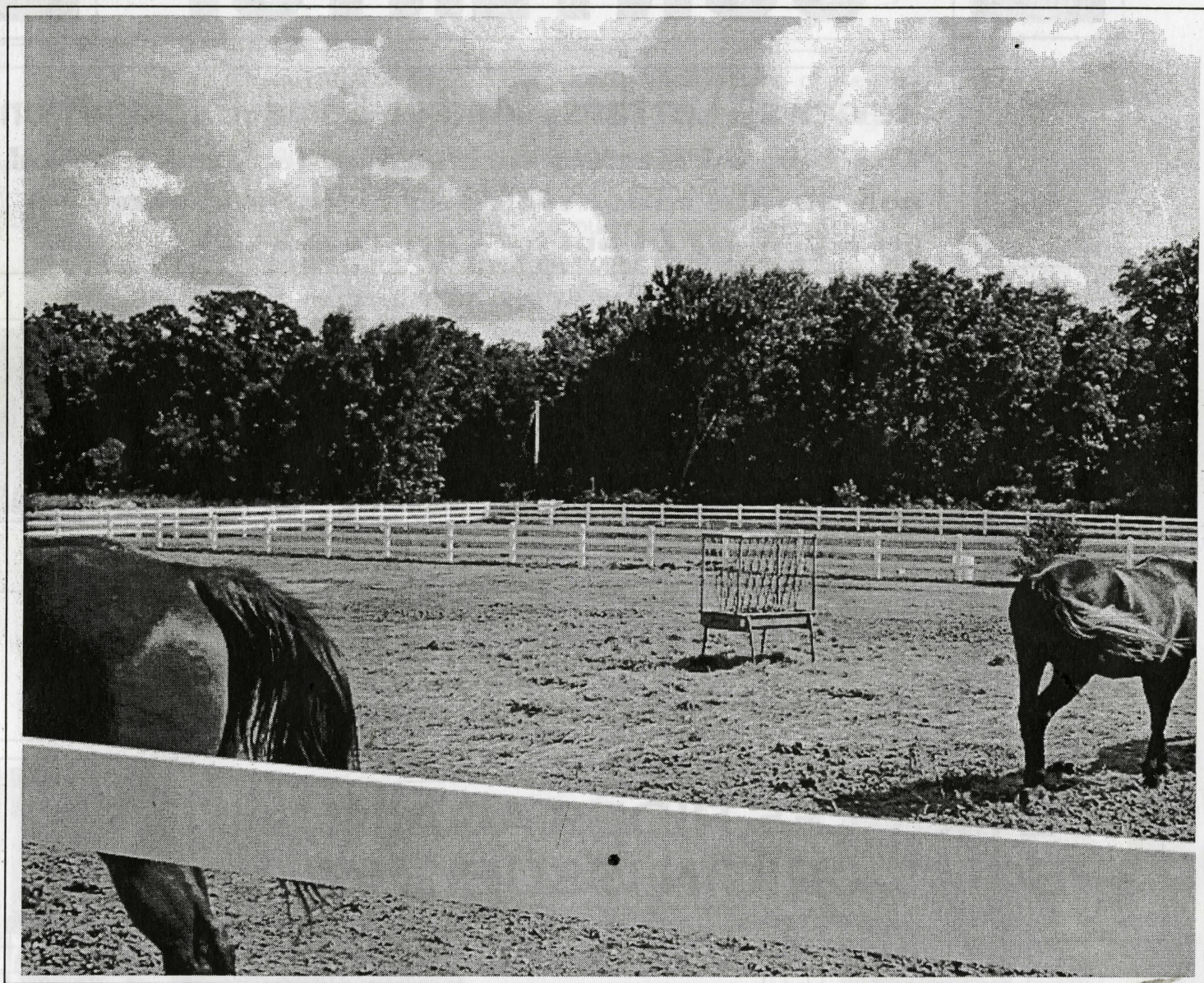


MY FAT IRISH ASS!

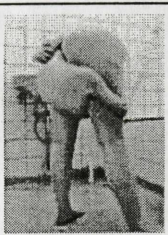
Issue No. Minus (-) 5

Price: The Wages of Sin



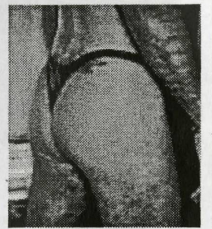
SPECIAL HORSE'S ASS ISSUE!

TOWERIN' TABLE O' CONTENTS!



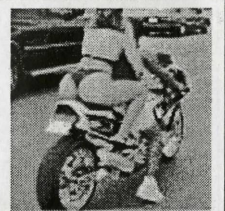
Reviews, Letters, And A Lame Explanation
Touching on matters such as Murder Junkies, God,
and why the editor took over a year-and-a-half to
get a new *MFIA* out for Christ's sake...1

GOOD NEWS DEPARTMENT: WE
REVISIT AN ASS FROM THE PAST
AND FIND THAT ALL IS WELL... 13



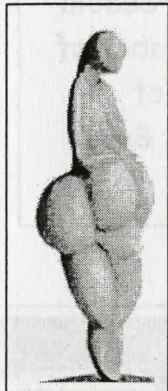
TALE OF THE CRACKER SLACKER—The old
adage about no good deed going unpunished is proved...14

ACE McTILES RIDES AGAIN!
SPECIAL ORIGIN ISSUE!... 17



COMIX!...22

REVIEWS, LETTERS & A LAME EXPLANATION



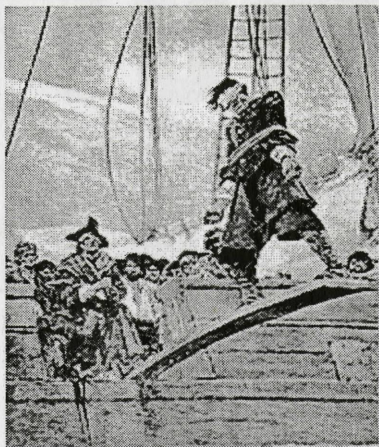
What can I say? Life's hard when you're a steatopygous fertility figure with a build like a fucking Brancusi sculpture. And you expect me to put out a magazine? The editor didn't help matters either, squatting on his lazy, corpulent demi-Hibernian hindquarters defacing cartoons until such a huge pile was amassed that even he realized something had to be done. So here you are, after an eon of procrastination: a new MFIA issue! You lucky ducky!

Rather than my usual shtick of simply reprinting every MFIA review I could get my hands on, this issue instead focuses on 'zines that have reviewed MFIA and deserve some attention in their own right. Please buy copies of each 'zine.



Punk • Hardcore • Rock'n'Roll

The best of the European music 'zines. They've been consistent fans of MFIA too, I think (my GI German is admittedly rusty). Tons of reviews and articles **ABER NÜRAUF DEUTSCH**. That's only in German. Ox-Fanzine. Joachim Hiller, P.O. Box 10 22 25, 42766 Haan, Germany

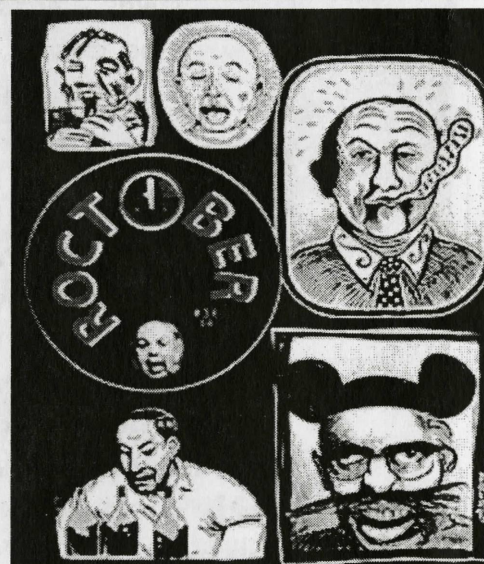


THE FREE PRESS DEATH SHIP-

This is one of the coolest 'zines I've ever seen. The title is taken in part from the B. Traven novel *The Death Ship*. He wrote *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* and is probably one of the great authors of the 20th Century. The editor (really creator), Violet Jones, disdains computer publishing and ISBNs and makes a persuasive argument that the latter pose a real threat to freedom of the press. Each outsized issue is obviously a labor of love, replete with piratical illustrations and tons of articles and reviews. Highly recommended. P. O. Box 55336, Hayward, CA 94545

ROCTOBER MAGAZINE-

An old favorite of mine. This very professional publication, really more of a magazine than a 'zine, has covered the Chicago music scene for several years now. The resident reviewer, Flamin' Waymon Timbsdale, has reviewed *MFIA* several times now and has been almost complimentary at least twice. I especially like how Roctober stays true to its obsessions: black music, masked rock bands, monkeys, one man bands, and Sammy Davis, Jr. Again, highly recommended. 1507 E. 53rd Street, # 617, Chicago, IL 60615. www.roctober.com



10 YEAR ANNIVERSARY ISSUE

Reglar
Wiglar

#19

\$2

THE RAT PATROL
M.O.T.O.



REGLAR WIGLAR-Publication for ten years and counting make this a granddaddy 'zine. Band interviews and even more reviews, although more diverse than most 'zines, with restaurant reviews. The editor has been a consistent supporter of Tom Paine which makes him or her aces in my book. Also importantly, they love and feature comics (Yay!). I find "Peg" particularly funny for some reason. 1658 N. Milwaukee, # 545, Chicago, IL 60647. home.earthlink.net/~wiglar/

GREETINGS FROM
GRISWOLD

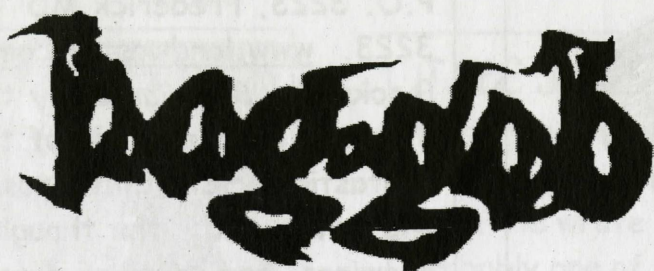


GOTHIX/LANDWASTER BOOKS
P.O. 3223, Frederick MD 21705-3223. www.landwaster.com
(Looks like *Bad Santa*, by the way.)
This is a good example of the sheer fantastic variety that's possible in the 'zine world: the thoughts, drawings, and rants of a gay Goth with a strong interest in the ancient Gauls (as in the ones conquered by Julius Caesar). Although issue number 3 is currently out of print, there are other products available from the mail address or URL above that will introduce you to Griswold's distinctive viewpoint. Order a copy of *Psychotix*, a comic about a first century A.D. Gaulish chieftain and his Roman lover, *Texas Separatus*. Lots of strong opinions on drugs, gay love, the loathsomeness of the Christian religion (right on!), and any other subject that might come to the attention of his jaundiced eye.

RAZORCAKE

Despite a slag review by Gary Hornberger, I still like this 'zine which reminds me of *Flipside* before it went out of business. Gary

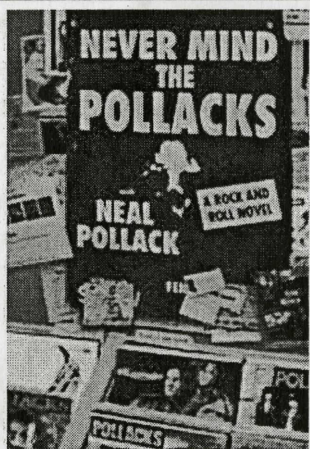
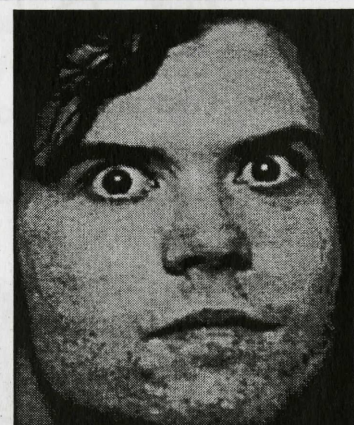
apparently liked *MFIA* to the point where he prominently featured the cover of the last issue with an altered caption to make some sort of private joke that I don't get, but then again, why should I? Reviews, interviews, and articles, some of the last quite informative like the one discussing the internment of Japanese-Americans during WWII (one of the most disgraceful incidents in American history, at least until the present miserable era rolled along). I like the idea of music 'zines doing this since there are an awful lot of woefully uninformed Americans out there (cultural elitism). P.O. Box 42129, Los Angeles, CA 90042. www.razorcake.com Contact: retodded@razorcake.com



Fun 'zine on the Chattanooga scene. An eclectic mix on a variety of topics. They love comix and TV, two of my fave things in the whole world. In their own words: a publication which features humor, music,

movies, short stories and other adult material. R. H. Graphic Design, P.O. Box 4425, Chattanooga, TN 37405. <http://members.aol.com/boggob>

