

DON'T GET 2 CLOSE (2 MY FANZINE)

SUMMER 2016 IN BOOGNISH WE TRUST

/100



ZINE WEEN

I guess that's what I should call myself. It fits the rhyme scheme and feels pretty damn good. It also feels pretty damn good to bring you this first issue of DG2C2MF. It's been a wild ride since that first post and I'm so psyched that so many people submitted and donated and are as excited as me to read this. The Ween fan base is a talented group and I know we put our hearts into these pieces simply because we love this band. We put the fan in fanatic that's for sure! I hope you enjoy this first issue so we can keep going as long as we can. Before we proceed I really want to thank Deaner and Gener! Their vision makes this all possible and it's what gives form to the formless thoughts in our heads! Thanks Ween!!

Eli Schwab - Editor



Don't Get 2 Close 2 My Fanzine #1

"This isn't something you can quit.
This is a life sentence."

- Mickey "Dean Ween" Melchiondo

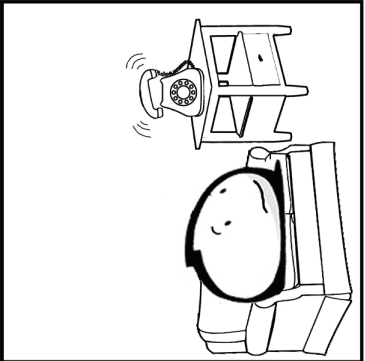
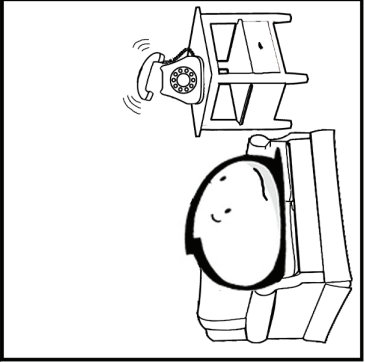
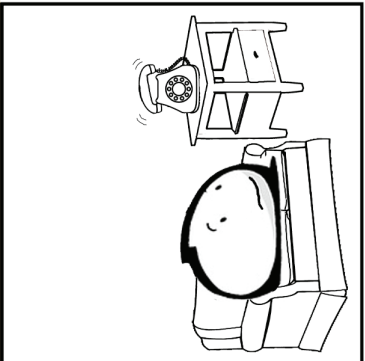
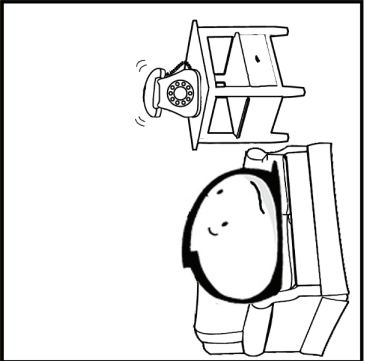
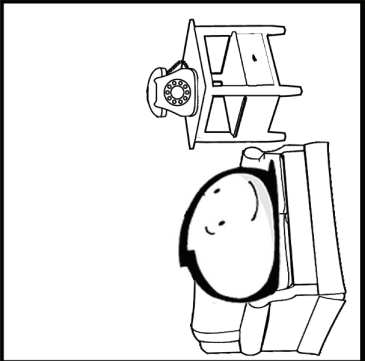
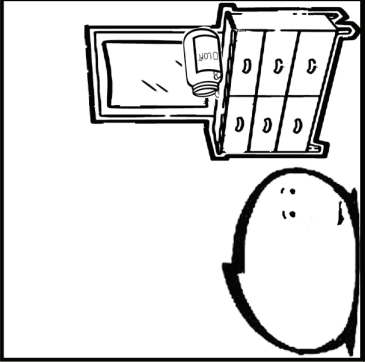
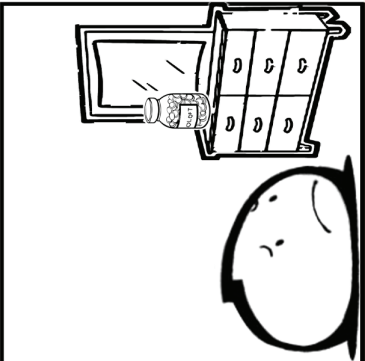
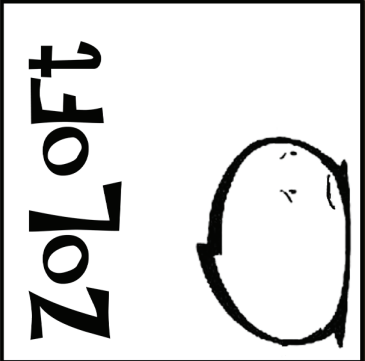
Straight from the stallion's mouth, truer words have never been spoken. Just ask the rabid (and occasionally overzealous) fan-base of our beloved Ween. It has been over 30 years since the band's inception, over which time we have seen more than a dozen albums accompanied by countless B-sides and demos; a sobering, yet nerve-racking, four-year hiatus; and shows ranging from local haunt John & Peter's in New Hope, PA to a 5000-person sold out crowd in Colorado just three short months ago for the most epic musical reunion of the 21st century.

