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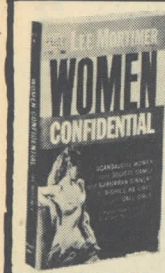
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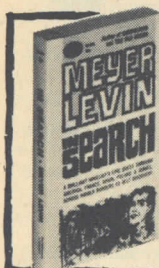
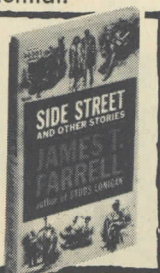


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Let's Face It:
HOMOS
ARE
TAKING
OVER
SHOWBIZ!

When Jack Paar slapped

the wrists of TV's

By H. JOHN MARTIN

THE SCENE IS THE Jack Paar Show, where Frank Parker, one of the great song stars of radio, had just finished singing "Make Someone Happy."

As the thunderous applause subsided, one of Paar's guests, writer-director Abe Burrows, an acerbic gent not given to throwing bouquets at performers said to Paar:

"That's real singing, Jack, the stuff television could use more of. Who needs big productions? Frank just sat there and sang and it was wonderful. Those singers on radio were great."

"That's right," agreed Paar. "What's ruining television are those big productions—the fairies who come in and sing with the big balloons. It's the fairies who are going to ruin television."

As Paar delivered this comment the audience, for an instant, sat in stunned silence, unable to make up its mind whether the comedian was kidding or actually serious. Then, deciding he was making a joke, the audience laughed. Very funny. Ha-ha-ha.

Not one person in that audience realized that Paar wasn't kidding. In his usual, forthright fashion he had come right out and revealed television's scarlet secret: the presence of too many pansies in TV!

The day after Paar delivered his off-hand but damning indictment the screams that echoed through the corridors and on the sets of the major TV studios could be heard Coast-to-Coast as stricken swishes teed off on the comedian.

Paar had really hit the effeminate male on the head.

But, **CONFIDENTIALLY**, he disclosed only a *part* of what veteran showmen regard as the rape of showbusiness. This is the **FACT** that the antics of the frantic fauns have gone far beyond the bounds of decency and have become an affront to an adult society. Even more appalling is what they are doing to showbusiness as a whole.

Homosexuals not only are in a position to dictate what you can see as entertainment, they are recruiting their own kind to dish it out to you!

Incredible? **CONFIDENTIAL** can prove it. We know. We checked them all out, every limp-wristed son and every bass-voiced daughter. We can say without fear

of challenge Genus the Homo and not the genus homo has a monopoly on showbusiness. Their wrists may be limp but the grip they hold on TV, radio, movies, and the stage is like iron.

Who are these people from the middle world? You've seen them, you've heard them, you've applauded them. And we're sure you'll recognize them as we present them below. No, we won't name them—although we could; after all, adult theatregoers will latch onto their identities immediately. We haven't withheld their names to protect the innocent; it's to protect the guilty—because there'd be a volcanic upheaval like showbusiness never saw if we named names.

Try your power of observation on these:

1. His face and portly frame are as well known to you as your daily newspaper. He stars in a TV show, had two unhappy marriages, and then went gay. Today he lives openly in his Malibu bungalow with two other limp wristers and doesn't care who knows it. Nor does he hide his pet hobby—something you won't find around the house, but can be found on a ranch.

2. He made it big on the screen after making everything in trousers on Broadway he could find. Recently, he was slapped with a suit charging him with being the father of a local belle's baby. Brought to trial he was acquitted. The jury needed only one look to realize he hadn't slept with a woman since he was 14.

3. If you aren't one of this movie star's fans—you're unusual. Funny thing, he doesn't look the queer type since he is virtually the same character off-screen as he is on. He plays guys with tortured minds. He has one of his own. In love with an older actress (who happens to be a bit of a lez) he has a penchant for self-destruction, which involved him in accidents by the score. He is a walking case history of what a homo is, does, eats, sleeps and eats. He also rates \$250,000 per picture.

4. He is an esteemed name in showbusiness, a great artist. He has won a couple of Academy Awards and more acting honors than you can shake a stick at. His pals knew he was queer, but he hid it until he was emoting in one of his biggest hits. The scene called for him to whip a rebellious (Continued on next page)

limp wristers he tipped viewers

to a secret. This is it—**CONFIDENTIAL**



HOMOS TAKING OVER

continued

character in the show. Since the guy playing the rebel was all-man, the star fell apart at the sight of his victim's bared back. In fairness, the star tried to whip his vis-a-vis as the script called for; but he couldn't. He broke up, and whimpered to the director: "I can't do it, G—I just can't. He's so BEAUTIFUL!"

