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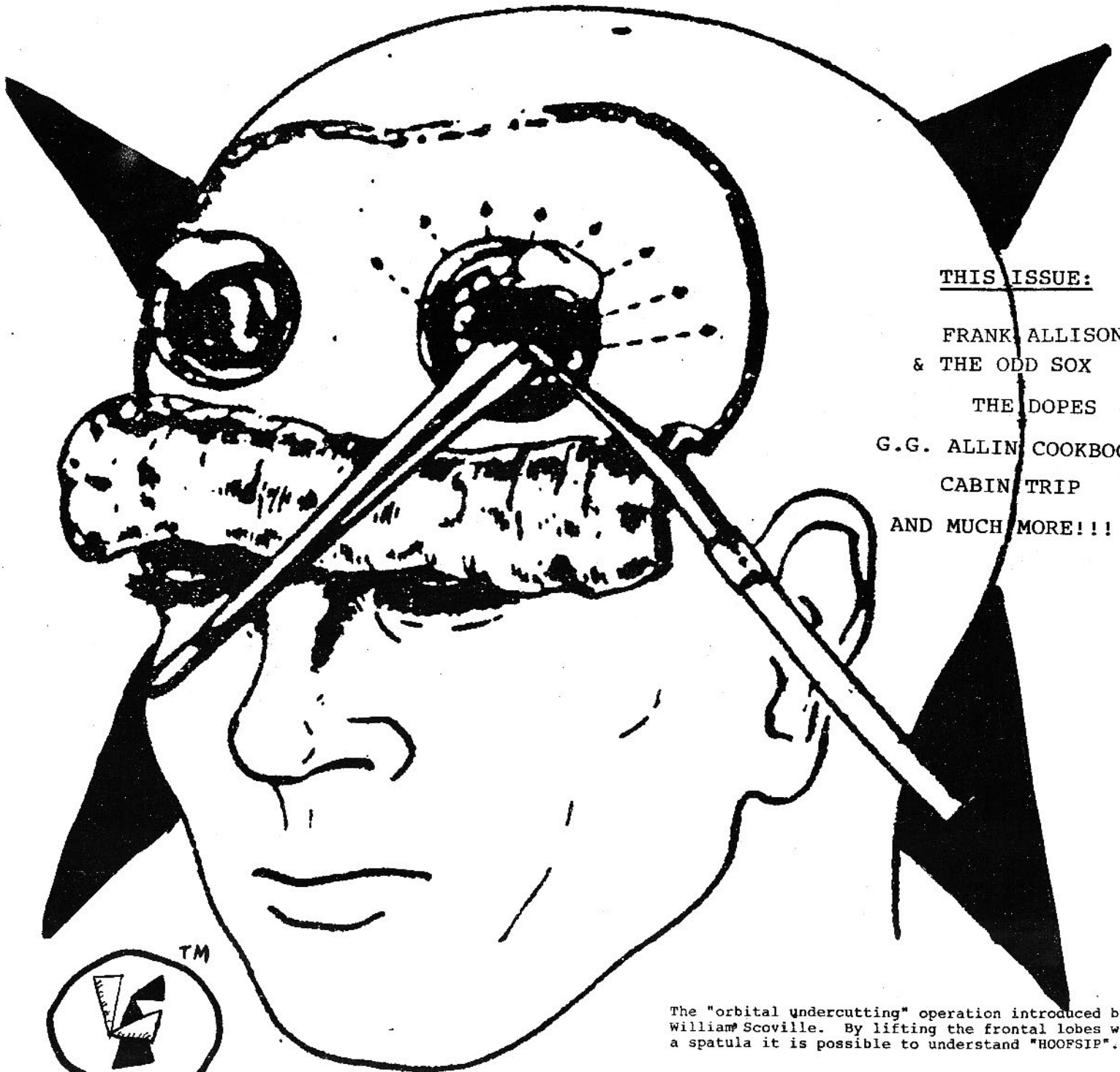
# HOOFSEIP

A GOOD 'ZINE TO POOP TO!!!

FALL

# 2

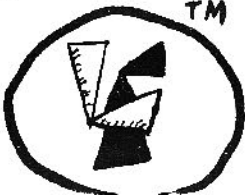
ISSUE



THIS ISSUE:

FRANK ALLISON  
& THE ODD SOX  
THE DOPES  
G.G. ALLIN COOKBOOK  
CABIN TRIP  
AND MUCH MORE!!!

The "orbital undercutting" operation introduced by William Scoville. By lifting the frontal lobes with a spatula it is possible to understand "HOOFSEIP".



# TABLE hoof

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Hoofsip, write to:

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2398 Lee  
Utica, MI. 48317

DRAWING BY  
JOHN RYAN

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30 Minutes Of Madness, write to

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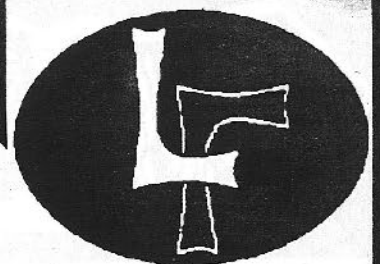
HOOPSIP

at

34NUGY2@CMUVM.CSV.CMICH.EDU



# FROM THE FINGER



Hello all of you girls and boys, and welcome to Hoopsip #2 and, obviously, From The Finger #2 as well! Through hard work and determination we got this issue out far quicker than the last. For instance, it took millions of years before Earth saw Hoopsip #1 and only about a month to see #2! Anyway, we've been busy beavers and I'm glad to say that I have contributed far more written material for this issue. But, I must get to the real business at hand, so here's what's going on with the Lethal Finger Productions video scene.

Episode 10 of 30 Minutes Of Madness premieres this month. This is a feat considering that this show took only about two months to complete, whereas the previous show took a year. The show contains some ill performances by several people in a short called "A Night At The Madhouse". It was filmed last November the same night as "A Southern Tragedy" (a short on episode 9). The show also contains a short studio movie with bizarre usage of chroma-key. This stars myself, Joe Hornacek, and Timothy Atwood. Another studio production is on the show, a Meat Beat Manifesto video starring John Ryan. In all, the show flows well, but don't expect all comedy. The show is mostly experimental in its approach, but it's not avant-garde trash. I just consider it to be a different approach to entertainment. Okay, let's move on to some other Lethal Finger Productions projects.

Hopefully, by the time this zine is out I will have interviewed Unsane for our next issue. They are a band out of New York who's music I've used often on shows. I even made a video to one of their songs on 30 M.O.M. #7. I plan to give them a tape of shows and bond with them good and plenty.

Also, for the last several months I've been planning out 30 Minutes Of Madness #11. If my ideas come through, this episode could very well be the best to date, maybe. I'm keeping a tight lid on this one, so no one will know in advance what's on it. Why? For no good reason, I'm just doing it and that's all there is to it so you can just stop hypothesizing your crazy ideas on my motives and let me do what I want.

A few other miscellaneous things I'm up to are as follows. Underground #5 will be out shortly, featuring obscure music videos by Mr. Bungle, Sausage, P.J Harvey, Ministry, and more. I've been calling organizations for grant information, with the hope of getting money so I can start selling my videos. I have been recording music in the studio for future usage. If I can pull everyone involved together, two short movies, one written by Dan Augustine, called "Tracey Takes The Couch", and the other by John Ryan, not yet titled, will be filmed sometime soon. Finally, plans to make a music video for Inside Out (see last iss.) are in the works.

Well, I've said my piece. If you'd like more information on Lethal Finger Productions, and would like to sample our visual cuisine then send a blank video tape, or trade stuffs, with some postage and handling money please, to -----LETHAL FINGER PRODUCTIONS

1232 AVON MANOR RD.  
ROCHESTER HILLS, MICH.  
48307

Thanks, and may the poop be with you.

This column was written by Jerry White Jr.

# CABIN TRIP

BY:  
JERRY  
WHITE  
JR.

OCT  
15  
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17  
193

Originally there was to be ten of us, at least. But, as the way things usually go, the number dwindled down to four. We almost didn't go, so disheartened by the fact that our crew was so small, but we sucked in our guts, held our heads up high, and went anyway. There was Joe, Dan, Collin, and myself, and we were going to my cabin for the weekend.

The cabin itself had belonged to my grandparents, but was given to my mother and aunt after they died. It was a place of good memories for me, a place of youth and of good times bonding with my grandpa. I sought to create new memories with the presence of my friends.

We took my father's van, so room was good and plenty. The drive takes about two hours, but it was two hours that seemed like two minutes. Right away Dan made the first of many inside jokes that have lasted since then by mistakenly calling Collin "Trevor". There was no good reason for this, since Dan had been around Collin plenty before, he just did it. We sang songs, one of which was "Rape Me", by Nirvana, but the album had just come out and the only one who had heard the song was Joe. So we just sang the chorus, over and over, and incorrectly- with a completely different pitch, tone, and rhythm.

