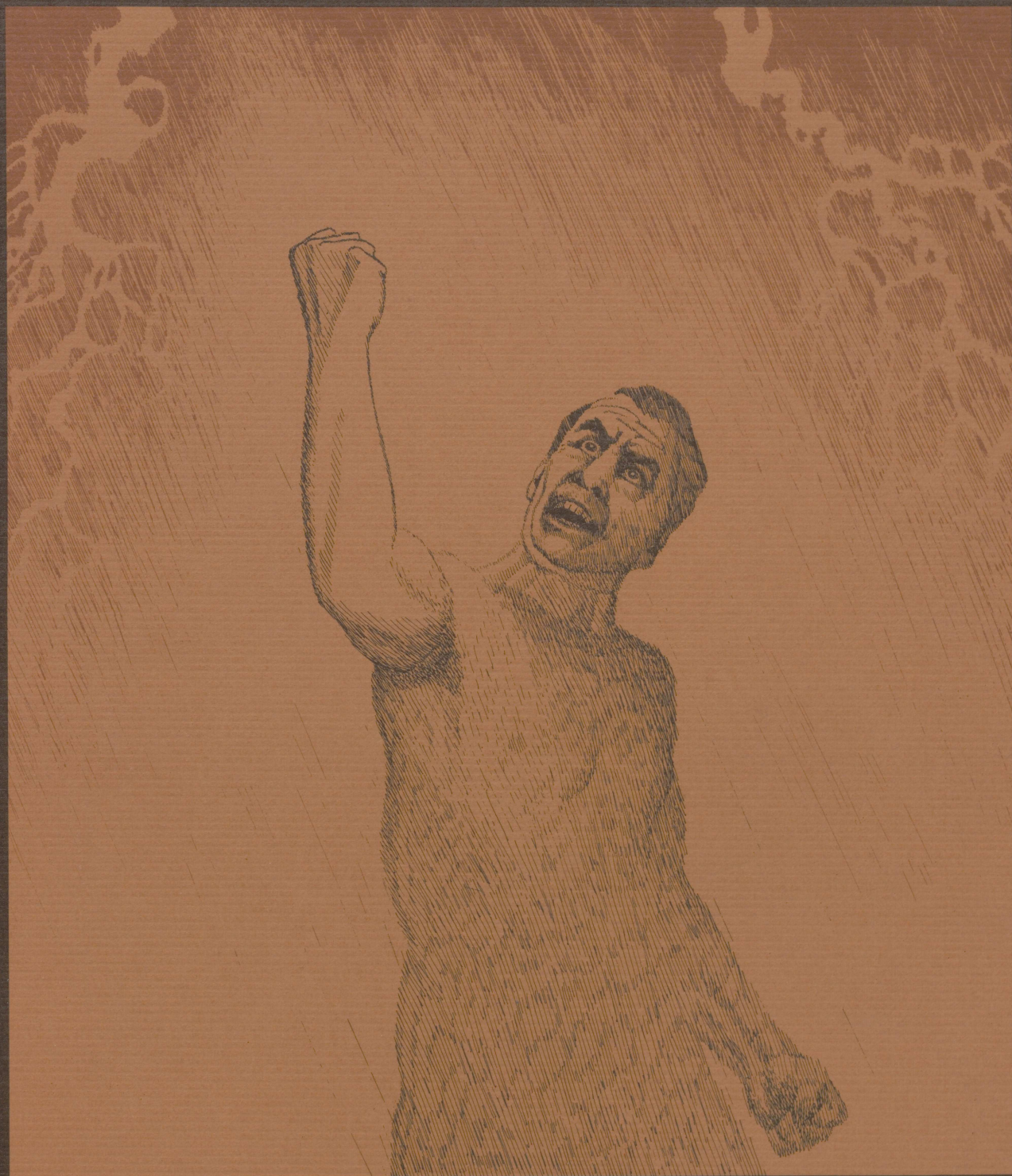


# HORSESHIT

NUMBER TWO/\$2.00



ATTACK! 

THE OFFENSIVE REVIEW

NUMBER TWO/\$2.00



**HORSESHIT**  
THE OFFENSIVE REVIEW  
• A DOWN TO EARTH MAGAZINE •  
SCUM PUBLISHING COMPANY



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As the priests stripped the clothes off the trembling girl, the crowd murmured impatiently. Then, when the girl was completely naked, the other priests stepped back and the chief priest made the girl turn slowly around so that the people could all see her loveliness. A gasp came from the crowd at the sight of her beauty.

Then the priests seized the frightened girl and threw her into the pit of the live volcano. Turning to a young man, the chief priest beckoned him forward. To everyone's amazement, the young man broke away from his attendants and ran to the nearby jungle and disappeared from sight.

No one tried to pursue him but instead the people in the crowd all began to shake their heads and feel sorry for the unhappy young man who had betrayed his religion, his nation, and his education. At the sight of his desertion, the young man's parents had broken into tears and now they could not be comforted.

A government official standing to one side of the crowd had grown angry. "Why he's nothing but a stinking, low, contemptible traitor! He's a coward!" said the man.

A kindhearted woman disagreed. "The boy has just gone crazy," she said.

\* \* \* \* \*

If you haven't caught on that our society uses human sacrifice, don't read this magazine. Horseshit is a message from the jungle. It is dangerous. If you read it, you may find yourself agreeing with some of the things we say. Then people will think you are either crazy or a traitor. Go watch the human sacrifices instead. Enjoy yourself. Maybe you can be next.



All the drawings in this magazine are by Robert M. Dunker  
All the writing in this magazine is by Thomas W. Dunker

# CANON

*Is he just another member of the heavenly host or is our great martyred president destined to sit at the right hand of God?*

Why not make it official now? Why must the faithful wait before they can openly pray to Jack Kennedy? Or, as we prefer to call him, St. Jack?

Think of all the miracles that could be performed now if only this devotion were widespread. Think how the loss of merit is mounting every day because there is no officially accepted way of praying to St. Jack. Are the bishops going to wait until his martyrdom has faded from people's minds before they act?

Let's all do something about it now! Write a letter to your Bishop telling him of your desire to see Jack Kennedy canonized now. To be sure that your letter receives the attention it deserves, enclose some money. Hint that there is more where that came from.

Be on the alert for miracles in your neighborhood that might be the result of devotion to Saint Jack. Spread the word as much as possible, even to Protestants and Jews who might be willing to contribute.

Everyone can help. If you suspect that you might be the victim of a fatal disease, get a cer-

tificate to that effect from your family doctor. (Catholic doctors only, if you please. No Jews or unbelievers!) If your doctor is unable or unwilling to supply you with such a certificate, write to this office for a list of doctors who have been witnesses to miraculous cures in the past. If you live in a rural or isolated area, some of these doctors will handle your application entirely by mail. Or for those who have a little more money to spend and want the very best, this office has arranged for the board of medical examiners at the famous shrine of Lourdes in France to handle your case. Think of it! The same doctors who have certified thousands of miraculous cures will now be available to you! Write today for prices.

Then after you have gotten your medical certificate, start praying to Saint Jack. Pray hard. Remember that at least four miracles are needed for the canonization proceedings. Yes, you may be one of the lucky winners whose miraculous cure is used at the canonization in Rome!

SAINT JACK, PRAY FOR US.

# MINIMIZE THE COSTS OF J.F.K. CANONIZATION NOW!


Are you going to do your share? Many people remember that when Mother Frances Cabrini was canonized in 1946, it cost eight million dollars. But remember, that was 1946. Everything has gone up since then.

Just to give you some idea, in 1946 the traditional offering to the Papal Chamberlain for candles was fifty thousand dollars. Today, it is **three hundred thousand dollars**. And that's only the offering, we still have to buy the candles.

Again, the ancient custom of making a donation to the Papal Counts for safe conduct through Italy, (a custom dating back to the 15th Century) is far more expensive than it was in '46 when Count Mafiosa, the nephew of the saintly Pius XII, charged only two hundred thousand dollars. Since this donation varies with the importance of the personage to be considered for canonization, we were able to get an estimate from a reliable source that the present donation would be at least one and a half **million** dollars. (The charge for this reliable estimate was ten thousand dollars.)

Beyond the preliminary offerings, petitions will have to be presented to the Curia (estimated cost: 2 million), to the Holy Office (1.2 million), to the Arch-Deacon of Rome (.6 million), to the Deacon of Rome (.4 million), to the Sub-Deacon of Rome (.2 million). Plus others too numerous to mention, such as offerings to the Jesuits, the Franciscans, the children of Lucky Luciano, the relatives of the Papal Under-Secretary of State, the great grand-nephews of Benedict XV; donations to the Christian Democrats, the monarchists, the widow of Victor Emmanuel, and the Carabinieri. Also, donations to the army, the civil service, to Cardinal Risotto's lover, plus extra for the

**LET'S MAKE WORSHIPING JACK LEGAL.  
CONTRIBUTE TO THE JFK CANONIZATION FUND**

lover's wife and family, to the Papal Guard and their mistresses and boy-friends, the unions, the police, the railroads, and many others. Plus taxes, service charges, surcharges, fees, expenses, extraordinary expenses, tips, gratuities, stipends, blackmail, honorariums, and emoluments. Also money for charity, for orphanages, for widows, for masses for the dead, and for the poor. Remember the old Italian proverb, "Do not come 

emptyhanded to Rome.”

Our accounting department has estimated that the total cost of canonization will be at least thirty million dollars. This may sound like a lot of money to some but don't we owe it to the memory of John F. Kennedy to pay any amount to see him canonized now? And think, what with rising costs, the longer we put off having him canonized, the more it will cost.

**NO TIME TO LOSE**



**SPECIAL**  
INSTANT FAMILY HEIRLOOM

**SPECIAL**

SACRED WATCH. Just like a religious medal, only practical, too.  
Just \$49.95



**LOOK IN THE  
YELLOW PAGES  
FOR YOUR LOCAL  
CANTWELL DEALER**

**\* CANONIZE JFK NOW! \***

*A Personal Message*

**FROM BEN CANTWELL, PRESIDENT OF THE CANTWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY**

I just want to take this opportunity to say a word about Jack Kennedy and why I think he should be canonized at this time. Jack Kennedy was a real gentleman, a guy with real class. Now you know that most of these spics and dagoes that have been made into Saints in the past probably never got near a bath tub more than twice a year and you wouldn't no more try to get them into a really good restaurant in New York than anything. So that's why I think Jack Kennedy who so personified the Real American ought to be made into a Saint. This was a man who wore four hundred dollar suits (I might add at this point that Jack and I used the same tailor), a man who had style, a man who was at equal ease with the titled heads of nobility from Europe and the plainest kind of peasants from Iowa. Let me tell you that when I made one of my semi-annual trips to Europe twice every year, while the Kennedys were in the White House, I was proud to tell my European friends who included some of the biggest and most important people on the Continent, that I was an American. So let me conclude with this quotation from the pen of the great Poet, "They also serve who only stand and wait." Thank you.

*\*\* Unprecedented offer \*\**

**holy spoon!**



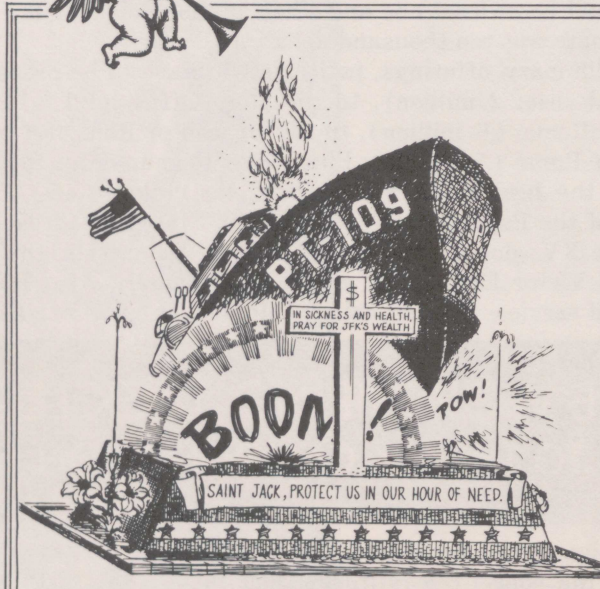
\$19.95

Now your child can have a silver spoon just like the one Jack was born with.

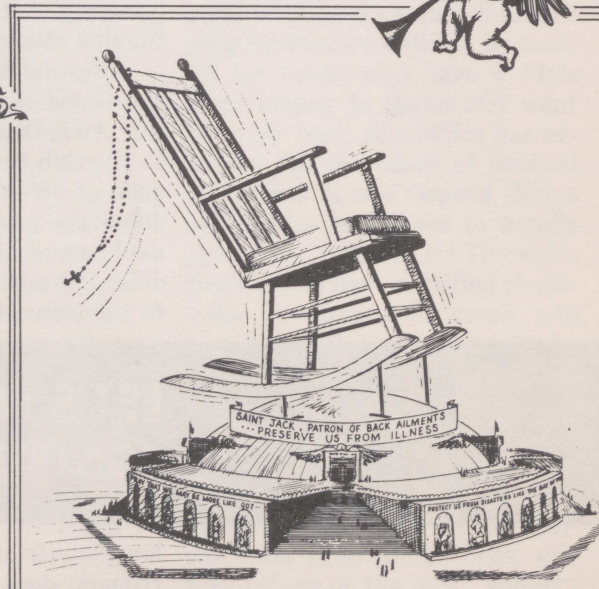
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**: PUBLIC**

**PROPOSED MONUMENTS**

*DONATE NOW.*



**MEMORIAL FLAME**  
PERPETUAL FLAME IN MEMORY OF JFK.



**"ACTUALLY ROCKS!"**  
PERPETUALLY MOVING ROCKING CHAIR IN MEMORY OF JFK.



C

unt is a Christian word,  
Short and ugly and blunt.  
Cunt!

Gash, snatch, pussy, crack,  
How sweet you sound to the ear!  
No wonder you hide in shame,  
You box, you slit, you hole!

To think that races have lived  
Who admired that portal of life  
That core and center of all women  
That heart-deep longing of men.

Who praised and worshipped  
The upright staff and hidden mouth  
That brought us all into the world.  
The dirty savages!

Stay at home all you Christian cunts,  
Away from all possible danger.  
Hide! Hide! Men are passing by  
In the hall. Dangerous. Mean.  
Thank God they're gone. And  
You are safe and virginal still.

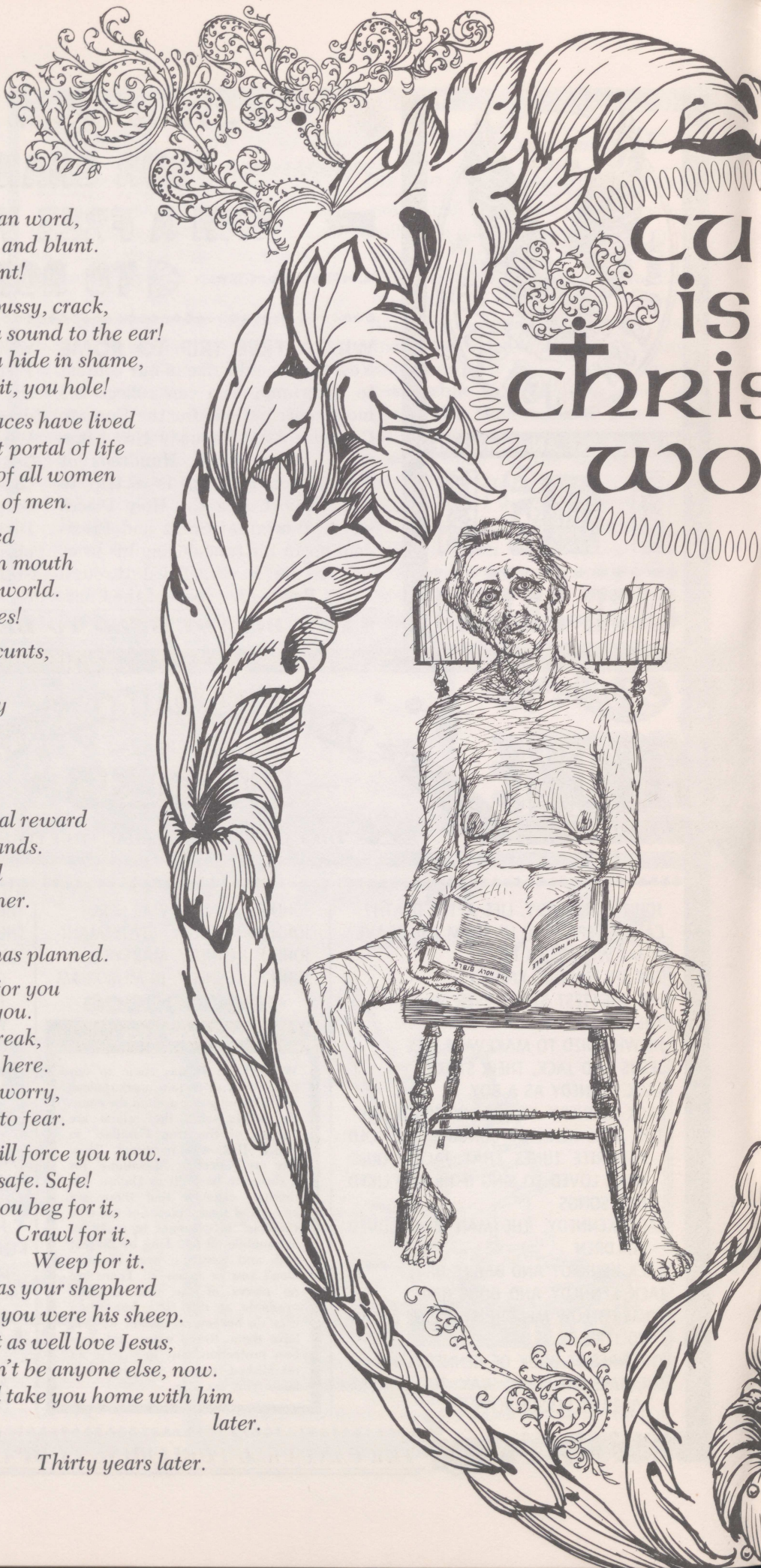
For everyone knows Jesus has a special reward  
For cunts untouched by masculine hands.  
Oh yes! Oh yes! A special reward  
Even before the next world. Sooner.  
When you are forty-six or seven  
Then you will know what Jesus has planned.

Death for you, dust for you  
no more lust for you.  
Cry at every daybreak,  
Die when night is here.  
Never have to worry,  
Never have to fear.

No man's cock will force you now.  
Your virginity is safe. Safe!  
Safe even if you beg for it,  
Crawl for it,  
Weep for it.

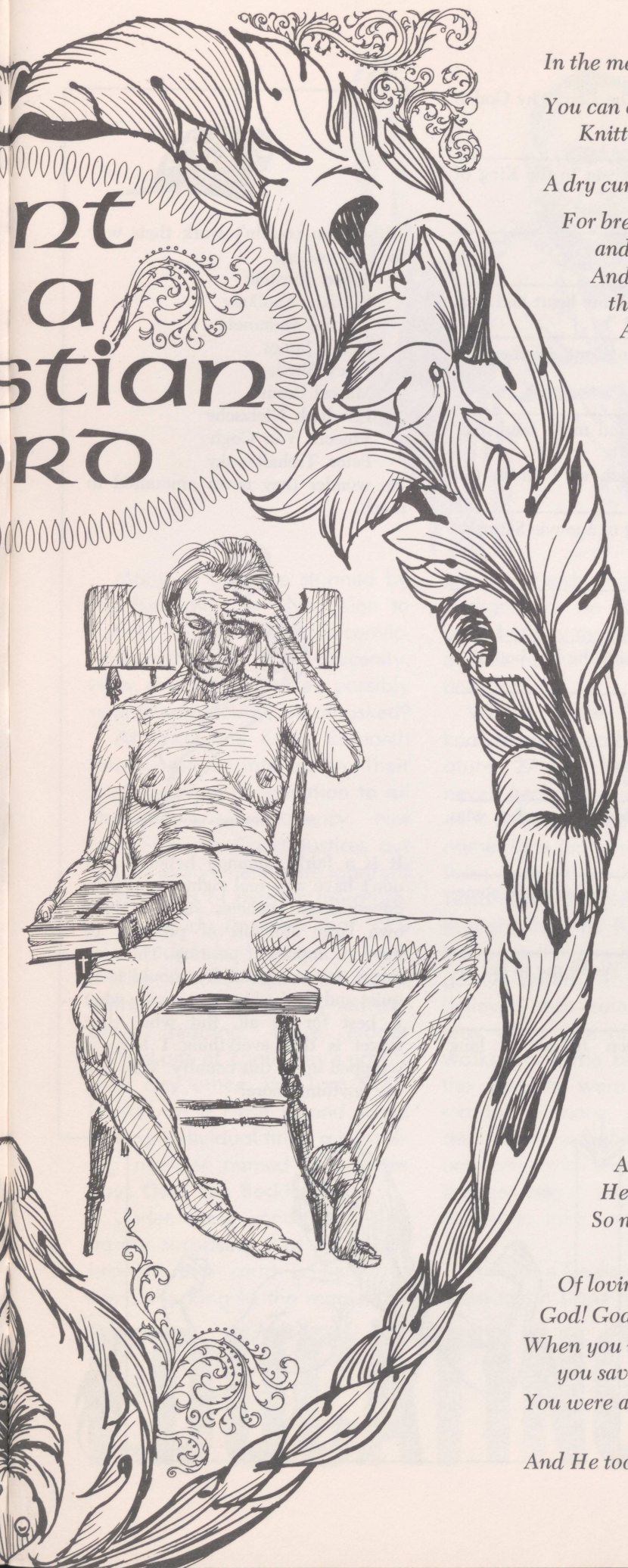
Jesus was your shepherd  
and you were his sheep.  
You might as well love Jesus,  
There won't be anyone else, now.  
And He'll take you home with him  
later.

