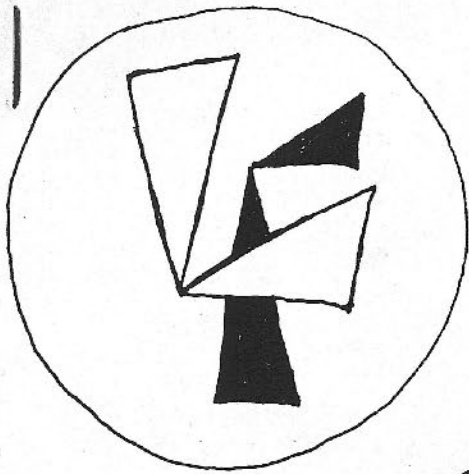


LETHAL FINGER PRODUCTIONS PRESENTS:



★ ISSUE 22 ★

WHAT IS THIS COUNTRY COMING TO?
WHY IS EVERYONE READING

HOPSP

**IN
THIS
ISSUE:**

- ★ DURANGO 95
- ★ THE PHOIDS
- ★ Q*BERT
- ★ DAFFY DUCK
- ★ 7000 DYING RATS
- ★ LF CHARACTERS
- ★ TEEN SPECIAL OCCASIONS
- ★ THE RETURN OF PEZZ WURLD
- ★ AND A WHOLE LOT MORE!

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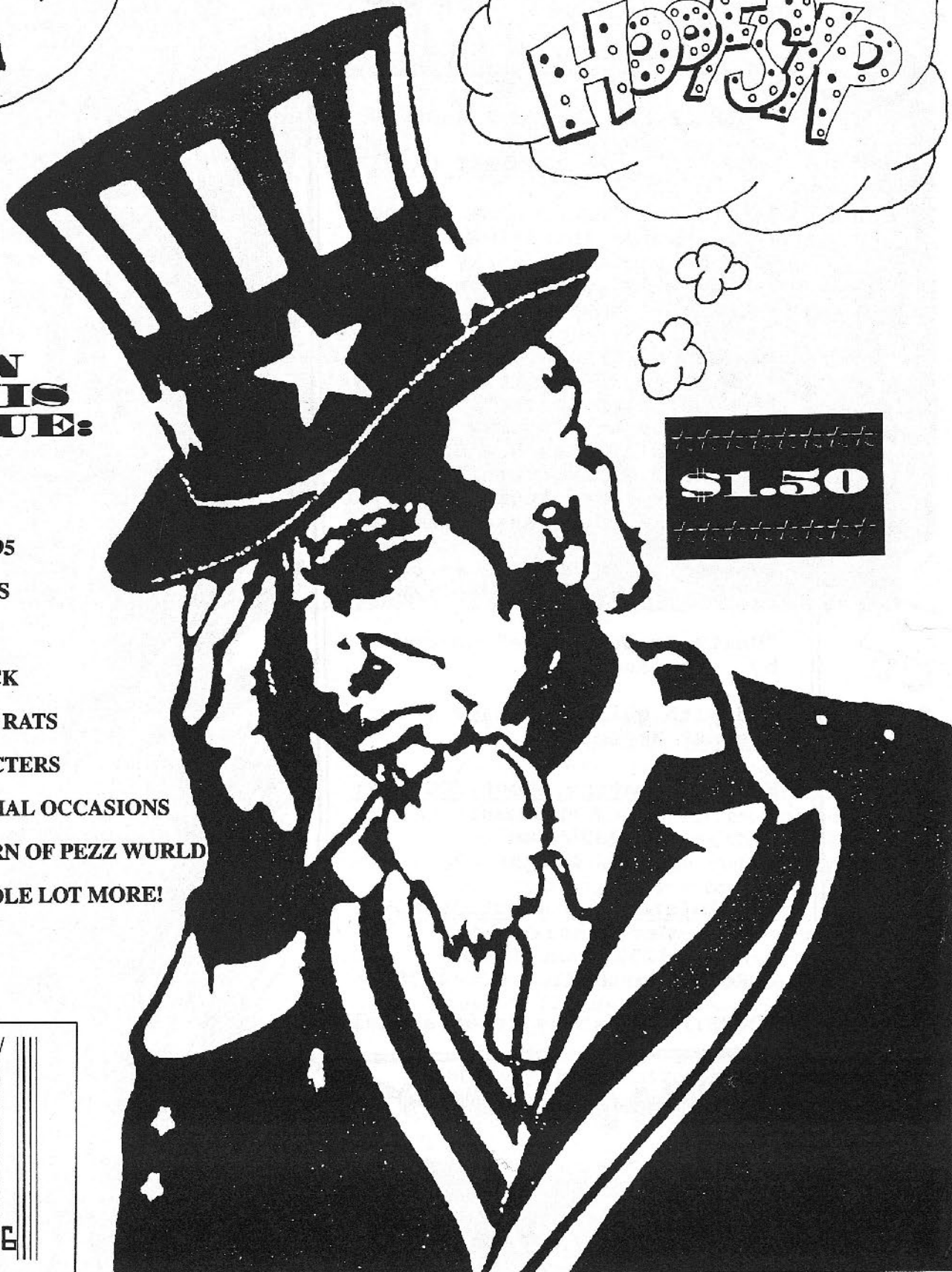


