

Boy Marries Boy ... And Tattle-Tape's Got it!

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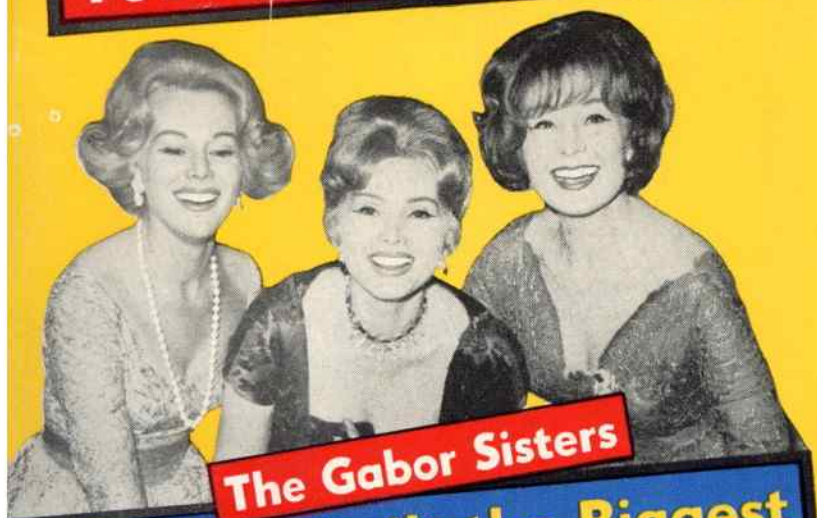
Confidential

APRIL 35¢



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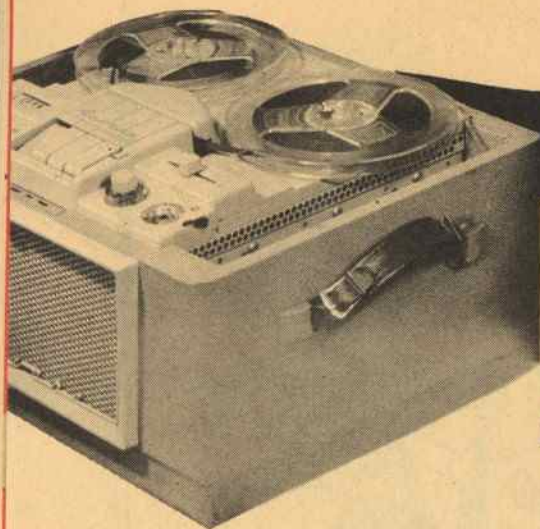
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TATTLE-TAPE

GOES TO A 'GAY' WEDDING (the bride wore a beard!)

By AARON PUTNAM

THE chapel was small, accommodating about 50 people. At the "altar" the minister wore his religious garb, held a Bible in his hand and waited for the bridal couple. From the side entrance, the groom, wearing a slightly outdated tuxedo yet looking handsome with his crewcut and with a flower spray in his lapel, walked slowly down the narrow aisle. He was easily six feet tall, half a head taller than the minister.

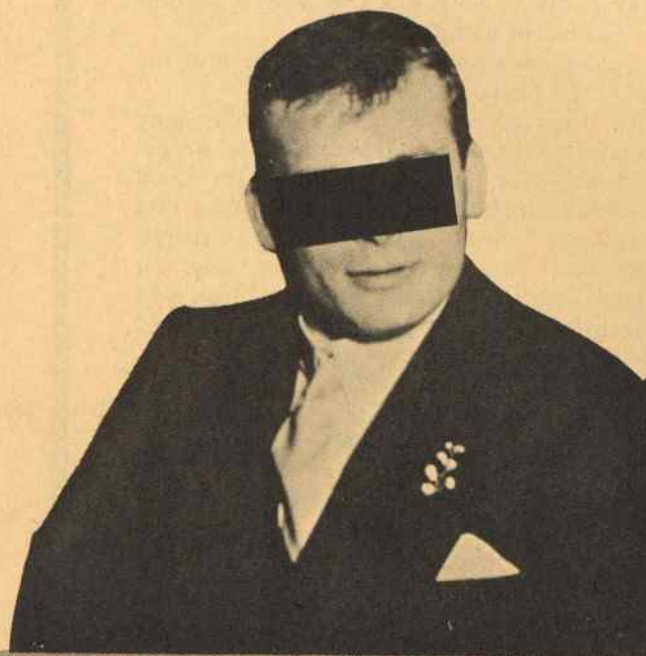
Suddenly the organ struck up Lohengrin's *Wedding March* and the crowd in the chapel turned, anxiously awaiting the bride. She appeared, dressed completely in traditional white, a veil over her pale white face, the bouquet of flowers fresh and exciting as though heralding this, her wedding day. There were sobs up front

from relatives, dear friends, and acquaintances.