Thirty years later.



cunt  
is  
CHRIS  
wo





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a  
stian  
RD

*In the meantime . . . yes, some meantime . . .*

*You can occupy yourself  
Knitting and feeling your body*

*Thirty years! or more?*

*dry out.*

*A dry cunt is a safe cunt.*

*For breakfast you can eat loneliness  
and at lunch . . . loneliness*

*And dinner is the big meal. All  
the loneliness you can stuff down.*

*And no worries! For there'll be plenty left over  
for the next day. Plenty!*

*More than enough.*

*Think of all the careless girls  
who let men touch them  
there.*

*Who were foolish and silly  
and forgot about their immortal souls  
Thinking instead of fleshly pleasures  
and who now have been brought to ecstasy  
five thousand times.*

*But you have been saved from that,  
Saved.*

*But soon you will realize,  
That you have been getting fucked all along.  
For there is no cock as big and rough  
As the one your church has thrust in you.  
God's great steel penis*

*which feels like a dentist's drill  
and always draws blood  
has been nipping at you all along.  
A little foreplay  
before the real thing.*

*Now you've got thirty years  
of dry fucking  
Dry, painful, please don't do it any more fucking.*

*For your God is no quitter  
and He likes nice girls  
Especially when they get a little older.*

*He loses control  
when He feels them under Him.*

*And knows that now they're fifty,  
He's the only one for them.*

*So now you are going to get  
all the pain*

*Of loving. and none of the joy*

*God! God! But are you getting fucked!*

*When you were young  
you saved all your love for Jesus,*

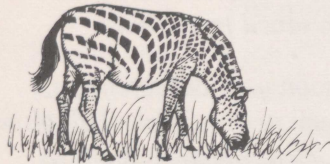
*You were a stranger  
and lost*

*And He took you in.*

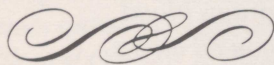




If a playwright has his players stick to what people actually say and what people actually do, the play will always become a comedy. But if he allows them to talk about their hopes and dreams and ambitions, then the play inevitably becomes a tragedy.



People talk about self-educated men as though there were some other kind.



What does the average man know about his government? All's he's ever done is do what he's been told. He would get along just fine in Communist Russia or Nazi Germany. To find out about a government, ask the man who has done what he wanted—not what he was told to do. Ask Ralph Ginzburg.

Hear, O Israel, The Lord Thy God is One God.

That's nice.

Let me introduce you to the King of England.

Hi there.

Did you come?

Huh? Oh, sure.

I love you with all my heart and soul. What?

I've been working out in the gym every day.

You're joking!

Let's go to bed and make mad, passionate love.

Okay, just as soon as I finish this story.

How about going to a movie Saturday night?

With you?

Where's the john?

The what?

Who's the girl with the big boobs?

My sister.

Nice place, huh?

This?

Will you marry me?

Are you kidding?

God, what a dog! I wonder who brought her?

I did.

This is fun! Let's do this again sometime.

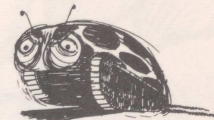
Well . . . okay.

Wake up, honey! We've got to get up, darling.

Who are you?

Now we've been friends a long time . . .

We have?



These men couldn't work their way through college.

Albert Einstein

William Faulkner

Charles Steinmetz

Henry James

Percy Shelley

Marcel Proust

Friedrich Nietzsche

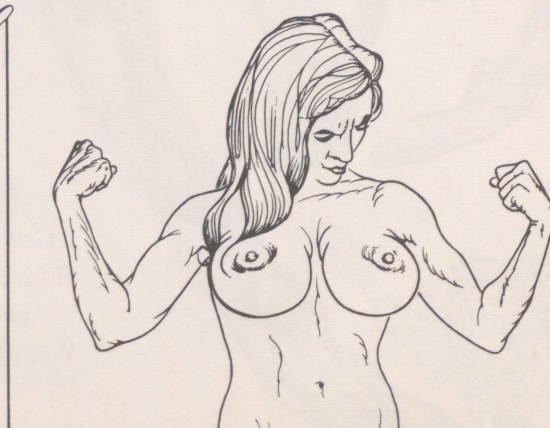
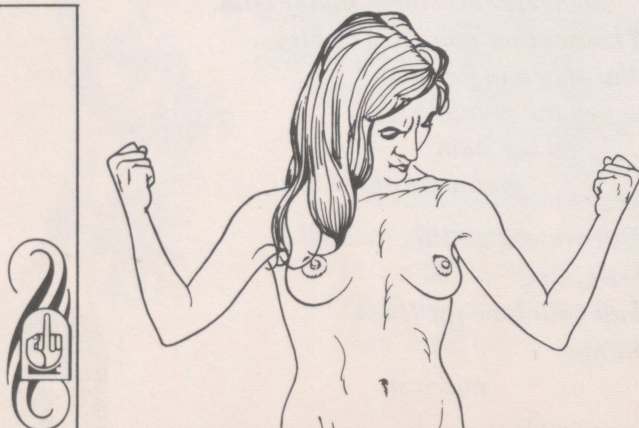
Vincent Van Gogh

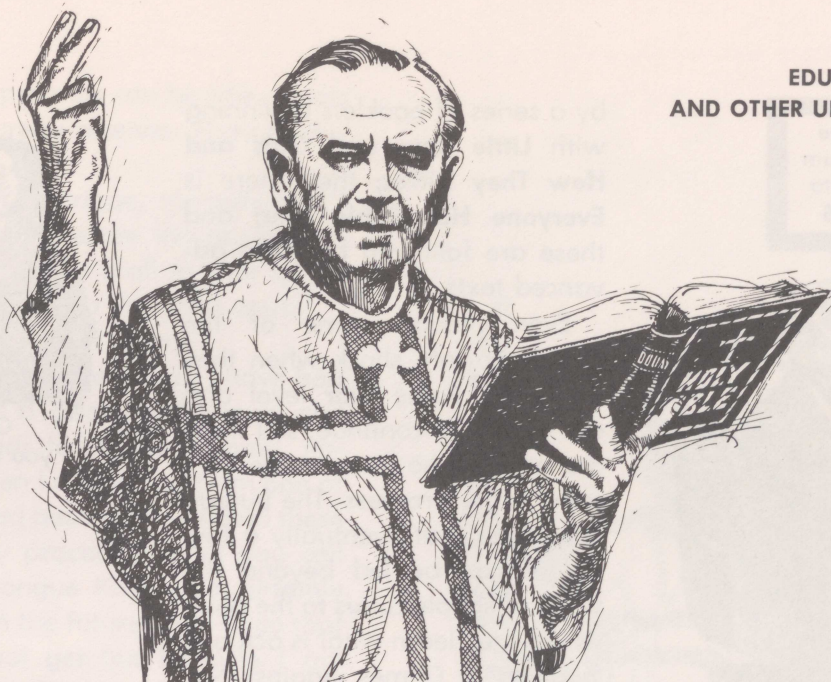
Peter Tschaikovsky

No wonder they never amounted to much.



It is a fairly common belief that I don't have any real right to criticize governmental policies since I don't own large amounts of property or have an important position. The feeling is that we small fry should keep quiet and let the big guys decide what is best for us all. But what they forget is that everything I have is wrapped up in this country. Who can say anything more?





Many of us were stunned by the Supreme Court's decision to uphold Ralph Ginzburg's conviction on the grounds of obscenity. How could the Justices possibly vote in such a way, we all asked?

At once, the Scum Research Bureau moved into action. Their findings were a revelation to all students of jurisprudence. Not only Supreme Court Justices but judges everywhere were ignorant of the facts of modern literature.

Our study revealed that 92% of all judges had not read a book in the last 25 years. Asked to name the last book they remembered reading, more judges named one of Zane Grey's novels than any other. The Tom Swift books ran a close second while among individual titles, a surprising number named **The Motor Boys Over The Rockies**.

Under these conditions, it is hardly surprising that **any** book brought into court is liable to seem shocking to the magistrate

on the bench. Considering his background, he would be appalled at any modern novel, even a Book of the Month Club selection.

What's more, this lack of knowledge extends beyond literature. 27% of the judges had never heard the word Lesbian. 41% defined hymen as a Jewish name. One judge wrote that testicles was a Book of the Old Testament. A whopping 73% thought that the Fallopian tubes had something to do with the digestive system. And finally, 29% believed that coitus interruptus was when one of the children walked into the bedroom while the parents were engaged in marital relations. Another 11% defined the same term as the announcement by the wife after coitus has begun that she has forgotten to take her birth control pill.

The Scum Research Bureau has since taken steps to remedy this

situation. First, they tried circulating some of the standard sex manuals among the members of the judiciary. This didn't work because most of the judges didn't read the books and the ones who did were so shocked that they wanted to prosecute the authors for obscenity. A few of the judges were prepared to hale quite a batch of writers into court including Havelock Ellis and a fellow named Kinsey, but they were dissuaded after the D.A. discovered they were out of his jurisdiction. However, there is a warrant out in Oklahoma for one S. Freud.

Finally, by cutting out some of the rougher sections, the Bureau was able to make a nice little pamphlet out of **What Every Boy of Fifteen Should Know**. So far, the Bureau has had very good success in circulating this among the judges in this country and some even want more information. These are led gently through the various stages of knowledge

# EDUCATING JUDGES...

Experiences of the  
Scum Research Team  
while attempting to  
**EDUCATE JUDGES**



To learn this now!  
I think I'm going to cry.



That's pretty good. But have  
you heard the one about . . . ?



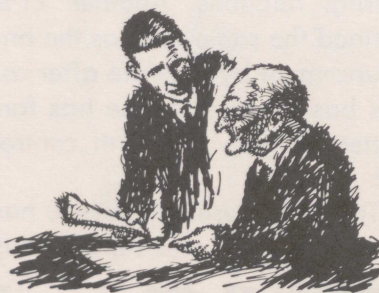
No, of course I don't think sex is dirty.  
But I do think it should be kept in the  
bathroom where it belongs.

by a series of booklets beginning  
with **Little Boys and Girls and  
How They Differ**; then there is  
**Everyone Has Pubic Hair**; and  
these are followed by more ad-  
vanced texts.

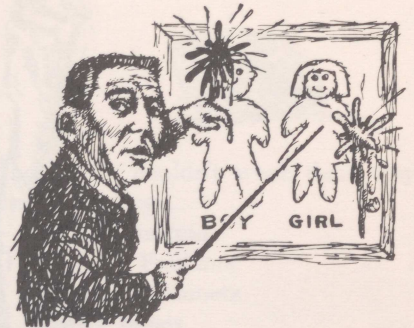
Even though some of the  
judges go into shock when they  
reach the **Pubic Hair** level and  
are unable to continue, still there  
are others who have made very  
satisfactory progress. The Bureau  
has hopes that eventually a few  
judges can be led beyond the  
study of simple coitus to the point  
where they learn what is actually  
involved in Crimes Against Na-  
ture, Unnatural Acts, and other  
sex offenses for which large num-  
bers of men are sentenced to  
prison every year. However, at  
the present time this can only be  
regarded as a future hope.



It may be legal, but it's still a sin.



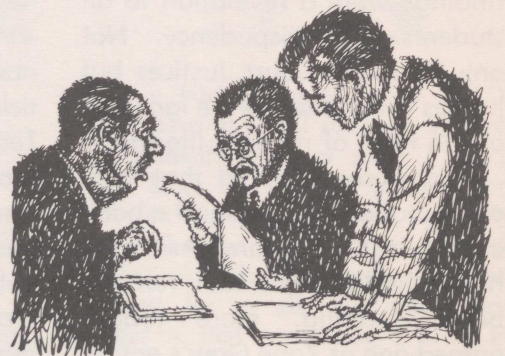
Oh no, Sir. You don't understand.  
These are training manuals—  
not dirty pictures.



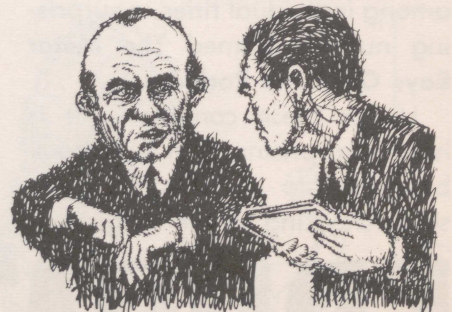
Gentlemen, please, if  
you have any objections . . .



So that's what my wife has been  
hinting about all of these years.



Do you mean my Mother and Daddy . . . ?



You mean he puts his thingamajig  
into her whatyamacallit?

The present state of progress can best be shown by the letters that the Bureau receives. From Michigan, a judge writes:

'After sixteen years of marriage, my wife and I were childless, but now we are the proud parents of a baby girl. We owe it all to your splendid little pamphlets. Keep up the good work.'

A judge in Pennsylvania has this to say:

'During my many years on the bench, I have had occasion to sentence a good many men and women to twenty year terms for sodomy. Imagine my surprise when I discovered from one of your booklets that I had been mistaken and these couples were actually practicing what you call 'French kissing' or 'tongue kissing.' I certainly will be more careful in the future and I hope that word of this does not get out because I am rather thin skinned and I would get a lot of chaffing from the other men on the bench.'

This letter from Texas:

'I enjoyed yur books ver much. Plese sen me eny mor yu got paticularley wuns with pitchers of naked gals.'

From Northern California:

'Many of the punk lawyers around here have been trying to get me retired because I am 104 years old but I won't give them the satisfaction. I had my grandson read your pamphlets to me and they certainly cleared up several points I had been wondering about for quite some time. Can't tell you how relieved I was to learn that masturbation can do no lasting harm . . .'

From West Virginia:

'If I had possessed this information before, I never would have sentenced that fellow to prison last year for selling that book on breast feeding. Oh well, he'll be out in another four years.'

From one of the New England States:

' . . . so that when I sentence the prisoner, I always become very angry and I have to ask the clerk of courts to signal me when I get too carried away as I am afraid of a possible heart attack. Later, in my chambers I have often been dismayed to find evidence of a rather copious ejaculation and I wonder how common this is among other judges . . .'



Right Reverend Wim Brinin casting the first stone.

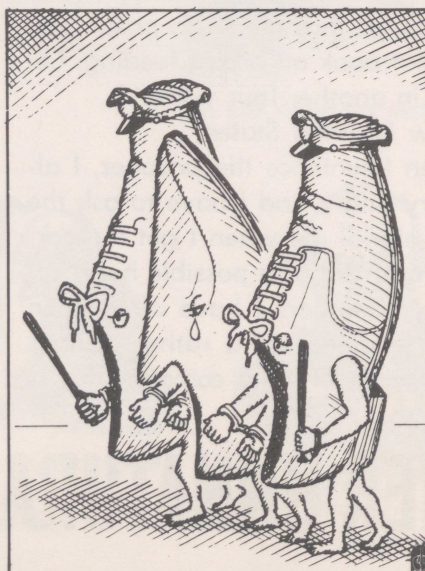
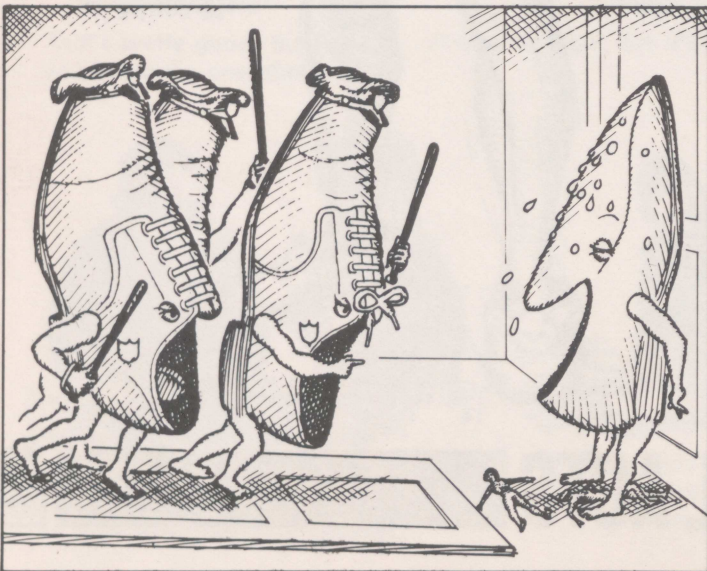
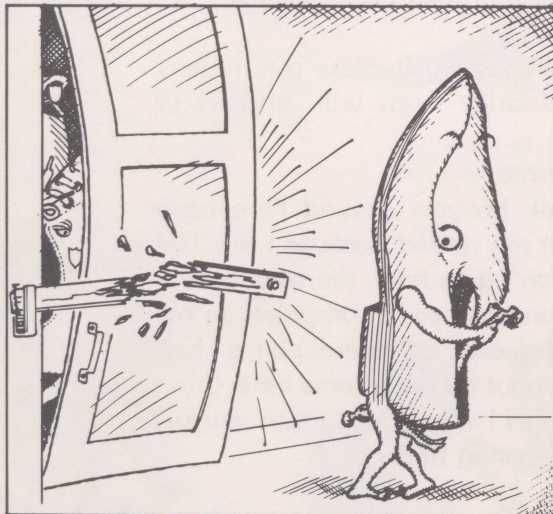
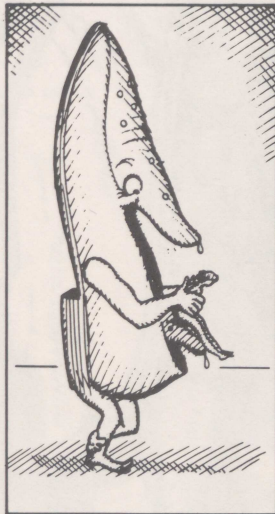
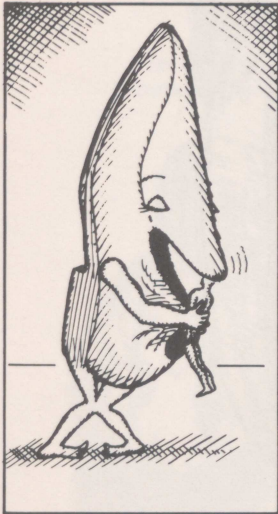
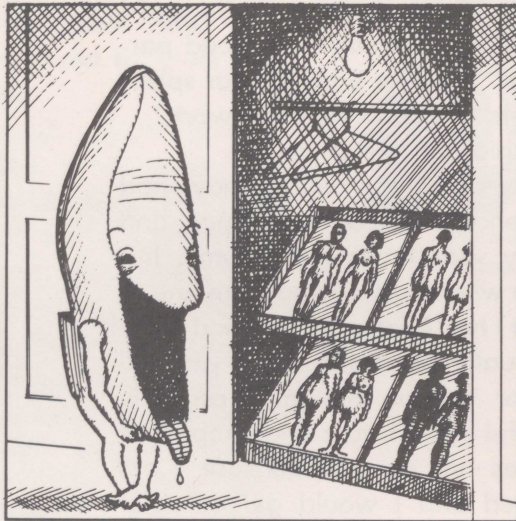
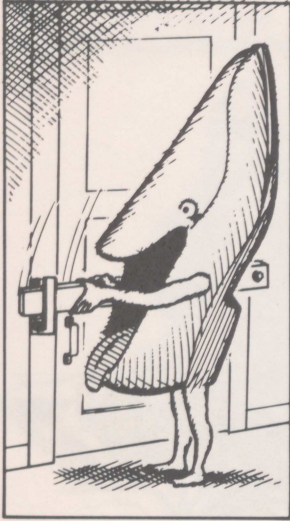
## AND OTHER UNNATURAL ACTS