CD REVIEW - Look upon the face of God. Notice the fat zit brewing just above God's chin. Order the CD *OxDx the Album* by Remi B. God and listen if you dare to the voice of God. This came in the mail and is one of the more rocking one-man band free CDs I've ever received. Qualified praise, yes, but let me go further and say he covers two of my favorite songs: the Stones' *Happy* and the Stooges' *I Got Nothing*. Scorching versions of both plus some raucous originals. Order from: godworldwide, P.O. Box 858, Warrensburg, MO 64093. URL: www.godworldwide.com

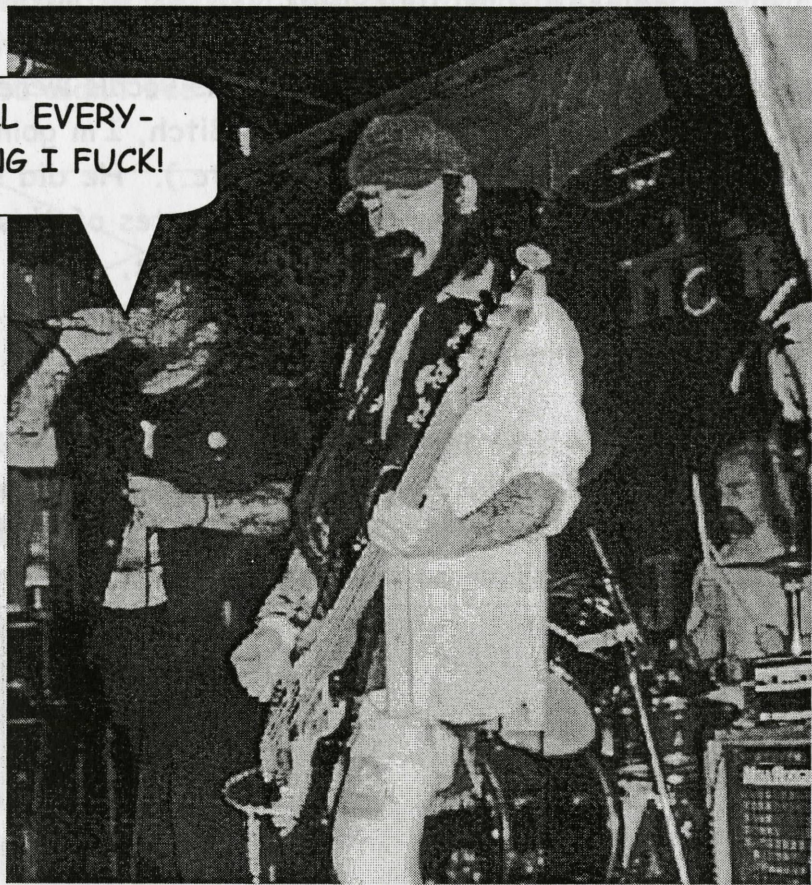


BOOK REVIEW - Picked up on a whim at the local library and my, what a happy, fortuitous choice it was! Neal Pollack, who I've never heard of before, is as crazy about rock'n'roll as I am with an even worse attitude. Reading this novel reminds me very much of the times when I'd spend a couple of hours on the latest issue of *Creem*, laughing and in awe at the sheer outrageousness of Lester Bangs or R. Meltzer. Pollack, at least if you believe the book (I do!), has been there for every key moment of

rock'n'roll from the moment Elvis ran over his father, earning Neal and his mom's eternal gratitude. A wild prose ride full of ridiculous, over-the-top action and brimming with scorn for corporate rock bullshit. Easily the funniest thing I've read in a couple of years. Any literate rock'n'roller (if there is such a thing) must read this! Harper Collins Publishers. ISBN 0-06-052790-0. \$23.95 hardbound. www.nealpollack.com

~~BUND~~ (OOPS!) BAND REVIEWS!

I KILL EVERY-
THING I FUCK!



MURDER JUNKIES 10-YEAR REUNION TOUR

(Firehouse Grill, Fairfax, VA
October 20, 2003)

Jesus, can it really be 10 years since GG Allin, Mr. Rock'n'Roll, left this mortal coil? I guess so, showing once more what a tyrant and a drag time is. The only way I learned about this gig was by chance when I visited Smash! Records (free plug-about the only hip record store left in the DC area) and spotted a tiny flyer billing the show on what's basically a frat boy hangout on a Monday night.

Urrgh. Aging hipsters pushing 50 don't like Monday nights out, not when they have to work the next

day. But for GG's memory, sacrifices must be made. I never saw the Sophisticated One live thus missing an opportunity to dodge the shit, spit, blood, chairs, and other sundry stuff he was fond of tossing at the audience. I have seen several videotapes of him in action, however, including *HATED*, the definitive film made shortly before his OD. GG took what Iggy Pop started which, naïve boob that I was in my youth, I figured was the ultimate in rock'n'roll excess, and pushed it far beyond any logical or human extreme, abusing himself and his audience to the point where you had to ask if it was entertainment or an act of collective masochism.

Anyway, I got to the joint way too early and sat at the bar for awhile wondering when the bands were going to play. As opposed to my usual experience on nights out, rather

than being stolidly ignored, I actually struck up a conversation with a nice fellow named Tom Jonas, bass player for the Others. Order their CD from www.lumberjack-online.com. After an hour plus cooling my heels, an act came on, an event which I immediately regretted.

I neglected to mention that the MJ show was put on under the auspices of Mr. Randy Buttsex (an unusual name I admit, I think its Polish). In lieu of payment for this good deed, Mr. Buttsex got to sing for his supper, so to speak. It was just him with a miked acoustic guitar which he couldn't play. His vocals were whiny and the lyrics to his original "songs" were jejune, to be kind ("Bitch, I'm going to fuck you in the ass, Bitch, I'm going to fuck you in the ass," etc.). He did seem like a nice guy though, for a fucking pervert. After about 20 minutes of this, Tom fucked off home to return later. After about 10 minutes more, feeling like I was in purgatory and appreciating just how long an unpleasant experience could seem, I followed his example.

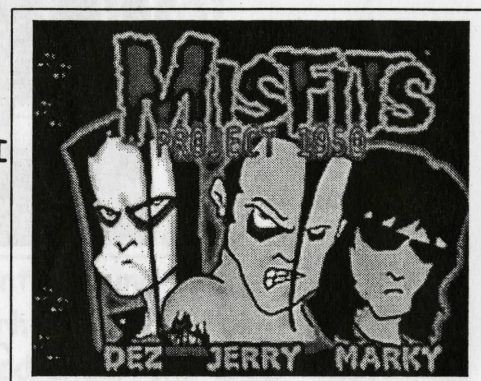
Greatly refreshed, I returned about an hour later to find that Buttsex was done and that I'd missed the second act. The Junkies came on. Jeff Clayton of Antiseen subbed for GG, a hulking good ol' boy with an enormous crop of hair, covered with tattoos and a voice like a garbage disposal (I mean it as a compliment). Merle did his hair and beard in dreadlocks that reached down to his waist, wore cowboy boots with skulls on the shanks, and a beanie cap with Murder Junkies embroidered on it. Bill Weber has the tiniest hands of any guitarist that I've ever seen and deserves an award for being able to chain-smoke continuously while playing. Dino the wild man drummer dyed his hair yellow and his moustache flame red. He mercifully spared us the full Monty, stripping down instead to his BVDs and then pulling them up so the cheeks



of his ass were bare (the throne chafes, you know!). In between vague, rambling diatribes about Britney Spears, he demonstrated his skin-pounding mastery (even a lunatic can get good after 20 years of practice!). The MJs did an approximately 45 minute set of Stooges-level intensity, throwing out one specimen after another of raw, degenerate, pounding sludge, black pearls from the ass of GG like *Anal Cunt*, *Leader of the Pack*, and *I Kill Everything I Fuck*. There was none of the filth and human degradation that was the stock-in-trade of the Junkies when GG still strode the land, but I and the tiny crowd of about 20 certainly got our money's worth. If you didn't see them, I guess that's just your "Tough Fucking Shit!" to quote the Gige.

Misfits at Jaxx

November 2, 2003, Jaxx, Springfield, VA. While I enjoyed the Misfits' tunes when I heard them in the early '80's, they're one of those back in the day bands I must confess to not having seen back in the day, unlike the Ramones who I caught multiple times in the '70's (no brag, just fact, as they say in Texas). Here was a chance to see what the fuss was all about. I liked the idea of punk covers of old '50's rock'n'roll chestnuts too.



Darn it, just can't seem to time these things properly. I arrived at this little fun fest late and missed Agent Orange, another bunch of punk dinosaurs on tour (and I suspect a much better, hotter band than the Misfits). The 'fits were in full swing when I walked into the showroom from the lounge (one of Jaxx's little known good points: if the band playing is just too hideous, there is a lounge to hide in and even get some booze to kill the pain). Their audience was having the time of their lives. Primarily third-generation high-school age punks from Burke, they worked themselves into a frenzy, no doubt in their own minds ginning up as much intensity as in '78 or Revolution Summer '85. Their version of slam dancing basically consisted of going up to someone, giving the slightest, gentlest push possible with an open palm on his or her shoulder, and then furiously backpedaling away.

The music didn't do much for me, however. I couldn't understand why their versions of Misfits and Ramones tunes sounded so lame, untogether and slack. Marky Ramone has been a more than competent rock drummer for about a thousand years and Greg Ginn wouldn't have allowed Dez Cadena in Black Flag unless he was hot. Then the answer hit me. Jerry Only, after more than 25 years in the music business, simply **can not** play the bass. He tried to compensate for this basic lack by turning the bass up way loud and by covering the stage with various monster movie props, but you can only do so much with window dressing. He and his fans were having a blast, however. Virtually every kid in the crowd got up on stage at one point or another to share singing chores with Jerry. What can I say? They're not out murdering people and it's probably about as close to good, clean fun as kids get nowadays. Still, the Misfits blew or at least the 2003 version that I saw did.



November 6, 2003. Club U-turn, DC. This is one of the few newer bands I know anything about. What do I know?: that they fucking ROCK! Since I first witnessed their fury at the Royal Lee in the summer of 2002, I've caught them every time they're in town, six shows so far. Each and every one has been a barn-burner, the two back-to-back shows at Renzo's in Silver Spring being particular standouts. Probably what I like best about the Creeps is that they're not cemented into the stereotyped hardcore style and sound. They remind me more of original punk bands, loud and fast, but not at the metronome on amphetamine hardcore tempo that for me gets very tired very soon. At their best, they recall the Dead Boys or other bands of that ilk and era when you'd go to a show having absolutely no idea what was going to happen for good or ill. They are amazingly raw live. Hurricane Jenny, their redoubtable lead singer/front, is a commanding presence, a trim Teutonic tootsie with a voice like an air raid siren.

A wet and nasty weekday night found me fighting traffic and poor visibility to the U Street corridor to see the Creeps. The Club U-turn is a hole in the wall local joint

with delusions of rock club grandeur. Bands perform on the incredibly small upper level. Anything over 60 people in the whole place is undoubtedly a fire hazard and probably in violation of DC municipal code. I sat at the bar below, knocked down beers, and waited for the Creeps to come on. One preliminary band, I think the Screws, was pretty good. The Creeps came on stage and ripped into their set, spitting out scorchers like "I Can't Get A Ride". The lead singer, Hurricane Jenny, finished a song and casually observed, looking me dead in the eye:



**Shut the fuck up in
the back!
Especially you, you
fucking square!**

Gracious! What could have I said or done to so upset a sweet, gentle young woman like Hurricane Jenny? Perhaps it was the dorky yellow raincoat wadded under one arm? Maybe it was the corny way I shouted encouragement

as they tore the roof off the place? Or maybe it's the fact that I was almost undoubtedly the oldest fucking fart in the joint (with the possible exception of Larry aka Captain Purple, about whom the less said the better)? Quien sabe? In any event, the Creeps are a goddamn shit-hot band and if they're ever in your town, you definitely should check them out since this is always the rarest of commodities. Visit their website at: www.midnightcreeps.com

Letters



HEY MARK -

THANK YOU FOR SENDING ME
"MY FAT IRISH ASS!" #-4! "FAMIL
CIRCUS" + HOME-MADE CAPTIONS
ALWAYS FUNNY!

KEEP IT UP!

Johnny R.

The immortal Johnny
Ryan was kind enough to
send a letter. JR does
Angry Youth Comics, one
of the funniest comix to
be had in this era or any
other. Visit Johnny's
own web-site at
www.johnnyr.com
to buy original art or
www.fantagraphics.com
to buy his comix.



My FAT
Irish ASS
has A
Hoot!

Sister Slain Says:

A short but sweet
summation by Mr. Grant
Schreiber, editor & sole
proprietor of the *Judas
Goat Quarterly*, a journal
of contemporary politics,
except lively, not, insanely
boring. \$10 for a year's
subscription to: Grant
Schreiber, 1223 W.
Granville, #2N, Chicago,
IL 60660



GET
FUCKED
FOR
CHRIST!

