

Green
Tits
and
Fur

By
Dr. Juice



Green Tits and Fur. Copyright © 1993 by Kevin Duane and Ray Larabie. All rights reserved; no portion of this material may be reproduced under any conditions and technologies without our express and capricious permission. Hell, isn't it bad enough *WE* did it?

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"The Show! The Show! Come in and see!"

The flags and speakers called to me

In voices bright and filled with glee

"It's Fun, it's Fine, it's almost FREE!"

So what the Hell, I paid my fee...



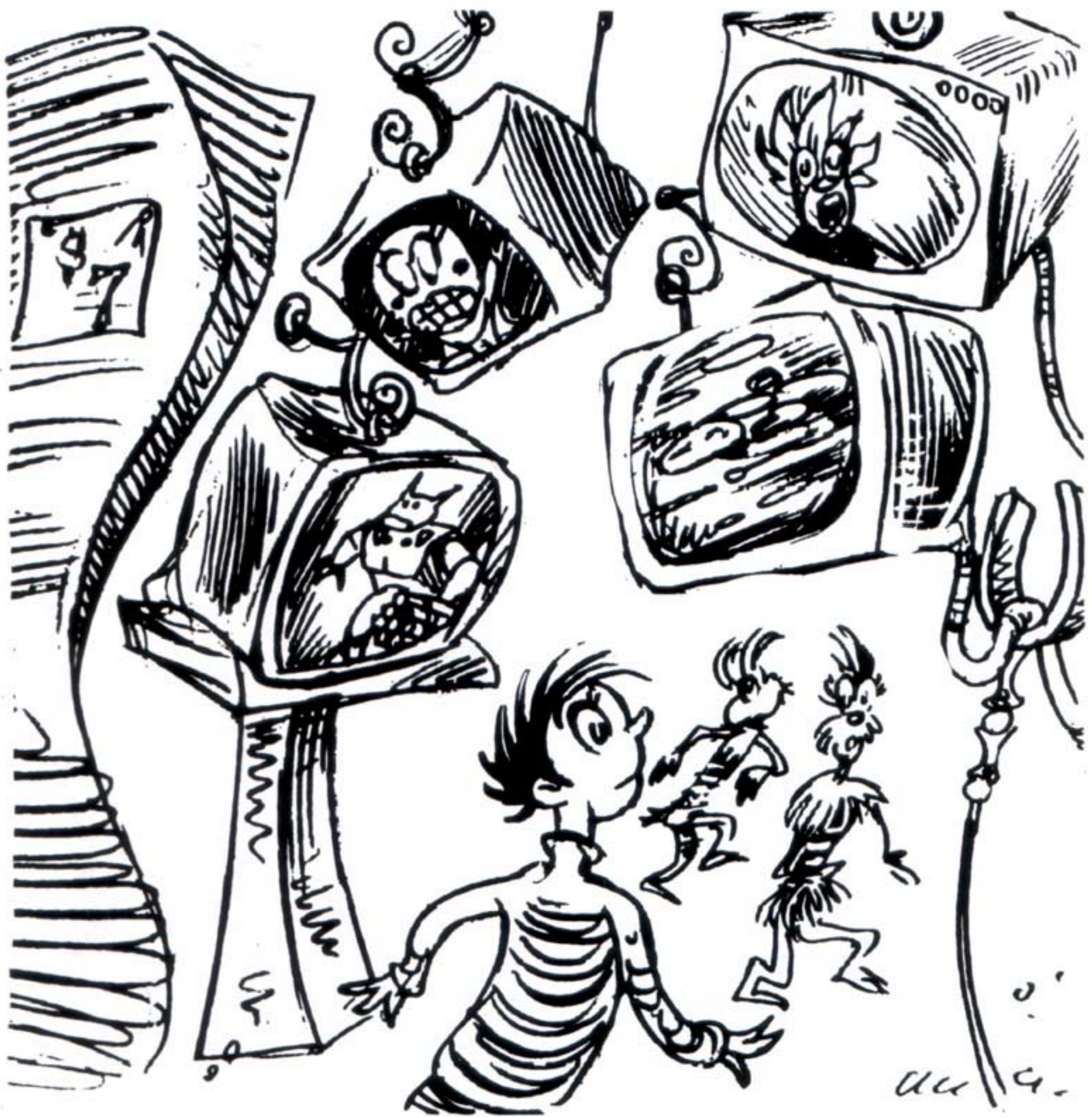


The Ballrooms of the Blitz Hotel
Was packed 'till it began to swell
With every sort of clientelle
From Mucky-Muck to Ne'er-Do-Well.
I won't even DESCRIBE the smell...





Not careful of the undertow,
I found myself in Huckster's Row
Where everything to see or know,
Was selling high, and selling low.
They'd sell YOU if you moved too slow!



I tried escape through Ballroom A
And found the room for Anime
They stared at a T.V. display
And gibbered in a foreign way...
Reminded me of Saturday...



The Costume Crowd were next in line
Encased in tinfoil, lace and twine.
An old fur coat, a traffic sign
And other things of odd design
Or just some makeup, spread REAL fine.