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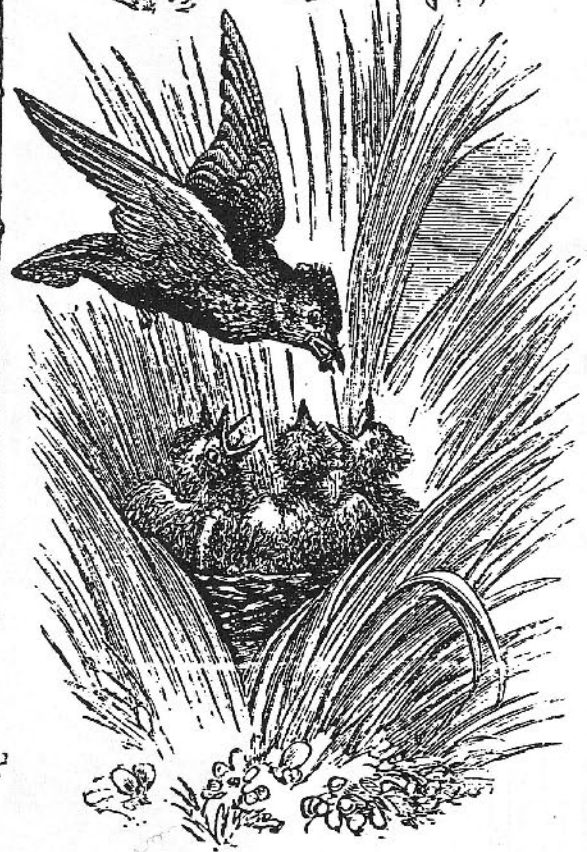
"Unity Product Code" on cover
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Kid with guitar on page 7 by:
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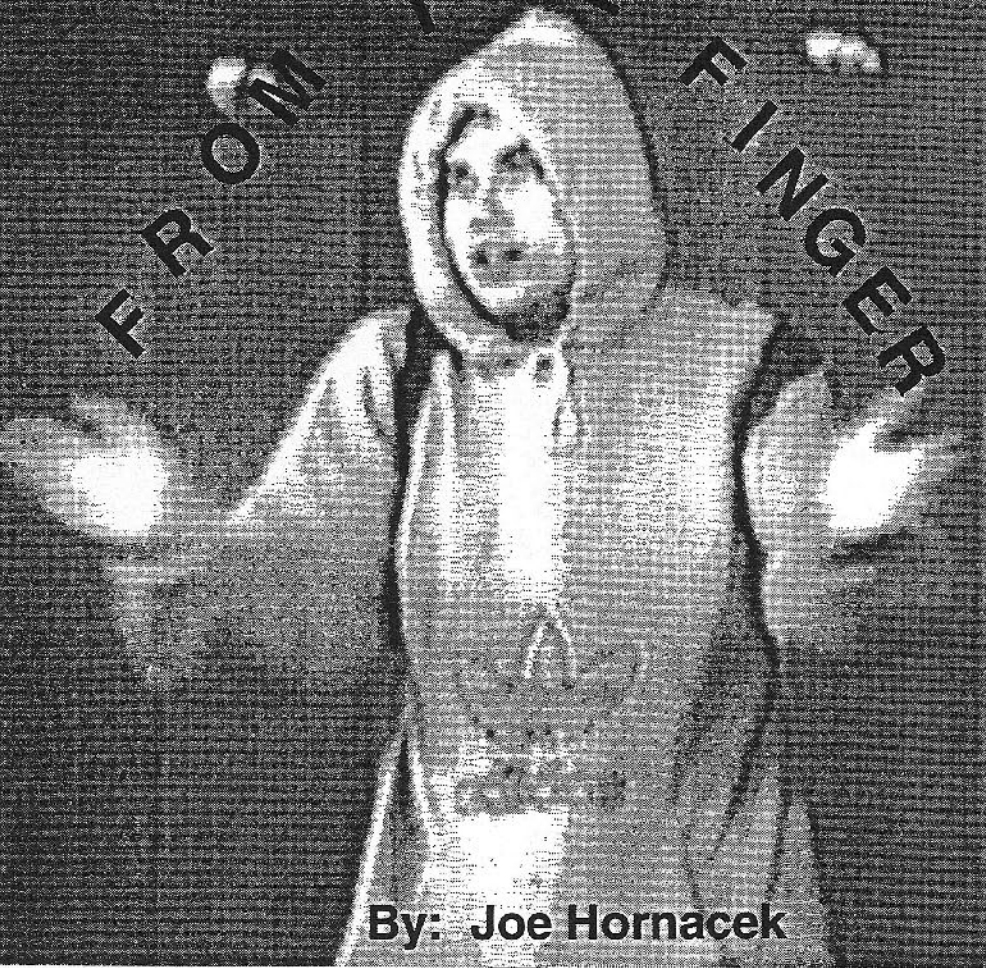
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Rochester Hills, MI. 48307

HOOFSIP-Almost as funny as hell



FROM THE FINGER



By: Joe Hornacek

"Seeing **7000 Dying Rats** is like petting a wild lion." - Jason Piekacz. This last June a lot of us here have been going to **7000 Dying Rats** shows and having a great time. I was impressed to see how the band has improved and grown. The band has this vibe that is hard to describe. It's kinda like saying, dangerous yet funny with a lot of soul, and they're neat to watch. This is the type of band that could save Michigan somehow, but I don't know how.

Wheeling your dealer. I will give you 50. It's worth 75. All I got is 50! Take it or leave it. Why don't you come back tomorrow? O.K. 60. 65 and you got yourself a deal. **SOLD!** A lot of bullshitting this month. Learning of list prices, how to deal with people, and ordering through the mail. All things that have been a monkey on our backs. We have tried to get package

deals through companies across the states, but when you buy video equipment, it's not possible. There's not that many video sales companies to deal with and they all know each other. I heard that the best time to buy a car is a month or so after Christmas. A time when the dealerships aren't as busy. But as far as buying video equipment, there was no red tag or blue light specials to be found. So the way we're going right now is looking for low priced stuff, shopping the price around, making sure what we are buying is actually what we want, and getting warranties.

Hoofsip will be going through a lot of changes in the next couple months, now that Danton has graduated and is back home with his team. Be on the lookout for a much better 'zine for your buck. Next month: Buck Rogers interview, Wilma Flintstone Hooker Team, and George Lucas Slimeball.

an interview with

THE PHOIDS

by: Dan Augustine.



*This interview with three of the four members of The Phoids (Matt, Jac, and Mike) was conducted last month over the phone. They were all talking to me using a speaker phone, so it was kind of difficult to make out what they were saying. Another handicap I experienced while transcribing this interview from tape to computer was the fact that all their voices sounded the same to me! At the very beginning of the interview, I tried to put a little a bit organization to the interview by having them say a color before they spoke, just so I would know who was saying what, but this failed. It failed because **The Phoids** are a bunch of anarchist punk rockers who say "Fuck the establishment! We won't listen to you, or anyone else, because we are punk rock, and we do whatever the fuck we want!" Yeah, whatever... So if any of these statements are misquotes, then blame it on the spirit of punk rock.*

DAN: What instruments do you guys all play?

MIKE: Matt plays the guitar, Jac is the lead singer and guitar player, and Mike is the drummer. There's another guy named Greg, who's the bass player.

DAN: Who's this talking right now?

MIKE: Mike.

DAN: Have the other guys say something, so I can distinguish voices when I transcribe this.

MATT: How you doing?

MIKE: Well, who are you?

MATT: Matt.

DAN: How about every time before you say something, you guys say a certain word?

Like Mike say "red", Matt can say "green", and Jac can say... Some other color.

JAC: I'll just speak in third person, like **Bob Dole**.

DAN: What are **The Phoids** all about?

MATT: We're about rock. Green guy said that.

DAN: Just straight-up rock?

MATT: We're about rock, and righting wrongs. Making things justice for people.

MIKE: We encourage smoking.

MATT: Smoking is highly recommended.

DAN: Have you guys had a chance to play out of New York yet?

MATT: Many times. We've played Continental, CBGB's...

JAC: No! He said *out* of New York!

MATT: Probably in 25 of these 50 great states. Where you from?

DAN: Michigan.

MATT: We played there.

DAN: Where at?

MATT: Kalamazoo, Club Soda.

DAN: That's **Glenn Miller's** hometown.

MIKE: We're big fans of his.

JAC: That whole genre.

MIKE: Jac likes "Barney Miller" too.

DAN: Who thought up of the name of your album, "Mushyheadedgoogoomouth"?

MATT: It's actually a line, in the fourth song, of the record.

DAN: Was it the nickname of one of you guys?

JAC: Yeah, the nickname of the bass player, Greg.

DAN: Did all you guys have nicknames in high school?

JAC: Yeah, I was called "The Slasher".

MATT: Mike was called "The Blade".

MIKE: Matt's nickname was "The Acting Commissioner of Major League Baseball".

DAN: Nicknames are usually shorter, so was his actual name longer than that?

MIKE: Sometimes they just called him "The Commish".

JAC: Greg's nickname is "Turkey Butt".

DAN: Who's the kid on the cover of "Mushyheadedgoogoomouth"?

MATT: That's my illegitimate son.

DAN: I was reading somewhere that it didn't cost you much to record that album. How'd you get off on such a good deal?

MATT: It cost like \$10.00 to make. What we did was it was like a self-addressed, stamped envelope type thing. Anyone who wanted an album had to send us a self-addressed, stamped envelope, so we knew it would cut down on recording costs.

DAN: You guys were friends with the guy who mixed down the album.

MATT: We were then. We're not anymore.

DAN: Did you guys get in a fist fight?

