

TORONTO'S PREMIER GAY LIFESTYLE DIGITAL MAGAZINE

MGT

We Know Gay

MY GAY TORONTO

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Dylan Rosser

DYLAN ROSSER PHOTOGRAPY

Priests and perverts

PAUL BELLINI

According to Italian newspaper Il Fatto Quotidiano, the police broke up a Vatican orgy in June. Well, June is Pride Month.

The story would be juicy except for the complete lack of details. Orgy at the Vatican? Most of us think that orgies have always been rocking at the Vatican. After all, the people who work there are largely men, forced to take ridiculous vows of chastity, to be above the temptations of the flesh that make life worth living. The priesthood has always drawn an inordinate share of gay men, and why not? What a great place to meet a boyfriend.

The whole thing took place in an apartment owned by the Vatican whose tenant is the secretary to a key advisor to the Pope. That's two degrees of separation, just the type of empty stupid news story that allow dissenters to point to the Pope and say that he must be to blame for the whole nest of vipers.

Even as a child, I looked upon our parish priests as men who made a weird choice. Once, my mother made me give a donation to a nun, and the nun said that I was such a nice boy that one day I might grow up to become a priest. I went home and cried my eyes out, worried that such a horrible fate might befall me. What closet could be deeper than the one provided by the Catholic Church? Even as a child, I hedged my bets, figuring it better to be a known pervert than a pretend saint.

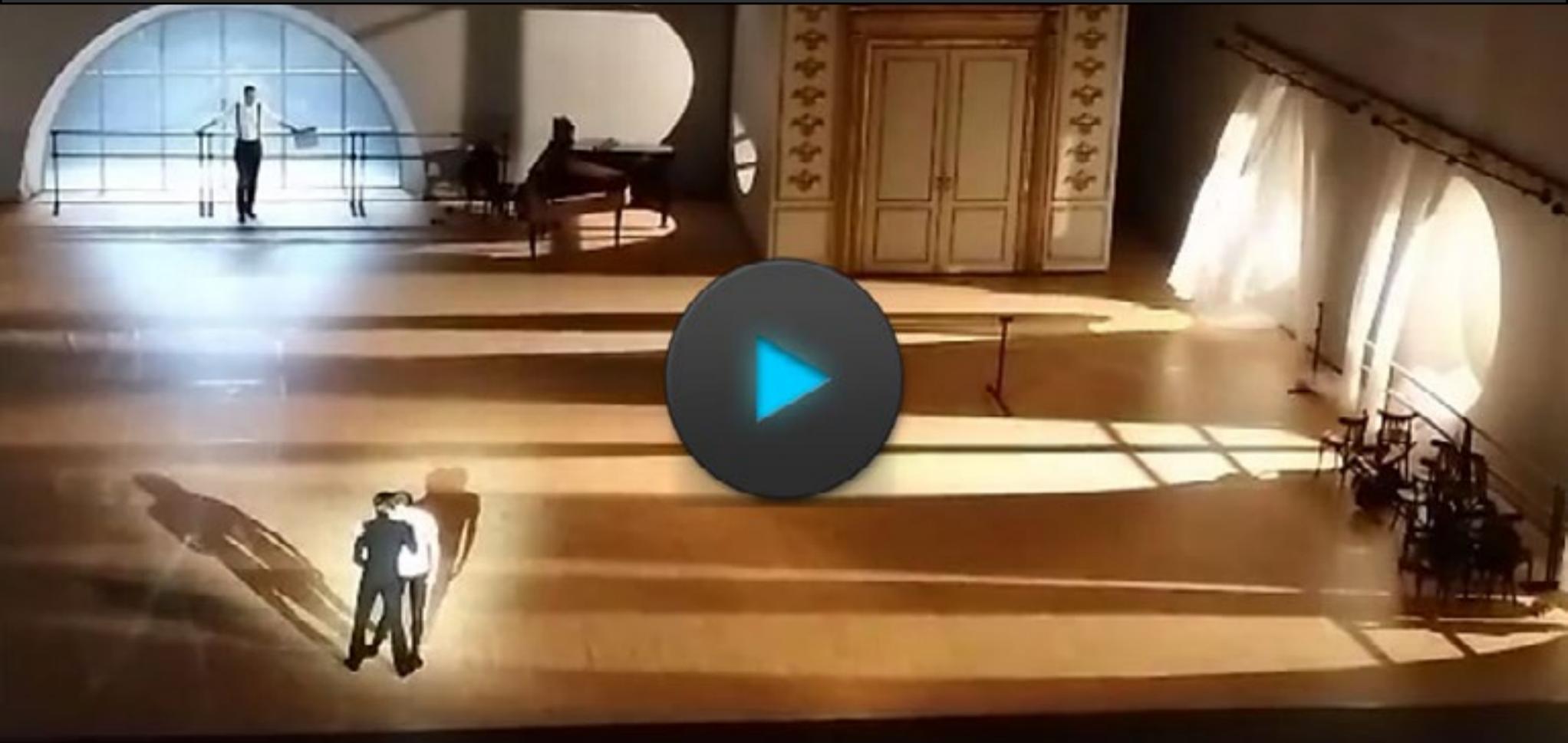
In many ways, gay men have always been around this issue. Just by having homosexual thoughts, we have committed a sin. A gay priest is supposed to be celibate just like a straight priest, but celibacy is such a huge price to pay for this job. And unrealistic, too. There's no moral wriggle room at all. But then I hear stories like my friend who, at the age of 15, dated a priest at Mount Cashel. Sure, they had sex, but that priest protected my friend from horrible abuse at home, giving him not just refuge but confidence and purpose. Though it didn't last long, my friend claims the relationship was one of the better things that ever happened to him. Years later, when the trial raged, he tried to put himself forward as a character witness, to speak positively of this man who saved him, but the Crown was not interested. That priest is probably still in jail.

The real problem here is the dismal spin. "See, the Vatican is made up of all depraved fags!" Maybe it is. So what? With Trump in Washington, society's moral code has already reached rock bottom. The real culprit is not the gay priest who threw what sounds like a fabulous party, but newspapers like Il Fatto Quotidiano for not providing any actual fucking facts or perspective whatsoever, leaving us to think the worst.



Rudolf Nureyev is still a scandal to Russians

DREW ROWSOME



The world-renowned Bolshoi Ballet has, with just days notice, cancelled the July 11 world premiere of the ballet Nureyev. This is first time in 100 years that Bolshoi has actually cancelled a new production. The cancellation came under mysterious circumstances and word on the street is that it was over concerns of male nudity and gay themes. Ballet is probably the most homoerotic of the arts, even at the Bolshoi, but it is usually heavily coded.

Nureyev is based on the life and art of the famous Russian dancer and choreographer Rudolf Nureyev who defected to the west in the 1960s. Nureyev, famed for his passion and flawless technique, became a global superstar, performing around the world and notably with the National Ballet Of Canada. Nureyev was also gay and only semi-closeted. The dancer tested positive for HIV in 1984, but for several years simply denied that anything was wrong with his health. Nureyev began a marked decline in the summer of 1991 and entered the final phase of the disease in the spring of 1992.

Bolshoi general director Vladimir Urin has denied allegations that the ballet was canceled over its gay content, insisting that the decision was made for “artistic reasons.” However Russia does have a law that bans “propaganda of non-traditional sexual relationships,” which has been seized upon by authorities to clamp down on depictions of gay people in public life. LGBT activists say the law has had a chilling effect on Russian culture, quite likely as high up as the artistic treasure the Bolshoi Ballet.



The Boy Who Brought Down A Bathhouse

RAYMOND HELKIO

Rolyn Chamber's *The Boy Who Brought Down A Bathhouse* launches this September along with Raymond Helkio/David Bateman's *RAID: Operation Soap*, a play about the 1983 bathhouse raids in Toronto. Both books are produced independently through The Reading Salon and have not be censored. Stay tuned to MGT for exclusive details that'll make you wet!



Rubber Man

Being completely blindfolded, Rubber Man had no idea who was peeing into this funnel and I wondered if, with his sight taken away, had his other senses had grown stronger? Could he tell how tall the person was entering his room by their hefty footsteps with a heightened sense of hearing? Could he attach different tastes of piss to different types of savoury men? Could he anticipate a particular urine flavour by the scent of the balls of those peeing freely into his funnel? And did he in fact orgasm because of these sensations? And where did he do it? In his suit while they were relieving themselves? Did he wait until they left his room to take off his very tight body suit and jerk off? Or was the act of allowing someone he didn't know use him as a public urinal enough of a good deed for him?

- From Chapter 12 of *The Boy Who Brought Down A Bathhouse*

<p>ANDERSON COOPER has never been to ST. MARC SPA 543 Yonge St • 4th Fl</p>	<p>ZAC EFRON does not go to ST. MARC SPA 543 Yonge St • 4th Fl</p>	<p>DAVID BECKHAM has never heard of ST. MARC SPA 543 Yonge St • 4th Fl</p>	<p>TOM CRUISE has never been to GRASP Erotica Bar on a Saturday night 543 Yonge St • 4th Fl</p>	<p>TYSON BECKFORD does not go to ST. MARC SPA 543 Yonge St • 4th Fl</p>	<p>RICKY MARTIN has never heard of ST. MARC SPA 543 Yonge St • 4th Fl</p>
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HOUSE MUSIC, HOT DADDIES & DADDY CHASERS

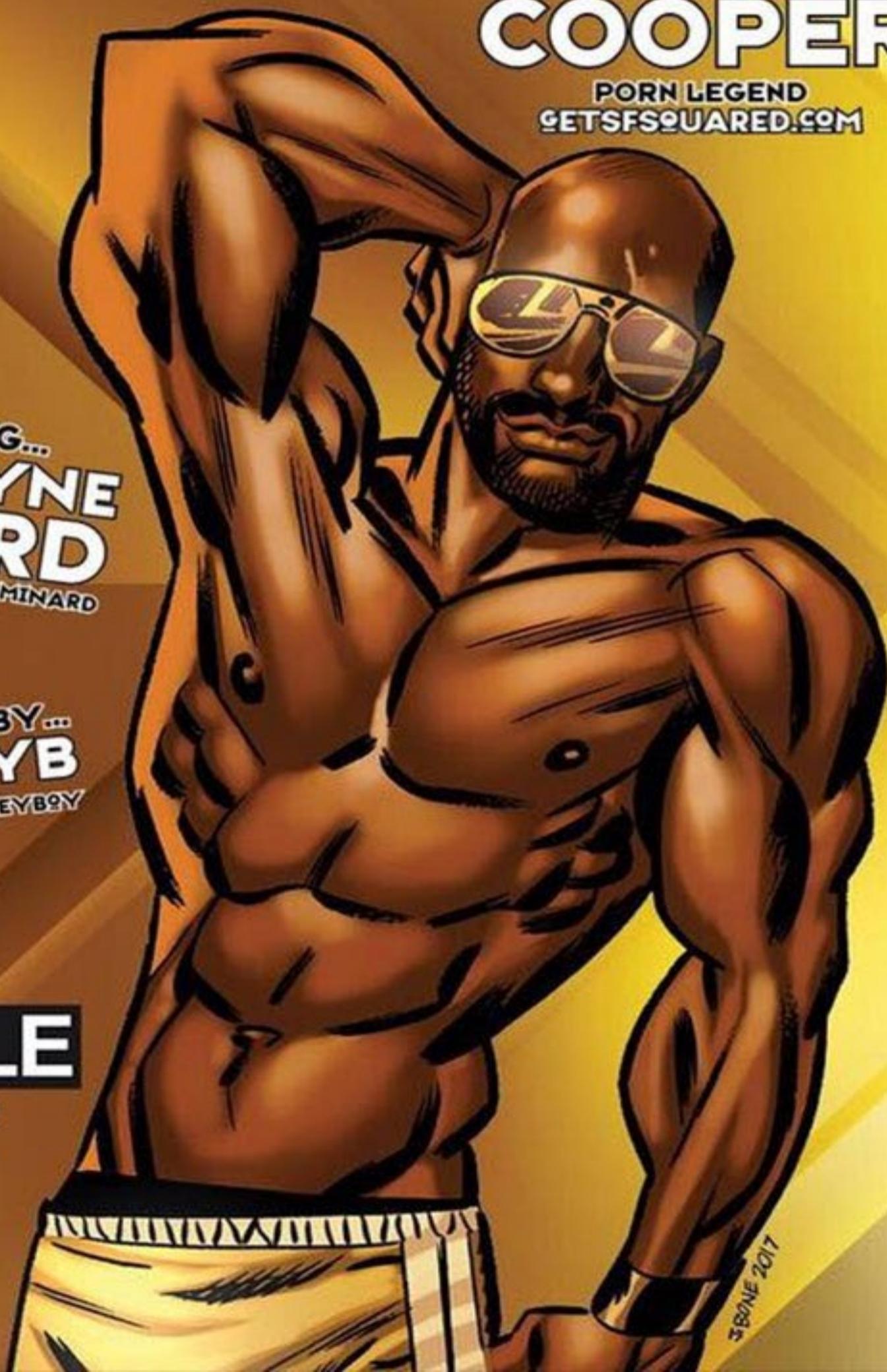
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SATURDAY
AUG 12 10PM

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MyGayToronto.com

The UPS Store 

30 JUNE 2017

Toronto's silence surrounding Valery Gergiev

RAYMOND HELKIO



There's a curious silence surrounding Valery Gergiev's upcoming Toronto appearance. Having previously faced a backlash from LGBT communities in London and New York, he's set to take stage at Roy Thomson Hall.

At one time Gergiev was considered the darling of Russia and regarded by many as one of the best conductors in the world. He also gained notoriety for his proactive support for president Vladimir Putin and his anti-gay propaganda laws, "In Russia we do everything we can to protect children from pedophiles" said Gergiev referring to laws that make it illegal to be LGBT and nearly impossible to talk about.

