help yourself." His eyes didn't follow to the phone... those denim-blue eyes were taking an unguided tour of my body, still wrapped in the towel. The smile widened and before I had a chance to react, his strong arms were around my waist and his eyes were gazing straight into mine.

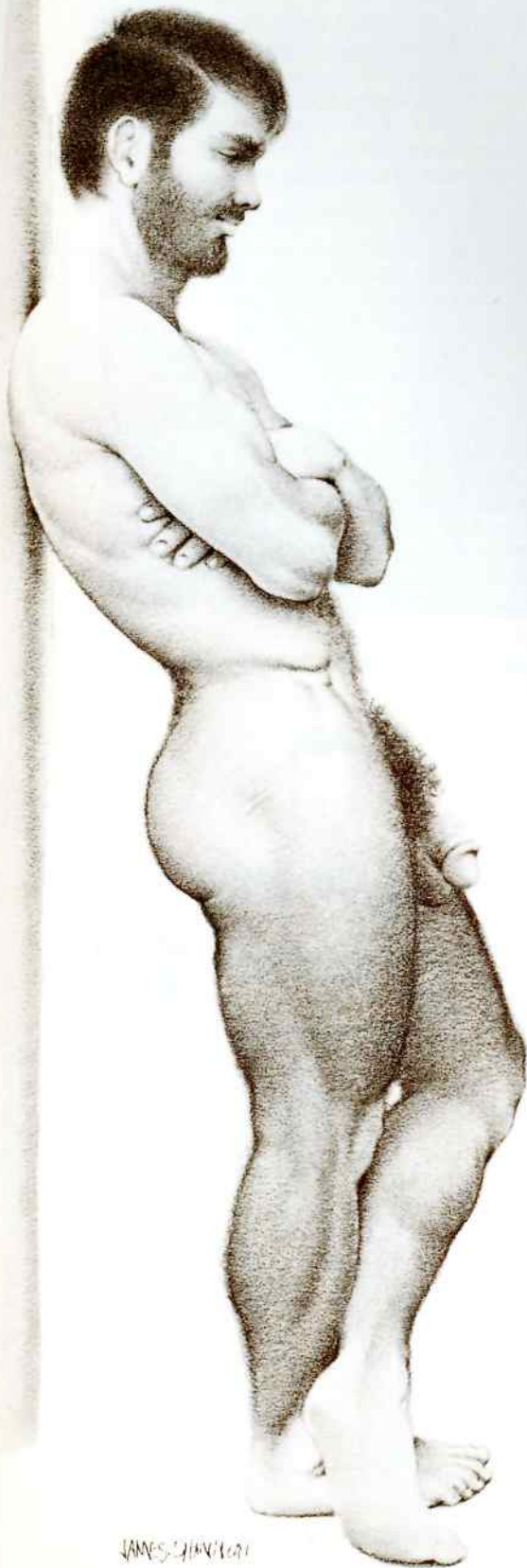
"I'd rather help myself to this," he whispered. His mouth crushed against mine in a brutal kiss that seemed almost threatening, a churning of his face and mouth against mine, a relentless urgency that demanded response.

We eased to the floor, our eyes still locked, with his strong but ever-so-gentle hands doing an inquisitive trip over my body. My whole world compressed itself to the size of the room, to the two of us and what was happening then and there. He guided my movements with his. I was barely conscious of a hand on my thigh, moist lips warmly brushing upwards from my hip, an arm lifting my back. The arms, hands, lips moved to new places with insistent rhythms, at once languid and firm.

Astonished by the delicious ecstasy of my surrender to his body, I realized that he had enveloped me totally with tenderness and intense passion I'd never thought possible with a complete stranger. We moved as one body, finding a new tempo to meet new, searing needs. I heard a soft moan, then that mouth came down on mine in a barrage of devouring, bite-like kisses, suffocating my own sounds and breaking our rhythm to a soft shudder. A million sparkling fragments seemed to explode outwards from my head in an orgasm that broke past the barriers of the room, spanning a universe of feeling.

I lay still and spent; when I was finally able to open my eyes, I found myself alone. My towel was on the floor beside me and, in its folds, there was a small piece of paper. It was a note. "Thank you for giving me this moment," it read, "We were just too perfect together."

I jumped to my feet and ran to the bedroom window. The window across the way was black and empty. As I moved away, my eye caught sight of a Bell Telephone truck pulling out of the driveway below. I couldn't see the driver, but the truck stopped for a moment and then turned out into the traffic. I looked over to the apartment window again and saw something I hadn't noticed before. There, sitting on the window ledge was a shiny, new red telephone. I looked at it for a moment and smiled. He was right; I had had my adventure and it couldn't have been more perfect. ■



JAMES HANCOCK

There was a bad week or two for all of us when Charles and Carl had a strong disagreement relating to possessiveness on Charles' part, resulting in a complete break-off of the relationship.

