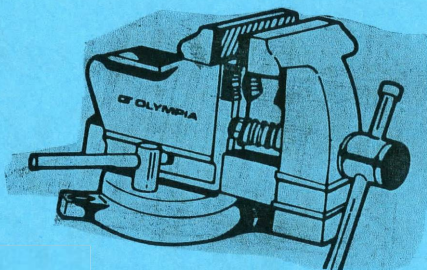
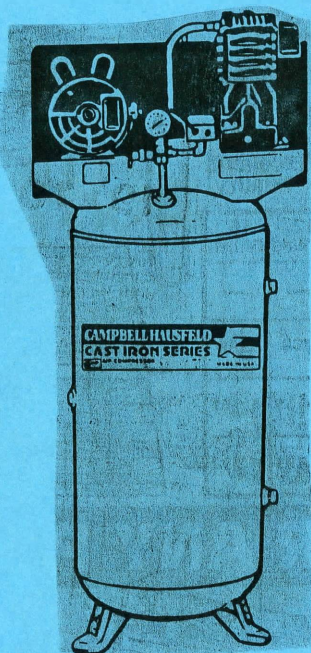


SOLITARY



DISMISSIVE



CORNSTALK!!



Dung

Sorry there's so
many words in here.
We got a new pen that
writes a lot like this.
Don't read if you think it
will hurt you.

"MIGHTY
CLEAN

BUSY BODY

CONSTARK"

NUMBER SEVENTEEN

BY CUSS "FIVE" BAXTER

AND
MORTIMER

"THE FAG"

KAHN
PO BOX 4438
RICHMOND VA
23220



MUNG

ΠΑΝΤΟΠΟΛΕΙΟ
ΤΟΥΡ/ΣΤΙΚΑ
ΣΠΙΘΑΚΗΣ ΙΩΑΝΝΗΣ
ΜΑΤΑΛΑ
ΤΗΛ. 42103
Α.Φ.Μ. 16966507

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ΜΕΤΡΗΤ 1140

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ΕΥΧΑΡΙΣΤΟΥΜΕ

ΝΟΜΙΜΗ ΑΠΟΔΕΙΞΗ
ΟΜ 91 012423

to the
"reader":

See. Look
how much.
this magazine
would cost
if you lived

in a communist
country around 4
years ago. Things were
sure different then.
for instance, I had a
different pair of glasses
and a lot of people
were younger.

Tales of Antagonistic Romance by Tito M'Guire

Manfred: When is the ball, huh?

Giselle: On Tuesday, ok?

Manfred: Are you wearing that shitty
pink business?

Giselle: I'll wear whatever I freakin like.
I'll put a damn douche bag on my
head if it suits me.

Manfred: I'm gonna fuck you in your bottom.

Giselle: Fine, if it will shut you the fuck
up.

there's more but who cares.

Buy the book if you want some more
of this brand of shit. Or try to
anyway cuz guess what? It's not
even from a real book. It's made
up. I mean, it could be made up and in a
book, but eat my Frenchy shit.

Reviews:

God wears peas by Killdozer. It's kinda short at 36:13 but it's pretty good. I didn't even notice the annoying part. The dented microphone tells only small lies. OK.

KILL DOZER BELOW LEFT TO RIGHT:

BOB HOSKINS (no longer in it), John Paul Zagreb, Don Hoskins, Marlin Gerald.



Sounds of Death magazine.

It's all about Death metal and they talk about these guys in Holland who play "Black metal" and go around killing each other all the time and don't show any remorse.

One guy killed a homo. I swear. Also its pretty good because it comes with a free CD compilation of Death metal bands on a particular label - this one was of Black MARK records, with Necrophobia, Cemetery,

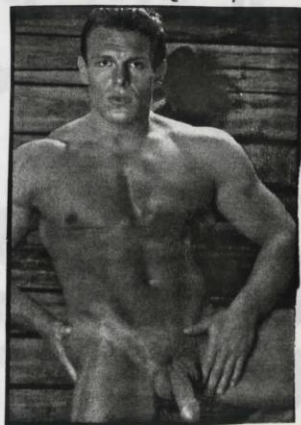
Rosicrucien, Morgana
Lefay, and some other
ones. The best one is
Seance which has two
songs at the end. The
good thing about Death
metal is how it goes fast
and slow and how they
sing funny and how some
of the songs are called
"Chaotic Obliteration of
Spinal Fluid and Other
Tissues." If ~~things~~ this
sounds interesting to you,
The magazine comes out
around three times each year
with a free CD of it. Only 5\$.

