

FIDEL CASTRO'S FEMALE FIRING SQUADS

VICE SQUAD



April
35c

Psst! Psst!
**WHY THE HE-SHE
SEX-CHANGE GIRL
DIVORCED
HER HUBBY!**

ALL FACT - NO FICTION!

**THE "KINSEY" CON MAN'S
SEX SURVEY: HOW HE
"INTERVIEWED" 500 WOMEN!**

**SHOCKING NEW B-GIRL SCANDAL:
THE KNOCKOUT BLONDES
ARE BACK!**

**A HOTEL DETECTIVE'S
CONFIDENTIAL: BABES, BOOZE
AND BLACKMAIL!**

**RAIDED: MIAMI'S BIGGEST
BAWDY HOUSE!**

**I ESCAPED THE
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VICE SQUAD

APRIL, 1963

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Psssst! Psssst!

Anyway you look at it, something smelled queer about the strange marriage of Coccinelle, who got so carried away with being the world's greatest female impersonator—"he" decided to dispense with a lot of useless anatomical equipment and emerge a "SHE." But then a beautiful Latin male dancer began ogling the newly-wed Coccinelle and the fickle, many-sided kid gave her hubby the gate . . .

**Why THE HE-SHE
SEX-CHANGE "GIRL"
DIVORCED
HER HUBBY!**

IT DIDN'T last more than eight months!

After all that noisy international hullabaloo, the strange but ballyhooed marriage between Coccinelle—the world's most sensational female impersonator—and her highly confused hubby quickly fizzled to a pffft.

And how! But it's not the least bit surprising! For, no matter from what angle you examined this madly, mixed-up mating, you eventually had to come to one conclusion:

It was wrongo from the word go, a case of one-way traffic trying to ride both sides of a two-way street.

It was only last March that the kooky Cocci was, by act of surgery and act of court, officially transformed into a woman and ankled out into a sequinned new life as Jacqueline Dufresnoy.

The official O.K. climaxed a long, squalling, hair-pulling, finger-nail scratching and loudly publicized struggle that began when the act that had been Coccinelle's bread and butter—playing a dame—first went to his head.

He wanted to play the role full time forever—this walking advertisement for "His-Her" towels—and after a series of operations that began in Casablanca in October, 1958, he—that is, "she"—allegedly had more or less of the necessary equipment.

But this headlined odd-ball sex stunt took on overtones

of downright perversion when the shapely she who walks like a he fell madly in love with "its" manager, a try-anything-once guy named Francis Bonnet.

This off-key pair of mis-matched love birds were hot to marry—after all, two can live as cheaply as one, especially if they can share the razor.

But it was quite a job convincing the French authorities they should sanction this highly-publicized "circus." Finally the Paris courts gave in and on March 16, 1962, the 31-year-old Coccinelle—oops, pardon—Mademoiselle Jacqueline Dufresnoy promised to love, honor and obey "her" blushing bridegroom, four years "her" junior.

Outside the church there were a few shrill cheers, a lot of boos and—when the happy couple emerged, the bride suffering a bit from five o'clock shadow—instead of throwing rice, the crowd threw a barrage of squashy ripe tomatoes.

This hostility didn't dent the newlyweds' enthusiasm, for only a few days later they had the colossal nerve to call a press conference where they simpered and held hands and announced they planned to remain childless because doctors had said a child would endanger the bride's life!

Of course, everyone knew damn well this doctored-up semi-sexual sap could never (Continued on page 55)



Coccinelle (left) in his-her wedding gown and (right) with hubby who married him-her. Marriage has since gone down the drain.

"Yeah," the man said. "A little nuts. But a great little secretary."

Ella was sizzling with curiosity. "Your client," she said to the guy. "Is she an actress?"

The guy shook his head. "She's a famous writer" he said, obviously with great pride. "She's a newspaper columnist. Haven't you ever heard of her? Sue here, is the famous Suzy from the New York Mirror."

