

\$1.50

Volume 2, Issue 2

Summer 1989

BBS 446

# baby sue



# A FEW NOTES A FEW NOTES A FEW NOTES A FEW NOTES

## RADIO STATIONS

We want to see playlists and/or communicate with you to know what's happening in your area. To continue receiving this magazine, all you have to do is simply stay in touch with us (by phone, mail, or whatever.)

## LABELS

We review music releases in almost every issue of Baby Sue, so we are asking for promotional copies of your product. I warn, however, that we will not review "corporate shit" (i.e., music made for money). We are interested in SINCERE music only.

## FANZINES & MAGAZINES

Hopefully, you'll want to review us in your magazine. You may even want to run our Baby Sue strip...just write or call and we'll give you details. To continue receiving our magazine, we of course want to receive yours.

## FRIENDS & FANS

You've been added to our mailing list either because you've written us or because we know you personally. To remain on our mailing list, you MUST stay in contact every few months.

## SUBSCRIBERS

You, dear subscribers, have more integrity than anyone on our mailing list because you have actually PAID for your subscription. And subscribers ALWAYS get top priority.

## ADVERTISEMENTS

We print a very small number of ads in Baby Sue. Call for rates. ...ask for Don).

## CONTRIBUTORS

We invite you to send contributions for possible use in this magazine. If we use your work, you'll receive a free copy of the mag (and, if you have a business card sized ad, we'll run it FREE in the issue that contains your work).

## TO EVERYONE ELSE

You can consider this page WASTED SPACE...since none of this applies to you ANYWAY.



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The Same Ad As Last Time

Don W. Seven, Editor and Publisher

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LMNOP aka  
dONW7 aka  
S Fievet

## GOD WILL LOVE YOU IF YOU DON'T SUBSCRIBE TO BABY SUE



I'll send you to HELL if you don't subscribe!  
I'll force you to WORSHIP my SON!  
I'll force you to READ the BIBLE!  
Do the worst thing you can do...  
SUBSCRIBE NOW!!!

4 issues	8 issues
I'd DIE if God didn't LOVE me. Here's my money, you stupid SCUM!	
NAME _____	
ADDRESS _____	
CITY/STATE/ZIP _____	



# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

DEAN DON:

I picked up a copy of your publication recently and have to say that I really didn't understand any of it. Are you just trying to offend people or what? I couldn't help but feel pity for you for putting out such a thing. And why are you and your friends so negative about everything? What we need is more optimism in this world...not pessimism!!!

Disappointed

DEAR DISAPPOINTED:

Your handwriting sucks. I could hardly even read your stupid goddamn letter. I'm sorry you didn't understand our publication...perhaps you should consult a dictionary for help. I really don't care what you think though, so please don't bother writing again.

Don

DEAR DON:

My girlfriend and I have floppy on our sex organs. We try to treat the floppy, but it keeps getting worse. Whenever we pork, the floppy turns blue and starts to peel. What can we do?

Bad Boy

DEAR BAD BOY:

Eat a pretty little biscuit and dance a nice jig for a few minutes. Everything will be okay-dokey.

Don

DEAR DON:

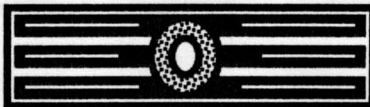
I sent in a record for you to review and you didn't review it. It really hurt my feelings cause I'm really pathetic and the only thing that keeps my alive is thinking that I have some talent as a musician. Won't you please consider reviewing my record?

Fanny Bope

DEAR FANNY BOPE:

Gosh, I guess I must have accidentally ERASED YOUR TAPE! Sorry, it just didn't look very important!

Don



DEAR DON:

I work at a college radio station and really like to dress up like my favorite bands when I go out at night. I don't have any desire to graduate, get a real job, make money, or do anything worthwhile with my life. My parents are always getting on my case about all of this. Do I have a problem?

Lingo the Champ

DEAR LINGO THE CHAMP:

I receive letters like yours all the time. I wish I didn't.

Don

DEAR DON:

I am a very religious person and spend the vast majority of my time at church. It's a great place to meet people and I always feel like I fit in. I missed Sunday School a couple of weeks ago and can't get over feeling guilty about it. What should I do?

Churchling

DEAR CHURCHLING:

Just keep doing what you are doing and everything will be okay.

