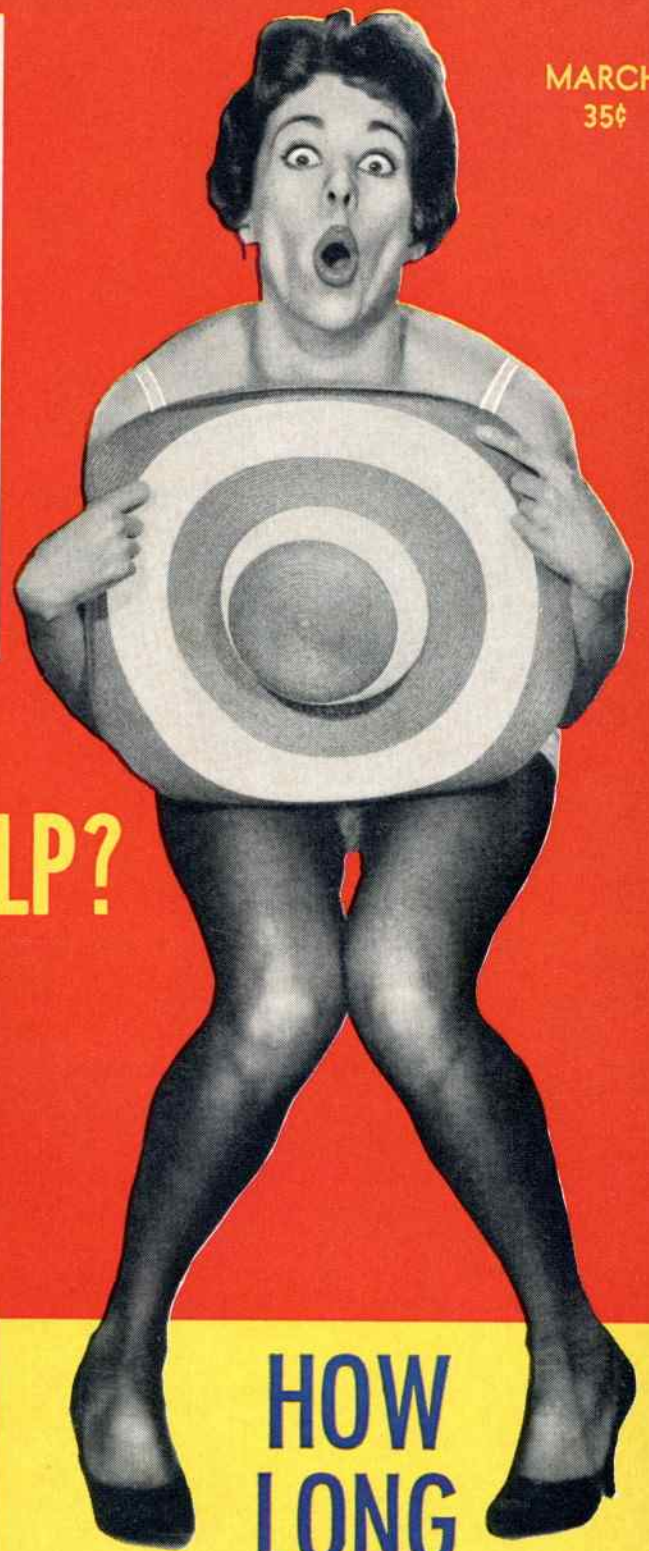


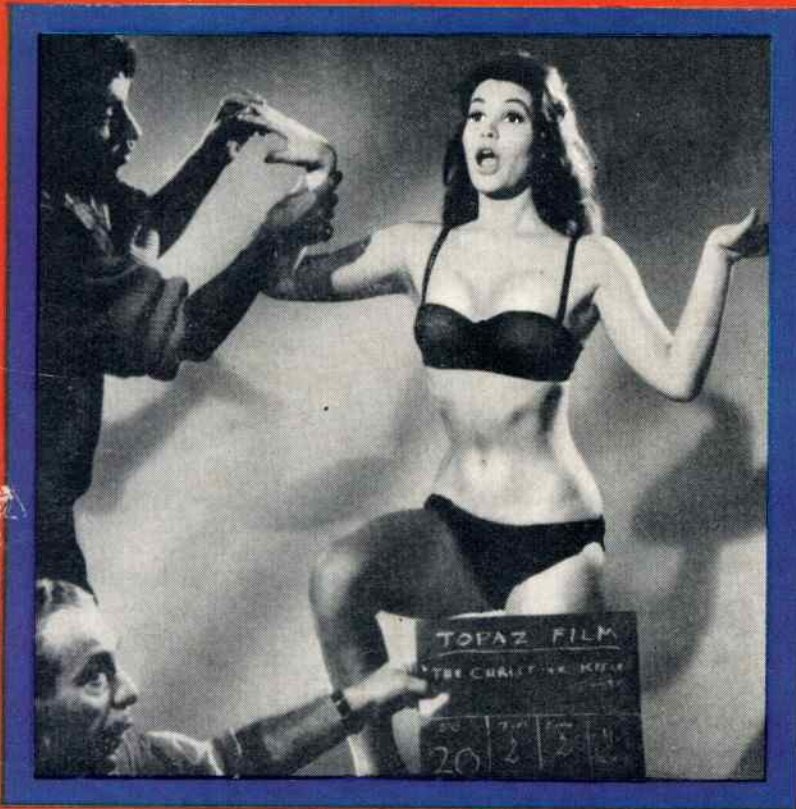
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# ON THE Q.T.

