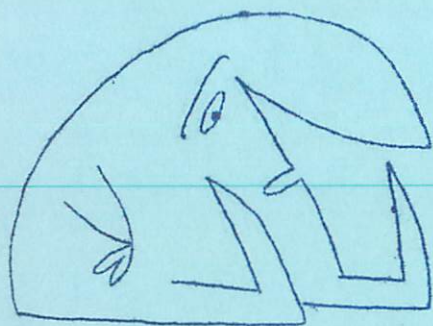
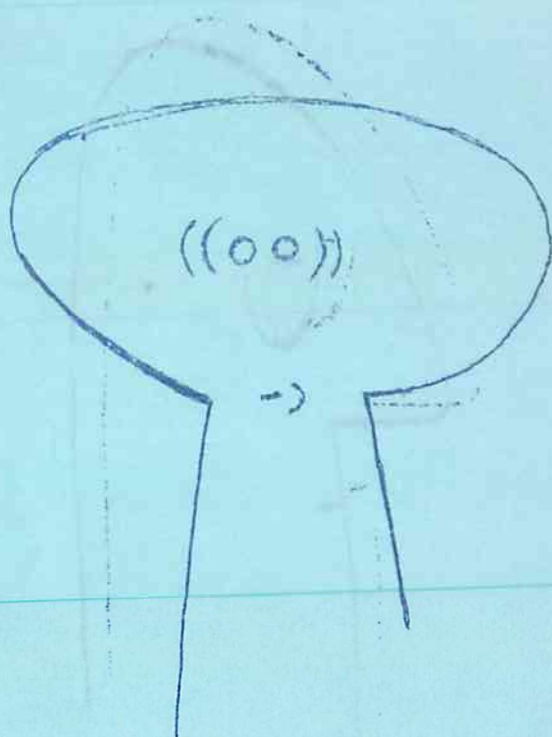


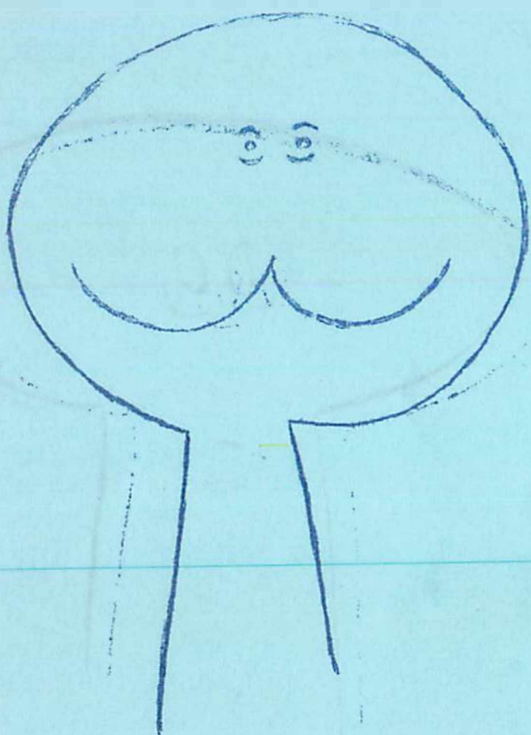
ON THE  
PSYCHIATRIST'S  
COUCH



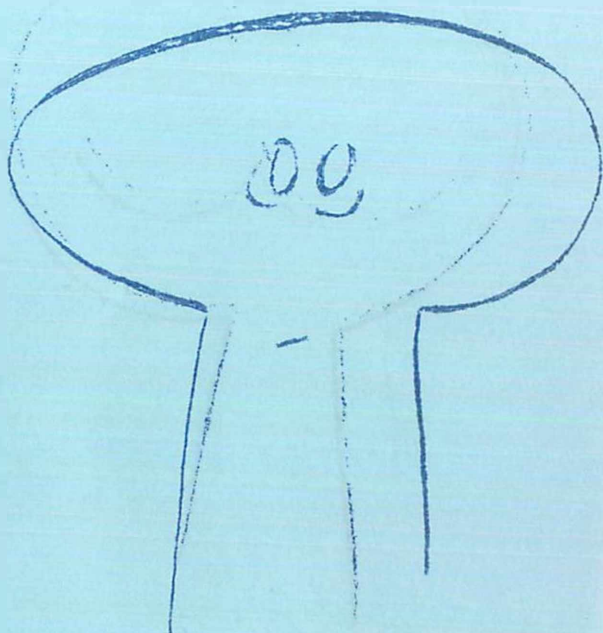
by WILLIAM ROTSLER



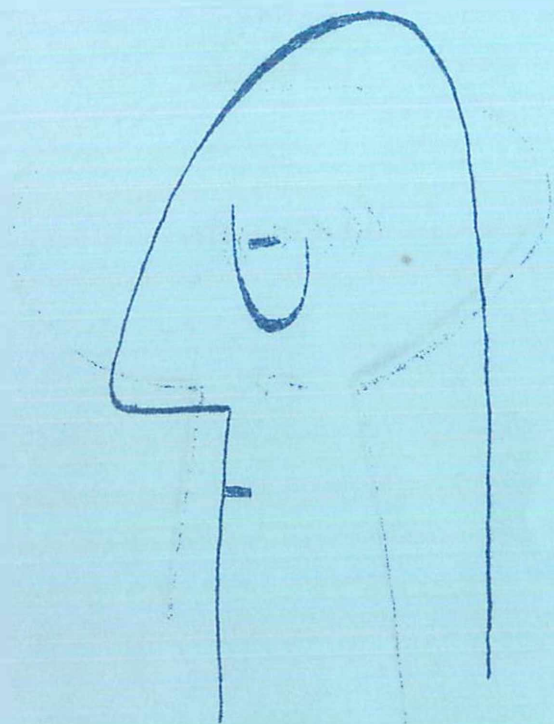
• If I could be made a border-  
line case I'd be all right.