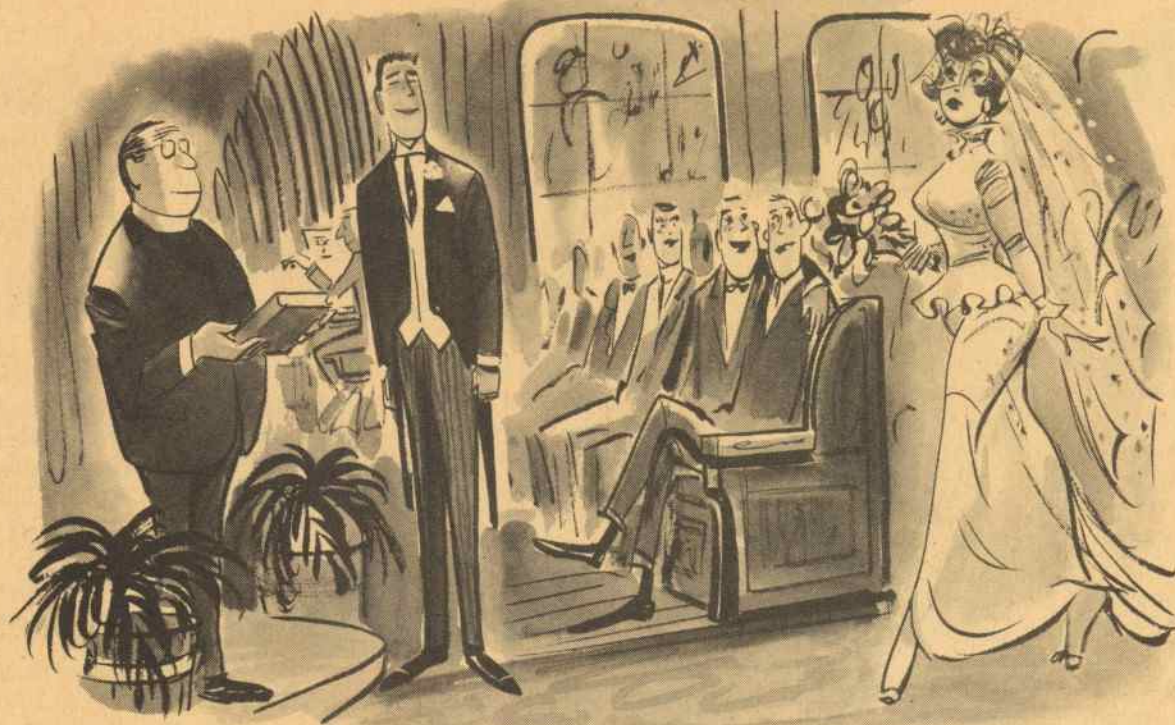
Ever so slowly the bride walked gently down the aisle, her eyes brimming with tears, her red lipstick stark, yet natural against the soft velvety face. She was indeed beautiful. At the aisle, groom and bride stood side by side, listening to the age-old intonements of our most sacred ritual.

"I now pronounce you man and wife," said the minister.

The groom lifted the bride's veil, gazed down upon her countenance tenderly and gave her a passionate kiss. The bubble burst and the babble of the onlookers reached a crescendo. The bride and groom stepped down from the podium and were swallowed in the



It never made society



crush of well wishers, all eager to kiss the bride and groom.

I realize that there are 1½ million marriages performed every year in America.

But this marriage was disgusting!

To be honest with you, I must say that I am writing this story under protest. The editors may or may not delete these lines but they know my position.

It all started when I returned to New York for my annual visit with the editors and publisher of the magazine. We discussed policy as well as probable story breaks and possible future ideas to be worked on. Off-handedly I mentioned that one of the boys mentioned that he was going to attend a "gay" wedding. I asked the editor how nutty can people get? The editor said he wanted that story as a *Tattle-Tape*. I refused to do it. A hassle ensued. I asked for permission to take our argument down on tape—for future reference in case the editor or I lost our heads. Permission was granted.

