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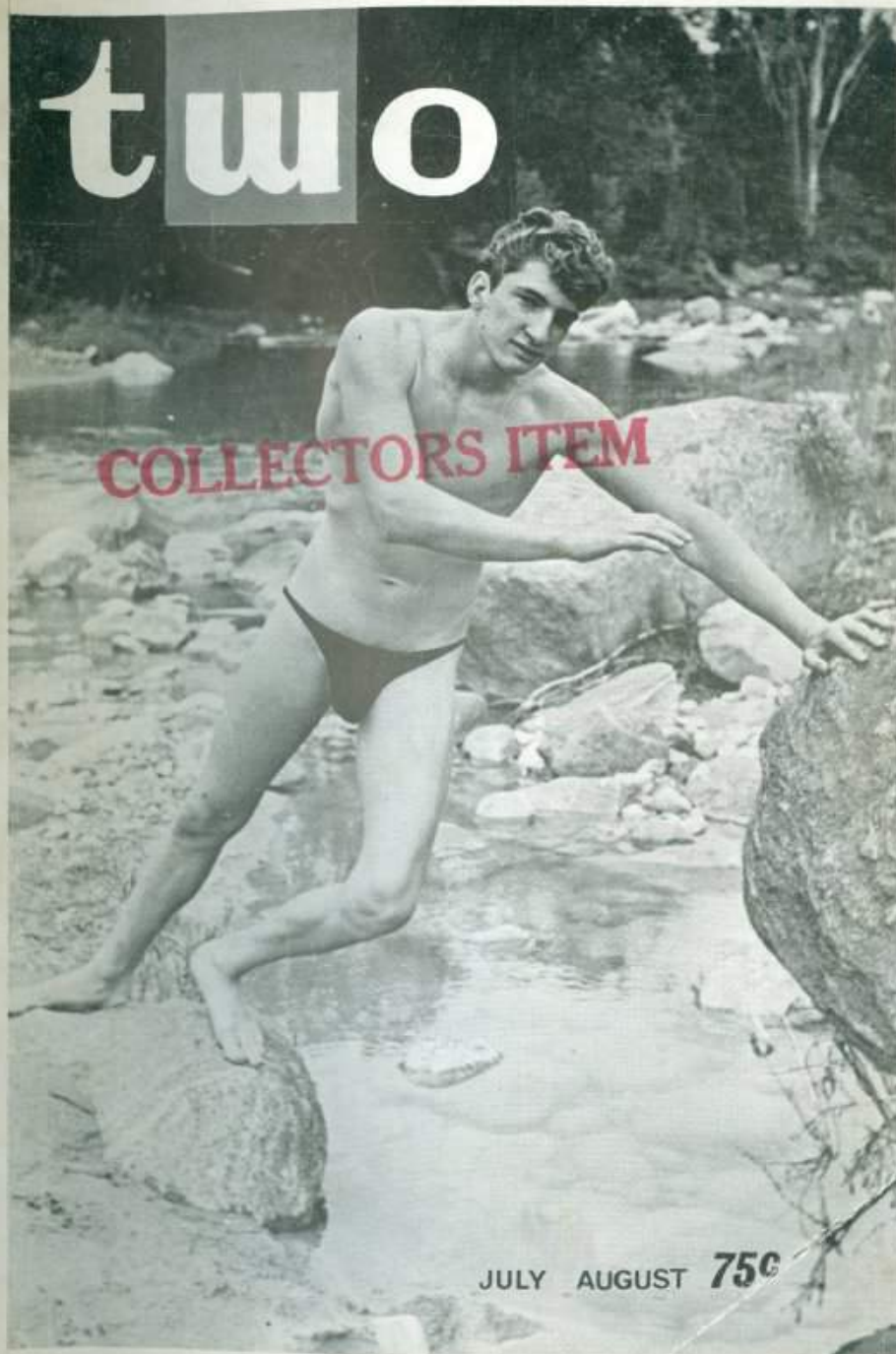
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two

COLLECTORS ITEM



JULY AUGUST 75c



OUR AIMS AND POLICY

Our purpose is to promote knowledge and understanding of the homosexual viewpoint among the general public and to educate homosexuals as to their responsibilities as variants from the current moral and social standards. It is hoped to find others who will agree with us and join in an effort to establish these rights and responsibilities.

The much-maligned homosexual community has long been in dire need of a voice to speak for itself and offer some rebuttal to the irresponsible attacks periodically made upon it. We hope that TWO will serve this purpose with honesty and integrity. TWO will strive to keep the homosexual community informed on current events of particular interest, and feature light reading and such articles as have some application to the field.

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Books-- Miles Johns

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THE POT CALLING THE KETTLE HOMO

A certain radio station in Toronto carries a 'phone in' program which occasionally runs aground on the subject of homosexuality. The moderator, who is more of an agitator, invariably raises himself and his voice to full dignity and either cuts the caller off in mid sentence or offers a sneering tirade of really tired comments on homosexuality in general. A few months of this was culminated by an hour long program devoted entirely to homosexuality. Whether the reasons for this program was genuine interest on behalf of the public or pressure re the obviously biased viewpoint of the moderator we will never know. This particular program was conducted with an admirable lack of bias. We do feel however that it is unfortunate that the moderator didn't lay all the cards on the table and admit that he himself was once a homosexual who has since 'kicked the habit'. One would think that someone with such experience would have some understanding of the problem and some good advice to offer but apparently not.

Another example along this line is Mrs. Harding who handles the advertising for an impeccable upper class store in Toronto. Just recently she fired a handsome young male fashion model because he was a homosexual. She claims that she cannot risk damaging the store's image by having a homosexual appear in their advertising. We respectfully request Mrs. Harding to check some of her old advertisements, some of her staff, some of her customers, and maybe a peep in the closet.....how about it Mrs. Harding?

1001 USES

Like the Vaseline commercial: Homosexuality has a thousand and one uses. The latest is a draught dodge. The word is spreading in the good old US of A that if you really don't want to go to work for Uncle Sam, the easiest way out is to answer 'yes' to the question on your induction papers that asks about homosexuality. The result is an interview with an officer and a rejection rating and you're free to go about your business. You might be interested in the Canadian Army's approach to the same subject on page 11.