Once his secret was out, the star figured he was doomed, since the incident took place back in the days when a pansy was a flower and fanny was a name. At that, when he left the country to return to his native land for a show, he was scared silly he'd be denied re-admission on moral turpitude charges.

He would have been, too, except that the studio head had a powerful friend in the White House. The actor, cooling his heels on Ellis Island had no idea how high the Boss had to go to get him in. If he had, he probably wouldn't have placed himself in further jeopardy by unwittingly kissing a press agent on the lips, who had been assigned to chaperone him safely to cinemaville.

Shocked? You ain't read nothing yet! Here are some more:

Case A: An actor who is built like a Greek god and seems to have the manliness to match scored heavily in his first Hollywood movie. Dolls flocked to him like bees to honey. He took care of them, too. And it wasn't until much later the secret came out that the he-man's real honey was a milquetoast type who was the MALE star of a sensationally successful TV show. He was the kept darling, for two years, of this he-man pal. Until, finally, in a fit of pique, HE got married to show *his* masculinity. The marriage lasted two weeks.

Case B: A Method actor. Talented—but fruity as Hawaiian punch. Not to the public though, where he has been pre-sold as the strong silent type. So you couldn't blame his studio (who knew the score) for laughing at him when he wanted to get married. "Nix," said the Boss. "Stay as sweet as you are, jerque. We got dough tied up in you."

"But you let V— get married," the swish pouted. "And he's one, too." (V— was. And is. But wifie doesn't mind, she found true love, lez style.)

Case C: When it comes to drama this British import is the Big D—the D standing for deviate. He's been around the real theatre more years than an alley cat and not long ago was nailed on an incest rap here. They lowered the moral turpitude boom and he can't get back into the U.S. where he left his boy-friends behind. So he's sad now and spends his time running around London's Limehouse section, or scouting Soho.

What he seeks are young queers to whom there is nothing more disgusting than an old queer. But they'll even overlook the fact that he doffs his toupe when performing abnormal sex acts. He pays \$100 per session. Next year he'll have to raise the ante. Or lower his sights.

Case D: A friend of D's is luckier. He's being touted as the guy who found room at the top faster than anyone. Until he made it up where the big dough flows, this good looking leading man was at least 99 44/100 per cent pure. Now his friends aren't so sure. They just don't like the way he digs those docks down San Diego way. Says worried friend of this boy-turned girl: "Ever since he got that slight case of water on the knee B—'s been hipped on sailors. Heavens, he could get a Commodore if he'd only TRY!"

This worried witch ain't just kidding, when he's talking about how queer one can get in showbusiness.

Not long ago, for example, Variety reported the break-up of a film production company. The move surprised many people in Hollywood, because the company had been making dough hand over fist.

It was started originally by a successful star of the rough-and-tumble type and a former movie director. Normally, stars are lousy business men and this one, for all his bragging, was a dope about figures. But, girls, could he ever love! And boys—it was you he loved! So, since his movie director pal was also his sweetie, what could be wrong in combining business with pleasure?

Not a thing. The partnership was very successful—until a third MAN was brought in.

Guess the answer Variety didn't print? Yup, the star went for the newcomer. Before you could say, "Oooh" they were mixing pleasure with pleasure. And business went to pot.

A graphic illustration of how mixed emotions make for all-out commotion concerns the time a celebrated costume epic hero (now dead) was married to an international beauty who had the swingiest chassis this sideside of a Roman orgy. Since her hubby was adaptable, everything worked out fine—until the day the derring-do daddy-o brought home a male playmate from the British Isles. For himself, natch.

He should have told Momma. She went for the import, he went for her, and the hysterical historical hero went out of his mind.

Sexy, sinful triangles: (boy meets boy—boy meets girl—boy loses boy) are the rule and not the exception in Hollywood. Picture this if you can.

Youthful movie hero (A) divorces wife (B), who knows but doesn't care that he finds joys with boys. Rather, she didn't care until she discovered (A) digging a new talent from Broadway (C), male and rugged. In the struggle for the newcomer's affections, wifie won and hubby (A) in a screaming mood showed his manhood by taking up with a glamor girl (D) who used to bedmate bedmate of (C).