In 2013, The New Yorker published an article about Gergiev, outlining his cozy connection with Putin and his anti-LGBT history. When responding to questions about a Pussy Riot case, Gergiev suggested they were just out to make money, when at the time one of them was on a hunger strike in a prison camp. Ironically Gergiev made his wealth from art with Forbes approximating his total income at \$16.5 million.

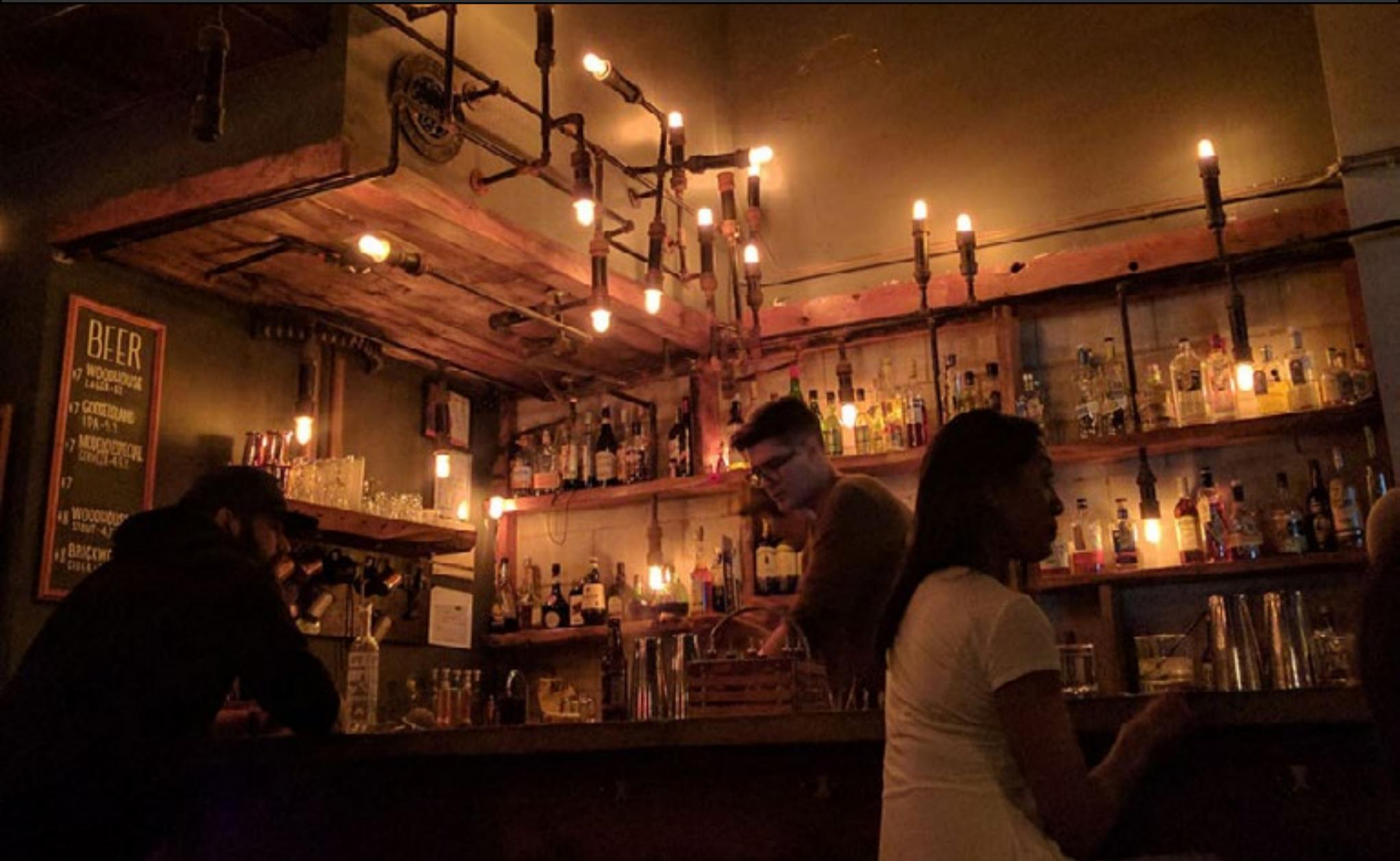
While the situation for LGBT people in Russia remains grim, the anti-gay propaganda legislation has given rise to horrific gay concentration camps, anti-gay vigilante groups and a dramatic increase in civilian on civilian hate crimes. A state sanctioned era of hate, torture, terror and intimidation forcing citizens to flee the country, hide in fear or face the unspeakable.

So why would Roy Thompson Hall host him? Or the Bank of Montreal want to be the title sponsor? Perhaps more importantly, who's buying these tickets? It matters that we give space to the provocative and controversial but we need to draw the line when it undermines the human rights of others.



Turn a dating disaster into a dealmaker

BY ALEX MATVEEVA - [LET'Z TO](#)



So a girl just asked you out on a date and yet you tell her you'd prefer to talk for a little longer before meeting to see if you connect well. Let me stop you right there, don't do it, don't wait!

Online dating has become hard for women. We are not necessarily attracted to someone solely based on looks and I think we can all agree that communicating through text is night and day compared to an in-person interaction. Let's talk about what's really stopping you from going on that date! Is it the fear that the date will turn out bad? Maybe you want to gauge how you will interact so you want to text a little first. Well, it's time to leave all that behind. I am a lesbian, I've gone on plenty of dates with women and I LOVE terrible dates! Let me explain.

First dates are awkward, no matter how great of a texter you thought you were, inevitably you will have an awkward moment during your first date. But it's what you do with that moment that counts. It gives you the ability to reflect right there and then what is awkward about the situation. Is it the silence? What's making you feel like you can't be silent for a moment though? Can this awkwardness be attributed solely to the fact that you're nervous or is there more to this?

Sharing an experience that doesn't go according to a plan may also get you through that initial awkward stage of the date so you can have more time getting to know the other person instead of focusing too much on where your hands should go while she's talking. But sharing something, maybe even having an inside joke so early on, is the fastest way to feeling a little closer to the other person and seeing them, not their nervousness.

Let's say something terrible happens, like a waiter who spills water on you and then proceeds to forget half your order and the kitchen overlooks your meat. Terrible right? By now you probably feel like you need to cover your face and run away from your date, not like you're ever going to see them again, right? Wrong! This is the best time to see how the other person handles it! If they decide to take the situation and make it their own, then it's brilliant! You will always have a story to tell, maybe you'll end up prancing around downtown with two cloth napkins wrapped around like a skirt, or maybe you'll pack up your dinner and give it to the less fortunate on the street. Or maybe your date will call the waiter and demand they redo the whole operation. The point here is, you will get to see if they will react to the negative situation the same you do, or at least in a way that is compatible with you.

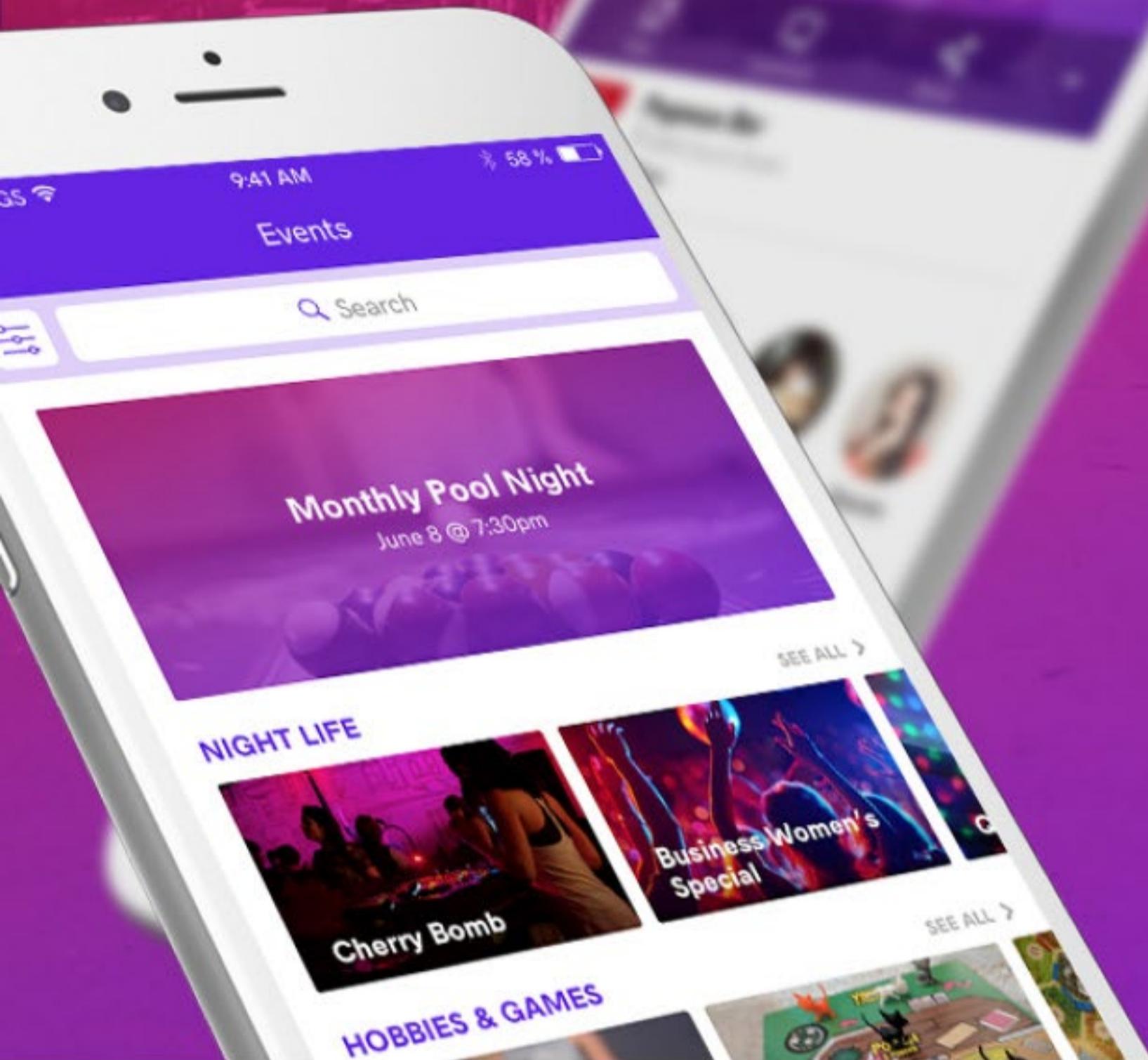
When we are on dates we tend to be careful about what we say and how we act. We want to impress the other person and often put our best foot forward. It often happens without us even noticing. But it's during the interactions with the world outside of your date that we stop focusing so much attention on us and just react to the situation at hand. It is in those same terrible dates that you get to see the other person for what they are, nervousness aside! Whether they are easy going and it matches your vibe or maybe they are so easygoing that it drives you a little crazy!

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When Governments Sanction Hate

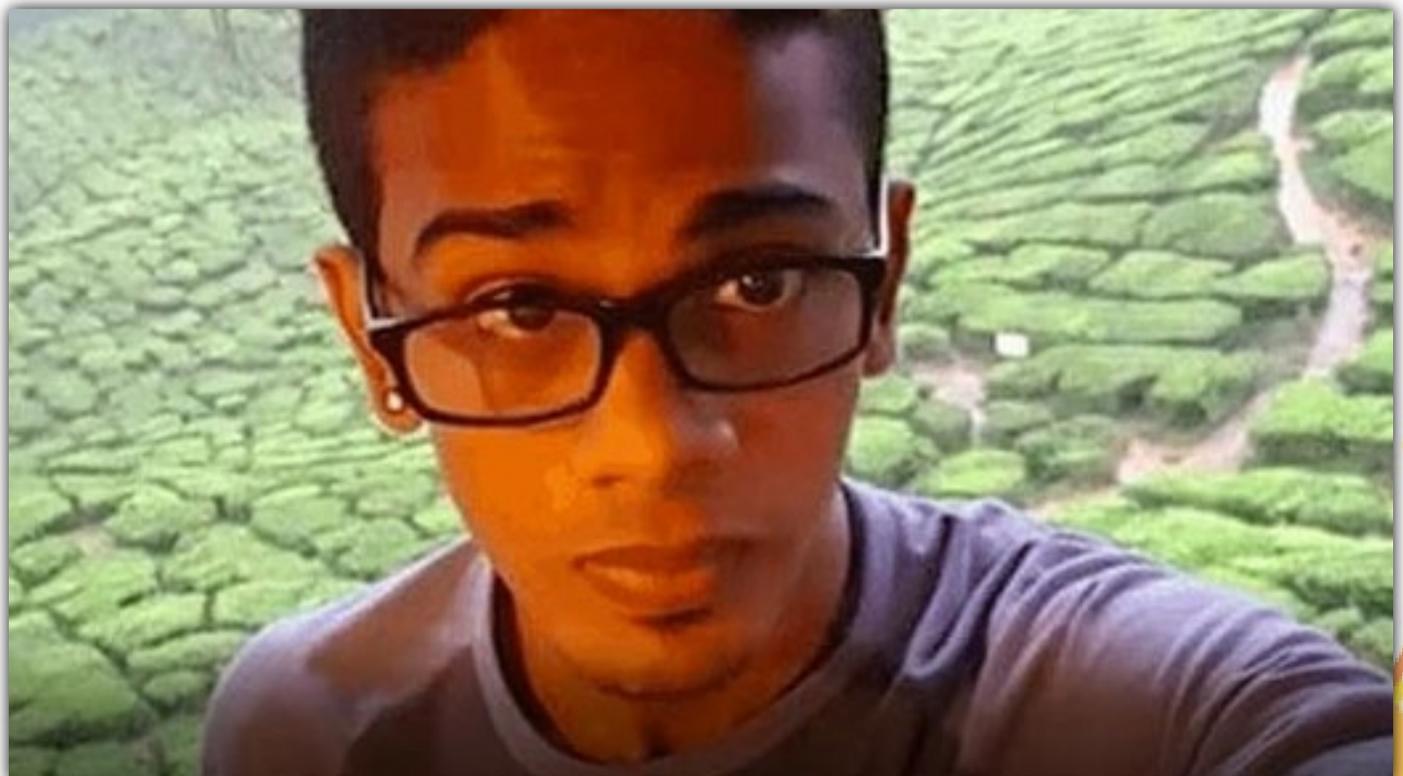
RAYMOND HELKIO

When governments actively endorse hate, it gives permission for it's citizens to openly attack people they don't like. Karar Noshi was an Iraqi actor whose appearance earned him the title 'Beauty King' by many of his friends and fans. He also received death threats. On July 4, Pink News reported that his lifeless body was "found on Palestine Street, a busy road in the centre of the city." But despite news headlines, Karar's kidnapping and torture for looking 'effeminate' was not an act of fashion-phobia, it was homophobia perpetuated by the state.



