

BBS 450
Winter 1998
Volume 3, Issue 2



Dr. Don W. Seven, Editor and Publisher



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Two new LMNOP cassettes will be out January 1992. The first is a new batch of home recordings entitled **Mnemonic**. The other is a collection of old and new songs from other releases recorded using only one voice and guitar (a "live to no one" performance).

We also publish another magazine, **baby sue music review**. Whereas the regular baby sue magazine is comprised of cartoons and fiction, **baby sue music review** consists of music reviews exclusively. We welcome all types and formats of music and will review most anything.

FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE


Problems/What To Do With The Homeless

baby sue comix

The Return of Gallette and Goofette
baby sue Goes to the Vet

Family Prayer
Harmful Insects
Deborah's Turkey Sandwich

Remembering the Carpenters



You have problem getting it up?
Subscription to baby sue make it get
up right away! baby sue t-shirt
make it stay up extra long time!!



T-Shirt:
black ON
yellow
S, M, L, XL

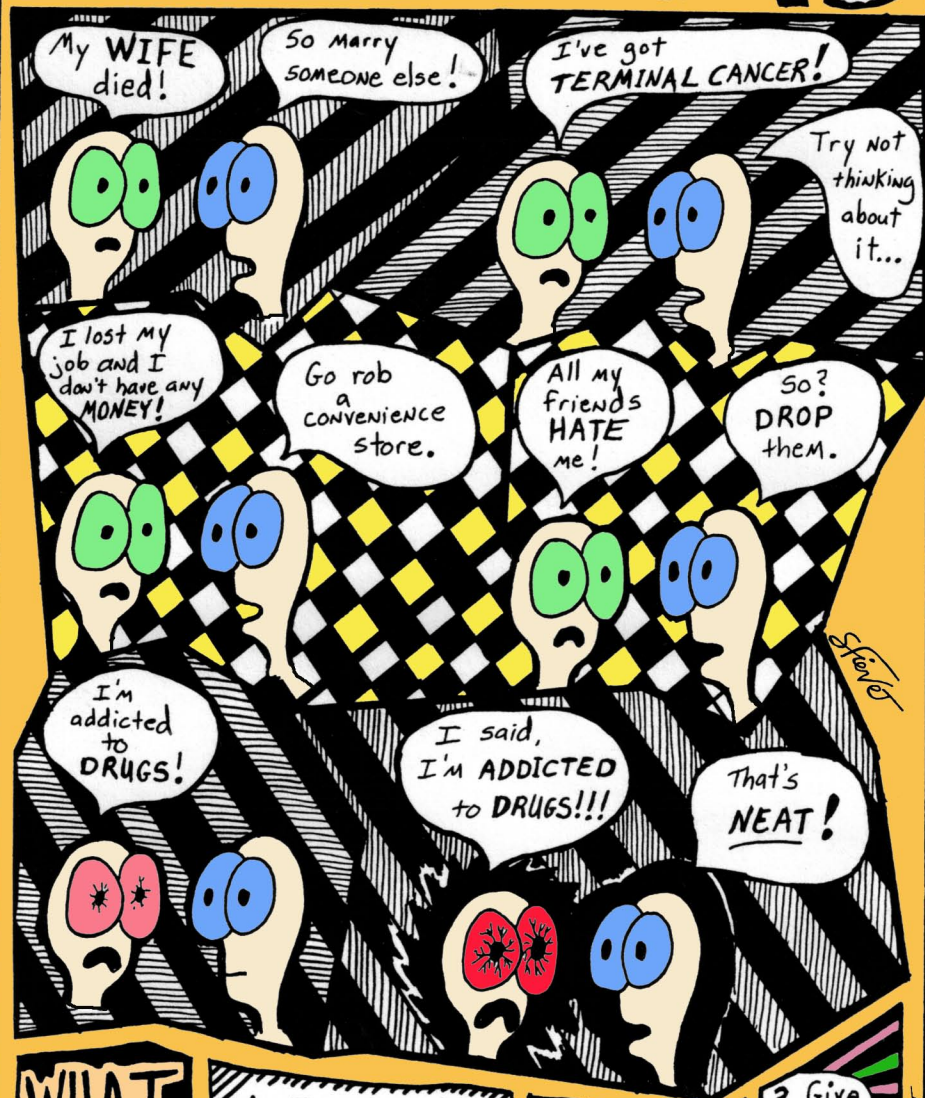
Subscription:

four issues

All subscribers get their issues
autographed!

