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FROM THE FINGER

6.95
YOU ARE UP TO 4 KS... BUT ND IT'S

YOU ARE UP TO 4 KS... BUT ND IT'S

I'm a sex maniac. Most people don't realize this hearing me talk. My feminism turns a lot of people off. I even had a guy turn and walk away from me when I used the word. Feminism is about putting an end to abuse. Not to men, not to tolerance, and most certainly not to sexuality. Most people are feminists and don't know it. Many women who think it's all about male bashing are not really feminists. Taking away the power of the penis should not be the goal of feminism, but changing the culture's perception and obsession with it may be.

by Claire S Parkinson

...no longer need pills. ultimate achievement. Besides, spending more time and experimenting can equal more arousal and an orgasm to beat all others.

There is pressure to perform for both sexes. To many men, making a woman come is proof of their manhood and at times the struggle to achieve is at the cost of the woman's enjoyment. Too much pressure to come can make both sexes unable. Relaxing around one another, broadening ideas about what sex really is is very important. Especially due to the fact that 93+% of women cannot come through penetration alone.

Desire is the real key, not orgasm. You desire one another. You should express it physically and build arousal to new levels. Throw away the script! It's cliché and it's insulting. Experience the desire, the fire between. Turn each other on and keep doing it. Don't focus on the end result.

The new definition of sex was best described by writer Greta Christina, "Sex is the mutually acknowledged pursuit of shared pleasure." Another version commonly used among feminists, "If you think you were having sex... you were." These might be slippery ideas, but they're much sexier than the stifling age-old penis-centric viewpoint that we're so used to.

Claire S. Parkinson is a college student and expresses herself through many different mediums of art. She contributes to Hoopsip on sporadic occasions.

Both historically and currently sex has been defined with the penis right at it's focus. In the court system itself, rape can become sexual assault depending upon the location of the penis. No insertion, no jail time. In most people's minds sex means a penis being inserted into a vagina, in and out motion, ejaculation, the END. Bo-ring. Trite. I'd rather be... a-lone.

Sex is supposed to be whole-body, whole-mind. Sex is about body awareness. Sensuous and erotic are two words that seem to have so little to do with mere penis/vagina intercourse. A little of the ol' in-out can be quite dull.

The definition of sex should be expanded, should include dreams, fantasies, kissing, holding, talking, massaging, exploring, and on and on and ON and ON. *pant, pant* Why does orgasm have to be the end-all goal of sex? Originality and a higher level of enjoyment should be the



"UMIC- UN"

WIND THEM ID AN

PAN

ADULT Entertainment 3

Just Ducky

(How I discovered Dr. Ducky DooLittle.)

by: Dan Augustine



I was sitting in my bedroom reading the latest **Psycho.Moto** 'zine, when a metallic capsule came crashing through the window. I thought it was glowing red from heat, but when I touched it quickly, to see exactly how hot it was, I didn't get burned. Seeing it wasn't hot to touch, I picked it up, and felt a strange sensation filling my soul. I pulled the cap off the capsule, and found three booklets in it. One was about a woman's submission to flower petals, another about a mermaid, and another about adolescent sex. So that's why this capsule was glowing red! It was glowing from a red, hot passion, and that was why my soul became filled with such unusual feelings.

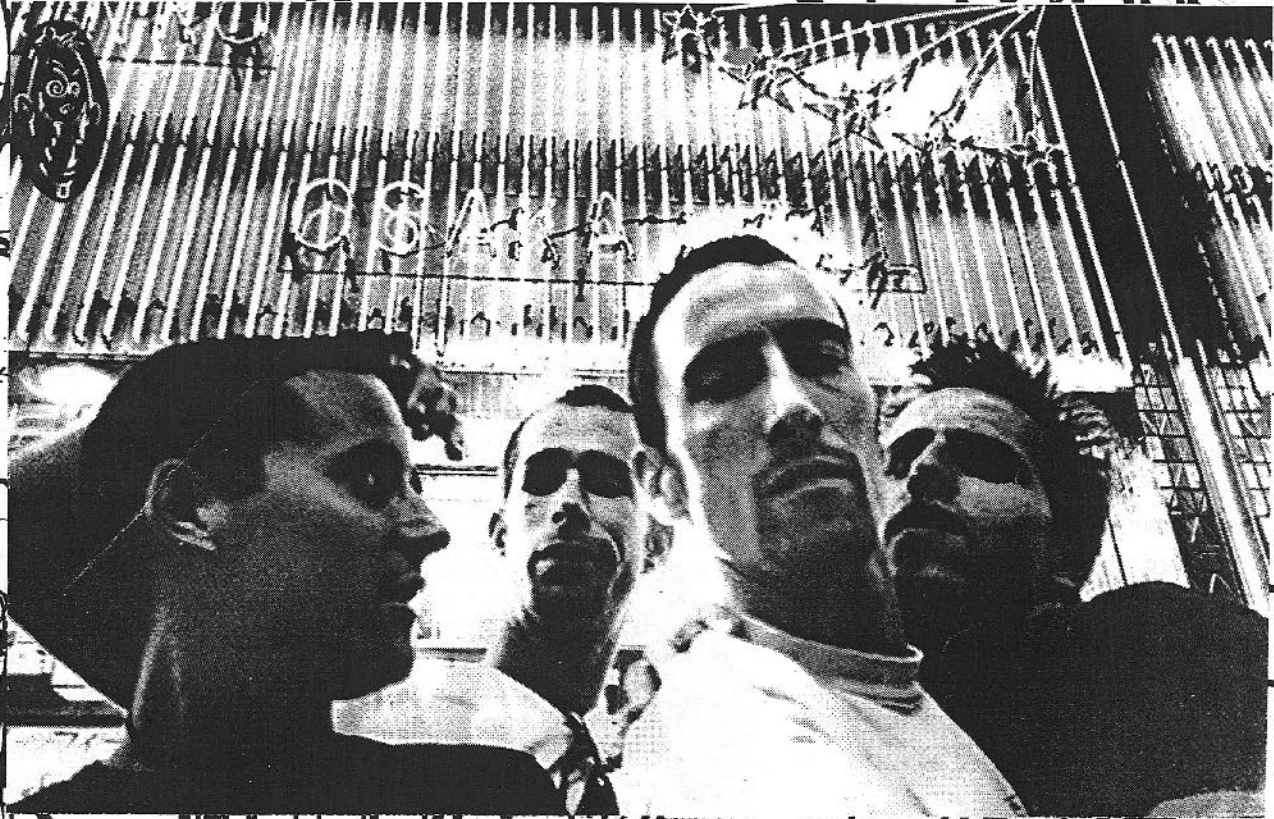
After flipping through these booklets with my one hand for a few days, I unlocked my bedroom door, and decided to go to Joe's laboratory to use some of his radar devices, time machines and **PCP Robots** to find the origin of these booklets. One of the **PCP Robots** instructed me to take a radar gun with me, and get behind the wheel of one of the time machines. I saw through the window of the time machine, the **PCP Robot** pressing several buttons on a control module. The next thing I knew, the time machine was zipping through yesterday. A few days earlier, I was back in my bedroom. Through telekinetic communication, the **PCP Robot** told me the capsule would be entering my room. A second later, it came crashing through the window. I aimed the radar gun at it, and blasted away. The beam struck it, bounced off, went out the window, and entered another laboratory in New York. Here some U.S. government officials traced the beam, and copied down my address. I then returned to the time machine and went back to present time.



By now I had received the package in the mail. It seems the U.S. government instructed a scientist named **Dr. Ducky DooLittle** to launch a capsule into space, and that whoever received this capsule would become part of an experiment. An experiment in human sexuality. Well, at least that's how it was explained to me in the letter that came in the package. Also in this package were some pictures of **Dr. Ducky DooLittle**. Yow! I hadn't felt like this since high school! I then dug deeper into the envelope to find a "Scientifically Sanctioned Strip Flip Book". It was kind of difficult to flip with only one hand, but I managed. It was here that I was treated to the most visually arresting, yet primitive cinematic entertainment since the days of **Big-Little Books**. Even further down in the corner of this larger than life envelope was a full color calendar featuring the good doctor. Now I know how **Pete Townshend** felt about Lily! I too have many sleepless nights. Then I found the catalog that let me know that the fun wouldn't be stopping any time soon. Oh no! This catalog was filled with other products by or recommended by **Dr. Ducky DooLittle**. More of her delightful little books, 'zines, and a **Voluptuous Horror Of Karen Black** coloring book! Since this package has arrived, I haven't had a dull night. **Dr. Ducky DooLittle** is everything I could ask for. She's hot, she's sexy, and she's waiting for you! For more information on **Dr. Ducky DooLittle**, write to:

Night & Day Productions
P.O. Box 1474
Sty Stn.
New York, NY. 10009-1474

DAN AUGUSTINE AND JOE HORNACEK INTERVIEW DFL



This here is the "Sex Issue", so you might be wondering what DFL has to do with sex. Well, um... Uh... DFL stands for "Dead Fucking Last" and well...

"Fucking" is another word for "sex" and uh... Okay, so maybe we're pushing it, never the less, here is an interview with Epitaph recording group, DFL conducted by Dan Augustine and Joe Hornacek. I'm not quite sure if I'm getting everyone's quotes right, it's kind of hard to distinguish one voice from the other sometimes when transcribing an interview from audio tape. So, I used my best judgment as to who said what. Also, there's one guy in the group whose name I'm not sure if I got right, because sometimes on the tape it sounds like they're saying "Marta", and other times it sounds like they're saying "Barta". I

checked the names of the group members on the CD inlay while transcribing this interview, but his name doesn't appear, because he wasn't in the group when the CD was recorded. (He took Tommy B.'s place.) So, to Marta or Barta, or whatever the hell your name is, if I'm calling you the wrong thing, I AM SORRY!

Tony - drums.
Tom - vocals.
Monty - guitar.
Marta(?) - bass.

JOE: When did you guys decide you wanted to be a punk band, or be punk rock, or whatever, and make that your life thing?
MARTA: It would have to of been when I was 13 years old. I played in a band called

the **Smurf Punks**, and I played guitar, and wrote all the songs, my bass player sucked so hard, so I started playing bass.
TONY: 1979, I saw **Black Flag**, **Fear**, and **The Germs** on Halloween. Changed my life.

DAN: Explain this **Beastie Boys** connection, I'm kind of confused.

TONY: It's more Monty and **Mike D**. Monty had this hard-core band, **DFL**, and pretty much backed **Mike D** up against the wall, as the story goes, and had him release a record.

DAN: Is that on "Grand Royal"?

TONY: On "Grand Royal"? Yeah. **Mike D**'s a hard man to deal with - business.

He's a serious business man and Monty was more serious.

MARTA: We kicked his ass after he kicked us off the label.

TONY: They didn't kick us off the label. Marta wasn't even in the band at that time.

MARTA: Hey! Come on!

DAN: You all wear "X-tra Large" clothing?

TONY: No, not at all. Only Monty.

MONTY: I do. Not ashamed to admit. For a small person, I wear "X-tra Large" clothing.

TONY: I use "X-tra Large" luggage, which is actually made by "Outdoor Products", but they have nothing to do with it.

JOE: What kind of guitar and amps have you played? Why do you play stuff you play now? What has brought you to that?

MONTY: Equipment-wise, I use a Les-Paul Jr. I bought when I was 14, and I use an old Bass-a-boogie that my friend gave me.

JOE: Is it the ideal set-up that you have right now?

MONTY: Yep. My whole idea with music, with the very thing with the band, is "keep it simple". No effects on my guitar, simple drum set, simple bass.

JOE: What do you sing about?

TOM: Life in general, that's it.

DAN: How proud are you to be **DFL**? Like on a scale from one to ten?

MARTA: Eleven.

