

TWICE
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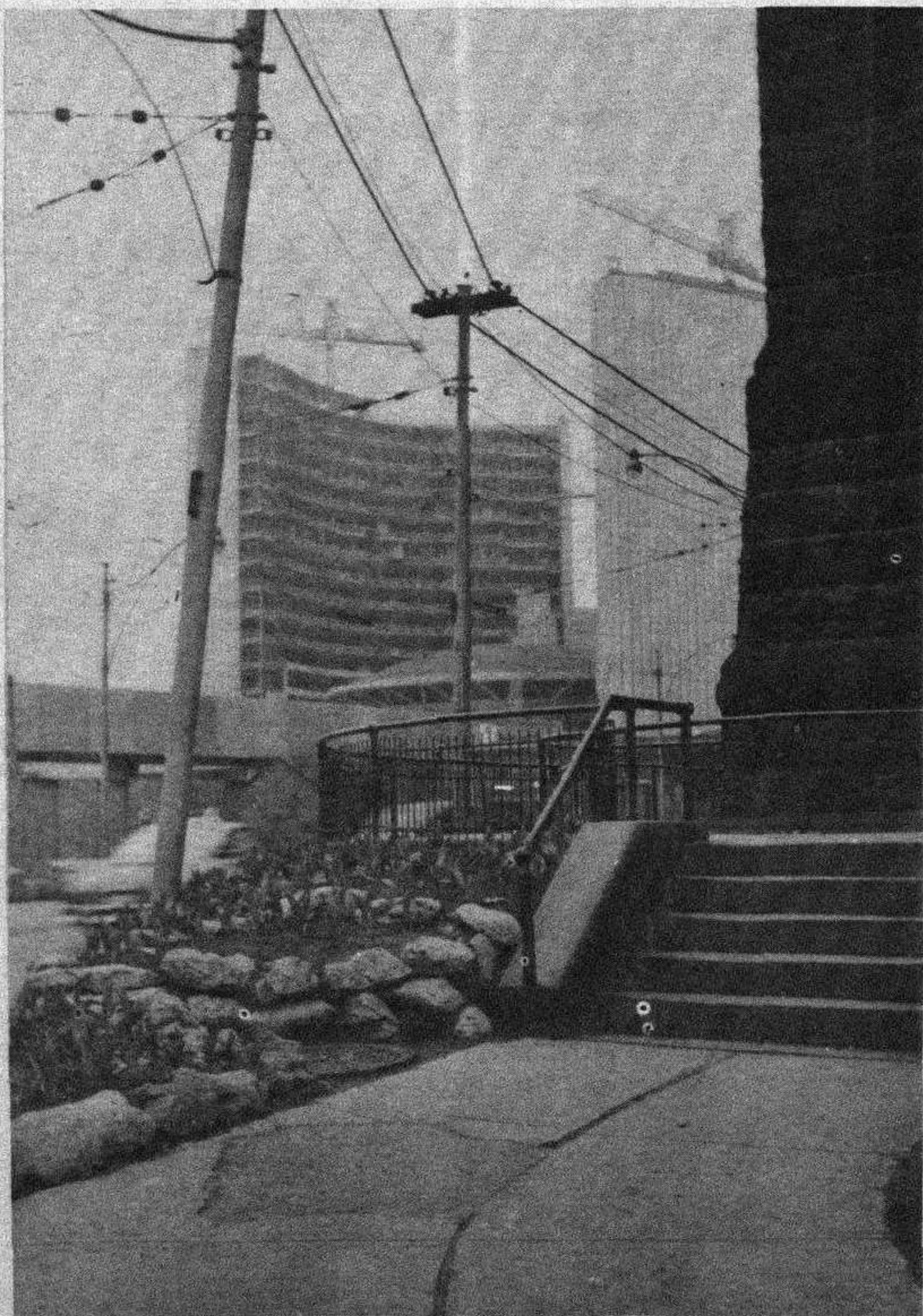
GAY

TWENTY
FIVE
CENTS

VOL. 1 No.4

TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

FRIDAY, MAY 29TH. 1964



INSIDE THIS ISSUE

DAY and NIGHT

SEE PAGE 6

TORONTO PICTORIAL

SEE PAGES 8 and 9

FASHIONS

SEE PAGE 13

The Homosexuality of Ancient Greece

SEE PAGE 12

UNTITLED

Such a lot of land the winter claimed.
It spread itself entirely, like something told.
The landscape seemed to be in heavy moods
And only fences wanted to be bold.

Trees are there too, strangled in useless groups.
Some struggle alone, as men do when they dare.
The fences choked in Winter's sterile case;
They'd prefer the shock of sparrows in their hair.

A shawl of gray-washed clouds frowned.
Beneath their brow a land sulked to its crest.
It seemed that fences knew the grave concern
That Winter felt while giving earth a rest.

P.J.

A SELF PROCLAIMED
SENTENCE

Lonliness is experienced by some people;
The kind of lonliness that doesn't mean solitude,
But the feeling of being invisible in a large crowd.
It is a head-throbbing emptiness
That drains your strength dry.
You walk in dreams which are so far away.
You hope and pray to ease your twisted mind
You settle in darkness when the sun is shining.
You build an empty shell around you.
Where you live in fear and in dread
Of Truth and life.

P.J.

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GAY

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LETTERS

TO THE

EDITOR

Dear Editor

What a beautiful magazine. I've stopped buying Tab. Who needs it? your sheet has all kinds of camp goodies. So gay my dear;

Donnie, Toronto.

Dear Friend.

Your magazine is full of nothing at all. Nobody's interested in the stupid crap you print. Your style is inconsistent and you keep shifting your articles all over the place.

Editor-

We're going to keep right on shifting our articles around so we'll keep finding new ways to satisfy our readers. We believe in co-operation, not confused, one-sided criticism like yours, my friend.