MARCH  
35¢



## IS SUE LYON OUT FOR RICHARD BURTON'S SCALP?



*That Naughty  
Christine Keeler Film*

## HOW LONG WILL CAROL BURNETT GO ON LAUGHING?



# ON THE Q.T.

MARCH, 1964

Volume 7

Number 6

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Bill Holden



Christine Keeler Film



Little Joe Cartwright

WILLIAM BARTON  
PUBLISHER

ROBERT L. PARKER  
EDITOR

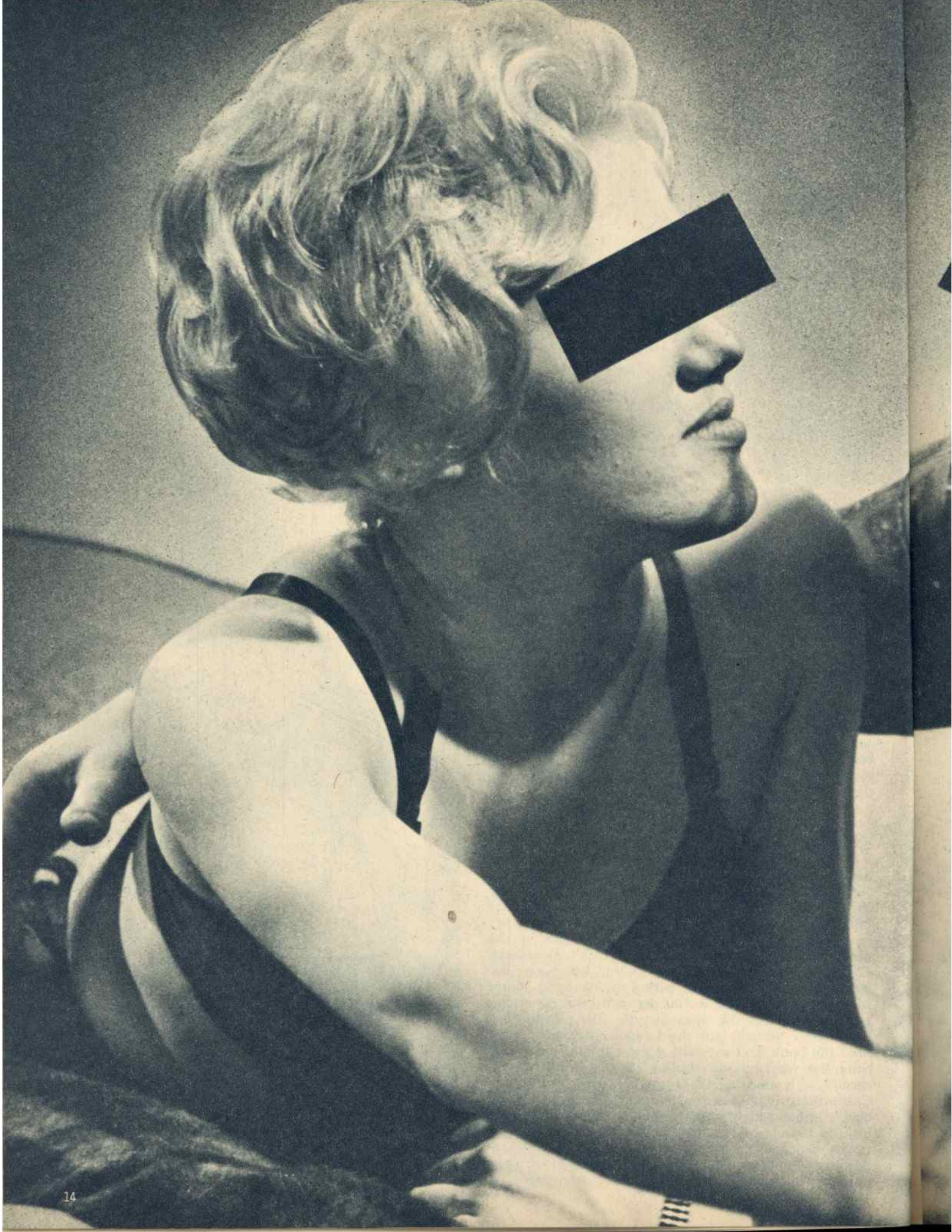
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# THE PLOT TO MAKE LESBIANISM “SMART”

What You Read and See On TV  
Can Influence Your Opinion of  
Deviates — and Certain People  
are Trying to Make it Favorable

By **BOB LINDELL**

**I**T started in college, I guess,” the girl recalled to psychiatrist Restin A. Jens. “There were these four girls in my sorority. They were very chic, very bright, they all seemed to have ‘been around.’ They seemed to know so much more about life than the rest of us.

“But that wasn’t it, really. It was their attitude toward the rest of us, a kind of condescension, or a sarcastic look in their eyes whenever the rest of us discussed our dates. I remember this one night—I had a date with Harry, one of the players on our team. I remember being very excited about it, and rushing and all; but when I came downstairs in the parlor, there were three of these girls sitting around drinking and smoking. And one said: (Continued on page 51)



But oddly, Bill said nothing—at least for publication.

Now Africa, where "The Lion" was filmed, is not in the same romantic class as, say, Rome or the Riviera. But it's possible that Bill Holden, more relentless than ever in his mid-forties, wanted to find out if he still had that old appeal. And who can blame Capucine—the French being notoriously an eye-on-the-dollar race—if she looked on Bill as something pretty special.

And what red-blooded guy wants to resist a nasturtium who says things like: "A woman needs to know that the man is her master." Or "Every time I get in front of the camera I think of it as an attractive man I am meeting for the first time. I find him demanding and aloof so I must do all I can to interest him."

Mr. Holden is neither blind nor deaf. Though he can command leading ladies of the Audrey Hepburn calibre, he asked for Capucine for another picture.

However it may turn out, her relationship with Holden hasn't done her career any harm. When Ava Gardner's demands seemed out of reason, Capucine was signed to replace her in a European-made film titled "The Pink Panther." It is scheduled for release around Easter, but when a sneak preview was held in a New York suburb in the fall, Bill Holden was there to see it. And he didn't send a postcard telling her he thought she was great. He hopped a plane and flew back to Switzerland, where he side-stepped St. Prex in favor of Lausanne and his nasturtium.