The most fun we had on the drive up was when we started making up weird stories. They were completely fictional and spontaneous; one person started it, then left an open ending like, "And then he...", and the next person would finish the sentence, then go on to tell more, leaving an open end too, and so on and so forth. We went around and around, the story getting more bizarre by the minute. For example, one part of the story line had Dan standing on a large piece of plywood which rested on the heads of several fat, naked, homosexual men who were chanting, "Dan, Gay, He Pissed through there!" Inside jokes pervaded throughout the stories, so relating much more would only serve to confuse the reader more; the bottom line is the drive up was fun.

The cabin is actually a house, not some log built, fireplace heated, bug infested, piece of architectural shit. It's a very comfortable environment with lake Huron only a block's walk away.

We arrived late Friday night and, as I have now made tradition, greeted the portrait of my grandmother and grandfather that sits over the fireplace on a brick shelf. We thanked them for having us over and then we cracked open some beer.

We played quarterbounce and Collin was the decidable winner. He made such rules as, asking "King Collin" if we could drink. We were then told, "No", which made our drinks stockpile, only to be drank when "King Collin" said so, all at once.



When I woke up I quelled my hangover with a mug of beer. Throughout the night and into the morning I heard Dan farting and laughing along with Joe, who slept in an adjacent twin bed; I had the master bedroom to myself and Collin took the couch. I decided to wake everyone up, so I blasted James Brown "Sex Machine" in my CD player. Everyone got on up.

I remember laughing to myself as I recalled the night previous when I asked Dan what this comic he had drawn in my art book meant. In it, a cow thinks to himself, "What a perfect opportunity to play hoofsip!" "What the fuck is hoofsip?" I thought. Dan explained to me that it actually said "hoofsies", a take off of footsies, and that I read it wrong because he didn't leave himself enough room to finish the word neatly. After that "Hoofsip" became the buzzword of the evening. To bad it never caught on again...

Other highlights of the weekend include rock hunting, a best rock contest- won by Collin who had by far the worst rock, yet he won because of a rock rivalry between Joe and I, a trip to the Forester Inn- a bar my grandpa use to tend, sitting at the mouth of the lake getting hypnotized by it's repetitive radiance, and more quarterbouncing- with Joe playing with Kaygo pop because he didn't want to drink again.

Before we left, we all took a page in my art book to write something that would remind us of our good bonding road trip and cabin vacation. Below are our entries as well as drawings inspired by the trip. In retrospect I am glad everyone else dropped out, after all, only a few people can play Hoofsip at a time.

Trevor, Jerry, Dan, and I walked down to see the river again this morning. It was cloudy and the visibility was poor. There was a stair thing that we all climbed down. We were all staring into the fog as the water flowed onto the sand. Then, like a mathematical equation figure, the sky opened.

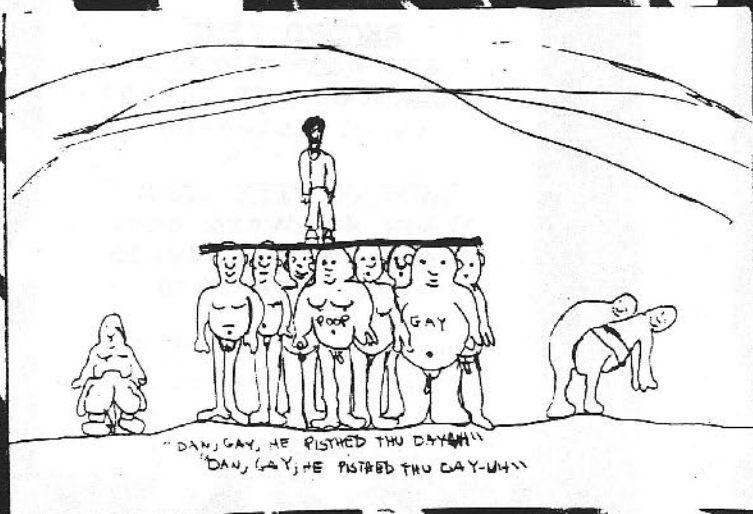
It's hard to describe the bubble-like silverish mathematical shapes that filled our souls with joy. Not like "Joy" in the Christmas songs, joy meant fucking happiness. And we were happy that morning as the angels flew out and let sunset cloud trails that had music that represented us.

Yeah, I would have to thank God for letting us peak into heaven.

-Joe Hornacek-

Jerry "James Brown" White  
Collin "Trevor" Reeves  
Joe "Hornysex" Hornacek &  
Dan "Hoofsip" Augustine  
went to Lake Huron for fun. When the quarters went in the glase, we were glad. When we went to Denny's, everything was Dandy. When we went to the Forester we felt foriegn(I think we spelled this word wrong.) Later we felt right at home in Huron.

-Dan Augustine-



In Autumn footsteps we walked to the lake and sat in alcoholic euphoria, smoke drifting from our lips, the waves licking the shore with fervor and lust. And with the silver sounds of falling laughter we drifted into night, like the waves kissed the rocks on land, like the fog flows on wind. And as midnight sounded hellish chimes we finally found comfort, a pleasant medium, a two-by-four on which to stand. Friends to talk with, a bottle from which to sip, a laugh called "hoofsip", and dreams to remember.

-Collin Reeves-

It's kind of like being bloated and having to pass gas in front of a very attractive girl. But Trevor never had those hang-ups. And between playing hoofsip and telling pornographic/homophobic stories, we all landed the quarter in the glass at the same time. We all made rules and Dan threw up. Joe went for a walk and met himself as a girl, and although he was attracted to him/her he felt awkward because he had to flatulate.

Jerry played the guitar and sorted out his life.

-Jerry White Jr.-



Mrs. O'Leary's Cow Kicks over a lantern, Starting the great Chicago Fire.



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# FRANK ALLISON AND THE ODD SOX



Frank Allison and the Odd Sox are a band out of Ann Arbor, Michigan, they've been together since 1985 and blah-blah-blah, let's just start the interview and find out what they're really like.

DAN: How many years have you guys been together?

FRANK: Frank Allison and the Odd Socks started in '85. It's all different now than it was in '85. It's different by like three or four different people.

DAN: Who's from the original line-up?

FRANK: Me (laughs).

DAN (to Kevin): Is Frank your brother?

KEVIN: No.

DAN: Just same last names?

KEVIN: Yeah.

DAN: Is '60s music a big influence on you guys?

FRANK: Actually, early 1800s to early 1900s. I listen to this *Ukulele Ike* and *Jimmy Rogers*, and things from the 30s. Then I make them listen to that all the time too (laughs).

DAN: If you were gonna cover a 60s band, which one would you cover?

FRANK: I don't know, the only thing I ever covered was this song called "The Shanty Boy". It's about a guy who works for a bunch of lumberjacks. He keeps cabin and cooks for them, and then they pay

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him fifty pounds. It's back in 1850. And then he goes to the town, and he buys a bunch of drinks and women and wastes all his money. That's the only cover I do.  
DAN: Who did it first?  
FRANK: There's not really a guy, it's public domain. It's a song the lumberjacks used to sing in the Montreal area. Want me to sing it?

Frank then goes on and sings the song, the lyrics which are printed on the background of this page. (Hey! So what if you can't read them all, it's artistic!)

DAN: What do you think of some of the other Michigan bands?

FRANK: Crowbar Hotel and Twist Offs are really good.

DON: Lollipop Guild's pretty good.

DAN: Is it safe to say you guys are rockabilly?

DON: No, I'd say we're playing rock.

FRANK: I don't know myself. It's kind of one of those problems we're having trying to sell us off to bigger business. Who are we gonna sell to? Who are we a cross between? Bruce Hornsby and what?

DAN: Are you guys thinking of adding a keyboard player? Like

Bruce Hornsby?

FRANK: (laughing) Oh no, no, no, no. I was just kidding.

DAN: What label have you guys moved to since leaving Water Dog Records?

FRANK: I've started my own label, A&A. We're trying to sell to Geffen, Polygram, and Island.

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DAN: What do you guys watch on TV?

FRANK: Sitcoms. When we go to a motel, I won't let them watch anything that has guns in it. If it has a gun in it, I really get disturbed. I like "Gilligan's Island", "Mary Tyler Moore", and "Bob Newhart". Anything that's funny and a half-hour. If it's more than a half-hour, I don't like to watch it.

KEVIN: "Star Trek" and "Sanford and Son".

FRANK: My dad thinks "Lamont" is a good actor.

DAN: What's your favorite episode of "Sanford and Son"?

FRANK: "Blind Mellow Jelly". Remember when he had the collection of "Blind Mellow Jelly" records? Him and Lamont take them to the library to sell them, and then after they sell them, he wants to get them back. Then they take Bubba down there, and Bubba pretends he's Blind Mellow Jelly's grandson or something. He says, "I want my daddy's records." That's my favorite episode.

DAN: What's the weirdest thing that's ever happened to you in your life?

FRANK: I was in the 4-H fair. I showed a cow in the 4-H fair.

