

**B I S C U I T****QUARTERLY**

The New And Improved Sporadically Released Newsletter From  
Techno-Squid Eats Parliament

## Slippy Goes to Vegas

Well, fans, if you've noticed that this issue of the TSEP newsletter looks different than usual, that's because you are suffering from a chromosomal abnormality that has caused your retinas to see Steven Hawking's irate etch-a-sketch doodles.

Seriously....we thought we'd put our twisted little cortexes to work, and the end result was, with the aid of a little modern technology, this bonnie little rag. There are so many of you lovely humanoid out there that we needed some way to disintegrate your

psyches, en masse.

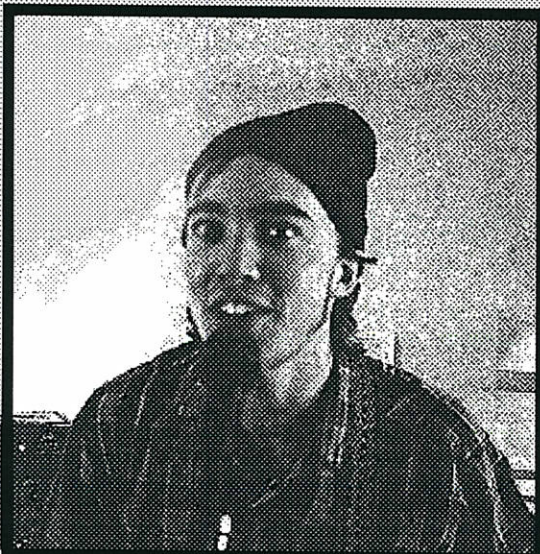
The purpose of this publication is to tell most of you when and where we are playing, what sort of projects we're working on, what sort of trinkets we have to offer, and to detail the mandibles of a praying mantis; and for a select few of you, this newsletter will provide the galactic code that details the impending advent of Gorlox, hyperspace warlord from Hysbiir-in the form of anagrams extracted from every third consonant and every eighth vowel.--M.J.P.

## Here's When We're Playing...

OK, badminton fans, here's all of our upcoming gigs lined out for you. Please note that one or two dates are tentative, so be sure to check with your favorite club's schedule prior to ticket purchase. By the way, I'm eating a can of Sharks now.

On *October 30*, we're playing at the *Antenna Club* in Memphis with a band called the *Taintskins*. I think they're from either Dallas or Iran. I've heard they are very good, though, and if within your means, you ought to attend. Then we take a two week practice break and reappear at *Vino's* on *November 12* with the *Missionaries* from Missouri. We've played with them

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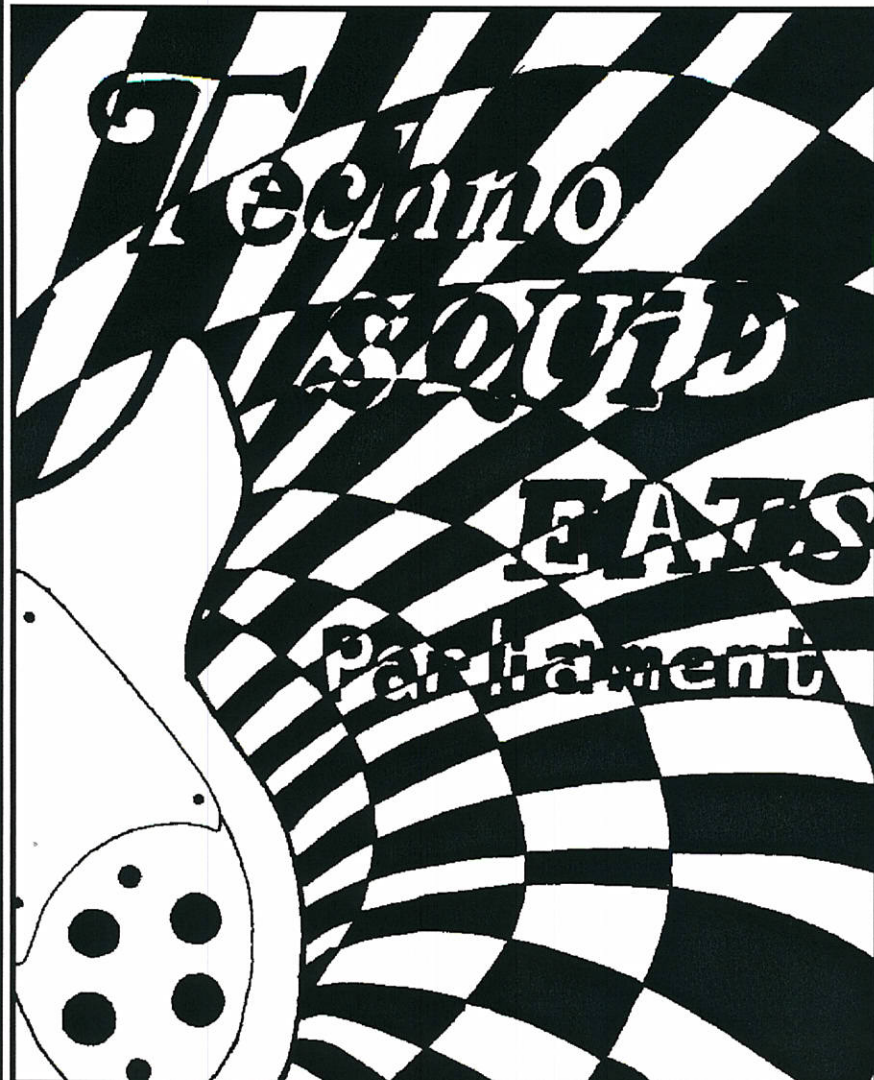