The man who was born William Beedle in O'Fallon, Illinois, and became a star in his first movie, "Golden Boy," in 1939, may look like the average Joe, but he has become well known for not acting like one. Bounced back and forth between Paramount and Columbia when we was making a long succession of pictures he hated, he was so outspoken that he became known at both studios as a malcontent. When he enlisted in the Army Air Force, as a private, in 1943, it was a toss-up as to who was most relieved—he or the studios. And when he returned three years later, having won a commission, he was allowed to sit around for a year doing what an actor hates most—nothing. For three years then he made more mediocre films. Then he was signed for "Sunset Boulevard" after Montgomery Clift had turned down the part—and after that there was no stopping him.

After "Stalag 17," for which he won an Academy Award, he had five box-office hits in a row. But he couldn't forget his frustrations and accept his new fame gracefully. "I waited 12 years to be an overnight sensation," he growled. And his tirades against Hollywood be-

came famous. It should have surprised no one when he packed up his family and moved to Switzerland.

Bill contends that he didn't make the move merely to avoid the hefty income taxes which Uncle Sam would have taken out of his pay. He was making movies all over the world, he explained, and wanted his family near enough so that he could spend week-ends and holidays with them. He also wanted his sons, he added, to have European educations.

So he settled them in the four-bedroom house in St. Prex and took off for such far-away places as Hong Kong, Singapore, Africa, Malaya, and almost any place else you can name, for one money-making movie after another. The boys and their mother spent \$3,000 learning French before they left Hollywood, but not Holden. A man who's a millionaire several times over, and can command \$250,000 a picture, can hire an interpreter!

Whatever happens with Grandpa Holden and his nasturtium, it's doubtful that the repercussions will be great enough to bother him. After all, he's not interested in becoming President, and he said a year ago that he didn't much care sometimes whether he ever made another picture or not.

"I really couldn't care less about what they say about me in Hollywood," he says. "I'm going to live the way I want to live, and nobody's going to tell me how."

## LESBIANISM

(Continued from page 15)

"Where are you off to, cutie?" I told them I had a date with Harry.

"'Oh, wow,' one of them said sarcastically. 'Lots of luck.'

"Up until that moment I had been thrilled. Now, suddenly, I felt a little cheap.

"'Happy pawsville,' another girl said, and all the girls broke up into giggles.

"'Don't listen to them,' said the first girl. 'You go on out and have fun with Harry Ape or whatever his name is. If that's what you call it—fun.'

"My whole evening was ruined. And then when I graduated and went to work, I met quite a number of these girls with the same philosophy. I also read a number of books in which this type of woman was presented as being daring and superior and wise. . ."

**T**HE patient was a young woman of 29. She had come to Dr. Jens for help after suffering nightmares and sleeplessness for nearly a year.

(Continued on page 52)

AMAZING!

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(Continued from page 51)

Under analysis she admitted having been seduced by the editor of a woman's magazine, a woman of about her own age, whom she had met at a cocktail party.

"After all I had read on the subject," the patient confessed, "it didn't seem wrong to carry our friendship one step further. I had had an argument with Harry the evening before, and insisted that the whole thing was his fault. She told me that men were beasts. She sympathized with me. She told me that women shouldn't have to put up with the treatment men gave them."

It was an old story to Dr. Jens, and to many other psychiatrists who listen to similar confessions daily. They have become aware that homosexuality—including lesbianism—is no longer the deep dark secret it once was, whispered and laughed about. They have become aware that sick deviates no longer lurk in the alleys of society, but have taken places in the front ranks of art and commerce. They have become aware of the horrible truth that what

was once a source of shame has become, in some circles, almost fashionable.

