

SEXAY!

SASS!

← like sassy brass
circus, you DIG?

an impromptu mini-zine
constructed by Jenna L.
on the right of sept. 28th
instead of a paper, with a
lusted pen, a lot of
spiked coffee, and some
help. from Tom Waits,
Edith Piaf, and Lucille
Bogan.

This zine is
so ugly.

Bogan



This is my house.

HI!

I AM NOT A BROTHEL!



7 people live in it, but it is not a brothel no matter WHAT the law says.

things happen...



M

M

pt. 2 → in which jenna b. ponders...



what would
have happened
if i had gone
to art school?

you
would
get good
at art
if
really

shut up
blobby
coffee

you
too,
poorly-drawn
croissant-on-
plate.

???

of you'd die
hip
ironicness,
yo.

you'd
be
shunned.

pt. ~~1~~² → In which Jenna B. ponders...

BAR



← this arm is rully short. eeps.

OHMIGAWD IS THAT HOT DYKE COMIN' OVR HUR TA TAWK TO ME?



Q: ~~Will~~ Will Jenna B. finally get some action for the first time since that group sex in Michigan in February?!

A: No.



lots of people under a sheet.

Pt. 3 → In which jenna b. ponders...

it mystery
like pyramid
in
egypt.

how do they
get their fist
all the way
up there?

that's
nasty.

i likes da crashpad
da best.



Pt. 4 → ECONOMIC CRISIS!

PANIC!



I IS
OUT OF
CIGARETTES!
AND NO MONIES.

I FEELIN'
ECONOMIC
CRISIS NOW!

APOCALYPSE.

Pt. 5 → punchline.



SASS! rejects:



- plotlines
- artistic ability
- functioning drawing tools
- common sense... and more!

DA END

if you made it this far.

25¢ (if
you're
crazy)