KEVIN: I almost drowned. It was weird, because I have a life-saving certificate, and I know how to save other people. I was getting sucked out to sea, because I had no fins. I was body surfing. I actually thought I was gonna die.

DON: It has to be playing the Dillworth Inn in Boyne City. They told us to get there at 9:30 to start playing, so we got there at 9:15 and all the lights were out, all

OUR OLD T  
ADD TO THE

the chairs were on the table, there was nobody there. Then at 10 to 10, someone came down and turned on the lights. We played to one person - the bartender.

CHRIS: The weirdest thing in my whole life? When i was in the third grade, and I walked into the bathroom, and I walked into the stall, and closed the door, the toilet seat flew up, like hard, it slammed against the back, by itself.

DAN: When did you decide that playing music was

what you wanted to do?

FRANK: As soon as I started making more money than I was making as an alarm monitor.

DAN: One more question, what was it like playing Russia?

FRANK: We were headlining. We were one of the top 25 U.S. bands there. We did seven different shows. I learned that in America a rooster says cock-a-

doodle-doo, in Russia he says kooka-dee-koo.

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### MACARONI AND SHIT

- 1 6 ounce package - 7 minute macaroni  
or
- 1 7 ounce package - elbow macaroni
- 2 cups - cubed shit
- 1 1/4 cups - Jim Beam whiskey
- 2 tablespoons - minced onion
- 1/2 teaspoon - salt
- pepper
- paprika

Cook 7- minute macaroni according to directions on package. Mix with shit, Jim Beam, onion, and salt and pepper; turn into greased 1 1/2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with paprika. Bake mixture in moderate oven (350°) 45 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

# EXCERPTS FROM THE G.G. ALLIN BOOK BOOK

### CRAP-MEAT BALLS

- 1/2 cup - piss
- 2 - well beaten eggs
- 2 cups - dry poop crumbs
- dash of - salt and pepper
- 1/2 teaspoon - chopped parsley
- 1/2 teaspoon - chopped celery leaves
- 6 1/2 ounces - crap-meat flaked

Mix piss and 1 egg. Add 1 cup poop crumbs, seasonings, parsley, celery leaves, and crap-meat. Mix thoroughly; roll into balls. Dip into other beaten egg, then in other cup of poop crumbs. Fry in deep shit (370°) till golden. Serve on microphone stands. Makes 24.

### POOP PIE

- 5 to 7 tart pieces of poop
- 3/4 to 1 cup - sugar
- 2 tablespoons - cocaine
- dash salt
- 1 teaspoon - cinnamon
- 1/4 teaspoon - nutmeg
- 1 recipe plain pastry
- 2 tablespoons - butter or margarine

Pare poop and slice thin. Mix sugar, cocaine, salt, spices; add to poop. Fill 9-inch pastry-lined pie pan. Dot with butter. Adjust top crust. Bake in hot oven (400°) 50 minutes.

If poop isn't tart, add 1 tablespoon of piss or lemonade-flavored puke if desired.

# LET'S CHAT

CROWLEY'S  
CORNER



TAKE  
THINGS  
HAVE  
TAKE

Mr. Crowley:

I am having trouble deciding whether or not I should build an amusement park in the south. You see, although this would be a theme park based on American history, many are complaining that I would be destroying much of the country's dwindling forest areas. On the other hand, I want to educate the people about our country and heritage. What should I do?

-It's a Small World After All  
Michael Eisner

Mike:

Do What Thou Built, and they will come.

*Alister Crowley*  
-A.C.

(Zines reviewed by Dan Augustine)

**BOREDOM** - #6, \$2.00, 84 pages: This is a thick one. It contains copies of letters, drawings, journal entries, etc... And when I say copies, I mean copies, these letters and such aren't retyped, they appear exactly the way Dave receives them (in crude handwriting!). Also copies of pages of 'zines from the '60s, a Bikini Kill interview, and maps! (Boredom, P.O. Box 12501, Berkely Ca. 94701)

**ANTHROPOMORPHIC** - #7, \$1.50, 22 pages: This edition brings us interviews with those Bay City rockers *The Rugby Mothers*, G.G. Allin's brother's band *Murder Junkies*, and hard-edged hardguys *Clutch*. Also, an article on Lollapalooza, and another on how to make a good "mix tape". What else is there you ask? Well, we here at Lethal Finger

Productions hate to be ringing our own bell (cough), but Doug reviews public access TV shows, one being "30 Minutes of Madness", but don't just get it for that, get it for the other things he reviews ('zines, shows, recordings, etc...) (Hideous Productions, LTD. P.O. Box 37456, Oak Park, MI. 48237-0456)



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Across Michigan and through out Chicago, The Dopes (Cliff Brown - guitar, vocals, and organ; Roy Truax - bass and backing vocals; Joe McCarthy - vocals and guitar; Travis Harrett - drums and backing vocals; and Brad Gardner - saxophone, backing vocals, and sometimes Dope) have been playing funk/polka/experimental tinge rock music in one

favorite James Brown song?

ROY: Probably (singing)

"Get uppa, get on up!"

DAN: "Sex Machine"?

ROY: Yeah.

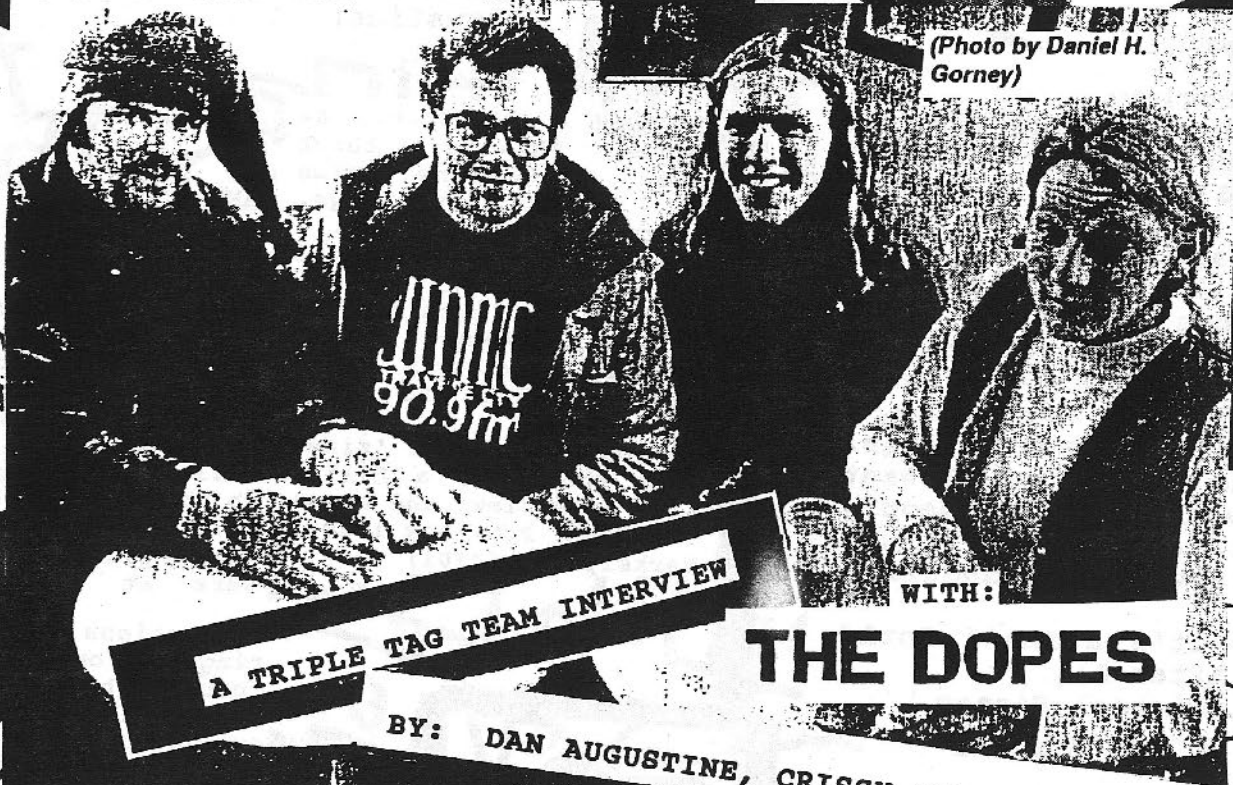
JOE: "Super Bad".

CRISSY: If the world was gonna explode in ten minutes, what would you do?

ROY: I'd jump on you.

JOE: And I'd beat him up.

ROY: No, I'd have



(Photo by Daniel H. Gorney)

A TRIPLE TAG TEAM INTERVIEW

WITH:

## THE DOPES

BY: DAN AUGUSTINE, CRISSY RENAUD, AND SARA STAWASZ!

form or another since 1990. On October 1, 1994 Crissy Renaud, Sara Stawasz, and myself (Dan Augustine) caught up with them and fired one question after the other at them.

DAN: How much do you guys like James Brown? You mention him on your album "Cow".

ROY: Alot.

DAN: What's your

several beers and cigarettes.

