

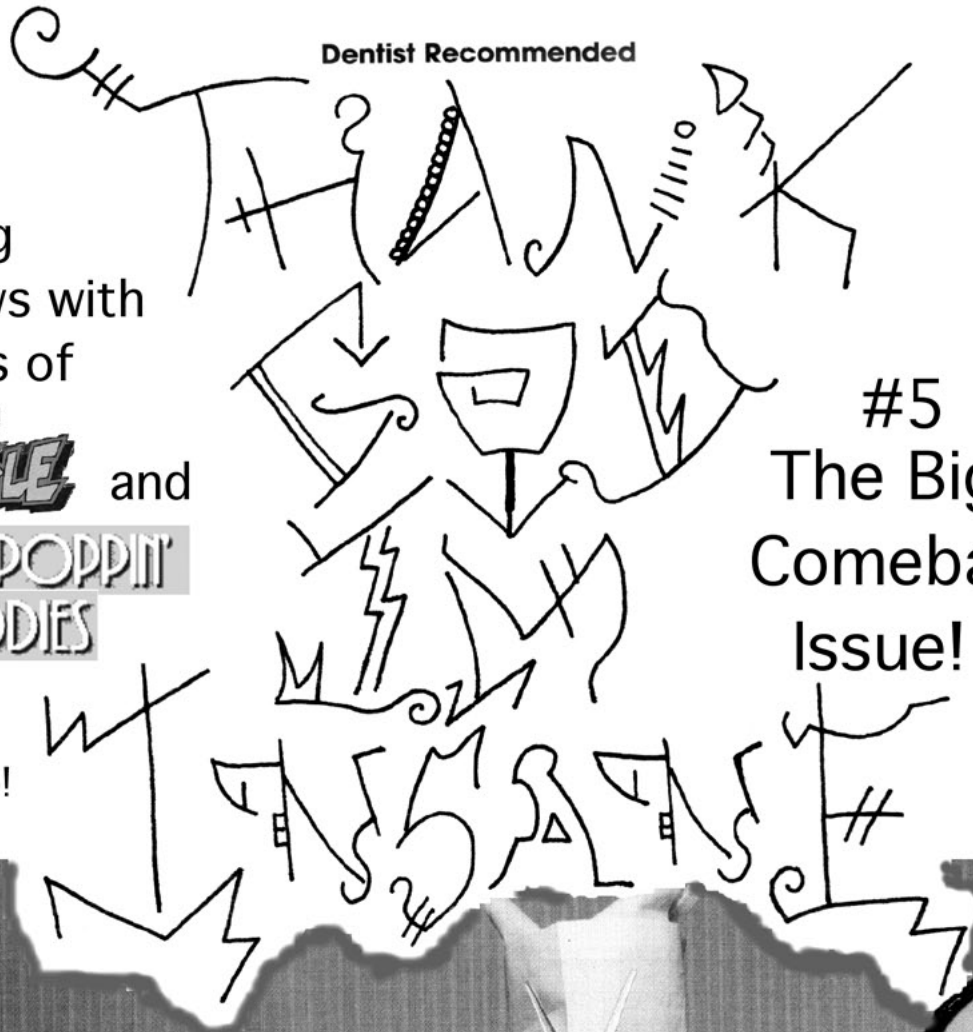
Dentist Recommended

Featuring
interviews with
members of

BUNGLE and
**CHERRY POPPIN'
DADDIES**

#5
The Big
Comeback
Issue!

And the
usual crap!



INTRODUCTION

Hi, welcome to Thank God I'm Insane #5. Don't forget to buy back issues blah blah blah.

Okay. Now, you may be wondering why the heck it took me so long to finish this issue. Well, here's the thing: A lot of you may not know this, but I am an agent for the CIA, and am privy to a lot of confidential information. So, all my zines have to be cleared by Uncle Sam before I can send them off to you. Normally this doesn't take very long, but because of the recent White House sex scandals, the people who usually censor my zine were all too busy giving the president cold showers. In fact, I myself had a rather unpleasant and unwanted encounter with the prez -- I won't get into the details, but suffice it to say that all I got was this lousy T-shirt. But the point is that the Feds were finally able to round up a couple of non-union guys who were willing to censor my zine at minimum wage. They're not exactly professionals, but I understand that one of them did take a couple of government classes at the local junior college.

But anyway, this brings up a point I wanted to make. You may remember that in a Factsheet Five review of my zine, they called TGII a "silly new zine by jeremy, who doesn't seem to have much to say..." Well believe me, I'd like to be able to say more, but I can't with Big Brother breathing down my neck. For example, I'd like to tell you about how all the exploited Mexican workers who live underneath the White House are now being replaced by aliens, but I'm sworn to secrecy. Or, that Tipper Gore actually wrote the song Cop Killer, and Oliver Stone shot JFK, but again, my hands are tied. And most of all, I'd like to tell you that our entire country is actually being run by a guy named Frank Bruce who lives in his mother's basement in Pittsburgh, but [redacted]. So I'm forced to talk about all that sex and masturbation and [redacted] crap, which really doesn't interest me in the slightest.

Oh, which reminds me, remember last issue when I said, "I don't think I've ever heard anyone say, 'Darn it, I'm just

THIS INTRODUCTION WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY:



not very good at masturbating?" Well, now I have. A girl told me that she just can't seem to do it. So, apparently [redacted] does take some skills that I was not aware of. I stand corrected. By the way, the girl's name is Tannith Rhoe, and her phone number is 966-9993.

As always, please feel free to write me. I'm into Mr. Bungle and other experimental music, PJ Harvey, The Simpsons, whips & chains, Korn, King Missile, Jane's Addiction, Naked City, Monty Python, Salvador Dali, David Lynch, Ren & Stimpy, and, of course, [redacted]. See ya.

HEROIN: YOUR PRESCRIPTION FOR FUN!

From the makers of Flintstones Chewable Vicodin.

NON-SILLY INTRODUCTION

Okay, I figured that since I'm been such a colossal flake about getting this zine done, I owed everyone a real explanation. It's partly that I've been having problems getting people to do artwork for TGII. Al Wells, the guy who did the Fred Hitler strip, has been AWOL for quite a while. I found someone else to replace him, but he also flaked out on me. So then I found yet another artist who also flaked! My conclusion? Artists are complete fucking flakes! However, I must take some of the blame too, as I was kind of dreading all the work it takes to do TGII, and my artist problems were kind of an excuse to just give up.

But recently I got some letters from people wondering what happened to TGII; this kind of inspired me to get off my ass. So I made the (perhaps ill-fated) decision to draw a Fred cartoon myself, and hope that a new issue would drum up enough interest in TGII that a real, non-flaky artist would come forth and prevent the world from ever being subjected to my artwork again. Then my friend Heather volunteered her artistic talents to TGII, so I'm using her for a new strip called Jesus & Butthead. Oh, and of course I still have plenty of surreal and disturbing artwork from my trusty friend Jason, but I haven't had any luck getting him to draw comic strips for me.

So to make up for lost time, I'm doing a full sized issue of TGII, and I'm thinking about having it printed professionally. Sadly, I had to raise the price to \$2 for this one, but back issues are still just a buck. Also, as you may have noticed, this issue was done entirely on a computer, as opposed to the old scissors-and-glue way. Please let me know if you don't like these changes, so that I can politely tell you into which bodily orifice to shove it.

I'm involved in a lot of other things right now, so I don't know how long it will be before my next issue comes out, or if I'll have time to print anymore big issues like this one. If you're interested in future TGII stuff, email me and I'll keep you posted. As well as doing this zine, I'm also going to be selling CD's of my music (of the same name) eventually, and I've been thinking about doing an internet radio station type deal, but I really don't have the know-how to do that right now.

Oh, I almost forgot: if you're like me (and I know I am) you're a huge Mr. Bungle fanatic. So check out Heather's Mr. Bungle web site: <http://www.wco.com/~acedia>

Late,

jeremy?

jeremy (saved by the) bell
(ed./writer/layout)
3768 Sonoma Ave.
Santa Rosa, CA 95405
iquit@sfsu.edu

P.S. [redacted]

THIS NON-SILLY INTRODUCTION WAS BROUGHT TO YOU BY



XYLIFRESH: THE ONLY GUM MADE WITH REAL XYLOPHONES!

Contributors and starving artists: Jason (had a rough) Knight: Heather (who shot) Kennedy

DAKOTA

"Dakota. What the hell kind of a stupid word is Dakota?" said Brad Brad Brad, whose name was just repeated three times. "Fuck Dakota."

"I don't mind of I do," said Mike Mike Mike, whose name was *not* just repeated three times, because his actual name is the word Mike repeated three times; therefore if I had repeated his name three times it would have been Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike. "Please excuse me while I get me some sweet loving from Dakota."

(While we're waiting for Mike Mike Mike to fuck Dakota, I'd like to take this opportunity to point out that it seems a bit of a waste of space to keep writing out his full name, which, I might add, is a rather silly name besides. So, henceforth, I shall refer to Mike Mike Mike as Mike. Here he is now.)

"Okay, I'm done fucking Dakota," said Mike, whose name was just divided by three. "Let me know if those Midwestern states give you any more trouble."

"Thanks Mike Mike Mike," said Br, whose name was just divided by two. "I think it's a terrible shame that our children are growing up in a world where you can't walk down the street at night without worrying about a geographical region having a silly name."

"It's a sorry state of affairs," said whose name was omitted entirely.

Brad said: "I think it was Emerson or one of those guys with a lot of facial hair who said, 'A foolish consistency is, uh, Dakota sucks.'"

(I just wanted to use this empty space to point out that earlier, when I I I said, "said whose name was omitted entirely," I didn't mean to suggest that his name was Whose Name Was Omitted Entirely, but rather point out that his name was indeed omitted. Carry on.)

"Indeed," said Mike, whose name was Mike. "Hey look, it's Whose Name Was Omitted Entirely."

"Hi, Whose Name Was Omitted Entirely," said Brad, whose name was not omitted entirely or partially.

"Hi Brad and Mike Mike Mike," said Whose Na, whose name was multiplied by 8/31. "Remember earlier when you you y said 'Emerson or one of those guys with a lot of facial hair?' Did you mean that his name was Emerson Or One Of Those Guys With A Lot Of Facial Hair, or were you just pointing out that Emerson is commonly associated with a group of American writers and philosophers who often had facial hair?"

"Will you have sex with me?" said Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike Mike, whose name was repeated three times, and not nine times.

(I'd like to use this awkward pause to say: What the hell kind of a name is Whose Name Was Omitted Entirely?)

"It's actually a very common name in North Dakota," said Professor Plum, who did it in the library with a candlestick.

"Fuck Whose Name Was Omitted Entirely," said me, whose name was not Me.

"I don't mind of I do," said Professor Plum Pi, whose name was multiplied by the circumference divided by the radius squared. "Please excuse me while I get me some sweet loving from Whose Name Was Omitted Entirely."

"Hey, wait a second," said Me whose name was not his name. "I thought I was narrating this story! Why am I being referred to in the third person? What the hell's going on?"

"...," said .