If you don't dig this Tinker-to-Evans-to-Chance combination, don't worry. The real love of A's life is another movie he-man nobody suspects. (E) and the only reason (E) hasn't been tabbed as a twerp is that he goes gay only on the privacy of a cruiser he keeps well stocked with puny playmates in a secluded cove

down on the lower California coast near Baja.

As a cover, he still beds down with girls.

Two of them told **CONFIDENTIAL** they can't understand why.

We know why. Because there's no business gayer than showbusiness—as it is today.

"It can't change for the worse," says a veteran Broadway agent. "The bottom's been hit. But until it starts knocking hell out of box-offices, nothing will be done."

It's not for lack of trying though. Recognizing the threat to showbusiness the Beautiful People present are Walter Winchell and Dorothy Kilgallen. WW has dropped several broad hints, about the antics of the limp-wrist set. So has Dorothy Kilgallen. But credit for dropping a real blockbuster belongs to Ben Gross, veteran TV columnist of the New York Daily News who first saw the evil that could lead to extinction and larruping "the alarming influx of queers into TV."

The perceptive Mr. Gross was right—except that he didn't go far enough. The late Dr. Kinsey's gloomy prediction of a vast increase in homosexuality has been confirmed in showbusiness.

Normal people with talent can't break into the three top mediums: theatre, movie, and TV. Why? because scores of directors, producers, writers are violent violents. They are in a carnal conspiracy to take care of their own.

Just ask a certain up-and-coming actress who was heard complaining at lunch to a girl friend that she didn't get a TV part for which she was auditioned.

"What happened?" the girl friend asked. "Did the director try to make you?"

"Hell no," said the actress disgustedly. "If he had, I'd have been working. He didn't even notice me. He was too busy making eyes at a muscular guy who used to be a window washer and wanted to be an actor."

But the actress has another problem, too. On the other side of the coin are the babes who would be boys. Like their hip-swinging counterparts, they, too, take care of their own. A top figure in showbusiness, a female, handles nothing but female clients. And do we mean handle.

There's no "Fragile—Handle With Care" label on any of these basso profundo babes, either. They'll slug it out with any guy, anytime—to snatch the guy's girl!

The bigger the industry the more it's controlled by the homo brigade. One studio, fearful of public reaction, if word of its "gay" employees leaked out, hired a private detective agency to discover how many deviates were on the payroll. When the report came through it was immediately paid for and burned.

It contained the damning information that two vice-presidents, in key posts, were "married". And that their neurotic love nest on Park Avenue was a rendezvous for six of the stars, one of whom, a female, was carrying on with the Boss' wife.

In fairness, **CONFIDENTIAL** must admit there are many wonderful, decent and clean living people in showbusiness who lead normal lives. They are in the incongruous position of being the suppressed **MAJORITY**—because the queers control the hiring jobs.

Even if these decent performers won't play along, it doesn't keep the perverts from trying. Dr. Arthur Guy

Matthews, an eminent authority, has this to say in his book, "Is Homosexuality a Menace?"

I have seen hard-boiled lesbians chase after young actresses, desperately trying to get acquainted, often following them all over the country on show tours. Their one aim is to seduce them."

Where the "boys" are there is bound to be trouble.

"In many large centers, homosexuals perform realistic sex shows for fees and also for the purpose of attracting newcomers to the homosexual realm," says Dr. Matthews. "They operate like prostitution rings with pimps introducing thrill seekers to veteran lesbians and male homosexuals."

The shocking fact about homosexuality in showbusiness is that, in the main, homos no longer hide their twisted tendencies. Only a few do, such as a few famous actors and actresses who can be classified as unsuspected homos. Some of these people are under the care of psychiatrists and making an honest effort to get rid of their warped lives.

Can it be done? Are homos born, then made?

Before we answer these questions, let's look at the popular conception of a homosexual. According to popular belief, homos are:

- a.) a third sex.
- b.) born with bodies of the wrong sex.
- c.) hereditarily incapable of normal love.
- d.) easily recognized by one another.
- e.) impotent men and frigid women.
- f.) feminine men and masculine women.
- g.) some are bi-sexual, equally able to enjoy relations with their own or the opposite sex.

NONE OF THESE BELIEFS IS TRUE!

