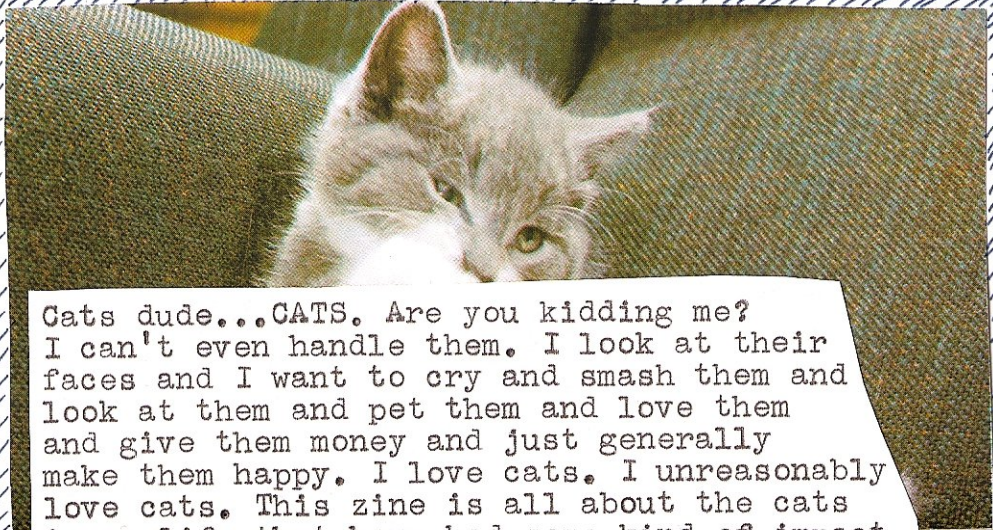


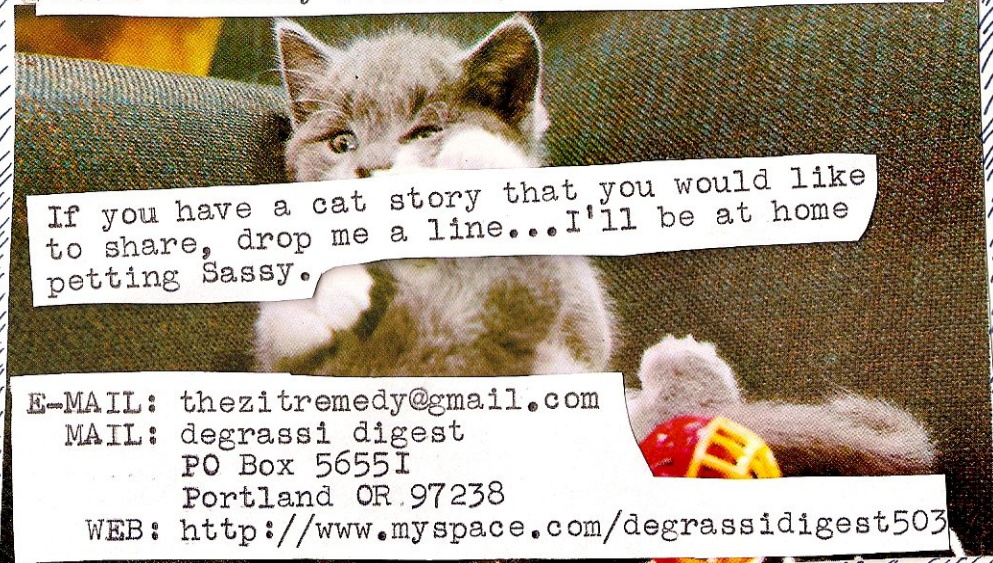
IRVING
Nervio : The Cats That Are My Friends



FREE



Cats dude...CATS. Are you kidding me? I can't even handle them. I look at their faces and I want to cry and smash them and look at them and pet them and love them and give them money and just generally make them happy. I love cats. I unreasonably love cats. This zine is all about the cats in my life that have had some kind of impact on me. I like all cats...any cat (...except this one time when my friends and I ran afoul of this cat next to the dumpster at the Albina Press that seemed like it was dying. I didn't like that cat for some reason.) So, in the spirit of this love, I wanted to honour them by making a zine with their faces in it and maybe I'll write some things about them that I like. Cats don't get to hang around on this earth as long as people do, so if you like cats...it's inevitable that a few will come and go through your house during the course of your life. I think it's a tragedy that so many of them pass without having their deeds formally recorded.