"I don't understand why he had to treat me as if he owned me, or I owed him all of myself... and when I couldn't accept his terms, it was no go at all, like I didn't really mean anything to him. He's just gone." We heard it over and over, until finally the hurt subsided. I liked his growing sense of proportion in such things. Underneath the surface romanticism, common sense prevailed. Carl never became morbid, never allowed his hurt feelings or pride to become destructive to himself. He was going to be a winner.

□

Soon after Christmas, the three of us went to Montreal for a weekend. Instead of losing Carl at the dance clubs, we found him sticking with us through visits with friends, dinner downtown and an early return to our hotel. We had taken one room with two double beds. Weary from bouncing around town, we hit the sack almost immediately, but talked back and forth for a few minutes, then dosed off.

Without any sense of a time interval, I awoke to find Carl standing beside our bed. He was naked, illuminated only by dim light from the window.

"What is it, Carl?" I whispered. Kelly was awake too.

"I want to sleep with you. Both of you. I could never try at home, and I knew you wouldn't—ever." His body was familiar to me. I had watched it grow from spindly childhood to magnificent young manhood, but had never related to Carl sexually. Yet, here at the side of our bed, he was in that moment as sensual, as erotic a manifestation of physical presence as I'd ever seen. Not awake enough to really think, primarily aware only of Carl, I didn't even try to apply judgement to the situation and there are no excuses offered. I wanted to pull him towards me, when Kelly's hand reached out across mine, took Carl's hand and guided him into our bed. He was between us, and we closed together in a unity of bodies discovering each other for the very first time. No, this was no boy. His manhood was real, exercised with gentleness, demanding and giving full expression of physical love to match the strength of emotional bonds between each of us. His gleaming body, so quickly wet with sweat, was no longer familiar. A man-size cock persistently reminded me of the differ-

ences. I'd never known that tongue before, either. Nor the firm goodness of his bum. Christ, we'd never even been "kissy" or physically affectionate with Carl, ever.

It was a fulfillment of all the years of loving, an apex of all we'd come to feel for each other. Coming down from the crest, we let ourselves drop off to sleep, still together in each others' arms. Nothing in my life has ever been closer.

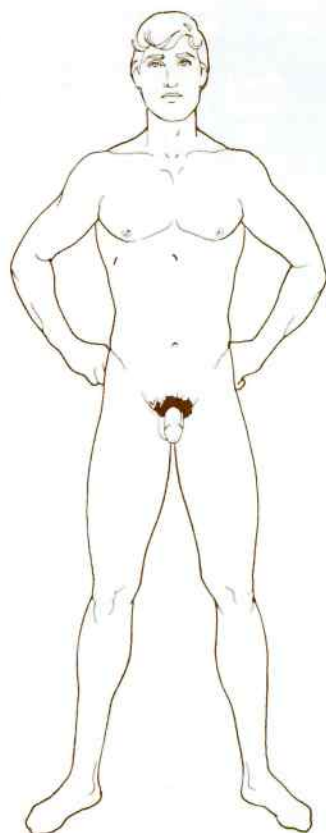
It was not something that needed to be repeated. A single statement was enough. At home, life went on much as before, but our feelings for each other had certainly taken on new dimensions. The sense of closeness never left.

□

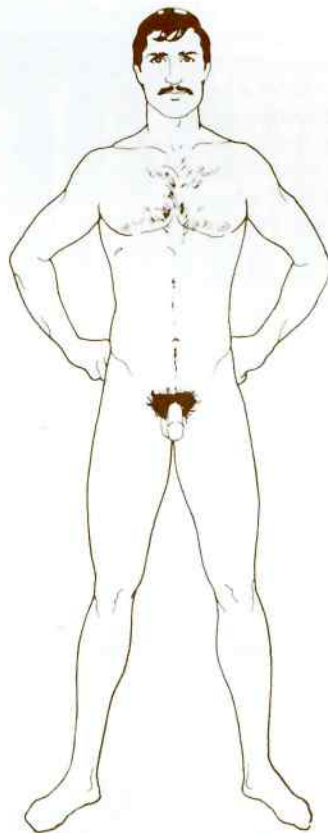
That was all a long time ago. Carl is twenty-two now. He doesn't live with us anymore. We have a house and Carl visits when he can make the trip from New York. He lives with a lover, a chemist from France whom we haven't gotten to know very well yet.

