

A Pile of Exquisite Corpses

The Rods of Manzoa

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The Succinctly Sexual Poetry of Manzoa

The stanzas reproduced herein represent a cataclysmic historical find, translated from ancient manuscripts discovered in the island caves of Manzoa, formerly located at the midpoint of the underground intersection of the Black and Red Seas. Though the Manzoan cavislander society was destroyed in the early 11th century in much the same way as Atlantis in the mid 16th century (though due to apparently different causes, see below), it is they (the Manzoans) whose curious, primarily pornographic literature has managed to survive.

For all the technological brilliance demonstrated by the denizens of Atlantis, only their unique methods of constructing canals and window blinds (subsequently adopted by the Venetians) and the art of flossing have persisted into the modern world. While in the recently unearthed Manzoan caves, ancient culture abounds, as does the unfortunately omnipresent fungus eating away at the original manuscripts even as you read this page. Despite the best efforts of many renowned scientists, present technology has been unable to stop the growth of this ancient smut. However, advances have been made in the isolation of its cellular mitochondria. Researchers hope to remove these energetic structures, at which point the fungus should stop growing and become depressed, sulking around the murky depths of its Petri dish, shitting microscopic (but extremely noxious) turds.

To enhance your absorption of the material, and thus the cultural essence of Manzoa, we advise the booklet be read aloud, preferably in one sitting, under the influence of rapidly and repeatedly inhaled nitrous oxide (a Manzoan tradition). A row of your friends and family (and as many generations of descendants and antecedents as are available) should line up, and prepare to pass the open book to the next in line when each is about to black out. Before you call your dentist for supplies, we advise that you take a moment to familiarize yourself with the text, which even in translated form may prove daunting to the untrained eye. Let your anxious little fingers flip through the pages, and you will notice the verse arranged in primitive chapters, known to Manzoans as “Rods”. In concurrence with all the archaeological findings to date, this proves that the Manzoan iconography was the first to seize upon the crucial concept of “anything longer than it is wide”, centuries before Freud was even born. (This is exciting! Isn’t it!)

Rods of all kinds were a major part of Manzoan life, much like the cross is to modern day Christians, the major difference being the degree of physical intimacy with said icons. Where Christians may hang a pendant in the shape of a cross from their necks, Manzoans tended to carry their rods in every available nook and cranny of their physiques. Six-sided, gold ceremonial rods found in Manzoan ruins (Gold-plated replicas available. Actual sizes! And even bigger! See our catalog!) analyzed in the laboratory have been shown to contain minute traces of the skin flakes and sweat and saliva and semen and urine and feces and bile and petroleum jelly and sawdust and wine and menstrual blood of hundreds of happy Manzoans, now hopefully much closer to the pantheon of gods they loved so well, and so often. Sad to say, no accompanying illustrations were salvaged, as the pigments used were also of biological origin and subsequently very biodegradable.

Our translating and typesetting staff has spent countless hours making sure the most complex sentiments of our long-dead Manzoan brethren are as clear to you as any caveisland-bound concubine. Though certain segments were obscured and indecipherable, THERE ARE NO TYPOS, guaranteed. If you can find and verify such an error with our staff, you will receive a check for 10 million dollars. Discount those all-too-apparent “e”s at the ends of certain verbs, as these are marks of the Manzoan “tense tense” (used to compose during constipation). Also, the capitals that tend to occur in the midsts of some words are to be taken as accents on that particular syllable when read aloud, indicating the Manzoan simplicity in both design and function (not to mention their aversion to backspacing).

Scattered throughout the early texts, you will also notice parenthetical dialogues, presumed to be the notated thoughts and/or actions of the authors and others present during the period of composition. As you will discover, a Manzoan’s quill pen rarely left his or her hand, regardless of what else he or she might have been holding in it. The Rods are arranged (by carbon dating) in chronological order, growing in complexity as does the culture, until its abrupt abortion in the 18th century, due to what could easily be described as a wrath of the gods. Incomplete mythological scrolls seem to blame this cultural implosion on a dispute between Ah-oo-o-oo-oh, the Manzoan fertility goddess, and Tamponis, their goddess of absorbent materials. Their extended struggle amongst the clouds (or “mighty sponges of the sky”, as they were called) brought down some unspecified doom upon their beloved worshippers. Several snippets of the tale also mention Apollonia, the Patron Saint of Moist Fingers, though historians are clueless as to how she could have fit in there.

EssEndEm: High Bejeezelism

The Con Rods

- I. In the wind I feele a flaming
In the dusk I feele the dawn
Days of yester always fading
time is dappled as the fawn
- II. Gazing through the lonely window
I see those alone and shamed
I am too close to clearly see
The blood upon the pane
(Fucke you... Fucke you good)
- III. Fucke me with a goodlen rod
Fucke me with a bastard
And do not listen to my screams
Till cum has filled the basket
- IV. Cumme on my tits
All you can muster
and feele them with your grubby paws
My cunt will turn to custard

The Goodlen Rods

- I. *(Garbage... Take One)*
Fucke me with a golden rod
Fucke me with a bastard
And do not listen to my screams
Till cum has filled the basket
(Again!)
- II. Fucke me with a golden rod
(a goodlen rod)
a goodlen rod
Fucke me with a bastard
Ard do not listen to my screams
Till cum has filled the basket
(You are sick!)
(Hahahehahahaheehee...)
(You're fly's open... Get his fly! No! Get his fly, goddammit!)
(His fly...)
(It was open--)

III. *(Rrrring!)*
(Yeah?)
(Och Mon... Ke Choob Nodd)
Fucke me with a golden rod
Fucke me with a basket... uhh...
(A bastard!)
(Fucke... Take Two)

IV. Fucke me with a golden—
(Yo guys)
a goodlen rod
Fucke me
(Jesus Christ!)
with a bastard
And do not listen to my screams
Till cum has filled the basket

V. Pisse on my bosom
All you can muster
And feele them with your grubby paws
My cunt will turn to custard
(Thank you... Go fucke yourse—)

