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STRIP-TEASE IN ALASKA
SIR!
A MAGAZINE FOR MALES

March 25¢



**HARLEM'S LATEST
VICE RACKETS**
SEE PAGE 6

**FRANCESCO CENCI
MONSTER OF LUST**
SEE PAGE 14

**THE TEXAS KING AND
THE BELLY DANCER**
SEE PAGE 20

Shirley Roden

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Contents—March, 1952

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Julius Caesar's affair with Nicomedes shocked Rome, later was partly responsible for his assassination.

Homosexuals WHO CHANGED THE COURSE OF HISTORY

*Many a pervert's depravity has caused
history to be written in lust and blood!*

By L. MACKAY PHELPS



Perhaps Michelangelo couldn't have painted masterpieces if he had been a completely normal male.

FOUR of the most renowned dictators of all time were Alexander the Great, Caius Julius Caesar, Frederick the Great and the late but unlamented house painter of Berchtesgarden, Adolf Hitler. All were homosexuals, with the desires of women in the bodies of men.

Two of the four, Frederick the Great and Hitler, for the most part suppressed or "sublimated" their inclination for their own sex—Frederick the Great driving himself to exhaustion in constant work while Hitler contented himself largely with a few unnatural love affairs with various women and showing pronounced favoritism for sexual perverts and homosexuals, while humiliating women in various ways. The other two gave free vent to their distorted passions.

In addition to these four, many other "molders of history" both in and out of politics were homosexuals, including several of the Caesars, Louis XIII and Henry III of France, Richard II of England, Socrates, the great sculptor Praxitiles, Michelangelo, Leonardo da Vinci, Tchaikowski, Oscar Wilde, and literally hundreds of others.

Why is it that so many members of the so-called "twilight sex" attain power and prestige that might never have come to them had they been "normal" men?

It is known, for example, that almost all of them had unhappy childhoods, frequently being dominated by sex-starved and overly possessive mothers while being deprived of normal fatherly affection.

This was what happened in the case of Alexander the Great, whose father, Philip of Macedonia, gave him



Emperor Nicomedes conquered the conqueror — Julius Caesar (left).

little attention other than military instruction and who was largely raised by his mother and his tutor Aristotle. Alexander grew up to be completely headstrong and ruthless, murdering his male friend Clitus in a drunken orgy while still a youth and indulging in so many sexual excesses with both males and females that he died of mental and physical exhaustion at the age of thirty-two.

Two hundred and fifty years later, Caius Julius Caesar, then an ambitious but unsuccessful young politician in Rome, stood before a statue of Alexander the Great and wept with hysteria. "At my age," he babbled while tears ran down his cheeks, "that man had conquered the world. What have I conquered?"

A few years later, Caius Julius Caesar had, in his turn, conquered much of the known world. "In ten years' time," Plutarch writes, "he took 800 cities by assault, conquered 300 tribes, fought pitched battles at different times with 3 millions of men of whom 1 million were slain and 1 million taken captive and enslaved as prisoners . . ."

But as he marched from triumph to triumph through western Europe—then known as Gaul—his legionnaires were singing a ribald song whose meaning was unmistakable: *All the Gauls did Caesar vanquish, Nicomedes vanquished him; Lo! Now Caesar rides in triumph, But Nicomedes, who subdued the Conqueror Does not triumph.*

(Continued on page 54)



Hitler's sexual abnormalities are well-known. Because of them, he made Germany conform to his erotic ideas—lost the war, and his life.

HOMOSEXUALS WHO MADE HISTORY

(Continued from page 37)

This little ditty had its origin in the fact that, some years before while a political refugee, Caesar spent several years at the court of Emperor Nicomedes of Bithynia. For some time he was the "passive" mistress of Nicomedes, a sodomist.

Even the debauched Romans resented Caesar's tremendous excesses. In a speech in the Roman Senate, the elder Curio charged him with being "every woman's man and every man's woman." On another occasion a Roman of whom little is known except that his name was Octavius carefully saluted Pompey—then head of the government or dictator—as "King" and followed by greeting Caesar as "Queen."

Yet it was also said of Caesar that no woman was safe once he had cast his black, beady eyes covetously upon her. Another ballad sung of him clearly brings out this point:

*Guard well your wives, O citizens,
A lecher bald we bring;
In Gaul adultery costs him gold,
Here 'tis but borrowing!*

Caesar's sexual drive was, therefore, prodigious. He had four wives and innumerable mistresses, including the exquisite young daughter of a soothsayer named Aemilius Festus (she was reported to be adept in all manner of perversions); the poetess Sempronia (whom he forced to dance before his friends while attired only in a priapic mask); Posthumia, the wife of an extremely wealthy senator; Tertullia, the wife of Marcus Crassus; Lollia, the wife of his close friend Aulus; Mucia, the wife of Pompey; and—of course—the incomparable Cleopatra.

