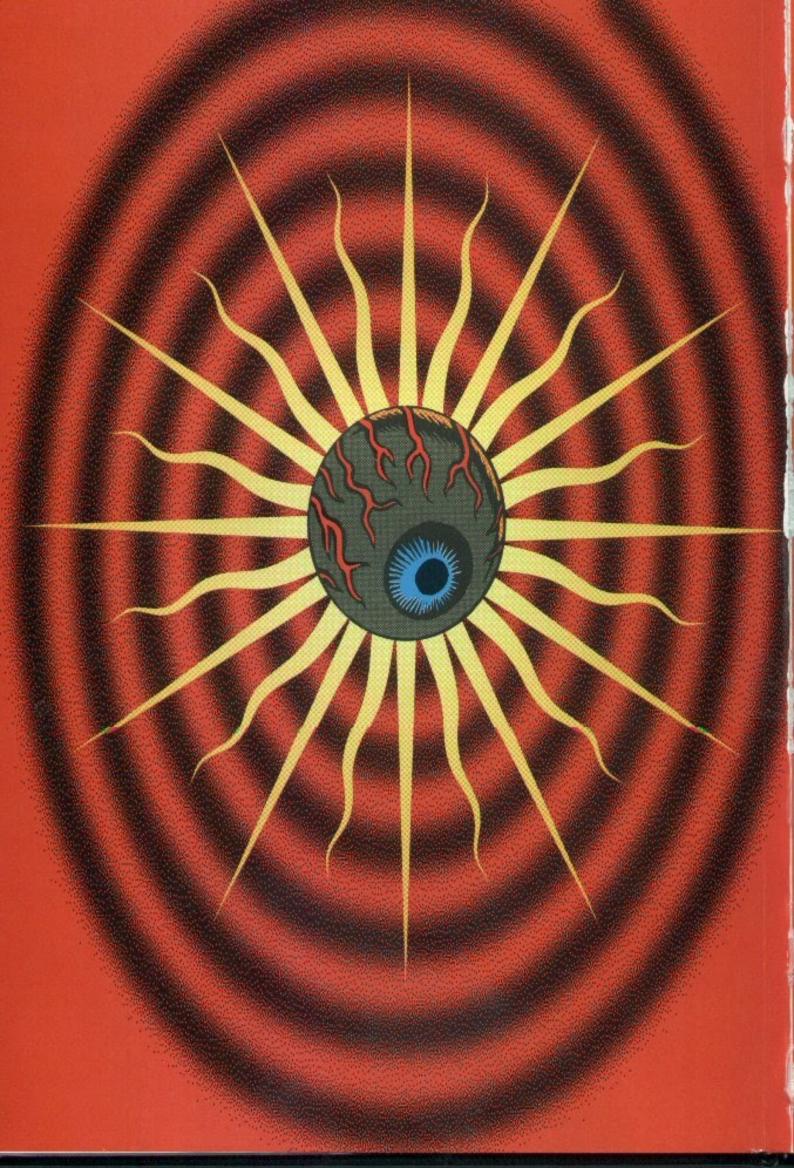
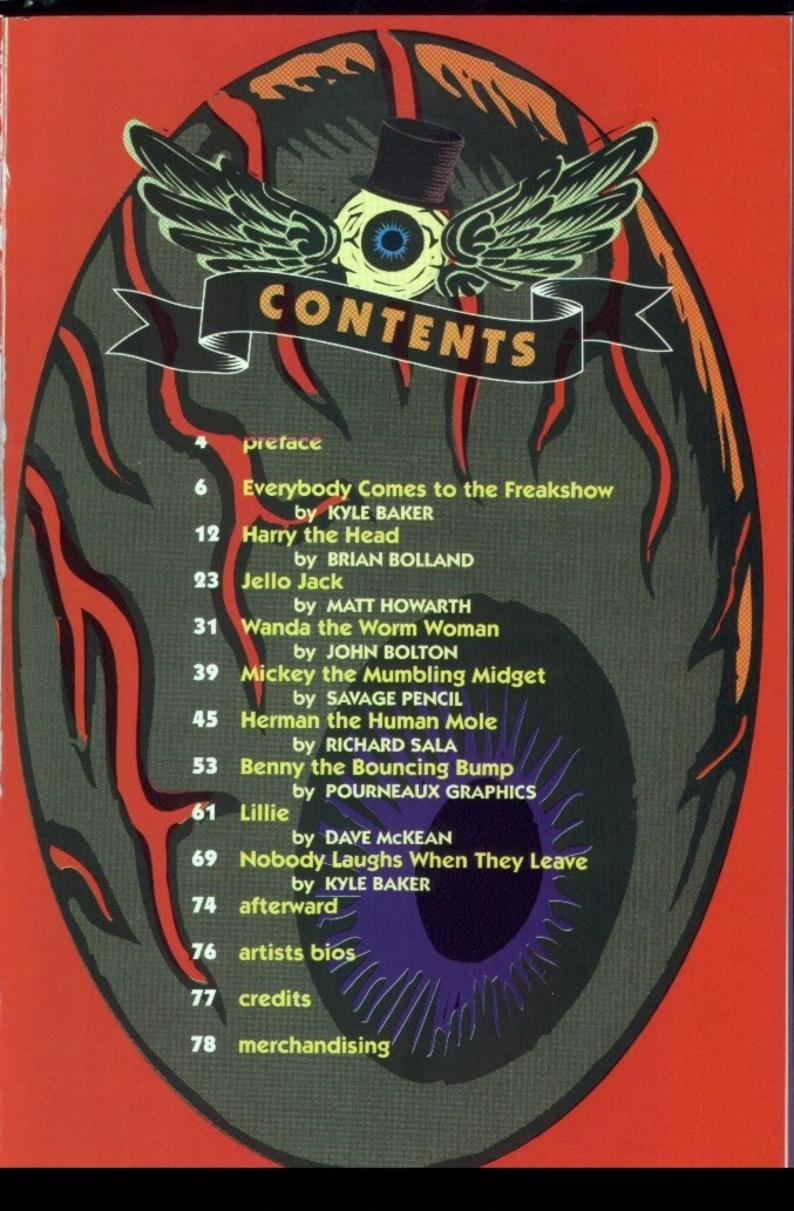


FREAK SHOW







For one hundred years, from the 1850's to the 1950's, there were many travelling "freak shows" constantly touring America. These "freak shows" glorified and romanticized human deformity by exhibiting certain individuals afflicted by disease, accident or birth defect as "freaks". These traveling "freak shows" may not have been the perfect solution to an imperfect situation, but at least they offered those unfortunates a good income and the camaraderie of their own kind.

In these more enlightened times, modern medical science has eliminated most of these human oddities either through abortion or corrective surgery. When these curiosities do manage to be born or created through disease or accident, society has decided that it is wrong to exploit these people, and, perhaps, that is a noble attitude. But perhaps, too, it is a denial of the ugliness and deformity that we "normal" people feel within. In an increasingly homogenized and conformist culture, we have become afraid of the distorted reflection we see in "freaks", and at the same time, we deny them the ability to exploit what may be seen as their only "gift." We may no longer condone the exhibition of human oddities, but the "freaks" still attract stares. The difference is that they no longer get paid for it.

Is our modern enlightened attitude actually an improvement over the old travelling freak shows? The Residents, whose interest lies purely in the romantic recreation of uneasy feelings from more innocent times, believe such questions are best left in the hands of sociologists and philosophers.

So sit back and relax, and come to the Freak Show!

"Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! Step right up and you will see on display before your very eyes a collection of some of the strangest specimens ever gathered together on this planet--both live and preserved.

You will see the incredible Jello Jack--the one and only boneless boy.

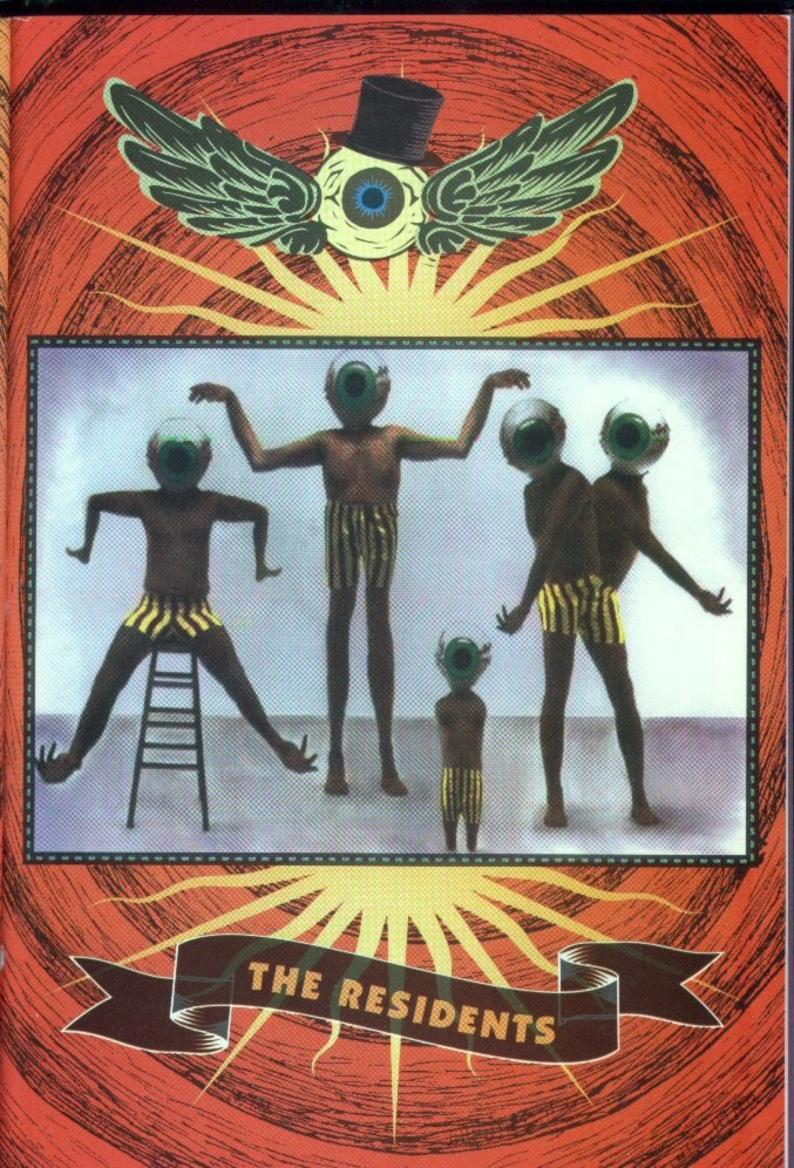
Also, we have the amazing Herman--The Human Mole. Living his bizarre underground life inside a specially built trailer which he hasn't left for the

last Seventeen years.