Whether you were bit by the Ween bug after a drug-fueled orgy in the summer of '91 or bit by that weird older cousin's excitement for the reunion this past Christmas, one thing is for sure: that bug is a tick and that tick's a pretty mean bastard. You can yank off its legs and cut off its head but once that sucker infects you with the Lyme's disease known as Ween, your bloodstream will be tainted brown for the rest of your days.

So here we are! Ye olde faithful. The Army of Boognish. Ween Appreciation Society, for those social media soldiers. Proudly bringing to you the one thing our great community has been lacking: an unofficial, official publication, by the people and for the people.

Written By Jeffrey Kurtz
Art by Riese Meyers





by Mike Stewart



by Joe Szczygielski



by Croix Berman

A series of,

WHAT HAPPENED

BY: Stephen Groves

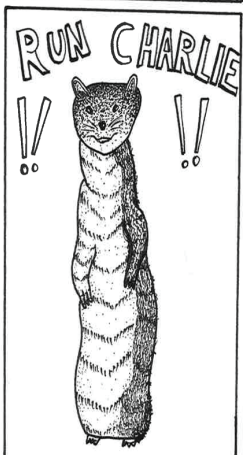
2016 Inspired by WEEN

Right to the joys and horrors of the world.

I think his lung.

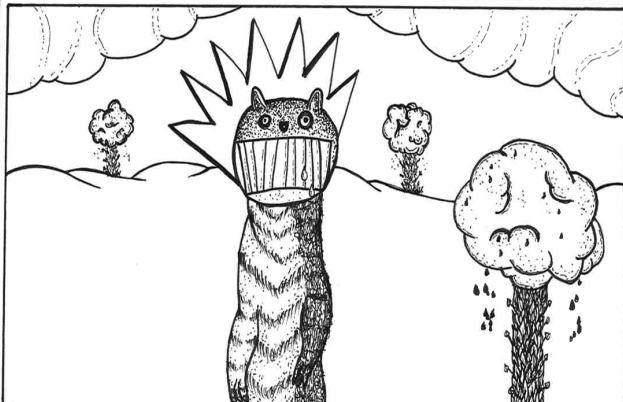
In concepts.

Sorry Charlie.

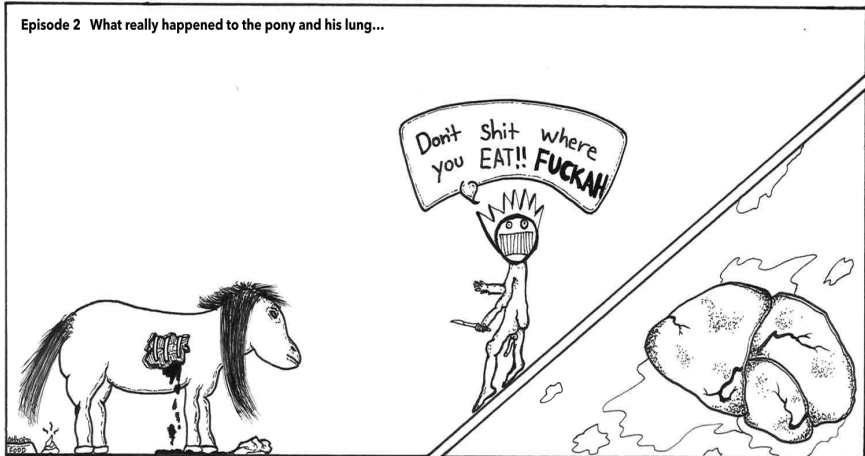


Episode 1 What happened to the weasel after given the nectar...

Charlie the weasel never could have imagined where evolution would take him. His first memory being the sweet fresh squeezed nectar of the marble tulip juicy trees. His second memory, a painful one, of the elders yelling "SORRY CHARLIE, but you must run. RUN for you will be squelched." Looking back as his family was being juiced and.....inevitably crushed as they were bleeding. He ran for days on end until reaching the rift. The nectar always sloshing about bringing forth the visions that jumbled his thought. Here, Charlie could control time yet always felt watched by a thousand eyes. He lived a very lonely life, slowly evolving and practicing his chants. "BOP shoo waddy waddy, BOP shoo waddy waddy." Overtime, the nectar began to slowly wear off. The visions less frequent. All Charlie could think about was to go see the Chocolate Town he had always heard of from the elders. Once he got there, he knew the marble tulip juicy trees would be everywhere. So he got stronger and grew taller. Until one day he mustered up the courage to journey to Chocolate Town. He knew what he was doing was right to the ways and the rules of the world. Running on his last bit of energy, Charlie saw the brown hue in the distance and knew it was close. The land scattered with the most succulent trees. Drenching himself like a milky sponge, he began to feel a change. **Charlie's not a puppet anymore, he's seen the clouds cave in...**



Episode 2 What really happened to the pony and his lung...