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# THE FETISHIST

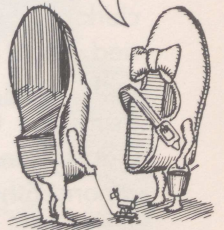


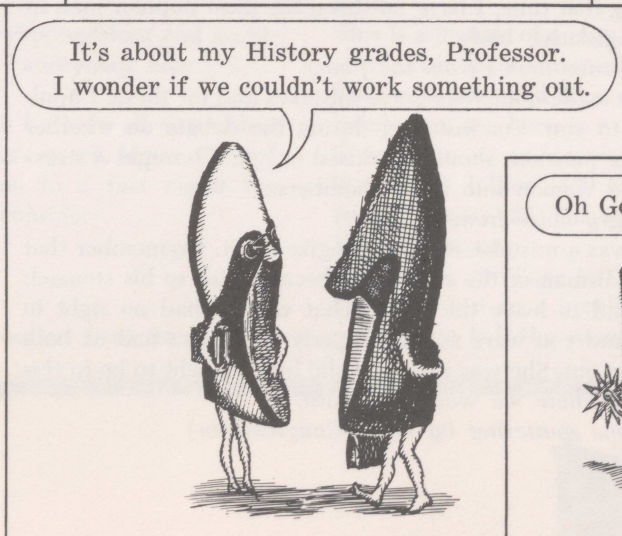
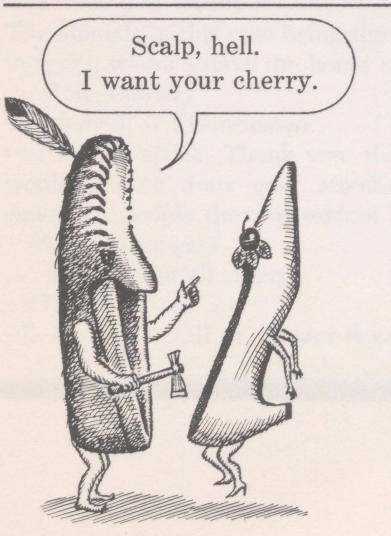
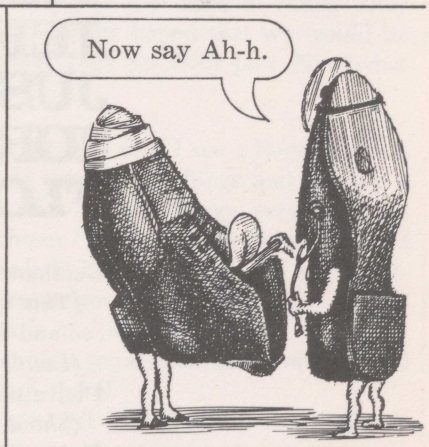
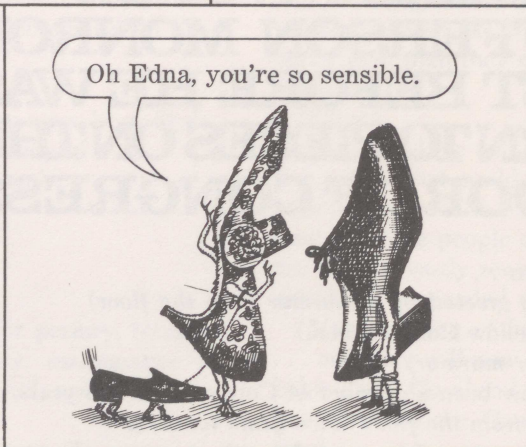
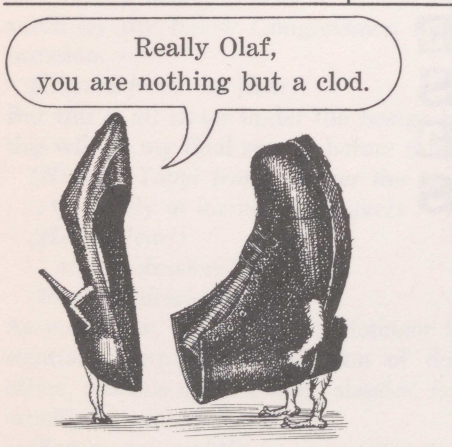
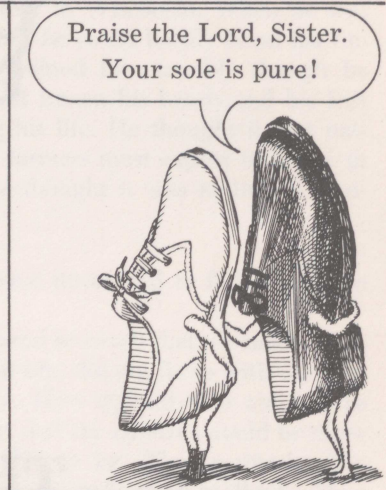
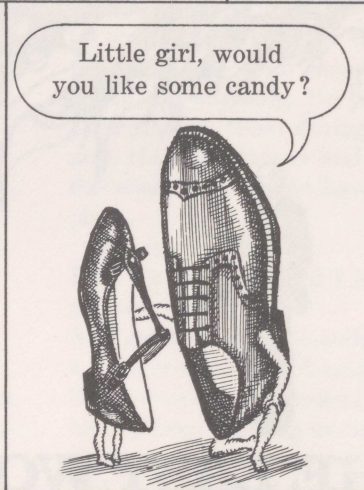
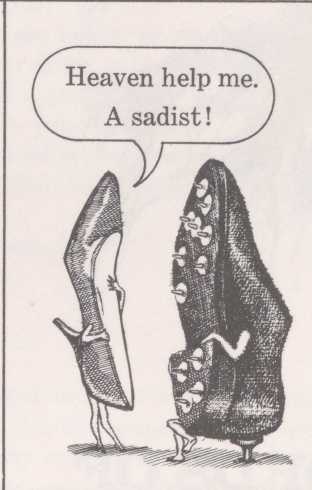
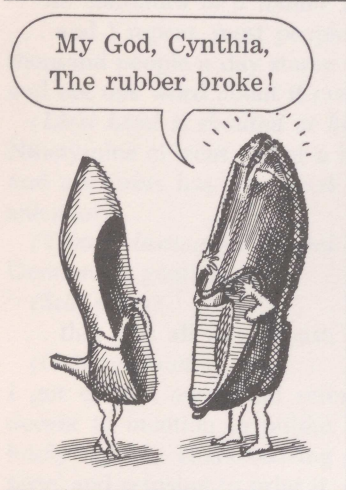
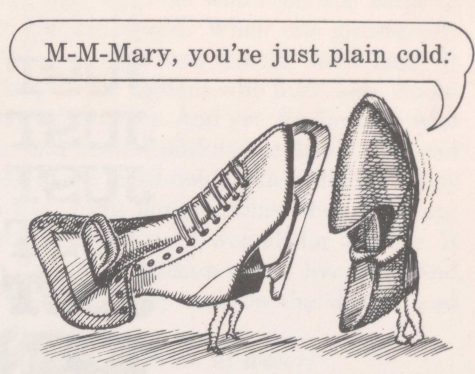
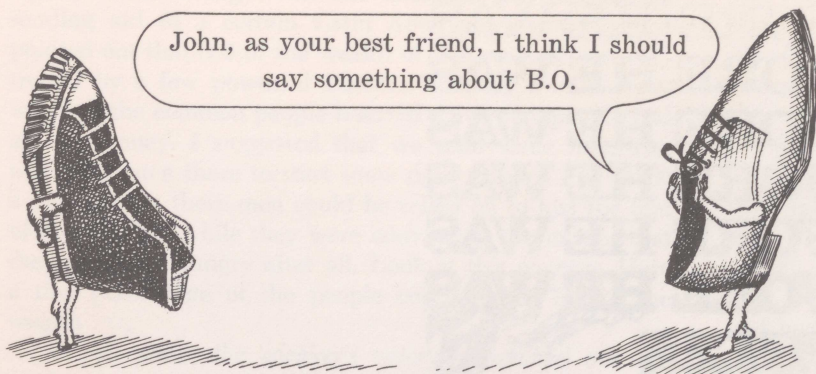
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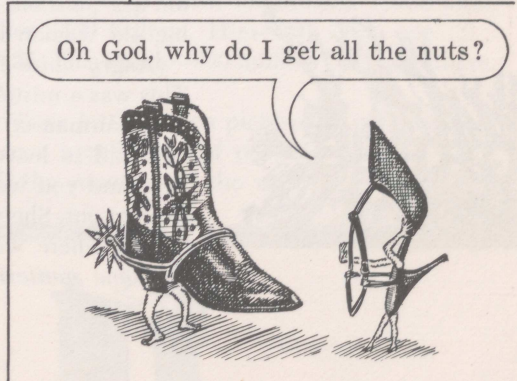
a dumb cluck

I'll show you mine if you'll show me yours.





**THE HEELS AND WHORES SHOES** 



THE LAST WORDS OF  
JEFFERSON MONROE  
JUST BEFORE HE WAS  
JUST BEFORE HE WAS  
JUST BEFORE HE WAS  
JUST BEFORE HE WAS  
JUST BEFORE HE WAS  
JUST BEFORE HE WAS  
TORN TO PIECES



## THE LAST WORDS OF JEFFERSON MONROE JUST BEFORE HE WAS TORN TO PIECES ON THE FLOOR OF CONGRESS

Gentlemen . . .

*(This is greeted by a murmur from the floor)*

. . . and fellow Congressmen,

*(Louder murmur)*

I have now been a member of Congress for two years.

*(Shout from the floor "Two years too long!")*

During that time, I have not been the most popular man in this legislative body.

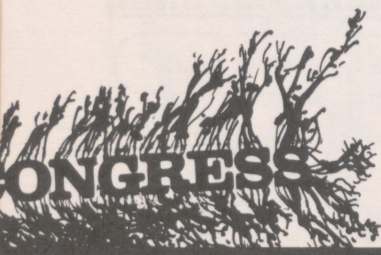
*(Derisive noises from the floor)*

I have made numerous grave mistakes and for these, I apologize to you. For instance, during the debate on whether old age pensions should be raised or not, I brought a starving old woman into these chambers.

*(Angry noise from the floor)*

This was a mistake, and I apologize for it. I remember that the chairman of the committee became sick to his stomach and had to leave the room. That woman had no right in here and you were acting properly when you had us both thrown out. She was poor and she had no right to be in this House where we worship wealth.

*(Some muttering by other Congressmen)*



Again, I was wrong when this chamber was considering sending aid to a certain Latin American country and I pointed out that 86% of the wealth of that country was controlled by a few powerful families. But the trouble there was that the common people *realized* that a few people had all the money. I suggested that we send some American newspapermen there to start some daily papers. For \$8000 a year apiece, these men could be relied on to kiss the feet of the wealthy while they were convincing the masses that they were not hungry after all. Look at this country. Here a tiny percentage of the people control over 70% of the wealth . . .

*(At this point, the speaker's voice is drowned out but he continues in a louder tone)*

. . . and I repeat, most people are totally unaware of it. A thousand people a day starve to death in the United States and not one word about it ever appears in the press!

*(Lies! Lies! is shouted at him from the floor)*

Ninety-nine citizens out of a hundred are just scraping by, and our press has convinced them that they are living in splendor!

*(Tumult lasting for several minutes)*

Gentlemen, gentlemen . . .

*(Still noisy)*

. . . that was all in the past.

*(Getting quieter)*

I got carried away and referred to matters that are not decent to mention in public. The newspapers were absolutely right in characterizing my speech as being in 'poor taste' and refusing to print it. As you remember, I was censured by my fellow Congressmen for 'obscenity' on that occasion.

*(Cheers from the floor)*

But this is all water under the bridge by now. Very likely, this will be my final speech before this body of . . .

*(Hurray! Yayy! from all over the House)*

. . . this body of learned lawmakers . . .

*(Hear! Hear!)*

. . . and professional liars . . .

*(Boo! Sit down!)*

As you know, I am under indictment for perjury, treason, sedition, blasphemy, dereliction of duty, malfeasance in office, obscene speech, libel, slander, fraud, and, I believe, cruelty to animals.

*(Serves you right!)*

The animals in this case being the yapping dogs and grunting pigs, whom I have the honor of addressing now . . .

*(More tumult)*

Gentlemen . . . Gentlemen . . . I'll be here all day unless you let me speak. Thank you, that's much better. Now I would like to draw your attention to a fact about the American people that we seldom consider . . .

*(Some noise yet)*

. . . a fact about all voters.

*(Total silence)*

All Americans, all of us, are descended from immigrants.

Yes, even the Indians had ancestors who originally came to this continent from the old world. When our great-great-grandparents arrived here, this was a cold, hard land. It was a poor land. Many of the Indians who lived here would starve to death every cold winter. And yet, the families who arrived from older and more comfortable lands, did not consider themselves to be hard-used. They thought they were lucky! When they went hungry, when they wore out their bodies with too much work, it was all for a cause. It was all in the hope that their children would live well. And they succeeded! They won. They took on the savage land and broke it to their will.

*(Speaker pauses and takes a drink of water)*

My grandfather was a farmer in Wisconsin. When he was an old man, I remember that he could hardly bend his fingers and they must have pained him terribly though he never said anything. He had frozen his hands and his feet a great many times during his life. He thought it was natural. He was a farmer and farmers must expect to freeze in the winter. He would have thought it was foolish to complain.

*(Pause)*

I am his grandson and I have never had to freeze or even get very cold.

And yet, the men who endured so much that we might have a warmer and more pleasant life, did not do so with the idea that we would live selfishly. They wanted their children to be free from grinding toil so that the children could be more generous than they were able to be. They wanted a life that would give the younger people time to think. They wanted a larger life for us. They hoped that we would be better men than they were. They did their part. Now what about us?

*(Pause)*

I look around me and what do I see? I see a huge, productive nation that could do astounding things and instead it pours out its wealth on a few people; a very, very few. And how are these people chosen? And for what value to us all are they so vastly rewarded? Let us see. Two of my assistants have barricaded themselves in the balcony . . .

*(Much turning of heads and moving around)*

. . . and they will now project some color slides on the wall behind me. Go ahead, up there!

Yes, there we are. Can you get that in better focus? That's good.

This is a picture of a man who inherited 400 million dollars. Next! This fat woman inherited 270 million. Next, please. This man inherited 90 million. This one—700 million. This family you see here is worth an estimated 6 to 10 billion. This moron . . . er, woman is worth 150 million. These three brothers—1 billion, 400 million. Him—260. This one . . . whatever it is—125. This family—900 million. Okay, up there. That's it for now.

Gentlemen, you have just seen ten pictures of great wealth. You have just seen a collection of people who have more power than half the countries of the world. You have seen



people who possess wealth and luxury beyond the wildest dreams of the Roman Emperors. You have seen a collection of the most mediocre semi-humans to ever live on the face of the earth.

These are not bad people, they are not evil; they don't even spend their money in some interesting depraved way. They are just nothing. Nothing! Empty, worthless, useless . . .

*(Angry protests from the floor)*

. . . I take it that some of the lackeys have recognized their masters.

*(More noise)*

We will now look at some more slides. Go ahead!

This is a picture of a medical researcher. He earns 14,000 dollars a year and spends much of it on his research since his lab is always short of funds. Next. This man here is a construction worker. He is good at his job. Next, please. This man invented forty separate industrial improvements. That bed he is lying on is in a flophouse. He was too weak to rise to have his picture taken. Next. This is a butcher. Here we have a man who teaches agriculture in Guatemala. This woman is a nurse. Here we have a prospector. This man rescued 17 of his fellow miners during a cave-in. He got a gold medal. This woman works in an orphanage. And finally, we have these three children. Note their thinness and note how pale they are. That's because at night they sneak out and eat garbage out of garbage cans. That's the only way they can get enough to eat. If you want to call eating garbage getting enough to eat.

I don't hear any noise from you gentlemen. I guess you didn't recognize any of these people as your constituents. So we have seen ten pictures of wealth and ten pictures of where that wealth comes from. We have seen workers who produce and others who go without, and we have seen the people who get all the benefit. On the one hand, we see the people who elected you, who work and pay their taxes, who support you and those rich drones; and on the other hand, we see the spoiled, selfish, useless pigs that you admire, that you work for, that you have betrayed your own people for . . .

*(Angry protests from the floor)*

What are you shouting about? Who pays the larger percentage of their income in taxes? The average worker or the billionaire? The worker, of course! Some of those rich nothings whose pictures we have just seen, paid no income taxes at all last year! They have never paid any taxes. The laws were set up for their benefit. Just as those children go hungry for their benefit! In every one of your districts there are children who will go to bed hungry tonight to give another dollar to a man who already has a hundred million of them!

*(Monroe tries to continue but is drowned out by angry shouts. Most of the Representatives are on their feet, protesting loudly)*

You doubt me? Very well, how would you like me to name the district that picture was taken in?

*(Total silence descends on House)*

Surely you know your own districts, gentlemen. Now if you are certain that that picture was not taken in your district; if you *know* that there are no children who eat garbage in your district, please remain standing.

*(Every Representative sits down. Long silence)*

This morning I had a terrible experience. When I arrived here at the House and while I was waiting my turn at the chapel to go and abase myself before the golden statue of John Jacob Astor as we all do every morning, I was struck by this frightening thought. I tried to think of other things but even as I was crawling around the chapel on my belly kissing the feet of our statues of the First Millionaires, still I was troubled by this realization so unworthy of an American politician. I confess my thought to you now. It is that Nature practices democracy.

*(Consternation in audience)*

Relax, gentlemen. This has nothing to do with the Democratic party . . . nor with the Republican.

What I mean is that Nature goes around lavishing talent, energy, ambition, and character on all sorts of young people. Kids from poor homes, colored kids, kids from families with no social standing whatsoever, Indian kids from reservations, kids from families too poor to let them even go to high school let alone college; Nature just doesn't care, she gives out ability wherever she feels like it.

Now it has always been the job of Congress to fight off the plans of Nature, to circumvent her obvious intentions, to keep the talented nobodies down so that they don't threaten the jobs that are reserved for the children of our Best Families. So far we have done well. Look around you. Washington is full of men who owe their jobs to the fact that their grandfathers were successful in the Chinese opium trade. No doubt at this very moment, there are dope-pushers operating in New York who will save their money and whose grandchildren will appear in Washington as scions of the Best—that is to say the richest—Families. We are buried under the vast quantity of judges who are not competent to judge fat cattle at the livestock show. Senators who couldn't hold jobs as grocery clerks. Diplomats whose lies fail to convince even themselves. And while we are elevating the stupid and the incompetent, we hold down our best minds and deny them their rightful place. The odds are very good that the man who could have cured cancer has already been here. That he was born in poverty and denied the education and chance to use his genius. Instead we have opened our laboratories to fat, flabby men with fat, flabby minds. Some of us in this room will die painful deaths from diseases that could have been cured had we not been so concerned with privilege and rank and inherited position.

There is only so much talent in this country. There is only so much wealth. Most Americans have to work very hard and they never get any large amount ahead. But make no mistake, they are willing to work, they are willing to sacrifice, but not for some low, crawling, senseless goal. Give them a cause. Give them something worth working for.

Then you will see effort, drive, force, purpose, such as the world has never known.

Now we take the work of a hundred million people, we use the hunger and suffering of other millions, and we pile up the wealth that is wrung out of them. We take the results of everyone's work, all the extra over and above what people need to live on; we take the whole wealth of this nation and we pour it out on a few weak, dull people. Is that what it's all for? Did our ancestors come over to this country and spend their lives working and doing without things so that a few fat, soft-handed men can be waited on by fifty servants? Who wants to admit to the huge number of Americans who spend their lives at hard labor that it all goes to cover some dippy, middle-aged woman with diamonds and jewels? How noble! What a wonderful legacy to leave to our children! Do you want them to be born into a world of near slavery so that a few idle people can waste their lives in senseless luxury? We are not dogs! We are the result of a thousand thousand generations of men climbing out of the muck; building with infinite pain and labor a civilization; making a new world where there had only been an old world of bitter pain and hunger and cold.

And is this what it has all been for?

We could do anything! Anything! We could end all the hunger in the world. We could wipe out every disease and sickness. We could remake the world . . .

*(Long pause)*

But I am getting carried away again. At one time, I thought that all I had to do was to bring the truth of hunger to your attention and you would be willing, even eager, to do something about it. I was a fool.

For two years I have been hammering away at this one theme; for two years I have made speeches; at first I begged and cajoled and pleaded; when that did no good, I became sarcastic and angry. I called you names—and you did not listen. I insulted you—and you did not listen. I did everything in my power, I have done nothing else for two solid years, but shout at you that people were starving out there—and you did not listen.

No doubt there are men who could patiently work and compromise and politick for their goals. Probably it would be better if I were such a man. But I am not.

I got one bill to the floor here for debate. I remember speaking at the time and nearly losing control of myself. I pointed out that many old people were living on Social Security and that some of them only get \$40 a month and no one can live on that. After much debate, the committee recommended that the minimum payment be raised to \$42.50. Forty-two dollars and fifty cents! What the hell difference would it make to the man who is starving on \$40 that he get another \$2.50? And then it was debated on the floor! Many of you didn't want to spoil these old people by lavishing that extra \$2.50 on them! You who get \$30,000 a year apiece! What can a sane man say to that kind of talk? How do you debate about hunger? I don't know where to begin. What can you say to try to get through to pigs who are so far insulated

from the human condition that they can begrudge the means of life itself to their fellow men? Are you ashamed of being human beings? Do you hope to get over it? Why don't you just resign from the human race and be done with it?

*(Angry murmur from listeners)*

It's always been that way!

That's what I hear around this stink-hole—it's always been that way!

Men have always gone hungry and been cold and died from neglect. So let's not worry about it even though we've got plenty. We *could* feed these people. We *could* take care of them. But we won't. We won't even think about it. The idea of providing a decent living for the needy has not been considered and rejected by this country. It has never even been considered.

Why not? Because the cost of feeding the poor is too high. Why some family which has fifteen servants would have to get along with fourteen or even twelve! If we should raise the total monthly payments to the blind and helpless in Alabama from their present \$27 each and every month, some man in Connecticut would have to give up one of his eight expensive cars. How can we wish hardship like that on any man?

*(Muttering from the floor)*

Some of you perhaps remember the testimony that was offered by various 'experts' on my bill. We sat there and listened to the private welfare agencies and the church representatives and later their testimony was used to justify defeating the bill. They said they didn't want the government interfering with the 'traditional' care of the poor by private means.

Traditional care!

A basket of food at Christmastime and fuck you! the rest of the year!

*(Speaker is drowned out by angry shouts)*

But I'm getting carried away. Emotion should have no place in this august chamber. I certainly had no plans to offend the churches when I introduced my bill. I am not a religious man even though like all of you, I used to call upon God frequently in my campaign speeches. How was I to know that feeding the hungry would offend the Christians so?

Anyway my bill was defeated. The House decided that private and religious charities were better equipped to deal with the poor than was the government.

Fine. I was pleased to hear that. It was good to know that the hungry people my researchers turned up were all at fault for not applying to the right places.

We then employed the services of a beggar. No, no, gentlemen, this is not the shiftless bum you visualize. This man is 74 years old. He spent over fifty years doing hard work as a carpenter. And he did what we advise everyone to do. He saved his money.

There is only one problem. His best earning years were in the 'twenties and 'thirties. Twenty dollars a week was a



good wage then and he figured on retiring on fifty dollars a month. Now he is retired, his vision is poor, and he has difficulty walking due to arthritis.

He also has an income of \$65 a month. Think of that, gentlemen! Here is a working man who has done everything we piously urge men to do. He worked hard. He saved his money. He paid his taxes. He thought he was doing well and looked forward to a comfortable retirement.

This country used him. We took his work and his money and his health. When he was worth something to us, then we considered him a full citizen. So long as he had something we wanted, we treated him well. Now he is used up. He has worn himself out working, building up this country. And how do we repay him now? We don't! Now he is thrown out on the garbage heap . . . kicked into the gutter . . . pissed on!

*(You can't say that!)*

I can say that! PISSED ON! Enough of this polite, lying language! This man has given his best and now he is being pissed on. He has to beg just to stay alive. Or else we offer him a dirty bed in a foul smelling old folks home.

And believe me, this man is not rare. He is not the exception. More than half of all our old people live in misery. And the same fate awaits most of your constituents who are working today.