Gay Publishing Co. -

Toronto has a bad reputation for being a bitchy town where everyone runs down each other, and its hard to break into all the cliques. Lets make a new impression. -

G. Stevens

Editor. -

Good idea! This tabloid is behind you one hundred percent. We asked our readers to submit articles and information they wish to have published, and we have had several submissions and inquiries already. This thing works both ways.

Dear Editors of Gay

Thank you for producing a more reserved cover. I leave magazines lying around my apartment, and many people see my reading material.

John Curry, Toronto. Ont.

Editorials

The child has grown to stand on its legs. In only two months Toronto has established Canada's first gay publication. From a small eight page first edition GAY grew to twelve pages, and now to sixteen-double its original size. Thank you Toronto for helping us get started.

Not only do we have more pages, but more features as well.

See the index for all our new columns and features.

It should be evident that we strive to present as great a variety as possible.

We met a charming young lady named Melba. She is a very dear person with a heart of soft gold. Before flying off to New York she offered us some excerpts from her collection of writing. These we willingly published in this edition.

We are now distributing in the Montreal area and we would like to extend a warm hello to our sister city and all her inhabitants.

Our doors are open to all who wish to publish something of interest to our readers, whether it be work of a homosexual nature, or items of common interest to the general public. All people appearing in this tabloid are not gay. Our double-page pictorial section will feature many public events as well as gay activities.

We appreciate your comment and criticism on the contents of GAY.

On The Cover

View of Toronto's new city hall, now under construction. Photographed from present city hall structure. Toronto is expanding very rapidly, and as with other cosmopolitan centres, its gay population is rising proportionately. Toronto now has four major gay social clubs, several gay bars, gay beaches, gay enterprises, and many other favorite gay haunts.

GAY

Volume 1 Number 4 May 29th 1964

Copyright 1964 by GAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 122, Wellington Street West. Toronto Ontario Canada. Published Twice Monthly, Subscription rates are: \$3.00 for six months, or \$5.00 for one year.

Address all copy or advertising inquiries to GAY PUBLISHING COMPANY, 122, Wellington St. W. Toronto, Ont. or telephone 368-3552

Index

Local Topics.....	p. 4
Mother's Advice.....	p. 5
Diary of a Call Boy	p. 5
Reflections.....	p. 6
Day and Night.....	p. 6
The Biased I.....	p. 7
Toronto Pictorial.....	p. 8
The Middle Sex.....	p. 10
Reviews and Previews.....	p. 11
Art.....	p. 11
The Homosexuality of Ancient Greece.....	p. 12
Fashion.....	p. 13
Gabrial Club.....	p. 14
Wally's Column.....	p. 16

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.

Local

Topics

by "STEELE"

Well Night People open your eyes and devour this bit of rubbish.

Margo and Vicky are having trouble finding people to support them—they ran out of suckers. I have heard terrible rumors as to what they are doing for money! Hope it isn't true girls.

Now I know why Auntie Mamie has remained single for so long Have you seen his new spouse from the West? mmm.mmm Some doll! Good Luck David dear, you deserve the best.

The little birdie has been getting around lately. The latest is that Shane is going straight. It seems that he can't find anyone to replace Louise. Who is that pretty Red Head anyway Shane?

By the way Tom, (you know, the one with the ears) stop spreading such wild tales, you'll end up back in the psycho.

I dropped in at the St Charles and found it quite empty. It must be true what I hear about the owners not wanting the "Gay" folks around. Don't they know they would look sick if we all left!

Leona returned from the Music Room and is now appearing at the Regency.....Sandy just returned.....



PHOTO AT THE LEFT WAS TAKEN DURING PREPARATION OF THE REGENCY'S OUTSIDE PATIO. BELOW, TWO PHOTOS TAKEN INSIDE THE CLUB



Mothers Advice

Dear Mother

It's just too much. My dear, I've been waiting for years and years for a girl like you to get installed. How did you ever manage to swing it? I have so much trouble with my husband it isn't funny. Just yesterday he said I looked like an old tart. Can you imagine that? And we've been married for two whole years! Marj, I'm telling you, I'm going out of my fruit mind. If he doesn't smarten up quick I'll go down to the steambaths for a week. What should I do my dear?

George

My Dear Georgina

Hi dear. Lucky you, you're my first customer (poor soul) I'm just thrilled to my black roots. If you had sent your address too, I would send you a big box of marachinos. In answer to your letter--I was just sitting around one day doing what I usually do (CENSORED) and my late husband said that I should get out and work. Well my dear, after the initial shock, I looked in the St Charles Classifieds and lo and behold--here I am sweetheart. Well I've talked enough for now. Your husband may be right. After two years with any man, I think I'd look like an old tart to him too. (Of course with me it's different, I look that way anyway.)

You've already answered your own problem--go back to the steambath and find yourself another husband.

Well girls, write in now, I don't want to lose my high class job. Someone's got to pay for my room at the Y.



Diary of a "CALL BOY"



MONDAY

I need two days rest after last weekend, what a time. It makes me wonder if someday I will look back in my diary and regret my loose life.

I have some real action lined up for this evening, two sailors (officers I might add) on leave. These girls have been at sea for quite some time so I will need a second mate!

TUESDAY

Business is booming, it must be the warm weather. Everyone seems to be in heat. I almost expect some of my tricks to say bow wow. There's an old saying that a dog is man's best friend, but I think this holds true only when the dog is fed a bone. I have two dogs, I mean friends coming to visit this evening, only one is a customer.

WEDNESDAY

I had an offer last night to return to school with all the expenses paid. It was quite some offer but he wasn't my cup of tea. Besides, what would I do for excitement I am sure he would put a harness on me. I think I'll just go out slumming tonight. A walk along the waterfront sounds attractive.