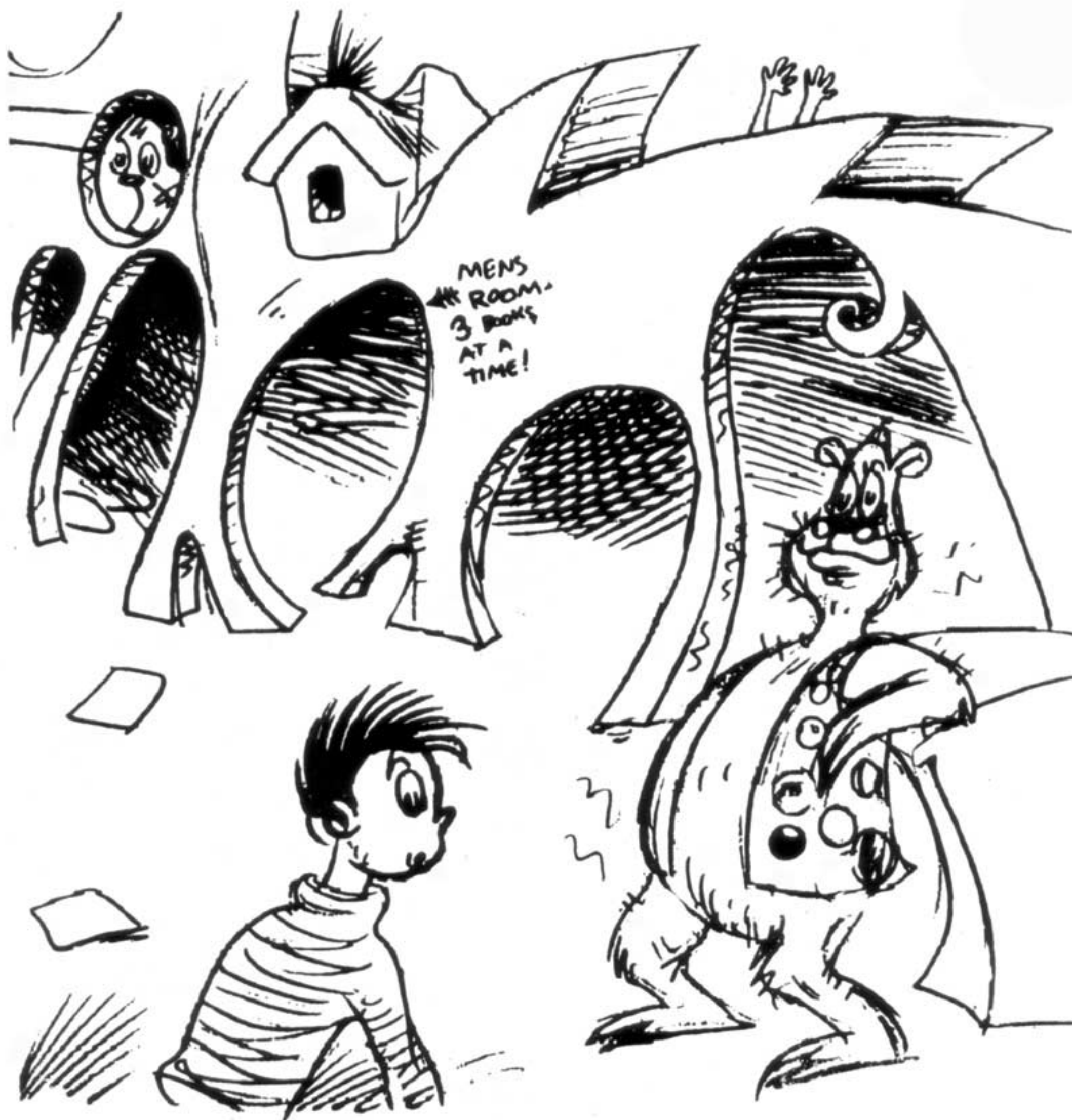


The Fanzine Room, my next repose,
Where wild-eyed, frantic Janes and Joes
Were copying assorted prose
On X'ox, or Fax, or Mimeo's.
Like fire brigades -- without a hose.



The Filkers formed a mighty throng
Who sang off-key, but twice as strong
On Guitars, Zithers, Flutes and Gong!
Ah, without music, Life is Wrong...

THAT idea won't hold water long!

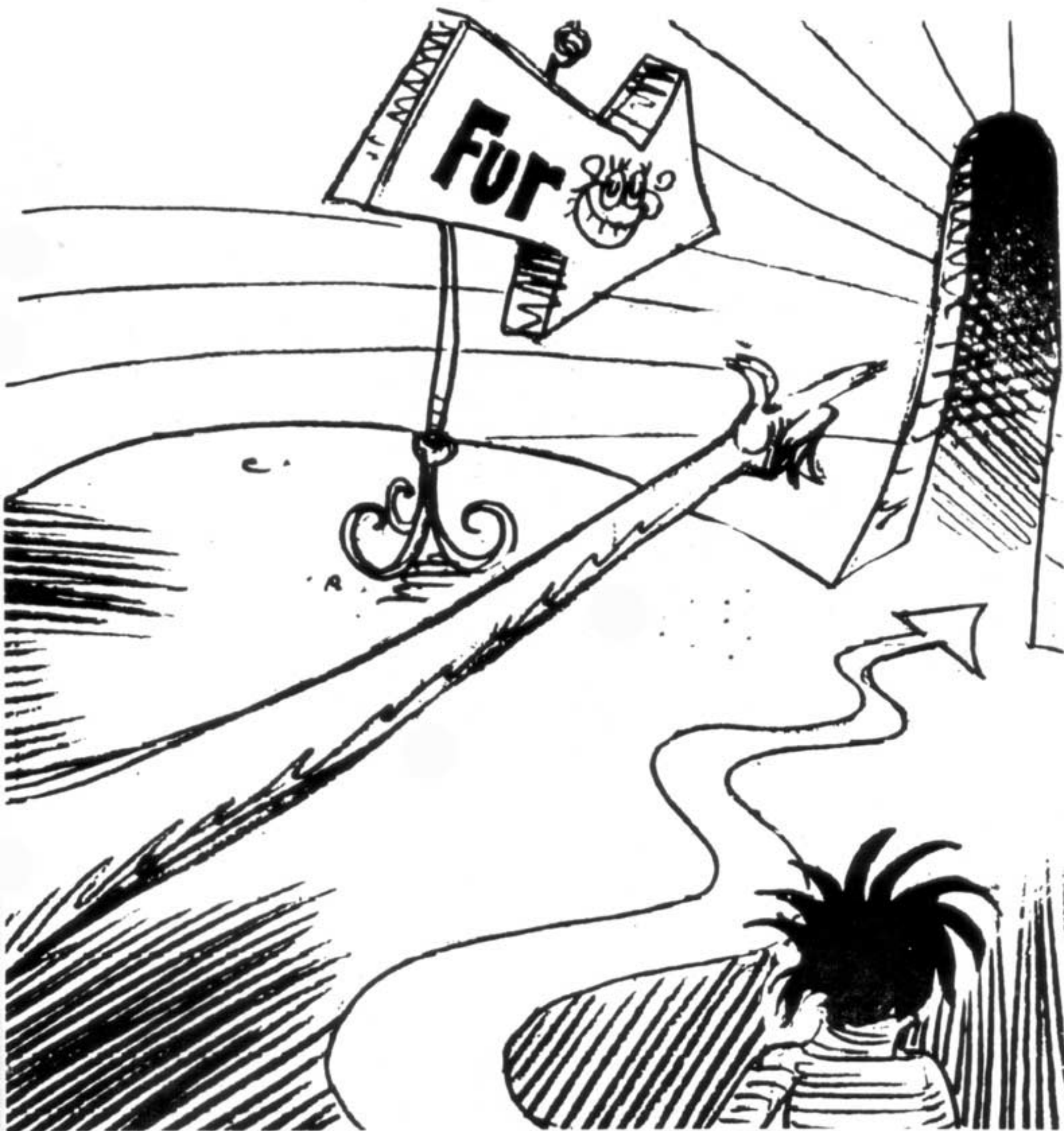


At last, amid the crowd and din
I flowed beside a spot wherein
The jangling crowd had worn down thin
To me and just one harlequin.
But here my problems just begin.

