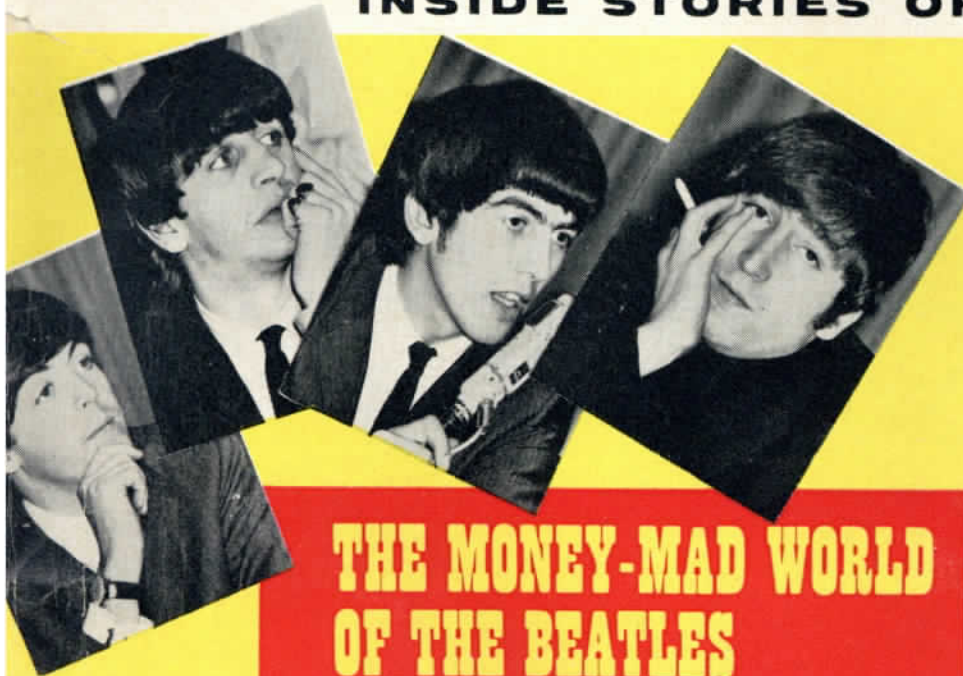


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WHY THOSE GAY BOYS JUST LOVE BETTE, JOAN, TALLULAH & JUDY

INSIDE AMERICA

By MYRNA MANNING

LOVE INSIDE



Prison life for women is not unlike that in penitentiaries for men. The women work a few hours a day in factories. However, instead of living in cells they sleep in dormitories or private rooms like that illustrated at the right. Their rooms are rarely locked, presenting an open invitation to visits from other inmates. The gals are less likely to swap recipes than to trade propositions. Lady-lovers enjoy all the freedom they need to get their "odd" sex kicks.



Most women are convicted for sex offenses and

WOMEN'S PRISONS

WHEN a young girl committed suicide in the Reformatory for Women at Framingham, Mass., a few years ago, an investigation pointed to the cause of her self-destruction as unrequited love for another female inmate. To the few people who know anything about women's prisons, unnatural love is an open secret, but to most people the extent of it may come as a shock.

Recently, the movie "Caged" portrayed a bastille for babes, based on facts brought out by a gal reporter, Virginia Kellog, who arranged to get herself locked up. It was a pretty grim story, but the Johnston office being what it is, the movie didn't dare show the real uncensored facts.

Most girl prisoners have been convicted for some sex offense and, once in prison, living without men, their sex problems get worse. "Strong sexual drives in some of these prisoners," says an authority, "is what landed them there in the first place." Chief among these offenses are:

- 1—Adultery.
- 2—Prostitution.
- 3—Unlawful cohabitation.
- 4—Neglect of children.
- 5—Communicating V.D.
- 6—Open lewdness.

Waiting for every newcomer are the "lady-lovers," an inside term for the large group of off-beat women found in every prison. Lady-lovers pair off, get into triangles and jealous brawls, using both seduction and force to corrupt other girls. Strange as it may seem, even rape may occur in women's prisons.