Last month a Malaysian teen was brutally beaten, burnt and raped by bullies who had previously taunted him for looking gay. His death came on the heels of the Health Ministry's contest offering thousands of dollars to winners who create anti-gay videos. While in Russia, gays still live under the dark cloud of Putin's anti-gay propaganda bill which led to over one hundred gay men being arrested, tortured, and detained in one of three concentration camps in Chechnya. When Prime Minister Ramzan Kadyrov urged families to kill their gay children, many did, like the man who pushed his nephew from a ninth floor balcony after discovering he was gay. Russian authorities claim to be investigating the situation but the arrests continue. This week OUT Magazine reported that "calls are being made to the Russian LGBT network saying the arrests are starting again."

Government sanctioned hate is not unique but it is widespread. It can be as pervasive as a law or as subtle as censorship but to the same effect. As Pride's come and go around the globe it's important to remember that for many, the road to celebration is still a long way away and our individual freedom depends on our collective freedom.



TORONTO PRIDE 2017 RECAP



Why There's No Such Thing as 'Culturally Gay'

SKY GILBERT

I was at the foot doctor's today. She finally figured out I'm gay. She is an intelligent, tolerant and very politically savvy woman.

So, what -- for an intelligent, tolerant and politically savvy chiropodist -- is the immediate 'go-to' when she finds out her client is gay?

"Have you seen that TV show with Nate Berkus and Jeremiah Brent?"

No, I had to honestly say that I hadn't.

"They had this daughter with a surrogate, and sometimes the daughter is on the show, and they are home designers -- and you really get a glimpse into their lives. Sometimes you can see them kidding each other the same way straight couples do. It's very -- real"

Wow.

I was somewhat flabbergasted. I didn't know what to say.

You see, there was a time when admitting to someone that you were gay might have brought other images to mind, like -- well, maybe drag, or maybe -- leather chaps or maybe even (call me crazy) fellatio?

Not nowadays. No, nowadays tell someone you're gay and all they can think about is pair of designer guys with a daughter they paid big money for -- and oh yes how 'similar' these guys are to a regular, ordinary, normal straight couple.

And of course, most gay men seem pretty happy with this new image of themselves.

So when dumb straight film actors like Andrew Garfield say they are 'culturally gay' or when straight, pretentious matinee idol, avant-garde wannabes like James Franco say "I'm gay in my life up to the point of intercourse, and then you could say I'm straight. So I guess it depends on how you define gay" -- well, we only have only ourselves to blame.

We gay men have rejected everything sexual about ourselves ('I don't like bathhouses, I don't hang out on Church Street') and everything gender bending ('No fats and no fems please'). And we are sure to tell everyone over tea, that despite the existence of GRINDR what we all really want is to settle down, get married and adopt a baby

So this is what we get.

No wonder dumb straight guys want to be 'culturally gay.'

But you know what?

I don't like it that James Franco gets to be gay without 'doing the dirty.' In fact I find it pretty insulting. I've spent my whole life being treated like a pariah because I like to dress like a girl and take it up the rear end.

So it kinda bugs me that entitled assholes like James Franco and Andrew Garfield get to appropriate only the un-sexual, home designer, daughter-loving aspects of our lives. They get to be homo, without the sexuality.

In fact, I'm downright offended.

So, you heard it here first.

There's no such thing as being 'culturally gay.'

Andrew Garfield and James Franco, I hereby challenge you to pull down your pants or shut up.

If you wanna be one of us, I'm afraid you're going to get down on your knees, and well...play the bagpipes!

And I think you guys are intelligent, tolerant, and politically savvy enough to know what I mean.

Andrew Garfield Says He's A Gay Man Who Doesn't Have Sex With Men





CALIBER
CALIBERMEN.COM

The not so secret Pride police reinstatement proposal

ROLYN CHAMBERS

The following information is classified and intended for Armchair Critics only. Upon reading delete email, deactivate email account, destroy Acer computer provided to receive email, wash hands, walk away.

EVENTS THIS FAR

Toronto Pride 2017 has come and gone. This year, uniformed police did not participate in any unofficial capacity in the parade. This was at the request of Pride Toronto so that those who might feel triggered by a police presence would feel safe. Police presence in the Trans March, the Dyke March, the main parade as well as within the entire festival grounds, was of course felt in an official capacity. They were paid to serve and protect. In full uniform.



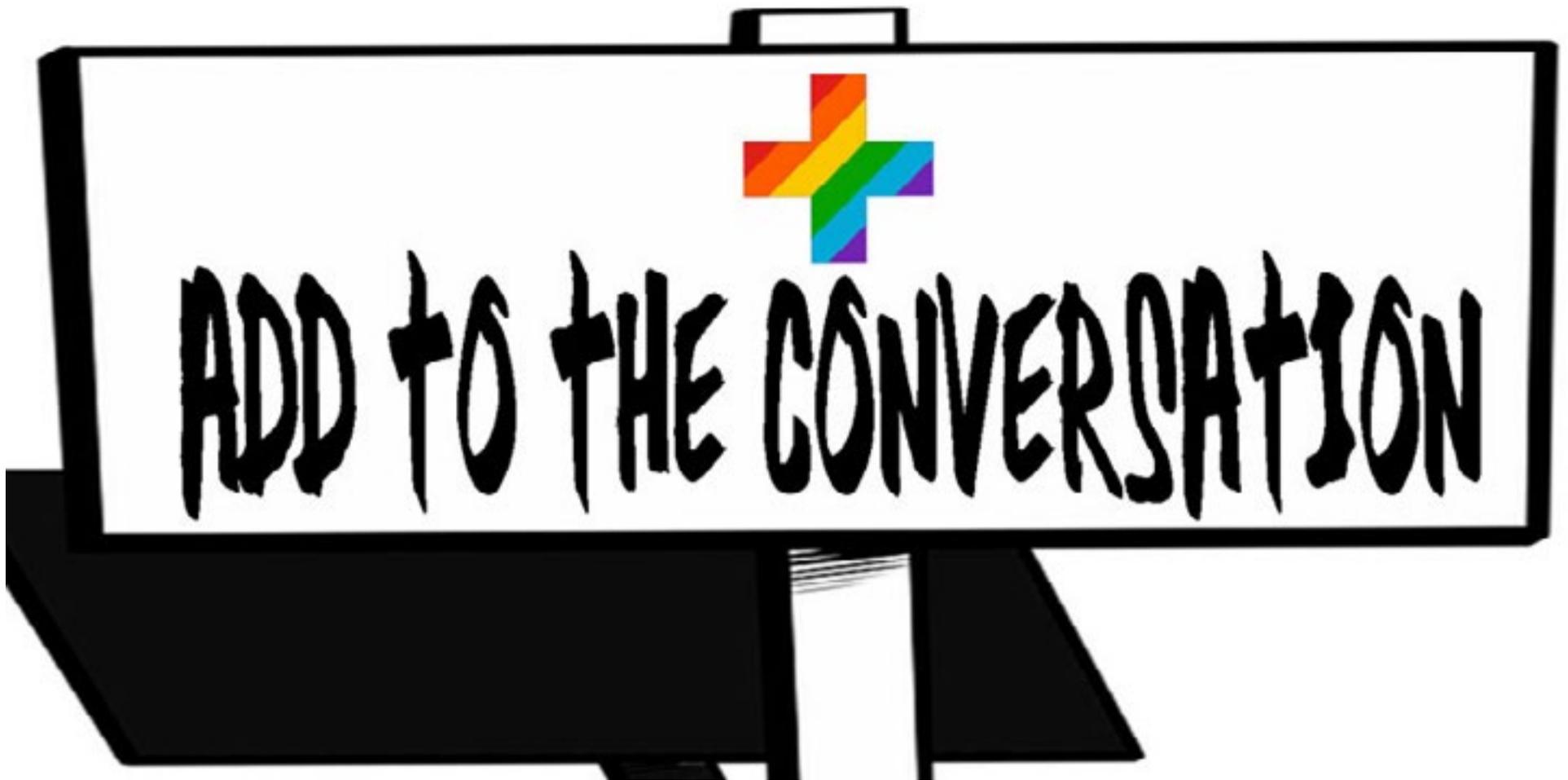
Although some claim that Pride actually went backwards, this was a year to stop and pause. Did attendance by people of colour and trans individuals increase? Was attendance in general enhanced and was the mood of festival improved? Though we do not have these figures, Toronto Pride, though divided, did not fall apart. Without police parading, the sky did not fall. Chicken Little was wrong. But Chicken Little, aka Bryn Hendricks, did succeed in harnessing the impact of this divide by creating what will surely be a one-time event: the First Responders Unity Festival (FRUF). Not only did Police Chief Mark Saunders call it a "distraction," it was largely unattended. Many of the more than 1,000 people who rashly clicked "like" on Facebook and indicated they would attend this wasted affair are classic Armchair Critics.

Last year, when BLMTO protested the very parade they were invited to lead, they succeeded because they got off their asses and organized. Their demands of Pride Toronto were passed because BLMTO mobilized, bought Pride Toronto memberships, attended a few meetings, and then elected pro-BLMTO board members. BLMTO won because they did real work. They also knew that the hundreds, perhaps even thousands, of people who opposed their tactics (as well as some of their demands), were too lazy to do the same. Apathy was their victory.



EVENTS TO COME

Let's address the issue of the police ban. That motion can be reversed or amended, as no time frame was attached to it. You can, as a membership, vote to reinstate the police next year in whatever capacity you so desire. But before you do this, think about what Pride is and how, if at all, removing the ban will add to it. Do police cruisers need to be in the parade? Not really, they are seen as portable prisons. Do officers strutting with guns garner support? Not really, firearms are tools to intimidate and kill. Is there a need for police booths recruiting future cadets within the festival grounds? Absolutely, what better way add to an already strong contingent of queer officers than by actively engaging the community at the largest queer festival of the year? And finally, do police in uniforms need to march in the parade? Not really, but if the queer community wants to move forward and repair the damage of the past it cannot keep treating those deemed oppressors as oppressors. They police should be brought into the fold while setting timelines on achieving measured improvements in training and policy. An open-ended ban accomplishes nothing.



But in order to reverse the Pride police ban, Armchair Critics must:

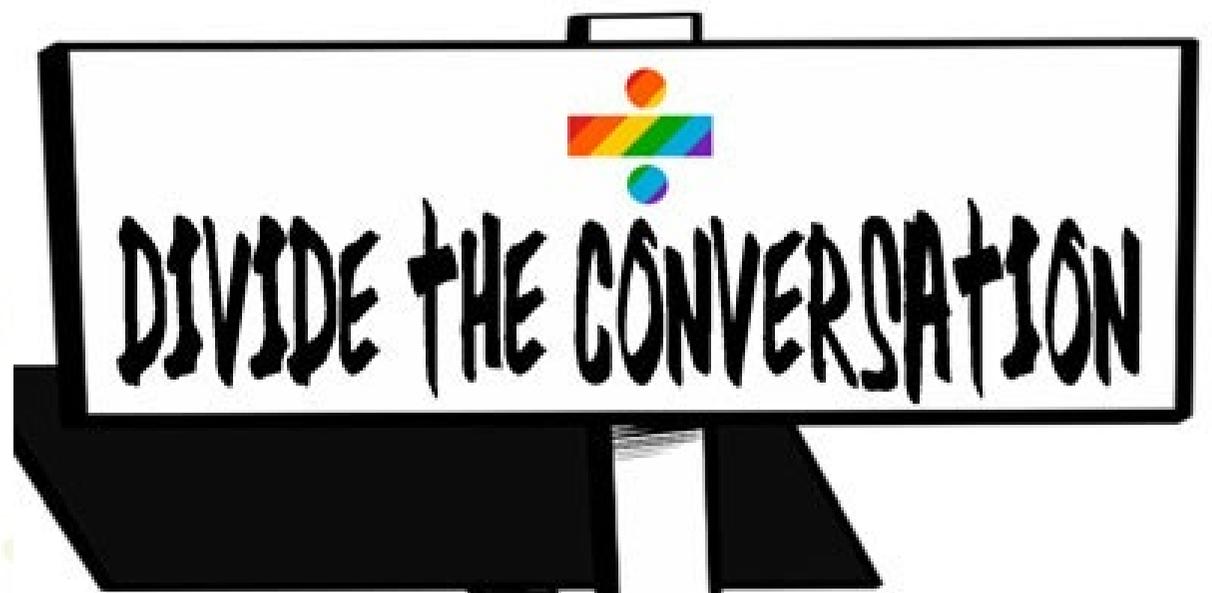
- 1) Educate yourselves on both sides of the issues.
- 2) Mobilize with others and explain your points of view properly.
- 3) Buy a \$10 Pride Toronto voting membership in order to put forth motions (like the reinstatement of police). This can be done online at www.pridetoronto.wildapricot.org and must be done NOW. Memberships can even be bought for friends outside of Toronto and those friends can proxy their vote when voting day arrives.
- 4) Get up off your asses and attend a meeting. Ask questions, get answers, listen, learn, make a point, make a motion, vote and create change.