JACKIE GLEASON'S DRAG LINE

A special show recently on the Jackie Gleason hour, featured a take-off on the June Taylor dancers. The back-room boys of the show donned wigs and ballet outfits and did a remarkably good job of a dance routine, including a "high-kick line". Its the first time we can remember twenty drags on a twenty-one inch screen at one time.

association with the homophile movement, realise that there is nothing whatsoever inherently wrong with a man's sex inclinations, providing they are controlled, and allowed their release under conditions which do not violate another's will or innocence.

As for treatment within prison walls, for anyone who might wish to "receive help" (as the saying goes)... it is just NON-EXISTENT. As the prison system is behind the times in other ways, so is it in relation to the "sex-offender".

Any one who is gullible enough to believe that the prison psychiatrist will be of any help with his problem is misled indeed!!! He finds himself just a guinea-pig who will be at the call of the slightest wish of the prison head-shrinker, and also of visiting "specialists" from nearby universities and hospitals. They will be more than eager to interview him on tape... and then use their "material" for learned discussions in the classroom, or medical lounges. But interest in you, or your woe... certainly not.

My thoughts often go back to the grief that must have been endured by a great mind such as Oscar Wilde during his prison sentence. He was a kindly man... a man of great wit... who brought much merry laughter to the hearts of his audiences, and helped to make life more liveable. Yet this great soul was cut off from his fellows, and subjected to the lowest forms of humiliation and national disgrace. He had done no violence, neither was any type of evil in his mind... other than his desire for mutual happiness with young men. He is said to have remarked upon one occasion to a judge... and I'm sure it took the highest courage in those Victorian days... "I'd rather hear a boy 'fart' than a girl sing!"

In conclusion, may I strongly urge anyone who reads these lines to do all he can to kill the idea, wherever he finds it, that help for the homosexual lies behind prison walls! It does not. The ONLY HELP FOR THE HOMOSEXUAL lies in joining your nearest homosexual, or homophile organisation, and lending your efforts to sweep away the darkness and prejudice that surrounds Homosexuality

KK Books

When in Toronto, visit KK BOOKS for the largest selection of homophile literature. Hardbacks, paperbacks, magazines and newspapers bringing you the latest news and views on the homophile scene.
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cameo



**Didi
Ambrose**

One of the latest in a rash of up and comers in the female impersonator field is Di Di Ambrose, better known as "Baby Legs Wilson" a 4F reject from Toronto's Jarvis Street Sin Strip. Mr. Ambrose, no matter what he wears, always manages to look more feminine, more sexy, and more like a hustler than any prostitute we have ever encountered. From the ranks of the amateur he made a quick trip to the top and made a pro appearance recently at the Flamingo in Hamilton. Mr. Ambrose, famous for his rather long and unusually shapely legs, makes the most of them and is rarely seen in a floor length gown.

As you can see from the pictures Di Di takes his drag appearances rather seriously and seldom smiles. Fortunately his audiences don't take him quite so seriously and greet him warmly and boisterously.

Di Di has no shortage of boyfriends and has only one problem (other than money) and that is trying to convince his boyfriends that he really doesn't live in drag 24 hours a day.

Having once seen him as a girl they inevitably fight to the last false eyelash to try and keep him that way. However Di Di is a female impersonator and not a transvestite and sticks to her guns. (She loses more boyfriends that way). The photographs of Di Di are by Rik Art Studios, Box 103, Scarborough, Ontario.



With this issue Cameo will cease to be a regular feature although it will continue to appear when space permits.



THIS IS THE ARMY MR JONES



Good Heavens Man! Do you always start your letters with "My dearest darling GEORGE"?

The Profumo Case in England is an excellent example of the dangers that can arise when a heterosexual person finds himself compromised and open to blackmail. Had this been a homosexual case there would have been an immediate outcry of "fire the homosexuals... they are a security risk". So far we have not heard any outcry from the famous Profumo Case of "fire the heterosexuals... they are a security risk". Instead the witch hunt goes on and otherwise reliable and trustworthy employees of American, Canadian, and British Government Offices are dismissed at the mere hint of homosexuality.

The Editors of TWO have on a number of occasions been made aware of cases where homosexuals have been "excused" from the armed services. However the people involved have until now been unwilling to discuss their cases.

On the next few pages is an interview which we present without comment just as it occurred. We think you may find it enlightening.

AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE MARSHALL

TWO: Mr. Marshall, I suppose you know that American homosexuals aren't permitted to serve in the army?

MARSHALL: Yes, I was reading about it just the other day. This isn't too surprising though. As far as I can see, Americans are completely hysterical about three things: homosexuality, communism, and pornography. It's unfortunate that they have to lump homosexuality and pornography in the same package with communism.

TWO: Are you saying that you approve of pornography?

MARSHALL: Yes, I happen to think it has its place in life.

TWO: To get back to the question of homosexuality in the armed

forces.... First, let's establish the fact that you are an active homosexual.

MARSHALL: Definitely; I've known I was "different" since about age nine.

TWO: Yet you served for twelve years in the Canadian army.

MARSHALL: Yes, Korea, five years as a paratrooper, Indo-China, Egypt, Germany--the full tour.

TWO: And you received an honourable discharge?

MARSHALL: Well--yes. But there hangs an interesting tale.

TWO: You mean you didn't receive an honourable discharge?

MARSHALL: No, no--my service record is perfect. But I had to fight for that honourable discharge.

TWO: In what way?

MARSHALL: You've got to understand the system. An ordinary private soldier has no problem. He can be homosexual and the only thing he has to worry about is getting drunk and making a fool of himself. This happens all of the time. The poor kid is quietly hustled out of camp and given a medical discharge.

TWO: Why a medical discharge?

MARSHALL: That's the way the system works. They have a thing called PULHEMS. The P stands for physique, U for upper, L for lower, H for head, E for eyes, M for mentality, and S for stability. Each letter is scaled from 1 to 5. A five under one or more letters makes the individual completely unfit for service. The clincher is that letter S for stability. Homosexuals are automatically given an S-5 rating.

