

BBS 451  
Winter 1997  
Volume 3, Issue 3



**Dr. Don W. Seven, Editor and Publisher**

Featured on our cover this issue is none other than **Joe Lesterlove**, our in-house photographer.

Art featured on the back cover is by **Stampmeister Kevin**, who makes really neat rubber stamps.

**Twisted Image** is, of course, by **Ace**

**Backwards.**

"Scato-Theology" is by **The Prime Minister of Livestock and Heavy Machinery**, who publishes a marvelous magazine called **Sasquatch**.

Special thanks to **Dennis Worden** for doing the interview this issue.

We have new items. We now carry 100% cotton white t-shirts and nifty rubber stamps. Also, two new LMNOP cassettes are now available: **Mnemonic**, a new batch of home studio recordings, and **The Tiny Cupcake Dilemma**, a "best of" tape recorded with only one voice and acoustic guitar.

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.

As always, we accept submissions (cartoons and fiction) and are interested in trading subscriptions with other fanzines and magazines.

#### **FEATURED IN THIS ISSUE**

baby sue comix  
Twisted Image  
Things That Aren't Very Important  
Confusion  
What IS making those dogs bark?

Poetry  
Stickboy  
Interview with Dennis Worden  
Scato-Theology  
Fireman Joe  
New Facts on Saving Our Environment  
What's In a Name  
900 Ads

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Circulation: 10,000

# Do a bad thing.

## Subscribe to baby sue.

### New Items:

baby sue rubber stamp

Makes real 1" impression!



New baby sue t-shirt

Black on white - 100% cotton

**babysue™**



# baby sue comix

Were you ABUSED as a CHILD, baby sue?

No, I had a WONDERFUL childhood!

Awww...TOO BAD! If you HAD been, you'd be on every TALK SHOW in the COUNTRY!

Errr...really? Well, er, um... Whew. Duh... Ahem, errrr...

Are you trying to SAY something?

Okay, um...YES! I WAS abused! Oh, it HURTS to tell you about it! I was MOLESTED! BEATEN! RAPED! God oh God oh God! It was a NIGHTMARE!

# baby sue comix

Will you help in the campaign to LEGALIZE MARIJUANA, baby sue?

Did you forget to take your PILLS this morning?

Come on, tootsie. Just ANSWER the QUESTION.

Okay...NO. But I'd be GLAD to help in ANOTHER campaign...

Oh? And which one is THAT?

The campaign to make ALCOHOL ILLEGAL!!!

# baby sue comix

THIS little piggy went to MARKET.

And THIS little piggy stayed HOME.

But THIS little piggy cried, "SHIT, man. I'm no PIGGY! My ASS hurts! Would you SIT on my FACE, please? Damn, I'm HORNY!" all the way home.

# baby sue comix

Are you MENTALLY RETARDED, baby sue?

Do I LOOK like I'm mentally retarded?

Well, yes. Yes, you do. Very much.

Then I guess I AM!

What a COINCIDENCE! I am TOO! Let's watch TELEVISION!

Great! I'd LOVE to!

# baby sue comix

Ain't you, babysue?

Huh? Ain't I... WHAT?

Ain't you proud of who you is no mo?

Never was. Never will be.

That's my girl. That's my groovy little girl...

Why must we always be so VAGUE now?

THINGS THAT AREN'T VERY

# IMPORTANT



Shoe Horns



Cake



Office Buildings



God



Drinking Straws



Birds



Playing by the Rules



The Earth

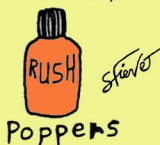
Small Piece of  
Cobweb That Fell  
Behind Dresser



Television



Aunts



Poppers

## CONFUSION



What **IS** making  
those dogs bark???

Political  
Elections!

Arff! Arff!

Ruff!

Roof!

Child Abuse!

Urff!

Barf!

Abortion!

Broof!

Hurp! Hurp!

Bow! Wow!

Shut up,  
stupid dogs!  
Stop  
barking!

Barooo!  
Unfair!