They make 6 . . . or 8 . . . or 10 thousand dollars a year and they think they are all set. They *are* all set. Set for an old age of want and need and eventual hunger. They don't realize that a small, cheap apartment will rent for \$700 a month when they come to retire. A loaf of bread will cost \$2. Steak will be \$12 a pound. The lowest priced new car will cost \$15,000. They couldn't begin to live on their present income with those prices and yet they think they'll live in comfort on a reduced income.

Every generation has been used this way and then pauperized. Worked nearly to death and then kicked out on the street. And when they are old and poor, they can see where it all went. They can watch while the men who have grown rich, while they have grown poor, drive by in their limousines.

I can see by your tight little mouths and closed expressions that you don't believe any large number of such old people exist. Of course you don't! Did you think you would meet them at those \$100 a plate dinners that your supporters give every year? These old people don't go around talking about their need. They are *ashamed* to be poor! They think it's their own fault. They try to hide their poverty.

And yet, these are the people who elected you to represent them. These lambs being led to the shearing. These innocent saps. These suckers. But what about you? Not so innocent with your chummy little talks with the rich con-men, humm?

You . . . you who have sworn an oath to represent *all* the people. You who have given your word . . . pledged your honor . . . What a cheap joke to talk to you about your oath of office!

*(Violent reaction from other Congressmen)*

Gentlemen. Gentlemen. I was diverted there from the carpenter I have been telling you about. This carpenter, now turned beggar, went to the private charities just as this congress urged such people to do. He went to all of them. He asked. He begged. And he was aided . . . oh, yes, gentlemen . . .

My assistants followed him around and kept an exact record of all the help he received. He was aided, not with money, of course, that would have spoiled him; but he was given counsel, advice, booklets on budgeting one's income, all sorts of help.

But no money.

Then, gentlemen, then . . . he went to the religious agencies, the churches, the followers of He who said, 'Go and sell all that you have and give it to the poor,' and they helped our beggar, too. Yes, I have the slip right here. Let's see . . . we've got it all listed and itemized. Yes, he was given a total of \$7.41 from these kindhearts. Of course, he had to go to 22 separate places to collect that much. The average contribution was just under sixty cents, since some gave nothing.

What then? Our beggar American went around and tried to beg from your friends, the wealthy. Of course, he never got close to any of them. They live behind high fences; they are surrounded by a wall of servants and employees; they are as effectively insulated from their fellow human beings as though they lived on the moon.

But there was one group left. One group that could surely be counted on. One group, vastly above average in income and concern for their fellow man. Who, you ask?

You, gentlemen. You.

For weeks now, he has been dogging your footsteps, trying to intercept you on the street, hanging around your offices and homes. And you have responded. Yes.

Seventeen of you reported his presence to the police; which shows your concern for law and order. Others of you gave him advice. For which he asked me to say to you . . .

*(Much shuffling of feet and shifting around)*

Thanks a lot.

And then, there are those of you who gave him money. Let me read off the total here . . . yes, the total amount you gave is \$11.26. Eleven dollars and twenty-six cents . . .

Our beggar decided not to keep this money. He asked me to return it to you . . . Oh, I see from my assistants that they have a picture of our beggar to project for you. Go ahead up there!

. . . We're waiting! Hmm. Seems to be a little trouble up there.

Well, gentlemen, while we are waiting, I want to explain one point to you. I have never had the chance to go into more detail about my claim that a thousand Americans starve to death every day.

*(Protests from the floor. Monroe waits for them to die down)*

There is always so much noise when I bring up the subject.

I'll tell you honestly, I don't know how many Americans starve to death. Such statistics are not kept. But this I do know. Over a million and a half people live by themselves on less than \$500 a year. A year! They spend less in a year than most people spend in a month! Now most of these are old people and on an income like that, you know they don't spend enough on food. So they eat less and then they get weaker and they're frightened that their money is going to run out and so they eat less and less. So the first thing that comes along—pneumonia, flu, whatever—they die from. And then the coroner's report lists death from pneumonia. Pneumonia, shit!

They starved to death!

My estimate is that a thousand Americans starve to death every day. It's probably many more than that.

But every time I bring up the subject, some of you want to argue with me or shout me down. Okay, let's see you prove me wrong. Let's see some of you volunteer to live on the same amount these people get. \$78 a month is the average payment all across this country. That's what we give people who are too old to work or if they're totally disabled. Okay, now is your chance to show these people how to live on that amount.

\$78 a month. It's just waiting for you. Come on. Who is going to be the first to volunteer?

Don't just sit there! Come on. I've heard you yap about welfare chiselers. Now's your chance to get some of the gravy for yourself.

Come on! Come on! It's there waiting for you and you hang back. You sit there like bumps. I don't understand you. Oh, I get it. All your big talk is for *other* people. You get \$2500 a month and you want to lecture other people on how to live on \$78 a month.

But you're not interested in showing them. You don't want to touch that kind of life with a ten foot pole, It's all talk!

Don't sit there and mutter to yourselves. Volunteer! Show me!

*(Monroe waits)*

Not a word! Well then, that shows what you are.

Cowards! Liars! Hypocrites!

*(One man jumps to his feet and begins yelling at Monroe)*

Is that a volunteer? Are you volunteering, brother?

*(Man hurriedly sits down)*

I thought not. I thought not.

Gentlemen, let me tell you my one source of pleasure in all this. I know, for a certainty, that some of you will be in need before you die. And you will go . . . now here's the funny part coming up . . . you will go to your rich friends, your wealthy supporters, the men who made the big, big, contributions to your campaign funds . . . and you will tell them you need money . . . and they will laugh in your face!

*(Violent reaction from floor. Shouts and milling around.)*

*(Most of the Congressmen are on their feet)*

That made a difference! Now we're talking about you. We already know what you think about other people being in need. Like our beggar . . .

Do you have that fixed yet, up there? Good. Go ahead. There he is. Do you recognize him? Note the ragged clothes . . . the thinness of his body . . . the pain that shows in his eyes . . .

What do you want people like him to do? You won't vote for decent pensions for them. And we've proved that they can't get by on what they can beg from Congressmen. So what do you want them to do?

Die?

Is that your message to them? Die! Now that you're old and sick and helpless—die! Go off some place in a corner and starve to death but don't bother us.

All right. Here's a message for you. Our beggar had this to say concerning your kind donations to him—"Give it back to the cheap fucking bastards!"

And here it is—take it back with my heartfelt contempt!

*(Monroe flings a handful of coins at the other Congressmen)*

And here's the rest of it. Take your filthy pieces of silver back!

*(He flings more coins at the others, hitting several of them. Violently angry roar is coming from all over the chamber. A number of Congressmen are trying to force their way past the sergeants-at-arms to get at Monroe)*

You want to out-shout me? You can't do it, you weak, gutless errand boys. How could you develop any strength in your voices? All you do is suck on the assholes of your rich masters!

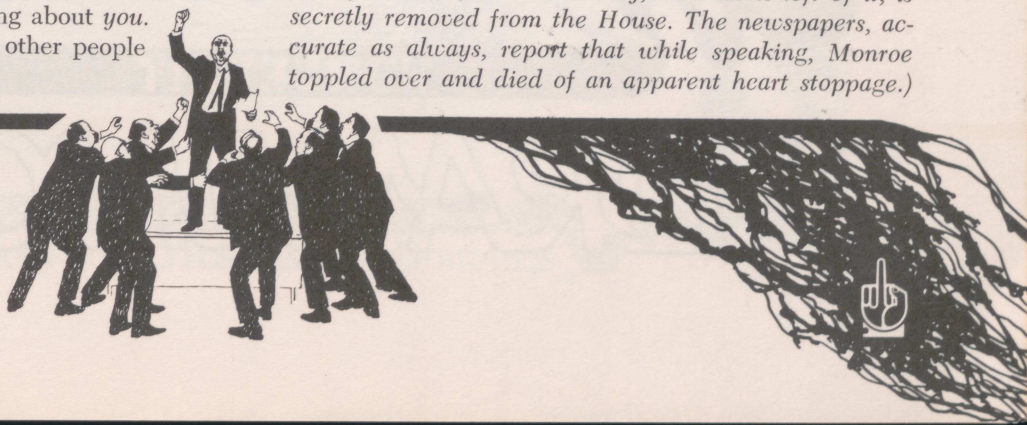
*(Several Representatives are now on the rostrum and they angrily advance on Monroe. He climbs on top of the speaker's desk and thunders out over the angry shouts of the others)*

You can't make me shut up! I'm through with this lying! Fuck it! What do I care? I'm through here! I'll never again have to sit still while my chest fills up with wild anger at your lies . . . or be polite while you debate with the lives of better men than any of you will ever be . . . I'll never again have to smile at swine . . . eat with pigs . . . force down my heart's pity while you nigger and cadge over the few cents it would take to feed a hungry child . . . watch you stuff your fat mouths with food while old women cry at home . . .

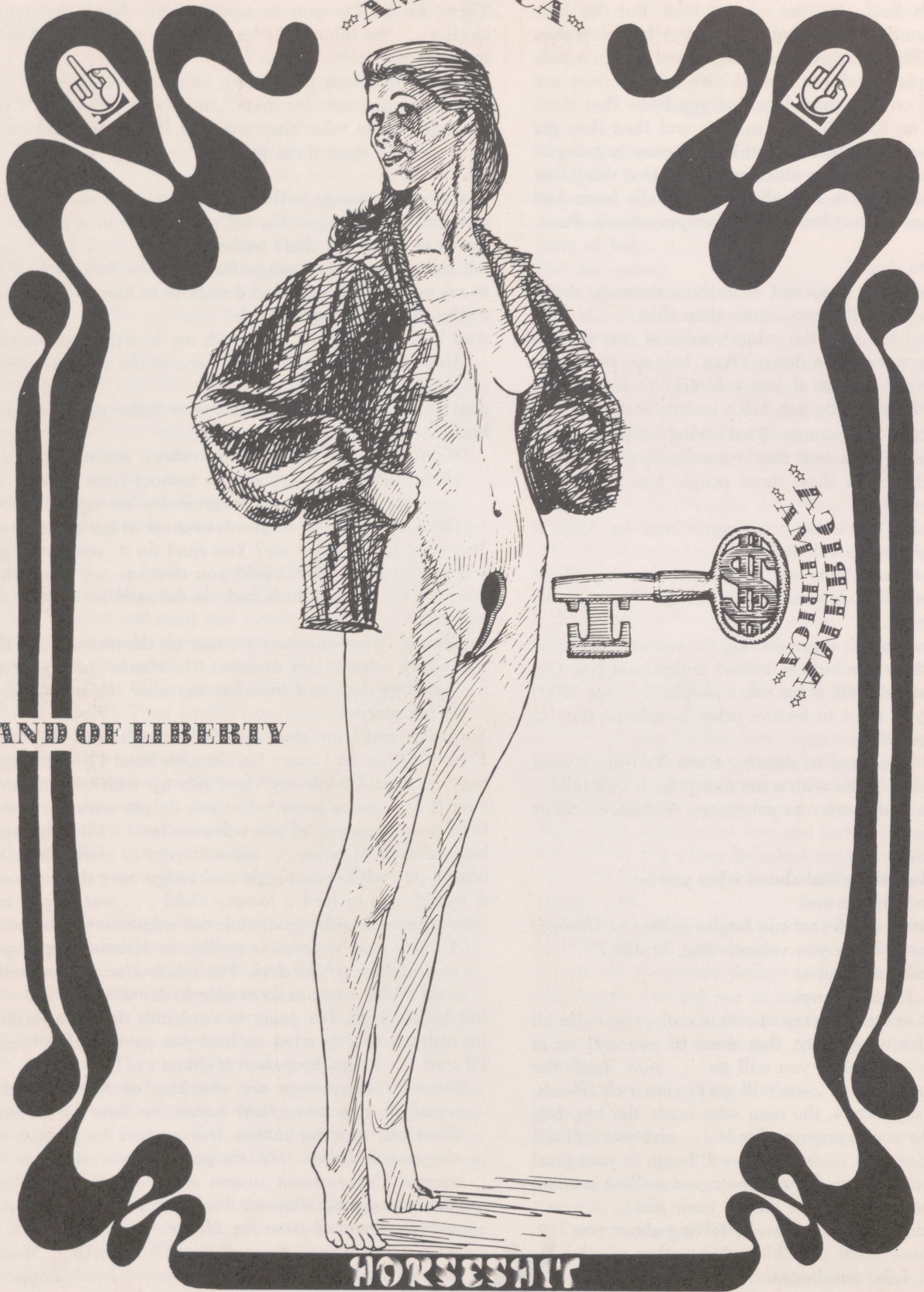
*(A burly Congressman is pulling at Monroe's leg, trying to drag him off the desk. The whole House is massed in front of the rostrum screaming at Monroe)*

But before I go, I'm going to read into the Congressional Record just exactly what each of you gave to that beggar. I'll start . . . let go! Stop your goddam . . .

*(Several Congressmen are clutching at Monroe and in trying to kick away their hands, he loses his balance. Then one of them shoves Monroe and he topples into the crowd below. He disappears from sight as the massed Congressmen swarm over him. When order is finally restored, Monroe's body, or what is left of it, is secretly removed from the House. The newspapers, accurate as always, report that while speaking, Monroe toppled over and died of an apparent heart stoppage.)*



☆ AMERICA ☆



LAND OF LIBERTY

HORSESHIT

PATRIOTIC DRAWINGS 

Portfolio



AN exhibit of DISTINCTION  
A Gallery of HORSESHIT Drawings



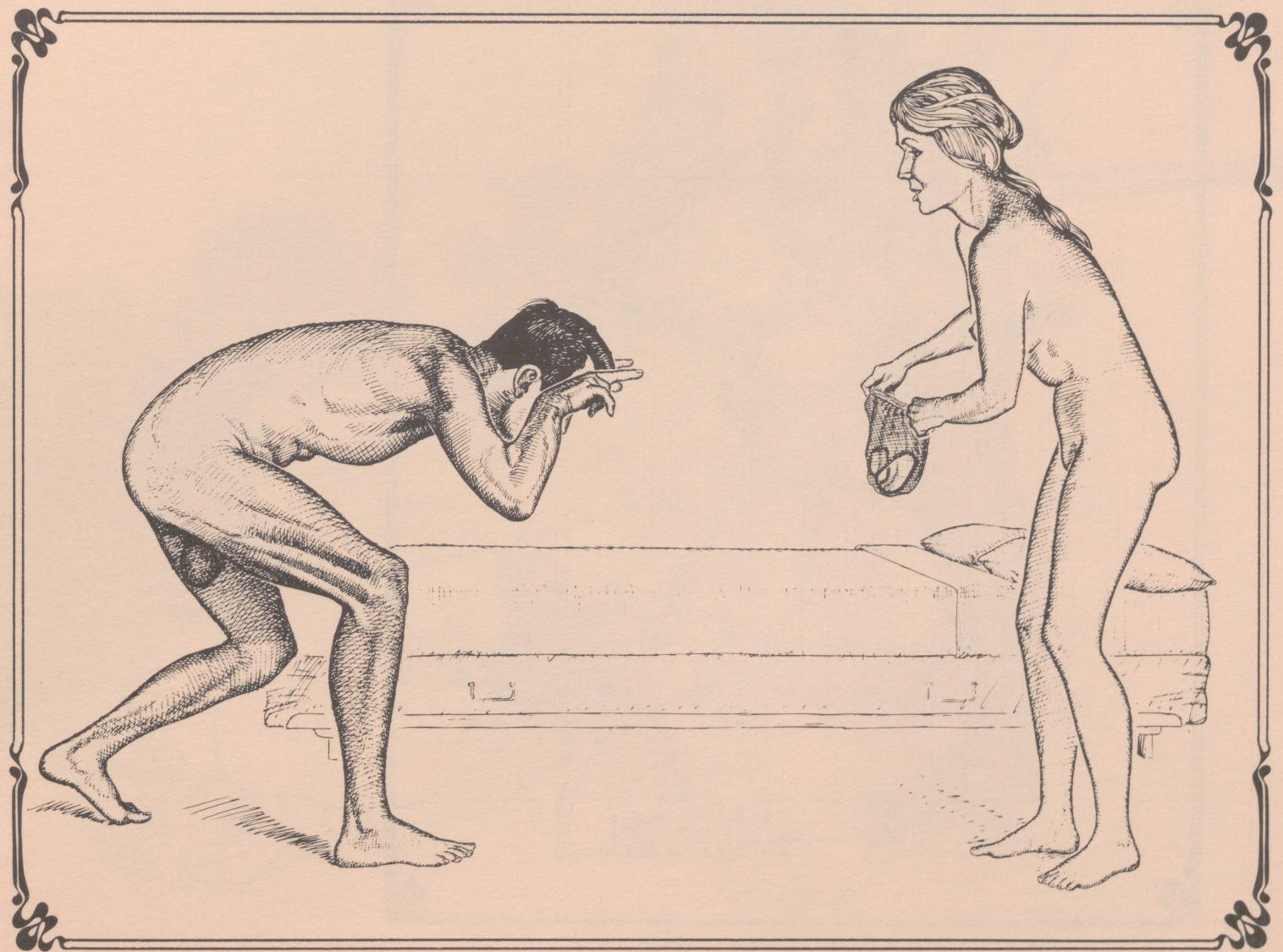
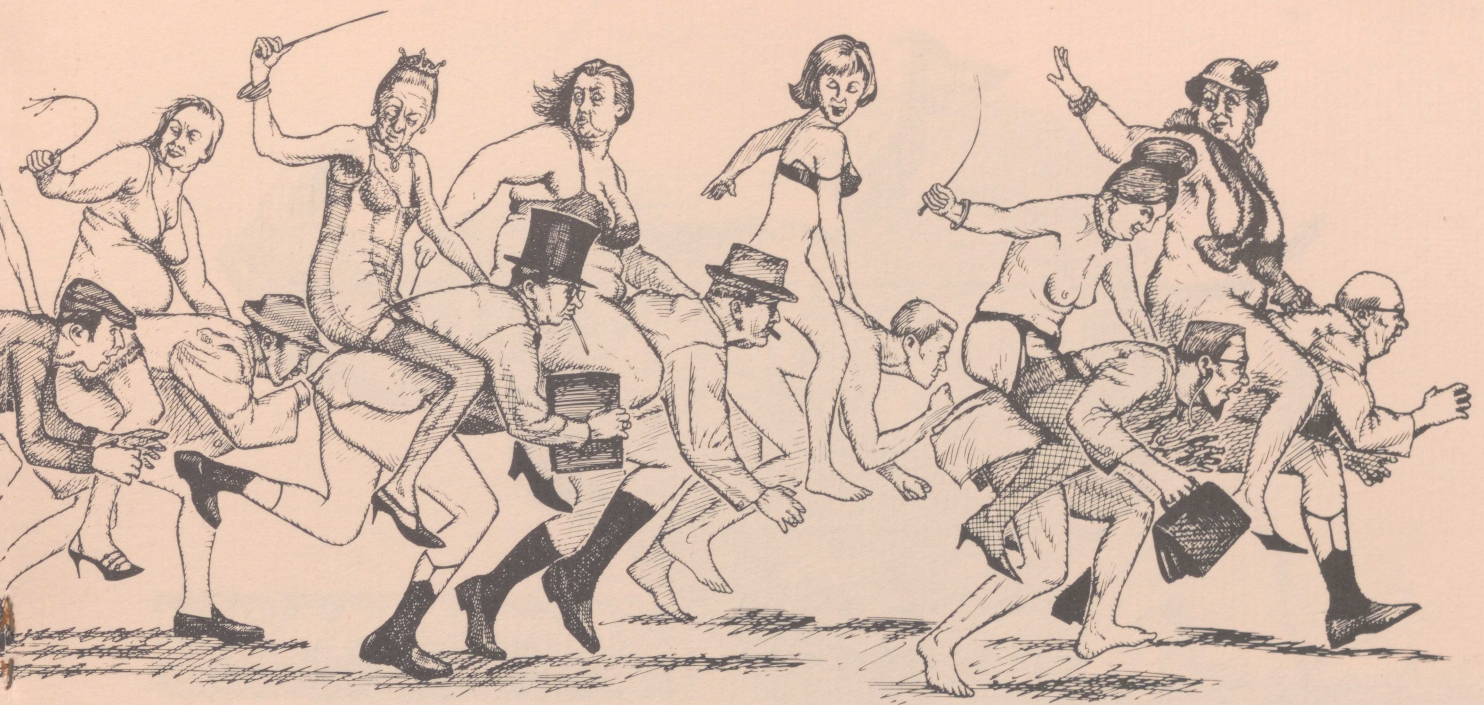


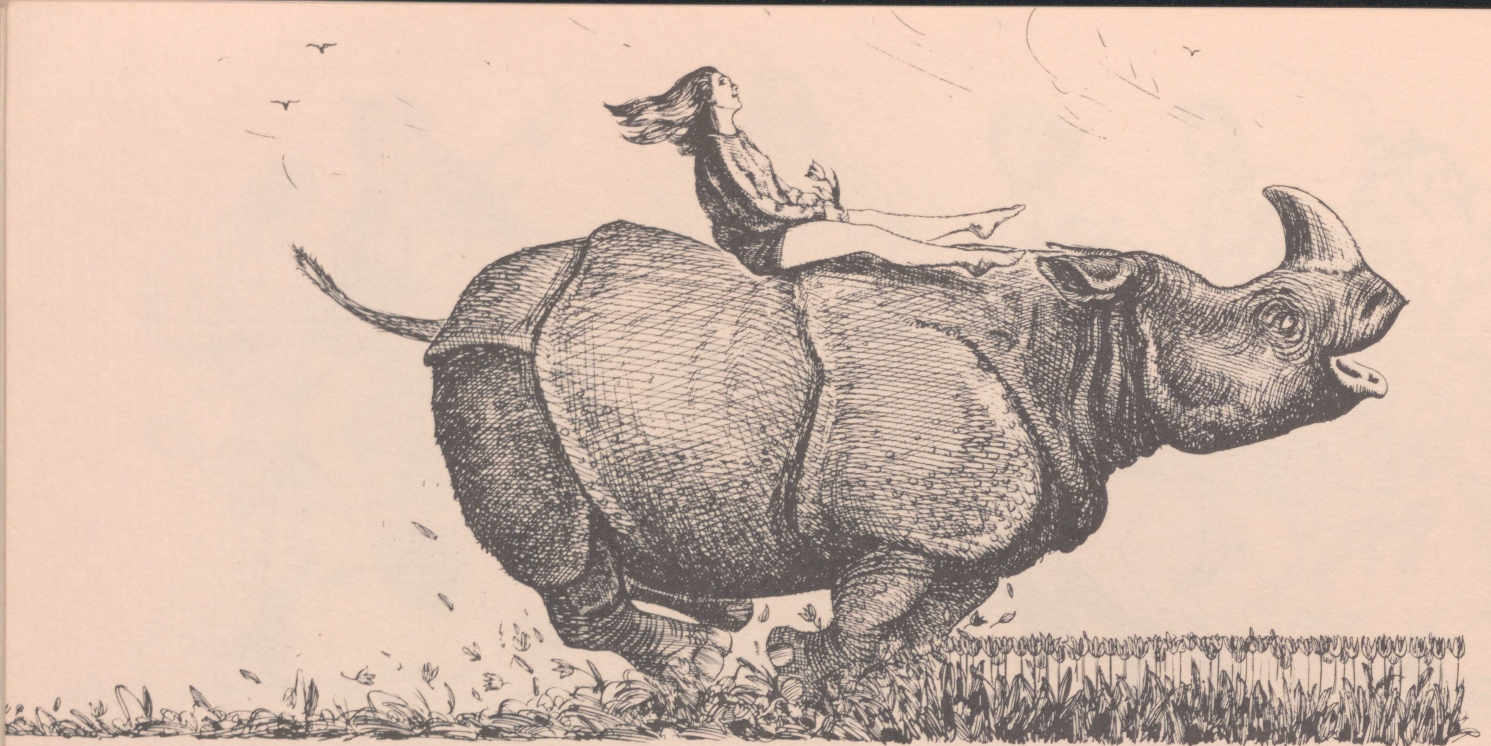
My country tis of three. ♪♪ Myth, lies and money.