"She's moving out to the coast here, to work on the Hearst paper here for a year," he said.

Ella did a double take. "I know Suzy," she said to the swelt stunner. "And you aren't Suzy."

At that minute the phone rang and Ella was so busy thinking up some

questions to frame the bogus Suzy, she missed half the conversation. But when she hung up and hustled back to the living room to unmask the lush imposters and their smooth-talking boy friend, all three had fled.

"Now what the hell do you think they were up to?," the fabulous Ella was heard to ask.

The answer must be obvious. If the "maid," the "sisters" and the "mail clerk" were anywhere near as bewitching as "Suzy" and her bustiful secretary, that makes six swinging dames and you can bet your last buck they weren't about to open a sorority house.

No sir. Miss Logan had almost cast herself as landlady for what would have been Brentwoods newest and most luxurious bawdy house!

HE-SHE SEX-CHANGE GIRL'S DIVORCE

(Continued from page 27)

bear a child, and the press conference was just another calculated device to keep the headline hot.

And all that hoopla apparently worked. The wrong-way match wangled bookings all through South America where curious Latins got their kicks trying to figure out, literatly, who wore the pants, Coccinelle of his-her-husboob.

Only the United States had the guts to slam the door on this exhibitionist duo to prevent their putrid perversion from showing up in the nation's night spots.

And just as well, too. For the creature with the artificial hormones was just aching for trouble. And it hit in Buenos Aires where "she" was spotted by a handsome Paraguayan dancer, Mario Heym, while cavorting in a backless, strapless, almost frontless gown showing off those ample man-made breasts.

As Coccinelle warbled "her" big hit number, "I'm looking for a millionaire," co-star Mario stood stupefied in the wings, panting with lust for this mincing, mixed-up French pastry.

Coccinelle flipped for the hand some dancer at first sight—he melted "her" whiskers, all right—and "she" gave hubby Francis the word—get lost.

A storm broke. Coccinelle must have been delirious with two men fighting over "her" charms—just like a real glamour girl. It was a losing

battle for Bonnet.

"Mario," lisped Coccinelle "is my dream man . . . the one I have always dreamed of . . . now I know what love really is. I love him deeply from the bottom of my hart."

And this re-landscaped refugee from the men's locker room bitterly confessed that life with Bonnet had been one spat after another. The queer, plumed peacock hinted . . . psst . . . psst . . . that hubby had failed to satisfy her boudoir demands.

What a blow for Bonnet's ego. But then even the most talented French lover would have had a hard time trying to solve Coccinelle's bedroom geometry problems.

Having shed Bonnet, Coccinelle now plans for a triumphant return to Paris with "her" new 21-year-old pet, Mario, but the outraged public is getting ready to throw something more damaging than tomatoes.

Paris' doctors are boiling mad over the whole freak atmosphere surrounding Coccinelle's so-called transformation. Doctors say—surgery or no—"It" is still a male.

The court's labeling Cocci a female and giving he-she permission to marry was granted on false pretenses, doctors insist, and must be revoked.

But the many-gendered Coccinelle is so wrapped up with the passionate Mario, "she" doesn't seem worried.

"She" is all embroiled with divorce arrangements and trying to make a big



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star out of Mario, the beardless-boy who, the titters, satisfies her wildest "sexual" dreams.

The whole sex-sick affair smells—no, stinks—with the unmistakable reek of depravity. And it is high time these publicity-hungry perverts with

their sex-change surgery were taught a lesson.

With the lights out, they may fool their mixed-up sack-time sweeties. But under the blinding spotlight of public scrutiny, the sordid, twisted truth will be inevitably revealed.

MIAMI'S BIGGEST BAWDY HOUSE

(Continued from page 21)

told you, okay," she said.

"Forty for both," he repeated, pulling a couple of twenties out of his wallet. The chunky little woman nodded, tucked the green stuff into the pocket of her Mother Hubbard and shuffled across the room.

"I return in only a moment," she said, disappearing down a hallway.