Unless Armchair Critics are willing to do these four simple things, you do not have the right to open your mouths and complain. You shouldn't be online criticizing a post promoting BLMTTO, nor should you be creating status updates protesting Pride 2018 or tweeting pro-police tirades. Unless you are willing to actively engage and create change, you needn't bother getting out of that armchair. In fact, have several seats.

Sincerely,
Rolyn Chambers
Rolyn Chambers

Grande Wizard of Petty Operations,
Lieutenant Minister of DisInformation*
North East District

DELETE. DEACTIVATE. DESTROY. NOW.



Make Mine A Virgin

RAYMOND HELKIO

Having spent the last ten years of his life on a steady diet of caffeine, nicotine, and vegetables, Brock Hessel has remained a mocktail mixer virgin, until recently. "At first I had to dispel the thought that the event was lame without alcohol" Brock explains, "Nice, Glad Day wants to show how deliciously transcendent a drink can be even without alcohol. Either that or it was for some kind of speed dating/drinking game night to see who could make the biggest mockery out of who... I initially didn't think it would be a sober event, especially in the village. I usually associate sober events with twelve step organizations who usually only promote within their own communities... I'd grown to accept the fact that I wanted to go out and dance there would be alcohol and possibly some lines in a bathroom stall and that I'd need to pretend like everyone around me was just like me: sober. This time, I didn't have to pretend."

So how does one end up a mixer? For Brock it was a happy accident, "I didn't actually intend to go. I was meeting a friend at Glad Day and the mixer just happened to be going on at the same time. I find that parties with alcohol depend on drunkenness to get people to venture outside their cliques and talk to people they don't know. I enjoyed how the event used games to get people to meet those they wouldn't normally talk to." The next Mocktail Mixer promises DJ Lesbian Menace, a mock-tender mixing up handcrafted goodies, a performance by drag king Billy Black plus games to get you social and free vegetarian appetizers.



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DYLAN ROSSER: MYGAYTORONTO'S FEATURED COVER PHOTOGRAPHER ONLY NEEDS FIVE MINUTES TO GET YOU COMFORTABLE WHEN NAKED

Dylan Rosser

BY DREW ROWSOME



Any aficionado of the male form will have savored a photograph taken by Dylan Rosser. Many of the images - beautiful men frolicking unabashedly nude - have entered the realm of gay iconography, a distillation of who we are or want to be. His influence can be seen in everything from glossy advertising to Grindr photos that make one pause. Perusing his portfolio, I was astounded to realize how many of the photos were familiar, lodged in my subconscious, I just wasn't aware they were all the work of one man.

On the eve of the release of his latest book *Wet*, Rosser is forthcoming and a charming mash-up of questing artist, erotic adventurer and baffled businessman. He is also deceptively coy, when asked what makes a photograph erotic, he responds, "I have no idea." His response is the same for what makes a photograph a work of art. He may claim to be operating on instinct, on his own desires fuelled by a keen eye, but a Rosser photography is usually emphatically both erotic and art.

Drew Rowsome: How do you get your models to be so apparently comfortable when posing nude?

Dylan Rosser: They know what I shoot and nudity has been discussed so they usually are already comfortable. If not, it usually only takes five minutes of them being naked and they kind of forget about it.

How do you choose your models?

Dylan Rosser: Sometimes they choose me. I don't often message models because I hate rejection and since I usually require nudity, many male models (or their agents) are not interested. But I like guys that are athletic and not too big. I mostly use Instagram these days to find models and hopefully after I shoot one guy, it leads to other connections.

What makes for a good model?

Someone who is not self conscious about how they look, is willing to try things and experiment, and who likes to show off. Dancers are good to work with as they have an understanding of movement and how their bodies work. But I do love a good face too.

Many of your photographs are familiar from Tumblr and social media but I was mainly unaware, and rarely told, that they are your work. Copyright is rarely effective in this day and age, is that a frustration for you? It has destroyed the music business and is well on its way to dismantling the film and television business – is photography in danger as well?

That's why the books are so important to me. I usually do not release more than five to ten percent of the images from inside a book. I try keep the full frontal images exclusive to the books. It's also why I will not do digital versions of my books as it makes it too easy to screen grab and share online. Yes, someone could buy my book and take photos of the pics inside but they will never be the same quality as an original digital file. It's also why I try and come up with some limited edition products, for example the collectors edition of

Naked Ibiza that comes in a slipcase. These are the sort of things that people can't just copy and that collectors like to have.

How have you made photography a viable career choice?

With difficulty. I rarely have paid gigs because I have no interest in shooting fashion. Some guys pay me to shoot them, I do my books, and I also run two websites, TheMaleForm.net and galleryMALE.com. The latter one is to sell Limited Edition prints from me and other photographers. I wish I could just focus on books and make a living that way but they take a lot of time and money to make happen.

TheMaleForm.net blurs the lines between portrait photography and porn. When you published X-Posed in 2008, you (or your publicist) wrote, "This book focuses on the purity and sensuality of the male form, often showing not much more than a smooth, sexy male body using light and shadow to accentuate the athletic curves and shapes of the models. And sometimes I show much more than that but hope to always keep it tasteful, timeless and classic." Do you think there is a difference between porn and erotica and fine art photography or are those arbitrary puritanical divisions?

What is to say porn cannot be art too? It's a grey area and it really depends on the viewer and how open minded they are. For me it also has to do with a certain taste level. For me personally I like to photograph erections, but not in a sexual way. But for some, an erection is porn. If you look at my work there is rarely a strong sexual element. Yes, it's a naked guy, but he is not grabbing his crotch or looking suggestively at the camera.

We - both myself and MyGayToronto.com - are always debating what is acceptable to publish and my personal choices do not always match what is deemed prudent to publish. Do you make similar choices and if so, how do you decide?

I have some images that are much more sexual in



dr

DYLAN ROSSER
PHOTOGRAPHY

nature and I do hesitate using them because that is not my usually “style” and I want, in a way, to control my brand. Having said that I have been working on a project focused on close-up images of the penis. I am still not sure if/when/how I will publish this but there are some beautiful images. Just nothing that I could show on Facebook or Instagram.



You ran afoul of Instagram and Facebook’s ambiguous and inconsistent guidelines on what is “acceptable” in a public forum. Why are penises so frightening to some people? Were you able to get your social media forums reinstated?

no direction and I love beauty. It also feels less expected to see the fashion model type full frontal.

You have had many books published and now Wet is coming out in September. Many of the previous print runs sold out and Amazon has some of them available second hand for extravagant sums. Which book were you most satisfied with and why?

To be clear I never post any penises on Facebook or Instagram. I have no problem with that rule. The problem is the unclear rules about nudity. Bums are allowed but not close up. So at what point does an image become a close-up? I got my account back and a short message from them saying it was their fault, but I know there are various haters out there that spend their days just randomly reporting my pics hoping that eventually something will click and I get banned.

The MaleForm.net includes many adult film stars. Is it different working with a performer than with an amateur model or a fashion model?

I personally rarely shoot for TheMaleForm anymore. I just run the site and get content from other photographers. I have shot some porn stars but I prefer to shoot guys that do not have loads of dick pics out there already. For me it makes my books more special if I can have models that are a bit more exclusive and not all over the web already. Ideally I would like to shoot fashion models because they usually know how to pose with

Naked Ibiza is my favourite to date just because it was a big jump in size from my other books and it had taken so many years to put together. It was my first Kickstarter campaign and to get the support from so many to make it a reality makes it that more special. I also really like my RED book because it had a definite theme and I like the way it printed, but it did not do as well as my other books so I guess what I like is not necessarily what the public likes. I never want to presume what will sell and what won't. FYI, do not pay those crazy Amazon prices for my out of print books. I usually have some stock left and you can order via my website, DylanRosser.com

Wet will be available at Glad Day Bookshop or from DylanRosser.com. Prints of his work can be purchased at galleryMALE.com and TheMaleForm.net

More from Dylan Rosser at drewrowsome.blogspot.com



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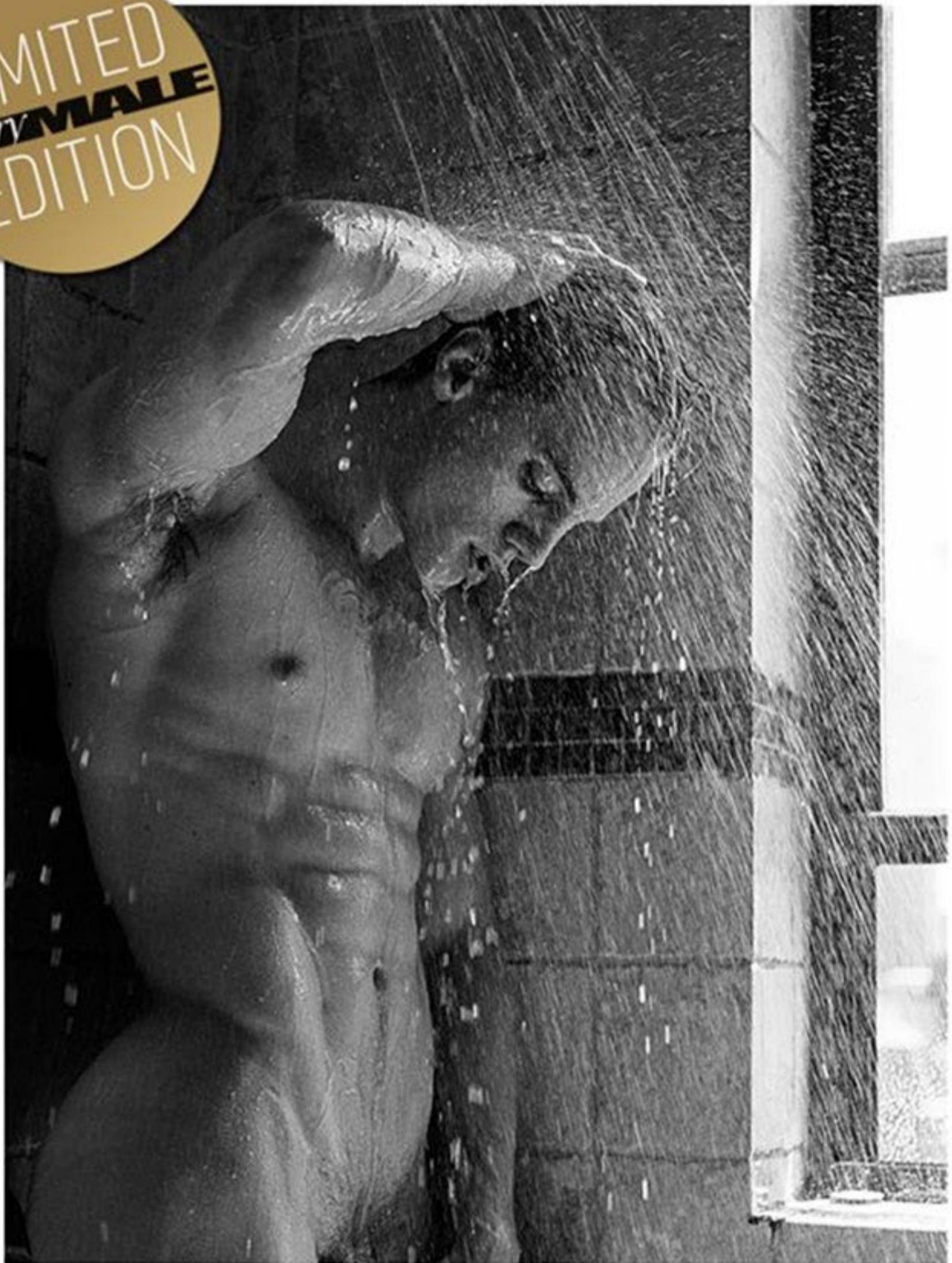
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Fabulous fishy fun

DREW ROWSOME



The Ex is still close to a month away but the foodie madness is already underway. What will be this year's gourmonstrosity? What can be deep-fried and drenched in batter, grease and/or chocolate?

Vancouver's Chinatown Night Market is offering a good contender. It even sounds sort of healthy (though the ingredients in the heat and the Ex's erratic refrigeration record . . .) in a weird doughy way:

Not as catchy as the Big Mac theme song but try humming: "two layers of sushi rice with crab meat and finished with aburi salmon, avocado, sesame, seaweed, and mango slices." Yes, the sushi donut.

Now if only there was a battered and deep-fried version, at only \$6, every foodie on the midway will have to Instagram one.



Pride and prejudice

PAUL BELLINI



Recently, a black man in Minnesota named Philandro Castile was shot to death by a trigger-happy cop who smelled marijuana in Castile's car. He was killed in front of a four-year-old girl, who will spend the rest of her life with that moment seared into her memory. The dash cam video was made public and watching it, I burst into tears. How can we live in a world like this? It is precisely things like this that gave birth to Black Lives Matter, an international activist group that demands incidents such as this must stop. No sensible person on earth would disagree. This was an act of cold-blooded murder.

Last Sunday was Toronto's Pride march. For the past year, the antics of Black Lives Matter Toronto have haunted and divided Toronto's gay community. Everyone knows that what the group stands for, and that what they demand, is true. Cops shooting unarmed black people has got to stop.