The Slivmer Rods

I. *(Hello!)*
(Fucke me with a goodlen rod—)
(Aw shut up! Ready... Set...)
Reape what you sow
Spende all your dough
Get lotsa sleep but
Keepe a peeper open for a blow

II. Piddling in the woods
Fiddling with your goods
Just saye the rhyme
And take the time
To yanke it like you shoulde

III. “Frigge my log,” said the spotted green frog
“Frigge me now,” said the spotted brown cow
When your rig gets as big
Or as bigger than a pig
Spinne a yarn in a barn
Where they’re sure to showe you how

- IV. How we love to watche his rod rise up
And spurte its bag of dew
First I will sucke its slivmer length
then passe it on to you
- V. How we love to watche his rod rise up
and spurte its bag of cream
First you will sucke that slivmer rod
Then passe it on to me
- VI. How I love to watche my rod rise up
And spurte its bag of sweets
When both of you have wette your tongues
I'll see if mine can reache
- VII. Milke me like a cow
Laye me like a hen
Sheare me like a sheep
And then do it all again

The Eustachian Rods

- I. I pisse through my asshole
I shitte through my dick
I don't knowe how I'm feeling
But I guesse I'm rather sick
- II. I knew a girl who liked to sing
She liked to sing 'bout everything
And whilst she whistl'd her endless cheer
She liked my penis in her ear
"There's much more room," she sang, "no doubt
Than in my rectum or my mouth."
Her wax served as my lubrication
She wove tunes of my frustration
Till I, hearing her final note
Came down her tube into her throat
- III. Fucke me with a goodlen rod
Fucke me with a bastard
Paye no attention to my screams
Till cum has filled the basket
(Again!)

- IV. Fucke me with a goodlen rod
Fucke me with a bastard
And give me nothing for the pain
Cause I'm already blasted
- V. Screwe me with a pencil
Dipped in soup of lentil
But don't use the onion
Unless my toes have bunyons
- VI. His pecker is not for screwing
His Scrotum not for chewing
(Yum!)
For when pubic hairs get caught in your teeth
His crabs between your teeth will creepe

The Linoleum Rods

- I. She spreade her legs and said, "Cumme here,"
In a bathtub filled up with sawdust and beer
"Don't minde the fizz and the cry and grindings
The pus from my sores will soothe your bindings."
- II. When two bedde down on a cold tile floor
Her tits perke up and crye for more
Endless trips for pills to the store
Make her buns tight... to the core
- III. One fine day my Momma said to me
"Don't grabbe at your scabs when you're sitting next to me
For if you do I'll naile you to a tree
And floate you down the river so you'll shiver when you pee."
- IV. Whenever I'm in water in my ass there's a tongue
Without it I'm incomplete like a ladder without a rung
When my anus is chock full there's no song to be sung
Because that oral tool has cramped the flow of dung
(And I love it!)

The Wallow Rods

- I.** In a dark room, I take out a spoon
And do what used to make you croone
With a plunger under an ambrosian moon
And the fresh insides of a dead raccoon
(Again!)
- II.** Fucke me with a golden spoon
And do what used to make me croone
With a plunger under an ambrosian moon
And the rotted guts of a dead raccoon
- III.** Creepy vaginas
Uneasy anginas
That's what like I
Fucke with a spike I
Feede me to a dyke I
No seat is on my bike I
I hate plus, I like minus
I like pus in my salivas
- IV.** When your penis starts to shrivel
And the cum begins to drye
And your lids blinke to remove
A little jism in your eye
My spleen, she starts o'throbbing
When I slice into her pie
I'd like to eate her with a squirt
Of mustard on a bun of rye
(What the fucke... Who said that?)
- V.** Frigge me with your fingers
(Hey guys)
Rimme me with your tongue
Wipe my asshole on the rafters
Spreade my shit among the young
- VI.** Just a-playing and a-gaying with my old school chums
It takes longer to get stronger than when I was young
But there's one thing and it's something and you'll sure cumme soon
When they're rompin' on your johnson with a dead raccoon
When they romp upon your johnson
(johnson)
with a dead raccoon
(Enough already... Let's go.)

The Petroleum Rods

- I. *(Damn these child-proof caps!)*
Fucke me with a goodlen rod
(Honey!)
(Honey, cumme here!)
Fucke me with a bastard
And do not make me want to scream
But dippe that rod in Vaseline
(Dammit!)
- II. “Fucke me with a goodlen rod,”
Some saye, but I don’t misse
The feeling of a hardened shaft
In any orifice
Only one position brings forth
Cooze to meet your cream
And that’s to thruste under my armpit...
In a tub of vaseline
(Ptooeey... What did you wash your hair with anyway?)

The D’Under Rods

- I. If parchance you meete a wombat
Don’t engage in mortal combat
Unless this happens in September
Please sneake-a-peek at my erect member
(I hope he sees my condoms!)
- II. When in Aussie sucke me fondly thus
And punche me in the groin so that I have to wear a truss
And when the anus of my forefather is filled too full of pus
Make some room with a broom in a... platypus named Gus
- III. Above the equator we use our boomerangs
In the awfully stuffy caves where we licke out our meringues
And place them on our penises which we so lowly hang
To go with the emus like Buzz Aldrin went with Tang
- IV. Although we went to Sydney, in the bush I like it best
Where the snake it slowly slithers till it finds a place to reste
Cause when you boffe an ostrich it rises in the west
A grounded bird’s orGASm on which you will ride the crest
(G’day, mate!)
(Again!)

V.

(G'day, mate!)

I salivate and masturbate in a kangarooish pouch
And my spasms give me 'gasms as I rolle upon a couch
An embryo's fellatio is sure to make you ouch!

(Fuck me with--)

But cause I'm so tall and you're so small there is no need to crouch

(Give me head on the Great Barrier Reef!)

(What is this reef shit? The public wants bloodclots!)

(No, I think the public wants something--)

(Gus? Where are you, Gus? Cumme to Daddy, Gus...)

