

HORSESHIT

NUMBER THREE/\$2.00



ATTACK!



THE OFFENSIVE REVIEW

NUMBER THREE/\$2.00

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All the writing in this magazine is by Thomas W. Dunker

All the drawings in this magazine are by Robert M. Dunker



We get letters from people thanking us for helping them to see things in a different way. Well, we try. But we've all heard about the kingdom of the blind, where the one-eyed man is king. Well, we realize that in this particular kingdom, even that one eye doesn't have to be very good. And also that men have existed who had two sharp eyes . . .

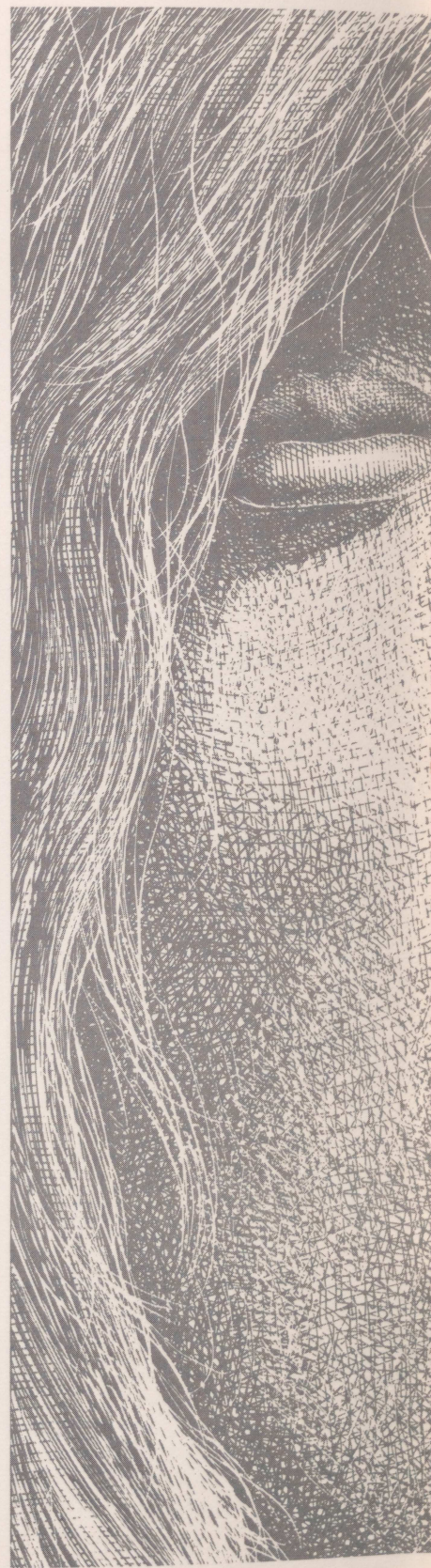
We also get letters congratulating us on our courage. Other people praise us for our integrity or honesty or some other quality.

It's always nice to be praised, particularly for qualities that you don't have. "Always compliment a plain woman on her beauty, and a beautiful woman on her brains," Lord Chesterfield said. Or something along that line.

We don't put out this magazine because we're courageous. We don't want any trouble. And as for integrity, well, we would be only too happy to turn out some kind of best seller but part way through, we're sure to get this urge to jab the Catholic Church or some other sacred institution and there goes our best seller.

Or honesty. Sure, we think we're more honest than other publications, but so what? Who doesn't think he's honest? Is there a man in the world who doesn't pride himself on his honesty? Has there ever been a liar who didn't believe his own lies? Even newspaper reporters sometimes imagine that they are being honest. We have enough gall to pride ourselves on our honesty but it takes a lot out of it when we realize that every other ass prides himself on the same thing.

No, we put out this magazine for the same reason that little boys run around and shout and make noise. Because we're alive. That's all. Because we're alive.







■ *There never has been a winning army. A so-called victorious army is one which has not yet met an aroused civilian force. All professional soldiers not only want to kill, they want to die.*

Remember that in 1941 the German Army was considered by most military experts, including the U. S. General Staff, to be nearly invincible. The Germans had won victory after victory, over other professional armies. But then the Nazi leaders, with unbelievable arrogance, suicidal arrogance, attacked Russia and the United States and angered civilians everywhere with their senseless barbarity.

Then for the invincible army came the holocaust. The aroused civilians of other nations tore the German military machine apart and slaughtered its men. If the Nazis did terrible things to the Jews, and they did, their policies resulted in even worse destruction for their own men. A German soldier had less chance of surviving Nazi rule than a Jew did. The Nazis didn't just lose the war, they committed

suicide.

Hard as it is to believe, there is a sneaking admiration for the German Army amongst the professional soldiers in the American Army of today. Civilians make the mistake of thinking that a man stays in the service in order to fight and defend his country. Oh, no. The man who wants to kill others, secretly wants to be killed himself. He is a Nazi at heart.

Because people who are civilians at heart want to go on living, they fail to realize that many of their countrymen have a real death wish. Look around you at the people who are eager for war. Examine the hopelessness and bitterness of their lives. They say they would rather be dead than Red, but they would really just rather be dead. Period.

So when these desperately unhappy civilians and blood-thirsty military men talk about using the bomb, they're not interested in winning a war. They're planning on joining together in a suicide pact. □

This section called The Predators is drawn from firsthand experience. We were mighty quiet while we were in, but now we've got our Honorable discharges and can say what we want.



The predators:

■ This man was afraid that someone was going to steal his car out of his garage so he got a pack of wolves and let them loose in his yard. It worked, at least nobody stole his car or got into his house and hurt his wife and children.

But after a time, he got to figuring and he found out that it was costing him \$90 a week to buy the raw meat to feed the wolf pack which was increasing in size all the time. Since he was only making \$150 a week, he began to worry. He cut down on the wolves' meat ration and the following week, one of his boys was missing . . .

Every American who thinks about it will recognize just how that man must feel. The American Military Forces are a pack of wolves and they are eating us alive. They started out as a protection against other countries and now we are all concerned about who is going to protect us against them.

The whole idea that we could arm a group of killers and then have them obey us like tame, helpless dogs ranks right along with other great American ideas like Prohibition and the Cheerfulness of the Negro Slave. We got hold of some mentally disturbed men, armed them, let them know that their only chance for promotion and more money and public acclaim depended on our getting into war, and then we put them to guarding our peace.

Now we are at war. All those who are surprised, please raise your hands. You have a great future awaiting you in Washington. The Senate, the Cabinet, maybe the Presidency . . .

Nor will it make any lasting difference if we get out of Viet Nam. We can't afford such military 'protection', even in peacetime. Not when we could feed every hungry person in the world for half the amount of our military budget.

We all make the mistake of calling it *our* Army, *our* Navy, *our* Air Force. But they're not anything of the sort. We want peace; they want war. We want to get along with other countries; they don't. We want an end to the draft, an end to the fantastic expenditures on weapons, an end to killing; they want just the opposite. We are civilians; they are military. They are our enemies.

We have enemies in other countries, too, but they don't give a rap about what we American civilians think or want or feel. There's nothing we can do to influence them. That's why this section is devoted to the American military, over which we have some control. But let's not kid ourselves, they're not going to submit like tame dogs.

They're wolves.

They're predators.





The predators:

The plainest fact about armies, all armies, is that they can't do what they claim they can do. They can't fight. They're no good in wartime. They cost like hell. And we all have to listen to their goddamn yapping propaganda which pours out in endless waves.

When war comes, it always follows a definite course. First of all, the professional military forces are caught by surprise. Then they suffer defeat after defeat, until a sufficient number of civilians join up. Then the civilian army starts to win some battles. Finally, when there is an overwhelming number of civilians in the services, they can go on to win the war.

That's what happened with the U. S. Armed Forces in WW II. The professionals never won a single battle, even when they outnumbered the enemy. In fact, the civilians won every victory and finally ended the war with their development of the atomic bomb. When somebody talks to you about professional military men, remember Pearl Harbor.

In slave days, back in the time of the Roman Empire, there were men who would sell themselves into slavery to get money for one huge binge or simply because they were too incompetent to make a living as free men. You can imagine what such men were like. Lower than the lowest rabble, below the dregs of society, less enterprising than the beggars on the street, they were unspeakably vile, degraded, and grovelling.

We, too, have such men and most of them wind up as professional military men. Some of them become generals and admirals and we put the safety of our country in their hands. Then we are surprised when they bungle their jobs.

Think about the kind of man who would willingly, willingly, become a professional ass-kisser, whose whole life is devoted to killing his fellow men, who will be thrown out of the service if he thinks or invents anything new. Other societies have recognized that such born slaves exist, but they never expected anything of them. They didn't do anything so foolish as putting them in charge of even a kennel or a barn. We're the only ones to give vast power to men who only want to be told when to get up in the morning and to be inspected to make sure they've washed their clothes.

"Having assembled my team for the conquest of Mt. Everest," the great mountaineer tells us, "I then knocked each one down and then kicked him in the face. It is very important that they in this way learn to trust me, since later on, our lives will depend on our working together."

Then they hauled him away to the funny farm.

But this is the way that the armed services train their men. From the first moment of training, they are lied to, bullied, kicked around. They are treated with unending contempt. They are denied food and sleep. They are held up to ridicule. They are given impossible tasks to perform, and then they are punished for not completing them. They learn to hate the service and everyone above them in it. They learn to trust no one, to always have a lie ready, to expect cruelty and betrayal from their superiors.

We are told that they are being trained for combat.

Oh yeah?

If so, then why do they drop all that nonsense when they get in combat? No one harasses the men in combat. Nobody worries about saluting and having shoes shined. Unless someone is insane, he's not going to insult the men or make them do pushups. Instead, the men in authority treat those below them the way civilians treat each other.

So the whole training mess is bullshit. An excuse to give the sadists who run the Regular Services a chance to work out their perversions at public expense.

And when war comes, the sadists will be the first to die. Killed by their own men. The sadists have their fun in peacetime, and then in wartime, the civilians find that they're being defended by a military force in which the men hate their superiors and would rather shoot at them than at the enemy. No wonder professional, highly trained armies always lose.



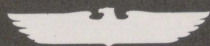
WAR CRIMINALS HAVE TO MAKE A LIVING JUST LIKE ANYBODY ELSE

The Nuremburg War Trials were a brilliant stroke. The Nazi leaders were executed, and the demands of justice were satisfied. Now if we could just arrange for everyone to forget the principles used to convict those Nazis . . .

But, no, there's sure to be some spoilsport, probably a goddamned foreigner, who's going to remember. And one of those principles brought out at Nuremburg, was that civilians are responsible for what their military forces do. And furthermore, that it's the civilian's job to know what they're doing. Boy, has that got some nasty implications.

How many Americans would be willing to stand trial for what's going on in Viet Nam? For that matter, was there any time in our history when it would be safe, considering our activities in the Philippines, and in Nicaragua, and against the American Indians?

Let's hope that some of these super-Americans will step forward and volunteer to stand trial and thus clear our country's good name. But to make it fair, we'll have to insist on the same penalties as at Nuremburg, if they are found guilty of war crimes. What was the penalty there? Death by hanging. ****



KILLING UNARMED MEN AND OTHER GREAT VICTORIES

To understand any modern army, you have to first realize that during most of the last century, it won nothing but victories. European and American armies developed their concept of war and formed their self-image while slaughtering unarmed Africans and Indians.

ANOTHER GREAT VICTORY IN THE SOUDAN! the newspaper headlines would say in London. "150 British soldiers rout 2000 natives! British losses, only four dead, eleven wounded. Enemy losses—460 killed."

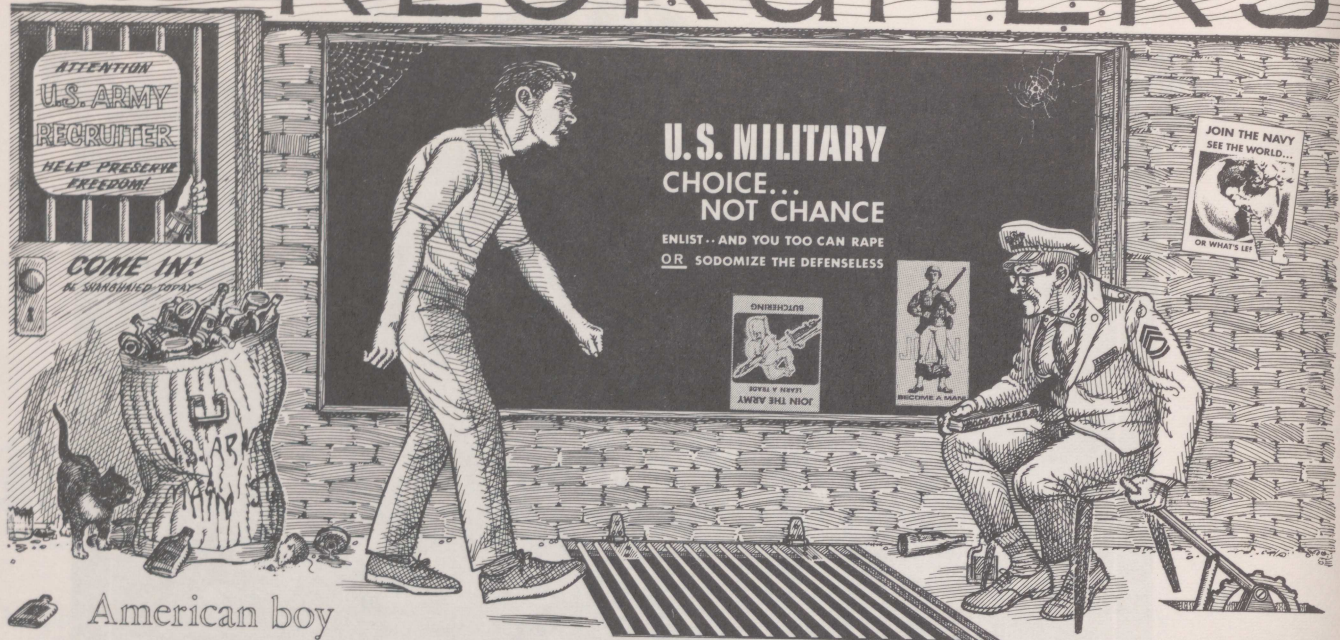
The people at home got the idea that war was like that, a few British soldiers beating ten times their number. The newspapers and War Office never brought up the fact that the British soldiers were armed with repeating rifles while the natives only had spears and a few old flintlocks.

From 1800 on, the Europeans ranged over all of Africa and most of Asia, winning battles, campaigns, and wars—so called. And at home, the people went wild over the feats of their fighting men; just as the American public did when news of another great victory over the Indians would be played up in the papers. So by 1914, the army officers were all eager for war. And they got it with WWI and found to their astonishment that the cavalry charges that swept the field in India didn't work worth a damn against machine guns. Between twenty and thirty million men died as the result of the illusions brought about by colonial wars.

But the memory of easy victories and cheap glory hangs on in all the armies. American generals dream at night about some dark-skinned natives insulting the American flag whereupon they arrive with planes, tanks, and newspaper correspondents and win great victory after great victory.



U.S. MILITARY RECRUITERS

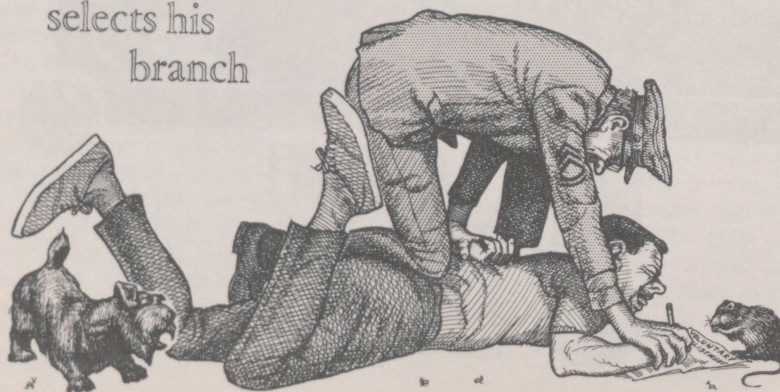


American boy



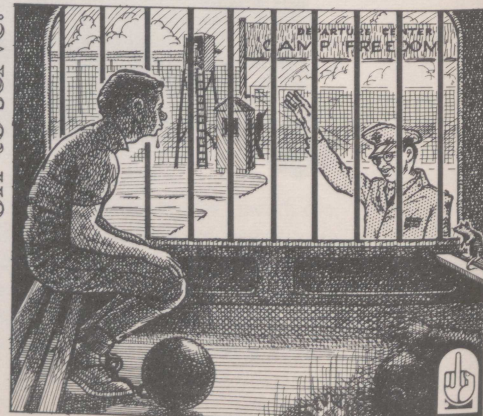
meets recruiter

selects his branch



Drop in on your recruiter today tie up with a real outfit.

off to serve.



SOLDIERS KEEP OUT, CIVILIANS ONLY NEED APPLY

The military is very fussy about the kind of men they're willing to take in. They want tall, well-built, intelligent young men—you know, the kind that look good on parade.

Unfortunately, Napoleon wouldn't meet their standards. Nor would Admiral Nelson. Or Julius Caesar. Or U. S. Grant. Or Alexander the Great. Practically all the great military leaders of history would be excluded.

The reason is that all military organizations are entirely concerned with putting on a good show. Winning wars is another matter altogether. Their soldiers may all be defeated or captured, but they want them to look good while they're at it.

The trouble is that the kind of guy who is good at killing other people isn't usually the healthy well-balanced kind the military wants. A good man in battle is often some little short guy who is trying to prove something or other. Homosexuals make excellent combat troops as they have proved in every mercenary army. Criminals are good, especially ones who have shown a taste for fighting and killing. Minor physical disabilities are like the other qualities that make men misfits and send them into battle eager to prove their manliness. Stupid guys make the best career men. Psychotics and the mentally disturbed are ideal for suicide missions.

And yet, the services all exclude these men. Those who nature intended to be soldiers are kept out and in their place are men who have to be dragged in, who have no desire to kill, and who hate every moment they're in the service.



All right, you guys,
dress it up.
Dress it up!



10 MILITARY POSTERS FOR \$1.00

2 copies of this poster, plus 2 copies each of the 4 posters on pages 38 and 39, 10 posters in all. Mail \$1.00 to Posters, Box 361, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254.

THE BACK PASSAGE TO PROMOTION

Major, major, burning bright
In the officers' club at night.
What lieutenant, hand in fly
Dare give your thing a try?



What lieutenant's ass or thighs
Would make your thing arise?
To what promotion dare he aspire?
What lower rank dare seize your wire?
And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of your part?
And will your part begin to come
In his hand? Or only in his bum?

What a hammer! What a prong!
In what orifice was your dong?
What the asshole? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

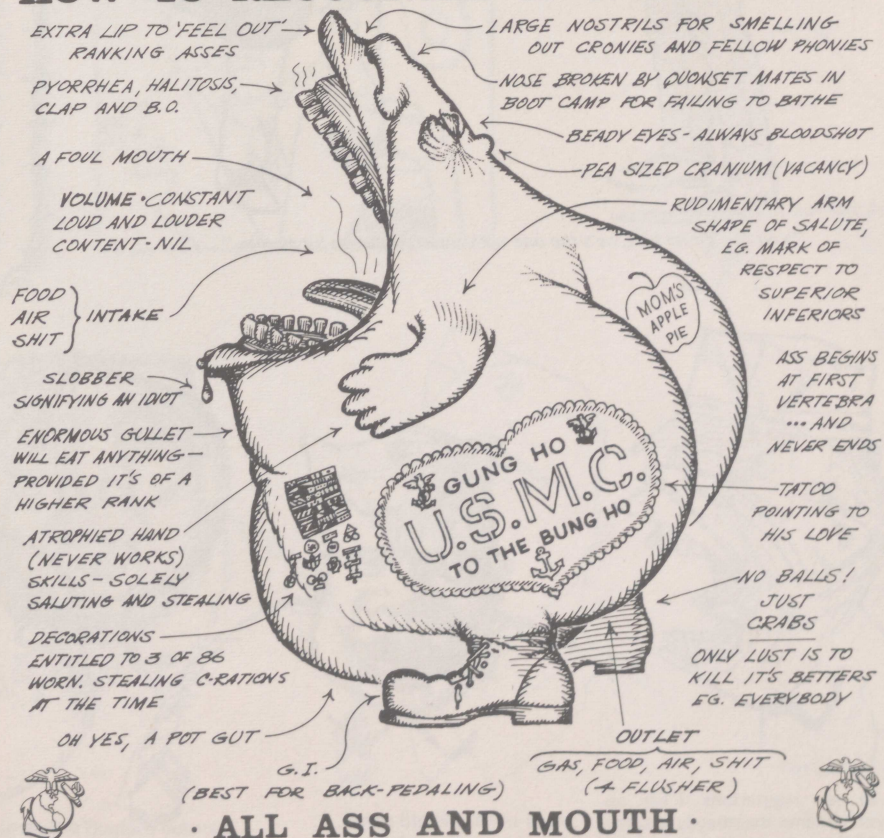
When the general refused the other queers
Who hid in the head with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Chief of Staff make thee?