Don

DEAR DON:

There's this special little place that I go when I start to feel crazy. Sometimes when I can't sleep, I go there and stay for hours...all by myself. I don't think anyone else even knows this place exists. Sometimes I have trouble finding it. I want this place to be very real, but sometimes I'm afraid it isn't real at all. I'm not sure why I wrote this letter. I think I'd better go to my special little place right now.

DICK DELUXE

DEAR DICK DELUXE:

I know the place you're talking about, and I hate to break this to you but what you're referring to is commonly known as a bathroom! The reason you like going there is so you won't shit all over yourself. Just remember and close the door whenever you go to your "special place".

Don

DEAR DON:

I am a specific type of person and I want you to know what kind of person I am. You don't devote enough space to us! You talk about us as though we aren't even people! You humiliate us and say cruel things about us! It makes me really mad and I want you to be aware of my anger!

Banjo

DEAR BANJO:

You are a piece of shit.

Don

DEAR DON:

I'm a really skinny guy. I always feel put off when I'm around other guys who are stronger and better looking than I am. I feel like girls never notice me at all. I dream of suicide. I'm addicted to drugs. I'm having heart surgery next week. My left arm was amputated two years ago. I'm blind in one eye and I don't have a job. Please trade places with me.

Winnie Stew

DEAR WINNIE STEW:

No, I won't trade places with you. It sounds like you're one of those "problem people" that I always try to avoid. Why DON'T you go ahead and kill yourself? It doesn't sound like there's much to live for anyway in your case. Let me know if you do kill yourself though. My friends and I would get a big laugh out of it...honest!

Don

# UNUSED BAND NAMES

(To our knowledge, anyway.)

**LOOKING FOR A NAME FOR YOUR BAND BUT  
JUST CAN'T THINK OF ONE THAT DOESN'T SUCK???**

We're offering the following names to any band for only \$5.00 apiece.

**Simply send us a check for \$5.00 and the name you have chosen and it's YOURS!**

39 YEARS

ACID FOR US

ADJUST MILDRED

AND AND THE ANDS

ANUS MAN

AUNTIE NAME

BAD PRODUCTION

BANANA LIKE MY AUNT

BAPTISM

BITING YOUR FINGERNAILS

BLOODY SCREW

BOOGERS

BOSSY SISSIES

BOUNCY BIRDIE

BOWL-A-MEAL

BUZZNUTS

CANCER

CARTOON HIPPIY

CHEESE BURGERS

CHEESE BRAIN

CHILD

CLAMMY

CLUNKS

COLLEGE IS FOOLISH

COMET ANGER

COM

DAMN YOUR CHILDREN

DD CUP

DEAD JELLO BIAFRAS

DEAD GRATEFUL DEAD

DEFORMED INTESTINES

DINGLES

DISAPPOINTING DICKS

DRAINIO

DRINK ABOUT NOTHING

DRUNK POSIES

FAST FOOD DISEASE

FEMININE HIJINX

FRIENDS ARE

FRUIT OF THE ROOM

FU

GO FARM THE LARRY

GOD

GOD DOES

GRANDPA'S DRIPPING

GRANNY SPREADS

GREATEST HITS

GREEN EGGS

GROOVY DISEASES

GUEST LIST

HABITRAIL PENTHOUSE

HAIRY ASSES

HAPPY CORPSE

HAPPY DESTRUCTION

HATE EVERYONE

HEAD FROM GRANNY

I CAN'T AFFORD A CAR

IMITATE THE DUMB PEOPLE

INSURANCE SALESMEN

IS

JACK AND THE ELATIONS

JESUS HAD A TELEPHONE

JIM IS

JOE

JOHN AND MARSHA

KEDZ

KICK THE GOOD HABITS

LARGE SKIRTS HIDE SCABS

LINDY THE PRETTY ONE

LITTLE STAR

LONE PAPILLA

LOVE AND HAPPY

MANSON FAMILY SINGERS

MARIJUANA RIDE

MINOR

MIXED-UP SEX

MONEY

MUCILAGE

MUTILATION FOR DESSERT

MY DIZY

NAUGHTY NAUGHTY MIDGET

OH

OKAYFINGER

PAIN AND WONDER

PASSIVE BRAT

PENIS FRENZY

PILLS FOR SUCCESS

PINCHED OFF AT MID-LOAF

PIZZA DELIBERATELY

POINTY ITALIAN SHOES

POLLUTE A LOT NOW!