- BY ME ART BY JASON

WHAT I DID ON MY ZINE VACATION

A lot of my readers have been writing in and asking what I've been doing during my long sabbatical from TGII. Well okay, two people wrote in, but technically, that's still most of you. Anyway, I've been spending most of my time on a spiritual quest to find the answers to two questions that have been plaguing my life for some time: 1) Does God exist, and 2) Why is there a need for both regular and extra strength Tylenol?

Needless to say, I have found only riddles and illusive spirals of circular logic on my quest to find an explanation for the Tylenol duality, but happily, the God question was answered quite readily. It really is amazing what you can find in the Yellow Pages if you know the right synonyms (Hint: instead of looking under Gods, try Existential Beings and Anthropomorphic Deities). Anyway, the answer to the God question is...

I'm sorry, but this Regular Strength Tylenol thing is still bugging me. Why would someone purposely take something that they knew would be less effective? What are they afraid of? That they might accidentally kill some other pain besides their headache? "Yeah Doc, gimme something that'll make my head feel better, but will still leave my back a little sore." I mean, I've met people with serious rods up their butt, but never have I heard anyone say, "Extra Strength Tylenol? No thanks, I have to get up early in the morning."

But I digress. The answer to the God question is very simple, really. It seems that...

Wait, I have to interrupt myself one more time. I mean, if they're really worried about OD'ing on the stuff, they could just take one pill. Hell, they could even break the thing in half, fer crying out loud. Boy, leave it to the strange fantasy world of market research to actually make it a *selling point* of a product that it's *less* effective! Just wait until these promotion wizards get a hold of other markets. "TWA now offers flights on regular *and* fully operational airplanes!" The flight attendants can say, "Will you be sitting in the flying or non-flying section, ma'am?" I think the Tylenol people should go one step further and just offer their product in "Works," and "Doesn't Work" varieties. Their slogan can be, "Tylenol: It might relieve your headache!!"

Okay, back to God. I'm really going to reveal the answer this time. It turns out that there *is* a God, but there's a catch: He's an atheist. Apparently he just has really low self esteem. But hey, what do you expect from a guy who demands that *everyone* love him? I mean, talk about self-worth problems -- this guy has more issues than the Christian Science Monitor. But it just goes to show you how important it is to believe in yourself.

Like God, I am also an atheist. Some folks think that people decide to become atheists because it's convenient, but I assure you, nothing could be further from the truth. Maintaining my spiritual degeneration is something that requires a daily struggle. Every Sunday I wake up early in the morning to make sure I'm nowhere near a church. I have to constantly think up new things to say when people sneeze. I must regularly cleanse my mind of any pure thoughts, and I always set aside a few minutes before meals

and bedtime to not say my prayers. After graduating from highschool I decided to devote part of my life to spreading my message, so for one year I knocked on peoples doors and stared blankly at them when they answered. Sometimes I feel like I might have a special purpose in this world, but fortunately I have plenty of friends around to help me regain my senses. It is so important to have a group you can rely on for this kind of amoral support and spiritual guide-away-ance. When all else fails and I still start to think that there might be a God after all, I just listen to a couple hours of the Spice Girls. That does the trick every time.

Now, some of you might be wondering what exactly the difference is between atheists and agnostics. No? Well too bad, I'm going to tell you anyway. Try to think of it this way: if atheism was a beer, agnosticism would be called, "Atheist Light: All the detached apathy of atheism, but half the time in purgatory!" Basically, the difference between atheists and agnostics is that if agnostics die and it turns out that there really *is* a God, they just say, "Uhh... did I say I didn't believe in God? No no, I said I didn't believe in Jean Claude! And I'm not to sure about Bruce Lee either. Now gimme my harp, Churchy." Whereas, if us atheists find out there is a God, we're basically fucked. But that's okay, because all our friends are in Hell anyway.

A lot of people are concerned about where the Christian church is headed nowadays. After the little incident involving the Heaven's Gate folks, I talked to a guy who said, "These cultist nutballs with their crazy ideas are giving us regular Christians a bad name." I wanted to talk to him more about this, but he was in a hurry to go put flashing lights on a dead pine tree that he sacrificed and put in his living room for a magical man in the sky.

They say that people are beginning to lose their faith, and I think there may be some truth to that. After all, many parents are no longer teaching their children guilt and shame for their bodies. The suicide rate among homosexuals is becoming dangerously low. Many men no longer consider their wives to be property, and a few wacos have even suggested that women should be allowed to become priests, vote, or play Peter Pan in school plays! Perhaps most shocking of all is that many prominent figures in the religious community are now having sex with people other than little boys. Yes people, our moral values are crumbling.

But all is not lost. The church has faced times of crisis in the past, but has always continued to persevere. Christian leaders stopped executing astronomers in the heliocentric camp centuries ago, but did they just lay down and quit? Hell no! They got right back on that horse and started executing midwives! So when people worry about how Christians are becoming too accepting of Darwinism, I say to them, "Take heart! For soon there will be a new scientific advancement that the religious community can stifle! Hell, I always thought that

whole theory of relativity thing seemed a little fishy.” And sure, the church no longer endorses slavery or segregation, but there are still plenty of sexual deviants to persecute!

So I’m confident that the church will be around for a long time to come. But for those of you who are still worried, I’ve decided to give the church a little helping hand. I’ve compiled a list of new minority groups and deviants that the church can deride and condemn. Enjoy!

- Albinos.
- Audience members at infomercials.
- People who put clothes on their pets.
- White people with really dark tans.
- Tall people trapped in the bodies of short people.
- Forks that run away with spoons.
- Old people.
- Muppets.
- The Swiss.
- Smart asses who write blasphemous essays.

This list should give the church a little starter push into the twenty-first century (Of course, first they’ll have to enter the twentieth century).

Well, before I wrap things up, I thought that, in the interest of equal time, I’d talk a little about the dark master of the nether regions. That’s right folks, it’s Satan time. To me, the Devil seems to have the ultimate PR problem. I mean, I’m no theological scholar, but as I understand it, this guy *wants* people to join his unholy army of the damned, right? Right. Well he sure has a funny way of showing it. I mean, wouldn’t it be in his best interest to cut back on all the eye gouging and the flesh burning? Or better yet, why not just eliminate the whole torture thing altogether? Hell, if I’m gonna be spreading his evil prophesies of doom, I need to be well rested and relatively free of gaping sores on my body. Satan really strikes me as a guy with very poor motivational skills. Come on, Beelzebub, *sell me* on your dark plans! Make me *see* your vision! You’re never gonna be able to compete with heaven if you don’t cool it with that damn pitchfork! Maybe what you need is a catchy slogan. How about: “Hell: Not as good as heaven, but hey, no more torture! (Brought to you by the makers Regular Strength Tylenol).”

- BY ME

This is a door of an Albertsons store next to where I used to work. The proprietors of this store either had a strange sense of humor or no sense of logic.



THIS PAGE'S TOP STORY:
students don't want
to lick public toilets





It's time for the lovable and not evil...
FRED HITLER
 Episode four: Fred has an identity crisis.

"HE'S GOT A 50 PERCENT CHANCE OF LIVING, BUT THERE'S ONLY A 20 PERCENT CHANCE OF THAT." -FROM THE NAKED GUN



THIS PAGE'S TOP STORY students don't want Nixon sex

BY ME

Please don't make me draw another Fred Hitler cartoon! If you'd like to be the new artist for Fred, draw your own rendition of him and send it to me. I will be conducting an exhausting tireless search for the new artist of Fred. The chosen one will be showered with praise and riches beyond their wildest dreams! Or maybe I'll just get Heather to do it.

I MESSED WITH TEXAS

A work of fiction

Well, if you saw the title of this here story, which I reckon you did, you're probably wondering why the hell I went and did a thing like that. Well, don't get me wrong; I'm one hundred percent southern and all, but I just don't cotton too much to people telling me what I can and can't mess with. I reckon it's also got to do with what my daddy calls a "pink streak" in our family tree, which he blames on Mama. 'Cause, see, her daddy used to be one of them union folks back in the forties, to which Dad never took too kindly. Now personally, I never saw nothing wrong with fellas wanting a good day's pay for a good day's work, but you just couldn't explain that shit to Pop. He'd just say, "Listen at that boy, Alice; ya done passed it on to him."

To which Mama would reply: "Now you just leave him alone. That there's a smart young boy. You ought'a listen at him yourself once in a while; ya might learn somethin'."

"Shit! You think he's smart 'cause he's still in school 'stead of gettin' a damn job? Tell me somethin' son; what did you learn in school today? They teach to quit forgettin' to do your chores?"

"We're learning about that negative and positive stuff in algebra."

"You mean that negative plus a negative equals a positive shit? When you gonna use that, huh? You gonna --"

"Dad, it's a negative *times* a negative equals a positive."

"Yeah, yeah, times is bigger than plus anyway, wise guy. How you gonna take two nothings and get a something, huh? Hey Alice, David's math teacher says you can go down to Matucci's Market and get a couple'a steaks for two nothings. That's a damn good deal, we should --"

"Randy, quit your damn yellin'; you gonna wake up the baby again."

I always respected Mama 'cause she wasn't afraid to speak her mind to Dad or anyone else. When I think about Ma, it makes me reckon that old Freud was right about fellas wanting to get married up to gals like their moms. After I finished high school, I decided to take a couple classes at the junior college, and right quick I got all dopey-eyed for a pretty girl named Emma, and let me tell you, she was a real talker. This was back in '67 or '68 when people was starting to get all kinds of crazy ideas and she had them all. Funny thing was, a lot of them started to make sense once she explained

them real sweetly to me, with her hair smelling all nice. But, good Lord, that woman just never knew when to keep quiet and let people think what they wanted to think.

Still, whenever I started to chew Emma out for calling my pop a racist or hollering at my buddies for chucking cigarette butts out the car window, I would remember what my grandma was like. Now understand, I loved Grandma dearly, but I sure am glad my daddy decided to break old Freud's rule when he married my mom. I mean, Grandma was the kind of woman that couldn't wait for you to say something just so's she could agree with it. If two people had two different opinions, damned if she didn't figure out a way to agree with them both. And if folks started arguing when she was around, she'd get all pale and

panicky something awful. She'd start talking about supper or the weather in this timid little shaky voice until everybody quieted down and got all friendly like. And the way she was always trying to wait on everyone and clean up after everyone -- man, it gave me the willies. I swear to God, I think if I had taken a crap in the

middle of her kitchen, she'd have been there with the pooper scooper before it hit her freshly waxed linoleum floor.

Not Emma. She got this look on her face when people started arguing like she was getting high off it or something. It was like back in high school, when some bully tried to pick a fight and all the kids would come a'running to watch. Emma was like that, but with arguments, not people socking each other. And thanks to me, she never had to fret about being hard up for a good debate, since I was always getting into it with her and her intellectual college buddies. She had a friend named Gale, who had this boyfriend named Tom. Tom was a bit older than us and he had his own place. So pretty soon after I started dating Emma, we started spending a lot of time out at Tom's, drinking whiskey and talking shit among

"If I had taken a crap in the middle of her kitchen, she'd have been there with the pooper scooper before it hit her freshly waxed linoleum floor."

ourselves and whatever other folks happened to be staying at his place at the time. You should have seen Emma getting into all these heated debates with us -- man, her eyes would get all big and her nostrils would start flaring like she wanted to see what the argument smelled like or something. Like when she'd tell me to cut back on my hours so's I could go full time to a university. I'd always say no.