TONY: How proud? That is the ultimate, universal question. Proud to be whatever

you are. Be proud of whatever the fuck you are. Where ever you are. If you're in fuckin' Detroit or Zimbabwe.

MONTY: Don't be embarrassed. If you like ska, and people make fun of you, don't listen to them! Because they don't know shit!

TONY: Don't change your shit for anybody!

MONTY: Delanis Demorrisett!

editors note: I have no idea why he said that!

DAN: How often do you guys exercise - your own free will that is?

MARTA: Our own free will? Everyday, every second.

DAN: What's your favorite exercise?

MARTA: Tony likes to roll dice.

MONTY: Playing catch.

TOM: My favorite exercise is skateboarding.

MARTA: I skateboard too.

JOE: Has skateboarding been a connection about how you feel about punk?

MARTA: I just always, since I was a little kid, skated. And then I stopped for a while, but I'm really glad skateboarding has come back. I like all that new stuff. The street skating makes me real happy to see it back.

TOM: We have a movie deal right now with Maverick Pictures. It's coming out summer of '97. That's gonna be old school skate movie.

JOE: Is it gonna be all Hollywooded out?

TOM: Not at all, it's very low budget.

TONY: Are you guys from Detroit? Is this a Detroit magazine?

DAN: Yeah.

TONY: Seriously give a shout out to my friends down at the Old Shelalah.

MONTY: The Old Shelalah Pub, this one goes out to them.

DAN: Do any of you guys collect anything?

TONY: If anybody out there has hook-ups with the Detroit school systems, I have been trying to collect ditto machines.

MARTA: I'm looking for a "Lunar Lander" video module. Full, upright video game, I wish I could collect those things.

Hey! HOOFSIP readers, can you help DFL find these things? If so, write to the band c/o Epitaph Records:

DFL
2798 Sunset
Los Angeles, CA. 90026-2102

INDUSTRIAL DRUM

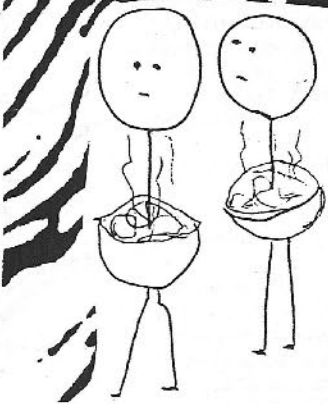


LF CHARACTERS

by Joe Hornacek

Cornucopia Head

- Has some cornucopia for a head
- The chosen one to find the Rainbow Dick
- Has tiny eyes that see everything
- Friends with Nipple City owner, "Strollo!"
- Born in Colorado
- His favorite food is food coloring



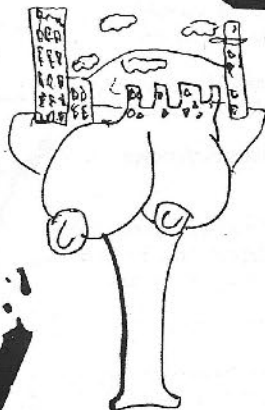
- One guy is always looking at the other
- They pay tribute to Malt-O-Meal on Tuesdays
- They like Q-Bert
- One of them records The Preview Channel
- They can't go potty
- They think about the material made for the human brain
- They're stupid

The Porridge Friends



- A shrine made by "Strollo!" (The main controller of Nipple City)
- Fool your neighbors
- Can be used as a screwdriver
- Shoots out pink lemonade
- Can be used as a dildo
- It's upgradable
- Fake a real rainbow
- It's all about liquids

The Rainbow Dick



- A city formed in another dimension for offending sex defenders
- During parties, the leader shouts his name
- The Jetson's vacation spot
- Booty is easy
- The two nipples are nuclear
- Has a cool record store
- Free phone sex
- Free boobs to hold whenever you desire (all shapes and sizes)

Nipple City



CROWLEY'S



CORNER

Mr. Crowley:

I am one of the best basketball players of all time. I am Wilt Chamberlain. Some of my accomplishments in basketball include playing in the 1972 NBA championship game, with a broken hand, and still leading my team, the Lakers, to a win. I have also... Aw fuck! Why do I need to list all my accomplishments? You all ready know how great I am. The people reading this know how great I am. *Everyone* knows how great I am! Let me just tell you about my problem. If everyone knows how great I am at basketball, then how come all people can think of is the fact I've had sex with 1000s of women? Huh? Come on! I'm more than a crazed sex machine, I'm Wilt Chamberlain, and I kick ass at basketball!

-I hope they don't put this in the sex issue as some joke.
Wilt Chamberlain.

Wilt:

Do What Thou Stilt.

-A.C.



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Six Positions For Sexual Intercourse - In Order Of Preference (from "The Book Of Lists" (c) 1977)

1. **MAN ON TOP** - Most frequently used by 100% of married females in Kinsey's survey, and the *only* position ever used by 9% of married females. To many Americans this is the only position considered biologically "natural", though other primates use the rear-entry position almost exclusively. Called the "missionary" position because it was introduced to native converts who liked to make fun of it-by Christian missionaries who regarded other positions as sinful.

Advantages: Allows face-to-face intimacy, deep thrusting by male, pace setting by male.

Disadvantages: Does not allow good control for premature ejaculator, or freedom of movement for the woman.

Chance for conception: Good.

2. **WOMAN ON TOP** - Frequently used by 45% of married females. Shown in ancient art as most common position in Ur, Greece, Rome, Peru, India, China, and Japan. Roman poet Martial portrayed Hector and Andromache in this position. Generally avoided by those of lower educational levels, according to Kinsey, because it *seems* to make the man less masculine, the woman less feminine.

Advantages: Allows freedom of movement for women, control for premature ejaculators, caressing of female by male. Most often results in orgasm for women. Good when the man is tired.

Disadvantage: Too acrobatic for some women.

Chance for conception: Not good.

3. **SIDE BY SIDE** - Frequently used by 31% of married women. From Ovid, a poet of ancient Rome: "Of love's thousand ways, a simple way and least labor, this is: to lie on the right side, and half supine withal."

Advantages: Allows manipulation of clitoris, freedom of movement for man and woman. Good for tired or convalescent people, and premature ejaculators, as well as pregnant women.

Disadvantage: Does not allow easy entry.

Chance for conception: Okay.

4. **REAR ENTRANCE (or "dog fashion")** - Frequently used by 15% of married women. Favored by primates and early Greeks. Rejected by many Americans because of its "animal origins" and lack of face-to-face intimacy.

Advantages: Allows manual stimulation of clitoris. Exciting for men who are turned on by female buttocks. Good for pregnant women, males with small penises, women with large vaginas.

Disadvantages: Does not allow easy entry or face-to-face intimacy.

Chances for conception: Good.

5. **SITTING** - Frequently used by 9% of married women. According to Kinsey, learned by many while "making out" in back seats of cars.

Advantages: Allows clitoral contact with male body, free movement, intimacy. Good for male who wants to hold off orgasm, pregnant women.

Disadvantage: Does not allow vigorous thrusting. Sometimes tiring.

Chances for conception: Poor.

6. **STANDING** - Frequently used by 4% of married women. Has echoes of a "quickie" against alley wall with prostitute, therefore exciting. Indian lotus position: each stands on one leg, wraps other around partner.

Advantages: Allows caressing. Exciting, can flow from dancing, taking shower.

Disadvantages: Does not allow much thrusting. Entry difficult, particularly when one partner is taller than the other. Tiring. Not good for pregnant women.

Chances for conception: Poor.

Years after Ned "squealed like a pig" in *Deliverance*, and years before Zed "brought out the Gimp" in *Pulp Fiction*, Alphonzo found himself "grabbing his ankles", so to speak, in LF Productions, *A Southern Tragedy*.

Jerry White goes behind the scenes of...

A Southern Tragedy

A Southern Tragedy is by far the most infamous short film in LF Productions' six year history, and now, for the first time, I will detail the events that led up to, and followed, the filming of "ST"

In November of 1993 the would be cast of ST, Doug Keeney, Matt Halpin, Mike Ceccini, and John Ryan, resided at Turtle Creek apartments in Pontiac, Michigan. My friends and I would drive out to "The Posse's House", hang out, and film. John, Doug, Mike, and Matt went all out; Doug freaked out the most, leaving me with awesome footage of his energetic, improv rants - footage that needed no editing! In late November everyone became even more comfortable around each other (My friends and I had known John for a while, but had pretty much just met the other three guys). Anyway, we had freestyle filmed a couple of times over as many weeks, and the time was coming for a more organized, "serious", effort.

At this point some controversy enters the picture. Who exactly came up with *A Southern Tragedy*? There's been considerable debate on the topic, but here are some facts: Doug's transvestite/homosexual character was *his* character, Matt's adrenalized rapist was something he'd put together on his own and had been polishing the act while working at New York

Carpet World, John Ryan came up with the title. But who directed, who acted as puppet master, who made the story? Well, to me, there is no controversy. No *one* came up with it, it was a vibe; *A Southern Tragedy* just happened. ST was the climax of all the craziness and creativity that'd been brewing and bubbling for weeks at Turtle Creek. The funny thing is, ST was almost not made at all, or rather, it was nearly made very badly.

When approached with filming a rape scene, and a male rape scene at that - and a lighthearted, comedic male rape scene to complete the picture, I was disgusted, and refused. I went upstairs to wait out the filming, leaving my camera and the filming to... to, I didn't care who! Next in line was Joe, but he too refused for the same reasons. Then, Susan Pippier, a friend of ours who was as familiar with a camera as a fish is to fleas, stepped up. So, swallowing his disdain, Joe acquiesced and assumed the role of camera man, not wanting *any* movie to look like America's Funniest Home Videos' outtakes. With all the elements in place and an off camera audience of about seven people, LFP history was about to be made.

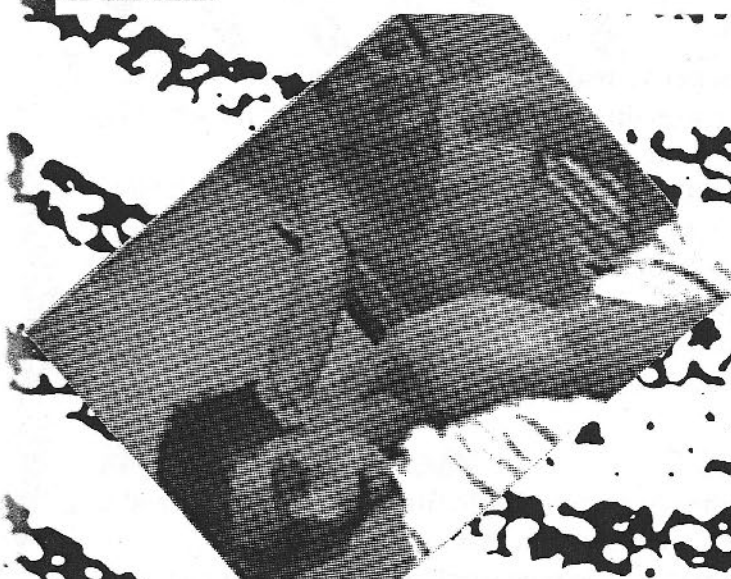


Alphonzo before the tragedy



Alphonzo's friends were paying him a surprise visit

The recording of ST was the easiest, quickest, and most natural part of the entire event, like I said before, it just happened. Joe captured on video what Doug, Matt, Mike, and John had become! And as to whether anal intercourse actually occurred, well... Doug Keeney took it like a man, and Matt said it felt just like a pussy. That was a joke. As a point of interest, all four actors in A Southern Tragedy are straight - and no anal cavities were harmed in any way during the taping of this film.



