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For Gay Guys

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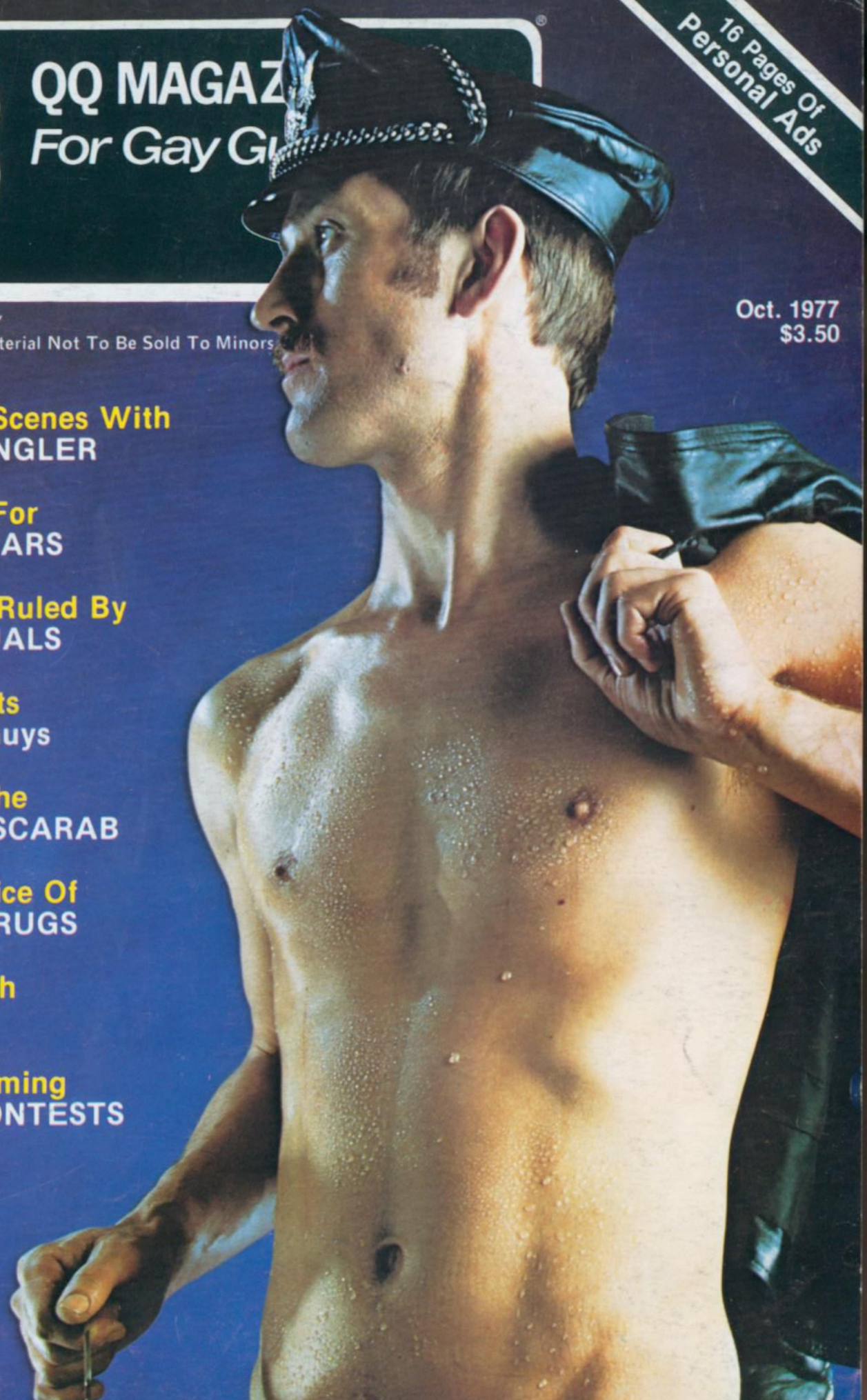
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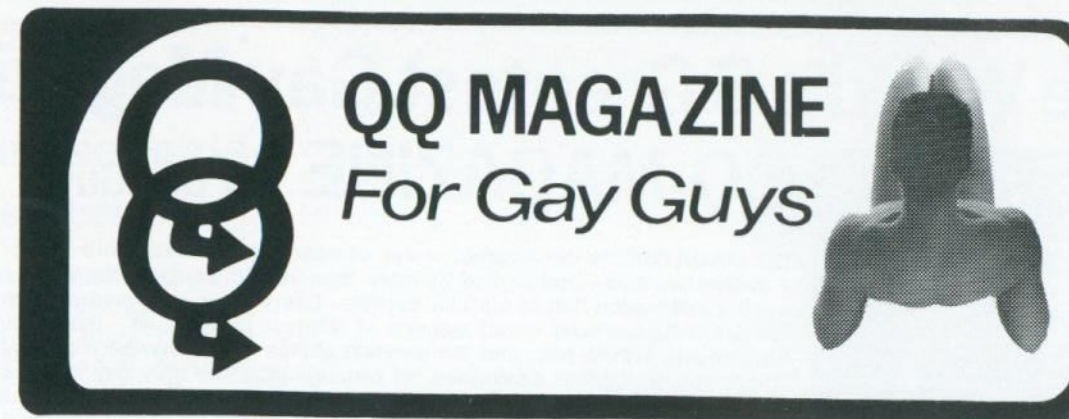
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SEPTEMBER/OCTOBER 1977

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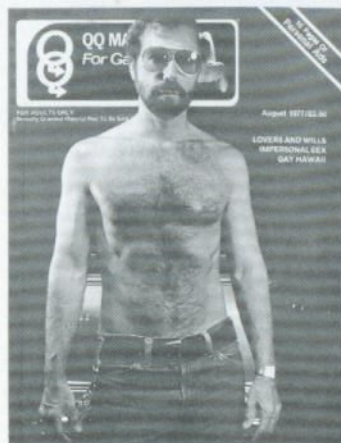
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The Empire That Was Ruled By Homosexuals

By Frank Rector

Of all homosexuals in history perhaps the least known but certainly the most remarkable was Muhammad II. He was sultan of the Ottoman Empire for 30 years, from 1451 when he succeeded to the throne at the age of 21 to his death in 1481.

I came across Muhammad by chance while doing research for a book on antique Eastern edged weapons. The more I read about Muhammad, the more I was astounded by what I was reading. At first I couldn't believe it. There must be some mistake! I dug into more and more sources, and cross-checked one historian after another against other historians. It was true:

Sultan Muhammad's empire—as the result of his deliberate design—was ruled almost exclusively by homosexuals.

Parker Rossman, noted English historian, says in his recent book, *Sexual Experience Between Men and Boys*: "Sultan Muhammad II of Turkey, the conqueror of Constantinople in 1453, a patron of learning and, as such, a father of the Renaissance, undertook a new Greek experiment to put homosexuality to work serving the Ottoman Empire...."

"As his armies conquered half of Europe, the sultan brought the most handsome and talented captive boys to his court. He dreamed of a new elite corps, bound by ties of homosexual love, that would be equipped to rule the world by the best education ever offered in history."

Sultan Muhammad intended at the very outset for his ruling cadre d'elite to be homosexuals "so that," says Rossman, "their loyalty to each other and to the sultan would never be diminished by family ties."

But what about the Ottoman Eastern religion? It forbade homosexuality. The explanation is simply that the situation was the same then with regard to religion and the homosexual as it is today.

September/October 1977



Rebel Gaston
ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD



While many homosexuals embrace the temples of God, those same temples would cast out the homosexual. Still, homosexuals fared infinitely better than, say, gay Baptists do in Mississippi now.

So it is true. Muhammad's was actually a gay empire, at least during his lifetime. And Muhammad, as Rossman and others describe him, was a homosexual "heroique," who "celebrated his conquests in bed, and who spent most of his time in the company of handsome young boys and men—except for his nights fathering children in the harem."

In that land far away and long ago there really did exist a Golden Age of homosexuality. Gays held the highest offices in the land. Its sovereign honored, praised, and richly rewarded them. In place of repression, homosexuality was seen as one of life's blessings and exquisite pleasures.

Why—500 years later—is this "news" to me? Why should this be "news" to anyone today? Why did it take me so much time in research to convince myself that homosexuals did indeed once rule an empire? We take it for granted that heterosexuals are, for the most part, the earth's rulers. And the heterosexual establishment and its educational institutions haven't been and still mostly aren't about to lead anyone to believe matters could be or have been otherwise. It's there for us to see for ourselves, to be sure. But it sure in hell is not going to be broadcasted, and, by many, not even admitted.

The story of Muhammad and his homosexual rulers was a real-life dream come true. Homosexuals were the "Arabian Nights" masters of one of the most advanced civilizations on earth. They ruled an empire that ruled most of the Near and Middle East and parts of Europe and Asia, including Syria, Egypt, Iraq, the Barbary and Balkan states, and huge slices of Russia and Hungary.

The stage upon which homosexuals created one of the most towering epochs of mankind, Turkey during the renaissance of the Ottoman Empire, was a chapter of history that sprang from the mind of one man—Muhammad. An individual of brilliant leadership and vision, his hands were no more steeped in blood and oppression than those of any other man of his kind in that day. In that fabled past, corruption, war, pillage, and cruelty were—just like today—never a question of "if" but only of "when" and "where."

It was a time when the sun glinted on jeweled scimitars, daggers, spear blades, and shields just as brightly and evilly as it does on other weapons now. The screams of the tortured and the dying were just as hideous and the grim business of tragedy was just as brisk beneath skies that were the same crystal blue as they were this afternoon and as star-speckled as they will be tonight.

Nevertheless, it was the reign of Muhammad—the Fatih, the Conqueror, the homosexual—that saw the final transformation of the Ottoman state from the promise of an empire into the full splendor of a truly imperial structure. One that was by Muhammad's plan governed by homosexuals. John R. Walsh, lecturer in Turkish and Islamic History at the University of Edinburgh, says: "Muhammad was a

ruler who was to prove one of the truly great figures of the Renaissance and the architect of a political edifice that until its final disappearance in the 20th century bore the indelible mark of his genius."

To know this strong-featured but rather coarse-looking Muhammad, whose hero was Alexander the Great, and how Muhammad came to conceive and implement a millennial system of government that placed homosexuals at the helm of the empire, one must know his father, Sultan Murad II.

Murad was the first sultan of the Ottoman Empire whose court became an outstanding center of poets, literary men, and scholars. He obviously was an enlightened man, and he appreciated the worth of homosexual experience. So much so, in fact, that he gave young Prince Muhammad an exquisitely precious gift, the gift of a strikingly handsome young slave boy the same age as Muhammad. The boy was called Mahmud.

Murad had seen that Mahmud was no slave of ordinary beauty and intellect. He felt that he would be a consort suitable for a budding emperor. Thus Mahmud became Muhammad's "familiar," his rival companion—each spurring the other to ever greater achievements in their studies and on the war-training field. They became—as Muhammad's father expected they would—friends and lovers.

If the saying is true that "the child is the father of the man," then Muhammad is a classic example. With Mahmud inseparably by his side, and with the nurturing of a loving father, the garden of Muhammad's talents and abilities flowered. He was, however, criticized for his lack of religiosity. The truth is he didn't believe in any faith except his own individual concept of God.

According to *The Palace School of Muhammad the Conqueror*, by Harvard historian Barnette Miller, "Muhammad's intellectual attainments far surpassed those of any other scion of the Ottoman dynasty. Even before his accession to the throne at the age of 21, he kept himself informed of the intellectual and artistic movements throughout the empire by correspondence and very friendly relations with various rulers."

When Muhammad was barely into his 20's (or perhaps even before), he recognized the empire-building power of one elemental observation: As he saw it, homosexuals would be superior rulers if they could be welded together under one leader. To accomplish that, he envisioned his governing body made up of men—all slaves and all non-Turks—who would be trained and educated together; whose alliances—and loves—would be forged among each other and not vested in interests inimical to the state. In short, a ruling cadre d'elite whose allegiance—because of their homosexuality and educational indoctrination—would be only to each other, to the good of the state as a whole, and to their leader—Muhammad.

Government by homosexuals was unique, but in that they were also slaves and non-Turks was not unique to the Ottoman Empire. It was all very carefully thought out and obviously supremely effective.

One of the reasons why slavery was so easily

accepted is because the Ottoman sultans were themselves sons of slaves. The harem concubines, from whence issued the line of sultans, were slaves. Thus each sultan was actually a child slave who eventually mated with another harem slave to produce a succeeding sultan, and so on.

Government by a slave class of non-Turks was really a clever defensive mechanism designed to prevent, by exclusion of native-born subjects from the government, the rise of an aristocracy of blood or of a hereditary official class. A sultan could elevate his slave rulers without envy—if worse came to worse—destroy them without danger. To ensure the stability of homosexual slave rulership, Muhammad established the grisly "Law of Fratricide." Under this law the sultans executed their younger brothers upon ascending the throne.

The French humanist, Blaise de Vigenere, wrote in 1660: "It should be understood, first of all, that the whole establishment of the sultan's court, the foundation of his empire, and the strength of his army, depend upon a permanent seminary of slave boys." These slave boys, who grew up to rule the Turkish Empire with the "advice and consent" of the supreme ruler, the sultan, were the creme de la creme of the Ottomans—provided, of course, they didn't blow it and wind up with an appointment with the sultan's executioner.

As for Turkish citizens, Muhammad saw their role as one of an essential service in populating the country and the empire, forming the lower echelons of its military forces, building its trade, and contributing to its culture and general advancement, a role that definitely and emphatically excluded state and military leadership.

The slave class was made up of tribute children and the choicest specimens to be found in the slave markets of the eastern Mediterranean and Black Sea coasts. These purchased slaves were chiefly from eastern Europe, Russia, Poland, Lithuania, and the Caucasus. The Georgians and Circassians, whose physical types were especially admired by the Turks, found the slave trade with Constantinople so profitable that they maintained slave stud farms to meet the demand.