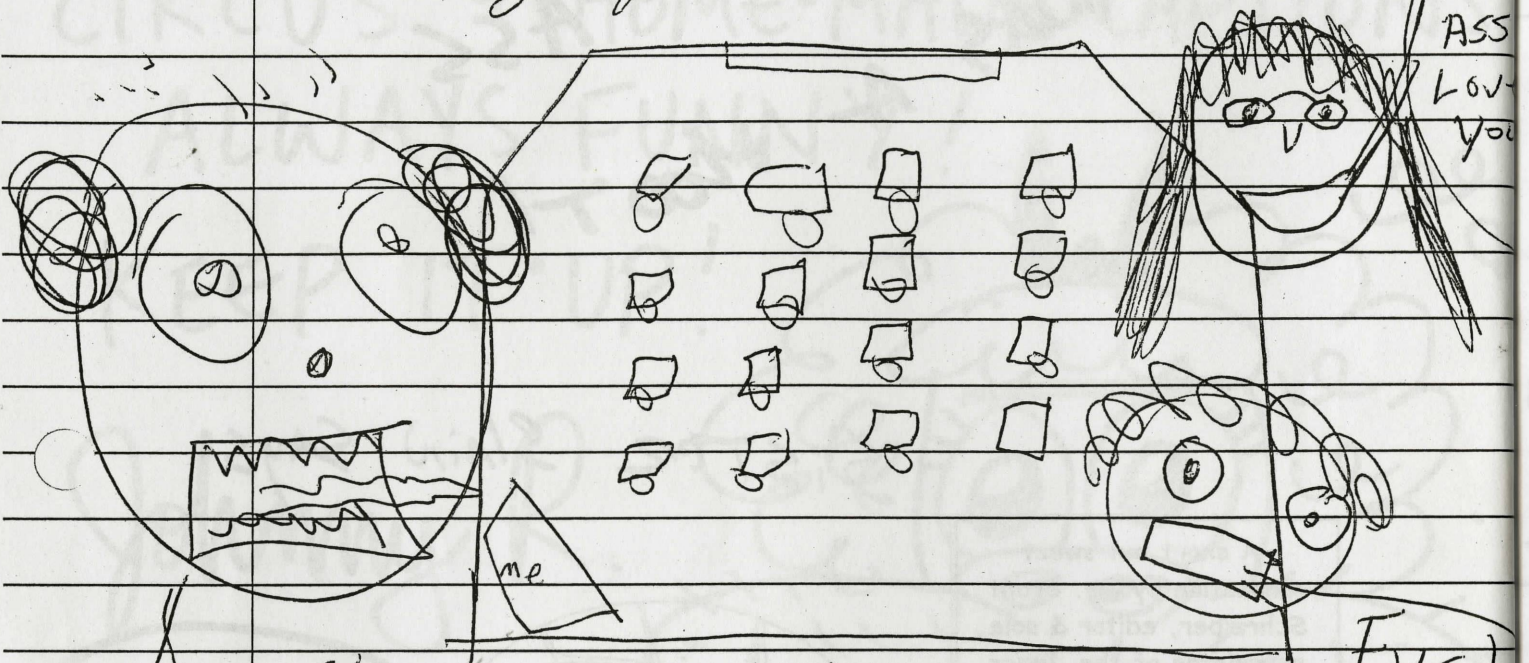
GB.

My Homework

3

any more of the old 359th go
I imagine Bro cres is dead
or a big pings daddy! Could
I be a little more racist?

So this is my artistic
rendering of Mr McIntosh's class.



Have a great day

Fuck
you
McIntosh

Work
you
little
bastards!
Now!

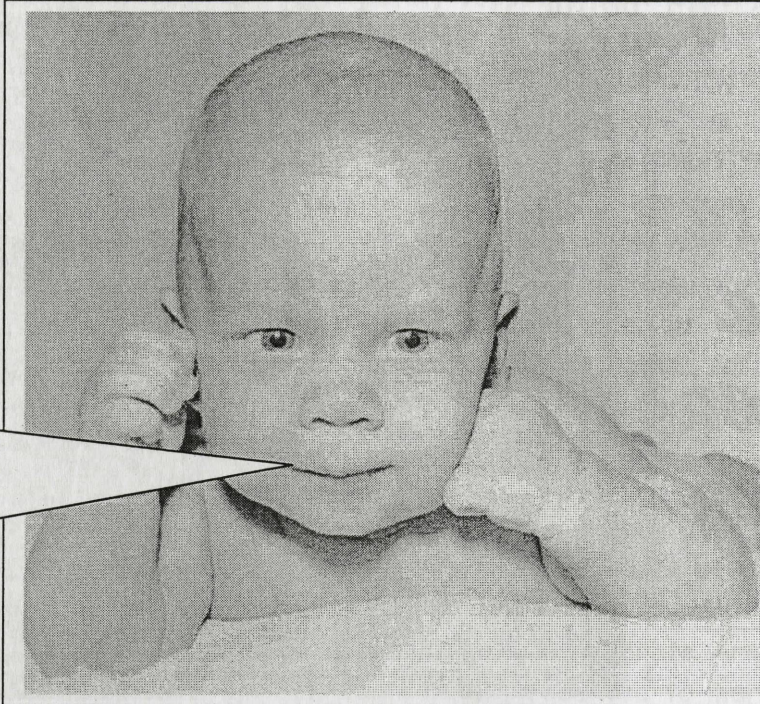
Army buddy & fellow
debauchee "Mackie"
McIntosh is now a school
teacher of all things!
Mackie sends us this
impressionistic rendition
of his class. Remember,
Mackie, strict discipline
and relentless academic
commitment got George
W. Bush into the White
House!



**BLESS
YOU,
LORD!**



I just
can't wait
to grow
up and be
a drug
addict!



Good News Dept.:
After going
through hell,
getting kicked out
of his house,
reduced to sleeping
in the park, and
then finally kicked
out of the tent,
Tom Paine, hero of
MFIA - 3, mascot,
and all around
Everyman, has
finally taken the
cure, gotten on the
wagon, learned that
"Tee" stands for

total, that lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine. In other words, folks:

HE QUIT DRINKING

We at *MFIA* are proud of Tom that he faced up to his weakness and scorned demon rum. Tom is gainfully employed and pulling his life together. Loyal *MFIA* readers will be glad to hear the news. Best wishes, gifts, cards, and thoughtful notes may be sent c/o *MFIA*, P.O. Box 65391, Washington, DC 20035. Cruel wags who derive pleasure from destroying personal human progress by mailing booze to those who've reformed needn't even bother (I'll just drink the stuff myself!).

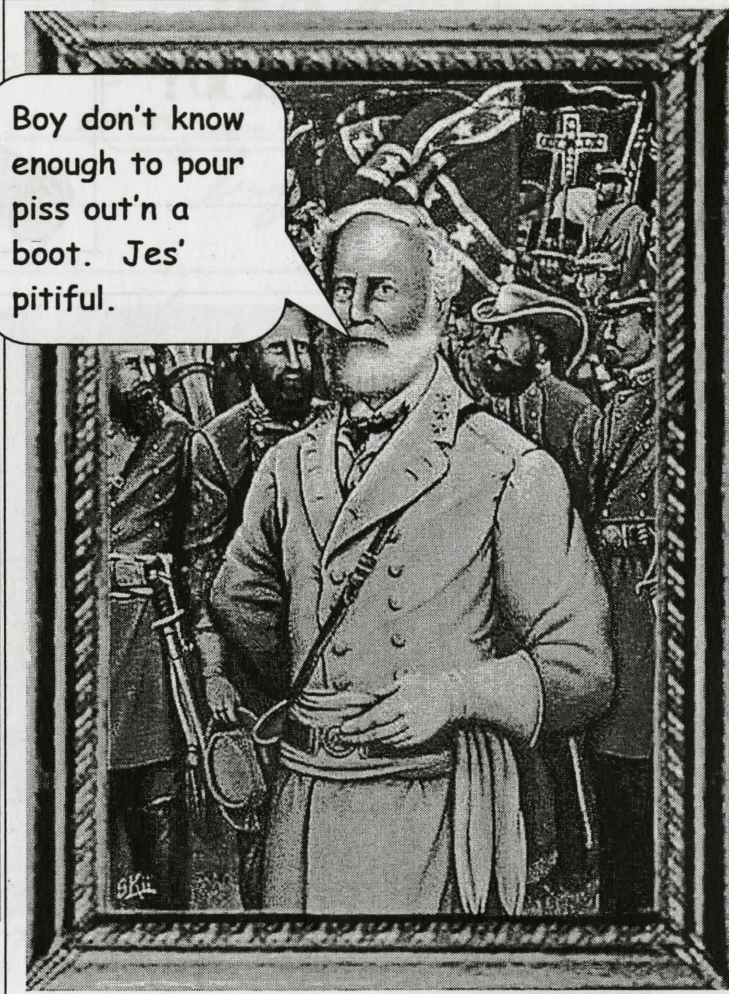
Temperance Forever!



Boy don't know
enough to pour
piss out'n a
boot. Jes'
pitiful.



THE TALE OF THE CRACKER SLACKER OR



**THE
SOUTH'S
GONNA DO
'ER AGAIN
(BORE THE
LIVING ASS
OFF OF US,
YOU MEAN!).**

Longtime readers know my wife is a saint. The proof is the fact that she's put up with me for so long. Even this old reprobate feels guilty and thinks he should accommodate his better half, make concessions. The trouble is, every time I give way to a stray altruistic impulse and do what my wife asks, it results in a world of shit.

Richard the cracker slacker is an example of this. We planned to go to New York for Thanksgiving to visit my wife's relations. Rather than hire a dog-sitter, Irene proposed that Richard, an illustrator for an on-line romantic book publisher for which Irene works, house sit for us, thus allowing Richard to "sort through personal problems". So, like a big sap although feeling like the Samaritan King, I said yes.

I should have known something was wrong when Richard arrived on a train THREE DAYS before we left for New York (some bullshit story about the only arrangement that was convenient). Things initially didn't seem bad. He was at least housebroken and, at the beginning, made some effort to mind his manners. Soon, however, the superficial impression wore off and was replaced by a deeper understanding. It wasn't pretty.

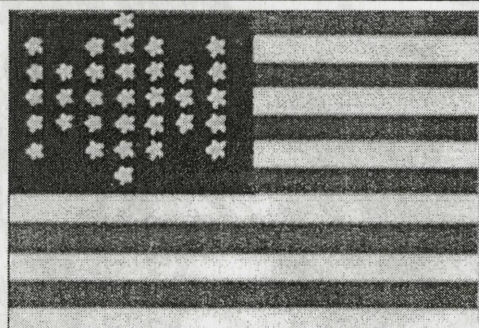
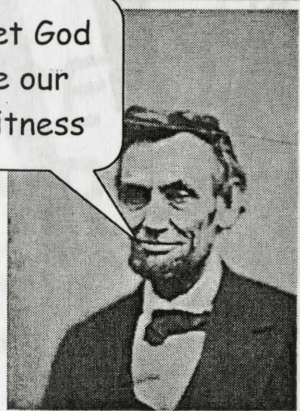
32 years old at this juncture with no prospects, about the only real experience that Richard had in life was a brief stint in the Navy as a medic. Actually, he reminded me of guys I'd known in the service in that he was a miserable, needy, mooching pain-in-the-ass with an unfortunate tendency to aggrandize himself by telling ridiculous tall tales. My favorite was the evening he solemnly informed us about the time he was in Saudi Arabia with a Marine patrol and had to be clubbed unconscious by a gunnery sergeant to prevent Richard from interfering with the outdoor circumcision of a 9-year old Muslim girl. He immediately topped this whopper, however, by getting choked up and confessing how he'd been raped while in the Navy which according to him has a standard policy of covering up homosexual assaults. Jesus, what horseshit!

Richard had other grievous flaws. He was a crap artist, someone who takes trivial bullshit like comic books or Japanese monster movies and raises it to the level of academic study. This grown man wasted his precious time on role playing games, comic books, and Westerns. Mainly, however, he did cheesy drawings of fantasy characters, chief among them various absurdly romanticized Western gunslingers. He gave me an amateurish depiction of MYSELF as a gunslinger, an embarrassing moment. I burned it the second he was gone. An example of his artwork is on the next page (full disclosure: it has been improved by that little old Swiss wine-guzzler me).

His politics were worse, however. Richard is an unreconstructed, bloody shirt waving, eats the bullshit up with a shovel Neo-Confederate, a tireless but tiresome source of old wives' tales and shibboleths that should have been buried a century ago: Grant was a drunken military incompetent; there were two regiments of black troops in the Confederate Army; many blacks had it better under slavery; etc. It was so annoying I finally resorted to marching around the house singing "The Battle Cry of Freedom" loud as a bitch.