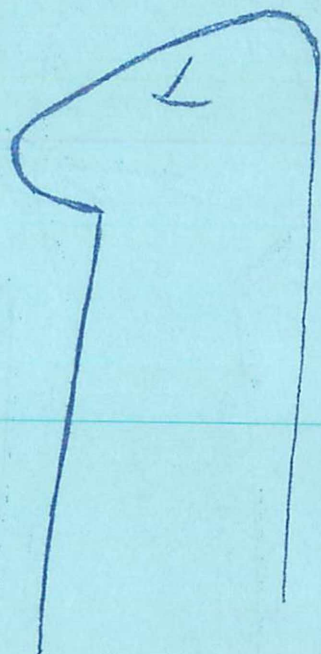
1951. "Why:  
I don't have any neuroses,  
just fetishes.



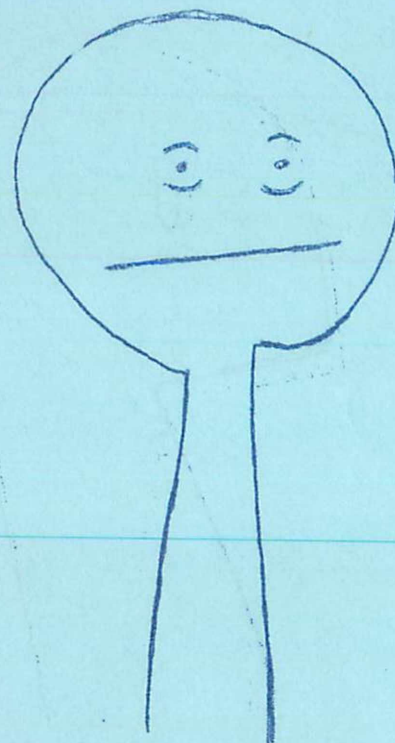
Sometimes I ask myself "Where  
are you going?" and other times  
I ask myself "Why did you come  
here?"



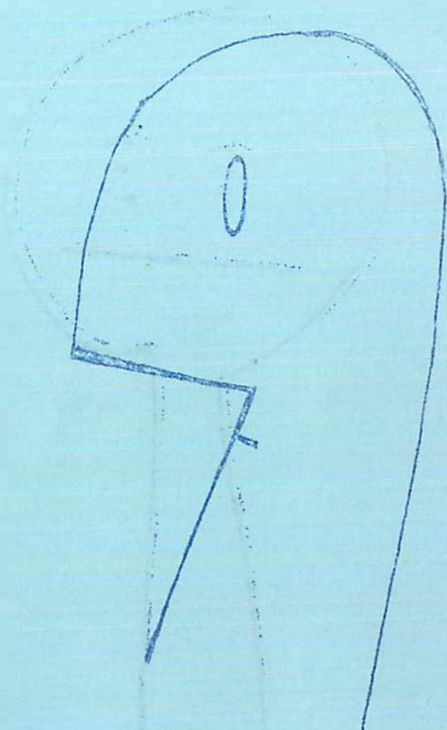
No one ever remembers my name.



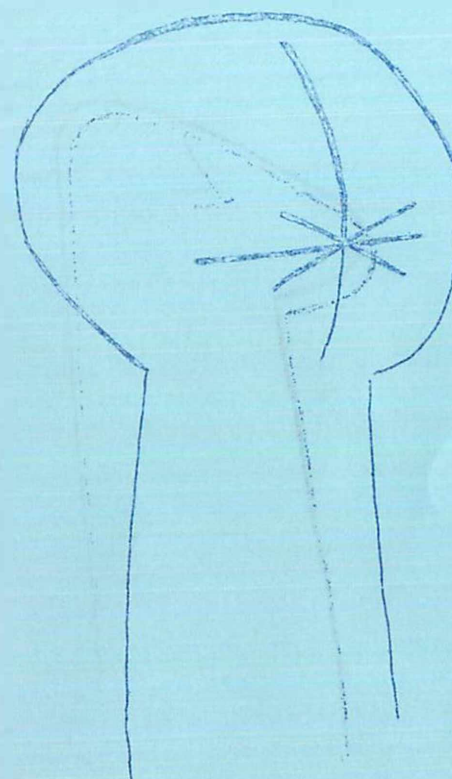
I'm better than all of you --  
so there.



I don't have to prove anything  
to myself.



I had a perfect childhood.



I go on a rampage every six months whether I have anything to be mad about or not.