Muhammad seized Constantinople (now Istanbul) in 1453 at the age of 24 in order to provide a solid power base for his novel government. Constantinople, a splendid metropolis of sophisticated Byzantine culture, was the jewel of the Mediterranean, the hub of commerce, art, and science of the East. It was built by Roman Emperor Constantine in A.D. 330 on the site of Byzantium, and ancient Greek city on the Bosphorus that commanded the entrance to the Black Sea. Muhammad clearly perceived Constantinople as the prerequisite locus—the heart—of his grand master plan for a great new empire unsurpassed in the world.

Muhammad's taking of Constantinople earned him the sobriquet of the "Conqueror" and engraved his reputation as not only a courageous but a psychologically astute leader. He was a commander-in-chief who could and did do battle as well as the best of his men. In taking Constantinople and waging other campaigns, Rossman says that

Muhammad "inspired his troops to conquests by promising them beautiful boys, and in each captured city he gave the sons of middle-class parents to his troops, leaving lower-class children to do the work, and kept the sons and daughters of the aristocracy for his own pleasure and purposes."

When Constantinople was captured, Muhammad straightaway set about organizing what was to be called the Palace School, ranked as one of the finest, greatest educational institutions in history; nothing like it had ever existed before Muhammad. From it came his ruling-class cadre of homosexuals whose singular concern was addressed to the well-being of each other, the new empire, and to himself—Muhammad, The Sultan, The Conqueror, Lord of All Land and Seas and Mountains and of the Stars and Moon and Sun and Destroyer of Enemies. The Palace School was the prime factor that carried the Ottoman Empire to its zenith of glory, says Harvard historian Miller.

Nowhere in the history of the world have so many fantastically handsome boys and young men been assembled in one place as in Muhammad's Palace School, which he personally organized and personally directed. The school, as its name indicates, was housed in the sultan's principal palace, the Grand Seraglio. It was built by Muhammad on Seraglio Point, a high peninsula extending into the Bosphorus between the Seas of Marmara and the Golden Horn (in 1924 its name was changed to the Palace of Topkapi Museum).

Periodically, captured slaves and tribute children—mostly white and mostly Christian—would be rounded up in various parts of the country inside and outside the empire. An examination would be conducted to select slave boys of the greatest physical beauty, bodily perfection, and highest intelligence—the most promising in every respect. They were set aside for service in the Grand Seraglio and possible appointment to the Palace School.

When they were delivered to the palace, several hundred at a time, a second examination and selection was made. Their naked bodies would again be minutely scrutinized for imperfections or blemishes; a cause for immediate rejection. They would be given tests in physical dexterity, and an oral examination would be held that was an astonishing prototype of today's most advanced intelligence and talent tests.

Those chosen in this second selection process were turned over to yet another examination team charged with making appointments to the Palace School.

In the third and final selection, only boys who were the *most* beautiful of the beautiful, the *most* intelligent of the intelligent, and the *most* strong and dextrous were enrolled in the Palace School. All the other youths, the "leftovers" (some leftovers!), were assigned in order of looks and ability to the Janizary Corps—the sultan's bodyguard and shock troops in battle—and to a myriad of palace service functions. The Janizary Corps was, during Muhammad's reign, entirely made up of homosexual lovers; upon appointment to the Corps, a youth had to vow never to marry. When the palace slave needs had been met,

(Continued on page 33)





Prinze- The Prize/The Price Sex And Drugs: Part 2

by Roger Watson

IN one of his searing articles on Freddie Prinze, so penetrating as to be as much autopsy as it is obituary, Pete Hamill in the New York *Daily News* of February 4, begins with this observation: "All of us carry demons, buried deep within us. They are often violent, wormy with anger and fear, destructive—but most of us *cage* them with our *will* . Freddie Prinze had his demons too. But *a day at a time* , over a period of several years, he *eroded* his will with drugs. In the very last hours of his life the demons were free; roaming around outside the cage . . . smelling blood . . . the blood of Freddie Prinze."

And then, quoting Carol Novak, Prinze's personal secretary, "'His intelligence was that of a man 40 years old . . . his emotions were about age 12.'"

And a final quote, to bring this article into our outreach on *Sex And Drugs* . In Part I (April 1977 *QQ*) we dealt with cocaine, the chic drug they call "powdered champagne," in which we noted that the *high* to which cocaine blasts one is of short duration, and the descent is so swift and unsettling that the 'cushion' of a 'downer' is needed for a soft landing. Quoting Hamill: "When Freddie Prinze arrived here (in Hollywood) 3½ years ago, dope was hip, dope was special, dope was a status symbol." (Guests, such as Prinze, invited to posh homes found the tray of cocaine to be as much a staple of the dining table as the saltcellar!) "Freddie Prinze started *doing* a lot of cocaine. Then, in an effort to get off it (or to 'get down from the peak' safely) he started with Quaaludes. He was able to function by day, using his extraordinary comic gifts to lift mediocre scripts to respectability. The night, however, was another matter." In short, coke-into-'ludes kept him fizzy, funny and functional by day for the shooting of episodes of *Chico and the Man* , while the transition to downers left him fuzzy, fearful and futile by night. (This latter may be surmised from the fact that his wife had recently divorced him after only 15 months of marriage.)

It is obvious that Freddie's demon was his fear of 'falling from the top' . . . of not being able to keep up the demanding pace of being Comedian Number One. Driven by this demon he sacrificed everything else to stay 'up'—even if it took 'downers' to do it; too late he learned—at only 22—that demons are not satisfied with applause; they're out for blood. So when his daily trips to the mountaintop became more difficult, were of shorter duration, and more

Quaaludes were needed to cushion his landing, it was impossible for him to continue. And so in a blue funk of total confusion he did what he felt he must to get himself out of a bind. As Pete Hamill concludes, "Now he's dead, and he won't ever make us laugh again, and that is the most terrible tragedy of all."

SEX AND DOWNERS

Gay guys—simply because they *are* gay—want to experience the highest possible peaks in sex . . . we're born for and to it. Thus such head drugs as the opiates (opium, morphine, heroin) have no meaning for us. It has been pointed out that heroin is the perfect occupational drug for hookers because it lets them go through the motions dozens of times a day and just not *care* . . . heroin divorces mind from body. The mind stays cozily comfortable in its ivory tower . . . the body can go to hell.

As we noted in Part I, cocaine acts in a totally different way since it does not divorce mind from body but makes them equal partners—it perks up consciousness *and* the emotions, and quickly sensitizes every part of the body—like an orgasm. It creates an emotional warmth other drugs do not and, as the saying goes, "it warms up the air space between lovers." The emotional and physical are intertwined. But as in the case of Prinze, the trip *down* can be fraught with discomfort, if not downright confusion and peril. Unless one of the downers, such as Quaaludes, is taken at the moment the 'descent' begins, the landing is going to be rough. Rougher still, the more frequently one does cocaine.

Because cocaine creates a feeling of great in-the-saddle generalship it is not surprising that it has become the drug of choice for those gay guys who lack confidence, or who have one or more hangups about the quality of their sexual performance, or lack of cock size. Certainly we are not making a case for coke; but as we said earlier, "It's a fact of life."

If cocaine—as a drug—does have a special plus, it is that it is not addictive. One may use it once a week, or several times a day—almost popper-like—as sexual opportunities occur, and yet have no feeling of need for it at other times. Although that isn't much of a plus—still, it's a plus, as Queen Victoria found when she went bonkers after Prince Albert died and left her lonely, without love. With a sniff of cocaine, and the gold-plated swing-faucet of



the Prince's bathtub, she psyched herself into believing it was the real thing! No small accomplishment.

Gay guys doing cocaine may hope the day will come when it may be 'improved' to the point where it is self-contained . . . without the need of downers to cushion the shock of landing . . . where it's always up-up-and-away and never down-down-into-the-mineshaft. Given the fact that, with the exception of Total Gay Acceptance by Holy Mother Church and Anita Bryant, anything is possible, this may well happen. Until then, if you are on coke you need downers. But they're such a sexual mess in themselves. Gay guys who hope to improve their sexual performance with them—because downers release tensions—are barking up the wrong tree. Be assured that as they release tensions they *decrease sexual acuity*. A tension 'downer' is not a sexual 'upper'.

QUAALUDES

Inasmuch as we've mentioned Quaaludes several times it may be well to begin with them. What are they . . . what do they do . . . how do they do it? As a derivative of methaqualone, a recent discovery, they are very 'picky' because they go after the brain *selectively*. They don't involve the emotions . . . they don't perk up the senses. Instead, they work at the *muscle-control* level. While the brain functions pretty well with Quaaludes, in the sense that you *know* what you're doing but not (and not caring) *why*, the emotions are out there in left field. An example of this muscle-control effect might be that of swimming underwater. Everything is in slow motion. So there you are, slurpily swimming along. *Where are you going?* Doesn't matter. *But why?* Love ya! *What's your destination?* Nice of you to ask. *What's your purpose?* Bye, now!

In effect the mind is *aware*, though *not in command*. In a sense both *body* and *intentions* are 'rubberlegged'. It's a state of induced 'robotism' that would have turned off even gay Boris Karloff. When Quaaludes first came on the market women thought them the ultimate orgy

QQ

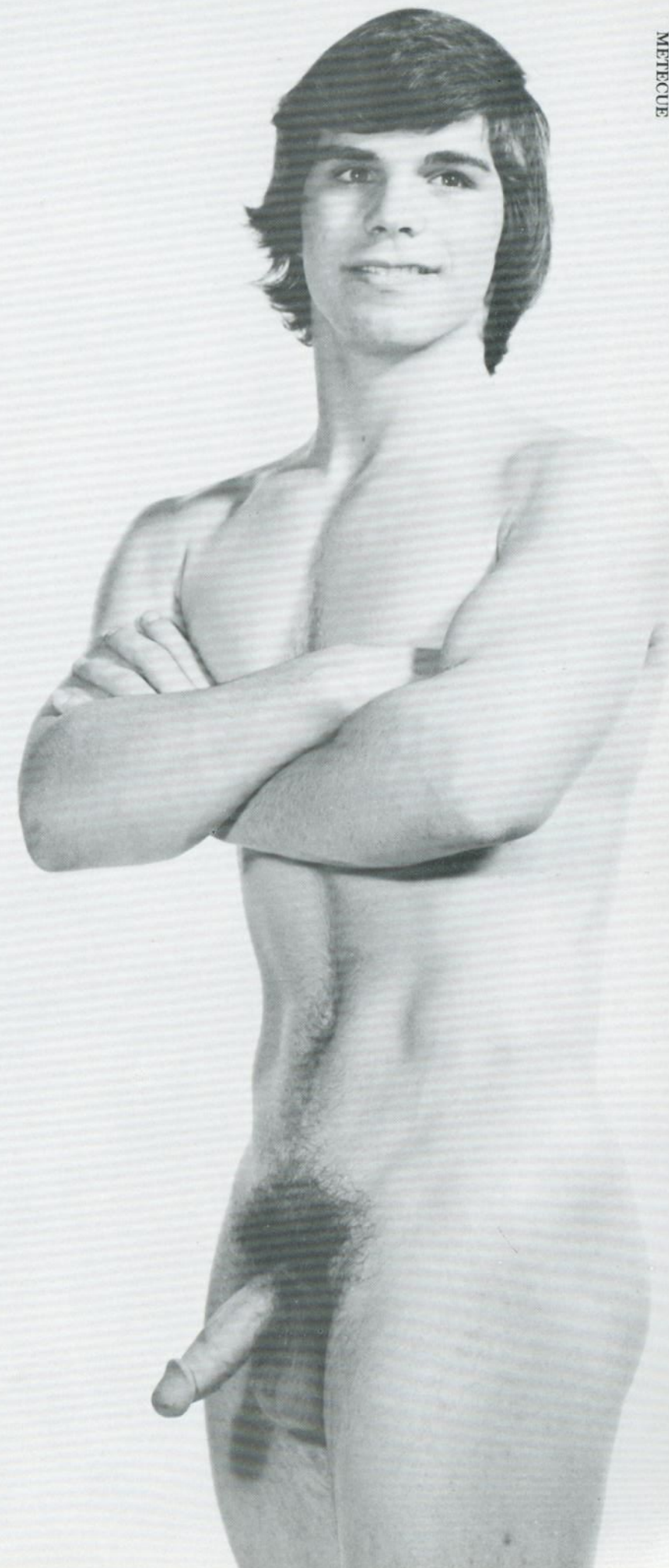
drug because—although the head stayed screwed on fairly well so they could still get home in time to turn on the microwave—sex was (a) spaced out in slow motion, which made it tea-cozily cunt-cuddly, and (b) one was not at all sexually selective. Like "Whoever you are, dahling, fly me!"

Sex could be extended—but then, so can a taffy pull. Each new mate was a "Well, hello dere!" Another letter in the mailbox. As you see, this won't work very well in gay sex. In a gay orgy it not only takes 'two to tango' but 'six for the salsa' and so all that underwater slow-motion sex is just a lot of low-hanging shit. You've gotta *produce*. What is lacking is sexual *committal*. If you don't have that, nothing just 'reflex' and 'robotically muscular' is going to work. If one will quickly review the action/counteraction of cocaine-into-downers it's easy to see why Quaaludes are the preferred 'cushioner'.

PCP

Short for Phenylcyclidine. Originally this was a wild animal tranquilizer, shot into the animal via gun before carting him off to Ringling Brothers. Now refined, it's sold in capsules as THC. Some potheads sprinkle it on grass as 'angel dust.' This reverses the action of pot, however, so that instead of grooving one into sex—as with grass alone—the smoker is boxed out because he has become too introspective about *himself*. It is *not* the other partner for the 'tango'. Then, too, THC is like quicksand. Whatever strong determination about sex you may have had minutes before goes for naught. You keep sinking back into yourself. THC produces a very weird high—the weirdest, possibly . . . and certainly the worst for sex, because (a) not only are you unable to get into sex orbit, but (b) you can't figure out *why* you can't. How's that for being fucked up? It's not for gay guys. Why anyone would want to ruin not only perfectly good grass, but a possibly great sex scene with this downer is a mystery. Of course, if you're trying to fathom your unfathomable soul—as indeed many pot-smokers do—then you're (Continued on page 47)

September/October 1977



The Macho Herb

Man Root With Jizzumagic!