THURSDAY

Good old Thursday again. I have a busy afternoon, but I have reserved tonight for my steam bath.

For a change I have made a private appointment with a special club. It should prove interesting.

FRIDAY

Tonight I have to get out my best drag. Some people in the north end of the city are giving a private party and I'm the main attraction. (to give a performance that is)

SATURDAY

I came very close to spending the weekend in the jug. After the party I didn't bother to change my clothes.

The officer that stopped us gave me a close look, but didn't notice anything out of place. I think he liked my legs.

SUNDAY

I am going to spend the first part of today just relaxing.

Some friends are coming over later to show me some movies of last summer.

I have a client for this evening.

Tomorrow is my big day. My impaired driving case comes up. I hope I can beat it. I would be lost without my licence.

Reflections

I wonder what it would be like if the world were made up of nothing but gay parents of straight children. It would be interesting to set up small isolated towns to carry on all kinds of experiments.

What was it like living in ancient Greece? Art was combined with love (or beauty with sex) in statuary.

Artists must get immense satisfaction out of creating something completely of themselves. This is probably the real way of living - the only way. They have a grasp on life's meaning and an insight into the reality of life.

The other day I met an art student who was so very full of vigor and ambition, I could see the potential creativity practically overflowing from him.

I think gay boys neglect gay girls a lot. The guys tend to think of the girls as some sort of strange beast called a "lesbian." Hell, gay girls are a lot of fun. They sort of complete the gayboy's personality. Talk about disunity between gay kids and straight kids; we need unity among our own ranks.

I like staying out till about 4.30 at night, then fall asleep while the birds begin their morning song to usher in another day.

Cont'd on page 15

DAY and NIGHT

by MELBA

A number of summers ago, I lived in a small Portuguese fishing town, art colony, tourist resort at the tip of Cape Cod.. Provincetown. Until then I had led a relatively sheltered life which left me a little ignorant of any life other than that of the straight middle-class society. Armed with only my youthful naivete, my protective upbringing, middle-class principles, and my curiosity, I was exposed to Provincetown. Only those who have been there can understand just how much that name itself implies. That experience of living in a town where days lost their identity, time almost ceased to exist. The nature of people defied nature itself, and life at times was so naked, so real that it became surrealistic. This inspired me to begin writing. What follows might be of interest to you. From my collection of thoughts, moments, and people discovered in Provincetown, a twenty year old straight girl's impressions of, and experiences in discovering, gay life.

In general, straight people know very little about the gay world. They are aware of its existence, of course, but for many reasons give it little thought. I call my collection "Day and Night"--not because of the contrast in the two worlds, but because certain things by their very nature seem obscure and frightening and so identify with darkness-night. Gay life, unfortunately, must belong to night time.

If one is patient, his eyes will adjust to darkness and it is no longer frightening. Likewise, if one makes an effort to see with his heart, hidden beauties obscured by the darkness in another being can be found.

It is unbelievable how soon after one accepts Provincetown life they find themselves having less and less control over their sleeping and waking hours. It's impossible to establish a routine and live by it. A routine more or less established you, and you find yourself following it without question. Going to bed as the sun was rising hardly seemed strange after a short while. It was more or less a situation of sleep when you're tired and live when you're not. As a matter of fact, time eventually became irrelevant and days soon lost themselves in weeks which lost themselves in months. The only time elements were the periods of light and dark fading into each other.

It almost seemed as though I were living each day twice. I would go to sleep at dawn and rise at noon to enjoy about five hours of daylight, and then sleep again from seven p.m. until a little past midnight, at which time I'd get dressed and go out again. This schedule opened a whole new world for me, because it's true that I, like many others in this world, had never really known the many beauties of night.

Cont'd. on page 16

THE BIASED I

by DON PHILIP

One of the nicest aspects of writing a column is that I can do many things that I've always secretly wanted to.

For instance, I've often heard friends talking about people they know who have inserted advertisements in the "Shared Accomodation" classification of a daily newspaper, and received interesting, stimulating, disgusting or unbelievable replies. (Actually, my friends probably inserted advertisements themselves but just wouldn't admit it!)

So, purely with the idea of providing entertaining reading for you, I inserted such an ad, simply stating: "Young man has furnished apartment to share with same," followed by the telephone number.

For four or five days the phone rang constantly by I'm glad to report that all this research has been "emotionally gratifying" for me in that it has helped to broaden my understanding of human nature. I used to believe that a man's hidden self was revealed under the influence of alcohol or drugs. Now I'm firmly convinced that this is not true; I'm certain that some people only reveal themselves in the privacy of the pay telephone booth from which they called me.

One of the first calls was from a weight-lifter who politely asked about the apartment and then promptly invited me to the ballet the following night. Unfortunately, I had already seen the production.....

Before too long the phone rang again and an obviously older man of foreign descent asked me if a room-mate was all I was looking for. He was completely dejected when I told him the apartment was equipped with two single beds.

Then, embarassingly enough, one of my friends called and I had to quickly disguise my voice and tell him the apartment had been rented.

Later on the same evening a young boy of eighteen called, starting the conversation by asking me if I were "sexy". I was just getting around to describing my feelings on the sub-

ject when he had to hastily hang up because his parents had just returned from doing the weekly shopping. (Oh, well! Maybe he'll call back!)

Another caller asked me if I was a transvestite. Somebody else invited me to a "party" if I could bring two women along. I explained that I wasn't "that way".

One of the most disgusting calls came from a middle-aged man who admitted that he was "dreadfully inclined" and "tremendously aroused" at the moment. I told him that he didn't affect me that way at all.

Feeling in a nasty mood by this time, when the next caller asked If I was gay, I replied "Why Mary, whatever gave you that idea?" I don't think he was quite prepared for this kind of frank response because he hung up the phone immediately.

