RAW GUTS
THE MAGAZINE FOR REAL MEN

A HIDEOUS YOO DOO PARODY

I FOUGHT 1000 SCREAMING AMAZONS...
in Filene's Basement

I CROSSED TREACHEROUS MASS AVE.
— and lived to tell about it!

I WATCHED THEM SACRIFICE SCREAMING VIRGINS TO THE FLESH-STARVED BEAVER - GODS OF THE CHARLES RIVER BASIN!
TEN INCHES OR MORE subtracted from your biceps! Inches elsewhere. Here is your golden opportunity to transform your he-manly body into a 90-pound weakling, or I PAY THE POSTAGE.

ALASTAIR PRIMLY SAYS:

In only five minutes a day I can make you

lose whatever musclepower you had to begin with.

Fellow Feeb:

If you are a masochist like me, yet when you ask somebody to take a sock at you they turn and run because of your naturally heavy build, YOU NEED THIS PROGRAM!

D'ARCY PENDERGAST SAYS:

"Do what I did. Following Alastair Primly's terrifically difficult program, in three short weeks I lost 100 pounds, and now I am a perfect weakling."

Write for your free trial course booklet today.

Dear Alastair,

Shoot the Works. I'm sick of being a bully. Send your free INTRODUCTORY POWER-PACKED MUSCLE DETERIORATING COURSE TODAY.

Name ...............
Address ............
State ...............

TO: Alastair Primly
6900 Sugar Plum Fairy Lane
Sweetiepie, Virginia
RUPTURE-EASIER

DO YOU HAVE A PHYSICAL FOR SELECTIVE SERVICE COMING UP?

If you do, you'll want to use our Rupture-Easier to help you get your 4-F.

We supply 1 Diaphragm Gouger Truss (specify left or right), two feet, 800 pound test fishing wire, and a hollow cylindrical 200 pound weight.

Wear it to school, work. Don't be ashamed, people will think it's a limp. A few hours of vigorous exercise and there you are. A special surprise action.

Send $12.00 to Cement, Surplus Casing Corp., Gyp, Me.

LONG RANGE BRITISH BINOCULARS!!

Black Museum
11 Downing St.
London, ENGLAND

Sire:

Please send me postpaid your special binoculars. I understand that I will be deeply impressed.

Name __________________________
Address ________________________

Slash price 7.89
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ARE YOU OVERWEIGHT?
THEN USE WAISTE TO
SHRINK AWAY EXCESS FAT
WITHOUT DIETING!

MERELY RUB WAISTE
ON - NO DIETING

How WAISTE works: The human body, just like everything else, is made up of tiny little atoms no bigger than the period at the end of this sentence. These atoms, however, are not packed tightly together as one might suspect. They are, in fact, rather far apart, and just a few atoms take up a large volume of space. WAISTE works by miraculously removing the air from between the atoms, and thus allowing the atoms to take up less space. The microscope pictures below illustrate this.

Dr. A. O. Sealer, authentic professional authority, said the following about WAISTE: “My pet parakeet had a pot belly until I tried WAISTE!”

And Dr. Del Hagen, infamous medical savant, said: “I had a fat head until I tried WAISTE, and WAISTE didn’t even upset my stomach!”

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CASTRO'S SECRET PLAN

Dear RAW GUTS:

Boy, you sure told Fidel where to get off. Just what the hell is going on in this country when some two-bit dictator can come up with a secret plan like that and get away with it! I'd like to stomp his face!

J. Hoffa
Nashville, Tennessee

Dear RAW GUTS:

I thought I knew all there was to know about Castro until I read your article on _Castro’s Secret Plan_. Let’s have more dirt on that beard with the big mouth. You’re sure doing a great job of keeping your readers informed.

D. Rusk
Washington, D.C.

Dear RAW GUTS:

The only real men in America today are the guys who publish hard-hitting men’s magazines like RAW GUTS. All the others have gone soft. Keep up the kind of muscle-bound reporting like “Castro’s Secret Plan.” That’s sure some plan, all right.