So why is it that the members of BLMTO leave me cold? The group 'missed' the deadline to register to march but showed up and marched anyway, even though they didn't pay the required fees. "Pride is actually ours. Queer and trans people of colour actually started this," said Rodney Diverlus. Excuse me, but what the fuck is he talking about? Did BLM also start Christmas, the World Series and the Macarena as well? It would be easier to take them seriously if their statements weren't always so batshit crazy.

Interestingly, their strident demands from last year led to a magnificent Blockorama. I attended the Evelyn Champagne King performance and had a great time, like everyone else who was there. As for the 'no uniformed and armed cops' thing, I'm scratching my head. I attended the Trans March, the Dyke March, and the Sunday march, and everywhere I looked I saw armed cops. Sure, they weren't marching in any parades, but they were still very much a presence. We spent a whole year arguing about whether cops should be allowed to attend Pride, and in the end, they attended Pride. What a hollow victory for a pointless demand.

As for the family of Philando Castile, I was glad to hear that they just won a three million dollar settlement and that the cop lost his job. Unfortunately, the cop was also acquitted of all charges, a verdict that left most people reeling from injustice. So the message of Black Lives Matter is clear. I just wish the arrogance of the messenger wasn't always so off-putting.





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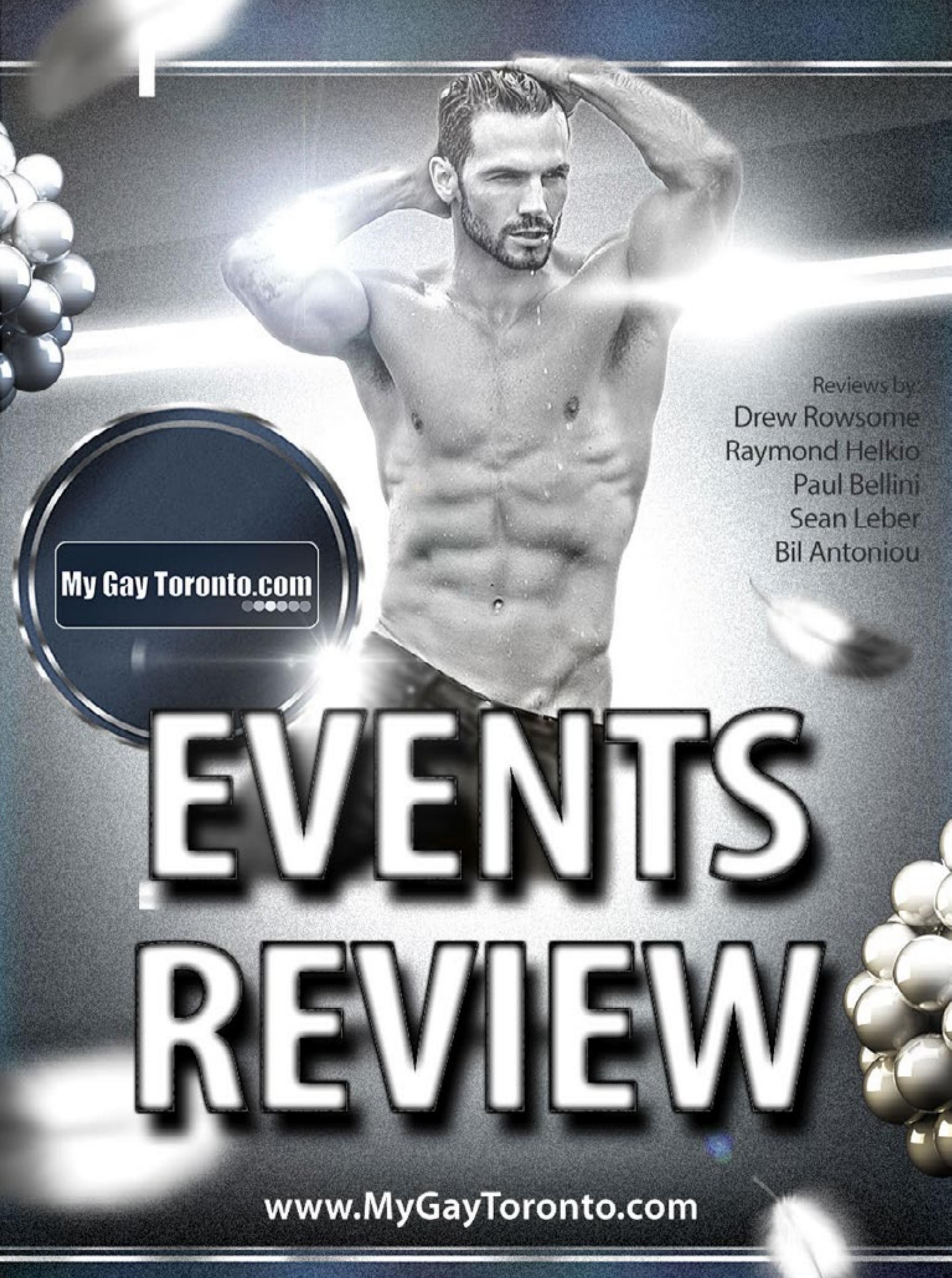
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EVENTS REVIEW

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King Lear

A SOAPY SUMMER OF CAMP, VIOLENCE AND HEARTBREAK- BY DREW ROWSOME

★★★★☆

Production photos by Cylla von Tiedemann



Our first attempt to enjoy King Lear at Canadian Stage's Shakespeare in High Park was foiled by inclement weather. Finally, on a glorious summer evening, we savoured a fast-paced version of the Shakespearean tragedy that was garnished with just a soupcon of camp. Graced with a towering performance by Diane D'Aquila as Queen Lear, this King Lear provides much comedy before, as befits a tragedy, building to a shattering climax.

While cross-gender casting Lear him/herself allows for some commentary on gender roles, it is the little tweaks that are even more intriguing. The duplicitous Edmond is introduced, positioned just-so, bared chest bathed in sunlight. As Brett Dahl possesses a distractingly defined set of abs, he is impossible to ignore or resist. As is his flirtation with Kristiann Hansen's Duke of Cornwall. A gay villain is a nice treat, but it becomes confusing when Edmond seduces both the fiery Naomi Wright (Kiss, Julius Caesar, A Room of One's Own) as Goneril and her hilariously bloodthirsty sister Regan (Hannah Wayne Phillips). Bisexuality is more villainous?

The Fool is also portrayed as a crossdresser, clad in the huge hoop skirts that are a symbol of the subjugation of women. On the night we attended director Alistair Newton (Of a Monstrous Child: A Gaga Musical) stepped in for the ailing actor who usually essays the pivotal role of The Fool. It is not fair to judge Newton's performance or interpretation, but it should be fascinating as it either grows or is returned to the actor who promised a Leigh Bowery-esque interpretation. Watching D'Aquila interact with manic queer energy would give King Lear another jolt.

Not that this King Lear needs more energy. The narrative is made crystal-clear by emphasizing the more soap opera-esque elements - nefarious plots! illicit liaisons! sealed letters containing dark secrets! - and passions boil at a fever pitch. The climactic swordfight swashbuckles and when the Earl of Gloucester's eyes are gouged out in a Grand Guingol moment, the audience roared with horror

and delight. Part of the intensity of the reaction was that the earl is essayed by Jason Cadieux, rolling the prose with ease and maintaining his sex symbol status despite a streak of grey and playing an elder statesman.

Jenni Burke struts as the Countess of Kent and zings out one-liners in iambic pentameter. She also crossdresses as a drag king peasant, making much mockery of macho bluster. Peter Fernandes (Onegin) is both a studly courtier consort and a soldier of death, while Michael Man's Edgar is nimble and noble. Cordelia, Amelia Sargisson, returns in a cloud of smoke, wielding a sword like a drag queen Joan of Arc. That, and Lear's seat of power evoking Game of Thrones mashed with the local BDSM dungeon, added the camp that alas this production only touched on. There was no need to shy away, the audience cheered with approval when Hansen lingeringly patted Dahl's ass.

More opera and less soap opera would have made King Lear even more memorable. But it must be difficult to balance a unique interpretation with the demands of a family venue requiring simple clarity and not frightening the horses. This King Lear rollicks and rockets along while still managing to achieve a denouement that is powerful and heartbreaking. Nestled in High Park, surrounded by picnicking children, ice cream stands, dog parks and sports arenas, King Lear is a summer's evening of culture and dead white guy prose rendered highly entertaining and on the verge of being subversive.



King Lear continues in repertory with Twelfth Night until Sun, Sept 3 at the High Park Ampitheatre, 1873 Bloor St W. canadianstage.com

Beautiful

THE CAROLE KING MUSICAL AND THE POWER OF GREAT POP SONGS - BY DREW ROWSOME

☆☆☆☆

Production photos by Cylla von Tiedemann



Who wants to hear a normal person sing?
Other normal people?

First of all, Carole King is anything but “normal.” The singer/songwriter had a string of hits that is hard to rival, and a musical where the audience arrives humming the songs has a tremendous advantage. Carole King’s songs, whether co-written or solo, are so ubiquitous and catchy, that every audience member will have a familiar favourite, or two or three, somewhere in the score. And a new favourite that will be added during the course of the evening. The instant the opening piano chords of “I Feel the Earth Move” thunder into the darkness to open the show, the audience for Beautiful: The Carole King Musical roars with excitement and pleasure.

As a jukebox musical/biography, Beautiful is a slick and fast-paced show. The exposition is unobtrusive, often quite funny, and gives the feminist-lite fable more gravitas than it is able to support. Because of course the music is where the passion soars, in fact that is one of the main metaphors of Beautiful, that the characters are unable to express themselves except in song. That the songs are sung, until King’s dramatic turnaround, by other people creates a disconnect that when it works, works beautifully.

Some of the best moments, and it is a gimmick that never fails in this production, one of the songwriters will be noodling at the piano before lights descend, backdrops materialize and clothing is transformed into shimmering costumes. The clever and always-in-motion set also allows for

several of the songs to be seen in rehearsal before suddenly exploding into a full-blown production number. And, given the '60s themed atmosphere, the loving parody of the long-lost art of television variety shows is heartwarming and heartbreaking (just imagine what Sonny & Cher, Flip Wilson, or even Donny & Marie could have done with today's technology).

That the songs are thematically linked to the plot is also nicely done. The connections are sometimes blatant, sometimes subtle, but always to be discovered instead of spelled out. When King sings in the faux-finale, "You're gonna find, yes you will/That you're beautiful, as you feel," the audience gushed with almost as much passion as when she found her backbone and dumped her douchebag husband. However it is occasionally problematic when Beautiful attempts to gloss over the racial politics that are unavoidable in 2017 (and must have been in the '60s as well). The songwriters are very middle-class white, most of the song interpreters are non-specifically black. No matter how one interprets it - fantasy projection, colourful illustration - it is disturbing.

It is also disturbing because the ensemble has some great songs that it is not given quite enough to sell. The choreography is girl group/Motown tight but the vocals lie in that weird place between powerful emotive pop and powerful emotive musical theatre. The compromise of adding bits of filler melisma does neither genre any favours and just distorts the gorgeous melodies. One can practically feel the ensemble itching, striving, to cut loose and belt, but that would, of course, overpower the white singer/songwriter and her story. While probably historically accurate, it is theatrically a bit of a tease. When TraciElaine Lee gets only two stanzas of the extraordinary "Uptown" wrapped around dialogue rehashing forgettable relationship problems from the main four characters, I wept tears of frustration.

That is not to say that Chilina Kennedy (The Little Mermaid) is not a powerhouse, she manages to





King's downhome "normality" while also adding a bit of vocal edge and grit. Erika Olsen as Cynthia Weil gets a few chances to shine vocally, but mostly plays the snappy girlfriend with the quick wit, which makes sense for a lyricist. Also providing comic relief (and that spitfire exposition) are Ben Fankhauser as a hyperly hypochondriac, and deep-voiced James Clow as a prankster Don Kirshner. But it is Suzanne Grodner as King's mother who grabs the lines that come her way and nails them to the back wall of the theatre with Borsch Belt aplomb.

Liam Tobin (Cannibal The Musical, Into the Woods) has the toughest role, particularly when the years fly by so quickly. He is a seductive potential bad boy, then a philanderer, then a victim of his father's failure as a playwright, and then he jumps off a roof before repeating. That Tobin manages to create a through-line of sorts - while also doffing and un-doffing his shirt distractingly - is credit to his skill. As was the malevolence with which he was greeted at the curtain call, a complete contrast to the love that flowed towards the stage whenever Kennedy broke the fourth wall and, as King, played straight to the audience.

Neither as brazenly campy as the best/worst jukebox musicals, nor as deliciously lurid as a Behind the Music special, and not quite as intimate or cathartic as the tribute concert some seemed to be expecting, Beautiful is a comfortable hybrid that reflects King's oeuvre and persona. We went in singing, we sang along, we came out singing a little louder, and that makes for a very satisfying evening at the theatre.

Beautiful: The Carole King Story continues until Sun, Sept 3 at the Ed Mirvish Theatre, 244 Victoria St. mirvish.com

Around the world in two Hours and sixty horses

BY ROLYN CHAMBERS

★★★★★



Horses, like people, have their own personalities. This realization flows through me as I watch the dream-like opening of Cavalia's current production, *Odysseo* on now in Mississauga. Ten pure-bred unbridled Arabian horses move in a choreographed dance amidst a midnight springtime forest setting as one lone man silently leads them with small motions of his hand and body. They move as one and because of the thoughtful, slowed melodic nature of this performance I begin to see personalities emerge.

The lead horse is clear, directly behind him two others, possibly in the midst of a personal tiff flick their manes and tails at each other like battling stage divas. But my favourite, the slow rebel, keeps either forgetting his movements or is clearly only interested in doing his own thing. Then when I think this serene segment is winding down another ten horses gallop fiercely onto the stage, manes flowing, to perform with their brothers. Majestic.