TWO: What does this mean?

MARSHALL: It means, according to government authorities, that homosexuals are emotionally unstable--unable to accept authority, unable to tell the difference between right and wrong and unable to face reality.

TWO: What about officers and NCO's? Can they be hidden homosexuals?

MARSHALL: It's difficult. I'm not saying there aren't a few, but it's difficult.

TWO: What rank did you hold?

MARSHALL: Corporal. They were always trying to promote me, but whenever I got wind of it I'd go out and get drunk. It always worked. I'd get a "reprimand" and lose out on the promotion.

TWO: Why do that? Weren't you willing to accept the responsibilities involved?

MARSHALL: God, yes. I wanted to be promoted so bad I could taste it. But promotion would mean exposure.

TWO: I don't understand.

MARSHALL: Well... it's the system again. All NCO's have to be Security-cleared. Corporals often got away with a CONFIDENTIAL clearance, which isn't too involved. But sergeants and up require a SECRET clearance. That's where the Mounted Police step in.

TWO: The Mounted Police? What have they got to do with the army?

MARSHALL: Quite a bit. As you know, the Mounties are the FBI of Canada. When a Security Clearance is required the RCMP are asked to help out.

TWO: What does a SECRET Security Clearance consist of?

MARSHALL: It's an investigation of your life for TEN YEARS PRIOR to joining the army. In my case, being that I joined at 19, it meant they went all the way back to age NINE, which is pretty ridiculous, when you think about it. The actual investigation is carried out by both the Canadian Intelligence Corps and the RCMP. They check with past employers, teachers, family, and even interview some of your friends, if they can find them. Of course, the first thing they look for is a criminal record.

TWO: I assume from all this that you ended up being promoted to sergeant and were discovered during the subsequent security clearance.

MARSHALL: Yes. I'd just been transferred to a new outfit and hadn't been told it involved an automatic promotion to sergeant. When my new commanding officer shook hands and wished me luck, I knew it was all over.

TWO: What did you do then?

MARSHALL: I'd received a head wound and contracted malaria in Korea, and broken my right leg a couple of times as a paratrooper, so I hoped, if I worked fast enough, that I could swing an honourable discharge on these grounds instead of as a "pervert".

TWO: Other than being branded as a "pervert", what would the homosexual discharge have meant to you?

MARSHALL: Money. I'll be receiving a small monthly pension for the rest of my life. The homosexual discharge would have disqualified me for this.

TWO: Did the Security Investigation reveal your homosexual background?

MARSHALL: Yes. It always does. The RCMP are pretty ruthless when it comes to this sort of thing. They even claimed I'd been a homosexual prostitute, which wasn't true. I'd been rather free with my favours as a youngster, but never accepted money. The bastards even knew that I'd been buying pornographic physique photos from a firm in Sweden. How they ever found that out I'll never know.

TWO: How did the army confront you with this information?

MARSHALL: I was interviewed by two strangers. An RCMP con-

stable and a sergeant from a Canadian Intelligence Corps. They read off a long statement, then asked if it were correct. I'm not sure, but I think I had to sign it. It wasn't a confession, mind you, but they wanted proof that I had read and understood it.

TWO: Did you raise any objections to the report?

MARSHALL: None; I could kick myself now, but at the time I was terrified. They knew things about me that no stranger has the right to know.

TWO: Let me get this straight. Had you ever been convicted of a homosexual offence? During your twelve years in the army, had you ever given anyone cause to suspect your true nature? Were you ever involved in a "scandal"?

MARSHALL: The answer to all of those questions is "no". I was considered "masculine" enough to serve as a member of the "Mobile Striking Force", which is Canada's airborne version of the commandos. I'd been "up on charge" a few times, but this was considered par for the course. You aren't with it unless you blow your top once in awhile.

TWO: You don't have to answer this question, but were you an active homosexual during your army career?

MARSHALL: Of course. Sublimation just doesn't work. I had my lovers. Fortunately, the buddy system is part and parcel of army life and it wasn't considered odd for two men to hang around together all of the time. I will say my "army marriages" lasted a long time. I went with one youth for five years. I'm still in love with him.

TWO: What about your discharge? How did it work out in the end?

MARSHALL: It ended up as a fight between the psychiatrists and medical doctors. Unfortunately for the "head shrinkers", every test I took turned out wrong (right for me). They all showed that I was extremely masculine.

TWO: What did these tests consist of?

MARSHALL: The main one was a questionnaire consisting of 350 multiple choice questions. Some of them were real lulus. "Have you ever been sexually attracted to another boy?" "Do you masturbate?" "Do you believe in fairies?" etc. The gimmick was that a thirty minute time limit didn't give you the chance to compare notes and the same questions were repeated over and over again only worded differently. This, I suppose, was to catch you in a lie.

TWO: In closing, do you have anything to say to young homosexuals thinking about joining the army.