A homosexual is none of the things he would like you to believe. Not a member of a third and superior sex. Not a freak of biology in the wrong direction. Not the woeful victim of an inescapable heredity.

He is just mentally ill!

He can be cured, according to a brilliant analyst, Dr. Edmund Bergler who demolishes the "incurable" theory in his "Homosexuality: Disease or Way of Life." The report documents more than 100 cures from his own personal practise, including Lesbians as well as male homos; aggressively masculine women and timid, submissive women; male panty-waists who flaunted their femininity and virile-looking matinee idols whose horde of female admirers never suspected why their advances were so consistently repulsed.

And, homosexuality in showbusiness cannot be looked upon as an arrant "fairy tale" based on a theory that homos are incurable.

If you hold that opinion you are playing right into the hands of the homos. They don't want to be cured. They love their lives of licentiousness and nothing sends them into fits of anger more than the truth about them.

Actually, they have a conspiracy to sell the illusion that their "illness" is a taboo topic. And when you express revulsion at seeing them depicted in a play, in a movie, or on TV, they love you, man, they love you.

They (Continued on page 50)



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she was wearing—except for a bouquet she held demurely in her hands.

"Dum-dum-de-dum. Dum-dum-de-dum." The glorious music of Wagner filled the room as Lola, followed by her equally nude bridesmaid who was wearing nothing but a happy, if somewhat inebriated expression, came down the stairs.

Lola's face was radiant. Her eyes

danced merrily as she said, "A bridal picture to remember me as I used to be. Duke—Duke—what's the matter?"

"I think the creep's fainted," came the inebriated voice of Cassie from the rear. "What's the matter with the jerk, Ain't he never taken a wedding picture before?" . . .

Two Fronts (Continued from page 32)

The producer did make one movie with K. in a supporting role. It was a serious film but she was oohed and ahhd as a sexpot and not for her imaginative approach to acting.

"See — I'm right," said the producer, smugly. "Cut down on that abnormality and I'll give you a three year contract."

Without further ado, K. arranged to have the operation. It's aftermath presented problems. First, she walked strangely; second, her clothes had to be thrown away as you cannot hire a surgeon to cut down the decolletage on two dozen dresses. (A girl with a 32 inch department has little deportment in, what could be described as, a Jayne Mansfield garment.) Third, men seemed cold toward her. But she preferred being an Audrey Hepburn to a Marilyn Monroe and so she had sacrificed her all, all around for it.

Strange to relate, this must have affected her; for her movie career did not zoom. She began to realize that when a picture includes a large bosom, if the moviegoer doesn't like the story line, director, film or the hero, at least he gets his moneys' worth as a voyeur — if there is something to voie (this the French).

Once she arrived at this conclusion, K. felt relieved and decided to do her best with what little she had. Which should have marked a happy

ending to a painful story.

But K. was ambitious. Letters and telegrams arrived from Hollywood urging her to come to greener fields — dollar-green. Soon she shed her European producer and arrived in Hollywood to confer with an agent who promised her bigger opportunities. "You need to be bigger there," the agent said, pointing to there. "Otherwise I cannot make good my promises. In America, like the king-sized package, the audiences like the Jayne Mansfield bosom."

K. nearly blew her top — just thinking about another surgery job to blow her up in the right area. After much anguish, she took herself to a U.S. doctor and asked him: "Can I ever get back what was taken away?"

But American doctors are always doing bigger things — even in that area. Thank goodness for the Castro convertible, or the foam rubber research, one must say, for in a few hours the doctor made a "restoring implant" in the places where the European sawbones had depleted her. As a matter of fact, the Hollywood man got her up to a luscious 39 inches. Thanks to foam rubber science, K. today appears on TV shows, has a half-dozen Hollywood contracts and is making personal appearance tours.

To put it mildly, K. has bloomed.

• • •

Homos in ShoBiz (Continued from page 23)

need your misguided censorship because they MUST operate behind a mask!

This fact was recognized clearly in the theatre recently by Howard Taubman, dramatic critic of the authoritative New York "Times" who let go with both barrels on the practice of writers who are AFRAID to depict the true homosexual.

"The taboos are not what they used to be," wrote Mr. Taubman. "Homosexuality (in plays) is not a forbidden topic. In 'The Best Man' it was the dark secret used to destroy a ruthless young politician, and in 'Advise and Consent' it was a sympathetically ascribed aberration of a Senator. In both cases it was a facile dramatic

device, used without compelling force or overriding need."