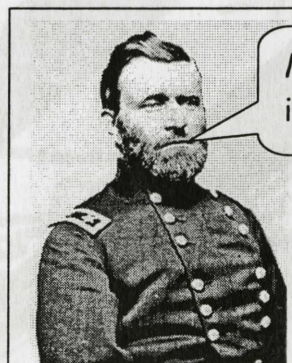
Richard's worst sin, however, was the fact that **HE WOULDN'T GO AWAY!** He was due to leave the Monday after we returned. This got stretched out to Tuesday. Wednesday rolled around with no sign of departure. The sorry shit's camped out in my basement, eating peanut butter and jelly sandwiches (leaving the crumbs for others to clean up), and watching *Law and Order* reruns. We finally bribed him by paying for his train fare back to North Carolina. After the ordeal was over, I decided Richard must run this as a low-level scam. He wiggles his way into peoples' homes and then simply refuses to leave. The moral: the next time you feel like helping somebody, **DON'T DO IT**, especially if it involves having them in your house.

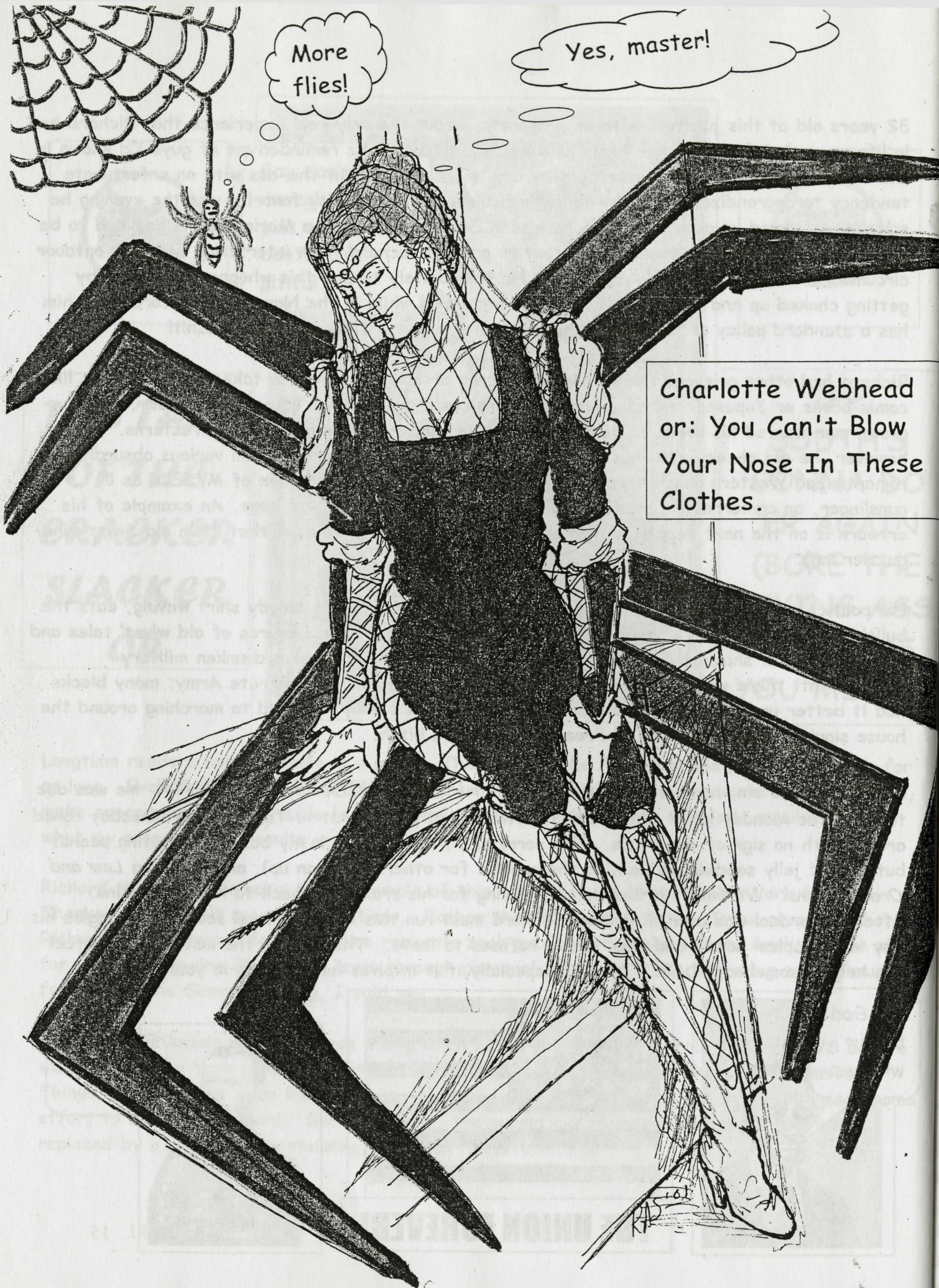
Let God
be our
witness



THE UNION FOREVER!

Mellon
is right.





More flies!

Yes, master!

Charlotte Webhead
or: You Can't Blow
Your Nose In These
Clothes.

R.A. Scott

McTILES UNCHAINED

Where will this tangled winding road lead me?

SPRINGFIELD INTERCHANGE

STOP

Helmet laws
suck

coal powered
bike
only vehicle
McTiles
can legally drive
after
numerous
DUIS

SPECIAL
ORIGIN
ISSUE
! * ! * !

Schlossen
cut off



The Mojave Desert, 1961
Trey Mc Tiles, a drunken
biker stops to piss.

Behind a saguaro cactus,
he finds a new born infant
gumming a live coyote's hindquarter.

I should have been
a fireman! What's
that squalling?



Bedad, the
little tyke
has spunk.
I'll, hic, take
him home to
the old lady.



Little Ace soon proves a chip
off the old block, stripping
down and rebuilding a '49
Indian pan head at age 2



At age 4, he had his own
string of bitches shaking it
for dollars at titty bars



At age 5, he killed Trey
Mc Tiles in a knife fight and became President of the Owl's Eye
Anus-Eaters



AN UNPARALLELED REIGN OF
TERROR, RAPINE, AND PLUNDER
RIPS NEEDLES, CALIFORNIA APART!

Fucking
machine Took
MY
Money!



You're going
to have to
answer to
the coke
co.

COCA
COLA

THE POLICE ARE POWERLESS!
AT THE HANDS OF A LITTLE KID!

Please, Mc Tiles.
Don't make me
eat my badge.



What
me
worry

Cubist
Tricycle

Haw, haw!

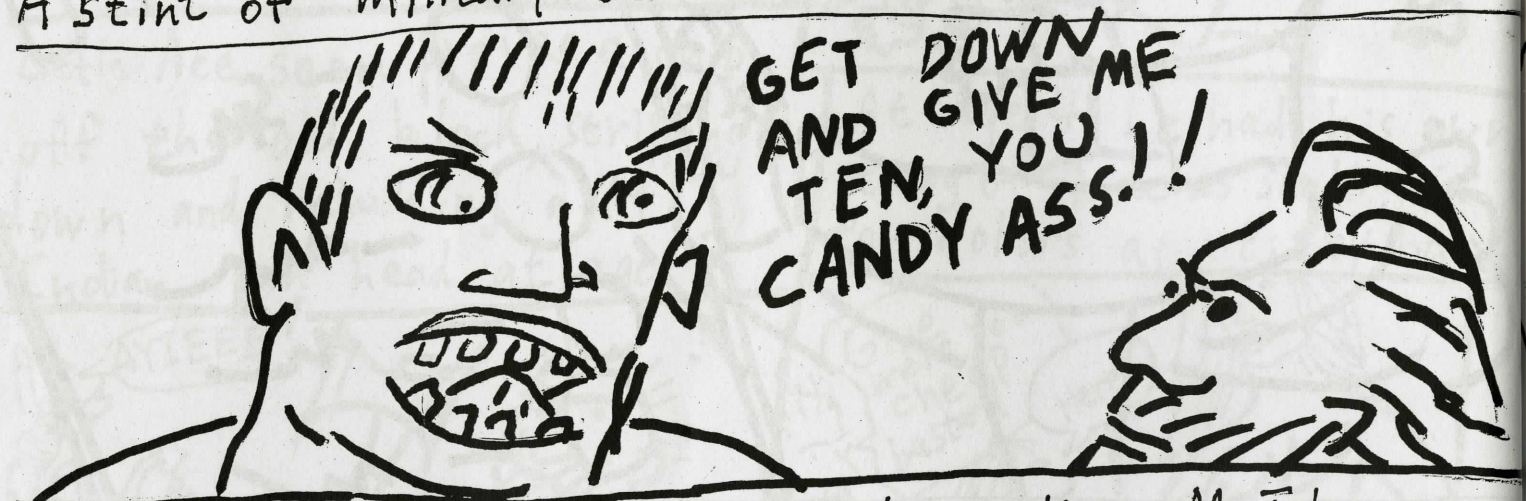
This
is
fun!



It was hoped the love of a good woman would cure him. Later, men thought the Bible would do the trick.



A stint of military service has made many a man a man



In the end, they were forced to realize McTiles was a hopeless case.



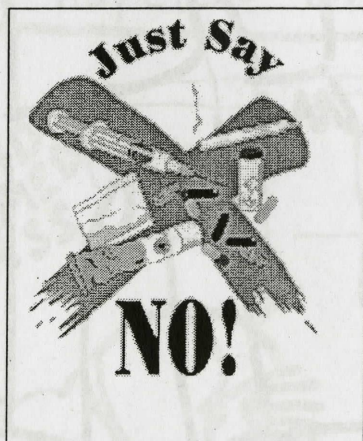
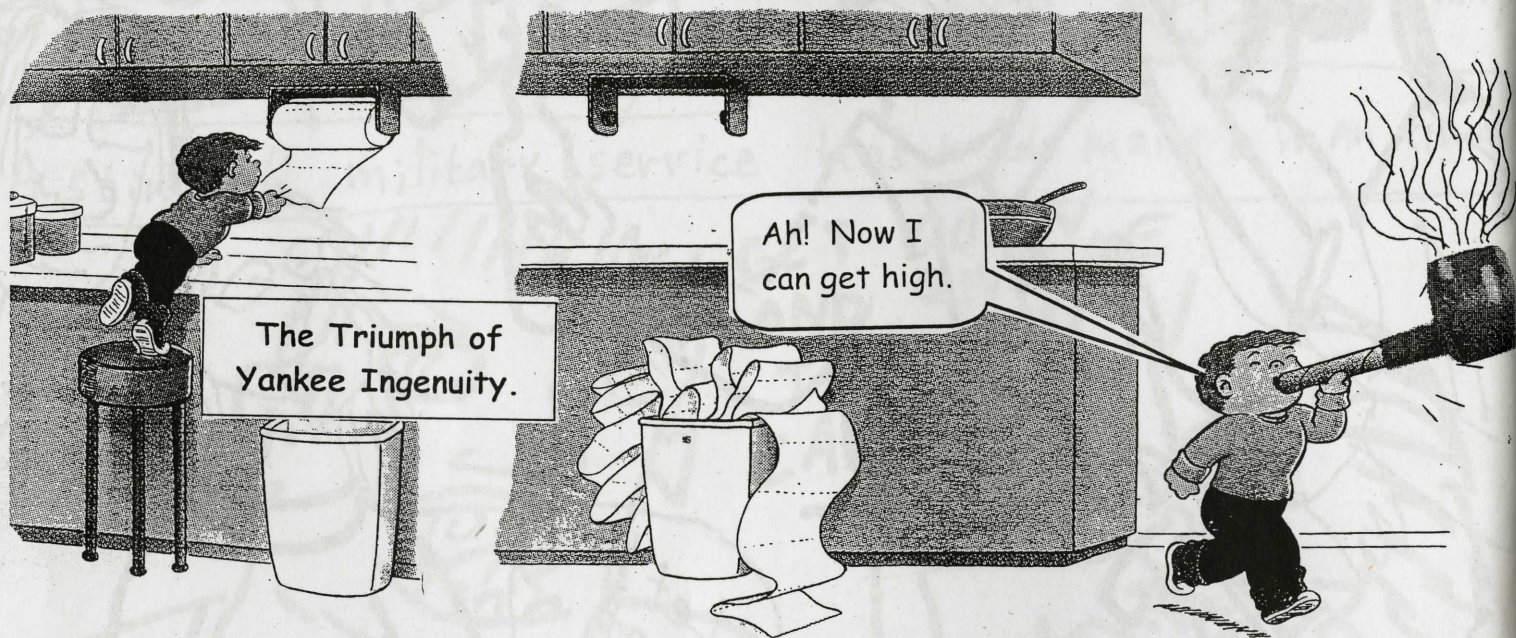
LIKE A WILD STALLION, McTILES MUST RUN FREE, AN AMERICAN ORIGINAL



COMIX

SUBSTANCE ABUSE...