You'll see Wanda-The Worm Woman and Mickey-The Mumbling Midget with his secret from far beyond the realm of human understanding.

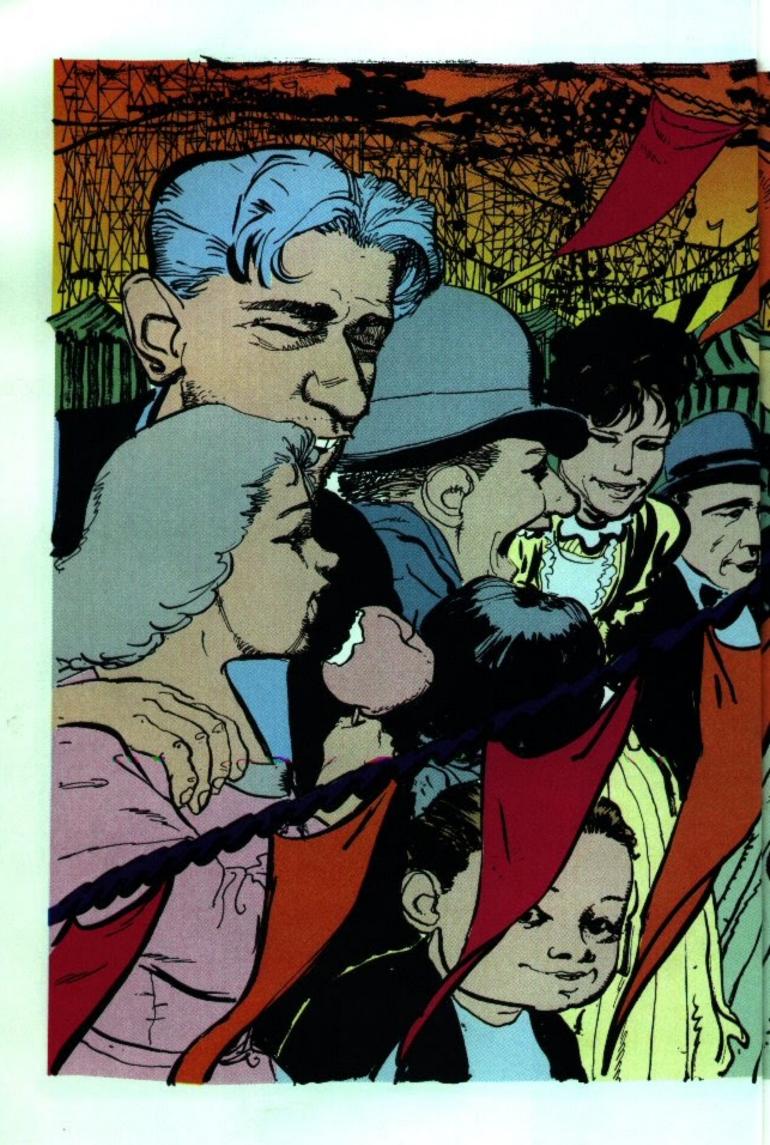
There's also Benny-Bouncing Benny The Bump, as we call him, who can't wait to show you the eerie and shapeless mass which he hides beneath his shirt and shows only when he does his famous dance--The Bouncing Bump!

So--step this way, folks come on in, you know you can't resist. Come in and make your mundane lives look like the kiss of bliss."





To laugh at the Freaks and the Geeks





But nobody laughs when they leave.





HEY! SHIRLEENE, AIN'T THAT THE WEIRD STRING BAG LADY?

YOU'RE RIGHT, LESTER
JOE. IT'S HER ALRIGHT!
AND STILL STICKIN' OUT
LIKE A JUNE BUG ON A
BABY'S BUTT!

THE HEAD

BROUGHT THAT STRING BAG WITH HER TOO!

LOOKIN' AT HER, LITTLE BILLY BOB, OR YOU'LL BE HAVIN' BAD DREAMS FOR A WEEK!

WHAT'S SHE GOT

OH, MY LORD!

NO, IT CAN'T BE!

DON'T LOOK LITTLE

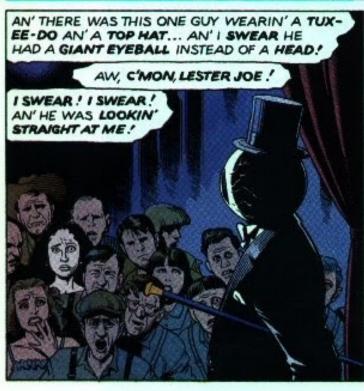
IT CAN'T BE ! HARRY'S DEAD!

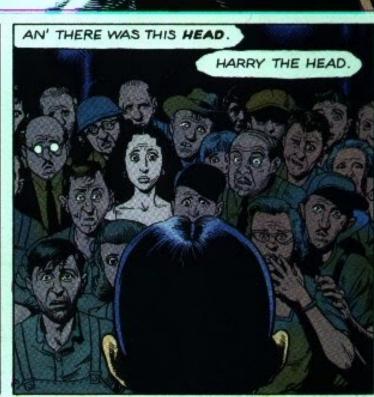
AIN'T HE ?

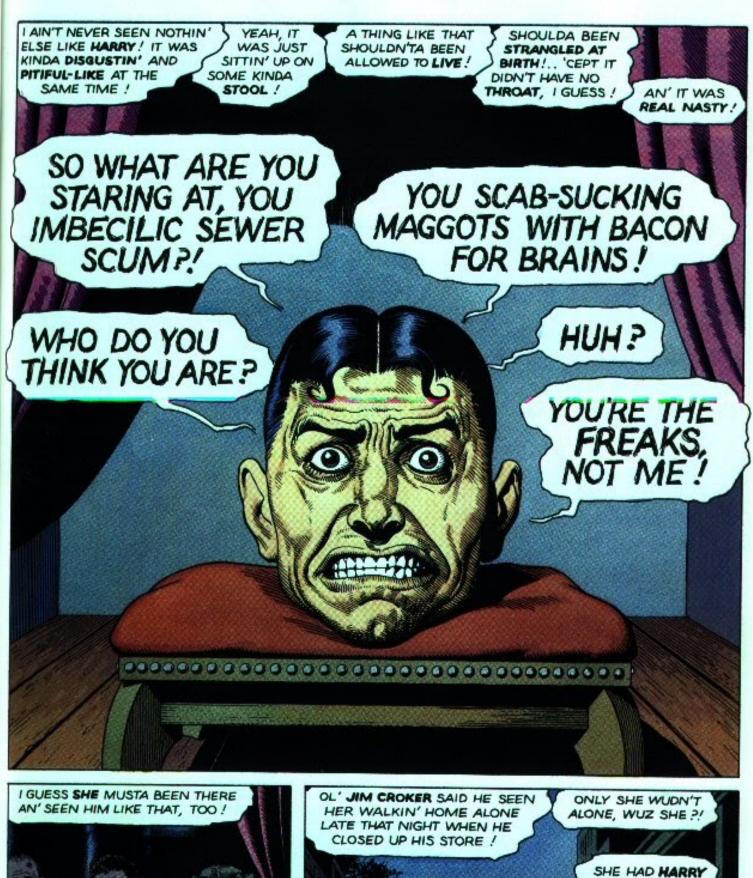


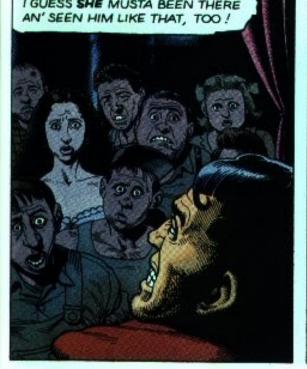












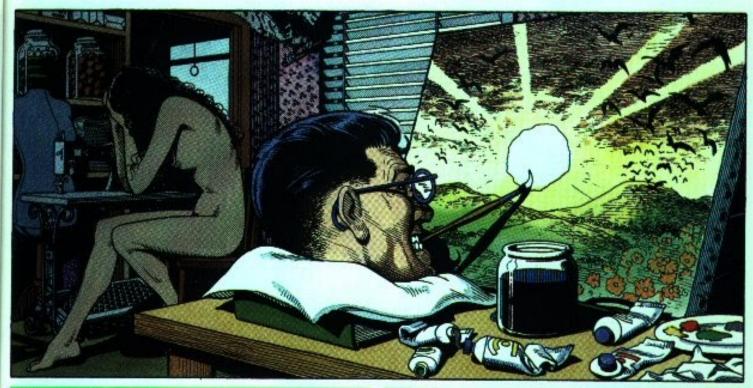












THEN ONE DAY SHE TURNED UP IN JIM CROKER'S STORE! SHE HAD A BUNDL'A THEM CLOTHES SHE MADE TO SCRATCH A LIVIN' AN' A ROLL OF PAINTIN'S SHE SAID WUZ MADE BY A FRIEND... AN' SHE WUZ CARRYIN' THAT STRING BAG!



I'LL TAKE THE CLOTHES AS
USUAL, BUT I AIN'T GOT NO USE FOR
THEM PAINTIN'S! YOU OUGHTA KNOW
FOLKS HERE BOUTS AIN'T INTERESTED



AS SOON AS THE OLD LADY SHUT UP, THAT WEIRD WOMAN SWUNG HER STRING BAG RIGHT UP ONTO THA' COUNTER IN FRONT OF MIZ CROKER... AN' THERE WUZ THAT HORRIBLE HEAD STARIN' STRAIGHT OUT OF IT!

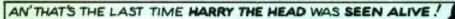






WELL, THE WOMAN DROPPED EVERY-THING, CEPT THE STRING BAG, AN' DID JUST LIKE HE SAID ... AN' THAT WAS THE NEXT TO LAST TIME ANY-BODY EVER SEEN HER, TIL TODAY.





I'VE GROWN WEARY OF THIS PLACE,
GRIZ'ELDA. THE CRETINOUS CORNPONES
WHO INHABIT THIS HAVEN FOR HICKS CANNOT
APPRECIATE MY GENIUS, AND OF COURSE
NEITHER CAN YOU, MY FRAGRANT BUT FETID
FLOWER. HOW COULD YOU? YOUR SENSE OF
SELF-DIGNITY GROVELS AND WALLOWS INFINITELY
BENEATH EVEN THE MERE CONCEPT OF MEASUREMENT!

DO YOU HEAR ME, MY
INSIPID LITTLE SLATTERN, YOU TRULY
TROUBLED TROLLOP? DO YOU HATE YOURSELF SO MUCH THAT YOU'LL ACTUALLY
CONSUME AN UNLIMITED AMOUNT OF
ABUSE FROM A PITIFULLY SPOILED, SPITESPITTING, BODILESS HUMAN HEAD?!