If you have a cat story that you would like to share, drop me a line...I'll be at home petting Sassy.

E-MAIL: thezitremedy@gmail.com

MAIL: degrassi digest

PO Box 5655I

Portland OR 97238

WEB: <http://www.myspace.com/degrassidigest503>

Nervio

'As used in their Chilean home, the word could be defined as a feeling of such intense affection that one trembles or grits his teeth with restraint so as not to harm the object of his affection. I have heard others allude to the sensation in seemingly bizarre phrases such as, "It's so cute (that) I want to squeeze it to death."'

<http://lizettegreco.com/roberto/nervio.html>

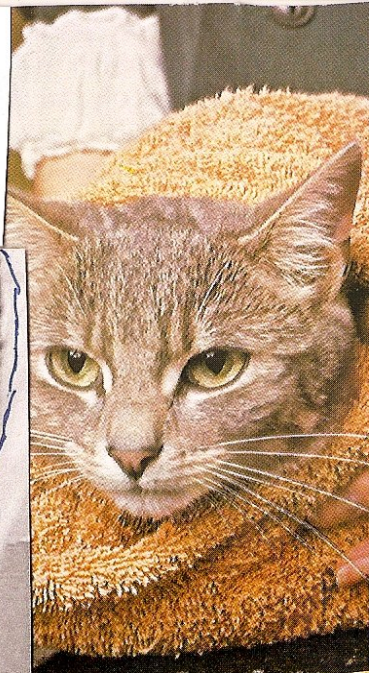
SAM

Breed: Bombay

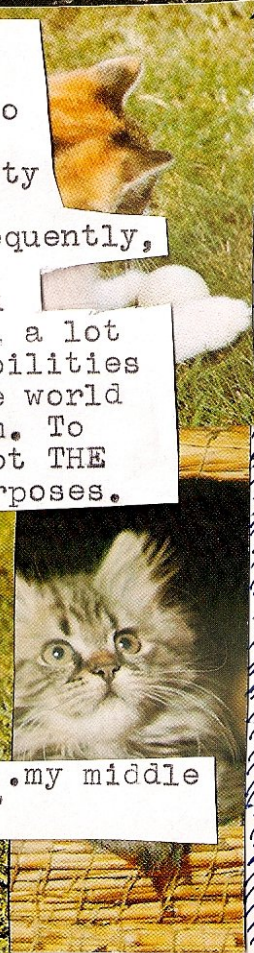
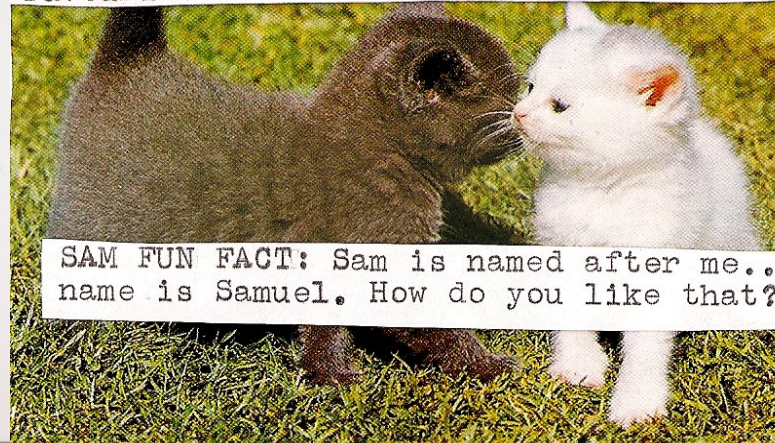
Size : Tubby guts

Status: In Hamtramck Michigan,
under a bed

Known Aliases: Pooper, Pooka,
Pooka-Bear, Pooks



Sam is the Jesus Christ of cats for me, Before I met Sam, I hated cats. I was convinced that I was deathly allergic to them; possibly because my only exposure until this point were these kind of ratty outdoor long-haired gentlemen. Bummer. Anyway, Sam changed my mind...and subsequently, my life. He was originally owned by my friend George Hotelling...and was named 'Darth Maul'. Go easy on George though, a lot of people were excited about the possibilities that a new Star Wars movie afforded the world at this time in history. I love you Sam. To date, you are one of my favourite if not THE favourite cat of mine...for holding purposes.