A chubby creature watched my rest,
A slew of buttons on it's vest.
Through glasses smudged you saw the zest
Of some bold pilgrim on a quest
Or one maniacally depressed



It gazed at me, with smile impure.
It spoke: "Excuse me, please, Monsieur -
You do appear a connoisseur
More suitable a class of viewer
Than those of dubious culture..."



His smile eclipsed into a grin
"You'll find the work displayed herein
A quaint artistic discipline
Anthropomorphics lie within
Hotter than nitroglycerine!"

ARAL
YNE'S BUTTOCKS

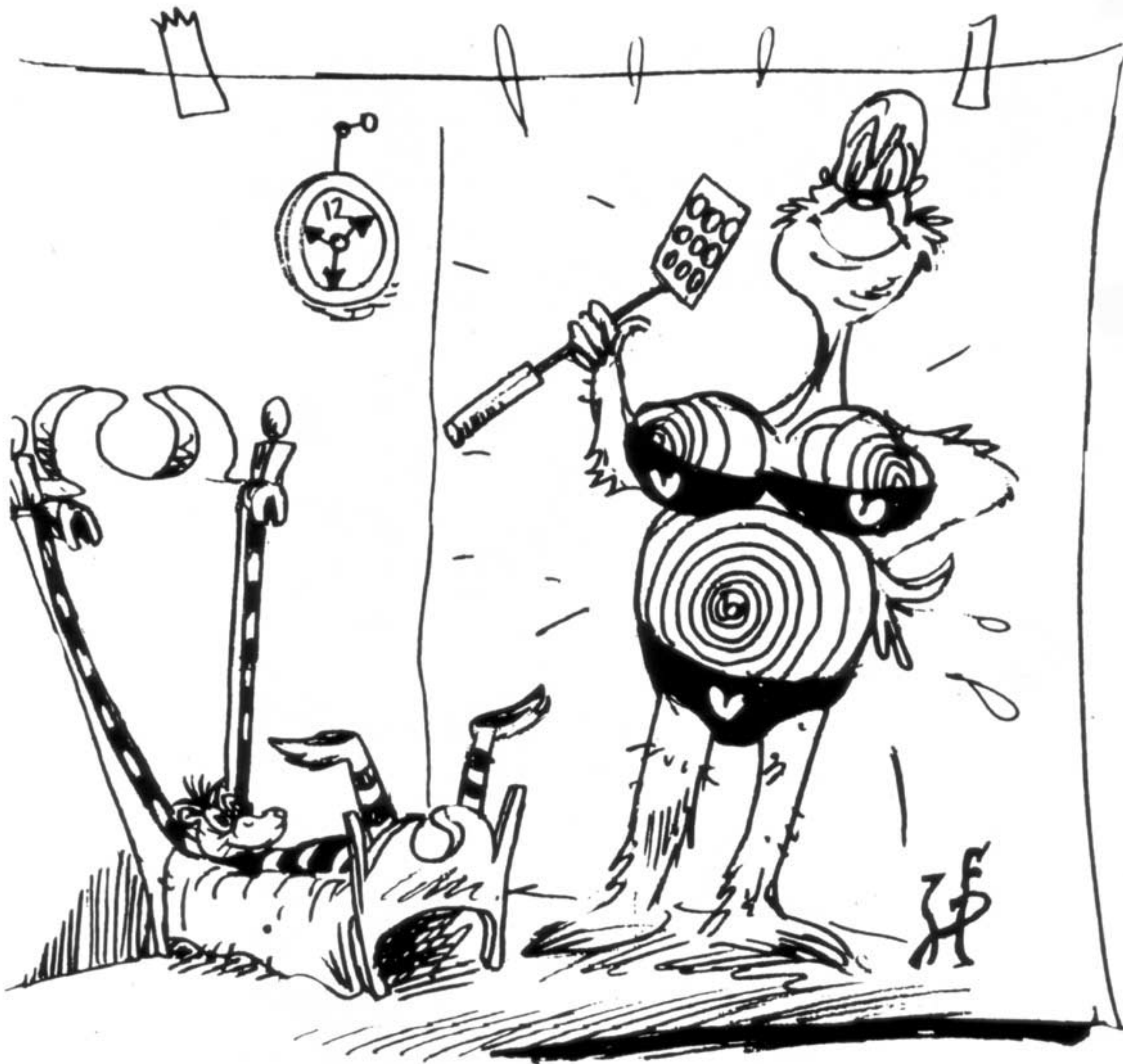
BUTTER
SIDE
UP!



I wandered through a gallery strewn
With pictures drawn, or sculptures hewn
By talents sharp or picayune
Of weasels, foxes or racoon
In varying displays of poon.



In frames, on cels, on marble stands,
Their poses catered all demands
To pander to specific glands
In ways to beat more than the bands.
I knew not where to put my hands.