LMNOP 

PROBLEMS



**WHAT
TO DO
WITH
THE
HOMELESS**

1. Ignore them.

Did I see **WHAT?**



2. Throw darts at them.



3. Give them grocery store coupons.



Stewie



"It's a GREAT day today!"

"I wish my FAMILY were DEAD."



The return of Galette and GOOFETTE



meep! meep!

Galette waits patiently for the squirrel to cross the road.

Goofette steps on the gas and purposefully kills animals.



It was a PLEASURE doing business with you!

Is this why you went to college for nine years?



Galette always thanks the clerk at the store.

Goofette makes the clerk feel uncomfortable.



Galette prays every night before sleeping.



uh! uh! Oooo! Uq!

Goofette masturbates and farts.

PAY TO ~~some utility~~ Oct. 31, 1991 \$50.00 Galette

Galette always pays her bills on time.

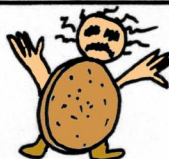
Dear Sirs: I was abused as a child and I want my power for free. LOVE, Goofette

Goofette sends excuses.



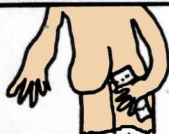
I feel good inside!

Galette wears a dress made from satin and lace.



This bologna needs to be washed! Stupid dog!

Goofette wears a piece of bologna that the dog threw up.



Galette wipes her ass clean after every shit.

Stiever



See what I did?



Goofette shows her turds to her friends.

baby sue goes to the vet

Geez! You're starting to SMELL kinda bad, baby sue! I think it's time to take you to the VETERINARIAN!

VET?!?
Did I hear
what I thought
I heard?

Hmmm. Hello, little one. It's a FEMALE, isn't it? And it hasn't been neutered, has it?

Here you go, doctor. It smells really bad and I'm afraid it may have caught something.

This is NOT
happening.
This CANNOT
be real.

I'll take her temperature. Oh...here's the thermometer. Hold still.

This is so
HUMILIATING!
You apologize
RIGHT THIS MINUTE!

Hey...HEY!!!
Cut it OUT!
That's reserved for
GUESTS!
Mother of GOD!

Shew!

Normal temperature for an animal. Maybe we can get more information from a stool sample.

Ah-ha! So THAT's it! The animal's stool is ABNORMAL, and the vagina is INFECTED.

Leave my stool
ALONE!
I'm not an ANIMAL!
Get out of there!

This is so
DEGRADING.
What's a lady
to do?

Here...give her these pills three times a day, have her spayed next month, and she'll be fine.

Welcome home, baby sue. You look and smell so much better! Thank God we took you to the vet.

You'll hear from
my LAWYER,
you son of a bitch!

I'll never be
able to look at
myself in the
mirror again.
You're going to
REGRET this...

Remembering the

CARPENTERS



Most people probably have never even heard of the Carpenters' first album. It's called *Offering*. The cover is real strange. Karen and Richard look like they're in a cemetery or something. And their hair looks so GREASY on the back photo.

On the day that you were born the angels got together and decided to create a dream come true...

My first exposure to the band was, of course, *Close to You*. The song was phenomenally popular when it came out and yet it seemed totally out of place with everything else on Top 40 radio. Even people who didn't like soft music seemed to be drawn in by the magical spell of the Carpenters.



From that point forward, it seemed to me that Richard was pulling the strings in the band's career. He must have known what he was doing. Carpenters music became very, VERY popular.



Who could ever forget Karen Carpenter's smooth, sincere vocals on all the monster hits? *Rainy Days and Mondays*, *Yesterday Once More*, *For All We Know*, and *Hurting Each Other* are just a few of her shining moments.



Oh MAN...
the Carpenters
SUCK!

They're
too **CLEAN**
and **GOOD!**



After the first dozen hits, there was a sudden, strange backlash against what the Carpenters were doing. People began shunning them for being too sweet, good, and wholesome. Never mind that this was their image in the first place.



