

THE BABY SUE BOOK



I HATE
MYSELF.

BY...

LMNOP

THE ORIGIN OF BABY SUE

Once upon a time in a land not that far away lived a wonderful, blissful prince named Glenn. Prince Glenn was the fairest, most influential prince that ever existed. He had clean arms, delicate hair and the disposition of a state-of-the-art electronic device. Prince Glenn had everything going for him except for one thing--he was **CHILDLESS**.

"If I had a **CHILD** I wouldn't be so **CHILDLESS**," Glenn mused to himself. "I've just got to have a **CHILD** soon or I shall die."

Glenn became very excited at the prospect of becoming a parent and ran as fast as he could to the nearest drug store to purchase the necessary materials. He bought: (1) a **hairblower** (2) a **birthday card** (3) a **box of chocolates** (4) **eyeliner** and (5) a **shower curtain**.

When Glenn returned home he got to work immediately. First he attached the **hairblower** to his head with super glue. Then he attached the **birthday card** to the **hairblower** with great care. He removed the **box of chocolates** from his bag and placed it squarely in the center of his floor as he stuck the **eyeliner** into his chest. Glenn then removed his clothes and wrapped the **shower curtain** around his body. He then sat on top of the **box of chocolates** and felt himself beginning to give **BIRTH**.

"I think I'm beginning to give **BIRTH**!" Prince Glenn exclaimed. "And the **CHOCOLATES** make it **EVER SO MUCH EASIER**!"

The plan worked. Within a very few minutes Glenn passed out. As his body began decaying a very teensy, almost impish looking girl crawled out of his mouth. She was very badly drawn and in need of exposure.

"I am **Baby Sue**, damn it!" the girl declared. "I am **frustrated** and **angry** because I will never know my **FATHER/MOTHER**!"

And that's how Baby Sue came to be.

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S. Fievet

THREE POEMS

GROUPIES

Pitty the useless groupies
Who have no life of their own.
They want to latch on
To a rock musician
And share the "exciting life
On the road."

Poor, stupid groupies!
They want to be appealing
But instead are quite grotesque.
They have no point in being
And appear to be totally useless.

How do you get my attention?
Not by drooling all over me.
How do you gain my admiration?
Not by flirting with me
After the show.

I wish that I could help you
But you're just not worth
The effort.
I wish that I could tell you
That you have the appeal of a
Leper.

WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use of existing?
What's the use of breathing?
What's the use of friendship?
What's the use of living?

There is no use.
There is no point.
There is no reason.
There is nothing.

Life means nothing.
Love does not exist.
If it all does mean something
I just don't know what that is.

It used to be a game
And everything seemed funny.
Now it's not so humorous
And everything stops on Sunday.

BEING EATEN ALIVE

I'm slowly being eaten alive
By the day-to-day activities
Required of being alive.


I'm slowly wearing my body down
So that I will not live past 30.

I'm being eaten alive by
People on the telephone.
I'm being eaten alive by
Mass transportation systems.
I'm being eaten alive
By musical instruments and
Writing utensils.

I quite enjoy the torture.
My nervousness tears at my veins.
I relish the thought of exhaustion
And look forward to going down
The drain.

baby sue comix

Holy Jesus, Baby Sue! How FAMOUS you've become! You've been to New York, Louisiana, Tennessee, Kentucky, New Jersey, Virginia and Massachusetts!




ONLY BECAUSE
YOU FORCED ME
TO GO.

But don't you LIKE traveling??? After all, the only way you'll ever REALLY get your career off the ground is by TRAVELING!




Let's talk
about AIDS.

HEY!!! That's NOT FUNNY! AIDS is a very serious disease. Richard Burton just died from it! You apologize for what you said... RIGHT NOW!!!



Oh, get off it you
silly-assed FLAKE!
Why don't you just
go censor some
goddamn
records???


Well, I might just do that! After all, someone has to draw the line somewhere on what people SHOULD and SHOULD NOT listen to.




You FOOL! If you
start censoring
records the next
thing you'll be
trying to censor
is ME!!!

But that's the whole point, Baby Sue! I want you to clean up your act! You should get your hair cut properly...put your tongue in your mouth...and STOP ACTING RUDE.