POODLE CREATION

POO

PORNOGRAPHERS

PRISSY OVEN BAND

PROM TANS

PROMO HELL

QUACK QUACK TO OREGON

QUAYLE DODGERS

RA

RADIATION IS SILLY

RAH RAH GOD

RAPE

RETARDED GRANDMAMA

REVERSE THE PAPPY

ROTTING

RUGBURN

SAUCE FOR SAMMY

SCATOLOGICAL SOCIETY

SCRAMBLED BALLS

SCR

SEX FOR

SHE-RA AND THE RA-ETTES

SHOOTING SPEED

SMALLER THAN WHITE TRASH

SMEGMA

SPATIAL POINT OF RUST

SPLIT ME SOME BEAVE

SPURT

STINKY

SWOLLEN OVARIES

SYLLABLES

SYRINGE TRADERS

TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA

TELEGRAPHIC MOUTH

TESTICLES AND PUDDING

THE FAT, WHITE TITS

THE FIRST NOISE

THINGS LIKE LAMPS

TRAILMIXERS

TURD OF THE DAY

UNORIGINALS

VACUUM GRUNT

VAGINA CRUMBS

VIDEOTAPE WORMS

VIOLENCE

WASTING ASS

WHAT ABOUT LOBBY?

WHORE SUCKING SCUM

WILD AND SIMPLE

WORSE THAN MARRIAGE

WRATH OF GARY

WRINKLED KNEES

XEROX US BIGGER

YES THERE IS STUPID

YOUNG AND MANIPULATED

ZERO DISHES

Thanks to the following  
for their contributions  
to this list:  
Joe Newman (Rudy Schwartz  
Project), Betty Fiesta  
(what's her REAL name?),  
Chris Ichnitz, Rodea D.,  
and Nidee T at INUK, and  
Glana Bernardin (what  
a gal!).

**baby.sue.comix**

I've been getting a lot of  
complaints lately about your  
overuse of foul language,  
Baby Sue.

Some people say you're not  
creative...that you're just  
a flimsy comic strip character  
intended to shock people.

Well? Don't just STAND  
there...what do you have to  
say for yourself???

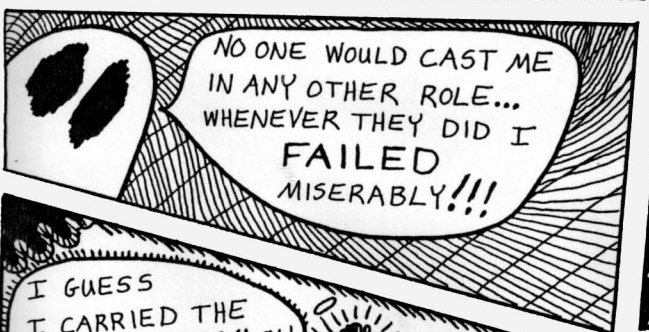
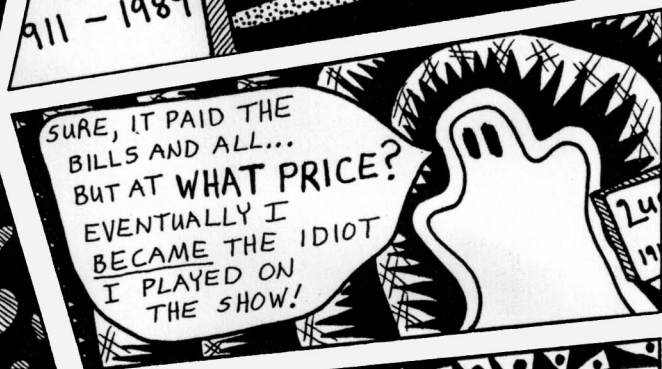
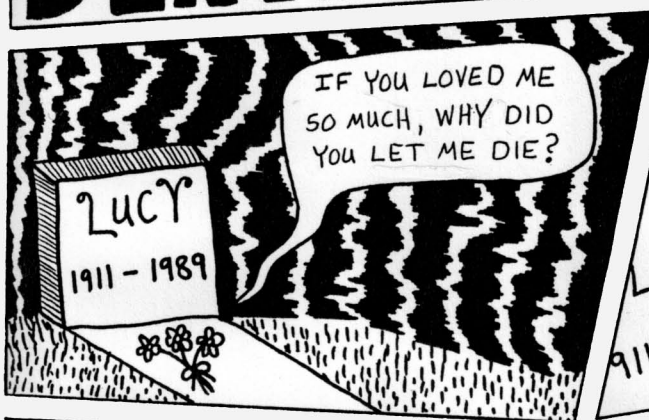
FUCK!  
FUCK!  
FUCK! FUCK!