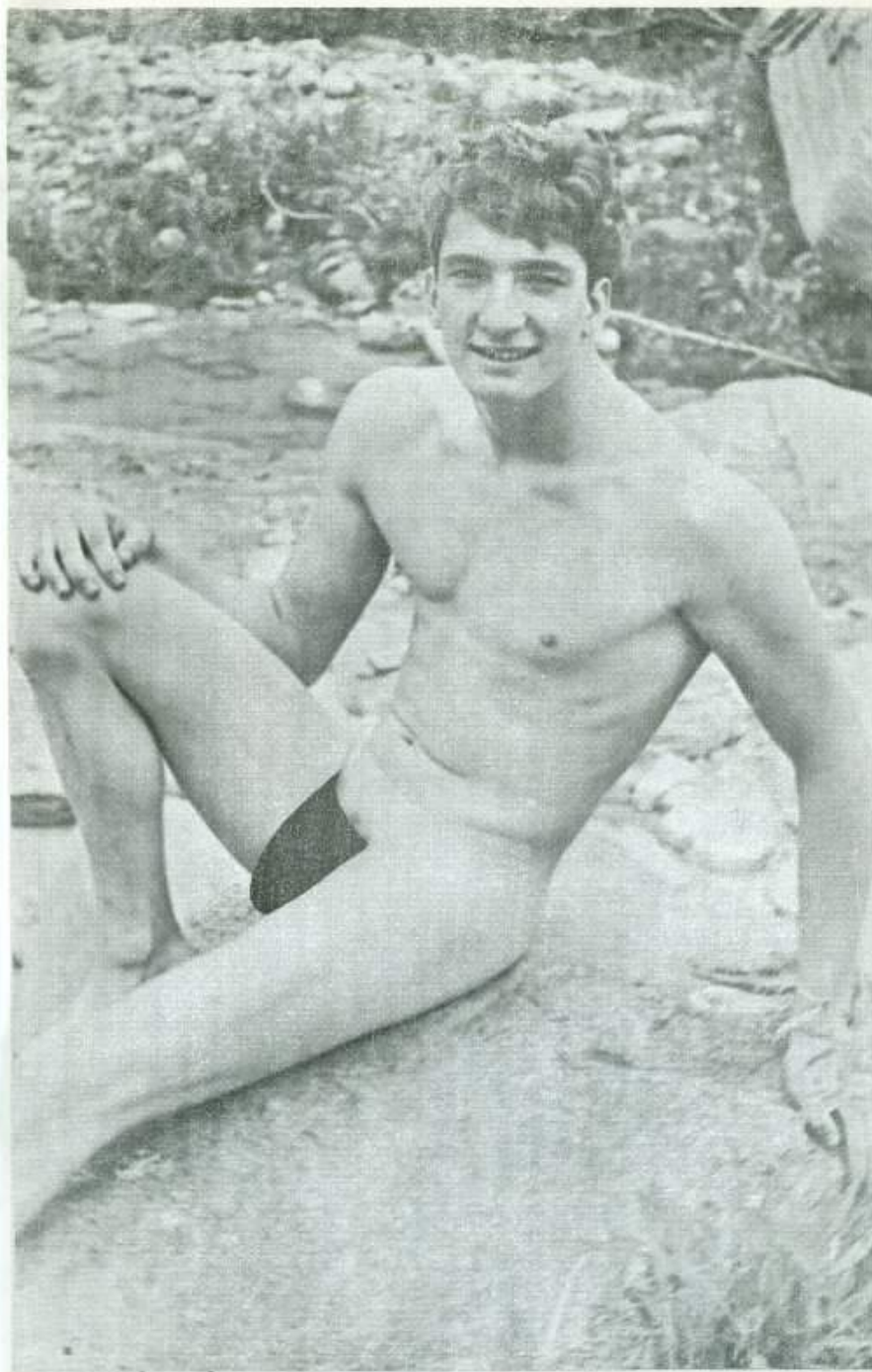
MARSHALL: I sure do. If you want to join the army, join it. Homosexuals aren't all faggots, and I'm sure you can do just as good a job as the next guy.

two PHYSIQUE SECTION

The models appearing in the physique section of TWO are professionals and are not necessarily homosexual.



"Summer is a comen in" In fact it's already here and the big outdoors beckons. This month we present an outdoor collection, from the bottom of the garden, behind Can Art Studios. We don't know whether you have fairies, elves, or an old septic tank at the bottom of your garden but we certainly wish we had these flowers at the bottom of ours!









CAN-ART is one of Canada's leading physique studios and is featured regularly in international physique publications.

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grapes from the vine

LONDON: The House of Lords recently gave interim approval to a bill that would end criminal penalties for homosexuality among consenting adult males acting in private. The vote was 94 - 49. If approved once more by the Lords, the measure would go before the House of Commons for consideration.

The bill is based on the recommendations of the Wolfenden Committee.

DETROIT: A new dance bar has blossomed in Detroit. The Barbary Coast, a large bar, features only fast "don't touch" dancing on a boy to boy basis. They also have a drag show Sunday afternoons. The Club 1011 had an unfortunate floor show recently: Two people were shot during an argument in the washroom.

WASHINGTON DC: A small group of people from the Mattachine Society picketed the White House recently protesting government policy toward homosexuals.

They carried signs, some reading: U.S. Claims no Second Class citizens - What about Homosexual Citizens? Fifteen Million US Homosexuals Protest Federal Treatment. Further demonstrations are planned.

CUBA: Premier Castro of Cuba seems to be running out of minority groups to persecute. His latest announcements indicate that he intends to place Cuban Homosexuals in labor camps. At the risk of being accused of plagiarism, "Methinks the Premier doth protest too much". In fact she's just TOO MUCH altogether!

OTTAWA: According to a bulletin received: The Committee on Social Hygiene was officially discarded recently. Instead the Canadian Council on Religion and the Homosexual has been formed. The address is P.O. Box 741, Station B, Ottawa. After reading the article on page 4 we think it's about time the church got with it.

TOLEDO: If you ever get to Ohio don't miss the Scenic Bar. Dance where and how you please.

PATTERNS ARE FOR LOVE

Julian Frank

This particular day was overcast with a lifeless white which made the distant highschool building loom abruptly in stark contrast. I seemed, for an instant, to see destiny converging on the building's exterior and I resisted a compulsion to flee. But this ritual (a morbid scene, enacted every day) was not to be stalled or put off. I was committed. As I entered, the hum made by the students various activities was an invitation to the day set before me... Impressions, they were like a neurosis, acted out too many, familiar times...

As I stood opening my locker, noting the endless blur of rushing faces, I longed for a fresh new awakening, to end this rite called learning. Though only in my second week of the new term, I felt the exhaustion of a completed semester. Lost, because I did not have the potentials of logical thinking or manual dexterity. This was the crux of the rebellion: most of the boys could involve themselves with the smell of varnish, the noise of hammering tinplate, whereas mine were books, symphonies, and the beauty of poetry. As a change was not forthcoming, the only failing hope was adjustment with my lot. So I became confined in myself; coldly cynical and introverted, I rang a discordant note in the class harmony.

The classroom where the first lesson of the day began was like a hundred others in the building--huge, square, and painted a stark, serene blue. As we assembled, I watched those thirty faces--mostly chatting, indifferent to the dominance of the teacher. New friendships were made, tete-a-tete, which if lasting would serve as a helpful crutch. There was a close camarade among these boys, an essential maleness; though I could not identify with it, I did feel a warm security.