Over the course of two hours, the audience of tonight's sold-out show watch from under the white big top, a massive 38 metre tall tent the size of two NFL fields. The main stage larger than a hockey rink is filled with 6,000 tons of sculpted rock, earth and sand and forms a massive three-story hill. With the addition of computerized projected backgrounds that fill a curved wall the size of three IMAX screens and complex lighting schemes the audience is taken on a journey to several continents that spans the four seasons.

"It looks like a movie," my mother whispers as we watch a team of horses and their riders emerge from over a yellow hilltop, dressed in flowing bronze and gold tunics under an auburn sky.

And like a big-budget Hollywood film, there are some hot leading men (and gorgeous women). African tumblers with the bodies of gods threaten to steal the show, while the male acrobats with the tightest derrières this side of a tightrope expertly work metal poles. On the sandy stage urban stilts in flowing pants astound by jumping higher than the horses, above aerial artists create a dream-like dance on rings, and a full size merry-go-round descends from the top of the tent.

But it is the horses and their handlers who perform complex military like moves, intricate hoof-step dance routines, heart pounding (and dangerous) speed race tricks, and disciplined stillness that are the main attraction.

All riders in the show are trained to ride every horse and it is not uncommon for them to perform with three or more a night. There are more than 60 horses of 16 breeds and surprisingly all of them are male. Fifteen are stallions (male) and the rest are geldings that have had their manhoods removed. If they were humans (they even have their manes braided every night), their paddock parties would be quite interesting.

Coming to a surprise watery finish, the stage fills with water to form a shallow pool where one stunning steed performs an intricate step dance to the tempo of the live band and vocalist. The end of this journey leaves us applauding for the impressive acrobatic numbers, for the music that beautifully narrates each scene, for technical display that dazzles our eyes and for the stunning visual mastery of the sets. But mostly we cheer for the four-legged entertainers whose personalities have won us over.

Cavalia continues until Sun, July 23 at the big top 5399 Rose Cherry Place, Mississauga.

www.cavalia.com



The Flintstones Vol I: we'll have a gay old time

DREW ROWSOME ★★★★★



Growing up, I was a DC kid. Like being either a Beatles or a Rolling Stones fan later, a Madonna or a Gaga fan after that, right up to battling over which Drag Race star is supreme, one was either a DC kid or a Marvel kid. Those rivalries were something I left far in the past, to the point where the current big budget film rivalry between the two comic book houses is somewhat immaterial, I won't choose between Deadpool and Wonder Woman. But it always hurt my feelings a little bit to read that Marvel was considered more psychologically complex, sexier, realistic and darker.

DC's comics are destroying that perception in the most unlikely way, a partnership with another childhood friend - a childhood friend with little psychological complexity, rarer sex, and heaping helpings of sugary surrealism and light - Hanna-Barbera. Yes, DC Comics is producing a line of what must now be called graphic novels rebooting the cartoon characters Scooby-Doo, Johnny Quest, The Jetsons, The Banana Splits, etc. Archie has had numerous facelifts (most notably the addition of the gay Kevin Keller) which led to Riverdale and a return to cultural relevance, so why not the much-loved denizens of our childhood Saturday morning cartoons?

All of this was of passing academic interest until I read that the reboot of The Flintstones franchise included a treatise on same-sex marriage. At some point in my childhood, The Flintstones were in constant re-runs after school and while I enjoyed the dinosaur as appliance jokes (is The Flintstones where creationists got their holy texts about the co-existence of man and dinosaur?) the basic sitcom rip-off premise was already stale (here I am excluding The Gruesomes episodes as those fascinated me and I have acquired a DVD of that season that has yet to be viewed).

A minor bout of googling found the artwork for the new The Flintstones, and it is stunning. The flat cheap repeated graphics are gone, filled instead with intricate layers of puns, gags, jokes and shading. The biggest transformation however is of the main characters, Fred and Barney are no longer dumpy and crudely drawn, they are muscled and striated in the homoerotic sci-fi soft porn style of Frank Frazetta and Boris Vallejo. I downloaded the collection, The Flintstones Vol I, of the first six issues on the spot.

The Hanna-Barbera Universe The Flintstones is compulsive reading. It is very dark, borderline depressing, but in a comic way, bleak but hilarious. If The Flintstones cartoons were a soft satire on the '50s and '60s sitcom, The Flintstones comics are a vivisection of contemporary culture. Consumerism, religion, war, xenophobia, science and politics are all apparently evils that began in the burg of Bedrock. And satirizing their root - ie: pre-paleolithic - genesis is wicked fun and very pointed.

Contemporary art, actually the concept of art, is explained wittily while the contemporary art world is clubbed with its own pretensions. There are also cultural touchstone references to spring break, sci-fi and, in a very clever aside, David Bowie. A disturbing thread about animal rights (appliance rights?) winds through The Flintstones Vol I culminating in a heartbreaking moment that stopped me in my tracks. Suddenly this was not satire nor comedy nor commentary, this is questioning the very meaning of existence. A lot of weight to put on a comic book but The Flintstones pulls it off.

The same-sex marriage storyline is, like the rest of the The Flintstones, blunt and clever. Framing the debate within a Bedrock debate about the evils of the new concept of marriage vs the traditional practice of polygamy - at one point Fred and Wilma are told to "Go back to the sex cave like nature intended" - is ingenious. The simple explanation that is the denouement is to the point and extraordinarily powerful. That the storyline exists within a full-on satirical onslaught against the very concept of religion just makes it tastier. Curious I googled the creators, illustrator Steve Pugh and writer Mark



Russell. They both have lengthy resumés but little information: dc.wikia.com actually states "Personal history of Mark Russell is unknown." However he did write an intriguing book entitled God is Disappointed in You and, once the other six planned issues of The Flintstones are completed, he is involved in a reboot of the barely remembered, possibly repressed, by my closet-ridden memory, Snagglepuss called Exit Stage Left!: The Snagglepuss Chronicles. And here it gets really interesting as he plans to depict Snagglepuss as a "gay, southern Gothic playwright." He told HiLoBrow.com,

I envision him like a tragic Tennessee Williams figure; Huckleberry Hound is sort of a William Faulkner guy, they're in New York in the 1950s, Marlon Brando shows up, Dorothy Parker, these socialites of New York from that era come and go. I'm looking forward to it.

Though Russell says that the Snagglepuss series will be less social commentary, as The Flintstones is, and more about “the creative process,” it will also be unabashedly gay.

Yeah, it's never discussed and it's obviously ignored in the cartoons 'cuz they were made at a time when you couldn't even acknowledge the existence of such a thing, but it's still so obvious; so it's natural to present it in a context where everybody knows, but it's still closeted. And dealing with the cultural scene of the 1950s, especially on Broadway, where everybody's gay, or is working with someone who's gay, but nobody can talk about it — and what it's like to have to try to create culture out of silence.

If it is half as good as The Flintstones, with Exit Stage Right!, we'll have a gay old time.

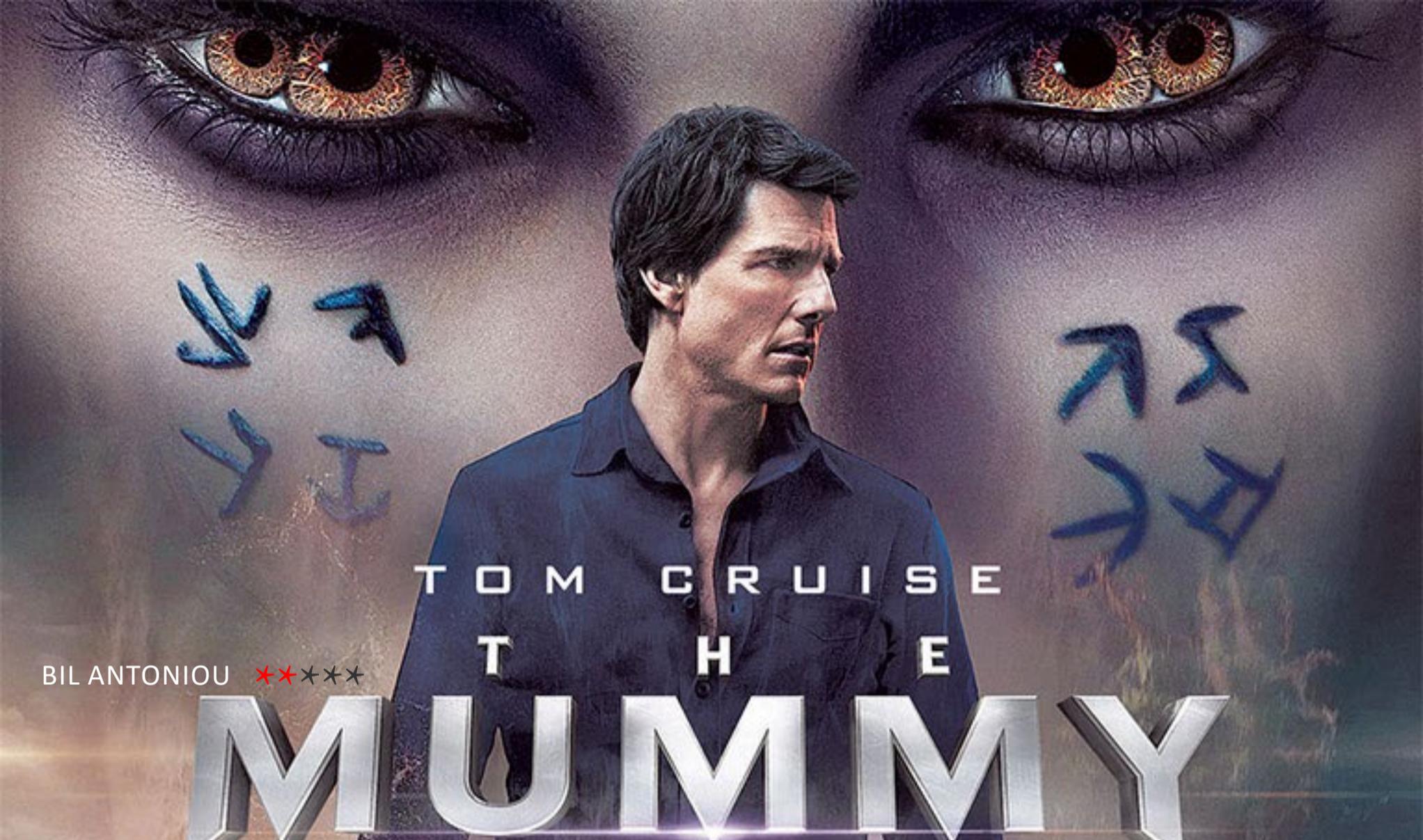


50% HERO, 100% COTTON.

Dav Pilkey's popular children's books are brought to the big screen with their winsome humour and charming sass fully intact. Harold and George, voiced with joyful appeal by Thomas Middleditch and Kevin Hart, are best friends thanks to their shared love of practical jokes and the comic book adventures they write together, about a superhero who goes everywhere in cape and underwear (for maximum comfort and to suit their own brand of silliness, of course). Their pranks also make them the bane of their grumpy principal's existence, who threatens to tear their world apart when he decides that they will be placed in separate classes, effectively ending their friendship forever. Thankfully these boys are capable of thinking quickly on their feet, hypnotizing their principal (voiced by a wonderfully versatile Ed Helms) and, having him completely under their control, convincing him that he is Captain Underpants himself. The trouble this gets these two into is endlessly fun, reaching a new level of danger when the insecure and vengeful Professor P (Nick Kroll) shows up with some very sinister ideas of how to keep children in line. Smart and superbly written, this delightful film has a touching affection for the friendship between its heroes that makes the whole thing so very endearing, while the quality of animation is consistently excellent.

BIL ANTONIOU ★★★★★





BIL ANTONIOU ***

T O M C R U I S E
T H E

MUMMY

The reboot that no one needed, this adventure film is never scary and is not particularly smart, but it's easy enough to sit through. A miscast Tom Cruise and a wonderfully charming Jake Johnson are roguish army men and relic hunters who find an Egyptian burial site in modern day Iraq (and all the complications that that entails) and, along with a rival archaeologist (and spurned woman, that old trope, played by Annabelle Wallis) explore its contents. In taking home the giant sarcophagus they discover soaking in centuries of mercury, they awaken a centuries-old mummy (Sofia Boutella) who was buried alive after her plan to merge her body with the spirit of the underworld god Set was thwarted by priests in ancient Egypt. Now she is awake and has her sights trained on Cruise as the human sacrifice that will help her achieve her goals, initiating an adventure that will take the crew to London where they will search for a magically-empowered jeweled dagger buried by Crusade Knights. A few fun sequences don't make up for the lack of chemistry between the stars and a whole mess of a plot that never comes together thanks to too many shifts in tone (sometimes it's a genuine attempt at horror and others it's self aware in its silliness). The whole thing feels like it was made by too many focus group meetings (the mummies feed the zombie craze, the success of Mad Max means using more women but in this case not really giving them much personality), but said meetings ignored the one most crucial bit of information: The Mummy and monsters from the Universal vault are not much of a craze these days, and this movie is well out of step with the times. It's made in an age when superhero films capture the public's imagination because they allow the viewer to live an adventure while also being morally superior (what person who spreads their insistent comments on a Facebook post doesn't love the idea of being able to fly or control the weather?), not in the Depression when audiences couldn't travel abroad and had no problem believing that there were higher powers out there that they could do absolutely nothing to protect themselves against. This one's more like the plots of the lesser sequels that Boris Karloff did later in the forties than the 1931 original or the Brendan Fraser remake in 1999, but even those had a sense of their own B-ness and didn't indulge in such stupidity as the Russell Crowe side plot here (which is hinting at franchise that really should not happen) and the self-important ending (ditto). Forgiving such flaws, however, still leaves us with a film whose star is far too mature and self-consciously well put together to be believable as a rascal, which saps a great deal of adventurous feeling right from the start.