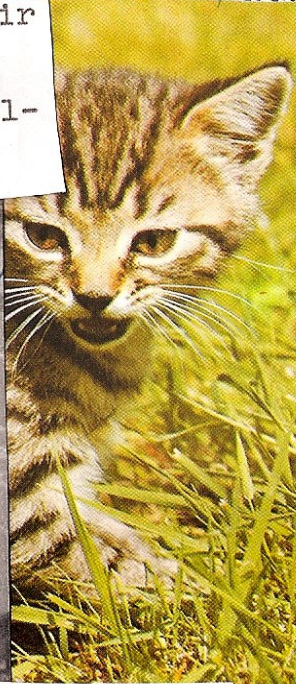
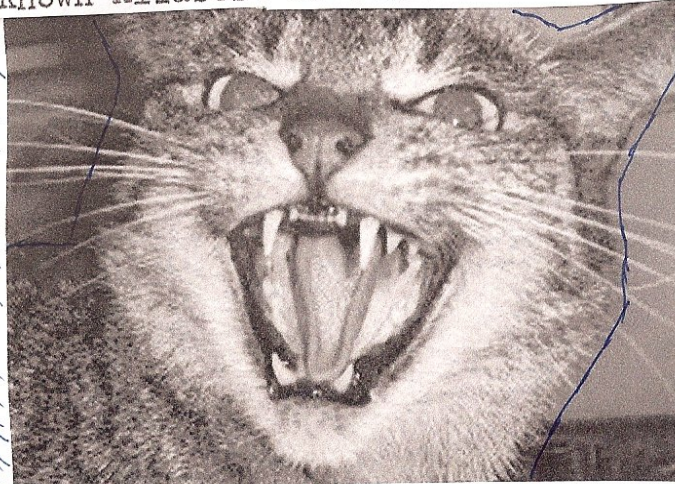


SAM FUN FACT: Sam is named after me...my middle name is Samuel. How do you like that?

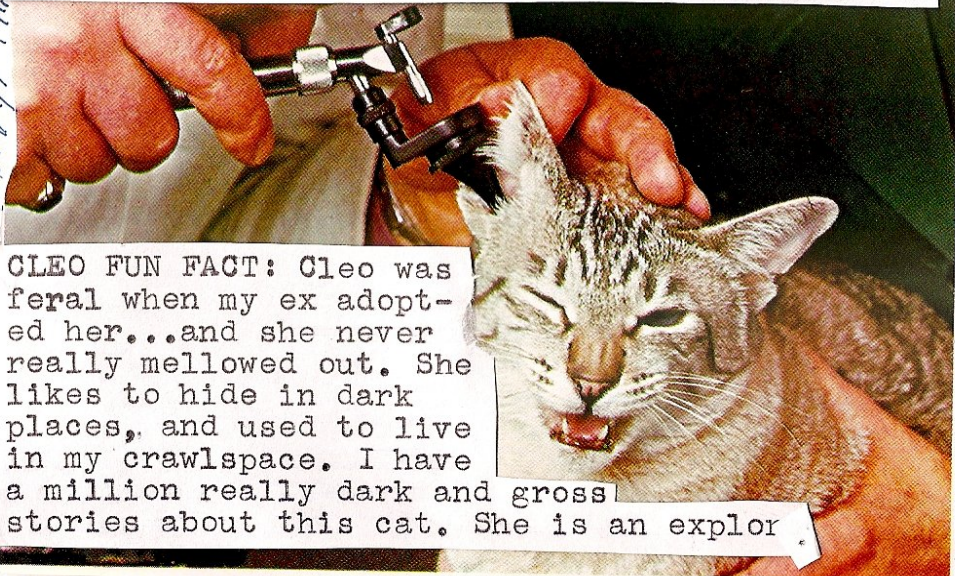
This zine is dedicATED to the loving memory of all cats, everywhere, and for all time. Keep on purring guys...we're listening.

CLEO

Breed: Domestic ass-kicking shorthair
Size : Heroin Chic
Status: Recently returned home from
a six month stay in my crawl-
space
Known Aliases: Os (ohs)



