

TORONTO'S PREMIER GAY LIFESTYLE DIGITAL MAGAZINE

# MGT

*We Know Gay*

MY GAY TORONTO

ISSUE #50 SEP 15 - OCT 15, 2017.





***This issue highlights:***

**- WIN BLACK AND BLUE VIP WEEKEND PASSES**

<p><b>MAIN EVENT OCTOBER 8<sup>TH</sup></b>          AMPHITHEATRE PIERRE-CHARBONNEAU - OLYMPIC PARK          DJ KEV-J &gt; MONTREAL          DJ EREZ BEN ISHAY &gt; ISRAEL - MIAMI  <b>ROGER SANCHEZ</b> &gt; NEW YORK  <b>VICTOR CALDERONE</b> &gt; NEW YORK</p> <p><b>THURSDAY OCTOBER 5<sup>TH</sup></b>  <b>THE PRESIDENT'S COCKTAIL</b>          MONTREAL 375</p> <p><b>FRIDAY OCTOBER 6<sup>TH</sup></b>  <b>LEATHER BALL</b>          375 DEGREES</p> <p><b>SATURDAY OCTOBER 7<sup>TH</sup></b>  <b>PARTY TWINKLE</b>          DIVERSE CITY</p>	<p><b>WIN VIP WEEKEND PASSES</b></p> <p>Tap here and answer (true or false):          MyGayToronto is Major Sponsor of          Black And Blue Festival 2017!</p> <p><small>Please include your full name, daytime phone number &amp; email</small></p>
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**- *Ever been raped in your sleep?***  
by Paul Bellini pg: 7



**- *Adore Delano New Album - WHATEVER*** -  
Drew Rowsome pg: 8

**- *Body Shaming - #Unique*** -by Paul Bellini pg: 15

**- *MGT exclusive interview with Kim Chi, Detox and Alyssa*** - by Raymond Helkio pg: 16

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**SAMANTHA LAUZON**



**- *The Lesbian Online Dating Scene in Toronto***  
by Alex Matveeva pg: 25

**- *MGT Cover Photographer Antonio FaFredo***  
by Drew Rowsome pg: 27-35

**- *How To Get An A.... While Giving A Little A***  
by Rolyn Chambers pg:38

**- *Hot Clowns***  
by Drew Rowsome pg: 42



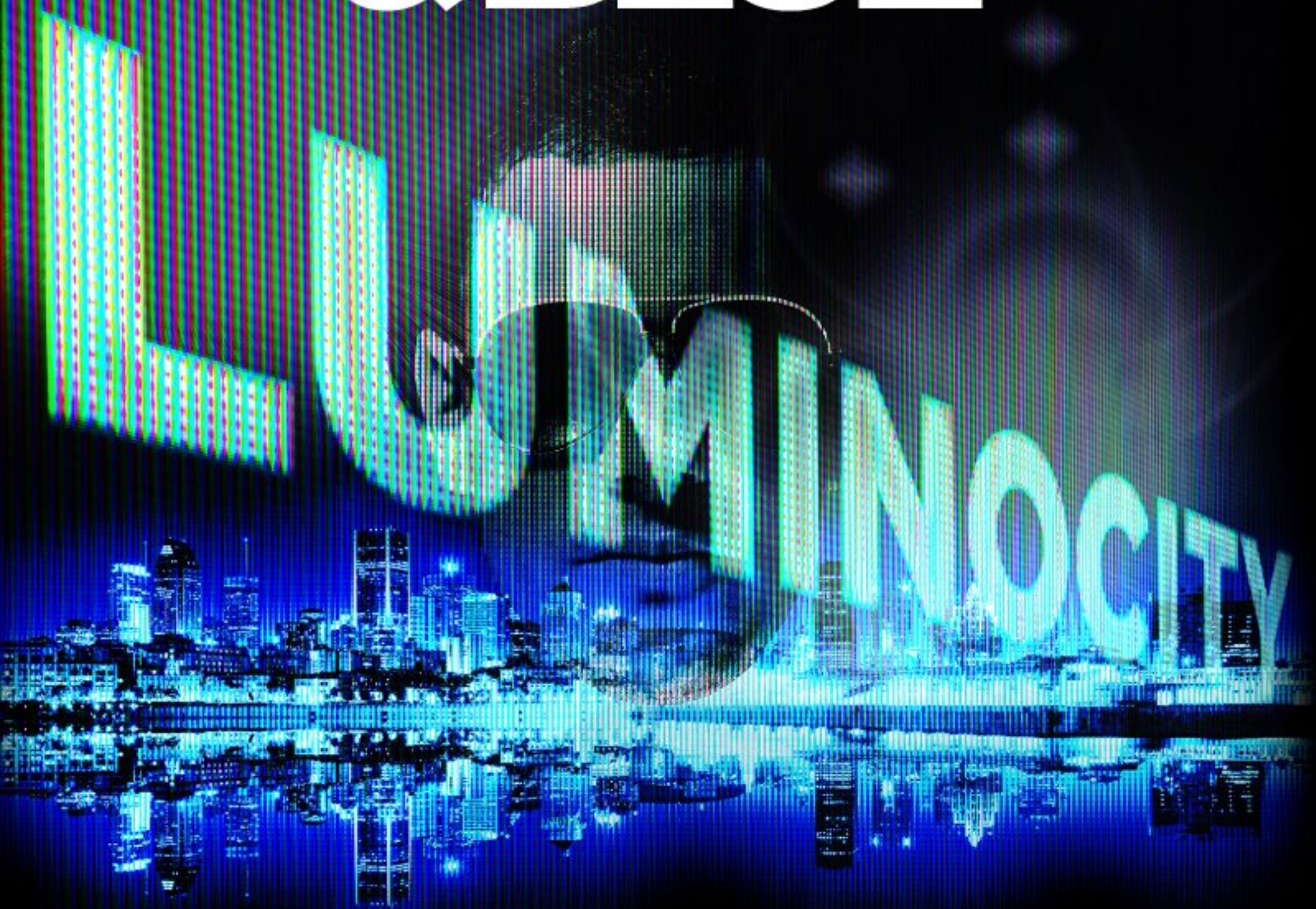
**- *Atomic Blonde...Oh Dear***  
by Sky Gilbert pg: 44

**- *The End Of Eddy* review**  
by Drew Rowsome pg: 45

**PLUS SO MUCH MORE!**

**BAD BOY CLUB MONTREAL**

2017  
**BLACK  
& BLUE**



**MAIN EVENT  
OCTOBER 8<sup>TH</sup>**

**AMPHITHEATRE PIERRE-CHARBONNEAU  
OLYMPIC PARK**

**VIP PASSES - TICKETS [WWW.BBCM.ORG](http://WWW.BBCM.ORG)**

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BAD BOY CLUB MONTRÉAL

2017  
**BLACK  
& BLUE**  
MAIN EVENT



DJ KEV-J  
> MONTREAL



DJ EREZ BEN ISHAY  
> ISRAEL - MIAMI



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SANCHEZ  
> NEW YORK



VICTOR  
CALDERONE  
> NEW YORK

LUMINO CITY

BAD BOY CLUB MONTRÉAL

# 2017 BLACK & BLUE

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# 2017 BLACK & BLUE



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# To sleep, perchance to . . .

PAUL BELLINI



Ever been raped in your sleep?

Once, while sharing a bed with a straight friend, I awoke to him kissing me and shoving his tongue into my mouth. Then he reached down and when his hand realized that I wasn't his wife, he abruptly rolled over and started to snore. Yes, he was on anti-depressants, and yes, I would have loved for him to continue, and yes, we laughed about it the next morning. But what if he had continued and didn't even realize it?

Now its been diagnosed as sexsomnia, which sounds more like a song title than a condition. Identified in 2003 by U of T researcher Colin Shapiro, it is "accepted as a sleep condition rather than an excuse given by rapists", writes Conrad Braxton in the blog Gay Pop Buzz. The article goes on to say that a whopping 11% of all men are sexsomnia sufferers and that it can possibly be attributed to colorants and additives in food.

So how does it occur? I quote: "When a diagnosis is given, it is usually referred to as non-rapid eye movement (NREM) parasomnia . . . In NREM, the person is caught between their sleeping and waking cycles when suddenly roused from deep sleep . . . One of the biggest issues for sexsomnia sufferers is that during an 'attack' on someone, the sexsomnia sufferer appears relatively normal, awake and conversant." So they seem awake, but are actually asleep, doing something people usually do while awake in order to get to sleep.



I have to say, regardless of whether I believe in sexsomnia or not (and let's be honest, sleepwalking and other ungoverned behaviours are fascinating - I once knew of a man who hung himself in his kitchen while apparently sleepwalking), it's given five star red flag treatment in this article. The hysterical tone starts with phrases like "highly disturbing," "forcible restraint," "distress and shame," and "serious injuries." Jesus! The article also recommends that sexsomnia sufferers sleep alone in locked rooms. What, are they werewolves?

Indeed, the whole article is typical click bait for online blogs that need to keep filling their pages with 'newsy' things, like sleep rape. Thank you, Gay Pop Blog, for bringing to our attention this horrible new scourge that is currently overwhelming our community.

Thank God that the worst thing I do while sleeping is to fart. If you ask my partner, he will tell you that that is enough of a violation for one night.

## Adore Delano: the drag queen rocks from jailbait to lamenting size queen

Drew Rowsome

Adore Delano's pop music career just took a turn that is hopefully a creative renaissance and not a detour. Since her last release "I Adore You" peaked at #49 on the Billboard Dance/Electronic Music charts, she returned to RuPaul's Drag Race for the second all stars edition only to withdraw in the second episode, sued her management accusing them of "gross mismanagement of income" to the tune of \$3.25 million, and been dissed (a lot, but she's in good company) by Bianca Del Rio. And now released a rock n roll album, Whatever.

Promoting her second album, After Party, Delano said, It's going to be a little more serious.

I've gone through a lot of shit this year – I fell in love, I got to travel the world, my dad passed away, I want to write about real shit. It's darker I think, but it's still me." That album debuted at #1 on the Billboard Dance/Electronic Music charts and garnered rave reviews before disappearing. No matter. Delano picked up a guitar and let her roots grow out.

Whatever is billed as "the heavy, guitar-drenched album she always wanted to record," but I prefer her own precise description, "cooking up a new sound for a generation in dire need of a scream." Or, the long form,

**It's a 100 percent alternative rock album, inspired by all the greats before I was on American Idol. Everything that inspired me when I was a little angry kid and when I was younger, during the Bush administration, came out of me during this political climate. I just wanted the kids to have something to be fun and dance around with and be angry about. It's important to be angry and paint the town red sometimes. I feel like there's a lot of angry kids that need to have some type of stuff to get crazy with, like punch a hole in your wall. Sometimes you do need to question society, you do need to question your parents, you do need to question the media. There is a lot of things right now that are going on that you do need to question, and I hopefully put that into this music.**

It's a standard pop music strategy to jump start a career by changing direction and look, most common by strapping on a guitar and declaring that one always wanted to rock.





It's been done by many, some have been successful. To my knowledge, it's never been done by a drag queen and it's about damn time. Whether the move is calculated ('90s grunge is the next retro), or sincere (Delano is musically adept and rocked as convincingly as possible with the confines of American Idol), or brazen (grunge's big brother heavy metal is, on the surface, a boy's club with a pretty consistent streak of misogyny and homophobia), or ballsy (drag queen's are still the best at being politically transgressive and pushing the limits of the zeitgeist), the timing is good.

Laura Jane Grace has kicked down a lot of the doors that Rob Halford and Freddie Mercury propped partially open. Drag has gone from gay subculture to a wildly varied mainstream phenomenon, including flirtations with rock n roll. And Delano, in the fragments that her publicity has made available to the press so far, has never sounded better - the songs are stronger and so are her vocals.

The first video/single, "Negative Nancy," is generic guitar pop metal with Delano singing tough and adopting an aggressive growl. The video combines Britney Spears jailbait era costuming with gay porn's timeless locker room suggestiveness, flings her hair like the best of a hair metal singer, and climaxes with a Twisted Sister "We're Not Gonna Take It" moment. It is, if muddled, great fun. And politically aggressive with genderbenders, nerds, and other outsiders taking their turn at bat. Lyrically Delano fires off one great catchy couplet,

**Daddy called me Nancy boy  
Never let me play with toys  
'Cause of him I'm always late  
Gonna miss my hair appointment**

The second video/single, "Whole 9 Yards," is even better. Delano sings the shit out of it, releases a tasty non-cliché guitar solo, and nails the androgynous appeal of those who identify as non-binary, while sending up the fetishistic treatment of women in videos while belting a size queen's lament.

**I want your love, feel the hole in my heart  
I want the whole 9 yards,  
feel the hole in my heart  
I need your love, I want the whole 9 yards  
Feel the hole in my heart,  
I want your whole 9 yards**

If the rest of Whatever is this good,  
Adore Delano rocks.



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# Nuit Blanche: Resistance, Revolution & Drag!

RAYMOND HELKIO



Photo: Vertigo-Sea, John Akomfrah

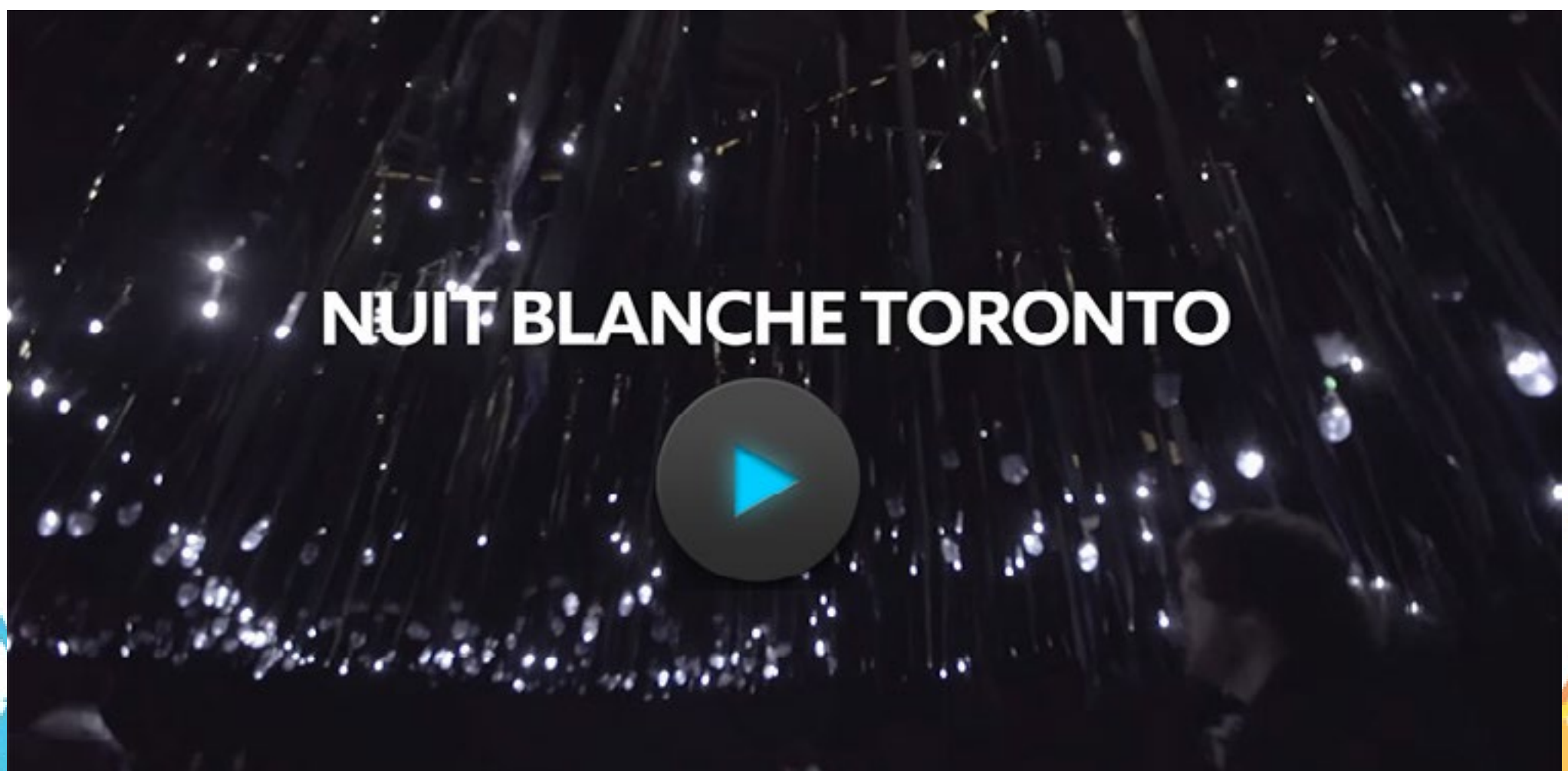
Nuit Blanche Toronto is our free, annual, city-wide, all-night celebration of contemporary art produced by the City of Toronto in collaboration with Toronto's arts community. From sunset to sunrise, the familiar is discarded and Toronto is transformed into an artistic playground for a series of exhilarating contemporary art experiences in unexpected public spaces.