MIKE: We would run into each other with our stomachs. We don't use our fists. Peace and love.

DAN: Why'd you guys do a **Badfinger** cover?

JAC: We're fans of theirs for many years.

DAN: They play Holiday Inns now.

MATT: Two of the guys are dead! How in the hell are they doing that?

DAN: Well, **Mountain's** touring this year, and **Leslie West** is dead.

MATT: **Leslie West** is probably the greatest living rock-n-roll guitar player.

DAN: But he's dead.

MATT: He's not dead!

DAN: Yes he is!

MATT: No he's not!

DAN: He's dead!

MATT: He is not dead! I just read an article about him in "Guitar Player"! He's not dead! He has diabetes. He lost a lot of weight, maybe you didn't recognize him. He looks dead.

DAN: Maybe I'm thinking about the guy from **Canned Heat**.

JAC: One time, it was funny, because Matt's not the singer, but one time his ball was twisted up real good, like one of his balls, does that ever happen to you? I don't know... For some reason it was twisted. He's not usually the singer, but because his ball was twisted, he could sing like the singer from **Canned Heat**, and we thought that was a real gas, gas, gas.

MIKE: It was amazing.

DAN: Is the cover of your "Anymore" 7" symbolic of anything?

MIKE: Just our masterful artwork.

JAC: Our love of stick figure technology.

DAN: Yeah, it's like stick figures, yet you did them on a computer.

JAC: But it's also what happens to me every time I go out with a girl.

MATT: It's kind of a juxtaposition of computer technology with stick figure drawing.



DAN: One of you guys actually run Ng Records.

MATT: One of us does.

MIKE: We're not sure who. There's a rumor going around that one of us owns Ng

Records, but we're not sure who. It's weird, because the checks keep coming in, and we all get the same amount, so we're not sure exactly which one of us owns it.

JAC: We have a new record coming out. You can write about that.

DAN: What is it?

JAC: It's called "Mary Ann Doesn't Know Yet". It'll hit your local record store, August 6th. We'll send you a copy too.

MATT: You're gonna pay for it.

ALL THE PHOIDS: (laughs)

JAC: Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

DAN: Well, this rumor about one of you owning Ng Records, it's been leaked out to me, it's Mike.

MIKE: Yup, it's true.

DAN: You also have something to do with the movie, "Kids".

MIKE: Yes.

DAN: You knew I was gonna get around to this.

MIKE: Of course, it always comes up.

DAN: So you're the director? Producer?

MIKE: Producer and chief financier of the movie.

DAN: Do you have plans for any other movies?

MIKE: Yeah, we have three coming out this year. One which **The Phoids** star in. It's called "Light".

MATT: We're a military band, we're very good.

JAC: We're colossal.

MIKE: Then we have "The Funeral", that comes out in October.

DAN: Are you gonna have any of the stars from "Kids" still doing any movies with you?

MIKE: The guy who wrote the movie, I think he's still working on another one; writing it. And the director, he's doing a lot of videos right now, I don't think he's doing any movies just yet.

DAN: About my only other question is, where are you touring soon?

MIKE: We're going to Toronto this weekend for the North By Northeast Festival. After that it's pretty much World domination.

DAN: Do you have anything else you'd like to add?

JAC: You might want to add that we got a blend of **Eddie Money** in with the **Young Rascals**. That's pretty much our sound.

LF CHARACTERS

This time, LF Characters was done by our brotha in Berea - Jessey Rivera!

FELLATIO CHASE AND THE SPECIAL TEAMS

- His real name is Mark
- Likes jogging shorts
- He's "5 in a team"
- Likes choir
- Fights for justice in Canada, San Francisco, and Guatemala



OPPRESS MY PEOPLE NECK

- Eats lots of food
- Favorite movie is "X"
- Likes genres
- His poop is smelly
- He likes girls



CONTROL STICK HEAD

- Pleasures women well
- Needs money for an appendectomy
- Sad
- Has headaches
- Likes "Cagney & Lacey"



CORVETTE HAIRSTYLE

- Likes strip joints
- Has bad breath
- Gets excited over hot waxes
- Lives in Utica, MI.
- Likes California



THE TWIRLING TWOP

- Lives in a junkyard
- Hates afros
- Poops blue
- Makes out with "MEL-anie"
- Peees his pants



FACALOPIAN FACE

- Half brother with "Cornucopia Head"
- Makes out with "The Blue Traffic Light"
- Likes pop art
- Eats old "Smurf Berries" cereal
- Plays Atari 5200



CROWLEY'S



CORNER



Mr. Crowley:

I know I can, I know I can, I think I can, I think I can, I hope I can, I hope I can, I doubt I can, I doubt I can, I just don't know, what should I do?

-off track

The Little Train That Could

Train:

Choo-choo what thou wilt.

-A.C.



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ZINES REVIEWED BY: DAN AUGUSTINE

NO BETTER VOICE - #2, \$?.??, 24 pages:

Information on ska bands and bands out of Richmond, VA. Records reviewed, 'zines reviewed, straight-edge stuff, pictures to color, and fun stuff. (No Better Voice, 13970 Hillcrest St., Livonia, MI. 48154)

FLABBY ARMS - #6, .50, 28 pages:

Some people just don't know what's up. When they hear Molly and I bad mouthing each other, they think that we hate each other's 'zines. But it's all done in good nature.

After all, if Molly really hated HOOFSIP, do you think she would contribute as much art work to it that she does? If I really hated Flabby Arms, do you think I'd be reviewing it here? Anyway, now that I got that disclaimer out of the way, let me tell you about Michigan's number one "girlsy-'zine".

You know, stuff like clip art appears in here, along with ice cream reviews, comics, collages, a picture to color, and an article on cannibalism. This 'zine is "famous for nothing." (Molly B., 750 Ironwood, Rochester, MI. 48307)

PSYCHOMOTO ZINE - #7, free, 32 pages:

This is "the mini zine that got bigger". It features a lot of stuff. Ranging from near death experience stories of various people on the NYHC scene, to stories about brushes with fame, poop (of course, an issue of PMZ wouldn't be complete without one of these!), UFOs, heroin, ghosts, and other odd and of the wall subjects. There are also poems, letters, and reviews of films, music, and 'zines in here, along with excerpts from a book called "News Of The Weird".

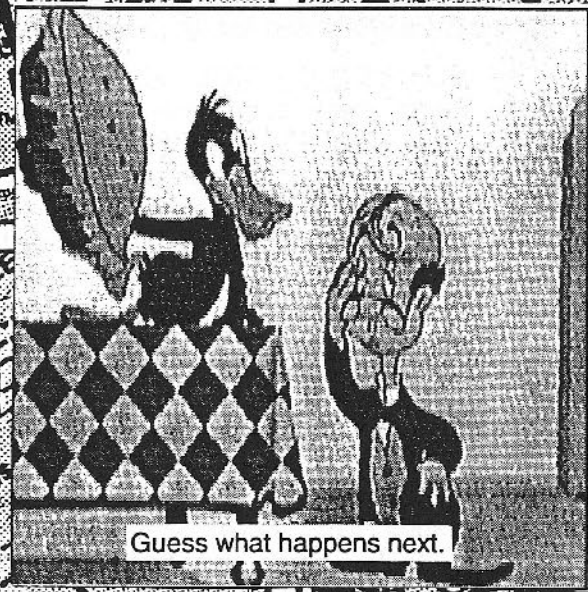
The best part of this, is I got paid for reading this 'zine. You see, I brought it to work to read on my break, but when I got there, the power was out, so the boss had me stick around for two hours to see if it would come back on. Well, it never came back on, and I spent most of those two hours reading PMZ!