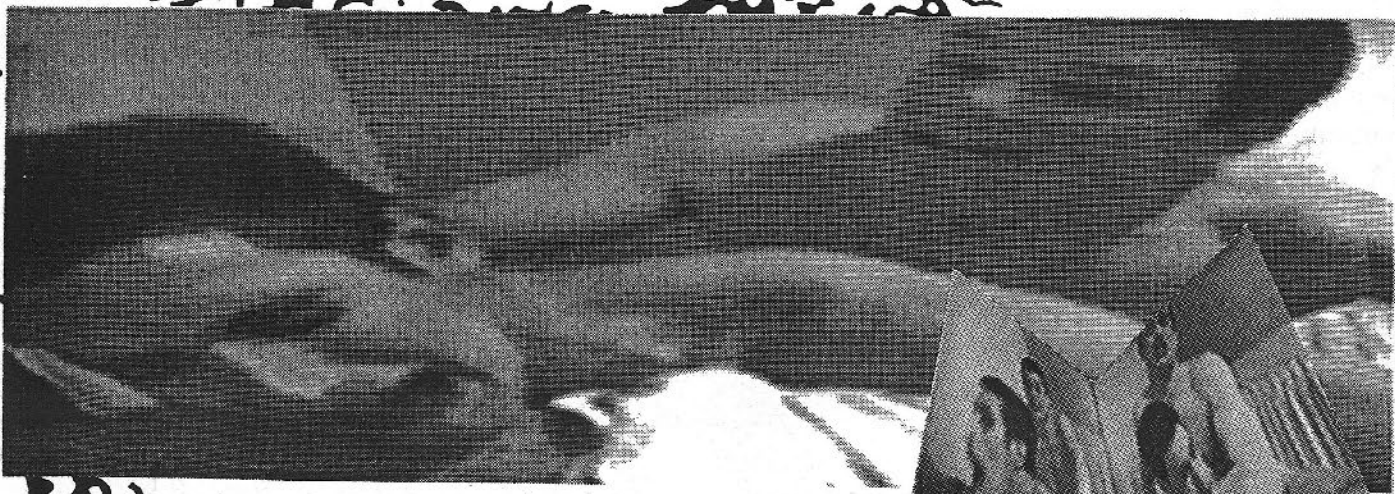
With filming done, I came downstairs and viewed the raw footage with everyone. It was appalling to me. Joe's angles made the rape seem real, and Doug and Matt were completely believable. It hurt me to watch it, like seeing a guy getting kicked in the balls in a movie... only worse. Yet the humor didn't altogether escape me. At any rate, the desired effect had been achieved, and this was only the raw footage!



ST TRIVIA
 Absolutely no nudity appears in A Southern Tragedy, unless you count Doug and Matt's bare chests.

ST TRIVIA

After watching it a few more times, most of us ventured out to Denny's. We sat around discussing the movie and the editing possibilities. I don't remember when I softened to the idea, but I looked forward to editing it. Yet, the posse had even more than that on their minds. They began talking about how cool it would be to air A Southern Tragedy on cable. I freaked out(not angrily, but in an incredulous fashion). Never, and I meant never, would I put ST on TV. No way, no how, no possible fucking chance - **NO!** But airing was a premature notion anyway, ST had to be edited first.



"I'm gonna get you, boy!" Alphonzo didn't stand a chance



I decided after a rough edit that the Public Access editing suite didn't do ST justice. So I asked a favor of my high school video productions teacher, Linda Tyson, and received it. I ran digital effects over the raw footage. Slo-mo, flash motion, zooms... Of course, Mrs. Tyson was unaware of the subject matter I was dealing with; she's cool, but not that cool. Next I went back to the PA editors, with John, Mike, Matt, and Doug, and edited A Southern Tragedy. This time complete with a John Ryan soundtrack and audio effects from his various units. Sometime during the editing process I became desensitized to the illness that was so much of the film, i.e., the rape, and became able to laugh outloud when showing it to the shock of friends and strangers alike (but not family, no no - that has yet to happen).

Two and a half years have passed since we filmed ST, yet it has remained fresh, funny, and shocking. As a matter of fact it's part of the **30 Minutes Of Madness** compilation tape we send out. Not bad for a four and a half minute "skit" filmed with a regular VHS home video camera. Some could describe ST simply as another comedy sketch that relies only on it's outrageous and taboo nature - an oft used entertainment ploy (watch SNL or Kids In The Hall if you don't get my meaning). But A Southern Tragedy is so much more than that, it is art, it is illness - it is akin to the **Psycho** shower scene in that, you think you're seeing something that you're not, and you *feel* it too. **Alfred Hitchcock** is company I don't mind sharing, and I hope that A Southern Tragedy lives on in a similar fashion to his work, if not on a slightly smaller scale. Thank you and goodnight.

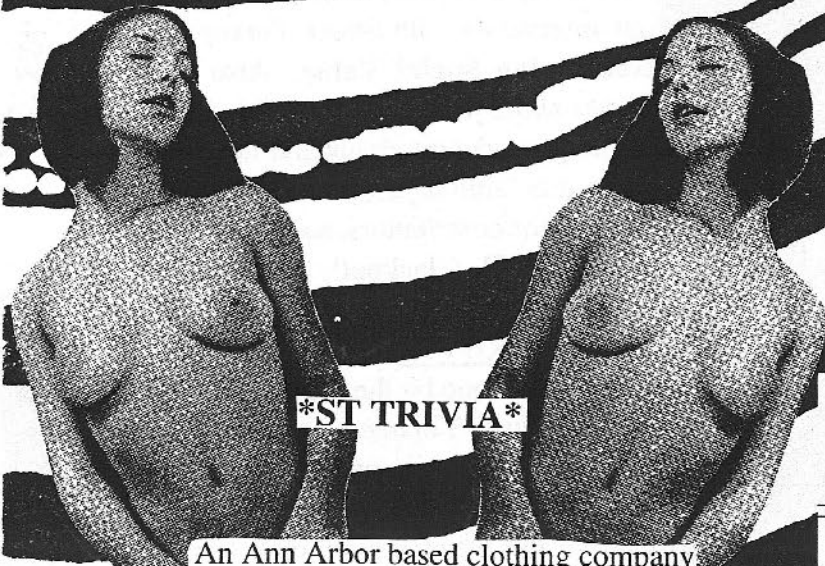


Alphonzo tries to pick up the pieces

Since I was now desensitized, Hell froze over, pigs flew, and A Southern Tragedy was put at the end on **30 Minutes Of Madness** episode 9, and aired for several months at the tail end of 1994.



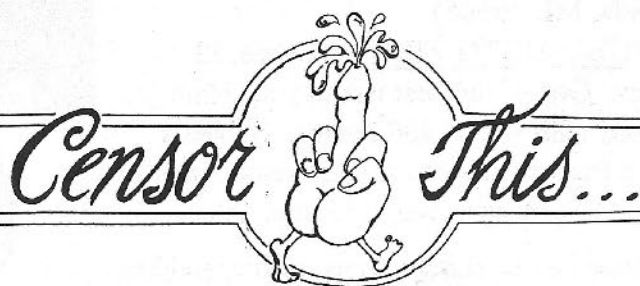
the end



ST TRIVIA

An Ann Arbor based clothing company talked of selling and distributing A Southern Tragedy without the consent of Lethal Finger Productions. It did not happen though.

ST TRIVIA



THE THINGS I HAVE ZINE

'zines reviewed by: Dan Augustine

THE DIAL - Vol. 4 No. 4, \$1.00, 16 pages: Mostly reprints of articles from different 'zines. A nice way to present 'zine culture in a potpourri way. Some of the articles include stuff on Buddha, cults, and **Quentin Tarantino**. Also reviews 'zines. Has a humorous look at drunk driving. I found *nothing* funny about this subject, but then again, I'm sure HOOFSIP has ran articles that have pissed some people off. It's a freedom of press thing, ya know? (The Dial, P.O. Box 830, Dallas, TX. 75238-4813 e-mail:

MCRAMPTO@NS1.KOYOTE.COM)

DYSCHARGE - #2, \$?.??, 24 pages: Has a very punk feel to it. Has various articles, some voodoo recipes, and vocabulary lessons. Lots of typos, but that's part of what gives this a "punk feel". (Dyscharge, c/o Ocho Brooks, 411 N. 9th St., Columbia, MO. 65201)

PSYCHOHOLICS UNANIMOUS - #31, \$1.00, 24 pages & #32, \$2.00, 32 pages: Issue 31 has March occasions to remember (Yes, I'm "a little behind" on reviewing this.), letter department, movie reviews, 'zine reviews, "TV Fun!", reprints of classic ads, and an old newspaper article about Buffy from "Family Affair" O.D.ing. Issue 32 is a super special featuring the best of issues 8-15. Features mostly letters from readers, and movie and book reviews. Highlight is an article out of a 1976 Circus magazine about **O.J. Simpson** starring in "Roots". (Joni Lee, 309 Quimby NE, Grand Rapids, MI. 49505)

PSYCHO.MOTO ZINE - #6, Free, 32 pages: One of the best issues yet. Jam packed with stories and poems. Subjects range from couches to sex to masturbation to poop to fighting to weird people. Also reviews 'zines, shows, films, music, and has a letter department. (Psycho.Moto Mini

Zine, c/o Ethan M, 45 Ave. B#2, New York, NY. 10009)

CENSOR THIS - #5, \$2.00, 64 pages: The UFO issue. So guess what? There are pictures of UFOs in here! Also has information on recording a demo, fucking an alien, **Pennywise**, nonsensical words, Uranus, Swedish rock bands, extraterrestrials, and a very informative article on the history of rock-n-roll (from a punk perspective!). There's also the usual comics, punk fliers, record reviews, and poetry. (This issue's poetry is dedicated to MRR - ha!) The interviews are with **The Vandals, Spent Idols, Boris The Sprinkler, Zoinks!, Man Or Astroman?, Billy Club, and Mistress Winter**. My favorite thing in this issue was the "Mr. Dickhead" comics. Censor This - Get this! (Censor This, P.O. Box 5551, Pasadena, CA. 91117-0551)

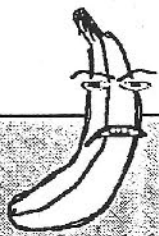
JACKPOT! - #1, Free, 24 pages: This 'zine is put together by Miss Hell with the help of other cool (hip MI. slang for "fucking") New York 'zinester-scenesters Dr. Ducky DooLittle and Ethan Minsker. It has interviews with **Sheer Terror** and **No Redeeming Social Value**. Also features stories about jacking off, panties, and a stupid guy who got drunk and fucked a girl. Since this 'zine is just starting out, they're looking for contributors, so send 'em some of your stuff! (Jackpot!, P.O. Box 155, Cooper Station, New York, NY. 10276)

KITTEN FRENZY - #6, 50p, 44 pages: This one is done by the members of the group **Urusei Yatsura**. It features a lot of interviews and write-ups of bands from Scotland (and one with **Sonic Youth!**) There's also articles about rocket ships and existentialism, 'zine reviews, and a comic.

Kind of a cute thing. (Kitten Frenzy, 335 Great Western Rd., Flat I/L, Glasgow, G4 9H5)

playing with food

by Jwwj



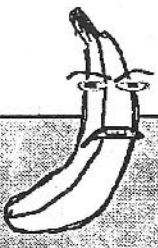
Guys... I am sick of all the bad press we get



Yeah! Why do we have to be the dicks of the plant world?



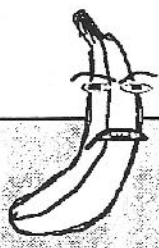
I'm not a plant, but... Yeah!!!



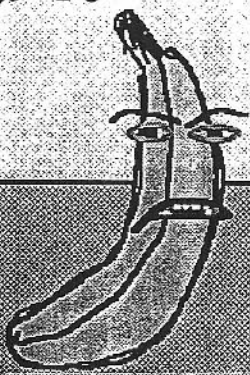
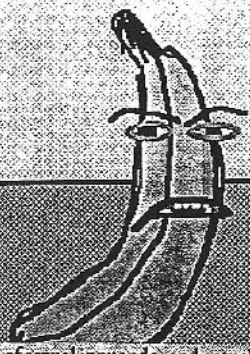
Well, let's just call it Food Psuedo-Dicks.