By Scott Young

THE Chinese call him Jen-shen when—like Apollo—he springs fully grown from the peasant womb of Manchurian earth. Having gestated for six years in the rugged, abundantly-nutritious soil of North China he leaps to life with lusty libido and bursting balls, and from that point anyone whose life Jen-shen touches will never be quite the same.

There is a natural perfection of his body that would have excited Michelangelo—the look of power barely held in leash . . . the rich, warm-ivory skin of his nude body . . . the muscular arms and legs, and the genitals that seem to writhe with an insistent *machismo*. All this is Jen-shen—or ginseng, as we call it—and it's a pity that he must be categorized as a herb when he's all 'man root' with jizzumagic! The phenomenon of the 'birth' of this ballsy character never ceases to amaze the Chinese of Sheni Province who've been counting the birth pains for more than 1200 years. They regard Jen-shen as a divine manifestation of Tu Ching, or the Spirit of the Ground. Having absorbed the powers of earth during six years of gestation, when Jen-shen finally leaves the womb of Mother Earth he brings these powers intact with him—a divine manifestation of the command of the Spirit that these powers be recognized by man.

The Chinese have an even healthier respect for Jen-shen, because when he is pulled from the earth *nothing will grow in it for ten years afterward!* It's as if a mother had been so exhausted with the demanding delivery of a super baby that she has nothing left in reserve. After ten years a

ginseng sprout will again be planted, and then, six years later, the birth pangs will be felt again.

Marco Polo introduced ginseng to Europe in 1294. Returning from one of his voyages to the East he brought this man plant which the Chinese call the Root of Heaven. Having heard of its great medicinal powers, the physicians of his time took a great interest in ginseng. They found, as the Chinese had, that when used in various medicines that had been only partially effective, such medicines began to work with greater effect. Many common illnesses that had taken several weeks to overcome could now be cleared up in a matter of days!

'GINSEX'

Marco Polo also brought word of ginseng's awesome aphrodisiacal powers, which made certain kings of Europe eager to try it since many had fucked themselves out by 40. The technique, as recommended by Chinese doctors, and relayed by Marco Polo, was to shred the root and sprinkle it over raw vegetables, such as leafy green salads. When this procedure was followed for a period of about two months the kings began happily to get back in the saddle.

The life span of most European males, moreover, was quite brief by today's norm. For a man to live past 50 was considered phenomenal. In writings of the time, doctors noted that when this amazing herb was introduced to those who could afford it, the life span began to increase.

GINSENG IN GREECE

The Greeks were next in ginseng pecking order, and they gave this herb the name still in use horticulturally—*panax ginseng*. Ginseng, as *panacea*. Literally they used it in/for/with everything; they boiled it with greens . . . made lamb stews more savory with it . . . spiced wines with it . . . 'medicated' with it . . . and got stiffer, longer-lasting erections with it (shades of Priapus!). They even took to wearing shards of it around the neck to ward off evil spirits (or evil tricks), and/or to chew on/suck on at other times just to make sure their sexual 'pow' was always pow-wow! One might say that this was the prototype of the popper necklace, the suspended-from-the-neck cocaine spoon, and the string of Greek worry beads. As a panacea, *panax ginseng* certainly made everything work better!

When they got so deeply into ginseng that it became scarce the Greeks pressed their Onasses of the day to bring back more from the Orient. (They'd found that ginseng grew weakly in Greece . . . the climate is too humid.) Ginseng forged a macho lifestyle for them that exists even today (Mykonos forever!) which may help to explain why they fuck so fast, furiously, and so far, far into the night!

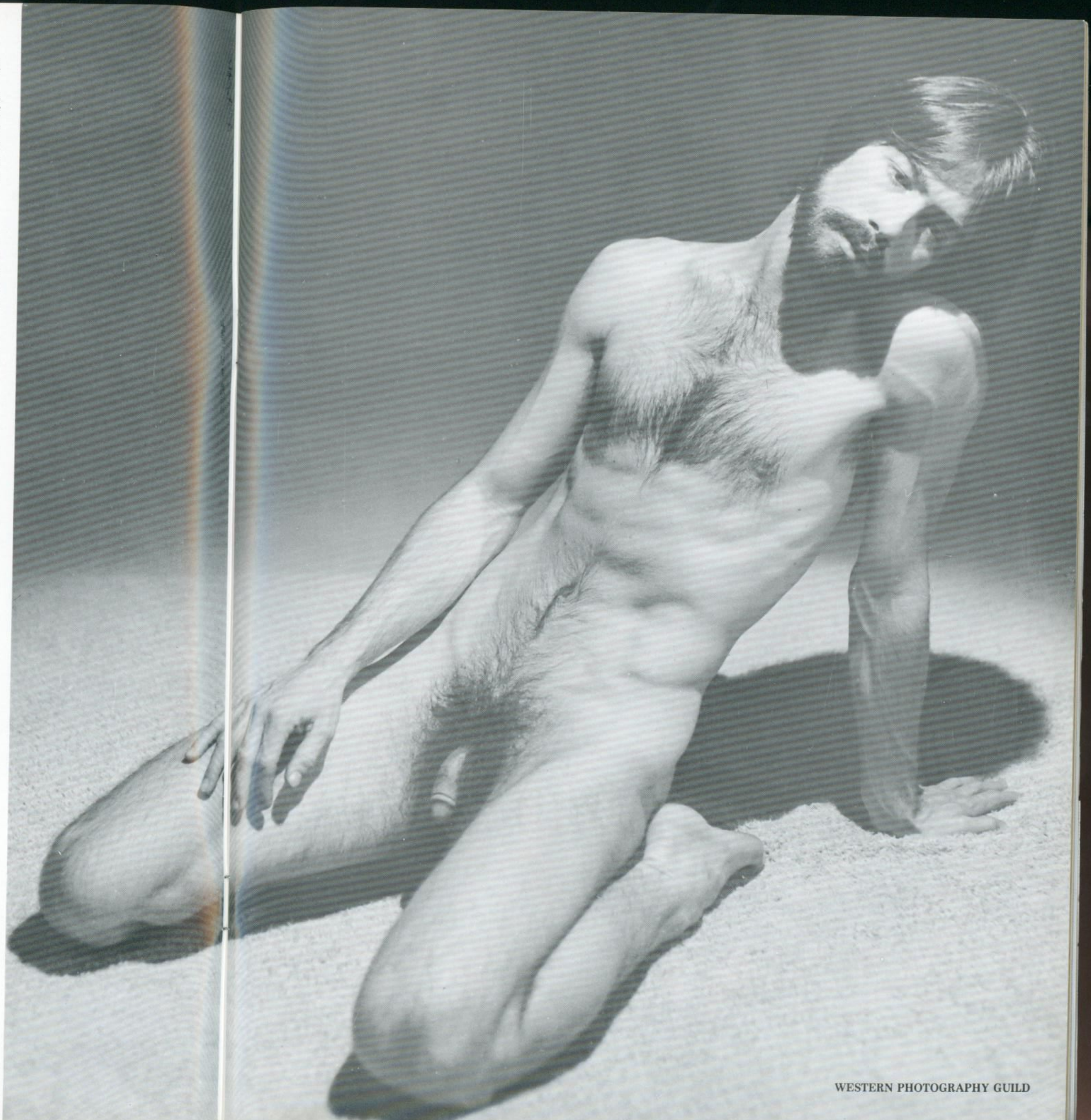
Finally it reached a point where ginseng, used daily, became so super-effective that when a horny Greek ran out of neighborhood cunt he would unhesitatingly plug his whopper-cock into the nearest male anus . . . progressing from men of hoary age to hairy youth (as their ancestors had done, and which hieroglyphics on the phallic monuments of the island of Delos attest). Young, to younger, to chicken (oh, the shame of it!). As Margaret Rutherford would say, "It was an ascending spiral of iniquity!"

GINSENG IN AMERICAN LIFE

The ginseng movement took wings about ten years ago in this country. At that time it was 'in' for college guys 'n gals to make it during the Easter rutting season at Fort Lauderdale. Then ginseng was available mostly in health-food stores, but only as the elixir. When the Easter season neared the shelves of dealers were stripped bare.

Ginseng, however, is not effective as a quickie. Its powers are *cumulative*. In this respect it acts much like the buildup of Vitamin C in 1000-milligram tablets. Beginning with these larger potencies of Vitamin C about mid-September, one can easily ward off colds in mid-December. Vitamin C is the 'muscle cement' vitamin that works most effectively in *high* potencies to strengthen capillaries and veins, and—clinically—has an effect similar to that of the white blood cells in overcoming infections. So when one begins a sexual-revitalization program with capsules of powdered ginseng (the most quickly effective way), it should also be a *progressive* project. First, one delights in the pleasant *overall* things that happen within the body soon after beginning the ginseng regimen. This is because the philosophy behind all oriental medicine is to first *restore the balance or harmony* of the *total* body. These pleasant 'happenings' are usually quickly noticeable, and as the regimen is adhered to one may look forward happily to a definite increase

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Exclusive For QQ Magazine

Behind The Jeans The Follies And Foibles Of A Porno Superstar

Posed & Written
By Jack Wrangler

SO somebody yelled "Roll it!" and the camera started grinding with an insistent whirring sound, hungrily devouring footage. A couple of still photographers hovered near me to capture the big event when Wrangler would erupt and everybody could count his money and go home.

The director, face dripping with sweat under the hot desert sun, cued me and I swaggered into frame, Pendleton shirt open over a perfect Max Factor suntan, doing my sensual thing. I reached the appointed cluster of rocks, slowly undid The Belt Buckle on my Levis, pushed them roughly down my legs, then ripped away my jock and ran my hands over the exposed flesh. I leaned back sexily on a flat rock. My fingers searched downward for my obedient cock. And then . . . and then

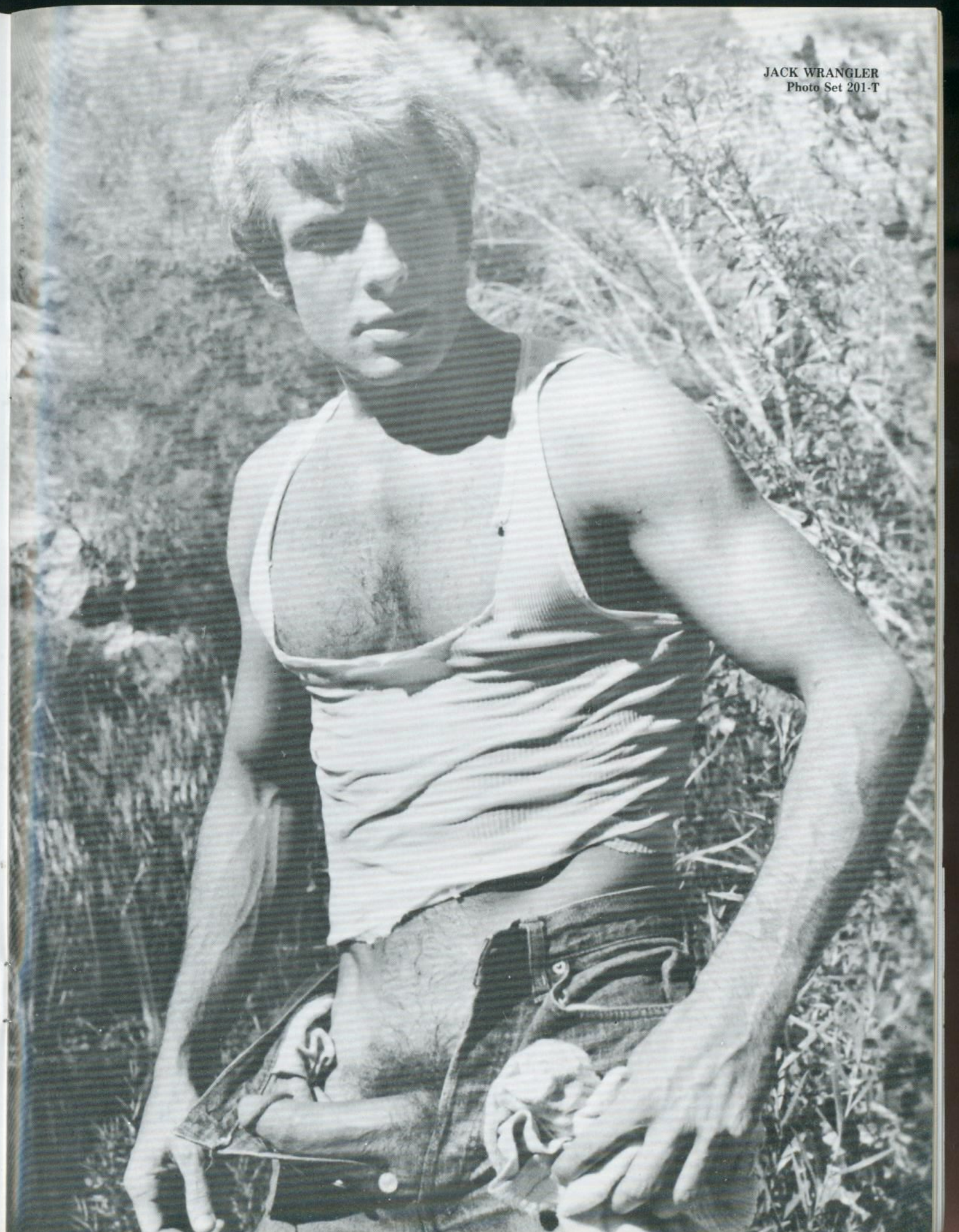
"Jesus Christ! What the fuck? Help! They're crawling all over me! Help!"

"Oh, terrific. Stop the film," the director sighed wearily. "Klutzy Wrangler's done it again. That turkey just squatted on the only anthill in the whole damn desert!"

For nearly two years now I've been fulfilling fantasies on celluloid that I didn't even know anybody had, and in desperate attempts to achieve authenticity and unique situations have gotten myself into the stupidest messes you can imagine.