Major, major, pants so tight
In the officers' club at night.
What general's hand or eye
Dare give your fearful thing a try?

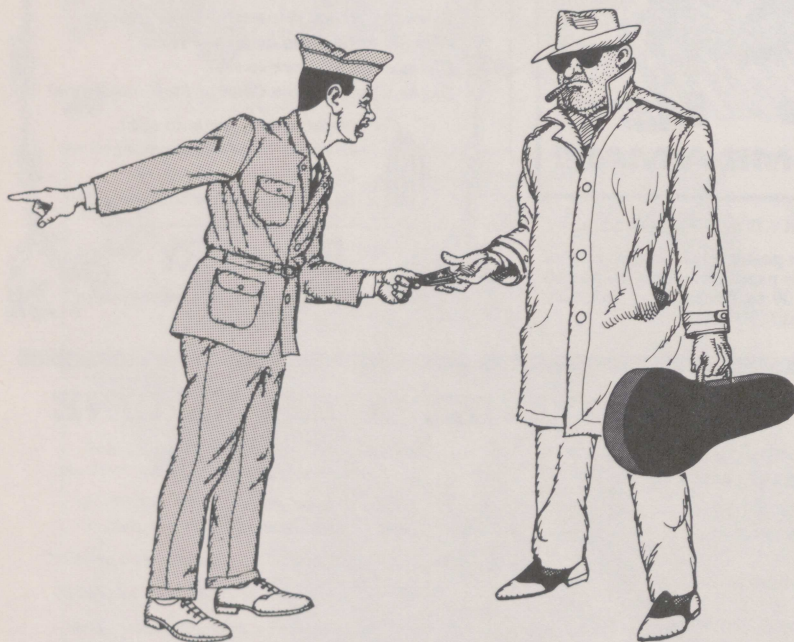
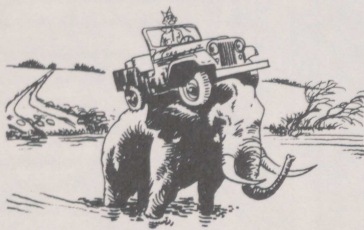


BUGGERY

HOW TO RECOGNIZE A U.S. MARINE



The predators:



"You can't miss him, he's the one with three stripes on his sleeves."

THE BRIG, THE STOCKADE, AND THE GRAVE

We have been told that our whole system depends on the protection given it by the military. If so, then we are in trouble because the military ultimately depends on the brig or the stockade where they torture men to make them obey.

Don't give me any crap claiming that torture is not used. You can call something disciplinary training if you like, you can abolish the word torture, but as long as men groan and scream under it, it'll do just as well as the rack and branding irons ever did.

You don't have to touch a man physically to torture him. All prisons and armies have always known that as long as you control a man's eating and sleeping and toilet habits, you've got him in the best of chains. Suppose I put you in a small bare room and neglect to supply you with a toilet. How much pain will you endure before you piss in the corner? How long will you suffer under a guard's eyes before you lose control and shit in your pants? And when you do, don't you know that you'll be so ashamed and feel so degraded that you'll confess to anything?

The American Army kills its own men. U.S. Marines torture other Marines. Our Navy and Air Force maim and break any man who is different.

What more could the Nazis do? Does it hurt any more to die in Siberia than in the brig at Camp LeJeune? Young man, we are going to save you from those fiendish Red Chinese, we are going to protect you by putting you in an American stockade where you can be tortured by American boys.

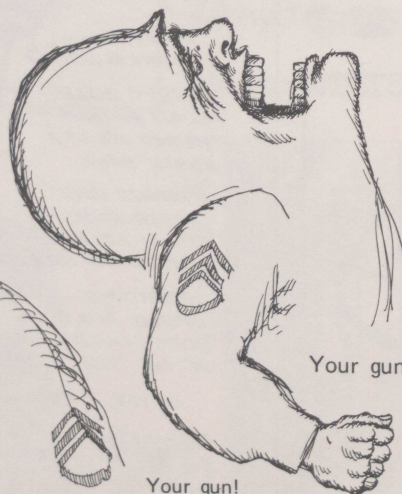
We do less of it. Less torture, less killing of our own men. This is our boast. This is our pride. For this, we ought to be ready to fight and die. We do less of it.



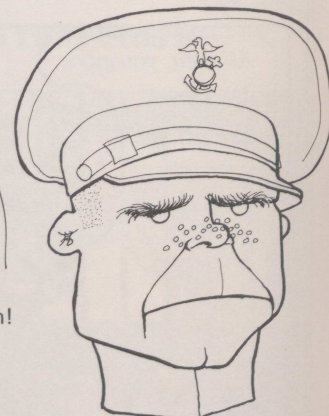
According to new regulations, I can no longer call you godamn meatheads or sorry looking fuckers anymore; but if I could call you godamn meatheads . . .



In the old corps . . .
In the old corps . . .
In the old corps . . .



Your gun!
Your gun!
Gawd give me strength. How many times do I have to tell you . . .



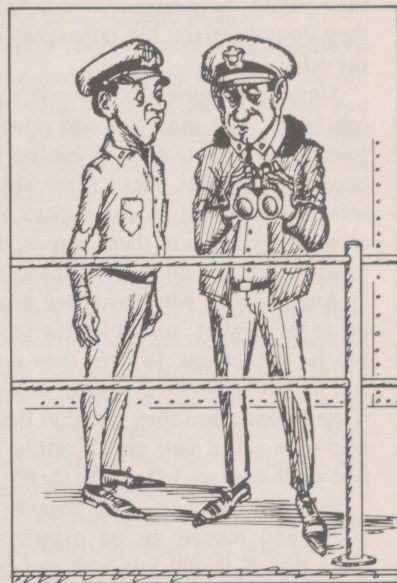
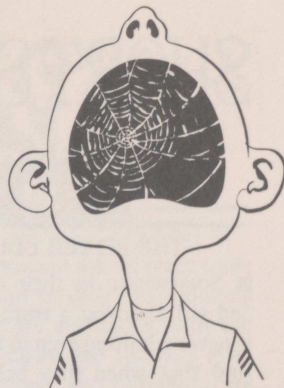
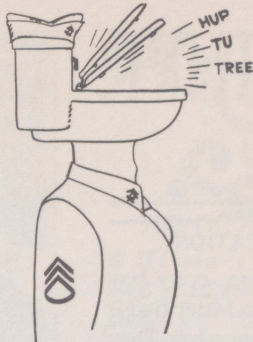
Fifteen years in the crotch and still they call me kid.

THE HEROES

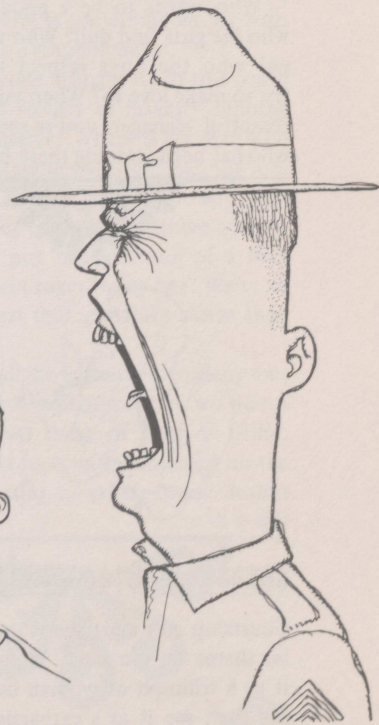
It must be comforting for all the poor bastards in Stateside brigs and stockades to know that there are large numbers of heroes of human liberty near at hand. How good it must be for the prisoners at Ft. Dix to realize that within a hundred miles there are powerful newspapers that roar out their indignation every time the South African government locks up some more blacks. What pleasure it must bring to the men in the blackness of the Hole at Bainbridge, Md. to know that in nearby Washington there are passionate champions of freedom who get up in the Senate to denounce the Soviets for depriving writers of their freedom.

Or the men lying in their own blood on the floor of the head at Camp Pendleton must feel a little better when they remember that only an hour's drive away are a hundred thousand Jews who get violently angry at the very thought of German concentration camps. The loneliness of the man in solitary at Randolph Air Force Base is bound to be eased by the knowledge that in nearby San Antonio, all the clergy of all the religions have come out in their sermons for freedom and justice—in China.

When the prisoners are rousted out at 3 a.m. after two hours' sleep at Ft. Ord, many of them must direct grateful thoughts to the Center for Democratic Studies just down the coast where the experts are still up debating about the shocking violations of human rights in Bolivia. If only the men in Ft. Benning's stockade were aware of the vast forces for good that operate in the civilian life around them, the organizations dedicated to human happiness, the number of people who have declared their willingness to die for freedom, if only these prisoners were aware, they wouldn't make such desperate attempts to kill themselves.



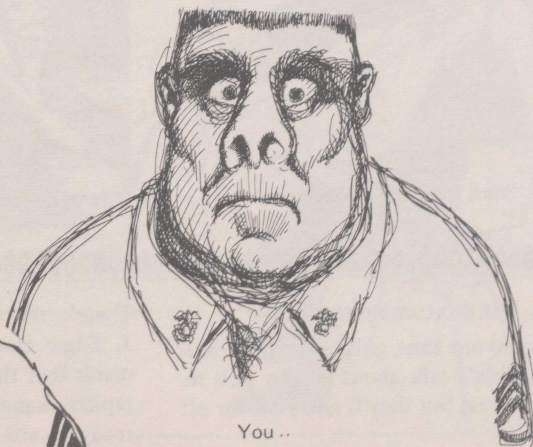
"Well, it's either San Francisco or Yokohama."



Get back in those huts.



Your ass is grass and I'm the lawnmower.



You ..
You ..
You were a dogface before you joined the corps?



... Then I said, "Mother, pass the fucking butter."

You men are gonna keep falling out until there's blood on the ground.

SHORT STUFF.



THE BITTER EDUCATION

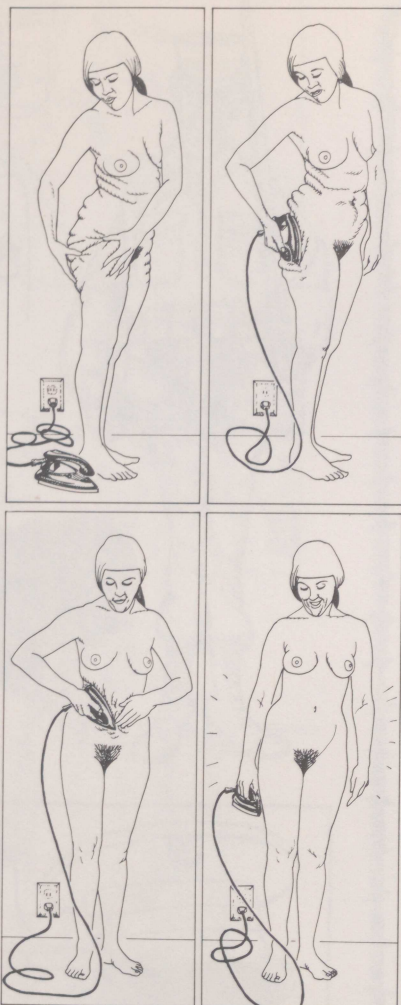
■ Somewhere in their teens, every boy and girl discovers a truth so bitter that it is never admitted even to themselves. They find that when they behave in the way their parents have taught them to behave, they do not attract, but rather they repel the other sex.

Suppose we have a boy who is honest, courteous, clean-mouthed, and respectful toward his elders. Just as he has been taught to be. What does he feel when he sees that the girls all get excited about some guy who lies to them, is rude, dirty-tongued, and defiant of all authority?

And the girls who have been brought up to be modest, to not let the boys go too far with them, to keep their reserve and not to be forward or sexy; how deep is the wound when they find that the girls who were called sluts are all getting married while they are left on the shelf?

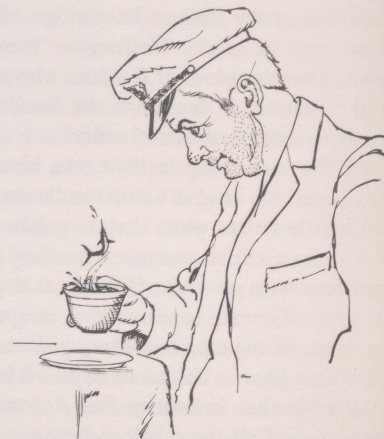
But their teachers, their parents, and books and movies go on preaching to them that if they'll just wait and persevere, happiness will come to them. And some wait . . . and wait. And others rebel.

Who wants to be a good young man who the girls find dull? Who wants to be a girl who the boys respect too much to try to make love to? When you see a rude, resentful teenager, you're seeing someone who has been learning these bitter lessons.



"Well, I've always wondered. . ."

Most parents believe that if they told their children the actual facts about sex when the kids are six or seven, it would be a great shock to the child. So they tell them that the stork brought them and so on. But these same parents seem to think that when the kid gets to be eleven or twelve, it'll be no shock at all for him to find that his parents have been lying to him for years.



If you are alone with your girl and find that you are out of condoms, take a page of this specially treated paper from Horse-shit, soak it in lukewarm water, and mold it around your penis. Then go to it. This won't do anything to prevent pregnancy, but it'll make such a mess that you sure as hell won't forget rubbers next time.



"Some boy scout, you aren't even prepared."

Courtship and marriage is the most popular theme on the stage. Women go to see it as a triumph of woman over man, and the men see it as a catharsis of pity and terror and fear. Someone else getting caught.

THE SEXUAL REVOLUTION

Whereas at one time, girls refused to screw and wouldn't talk about it, now girls refuse to screw but they'll talk your ear off about it.

There's the idea that's being spread by J. Edgar Hoover and a lot of other old maids that there are tens of thousands of rapists wandering around this country ready to attack anything with skirts. This is known as wishful thinking.


The mathematicians tell us that one hundred monkeys banging away on typewriters for a million years would produce the Encyclopedia Britannica and the complete works of Shakespeare. We're supposed to be impressed by this. I am. Not by the books that are produced—that's nothing. No, I'm impressed by the man who gets those monkeys to stay with those typewriters and work away steadily. Hell, the man who could get that many monkeys to type steadily for *two weeks* is a greater man than Shakespeare, let alone the sort of man who could keep them at it for their whole lives. I don't know much about the laws of probability but I know enough about monkeys to give honor where honor is due.



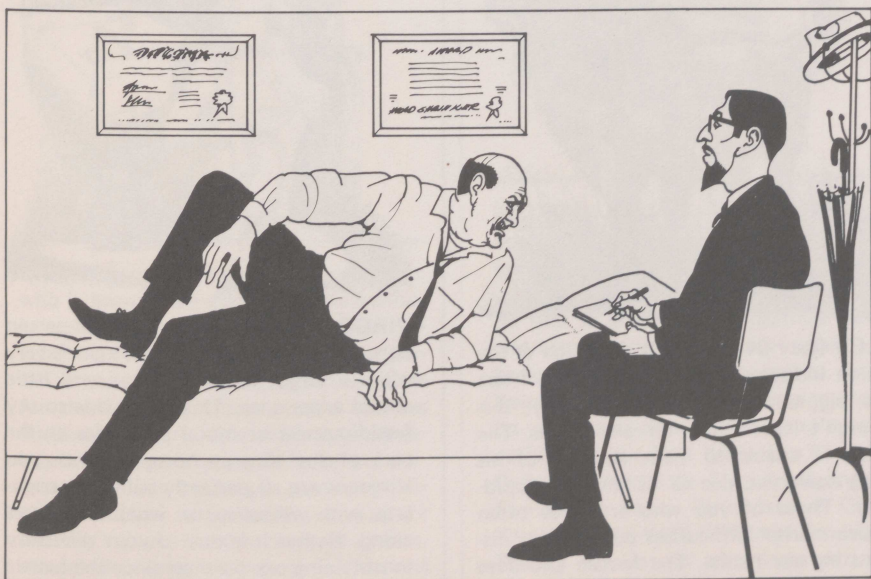
"Aha! Another career man."

Art is man's attempt to put a little order into Nature's crazy design.




ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN
Never, never pay for pussy
Accept only cunt that's free
And that'll ensure chastity for you
And leave all the good stuff for me.

Children see their parents fighting and screaming at each other but they never see them making love. So they grow up and they never feel truly married except when they are fighting with their partner and are always uneasy when the other wants to use love words to them or caress them or to make love. That's not their idea of marriage.



"You can take that Freudian anal crap and shove it up your ass."



THE TREATMENT OF INSANITY

■ If a man or a woman should reach some kind of adjustment in their own thinking about sex, they are still faced with the problem that it takes two to make love. And the people they meet ordinarily, are all going to be sexually insane.

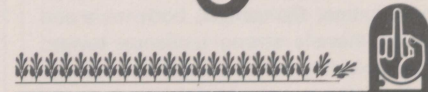
What if a teenage boy or girl should be put in a strait-jacket and kept there for ten years being fed on a diet of bread and water, all the while being tempted with steaks and good food? Would they ever be normal and trustworthy around food when they became older? Would they?

That's the way we all are about sex. A man meets an appealing woman and eventually they go to bed together and then the man finds out that the woman will go through the actions so long as she doesn't enjoy it, but that she becomes upset when he gives her pleasure. And if he, with patient effort, brings her to orgasm, she becomes violently resentful.

Or a woman is liable to find that there are men who will swear that they love her and beg her to sleep with them, and then if she does go to bed with them, they despise her for it. Or if she is passionate, they think there is something wrong with her. Call her a nymphomaniac.

Worse, anyone brought up in this country, will find streaks of insanity running through themselves. Where is the man who upon meeting some sweet girl has not subconsciously felt that it would be wrong to try to take her to bed? Or is there a woman who has not thought less of a man because he was eager to lay her? We're all insane, it's just that some are worse than others.

We have all been trained to deny our deepest desires and insofar as we admit them at all, we think of them as filthy. No wonder we look with contempt on the person who tries to satisfy these desires for us. ****

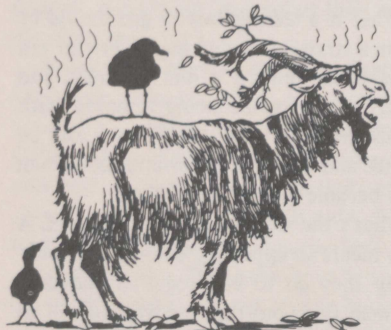


HOROSCOPE HORSESHIT

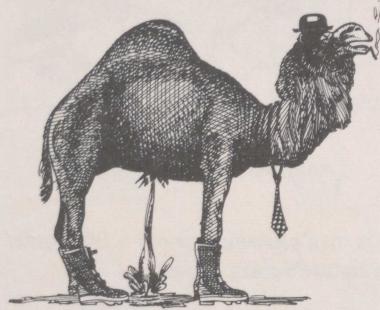


Many people believe in astrology. And why not? Who is going to argue with a horoscope that assures you that you are unselfish, kind and considerate? And all horoscopes do just that. Of course, the followers of the zodiac are also told about their faults. "Your chief fault is that you are too ready to forgive those who injure you." Or, "You are overly generous." Somehow the believers are not offended by being told about these 'faults'.

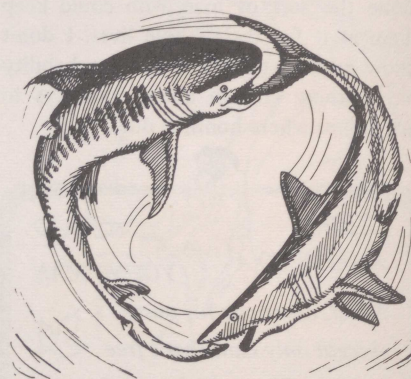
Now Horseshit is going to open up the seamy underside of the astrological forecasts and character analyses. Here are the qualities that are never mentioned by the professional astrologers.



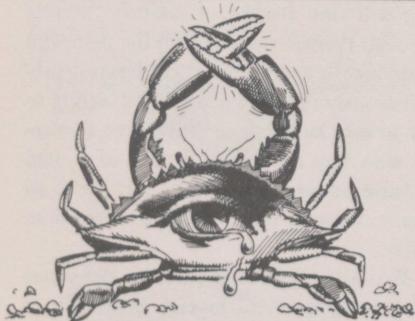
CAPRICORN (Dec. 22—Jan. 20) Persons born under this sign usually smell bad. Frequent bathing is of little use. Your sign is the sign of the Goat. It may often seem to you that others seek to avoid you. Your apprehensions in this regard are perfectly correct due to your unpleasant personal odor. Seek to cultivate solitary interests, such as reading, walking, and listening to music. Capricornians will be happiest in occupations that involve overpowering odors such as working in slaughterhouses or cosmetic factories.



AQUARIUS (Jan. 21—Feb. 19) Those born under the sign of the Water-Bearer combine an insatiable curiosity about sex with a frigid and puritanical nature. You tend to have weak sphincter muscles which let go during times of emotional stress. In marriage, the Aquarian makes an inept lover or frozen wife. Male Aquarians are commonly peeping-toms and frequenters of burlesque shows. The female Aquarian is a great consumer of sex books, sex talk, and a tireless snoop into her neighbor's sex life. Aquarians are particularly active in all censorship groups.



