

THE GREAT LESBIAN DANGER!

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OFF *the* RECORD SECRETS

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GIMMICKS
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WIFE
SWAP
SET!**

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**THE KISS THAT
KILLED GRACE KELLY'S
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**WILL 4-LETTER WORDS RUIN
NATALIE WOOD'S BIG ROMANCE?**



**KIM NOVAK'S
STARTLING RECIPE FOR
A FULL SEX LIFE!**

OFF *the* RECORD SECRETS



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Girls Will Be Boys!

THE GREAT LESBIAN MENACE!

With 15,000,000 of them
already covering the
country with girl-to-girl
capering, it won't be
long before the place
becomes a No-Man's-
Land of lesbians
on the loose!

By ROY KIRKLAND

NELLIE B. was a "nice" girl. Pretty, 16, intelligent, with a figure that had already ripened into delectable maturity, she was the pride and joy of her parents.

The only thing that bothered them was the dark stream that sometimes seemed to be lurking beneath her bubbling exterior. They were also becoming aware that she wasn't too interested in boys.

What they didn't know was that, beneath her easy-going ways, her vibrantly-filled sweaters and skirts, her golden hair and laughing voice—beneath it all their Little Nell was a potential monster. A creature of corruption who'd go through life corrupting others.

To an expert there would have been warnings of this. But Nellie's parents weren't experts. Besides, these days it's considered childish for parents to poke into the private lives of their children. So, as is also commonplace these days, when Nellie's parents first found out what was wrong with her, it was already too late to repair the damage.

It happened the night a girlfriend was visiting Nell. During the evening a storm came up and it was decided the girl should stay over. Her parents were notified by phone and Nellie made her own parents proud by her openhearted generosity as she said, with a delighted smile:

"And none of that sleeping on a couch stuff. I've got a bed big enough for an army. You'll sleep with me, of course. I promise you I don't snore or kick in my sleep!"

Everyone laughed merrily. Especially Grace, the visiting girl. Grace also had a beautiful body. And, a healthy, sports loving girl, she never seemed reluctant to show it. She wore the briefest swimsuit of any of the girls. And in the locker room she was definitely not the type who

Weird looking "girl" at right is Frede, most famous lesbian of all. She's the High Priestess of the Third Sex Set.



Lesbians have their own nightclubs, where they can dance, drink and whatnot together without being bothered by normal citizens.

slipped out of one pair of pants or bra and into another with a dress still on to hide her natural beauties. So the prospect of sleeping in the same bed with Nellie didn't cause Grace the slightest concern.

And it all began well enough, at least. In bed, the girls giggled and talked awhile, then yawned and quickly went to sleep. Grace did, that is. Nellie stayed awake, thinking—planning one of the oldest tricks in the world. In *her* world of perverted passion.

Nature helped her, as the storm got worse and thunder began crashing through the air while lightning seemed to come right into the room. It was exactly what Nell had hoped for. (If it hadn't been thunder and lightning, she would have used the frightened-by-a-nightmare gimmick.) The thunder became so loud, it awakened Grace, itself, saving Nell even that job.

"Gee, what a storm!" Grace said, turning over to go back to sleep.

But she quickly turned back again. Nell's head was under the covers and she was sobbing her heart out. Gracie didn't know what to do. But Nell did. The head came part way out of hiding and scared, tearful eyes looked pleadingly at Grace. Just then the thunder banged away, and the head popped back under the covers, while sobbing broke out anew.

TENDER TRAY

Well, the rest is routine. Grace felt sympathetic, of course. Gay and laughing Nell—beautiful and shapely, too—afraid of thunder and lightning! Before you could say "It happens every time," Grace was comforting Little Nell. And how does one girl comfort another? By hugging, of course. And kissing, and soothing words, and caresses.

So you have two young girls at the age when nature has every hormone in their bodies straining for fulfillment of its destiny. An age where, psychologists say, they "reach out," "experiment," "become aware of the different parts of their bodies and are interested in learning if other kids their age feel as they do." Most of them are going through a period of masturbation, too. All of which makes someone like Grace more or less putty in the hands of a calculating girl like Nell.