The financial dickering hurdled, the two guys mopped their brows and looked around. The room was blissfully cool — positively refrigerated compared to the sweltering heat outside—and the furnishings were obviously costly.

There was some kind of heady scent in the room—an exotic and intoxicating perfume—and the elegance of the decor was a far cry from the shabby exterior of the dilapidated cottage.

Apparently "Fine Arts" must be a flourishing and profitable "pursuit for study."

COOL PLAYPEN

The chubby profesora shuffled back into the room bringing a couple of not particularly shy "students"—both of them voluptuous brunette Cubans.

"This is Nancy," she said, patting the plump bottom of a honey-skinned doll in straining white, almost see-through tights that revealed far more of her fleshy firm body than they could possibly conceal. It was obvious from the way her sleeve-less blouse slithered and bounced as she moved that she was wearing nothing at all underneath.

"And this is Bertha," the profesora said.

Berta yawned languorously and pulled on a cigaret held in full, petulant lips beneath heavy violet-tinged eye lids and a smouldering glance that spelled s-e-x in unmistakable "Morse Code" all their own.

At a signal from their bespectacled "housemother," the two tousled "codes" led the two men from the room.

The shorter, Latin-accented chap followed the swinging derriere of Berta, while the bouncing Nancy ankled to an air-cooled bedroom in the rear of the house with her "mark."

Without a word, the silky-fleshed broad had peeled off the clinging, caressing tights.

ing tights. She calmly, almost dreamily, unbuttoned her blouse—revealing brown-tipped beauties so full and firm it was obvious they'd never known any sort of elastic or lace confinement.

The full-hipped gal stood there—nude—except for an ounce of scanty panty and a pair of dagger-heeled pumps, obviously waiting for her guy to make with the strip act, too.

But instead of taking off, her "john" pulled out a badge, and identified himself as a vice squad cop on the Miami police force.

The vice squad of Miami's police force had blown the recess bell on this cozy little school of Fine Arts!

And from then on, the rest was strictly "academic."

For the lanky "john" was none other than Detective Nicholas DeBaby and his companion, never identified, was a Cuban refugee who aided the raiders because he had sworn to weed out the underworld element among his country's refugee colony.

The cops had spent six weeks getting the goods on this bustling bordello, with its assembly line operation that was racking up more than \$1,000 a day.

Special Squad Sgt. James Minx, who led the probe, called it "the biggest prostitution setup established here in recent years."

"The place," he said, "was so busy that we had trouble getting an appointment for our own men so we could raid the premises!"

Busy was hardly the word for it, Vice dick DeBaby agreed. In his hour and a half under the Profesora's roof, he said the phone rang 26 times. And

a search netted a call girl list with 50 names.

From the outside it looked like a modest operation. But the self-styled "fine arts" expert turned out to have a vice record as long as your arm—and she didn't miss a trick.

The exiled Havana madam was pushing sex from two locations in the Cuban colony. And her price tags were \$20 a roll during the day and \$50 at night.

PIECE WORKERS

For would-be john's too busy to put in an appearance, the madam offered door-to-door, 24-hour delivery service.

Just pick up the phone and within minutes a hot-eyed and eager wench would knock at the door eager and ready to perform.

Screening would-be johns, and pimping for the notorious madam, was a queer bird named Oscar—a swishy, limp-wristed creep who paraded around in ruffled female garb under the name "Shalomar."

This filthy fag spread word around the Cuban Colony that he—or "she"—had entrée to the hottest haystack in town.

In order to get the address of the shack-up at 1960 NW First St., or the swinging annex at NW 37th Ave. and 17th St., a prospect had to convince "Shalomar" he was "safe."

But the prissy pimp slipped up somehow when he gave the okay to Det. DeBaby and his Cuban companion.

It was the Cuban, of course, who had put the big finger on this bustling bawdy house. He had outlined the method of operation and pulled the wool over "Shalomar's" mascara-smeared eyes.