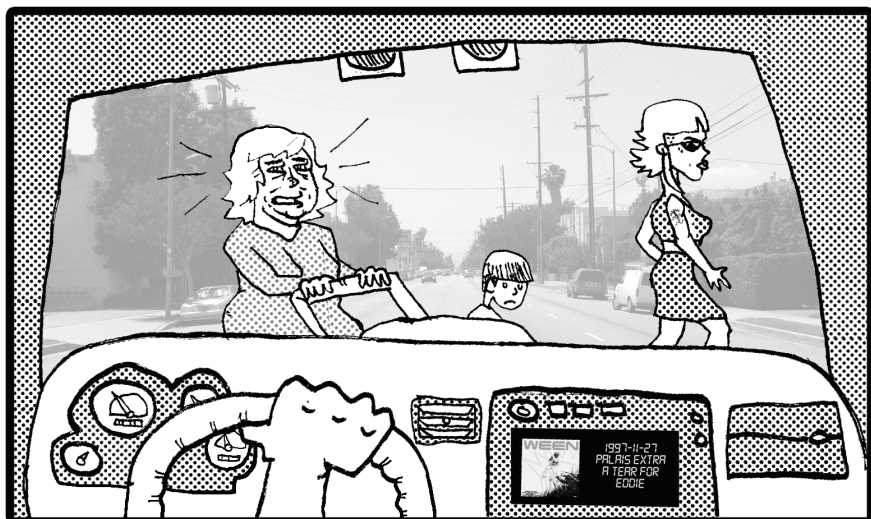


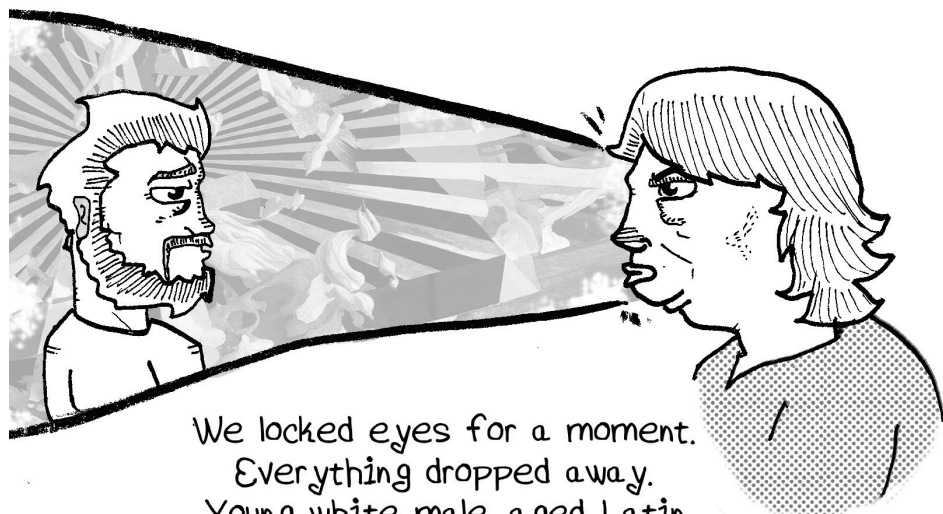
TO BE CONTINUED...

Still drawing



It's a hot day, A.C's broke. Windows open. 11/27/97 blasting out the speakers. "A Tear For Eddie" comes on as I pull up to a light. "More like 'A Tear For Shreddy,'" I think to myself. Dealers solo rages. Some families begin to cross the street in front of me. It's clear that this guitar solo is reaching their ears. As the song builds I begin to get looks, and an older Latin woman pushing a stroller looks me directly in the eye...





We locked eyes for a moment.
Everything dropped away.
Young white male, aged Latin
female...a tear for Eddie.



Then the most amazing thing happened. She
began to nod her head back and forth to the
beat. She smiled. Her hands began to tap the
handle of the stroller. The older child looked up
at her confused yet unable to not move.

Laughter, joy and dancing were all through the
frame of my windshield. Life's little joys under
the watchful eye of the Boognish.



By Eli Schwab



By Ben Cook



THE FATBN ASSHOLE IS
LOOTING OUR MYSTIC ROSE
PATCH BROTHER GENE!



I CAN GET 20
PORK ROLL EGG AND
CHEESE WITH THESE
ROSES. NO OFFENSE...



CALL UPON THE
STALLION DENNER!
MY-MIGHTY
FRIEND!



TONES SHRED
THROUGH THE
VALLEYS)



STALLION MANG!

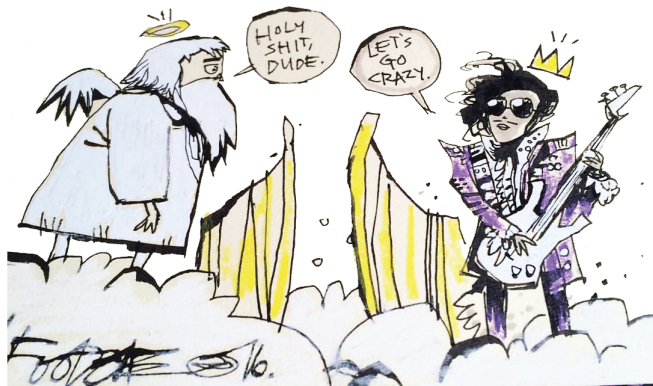


PREPARE THE MOUNT
BOY!