Carl, Kelly and me. I suppose that the relationship—an ugly word for what people share of themselves—is as strong as ever. Although we're not together as much as we used to, we've learned to value the times when we are. Love that has become a part of living just doesn't die. ■

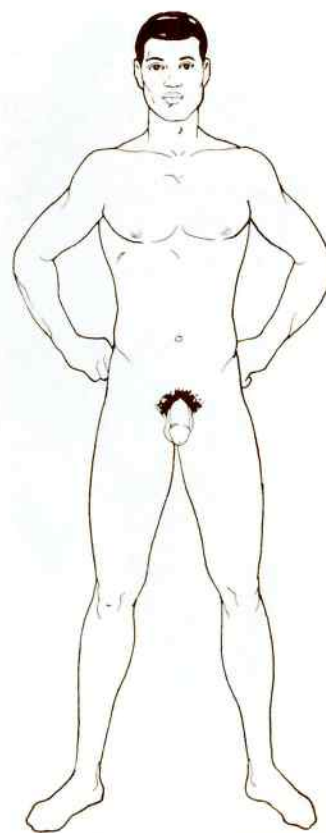
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Directions to Note, from page 5

paedophiles. How odd that he never mentions this worry when interviewing heterosexual authors.

Another feather in the GAU cap was the hosting of of the **Coalition for Gay Rights in Ontario** (CGRO) Steering Committee meeting. Starting with the **John Damien rally** on Friday night chaired by Terry Phillips with Margaret Campbell (MPP, Toronto-St. George) as chief speaker. The night was capped by a very succesful dance. Two-hundred people showed up and raised about \$700.

On Sunday, the GAU hosted the CGRO meeting and the following Tuesday, sponsored a special meeting at which **Christopher Isherwood** appeared. Over 300 people turned out to hear this delightful 72 year old world-renowned author and gay liberationist. He patiently autographed hundreds of his books after two hours of answering audience questions. His latest book is *Christopher and His Kind*. Proceeds from donations at the door went to the John Damien Defense Fund. Membership in the Gay Academic Union is open to anyone who has the faintest connection with a University.

At the CGRO conference: Dennis LeBlanc, former president of GO and David Garmaise, its new president, led an animated and informative discussion

with GATE Toronto, Windsor Gay Unity, the GAU and CHAT. John Argue of the NDP caucus distributed a 10-point resolution on gay rights that he hopes will pass at the NDP national convention. He is most anxious to hear from gay NDP'ers who can assist or offer suggestions. The NDP have already endorsed the inclusion of 'sexual orientation' in the Ontario Human Rights Code, as have the Liberals.

Glad Day Books has one of the most comprehensive collections of books on all aspects of gay life (including the new Isherwood book). If a book you want is not in stock they will order it for you.

Gay Equality Mississauga (GEM) has elected Allen Parton as its new president, replacing Elgin Blair who becomes Treasurer and Kevin Gregg will be Secretary. GEM meets at 8 pm the 2nd and 4th Monday of each month at the South Peel Unitarian congregation.

Father John McNeil S.J., author of *The Church and the Homosexual* spoke to a crowd of nearly 150 at the Dignity meeting held in Our Lady of Lourdes Church. Because of the large attendance, the meeting was adjourned to the nave of the church. Father John believes that with such organizations as Dignity, impact could be made upon Church position.

Liam Barbour, one of the founders of

Dignity and its President died recently of cancer. Both the Church and Dignity have lost a devoted son and both have profited from his association with them. We'll all miss him.

Notes on other groups: Happy Birthday to TAG (Toronto Area Gays) who celebrated their first birthday with a little party. Ha Mishpacha (the family) are making plans for their first birthday party at Passover and are planning a Seder on Sunday April 3rd.

Drinking problem? If so, why not contact the Gay AA at 964-3962. Some other chapters of the AA in Toronto also have a gay membership. Telephone today.

Around the courts: The Coroner's Inquest into the fire at the Barracks Steambath, found that Rafael Rojas died from smoke inhalation. There was no evidence of alcohol, drugs or nitrites in his body. There was 63% carbon monoxide in his blood-stream. I sat through the inquest and was amazed at what I later read in the papers. Anything, and any opinion, can be given at an inquest. It is not a trial but an inquiry into causes. Many "authorities" made statements that were quoted, but they then allowed that the safety precautions at the Barracks were in many ways adequate and even went beyond the requirements of the law. For example, smoke detectors were installed prior to



...into leather?



...possessive?