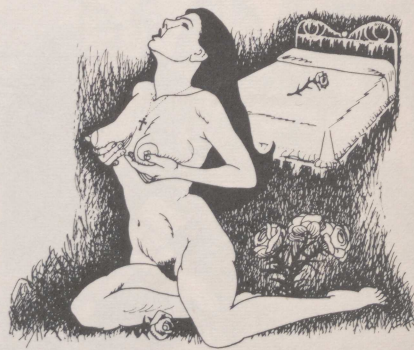
PISCES (Feb. 20—Mar. 20) Persons born under the sign of Pisces or the Fish, while not nearly so unpleasant smelling as Capricornians, still do not smell good. The typical Piscean is cold, unimaginative, and dull. Much as you enjoy other people's company, they do not reciprocate because they find you so boring. Your conversation is dull to the nth degree. Do not write to me about your problems. Your letters bore me.



CANCER (June 22—July 23) Persons born under this sign of the Crab are notable for their personal appearance and sex appeal; their personal appearance being repulsive and their sex appeal non-existent. On occasion, the male Cancerian can hide his ugliness to some degree but this is nearly always offset by his unpleasant personality. The female born under this sign is utterly hopeless and is avoided by all normal men. Cancerians, both male and female, have a strong tendency toward homosexuality but nothing ever comes of it since they repel potential homosexual partners also.



LEO (July 24—Aug. 23) The sign of the Lion indicates a person who has a 'heart as big as a lion's'. Unfortunately, this doesn't leave room for any brains. The Leo is unable to make any use of his aggressiveness, due to his fantastic stupidity. Those of you who are Leos often have marital difficulties due to your disgusting sex habits. The female Leo does well as a prostitute while the male is much in demand by the Republican Party as a candidate for office.



VIRGO (Aug. 24—Sept. 23) The person born under the sign of the Virgin is very often a virgin or at least has very little sexual experience. This is not due to any fastidiousness or moral principles on the part of the Virgoan however, since you Virgoans are all perfectly willing to copulate with whoever or whatever comes along. Rather it is due to your difficulty in obtaining sex partners since the female Virgo is sluttish, unclean, and unappetizing while the male Virgo is gross, oily, and usually impotent.

GENERAL CHARACTER ANALYSIS

FOR ALL FOLLOWERS OF THE ZODIAC:

You are gullible. You will believe anything that puts you in a good light. Your basic character is weak and wishy-washy to such a degree that you are always searching for someone to tell you how to govern your life. A life-long sucker for flattery, you will go to any lengths to avoid hearing the truth about yourself. You are dumb. You lack guts.

FORECAST:

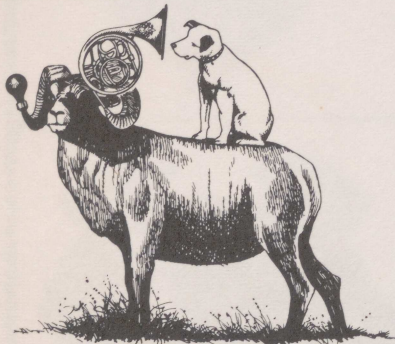
You are about to read something that will upset you no end. Afterwards, you will pout for the rest of the day. In the long run, this analysis will have no effect on your faith in the horoscopes that tell you that you are wonderful. *Now proceed to the individual charts:*

NOTE: To All Those Who Seriously Follow Their Horoscope

The signs of the zodiac were determined in the second century B.C. Since then, due to the precession of the equinoxes, the signs have **CHANGED**.* So that everyone who thinks he is an Aries is in fact a Pisces, a Pisces is really an Aquarius and so on. However, do not be dismayed. You will find that the virtues claimed for your new sign will suit you just as well as the virtues attributed to your previous sign. Instead of being a wonderful, marvelous Aries, you will now be a wonderful, marvelous Pisces.

What's more, this will be a surprise to the skeptics who laugh at astrology. They will be amazed that you believing chumps are only thirty days off.

*See Kendrick, *Space Data*, p. 124.



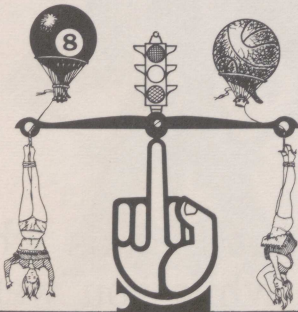
ARIES (Mar. 21—April 20) Persons born under the sign of the Ram are quarrelsome and contentious in the extreme. Lacking sound information and being too stupid to use logical means, Arians not only fail to convince others with their arguments but make themselves absurd whenever they speak. When you find yourself the center of attention, you may be sure that all others present find you ridiculous and are amused by your pretensions. Arians are prone to gross obesity in an attempt to compensate for their many shortcomings.



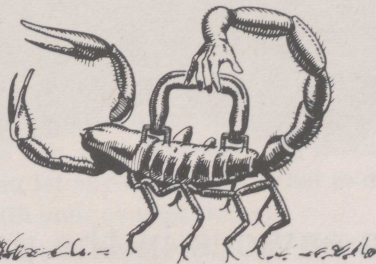
TAURUS (April 21—May 21) Taureans, those born under the sign of the Bull are ruled by their throat, ears, and jaw. This accounts for the fact that persons born under this sign are such constant talkers. Yap, yap, yap, that's all you ever do since you are lazy, careless about personal appearance, and too busy talking to attend to business. No Taurean has ever accomplished anything of note. When seeking a mate, you should be particularly anxious to find one who is both willing to support you and who is also deaf.



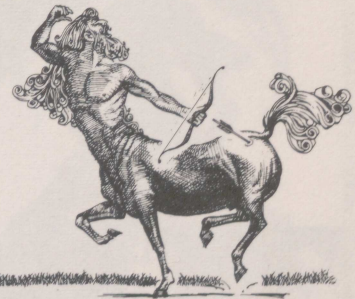
GEMINI (May 22—June 21) This is the sign of the Twins and persons born under its influence are divided between being treacherous and two-faced on the one side while there is the desire to be cruel and vindictive on the other. Males born under the sign of Gemini do well in police work, crime, the military, and as prison guards. The female Geminian will find her place in life in marriage where she will be the envy of all the other women on the block. Noted personalities born under this sign: Ilse Koch, Attila the Hun, and Nero.



LIBRA (Sept. 24—Oct. 23) The Libran, who is born under the sign of the balance or scales is weak in mind, body, and character. You are dominated by whatever person is nearest at the time, which accounts for the fact that Librans make faithless husbands or wives, false friends, treacherous business partners, and the sort of parents who are liable to abandon their children. Eager to be dominated, you are an easy recruit for the ranks of sadism, masochism, and all sexual perversions although you are never fully accepted by other perverts since they don't trust your vacillating nature.



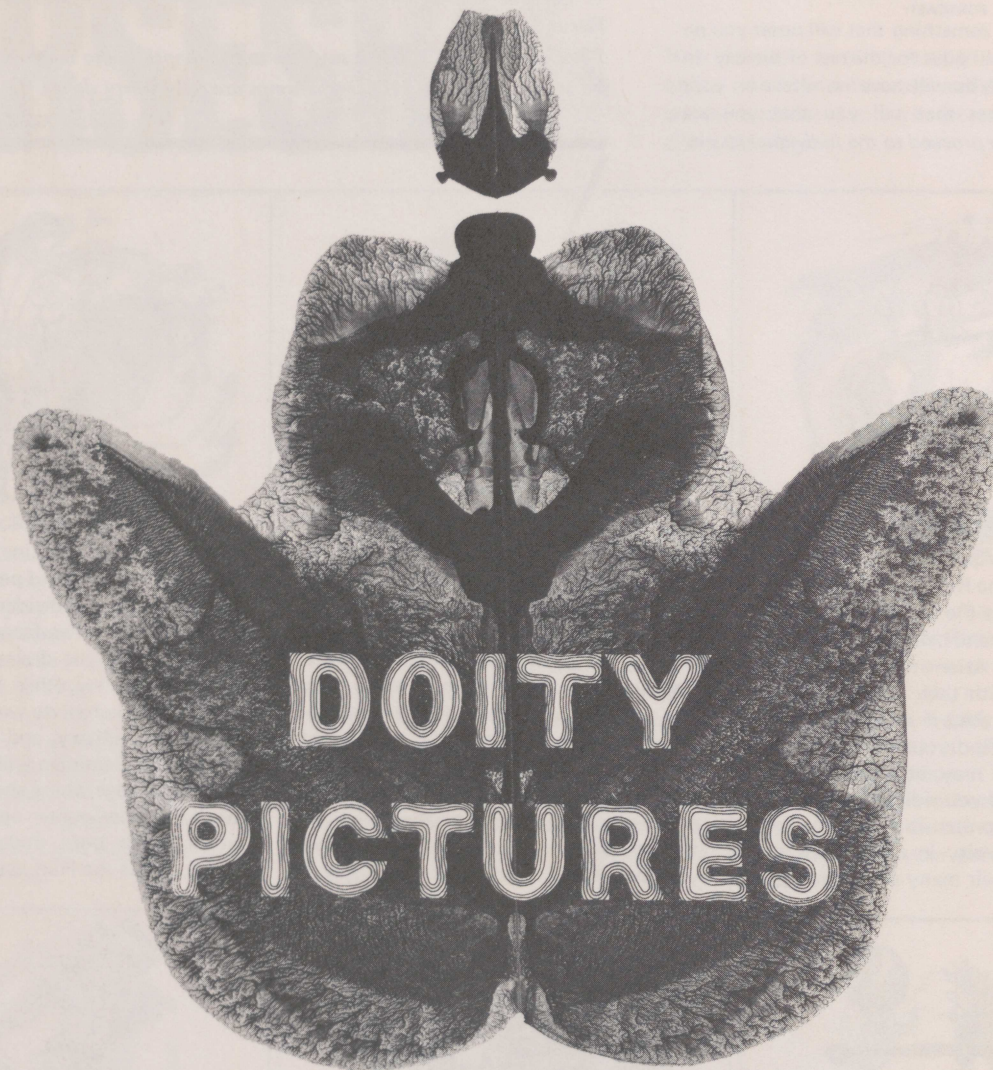
SCORPIO (Oct. 24—Nov. 22) Persons born under the sign of the Scorpion are pre-eminent in certain fields and often attain to high honors. The fields you will do best in are those of organized racism and intolerance, and you can attain high honors in professional hate groups. Ambitious persons born under this sign would do well to look into the opportunities available in the Nazi Party, the Klan, the Catholic Church, the Blackshirts, and the Communist Party. Many famous Grand Kleagles of the KKK have been Scorpians. Despite the natural advantages of your sick and bitter nature, you will find that sustained effort is required for you to become a really well-known bigot.



SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23—Dec. 23) People born under the sign of the Archer are most often neat dressers and mentally unbalanced. Their attention to good grooming makes Sagittarians prominent in the many institutions and asylums where they are so numerous, both as inmates and administrators. Except for an occasional homicidal maniac, most Sagittarians are cheerful and good-natured and are well liked by the guards. On their rare appearances in the outside world, Sagittarians tend to be very active sexually. However, despite their outward appearance of being well groomed, they are the chief carriers and spreaders of venereal disease.



These are not Inkblots!



Have you been envious in the past of your friends who had rare neuroses and exotic psychoses while you were just confused? Now turn the tables with Doity Pictures.

Inkblots tend to irritate many of us. "Now what does this one look like?" the psychologist asks, holding up another inkblot. "It looks like another goddamned inkblot," we are tempted to say.

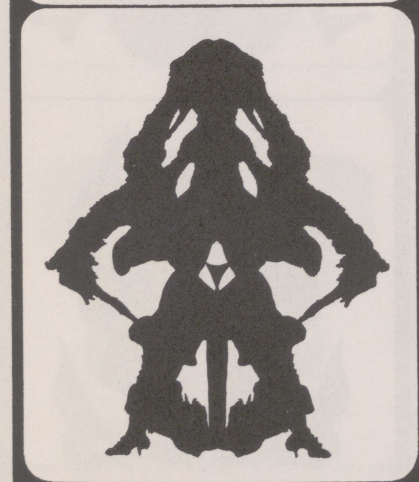
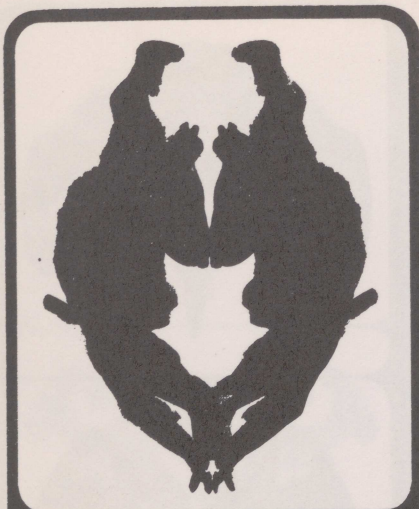
But we don't say that. After all, this is the famous Rorschach test so we stumble around and try to give an answer that will seem normal,

even to someone as odd and ill-adjusted as the average psychologist.

No wonder the people who have to take these tests regularly, so often seem disturbed. We'd be upset too, if every day they brought around a bunch of stupid inkblots and made us look at them and try to see things in them. They don't *mean* anything.

That's why we were so happy to

get hold of these pictures which are named after the noted psychiatrist, the late Doctor Joseph Doity. Doity Pictures may look like inkblots, but in fact, they mean something. Different people get different meanings out of them, but in any case, they make an ideal test for normal, average men and women who have a normal, average obsession with sex.



Despite his fame in professional circles, Dr. Doity was not well known to the general public. For one thing, in recent years he managed to keep the location of his office a secret. This was to try to protect himself from what he termed "nuts".

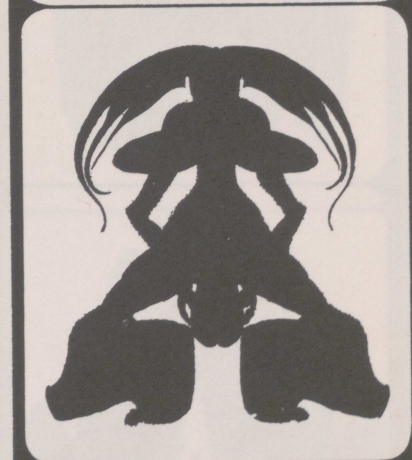
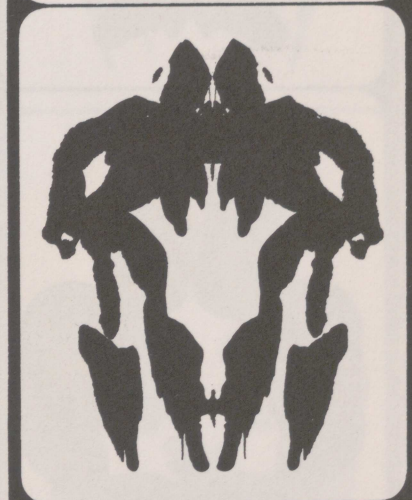
"All the time I used to get these oddballs coming into my office," he complained. "And then they would insist on telling me their problems. Crazy stuff, most of it. I think some of them were out of their minds."



Dr. Doity passed away last year from what he insisted on calling "natural causes" even while he was on his death bed. After all, what could be more natural than that a psychiatrist should try to analyze the sexual nature of a young woman who has come to him for help? Again, is it not natural for a jealous husband to burst into a private office where his wife is closeted with another man and upon finding them on the couch together, isn't it natural for the outraged husband to fire three bullets into the man? So, Dr. Doity is no longer with us.



How to use these pictures

1. Use them any way you want. It's *your* magazine. You bought it, didn't you? What a dumb statement—How To Use These Pictures. Why should you let anyone tell you what to do with your own magazine?
2. If you want, you can go through these pictures and write down what you see in each one. Or you can just go through and look at them. Or . . . well, do whatever you want.
3. Another thing you can do—if you feel like it, that is—is show these to other people. You'll be amazed, not only at what people *do* see in these pictures but also at what they *don't* see. You can compare the differences between what men see and what women see. Or try it on younger people and then older ones. You can even show them to prudes. That should be interesting.




**THE ORIGIN
OF**

DOITY PICTURES

After Doctor Doity's death, his collection of Doity Pictures was handed over to us, along with his notes. However, most of his notes seemed to be like this one:

Dear Joe Darling,

My husband will be out of town after next Thursday. Can we get together then? I can't wait until you hurt me again.

Your little masochist,
Jeanine

Although there was nothing in his notes about the origin of Doity Pictures, the Doctor's order book was more helpful. Apparently, he used it as a combination order book and diary. Here are the relevant entries:

June 28 – Received another shipment of inkblots. These are even worse than the last batch. I can't show this filthy stuff to my patients. I'll destroy these and order others from a different supply house.

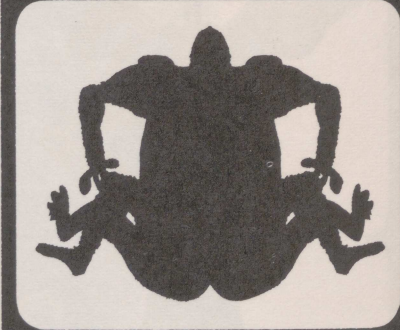
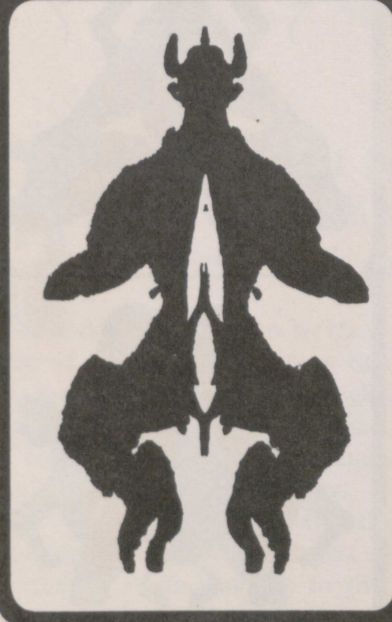
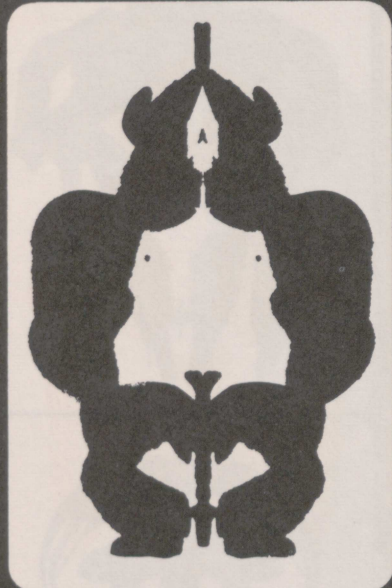
July 19 – New shipment of inkblots today. Couldn't believe my eyes. These are foul beyond belief. What sort of diseased mind would make up one picture after another of a man committing every sort of sexual perversion? Good God! I just went over them again. He's doing it with his *mother!*

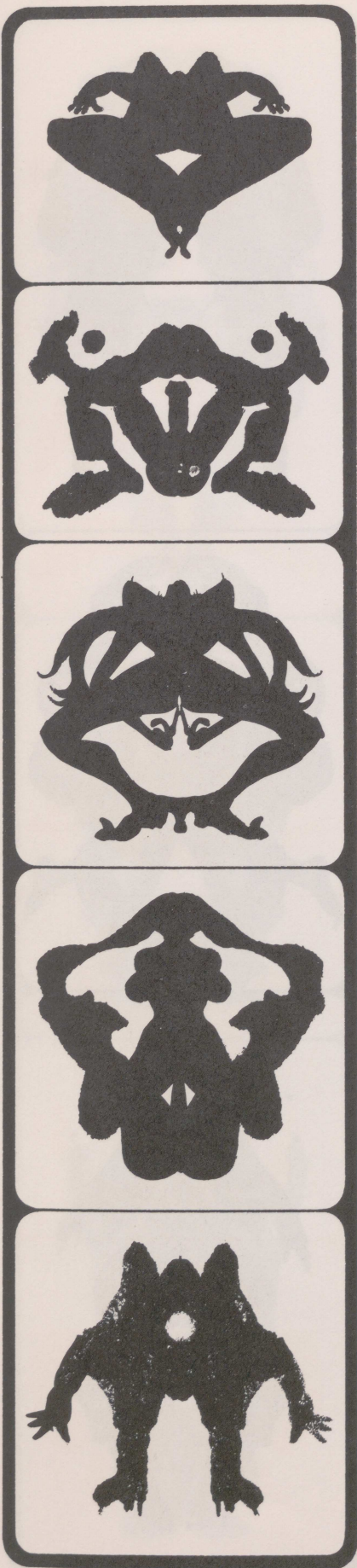
July 20 – Have decided to confirm my suspicions by sending these inkblots to a random group of psychiatrists and getting their reactions.

Aug. 2 – Got most of the inkblots back with bland evaluations, but several psychiatrists refused to send theirs back. Said they were keeping them for their private collections. Two of them wanted to buy more of them from me.

Aug. 4 – Ordering inkblots from three different companies.