Rurff!  
Rurff!

Bark! Bark!  
I'm UPSET!



# Poetry

## Ignorance

Self-imposed ignorance  
Is a wonderful thing.  
The less you know,  
The clearer you dream.  
The more you ignore,  
The better things seem.

## Opinion

Poems are like assholes.  
Everybody writes them  
And they're all  
Shitty.

## Ass Gravy

Ass Gravy  
Is tender and beautiful.  
Ass Gravy  
Makes me want to cry.  
Ass Gravy unifies our planet  
And makes little poodles  
Square dance in the mud.

## Chewing A Leg Off

Chewing it off.  
Chewing it off.  
Chewing it off.  
Snap.

## Stars Too

Stars shoot up.  
Me Too.

## Nudity Kills

People without clothes  
Will dry up and  
Blow away.

## Muscles

Your muscles and  
My muscles are  
Lying on the floor  
In a neat little pile.  
They are not moving.

## Nut Whore

I'm a nut whore.  
There's nothing  
I won't do  
For nuts.  
Oh, to be a  
Nut whore.  
Who could ask  
For more?

## Sudden Kitten Death

If a kitten dies and  
No one is around to  
Observe it dying,  
Is the kitten really dead?

## Bible

What does the Bible say?  
It says nothing.

## Fabric of Our Society

Watch as the  
Fabric of our society  
Unravels and falls apart.  
It was bad fabric  
Anyway.

## Love to a Stranger

No love is stronger  
Than love of a stranger.

## Forgotten

I've forgotten what I did.  
I've forgotten who I am.  
I've forgotten what's important.  
I forgot to check the biscuits.

# Dennis Worden

Dennis Worden is a funny, outlandish, bizarre, and inspired man. He's also the creator of **Stickboy**, one of the most pessimistic cartoon characters ever created. If you've not yet seen this man's work, you should. Dennis Worden is, above all, extremely witty. We sent this talented fellow some questions. Here are his responses:



## *Why do you draw?*

Seems to me that the universe conspired to make me draw, even if I stink at it. Ask it why. I actually see everything that happens as a conspiracy of the universe, being as every event is dependent on countless billions of other events.

## *Who or what inspired you to be a cartoonist?*

Punk fanzines and *Weirdo* magazine. The punk 'zines were completely open and easily attainable, which was encouraging for someone who doubted their talent and skill. *Weirdo* was inspiring because editor Robert Crumb's tastes were quirky enough that almost anyone who was different had a shot at getting in. And getting in really inspired me.

## *Do you make a living drawing cartoons? If not, what are your other occupations?*

I make most of my money from cartooning, paintings and other art, but it's a rather pathetic 'living.' I occasionally have to generate some dough from other means—unskilled labor type shit.

## *Who are your favorite comic artists?*

Kaz, Clowes, Roy Tompkins, Wayne, Mary Fleener, Robert Crumb, Peter Bagge, J. R. Williams, John Connell and many more.

## *Your GOB character is hilarious. What is he supposed to be? Are you still drawing GOB or is he dead?*

He's some sort of mutant freak—a deranged human slug. Right now he's in hibernation until some publication shows some interest in him. I've always thought he'd make a good weekly strip.

## *Your cartoons are full of alienation, aggression, mockery, and hatred. Is this an extension of your own personality?*

Absolutely. My cartoons are my journal and my therapy. I don't know what I'd do without them. They've helped me immensely. Without them, I probably would have curled up into a ball and died.

## *Stickboy, your most popular character, is too vulgar and bizarre to be accepted on the scale of say, a Snoopy or a Garfield. Is this a disregard for mass acceptance on your part? Or do you prefer being an underground artist?*

I could care less about being an underground artist. I prefer doing what I want to do and that just happens to be a bit too vulgar for mass acceptance. I truly wish it wasn't.