Like, for instance, the Sunday morning Pat Rocco decided it would be "cute" to pose me "nude and fluffed" in the middle of Sunset Boulevard. Though "fluffed" is not exactly a profes-

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sional term, it means that my vital organ is poised and ready, as opposed to cold and shriveled at 7:00 in the morning.

The shots were to be taken in front of the Whiskey-a-Go-Go. Pat explained what he wanted while I sat in a car "fluffing-up." Then I jumped out and—*flashes!—sirens!—shrieks!*—all America lit up. Cops were materializing from everywhere. Somebody threw a cape around me but that didn't really help at all as it was lined with shocking pink material and sparkly sequins. There went the image! I'd rather have been standing in my "fluff."

Well, everyone except me started doing some fast talking about "publicity shots," nearby apartment balconies filled up with bleary-eyed coffee and Bloody Mary drinkers ("Look, Gertrude, there's a naked Zorro in pink!"), and the whole megillah wasn't finally resolved until one of the kind officers said, "I don't care if you *fuck* in the middle of Sunset, just don't do it a block away from the West Hollywood Police Station!"

We thanked him, crossed our hearts never to do it again, and innocently drove off to our second location—where I stopped traffic by posing nude (and fluffed) in the middle of the Harbor Freeway.

While in San Francisco starring in the hit comedy, "Special Friends," I was hired to appear in a hardcore magazine called "Jack Wrangler—Making it Big in San Francisco," the sequel to which is "Cum Again, Jack Wrangler." Predictable, but oh-so-cute!

A portion of this travel guide was to be photographed on the secluded beach sands of Devil's Slide. By the time our not-so-subtle entourage of cameramen, light technicians, models, and people whose job it was to keep the sand out of everything descended on this location, we had attracted a bit of attention. And once the "action" started they might just as well have set up bleachers. The author-director of my play was along for the ride, and being an enterprising man, ran up and down the beach selling tickets to that evening's performance. All this public display so unnerved the guy I was working with that he lost his concentration and everything else. So, in order to adequately complete the shooting—and to get him to completely shoot—we went back to our motel armed with bags of sand to turn a carpet into a beach. Then we tried to explain it all to the maid.

Whenever I'm called upon to work with any kind of machine we can assume that the whole project is destined for some major disaster. Being a rather ballsy optimist, I always say, "Hell, yes, I can do it!" whether it means breaking a horse, riding a motorcycle, or leaping tall buildings at a single bound. Truth is, I can't even drive a stick shift. Blame it on my damned silver-spoon upbringing! They don't allow clutches in Beverly Hills. ("Ruth, it's time we taught the boy how to drive. Lend him the chauffeur.") With an education like that I was lucky to learn how to operate the portable bar.

I remember one strange sequence in a film which called for me to cruise along in a Model-A Ford, pick up a hitchhiker, and fuck him in the rumble seat. Have you ever tried it in a rumble seat? Don't bother. Those seats are so small and cramped that

your knees buckle, you get a terrible Charlie-horse, and it's hard as hell to pull your pants down. Thank God for hatch-backs!

My real problem, though, was driving the thing. After careening past the camera for a long shot, I was supposed to stop, go into reverse, and return to my starting point for closeups. There was another model, a nice kid from Ohio, whom I had supposedly already picked up and was taking for a ride. I believe he is now back in Cleveland, weaving baskets.

He had been directed to stand in the rumble seat as I did my careening. Well, after a couple of false starts that gave my midwestern friend permanent whiplash, we were on our way. I was very proud of myself, but you see these directors never give you all the details, like how to stop. They assume that inside this rugged, plastic bubble head of mine there lurks a plastic brain. Assumptions are very dangerous, especially for models from Ohio standing in rumble seats. I naturally figured that the best way to stop anything would be to simply turn it off. So I lifted my feet from the accelerator and the clutch and shut off the ignition—immediately sending Cleveland over the hood, out of the porno business, and into baskets.

Then there was the great escapade at sea. I played the owner of a large, forbidding Chris Craft, showing the ropes to a couple of young novices. (They often cast small young models opposite me in order to make me look taller. I call it "The Children's Hour.") Again, the problem here was not enough detailed information. It was explained to me very carefully how to back the boat out of the dock, and for good measure its owner was lying out of sight at my feet shouting directions. Even *I* felt this system was Wrangler-proof.

I started the thing up, got it in reverse as directed, but nothing happened. The owner screamed "Give it more gas!" up at my crotch. Still nothing—but there seemed to be a definite strain on the engines, indicating to me that my ship wanted to go in reverse. I sensed it just needed a little more coaxing. So coax I did, by turning the throttle up to full power. There was an unpleasant splintering sound and it was then, as I tore away half of the dock, that I realized we were still tied up. Anyway, after nicking the sterns of two other vessels, not with my boat but with remnants of dock, I was on my way out into the rolling sea.

I felt great, with the salty breeze in my face and all that power at my fingertips. Glancing haughtily to my left I noticed the occupants of a small sailboat jumping up and down and waving at me. Naturally, I grinned and waved back, realizing much too late that they were not really waving to me out of good fellowship and respect. Apparently I was going a bit too fast and as I waved and they waved my wake capsized them and sent them, waving, into the water. It began to get very confusing. The cameraman and director were shouting orders via a walkie-talkie from a schooner running alongside, and those poor guys were beginning to look strangely green. But we all somehow managed to reach our appointed destination in the water, the anchor was dropped, and it

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The Egyptian Scarab

A Macho Relic Of Gay Significance

By Jon Lorimer



EVEN if you must go a considerable distance, please make a special effort to visit one of the large museums across the country during the traveling exhibition of the Tutankhamun Treasures: those priceless relics of Egypt's gay boy king who ascended the throne in 1400 B.C. at the age of only nine, and ruled until his death at eighteen—in the meantime having taken unto himself a queen (royal type) as was required by Egyptian law, as well as innumerable male lovers (a custom smiled upon by Egyptians).

The Art Deco renaissance so popular again today is, of course, a neo-reflection of the movement in the 1920s that flowered after the discovery and exploration of King Tutankhamun's tomb by Howard Carter in 1922. The beautiful Deco things of today—the unusual architecture (the Chrysler Building, Empire State Building and Radio City Music Hall in New York City, for example); the unique designs; fabrics; the distinctive, colorful decorations . . . all these resulted from the Tutankhamun discovery. But for all the success of Carter's expedition, many may recall that within the decade following his exploration of the tomb, every member of his group met death by some bizarre, inexplicable violence. For those unfamiliar with this fantastic discovery here is a summation of how it came about. It is one of the most fascinating archeological stories of all time. The newspapers called it

"THE SCARAB CURSE"

In November 1922, Howard Carter of Great Britain, with members of his archeological expedition in the Valley of the Kings, chanced upon the entrance to a shaft which led to a flight of 16 steps roughly cut into the limestone rock. These steps descended to a doorway blocked by heavy stone that had been plastered over, and which bore the seals of King Tutankhamun and the Keeper of the Royal Burial Places. To the right was another doorway, on each side of which stood a life-sized statue of the king—as if on guard.

When the seals of this inner doorway were removed and the doorway was entered, two chambers were seen. Within the first lay a quartzite sarcophagus with a pink granite cover. This

contained three coffins, made in the shape of man. The outer was of wood; the middle also of wood with gold and glass inlay; and finally, the innermost coffin of massive gold, weighing nearly 250 pounds. In this coffin lay the young king with a diadem around his forehead, and amulets, jewelry, and some of his most treasured possessions, one of which—interestingly enough—was a solid gold circlet about 2½ inches in diameter, still gleaming brightly, and which no one in the expedition could determine what it was, or what it may have represented. Thus among the golden artifacts you will see in the Tutankhamun collection you will recognize it instantly as a cock ring—something all others, including the most knowledgeable archeologists had failed to do. To most viewers it may seem just another pretty bauble, but to gay viewers it will be one of many linkages between *cruisy now* and the *cruisy then* of 3317 years ago!

What today's viewers are especially attracted to (including the President and Mrs. Carter when they visited the exhibition in Washington) is the massive gold mask that covered the dead young king's head, and the trappings (still perfectly preserved) that covered his body, bearing the emblems of Osiris, God of the Dead. "*Beware all ye who defile the body of our king . . . death most horrible shall be thy fate!*" So is the malediction translated. Could it be that this prophecy was borne out to the letter in the violent deaths of all members of the Howard Carter expedition? Many believe so.

THE SCARAB—A MACHO SYMBOL

To many gay individuals it is of compelling interest that, in accordance with Chapter XXX of the Egyptian ritual called "The Book of the Dead," a scarab of green stone, set in gold, should be placed in the heart of the male deceased to keep it intact during its journey to the nether world. This and other scarabs of exquisite design and workmanship, with priceless jewels set in gold, were among the treasures found in the tomb of King Tutankhamun.

In his time scarabs were worn as amulets around a man's neck . . . or hung from his ears . . . or he might wear them as a bracelet in the magic circle of nine scarabs. They were

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QQ



Bud Brody
ATHLETIC MODEL GUILD



A Possible Explanation Of Anita Bryant

Why Straights

FEAR Gays

by Dave Vinton

WHY do straight people fear gay guys? The answer is as old as Greek drama: people suspect the unknown and envy what they lack.

Take style, for example.

A sense of style—savoir-faire, pazazz, "cool"—is what (you should forgive the expression) separates the men from the boys. Most gay guys have it; many straights don't. They know it, we know it . . . and women know it.

The straight guy spends Sunday afternoon sprawled in his tacky tacky split-level watching TV while his brood of brats is out terrorizing the neighborhood and the Old Ball and Chain is nagging about mowing the lawn.

The gay guy, meanwhile, is in his smartly furnished apartment hosting a Bloody Marys' brunch where the conversation runs to the theatre, clothes, and plans for next year's trip to Europe.

Next morning at the office the straight guy stands around the water cooler swapping jokes. Someone tells one about Brucie, the swish hairdresser. The straight guy guffaws uproariously—perhaps too loudly. For one thing, he probably doesn't realize that the limp-wristed type represents only one fringe of the whole spectrum of gay personality patterns. But no one likes to have his conventional wisdom challenged. It's much easier to pigeonhole people according to stereotypes. So if the straight guy were to learn that the guy at the next desk is gay, he'd probably be baffled, contemptuous or downright hostile.

To understand this reaction you have to go back to that dynamic duo, Cotton Mather and Queen Victoria. That is, the Protestant ethic and Victorian morality, not to mention the entire Judaic-Christian heritage, holds that sex is pretty much your basic No-No.

In our society a boy is taught that the pecker is supposed to go into the vagina, and if he is caught experimenting with any other orifice, Pow!, there's the guidance counselor ready—literally—to set him straight. That boyhood lesson is reinforced by all the nightclub comedian cracks about sissies, the great psychological put-on that all homosexuals are by definition sick, and by the pervasive American middle-class compulsion to conform, to wear a button-down mind like everyone else. No matter that his two or three adolescent experiments, the horse-

play with his buddies, seemed at the time to be pleasurable. The typical straight male adult is adamantly convinced that homosexuality is wicked, neurotic or vaguely ridiculous. It frightens him to learn that a friend or relative is gay because it reminds him of his own suppressed proclivities.

Once when I was in the service I checked into a YMCA justly famous for its attractions. A chap was showering in a provocative fashion. After some non-verbal but most effective communication we adjourned to his room. A Marine Corps uniform hung in the closet. In the best tradition of the Corps, he rolled right over on his tummy. I did what comes naturally in such circumstances and afterwards, in a spontaneous gesture of affection, reached around to give him a friendly kiss. Kawhomp! He bucked me off onto the floor and jumped up demanding to know if I thought he was "one of them sissy-boys!" I didn't stay around to find out his definition of that, but the example illustrates what we've all experienced. Usually it's the superbitch type who is most concerned about his masculine image.

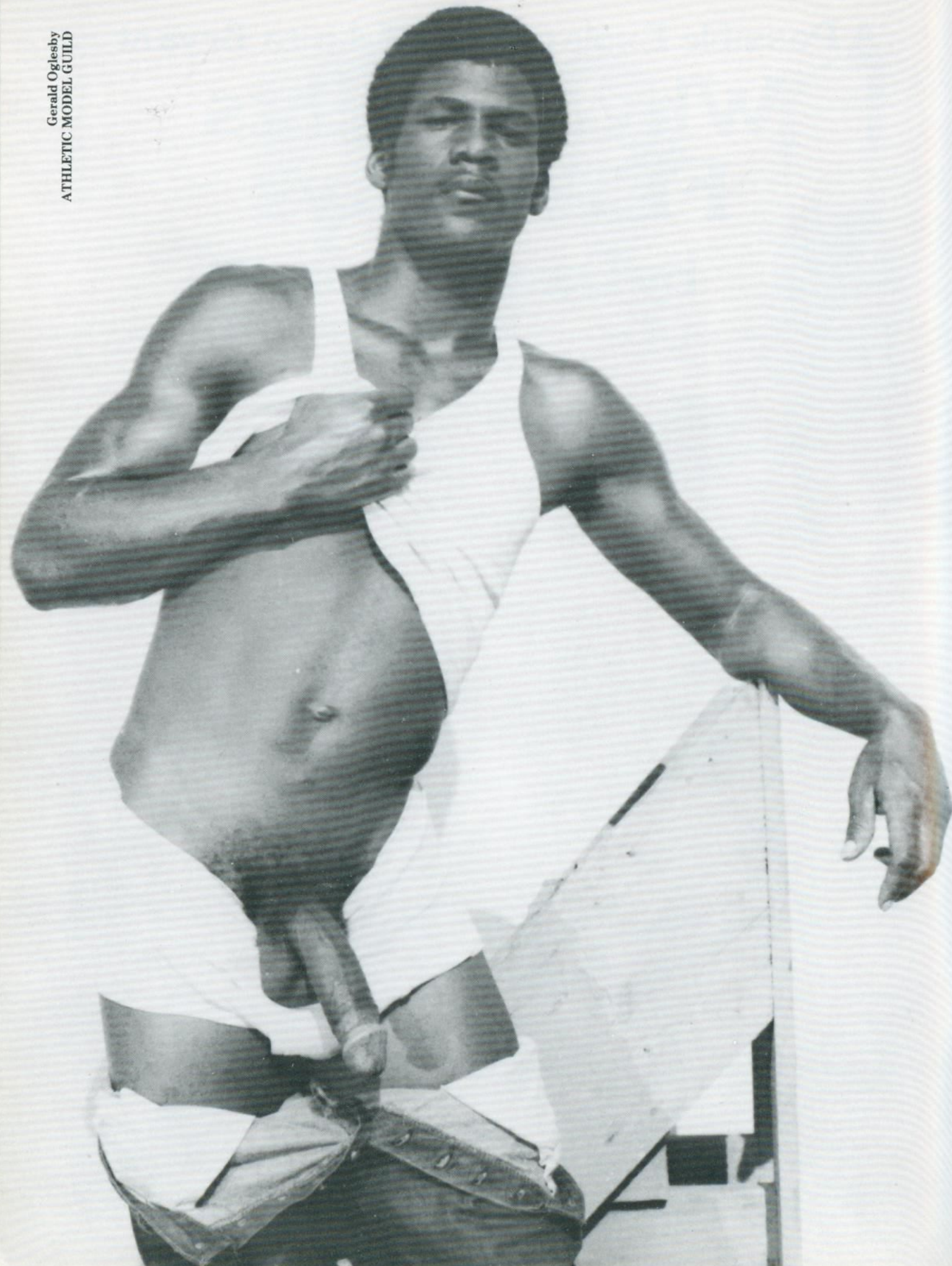
Just as little old maids peek under their beds every night hoping/fearing there might be a man, so, too, do some uptight men who secretly question their own tendencies most often denounce homosexuals in the bitterest terms. The shrinks call this an approach-avoidance conflict. Whatever the label, I think it accounts for one reason many straight men fear gay guys.