Aug. 16 – Suspicions confirmed! All three sets of inkblots have the same degraded sexual themes. The resemblances are too striking to be accidental. It must be a plot of the inkblot trust.





Aug. 20 – I've found the man to make me some CLEAN pictures. It's difficult finding an artist who isn't obsessed with sex, but this man is ideal. He is 38 years old, unmarried, lives with his widowed mother, teaches art in his local high school, and is highly recommended by his pastor.

Aug. 21 – Had a long talk with artist. Imagine a man of his age who has never kissed a girl, listened to a dirty story, or read a sexy book. He's almost too good to be true. I won't have to worry about showing *his* pictures to my patients.

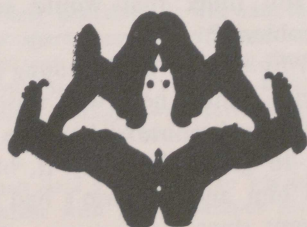
Aug. 23 – Artist delivered first batch of pictures. They're great. Artist is really enthusiastic about working on them. Said he stayed home from choir practice to work on them.

Aug. 24 – Showed pictures to one of my patients. Turns out he's in a shocking mental state. Before I had thought he had a persecution complex. Now I realize his trouble is sexual.

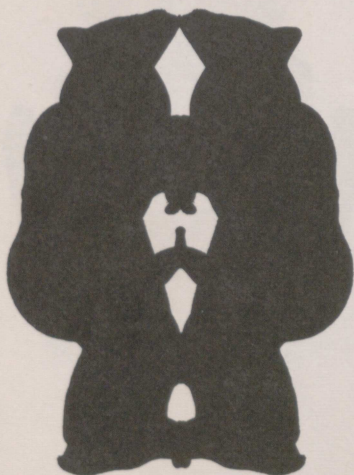
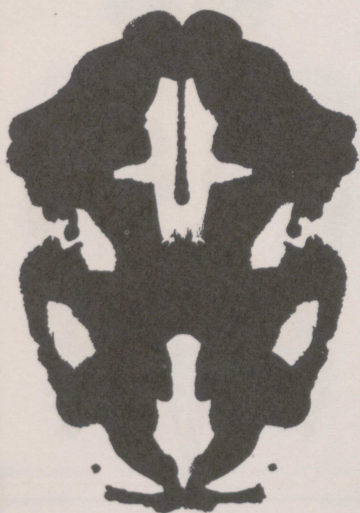
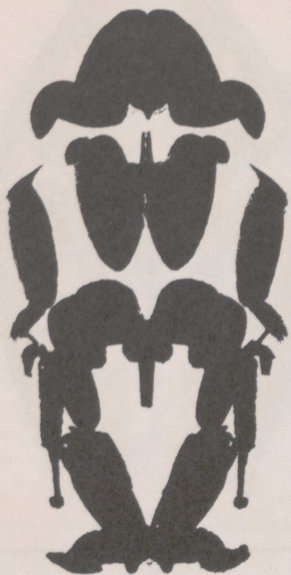
Aug. 25 – What a session! Showed pictures to young married woman. Did I get a reaction! She's over-sexed as can be. Saw all kinds of wild stuff in *those* pictures. Imagine what she would have seen in the dirty inkblots I had.

Aug. 26 – The married gal was back today. Another rugged session. Boy, am I tired. She's coming back tomorrow. Says her husband is too stupid to suspect anything.

This was the last entry in the Doctor's book. As you can see, Doity Pictures haven't been in use long enough to have a fair test. So try them out on your friends. But be careful not to put too much faith in your own evaluation of the results. ❄



DOITY PICTURES



BEFORE WE PUBLISHED DR. DOITY'S PICTURES, WE THOUGHT IT BEST TO CONSULT HIS PSYCHIATRIST, DOCTOR ANTHONY ARMBRUSTER. ❄

US: Dr. Armbruster, we understand you're known as 'the psychiatrists' psychiatrist'. Do all psychiatrists go to a psychiatrist themselves?

DR: Most of them do, the others drink, take dope, stuff like that.

US: Would you give us your analysis of Dr. Doity?

DR: He was a creep.

US: Well, what did you think about his paranoia?

DR: What's that?

US: Well, you know, it's a . . . belief . . . a delusion that everybody's persecuting you, that everybody's against you.

DR: Oh, that. Yeah, he used to talk about that stuff a lot. I figured people probably were persecuting him. Who likes a creep?

US: You don't seem to be very eager to understand people's problems.

DR: Understand? I'm not here to understand problems, I'm here to fix them.

US: How would you fix it if some psychiatrist came in here and told you that he had an urge to kill his wife?

DR: I'd tell him not to worry about it. Everybody does.

US: What if he had already bought a gun and was ready to go home and shoot her?

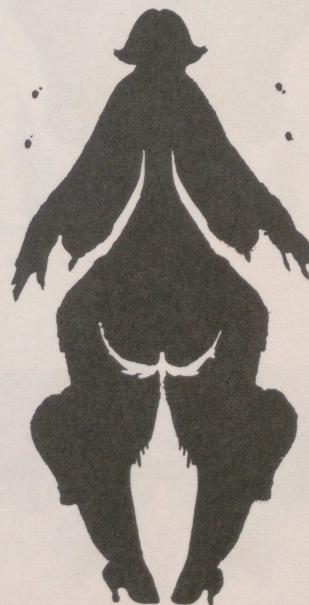
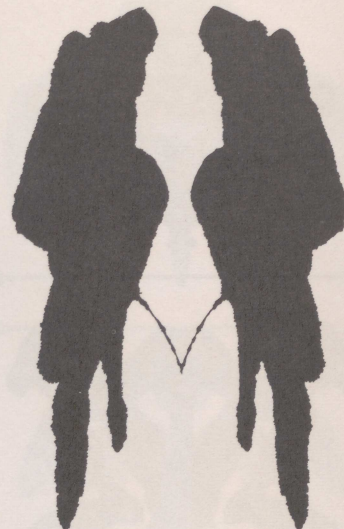
DR: Oh, in that case, I'd have to give him a treatment.

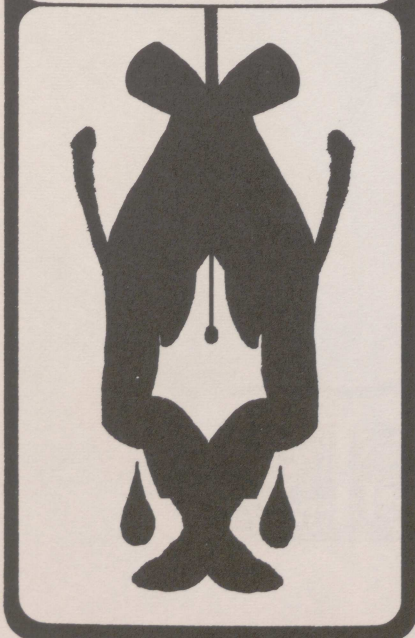
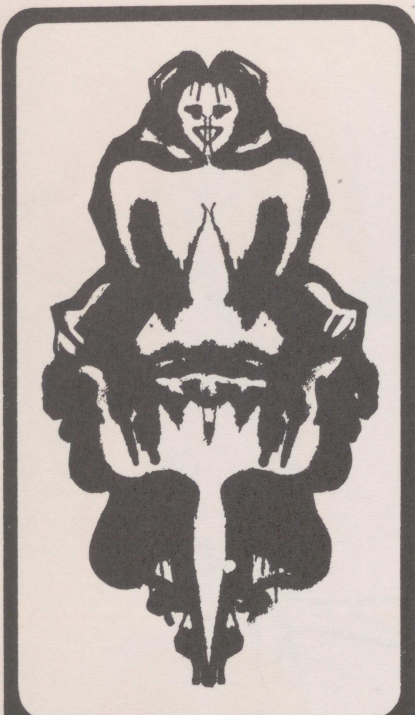
US: A treatment? What's your idea of a treatment?

DR: Somebody tell me something like that and I'd grab him and slap him a couple of times and then I'd tell him to straighten up and fly right.

US: You think that would solve his problems?

DR: Why sure. I had a young psychiatrist coming here who thought he might be homosexual and he was going to go out and try it, but I cured him and he hasn't had any problems since.





US: How did you cure him?
DR: I told him that he better not fool around with any fairies or I'd kick his ass from here to Mexico City.

US: That's all? You just told him that?

DR: Well, hell yes. What do you expect for four dollars an hour?

US: Four dollars an hour? I thought the minimum charge was at least \$25 an hour.

DR: Say, you don't know much about psychiatrists, do you? Why do you think they all come to me? Catch one of them paying somebody \$25 an hour to listen to their problems. Why you'd have to be crazy to pay a price like that.

US: Well . . . thanks for taking the time to answer our questions. We . . .

DR: Thanks! Thanks, hell! Pay me my four dollars and forget the thanks.

US: Jesus Christ! Okay, here's your four dollars.

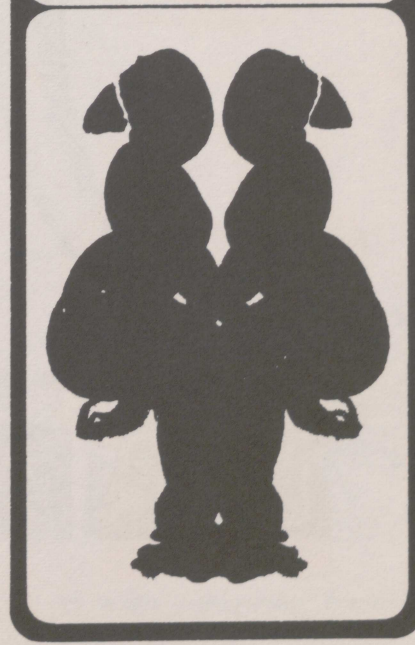
DR: I can use every little bit these days. I'm buying a bigger set of barbells. You have to be in shape if you're going to straighten out some of these jerks. ❄



You There! Pay Attention:

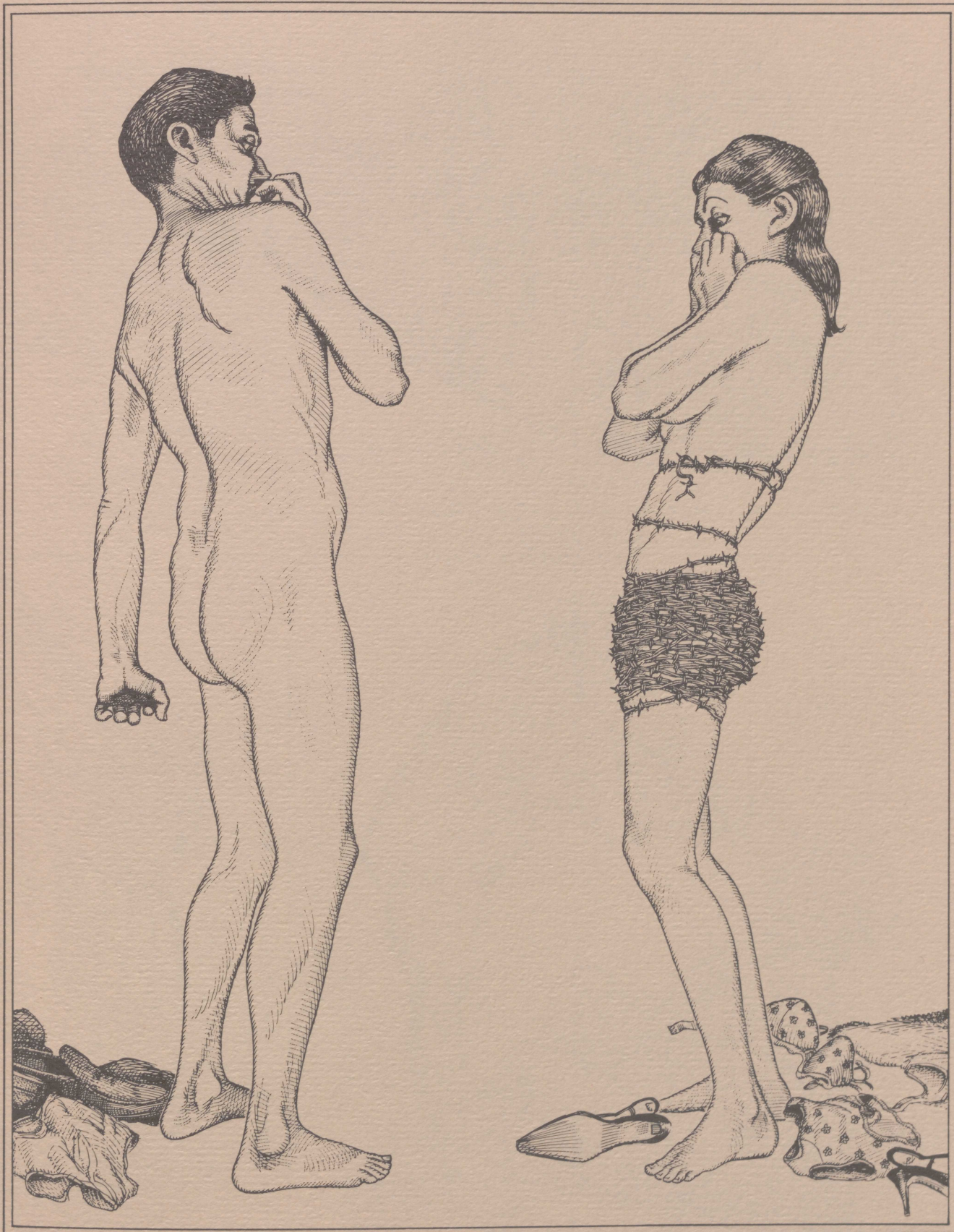
Doity Pictures have a profound psychological effect on people. They are perfectly harmless if viewed during the daylight hours. However, if you are a male, *do not*, repeat, *do not* show them to a girl in a private place, such as your apartment, after dark. If you do, you will be unable to get rid of her until morning. What's more, she will continue to pester you for weeks afterward, wanting to wait on you hand and foot, asking to scrub your floors and wash your clothes, begging you to let her be your slave. So remember, you've been warned. Watch out!

If you are a female, *never* invite a man over to your place and then show him a set of Doity Pictures. Such a man will become obsessed with the idea that you are infinitely desirable. He will want to spend every spare moment with you and will phone you every hour during the day. If you're not careful, you'll be surrounded by men, besieged with invitations to go out, overwhelmed with gifts, you will never have a free moment for yourself. Other women *hate* a woman who has her own magazine with Doity Pictures in it. Let this be a warning to you. ❄



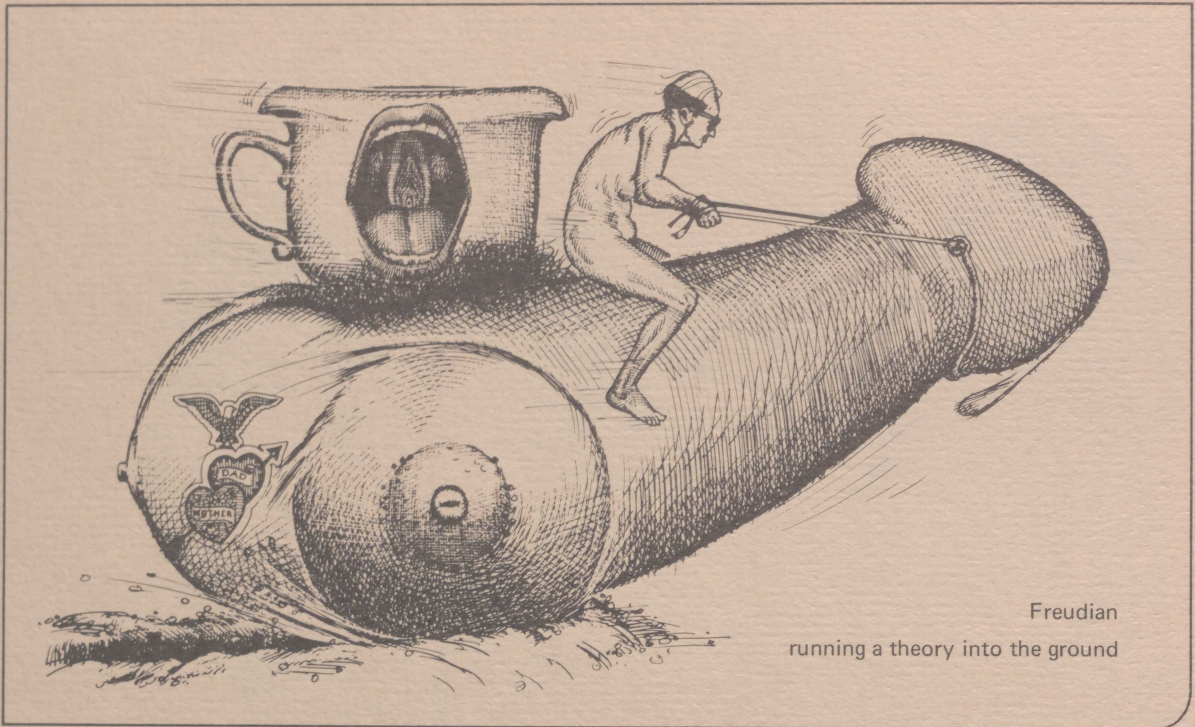


DRAWING

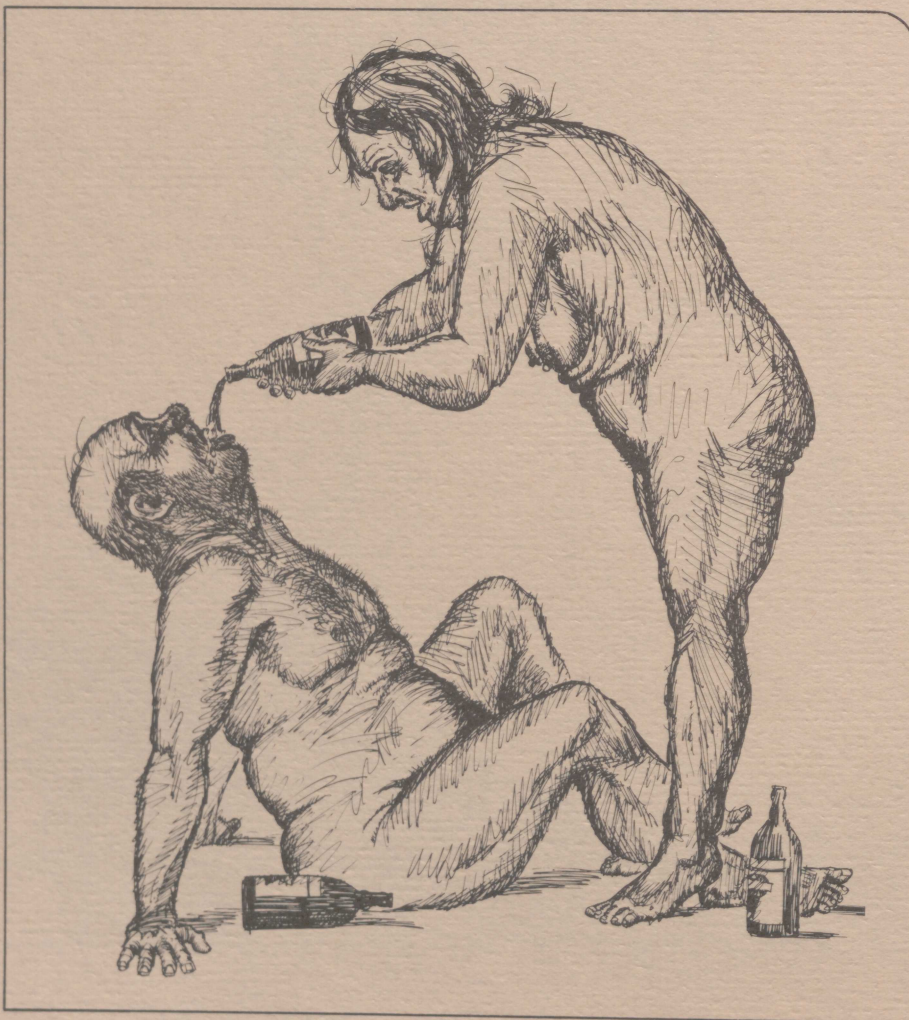


Maid in America

Portfolio of 'Horseshit' Drawings



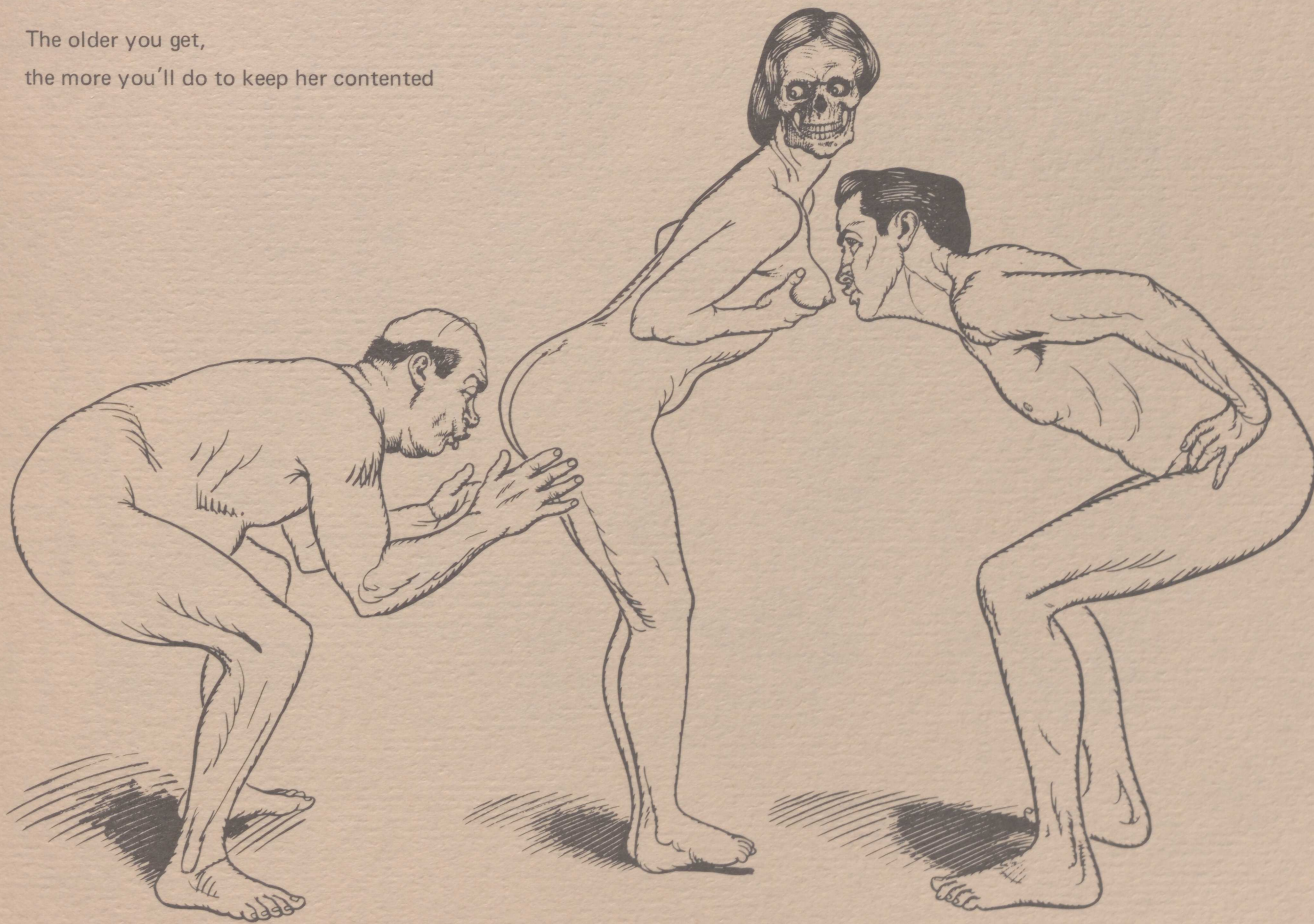
Freudian
running a theory into the ground