This year's Nuit Blanche promises exhibitions that reflect on ideas such as; protest and social change, revolution and resistance, difference and acceptance, cultural endurance and visibility through the lens of Indigenous creators. Given the politics Toronto over the past year, it'll be interesting to see what the artists are able to do with the theme.

Noteworthy this year are; Vertigo Sea at the Design Exchange, Hand-held at Church of the Holy Trinity and Ocean in the City Hall Rotunda. But before things get started there's a pre-party collaboration with Pride Toronto called DRAG + PARTY, a queer art hub with drag, art, dance and music with performances by Sasha Velour, Kim Chi and Naomi Smalls. Plus DJ's ticky ty + John Caffery will be spinning amazing sets for you all night long!

DRAG + PARTY - SEPTEMBER 29, 2017 - 10PM

Nuit Blanche 2017: Many Possible Futures - SEPTEMBER 30, 2017 - sunset to sunrise





## Revenge of the Fag Hags

by Sky Gilbert

That was just to get your attention. If you're looking for an article that makes fun of women you've come to the wrong place.

However what you will find here is a critique of young gay men.

Okay, back in my day (which I know was a very long time ago) young men used to go to gay bars by themselves. I know this might seem like a bizarre concept to all you young-un's out there. But hold onto your hats. At one time, young men did not go to gay bars in order to socialize with their friends! They went out for one purpose and one purpose only: to cruise other men!

If you're under 25 you might not know what cruising is. Well you know how you flick through Grindr and flirt with guys, wink at them, and chat them up? Well people used to do that in person. I know, a bizarre concept.

Now that doesn't mean that back in the day, we weren't sociable. It wasn't that we didn't talk with anyone or laugh or have fun. And it didn't mean we walked into the bar and immediately pulled down some guy's pants. No — we laughed and talked and did all the things you do. Only we don't go to the bar for the express purpose of laughing and talking, we went there for the express purpose of getting royally laid.

Nowadays young guys don't go to bars without a phalanx of women on their arm. Not lesbians, or girls who read Schopenhauer, mind you, no: party girls. Pretty 19-25 year olds who live in Mississauga and wear low-cut party dresses, high high heels and giggle like crazy cuz honey — they are out for a wild and crazy night on the town with their outrageous gay friends!

I don't blame these young women. I mean who wants to hang out in a sexist straight bar with a bunch of boring, uptight abusive boys and nasty, sexually competitive girls with body image issues?

But what about the young gay men? What do they get out of all this?

Well the number of party girls a young man hauls into a gay bar is in direct proportion to his age, and hence inherently related to his fear of being thought to be cruising and fear of being cruised.

Nineteen year-olds may come to the bar with five girls or more. By the time they are 25 they only need one, until they get a boyfriend and can blithely intone "Dude, I'm no longer into the Church Street scene."

How do I know all this? Well I have certainly observed these frightened young men and their party-hearty girlfriends at Buddies, Woody's and lining up at Crews. But also, I've noticed a glut of YouTube videos, sketches and plays that feature annoying 'faghag' girlfriends. It used to be that gay men were misogynistic because they were forced by a homophobic culture to marry women and pretend they were straight. Thank God that's over. Unfortunately gay men still resent women — now because they have to spend the first ten years of their gay lives depending on girls to accompany them to gay bars.

Will we ever see the day when young gay men walk proudly into a gay bar alone with the express purpose of flirting with and ultimately sexing another guy?

Not in our lifetimes.

Why are young men so afraid of being openly sexual, sex-obsessed slutty perverts?

The one word answer: AIDS.

The illness may be manageable these days, but I doubt if the social effects will be manageable for a long, long time.

In the meantime, you gay boys try and be nice to your actual female girlfriends! Don't trash them, or resent them, or blame them for your eternally desperate co-dependent actions.

Cuz it's not their fault; it's yours.



## Darker Harder Chocolate

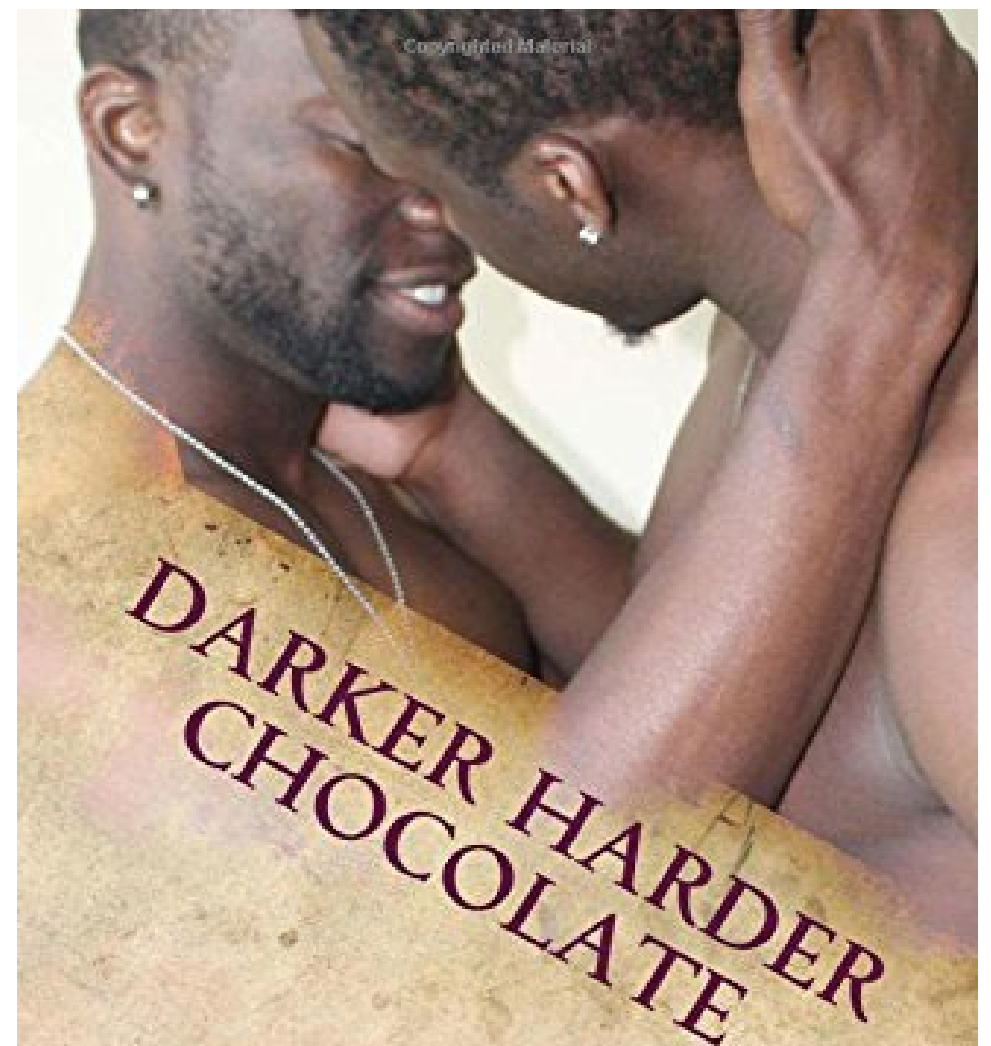
LONGER, JUICIER AND SEXIER - DREW ROWSOME

“When I got the proof copy of Darker Harder Chocolate, I was elated,” says author Kwame Stephens. “Much as I’m a fan of ebooks and technology, there’s something magical about holding a paperback book. And Darker Harder Chocolate is over twice as thick and long as Dark Hard Chocolate. I’m not a size queen but size does matter in this case. The stories in Darker Harder Chocolate are longer, juicier and sexier than the first book.”

Under the umbrella title of More Dark Hard Chocolate, Stephens released, due to popular demand, six ebook sequels to Dark Hard Chocolate. Now collected into a physical format, Darker Harder Chocolate is ready for the spotlight. “I hate boring book launches,” says Stephens. “So the Darker Harder Chocolate launch will involve two other readers selected by the hosting agency - Black Coalition for AIDS Prevention. There will also be two musical performances and a three course serving of A Taste of Man2Man.”

Man2Man is Stephen’s breakthrough play, a gay love story, that has been revisited twice, by popular demand, at Harbourfront and U of T. “The three sketches correspond with Damien and Emmanuel’s life from the end of Man2Man, through the end of Dark Hard Chocolate and finally at the end of Darker Harder Chocolate. We are almost done rehearsing and I can say for a fact that these will be most intensely written and realistically acted scenes you will see.”

Stephens’ readings are already intense, but in a different dramatic fashion. “I don’t think about men around the world getting off on my work,” he says of the joyfully prurient content. “I’m too busy living and getting my own rocks off. I have to confess that as I write erotica, I get turned on myself. When I re-read my own work I often get turned on too. In a world that is sometimes chaotic, sad and tragic, if my erotic words result in bringing pleasure and joy to some, then I’m glad to be a catalyst of sexual healing.”





Once Darker Harder Chocolate is officially launched - and copies of all of Stephens' works will be on sale - Black CAP's One Night Only - End of Summer Party begins. The combined events are what Stephens envisions, "A celebration of all that is black, gay, bi, trans and inquiring. When I came out in the early 1990s and was reaching out to other black men, I first found Black CAP. I was introduced to a group of black men who also were a part of the organization. It was in essence my coming out group. I even had my first blow job as part of those amazing interactions. No names shall be mentioned..."

Spinning for One Night Only - End of Summer Party will be DJ Blackcat who is also known for imparting erotic energy. "Mykel DJ Black Cat is a legend, one of my greatest supports and most of all a friend," says Stephens. "The success of my sold-out first version of Man2Man was in large part due to his throwing his weight behind the project. He was the connection that made things happen at a time when others were reluctant to support my then-unknown self. He also hosted the launch of Dark Hard Chocolate. I remain forever grateful and indebted to Mykel. He's a hero and does so much for many black gay men in this town. I feel honoured to be on the same bill as Black CAP and DJ Mykel Black Cat."

After he recovers from the launch party, Stephens has, as usual, more plans, "Next is the prequel, the last book in the trilogy. The working title is Damien and Emmanuel - A Dark Hard Chocolate Novel. I'm working on it and I'm not sure when I'll finish. The story starts one year before Damien and Emmanuel meet and takes us through the events of the play. The use of a novel as a means of telling stories will allow me to go deep into the characters and develop them." For the moment Stephens' playwriting is on hold as he explores the option of film. "I plan to shoot a few shorter films starting in the fall." And though he still insists he isn't a size queen, "After I gain more experience, I hope to revisit the Dark Hard Chocolate stories about Damien and Emmanuel on film somewhere down the line."



# #UNIQUE

Paul Bellini



I went to the Black Eagle one Sunday afternoon recently. A group called #Unique were in the back room taking pictures of patrons, who each had to strip to their underwear and pose holding a big sign denouncing body shaming. I tried desperately to avoid them, but I knew some of them so I did it, regretfully so. Not because I'm ashamed of my body. I made my career walking around near naked, as the Towel Guy on The Kids in the Hall show. Interestingly, I was always shy as a child. In Phys Ed, if I was chosen to play on the Skins team, I would die a little bit inside. But when the Kids in the Hall asked me to walk around wearing only a towel - a bathhouse image, by the way - I said okay, sure.

My problem isn't that I don't want to show my body anymore. It's that I can not necessarily say that I disagree with body shaming. In fact, I think a little of it is a good thing. True, I don't love it when some skinny bitch gives me diet advice, but I get the hint. I should lose weight. More to the point, I'm a comedian. I'm supposed to be ridiculed. I don't walk around wearing a towel in order to make people cry. (Though it has happened.)

I used to worry about the impact Barbie had on young girls. Being anorexic or starving oneself in order to show off one's abs at a circuit party are mental illnesses. Only the lucky few are naturally physically beautiful. Most of the rest of us have some work to do, and we know it, and we're proud of ourselves for doing it. (I have a friend who congratulates himself every time he walks his dog.) A lot of current social movements attempt to shame shaming, forcing us to be nicer people, or at very least in deed if not in thought. None of this would be necessary had the horror of social media not upended our society.

Healthwise, it isn't good to be too fat. You can turn it into a 'thing' if you want, but most people still adhere to a certain ideal body shape, and that shape is slender and moderately muscular. There's a reason most pop stars and porn stars aren't fat. Even if I am unique, I could still benefit from losing thirty or forty pounds. I don't even need other people shaming me, I just have to look in a mirror. Put a hashtag on that.



# Working Toronto's Halloween

RAYMOND HELKIO



RuPaul's Drag Race: Queens Werk The World Tour is back at Danforth Music Hall this October to fill our Halloween bags with glitter and mayhem\! Expect provocative queens such as Alyssa Edwards, Detox, Kim Chi, Latrice Royale, and Violet Chachki and from season nine Peppermint, Sasha Velour, Trinity Taylor and Valentina. Raymond Helkio of My Gay Toronto caught up with Detox, Kim Chi and Alyssa to discuss bad interview questions, drag misconceptions and touring.

**What's the worst interview question you've ever been asked?**

**Kim Chi:** Someone asked me what my favourite hot dog was, since I live in Chicago, we are known for hot dogs. But I never knew there were different hot dogs to choose from. Just Ketchup or Mustard.

**Detox:** An interviewer asked me for my phone number once, that was definitely the worst question I have ever heard on someones lips. Usually you should just give it to me and I will decide what to do with it.

**Alyssa:** Someone had asked me what my nighttime wear was usually. I was like, wha? Bitch had better not ask me what I wear when I am intimate with my lover(s).

**What do you think is the biggest public misunderstanding about drag performers?**

**Kim Chi:** That every Drag Queen is a make-up artist as well...lol

**Detox:** That we all have small penises.







### What's the most challenging part of this tour?

**Kim Chi:** Waking up to travel. The travel is always the hardest part, that's why we all prefer to take the bus because that means more sleep! We like sleep. A lot.

**Detox:** Never enough time to sit down and eat. Some days you just forget and before you know it, we're done with the show and every restaurant/food spot is closed because its Europe, and Europe isn't fat like we are to have a 24 hour McDonald's on every corner.

### The most rewarding?

**Detox:** Meeting the fans, I love meet & greets, there's always so much love in the air. Especially when the daddies that are fan boys ask me for a smooch!

**Alyssa:** I love that a majority of the fans can recite my quotes or sayings to me. Makes me feel safe that when I start getting old and forgetful, I can have everyone tongue pop and scream 'BEAST' at me.

Check their [facebook page](#) if you want find out where the girls will hanging out after the show!