Yeah!!!



Hey, what's important is that it's not fair...



Years and years of sexual innuendo, and actual degradation in the hands of sexually deprived or sickened females, and males sometimes to boot! This disrespect and rape of our food heritage has gone on for cons. And you know, you'd think that environmental activists would help our cause, yet it is they that so often use us for their perverse sexual pleasure!

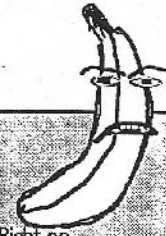
And why is it that beastiality is so frowned upon by humans, when there isn't even a term for what they do to us?!



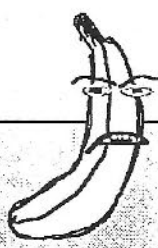
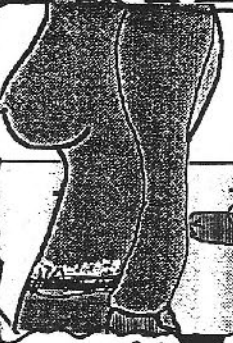
Foodiality!



Yeah!



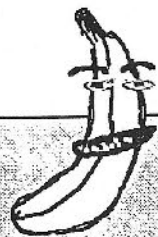
Right on.



Damn! Pardon me but my skin is picking!



Put some mustard on and slide me in!!!



Peel me baby, oh so sweet. Put me where it feels so neat!



THE GROUND SOUND STORY #78

The little lonely lightbulb buzzed in his socket. He buzzed then he whined then he whistled, but not a happy whistle - a sad, lonely whistle, like a sigh.

The little lonely lightbulb grew dimmer and dimmer. Pretty soon there wasn't any light in the room at all. The little lonely lightbulb had gone out.

The room was dark, and soon, it too became sad and lonely. The room creaked and settled and creaked some more. After a time, the room became silent.

Soon the entire house went from sad and lonely, to silent. This silence was absolute, save the soft snoring of it's human inhabitant.

The silence disturbed the snoring sleeper and awakened him. He stirred and stretched in the silence and darkness and soon began feeling sad and lonely. He stood and walked into the kitchen, where the little lonely lightbulb had once been lit. He reached for the light switch and found it in the on position, yet no light illuminated the room.

The sad and lonely man stood silently in the sad and lonely house. Everything stood still in the darkness.

Suddenly a clinking clanking noise sounded from outside. A key jangled it's way into the lock of the

door and a hand, first turned, then pushed on the door knob, opening the door wide.

The man stood and watched as his lover entered the house. She turned and saw him in the darkness, then let out a little yelp. When she recognized her lover she smiled, and the house settled, the heater kicked on, the clock struck a chime, and the little lightbulb went on.

The lovers embraced. "Miss me?" she said. "Just a little." he replied. The lovers locked lips, and the kitchen smiled, the little lightbulb beamed, and the bedroom giggled.

After a while the little lightbulb was alone again, but it wasn't sad or lonely. For it could hear the bed creaking, the house quaking, and it's own insides shaking. Then the little lightbulb whistled, a happy tune, and the lights in the bathroom, hallway, living room, and dining room, joined in the song. The house grew louder and brighter until it became the most brilliant and beautiful house in the neighborhood. People were awakened in their homes and found themselves smiling gleefully. Yet the lovers were not disturbed by the commotion. They might've been though, had their bedroom not been lit by the fireworks of their desire.

THE GROUND SOUND STORY #78

SLAYER - "Undisputed Attitude": An album of mostly covers, including one by the **Stooges** ("I Wanna Be Your Dog"). Also includes covers of **Minor Threat**, **D.R.I.**, and others. Out of 14 songs, only three are originals. All have that punk/hard-core sound that **Slayer** has made possible. (American)

BUZZCOCKS - "All Set": It seems that five or six years ago, all the classic rock bands were getting back together. (**The Who**, **The Rolling Stones**, **Pink Floyd**...) And now all the punk bands are getting back together. (**7 Seconds**, **Sex Pistols**, **Circle Jerks**...), and now the **Buzzcocks**. What is this? Anarchy in the retirement home? Side one of this lets me see where bands like **The Humpers** and other **Epitaph** faves got their inspiration. Side two, however, has a completely different sound. More alternative (in the **Smithereens** sense) than punk. Enjoyable listening, none-the-less. (I.R.S.)

THE GOLDEN LEMONS - "Punk Rock": Punk rock? Is this some kind of joke? Not a bad one, a good one. It's noise constructed in a creative way. I think this band is from Germany. (Jet Set/Big Cat, 580 Broadway, Suite 900, New York, NY. 10012)

JUNE - "I Am Beautiful": Mostly indie rock, ends with a country type song. This band continues to burn the indie rock torch that was lit in Chapel Hill, North Carolina by such bands as **Polvo** and **Archers of Loaf**. (Beggars Banquet)

THE SUICIDE MACHINES - "Destruction By Definition": I've known about these guys ever since they were known as **Jack Keivorkian** and the **Suicide Machines**. All right, all right, so I'm from Detroit, and so are these guys, but so what? It seems a lot of Detroit bands are getting signed now. (**The Charm Farm**, **Verve Pipe**, **Sponge** and others.) But the difference between **The Suicide Machines** and these other bands, is **The Suicide Machines** don't suck. Okay, so they signed to a major label now, but they're just as punk (and ska!) as they were on their seven song, self-produced "The Essential Keivorkian" from 1993. You can take the kids out of Detroit, but you can't take Detroit out of the kids! (Hollywood)

UNWRITTEN LAW - "Oz Factor": Do you like **Bad Religion**? **Circle Jerks**? **Minor Threat**? Good, because these are just three of the bands that inspired **Wade Youman** when he started this band ten years ago, and he's only 22 now! Listening to this band was like listening to a younger **Pennywise**. This album even features some of Wade's childhood heroes. **Greg Graffin** of **Bad Religion** produced it, and **Brian Baker** of **Minor Threat** plays guitar on "Suzanne". (Epic)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Welcome To The Ultra Lounge": There's a six volume set of lounge music coming out soon. This tape collects four songs from each volume, and blah blah blah... It's real fun to listen to, real jazzy and hip. Nice. (Capitol)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Flex Your Specs": A bunch of nerds playing punk rock. Well, not really nerds, but guys who would be called nerds if they didn't play punk rock. (Ringing Ear, 9 Maplecrest, New Market, NH. 03857-1401)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Land Of Dirt": A disc that helps you explore the Iowa music scene. Twenty-one tracks clocking in at over an hour, mostly good stuff, a few bad ones (I won't name them though, because I don't want to hurt their feelings). The last track, **Little One's** "Winter" reminded me of **Blondie's** "One Way Or Another". In fact, upon hearing the first part of the song, I thought it was a cover. (Feedlot Music Co-op, P.O. Box 2850, Iowa City, IA. 52244)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Spin Control": When I first popped this one into my CD player, I heard static, buzzing, and beeping. Cool! Japanese music! Oh wait! This first track is a CD ROM, interactive thing. Well, I don't have one of those, so I can't check that part out, then again, I could go to the computer lab at CMU and check it out. But since I'm such a good student, who only uses the computer lab for academic purposes, I can't do that either. (Ha!) The music on here is cool. Lots of far-out vocals accent most the songs, and the songs are quite danceable. And I still like that first track on my CD player, because I'm a noise freak! (Imix/Mixman, P.O. Box 1412, Mountain View, CA. 94042)

DIE KRUPPS - "Odyssey Of The Mind": Industrial and hard-core. If you're a regular **HOOF SIPS** reader, you know how I usually feel about this genre - I hate it! But I must not let personal opinions stand in the way of my reviews. Therefore I must say some of these tracks were okay. So if an industrial/hard-core hater kind of likes this, then you the industrial/hard-core lover will love it! This includes remixes by **Sisters Of Mercy**, **Prong**, and others. This makes it industrial/hard-core x 2. These guys are supposedly the godfathers of this kind of music. (Just thought I'd throw this in.) (Cleopatra, 8726 S. Sepulveda Blvd., STED-82, Los Angeles, CA. 90045)

TRIBE 8 - "Snarkism": These girls are not only punk, they swear a lot! Cool music, cool vocals, cool lyrics, cool cool. I like the hidden track that disses **O.J. Fuck O.J.!** (Alternative Tentacles)

PRODIGY - "Firestarter": First group I've heard in a while that successfully crosses rock and techno. This one features four songs, three which are all different mixes of one song, and unlike most songs I've heard that have different mixes, each one stands out independently from the other. They even sound like completely different songs. The other song on here is called "Moltov Bitch" and I like this song, because one night I introduced my friend Jason to a group of girls as "Moltov", and

H O O F S I P S

RECORDINGS REVIEWED

BY: DAN AUGUSTINE

they believed me! They continued to call him "Moltov", until I couldn't take it anymore, and I had to tell them his name is "Jason". And that's why I like this song. (XL)

TASM LAB - "Thing & Nothing": This is kind of like a rock opera, but nothing like **The Who** or **Pink Floyd** would do. It's more like what rock opera would be like if **Mr. Bungle** did it. Kind of **Rocky Horror** too. The whole thing is laid out in four parts, consisting of 37 songs total, and the CD inlay is a booklet that reads like a play. Well, I don't have time to read that, but from what I gather from the songs and naked people on the CD cover, is this has something to do with sex and machines. **TASM Lab** also puts out artwork and other forms of media. (TASM Lab, P.O. Box 351, Cambridge, MA. 02142)

PROLAPSE - "Bucksaturday": Doesn't fool around, starts out rocking, and continues throughout. Very experimental and noisy in parts. Kind of **Sonic Youth**, kind of early **B-52s**. Like I said, experimental and noisy. (Jet Set, 580 Broadway, Suite 900, New York, NY. 10012)

VELOCITY GIRL - "Gilded Stars And Zealous Hearts": Biggest press kit I ever got on a band. This is a fuckin' book! This band has been written up in all the big publications from **Rolling Stone** to **Seventeen**. I guess that means they're pretty well known. Well, to tell the truth, I've heard of them, but never heard them - until now. Nothing that big to me, (I mean they're press kit was bigger) just a group with a girl singing. Kind of a pale **10,000 Maniacs**. (I'd rather listen to **10,000 Maniacs**.) (Sub-Pop)

KILGORE SMUDGE - "Blue Collar Solitude": If **Beddie Wetter** sung for a hard-core group, it would be called **Kilgore Smudge**. After coming up with this comparison, I read through their press kit to see if anyone else made a similar comparison, and lo and behold, "Aiding + Abetting" called it "(An) appealing combination of grunge and east coast hard-core." Like I said, **Beddie Wetter** singing for a hard-core outfit. The band got it's name from "Kilgore Trout", a character in **Kurt Vonnegut** books. Too bad this band isn't as good as Kurt's books. (Unsound, 8900 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA. 90211-1906)

YANTI ARIFIN - "Paranoid Sing-Along": Very powerful voice on this CD. **Yanti Arifin** was meant to sing rock music, and that's what she does - very well. She has a good voice for the blues ("Tired") and silly stuff ("Penis Envy"). It's tough to pick a favorite track on this, because they're all good. (Personal Favorite, P.O. Box 841, Grand Central Station, New York, NY. 10163)

HUSIKESQUE - "Green Blue Fire": This one is on **Astralwerks** records, a division of **Caroline**, known for it's techno/ambient releases. Well if this one just had music, it would be techno or ambient, but since it has singing on it by **Lida Husik**, it has kind of an alternative sound to it. So it will satisfy both techno and alternative fans. (Astralwerks)