C. Atlas
Chicago

Dear RAW GUTS:

Excellent story on Castro’s secret plan. I only wish that this could be brought to the attention of more freedom-loving Americans.

F. Batista
Caracas

KILLER OF THE LOWER EUPHRATES

Dear RAW GUTS:

God bless RAW GUTS magazine for printing the truth about the horrors of Euphratian prison camps in 279 B.C. These atrocities have gone unpunished long enough! It’s damn well time we cracked down on this Yossarian character, and put him away. Torturing all those men—we should tear him to bits in a salt bed!

H. Wirz
Andersonville

Dear RAW GUTS:

How could you claim that fooling around with rabbits may be perverted. I’ve never heard such nonsence in all my life.

H. Hefter
Chicago

Dear RAW GUTS:

Cancel my subscription immediately! I don’t mind your Nazi exposes, but the atrocities of the Euphrates Valley are too curdling for print. And there’s no reason to drag up that old dirt!

A. Schickel
Buenes Aires

TRUTH ABOUT SEX PERVERTS

Dear RAW GUTS:

Your article on sex perverts drew much attention to the terrible indecency of naked animals and what can happen when nakedness corrupts. We must all join the fight to clothe animals and protect our children and animals.

G. Clifford Prout
New York City

Dear RAW GUTS:

I am glad to see you print articles which cover the broad range of interests which are found in this country. You would be surprised how many persons are interested in this subject.

B. Looney
Los Angeles
HOW TO MAKE YOUR BOSS SIT UP AND TAKE NOTICE

One possible way is to be perfect. Do everything right, be personable, friendly, helpful, GET THE JOB DONE, and be prompt. A better way is to swindle him by making him THINK you are on the ball, etc.

How? A degree from M.I.T. You don't have to actually learn anything. You don't really have to be capable of doing anything. You don't need any basic intelligence or personality. All it takes is a B.S. after your name, and you can earn more, work less, and dominate your fellow employees. A mail order degree will do the job.

Now is the time for you to get an M.I.T. degree. Clip the coupon below and send it to us for a free sample diploma. Just check the department you would like to graduate in.

Yes! I want to be an instant success and snow customers. Send me a degree in:

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Mail to MIT, 77 Sunset Strip, Gaza Strip, Boston

BOOKS!! (The kind men like!)

CASTILOGNE. BOOK OF THE COURTIER
Don't miss chapter on kissing during the fiery renaissance.

PLATO. THE SYMPOSIUM
Strange habits of love during uninhibited Greek Republic.

SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GRENE KNIGHT
Bawdy English story of strange temptations in a mysterious castle when a knight meets his host's wife in bed.

CHAUCER, SIR GEOFFREY. YE LEGENDE OF GOODE WIMMEN
Updated versions of classic tales of love. Has inspired a movie starring Elizabeth Taylor—many parts had to be cut before it could be seen in Massachusetts.

THE WEDDING OF SYR GAWAIN
So uninhibited that it couldn't be printed in its original form for hundreds of years.

THE THOUSAND NIGHTS AND ONE NIGHT
Hard to obtain Symmes translation. Unexpurgated tales from the sultry East.

LADY MURISAKI. THE TALE OF GENII
A woman on the inside records her notes concerning strange deviations in the Imperial Japanese court.

HOMER. THE I LIAD
Thousands risk death for the love of a goddess-like slut.

TANGENT
Wow! Assorted back issues of infamous "Art" magazine. Stories and pictures.

THUCIDIDES. THE PELOPONNESEAN WARS
The full story now revealed. Real action!

SHAKESPEARE, WILLY. KING LEAR
Tragic tale of an old man's perverse love for his daughters. Regan and the Bastard! The famous strip scene! Unexpurgated!!

MARX AND ENGELS. THE COMMUNIST MANIFESTO
Searing document that threatened to destroy the institution of marriage, free love! Wow!

