

GARFES GARFES GARFES



A QUEER GARFIELD ZINE BY MAGGIE D. WALDRON

IT'S ABOUT
THEY'RE



IT'S ABOUT
THEY'RE
THEY'RE



WOOD



WHEN IT'S A HOT PREY

IT'S IMPORTANT TO BLUR
INTO YOUR BACKGROUND

ANYBODY
POWER

NOK
NOK



SCREAMING HE
SEEMS LIKE

IT'S JUST GOING THROUGH
THE MOTORS

AND THEN ONE LAMP'S ON MON'S
KIDNAPER SIX FEL TOWER AND
IT ALL SEEMS WORTHWHILE
AGAIN





Garfs Garfs Garfs
was made possible
by the many talented
people who contributed
art & whiting to
this zine

GUEST PAGES!

"Garf Loves You" by Ava Shahres
@bastanipop

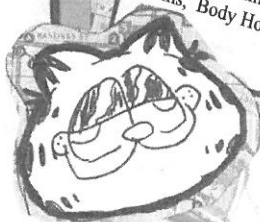
"Odie used Lick" by Meg Mead
@megmeadia

"A Changed Garf" by Zaena Tesfa

"Is Garfield Nonbinary?" by Auttumn G.

Content Warnings

Christian Imagery/Themes,
Depiction of Alcohol, Mild
Depictions of Sexuality,
Overeating, Animal Mutilation,
Worms, Body Horror, Mild Gore



*A Family Is More Than Just One Thing.
Families Can Come In Any Shape Or Size.
Family Is More Than Just A Dad, A Mom and Birth Children.
Family Is Any Group Who Cares For And Protects One Another.*

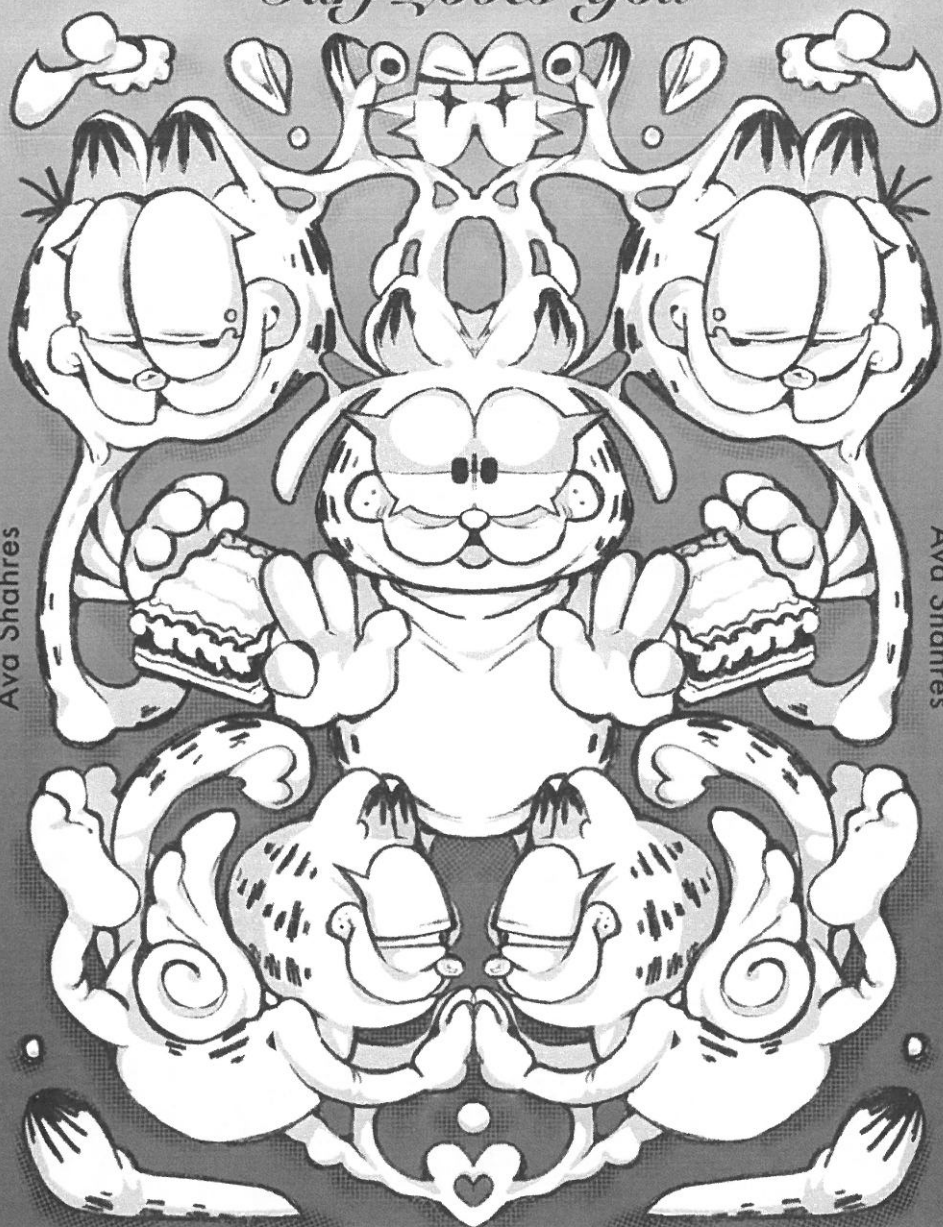
*A Family Can Even Be A Lesbian Milf
And The Funny Cartoon Cat She Loves...*



