

summer
11
issue

WHOOP!

\$1.50

A GOOD 'ZINE
TO POOP TO!

SPECIAL ALL POOP ISSUE!!!

FEATURING:

COMICS FEATURING POOP!

TRUE STORIES ABOUT POOPING!

A "CROWLEY'S CORNER" ABOUT POOP!

POOPY STORY CALLED "MESSAGE FROM THE JOHN"!

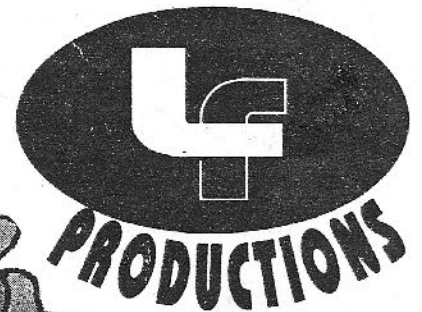
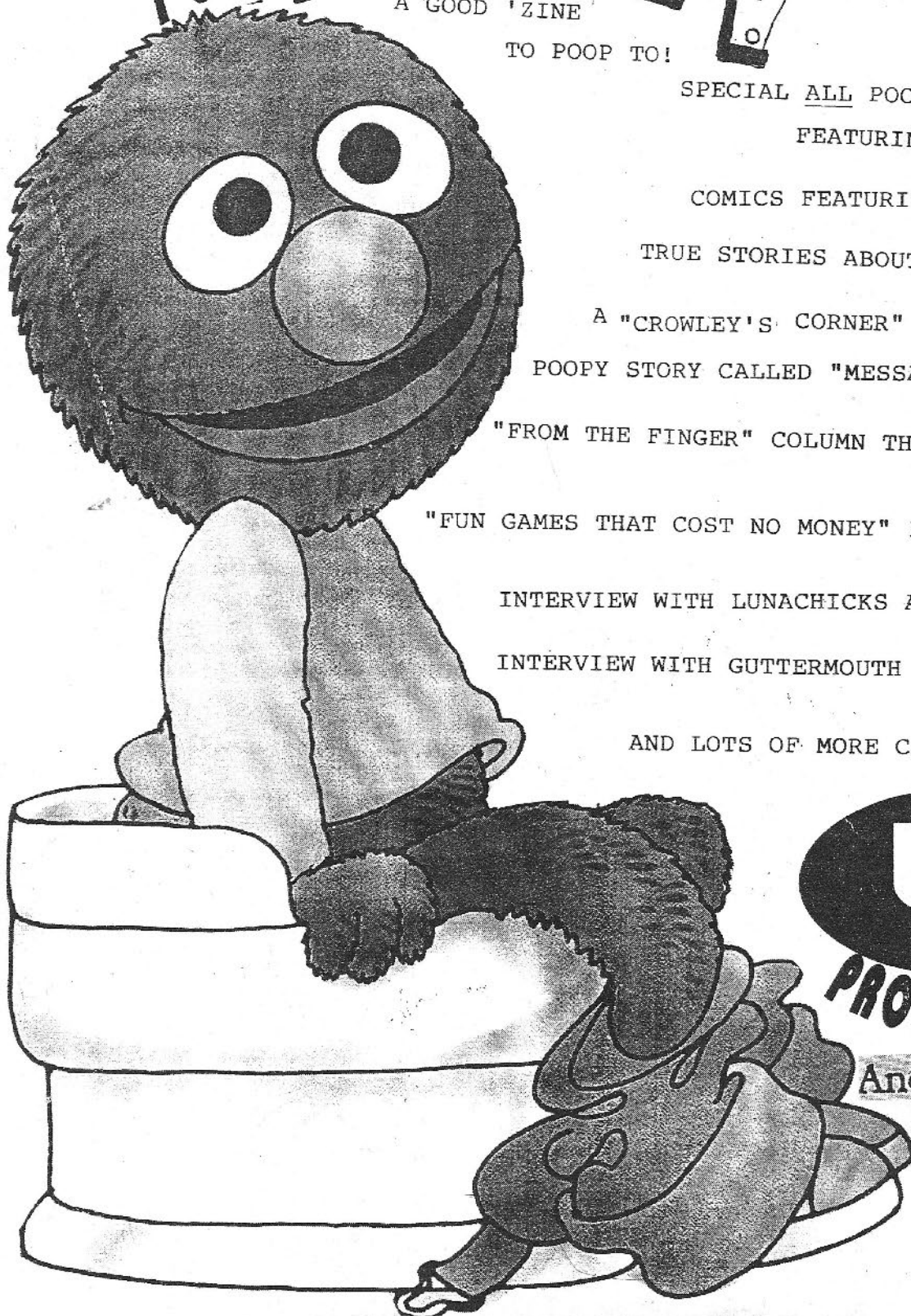
"FROM THE FINGER" COLUMN THAT MENTIONS POOP!

"FUN GAMES THAT COST NO MONEY" FEATURING POOP!

INTERVIEW WITH LUNACHICKS ABOUT POOP!

INTERVIEW WITH GUTTERMOUTH ABOUT POOP!

AND LOTS OF MORE CRAP!!!



And Little Grover

went. All by

himself.



TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR HOOFSIP #11

PAGE: WHAT IS ON THAT PAGE:


- 3 - From The Finger: Jerry White Jr.
- 4 - Lunachicks Interview: Dan & Jason
- 8 - Poop, Pee, & Puke Out!: Dan & Joe
- 10 - The Things I Have Zine: Dan Augustine
- 11 - Crowley's Corner: Dan Augustine
- 11 - Collateral Damage: Kurt Falk
- 12 - Fun Games That Cost No Money: Ethan Minsker
- 12 - Stuff By Jessey: Jessey Rivera
- 13 - Karcher's Krap: Matthew Karcher
- 14 - Guttermouth Interview: Dan Augustine
- 17 - Message From The John: Dan Augustine
- 18 - Hoofspin: Dan Augustine & Joe Hornacek
- 20 - Pezz World: Dan Augustine
- 24 - Stick Men: Mike Pipper

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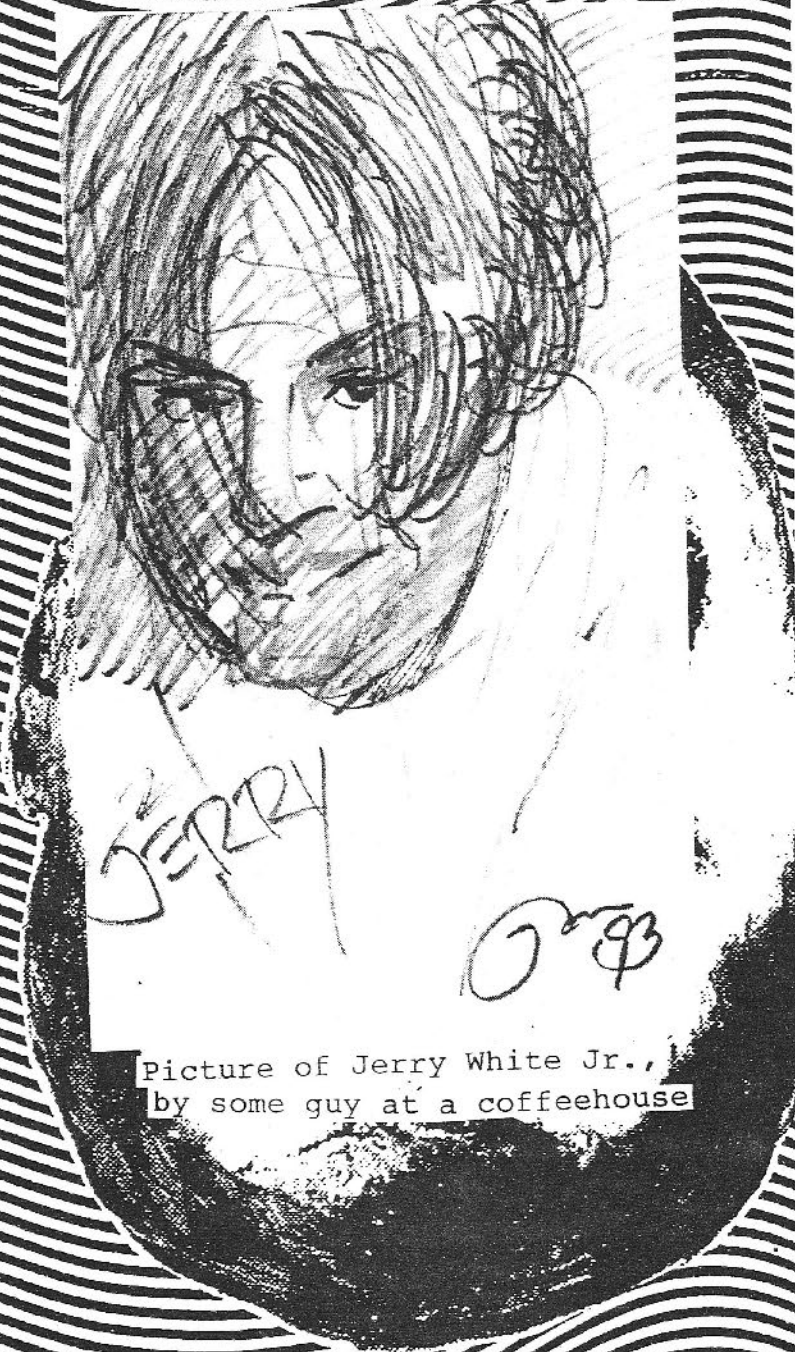
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FROM THE FINGER

By: Jerry White Jr.



Picture of Jerry White Jr.,
by some guy at a coffeehouse

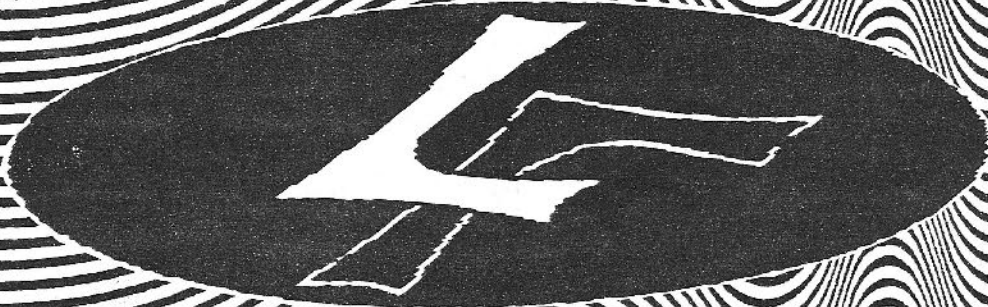
ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPOOP! Hi-hi, welcome back to suburbia, but not really; actually I am somewhere else. It's the HOOFSIP #11 Party! Yep, Joe, Dan, Claire, and myself are hangin' out at Industry. We're taking turns dancing with Claire, with beer bottles in one hand and a cigarette in the other. Just rubbin' our crotches on her butt, aw yeah. But not really...

Not too much happened this month. Mister Jesus Antonio Rivera Junior paid us all a visit, as well as Charles P. Grodin the third. Why do I keep lying to you? Because I'm a liar, but not really.

With Jessey in town we filmed the intro to 30 Minutes Of Madness #13, but not really... We cried a lot. You see, we're all growing up, and after this issue, we are kissing poop goodbye. Yep, but not really. NO! We aren't getting the house 'till May. This is because we need to save more dough, and Dan will not have graduated from high school - I mean college yet.

Um, get a good nights sleep
Mr. Jerry Wayne White Jr.

Remember, episodes of 30 Minutes Of Madness can be yours! All you have to do is send a blank video tape (hell, it doesn't even have to be blank, if it has something like eight episodes of Major Dad on it, we'll just tape over that crap!) to: Jerry White Jr., 1232 Avon Manor, Rochester Hills, MI. 48307.