Editor: *You'll have to cover it, Aaron.*

Putnam: *I think such a wedding is horrendous, disgusting.*

Editor: *The world isn't made up of pretty things.*

People who read CONFIDENTIAL have a right to be informed of any behaviour or misbehaviour whether social or anti-social by any segment of the population. Most people are unaware of such goings on, even those who are aware still may not know exactly what takes place. As long as it remains within the bounds of honest reporting and doesn't descend to poor taste, it is your duty to report it.

Putnam: *It's bad enough to write about them—but a wedding, ugh!*

Editor: *I don't condone or condemn homosexual behaviour. It is not up to us to judge these sexual inverters. But remember when dog bites man it's not news, but when man bites dog it is news. Any ordinary wedding is not news. Such a wedding is CONFIDENTIAL news. Putnam: I'll do it under protest. And I want a guarantee I'll finish it.*

So that is how Bill G., a talented photographer in Hollywood, (a sometime homosexual who has periods of normalcy and periods of abnormalcy), and a very witty fellow invited me to the wedding. I was to be the only square there, but no one would know it but Bill. I didn't tell Bill I was going to bring my pocket recorder along, it might have (Continued on next page)

columns. But this wedding set tongues wagging along LA's Gay White Way!

TATTLE-TAPE

continued

queered the whole deal, if you'll pardon the expression.

The wedding took place on a Friday evening in order to afford the couple a two-day and three-night honeymoon before they returned to work. Bill had told me that the groom, a driver of a trailer truck, was married and the father of two children. I found out later it wasn't so. He was a bachelor. His name was George (though he preferred "Georgia" in the group). He was husky, rugged-looking with a small scar at the corner of his right eye. Apparently at one time he'd been an amateur fighter. He was a good boxer but he just couldn't stand hitting his rugged, muscular opponents. He couldn't bear *hurting* them.

The bride was using the name of Lenore (real name Leonard). She was about 5'4" tall, very slim, pale-looking with extraordinary good looks that could only bring envy from real women. She had a bosom (falsies) and I really thought the whole thing a hoax. Then I noticed that Lenore had one thing no woman could fake (when fully dressed) and that was an Adam's apple. This was proof positive that it wasn't a girl masquerading as a man imitating as a girl. (If you lost me there, don't worry, you haven't missed a thing.)

So it wasn't a hoax, it was for real.

All this viewing and reviewing took place prior to the ceremony which was up in the hills a mere 15 minutes from Hollywood and Vine. "Lenore" was an interior decorator, and I understand, a wonderful refinisher of antiques. Since I didn't know anybody and Bill was taking pictures he let me have two on the proviso I didn't show their faces or reveal their names.)

I turned on my tape recorder after entering the chapel (which I later discovered had been rented, with



the minister natch, one of the "boys" in disguise). I sat near two women who turned out to be female—but only in appearance. Their conversation was enlightening:

Girl 1: *Wasn't it nice of Rocky and Rhoda to arrange such a wedding? What do they charge?*

Girl 2: *Oh, they have a list of prices. You know about their "Lonely Hearts Club"?*

Girl 1: *No.*

Girl 2: *They have this club that finds perfect mates for "gay" boys or girls. Arranging such a date costs about \$100. They also arrange weddings, cater the affairs and arrange for the minister.*

Girl 1: *Is this a double ring ceremony?*

Girl 2: *But def. Hey, here's the groom. Doesn't George look handsome? Gosh, if I were square, I could even go for him.*

Girl 1: *He's only a truck driver.*

Girl 2: *Lenore will change all that. She's got culture. She'll make something of him.*

Girl 1: *People shouldn't get married to change them over.*

Girl 2: *Why not?*

Girl 1: *My mother always told me.*

Girl 2: *Ah, you and your mother.*

Girl 1: *You talk like that to me again and I'll go home to my mother.*

Girl 2: *Threats, threats, that's all I get from you. I hope that one day I'll come home and you won't be there.*

Girl 1: *(bursting into tears.)*

Girl 2: *Darling, don't cry. I didn't mean it.*

(At this point I changed seats. The groom was at the altar, very nervous, fidgeting, looking awkward in his tux as though he were unaccustomed to wearing it. I sat down next to a trio of very feminine-looking men).

Blonde (whispering): *Who's that cat who just sat down there?*

Sandy: *Never saw him before. He came with Bill.*

Blonde: *He's a doll.*

Black: *He's tall, rugged and ugly—just the way I like 'em.*

Blonde: *He's not ugly, he's masculine. How I love that type.*

(I suddenly realized they were talking about me. Luckily the organist started playing the Wedding March, or I might have pasted one of them on the jaw.)

