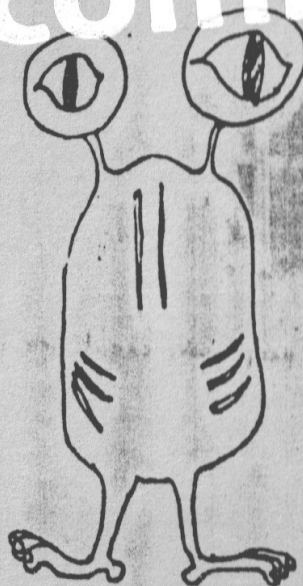


Pink

the commie co



pinkos@gracies.org
<http://gracies.org/pinkos>
425 se 3rd / portland or





help me,
Airfish

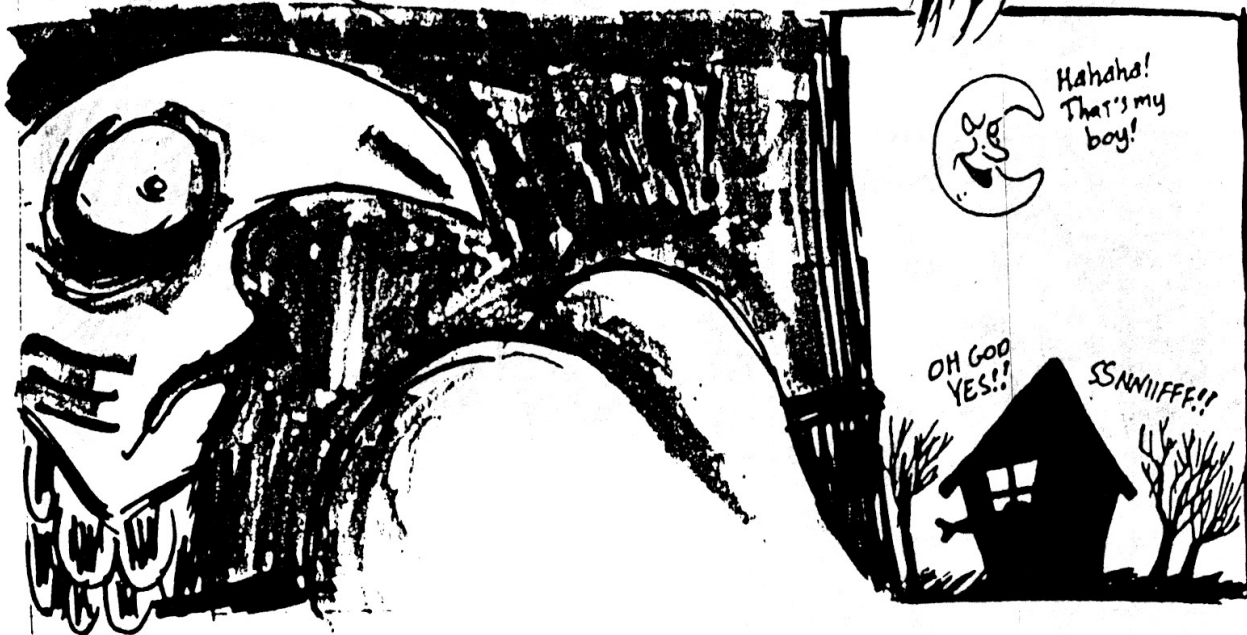
What
ails you,
brother?

hkrrr!
this girl,
i...

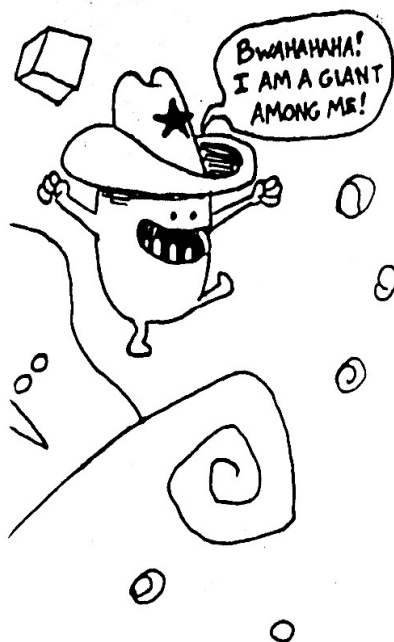
I float by
her window
each night.

if I try
hard enough,
I can become
the MOON!

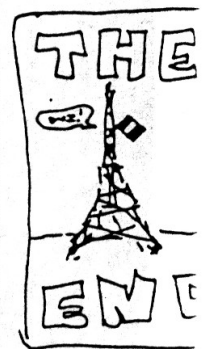
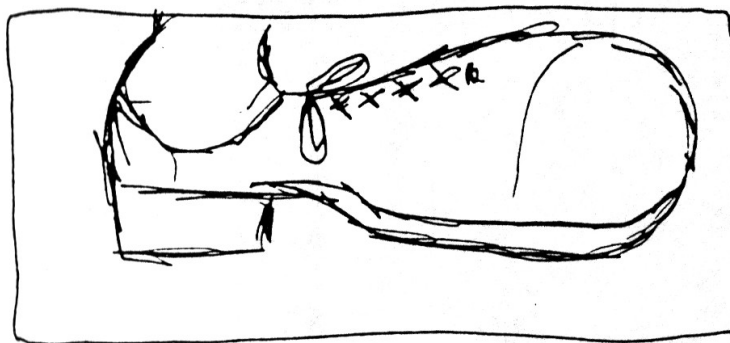
I smell
fish...



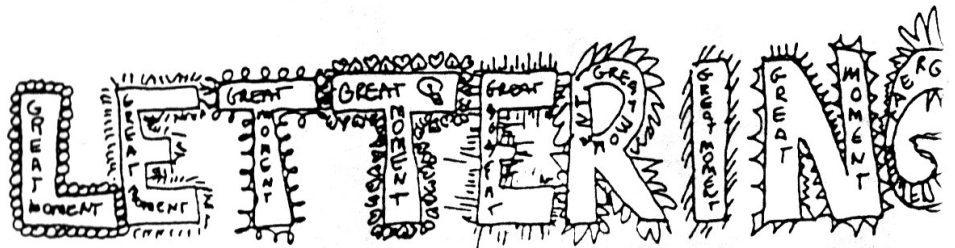




ATTACK
OF THE
TEN-FOOT
ZOMBIE
ANAESTHESIOLOGISTS!
WITH BIG RED SHOCKS!
AND DREADLOCKS!
WAGGONERS! IN THE CAR!



GREAT
MOMENTS
IN
LETTERING

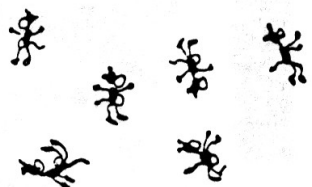


THOSE WACKY
MEAT BALLS...
SPAM
AND
TORK!

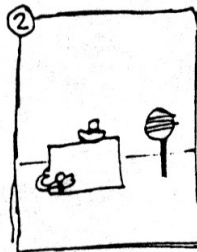
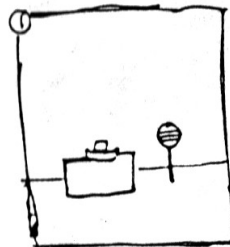
YAK SLOTH
SLOB TEAM
MAPS
DNA
KRAUT



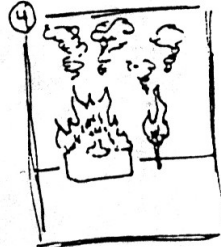
THE
X!!



Rodney
Rectangle
IN
"VACATION
TRAGEDY"



I HATE
WAITING FOR
THE RHOMBUS



ROAD
TRIP
TO THE
EDGE
OF THE
WORLD



Questions *To Ask*

Occultism *Before*

DYING

AN

Alternative

Consensus

S

Eventually Westerners would begin to eliminate god entirely from the apocalyptic scenario, and give birth to the fully secularized millenarianism of such modern movements as scientific utopianism, revolutionary democracy, communism, Nazism, Zionism. Neither Europe nor the world would ever be the same again.



1. MOMMY?
2. FUCK WHICH COW? ★
3. CAVARNOVS? ★

1. AM I GOD?
2. WHERE IS MY FOOT?
3. CHEAP AND BAD?

NEW DAWN

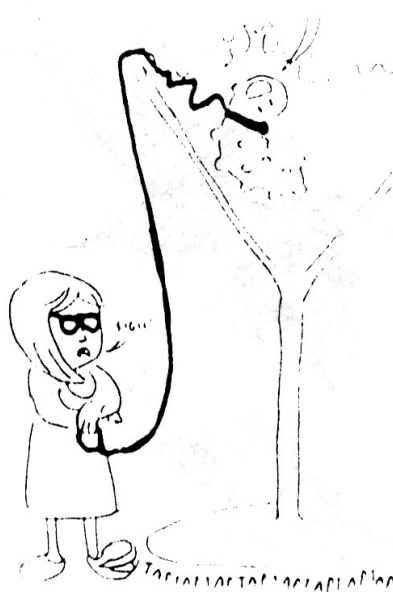
BEFORE SATAN WAS CURIOUS



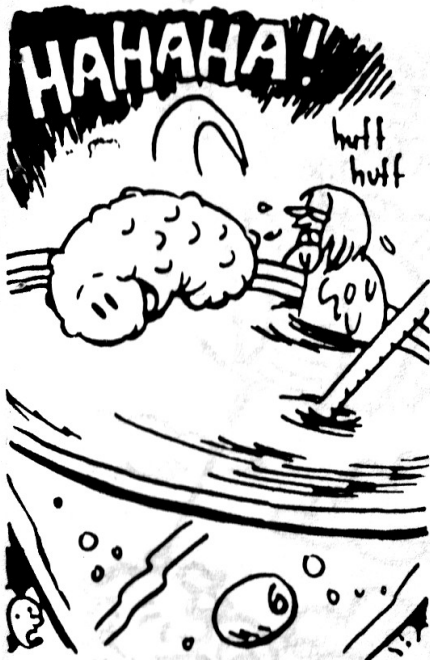
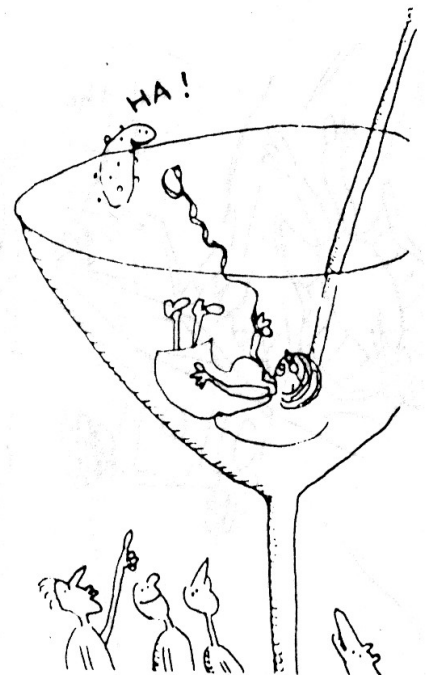
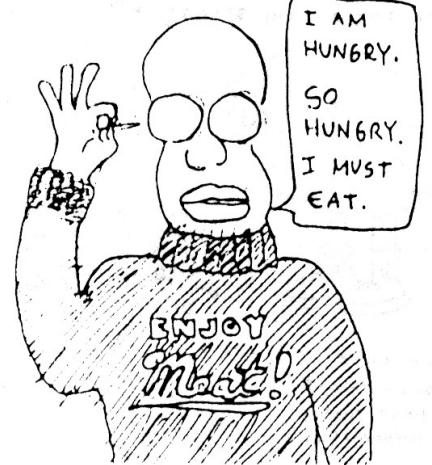
The Devil is a ten is pleased



THE VET HAD TOLD HER THAT IT WOULD HAVE TO STOP DRINKING OR THE WORST MIGHT HAPPEN. BUT.....



JUST THEN...



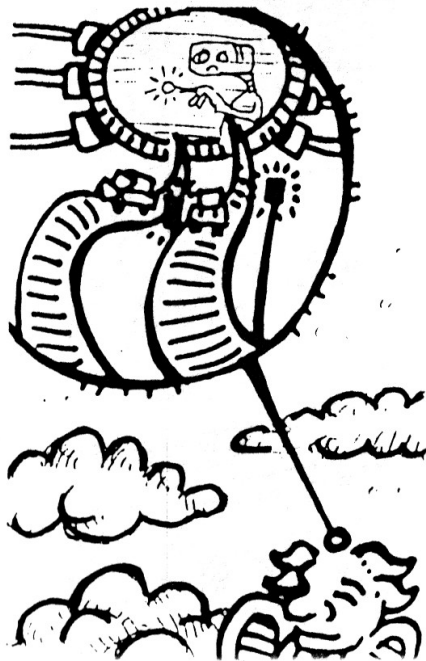
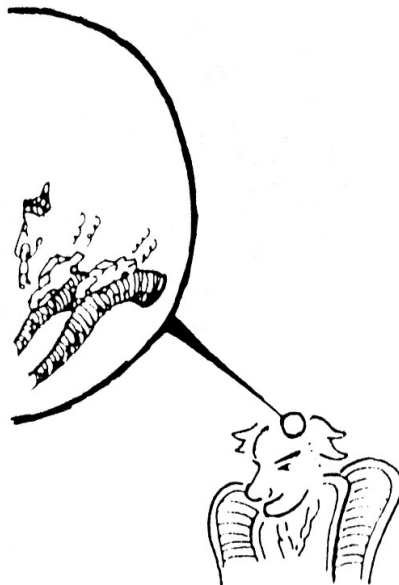
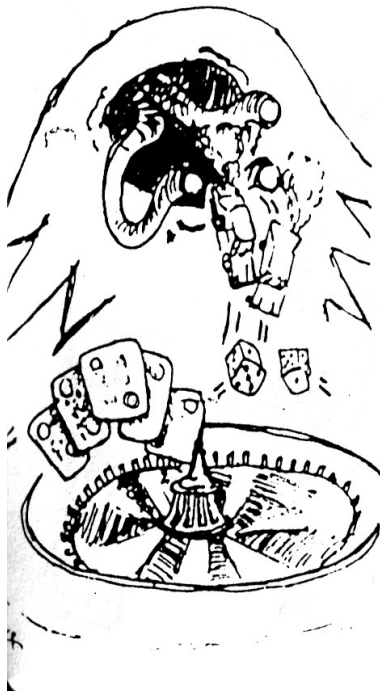
IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE

2000
PRESENTS

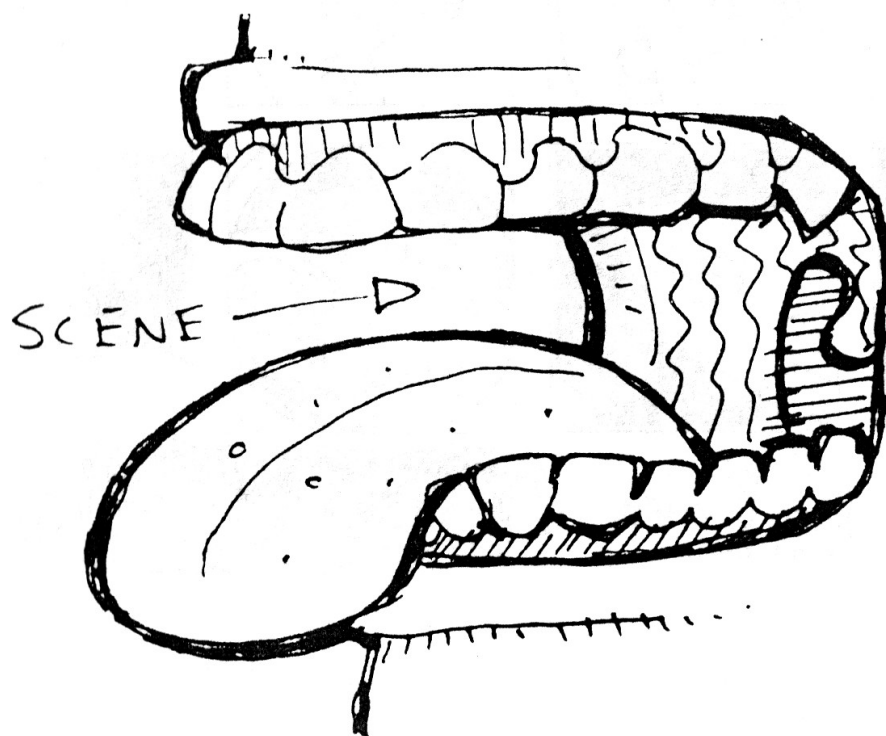
"A DAY AT THE BEAGSTRIP"

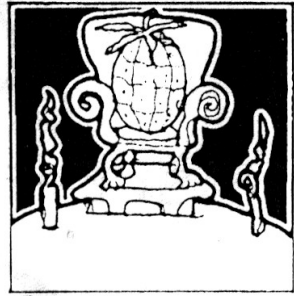
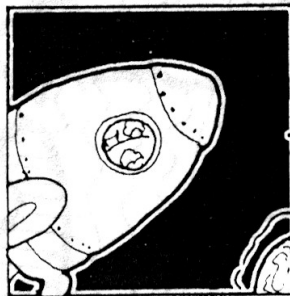
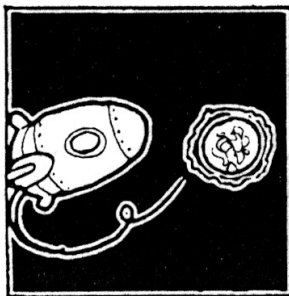
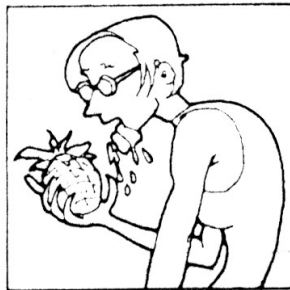
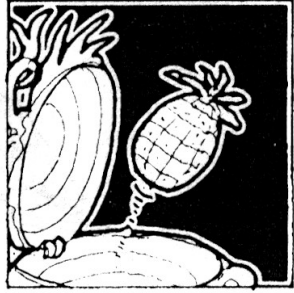
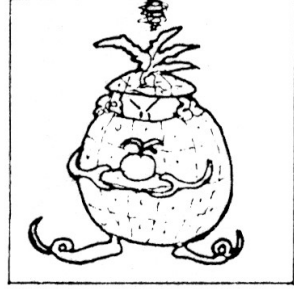
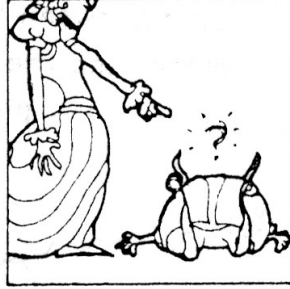
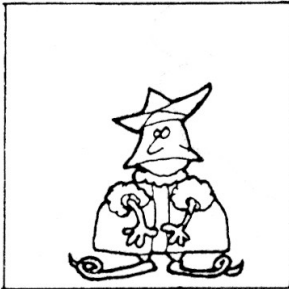
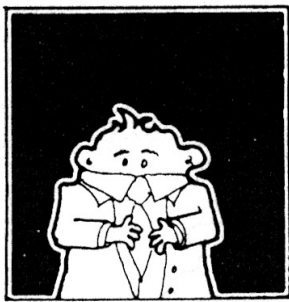


LARENCE,
DOWN THERE
HELP THOSE
HUMANS...