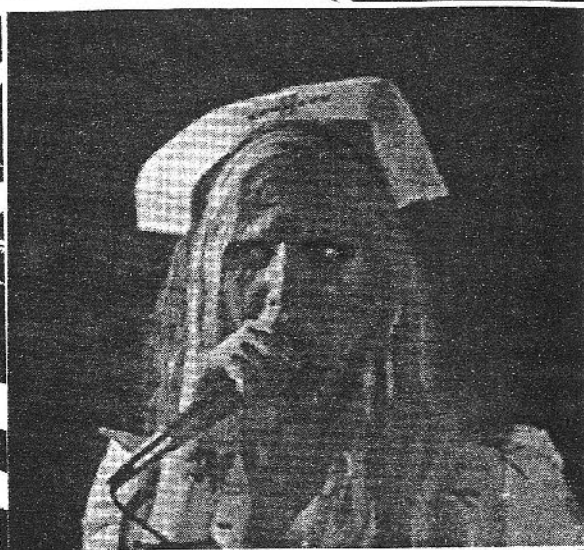
PRODUCTIONS

LUNACHICKS

INTERVIEW



Interview by: Dan Augustine
Photos by: Jason Donovan



This is an interview with Squid (bass), Gina (guitar), Chip (drums), and Theo (vocals) of the Lunachicks, a group of punk rock girls who sing songs about farting, pooping, peeing, and other things that fit in so well with this issue of poop.

DAN: What kind of message are you trying to get across to the kids with your music?

SQUID: Turn it up louder.

GINA: Blow your eardrums out.

DAN: Did any of you go to your high school prom?

GINA: You had to pay like fuckin' 65 bucks to go, and be a dork, and pay money. What fuckin' 18 year old has 65 bucks to go to the prom? Hell no! So we just had a party.

THEO: I went with Julie, and all the teachers hit on me.

GINA: Who hit on you?

THEO: Mr. Calvin, Mr. Greenberg, and...

DAN: Do you want me to use these names?

THEO: Print this! And the phs. ed. teacher.

DAN: I'll use all these names in the 'zine.

THEO: I love them all, it's all right.

DAN: What's the funniest thing that's ever happened to you involving poop or pee or puke?

GINA: Well, I had a really big puke day, the other day. We were on tour with *Offspring*, we had a big end of the tour party. I got really, really, really drunk, I put on my skates, I dislocated this thumb, which I slammed back into place, got so drunk, finally found *Chip*, she was leaving the party, everyone was bombed. So we took a cab home, and I'm like, "I think I over did it." So I got to the toilet and started doing the cat vomit thing (*imitates a cat vomiting*). So *Chip* comes over and says...

CHIP: I'm gonna hold your head. So I held her head while she was puking, but she wasn't puking really well. She's a vegan, so I started naming some really disgusting things. So I started naming things like, "half-cooked chicken, with lard pasted over it." And she went like, "blaaah-yack!" She slammed the back of the toilet.

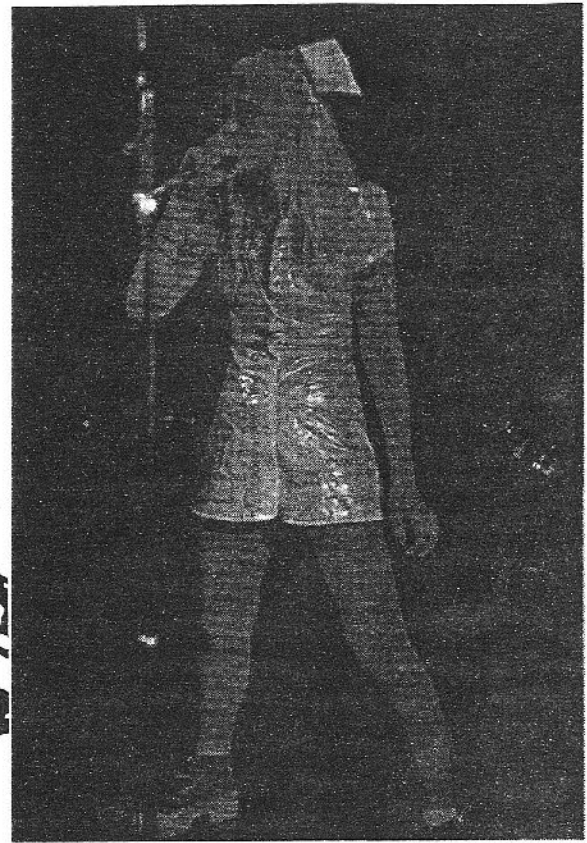
SQUID: Okay there's the puke story, now the shit story. Okay, so we always like to have nice big coffees in the morning, then we love to go shopping. So we get into the shopping place, and I'm like, "Ooooh I gotta shit!", because I drank all this coffee, so there's a bathroom in the thrift store, so I

went in there, but there was no toilet paper. So I opened the door and grabbed the first thing off a rack that I could find, a house dress with the price tag on it, and shit all over the bathroom, and wiped my ass with the house coat and neatly stuffed it in the toilet.

THEO: Then I went in there, and I was like, "Why is there a house coat in here?"

SQUID: I'll tell you another shit story, if you want to here it. Okay, so we're playing at a fuckin' rodeo, and they have these porto-sans set up outside, then they're like across the catering place where we ate at.

Everything is like "chop-chop" on the tour, you know you're on a tour with a big band, you gotta be on when you're gonna be on. So we're getting ready and, "Omigod, I gotta shit!" Another good coffee day. So I ran into the porto-sans, and I was just like "aw-pffffttth!" And then I remember Theo saying, "There's no goddamn toilet paper in the porto-sans." And I looked around, and I'm in the porto-san, and there's nooo toilet paper in the porto-san, there's nooo napkins in the porto-san. So I'm like, I'll wipe my ass with my hands, and then wash them. There's no sink in the porto-san. There's nothing in



the porto-san except me, a little hole, and the walls of the porto-san. So I have shit all over my ass, and I'm suppose to be on stage in a fuckin' tutu like right now! So, I'm like, "Omigod, what am I gonna do? What am I gonna do?" So I carefully pulled my pants up, and then I ran like this (*demonstrates how she ran*). I don't know how that's gonna translate for the interview. I ran like a cowboy, shall I say, across the fuckin' parking lot, to the fuckin' building, where there's a toilet, and wiped my ass really quick, then sprint back to the fuckin' rodeo, and fuckin' slam on my tutu with my nice, little, clean, sparkling, daisy butt and got on.

THEO: I got one. Cindi, the member who's not here right now, we used to live together, she use to have lots of friends stay over and stuff, so I would wake up, and I always have to shit the second I wake up. So it was one of those mornings when somebody was in the shower, and they were in there for a long time, so I fuckin' shit in my garbage can. One of those little square garbage cans with a bag, and tried to be real discreet about it, but it was one of those hershey soft ones. So I shit in the garbage can, and went to pull



it off like, "Yeah, I'm gonna take this out to the garbage." But we weren't leaving for a little while, so I was like "Oh hold on! I just gotta get my garbage." And there was a stink and flies all over, it was terrible.

DAN: You just joined the band recently didn't you?

CHIP: Yeah, two years ago.

DAN: Did you know them before you joined? Or was it an audition?

CHIP: Yeah, I auditioned for the band, I guess I was like in the band for a week. So I knew them for four years, before I finally got with them.

THEO: Basically, she auditioned for the band when we were looking for a drummer the first time, we accepted her, then she blew us off, then we got another drummer, and then we asked her if she wanted to do it again, because that dumb-ass band she was in before failed miserably.

DAN: Is there a difference between vegan and vegetarian?

GINA: Well, vegan means you don't eat any animal products what so ever. And a lot of vegan people don't buy or wear leather. I still wear my old leather. Vegetarians sometimes eat cheese, sometimes fish.

Vegetarian means vegetation, you eat vegetation. Vegan is *no* animal products.

I'm vegan, going on five years, and before that was a vegetarian for two years.

DAN: I notice you're drinking, I thought a lot of vegans didn't drink.

GINA: Yeah, you know there's all kinds of levels of being healthy, you know what I mean? And I've gone through periods of not drinking at all, and not smoking. I didn't drink for like a few years, but it's fun to fuckin' get drunk. It's not fun to get drunk so you're puking and kissing a toilet bowl, but it's fun to get drunk.

DAN: Which countries have you played?

SQUID: Everywhere in Europe, too many times, Japan two or three times.

DAN: Is the song "Jerk Of All Trades" about anyone in particular?

CHIP: All of us.

GINA: It's about every person.

THEO: You see, I do all kinds of shit, and I was gonna make myself a card that said, "Theo - dominatrix, singer, dancer, poseur, jerk of all trades". That was gonna be my title, and *Squid* had this song, it was so great, and I said, "That should be 'Jerk Of All Trades'".

DAN: Is the song "Edgar" about your cat?

THEO: My cat. They don't like it, it's my cat, but I love him.

DAN: Did you know *Queen* did a song about *Freddy Mercury's* cat?

THEO: Really?



DAN: It was on the "Innuendo" album, the last album they ever did.

SQUID: Wow, the last album they ever did, it flopped.

DAN: It was called "Delilah", it had the word "pee" in the song, so I liked it.

THEO: We mention "shit" in "Edgar". And did you know the first three songs on the album all have "fart" in them?

DAN: Oh yeah! That was the first thing I noticed!

GINA: Do we have "pee" in any of our songs?

THEO: Yeah, "Edgar", "piss in the shower".

DAN: Do you have any music videos?

SQUID: We just made a video for "Edgar", and there's *no* cat in it, and I don't know, you might see it on MTV, you might not.

DAN: Didn't *Thurston Moore* discover you?

SQUID: He brought us to his record label, that's how we got the first record.

DAN: I heard that none of you knew how to play very well when *Thurston Moore* first saw you, is this what he liked about you?

SQUID: He liked that. What happened was, they thought we were a noise band, and we went into the studio to make a record, they were gonna produce it, and it was gonna be on their label, but when they realized that we actually wanted to sound like we could actually play, then that's when all the trouble started, and then they ended up walking out, we ended up working with the label anyway.



DAN: How would you like to wrap up this interview?

GINA: Don't forget to wipe when you take a poop.

all living fear

Merchandise List

Jessica

4 Track CD £4.50

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Close Down EP

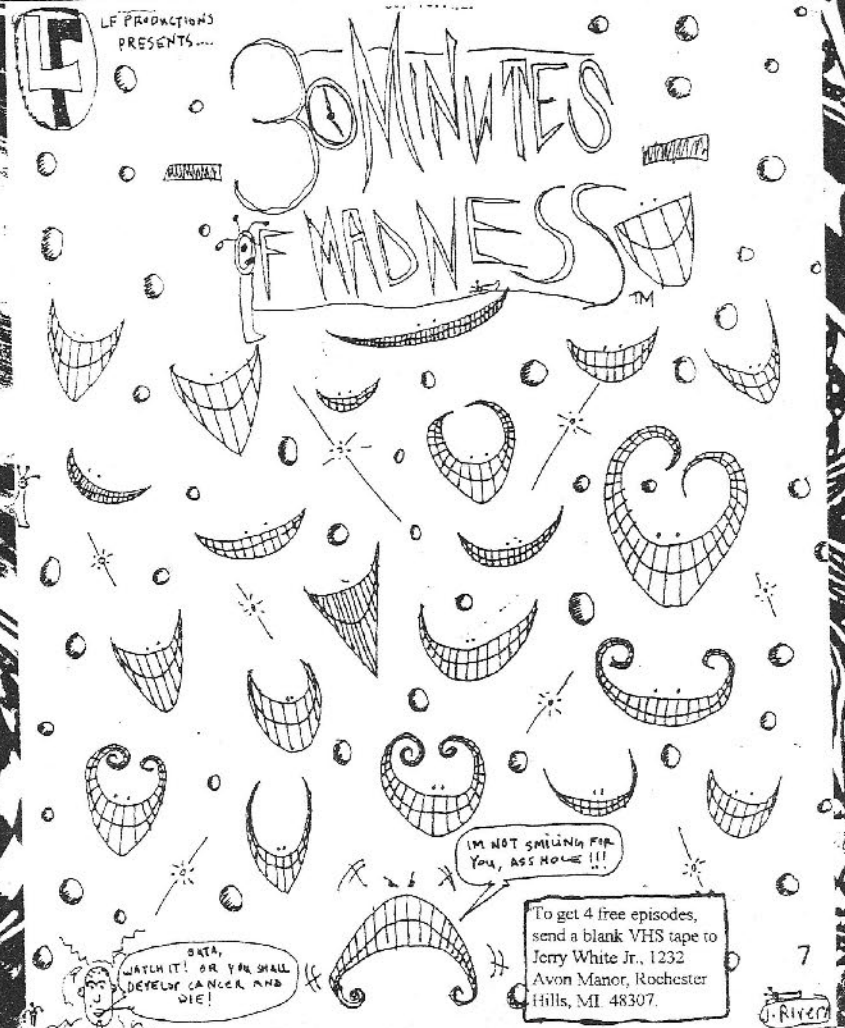
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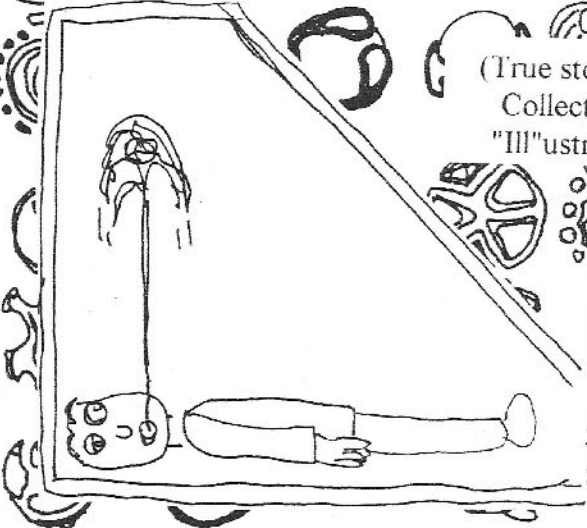
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(True stories of bodily functions)
Collected by: Dan Augustine
"Ill"ustrated by: Joe Hornacek