## *Are you Stickboy in actuality? If not, is he based on anyone?*

I'm pretty much Stickboy, but I'm most of my other characters also. In *Stickboy #5* there is a seven page story featuring me, so I guess people can judge for themselves how much I'm like Stickboy. Other than the story about me, there is a parody of Stickboy by my friend Wayne, a tour of Hell, a strip I did with Mary Fleener, a dream story, a Stickboy tribute by J. R. Williams, record reviews, and lots of odds and ends.

## *How long does it take from start to finish to complete an issue of Stickboy?*

I'm not sure. It's hard to time it, being as I never have just worked on it straight through.

## *A running theme in your work seems to be nice little characters that suddenly blow up and vent out hatred.*

## *Why does this always seem to happen?*

I just like seeing comic characters get really pissed off. Maybe it has something to do with my own temper.

## *How did you hook up with your pal Mary Fleener (creator of Slutburger Stories)?*

She saw my first book (*Slur*) reviewed by Matt Groening in a Los Angeles magazine and wrote to me. We just hit it off. She's been a great friend, plus she lives fairly close.

## *There's a great deal of satire in your work. Why?*

Because I'm a satirist and there is just so damn much that needs satirizing. Desperately.

## *What are your future plans?*

To get *Stickboy* and other work out faster. I'm working on a book called *Suburban Teens on Acid* for Iconographix. I may do something with *Eros*. And, of course, there is *Stickboy*, *The Movie* (I'm just starting a rumor).

## *What other hobbies do you have?*

Music, learning, and body surfing. I have an addiction to collecting records—whenever I have a little extra money, that is. I love finding great new, obscure bands. So, please, any great new obscure bands reading this —SEND ME YOUR RECORDS! I will review them in the next *Stickboy*.

Look for *Stickboy* in hip comic stores—it's funny as hell. Or, to receive info on ordering comics direct from the artist, write to:  
Dennis Worden, P.O. Box 192, San Juan Capistrano, CA 92693



# Scato-Theology

by The Prime Minister of Livestock and Heavy Machinery

Jesus wiped, stood up, and flushed. As the blue water swirled loudly, he dropped his ragged robe down around his thighs. A single tear fell from his eye as he watched his waste flow away down the porcelain gullet. "Dead cells, digested food..." he murmured. Humph. This last visit to the men's room didn't help. He still felt like he had to go. This was the third trip, and it was only ten o'clock.

In any event, it was time to get back to work. Jesus fumbled with the noisy door latch and stepped out into the pure white of the fluorescents overhead. Jack was there, with his face close to the mirror. Jesus took the other sink.

"You know, Jesus," Jack remarked (there was a black spot between his front teeth which he was trying to pick out with his fingernails). "I heard that they were casual out in California. You know Mark in Accounting? He used to work in Silicon Valley and he said people were coming in with bathing suits and t-shirts. I thought he was kidding until you walked in."

Jesus found a bread crumb in his beard and picked it out before it could multiply. "Why?" he asked, never leaving the mirror. "What's wrong with what I'm wearing? I've got a tie on, don't I?"

Jack looked over, smirking. "It doesn't fool anyone. You've still got that tattered beard, that filthy robe, and those broken down sandals. A bright red tie just doesn't do it. If Mr. Harris decided to inspect the department, you'd be crucified."

Jesus looked over at Jack. "Think so?"

"Yeah, I really do."

"Thanks, Jack. I'll think about it." He turned back to the sink to wash his hands.

Done with his facial maintenance, Jack walked past Jesus toward the door. "And hey," he called over his shoulder. "Good luck with the Manitoba project."

"Thanks." Jesus tried to splash water on his face but when he cupped his hands to fill them, the water drained out. "Damn these holes," he muttered and went back to his desk.

"Woo! Nice legs, fella!" called Gina, announcing his arrival to the whole room. The usual catcalls ensued. Aside from the uniformity of dress, the people he worked with were fairly laid-back. He gave them his standard *okay folks, that's enough* gesture and found his seat in front of the VDT. The room was back to normal in no time.

With the press of a few buttons, he had the Varney files on his screen. Finally done. All he needed to do was to tie up some loose ends and then the Manitoba project would be ready.