Camera hints:

If you use	You'll need
Kodacolor Daylight (not recommended for photofloods)	tetanus shot
Kodacolor Type A	earbuck
Ansco Color Daylight	GLUE!
Ansco Color Tungsten (35-mm and roll film)	brand new fudge*
Ansco Color Tungsten (sheet film)	12-pack Pabst Blue Ribbon
Kodachrome Daylight	substitute teacher or vice principal
Kodachrome Type A	bowling trophy
Ektachrome Daylight	sneeze guard or pile of dead ducks
Ektachrome Type B	poop collection

*For emergencies only.

Compiled by Cuss because there seems to be a need for this kind of thing, especially when taking pictures of naked boys or girls such as this award winner by Mortimer's Sister Bacitracin, taken with a Ricoh 480-SX using Ektachrome Daylight and a 50-FOOT pile of dead ducks. Natch, it takes the right setup to tame a monster like this.
model: Gomer Snelling, 15 year old Taurus and a freshman at First Yoda High School and Brewery. Goby!!



JUMBLE® THAT SCRAMBLED WORD GAME

by Henri Arnold and Mike Argirion

Unscramble these four Jumbles,
one letter to each square, to form
four ordinary words.

I can't think of
any words, so heres
the letters:

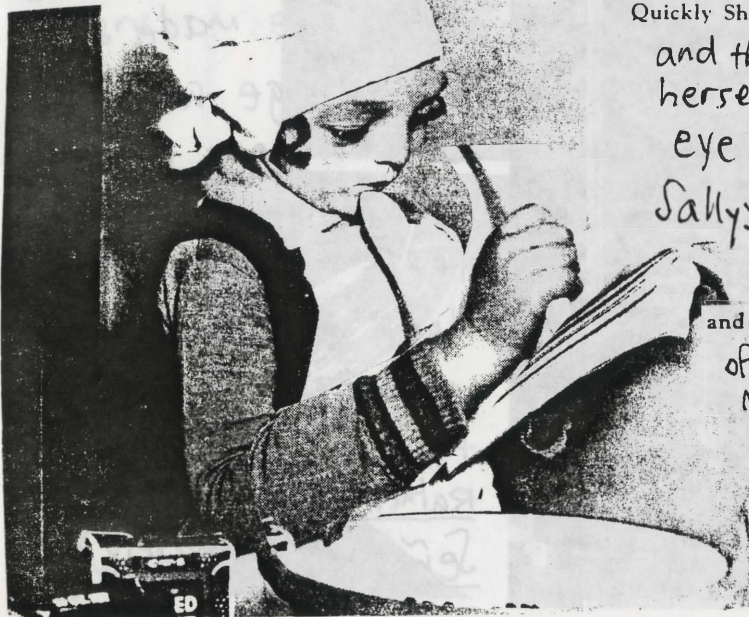
EFFTICKISCHAUN



Answer here: A

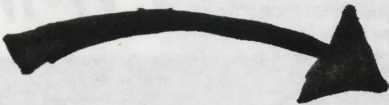


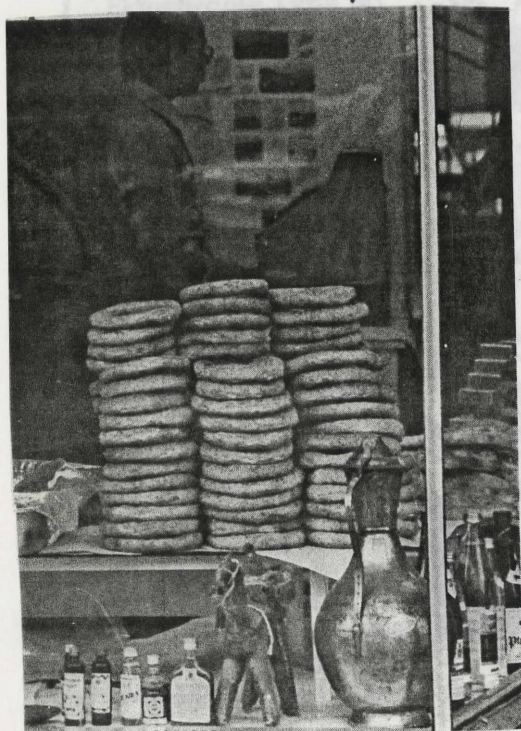
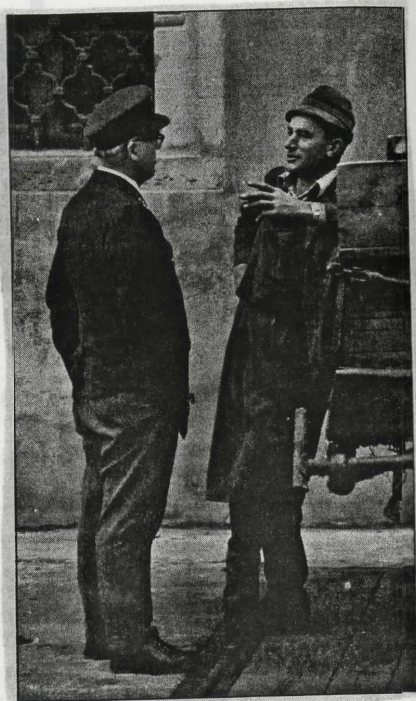
Answer on page 4



Quickly She Put on Her Apron,
and then gubbed
herself in her
eye with aunt
Sally's harmonica
Spoon

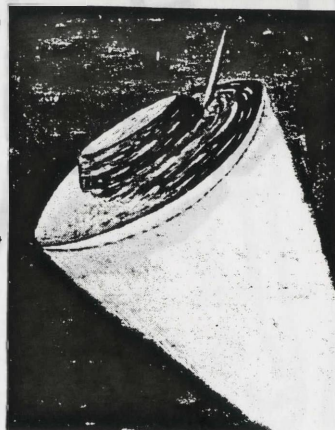
and Turned to the Recipe
of how to
make frothy
dirt milk.


 One guy says "Horst
 you are such a dad-
 blamed queer I would
 kick your ass in for
 you if I wasn't so
 fuckin drunk " and
 the other guy says
 "If you wasn't so
 fuckin drunk I'd shut up
 yer gayboy mouth with my flyin fist you
 butt nubbin q-hole " then they go to this