...out west?

the fire, but were not required by the law. The jury recommended mandatory inspection for all public buildings for unsafe conditions at least every two years. They also recommended that the life safety standards of all public buildings be up-graded to meet the requirements of the Ontario Building Code (1976). They suggested that legislated fire resistance standards be established and implemented for the manufacture and sale of mattresses and mattress covers. There presumably is no standard but the Barracks replaced all its mattresses with the best available. They further recommended that fire alarm systems be installed in all buildings sleeping more than ten people and their use be enforced retroactively. Finally, they suggested that a public telephone be installed in addition to any other existing phones. The night manager broke the finger-stop off the dial when attempting to dial the fire department and had to run to a corner pay-phone to call the fire department. There was criticism that proper access to the second floor front was not available due to the fact that the previous owner had boarded up the windows. There is no law against closing up windows by bricks or boards, but access should be provided at the street front.

Three men who had been charged with gross indecency in Riverdale Park

in Aug. 1975 were tried in County Court recently. The trial ended abruptly when one man pleaded guilty to the lesser charge of committing an indecent act in a public place, a summary offence, and was given a discharge. The other two men had the charges against them dismissed.

Here is another example of the tremendous waste of the taxpayer's money in pursuit of the homosexual. If the circumstances had involved heterosexuals, no charges would have been laid. In 1976 no charges were laid against gays in Riverdale Park.

Late news: Stanley Foster Spence died recently after having been stabbed at David's. Parry Jerome Atkinson was arrested at the scene and has been charged.

Anita Bryant who sells Florida orange juice, is attempting to block a Miami civil rights bill that would protect gay people in employment. Bryant has organized a group called Save Our Children Inc. because she believes that the local gay community is "trying to recruit our children to homosexuality." The Florida Citrus Commission says that it will not remove Bryant's ads from the air. I'm switching to Sunkist from California and keeping Anita off my shelf.

The Bishop of Toronto, Lewis Garnsworthy has taken over as rector of Holy

Trinity Church, the church that has been the most "Christian" to gays in Toronto. The first meetings of CHAT were held there in 1971, and later, dances were held there. GATE as also held dances there to raise funds. MCC holds services in Holy Trinity and it is to be hoped that the flow of Christian love and charity from this parish toward the homosexual will continue with this appointment.

A new sexually transmitted disease, Hepatitis B, a liver disease has been reported by London's (England) Middlesex Hospital. Homosexual men seem to be ten times more the risk than heterosexual men. The virus causes jaundice and sometimes chronic liver failure. The carrier suffers no symptoms but can remain infectious for years.

Finally, a gay lawyer in town who works in the gay cause responded thusly when I asked whether his contact lenses were soft or hard. "It all depends whom I'm looking at." ■

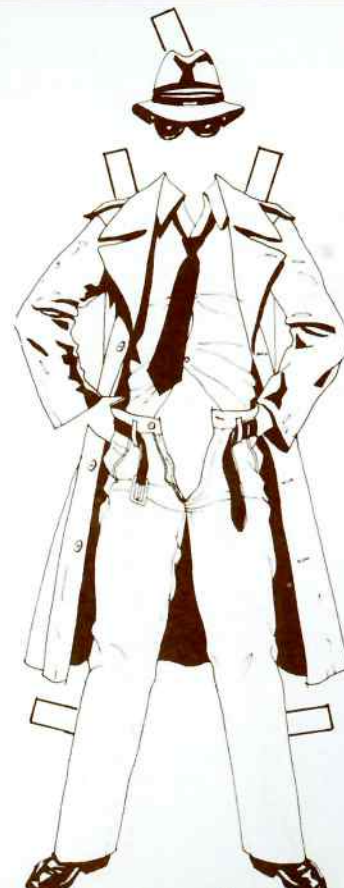
This column appears regularly as a source of news for readers who are not involved in the Toronto gay scene, or who might otherwise be out of touch with Toronto happenings of interest to gay men. The column is not intended to promote any group or commercial establishment. However, if your group or business has something to say to the gay community, let us know. If anything new or different is happening anywhere on the Southern Ontario gay scene, we will attempt to inform you about it.



...in uniform?



...construction?



...show biz?

Straight to the Tubs

by Greg Smith

I'm actually going in there... me! Winnipeg boy brought up on clandestine six-packs by the river and Friday night dances at the community centre where anyone, uh, 'abnormal' was to be picked on, persecuted and most probably punched in the head. Like the guy with no bones. He showed up one night with a couple of friends. Stood by the wall and watched—nothing more. But he was pale and sickly and walked funny, and tough Lenny, self-proclaimed defender of public morals, decided this guy was a filthy queer and besides, he didn't like his looks. Called him out, right there on the dance floor. The poor kid didn't comprehend; his friends did but didn't have a chance. Luckily he spoke out, in a high innocent voice—"I ain't got no bones, I got no bones," and we stopped it just in time. He was sick, this kid, and more than a bit retarded. Walked funny because of his disease. Lenny would have murdered him and, even afterwards, he continued to fume about the dirty queer and how he should have shoved his fist through his face.