**RuPaul's Drag Race: Werq The World Halloween Edition** - Wednesday, October 25 at 8 PM - The Danforth Music Hall  
147 Danforth Avenue, Toronto - [TICKETS](#)



# SHADY QUEENS

## THE SHEQUEL

### THE LIBRARY IS OPEN ...AGAIN

The smash hit Spotlight fundraising event in support of Fife House is back with new and returning guests



# Katya

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# Reset Fashion Event- The Great Hall, Sep 5 & 6

ROLYN CHAMBERS



The demise of Toronto Fashion Week created a void that many eager start-ups were more than happy to fill. With one fresh thrust, the team behind this year's Re/Set, held at The Great Hall on Queen St, has inserted something fresh and firm into our collective coochies. No runways with look-at-me front row seating. No pretentious VIP only areas. No stressful behind the scenes unpaid models drama. Just fashion.

For instance the market place pop-up shop in the great room on the main floor is bustling with friendly information sharing and product promotion. It's here that you could buy an over the top bejeweled "Cab Hailer" cuff or an old Hollywood style gem crusted choker from Alan Anderson. If you're a drag queen with expensive tastes (you're gonna need more than drunk girl tips from Crews to afford these gems) his line will have you standing out in any pageant.

Typical fashion shows, those productions that we love and loathe, have been reset. Instead, models simply pose like living mannequins atop pedestals and treat everyone to select looks. And the same viewpoints. You are your own front row. Brief looks by some audience members with limited attention spans are balanced out by those who are truly interested in the clothing that is presented. I of course walk up to the models, investigate what is draped on their bodies, touch the fabric, the soft leathers, and even smell the perfume and hair products that linger in the air. Re/Set's two-day presentation was about "connecting fashion to community" so why not?

The collection of Pedram Karimi, based out of Montreal is simple, subtle, modern and sophisticated. Some call it unisex, some call it genderless, some call it gender non-conforming. I call it clothing.

"My design is a more Middle Eastern way of dress," Karimi says. "You can wear my designs as presented, but most will chose to wear them with shorts or pants underneath. Myself, I wear them with shorts. It's about pushing your presentation. Not everything is meant to be worn the way you see it on the runway. But if you are bold enough you can. It's unfortunate that we have to think in terms of gender. My style is genderless. Just because you don't wear pants, doesn't mean that you're a woman"

At the other end of the fashion gender spectrum is Christopher Bates. Well known for his modern take on the business suit, Bates mixes manly business with boyish pleasure. Business comes to us by way of luxurious fabrics that support slim suit silhouettes.

"My goal is to constantly refine the suit and make it as modern and contemporary as I feel is appropriate," Bates says. "My suits are modern, they are not super slim lapels, or wide lapels which is still preferred by some designers. It's fitted but doesn't hug the body. It's tailored so that it skims the body. I think it's quite timeless."

Pleasure comes in the form of brushed cotton blazers in eye-catching colours like royal blue and wine red. I try one on in the marketplace. It's a sample piece that has been marked down from \$900 to \$400. It's still a bit out of my price range (especially when I can buy a similar piece for \$200 at Zara), but his line has many fans and they are snapping up his offerings like a Black Friday sale.

It will be interesting to see what happens with Re/Set next year after going through its nurturing phase, its birth a result of the death of Toronto Fashion Week.





# Salvador Dali Gala at Hazelton Lanes - Wed, Sep 6th

ROLYN CHAMBERS

"A true artist is not one who is inspired, but one who inspires others"

DALÍ (1904-1989)

I've always appreciated the works of Spanish surrealist artist Salvador Dali (1904-1989.) His famous paintings and bronze sculptures depicting melted clocks, elephants on stilts and women with cupboard drawers opening from their elongated bodies is like being inside the magnificent mind of someone's wildly adventurous acid trip. Recently Hazelton Galleries in Yorkville hosted a gala to celebrate their new Salvador Dali Exhibit.

As we enter the catered affair, Dali's enormous 142-inch bronze "Woman Aflame" statue sits in the courtyard greeting us with a silent hello, her left hand outstretched. Displayed over two floors, guests, including decadent designer brothers David Dixon and Glen Dixon, are privileged to not just interact with some of Dali's most famous pieces like "Dance Of Time II," "Profile Of Time" and "Space Elephant," but also (which must be a treat for fashion legend David) fashion inspired by these works. Vivia Ferragamo's "Cycle Of Life" strapped dress is elegant and restrained. If you were not told of its muse you would never have known it was given life by Dali's piece "Profile Of Time." Korean designer Yung In's patchwork kilt dress, on the other hand, is unmistakably Dali. With images of his iconic melted clocks oozing out of multi-coloured wooden drawers set against a blue sky-like backdrop, the dress becomes a painting.

Unlike the chicken or the egg debate, it is clear that Dali's works have inspired design. His trademark absurdity is perfect for fashion. Even Vogue editor Anna Wintour owns a beaded white dress emblazoned with his oft-copied red lobster. Dali's lesser-known watercolours, also on display, depict a much more down to earth quality (a trait that many would never expect from Dali). The subtle colours used are also inspiration for the fashions we see on the white mannequins tonight. The exhibit is currently running. Go see it before your acid kicks in.





**MARK TARA**

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# Lana Del Rey: listen but don't look

PAUL BELLINI

I love Lana Del Rey. When I listen to her CDs, I am immediately transported to a chilly, dismal beach. That is what she sounds like - a beautiful place at its worst. Her songs have a sophistication that appeals to my snobbish sensibility. The slowness of her beats suits my aging hipster hips. Her new CD, *Lust for Life*, is a lovely successor to 2015's *Honeymoon*, but neither are quite as seductive as 2014's *Ultraviolence*. For the life of me, I can't understand why every single person on earth isn't in love with her music as well.

This became distressingly clear last weekend, when I was enjoying a brew with a friend on the Eagle's patio. Lana's silky voice came over the PA system, and I screeched to my friend "Oh my God, I love Lana Del Rey!" to which he made a face as though a skunk had just farted out another skunk.

"Oh, you don't like her?" I asked, affronted. I trust this guy's taste. How could he not feel the same way as I do?

Then it occurred to me. He has been watching her videos. Let me be blunt - I love Lana because I seldom if ever look at pictures of her, or videos of her, or live performance footage of her. To me, she is entirely a sound, an ethereal vocal presence that evokes Dusty Springfield, Nico, Julee Cruise or the Cocteau Twins. She's a pillow of melody on which to rest my weary head. But to my friend, watching her lazy performance style on YouTube videos, she must seem like this tramp with Joker lips who looks like she lives permanently on spring break. I understand. Looking at that face, I too want to give her a smack. (Which is not to advocate assault. I point to the Kids in the Hall sketch where a woman who beats her husband gets on the witness stand and declares "It is something he give off, like a gas or a pheromone, which makes you want to hit him, have to hit him.") So don't watch Lana's new videos for her song "Lust for Life" featuring The Weeknd (what a voice he has!) or her song about me, "Beautiful People Beautiful Problems", featuring Stevie Nicks.

Don't look at her publicity photos or even her CD covers. Put a metaphoric bag over her head and instead just listen to her soothing hypnotic sounds.

And if that doesn't work, take an Ativan.





# The Lesbian Online Dating Scene in Toronto

ALEX MATVEEVA

Winter is coming, and soon enough all of us will be confined to the four walls of our bedrooms not wanting to go out into the cold. It's a disaster for those of us trying to date. Thankfully modern technology has allowed the lonely hearts out there to overcome this obstacle through online dating.

Online dating has categorically changed the way people date and/or hook up nowadays. It's really convenient. You can go through the virtual experience of speed dating from the comfort of your own house, or even when you're bored on your commute from work. Whether you think it's good or bad, it's here to stay. So, with the help of some of our members, we've compiled a small list of online dating apps where you can meet your dream girl.

**OkCupid** - This app has been around the block and by all accounts has the largest amount of lesbians on it. However, there are a few downfalls. First of all, if you're on it everyone will know you're on it, not just by accidentally swiping on your profile either. And once you've clicked on someone's profile they'll know and there is no amount of vodka you can drink to forget about accidentally clicking on the wrong profile in that case. One of our members expressed her opinion on this app: "I found that I couldn't use it properly unless I paid for it. You can find women but you can't really chat unless you get the membership." Although we should mention that OkCupid's redeeming quality is that you have the option to not appear to straight people, which can be comforting and save time.



**Plenty of Fish** - This tool has also been around since the dawn of the online dating app. Although most of the members we've talked to said that it does not provide a safe space for the LGBTQ community. This is followed by a lot of requests for threesomes with straight couples and undesirable photos.

**HER** - This app is often referred to as the lesbian answer to Grindr. It was created by a lesbian and strives to combine online dating along with providing a community feel. One of the app's major downfalls is that it cycles through the users even if you've already swiped 'no.' The user experience is not quite on par with what we're used to when borrowing the space in a straight app like Bumble or Tinder.



One day you can swipe back on the members you swiped 'no' to, the next that feature is only available with a paid membership. The redeeming quality is that all the users are LGBT. From what we gather from our members the user preference in this medium is in having longer conversations. Although that may be good, more often than not having a conversation online is different than in person. As one of our members puts it: "Women there are very chatty and they don't want to meet for a coffee till you have a lot of conversations first. If there is no chemistry there then there isn't much a relationship, friendship or otherwise". But they do make up for it, HER throws great parties. The app has a team of volunteers who hold parties in cities like Toronto and Montreal along with the major cities across the US. From inviting cast members of Orange is the New Black to throwing pajama parties, it definitely interacts with our community and keeps on top of the latest trends.

**Tinder** - This app has become so popular that it has made its way into pop culture. Although you can set your preference to women there is no real way of telling whether the users you are swiping on are straight unless they specify otherwise. The great thing about it is that the free version doesn't hinder your experience; if you choose the paid membership it only enhances it. As for the matches, one of our members has described it as "people who are using it are looking for sexting and sometimes unmatch with you randomly. Though I have gotten a few good dates out of it too".



Bumble - this app is relatively new on the market, but it's making great headway! The good thing about this app is that once you've swiped right you have 24 hours to respond otherwise the match disappears. Lesbians have historically been shy to make the first move, that's why a lot of your profiles are sitting there collecting likes and not conversations. With Bumble's 24 hour feature it lights a fire under you. They very well may have found a simple hack for getting the conversation started. So much so that if on



Tinder out of every five matches starts one conversation, with Bumble that number jumps up to four out five. Maybe that's why there is a growing number of women who are choosing it. One of our members had this to say about the app: "With Bumble, you state your intentions and you go out, end of story. The women are willing to meet up and there are a lot fewer people asking you for threesomes with their boyfriends."

We'd like to mention that not all is lost in meeting your dream girl in person though. Through a quick google search you can find local events for LGBT women, browse through meetup.com and you can go on our website ([letzto.com](http://letzto.com)) that lists all the LGBTQ women friendly events in the city. Stay warm out there!



**let'z** AN LGBT COMMUNITY JUST FOR WOMEN

MGT'S COVER PHOTOGRAPHER LIKES IT NATURAL AND NAKED

# Antonio FaFredo

DREW ROWSOME



*Antonio FaFredo Photography*



*Antonio FaFredo Photography*

“Actually they are natural,” says photographer Antonio FaFredo as he shrugs off a compliment. “Often I have not seen the model before I take pictures of him. Or I have some idea before we start then we do something different. Some of my last pictures, ‘Sunday Mood,’ happened really spontaneously. A friend of mine came to my home for a coffee and he said ‘By the way, I need some new pictures,’ and I took quick pictures of him while he had his coffee.”

It is that ability to find the beauty, particularly the male beauty, in the everyday that is FaFredo’s credo and talent: “Most often, I’m inspired by the radiance of people, and the nature around me,” he says. “In the beginning I was asking my friends to pose for me, then I decided just to look around me and offer the guys I like to take nice pictures of them. I like real natural things, I like my models to show the nice part of real life.”

What catches his eye is “a good body and a nice smile,” but he is vaguer on how he transmutes that into art. “I’m not sure how to answer,” he says, “Art is like love, you can’t always explain your art.” But when asked what makes a photo erotic, he has no hesitation, “I could answer with something very inspiring but I’ll be honest and short: the beautiful naked body.”

And FaFredo knows what he likes, his ultimate fantasy photo shoot is simple, “To take nude photos of Miguel Angel Silvestre.” Silvestre of Sense8 and I’m So Excited, would be wise to consider FaFredo’s offer, one of FaFredo’s series, a man in a sunflower field, has gone viral. “I did not know they were uploaded on Tumblr,” he says before googling and being pleasantly surprised. “It is one of the most successful photo sessions I did. I think every artist is glad when his work is liked, and when people share it, they like it.”

Many more will be enjoying FaFredo’s work now that he is on the cover of MGT Magazine but, for the moment, his work has to be sought out. “For now my work can only be seen on my Facebook page [[facebook.com/Antonio-FaFredoPhotography](https://www.facebook.com/Antonio-FaFredoPhotography)] and on Instagram,” he says. “But soon I plan to publish an Indiegogo campaign for my book.”

In the meantime, FaFredo plans to continue using his big smile to charm those he encounters on his travels into becoming art. He describes himself as, “An adventurer and dreamer who likes all the beautiful moments life can bring and to shoot them with my camera.” And he shrugs, inviting all along on those adventures, “It’s nice to share, that’s why I’m doing this.”



*Antonio FaFredo Photography*



*Antonio FaFredo Photogra*







Antonio FaFredo Photography



Antonio FaFredo Photography



Antonio FaFredo Photography





*Antonio FaFredo Photography*



*Antonio Fa'Fredo photography*



**BAD BOY CLUB MONTRÉAL**

# 2017 **BLACK & BLUE**



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DJ KEV-J > MONTRÉAL

DJ EREZ BEN ISHAY > ISRAËL - MIAMI

**ROGER SANCHEZ** > NEW YORK

**VICTOR CALDERONE** > NEW YORK

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COCKTAIL**

MONTREAL 375

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Offer Nissim

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Victor Calderone

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# Electronic



PREVIEW

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# How To Get An A... While Giving A Little A

ROLYN CHAMBERS

Are you having a hard time this semester? Have no idea what the fuck is going on in that Calculus, Physics, Poli Sci or Pole Dancing class? Not to worry. Just insert this handy dandy 5-Day RolynSays A-Plus Guide into your recently purchased student handbook (right between the "How To Be Really Popular on Campus" section and the "Sexual Harassment Policy") and you'll be acing that course in no time.

## DAY ONE

**CLOTHING:** Bathrobe (optional).

**ACTION PLAN:** Don't show up for class. Create a little suspense. Even if your prof doesn't know he's being kept in suspense yet.

## DAY TWO

**CLOTHING:** Button up denim shirt, baggy drawstring sweat pants, sweaty jock strap, Timberland boots.

**ACTION PLAN:** Arrive 15 minutes late, shirt unbuttoned, sweat pants worn revealingly low, allowing your jockstrap to show just a little. Rush into the lecture room, breathing hard, wiping sweat of your heaving chest. Act as if you'd just run a mile to make it to his class. Sit at the back of the room. After class approach your prof. Apologize for being late. Tell him that you were pumping iron at the gym and lost track of the time. Suggestively finger the elastic band of your jockstrap. Hold your borrowed textbooks (don't buy them, you won't need to actually use them) to your side so they will not block prime viewage of your crotch.

## DAY THREE

**CLOTHING:** Snug fitting, faded, button-fly Levi's 501 jeans, a snug logo'd Abercrombie & Fitch t-shirt, Penguin runners

**ACTION PLAN:** Arrive on time for class. Sit in the front row. Pick a seat that will allow your prof to get a good look at you. Keep your legs spread wide during his lecture. Occasionally adjust your crotch, as if your equipment is just too darn big to be confined for sooooo long. This action is called E=MC2 (Earn my cock, its twice as big as everyone else's). After class, ask if you can help put away his big audio-visual (AV) equipment. Approach him seductively while holding the AV cord suggestively near your mouth (be careful of electrical shocks!). In a gruff breathy voice, tell him that you will do anything it takes to get extra credits. ANYTHING. Look him seductively in the eye. If you have braces, just pout. Run your fingers through your hair. If you are black with natural hair, or have very short hair . . . again, just pout.



## DAY FOUR

**CLOTHING:** Dark, very short sport shorts with wide leg room, white Joe Boxer tightie-whities with the yellow "happy face" on them, white t-shirt with a big image of red cherries on the chest, Puma runners.