This 'zine is free, but don't be an Ebenezer, send 'em a buck or two! (Psycho.Moto - Mini Zine, c/o Ethan, 45 Ave. B#2, New York, NY. 10009)

DUCK IN HERE! OO!

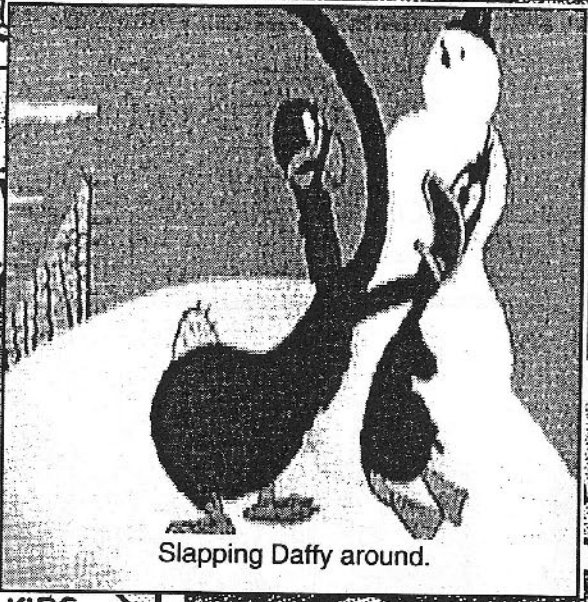
DAFFY DUCK CARTOONS REVIEWED BY: DAN AUGUSTINE

Some of the heroes in my life include Salvador Dali, Aleister Crowley, Iggy Pop, David Bowie, and... DAFFY DUCK! That is why I have decided to write this review column. It will appear in HOOFSIP occasionally, and it will be reviews of Daffy Duck cartoons. Most of these can be caught on such cable channels as TNT, TBS, or the Cartoon Network. Some may also be seen on your local TV channels.



Guess what happens next.

this time, and throws him in the oven. The cartoon ends with the oven being opened, and Daffy saying, "Say, now you're cooking with gas."



Slapping Daffy around.

THE WISE QUACKING DUCK - animation, Phil Malone; story, Warren Foster: In this cartoon Daffy is giving a character named Mr. Meek a hard time. And why shouldn't he? It's Mr. Meek that wants to chop off Daffy's neck and roast him! The first we see of Daffy in this cartoon, he has his neck stretched out across a stump. (How convenient!) Anyway, when Mr. Meek brings the ax down, Daffy jumps up, bawls Mr. Meek out, and slaps him with his beak. The chase then ensues. At one point, Daffy ducks (no pun intended) his head into his neck, and pours ketchup on himself. ("Gruesome, isn't it?") Thinking Daffy's dead, Mr. Meek returns to the house. Guess who he finds in the house drinking tea? If you guessed **Daffy Duck**, then give yourself a bone! The chase starts back up, and Daffy licks, bites, slaps, and throws all kind of food at Mr. Meek. When Daffy is finally caught, he volunteeringly gets into the oven himself - after doing a strip tease! But we know Daffy better than this. He won't give up this easily. He starts jumping around the house again. Mr. Meek captures him again, undresses Daffy himself

SO KIDS, MAIL IN YOUR

TOM TURK AND DAFFY - animation, Ken Harris; story, The Staff: Another cartoon that finds the teaming of **Daffy Duck** and **Porky Pig**. In this one, Daffy is trying to help a turkey hide from **Porky Pig**, who is trying to cook the turkey's goose. After Porky tells Daffy about all the trimmings he plans on having with the turkey when he catches it, Daffy becomes a stoolie. ("The yams did it!") The turkey, wise to Daffy's narning, puts his tail feathers on Daffy's ass. Thinking Daffy is the turkey, stupid ol' Porky starts chasing him with his musket. Eventually Daffy runs into the real turkey, and asks the turkey to help him hide. The cartoon comes full circle, with the shoe on the other foot. This time it's the turkey trying to help Daffy hide. This isn't one of Daffy's better cartoons, (not enough violence or memorable lines) but it's better than those stupid ones they made later, where he gets his tail feathers kicked by **Speedy Gonzales**.

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NASTY QUACKS - animation, Art Davis • I. Ellis • Richard Bickenbach; story, Warren Foster: A "doting father" gives his "cute little daughter" a "cute little duckling". The duckling grows up quite rapidly, and becomes - **Daffy Duck!** My favorite part of the whole cartoon follows. Daffy is being extremely obnoxious at the dinner table; laughing and yaking. The things he says are just outrageous! ("What a party! I never had so much fun! More people kicked in the shin!") Eventually he gets in a "sword fight" with the father - with butter knives!

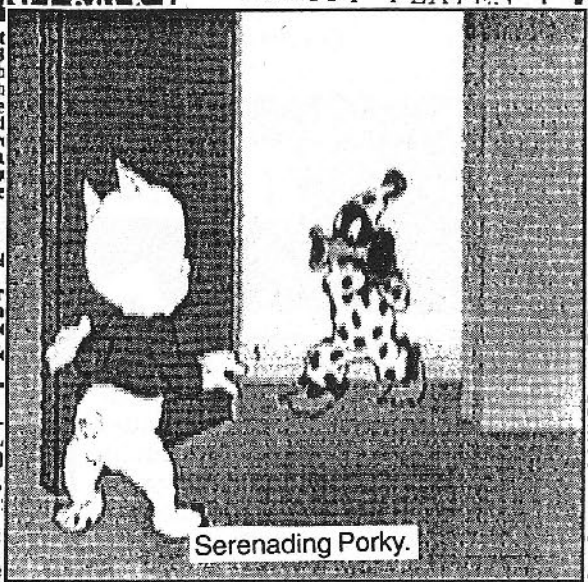
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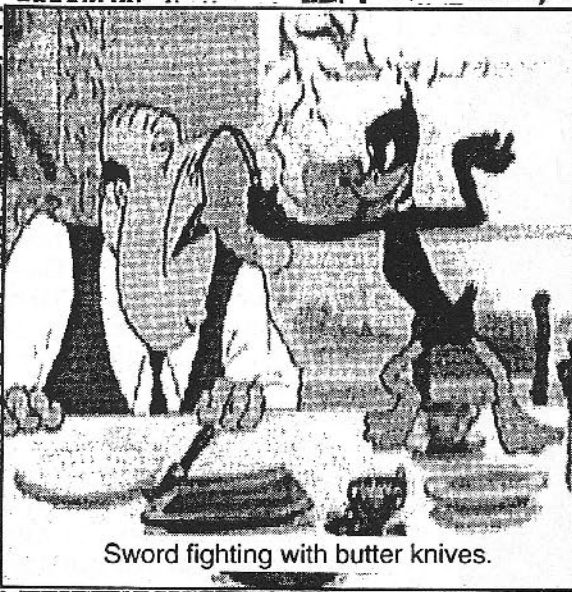
Serenading Porky.