That scene dominated my mind as we approached the side door leading to the baths. Why, I'm not really sure. I had already realized years ago that tough Lenny, from that point on, was to me a creature of disgust. His intended victim was so innocent, and so unfortunately pathetic. But he was different and therefore intolerable. He wasn't even 'queer' but to Lenny that was possibly the easiest term of reference to justify his intentions. Not that I was innocent, not by any means—I had used the same gambit. It was a simple excuse. But now, 12 years later, I was about to enter a gay bath.

I am not gay, but I am blessed (or cursed) with an insatiable curiosity. I had a vague idea of what to expect—Dave had filled me in, back at his apartment. "Stick close," he added, "If anybody comes on to you, you're with me. Avoid eye contact with anyone."

Dave was to be my guide and teacher. We had met but an hour before, the meeting and evening set up by a mutual friend. I was researching an article on pornography and became aware that the baths often show some pretty raunchy films. Another writer was working with me on it but he would have no part of this—no way. He was blond, you see, and well put together. Fags like blond men, he told me. He wouldn't go near the place—they'd all be after his ass.

○

Dave and I walk in, me tense yet anxious, trying to look as 'normal' as I

possibly can. I follow Dave's every move, trading cash for a membership, a locker key and a clean white towel. This is it. Clothes off, towels in place, we explore. Everywhere men lounging, chatting, casually drifting here and there. We wander through the incredible maze of corridors, cubicles leading off from every side. Dave, leading the way through an open door, stops for a few seconds and backs out to let me through. A man is lying there, naked, oblivious to our intrusion. Just lying there, an open invitation. A slut, I'm told... horny, not too choosy... just wants to get it on. "What do you think of that?" Dave asks. Incredible. That open?

Damn towel, keeps slipping. Can't let it slip, man, someone might get the wrong impression. Keep moving those eyes around. Don't stare. Don't touch. Damn towel. Can't erase the illusion that should it actually fall right off, I'd literally be devoured alive.

Next, the orgy room. Quiet, nothing happening. "Should be some action after the movies," says Dave. Meanwhile, we might as well use the facilities. Wet sauna, soothing, relaxing—mellows me out. Cold shower, back to life and, while reaching for my towel, he's walking right towards me—blatantly fondling himself to a semi-erect state. What does he want? Does he want me? My God, what happened to subtlety? He walks right by, and into the showers.

The movies are starting. We're standing in the back, all the seats already occupied. Damn towel. It's crowded, but can't touch anyone. God, it's hard to stand rigid and try to look perfectly casual at the same time. The screen comes to life and within minutes the hero is in action—in all his splendid glory. Hung like a horse, this guy. Amazing. This is surprising, for some reason. Hetero stag flicks are all big-cock conscious; just didn't expect the same attraction here. There is one obvious difference. The guffaws and elbow-poking are absent. No crude comments referring to the immensity of the actor's parts. Just silence. Is the size/pleasure syndrome absent here? Is it beyond that? Or is there just no need to cover a sub-conscious envy with crudeness and macho off-colour commentary. Whatever, the difference in reaction is striking.

They're doing it, right on that screen. Driving it up the ass, sucking, stroking; doing everything expected, yet it doesn't quite hit home until it's there staring you in the face. I'm conscious of an overriding thought that had been

buried until this moment: God, please, don't let me be aroused.

It's happening around me: bumps popping up in people's towels, and damn if I almost find myself breaking into laughter. It brings everything into perspective. The movies are meant to be a turn-on and unashamedly so. Nobody tries to hide it. It's not the *blase*, fake disinterest I'm used to at a stag party. There, you just don't admit you've got a hard-on. It's not cool. Like man, the movies are all right but, yawn, I've got so many women on a line...

People are periodically getting up and leaving, singly and in couples. I'm imagining any number of strange activities going on, hidden by the subdued lighting in the room. Are those two guys over there feeling each other up? Should I watch where I stand—is there come on the floor? Is anybody eyeing me, ready to pounce? Where's Dave? Damn, he left me, the son of a... oh, there he is. Thank God.

Movies are over. Time to check out the orgy room again. Up the stairs, Dave leads the way, talking about the poor quality of the movies, asking if I enjoyed them, how I felt—was I shocked. Not shocked, not disgusted, not really anything I can describe at the moment. Into the room, and again: it doesn't hit home until it's right there in front of you. The sounds—moaning, groaning, sucking; hazy shapes standing in a semi-circle vaguely outlined in the dark. The temperature's up 20 degrees. It's hot, humid, almost sticky. And intriguing—faintly exciting. I want to see. But I can't, I won't. I'm not going in there—someone might grab at me, pull me in. I've seen enough. We leave.