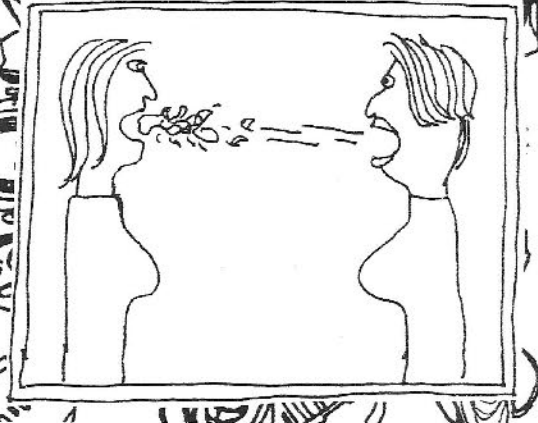


I met a guy who said that when he was five years old, he was lying on his back and puked, and the puke hit the ceiling.

I met another guy who said he "bonged a beer" one time and then puked, and it flew right back up the funnel!

Ross Martin knows a guy who went into a public bathroom and put a piece of toilet paper on the floor and then pooped on it, he then picked it up from underneath (so he wouldn't soil his hand), and turned the nozzle of one of those hand dryers up, and dropped the poop in it. He then turned the nozzle downward, but not all the way down, so the poop wouldn't fall out. So in other words... When someone went and used that hand dryer, a hot piece of poop would fall into their hands!

One time when I was a little kid, I had to pee real bad, but couldn't untie the drawstring on my sweat pants, and I couldn't pull them down either, so I just stood in front of the toilet, peeing my pants.



This girl named Sarah was on E one time and puked in another girl's mouth who was also on E. The other girl thought it was cool.

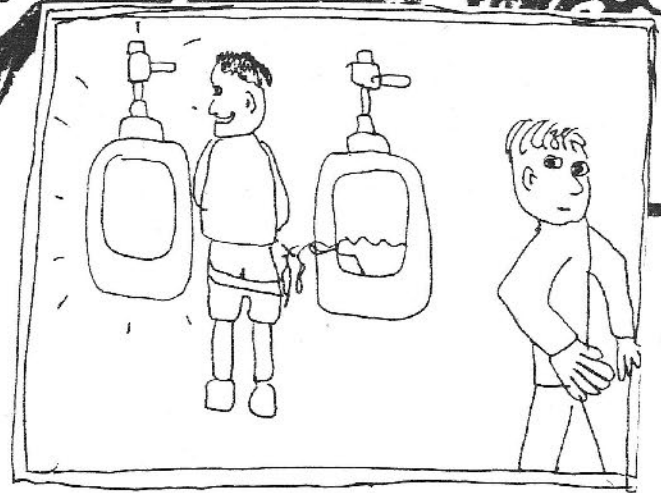
One time when Jerry was a little kid, he was eating a lot of pizza, someone then gave him a piece of chocolate, when he bit into it, it was so terrible, he ran into the bathroom and puked in the sink. The puke completely filled the sink all the way to the top! It was such a solid mass, that it would not drain down the sink, and they couldn't run water on it either, because it was all the way to the top!

One time when I was in third grade, I had to puke, I got up to tell the teacher, and wound up doing one of the best pukes ever! I did what I still to this day call the "power puke". It shot out my mouth and sprayed everyone and everything around me within a five foot radius. The janitor used a lot of pencil shavings.

One time while filming, Jerry captured a great moment on film! Joe picked up a piece of dog poop, and threw it in this guy Phil's mouth!

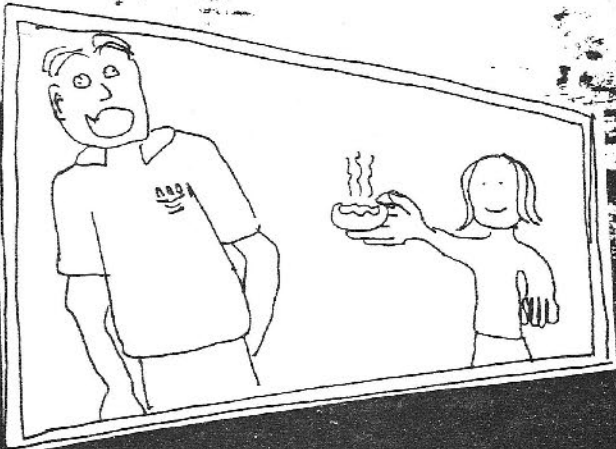
This girl named Sarah use to have a paper route, one morning while delivering papers, she had to poop real bad, so she dropped her pants, and pooped on a customer's porch.

One time when Joe was a little kid, he was jumping up and down on a trampoline, every time he jumped, he would fart, well one time he did more than fart, and some poop fell down his pant leg, and onto the trampoline.

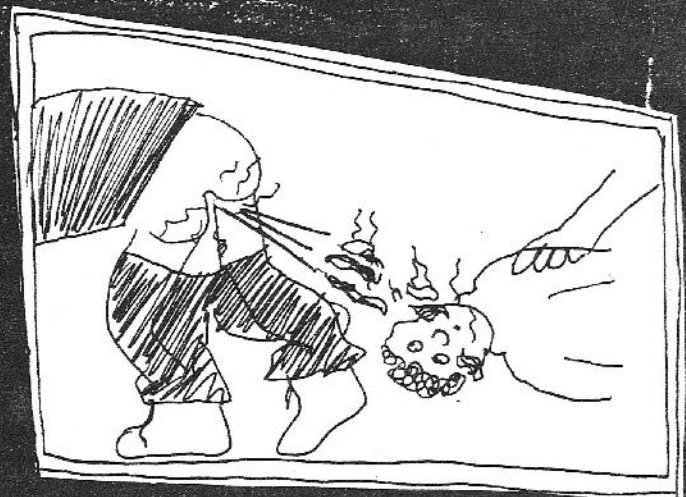


One time I was riding my bike and thinking about how birds poop on people, and how it never happened to me. Right at that moment, a bird pooped on me.

When I was in elementary school, I always peed in the same urinal in the bathroom, I don't know why, I just did. One time I went in the bathroom, and someone was using "my urinal", so I started to pee in another urinal, then the guy using "my urinal" finished and so I walked over to that urinal and finished my pee. The best part is, I walked from one urinal to the other, peeing the whole time, and getting it all over the floor!



John Ryan's niece was making scratch-n-sniff stickers one day, she asked John what type she should make next, John said, "poop". She then ran upstairs, and came back down laughing, holding a piece of paper with poop smeared on it.



Bill Frazier works with a guy who goes to U of M. One night this guy "hooked up" with a girl, and after doing the ol' in-out, they both fell asleep, when the guy woke up, he was all wet, because the girl had wet the bed!

Mike Pimper knows a guy who beat-up another guy, when the one guy was on the ground, the other guy squatted above his face, dropped his pants, and farted in his face. The problem was, he did more than fart, and pooped in the guy's face.

TAKE THINGS I HAVE ZINE

Zines reviewed by: Dan Augustine

CUTE ALIEN FANZINE - #10, \$?.??, 24 pages: This cut-n-paste 'zine measures 4 1/4" x 3 3/4", so all the type is real tiny. If you don't mind straining your eyes, you'll get to find out about "Tenement Meditations", working as an English teacher in Korea, driving in Vermont, plans to a lovely life, and other stuff about different places. (Cute Alien Fanzine, c/o Jim Nachlin, 60 East 8th Street #7K, New York, NY. 10003-9516)

PSYCHO.MOTO 'ZINE - #?, Free, 24 pages: Another mini-'zine, and another 'zine out of New York, this one has collages, photos, personal writings, song lyrics, comics, art work, record reviews, poems and other things. The guy who does this 'zine (Ethan Minsker) also makes films. One is called "Conflex", which is a series of short films (one about yo-yos, one about a guy dancing with a dead girl...) and music videos. And another one is called "Amaurosis", which is a film about a blind date that winds up ruining a girl's entire life. If you send for this 'zine, make sure you include a letter asking him for more information on these and other films. (Psycho.Moto 'Zine, c/o Ethan Minsker, 45 Ave. B, Apt #2, New York, NY. 10009)

CANVAS - #9.5, \$1.00, 28 pages: A 'zine of opinions, personal experiences, record reviews, 'zine reviews, and artwork. (Canvas Fanzine, 2176 Turk Hill Road, Fairport, NY. 14450)

FUCKTOOTH - #18, \$1.50, 34 pages & **NO LONGER A FANZINE** - #7, \$1.50, 38 pages: Order one, and get the other. This is one of those split 'zine deals, so here it goes: The Fucktooth side has lots of opinions (rants), some show-'zine-recording reviews, interviews with Sean Guillory of Primordial Soup Kitchen Distribution and No Longer A Fanzine editor Joseph Gervasi, a d.i.y. biking article, a letter department, and other stuff.