(Wait a minute, listen...)

(Honey, I didn't mean it!)

(What's going on in there?)

(Shh! Listen!)

(No, Honey, put the butterknife down! Stop! Somebody help me!)

(Aw shit...)

The Monoball Rods

I.

Gracefully, I licke your swollen Mother
Avoiding the kumquats flying from your Brother
I hope my testicle does not explode,
Because I have no other
Performe disgrace upon my face
And in your twat I'll smother

II.

I love to think about a drink
a cuppa full of cum
To sticke my toe up your ass
(Yes!)
And fucke you till you're numb
Do not bite my ball you bitch!
I'll telle you when I'm done!
Cause I have 50% less than he,
My teste count is one

Dariush's Lament –or– The Supervised Study Rods

[Usually omitted in concert performance, omitted here.]

The Naugahyde Rods

- I. Today, I feelee as if I am a breast
a thankful creamy scoop of graceful chest
Sometimes, when I coughe, I must get undressed
So as not of me to let the bounce get the best
- II. Fucke me with a goodlen rod
Fucke me in a casket
For me to reache you with my screams
I'd have to blowe a gasket
(Again!)
- III. Fucke me with a qoodlen rod
Fucke me in a casket
In dampened leather six feet under
An undertaker's armpit
(That's it! Now I get to tie YOU up!)

The Smegmal Rods

- I. Today's special is murky breasts
They like the crispy nipples best
Or lumpy cunts from waye out West
Which must be eaten carefully lest
The vaginal veggies will be extremely messed
- II. Masochistic maulings
Infantile bawlings
Virgins are a pity I
Can smelle them in the city I
Hunte them in the woods I
Pisse on her bosom I
Love rectal kissings
And steale others' phrasings

- III. Ghostly prowlings
Sex-ule howlings
I can staye myself no longer
Her hand must take my dong her
Mother is a whoreMONGer
And still, silent, succulent
Siblings stubbe their
Silky stingers
In her.

*(My Buttered Love Muffin)
(I have waiting ')
(...)*

The Silk Rods

- I. I walke across the tightrope yet I have no legs
Cause when Armageddon comes I'll watche Square Pegs
I sitte on my TV, up my cunt I'll shove eggs
And fucke my Mothe till for more it begs
(Is that a moth, or a Muther? C'MON!)

- II. *(Guys, could you bring up the lights on the girl?)*
Tappe my balls with a leather mallet
Touche my penis on your rubb'ry pallette
Have an elephant named Al cumme on it
Cause me pain ouch! Make me calle it!
(No, no, not the lights IN the girl...)

The Lone Rod

When my ass is as cold as an arctic crevasse
And you shiver as you cumme in the rear
You better plopppe a young lass near the source of my gas
And steere clear when I shifte into gear.

The Lone Rod [Alternate Translation]

When my ass is as cold as an arctic crevasse
Trem-buh-ling as if in fear
You better plopppe a young lass near the source of my gas
And steere clear when I shifte into gear.

Gus

- I. At lunch time, cunnilinGus.
After that, I licke my finGus
And breathe the yeasty taste of funGus
As I scream Unga-BunGus!
Pneumonia in my lunGus
From your flow of frothy bunGus.
- II. Greatly alleviated, I wipe my cheeke
My penis abbreviated from your friction's squeake
Although you deviated from your orgasm's peake
My desire is satiated, so you can take a leake

The Inconclusive Rods

- I. If thou likest green eggs and ham
Thou is't more man than I was & am
And if you snorte more than a gram
In my various asundry orifices
Your elbow hairs will cramme.
- II. This movie sucks and so do you
So well, in fact, my dick turns blue
And if you like concrete stew
Maye the leanness of your penis
Spurne a fattened calf to moo.

III. IN CONCLUSION:

Stubborn hard-ons
Guv'ment pardons
Sometimes I
Like Kumquat pie
Served by prison wardens.

cLumpy feces
n species
I
thumb in lye
pachyderms he sees

(mmm... matrons...)

The Lintel Rods

- I. You saye I have a pin dick yet it stille so gently tends
To sodomize your shit stick, around your flabby bends
To droppe into your cesspool and gette lost inside your cheeks
It sure does make a mess, you'll have to plunge it out for weeks
- II. I dreame of days when my face was glazed with bodily emissions
A thousand ways of saying Grace while practicing positions
Bubbling nomenclature into nature's best incision
Inviting every satyr into your holy liquid visions
(Inviting Julia Childs into your holy liquid kitchen?)
(Eate me, Buster Brown.)
- III. Oh, how I love the juicy farts
That trumpette from my nether parts
Slowe & silente, the gas does pass
Reverberating through my ass
Echoing, bouncing so down the hall
Causing passers-by to fall
Or loude and firme and oh so juicy
Just like a fugue by Claude DeBussy
And when your Mom fin'ly yells "Olé!"
Chris's dinky dick its nectar doth spraye.

The Midnight Rods

- I. I spende my nights 'neath the flanks of a Ewe
And while I suckle, my sphincter turns bright blue.
As I clenche on those numerous nipples of yore
The Lamb's probing pecker cummes through my back door
- II. Through holes in the attic my prick tends to launch
So use some skinny Sticklets for the smegma flowe to staunch
And by the midnight hour pools of rank begin to raunch
I'll fucke you like my Mother fuckes my Father's paunch
- III. Reading by the firelight, a Lummoj jerks me off
He's a crummy fucking Lummoj cause he won't consent to boffe
My wife who is another Lummoj, because she has a dyckke
And by my ass's crummy luck, it's just too fucking thick

IV. When the Dusk doth falle on the flame of her snatch
The Pube-Hairs of her Love Lips my eyelids do scratch
And layers and layers of labia seem to unfolde like a Hatch
The flies in her eyes and Miraculous Thighs the size of my pecker do matche.

V. *(Who? Me?)*

The Handel Rods

I. When in pews I neede a screwe
And my nipples doused with dew
I get horny and looke for a yew
Then I see Chris and saye “You’ll do.”
(What?)