Women's Pens Vary

There is only one Federal moll pen and that is at Alderson, West Virginia, but there are many state prisons and reformatories for women. They all vary in the amount of control over prisoners, as well as in the type of wardens and matrons, ranging from good to bad to corrupt and vicious. Unlike men's pens, very few chicken coops use cells or the cell-block system. Most of the reformatories (for light sentences, first offenders, etc.) are built on the Open Plan. This is a group of cottages, often with individual bedrooms, around a central building; with no walls or fences and sometimes without even locks on the doors. A set-up like this can give the lady-lovers

maximum freedom to practice their evil. State prisons (for serious offenses and incorrigibles) favor the dormitory system, with as many as eighteen girls to a dorm, or cell-bedrooms, with two to a cell. The opportunities for sex-starved prisoners are obvious.

The amount of love letters that get passed around an average prison would swamp a small post office and are known as "chick notes." Here's a typical one, intercepted by Dr. Joseph Wilson, psychiatrist at the State Reformatory for Women, Clifton, N.J.:

"Hi Pal Neta: I have had the urge to write before to ask you why Tina don't write anymore. Neta, God knows I love her oh so dam much until it hurts. Anyone over here with an ounce of truth in their hearts can truthfully say that I have not cheated on her any time at all. Golly Neta there is plenty of girls that would like to be my friend. I mean a chick . . . Jackie."

"Chick Note" Common In Prisons

There are other "chick notes" that surely cannot be repeated or printed.

"Chick notes" are common in all moll pens and, even in the best of them, the authorities don't worry too much about them. But in the prisons that are run by corrupt matrons, "chick notes" lead to open love affairs and worse. Stabbings, narcotics, pornographic pictures, mixed outdoor picnics with local lads, seduction of the innocent and recruiting for prostitution after release are only a few of the inside scandals of the bad briggs. In one of these a hardened lady-lover recently slashed her 18-year-old girl friend with a knife. It developed that the older woman was about to be released and had fixed the youngster's face so no one else would want her.

An ex-inmate of an eastern penitentiary has told a shocking story about that so-called model institution. She told about the head matron, who had a young prisoner for a pet, but got other prisoners anything they could pay for—liquor, drugs or an evening with a guard or attendant of the nearby state prison farm for men.

In this prison the girls are issued two cotton dresses, a coat and a slip. No bra and no nightgown. The girls often beat each other to a pulp for possession of a brassiere sent by relatives or friends.

Teen-aged delinquents (Continued on page 52)

"inside" turn thwarted passion to unnatural love.

NO WOMAN IS SAFE



No woman is safe (or really wants to be) when a man's mind is in the bedroom. See the tempting, puffed-up featherbed to be despoiled! Hear the irrepressible squeals of pleasure! Come to whom bedtime has come to mean "bed and bored" will find "bed and better" . . . Thousands are now enjoying *Rollicking Bedside Fun*, and you will too, when you possess this ideal bedside companion. Here's entertainment for open minds and ticklish spines. Here's lusty, merry recreation for un-squeamish men and women. Here's life with apologies to none. Collected, selected from the best there is, this zesty *Primer* is an eye-opener. . . YOU ARE INVITED TO EXAMINE THE PLEASURE PRIMER 10 DAYS AT OUR EXPENSE. IT IS GUARANTEED TO PLEASE OR YOUR PURCHASE PRICE WILL BE REFUNDED AT ONCE!



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Women's Prisons

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page 27

and wayward minors too often get mixed up with prostitution and shoplifting gangs, who openly recruit them on their arrival. Sadistic matrons, who have been attracted to their jobs because of their own twisted urges, also prey upon young first offenders.

Here's what another ex-inmate had to say about her first night in a prison dormitory where eighteen girls slept in cots only two feet apart:

"I could distinctly hear strange noises from three or four beds in the room. I thought at first someone might be sick. There came the sound of a key in the lock of the barred door at the end of the ward. Four scantily clad forms went scurrying back to their beds. After the matron had gone out again, I turned to the girl in the next cot. 'What are they running for?' A suggestive smile played around her lips. 'Stupid! They've been dating,' she said.

This convict in skirts, who had been sentenced for check forgery, spilled the beans about the warden, who, in this case, was a man. He had installed his willing favorites in luxurious private rooms in a special wing of the prison. Other prisoners referred to it as "The Harlem" and many vied for the chance to get with it and enjoy the special favors of negligee, good food, pretty dresses, cosmetics, and parties with liquor.

