TWICE MONTHLY

GAY

TWENTY FIVE CENTS

VOL. I No. 5 TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA Monday 15th. 1964

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LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

It is indeed very gratifing to see that a publication has finally been realized to express publically the homosexual viewpoint. If you continue to publish GAY in a straight forward manner I will be unashamed to pass it on to my associates regardless of their own sexual inclination. In fact today I presented a copy of GAY to a "straight" friend and pointed out particularily the excellent article by Don Philip - "the Biased I"

For the record, my friend was deeply impressed and he readily admitted that his knowledge of gay life is apparently filled with the many wierd misconceptions that are so predominent in "straight" society.

It is my friends contention (and mine also) that GAY could concievably be the voice in the wilderness that will be finally heard and could be the Moses that will lead our people to the point of receiving the acceptance that we so earnestly yearn. Of course, in order to do so, it would be absolutely essential that our publication maintain a high standard with the continuance of the refinement that has so proficiently been initiated.

One thing that must be conveyed to our brothers of the straight society is that we of the gay world are not all "wash-room lovers", child-molesters, bar-flies, mid-night street walkers and such. On the contrary, we are as much an individual with morals, ideals, ambitions and aspirations as any other individual on this earth.

To present an actual picture to the doubting Thomas' permit me to briefly discribe the particular clique with whom I am associated: Firstly there are approximately twenty in our group who are all members of the homosexual world. A few are lesbians. The majority of us are engaged in work which has responsibilties in varying degrees (from office workers to the professional man who incidentally is in the upper income bracket). For our social pleasures, we bowl, golf, participate in summer and winter sports, visit on occasion, a night club engage in discussions ranging from local gossip to the political situation to the review of a good book. Many of us are interested in classical music, ballet and opera.

For a weekend away from home, we often visit Toronto and enjoy a pleasant night at one (or all) our gay clubs.

Granted, this is just a skim over the surface of the many enjoyments of our life; however, I do want to show that although our sexual inclinations are as vigarous as any heterosexual, we are not all the sex maniacs that we are considered to be. We are merely individuals seeking to live as individuals with the same protected rights to which all Canadians are supposed to be entitled.

It is popular opinion that all homosexuals are psychologically ill in dire need of professional guidance. To a degree it is true that most of us are psychologically burdened but, it is not

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Editorials

The world is full of people, each with his own interpretation of the world about him. The ever-moulding environment influences every aspect of our lives. It is only through nature's endownment of the power of adaptability that we successfully pass through life.

During the passage, we are required to react, and in so doing, we prepare a clutch of customs to hand down to thosewho follow. A man lives not for himself alone, but for every other man who has lived before him, and every man who is, or shall be, on the face of the universe.

For our part, we must be prepared to offer the connecting link to represent our time period. Nature has designed the course, and we are compelled to play our part.

Let us make our way to satisfaction and prepare the way of the sons and daughters of the next generation. With this in mind we present our views to the world.

Our dear friend Melba finishes her writings from "Day and Night" in this issue, and Dorian has a few thoughts to express on gay marriages. We also have a bit of humor scattered throughout. Ron writes two articles for us as well. Drop a line and let us know how you like what we have to offer.

On The Cover

"THE BROTHERS"

The brotherhood of man is a law which breaks the bonds of all man-made restrictions. Dispite dominance of one race over another, the bonds of love are still evident. Enough running down of our fellow man. It's high time we grew up and learned how to love. After all why were we put on this planet?

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Platform

In each issue we will provide space for the use of our readers. Letters, essays, and manuscripts of various nature will be published, as a service to those readers who wish to express themselves openly. Submission of material indicates permission to publish same without further correspondence. Address all material to PLATFORM, Gay Publishing Co., 122 Wellington Street West, Toronto 1, Ontario. The editors of GAY magazine do not necessarily agree with opinions expressed in this column. GAY will not be responsible for the return of any unsolicited material unless it is accompanied by a stamped self-addressed envelope.

THE MIDDLE SEX

a GAY serial

Inside, out of the early morning air, Sandy took Ronnies coat and directed him to the living room.

From a quick glance Ronnie observed Sandy's apartment was furnished modestly, but not without taste. In the magazine rack Ronnie noticed several physique magazines. The cover of one caught his eye.

"I see you found my favorite copy". interupted Sandy.

"The cover caught my eye". stated Ronnie. "Please explain it to me". asked Ronnie.

"You are not the first to ask and probably not the last". replied Sandy.

"As you can see, the body of this man is distorted, but only in certain areas. For instance, from his waist down, his thighs are heavy and loose. Yet between his knees and ankles his leg muscles are firm and well developed. His chest and shoulders are well formed but there is no shape to his waist. He is out of proportion. It is self explanitory really. The picture shows what a mess a person could make of himself, unless he has professional instruction in body building."

"Very interesting". said Ronnie.

"Do you work out here, or at a gym?" Ronnie asked.

"I do most of my work-outs here! answered Sandy.
Would you like to see my so called gym?
"Yes I am quite interested". replied Ronnie

Down a short hallway Sandy led Ronnie to a room, possibly a spare bedroom Sandy pushed the light switch and after a second the room was as bright as day. There were two large fluouescent light fixtures in the ceiling that gave out a terrific force of light. One wall was completely covered with sections of mirrors and the two joining walls had a portion of mirrors also, so that a person standing in any position could see his complete body. On the other side of the room there were bar bells placed neatly on shelves and a built-in leather head rest at either side. On the floor there was a tumble mat, excercise bicycle and a large medicine ball.