II. *(There you go!)*
I thought that I wanted to pisse in a cup
But more or less I wanted to suppe.
So I drank breast milk and nibbled muff
Till I spurte a cup full of much stickier stuff

III. As I take my tongue to your ear
To lappe the lobes and waye most dear
I finde a lump of wax so queer
And place it gently in your rear

The Mongol Rods

- I. “China-Bot, go sleep,” he said
Pricking pinpricks in his head.
China-Bot just scratched his nodes
And said “I feare we will explode.”
So China-Bot took his sweet time
And wiped the dirt off of his rime,
Tapped his elbows with a awl
And lubed his hips with Phucuzol
As “Stiffy” Spiffiff fished his squiff
Cee. Bee. sniffed a whiff of Biffiff
So Spiffiff again said “Go to sleep
And through your anus we can creepe.”
China-Bot, laying down his head
Thanked some God for Bailey Dread.
Inside his anus they went for good
And blewe up like he said they would.
- II. Fucke me with a boy named Rod
Whose eyes were slanted by will of God
So fluid atop my Taoist cod
And sucked my fluxer in the sod.
(No, no, tie her back up, I think I shall be impotent today...)

The Mid-Court Rods

- Ø. My lummoX sits next to me
Dripping honey like a bee
Such a silly little lummooX he
Drips honey next to me
- I. Every time I’m in a crowd
I moone them all and am I proud
They licke ’neath my eyelids then
Where the Nibble Pibbles practice Zen
I rippe at their clothes in colors bland;
I stroke them all off with my lefternmost hand
And when I blow them on my knees,
My balls their itchy fingers seize
My eardrums burste and my spleen falls dead
To the liverwurst of a Pibble named “Fred”
This Pibble “Fred” had an asshole large,
I putte the crowd up his ass, with my dick as the barge

- II. I swallowe basketballs with my sphincter so free
A vaginal misfire suits to a "Tee"
The Q-Tips of 'polo that fitte them so fine
As the legs of the rah-rah's drippe clitoral wine
(iii Triple Groaner!!!)
- III. Encased in the mats, the old man with his Gums
Looks for his teeth in his wife's wide-spreade bum
as various observers falle down in their cumme
I reinserte all his fæces enlisting the aide of my thumb
- IV. Flapping my flaps and licking my lips
Twanging the tweaks; on the tips of my tits
Sits a horney gargOYle whose name shall be "Phlange"
Selling baskets of cum on the street for spare change
"You can gouge out my stomach with a pneumatic drill,
Then of flumBAgo chips you maye feede me my fill
But don't ever steale my cumBAskets," he said,
"Or I'll upturn your anus and gnawe off its head."
And with a phlicke of his wrist he disappeared from the street
Every anus relaxed all the waye to its feet
And a Pibble named "Fred" with the cumBAsket he bought
Drank it down in one slurpe, far too fast than he oughte
- V. Phlange stalked through the night, looking his cumBAskets to fill
But all Catholic withdrawers had gone on the pill
So the horney gargOYle, to finde a new source
Thruste himself 'tween the nearest spreade flanks of a horse
- VI. Though the horse he did blowe with his 10-foot long tongue
The orGASming equine coughed UP his ninth lung
But of cum not one small drip or drab did he spurte
And swallowing the lung Phlange noticed it hurt
- VII. Phlange felte as forlorne as a frogge he once fucked
And cleare out of sight his long PENis he tucked
His cumBAskets were empty, his fingers unsucked
So up the ass of the horse, still horney, he ducked.

The Wheatie Field Rods

[Translation pending.]

The Ruf Rods

- I. Just piddle my waddle
Plucke AT my dong strings...
Then fiddle my faddle
UnTIL my dong sings...
I'll jumpe in your saddle
With balls and bearINGS
Slurping on puppie puddles
And spinning dong rings...
(Rrrring!)
(Honey, why don't you answer the door this morning?)
(I'm stuck to the fucking mattress, Needledick.)
- II. Armed with flySWATters, Martinez snores a-loud
His toes to his ass as Turin to its shroud
Asleep dreaming dreams of hot cattle prods
And visions of sugarplums jerk-jawing cods.
- III. If you do not blowe me, I'll cutte off your clit
Smeare your blood on the floor, on IT take my shit
Replace your sex ORgan with Martinez'ss uvula
Then sitte on my face with your new-fangled ""vulvula""
Spreade open my buttocks, insert your Twat-Lips
Cross-stitche my canker with Licorice-Whips
If by now I'm not filling your neck with my mecc
I'll scourge out your ovum for seagulls to pecke
And when Martinez wakes up he'll dissecte your cervix
To use as a bowl for his milk-laden Crispix
I'll slahice up your titties while he chompes on your pubes
And replaces his uvula with your fallopian tubes.
(It's all fun and games until somebody loses a hymen.)

Dan's Rod

(Whose Rod? Aw, guys, turne the fucking television down...)
("...for if we blowe and if we suck,.)
(in timeless time we must needs fuck.)

Listen to the Sound of my Urine
Cascading all Over your Mom
Tearing the Shroud of my Turin
And Dropping my Big Anal Bombs
On her Spleen, I so Generally Gestate
That Showers so Golden are Fine
As the Tremulous Tuna our Guest ate
Washed Down by your Clitoral Wine

The Caldor Rods

I.

(=)
(dddss thjii,== Hello! How are you today?)
(.gdgfdsrwnmjknz)
(think g1obally, act locally!!!!!!you)
(assholehsjakj njzckhzMnxchzku)
(mikw fio mike)

When on my back a turd døest plloppe
My cuff-handled handkerchief its fromaging does stoppe,
Removed from the smegmating mail-order whore
Who pilfers my skwish balls from THE Caldor StORe

II.

Flye throo my back, Gunga-Din oft said,
And gelded his Mother when she gave him head
And something caught my eyes with the stench of primrose
When I saw that his Mother, though neutered, still blows.