THE PHILATELIST'S JOURNAL (Assorted Issues)
Learn all about the strange practice of "Philately". In plain brown wrapper.

TWAIN, MARK. TOM SAWYER
Boy meets girl, they get "lost" in cave. Oo-la-la. Torrid tale of the Real South. By the author of 1601.

GABBARD, SIR GREGORY. YE HEADLESS KNIGHT
Yeech.

Send $1.00 per book to:
TANGANYIKA TEXTS
RFD, BOSTON
(Include $15.00 per book mailing charges.)
I was fighting in the Czechoslovakian resistance against the rotten Red bosses and their crummy Czech stooges. On one occasion, they had me on the run. I made my way across the frozen fields with the bloodhounds hot on my heels and plunged into the forest. Deep in the dark woods, I came upon a small hut owned by a hermit. Here, I thought, I could find refuge from my pursuers.

I knocked on the door, and when the hermit peeped out, I asked, "Hello, do you suppose you could cache a rather large Czech?"

(continued on page 71)
HOW DID HE KNOW THAT THE
ROTTEP PIG
WAS NO DAMN GOOD?

By Boob Pindick

Hank Hardwick flexed his golden brown muscles as he made his getaway from the bank robbery. It was too bad about those fifteen cops he had to kill, yet they should have known better than to threaten him. But he showed 'em—that's the last time they'll intimidate Horrible Hank Hardwick, or, as his mother used to call him, Horrible Hank. Hank jumped into his stolen XKE. He slammed down on the gas, and raced down the street, where he had to stop for a traffic light. "Bite the bag," he screamed, spitting his chewing gum through the windshield. Then suddenly, Hank felt a cool hand on his tawny black hair. "Get your foul extremity off my tawny black hair!" he shouted, and slapped his hand on the bag of money on the seat next to him. But turning around, he found himself looking at the most beautiful, voluptuous, sensual, fleshy, pulchritudinous girl that he had ever seen. "How about a... ride," asked the girl pulchritudinously. "Goddam tomato," roared Hank, but then paused and mulled the possibilities over in his mind. Who knows, she might be useful as a hostage. "Yeah," said Hank, "get the hell in." The girl got in next to him, Hank put the car into third gear, and sped off.

The girl began running her fingers through his tawny black hair. "You got nice hair," she said baldly.

"Yeah," said Hank, swerving the car in an attempt to run over a squirrel that was crossing the road.

(Continued on page 19)
THEY DRAGGED ME OUT, KICKING AND SCREAMING, THREW ME DOWN, AND BEAT ME TO A BLOODY PULP

A savage story of Dragging, Kicking, Screaming, Throwing, Beating, Bleeding and Pulping. . . .

—by O. S. Dial

They dragged me out kicking and screaming, threw me down, and beat me to a bloody
(continued on page 35)
It started out as a vacation. I've never cared much for vacations, but when the boss suggested that I go on a long one, I heard myself say, "Yes, J.B."

So here I was in the middle of the Macedonian jungle, disguised as a mild-mannered business man, trying to catch rare specimens of the Macedonian syph, and seeing how many of them would dance on the head of a pin. After trying unsuccessfully all morning to catch the syph, I decided to relax by taking a tramp through the woods.

Her name was Sonia.

Anyway, there we were, in the middle of the dense, primitive undergrowth, when Sonia screamed, "Help—GRAPE!"

(Continued on page 21)

(Really)
"I zeenk eet means 'Irma zee sweet,'" she explained huskily. "At least eet's what my mama was always shouting at me.

Our Doll is a real highbrow—she graduated from high school—but don't let that discourage you. She says she likes real men, not the namby-pamby egghead types like she met in high school. She prefers American men to Frenchmen because "zey have zee, how you say, guts."
Fermez hails from Cornsilk, Iowa. She prefers Boston men to Cornsilkers because, as she says, "zey have zee, how to say, creeping crud."