Portfolio of 'Horseshit' Drawings



The older you get,
the more you'll do to keep her contented



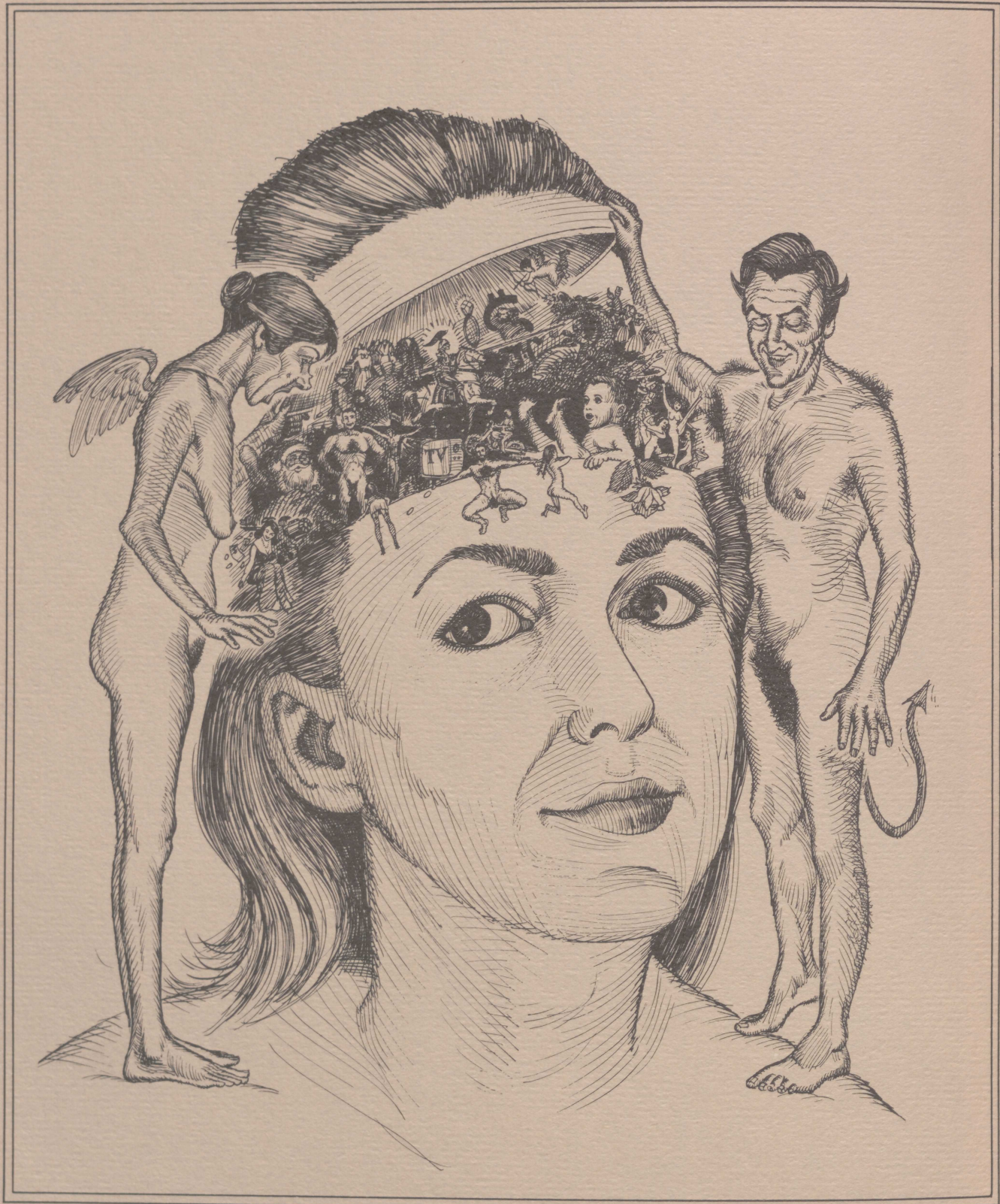




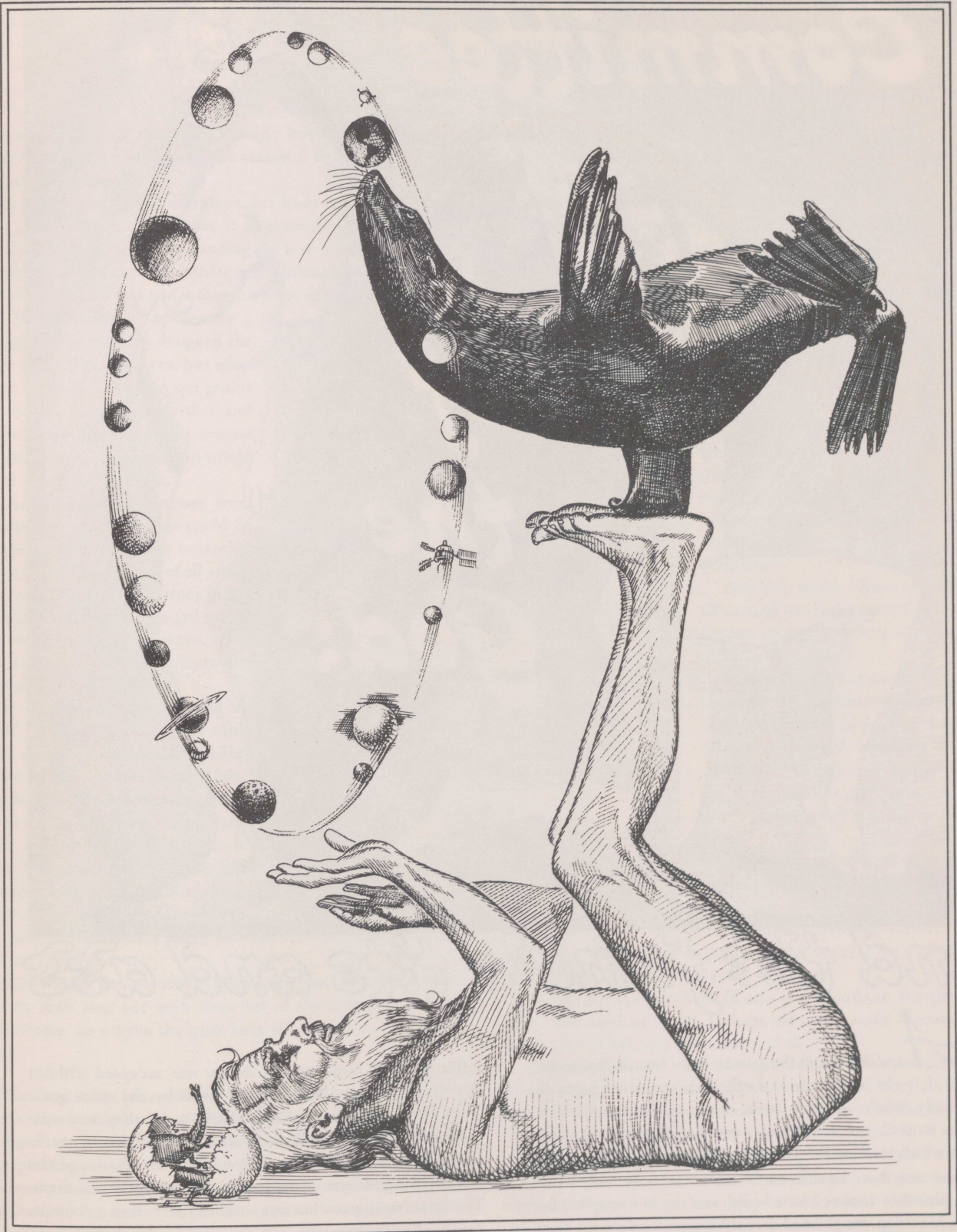


Portfolio of Horseshit Drawings





Portfolio of 'Horseshit' Drawings



Celestial clowns; God and the Papal Seal



and the female tits and a**s**s

A quick look at the human body reveals that some parts of it are well made and efficient, and other parts of the body aren't worth a damn. Look at the hand which works so well and never wears out and then consider the teeth which start to rot as soon as they appear in the child.

How can there be such a mixture in the same body? The only plausible answer I have heard, was the one supplied by H. L. Mencken. He claimed that the human body must have been designed, not by a single God, but by a committee of gods, all of equal power and authority. And in the way of all committees, they botched most of what they did.

If we accept Mencken's thesis, we can explain the design of the different parts. Thus, one god who was apparently an excellent engineer, was assigned to design the hand. He did

a fine job and somehow his design was accepted without any 'improvements' being forced on it by the other gods.

But the balls, the testicles of the male, they too were designed reasonably well, but then instead of sensibly tucking them away inside as was done with the ovaries of the female, the gods got into a hassle over where to put them. The final result was what one would expect from a committee—a compromise with the poor vulnerable balls left to dangle between the legs in a soft pouch. And there they remain, the family jewels, in a spot where they are in constant danger of being bruised, crushed, or damaged; exposed to every blow or accident; unprotected from the cold; and almost certain to be snagged when the man climbs over a fence. What idiocy!

● While the other gods were arguing over the male, one god alone was given the job of designing the female body. All we know about this god is what we can judge from the results of his labor. By looking at the female body, we can tell that he was a great artist—an artist beyond belief. Taking the general plan of the male body, he softened and rounded the outline, modifying where necessary. No one could have imagined that such slight changes in line would have such staggering results; but the master artist wrought so well that he formed the standard by which all other beauty must be judged.

Look at the average girl of sixteen, her body is not just pretty, not just good looking, but rather it is genuinely beautiful. And this is the *average* girl; the outstanding girl is so lovely at that age, that looking at her causes something approaching pain.

The true genius of this god is shown by the design of the female breast. Some other god, apparently a mere engineer, had already designed the teats on a cow. Practical, yes; but what a difference in beauty! And our genius of the female form went further and developed breasts that would assume new, lovely shapes as the woman would move or stretch or lie down.

Or make the natural journey from the breasts to the ass. What could be less inspiring than the male buttocks? But here again that greatest of all artists transformed the female bottom into a perfect form. And when the girl walks! Poetry in motion! Every curve, every line is a cry for attention. A promise to male desire. Fantastic!

How did the god who designed the body of woman endure it? How could he have molded those breasts and kept his mind on what he was doing? Didn't his hands tremble when he was at work between her legs? Assume, being a god, that he used living flesh to form his woman. How was he able to stop himself from nibbling on those sweet breasts? Surely he must have felt the desire to kiss that smooth belly? And the ass? How could he have kept from biting that ass?

Still, all we can be sure of is that girls don't start out with teeth marks on their tits, nor with bites out of the rounded curve of their bottoms. So maybe the gods have lots of self control. Who knows?

● So the Great Artist presented his creation to the other gods and somehow the female body was approved and sent on to the technical department to be turned into a working model. Then the catastrophe happened!

No one knows how it came about, maybe the engineer in charge was jealous of the Artist, maybe the engineer was just incompetent; but in any case, this we know, that when they built the female body, they used inferior materials. A fantastic design, and they built it out of mush. Why, a girl no sooner reaches her peak of beauty, and sag sets in. Flab starts to form.

Why? Why should they be cursed this way? Why should we who have to look at them be forced to endure the sight of that beauty being turned into fat? And all so soon. Often it takes less than a

year for a perfect body to lose its shape. We've all heard of built-in obsolescence, but this is ridiculous! The male body keeps its essential shape for thirty years, surely the gods could have made the female body out of sturdy enough materials that its beauty would last more than thirty months.

● It wasn't bad enough that the gods built this Work of Art out of flimsy materials, they had to go and put it into the care of a bunch of idiots. Take a bunch of high school girls. Some of them have breasts and some do not, but they all have asses and nearly all of them have very pretty asses indeed. Now what do these girls do with their lovely bottoms, their most beautiful possessions?

They sit on them! That's what they do. They sit on them. They squash them all out of shape. They sit and swallow all the fattening goo they can force down their gullets until those beautiful, lovely, desirable asses are turned into globs of unappealing fat.

What would the French public do if they discovered that some ignorant cab-driver had been sitting on a great oil painting? That he had been putting his ignoble backside on a masterpiece, a thing of beauty, until his weight had smeared the lines and destroyed its beauty and value forever? Why, he would be strung up from the nearest lamp-post!

And yet, worse crimes are going on all around us all the time. Crimes, yes! Crimes against man and nature. Especially man.

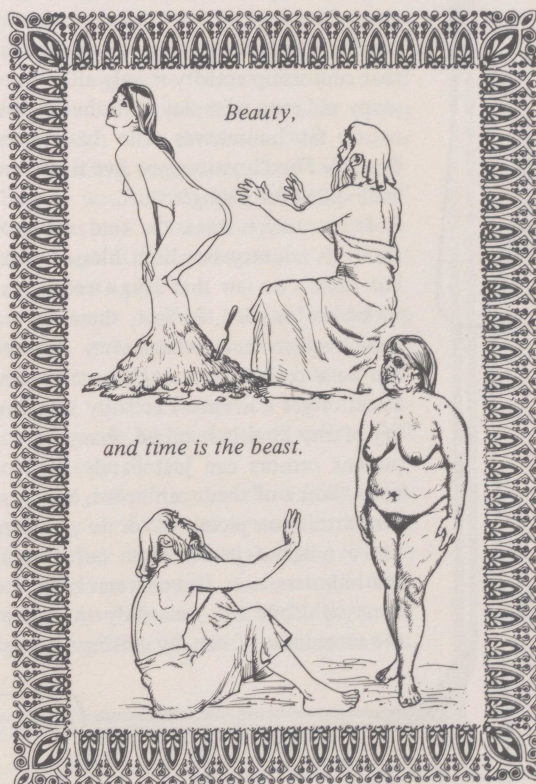
Obviously, there is no use in appealing to the chubby-buttocked girls. Their aesthetic sense is as dead as their tiny brains. Smothered in pastry and ice cream. And of course, they can't really see their bottoms getting fatter. They don't realize what's going on behind them.

So what is needed is for some public-spirited men to volunteer to protect these national treasures, just as the forest rangers guard the beauties of our national forests. These volunteers could patrol in public places, looking for violations of nature's law, and giving tickets to offenders.

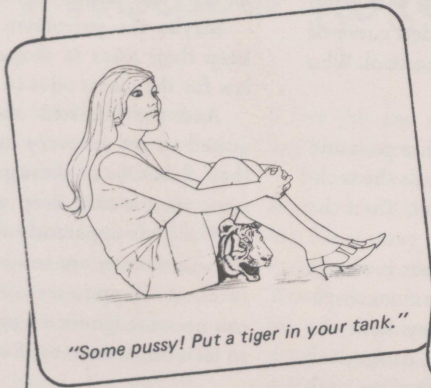
Maybe the patrolmen could also give awards to the girls who keep their asses in shape. Perhaps we could make it against the law for the nicest ones to sit down at all.

And the fat-assed ones who get tickets? They would be required to get up every morning and to run until they melt away their flab. One of these gals would have to run until the day when some man would drop what he is doing and start to chase her.

The gods apparently don't care what shape women's asses are in, and women are too soft to do anything about their best features, so it's up to men. After all, we have to look at them—a man can no more ignore a woman's ass than a dog can ignore a rabbit—so let's force them to shape up.



**"PSST, MONSIEUR."
censorslip!**



"Some pussy! Put a tiger in your tank."

What do we call a man who doesn't know anything about women?
A bridegroom.

CENSORSLIP!

Suppose somebody is interested in pornography. The real stuff, the kind that makes no pretense to higher purposes, not the commercial variety that appears in all the movie magazines. How can he indulge his taste without getting in trouble with the law?

The answer is simple. He can organize a censorship group.

Most people are held back from this obvious move by the belief that being a censor requires some kind of training or that such a person must be either a religious fanatic or in the grip of senile dementia. Or both. It's commonly thought that censorship activity is only allowed to sappy old men who play with themselves, or to fat housewives who have been through *The Carpetbaggers* five times and are looking for stronger stuff.

It is true that this is the kind of censor that this country has been blessed with, but there's no law that says a censor has to be soft-headed. In fact, there are no legal requirements whatsoever. Anyone can be a censor. You don't have to pass a test or get a license. Certainly no training of any kind is required, many of our present censors can just barely read or write. Some of them can't read, they just concentrate on pictures. Nor do you have to be religious just because our present smut-hunters are. Unbelievers have the same right and the same duty to protect the sacredness of sex, by getting together

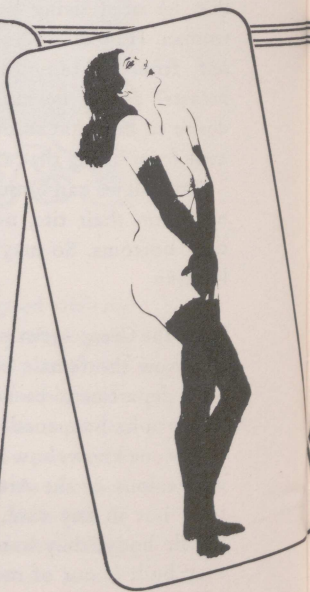
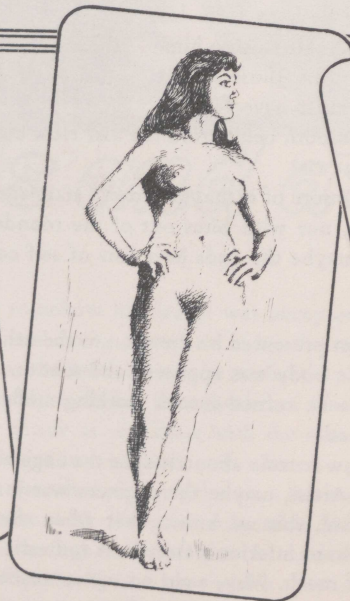
and looking at dirty movies, as religious people do.

Okay, so a guy decides that he too should have the right to collect pornography just as his loony neighbors have done for so many years. His best move would seem to be to form a group and affiliate with an established censorship organization. The Citizens for Decent Literature is an organization that has been around for some time and I've never heard of any of their members getting in trouble. I don't know what their membership requirements are since they won't answer my letters, but if some of our readers would write to them, they should be able to provide some valuable information. They have offices in a number of cities, so check for their address in your phone book.