"Well what do you think? asked Sandy.

"It is just great? replied Ronnie."
"To me it looks just like the real thing".

"It is the real thing." answered Sandy. "Do you feel up to a work out?"
"Sure, I could use some excercise." replied Ronnie.
"Well come on then, you will have to get into a pair of tights." stated Sandy.

Out of the gym and down the hall Sandy led Ronnie into a large bedroom that was also very brightly lit. Almost to bright. There could be no modesty here.

Sandy handed Ronnie a pair of navy blue work-out tights that looked awful small to Ronnie.

"Here try these on." said Sandy!

"They look too small to me" Ronnie said.

"You will find that they stretch: answered Sandy.

Ronnie stalled for time, hoping that Sandy would leave him alone to change There was so such luck. Sandy went to the closet and took out a pant hanger and waited.

Slowly and reluctently Ronnie removed his shirt placing it on the bed. Quickly Sandy picked it up and placed it over his arm.
Deciding to get it over with, Ronnie unzipped his trousers, and sat on the bed and removed them. Standing up again he pulled his shorts down and looked around for the tights.

All the while Sandy was standing by enjoying Ronnies modesty.

"You have a lovely body." said Sandy breaking the dead silence.

"Thank you" said Ronnie.

"It would be interesting to work out without the tights, but hardly practical," said Sandy.

As Ronnie pulled the tights over his ankles Sandy moved closer.

Continued next edition.

Mothers Advice

Dear Mother

I am a bright, intelligent genious. I don't consider myself gay, though I adore boys and they adore me. Do you think I have a problem?

- Dave

Dear Dave;

You have yourself - why worry?

Dear Mother,

I am a drag queen and I adore policemen . How can I get to meet some?

- C.C.

Dear C.C.

Try to join the powder puff patrol honey, or get arrested.

Dear Mother

I am a girl who goes to the "gay clubs" I am attracted to quite a few boys there. How can I get them to take notice of of me?

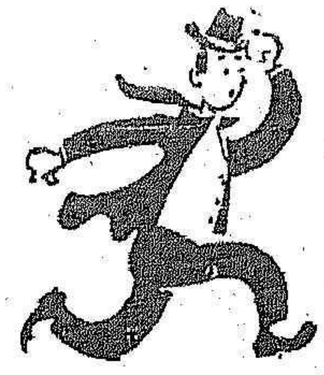
- Wanda.

Dear Wanda;

Forget it girl. What are you a troublemaker?.

HEARD ANY NEWS LATELY?
Send All Copy to GAY.....

Diary of a "CALL BOY"



MONDAY

I was very fortunate in court today. This impaired driving charge was dismissed due to my capable lawyers explanation. I did not take the breath test and there was no strong evidence that I was impaired. I am going out to celebrate tonight.

TUESDAY

With summer finaly breaking through, the Island in Toronto will be the favorite haunt for a good portion of my customers. It seems that, as soon as the weather breaks, everyone heads for the Island. Mandy told me the other day that she was going to cruise the ferry boat. What she doesn't know is that she won't be the only one.

WEDNESDAY

I have been invited to a bar mitzvah tonight. I have never been to one so it should be interesting. The family that is holding it must be rich since they have rented a very famous dining room in a first rate hotel. I plan to do some shopping this afternoon.

THURSDAY

I was never so embarrased in my life before. Last night at the coming out celebration I met one of my steady tricks. He was sitting at the head table. He even had the nerve to come over and talk to me. I don't know how he is associated with the family, but he sure is a classic.

FRIDAY

I missed my steam bath yesterday and I will probably have to let it go until next week. Tonight I have been asked to play a small part in a Gay show. One of the club owners approached me, since I am quite well known in the trade. I will play the part of a destitute boy in need of money and love.

(cont. on page 15)

Reflections

When I was in my early teens I knew nothing about the gay world per se, except that there were strange places like Greenwich Village and Greece, seemingly so far away that they couldn't do me any good. I lived in a small Ontario town where an organized homosexual world was absolutely unheard of. The only sources which offered information on the subject were my history books and expos'e magazines. The latter certainly didn't make me feel any better about my condition. I thought that I was one of very few "different" individuals.

How terribly rough it is on a young teenager or pre-teener to think that he is ill or ABNORMAL. He thinks that he is completely apart from all other human beings. He can't fit himself in. Anguish gnaws away at hime and reduces him. His whole direction in life is altered.

I was too ashamed and embarrassed to talk to my parents or my friends, or anybody at all for that matter, about my misfortune in life. And having been raised a strong Roman Catholic, I was convinced that I was doing grevious wrong, and not even God Almighty wanted me. I was alone.

Then I moved to the legendary big city. All I can say today is "Thank God for Toronto."

THE FUNNY SIDE.

by Dorian-

Gay people more than any other group have a talent for laughing at themselves.

Although in a deep state of depresion, a gay boy can unite with groups of his own set and soon forget the cruel insults he suffers at home or in his job. In relating his difficulty to other gay kids he can even turn it into a big joke. "So he says to your mother you're fired, you fruit!, so I took my eyebrow pencil and swished out."

The greatest fear of all homosexuals and their greatest enemy, is age, yet more jokes and smart remarks are made re this painful subject. "Tell your Old Mother all about it Dear."

Miss B has been 904 longer than Jack Benny has been 39.