CLIFF: Talk about the old times.

BRAD: I'd pull out finger nail by finger nail.

ROY: I'd try very hard to go to the bathroom,

it's very important to me that I die with clean bowels.

SARA: Do you, like, cut your own hair?

ROY: I haven't cut my hair since 1978. Actually, an old guy with a good old-fashioned barber shop with the twirling red, blue, and white sign cuts my hair. Travis, when was the last time you had a haircut?

TRAVIS: Back in 1973.

SARA: You know how they have those jars of peanut butter and jelly in one? I think it's called goober jelly. Would you ever buy that?

ROY: No, but I would buy if they had tuna and mayonnaise mixed right in the can.

DAN: Are you working on another album?

ROY: Yes. Actually we're gonna do some demo stuff in the studio over the next few months to send out to small indie labels to try to get a deal.

DAN: Have you guys ever played any clubs in Detroit?

JOE: We played the Majestic.

CLIFF: We're playing St. Andrews in November. We're opening for *The Tongues*.

DAN: How many years have you been together?

ROY: Since 1990. We are pending in court with our name too.

DAN: Is someone else trying to use the name?

JOE: MTV's got a TV show coming out called "The Dopes", and we're *The Dopes* and we're trying to

work something out.

BRAD: It's about a pathetic garage band.

JOE: And we're a mediocre garage band.

DAN: Is it more like *The Monkees* or more like *The Heights*?

ROY: They said more like *The Monkees*. It's kind of like "Bill and Ted's Excellent Monkee

Adventure". Something like that. We're suing they're balls off.

DAN: What's your favorite "trend" in rock? Is it the British invasion, glam rock, or what's happening currently?

ROY: I like experimental modern rock. Like *King Crimson*, *Naked City*, *John Zorn*, *David Torn*, and *Japan*.

DAN: What's your opinion of in-breeding?

BRAD: You don't have to look no further than Northern Michigan.

JOE: There's a lot of it in Northern Michigan.

DAN: When you heard the news of *Lisa Marie Presley* marrying *Michael Jackson*, what were your initial reactions?

ROY: He had no dick, so what's the point?

CLIFF: I was overcome with joy. I sent flowers.

JOE: It's a good financial move.

CRISSY: If you were a flower, what kind of flower would you be?

ROY: I'd be a dandelion, because I like weed man!

JOE: Marigold.

CLIFF: An Easter lily.

TRAVIS: Snap dragon!

BRAD: A black rose, man!

DAN: To close this interview out, everyone say whatever it is you say when you leave someone's house.

BRAD: Peace, carrots, and gravy.

JOE: Spat.

CLIFF: See you real soon.

ROY: (yelling) STOP LOOKING AT ME!



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# CONCERNING CONCERTS

CONCERTS REVIEWED BY: DAN AUGUSTINE

**ROCK -N- REGGAE FALL FEST'** - 10-1-94, Salt River Acres: This concert was the day before my 24th birthday, it was in Oil City, and I went there with Crissy and Sara, who had come to visit me up at Central Michigan University (along with 7 other friends, but only they chose to go to the concert). Oh Well, the others entertained themselves with "Dungeons and Dragons" back at my place, some went home, and one of them didn't show up until after the concert. Now that the scene is set, the review will begin. Five bands played this show: *The Dopes* (who are interviewed in this issue), *Brothers From Another Planet*, *Knee Deep Shag*, *Champion Bubblers*, and *Verve Pipe*. The concert started at noon, we didn't get there until 1:30, so we missed most of *The Dopes*, but we did get to hear them do a cover of *The Beatles'* "Dear Prudence". The other songs they did were really cool too. Next up was the Detroit band *Brothers From Another Planet*. I've heard of these guys in the past, but this was my first time actually seeing them, and I (along with the rest of the crowd) really dug them. They did a song that totally reminded me of *Mr. Bungle's* "Squeeze Me Macaroni", a cover of the

"Green Acres" theme song, and other extremely crazy songs. Between numbers they joked with the audience and each other. At one point they even said "hi" to two girls who were in the audience that they met at the convenience store on the way to the concert! *Knee Deep Shag* went on next, and I had already seen them in concert just 12 days before this concert, so I just hung out long enough to hear their cover of *The Bee Gees'* "Stayin' Alive", because the lead singer sounds just like that *Gibb* boy! After that, I went with Crissy and Sara to get some veggie burritos and hang out on the playground. We got back to the stage area and

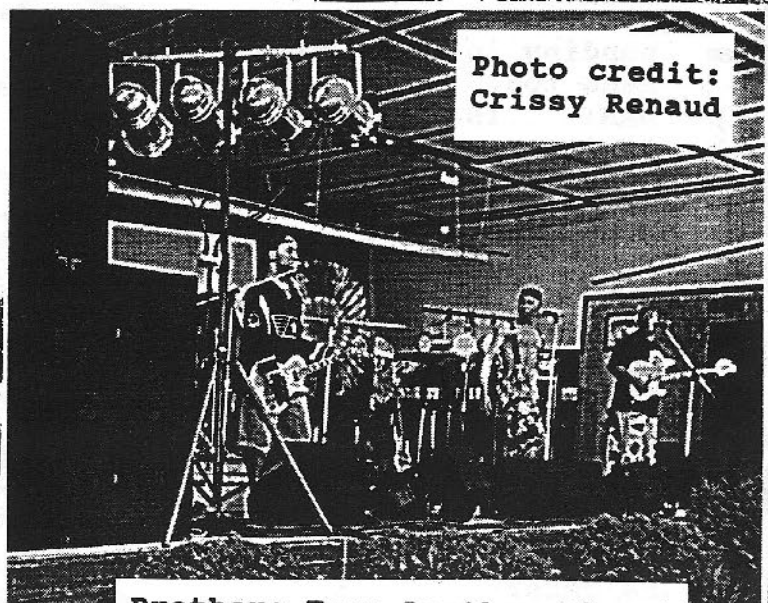


Photo credit: Crissy Renaud

Brothers From Another Planet in action at the Rock -N- Reggae Fall Fest'

Champion Bubblers were playing. I didn't really get to see too much of these guys (who were by the way, the only reggae band there), because Crissy, Sara, and myself separated from each other during their set, and wound up walking all over the place looking for each other (we found each other right as Champion Bubblers walked off stage). Then we went back to my apartment, I've seen Verve Pipe enough times in concert before, and besides that, we were tired.

COP SHOOT COP WITH GIRLS AGAINST BOYS AND SOUL COUGHING - 10-11-94, St. Andrew's Hall: Or was it *Girls Against Boys* with *Cop Shoot Cop* and *Soul Coughing*? You see, *Cop*

*Shoot Cop* were suppose to be headlining, yet they were the second band to play!?! Not that this mattered much, *Girls Against Boys* did play second stage at "Lollapalooza", so maybe it's about time they did headline! How did the bands sound? Well, *Soul Coughing* had a real unique sound with the bass player playing stand-up bass, and the lead singer flailing his arms about the place when he sang (he did play guitar on some songs, so his arms weren't always flailing). Anyways, they were a pretty cool rap/rock band. *Cop Shoot Cop*, that crazy two-bassed band did alot of cool stuff, from "Surprise, Surprise" to "Everybody Loves You When Your Dead". The band members traded different instruments throughout the show, playing everything from horns and whistles to a drum set

that looked like it was in a box. During the song, "Ten Dollar Bill", another drummer joined them on stage, plus the two bass players played drums, making 4, that's right! Four drummers at once! When *Girls Against Boys* played, I only caught about the last 15 minutes of their act, because I was backstage interviewing *Cop Shoot Cop* (look for the interview in a future edition of HOOPSIP!), however what I saw, I liked! Real punk sounding band, that will

probably be headlining in the future... Wait! That's right! They headlined tonight!

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# WORKING AT THE RENAISSANCE FESTIVAL

by: Dan Augustine



Imagine being invited for dinner to a friend's house, you sit down and eat the whole meal, you think the food is great, you tell all the people you see how great the meal was, then a week later, you tell everyone you were thrown down on the floor and force fed a meal you did not want. This was one of the things about working at the Michigan Renaissance Festival.

Between the "SHUT DA FUCK UPS" and the "HUZZAHs" there wasn't much change in tone. There was however lots of free lemonade (Thanks Erin!), cool people, and hours of walking around in a "body puppet". What's a "body puppet" you ask? It's one of those ridiculously big-headed costumes that little kids like to kick and drunken fools like to hug. I wore one of these for about 4 or 5 hours each day. It wasn't all that bad, I created a character that was completely insane, and when someone is acting insane in a large costume, it's even more insane! (and makes people laugh)

I was also in a play called "Captain Bill and The Pirate Horde". The play was 3 times each day, and if I ever hear the song we had to sing in that play again, I might really go insane!