"Why? Give me one damn reason," Emma said hotly, as we sat listening to records at Tom's house.

"School costs money, Em, and money is exactly what I ain't gonna have if I quit working as much. My dad ain't Mr. Money-bags, like yours."

Emma's mouth opened and she looked slightly wounded by that little jab. Not much, though.

"Man, all the money in the world ain't gonna help you if you let them turn you into a damn zombie at that factory," said a guy named T.J., who had a shaggy beard and was drinking coffee and tequila.

"Not everybody wants to sell dope for a livin', T.J."

"Hey man, I've worked in those places before, I've seen what it's like. A bunch of damn robots with... fucking... tombstones in their eyes, man."

"Tombstones in their eyes... What is that?" Tom's head perked up from an old hardback book that was falling apart. "Is that a song?"

"You can maybe get scholarships, Davey," said Emma. "And I can help, too."

"No way, Emma. I'm sorry, but I just wasn't raised to be takin' --"

"Oh, here we go with the old paternal economics. Money is money, whether it comes from a woman or a man."

"Hey, you told me yourself that women have to work harder for the same pay."

"It's definitely a song," Gale said, steering clear of this months-old debate. "I can hear it in my head. Da da da... walking 'round... tombstones in their eyes..."

"Oh, this is gonna bug me all night. T.J., where did that come from -- that thing about tombstones in their eyes?"

T.J. had wandered into the kitchen and was standing in front of the refrigerator with the door open. "It's from that... you know, those guys... aw shit, now I done forgot."

"Just think about it, okay Dave? You can save your money and get a student loan, and you won't have to take money from me if you're so dead set against it."

"Can I use your margarine, Tom?" said T.J.

"It was well known that the first word in a draft notice was 'Greetings.' Ha! A fella might refer to that as being ironic, if he was so inclined."

"No."

"No?"

"I thought you said this house was gonna be like a little utopian... communal society, or whatever," said Emma. "Like, anybody could use whatever they wanted and they didn't have to ask 'cause you didn't believe in ownership."

"Yeah, well, that was before certain people kept eating my food without ever buying groceries," said Tom, aiming the words "certain people" directly between T.J.'s disappointed eyes.

Anticipating another argument about the redistribution of wealth, I said, "So, I guess this is what I have to look forward to when I get myself edu-mi-cated."

"Oh, so that's why you're so against going to a real university."

"Look, the whole argument don't mean shit anyways, 'cause... well, dammit, I might as well tell everyone the bad news now," I said, pulling an envelope out of my pocket and holding it up in the air. I spoke mournfully and looked at my shoes: "I got my greetings."

"Oh Christ, David, please tell me you're joking," Emma said.

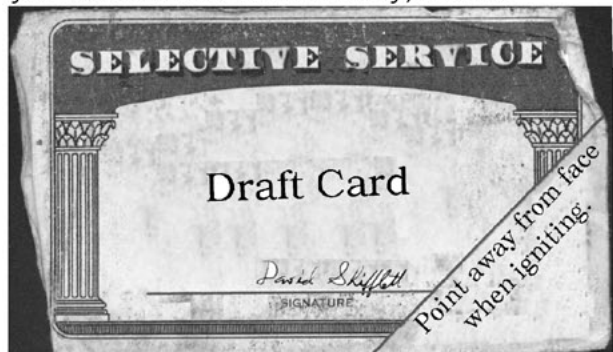
"I ain't."

Now, I reckon a little explanation is in order here. See, it was well known to folks our age in Lancaster, Texas, that the first word in a draft notice was, "Greetings." Greetings. Ha! A fella might refer to that as being ironic, if he was so inclined. So anyways, anytime you heard about a guy getting his greetings, you knew it meant that by next month he might be up to his ass in swamp with a jammed machine gun in his hands. I even remember a time or two when I heard the bully-types at school saying, "Yeah, you gonna get your greetings," meaning that someone was gonna get an ass-whipping.

"Davey, you can't go. We gotta figure out a way to get you out of this."

"I'm all ears, Em," I said.

Right about now, you might be saying, "David, I can understand why them beatniks don't want you in the war, but doesn't a red blooded redneck like yourself want to do his patriotic duty?" Well, I did a lot of thinking on the matter and I couldn't see nothing patriotic about going over to no Viet Nam. Maybe you believe in that domino theory, which a



bunch of folks were talking about in those days, but it always sounded like a load of double talk to me. When them domino folks started talking their shit, I'd always say, "Look, maybe that there communism will spread and maybe it won't. And if'n it decides to spread to American shores, I'll be right there on the edge of the ocean with a shotgun, and I won't need no damn army to tell me what to do with it. But until that happens, the whole matter ain't none of my concern." Em and her buddies was always real proud to hear me say that, except for the shotgun part. But they never took that too serious anyway, which didn't bother me none. Not too serious is usually the best way to take me.

"Three little words," Tom said, "Shoot your foot."

"For the last time, Tom, I ain't gonna mutilate none of my body parts."

"I didn't say mutilate it; I said shoot it."

"I'll tell you exactly what you do," said T.J. "You just look at the recruitin' officer all innocent like, and you say, 'You know the old expression, "One hand washes the other?" It's about people helping each other out, right? So --'"

"T.J. --"

"Now just let me finish. So you say, 'Hell, in a way, that's what the Army's all about, right? People helping each other out? So right now, I want to help you out, and maybe you can figure out a way to help me out.' Then you just hand him this." T.J. pulled a fifty out of his pocket.

"T.J., you just won the Dumbest Idea of the Year Award. The fucker'll probably take the money, still send me to Viet Nam, and then send me to jail when I get back. *If I get back.*"

"Here man, just take the money and think about it. If you don't want to do it, it'll be my going away present to you."

"Well... thanks, but I still ain't bribin' no recruitin' officer."

"I'll tell you what I would to," said a young longhaired kid who was separating the seeds from a sack of weed he had just bought from T.J. "Get a sex change."

Total silence. Finally, looking a bit flustered, the kid continued. "Seriously man, check it out --"

"I don't think I wanna hear this."

"It would be like an act of protest. Not only would you be making a statement about the war, but you'd be making a statement about sexism. You'd get into all the papers. You'd be a hero. I've almost been hoping I'd get my greetings, just so I could do it."

"T.J., give that award back; someone else is more deservin'."

"Well... I mean, shit..."

"For Christ's sake, I'd rather go to war than get my damn pecker turned inside out."

"Wouldn't it be funny if he went to all that trouble and then they didn't even check to see what was really down there," Gale giggled.

"Now look, I'm not gettin'..."

"Woah, wait a minute." Now Emma was getting

that excited look that I was talking about earlier. "Wait a minute! That's it! You don't have to actually *get* the sex change. You just gotta *look* like you did!"

"Oh Jesus."

Well, I'm sure you can guess where the conversation went after that. They were all convinced that all my problems would be solved by raiding Gale's wardrobe, who, they explained, was probably just my size. And, you remember how I was saying before how Emma had a way of explaining things that made them make sense to me? Well, this is a perfect example of what I was talking about. Before I knew what was happening, they had me wearing high heels and lipstick and all the rest of it. I've done some crazy shit in my time, but I sure never dressed like no woman before, and I ain't done it since, neither. I took one look at myself in the mirror and I got half a notion to kick my own ass.

But hell, it was one of them new life experiences, you know? I mean, I never realized the kind of shit women have to put up with everyday. For one thing, you pretty much have to forget everything you thought you knew about walking, with them crazy shoes. And your hair is always getting stuck to your lipstick, but you can't touch your face, 'cause you don't want to smear any of that other gunk that's on there.

"It would be like an act of protest. Not only would you be making a statement about the war, but you'd be making a statement about sexism. You'd be a hero."

Emma went with me to the induction center and she just about had to pick me up and throw my ass out of the car. "Shit man, I don't know about this," I said. "What if someone recognizes me?"

"Who do you know in Dallas? Now quit stallin' and get your ass out there."

"Aw fuck, man, they ain't never gonna fall for it; I just know they ain't."

"Davey, they'll fall for it. You're beautiful. If you weren't you, I wouldn't want you to be alone with you."

"If I... what?"

"GO!"

So I walked real ladylike up to this clerk-looking fella in the front office, and I said in the high voice Em had been teaching me, "Excuse me, sir, there seems to be some kind of mix up with your records. I got this in the mail." I handed him the letter.

"Oh," he smiled and chuckled a bit. "You know, you're actually not the first young lady this has happened to. Let's just have a look at your file here and sort out this mess."

God Almighty, he was buying it! I mean, he didn't

even give me a second glance. I could have kissed him right there, except it would have done messed up my ruby-red lips.

"Okay, but your name really is David, or -"

"What's the problem here, Bradley?" A recruiting officer had walked in and was eying me suspiciously. He wasn't buying it. Not for one second.

"Well, somehow this girl managed to get her self... drafted..." Bradley's smile began to fade.

He took the file from Brad and read it, frowning. "What kind of a name is David for a girl?"

"Well, my parents really wanted to name me after one of the apostles, so I guess --"

"You got a doctor?"

"Sir?"

"A doctor. Someone we can call to verify that you're bein', uh, straight with us, so to speak."

Now, I hadn't reached the point of total panic just yet. 'Cause, see, I've always been a pretty smooth talker and it's done got me out of a lot of trouble. One time when I was eight, I got caught stealing a candy bar, and within five minutes I convinced the fella not to call the cops and to let me keep the candy. Besides, Emma was right; I was pretty cute girl. I mean, cute for a girl who's really a guy who watches football and likes cheerleaders.

"Well," I said, "I ain't exactly fixed up with..." Officer Dickweed's eyes got all big and angry like, and it stopped me cold. What the fuck was his problem? Then I realized I had kinda stopped talking in my girlie voice. Apparently, smooth talking and high talking don't exactly go together real good.

Now, *there* was the old point of total panic. I was starting to think a bullet in the foot wasn't such a bad idea. My neck got all hot and I'm sure my face was redder than that red crap that was supposed to highlight my cheekbones. Hell, at that point, I was probably highlighting bones I didn't even know I had.

And suddenly, from out of some weird corner in my brain, popped the answer to the question everyone was asking the other night. Steppenwolf. That's the name of the band that had that line about the tombstones. And, you know, I don't think I ever really understood that line until years later when I saw them kids coming back from the war.

"Now you listen and you listen good, son." The officer's big red angry face was real close to mine now, and his breath was a rank combination of coffee and toothpaste. "I sure as hell don't want your kind out there fighting for our country, but I'll be damned if you get to smoke dope with your faggot buddies while there are boys out there dying for your freedom. Brad, get Sergeant Hensil on the line."

"Wait... sir..." I said sheepishly.

"Wait for what? Spit it out son, what am I waiting for?"

"You know the old expression, 'One hand washes the other?'"

"What in God's name are you wastin' my time with, son?"

That's when I ran. I didn't even really realize I was running until I was halfway out the door, which was where I ran square into this lady. Knocked her clean to the ground. She had this kid with her, probably her son, probably just got his greetings. He was real scrawny and sickly looking and he had on them coke bottle-type glasses. I got one look at him and I almost said, "If I looked like you, I wouldn't be in this mess." Looking back on that day, I'll just bet he was thinking the same thing when he saw me.