LADY MARSHALL of the international set always accused of having had seven face lifts and it is assumed that she is older than her creator. Rumor even has it that with all her money she was able to have hair riveted into her scalp to replace what had waved "bye-bye"

One of the nicest people in Toronto is a shinny little queen usually found in the Union House called the DUCHESS. "She" has never been heard to say a nasty word about anyone and will always come to the defense of the under dog. She is the butt of all her own jokes.

Most fairy jokes are told by gay people-who do them so well---

Did you ever hear about the gay Australian who left Adelaide and went back to "Sidney"- No that wasn't Madam Melba.

MISS B. excelled recently in her skit as Monica the Maverick Nun, supported by Cora, who has a perenial pious Harlot expression on her face, Al was good too.

A SAD NOTE - someone recently lost an excellent job as a result of an obvious mention of his name in a gay column. Let's be more careful from now on Lady Bessborough-whoever you are.

GAY DICTIONARY

QUEEN - A glamorous femme
FAGGOT - An effeminate queen.
SIMP - A sick faggot.
BUTCH - A Man-male
FEMME - A woman-male
DRAG - A woman-male in appropriate dress.
SWISH - to wiggle one's hips down a main thoroughfare.
CRUISE - to shop for it
MINCE - to hustle your buns like a woman.

Take A Good Look

Parents neglect their offspring too much. It is sheer neglect which results in all kinds of twisted, deranged children and adolescents. How in the name of Heaven can we possibly grow up to be normal well-adjusted adults? Its a useless effort: we struggle to grow up as best we can, and then when we finally reach our place in the social structure of our fathers and mothers (who so lovingly raised us), their laws and the police are right to condemn and to put us in jail for not being perfect. That is to say, for not being able to live up to their standards. What stupid idiots people are! The next generation (the ones that make it) will refuse to admit its faults, and we'll have the same old vicious cycle. We must check ourselves and start to make this world suitable for ourselves.

All the while a child is maturing its life is moulded by the hands of its parents—whether skilled or unskilled. Parents are powerful gods, and yet some degenerate woman in a cheap insect-ridden shack becomes a creator of life simply because she wants to have a man - any man to gratify her lustful desires for half an hour..... A matter of minutes and a life is originated-and lost. Many teenagers, who are not mature themselves, marry and rear children.

If most of these trade kids had someone to really trust and believe in, someone who would love them from the soul, they wouldn't have to go trade in the first place in search of a psuedo-love relationship. There are other reasons why young boys, during the precarious teen years, sell themselves, but "lack of" love and acceptance plays a great role in the cause. One Canadian city has taken a step towards helping young boys to re-adjust to society. The people involved get right out on the street where it counts. They offer a better life of understanding and acceptance to young misfortunates. These people, unlike religious organizations, reach the heart. Can you imagine people actually giving hard earned money to support a worthy cause? It must have hurt. There are all kinds of deprived people under our eyes, and we have only begun to help.

Adulthood is new and strange to everyone. We must be made ready for all its frustrating situations. It is during childhood and adolescence that we must be prepared, yet parents, not being psychologists, can't see in their children small quirks which can and should be corrected. Think of the number of wasted lives there are in our midst.

The bohemian and beat types deserve a pat on the back for rejecting archaic ideas. They want a new life, they set their own standards, and strive for a goal they can believe in. They belong to each other, and can live in a world of total acceptance of being.

Homosexuals also form their own world. They must. The acceptance of one gay person by millions of other gay people constitutes a society. Organized gaydom proves that the laws of the straight society are only arbitrary. Our law-makers do not realize that all people need acceptance. Laws can be made versatile, but are not. Why is there not freedom and equality, which are supposed to be the foundation of our culture, but are not. Why must we be governed by straight people and their laws?

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Home Life Of A Homo Marriage

by DORIAN

Too many reporters have supplied statistics regarding the promiscuity of gay people based on the night people of Toronto and other cities.

There are many useful citizens of Metro who are not to be seen in gay spots and who enjoy permanent life-relationships.

Let us stress the importance of marriage in gay life and encourage more young homosexuals to unite in a lasting friendship.

Due to the lack of children and legal bonds, gay marriages usually end with the first quarrel. One must be ready to fight for the right to happiness using the weapons of understanding, maturity, forgiveness, and forget foolish pride, which is the enemy of gay marriages.

Points to remember regarding gay life-boy meets boy-falls in love, and gets married. Just like in the movies-well almost!

True life heterosexual boy meets girl (then usually) courts her for up to two years then an engagement results, and finally, a marriage. These two are bound by large family circles and ties as well as the usual contract. Also, it is generally expected that they will wed. "till death."

Not so with the gay couple. They no sooner mention their plans when old aunties are heard to say "it won't last."

Gay marriages are sabotaged by ridicule, convention, jealousy, and by the best friends of both parties. Homosexuals seem to enjoy breaking up a home. Many "married" boys have told me that they never receive as much attention from other men as when they are attracted to one person.

Several ministers I have known, both gay and straight, have told me they would bless the union of any truly sincere couple who wished to feel truly married. A recent story in a local daily, mentioned a minister who agreed to bless such a union.

If such value is put on gay marriage by men of God, surely we, ourselves should take it more seriously and even society will see the advantages of encouraging gay people to hold up their heads and be proud that they are creations of God with the courage of their convictions.

(cont. from page 2)

professional help that we need: it is merely social acceptance.