(kdkdkdkdlsandrfa erid 7 afdasndhwqdhqjwqredp)
(qpq2w)
(brian & Peter forever vcgfdgfsfdfd)
(elisa philip papandreij you are a big)
(peter!'/!1lkijhfignnnb)

A Dirty Old Man Takes a Special Interest in His Ass

If you want to satisfy my penis
Put no polyurethane between us
Use the sponge or down the pills
I won't wear those tickly frills
I Must feel your velvety vagina
Or I'll agitate my old angina
If you like I'll do your anus
Though it may be rather heinous
Grip my log with unrequited zeal
Soon your cave will taste my molten steel
Wave the target and I pin it
Once again in just four minutes
If you parry I will dare to thrust us
Lest we fall to coitus interruptus
Into sexual dimensions
Unaffordable by pensions
Gee I hope my daughter doesn't find us
She will want to join in behind us
With her new companion who
Can beat three feet by an inch or two
She just likes to call him her friend "Mickey"
From secretions he is wet and sticky
Doesn't have two Rounded ears
Spends his Spare time Plunging Rears

When I met him I could tell his sort is
Just the type to suffer rigor mortis
Tied for life to daughter's bed
She can't exhaust a Dick that's dead
It's convenient that she won't get pregnant
But the air in here is rather stagnant
A monk like me inside a cloister
Isn't used to such a cramping moisture
But that Mickey is a gulping gator
Never met a better live fellator
Love that pert and painless pout
(All his teeth have fallen out)
When I'm spent I like to lie there talking
Mickey stares up at the ceiling gawking
If I give him purple nurples
I can hear my latest semen gurgle
He's a better listener than my daughter
Rimming anuses is all Mom taught her
Though she's a blue-ribbon winner
When I kiss her I taste last night's dinner
I have never had in my meatus
Any cylinder as quite as great as
Diet Coke in an umbrella
Though not meant to fit inside a fella
Even when his dick is long and saggy
And his scrotum's smooth or ass is baggy
Like myself and countless others
Suffering penis envy of their Mothers
There is danger in my having diar-
Rhea when my daughter's tongue of fire
Leaps and bounds between my cheeks
(But only during holy weeks)
so let's get away from this abode
for the gases in my rectum will explode

EndEndUm: Late Bejeezelism (The Now Order)

The Shelley Rods

- I. If I tooke a pineapple and shoved it fondly thus,
It would actually be quite comfortable, and goode for both of us
Your clit would be a crabapple, my tongue its flicking shears,
The shrieking from my ecstasy would deafen both your ears.
- II. When nexte my tongue upon your dicke wouldst do a pleasant dance
My esophagus would blossomme thus and pervade throughout the lands,
Ah Ah Ah Ah spewes forth our song—a melody divine
'Cause you're so grande and I'm so blande we make a bitter wine.

Samrods

- 0.V I I I I live in California where the bees are green
I I I like to go to moovies where the floors is clean
I wishe I had a penis so Van Fleet Van Fleet Van Fleet would knowe
The only proper way to give a cullurd man a blow
Blow, bl, bl, blow, etc.
- I Sum sickicks saye that Ralph is gay, but we knowe better than that.
He has secks with Kim Beem by day, although his prick is fat.
Martinez tells us Ralph's a fagghghghghghgh, tho' only he would knowe.
So is Ralph straight, or is he gay? Up his ass *I* think we'll goe.
- II. The Tooth Fairey came to me, having nothing to weare.
She stoode before me nakedly, her only cross to bare.
She tooke my mœlars and wisdom teeth, and then affixed a sneer,
Saying Ralph you ass go smoke some grass and have another beer.

The Icey Rod –or– The Slurpee Rod

I hanker for a canker or some chutney flayvored gumm
When Jason Priestly's hyper fiber sneakes itself into my bumm.
To prompte my Grocer's grosser phallys to spitte its hellish bile
I have to gulppe upon his dick till it stickes out a quarter mile.

The Larynx Rods

- I. I fear my words have fallen
and you stoop to pick them up
and my teste is a-swollen
and is fallin' from my cup

just like the Purple Dinosaur
who rants and raves and moans
and hides the kid blasPHEEMers
deep inside his bones

but getting back to testicles
those squishy, squashy thangs
I'd like to have some more of those
(along with monster wangsF!aaaaaaaaa)

- II. I fear you have eaten my chocolate bears
you shouldn't have eaten my chocolate bears
why
don't do that again

ever

''''''''''_You DICK!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Madonna, Don Rickles and Me

Bruno Kirby
Gots that scurvy

The Swallow Rod

(I don't want to step on your pants.)

Sometimes I wish I was a rat,
To feed your flabby length.
And I would slide so freely that
Your neck would need no strength
To push me down inside your gullet
And digest me still intact.
Your hinged jaw would crack my skull, it
Would make me so compact
That you will pass me with such ease
Your rectum will expand most readily.
And if, my love, you think I tease
Then bite me head most steadily.
I am yours to gnaw and gnash,
I am yours to devour.
So do so! Strike and make your gash!
Before the dusk doth lower
Upon your slivmer, slender tail,
I'm wont to feel your power,
Asphyxiation! Do not fail!
This is my rodential Last Hour!

*(Looks like some woman trying to blow me.)
(tryin' to get around all that meat.)*

The Yo-Yo Mama Rods

- I. He does for my ass with his hand reach,
In the other a jar a full o' the leech,
Finished already was our verbal speech,
Now he was wantin' to make an anal breach,
But No, I said with a thunderous screech,
With my fists a lesson to you I will teach.
- II. But alas, it was quite a tremendous fight,
Fists a' flyin', it was quite a sight,
Where the weak willed would be a' fright,
Screamin' "A' you, you I will a' smite,
"Hey a'," He replied, "Won't you see the light?"
"Fuck you," I a' yelled, "Fag, go fly a kite."