The morning was to take on new texture, beginning, oddly enough, with an embarrassing math question. I remember standing in the flush of confusion and laughter, unable to answer--then noticing this boy staring intensely. On the surface he joined in the general derision, almost spitefully; yet his wistful compassion was undeniable. Understanding his eyes, I realized that he did not wish to seem different....those circles of grey, sensitive in hue, overwhelming in beauty....I resumed my seat wrapped in tugging emotions. My hands, shaking with unremitting nervousness, kept me from looking his way for the rest of that eventful morning.

At noon my custom was to eat my lunch at an almost deserted bakery shop.... Presently the door opened and in came a group of school-

boys, happy at the discovery of this quiet place. I sat there toying with a paper cup listening idly to their conversation. Discussing with relish the past excitement of summer, one felt that they would forsake anything to be back on those sandy, sunlit beaches. Looking up to see who they were, my eyes caught a total view of the boy who caused me such happiness. Now my ideals of beauty are not of flawless symmetry, but lean rather to an immediate emotionalism, often disliking granite perfection because of an apparent lack of character. Yet I sat enthralled; his colours of ginger and dull gold, his exquisite grey eyes, captivated me. But not withstanding the final grace of love; releasing as it may have been, worried me. I feared the most deadening of all realities--that it was a youth, like myself, whom I chose to love.

Like the earth revolves around the sun, I became a trajectory circling my central attraction. But as the earth is pulled towards the sun, it must also repel this force in order to avoid collision.... I was like a fanatic to this, my personal cult of adoration. I came, I saw, but did not conquer, afraid my dream might splinter and leave nothing in its place. Yet my eyes followed him constantly and soon there were a few of his habits unknown to my love-trained sight. To attempt conversation seemed impossible; yet we were aware of our staring contact.

(I wanted to cross, to be at his side, but my fear was of being not a lover, but a corruptor. Knowing what it was all about, I accordingly held the informed card. If I were to bring my love out into the open, despair would result. Love can be pure, noble and creative, except when imposed on someone so pliable; yet I wanted those few moments and wanting but not taking can be cruelest of all. For consolation there were faces from the past; some of my friends were not so fortunate, the love of one man for another was their sentence, a fight without weapons. Strengths were lost ending in at least one suicide; for another the compromise of liquor. These possibilities, remote as they might seem, could not be risked. Not for a few delirious moments, not even for my cherished love.)

.... Haphazardly I passed that day and the many more which followed. June, the month of summer, had come at last to cast the shadow of desertion over the school and over me....

So I left the sultry beauty of that summer day; left the long corridors where the steam of fluorescent lighting ran on into memory; left it all behind (graduated as they like to say), and looked upward to the words of a since departed poet. Joining in her words of truth, I said, "You knew, didn't you, how love can be.".... For I had now lived those lines of a poem called "Patterns", "Christ, what are patterns for?"

WHAT IS A DOWNTOWN BUTCH ?

When a female baby doesn't outgrow dirty denims, scuffed shoes, chain smoking and picking fights and acquires so much brashness that her family doesn't dare introduce her to their friends, she becomes a butch.

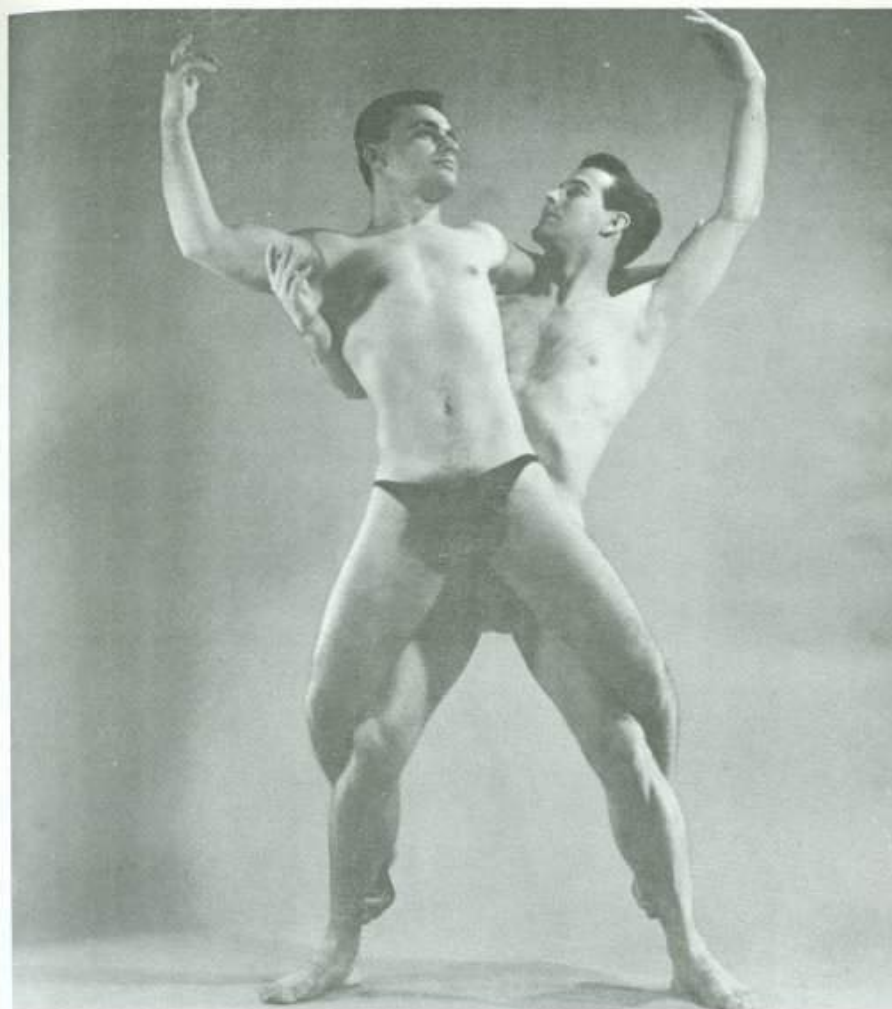
A butch is nature's way of saying that she has almost given up on the human race but is trying one last-ditch stand. A butch can smoke like a fiend, eat like a horse, act like a jackass and love like a man.