Thus far, I have not been "found out" and I have therefor, been able to achieve a modest reputation in my community being a member on a few committees and have been able to maintain the respect of my neighbors and my many co-workers. I constantly ask myself this question: Why would all my "straight" associates ban me from their midst if they "found out about me" if they can accept me now as they do????

The few words I intended to write have multiplied many times. Nevertheless, I hope that I have been able to convey to you my sincere appreciation for the worthy stand you have taken. Your efforts deserve the undivided support of each of us who want to prove to our straight brothers that we, as individuals differ not from them other than in our sexual inclinations.

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THE BIASED I

by DON PHILIP

Well, summer is almost here and with it our annual emancipation from heavy overcoats, bulky sweaters, and ---long underwear????

Out come the mint green short sleeve shirts, lilac burmudas, and the same bathing suit we've been wearing for the last twelve years.

All of which leads to a very disturbing question: are we, as a group, among the pace-setters when it comes to style or do we slavishly conform to our own group?

Before you all jump up on your soap boxes, let me explain that I'm not referring to some members of the "outer" fringe" who would willingly mince down Main Street in a stunning (or is it "stunned?") outfit of lavender and chartreuse; let's forget about those colour-blind starlets!

I'm talking about the average homosexual (if there is such an animal), who twice a year seems to rummage through his wardrobe and ask himself the two basic questions which determine what he's going to wear for the coming season:

"Is it camp enought?" and "Is it tight enough?"

"Campness?" Isn't "camp" really another word for "obvious"? And if so, who needs it?

"Tight enought?" Let me state right now that a certain amount of looseness (in trousers, shorts, etc.) is not only more provocative, it's actually healthier. Besides, there are lots of fellows who are simply too thin to wear skin-tight clothing. So, loosen up, girls, relax and have, at least, a comfortable, but cooler, summer.

In the colder months of the year the two items of clothing which annoy me most are bulky knit sweaters, particularly of the mohair variety, and pearl stickpins.

It makes me angry to finish a romantic tango with someone only to find pink mohair all over my black wool cardigan. I may gain six ounces of pink mohair, but I usually lose a friend. However, let me go on record as saying that I'm definately in favour of "his-and-hers" bulky knit pullovers.

And can you think of a single piece of jewellery that is more often assumed to be phoney than a pearl. stickpin? Does anybody have a real one?

When summer comes along, out come the old standards: the white sneakers and the five-and-dime sunglasses.

Just think for a moment. What could be more ridiculous than paradin g up and down Main Street in a pair of white sneakers? And, in addition, they're hot and uncomfortable on city pavements. Whatever happened to desert boots?

And how about these night people who tour the bars around midnight wearing dark sunglasses? Are we supposed to think they're some kind of celebrities? Common' girls, get the glasses off and give us a chance to gaze into your lovely eyes!

And then there's the greatest of all follies: the bathtub ritual with a pair of new denims. Imagine diving into a bathtub filled with bleach, detergents, Mr Clean, assorted aromatic perfumes, starch, and various other chemical compounds just to shrink and discolour a pair of blue jeans! Why not simply buy a pair that were made in Japan?

Well, I'm glad I got all my complaints about clothing off my chest (such as it is). I think I'll go change into my pink mohair sweater, black ascot with pearl stickpin, white sneakers, sunglasses and blue jeans, that is if they've dried yet.....

GIVE TO CONQUER
LEUKEMIA

With our acceptance of the boys for what they were, they began to accept us as friends. The experience and depth of this new friendship can be compared with none other, for the relationship itself was unique in many ways.

Sometimes it doesn't realy rain. The air is saturated with misty pearl droplets which turn everything they touch to dull silver- the telephone wires, the fence posts and the unlit windows. Even the trembling leaves of the trees are silver-plated; the leaves of the trees silently submit to the force of a certain wind, the face of which seems to come from within the tree itself. Everything is dripping and wet; still there is no falling of rain.

Thats how it was raining when they called me to my window - "Come on, we're having a party!" I threw on some clothes, and barefoot, ran outside to meet them in the street. As we made our way across the sand dunes, I couldn't help but think that this might have been any--where--we might have been a small caravan of Arabs crossing the desert with our provisions on our backs. In the vastness of the night we were like seven little grains of sand lost among mountains and covered with a starry blanket. Eventually we arrived at the beach and settled ourselves comfortably near some old sunbaked pilings that were said to be the remains of Eugene O'Neil's shack, where he first lived when he came to Provincetown.

A cloak of carefreeness and understanding wrapped itself around us and kept us warm as we ate our sandwitches-seven little grains of sand just laughing and talking in quiet voices in a seemingly never-ending content.