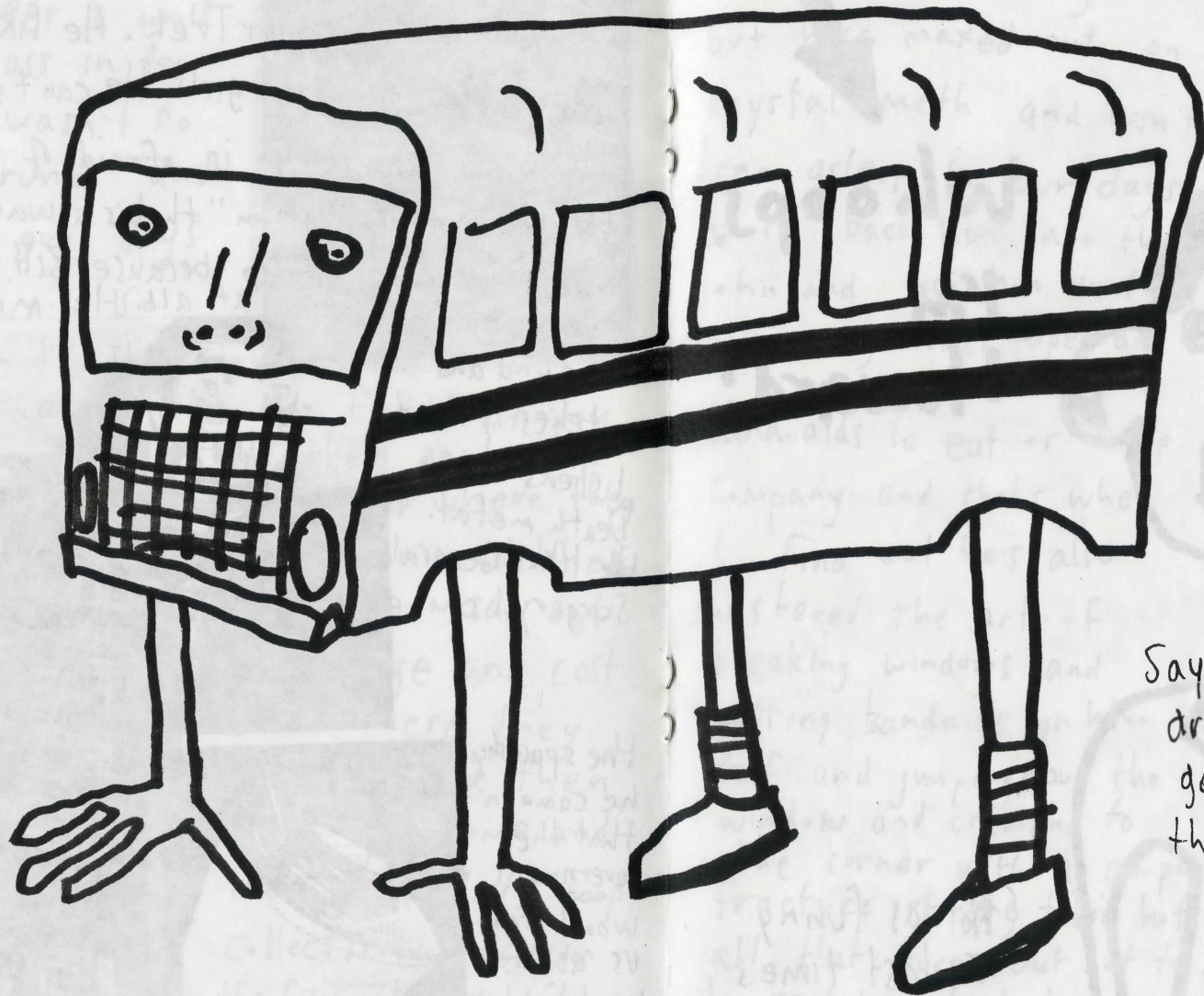
donut shop where they
 sell liquor and the
 donuts are made out
 of sausage and cost
 2.50 where they
 eat some and then
 they go home and
 look at Stanley's poop
 collection. Stills from
 the film The Rich and
Rather Jazzy Life of
Señor Crap. ^{courtesy of} Wagner Bros.

We recently met with Conrad Perez who came from space. Pictured below with his space flashlight that makes three colors of light. He said it's cold in space but they have a heater in the spaceship but it can't make all kinds of food like on StarTrek. He likes American beer but Chinese girls. He can't get a driver's license because he is afraid of the DMV. He suspects that "alien" that's always in Weekly World News is fake because Bill Clinton never even called him at all. He mostly just sits around and watches TV and listens to Death metal. He likes General Surgery.



the spaceship he came in that the government won't tell us about. → We tried to give them \$10 but they still won't.

Mort's visual rendering of the Misfits' classic "I Turned Into A Schoolbus."



Says Mort: "I can't draw the shoes too good, but I figured they should be on there."

Legendary "Whoops. I'm Howard" Section



Whoops.
I'm
Howard!

(Not as funny
as last time's
gutbuster - Ed.)
(but miles ahead
stylistically - Ed.)