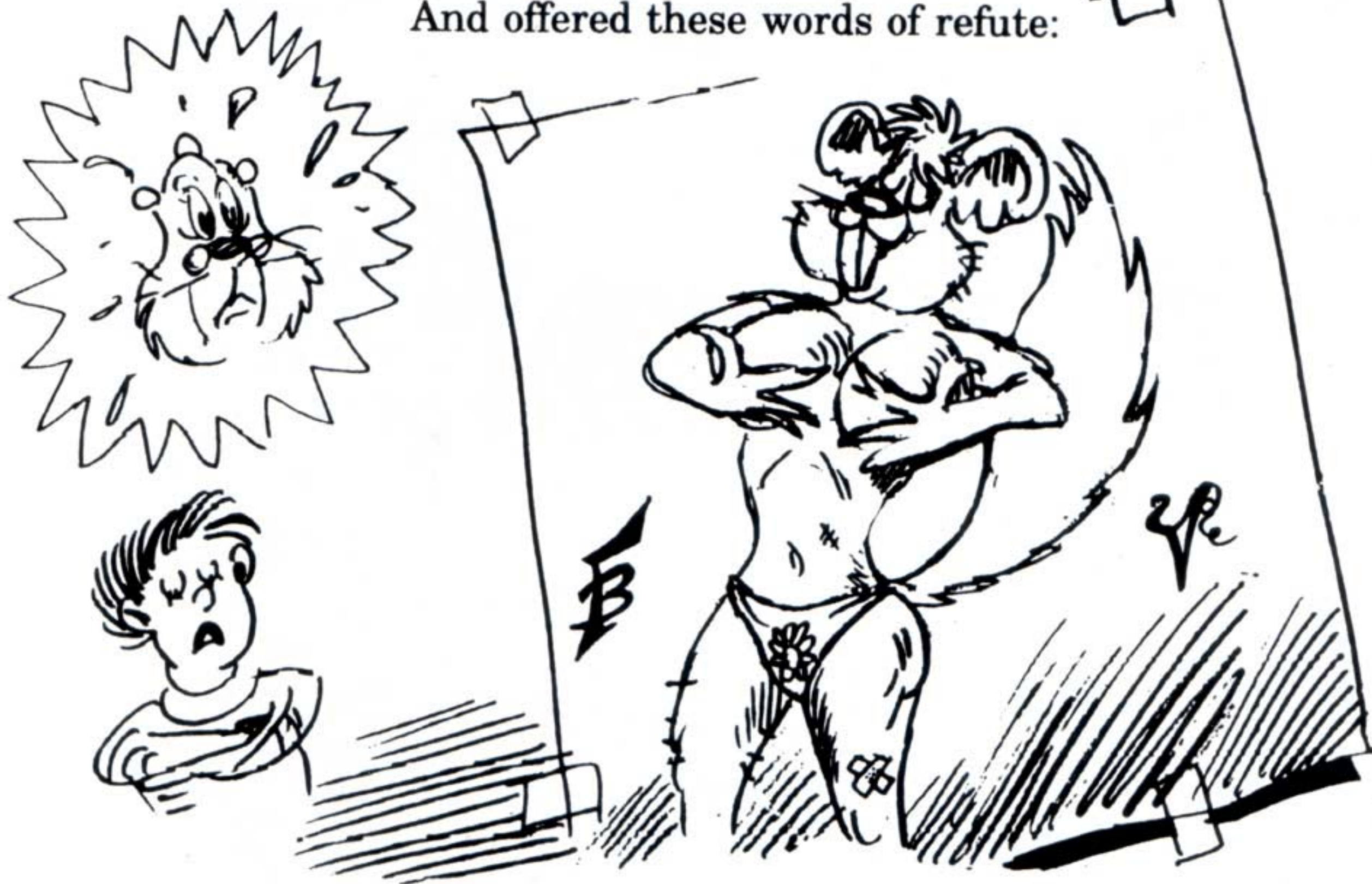


Was there a subject too depraved?
Some fetid pit they'd left unpaved?
Well, none that I recall, were saved
From being airbrushed or engraved
By folks whose palms were often shaved.

At last we exited the maze
And as I stood there, in a daze
My guide just smiled, with eyes ablaze
Awaiting my dispense of praise
Preferably some form that pays...

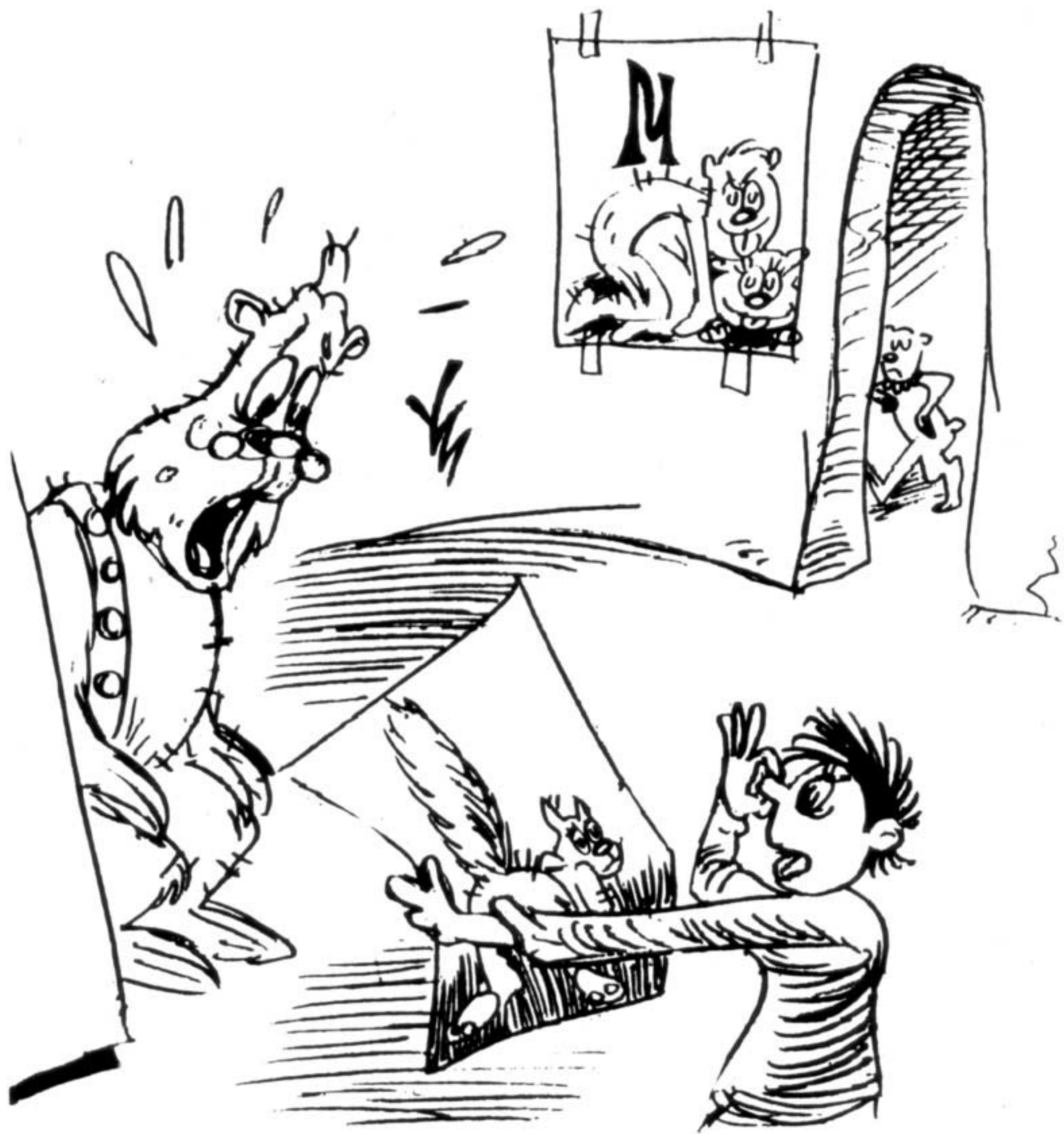


Though I was stunned, I was not mute.
I let my mind reconstitute.
Wishing I'd had a gun to shoot.
Gazed at my grinning bandicoot
And offered these words of refute:



"I do not like green tits with fur
Or more than two? No thank you sir!
I'm not a great philosopher
But what I think, to look at her -
Is NOT 'the More the Merrier.'"

The set she clutches with her paws
Through all-too-inefficient gauze
Might give a dairy farmer pause
But highlight their most blatant flaws -
- *They're violating Newton's Laws!*



I don't desire am'rous trysts
With folks with hooves beneath the wrists
Or characters whose toys consists
Of bullwhip status flaggelists
And messy sado-masochists.