The bride glided down the aisle. Behind her came a bridesmaid (also a male dressed as a woman), and the best man. (Usually they arrive first, but somebody got a little mixed up). The best man was about 5'2" tall and very wide in the shoulders. He reminded me, vaguely, of a muscleman, one of the burly biceps boys at

Muscle Beach (before the authorities made them cut out their shenanigans). The bridesmaid, I learned, was a TV actor who played in many Westerns as a villain.

The trio next to me were talking during the ceremony and were not talking for my benefit now, so I could not hear what they said. I inched up closer and turned the volume up, hoping the microphone was sensitive enough to pick up what was said. It did! Here's what it caught:

Blonde: *It's a shame Lenore is out of circulation. She was a wild one.*

Black: I think she'll play.

Blonde: *Not unless this marriage doesn't take.*

Black: I don't know. We made the scene last night and—

Blonde: *You didn't!!*

Black: Ssh! If George ever found out he'd break our necks. He's strong you know.

Blonde: *What did she say?*

Black: That she was marrying him just to have a home—she's never had a real house of her own. She also feels it her duty to cultivate George. He's so crude, you know. But he does go away for a week at a time on cross-country runs, and she could never stand to be without companionship — especially a cultural one.

Blonde: *She always did like to play, didn't she? She's a real doll. How come YOU didn't marry her?*

Black: And disappoint all the other girls—including you, Stanley?

(Laughter.) There's a disapproving look from the minister who is playing it straight.

The wedding ceremony ended and we all went to a basement hall, where buffet dinner was served for the guests, including champagne. Were it not for the fact that I knew these people were pansies one and all, I would have thought myself at a dull, middle class wedding.

I must admit that by this time I was ready to leave except that I needed a drink. I reached for the Scotch but was handed a glass of Piper Heidsick instead. After four quick glasses, I found myself getting into the mood of the whole ludicrous event. I even danced with the bride who nestled up to me like I was Hercules. If this was a for-real woman I'd have been spending the night with the bride. Everyone danced and enjoyed themselves. Then, when I finally got set to leave when Bill told me not to. Half a dozen people, including myself, he said, were going to be in for a rare treat.

The bridal couple left in their car, presumably for a place unknown. It wasn't—not to six of us, including the blonde boy. Bill the fotog, the black-haired boy (who at close quarters, I saw, was wearing a hair piece), the "bridesmaid" and the best man. The newly married pair would hole up in the best man's apartment—and it was there where we were heading. To stage a sort of silent shivaree. Or, to phrase it differently, to play Peeping Toms.

On the way I learned that the "groom" was a Mid-

westerner who was not too experienced with the "queer" fish on the East and West Coast. Despite the fact he was a homo, he was plenty naive, and his gay pals figured *this* was fun. This peeping bit.

We stopped the car, followed the short, muscular best man (still in his tux) up the outside stairs to his garden apartment. There was a small balcony running outside the bedroom. We waited about ten minutes, then crowded on it.

The Venetian blinds were drawn, but one on a window nearest us was raised about two inches from the bottom, and afforded a good view of what was going on inside the lighted room. I remember that at the time I thought it odd this blind should not be all the way down. But then, things have a habit of sticking. And this deal we were about to spy on was a sticky wicket if ever I saw one.

From our vantage point we could see the couple in a passionate embrace. Then they began to undress. There were pinchings and heavy breathing on the porch. I could not stand to watch it. The sandy-haired boy and the black-haired boy began to get excited, stimulated by the view. The others just panted with ecstasy. All I can say, at this point, is that I spent so much time defending myself from cold hands, I didn't see too much. I didn't really want to see anything.

All of a sudden it dawned on me. Of course—the "stuck" blind, the lights being left on in the room. Lenore, the lovely Lenore and Leonard, the "bride" herself, was in on the gag. It was a cruel and heartless thing to do, but homo humor is often vicious and sadistic.

Confident she had an unseen audience, Lenore began posturing in her pelt, playing to the peepers outside. Poor George, of course, knew nothing about it. He thought his bride was doing it all for him.

It was a strange and obscene performance, one which I refuse to describe further. I'd had it up to here. I abruptly left the party and no one noticed. They were busy glomming the action. Me, I wanted clean, fresh air, and lots of it. I'd had enough of Queersville's version of *The Wedding of the Painted Doll*. . . .