The inability to live a total life, always
split between the work you do for
money and the creation you do for
pleasure.

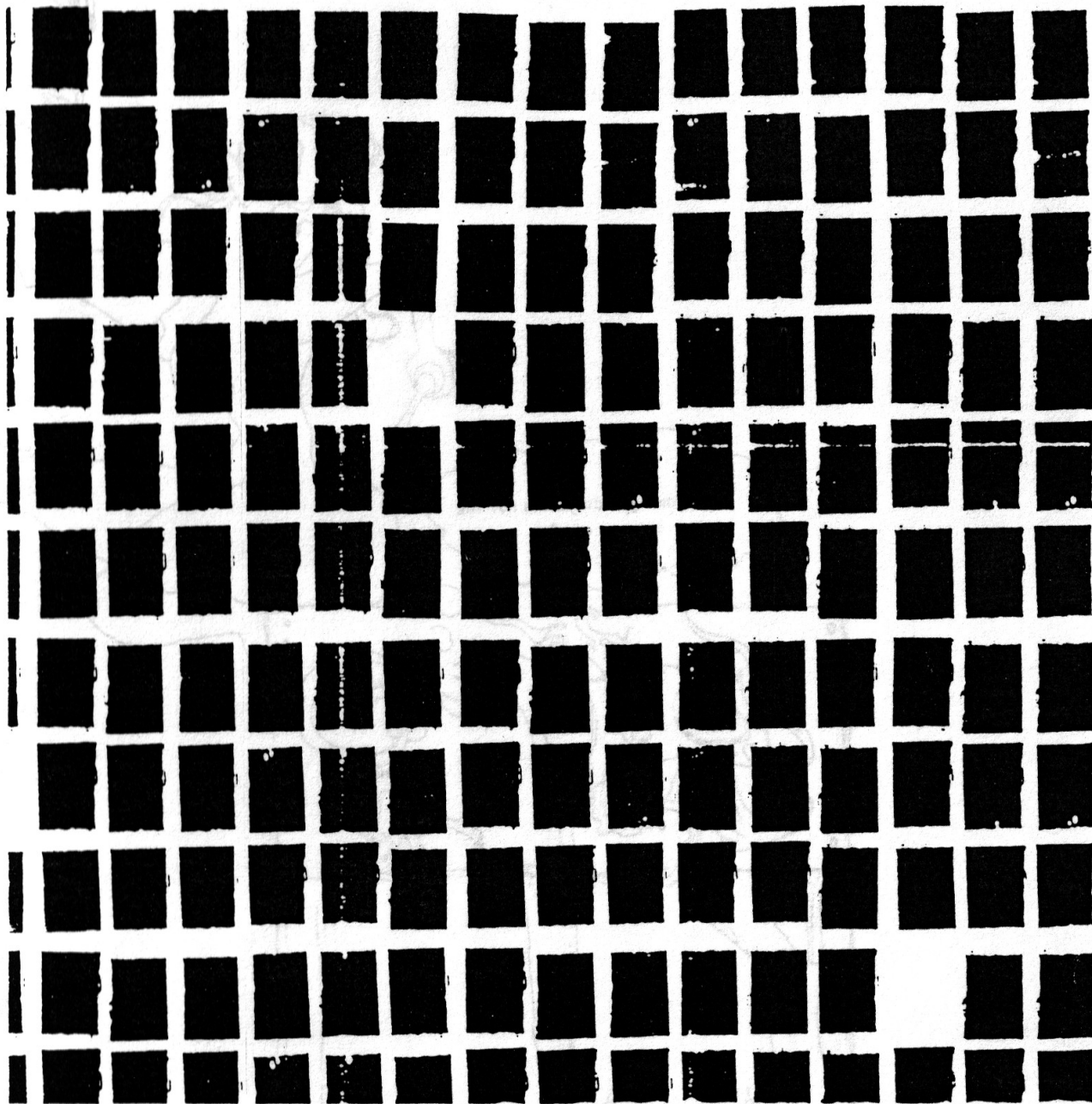




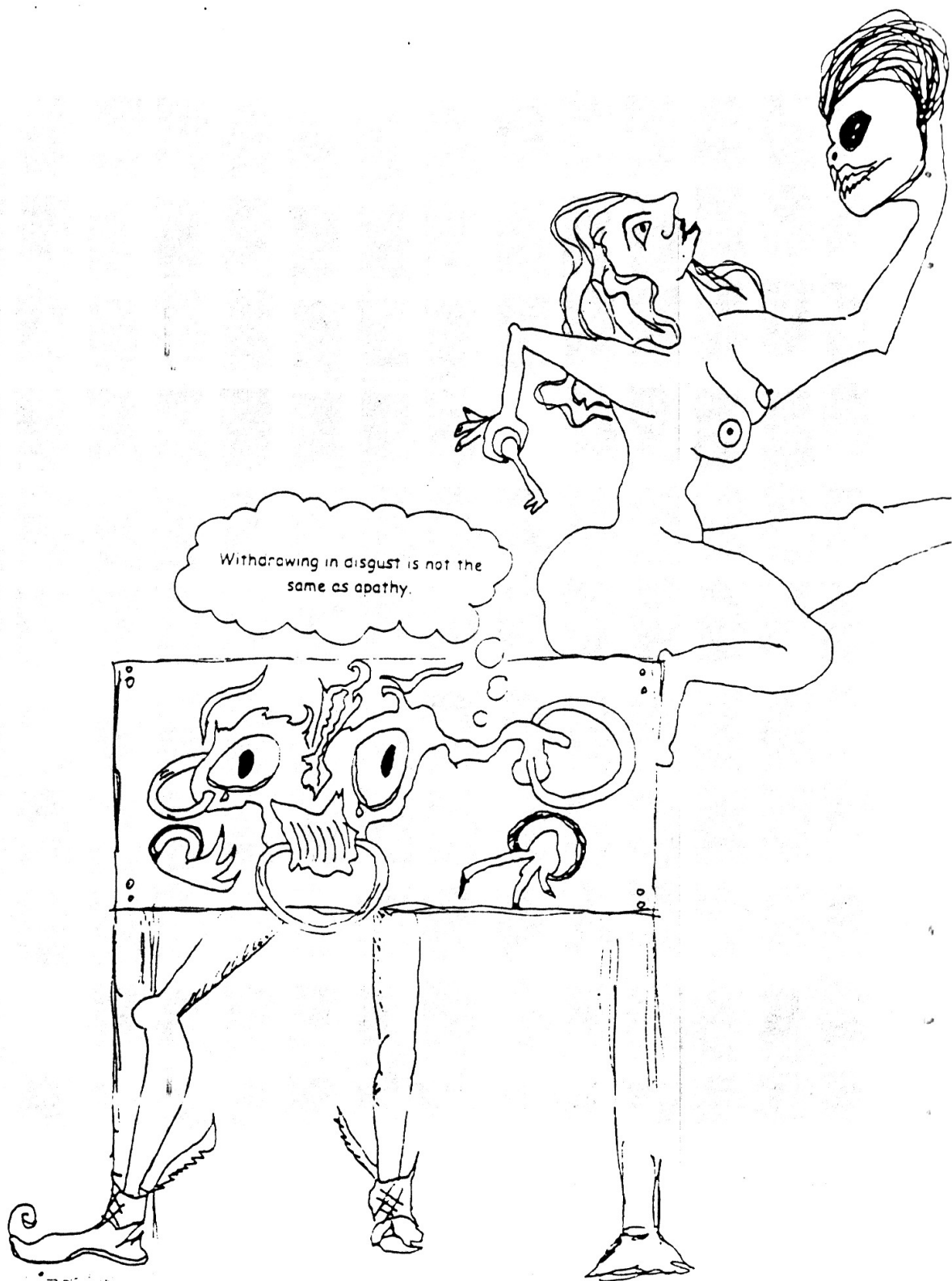
'P' is for Pee Pee
BY PETER GORFA



90CT
2000
P.S.



Handwritten notes at the bottom of the page, including a signature and some illegible text.





On this, their second album, Mos Left, Senta-piece and Al-Rite, drop the deffest rhyme of their shared career. Songs like "Three Musk-a-Teers" and "Nine-Piece Suit" are chock full of sibling sass that really glues this album together. The three-part harmonies paired melt together. I hope these guys never split up.



Fifth... Absolute Filth. I liked it. The Hös (from Germany) combine between humor with heavy-duty Zeppelin-esque riffs. All the tracks are winners, but I especially liked #1 and #2. They are rising up the charts and have virtually wiped out their opponents in the bathroom rock genre.

AVAILABLE NOW

BUY-BUY-BUY!!!

AT: BADWRECK OR DZ!

1000 N. KRAPP ST.
SHITOWN, BM

Summer Travels with the Lego Jeep

by Kevin



In N.Y.C. the biennial @ the Whitney was happening.

But the Art Show was pranked with the jury selection of Rtmars website. Rtmars then hosted artists worldwide onto their showcase site @ the kno ref this was seen the Whitney

It all started with a wedding



in S.F. the brides of March

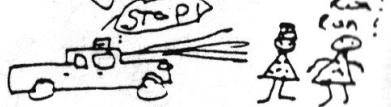
the brides were very sad. Tiffany's was closed

But Caplony reigned & the tourist were confused

Dark Passage brought out the Frank King to the tour of the North Hapton Insane Asylum



All the inmates had to evade the Police as they entered the grounds.



We got away & explored the massive hospital.

Next, In Pittsburgh A few of the S.F. visitors toured an incredible & shot down iron

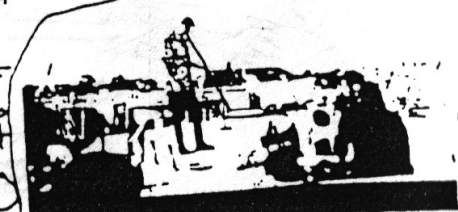
Bridge Climbing was of course mandatory Pittsburgh has many bridges

Back in SF the hight St went off with roof top party craziness.

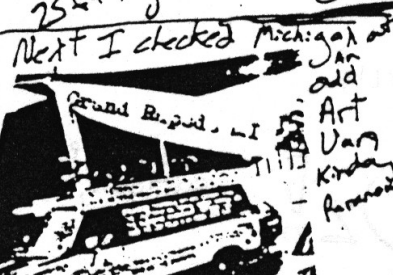


Go & see the dark head sculpture & 4 rivers

on the way back to SF I went and happened at the Oregon Country Fair



San Francisco CA rooftop

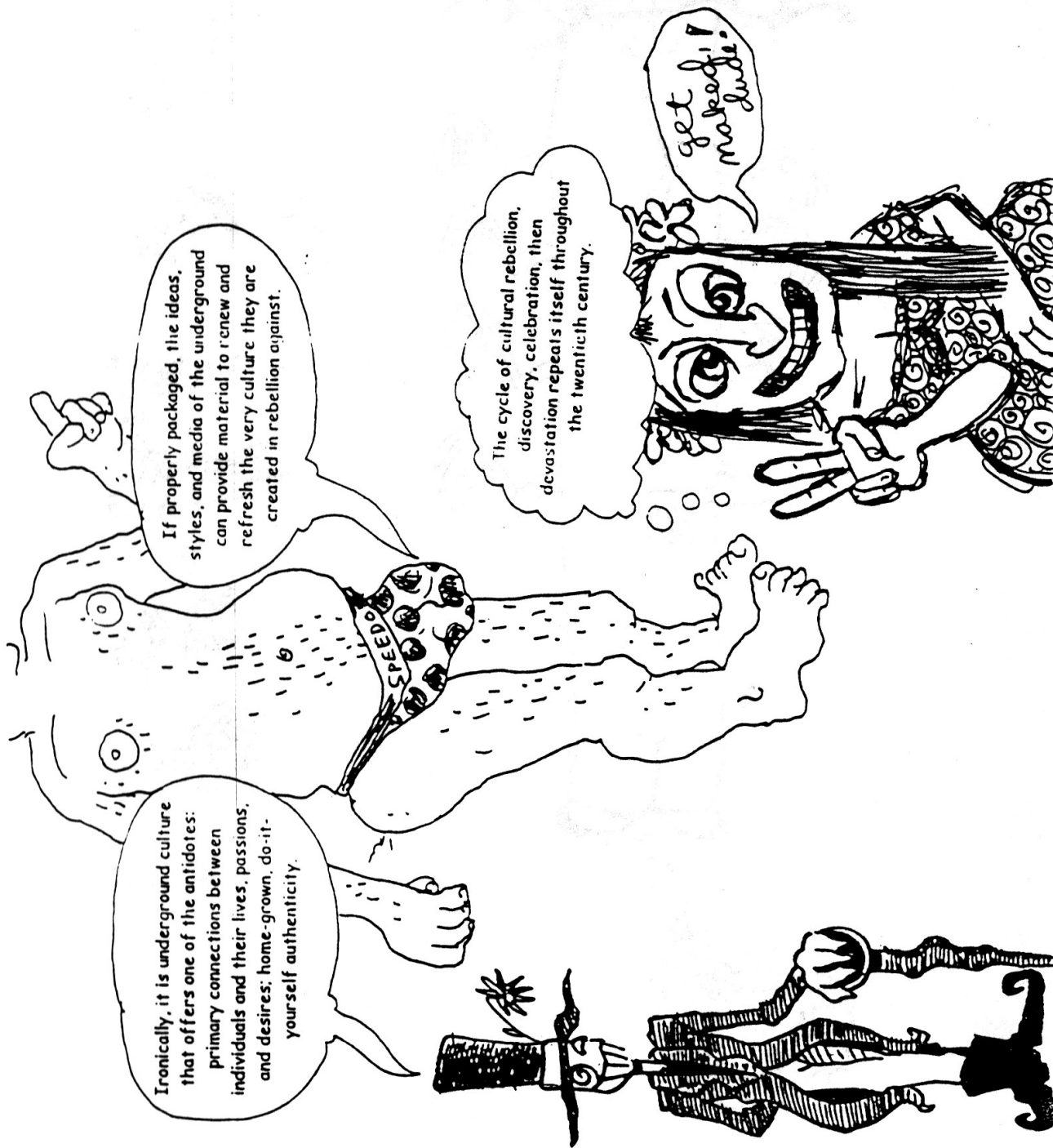


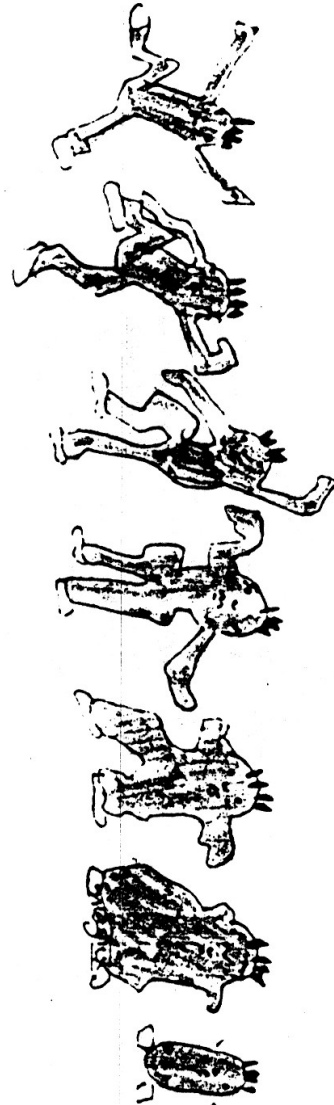
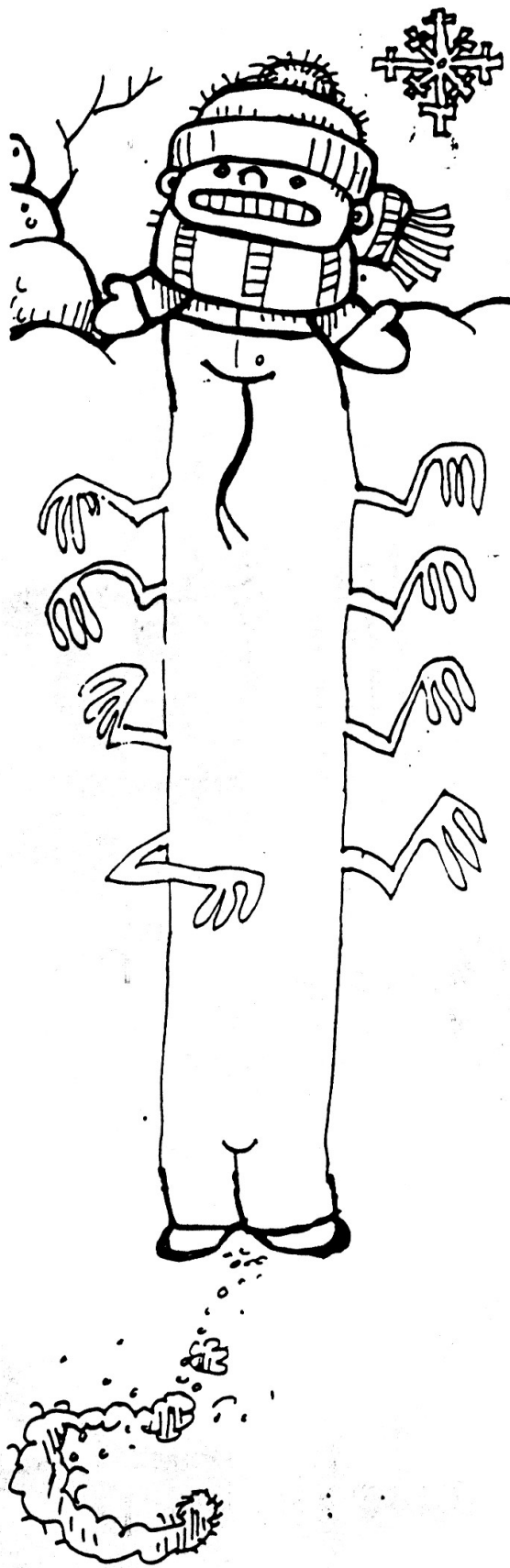
Then the Seattle Solstice Parade in the Fremont District. Watch out for stressed out cocktail servers they will 86 you in a moment