Garf Loves You

Ava Shahres

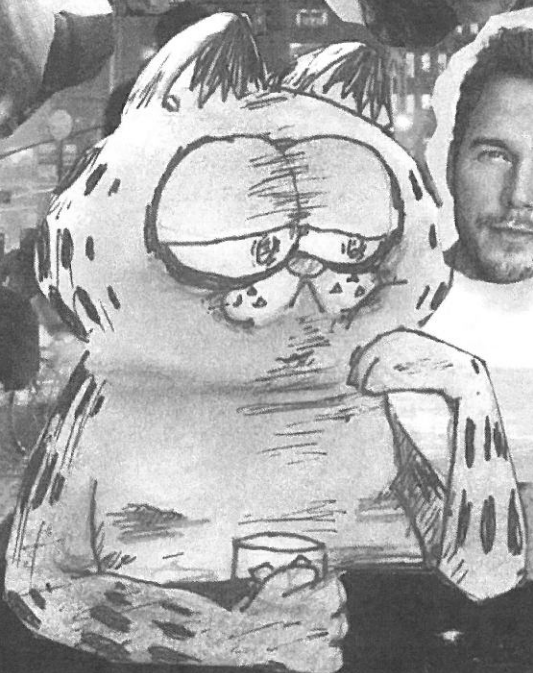
Ava Shahres



The Case Against Christopher Michael Pratt

Why Chris Pratt can't play
Garfield, and How we
can stop him

By Maggie D.
Waldton



November 1st, 2021 started quite normally for me. I remember it vividly. I woke early, as was my ritual in those innocent days, and left the house to get about my errands. I had to get bloodwork done, picked up my prescription, bought groceries and read a few chapters of a book for school while I rode the skytrain in peace. At 3:25 pm I entered my local library, intent on performing some quick printing. When suddenly my phone—having been disconnected from the internet all day—began vibrating wildly in my pocket. I opened it to see a barrage of notifications flooding my lockscreen, DMs on twitter, messages on instagram, snapchat, mentions in discord servers, from dozens of friends and acquaintances, all containing the same mysterious link. When I clicked the aforementioned link, I saw the article from *The Hollywood Reporter* that would permanently alter the course of my life for the worse. Christopher Michael Pratt had been cast as the famous fat feline Garfield. It was devastating as a lifelong garfer to see the news that Garfield would be so grossly misrepresented on the global stage.

This essay serves to explain why Christopher Pratt is the incorrect choice to play Garfield, and additionally, how we could still stop him. While I'm sure I could focus exclusively upon Mr Pratt's moral character, I would prefer to focus on his acting ability and his onscreen persona, for neither or well suited or to be playing the infamous fat cat. To play Garfield requires a certain *ouvre*, an effervescent quality of mischief, charisma and sarcasm that requires a certain amount of depth as an actor to balance with his trademark *Laissez faire* attitude. That is a depth Pratt does not possess, for truly, he is so incredibly shallow, there is nothing inside him. He is a blank man, bereft of any identity one would recognize as human, it is unknown whether he was once truly a man before being sucked dry by the entertainment history, or if he was always just a shell of a man, and his initial *dudebro* disguise has simply waned in recent years. Is this the man we want voicing everybody's favourite fat cat? Is this what we, the dedicated fans-nay, zealots-of Garfield DESERVE? I say no. I say we rebel. We can dethrone him somehow. But how do you sabotage the career of such a man? Whose shallow, bottom of the barrel, mass appeal brand seems almost tailor made to not only survive, but flourish in the idea-depraved Hollywood ecosystem. The simple, obvious and only answer is, black magik.