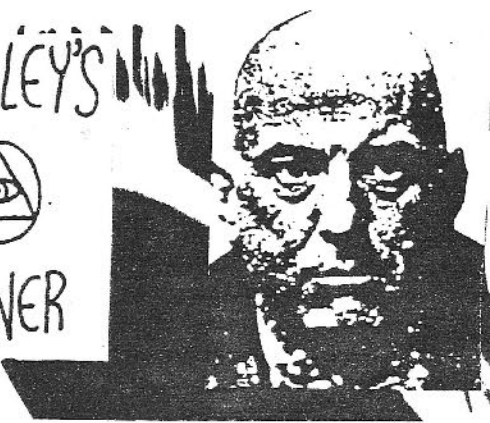
Jen Angel (the editor of Fucktooth) also runs Tone Deaf Distribution and The Midwest Show Listing, when you send for this 'zine, I'm sure she'll also send you some information on that. Okay, now for the

review of the No Longer A Fanzine side. This issue has opinions, "The Story Of Fast Eddie", Mail (Hate And Otherwise), some comics, an interview with Dr. Pamela Freyd of the False Memory Syndrome Foundation, a southern tour diary, and other stuff. Joseph Gervasi (No Longer A Fanzine editor) also runs a video distribution company called "Crazy Fucking Videos", so when you send for this 'zine, I'm sure he'll send you information on that. (Jen Angel, P.O. Box 3593, Columbus, OH. 43210, e-mail: ANGEL+@OSU.EDU or Joseph A. Gervasi, 142 Frankford Ave., Blackwood, NJ. 08012)

WHITE BOY GOES DOWN ON DE TRACKTERS - #?, Free, 22 pages: Paul Weinman collected a bunch of hate mail he received, put it in this 'zine, and included his responses. Also includes some newspaper articles on flag burning, bus stealing, censorship, and skinny dipping. **WARNING:** There are pictures of naked men in here! (Paul Weinman, 79 Cottage Ave., Albany, NY. 12203)

INTERNATIONAL VIRUS - Vol. 1; Infection 1, \$2.75, 80 pages: I traded a copy of HOOFSIP #10 for this 'zine at the *Space Streakings* show I went to on July 22 (look for a review of that show, and an interview with *Space Streakings* in HOOFSIP #12). Anyway, it is chock full of reviews of recordings, videos, and printed material. It also has interviews with *Princess Dragon Mom*, *Helmet*, *Glod*, Barney Rosett, *Indian Rope Burn*, Tim Caldwell, Noam Chomsky, *Mekons*, and Caspar Brotzmann. But wait! There's more! Fiction, articles on *John Wayne Gacy*, *O.J. Simpson*, The Brady Bunch; and guns, "The International Virus Gallery Of Pigs" (which reminds me of the MAD magazine "Nasty Files"), and tons of art work, photomontages, and computer distorted images. One last thing - someone at this 'zine likes shooting guns at pictures?! (International Virus Magazine, P.O. Box 313, Farmington, MI. 48334-0313, e-mail: INTLVIRUS9DC@DELPHI.COM)

CROWLEY'S
CORNER



Mr. Crowley:

My problem is simple, I am shit! No! Seriously, I am! I am nothing more than a turd that fell out of someone's ass, and you can't get any worse than that. Sure, you get letters from all kinds of people complaining about their problems, but I'm not even a person! I'm just a piece of shit! People think they got problems, but no! I'd rather take all the problems of all people who ever wrote you, than to be what I am. Nothing more than a lousy piece of shit! You know, poop! Now you might be thinking that I'm a very lucky and blessed piece of poop, after all, I can actually think enough to write this letter, but that doesn't matter, because when it all boils down, I'm just poop! So, tell me what should I do(o-doo)?

-Aw shit!
"A Piece Of Poop"

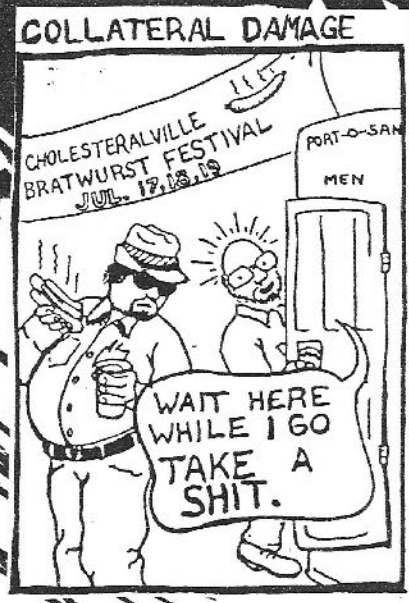
Poop:
Do what toilet.

Alister Crowley
-A.C.



COLLATERAL DAMAGE

A comic by: Kurt Falk



Fun Games That Cost No Money (Part V)

by: Ethan Minsker.

HIT AND RUN - Walk across the street and as a car passes, hit the side with your hand really, really hard. Then drop to the ground, roll around clutching your side, screaming bloody murder. When the car stops and the driver steps out - take off. Best drivers to look for: Senior citizens, cable repairmen, student drivers. Never police officers or your neighbors' dad.

ROAD BLOCK - Pick a well wooded, dark road with a good place to hide. When the coast is clear, pile wood and logs across the road. In most cases, people will just stop their cars and clear a path. But if you're lucky, a 4-wheel driving, good ol' American boy with his "I HONK FOR HOOTERS" bumper sticker, will attempt driving straight over the branches. Best result: He'll have to get out and pull the debris out from under his truck.

PASSED OUT PARTY FAVORS - We've all heard of the basics - drawing on someone's face or constructing a beer can pyramid over the drunkard's lifeless body. Here's a couple of new ones: Fill up open hands with shaving cream, then tickle their ear or nose. Sit back and watch them smear the cream all over their face. If a mouth is open, pour a little Palmolive in. If you're a smoker, stick two cigarettes in the nostrils of someone's nose, light them, and watch Bob "the keg master" smoke 'em up.

PET TRICKS - Clothes pin your dog's ears together or stick tape to the bottom of your cat's feet. Put your cat in a pillow case, swing it in a circle a few times, let the cat out and watch it try to walk. Clip it's whiskers (cats judge spaces with them to determine what they can fit through).

SHIT TOSS - Similar to tag, except you've got poop in your hand. It also motivates the person to run twice as fast.

EAT THE POOP - Put poop in someone's food - tell them afterwards.

HIDE-N-POOP - Leave a log floating in the toilet. *Don't* flush.

THROWING ROPE - For this one you need to prepare. Eat a diet of corn and catsup. Then when you gotta go, bend over, drop trou, then push real hard, real fast. Goal: See how far you can throw a rope. Best to do with an audience and *not* in your own bathroom.

POOP AND PAINT - Rent a hotel room over a weekend and spend your hours indulging in covering the entire room in your poop. Make sure to keep the "Do not disturb" sign on the door.

MAIL A POOP - Send a little poop in a card. Best holiday - Christmas. Better than scratch-n-sniff.

This is a story my dog use to read to me, when I was a young lad:

Cretin Crytmore was a normal man, had a normal life. He would wake up in the morning, take a shower, eat, go to work, come home, watch TV, go to bed. Same ol', same ol' every day. One day he had a heart attack and died!

THE END

STUFF
BY
JESSEY

by: Jessey Rivera

Here's a poem I wrote 47 years ago:

I had a bowel movement,
Warm, nice, smooth and silent
Poop is good
For you and me,
Running around
With feces.

Thank you! I wrote that one while I was beating my ol' lady. Just kidding!

Bye!

It started in the warm summer of 1984. I was just a young lad, but I packed a pretty mean load, my tender butt cheeks could expel a bowel movement about the size of a Mack truck. One brisk Saturday afternoon, my anus was burning like a Devil's Night fire, I knew I had to let out a full stick of homemade dynamite, but time was ticking, I had thirty seconds till the whole thing blew, WHAT TO DO? Thinking fast was my only solution, I dropped my tiny, little Superman briefs to the musty ground in the back of my parent's garage, the timer went off, my sphincter swelled to the size of a freshly picked pineapple from the southern coasts of Miami, it was loud, real loud, I blew a fart to complete the entree. Then just when I thought it was safe to place my snug briefs back around my spudding manhood, I heard my father coming around the garage. Then I asked myself once again, "WHAT TO DO?" Act fast! I picked up the huge, fresh, warm loaf, and tossed it over the neighbor's fence with all my little might. They had a medium sized dog in their yard, so I thought it would pass off as if their dog had laid the law. Two weeks later they took "Boregard" to the vet, he was put to sleep a month later, the vet said that his colon probably had some rare type of cancer, and he would have painful bowel movements the rest of his dog life. I was sad, but it saved my hide, after all, it was a dog eat dog world.

Seven years later...

I was growing up fast, eating my Wheaties and drinking whole milk by the gallon. I was six foot one inch and ready for the world, no longer a youth, my poop wasn't either, I clogged more commodes than a women's jail facility all on the rag. It was long, meaty, but at the same time, very pliable. That's when it all began, all over again, it was like a fuckin' addiction that wouldn't go away. It haunted me at night. I once dreamed that it came out the toilet and wrestled me to the ground, I couldn't win, then I woke up, thank god for that! I then realized I was the TRUE phantom pooper, but I did not let it affect my life. I then started alphabet bombing, A-Z, one per week. I would go into restaurants, businesses, etc. I'd leave a bigger stool than

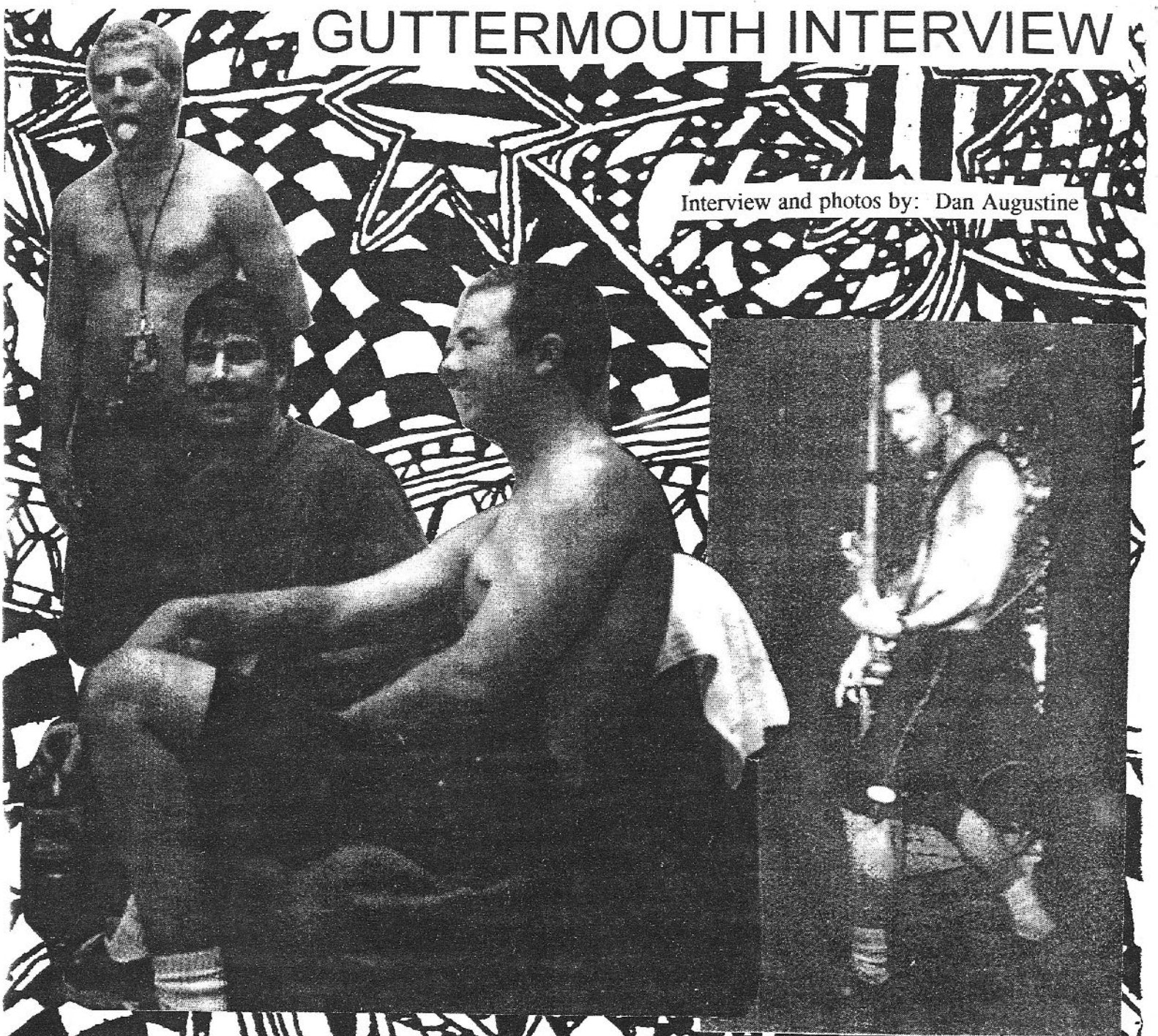
K A R C H E R S - K R A P

the one Norm sat on on the show "Cheers". I was *not* "abnormal" or some type of "weirdo", I was just doing what all of you reading this story always wanted to do, but didn't have the balls to do. I wasn't sick about it, I didn't do it like those stupid ass sickos, I didn't prop my ass cheeks on the tank and let one fly, I did it in the bowl, like a human (I just didn't flush, big deal!) Well, I guess it is a big deal, because it was so big! I pooped large, so large they put police tape around the men's bathroom at the "Sweden House" in Madison Heights, until "efficient sanitation arrived for the clean-up." That was the letter "S", the other letters soon followed, until I got to "Z", the zoo, Detroit Zoo to be exact. I snuck into the zebra cage and let two sticks fly, I was a matador, and this ain't no bull! I retired from the tradition and passed the stick to my little cousin, Brian DeFour. He took it and ran with it, I think he is on the letter "Q". I thought it was all over until I was at a social get together at Bill "Kissle" Frazier's house, Danny Augustine was there, I'm sure you know who he is, so he knows this is true.