O.C.F. is an amusing hippie fair. I even got to be Ken Kesey's Gomer

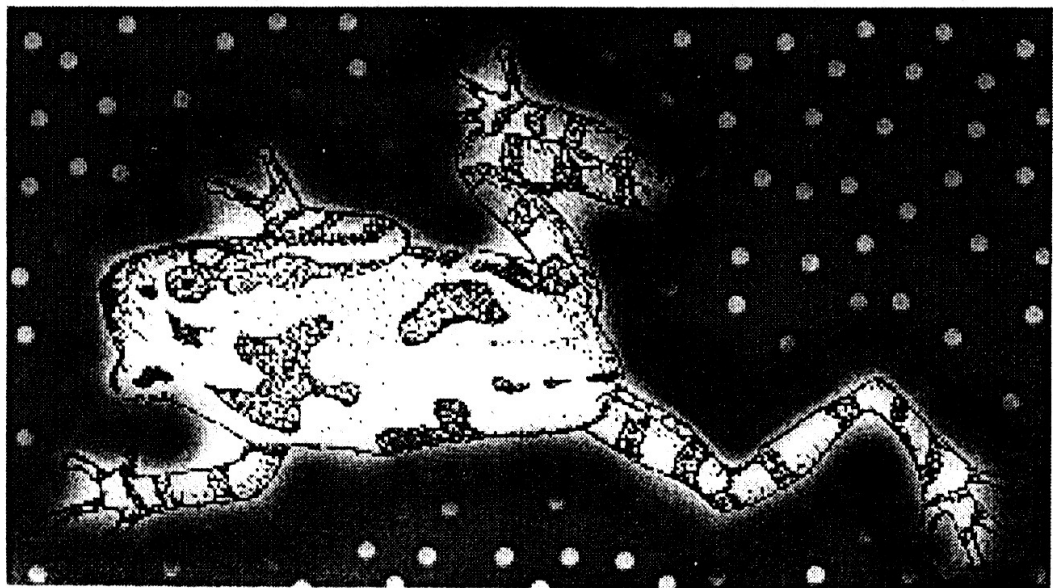
My Summer ended with the Nuclear Family Picnic @ the Trojan nuclear power plant. Afterwards all did a tour of the now closed & empty plant







An observation: they are serious about their game, the game of making collective comics. Who's in this round? Five come to the table, we need one more, who's in? who's in. each player takes up a pen & the paper blank. the rules are read ... clockwise. blanks are wild, you follow him, don't everyone be clever at once. I'll see your character and add this set up. I'll see your set up and add this non-sequitor. On like this around the table until at last — here's the punch line, read em and weep. ∴ Pinko's oooxtoo





The bourgeois apparatus of production and publication can assimilate astonishing quantities of revolutionary themes; indeed, can propagate them without calling its own existence seriously into question."

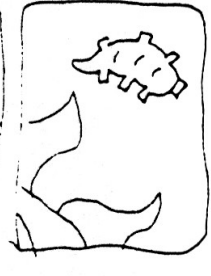
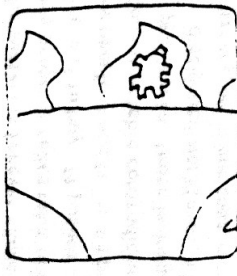
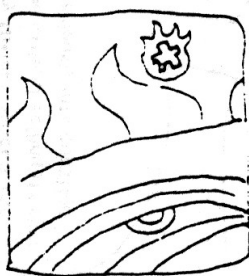
The system is forever alienating the very people it relies upon to work, to vote, and to buy. It pushes away the very people it needs for support. This is an intractable contradiction, and a problem for those looking for a disciplined workforce, a loyal citizenry, or, in our case, a consuming public.

Threatened by their enemies embrace

Zinester's devise strategies for survival.



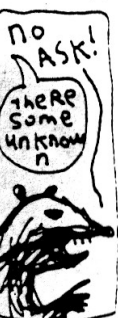
THE
BOY
SCOUT
GIRLS
IN...
OUTER
SPACE!



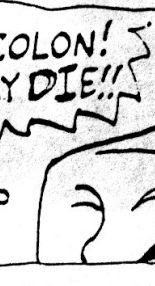
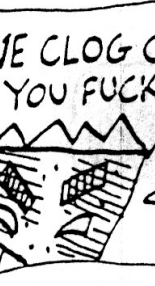
EGG!



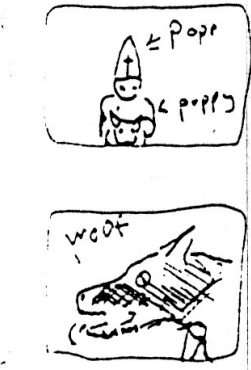
THE
ADVENTURES
OF
STRING-
BEAN
AND
POLE-CAT



Butter
VS
BACON
in... breakfast
Again?



Anal
Angus
gets his brisket
seared...



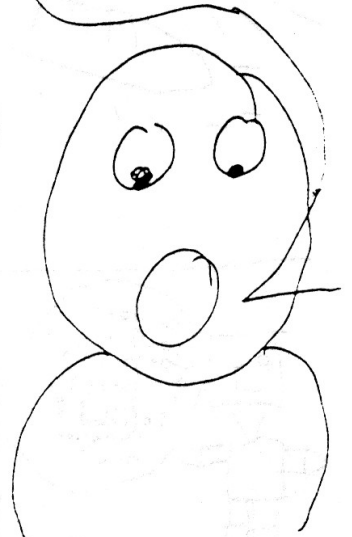
1 "KERR" AND "WADES"
-in-

WHOLE LOTTA WORRY

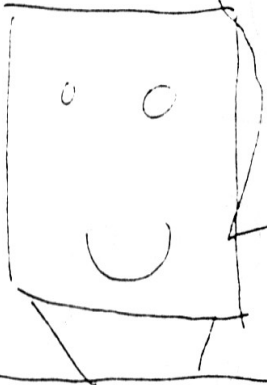


why are
you always
so worried?

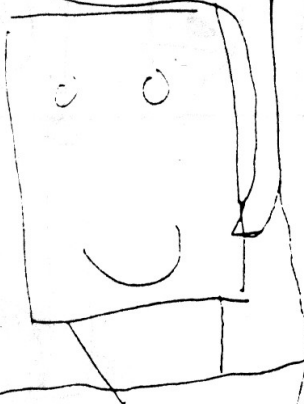
You think I'm
always worried?



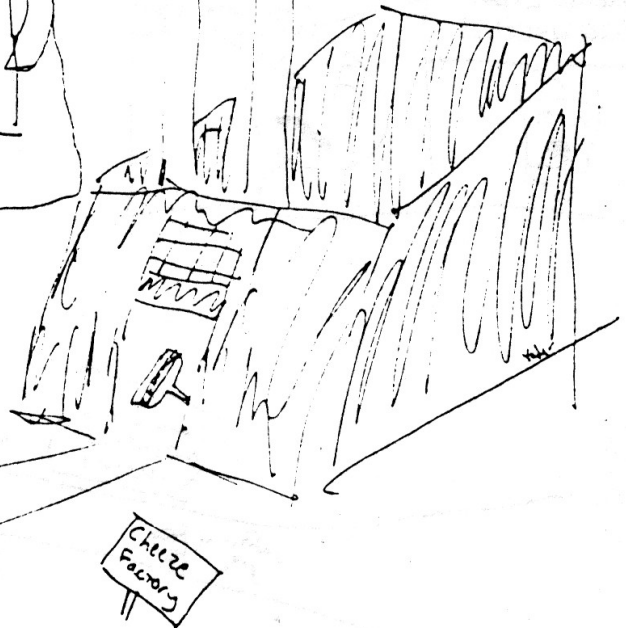
Yeah...
man you
freak out
at the drop of
a hat.



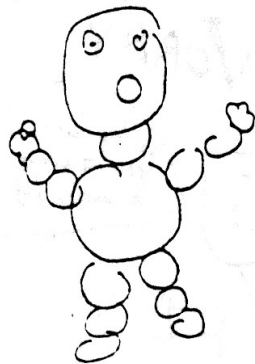
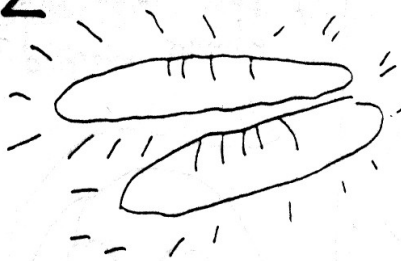
People don't
eat moon men
made out of
cheeze!



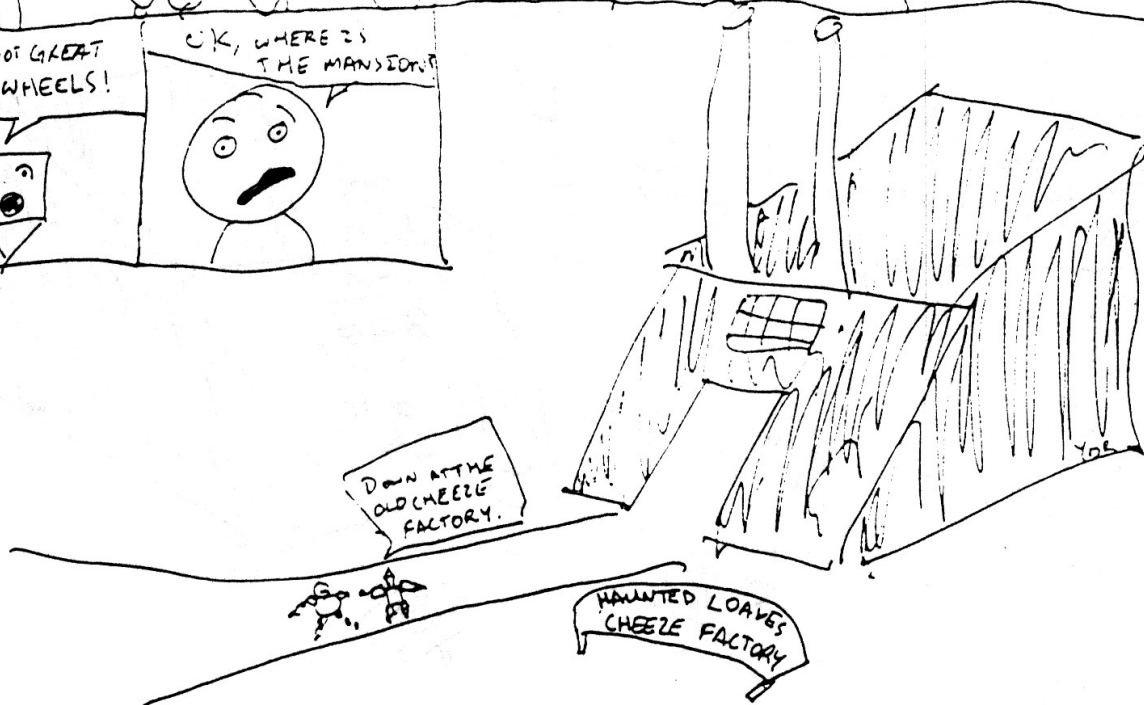
Wierdes
cheeze.



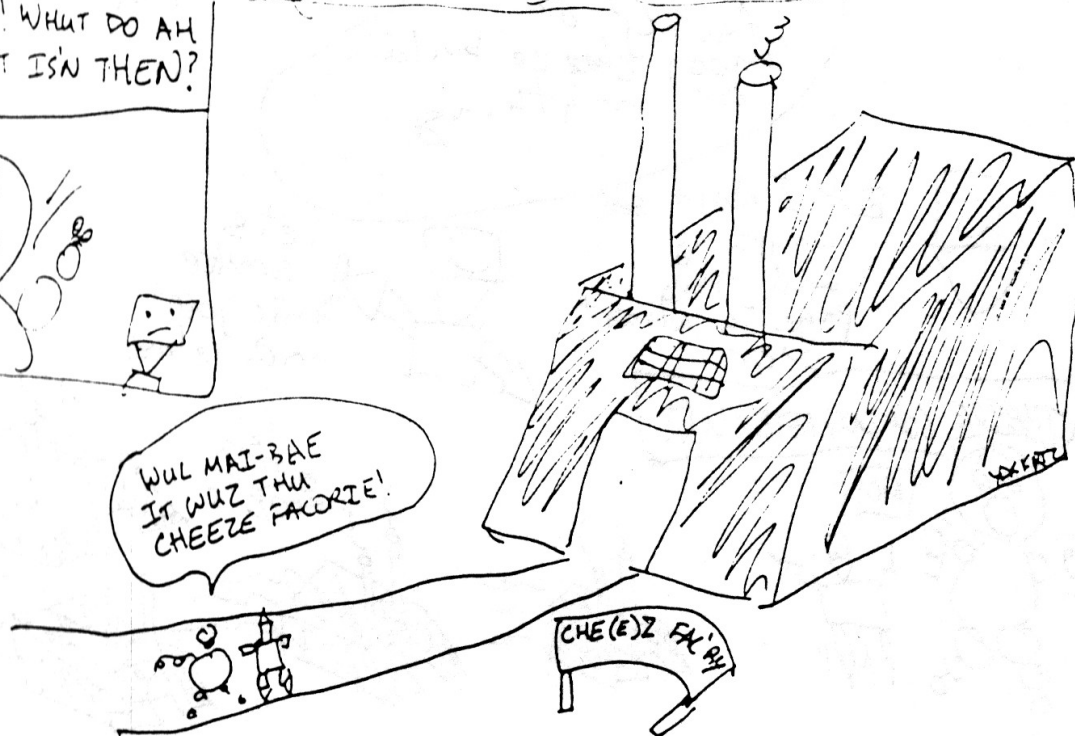
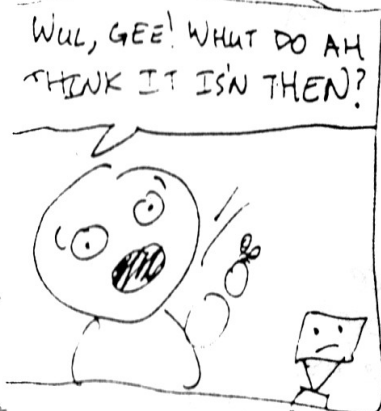
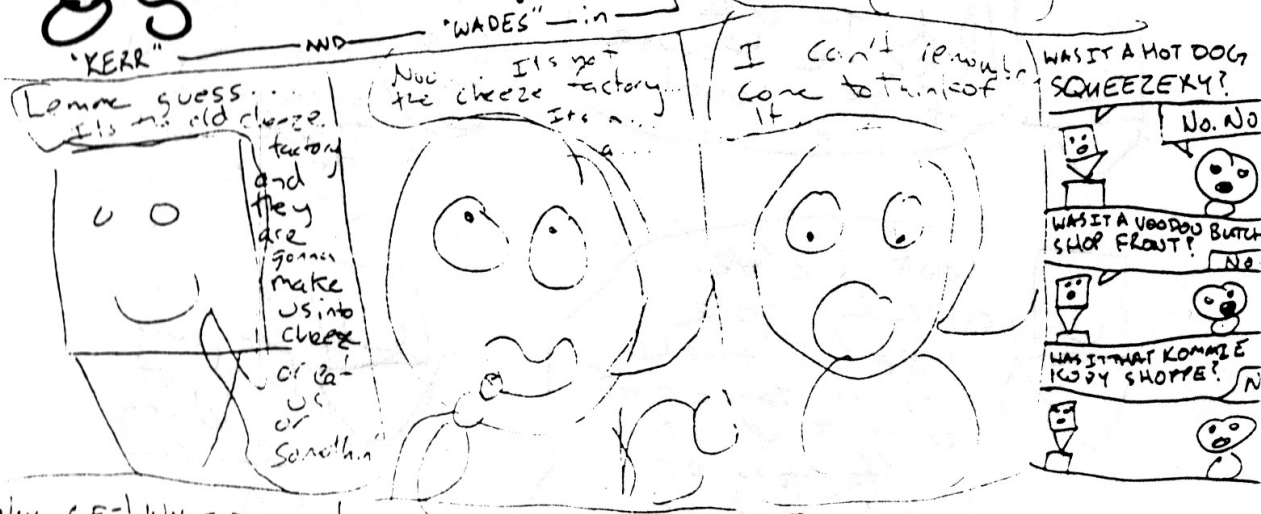
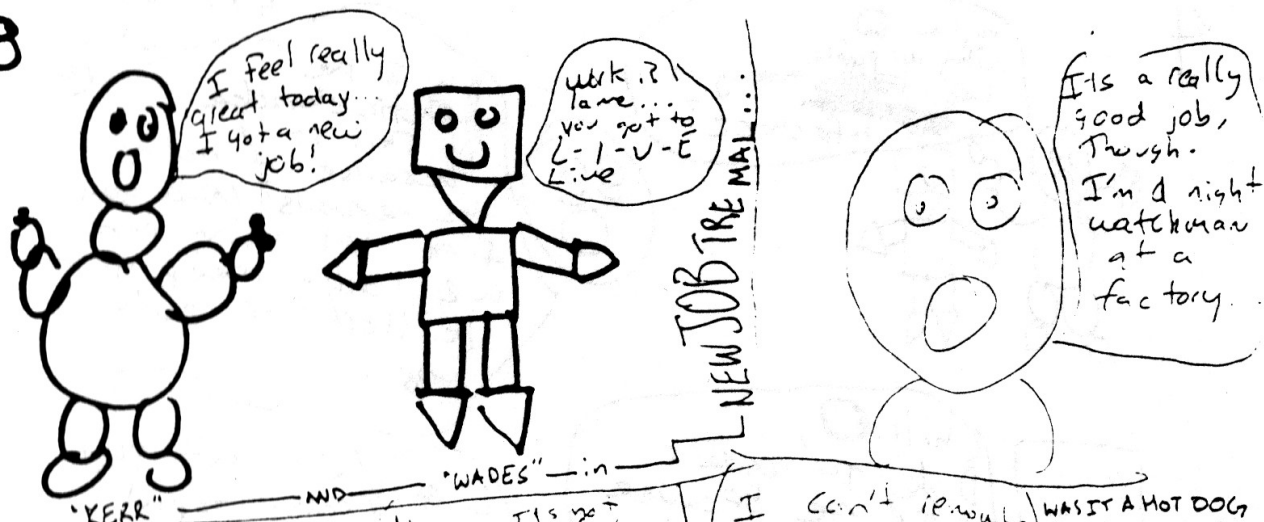
2