She is a piece of skin stretched over a rebellion. A war on two legs. She is called trouble because she hits at the most unexpected times, in the most unexpected places and leaves everything a wreck behind her.

She is a confused situation to be cuddled, fed, liquored, and loved at all times: a boy forever, a policeman's nemesis, the offspring of our times, the scourge of a nation. Every one molded is a taunt that woman can equal man.

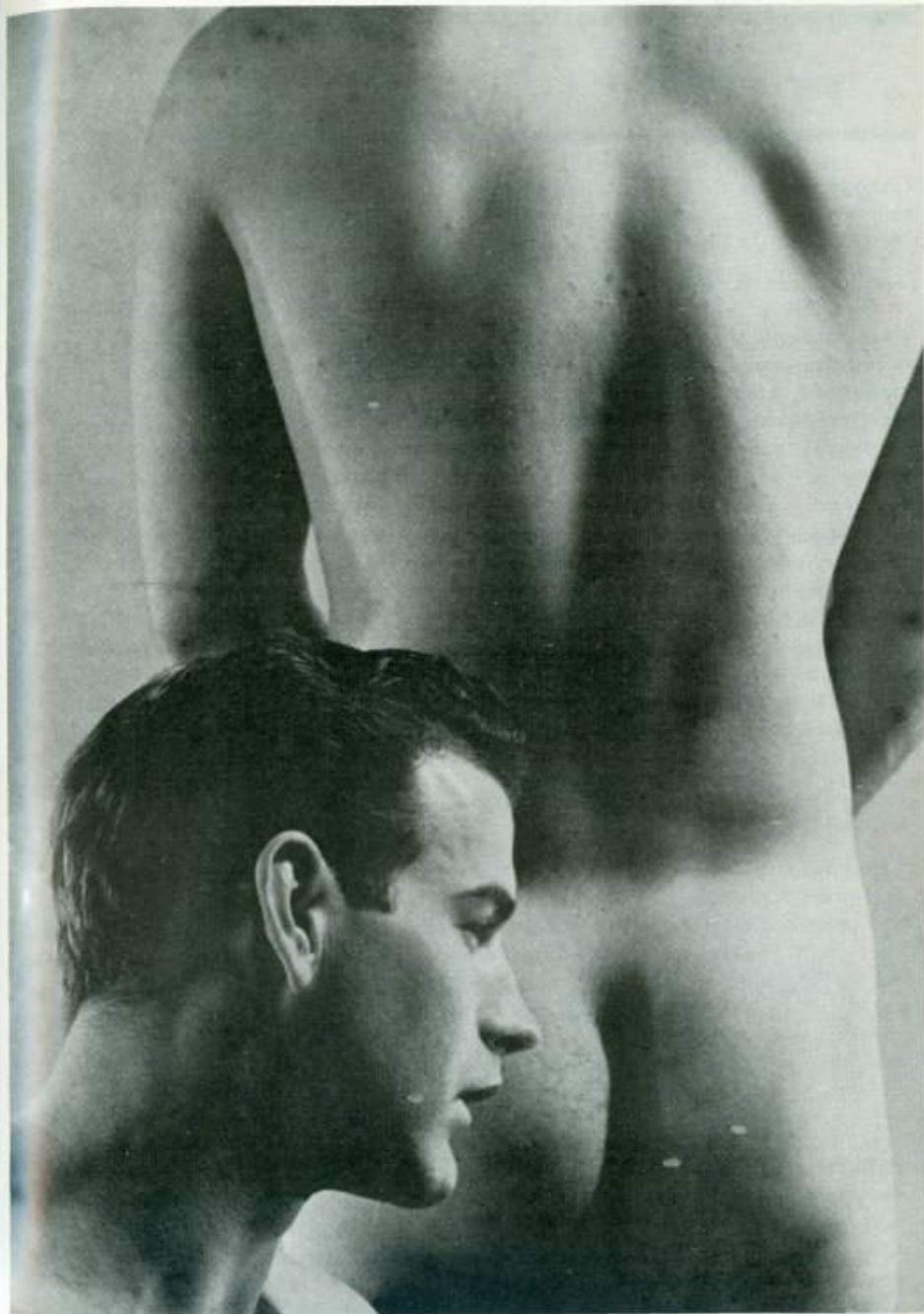
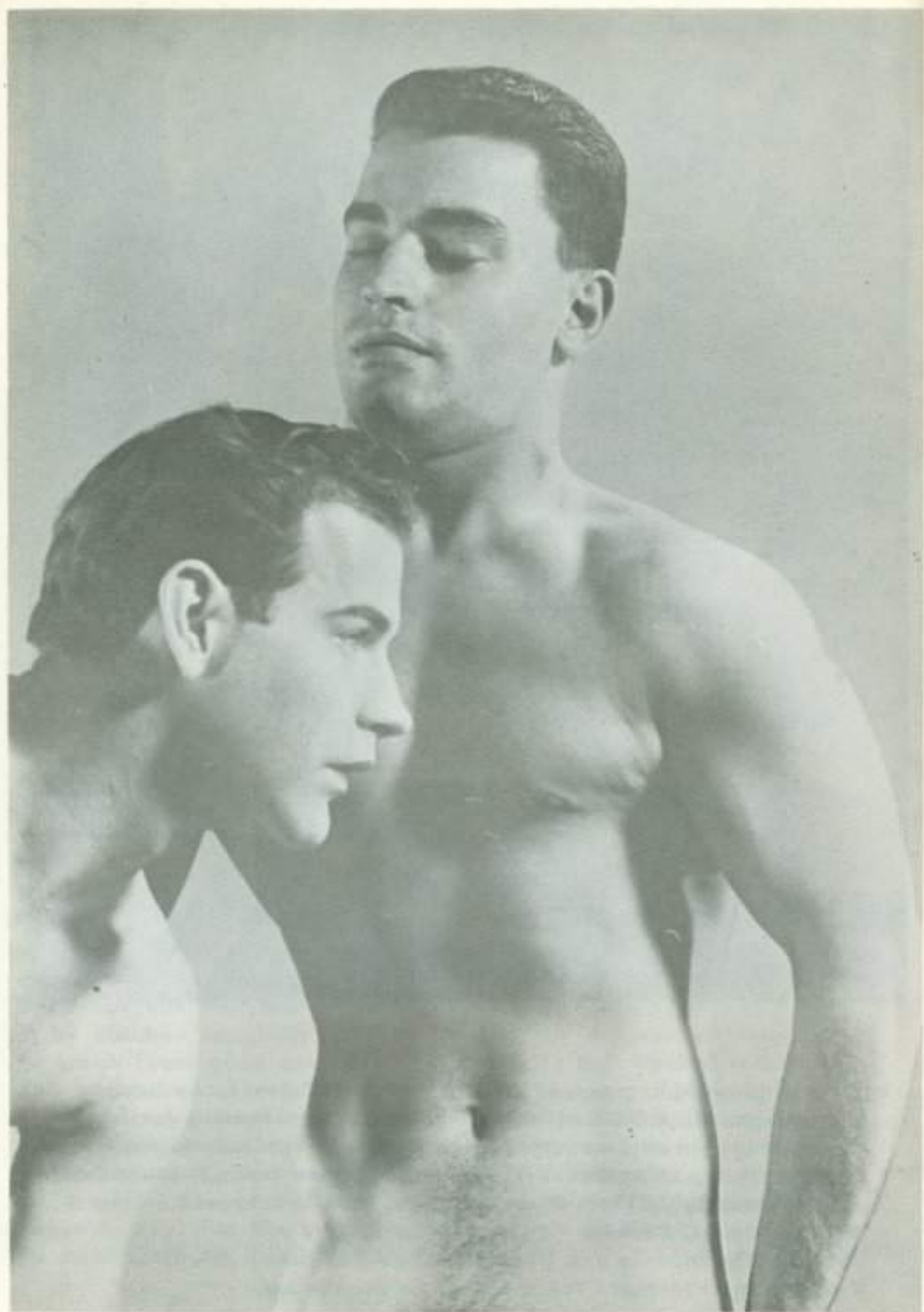
Were it not for butches the tabloids would go unread and many gay clubs would go bankrupt. Butches are useful for giving orders. A butch can clean house with the aid of five or six femmes. The zest for which a butch does housework can only be equalled by the speed sap runs through a tree in the dead of winter. The butch is a natural rebel. She loathes wearing female attire, cops, squares, screaming fags, trespassing butches, work, slow cars and she will not conform.