With the exception of toooo many sex jokes, and *Monty Python* quotes, the festival was fun. What's not fun about sex jokes and *Monty Python* quotes? Over indulgence, that's what. I mean sex is cool and all that, but I think people should just hump and forget all the stupid, little sex jokes, taboos, and innuendos. I mean just stop it! Why does every comment have to be like sex coming out of a salt and pepper shaker being shook by an arm-flailing girl? As for quoting *Monty Python*, *Monty Python* is also cool (funny too), but when people do nothing but quote *Monty Python*, it can get pretty irritating. I mean, think of something original, instead of being a dumb parrot!

Special mentions go out to Brian who worked the face painting booth and also to Crissy Renaud and Sara Stawasz. Why these three? Were they the only cool people working there? Of course not! There were plenty of other cool people, it's just that Brian helped me find my family heirloom necklace after it fell off my neck in the dark. I also found out he did the album covers for *Inside Out* (the band Jerry and I interviewed in HOOFSIP #1). What was cool about Crissy and Sara? Besides being cool to me throughout festival, they continued to stay in touch with me afterwards, coming up to visit me at school, going to a concert with me, writing letters, and helping me out when I interviewed *The Dopes* (check it out, in this very issue!).

The weirdest thing about festival was when an actual dragon stormed into the place killing at least a hundred people, and breathing fire, destroying almost all of the village. Ok, so I'm lying about that last part, but I can lie if I want, after all, other people do...



(EXCEPT FOR THE SUGAR ONE, THAT WAS REVIEWED BY ROSS MARTIN)

**NEIL YOUNG AND CRAZY HORSE** - "Sleeps With Angels": Another great album by one of rock's most influential artists. This one being a tribute to Kurt Cobain, it opens with "My Heart" and closes with "A Dream That Can Last", two songs featuring an old-time saloon piano. Sandwiched in-between are ten songs with great lyrics and guitar work. Most of it is pretty much laid back, however some of the songs really rock-out, such as "Piece Of Crap", an electrical song about shit that doesn't work too good. (Reprise Records)

**PRISCILLA EDERLE** - "Last Will & Testament": This local artist is known mostly around the coffee house circuit, playing such venues as Planet Ant, Gotham City Cafe, and Grounds Coffee House. This debut recording of hers features eight original songs. The music seems to be somewhat hollow, as if it's missing something, however, I think for the most part it's a very relaxing and soothing recording. (Trampoline Music, P.O. Box 20811, Ferndale, MI. 48220-0811)

**THE MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES** - "Question The Answers": Rock bands with a horn section either sound A) cheesy (Huey Lewis & The News), or B) cool (Mr. Bungle), there is no in-between. Which one of these categories does The Mighty Mighty Bosstones

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N

fit into? Well, let's just say that The Mighty Mighty Bosstones don't think it's "Hip to be Square". This album's good! Rock and ska! What a great concept! (Mercury)

**TENSION SPLASH** - "Soak", 4-song cassette: These guys don't mess around when it comes to rock. "Underdog" and "I'll Be Damned" do have a problem of not really having much of an individuality, but "Forgive Me Waltz" and "Cecil -N- Stella" are very original sounding compositions. Cool packaging design too. (harmless dosage)

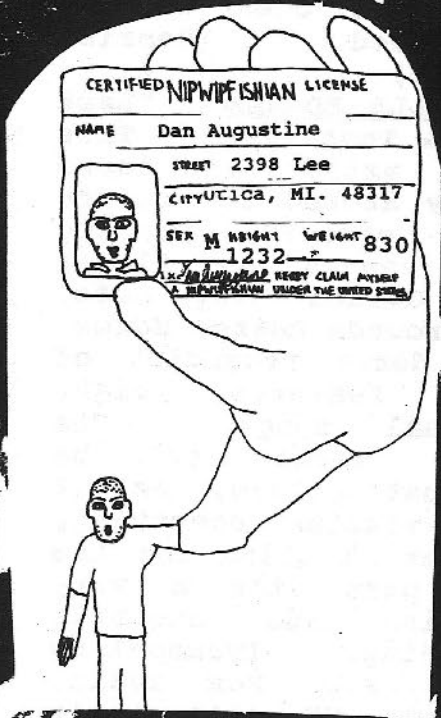
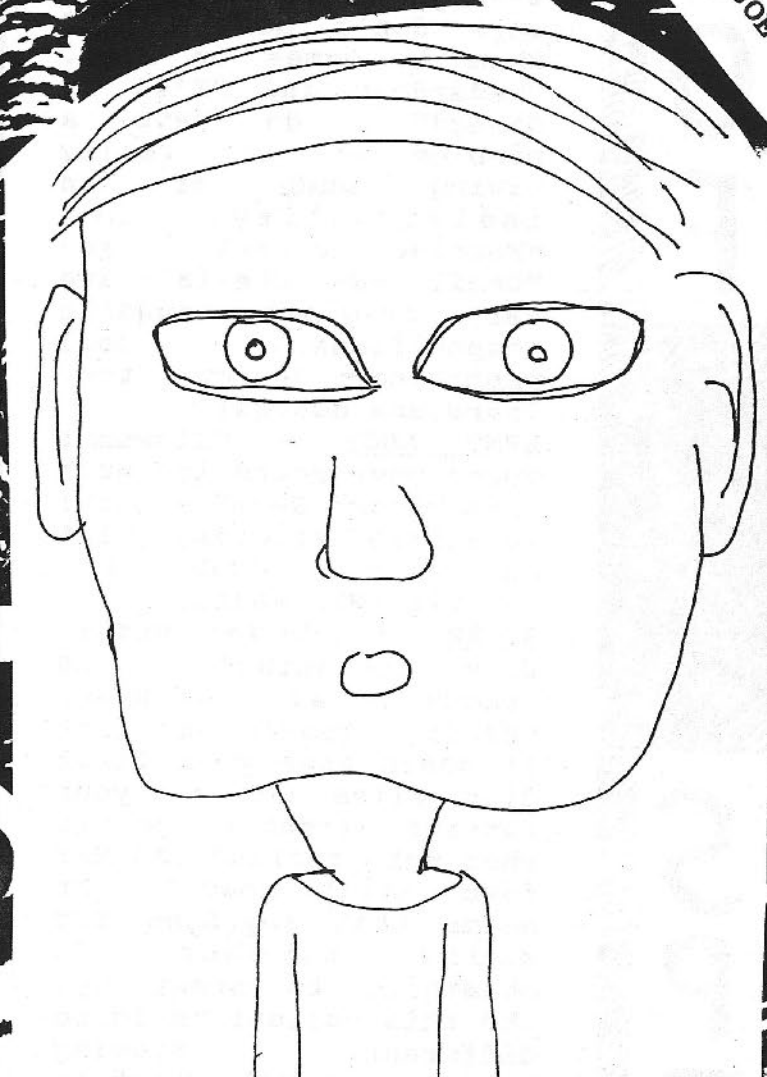
**BENT LUCY** - "Clowns": These guys sound too much like "Pearl Germ" - Yuck! (Rustbelt Records, 1145 Griswold, 3rd Fl. Detroit, MI. 48226)

**SUGAR** - "File Under: Easy Listening": 10 tracks, 40 minutes, \$29.65. That's how much it costs when your first disc flies out of your outside (smart) pocket when motorcycling 120 MPH down Adams Road. It seems that anything Bob Mould touches is something to swear by, and this collection is no different. Singing bassman David Barbe's "Company Book" (track 2) is a fresh tune as well. Whether rockin', discordant, or radio friendly, it seems Mr. Mould can still damn well bust it out. Go buy one and hold on tight... 'till you get home. (Rykodisc)

A SHORT STORY BY: DAN AUGUSTINE

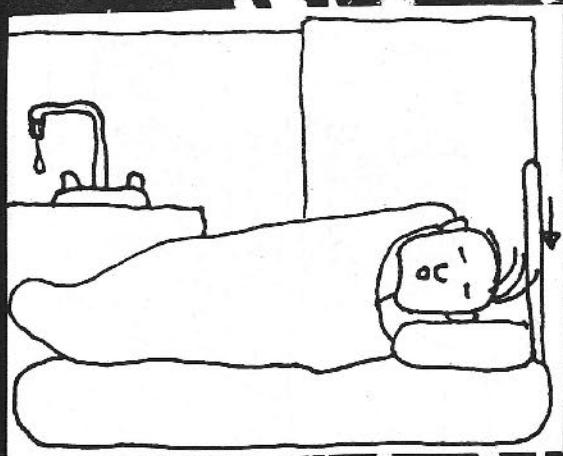
# WATERBOY

"ILL"USTRATIONS BY: JOE HORNACEK

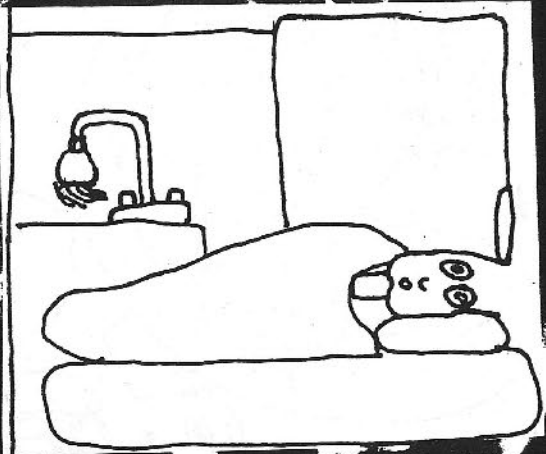


There are certain things in this world that are hard to explain. The collision of water and one's head is one such thing.