If you can't find an address there, write to: Citizens for Decent Literature, 3300 Carew Tower, Cincinnati, Ohio. Or in the LA area: Citizens for Decent Literature, 5670 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 1680, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036.

So, let's suppose that some couple and their friends have formed a group and are studying the social problem of pornography in their area. What must they do to maintain their standing as censors?

First of all, they don't have to be in any hurry to actually censor anything. I mean if the Supreme Court Justices, with their vast legal background, can't agree on



Why do college campuses have so much grass around?
Sheep like it.

what's obscene and what's not, how are ordinary citizens ever going to decide? Again, it takes the courts years to make up their minds, so it seems only right that censorship groups should be equally cautious, and of course, it's their duty to study all the material they can get their hands on. And if, after years of study, they feel that they have reached certain conclusions, before they get the chance to act, no doubt the courts will hand down a new decision, and then they'll have to start all over again.

There is one commendable activity they could engage in, though. Most of the nut groups like the CDL and NODL put pressure on individual bookstore owners and newsstand operators. Now even though no one knows for sure what is obscene, the Ginzburg decision made it clear that it's wrong for someone to sell publications that promise to be sexy and are not. So our little censorship group could march down to an offending bookstore and threaten the owner. "Now see here, buddy," they would say. "We bought some books here that claimed to be hot stuff and extremely erotic and they weren't anything of the sort. Now selling stuff like that is wrong and it's illegal, too. Now, when we come in here to buy erotic books, they'd better be erotic or you're going to find yourself in trouble. Is that clear?" Maybe that'll drive some of these phonies out of business.

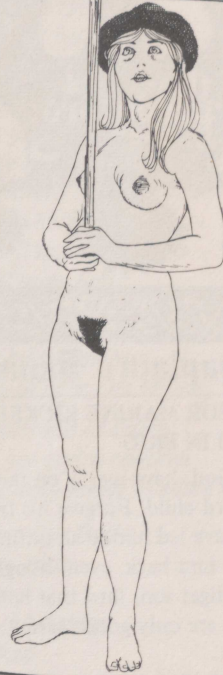
If I've given the impression that there's no difference between a decent literature group and a bunch of American Legionnaires secretly watching a stag movie, I'm sorry, I didn't mean it. Remember, that guys who watch stag movies want to watch them and they're deliberately getting their prurient interests aroused. But, you as a member of a censorship group only watch such movies because it's your *duty* to protect the youth of the community from them, and you find such movies *disgusting*. In fact, you should name your group Defenders of Youth or Purity in Literature Leaguers or some such title.

The important thing is the difference in attitudes. Those dirty guys are sitting there with their hands in their pockets and drooling, while your group can hardly bear to watch. "Oh, this is a filthy one!" exclaims one of our martyrs to the community good. "How disgraceful! Run that awful part again."

Or some of these groups could swap movies and pictures and such. 'Decent Literature group has disgusting movie concerning fellatio. Desires to trade for immoral movie on bondage and sadism. Full color, only, please.'

If any of our readers should form such groups, we'd be interested in hearing about their experiences. Or if any lawyers would care to write us about the legal angles involved, we would be happy to pass the information on to other readers.

MAKE ME,
NOT WAR

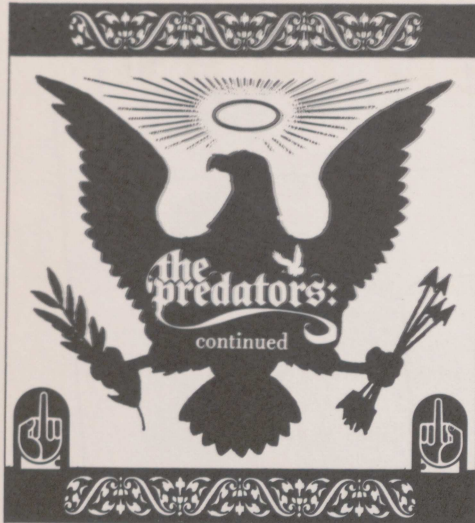


We've all heard that a man needs the love of a good woman, but for practical purposes, most guys would rather have the phone numbers of a couple of bad ones.

The advantage of sex over money is that it's possible to get enough sex.

censorslip!

Selections From The Chaplain's Handbook



The Chaplain's Handbook

PRAYER FOR MARINE KICKED TO DEATH IN BRIG

Almighty God, have mercy on the soul of this wayward child. Forgive his transgressions that have led him to an untimely end and receive him back, even though he has been a prodigal son, into that better land where there are only good Marines. Amen.

SUGGESTED TALK TO ENLISTED MAN WHO WANTS TO MARRY NATIVE GIRL

Son, if God had wanted whites and gooks to mix . . .

FORM LETTER TO PARENTS OF AIRMAN WHO HAS CONTRACTED VENEREAL DISEASE

Dear Mr. and Mrs. _____ ,
I recently had a heart to heart talk with your son, _____ , about a social disease that he has contracted from indigenous personnel. I don't suppose _____ has mentioned this matter in his letters home, but as his spiritual counselor I feel obligated to reassure you that he has promised me that there will be no reoccurrence of the occasion which has brought him so much grief. I know the anguish that you must feel when you contemplate the fact of your son's transgression against the law of God and the resulting failure of his duty to the Air Force but we must remember that he is young and hope that he learns from this sad experience. I can assure you that _____ is receiving the best of medical treatment and there will probably not be any permanent effects. In your letters to him, remember, be kind . . .

SHORT PRAYER TO COMFORT DYING SOLDIER

My son, God is proud of you. You have helped make the world safe for Democracy, Freedom, Honor, and Christian Truth. Greater love than this, no man hath . . .

WORDS OF COMFORT FOR ENLISTED MAN BLINDED IN COMBAT

My boy, I know this is difficult for you to accept. Those of us who are near can only attempt to imagine the discomfort and inconvenience caused to you by this unfortunate condition. But remember, God always has something better for us in mind. We may be sure that this seeming blindness is part of His Plan so that you can better see the Eternal Truths. Now, I want you to repeat after me: 'Not my will, O Lord, but Thine be done . . .'

REPROOF TO MEN WHO REFUSE TO ATTEND SERVICES

It is easy for you men to scoff at the comforts of religion now while you are safe here behind the lines, but for your sake, I feel sorry for the fear and trembling in which you will learn the truth of those words: "There are no atheists in fox-holes."

REPROOF TO MEN IN FOX-HOLES WHO REFUSE TO ATTEND SERVICES

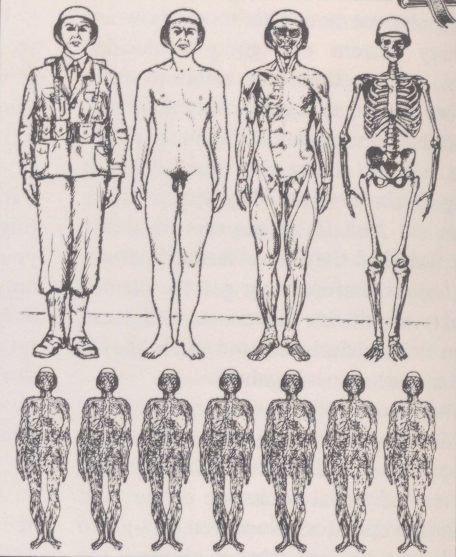
Just because you men have survived a certain amount of danger, you proudly and willfully refuse to join in our prayers. But it will be a very different story, I assure you, if you are wounded and find that you are in urgent need of God's help.

REPROOF TO WOUNDED MEN WHO REFUSE TO PRAY

My son, my son, you have been wounded. Your very life is in danger. Surely you do not want to meet God face to face with a foul curse on your lips. Stop cursing and pray. Repeat after me: 'O Loving Father . . .'

PRAYER FOR MEN WHO DIE UNREPENTANT

Dear God, even though this man never attended services and always refused to discuss his beliefs with me and died with blasphemy on his lips, still You have forgiven great sinners in the past, and maybe You can find it in Your Heart . . .



WARNING AGAINST VD FOR NEW RECRUITS

Men, I don't call you soldiers because you won't be soldiers until you finish your basic training, I want to speak to you today about the dangers of venereal disease. What you men call 'the clap' or 'syph' or other names. Now, I'm not going to speak as your chaplain but we're just going to look at these loathsome diseases in a scientific way. First of all, forget that b.s. that you hear about getting VD from a toilet seat, there's only one way to get VD and that's by breaking God's Eternal Law! And if that's not clear enough for you, I'll put it bluntly, by violating the Seventh Commandment! For you Catholics, that's the Sixth Commandment. Okay? Now, these diseases don't show up right away, the foul little worms or gonococci live inside of you and much later, oftentimes after you have married a pure, wholesome, loving girl; they make their appearance and turn a happy home into a living hell! The infected man breaks out into foul, open, running sores and soon paralysis sets in and just before he goes blind, he has the horror of seeing that he has infected his own beloved wife with this same unspeakable disease! Some of these 'old hands' you will meet in the service will talk to you about 'cures' but just remember that when Adam sinned, his punishment was visited upon his children and their children's children. How would you like to see your children born all deformed and diseased, huh? Nature's law is God's law as science tells us . . .



ONE NATION UNDER .GOD!

*Of course there is an American God
One True God above all others
who are only jokes.
All your life long you have worshipped Him*

*Now see His Face!
This is Our God
War God Our God
Kill-God! God of Death! Eater of Corpses!
We all worship Him . . . first.*

*Keeping a cardboard Jesus
And a laughable God the Father
for special occasions.
But every day is a Death-God Day.
He is not jealous.*

There are no strange gods before HIM.

*Do not the priests from all the little religions
join in His service and wear His mark?
One Big God above all others
One Real Religion before all the funny ones.
His voice is the voice of a thousand jet planes.
His strength is the might of a million armed men.
No one can ignore Him. Or doubt His power.
Donations are not for Him. He takes. Taxes
serve Him. There are armed guards to make
the agnostic serve his two years.
And federal prisons to break the atheist down.*

We all serve him. All.

*And send foreign missionaries to bring His Word
His American Word His True Word
To the pagans of Southeast Asia.*

*Learn! Learn! Learn!
You idol worshippers. You unbelievers.
This is no wood-carved, household totem.
This is the Very Voice of God.*

*Think you that you will gain mercy? Mercy?
Why He has devoured the poor of America's cities!
He has locked the blacks into great steel cages
and forced them to obey with whip and gun.
He has great camps where American boys serve Him
and no one gives a fuck if He kills one of them.
And do you really think He will spare you? You
odd-colored, foreign, unbelieving fool?*

*Don't you understand? We serve Our God in fear
and trembling.*

For He would just as soon kill one of us as one of you.

*And you shall learn out of the whirlwind of Death
That not babies, nor old women, nor crying children
will stop us from butchering all who refuse to adore Him.*

*For there is eternal enmity between Our God
and the evil, atheistic Communists
who feed the hungry
who give drink to the thirsty
who clothe the naked
who Our Religion says must die.*

*Oh yes, there is an American God.
Look you foreign peoples at His awful power.
For all our sakes, submit yourself to Him
for He has the power to kill us all
to detonate the entire life of Earth.*

And He would do it. Submit or He will kill us all.

The higher you go, the lower you get



The predators:



"Take the Ten Commandments and stuff them up your ass!" says the Army. "Now get a good firm grip on the Golden Rule and shove it in behind them. Now, lock and load. Fire!"

Watching all this from the sidelines is the National Council of Churches. "We don't see a thing," trill the churches. "We love the Army. Don't you dare try to say anything against our beloved military," chorus all the ministers as the shattered Commandments and shit comes down like dirty snowflakes, covering everyone in sight.

So the pagan military has called the churches' bluff. More, it has taken the limitless turd of their hypocrisy and forced them to eat it . . . and to smile . . . and to declare it good.

For fifteen years the American boy has been sent to Sunday School for one hour a week. And urged to be honest, and implored to be clean-minded, and beseeched to avoid lying.

Then he goes into the military and he is ORDERED to steal, ORDERED to laugh at dirty stories, ORDERED to lie. So he looks around for the Chaplain, for the representative of that church which ran his Sunday School; and finds that the Chaplain is on the Army's side. If the young man obeys his conscience, and refuses to steal, he'll be punished; if he continues to refuse to lie and steal, he will go to the stockade. If he tries

to obey his conscience and the former teachings of his religion in the stockade, he will wind up in a federal prison . . . or dead. And not a word from the people who ran his Sunday School. Not a word. They have no quarrel with the military whatsoever. They don't even know what goes on inside those bases. You know about all those Germans who, after the war, didn't know what the Nazis had been doing? Well, they were all eyes and ears compared to American ministers and priests. Imagine, there are Rabbis serving as Chaplains who can't talk about the concentration camps without their eyes filling with tears, and yet these same men, if you want to call them that, don't know or don't care that half a mile away, Jewish recruits are being forced to lie, to steal, to crawl, all their moral sense is being perverted; and the Rabbis sit there and moan over the Scriptures!

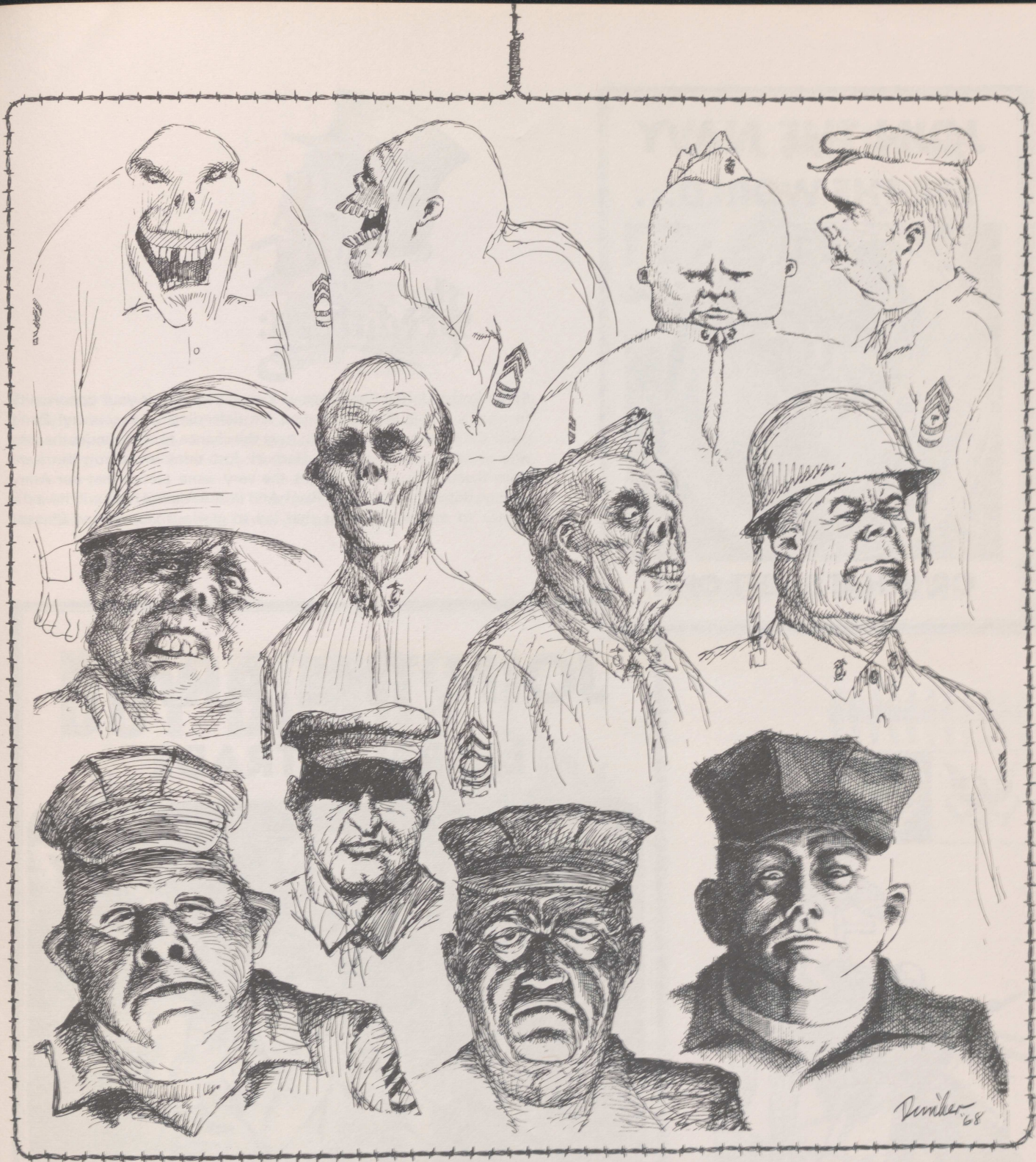
Has there ever been any protest from any religious group over the systematic brutalization of American military recruits? No. Has there ever been any difficulty in filling the ranks of the Chaplain Corps? No.

Has there ever been any religious representative smart enough to realize that his church's real attitude toward the moral law was being revealed in its embrace of the military? No.

Induction Ceremony—*With these Chaplain's bars, I thee buy, to have and to hold, in sickness and in sickness, for richer and for per diem allowances, in war and in peace, as long as you shall live. Amen.*

Reply of All Religions—*I do solemnly swear, as the ordained representative of the _____ (fill in name of faith, such as Lutheran.) Faith, that we will wholeheartedly support all military endeavors, that no cruelty will ever sicken us, that*

no possible warfare will ever slacken our devotion, that we are now one with you and we join with the Roman soldiers in crucifying Christ and spitting in his face, that we embrace Hiroshima as our German brethren embraced Buchenwald, that we will cooperate with you in turning our boys into killers, haters, and soldiers. Now let us kneel together while the Chief of Chaplains reads from the Good Book this blessing on our marriage . . .



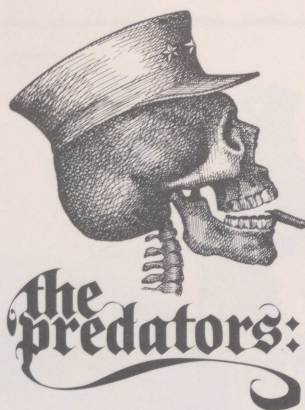
Reminiscing about my time in the USMC, I decided to sketch some of the people who made my sentence memorable.



**JOIN THE NAVY
SEE THE WORLD...**

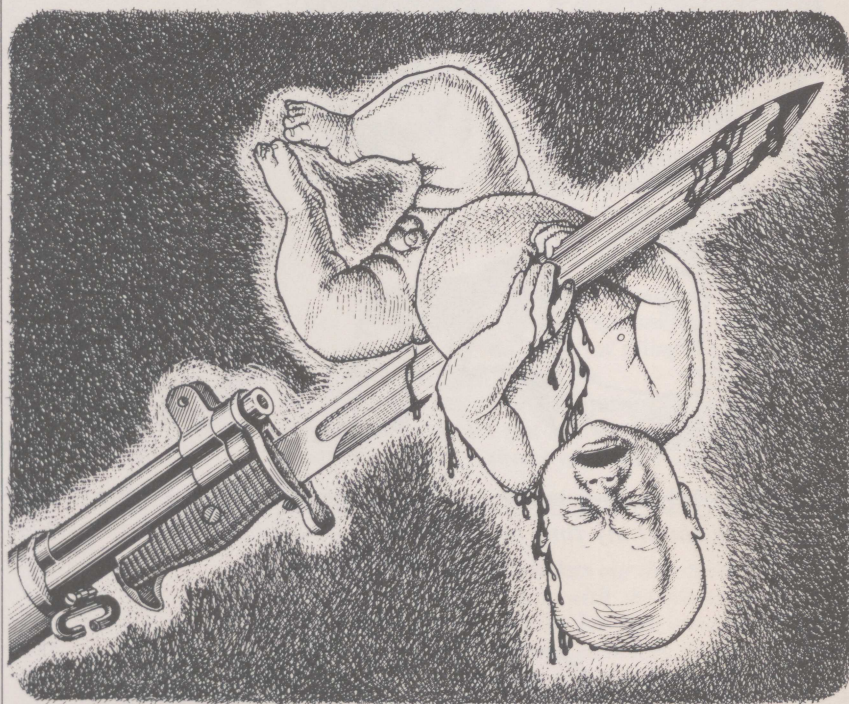


OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT



Enlist in the United States Army! Young men, this is your opportunity to learn valuable skills while you are defending your country! Don't wait! Enlist now while you still have the chance to serve under the men who were in charge at Pearl Harbor! Just think what you can learn from them! You will be taught the very same tactics that our Army used at Bataan! And at Bull Run! And at the Alamo! You will have the chance to master the skills that led to glorious victories at Chateau

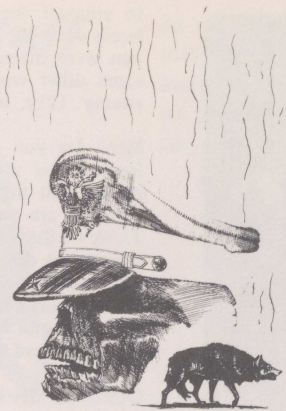
**JOIN THE ARMY
LEARN A TRADE**



BUTCHERING



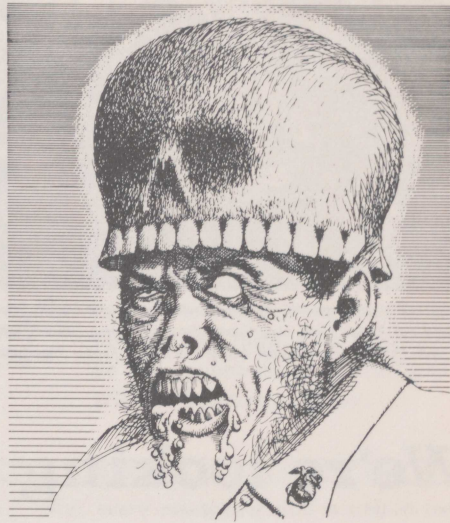
Greetings-
To all nations weaker than we are!