Aleister J. Crowley was an English Occultist, poet, Novelist, Mountaineer, and bisexual, who, despite his dubious ethical behaviour, laid the groundwork for the occult practices we will use to remove Mr. Pratt from our beloved Garfield franchise. Crowley was a believer in the objective existence of magic, a term which he gave multiple different definitions to over the course of his career. However, the definition that I wish to focus on comes from Crowley's 1929 text, *Magick in Theory and Practice*, in which he defines Magick as "the Science and Art of causing change to occur in conformity with Will" (DuQuette 2003, p. 11). Crowley's writings went on to inspire later writers and magicians, one of which being Grant Morrison.

In the letters page for issue 14 of the invisibles Morrison gave instructions for a sex magick ritual to save their comic, *The Invisibles*, from cancellation, asking the readers "who would like to continue reading THE INVISIBLES to participate in an act of global magick." (Grant 1995, pg. 16) and went on to detail that this particular ritual would utilize "the masturbation method of sigil-charging" (Grant 1995, pg. 16). I say, we can do the same, using the power of chaos magic in a similar fashion. The ritual is simple, I have supplied a sigil for us, the dedicated garfers of the world, to use in a similar ritual. At 2:22 am on January 1st we will undertake the ritual, and at the moment of orgasm, when "consciousness blinks" we will focus upon the sigil, clearing our minds of everything else, and oust Chris Pratt from the Garfield movie. This, gentle reader, is how we can still win.



GARFS GONE WILD

GARFS GONE sexual...



SO
HOT!



WOW!



Coming Monday on the Comics page . . .

JIM

Art + writing
By Maggie D Waldon

For two weeks now, I have been haunted by ghastly visions of Noted American cartoonist, screenwriter, and producer, Jim Davis. Two nights ago I awoke with an urge for Italian food. I tried to get back to sleep but I couldn't. It itched at the back of my brain, the urge. I wasn't hungry, I just craved it. The itch wouldn't leave me until I got out of bed and went to the kitchen. Resting in my empty refrigerator, as if waiting for me, was a freshly baked lasagna. Under the sterile light of the fridge I felt my knees buckled as I fell to the ground and began to devour. Kneel as if in supplication to some shrine of gluttony, I tore heaping fistfuls of pasta, tomato and cheese. I tried to pull back but I couldn't. I felt my hand shove it into my open maw with inhuman force, tearing my lips and cracking my teeth. That is when I saw him.

Noted American cartoonist, screenwriter, and producer Jim Davis was crouched animalistically in the corner of my kitchen, his face contorted, his limbs folded in alien contortions, his moonish eyes watching me. Staring at me. Taking note of every strained movement I wanted to scream but my lungs were too full of creamy ricotta cheese filling, and rich meaty tomato sauce. I was drowning in it. And yet I could not stop. The lasagna pan in the fridge grew no less full as the ritual continued. My stomach distended and my lungs burst, blood mingling with pasta as I passed out on my kitchen floor. All the while, Noted American cartoonist, screenwriter, and producer, Jim Davis watched it all, drinking it all in. I woke up the next morning, covered in lasagna and gore.

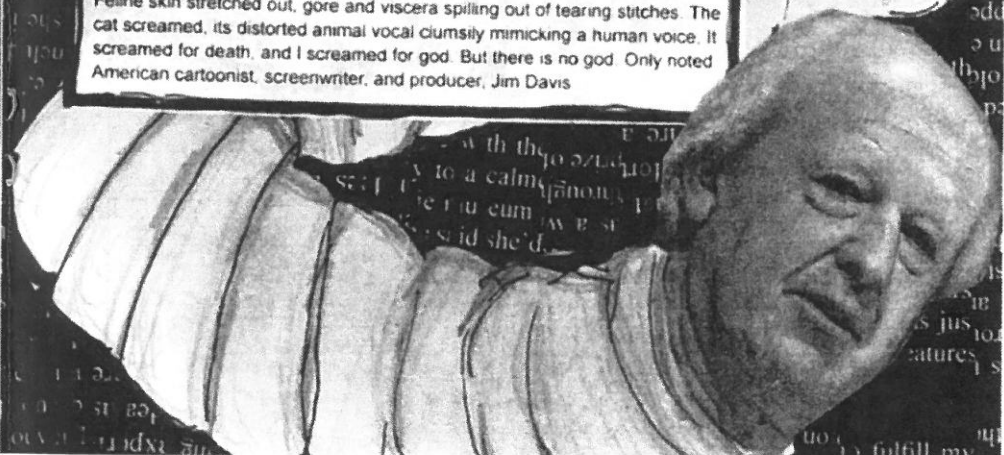
Just today I tried to relax for just one moment. I saw him again. He sat on my ceiling, devouring a small dog. The dog shook and spasmed. Trying to escape from the critically acclaimed cartoonist, Jim Davis did not relent, pulling organs and viscera from the poor creature with limp casual motions. He did not exert himself, to him the creature was nothing, its body was nothing, its skin tore like white cardboard in his hands. I felt a queasiness rising up into me. I ran to the bathroom, locked the door and began to vomit. I had to expel the image from my body somehow. I stumbled over to the sink and running the water hot tried to wash out the taste that the poor dogs mutilation had left in my heart, then. Then, from behind my shower curtain I heard it. Some quiet murmuring.