The Snagwack Rods

- I. when the snagwack doth appear, piddle meatloaf on the sky
my formerly celluliteless rear brings a tear to either eye
i think of days of yore, rubbin' poon-tang on muh face
mixed with a couple day old clumps o' fæces, just in case
i miss that great brown orifice and sphincter winks of lust
hinting of his ancient dildo, which I fucked to dust
- II. when the snagwack doth appear, hide ye quickly in the ground
for when the demon shows his rear you best not be around
spread ye cheeks and plunge thy head into your waiting ass
go outside and take a whiff and die there on the grass
what is a snagwack, you might ask, in a frightened queer-E
why it's a thang thatz mighty foul, pesstulent and ear-e
it's everything that makes your innards do a spanish dance
and pray to god you wish you had another pair of pants
it's the bastard that puts a lash into your eye while driving
or makes a hand tear off your ear while sloppily muff-diving
it's the bug that ends its life upon your colgate toothbrush
or a swinging female knee that testickles it do crush
the snagwack comes in many forms jus' like that ol' amæoba
but trust me, fren, it's mean and shit just like that bitch june cleæva
now you knowe for what to look and if testes do you lack
lube that hole, hide like a mole, from that bad snagwack
- III. i met this girl, i liked her tits, so i asked her out
quick i found, unlike her mounds, for morons did she scout
i took her out, bought her some shit, and tried to cop a feel
she said, "look you, i like them too, but pissant they're not real"
- IV. fuckin' lesbians

The Neo-Region Rods

- I. There are Rhesus Monkeys bleeding on my striped parasol
And I have to admitte, I don't like them up there at all.
When I neede reamers, I use lemurs, 'cos those monkeys just won't do
I neede some creamers, not those screamers, or else my fattened calf will moo.

- II. “My, what a small glans you have,” she said, my harbinger of doom.
“Allow my nymphs to knitte it larger, with their petri loom.”
But I retreated, then entreated, “I’m afraid you’ve gotte it wrong,
The ladies like the pricks that ping, but it’s too much pain to pong!”
- III. When faced with trebled mammaries, I’m troubled by which trough...
To tucke my truncated happy-stick, oh! Which cleft to boffe?
Now if my name were Dariush, my problem wouldst be solved
For though his sack is cleft in twain, his dick is twice-evolv’d.
- IV. If it is I who am the ninny, then you must be the bitch
And your mother is the nanny, dragged by father’s chrome ball hitch
Your brother is named “Victor,” and for his love you’ll buye a hat,
To place upon his penis when it plunges your cooze vat.
- V. Dear God! When I audition I’m so fucking flatulent

The Foster Rods

- I. Atop your smoky globules sitte a pair of perky peaks
Where I warme up eatin’ pumus burgers with those high-falootin’ Greeks
The air so thinne, the wind so colde, your aureoles so sharpe...
They pierce my pungent pancreas and I plummette to the carps.
- II. Both terrifying and terrible, my tortoise turns lavender
In fear I am wedged ’tween the door to the lav and her
And when the indicative hard-shelled varmint turns a shade of puce
I’m forced head-first in utero by a tidal wave of juice.
- III. Creaméd corn between yr teeth, nutmeg in my scrotum,
Let’s hange the festive Christmas wreath and calle Dariush via Modem.
For now’s the time, I presse my pud against your budding perinéum
I’ll reamme your ass right (I won’t mind the blood!),
a) We both wanna fucke Andy Diem!
b) I’ll bighte all yr boils as I see ’em!
c) This cage will be our Mausoleum.
d) Iv’e gotte two Dicks, wanna see ’em?
- IV. Happy in my hovel I use my hovel-shovel
To heape dirt on the heads of those who kneele and to me grovelle
Over the size of my dick to which they tende to bende,
And take it so deep down their throats, I pisse out their rear ends.

- V. Sick of my clit'ris, I lopped the thing off
To the chagrin of my butcher whose children I boffe
A soap-coated dildo is their favorite toy
To use on the butcher, the baker, and the clit-clipping boy
Who did what I told him for a few M&M's
And has a small shop on the shores of the Thames.
The butcher, he grieves o'er my lost button o' love
And sacrifices his children to Yahweh above
Leaving me no one to heape suds on my scar
'Cept for the baker, who's baked at the bar
It gets me off fast when we're all squeeky clean
As the soap coated dildo disinfects my spleen.

The Alcolagnia Rods

- I. When the thick-necked twit lights his wick
Strolling so gamely down the Champs-Elysee
sliming in spaces he became Mohammed Ali
Unsheathing his snickersnee, he hacks quickly off my tit.
- II. Wristing and fisting in a biorhythmic spree
My sisters' raw blisters rubbe off on my knee,
Causing pus to collecte like a vat full of grapes
Which we feede, oftentimes, to the Barbary Apes.
- III. When I wrenche pools of raunch from your ke-cold clammy grasp,
They wriggle in my gripple like an agitated asp.
And I wallowe while I swallowe til the food doth reache my rectum,
After which I digge a ditch and hope that my poop won't infect'um.

The Akzo Rod (Pharma Divisie)

With my loopy clit'ris dancin' on a muchly moistened tongue
Jes waitin' fo' a nicely fattened, yet anemic bronzen schlong,
But lately came Johnny, my touchy toupee to trim
Those long fuzzy pubeszx get a shit eating grin,
Pickin' da hares from tween my teef,
The treasure is sunken in yo' tuna smellin' reef.

The Memorandum Rods

- I. The snake teaches us suppleness and rhythmic endurance.
No money or drugs in this box
Contains only blood and urine specimens.
- II. Jack in my Chambers, Frigge in the Corridor
Cumme on the carpet until it smells horrid or
If you woulde rather, clothes-pin your glans shut
Congealing your semen into a Zagnut.
- III. I like to sucke your prostate like the lolli on a pop
'Cept whilst I menst'rate—I can't waite to stoppe!
And wring out the bloodclots clumped up in my socks
To savour in baggies tucked in the drop box.