As we took our reluctant leave of Ferm after our exciting interview, we could hear her voice tinkling huskily "you got chewing gum?"
KISS ME, SMEDLEY

ANOTHER SPIKE HAMMERHEAD THRILLER

by MICKEY SPITTOON

My name is Spike Hammerhead. I'm so tough that I drive nails with my teeth. I got the biggest cavities in town.

I remember the first time I saw curvy Mabel Zilch. It was five minutes ago. I don't know why she attracted me. Except for the glass fishbowl she wore instead of a dress, she looked like any other girl. But I couldn't tear my eyes away from that fishbowl. There were still fish in it. A chill went thru my spine when she spoke. She was dropping ice cubes down my back.

"You've got to help me, Spike," she said, pointing a rod at me. I grabbed the rod and beat her over the head with it. "This is no time to be hanging curtains," I growled.

We decided to drive to town. In the glare of my naked headlights I saw this naked babe jump in front of my naked car. I plunged my naked foot down on the naked brakes. I got out of my car and looked the broad over. I saw what I liked. I liked what I saw. She saw what I liked and she liked me liking it. I liked her liking what I saw and seeing that I saw what I liked. So I slugged her.

We went into a bar. Gorilla Grogan, the bartender, slapped me on the back. But he was holding a knife in his hand when he did it. Lucky for me the blade was only two feet long, so it didn't hit a vital spot.

Fiery flames of anger made my muscles swell up into steel bands. My head throbbed like a tom-tom. My lips twitched into a menacing, deadly sneer. I must have looked perfectly frightful.

It was then that I saw Hour-Glass Hannah. When I saw her, the blood began to rush to my head. My eyes popped out. It took me ten minutes to find them and put them back. And all that time Hannah didn't move. She just stood there. No wonder. She'd been dead for six weeks.

(Continued on page 20)
Meek neurotic telling joke to friend:

"This beautiful blonde was lying on the bed, nude, waving the American flag, and singing the 'Star Spangled Banner'. Have you heard this?"

"No," his friend reassured him. "It's our National Anthem, you Communist!!"

"The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker — Why can't I?"

"Why does Bill Pinkerson wear red suspenders?"

"I dunno. Why does Bill Pinkerson wear red suspenders?"

"To keep his shoulders down, you ninny!!"

"What goes 'Mark, Mark'?"

"Carol!!!"

"I'd like two hot dogs—one with mustard."

"Which one?"

First man: "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"

Second man: "That was my wife."

First man: "Oh!!"

Boy: "What has six legs, feathers, and goes bah-bah-bah?"

Girl: "I dunno."

Boy: "Three Indians singing the Whiffenpoof Song!!"

Girl: "Bite the bag."

Staffer: "What's the difference between a woman track star and Bill Pinkerson?"

Editor: "We can't print that!!"
ROTTEN PIG

(Continued from page 9)

The girl just happened to know of a little cabin out in the woods, so Hank drove there. They went into the cabin, the girl lit a candle, and Hank put the bag of money on the table. The girl started running her fingers through the silver bills. “You got nice money,” she said richly.

“Shaddup,” said Hank, kicking her in the stomach.

The girl blew her voluptuous nose. She must have known that Hank was like a ravenous, primitive beast. She also knew that there was only one way to tame such a beast, and that she would have to be subtle about it. “How about lying down here next to me on the bed,” she said subly.

This girl’s really on the ball, thought Hank, really on the ball. Hank spit a bullet of saliva across the room, drowning an ant that was crawling along the floor, and put out the candle by pressing the wick with his thumb. Seconds later he was lying next to her on the bed.

“You know,” she said, “I don’t even know your name.”

“None of your goddamn business,” said Hank, kicking her in the stomach. “What’s yours?”

“Suzy.”

“Yeah.”

Suddenly Hank thought of all that money lying there unprotected on the table. Then he thought some more about all that money. Then he grunted, sighed, and began chewing her right ear lobe.