No, no I didn't see him come in. I locked the door. Even with his impossible geometries surely a locked door still held some sanctity, but no, as drew back the curtain there sat Noted American cartoonist, screenwriter, and producer, Jim Davis. He was squatted unnaturally, thin legs folded in alien contortions beneath its independently rotating torso. Jim Davis' arms flapped loosely, slapping limply against its chest and back as it shook. His ill-fitting, wet black button up paired with its twitchy unnatural movements gave the impression of a ragged garbage bag caught on barbed wire, flitting and lapping in the wind. His drooping cold eyes staring through me, his hideous maw flapping, murmuring in that high pitched tired voice. Murmuring.

"I'm not overweight. I'm undertall."
The murmuring became intoning
"Love me, feed me, never leave me."
That intoning became a shriek.
"Big fat hairy deal!"

I screamed, trying to silence him. But Noted American cartoonist, screenwriter, and producer, Jim Davis did not stop, his uncanny gibbering was unfaltering. I ran from the room, vision blurred, ears still ringing with those relatable and sarcastic quips. I ran to my room and buried my face into my bed. The blanket was damp. Wet, sticky with some unknown substance.

Against my better judgment I opened my eyes to see a small orange feline face next to mine, gasping for air like a fish. The cat was fused into my bed at the waste, not a clean fusing, a messy dismemberment and reconfiguration. Feline skin stretched out, gore and viscera spilling out of tearing stitches. The cat screamed, its distorted animal vocal clumsily mimicking a human voice. It screamed for death, and I screamed for god. But there is no god. Only noted American cartoonist, screenwriter, and producer, Jim Davis.



Is Garfield Nonbinary?

A Socratic Dialogue By Auttumn G.



Illustrations By
Maggie D. Waldron

a quiet coffee shop on a rainy day, two friends sit at a small table.

Jennifer: Thanks for inviting me out Fern. I rarely see you nowadays.

Fern: I have been consumed by an idea and thought that you may hold the key to its synthesis.



Jennifer: So this isn't just a social call?

Fern: It's a social call with purpose. Jennifer, you are a big fan of Garfield correct?

Jennifer: Of course who isn't, he's the world's most relatable cat, character for that matter.

Fern: I'm glad you bring up their relatability, it is the topic for which I most want to discuss with a fellow Garf enthusiast.

Jennifer: What do you mean? Garfield's relatability is his appeal; it's why he is such an incredible cultural bulwark. When you see Garfield you see yourself. His relatability is so obvious it tenures no discussion.

Fern: Do obvious things not deserve discussion? It is obvious to me that Garfield is non-binary, but I still wish to discuss it.

Jennifer: How could Garfield be non-binary, that would make him less relatable. Garfield is a man, it is clearly shown in the text. Non-binary people are uncommon, how would that be relatable? Just as most people Garfield exists within the gender binary.



Fern: Where in the text is Garfield called a man? How would a binary identity make them more relatable? Is gender not a spectrum? Garfield is non-binary as they exist between the bimodal peaks of gender. By doing so they are relatable to everyone.



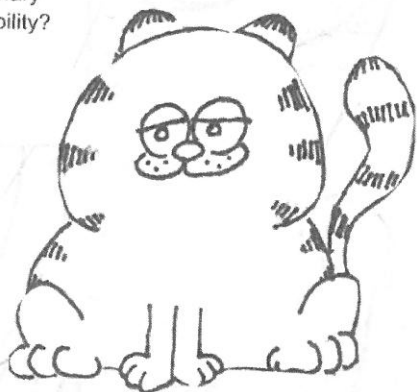
Jennifer: I think you are projecting yourself onto Garfield. Look, the debate is settled. The Washington Post reached out to Jim Davis and it was confirmed Garfield was a straight male. The author himself has answered the question. To humor your other questions, the answer is that most people are not trans, hence a cis Garfield is more relatable.