They dared me 35 cents to make one last public appearance on the blind man's porch next to Bill's house in Madison Heights. I agreed, after all, I never done it for money, but now with these BIG STAKES I couldn't resist. I dropped my bulge busting Gerbauds and my "stripper" style briefs and spread my soon to be greasy ass cheeks for one last magic act. The trick: to make the titanic reappear. Could I do it? Hell yeah! I've done it all my life. So there it crashed right on to the cold cement. (Little did I remember that when you crap, you also urinate.) My massive missile fired straight to the moon; two planets and a country mile from my chin, my shiny briefs were soaked with homemade Country Time. They watched from the window, all four people crammed to one window, just to see me give birth to the largest child ever born. I smiled with pride as my little, brown, corn-filled child wept, I cried too, after all, it was the finale, the last episode, THE END, it was all over... All over. I went into Bill's house to collect my 35 cents, but the money meant nothing, nothing at all...

GUTTERMOUTH INTERVIEW

Interview and photos by: Dan Augustine



Guttermouth is Mark Adkins (vocals), Derek Davis (guitar), Scott Sheldon (guitar), Stever (bass), and James Nunn (drums). On July 23, I interviewed four of these very sarcastic guys (James Nunn wasn't there for the interview, but was there for the photos). I didn't really touch that much on their music, then again, this is something I've been doing as of late, because I'm sure bands are tired of naming their influences, naming the best places they've played, naming the bands they've played with, blah blah blah...

However, I think the few questions I did ask about the band and it's music are relevant and entertaining, and we also talked a lot about poop. (After all, this is the all poop issue!)

DAN: When you were growing up, what were some of your favorite childhood games?

DEREK: We played one today. Butts-Up. We played it today in this room.

SCOTT: I like Chutes-N-Ladders too.

DAN: How's Butts-Up played?

DEREK: You got a tennis ball, and a bunch of people in a line, you throw the ball against the wall, it comes back, someone catches it, whoever drops the ball, has to run and touch the wall, before someone else picks up the ball and throws it. If the ball hits the wall first, then that person has to face against the wall, stick his butt out, and everyone gets to beam him with the ball, as hard as they want.

DAN: Which label are you on right now?

DEREK: We're on Nitro Records.

DAN: You guys did stuff for Dr. Strange too, didn't you?

DEREK: Yeah, we did a few singles, and a full length album for Dr. Strange.

DAN: So is Nitro the label you'll probably stay at, or are you looking to sign to a major label?

DEREK: Nitro's treating us real good right now. It's all amongst friends, the label's from my neighborhood, we're the first band signed on it, so they put all the energy into us.

DAN: When you were in high school, which group of people did you hang out with?

DEREK: Jocks of course.

STEVE: I played sports.

MARK: I was in the gay and lesbian club.

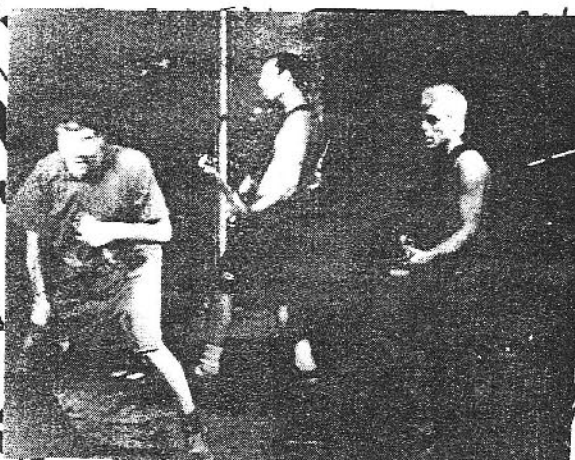
SCOTT: I hung out with all the punker guys.

DAN: When you were in high school, did you insult people as much as you did tonight on stage?

MARK: Oh way more. In high school, I was a dick.

DAN: Did you get your ass kicked a lot, or were you able to stand up for yourself?

MARK: Nope! Never got my ass kicked! Oh no, I didn't stand up for myself, I've lost every fight I've ever been in. Every single one. I always had a bunch of friends with me. I was chicken shit as it was.



DAN: What are some of your favorite moments involving poop?

MARK: Sticking my finger up a girl's butt, and it comes out chocolatey.

SCOTT: We just got back from Europe and the jack shacks, we all frequent the jack shacks. There's quite a few crappy videos, crap eaters, and champagne bottles up the ass, like an enema.

MARK: This one video, the most amazing thing I've ever seen, has two women. One shoved a champagne bottle up her ass, and kind of drained it in there, half the bottle. Then they got a close-up of when she pulled the bottle out, then the other woman put her tongue right by her ass, and then shit just pours out, and it's just like an enema, all over her tongue, all over her face. Oh it was just amazingly cool, and we were all jacking off to it.

SCOTT: We watched a guy do a more solid stool, and a chick shaped it into a dick, and started sucking on it.

DAN: Have any of you ever left a log floating in a public bathroom?

SCOTT: If it's real big, I leave it.

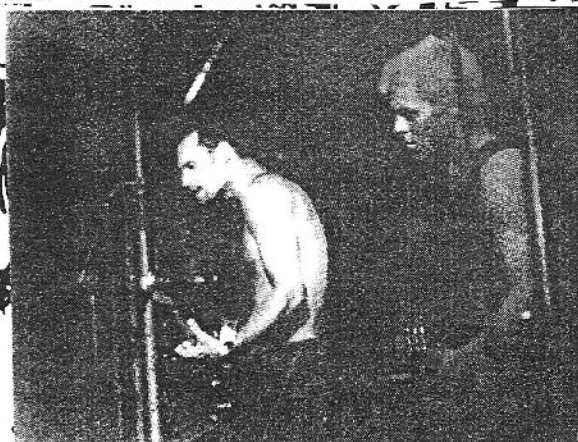
DAN: What do you do when you see someone else has left a log?

MARK: If I see a shit in the toilet floating, if I happen to have an umbrella from a martini or something, I stick it in.

SCOTT: Oh you know what I do? I pee on it, and try to make holes through, or try to break it in half.

DAN: What are some of your favorite places to shit?

DEREK: In Europe, they have the continental shelf toilet, where the hole is in the back, and there's a shelf in the front, and when you shit, it sits on this shelf, a nice and perfect trophy, and when you flush, the



water pushes it back into the hole. It leaves fuckin' track marks everywhere.

STEVER: That's a great place to leave a shit. Because it just falls right on the shelf.

DAN: Okay, I think we covered poop enough, any comments on pissing?

DEREK: Mark pisses all over the place.

MARK: I piss every two hours. And like in the van, we're driving, we'll pee in bottles, and everyone gets mad, because some of the bottles leak.

DAN: What kind of hair dye is that?

STEVER: It's piss. It's a golden shower.

DAN: How did you come up with the band's name?

STEVER: There was a turd floating down the gutter, I ate it, and instantly I had guttermouth. *(laughs)* Hell, I don't know, it's just a name. It doesn't mean shit.

SCOTT: I think it's a dental term actually. It's like a root canal.

DAN: Why do you spit on people?

MARK: There's only one answer to that: *Lee Ving. Lee Ving of Fear.* Oh man, what an inspiration he was. He was such a brilliant guy. He was amazing. Lots of history I know about that man.

DAN: Did one of you guys design the T-shirts you sell at shows.

STEVER: We all put our heads together on that.

SCOTT: I drew that one, but Barry use to draw them. One of our friends use to draw that character all the time, and he use to be in the band a long time ago, and then I just started drawing it. It's on the first CD, and we just put it on the shirt too.

DAN: You say there was a member named Barry who was in the band "a long time ago", so how long have you been together?

SCOTT: A long time. We've all been together since 1989. We have the pleasure of having Stever with us now. But we had the same line-up for five years. We've all known each other since the early '80s.

DAN: Here's the wrap-up question: Which adjective would you use to describe *Guttermouth's* sound?

SCOTT: We don't rely on sound.

DAN: Do you rely more on the image of the band, such as fashion?

MARK: That's right, fashion is everything.

nice
'n
sleazy

Issue: 4

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MESSAGE FROM THE JOHN

BY DAN AUGUSTINE
(with apologies to Jerry White Jr.)

This is a satire by Dan Augustine of "Message From Beyond", which was an article written by Jerry White Jr., which appeared in HOOFSIP #6.

I was once sitting on the "throne", staring blankly at a MAD magazine. I guess I was trying to do the fold-in. After awhile, I did, and believe me, this was no small feat. Not too long after, a sentence popped into my head. This was the first and only time in my life I can remember this happening.

Okay, maybe there was another time. I was walking into the bathroom in the condominium I used to live in. My bladder wasn't empty, quite the contrary; I had my usual full sack of liquid inside of me. As I rounded the corner, a thought jumped into my consciousness. Now I must emphatically state that as far as any senses could perceive, there was nothing in my presence that could arouse this thought, it just happened. The thought was exactly this, "I wonder what it would be like if I pissed my pants?" That was it, in all it's simplicity. A second or two later I felt a certain dampness around my crotch. I pissed my pants. I had not done this as long as I can remember. I then remembered something I had done earlier that day, I had drank a cup of coffee. This is usually good for pissing.

But I digress, my story, and it's inherent mystery lies within the odd sentence that jumped into my mind while shitting and doing a MAD magazine fold-in. Unlike my misfortune at the condo, this thought, or whatever it was, did not seem to originate from me. In fact, I heard it in a sense, not with my ears, but from the toilet. It was a gurgling voice, not like a command, but as a statement of fact. "You will learn to fill me."

There was no Charmin, Scottissue, or any other toilet paper that I can possibly think of, that could have generated this statement. (Come to think of it, there was none in the bathroom either!) There was no one else in the bathroom that would issue such a statement, it was just me and the toilet. It was, and has been an enema (I mean enigma), one that I sometimes still hear when I go take a shit. I often find myself wondering how a toilet could speak. I sometimes ask people how this could happen. To date, no one still knows. Though at one time, there did seem to be one person that might have known why, a tidy-bowl man whom I had met recently. The reason I no longer listen to him is that he was proven, in my mind, to be nothing more than another wanna-be, toilet, shitting figure - an emulate of farting.

This occurred in the summer of '93. I sometimes think that I had been severally influenced by the great magazine I was reading at the time, MAD. Because after reading the magazine, hearing the toilet speak, finishing my "job", and flushing the toilet, several strange "coincidences" and eerie events occurred. This one I am relating is rather tame, in comparison to others. I must concede the possibility that with all the humor I just read, my mind conjured up this "talking toilet", so I would forget that there was no toilet paper in the bathroom. Yet, this would not explain my unfortunate incident, I guess you'd call it, of the time I pissed my pants. Maybe "you will learn to fill me" is a message from the future. Perhaps it is from Thomas Crapper or Elvis Presley. All I can factually say is this, if I ever meet a woman who says the phrase I "heard", I will do the best I can to do just that, I will learn to fill them.