The Down Beat Club

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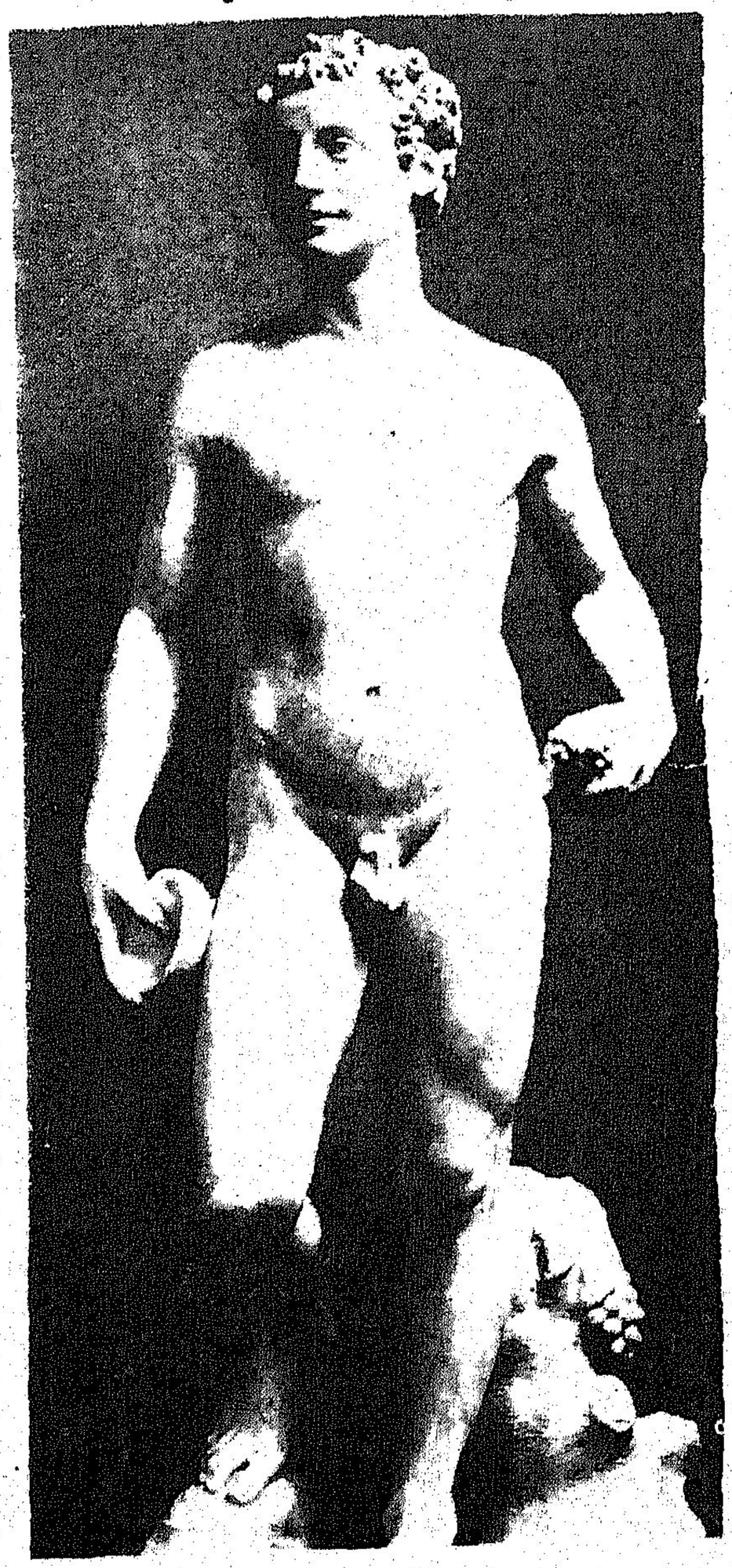

In ancient Hellas, among the Spartons and others, eugenics was practiced to the point of ruthlessness in order to insure a healthy and strong race of Greeks as those people worshiped strength and believed that greatness came from beauty. To the end of achieving physical and mental and moral perfection in their peoples, any child that appeared defective at birth was thrown over the cliff of Mount Taygetus, to die on the jagged rocks below.

DAY and NIGHT

by MELBA

A PORTRAIT OF ONLY ONE SAD YOUNG MAN

It was very difficult for me to allow myself to believe that someone as nice and as good as my friend Wayne was really one of these people. As we sat there in the laundromat I found myself staring at his face, trying to find something to disprove the all too obvious facts. It was an expressive face covered with freckles, enlivened with flaming red hair and capable of spreading warmth with a mere smile--the kind of face you see grinning at you from boxes of cereal in supermarkets or from toothpaste ads on television. Often there was a trace of a smile around his mouth, but his eyes, though they were sparkly and kind, seemed to have a certain pain behind them. It was as though they were looking at certain things - things that bother him a little - sort of like a cinder that was unable to become dislodged. When he spoke he spoke with directness and sincerety. There was nothing the least bit pretentious, affected, or superficial about him. He was very real, and it wasn't hard to understand why so many people could easily want to be near him. I understood the warmth that drew Arlene and Dmitri to Wayne's side. As we sat talking in the laundromat I felt that warmth too.

Here is the portrait of a young man who has much to offer the world, for his is intelligent, creative, deeply sensitive, magnetic in personality and handsome of face. But he is a sad young man whose life is confined to the "gay" world. He is a homosexual.

We all worked at the same restaurant, the Anchor Inn. In the beginning there were eight of us working at night; three girls and five boys. Eventually I switched to days, and one of the girls was fired, and so only six remained on the night staff-the five boys and Arlene. By coincidence Arlene and I both lived in the same building along with twenty other wild young "adults," and we became close friends. At first, both she and I refused to accept the fact that these boys were really "gay". But as time passed we could no longer fool ourselves into believing that they were not.

Shortly after Arlene began working nights at the Anchor Inn, we overheard one of the boys asking Wayne if he would be joining them after work. Wayne replied that he had a date. Shortly after the town clock had struck three a.m. Arlene and I found ourselves sitting in her room discussing the boys and the day's events. As we were talking it was possible to look out on Commercial St. and we were well aware of a well-dressed young man walking down the street. A new flicker of hope had entered our struggle for we naively believed that Wayne's date was with a girl. Perhaps fifteen minutes passed before the same boy re-appeared, only this time he was in the company of another boy and a dog.