Soon the caresses become more focused, the kisses more "personal," and so clever and careful is Nell that Grace doesn't even realize that the comforter is now getting more caresses than the comforted. What follows



is a minor—or major—explosion in the sex life of Grace. Even if she's a hip teen-ager with plenty of pawings from back-seat Romeos on her record—a girl who's even gone "all the way" often enough to know what the rabbit test is—she'll still be tremendously affected by this queer night of love.

As Professor Kinsey said in his famous report, "Sexual relationships between men and women could become more satisfactory if men more often utilized the sort of knowledge which most lesbians have of female sexual anatomy and female psychology."

In other words, the kicks one girl can give another usually make normal sex between a boy and girl pale by comparison. Especially since the lesbian is usually considerate, careful and knows what she's about. Whereas most male lovers are inconsiderate, clumsy and make it easy to understand why sex is still considered an "animalistic" emotion.

Compared to the way a (Continued on page 50)

LESBIAN MENACE

(Continued from page 17)

man handles a woman, a lesbian is like a great violinist getting the most out of her instrument, while a man is like an amateur, just fiddling around.

A girl who's been brought up to be well-adjusted and normal sexually, and whose glands are not inherently inclined toward the masculine state, will sometimes be able to throw off the advances or—if things go all the way—the aftermaths of being seduced by a lesbian.

Grace was like that. She had frankly been fascinated, and finally rendered ecstatic, by the experience itself. But in the dawn's clean light her reaction was to run to the bathroom and vomit. Getting home as quickly as possible, without speaking to Nellie again, Grace told her mother what had happened—and Nellie's parents quickly learned what it was that made their daughter seem a bit queer at times.

The fact is, she was.

Nell was sent to a psychiatrist, but her sex life was already a shambles and remained so until she took an overdose of sleeping pills when she was 20 years old.

What happened to Grace isn't known, except that she got married quite young, took a new name thereby, moved away, and was not heard from again. From thousands of similar cases, however, it can be presumed that any man she married would find it almost impossible to give her the satisfaction, sexually, that she achieved that night of the thunderstorm. Her life was probably one of ever changing husbands, or of marital infidelity, as she sought that lost ecstasy again.

Or she may have, as many girls do, shoved the experience into her subconscious, hiding it from her own memory as a "dirty" thing, best forgotten. It's not uncommon to find that a girl or woman who has frequent, unexplainable attacks of vomiting—an inability to keep her food down—is suffering from suppressed feelings of guilt and "dirtiness" because of a lesbian experience she had and later shoved from her conscious memory in an effort to convince herself it never happened.

Or the girl might merely grow up—as seems the case most often these days—to be just one more in the ever-multiplying horde of lesbians who are mushrooming in this country.

That they are mushrooming, there is no doubt. During the past 10 years there has been a virtual population explosion in lesbians, coast to coast.

First of all, let's be clear just what a lesbian is. The name comes from the

island of Lesbos, where the poetess Sappho lived in the long ago. The poems of Sappho contain many lines that lead those who read between the lines to believe she would rather watch the Late Late Show with a girl than a boy any night. And the isle of Lesbos became known far and wide as a hotbed of female homosexuals.

Thus, a lesbian is a female homosexual. This doesn't mean someone who simply likes to write beautiful poetry about other girls. It means a girl who would be quite happy if she never saw a man in her life—one who sexually craves another woman with all the orgiastic desire and passion that one normally associates with love between the sexes.

On the island of Lesbos there was a temple where any woman from anywhere in the world could find refuge, if she desired it. The only requirement was that she participate freely in the activities that took place there. And you can bet those activities weren't things like knitting, baking cakes or listening to lectures on bird-watching.

They were blazing orgies between dozens of nude wenches—No Men Allowed.

POETIC PASSION

Many authorities have become alarmed to the point of writing books about the great strides made by homosexuality among men in the past decade. What is completely overlooked, however, is that homosexuality among women has increased far more fantastically than among men.