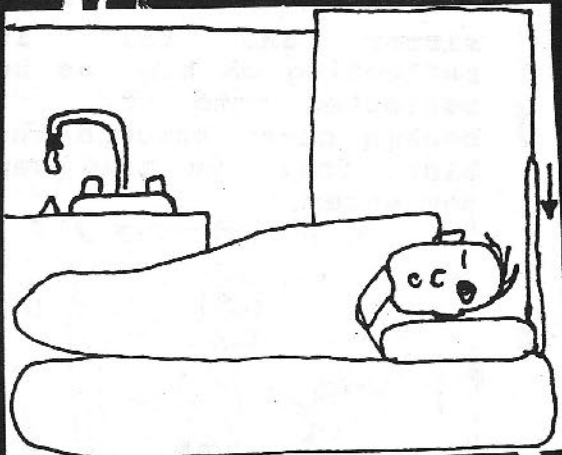
I, however, being of Nipwhipflishian will attempt to explain what happened last night. The meteors had crossed through the underbrush of the undertoe leaving the underdogs open for exposure to crossing of genes and liquids.



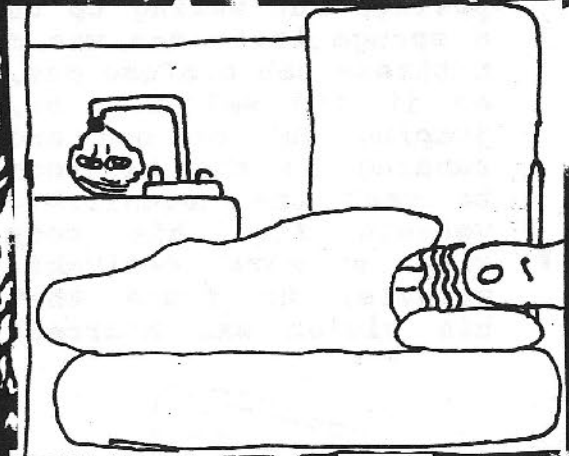
As Walter slept the sink dripped. The plop-



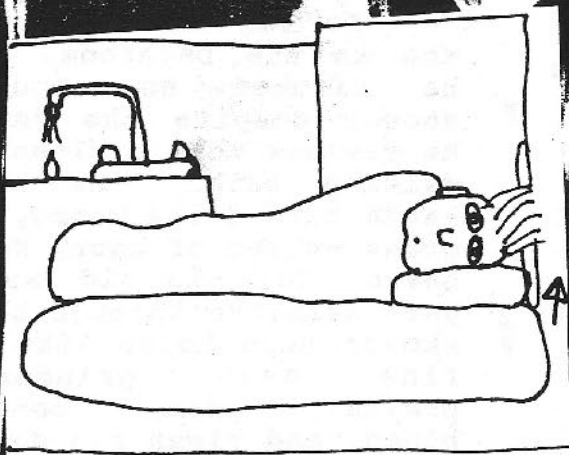
became more prominent in his head. For it



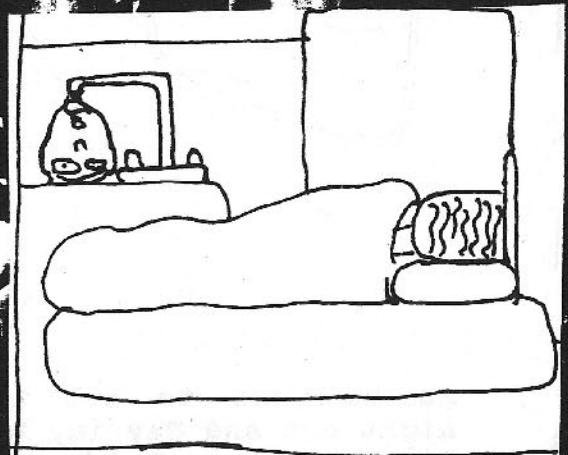
plop-plop of the spits drips dripped into his head, waking him. Then



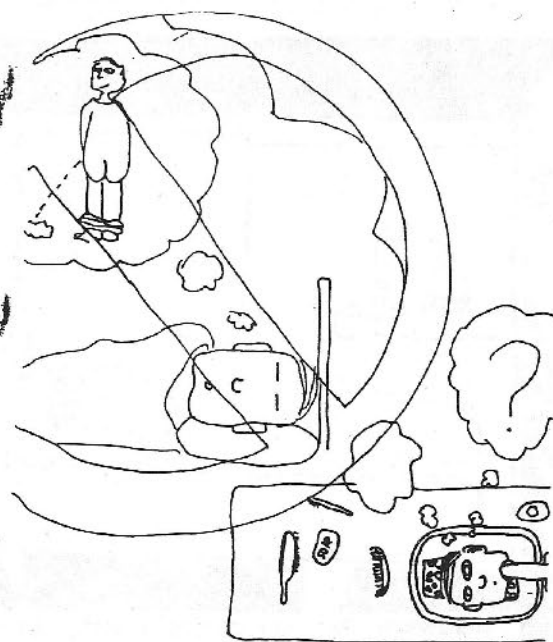
enveloped and sucked and reversed and replaced.



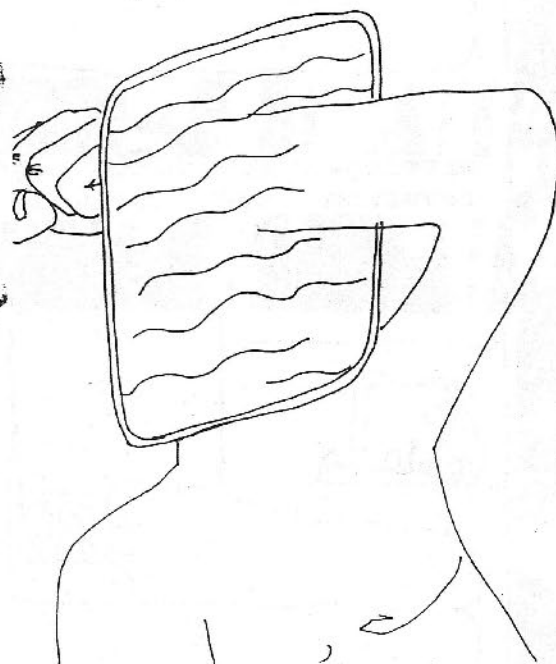
with a great bash the drip splashed and it



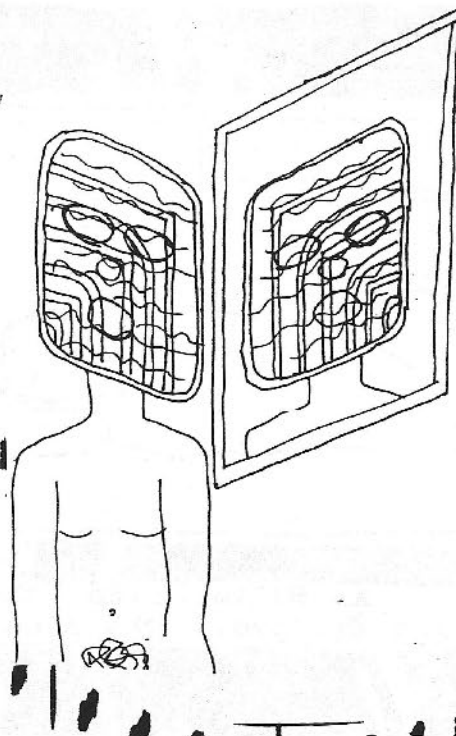
Then his head ran down the drain.



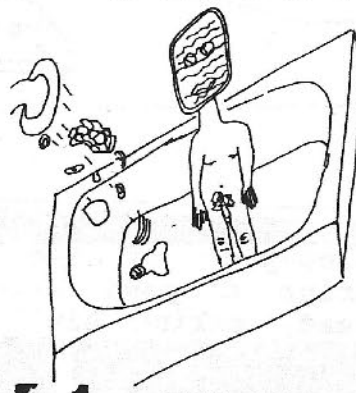
Not dreaming of peeing, but waking up on a sponge that once was a mattress can confuse one, as it did Walter. So, jumping out of bed and running to the bathroom to wash the undesirable wetness from his body with a more desirable wetness, he found that his vision was blurred.