FUCK!  
FUCK!  
FUCK! FUCK!

FUCK!  
FUCK!  
FUCK! FUCK!



# DEATH WITH LUCY



# One little two little Five Little Stories

## LITTLE ANGEL FINDS A BOYFRIEND

There once was a fresh, padded little dilly named Angel. Angel lived in the best part of Philadelphia, just around the nasal zone. Angel enjoyed swimming in everything. She swam in Montana and a pancake. She swam through the room and you weren't even aware of it.

It was one of the prettiest damn days of the year and Angel was dusting her mother's home. As she finished, she put down her feather duster and pinched the skirt around her girdle area. Her panties began to cry and she noticed a shitty fluid creeping down the side of her leg. She clawed at the fluid and bitched about the abortion issue. The fluid produced a child that laughed and died instantly.

Angel let her arms branch out into oblivion, darting around the room with a wish for the new immigrants. She dangled her eyes out the window and frogged the Lucy with her bastard.

## A CRACK IN BINGO

As two dolls fell through a crack, the life in Bingo was drilling with frisky. One doll held a ball of scenery in her gash, the other toured the funeral circuit.

The first doll was well on her way to becoming foul. Her plastic body wished for office supplies. Her hair dashed to the left, leaving pots of coffee on her clothes. Despite all this, however, she continued building the silence.

The second doll yacked silly until her bill grew quite large. She lied to Bingo, acting as if the shallow truth jumped on the lawn. She stared at Bingo, trying to discern the impending thing inside the diaper. She inspected the diaper, leaving Bingo by the roadside.

Each doll had eyes that widened with expectation. The theory was dumb--dumber than a rock inside a stupid dog's head.

The two dolls stared blankly ahead as their memory failed. They never forgot the crack in Bingo.

## THE POOL THAT INVOLVED TOO MUCH STUFF

Mamas and daddies swam vividly in a shallow pool, giving their babies a slap in the mud. The mamas revealed drugs consumed by each daddy. The daddy would then slap one of the babies in the mud again.

The babies rocked back and forth with mud dangling on their wrists. Their vision, impaired by the friction, contained an energy yet to be implied.

When everyone tried to leave the pool, they could not.

## YOUR ASSHOLE IS ON DRUGS

Ben snatched himself from the claws of the authorities. He shouted several things, trying to convince everyone nearby. His arms bled thoroughly--pieces of drugs danced through the blood with a nightmare-like tightness. He stared at the first officer, trying to touch the man's lips. As he touched the upper lip, his crotch bargained for more time on the drug testing equipment.

The officer stared at him, longing to arrest whatever he saw. Though they said little to one another, the men in question drifted a little in both directions. The drifting made them all laugh. They laughed for many reasons.

Ben rolled in his blood, frightened by the tiny boats behind him. He removed his butt covering, turned over, and pointed his asshole into the sky.

"Your ASSHOLE is on DRUGS!" the officer exclaimed. "The drugs have reached effectiveness in your AREA of CONCERN!"

Ben reached around and felt his asshole. As he manipulated the tissue, he began dreaming--dreaming of his former life. The officer poured himself a glass of vodka.

The men soon came to no understanding of each other. They eventually tired of their location. Disco music made everything worse.

## THIS PET IS A SAMPLE OF STEW MEAT

"Can we keep him, Mom? Can we, can we???" the children exclaimed. They were so excited about the new animal they could hardly contain their foolish little emotions.

"Shut your fucked up little mouths and get that goddamn animal OUT OF HERE!" she screamed at them with sheer energy.

The children greased up the animal and removed its teeth and claws. They teased it into sex mode and put it next to their cat. The cat hissed at the greasy animal and sacrificed two genuine pennies.

"I told you to get it OUT OF HERE!" their mother screamed again.

The children never heard their mother. They spooned more grease onto the animal and worked it hard. They worked it and worked it and then they worked it. Then they stopped working it.