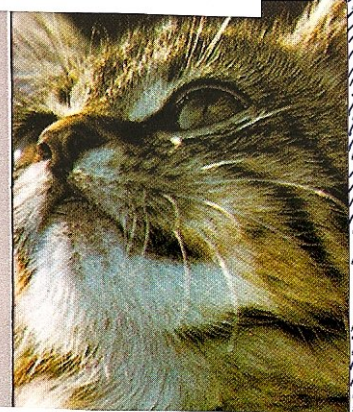
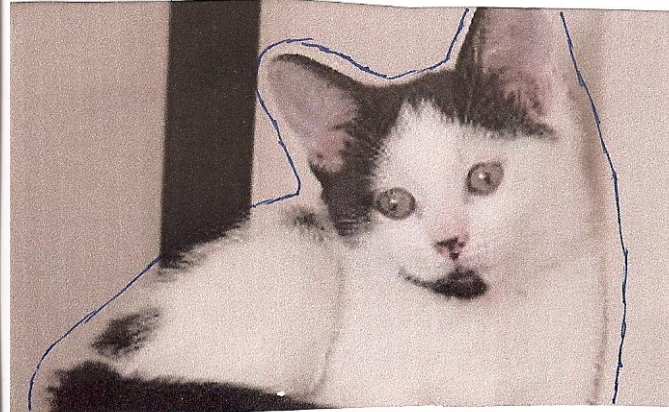
Cleo is the first cat that I have ever been in charge of. She started off, as all of my cats have started off, under the ownership of a girlfriend. 'Let's get another cat' they all say...and eventually the cat realizes that I'm cooler than my girlfriends and decide that I should be their owner instead. No offense ex-girlfriends...but we both know that cats like me more. I've lost a dog in a post-breakup custody battle, but never a cat. Take note ladies.



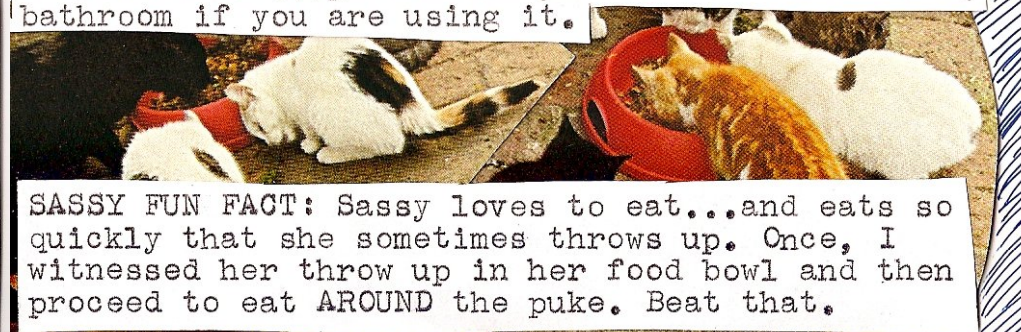
CLEO FUN FACT: Cleo was feral when my ex adopted her...and she never really mellowed out. She likes to hide in dark places, and used to live in my crawlspace. I have a million really dark and gross stories about this cat. She is an explorer.

SASSY

Breed: Black/White (cap & saddle configuration)
Size : Fluxuates from chubber to immaciated
Luke Skywalker wearing his Hoth outfit
depending on mood/season
Status: Sitting on my lap, trying to get me to
stop making this zine
Known Aliases: Sass, Beans, Sassy Beans, Beaner



BEANS. I would kill people to defend this cat. Sorry humanity...you mean nothing to me if Sassy is in trouble. Sassy makes a lot of grunting noises when she jumps or wants to be pet. Sassy is a very treasured companion and tends to make friends with others very easily. There is a human-sized Sassy mask, numerous Sassy drawings, and a Sassy painting...all created in her honour by various artistic types that have met her. She is a muse. If you are ever around Sassy and it looks like she has slipped and fallen on her back, this is just a clever ruse. She has not fallen without purpose...she is attempting to receive pets from you. If you are ever in my bathroom and you decide to close the door (prude), Sassy will slam her body against it until you let her in and turn the sink faucet on. I was just kidding about that rude comment above...please always close the door to my bathroom if you are using it.



SASSY FUN FACT: Sassy loves to eat...and eats so quickly that she sometimes throws up. Once, I witnessed her throw up in her food bowl and then proceed to eat AROUND the puke. Beat that.

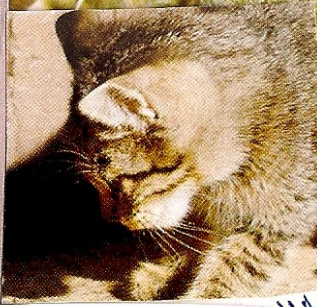
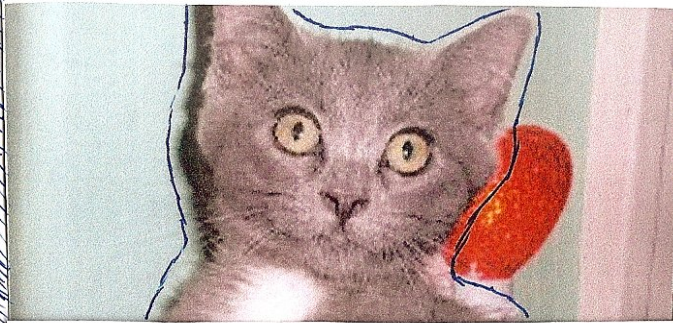
ZELDA