In one of the prisons attended by Dr. Joseph Wilson, discipline and control was so effective that the girls were able to do little more than pass "chick notes." He reported on one girl (by law real names of prisoners may not be revealed), who swore to her fellow prisoners just before her parole, that she would return to the pen and pitch woo with a guy right on the premises. She made good her promise, too, until she was caught bringing her boy friend into one of the public buildings of the unfenced prison.

In all the talk about riots in men's prisons and the need for re-

form, it is usually forgotten that there is a special problem about women's prisons. A top journal of penology has pointed out that 60% of cons in skirts are emotionally abnormal and this fact is due chiefly to homosexuality and nymphomania. This 60% tries to convert the rest of the girls. As Dr. Wilson said, women cannot bear separation from families, as well as men, and are more likely to develop emotional storms that are easily exploited by hardened perverts.

In short, initiation into the sororities of Jailtown College is too often a sordid mess that is ignored or hushed up. The public is demanding more prison reforms today and our lawmakers are slowly getting under way. It's a long-overdue job and, as a reminder, it might be said, "Don't forget the girls." ■■■

Gay Boys and Stars

Continued from
page 31

adding the doubtful ones—the men who don't look it but could be—they've been disappointed by the results.

The boys just don't care.

They've come to the conclusion that homosexuals simply don't like to be reminded of themselves nor their problems. Life among them is tough enough as it is.

Most of them lead double lives, pretending all day to be what they're not and this, generally, is the theme of any of the so-called homosexual dramas, at least those that have been produced recently on stage and screen.

Others feel that movies dealing with this hitherto taboo subject are bringing an undesirable attention to them, even when the drama is sympathetic. They prefer to be left out of the "problem drama" field.

But when it comes to *campiness*, like horror pictures, gay nineties costumes, gals dressed as boys and vice versa, they're all for it.

And the best thing about it from the star's viewpoint is that they're the most loyal audience in the world. Mae, Judy, Joan and Tallulah ought to know. ■■■

Whoops!

HOW THOSE GAY BOYS JUST LOVE Bette, Joan, Tallulah and Judy!



When the swishes sit down and dish movie stars, these are the all-time favorites.

By **DICK FOSTER**

AS THEY sit in their palatial Hollywood homes or travel throughout the world, being received by heads of state and peasants alike with all the homage due royalty, Bette Davis and Joan Crawford can thank their lucky stars that they've been the kind of flamboyant, colorful and exciting actresses that fascinate the *gay boys*.

When it was announced that Bette and Joan would costar in *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane*, the coupling promptly set off the most successful word-of-mouth advertising campaign that has occurred in the history of movie making. Then and there pacts were literally made to go see the picture. "I wouldn't miss it for the world," lisped one heavily made-up limp-wrister at a Broadway party. "Can't you see those two camping it up together on the screen?"

Promised another, "I'm going to take the opening day off and sit through the show all day. I'll

even bring my own goodies to eat. Wan't to come with me, dearie?"

Bette and Joan personally have done nothing to encourage the adulation they enjoy among the gay boys and they may even be reading here for the first time that it exists.

"Baby Jane" On 42nd Street

But the proof exists in the fabulous boxoffice reception accorded the opening of *Baby Jane* in the Metropolitan area of New York which contains the largest homosexual population in the world. Aware of this fact, the distributors premiered the picture in at least a dozen theatres throughout the city, including one on 42nd Street where first runs are the exception rather than the rule.

Not only is the street frequented by obvious homosexuals; it is most easily accessible to those who live in the outlying boroughs or the suburbs where the *quiet type* of homo prefers to live. For



Limp-wristers swoon when Judy Garland gets into her clown costume which makes her appear like a boy. Judy often does top hat and tails male impersonation.

them, it was exciting to have a valid excuse to visit notorious Times Square.

The picture did extraordinary business, playing to packed houses throughout four and five performances a day. The limp-wristers did indeed bring their lunches. Others dropped in from their near-by skyscraper offices and saw it three or four times a week. They began to memorize the dialogue and in a few weeks, lines from the picture were heard repeatedly in gay circles. "Your din din's ready," one lad would lisp to another which in turn would be answered, "Don't bother me, I'm writing a letter to daddy."