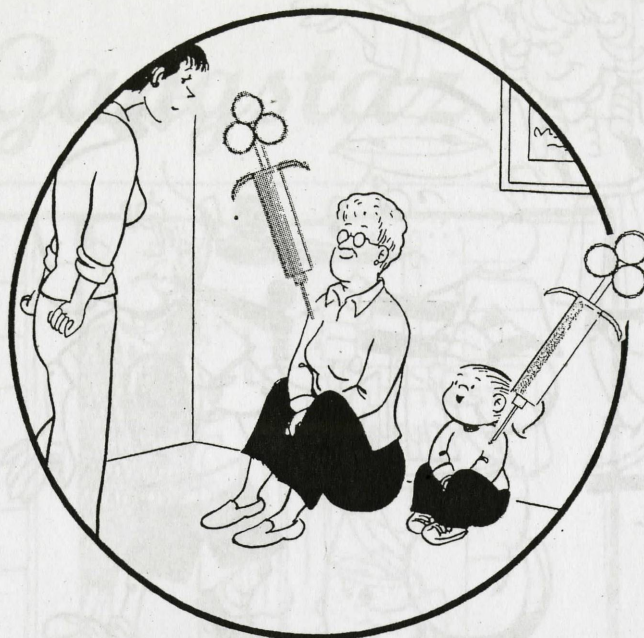
**IT AFFECTS YOU, YOUR FAMILY,
YOUR FRIENDS, YOUR CO-WORKERS.**



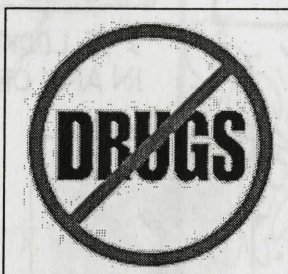
"Swing low, sweet Oxycontin..."



"I was thinkin' I wish I had a dime bag."



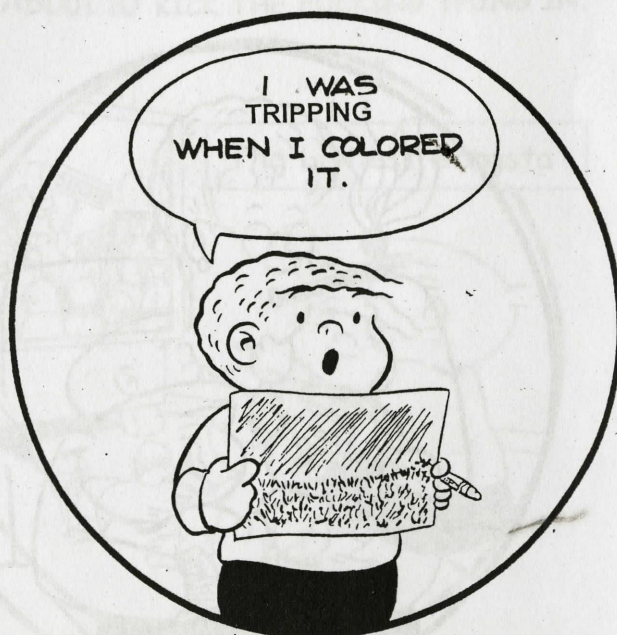
"Grandma and I have fun just nodding out together."



IT AIN'T NOTHING BUT A PARTY!



"I'M GONNA NEED SOME LSD AND HEROIN AND A LOT OF GLUE UP HERE!"



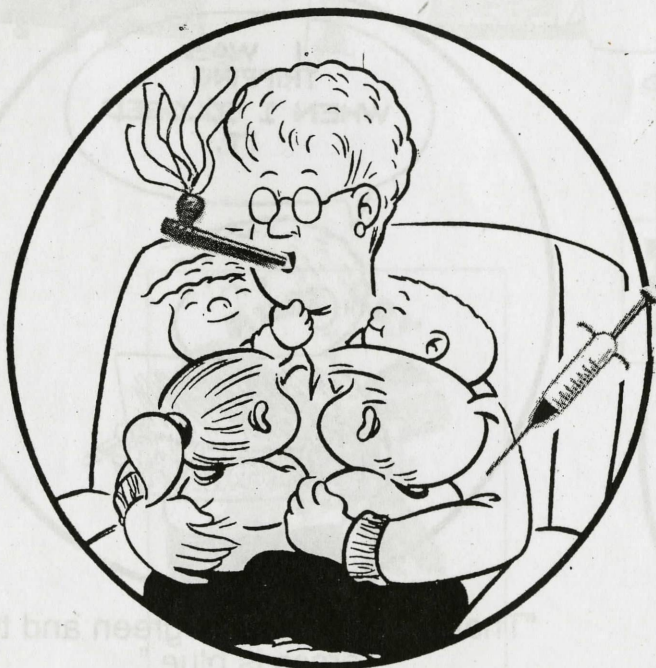
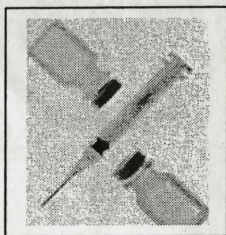
"That's why the sky is green and the grass is blue."



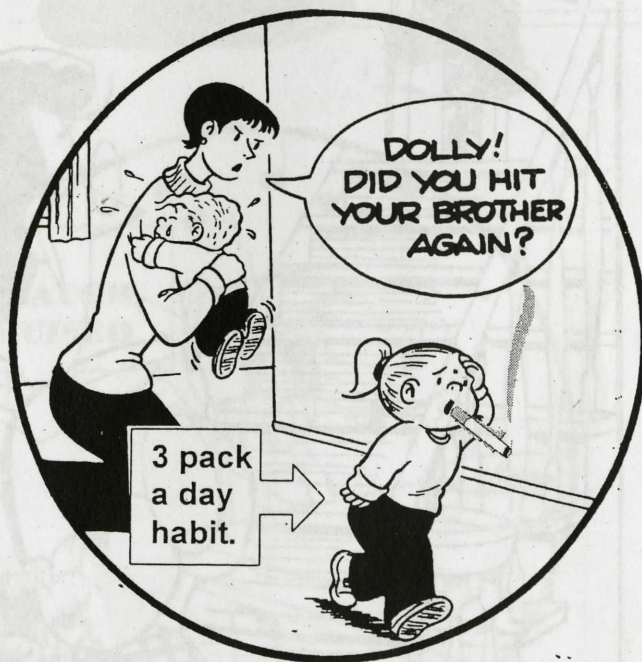
"THE COOLEST PART OF SCHOOL, JOEY, IS GETTING HIGH OUT BACK!"



"I'VE LOOKED, BUT I CAN'T FIND MR. WILSON'S HEROIN IN ANY OF HIS USUAL HIDING PLACES."



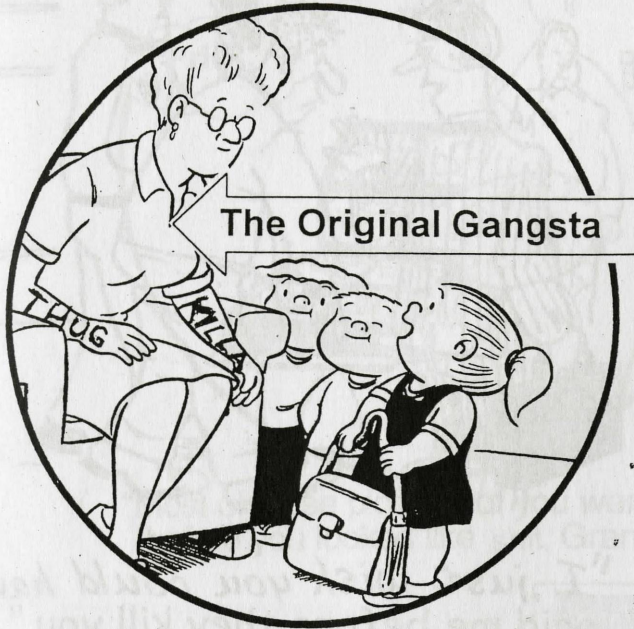
"The best things in life are drugs."



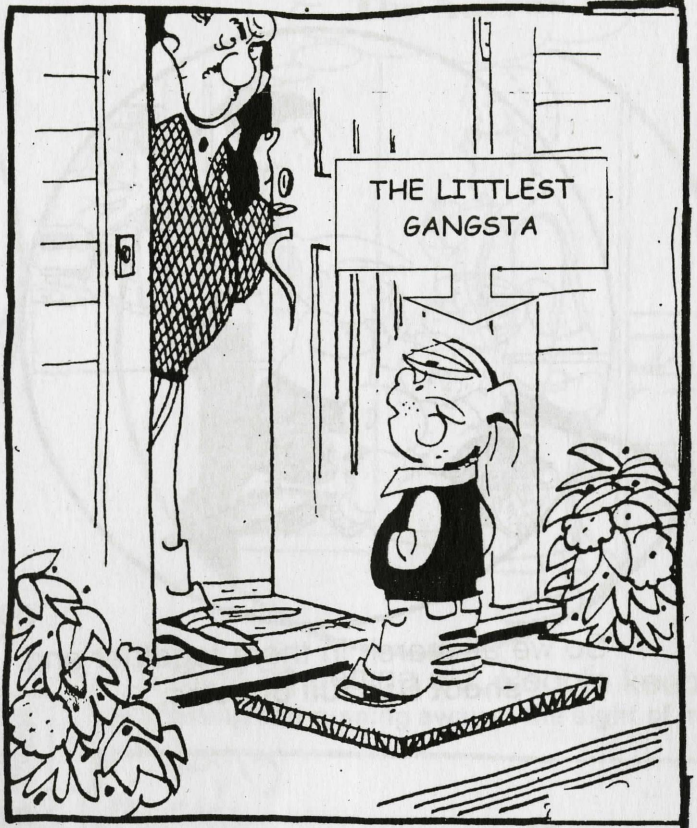
"I'm sorry — I'm tryin' hard to quit smoking"



Li'l Gangstaz



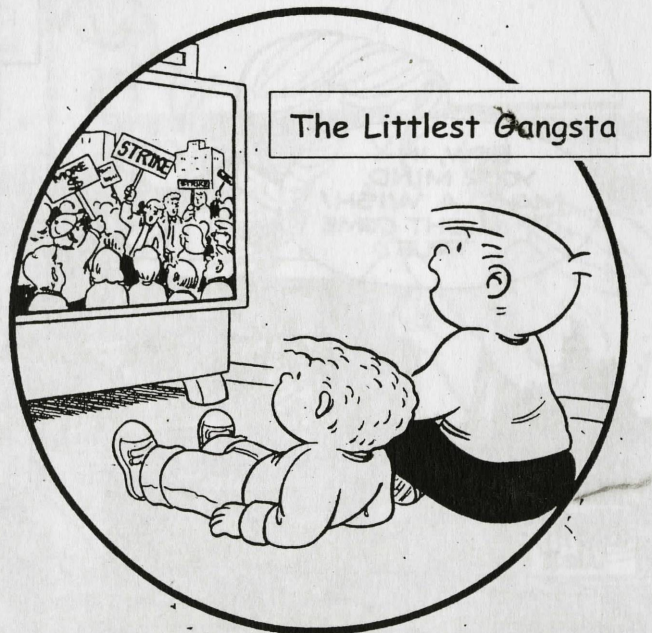
"Grandma, your purse feels heavy enough to have a gun in it."



"I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY CAME TO THE DOOR. I WAS ABOUT TO KICK THE FUCKING THING IN."

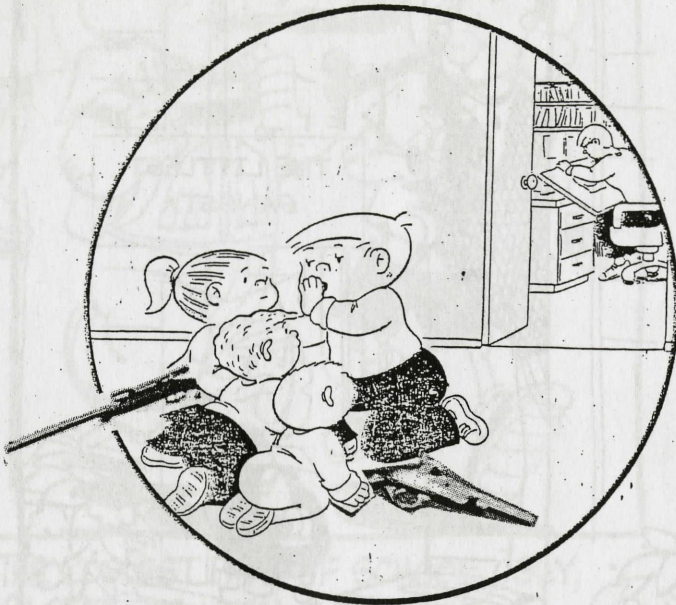


"SIT STILL, MR. WILSON OR I'LL BLOW YOUR FUCKING HEAD OFF!"



"Striking for more money? When I need more money I just mug Grandma."