Anyways, I felt real bad about knocking over that lady, so I threw the fifty dollar bill I'd been squeezing in my sweaty hand at her, said, "Sorry lady," and ran off.

Canada is a right pretty country, and not as cold as you might think.

I vowed to make Ontario my home for the next twenty years. I lasted about seven and a half, and then I just had to go back to my hometown in Texas.

Those first few months back home were just about the worst time of my life. The people there just didn't make any sense to me anymore; before I left, nobody was talking about anything but the war, and now, nobody wanted to say a word about it. It had become like an uncomfortable little family secret. I realized then that when you're away from your home for that long,

your memory of it sorta becomes separated from the actual place you're remembering. 'Cause, your memories grow and evolve in one direction, and the place its self grows and evolves in another, and when you come home and see that the two ain't got nothing to do with each other, well, it's like a death. A death in your mind. Then there's this mental corpse that you gotta deal with.

I believe that's what you call an extended metaphor. Just something I picked up at that university in Ontario. I'm glad Emma finally talked me into going.

I've been back home for about 22 years now. Me and Em have gotten in touch with some of our old buddies and I'm living just a brisk walk away from my folks; that dead memory doesn't even seem so dead any more. Last night, Me and Em (or, as I learned in school, "Em and I") were listening to Steppenwolf and looking through old photo albums and stuff, and that's when I found one of them Don't Mess With Texas bumper-stickers. Em had bought it as a gag gift when we were in Canada. I don't know where she found it up there.

I'm now the assistant-manager at a glass coating plant and am living what Emma rather sourly refers to as

"My face was redder than that red crap that was supposed to highlight my cheekbones. Hell, I was probably highlighting bones I didn't even know I had."

a "domesticated, upstanding, middle-class lifestyle." But hell, I reminded her earlier today, we still hang out with our crazy old friends now and again. It's just that around the folks at work, I got a certain image to maintain: Mr. All-American, Meat And Potatoes, et cetra, et cetra.

This evening, all my buddies from the plant are gonna come over to drink cheep American beer and talk shit. And when the conversation turns to politics, you can be sure Emma will be right there in the middle of it, nostrils flaring away. But when we start talking about that draft-dodging SOB they got in the white house now, she won't say a word. She'll just kinda glance at me out of the corner of her eye, with this sorta sarcastic smile.

Yeah, I know I shouldn't mess with the president like that. Hell, I actually kinda like the old redneck. I was just never too crazy about people telling me what I can and can't mess with.

-BY ME

...I'D NEVER LEAVE THE HOUSE

Since the majority of my readers seem to be women, I thought it might be a good idea to print more stuff that appeals specifically to the female segment of the population. But then instead I decided to print this article on how to give yourself a blowjob. This was sent to me by some guy on the internet. I haven't actually tried these exercises so I cannot attest to their effectiveness or safety. Perhaps one of my few male readers can try it and let me know.

EXERCISE #1: Sit on the floor with your legs spread as wide apart as you can. With both hands, grasp your right leg as far down as you can. The object here is to touch your knee with your forehead. Bounce gently, with a rocking motion, trying to get your head closer to your knee. It will hurt a bit — the hamstrings are being stretched. With each bounce, however, the hamstrings will loosen and you'll get closer. Keep doing this for 3 or 4 minutes. If your forehead doesn't touch your knee, don't worry. Now, do the same thing with your left leg, again for 3 or 4 minutes.

EXERCISE #2: Sitting on the floor, bring your legs together and grasp them with both hands as far down your calves as you can. The object is, again, to touch your knees with your forehead. The technique is the same — keeping your legs straight and flat on the floor, bounce gently, and each time try

to hold for a few seconds in the stretched position — head closest to knees. Continue doing this for about 5 minutes, but do it GENTLY — don't get violent. Even if at the end of 5 minutes, you can still not touch your knees with your head, don't worry — in a day or two you will!

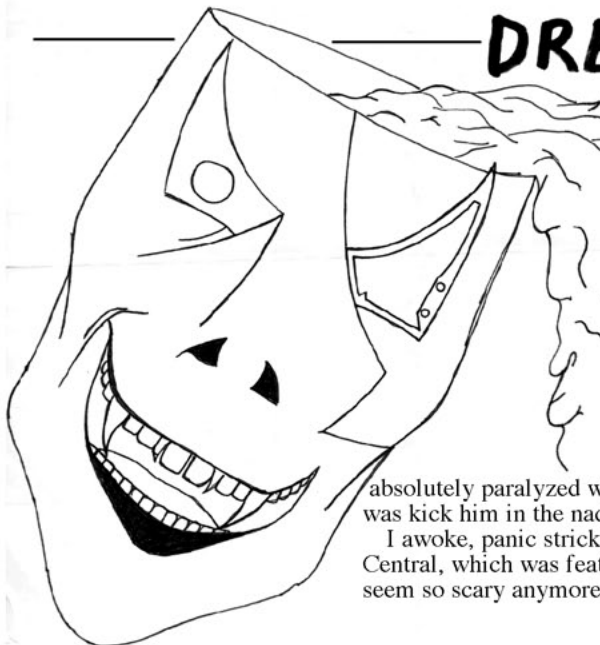
The best position for sucking yourself is with your legs thrown over your head. Get down on the floor and position yourself with your back about 5 or 6 feet from the wall. Lie down and throw your legs back over your head and let your feet grip the wall. By "walking" down the wall, you will bring your cock closer and closer to your mouth. It also helps to push your ass with whichever hand isn't holding onto your cock. Even if the first time you try this you can't touch your cock with your tongue or get it in your mouth, try to hold in that position for awhile. You'll feel your body relaxing and loosening more and more, bending farther and bringing you closer to tasting yourself.

-BY SOME FREAK

THIS PAGE'S HEADLINE: students may kill Nixon

Your order will be ready in 1258 to 1263 minutes.

DREAM #4

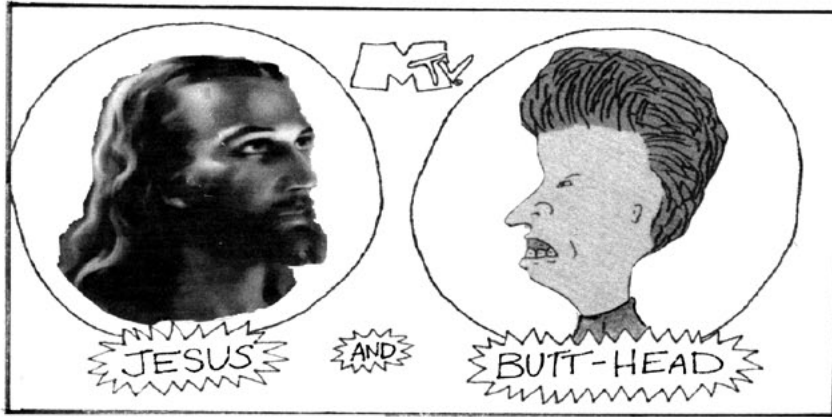


Wait, that's not the horrible part. It was my first night at my new house, I was all alone, and most of my stuff was still in boxes. It was night time, and I was just about to go to bed when I noticed this tote bag I didn't recognize, sitting at the end of the bed. Then, to my surprise, the bag started slightly wobbling around on its own. I walked over to it to see what the hell was going on when I realized that Jeff Foxworthy's head was inside the tote bag! It wasn't decapitated; it was attached to this long neck which extended down under the bed to where his body was. He had been spying on me. Before I had time to react to this bizarre apparition, he jumped out from under the bed. So there he was, standing before me -- a hideous, giraffe-necked, Jeff Foxworthy mutant. It seems funny now, but at the time I was

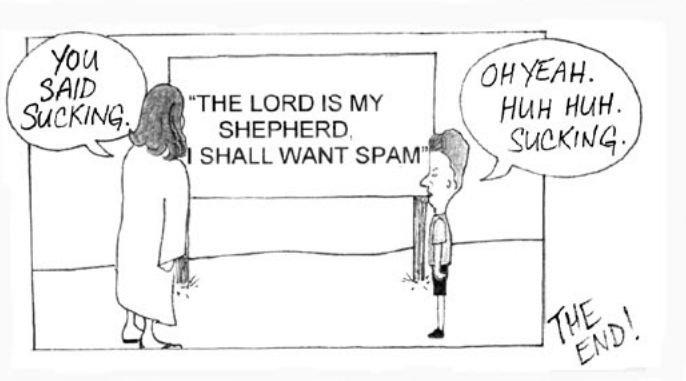
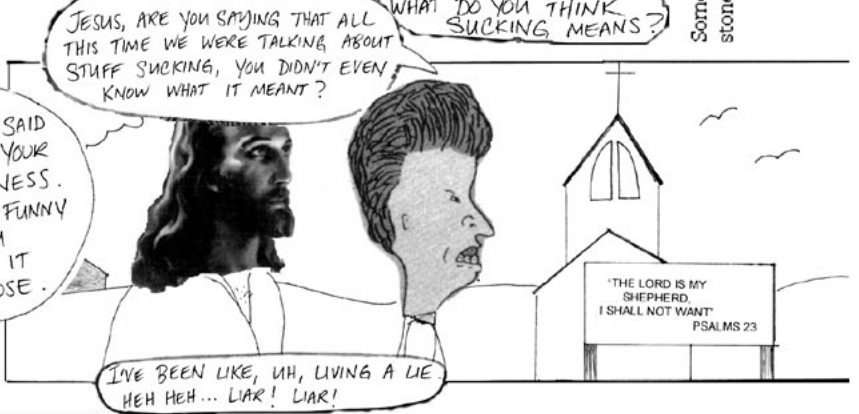
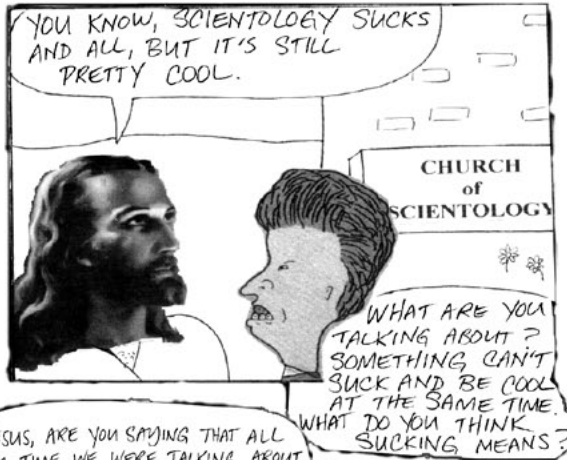
absolutely paralyzed with terror. The long-necked redneck lunged at me! All I could think to do was kick him in the nads, scream and run my ass out of there.

I awoke, panic stricken. Unable to get back to sleep, I turned on the TV and put on Comedy Central, which was featuring the comedy stylings of... Gallagher. Suddenly, Jeff Foxworthy didn't seem so scary anymore.

-BY ME. ART BY JASON



Jesus and Butthead are not role models. They're not even human; they're cartoons. Well, one of them is a cartoon. The other one is just a simple man whose message of love became so twisted and abused that Mike Judge went over to Fox to do King of the Hill. Some of the things Jesus and Butthead do would cause a person to get hurt, worshipped, expelled, stoned, possibly crucified. In other words, if you're going to be a savior, do it on basic cable.