W-SIN















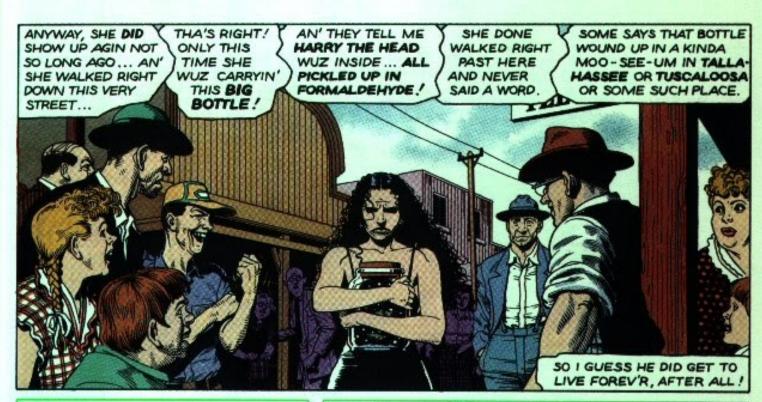


















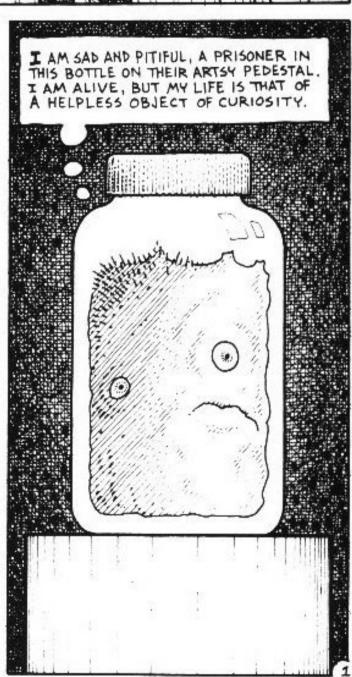


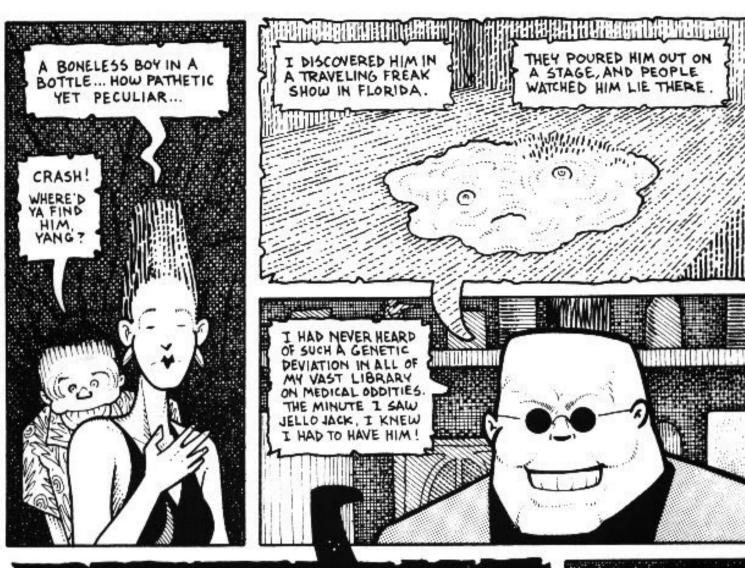
ALLOW ME TO PRESENT MY LATEST AQUASITION ...

