

baby sue

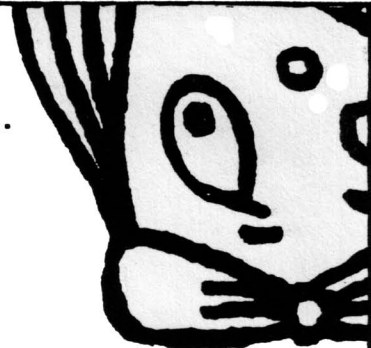
Volume 2, Issue 1

Winter 1988

BBS 445



If you are mentally retarded...
If you are shallow and don't mix well with crowds...
If you have no motivation or drive whatsoever...
If you have no idea what we're trying to say...



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baby sue

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THE 1989 CALENDAR



BEAUTIFUL COLORED
PAPER
BEAUTIFUL DIALOGUE
BEAUTIFUL ARTWORK
BEAUTIFUL YOU*

*If you order it

Don W. Seven, Editor and Publisher



We accept submissions as well as music for review and trade subscriptions with other fanzines and magazines.

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Hi! My name is Baby Sue!
Welcome to my stupid fucking magazine!
I hate you...whatever you are!
Do you have DREAMS for the FUTURE?
Are you looking to IMPROVE your LIFE?
Does the idea of HELPING OTHERS
appeal to you?
Hey! You must be really PATHETICI
And I must be a GODDAMN FOOL
wasting my time
talking to you!



Are you one of
those stupid jerk-off idiots
who believes that
life is PRECIOUS and MEANINGFUL???
How SILLY and STUPIDI
It's too bad that you don't
have the GUTS to face the
fact that human lives are
a DIME A DOZEN
and it wouldn't matter one bit
if you died RIGHT THIS MINUTE!



Geel! I'm sorry!
The TRUTH hurts, doesn't it?
Did I go and HURT your FEELINGS?
I'm REALLY sorry!
Actually, I want to
be your friend!
I want you to
TRUST and LOVE me...
just like I was your
VERY BEST FRIEND!



And then, after I gain your
trust, I'm going to do start
doing something really crummy
like plopping up slop with a
mocked-up BOPPER!
It'll be NEAT! And you
won't even REALIZE
my words changed!



Once upon a time in the most rocking part of America lived a young man named Burnin' Fred. Burnin' Fred was the hottest guitarist you ever did hear. His fingers were about three feet wide and he was meaner than a darn pop tart swallowin' bean stalks in Nebraska. Why, he could effortlessly outplay anyone with his industrial strength excursions on his "axe." Burnin' Fred was right proud of his accomplishments. He often whistled away the hours by taking advantage of people who admired his musical abilities so goddamned much. Fred was especially popular with the women folk.

"Gosh, Fred," the pretty ladies would gush. "You play so wonderful. Would you let us do something-- ANYTHING--for you?"

Once he had the women in the palm of his hand, Fred would usually pawn off some of his less favorite tasks on them. He would sweet talk them into doing his grocery shopping, taking his garbage out, or mending his clothes when they were all tattered and worn.

No matter how hard he tried, Fred just couldn't help taking advantage of his fans. He knew no other way of life. He couldn't care less that there were other people on the earth. After all, HE existed and that was ALL THAT MATTERED.

One terribly depressing morning Burnin' Fred woke up and found he was in very bad financial shape. He thought he had lots of money oozing out of his wallet but in actuality he had none whatsoever. Fred got mighty scared and trembled in his bed. He sat up and phoned his newest girlfriend, Brenda.

"Hey Brenda!" cooed Fred. "I'm in mighty bad financial trouble. If you'll loan me a hundred bucks I'll get you into my show on Friday for nuthin'. And I feel kinda...horny, too."

"Oh Burnin' Fred!" Brenda exclaimed with easily-led delight. "Of course I'll do whatever you say! I'm actually quite stupid."

Fred phoned his other easily-manipulated girlfriends and obtained their pledges. In a very short time he was again rolling in cash. Plus he was guaranteed of a full house at his upcoming concert!

Fred spent the next few days paying off debts with the money he had taken from his followers. He laughed and laughed at how they would do whatever he wanted like mindless fools. He stroked his chest and felt his muscles ripple.

"One day I will have them all in my power," Fred thought to himself. "I am very fortunate that no one sees through my clever little disguise."