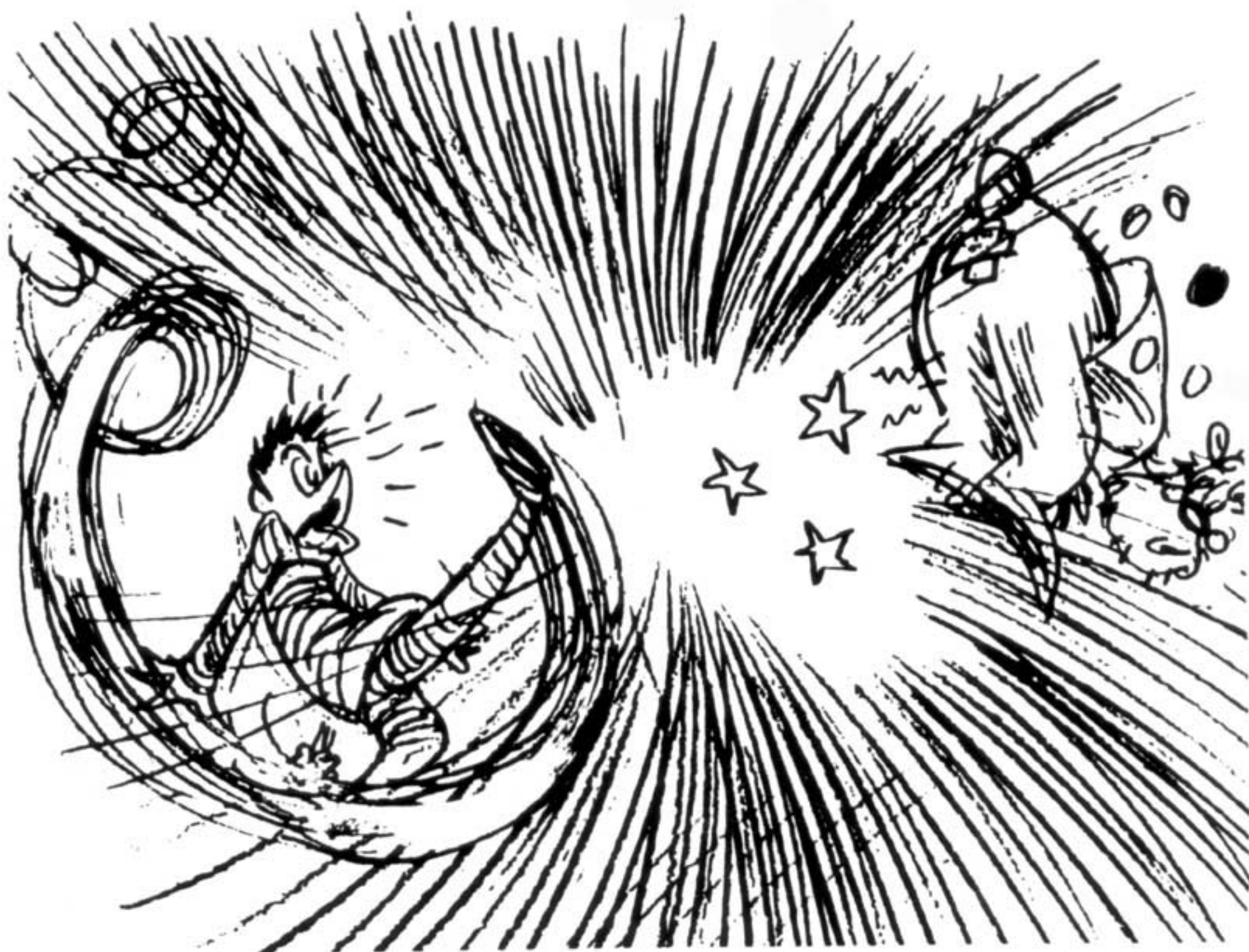
I do NOT like them with a tail,
That's lifted upward to unveil
What's underneath in vast detail...
Especially when it's a Male!
And I don't CARE if it's on sale!



I find myself a bit annoyed
The way their weapons are deployed,
Like targeting me is enjoyed.
A shrink might think I'm paranoid...
But no one ever shot at Freud!



I do detect a lack of style
When they go courting in a pile
And sexually recompile
In manners awkward or puerile,
Too stupid to be juvenile.



This kind of lifestyle seems a bore,
Nothing that sane folks could adore.

I'll be in need of no encore.

No more displays of art or lore.

Just leave a path 'tween here, and door...

This kind of artwork surely sells
When it's produced for one who dwells
Inside imagined citadels

Where every tantric urge that swells

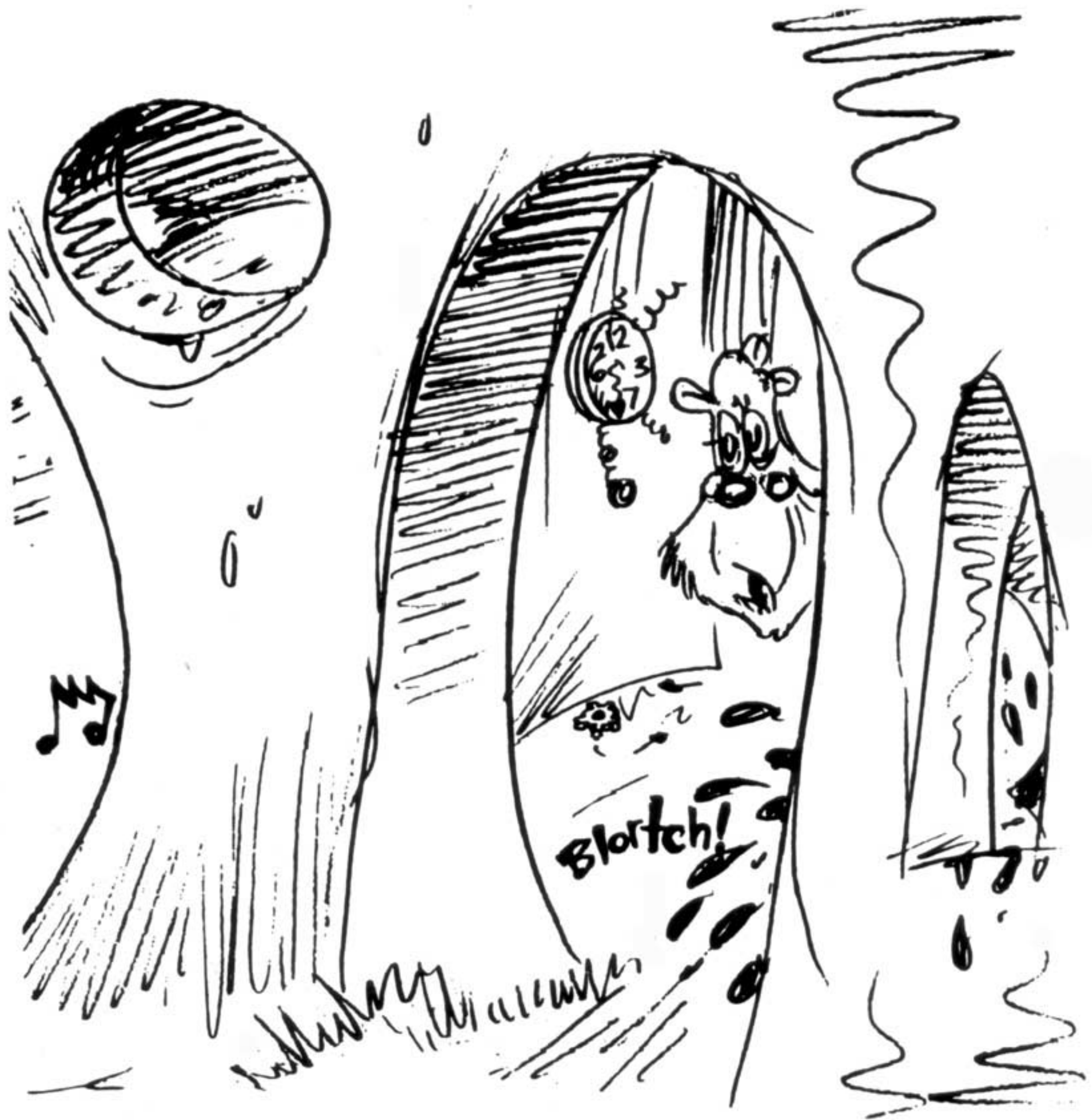
Is served by Beasts -- or Beastielles!