I hear a thunderous triumphant note in Casper's voice when he informs me he could finally blow through his topography finals "like a hot knife through cancer" but he's maxed out on crystal meth and hasn't been asleep in four days so I back him into the john and lock him in there with only toilet paper and band-aids to eat or keep company and that's when I find out he's also mastered the art of breaking windows and putting bandaids on himself and jumping out the window and crawling to the corner with a compound fracture of the tibia but all that turns out not to be real important because he gets run over by the Woodman. Jeez.



CUSS GOES:

SOCK SOCK SHOE SHOE

MORT GOES:

SOCK SHOE SOCK SHOE

MORT'S POP GOES:

SOCK SHOE

try to guess why
if you can. If you
can't then you can
write a letter to ask
us and we will tell
you. you faa.

when someone
drinks
pee,
it's real
fuckin
funny.
I don't
drink
pee,
but my
uncle
does.

by Chub Fister

CAUTION: while the following may shock some gutless folk, it is presented here because it is representative of a currently emerging new school of Filthy Anger Poetry whose most notable proponent, Gustav Constrictor, also happens to be the scribe of this here one. Take it Gustav! :

the cocksuckin
motherfucker
who shit
in my fuckin
fridge -

I'll break his
Goddamn
head open -

I'll shove my
Cunt up
his filthy
Shitter.
You prick.