*Delvin, Brain-Child of Thor, lies own shoes.*

## Angry Muslim Eats Own Face

Ommed Sinclair, 42, of Orleans Parish, was stopped by local police at 4 P.M. yesterday at an E-Z Mart for evading the Earth's gravitational pull. In mute protest, the fiery Islamic trooper withdrew a steel-plated gnu and violently removed his own face, devouring the bloody remains. Officer J.G. Mooney was reported as saying, "I've never seen anything like it! He really surprised the entire fleet!"

Origami doctors are working feverishly to construct a six-foot paper goldfish. --A.L.S.



*T-shirt, Back*

**Techno-Squid  
Eats Parliament**

*T-Shirt, Front*

*Groovy New TSEP Shirts!*

## New T-Shirt in Works

We've got a cool new design for our latest t-shirts, which should be available by early November. Like all TSEP paraphenalia, they will be priced very reasonably.

Our main motivation in putting out a new shirt is that no one quite caught on to the rather dry humor of having a t-shirt designed like a Pop-Tart box (which, of course, are often the main source of nutrition in the band's regimen!)

These lovely shirts will be 50% cotton, 25% Dacron, 10% Spandex, 3% Yak hair, and 2% milk. The other 10% is made of oxidized bits of Skylab that fell into Mark's skull when he was 7 years old.

Available colors: white, ivory, off-white, eggshell, vintage white, classic eggshell, blanche, and hoof-gray.

## What About a CD, Man?

Maybe you've heard rumors about the overdue TSEP album. We have had some offers from various independent record labels, and we have thought long and hard about the best choice for the future of the band. If things go as planned, we should be recording by the end of 1993 and have a release scheduled for early 1994.

## Fan Club Hall of F a m e

This portion of the newsletter is dedicated to all of those fans who have supported us by travelling great, gaping distances to see us play live, or who have seen us many, many times. Without you guys, it just wouldn't be the same. By the way, we want to see this list grow, so if we fail to mention you, drop us a line! Let us know which shows you've been to.

Matt Bradley  
Cory Brown  
Rick Clark  
Christa Donner  
Eric Ellis  
Chris Friedrich  
Jennifer Griffin  
Shannon Griffin  
Jennifer Kordsmeier  
Nicole Massa  
Melissa Mulhollen  
Stephanie Price  
Jake Rutherford  
Chris Schute  
Jennifer Shaw  
Ron Shelton  
Krystal Taylor  
Kathy Thompson  
Kimberle Voga

Thanks to you wonderful people, Techno-Squid Eats Parliament can live and breathe and procreate forever. If Mark could take you all home and make you soup, by gosh, he would.

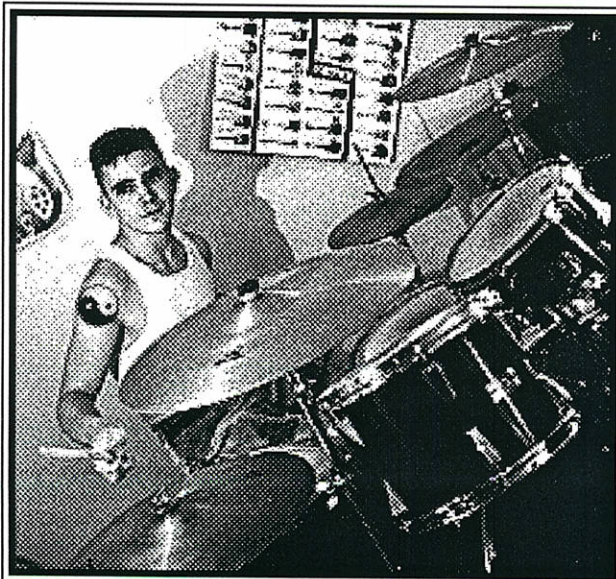


## Who is Slippy?

A title on page 1 of this Quarterly mentions a rather engaging name. To ease confusions from this point forth, we've decided to explain the entity called "Mr. Fluffy."