Whatever degree of latency or active participation an individual chooses really is his own business. The fact is, many psychologists are coming to believe that human sexuality per se is, at birth, undifferentiated and that the choice of a sexual object—whether an infant grows up straight or gay—is mostly a matter of paternal and sociological factors. Accordingly, everyone, to some extent at at specific times, is a latent hetero-, homo- or bisexual.

It may make for some interesting cocktail party banter to assert that so-and-so "just has to be a closet queen," but it's well to remember that there also are men who simply, naturally, and without hangups are indeed heterosexual.

These men, in other words, are not the vice squad detectives who get so worked up by their own suppressed conflicts that they lurk in tea rooms so they can prove just how 100% straight they are by hauling in someone

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A Checklist For CRUISING BARS

By Tom Allen

YOU set out for your favorite bar, all primed for the hunt, butterfly net in hand. You are horny and anxious to score. You've laid in a goodly supply, back at the apartment, of whatever accoutrements happen to be your bag—K-Y, poppers, porn.

Four hours later you trudge wearily back home, empty-handed, as it were, and probably having had more to drink than you should have. You've struck out again, and so do a hand job and go to sleep.

What went wrong?

For openers, it's possible that it was just one of those nights. There are times when the fates seem to conspire so that even if you are gorgeously appealing and the bar is packed with guys hot to trot, somehow you never score. It happens to everyone, but that's showbiz. Better luck next time.

On the other hand, it's possible that the whole game is new to you, or that your technique has become rusty. There is no sure-fire formula for making out in gay bars, but here is a checklist of pointers.

The bar itself. It may not be right for what you're after. Let's face it, we all have our little idiosyncrasies, and thank goodness for that, otherwise we'd all be chasing the same type. In larger cities, different bars cater to different types. Your Cruising Quotient will increase in direct proportion to sticking to those bars patronized by your type of clientele.

Your clothes. This is related to the first point. Good old wheat jeans and a sweater are still appropriate in most bars. In others you'll want to wear a suit, and in some (remember—it still pays to advertise!) you'll want to leave your jockey shorts at home. If you're new in town, consult a guide so you don't end up wearing a fluffy sweater or suit to a leather jacket joint.

Your goal. Gay bars serve two legitimate functions: cruising and socializing. There's nothing wrong with the latter. It's often pleasant after work to drop by the friendly little neighborhood gay bar for a quick drink, and if you just happen to score, your evening (and/or you) is made. If, on the other hand, you're particularly keen on a good hot roll in the hay, avoid those bars where you're well known.

As enjoyable as it might be to have a gossip chat with the bartender or friends, the first thing you know, it's last call and all the available numbers have gone. (Of course, if your friends are understanding you can simply explain that you want to cruise the guy down at the end of the bar, and they'll politely excuse themselves.)

The non-verbal approach. This includes eye-to-eye contact, playing kneesies, and the outright grope. Personally, I find the former a little tiresome; you can spend two hours making goo-goo eyes at some guy, and after he's left you learn he's astigmatic! The latter—groping—is a big deal in some bars on Saturday nights when the customers are packed in like cattle at the Kansas City Stockyard. I find it a little abrupt.

If, for whatever reasons, you decide not to open with a comment, then try sidling up to the guy. This works best if the bar is somewhere between being completely jammed and so empty you feel obvious about marching clear over to sit down next to the guy. I prefer to ease myself into position unobtrusively and then, for example, "scratch" my knee. He touches me, our fingers interlock, we both turn to each other smiling and the rest is as easy as your-place-or-mine.

Your opening line. My favorite is, "Do you have the correct match?" It's a little off trail and a better icebreaker than either of the old standbys. Also helpful, no matter if you were born in that city, is to ask what time the bars close. "Oh," the guy will say, "so you're from out of town," and right away you've got an opening conversational wedge.

Other contacts. Probably the best way to meet guys is to be introduced by a mutual friend who throws out one or two conversational gambits and then has the good sense to leave you alone. Another tactic is Your Basic Bulldozer Approach; the guy just comes marching up to you without preliminaries and says, "You wanna ball?" The opposite is the Long Range Strategy where you go into a bar, night after night, smiling shyly at Mr. Right and after two weeks of this he buys you a beer. I prefer a modified direct approach which doesn't take forever, but still includes a great deal of the fun of the 'basic chase' and surrender.

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QQ's Man Of The Month

Horst

By Studio G. Pohl



BOOK REVIEW

The First Book in Which Homosexuals Speak for and about Themselves

THE HOMOSEXUALS
Alan Ebert

I am very much against dispensing information to people who should not have it; the heterosexual majority knows too much about the homosexual minority and draws on this knowledge to establish generalizations ("All fags are now into fist-fucking!") that are used in the arguments against our very existence (*National Lampoon's* May 1977 editorial commenting on homosexuality: "The arguably naive question arises whether a man whose chosen form of political expression is shoving his fist up some love one's rectum is fit to be president.").

Arthur Bell has found a successful career in writing about homosexuality for a heterosexual audience (*The Village Voice*). His articles have revealed too many details about our collective private life—exposing our cruising haunts to the utter delight of his redneck readers and contributing to violence leveled against us. A case in point is the exposure he has given the abandoned pier warehouses along the waterfront in the Greenwich Village section of New York City. This meat rack was used night and day without incident until it started receiving too much publicity—which helped invite toughs to "beat up the queers." In past months muggings have been commonplace—and so have murders of homosexuals by heterosexuals. The publicity has also served to invite the city's female prostitutes into the area—and they have all but taken over the piers for use as convenient makeout spots in which to service their johns (mostly workmen picked up in the area during the day). And that, of course, has stirred up even more curiosity among heterosexuals—to the extent that the piers were the recent subject of a two-night report by CBS-TV News. It came as no surprise to gay viewers that

Arthur Bell was a featured commentator—to his credit and OUR discredit!

And that leads me to my review of Alan Ebert's *The Homosexuals* (Macmillan Publishing Co., Inc., 1977, 332 pgs.). The book is a compendium of interviews of seventeen homosexuals, including a doctor, a rabbi, and, yes, a hairdresser (Mr. Dino!). The questions and answers are cliché—and may in fact be as fictitious as the names of the men interviewed. In any case, they could have been written and answered by the author since they lack imagination and insight. Yes, they are cliché to ANY homosexual reader . . . but it is my belief that in spite of claims by the author and publisher that *The Homosexuals* was written for homosexuals (presumably to dispel old stereotypes and contribute to our sense of pride) it was instead written for heterosexuals—to titillate. The information is interesting to THEM—not US; it adds to the stereotypes they have of us and reinforces every sick notion that we are indeed quite sick. All the favorite locations are included—right down to Fire Island . . . and of course what we do there is clearly s-p-e-l-l-e-d out.

At best, the interviews are dull (Question, pg. 290: "From what you say it would seem that to be homosexual in Russia is one of the worst fates to befall a man."). At worst, they are misleading and contribute to the heterosexual misunderstanding of the homosexual (Question, pg. 204: "What is the difference between truck-stop cock-sucking and the baths?" Answer: "There is a difference! A subtle one but a difference. At the baths everyone is gay. But at the truck stops, gays go there to suck straight men's cocks. There is a very subtle put-down of self involved . . .").

And if you don't think that heterosexuals do not know what's going on among homosexuals and that stereotypes are a thing of the past—instead of reading *The Homosexuals* buy a copy of the May 1977 *National Lampoon* which is devoted(?) to gay life. What you read will make you laugh . . . and think—and then cry. It shows that WE have gotten nowhere in our fight for equal rights and integration. Now we are openly there and there are too many of us to put down, physically at least—but this magazine will teach you what life should have by now . . . that we live in two different worlds. *The Homosexuals* does absolutely nothing to close the gap.

—Brent Jacoby

(Ed: Copies of the *National Lampoon* magazine are on file at most libraries. For information on ordering back issues refer to the current issue at your neighborhood newsstand.)

THE MACHO HERB (Continued from page 16)

in sexual power.

As a group, physicians in this country have been slow/reluctant to accept ginseng's rationale, just as they were—until Linus Pauling's discoveries—to accept Vitamin C in higher potencies as a colds preventative . . . and as they have been slow to use acupuncture clinically. One noted physician—a diplomate in both internal medicine and gastroenterology—when asked by a patient about the value of acupuncture, said firmly, "It's too esoteric . . . I practice only orthodox medicine." Too often 'orthodox' means 'closed mind'.

Fortunately there are many with-it physicians who've not hesitated to investigate the new . . . especially Europeans. It is therefore of special interest in this respect to report that at the annual Ginseng Symposium, held in Korea last year, an estimated 70% of Swiss physicians attending declared that they had prescribed ginseng for their patients. And in this country, the respected Dr. E. Grey Dimond, director of the Cardiovascular Center in Kansas City, Missouri reports that "Most of the people in China still get most of their medicines from substances they have been using for over 2000 years . . . there must be a lot of pharmacology the Chinese can teach us too." Since it takes ten years for a Chinese to acquire his degree, as compared with the five years required for the American M.D., obviously they must be doing something right!

Not everyone, of course, goes into a ginseng program to get a perpetual hard-on. Airline pilots, for example, are deeply committed to ginseng because of the systemic balance and control it helps bring about. A pilot, of all men, must certainly stay on course—personally, and in the air—when he, in a manner of speaking, holds the lives of a hundred or more passengers in his hand.

An increasing number of lawyers are also 'into' ginseng. The hundreds of new laws passed each year—more than ever—create as many new problems which, in turn, result in such a gnarl of details within a tangled skein of legal processes that a lawyer's mind must be kept always in sharpest conniving focus if he is to avoid harsh penalties for his client—and (sob!) a loss of revenue for himself.

It's also a well-known fact that in Russia ginseng is an important adjunct of the Soviet competitive athlete's diet. Considering the wealth of Olympic 'golds' such athletes have

won (our own have been outdistanced in almost every sport) there is much to be said for ginseng in helping create the overachiever. Also, the Soviets added supportive amounts of ginseng to the diet of their Cosmonauts before their lunar exploits. Six months on a ginseng regimen.

Rock stars who appear nightly before crowds of thousands, skipping from coast to coast and abroad, have also learned to appreciate ginseng. To stay on top, and to always give a top performance, requires total control made possible only by a calm mind and a reservoir of staying power. Dope zonks; alcohol anesthetizes; ginseng provides both an 'up' of unending vigor and a 'down' of body calmness/mind perception. Those who are required to travel a lot and are thus the constant victims of jet lag, find that ginseng's calmness-factors help them stay on an even keel. For example, the body is not still in Tokyo while the mind has 747'd it to Los Angeles. Ginseng's calming influence acts as a catalyst . . . it gets them together and keeps them together so that they can perform together. And speaking of performance leads us to

THE SEX VALUES OF GINSENG

For gay guys especially, and for constant cruisers particularly, ginseng can be a real boon. Getting it up quickly and keeping it up longer is a *sine qua non* of gay life, as any orgiast will tell you. Without quick cock 'erectability' and staying-power 'stability' you just have a lot of meat and no potatoes.

Because ginseng also helps develop capillary strength and tone, greater capillary flexibility obviously ensues, and so a much greater blood flow enters the *corpora cavernosa* of the cock, helping to balloon it to maximum size (more than you might have though possible) and to keep it engorged through act, after act, after Act III of sex.

The same calmness-factors mentioned earlier also help sustain erection. As greater perceptiveness unfolds, one is therefore more sensitive and attuned to the subtlest eroticizations of a lover. You're with it . . . and in a way you may never have experienced before!

So calmness, plus clearheaded 'on topness', plus vaster supplies of blood in the cock, as soon as, and as long as it's needed, complete a sex-directed troika that imbues each sexual experience with greater meaning and joy . . . not to mention greater mileage! What a macho feeling it is to be able to summon erection on a split-second of sexual turn-on, and sustain it—ballooned to bursting—as long as one

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desires!

There's yet another important plus to ginseng, with regard to sex. Because other experiments (which are now reported regularly in even the 'orthodox' medical journals) show that ginseng acts to *strengthen the voluntary motor system*, and to increase overall stamina, not only does this, in turn, increase a *desire* for sex, but the *pleasure of working at it*. All those variations you'd fantasized, but had never been able to reproduce in bed, become possible—and with consummate ease. There's nothing like enjoying your job! Quite a bunch of benefits from 'Man Root'. It's jizzumagic!