General Dysfunction

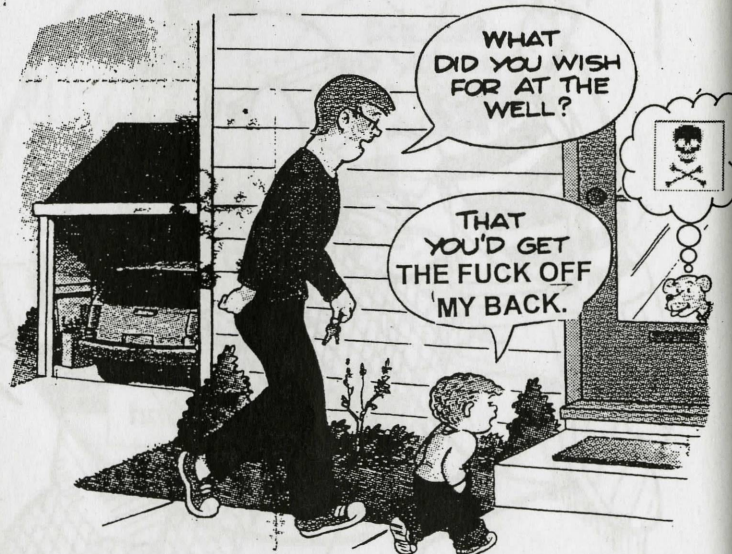
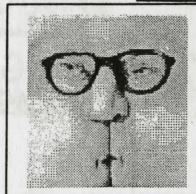


"So we all march in there together and shoot Dad full of holes."

Those Daffy Lawyers



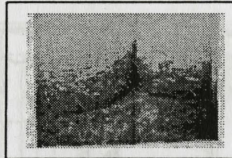
"I just wish you could have paid me before they kill you."



Honor Your Elders!



"Most of these pictures of you were taken before you looked like shit, Grandma."



"I must be getting old. People keep screaming and running away at the sight of me."



"WHEN MR. WILSON WAS A BOY, DID SOMEONE DROP HIM ON HIS HEAD?"

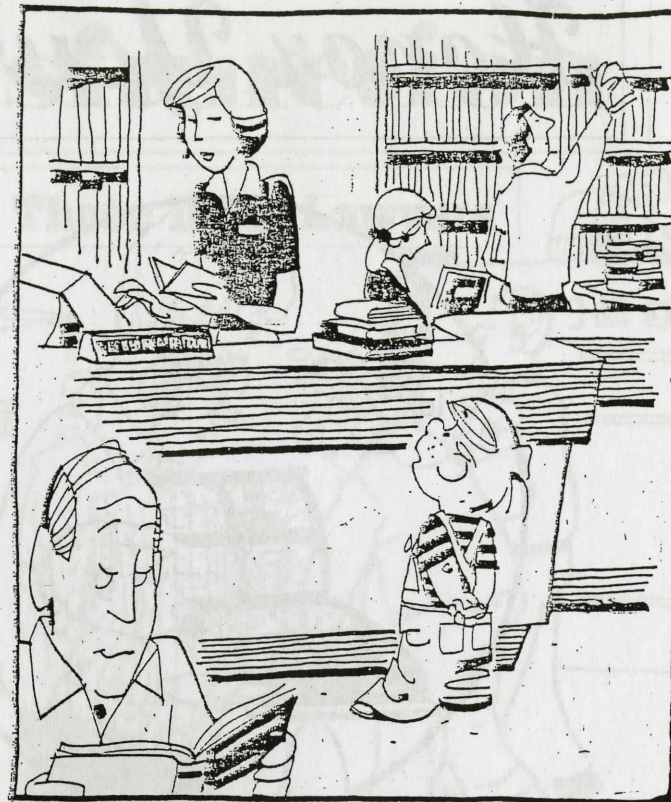


"MY MOM SAYS YOU HAVE A BEAUTY MARK, BUT IT LOOKS LIKE CANCER TO ME."

PENIS THE MENACE



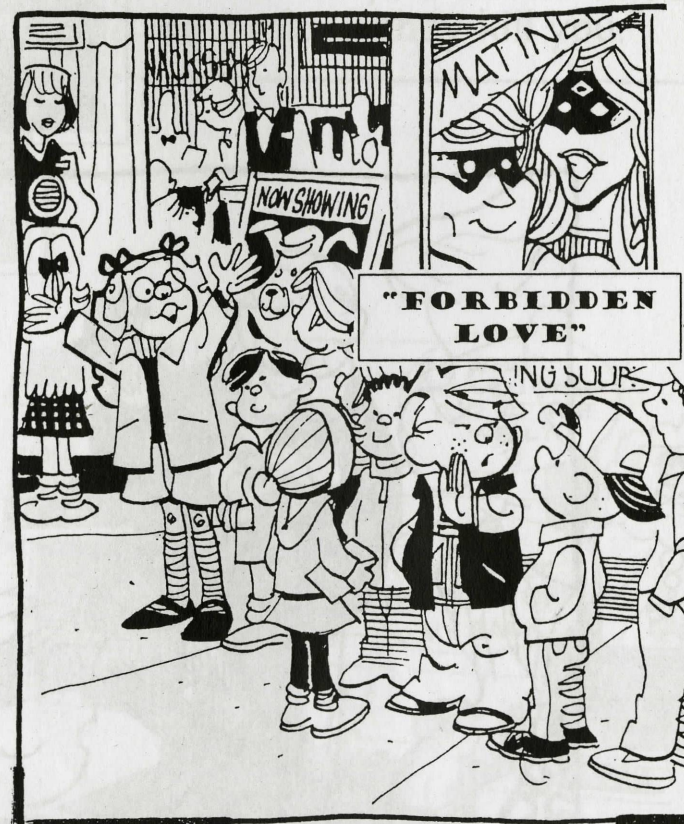
"YOUR AFFAIR STARTED 30 MINUTES AGO AND THE MITCHELL KID HAS ALREADY WORN YOU TO A FRAZZLE?"



"DO YOU HAVE ANY PICTURE BOOKS ON HOW TO RAISE VICIOUS PIT BULLS?"

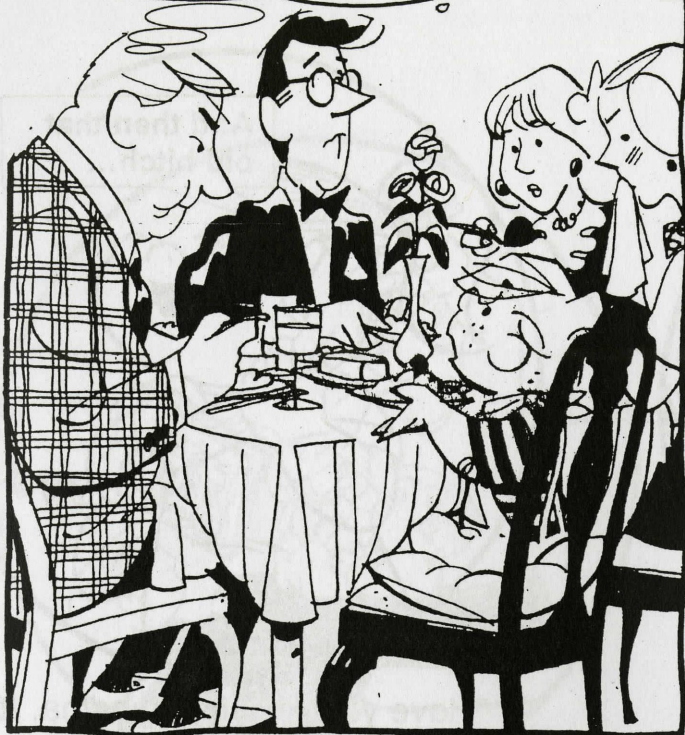


"THEY'RE TAKING YOU TO BE CASTRATED, BUT DON'T LET THEM KNOW I TOLD YOU."



"OH, NO. IF MARGARET'S GOING TO SEE THIS MOVIE, THERE MUST BE A BUNCH OF ROUGH SEX IN IT."

Now, I'm glad I'm screwing
the shmuck's wife.



"WHERE ARE THE GAS MASKS? DAD SAYS
THAT YOU SHIT LIKE A HORSE."

Creep.



"ME AND MARGARET GET ALONG WELL. AS
LONG AS WE TAKE TURNS BEING DOMINANT."

THE FAMINE CERVIX



"Know which ladies I like best?
The ones with money."

Christ,
how I hate
children.



"I can't spell Mississippi, but I think I
can spell FUCK OFF!"

Shut Up, Dolly!

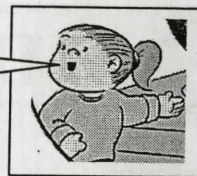


"When Mommy got pregnant in college he gave her this maternity pin."



"I love your gossip, Grandma. It's always so vicious."

Make
me!

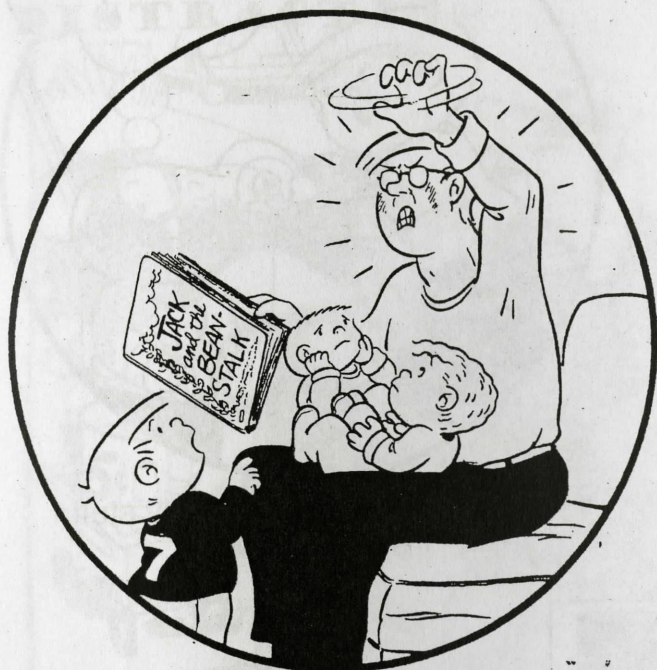


"This is when the stars come out to watch the sun die in pain."

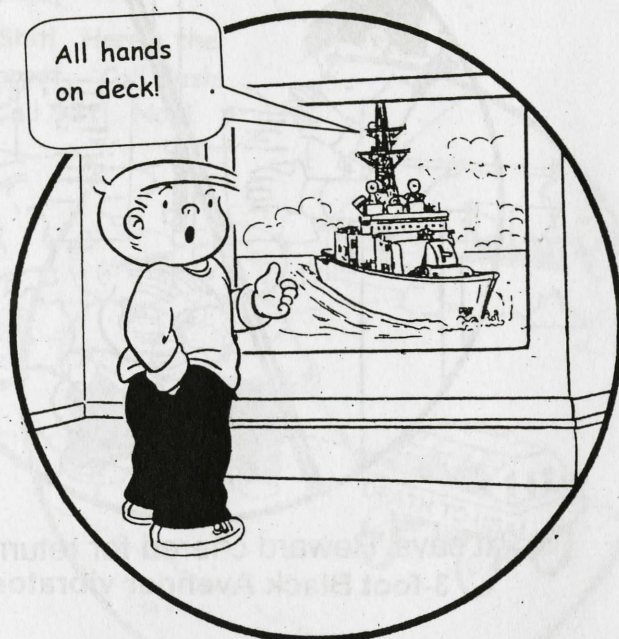


"If I got a pony, I promise to ride him into the ground every day."

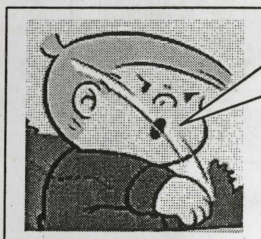
BILLY HOLDS FORTH!



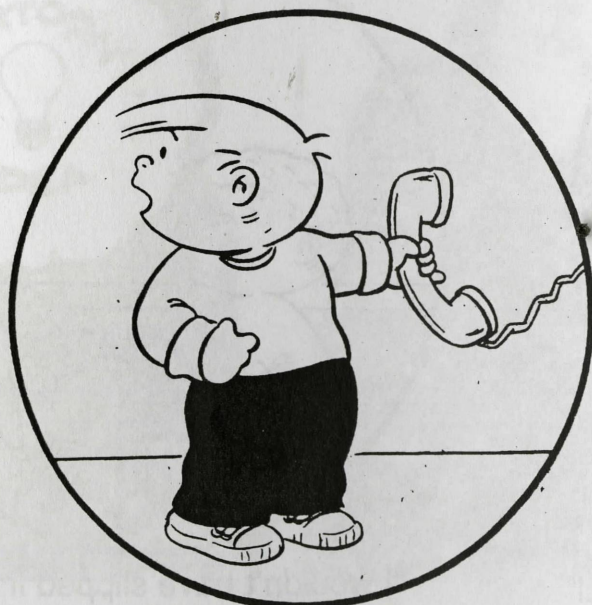
"You're a real dick, Daddy."