"... he had an evil reputation for shameless vice and for adul-

tery," the great Roman historian Suetonius says bluntly.

WHAT made Caesar such a bundle of paradoxes?

He was born in 102 B.C., the son of democratic and relatively poor parents—the Julius Caesars. His mother Aurelia was overwhelmingly fond of him, taking him into her private quarters for conversation during which she attended to the most personal details of her toilet when he was only two to four years old and taking him to the baths when he was no more than five. She dressed him in a foppish manner and kept him with her almost constantly.

Suetonius notes that in later years "Caesar was somewhat over-nice in the care of his person, being not only carefully trimmed and shaved, but even having superfluous hairs pulled out..."

Caesar's actual introduction into homosexuality probably came at the age of eleven, when his tutor, a Greek named Philodemus, had unnatural relations with him, was caught, beaten, and thrown out of the house. But by that time the tendency was well established, and Caesar, who was physically "beautiful" with his slim figure, small hands and sensual, beardless oval face, acted more female than male much of the time.

In many respects he resembled Hitler, with his frequent attacks of hysteria, his gangs of strong-armed mobsters, his claims to be a democratic "friend of the people," when actually his basic urge was to dominate women and be dominated by men.

Like Hitler, he had an intuitive grasp of any situation, making his decisions instantaneously and following through regardless of opposition. In one way—during "work-

ing hours"—he was as ascetic as Hitler; he never drank on the job, and Marcus Cato remarks that he was "the only man who undertook to overthrow the government while sober."

Many homosexuals, due perhaps to a compulsion to prove a masculinity they subconsciously abhor or doubt, excel at masculine activities and are brave to the point of recklessness. Caesar was one of these; he was never accused of lack of courage. His main interest in women seems to have been to prove to them that he was a man. After he had achieved this, his interest quickly waned, while his artificial passion soon turned to cruelty.

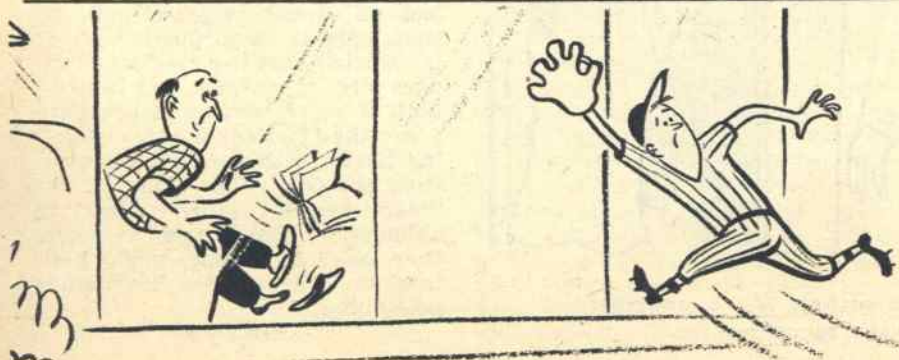
IN MANY ways, Adolf Hitler was the exact opposite of Frederick the Great. Physical cleanliness was an obsession with him; he never drank alcohol in any form or touched tobacco, and he was a vegetarian, holding the belief that meat contains harmful poisons.

He may be best described as a mother-lover in the Freudian sense who never outgrew his obsession. Careful study of his childhood reveals his contempt for his father, a domineering petty official who was also illegitimate—the son of a woman named Maria Schickelgruber—and who did not legally adopt the name Hitler until well along in middle life. From the time he was eleven, Adolf bitterly hated his father for trying to force him to become a minor clerk, and for opposing his ambition to become an artist.

On the other hand, Hitler had a one-sided love for his mother, who sympathized with his dreams and cared for him "with eternally the same loving kindness." He was already becoming a homosexual, though he may not have known it at that time.

Hitler always wanted to be babied by women. One of his most fantastic love affairs was with Frau Bechstein, wife of the famous piano manufacturer, who was twenty years his senior. As a grown man, he liked nothing better than to kneel at her feet and put his head on her knees, and even sit in her lap.

This predilection for "mother worship" led Hitler to one of his greatest crimes against German womanhood—turning them into breeding machines without regard for whether or not they were married. He did have "love affairs" with women, including one in 1933 with the teen-age daughter of the



famous photographer Hoffman and the much more familiar one with Eva Braun, which terminated in the bunker beneath the Reichschancellery. But it is probable that his sexual intimacies with women—assuming that they did occur—were of an abnormal sort.

This point is mentioned by Otto Strasser—who knew Hitler very well—in his book *Hitler and I*. "I knew all about Hitler's abnormality (with women)," Strasser writes, "... knowing his incapacity for normal love."