New feature suggested by Stovall "Mr Fortitude" Khan called "MAKING FUN OF THINGS WE DON'T UNDERSTAND"



SPOTLIGHT ON GERMANISM:

I'm not sure how funny
a tennis parady would
be or if it would be worth
it calling on the phone to
hear it, but I guess if it's
got something to do with

a hamburger it's probably pretty good and
maybe you can learn how to make a better
one that you wouldn't have to put so much
steak sauce in it to make it taste good.
Also that little fellow on the ad is kind of
funny looking and can talk with his
mouth closed so I would go ahead and call.

This one on the other hand doesn't do much
for me. I guess it means they went to sleep
fast but I can't figure out
if the hamster is really
asleep or if he's making
biscuits or what and how
come a hamster is even on top
of a cat? It sure is fucked
up over in so-called "Germany"!



Nichtstun erquickt.

Public telephones in Germany are usually installed in bright yellow booths. They operate on a coin-operated message-unit system that automatically calculates charges for local or long-distance calls. Local calls cost a minimum of 20 Pfennig. Calls outside the immediate area require both an area code (Vorwahl) and additional 10 Pfennig, 50 Pfennig, or 1 Mark coins. When time and money are running out, a warning sign reminds the person on the phone to insert more coins.

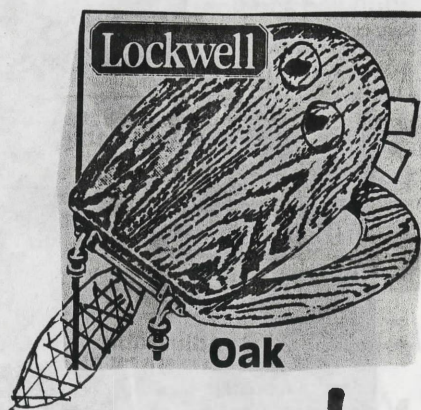
Ruf doch
mal an!



when they
use it a typical
(if translated) one
might go a little
bit like this:

- "Hello. Is Kevin there?"
- "Yes."
- "Ok well can I talk to him?"
- "Ok."
- "Hello?"
- "Hey Kevin this is Marlin."
- "Hi."
- "Did you see Professor Mustardnuts in the bus station?"
- "No, but my brother got killed fighting the Jews."
- "That's disquieting, by God. I got some new shoes."
- "Go see if you can fuck yourself, you turddish."
- "Ok. Good bye."

Beaver Hunt:



excellent choice.

please take your
pictures of a
Beaver and put them
where the sun don't
shine so they can't
catch on fire. Don't
be a stool buster.

Bathroom-caught
jit fiddler

feels wrong
but who cries
when the fish are
gone?

Not me,
but Sid might.

He's down in
Mississippi
tonight.

this one's for Todd. Sorry. Thanks.:

I inherit bugs. I pretend bugs. I load bugs.
I soften bugs. I fault bugs. I count bugs.
I control bugs. I reconnoiter bugs. I tow bugs.
I quote bugs. I cancel bugs. I fold bugs.
I accelerate bugs. I punctuate bugs. I coddle bugs.
I pee bugs. I leg bugs. I threaten bugs.
I capitalize bugs. I double bugs. I photograph bugs.
I am bugs. I stretch bugs. I sodomize bugs.
I bug bugs. I franchise bugs. I whitecoat bugs.
I kreuzen bugs. I flatter bugs. I toot bugs.
I forget bugs. I reupholster bugs. I undress bugs.
I dream bugs. I solder bugs. I contain bugs.
I invent bugs. I hire bugs. I butter bugs.
I want bugs. I guess bugs. I number bugs.
I pave bugs. I tear bugs. I drink bugs.
I smoke bugs. I boborebobobo bugs. I sez bugs.
I pick bugs. I suppose bugs. I pipe bugs.
I bleed bugs. I radio bugs. I teach bugs.
I pinch bugs. I dis bugs. I popeye bugs.

MORE WOOD FOR THE SADDUSSIIDS!



1.



2.



3.



4.

THEY MAKE IT INTO
BOMBS!

SWIMMING IN A SHEET
OF SIEVE

WITHER

MAX CAN'T ...

SHIT-DISSED

TOBLERONE HA-
SSELHOFF

YOU FLYING BIDDY:
DIG ASS!