Of course, you have to blame Richard Carpenter for over-using the same old tried and true formula that made the Carpenters famous. Virtually ever record featured the same lucious strings and overdone backing vocals that epitomized their first recordings. The public began to tire of their heroes.



One thing that has always bugged me was how people made light of the fact that Karen Carpenter could play drums and sing at the same time...insinuating that this was an easy feat. Have you ever tried it? Take my word for it...it's VERY difficult!

By the time the news came out that Karen had anorexia, I had pretty much lost interest in the Carpenters' music. I was into harder, more 'adult' things. Like everyone else, though, I was shocked at the news. To me, Karen Carpenter's death pretty much brought anorexia into public consciousness.



Then the jokes started. Everyone and their brother seemed to think that Karen's death was hilarious. Beautiful, gifted Karen...who died in such an unusual manner. People in the music community found it especially amusing and it became 'cool' to make fun of Karen's death. I myself was even guilty of such treason at the time...because I felt I had outgrown the Carpenters.

About a year ago, I began listening to the Carpenters again and collecting their records I had never heard before. Much to my surprise, they sounded better than EVER. What arrangements! What incredible vocal harmonies! Why, the band practically single-handedly created a new niche in popular music!

*We've only just begun...
Sing...sing a song...*

*Talking to myself
and feeling low... Sometimes it
takes the strength
of a woman...*



Throughout the ups and downs of her career, I genuinely feel that Karen had one of the most beautiful voices in popular music. If you don't believe me, go back and listen to her now. The richness and sincerity of her voice just oozes off every groove on every record. When I hear her sing now I get chills...

Karen...wherever you are! I miss you. I'm sorry I deserted you. You are still the reigning queen of soft pop. To me, you are a GODDESS. Your work is still appreciated. Your death was a tragedy. And your memory will live on FOREVER.

Stievet

baby.sue.com.ix

How are you today, Peggy Sue?

My name is baby sue.

Oh, excuse me! I'm SUCH a FOOL! How are you today, Baby Jane?

I wouldn't know... seeing as how there's no one HERE by that name!

Oh my! How terrible! Well, whatever HAPPENED to Baby Jane?

She's getting huffed in the puff by Blanche!

Blanche WHO?

baby.sue.com.ix

Who ARE you, babysue?

I don't know. Who are YOU?

Well, I have to admit...I don't really know who I am!

Don't feel bad. Nobody knows who they are.

They DON'T? Wow, that's good to know. How do you know that?

I'm not sure. But somehow or another I'm certain I am RIGHT.

baby.sue.com.ix

Look! The economy is improving!!!

Gosh. That's really some IMPORTANT news.

Whoops! I spoke too soon! The economy just went downhill again!

Why do I keep going out on these goddamn BLIND DATES?

No...wait! The economy is looking a lot better now! It really is!

I'm SO excited for you.

baby.sue.com.ix

Baby sue? We need to talk.

Ping pong till the law's gone. The feedback destroys my rippling nipples fair.

I get the feeling that we're always competing...and that you're always trying to be the center of attention.

Slap! Your tongue grips your WINKY! The STINKY drips from BLINKY! Clompy STOMPY bomp!

It's no use. I suppose I'll always play second fiddle to your inane, predictable dribble.

Celebrate the fecal rash! Mr. Cow is smoking hash? Where is Papa's swimsuit now? It's stroking in the SMASH!

baby.sue.com.ix

How shall we achieve EQUALITY, baby poopie?

Can't you ask any GOOD questions???

This IS a good question!

It is NOT! It's STUPID just like all the others!

Hmmm... Let me try another strategy. How many fingers am I holding up?

That's not FAIR! I can't SEE you! Ouch! Wait!! That HURTS!

FAMILY PRAYER

Let us pray.

Aww Mom...
do we HAVE
to???

Shut up and PRAY!

Dear You..Thank you for
the food We eat.

Thank you for Daddy's
porno Magazines.

Thank you
for pollution.

Thank you for
taking good care
of us.

Thanks for
making Dad
an alcoholic!

Thank you for
turning Mom into
a Lesbian.

Thank you for
letting me
FLUNK!