Breed: Russian Blue

Size : Powerful Warrior

Status: In REAL PERSON heaven. If there is a separate heaven for cats...please send me to that one oh lord

Known Aliases: Z-Ha, Zees, Ha, Buddy



The story of Zelda is basically more tragic than Darfur right now. If you think that I'm making light of the genocide going on over there, you obviously never got a chance to meet Zelda. His is a really sad story and I'm kind of only making jokes about it because that is a coping mechanism. Zelda came to me as a kitten. He suffered from chronic urinary tract blockages for the entirety of his short life. He underwent SEVEN emergency unblockings; each one carrying a price tag of around \$500. That's how much I loved this cat...and that's at least part of the reason that I stay home all the time. I'm broke. Zelda was, and is to date, the nicest and most loving cat that I've met. He let you pet him all the time...would jump onto your lap...wore whatever clothes that you thought might look good on him...just basically walked around being really great. Sadly, Zelda passed away while undergoing his seventh emergency unblocking. He died alone; in a cage...I think I was probably working downtown at the time. I'm obviously not over all this quite yet.

ZELDA FUN FACT: Zelda would carry on lengthy conversations with anyone that was able to successfully mimic his 'meh' call. I spent a long time 'meh'ing back and forth with him...but I never figured out what we were saying to each other. I'd like to think it meant 'you are so awesome'...and we just sat around saying that back and forth.

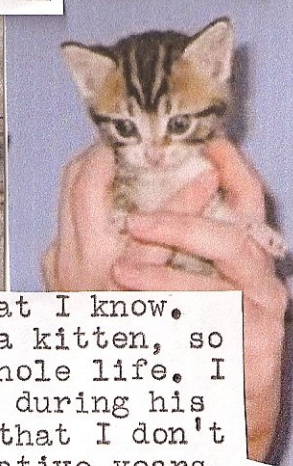
STERLING

Breed: Maine Coone

Size : Massive...just fucking massive

Status: Living in N Portland w/Heather...hungry

Known Aliases: Pookie, Sterl, Furball



Sterling is kind of a weird guy that I know. Heather picked him up when he was a kitten, so technically I have known him his whole life. I was hanging out with Heather a lot during his kitten years, so it's weird to me that I don't have much recollection of his formative years. But then...those were the pre-Sam years and I had not discovered the majesty that is cat fancying. In any case, Sterling is a man now and let me tell you, this guy is huge. His face is shaped like an arrowhead and he WILL try to hurt you if you pet him for too long. Sterling is allergic to tap water, so you have to give him stuff from bottles. Way to fuck over the environment, princess. Don't let the scornful tone of this message fool you though, I think Sterling is a valuable member of the community and I would take up arms to defend him. It is my greatest wish to cradle him in my arms like he were a newborn child...



STERLING FUN FACT: Sterling won't drink out of a bowl, only a cup...and the cup has to be swapped out each time it's filled. Are you KIDDING?

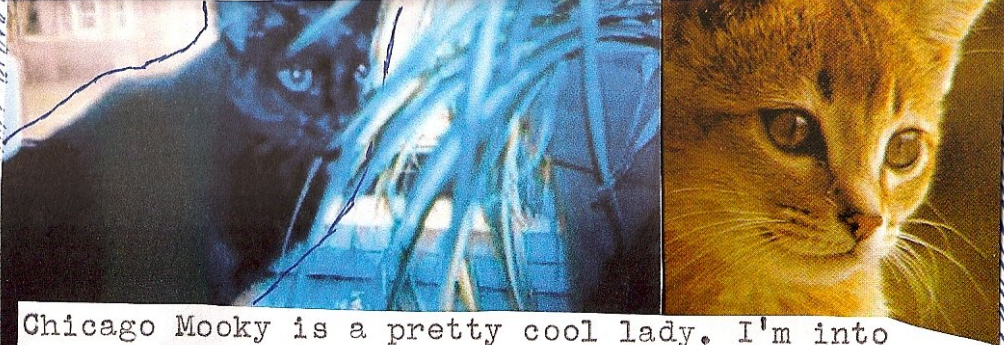
MOOKY

Breed: Textbook black cat

Size : Kind of in decent shape. This is the only cat that I've ever known that seems to be about where a cat should be...at least size-wise.

Status: Living in Chicago proper with Emily and Ali

Known Aliases: Monkey, Cookiepants, C



Chicago Mooky is a pretty cool lady. I'm into her, and her style. Emily used to live in Michigan and I remember a time when I went to visit her and there were like six kittens running all over the place. Mooky was one of those kittens...and allowed petting without much resistance. This is going to sound totally creepy...but I think I pet cats a little more 'vigorously' than a lot of people do. I blame the nervio. Once I start petting them, I can't really stop...and I like grabbing their faces and picking them up and stuff. This is actually kind of a big problem because I think some cats have this weird primal thing take over and they think that I'm trying to mate with them. Let's get one thing straight here; I love cats more than I love Nintendo...but I am NOT looking to mate with them. The point of this story is that Mooky doesn't seem to like to be pet this way. So, when I visit her, I'm only able to spend a couple moments petting her before she makes this sad squeeking noise and runs away. Before you judge me though, please realize that Mooky is the only cat that has had this reaction to my clutch. So...I'm pretty sure that at least part of this is Mooky being a sensitive sally.

MOOKY FUN FACT: Hailing from the Humane Society in beautiful Detroit Michigan, Mookie entered this world with the moniker 'Hershey'...which is a name that totally doesn't make a lot of sense for Mookie to have.

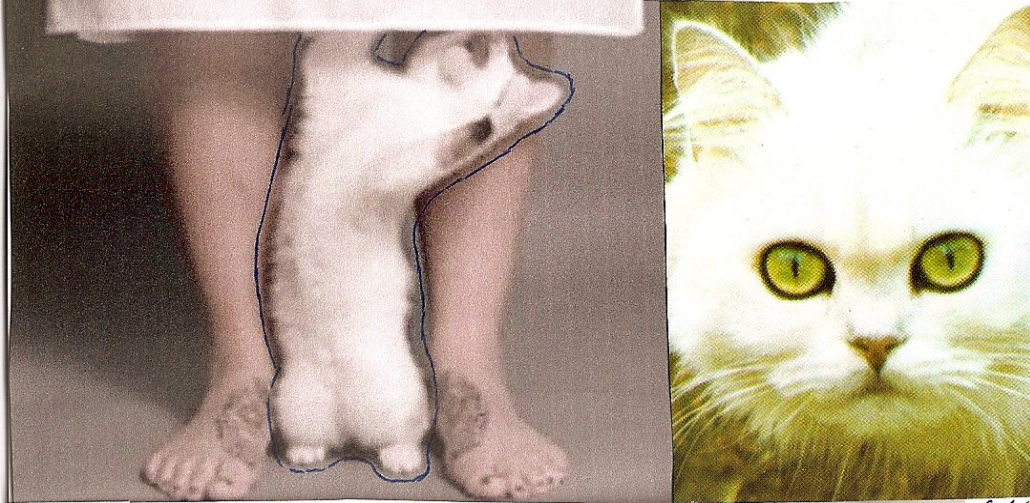
MOOKIE

Breed: Choco-choco chip cow

Size : Overstuffed sausage with the hint that he was, at one time, in prime shape

Status: Living on Mississippi with Judy

Known Aliases: However you say 'milk' in Japanese... which is actually his real name



Mookie...yeah. I'm very into this cat. I just met Mookie a couple weeks ago, but I am convinced that this cat has what it takes to change the world. Mookie is a talker, he talks more than any other (living) cat that I know. This is good news, because I like to talk to cats, and nothing makes me happier than getting a response back. I'm actually thinking about trying to choreograph a duet with Mookie. Maybe a Johnny Cash/June Carter call/response thing. Mookie sits in the windowsill all day and is more than happy to accept your pets if you'd just take the time to walk over there and offer them. I feel like the semi-retarded child on the playground that is naive and desperate for friends when I say this...but Mookie is my friend and I am grateful for this fact.



MOOKIE FUN FACT: Before Mookie was neutered, he had the nickname 'Black Balls' because of his unwieldy manhood. I think that this is REALLY funny.

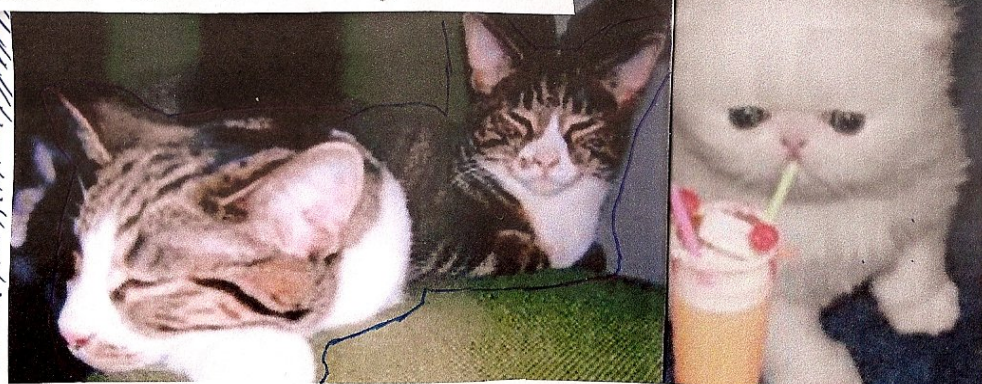
SHORTY & MAEBY

Breed: Rugged outdoorscat dipped in white chocolate

Size : Bean bag shaped...with really fantastic ears

Status: Living in NW Portland with Tara, Joe, and Joe

Known Aliases: Fatso, Shithead



THESE TWO...love em. They are sisters. They lay down together and it looks like a giant pile of guts. I want to make a pillow out of both of them. To the untrained eye, they are twins. To the analytical cat petting eye, Maebby is like twice as big as Shorty and is wearing white socks. I really like Shorty a lot, but Maebby is my champion. Shorty is like this laid back drinking buddy that you are always happy to see and tends to get out of the house more than the typical person...but MAEBBY is like...genetically engineered to receive your pet pets. She has a broader surface area, and has a huge gut that cleans the hardwoods as she lumbers around the house. They both have really cute and wimpy meows and if I were their uncle, I would give them each \$20 for every birthday they celebrate.



SHORTY & MAEBY (NOT SO) FUN FACT: These cats have been diagnosed with some kind of weird heart condition and could technically die at any time. I think veterinary science is kind of shady right now though as far as accuracy is concerned...so I'd imagine these friends will be around for a long time.

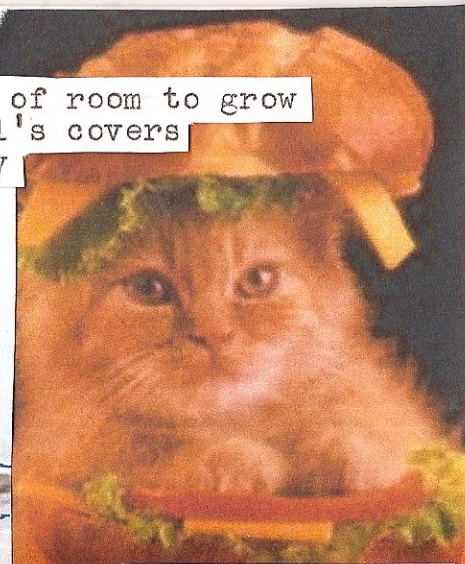
LIL HENRY

Breed: STRIPE CAT

Size : Sleek dude with lots of room to grow

Status: Living under Krystal's covers

Known Aliases: Sir Lil Henry



I like lil henry. He has a really sleek coat, which makes long term petting much more comfortable. As long as he feels he is inside of a cave, he's pretty happy to receive your pets. Lil henry seems kind of scared of everything right now, but we're all scared sometimes...so I'm willing to put some time in to help him out. Lil Henry bit my hand once, but it didn't really hurt that much...and I wasn't offended by it. We had just met, and it's kind of weird to assume that every cat in the world will want to be pet by you the first moment that you lay eyes on each other. Lil henry ran away last week, which is totally a dick move...but maybe he's too consumed with fear or he's stalking his old roommate or something. I hope it's the former, because I'd feel weird being so kindly to some manner of crazy-assed stalker cat. Long story short, he was found a couple days later in the front yard. I don't think cats belong outside. It terrifies me to think what might happen to them. This world is unforgiving...even Portland. Please protect our cats.



LIL HENRY FUN FACT: Lil henry used to be the charge of a highly respected Portland fashion designer. He was adopted to be the companion of Sir Henry, the designer's other cat. Sir henry wasn't into the idea of having to entertain lil henry, so lil henry got the boot. Harsh, but understandable...especially if you've gotten the chance to hang out with Sir Henry a bit. His needs should be addressed.

ABEL

Breed: Manly Cleo

Size : Killing machine

Status: Trying to break out of the Belmont st. apartment that he shares with Angie and Chris

Known Aliases: Babylon, Abel Foofers, Kitten Head, Babel



I really like Abel a lot. Unfortunately, I think Abel wants to have sex with me. I THINK he thinks this at least. I'm guessing that he does because he always seems really psyched when I pet him, but then gets kind of violent after awhile. Like, we'll spend a good 5-10 minutes just hanging out together and having a pleasant time...but then eventually he just turns around and bites my arm. It doesn't SEEM like an attack bite, so I'm guessing sex bite. Not cool dude. I just want to smash your face and pet your gut. Stop reading so far into that. Regardless of Abel trying to cat-rape me, I think he's a really solid guy. He is one of the few outdoor cats that I know, and he conducts himself kind of like some cool laid back stoner.

Choosing a

ABEL FUN FACT: Abel will "pancake" if you pet him for long enough...this means that he will manipulate his arms in a way that puts his gut directly on the ground. This aerodynamic move greatly increases the efficiency of the pets that I give him and makes me feel like we are using teamwork.

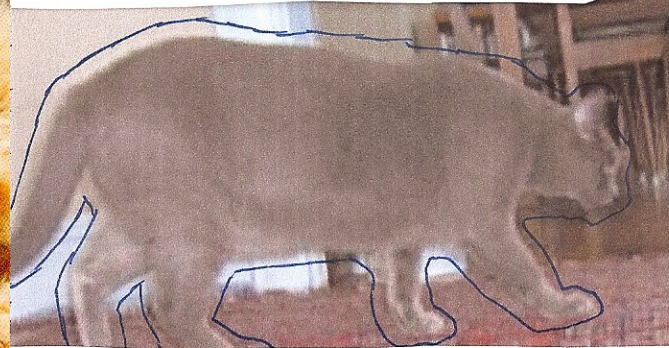
MONA

Breed: Kind of a Russian Blue mix

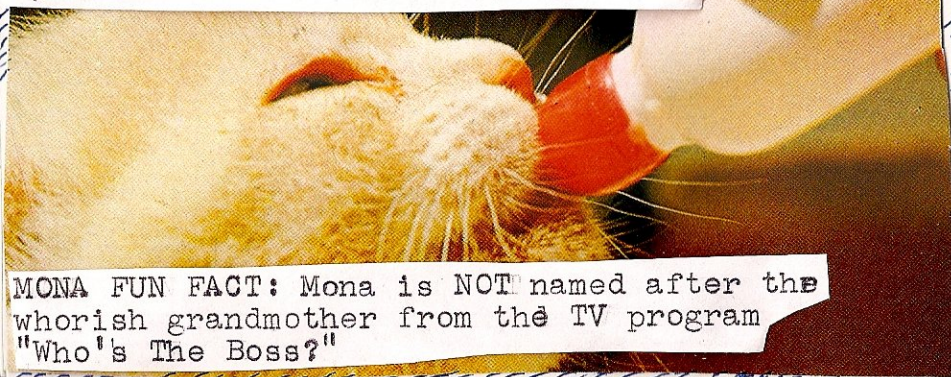
Size : Substantial

Status: Living with Christina on Mississippi street

Known Aliases: Mona-mia, the "C" word



Mona lives in a house with three other cats, and for some reason is referred to almost exclusively as the "C" word...and is reportedly always "C"ing things up. I've watched Mona in action and I don't really see anything wrong with this lady at all. Her appearance is reminiscent of Zelda; which makes her visually appealing. Her head is incredibly small in relation to her body, which I'm told can happen to a kitten if they are removed from their mother's care too early. The person that told me this isn't all that credible in my book though...yet I continue to pass this information on for some reason. Apparently, as a kitten, Mona used to jump straight up into the air...to an alarming height...for the purposes of insect collection and consumption. Mona lets me pet her and is always nice to me...so I feel comfortable confiding in her and petting her face. If Christina's house were the Enterprise D, Mona would be Nurse Alyssa Ogawa.



MONA FUN FACT: Mona is NOT named after the whorish grandmother from the TV program "Who's The Boss?"

Hey thanks so much for reading this zine about some cats that I consider my friends. I want to say something touching or meaningful on this page...but I feel incredibly empty at the moment, and I'm having a weird sense of pride about this. Better to document emptiness than to wait around for something shinier to come along.



Please take a few moments to pet some cats on their faces today. OK, I guess...bye.