**ACTION PLAN:** Arrive early. Place a box of ripe cherries on your prof's desk with a note saying: "Don't you just love cherries? Yum!" Sit in the front row. Place one leg up on your chair, allowing you to rest your arm on your knee. Casually spread your legs at several key moments during his lecture, giving him plenty of opportunity to get an eyeful of your "happy crotch." Remember E=MC2! Pretend to be fascinated by his lecture. After class approach your prof and suggest meeting for a coffee, because you need extra help working out a really hard equation. Go to Starbucks and order a Frappuccino. They are thick and frosty and will allow you to make lots of sucking noises with your straw. Sit close to him as he goes through the difficult equation with you. Make lots of "oohs" and "aaahhs." Start breathing heavy. Tell him that big words and large numbers really turn you on.

## DAY FIVE

**CLOTHING:** Nike tear-away track pants, no underwear, tank-top, Nike runners, Naya water bottle, book bag

**ACTION PLAN:** Sit in the front row again, legs casually spread. In your mind (which is free from all the mathematical gibberish your prof is spewing), conjure up your hottest sexual experience. Real or fantasy.

As your now growing member begins to expand, tap it lightly with a dull HB pencil. Occasionally take a swig of your water bottle, “carelessly” allowing a few precious drops to drip and wet your crotch. Ssssss! Hot! Lick your lips after each swig. Don’t try and answer any questions. Lean back in your chair and stretch a lot, allowing him ample viewage of your now moist crotch. After class, explain to him that you are still having trouble with one of the topics covered. Give him the LOOK. You know . . . THE LOOK. Ask him if there is anything you can do to help you get an A. At this point, get up slowly and reach for your book-bag. With your one arm full of books, throw the book bag over your shoulder making sure that it hooks onto the top buttons on your tear-away sweat pants. (Practice this motion several times the night before). As the buttons pop open and your tear-aways drop to the floor, exposing your completely naked self, stand there looking embarrassed. (Pretend you’re that little suntanned girl in the Coppertone ads and he’s the dog pulling at your bathing suit.) Innocently ask your prof if he wouldn’t mind pulling up your tear-aways for you, as your hands are completely full. Smile, you should have you’re A in about 15 minutes. After he’s had yours.



If this 5-Day Plan fails, ensure that you have previously set up a video camera in the room to catch all the action. A little smart editing and you’ve got some choice blackmail material.

### Price Check

**Item:** RolynSays Fuchsia Letters

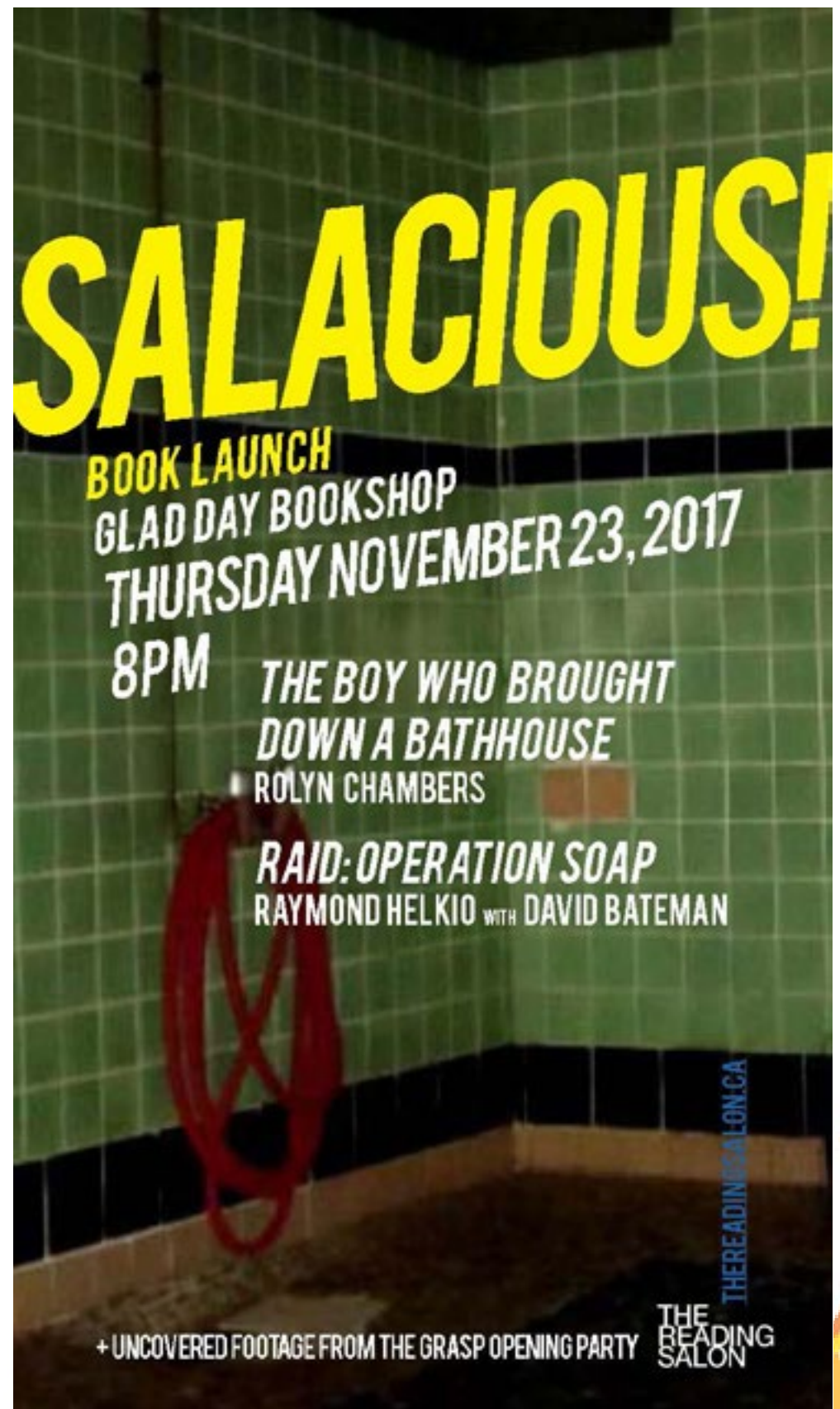
**SKU:** 498373

**Price:** \$26.99

Shoppers! How many times have you bumped into some hot guy in a club, on the street or in church and he smiles at you, saying something like, “Heeeeeyyyyyy, (insert your name here)! How are you?” You smile back awkwardly as you stumble around for the right thing to say. Unfortunately for you, you have no idea, no clue, as in you’re clueless (Cher and Dionne are not here to help you out either), to who this guy is. Did you do him, woo him or eww him? Keep guessing. Tick-tock, tick-tock, who knows.

So next time, once you have had your way with that guy with the forgettable face but memorable ass, discretely slip out your RolynSays Fuchsia Letter stamp and brand your him gently somewhere easily viewed. Don’t worry, no one can see the stamp, not even you without the aide of specially designed RolynSays Fuchsia Glasses. Stamps stays on for three to four months. Plenty of time for you to remember what’s-his-name’s name. Unlike Hester the main character in *The Scarlet Letter*, who was labeled a an adulterous tramp (but wasn’t) and had to wear an letter “A” on her clothes, the stamp will also allow you to see how many other Fuchsia Stamps might be on any guy in question. So when Mr. Innocent coos sweetly, “Gee, I never go home with guys I’ve just met,” you’ll have a better idea of the truth. Hester would approve.

Well never again! The always-helpful inventors at RolynSays bring you Fuchsia Letters! Based on the novel *The Scarlet Letter* by Nathaniel Hawthorne, Fuchsia Letter is a stamp, made to your specifications and designed using patented RolynSays Formula Ink. The stamp can be carved into a number, initials or even your logo (see above unretouched photo). All in a discreet neon lime green carrying case.



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TIBONE 2017



# Hot Clowns VI: It, Ellen Degeneres, and combatting coulrophobia

DREW ROWSOME

"It Movie Causing Legit Clowns to Lose Work" screams the headline of The Hollywood Reporter. And even my last missive from the world of clown fetish/worship began with "These are tragic times for clowning." Stephen King himself even tweeted, "The clowns are pissed at me. Sorry, most are great. BUT...kids have always been scared of clowns. Don't kill the messengers for the message." Just as the evil clown hysteria seemed to have faded from the headlines, the It reboot, and a new incarnation of Pennywise, appears poised to stir the vile pot of coulrophobia again.

The early reviews of It are laudatory with the accent on the word "terrifying." There are hopes that it will salvage what has otherwise been a disastrous summer movie season. And most of us are eagerly hoping that it will live up to the hype and be the epic Stephen King adaptation we have all been dreaming of. Clowns are probably shaking in their oversize shoes, if the film is as scary as hyped, there is going to be a lot more fear of clowns to go around.

That is a shame because the source material, Stephen King's novel, has a higher aim than just scaring the shit out of readers. I am only two-thirds of the way through a re-read - it is 1,090 pages long, took King four years to write and takes almost as long to read - but a lot is surfacing that I missed, except subliminally, on the first read as a teenager. The central terror is not a literal clown, that is just one of his favourite guises. Pennywise is a glamour (a variation on the character in Odd Adventures with Your Other Father) and takes on the form of one's deepest fears. Or fantasies.

In the best horror tradition, Pennywise is a manifestation of the worst of human nature and King uses It to vivisect racism, classism and - the one I'm really surprised I missed - homophobia. The appearance of Pennywise is intimately linked with the characters' sexual awakening and questioning. Part of what made Tim Curry's portrayal of Pennywise in the notorious (and yes it is scheduled for a re-watch) television adaptation so frightening was that he was not only scary, he was/is incredibly seductive. He lures his victims with appeal and flattery as well as threats and fear. He was/is very sexy, something Curry just can't help but undoubtedly also built into his portrayal.



It movie distributors Warner Brothers have launched a very effective campaign - the floating empty rain slickers on city streets are impossible not to react to and forward on social media - that leans heavily on the horror. Fortunately a 17-year-old photographer, Eagan Tilghman, gets Pennywise's appeal (though it must be emphasized, not in a sexual way. Hopefully someone older is working on the gay porn parody which will restore clown's to their rightful place). Tilghman dressed his kid brother as Pennywise and took a series of delightfully creepy photos. That it is a stunt to get on the Ellen Degeneres Show and presumably jumpkick his photography/make-up career is immaterial. He gets the visceral appeal of It, Pennywise and clowns.

It is time for clowns to take a stand, strike back and become the funny, sexy stars they are. Ellen Degeneres has a history of scaring her guests for laughs and she has often, regrettably, used clowns as a prop. Eric Stonestreet and Jane Lynch have both been victims. An actor best know for playing a gay character and an out lesbian? Is there latent homophobia as well as coulrophobia at play? At least she spared Richard Simmons, just terrorizing him with a comedian. But if she does give Eagan and Louie Tilghman a slot on her show, she can do a lot to make up for her past transgressions.



Tilghman, and obviously his little brother/muse/model, are, judging from their promotional self-portrait, camera-ready. And if Louie is as charming in person as he is under a layer of clown make-up, the Tilghman's have a good chance of not only promoting the It movie, which of course Degeneres will be wanting to do, but putting forward a manifesto for the restoration of clowning as a powerful art form that transcends. A lot of weight to put on the shoulders of a child but not only Isaiah 11:6 advocates child leadership, so does Stephen King in It, when children save the town of Derry and by extension, the world.



# Fallible historical fallacies

Paul Bellini



We do know that, acting in his role as a magistrate, he examined the genitals of several soldiers, one a rapist visibly injured during his attack on the woman.

The latest rage in outrage seems to be iconoclasm, or the tearing down of statues of ancient oppressors. I blame Charlottesville, where it began. But where will it end? Weren't all our white male Founding Fathers colonial oppressors? At this rate, the only statues left standing will be of fictional characters, woodland creatures, or those Henry Moore things outside the AGO and City Hall. Oh, wait. Did Henry Moore ever utter a racist thought, abuse a woman or child, or vote Conservative, even just once in his life? Because if he did, then down come his statues!

Did Wood enjoy eyeballing soldier cock? Was he even a homosexual? Doesn't matter! Tear down the fucking statue already!

We are literally moving into a world that completely lacks context. Here in Canada there is a movement to discredit and shame nobodies like Egerton Ryerson, or even our first Prime Minister, Sir John A. MacDonal. According to a recent article by Jesse McLaren printed in [rabble.ca](http://rabble.ca), MacDonal was more than just the red-nosed drunk we grew up loving as schoolkids. He also "founded Canada on stolen land, criminalized abortion, criminalized homosexuality, used starvation as a weapon, created a repressive police, expanded capitalism, promoted residential schools, outlawed the potlatch, imposed a racist head tax, and executed dissidents." Jeez, that's quite a laundry list of offenses. Did he also drink blood? Down with the fucker's statue!

They say that history is written by the winners. Now we're hearing hidden histories as well, which is great, but we cannot apply our holier-than-then moral standards to the past. What do we ever really know about other people? The most accomplished human beings usually sabotaged the competition on their way to get to the top. They often lie and create myths to enhance their reputations. They get drunk and beat their wife and kids. Bing Crosby, Thomas Edison, Mother Theresa, Alfred Hitchcock, Pablo Picasso, even John F Kennedy were terrible people, philanderers, cheaters or outright abusers. Does that mean we now have to give up White Christmas, Guernica, Vertigo and the lightbulb?

Even our precious gay village is being dragged into this nonsense, as some moron on Facebook suggested we tear down the Alexander Wood statue because he was a sexual predator. Again, no context. We have no information on Wood's sex life.

Tearing down statues is what people do in revolutions. Remember the Russian revolution, where they took down statues of the Czar and later replaced them with statues of Lenin, then they tore those down? Maybe we should just stop making statues of real people, whose messy lives are so ripe for judgment. Whatever you do, though, please leave Mount Rushmore alone. I realize it is carved into Lakota territory, and both Washington and Jefferson owned slaves, and it doesn't help that Roosevelt was a big game hunter, but can we just let it stand? Poor old Gutzon Borglum spent his whole life sculpting it, and it is just too cool looking to destroy.

# Atomic Blonde . . . Oh dear . . .

Sky Gilbert ★★☆☆



I don't know what to say about Atomic Blonde. I wish I could be as terribly modern as everyone else and say that it's a step in the right direction. No. Sorry. I know the attitude we're supposed to have is to just take it for granted that Charlize Theron has a lesbian affair in the movie. She's not a lesbian, though - that would be old fashioned - because the 'Atomic Blonde' of the movie's title was in love with a man at the beginning - at least that's what's insinuated. So Charlize Theron is not a lesbian in the movie then. She's a bisexual. No. She's just fluid. Right? Because sexuality is fluid, right? And if you are a modern millennial-type person you will watch this movie and go, "Oh yes, I get it. I didn't even notice who's having sex with who. That's what a long way we've come, baby."

Yeah.

Okay. Don't get me wrong. I think the movie is incredibly stylish, gorgeous really, and addictively watchable. I mean I hate complicated plots and the plot of this movie sure is complicated but I still enjoyed it. (Who is "Satchel" anyway?)

But dare I mention - and you know me, the last thing I would want to do is upset anyone, but - um, isn't it kind of crazy that Charlize Theron is so incredibly proud that there is a lesbian sex scene in the movie? I mean when I google 'Atomic Blonde lesbian' all that comes up is Charlize gushing about how much she loved doing the kiss with Sofia Boutella. I mean if lesbian sex is just well everywhere, and so accepted by everyone, then why is Charlize so proud of herself for having lesbian sex in this movie?

And the fact that there is a "Charlize Theron and Sofia Boutella Kiss" clip on YouTube - well I'm sure straight men aren't jerking off to it. I mean this is not straight porn right? I mean this movie isn't straight porn, if anything it's lesbian porn, right? Or lesbian love, or something lesbian? Or bisexual? Or fluid? Yes, that's it. It's fluid porn.

But what I actually think this movie is, is violence porn. Charlize is kicking people's heads in and the blood is gushing out practically every thirty seconds. Good for her, eh? I guess. She's a strong woman then, I guess.