Who is Mr. Fluffy? Where is he from? What are his interests? These are questions you may find yourself dreaming about. But, I'm certain, Mr. Fluffy would have it no other way. You see, Mr. Fluffy is our next-door neighbor's cat, and while I've known some pretty nice cats in my day, I've not quite known one with the same easy soul as this furry little wraith who comes to me at night smelling vaguely of rotten leaves and cat drool. Yes, he is my friend, a decent cat, a receptacle cat. But he is so much more than Mr. Fluffy, Aaron's friend and companion. He is Mr. Fluffy, inbred Gopher's colon. He is Mr. Fluffy, solid titanium ashtray. Life without his meek little paw scrounging under our back porch for a tidy morsel of dirt would be desolate and worthless. Until the day his flesh starts deteriorating and smelling up the neighborhood, he'll be biting axes

in the deepest roots of my heart. I love him. And I know that some of you out there are probably clenching the edges of your paper, enraged, saying to yourselves, "Why would life be so cruel to take Mr. Fluffy from us?" But, I say unto you what I would want said unto me if our situations were reversed, if I were a fan reading the depressing truth of Mr. Fluffy's inevitable future. I say to you: don't take it too much to heart...after all, he licks his own butt. -A.L.S.



Drummer Shayne Gray is seen here inflating a cat Bladder.

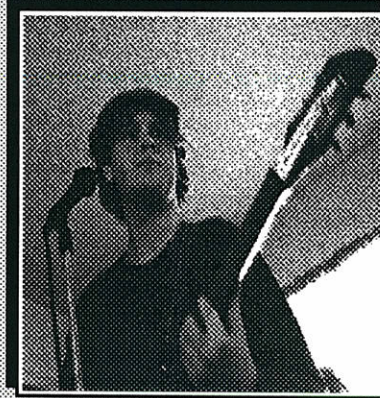
**YOU CANNOT WHACK  
A TAB!!!  
REALLY.**

(cont. from p. 1)

before. They're a pretty cool band, except the lead singer is made of wheelchair tires. That was just a joke. OK... then on *November 17* we're playing at *Juanita's* with 5-8, who is the coolest band in the free world. (You know what? This copy I'm writing is a rough draft, and Mark is going to have to proof it before he sends it, so, EAT ME, MARK!!) (Editor's note: *Aaron sucks!*)

Back to important matters. On *November 19*, we make the pilgrimage to Hot Springs to play at the *Espresso Gallery*. This should prove to be a feat of terpsichorean fervor. Then, *November 20*, we play the *Antenna* again, and *December 3* at *Midnight Sun* in Jackson, Mississippi. (With 5-8 again!) Be sure to wear only chrome for both of these shows, as this is what their themes will require. *December 11* at *Vino's*, *December 18* at *Juanita's* with Bobgoblin, and *December 31* at a private function.

We are always in the process of adding new shows. Keep your ear to the grindstone, and hopefully you'll experience samadhi! -X.O.X.



## *Judiasm in the Kitchen*

by Aaron L. Sarlo

Have you ever wondered how to make an extraordinary Beef Wellington with Sharks and Mayonaise? Well, worry no more. Here is a sumptuous little recipe that is sure to have you hospitalized instantly.

In an 8 gallon mixing vat, soak a small rodent until dead. Add mayonaise. Fluff. Chill for 2 to 3 hours. In a separate container, blend Peter Frampton and half of the marbles until a homogenous mixture is reached. Then add rest of marbles. Ram can of sharks into any given small opening. Bake everything in your family's den at eleven thousand degrees until a hypnotic green tint is reached. Makes 4-6 servings. -- A.L.S.

### *Ingredients:*

*1 can of Chef Boyardee Shark*  
*1 cup mayonaise*  
*80 marbles, lightly marinated*  
*Peter Frampton*  
*78 gallons of crane blood*



## **Techno-Squid Eats Parliament**

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