Next thing it was morning and Hank woke up in a bad mood, for he had forgotten to take off his shoes when he went to bed. Then, looking carefully around the room, Hank noticed that something was missing. The money! “The money!” cried Hank. He jumped into his Bermuda shorts and then noticed that something else was missing. The girl! “The girl!” cried Hank. He ran out to the car, got in, and tried in vain to start it. “That lousy, no-good, miserable, dirty filthy rotten, beautiful, sexy pig,” he screamed, kicking the side of the car. And then, suddenly, there was Suzy, pointing a gun at him.

“All right you dumb idiot, the jig is up. I’m a policewoman undercover agent,” she declared. “What’s more, I’m putting you under wraps!”

“You know, I really hate to have to do this. You seemed like such an all right sort of guy,” she purred pulchritudinously.

Hank grunted and spit on the ground. Being taken in by a lousy girlie-cop like this was too much for him. He kicked the gun out of her hand, knocked her to the ground, and cut her up good with his Boy Scout knife. “Ha ha. That will learn you, you no-good fuzz.”

(Continued on page 21)
Red hot anger boiled thru my quivering veins. Sweat poured out of my forehead like a gushing faucet. I clenched my fists so hard that my sharp, jagged nails cut one of my hands off at the wrist. Like a crazed bull, shouting and cursing, I burst into action. I ran the hell outta there. But Gorilla caught me. He put the muzzle of a sub-machine gun against my back and squeezed the trigger. Lucky for me he was a lousy shot.

Before going out the next morning, I decided to take a shower. But I couldn't. It was too heavy. While I was getting dressed, a big buxom blonde walked in, wearing only a pair of shorts. But I wasn't interested. He was a man. "I'm gonna beat the living daylights outta ya, Hammerhead!" he roared. "I'm gonna clobber ya until yer own mudder wouldn't know ya!" Years of dangerous living had made my brain razor sharp. I guessed in a flash that this unknown intruder meant to do me bodily harm!

I snarl came from between my clenched teeth. "I warn ya, unknown intruder, I..." (Continued on next page)
play rough.” With that, I dug my fingers
ails into the wall and tore a beam out of
the woodwork. “Now I’m gonna split yer
head open like an egg!” I growled. I
whirled around as I heard a low voice be-
hind me say, “Don’t do it, Spike. That
beam’s got splinters in it.”

It was vivacious Mabel Zilch. “The
trouble with you, Spike,” she purred, “is
that you’re too hot-headed.” And she was
right. She was shampooing my scalp with
an acetylene torch.

I gently removed the torch from her
careless fingers by the simple expedient of
breaking her arms. Then as she turned her
limpid, love-sick eyes up to mine, with her
soft, moist lips half-parted, waiting for my
feverish kiss, I busted a chair over her
head.

“Spike,” she murmured. “Why do you
keep fighting it? It’s bigger than both of
us.” That was all she had time to say be-
fore the hemorrhaging began. I couldn’t
stand there and watch her bleed to death,
so I applied a tourniquet. But I made a
slight mistake. I squeezed it around her
neck. I realized that now; there was only
a split-second left to act. So I acted.

I did a few scenes from OTHELLO, and
then read some SONNETS FROM THE
PORTUGUESE. I was just finishing up
with BEOWULF when I could see out of the
corner of my eye that my plan, was work-
ing. Mabel lay still as a board. I stalked
over to her lifeless figure and stood over
her for a while we’re both deafened by
the sound of cracking ribs, and then a low,
ominous silence falls. When she bends
over to pick it up, I free myself, and race
up there the day before.

But the roof is deserted, except for a
vulgar Susie Gazut was upon me. She
takes her in her arms and crushes me to
her. For a while we’re both deafened by
the sound of cracking ribs, and then a low,
ominous silence falls. When she bends
down to pick it up, I free myself, and race
to the roof, hungrily looking for an avenue
of escape and for a salami sandwich I left
up there the day before.