The other boy was Wayne. Skipper, his stupid cocker spaniel, was not on her leash and was running exhuberantly here and there in crazy circles and stopping now and then to investigate little curiosities. Wayne followed her with his eyes, stopping every once in a while for her to catch up. As he waited for Skipper the other boy stopped under the street-light and Arlene and I saw him watching Wayne and looking at him in a way that was disturbingly strange. His gaze was one of desire. From that moment on it was hopeless to argue with the truth-we could only question the nature of it.

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Besides Sex

by RON

When the average heterosexual thinks of a homosexual, he thinks of a throbbing male adult, constantly in heat and looking for sexual gratification wherever he goes. The average person becomes nauseated and afraid.

The homosexual world is not entirely made up of sex. It is an attitude towards life. It is a world of ordinary people, different only in sexual inclinations in the bedroom. Homosexuals, or "gay"people, have all the traits of heterosexuals, or "straight" people.
Gay people play a large part in the lives of straight individuals, in fact, homosexuals infiltrate the foundation of our society.

It is a well known fact that homosexuality exists among the members of our government, and that every city of considerable size contains organized homosexual society.

On T.V. we can watch while a healthy young male romps across a field into the arms of a fair young maiden. This is the side we see, but an insight into their offstage activities would reveal that both are gay.

Take the average young housewife. She is lured into buying products which are promoted by gay advertising artists, she buys clothing designed by gay designers, she has her face fixed with makeup from gay folks, she listens to music, in privacy of her own home, which was composed by gay people, and she and her husband go to the movies and the theatre only to see the work of gay writers. Heterosexuals depend on homosexuals for a large part of their experiences.

Todays teenagers idolize popular singers and actors, little realizing that they are gay. The entertainment world consists of gay folk.

Gay males have the understanding of manhood as well as a richer consideration for female view of life. They have an insight into both worlds, hence are more versatile individuals.

Gay people have moral values, a broader understanding of life, and in gay people have an adaptive sense of moral values, and a broader, deeper understanding of human behaviour. Gay persons make more sensitive psychiatrists and doctors, and understanding priests and ministers.

A very religious group, they have more strength and endurance, and can face an innumerable number of hardships. They are a peace-loving society.

Keep In Style with GAY

"Oh, They're for my sister

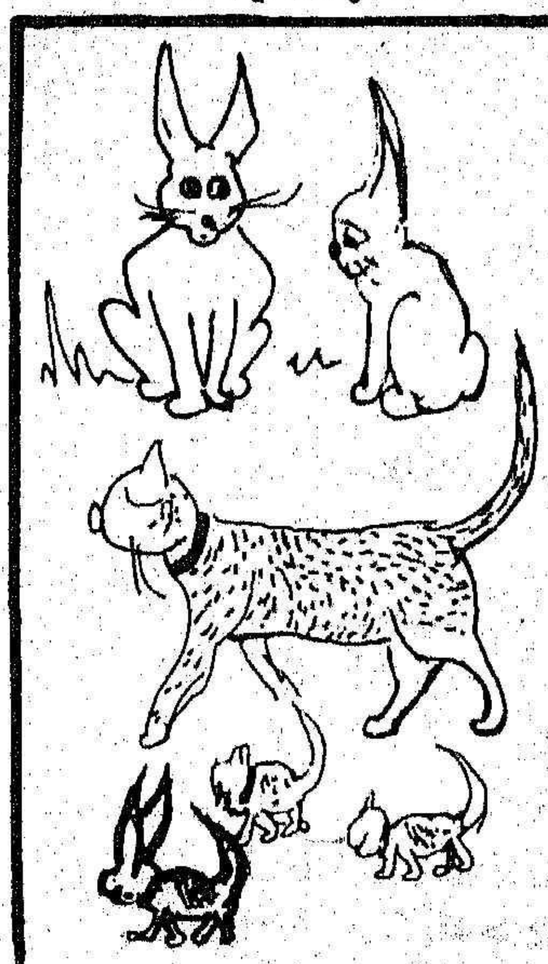
FASHION

Its lightweights for summer fun. Appearing in all quarters are the dazzling iridescent checks and stripes. Summer shirts call for shantungs, linens, and seersuckers, Fabric-wise you'll find manufacturers using terylene for strength, worsted for body, and mohair for lustre.

Indian madras checks are making a big splash this season. The colours in bleeding madras run into each other every time the cloth is washed. Madras is available in shirts, sportscoats, and patched walking shorts.

Silk shantung and iridescent tones are the big thing in neckwear. Popular, are wide multi-colour bars, bright regimental stripes, and dark and pastel combinations.

Have you tried Jade East cologne an after-shave? You can get Jade East in a colorful bamboo case with spray cologne and spray deordorant.



"BITS AND PIECES"

by

Swishie Puss

With all the crime going on in our city can't Metro find more to do with their detectives than hiding them in department store washrooms. Watch that 7th floor washroom at Lady Simpson's, Girls The fuzz is wise!