The Cuban had volunteered to serve the vice crew, without pay, shortly after his escape from Castro's Island fortress.

"The Cuban exiles are decent people, deserving a fair break," the undercover agent said. "Just a handful of underworld characters can give all the rest a bad name. They must be put behind bars."

That's exactly where La Profesora and at least two of her girls wound up. Madam was unmasked as the last of Havana's red hot mamas, the notorious Angelina H'Letturcheres, proprietor of a plush and stylish bordello. "I am a writer," she kept protesting to the cops. "This is an outrage."

She kept hollering about her dignity and her license to teach "fine arts." But the fine art Madam was best at, was raking in the loot. Besides the \$1,000 or more she and her

Strange Fruit

THOSE BOYS FROM

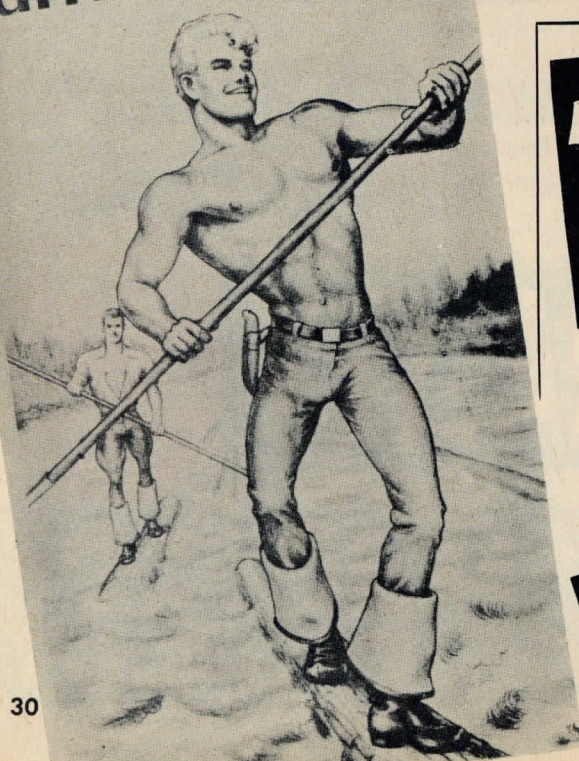
**** Glistening, oil-coated torsos with bulging muscles and limp wrists;*

**** Coy young boys, only 12 or 14 years old, completely dressed—except someone "forgot" to work the zippers;*

**** Male models posing completely naked (except maybe for a strategically placed flower pot) for readers to gloat over...*

This is what you'll find in the "new" type of dirty little periodicals now mushrooming from coast to coast. But if you think this male pulchritude is for the girls to enjoy—you're way off! These mags are strictly for degenerate fags and their pals of the Third Sex...

Samson



**TOMORROW'S
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**PHYSIQUE
PICTORIAL**

QUEERSVILLE ARE AT IT AGAIN

BY VINCE CROMWELL

A NEW TYPE of magazine for the Boys of Queersville has crawled out of the sewer and invaded the newsstands. The rags are never put on display in the daytime, however, when the normal citizen is on the street.

But in the dead of night, when the limp wrist creepsters begin to prowl, these vest-pocket size periodicals start popping out on the stands like pimples.

From the covers you might think these midget mags were body-building guides.

But look again—if your stomach can take it.

For these mucking male monthlies cater to no one else but swishy-swashy homosexuals!

Who the hell do these Pansy-Dans think they fooling?

They may call these dirty, disgusting little mags "Manorama," "Man-ifique" or "Fizeek." But they could just as well call them "The Queersville Quarterly" or "The Faggot Gazette."

Take only a quick look at the contents of a couple of pages.

You could think that a hint of normal sex was worse than catching a social disease!

Of course, there are one or two legitimate he-man photos. You'll spot a few guys who look real he-men, those sweat and strain simpletons who spend hours each day developing their bulging muscles.

(What the hell do they do with all those muscles, anyway?)