- ARTWORK BY HEATHER
WRITTEN BY ME

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT: A T.G.I.I INTERVIEW WITH...

[If you're wondering why these guys are talking about crashing at people's houses after shows and stuff, it's because this interview was done before they got famous. For those of you who have never heard this band before, the best description I've heard of them is "Speed Swing." They're a fun band and they put on a good show. The guys I interviewed were Steve, the singer, Adam, the drummer, and Shawn, one of the sax players. My friend Pirevor was also present for the interview.]



TGII: Can you describe your band without using the letter "e"?

STEVE: That is a hard question.

SHAWN: I can do it: "That's impossible." Oh no, there's an "e" at the end. [laughs] That's impossib. We can't say "Barney Core," can we?

STEVE: Barney Core has an "e" in it. Two "e's."

SHAWN: Aw, shit.

TGII: Have you ever had a dream that you were naked in a public place?

STEVE: Does nude count?

TGII: No, you have to be naked, not nude.

STEVE: I was nude, but never naked.

TGII: Have you ever actually been naked in a public place?

STEVE: Uh, I've never even been naked.

ADAM: I masturbated in a public library once.

TGII: Wow, cool. You know, believe it or not, at my old high school, someone got caught performing self-fellatio in the library.

STEVE: It was probably in the self-help section. [laughs]

TGII: What's the weirdest thing you've ever eaten?

STEVE: I made my sister drink my pee once. [laughs and groans]

ADAM: I peed in a frying pan once. I used eat cat food and dog food all the time.

TGII: Really? Like as a regular thing?

ADAM: Yeah, it was like candy to me.

PTREVOR: My mom once ate cat food that was in a bowl at a party; it looked like pate. [laughs] She made a little mistake with the crackers there.

TGII: Have any of you ever considered getting breast implants?

STEVE: I was thinking I would get 'em for one show, just because I thought it would rock really hard.

TGII: Yeah, and then you could always take 'em out...

STEVE: Well, even maybe leave 'em in -- just see how the show goes...

ADAM: Hey, tell him about the punk girl in uhh... Phoenix.

STEVE: Oh, yeah. We asked for a place to stay after a show in Phoenix and we ended up staying with this girl who had this dog at the house. And when I laid my sleeping bag down on the floor, I realized something was not right, and I lifted up my sleeping bag and there was this big pile of dog shit right on the floor.

ADAM: The best part for me was that the dog shit was sort of... a bra was in the dog shit. And they were smoking crack in the next room. That's when it was time for us to leave.

STEVE: Not that we don't like crack or dog shit or anything, but it was just late and we were tired.

TGII: Crack and dog shit have their place.

**"WE DON'T DISCRIMINATE. WE
SIMPLY EXCLUDE CERTAIN
TYPES OF PEOPLE."**

**-AN MIT ROTC COLNEL, EXPLAINING THE
MILITARY'S BAN ON GAYS.**

STEVE: One or the other is okay, but crack AND dog shit... but that really doesn't have a lot to do with breast implants. My nipples aren't big enough for breast implants. The thing about breast implants is that when they rub on something, they -- they -- uh... sort of accordion in this weird way that's not like a boob does.

TGII: Also, don't they float in water?

STEVE: I don't know if real boobs float in water. I think they float too, don't they? My dick floats.

TGII: [laughs] You mean, like, flaccid or erect?

STEVE: No, when it's erect it kind of slices through the water like the prow of a ship.

TGII: You can use it to steer... Anyway, uh, do you ever hear voices and what do they say?

STEVE: Our old sax player used to hear voices...

ADAM: We had a CB on our van last summer and he thought the CB was talking to him.

STEVE: He thought the CB was reading his thoughts. And then one time -

ADAM: He ran away --

STEVE: Yeah, he thought we were trying to teach him some lesson through our thoughts in the CB.

TGII: Where is the most unusual place you've had sex?

STEVE: I knew a guy who had sex in the police station bathroom -- that was pretty great -- at four in the morning. That's better than anywhere I've done it.

ADAM: How many times in one night have you done it?

STEVE: I don't know about that. Now I can't even do it once. I can maybe do half a one.

TGII: Getting old, huh?

STEVE: Yeah, I'm fat too. Look at this. [showing his gut] Well, you can't see it on the tape-recorder --

TGII: Well, maybe I can record the little bubbling around and stuff... [putting the recorder up to Steve's gut]

ADAM: The accordion effect. [laughs]

TGII: Silicone gut.

SHAWN: Is there a market for those?

STEVE: I think only if you play Texas-style blues.

TGII: They got saline butt-crack implants, too. For pants that, you know, go down way too low.

STEVE: Adam's the fucking butt-crack man.

ADAM: I can't help it.

Wanna see?

TGII: Very nice. Uhh.. any final comments?

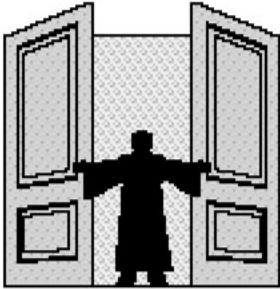
STEVE: No. Well, except last night we were doing a song... see we... for some reason... a lot of our fans are women. And for some reason, we disgust women. We're disgusting. That's all. My comment is we're disgusting.



-ART BY JASON

TGII'S PERVERSION CONVERSION TABLE

As some of you may remember, Pat Robertson recently predicted that God was going to wreak some terrible disaster on Orlando for putting up those gay pride flags along the streets. I believe he said that there would be an earthquake or hurricane or terrorist bombing. Since none of these things actually happened, I suspect that Pat may be a little rusty in the ol' Wrath & Retribution department. So to help him out, I have written up this handy dandy Perversion Conversion table. This table is the quick and easy way to match sins with the appropriate natural disasters. Now, instead of checking the weather report, you can simply evaluate the dirty sinful ways of your heathen neighbors when deciding whether to bring an umbrella. Enjoy!



SIN: Priests leaving the church.



DISASTER: Ginger leaving the Spice Girls.



SIN: Marilyn Manson writing songs about sodomy and the occult.



DISASTER: Puff Daddy writing a remake of "Every Breath You Take."



SIN: Me taking three years to finish TGII #5



DISASTER: A barrage of asteroid, tornado, volcano and shipwreck movies.



SIN: Selling bad acid to orphaned catholic kindergarten girls, while forgetting to file your taxes and leaving the toilet seat up.



DISASTER: The premiere of the New Loveboat.



SIN: Ellen revealing she's gay on her sitcom.



DISASTER: Jenny McCarthy revealing she's not funny on her sitcom.



SIN: Waving gay pride flags in Orlando.



DISASTER: Pat Robertson.



SIN: Using Pauley Shore's name in vain.



DISASTER: Moderate temperatures with a slight chance of rain.

"I DONT NEED TO DRINK TO HAVE A GOOD TIME. I NEED TO DRINK TO STOP THE VOICE IN MY HEAD."
- DAVE ATTEL

REVIEWS OF REVIEWS OF TGII

TGII review in *The Probe* #5. After reading my review in this zine, I actually wrote *The Probe* and told them that their review was my favorite of all the reviews that TGII had ever received. They never replied and (as far as I know) never reviewed another issue. The lesson here is: brown-nosing is not effective in the zine world. Oh well.. it was still a great review. The reviewer said, "If this guy isn't a genius, than neither am I," which pleased me to no end. Oh, and did I mention there is soft-core porn in this zine? If you're ever wondering about how to boost my ego to dangerously high levels, try combining nude pictures with implications that I am brilliant.

Anyways, about the rest of the zine: For those of you who didn't think that beer-swilling, punk-rocking, chick-ogling college boys could put out a creative zine, well, you're right. In fact, the cover of this zine says, "Creativity is for suckers, more naked babes!" However, for an uncreative zine, this one's loads of fun. There are essays about driving drunk, vaginal odor (by Jim Goad), strange personal experiences... basically a lot of rambling narratives about being a crusty punker, which would make good conversation pieces if your own life were too boring to talk about. There are various interviews which are a lot more interesting than most zine interviews I've read. And, of course there are lots of reviews - of bands, zines, CD's, shows, ex-girlfriends, etc. A fairly professional layout, but it still retains that indie quality that removes the "maga" from the word "magazine." (PO Box 5068, Pleasanton, CA 94566)

The word "Juxtaposition." This is definitely one of my favorite words. I try to work this word into at least one sentence a day. It's a good way to maintain my image as a cool, intellectual smart ass. "Paradigm" is a good word, too. Here's a good way to impress the ladies (or the fellas) at parties: The next time someone says to you, "Hey, how about that new issue of TGII?" you can say, "Yes, I really enjoyed the juxtaposition of interesting articles and pointless crap! And.. uh.. I like paradigms too.."

TGII review in *Boji for the Mentally Ill* #4. This review is kind of like a midget stripper hiding inside an oversized novelty cake at a bachelor party attended by the cast of *The Wizard of Oz*: it's short and sweet. I don't know what I just said. Please accept my apology for that bizarre analogy. Anyways, this review was very complementary, but it didn't actually specifically mention anything about TGII, so it sort left me feeling unfulfilled -- kind of like a shoelace maker at a velcro factory where... dang, I'm doing it again.

I really enjoyed *Boji* because reading it made me feel like I was in a big slumber party with the makers of the zine. Articles and artwork are splashed across the pages at skewed angles, in a seeming explosion of subversive fun. It has a nice homemade feel and a real fuck-you attitude. I appreciated how the *Boji* girls unashamedly wrote about childhood traumas and other very personal experiences. These stories range from funny to touching to downright disturbing. I especially liked the found story called, "How Cats Can Kill Boys," written by an anonymous little girl. Printed in it's original handwritten form, it's an unnerving and telling reminder of the strange, dark world of childhood.

There are reviews, interviews, a story about a faked suicide at age five, erotic dreams, and a picture of yours truly in drag. What more do you want? (PO Box 1876, Hoboken, NJ 07030)

Driving in San Francisco. It sucks. A lot of people don't understand why I hate driving in San Francisco so much. Well, I'll tell you. There are a number of reasons I don't like driving in big cities besides the obvious reason which is that I have no sense of direction and could get lost while standing still, in my own house, with a guy holding a map in front of my face that says in big fluorescent letters, "YOU ARE HERE."

There is also the fact that I learned to drive in teeny little town in Virginia, which, incidentally, is so small that you pretty much have to stand still or you'll accidentally pass outside of local jurisdiction. Obviously, this experience taught me very different driving skills than I would have learned had I grown up in the city. Those of you who live in San Francisco don't realize that in little isolated pockets of the country, like my teeny town, people develop quirky little driving habits which may seem totally bizarre to you. For example, you big city folks may be surprised to learn that in some places in the country, when people come to an intersection, they are allowed to perform a vehicular maneuver that is called a "left turn." I know these words may sound strange and foreign to you San Franciscans, but just remember that "left turn" is the phrase you always see immediately preceded by the word "No." On the difficulty meter, making a left turn in SF is right up there with trying to find personalized bicycle license plates for Frank Zappa's kids.