I need a drink and a place to talk. Dave suggests the Carriage-House, it's close, it's gay, and I had never been in a gay bar. We sit down and I start talking, trying to put it all together.

○

I wasn't shocked, I felt no disgust, although parts of the movies did make me a little queasy. It wasn't my scene, that's all. It was the openness of the situation that really impressed. The candor without the hangups. A facility to ease frustrations. Not a whore house, but a meeting place. And if you met someone you liked, well...

I was jealous, damn it. Why don't I have a place like that to go to? When I'm horny, I've got two alternatives—endless bar games with the vague promise of getting lucky, and my unfeeling right hand. Granted, it's not always like that. There are periods of stable and sometimes prolonged affairs, but they come

and go. It's the gone times when a facility like the baths would sure ease the tension.

It was explained to me that the baths aren't for everybody, that frequent habitués are even looked down on from some circles. That the scene is rather mild compared to what goes on in the parks and in some city washrooms. That there are some really heavy clubs around, with pretty heavy people. That most gay nightclubs are really no different from any other nightclub—the same games go on, the same verbal interplays leading, hopefully, to a romp in the sack.

I mentioned an acquaintance who is gay—does he know him? Know him? Surprise, surprise—he's slept with him. I shouldn't have been surprised but I was, and it threw me. I tried to picture it in my mind, the two of them together. Again, it doesn't strike home until it's thrown right in your face: it's no more strange than mentioning so-and-so to a buddy and being informed that she's a good lay. I'm learning something.

It was an education too, afterwards, telling friends about the experience. Some laughed, thought it was a great story, in a 'hohoho, you're a latent fag' kind of way. Some were positively disgusted, calling it sick and unnatural, redeclaring the war on homosexuals. Most threw in the word courage—courage to actually go into *that place*. Wasn't I afraid of getting molested, of getting manhandled?

I can't see it as being in any way courageous. To even consider that would have to be the ultimate ego trip—to be afraid that there would be swarms pressing around me, after my miserable body. I might have felt that way once, but not any more. In fact, I must admit a slight let-down that nobody did make any overt moves. Am I that unattractive?

Only one of my friends expressed a desire to go a gay bath himself—to gain the same insights I had, or possibly different ones. I respect that person very much. Furthermore, I also respect, totally, the gay scene as I've viewed it—limited as that view might be. I've learned much from it and have come a great deal closer to my own personal liberation. I feel much cleaner. ■

Greg Smith is a Toronto-based writer whose byline has appeared in several Canadian and U.S. publications. Yes, his real name is Greg Smith and yes, he is straight. *Directions* respects the value of non-gay perspectives and the possible advantages of insight gained from vantage points other than our own. Up-coming *Directions* will feature articles by a Metro Toronto Police Department official and other non-gay sources.—Editor



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34 year old: into many things. Interested in physical communication with muscular athletes, massage, greek and french from both ends. Photo with reply receives same. D210

W/M, 28: masc. looking for entertaining evenings with same. Please send photo. D211

Roommate wanted: 28 yr. old, 5'10", dark hair, moustache, looking for roommate who likes to party (concerts, clubs, especially dancing and music). Prefer downtown core area and have no furniture. Have steady weekday job, easy to get along with, good cook, clean. No drags or far-outs, please. D212

Wanted: records, sheet music, mags, piano rolls from 20's and 30's. D. Kelly, 292-2542. D213

Guy, 27: slim, masculine, moustache, into work boots, jocks, spanking, w/s—digs slim, masculine guys under 30. Photo a must. D214

Bi male, 37: wishes to meet bi couple in London area, or bi female. Reply to P.O. Box 954, Lambeth, Ontario. D215

Young W/M: seeks uniformed policeman for heavy greek and french sessions. Serious replies only. Photo a must. D216

W/M: 27, 5'6", fair haired, blue eyes, average looks, fairly intelligent, very interested in all types of music. Enjoys concerts. Would like to meet man with similar interests, same age or older. Serious replies only. D217

W/M, 5'8": age 28, 130 lbs., average looks, fairly intelligent. Interests include music, movies, walking, quiet times, partying (especially dancing). Would like to meet man same age or older with similar interests. Serious replies only. Photo if possible. D218

Masc. w/m: 23, 6', 175 lbs, moustache and good body, seeks hairy W/M to 40 for wild mutual Greek, Fr., J/O, W/S and some S/M sessions. Open to your scene, heavy or otherwise. All serious replies with photo will be answered. D219

Horny: moustached, spectacled guy, 35, with trim body, seeks attractive well-built male, humorous more than sensitive, more imaginative than my cat to turn me on. This is my first ad. Photo appreciated. D220