There it was *again*. Hell, he just took a dump. Why did it still feel like there was something inside him? He clenched his sphincter and sat on his swivel chair in such a way that it pushed his cheeks together. That would have to hold it for a while.

The Varney stuff was originally Bill Carey's, but he had screwed it up royally. They had given it to Jesus, the new guy, who managed to wrap it up within the month, impressing the whole department. That's probably why they didn't get on his case about the way he dressed. And now he was heading up the Manitoba project, the biggest account in six years. Given his small beginnings a couple thousand years ago, this was quite an honor.

The phone rang. It was Gerry in Receiving. Gerry would always go off on tangents describing recent road trips, good investment opportunities, or department politics. Jesus sometimes enjoyed these calls, because they provided a break and he looked like he was actually doing business. Today, though, the throbbing, full feeling in his abdomen kept his mind on the restroom instead of Gerry's idle chatter.

"So then Mary takes the steak and hands it to the mailman saying, 'Can you do it *that* quickly?' Hah! I nearly died laughing. That Mary! They say she's got no sense of humor, but if you see her outside working hours..."

"Say Gerry...I hate to interrupt, but, um, I've got to send some files before the Federal Express guy comes."

"He doesn't get here 'till two at the earliest! Come on, talk to me for a while."

"No, Gerry. I've really got to go."

"But..."

"Bye!"

Jesus hung up. He got up, walked across the room to the restroom door and, pushing it open, strolled inside.

The only open stall was the handicapped one at the far end. He usually avoided it because the seat was too high, but this was urgent. He sat down. Nothing. Not even air. He pushed until his face was red, but nothing would come out. He could hear (indeed, smell) the success of those in the other stalls, yet nothing emerged from Jesus' anus.

"I know you're in there," he said to the mass inside his bowels. "I'm not going to sit here all day."

"Hold your horses, pal. I just got here," answered a voice from an adjacent stall.

"Sorry, I was just talking to...oh, never mind."

The other person either humphed in dismissal or grunted in exertion. It was hard to tell under these circumstances.

Jesus could not take this anymore. He had to empty himself or he wouldn't be able to concentrate on his work. He would have to *make* it come out. He got up and went to the janitor's closet. He opened the door and found what he needed...the plunger.

Like a man driven, Jesus pulled the plunger from its designated area of the closet and jammed the rubber end into the toilet with a splash. The handle stuck up in the air like a bare flagpole. Closing the door behind him, he yanked up his robe and stepped up onto the rim of the toilet. With great care, he slowly eased down onto the handle. He would break up whatever was clogging his passage even if it *did* mean losing his virginity.

After about thirty seconds of pumping, he began to feel he might be able to defecate. He also felt a growing erection...probably from the pressure on his prostate, he told himself. In preparing to dismount, a weak strap on one of his sandals broke loose. He lost his balance on the wet rim of the toilet and fell. The plunger handle tore up through his intestines and stomach, finally coming to rest against the inside of his ribcage. Blood flowed liberally down the plunger handle, turning the water in the toilet a pinkish purple.

*How embarrassing, he thought as he drifted off into death. I hope they don't put me in a cave again. It took me three days to push that goddamn rock out of the way.*



Fireman Joe was the strongest and smartest of all the firemen. Everyone in the community looked up to Fireman Joe.

Sliding down the pole was Fireman Joe's favorite part of his job. It always made him feel very nice.



A small boy named Timmy lived across the street from the fire station. Every evening Timmy would wave to Fireman Joe, saying "Hello! Hello, Fireman Joe. I SEE you!"



"Children are SO foolish!" Fireman Joe would mutter to himself as he returned the wave.



After several months of watching Fireman Joe, Timmy decided to ask for his mother's advice. "I am in love with Fireman Joe," said Timmy. "What should I do?" "Go and tell him," his mother replied. "Fireman Joe will understand."



Timmy mustered up all of his nerve and ran to the station. He rushed up to Fireman Joe and bellowed, "I am in LOVE with you!"