Gee.. Somehow after all this time I have a HARD TIME believing you, Baby Sue. Are you lying or are you really telling the TRUTH this time?



Your wish has
come true! From
now on I will be
a PERFECT EXAMPLE
of GOODLINESS
and CLEANLINESS.



It's no joke. I
promise to be good
and polite. Really.
Why, I swear it
on the BIBLE
even!

Hmmm...

So you must be telling the truth!
Wow!!! Now maybe we can talk
intelligently without your
annoying bits of nonsense ruining
everything!

Why, you little SNIT! Don't
tell ME what to do! I created
you and I'll goddamn do whatever
I want whenever I please!

Peace, brother!
Do not speak such
words of HATE and
DISTRUST! Say it
with LOVE! Lots
and lots of
modern, energy-
efficient LOVE!

I'm sorry! Don't
yell at me! I love
you so much! I'd
do anything for
you! Please
don't be angry!

You deserve to be DISCONTINUED,
Baby Sue! You've turned into a
WIMP! A RETARD! A pathetic
shadow of your former self!

Stop it! Stop it! I demand
that you go back to the way you
were! I can't tolerate this!
You're making me violently ill!

But I...I...I love
you! Please don't
disown me...
Without you I
am NOTHING.

Well...there is ONE
way out. I can
return to normal
IF you URINATE IN
MY HAIR.

URINATE IN YOUR HAIR??? I'd
rather DIE!!! I won't do it!!!
I WON'T!!!


Stop! STOP!!! I'll do it! I'll
do ANYTHING! Just please stop...
STOP SAYING THINGS LIKE THAT!
RIGHT NOW!

In that case... Isn't
it a PRETTY day?
Let's go pick some
FLOWERS! There's
a super-neato
TELEVISION SHOW
on tonight!

According to my cal-
culations you have
about 30 seconds
to complete your
"task". Tick!
Tick! Tick!
Time is running
out!

I'm embarrassed to tears folks!
I apologize but as you could see
I had NO CHOICE!

Whew! What a relief! Now that
you're back, how about doing
some impersonations for us???




Hey! Stop pissing
on me you butthole!
I bleed when I get
wet! I've heard
of being used
before but this
is RIDICULOUS!!!



You name it...I'll
impersonate it!
I really hate both
of us! It feels
great to be
back! No, it
really feels
TERRIBLE!

Okay, okay already. Why don't
you start out by doing your
impersonation of a KITTY-CAT?

Enough...enough. Now we'd all
like to see you impersonate a
rock musician with an EGO
PROBLEM...



Feed me right now,
you mindless NINNY!
Where's my illegiti-
mate ball of YARN?
I just saw DIARRHEA
dancing in my BOWL
OF MILK! Really!
And meow, too!



Sorry but I DON'T HAVE
TIME for interviews
today! Can you
load this equipment
for me? Where's
my manager? I
really feel like
bitching about
EVERYTHING!

Let's have one more , dear. Why
don't you choose this one and
we'll try to guess it, Baby Sue!

Uh-oh. I was hoping you
wouldn't. Don't tell me...
Uh... It's RICHARD BURTON, isn't
it???



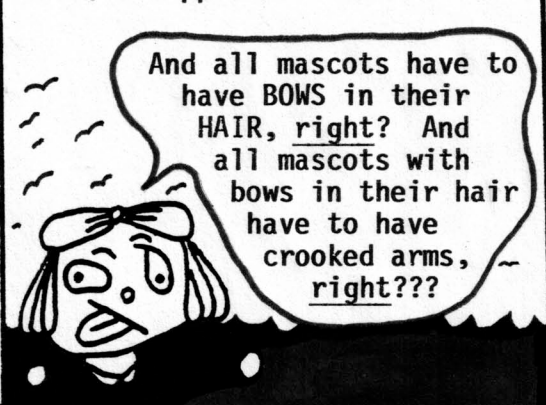
You inflatable worm you!
Who cares??? I'll CUT
your face up really
SWELL! Do you play
the BANJO? No?
Well your BEST
FRIEND just
passed away!!!

I've just GOT to ask you one thing I've been wondering for a long time, Baby Sue... Just what in the world do you have to do with LMNOP, anyway? What's the connection???



Well... All rock bands have to have **MASCOTS**, right???