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FLASHBACK



TOM

Unveiling one of the oral histories of Remington's.

PAUL BELLINI - 2011



In the early '90s bar owner George Pratt opened Colby's, at 5 St Joseph St. One of his partners was Mandy Goodhandy. Despite not having the necessary license, Pratt decided that male strippers might be a good thing for business.

Pratt: *Colby's was empty and we had that long bar so Amanda and I decided to put some guy up on the bar to dance, and it took off from there. We operated just under the radar. Without Amanda it never would have happened.*

Colby's became notorious for its naked male dancers, but there was always pressure from the police to stop. Then, a lucky break occurred.

Pratt: *There was a death in the Cooper family, who owned all the strip clubs on Yonge Street. One brother had the Brass Rail, another had the Zanzibar, and the father had the Bermuda Tavern. When the father died the sons decided they didn't want any outside competition, so that's why they decided to turn it into a men's club.*

To great fanfare, Remington's opened in June 1993.

Pratt: *The name Remington's came from the TV show Remington Steele. Gilles Berthelot and myself gutted and rebranded the place, but we didn't have much to work with. It's a pretty long narrow room, 19 feet wide I think. Everybody told me don't do it, it's in the wrong location, nobody will come.*

Remington's innovation was presenting dancers who were not only naked, but erect, their dicks tied off with tiny flesh-coloured elastics. I remember my cousin KC, a seasoned dancer, telling me that the floor backstage was littered with tiny elastic strands that had been cut off post-show. In 1994, the club initiated Sperm Attack Mondays, in which dancers competed to see who could produce the best ejaculation. On Feb 19, 1996, police raided the club. Bartender Bruce Roadhouse worked there at the times.

Roadhouse: *The undercover cops came 10 weeks in a row, watching this performance!*

Pratt: *I wasn't there that night, but I heard they secured the back exit, stopped the music, turned up the lights, presented search warrants, and hassled patrons.*

Several people were charged, including the DJ, but eventually most of the charges were dropped. Pratt: There were stories about people taking umbrellas to the event so they wouldn't get hit with sperm, but it was never that interesting.

The club continued to operate, the only male strip club in Canada's largest city, and it continued to draw crowds. It also has a loyal work force, including Guy Boucher, who danced under the name Kaden before eventually becoming a bartender.

Boucher: *Behind the bar, you're a little safer. Typically, a lot of humorous things are bound to happen in a strip club. Former bartender Peter Laneas recounted one such incident.*

Laneas: *Once a dancer was doing a spin on the pole and accidentally dropkicked a customer in the head.*

Boucher: *I was on the pole once hanging upside down and it came off the ceiling. I landed on a table where some customers were sitting.*

Roadhouse: *We're not a typical gay bar. We get a lot of jealous boyfriends throwing drinks in their lovers' faces.*

Current general manager Dave Auger stated that the club has attracted many famous patrons, including Queen Latifah, Gus Van Sant, Drew Barrymore, and Elton John's husband David Furnish. But the weirdest acknowledgement has to be the plaque that hangs near the front entrance.

Auger: *We have had city councillor Giorgio Mammoliti commemorate Remington's for its long-time success and contribution to the city of Toronto.*

In the past two years and since new ownership in 1997, the club has undergone extensive renovations. It also changed its policy, allowing women to enter.

Auger: *We welcome all walks of life - straight, gay, bi, curious, male or female.*

Roadhouse: *It's become more social. We're getting a younger crowd now. It's a party place.*

Laneas: *There's a lot more sugary-shot, alcohol-induced fun.*

Boucher: *Women are louder.*

On Thursday June 16, Remington's will celebrate its 24th birthday with a big bash.

Auger: *Which is monumental, as we all know that nightclubs on average have a 3, 5 or 7-year lifespan.*

Laneas: *I think sometimes we take Remington's for granted. But at the end of the day, what would you do if it was gone?*

Paul Bellini is a writer, comedian, actor and the genius behind fab's Bellini at Large column. He has been known to visit Remington's – only for research of course.





DJ BILLY LEACE

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457 CHURCH STREET



JOCK STRAP

The scent of a man

CHRIS MUNRO

You walk into a club, feeling fresh and fine, say hi to the door guy you know, wave to a few friends, and then BAM! it hits you like a ton of bricks, a huge waft of man smell. Question is, are you into this? The debate has been going on for ages, should guys wear deodorant? Cologne? Or has this all gone way too far. Myself, I like a bit of man smell, depending on the person, the time and the place. I also like some guys that wear small hints of cologne, it acts almost as a unique calling card. Each smell so unique. When taken too far, the BO thing can be a nightmare. I've left a few parties after I've gone into a pro-fetish environment and had to leave immediately after coming across an overpowering sour scent. Dude, that's not hot at that point, you need a shower.



Hygiene is very important when it comes to man smell. A guy who is in good shape and eats healthy will tend to give off a man smell that's simply irresistible. When the body is getting rid of too many excess toxins, it could spell trouble for those sexy aromas you wish to produce. Keep this in mind when deciding on the deodorant next Saturday night, it may not be your week to test the waters of your scent.

Remember time and place too gentleman. I was once talking about a professional manner about a



colleague, "do you know that guy, he's awesome you guys might be able to work together" I said. He replied with "is that the guy who always smells like BO?" From this story alone guys, always make sure you have deodorant on in professional settings, with colleagues, and in public spaces. I've almost lost my lunch a few times when taking the subway and a man or woman stinks a heavy stank of rottenness. Can't you smell that?? My eyes are watering!

Enjoy finding your perfect man smell! The men will find you irresistible and your armpits will be licked in no time at all, when you have mastered the art of man smell.



The Shy Shoe Fucker

JESSE T.

I met Martin one Saturday night at a party at his place. His apartment is impeccable. He has amazing style, modern, expensive furniture, and an impressive kitchenware set, which he used often (he served homemade Crème Brulee at the party). Martin has a stable, homely quality so I flirt with him, and decide to go for “the good guy” instead of my usual “bad boy” type.

About a month later we have the boyfriend thing in full swing. It felt great to have a nice, normal guy, in fact, it's like I'm dating a male version of Martha Stewart.

One morning Martin went to work and allowed me to stay in bed. Later, I wake up at the crack of noon and went on Martin's laptop. We have such a trusting, comfortable relationship that he gave me his password. I checked my email and Facebook. Then, after closing the browser, I noticed a video file on his desktop. I decide to look at it (it's not snooping if it's on the desktop, right?). The video starts and I see the view from someone holding a handheld camera facing down on his erection. The person picks up a grey Converse shoe and slides his dick in. Then he starts to pump the shoe hard, groaning, as the camera gets shaky. The whole ordeal is about 30 seconds. I can't help but watch again.



The second go I notice that it's actually Martin in the video. OK, so Martha has a shoe fetish.

Later that evening we hang out and I don't bring up the video at all. The next morning Martin gets in the shower. When he comes back I have the laptop and I ask: “Why do you have a video of you fucking a shoe on your computer?” “What? No I don't,” he replies.

“It's right here,” I say pushing play. He looks embarrassed. “Do you have a shoe fetish?”

“No!” he says and I can see he's searching for an explanation. “I don't know how that got there.”

“Well nobody's been here except for me, and I didn't download it.”

“I don't know? Maybe it's like a pop-up or something.”

“It's OK if you have a shoe fetish. There's nothing wrong with it but you have to let me know if you want to explore it.”

“I don't! I don't know how that got there,” he repeats.

“Seriously, Martin? You're lying. I can recognize your dick. It's you.”

Martin grabs the laptop from me and shuts it. In a whirlwind fluster he finishes getting ready for work. After this incident our relationship squanders. I guess he's more ashamed of his fetish than I realized. Oh well, I just wish I could tell him that you can't run from your fetishes, especially when your Converse are on your cock and not your feet. I don't even want to fathom what he'd do to a pair of LA Gear Lights.

The Sweet With The Sour

SAMANTHA LAUZON

My writer friend tells me that, with this column, I don't open myself up enough... "You have to let the reader in and let your guard down."

Well here goes:

I've been guarded my entire life due to being hurt by one thing or another. Every time I've ever said I loved something, I somehow manage to self-sabotage it.

I fell in love recently, and it seemed like a fairy tale. Everything I felt with him was everything I'd ever wanted to feel with anyone. It was great until my inner Black Swan appeared and it went downhill from there.

Everything started out so well for us with constant text messages and emails every morning. Then the messages became less frequent, and the less frequent they became, the more and more my head told me something was wrong. I didn't say anything to rock the boat; instead I (like so many) turned to alcohol as my coping mechanism, never knowing how strongly he felt against it.

It's not the first time in a relationship I've done this, but it was the first time someone called me on it (as he dealt with "that kind of person" before and vowed never to go through it again).

I realize now how I treated him. If I wasn't interrupting him when he was talking, I was completely and utterly disregarding his feelings or thoughts. When taking a break from that, I was drinking my face off, trying to forget how miserable my life had become. I watched helplessly as my doppelganger was ruining everything. It felt like I could do nothing to stop her.

It gets to the point that you have to ask yourself, is it all worth it? Are you willing to work through the pain in order to see just how amazing it can feel to be with someone that truly sees you for you? Which is what he did for me, he made me feel as though he truly saw me the person!



Most people aren't willing to work that hard. We live in a society of instant gratification where if things aren't working you just up and walk away. Yes, sometimes it's easier to just walk away, but the old saying goes: "you can't taste the sweet without the sour."

I stand behind that statement completely, I believe in it more than I should.

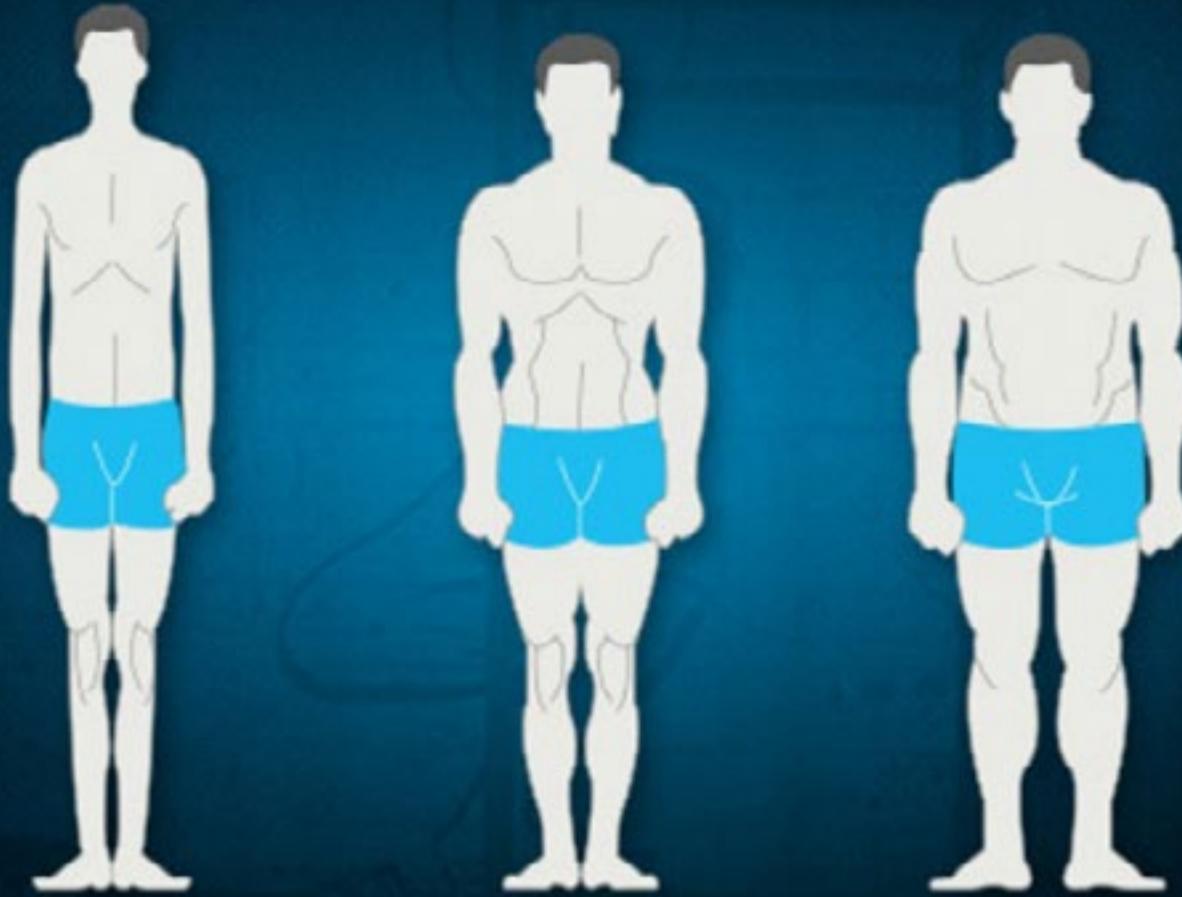
You know it's not as if he didn't work hard at us. But somehow I feel as though he exited the building far too soon due to one infraction or another and because of this will never truly know how much I loved him and cared for him.

The thing is, when you open yourself up to love you also have to open yourself up to the pain that can come with it. While in a relationship of the heart, it's hard to focus on anything else because that relationship, no matter how good it feels, can suck the life out of you. You have to learn to be independent and not rely on others to make you happy.

So while I try to mend my broken heart and gain control of the demon within, I will be reminded constantly of what could have been, what should have been and what will probably never be.

Before You Join Gym ...

EMERY POSTE



You've decided it's time to join a gym and begin the journey on the road to health, wellness and above all else a smokin' hot bod! There are some-thing things you need to do first in order to make your journey an easier one. Don't rush off to the gym and start the process with someone in sales, they're going to give you what seems like sound advice, but is not.