However, I must admit that not all the calls were as disturbing as those I have described. For instance, I did receive a call from a young German fellow who had just landed at Malton airport. He arrived at my apartment an hour later and we spent a couple of days enjoying a purely intellectual companionship. Now, if I could only convince my friends who met him...

GIVE TO CONQUER LEUKEMIA

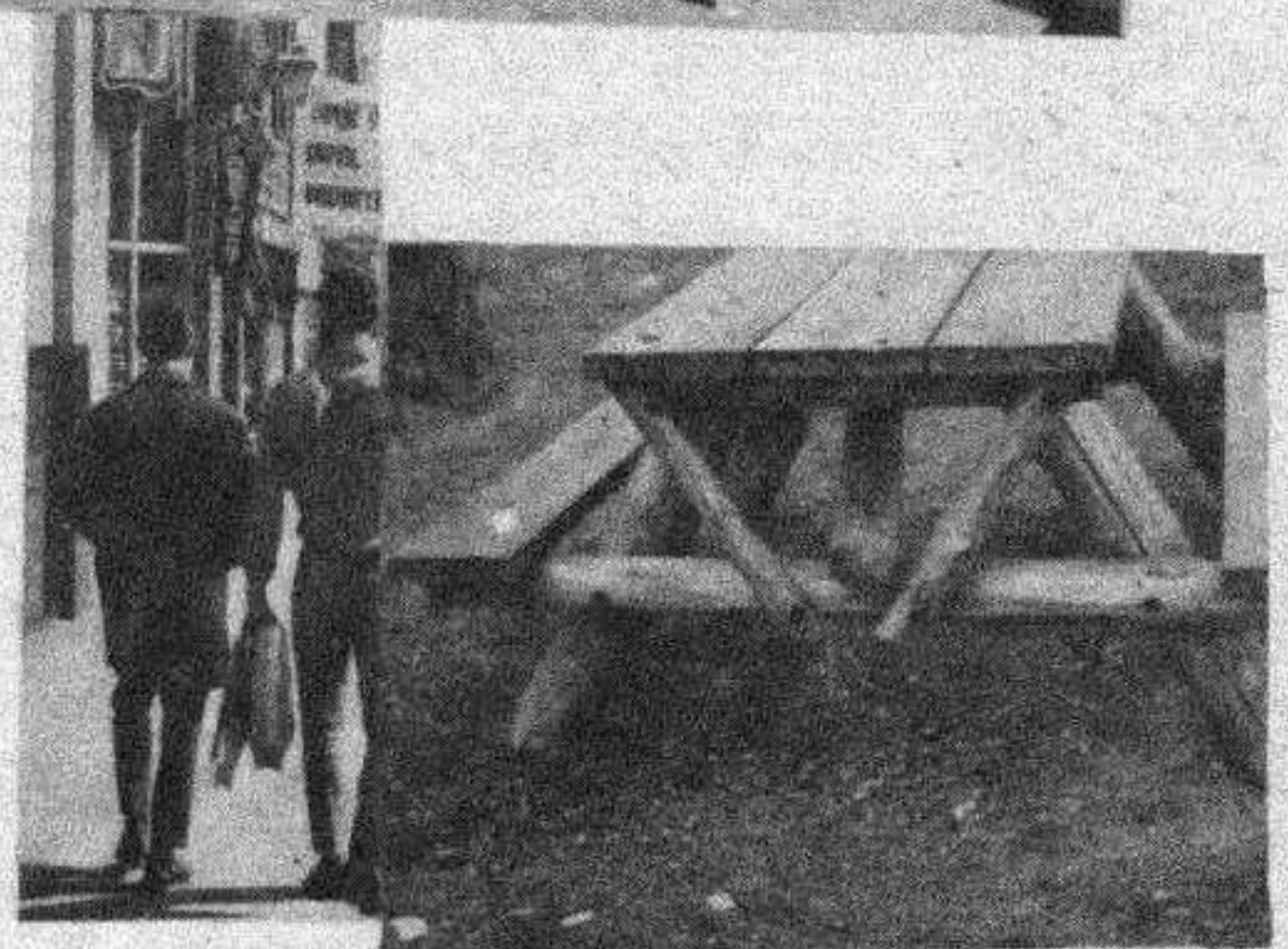
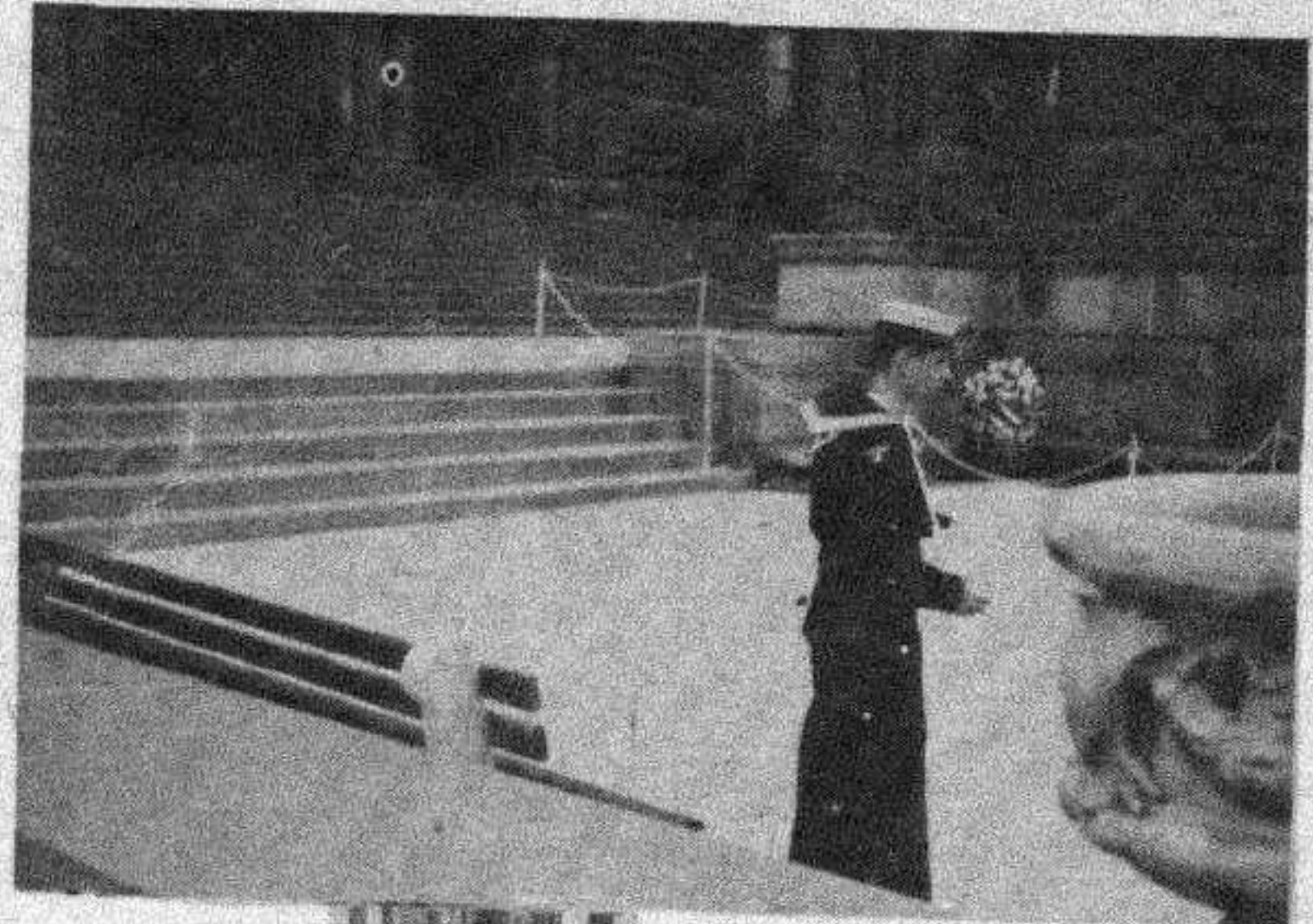
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GAY Photographs Toronto