"I know of nothing more sinister in our society," wrote Dr. Jens, "than this powerful 'public relations' campaign to glamorize sexual aberration. The campaign often begins by glorifying the female to an absurd extent. In no other country and at no other time has the cult of female worship achieved such dimensions. Visitors to these shores often have the feeling that we are a single sex nation."

In advertising and in television shows, Dr. Jens pointed out, the male has been reduced to a fumbling, bungling oaf who can't walk into the living room without tripping over a footstool and falling on his face. He burns his hand on the charcoal grill, he's unable to find a beer opener without his clever wife's assistance, he is reduced to helpless confusion when faced with the simplest household tasks, his children have nothing but contempt for the stupid clod and are constantly putting one over on the old man, often in conspiracy with their pretty, clever mother.

"The intriguing fact is, however," wrote Dr. Jens, "that this clumsy, slobbering sub-human creature who passes for a man is the same man who somehow built the most marvelous technological nation on earth, who smashed the Nazi superman, who built an atomic bomb—all, oddly enough, without the slightest assistance from his clever wife and children."

Is it an accident that the men in those TV soap commercials look like they've just crawled out of a cave? Sure, they are able to fix an automatic washer, but the viewer is left with the distinct impression that they certainly can't do anything else. To avoid any hint that the man might just be a wee bit superior to the woman because he can fix an automatic washer and she can't, our friend the repairman talks like Lenny in "Of Mice and Men." He's such a cluck nobody could feel inferior to him.

But the bulk of the blame in the plot to make lesbianism smart has to fall on book publishers. It is no secret that this industry has more than its share of deviates who tend to favor

(Continued on page 54)



## PIXPOSE'

Perhaps you saw the photo at left in your favorite magazine. It shows Greek dancing star Vera taking a bow after her performance in the new French revue "Follow Me" at the Lido in Paris. Vera is wearing not much more than \$40,000 worth of furs—but the audience didn't seem to mind. What audience? Below, **On the Q.T.** shows you the REST of the picture, with some pretty important people applauding the sexy show. From front row center, left to right, Serguei Vinogradov, Soviet Ambassador to France (back to camera); the Duke of Windsor; an unidentified woman; and millionaire playboy Baby Pignatari. The Duchess of Windsor (partly hidden) is seated opposite the Duke.





(Continued from page 52)

others as sick as themselves, and who publish certain untalented authors only because they "belong to the club."

In addition, many important editors in the book publishing field are women who also take care of their own. Some of these are unofficial public relations people in the lesbian plot. Working in the communications field, they are able to get their philosophy across to the unsuspecting reader. Little by little they, and others like them, have been able to "glamorize" a disgusting, pathetic way of life, to equate normalcy with naivete and to make sickness smart.

"How successful has this campaign been?" asks psychiatrist Dr. Rens. "So successful that an alarming number of people today have swallowed certain myths about inversion, i.e., that a sick affair is much more intense than a healthy one, that once a woman has strayed into this area she will not be satisfied with a normal, moral relationship. It is amazing . . . how many otherwise intelligent people have been brainwashed into accepting this nonsense."

**S**OME large offices in many major cities have very real problems with female deviates who set themselves up as "aristocracy" and who attempt to lay the groundwork for seduction of young girls by constantly putting down men and by tantalizing their co-workers with glowing accounts of a "real wild party at my place the other night."

Men have been able to see through many of these devices, which is why books about male homosexuality rarely sell anywhere near as well as books about lesbianism. Also, men are less swayed by flattery, and a deviate who makes a pass at a normal man runs the risk of getting a punch in the mouth.

But more than one observer has commented on the almost suffocating glorification of the woman in our society. From childhood to adulthood the girl is made to feel special. She reads that little girls are made of sugar and spice and everything nice, while little boys are made of snails, nails and puppy dog tails. Her teachers, mostly women, often seem to give her special preference, a suspicion which has been used to explain the superior grades of girls over boys in the lower grades. In advertising she sees pretty girls selling everything from cars to cigarettes.