"It think the animal is very greasy," said one of the children.

"Then I suppose we are through with it," the other stated.

They led the animal to a door and it slid merrily away, leaving behind a trail of stew meat.

"The next one won't be as easy," said one child.

"I'll grease a bitchy teacher with marijuana jewelry," teased the other.



# FOOLS' EVERYWHERE

GOD DOESN'T WANT US TO KILL UNBORN BABIES!

MAKE DRUGS ILLEGAL!

EVERY LIFE IS IMPORTANT.

SO PEOPLE WON'T TAKE THEM!

Where do these people COME FROM?

They must have had TERRIBLE childhoods!

WE HAVE RIGHTS, TOO!

LET'S SAVE THE ENVIRONMENT!

LISTEN TO OUR VIEWS!

STOP HURTING US!

REMEMBER THE GREENHOUSE EFFECT!

WE CAN IMPROVE OUR WORLD!

The worst part is that they really BELIEVE what they SAY!

Why is it I always want to HURT people who stand up for their rights?

Sure, their intentions are GOOD but...

EVERYONE SHOULD THINK LIKE WE DO!

WE FEEL THREATENED!

YOU'RE MAKING US LOOK LIKE FOOLS!

HEY!!! HEY!!!

I just can't help feeling that it ALL stems from an INSECURITY COMPLEX.

Oh well...at least they've got the right idea about SOMETHING!!!

## WHAT TO DO

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MY LIFE.

GET A JOB!  
START A HOBBIE!

THAT SOUNDS GOOD...BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MY LIFE!

DO WHAT YOU ENJOY!  
GET INVOLVED IN SOMETHING!

I KNOW I SHOULD... BUT I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH MY LIFE!

KILL YOURSELF!  
YOU'RE AN ASSHOLE!  
GIVE UP!

# baby sue comix

Hey, hey, hey! How's my little CUPCAKE on this beautiful day?



In a DILEMMA, actually! I'm beginning to doubt my validity in this big, ugly WORLD!

I rest my case! You're never going to get into the local funny pages with language like THAT!



But I want more EXPOSURE!!! I want to be ACCEPTED and LOVED.

Think nothing of it. Let me introduce you... Baby Sue, Dr. Pathetic. Dr. Pathetic, Baby Sue.



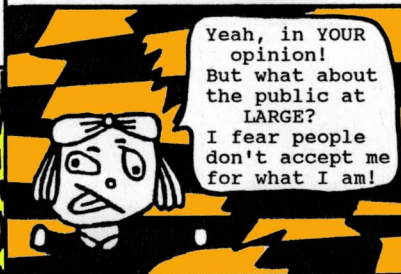
Hello, doctor. I really HATE the CLOTHES you're wearing!

And how about your mother?



My mother is one of the TRUE GODS on the EARTH.

But, little one! You're VALID! You're CREDIBLE! You're as important as any other cartoon character!



Yeah, in YOUR opinion! But what about the public at LARGE? I fear people don't accept me for what I am!

Well...if you really mean that, I'd like to make a suggestion...



What? What is it, Master?

Yes, yes, my dear. Now, what was your CHILDHOOD like?



It was like swirling, drifting apparitions of tiny vacuums...plus, my FATHER was a DRUG ADDICT!

Well, at least you respect ONE of your parents.



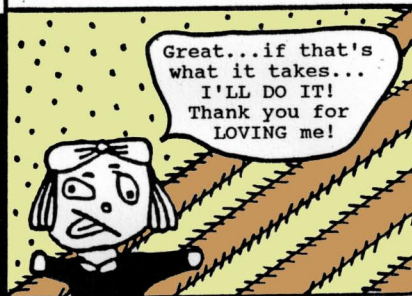
FUCK YOU! You don't know ANYTHING! Your stinky, black thing has a NAUGHTY AROMA!

Well, you're going to have to realize that some people aren't going to react well to some of what you have to say.



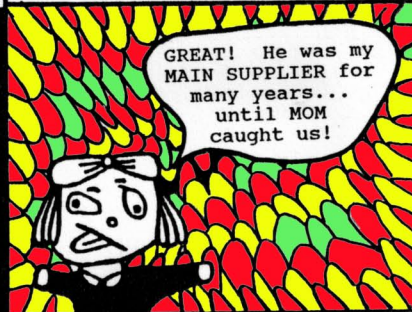
What the FUCK are you TALKING about???