EUGAZI - "Red Medicine": Unless you're really into *Fugazi*, this album is hard to get use to. It's almost like listening to *Fugazi* music that you never heard in a dream. The music, like previous albums, still has weird changes, lots of feeling, and the same guitar tones, but they seem to edge away from the traditional rock style and go towards *Sonic Youth* noise stuff. Some guitar stuff is almost bluesy. A couple of songs are recorded all distorted and there's even a track with somebody playing piano. All in all, the album is soft and experimental, with Ian still screaming and lots of *Guy Picciotto* flavor. (Dischord, 3819 Beecher St. N.W., Washington, DC. 20007)

DFL - "Proud To Be": Punk rock, for punk rock people, who listened to punk 10 or 15 years ago. *DFL* stars *Adam Horowitz* (*Ad Rock* from the *Beastie Boys*), but you would never know it unless you're a true *Ad Rock* fan. His style is true punk and it's the punk inside him that makes this music true, fast, melodic, soulful, energized music. I don't know anything else about the other band members, but they play awesome. Some good songs are: "Proud To Be DFL", "Word Of Mouth", "Self Pity", and "Function At The Center". (Epitaph, 2798 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles, CA. 90026)

EAT STATIC - "Epsilon" & "Implant": "Epsilon" is available as an EP or LP, and "Implant" is an LP. One of the most space-age sounding techno groups I've heard in awhile. Music and album art seems to be very much inspired by UFOs, aliens, and all that sci-fi stuff. Is this your thing? Then this will be your thing. (Ultimate)

ZOINKS! - "Bad Move Space Cadet": Where are all the good punk bands hiding out? At Dr. Strange's place, that's where. This band has a sound that could easily get them a major label deal, MTV airplay, arena tours, cover of Rolling Stone, blah blah

blah... Yet, they stay on the small Dr. Strange label, too cool! The highlight of this one would be the cover of the "Greatest American Hero" theme song. (Dr. Strange, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA. 91701)

SCHLEPROCK - "Out Of Spite": This one's not as good as the last *Schleprock* recording, but that's not to say it sucks, it's just that the

TOOLBOX

Recordings

reviewed

by

Dan

Augustine

except

for

the

first

two,

those

were

reviewed

by

Joe

Hornacek

songs aren't as catchy, that's all. (Dr. Strange, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA. 91701)

KRYPTONITE NIXON - "Live At Jawbone Canyon": The first track on here is a CD-ROM thingy, since I don't have one of those thingys, I can't review that part of it. The part I can review is nothing to cheer about. I mean it's okay to listen to, but there's nothing here that really grabbed me. (Flipside, P.O. Box 60790, Pasadena, CA. 91116)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "The Fifth Annual Flipside Company Picnic Desert Show": Taped at the September '94 Jawbone Canyon Mojave Desert show, most the groups on the Flipside roster can be heard on this one. It starts out with two songs from the *Neptunas*, which sound so sloppy that they make garage bands sound good. This is followed by all the angst-ridden pop-punk music one could ask for, from *Chrome-Moly Violets*, *Anus The Menace*, *Kryptonite Nixon*, *Paper Tulips*, *TVTWS*, *Popdefect*, *Dirtclodfight*, and *Babyland*. Highlights include the horn on *Anus The Menace*'s "Swingboy" and *Popdefect*'s cover of the '60s song "Wendy". (Flipside, P.O. Box 60790, Pasadena, CA. 91116)

CLOWNS FOR PROGRESS - "Clowns For Progress": They wear clown make-up, but they aren't *ICP* - they rock! Power-pop-punk music to make you smile, laugh, and rock-n-roll! Includes a cover of *The Who*'s "The Kids Are Alright", and a hidden track that will make you dance like a robot. (Flipside, P.O. Box 60790, Pasadena, CA. 91116)

THRUSH HERMIT - "French Inhale" b/w "Hated It" and "Glum Boy": These all come in the same record sleeve, "Glum Boy" has no B-side, because the band member's names are carved on that side. Anyway, an alternative group from Canada that the kids will love because they have songs about smoking pot. (Genius, P.O. Box 481052, Los Angeles, CA. 90048)

THRUSH HERMIT - "Take Another Drag" b/w "Came And Went": More or less the same as the previous review, just remember to change the record speed from 45 RPM to 33 RPM when you get ready to play side B (you see, side A is 45 RPM, and side B is 33 RPM, oh those crazy kids!). (Bong Load

Custom Records, P.O. Box 931538,
Hollywood, CA. 90093-1538)

VOODOO GLOW SKULLS - "Land Of
Misfit Toys" b/w "Charlie Brown": Do you
like ska? Then you'll like *Voodoo Glow
Skulls*. Well, maybe you should like punk
too, since some of the lyrics are pretty
unintelligible. Like the song sheet says
under the song title "Charlie Brown": "Ask
your fucking parents what the words are!"
(Dr. Strange, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta
Loma, CA. 91701)

BROWN LOBSTER TANK - "Static": Side
A has "0 1/2", side B has "Beautiful Loser"
and "Green". Much like *Zoinks!*, I could see
these guys making it big, let's hope they stay
punk. (Dr. Strange, P.O. Box 7000-117,
Alta Loma, CA. 91701)

RHYTHM COLLISION - "Too Long" b/w
"Turbo-Colt" & "Subway Blues": These
guys are punk, they must be cool. (Dr.
Strange, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma,
CA. 91701)

OTIS - "Otis": This here is some heavy
guitar (and drums) rock. It's okay, about the
only thing that turned me off a little was too
much hate on some of these songs. Lighten
up guys. (CherryDisc, P.O. Box 990424,
Boston, MA. 02199)

THE BOLLWEEVILS - "Heavyweight":
The pop-punk band is back with a "Jumping!
Twisting! Flailing! No holds barred, below
the belt brouha!" This one seems to be more
punk than pop, at least more than past
recordings. Includes a rather interesting
track which serves as a tour diary. It sounds
as if they carried a tape recorder around with
them, and spoke into it every time they were
in a different state. (Dr. Strange, P.O. Box
7000-117, Alta Loma, CA. 91701)

MALFUNKSHUN - "Return To Olympus":
Recorded in 1986-7, this is the group that
some call responsible for launching grunge
music. It features the late *Andrew Wood*
(who later joined *Mother Love Bone*, which
lead to you-know-who...). Anyway, I've
often thought that grunge was nothing more
than an extension of heavy metal, and since
this band falls in there right between the
heavy metal craze and the grunge craze, I
think much of their sound leans way too
much towards the metal. What makes me

say this? Well, the high pitched, screechy
vocals, the *Ted Nugent* cover ("Wang Dang
Sweet Pootang"), the songs that sound like
KISS, need I say more? The only things I
liked were the first track ("Enter Landrew")
and the last track ("Exit Landrew"), which
were both cool noise pieces. But those don't
make up for all the crap in between.

(Loosegroove/Sony 550)

BEN FOLDS FIVE - "Ben Folds Five": Too
often, most the stuff I get here for review,
just sounds too much alike; no originality.
Then every so often, something so original
comes along, it makes me happy. *Ben Folds
Five* is one such group. The group consists
of piano, bass, and drums; no guitar. The
piano is a baby grand, making for a rollicking
sound not heard too often in rock, and the
vocals have a glistening ring to them with
harmonies that'll make you snicker
occasionally. (Passenger/Caroline)

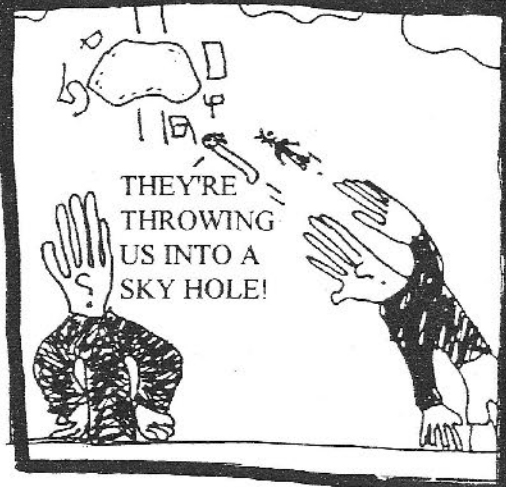
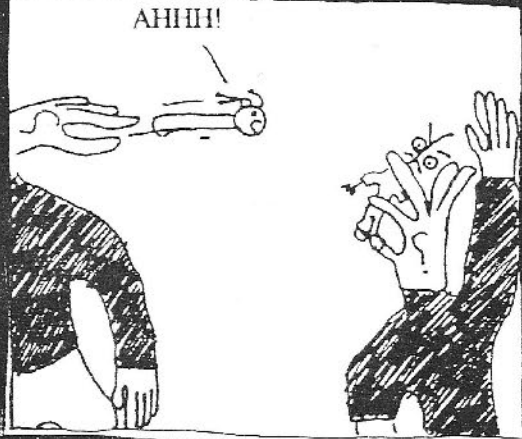
STIFFS, INC. - "Nix Nought Nothing": The
press release kept describing these guys'
music as punk rock, now whether they were
trying to be sarcastic or not, I don't know,
because I certainly didn't think they were
punk. Alternative, yes. Punk, no. I could
see the kids jumping around to this stuff at
their shows, but I don't think a *Total Chaos*
fan would be joining the kids. Don't get me
wrong, I'm not saying it's bad, just because
it's not punk, I'm just saying it's not punk.
(Onion/American)

GUTTERMOUTH - "Friendly People": This
one started out with a sound that I usually
don't associate with *Guttermouth*. It
sounded like a pop album! But then it didn't
take long for the true *Guttermouth* to bust
through with their punk rock sound, with the
occasional funny line thrown in. "P.C." and
"Asshole" are the standout tracks. (Nitro,
7151 Warner Ave., Suite E-736, Huntington
Beach, CA. 92647)

SHOCK VALUE - "Big Jerk": When the
first song started, I heard something that
sounded like a bar band that wants to be
Pearl Germ. "Oh no!", I exclaimed. Then
the rest of the recording made me say, "I
guess this isn't so bad.", because the rest of it
had a bluesy-jazzy feel to it. Now if only we
could do something with that first song...
(Shock Value, P.O. Box 68806,
Schaumburg, IL. 60168)

WHEN
WE
LAST
LEFT

PEZZ WORLD

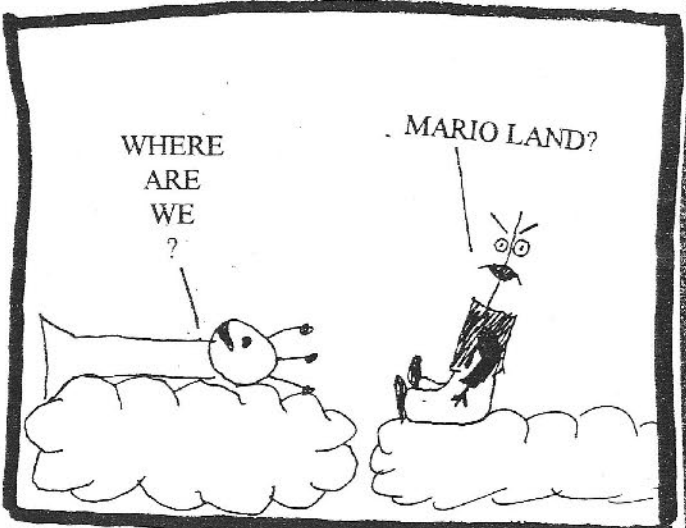
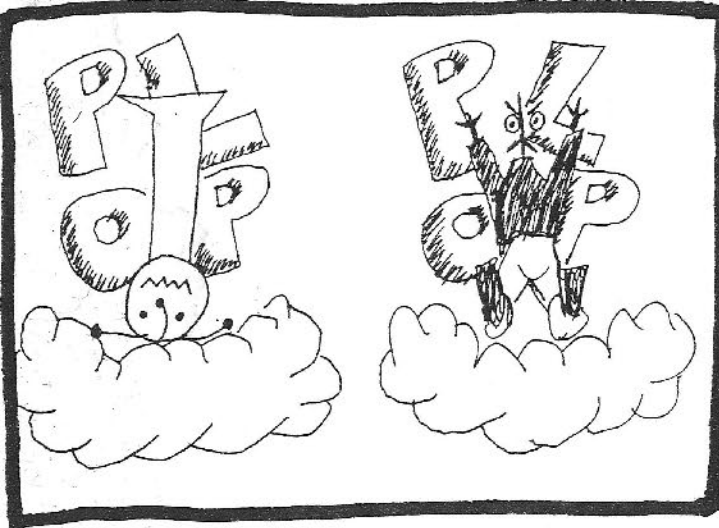
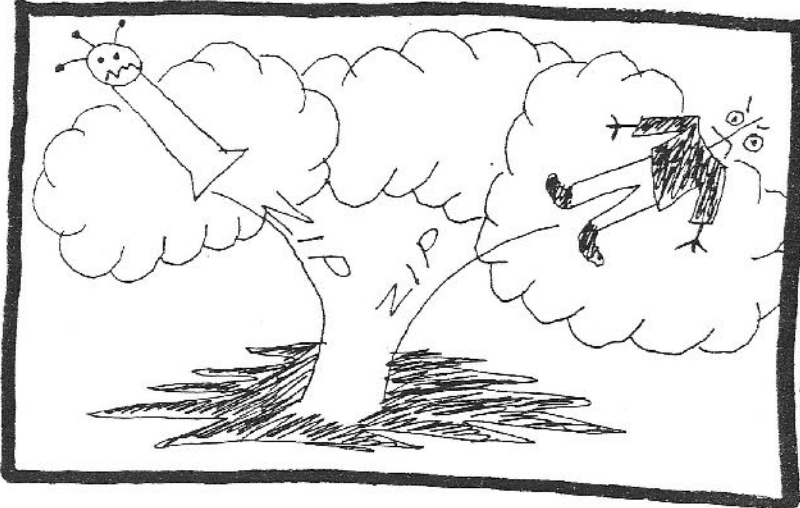


AND NOW FOR
THE CONTINUING
ADVENTURE!

by:

DAN
AUGUSTINE

CREATED BY: JERRY & JOE



WHAT WAS THAT?

