



● Don't go West, young man, till you read this. Your best friends won't tell you, but filmville's become a topsy-turvy land where 3-D isn't the **ONLY** thing that's got the whole town talking!

By JUAN MORALES

IF YOUR LITTLE GIRL is off to crash the glittering gates of Hollywood, don't bother to warn her about those wolves with etchings, mink coats and the wide, soft beds. There's no safer place for a bosomy female today than the film colony, but Heaven help her brother unless he knows his ABC's — and D for deviates!

Things have gotten so out of hand in this new Sodom-on-Sunset Boulevard that you can't tell the he-men from the she-men without a scorecard. We know. We got the shock of our lives when we discovered that one of the nine top cowboy stars, after a hard day riding the movie range, likes nothing better than to swap his cowboy pants for lace panties.

Some He-Man Movie Heroes Prefer Limp Wrist Lads

We also learned that of the top male stars — the middle-aged boys who have been glittering on marquees for a decade or more — more than one-fifth prefer the company of lads with limp wrists. And many more were double-gaited and dallied with both sexes before settling down with a wife and family.

Of the younger, up-and-coming actors and the newer stars the percentage is higher. One analyst estimates at least 30 percent of those boys are frustrated Christines. Few

of them, however, ever run afoul of the law. Sometimes they do, but you won't read about their troubles in the papers. A "property" always gets protection from on high. Like the top blonde movie actor who was hustled off to the pokey recently after he was found doing a Bill Tilden with a youthful male admirer under the stands of Gilmore baseball stadium. The efficient police department of his studio managed to convince the local gendarmes the incident should be kept off the police blotter.

Not that these irregulars worry about keeping their inversions secret. Known queens are present at the finest dinner parties and mix easily with more normal celebrities. Many single movie actresses actually prefer having these Peter Pansies around for escorts. It's as safe as going out with their sisters. In fact, it's gotten so bad you don't dare stop a male stranger and ask for a match. You're liable to find him trying to make one.

Even many writers are frustrated twerps in trousers, and one member of the Screen Writers' Guild estimates 10 percent of his colleagues are "that way."

But it's on Sunset Strip where you'll really find the "dears" frolicking. One long-time resident of movietown claims the Strip contains the heaviest concentration of gay bores in the country.

The Strip, a three-mile long ribbon of county land, links Hollywood to Beverly Hills. Technically, it's called West Hollywood, but to its depraved denizens it's known as "Boy's Town." County sheriff's officers, charged with maintaining its law and order, are lots more relaxed than the boys in blue who patrol Los Angeles improper.

As a result there are less bankruptcies among the Strip's bars than any similar places in Hollywood. They are packed night after night with nances, all dressed the same way — narrow-shouldered English drape suits, tab-collared Oxford shirts, black knit ties and moccasins decorated with tassels.

Our one-night romp through this never-never land of lads who like to be lassies brought us first to Jack's at 8806 Sunset Boulevard. It's a favorite eating place for the queen bees, who generally hit it only for sustenance, not sex.

Down the street, at 8795 Sunset, we found the Cafe Gala, the swankiest queer-upholstered saloon on the Coast.

The Cafe Gala is a smart, tiny, New York-ish supper club. There's a bar and balcony with a startling view of the city lights twinkling below. It's all very chic, styled in French Regency. But it has the obvious touch of a decor called "Early homosexual."

At the bar the night we were there, were many movie town queers, living it up. The popular toast here is "bottoms up." The vice squad plays vigilantes with the violets at the Gala.

One vice-squadder revealed that of the last 22 arrests of male Mollies on the Strip, there were 10 young unknown actors and dancers in pictures or television, one writer, three artists, three unemployed, two students, one bartender, one department store clerk, one aircraft worker and one accountant.

Off the Strip, in the city limits of Los Angeles, the places you might find your wandering semi-boy aren't so fancy. The vice squad keeps an eye on them: The Open Door at 881 South Vermont; the Gaiety at 784 Western; the Golden Carp at 7650 Melrose; Maxwell's on 8rd Street; and the "If" Cafe.

Swish Set Was Considerably Agitated

Many famous actors and writers who belong to the third sex live at beaches such as Santa Monica, Venice, and Ocean Park. You might be trampled to death at Santa Monica if you get in the way of Bikini-wearing male Circes rushing to the section known as Muscle Beach, where they stand for hours watching muscle-bulging he-men do weight-lifting and tumbling tricks. It's all very yummy.

The Santa Monica swish set was considerably agitated a few seasons ago by the arrest of a columnist in Santa Monica. He had met a fellow in a beach bar and persuaded him to sip a Gibson in a dimly-lit corner of the saloon. The columnist's would-be conquest turned out to be a vice-squadder.

The writer lost his job, but left town to become the secretary of a famous actress in New York.

Incidentally, three of the Hollywood columnists are not the marrying kind.

Many of the deviate dilettantes have abacks on Catalina or Malibu. You can identify these rendezvous by their droll names, such as "Wir's End," "Pratt Falls," "Drag-Net," "Sincrama," "Male Call," "We Three," and similar waggeries.

No one knows, for sure, how many fairies there are in Hollywood. The town is loaded in high places with people who have bivalent tendencies — meaning they're double-gaited. And while it poses a problem for police and psychiatrists, it's a helluva lot tougher on the women. They never know, when they go out with a man, whether they're dating a Jack or a Jill.

Personally, we liked the good old days in Hollywood, when Fanny was a name and a pansy was a flower! **END**

WE MASKED FACE OF THIS MOVIE JUVENILE TO SAVE HIS STUDIO FROM EMBARRASSMENT. THE TWISTED TWERP INSISTED THAT CONFIDENTIAL'S PHOTOGRAPHER TAKE HIS PICTURE!

