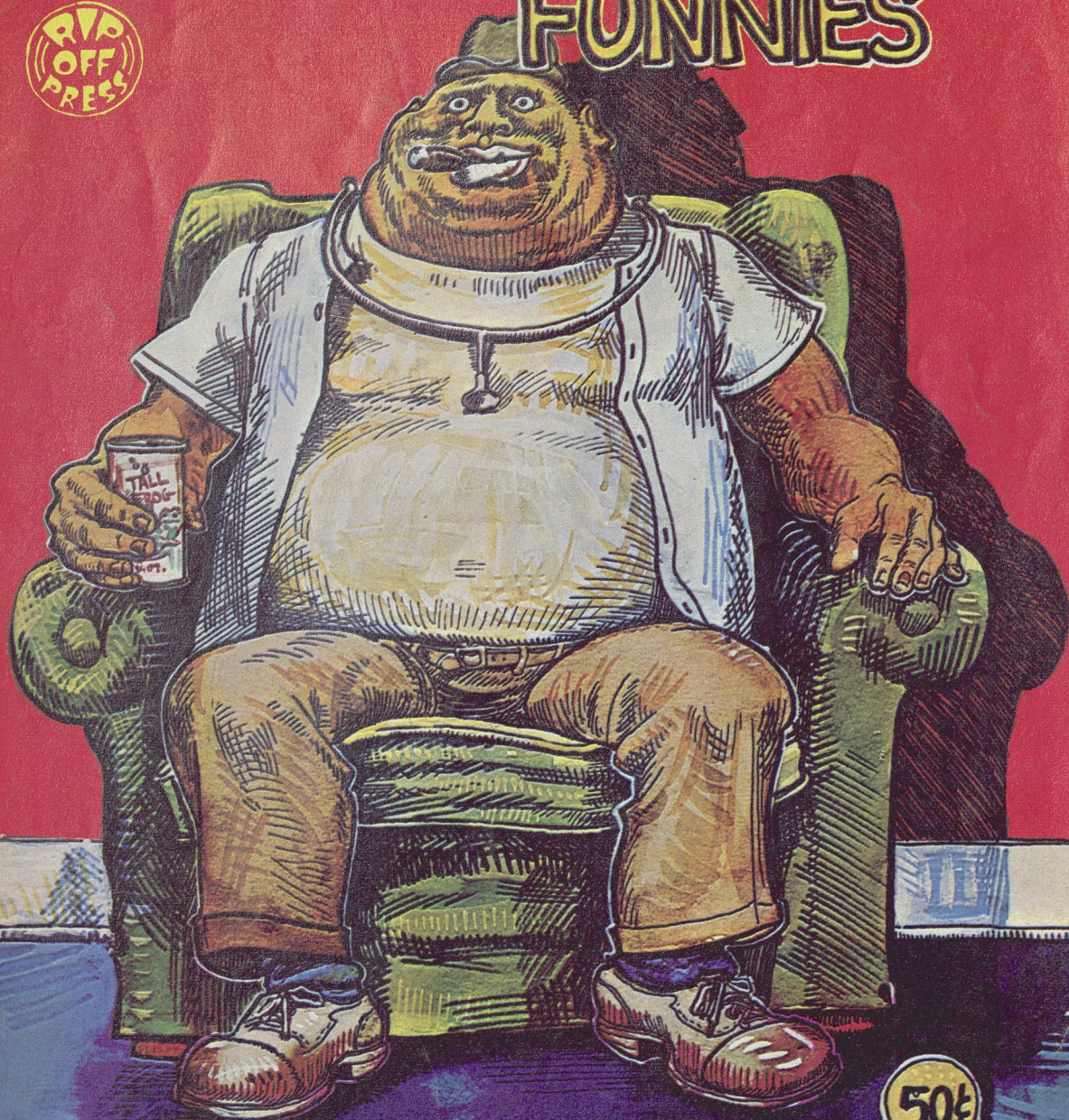


FEEL GOOD FUNNIES



Foolbert
Sturgeon

50¢

AFTER PROHIBITION ???

EXPLOITATION MIGHT BE JUST A TOKE AWAY FROM LEGALIZATION.

THEY'LL FERTILIZE

AND SUBSIDIZE IT...

WELL GENTLEMEN, IT SEEMS IT, IT, RETAINS THE HASH CONTRACT.

THEN PACKAGE

EASY - FOUR STEP KICK IN THEN TEAR OUT

MARY JANE'S MEAN WEEDIES PRE-SEEDED

PRIMO FREE FREAK BROTHERS RING

MARIJUANA, HYDROLYZED CEREAL, SALT, VEGETABLE GUM, ABSORBENT, ARTIFICIAL COLOR, BUT, OCB, TMC, ETC. (ADDED TO PRE-SERVE FRESH FLAVOR)

AND MANAGE IT...

ONLY THE "DOPE OF THE MONTH" CLUB OFFERS YOU THIS FREE DECANTER WITH EVERY 10 LIDS.

OBVIOUSLY ADVERTISE AND

HOPE DOPE

ELOPE WITH ACME DOPE

SCOPE OUT OUR DOPE

INDUSTRIALIZE IT...

ANALYZE

CAUTERIZE

SYNTHESIZE

HOMOGENIZE

PAUSTERIZE

MOST LIKELY TRUCK IT...

AND THEN ALL WE'LL HAVE TO SAY IS FUCK IT.

MAYBE IT WAS BETTER WHEN WE WOULDN'T, SHOULDN'T, AND COULDN'T

GET A T-SHIRT

ONLY 3.95 INCLUDES POSTAGE AND HANDLING (CALIF. RESIDENTS ADD 22% SALES TAX)

NOW WRAPPED IN PLASTIC AND INCLUDES FREE POSTER!

RIP OFF PRESS BOX 14158 SAN FRANCISCO CALIFORNIA 94114

FROM THE PHILBERT DESANEX MEMORIAL T-SHIRT WORKS

FUCK	FREAK BROS	WINO PERVERT	JESUS	COCAINE	MR. TOAD	TRASHMAN
PAT THE CAT	FAT FREDDY'S CAT	DIRTY DUCK	WOMEN'S LIB	WONDER WARTHOG	DEALER MFDOPÉ	F.T.A.

ANOTHER SERVICE OF THE RIP-OFF PUBLISHING EMPIRE

The CASEBOOK OF DOCTOR FEELGOOD

"The TV Freak"

HEY, DR. FEELGOOD!

WELL, IF IT AIN'T DORMAN GRAMMIT, DE PARANOID COLLEGE ENGLISH TEACHER WHO I CONSIDERIN' DROPPIN AS A PATIENT... WHA'S WRONG WITCHA NOW, MO OF YA NUTTY DREAMS?

OH, NO, I HAVE THE DREAMS WELL UNDER CONTROL NOW.

MY FANTASIES ARE RESOLVED! I'M FIRMLY ENTRENCHED IN REALITY!

WELL, GREAT, MAN!

NOW, LIKE OTHER AMERICANS, I DO MY JOB WITH COLD PROFICIENCY, WITHOUT GREEN-ASS, UNDIGNIFIED ENTHUSIASM, GRATEFUL THAT I AM EMPLOYED IN THESE LEAN BUT PROSPEROUS TIMES.

SOUND LIKE YOU DON'T NEED ME NO MO

I BRUSH MY TEETH REGULARLY AND GET MY CAR WASHED AND GREASED ACCORDING TO THE WARRANTY. I SUBSCRIBE TO 17 MAGAZINES AND THREE NEWSPAPERS. I'M GOING TO BUY A COMB ON MY WAY HOME...

I GONNA MISS YO TWENNY-EIGHT DOLLAR A WEEK.

MY CHECK BOOK'S IN ORDER, MY LAWN MOWER FULL OF GAS, SEARS BILL PAID UP, CALLED MY PARENTS LAST WEEK, GOT MY FLUSHOTS, CITY TAXES PAID AND I THREW MY HOROSCOPE AWAY

WHUT ABOUT...

NO DOPE, JERKOFF ONCE A DAY ONLY. INSTEAD OF FINGERNAIL BITING I EAT GUM DROPS, I CONTROL MY MORBID FIXATIONS BY CONCENTRATING ON OTHER THINGS...

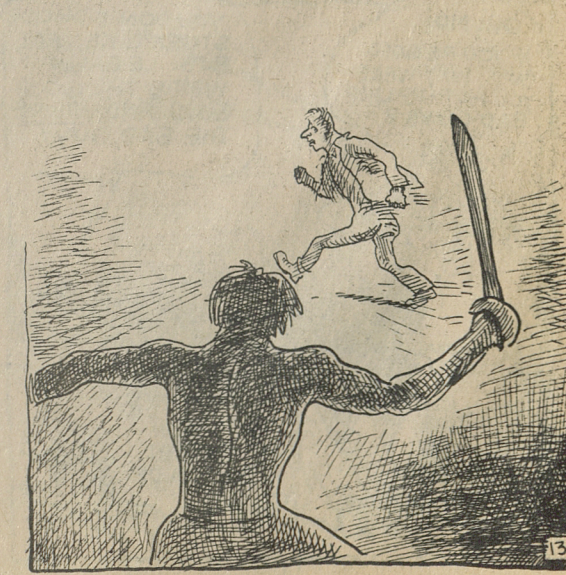
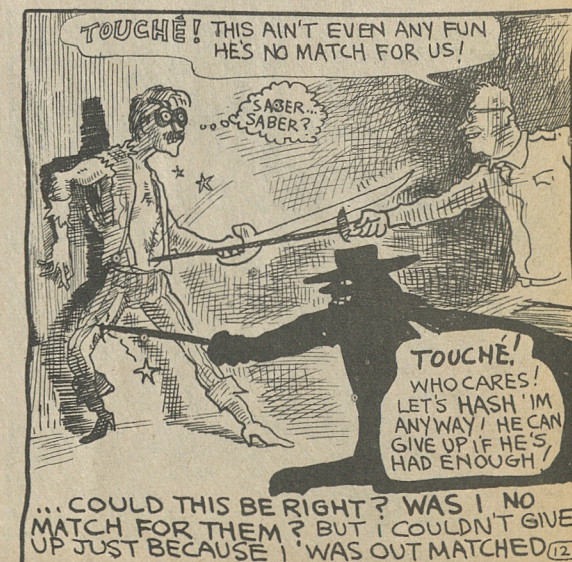
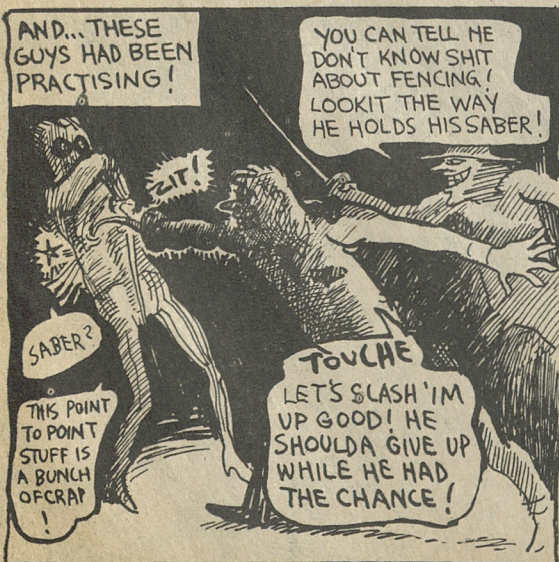
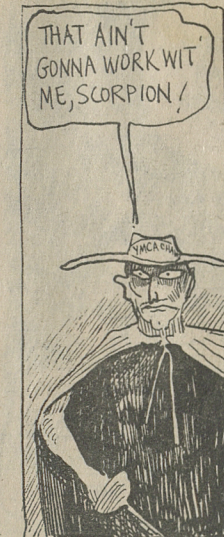
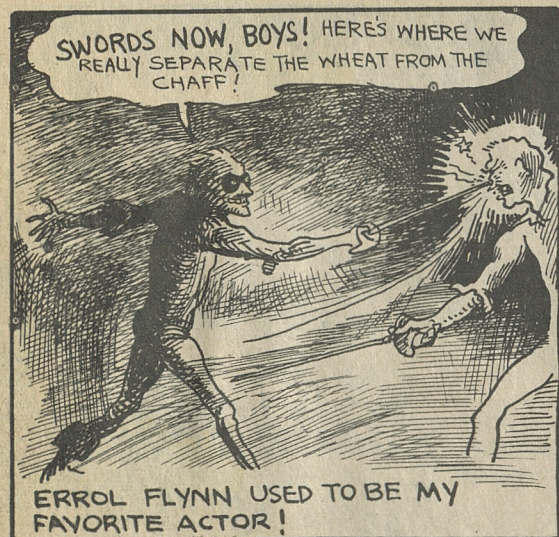
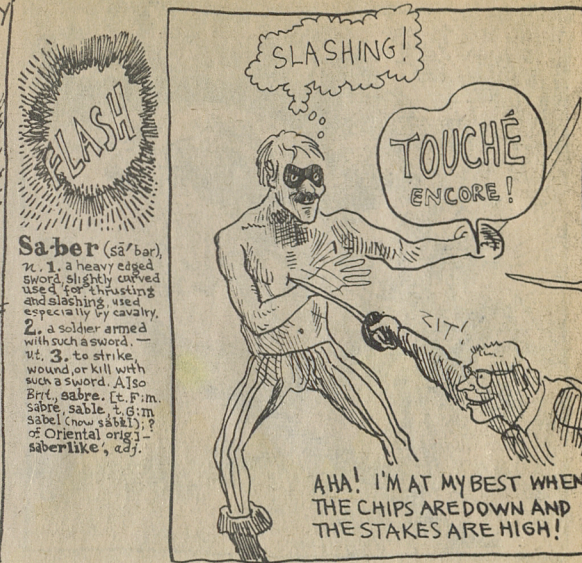
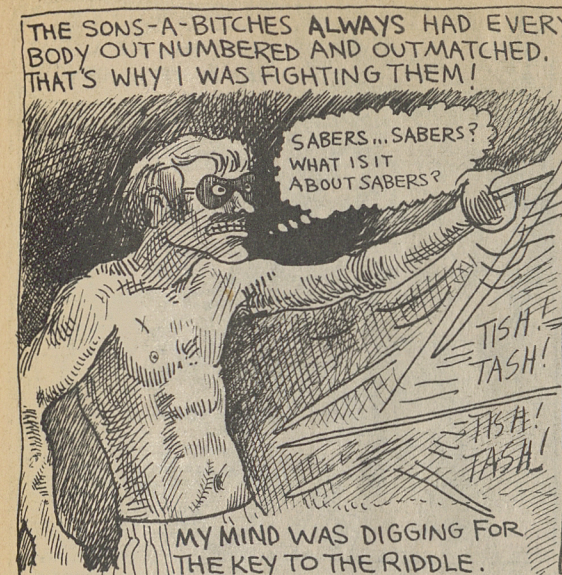
LIKE WHAT?

PICKING MY TOES... AND I SHIT ABOUT TWICE AS OFTEN AS I USED TO...

SO, YOU IS ALL CURED, NO PROBLEMS OR NUTHIN ANY MORE?

WELL... I DIDN'T SAY THAT. NO MORE DREAM FANTASIES. I GOT SOME REAL FANTASIES TO TELL YOU THIS TIME

OH-OH DEM'S DE WOISE KIND!



FEELING PARANOID LATELY?
BUDDY, YOU MAY AS WELL FORGET ABOUT IT, BECAUSE
THE CHIEF OF SECRET POLICE
HAS A SPECIAL DOSSIER ON **YOU!!!**