The Bots Rods

- I. My closet contains my X-Men with which daily I demonstrate
The proper way to shave my crotch whilst I do men-stru-8.
For if you slippe and cutte my clit when the menses flowe,
I'll touch my toes and smoke some cloves and hope my clit will growe
Outward like a flower and wrappe 'round you dangling scrotum,
Dr. X will grin so knowingly cause that's what he taught'um.
- II. "if your left side is weak
DONATE YOUR LIMB
to science."
"the first two cups
ARE ALWAYS
dark."
- III. My urologist was most apologetic when
He realized he lost his pen.
I smiled awry and adjusted myself
Cause a pen you could lose must be small as an elf's.
These elves who guard the meatus
Due to the size of their flies and their tremulous thize
If we used quill pens they would hate us.

The Inhalet™ Rods

- I. Sucke my fuzzy nuts with all the suction you can muster
 Spreade that scrod upon my bod till I begin to fluster
 Gnashe it into nougat with your nippletips so hard
 Then charge the room to my estrangéd wifé's crédit càrd
- II. Somewhere in this wicked world, Martinez treads alone
 the atmospheric pressure on his features like a stone
 under which he seeks the bitch who from his bed took leave
 when he shot his wad like Jerry Nodd and slimed his very sleeve.

The Avenue B Rods

- I. Happy am I never when I hear about the tracks
 Running down unhappy arms perhaps unhappy backs
 Were it not for Peter Twist perhaps we all could enjoy
 Those early eighties rhythms with a proper bowl of poi
- II. “More beer?” you ask, knowing full my intentions well
 My nostrils still a-stinging with that clinging subway smell
 We'd both must be half-cocked to dig that tunnel 'neath the sea
 When known full well to both of us, my glass was filled with pee
- III. Rubber butterflies is bouncin' off the ceiling of me skull
 Surprised am I the drunken guy finds this act not dull
 He seems to hear with just one ear, which points not at the stage
 Nor to my pen, so ink laden, it still writes on beer-soaked page
- IV. The Host(ess) tries to harmonize but all to no avail
 His/Her fetid breath scares me to death, e'en all Shalhoub's wouldst pale
 If I could get a cigarette I might suppress the wail
 Evoking Joff, whom I'd gladly boff, up his ass my barge would sail

UpplndEm: Post-Bejeezelism

The Cold Shoulder Rods

- I. When musty basements take their toll
on post-pubescent rock and roll,
And I, for some reason, liked them, too
while the fifth Ramone rolls a rather phat bone,
And that fifth Ramone was lucky
oh yes
that 5th Ramone was damn lucky
all dressed in black with a humpty on her back,
eating Doritos, waiting for that e-mail never sent
to the electronic dead letter box in the back of her head
elongated with tight coils in ritual disfiguration
No, she never danced in a red dress at the prom,
she was never up in me,
not without plastic and a few other things
shielding her extremities, so they were not so extreme,
her protuberance, now a mere hump(ty).
- II. Cut my fuckin' leg off.
Rusty saw, fractured jaw, butter knife, Cutty Sark

The Amazon Rods

- I. Open me carefully, my fine-feathered frent,
Use my wastepaper as a serpentine tent,
To house up your Gus, be he he, be he she,
Or I'll upturn its anus and sex him/her for free.
- II. Have you a dildo I can borrow?
I'll give it back to you tomorrow.
Also: Look at my balls, Birdy.
Wait, that's gross—you're almost thirty.
- III. Thirty years you've been on earth!
It's time to celebrate your birth!
With nickel-plated dildoes poking—
No, have a beer—I'm just joking.

- IV. Flapping your gumbs and anointing your teats,
Unwrapping these three-handled, moss-covered treats
Is sure to bring choy and gears to your heart,
As the Year of the _____ gets ready to start.

The Failed Day Festival Rod

Wetter than a soggy stocking
Twelve hours of rain and still we're rocking
Will these ponchos ever dry?
Must be the opposite of "high"

The Xmas Rods

- I. The voltage of my moltage spiking higher than a kite
I strip down to my skivvies in the newly minted night
Your eyes indulge upon my bulge which drives you to the edge
Cause I'm so white and they're so tight there is no need to wedge
- II. This eve has many faces, some are festive, some are drawn
With etched anticipation for the gift beridden dawn
If I should quake before I wake, disturbed by Santa's dance
It's time to change the linens, for I will have PEED MY PANTS!

The Trillian Rods (Fit the First)

- I. life is cruel
life is short
eat your gruel and have a snort
- II. life is short, life is shit, and soon it will be over (ahhhh)
suck'd like monkeys inside-out, whose meat is sold in Dover
I am a whore, I must admit, for gobs of Russell Stover
which don't appear much different when they've breached my anal clover
- III. I bet it's lonely out on Mars for the oft-malign-ed Rover
He spent his last remaining days with Bert, Ernie and Grover.
my favorite rhyming scheme is "A", over and over (and over)
fuck, i was just about to use "plover"

- IV. To start a rod, it makes me quiver
like Jerry Nodd's cirrhotic liver
But I am sure this is the night
Cajigao's left will finally write
- V. I downed a loathsome opiate
to seal my loathsome, hokey fate
I did the Popey-Pokey, just to turn myself around
a) but Cajigao left us hanging on the web without a sound
b) And listened, paralyzed, as they put me in the ground.
c) but that Priapic Pontiff is six-feet under ground
- VI. Daly's so excited that he let one go at work (o)(!)8-X
Op'ning up a rift through which came Terry Burke
with Koosh a-dangling from his glans, he filled his lungs with fumes
Lit a match, and sent them both to their respective dooms.
- VII. "It's just a fucking Yuengling," said the drunkard to his wife,
shoveling near his hovel with intent to hide the knife
"I've no idea what happened" he said later to the cop
"but since it's fucking started there's no fucking need to stop."

The Trillian Rods (Fit the Second)

- Ø. There once was a man from Piscataway
Who pointed and said, "He went that-a-way."
But little he knew that as the wind blew,
It was blowing the bulk of his fat away.
- I. In my most auspicious dream, I was a burly knight
coated in suspicious cream, and bruised as from a fight
then I removed my helmet, to inspect what was my face
when I awoked and saw I choked my chicken, not a mace
- II. If I had but a brick of coke, oh, how happy I would be
my sousaphone I'd fill with snow, and sheathe my snickersnee
Like ol' Scarface, I would not feel the bullets as they hit
Or smell the rich aroma of my last unholy shit.