BAD BRAINS - "Bad Brains": This one came out in 1982, since then it's only been available on cassette. Well, through the magic of technology, it's now available on CD. I never listened to this band before, but always thought they'd be more reggae than they are. There are some elements of reggae in these songs, but most are hard-core/punk. (ROIR)

RUBY FALLS - "What She Does": Mostly melodic and moody music with a bit of punk on the first track ("Freewheelin' Johnny"). I like how the press kit describes the music as "smart, poetic, feminist, angry -- and other things too." I couldn't have said it better. (Personal Favorite, P.O. Box 841, Grand Central Station, New York, NY. 10163 or Ruby Falls, P.O. Box 162, Stuyvesant Station, New York, NY. 10009)

MYSTERY MACHINE - "10 Speed": This band is inspired by **Hüsker Dü** and other **Bob Mould** projects, so I expected to hear some cool punk, like our very own **Vent**. Instead I was fed the usual college rock stuff. Enjoyable, but kind of disappointing too. (Netzwerk)

CASSARD - "Get This": Lyrics that would make **Crosby, Stills, and Nash** green. Vocals that would make **Kenny Loggins** wonder if he has a son he doesn't know about. Kind of like sappy '70s music recorded in the '90s. Not something a punk would like, but something your parents would. (Pentacle, P.O. Box 5055, Laguna Beach, CA. 92652)

DURANGO 95 - "Triumph Of The Ill": Hard-core meets rap on this one, but don't expect **Onyx** clones. These guys are silly, silly, silly. Includes unusual samples (I think one is **David Bowie**). Listening to this record reminds me of riding around with my friends and doing improv rap; because my car has no radio. (Davies Productions, 206 East Farnum, Royal Oak, MI. 48067)

SKIP LEON - "Points Of Departure": Five poems on one tape. Lots of swearing and lots of woman bashing. I hope this guy doesn't mean the things he says about women, because if he does, he's pretty ill. I think he's just pissed off at his ex-wife or something. Features guitar on two of the tracks. (Martyred artist, 2 Todd Count, Hunt. Sta., NY. 11746)

13 MG - "Trust And Obey": **Howie Beno's** (Ministry's programmer/editor for "Psalm 69") project. Combines goth, metal, industrial, and dance. Doesn't mimic any other groups in this category, which is a surprise, since most groups in this genre want to be **NIN**. (Slipdisc, 1111 N. Dearborn #3007, Chicago, IL. 60610)

TONGUE - "Tongue": This demo tape by the California punk band **Tongue** is a keeper. Features a female singer who really

knows how to sing punk rock style. The instruments are classic punk. This whole thing is punk! (Censor This, P.O. Box 5551, Pasadena, CA. 91117-0551)

MILLENCOLIN - "Life On A Plate": First foreign band to be signed to Epitaph, these guys are from Sweden. They sing in English on this one, and if it wasn't for the occasional stretched out vowel, you'd think they were Americans. American, Swedish, it doesn't matter what these guys are, because they play fast punk music and a little bit of ska. (Epitaph)

JOHNNY CAN'T READ - "Death By Guitar": Very pop music sounding with jingly-jangly guitars in an electronic type format. (Happyland Transglobal, 5601 N. Sheridan Rd. Suite 11-C, Chicago, IL. 60660)

PLANET LOG - "Venus In Leopard Print": More pop music, but even more than the previous review. This group is pop in the spazztic-geeky B-52s sense. All four members share vocal duties, giving this band a unique style. (Jump Art, P.O. Box 120, 13944 Cedar Rd., Cleveland, OH. 44118)

BUTTSTEAK - "Men Who Pause": Johnny Can't Read had the electric guitar pop. Planet Log had the B-52s pop, this one seems to combine the best parts of both electric and geek pop, and rocks out at the same time. (Go-Kart, P.O. box 20, Prince Street Station, New York, NY. 10012)

LOVE AND ROCKETS - "Sweet F.A.": I can remember hearing these guys in the early '80s, and thinking they were some weird form of art rock. Now I hear them and still think they're art freaks, but it seems like they've been spending too much time staring at their shoes and listening to Blur. (American)

DIRT MERCHANTS - "Scarified": Combination of noise and melody in a twangy sort of way. (Epic)

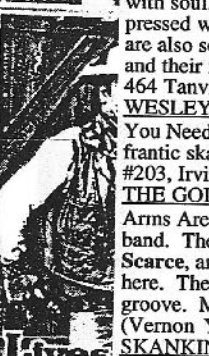
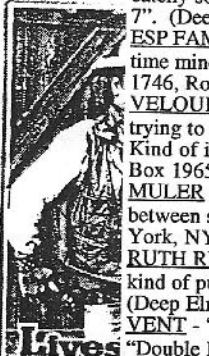
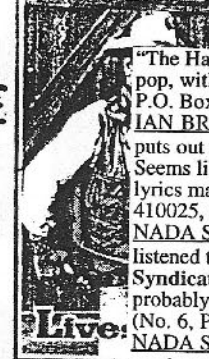
MASSIVE ATTACK V. MAD PROFESSOR - "No Protection": Songs by Massive Attack "dubbed" by Mad Professor. Makes you feel like you're in a fish tank surrounded by bed springs swinging singing saws and pounding hammers against bullet-proof glass. (Gyroscope/Caroline)

BROWN LOBSTER TANK - "Tooth Smoke": Nice guys making music. A little bit too nice to be called punk, but I think these guys put a lot of heart and soul into what they're doing. (Dr. Strange, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA. 91701)

KEVIN GAGNE' AND THE NEANDERTHALS - "Kevin Gagne' And The Neandrthals": A CD of a guy named Kevin Gagne' reading poetry, backed up by two guys named Eric Haenking and Kenyon Gagne' (The Neanderthals). Poetry only comes in two forms: mediocre and bad. This falls into the mediocre category (better than the woman bashing poetry of Skip Leon). The music is also mediocre. Typical poetry reading backing music. ("Mysterious" organs, chimes, rattling beads, Renaissance-sounding guitars...) Also features effects like thunderstorms and echoes. (Oool) (Slave, P.O. Box 16046, Greenville, SC. 29606)

SLIPSTREAM - "Side Effects": When spacemen take their rocket ship to planet Earth and pick up Earth instruments, we can expect rock with newly discovered chords. These guys disguise themselves as Earthlings, but I hear stuff from other planets coming out of their amplifiers. Anyone who can "rocksize" Kraftwerk's "Computer Love" are definitely from out of this world. (Ché, P.O. Box 653, London E18 2NX)

URUSEI YATSURA - "Stunray (Kewpies Like Watermelon)" &



"The Hated": This band, out of Scotland, is trying to bury Brit-pop, with discordant guitars covered with coconut frosting. (Ché, P.O. Box 653, London E18 2NX)

IAN BRENNAN - "Cheapskate": Talk about D.I.Y., this guy puts out music on his own label, and he plays every instrument. Seems like he puts a lot of heart and soul into his music, and the lyrics make you stop and think. (Toy Gun Murder, P.O. Box 410025, San Francisco, CA. 94141)

NADA SURE - "Karmic": Rock-n-roll coming from guys that listened to The Who, The Rolling Stones, Buzzcocks, and Dream Syndicate. Classic rock and punk rock combined. You've probably heard this sound before, but it's a good one to hear. (No. 6, P.O. Box 5037, New York, NY. 10185)

NADA SURF - "Deeper Well" b/w "Pressure Free": More catchy songs from the classic rock/punk rock inspired band; on a 7". (Deep Elm, P.O. Box 1965, New York, NY. 10156)

ESP FAMILY - "Jubilee EP": Knee-slapping good time. Old time minor tunes. Probably just a one time thing. (Icon, P.O. Box 1746, Royal Oak, MI. 48068)

VELOUR - "Choice" b/w "Let Her Go": Out of New York, and trying to sound like Euro-pop, Velour makes average music. Kind of in-between college and mainstream. (Deep Elm, P.O. Box 1965, New York, NY. 10156)

MULER - "On The Rug" b/w "Slowpoke": Kind of catchy. In between singing and yelling. (Deep Elm, P.O. Box 1965, New York, NY. 10156)

RUTH RUTH - "Brainiac" b/w "Love Potion #10": Side A is kind of punk. Side B is kind of pop. Together they are a 7". (Deep Elm, P.O. Box 1965, New York, NY. 10156)

VENT - "Star EP": Besides "Star", this one features "Avoid", "Double Meanings", and "Struggle And Halcyon". Punk rock with soul. You can't separate the two either! This one was pressed with a color cover featuring the PCP Robots, but there are also some limited edition ones featuring snapshots of Vent and their friends (including Bill, Jason, Joel, and myself). (Vent, 464 Tanview, Oxford, MI. 48571)

WESLEY WILLIS FIASCO - "Bus Pass" b/w **SUBLIME** - "All You Need": Wesley Willis is like old school funk. Sublime is frantic ska/old school funk. Both are good. (Skunk, 6 Venture #203, Irving, CA. 92718)

THE GODRAYS - "Songs For TV Stars" b/w "Crummy" & "No Arms Are Good For Holding" b/w "Film Music": Very cool band. These guys have toured with indie heavyweights Vitapup, Scarce, and Velocity Girl. Lots of buzzing sounds going on here. The instruments help these sounds out by providing a cool groove. My favorite track is the instrumental "Film Music". (Vernon Yard/Caroline)

SKANKIN' PICKLE - "Song Along With Shankin' Pickle": Kind of a lazy ska sound. Some of it even borders on lounge music, while other parts of it sound like soundtrack music for an '80s beach movie. (Dr. Strange, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA. 91701)

MAN DINGO - "Badtouchbecca": I thought these guys were pop-punk in the past, this release however just sounds pop. Good never the less, just not as punk as things they've done in the past. (Dr. Strange, P.O. Box 7000-117, Alta Loma, CA. 91701)

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An untitled story by Claire S. Parkinson

The room was silent. Well, not completely. The lights buzzed, the sunlight clicked against the window and she.... her clothes made noise when she moved. Tiny rubbing sounds, bell like sounds. Her feet slid across the carpet, her fingers moved the air and he could hear it. The vibrations of her body in the room spoke to him. Frankly, it turned him on. He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, wanted to speak to her, but he felt reduced, clumsy. Nothing could match her grace. He wished she would speak, her voice the trill of a bird, the whisper of breezes in grass and trees. Just to touch her would be praying, so beautiful. He felt pure and ascetic just by not touching her. He sighed deeply, profoundly. "What's wrong?" Her voice shocked him. He wheeled around in his chair and stared at her. There was this quality in that voice, a low hum that crept into his bones. It moved him. He choked up. Her eyebrows arched toward her brow and she tilted her head. "Are you okay?" This time he was calmed by that timbre, her words traveled around him and stroked his face. He smiled tremulously. "Yes, I'm fine." She laughed breathily through her nose, there was a flash of teeth. They both fell silent, then. He continued to look at her, caught in her gaze like an insect in amber. He clutched the desk and again felt ascetic, like a seminary initiate. He wanted to touch her. She stood suddenly, holding his gaze, then left the room. He heard bells and her scent lifted him out of his reverie. It was haunting, Halloween-like. She was at the door then, her head appearing at the doorframe as if it were tacked there. Her hand fluttered into view, gesturing, beckoning him. "Will you come?" Her voice was a chain around his neck. He made a strange chirp in the back of his throat, then walked toward her. The gray carpet was endless between them. Infinite space. The air turned

thick. He would not let himself faint! What was happening to him? He reached her, barely, after the fight of his life. She touched him, put her hand on his arm. Her skin was better than silk, it was water. Cool moving liquid running down his arm. She pulled. "Let's go." Waves of emotion pulsed through him. She led him down the hall. Moments later or maybe hours they were in the elevator heading toward the basement. He wondered when Heaven had been relocated to the space around them. The elevator jerked to a jagged halt. "It's stuck!" His own voice startled him, it's raggedness, it's harshness. Her face delighted, "You seem very happy about that." She said. He breathed in. She was sliding toward him slowly. Slinking, almost. His skin prickled. Her hand fluttered again, this time near his face. It landed on his temple, stroked the skin. He blinked three times fast. She leaned forward, her breath honey and clove. She kissed him then and he knew sweetness and gluttony, prayer and salvation. His hands traveled the length of her spine and she trembled. All the while he could feel her cool palm pressed to his forehead. He felt he would never live again after this moment. She enfolded him completely. He could feel her trickling into his cells, leaking into his bloodstream. Waves of her smothering him perfectly. The elevator doors opened. She pulled away like a cloud. Her lips were swollen. He tasted blood. He realized he didn't love her anymore. Her eyes slammed shut. She spoke and he heard nothing but plainness. "I have to go. My dad's the janitor." A voice called from the back of the basement, "Regina? That you?" Her eyes opened then and he saw no depths. She waved halfheartedly and disappeared past the furnace. He was deflated. He wanted to cry. An emptiness so severe began in his gut and traveled over his body clearing him out, leaving nothing of her. He hit the button for the lobby and the doors shut.