High-rise: Do elevators get a rise out of you? Nude balcony scenes? Humpy, blonde guy, 31—my employees think I may be slightly kinky (cock rings, handcuffs, dildoes, etc.). I pay them to be right. I am most anxious to explore the above games with someone who knows the rules and has the toys. I prefer beards, glasses and professional men the same age or older. D221

Chinese, 21: 5'8½", 120 lbs., born in Hong Kong, have been in Canada for four years. Very lonely and in need of some gay friends (18-28) for a lasting friendship (you can write to me in English or Chinese.) D229

A professional man: mid thirties, into skiing, dining out, theatre, outdoor activities, am interested in sharing my experiences with a young blond, blue-eyed man. A photo would be appreciated. D222

27 yr. old man: masculine looking, interested in meeting young man aged 18 to 20 who is interested in all things entertaining. Photo would be appreciated. D223

White male: 28, masc-looking, interested in outdoors, music and good times. Please send recent photo of the real you. D224

Gay guys: Rooms, flats, apartments. Furnished and unfurnished. Broadview—Gerrard area. Phone Don or Dennis 922-4961 or 463-2572. D225

Guy, 21: seeks companion to go dancing, movies, drinking or just a good time. I'm 5'8", long brown hair, blue eyes, moustache, 150 lbs. Would like to meet others around the same age with similar interests. Send photo and facts. D226

Young: handsome blue-eyed blonde with provocatively creative and sensuous body will escort, massage, or pose by the hour, day, or week(end). Free for unlimited travel. Endowed, uninhibited and discreet. Nude photo: \$2.00. Photo set: \$10.00. Will also pose through the mails—you name it—I'll do it. Teros. Box 62, Lewiston, N.Y., 14092. D227

2 young men: wish to share their charming fully-furnished older home. Danforth-Pape. Please call evenings, 465-5766. D228

Cinderella wanted: Two wicked step-sisters seeks young person with Cinderella fantasies to clean house in return for for your own little corner to sleep. Must clean, cook and be organized. D230

Letters: Enjoy receiving and sending hot correspondence. Nothing is too graphic for my mind. Discretion is not the better part of valour. D231

Polaroids: I'm not interested in the hills and valleys of this earth. What do you have to offer? I'll show you mine if you show me yours. D232

36, Slim: 6' 155 lbs, redhead, fed up with searching, needs hung top man, but am versatile. No hang ups except no hard drugs, please. D234

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Toronto, Ontario M5B 1Y7
(416) 862-1544

Dignity

Box 249, Stn. E
Toronto, Ontario M6H 4E2

Gay Academic Union

Box 396, Stn. K
Toronto, Ontario M4P 4E2

Gay Alliance at York

Office: 216 Vanier College Res.
(416) 667-3509, 667-3632
Mailing Address: c/o CYSF
Central Square, Rm. 105
York University
4700 Keele Street
Downsview, Ontario M3J 1P3

Gay Alliance Toward Equality

193 Carlton Street
Toronto, Ontario M5A 2K7
(416) 964-0148

Gay Equality Mississauga

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Toronto, Ontario M5B 1H8
Drop-in/Office,
7 days/wk., 7 pm-midnight
Church (416) 364-9799
Distress Line (416) 364-9835

NDP Gay Caucus

163 Rusholme Rd.
Toronto, Ontario M6H 2Y6

Toronto Area Gays

Counselling service/phone line
Box 6706, Stn. A
Toronto, Ontario
(416) 964-6600

Personal Directions

How to place your Personal Directions advertisement:

1. Please print your ad and required information on the order form provided below.
2. Mention your city or province in your ad copy.
3. Remit total cost of ad, at 10¢ per word (minimum \$1.00) for inclusion in one issue

Note: All ads are coded. Your name and address are never published.

Please observe postal regulations; do not send obscene materials through the mail.

You may pay by cash, cheque or money order, payable to TATMAR MARKETING LTD.

If, for some reason we cannot forward your reply, we will refund your dollar if you have included your name and address on the outside mailing envelope with your reply. *Directions* does not require your name and address, except for refund purposes; therefore, the provision of such information is optional. Tatmar Marketing Ltd. will not knowingly accept fraudulent, obscene or

How to reply to a Personal Directions advertisement:

1. Place your reply in an envelope and seal.
2. Print *code number of ad to which you are replying* in the centre of the envelope.
3. Enclose this envelope in a larger envelope, along with your \$1.00 payment of *Directions*' handling fee (by cash, cheque or money order payable to TATMAR MARKETING LTD.)
4. Address this larger envelope to: *Tatmar Marketing Ltd., 744 Dundas Street East, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M5A 2C3.*

Note: Do not send obscene materials through the mail.

offensive advertising. Since it is impossible to investigate each advertiser, we will not assume responsibility for transactions between advertiser and reader. Anyone corresponding with or through this publication must comply with all Provincial and Federal laws affecting such correspondence. No advertisements will be knowingly accepted from persons under the age of 21.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

Name: _____

Address: _____

City: _____

Province/State: _____

Postal Code: _____

Ad wording: _____

Enclosed: \$ _____

for the above ad in _____ issues.