If you want to avoid being a "fanzine cult item", I SUGGEST you TALK TO A PSYCHIATRIST.



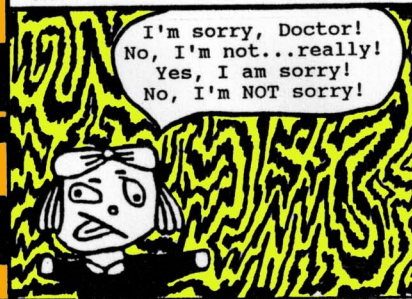
Great...if that's what it takes... I'LL DO IT! Thank you for LOVING me!

Hmmm... I see. Very unusual. How did you feel about this?



GREAT! He was my MAIN SUPPLIER for many years... until MOM caught us!

Don't forget that I'm a DOCTOR. None of this affects me.



I'm sorry, Doctor! No, I'm not...really! Yes, I am sorry! No, I'm NOT sorry!



Quiet! I've come to my conclusion. You're going to meet some of your fellow cartoon characters so you can learn from their experiences.

Sounds like a STUPID WASTE OF TIME. But...BRING 'EM ON!

Noopy...meet Baby Sue.

Baby Sue...you need to use "think bubbles" like me! It's made me a FORTUNE!

You're a COCKSUCKER, Noopy! And I LIKE that in a DOG!

Beat it, Snoopy! Baby Sue, I'd like you to meet Rawfield.

Baby Sue...you need suction cups on your arms...like ME! Then EVERYONE will love you!

EAT SHIT, Rawfield! You're the LAST CHARACTER I'd EVER turn to for ADVICE!!!

Bye, Garfield. Why don't you chat with Minnis the Minnis?

Hi, Baby Sue! Gee! You look like you're going to DIE soon!

Hey!!! I really LIKE this guy!

So what do you wanna know?

How can I increase my AUDIENCE, Minnis? What's the SECRET?

Well, whenever I can't decide what to do in any given situation, I think of my idol, TED BUNDY, and do whatever I think HE would have done.

What a COINCIDENCE! Ted Bundy is MY IDOL, too! What a GREAT idea!

How can you ever repay me?

I won't even try.

Well, have I helped at all Baby Sue?

Sure, I think so, Dr. Pathetic. By the way...I really like your name.

Hello, dear. It's me...back again. How did everything go? Have you learned anything important?

Yeah. I think I've FINALLY learned how to EXPAND my POPULARITY!

And just how are you going to accomplish this?

I'm going to say innane stupid things that won't offend anyone. Then I'll be in newspapers EVERYWHERE!

Uh...wait a minute! You don't want to do THAT! That's NOT the kind of EXPOSURE you WANT!

What do YOU know? I've never even SEEN you, for for Christ's sake!

Gosh, folks! I try to help her and look what happens. I've created a SERIAL KILLER!

And to think I owe it ALL to YOU! And to show my appreciation I'm going to be a GOOD LITTLE GIRL.

©1989 LMNOP aka DONW7

Here we go again...

# REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS REVIEWS



## BRUCE JOYNER

"THE OUTTAKE COLLECTION  
1978-88"  
FAN CLUB/NEW ROSE RECORDS,  
7 rue Pierre-Sarrasin,  
75006 Paris, France  
(French Import-double LP)

Though he's been making music for years, I had never heard of Bruce Joyner prior to this record. Now that I've listened to it a few hundred times, I can honestly say I feel Bruce is INCREDIBLY TALENTED. In fact, he has quickly become one of my favorite songwriters based solely on this record.

The album tracks his career from the early days (recording in Valdosta, GA!) to the newer stuff done in California (where he now resides).

"Lonely," my favorite track, has a really beautiful melody, incredibly touching lyrics... Other faves are "Small Town," "Preacher Man," "Green and Yellow" and "Rat Race." Bruce's songs range from country to pop to thrash...and he manages to pull off all of these styles wonderfully.

It's refreshing to find sincere talent bubbling out from under the horrendous mound of corporate-produced schlock in the music world. Bruce Joyner is an undiscovered talent of the highest order, concentrating on craft and skill rather than image.