THE CULTIVATION OF GINSENG

Don't settle for anything but the best in ginseng. Only the best is potent enough to produce the sexual arsenal you need. There are several categories that you should know about. The best grade is known to the trade as *Heaven* (first-class... named for 'Root of Heaven'). This is either Korean or Chinese Red ginseng. *Earth* (second-class, but still powerful) is grown in Siberia. Siberian ginseng was used by the Soviet Cosmonauts and Olympic athletes.

Chinese Red and Korean are equals in effectiveness. Unfortunately Chinese Red can rarely be obtained outside Rid China. Perhaps so much was used to keep Chairman Mao in the saddle for eighty years there wasn't much left to export.

Unlike the Chinese, the Korean ginseng has a more specific value because, in addition to its never-failing high potency, it is strictly monitored during processing. It is bottled/packaged only under Korean Government supervision, and each bottle must bear the label affixed by the Government of Korea. This is your best bet, and certainly no finer or more potent brand of ginseng exists. It's quality, quality and high-potency... all the time.

IMPOVERISHED GINSENG

Other kinds of ginseng are more or less 'impoverished'. That is, they are inherently weaker because of being grown in 'tame' soil—which has fewer nutritional values and far less nitrogen; or grown in areas of high humidity which weakens the plant and causes it to be stunted or sickly; or ginseng roots that are pulled before the six-year maturity of macho Korean or Chinese Red.

These lesser, or impoverished grades, are classified by the trade as *Good* or *Man* (third-class—American or domestic;) or *Tails* (fourth-class) which can be Japanese quick-grown for the American dollar... or

QQ

American-cultivated (for the same reason) from small plots, hothouses—even flower pots!

If and when you get into ginseng—and you *should*, and *now*—you can be sure of getting the best—*Heaven*—the finest Korean ginseng, in capsules, in certain select health-food stores or drugstores. Or you can always be sure of getting it from Good Life Products, Suite 1500, Two Penn Plaza, New York, N.Y. 10001. You are invited to write to them for a more detailed brochure.

Count on it... it really is the 'macho' herb!

...

HOMOSEXUAL EMPIRE

(Continued from page 8)

the remaining boys would be sold in the open slave market.

There can be little question that the sexual orientation in the Palace School was homosexual. Muhammad virtually assured that condition; he didn't leave it to chance. When the slave boys—or pages—were admitted at the age of about 10 to the school, they didn't emerge until 12 to 14 years later. The boys and young men were in constant company; they had no other home; were permitted no outside friends and no contact with females; their parents and families ceased to exist for them. All they had was each other.

After graduation from the Palace School and assignment to posts in the empire, Muhammad's "Chosen" may have made up for lost time experimenting in varied sexual pursuits. Ostentatious harems were de rigueur, and the Palace School alumni were showered with more than enough riches to indulge most any sexual or other fantasy they desired. But by the time they left the Palace School a homosexual orientation was almost certainly and inextricably rooted in the core of their psyche. This was no accident. Muhammad knew precisely what he was doing. In effect, in a remarkable twist in the world's usual order, he ensured as well as he could that heterosexuals would have no important or vital position in his empire. He saw in homosexuality more than a simple pleasure of the flesh. He saw it as the royal road to the realization of his dreams of a smoothly functioning empire.

Because the daily routine at the Palace School was arduous, the discipline of the pages was strict. Punishment for a recalcitrant page

1977 GAY TRAVEL DIRECTORY

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was a severe thrashing on the bare soles of his feet. The soles of the feet were beaten because Sultan Muhammad didn't want marks of the whip or cane on the page's back or ass or any other readily visible part of his body. Even so, the punishment was extremely painful. Yet, it had its limits. No teacher exceeded 10 strokes per day on the precious feet of any one pupil. If he did he would be reported and his right hand, or his left—which ever one wielded the lashing instrument—would be chopped off by the sultan's executioner.

Courses of studies at the Palace School were wide-ranging and brain-cracking; religion, etiquette, languages (pages had to master at least three, spoken and written), sciences, jurisprudence, history, music, math, sports, poetry, philosophy, diplomacy, public administration, campaign and siege logistics, archery, swordsmanship, fighting with dagger and mace and spear, horsemanship, musketry, cannoneering, fortifications, tactics, strategy, etc., etc., etc.

After a period of basic education, the curriculum of the Palace School was surprisingly flexible. The slave boys were permitted to pursue whatever constellation of subjects they found most interesting and in which they demonstrated the greatest talent. There were only several courses of study that were compulsory: Among them were etiquette, public administration, sports, theology, war training, and a useful trade or craft. This was in keeping with the Turkish tradition that everyone, even the sultan himself, learn a trade or craft that might prove a resource in the event of misfortune. Sultan Muhammad chose gardening when he was a boy. He became so skillful at it and derived such pleasure from it that he spent much of his free time working in the gardens of the Grand Seraglio and in his other palaces.

The Palace School slave youths were up before dawn and late to bed, year in and year out. And no matter how gruelling the regimen, they were steeled to comport themselves with utter dignity, politeness, and "pleasantness of bearing" . . . except on the war drill field.

Life in Muhammad's school wasn't all work and no play. And there certainly was no dull Jack among the boys and young men. They were a high-spirited, irrepressible lot. That's exactly the way Sultan Muhammad wanted them to be. When one of them fell ill and was sent to the infirmary, he was pampered like a doll. Pages in the infirmary could—and did if they weren't too ill—imbibe all the alcoholic beverages they wanted even though the Ottoman religion forbade

it. The stuff was smuggled into them by other slaves. Muhammad was aware of what was going on, of course, because he frequently visited the infirmary to see how his lads were getting along.

Nothing was too good for Muhammad's boys. He loved them. Many of them he loved in the flesh, either by having certain ones sent to his bed or by seeking them out at night in disguise. But all of them he loved in spirit for themselves and what they symbolized. The pages of the Palace School were Muhammad's living monument to his ideal social order, the governors and commanders of his empire. An empire that Muhammad built so well that it stood intact like a mountain for centuries after his death.

Muhammad knew that his pages, some 340 of them per "school year," broke discipline after the candles were snuffed at night. And so did the teachers and the eunuch drill masters know it, and they knew that the sultan knew it. But no action was taken against the violators who wrote love letters to each other, who slipped off in pairs and groups into the cool hidden darkness of the palace gardens. Tiring as the school's routine and demands were, the virile young pages weren't so exhausted that they had nothing left to spend on love and sexual fulfillment. In that closed-company elitist ambience—where every male from 10-or-11 to 22-to-24 years of age was as beautiful as every other male—homoeroticism and homosexual love flourished.

The setting for such love stuns the imagination. The entire Grand Seraglio was a fantasy-land of multi-hued marbles, glittering mosaics, and tapestries. Filigrees, on doors and elsewhere, of jewel-encrusted gold and silver work were everywhere to be seen. Also to be seen were the many pornographic paintings by Bellini commissioned by Muhammad. Every sex act conceivable was depicted. (When Muhammad's son, Bayazid—apparently a prude—succeeded to the throne, he immediately had all the paintings removed and sold in the bazaars.) The Seraglio was mammoth, literally a palatial city; the gigantic wall surrounding it stretched for miles; the occupants of the palace numbered about 5,000.

The gardens of the Seraglio were incredibly beautiful, with waterfalls, pools, lakes and fountains. Flocks of doves and other birds cooed and sang in the trees. An array of exotic animals shared the grounds. Overall, there was the slightly sweet, musky fragrance of incense and the heady odor of thousands of blossoming flowers and fruit trees in the gardens.

September/October 1977

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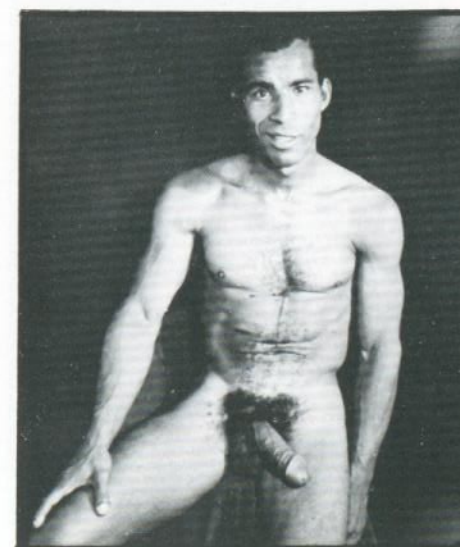
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CARIBBEAN GAY GUIDE

The December 1975 Ciao! is devoted entirely to the Gay Caribbean—including The Yucatan. Also covered are the Bahamas and Bermuda. Puerto Rico is the main feature—and gay life on 25 other Caribbean islands is exposed. Find out about little-known male brothels and where the sun shines bright on gay vacationers. This issue is virtually an Official Guide to the Gay Caribbean and because places change slowly on the Islands the information will remain valid for years. If you are a wintertime vacationer—send for a copy now. Supply is limited. Specify issue by date when ordering. Only \$3.50 a copy in the U.S.A., \$4.50 in Canada and Mexico, \$5.00 elsewhere.

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The Big Hole

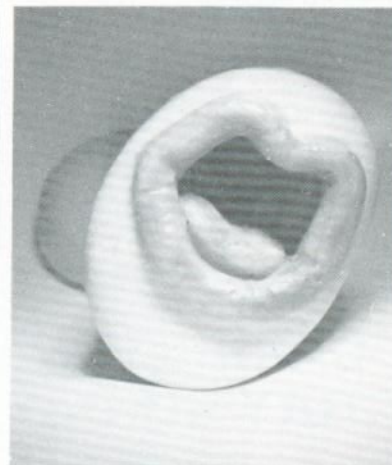


Bottoms up! If that corny expression makes us look like assholes—sorry, guys... but our new toy has our imaginations running 'fuckamuck'. This one's made of soft flesh-colored, flesh-like rubber (completely washable). Tight 1 1/4" hole (stretchable) which leads into a soft condom-like tube (1 3/4" in diameter, 6" deep, stretchable). Grease up and insert between box-spring and mattress, or anywhere (legs, etc.). Sold strictly as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE BIG HOLE.....\$10.95

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Hot Mouth



Pucker up for some deep throat action. These lips and deep mouth complete with realistic tongue are made of soft, flesh-like, flesh-colored (lips and tongue are tinted pink/red) rubber (washable). Tight 1 1/4" hole (stretchable) leads into a soft condom-like tube (1 3/4" diameter, 6" deep, also stretchable). Grease up and insert between box-spring and mattress, or anywhere. (Similar to the toy we used to carry called "Hot Lips" but much improved.)

HOT MOUTH.....\$10.95

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Massage a dab of STA-HARD on the glans penis ("head") to desensitize and prevent premature ejaculation. Safe. Comes in a handy tube. Sold as an aid to adults over 21 only. Sent via insured parcel post in a plain carton.

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THE GEMINI 18 can be used as a "single" by those who like length—or a "double" by two at the same time. Flesh-like, flesh-colored solid rubber over 18" long and better than 2" in diameter. Molded from life, very realistic. Over 2 lbs. of springy rubber. Completely washable. (A tip for the economy-minded: It can be divided in half by cutting, for two good-sized singles.) Sold as a novelty to adults only (please state you are over 21). Sent via insured parcel post in a large, plainly-marked box.

THE GEMINI 18.....\$19.95

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This scene of almost indescribable beauty and grandeur... with all those elegant, tanned, immaculately groomed, superlatively goodlooking young males making love in the monumental jewel box that was the Grand Seraglio... that must have been the stuff great poetry of the ages was made of.

And indeed it was. Much of the best poetry, as well as much of the best of everything else at that time, began and ended with the homosexuals who ruled an empire.

Sic transit gloria mundi.

...

THE EGYPTIAN SCARAB (Continued from page 22)

the *macho* symbol of his time, and there is a kind of romance about this—certainly one of interest to gay guys who are into scat sex.

Invariably scarabs were designed in the shape of the beetle. Why? Because the beetle, to the Egyptians, was the symbol of immortality. Among all other insects, the beetle is sufficient unto himself—sexually, and in every other female-less way. Unlike other insects the beetle needs no female to reproduce himself. He lays his own eggs and carefully imbeds them either in soft mud or—preferably—warm shit, if he can find it. He is the *gayest* of all insects (except, perhaps, A. Jay's conception of *Xavier... the Gay Cucaracha* in the *Ciao!* magazine comic strip!).

Surely the happiest and busiest creature on earth is the beetle who has just lucked out in the discovery of a soft, juicy 'just let' turd. How he breaks it down into minute balls and lovingly beds-down each of his eggs and covers it is one of the wonders of entomology. But don't disturb him in his turd-rolling; he'll become quite annoyed and click angrily at you. A curse also?

Although history does not record whether the ancient Egyptians were into scat, it would seem obvious that (given the golden cock ring of Tutankhamun's tomb) there was an advanced gay-sex society... they were probably on top of the whole bit we know today. No closet queens in that glorious age!

SCARAB SIGNIFICANCE

The significance of a man's favorite scarab imposed in his heart at the time of death is, nevertheless, that he would retain his *machismo* in the next world if he should meet other sexists of his own persuasion—never missing

QQ

a stitch! Or to put it another way; with regard to gay guys of the time it was to make sure that the female-less lifestyle would be preserved without interruption. To be "ongoing," as we would say. Theologically, of course, this was not acknowledged. The stated purpose of the sovereign's favorite scarab was to act as a *guide*... to make sure that the heart of the deceased would reach the other world without mishap. That he might make the transfiguration without losing a tad of erection was just a lucky bonus.

The scarab was of such *macho* significance to the Egyptians that not only was the deceased's favorite scarab imbedded in his heart, but—according to the custom of the time with regard to the high-born and well-to-do, such as King Tutankhamun—there were three other *canopi*, or receptacles, in which the embalmers placed the viscera and the genitals... each imposed with a favorite *macho* scarab. (It was in the *canopus* that held King Tutankhamun's huge phallus that the mysterious-to-everyone-else cock ring was found.)