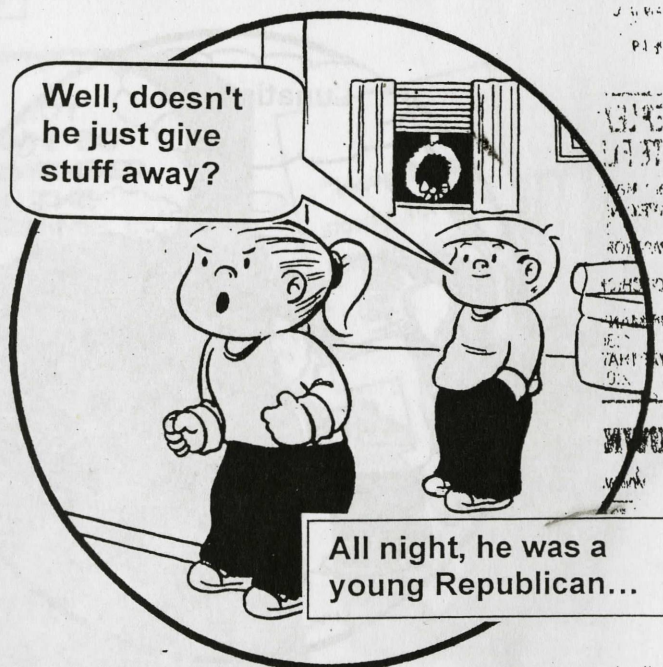
"Daddy, do Navy ships stop once in a while so everybody can piss?"



So? Have you got a fucking problem with that?

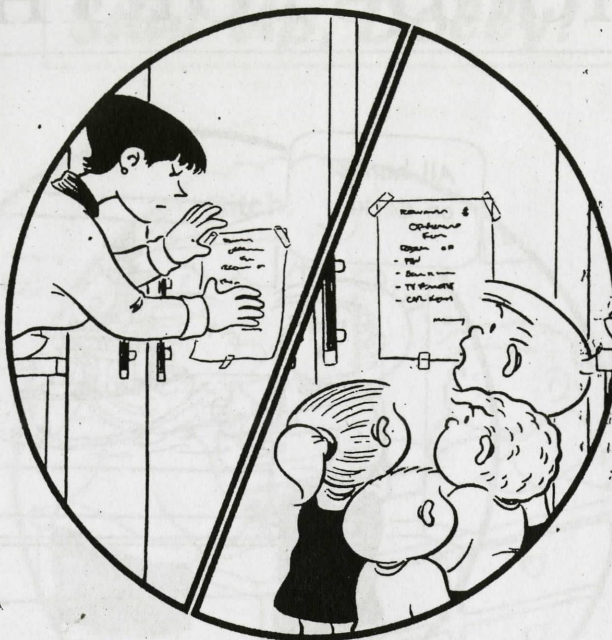


"Mommy! What was your breast size? They won't let me talk to Howard Stern unless I know it!"



All night, he was a young Republican...

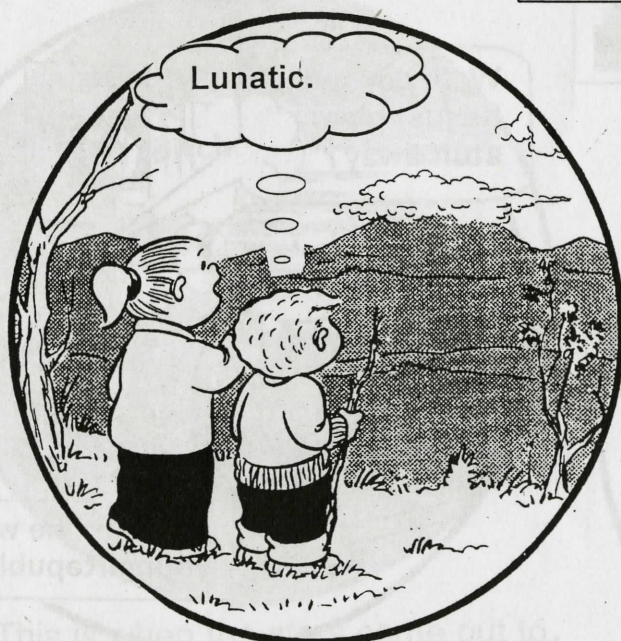
"Billy says Santa Claus is a LIBERAL!"



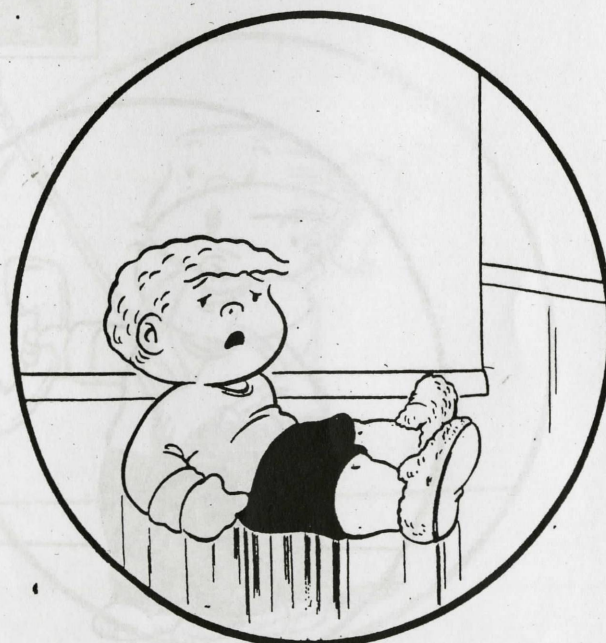
"It says 'Reward offered for return of my 3-foot Black Avenger vibrator.'"



"I know you were touching my stuff, it's got jelly on it."



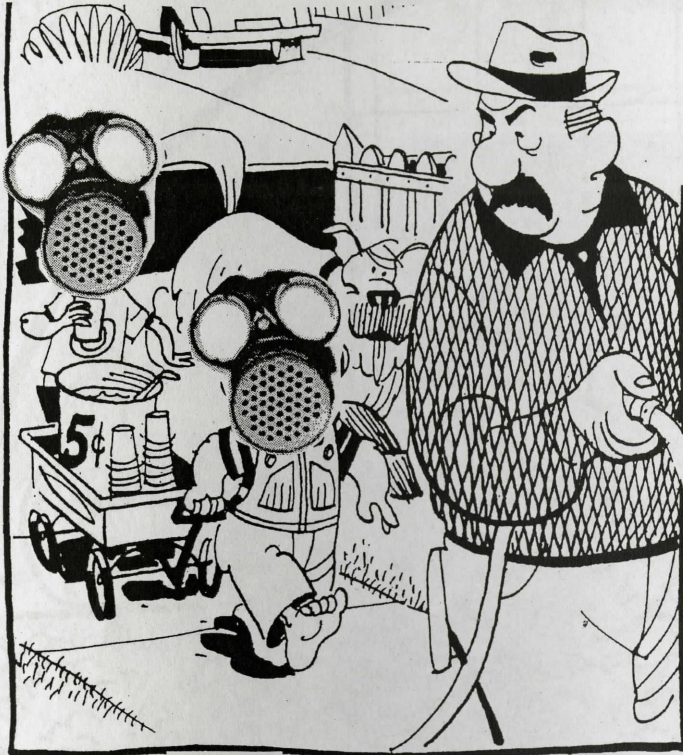
"Look! I think Granddad parked his cloud on that hilltop and he's comin' to visit us!"



"I wouldn't have slipped if I wasn't a clumsy fucking idiot."

Current Events

WEAPONS OF MASS DISTRACTION



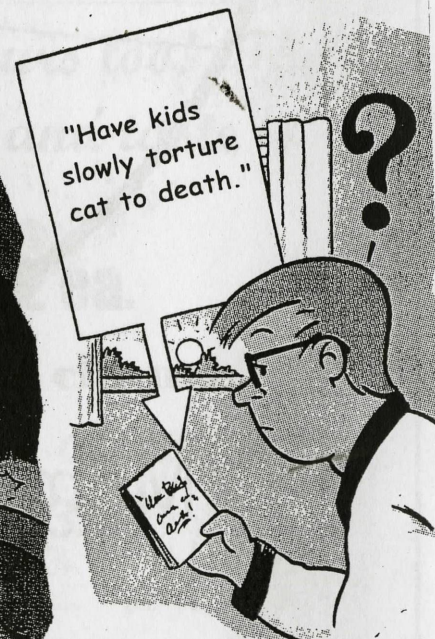
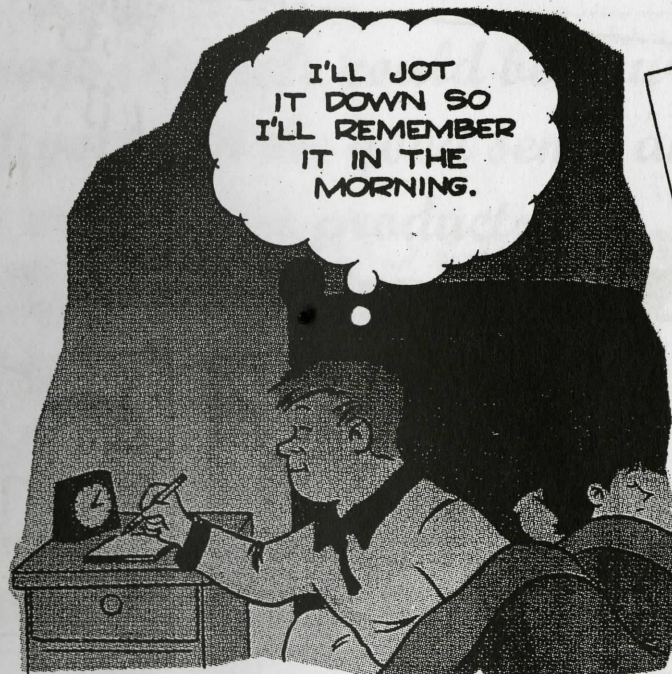
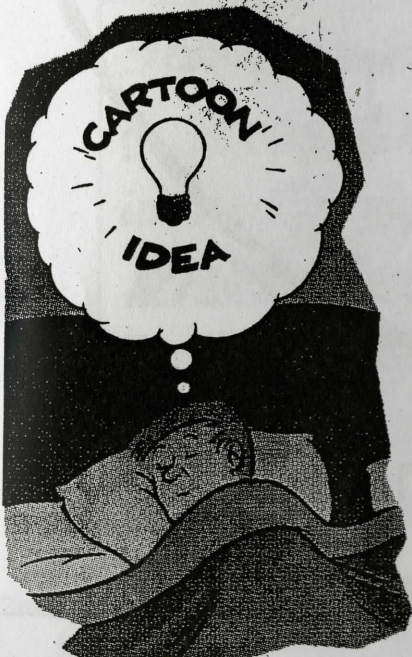
"Hi, MR. HUSSEIN. HOW DO YOU LIKE OUR NEW
NERVE GAS: HOME DELIVERY SERVICE?"

Shit! Here's the
proof. Call Bush!
Call 911! Now!

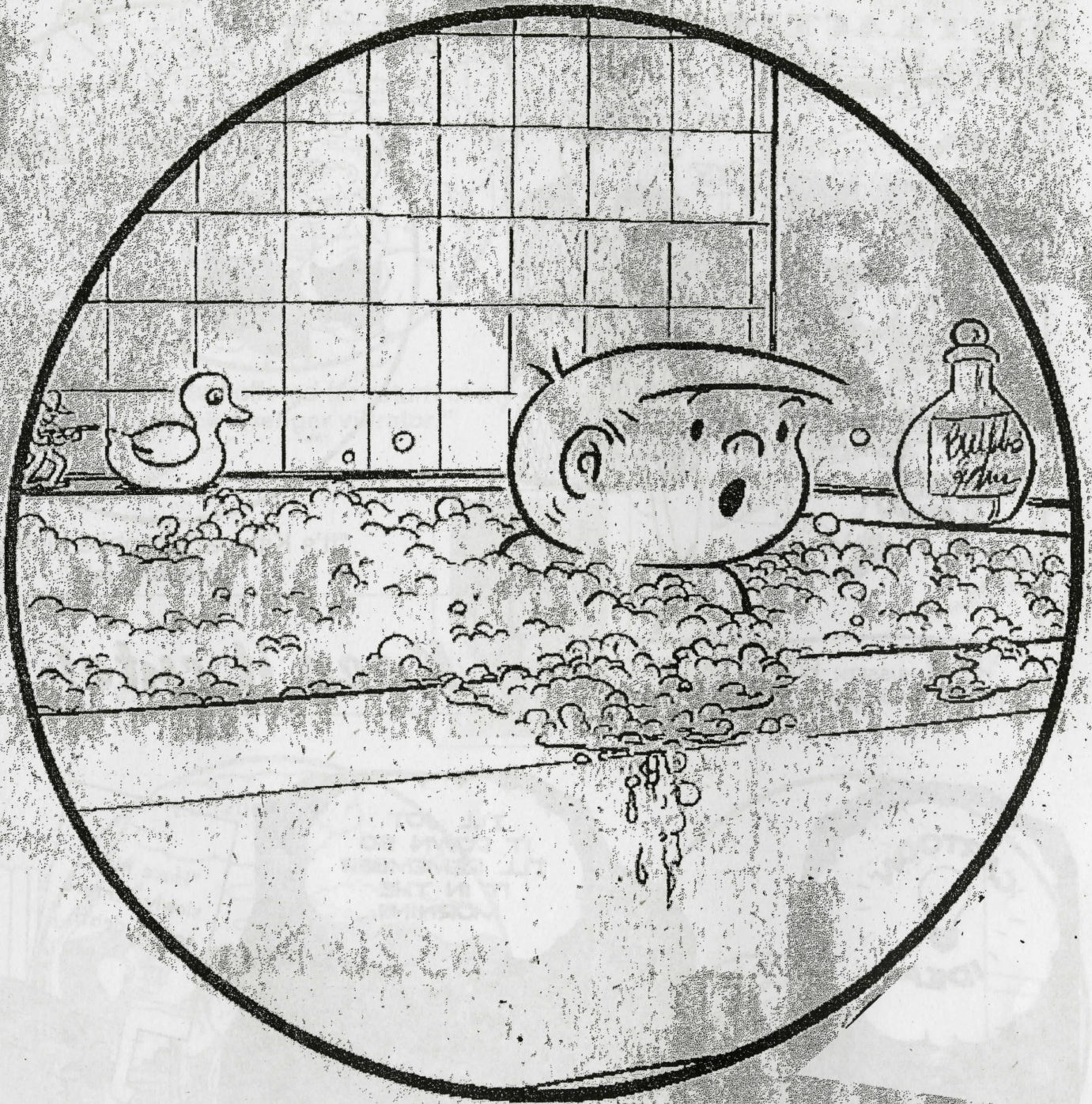


"It's Kittycat's mobile biological
weapons lab."