But the root is deserted, except for a
smiling red-head who’s taking a sun bath.
She beckons to me—her eyes shining—
his lips quivering—her knees knocking—but I’m suspicious of dames who take sun
baths on roofs. Especially when it’s the
middle of the night.

I turn to leave, taking one last look at
her firm, pink, soft, luscious dachshund
which is sitting at her side . . . and sud-
ddenly the whole thing falls into place.
What a fool I’ve been. She’s the killer.

I grab her by the collar of her dress.
She slaps me. I realize she ain’t wearing
know I haven’t got a chance.” And
while she’s talking, she coming closer, and
closer, until her hands are on my shoul-
ders . . . then they move down to my
chest, my waist, my money belt . . .

Before she can finish her next sentence,
I whip out my .45 and let her have it!

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hot-headed.” And she was right. She was
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soft, moist lips half-parted, waiting for my
feverish kiss, I busted a chair over her
head.

“Spike,” she murmured. “Why do you
keep fighting it? It’s bigger than both of
us.” That was all she had time to say be-
fore the hemorrhaging began. I couldn’t
stand there and watch her bleed to death,
so I applied a tourniquet. But I made a
slight mistake. I squeezed it around her
neck. I realized that now; there was only
a split-second left to act. So I acted.

I did a few scenes from OTHELLO, and
then read some SONNETS FROM THE
PORTUGUESE. I was just finishing up
with BEOWULF when I could see out of the
corner of my eye that my plan, was work-
ing. Mabel lay still as a board. I stalked
over to her lifeless figure and stood over
her for a while we’re both deafened by
the sound of cracking ribs, and then a low,
ominous silence falls. When she bends
down to pick it up, I free myself, and race
up there the day before.

But the root is deserted, except for a
smiling red-head who’s taking a sun bath.
She beckons to me—her eyes shining—
his lips quivering—her knees knocking—but I’m suspicious of dames who take sun
baths on roofs. Especially when it’s the
middle of the night.

I turn to leave, taking one last look at
her firm, pink, soft, luscious dachshund
which is sitting at her side . . . and sud-
ddenly the whole thing falls into place.
What a fool I’ve been. She’s the killer.

I grab her by the collar of her dress.
She slaps me. I realize she ain’t wearing
know I haven’t got a chance.” And
while she’s talking, she coming closer, and
closer, until her hands are on my shoul-
ders . . . then they move down to my
chest, my waist, my money belt . . .

Before she can finish her next sentence,
I whip out my .45 and let her have it!

“Spike!” she murmured. “You’re too
hot-headed.” And she was right. She was
shampooing my scalp with an acetylene
torch.

I gently removed the torch from her
careless fingers by the simple expedient of
breaking her arms. Then as she turned her
limpid, love-sick eyes up to mine, with her
soft, moist lips half-parted, waiting for my
feverish kiss, I busted a chair over her
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<table>
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<tr>
<th>Event Date</th>
<th>Event Time</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Description</th>
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<td><strong>FRIDAY EVENING</strong></td>
<td><strong>JANUARY 17</strong></td>
<td>6:30 &amp; 9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>10-250 60c CONTEMPORARY SERIES &quot;LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>SATURDAY AFTERNOON</strong></td>
<td><strong>JANUARY 18</strong></td>
<td>2:00 P.M.</td>
<td>10-250 35c LSC TOOLS’ MATINEE &quot;DON'T KNOCK THE TWIST&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>JANUARY 18</strong></td>
<td>6:00 &amp; 9:00 P.M.</td>
<td>KRESGE 35c ENTERTAINMENT SERIES &quot;GYPSY&quot; STARRING ROSALIND RUSSELL AND NATALIE WOOD</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>THURSDAY EVENING</strong></td>
<td><strong>JANUARY 23</strong></td>
<td>8:00 P.M.</td>
<td>KRESGE READING PERIOD FREE MOVIE</td>
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