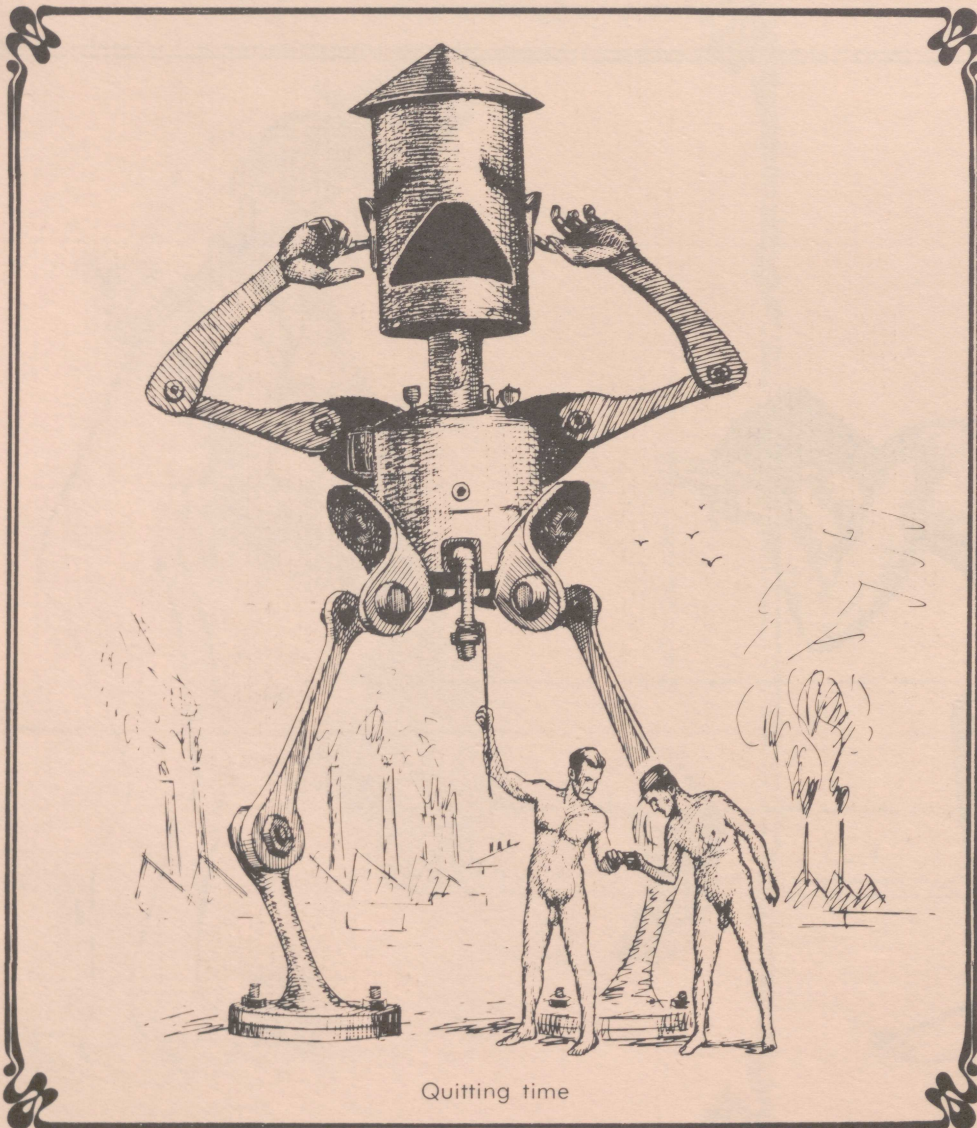
Keeping up with the Jones's



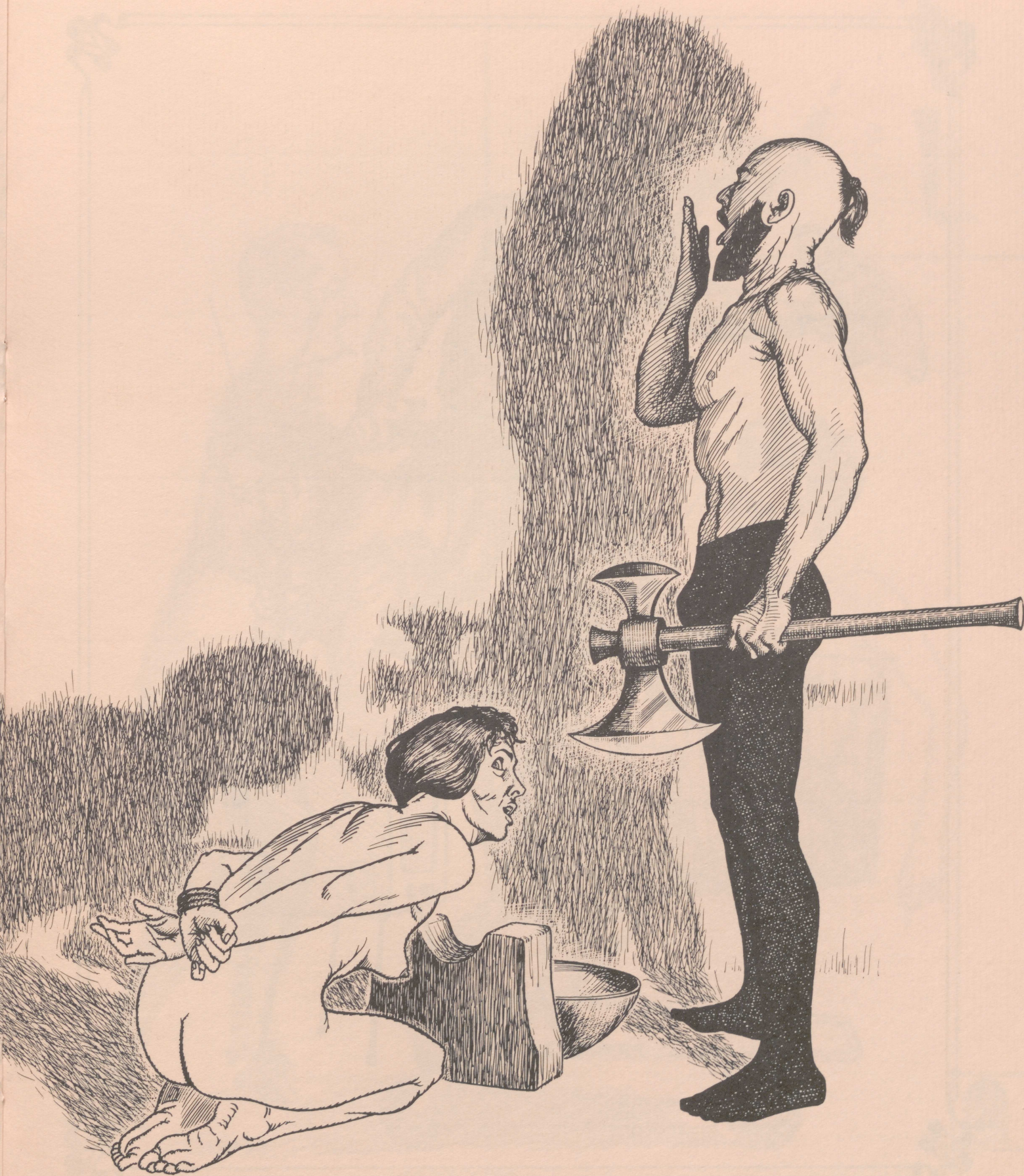




Tripping thru the tulips—California style

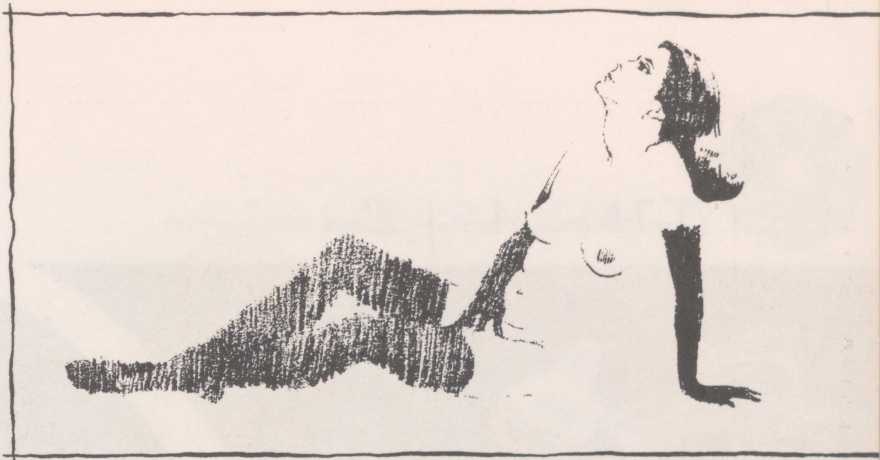


Quitting time



It's only the repeat performers who become bored





Satyr Supermarket





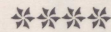
# The Angled

While almost everyone knows of the writings about love from India such as the Kama Sutra, and though many people have seen photographs of the famous temple sculptures, very few people are aware that the artists who produced these works were later imprisoned for three years as pornographers. Undaunted by this rather harsh criticism, the artists covered the walls of their prison at Abhira with carvings and inscriptions. On the following pages, you will find reproductions of a selected number of these sculptures along with their accompanying texts which have been collected in India under the title, *The Angled Banana*.

We know very little about the trial at which these artists and poets were sentenced except that their case was heard by a panel of the most learned judges in the country and the verdict was read to them by a judge named Wim Brinin. Certainly there is no use in our trying to understand the reasoning behind such a decision. The medieval mind, which was so terrified of sex and its expression, is a closed book to modern man. How can we,

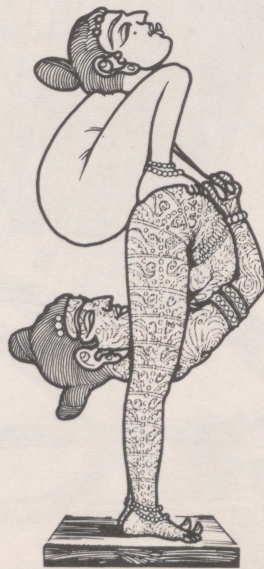
who were born nearly two hundred years after the framing of the Constitution, understand a world where men could be imprisoned for telling the truth, for honestly depicting the human body, for refusing to tell silly lies about their own desires and thoughts, for acting as though they were men who owned their own bodies?

True, the very idea of sentencing someone to prison for *three full years* for an act which did not harm anyone seems unbelievably harsh to us, but we should remember that all the men who were to fight and die for freedom of expression had not yet been born. And, then too, these judges were not Christians.



## The Hindu Art of Love

Position 64

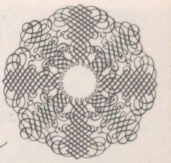


Position 64



This is an excellent position for couples who are tired of the more common postures and yet do not care to try a really involved position. After the man has put his head between his legs, the woman mounts him by first placing

translated by Sir Richard Hardon



# Banana

one foot on his forehead and from there it is only a short step to his buttocks. It is advisable for the man to have his lingam in readiness before he enters into this position since the compression of the hips and loins will make it difficult to attain readiness afterwards and there is the danger that if the woman has to reach between his thighs and draw it out, the lingam may come out all crumpled and useless.

The chief danger in this position is that the woman will lose her balance, especially when she is thrusting violently and is near to swooning away with pleasure. To protect her from falling onto his forehead, which thwarts the whole purpose of the act, the man must keep a tight grasp on her hands and the woman should keep a tight grasp on his rod and she should be alert not to depend on it after he has reached his climax. A further aid to safety is if the woman will stand and the man sit upon a wicker mat for a time, before they commence the congress.



Position 65

Position 65

In this position, mentioned by Gilde-dong, known to his contemporaries as 'the galloping penis', the man supports the woman's weight in his arms and the movement of the lingam is effected by the man hopping around the room on one foot. It is important that no stools or furniture should be left carelessly around, for if the man should trip, a somewhat deeper penetration than is desired may result. Note that the man sucks on the woman's big toe during the congress during which time she ought to make the sounds "Hin, Hin, Hin," while the man says "Ptui, Ptui, Ptui!" This position is not recommended for the aged, the infirm, or latent homosexuals.



Position 67

In this position, the woman stands in a corner of the room and extends her right leg along the wall while balancing on her left foot alone. Then the man approaches and putting his arms around her, he clasps her buttocks. As



# Angles

## Banana



Position 67

the man seeks to insert his lingam in her yoni, he ought to kiss her on the cheek (*Translator's note: Surely the writer must mean the cheek of her face. Mustn't he?*) and whisper soft love words to her. The woman then will grow weak with desire and ought to respond by murmuring Sut . . . Sut . . . Sut. However it may happen that the man is of above average height, in which case the woman may find that her lower jaw is wedged against his shoulder and she will be unable to open her mouth and say these words. In this case, the sage Whatadong is of the opinion that the woman may content herself with making the cooing sounds such as the dove makes but it is expressly forbidden that she should make the sound of the cuckoo.

If the man takes too long in preliminary play, the woman may say, as though to herself—Phuk . . . Phuk—but she ought not say, "Iwant cak" which translated means "Let's go, stupid." The man then places his lingam in her yoni which should now be ready for the battle of love and he ought to embrace her in such a way that their bodies are best fitted together for the storm that is to come. While he is doing this, the attentive

lover must pay particular attention to her murmurings as it may happen that he is standing on her toes which will decrease her enjoyment of the love act in an extraordinary manner. After listening carefully and having adjudged from her murmurings that all is well, the man should now begin to move his lingam in the manner known as the 'well and bucket' motion while at the same time he should strike her lightly just above the right ear with his fingers held tightly together in the position known as the 'gavanubhi' or 'goose's ass'. He should continue with this movement until he feels the woman grow weak from the increased pleasure which will make itself known to him by the rapidity of her breathing and her tendency to sag at the knees. Sometimes, however, especially with the type of woman known as 'the elephant twat', the man will feel his own time approaching while the woman still stands there unmoved. In this case, the man may increase the vigor of his blows and say in a loud tone, "Prasritka!" or "Vaika! Mahabani sit!" which means "Come on!" or "Give! Goddamnit!"

When the woman gives indication of nearing her final spasm, the man should press forward more vigorously, using the rotary movement known as the 'grinding of grain' or in the case of a woman with a yoni that is unusually large, it is permissible to use the rapid, jerky motion known as 'fawhindi' or 'groping about in a cave'. During this time, the woman should first utter sounds of praise, intermingled with expressions of pain and longing to be released. Then she ought to make cooing and hissing sounds, to which she may add sounds like those of small birds, the rain in the forest, or being stuck in the mud. As her excitement grows, she should continually utter sighing and weeping sounds, as well as the words, 'father', 'mother', and 'MORE!' As the climax approaches, she ought to first make the sound Phat which resembles the sound of bamboo being split, and then at the height of her pleasure she must scream like the tiger who is deprived of his prey, and finally she ought to make noises deep in her throat as of the tropical storm with thunder, lightning, and torrential downpours. Afterwards, as they rest

quietly together, the woman ought to make the sound of a duck that has just laid an egg.

If the woman has behaved in a manner befitting her, the man will not be able to hear any ordinary sound for twenty minutes after the end of the congress and in some cases, he will be deafened for the rest of the day.

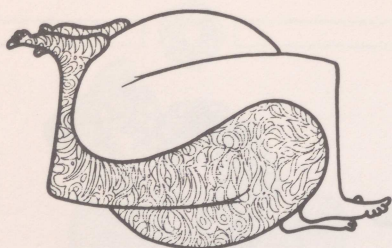


Position 68

If it should happen that the woman has not been able to bathe, as when her lover approaches her at an unexpected time; or if she has been eating garlic or onions, then the position known as 'aclospin' or 'the head cold' is used. In this position, the woman must grasp her lover's nose and squeezing the nostrils closed gently, keep him from smelling any odors. This must be done *before* loveplay begins, for otherwise, there will be no lovemaking that day.

A girl ought to prepare herself, while she is still a child, for this position so that she may behave properly when she becomes twelve. The little girl should squeeze a mango or some other soft fruit in her right hand while she engages in 'selfabuse' (masturbation) which translated means 'why didn't I try this sooner.' Without this preparation, there is a danger that in the heat of passion, she may do permanent injury to her partner's nose.





Position 69

This position is based on the principle of Ying and Yang, that is, the combination of opposites; the reconciling of the male principle and the female principle. There is in the writings of Pussiwhipped, the great teacher who died so young, the statement that this assuming of the fetal position shows a desire to return to the womb. Also, a warning that the man ought to be cautious in his lovemaking for fear he will go too far in that direction. The position itself is simple, merely do as the couple in the illustration are doing.



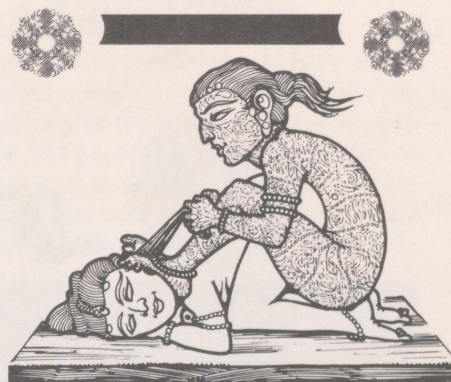
(Editor's note: An interesting variation is shown in the smaller illustration which has been much reduced to keep it from the prying eyes of the immature. And it has a message for adults who are immature.)

Position 71

There is a type of man who enjoys the sight of his own body more than anything and who is constantly looking in the mirror. Such a man is known as 'the peacock'. There is also a woman of this same type and she is known as 'the peacunt'. If such a pair should desire to join themselves in congress, known as 'the peapair', they will find this position admirably suited to their needs. After they have both had a pea, they should join themselves together, being careful not to entangle the man's peanuts with the woman's peaches. Then, with the man's peahose solidly inserted in her peahole, they can begin to rock back and forth; all the while peeping at their own and the other's peaplace.



Position 71



Position 73

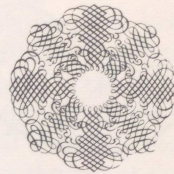
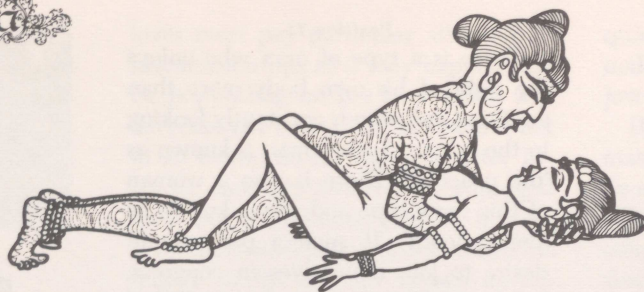
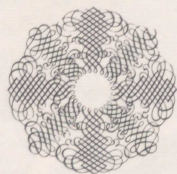
For centuries, many wives were made unhappy by husbands who were addicted to horse racing. These wretched women remained at home, while their husbands would spend all their time, their money, and their masculine energy at the race track. In the words of a holy man, we find this exhortation to such husbands, "Think of your wives, preparing meals and having no one to eat them; making beds all by themselves because there is no one to make them; pumping water with their own hands because there is no man at home to pump it; laying around the house all day, sucking on sugar cane, because they have no . . . ah, husbands! How can you separate yourselves from your wives — blows like this are fatal to their self esteem!"