Investigators back around 1930 found that approximately 37% of all American men over 15 years old had indulged in homosexuality to the point of orgasm at least once in their lives. While among females over 15 years old, a mere 4% had gone "all the way" with a member of their own sex.

Today it's estimated that almost 50% of the males have indulged in sexual intercourse with other males at one time or another. While at least 23% of the female population is now found to be having hanky-panky on a girl-to-girl basis.

Male homosexuality has, thus, shown a disturbing and dangerous rise of about 40% in the last 10 years. While female homosexuality—or lesbianism—is up an astounding 600%!

This means there are at least 15,000,000 lesbians running loose across the land. And, since much lesbianism exists among people you'd never think it of, and who wouldn't dream of admitting their weird sex secret to anyone, many experts believe the true figure is actually closer to twice this amount—or, roughly, 25,000,000!

The evidences of this seeping sewer of perversion that is engulfing American women in its dirty waters are becoming more apparent each year. More and more books are finding themselves with a lesbian among the cast of characters. Slick magazines—

which wouldn't have touched even the word with a 10-foot pica stick 10 years ago—run an occasional short story where one gets the impression there is such a thing as female homosexuality in this world. And a movie has even come out about lesbianism in a girl's school.

Actually, the movie, "The Children's Hour," can't make up its mind whether lesbians are really involved in its plot, or whether it's not all just an idle rumor. But one thing's sure: when it picked a girl's school for its locale, it couldn't have hit on a more logical place.

Boarding schools are undoubtedly the greatest breeding grounds for lesbians that you can find. Girls' schools, colleges, universities, finishing schools—anywhere that girls, away from home, shack up together, tend to turn out more lesbians than honor students. Co-ed institutions provide girl-to-girl opportunities for many student bodies, especially among girls who sleep two or three to a room, rather than mingle with the mob in the big dormitory. But in a co-ed institution there are always boys around to help make a girl's libido flow in the right direction, under normal circumstances.

Consider, however, a couple of hundred teen-aged tigresses in a "finishing school." A place where the only sign of masculinity they see, sometimes for days on end, is a 65-year-old handyman. They are at that age where, like Nellie B. and Grace, their hormones are striving for sexpression. They are also away from home, and thus in a position to do thing they wouldn't dare do within a hundred miles of parents or neighbors.

Take such a gang of girls in a "finishing school," and it's not surprising that so many of them come out "finished," but good, as far as the capacity for enjoying normal sexual intercourse with the opposite sex is concerned!

The same thing is true of the many reform schools and "houses of correction" throughout the country that remove girls from society—many of them only 14 or 15 years old—and throw them together "for punishment."

In many such places, intricate "family" systems grow up between different groups of inmates. Each family has a "father"—or "stud" or "Big Daddy"—and "mother" as well as "children," "grandparents," "aunts," "uncles," etc. This "family" system, found in girl reform schools in all parts of the country, is said to take shape because of the longing of the imprisoned girls to be part of a family most of them never really had.

What it works out to, however, is a well-defined system of homosexuality, where the Big Daddy is top stud, and—usually a mannish type, solidly built with slicked down hair and never any makeup—gets first choice of any newcomer in that cottage, ward or

section of the reform school.

When a new, young girl arrives, the Big Daddy-Doll's eyes brighten with desire. He (who's really a she) wants a new wife. The girl might be repulsed by this idea at first and refuse to let the Big Daddy even touch her. She might be a shy virgin, really (though most of these girls learn sex early, and many are streetwalkers before they are 16), or she might just be so normally sexed that the idea of this doll with the Butch haircut making love to her really makes her sick.

But refusing the Big Daddy can make life very difficult for her. All kinds of unfortunate accidents begin happening. And most of the other girls will refuse to have anything to do with this new one. Actual physical violence is often inflicted on the girl who holds out too long. A slash across the cheek with a piece of broken glass, leaving a scar for life, is one possible consequence.