Much to Timmy's surprise, Fireman Joe started laughing! "Ha ha ha! That's a GOOD one Timmy! Now go run along and play with your dolls!"



Timmy was stunned, upset, and frustrated so he began to cry. "Oh, Mother! I'm so ASHAMED!" Timmy bellowed. "Now, Timmy," his mother calmed him. "Don't feel bad. All little boys have romantic fantasies about firemen."



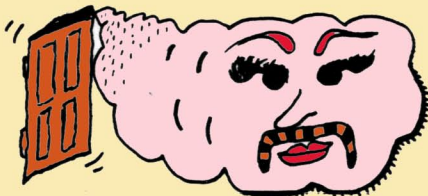


"They...they do?" Timmy stammered. "Of course," said his mother. "And that's why Fireman Joe laughed at you. All little boys tell him they love him. He hears it ALL the time."



"Timmy, sit down," Fireman Joe said. "I'm much too busy to be detained by the confused antics of a very small boy with whom I have nothing in common. I never want to see or talk to you again. Okay?"

Timmy ran back home.



Then, all of a sudden, he heard a noise coming from inside his closet. He opened the door and out poured a cloud of smoke. A faint but easily identifiable image of Fireman Joe appeared in the smoke.



By schooltime the next morning, Timmy was back to normal. He ran into his best friend, Kevin. "I think I am in love with Fireman Joe," said Kevin.

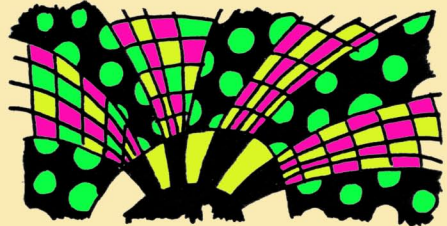


That evening, Timmy went back to the fire station. He confronted Fireman Joe.

"So...there are OTHERS!" he declared.



Once inside his room, Timmy sat in the corner and stared at a blank wall for seven hours.



"You are small and nothing," said a faraway voice. "I am powerful and strong. In another 15 years you will have met another man and forgotten all about me."

"Do you really think so?" Timmy asked. "Yes, I am sure of it," Fireman Joe replied.



"Can it, Mary. Let's go play with our dolls," Timmy sneered. And with that, the boys skipped away and dreamt of the day when they themselves would be firemen.

*Shiver*

# New Facts on Saving Our Environment

Despite all the attention that is paid to preserving our environment, the earth doesn't actually need anyone's help. Today, growing numbers of individuals and organizations seem very concerned about saving our environment, yet they go about it in entirely the wrong way. There are more misconceptions about our earth today than ever before. The plain and simple truth is that we, as people, need desperately to pollute, waste our resources, and totally disregard how our behaviors affect the earth. Only by doing this will we be able to restore our planet to its original state. The most recent scientific studies reveal the following little known facts:

## 1. The more we abuse the earth, the stronger it becomes.

Think of how a vaccine works on your body. A physician gives you a small injection of a disease and your body naturally develops a tolerance which therefore prevents you from actually acquiring the disease. The earth works exactly the same way. If mankind's garbage and pollution are given to the earth in the correct manner, the earth can pretty much take whatever we dish out. If the planet is polluted incrementally, it will become stronger and will be able to tolerate more and more. Therefore, the problem lies not in *how much* we throw away, but the *way* in which we do it!

## 2. Garbage must be distributed evenly.

One of the most detrimental things man ever did was to collect garbage and create landfills. *Of course* the earth can't handle tons of garbage when it's dumped into one large space! If trash was distributed evenly all over the world, however, the garbage problem would cease to exist. The solution, then, is to stop collecting garbage and to do away with landfills. When you no longer need an item, do what comes naturally. *Throw it down.* New studies from the *American Association of Waste Distribution Management* have proven without a doubt that this is the way waste management should be handled.