SEX POETRY

(poetry regarding, in some fashion - however limiting that may be, to...

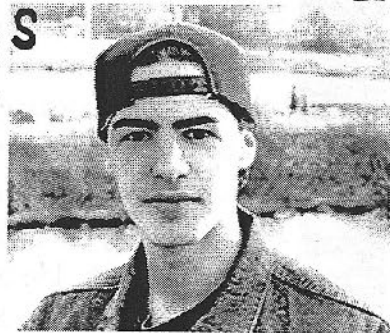
s*e*x*)

can you feel the magnetism
brushing through your nerves
passing through your knees
swimming through you heart
sliding down you spine
twisting up your legs
moving through your heart
when you give me head

and from the start
it was in my heart
now it's in your veins
now it's in your heart
now it's in our brains
that we're torn apart
life's insane
and love's a drain

I want to get inside you
'cause inside you is so beautiful
I want to get inside you
'cause inside you is so beautiful

*John Ryan**



"Would you like to squeeze?"
mocks the flaunting tease.
Her flirtatious manner's accomplished with ease.
She promises sex,
but is locked at the knees.

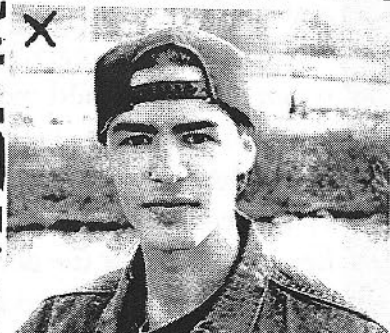
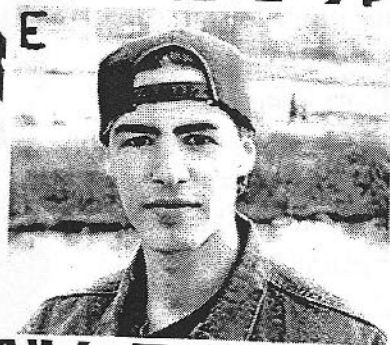
Now the tease won't say please,
but with hair in the breeze,
will laugh and arouse
and beg to be seized!
She acts like she's honey
and we are the bees,
but when we approach
to fondle and squeeze,
she reacts unto us
as if we're a disease.

*Be wary all men of the tease.
*Jerry White Jr.**

Office Luv

He loved her lines,
tailored suits and frilly blouses,
He watched her weave between
the partition walls
trailing jungle scents,
Her brown skin was smooth as ice
and nearly as unmovable.
He tried to read what the flick of her tongue,
the roll of her hips,
the turn of a hand
could possibly tell him.
She had a way of looking at you,
all surprised as if she had only
just been thinking of you
moments before
and looked up to find you
standing there.
He tried to word memorandums like love letters
knowing her big brown eyes
would scan them, maybe stopping on the words
closure, meeting, converge, union
would catch her attention
and let her know.

Claire S. Parkinson



Jerry White Jr. interviews... TemplecaR

JERRY- I just saw TemplecaR play, they're a really cool band, kinda New Wave/Synth music... I was able to catch a few lyrics and they dealt a lot with sex, right?

HIRA- We're very sexual when we sing. A lot of it comes from past experiences, uh, based in the house we lived in together.

JERRY- What happened in the house?

CASSY- Well one of the song's about this time in the bathroom... there were three guys, and-

HIRA- And they started stripping for no reason. It all just ended up that we all became a very sexually oriented family. Cassy and I are also heavily into pornography, mainly old pornography.

JERRY- How old?

HIRA- Uh, pretty much from the 80's.

CASSY- Yeah, late 1980's.

HIRA- Yes, because I basically started the band, you know, around the Madonna time, the New Wave time, and it's still that type of music, and I quit the band, but Cassy said that we should get back together now that Alternative music has, uh, come up to par.

JERRY- Okay... Cassy, I've got a question for you. Um, one of your songs had you jumping up and down and laughing quite a bit. What was that song about?

CASSY- Well, one of my friends, in the audience, took out his dick, wait... You see, the song's about men and how they should where their dicks on the outside-

HIRA- It would take care of a lot of bullshit!

CASSY- Yeah, and anyway, my friend Chuck did it. I don't think anyone saw him though.

HIRA- Oh I did.

CASSY- No!

HIRA- Yes! And it's fucking puny! I thought he was poking his pinkie through there or something though. (Laughter ensues at great decibels)

JERRY- Okay, you guys probably get this a lot, but are you mother and daughter?

HIRA- Yeah, I'm the daughter (laughs heartily), no, no, fair question... Actually Cassy is my adopted daughter.

JERRY- Really?



TemplecaR is Hira and Cassy from Delaware

HIRA- Yeah, uh, her parents were irresponsible, and I was a family friend.

JERRY- How old are you Cassy?

CASSY- 22. (At this moment some drunk guy comes in the room and asks Cassy if she'd talk in private with him- she does.)

JERRY- Who was that?

HIRA- That was Chuck the Dick Puller Outer. He's been trying to get into Cassy's pants for months, and now he's doing the "friend" routine.

JERRY- Are you seeing anyone?

HIRA- Well, it's hard to find time while we're touring. I mean, yeah, I date, but I'm not seeing anyone now. I find that I'm more inspired when I'm single.

JERRY- Okay. Since this is the sex issue of Hoopsip, I'd like to ask you if you have any humorous or interesting sex stories, that, um, you were involved with.

HIRA- You know, it's funny that you ask because Cassy and I are translating into song something that just happened about a week ago. We were in New Jersey, we'd just played our set and the owner of the club, John King, invited us back to his place, I guess he was having a party (Cassy enters laughing and wiping something off her pants). So... Cassy, tell Jerry about the John King incident.

CASSY- Fucking bestiality. He invites us to a "party", where we happen to be the only ones who show, then he pops in a bestiality porno.

HIRA- Some faggot was fucking a pig.

CASSY- Yeah, and he was like, "Yeah, this is the uncut version of **Babe!**" And, so, Hira and I stand up to leave, and he gets up and has the biggest fucking hard on I've ever seen pushin' on his jeans.

HIRA- I tell 'em that if he doesn't sit his perverted, animal fucking self down I'd cut 'em. And I got a big old switchblade just for the job(Hira pulls from...shit I didn't even see her pull it out, but sure enough- a big fucking switch!) Yeah, so, he sat down quick.

JERRY- Damn.(silence for a bit as I sit uncomprehendingly) Wow, that's gonna be an interesting song.

HIRA- Yeah, it's coming along pretty good.

JERRY- Cool. Jumping off the subject... Is there any advice you'd give to girls, I mean, your audience did have a lot of females in it, and I suppose that they make up a large part of your fan base, so, anything you'd like to say to them?

CASSY- Absolutely. Um, a lot of girls seem to be too, um-

HIRA- Promiscuous.

CASSY- Right, and they don't try, they should experiment more, and they should stop being so-

JERRY- But, they shouldn't be promiscuous at the same time?

CASSY- Yeah, they should experiment and have as much fun as they want and they should just totally come up with new ideas all the time, and just have all the sex they want, with as many people as they want, and they shouldn't worry about diseases because of the rate that they're always coming up with cures, and everything will be fine, and they don't need to worry... Girls worry too much, they don't need to worry.

JERRY- But... You said they shouldn't be promiscuous?

CASSY- No.

JERRY- What do you think about that Hira?

HIRA- Oh, I couldn't agree more, but men aren't immune either, you know? So I say just be in love with yourself and fuck it, you know?

JERRY- No, you guys lost me somewhere.

CASSY- Well, that's how it is with opinions, they're not fact, that's why I think that people should just do they're own thing... Of course, that's just my opinion.

JERRY- Okay enough with sex talk. Anything you'd like to talk about musically?

HIRA- Oh, I liked your friend's band.

JERRY- What's that?

HIRA- Your friend, you showed us the tape-

JERRY- Oh, **John Ryan**. No, he's the band all by himself.

HIRA- Well that "I wanna fuck you in the sunshine" song was really intoxicating.

CASSY- It made me thing about boom boxes and beach blanket picnics, and a girl wearing short shorts, and the guy can see her pubic hair, and he's like, singing the song to her...

JERRY- Wow, that is really cool. But what about your music?

HIRA- I don't know, when we do interviews I don't really like talking about our music.

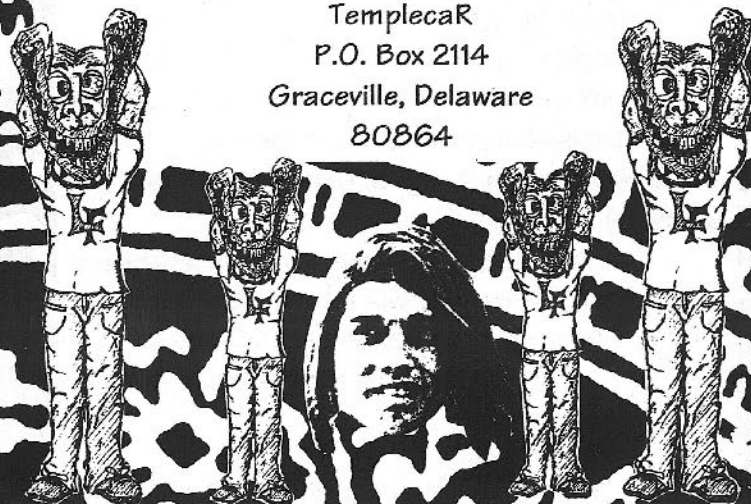
CASSY- Yeah, it's like, go to our show if you wanna hear us, but like, if you're reading about us, know us, you know?

JERRY- Yes I do. Well, any last thoughts then?