BIG DADDY

Another "punishment" is the type dealt out in one New Jersey institution not long ago when a young virgin girl, who "thought herself too good for the Big Daddy" was pounced upon and "raped" by a mob of 11 other girls. Her virginity was torn from her by brute force and she was submitted to the most horrible pains and indignities with broomsticks, clothes hangers, pop bottles and anything else that the girls had been able to hide away from the matrons' watchful eyes. She was left bleeding, bruised and stuffed with a dirty washcloth.

Despite the mob's ferocity, the girl escaped with little actual physical damage, due to immediate medical attention. But the shock will be with her the rest of her life.

Efforts are made, in most such "schools," to cut down on lesbian love between girls. The passing of notes between girls is forbidden. Rules decree that girls sit at a certain distance from each other at the table and anywhere else, to prevent undercover hanky-panky. No two girls are allowed to be in the bathroom or shower at the same time, and, of course, each girl has her own small bed in her own small room and no other girl is allowed in with her.

But even when the rules are strict, the shortage of help is usually such that the girls just can't be watched all the time. And they've developed tricks for diverting a matron's attention, while two girls slip into the shower together, or find some handy way of generating thrills together elsewhere.

The lessons in lesbianism learned by girls in these places remain with them the rest of their lives. And countless numbers are, every day, being converted into a life-time of lesbianism merely because they had the misfortune of being born in broken homes and were "put away" for being truant from school, or shoplifting, or selling

(Continued on next page)

their bodies to men to earn pin money.

It is surprising, incidentally, how many prostitutes are actually lesbians at heart. Some of them actually sell sex to men simply so they'll have enough money to pay for the keep of the girl they are really sexually crazy about!

And the famous New York callgirl, Virginia McManus—a Brooklyn schoolteacher, she was doing night work on Manhattan's upper East Side for, sometimes, as high as \$100 a trick—made no bones about the fact that she found her stretch in jail made somewhat more bearable by the fact that the place was a carnival of carnality. And that her favorite female, the madam she'd worked for, was in with her. Even after spending a month in jail with this Madam, Ginny said, she still preferred her company to that of any man.

When prostitutes begin climbing on the lesbian bandwagon, American manhood is really in trouble. But they're doing it, along with housewives, schoolgirls, and just about anything in skirts.

In a recent interview by the Gilbert Research Foundation, 18% of the college girls questioned openly admitted they were sexually interested in other girls. Many even said they were satisfying their interests, too—right in the dormitories.

In the Midwest last March, cops broke up a "fan club" of nine girls, all under 16 years old, who were indulging in group sex orgies among themselves that would have made the poetess Sappho truly lyrical. And out on Long Island a similar club of 17 girls was recently hauled into juvenile court.

Kids are experimenting in sex at an earlier average age than before. And all too many are finding out at all too early an age what bumbling bumpkins the boys are in the game of thrills. Thus the legion of lesbians grows larger by the minute.

Numerous studies have concluded that at least 60, and perhaps as high as 80% of the nation's married women are "frigid." They get no real climax from sex with their husbands. Many of the women feel it is their own fault, that there's something wrong with themselves, and so they just suffer along uncomplainingly. Many others, however, realize it is because their husbands—after the thrill of the honeymoon and the first years of marriage pass—are too lousy as lovers to be worth the price of a speck of Spanish Fly.

And a great number of these housewives, especially in the suburban sections, are doing something about this. Turning to other men usually doesn't prove much better. But turning to women is a caper of another color.

And here, too, the legion of lesbians continues to grow by leaps and bounds.

So rapidly it is growing, one authority on the subject remarked that the only thing that keeps 90% of the women from switching to their own sex is the fact that they need men in order to produce babies. But, he added, with sperm banks coming into existence, and more and more "test-tube babies" being born each year, soon men might not be needed even for that.

Then the truly unhealthy and—to a normal-minded person of either sex—disgusting spectacle of lesbian love love might very well take over completely among the ladies, with them refusing to let men even touch them anymore.

Will man then be sorry he didn't do something to stop this perverted monstrosity in his midst before it got too much of a head start?

Or will he simply wave a limp wrist toward the No Man's Land of women and trot gaily off with a lavender love of his own? ■