BONELESS BOY



STORY AND ART @ MATT HOWARTH BASED ON LIFE FORMS CREATED BY THE RESIDENTS





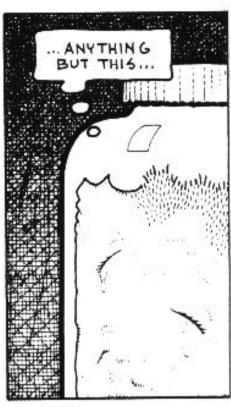




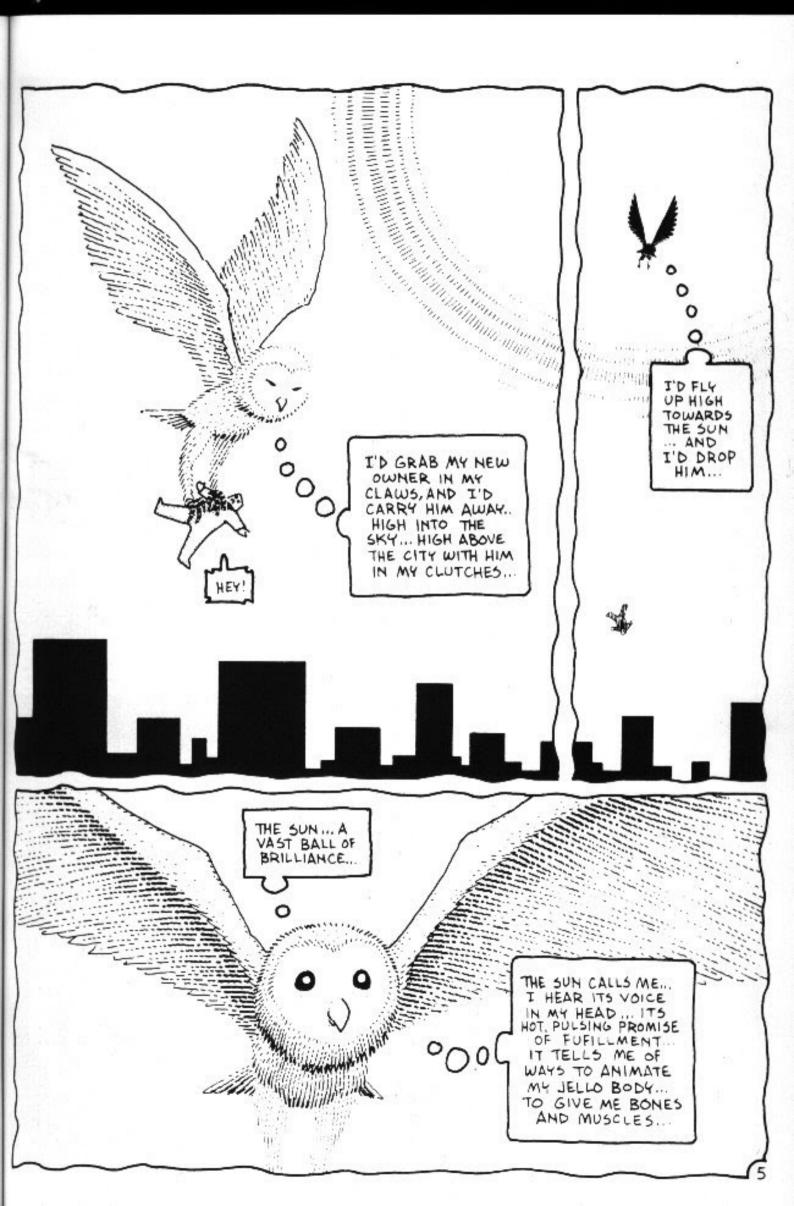


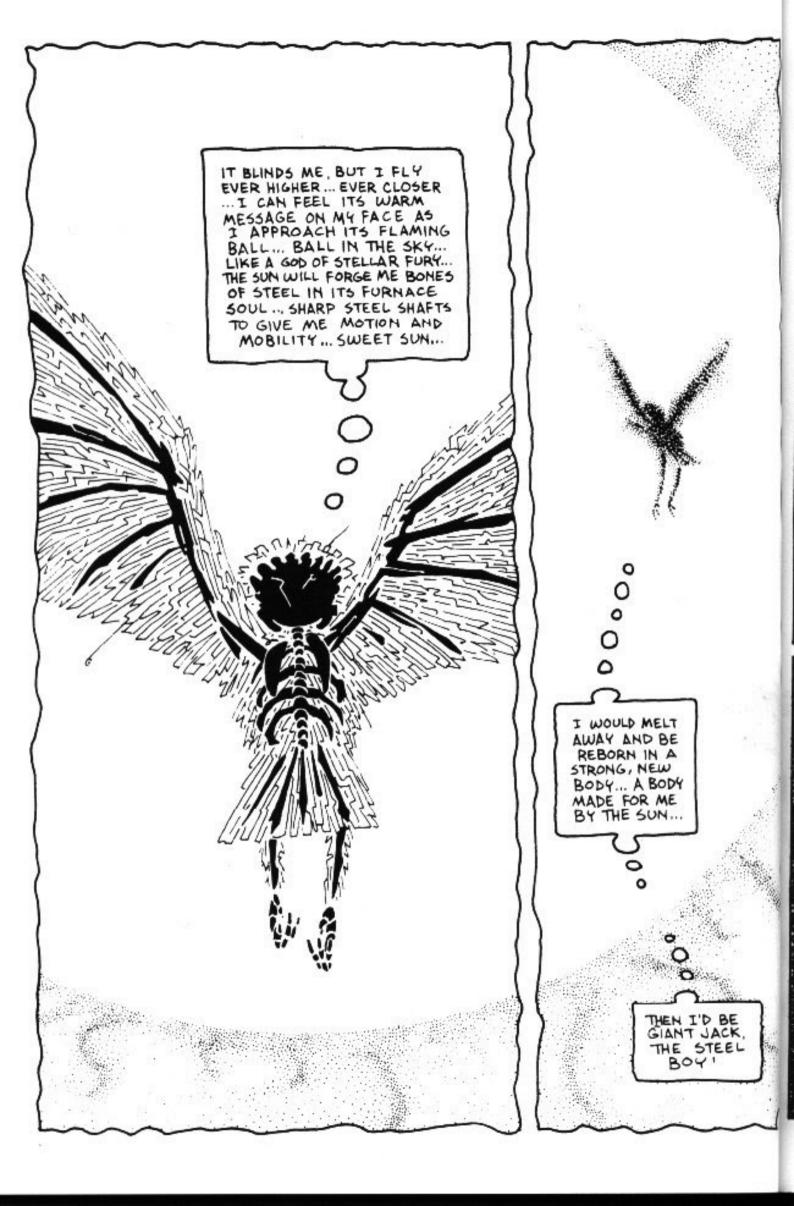


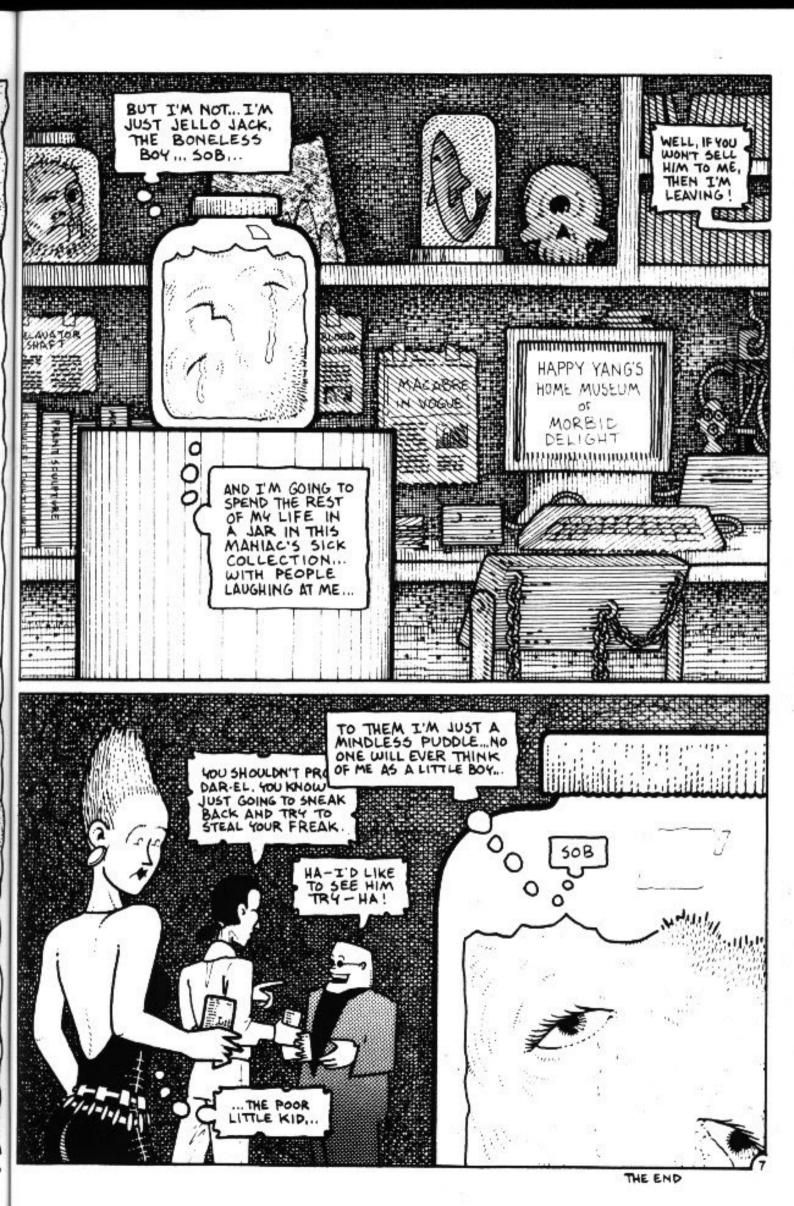














MANDA

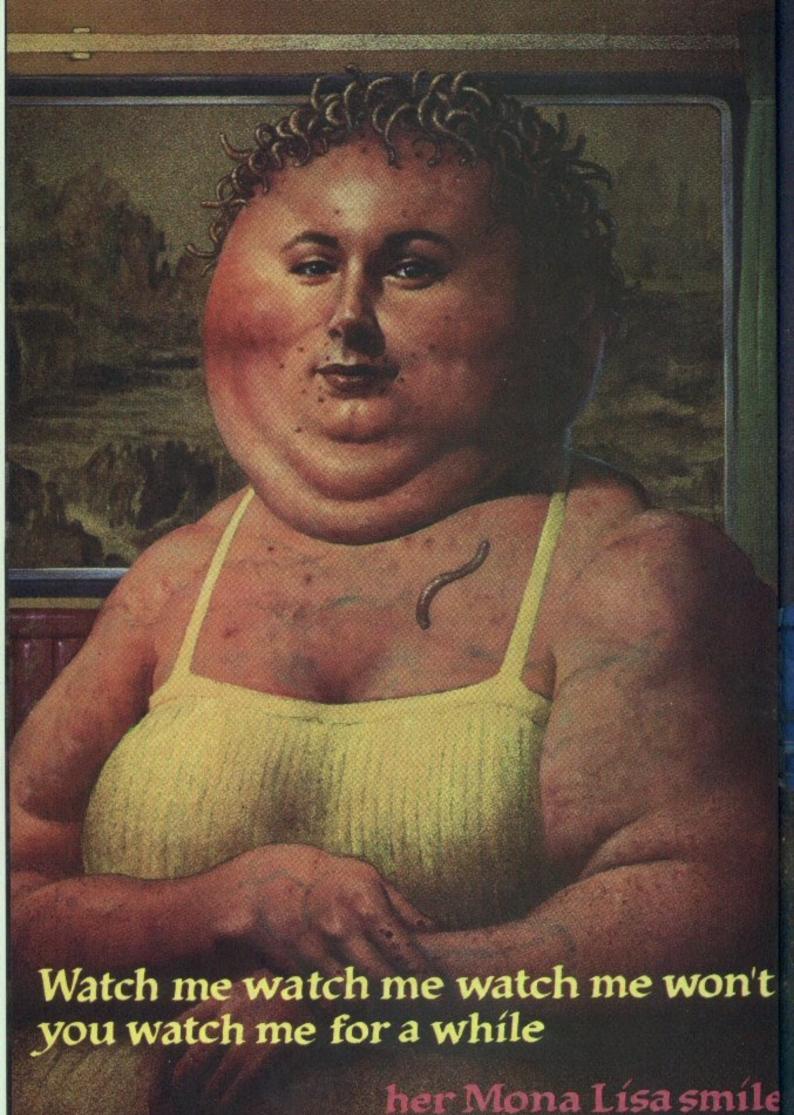
MM () MARIN

JOHN BUILDIN - 1981

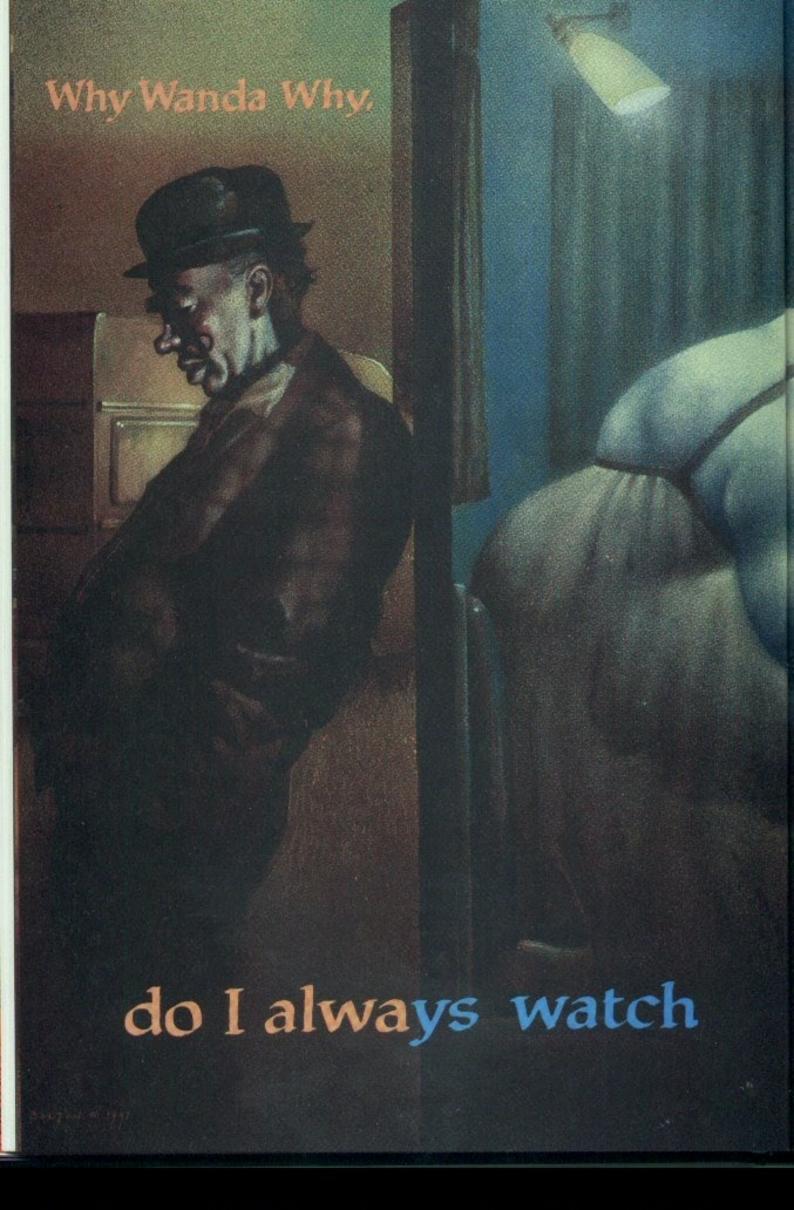
PENTER OF CHARGOS OF ENGLISH BRUSSES.

SNEERING AT THE LEERING LADY
AS SHE STARES AND SQUIRMS
AT WANDA WITH HER SAINTLY SMILE
AND LIVING WIG OF WORMS

I LIKE TO WATCH THEIR FACES FALL
AS WE DISGUST AND SHAME THEM
SEEKING SUCKERS IS MY GAME
--NO LONGER LION TAMING. LIKE A PINK AND PREGNANT PUMPKIN PERCHED UPON HER NECK WANDA WADKINS' HEAD WAS HURTING-IT WAS BITTEN BY INSECTS



I WATCHED THE AWKWARD WAY SHE WADDLED WALKING TO THE PAIL SHE ALWAYS USED TO WASH HER WORMS AND CLEAN BENEATH HER NAILS I LOVE THE SOUL I SEE INSIDE HER BUT I JUST CAN'T LOVE HER FOLDING FAT THAT ROLLS AROUND LIKE BOWLING BALLS IN BUTTER Wanda Wand Watch me pick my worms up and put them in a pile Watch me sit upon it with my Mona Lisa smile



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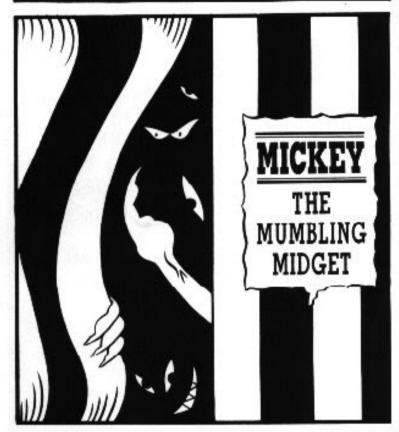




"Perhaps you hat heard uf der old kiddie teefee show vut used to be in America called 'Lassie.' Lassie vas dis bee-you-tee-ful collie dog vut come to der rescue in a terrrrible crisis each veek. It seems dat all of Lassie's adventures vere not on der teefee. Dis is vun of her stranger stories.



"Der story begins early vun morning in a trailer near Mickey's tent. Today iss Mickey's tenth birthday... "... und soon he vill be served his favorite breakfust – oatmeal mixed vis chopped up bannannas und grub vorms."