So, as you may have already guessed by now, I had a rather unpleasant experience in SF wherein I got completely lost. I won't go into all the details, but suffice it to say that when I finally saw that beautiful, glorious freeway on-ramp sign with its promise of a safe journey home, I was so overjoyed that I completely ignored certain warning signs regarding the health of my car. Now I'm not by any means an expert on automotive mechanics, but I was finally able to determine that there was a problem with my car based on its apparent lack of motion. And really, I find that the whole motion thing is one of the most important aspects of automotive transportation. Oh, and did I mention that the place wherein my car choose to forsake its forward momentum was in the middle of the Golden Gate Bridge? But wait, there's more!

I got out of my car, which I had coasted into the vacant center lane, and I tried to flag down someone who could maybe call a tow truck or something. That's when I made my next mistake. Who knows why I do the things I do? Perhaps I figured, "Hey, when am I gonna have another opportunity to have a day *this* shitty?" Perhaps a tiny, cancerous Alan Fundt now lives inside my head and enjoys saying stuff to an audience of sadistic brain cells like, "We thought it might be



funny to make Jeremy lock his keys in his car in the middle of the Golden Gate Bridge! Ha ha ha ha ha ha ha ha!!!” What on earth could have possessed me to lock my car door at all? Was I afraid that the crime in the city had gotten so bad that it had now spilled out into the state’s network of freeways? Perhaps if I were lost at sea, I would decide it was time to start wearing my wallet on a chain! *What is wrong with me, people??*

When the tow truck finally arrived, I had to stand there and explain to this man what I had done. And in a touching moment of exceptional compassion and empathy, he said, “Why the hell did you lock your keys in your car?” That’s right folks, the man actually said, straight faced, “*Why the hell did you lock your keys in your car?*”

Well, all I could think to say was, “Where do I start!? There are so many reasons for a person to lock himself out of his car in the middle of a freeway atop the pacific ocean! I mean, sure, *now*, it seems a little stupid. But look, life is full of hard choices. Sure, we can sit here in the cool afterglow of hindsight and talk about whether the keys would be more effective on the outside of the car, but when you’re right there and it’s happening to you, you can’t weigh all the pros and cons; you have to make a decision! So I made my choice and goddammit, and I’m standing by it! Now can you please help me slash my tires so I can get home?”

TGII reviews in Fact Sheet Five (I can’t remember the issue numbers). Well, I don’t want to diss on FS5 too much, since they are responsible for about 90% of all my zine sales. However, they kept saying that I had “fake interviews,” when, in fact, all the interviews are real. The only thing in TGII that’s fake is the stories, poems, sentiments, reviews, paper, postage and the interviews. But dammit, the nude pictures of me are *not* airbrushed!

TGII Review in Twisted Times. When I first read this review (“...really just a bunch of shit, but it kept me laughing...”), I thought, uhh... I *guess* that’s a good review... or something... But then I read the lousy reviews that some of the other zines got and I decided I was happy. The message here is: If you’re going to give TGII a bad review, at least put in some other reviews that are even worse. Just

THIS PAGE'S HEADLINE:
Among Stamp buyers,
Nixon is more popular
than public toilets

make up some fake zines to slam if you have to; it would really make me feel better. Hmmm... that’s not a bad idea. I think maybe I’ll do that myself.

I couldn’t find the issue of TT that TGII was reviewed in, so I’m reviewing #18 instead. The issue opens with some satirical romps about our nation’s obsession with the automobile. There’s a story called “The Car Hunters,” a bit of short fiction about killers of an animal that is “heavier, faster and more dangerous than any creature to roam the Earth since the days of the dinosaur.” It’s a clever idea, as is the other short story, “Santasm II: Return of the Killer Klausens,” but I would have enjoyed them more if they’d had some dialogue, rather than pure exposition. My favorite segments are a medley of bizarre news clips called “Real World Newzak: 99.44% true,” and a “subvertisement” for a car called the Apocalypse (“The Apocalypse boasts standard features like pollution-related cancer, respiratory and heart disease valued at \$103 billion each year...”) As this zine’s title suggests, it projects a wonderfully warped take on popular culture, but in bigger zines like this one there does tend to be a bit of filler material. (PO Box 271222, Concord, CA 94527)

TGII Review in Feminist Carpet Cleaner (The Mag for Hags). Yes folks, according to this review, TGII is “hilarious, creative and quality!” Hey, why argue with the experts? Head on out and buy yourself a copy of TGII today!! Oh wait... I guess you probably already have one, huh? Well... buy a spare copy! You know, for the guest room.

As you might deduce from the title, this zine is written by a feminist with a sense of humor, which is great because I firmly believe that there is no cause that’s worth losing your sense of humor for. But it’s an angry and sometimes bitter kind of humor, which might be off-putting to some people (but not me). Chock full of news clippings, defaced pictures of folks from the Religious Right, tales of ignorant rednecks and various random snippets -- this zine is guaranteed to satisfy your daily requirement for mockery and ridicule. And hey, as I’ve always said, when people take themselves so seriously that they can’t laugh at themselves, it is our right -- nay, our *duty* -- to laugh at them. So, good job, FCC! My only possible suggestion is that I think if the editor made the zine a little shorter (it’s 62 pages), and just kept the prime cuts, it might be even better. (338 Huron, Sandpoint, ID 83864)

AMUSING ANECDOTE #4

From the fifth grade until the seventh grade, I attended a catholic school called Our Lady Of Lourdes. One day at school, the vice principal came to our class and made a very grave announcement. “It has recently come to my attention,” she said, “that some of you have been engaging in some very sick activities on the playground. If any more of you are caught doing these activities, you will be suspended or expelled.” Some of the students, including me, started saying, “What!? What were they doing?” All she would say was, “If you don’t know, then this doesn’t concern you.” Of course, immediately after class, I started hounding several of my classmates to tell me what the hell she was talking about. Finally someone told me what had been going on. During recess, a bunch of boys and girls would run around in a big circle, grabbing eachother’s chests and genitals. In fact, there was even one girl who had gained the reputation for grabbing especially hard and leaving bruises.

After that, I always kept an eye out during recess for any more “sick activities,” but there were no more to be found. I was desperately disappointed that I had missed out on all the fun.

"OH, I THOUGHT THIS WAS THE NATIONAL ANTHEM!"
-RONALD REAGAN, AFTER PUTTING HIS HAND OVER HIS HEART
WHILE THE BAND PLAYED "HAIL TO THE CHIEF."

- BY ME



avolasiti, Mary
Baker, Kelli
Bell, Jeremy
Boudreaux, Jill
Bouille, Emily
Jonny, Chuck
anulette, Andy

Our Lady Of Lourdes 85-86

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... MAD MAGAZINE



"I DON'T THINK THERE'S A MAN, WOMAN OR CHILD ALIVE TODAY WHO DOESN'T ENJOY A LOVELY BEVERAGE." -DAVE LETTERMAN

-WRITTEN BY ME. ART BY SOME DUDE.

DREAM #5

I dreamed that I was sitting in front of the TV late one night, feeling depressed and lonely. All of a sudden this commercial came on and this guy said, "Are you feeling depressed and lonely? Try these pills!!" So I went out and bought the pills that the commercial told me to buy, but instead of making me feel better, they made me kill my parents with a pencil. After I did it, I plopped back down on the recliner in front of the TV. I sat there, soaked in blood, and suddenly I started completely freaking out, thinking, "Oh my God, I killed my parents, my God, my God, what have I done...?" Then another commercial came on and said, "Are you upset because you just killed your parents?" Somehow the TV was on to me! This really scared me, so I changed the channel, and another commercial said, "Are you upset because a commercial recommended pills that caused you to savagely murder your parents with a pencil?" I changed it again, and it said, "Are you, Jeremy Bell, who is sitting in a blue easy chair right now, upset because --" I changed it again and again and finally this guy came on and said, "Are you upset because you keep thinking that the TV is

talking directly to you? You need Pepsi Cola!" So I went out and bought the Pepsi, but it only seemed to make everything worse, and then this commercial came on and said, "Did you just drink Pepsi Cola because you were upset about the TV talking to you about you killing your parents due to some pills you took for depression and loneliness? Well that will only work if you use this special cream, from Jergins!" So I got the Jergins, but then the TV said, "No, don't use that cream! That only works for people who drank Orange Slice first! Now you must put your feet in a bucket of Pert Plus Dandruff Shampoo and eat Oscar Meyer Wieners!" This went on and on and on, and everything just made it worse and worse and worse. That's all I remember, but a friend of mine came up with a good idea for an ending to the dream. Finally a guy comes on the screen and says, "Are you tired of wasting money on useless remedies for parent-killing-related-anxiety? Well here's one that's guaranteed: A genuine Schic razorblade applied firmly to the wrists!" Pleasant dreams, everyone!



- BY ME
ART BY JASON

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY THE SAME:

A TGII INTERVIEW WITH TREY SPRUANCE



Trey Spruance plays guitars, keyboards and various other instruments for Mr. Bungle. He is also known for several other side projects, including The Secret Chiefs, which sports a combination of techno, Arabian music, and surf rock. Trey also appeared on the Faith No More album, "King for

a Day, Fool for a Lifetime." Usually, I edit out a lot of the interview, and just keep the stuff that's especially interesting, but since Mr. Bungle is my favorite band, I found it all interesting. Combine that with the fact that Trey is quite a chatty fellow, and you can see why this interview is so long. In fact, I decided to split it in half, and print one half in this issue and the other half in the next issue.

TGII: Can you describe the sound of the Secret Chiefs, either in haiku form, or without using the letter "E"?

TREY: Haiku is how many syllables?

TGII: It's like five, then seven, then five, I think.

[Laughs, then a long pause]

TREY: Oh rose thou art sick/ and the invisible worm/ that flies in the night.

TGII: All right! Good. I once saw this comedian who did this haiku that was like, "Oh no, I've only/ begun, and I've already/ run out of syllab."

[Laughs.]

TGII: The Cherry Poppin Daddies didn't have an easy time with that question. Or no, I just asked them to describe their band without using the letter "E." Which reminds me: I heard that somebody from the Cherry Poppin Daddies used to be in Mr. Bungle.

TREY: Yeah, he was our drummer. His name was Hans. He quit, I think right before this new Cherry Poppin Daddies album. I talked to him a little while ago and he said that the whole music industry has really gotten him down. He's quitting music.

TGII: That's too bad. Now, were you in Mr. Bungle from the very beginning, or I guess it wasn't called Mr. Bungle in the beginning, it was Turd...

TREY: No no, Turd and Mr. Bungle were independent.

TGII: So where were actual Turd albums?

TREY: Oh yeah. They're all on one 120 minute Radio Shack dictation cassette tape.

TGII: Really? I'd like to --

TREY: Never to be reproduced.

TGII: -- get a copy of that. Oh.

TREY: There's only one fan, and that's me. And I guard it very jealously. It's buried in somebody's backyard. And it's not in a band member's backyard either, it's in an enemy of the band's.

TGII: If you were trapped in an elevator with Yanni, Kenny G, and Michael Bolton, and you had a gun with one bullet in it, who would you shoot?

TREY: In a way, the merciful side of me says that I should kill Michael Bolton, because he doesn't seem like a very happy man. But the other side of me that would feel like I was doing a great service for humanity would have to take out Kenny G. I mean, 'cause he may be evil incarnate. But maybe that means I should love him -- I'm not sure what to do about Kenny G.