And, referring to Hitler's strikingly "feminine" way of thinking, his intuitions, frenzies, fits of weeping and so on, Strasser says, "... Hitler is afraid of logic. Like a woman, he evades the issue, and ends by throwing in your face an argument entirely remote from what you were talking about. ..."

Hitler adored the German gods of mythology. But he also abhorred the idea that they might have been lustily disposed toward women!

His true sexual gratification was obtained from men. Discreetly for the most part, he surrounded himself with a coterie of male courtesans such as Baldur von Schirach, a notorious homosexual whom, incidentally, he married off to Hoffman's daughter after he had tired of her and whom he promoted to the post of Reich Youth Leader.

WHY do homosexuals often possess a driving ambition that impels them to surpass normal males?

Contrary to common belief, homosexuality is almost never inborn. It is almost always acquired. Most homosexuals consider themselves "better" than normal people. They are frequently paranoiacs, suffering from "God complexes," the conviction that they are persecuted, and the urge to dominate or be dominated, to destroy or be destroyed. Because their minds are abnormally active, they are frequently excessively brilliant, with very high IQ ratings. That is why they are often so dangerous to society.

The examples just given attained more power than most. But few historians will say that the sum total of the benefits accomplished was greater than the evils they imposed. The conclusion seems to be that, no matter how brilliant, a distorted mind—homosexual or otherwise—is always a potential menace to mankind.

THE END

HARLEM'S LATEST VICE RACKETS

(Continued from page 9)

an introduction to the smooth looking girl vivaciously drinking a beer down at the end of the bar.

Since the girl is really nice looking, well stacked as well, he pays for an introduction. Then, like well-oiled clockwork, he no more than gets to sit down by the girl and start his line when in comes charging a burly rascal who starts yelling at the girl that their kids haven't been fed since yesterday, etc. etc. Exit the babe and her "angry" husband. Later, of course, the money for these "introductions" is split between the characters in this little comedy. The only principal to be left out is the chump.

An interesting variation of the old Badger Game is one in which the chump meets a girl in a bar and after a few sociable drinks departs with her for her apartment. They take a cab, as it just so happens that there is one waiting conveniently just outside the door of the bar. A block or so away the babe lets out a yip and slaps the chump's face. The cabby, the rough muscular type, slams on the brakes, whirls to glare back at the chump; yelling about how no sweet, innocent, little girl—no matter how much a stranger she is to him—is going to be molested in his cab!

The chump by now is getting pretty bewildered, especially when the cabby announces that he is driving to the nearest police precinct station to turn this monster in. Visions of headlines in the papers back home, headlines containing words like "attempted rape" end up with the chump struggling to convince the cabby that he's really not such a bad guy and that

here is ten dollars to prove it. Always he wins the struggle and is let out while the taxi and the girl fade away just like a sunset in a Grade B travelogue.

Creep and Panel joints, popular around the turn of the century, are reappearing. Due to the lack of organized "Red Light" houses and districts the "joints" of today, unlike their forerunners, are makeshift variations on a basic theme. The theme consisting of letting the chump lock all the windows he wants to ensure privacy once he gets into a room with his light-o-love. The chump, having done so, feels secure, being a smart guy, which is just what is wanted.

Then, once the lights are off, a sliding panel in the wall noiselessly opens and an assistant creeps into the darkened room to clean out the wallet and pockets of the chump's clothing which the girl has most carefully placed upon a chair near the hidden panel.

Low class joints are prone to completely clean the sucker and to let him yell depending upon the efforts of their bouncers. High class joints leave just enough in the wallet and all the change in the pockets so that the chump doesn't notice that he's been taken until he's miles away.

No stranger should visit Harlem if all he is looking for is a wild time, whether it be with alcohol or sex. He'll have a time there all right, but not the kind he is seeking. Remember, the sucker, when trapped, has no way to send up an S.O.S. When he's hooked—he's hooked. What can he do?

THE END

HORSE RACING

(Continued from page 18)

boys were engaged in their scientific figurings, the two unsophisticated gentlemen, remembering that the wife of one of them had just hired a new cook, reasoned what was good enough for her was good enough for them.

Hunch players hit the perfect bull's-eye on Christmas Day at Hialeah. The track was dressed up in holiday attire when the out-rider, dressed as St. Nicholas, led the horses postward in the Santa

Claus Handicap. The winner was Santa Claus. The jolly old chestnut paid \$8.20 into the sock of every believer in Santa Claus, although some of the regular hunch players shied away because they figured this was just too good to be true.

Admiral Bull Halsey, back from the Pacific, went to Santa Anita to play a few dollars. He saw Toy Bull listed. Admiral Halsey played him and he sailed home at 12 to 1. It was no mental strain for the ag-