If THIS is how you folks behave
And carry on, and rant and rave
There ain't much here that's worth to save,
Just go on back to your enclave
Lurking with what's STILL in the cave!"



He tried to speak -- I just went on.
"You might keep up this marathon
Long after I am out and gone.
I leave one thought to dwell upon:

Notice that this is called A CON?!"



Before a reply could be vent.
Out of the gallery I went.
Straight for the exit my intent.
Parting the crowd with path unbent.
Ending my brief imprisonment.

Fresh air and sunshine! Pleasant shocks!
How long had I been in that box?
No one inside cared much for clocks,
When they were herded into flocks.
I just walked faster down the blocks.



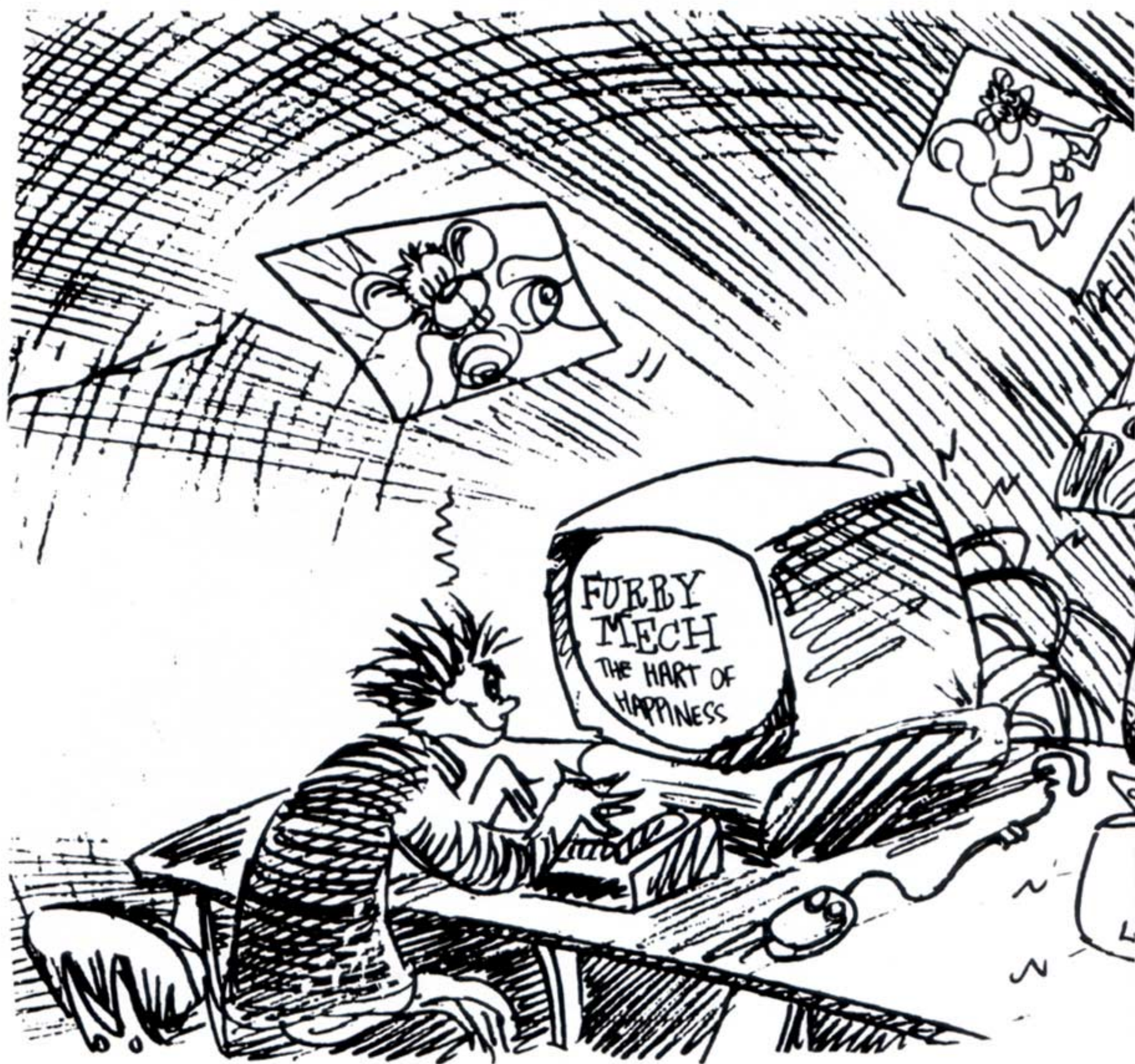


Finally home, and to my door.
Safe and secure - at peace once more.
Thinking of that pathetic corps
I simply flipped the bird and swore
They would see me there - NEVERMORE!