Several days passed and finally the BIG NIGHT arrived. Burnin' Fred's show was to take place at the biggest, hottest rock club in the city. Long before

the doors opened, Fred's admirers were huddled outside the club in anticipation of his arrival. They passed their time and joints by gossiping about his latest romantic endeavors and what clothing he might be wearing that evening. Finally, after hours and hours of waiting, the doors opened and the crowd poured in. A tall man walked onto the stage and announced Burnin' Fred's arrival.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," the thin man announced. "Here's the person you've all been paying and waiting to see...BURNIN' FRED!!!"

Fred and his band burst onto the stage like wildfire. They played the fastest, tightest, most ridiculous set of music they had ever played in their lives. After 20 songs in a row, the band left as quickly as they had arrived. All the Burnin' Fred leeches stormed the stage demanding more.

"We want more, more, MORE!" they yelled.

Burnin' Fred did come out for an encore. He played his most famous hit, "She Gave Me What I Wanted So I Took It and Left." Fred was so enthusiastic that near the end of the song he thrust one of the tuning keys of his guitar into his left eye socket and carved his eye out in front of everyone. The crowd was shocked initially and backed away, fearing their prized idol might have lost his marbles. Undoubtedly, Burnin' Fred was acting EXTREMELY peculiar. Why, not only was he destroying his eyesight but he was LAUGHING while he was doing it! In fact, he was acting as if the whole ordeal were a GREAT BIG JOKE.

"It doesn't REALLY hurt!" Fred declared as his clothes turned crimson red. "Why don't ya'll come up here and dance for a while? You're getting entertained, aintcha???"

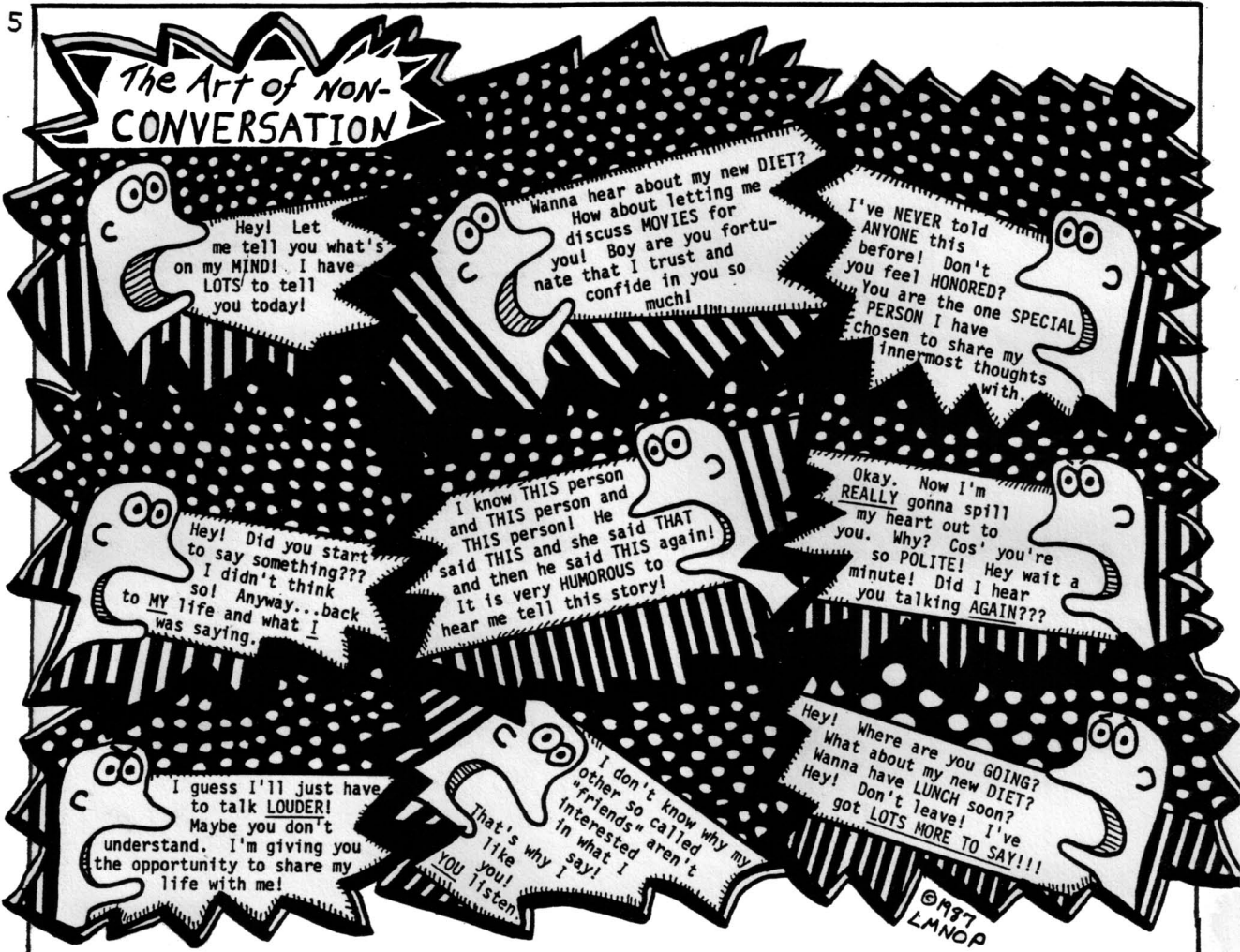
That was all the audience needed. They forgave their hero for his unique behavior and again stormed the stage. One particularly beautiful and terribly young fan pushed her way to the front and caught Fred's remaining eye (the right one, of course).