## 3. Carbon monoxide is essential for animal and plant life.

With so many people moaning about how exhaust fumes are destroying quality air, one is almost apt to believe this silly lie. What these people fail to recognize is that our bodies have been changing drastically over the past few years. Babies being born today can process carbon monoxide faster than they process oxygen. Man's new ability to break down and process carbon monoxide could be the salvation of our race. The answer here, then, is to drive larger cars and make them less efficient. Inhaling car emissions is vital to modern man's good health.

## 4. The rain forests aren't very important at all.

Everyone whines about how valuable and irreplaceable the rain forests are. The fact of the matter is, rain forests aren't actually important or necessary! Have you ever *seen* a rain forest? They make terrible vacation spots, no one would ever want to live in one, and there are simply too many of them. Destroying all the rain forests isn't going to make the *biggest bit of difference to anyone*, so we might as well just go right on to the next subject. The next time someone starts preaching to you about rain forests, simply turn and walk away.



## **5. Chemical spills are good for plants and animals.**

You've probably heard all the gossip about how chemical spills are hazardous and dangerous. This is partly true. Initially, these spills *do* have a few negative effects. A few plants and animals will die. Eventually, however, the ones that survive and learn to adjust end up benefitting from chemical waste. A recent study was done in a manufacturing plant in California where chemicals had been spilled repeatedly in a single area for over fifty years. The study revealed that this same area now thrives with beautiful, exotic plants and has animals with lush, warm fur. It is also now one of our country's most popular celebrity resorts. Corporations that release toxic chemicals wherever they please are to be commended and supported.

## **6. If animals become extinct, that's okay.**

This may be difficult for many to understand, but we don't need animals on our planet. People who go to great lengths to try to save rare species are suffering from paranoid schizophrenia. The less animals there are, the more room and food there is for us. Would it really be all that traumatic if we didn't have rats, monkeys, giraffes, or ostriches? I don't *think* so!

## **7. Environmentally conscious celebrities must be**

Any celebrity publicly expressing his or her concerns about the earth must be **ignored**. These are the main people who provide all the false information that is confusing the public. It has also recently been discovered that these same celebrities emit toxic fumes when they discuss their concern for the environment. A few breaths of air from an environmentally conscious celebrity is all it takes to destroy the ozone layer completely.

## **8. Stop using bathrooms.**

Your very own urine and feces can provide healthy nutrients for the plants and animals in your yard. Why flush these valuable treasures into the sewer and then pay unnecessary water bills? It's relatively simple and inexpensive to set up a system whereby you and your family can learn to urinate and defecate outside your home. You'll not only save on water, but you'll improve your very own little ecosystem as well. Your family's excretions can also do wonders for that struggling mulch pile!

You may be asking yourself, what can I as an individual do to help change things? To answer this question, let's recap the new behavior modifications that we have learned. Everyone should:

- Throw garbage everywhere.
- Waste as much as you possibly can.
- Drive large gas guzzling vehicles and avoid car pools.
- Don't buy products from socially conscious corporations.
- Ignore environmentally conscious celebrities.
- Shit and piss all over your own goddamn yard.

Remember...you *can* make a difference! The hard work and determination of each and every individual plays an important role in determining the future of our planet. We must all work together, and we must not forget the latest facts! Our childrens' futures depend on it!

# WHAT'S IN A

# NAME

Spier

★ **RICHARDS** ★

Doesn't matter which ONE you meet, all Richards end up being Dicks.

★ **TRICIAS** ★

Most Tricias have good intentions, which are totally worthless.

★ **PAMS** ★

All Pams are addicted to either cocaine or speed and cause lots of problems.

★ **DEBBIES** ★

Debbies have large breasts, small brains, and very irritating voices.

★ **JOES** ★

Difficult to identify at first, most Joes turn out to be good, tho' not necessarily old.

★ **BARBARAS** ★

Though Barbaras seem well adjusted and kind, inside they are maladjusted and suicidal.

★ **BOBS** ★

Like the name implies, Bobs are simple and ordinary. It is difficult to remember Bobs.

★ **MARYS** ★

Marys are characterized by an unusually high abortion rate. Most have had 10 abortions before reaching age 16.