A psychiatrist would probably be able to reel off a dozen reasons why Joan and Bette should exert such an appeal to the homos. In their screen roles they've been women alone. They've fought the world of men bravely. They've cried and they've suffered. But these are characteristics of their pictures that have appealed to women as well. Joan and Bette have always been what the trade calls *matinee stars*, meaning they draw large distaff audiences.

Stripped of psychiatric double-talk, their appeal to homos is much more obvious. Joan danced the Charleston in her early pictures, and the limp-wristers have been dancing it ever since. In their

crowd it's the dance that's never died out. As for Bette she just acted the pants off any male or female in sight, chewed scenery with such awesome majesty that her talents would inevitably be enjoyed by those who like the off-beat in histrionic style.

Bette and Joan aren't the only stars who've enjoyed the special affections of the *gay set*. It's safe to wonder how much a part they played in the comeback of Judy Garland! Probably a great deal, for in the years between her Metro troubles and her emergence as a great lady of song she's constantly catered to them—subconsciously perhaps—but her routining has followed a definite pattern.

Judy Wears Slacks

The songs she sings are those they like best—oldies with sharp rhythms that can be sung in a number of different styles. She knows how to make a lyric come out with meaning. She wears slacks and her jackets are shoulder tailored to give the complete effect of male impersonation. Even her hair is sometimes dressed like a boy's.

While Judy's TV show did not become the fabulous success it was hoped to develop into, it has been a constant favorite. Proof lies in the fact that business in gay bars has been slow until after the Sunday night Judy Garland broadcast.

Previously when she was playing spectaculars, gay bars, which deliberately turned TV off at night

One critic said of Tallulah's opening on Broadway in "The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Any More" that it was never gayer. Tallu is seen here with Tab Hunter.



to keep the beer running, made it a point to announce that the show would be visible on such and such a night—plus a free buffet supper. She did more business than the promise of a visit of two dozen sailors.

When Tallulah Bankhead appeared in the short-lived *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore* on Broadway last season, one critic was moved to comment that he hadn't seen such a gay audience since the hey day of the ballet performances at the Metropolitan Opera House where the *queens* used to appear with gold dust sprinkled in their sprayed hair.

Tallu Unsuccessful Recently

Tallulah, alas, has had little professional success in the last years, confining herself largely to work in summer stock and occasional TV appearances. But she had her great day in the theatre and if ever she should emerge in a vehicle worthy of her substantial talents she could again count on her large off-beat audience.

They've remained loyal; have kept the Tallulah jokes alive and recall her great success on radio when she became the first hit woman master of ceremonies. Her pictures are constantly revived in art houses and, despite the fact that many of them were poor, a showman can usually count on enough *gay boys* turning out to pay the freight.

When Tallu appears on TV it's a major event and *gay* cocktail parties are scheduled so all the boys can whoop it up with Tallulah together.

What makes a star appeal more particularly to limp-wristers doesn't often make sense. No one could have been more pin-up and desirable to real males than stunningly-legged Betty Grable. But she had *les boys* with her from the beginning. So did Dorothy Lamour who was sexy and sultry in the Dietrich tradition.

Marlene Is Also A Favorite

Marlene Dietrich is another with a strong following among the *gay* crowd although now by appearing more or less exclusively in night clubs, she's priced herself out of business. However, there are still revivals of her pictures to be seen and exhibitors craftily book them over and over again in neighborhoods where it's known that a large number of homosexuals live or hang out.

The same is true of Mae West, a perennial favorite, who still enjoys all-male fan clubs who meet regularly.

Exaggeration and their costuming have accounted for the appeal of Marlene and Mae to their loyal homo public. When the *boys* dress up *girls*, nine times out of ten they pattern their *drags* after the kind of clothes they've seen in Mae's and Marlene's movies—feathers galore and wasp-waisted skirts. Dotty Lamour's sarong is also a favorite.

That this list of favorites includes no men may seem surprising. It may have something to do with the clean-cut all-American look that most movie



Mae West, the come-hither gal is all-time favorite of the gay set. They love to impersonate her style.

idols of today possess. The last male star to have an enthusiastic homo audience was Robert Taylor during the brief period he was known as the "pretty boy" star. James Dean had it for a while until the girls started to discover him.

The *boys* plainly prefer someone with whom they can more closely identify themselves (and that's hardly the all-American type), so the list is more or less curtailed.