YOU FUCKED, UP!
YOU BITCH,
YOU REALLY FUCKED UP!

Any words I write will fail to convey, the pain my fucking soul has taken with the passing of Prince. There have been no small amount of losses this year but the loss of our Prince, is like a swift kick to the dick. The 5'2" enigma. The epitome of cool. People talk about swagger like it is this new thing. As if only underprivileged black kids in skinny jeans and a rap collective can have it. Fuck those people.



Prince was swagger incarnate. A poor black kid wearing skinny jeans, paisley shirt, and quartz studded jacket, who got more pussy on accident than Kanye gets on purpose. His effortless style and grace accompanied by a cacophony of orgasmic face-fucking guitar shredding. A fireball of intense passion and vision. A multi-instrumentalist who could out perform any other mortal. He was a veritable beast. A one off cosmic alien of pure raw energy. Half a man and half amazing. His flesh may be laid to rest, but his energy is boundless. That energy was not his own. It **CHOSE** him as its conduit, so we could bask in its glory and be made aware that there are forces in the universe far more mysterious and magnificent than crop circles or silly pyramids. It's a raw and brutal energy than in lesser hands would have caused brain tumors, Tourette's, or some other fucking cranial bleeding. This ancient energy is a by product of the Big Bang. Of the cosmos colliding at the beginning of time and finding its way to this little blue rock to be found by whomsoever can wield it. Prince was that motherfucker. Prince pulled that energy out of the universe like King Arthur pulled the sword out of the stone. Prince Rogers Nelson aka Skipper, The Purple Perv, The Artist, The Artist Formerly Known as Prince, Alexander Nevermind, Joey Coco. Prince Rogers Nelson, The Fucking Legend.

words by Asa Dicken



Art by Jim Mahfood



"BLACKJACK" - Acrylic on board

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-The-
ARGUS

DESIGNED BY

TOM HAEFLIGER
-2016-

"WEEN HAS TAKEN ME
AWAY TO PLACES I
COULDN'T HAVE EVEN
IMAGINED. THESE GUYS
HAVE CHANGED MY LIFE."

JUHL RIDDELL

DEDICATED TO JEFF RUSNAK





Cold blows the wind

Lyrics by ween. Drawn by dave crossland.

COLD BLOWS THE WIND
OVER MY TRUE LOVE
COLD BLOW THE DROPS
OF RAIN.

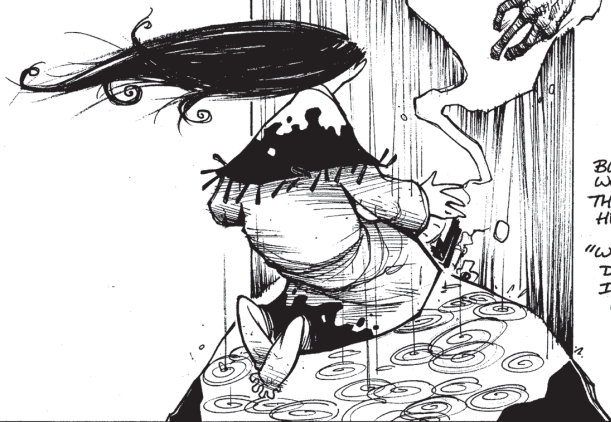
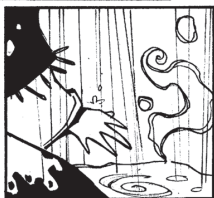
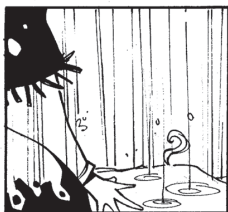
I'VE NEVER HAD
BUT ONE TRUE LOVE,
AND IN CAMVILLE
HE WAS SLAIN.

I'LL DO AS MUCH
FOR MY TRUE LOVE
AS ANY YOUNG
GIRL MAY.



I'LL SIT AND WEEP
DOWN BY HIS GRAVE
FOR TWELVE MONTH
AND ONE DAY.





BUT WHEN TWELVE MONTHS
WERE COME AND GONE,
THIS YOUNG MAN
HE AROSE.

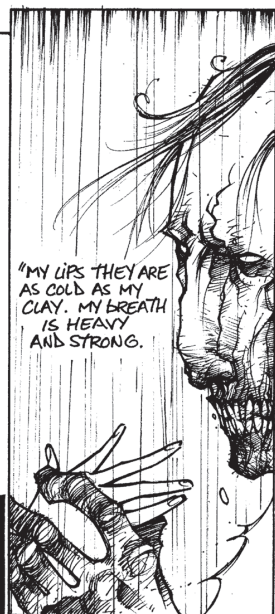
"WHAT MAKES YOU WEEP
DOWN BY MY GRAVE?
I CAN'T TAKE
MY REPOSE."