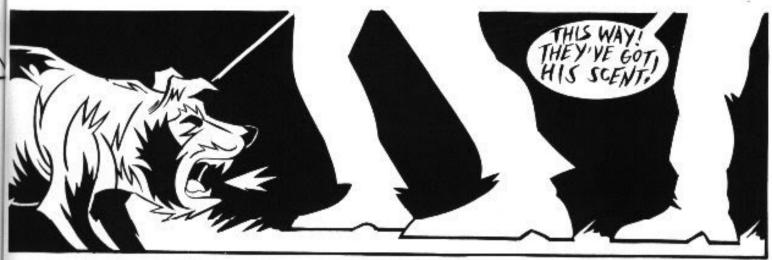




"Mickey ran away!











Undt now, ladies und chentlemen, der Frrreak Show continues to brrring you der finest in undergrrround entertainment.



I always hated the light of day. My eyes couldn't take the SUN. It hunt, made me ill.

So when I was growing up, my mom almost never let me go outside until after dark.





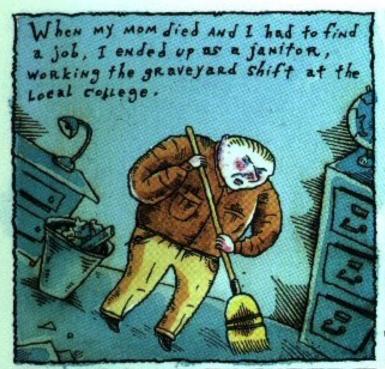
The few times I did get curious and venture out, it seemed like the daylight hated me as much as I hated it.



I knew I was different from everyone else, but I always felt safe at home. My mom had taught me how to play the piano and that became my one true solace in life.



My wame was Eddy, then.



It was there I met Kay and Gil.
They worked the night shift, too, at
the college Library. In the staff
Lounge, the three of us would always
end up eating dinner together.



They were the only friends I ever had

Kay was pretty, and always sweet and kindhearted. She made me feel as if I wasn't so different after all.



Gil was clever and confident. I was flattered that he wanted to be my friend. He asked me a lot of questions about myself, and always got me talking. No one had ever done that before.



I had a crush on Kay. But I soon realized she and Gil had something going on. It surprised me at first going of I knew Kay was married.



Her husband was a real brute named Todd. I could tell Kay was scared that Todd would find out about Gil, cause she got really nervous whenever he happened to stop by at



Git had asked me about my house a few times. When he found out it was nearby, he suggested that we go over there during our dinner break instead of the crummy staff Lounge.



It was a good idea. We started going to my house for dinner almost every night.

They'd start making out, and ~ being a gentleman ~ I'd discreetly slip out and go for a walk until our dinner break was over. Then we'd all go back to work.



One Night, after Leaving them in each other's arms, I was structing the dark, deserted street, when I heard a noise behind me ~



They both seemed to like it when I played the Piano. It seemed to tot them in a Romantic Mood.

This became the standard routine.

Sure, I'd wish that it was me

Lying with Kay instead of Gil, but

it felt good just to be liked by them,

to somehow be a part of their lives.



It was Todd. He asked me if I'd seen Kay around. I didn't like the way he was looking at me. I stammered out a feeble lie.



Suddenly, he pounced on me, clubbing me violently with his fists, again and again.



You all Must think I'm Real Stupid, huh? You Repulsive ... thing! Well, Now I'M gonna go break up my wife's Liffle for Keeps



I was dazed. I hurt all over. But I had to drag myself back to my house. I heard shouts and glass breaking. I prayed I wouldn't be too Late ...



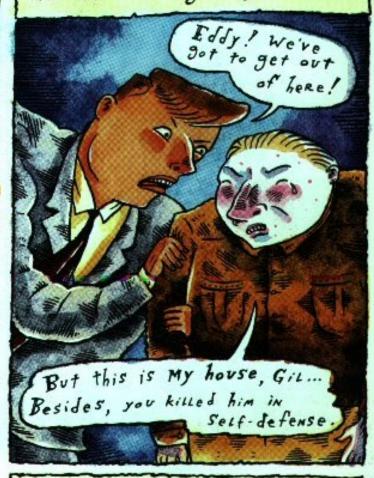




At that instant, Gil sprang up from the floor, pulling the knife from Kay's body, and



I stood fransfixed, staring at the LifeLess bodies on the floor. Gil was shouting in my ear ...



I was in for a Surprise

You don't get it - I'm MARRIEd! I've got kids! I can't Let them find out about this! I can't! My wife thinks I'm a hard-working Nice guy! My Life would be Ruined if she found out!

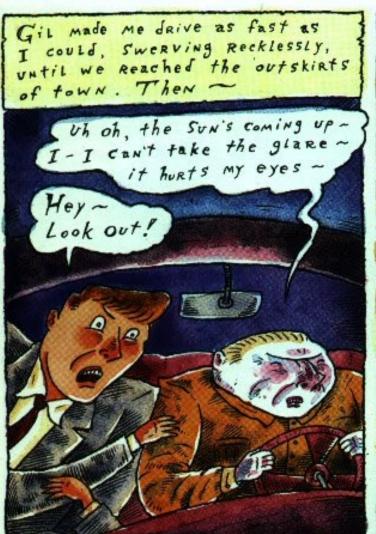


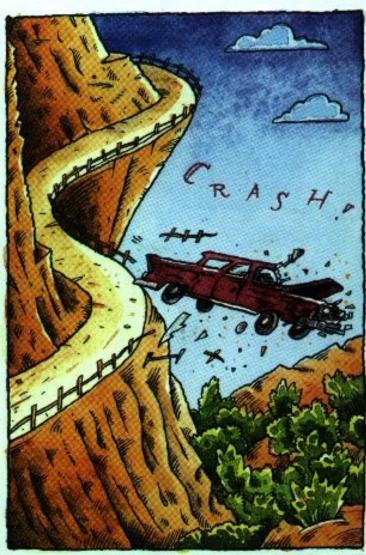
Gil had been hurt bad. He begged me to take him to a doctor, though I barely knew how to drive.

You've got to promise ~ you won't fell the cops about Me ~ Will ya, old buddy, huh?

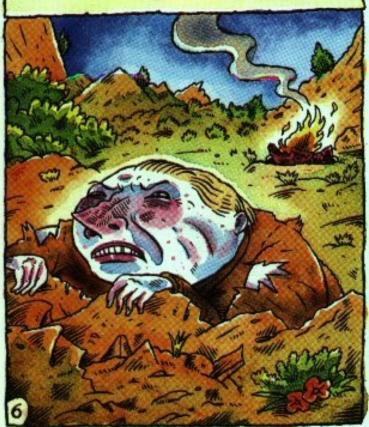


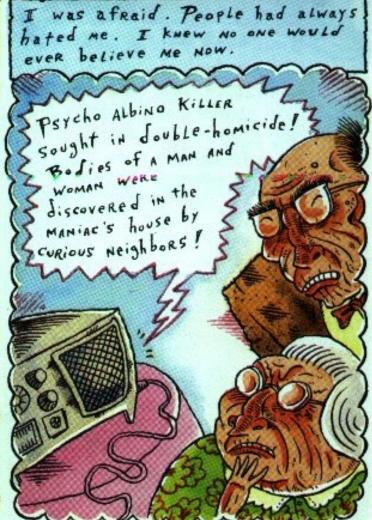
He didn't seem to care that Kay was dead. I Realized then that he'd just been using her. And he'd just been using me.

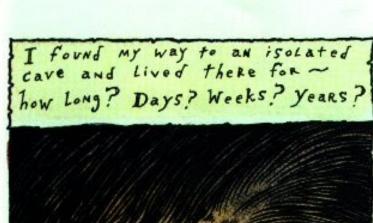




Gil was killed instantly. I stumbled away from the burning car in a state of shock, seeking the shelter of the forest against the coming dawn.



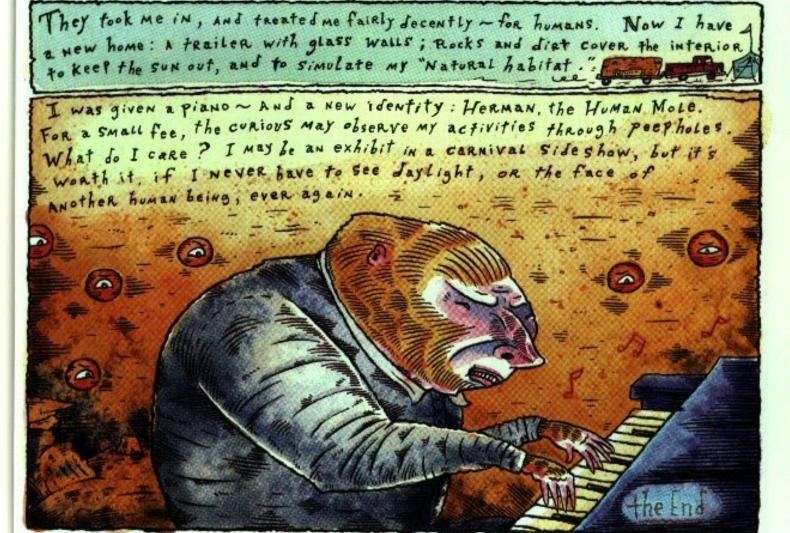




One night, while I was scavenging for food, some men cornered me. I cowered in fear and hatred. I no Longer felt like a member of the human race.