Candid scenes and fun photos taken by "Gay" while out on the town recently.





THE MIDDLE SEX

a GAY serial

Upstairs the apartment was dark. Far below the sounds of an occasional car told me it was very late.

"What was the Idea" asked Peter.

"I don't follow you" replied Ronnie.

"You know very well what I mean and anyway he isn't your type." said Peter.

"How do you know what is or is not my type? You think you know what everyone wants don't you Peter".

As early morning wore on they remained the same.

Peter was rattling on about something when a knock came at the door.

"Who could that be at this hour." Ronnie asked.

"What are you afraid of " said Peter,

"You are in an awful mood aren't you? replied Ronnie

Sitting in an arm chair, it was easy for Ronnie to see the front door of the apartment. Although it was only open a few inches he could see Peter talking to Walter. The door was open all the way now and Ronnie's heart started skipping beats.

Walter had brought Sandy up for a drink. He said that they had run out downstairs.

Peter's face was red, anyone could detect his anger.

Has he been harping on the scene downstairs? asked Sandy.

"No, nothing more was said" replied Ronnie

"Excuse me." Interrupted Peter. "Did I overhear you mentioning the incident downstairs?"

"As a matter of fact you did." replied Sandy.

"Why do you ask?" enquired Ronnie. I thought you had forgotten about downstairs?

The only reason I asked was to find out what you two were saying behind my back, said Peter.

"I thought you were more of a man than that Peter. Ronnie said." It is taking me while but I am gradually finding you as you really are."

"Here, here! Sandy shouted.

"Why don't you mind your own business." replied Peter. "This whole thing is your fault."

"Oh it is, is it?" Sandy said, as he stood up.

"The only person to blame is me." stated Ronnie. "If I had been smart enough to see just what kind of a person you are Peter, none of this would have happened. As it is, there's nothing more I can do about it.

"Oh yes there is!" interrupted Sandy. "You can stay with me tonight."

The sudden bluntness with which Sandy made his last remark, momentarily stunned the two angry young men. Before either could speak Sandy ordered,

"Get your coat, we're leaving."

With a hard snickering glance toward Peter, Ronnie turned and followed Sandy out the door.

Minutes passed before either Sandy or Ronnie offered an inkling of conversation.

"I'm sorry this had to happen." said Sandy.

"But I'm not," answered Ronnie, "I'm looking forward to staying with you."

Cont'd. next edition.

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Reviews and Previews

There's a new coffee house on Yorkville. Its the "Green Door." It features contemporary jazz on Friday and Saturday nights, and traditional jazz on Sundays.

"The Best Of Spring Thaw." starring Barbara Hamilton and Dave Broadfoot, is currently playing at the Royal Alexandra, tickets cost from \$1.00 to \$4.00, and showtime is 8.30 Monday through Thursday, and 6.00 on Fridays and Saturdays.

A couple of weeks ago the Grenadier restaurant in High Park held a fish fry. The dinner was served by "fisherboys" Folksinger David Campbell, sings up a storm wherever he goes: just ask the patrons of Steele's Tavern.

"Irma La Douce" is still a hot movie, after all the runs it's had in Toronto.

"Tom Jones" of course, has the "best picture" award.

"The Country Wife" is showing up at Stratford this season.