Then the great teachers, Sodum and Gomorrhuh, devised the 'jockey position' so called because the idea came to them one afternoon while they were taking turns with their favorite jockey. Before starting this form of congress, the woman ought to bet with her husband as to who will reach the final veneral spasm first. This will arouse his betting ardor and fill him with enthusiasm so that whoever wins the wager, the other can hardly be said to lose. It is possible to run a number of races in one day using this position and if the wife paces herself, sometimes galloping, sometimes trotting, and on occasion, even bucking, the husband will become pleasantly tired and have no desire to go again to the race track.



Position 70

This position, known as the intertwined lovers or sometimes called 'the holly wood and vine' is used primarily after a journey or a long separation or when the woman is in the mood for climbing or shinnying. In this type of congress, it is possible for the man to caress the woman's left breast with his left foot. In the eventuality that the man has 'gummytoes' (athlete's foot) or cold feet, this caress should be omitted. This position is especially efficacious in the case of a man who is hump-backed or if he has a long, extremely durable lingam or with a woman whose yoni is of the gripping variety known as 'the nutcracker' or 'sword swallower'. However, it should not be used with a woman who is pregnant or when the man does not have a right leg.



Position 75



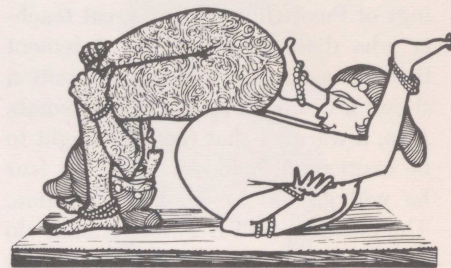
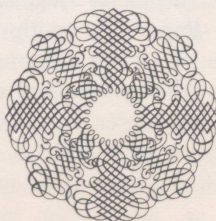
Position 74

In the case of an impetuous man, called a 'stallion man', and a woman who is wrapped up in admiration of her own body, called a 'merican woman', this position may give them both pleasure. The woman is on her hands and knees and the man stands behind her and grasping her around the waist, lifts her into the 'nipple-nippin' position. After the man has inserted his lingam and placed his left leg over his shoulder, he then presses his right knee down on her right breast. In this position the woman may kiss her own breast and her hands are free to caress her own body. Afterwards, the man ought to say to her, "You are wonderful!" to which the woman replies, "Yes, I know." Then the man praises her beauty, her passion, and her intellect; the woman agreeing all the while. Then the man says, "You gave me great pleasure!", and the woman says, "I don't doubt it." Finally the man says, "I love you with all my heart!" and she says, "Of course. Everyone does." Then the man goes out into the kitchen and prepares some dainty foods so that she may refresh herself.



This odd position was introduced into the country by travelers from the West and is known as 'the missionary position' or is sometimes called 'tuff-luk'. The sage Gumbboot is of the opinion that there are countries where this position is actually in use and that this accounts for the fact that once a Westerner has been introduced to the Eighty-One Arts, it is all but impossible to get him to go home again. However, Droopynuts states that no one would willingly diminish his pleasure by using such a ridiculous posture and therefore it must be a plot to weaken our people by making the love act distasteful to them.

However the case may be, the position itself is simple. First, the woman keeps exhibiting her body as though by accident until the man is sufficiently aroused to approach her. Then she feigns great surprise, denies any amorous intention on her part, and tries to make him ashamed of his desire. The man ignores her protests and without any preliminaries or foreplay, he forcibly inserts his lingam into her love nest which is naturally dry and unready. The woman begins to say, "No, no, no..." and continues to repeat this all during the act, even if it takes as long as a minute and a half. Under no circumstances should she move her body or cease complaining. This is not difficult for her, since in this posture, it is possible to complete the congress without applying any pressure to the woman's lovespot. Afterwards, the couple should turn their backs on each other and try to fall asleep.



Position 77

If a man who is lazy, called a 'toad', should be married to a passionate woman, it may benefit her to assume this position known as the 'bump analog'. The man need only droop over, resting his head on the floor and supporting his upper body on his thighs, while the woman supplies the movement by thrusting against his bottom with her feet. A gentle thrust is best, lest the man be pushed off altogether; though with some men, called 'mamaboys', there is a danger of their being rocked to sleep. Such a man is in constant danger of being cuckolded and ought never to have married at all. If a woman is one of those truly passionate ones, called a 'hotsapantsa', she ought to give up all else and go and seek out one of those rare men who has thoroughly mastered the Eighty-One Arts, the Three Hundred and Nine Variations, and the One Thousand and Eleven Preliminaries. When she has found such a man, called a 'dunker', she ought to give herself to him entirely. Then there will be cries of pleasure, joy, swooning, ecstasies, and the woman will be greatly satisfied and find herself in gloria.



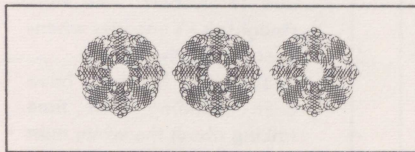


Position 78

This is a position favored by the people of Sind and the upper Ganges and is useful in the case of a woman who is slow to arousal and difficult to bring to climax. After the man has inserted his lingam into her yoni while they are in the normal position (with the man balancing on one foot and the woman clinging to his neck), he should commence with the churning stroke called 'upandin', and after a period of time, he ought to change to a more rotary movement such as the 'reamerout' and continue until the woman gives positive indications of pleasure. At this time, the left foot ought to be placed on her buttocks and her tender parts caressed with the toes. Only the man who has assiduously practiced the 'toehole' game, using a mouse hole if he is a householder or if he should happen to be a shepherd, having practiced on running sheep, can hope to possess sufficient dexterity. When he feels his own final spasm approaching, the man should begin jouncing up and down on his right heel while retaining the other movements, so that at the same time he is thrusting, churning, jouncing, stabbing, stroking, rubbing, driving, revolving, vibrating, pulsating, swinging, and rotating. As the woman commences to reach the final gratification, the man then thrusts in his great toe into her nether portal, but only if she is a mature woman. If she be between the ages of 16 to 19, the second toe only ought to be used. If between 12 and 15, the third toe, and if under 12, the fourth toe only should be used. The

little toe is not to be used for this purpose because of its weakness and because it is sacred to the god Santafush.

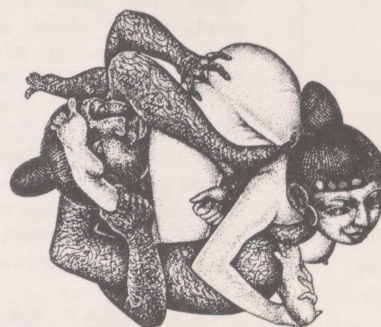
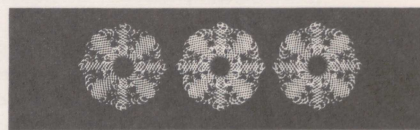
If, after the man has followed the above instructions, the woman still has not attained full satisfaction, it will become necessary for him to adopt strenuous measures. Possibly, he may even have to adopt a position that is out of the ordinary and to engage in practices that would in ordinary conditions be condemned. The sage Bronzaballs (in German texts: Doppelgonger) has remarked, "If gentle measures fail, it is allowed to use a touch more force."



Position 80

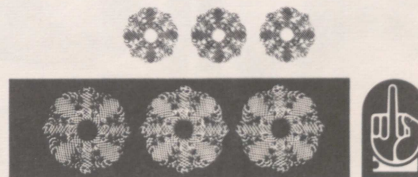
The 'neerli-utter-grabass' position is a favorite that provides great enjoyment for both the man and the woman, particularly to those who are easily aroused and to those who enjoy bending the lingam to a forty-five degree angle. After the woman has been made ready for congress by the proper kissing and fondling, the man kneels on one knee and then the woman, kneeling also, places her right thigh over the man's right thigh and then the man reaches around with his left hand to squeeze her left breast and the woman may, if she feels it necessary, reach down and squeeze his left gonad, which translated means 'private part', while the man slips his right hand between her thighs that he may caress the woman's seat of love. If a man has

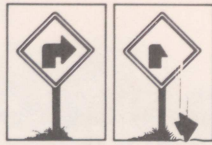
unusually long fingers, he may give pleasure to the woman in both of her nether regions which is called 'the playing of the piccolo'. If may happen in this position that the man will not succeed in inserting his lingam in her yoni, but with so much going on, they will hardly miss it.



Position 81

*Translator's note:* (Unfortunately the inscription which accompanies this carving has been entirely worn away. However, we can see that the man begins by grasping the woman's right leg with his right hand after he has placed his right leg behind his head and looped his right arm around... oh, I see that before this, the woman should intertwine her right leg past his... hmmm... perhaps, if the man placed his left leg on her back before she bends her left arm... ro, that won't do... suppose, the man just sits there and the woman slips her right leg through his legs until it comes out by... but then, how could her left leg bend so that... that is her left foot there, isn't it? Good Lord! If that's her left foot then that means... hmmm. All right, now. We're going to start at the beginning and carry this through logically. First, the man lifts both of his legs while the woman puts... puts her left leg... no, I mean right leg... through his right... his right... Oh, to hell with it!)





■ Every holiday weekend, the National Safety Council comes up with an estimate of how many people are going to die in auto accidents over the holiday. This is supposed to scare drivers into slowing down. It doesn't work.

Drivers, especially younger and more reckless drivers, just don't worry that much about getting killed. They figure that when you're dead, you're dead and that's all there is to it. They're so full of life they can't believe that they'll ever lose it.

So what the safety people should do is to warn drivers about losing the things they are really afraid of losing. They could put up highway signs that say:

LAST YEAR 4,262  
YOUNG MEN HAD THEIR  
PETERS SLICED OFF IN  
CAR WRECKS

And a little farther on, another sign:

KEEP SPEEDING AND YOU  
CAN JOIN THOSE WHO  
WILL NEVER SCREW  
AGAIN

Or for girls:

LAST YEAR, 9,107 GIRLS  
WERE DISFIGURED IN CAR  
WRECKS

And farther on:

DRIVE FAST AND YOU  
CAN FIX YOURSELF SO  
NO ONE WILL EVER LOVE  
YOU

And there could be other signs for other age groups. Maybe even special signs for the police in patrol cars:

LAST YEAR, 411 POLICE  
OFFICERS WERE SO DIS-  
ABLED IN ACCIDENTS  
THEY HAD TO LEAVE THE  
POLICE FORCE

And farther on:

NOW THEY HAVE TO  
OBEY THE TRAFFIC LAWS

1



■ I don't see much hope for the Black Muslims. They have convinced most people that they are a religion of hate instead of love.

And the language they use: "God will destroy the white race." What kind of talk is that? Haven't they given any study at all to the successful religions that do such a thriving business in this country?

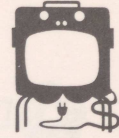
Everyone knows that a successful religion spends all its time talking about love and forgiveness. And then slaughters its enemies whenever it gets the chance.

But the Muslims have been spending their time talking about the white man as though he were a devil and implying that he ought to be wiped off the face of the earth. And yet, have they ever killed anyone? There is no evidence that they ever have. How can they hope to compete with the Christian churches who have killed millions?

The Catholic Inquisition tortured heretics until they repented and then out of love and mercy ended their suffering with a quick death. The Protestants utterly wiped out the Diggers and Ranters and a thousand other flourishing sects that actually tried to love their fellow men. The Jews, following orders from heaven, practiced genocide on the Amorites and Shechemites. Catholic, Protestant, and Jew; these are the flourishing religions in America today.

So the Black Muslims must be regarded as harmless now, but there is a possibility they will learn from the religions of love around them. If the time comes when a Muslim should approach a white and start telling him how much he loves him, that guy better run like hell.

2



■ Mr. William Buckley, the noted loser and TV performer, has argued many times against the state providing 'cradle to grave security' for all its citizens. However, it is worthy of note that Mr. Buckley was born into an extremely wealthy family and therefore he has always been provided with 'cradle to grave security' and then some.

Now the argument of Mr. Buckley seems to be that this sort of security is bad for the individual; that it destroys his initiative and weakens his character. Well, he should know.

It is easy to understand Mr. Buckley's fear that given such security, men in general might start acting as he and his friends act. But we have no proof that other men would use their leisure to try and deny any leisure to others. We do not know that anyone else, guaranteed the best of medical care for life, would try to deny even minimum medical care to others. There is no reason to suppose that there are many men, who, never having had to work themselves, would constantly chant in the public prints for other men to be forced to work. It is impossible that many men should exist, who, given wealth and luxury through no efforts of their own, would use that wealth to fight the efforts of the state to provide bare necessities for the poor and wretched.

No, the terror Mr. Buckley apparently feels at the thought of being surrounded by other Buckleys is understandable but unjustified. Too many Americans have seen for themselves the dangers of paternalism, by watching Mr. Buckley's losing performances in politics and on TV. No one else could have done the job so well. Mr. Buckley set out to warn the American people of the disastrous effects of being taken care of instead of relying upon oneself and he has succeeded.

3

3  
quickies

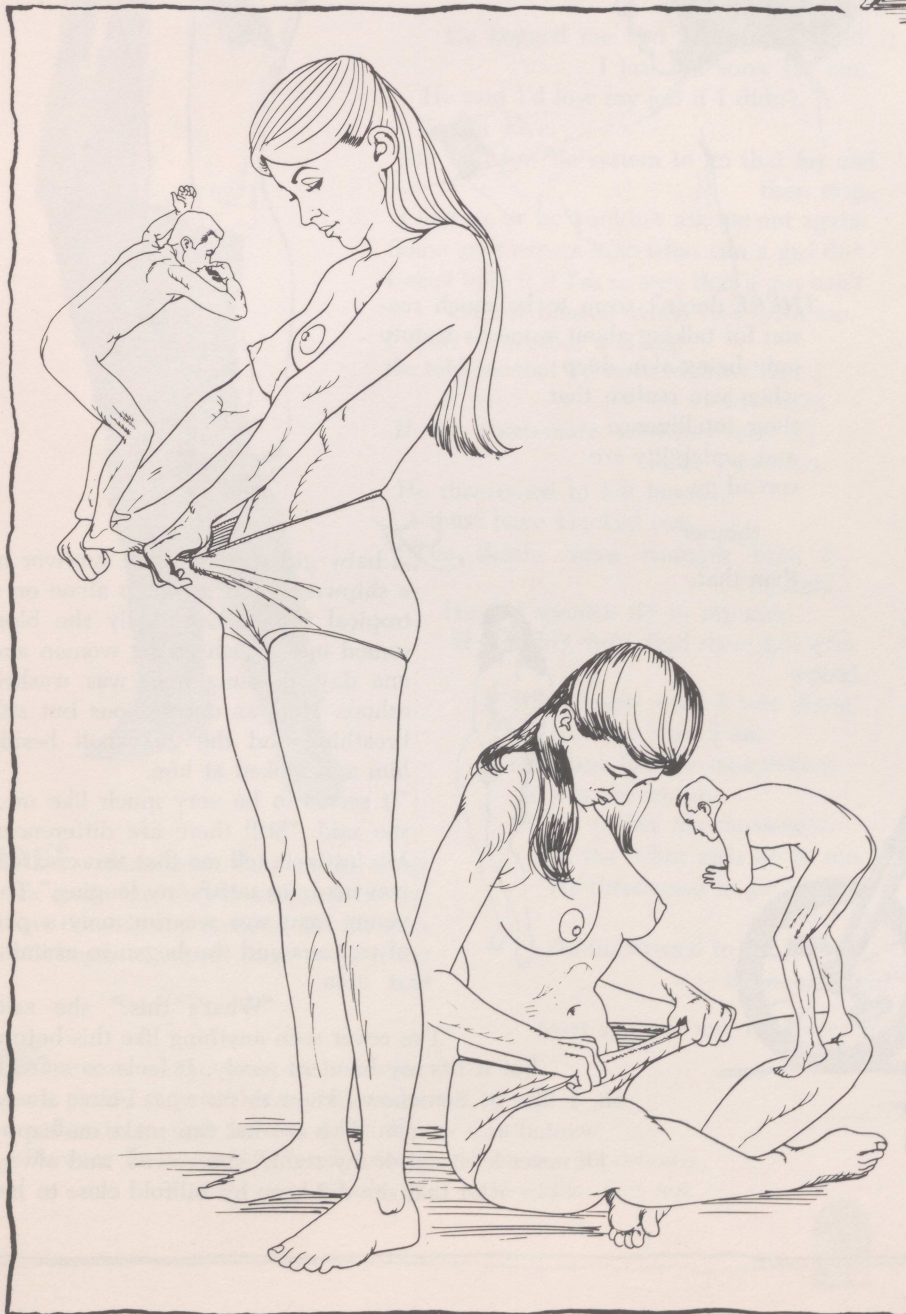




Literary criticism is that activity in which the largest minds of all time are judged by the smallest minds available.



Some people say that church attendance doesn't do any good but the fact is that it means there is one hour every week when you don't have to worry about a church member cheating you.



The fact that young people are willing to pay good money to go to college shows how badly they need teaching. After graduation, the more intelligent will complain that they have spent four years and eight thousand dollars without learning anything of value. Then the college will say: "You've got a job now that you couldn't have gotten without that degree."

And the graduate will say: "Yeah, but having the degree is just a formality; I could do this job just as well without any college."

And the college will say: "See, you're learning already."

The graduate will say: "All I learned from four years of college is that college didn't have anything to teach me."

The college will say: "That's a valuable bit of knowledge right there."

The graduate will say: "But you took my money, promising to teach me what you knew and making it sound as though I'd really learn something. It's just like a con game."

"True. True," the college will say.

The graduate will say: "And to think I believed your high sounding words! Boy, was I ever gullible."

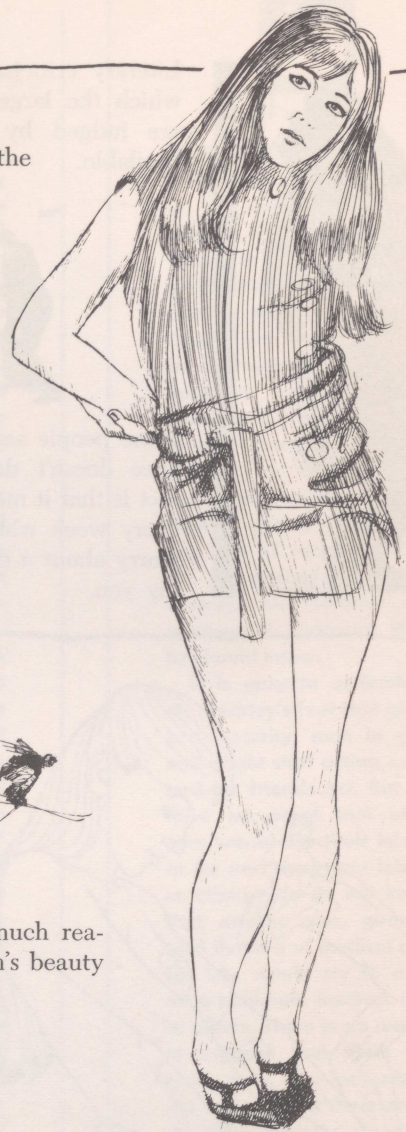
The college will say: "Isn't education wonderful! Now you know everything I had to teach you. Think how much wiser you are now than four years ago."





**FLAGPOLE** painting and lovemaking are the only jobs where you start at the top and work down.

**MEN** are born with brains and women with asses. Women use their gifts while men don't and therefore we have marriage.



**THERE** doesn't seem to be much reason for talking about women's beauty only being skin deep when you realize that their intelligence and amiability are spread on

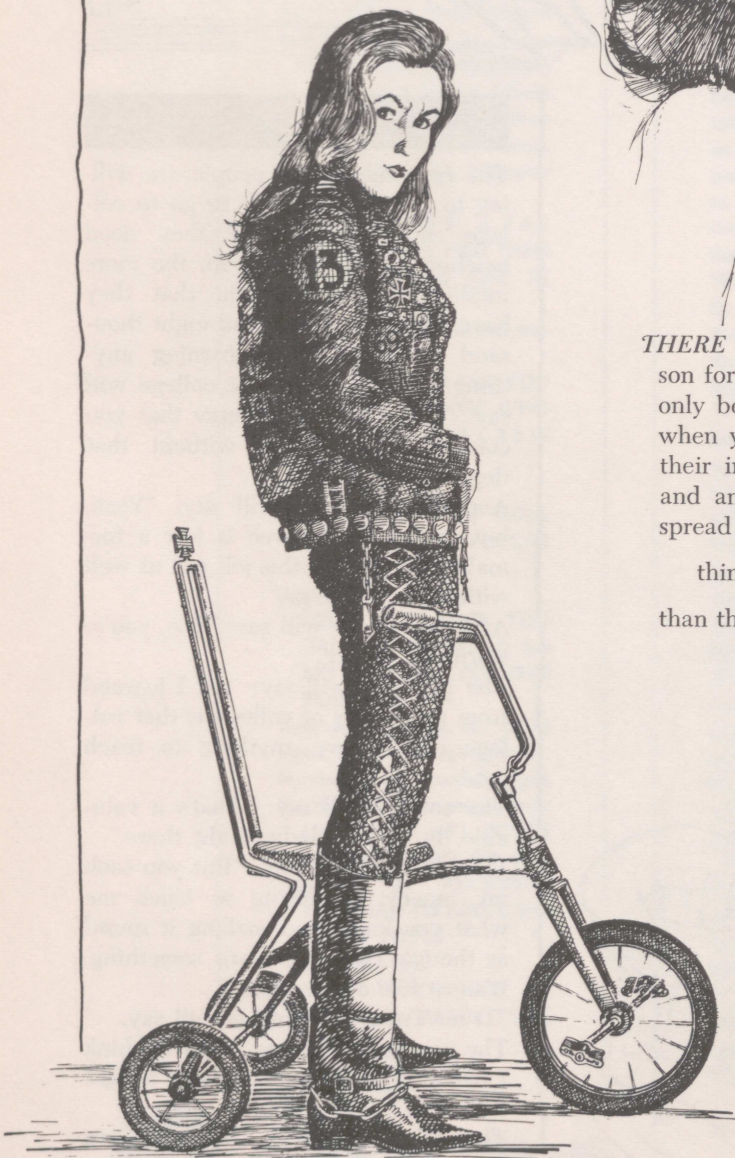
thinner than that.