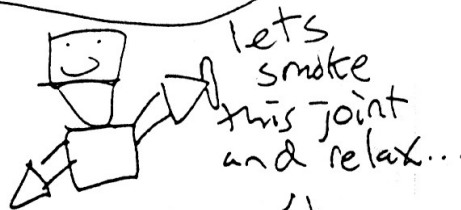
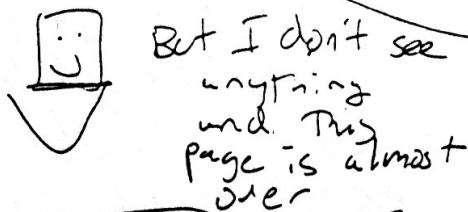
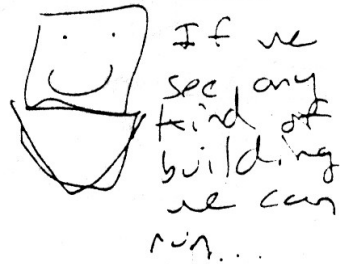
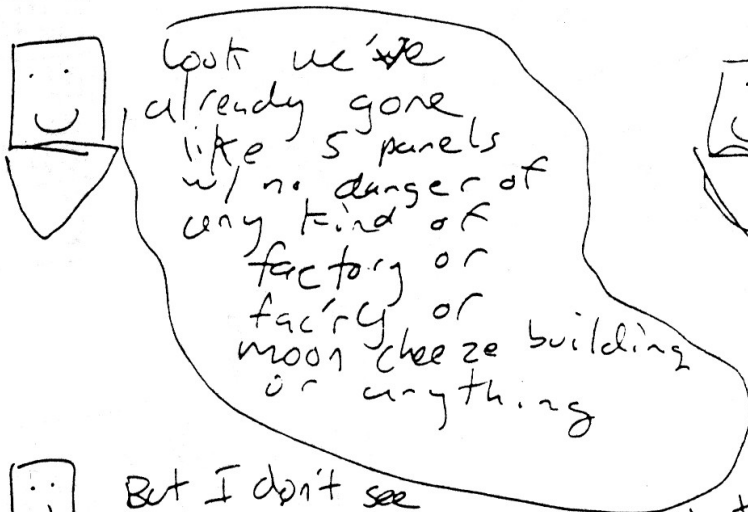
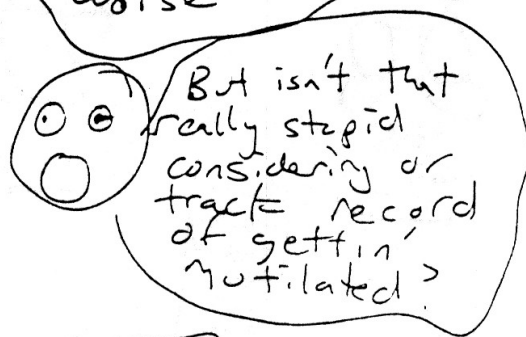
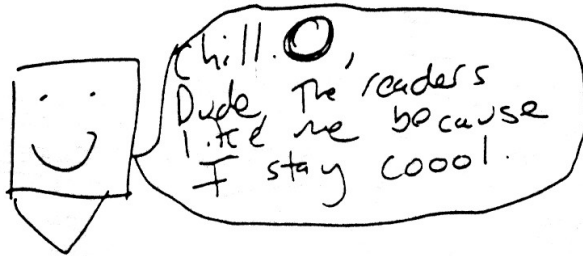
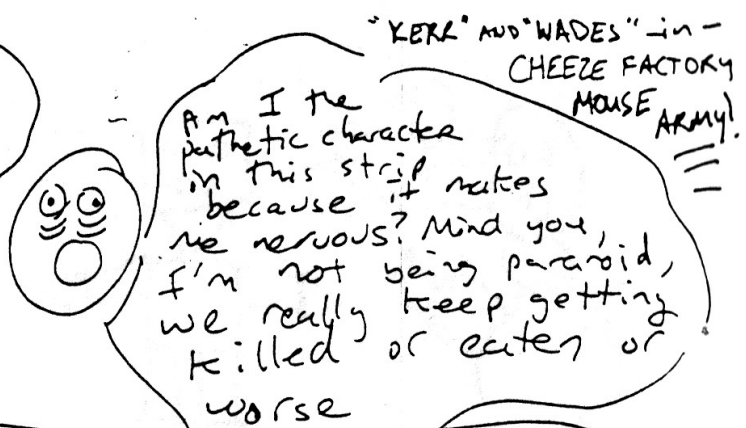
WORRIED MAN AND THE HAUNTED LOAVES F-EAT-UR-ING "KERR" AND "WADES"



3



4



THEY'RE COMING AFTER US!



5

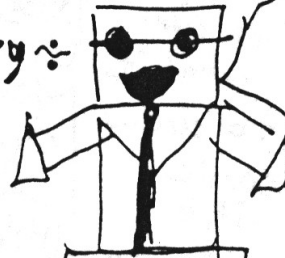
"Kerr" and "Wades" in

Wisconsin

Primary



As your next
President
I would
assure you
the speedy and
complete shutdown
of all cheese factories



My opponents
policies are
far too hasty
and short-sighted
Instead of closing
those factories
I would throw
big parties
there.

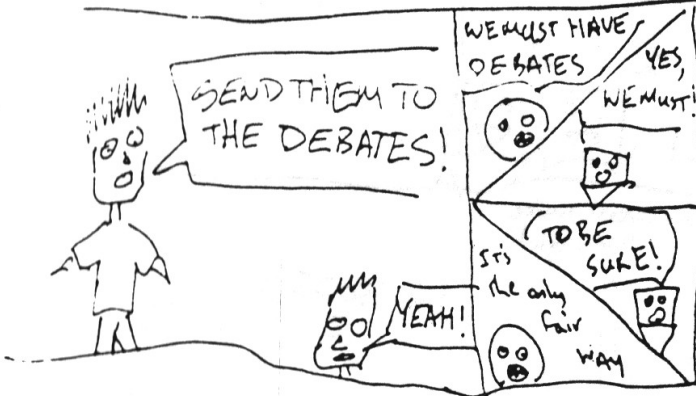


but we like
cheese

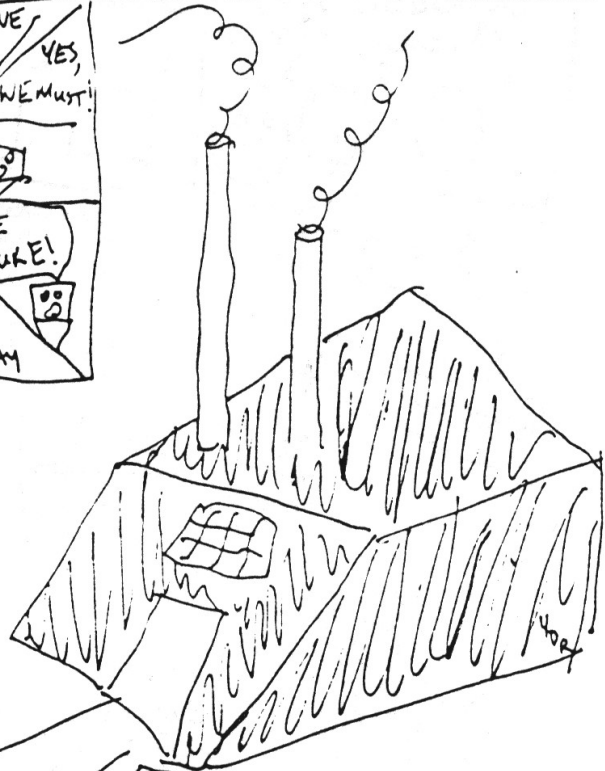
Unwashed
masses



we have parties!



THIS IS WHERE
THEY HAVE THE
DEBATES!??



CHEESE
FACTORY

FETA-TORIUM

6 "KERR" & "WADES" IN WACKY FUN

ACTIVITY PAGE

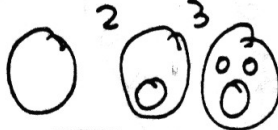
Hey kids ever wonder what it's like to draw a hit comic strip like "Kerr" & "Wades"?

were you scared that you couldn't draw well enough?

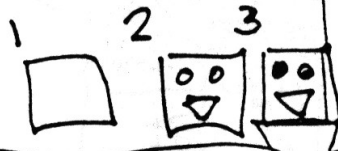
Relax... we're here to help.



To draw Kerr (or is it Wades?) just draw circles.



Wades is a little tougher... triangles and squares and circles.

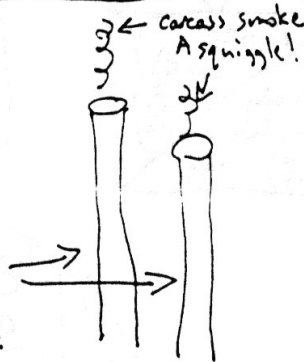


and the last character is just as simple...

Just two squiggle lines!

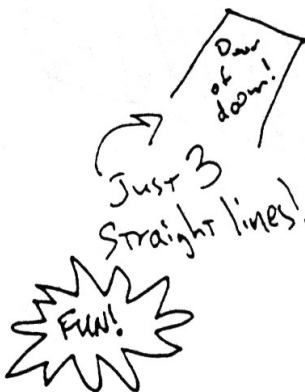
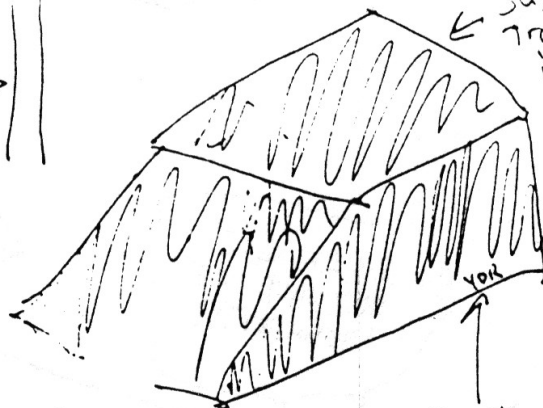
ROAD OF DEATH

Terror Towers, circles & lines!



THE "BODIES" BUILDING!

Just trace it!

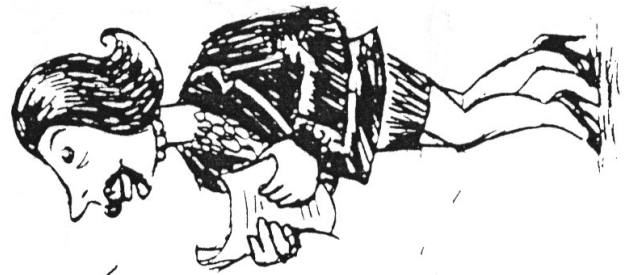


Just 3 straight lines!



Sign Your Name - NO VOWELS!

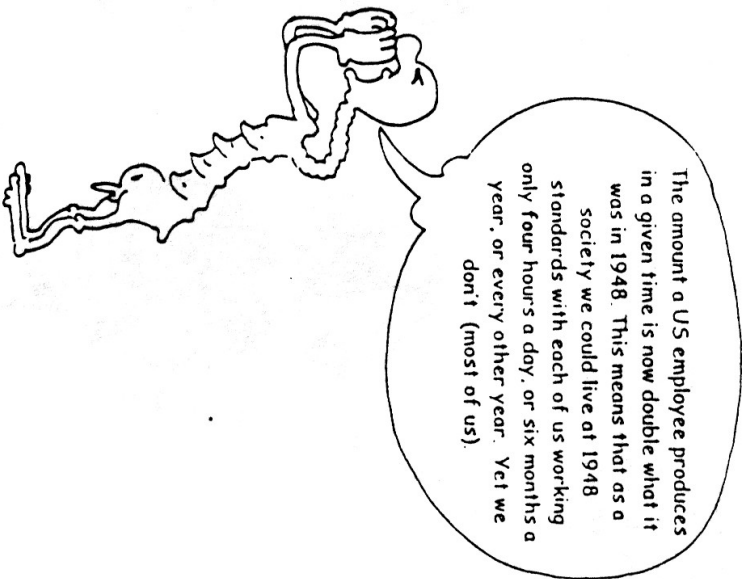
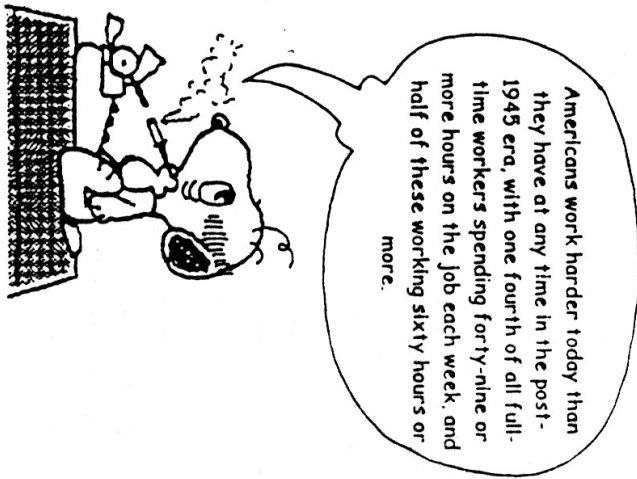
the only coherent cultural/political apparatus that has the sort of reach necessary to spread the news to those outside the underground networks is the corporate culture industry.

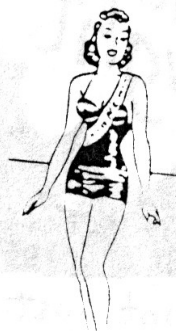


Bereft of other options, it's here that people turn. The result is that underground culture is sold as style. Stripped of their meaning, zines are an empty husk. A concept is marketed rather than a culture experienced.

Uh... Can I go home, now?







MAKE HER
DANCE!

Wow! KIDS!
You're very
own
thought-
BALLOON
DREAM
BABE!



The Thought

Deep in the heart of the Cosmos, near NGC-3324Q, The green room for waiting souls.

These are not just any souls, these are the greatest thinkers in the universe.

One "day", overwhelming gravitational forces bring them all together.



Together, they think the greatest thought ever think!

Eureka!

For one, Brilliant, Blinding moment...