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YANKEE DOODLE DAFFY - animation, Richard Bickenbach; story, Todd Pierce: This cartoon pairs two of the best talents in Toonville, **Porky Pig** and **Daffy Duck**. Porky is a talent scout, and Daffy comes along to show Porky his latest find. ("He's colossal, stupendous, one might even go as far as to say he's mediocre.") Instead of letting this "sensational discovery" do his thing, Daffy goes nuts in Porky's office, showing Porky everything the kid can do. Daffy breaks into song and dance, plays the banjo, and imitates **Carmen Miranda**. After awhile, Porky makes a break for the door, but every door he opens, he's greeted by Daffy dressed as a clown or cowboy. Finally Porky escapes, hops on a plane, and whose the pilot? It's Daffy! After jumping out the plane, and pulling his parachute chord, Porky floats down to earth with the aid of **Daffy Duck** - as his parachute! After chasing Porky back into the office, Porky finally agrees to "see what the kid can do". The kid then stands up, nonchalantly puts his lollipop in a guitar case, and sings an opera song. Kind of a dumb ending, but then again if Daffy hadn't demonstrated all the things that the kid could do, and let the kid do his thing right away, the whole cartoon would have been stupid. So we must thank Daffy for making "Yankee Doodle Daffy" as funny as he did!

(Highlight: During one part Daffy sings what is the only known words to the "William Tell Overture": "Over hill and over dale, we're always on the dusty trail, hunting fox and hunting quail, hi ho, I am a hunting fool...")

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Once again, like most Daffy cartoons, a chase ensues. The father tries to off Daffy by poisoning his water. But Daffy is too wise, and exchanges the glasses. The father drinks the poisoned liquid, and his head catches on fire. Next he tries fooling Daffy with a "duck mating call" whistle. This fails too. After threatening to leave, Daffy clobbers the father over the head with a suitcase. This must have knocked some sense into the father, for he gets an idea that totally turns the tide on Daffy. He goes out and purchases a new baby duck for his daughter. The daughter totally falls for the new duckling, and disses Daffy. But Daffy turns the tide back to his favor. He feeds the duckling vitamins, it grows up, it's a girl, and the cartoon ends with the chaotic dinner scene again. This time it's not only Daffy, it's his new girlfriend, and a bunch of little ducklings being obnoxious! A truly great moment in Hollywood!

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JOI

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The following is not a joke! It is an actual article that appeared in a "Better Homes and Gardens" book called "Guide To Entertaining", published in 1969. Reading it today lets us see how much times have changed since then.

On the opposite page is the exact same article with some changes made to match today's times.

TEEN SPECIAL OCCASIONS

Teen-agers love parties, especially when grown-ups are not present. There is little etiquette involved, just good fun. Celebrate teen birthdays, graduations, confirmations with a party. This might be a record party, an after-the-game dance, or dinner with friends downtown. The most popular—especially with the young ladies—is the slumber party.

But before you're confronted with a dozen or more teen-age girls armed with pajamas, records, and girl talk, there are a few things you should know.

First of all, a slumber party is a very popular social event. Secondly, there is very little slumber involved. And thirdly, the party can be easy, fun, and no trouble if you'll make the necessary preplanning arrangements.

Plan to have at least one adult on hand to supervise the party. And make sure the guests' parents know that an adult will be there. If at all possible, pick up the teen-agers so their parents won't be concerned about their arriving.

Friday nights are generally best for slumber parties, since Saturday is a "no-school" day. Saturday night is not good because you may find yourself returning guests for church services at odd hours Sunday morning.

Sleeping may be the least of anyone's worries, but it's your duty to see that there is a bed, sofa, or cot space for each guest. One answer to sleeping accommodations is to leave the beds only partially made (just sheets). As guests arrive, give each one a bed roll consisting of a blanket, pillow, towels, and washcloth. That way, if guests actually want to sleep—and in comfort—they can make up a bed for themselves. You

Teen-agers love sweets and they'll love an old-fashioned variety. You may not want to serve all of these in one evening, but two or three will score at the top. Sugared Nuts* are perfect for nibbling (your teen-ager can make them). Gingerbread boys on crisp apples are good party favors. Or serve cinnamon doughnuts with Hot Mulled Cider* and gingerbread squares or a spice layer cake.



may find the majority of guests will prefer curling up in a blanket on the floor watching TV or chatting. They'll be happier just left to their own devices rather than herded off to bed. Often teens will bring their own bed rolls.

Some extras to plan for include: a well-stocked medicine cabinet to ward off headaches or upset stomachs; some extra toothbrushes for those who may have dashed off without theirs.

The food you'll need for a slumber party may vary, but one successful plan is to have appetizers on hand during the early part of the evening and then serve a midnight buffet supper. Casseroles and oven dishes are best. They'll be ready whenever your teen-age hostess wants to serve. You might set out dinnerware, beverages, rolls, and condiments before retiring.

Stock your refrigerator with plenty of milk, soft drinks, and fruit. Have cookies, crackers and chips on hand, too, for nighttime nibblers. It might be a good idea to have popcorn fixings and candy ingredients available in case someone decides to take over the kitchen in the wee, small hours.

Plan an easy breakfast that can be set out the night before and eaten in shifts as the guests awaken. Let your hostess instruct her guests there will be fruit juice in the refrigerator, cold cereal and sweet rolls for a "serve yourself" breakfast. Or you may provide bacon and eggs for a young chef.

As far as entertainment is concerned, chances are the most popular entertainment will be girl talk and giggling, but have something else available just in case. Provide several popular games; have some teen-interest magazines and, by all means, a record player.

Try to limit records, dancing, piano playing, singing, and other noisy entertainment to the hours before midnight.

After breakfast, ask if any of your guests would like to be driven home. A general exodus should take place no later than ten o'clock.

UPDATED

TEEN SPECIAL OCCASIONS

UPDATED

UPDATED

Teen-agers love parties, but only when grown-ups are not present. There is no etiquette involved, just illegal activities. Celebrate teen birthdays, graduations, parents leaving town for the weekend, with a party. This might be a **drug party**, a **drinking party**, or a rave with friends downtown. The most popular - especially with the **horny ones** - is the **orgy**.

But before you're confronted with a **hundred** or more **horny teen-agers** armed with **condoms**, **Barry White records**, and **street slang**, there are a few things you should know.

First of all, an **orgy** is a very popular social event. Secondly, there are **no ogres** involved. And thirdly, the **orgy** can be easy, fun, and no trouble if you'll make the necessary preplanning arrangements.

Plan to have at least one **camcorder** on hand to **video tape** the **orgy**. And make sure the guests' parents know **nothing about the orgy**. If at all possible, pick up the teen-agers when their parents aren't around.

Any night of the week is good for an **orgy**, since everyday should be a "no-school" day. Saturday night is especially good because **most teen-agers worship Satan**, and you will not find yourself returning guests for church services at odd hours Sunday morning.

Getting laid may be the least of anyone's worries, but it's your duty to see that there is a bed, sofa, or cot space for each guest. One answer to sex accommodations is to leave the beds only partially made.



(Hell, just make sure some beds are there!) As guests arrive, give each one a **sex packet** consisting of a **leather mask**, **KY Jelly**, a **dildo**, and an **enema**. That way, if guests actually want to get **kinky** - and in comfort - they can make up some **games** for themselves. You may find the majority of guests will prefer **fucking on a blanket on the floor**, **moaning and groaning**. They'll be happier just left to their **S&M devices** rather than **jacking off in bed**. Often teens will bring their own **fuck buddy**.

Some extras to plan for include: a **well-stocked box of condoms** to ward off **pregnancies** or **STDs**; some extra **dildos** for those who may have dashed off without their **partner(s)**.

The food you'll need for an **orgy** may vary, but... Aw hell, you don't need **food** at an **orgy**! People came to **fuck**, not eat!

As far as entertainment is concerned, chances are the most popular entertainment will be **fucking** and **sucking**, but have something else available just in case. Provide several **sex games**; have some **porn magazines** and, by all means, **people to have sex with**.

Try to limit **small talk**, **foreplay**, **getting to know the person**, and other forms of **communication**, and just get on with the **fucking**.

After the **orgy**, ask if any of your guests would like to be driven home. (Then have sex with them one more time - in your car!)

(This section of the 'zine by: Dan Augustine.)

an interview with
DURANGO 95

by: Dan Augustine.

featuring profiles of the band members

DAVIES' PROFILES



HOT GUY

HOME Madison Fuckin' Heights, Dade

AGE 3000 57439 & 1/2

PROFESSION Buffalo Chip Chucker

HOBBIES Tree Hunting

LAST BOOK READ Make her say "yeah!" by Todd Pratt

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT Making my third nipple lactate.

QUOTE "Can't find it, Grind It!"

PROFILE Diapered and powdered, give him 5 minutes and he's apt to be naughty!

DRINK Man Juice

**DAVIES
PRODUCTIONS**

DAVIES' PROFILES



DJ FUCAR

HOME Where the Buffaloes roam

AGE 26

PROFESSION DJ Ya Fucar!

HOBBIES Tripping the light fandango while turning cartwheels across the floor!

LAST BOOK READ Playboy's party games (1973)

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT Getting my G.E.D

QUOTE "You gonna eat that?"

PROFILE Lumpy boy, likes ballcaps, collecting Billy Beer, digs Journey

DRINK Stemo and Bathwater

**DAVIES
PRODUCTIONS**

DAVIES' PROFILES



EL T-BRO

HOME Paw Paw

AGE 10

PROFESSION Durango 95

HOBBIES Thumb Wrestling, Kung Foo

LAST BOOK READ Everybody Poops!

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT Dislocating my fucking shoulder.

QUOTE "You're going down!"

PROFILE Slim, Trim, and digs silky trim!

DRINK Bongwater.

**DAVIES
PRODUCTIONS**

Davies Productions, best known for 7000 Dying Rats, Phühnogg, and Beaver Shoot, does it again. Another band of "in-your-face, insult rock/rap". This time around it's a band called Durango 95, and last month I sat down with the three members of the band at Hot Guy's pad, and talked about the following shit:

DAN: Would you say this band takes the best elements of Beaver Shoot and Phühnogg and combines them into one band?

HOT GUY: Yeah. It definitely does. It's not as jokey as Phühnogg. It's not all about smoking a bowl and licking someone's pole, man! We get a lot more deeper, and it's not all about pussies and dicks.

DAN: More of an anti-pornography group?

HOT GUY: Yeah, we're total emo-core, emo-rap. We're gonna go on our Shudder To Think tour. (laughs)

DAN: So, pornography is still present in the music, but not as much as it was with Beaver Shoot?

HOT GUY: It's buried beneath a whole layer of effects pedals and bad production. If it sounds good, it's because of me, if it sounds bad, it's because of E**c.

E**C: DJ Fucar.

HOT GUY: That's DJ Fucar. You can blotch that out.



DAN: We can't let your real names get out.
HOT GUY: That's right, we're like KISS. (laughs).

DAN: What are some of the samples that you use?

HOT GUY: Well, from number one, we don't sample anything from a funk band. No George Clinton, no James Brown, no funky drummer, nothing like that. We sample John Zorn, Fugazi, Malcom McLaren. Kelly Brown from 89X is on

there. She's the one that says, "They have a great local label, Davies Productions." So I kept doing that over again. I even told the bitch about it too.

ALL OF DURANGO 95: (laughs)

DAN: Scratch that part?

HOT GUY: Nah, keep it in. Keep controversy.

DJ FUCAR: She use to buy me beer.

DAN: She's older than you?!

DJ FUCAR: Much.

HOT GUY: Yeah, we're not all 40 here.

DJ FUCAR: Only T-Bro. (laughs)

DAN: I brought along these biographies that came with your "Lives Ruined By Music" 7". So I'll ask you some questions about these, see if anything has changed since these were written.

DAN (to T-Bro): Now why do you have "10" as your age?

DJ FUCAR: He's being quirky.
HOT GUY: He's being weird.
T-BRO: I was a little fruity that day.
DAN: Do you prefer younger women?
HOT GUY: He's (*T-Bro*) got one living with him right now. She's the youngest woman I've ever seen him with.
DAN: What age bracket of women do you guys usually go for? Older? Younger? About the same?
HOT GUY: Old enough to set the table, old enough to eat.
ALL OF DURANGO 95: (*laughs*)
DAN (*to Hot Guy*): For your age, you have "3000.57439 & 1/2".
HOT GUY: That's rounded to the nearest decimal. I was trying to be quirky...
DJ FUCAR: ...and failing miserably.
(*laughs*)
T-BRO: We knew we'd get questioned about it someday.
HOT GUY: We knew HOOFSIP was gonna talk to us about it.
DAN: Now **Durango 95** is the name of a car in the book "A Clockwork Orange". It's also the name of a song by the **Ramones**. Which was the one that you took from?
HOT GUY: From "A Clockwork Orange". In fact, we sampled that movie in that song "Smoking Panocha".

A few more questions were asked here, nothing of great importance. Just stuff

like, "What's your favorite drink?", in which such answers as "Man Juice." was given, and "What was the last book you read?" in which they answered by making up book titles about gay sex and saying "By: (name of Durango 95 member here)" The reason these questions and answers aren't printed out in interview format, is because my tape recorder's batteries clunked out on me. When I noticed that this happened, Hot Guy went into another room, and came back out wearing a dress... No! He came back with some new batteries for me! I put them in my tape recorder, and continued with the interview.

DAN: I'd hate to ask all those questions again.
T-BRO: Did you get the new CD re-mixes on there? Or did that cut off?
DJ FUCAR: Well, say it again anyway.
HOT GUY: Okay, the new album by us, "Triumph Of The Ill", is out on cassette, should be out on CD by the fall, it'll have four re-mixes of the songs on that record by **Messiana, Japanese Comedy Torture Hour, Princess Dragon Mom, and Mersbow.**

DAN: Are you guys queer-core?
HOT GUY: We're total emo-queer-core, and we don't drink, smoke, or use products that were tested on animals.
DJ FUCAR: (*burps*) But we do suck dick.
HOT GUY: That's right, lots of it. Our new album's gonna be called "Semen Semen Semen..."
DJ FUCAR: ...Where Do I Get More?"
ALL OF DURANGO 95: (*laughs*)
DAN: What's your fantasy date?
HOT GUY: Me and **Ernest Borganine**, wrapped up in a towel, shoved up someone's ass. I just wanna see this shit in print.
(*laughs*)
DAN: It will be in print. You're gonna regret some of the things you've said.
HOT GUY: I don't know, I'm pretty shameless.
DAN: Was **Durango 95** formed last year?
HOT GUY: Actually, to be quite anal, it was formed back in the summer of '93, and **Shaun Collins of Heavy Pink Insulator** use to be in **Durango 95**, and I booted his ass, and got **T-Bro, DJ Fucar.**

DAN: Was the band broken up for awhile, and then got back together?
HOT GUY: Sort of. I played a couple of gigs with Shaun, one at a Rochester party, and a couple at a couple of bars. And it just sort of fizzled out, but I knew I wanted to keep rapping, and since we all ready had a tape out, I decided to keep the name, keep the whole concept, just get better people in the band. And we've all ready played a couple gigs.
DJ FUCAR: Our first gig was out in Rhode Island.
HOT GUY: Fifteen hour drive to fuckin' play with a bunch of hard-core kids, and it was fun.
DAN: Well, I guess I asked everything I wanted to know.
HOT GUY: Just remember this killer quote: "HOOFSIP is gay, but it's a good gay, a **George Clooney** gay." (*laughs*)

DURANGO 95

**DAVIES
PRODUCTIONS**

CONCERNING CONCERTS

SPECIAL EDITION - ALL 7000 DYING RATS' SHOW REVIEWS!