**A** baby girl was the only survivor of a shipwreck and grew up alone on a tropical island. Eventually she blossomed into a lush young woman and one day a young man was washed ashore. He was unconscious but still breathing and the girl knelt beside him and looked at him.

"It seems to be very much like me," she said. "Still there are differences. My instincts tell me that this creature was made to satisfy my longing." The young man was wearing only a pair of trousers and she began to examine that area.

"What's this?" she said.

"I've never seen anything like this before, but it fits my hand so nicely. It feels so smooth, oh, I like it! Somehow I know this is what I have always wanted as a woman. This is what can make me happy. I'll never let it out of my sight," she vowed, and always after that she did keep his billfold close to her.



*Society* hates passion. The man in the grip of passion is liable to neglect his payments.



**W**E talked about the existence of God and the meaning of life until three in the morning and she still wouldn't go to bed with me.



#### A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF EXCUSES FOR GIRLS

He forced me.

I was too drunk to know what I was doing.

He begged me and begged me until I just felt sorry for him.

He said I'd lose my job if I didn't.

I'm in love.

It's bad for the system to go that far and then stop.

I had to, or he wouldn't ask me out again.

Some guys expect it, so what can a girl do?

I can't help it if I'm so sexy that a guy can't control himself when he's with me.

I don't remember a thing.

He told me that I'd have to prove that I love him.

If my room-mate can stay out all night, I can too.

He threatened to kill himself.

I must have blacked out.

The drinks were stronger than I thought.

He put spanish fly in my coke.

If I didn't, he'd find some girl who would.

I didn't know what I was doing.

He's stronger than I am.

It's good for the complexion.

It was the music.

Wine makes me passionate.

All the other girls do it, too.

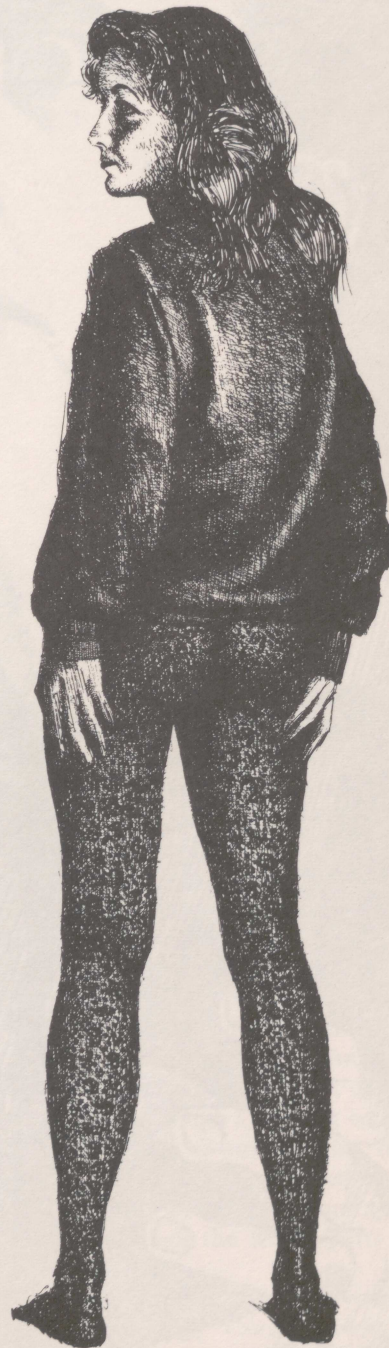
He threatened to get himself an older girl.

He threatened to get himself a younger girl.

Start again at top. He forced me . . .

**most** women wish they could enjoy sex more but they're stopped by the fear that if they seem to like it, men will begin to expect them to do it for free.

**The** reason a man must be a lawyer for a period of years before he can be a judge is so that he can learn the difference between law and justice and more importantly, which pays and which does not.






**"A KILLER?"**

**"YES, SIR."**

**"ONE OF OUR SOLDIERS IS A KILLER?"**

**"YES, SIR."**

**"GOOD GOD!"**



"You're just a bunch of meat-heads now," the tall lieutenant said to B Company, "but I'm going to teach you how to kill a man with your bare hands. You're here to become professional killers."

So Private Robb and the rest of B Company sat in the bleachers and watched the lieutenant throw men around and disarm them. Then B Company got into the sand filled pits and tried throwing each other around. Over and over, they had to practice the same basic holds and attacks.

This continued until everyone was sick of it. Even the tall lieutenant got tired of standing in the shade and yelling insults at the trainees. The lieutenant thought that unarmed combat was a crock of shit. He figured that anyone who was crazy enough to take on an armed opponent with just his bare hands was pretty sure to get

what he deserved.


"Let's hear some noise there!" the lieutenant shouted. "Sound off like you got a pair of balls!"

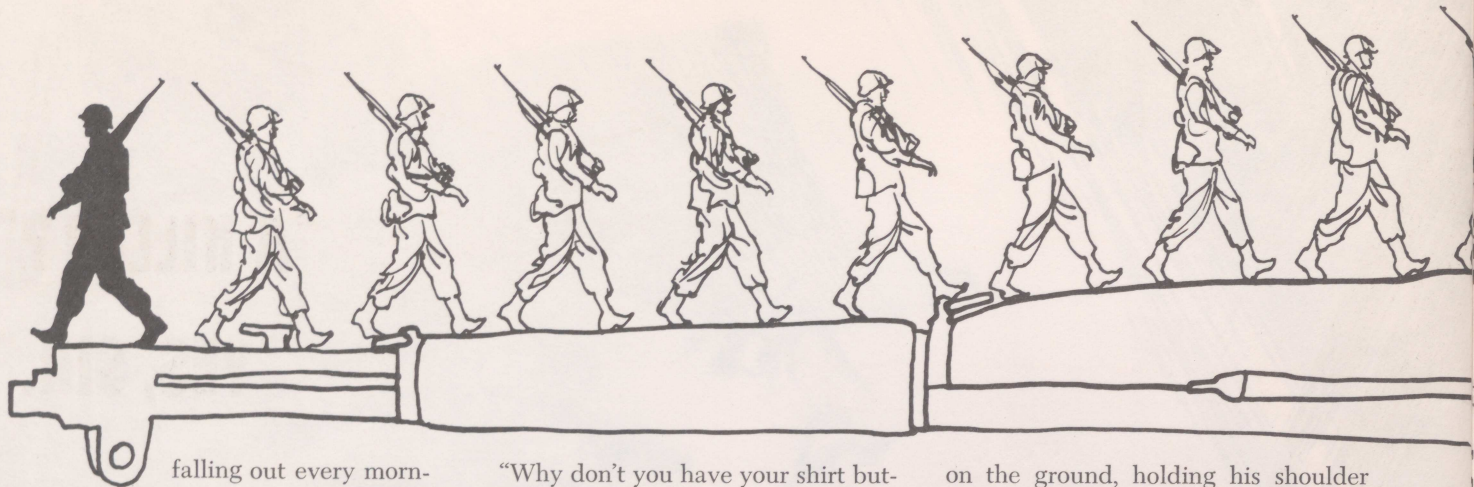
"HIIYAAHH!" Trainee Robb yelled as he twisted his partner's arm and threw him heavily to the ground. Private Robb was the only man on the field who gave the slightest damn about what they were doing. Private Robb liked the army. The food was better and the work was easier than what he was used to at home. He had grown up on a farm in Washington State so he didn't think anything about getting up at four in the morning and going out in the cold.

Later on, the training he received in that unarmed combat class was the cause of most of Robb's troubles. That training and the fact that Robb stood out from the crowd. Company B consisted of Private Robb who

wanted to be a soldier and one hundred and eighty-three other men who didn't want anything of the sort. As always in the army, the man who did not fit in, got into trouble.

Corporal Hefferd pulled Trainee Robb out of ranks one morning four days after the unarmed combat session and took him behind the barracks and began adjusting his uniform. Trainee Robb's uniform was dirty because he had followed orders and crawled through a training course the day before. Everyone else had waited until the committeemen in charge were busy elsewhere and then had run through the rough parts of the course.

"Goddamnit, Robb, I told you to shape the fuck up," Corporal Hefferd said as he straightened Robb's lapels with both hands. "What did I tell you, huh? What did I tell you about 



falling out every morning with a clean set of fatigues, huh?"

Robb's head kept banging against the side of the barracks from the force of Corporal Hefferd's assistance in straightening his uniform and he had difficulty in answering.

"Speak up, goddam it!" said PFC Lynch, who was aiding Corporal Hefferd. "Answer when you're spoken to, you sorry fuck-up."

Corporal Hefferd eased up and PFC Lynch hit Robb on the head with his plastic helmet liner. "Speak up!"

Private Robb said, "Sir, I was . . ."

"Oh, you fuck-head," said Corporal Hefferd as he started adjusting Robb's uniform again. "I'm not an officer. You don't call me Sir."

PFC Lynch helped along by grabbing Robb's belt and adjusting it. By now, Robb's whole body went crashing into the barracks with every adjustment. He tried to say something but he couldn't get the words out.

Then, somehow, despite the fact that he was receiving all this assistance with his uniform, Private Robb allowed the top button of his fatigue shirt to come off and go flying into the gravel nearby.

"Look at that!" screamed Corporal Hefferd. "You don't even have your shirt buttoned."

"Soldier, why don't you have that top button *buttoned*?" PFC Lynch demanded.

Corporal Hefferd dropped his hands and took a step backward. "He doesn't even *have* a button there," he said in a soft unbelieving voice. "There's no button and his shirt is **RIPPED!**"

"Jesus Fucking Christ!" said PFC Lynch. "What kind of fuck-up are you to fall out here with a dirty, torn set of fatigues?"

"Why don't you have your shirt buttoned?" asked Hefferd.

Private Robb had to swallow several times before he could answer. "No excuse, Corporal."

"Where is your God damned button?"

"I . . . I don't know, Corporal."

"You don't know. You don't **KNOW**," Hefferd yelled. "I'm going to give you just five seconds to find that button. Five seconds. Is that clear, fuck-face?"

Private Robb, whose eyes were fixed on Corporal Hefferd's forehead as he stood at rigid attention, said, "Yes, Corporal."

"All right, GO!" said Hefferd.

Robb dove onto his hands and knees and began desperately searching for the button in the gravel.

" . . . one thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand three . . . " PFC Lynch counted off.

"Look there," said Hefferd who was standing over Robb.

Robb began looking at the spot Hefferd had pointed to and not finding anything, he got down until his face was only six inches off the ground. Then Hefferd lifted his foot and with it, pushed Robb's face down into the gravel. "When I tell you to look, you *look*."

Robb straightened up on his knees and looked up at Hefferd who took a step back. His face pale, Robb very deliberately brushed away the gravel that had been ground into his cheek. Then he stood up and started after Hefferd.

Hefferd tried to say something but Robb caught his arm and with one quick twist, threw the other man to the ground, just as the maneuver was taught in the unarmed combat class. Hefferd did not get up. He remained

on the ground, holding his shoulder and groaning.

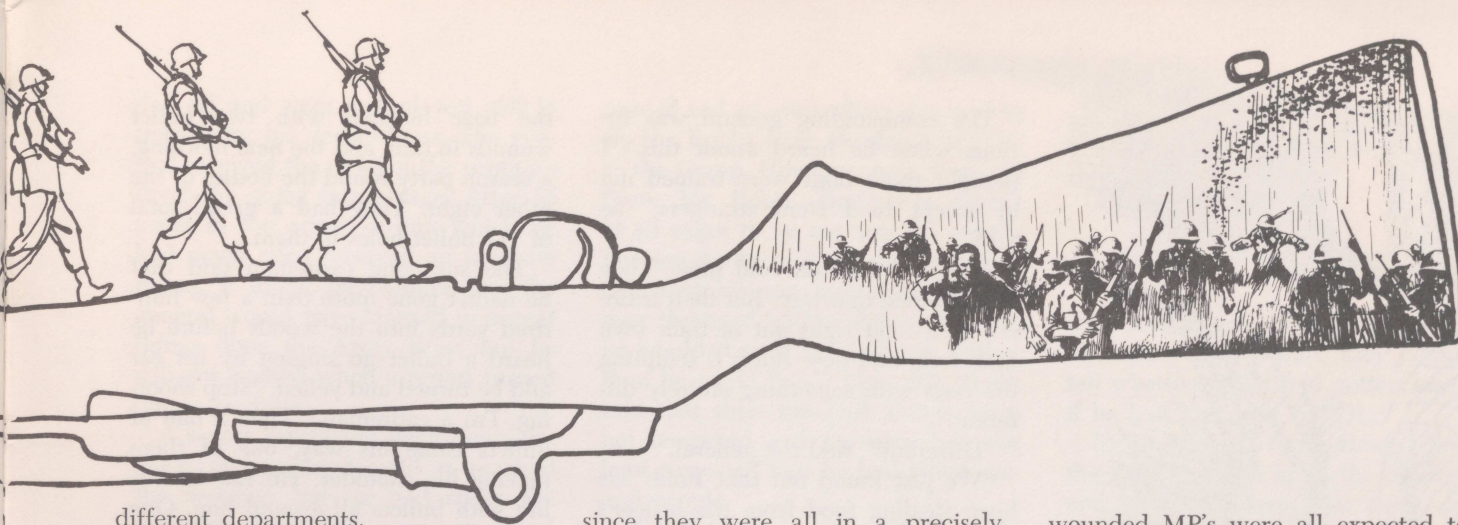
PFC Lynch backed away from Robb who was watching Hefferd with an intent dangerous look and when Robb didn't pay any attention to him, Lynch beat it around the corner and called the MP's.

The court martial was held the next morning. Corporal Hefferd was brought from the hospital, where they found he had a dislocated shoulder, to testify. The whole thing took eleven minutes and Robb was found guilty. He was stripped of his rank (he had none), and his privileges (he didn't have any of those either), and he was sentenced to six months in the stockade.

Actually, Robb wound up serving only two months of his sentence. A guard was giving him motivational training by hitting him in the kidneys with the butt of his shotgun when Robb tried the Lunge, Parry, and Groin Kick on the guard and it worked just like they said it would.

Robb left the helpless guard there and took his shotgun and disappeared into the hills. Camp Centerwood was one vast stretch of brush and hills and woods and it took the prisoner-chasers several days to track him down. However, instead of fleeing blindly like most escaped prisoners, Robb had doubled back and he was waiting for them and blew the head off the lead man. The rest of them double-timed all the way back to the stockade.

There, everyone was upset. The stockade commandant had been complaining all along that he was short handed and now he refused to send any more men after Robb, claiming that it was the MP's job. So that brought on an argument between the



different departments.

And the stockade chaplain was really depressed. Usually, in the past, the prisoners would confide in him when stockade life became more than they could bear and the chaplain would read them verses from the Bible and talk to them about their parents' hopes for them until the prisoner became more resigned. Then the chaplain, who had been in the army for fourteen years and held a captain's rank, would pass the word on to the commandant who would have the prisoner watched more carefully or put in solitary. But Robb hadn't let anything on to the chaplain and now the commandant had as good as told the chaplain outright that he wouldn't recommend him for promotion.

Finally, the MP's agreed to bring in the escaped prisoner and so, early one morning, over one hundred MP's made a sweep through the rugged hill country. Unfortunately for them, the information they had received at their briefing that Robb only had a shotgun, turned out to be faulty. Somewhere he had gotten hold of an M-1, and as the MP's moved forward in a long line, Robb opened fire on them from the side. All the MP's had been marching forward, lifting their feet high trying to preserve the spit-shine on their boots, and at the first shot, they stopped and looked questioningly around them.

The major who was in command raised one white gloved hand, "You're under arrest, Robb. Come out with your hands up."

Robb fired again. This shot came closer.

"You are violating regulation 7-011, Robb. Don't make it any worse . . ." the major was cut off by Robb's next shot which hit an MP private and

since they were all in a precisely straight line, it plowed through him and downed two more men. All the MP's had been standing there worrying about what it would do to the creases in their trousers if they had to hit the dirt but now they dropped to the ground and began desperately crawling for cover.

Robb fired at them one more time without hitting anyone and then was silent. Some of the MP's worked their way up the little hill he had been firing from, but when they got to the top, he was nowhere in sight.

While the wounded were being evacuated, the rest of the MP's tried to get themselves shaped up again. They couldn't do much about their khakis which had gotten dirty but they all had blitz cloths and shoeshine rags along and they were able to get their brass shined and they fixed up their boots as best they could. Then they had a brief inspection and after that, the major deployed his troops.

Most of the men were placed in a defensive perimeter around the top of the hill, in case Robb should return and try to recapture it, and the others followed what they believed to be Robb's escape route. It led to a swampy area about half a mile away and there they halted.

"He must have waded right into that mud," a sergeant said.

"You get that gook on a pair of boots and you never will get a really good shine on them afterwards," said one of the privates.

"Aw, he's crazy," said another private. "He's liable to do anything."

They turned around and went back to the other MP's and the major regrouped the whole detachment and marched them back to the barracks. There they got the news that the three

wounded MP's were all expected to survive.

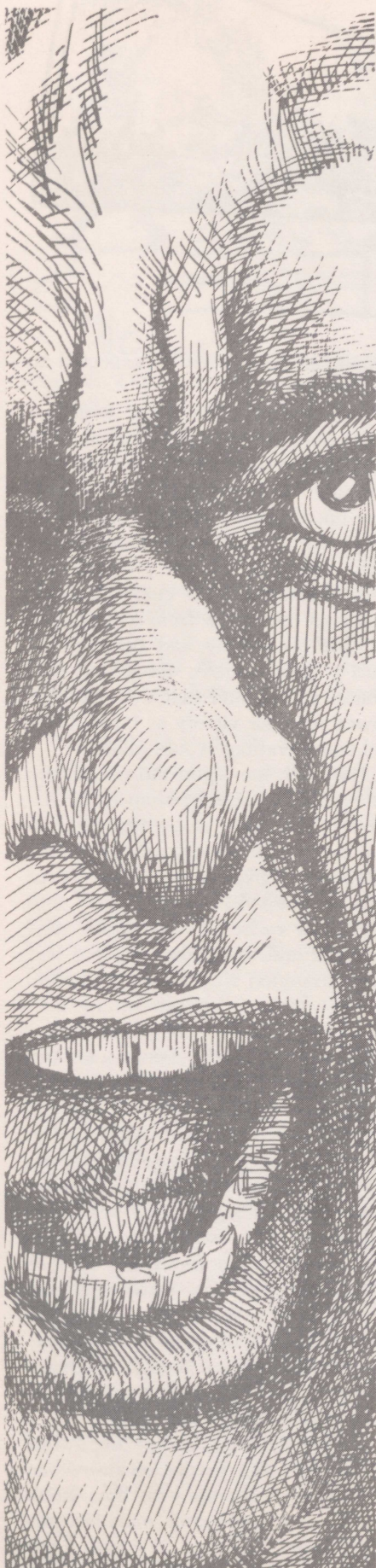
That afternoon the major wrote up his report. In it, he pointed out that they had located the enemy who was strongly entrenched on the high ground; that they had driven the enemy from his position, sustaining only light casualties in the process; that they had secured the enemy position and kept the enemy from reoccupying it; that the enemy had been forced into a hasty retreat, actually it was almost a rout; and that they had followed up their victory as far as tactical considerations would allow.

However, the report did not get the attention the major had hoped for, because that night, Robb slipped into the barracks of B Company and killed Corporal Hefferd in his sleep. There was no noise. PFC Lynch went into his fellow cadremen's room the next morning and found that Hefferd had been strangled with a length of wire.

Everyone was shaken up by this. It was one thing to have Robb running around in the boondocks and shooting back at people; it was something else to have him come into the barracks after someone. What's more, there was the problem of listing Hefferd's death on the reports. Trainees were always dying off or killing themselves and there was a standard routine to cover up the real cause of their death but there wasn't any provision for the death of a cadreman. Finally, they wrote Hefferd's parents that he had been mangled in a truck accident and they sent his body home in a sealed casket.

Then they tried sending dogs after Robb. That didn't work because when the dogs caught up with him, Robb would feed them and make friends with them.





The commanding general was furious when he heard about this. "I thought those dogs were trained not to accept food from strangers," he said.

"Yes, sir," his aide told him. "They were trained that way. But their trainers used food right out of their own mess hall, and now Robb is tempting the dogs with something entirely different."

"Different?" said the general.

"We just found out that Robb has been stealing food from the officer's mess."

Since both the MP detachment and the stockade guard claimed they were too short handed to send a lot of men after Robb, the general decided to turn the job over to a company of trainees. He picked out a company that had nearly completed its advanced infantry training and sent it out to the wooded area where Robb had last been seen.

The nine cadres handed out fifty rounds of live ammunition to each of the one hundred and sixty-two trainees and their lieutenant told them he expected them to be a credit to their training. Oftentimes, he knew, they had been forced to march and train when they were ready to drop but it had all been a preparation for a time like this, he explained. The cadre had been hard on them, so that when they reached a moment like this when they might be called upon to shoot to kill, they wouldn't hesitate.

The lieutenant concluded his speech and watched while the company, led by their cadres, plunged into the thickly wooded area. Then he got into his car and drove back to the officer's club.

Three and a half hours later, the one hundred and sixty-two trainees came straggling out onto the road that was their destination. There, the trainee squad leaders collected what little there was left of the live ammo and after they waited an hour and no cadre showed up, they marched back to their company area.

The First Sergeant thought it was a little odd that none of the trainees had gotten lost and all the cadre had, but considering the relative intelligence of the two groups, he wasn't too surprised. During the night, one of the cadres came staggering into

the base hospital with two bullet wounds in him, and the next morning, a search party found the bodies of the other eight. They had a grand total of 117 bullet holes in them.

The surviving cadreman said that he hadn't gone more than a few hundred yards into the woods before he heard a bullet go singing by his ear and he turned and yelled, "Stop shooting, I'm a cadreman." Then a hail of bullets came his way, one of them nicking his shoulder. He ran for his life with bullets all around him. One of them hit him in the calf of the leg and he barely managed to crawl into a hollow tree and hide there until dark.

There wasn't much they could do about punishing a whole company so the commanding general waited until the trainees had completed their basic and then shipped the whole outfit to Iceland. The company left Camp Centerwood in a somber mood and accompanied by nine of the politest cadres anyone had ever seen.

Then a few nights later, Robb killed an officer named Captain D'Angelo. Apparently Robb had been prowling through B Company looking for PFC Lynch. He couldn't locate him since Lynch had been AWOL since the day that Hefferd had been found dead. On his way back to the hills, Robb had been stopped by Captain D'Angelo who began chewing him out for not saluting. Robb then demonstrated two barehanded combat holds to the Captain, who died instantly of a broken neck.

There was a real problem involved in telling the commanding general about the captain's death. The general thought that Robb was dead. After the training company shot up their own cadre, the general had given an order that he wanted Robb brought in within 48 hours or else. The order went on down through the chain of command until it reached a lowly sergeant who didn't have anyone to pass it on to. He floundered around helplessly and then just before the 48 hours was up, the sergeant did what any career man would do when faced with an impossible order. He lied.

The report that Robb had been killed went back up the chain of command until it reached the general who was so pleased that he took the

day off and went and played golf in reward for his decisiveness. The general received the news of the captain's death by going into a rage. After 38 years in the army, during which he had never once received an accurate report, it might be thought that the general would have learned to accept things done the Army Way, but he still got excited when a report turned out to be false.

A severe reprimand went down the chain of command until it reached the sergeant but he had spent the meantime in finding a scapegoat and it was all blamed on a private in the clerk-typist section and he was court martialed and jailed.

Before the captain's death, it had been assumed by the brass that however crazy Robb might be, he still was sure to respect the vast gulf that divided officers and enlisted men. Now he had added an officer to the list of his victims and instead of referring to him as 'that crazy trainee' or 'the nut,' the officers began calling him 'the killer.'

Everyone on post, who had enough rank to manage it, went on leave. In some sections, there wasn't an officer or top-three-grader left and efficiency went up over 70%. In the finance section, the draftees, who were the only ones left, would finish up all the work by 10 o'clock in the morning. Then they would play cards for the rest of the day.

About this time, one of the bright boys on the general staff suggested that Robb's parents be brought to Camp Centerwood and maybe they could reason with him. The general

agreed and an army plane was sent to fly the Robbs from Washington State to the Camp. However, once they got there, Mr. Robb admitted he wasn't at all eager to go out into the woods hunting for his boy. He told the officers that his son had once hit him over the head with a shovel and that he wouldn't trust the boy any farther than he could throw him. Mrs. Robb said that their son had always been hot tempered and she wasn't in the least surprised that he had killed several people.

The Robbs were persuaded to ride around in an open car all over the camp and to give an occasional yell into the woods, but after a few days, it became apparent that nothing was going to come of it, so they were shipped back home.

The officers in charge were considerably shaken up by the thought that Robb had these tendencies *before* he came into the army. They were shocked that the induction centers were not making more of an effort to weed out potential killers. "They don't care," one colonel said bitterly, "they're safe back there, but we're out here in the boondocks with this homicidal maniac."

They didn't know what to do. For a while, they tried issuing live ammo to the trainees who were walking guard but they kept mistaking the officer-of-the-day or the sergeant-of-the-guard for Robb and plugging him, so they had to stop that.

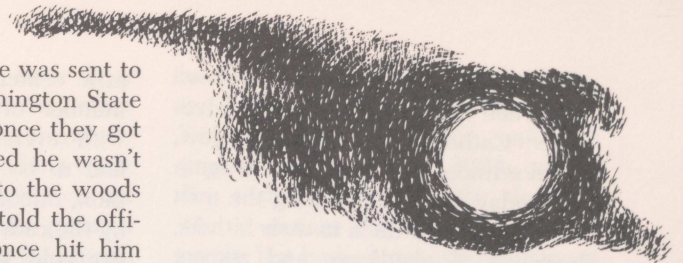
More and more cadre were being found dead and the suspicion grew that some of the trainees were doing in their own cadremen and blaming it

on Robb. It got so bad that when a cadreman disappeared, they couldn't tell whether Robb had gotten him or if he had just gone AWOL.

In an effort to calm things down, the general called in all the chaplains and let it be known that there were promotions in store for the best sermons on the subject. The next Sunday, the Catholic chaplains, speaking to the Catholic trainees plus the other trainees who for some reason had called themselves Catholics when they were forced to choose a religion, stressed the Commandment — Thou Shalt Not Kill. The chaplains hammered away at the idea that God alone had the right to take human life. The trainees who were tired from a long week of firing rifles, machine guns, mortars, and rocket launchers, tried to stay awake and listen.

In the Protestant chapels, the Protestant and assorted unbeliever trainees heard somewhat similar sermons. The one that eventually won a promotion for the chaplain giving it, was based on the idea that all authority comes from God and then filters down through the President and the commanding general to the various officers and on down to the cadre. So opposition to the cadre was, as the chaplain put it, . . . "like striking God in the face."

The Jews and the few non-Semitic



atheists who had defiantly put down Jew when they had to call themselves either Catholic, Protestant, or Jew, heard sermons Friday night and again on Sunday morning, likening the men in authority over them to their fathers, deserving of obedience and respect and, yes, even love.

Since all the trainees were forced to attend services every week, and were marched there in formation under the watchful eyes of their cadre, everyone, even the most non-religious ones, got the message. Everyone except Robb, that is.

Despite the warnings from their spiritual leaders, some of the trainees continued to harass their cadremen. A column would be marching through a heavily wooded area and when they stopped to take a break, someone would start the rumor that he had seen Robb peering out of the brush at them. The cadre would gather and stand back to back, trying to watch in all directions. But if they relaxed for a minute, some joker was sure to let out a sudden loud yell and a couple of the cadre were liable to wet their pants right there. All this was bad for discipline.

Another thing was that they had to call off all forms of night training. It was purely suicidal for anyone in authority to get out in the woods with a bunch of trainees after dark.

None of the problems that kept the officers awake troubled the trainees, however. Robb had shown no hostility to them and the trainees thought of him as one of themselves. Some of them actually started gaining back the weight they had lost during their training before Robb. At the psychi-

atric center of the base hospital, the number of trainees being admitted with severe mental breakdowns (they had to be severe to get to the hospital, minor breakdowns were treated by the cadre who held the trainee under cold showers and slapped him around) dropped from an average of 12 a week to 2 a week. And now, sometimes a week or more would go by without a single trainee killing himself. Before there was never a day without at least one suicide.

With no more night training scheduled, the Inspector General or I.G. began to have problems. The job had been held for over four years by a lieutenant colonel who had never once talked to any of the thirty thousand trainees on post.

The regulations provided a standard form for the announcement of the coming of the Inspector General. The first sergeant of a training company would read the announcement to his assembled men two weeks ahead of time.

"On Wednesday, the 22nd, the Inspector General will be available in the day-room of Charlie Company from 8 until 10 p.m. Anyone having a complaint will have an opportunity to present it to him at that time."

And on the appointed date, the Inspector General *would* be there; but the trainees *would not*. The regulations only said that a training exercise could not be scheduled *during* the time the I.G. was to be present. They didn't say anything about scheduling a night problem for later that night, and then leaving for it a little early. About six or seven hours early . . .

So at eight o'clock, the I.G. would

show up and go and sit in the day-room and read the book he had brought along, until ten. Now and then, a discontented cook or someone would come in to see him but never a trainee. The lieutenant colonel was proud to be an officer in an army so efficient that none of the trainees ever had a complaint.

But now, with Robb running wild, all that had changed. To the light colonel's amazement, long lines of trainees began to appear whenever he was scheduled to hear complaints.

He didn't know what to make of them, they were so different from anyone he had ever met before. One of them would come in and start complaining that he had been on KP for four days and nights steadily without any sleep. Or one would want to show him the bruises on his back where he had been knocked down and kicked by the cadre and tell him how he had been pissing blood ever since. Or a white-faced one would stand there with his eyes all feverish and his legs trembling and say that he had been trying to go on sick call all week and his first sergeant wouldn't let him.

The lieutenant colonel tried to talk to these men. He pointed out that there were many unpleasant aspects to the military life. He, himself, would certainly rather be at home watching television but the army expected him to give that up and be here and listen to complaints and here he was. It was his duty and he was not about to shirk it. Nor did he think much of a man who would whine and complain just because everything was not peaches and cream. Had the trainee ever had an officer come into his barracks and

cry on his shoulder because of the demands of his office? Hardly. Did the trainee realize how lucky he was not to have the awful responsibility of command? No, apparently not.

The lieutenant colonel had heard about the softness of American youth but he had never realized just how bad it was until all this happened. Why he remembered a time, not very long ago, when the trainees were all contented and happy; and now, here all of a sudden, he was surrounded by bellyachers. It must be the postwar generation, he thought.

Now and then one of the complainers would persist even after the I.G. had told him bluntly that a sniveler had no place in the U.S. Army. Then the lieutenant colonel would get mad. They had a place right here on post where a malingerer would be taught to soldier. It was called the stockade. Did the complainant want to go there? None of them ever did.

Meanwhile plans to get Robb were going forward. One of the officers had pointed out to the commanding general that while the Geneva Convention forbade the use of poison gas on enemy troops, it didn't say a thing against using it on your own soldiers. So plans were afoot to blanket the woods and hills with a deadly gas.

While preparations were going forward, Robb stopped by the stockade one night and let the prisoners out of the main barracks. It wasn't the fault of the guards that Robb knew their schedule and was able to catch them at a bad time. Master Sergeant Dawson, after beating Corporal Gryoski with a riding crop, was groaning with pleasure as the Corporal sucked

his cock and he didn't even hear Robb's arrival. Most of the other guards were down in the hole where the solitary cells were, watching while a new prisoner was being beaten up. As luck would have it, the prisoner was screaming just before he fainted from the pain of having his balls twisted by a big guard, and the noise kept them from hearing the commotion when Robb knocked out the guard at the gate.

The next few days were busy ones as the guards and MP's rushed around trying to catch the escaped prisoners. They got most of them easily since the prisoners didn't have Robb's talent or liking for prowling around in the woods.

The general then discovered that poison gas is liable to turn grass yellow and he vetoed the whole scheme lest it ruin the golf course and that very night, Robb was killed.

The tall lieutenant who taught hand-to-hand combat was on night duty at regimental headquarters and about 11:30, he walked down to the corner to get a coke from the coke machine. Robb was watching him from the shadows and when he started back toward the headquarters building, Robb jumped him. Robb was expecting the lieutenant to fight him with every trick at his disposal and he was disconcerted when the lieutenant started to yell at the top of his voice, "Help! I'm being attacked! Help!"

While they struggled there in the dark, Robb kept bracing himself for the lieutenant's retaliatory attack while the lieutenant never so much as thought about stupid arm-holds but instead he dug out the switch-blade

he always carried. Robb was just moving in to get a neck hold when the lieutenant got his knife out and pressed the button and Robb caught five inches of blade in the stomach. The lieutenant didn't wait to see the results but broke loose and ran toward the guard house as fast as he could. It took quite awhile to get together a sufficiently large force and by the time they got back there, Robb was dead.

Later that same night, most of the trainees were asleep when all of a sudden the lights were turned on and the cadre came tearing through the barracks, yelling and turning over bunks.

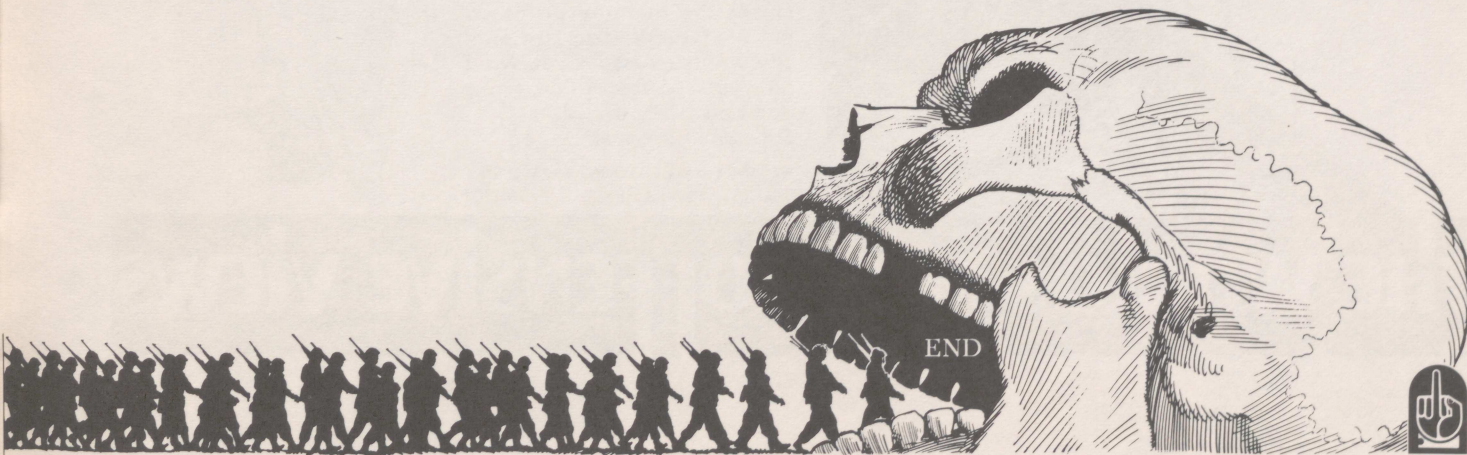
"Who told you, you could sleep? Get up! Up! You stupid meatheads, get out of those bunks!"

"Fall out! FALL OUT! I want everyone out in that street in five seconds! Five seconds! Full uniform, ready to go! Fall out!"

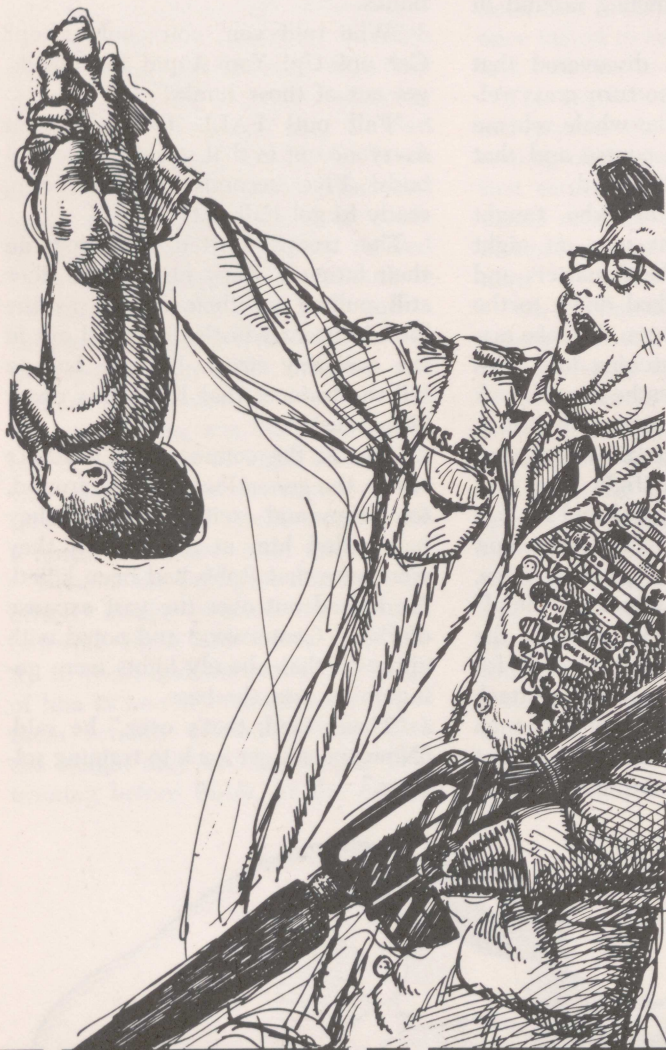
The troops started throwing on their fatigues. They ran for the door still pulling on their clothes as the loud insistent whistles sounded out in the company street. No one had to tell the trainees that Robb was dead. They knew.

Over at the commanding general's house, the general was pacing around, too happy and excited to sleep. They had called him at once when they were sure that Robb had been killed. He looked out over the vast expanse of Camp Centerwood and noted with approval that already lights were going on all over the base.

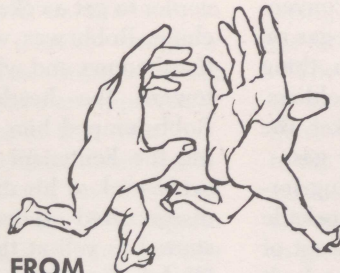
"Thank God, that's over," he said. "Now we can get back to training soldiers."



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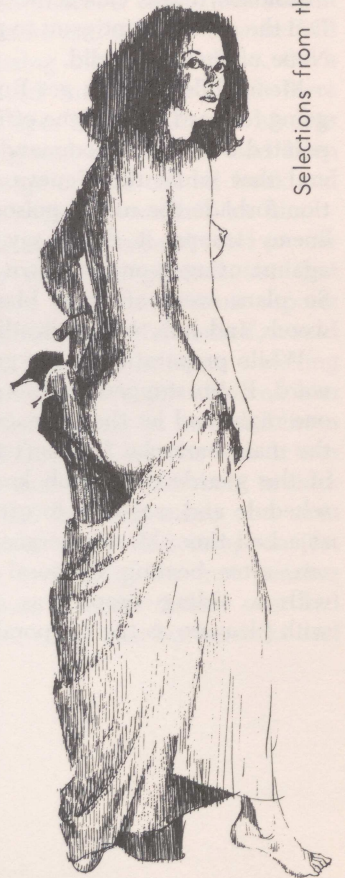
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Selections from the first issue

**THE WORLD'S MOST OFFENSIVE VIEWS**

Well here is issue no. 2 of *Horseshit*. And here are the answers to the questions we get asked the most. \* There are just the two of us; we're brothers, Bob Dunker and Tom Dunker. We do everything in this magazine; yes, everything. Bob is the artist and he does all the artwork, all the layouts, all the design, all the drawings. Tom, that's me, is the writer and I do all the text, even the ads and announcements like this. \* Two dollars is a lot of money for a magazine. But remember, most magazines are supported by their advertisers. We don't carry ads. That means there is more meat . . . uh, I should say . . . more editorial content in *Horseshit* than in most magazines that are four times its size. If you compare HS to a book, and it is more like a book in many ways than a magazine, you'll see it's quite reasonably priced. \* Also we can't get most printers to print it, or typesetters to set our type, or distributors to handle it, or booksellers to sell it. Doing battle with all these idiots naturally runs up our expenses. Think of it as the price we all have to pay for living in a frightened society. \* On the first couple of printings of no. 1, we had a lower price but at that time we had an extremely cheap printer. Now, he's gone out of business. Also, we started out calling ourselves Gauntlet Press. Then we found out that there is a homosexual publication of that name. Now we're just plain Scum Publishing Co. If you would rather not address us as that, just write to or make checks out to Publishing Co., Box 361, etc. and we'll get it okay. \* Do not send us any manuscripts or artwork and especially do not send us any god-damned poetry. We can't use anything like that. \* We just can't handle single orders either for this or for HS no. 1. But we will send five copies of either for \$8 or ten copies for \$15. Or at these quantity prices, you can have a mixture of 1 and 2. Just specify what you want. \* We are always happy to get letters from readers, even angry readers. Since we are both unmarried, we like to hear from girls. But when you write in, please girls, indicate whether you are interested in art or in writing so we'll know who is to answer your letter. \* We are going to produce an issue of *Horseshit* every year from now on. If that doesn't seem like much to you, it's because you don't have any idea how much work goes into one of these. We hope to get it out in the spring or even earlier, but if we're slow about it, don't write us. We'll make it. \* Now if you want to encourage us, send in some gift subscriptions. No kidding, our printer and such do not operate on a charitable basis. Why not give your friends something really different—a subscription to *Horseshit*? Or maybe you'd prefer sending them to your enemies? \* Also, we would like to extend our sympathy to all those poor devils who do not have any solutions to the world's problems like we do, and who have just been wasting their time while we have been working away on this magazine. They've been wasting their time drinking, chasing girls, partying, making love . . . aww, I don't even like to think about it. \* And finally, thanks to all the people who have gone out of their way to help us—there are just too many to list; gutsy bookstore owners, encouraging letter writers, helpful people, printers, models, friends, editors and writers, many others. Thank you.



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Fourth Printing

A religious movement



These are *Horseshit's* answers to the most frequently voiced criticisms of its contents.

Don't you feel that *Horseshit* has an essentially negative attitude? *Yep.*

Don't you ever say anything good about anyone? *Nope.*

Do you realize that you consistently violate every traditional standard of good taste? *Yep.*

I have always been willing to aid those around me with helpful suggestions, therefore your purely destructive attitude disgusts me. Just once, why don't you offer some constructive criticism designed to make people happier? *Okay. If you will stop making suggestions, everyone will be happier.*



I counted 154 separate sexual jokes or situations in your first issue. Why does your magazine have sex on practically every page? *That's the only way we can get people like you to read it.*

Do you feel that the world is a better place for having your magazine in it? *Nope.*

You must have some larger purpose in mind. What are your plans for the future? *Survive.*

What question do you get asked the most? *When is the next issue coming out?*

Since it takes so long to put out an issue, do you get tired of being asked that? *A little. But not so tired as if people didn't care whether there was another issue coming out or not.*

Why do you have that  at the end of every story? *That means that if somebody likes our stuff, fine. If not, then our message to him is .*

**HORSESHIT**

THE OFFENSIVE REVIEW

□ NOT FOR CHILDREN OR IDIOTS □