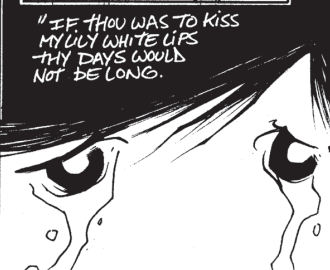
"ONE KISS. ONE KISS OF
YOUR LILY WHITE LIPS.
ONE KISS IS ALL I CRAVE."



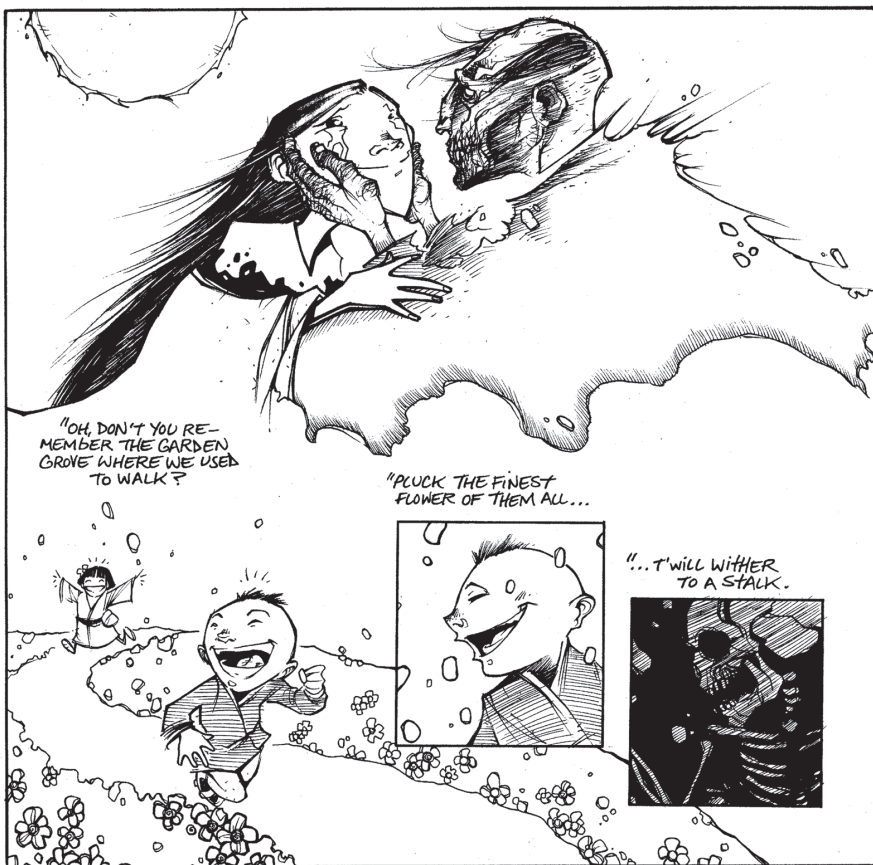
"ONE KISS. ONE KISS OF
YOUR LILY WHITE
LIPS, AND RETURN
BACK TO YOUR
GRAVE."



"MY LIPS THEY ARE
AS COLD AS MY
CLAY. MY BREATH
IS HEAVY
AND STRONG."



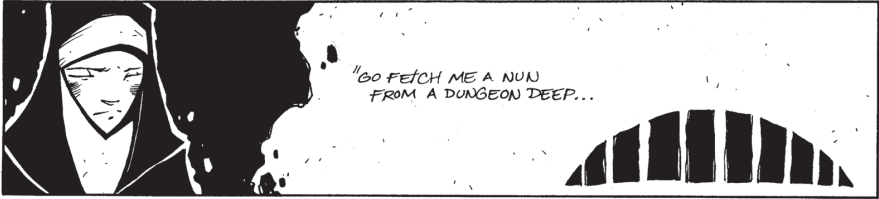
"IF THOU WAST TO KISS
MY LILY WHITE LIPS
THY DAYS WOULD
NOT BE LONG."



"OH, DON'T YOU RE-
MEMBER THE GARDEN
GROVE WHERE WE USED
TO WALK?"

"PLUCK THE FINEST
FLOWER OF THEM ALL..."

"...T'WILL WITHER
TO A STALK."



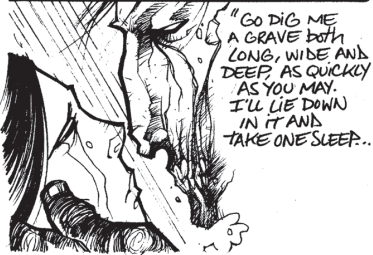
"GO FEICH ME A NUN
FROM A DUNGEON DEEP...



"...AND WATER FROM A STONE...



"...AND WHITE MILK FROM A MAIDEN'S BREAST
THAT HADE ERE NEVER KNOWN.



"GO DIG ME
A GRAVE BOTH
LONG, WIDE AND
DEEP, AS QUICKLY
AS YOU MAY.
I'LL LIE DOWN
IN IT AND
TAKE ONE SLEEP...



"...FOR TWELVE
MONTH...



"...AND
ONE DAY."



COLD BLOWS THE WIND
OVER MY TRUE LOVE.
COLD BLOW THE DROPS
OF RAIN.