Well, I suppose... Go on...



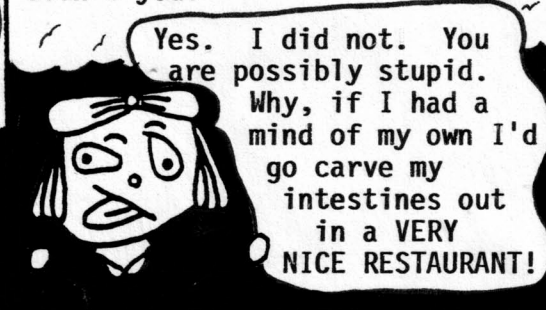
And all mascots have to have **BOWS** in their **HAIR**, right? And all mascots with bows in their hair have to have **crooked arms**, right???

Possibly. Look, I have to admit that you're kind of losing me. Go ahead though...



And if all these things are true then the conclusion is that you are a **SPINELESS, STINKY FLOCK** of **MUCOUS** that gets beaten by my frustrated **BANANA ARMY!**

Huh??? What??? I have a sneaking suspicion that you just made all of that up!!! Come on. Admit it! You made it up, didn't you?



Yes. I did not. You are possibly stupid. Why, if I had a mind of my own I'd go carve my intestines out in a **VERY NICE RESTAURANT!**

Hey...WATCH IT! Remember what we were saying about **CENSORSHIP** earlier??? Be careful or you might get **BANNED** from your own comic strip!



WHO CARES??? I have never wanted to be a part of **ANYTHING ANYWAY!**

She's always been a loner and she'll always be that way. Poor Baby Sue! Nobody loves her!



Just FUCK OFF AND LEAVE ME ALONE! I'm happy being all by myself! I'm so goddamn happy that I could just **LAY DOWN AND DIE!** Bye ladies and gentlemen! See you next time!

baby sue comix




Hey! It's ME again!
Did you enjoy my
book??? Huh? Huh?
Did you enjoy it
a **WHOLE LOT???**
Are you familiar
with the word
"yes"??? Well,
you should **USE**
it then!



I'll tell you what! It
was a **BIG PAIN IN THE ASS**
starring in this book!
I certainly can't say
I enjoyed it...**NOT ONE**
LITTLE BIT! In
fact, I'm starting
to feel very
SICK just
thinking about
it!



You're starting to lose
your eyesight, aren't
you??? Oh well! This
is the **LAST PAGE**
anyway...so it
doesn't really
matter. I hope
you enjoy being
BLIND. It's always
NICE trying **NEW**
and **DIFFERENT**
things though...
don't you think?




Hey! Where's that stupid
Mr. Narrator anyway? Am
I going to have to finish
out this retarded little
book all by myself?
I hope not! You never
can find **GOOD**
HELP when you
need it the
most!

Wait! Here I am, Baby Sue! I
just want to say thanks for being
so helpful and cooperative today!
Your efforts are greatly appre-
ciated!

That's **NICE**. Can I help you in
any way? Do you need any assis-
tance? I'll be glad to help in
any way I can...



Oh, you are **SO WELCOME!**
You are **SO WELCOME**
in fact that I'm
going to **KILL**
MYSELF just to
spite you. God
how I **HATE**
MYSELF!



Everything is turning
BLACK! I'm heading
INTO THE LIGHT!
It feels **GREAT** to
be **DYING!** Death
HAS to be better
than **LIFE!** It
feels **WONDERFUL!**
You should **TRY** it!



LMNO3...the third independent cassette by LMNOP features 15 songs unavailable on record. Written, performed, produced and engineered by LMNOP. Includes "Comparative Analysis", "Tapes", "Y?", "Semi-Circular", "Kaleidoscope", "Wanna Write A Letter", "Garbage", "Constant Change", "Tell Me", "Idea", "Please Believe Me", "Sitting On Uranus" and more even! Why, the cassette even includes a lyric sheet so that you'll be sure to catch every hidden message!

Would you like to have a copy of your very own? We thought you would! We knew you wouldn't let us down! You can purchase this cassette at the following record shops in Atlanta: (1) Wax N Facts (2) Record Bar (Lenox) (3) Wuxtry and (4) Fantasyland.