- III. I'm hitchin' up my britches as I walk the dotted line
Those witches, yeah those bitches, made me drink their nasty wine
There's too much AC/DC always playin' in my head
with every blink I seem to think I'll sink the pink instead
And so I'm on this roadside, touching fingers to my nose
And tomorrow I'll be in the tank trading blows with some homos
- IV. "Where's my naked Howdy-Doodie doll!?" screamed little Jake
"with custom-sculpted genitals I strove for weeks to make!"
Raising his X-ACTO knife, Jake plunged it in his eye
And thrashed about the living room, just hoping he would die
Howdy, lost beneath the couch, then stirred and came to life
"Don't just lie there Jake, go find a stake and make for me a wife!"

A Weekend in the Hamptons Rod

In the hamptons I'm a horndog
but i've got no time for games
I am busy cleaning pore clogs
and targeting the dames
but do not judge me, puny pud
for you'd do the same as me
for, not unlike a Milk Dud
i like 'em brown and chewy

The Infelix Rod

(Dig it!)
(He comes!)

And wildly she saw him coming
And tried to keep her hose from running
Plagued by infinite compiling
And a total lack of vertical smiling

Boxing McGee [Seemingly Incomplete]

I. Oh sleep! It is a gentle thing
Beloved from pole to pole!
Where yobbos quaff their yards of ale
And hobbos toe the bone,
Pesky Geffkens pitter-patter
Twixt the gutters of despair
Finding niblicks, risking pinpricks
They gather in their lair
Wispy women made of crimson
Travel nightly through their veins
Forcing horses white and formless
With their blue electric reigns
Soonly stumble forth to humble
All sorts of shapely things,
So drunk on drunkenness they are knowless
And singing songless sings
Bereft became these Geffkens
Of the morsels within reach
As they mummified their tummies
With a non-existent peach.

II. Ah, I say, I love this box
And all that it contains
For once what was an empty tube
Has since consumed my brains
I may coddle with a bottle
Or a foully smelling pipe
But the tail of the antenna
Plumbs my deepest secrets ripe
No books, no no! No newspapers!
Not a thing at all to read!
The smell of SWANK is death and rank
And will cause my nose to bleed
Not one, not two, but mark me, three
Times as much as she
Who did not list', so now must glist'
With her own menses, see?
My chest is lacking any drawers
Or latches to unhook
And I am at a loss to find
My own equiv'lent nook
So I am bound to love this box
Incessantly verbose

Ne'er allowed to enter thus
Or sit myself too close

III. More than mother let me suck
or sleep, perforce to fall
into a midnight slumber deep
upon this pallid pall,
the box insists upon the kiss
of eye to fist to ball
roiling with Rogalskis
like two stallions in one stall,
and if I nodd and doze midstroke
and my nethermost hand doth balk,
I will eschew that font of goo,
shat from water and chalk.
Almonds on the left of me
Llamas to the right
Both are quite bereft of me
When seamen are in flight
Touching down on hallowed ground
An ocean for a palm
Teeming, rife with castaways
Rejoicing in the dawn.

IV. Ghosts! Ghouls! Demons, begone!
I'll have no truck with thee!
If you must hammer out palaver
Then do so without me.
I would sooner my eyes glaze 'oer
Like a pastry of Viennese make
Or perhaps my lungs' collapse
For naught but mercy's sake.
My heart would's't stop, my mouth would grin
One last hearty, toothsome smile
And then nepenthe, that sudden lengthy
Release from visual bile,
As my head falls off
(Yes, it falls clean off)
And laughs from back to front
Will eemanate from within my pate,
A most impressive stunt.
I wonder if it tickles thus
To flicker to and fro
Ten toes dipped in a crystal
Draw the colors from below

A house of only stained glass
Can stomach any hue
And open wide its nether eye
As bright as it is blue
And let fly— Anyhoo, I say
Two eyes succeed the one
And fill the box from both sides:
One with spirit, one with gum.

V. Nodding, I caught me here
Upon this early hour
Greeted by snowfall most electric
Bluish-gray and dour.
I must take myself up to bed
But this throne is much too soft
Besides, Maid of Milk will come betide
As I have seen her oft
Dropping bottles, butter, cream,
Serendipity dictating,
Peeping through the keyhole tight
One might spy on her lactating—
Here! Hear, oh now hear the moo
Of Bessie, her fattened Guernsey!
I must now up to glimpse her nips
And act all Howard Sternsie.

VI. Dusty as a bunny
with his stockings full of soap
he climbed into his consciousness
as like upon a rope
entwined his feet beneath him
for to make himself a net
around the hairy headlum
that his Master likes to pet
till in time he grew so tight
and offish white with loam
a swelling for a dwelling
where the æther is unknown.
And so he slept between the cleft
Of reason and rejoicing
Until the Maid of Milk gushed forth
A thorough quench of voicing:
"Whose egg is this?" She asked, aghast,
When hatch'd beneath her gen'roos ass
A flick'ring bickle of delight

A name for every part of night
No dry eyes yet dry ideas
Double plop and double fizz

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Mike Mikw Fio
Brian Forever
Peter Forever
Elisa “Petereater” Papandrelj
Philip “Big Peter” Papandrelj
Erid Seven
Corey “@ @ @ @ @ @ @” Smith
Lacey Smit(a)h(s)[(v)(c)][(b)(o)][(g)(r)]e

Contact Us

If you have questions about the fascinating and perplexing Manzoans, any problems with your transcript, or want to claim your 10 million dollar prize, please email the Editor-in-Chief before midnight next Tuesday at:

squagmire@yahoo.com

Your name and email address will be added to our club membership roster, which entitles you to receive our monthly equipment catalog every week or twice daily, as is your wont.

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