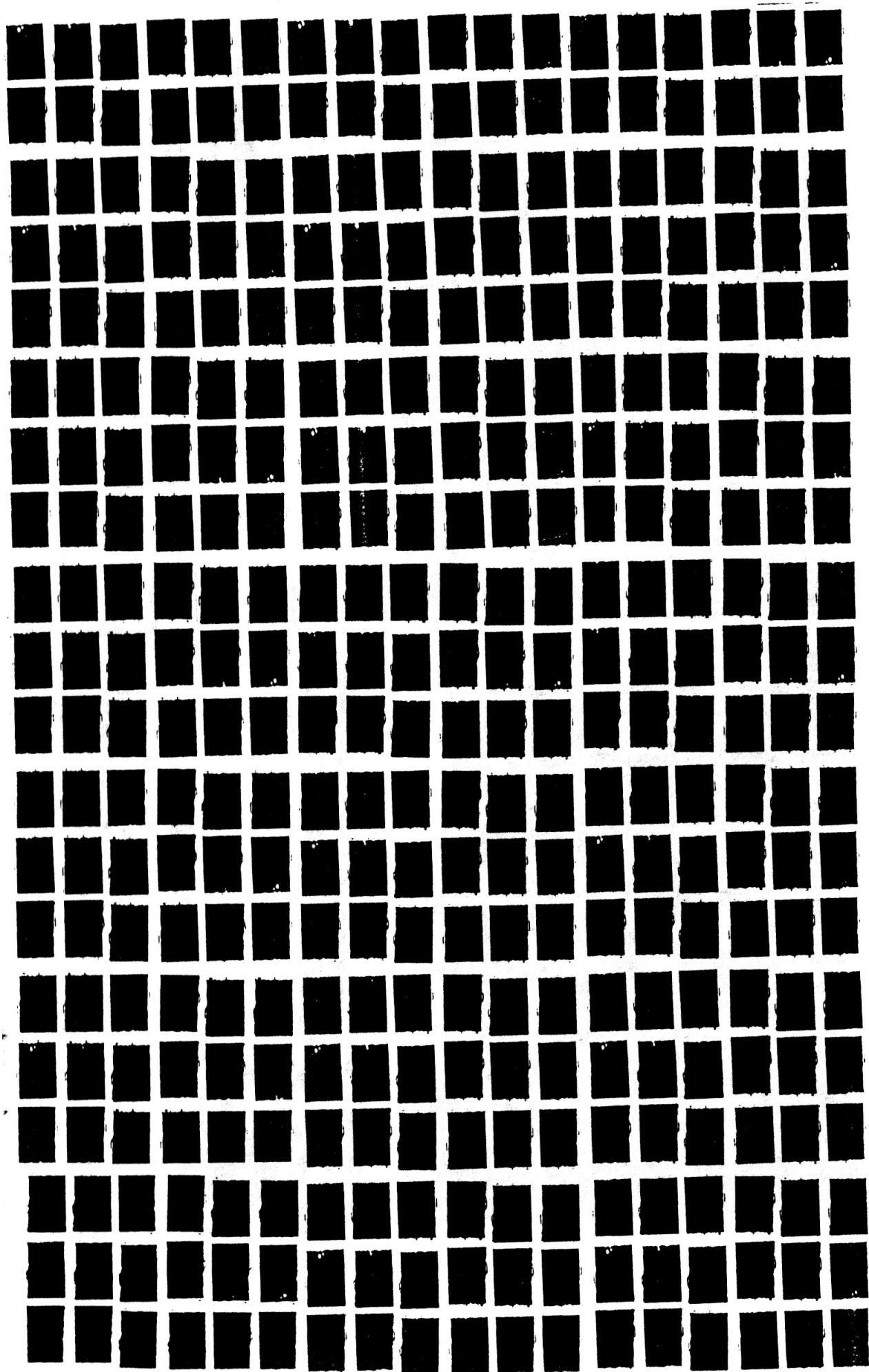


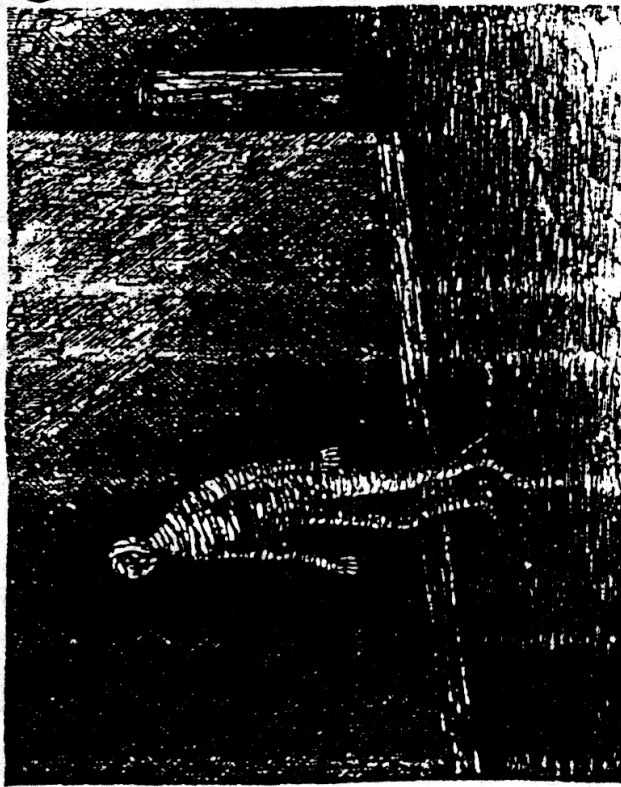
THE UNIVERSE WAS CHANGED FOREVER.

Story - albob

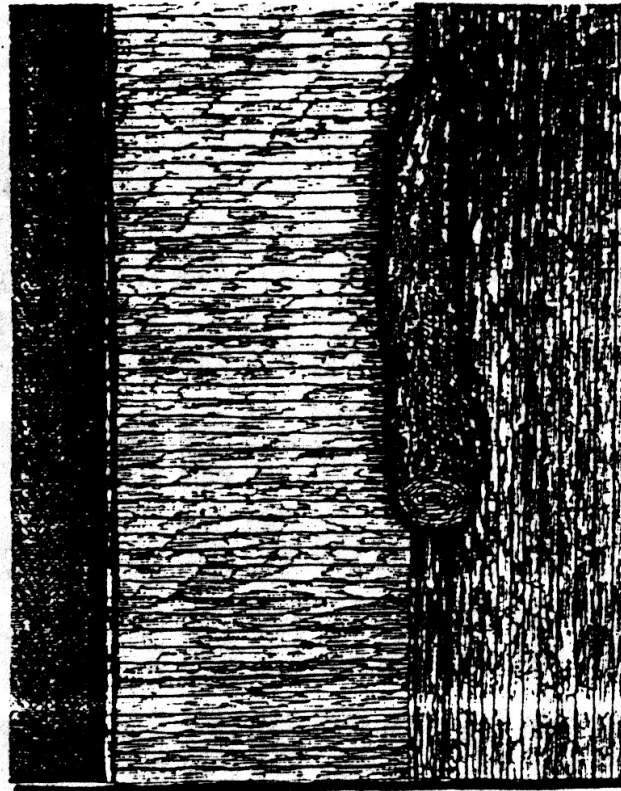
ART BY ALBOB & CONCH

Hinoz 2002





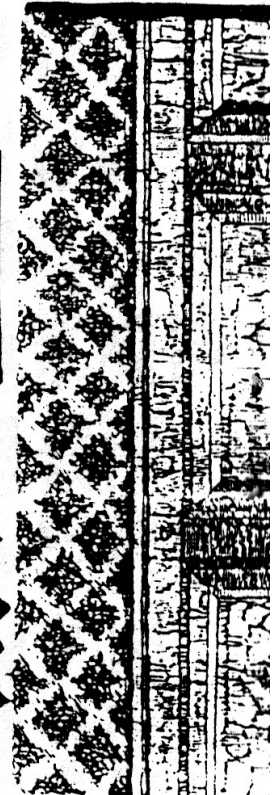
Ethnology, n. The science that treats of the various tribes of Man, as robbers, thieves, swindlers, dunces, lunatics, idiots and ethnologists.

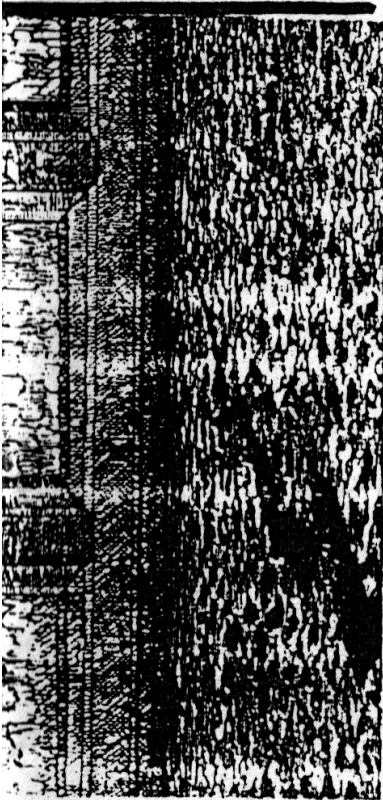


Tedium, n. Ennui, the state or condition of one that is bored. Many fanciful derivations of the word have been affirmed, but so high an authority as Father Jape says that it comes from a very obvious source—the first words of the ancient Latin hymn *Te Deum Laudamus*. In this apparently natural derivation there is something that saddens.

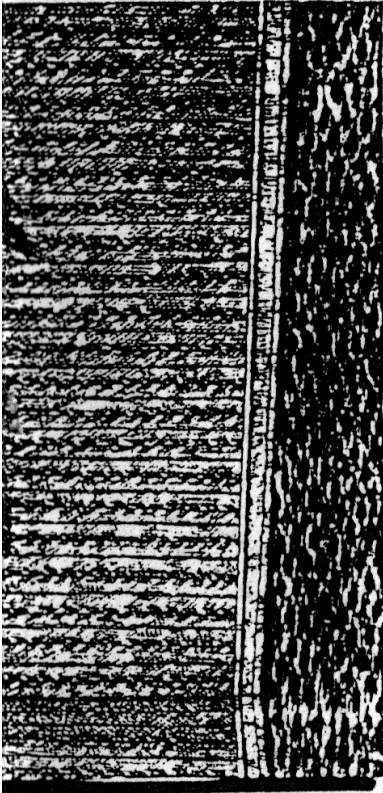
where does the Devil begin? In lack of action, passivity
or in motivation of self-motivation?

Does he creep into our lives as he races helplessly in slumber's
gauzy hammock?





Telephone, n. An invention of the devil which abrogates some of the advantages of making a disgraceful person keep his distance.



Laziness, n. Unwarranted repose of manner in a person of low degree.

are we lying like a dog,

being like a dog, lying every day from the evils we cause our fellow men and to ones who love us?

Or does he plant the first plant in the time in our minds, talk away and let us do the dirt? If by our sins, because we are made to sin?



I believe in none of the above.

But asking me questions.





Grady and Steve

From Trip To Oregon

Leaving San Francisco's ^{quality} bustling Spectacle-Fetish Dance, Steve & Grady hit the road and travel over 700 miles north to Shastan, OR.



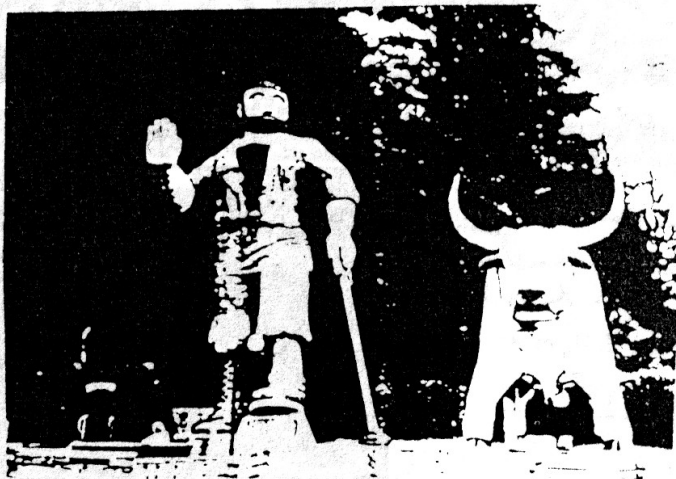
Grady checks the trees for California Wombats.



In Shastan, Oregon, Grady & Steve meet a young couple who are Fred's old friends from their class.

In the barren deserts, they see a mirage.





Brady & Steev meet
a big cow and some
out of work logger.

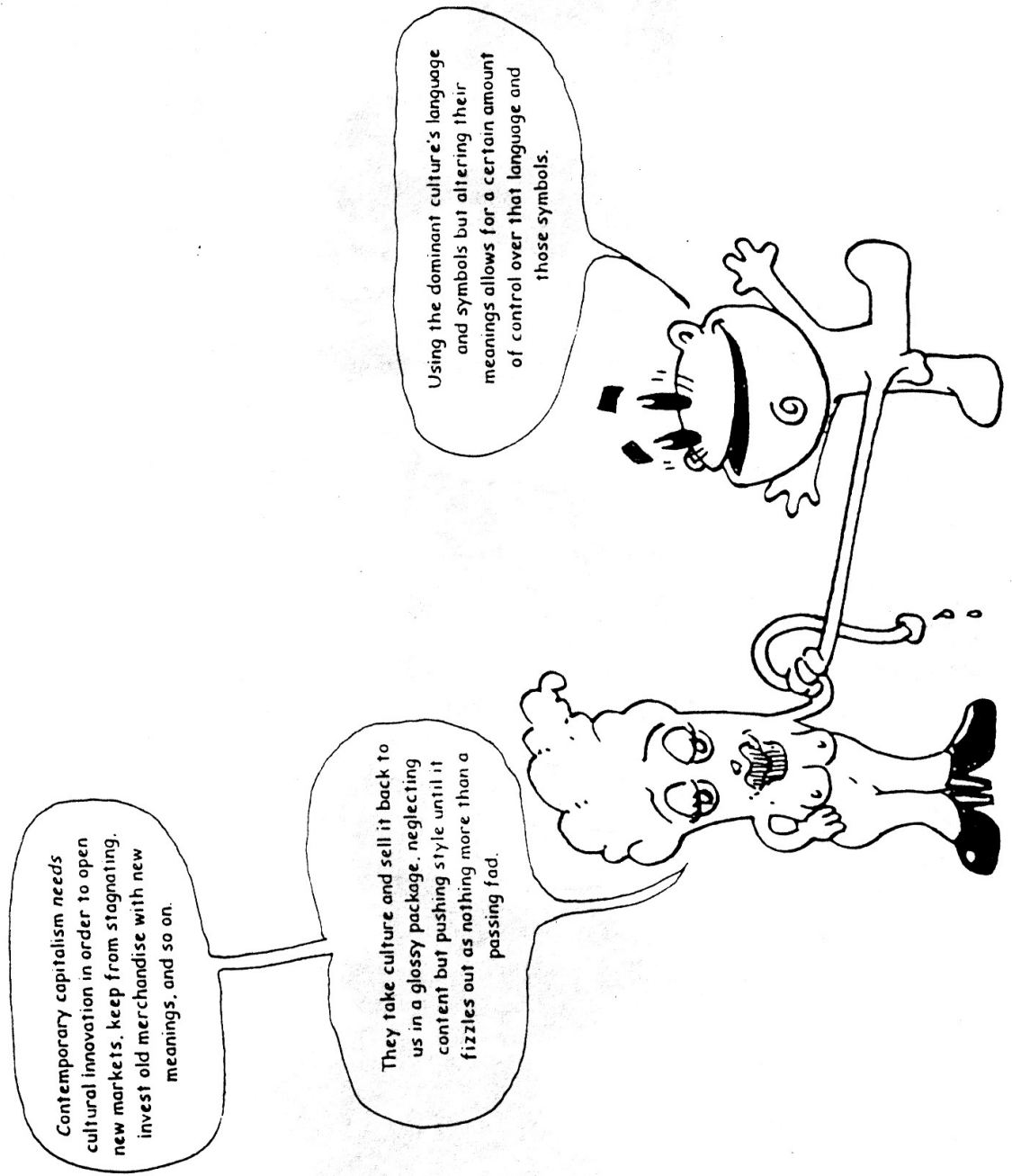
Only A
few more miles
to Pinko's,
mrs.