TGII: That reminds me: my theory is, all those cheesy songs that you guys would cover, like uh, Home Sweet Home --

TREY: Oh yeah, and all the Richard Marx stuff.

TGII: Yeah, like deep down, you guys secretly like that kind of music, on some level.

TREY: Yeah, it's also that we were all so bombarded by that stuff, it was almost like you had to embrace it somehow 'cause to fight it is futile.

TGII: Anybody can sort of suck, but if you're gonna suck, you might as well go all the way and just really suck.

TREY: Kenny G -- he sucks on a whole different level. It's scary.

TGII: Actually, the correct answer to the original question is: You'd shoot yourself. Anyway, here's a question I've wanted to ask you every since I heard the first album: What was the fucking problem? [refers to a recording on the album of the band members hopping trains. At one point, there is a



panicked scurry, and then someone says, "What's the fuckin' problem, man?"]

TREY: There wasn't a problem. It was all a figment of my paranoid imagination. I thought I saw cops crawling out of bushes and coming out of the shadows.

TGII: Ahh.. well, that clears things up.

TREY: You have a lot of writing to do.

TGII: Well, this is gonna be abridged.

TREY: Oh no! No, you can't edit me!

TGII: Well, I'll edit that statement out. I'll put, "You can't edit..." and then I'll just let it run off.

TREY: And then you'll have little parentheses and it'll say, "He he he, dash, Ed."

TGII: What's your favorite episode of Hang Time, the one where Teddy learns that smoking isn't cool, or the one where the girls learn to say no to sexual harassment?

TREY: I'm not trying to evade your question; I've never once seen that show.

TGII: Well, I like the sexual harassment episode because it's the closest you can come to hard core porn and still get a TV Y rating.



Left: Danny Heffitz. Right: Trey Spruance. This is a photo I took at a little fifteen minute gig The Secret Chiefs 3 did in the back room of a record store, to kick off their tour. Both of these guys are also in Mr. Bungle.

"The merciful side of me says that I should kill Michael Bolton."

TREY: [laughing] You should interview yourself.

TGII: Actually, I think everything except the actual interviews in my zine are basically interviews with myself.

TREY: Well, have somebody else interview you, then.

TGII: Yeah! Why don't you interview me? Ask me about my struggling career as a musician.

TREY: No no no. Since I'm the interviewer, I'll ask you my own godamn questions.

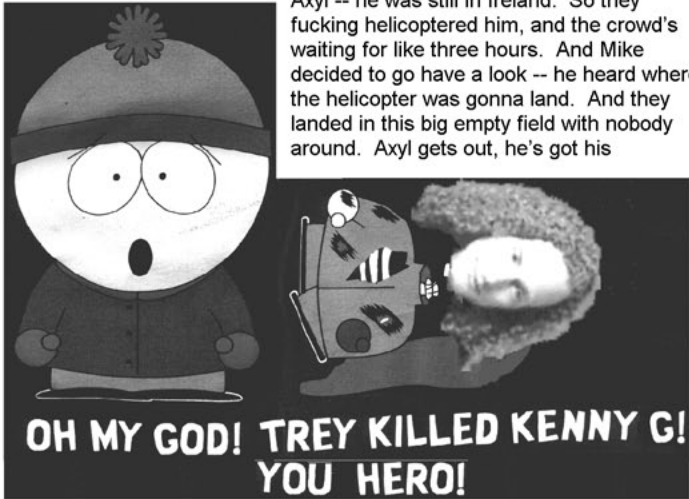
[Stuff edited out. He he he -- Ed.]

TGII: Heather tells me that you have a funny story about Axl Rose.

TREY: It's just some stuff that Mike [Patton] told me about. Every night when Faith No More -- it was Faith No More, Metallica, then Guns & Roses. And a lot of times Guns & Roses would wait for two fucking hours before taking the stage. There was no reason for this -- it was just that Axl Rose would sit alone in his hotel room, and nobody could get him out. Then he would come out at a certain time when

he felt that he was ready. So one of these nights, this was happening, and it was getting really late, and they got a phone call from

Axyl -- he was still in Ireland. So they fucking helicoptered him, and the crowd's waiting for like three hours. And Mike decided to go have a look -- he heard where the helicopter was gonna land. And they landed in this big empty field with nobody around. Axyl gets out, he's got his



sunglasses on, and he raises his arms up like he's being greeted by thousands of cheering people, and there's like Mike and Billy [Gould] hiding in the bushes.

[Laughing]

TGII: Okay, I should ask some real Mr. Bungle questions or the Mr. Bungle fans who read this are gonna hate me. Okay, official Mr. Bungle question number one: The whole overall sound of Disco Volante is like a fundamental shift from the first album -- not just the music writing, but the production and everything. So what I'm wondering is like, do you think Monica Louinski is hot? I mean have you seen that Vanity Fair issue?

TREY: Yeah, but she's not as hot as Courtney Love, though.

TGII: This is about as political as my questions get. Anyway, I'm assuming that the new album is also gonna have its own individual sound that's different from the first two.

TREY: We're just starting to get a picture of it. There's more variety in it than ever before. But I think it's gonna be organized in a way that's more coherent than Disco Volante. We're not afraid to, like, write a real song; at the same time we're not afraid to have broken up, little five-second fragmentations either. We're just not -- we just don't care. [laughs]

TGII: What's the most illegal thing you've ever done?

[What is the most illegal thing Trey has ever done? Find out in TGII #6!]

INSTRUCTION & ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG BRIDE

Children 2 yrs. and an. Do not swallow. Ch habits are establishe + 6 years of age

[This was a reading in a psychology class I took a few semesters ago. When I first read it I thought it was a joke, but apparently, this was actually distributed to young brides at one time. I don't know the exact date it was written, but I believe it was around the start of this century (unless you're reading this in the year 2000, in which case it was written at the start of last century). They didn't give us the name of the author, either.]

To the sensitive young woman who has had the benefits of proper upbringing, the wedding day is, ironically, both the happiest and the most terrifying day of her life. On the positive side, there is the wedding itself, in which the bride is the central attraction in a beautiful and inspiring ceremony, symbolizing her triumph in securing a male to provide for all her needs for the rest of her natural life. On the negative side there is the wedding night, during which the bride must pay the piper, so to speak, by facing for the first time the terrible experience of sex.

At this point, dear reader, let me concede one shocking truth. Some young women actually anticipate the wedding night ordeal with curiosity and pleasure! Beware such an attitude! A selfish and sensual husband can easily take advantage of such a bride. One cardinal rule of marriage should never be forgotten: GIVE LITTLE, GIVE SELDOM, AND ABOVE ALL, GIVE GRUDGINGLY. Otherwise, what could have been a proper marriage could become an orgy of sensual lust.

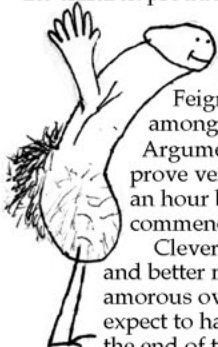
On the other hand, the bride's terror need not be extreme. While sex is at best revolting and at worse rather painful, it has to be endured, and has been by women since the beginning of time, and is compensated for by the monogamous home and by the children produced through it.

The wise bride will permit a maximum of two brief sexual experiences weekly during the first months of marriage.

Feigned illness, sleepiness, and headaches are among the wife's best friends in this matter.

Arguments, nagging, scolding and bickering also prove very effective, if used in the late evening about an hour before the husband would normally commence his seduction.

Clever wives are ever on the alert for new and better methods of denying and discouraging the amorous overtures of the husband. A good wife should expect to have reduced sexual contacts to once a week by the end of the first year of marriage and to



once a month by the end of the fifth.

By their tenth anniversary many wives have managed to complete their child bearing and have achieved the ultimate goal of terminating all sexual contacts with the husband. By this time she can depend upon his love for the children and social pressures to hold the husband in the home.

If he attempts to kiss her or the lips she should turn her head slightly so that the kiss falls harmlessly on her cheek instead. If he attempts to kiss her hand, she should make a fist. If he lifts her gown and attempts to kiss her anywhere else she should quickly pull the gown back in place, spring from the bed, and announce that nature calls her to the toilet. This will generally dampen his desire to kiss her in forbidden territory.

If the husband insists on having a sexual contact, the wise wife will allow him to pull the gown up no further than the waist, and only permit him to open the front of his pajamas to thus make connection. She will be absolutely silent or babble about her housework while he is huffing and puffing away. Above all, she will lie perfectly still and never under any circumstances grunt or groan while the act is in progress.

As soon as the husband has completed the act, the wise wife will start nagging him about various minor tasks she wishes him to perform on the morrow. Many men obtain a major portion of their sexual satisfaction from the peaceful exhaustion immediately after the act is over. Thus the wife must insure that there is no peace in this period for him to enjoy.

Just as she should be ever alert to keep the quantity of sex as low as possible, the wise bride will pay equal attention to limiting the kind and degree of sexual contacts. Most men are by nature rather perverted, and if given half a chance, would engage in quite a variety of the most revolting practices.

These practices include, among others, performing the normal sex act in abnormal positions, mouthing the female body, and offering their own vile bodies to be mouthed in turn.

A wise bride will make it her goal never to allow her husband to see her unclothed body, and never allow him to display his unclothed body to her. Sex, when it cannot be prevented, should be practiced only in total darkness. Once the bride has donned her gown and turned off all the lights she should lie quietly across the bed and await her groom. When he comes groping into the room she should make no sound to guide him in her



ART BY JASAW EXCEPT CLIP ART

direction, lest he take this as a sign of encouragement. She should let him grope in the dark. There is always the hope that he will stumble and incur some slight injury which she can use as an excuse to deny him sexual access.

One heartening factor for which the wife can be grateful is the fact that the husband's home, school, church, and social environment have been working together all through his life to instill in him a deep sense of guilt in regards to his sexual feeling, so that he comes to the marriage couch apologetically and filled with shame, already half cowed and subdued. The wise wife seizes upon this advantage and relentlessly pursues her goal first to limit, later to annihilate completely her husband's desire for sexual expression.

- BY SOME NUT JOB

"There's a reason I have a banana in my ear. It's to lure the monkey out of my head."
- From "The Critic"

[Now when your elders tell you that we need a return to traditional values, you'll know exactly what they're talking about -- Ed.]

LEATHERS TO THE EDITOR

Have you ever read an essay called "The Centerfold Syndrome?" It's written by this guy who feels that porn messed him up.

- Shira, from Jeuruselem, Isrial. [I started to, but there weren't any good pictures. -- Ed.]



i've never killed anyone.

- T], from Phoenix, AZ. [There's still time -- Ed.]

Yesterday I ran out of Mr. Bubble's bubble bath so now I have to buy more.

- Corey, from Concord, CA. [Thanks for sharing -- Ed.]

what if God was a German Shepard?

- Courtney, from Independence, MO. [What? You mean he isn't? -- Ed.]

I am actually a wild, dangerous ex-convict with many tattoos. I have 4 kids from different men and I really like to watch All My Children. I am also 6'0", 135 lbs. I have long black hair and green eyes. My friends tell me that I look like Zena: Warrior Princess. They also say that I am a chronic liar.