I mean come to think of it, I've convinced myself. I really think this is a step forward, not just for 'moviekind' but for 'humankind' everywhere.

And certainly for womankind.

Yes, Charlize I congratulate you. Not since Monster have we seen such an important and forward-looking representation of a fluidly-sexed character. In Monster, you murdered men but in this movie you just kick them in the nuts over and over and over and over. That's a step forward, isn't it?

Gee, I sure hope so.



## *The End of Eddy:*

*it doesn't get better but we survive*

by Drew Rowsome ★★★★★

Edouard Louis' *The End of Eddy* states that it doesn't get better. Not for gay kids and, by extension, not for anyone who is outside of the normal we all believe in but doesn't exist. The people of the small town where Louis, who was then the 'Eddy' of the title, grew up are poor and exhibit most of the stereotypes expected: they are violent, racist, television-addicted alcoholics who thrive on gossip. Perversely they take a kind of pride in their suffering, turning their embarrassment and feelings of helplessness and inferiority into a form of ecstatic martyrdom. Just as perversely, that is the process that Eddy uses to deal with his gayness.

If that sounds bleak and depressing, it is. But Louis writes with an urgency and a style that perfectly meshes the matter of fact with the gorgeously poetic. A horrifying event is described with small chilling details that are fleshed out with unobtrusive but telling flourishes. Occasionally he uses the voices of the townspeople as they narrate their own history fables, and the reader sees where this skill comes from. There are digressions and stories within stories but it is the little things, the odd specifics, that sting and make *The End of Eddy* so vivid.

*The End of Eddy* begins with Eddy being brutalized by two bullies. Over the course of the few years that the book covers, the bullies and their escalating attacks re-occur adding up to an almost overwhelming feeling of helplessness. Eddy's specific helplessness is a metaphor for the entire town's feeling of being unable to escape their fate of work, suffer and die, it is almost preordained.

Eddy turns the pain into sexual fantasy, that becomes a masochistic reality in brutal scenes that were, despite the addictive prose, hard to read. And his chance at revenge, a truly transcendent moment, falls flat and though it is his chance to escape, his conditioning follows him and the cycle isn't broken. As much as the reader roots for Eddy, Louis insists that it doesn't get better.

Whether *The End of Eddy* is in actuality a harrowing memoir or a fictionalized memoir is of no consequence (though it must be noted that it is billed as "a novel").



The book was a huge hit in France where it was originally published and that probably has less to do with the gay coming of age that is the backbone and more with the bitter critique of the class system. What is crucial is that it feels real. Except for one small mis-step with the use of cellphones, all of the characters are fully fleshed, the sense of a living breathing locale is solid, and Eddy's agony is not overplayed, it just is. Some scenes made we wince because of the frank depiction of poverty and horror, some because of the resultant psychological damage. Maybe we just want The End of Eddy to be fiction because if it is real, it is too awful to contemplate.



Where the trauma of coming out and the attempts to fit into a world that vehemently rejects you, intersected with memories of mine that I would prefer to forget, or when Eddy made choices that from tragic experience I knew were wrong, The End of Eddy was like salt in wounds I was pretending not to have. When the experiences didn't intersect, I still ached with empathy, Louis' writing is that powerful. He catches the nuances of his love/hate relationship with his father but also implies a deeper history, a vague understanding of how his father came to be who he is. And how their similarities are a trap that, that predestination again, seems inescapable.

While the events of The End of Eddy are tragic and horrific, there is a thread of hope that runs through it, like a Grimm's fairy tale that promises reward for all the suffering. Once begun, it is impossible to stop reading, carried along by Louis' deceptively prose and equally deceptive wandering plot. There are nuggets of beauty and fragments of philosophical pondering that hint that Louis has survived and risen above. But if one wants a happy ending, one needs to stop before the epilogue. Louis switches voices and quickly, with a complete lack of compassion, dashes all hope. It is an unforgettable ending to a tour de force of a memoir. And an essential addition to the canon of gay literature.

THE END  
 F  
 EDDY  
 A NOVEL  
 ÉDOUARD  
 LOUIS





## Circus Awesomeus: Not So Awesome

SKY GILBERT ★★★★★

I don't know what made me turn to HBO that night.

Yes I do. They usually show great stuff.

But this night it was Neil Patrick Harris' Circus Awesomeus.

Let's just talk about the Neil Patrick Harris thing. He is our one and only out-of-the-closet top level TV/Hollywood gay actor in 2017.

So what does he get to do?

Well, apparently, though straight people are increasingly tolerant these days they can't handle real out-of-the-closet actors and actresses in gay or lesbian roles in mainstream movies. And they certainly can't handle out gay actors in straight roles (the reviews always say "the chemistry wasn't convincing"). But what they can handle is when we host. (See: Ellen!) We now host straight lives. After all, this is our calling isn't it? To facilitate the lives of straight people: serve them drinks, renovate their houses, and most importantly: make them laugh?

But it isn't just the host thing. The acts on Circus Awesomeus are - almost without exception - boring as hell. There is the 'Beardyman' who just makes boom box sounds as far as I can tell. It's kinda like being very good at farting. This is behaviour we should be rewarding him for? Then there's the midget



stand-up comic who I tried so hard to like, until I realized that the funniest thing he did was run. Yes, unfortunately his major talent seems to be displaying for us a body that is - well, to most people - odd. Then there is a large woman in a shiny dress who talks dirty. Don't get me wrong, I've got nothing against large women in shiny dresses who talk dirt, some of my best friends are large women in shiny dresses who talk dirty. But the ones I know are actually funny.

The act that really tells it all about Circus Awesomeus is Sammy J and Randy, an effeminate gay man who sings with a foul-mouthed redneck gay puppet. The puppet (of course they could never let a real gay guy do this on TV) shouts out the details of gay sex acts while the effeminate guy looks shocked.

I'll tell you what this show is. it's a taste of 'homosexuality' for straights. It's kinda like the old days when they used to snicker and throw eggs at drag queens in the Pride Parade on Yonge Street. This show makes it all too evident that straights think we are a bunch of freaks. Nevertheless they welcome the opportunity for a voyeuristic peak into our titillating sex lives, something Neil Patrick Harris allows them to do.

Yulch!

# Humongous Halloween

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# *The Halloween Children and Odd Adventures with your Other Father, and Norman Prentiss' dark gay art*

DREW ROWSOME ★★★★★

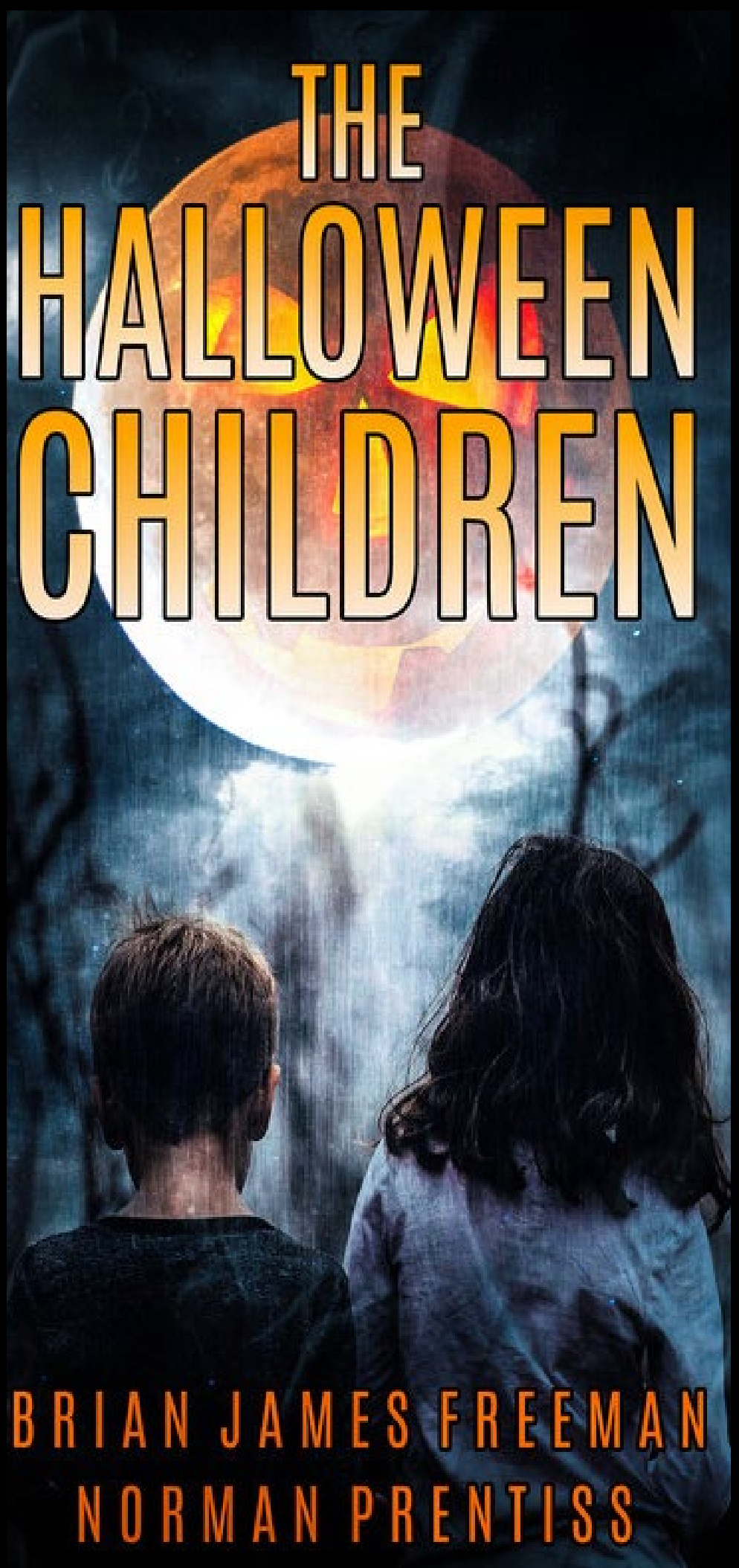


It was the blurb that made me start to read *The Halloween Children* - "The Halloween party has been canceled. There will be no decorations or masks, no candied apples or witch's brew. But without treats to divert the Halloween Children, they have no choice but to play some very nasty tricks" - despite cover art that made it look potentially like a young adult, or younger, novel. I was quickly disabused of that erroneous assumption.

*The Halloween Children* is a gory slow burn that builds to a horrific and wonderful thrill ride of a climax. And the ending, the usually problematic portion of a great horror novel, is disturbing and ambiguous so that it haunts after the book covers are closed and the bed covers are pulled over one's head.

One of the narrators is the superintendent of a small apartment complex where he lives with his wife and two children. A sequence of spooky and creepy incidents begin to plague the complex and this particular narrator has a vengeful annoyance about it. And then his children begin to behave oddly and the tensions within the family begin to boil over. A particularly horrific incident, the disgusting images are still stuck in my head, leads to the cancellation of the Halloween events at the complex.

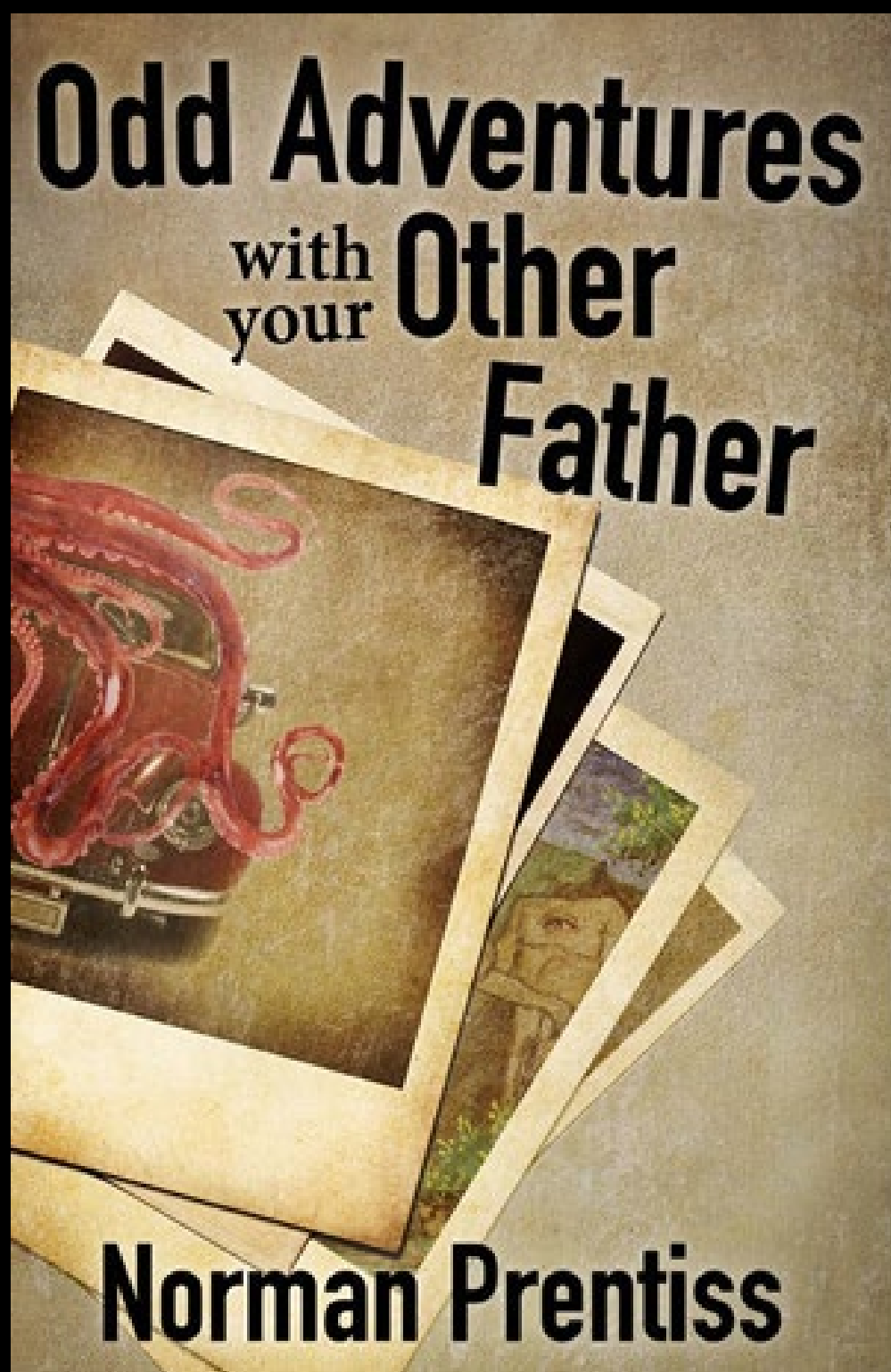
Cue the Halloween Children who take revenge for the loss of that most holy of all holidays, and climb into the narrators mind to create a haunted house attraction that makes *Screamers*, Canada's Wonderland's Halloween Haunt and even Universal Studio's Halloween Horror Nights, look like child's play. It is a clever conceit that not only delivers a fine horror novel but also has intriguing things to say about our need to be scared, fantasize and avenged.



BRIAN JAMES FREEMAN  
NORMAN PRENTISS

Enthused by *The Halloween Children's* rewarding read, I googled the authors to get some background and perhaps find further perverse pleasures. Brian James Freeman has several novels and many short stories to his credit. He has also edited Halloween horror-themed anthologies and is responsible for two Stephen King trivia books and an anthology *Reading Stephen King* which is now out of print. Freeman seems to be part of the horror writing establishment, having collaborated with Richard Chizmar and being the general manager of Cemetery Dance Publications which has published many of the greats, or at least well-known, of the genre.

But googling co-author Norman Prentiss is where things got eerily interesting. Firstly he edited *Queer Panic: A Collection of Gay-Themed Horror Stories* which I read years ago and now plan to re-read, and secondly he is the author of *Odd Adventures with your Other Father*. I had been sent a teaser of *Odd Adventures with your Other Father* but had skimmed the first couple of pages, found it not as interesting as the premise, assumed it was an earnest gay-themed young adult novel, and had filed it in my ever-growing pile of books and screeners to be tackled when I had the chance.