I'VE NEVER HAD BUT
ONE TRUE LOVE
AND IN CAMVILLE
HE WAS SLAIN.
I'LL DO AS MUCH FOR
MY TRUE LOVE AS
ANY YOUNG GIRL MAY.

I'LL SIT AND WEEP
DOWN BY HIS GRAVE
FOR TWELVE MONTH
AND ONE DAY.



Five Haikus on the Subject of Ween

by Tim Horzelski



BROWN SOUND ALCHEMY
ETHEREAL VIBRATIONS
ECHO FOREVER

GENER AND DEANER
AND CLAUDE, GLENN, AND DAVE PUT ONE
IN THE MOOD TO MOVE



BROWNESS, OH BOGNISH
VENTURING THROUGH AURAL BLISS
I'VE TASTED THE WASTE

THE MUSIC OF WEEN
MOVES THE THROGS OF RABID FANS
WE ARE DELIGHTED



A BAND SO UNIQUE
CREATING SOUNDS ALL THEIR OWN
NOW GET WITH IT, MANG

VOODOO LADY

HERBAL ALCHEMY

AMBROSIA PARSLEY

©EVOKING VENERY IN A MAN©

Anoint the large toe of his right foot with a cosmetic oil of honey and the ashes of a weasel

To increase the effectiveness of this magical ointment, add the herbs of sexual love and desire such as the Coriander, the Jasmine and the Violet that have been picked in the last quarter of the Full Moon



RED SATAN

©SUNBURN REMEDY©

The most effective healer for sunburn is the leaf of the aloe. Split the leaf down the center and scoop out the gel. Mix with a small amount of water. Spread over sunburn.

MISTER WOULD YOU PLEASE HELP MY HERPE?

A SIMPLE HERPES COMPRESS©

Apply a slice of yellow apple to the affected area and hope for the best

LEARNIN' 2 LOVE

©GOOD INFLUENCE SEED RUB©

If someone is a bad influence (this might be beneficial to parents whose friends have "bad" kids

Rub the root of the celery (Celeriac) on that person and great changes will occur

...o...o...

DID YOU SEE ME?

©HERBS FOR INVISIBILITY©

Make an ointment of herbs including Lungwort, Nightshade & Speedwell. It is important to also carry the Heliotrope and wear the ring of invisibility

BIG FAT FUCK TEA

©HERBS TO REMOVE FAT©

Make a tea using any of the following herbs:

- Parsley
- Pennyroyal
- Alfalfa
- Uva Ursi
- Mallow Stalks
- Thyme
- Leeks
- Asparagus



by Kirk Whitfield



Strap on that there jammy pac
And slide a double dime my way
Dry off your distributor cap,
And hip me to the game you play
She's jonesin' for a jammy
With a girl that I call tammy,
So strap on that there jammy pac,
Its time for you to pay



Only at Woolworths 

That One Time Dave Dreiwitz Tried To Talk Me Into a Four-Way

I want to say 2006. It was definitely in the mid-2000s era. Dates are blurry and ticketstubs are misplaced, but we were definitely at The Palace in Albany. I don't remember many details from the actual Ween performance other than the fact that there was a steady stream of girls getting kicked out for jumping on the stage and taking their shirts off. Enough that security were getting visibly pissed, and I remember thinking to myself that removing young, inebriated, half-naked women from a rock band's stage isn't the kind of gig that should be getting you so worked up.

Anyway, it's New York so the bars are open until 4am. Sound of Urchin are playing an after-party down the street, and everybody from the band, sans Gener, are there and partaking in the late-night revelry that always makes a great Ween night far more a communal celebration than just another gig. There are only a handful of bands out there that can really blur the boundary line between the stage and the audience, making a 2,000 person venue feel like your buddy's backyard. So at one point in the depths of the night, I turn to see Dreiwitz standing next to me at the bar. I give him the customary "killer gig" backslap, and his immediate response is: "You and your girl are hot – you guys must look amazing fucking." Now at this point it should be noted that while I can be rather experimental in many facets of my life, when it comes to sex I'm a fairly standard meat-and-potatoes fella. So I kind of laugh off the comment and

grab my then-girlfriend around the waste. Then Dave pulls in his ladyfriend who raises her eyebrows and goes "No – seriously." Dave then orders four shots of whiskey.