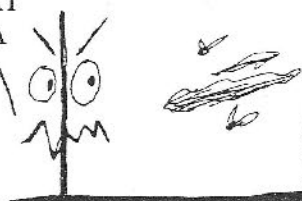


I DUNNO, BUT NOW WE ARE COVERED IN POO!

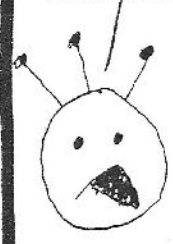
LOOK!



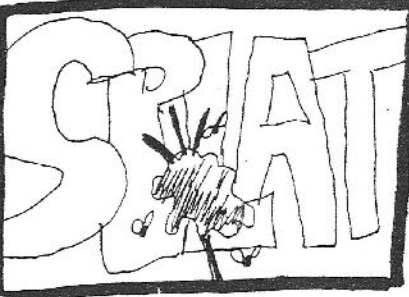
WHAT THA?



I KNOW! WE ARE IN HEAVEN AND JESUS IS BLOWING POO ON US FOR SOME REASON!



NOOO! I AM NOT JESUS (I JUST LIKE TO DRESS LIKE HIM!) I AM BLOW-POO! AND YOU ARE ON MY TURF!



BUT THE FREAK HAND PEOPLE THREW US UP HERE!



HMMM... THE FREAK HAND PEOPLE? I WONDER IF THAT COULD BE THE POOPY TWO?

POOPY

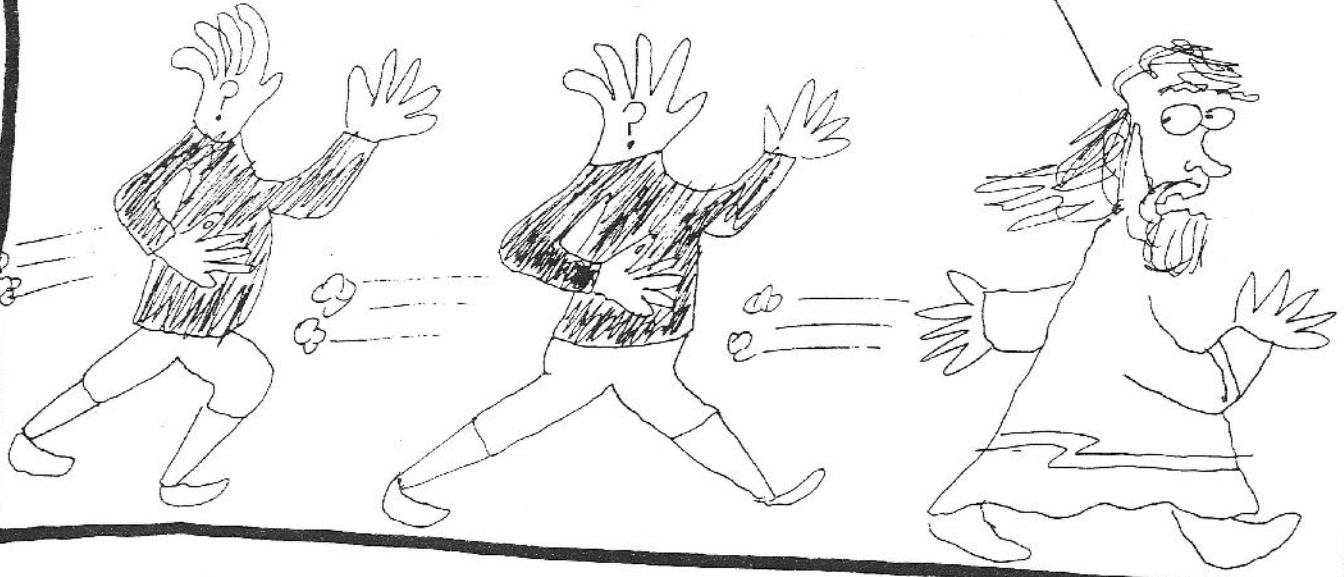


TWO?

FLASHBACK...

IT WAS MANY DECADES AGO...

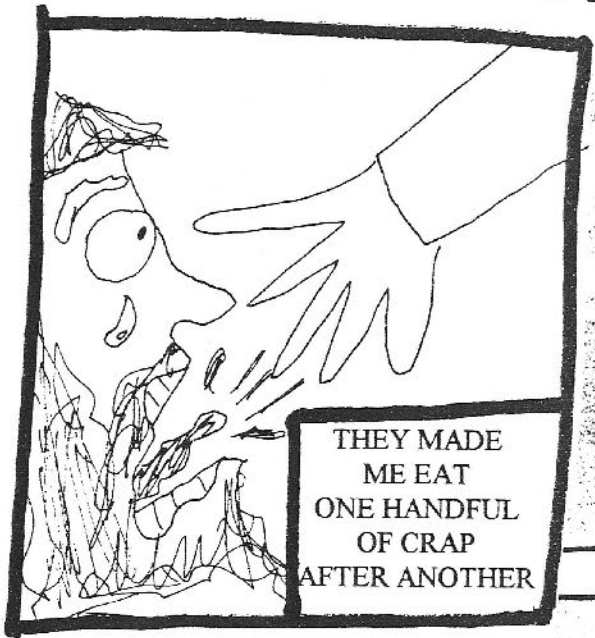
AIHHH! GET AWAY FROM ME!



EVENTUALLY THEY CAUGHT ME



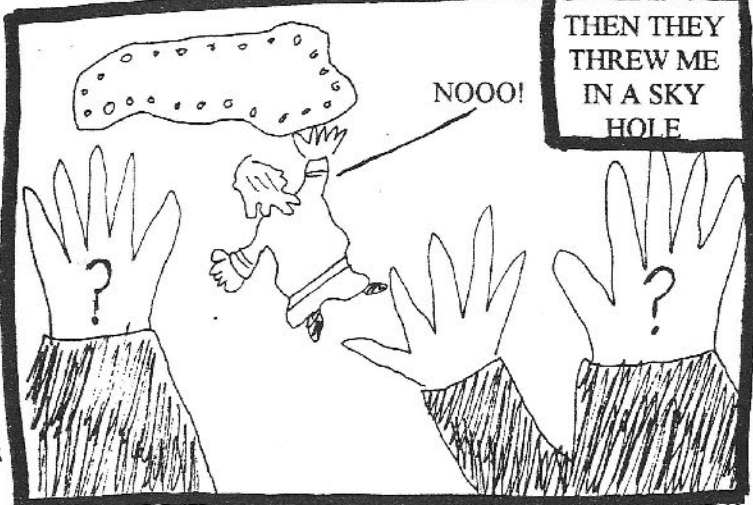
THEY MADE ME EAT ONE HANDFUL OF CRAP AFTER ANOTHER

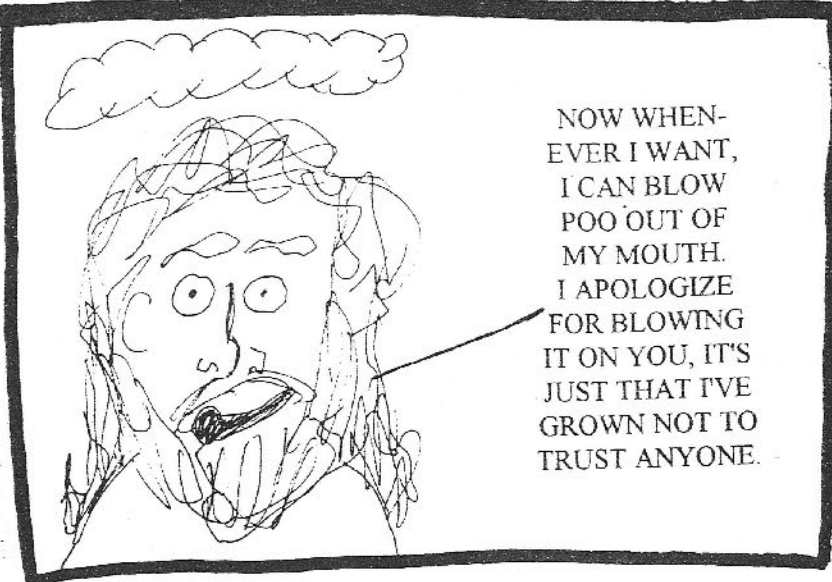


THEY THREW ME IN A SKY HOLE

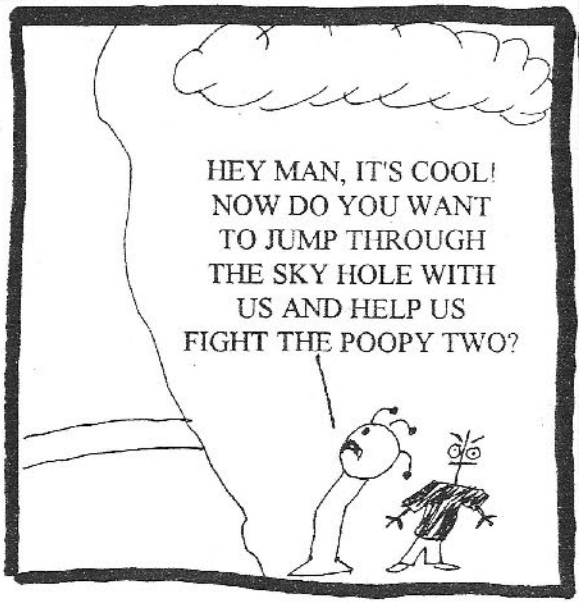
NOOO!