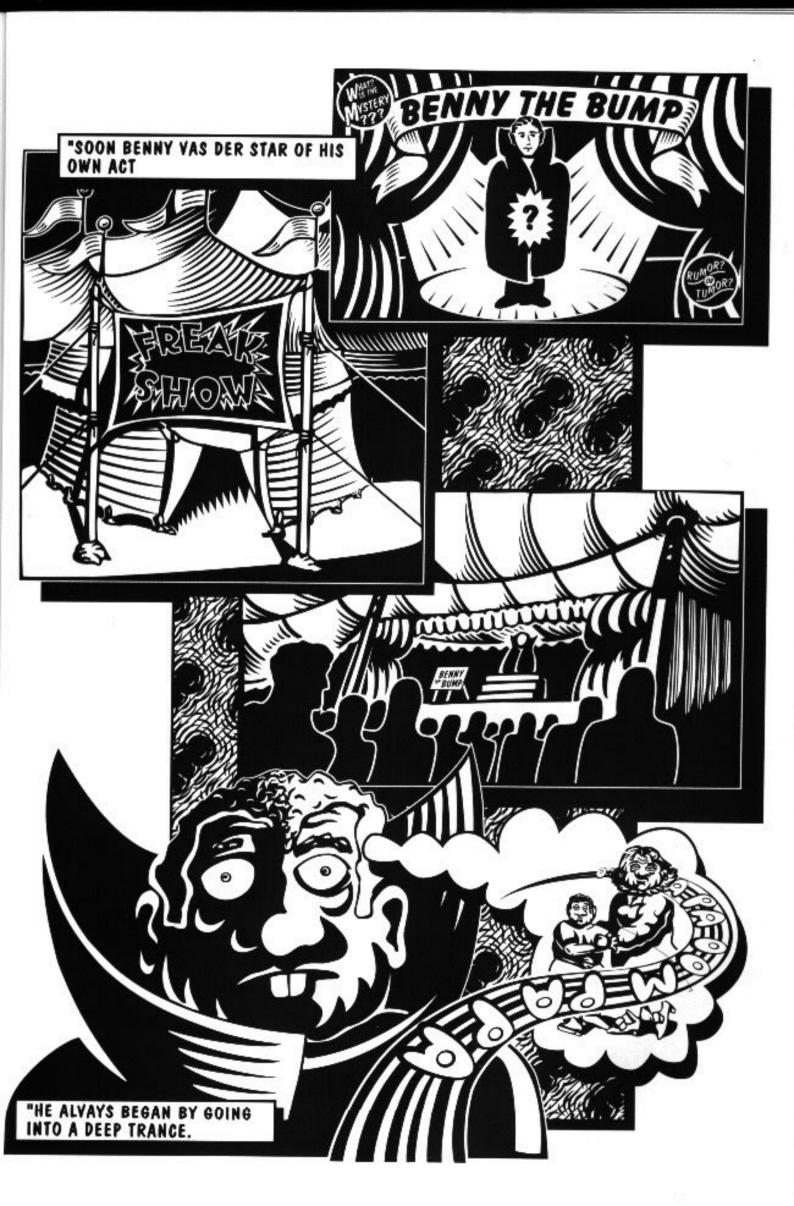
I slept during the day, prowled and hunted by night. Dirt caked over my Sensitive Skin.