All right, so last month I went and saw 7000 Dying Rats in concert three (that's 3) times! Why did I do this? Well, maybe because they seldom play live shows, and June was a blessing, because they not only played once, they not only played twice, but they played three times! Three times is a charm! Another reason I went and saw them, is because 7000 Dying Rats aren't pussies! These guys know how to rock-n-roll! And I'm proud to say that they are my friends!

LARVAL WITH SLOT AND 7000 DYING RATS - 6-7-96, Alvin's:

The lights grew dim, the fine young men wearing suits and ties walked out onto stage, and the music started. A lovely rendition of Journey's "Open Arms". Then, all hell broke loose. A couple of thugs from Daytona Beach came crashing onto stage, waving large inflatable beer bottles, and hooting and hollering about spring break. The band followed suit and launched into some of the most obnoxious noise ever experienced. The "Spring Break Dudes" bonged beers and actually pulled out a weight bench and started lifting weights while the band wailed away. As this performance went on, many things started flying about the place. Electric fans, beer bongs, and bodies. This, of course, was 7000 Dying Rats.

Next up was Slot. I jokingly yelled something at the band (I can't remember what), and they asked me to get up on stage and dance. So there was Jason and I, up on stage, and doing all kinds of crazy things. It got to the point that we were doing all kinds of pointless things, such as holding chairs over our heads and throwing toilet paper at the band. We think that the band members were confused by our avant garde stupidity, because they kicked me off stage (literally), and got mad at us. After their performance (which we actually liked, too bad we have weird ways of showing our love), we talked to the band members and told them we thought they were cool. I think they understand us now. However, I think the drummer still hates us.

Then finally, Larval played. A real cool, all instrumental, jazz/fusion/rock band. They were all very good musicians, and I found out from one of them, that they record on John Zorn's label. Too cool! By the time they did their last song, there was Jason and I, giving our "2-Chair Salute". One of the band members picked up the toilet paper roll that was still lying on stage from the Slot performance, and played his guitar with it.

About a week after this show, Jason and I were at some punk rock show at Pharaoh's Golden Cup, Jason repeated his "toilet paper antics" with one of the bands there, and they too got mad and confused! Someday, Jason will make his "toilet paper antics" understood by bands across the world. As a matter of fact, look for an article in an upcoming HOOFSIP by Jason Piekacz in which he will try to explain the connection between punk rock and toilet paper.

PORN FLAKES WITH GRADY'S RIPPLE AND 7000 DYING RATS - 6-16-96, The Magic Stick: Got there a little late, missed Grady's Ripple, but heard from someone there that they played jazz-like music.

7000 Dying Rats played next, and all though they didn't have much of a stage show this time, they still rocked the place. Doing about 20 songs in a half hour, they did good! By the end of the set, Toney (one of the vocalists), had his pants off and was standing on stage in his underwear.

Then Porn Flakes played, and these guys fuckin' sucked! They were on some sort of stupid Ohio tip, and kept dissin' Detroit! What's up wit' that! Making snide remarks like, "Where's Ted Nugent", they really pissed us off! Fuck them! I hope Uncle Ted pumps their lame ass full of lead! They did have three fans though, three stupid bitches who also were dating members of the band. Gee, I wonder why they like Porn Flakes. I guess the band was suppose to shock people, but they just sucked. They even had some dumb hippie friend of theirs get on stage and introduce them by saying something like, "This band has been known to shock people." Well, if



they're known to shock people, then why the hell do they need some dumb hippie telling us this? So anyway, these guys come out on stage, throwing marshmallows at my friends and I, and squirting water on us! Well, we figure that they are joking around, so we start throwing stuff back at them. Nothing wrong with that! Then Jason pulled out the toilet paper - again! This is when stupidity reigned supreme! Their dumb girlfriends get mad at us, and start getting in our faces! Once again, I must say, "What's up wit' that?" The night ended with us flipping the band off, spitting at them, and walking out on them, the whole time yelling "FUCK YOU!" **Porn Flakes** are stupid!

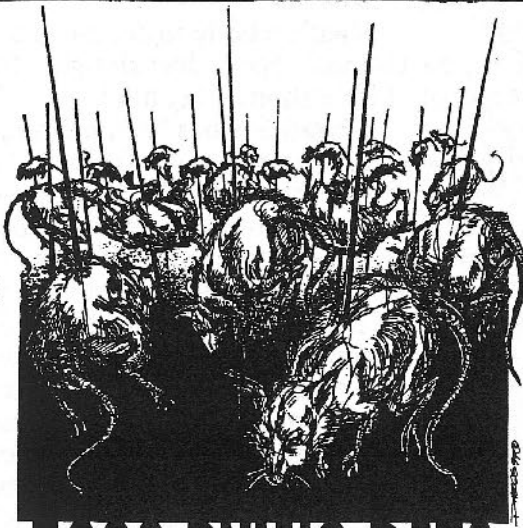
LIMINAL WITH 7000 DYING RATS - 6-21-96, Zoot's Coffeehouse: Right as I was walking up the steps, I heard **7000 Dying Rats** launch into their first song. We hurried and paid and ran in. What a shock! The place was packed. Usually at a **7000** show, we can show up any time and still be guaranteed a good seat. Well, this time, all the good seats were taken. So we had to go all the way to the back of coffeehouse, and stand on chairs, just to see them! What's with the sudden interest in **7000** all of a sudden? Maybe it has something to do with the article that "Metro Times" ran the week of this show, the article all about Detroit noise rock, in which **7000 Dying Rats** was mentioned.. Anyway, this time they had one of the best stage acts yet! They were dressed in black robes and "gothic" make-up. They had candles, upside-down crosses, and medieval axes (plastic) incorporated into their act. They did a cover of **Ozzy Osbourne's** "Bark At The Moon", in which **Toney** muttered all the words to the song!

And yes, he removed his pants during this show too. It was a perfect parody of a death metal performance, and they were louder than **Blue Cheer** that night.

About an hour later, **Liminal** played, but it was well worth the wait. It took them so long to set up, because they had this big-ass sampler they had to set up, along with other weird machines with lots of knobs and switches. They also had a flutist, drummer, guitarists, and other players. What was neat about their set, is as they set up, tuned up, played, disassembled their instruments, and put them away, it was all done in one breath. You couldn't really tell when they "officially" started! It was cool! Anyway,

this is a noise band that I definitely want to see again!

And now for a funny story about something that happened the night of this show. There was a person at this show, I seriously couldn't tell you if it was a male or female, but anyway, this person kept complimenting me on my combat boots. I, personally was getting tired of wearing these combat boots. I've had them for about two years, and they looked like shit. They were all ugly, and full of holes. So, I took my boots off, and gave them to this person. I said, "If you like them so much, you can have them!" The person then asked me what size I wear, I said, "8 1/2." This person said that he/she wore 8 1/2 too, so this person gave me his/her shoes. They were **Chuck Taylors**, and the cool thing is, I was planning on getting myself a pair of **Chuck Taylors** soon. So I was happy and the other person was happy! So peace out!



7000 DYING RATS



"The historians and archaeologists will one day discover that the ads of our time are the richest and most faithful daily reflections that any society ever made of its entire range of activities." - Marshall McLuhan, "Understanding Media"

Quick, what's the first thing that comes to mind when I say "Ex-Lax"?

Welcome to America, land of opportunism, a place where the subtle art of suggestion is practiced with hammer blows. Our goggle-eyed fascination with free enterprise, that socially sanctioned right to be exploitative in the name of profit, is an obsession surpassing even universal vehicular fetishism. In other words, process is our most important product.

Advertising, America's premier art form, gobbles up the cleverest writers and artists faster than university programs can pump them out. Immersed in the creation of cultural superficialities, these young people keep our nation strong by reinforcing its core values. And in America there's nothing more fundamental than the Chamber of Commerce. I love what you do for me.

Persuasion is our collective psychopathology. Each citizen is not just reached out and touched, but positively molested by sales chutzpah. Cultural historian Neil Postman estimates that an average American kid will view over a million television commercials by age 21. Never underestimate the power of hype.

Thanks to advertising, Americans are not just better informed, they're terminally overinformed. The result of this superfetation is not cultural fecundity, but creative miscarriage. Agencies and sales analysts are concerned. The public's retention rate is a major topic at marketing seminars. Your way right away.

Ad culture, the medium in which we're drowning, is so pervasive, invasive, and subversive that a vocabulary critical of its activities barely exists. Among a people as self-conscious as Americans this is either an incredible lapse of awareness, or a public relations scam. Be young. Have fun. Drink Pepsi. Get Laid.

We all seem to know and accept the burden of advertising. "Ads are not meant for conscious consumption", McLuhan wrote. "They are intended as subliminal pills for the subconscious in order to exercise an hypnotic spell..." This once prophetic observation is now a shopworn truism, implicitly understood by every high school freshman. Even our critical thinkers seem to accept it. Portland artist Tad Savinar claims the word teLEVISION is a pitch for blue jeans. The touch, the feel of

Just

Do It

Just

Say No

by: David Stairs

cotton, the fabric of our lives.

My 12 year old son, whose memory is like a giant sponge sopping up cultural waste water, is a walking ad slogan anthology. Maybe one day this peculiar talent will stand him in good stead. Then again, that's a big maybe. Not that I'm bucking to have him memorize the Jabberwocky, but something tells me he'd be better served by Lewis Carroll than by any of the advertising sharps trying to cadge his meager allowance. Take a run for the border.

Which brings me to my number one gripe about advertising rhetoric: If knowledge is power and we've substituted information for knowledge, then either we're pretty unknowledgeable, mighty unempowered, or both. In "Amusing Ourselves To Death" Postman puts it a bit more darkly. "When a population becomes distracted by trivia, when cultural life is redefined as a perpetual round of entertainments, when serious public conversation becomes a form of baby talk, when, in short, a people becomes an audience and their public business a vaudeville act, then a nation finds itself at risk..."

Does Postman overstate the case? Generally. Any plutocratic, pluralistic, dynamically amok society is bound to be at risk in half a million different ways. It's just a bit more heroic to think of the cultural death Postman refers to in terms of a civil blood bath than a deluge of baby talk. Mikey likes it.

What's a body to do, move to Papua-New Guinea? Naw. Just sit tight. Stay cool. Life's short. Play hard.

Advertising has been building to a crescendo for well over 200 years. We can lament the cacophony of our surroundings, or we can act to improve them. Sales rhetoric is pervasive, but that doesn't mean one can't regard it with a skeptical eye, bathe in it a little less frequently, and assume personal responsibility for nuking all collateral product tie-ins. Learning to interpret commercial rhetoric puts people in control of their own improved intellectual hygiene. Now that's real empowerment.

But beware. We went to Nashville, where chicken is king, to ask, "How can we make fried chicken better?" And what we found out you wouldn't want to know.

David Stairs, art editor of "Northwest Review", has sold enough advertising to know better.

HOOFSPIN

Recordings reviewed by: Dan Augustine

(except for the first one, that was reviewed by: Shane Oesterling)

THE GODRAYS - "Songs For TV Stars": Kinda reminds me of being in the tree fort at grandma's house in the city. This band is a little on the mellow side, the first song, "Comforting Joe", brought back memories of listening to Pavement. If there weren't any classifications to put these guys in, such as indie rock, I would call it tree fort music. (Vernon Yard, 104 W. 29th St., New York, NY. 10001)

WENDY MOTEN - "Life's What You Make It": What's this? This ain't rock-n-roll, this is easy listening R&B stuff. My mom might give this a great review (*note: I gave this to my mom, and she didn't really like it.) Me? I don't go for this kind of music, but I suppose if you listen to lite FM, you'd like this. Includes covers of The Rascals' "People Gotta Be Free", The Police's "When The World Is Down", and the title track is a cover of a Talk Talk song. The rest of the stuff is original, but bores a rock-n-roller like me. Wendy Moten has opened for Michael Bolton. Do you understand what kind of music it is now? Hey! Stop sending me this stuff! I love rock-n-roll! (I.R.S.)

THE PHOIDS - "Mushyheadedgoogoomouth": I reviewed these guys' 7" a few issues back. I compared their sound to Nirvana. When I played the 7" for Joe, he said it remind him of J. Mascis. Now I see what Joe means. This CD has a very J. Mascis sound. There was still a song or two that reminded me of Nirvana, but most reminded me of J. Mascis. Why do I like this band? I don't really care for J. Mascis or Nirvana!?! (Ng, 622 Broadway #4B, New York, NY. 10012)

HEADCRASH - "Overdose On Tradition": This band's press kit describes them as a "techno-thrash band with thrashing hip-hop vocals". I thought very little about the vocals was hip-hop. I felt most of it was hardcore sounding, although some of the vocals are rap like. The songs with a "rapmostphere" to them I liked best. Too bad most of it was hardcore sounding though. The album's overall message is

cool, it's against selling out and corporations. I just wish more of it could

have been rap. (Discovery)

SOUL ODDITY - "The Capsule": A couple guys who dig aliens and Atari(!) making music that will remind you of aliens and Atari. I almost saw 8-bit graphic blobs while listening to this music. Very, very techno. (Astralwerks/Caroline)

WINDY + CARL - "Drawing Of Sound": Ambient music that lives up to the first half of it's name. (It reminds me of a "windy" day.) Unfortunately it didn't "blow me away". Har-dee-har-har. Lot's of it sounds like a U2 song that can't take off. (Boy! I am just full of puns!) (Icon, P.O. Box 1746, Royal Oak, MI. 48068)

SPOT - "Removals... Other Isms": Producer of many early '80s punk bands, Spot tries to keep his own recordings low-key. He does "rock-a-billy/cow punk/Celtic music". I like this, and it amazes me when I like something that's so "unrock". (No Auditions, P.O. Box 49767, Austin, TX. 78765)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Detroit: Beyond The Third Wave": Some mellow and laid back, other tracks are hopping. An okay representation of Detroit's techno scene. My favorite tracks are K. Hand's "Come On Now Baby" and Mode Selector's "Last Trip". (Astralwerks/Caroline)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "This Is Dojo • Sampler 1996": Dojo Records comes to America, and brings us a V/A disc of true old school. