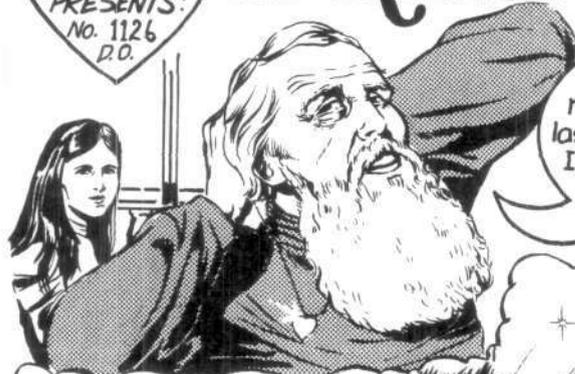


TRUE KOMIX
PRESENTS:
No. 1126
D.O.

THE READY FOLKS!



When I was in the bathroom this morning I remembered that I had a dream last night, a very strange dream and I don't know yet what it means, but maybe I'll get it as usual when I'm telling it.

The first thing I can remember is I was looking in the mirror and I was thinking how much younger I looked clean-shaven, and you were arguing with me about it:

I don't think you look all that younger just because you have shaved!

Well, I sure think I look a lot younger this way!

Then I went out to eat brunch and there was Edna Turnbull, an old friend of ours, or someone who looked like her, fairly old but still pretty like she was.

Would you join me for lunch?

I helped her up, she seemed to be kind of stiff in the joints or something, and we walked over to a table where someone else was already sitting, some man friend she knew. It turned out he was some kind of a doctor or something.

We ordered sandwiches and they were like those little Tea House sandwiches, only there wasn't anything to them. I thought,

My Lord, how can people have the nerve to call these sandwiches? They're more like a little hor d'oeuvre!

But I didn't want to complain so I just ate my sandwich and that was it.

Then this doctor fellow, or whoever he was, invited us over to his clinic to see some kind of film and to conduct some kind of an experiment or something, and there were two or three of us young fellows sitting there and we all had big hard-ons, and mine was about the biggest and longest and stiffest of all!

It seemed like we were waiting for them to conduct this experiment on us for some reason, and we kept waiting and waiting, and mine was getting pretty anxious to go! So I finally turned around and looked at the doctor and Edna and several other women who were sitting there, and I said.....



I don't know what in the World that dream was about or why I dream such crazy things. --But it sure was funny how clear it was.

Maybe being clean-shaven has some significance, maybe I should shave. Edna is an old, old friend.--She died long ago. She was my Mother's age. The sandwich reminds me of how the church people feed you spiritually, never give you enough to satisfy. They took us over to that clinic to try to test us and see if we really had it. We had it, but they wouldn't accept it.

Everybody seemed to be hesitating about accepting our penises.--That might be significant about how hesitant the church people are about accepting our radical doctrines. Our doctrines are pretty sexy! My penis sticking straight out could certainly represent our radical shocking doctrines. They looked a little eager like they would like to try it, but they were ashamed to confess it, pride is sin. It seemed I looked a lot younger.--Maybe that's the way I am in the Spirit.

Is your life bulging with excitement, virility and fruitfulness?! --Or dead, dull, sterile, frigid and barren like most churches! C'mon, let's go! Go forth bearing precious seed and plant it in fertile fruitful receptive ground, young and eager for it and bursting with offspring for Jesus!--Amen?--Hallelujah!