HIRA- If you're walking down a street you don't know and you have no money and are completely lost... if you find a bum, kick him(both laugh and we exchange good-byes)

If you'd like to be a part of the **TemplecaR** fan club, send a SASE to:

TemplecaR
P.O. Box 2114
Graceville, Delaware
80864



**CHUCK
BERRY**

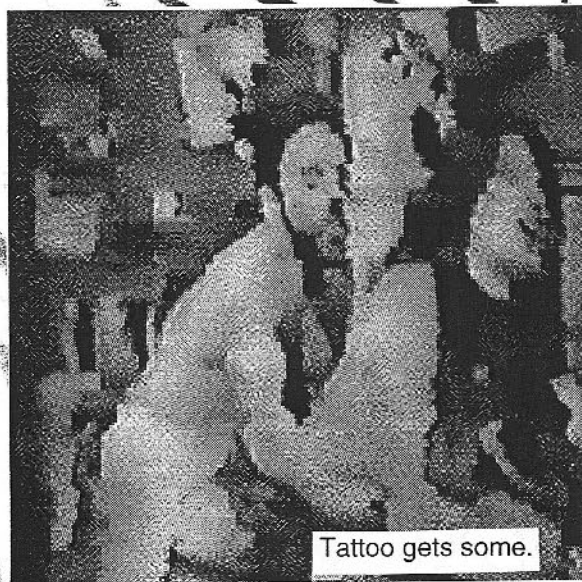


FILM FLAM

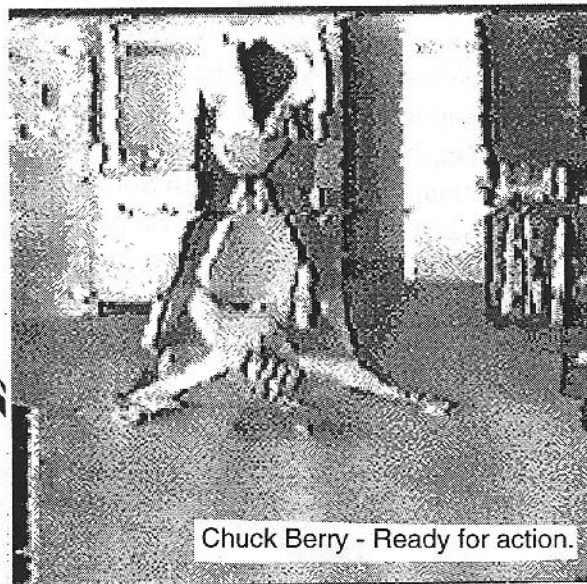
FILMS REVIEWED BY: DAN AUGUSTINE (Special all porno reviews!)

The following four films that are reviewed were all sent to us by Joseph A. Gervasi who runs "Crazy Fucking Videos". His address is: 142 Frankford Ave., Blackwood, NJ. 08012. Each film is \$12.00 plus \$1.50 for postage.

people humping. Only other comment I need make here is that not all the celebrities on here are well known. For example, who the hell is Rene Blond or Jenna Quigley?



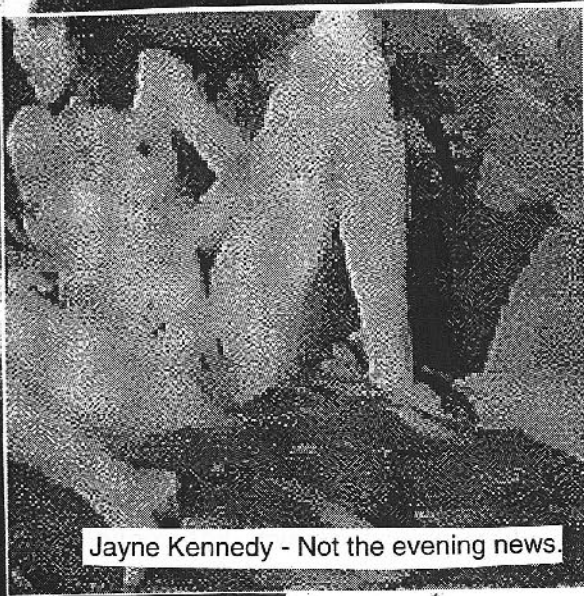
Tattoo gets some.



Chuck Berry - Ready for action.

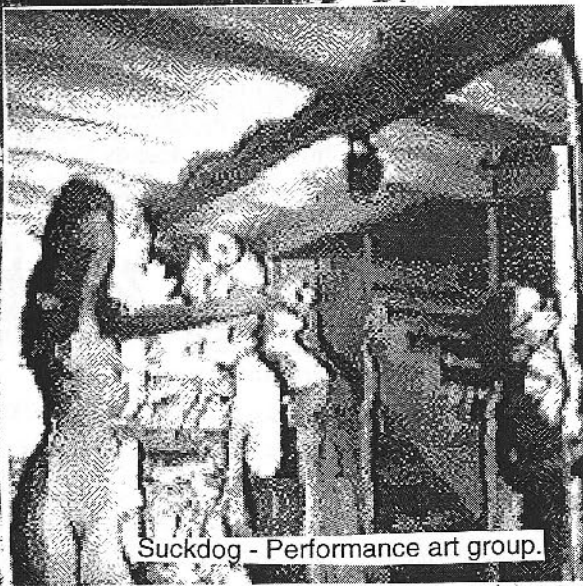
CELEBRITY PORN - See the stars as you never imagined! **Linda Blair, Sylvester Stallone, Barbra Streisand, Tattoo, Elvira, Rob Lowe**, and more! The Stallone one is pretty ill because he is playing a rapist in the film. Some Italian Stallion he turned out to be! The Streisand one looks like it was filmed in the '30s, and is *very* poor quality. Next time that bitch tries charging \$1000 for her concert tickets, remember, that the money is going to pay an ex-porn star! The Elivra one is just a strip tease, and involves no intercourse what-so-ever. The Lowe one is of course the "famous" one from a few years back. This one sucks because it looks like it was filmed with a 7-11 surveillance camera, and it looks more like a lump of "something" then it does of.

SWEET LITTLE SIXTEEN - These are the home movies of legendary rock -n- roller **Chuck Berry**, and they are sick, sick, sick! Features Mr. Roll Over Beethoven having sex with an all-American, blue-eyed, blond haired girl. He also films her pissing and himself pissing. Most disgusting moment is when he is giving a golden shower to the girl. He cuts a fart while doing this, and says, "And you can smell my fart." This part of the film is looped over and over. Film also includes news broadcasts from when the writer of the song, "My Ding-A-Ling" was busted for filming women pooing and peeing in his bathroom. A very sick man indeed!



Jayne Kennedy - Not the evening news.

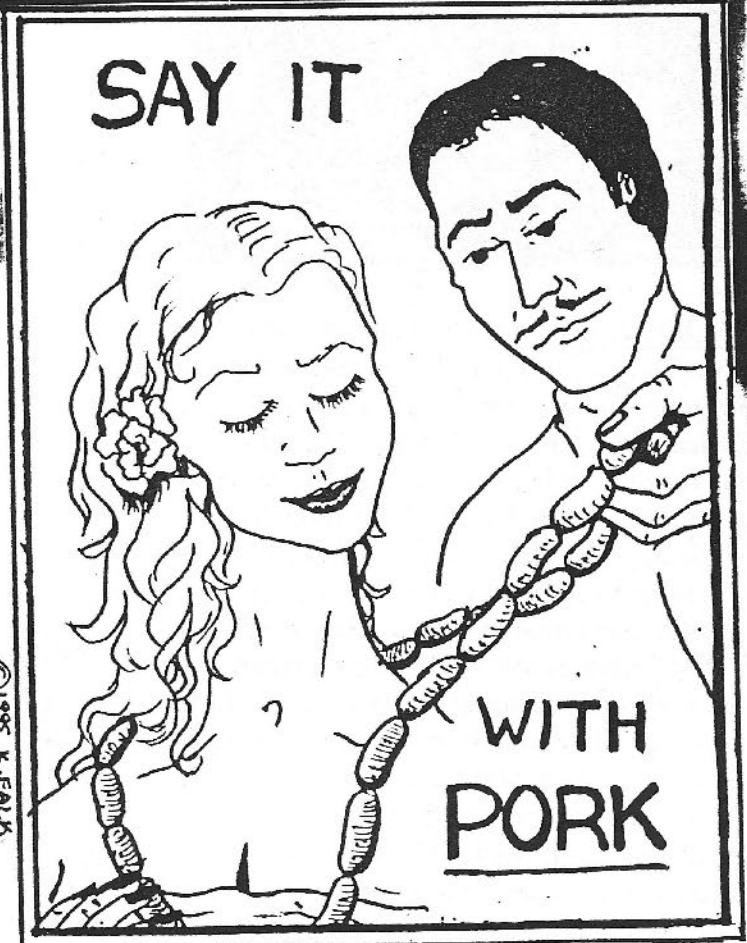
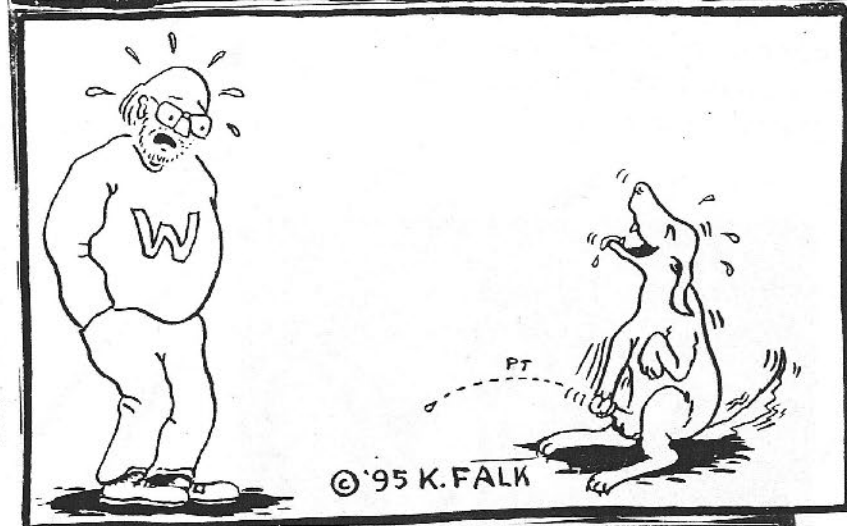
JAYNE KENNEDY - THE HOME SEX MOVIES - The newscaster's home movies of herself having sex with her husband, while a radio plays oldies tunes. Kind of weird hearing **Herman's Hermits** sing "Something Tells Me I'm Into Something Good", as her husband fist fucks her. This tape also includes a girl doing some pretty amazing things with a Coke bottle.



Suckdog - Performance art group.

SUCKDOG - LIVE AND HOME - Filmed in someone's basement, this performance art group strips naked, beats the hell out of each other, and shits and pisses while "music" plays.

COMICS BY: KURT FALK



AMERICAN PIG BBEEDER'S ASSOCIATION.

Pezz World

by John Ryan

Pezz World created by Joe Hornacek and Jerry White Jr.

Way back in Hoopsip #10 we were introduced to Bill and Pezz in "Pezz World". 10 months and nine stories later we come to the conclusion. Is this the end? Doubtfully, look forward to an all new storyline in future issues of Hoopsip!



YOU BETTER
COME OUT!



YOU
LITTLE
SHIT.



Stop,
you're
hurting
me!

I like
electric
tape.



HE THE
DEVIL!



Pezz, this
is it, I
think we
are done.
This is HELL!



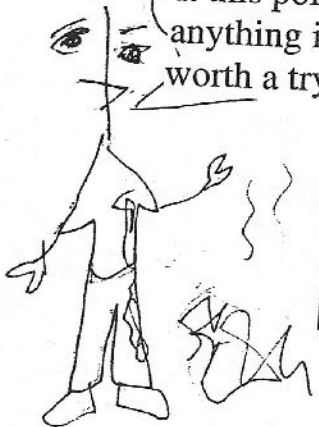
What
in
there?



I open it.



At this point
anything is
worth a try.





Pezz! You're a woman!

SPARK
FLASH!