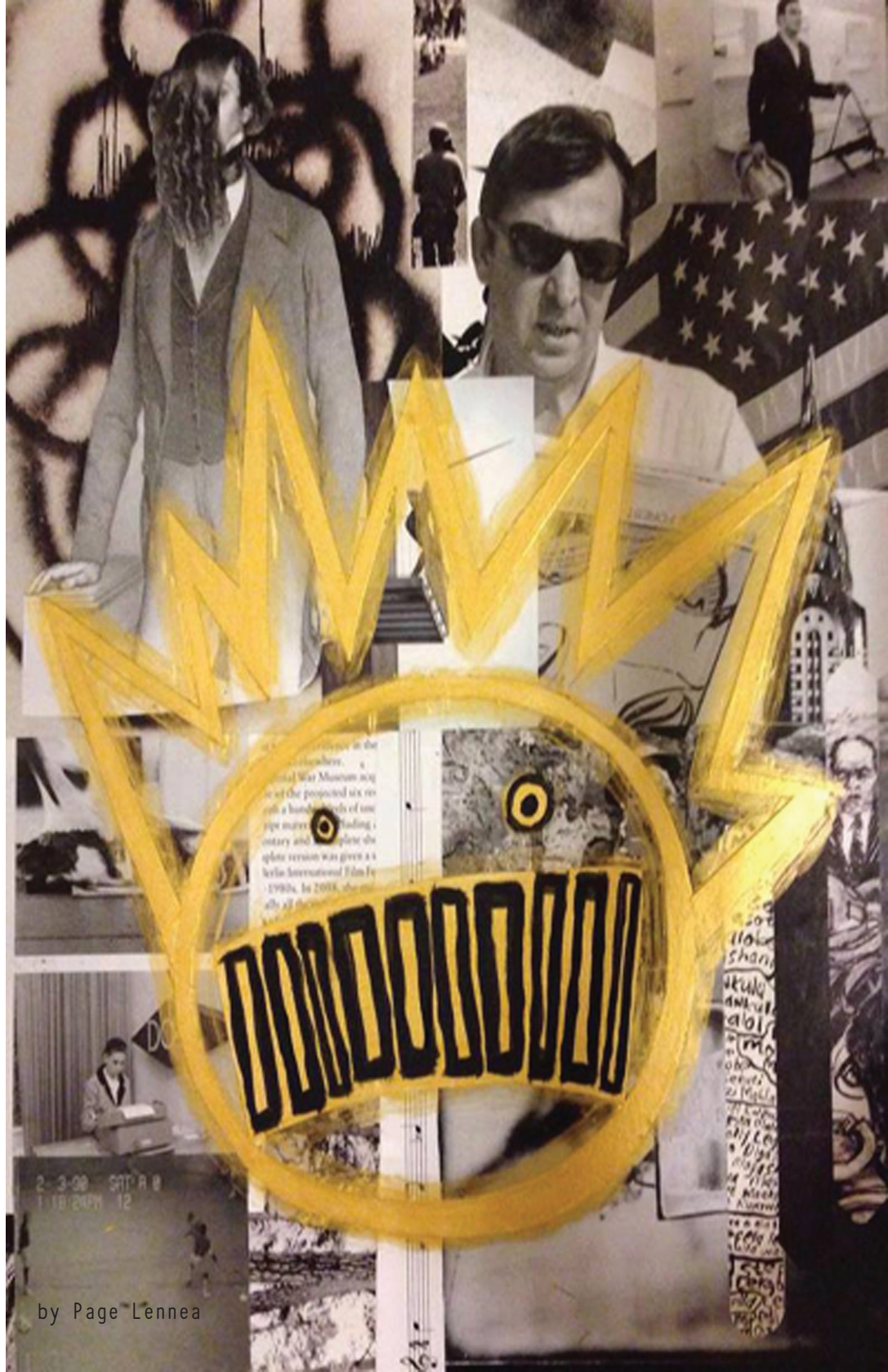
The shots keep coming. Whiskey. Tequila. A few steps outside to smoke a couple joints. And then after a little while, and after noting our hesitance, Dreiwitz lays it all out on the line: "Here's the deal. We don't want to fuck you. We just want to watch you fuck while we fuck. I have a hotel room next door with two queen-sized beds. We won't touch you. We just want to watch you guys fuck." It's at this point that my girlfriend and I begin to truly consider the proposition. Hell, I fuckin' love this band, but do I really want to *make* love to this band? Then the offer gets a tad more intriguing: "Look, I can get us *any* drug on the planet right now. Anything. Coke, K, acid, whatever you want." He then picks up his cell-phone, makes a call, puts the guy on hold, looks me in the eye and says "What's it gonna be?"

You know those moments in life, where regardless of how fucked up you are, you sort of step out of time and space for a second and truly consider how this singular time will equate into the full spectrum of your life? I mean, in terms of drugged-out orgies, this was probably the safest and politest offer I was ever going to get. But I'll tell ya what, in all my years of seeing Ween, and loving Ween, and truly living Ween, not once did I ever ask myself, "Hmmm, I wonder what Dave Dreiwitz's dick looks like?" Now I'm sure the man has a perfectly delightful penis, but I'm one of those one-cock-per-bedroom type of

dudes. I know how lame it is. I'm totally one of those guys that Republican congressmen pretend to be. And honestly, I feel like I really let Dave down that night. I'll forever remember the look of disappointment on his face as my buddy dragged me and my girlfriend out of there while saying "Dude, shit is getting a little too real in there." And of course, my girl and I woke up the next morning regretting our timidity. Obviously, this article would have been far better if it was titled "That One Time Dave Dreiwitz Talked Me Into a Four-Way." And I've hung with Dave a few times since then, and never had the balls to bring up that night. So if you're reading this Dave, take this as my apology. I'm sorry I didn't have the nuts to engage in close-proximity, heterosexual coitus with you, but I love you eternally for asking.