The Crest theatre is presenting a musical comedy starring Tom Kneebone. "Evelyn" also headlines Diane Stapley, Pat Galloway, and Tom Harvey. Allan Mannings, Milt Carman and Alex Barris wrote the production. You can see it at 8.30 Monday through Thursday, and at 6.0'clock and 9.0'clock, on Friday and Saturday. Tickets cost from \$2.00 to \$4.50, but for further information call the Crest at HU.7-4541.

Try to catch "Beyond The Fringe" at the O'keefe. It plays May 11 to 16. Tickets are \$1.25 to \$5.00

"U.S.A. is a dramatic revue by John Dos Passos and Paul Shyre Staged by Antony Ferry, the play is featured at the Colonnade theatre. Stars are Nomi Cameron, Susan Chapple, John Paris, James Peddie, and Larry Reynolds.

The "Nite Lite" in Hamilton features dancing and a floor show. For Gay clientele, the hours are 11.00 to 3.30 Friday and Saturday, and 9.00 to 1.00 on Sunday.

Beginning May 6., the Royal Ontario Museum will have on display a series of photographs demonstrating the laws of secondary school physics. The exhibit lasts until May 27.

Don't forget the annual "Maytime In The Village" this month. A large portion of the village has been demolished, but the festivities are still being held. The Regency Club is presenting a Western Masquerade on Sunday May 17. Everything from the costumes to the food goes western. The costume ball will include a talent contest, square and spot dances and door prizes. The back patio area has been finished and will be in full swing too.

"From Russia With Love" looks interesting. Its at Loew's theatre near Queen.

"The Learning Stage," Thursdays on CJBC radio makes an informative listening.

One excellent gay novel to take a note of is "Giovanni's Room" by James Baldwin.

I hear Frankie's Copacabana is a real swinging night spot.

ART

See the display of prints at "Prints International" in Lothian Mews. The selection is very broad in scope.

The Canadian High Arts Foundation is still featuring the work of students of Toronto High Schools. The exhibition is on the second level at Lothian Mews.

Featured at the Dorothy Cameron Gallery is the work of Tom Hodgson and Peter Harris.

For anyone interested in a summer fine arts and crafts course, the Muskoka Workshop, 43, Camberwell Rd., Toronto 10, offers several courses. The school is located in the heart of Muskoka Lakes region. Courses start in July and end in September. These include painting (oil, watercolour, mixed media landscape, portraits, life or still life), graphics (silk screen, etching, wood cuts, lino cuts, lithographs, monoprints), drawings, sculpture (clay, plaster, metal), ceramics, enameling on copper, glass fusing, mosaics, metal craft or jewellery, weaving, and interior decorating and design.

The school has excellent facilities and complete art supply centre. Lectures, films, and demonstrations on fine arts and crafts are also given during the summer months.

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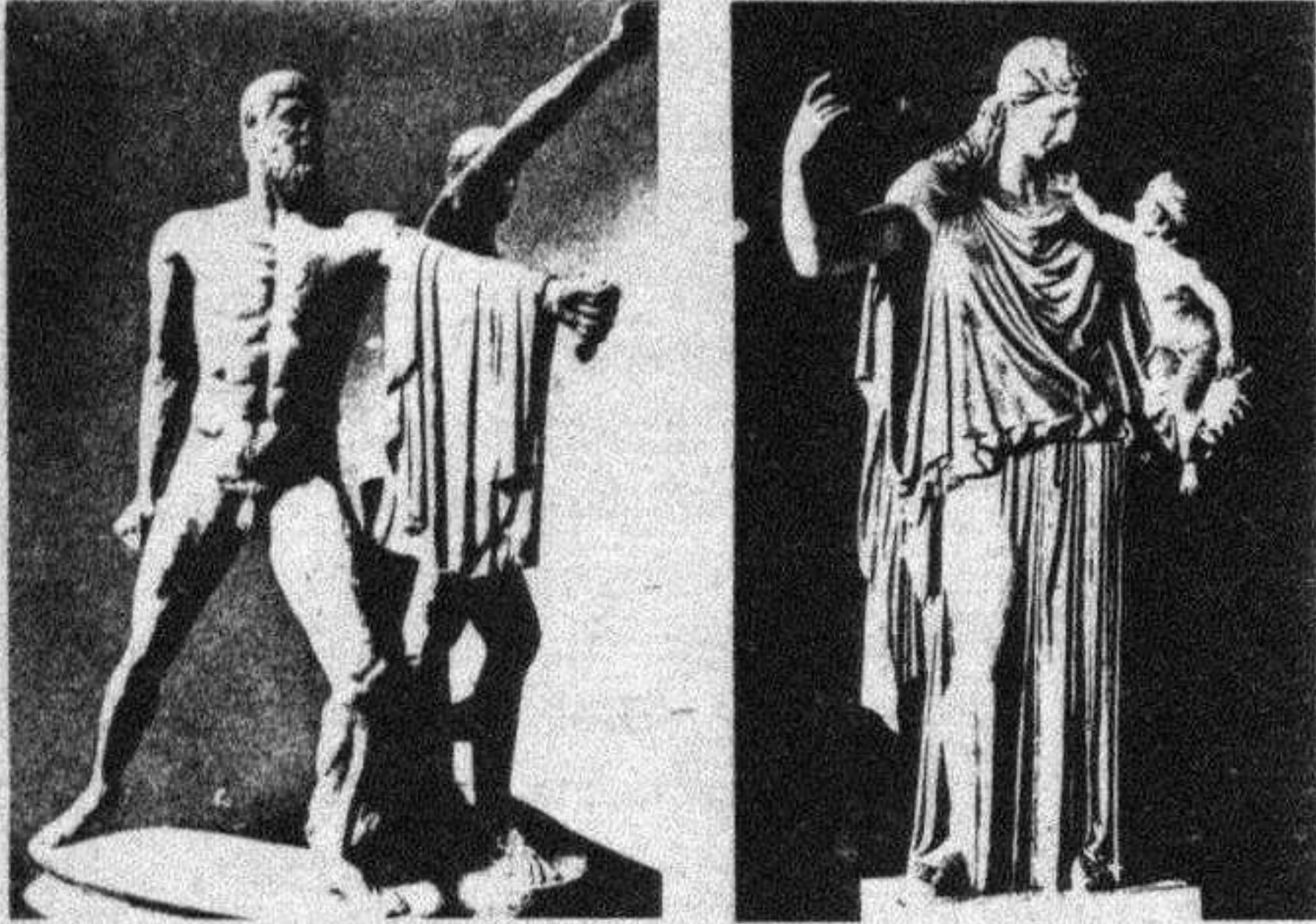
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THE HOMOSEXUALITY OF " ANCIENT GREECE "