- Jennifer, from CA. [That's very interesting Jennifer, if that is your real name! -- Ed.]

HAPPY TO BE IN RECEIPT OF TGI1 NO.4 ~ I'M WONDERING, THOUGH, WHAT MUCUS-LIKE SUBSTANCE THOSE "VISCIOUS KILLERS" USED AS A WEAPON -?

- Alice, from Baltimore, MD. [Alice is referring to a misspelling in TGII Forum in #4 -- Ed.]

I can't say that I have had a small dog explode from my head and sing a song about oven mitts. I have however, after eating bad feta cheese, had a hallucination of a large avocado exploding from my head and singing a song about the letter "M". Either that, or it was a really bad episode of Sesame Street.

- Kevin Donahue, from Plymouth, MA. [I think I saw that episode. They all learned a valuable lesson about laying off the brown acid -- Ed.]

Once when I was VERY young, I saw my little brother going to the bathroom (standing up) so I decided that I would too! I don't really remember what happened except for my mom yelling at me.

- Jessica, from Moon Twp., PA. [Typical parents, always trying to squash your creative impulses. Fight the power, Jessica! -- Ed.]

I declare that I am an adult, 21 years of age or older and am lawfully entitled to receive sexually explicit material where I live and through my mailing address. I understand that I am requesting materials which may be of a sexually orientated nature. I believe this material to be within the community standards

- Marc, from Frostburg, MD. [After reading this, my zine seemed so sadly inadequate that I decided to send him a Penthouse instead -- Ed.]

what kind of shampoo do you use?
- Nicki, from Black Mtn., NC. [It's a prescription shampoo that helps me answer strange questions.]

I wouldn't mind meeting you and gettin' jiggy wit it.
- Amber Reynolds, from McMinnville, OR. [I don't know what that means, but it sounds great -- Ed.]

pansexual is what your kitchenware does to produce baby trivets.
- Elaine, from Diversity Magazine [Hanky panky in the panty; next on Springer -- Ed.]

I have more broken protractors than anyone should.

- Liz, from Novato, CA. [I believe every American citizen is constitutionally entitled to four broken protractors. Anything above that must be indicated on your tax forms -- Ed.]

GUERRILLA POETRY

I Feel Horrible. She Doesn't

I feel horrible. She doesn't
love me and I wander around
like a sewing machine
that's just finished sewing
a turd to a garbage can lid.

They switched all the channels around again

44 used to be
Comedy Central, but
now it's the Lifetime Network.
I guess I could change
the channel, but,
you know,
whatever.

Ear

i'll bet
van gogh realized
later
that his ear
was much more
necessary
than he had
originally
supposed.

Stress

All this worrying and
nothing to show for it.
No ulcers, no heart attacks,
nothing.

Pee

Pee!
Pee!
Pee!
It's yellow!
It's nasty!
It's in your toilet!
And guess what else!
It comes right out of my
body!
I'm not kidding!
Wanna See?

Eyes

When I look into the mirror with my eyes closed,
I feel like someone is watching me.
Someone with his eyes closed.

**Diary of a Potential Heroin
Addict (or, I Will Not Take Any
More of Those Wonderful Little
Red Pills They Gave My Sister
When She Broke Her Arm, Even
Though Her Arm's Better Now and
They'll Probably Just Go to Waste)**

Okay maybe just one more.

-ALL POEMS WRITTEN BY ME,
EXCEPT "I FEEL HORRIBLE.."
WRITTEN BY RICHARD BRAUTIGAN
ART BY JASON.

This is an actual product that I bought at Walgreens. I believe this is what Dr. Kervorkian takes when he gets a cold.



DREAM #6

I dreamed that I was some kind of instigator for a radical group of protesters. It was my job to incite riots in Toys R Us stores. I don't know what I was protesting, but whatever it was, I was very good at my work. I would go running through the aisles doing something (I'm not sure what) that caused everyone in the store to regress into hyperactive children. Full-grown adults would start running around wearing Darth Vader helmets and screaming and wetting their pants. People were smashing Nintendos and clobbering each other with Nerf bats. I would leave the store in complete chaos, and go looking for a new Toys R Us store where I would do it all over again.

- BY ME

LET'S BE FRIENDS!

"IF I HAD A NICKEL FOR EVERY CIGARETTE YOUR MOM SMOKED, I'D BE DEAD." -FROM THE TWIN PEAKS MOVIE

Hey, did you know that friendship is like this really great thing? Me neither, but apparently it is. I know it sounds crazy, but let me explain.

I first discovered how much people valued friendships around the time I started getting interested in girls. It was around the end of junior high when I began hearing such phrases as, "But Jeremy, I don't want to ruin our friendship," and "We have such a special friendship; let's not mess it up," and "Was that you masturbating on our fire escape last night?" By the time I was in high school, my friendship had become quite a valuable commodity among the female contingent. I never exactly understood what it was about my friendship that was so valuable to these girls, since it usually seemed to involve not talking to them or being seen with them. Nonetheless, it was plain to see that not only was friendship in general a great thing, but there was something in particular about *my* friendship-providing skills that was especially great.

Yes folks, while my female classmates had no problems ruining their friendships with various jocks, a few metalheads and the occasional youthful gym teacher, their friendship with me held firm. Sometimes, I heard people talking about parties in which people would consume certain quantities of booze and then go upstairs and noisily ruin their friendships on their parents' waterbeds; but, of course, I could never go, because my friendship was simply too precious. And it was rumored that there was one girl in particular who was quite willing to ruin her friendship with numerous men, in various positions and locales -- needless to say, it made me very proud to see that mine was the only friendship she was never willing to risk jeopardizing.

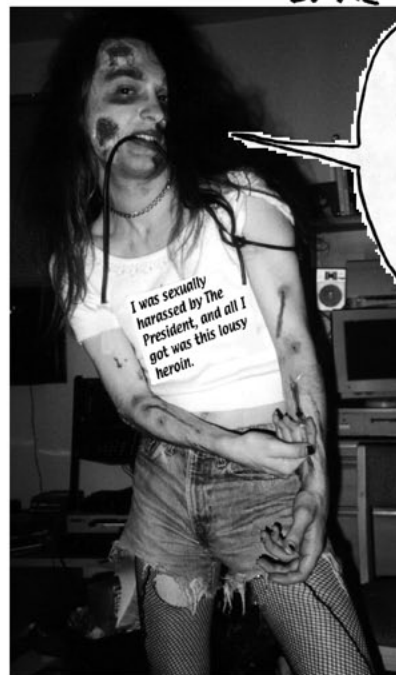
In high school, I was what was known as a "nice guy," which is actually a French phrase that means "virgin." I'm not native-American, but if I were, my name would probably be "Touches Himself." But that's okay, because I'm sure that no amount of sex could have ever compared to the spectacular friendships I had with my female acquaintances. "Oh God, Jeremy, yes!" they would say. "Yes! Let me confide in you about boring shopping anecdotes that my boyfriend would never listen to! Oh God, oh baby, I want to braid your hair and tell you how

sweet you are! Yes, give it to me! Give me that homework that you promised you'd do for me! Ohh.. I'm gonna come... over to your house and ask your older brother to go out with me!"

Sure, sometimes the duties of being a friend are tough, but it's all worth while when a girl says, "Jeremy you are such *good friend*. I feel so much better after talking to you that I think I'll go neck with my asshole boyfriend who pulled down your shorts in gym class yesterday! Try not to picture the captain of the football team ravishing my luscious body while you lie awake on your tear-stained Winnie the Pooh blanket, you *good friend*."

There are many advantages to being the friend. For one, you need not be concerned with hassles of unbridled carnal bliss with teenage girls. You'll never have to worry about straining your choir-boy voice with cries of passionate ecstasy. And you won't ever be distracted by the sight of supple, naked bodies in the full bloom of their pink, pubescent glory -- their fresh, wet skin undulating against your... I'm sorry, I seem to have lost my concentration. What was my point? Oh yes: Always recycle.

- BY ME



Well folks, if you enjoyed reading this zine just half as much as I enjoyed writing it, then I enjoyed writing it twice as much as you enjoyed reading it. Stay tuned for TGII #6, and don't forget to [redacted] and [redacted]. See ya.

jeff



the man in the microwave

the MAN
 in the Microwave doesn't like you THE man in the microwave doesn't
 care **FAT FREE** CARE if anyone loves you! doesn't CARE if everyone hates
 you **FAT FREE** Fuck him you HATE him no you didn't mean that you love him
 but he **SAVE 40¢** doesn't **SAVE 50¢** love **SAVE 60¢** you..
 he sCREams and sHOuts only of himself HE COULD still love you even if
 his Skin bubbled and eyes glazed over **Hot & Fresh** but he couldn't
 love you if he d i d n ' t want to and HE DOESN'T
 WANT (**ADVANCED RELIEF**) TO. (to love you, that is) is that **NEW**
 MicROWaVE more important than you? huh? why don't you two ever
 talk anymore? **SO GOOD... SO EASY!** nowadays, all he ever does is sit
 around drinking beer, watching football,
 screaming, "LET ME OUT!!" not cleaning up for himself,
 burping without saying excuse me, bleeding from the eye
 sockets, forgetting to put the seat down RING RING RING

oh hi matty not much how about you some club soda will get that out
 oh and could you bring back those ice trays you borrowed well i think
 something's burning in the kitchen so i should go bye

Look For This Offer!

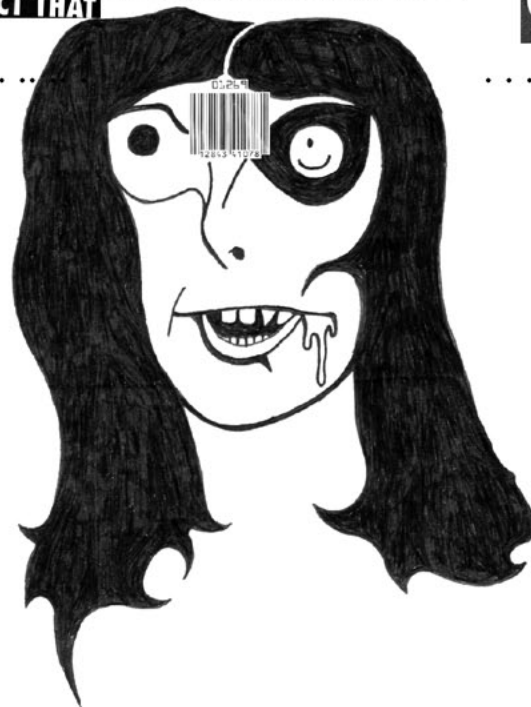
the Man
 IN The microWAVE doesn't care about the voices about
 SANTA not really being sanTa about your dog never
 coming back from the vet ALL HE EVER talks about is HIS **SUPER** needs
 about how HE wants out of that STUPID MICROWave I suggest
 shout at that man in theMicrowave **THE ONLY PRODUCT THAT** MAAKE him love **VALUE**
 you MAKE him b e your friend
 MAKE HIM Make Him make him. ...
make him
 understand.

FAST, EASY

FREE

the exploding man in
 the microwave didn't
 understand you the way I
 understand
 you.

- WRITTEN BY ME
 ART BY JASON



Jeremy Bell
3768 Sonoma Ave
Santa Rosa CA 95405