As he went to rub the night out and day in, his fists punctured his eye sockets, sending his hands into the back insides of his head. Yanking the dripping fists out, he turned around to look into the

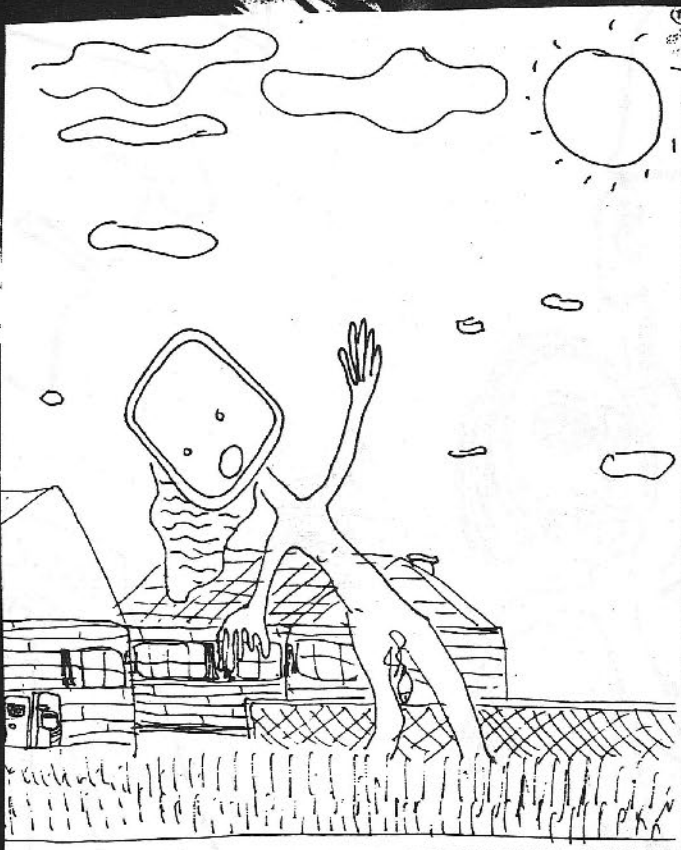


mirror and felt it reflecting on him, as he reflected onto it. It became clear through the blur, that his head was now water.



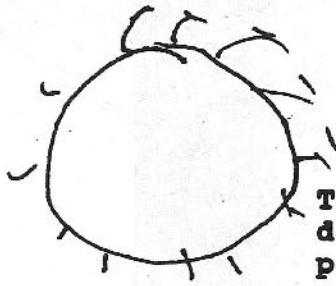
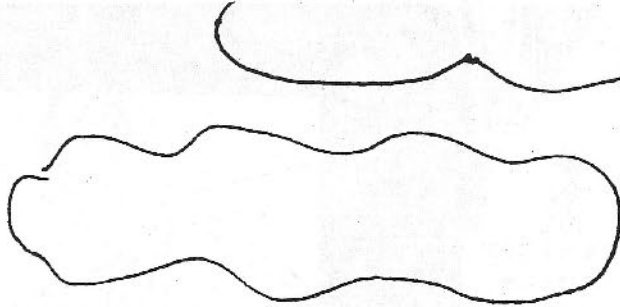
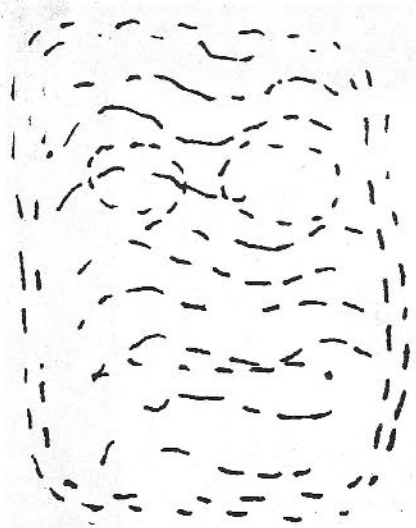
He was already nude and in the bathroom, so he figured he should shower despite the fact he was now more or less a walking bath. As his hands turned the knobs, a great scream of agony was heard, for his old body part strained through the shower head holes like a fine meat grinder. Brains, guts, bone, blood, and flesh ran down the drain. Passing up the Ivory, and choosing juice in it's place, Walter knew that a good breakfast would help clear his

Warm juice, Walter did not like warm juice. Opening up the freezer, and grabbing an ice cube tray, Walter found a surprise. Each little compartment contained a frozen red liquid, some with yellow matter and flesh, others with eyes and hair. O, the mess it made as they smashed against the tiles and melted into puddles of vile filth.



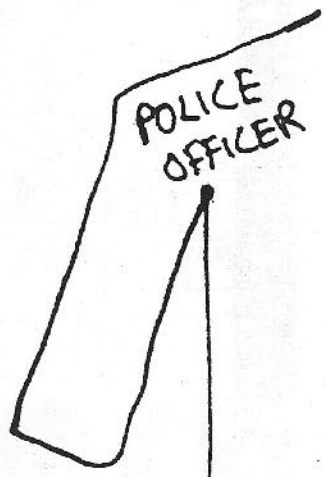
Running outside for fresh air to revive him from the illness he felt, Walter collapsed on the lawn.

The sun shone down upon him. His limp body felt none of the scorching heat. The replacement he woke up with slowly and secretly entered the sky. Hours and hours later his decapitated body was found by a neighbor. "Most mysterious", said the officer, "such a clean cut, no blood, and no sign of the head."



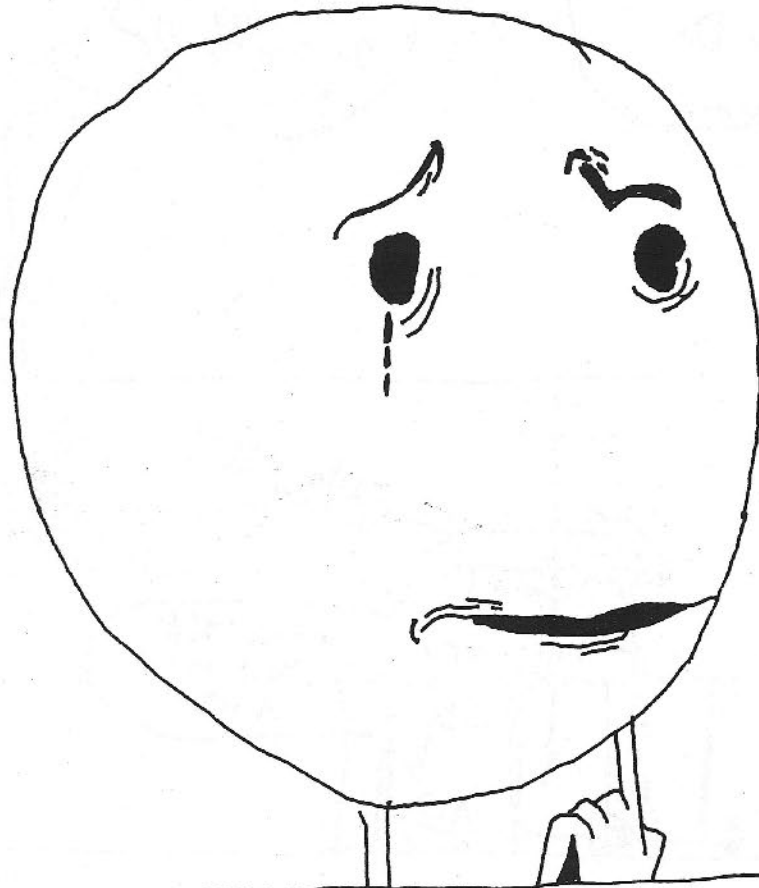
The blood red sky frowned  
down at the clue-less  
people.