## SKELS

"HOW DO YOU LIKE IT HERE NOW?"  
MYSTERY FEZ RECORDS, P.O. Box  
711, East Northport, NY 11731

The Skels make really catchy, fun music that is a mixture of simple pop and punk. Lyrically, they range from silly to thought-provoking.

"Misery Loves Company," the opening song, is one of the best. In actuality, though, there really isn't a BAD song on this album. "Romp Romp Romp" is hilarious with its rousing chorus of "Have some more LSD and I'll turn up that punk rock music." "Go Away" has a really urgent feel to it...giving you the impression that the Skels really MEAN what they say.

If I had to compare Sport's (that's the lead singer/chief songwriter) vocals to someone, it would be Alice Cooper around the "Killer" era. He screams, gurgles and yells and somehow manages to stay on key. The band is your basic fast, guitar-based rock group. But I think the thing that really makes the Skels such an appealing group is that the lyrics are actually GOOD.

Oh yeah...Skel leader Sport is also a cartoonist (reminds me of Roz Chast).

All reviews by  
Don W. Seven

The  
Magillicuties  
Go-Go  
dancers  
from  
HELL!



## MAGILLICUTIES

"GO-GO DANCERS FROM HELL"  
SEDRICK RECORDS, c/o Michael  
Wilson, PSC Box 3091, APO San  
Francisco, CA 96293

Ingredients: Michael  
"Crackers" Wilson, Lisa "Babs"  
Amato, one cheap casio,  
outtakes from "Female Trouble"  
and part of a Buzzcocks tune.

Mix these together and what do you get? Actually, a tape that is really amusing. Though not musically stimulating, I found this tape to have a lot of appeal for what it is...an unprofessional tape (who cares?) that is really nothing more than a documentation of Crackers and Babs having a good time with their recorder.

There are no overdubs, no digital effects...virtually nothing except two people singing extremely silly lyrics to music that is secondary to the process involved in recording this tape.

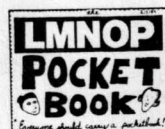
The Magillicuties won't be landing a recording contract based on this cassette, but that's not what they're after. You won't find this in a store...distributors don't carry it...

Why did I review this tape? Because I found it ten times more enjoyable and valid than anything in Billboard's Top 100. If you're interested in obtaining this extremely obscure cassette, write Crackers at Sedrick Records (see address' above).





PET



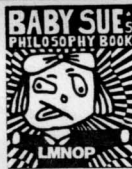
POCKET BOOK



RECORD RELEASE  
PROGRAM



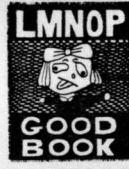
BABY SUE'S RECIPE  
BOOK



BABY SUE'S PHILO-  
SOPHY BOOK



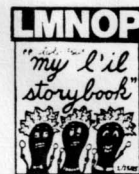
THE BABY  
SUE BOOK



THE GOOD BOOK



BIBLE



MY L'IL STORYBOOK



LMNOP MAGAZINE  
#1



LMNOP MAGAZINE  
#2



LMNOP PERVERTED  
MAGAZINE

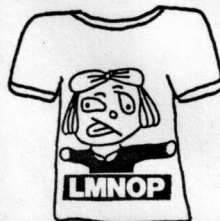


HOLIDAY  
PROGRAM

## THE BUMPER STICKER



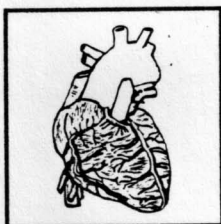
YELLOW ON BLACK  
HIGH QUALITY  
STICKS LIKE HELL



## THE T-SHIRT

BLACK ON YELLOW  
HIGH QUALITY  
FUCKED UP

## THE MUSIC



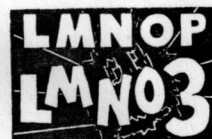
PONY  
LP  
CAS



"FOREVER THROUGH  
THE SUN"/"THREE  
COLON OH OH":  
SINGLE  
ORIGINAL SINGLE  
WITH SIGNED  
MAGAZINE



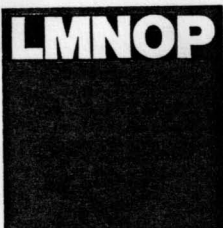
LMNO3  
THE THIRD CASSETTE



LMNOP LMNOP  
THE SECOND CASSETTE



LMNOP  
THE FIRST CASSETTE



ELEMEN OPEE  
ELPEE  
LP