(Continued on page 36)

Some typically nauseating ads from those ever-increasing "magazines" for queers that are fouling up newsstands these days.



14 year young

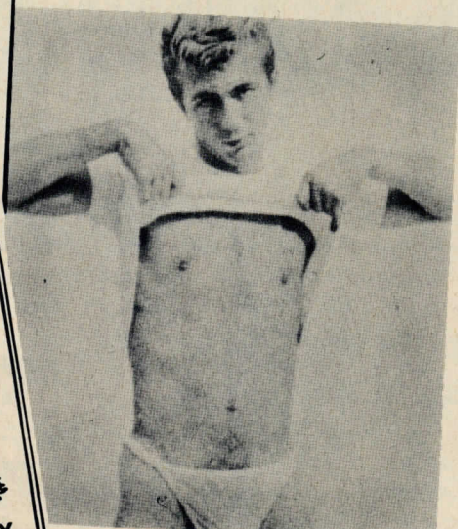
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Going for a subway ride, Mac? Either wear brass knuckles, hire a bodyguard, or disguise yourself as a

woman . . . otherwise, your chastity may not emerge from the joy ride unsullied!

BOYS FROM QUEERSVILLE

(Continued from page 31)

But the magic muscle men are in the minority by far!

That's the outright lie!

That's the big coverup!

For these greasy, muscle-rippling he-men are nothing but a front for what the little magazines are all about. The cast of characters stacks up like a tooty-fruity after-dinner delight.

The real feature of these miserable, murky magazines are coy boys with seductive smirks on their ever-so-sweet and enticing faces.

Oh, they have a certain amount of male equipment, all right—sometimes hidden behind a delicately poised knee or a piece of furniture.

But otherwise they are naked!

Straight nudes. Like, man, it's raw flesh!

And most of them are neither he-men or the so-called "sporty" type. They are simpering swishes who swivel their hips into the kind of poses you'd expect to find on a pinup calendar.

Except—believe it or not—these are "boys." At least that's what they seem to be. Maybe it takes an expert to tell. Well, it also takes one to know one.

The whole thing is not only nauseating. It is downright dangerous!

Because the whole damned fruit cake—no matter how you slice it—caters to the lowest instincts of the limp-wrist lads in their steadily-increasing numbers.

How far can this go?

To read the amazing captions and the leering come-on ads, you would have to come to the conclusion that the female doesn't exist.

In fact, thumbing through a dozen of these rags in their current issues turned up exactly one photo of a woman.

And she was a cowering, curly-haired cutie in a leopard-skin bathing suit crawling on all fours with a dog collar around her neck and a leash in her mouth—the other end of the leash held by a grinning, muscle monster with oil-smeared chest and rippling thighs.

That is where women fit into this

lunatic depravity.

If this isn't the sickest perversion, then read on! You haven't heard anything yet.

Grab hold of a porcelain basin, Jason—just in case . . .

It's plain to see a portrait of a busty, leggy lovely would shock the limp-wrist lads right out of their silky panties.

What they want to swoon over are these mincing male models, draped coy and cute—bare-bottomed on a rumpled bed.

To them, these naked Nancys are the greatest thing on earth!

Sure enough, there are among these magazines a few—just a few—that are legitimate body-building publications.

But most of them—and there are more each week—are brazen promotion for the most effeminate homos who peddle with twisted brand of wrong-way sex in an effort to lure new recruits into the growing ranks of potential fags.

Just dig this drivel.

On the title page of "Manorama" the editors coyly confess: "Manorama does not consider itself a body builders' magazine, altho it is directed to the body builder as a source of inspiration . . ."

Inspiration is right!

And what could be more inspiring to the queery-deary darlings than the photo of a grinning bare-chested cutie snapped in the act of unzipping his pants.

Talk about inspiration.

"Have you seen our hat department, sir?" is the coy caption under the photo of a burly model in a yachting cap, a jock-strap and nothing else.