Thank you for
children I never
wanted in the
FIRST place.

Thank you for
making Mom an
impossible bitch.

Yeah...thanks a
LOT, You!

Goddamn it!
Thank you,
goddamn it!

Thank you for the
birds and the bees.

Thank you for bacteria.

Thanks for
bathrooms.

Thank you for
affordable
marijuana.

Thank you for making
my children be more
serious about prayer.

Thank you for making
Mommy have a fatal car
accident.

Thank you for my
asshole.

Thank you for
letting me get
RAPED.

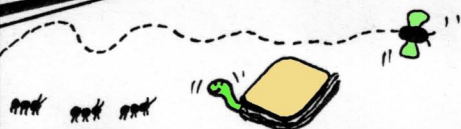
AMEN, you shitty
little monsters!!

Yeah...thank you for
monsters!

Oh...and thank you
for...

...making this
strip end NOW.

Harmful Insects



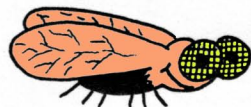
Insects are everywhere. They fly through the air, crawl on the ground, and live inside the food that you eat.



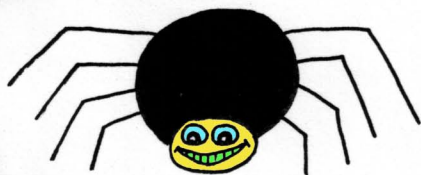
All insects are bad. They carry diseases, destroy the environment, and adversely affect all mankind.

100? 1000?

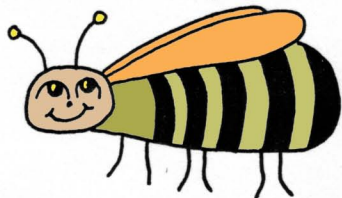
Think of how many different kinds of insects there are. How many could there be? A hundred? A thousand? In actuality, there are only six types of insects. Let's look at each one.



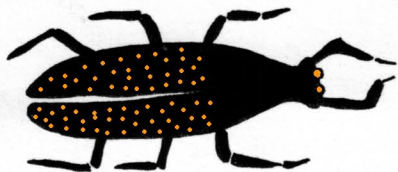
This is a common house fly. The fly is a very dangerous insect. If a fly should land on you, you wouldn't live more than an hour. Isn't he cute though?



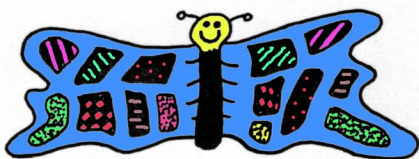
This is how a spider looks. The webs that spiders spin destroy the ozone layer and make landfills grow rapidly. Have you seen a spider lately? Did you think to kill it?



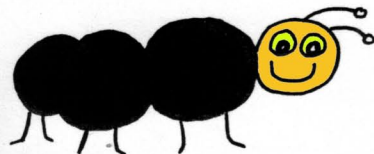
You probably think that bees are good because they make honey. This is a lie. In actuality, honey causes birth defects and kills little lambs. Bees are also atheists. Above all, though, they are very, very bad.



This is a roach. You can find roaches inside your very own home. Most people think roaches are harmless, but they aren't. They are responsible for 95% of America's drug trafficking. They are also Baptists.



Few would argue that the butterfly is a beautiful creature, but did you know that this beautiful creature spreads AIDS and cancer all over the world? How do you like butterflies now, knowing that they are killing all of your friends?



The final insect type is the ant. Everyone knows what hard workers ants are. What everyone doesn't know is that ants break down family values and cause babies to be aborted by the thousands. Ants do work hard, all right. They work hard to screw you over!



So now you know the six types of insects and the harmful effects of each. Insects carry out Satan's will. Each and every little bug contains little parts of the devil. Insects are your friends! They want to enter your soul!

Stievet

Deborah's Turkey Sandwich

Deborah walked into the kitchen to fix lunch. Her head buzzed from her most recent bouts of insomnia. She popped two pain pills into her mouth as she began pulling items from the refrigerator. Mayonnaise, lettuce, turkey, onion, tomato...to make the same old turkey sandwich she had made hundreds of times before.