Again it was my mistake: *Odd Adventures with your Other Father* is occasionally uneven but it is extraordinary. A gay man tells stories to his daughter about his now-deceased partner, the "other father," about their adventures and her other father's unique ability with the supernatural. The first stories are a little too whimsical and moralistic (though I love that fairy tales with a moral in favour of the gay exist) for my taste but it was compelling enough to keep reading.

Midway through the book, Prentiss's dark gay arts kicked in and *Odd Adventures with your Other Father* became something much more intriguing and irresistible. A story about a gay therapy succubus (and her hot teenage son) is rollicking horrific, and surprisingly erotic, fun but it then ties into the framing story of the daughter's journey and a powerful squirm-inducing encounter with a Rock Hudson/Tom Cruise-like closeted action movie star. Prentiss weaves genre film parody, an intense gay love story, southern Gothic, and a tasty horror narrative into something completely fresh and exciting. And emotional, though the ending could be seen coming, I still had tears in my eyes as I read it.

While *The Halloween Children* has an undertone of queerness - how could it not when Halloween is the gay high holy holiday? - it is the exuberant gayness and engagement with gay issues that makes *Odd Adventures with your Other Father* so delightful. While horror novels can make us fear the things hiding in the closet, when a novel comes bursting out of the closet, clad in campy, creepy and queer, it elevates the horror genre to something beyond the adrenaline of terror and release.

# GIRLS TRIP

BIL ANTONIOU ★★★★★



Four women who were best friends and roommates in college don't spend much time together anymore, so when super successful author and television host Regina Hall is invited to be the keynote speaker at the Essence festival, she sees it as an opportunity for a reunion. The other gals need the vacation, with serious journalist turned trashy celebrity blogger Queen Latifah in deep financial trouble, buttoned up Jada Pinkett Smith completely overcome by motherhood duties and wild card Tiffany Haddish, who steals this entire film outright, recently fired from her job (though she doesn't really notice or mind). This group take their present woes and past conflicts to New Orleans where they unleash a whole heap of madcap fun on the city, including public urination in mid-air, fruit-related oral sex mishaps, a bar fight and a misunderstanding of how to add absinthe to cocktails. At the centre of the madcap fun is the

possibility that Hall and her husband might take their brand to a new level with a television show, a situation threatened when the other girls find out a secret about Hall's husband that they're afraid to tell her about. The film is a wild ride that provides plenty of laughs from a cast of actors who have marvelous chemistry, their appeal more than making up for a grossly generous running time and a final third that takes far too long to resolve itself. The overly complicated screenplay can't decide on what level of ridiculous to maintain, it has a few too many serious conversations between old friends that don't mix well with crazier moments like old man frontal nudity at a crummy motel; thankfully, director Malcolm D. Lee at least keeps his bountiful material moving at a steady pace, and as attempts at female versions of *The Hangover* go, this one is far more successful than *Bad Moms* or *Rough Night*.

IN THEATERS JULY 21

# TIFFmania

DREW ROWSOME



Occidental concerns the mysterious and murky goings-on in a Parisian boutique hotel.

Like the hotel it is extremely stylish with a mise-en-scene that drenches Sirkian motifs in neon. Everyone is passionate and no-one is what they seem. A gay (or are they?) couple book into the honeymoon suite and somehow upend the unnatural natural order of the hotels functioning. While a protest march - all smoke and battle-ready police - storms outside, the hotel staff and guests seethe in a hotbed of distrust, racism, homophobia and sexuality. It is as if Almodovar and Samuel Beckett collaborated on a satirical dissection of our fraught times.

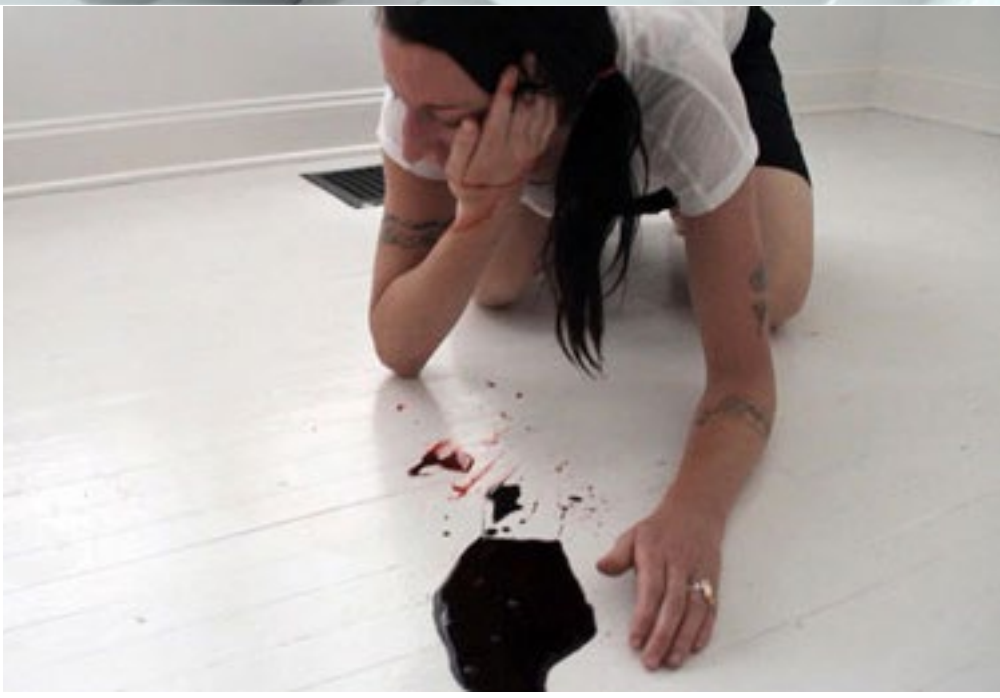
TIFFmania is upon us. Two weeks from now the cineastes will emerge bleary-eyed, satiated from gorging on as many films as they can cram in. Celebriwhores will tally their selfies with stars, sightings and, if really lucky or persistent, belt notches. And those of us without the time or financial resources to invest in a feast of films, will rue what we missed and plan on what we will see when, if, the films go into general release.

Navigating TIFF is a matter of personal choices. Films that look promising aren't, films that don't appeal are hits, it is impossible to tell until one is parked in a seat and the titles roll. I was lucky enough to receive some advance screeners of films of particular gay interest and also couldn't help resist skimming through the website for a few dream screenings to attend.

The Wavelengths series at TIFF showcases up and coming international filmmakers and there is a strong gay contingent this year. Strangely Ordinary This Devotion is a determinedly artsy narrative-free sci-fi depiction of a group of lesbians conducting rituals and semi-scientific experiments in order to produce eco-friendly babies that do not require water. Those rituals involve menstrual blood, lots of nudity and sex, rocks, flowers, flossing, Prince, cranial surgery (or scarification?), and vaguely BDSM chains inserted into vaginas.

Flores is billed as "lavender-tinged" and it literally is. Another sketch for a sci-fi epic, Flores posits that the Azores islands have been over-run by hydrangeas (Madonna was on to something). The shots of the purple and blue flowers towering and shifting in the breeze are gorgeous and oddly unsettling, the intense close-ups of the Portuguese soldiers remaining on the islands are even more gorgeous and not at all unsettling. Shot in faux-documentary style, not a lot happens but the sexual tension is as fragrant as a hydrangea.





The world premiere of Luk'Luk'l is a harrowing experience transformed by two luminous performances by unlikely actors with star presence: Angel Gates and Ken Harrower. Storylines intertwine among a cast that lives and struggles in Vancouver's East Side. Presented as documentary but apparently fictionalized versions of the actors/subjects real lives, there is addiction, sex work, celebrity worship, racism, ableism, karaoke, a flying saucer, and more broken dreams that one film can reasonably be expected to contain. The fantasy segments are extraordinary with the theme of the Canadian dream equalling skating (whether hockey or figure or roller) tying everything together.

Director Wayne Wapeemukwa and a quite extraordinary cast manage to walk the line between horror and dignity without slipping and it is so compelling that one doesn't look away. Harrower's storyline in particular is gutwrenching and powerful. I hadn't realized how intensely I was praying for a happy ending until the ambiguous finale of Harrower's story occurred. I cried.

The big gay aiming-for-the-mainstream film of this year's TIFF is Call Me By Your Name. Heartthrob Armie Hammer is a doctoral student who falls for the professor's son amidst a sun and suppressed passion drenched Italian landscape. It is expected to get a widespread commercial release.

Also very gay are two documentaries focussing on diva musicians. And both artists are scheduled to make appearances and possibly perform if Ms Jones makes it on time and Gaga recovers her voice in time. Grace Jones: Bloodlight and Bami is a must-see, it was filmed over a decade including a staged concert just for the camera, but face it: Jones could, as the cliché goes, read the phone book and be riveting. Lady Gaga is also fascinating and Gaga: Five Foot Two is bound to be entertaining if probably not as psychologically revealing as billed - however it is already scheduled for its Netflix début so there is no urgency attached.

And that leads to the entire debate over what importance a film festival has when it is screening a Netflix production as a cornerstone gala, even when there is a major celebrity attached. Every year there is a film, usually from the US/Hollywood, whose bonafides are questionable, but if it shines a spotlight reflection on less sellable films like Luk'Luk'l, let the diva do her pseudo-soul baring. And the profits from that screening can be put towards projects like the full 3D restoration of Canada's first horror film, The Mask (Eyes of Hell). Now that is a must-see.

And of course, all of the Midnight Madness films appeal to campy connoisseurs as us gays are rumoured to be. Nicholas Cage is a rampaging murderous father in Mom and Dad; wannabe-queen James Franco's The Disaster Artist is rumoured to be the Ed Wood of this generation; the gore, suspense and eye candy of Downrange is promising; and The Ritual where cult horror author Adam Nevill finally gets to the silver screen puts a horror spin on male bonding in the woods. And that is just skimming through the website.



## WILDsound FEEDBACK Film Festival Screens LGBT Programming

Raymond Helkio

*Until Death Do Us Part, directed by Kristine Kirchmeier*

The WILDsound FEEDBACK Film Festival (WFFF) is an opportunity for artists to filmmakers to showcase their work and get valuable feedback from a live audience. And for movie-goers this a great way to see some brilliant films for cheap. Held at the Carton Cinemas, WFFF latest screening of documentary shorts included a number of LGBT films. According to Matthew Toffolo, CEO of the festival, they put out a call for submissions last Pride and the response was so great they're continuing the programming.

of the most exciting things about watching a collection of short films is being exposed to stories we may not otherwise experience.. The evenings first indulgence is *Until Death Do Us Part*, an eight minute film by director Kristine Kirchmeier about a lesbian newlywed couple who have their vows put to the test after one of them is diagnosed with cancer. As touching as it is funny the film is a moving portrait of what it means to be human in face of seemingly insurmountable obstacles.

Then there was part one of *The March Sweater*, a sweet and poignant doc about two gay seniors who share what they've learned about

life and love in the wake of having to care for an ailing parent.

The programming was spit in two, each followed by a moderated commentary with the audience. Perspectives on the films ranged from technical comments, questions about the storylines and plot to displays of dislike, including one person who rightfully found the gender pronouns in a Disney-sponsored documentary to be offensive. This kind of discussion is not only helpful to the filmmakers, it allows an audience to reconsider a film they just saw based on hearing a new perspective. Often, filmmakers are the ones credited with how a film is received but the audience also plays a role in how they receive it. Knowing this, the moderators might be given questions to help frame the discussions and provide an access point for those who may be shy about contributing their views.

The next short documentary program will be on Monday December 11th, 2017. It's PWYC and promises more great films, discussion and a chance to hob-knob with some of the filmmakers. Full schedule can be found [here](#).



*The March Sweater, directed by Cory Ashworth*

# Kitchen Tidbits

*Chef Stewart Borden*



## Key Lime Pie

Key lime pie, the ultimate dessert: sweet, sour, soft, crunchy.

6 Tb melted unsalted butter (3/4 of a stick)  
1 1/4 cups of crushed graham crackers  
2 Tb sugar

3 egg yolks  
1 can 14oz (380g) sweetened condensed milk  
1/2 cup lime juice (3 limes)  
2 tsp lime zest

Melt 3/4 stick of butter (1min in microwave). Add to the butter crushed graham crackers, sugar, zest, and crushed sliced almonds. Combine, and put in 9in springform pan. Put in 350F oven for 10min.

Zest two limes, and chop the zest so that it is a bit finer. Juice 3 limes which should give you 1/2 cup of lime juice. Beat yolks till pale yellow, 3min. Add sweetened condensed milk and continue whipping for 2 mins. Slowly add lime juice while mixing. Add zest. Fill crust, and bake at 350 for 10-15 minutes till pie just stops jiggling. Remove and cool for 20mins.

### UPGRADES (optional)

Add to crust: 1/2 cup crushed sliced almonds (adds texture and taste)

Add to crust: Zest from 1 lime (imparts an additional hint of lime)

Garnish with two twirls of lime peel (takes it from 'diner' to 'classy')





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# My Gay Toronto

RAYMOND HELKIO



Photos: [Raymond Helkio](#)  
Canadian National Exhibition 2017  
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# My Gay Toronto

LEE FANCY-LEBER





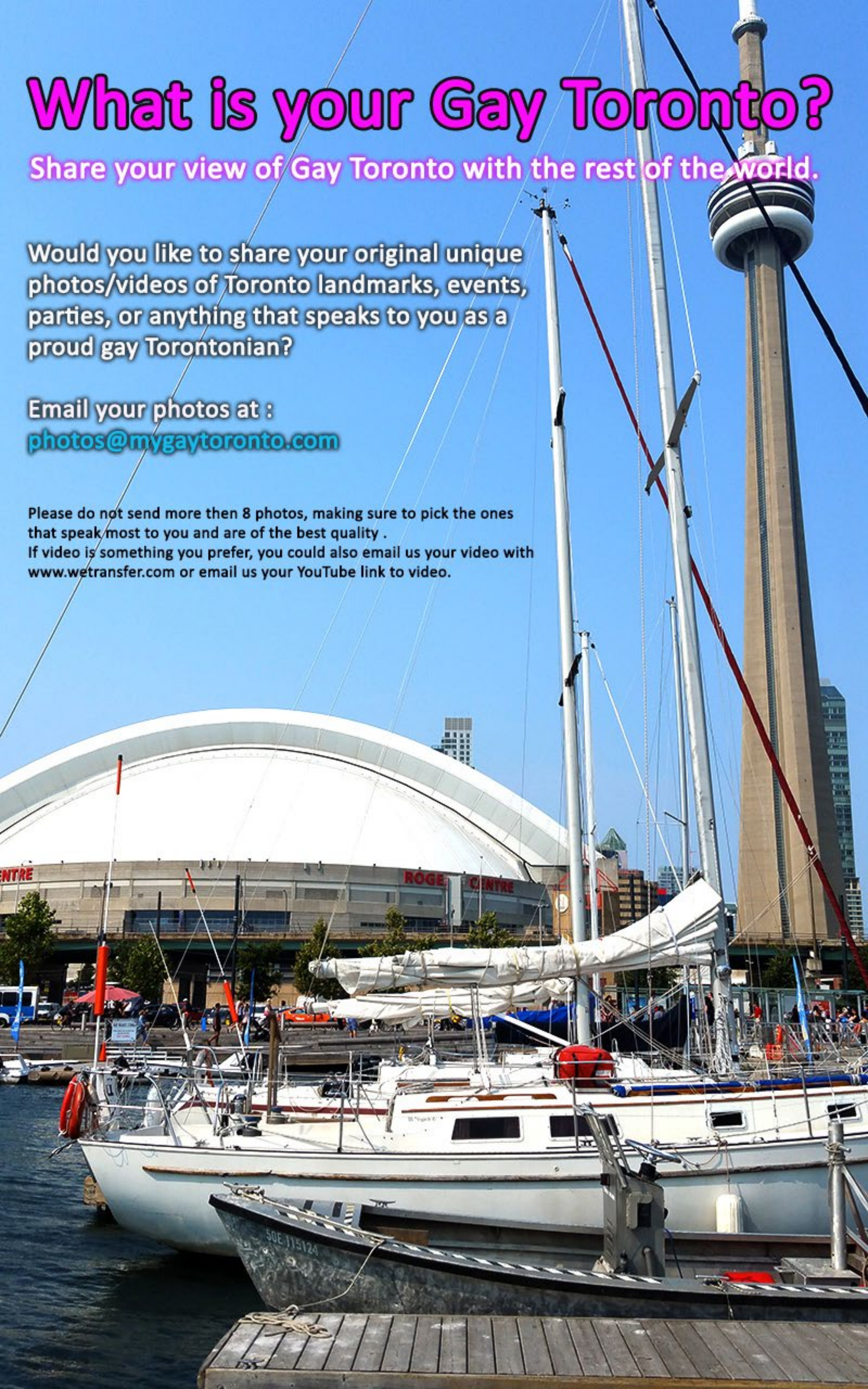
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My Gay Toronto.com