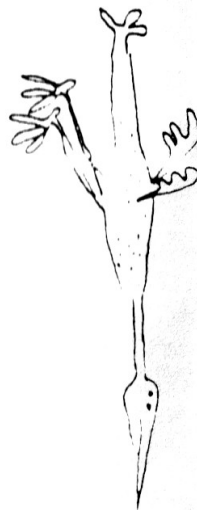


BRADY AND BABES BLUE ZACCT

chief sitting
indian guy →

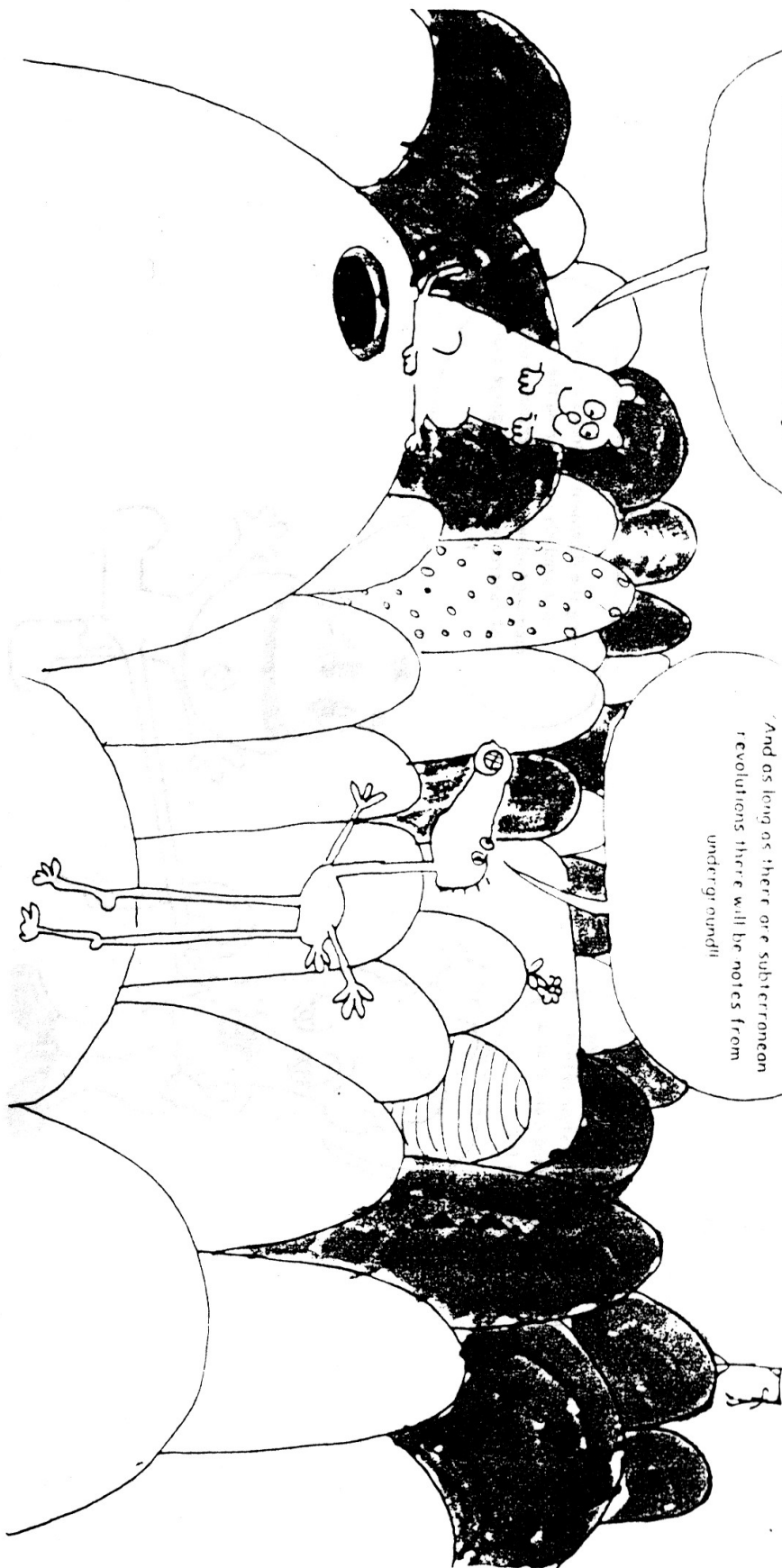






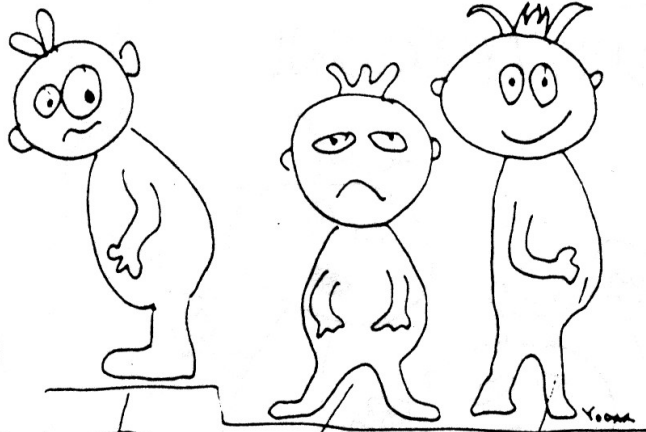
As long as there is the instrumentality
of the market there will be
communication based on love and rage

And as long as there are subterranean
revolutions there will be notes from
underground!!

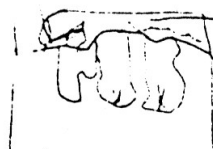
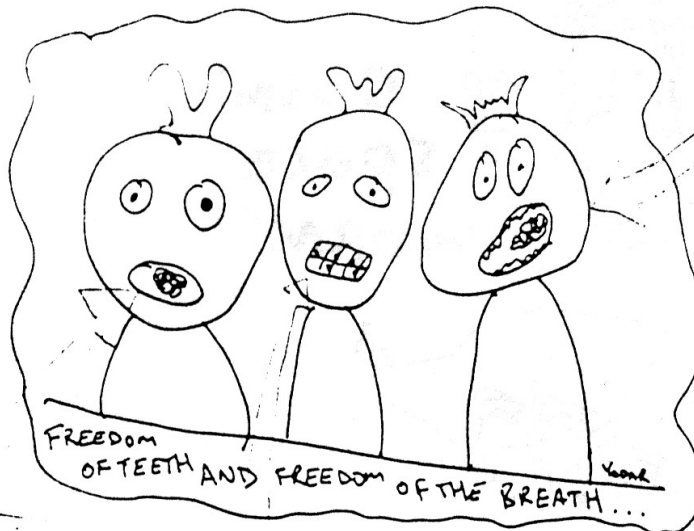


I.

WE HOLD THESE FOODS TO BE SELF EVIDENT...



II.



GINGIVITIS

III



PINKO'S PROUDLY SERVES

5¢ COSMIC
SPACE
WORMS!

Groogle!



DON'T PAY FOR YOUR LOSS OF PRIVACY!



So many people are AFRAID to PASS OVER A PHONE NUMBER, ADDRESS OR even their real name on the INTERNET. They don't think it's anyone's business what they read, see, or buy. They don't want these dotcom companies to sell or tell someone else what they're doing. So these DOTCOM companies got together and decided it would be good for BUSINESS if they all created a disclaimer of their PRIVACY policy to make the customer FEEL SAFE about doing business. Of course, if you just check the little box ☒ they promise not to share all that personal information to unscrupulous MARKETING companies.

The purpose of all this, of course, is to ensure you, the customer, that these companies REALLY DO CARE about you and your privacy. You shop the internet, looking for the best prices on all those big-ticket items. WHAT YOU DON'T REALIZE is that the cost of all those big items is dwarfed by what you spend weekly, month after month at your neighborhood SAFEWAY grocery store.

**The Card
That Keeps
on Saving.
Recording.**

Every week you go to your corner grocery store and THEY CHARGE you more than their competitors

through a double-tiered,
ARTIFICIALLY INFLATED pricing
Scheme designed to make it LOOK
like you're getting a big discount.
You'RE NOT, of course.

What you are doing
is participating in
a FORCED DISCRIMINATION
scheme.



IF you have a CARD,
you're actually PAYING SafewayTM
Corporation to learn all about
you. What you buy, how often you
shop, and whether you NEED
cat food because you've been buying
it once a month and you must
have forgotten. They record every
purchase, they know where you
live and how old you are.

LOSING
Start ~~Saving~~ Today!



If you DON'T
have a card, you're
being discriminated
against by the

EVIL corporation

because you have to pay
the ridiculously INFLATED
pricing forced on you because you
don't want Safeway to record
all of your buying habits in their
database.

EXAMPLE: $\frac{1}{2}$ gallon of milk, \$1.60
for non-members. ONLY \$1.40
for club card holders. You think
you save .20, but the same
milk is only \$1.25 at WINCO.
YOU LOSE .15

Shop and compare!
DON'T PAY SAFEWAY TO DATABASE
YOUR LIFE!

Support the new "alternative"
tickets "only" \$200.00

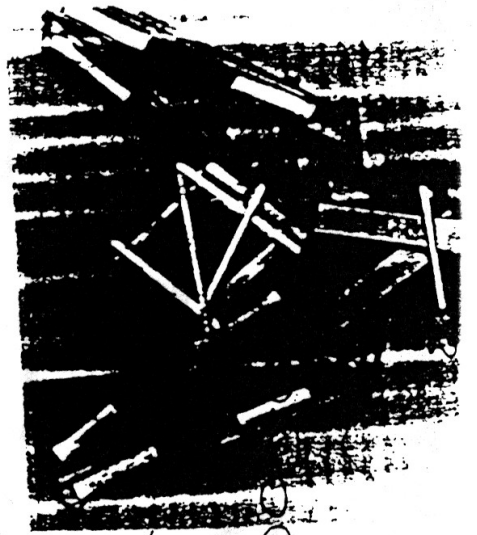
More disturbing was that zines and
underground culture didn't seem to be
any sort of threat to this above-
ground world. Quite the opposite:
"alternative" culture was being
celebrated in the mainstream media
and used to create new styles and
profits for the commercial culture
industry.

No longer is there a staid bourgeoisie
to confront with avant-garde art or a
square America to shock with
countercultural values; instead there
is a sophisticated marketing machine
which gobbles up anything novel and
recreates it as product for a niche
market.

like

Burning Man

?



Letter from •the CeoVp of Marketing•
of the Eastern

Seafront
Division that
Handles all
incoming
and outgoing
shipments:

Please
Do Not
Touch
the
Ominous
Light

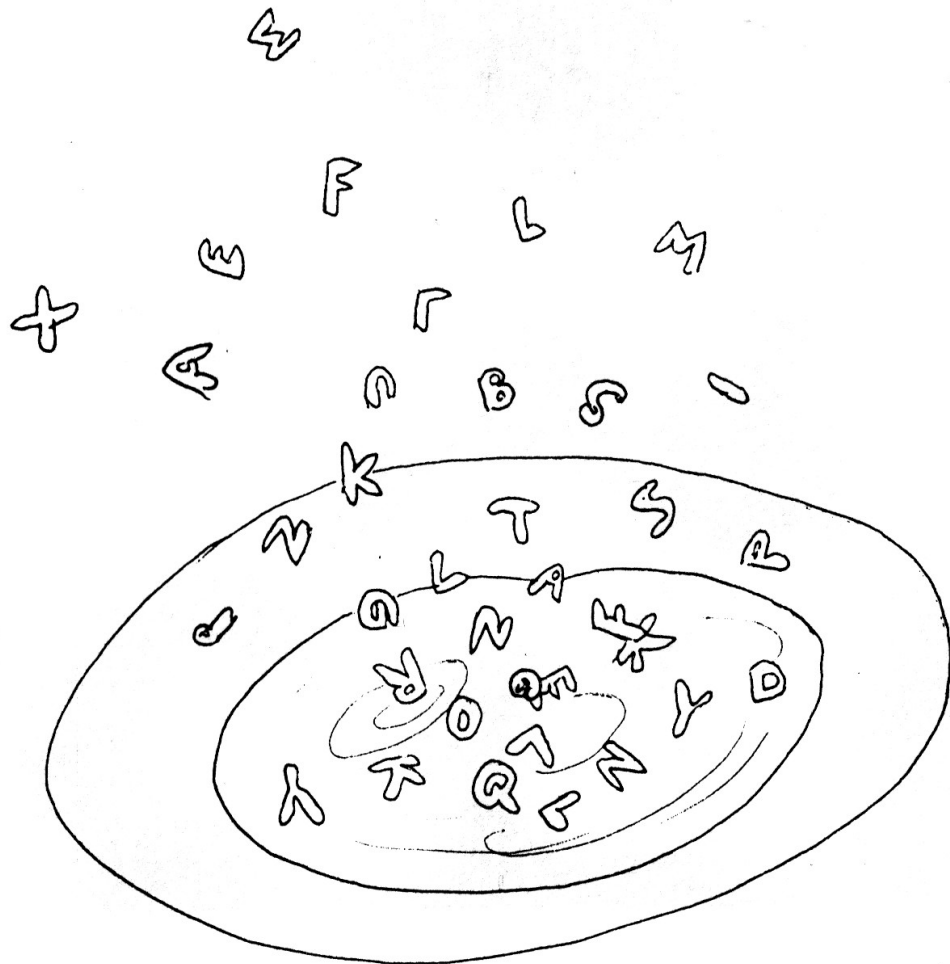
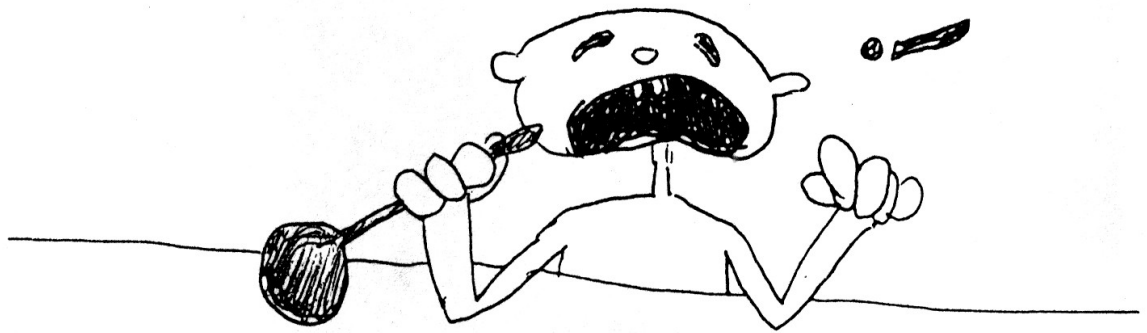
And
~~remember~~
remember
to wash
hands
twice
before
returning
to work



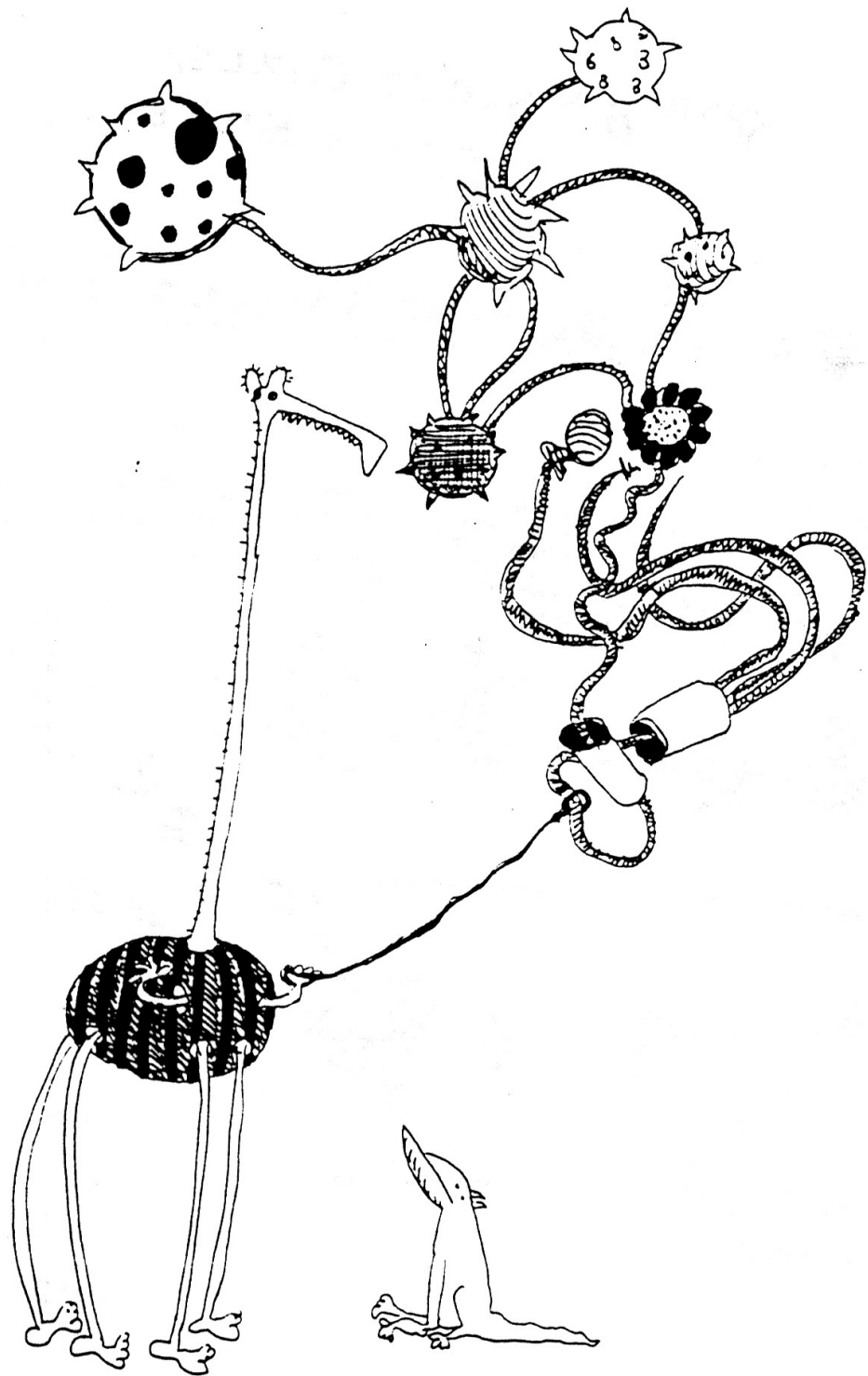
THANK
YOU!

but please...

NO SOUP!