As she methodically washed the tomato, Deborah felt a strangeness in her body she had not felt before. She felt a lightness in her head and a tightness in her stomach. She thought at first that she might need to sit for a moment, but instead continued her preparation. She dried the tomato and took a knife to slice it.

She looked at the reddish-green tint of the vegetable and could not force herself to prick it with the knife. Instead she found herself alone in the kitchen, staring intently at this one lonely tomato—unable to move.

Within a few seconds, she was amazed that this odd vegetable had developed a face. Small, beady eyes were now studying her and an all-knowing smile graced the tiny mouth of the tomato. When the little fellow had grown its own arms and legs, she decided to drop him on the counter. "This turkey sandwich isn't going to be quite like all the others!" she declared.

"Not like all the others?" the tomato exclaimed. "Isn't that what you've been afraid of all these years? To be just like all the others?" Deborah could hardly believe her eyes and ears. The food she was preparing was suddenly confronting her with a psychiatric evaluation. She was feeling somewhat defiant, however, and responded to the vegetable with conviction.

"I hardly think I need to be cross-examined by a tomato," she said coldly. "Why, I could cut you up right now if I wanted to."

"Go ahead and try," the tomato replied.

Deborah took the knife and thrust it at the tomato. To her surprise, the knife bounced back as if the vegetable had a rubber-like skin that could not be penetrated. She stabbed harder and harder, but the knife only buckled back. She decided that the best strategy was to ignore this intruder and go on with the rest of her business. She took the lid off the jar of mayonnaise.

Before she could put her knife into the jar, small blobs of mayonnaise began taking shape and crawled onto the counter. The blobs looked like little cloud men from a television commercial. Each little mayonnaise man had a happy expression that made Deborah feel elated.

"Ooooooh! You're all so CUTE!" she exclaimed, as she brushed all of her new little friends into her arms and began to cuddle them. As she did so, she got the feeling that her skin was getting rather sticky. She looked down and realized why. Each small mayonnaise man had melted onto different parts of her arms and chest. She tried to claw them off, but her efforts were in vain. She grabbed the knife to try cutting them off, but they were permanently attached.

"Get off of me!" she screamed. "Get your goddamn little asses OUT OF HERE!"

Deborah began whooping and hollering at high volume, racing around in circles in her kitchen. By this time, the tomato was doing a fancy little jig in the sink. The kitchen counter had turned into a vapor with a strange aroma that was making her feel sick and dizzy. The bag which held the turkey transformed into a small blimp and was circling her head amongst the chaos. Deborah scratched at her underwear and jumped up and down frantically. "Stop it! Stop this RIGHT NOW!" she demanded. As she made her final command, her head slammed into the side of the doorway and she fell to the floor unconscious.

The blimp landed on Deborah's forehead. A teeny-tiny (yet very dignified) captain jumped out of the blimp and placed a blue capsule into her mouth. The tomato leapt down and forced the capsule down her throat. The linoleum began to ripple and shimmy like an investment banker. Drywall tore itself from the ceiling and covered Deborah's body. Her car drove itself out of the garage, crashed into the house, and began racing around the kitchen. At that very moment, her mother appeared to see what was causing all the commotion.

"That Deborah! Even making a fucking sandwich has to be a huge ordeal," her mother said as she placed a twenty dollar bill in Deborah's panties and left for work. "Just go buy lunch, for God's sake."

Shriver

Back issues:



Vol. 2, No. 4



Vol. 2, No. 3



Vol. 2, No. 2



Vol. 2, No. 1



Vol. 1, No. 3
(first recipe book)



Vol. 1, No. 2
(philosophy book)



Vol. 1, No. 1
(The baby sue Book)



Numbles

16 song cassette
with lyric sheet

LMNOP Cassettes



Pony

11 song cassette
with lyric sheet

I'd really hate it if you'd send me the following goddamn items:

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- _____ Vol. 2, No. 3
- _____ Vol. 2, No. 2
- _____ Vol. 2, No. 1
- _____ Vol. 1, No. 3
- _____ Vol. 1, No. 2
- _____ Vol. 1, No. 1

- _____ All seven back issues
- _____ Four-issue subscription
- _____ Numbles cassette
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Please send these horrible items to me at my stupid fucking address:

Name _____

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