Baby butches faithfully imitate big butches despite all attempts to teach them good manners. A butch is not worked too often and if praised at regular intervals will survive fights, thirty days for vagrancy, starvation, hangovers and a hard night of love. When she grows old she will trade pride, toughness, confidence, boisterousness, laziness and freedom for security, tranquility, hard work, desperation and married bliss and will immediately begin to say that the young butches aren't as tough, quick, hep or intelligent as they used to be.



TWO is pleased to present the work of one of Americas leading photographers, ROD CROWTHER. Rod is now famous for his 'he man' type models and his work appears regularly in many international publications. These pictures are from Catalog PADA which is available from Rod Crowther, Box 369 Franklin Station, Washington DC 20044

Oh yes! The models are Parrish Ames and David Allen. We hope to have more from Rod in future issues.



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

THE DIVIDED PATH:
written by: Nial Kent
(New York, 1949)

MAYBE TOMORROW:
written by: Jay Little
(New York, 1952)

(Both recently reissued in paperback.)

This is basically the same story in both books: childhood feelings of rejection from other boys; female - oriented attitude by mother: strong affection, from a distance, for school friends; eventual involvement with one of them; anguish because said friend is (at least) bisexual; temporary estrangement; eventual promise of happiness. There are significant and interesting differences between these books, however. The most basic ones are, 1: Mr. Little is not a writer, and Mr. Kent is, and 2: Mr. Kent lacks courage, but Mr. Little doesn't. "Maybe Tomorrow" is told for the most part in flat, spineless, uninteresting prose with scarcely a glimmer of imagination. I suspect the author is simply adapting episodes from his own life. Sometimes, on the other hand, you can almost hear him shifting gears, in an attempt to be literary in the modern style, and I am afraid that these attempts are mostly unsuccessful, and sometimes just plain ridiculous (e.g. "The water alone endured the same. The log still lay at the limit of the land, and the creek ran on down its pathway to some unknown end, tracing a word of prophecy and recollection").

The books differ greatly in their endings. After a fierce attack of jealousy that crystallizes their feelings for each other, Mr. Little's two major characters drive away together making plans for the future. Mr. Kent, after straining our credulity to the utmost by avoiding having his two heroes go to bed together, on the last page summons up a convenient thunderstorm, causing a fatal car wreck, thus neatly producing the expected 'moral' tragedy for the only one of the two who had actually indulged in sex. This is the prototypical tragic ending, which has nothing whatever to do with anything that has gone before, and by resorting to it Mr. Kent has falsified his entire book.

This is a pity, because "Divided Path" is a better book in most other respects. Mr. Kent is a competent writer, though certainly not an immortal. Mr. Little tries valiantly, but commits grammatical errors (e.g. "if he would have known" for "if he had known") and is positively addicted to suspension points ("....."). He over-emphasizes the 'feminine' aspects of some forms of homosexuality,

and seems fascinated by female impersonation, neither of which are agreeable to all homosexuals. He has included a very interesting section, comprising about a quarter of the book, on the gay life of New Orleans and, even allowing for a certain amount of idealizing, this is the best part of the book and the one which seems most true to life. Mr. Little has a very good ear for homosexual slang and it comes across well in one of the best 'bitching sessions' in print. Mr. Kent is much more convincing than Mr. Little in the parts of the book dealing with childhood; Mr. Kent's child acts like a child, while Mr. Little's acts like nothing quite human. Nobody could be that repressed, and survive!

Both books have their good and bad points, and both can be enjoyed. If Mr. Kent had written Mr. Little's book, though, we would have had a classic to rank among the half-dozen best.