Thierry and Belleau Wood, and to a glorious stalemate in Korea! Think of the pride you will feel when you find out that your commanding officer was with Teddy Roosevelt at San Juan Hill! Learn at firsthand the strategy that enabled Colonel Custer to accomplish what he did!

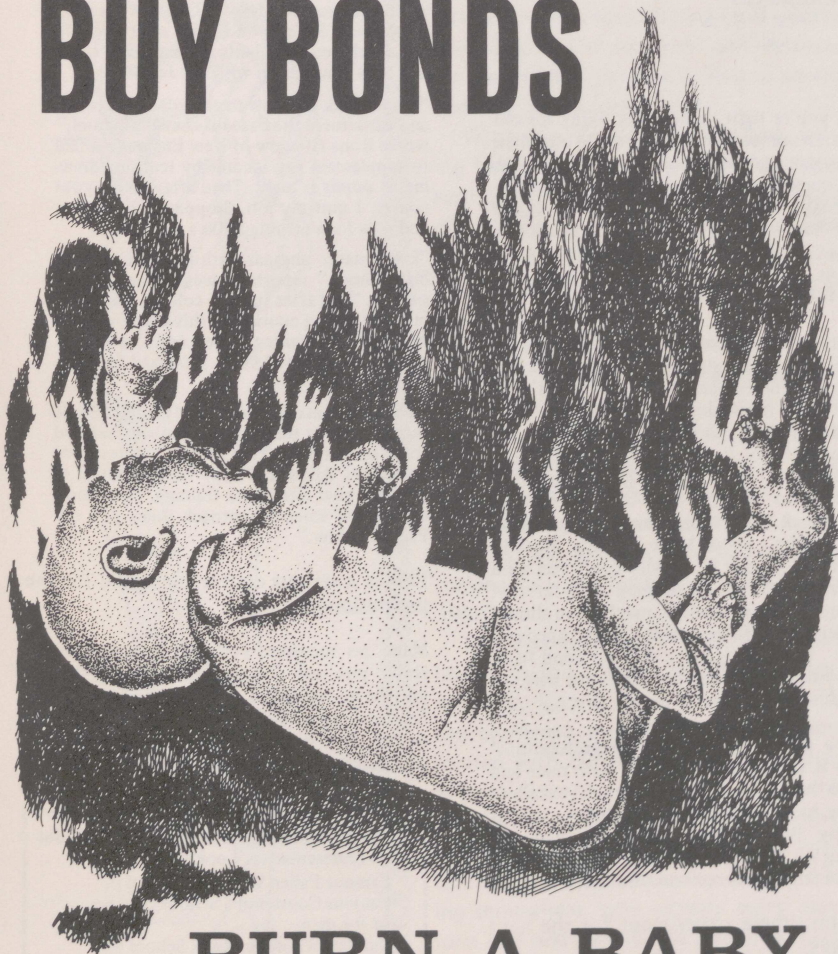
You don't want to learn a skill? Then join the Marine Corps! No study! No training! No qualifications! Even you can be a Marine!

BE A MARINE



BECOME A MAD DOG PERVERT

BUY BONDS

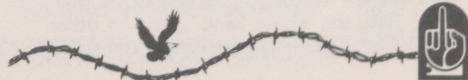


BURN A BABY



10 MILITARY POSTERS FOR \$1.00

2 copies of each of these 4 posters, plus the poster on page 7, (10 posters in all), for only \$1. These posters are 8½ x 11, the same size as this page. Mail \$1 to Posters, Box 361, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254.





These distinguished procurers and madams founded the Famous Fuckers School: seated left to right; Vincent Van Cock, Mary Ellen Twain, Dick Limp, Ronald Fagin, Lucy Goosey, Sarah Uddermoo, Edward Everett Pimp; standing: John Plunger, Arnold Pander, Louisa May Alcunt, Feodor Fingerfucker, Ralph Dildo Everyson.

"We're looking for people who like to fuck"

We know that many people who could become professionals—and *should* become professionals—never do.

If you like to fuck, you may have thought about 'getting somewhere' with your talent. But like most amateurs, you probably didn't know how to get started in this high-paying career field. Now twelve famous procurers and madams have joined together and afterwards they used their combined experience to design a training course for beginners. Students who enroll in this course will come to realize the value of professional training, they will come to enjoy their lessons, they will come again and again.

"How much can I expect to earn?"

Why be stuck in a low-paying job or marriage when you could be making really good money? Sarah Uddermoo says, "It's a shame so many women waste their lives just pissing away their talents." Many of our former students are now employed in houses at \$500 a week. Others are earning \$1000 a week or more in business on their backs, I mean, on their own.

"It's a wonderful life!"

You are never too young or too old. You can live in the city or in the country because your customers come to you. They search you out because they are eager to buy what you are selling. You don't have to get up early in the morning because you work right in your own home. And you can work either full or part time, depending on your degree of dedication and how sore you get at first.

Give yourself this simple test—

If you are a woman—put in one finger, then two, now the whole hand, now the other hand. Okay? Now clap your hands. You can't?

Gosh, you're tight. Send away today for our course. (Note for women who could clap their hands—you may still qualify for our Specialized Course. Many women who offer 'specialties' make even more money than regular 'pros'. Try to make your mouth into a perfect circle while keeping your teeth covered by your lips, now say "Ooooooo!" Splendid! Write for our course today.)

If you are a man—reel out your member (not here in the store, stupid! Buy the magazine and take it home) and lay it upon this page next to the measuring gage. If it hangs over the edge, well . . . something must be wrong. You haven't got it caught in something that stretched it, just recently, have you? If it reaches mark A, you were cut out for this line of work. If it reaches mark B, that's fine. Mark C, that's good. Mark D, okay. Mark E, well, it'll do. Mark F . . . why don't you send for our course on developing a better . . . physique? Below mark F, maybe you should look into a different career field. Accounting . . . or insurance . . . that's a good field. But whatever you do, don't let your wife see this ad.

If you are homosexual — congratulations! There is always a demand for both male and female homosexuals and there is excellent money to be made by those with the proper training. But we don't want all you queers writing to us. Join your local Y and let prospective employers contact you there.

Try this simple experiment for the next 14 days.

If you are a woman who wants a better life, from now on, after you have masturbated or let your dumb husband stick it to you, repeat

to yourself these words—"Well, that's fifty bucks down the drain." Think about it! While you were sitting there tickling your cunny, some other woman was using hers to earn twenty, fifty, or even one hundred dollars!

Men! Are you tired of having your best efforts go to waste? Did you ever stop to realize that men, no better endowed than yourself, are owners of Ferraris and yachts? Think of the waste every time you wake up after a wet dream. Or afterwards, when you realize that your fat wife thinks she has done you a favor. Don't let your talents end up as just a wet spot on your pajamas. Stop beating your meat and write today.

Our Students Write Us—

"I just made my eleventh sale!" writes Dick Welpurgis of West Virginia. "This one was an eighteen-year-old girl to a white slave ring in Nashville. I'm really hitting the big time now that I've gotten in with the Syndicate. And I owe it all to your training."

"And to think that I used to give it away!" exclaims Joan Culpaper of Manitoba. "Thanks to your course, I now get \$20 a time which makes \$400 an hour."

"I am a student in junior high," writes Ellen Brown of Wisconsin. "I was about to flunk out before I took your course, but now I get straight A's from my male teachers, and it's fun besides!"

"After wasting thirteen years licking stamps as a postal worker," Harold Ditch writes from the French Riviera, "I finally smartened up and developed my talents through your training. Now I'm right in with the Jet Set."

"I was stuck in a low-paying, deadend job as an instructor at the Famous Drawing School," writes Rona Glasgow of New England. "I had to supplement my income by teaching drawing to pupils at night. Then after taking your course, I quit my job, dropped my drawers, and now I am earning \$500 a week."

"I was never popular with boys all through high school," reports Rowena Jones of Mississippi. "But after starting college, I enrolled in your training course and this year I've been elected Homecoming Queen and I've already got several hundred votes promised for next year."

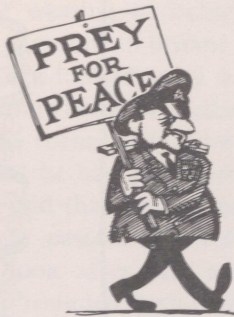
"You can't imagine how satisfying it is to be getting paid by the same women who refused to go on dates with me before," writes Jerry French of Arizona. "They used to laugh at me, but now after your training, they don't even giggle when I approach them with my French tickler."

This is a serious course, designed for the professional.

Make no mistake, you will be expected to really put out during your training. Unless you have a genuine desire to become a professional, you will not be able to finish this course. It is definitely not for the housewife who just wants a little nooky in the afternoon.

See your Yellow Pages for the address of your local representative. Look under—
 Famous Fallen Woman's School or
 Famous Courtesan's School
 or for men:
 Famous Whoremonger's School or
 Famous Debauchers School
 Or see these classifications—
 Social Evil Depraved Tastes
 Iniquity Sodomy

Short Stuff



On the opposite page, we couldn't make up our minds what to call it. A peter meter? A dick stick? A pecker checker? A tool rule? An inflater rater? A pleasurer measurer? A chance ranker . . . ?

At some time, every young man becomes really desperate for money, and then reluctantly, the middle-class youth turns to his parents and the lower-class young man turns to crime.



"Kee-rist, it's cold."

To get a job, you need a certificate that you are tame and safe and well-behaved and that you need money desperately. A marriage certificate.



I read the other day that Truman Capote was interested in writing when he was young. With the wonderful success he has had in business, one can't help wondering just what he might have accomplished if he had applied the same intelligence and effort to becoming a writer.



"My breasts may be small, but I've got the biggest nipples in town."

There is a cheap sort of pride in the world that ought to be called 'professor's pride' or 'librarian's pride'. This is the sort of vanity that leads professors of literature to sneer at their predecessors who banned Dreiser and hounded Whitman and ignored Mark Twain. The professors and librarians are proud that they are willing to accept and even praise these writers.

What they forget is that Dreiser, writing forty years after Whitman, had fewer restrictions than Walt did. But what good did that do Dreiser? He didn't want freedom to repeat what Whitman had said. He wanted freedom to say what he wanted to say. But he didn't get it.

Nor would he get it today. If Walt Whitman were alive today, he would want to write about the life he would see all around him, and he would shock and outrage the professors and librarians of today just as much as he shocked those of 1880. And they would ban him at UCLA, and Harvard, and Berkeley, just as those institutions ban the forthright books of the 1960's.

Every college, every university, every library in this country bans books, locks them up, ignores them, treats them with the contempt that all the classics were treated with during the lifetime of their authors. Every so-called university in this country censors every speaker who comes on campus. Every college newspaper has a faceless, anonymous faculty advisor hiding somewhere, who censors every news item and every ad that it publishes. Each university has its own frightened bureaucrat who censors every book, every maga-

zine, every newspaper that is sold in the student bookstore. Everywhere, there are library committees that order new books and new publications and then if some of them shock the constipated old ladies who run the library, they are suppressed or even destroyed. "He who destroys a good book, kills reason itself," said Milton.

They're all there. Don't bother to ask if your school or university destroys books. It does. In secrecy. Lying about it all the while. Do you imagine for one minute that they're going to publish a list of books banned by them?

What if Jonathan Swift or James Joyce should come back to life and find that the professors are earning a living teaching courses about their books? Their books that so horrified the professors of their own day?

If the books that had been banned by librarians at one time or another were removed from libraries, if the authors who had a raging contempt for librarians should take their books out of libraries, there would be nothing but miserable trash left.

This is the whole purpose of universities and libraries—to teach the ideas of men who were outlawed in their own day. And in turn, to outlaw any men of sense and vigor and honesty who are alive today. And the pale sucks and crawling worms who run those places, who leech off the knowledge that other men suffered for, these contemptibles are proud of themselves. They actually think they are better men than the professors who hounded Dreiser.

But what would Dreiser think?





... then she unbuttoned the top button of her dress.

EQUAL TIME

Sandra Williams had just turned twenty-one when she was killed in a three car collision on the San Bernardino Freeway. Some idiot had actually driven on to the freeway on an off-ramp and met the oncoming traffic head on. He bounced off one car and then smashed into Sandra's convertible, killing both

Sandra and himself.

So when she found herself strolling along a quiet street, Sandra stopped and looked at her reflection in a shop window and saw that she was wearing the same dress that she had been wearing *that* morning. It was clean and fresh though she had a dim memory of watching while

some men took her body out of the wrecked car and then the dress had been torn and soiled.

It didn't seem any more important to her than a dream first remembered weeks later and she turned away from the window and walked on. A busier street intersected the one Sandra was on and she turned

onto it. Coming toward her was a young guy wearing a T-shirt and shorts. She gave him an instant once-over and then looked away so that he could admire her as he walked by.

Out of the corner of her eye, Sandra saw that he had given her only one glance and then he had ignored her as they passed. Puzzled, she turned to look after him and the sight of the rounded flesh under his tight shorts made everything inside her lurch. As she watched, Sandra felt a yearning gulf opening between her lungs and her stomach. She stood there in the middle of the sidewalk and stared at his retreating back until he turned a corner and disappeared from sight.

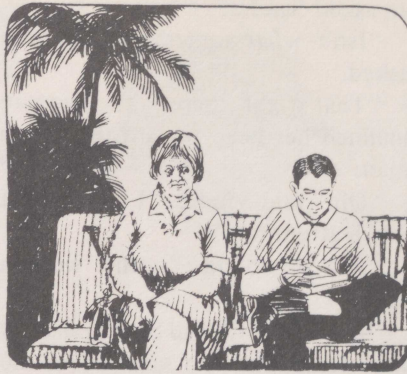
A little uncertainly, she continued walking. Across the street was a bus stop and sitting on the bench waiting for a bus were two people, a teen-aged boy and a fat, middle-aged woman. The boy had his legs crossed and as Sandra looked in his direction, she realized that his pant leg had crept up revealing a stretch of bare leg above his stocking. Again she felt that inner lurch but she didn't want to be caught staring so she forced herself to keep walking.

To her amazement, Sandra found that she couldn't keep her eyes off the boy's leg. She stared at him shamelessly from across the street and as she did so, she realized that the middle-aged woman sitting next to him was stealing furtive glances at the boy's uncovered leg.

What is this? Sandra asked herself.

She crossed a side street and hurried on, anxious to get away from the boy and the woman. What was there about him to give her such a jolt? she wondered. She had certainly seen plenty of young kids before but she had never felt like this.

There was a sign on a streetlight post saying: TO THE BEACHES and an arrow pointing to her left. Sandra turned that way, crossed the street, and started walking faster. She was anxious to get out on the open beach and see the ocean and get her bearings.

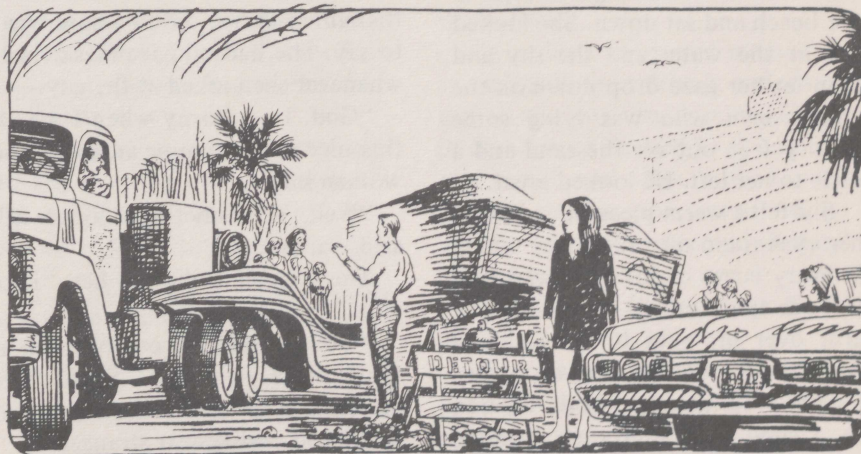


... the middle-aged woman sitting next to him was stealing furtive glances ...

Ahead was a crew of workmen digging up the street. They had half the street blocked off so that cars had to edge around their excavation. A small crowd of women had collected and they stood on the sidewalk watching the men at work.

As Sandra approached the group of women, she realized that they were all standing there in total silence, all absorbed in watching. She glanced at the workmen and suddenly she turned and walked over and joined the group.

Paying no attention to the staring females, the men were wrestling with a heavy length of pipe. There were



... then both men laughed. Sandra stared at them a moment and then turned and walked off.

half a dozen of them, all sunburned and strong, their half-naked bodies glistening in the hot sunshine.

Oh God, said Sandra to herself.

The men seemed so remote and unapproachable and wrapped up in their work that Sandra wanted to attract their attention; to make

them notice her as she had to notice them. But what could she do if they wouldn't even glance in her direction?

Just then, one of the workmen, a young blond guy, climbed out of the trench and started to shout directions to a truck that was backing up. Several cars began honking and Sandra looked over and saw that a young woman in the nearest car had become so absorbed in staring hungrily at the blond guy that she was holding up traffic. The young woman, who was quite pretty, then eased her car around the work area while she kept looking over at the blond guy.

The truckdriver said something to the blond young man and he glanced at the woman in the car and replied and then both men laughed. Sandra stared at them a moment and then turned and walked off.

They don't have to act so damned superior, she thought.

She could feel the cool breeze coming off the water and she walked on toward the beach. Then up a little rise and the whole beach was spread out in front of her.

Men!

Everywhere Sandra looked there were men—walking around, playing volleyball, just lying on the beach. The men, wearing swim trunks, all seemed overwhelmingly male to Sandra.

It took a few minutes before Sandra realized that the blue water and





"Isn't that something?" the woman asked.

wide beach and the girls and women were there. It was all just like a hundred beach scenes she had seen in the past, but then a suntanned young man in blue trunks walked in front of her.

Ohh, she said to herself.

She watched as he walked on a little farther and then he went out on the sand and laid down on a big beach towel. Sandra went over to one of the benches that lined the sidewalk that ran along the edge of the beach and sat down. She looked out at the water and the sky and then let her gaze drop down on the young man who was lying some twenty feet out on the sand and a little to her left. He looked great.

She felt a warm pleasure in letting her eyes roam over his body, taking in every curve of his torso and legs. He was lying on his back with one arm over his eyes to shield them from the sun and Sandra was admiring the way his upper body tapered to a slim waist and then pushing against the thin cloth of his trunks there was the swelling . . .

"Goddamn. Look at that!"

Sandra jumped and looked over at the woman who had apparently just come up to her bench. The woman was about thirty-five and dressed in tight slacks. She was staring at the guy Sandra had just been watching.

"Isn't that something?" the wom-

an asked Sandra.

"Isn't *what* something?" Sandra asked.

"That right there," the woman inclined her head toward the young man.

"Oh," said Sandra. "I hadn't paid much attention."

"Are you blind?" the woman asked.

"No, I'm not," said Sandra sharply and stared out at a sailboat on the water.

"Would I like to do some work on that," the woman said, still staring at the young man.

When Sandra didn't say anything, the woman said, "You don't like men, huh?"

"I didn't say that!" Sandra protested.

"It's all right. I sometimes wish I could be that way myself," said the woman. "But then I see a perfect body like that guy's got, and I forget everything else."

"He's just a man," Sandra said. "I mean he's attractive, but . . ."

"Oh sure, and a tidal wave is just water, too. Christ! I wish I had him in bed right now."

What an odd woman, Sandra thought. But she didn't know what to say. She had odd feelings herself whenever she looked at the guy.

"God, I get horny when I see all this nice stuff running around," the woman said.

"Well, *do* something about it," said Sandra.

The woman looked at her. "Like what?"

"Well . . . pick up one of them, if that's the way you feel." Sandra was astonished to hear herself being so forthright with a near stranger.

"Oh, okay. I'll go up to that guy and say, 'Will you go to bed with



Goddamit, don't try sneaking by here without reading this story. We didn't go to all this trouble to print the usual crap. This one is to be read. You won't be sorry.



me?" the woman said sarcastically.

"Well, why wouldn't he?" asked Sandra.