In general these four scarabs, which you will note in the drawings shown in this article, were called in ancient Egyptian: *Nub*—the ancient symbol of gold, indicating that the deceased—a man of means—should be especially honored once transfigured into the nether world. *Nefer*—a scarab in the shape of an Egyptian lute or mandolin, was a 'happy' scarab with a 'bon voyage' suggestion of happiness and good times. *Tat*—a scarab attesting to the stability of the deceased—to his reliability, endurance and force of character... not to mention his ability to stay in the saddle longer. The fourth scarab—*Ankh*—was the most personal, best-loved and most meaningful of all. In life it had been worn as a talisman of good luck, charm, *machismo*... in death it assured that the departed would enjoy his new life just as he had in his previous existence.

Other than *Nub*, made of gold, the other scarabs could be of any of several precious and semi-precious stones, such as carnelian, steatite, jasper and amethyst. The scarab removed from the heart of Tutankhamun was of solid emerald set in gold—a huge piece of jewelry. It will fascinate you. Most scarabs, however, were of steatite... this being more amenable to designs of one kind or another.

THE SCARAB SHROUD

In addition to the four scarabs just described, which were highly personal with any male of noble birth, his shroud was sewn with others, strung

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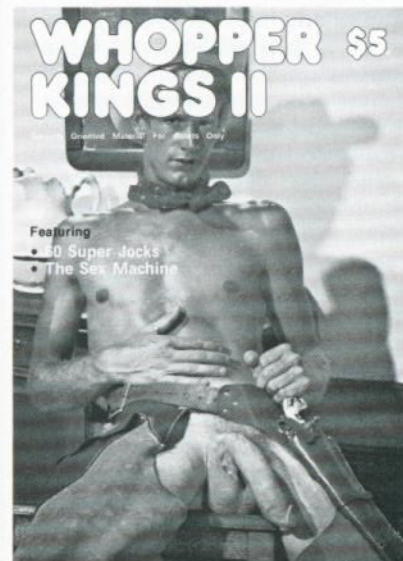
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City State Zip

into a network that covered the body—each scarab depicting some unusual characteristic, unique quality or event in the life of the deceased. Such a shroud for a wealthy man might be strung with as many as 3000 scarabs!

The designs on the scarabs found in the tomb of Tutankhamun are stunningly beautiful. First, the canopy covering the ceiling of the sarcophagus was of pure silk, from which hung by a single thread a huge scarab with a star in the center. This represented *night*. (The Egyptians were quite literal in their designs . . . every scarab can be easily understood by laymen of today because the Egyptians rejected anything abstract.)

Another large scarab had as its center a white bird, signifying *the soul in flight*, and/or *peace*. Also buried with him was an axe—of solid gold, to be sure, encrusted with precious stones. Held in his right hand, with his left hand dholding the crooked staff (like a shepherd's crook, or a bishop's crozier) called the *kukupha*, this symbolized both the king's temporal power and his divinity. In every representation of the life of an Egyptian king—in the theater or in films—this dual symbolism is invariably shown, particularly in court scenes and throne rooms.

But every scarab, no matter what the central design or filigree might be, was beetle-shaped, because the beetle—in laying his own eggs and fertilizing them in dirt or dung—represented, as noted, his ability to not only recreate himself, but to rise from the lowliest estate to life unquenchable. In short, it represented *futurity* and *hope*.

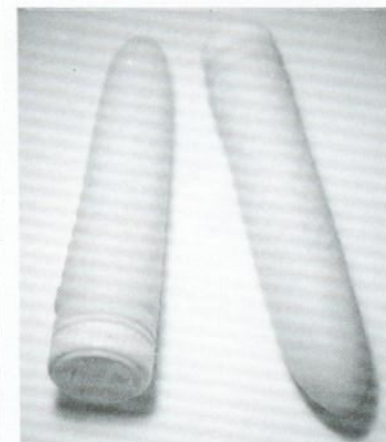
It is interesting how these scarabs of 4000 years ago have, in many obvious ways, become entwined in modern religious symbolism. For example, note the design of *Tat*. In certain Christian religions this represents the Crucifixion . . . bishops of the Eastern Orthodox Church sometimes wear it scarab-like on episcopal rings.

And the design of *Ankh*—the sign of life for the Egyptians is also the symbol of the Resurrection in many Christian religions. Thus the scarab, or *Kheper* in ancient Egyptian, represents the *creator* and *transformer* of all. Small wonder that it played such an important part in the lives of the early Egyptians. They venerated it.

SCARABS TODAY

Unfortunately, most genuine *antique* scarabs one sees today will be found in a museum collection. Most were snapped up long ago. Still one might run across an antique scarab ring in Cairo. In general, however, September/October 1977

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The Homosexual Health Guidebook measures 5 1/2" X 8 1/2" and is printed on heavy glossy stock. It is sent via 1st class in a heavy, carefully sealed plain manila envelope.

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VIBRATING JUICE TUBE\$14.95

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Cairo merchants purportedly dealing in *antichi* are more often than not charlatans, so judge carefully before laying out \$500 or more for an 'antique' scarab anything.

There is a growing trend, however, to design and manufacture scarabs in the United States. So many are of beautiful designs and arranged in bracelet form, or as amulets. Gay guys, appreciating the fact that we have a kind of 'folk hero' in the beetle may well adopt it as a gay macho symbol. The fact that the scarab may be manufactured instead of 'discovered' does not diminish its effectiveness. It can get your message across! And it may get you many more lovers than you ever expected. The scarab, now as then, can be a talisman of good times and great sex. So wear it proudly!

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WHY STRAIGHTS FEAR GAY GUYS (Continued from page 25)

so unfortunate as to be caught with his pants down. They are, instead, frequently men for whom envy is the key motivation in any hostility they may feel toward gays. They resent the freedom and style which gay guys seem to have, and they lack. Gay men for the most part tend to take better care of themselves. They watch their weight, wear stylish clothes, and go to more places and do more interesting things. They have no bills for diapers, summer camps or tuition, nor do their lovers nag them about attending PTA meetings or having menstrual cramps. The attitudes of such straight men may range from enlightened tolerance to vague suspicion. Generalizations are risky. There is no universal attitude toward homosexuality among straights, or, for that matter, among homosexuals themselves.

As for the attitude of women towards gay guys this, too, varies wildly according to individuals. Opinions may range from shock and abhorrence to total acceptance and affinity.

We've all known non-lesbian women who seek out the company of gay guys—"fag hags," "fruit flies" or the Margaret Mead types who find us just too, too terribly interesting. Personally, that type turns me off. These are the gals who show up at gay bars or parties ostentatiously flaunting their "Oh, but I do understand" attitudes, frequently being dreadfully arch and catty because they suppose that is how they'll be accepted as "just one of the boys."

Perhaps they feel inadequate or

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frigid in the company of straight men and comfort themselves with the knowledge that gay guys are not likely to rip their clothes off.

Perhaps they are only too anxious to seduce gay guys so they'll "see the error of their ways." It goes like this: "Really, darling, if you'd see how much better it is than doing it the other way."

Perhaps they like gay guys because they take them out to lunch at the most fashionable restaurants, are always so polite and are such wonders at suggesting how to decorate the apartment.

Mind you, I'm no misogynist. Why, some of my very best friends are women. Women do, after all, make up half of the human race and no doubt are here to stay.

Still, I know from experience that more than one party which had every expectation of turning into a delightful orgy has been ruined when some drunk, loudmouthed, vulgar fag hag showed up at the door and announced, "Oh, don't mind me. You just go right ahead, and I'll just sit here and watch."

Then there are the ladies, bless 'em, who really do abhor gay guys out of a blind, panicky, woefully ignorant fear that we are all child molesters, degenerates, or about to steal their husbands away from them. This is the type that gets hysterical about rapists, creeping obscenity and fluoridation. They can be absolute holy terrors at legislative hearings on liberalized sex laws or when enlisted in some similar Worthy Cause. Avoid them at all costs.

Finally, there are mothers. These range from the Sophie Portnoy to the Auntie Mame types and must, therefore, be dealt with on an individual basis.

Does she know? Then chances are that by now she has become reconciled to the fact that you're not likely to provide the pitter-patter of little grandchildren's feet. Perhaps she's just waiting for you to "get well" again. Possibly she has disinherited you.

On the other hand, many mothers may very well suspect that your roommate is more than just that, but prefer not to bring up the subject. There may be occasional perceptive questions about where did she go wrong in bringing up, but generally the book is closed. In such circumstances a respectful, appropriate filial relationship can best be maintained if you don't live in the same city as your parents, or at least don't see them too often.

As with straight men, many women (lesbians excluded, of course) have no particular feeling one way or another
September/October 1977

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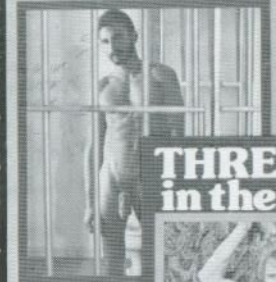
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"Come Cruise with the Skipper"

about homosexuality. Attitudes are changing, after all, and whereas her grandmother would have taken to her bed with the smelling salts at the very mention of a "degenerate," today's woman takes it pretty much in stride.

We have a long way to go before society grants the recognition and acceptance which homosexuals deserve as a birthright. In the meantime, it's best just to acknowledge that they are different from us, and vice versa. Being "different" always has been an automatic reason for arousing prejudice, hatred and social chaos.

The antidote is as simple as it is difficult: appreciative understanding by us of them, and them of us.

...

CHECKLIST FOR CRUISING BARS (Continued from page 27)

Your behavior while in the bar.
Once while visiting in Chicago I got snookered while waiting for a friend to show up with whom I knew I was going to trick. When he finally arrived, I scurried right over and practically threw my arms around him. That was a no-no, as the bartender quickly pointed out, because that particular bar catered to the leather, S&M set. Better I should have leaned up against the wall, picking my nose and scratching my ass, projecting that old super-butth image. In contrast, some bars have such an air of frivolity and low camp that such a stunt would have been overlooked, if not encouraged. The point is, tailor your behavior to whatever seems to be the prevailing mood of the bar lest you frighten off prospective tricks by seeming to be either a nelly ribbon clerk or a Hell's Angels sadist—unless, of course, you actually are one of those types.

What you talk about. That, again, depends on you and the guy you hope to haul home to bed. Getting back to the stereotypes, topics might range from how to grease a Harley hog to what a drag race that last Macy's sale of lavender chiffon was. It's generally wise to speak in terms of the other guy's interests and to be a good listener. The dialogue typically includes a little oneupmanship to determine socio-economic status—"A salesman for General Motors, eh? Well, I happen to be a sales executive for U.S. Steel, and I'm staying at the Americana, and if you'd like to..."

If you're visiting a new bar, or if the prospective trick seems to warrant it,

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The BALL-BUSTER INHALER is tooled from lightweight aluminum and is leakproof. This inhaler hangs from either end (black cowhide thong included). Comes assembled with a fresh wick.

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it's advisable sometimes at this stage to drop some hints about sexual predilections. As it happens, I pride myself on being versatile—with limits. By just coming right out and querying the other guy, I've managed to avoid going home with some kooks. One chap, for example, suggested that he would tie me up and suspend me by my heels from a meat hook he had in the ceiling of his bedroom. He considerably added that he wouldn't "burn or cut me." Another guy blurted right out, when I asked him, that he had a "fecal fetish." In both instances I suddenly remembered that I had a dental appointment!

What you do when you're turned down. Let's face it, you can't win them all. It may turn out that the guy has a jealous lover waiting at home (So what's he doing here?) . . . lives with a suspicious old-maid aunt and doesn't care to go to your place . . . or simply, for one reason or another, doesn't want to have sex with you. It's not the end of the world. Unless you have projected and fantasized him into the *summum bonum*, move on to another. Remember, by cruising him you have, in effect, paid him a compliment. If he is halfway understanding he'll appreciate this and might take a rain check. Whatever the outcome, you've lost nothing and have boosted his ego. This works both ways; if you can't go home with someone who's been cruising you, tactfully so inform him and thank him for the compliment.

The logistics. Nothing is so frustrating as arranging to meet a guy at his apartment and then find you have the wrong address. Or, if you're going to follow him in your own car, make certain you know where he's going and vice versa if you're going to your place. If you live in a congested apartment area, it's also helpful before you leave to suggest where he might find a parking place.

A final tip: smile. That sounds pretty corny, but you'd be surprised at how well it works. It does not mean that you skitter around looking like a toothpaste ad or a constipated Mona Lisa. But notice the next time you're in a bar: the guys tend to look nonchalant, sullen or engrossed in their own thoughts. These are masks, and a smile can penetrate a mask quicker than well, let's see, what else penetrates . . . !