THE BEGINNERS' GUIDE TO CRUISING:
written by: Geo. Marshall

This book is not quite what its title implies; it is actually a step-by-step handbook for the older homosexual looking for younger 'friends'. The reader (who is presumably the cruiser) is assumed to be old enough to 1. be financially secure; 2. provide a 'garconniere' where the encounter can take place, and 3. worry about the appearance of his garters. The quarry in this sophisticated hunt is in turn assumed to be 1. short of money; 2. concerned about appearances, and 3. anxious not to seem too willing. Since not all readers will be in the older age bracket, it is pleasant to note that, so far as this reviewer can judge, the book is psychologically true throughout, so that many helpful hints can be derived from it by any person anxious for self-improvement.

The book takes the reader from the beginning (Tools and Equipment) through the various stages of the campaign (The Approach, The Attack etc.) right into the bedroom (Undressing - a most thought-provoking section) but is not a manual of sex techniques.

I judge the author to be an experienced writer, as the English is excellent throughout, actually better than many mass-circulation paperbacks. The only disturbing factor is his persistent use of 'gay' as a noun--'the gay' is the younger homosexual who is being cruised. This is not in accord with the conventional usage and is possibly explained by the fact that the author seems to be British (e.g. "underground carriage" for "subway train").

This book can be viewed as a serious guide-book, and is usually so advertised. It can also be viewed as a very well-done spoof of the many popular 'how-to' books available on every conceivable subject. Both approaches seem equally valid. Or you can buy it for the cover picture, which is provocative enough.

very much out.... and about.

A visit to old Quebec ("The Whispering City") is a must during each person's lifetime. The most favourable weather is during the months of June through September 15th. The end of July and August are apt to be rainy.

The various tourist buses do an excellent job of showing the visitor the historic sights of old Quebec during the day. A ride in a horse-drawn calaché is also most enjoyable.

If you have a terribly hot weekend, rent a car and go to Plage Germain at lac St. Joseph. The lake is refreshing, the beach is clean, and gay people along with the non-gay people are there. A walk along the Terrace at the Chateau Frontenac during the afternoon or especially the evening is usually very rewarding as gay people tend to take a stroll there. The end nearest the Chateau is the gayest.

For those that like to cruise in the park, a walk along the Plains of Abraham at night cannot help but be rewarding.

However, for the City folk, a walk along St. Jean Street between D'Youville Square (where the movie theatres are) right up to and along the Terrace is usually quite rewarding as this is the area traversed each evening by the people of Quebec. Saturday and especially Sunday afternoons are ideal times, even in winter, along these routes. This walk probably covers about a mile or so, but everybody walks slow and so one is never tired.

If it is raining, go to the Cinema de Paris at D'Youville Square and be sure to visit the wonderful smoking lounge. You can also try the Princess and Imperial theaters on St. Joseph Street. The Imperial is more active than the Princess.

Stay out of the washroom in the Gare Central (bus station) on Blvd Charest. However you can cruise into the station itself. If you get thirsty during your walk along St. Jean Street stop in at Tavern St Jean, 980 St. Jean Street (popularly known as Tavern Capitol) or at Tavern St. Jean, 1190 St. Jean Street (popularly known as Tavern Bourgault) as other thirsty gay people are also there. You pass by both these places on your walk on St. Jean Street.

Another good place is the tavern in the basement of the Hotel Clarendon. This is a favourite meeting place of University and High School students. It is somewhat higher class than the two taverns on St. Jean Street.

A bit out of the way is Taverne Limoliou, 472 3rd Avenue. You will have to take a taxi or a bus. A visit to the downstairs part could be rewarding. Many of Quebec's younger men are there as well as a few hustlers.

At about 11:00 P.M. or anytime thereafter take a taxi to Le Gueuleton, 106 St. Sacrement Ave. This is now Quebec's gayest place. It is open for men and women. A juke box plays almost continuously for dancing between members of the opposite sex. Dress is informal, although some people wear ties. There are usually enough girls on weekends, so you can dance if you wish --just ask as one is rarely refused. This place is quite crowded Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, but is quiet during weekdays. People stay till 3:00 P.M.

Le Barillet Pub & Restaurant at 333 Blvd Charest just opened. It serves excellent steaks at modest prices and has a cozy bar in the rear with beer at 35¢ a bottle. A wonderful Irishman plays an old piano and adds a great deal of atmosphere. Because this is a restaurant, beer is served till 2:00 A.M. So this is a good place to go to after the taverns close.

In town, after the taverns close, you can drop by the Cafe Manhattan at 1044 St. Jean for a beer or something to eat. It is most active after midnight, especially on Weekends. The place is packed on Sunday afternoon and evening.

For the wee hours in the morning, the best sandwich in Quebec can be had at Restaurant Chez Leon on St. Jean Street, just a block down from Cafe Manhattan. It is open all night.



Of course I'm positive
you sent the wrong
laundry.....
Mine have polka dots!



Sara wants a sex change so she can
join the Wolf Cubs!

WE GET LETTERS

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



RESEARCH ANYONE ?

Being a long time patron of the so called "gay" bars, I cannot help but wonder why so many bar owners are afraid of a homosexual clientel. The average homosexual "bar" crowd is well behaved, good spenders and certainly regular. Why then are they so often rejected by bars if more than four of them use the bar at one time ?

The only time the gay boys seem welcome is when a bar or hotel is about to go kerplow!

Meanwhile I will continue with my research.....in the field of course!

J. Maitland,
Toronto.

MORE RESEARCH ?

Can you arrange to print an article on the work of the Toronto Psychiatric Clinic with regard to the treatment of homosexuality. I recently approached the Clinic about treatment and was told that they dealt only with court referrals and already had a six month waitinglist. Also are there any other organizations offering treatment of homosexuality and is there any truth in the reports of "cure" cases in the United States.

Name Withheld

The editors and staff of TWO regret the passing of Gordon. When the sadness of his death is long forgotten the many hours of happiness he gave to so many will long be remembered.

If your local news boy still doesn't have TWO.... don't yell at him.. especially if he's cute.

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