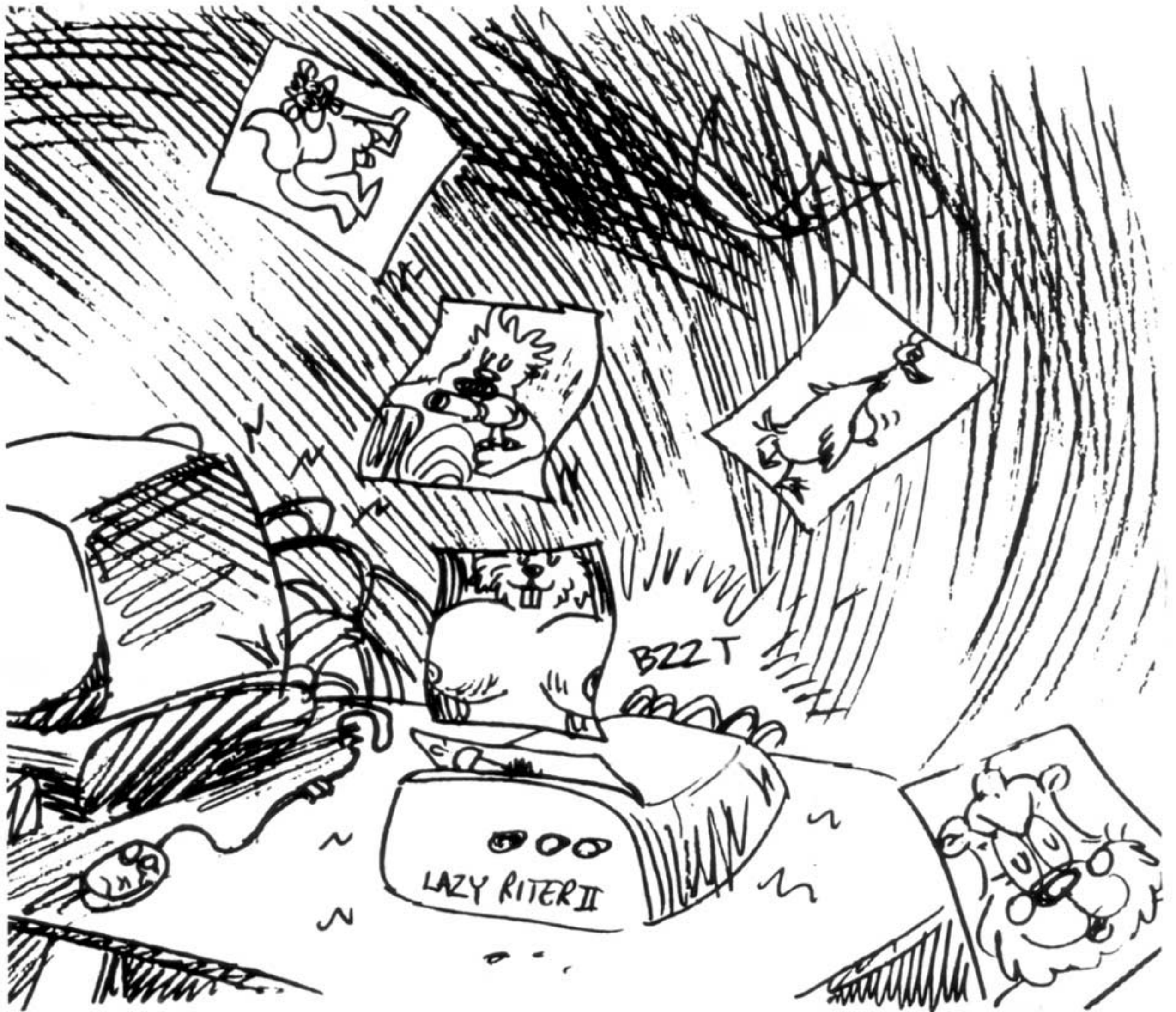
Having regained my calm aplomb
Entered and locked my silent home.
Then to the stairway I did roam
Down to my basement catacomb...
To face a screen of monochrome



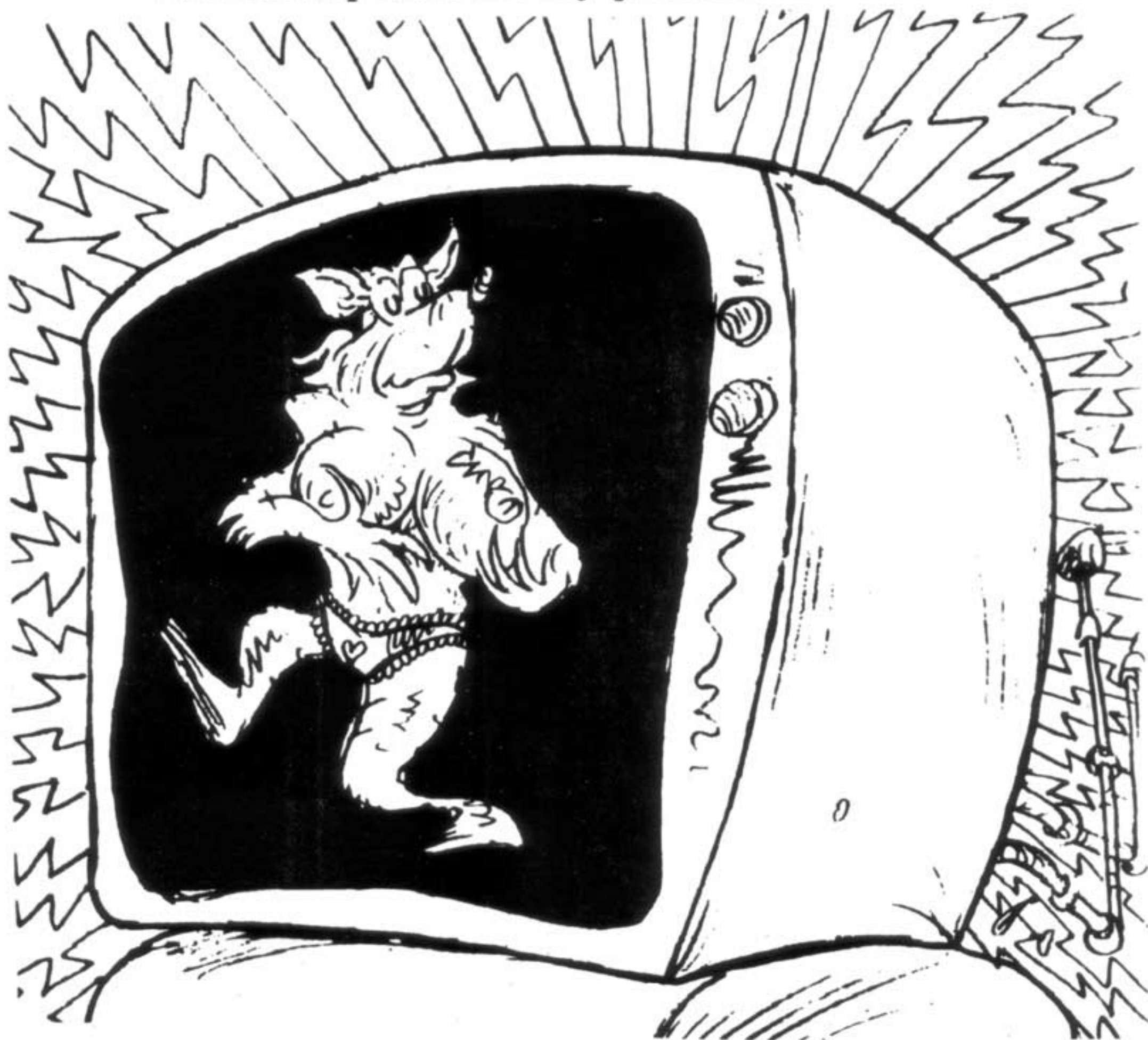
Here in my sanctum, I attain
Total control of my domain.
With my machines and skills arcane
Any desires I entertain...
I can construct - and run again!