But they do love the character women. Margaret Rutherford, a latter-day Edna May Oliver, is now a big favorite in their set. So is Estelle Winwood on the stage. They go into gales of laughter over Thelma Ritter. Shirley Booth's *Hazel* has been a favorite TV show among the limp-wristers and a TV showing or revival of anything featuring Marjorie Main is sure to attract their attention.

Among the singers, beside Judy, there is Lena Horne whose records are huge sellers in the off-beat set. And now it appears that Barbara Streisand is headed for the kind of special adulation that Judy Garland enjoys. Appearing with Judy in a sensational appearance on her TV show only served to enhance Barbara's popularity.

Until *Cleopatra* Elizabeth Taylor had a big following among the queer boys who thought she was "just too beautiful." But *Cleopatra* didn't con them

into parting with their boxoffice dollars as readily as it did the public at large. With enough to see on their neighborhood screens at nominal prices and on TV for nothing, they preferred to wait out *Cleo* until it reached their neighborhood houses.

So far it hasn't arrived. And when Margaret Rutherford hooked V.I.P. from Liz and Burton, the lavender-eyed star was inviting a comparison that could only set her back in popularity among the gay crowd.

It probably will horrify them to discover it but the horror stars are big favorites with the *gay lads*. They adore Peter Lorre, think Boris Karloff is a cuddly old grandfather and wouldn't miss a Bela Lugosi revival of *Dracula* except for a Judy Garland spectacular. As for Vincent Price, he's the doll of dolls, the chap who has put humor into horror and, at times seems to be making it deliberately *gay*.

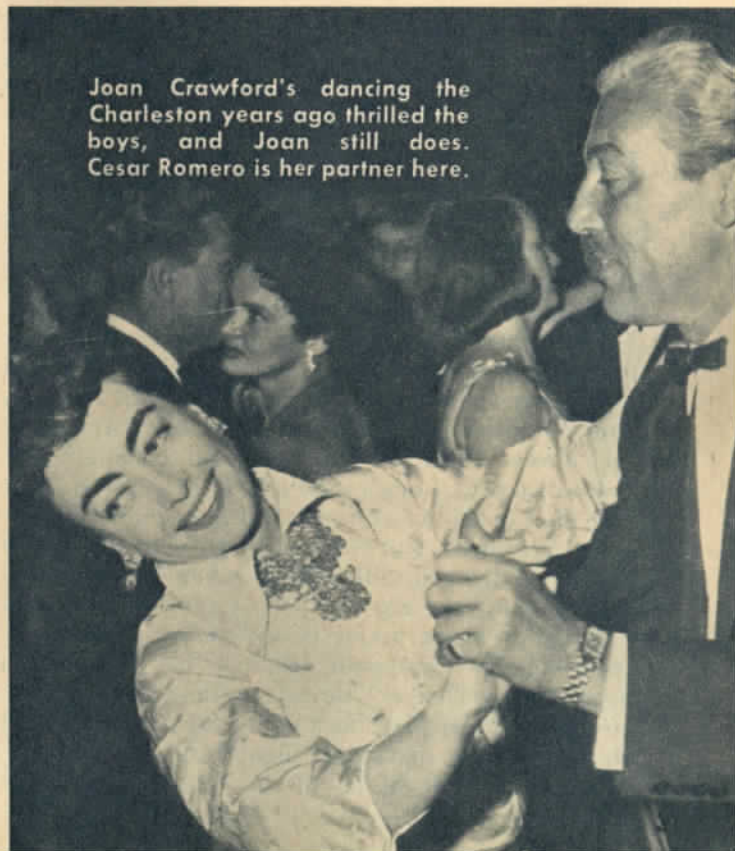
Producers are by no means unaware that this kind of public exists and in some moments of introspection wonder if they should cater to it by making dramas with homosexual themes.

When they've done this, as so many have in recent years, they've put special watches at the door to observe how many obvious homosexuals attend the theatre. Even by (Continued on page 52)

Betty Grable was not only the favorite pin-up girl of soldiers during World War II. The gay set adored her.



Rita Hayworth is a great favorite of limp-wristers, explaining why her pictures are constantly revived.



Joan Crawford's dancing the Charleston years ago thrilled the boys, and Joan still does. Cesar Romero is her partner here.

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