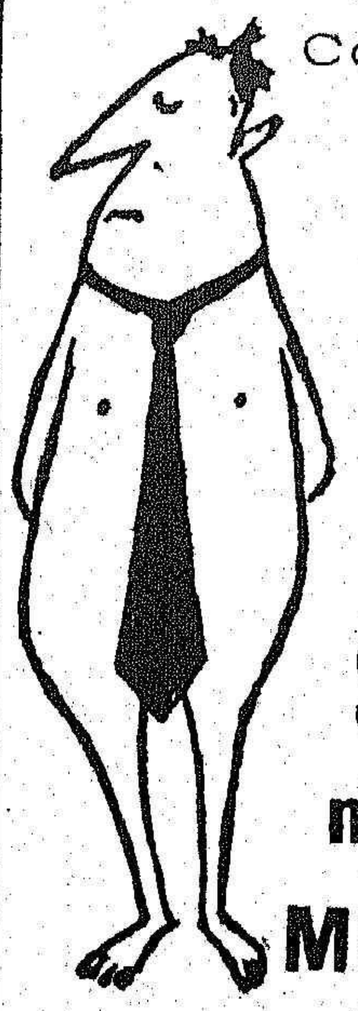
Saw Louise being waited on by Stella last week. I see she's still holding her ear on with tape.

Connie is auctioning off all her belongings before taking off to entertain the boys in Europe.

Wonder how Alberta's "cocker" got his leg broken? Just asking!

If you would like to know why **GAY** is the standard of comparison ask **THE EDITOR**

"BERMUDA SHORTS"
CUSTOM-MADE-TO-MEASURE
ONE WEEK
Tapered, Lean,
Continental Style
(69 SHADES)



Silks
Denim
Burlap
Mohairs
Iridescents

FROM
$12.95
mister AL
MEN'S SHOP

425 Yonge Street Toronto
Opp. Eaton's College St.

MEET "HALF-BEAT HAROLD"

OPEN EVERY NIGHT 'Til 12 P.M.

THERE'S A LOT OF RECORD SHOPS... BUT THERE'S ONLY ONE...

"HALF-BEAT-HAROLD'S"
437 YONGE ST. OPPOSITE EATON'S COLLEGE ST.

THE MUSIC MAN

GABRIAL CLUB

When inserting an advertisement in "GAYbrial's" column, be sure tō enclose TWO DOLLARS ($2.00) for each insertion, in the "Ladies". or "Gentleman's" department.

When answering an advertisement in the "Ladies" or 'Gentleman's" columns, be sure to enclose ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) for each letter to be forwarded. And also be sure to enclose a stamped envelope bearing a 4¢ Canadian Stamp, for any Toronto advertiser, and 5¢ Canadian Stamp, for any outside advertiser. Americans can send coins instead of stamps. Address all mail to:-

GAYBRIAL, P.O. BOX 969, ADELAIDE STREET E. TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

When answering personal advertisements in these columns, care should be exercised to include the initial and number at the start of the letter at the top left hand corner, as an example -- Mr A. 113. Toronto. All letters must bear name and address of sender - not for publication.

Letters to be forwarded to advertisers should be placed in plain stamped evelopes outlined above but not sealed as all letters must be approved before being mailed to advertisers concerned It must be approved before being mailed to advertisers concerned. GAYBRIAL will enter into, no correspondence, with anybody.

No advertisements or letters can be accepted from anyone under the age of 21 years of age.

B-201, Toronto, Ont.
Young man interested in meeting non-prudish males under 40, interested in Discipline.

B-202, Preston, Ont.
Uninhibited male in early 40's interested in meeting equally-uninhibited singles or couples reasonably free evenings.

B203, Endwell, N.Y.
A two Gaiter man, interested in meeting men who have appetite for real love.

B204, Scarborough, Ont.
46, Good appearance, nice build and physique, enjoy life, looking for the lady of my life, can you help.

B-205, Toronto, Ont.
Looking for young interesting discreet friends of both sexes, I will be more than willing to reply.

B-207, Buffalo, N.Y.
Would like to meet other exciting men. I am 35, 6' 2" 180 lbs, would like to meet people who have special desires.

B-208, Winnipeg. Man.
Interested, in corresponding with people who have knowledge of old fashioned discipline, of a mild nature.

B210, Winnipeg, Man.
Young single man, interested in meeting broad minded people, have varied interests will answer all.

B-211, Chapleau, Ont.
38, 5'10" 180 lbs. I would like to meet, or correspond with anyone that could advise and educate me in the exotic and unusual.

B-212, Renovo, Pa.
Would like to meet and correspond with males from 23 yrs to 40, if possible in St Cathrines, Hamilton and Toronto areas, must be sincere.

B-214, Kansas City Mo.
Sincere, Physique fan, interested in corresponding with Males in my own age group I am 24, 6'1" 175 lbs, prefer blondes.

B-215, Cooksville, Ont.
Clean-cut, well dressed males interested in meeting gentleman who likes a man as his companion. Picture if possible.

B-216, Willowdale, Ont.
Young muscular male, 27, interested in sunbathing, nudism, etc., would like to meet men in the north subs. of Toronto, but will corr.

B-218, Toronto, Ont.
Bachelor, in late 30's, interested in meeting broad-minded gentlemen that can educate me in the strange and unusual. Picture appreciated, all letters answered.

B-219, Mil. Wisc.
Handsome male, business man, interested in corresponding with males who have desires for the unusual. send photo if possible, in explicit letter.

B-220, Montreal, Que.
Looking for model or amateur Photographer for special posing prefer Montreal area, but will correspond photo please.

BOOKS

EROS DENIED by Wayland Young (Grove Press $7.50) Gnashes at Christian attitudes towards sex. Young believes "There is no original sin except as we shroud ourselves in it!! He forecasts a day of "perfect freedom for every one to live in the manner he has been conditioned to by chance and society, or has chosen by introspection and will."