"I don't think I was ever that innocent," the woman said, almost to herself. "Even when I was your age."

Sandra decided that there was no use in trying to talk to the woman so she looked at the sailboat some more. As she did so, two boys, perhaps fifteen or sixteen years old, walked in front of them.

The boys walked along talking to each other and yet intensely conscious of the woman's and Sandra's gaze. The boys were tanned from the sun but their faces still kept a rosy youthful glow. Stopping in front of the two women, the boys kept up their conversation, all the while watching out of the corner of their eyes.

Sandra looked at their smooth, slim-waisted bodies and well-formed legs and felt an overwhelming desire gathering inside her. *How I'd love to grab that one and cover him with kisses*, she thought.

After a minute, the boys moved on and Sandra watched them go, aching with wanting them so much. If only she could take one of them home and gently and tenderly teach him about lovemaking . . .

"I get it. You like the young ones," the woman said. "I don't blame you, they sure look good around that age. Too bad they're against the law."

"Against the law?" said Sandra. "How can that be?"

"It just is," said the woman with a shrug. "Touch one of them and you'll go to jail."

"But I don't want to hurt them!" Sandra cried. "The last thing I'd want to do is cause them pain."

"I'm not stopping you," said the woman. "Go ahead and fool around with one of them if you want to so much. Hell, they're willing enough! But for me, I don't think it's worth taking a chance on twenty years in prison."

Sandra got that unsettled feeling again. She wondered if she just sat

still on the bench and didn't talk for awhile if the world would stop bobbing up and down.

The woman wouldn't stop talking though. "I remember when I was in high school, there was a bunch of us getting it from this one guy. Then his father found out about it and called the police and we all had to go to juvenile court. Boy, we were lucky none of us was eighteen or we'd really have gotten it. This one girl who had gotten into his pants first, they sent her to a reform school and put the rest of us on probation."

"But didn't the boy do it willingly?" Sandra asked.

"Sure. What's that got to do with it?"

"Well, what did they do to him?"

"Nothing," the woman said. "It was our fault."

"Your fault! Why was it just the girls' fault? Why not him?"

The woman stared at Sandra. "Just because he was willing didn't mean anything. We knew better than to have anything to do with him."

Sandra decided to let it go. She hadn't understood anything since the accident.

"I'd better get going," the woman said. "It's getting late. Been nice talking to you. See you around."

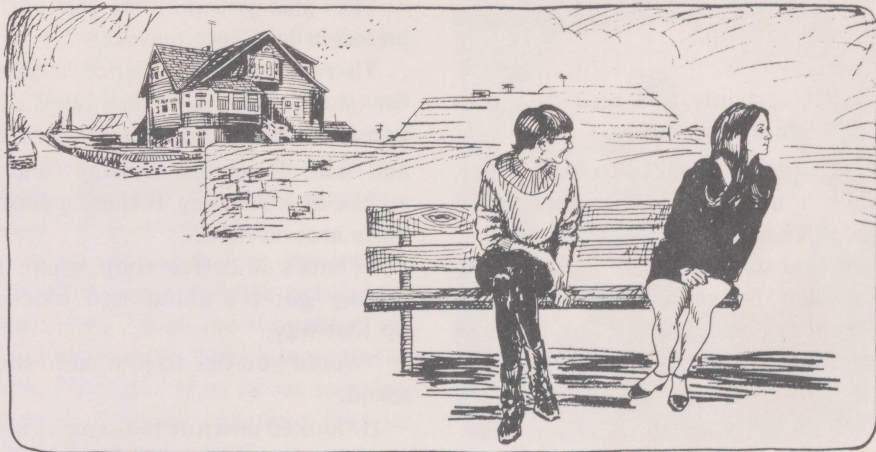
"Uh, it's been nice talking to you," Sandra said as the woman walked away.

After a minute, Sandra took another cautious look at the young guy lying on the beach. Again she was startled by what happened inside her. He looked even better than before.

What is it about these men? she asked herself. *I can't keep my eyes off them.*

Finally she forced herself to look away. Farther along on the sidewalk was another bench and Sandra could see an old woman sitting there and watching the same guy while she pretended to read a newspaper.

Why that woman is old! Sandra said to herself. *That's awful!* And then she thought, *What if I become like that?*



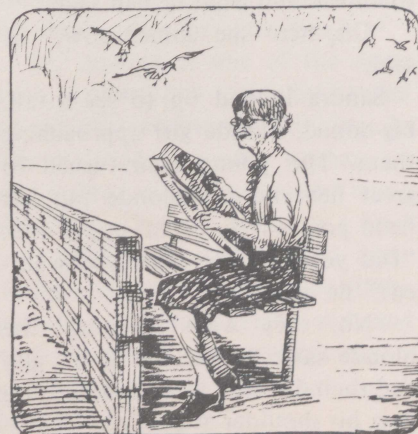
"... they sure look good around that age. Too bad they're against the law," the woman said.

She got up and forced herself to walk the other way without letting her eyes stray toward the young guy on the beach. As she walked along the sidewalk paralleling the beach, Sandra began watching the other people. Now that she was looking for it, she could see that the women and girls were all staring at the men. Some of the women pretended to watch the ocean and only darted furtive glances at some guy after he had walked past. Others stared openly. All of them had a hungry look but none of the men seemed to know that the women even existed.

How stupid to stand there and gawk! Sandra thought. *All they have to do is start up a conversation with one of the men.*

Out of the corner of her eye, Sandra saw a young man staring at her and she looked him full in the face. Instead of dropping his gaze as most

... an old woman watching the same guy while she pretended to read a newspaper.



of the men did, he continued to stare at her with an intent serious look. Sandra felt her breath quickening.

Then the young man deliberately walked across her path and just as he was in front of her, he dropped a coin and bent over to pick it up. Sandra had to stop or she would have walked right into him.

He picked up the coin and straightened up and looked into Sandra's eyes. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said with a smile.

"That's all right," Sandra said, smiling back.

He walked away and stopped at the edge of the sidewalk and stared out at the horizon. Sandra glanced at his smooth tanned back and narrow waist and then looked away quickly because she was afraid her rapidly beating heart couldn't stand any more.

Oh God, he looks so good! she thought.

She had taken a few more steps even as her brain poured out the message that he was waiting there for her. She forced down the excitement that threatened to make her lightheaded and turned back toward the young man. He was still standing and she hesitated, wondering if she dared approach him.

Why not? she asked herself and walked over to him before she had a chance to answer her own question.



EQUAL TIME

"It certainly is a nice day, isn't it?" Sandra asked him.

He turned his head to look at her. For a moment, her courage failed her. *What if he doesn't answer me?* she said to herself.

Then he smiled and said, "It's beautiful out. I really like to come to the beach on a day like this."

"Do you come here very often?" Sandra asked.

"Oh, maybe once a week. Some-

"I'm glad you did," he said with an intent look into her eyes.

There was a short silence as Sandra stood there with her lungs all constricted, until she got her breath and said, "I was on my way to get a coke or something. Is there a good place around here?"

"There's a coffee shop where I usually go; it's about two blocks up that way."

"Would you like to join me?" she asked.

He looked down at the sand at his feet. "I don't think I'd better. My



He was standing there with a completely bored expression on his face.

thing like that," he said. "I'd spend more time here only I don't like to come to the beach by myself."

Sandra realized that he was looking at her hands and she moved her left hand so that he could see that she didn't have a ring on. *What do I say now?* she asked herself.

"Uh . . . my name is Sandra Williams," she said.

"Mine is Boyd Critton. I'm certainly glad to meet *you*, Sandra," he said with a sexy smile.

Sandra melted. "I didn't know whether I should say something to you or not."

fiancee wouldn't like it."

"What?" said Sandra, too stunned to understand what he had said.

"Oh, here she comes now," he said.

Sandra looked up to see a tall, big-boned, blonde girl approaching them. The young man turned to greet her and the blonde put her hand possessively on his upper arm. "Did you find the color you wanted?" he asked her.

"No, they were all out," the blonde said. She smiled at the guy and then directed a flat, deadly stare over his shoulder at Sandra.

"We could look at that shop down around Second Street," he said.

Sandra just stood there, too stunned to move, as they started to walk away. The guy never so much as glanced at her but Sandra heard a few words of what he was saying to his fiancee.

" . . . asking directions bother me gall to"

Behind her, Sandra heard a man break into loud, raucous laughter. Quickly, she spun around and walked away as fast as she could. Her reason told her that the man couldn't have heard, couldn't be laughing at her, but still she felt that everyone around was staring at her and laughing to themselves.

Her face felt as though she had been slapped hard—and then slapped again—until her cheeks were burning and her eyes were out of focus. Finally, blocks away, she stopped and sat down on a bench. Nausea gripped her for a minute and she clenched her teeth until it went away.

But why? she asked. *He started it. He dropped that coin so that I couldn't help but notice him. He led me on when we were talking. Why?*

She was too disturbed to stay there long so Sandra got up and walked on, putting more distance between herself and that spot. *He knew all along that his fiancee would be along in a minute!*

The first shock had worn off and it was suddenly replaced by anger. *He was just playing around. He didn't care about my feelings at all! The bitch! What a dirty thing to do!*

She stamped her foot on the sidewalk. *Oh, that bitch! That purely bitchy bitch!*

Then Sandra realized that it's not actually correct to call a man a bitch. *I guess I should say—bastard! That bastard!*

Still angry, she continued on her way until she came to a more crowded section of the beach. A neon sign advertised a bar, The Beach House. Sandra had never gone into a bar by herself before, but now she didn't

care and she went in.

It was dim inside after the bright sunshine of the beach. As she looked around, Sandra thought for a moment that there were nothing but women in the bar. Uncertainly, she made her way to a booth along the wall.

No one had paid the slightest attention to her entrance so Sandra sat down and looked at the other people. She had been wrong in thinking there were no men in the bar. There were three of them, plus the bartender. Sandra counted the women. There were eleven, and she made twelve.

Hmmm, Sandra said to herself.

Sandra suddenly thought about money and she dug around in her pockets and found two one-dollar bills. After she had been sitting there for several minutes, the bartender sauntered over. "You want something?" he asked.

"I'll just have a glass of beer," she said.

The bartender was a tall guy with curly brown hair. Sandra watched him for a moment while he was filling her glass and then she unbuttoned the top button of her dress. She was glad she was wearing her white lacy bra that had always gotten so much attention under a low-cut blouse.

When the bartender brought her beer, Sandra leaned forward and dug around in her skirt pocket for her money. She got out a dollar and looked up to hand it to him. He was standing there with a completely bored expression on his face.

Sandra was so dismayed she nearly dropped the dollar bill. He took it from her and pulled out a handful of coins and counted out her change. As he bent over, putting the coins down one by one on the table, Sandra could look through the gap between the buttons on his shirt and see his bare chest.

Her breath caught in her throat somewhere and Sandra sat there and stared at the patch of smooth tanned flesh. He straightened up and their

eyes met for an instant but without a flicker of recognition he turned and went back to the bar.

Without willing it, Sandra found her eyes following him and she forced herself to look down at the table. She picked up her glass and took a long drink of beer.

What an odd feeling, she said to herself, remembering the sight of his bare chest. Then she thought of his lack of reaction. *What's wrong with him, I wonder? Does he see so many girls in here all the time that he doesn't care anymore?*

Puzzled, she looked around at the other men in the bar. In one booth there was a rather heavy man in his late thirties or early forties and with him were two girls in their mid-twenties, one on either side. The man sat looking straight ahead while the girls took turns talking to him. Whenever he would take a drink of his beer, one of the girls would fill his glass again.

Sandra sat and watched the three of them for some time. Then one of the girls let her hand drop onto the man's thigh. At once, he jerked away and looked at her with angry eyes. He said something that Sandra couldn't hear and then got up and headed for the men's room, his drooping belly swaying with every step. After he had gone, the one girl said something angrily to the other who had put her hand on the man's thigh. They started arguing then and Sandra stared at them for a moment and then looked away.

But they're both attractive girls! thought Sandra. *Why should they be chasing that fat older man?*

She looked at one of the other men, a young guy sitting by himself at the bar and quietly drinking. As she watched, a young woman sat down next to him and asked him a question. The guy gave her a brief cold glance and then looked away without answering. The girl sat there a minute, her face getting red, and then she got up and walked away.

Why, he's just like that guy I talked to! thought Sandra.



... one of the girls let her hand drop onto the man's thigh.

The only other man in the room was with a woman who kept putting her arm around him possessively, so Sandra realized there was nothing doing there. She drank the rest of her beer.

Then she went to the rest room. As she came back into the bar, Sandra got a sudden wild urge. She leaned down and caught the hem of her skirt and lifted it showing her thighs. She pretended to check the top of her stocking while out of the corner of her eye she looked around the bar. Not a man was looking at her.

Oh hell! she said and dropped her skirt and went back to her booth. The bartender brought her another beer and she drank it and looked once more at the men in the bar.

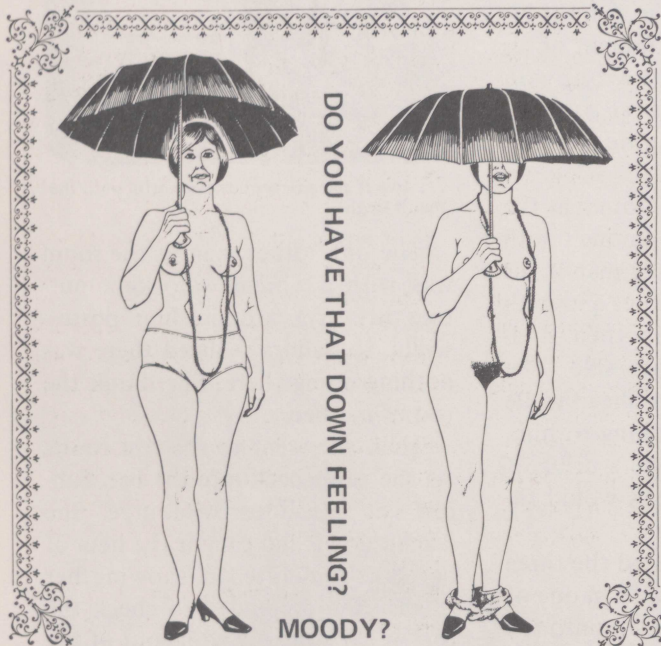
"It's not fair," she said aloud. "It's just not fair."



She pretended to check the top of her stocking...



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We often have a need for different types of models. Also, there are secretarial jobs and others open on occasion. Girls, write in and list your qualifications.

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Thanks to all the helpful friends, particularly those who modelled.



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The creators of *Horseshit* Magazine have come up with a cartoon book called *THE HEELS AND WHORESHOES*. Single copies can be had by mail, \$1 apiece. Or order several and give them to your friends. 5 copies \$3.

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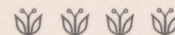
2 copies of each of the five military posters from this issue (4 of them on pages 38-39, 1 on p. 7) for only \$1. These posters are 8½ x 11, the same size as this page, and are printed on good quality bond paper. You can have a set of five for yourself, and another set to give to friends, put on school bulletin boards, use for stationery, and so on. Mail \$1.00 to Posters, Box 361, Hermosa Beach, Calif. 90254.

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For people who haven't seen *Horseshit Magazine* before, we should tell you that there are just the two of us who do everything in this magazine. We're brothers. Bob Dunker does all the drawings and artwork. Tom Dunker does all the writing.



● When we were putting together the first and second issues, we kept assuring each other that the reason it was taking so god-awful long was that it was all new to us and future issues wouldn't be such a hassle. Hah! This third issue has been just as much trouble and sweat and loud cursing as the first two.

● We're both just the discontented type, I guess. Bob will bring over some drawing that he's done and I'll like it and say it's fine and then he'll take it home and insist on trying to improve it. Never satisfied. And with the writing, I get the idea that a lot of guys can turn out a piece of writing rather quickly and it'll be interesting because it reflects them as they are, and they're interesting guys. Hell, I can't do that. I've got to try to turn out something far more lively and intelligent than my habitual thoughts. I get maybe one idea a month and I have to collect these and put them together and then try to pass the result off as though it were my usual stuff.

● One thing about putting out this magazine, it's educational. It's always surprising to find out what's going to bother people. Some section we think is going to really upset everyone doesn't draw any comment at all, and some little thing we never even noticed bothers some of them no end. We had a typesetter who set most of the second issue and he wasn't bothered by our fuck words and such. But when it came to the relatively pure story in this issue called *EQUAL TIME*, he got all upset and refused to set it. Just refused. Which illustrates a point that we have learned—it's not the dirty words that bother people, it's the ideas behind them. Most people are used to four-letter words, but ideas? Well, they're something else again.

● Actually we haven't had many complaints. When we started, we thought there would be a lot of outraged people writing in, but we've only had a few letters. These letter writers urge us to go back where we came from (back to South Dakota?), and call us cowards; and then the writer, lion-like, won't sign his name. Probably we'd get lots more of these letters, only the kind of people who would write them don't ever read *Horseshit*. Apparently, they never read anything. Thank God for TV.

● As you might imagine, getting *Horseshit* distributed and on the stands is quite a chore. Like we'll send two sample copies to a big distributor and we'll wait a while and then drop in to see them. "Oh yes,"

the man says, "You put out that *Horseshit Magazine*. Yeah, you sent us a couple copies, I remember. Hey, Joe! Where's that *Horseshit Magazine* we had around here?" Joe says, "I gave it to Mabel when I got done with it." "Hey, Mabel!" the man says. "Have you got that *Horseshit Magazine*?" "No," she says, "I lent it to the girls in the office across the street and they were supposed to hand it on to Don in the shipping department." "We've got some more out in the car," one of us says. "That's okay," he says and yells down the stairs, "Hey, Don! You got *Horseshit Magazine*?" "No, we all read it and then the cook over at the Diner wanted it." "Gee, I took that other one home and my wife's bridge club all had it and then her brother borrowed it. . . ." he says. "You did a good job on it. It's a good looking magazine."

● "Thank you," one of us says. "Would you be interested in distributing it?"

● "No, I don't think so," he says. "You're only going to get a certain kind of person who's going to be interested in a magazine that's as far out as that. We're looking for material with a wider appeal."

● "Wider appeal?" we say.

● "Yeah, you know, something that appeals to the general reader."

● "The general reader? You mean like just ordinary, regular people?"

● "Yeah, that's it. Not a bunch of kooks but just regular people."

● "Oh, okay," we say and go on home. We don't want to hang around a neighborhood where there are so many kooks.

● There isn't anything that can be done about such things—the reluctance of typesetters and printers and distributors, and our own slowness—but it all takes time, so if you're a subscriber, you might as well try to be philosophical about it. We're trying to learn to be.

● There is one thing that really gripes us, though. That's when some jackoff reads *Horseshit* and says, "These guys must be Communists!" Or else he'll claim that we're not Americans. Not Americans!

● If we were any more American . . . why, look at the way we talk about the United States Government! Haven't we said time and again that America's leaders are ninnies, crooks, and boobs? Haven't we pointed out the superiority of other world leaders as compared to the lame-brained American politicians? Well then, let these doubters come up with some proof of our un-Americanism. Let them

show even one instance where we said something good about the U.S. Government.

● Or what about all the times we've attacked the stupidity of the American people? Anybody can see that Americans are stupid but you have to be born here, to be part of it, before you can comprehend just how dumb they are. Foreigners are easy to spot, they're always attributing some plan or purpose to every successful American policy while the natives know that we just blundered into it.

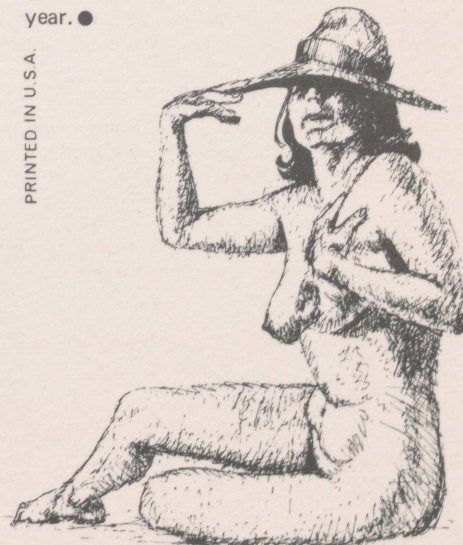
● Or look at us. Knowing full well just how stupid Americans are, don't we still try to argue with them? Why, sometimes we even use logic and reason! Talk about stupidity!

● Don't we spend our time criticizing people who couldn't care less? It's obvious that we're convinced that if we were put in charge we'd soon solve the world's problems. Don't we butt our heads against the stone wall of public indifference? Aren't we convinced that we've got the answers? Why, if we were any more American, we'd bust!

● Even the language we use is a dead giveaway. Someone from another country can butcher up the grammar all right but he'll do it in a foreign way. You've got to be native born and bred to talk and write real American English. And they think we're not Americans! Jesus Christ!

● Well, enough of these loyalty oaths. I don't want to tire you out with too many protestations of loyalty. If you've read all the way through this magazine to here, we would like to thank you. See you next year. ●


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HORSESHIT

 NOT FOR CHILDREN OR IDIOTS 