(Remit 10¢ per word, per issue)

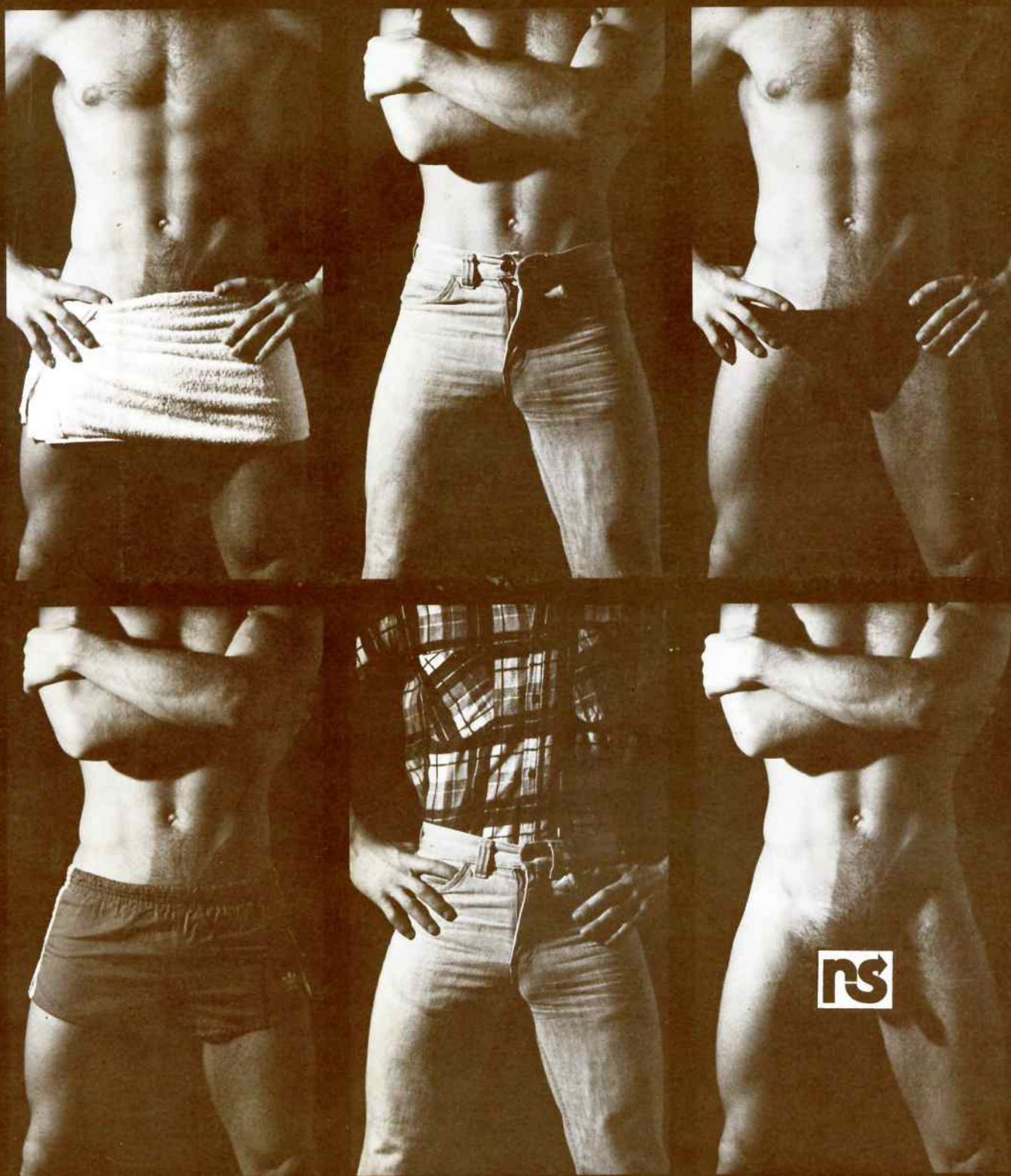
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snack bars, games rooms,
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72 Carlton Street, Toronto 924-6169



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Richmond Street Health Emporium 260 Richmond Street East 363-4329