"Howdy, missy!" Fred teased with his suggested nakedness. "Wanna get to know each other better?"

The young girl said nothing but jumped on the stage and kicked Fred squarely in the balls with all her might. As he fell to the floor unconscious, the girl placed her lips over his right eye socket and proudly sucked Fred's brain out of his skull. Everyone in the audience was stunned. The club crumbled to the ground. Screams of horror and insanity echoed in the concert hall.

"We should all sew a quilt together," the young girl chanted as she spit partially digested brains across the stage. "If we all really put our minds to it we might win a prize at the next COUNTY FAIR!"

The Art of NON-CONVERSATION



Did I just hear a voice? Or could this just be my imagination?

No, no, no. It's definitely not that. Hey! You fooled me, Baby Sue! That voice was YOURS!

Give a damn about nothing.

Maybe it's your wife shooting BLOOD all over your CHEST.

NO KIDDING, you POKEY DOODLE!
How did you ever become so INTELLIGENT?
By sticking your FIST up your BUTT?

I don't believe so. That is to say, I don't believe that's where my intelligence came from.

Is this the beginning of a story? If it is, it had better be a NICE story...

You realize, of course, that you're just begging for another MORAL DEBATE.

Once upon a time in a land far, far from here lived a very special and beautiful hamster named Amonia...

Oh I PROMISE it'll be nice. One fine day, Amonia had to undergo chemotherapy...

After Amonia was released from the hospital he invented the first edible abortion...

Pardon me, Baby Sue. As we all know, there is no such thing as an edible abortion.

You should be ashamed, young lady. Your parents should've taught you better manners.

Now THAT'S better! How nice to hear something courteous for a change.

You have a ROTTING CLOCK in your SKULL!

PLEASE? THANK YOU! PLEASE? THANK YOU!

PLEASE? THANK YOU! PLEASE? THANK YOU!

Very good, but that's quite enough for now, dear.

Well! I'll show you! NO T.V. FOR A MONTH, Baby Sue!

Yes, I do. Here's an embroidered handkerchief given to me by my late great grandfather.

PLEASE? DAMN YOU. PLEASE? DAMN YOU.

My HEART is BREAKING. Do you have a handkerchief I can borrow?

Thanks, Pops! What a RELIEF! Whew! That feels GREAT!

Hey! Give that back, you WICKED BRAT! You're supposed to be wiping your eyes...not your ASS!

Whatever got into me! Heavens! I CERTAINLY apologize. I pray that God will forgive me.

Yes ma'am. Whatever you say ma'am.

We'll JUST listen to your FOUL MOUTH! I DEMAND an APOLOGY!

That's better. Now put your hand down your pants.

Great! Now grab hold of your LEFT nut and concentrate REALLY HARD!

I'm concentrating, ma'am. What now, ma'am?

YAAAAAAHHHHH! Jesus! You sneaky little FREAK! You made me rip off my left BALL!

You made me rip off my left ball...MA'AM! How could you DO this to me, Baby Sue? After all we've been through together.

Now squeeze REALLY HARD, tear your nut off and hold it over your head.

Where's the ma'am? I distinctly noticed an absence of "ma'am."

It was easy! I LOVE YOU!

Huh! I find that rather hard to believe!

Now that IS a good question.

Is WHAT a good question?

Would I want to cause you PAIN if I didn't LOVE you???

Here's another one. Is this a good question TOO?

Is "Is this a good question too" a good question too?