CHILDHOOD AND ADOLESCENCE by J.A. Hadfield (Penguin paperback $1.25) Decrees that in an atmosphere of love there need be no conflict between discipline and freedom. The author gave a frank interpretation of the signs of a maturing mind. A guide to parents who lack the understanding of the normal and abnormal traits in childhood and adolescence.

B-221, Buffalo, N.Y.
Bachalor, 6' 165 lbs 29 yrs.. have exclusive Buffalo Apt. willing to entertain males or females on shopping excursions, no prudes please.

B-222, Camden, N. J.
Unusual young man interested in the bizarre, and the exotic. would like to corr. with a transvestites, from the Toronto area. please enclose photo if possible.

B-225, Toronto Ont.
Generous man, 40, adaptable, interested in all sexes Exhilirated by silks & satins, Domination, Bizarre, shemales.

B-229. Toronto Ont.
Young professional male in late twenties. Interested in meeting other professional males, who are interested in music and art and are between 25 and 40 years

B-226 Toronto Ont.
Dominant male in early thirties 6' 195 lbs. interested in meeting docile men and women of all ages---will answer all.

B227, Toronto, Ont.
Young man, early 20's considered goodlooking fairly well built, wish to hear from fellows and butch girls, photo, phone no. appreciated but not necessary will answer all.

B-228, Toronto, Ont.
Generous 40'ish man enjoys Dominant females, English Governess, bizarre attire silks & satins, is most co-operative. Adaptable.

B-230 Montreal Que.
Interested in meeting young men who are truck drivers, Policemen or what have you. Will answer all. Encl. photo or phone number.

(cont. from page 5)

SATURDAY

It is going to be a busy night by the looks of things. Everyone seems to phone and ask at once.

The only thing I can do to-day is rest and eat lots of seafood.

Tomorrow I plan on going to the Island with Ronda. I am sure she will rattle on about her problems all day.

She is interesting anyway.

SUNDAY

This has been a grand day. Ronda and myself spent the whole day exploring the Island. It is amazing how many unexploited spots there are on Centre Island

Tomorrow is a holiday and I am going to Montreal with some friends. A pleasure trip, I might add, but who knows.????

Skin Magazines

by Don Philip

During the past few years almost every newstand in Canada, the United States, and Western European countries has been flooded with an ever-increasing numbers of "physique" magazines.

What I object to is not the fact that quantity of these publication is on the rampage, but that most of them still hide behind the guise of being legitimate body-building magazines.

Yet a glance through the current issues of some of these periodicals is enough to convince anyone that the magazines themselves are just as gay as some of the "nellies" who pose for them. Beautifully made-up young men are to be found draped in fish nets, prostrate of bear-skin rugs, "Candidly" photographed in the shower, or "caught" unaware sunning themselves presumably in some deserted South Seas paradise. Every once in a while a blue-jeaned, black-capped "hood" is furiously depressing the gas pedal of his motorcycle. (Funny, it always seems to be a two-seater!)

And some of the copy which accompanies the photographic layouts is even more obvious.

One of the most interesting extremes is to be found in the publication, "Youth In The Sun", published last summer in London, England. The publisher admits that one of his minor vices is to "wander the beaches, camera alert, to snap the relaxed faces and figures of sunbathing trouble—free youth." He admits that it may be an invasion of privacy but states that he never publishes a shot until he has made a "friend" of his victim!

He then proceeds to introduce us to two Venetian youths who are "poor, yet dignified, eager to make friends" and "grateful for small attentions," Antibes in Southern France is made to sound like a veritable gay paradise where the "soldiers strip off and frolic and dive like a school of porpoises."

One of the largest American publications, "Big" has a somewhat more chic habit of quoting from the works of well-known writers as slightly more subtle method of putting their point across.

One recent issue picture two youths sitting on the same surfboard (how cosy can you get?) with the caption reading "...the sunlit life of the companionship.

"...the sunlit life of companionship.... worth kingdoms of darkened dispair." The quotation accompanying another bikini-clad model is from Walt Whitman and reads: "Tenderly will I use you curling grass, It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men."

A sketch in the same magazine is captioned: "Baskets for all purposes. Made to order while you wait." Further on, a young man is draped in a fish net and why this moderately-built young man belongs in a body-building magazine isn't quite clear. Maybe it's that charming tattoo, "Mom", on his left arm.

Other physique magazines also extend interesting film offers with such provocative titles as: "Bathroom Athlete," "Boys In Prison," "The Captive," and "Gift for Demetius."

Needless to say, each of these films offers one or more of the stock characters: the tough motorcycle hood, the classic good-like youth, or the innocently sunbathing cherub. One of these magazines even goes so far as editorialize against government interference with mail entering and leaving the country.

This all goes to prove just how pretentious these magazines can be. So common', editors, let's recognize where all your sales come from. Maybe then you'll take out some of those mundane photos of overly-muscled sweethearts who belong in one of the legitimate body-building magazines.

your HEART FUND fights

> Heart Attack > Heart Defects

> Stroke > High Blood Pressure

CANADIAN GAY ARCHIVES

"Twice Monthly Gay Twenty Five Cents." Gay, vol. 1, no. 5, 1964, p. [1]. Archives of Sexuality and Gender, https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/DJPLCL716201807/AHSI?u=clga&sid=AHSI&xid=74459a0d. Accessed 11 Nov. 2020.