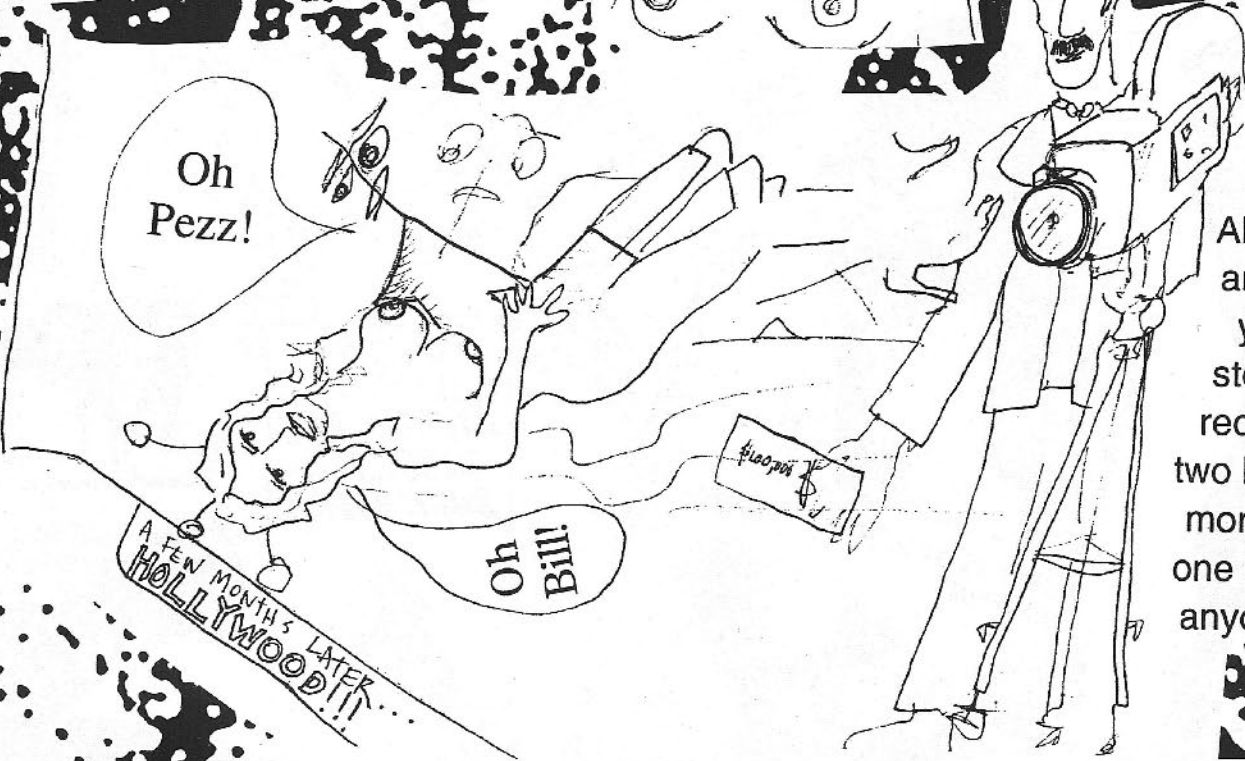
It feel neat.
Bill, pull pants down.



But what about the devil?



Well he dead, it's okay. I know thing. I see future. We go to Hollywood, make porno. Everything be okay, get money!



Oh Pezz!

Oh Bill!

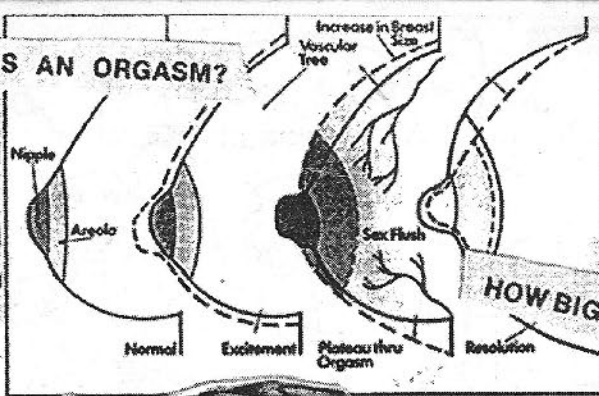
A FEW MONTHS LATER...
HOLLYWOOD!!

Alright Bill and Pezz, you can stop, it's a record! You two have made more porns in one week than anyone, ever!

THE END, FOR NOW 25

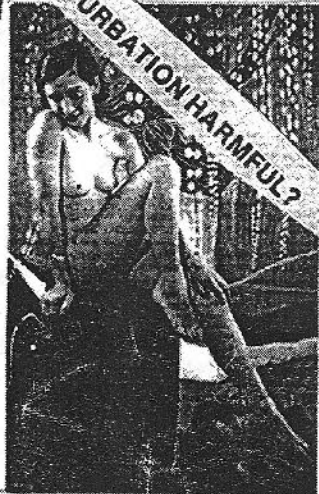
WHAT EXACTLY IS AN ORGASM?

SEX



HOW BIG IS THE NORMAL PENIS?

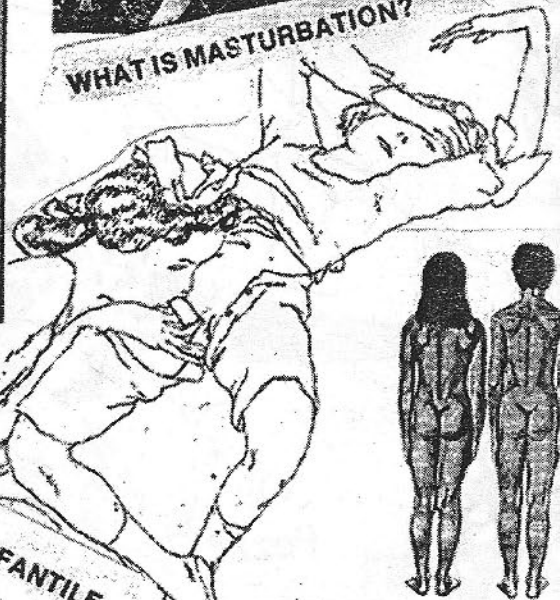
IS MASTURBATION HARMFUL?



HOW CAN A MAN TELL IF A WOMAN HAS HAD AN ORGASM?

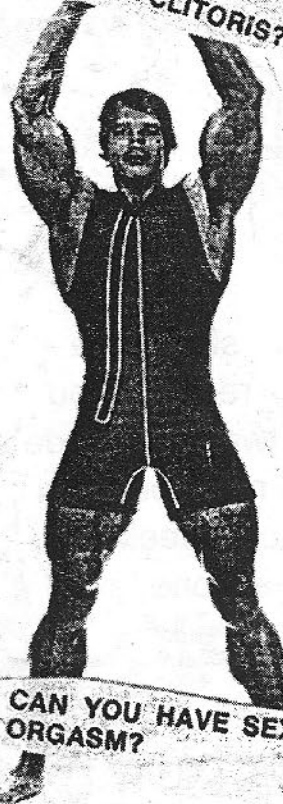


WHAT IS MASTURBATION?



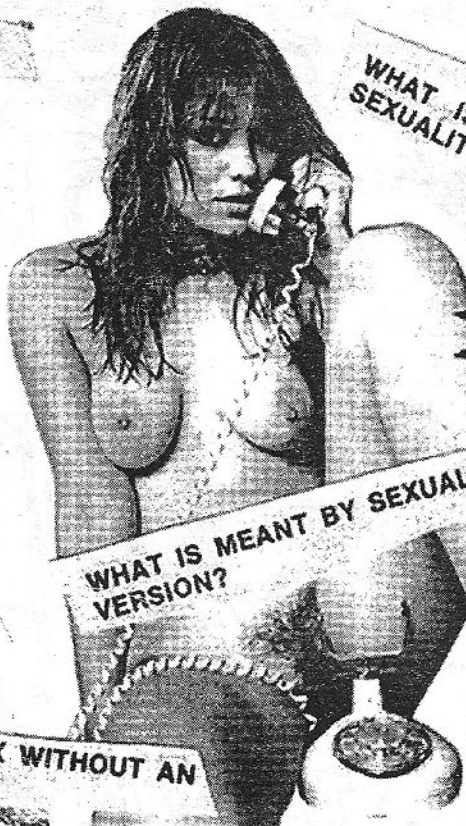
WHAT GOVERNS THE FREQUENCY OF SEXUAL INTERCOURSE?

WHAT IS THE CLITORIS?



WHAT IS MEANT BY INFANTILE SEXUALITY?

WHAT IS MEANT BY SEXUAL PERVERSION?



FOR A REALLY STEADY JOB BECOME A BANK CLERK

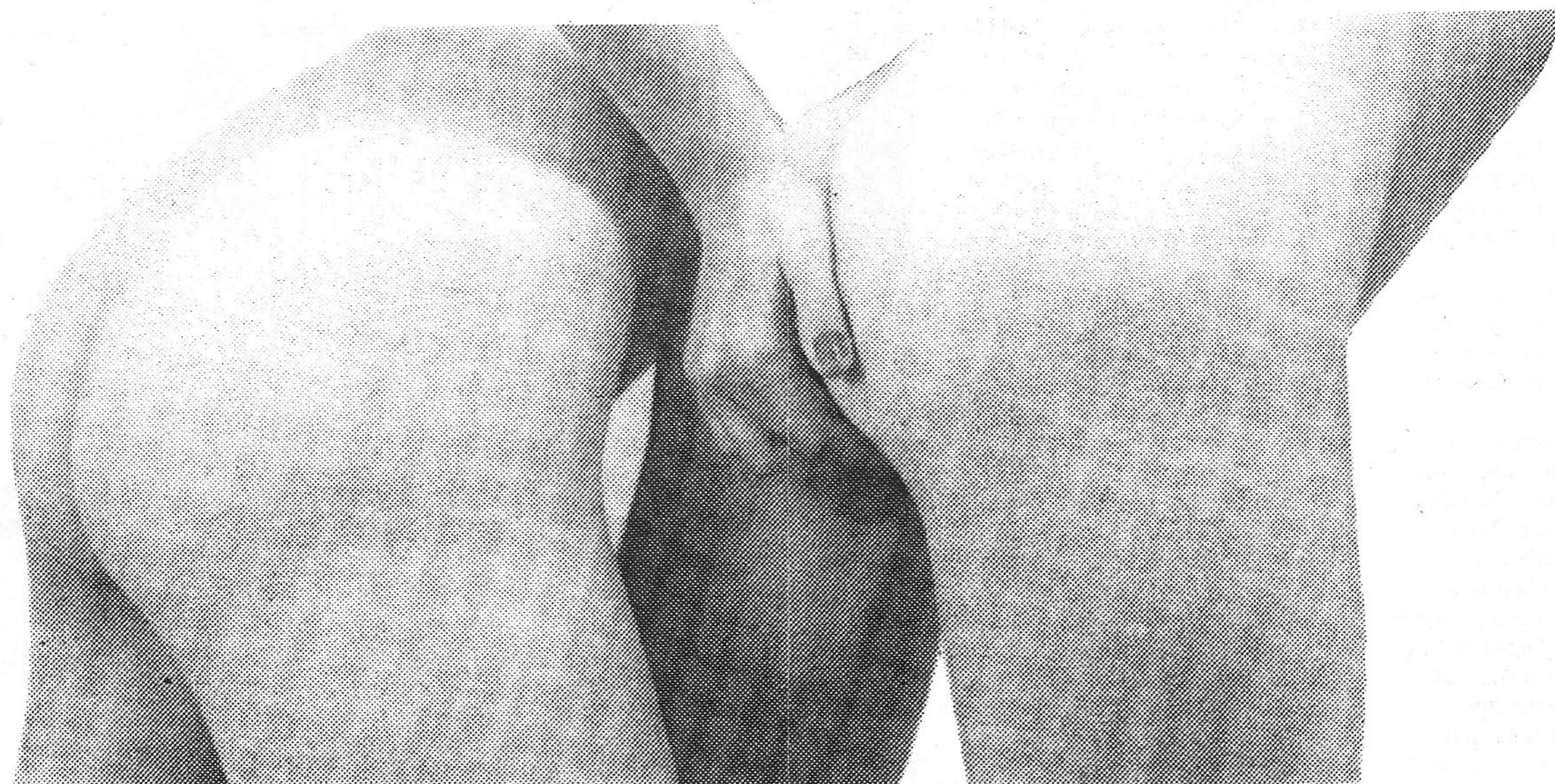


SEX

CAN YOU HAVE SEX WITHOUT AN ORGASM?

WHAT IS IMPOTENCE?





hoofsip is good.