ISHITMUSIC.COM





by Page Lennea

TRACK LIST

Here is where you can find out exactly who did that amazing piece you love and learn a bit about them. Then, if you really loved it, you can go check out their website, podcast, blog, comics, art, album, or what ever else they put out. The point of all this is to shine a light on all the talent that is in this amazing group we have. So go out and support these artists who love to create and are inspired, like you, by the lovable lads from New Hope. -Eli

Zine Title by Will DeBoer
Cover by Nancy Kells McNamara
www.tumblr.com/blog/nancykells

01 "Life Sentence/Intro/Outro"
by Jeffrey Kurtz
day job: Alarm Company
Art by Riese Meyers

02 "Zoloft"
by Mike Stewart
day Job: Geographer

03 "Smack Dabbed"
by Joe Szczygielski
day Job: Pre-Press Technician for
Niagara label Co.
artbyjoeski.com

04 "A Little Bird Day"
by Cory Bowman
[@URTH_LLC](https://www.instagram.com/URTH_LLC) on Insta

05 "A Series of What Happened"
by Stephen Groves
day Job: Senior Specialist Apple
[@sgroves89](https://www.instagram.com/sgroves89) on insta

06 "A Tear For Eddie"
by Eli Schwab
Comic artist/Podcaster at
cosmiclionproductions.com

08 "Fluffy"
by Ben Cook

09 "Those Roses Ain't Free"
by Ryan Dougherty
day Job: Trader Joe's Register jockey
[@funkslop](https://www.instagram.com/funkslop) instagram

10 "Swagger Incarnate"
Prince Tribute
art by Jim Mahfood
words by Asa Dicken

Jim- day Job: Comic artist
on Tank Girl, Kevin Smith's
Clerks, Miami Vice and Grrl Scouts.
jimmahfood.com
Asa - day job: Supermodel Historian
[@freebasa](https://www.instagram.com/freebasa) on insta

11 "Black Jack"
by Greg Noppe
facebook.com/greg.noppe

12 "The Argus"
by Thomas Haeffliger
day job: Art Student
[@tomhaeffliger](https://www.instagram.com/tomhaeffliger) on insta

13 "Browntracker"
by Joshua Boulet
day job: professional artist
brought to you by browntracker.net

14 "Taken Me Away"
Photo by Juhhl Riddell





16 "Cold Blows The Wind"

by Dave Crosland

day job: Comic artist for Invader
Zim, Scarface: Scarred For Life
davecrosland.com

21 "The Mollusk Lingers"

by Lesley Fisher

day job: Cook

22 "Five Haiku's on the Subject of Ween"

by Tim Horzelski

facebook.com/Tim.Horzelski

23 "Voodoo Lady Herbal Alchemy"

by MAMA L & Juhr B'w'o'i Kirq

24 PrinceLemmyBowieBoog

by Kirk Whitfield

day Job: Paraprofessional
[@MFKack](https://www.instagram.com/MFKack) on insta

25 "Strap On"

by Jammy Pac World Wide.

www.jammypac.boog

**26 "That One Time Dave Dreiwitz
Tried to Talk Me into a Four-Way."**

by I Shit Music

ishitmusic.com [@ishitmusic](https://www.instagram.com/ishitmusic)

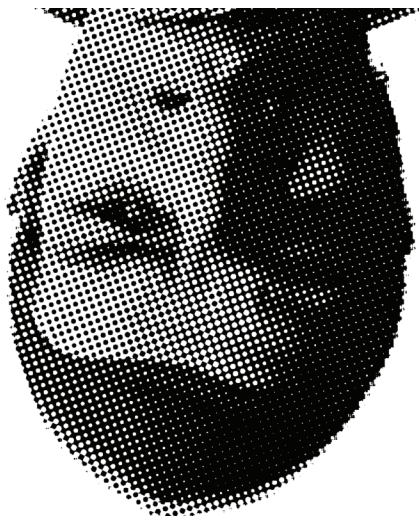
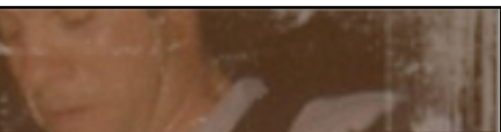
27 "Stay Golden"

by Paige Svetlecich

[@page_sandwich](https://www.instagram.com/page_sandwich) on insta

**Boogwad the Official Mascot
of DGTCTMF by Will Runner**

**Back Cover by
the People of W.A.S**



From all of us at "Don't Get 2
Close 2 My Fanzine," we sincerely thank
those who contributed to our very first
issue. For our first-edition readers, we
thank you for reading and encourage you
to contribute as well! We want to hear
your tales from the road; we want to see
your drawings, old photos, and tattoos. A
band so colorful and eclectic requires a
colorful and eclectic fanbase and,
subsequently, a colorful and eclectic
publication. We need YOU to make this
the best zine it can possibly be. Don't be
afraid to let your colors shine!

So by the word of the Boognish,
by god, we've come to take you home.

**Email Winter edition
submissions to Eli at:**

eli@cosmiclionproductions.com