Cruising can be fun. It's basically a game as old as Sodom and Gomorrah and involves the pursuit, capitulation and, to carry the hunting metaphor further, the devouring—literally or figuratively—of the object of your

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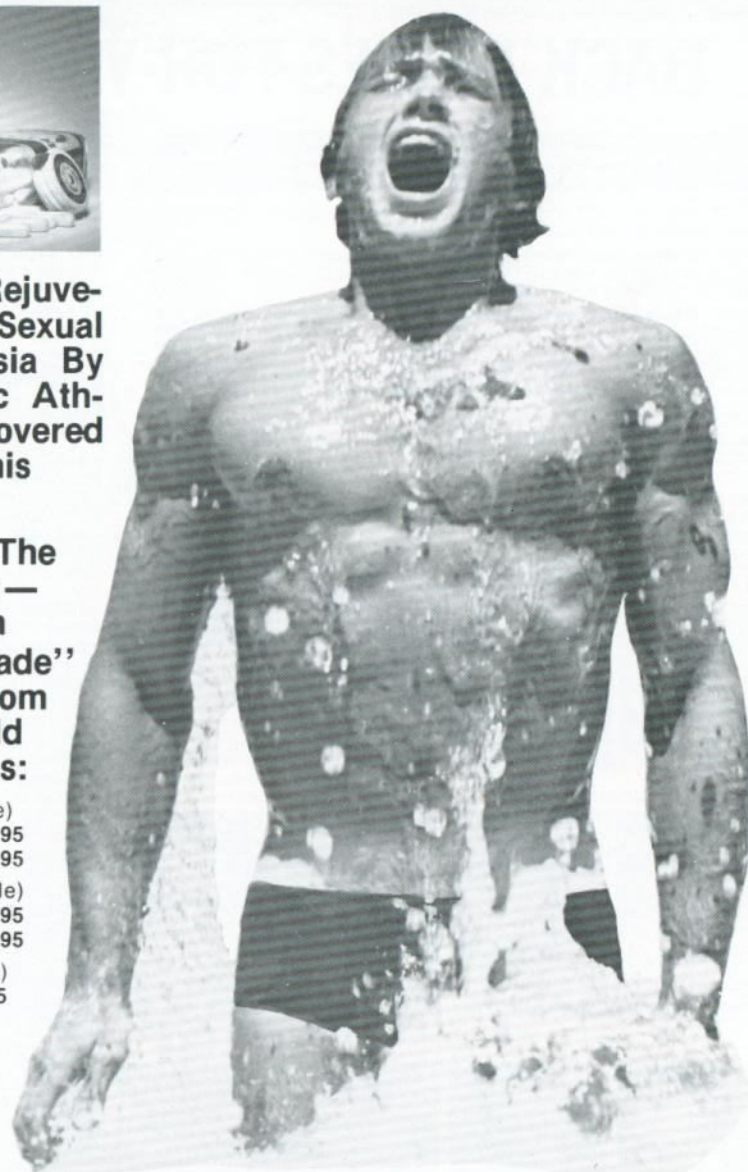
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pursuit. Your approach, accordingly, can vary from dragging that hippie boy back to your cave by his long hair to prancing around and swooping down on pretty boys with a butterfly net. Whatever your strategy, smile, and good luck!

...

PRINZE

(Continued from page 13)

right on with THC. It's a great 'navel contemplator'.

BARBITURATES—AND SUDDEN DANGER

Barbiturates are very iffy drugs, and in their ifiness lie their danger and their 'come-apartness' with regard to sex. The most commonly prescribed/available are *Nembutal* (pentobarbital); *Tuinal* (amobarbital); and *Seconal* (secobarbital). In the same order they are also called yellow jackets, rainbows, and reds.

The principal effect of barbiturates is that the more one strives consciously to think something through, the more muddled (even unhinged, if too many are taken) one becomes. This is really a switch—a depressant that can awaken the renegade in one's psyche! The 'And Sudden Danger' admonition of our heading refers not only to this surprising development, but to the fact that when one laces barbiturates with alcohol, too much of it can cause death. It's the so-called 'Kilgallen Syndrome'. It was recently reported that her son disbelieves the evidence adduced in this bizarre death, but as far as we presently know there is nothing new to report.

In sex, good to great, there must be a 'competition of minds'; when one is on bars and one's lover is not, this can lead to some very hairy situations and the result *in toto* is a huge bust. Only if both are into barbiturates can much togetherness flower, in which case one can cope/bear with it/readjust/rearrange/or try to compensate for it if the other freaks out . . . a case of the blind leading the blind.

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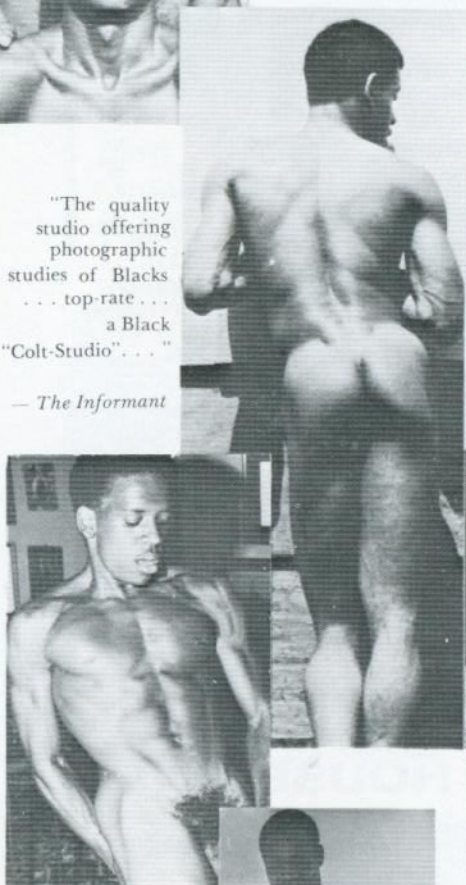
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one in a world of gray ... or non-interaction ... where people walking by appear not dimensional, but as flat pictures on a movie screen.

The Colombians of South America buy *Librium* across the counter as they would a scoop of navy beans. It's their thing because it gently releases tension and permits a greater sexual responsiveness. The disadvantage, however, is a slowing-down of one's consciousness ... yet, some might say such pacing is good in this whirligig world. At least, if used moderately, they're unlikely to fuck up anything. A 10-milligram *Librium* capsule has not wrecked any sex scene that we know of. In moderate strength it can release tension and self-consciousness ... a plus for *Librium*.

On the other hand, the popular *Valium* must be experimented with to find a just balance. It doesn't work the same for all people. For example, a doctor might prescribe *Valium* for a patient who'd complained that his present light tranquilizer was not working well enough. Then thirty minutes after taking a pill he may step in a hole in a sidewalk. Although he may be quite aware that he is falling, he may be so 'un-reflexible' that he can't ward off the fall, and thus hit the deck as flat as a flounder. A try-it-at-home tablet might have alerted him to the vast difference in tranquilizers, and so have prevented (or minimized) the accident.

The best that probably can be said for tranquilizers is that if taken in moderate potencies they reduce nervousness, allay apprehension, and invariably act in a far more civilized and sophisticated way than often-clumsy barbiturates. But to say that they 'up' sex is untrue. They're just not very exciting. But then, of course, they aren't *meant* to be—quite the opposite!

ALCOHOL

The gay host well knows that one cocktail serving can oil his guests quite nicely; that two may still get them to the stripping stage without lallygagging. But he should also know that to have the 'flowing bowl' on his buffet is a sure way to ruin the orgy. In fact, it's *pre-ordained*! Alcohol can be fun, and one or two cocktails can 'unleash' an all-around affection one might not have thought possible. This, of course, gives spice to the wooing and contributes to a freer exchange of sexual diversion. It also encourages lively sexual 'competition'. But enough is *enough*. *More* softens the cock as well as the brain; *too much* is simply blotto, because by this time alcohol will have done a Jekyll into Hyde—having become an

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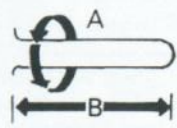
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anesthetic. (Remember those old Western movies in which someone would swill a pint of red-eye before having his leg amputated with a kitchen knife by the 'trail doc'?)

Still, alcohol is not only the safest of downers; used in moderation it can be the saving grace of a gay get-together. At worst, you'll get a helluva hangover if you drink too much, along with sad regrets that you didn't store up any beautiful sexual memories. And that's baa-a-ad!

How sublime it is when gay guys, as equals, can enter the sex scene reveling in the glory of their own bodies, without recourse to anything artificial. Yet each of us has not only a special chemistry, but a special tapestry that should be shown to its best advantage. If one, therefore, feels the need to resort to some 'medic-aid' to bring this about, we hope our remarks this month will have given you greater insight into how *much* and how *far* to go.

...

BEHIND THE JEANS (Continued from page 21)

was movie-making time. Cameras and lights were set up, and the other models, indifferent up to this point, began to look at each other hungrily. Unfortunately, it wasn't passion: it was time for lunch. At home I watch my nutrition to the point of being boring, but "on location" all we ever get are cheeseburgers, pickles, and onions. After starring in six or seven of these cheeseburger-pickle-onion epics, I had discovered that all models tasted alike. Therefore I started bringing Lavis. Now they all still taste alike, but better.

Lunch and Lavis consumed, it was time to go to work. Nobody could think of anything else to do. So I went "below" (the only nautical term I learned) while my two Munchkin buddies got it on, fore and aft. Suddenly, seemingly from nowhere, a large ship appeared and everybody scattered. A girls' camp was on its annual outing to study rare forms of marine biology. Wouldn't you know that with the whole ocean available, the best kelp was right next to our boat? We decided, confidently, to simply wait them out. After all, how long could it take to pick up a few plant samples?

Two hours later someone suggested we move. The girls had become intrigued with the lack of activity on our side and thought they had

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discovered a couple of ships in distress. They were preparing to come aboard and save us all, leaving their lessons on the sex life of the polyp for another day. We were trapped. And our sex life didn't seem to be progressing any faster than theirs. I volunteered to give the young ladies a visual aid or two, so came up from below and stood there while the other guys, kneeling, wrapped their arms around my legs. I understand that that girls' camp now has one of the highest enrollments next to U.C.L.A.

The highlight of the film was to show an uninhibited three-way on the bow of my boat. Doesn't that sound sexy? Well, the water was so rough that the cameraman's legs had to be held to keep him from going over. One of the kids was lying on his fore, the other kneeling in front of his aft, and I was standing over the two of them, my mast waving in the breeze, ready for action. But every time I started my downward plunge, a wave would wash over me and miss the mark. Finally, the director, who would have given his megaphone for a dramamine, screamed, "Stop fooling around, Jack! Fuck him in the ass!" And I screamed back, "I'm trying, you idiot, but I can't find it!"

Our entire effort for that day was almost destroyed when we docked and found the area crawling with cops, squad cars, helicopters, the entire L.A. militia. We figured that some little mother from that girls' camp must have spotted what we were really doing and reported us. So the director grabbed all the film and raced back towards the water to drown the evidence. Luckily, just in time, we were told that the fuzz was investigating a condominium robbery, and one more fantasy was saved for posterity.

One thing I've learned in the last two years: if you dream of the ideal sex scene, keep that dream locked up tight in your heart. Because if you ever actually live it, you'll probably see one terrific fantasy go straight down the tubes!

The numbers indicated on the pictures of Jack Wrangler accompanying this article are given as an aid to those wishing to order complete sets of the series which include these photographs. Please see Jack's ad on page 49. Wrangler fans will also be interested in seeing the still-current August 1977 **CIAO!** and September 1977 **BODY** magazines in which he is featured. Copies may be secured from the **QQ Publishing Co., Inc.**, (please use order form on page 4, indicating magazines desired) or from the newsstand where you buy **QQ**.

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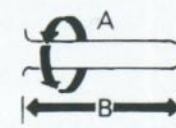
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MUSCLE CONTEST NEWS & NOTES

Mr. Pennsylvania



Top: Senior winners, left to right—Don Townes, 5th; Doug Nagy, 3rd; Frank Calta, 1st; Gregg Amore, 2nd; Garland Donaho, 4th. Bottom: Teenage winners, left to right—Roger Carey, 5th; Jan Intoccia, 3rd; Anthony Gasbarra, 1st; Mark Shiavo, 2nd; Ron Hester, 4th. Right: Ron Teufel, 1976 Mr. Pennsylvania, was guest poser. Photos courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.



Mr. South Texas



Mike Arlen not only won the overall title, but also Best Chest, Best Legs and Best Back awards. Photo courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.



Hercules In New York Sept. 10



On Saturday, Sept. 10th Steve "Hercules" Reeves will be inducted into the World Body Building Guild "Hall of Fame"—along with former boxing champ Joe Louis and pro wrestling champ Billy "Superstar" Graham—at the New York Statler Hilton, 33rd St. and 7th Ave., opposite Madison Square Garden, at 12 Noon. The testimonial luncheon is open to all, at \$15 per person. Come and enjoy—and meet "Hercules" and all the bodybuilders who will attend prior to competing in the WBBG Pro Mr. America, Pro Mr. World and Mr. Olympus contests at Madison Square Garden (Felt Forum) at 8 P.M. that evening. (Seats are \$5, \$10, \$15, \$20, \$25.) Purchase tickets to both events by writing the WBBG (att: Bud Parker), 1665 Utica Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234. A limited number of places will be available at the door for the luncheon. Contest tickets may also be purchased at Ticketron outlets. Photos of Reeves from Joseph E. Levine's "Hercules," "Hercules Unchained," and "Goliath and The Barbarians."

Mr. & Miss Britain



Left: John Donnelly, Jr. Mr. Britain. Top left: Mr. & Miss Britain winners, left to right—Stella Rhodes, 3rd; Bill Richardson, 3rd; Terry Phillips, 2nd; Eddie McDonough, 1st; Bridget Gibbons, 1st; Robina Sharp, 2nd. Top right: Sr. Mr. Britain winners, left to right—Ron Davies, 2nd (over 35); Bill Hemsworth, 1st (over 35); Jim Longhurst, 1st (over 45); Basil Grant, 2nd (over 45); Charles Crawford, 3rd (over 45); Norman Fricker, 4th (over 35). Organizers of these contests also hold the Mr. Universe show in London the third week of September. Photos courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.

Mr. West Coast



Dick Siegfried (l.) won; Ron Bourque was 2nd. Photo courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.

Mr. New York City



Left: Handsome Al Kohler won the World Body Building Guild contest. Below: The way it looked to the audience. Bottom left: John Marsico looked great; he placed 2nd in the Mr. Long Island subdivision. Bottom right: Joe Nazario was guest poser. Photos courtesy Muscle Training Illustrated magazine.



Mr. Appalachia



Steve Gross of Tennessee won.

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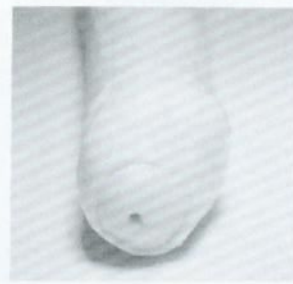
"FORESKIN FINDER"



The UNCIRCUMCISED SOCIETY OF AMERICA (U.S.A.) offers a "Foreskin Finder" list and a newsletter about uncuts, circumcision (history, etc.), and a provocative forum on the pros and cons of cock cutting. Skins and non-skins are invited to write for information and a newsletter.

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