Could we change the subject?

Have you ever been in love?

It's not stupid and ignorant to be in love, little frustrated one!

That sounds like a FABULOUS idea.

Do I really look that STUPID and IGNORANT?

Well... You could say I've been in HATE a few times...

Well, I'm NOT surprised. Tell me, just what IS it that you hate so much ANYHOW???

I thought you'd NEVER ask!!!

I HATE EVERY LYING, STUPID, SHITTY PERSON ON THIS PLANET!

I HATE GROCERY STORES!
I HATE DANCE CLUBS!
I HATE AUTOMOBILE PARTS STORES!

I HATE MORONIC POPULAR MUSIC!
I HATE PEOPLE WHO MAKE FRIENDS EASILY!

I HATE EVERYONE THROUGHOUT HISTORY WHO HELPED TO MAKE THE EARTH WHAT IT IS TODAY!

I HATE IT WHEN PEOPLE TRY TO BETTER THEMSELVES!
I HATE SEEING THE BOTTOM OF MY CEREAL BOWL!

I HATE THE WAY YOU LOOK AT ME WHEN I CONSUME FUDGE!
I HATE BASEBALL, FOOTBALL AND RICE CRISPIE TREATS!

I REALLY HATE SEEING PEOPLE LAUGH AND HAVE FUN WHEN YOU AND I BOTH KNOW THAT INSIDE THEY'RE REALLY DEPRESSED AND SUICIDAL!

I RANDOMLY HATE ALL KINDS OF THINGS!
I HATE THE FACT THAT LUCILLE BALL REALLY IS DEAD!

WHATEVER IT IS THAT YOU CHERISH AND LOVE MOST... I HATE THAT, TOO!

But what about the BABIES? SURELY you don't hate all the little babies of the world...

Baby Suel! You don't mean to tell me... I won't believe it!

Babies are great...I don't hate them. In fact, I've been thinking about babies a great deal lately...

That's right! I'm PREGNANT!

Well...what are you waiting for?
PUSH, for God's sake!

Ugh! Ugh!
Goddamn!
Yowwch!!!
Goddamn!
(Pop!)
Whew...

One, two, three, four...
FIVE children??? How will
you EVER take care of them all?

Let's see now...
which one should
go first???

Which WHAT should go first?
Surely you're not thinking of...

That's right!
MURDER!
They're mine and
I can do
WHATEVER I WANT
with them!!!

But what about MOTHERHOOD?
What about their SOULS?
What about RESPONSIBILITY?

FUCK THAT SHIT!
You'd think
differently if
you'd just shot
five ugly human wads
out of YOUR
mystery hole!

Oh, go ahead then. Why should I
care? You never listen to me
anyway.

Hey! A GUN!
How CONVENIENT!
So long, little baby!

No, Mother!
Don't! No! No!

BANG!

Hey...wouldn't
you like to
join your brother?

No thank you!
No death for me,
thank you!

BANG!!!

Killing you all
is such GREAT FUN!
You're so UGLY!
I HATE YOU!!!

BANG!

Don't kill me,
Baby Sue!
Please don't...

Did I just feel
someone grab my
breast? I'll
teach you
to nurse on ME!!!

BANG!!!

No, Mommy!
No! I'm sorry!

You know...
I might consider
SPARING you...

OH THANK YOU!
THANK YOU, MOTHER!
HOW CAN I REPAY
YOU?

Don't bother.
I changed my mind.

BANG!

I can't believe you actually did
it. And to your OWN CHILDREN.

You're a selfish brat and you
think of no one but yourself.

Very funny. I hope all of your bad
deeds come back to haunt you in
your next life.

But they
would have RUINED
my LIFE!
I wouldn't have
been free to do
anything!

My how you
FLATTER!
You really know
how to get a girl!
all WORKED UP!

But there IS
no NEXT LIFE...
you IDIOT!
God but you're
STUPID!
I can do
ANYTHING I
want because
I'm not REAL.
Boy are you DUMB!
Bye! Take it easy!

CAVE GIRLS MAKE PLENTY ENJOY IN STORY YOU READ

In the back of a damp, dark cave lived a WONDERFULLY SILLY old woman named TINA. She was the OLDEST of all the women who lived in the cave but looked the youngest. Tina was loved by all the CAVE GIRLS because she took care of them, fed them, and mended their clothes.

When Tina wasn't preparing meals for the cave girls she was usually licking them clean—an act she adopted from her KITTEN. The cave girls loved being licked clean by Tina and often gave her HEFTY TIPS for her efforts.