No caption is necessary for the boys in purple underwear to get the message in the photo of a downy-cheeked lad stepping out of his trousers. The pose is such a complete and absolute mockery of the bustiful beauty queen slipping out of her bikini for one of the girly mags, that you just wouldn't believe it.

And what could be chummier than the trio of queens—bare-faced, bare-bottomed, all naked and a yard wide—poised for take off on a motorcycle?

The essentials of manhood (this is manhood?) are hidden behind the bike's handlebars except for one silly swish and he's got his hidden behind a pair of leather cycle gloves.

You might say motorcycling is an athletic sport. So what could be healthier than cycling in the raw to the boys with the mangled morals.

You thinks this is disgusting? Getting slightly nauseated?

Don't blame you a damn bit.

But . . .

It gets worse.

"Trim" is possibly the worst of the lot. Don't think it's easy to nominate a candidate for the "worst." They are all a lot of muscle-bound melons heads in queer contortions.

"Trim" readers get their kicks out of little boys. And the younger the better.

These are the Lolitas of the lisp-ing set.

MALE ORDERS

On page 4 and 5 is a dimpled downy-cheeked darling who looks like he ought to be reading comic books or doing his algebra homework instead of playing peek-a-boo with a towel à la Brigitte Bardot.

And the tousled teen-ager on page 11 looks exactly like Tom Sawyer, in a cowboy hat, sucking on a straw—except that his jeans are half unzipped.

The pose on page 12 is familiar. The pouting-lipped, heavy-eyed creature shimmying out of a T-shirt so provocatively—you've seen that come-on hundreds of times in the girly magazines!

Only this drooling doll is a fella. (That's what they tell us, anyway!)

The backs of these magazines are crammed with passionate propositions. Under the outright phony guise of "art," "culture," and "decoration" the muck merchants are offering photographed flesh for sale.

Don't breathe too hard, boys, you'll wear out the picture!

And, most shocking of all . . .

Catalog 17 features "21 poses" of Ernie Niemi—"14 years young."

A slender, curly-haired blond kid and somehow, someone has him hooked into the most sickening, sordid, sex-stinking cees-pool in history!

You'd think these lavender lads might be one slightest bit embarrassed to be trapped by the camera in such passion-packed poses.

Not on your life!

Most of them wear expressions of sheer bliss. Some of them look like they've just been caught licking a popsicle.

This is body-building?

Let's see. What have we here in "Manual's" issue? Here is this guy flinging around a fish net in hip-high leather boots and bare bottom.

The uniform is guaranteed to delight every sado-masochist in the country—those creeps that like to punish their victims with indescribable devices to achieve sex-mad gratification.

The guy is angling, all right—but not for trout. This is fishing?

"Manifique" features the international limp-wrist exotic queens from around the world with plucked eyebrows and flaring nostrils. "Art" is the come-on.

By "art" the editors must be referring to such paintings as the reprint of the jacket cover for the well-known "Giovanni's Room," featuring two panting pansys with a bottle of booze on the table and a mussed up mattress in the background.

The orgiastic photos in "Manifique" would put Jayne Mansfield to shame for sheer grace and provocation—or even Joe Mansfield, whoever he is. But the real art work is in the pencilled-in g-string supplied by the editors to hide a few little incidentals that might otherwise keep these ghastly publications out of the market.

One French lad is shown sprawled on the grass in a hairdo he must have filched from Brigitte Bardot. Another muscled cutie wears a ribbon of netting around his loins above a caption, "Please, Please, Don't Miss These!"

But the dimpled darlings of "Manifique" are only the sample, the lure to get the swishy-swashy set to send for "24 uninhibited and very gay studies in home, studio and shower! Only \$5 air mail."

How the hell this garbage gets through the mails without setting half-a-dozen post offices on fire, we'll never know.

But someone must be lapping up "art" like "The Thieving Cowboy," a sample of which "Manifique" offers on page 36. Here is a sizzling scene of leather boots and brass-studded jackets flying open over bare chests—boys abusing boys in the most sordid way.