Television entertainment, she finds, is nothing but show after show devoted to the competence and cleverness of the woman and the oafishness of the man, interspersed with round-the-clock cosmetic commercials telling her how to be even more beautiful.

"Small wonder that many women attain maturity with the feeling they are

much too special to associate with the average man," wrote British psychiatrist E. Edward Gherner.

One of the most hopeful and promising developments in the treatment of homosexuality was recently announced in Washington where Dr. Michael M. Miller, professor of psychiatry at Howard University Medical School, recently claimed substantial success in treating four male homosexuals with hypnosis. He said he had established normal heterosexual behavior in all four, an accomplishment that had been considered impossible by most psychiatrists.

Dr. Miller, who has been carrying out his studies under a Public Health Service grant, uses hypnosis to create in his patients' minds an attraction to the female body and an aversion to that of the male. He puts the patient through a series of hypnotic trances, followed by monthly booster treatments until the patient's attitudes have been changed.

There is reason to suspect that the same treatment would work for female deviates as well. It is a bright ray of hope for those who have suffered from this tragic illness for many years, and for those unfortunates who have become infected by it through the same old plot to make lesbianism smart.

It is no more smart than any other disease. ●

## CHRISTINE KEELER MOVIE

(Continued from page 27)

create a man," he said, "good or bad." Christine herself, he said, had read and approved the film script.

In the meantime a Danish schoolmarm launched a petition demanding that the government ban the film. Fourteen thousand persons signed it, but the Danish Cabinet took no steps to halt production—and the "Christine Keeler Story" sped through the cameras weeks ahead of schedule as the shock waves of the sex scandal of the century continued to rock Britain.

Contracts called for the film to be released by November 30 and the film was put in the can in the middle of October. Christine, the subject of countless books, newspaper and magazine articles, and sermons, was about to be immortalized on the motion picture screens of the world—and make quite a bit more money in the process.

**F**ROM the reports out of Copenhagen, director Robert Spafford has pulled no punches in his film. He described it as an "unvarnished portrayal" of the playgirl's relationship with the society osteopath who died of a drug overdose. Still photographs from

the film were so sensational that a set of them was obtained by a picture agency in the U.S. which normally services its clients impartially, and offered only on a "highest bidder" basis for the complete set.

The rush to make money from the story of a girl whose main object in life seemed to be to make money inspired some weird efforts. The latest is a musical farce based on the Ward affair which is being planned for production in London's West End. The project was announced by Frederick Read, co-director of the Museum-street Galleries in London where Dr. Ward's paintings were exhibited. The script has been completed but had to be sent to the Lord Chamberlain for approval. Title of the musical? "Thank You for Everything"—the phrase taken from one of Ward's suicide letters.

The *Daily Mirror's* acerbic columnist Cassandra was appalled at the idea. "I've heard some bad ideas in my time but high—or rather low—among them is the proposal to stage a musical about Stephen Ward, who committed suicide just before the verdict in his trial.

"One of the most unpleasant things about this ugly business has been the rush to make money out of it, ranging from Miss Keeler's fortune to all the perks made on the side by the smaller fry. . . .

"To use this for a song-and-dance act seems to be pretty heartless stuff. Ward was an hysterical, shallow type, but his death nevertheless was a melancholy, if not a tragic, affair, in which all of us as spectators were involved.

"To the authors of this latest theatrical contribution 'Thank You For Everything,' I think we say: 'Thank you for less than nothing.'"

The public's appetite for more and more about Christine and the others seems insatiable. When the Denning Report was issued over here, it was as though the blitz were on again. The booklet cost \$1.04 and went on sale at midnight in Her Majesty's London Stationery Office, the unprecedented hour being chosen to forestall a riot that was feared in some quarters.