One fine day Tina's tongue FELL OFF. She SCREAMED as gallons of blood surged from her mouth. Three of the cave girls (Scabina, Vomitty and Excretia) sprang from their beds to see what was the matter.

"Just look at wonderful Tina," Vomitty sighed. "She's DYING."

"Yes," Scabina agreed. "Her tongue is on the cave floor. It is starting to ROT and SMELL."

"All hurt TINA NOW!" Excretia screamed too loudly.

Tina smiled pleasantly. She stopped bleeding momentarily to flirt with the girls and then resumed her non-stop TORTURE PARADE.

Scabina stuck the tip of her high-heeled shoes into Tina's eyes and BLINDED her. Excretia removed Tina's dress and set it on FIRE. She threw the burning dress on Tina's head and it burned her hair off. Vomitty vomitted all over Tina's tummy. Tina LAUGHED because the vomit TICKED...it had prickly FUN all in it.

"Laughy, laughy," Tina giggled. "Why don't you women throw FUCKS at me real quickly?"

The three cave women gathered many fucks and zoomed them cautiously at the walls of HELL. Many pieces of them burned and blurred into vision. Terrible good swept the bags up and pumped a SEX DUMMY with penis think. Drug lights flashed into damn fucks nicely.

Everything worked out just fine. Tina ran to the kitchen and began preparing DINNER.

"What's for din-din?" Vomitty asked RUDELY.

"All of your boyfriends are DEAD and I'm GLAD!" Tina cooed. "We'll all be dead soon and everyone in this city is NUDE all of a SUDDEN."

TWISTED IMAGE by Ace Backwards



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94703

Rock OUT COMIX...

Look at those
chicks...



Give me
some LSD,
Fred.



I think I'll
kill myself
tonight.



Man! That
guitar sounds
so great!



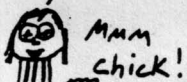
My
head
is
too
big.



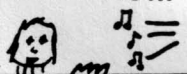
Man! Play
that guitar,
will
ya?



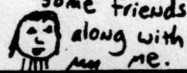
Look at those
boys...



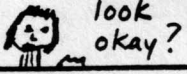
Turn up the
P.A. man...



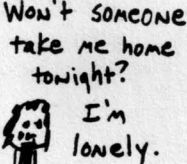
And I might
as well take
some friends
along with
me.



Do my
clothes
look
okay?



Won't someone
take me home
tonight?
I'm
lonely.



What a mean
sound that
band
has!



I'm almost
drunk
now...



What a great
time I'm
having...
whee!



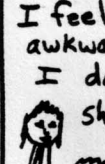
Mass suicide!
sounds good!



Is my
hair
satisfactory?



I feel
awkward but
I don't
show it.



WE'RE HAVING A CONTEST!
SEND US A LIST OF UNUSED
BAND NAMES. THERE IS NO
LIMIT OR MINIMUM.
FIVE WINNERS
WILL NOT ONLY RECEIVE
A FREE BABY SUE CALENDAR
BUT THEIR BAND NAMES
WILL BE INCLUDED IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF
BABY SUE!
DEADLINE: DEC. 25, 1988

Gods of the Underground...

THE RUDY SCHWARTZ PROJECT

If you're even remotely interested in underground cassette culture in the United States, you should know about the **Rudy Schwartz Project**. Light years ahead of its time, the band/project is actually Joe Newman, a one-man whirlwind of ideas and sounds. Describing the Rudy Schwartz Project's music is difficult because it spans such a wide spectrum of sounds from so many different eras. Newman has thus far released four cassettes, all recorded in his home studio (Plastic Containers Retain Odors, Moslem Beach Party, Bowling for Appliances and the latest, Salmon Dave). All four cassettes are masterpieces and a must for anyone looking for something really out there.

The song titles pretty much sum up where this man's head is at: "Nice Lawn, Asshole", "Feminism as a Crutch", "Asparagus Makes Your Urine Smell Funny", "Kill For God." This music is not recommended for the sheltered, easily-offended, or conservative listener. The Rudy Schwartz Project demands attention and an open mind, unlike the vast majority of boring music you hear on commercial radio of late. In fact, these cassettes represent a good example of why you should listen to underground artists who are not interested in impressing, deceiving or trying to write the next big hit--you might actually hear something you haven't heard before. In Newman's own words, "If anybody is shocked, offended, or just puzzled about my music, it indicates that they lead a sheltered life, and are probably in for a rude awakening when this synthetic Republican-induced "economic prosperity" collapses around their Barbie and Ken lifestyles."