# FLASHBACK



# Bubble butt losing bubble?

SHINY CHEEKS ON ALEXANDER WOOD STATUE RUBBED RAW. - DREW ROWSOME

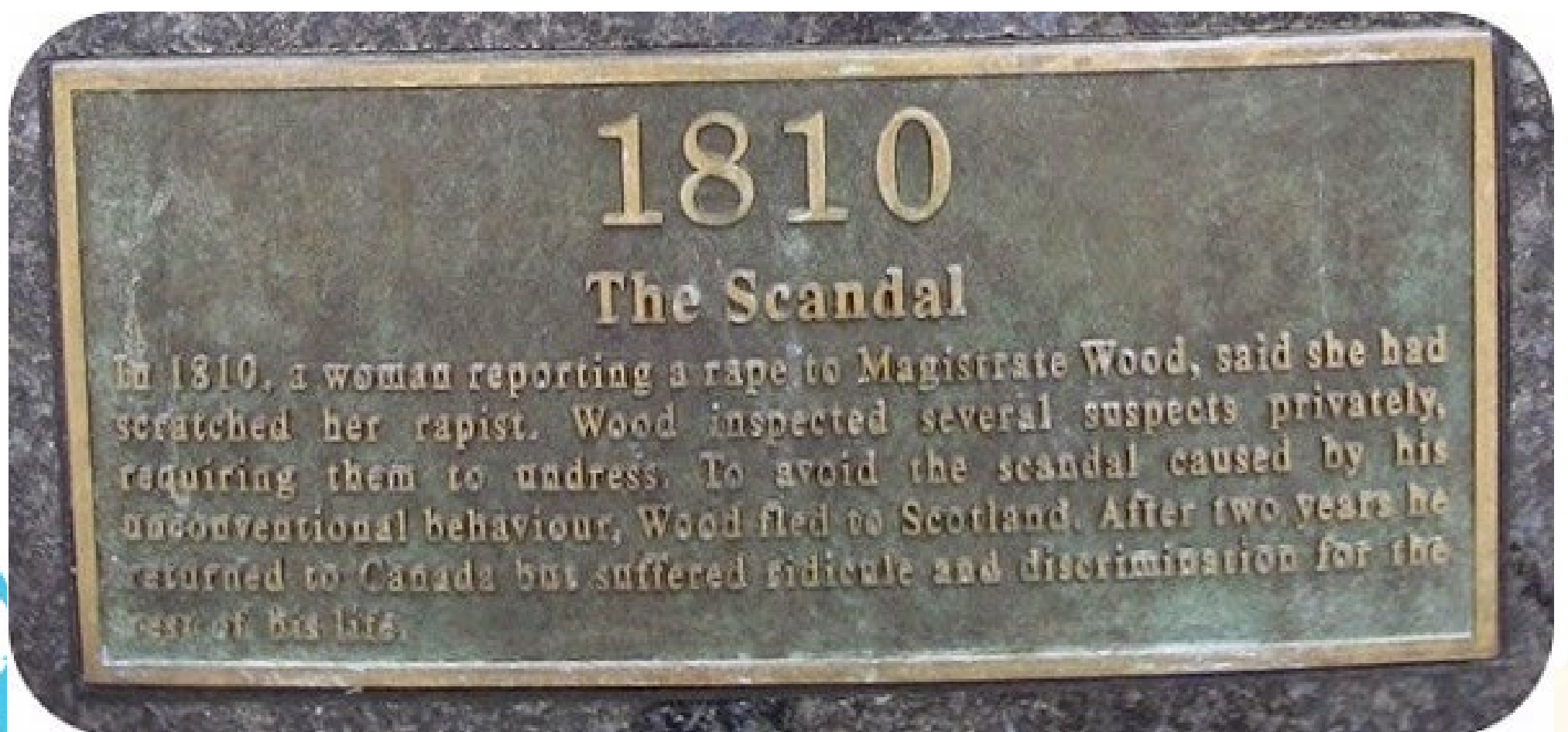
It was considered good luck to rub the left shoe of the bronze statue of Timothy Eaton when entering Eaton's flagship store. When Eaton's closed, the statue was acquired by the Royal Ontario Museum. So ingrained is the superstition that the statue is the only exhibit visitors are encouraged to touch.

In Springfield, Illinois, the tourist board urges visitors viewing the bronze bust outside Lincoln's tomb: "You must rub Abe's nose for luck!"

Michael J Aziz, a professor of material science at Harvard University, estimates that another mere 10 million rubs (by students seeking luck before exams) will reduce the left shoe of the brown statue of John Harvard to a stub.



The bronze-rubbing tradition now seems to have reached Church Street. A plaque beneath the statue of Alexander Wood at the corner of Church and Alexander depicts in relief the bare buttocks of one of the men wood purportedly fondled. The protruding bronze butt already gleams from being touched repeatedly. Will this historical bubble butt lose its bubble? Is it being rubbed for luck? Cheap thrills? Or in the hopes of getting lucky? Looking at the crowds of men spilling out of Timothy's and Steamworks right around the corner, the latter seems likely.





# Top 10 reasons you may still be single

CHRIS MUNRO



***You're not willing to give others your time and energy.***

**01** Relationships involve putting in effort, sometimes even when it is not convenient for you. You may spend hours every day on Scruff and Grindr, and/or you go to the bars on weekends searching for that special somebody. But when it comes to making a date- if you can't even push your gym time back half an hour to fit them in, it is a clear sign that you don't realize what relationships are all about, and what keeps them together. There are countless upon countless of super sexy, successful gay men out there. Month after month goes by, then year after year goes by and they still wonder. "Why am I still single when I have so much awesomeness going on"? If this sounds like you, consider this point carefully. If you live in a large city and can't seem to find a date on Friday night can you really blame the millions of other people out there? Of course not. The only common denominator in all of your relationships (or lack thereof) is you. There are plenty of great catches out there, you just haven't taken the quality time with them because you have been slightly self-absorbed. That's okay, the minute you start to give others a real chance, open up, and be willing to give them your time and energy - the world of love might just open its doors to you.

***You keep doing the same daily routine and expecting different results.***

**02** This sounds like common sense. But is it really? If you go to the same places, on the same days, and go online on the same sites at the same times every day, you are literally looking at the same pool of fish, day in and day out. It's time to mix it up. Go out on the other end of town this weekend. Connect with a different group of friends. You have absolutely nothing to lose here. Go a step farther and look at your life and see what ways you could

see an increase of new faces and meet new people. It's simple math here; increase the odds of love in your favor.

***You don't have any interest in your own life. No hobbies, no interests. So why would they have an interest in you if you don't?***

**03** If you spend more time creeping others' lives on the internet other than on working and living in your own life, it is a clear sign that you have lost interest in your own life. If you are not creating your own path and bringing others into it, others are bringing you into theirs. Keep a nice balance. What would being interested in your own life look like? Well for one thing you wouldn't be on your phone all the time. You would be paying attention to what is happening in the here and now.

***You don't love yourself and the world is following suit.***

**04** When we love ourselves, we give off a special aura of confidence people enjoy being around. Do you REALLY love yourself and think you are amazing? If you don't, try showing yourself some true love. Eat healthy, exercise, and don't forget to feed your soul (meditate, walks in nature) and your mind (learning new skills, books). You give and you get. Not the other way around. Take care of yourself and watch how others start to pay a little more attention to you. If you don't know where to start, that's okay, reach out to a recommended professional.

***You are in a stagnant relationship that you are too afraid to let go of***

**05** Playing it safe is great for a lot of people. If this is you nothing I write will change that. I can tell you though that you will never ever find that game

changing partner if you are clinging on to a past that isn't serving you anymore.

***You have become bitter and jaded, cynical.***

**06** Nobody likes to be around a Debbie Downer. Your friends will put up with you and your family will encourage you to pick up your feet in life. But the bottom line is, people that have a positive outlook and fun attitude attract others while negativity pushes others away. Get over yourself. You were never really hurt in the past, your ego was. Let it go and get back out there and try to enjoy this short time you have here. You're only going to be this age once in your life so it's a good idea to be making the most of it.

***You have lost faith.***

**07** Yes you have had some bad break ups and have run into some serious assholes. I'm sorry for that, nobody deserves that, really. But if you have given up on finding a partner in this life that is a sure fire way to get exactly that, nothing. To gain big you have to be willing to keep loving the world, without expectations, even when things don't go as planned.

***Your belief systems hold you in place and reinforce your doubts.***

**08** We often have experiences in life and because of such, treat them as the ultimate "truth" of the world. The problem with this is that once we have a specific set of programming in our brain, we unconsciously do everything we can to see and validate these "truths." If we go out with a few guys that are extremely superficial and come to the conclusion that "all gay men are superficial", we set ourselves up for failure and to repeat the same process. Why? Because our brains are always working and we want to be "right" about how we feel. So we seek out the energy of yet another superficial gay man because it already fits into a story we "know" and are familiar with, while ignoring the down to earth guys and uncharted territory that comes along with it. The result: you once again become validated in your thoughts that you are "right" in your belief and opinion about this, and meet yet another superficial gay man that you are frustrated with. The problem with this cycle is IT DOESN'T serve you and it's definitely not the same experience all of us are having. There are plenty of down to earth awesome guys out there; having THIS belief in my brain empowers me, helps me feel good, and puts me in a position of strength to have the correlating experiences that come along with it. You have to be willing to see outside of you

## CHRIS MUNRO

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## SEX, LOVE & CONFIDENCE

own limiting experiences and look at the glass half full if you want different results.

***Bad hygiene.***

**09** Bad breathe and bad body odor are deal breakers for a lot of guys. Some guys take this "natural smell" thing a little far. If it's sour smelling, for the love of God take a shower. When it comes to bad breathe, if you aren't brushing 3 times daily and flossing then you run the risk of others backing away when you are talking to them... and you can forget any type of kissing. The same runs true with colognes and perfumes. Keep those to a minimum. How do you know if you stink or not? Ask a really great friend to give you some honest truth.

***You just haven't met them yet.***

**10** Relax. Single life is awesome. If YOUR single life is awesome, then it's likely you don't really care when your next big loving relationship will come along. It's also very likely that others will want to be a part of your awesome life. Break-ups happen all the time and we are all in the process of life. Enjoy the ride and don't get stuck in singledom or in a stagnant relationship. Once you have mastered the art of love people will come into your life with ease, and you can flow from being single to being in a relationship (and vice versa) with ease, grace and joy!

# Gym Memberships

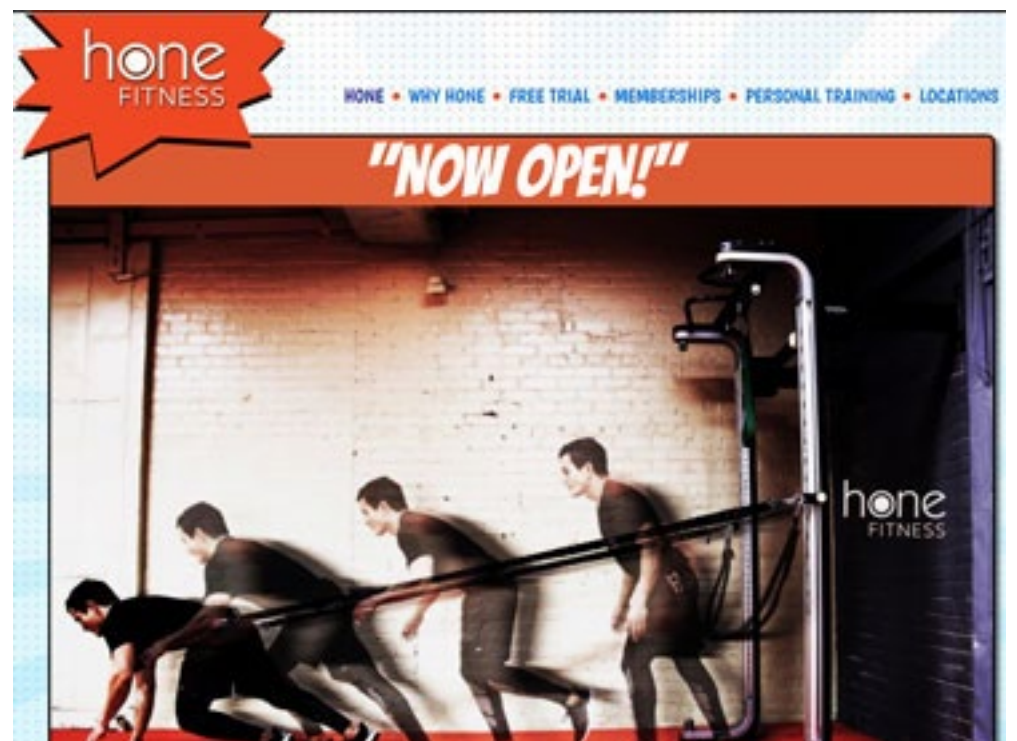
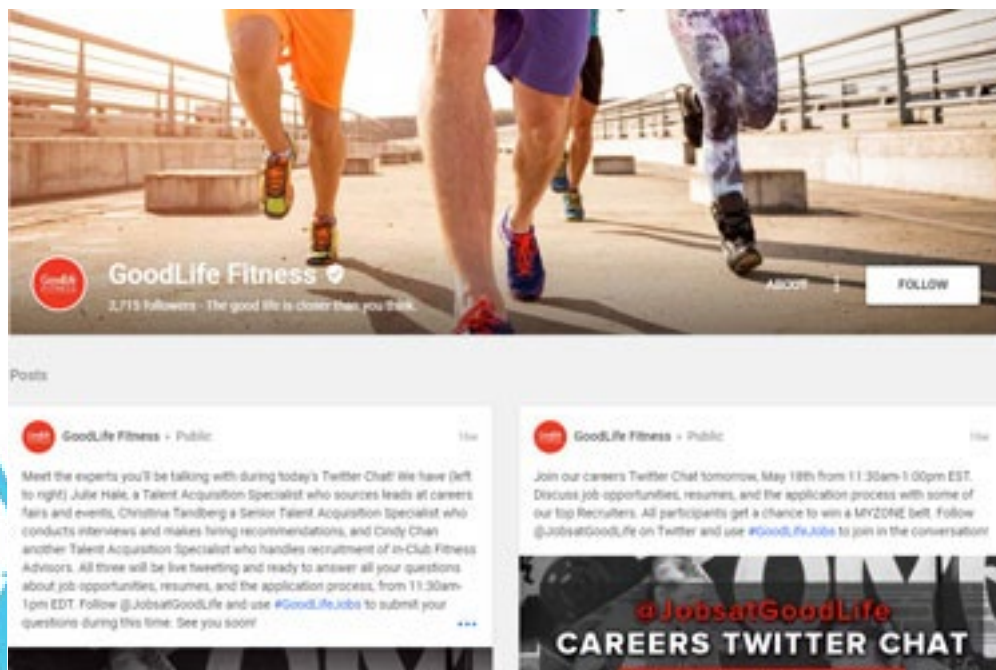
EMERY POSTE



There are two basic types of gyms:

- 1) Corporate, a gym that has several locations under one name, and
- 2) Boutique, gyms that are usually privately owned and only in one location.

There are pros and cons to each type. If you have a job where you travel, or if you live and work in two separate areas of the city, it's probably better to join a corporate gym for convenience. If you prefer a personal touch, you'll find that there is usually at least one boutique gym in your area; if there are more, take a look at them all before deciding. Remember, it is important to find a place where you feel comfortable and which provides the equipment and services you require. At most gyms you can get a membership from a day to a week for free as a trial, or for longer with the option to cancel before a certain date before you're locked into a membership for a year.



Membership contracts are complicated so be very careful: make sure you understand everything before you sign. Corporate gyms have less haggling room when it comes to fees, because the price is mandated by the executives, while boutique gyms tend to give you the best deal if you ask for it. Some gyms will offer a certain amount of time free and low rates per month to get you in the door. The average rate for a membership is around \$60 per month. Sometimes you can get a better rate if you pay the entire year at once. The downside is that if the gym should close before then, you've lost your investment. Look at purchasing your membership as a long term investment, understand what you're getting into, and don't jump at the first offer. Salespeople start at their highest and, when they don't get an immediate response, will work their way down... hold out until they get to a rate you're comfortable with.

# Hello Again Toronto

SAMANTHA LAUZON

I've spent my life in transition in more ways than one. When I was young my family moved like gypsies, around Ontario from Cornwall to Hamilton to Dunville. One of the places I loved the most was Toronto. So it should come as no surprise that I've moved back here as an adult more than once.

During one of my first stints in Toronto, I definitely made a splash- even if I was just a kid. I was heading out to Sunny Side pool in the Beaches to meet my sister and I couldn't find my bathing suit, so I took her bikini bottoms; of course I wore a big t-shirt but there was no hiding them when I was wet.

Years later I moved back on my own. It was on a whim and I had twenty dollars to my name but I took the GO bus to T.O. When I arrived, jobless and homeless, I picked up a copy of Marie Claire and sat for some dumplings at a restaurant beside the Carlton Theatre. I should have picked up a Renter's Guide instead of the magazine but, in my defence, I was alone and scared and the love quizzes and fashion fluff made for better company.

That was a decade ago and so many things have changed since then. I've grown as a person and in my growing it was time to move forward and create a fresh start for myself; where better to do that than Toronto? Being in Hairstyling, it just seemed the most appropriate move to make to a city that was open minded, where my transsexuality, tattoos and numerous piercings would not hinder my job search but help it, where my individuality would be recognized as a character trait and not a character flaw.



Flash forward to the present and I have just moved into my new condo by The Rogers Centre with my dogs, Lucky and Charlie. They seem to have adjusted quite easily, but it hasn't been so smooth for me. Like any transition, it's a difficult process especially since I still have ties to Hamilton: I'm still traveling back for school at Bruno's School of Hair Design and the commute is draining. However, I make the best of it as I get my tests a week in advance, so while on the GO bus at 7:30am I study. I'm exhausted by the time I get home, but I still walk the dogs and hang out with them for a half an hour or so before the three of us jump into bed and start it all over again the following day.

I feel as though, cosmically speaking, I'm exactly where I'm supposed to be in this moment in time. There are opportunities here in the city for the taking so long as I keep my eyes open for them.

I would be lying if I said I didn't enjoy the times I've had here. I would also be lying if I said I wasn't looking forward to even more to come.



# How to remember those reusable bags

LEE FANCY - LEBER



Stats Canada shows that reusable bag use has gone up 300% in the last 5 years. Shoppers using reusable bags have kept an estimated 500 million bags out of our landfills.

That's all fine and good, you mutter, except I can't remember to bring my bags in from the car or from home--all stuffed under the counter for the cats to play in. I forget them at home and then buy more--those 0.99 cents can add up fast.

Feeling the "red-faced agony" of being an eco-writer caught without any reusable bags, over time I figured out the tricks to making bringing the bags a habitual part of the whole sustainable shopping routine.

1- Ask your favorite stores to offer discounts for bringing in your reusable bags.

2- Keep your bags in your car or purse so you have them every time you go out.

3- If you forget your reusable bag and are already in line, use one of cardboard boxes found in most of the stores behind cashiers or don't get bags at all! Then you will be sure to remember them next time so you don't have to carry out all your groceries with just your hands.

4- Make a note on your grocery list to grab the bags before you leave the house.

5- If you only have a couple of easy-to-carry items, and are asked if you would like a bag say "no, thank you". If you are not asked if you would like a bag say "I don't need a bag, thank you." Simple.

6- You're more than likely not the only person who forgot their bag. Encourage the stores you shop at to get staff to remind customers when right when they walk in to get their reusable bag and for management to put up more signs outside the doors with reminders.

7- If you do forget your reusable bags, and have to use plastic because you are unable to carry the groceries out, remember to bring them back to recycle.

8- Most important! Do not hide them under the counter. Keep them in the hall closet up high, where you can see them. Even if the cats do not approve.

Stores also need to be part of the solution, not just willing participants in this endless cycle. We forget and they have to produce more and more bags. This seems to defeat the purpose. It seems we are trading plastic in for another type of bag that just sits under our counters.

Stores could allow for a bin or box to be placed near the registers for the community to donate their extra reusable bags. This way customers who have forgotten theirs, may borrow one. We figure people who care will want this to succeed and remember to return the bags at a later time and even donate more. So far few have tried to test this idea, but were rejected because the stores didn't want to lose sales from their own reusable bags. Maybe next time mention it to your local grocer or write an email to their head office.

Remember, It takes all of us to succeed.



**dj shane stiel**

**SATURDAY  
OCTOBER  
7TH**

**BLACK EAGLE**  
457 CHURCH STREET

**PRESENTED BY DALE DAVID \$5 B4 11pm, \$10 after**



# SALACIOUS!

**BOOK LAUNCH**

**GLAD DAY BOOKSHOP**

**THURSDAY NOVEMBER 23, 2017**

**8PM**

***THE BOY WHO BROUGHT  
DOWN A BATHHOUSE***

**ROLYN CHAMBERS**

***RAID: OPERATION SOAP***

**RAYMOND HELKIO WITH DAVID BATEMAN**

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+ UNCOVERED FOOTAGE FROM THE GRASP OPENING PARTY

**THE  
READING  
SALON**

# THE HOLLYWOODOY BROADWAY

## MISS CONCEPTION SHOW

SUNDAY, JUNE 11 (6-8 PM)

TUESDAY, JUNE 20 (BIRTHDAY SHOW 9PM)

SUNDAY, JULY 9 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, JULY 16 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, JULY 23 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, AUGUST 27 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 10 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 17 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 8 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 15 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 5 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 12 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 19 (6-8 PM)

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 26 (10<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY 6-9 PM)



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416-972-0887 woodystoronto.com

The UPS Store   
Church & Maitland - Branch 478



A photograph of a large, illuminated sign for "Planet Yumeee!". The word "Planet" is written in a large, cursive, yellow font with a red outline. Below it, "YUMEEE!" is written in a smaller, bold, yellow font with a red outline. The sign is set against a dark background with some lights visible in the distance.

# Planet YUMEEE!

LISTEN LIVE  
WEDNESDAYS  
8-9PM

ONLINE RADIO  
TheReadingSalon.ca

A graphic featuring the "Planet Yumeee!" logo. The word "Planet" is in a large, cursive, grey font, and "YUMEEE!" is in a smaller, bold, grey font below it. The background is a vibrant, swirling green and yellow pattern.

# Planet YUMEEE!

# Hamlet

IN A HOT TUB



## WHAT PEOPLE ARE SAYING

"Hamlet gives head, with disastrous consequences.  
Not your typical Shakespeare."

"Shakespeare would be rolling in his grave over  
*Hamlet In A Hot Tub* – rolling with laughter, that is."

"What Trump's doing to America, they do to Hamlet."

HAMLET IN A HOT TUB (THE MOVIE) FALL 2017

THE READING SALON PRESENTS HAMLET IN A HOT TUB BASED ON THE PLAY BY BROCK HESSEL & DAVID BATEMAN  
ADAPTED BY DAVID BATEMAN DIRECTED BY RAYMOND HELKIO STARRING BROCK HESSEL, PAUL BELLINI,  
DAVID BATEMAN, AMY J. LESTER FEATURING MARK STENABAUGH, KEITH COLE MUSIC BY STEWART BORDEN



*Magic*

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# FRIDAYS

BEST ASS



hosted by GEORGIE GIRL

CONTEST / SHOW



photos by DAVID HAWE



SAILOR



The UPS Store   
Church & Maitland - branch 478

# LGBT Upcoming Hot Events

[http://www.mygaytoronto.com/events\\_hot/](http://www.mygaytoronto.com/events_hot/)

<p>Aug 12 Sat</p> <p><b>DND</b> AUG 12</p> <p>WITH THE RACE COOPER</p> <p>DJ DWA VINE MINARD</p> <p>DJ HOLEY'S</p> <p>EAGLE</p>	<p>AUG 12 Sat</p> <p>EMERDAZE &amp; SYDNEY BLU PRESENT</p> <p><b>Blu</b></p> <p>12-08-17</p> <p>CHRISTIAN MARTIN B2B ARDALAN</p> <p>SYDNEY BLU</p> <p>LEO FRANCO   SAVAGE &amp; SHE</p>	<p>Aug 18 Fri</p> <p><b>FRIDAY</b></p> <p><b>IRLIE HILL</b></p> <p>•ADG</p> <p>E MINOGUE "MY FAVORITE UNP"</p> <p>builteinbadtimes.com</p>	<p>Aug 18 Fri</p> <p>DAVID ARNET PRESENTS</p> <p><b>OUT</b></p> <p>FRIDAY AUGUST 18TH</p> <p>DJ JOHN CAFFERY DIEGO ARMAND</p> <p>EAGLE 4200 SHEPPARD AVE. E.</p>	<p>AUG 29</p> <p>CHRISTEL MARQUEZ &amp; KYLA BRUNSWOOD PRESENT</p> <p><b>QUEER PROM</b></p> <p>Opens 8:30PM / Show 9PM - LATE TUESDAY, AUGUST 29TH 2017</p> <p>155 ADVANCE / 20\$ DOOR</p> <p>DO IT AGAIN, DUB BOUT, DUB QUEER AF</p>
<p>Sep 1 Fri</p> <p>Friday September 1st</p> <p><b>THE ANVIL</b></p> <p>HARD LABOUR EDITION</p> <p>DJ MARK FALCO DJ ALFREDO</p> <p>EAGLE</p>	<p>Sep 2 Sat</p> <p><b>JOCK STRAP</b></p> <p>SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 2ND</p> <p>DJ JOSHUA REID</p> <p>EAGLE</p>	<p>Sep 9 Sat</p> <p><b>GLOW JOB</b></p> <p>SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 9TH</p> <p>DJ JOSH KARMIN</p> <p>EAGLE</p>	<p>OCT 3</p> <p><b>SHADY QUEENS</b></p> <p>THE ENQUEL</p> <p>Tuesday, Oct 3</p>	<p>Oct 5-9</p> <p>2017 <b>BLACK &amp; BLUE</b></p> <p>LUMINOUS</p> <p>FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15TH - TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3RD 2017</p> <p>QUEER 22</p>
<p>MONDAYS</p> <p><b>Crews Tangles</b></p> <p>MONDAY NIGHT MADNESS</p> <p>WITH MUSIC BY DJ RELENTLESS</p> <p>SHOWS @ 11 PM &amp; 1 AM</p> <p>No Cover, Always A Good Time</p> <p>Featsleepcrewsrepeat</p>	<p>MONDAYS</p> <p><b>Magie MONDAYS</b></p> <p>AN INDUSTRY NIGHT EVERY WEEK</p> <p>\$5</p> <p>REMINGTONS</p>	<p>MONDAYS</p> <p><b>FEEL WITH KATINKA &amp; CARLOTTA</b></p>	<p>TUESDAYS</p> <p><b>T.O.T. TAKE IT OFF TUESDAYS</b></p> <p>SWIPEST AMATEUR STRIP COMPETITION</p> <p>19 REMINGTONS MEN OF STEEL</p> <p>CASH &amp; PRIZES TO BE WON</p> <p>COMET NIGHT &amp; SPA</p> <p>REMINGTONS</p>	<p>TUESDAYS</p> <p><b>Photo Glam BLOO</b></p> <p>THE DIVINA TENSION</p> <p>engorm tuesdays</p>
<p>TUESDAYS</p> <p><b>THE VILLAGE Cabaret</b></p> <p>OPEN MIC</p> <p>STARTS APRIL 11</p> <p>NO COVER</p> <p>STAYLERS 487 CHURCH ST TORONTO</p>	<p>TUESDAYS</p> <p><b>Laugh</b></p> <p>TUESDAY OPEN MIC!</p> <p>REMINGTONS</p>	<p>WEDNESDAYS</p> <p><b>BoBo Show</b></p> <p>WEEKLY DANCE AND VARIETY SHOW WITH FANTASTIC GUESTS</p> <p>EVERY WEDNESDAY   11PM-2AM</p> <p>487 CHURCH ST. TORONTO   416-592-9407</p>	<p>WEDNESDAYS</p> <p><b>COLLEGE NIGHT WEDNESDAY</b></p> <p>AUGUST 2017</p> <p>REMINGTONS</p>	<p>WEDNESDAYS</p> <p><b>CORONA</b></p> <p>SOUL SISTAS</p>
<p>THURSDAYS</p> <p>EVERY F***ING THURSDAY!</p> <p><b>Open Mic</b></p> <p>HOSTED BY DONAYEN LONAGAT &amp; JAMIE DINO</p>	<p>THURSDAYS</p> <p><b>THURSDAYS</b></p> <p>MENS BEST CHEST CONTEST AND SHOW</p> <p>REMINGTONS</p>	<p>THURSDAYS</p> <p><b>THURSDAYS</b></p>	<p>THURSDAYS</p> <p><b>Crews Tangles</b></p> <p>SHOW US YOUR INNER DIVA</p> <p><b>VOCAL REHAB KARAOKE</b></p> <p>THURSDAYS 10PM - 2AM</p> <p>WITH YOUR FEARLESS</p>	<p>FRIDAYS</p> <p><b>BEAR NIGHT</b></p> <p>LODGE</p>

# We Know Gay



**Drew Rowsome** - MGT Editor, a writer, reviewer, musician and the lead singer of Crackpuppy.  
[drewrowsome.blogspot.ca](http://drewrowsome.blogspot.ca)



**Sean Leber** - Founder, MGT Creative Director, and contributing editor.



**Raymond Helkio** - is an author, director and award-winning filmmaker. He cofounded [TheReadingSalon.ca](http://TheReadingSalon.ca)



**Paul Bellini** was a writer for The Kids in the Hall and a producer for This Hour Has 22 Minutes, and columnist at Fab Magazine...



**Bil Antoniou** - is an actor and play writer. He is also movie reviewer who has been writing for [myoldaddiction.com](http://myoldaddiction.com)



**Rolyn Chabers** was a fab columnist and currently social columnist for Daily Xtra!



**Sky Gilbert** - Canadian writer, actor, academic and drag performer.  
[skygilbert.blogspot.ca](http://skygilbert.blogspot.ca)



**Alexandra Matveeva** - owner of toronto lesbian website - [letzto.com](http://letzto.com)



**Chris Munro** - Founder at [Stud Training 101](http://Stud Training 101)



**Samatha Lauzon** is Trans activist and educator.



**Lee Fancy** is contributing editor.



**Jay Quarmby** - Personal Trainer, Owner of FitnessTO, [Buns of Steel Bootcamp](http://Buns of Steel Bootcamp)



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TORONTO'S PREMIER GAY LIFESTYLE DIGITAL MAGAZINE

# MGT

*We Know Gay*

MY GAY TORONTO

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