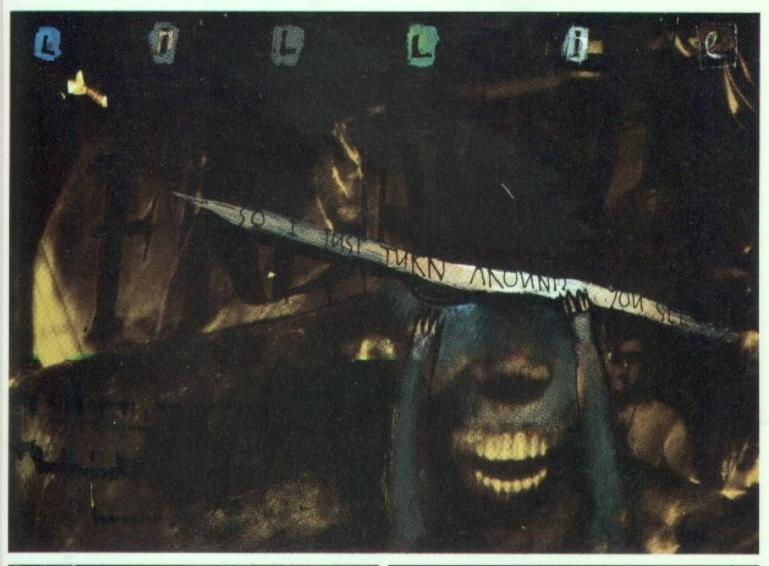


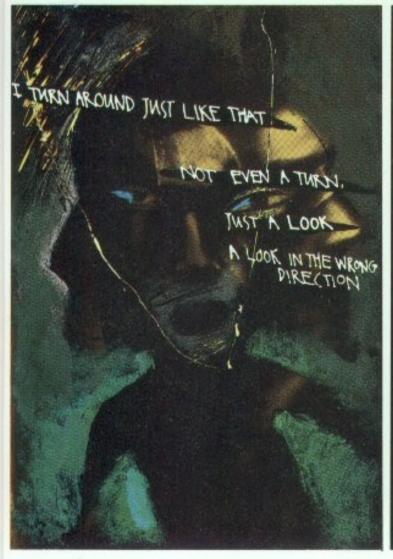


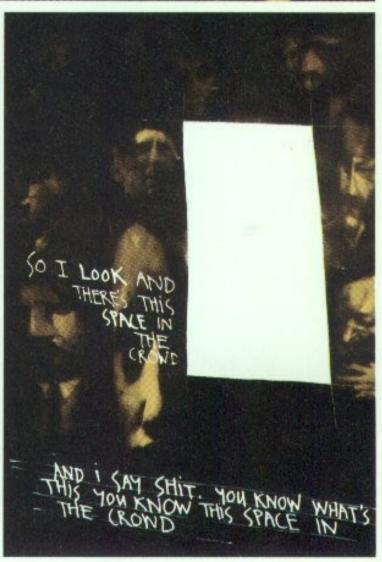




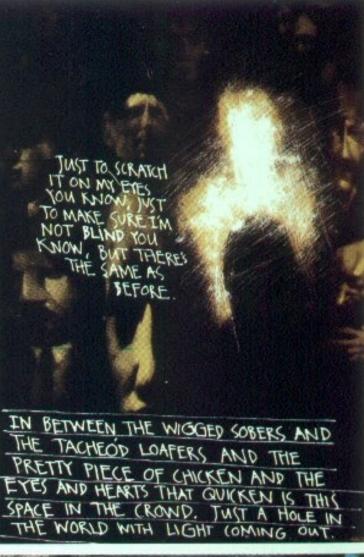




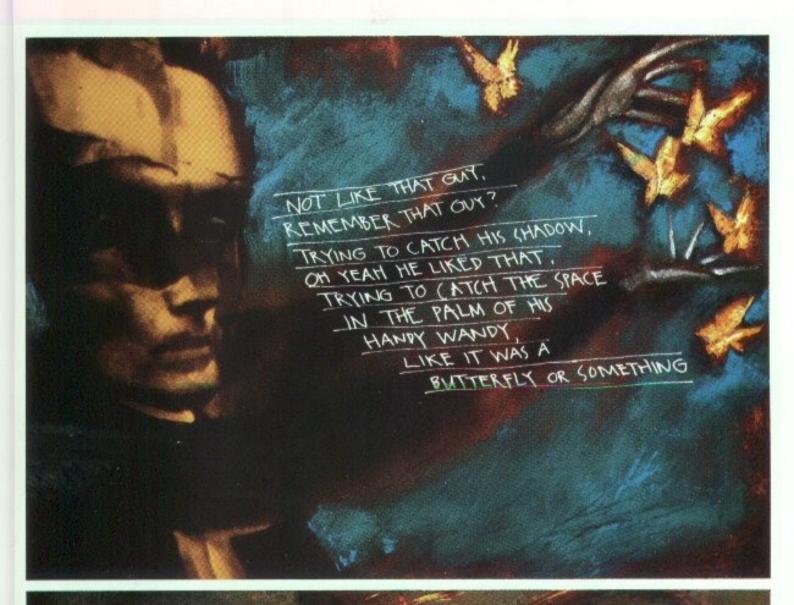




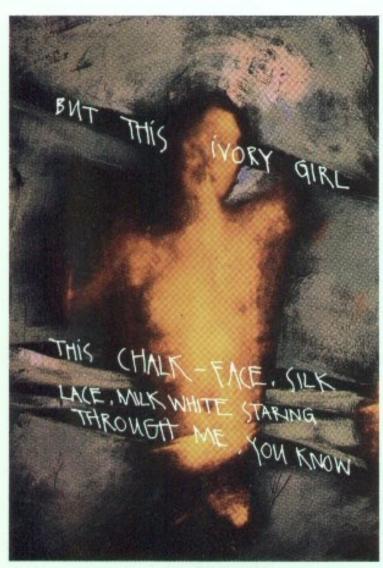


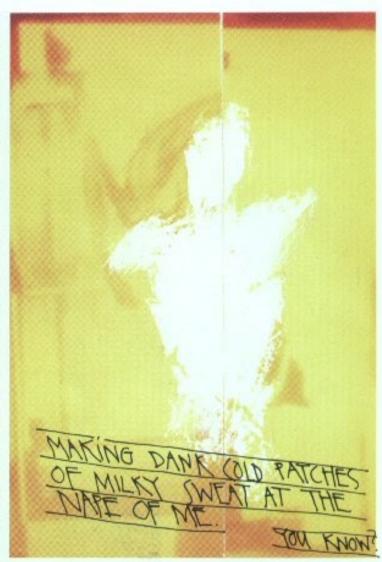


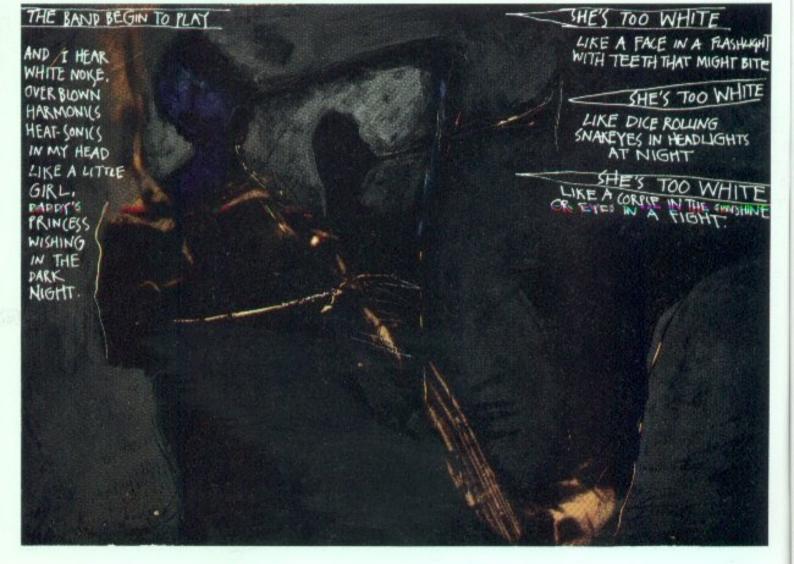


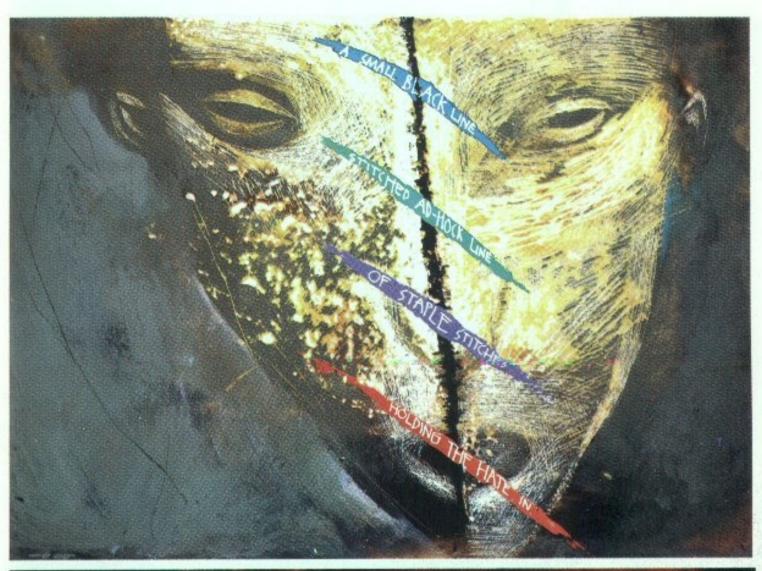


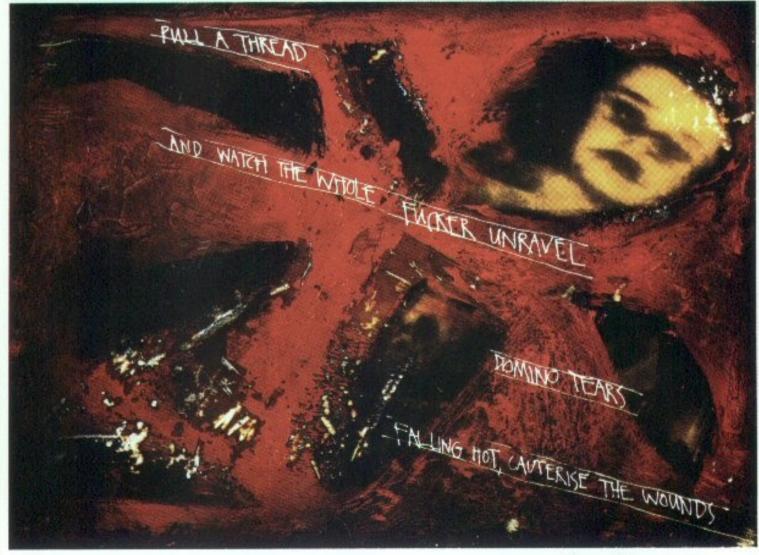
OR THAT GIRL, YOU KNOW
THAT GIRL, HEWIN' AT THE AIR
LIKE SHE WAS EATIN' A
COCKEROACH OR MAYBE IT
WAS ER I DUNNO A EGG,
WOOH YEAH, SHE CHEWED AND
CHEWED AND HER TEETH WAS
IN HER HAND
IN HER HAND
IN HER MOUTH
IN HER MOUTH

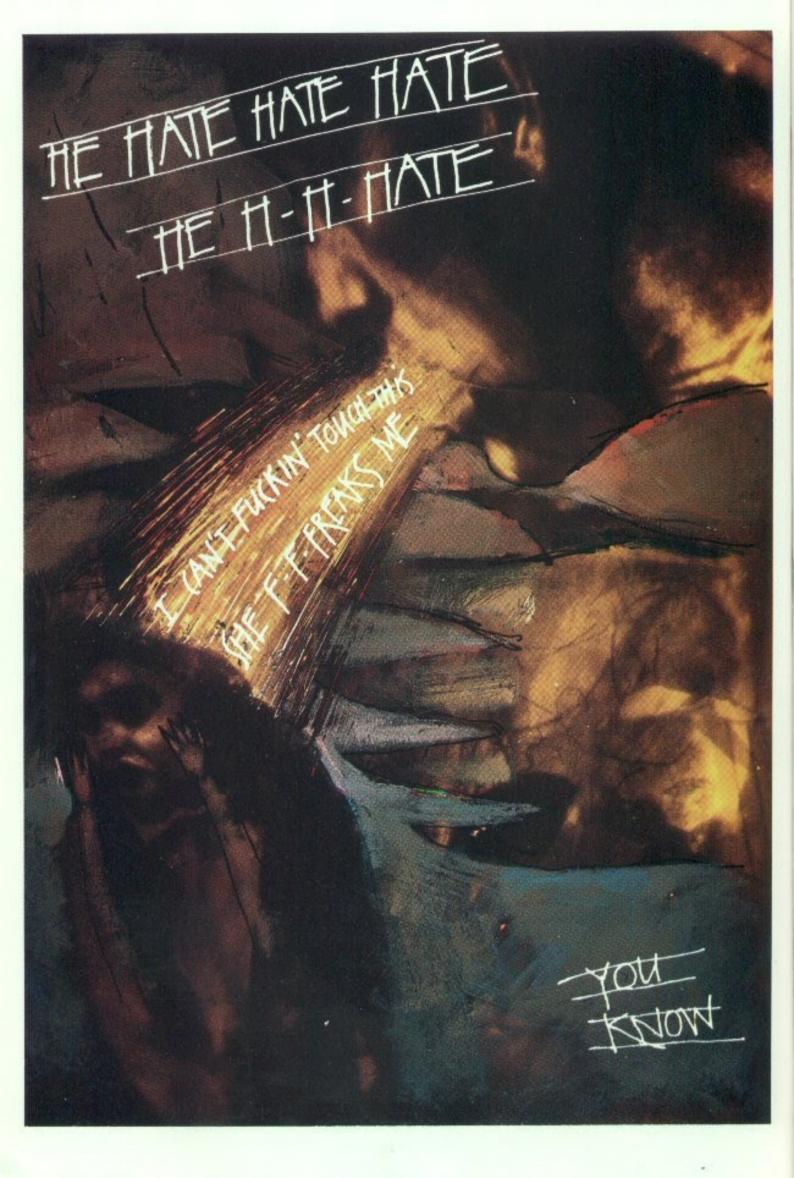


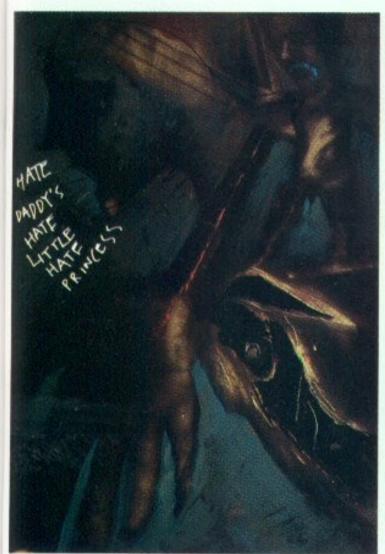


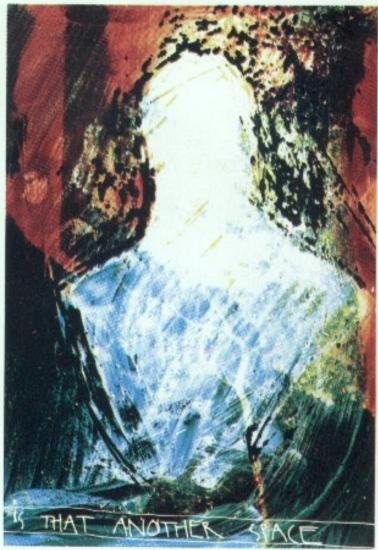


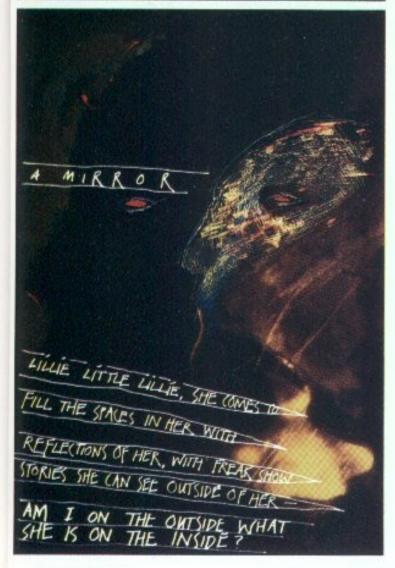














DAVE M'KEAN 10-12-91















There are two kinds of people reading this: those who've heard of The Residents, and those who haven't. For the initiated, this is nothing more than Jeopardy fodder, but for the rest, how do you introduce one of the most important forces in the evolution of alternative entertainment in only 500 words? A boldly phrased question to be sure, but not untrue.

question to be sure, but not untrue.

The Residents have influenced innumerable artists in virtually every entertainment genre. Remaining anonymous throughout their 20-year history, they work in a shroud of secrecy, disguising themselves in beguiling costumes including their world-famous eyeball heads bedecked in tuxedo and top hat accounterments. Their rare live performances have impacted the worlds of dance and theater, and their music and videos have had an immeasurable effect in their respective communities.

Musically, they combine inventive, adventurous ideas with twisted humor and produce consistently uncompromising recordings that defy description. From their renowned Eskimo LP (inspiring wind, blizzard and Eskimo rituals) to albums of 40 one-minute songs, entirely Elvis covers, and The Mole Trilogy, an epic story of warring cultures (unfinished and currently numbering four parts), this band puts an undeniably Residential mark on everything they do.

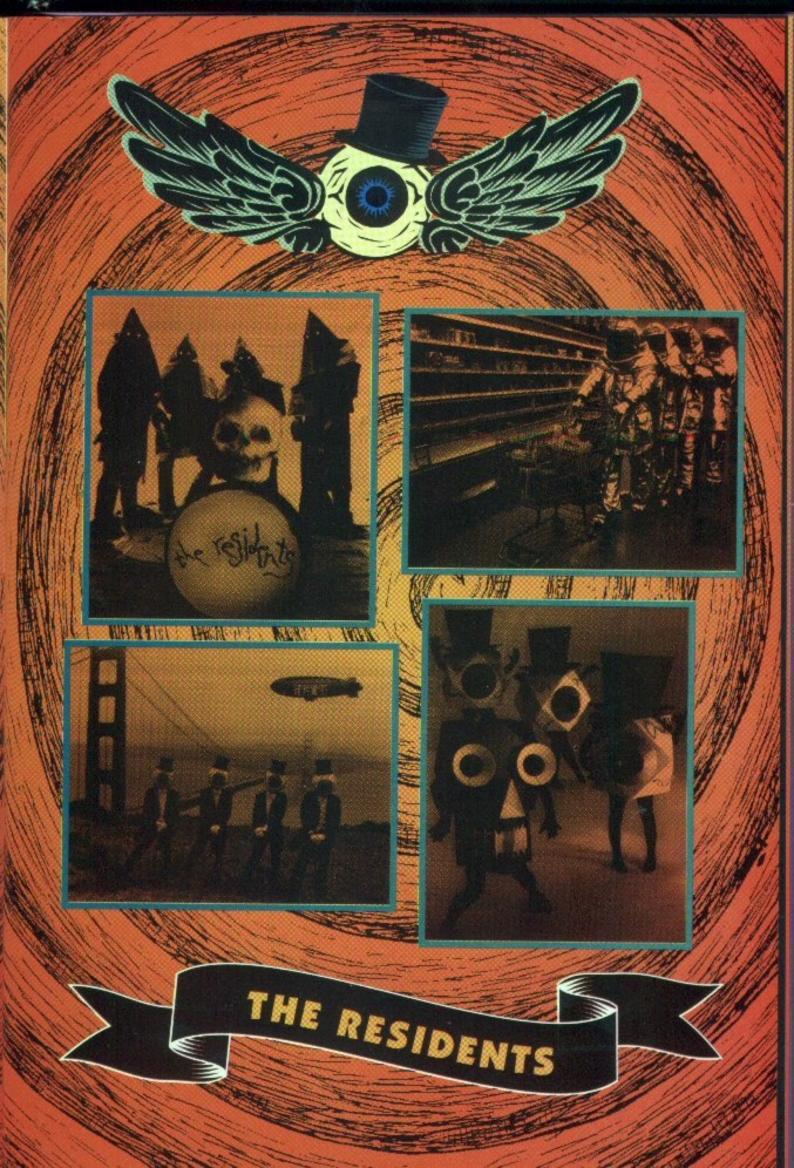
Of course, The Residents are no strangers to visual mediums. Even if you've never heard their music, you've probably seen one of their stunning images—the aforementioned tuxedo-clad orbs notwithstanding. Their innovative videos have been featured in countless film and video festivals, broadcast on hundreds of network and cable television shows, and are in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art. Their artwork is lauded throughout the artistic community, frequently cited among inspirations and chosen for book and gallery collections, and the props and backdrops from their **Mole Show** were exhibited at the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art.