Keep it cute!

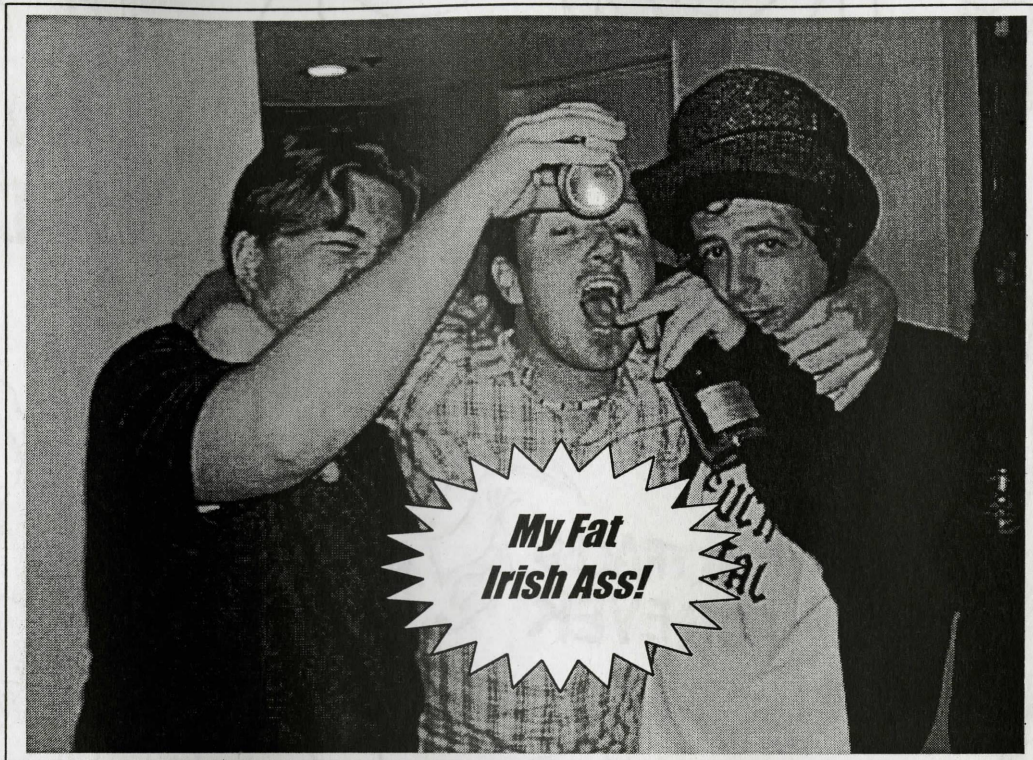


I swear to God I didn't
do a thing to this one!



"Mommy, will you help me locate
my battleship?"

Attention, SophistiKats!



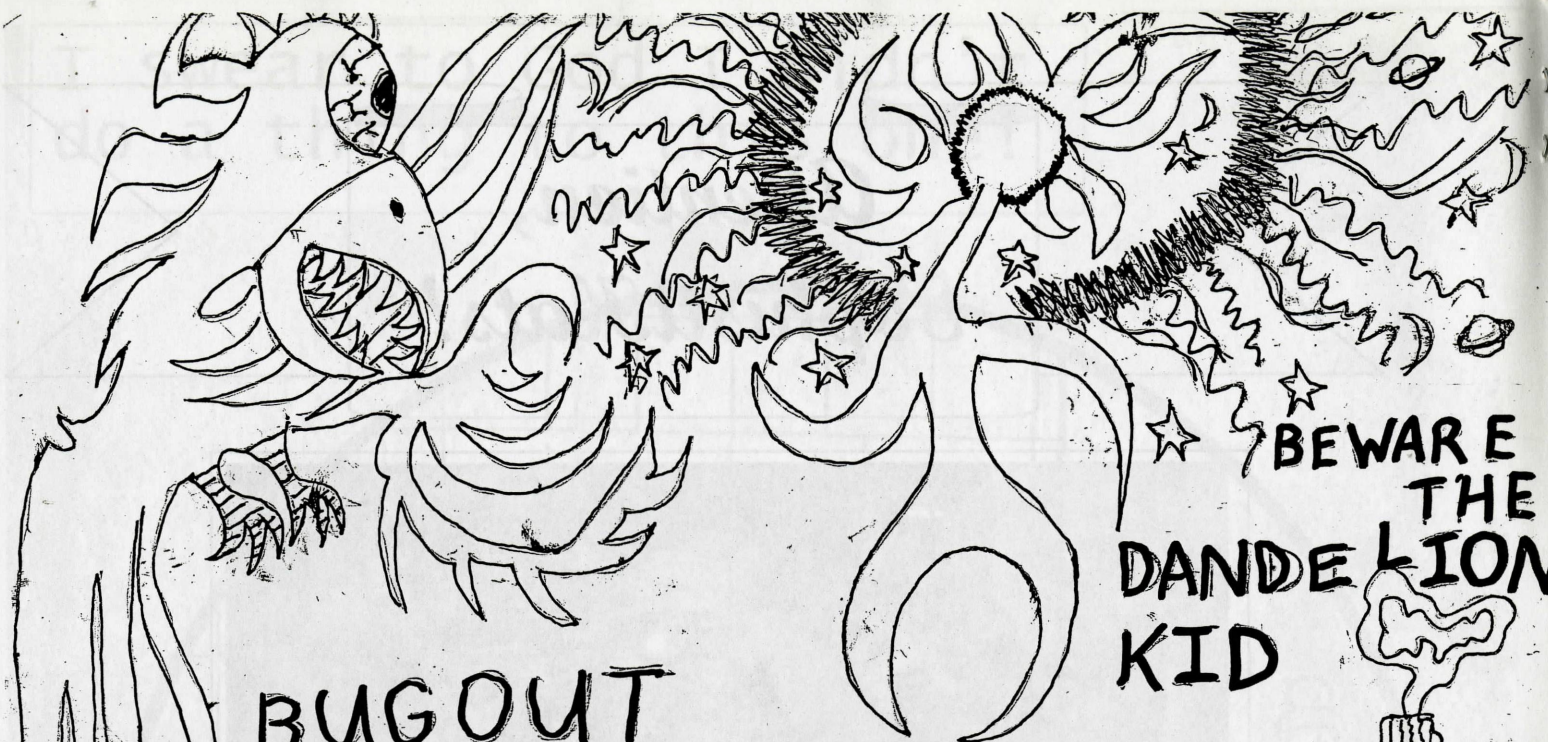
This glamorous lifestyle could be yours too! That is, it could if you had the good sense and taste to immediately order these products:

MFIA Issues 0 through minus (-) 5: \$2 ea.

Assbeaters' cassette: \$5 ea. (Take a chance!)

Send checks, money orders, letters, abuse, etc.,
to P.O. Box 65391, Wash, D.C. 20035

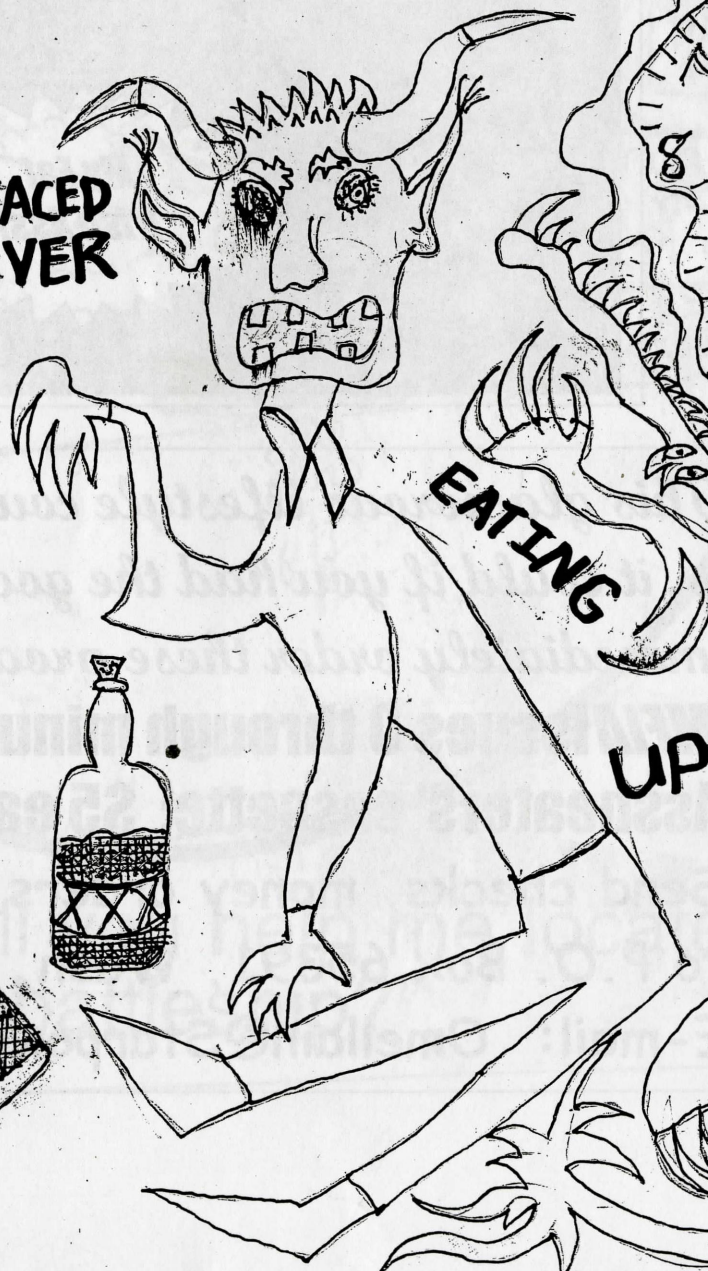
E-mail: Omellain@Starpower.net



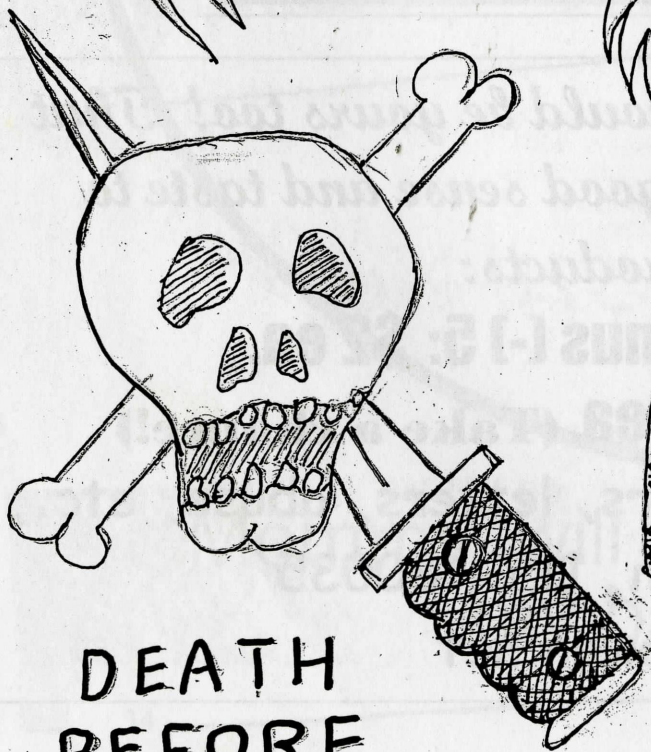
BEWARE
THE
DANDELION
KID

BUG OUT
BIRD

SHITFACED
FOREVER



EATING
UP



DEATH
BEFORE
DISHONOR

TIME