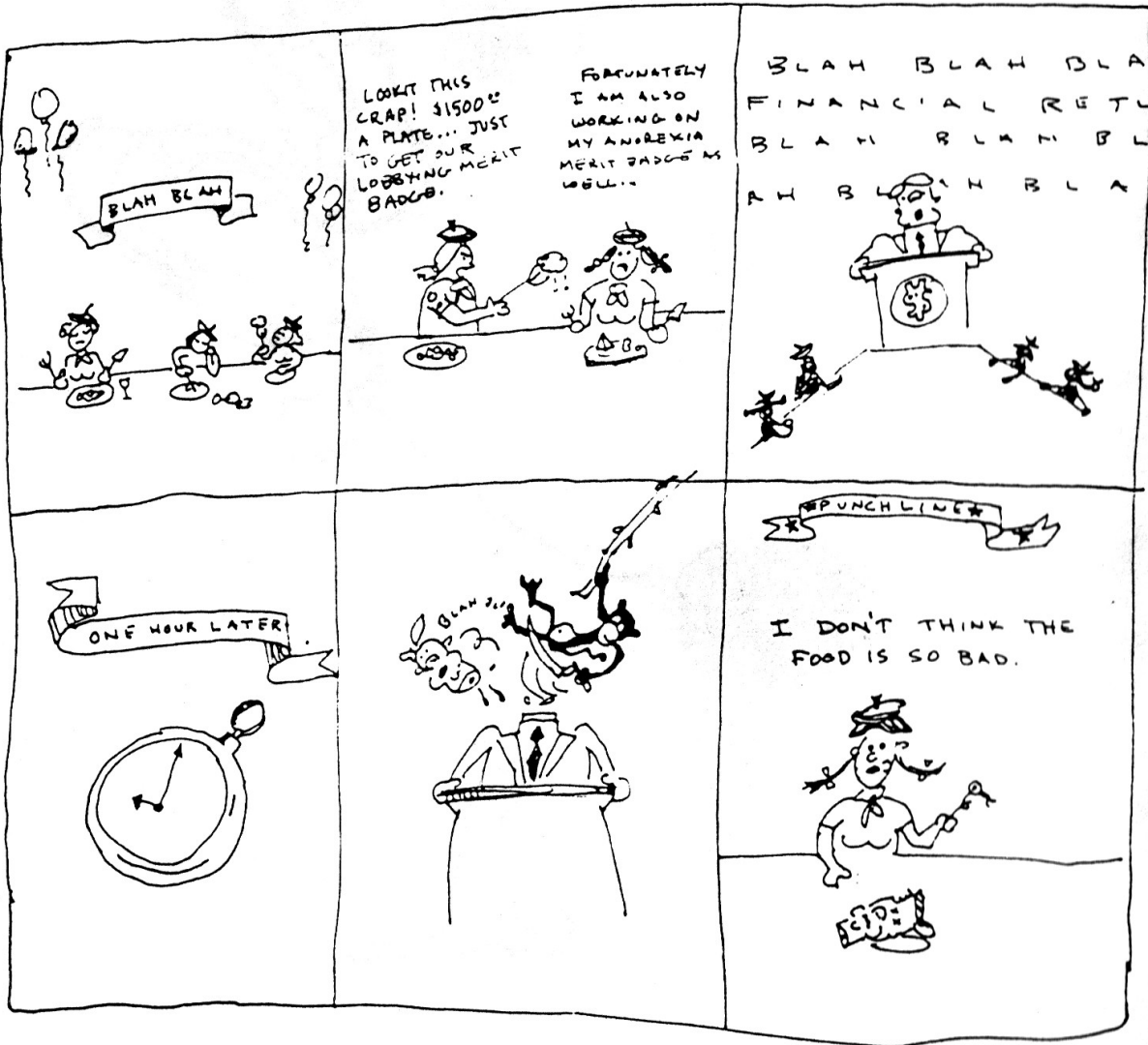
THE BOY SCOUT GIRLS

AND SPECIAL GUEST STAR

WIN

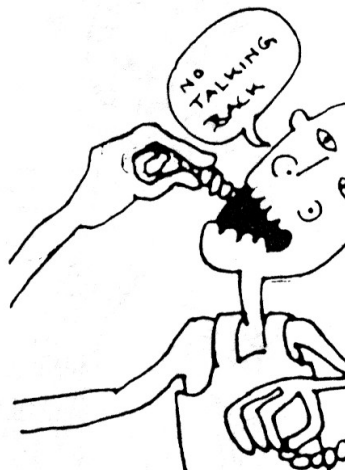
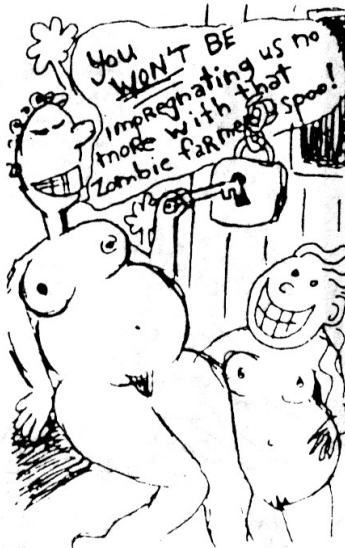
ELECTION
☆ 2000 ☆

FUND-RAISING DINNER

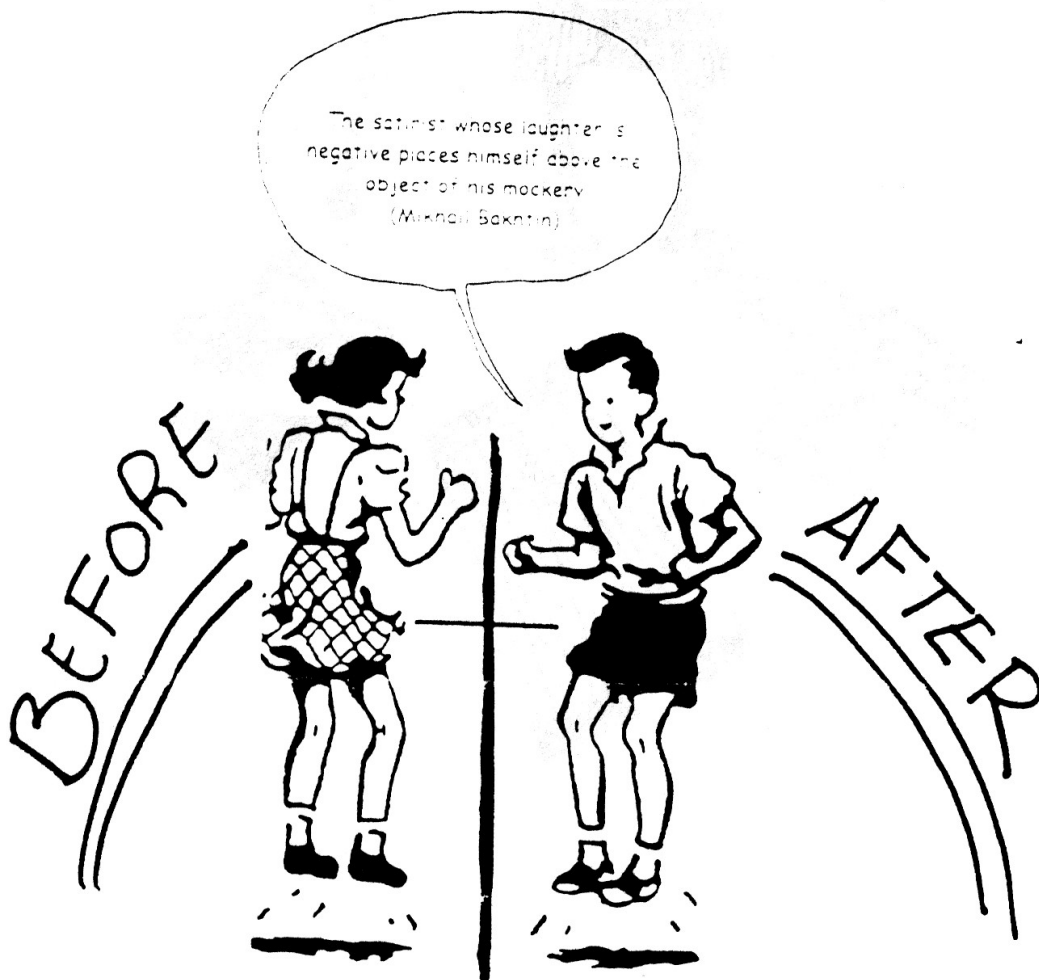


ZOMBIE FARMER

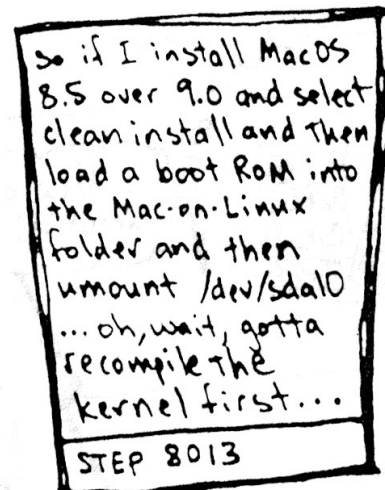
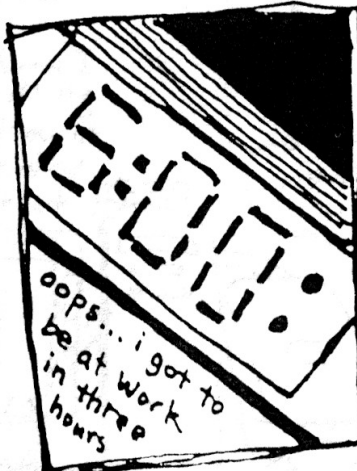
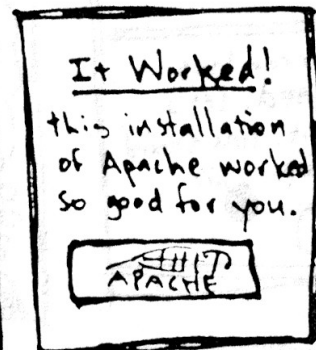
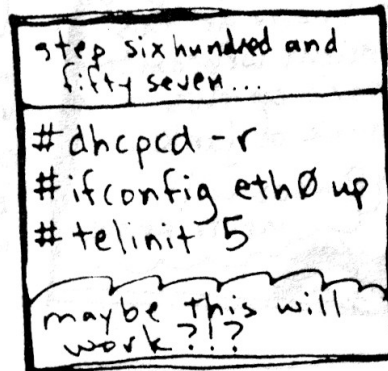
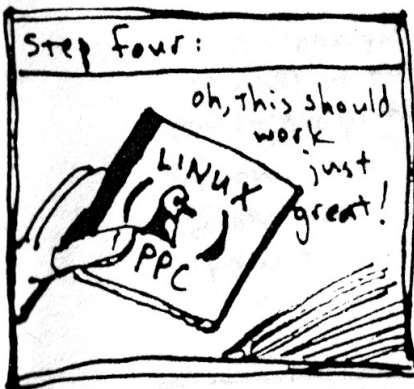
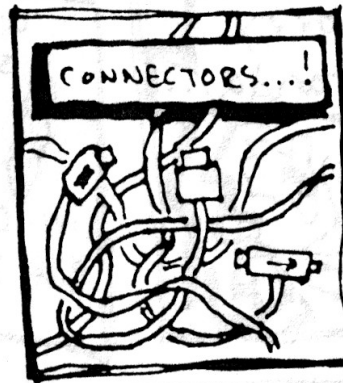
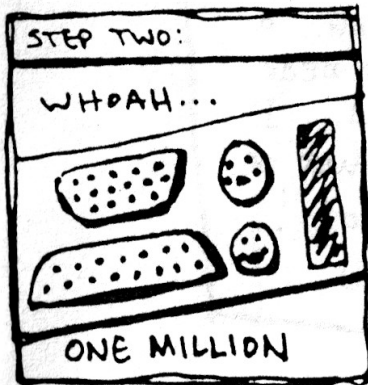
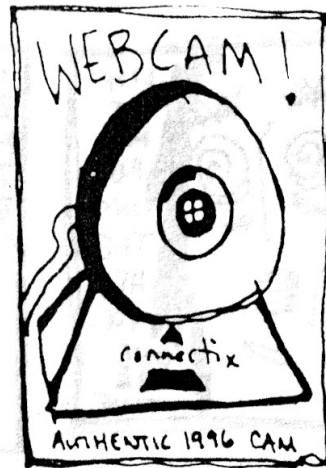
LEARN'S A LESSON ABOUT LOVE.



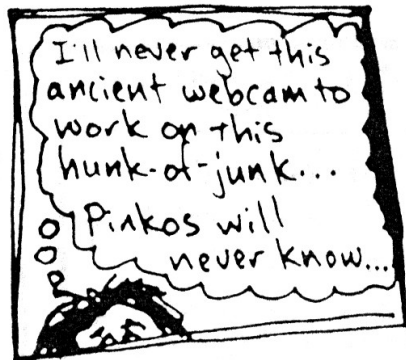
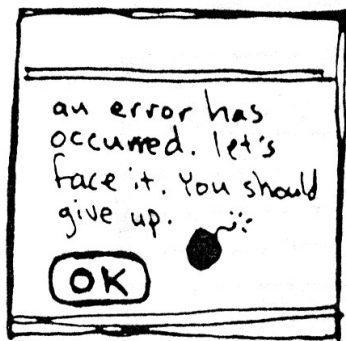




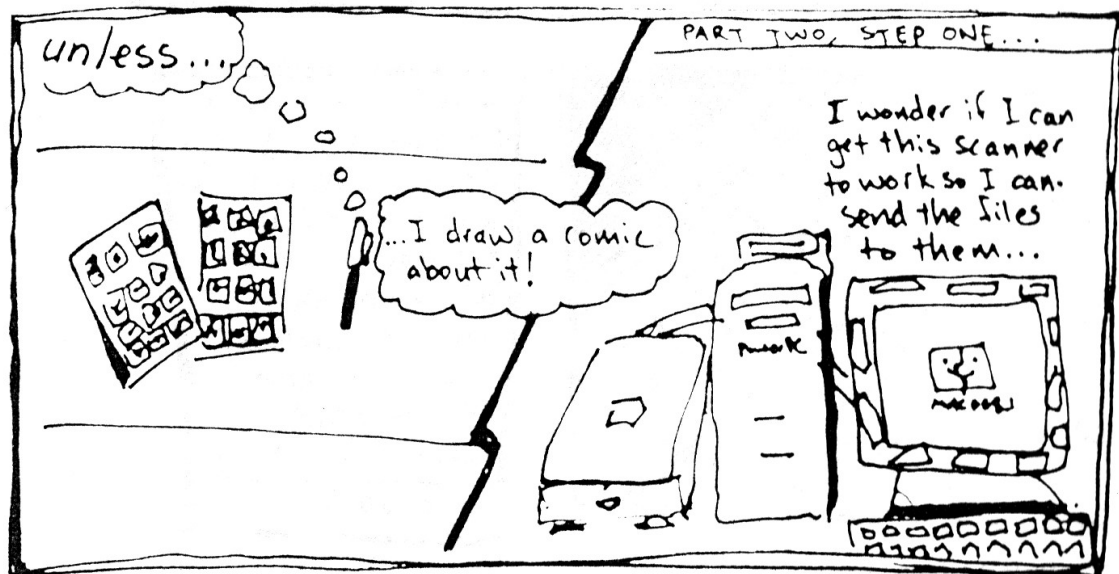




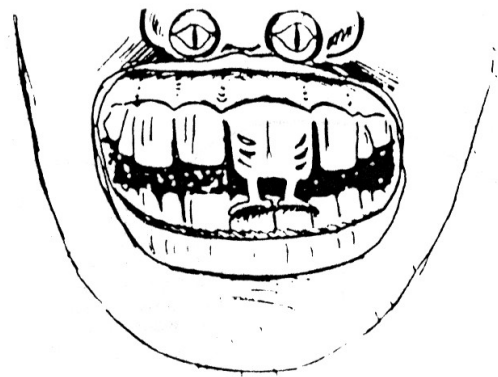
CHRIS, WHO OWNS ONE BOOK ON LINUX, SAYS HELLO!