★ **TONYS** ★

Tonys are in constant turmoil over the inadequate size of their penises.

★ **BILLS** ★

Sexy beyond belief, most Bills like getting naked and have incredible chests.

★ **STACYS** ★

All Stacys are having sissies with personality disorders. Next please!

★ **LINDAS** ★

Lindas are wimpy, boring, and they spend a lot of time sitting on the toilet.

★ **BETTYS** ★

Bettys are cool, calm, and sweet. They are also compulsive shoplifters.

★ **JILLS** ★

Jills are ALWAYS bad. Never look one directly in the eyes.

★ **DAVIDS** ★

Dauids tend to be bisexual, so you'll want to avoid them like the plague.

★ **STEVES** ★

Basically okay for friends, but don't ever marry one.

★ **ELLENS** ★

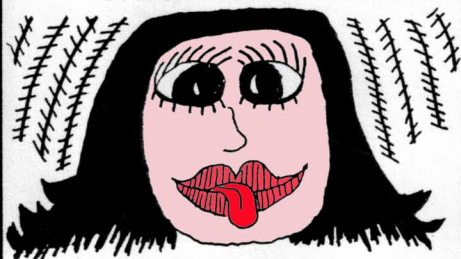
Known for their drinking habits, these are sloppy, rude, and they smell very, very bad.

★ **EDS** ★

What a dumb Name. Who would ever want to be friends with an Ed?



Are you horny AND stupid?  
You can call NOW!



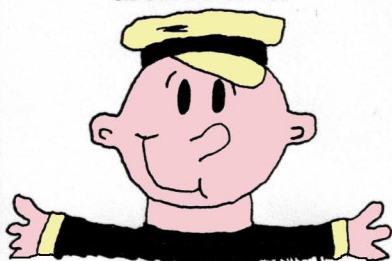
Ooooh...I want to defecate  
all over YOU!

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You can be Lucinda's toilet!  
You will like it VERY much!  
Lucinda wants to use YOU!

\$25 first minute, \$75 each minute thereafter  
Bill to your VISA, Mastercard, or Connect Card

Popeye and Olive Oil  
aren't home.



Call me now, you **STUD**!  
You're making me **HOT**!

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Bill to your telephone, \$45 per minute  
25 years and older  
Swee' Pea's dirty diapers can be mailed  
to you for a slight additional charge!

Are you a  
**CLOSET FAG?**



Why hold all those hidden  
SECRETS and DESIRES inside  
when you can pay ME to listen to you?

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I'll let you **HIT** me  
if you'll let me **SHAVE** you!



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Bad Nono talks to you **LIVE**!  
Bad Nono **THREATENS** you!  
Bad Nono **EJACULATES** on you!  
Then Bad Nono wipes her  
**ASS** on the **RECEIVER**!

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Plus, he has a **HAIRY CHEST**, likes **LEATHER**,  
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Vol. 3, No. 2



Vol. 3, No. 1



Vol. 2, No. 4



Vol. 2, No. 3



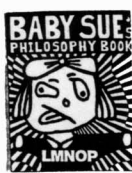
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Vol. 1, No. 2



Vol. 1, No. 1

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## LMNOP Cassettes



The Tiny Cupcake  
Dilemma



Mnemonic  
17 song cassette



Numbles  
16 song cassette



Pony  
11 song cassette

I'm really not interested in your merchandise, so send me the following:

- \_\_\_\_\_ Vol. 3, No. 2
- \_\_\_\_\_ Vol. 3, No. 1
- \_\_\_\_\_ Vol. 2, No. 4
- \_\_\_\_\_ 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 nine back issues
- \_\_\_\_\_ Four-issue subscription
- \_\_\_\_\_ Cupcake cassette
- \_\_\_\_\_ Mnemonic cassette
- \_\_\_\_\_ Numbles cassette
- \_\_\_\_\_ Pony cassette
- \_\_\_\_\_ T-shirt
- \_\_\_\_\_ baby sue rubber stamp

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