What does this mean? Simply that the authors, bowing to public opinion, were afraid to tell the truth. Some playwrights have called the shots as they saw them.

"As long ago as in 'The Children's Hour,' Lillian Hellman dealt honestly and powerfully with a Lesbian theme," Mr. Taubman says. "Tennessee Williams' Cat on a Hot Tin Roof"; Robert Anderson's "Tea and Sympathy" and Peter Shaffer's 'Five Finger Exercise' did not dissimulate, and in 'A Taste of Honey' a homosexual was portrayed without meanness or snickers."

(Continued on page 52)



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Fine. CONFIDENTIAL buys that. But it doesn't go far enough. It does not explain HOW the homos are ruining showbusiness, nor how their antics affect you as a paying customer.

We'll give you the answer, short and sweet.

Remember the movie 'Never on Sunday?' This import, laid in Greece and the season's biggest smash, showed many scenes of men dancing together. These scenes were believable because the men were real, rugged, virile.

But had Hollywood's homo contingent produced 'Never on Sunday' the rugged Greeks would have been portrayed by a bevy of pretty chorus boys, in short skirts that would go swish, swish, swish all over the set!

Despite the fact that too many of our top playwrights are lavender; too many of our top scenic designers are deviates; and much too many of our actors and actress swishy, people complain they can't tell 'em without a scorecard.

"How do we know?" they ask. "How can we be sure?"

To these worry warts, CONFIDENTIAL says: "By their fruits shall ye know them."

Let's face it: if showbiz is to survive, the queers have gotta go! • • •

Paul Anka (Continued from page 18)

stuffing another bill in the cash register, "to have a woman makes one in love with life. That is the dream! My taste? I like brunettes as well as blondes. French girls as well as American girls. Marry? Well, if I find the exceptional creature well... she will wait for me."

Who's to argue with Paul? When he sings and wiggles that 190-pound hulk of sex appeal, the number of dames in an audience often exceeds a few thousand. Naturally, none of these gals have a reservation to stop by the Anka pad, but Paul always keeps adding to his waiting list.

"I'm shopping," he says, batting the eyelashes.

Does he have in mind just one unattainable dame?

"I would like to make a movie with Brigitte Bardot. That would be really great. Will someone please tell her?"

CONFIDENTIAL will be happy to do so. Providing Paul doesn't mind if we also pass along another tid-bit of information that may possibly prevent BB from panic after she hears of his man-of-the-world amours.

He's only 20. • • •

Dane Clark (Continued from page 15)

had few loyalties, does what she pleases and does it rather often. Neither money, fame nor Justice can change her mind once it's made up. She is the last of the true non-conformists.

Some months ago Janice was invited to a party at the elegant home Hefner owns in a swank section of Chicago. Janice, being no ordinary gal, often attended these parties as well as being part and parcel of the goings on. As a rule, at these parties, there are two luscious girls to every guy. Janice decided she would reverse the order. She would come with two escorts.

Two males, one a former Olympic weight lifter, the other a sports car racer, came a-calling. Janice, an all-American playgirl in the 37-24-36-and-up department, wore a sheath dress that looked as though it had been painted on her body. As a matter of fact the racing expert commented that she looked as good as the enamel job on his new Maserati. From her low cut 38 which swept down to an incredible 23 and flared out to a 36, Janice was every inch a well constructed piece of architecture.

Her only problem was she could barely walk in the tight, and too taut dress. She moved along in a sort of hobble and her two muscular consorts, seeing her ambulatory difficulty, each grabbed an arm and lifted her to the car.

There are very few trees in central Chicago, but Hefner's palace of playboy pleasures does sport a tree near the front of his house. When the jolly threesome, the weight lifter, the speed demon and the sculptured doll emerged from the car, they headed for the penthouse. Suddenly the weight lifter pointed at the tree and its extended limb. The driver smiled and getting the message, the muscle boy and he suddenly without ado, hoisted their precious Janice high up into the limb and propped her up against the trunk. "Now" said the quarterback, "Let's see what it's like to have two dolls to every guy."

"Don't leave me here," shouted Janice, "I can't get down."

"Tough, sweetie. Never ask a gent to doublecross his fellow man, because no man should be asked to share a woman with a friend, es-

(Continued on page 54)