Think about what is an attainable goal for your body type. Body type refers to your skeletal structure. you have ectomorph, which is usually a more slim and fine boned frame (runway model), mesomorph, which is the middle, or medium of the types, and endomorph which is the more stocky frames. This can be determined with the aid of your doctor or a personal trainer. Set short term goals for your body: the average amount of time before you noticeable changes in your body is approximately 3 months.

I think it very important that you go for a full physical with your doctor, checking on your heart, lungs, joints, muscle tissues, etc. If you have a chronic illness or have issues with your cardiovascular system, don't sweat it! There are things yo

can still do, but go over them with your doctor and pay close attention to what he has to say on the matter.

As anyone who has been going to the gym for any amount of time will tell you, getting to the gym is the hardest part of the workout. You want to make it less of an ordeal, so ideally you want a place that's within walking distance of your work or home. Once you've found a place, look around and take a good look around, at the staff, the clientele, the equipment, the wet area, and locker rooms. Go on your first instinct as it is most important you feel a sense of comfort. Remember that it is sometimes intimidating to walk into such an environment and feel comfortable right away, so check it out a few times before you make up your mind to join.

In the next section of this article I will give you the inside scoop on dealing with sales people and getting the best deal at any gym for your dollar, especially in these times.

Greening Your Sex Life

ECO-FRIENDLY WAYS TO MAKE LOVE BETTER - BY LEE FANCY-LEBER

You can screw without screwing over the environment. Sex can improve your memory, strengthen your sense of smell, reduce stress, and boost your immune system. If you toss in a little green, sex can be good for the planet, too.



1. Talk about going “green” together - When an opportunity to try something new as a couple comes “up”, whether it’s choosing a massage oil or a new toy, go “au natural.” Greening your intimate life can strengthen your relationship by giving you a fun, healthy focus in the bedroom. Simply discussing greener possibilities can spark up your love life; actually trying them may fan the flames of desire.



2. Consider your Condoms - After all the fun is over or during, make sure your condoms are thrown in the garbage, not flushed down the toilet.

3. Frolic on organic bamboo sheets - Bedding can be a healthy as well as sensuous solution. Bamboo bedding is softer than cotton and drapes like silk. Bamboo wicks draw moisture away from your skin and come from a renewable resource that is rapidly replenished. Other eco-friendly linens include organic cotton and hemp silk. They’re typically grown without pesticides or other harsh chemicals, and bamboo is also naturally antibacterial.



4. Massage with natural oils - Numerous shops offer natural, organic massage oils and lotions. Look for bath and body products without artificial colors, stabilizers or preservatives. Look for massage oil that is scented with a blend of reputed aphrodisiacs, including rose and jasmine. I can’t guarantee great sex, but if you’re naked rubbing oil on each other, you’re at least halfway there!



5. Bask in the light of beeswax, soy or vegetable candles - Make sure your lighting is both warm and clean. The soot from paraffin candles can cause respiratory damage, scented candles are loaded with chemicals, and the wick is likely made with lead. Natural waxes burn longer, cleaner and more evenly than paraffin, without putting oily soot into the air. Make sure you check the ingredients when choosing natural candles, some will still contain paraffin.



6. Consume less energy - Instead of watching a video, turn out the lights and turn up the natural flames by whispering your intentions in your partner's ear.

7. Explore your racy side - Greenpeace reports that some sex toys contain phthalates, which can damage your body, disrupt the body's ability to regulate hormones and harm the kidneys and liver. Phthalates are chemical softeners used in polyvinyl chloride, or PVC, to increase flexibility. If you do want to explore toys, try using ones made of glass. Or, if you want to get even more risqué, explore fair trade, sustainable wood spanking paddles.



8. Lube it up naturally - Your more delicate areas are highly vascular, which means they contain blood vessels that connect directly to your bloodstream, and may need lubrication. Check the ingredients in the lubricants you use, and avoid any that contain petroleum or other chemicals. Use water based lubricants but make sure they are Paraben free.



9. Bask in a green afterglow - Enjoy your snuggle in a green sleep sanctuary. Easy ways to create an eco-friendly bedroom include using environmentally friendly laundry detergents to wash bedding—in cold water—and, when the old one gives out, investing in a natural foam or rubber mattress. Bigger green steps to the land of nod include removing and not replacing worn-out wall-to-wall carpeting and buying furniture made only of eco-friendly materials.



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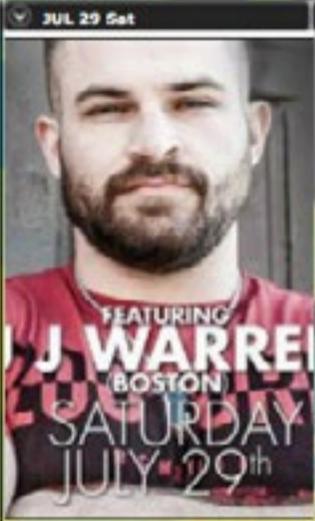
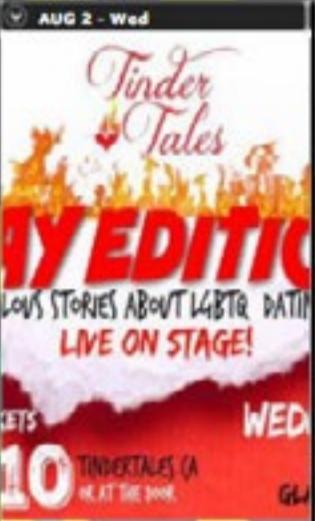
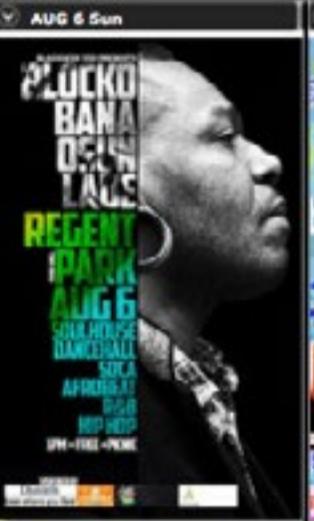
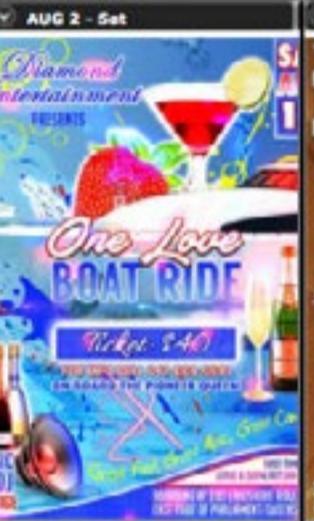
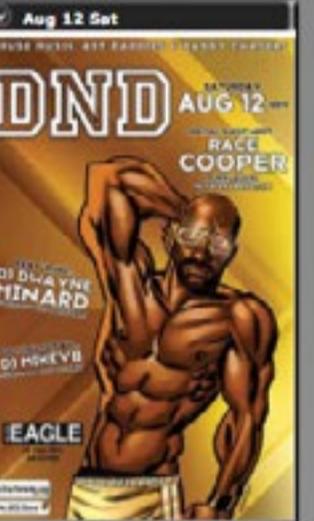
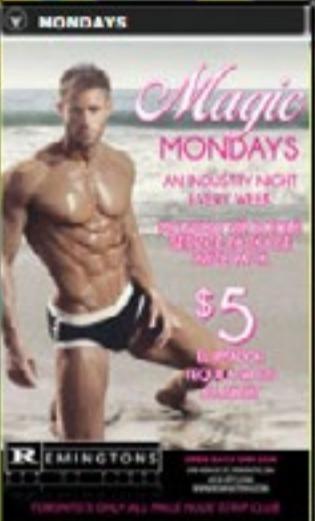
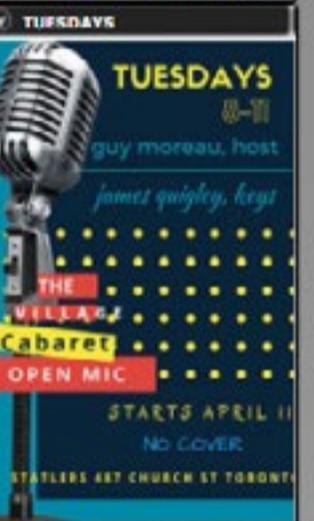
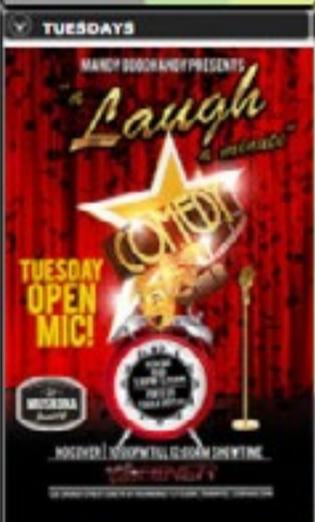
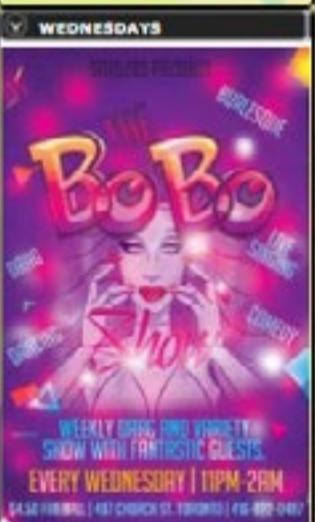
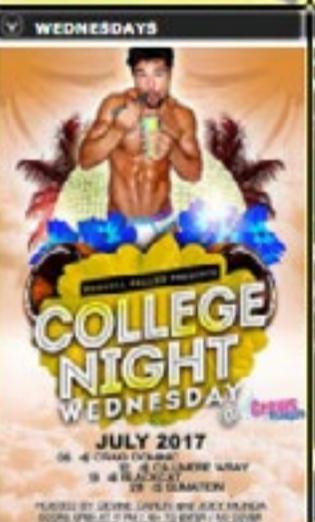
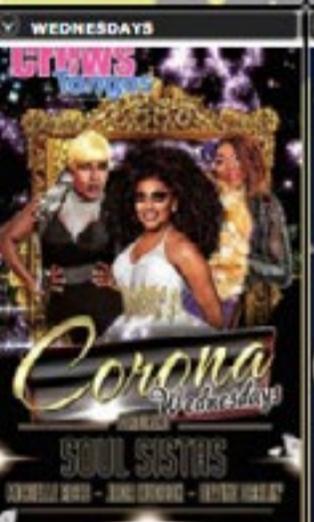
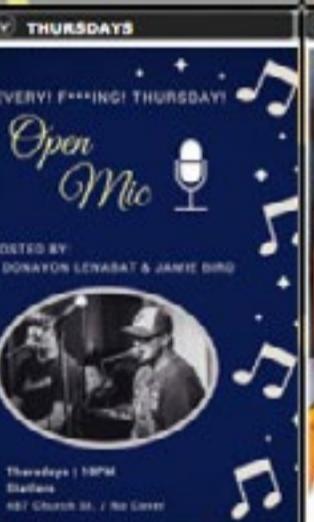
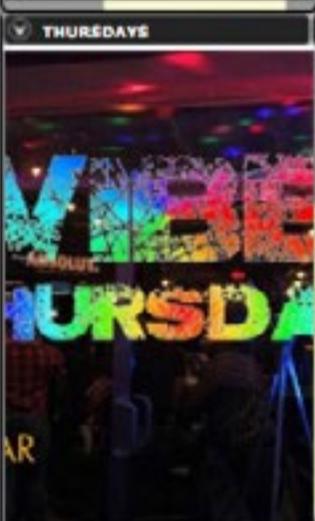
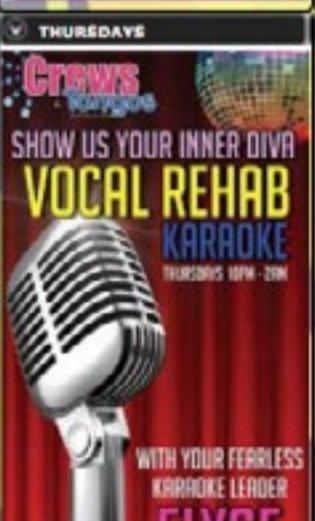
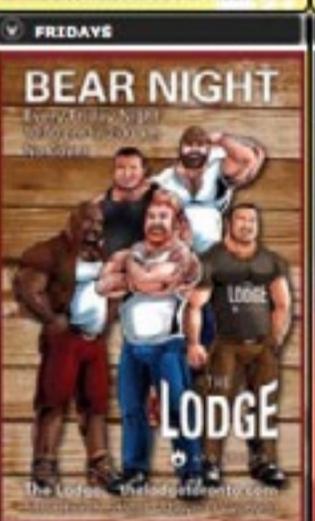
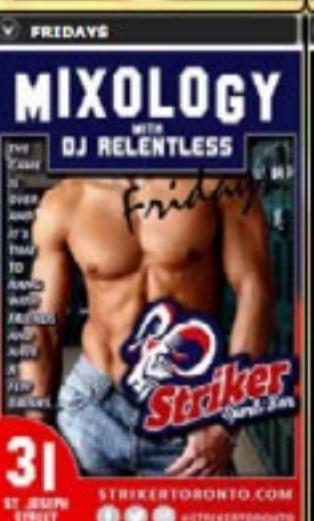
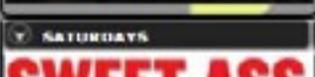
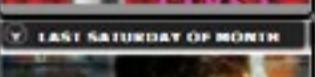
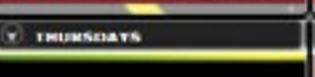
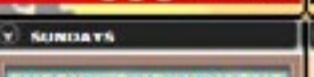
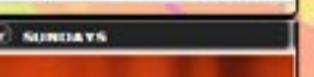


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