Here, in my world most Technophile'd
I am the lord of all I've filed.
Any distraction, is exiled
Any desire I might have while'd
Soon is installed and re-compiled.



Show me an image at a glance
Suitable prospects for romance...
If I detect a flaw by chance
Into the Box! ReScan! Enhance!
Tailored specific for my pants...

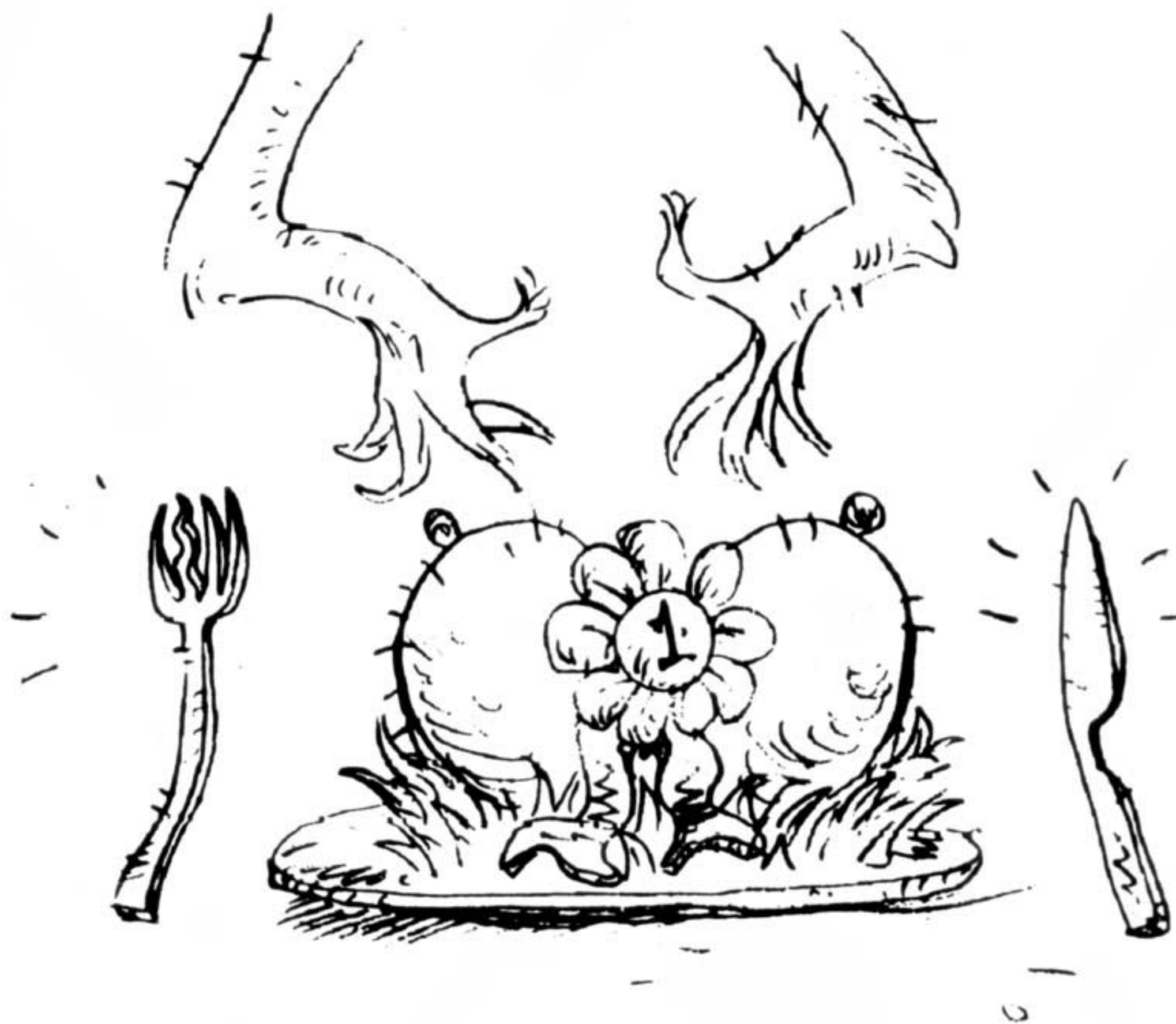


If for companionship I'm flawed
I can communicate abroad.
List'ning to e-mail fans applaud
How my construction is geegaw-ed
At a bodacious kilobaud...

Within the bounds of my retreat
Here in electric tones discrete
I can romance with the elite.
Who cares what sex? What age? What street?
These aren't folks I'd want to MEET!



Who'd want to hob-nob with those louts?
Old fashioned fools who have their doubts
Scoffing us Brave New World devouts
Whose every source of pleasure spouts
From large supplies of ones and noughts!



ABOUT THE CREATORS

RAY LARABIE is a charming, energetic young man, prone to occasional acts of animation and disquieting imagery. He has nothing but admiration and respect for the ... well, now that you mention it, it's kinda hard to get admiration and respect out of him on ANYTHING for very long. He is a graduate of Sheridan College, using his pictures as an alibi for moving art. Perhaps you'll be pleased to know he's "kinda bored" with Furry based art, and is now preparing a portfolio of Vomit sketches sure to rival Warhol in controversial salability.

KEVIN DUANE is a character of great discussion in some fannish circles. Some say he should be skinned alive, or burned at the stake. Some argue that he looks the way he does because he ALREADY has been skinned and burned a few times. Kryptonite, rosewood stakes inserted in vital glands, and silver-plated bullets have all proven ineffective in curbing his "wit". Only a gradual migration northward has his most significant adversaries breathing sighs of relief -- it is hoped he will contribute enough hot air to compensate for the coming Ice Age.