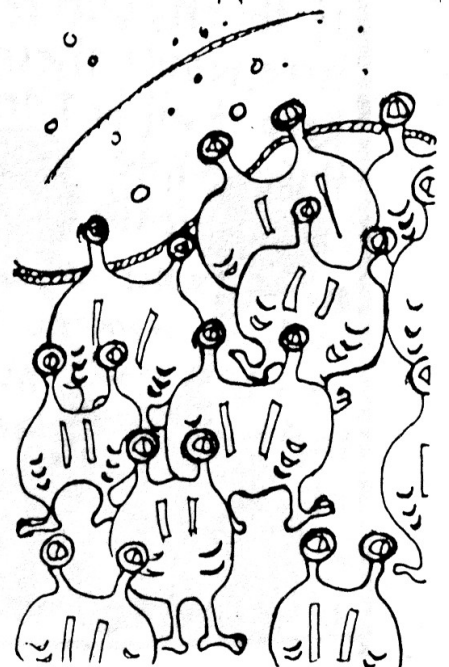
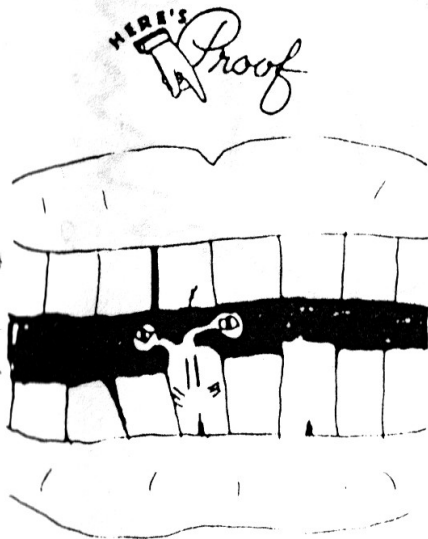
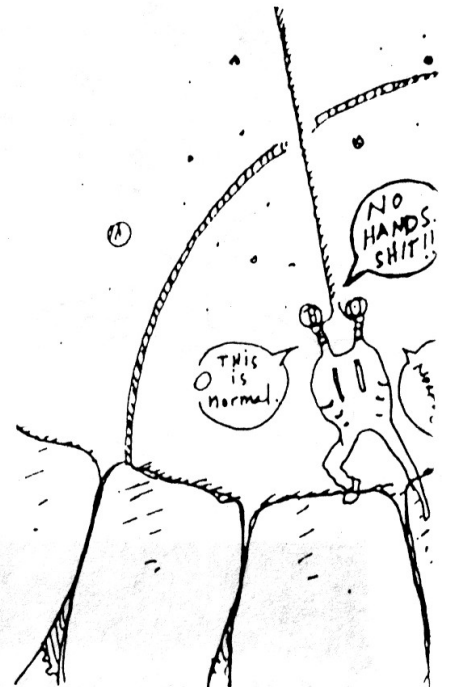
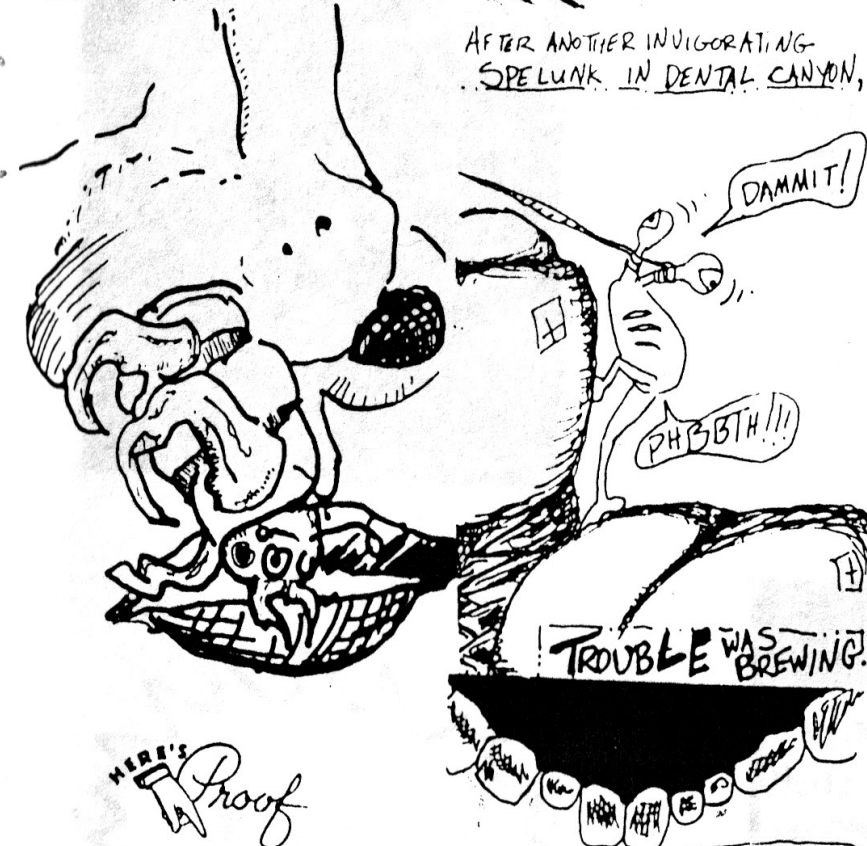
↑ explanation.
went to Ohio to
visit grandparents
on farm. brought
back soy beans.
not sure why.
-chris



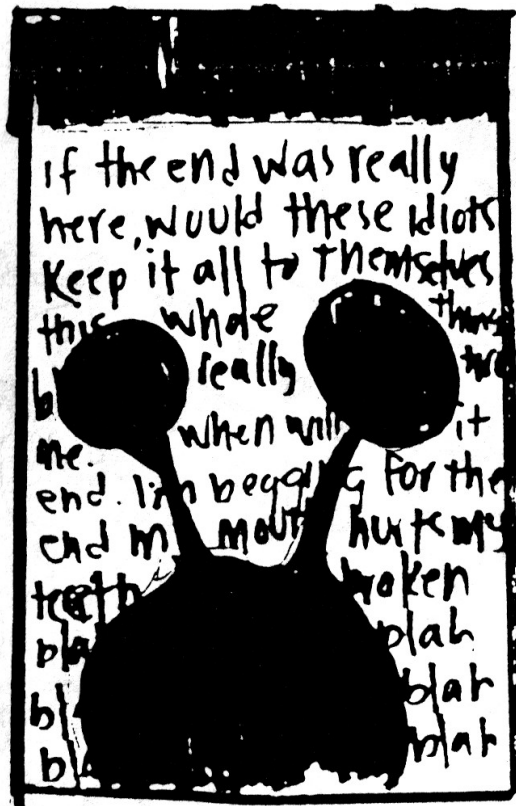
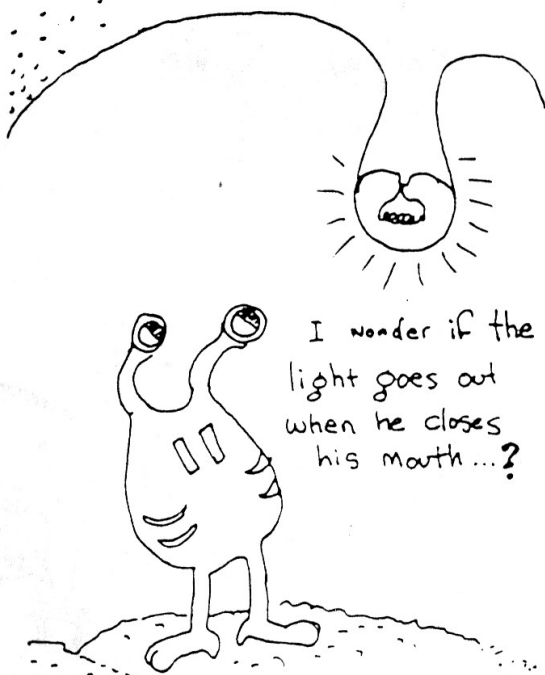
CHRIS WHO CANT REALLY DRAW SAYS HELLO FROM PINKOS ANN ARBOR!

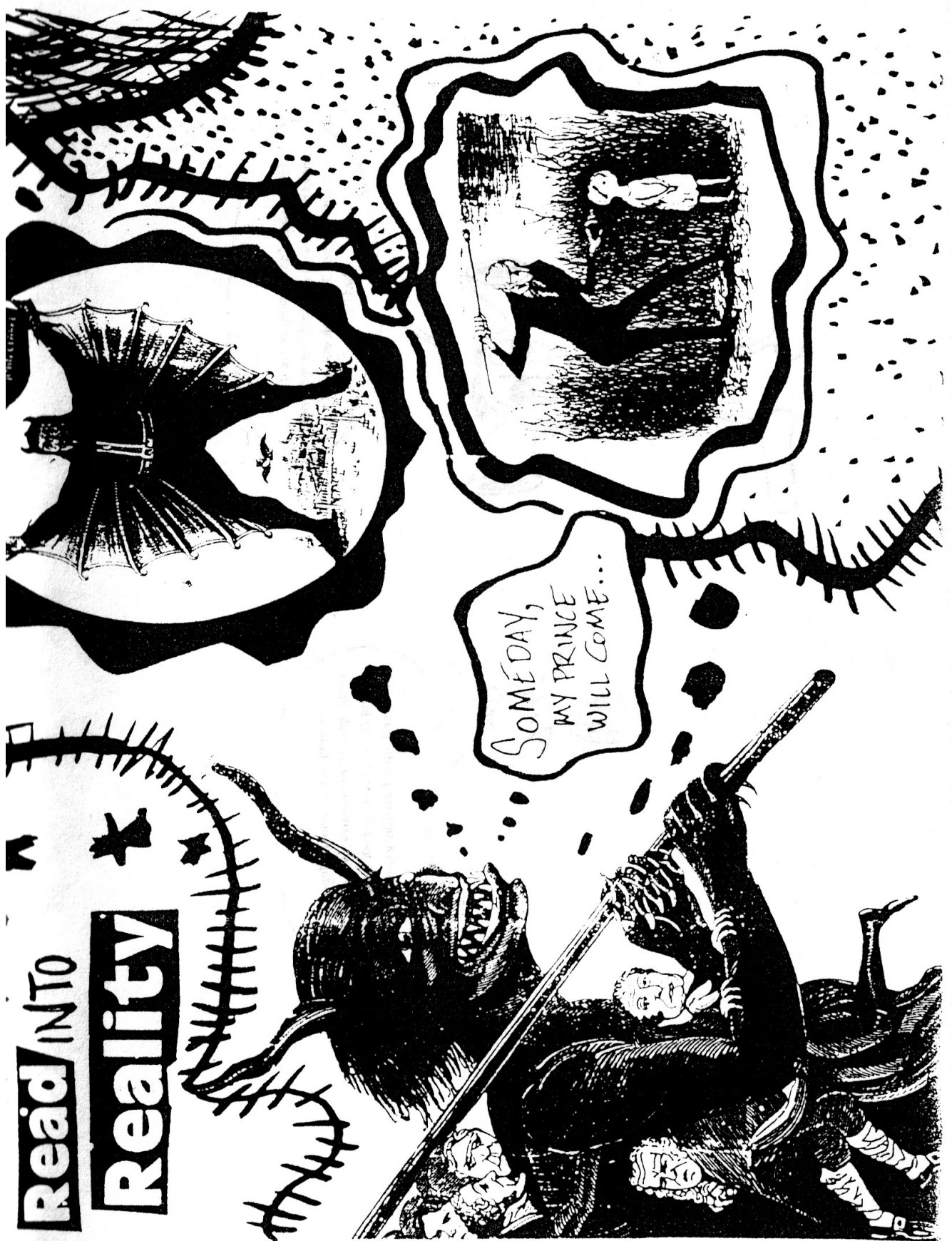


AFTER ANOTHER INVIGORATING
SPELUNK IN DENTAL CANYON,

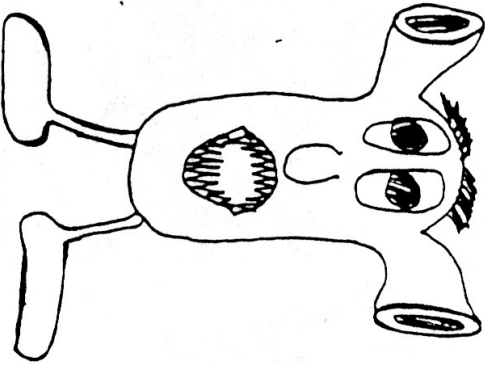


CONTINUED? →

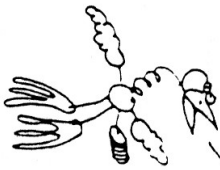




In order for "something to be done",
underground culture, and the message
it carries, has to break out of its
ghetto.



Following the ultimate illogic of
underground originality, the price of
being truly cool is to risk talking to
yourself about absolutely nothing.



MAKE YOUR OWN COMIC!

use this handy script, and the
characters on the back *eee*

One day Voytek and his friend the amiable Wunderkind were strolling along through interstellar space.

The weather was fair.

There wasn't much to do. Voytek had just lost his job at the colon assembly plant.

VOYTEK: I put one in backwards.

WUNDERKIND: What happened?

VOYTEK: The croblian ambassador threw up on the emissary from Onegbiot Five. There was a war. Some planets got blown up.

WUNDERKIND: bummer.

VOYTEK: Ah, it was a shitty job anyway.

Then a spaceship drove up and landed right in front of them. It honked rudely.

VOYTEK: asshole!

It was Randy Reindeer.

RANDY: hi guys!

WUNDERKIND: Oh God.

RANDY: Randy, you almost ran over us.

RANDY: Hey guys! How's it going? Well, see! Check out my new ride!

VOYTEK: How'd you pay for that?

WUNDERKIND: you don't even have a job!

RANDY: I got my hoof blown off when the croblian ambassador's colon exploded!

RANDY: haw haw haw! HEY! HEY! HEY!

RANDY: The croblian government paid me seven thousand megabunchholes to keep quiet about it.

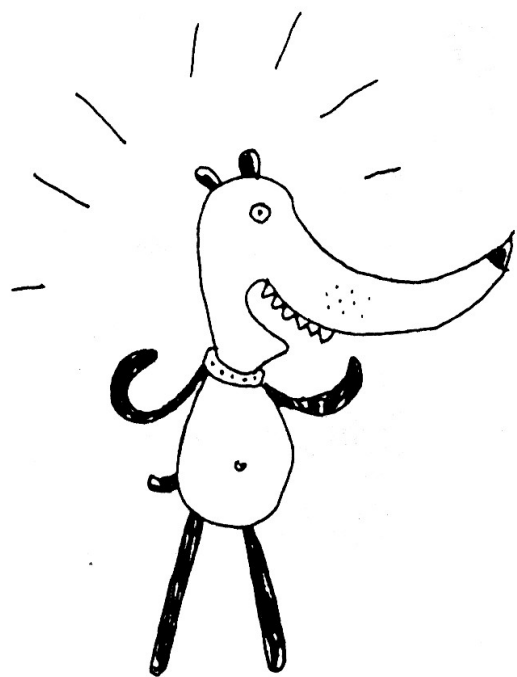
RANDY: Haw haw haw!

RANDY: I also got this neat T-shirt:

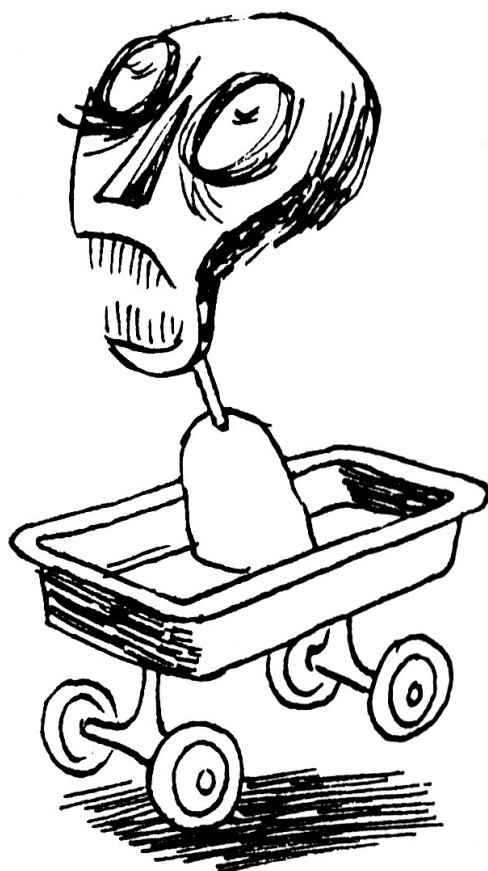
(T-shirt reads) I LOST A HOOF WHEN THE EMBASSADOR'S COLON EXPLODED AND I GOT NOT ONLY SEVENTHOUSAND MEGABUNCHHOLES BUT ALSO THIS LOUZY T-SHIRT!

RANDY: And check out the back!

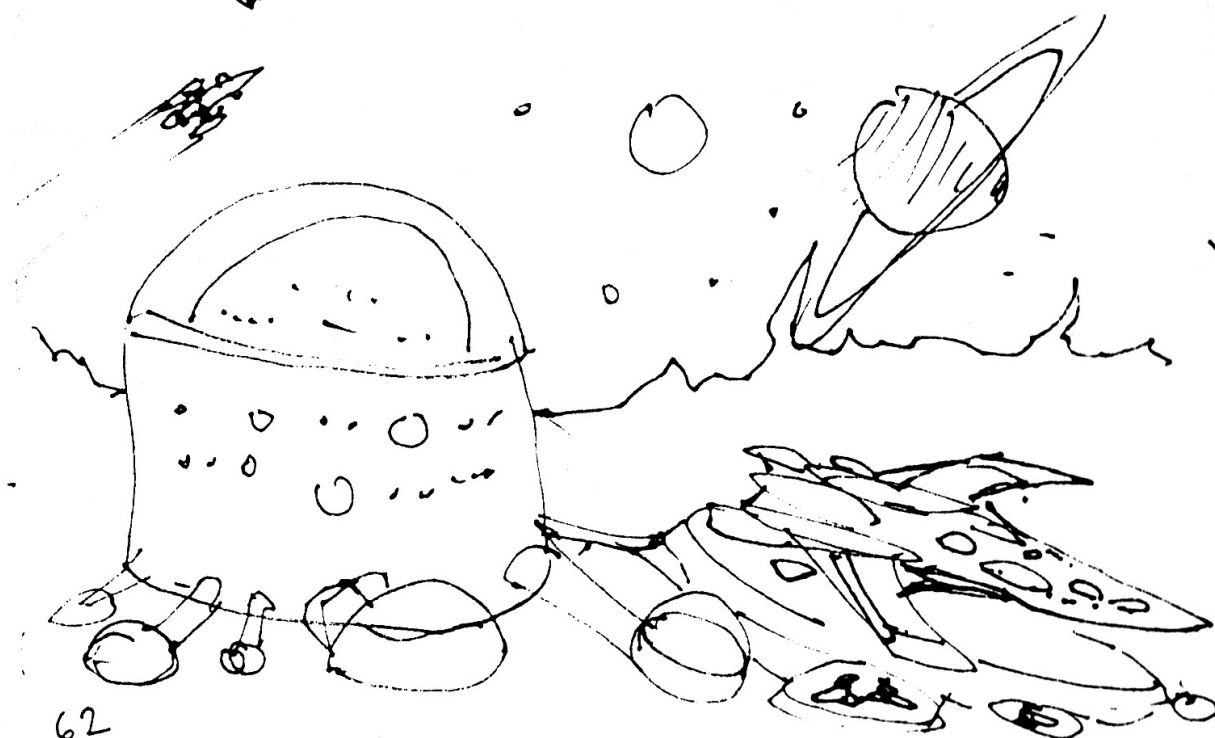
(Back of t-shirt reads:) I'M WITH STUPID!



VOYTEK



↓ THEIR HOME LAND! ↓



demons demons demons
damn damn damn
demon break my
balls balled out break
up break break
dreams and dream never
demon demon demon
detrimen to de **pinko's**

2000 etc

pinko's



Sally -

get over here quick.

She's about to take
her top off.

-Bob

messenger. The only people who see it are the people you're talking to.



pinko'sTM

coffee copy center

comic collaborative • CABBAGE



October 9, 2000