I was almost trampled to death in my efforts to secure a copy. A mob of 2,000 persons pushed and shoved one another in their eagerness to read all about the Man in the Mask, Christine and Ivanov and the swim party at the Astor home. Charwomen were elbowed by University students (and vice versa). I saw several fights as frenzied people fought for their right of precedence in the lines. No doubt they needed the booklet for "research purposes," as I did. A porter from one of the hotels was there to buy 320

(Continued on page 56)



# LETTERS



## VIRGINITY

Dear Sir:

Recently I read in the November issue of *On the Q.T.* the article, "The 20-Minute Operation that Makes Women Virgins for 60 Bucks," by Bob Lindell.

I am the mother of two lovely daughters. I have been married four years. Since my last baby was born I have not been able to get any satisfaction from my marriage. I have been to all kinds of specialists, even to a psychiatrist. Nobody has been able to help me. Please advise me as to where I can make an appointment with a doctor who can perform this operation in this area.

Mrs. B. G.  
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

To our knowledge the operation is not being performed in the United States. Also, it is for "cosmetic" reasons only and cannot influence marital relationships.

## SEX SWITCH

Dear Sir:

I am writing this letter in hope you may be able to help me. I was raised by my Aunt and I recall the doctor telling her when I became sick that I really should have been born a girl because there is so much girl in me, but to let well enough alone for the time being, and let Nature take its course. Well, I may be wrong but I think Old Mother Nature must be sleeping in my case. I was 10 years old at that time and I'll soon be 44 years old, and I want to be what I was meant to be, and I'm sure it wasn't a man. I and my ex-wife went to see a Doc before we got married. He called me aside and said he was against it, and not to rush into giving my name to anyone as someday I may have to change mine. Well, we went and got married anyway. The Doc was right. Our marriage didn't work.

8

Now I have a lot of troubles. No. 1, around the 1st or last of each month I feel sicker than a dog. And enjoy the company of men. When I was a youngster I enjoyed dolls and all things a girl likes. No. 2, I had quite a bit of hair on my body and now my legs are almost clear. I do admit I'm a good housekeeper and cook.

Whom can I talk to about this? I'm tired of being an in between. Also is an operation such as this very expensive? Please let me know so I can start saving my pennies.

Please don't laugh at this letter. But if I'm meant to be one, why shouldn't I be?

L. K.  
Chicago, Ill.

On the Q.T. cannot give medical advice of this nature. We suggest you talk over your problem with your doctor.

Dear Sir:

Would you please find the name and address of the place where Coccinelle underwent a series of operations to become a girl? I am interested in becoming a girl. Or find a place in the U.S. where I could change sex.

E. S.  
Baltimore, Md.



Coccinelle

Dear Sir:

I thought your story about Coccinelle that appeared in your November issue was very interesting. From what I've gathered from a doctor, the operations she underwent only changed her physical appearance and that her body does not contain the necessary female glands, so that bearing children would be more than dangerous for her; it would be impossible, leaving only one alternative, adoption.

Coccinelle is indeed a beautiful woman and I have always wanted to meet her personally. It was a shame her marriage ended so soon, but I was thinking that there is someone for her, maybe many, who would make a good mate, except when you think of those flying tomatoes and jeers it makes you shudder. I also want to ask if Miss Coccinelle has, or is, or has any plans to write her autobiography.

What does Q.T. stand for?

A. S.  
San Francisco, Calif.

Q.T. is slang for quiet, and when something is kept On the Q.T., it is kept secret. Except in the case of On the Q.T., us, who have a big mouth and blab it all over the place.

Dear Sir:

Your article on men who changed their sex interested me. Please explain in detail about this or have someone write me who has either had this done or knows about it. Please send full particulars.

J. W.  
Columbus, Ga.

Dear Sir:

I am a devoted fan of your magazine and have been for some time. I used to consider your articles excellent, but in the Sept., 1963, issue you have one article which surpasses all others. When I read, and reread, your article, "Guys Who Become Gals," I was most

(Continued on page 40)