And what about the guy on page 14 of "Fizeek." His g-string hides only the very, very essentials of his physique and leaves nothing to the imagination with its raw display of pubic hair.

"Appealing" is the magazine's caption for the passionate pansy stretched across wearing nothing but a tattoo that says "Mom." It is a pose calculated to excite the lispng lads to drop their lingerie in sheer delight. And the same simpering sweetie is shown two pages later, hugging a pillar!

The swish set even has its bubble bath queens—including one long-haired doll with a spit curl on his cheek—only, instead of bubbles, the freak is smeared with lather from chest to where the bathtub censors the view.

Turn to page 65 of "Fizeek" and you might think you've spotted Debbie Reynolds in the raw. Wow! Well, raw it is but it isn't Debbie. Look a little closer at the wasp-waist lovely in the sailor hat and you'll see "she" is a "he" or whatever they call themselves—poised gracefully on a ladder, foot arched like something right out of a girly magazine.

Only "Fizeek" isn't content just to tell its simple little "fairy" tale.

SPIT CURL

It has a very special message for another species of sicknick. The message is a naked he-man poised with a horsewhip—more food for the very special pervert who loves to be beaten and punished as he crawls on his knees toward the delight of the evening.

Horsewhips are child's play for "Physique Pictorial." Boots and swords are the playthings here. And the models must be bored with g-strings because they turn up with those essential areas hidden behind big red valentines or chrome hub caps.

The cover is your first clue—it features a quivering queer leading out of a cellophane-wrapped Christmas package, a spring of mistletoe dangling from his g-string.

"Physique Pictorial" features lurid stills copped from its own home movies and coyly confesses that "Jewel Thief" a sin-ematic masterpiece of prancing pansys in outlandish getup complete with handcuffs and chains is "our worst picture to date."

Page 9 is a naughty, nutty excerpt of "Muscles from Outer Space," a tug-and-tussle bit. If the model's getup is any sample, then Fags from Mars will be flying around space with radio speakers for their g-strings—and a little knob right in the middle.

The rag reeks of Queersville—cuddling sailors, wacky wrestling duos, bull whips, chains, cozy kitchen scenes, camaraderie in the shower and bathtub and wrinkled sheets—yards and yards of wrinkled sheets.

The brazen come-out-into-the-open of these "Third Sex Boys" is absolutely alarming. As long as the homos were restricted to their own inner circle it was one thing.

But now that they pursue promotion of their strange sex-mad orgies openly in the fantastic pictures, ads and comments in these perverted pictorials, the question arises—

How far can they go?

This stuff is so awful it makes you want to vomit.

Any normal person would react that way.

It is time to take immediate action to wipe out this disgusting spectacle of degeneration!

KINSEY CON-MAN

(Continued from page 37)

A. No. We hung up without giving our names and addresses. We figured what the hell, if the guy enjoyed what he was doing, why not let him do it. But then, two days later, he did contact my girl friend, and when he visited her he knocked her out with some tranquilizers. We figured this was going too far—I mean, somebody might get hurt. So we called the cops ourselves.

Many of 500 female subjects will never know for sure *exactly* what Adler did to them because of his persuasive skill in getting the gals to swallow a powerful sleeping potion.

Posing as a government doctor, Adler apparently had little trouble in getting his gullible victims to swallow the bitter, greenish liquid he told them was a new type oral polio vaccine booster.

In fact, it was a powerful barbiturate—a sleeping pill-compound in liquid form. It worked like a K.O. punch to transform any shy or difficult "subjects" into unprotesting torsos completely vulnerable to the boons medico's pawing and mauling.

What really shocked authorities was that even among those few women who saw through Adler's phony pose, there were some who went along with his game anyway—for their own sexual kicks.

Take, for example, this confession of a Miami waitress, age 30:

Q. In what manner did Robert David Adler introduce himself to you?

A. I was working at Restaurant and he came in for coffee a lot of