(first of a series)

"The attachment of a man to a boy or of a boy to a boy shows in Greece all the symptoms of romantic love - passion, piety, ecstasy, jealousy, serenading, brooding, moaning and sleeplessness." ----Aristotle.



In order to understand the widespread acceptance of homosexuality in ancient Greece, it is necessary to comprehend the mores of Greek society, and the emphasis it placed on the the physical and mental development of its citizens.

In Athens, for example, upon reaching the age of six, young boys were educated and disciplined with other boys, growing to accept the communal life of the agora gymnasium and palaestra as a way of life.

The Athenian youth learned to accept — the Greek ideals of justice, honour, love of his country and fellow men, and the desire for physical perfection as a form of worship of the Homeric deities.

The striving to be as physically near to the gods as possible, accounts for the prevalence of nude male figures throughout Greek art.

Female figures, however are more often fully clothed.

In addition, all important positions in the Greek state were held by men. Women were uneducated creating an intellectual gulf between the sexes. One writer went so far as to describe Greek society as "unisexual".

The Greeks, to some extent foreshadowing what Sigmund Freud would say many hundred years later, believed that both heterosexual

and homosexual impulses were common to everybody. It logically followed they considered homosexuality a normal aspect of male sexuality.

Young boys were often imported by prominent Athenian merchants to be sold firstly as concubines and later as slaves. It's interesting to note that the chief rivals of these young men were the "hetairai" or "companions", the highest of three classes of Athenian prostitutes. About the only restrictions which the law imposed on overt homosexuality required that those who were receiving homosexual attentions should lose the right to vote. Pederasty was generally accepted and the Greek historian Herodotus, commenting on Greek contributions to Persian society wrote: "From us they learnt to go to bed with boys."

Literary and historical manifestations of this widespread acceptance of homosexuality in classic Greece are numerous.

As Will Durant, philosopher and historian points out: "When Plato in the Phaedrus talks of human love, he means homosexual love; and the disputants in his Symposium agree on one point: that love between man and man is nobler, and more spiritual than love between man and woman.

Even Socrates, describing the youthful Charmides wrote: "Confusion reigned. Everyone seemed to be enamoured of him. A troop of lovers followed him about."

Often events of historical importance were prompted by homosexual motive. C.M. Bowen, in his survey of ancient Greece, The Greek Experience, notes that Harmodius and Aristogiton, renowned in history for thier assassination of Hipparchus, were "not the less honoured because their motives were based on love for each other."

Homer, loftiest of the ancient poets, writes simply and sincerely: "Achilles wept when he remembered his dead comrade, and sleep who subdues all things came not to him, but he turned this way and that in his longing for the lost manfulness of Patroclus... Then he would rise from his bed, and roam wildly along the salt sea beach."

FASHION PAGE

With spring finally in the air and we can start planning our Summer wardrobe. There's a wide variety to choose from in Toronto. Lighter and brighter colours are appearing in practically every clothing store we see. Bold patterns and new textures are prominently displayed to dispel any idea that the Canadian male is behind the European male in his choice of attire.

From Italy came the popular sweater-jackets in new patterns and colours. These sweaters can be used instead of sports coats in mild summer weather. They come in bold stripes and block patterns on the front, and in new and different combinations of heavy wool knit and suede. One American firm offers a bulky knit and woven leather sweater-jackets.

Experiment in texture seem to be the fashion philosophy this year. Some sweaters are available with side buttons at the waist to ensure a perfect fit, and some have side vents. The saddle shoulder construction has proved very popular as well as well as the fly front. This is a versatile item which can be used as a jacket, sweater or shirt.

It goes without saying that shirts are tapered. No longer must we wear yards and yards of useless material. The young modern is precise and to the point. Stripes are holding their own this year, and come in various thicknesses, groupings, and colour combinations. Even a dress shirt will be seen in stripes on a white background. The newest style note is combining stripes of different widths.

More than ever before, bright prints are on the way up on the popularity poll. The American male has finally lost fear of self-expression.

Back collar buttons and locker loops are still around, and waist side buttons. Another style note; the cuffed short sleeve for summer fun.

Pants are pleatless, with the extension waistband with adjustable side tabs, and are available with seam to seam pockets. Shiny dacron worsteds and black mohair have taken over in slacks and jackets.

Sportscoats have the lighter look for summer, and the breaking the color barrier has made them brighter and deeper. Blue and green combinations are arising in many places in the garment industry.

Even the bold black and white houndstooth pattern has been colored. Many conventional patterns are provided with a colored overplaid effect.

Black mohair and worsteds have hit a high mark in men's suitings.

Iridescent and solid tones, silks and worsteds, or casual poplin dominate the scene. The emphasis is on the natural shoulder, but a slight build up is acceptable. One button suits are still in, but two and three buttons are well received.