THE END

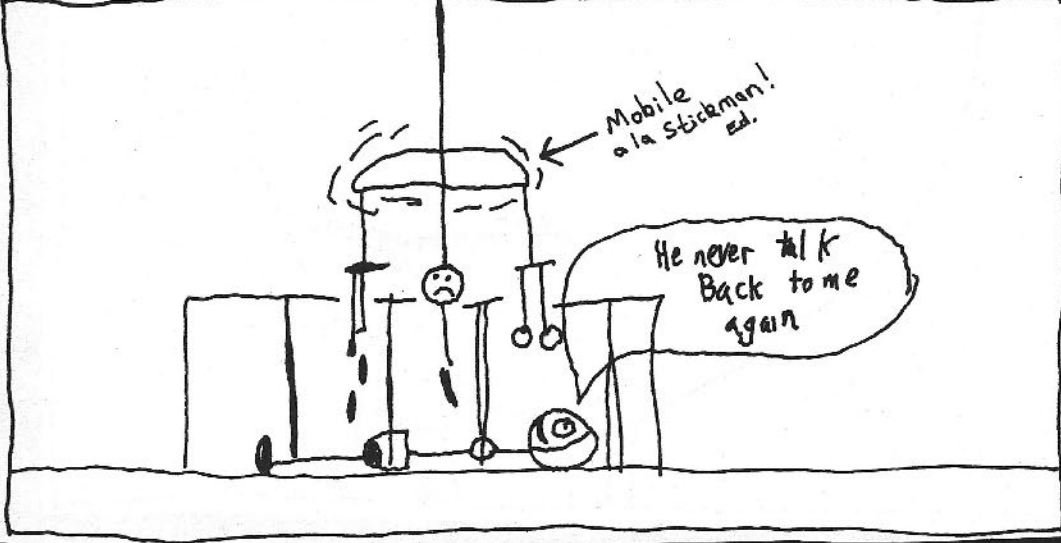
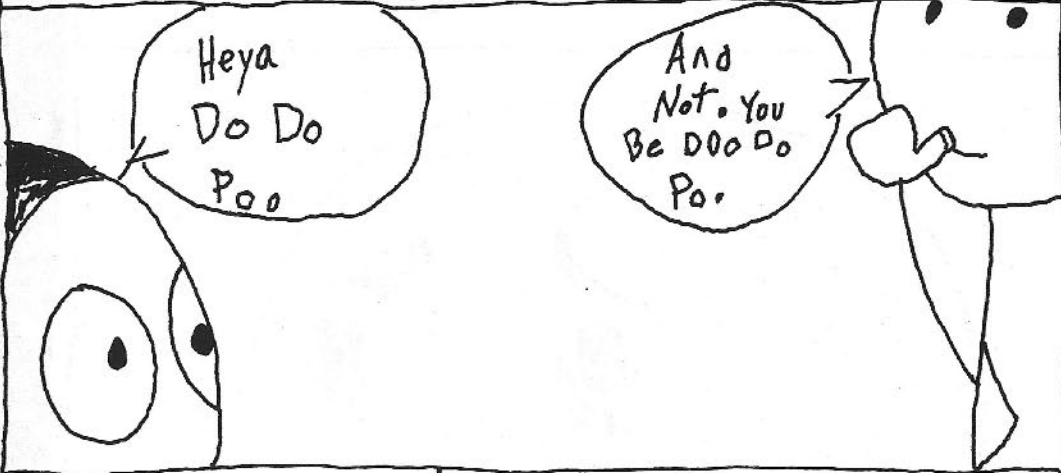


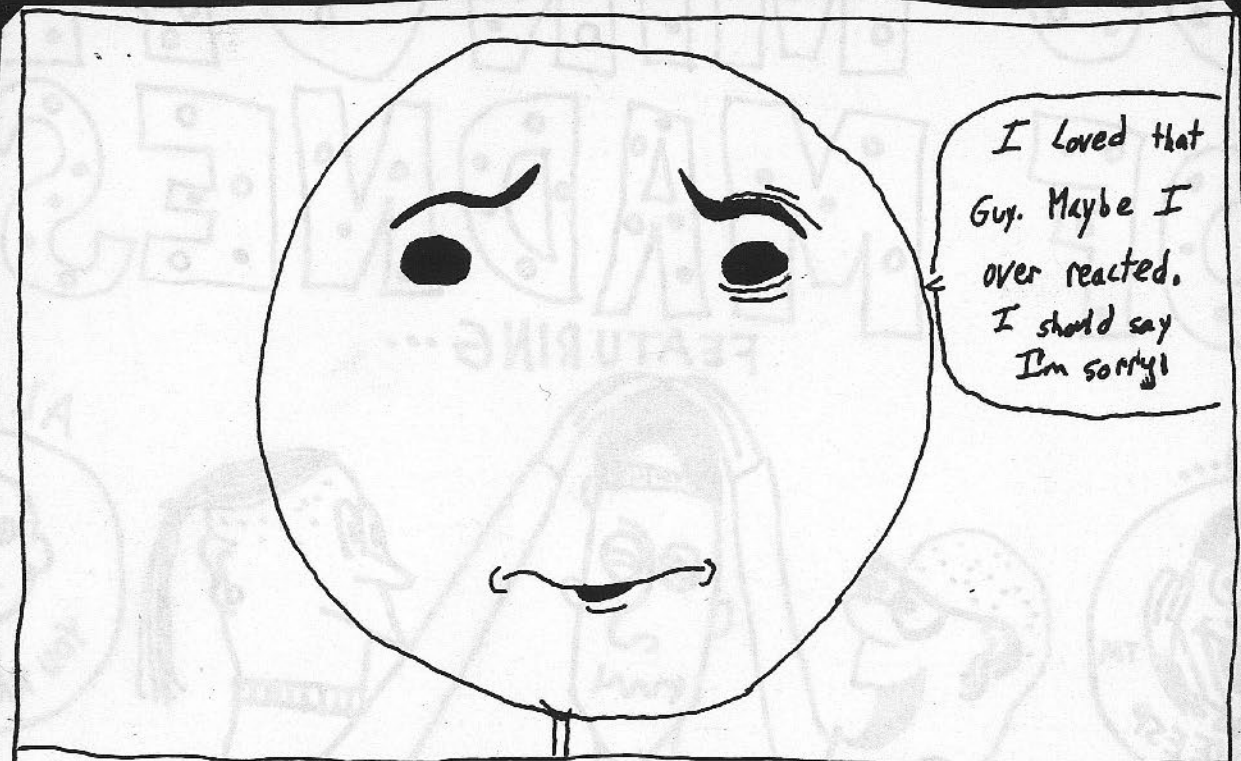
STICK MEN

BY: MIKE PIPPER

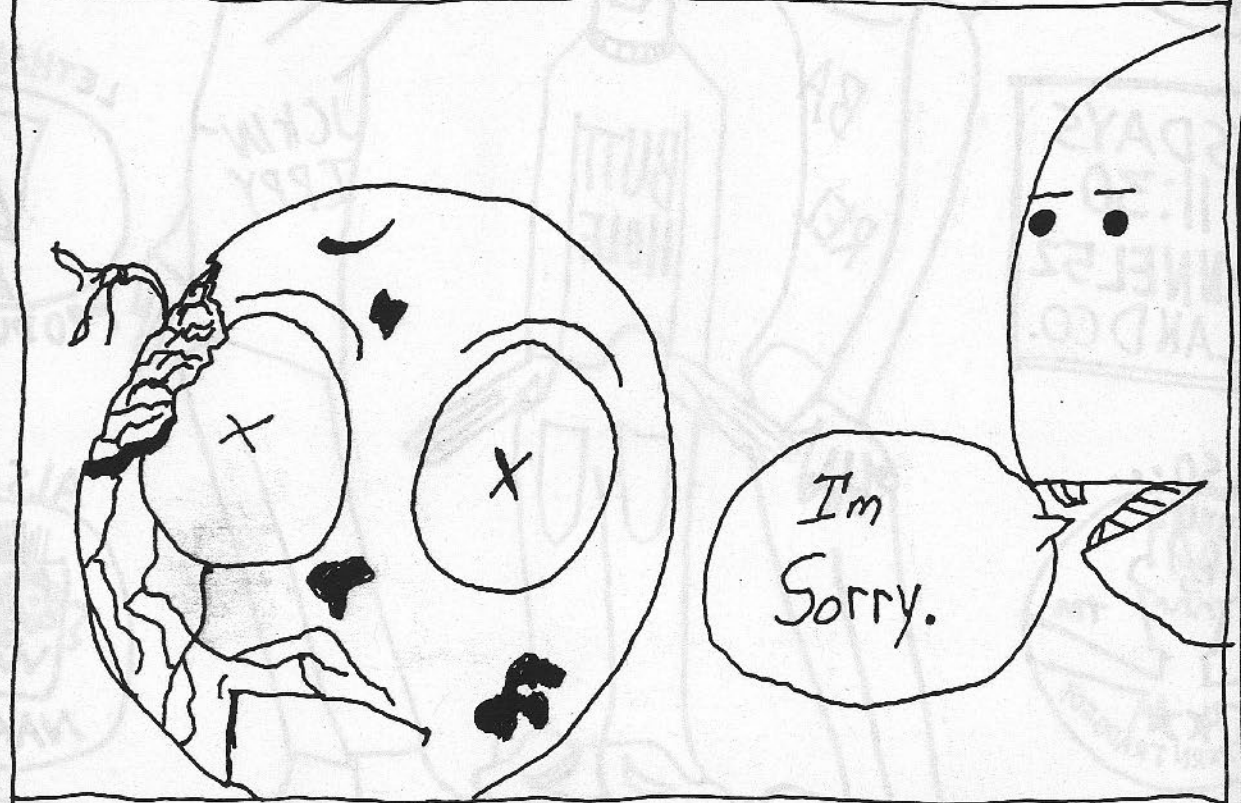


FLASH BACK





I Loved that  
Guy. Maybe I  
over reacted.  
I should say  
I'm sorry!



I'm  
Sorry.

THE END

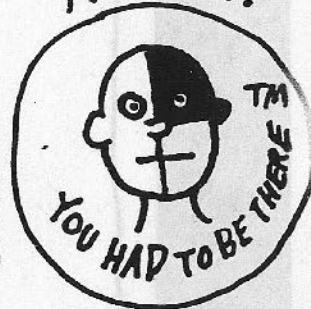
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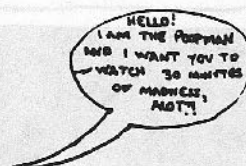
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