SO THAT'S MY STORY

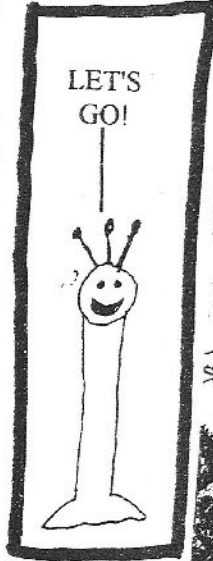
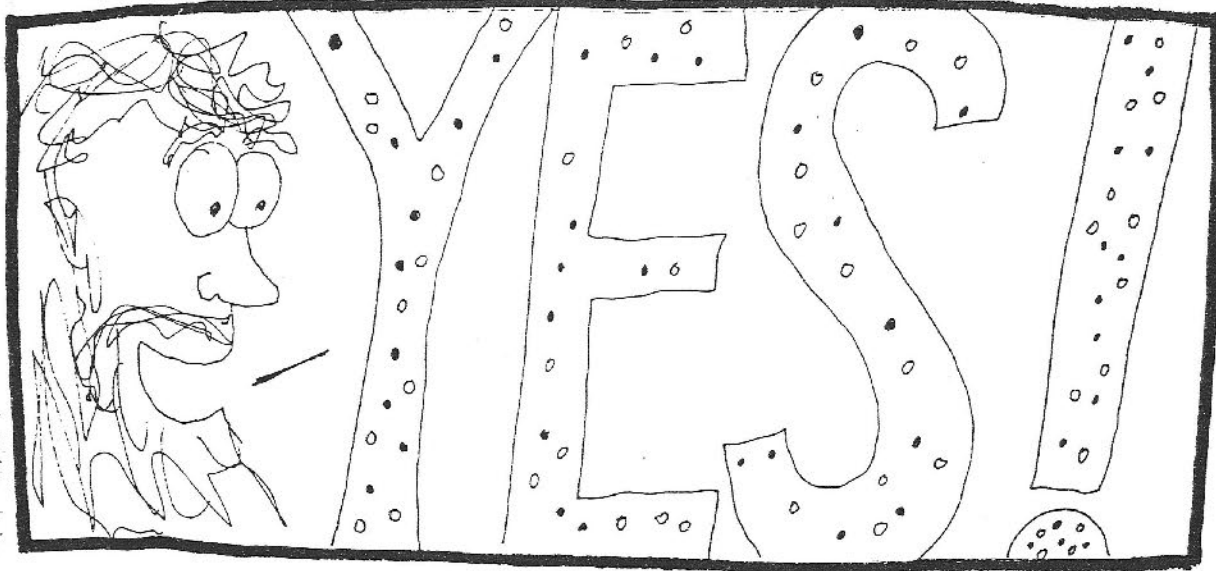




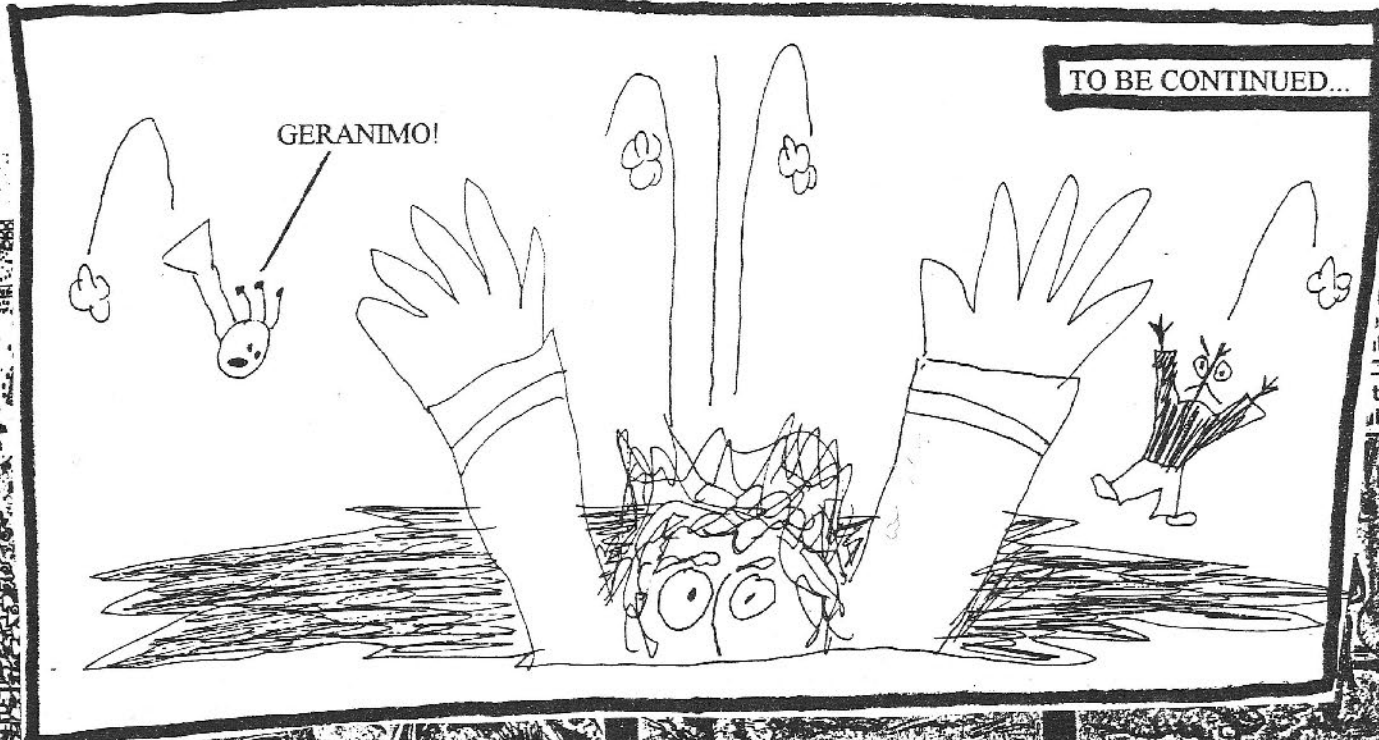
NOW WHEN-
EVER I WANT,
I CAN BLOW
POO OUT OF
MY MOUTH.
I APOLOGIZE
FOR BLOWING
IT ON YOU, IT'S
JUST THAT I'VE
GROWN NOT TO
TRUST ANYONE.



HEY MAN, IT'S COOL!
NOW DO YOU WANT
TO JUMP THROUGH
THE SKY HOLE WITH
US AND HELP US
FIGHT THE POOPY TWO?



LET'S
GO!



GERANIMO!

TO BE CONTINUED...

hands
th you
re dated!
ou gave
hen you
brought
ikfast ...
to have a
aid you?!?

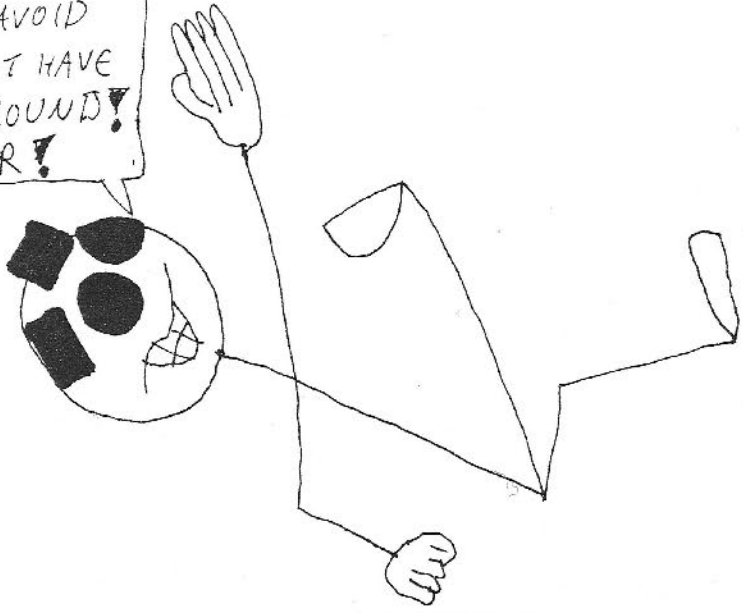
Stick Men



BY: MIKE PIPPER



MUST SHIFT MY WEIGHT TO AVOID THAT POO! JUST HAVE TO SPIN AROUND! GRRRRRR!





here's a list of the artists who have art work as a background page:

- Dan Augustine - 2, 17
- Jerry White Jr. - 3, 13
- Molly Brodak - 4, 5, 6, 7, 11, 12, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19
- Joe Hornacek - 8
- Tim Atwood - 9
- Unknown - 10
- Dave Berg - 20
- Don Martin - 21, 22, 24
- Harry North, ESQ - 23
- Sergio Aragonés - 25

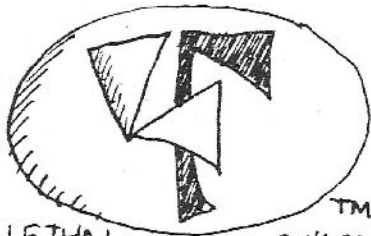
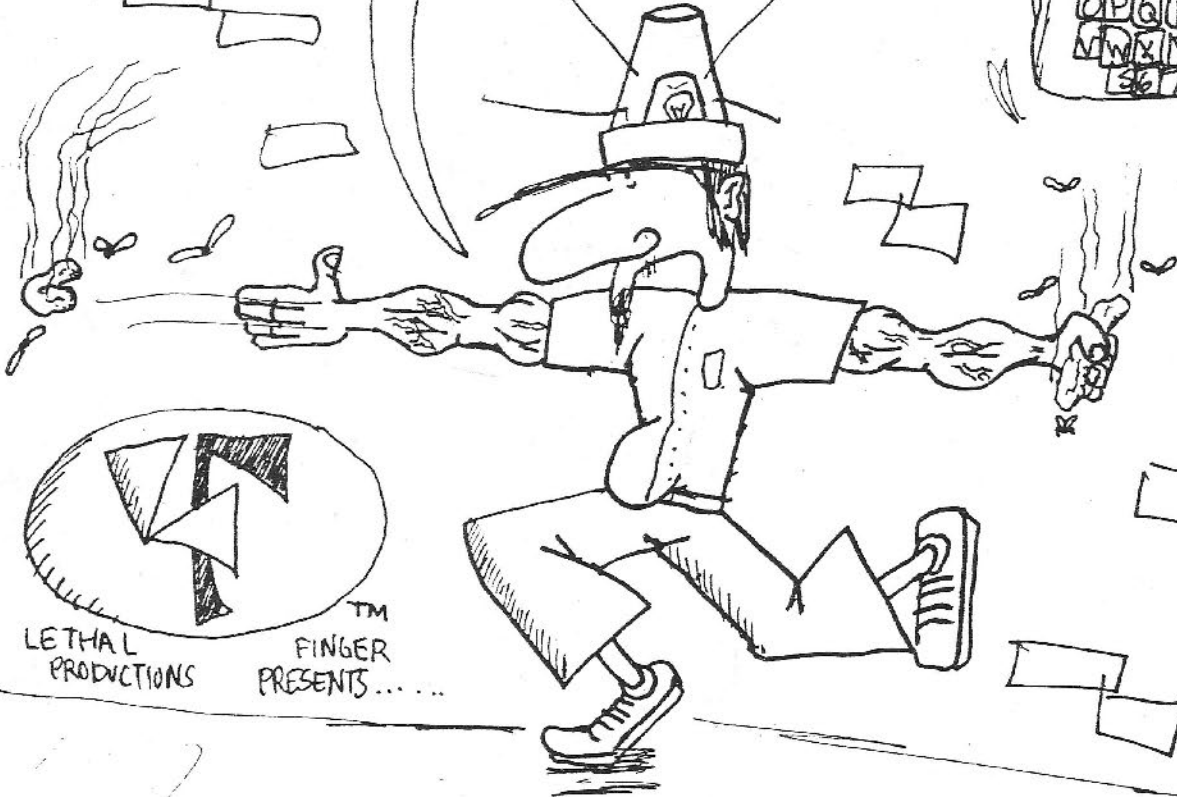
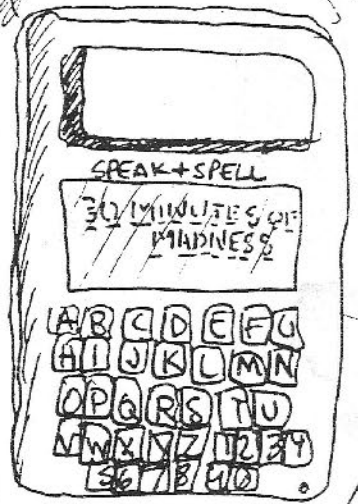


ALSO...



CRAZY MAN
SAYS:
HE DUN LIKES TO
TROW POO AND
DUN WATCH ...
TURTY MINUTE OF
MADNESS !!

SPELL
30 M.D.M.



LETHAL
PRODUCTIONS

TM
FINGER
PRESENTS.....

30 MINUTES OF MADNESS TM

PLEEZ DUN
WATCH IT,
OR I GET
MAD?



TO GET FOUR FREE
EPISODES, SEND A
BLANK VIDEO TAPE TO:
JERRY WHITE JR.
1232 AVON MANOR
ROCHESTER HILLS, MI.
48307.
YOU WILL BE HAPPY
YOU DID!