There are many innovations in men's jewellery this year, one of which is the hinged cuff link. Another feature is the two-sided design. Now both sides of your sleeve are getting attention. Tie tacs are replacing the tie bar, but the bar is now refined to a thin narrow clasp to compliment to-

days narrow ties. A replacement for both of these is the tiny pinch clips that attach to one side only.

That's the style roundup for this issue. We'll have some hints on local fads and fashion.

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Opp. Eaton's College St.

GABRIAL CLUB

When inserting an advertisement in "GAYbrial's" column, be sure to 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 envelopes 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.

B-221, Buffalo, N. Y.

Bachelor, 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 Exhilarated by silks & satins, Domination, Bizarre, she-males.

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-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

Cont'd from page 6

I have a friend who lives in a rooming house, next to an old man's room. The two of them are the only two who use the community kitchen. The olderly gentleman always leaves it in a sloppy, greasy mess. However my friend doesn't complain, he just keeps cleaning up after him. This is what I call real consideration for one's fellow man. The old man has one arm.

People are so frail. The human animal is subject to so many things, and is so easily affected. It is when we realize this, that we stiffen our spines and retort "I refuse to allow myself to be subjected to arbitrary whims and fancies of the elements." Then we can rise securely and become "aware" of living. Understanding is the key to contentment.

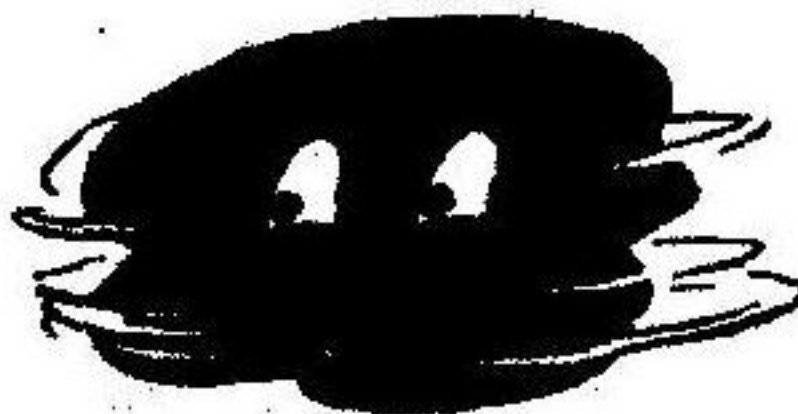
The Music Room

TORONTO'S GAYEST
PRIVATE CLUB FOR
AFTER HOURS ENTERTAINING

Comfortable Relaxing
Atmosphere



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Send All Copy to GAY.....



The Melody Room

IN TORONTO

Dining and Dancing

T. V. Lounge

OPEN EVERY NIGHT
FOR THE
DISCRIMINATING
LATENIGHTER

Wally's Column

I like this time of month. The new advertisements go up in the subway. Everybody knows now that one blade shaved nineteen butch girls. Everyone's smoking cool, and everyone's already been to Virginia.

A certain city has the prettiest butch policemen I've ever seen. They all drive their scooters so elegantly.

I keep on seeing these sloppy middle aged women on the street wearing white stockings and shoes. Very typical of second hand nurses' aids. I used to work with them.

Its about time some of the night spots changed their acts.

Did you see all the seafood kids out selling tickets or something the other day? I was talking to one kid around my age. Its funny how guys our age expects homos to be nasty old men who attack people.

I met a well known artist with a very suave manner. Much hearts and flowers and goo. Today I found out he got a lot of guys in trouble and sometimes he spends a few nights in jail.

It beats me how all the worn out madams still manage to make a buck hanging around liquor stores. Who would want somebody who's dirty and sloppy and wrinkled up and smelly and toothless.

There's so many mad skin magazines in the bookstores these days that I'm going broke trying to collect them all. I don't know why I buy magazines.

Everybody tells me I'm good looking. Maybe I'll try to find somebody who needs a skin model.

Just let one guy call me names and I'll tell everybody about the straight garbage I see around this town.

That's enough. I think it's silly for me to write a column. Adults are funny sometimes. I don't know how come they asked me. I'm not a professional and anyway it'll be five years before I'll be twenty one, I even had to make up the title for this thing. The queens around this office are so busy I guess they need me.

I'm queer and anyway I like to help them.

Bye for now.

Cont'd from page 6

Once one discovers that night does have something to offer, a frightening realization becomes apparent. You realize that since your birth you've only lived and known half of God's creation. You've only experienced day, and closed your eyes tonight. Upon this realization, there is a sudden agony to think of all that has been ignored, and an almost desperate attempt to make up for all of those lost opportunities. You find yourself basking in the dark silence with every sense keen; ready for new adventure and ready to acknowledge any little secret that night might so kindly import to you.

Sometimes we wandered along the beach to the town wharf and would slowly walk out to the end of it where a protective world of fishnet and boating gear allowed us to sit for hours and untangle our thoughts. It was a strange feeling when it was foggy. Walking out to the end of the wharf made one feel that they were vanishing into gray oblivion. One footstep followed loud behind the previous one; later seemingly all around, on all sides water and sky merged to become one with each other. From out there the town glowed like a precious little jewel floating in a distant memory. Very rarely did we speak; just walked and talked and listened to our quiet footsteps and to the silence of the sea. Sometimes we sang-songs we knew from school, freedom songs, folk songs, and songs that we remembered from childhood. We sang in small little voices that were almost afraid of being unharmonious with the water, or interrupting the night.

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"Gay." Gay, vol. 1, no. 4, 1964, p. [1]. Archives of Sexuality and Gender, <https://link.gale.com/apps/doc/MGWPCQ856130511/AHSI?u=clga&sid=AHSI&xid=55f67c18>. Accessed 23 Nov. 2020.