Then there's the marriage of image and audio. The Fab Foureyes have scored several episode's of Pee Wee Herman's Pee Wee's Playhouse, and continue to collaborate on film and video projects, most recently Henry Selick's Slow Bob in the Lower Dimensions for MTV. This book is the newest of these sound and vision efforts.

Freak Show actually began in the studio when one Resident was tinkering with some tracks that sounded strangely like a weird circus environment. Perhaps another was reading Katherine Dunn's Geek Love, or maybe saw the movie Freaks, as the writing continued. In any case, Freak Show evolved—a concept album that takes place in a carny side show, each song telling the story of a different freak. This comic, inspired by the album, came about through the generous efforts of all its creators and Dark Horse Comics. Fans of The Residents, each was given a copy of the album and asked to create a visual interpretation of one of the freaks. Although the process was done in reverse, the album could be a sort of "soundtrack" to this comic—one possible interpretation of The Residents' brilliant musical story-telling.

I began working with the Unblinking Ones almost a decade ago, and still maintain they are the most frighteningly creative people I've ever known. Granted, operating through confessional-like curtained booths, and from behind blindfolds and speech harmonizers, can be draining and downright irritating, but isn't there always a price to pay when working with the sensitive artiste? A little subterfuge is a meager toll to be so close to such greatness.

—Rich Shupe Career Manager, The Residents



BIOGRAPHIES

KYLE BAKER—"EVERYONE COMES TO THE FREAK SHOW," "NOBODY LAUGHS WHEN THEY LEAVE," TEX THE SIDESHOW BARKER, BACK COVER Kyle arguably first became a luminary on the comics scene with the release of his graphic novel, The Cowboy Wally Show, a brilliant showcase for his sarcasm and wry wit. Subsequently he departed from the graphic album format with his work on The Shadow and Dick Tracy, but his coup de grace is his return to the illustrated novel form with his subsequent Why I Hate Saturn—a hilarious and poignant look at the shallowness of downtown New York, mental instability and Kyle's trademark cynicism. Why I Hate Saturn is currently under development as a possible television series.

BRIAN BOLLAND-"HARRY THE HEAD"

While beginning his career doing strips for the anarchic Oz magazine, and even collaborating with Dave Gibbons on his first major project, the obscure Power Man, it wasn't until he began work on 2000AD's infamous Judge Dredd series that Brian achieved notable popularity in the comics field. His later work on Camelot 3000 broadened his fan base somewhat but it was really his art for Alan Moore's Batman/Joker saga, The Killing Joke that stunned the world. Since that time, Brian has done two popular strips, "The Actress and the Bishop" and "Mr Mamoulian" for the now defunct A1 and Escape respectively. He is an avid alternative music fan and is also being regularly consumed by covers for Animal Man and Wonder Woman.

JOHN BOLTON-"WANDA THE WORM WOMAN" John got his first big break in 1980 illustrating a full-length story for King Kull. Paving his way via the strip adaptations "Planet of the Apes", and "Dracula Prince of Darkness" for the UK's House of Horror magazine, as well as work for Epic Illustrated, John became known for his talent and affinity for the horror field. The depth and scope of his work was seen in graphic novel adaptations of Ann Nocenti's Someplace Strange and Clive Barker's Yattering and Jack, as well as contributions to Clive Barker's Tapping The Vein and covers for Aliens, The Vampire Lestat, and Cheval Noir. John's upcoming projects include a graphic novel adaptation of Sam Raimi's Evil Dead III and a three-issue Batman series.

CHARLES BURNS - FRONT COVER

Charles reached a national audience with his mutant detective El Borbah, first serialized in the adult illustrated fantasy magazine, Heavy Metal, and later collected in his Pantheon book, True Defective Stories. He is also one of the best known contributors to the seminal comics anthology Raw and his original Raw insert, Curse of The Molemen was recently released in a full-color version by Kitchen Sink Press. He has also done numerous illustrations including everything from Time magazine covers to a number of alternative music album covers from Pop (Sub) to Pop (Iggy).

MATT HOWARTH—"JELLO JACK THE BONELESS BOY" From the advent of the sinister Ron and Russ Post in Those Annoying Post Brothers to Savage Henry's cast of thousands of alternative musicians (including The Residents, of course) Matt has created numerous alternate realities in which to set his stories and characters. Also a veteran of Heavy Metal, his "Changes" helped elevate his comics career to new heights. He is also responsible for the science-fiction heroine Keif Lama Xeno-Tech, and has illustrated for the Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles series as well as many tape and record covers from Conrad Schnitzler to The Nightcrawlers. He also did a comic-book adaptation of The Residents' Mole trilogy called The Comix of Two Cities.

DAVE MCKEAN - "LILLIE" Dave is best known for his unique mixture of multiple mediums—seen most prolifically in his collaborations with writer Neil Gaiman. The two have worked together on several titles including Black Orchid and Violent Cases, and Dave's artwork continually graces the covers of Neil's Sandman title. Also to come from this union are the graphic novels Signal To Noise and Mr. Punch. He may be best known for his illustration of the Batman/Joker epic, Arkham Asylum which introduced his striking style to his biggest audience to date. His own Cages combines multi-media with a straighter comics technique, a direction he is currently exploring. Dave has done artwork for several record covers most notably for Virgin's Venture Records imprint, to which he recently signed. His piano talents, along with the skills of professional violinist and wife Claire, will be released sometime in the future with a booklet containing Dave's art.

PORE NO GRAPHICS-"BENNY THE BOUNCING BUMP" Pore No Graphics is The Residents own inhouse graphics wing, responsible for creating all of their album cover art, as well as much of their photography, during the group's 20-year existence. The team moved mainly into art direction when Ralph Records, The Residents' original label, expanded in the late-70s/early-80s, and now continues to do art direction for a variety of Residents projects—including Twenty Twisted Questions, their 20th Anniversary laser disc, and an upcoming book on the band. Pore No Graphics has long been an admirer of the sequential art form and welcomed the opportunity to be involved in this project.

Richard is currently reaching untold millions through his colorful and eclectic animated feature "Invisible Hands" on MTV's Liquid Television program. He has also had many stories published in several different comic anthologies including contributions to Raw, Blab, Taboo, Drawn & Quarterly, Prime Cuts, Rip Off Comics, Twist, Escape, Street Music, and Heck. He has also published his own Night Drive and created illustrations for numerous newsstand magazines.

Savage Pencil.—"Mickey The Mumbung Midget"
Savage Pencil, a.k.a. Edwin Pouncey, first appeared on the comics scene when he began his regular strip, "The Rock 'n' Roll Zoo" in the British music weekly Sounds. Also a music writer, he wrote for rival tabloid New Music Express and contributed art to NME and New York's Village Voice. He contributed to Escape and self-published small-run minicomics and magazines like Corpsemeat and Corpsemeat II. He has also done album artwork for everyone from Big Black to Sonic Youth and assembled and illustrated a brilliant "motorcycle theme songs"-type album called Angel Dust.

LES DORSCHEID—"HARRY THE HEAD"
Les first established himself as a colorist on Nexus, published by First Comics. More recently, Les has worked closely with artist Kelley Jones on Aliens: Hive for Dark Horse Comics and Batman: Red Rain for DC. Look for more of Les' work on the upcoming Deadman book from DC.

THE RESIDENTS

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THANKS TO: Tom Timony, Rick Landerman, East Side Digital and The Voyager Company.

SPECIAL THANKS TO: The Residents, Brian Bolland, Homer Flynn, Hardy Fox, Edwin Pouncey, Jerry Prosser and Rich Shupe.

FREAK SHOW Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 S. E. Main St., Milwaukie, OR 97292. "Freak Show," "Benny The Bouncing Bump," "Harry The Head," "Herman The Human Mole," "Jello Jack The Boneless Boy," "Lillie," "Mickey The Mumbling Midget," "Tex The Sideshow Barker," "Wanda The Worm Woman" and all other prominent characters featured herein are trademarks of The Cryptic Corporation © 1992. All story adaptations and artwork © 1992 by their respective creators. All rights reserved. The events, institutions and characters in this work are fictional. Any resemblance to actual institutions or persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental, except for satirical purposes. No portion of this publication may be reproduced, by any means, without the prior written consent of the copyright holder.

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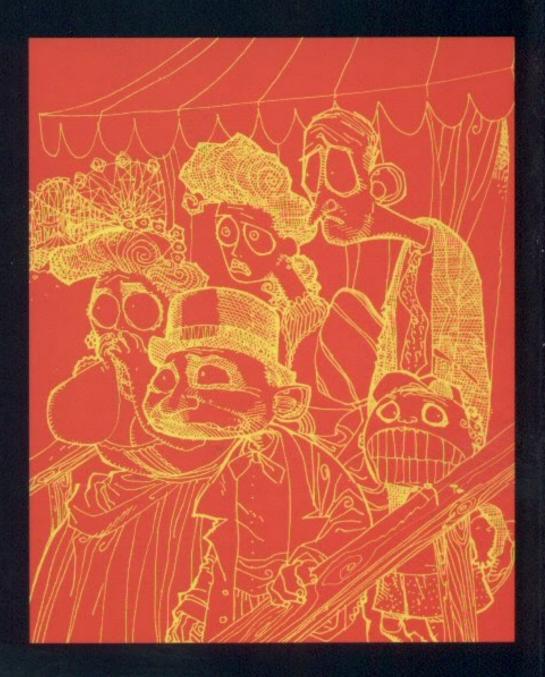
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