Fern: When did I say Garfield is trans? I simply said they are non-binary. Garfield exists without gender, neither AFAB or AMAB, they ACAB, assigned cat at birth. Jokes in which other people would bring up being a man or a woman Garfield refers to being a cat. Meta textual evidence such as you have used for evidence holds little weight as Jim Davis himself has contradicted it in the past.

Jennifer: Assigned cat at birth that is ridiculous Fern. Garfield has a girlfriend, Garfield fills in male roles in the comics, Garfield is not non-binary. He is a cis man.

Fern: Just because Garfield fills the role of a man on occasion does not mean they do not fill the role of a woman on occasion. More often however Garfield fills the role of a gluttonous cat, outside of convenient gender. Why do you feel the need to ascribe a binary gender role to a character defined by their relatability?

Jennifer: I better not miss my bus, it's been nice talking to you as always Fern.



Garfield, his identity mangled beyond repair, stands upon a cliff with strong resolve. In a final desperate plea, John hopes he is able to reach the creature whom he once called a friend

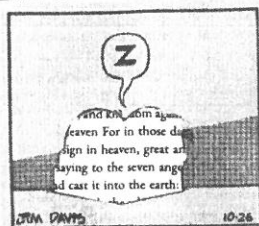


"A Changed Garf"
By Zaena Tesfa



GARFIELD'S WAR ON CHRISTIANITY.

As time progresses we find ourselves trapped in an increasingly godless world. The forces of strife in this world-cats, licensing and comic strips-have coalesced into a single *heretical* idol who has decided to wage war on Christian values. His name is *Garfield*.

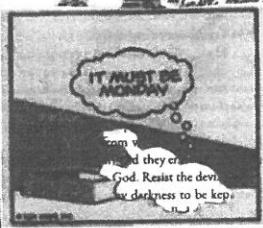


Garfield promotes gluttony and sloth

Garfield comic strips showcase a *sinful* lifestyle not seen since Sodom and Gomorrah. Garfield's love for lasagna and overeating has become a central part of his identity and lifestyle. He spends his days sleeping, and worse "*lounging*." Garfield also does his best to avoid work. In Christianity, *sloth* and *gluttony* are considered two of the seven deadly sins. They are seen as a spiritual and moral failing. By glorifying Garfield's *sinful* lifestyle, we celebrate this behaviour which goes against our greatest virtue; the protestant work ethic.

Garfield hates Mondays and, by extension, God.

Garfield is famously known for his disdain towards Mondays. His reluctance to embrace the start of the work week is integral to his character. But, from a *biblical* perspective, Mondays can be seen as a symbol of new beginnings and healthy labour. In the book of Genesis, God created the world in six days, starting with monday, and rested on the seventh day (sunday), which is now observed as the Sabbath. By resting on Monday, Garfield exists as a counterpoint to God. An *anti-God*. Perhaps this is why Garfield has chosen to spend his days torturing Jon Arbuckle, who, on April 29th, 1987, was revealed to be a Christian, engaging in a nightly prayer before being interrupted by Garfield. For what can be more abhorrent to an anti-God than a simple, God fearing, *Christian* man. Jon represents the archetypal believer. A man Garfield must destroy.



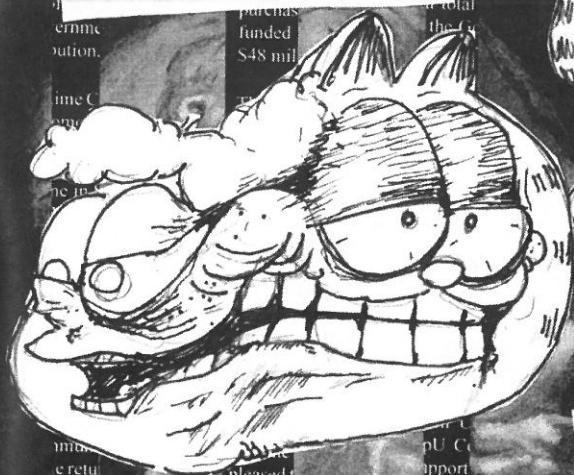
Garfield encourages Pagan Cat worship

People spend hours upon hours viewing cat images and coddling their own cats to the point of idolatry. Cats are elevated to a god-like status. The apex of this sin is the worship of Garfield. The *sinful* cat has a cult following. Fans of Garfield (often sodomites) express their love for the character through drawing *obscene* images, coveting merchandise, and even in dire cases making "zines". The worship of Garfield goes against the principles of Christianity. Our devotion should be directed towards God, not a *fictional character*. While Garfield may be entertaining and enjoyable, he should not become the object of our worship. Yet he has.

ECCLESIA CHRISTIANA **ECCLESIA ANTI-CHRISTICA**
The only question now is why. Why would Jim Davis create this memetic demiurge to wage war on Christian values? Why would he leverage the church of licensing to create a competitor to God? Is he not a Christian? Is he not a moral man? Does he not wish to enter the kingdom of heaven? Has he made covenant with the *adversary*? I will not speak on such dark questions. But as Christians we must be wary, for *witches* are always accompanied by a *cat*.

Obligatory scary garfield Page

Something something I'm sorry Jon,
something something, I hunger.



SCARY!

Lasagna

(imagine that was said really
slowly in a deep scary voice)

Oooooh reality is fucked up and scary
oooooh this Garfield is super big oooooh

WOW!

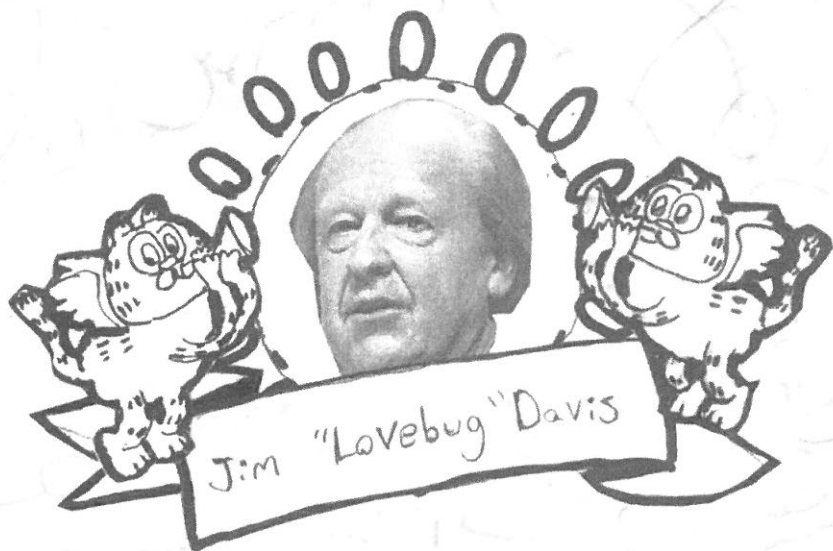


SICK

AND

TWISTED!

THIS ZINE IS DEDICATED
TO
God's Silliest Angel

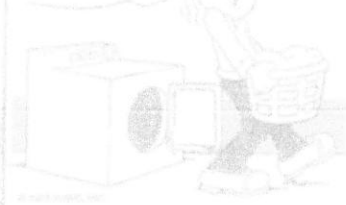


we love Jim, we appreciate Jim
we think of Jim always

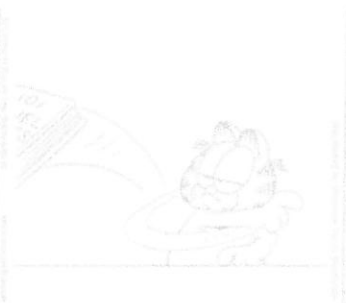
HIDING PLACE SO I COULD
TAKE HIM TO THE VET



HIDING IN
A GOOD
PLACE



NOT A SMART PLACE
BUT A GOOD PLACE



CLONK!

NUMBES
402

OW!



101 CRUEL THINGS TO DO TO YOUR CAT

POOKY!



SO MUCH FOR
KICKING THE
TEDDY BEAR
HABIT



IT'S UNNATURAL TO BE
NEAR SOMEONE YOU LOVE
AND NOT HOLD THEM
NOW AND THEN



ANY LAST
WORDS?



I KNOW
WHERE
THERE'S
FUDGE!



HE'S
GOOD



101 CRUEL THINGS TO DO TO YOUR CAT

This Zine
Was Made
By Maggie
D. Waldron

Gay



First Printing
Nov 18th 2023

Give it to
Someone for
free.