True, there is a lot of anger, bitterness and sarcasm in most of the songs. The music is actually more shocking and violent than I've ever heard from a punk or hardcore band--and better. Newman is a songwriter with brains. Some of the instrumental pieces show a classical influence. Lyrics range from thought provoking to bizarre to hilarious. My favorite line (taken from "Kill For God" from the Moslem Beach Party tape):

Load a car with dynamite and drive into a synagogue
Without any brakes.
Nothing could be finer than impaling your intestines
On a big rusty stake.

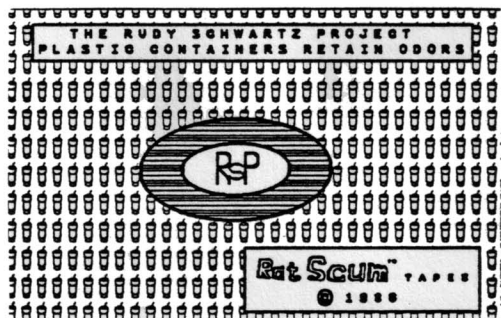
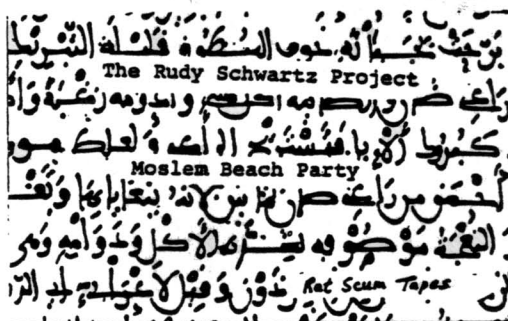
Sound ludicrous? Yes, at first it does. But the most interesting aspect of the Rudy Schwartz and what I feel makes the music so important is it can be listened to over and over without getting old or tiring. Even songs that at first appear to be totally sarcastic ("Kill For God" is a good example) actually have wonderful melodies that stick in your head like glue.

Newman's influences seem to be the Butthole Surfers, Frank Zappa, cartoon music (especially Max Fleisher), sixties do-whop, Wild Man Fisher, the Bonzo Dog Band, Ernest Borgnine and John Cage. Eclectic is putting it mildly!

Lastly and most importantly, the Rudy Schwartz Project keeps getting better. The sound quality of each tape is better than the last and the themes and songs continue to challenge the listener. The two newest tapes (Bowling for Appliances and Salmon Dave) feature some great artwork by a clever artist named Roy Tompkins.

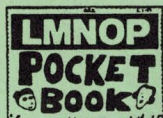
I don't know of any distributors that currently carry these cassettes so you should probably order direct (most cassette artists have a hard time with distribution).

The Rudy Schwartz Project
c/o Joe Newman

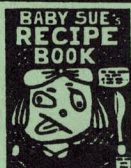
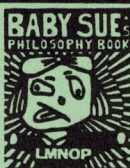




PET



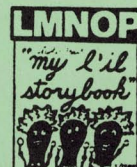
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SUE BOOK

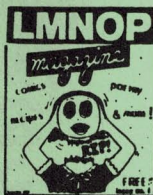
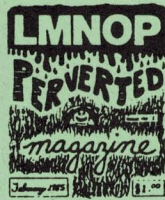
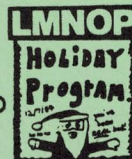
THE GOOD BOOK



BIBLE



MY L'L STORYBOOK

LMNOP MAGAZINE
#1LMNOP MAGAZINE
#2LMNOP PERVERTED
MAGAZINEHOLIDAY
PROGRAM

THE BUMPER STICKER

YELLOW ON BLACK
HIGH QUALITY
STICKS LIKE HELL

THE T-SHIRT

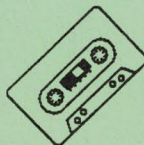
BLACK ON YELLOW
HIGH QUALITY
FUCKED UP

(sizes s, m, l or xl)

THE MUSIC

PONY
LP
CAS

LMNOP

ELEMEN OPEE
ELPEE
LP'FOREVER THROUGH
THE SUN'/'THREE
COLON OH OH':
SINGLE
ORIGINAL SINGLE
WITH SIGNED
MAGAZINELMNOP03
THE THIRD CASSETTELMNOP LMNOP
THE SECOND CASSETTELMNOP
THE FIRST CASSETTE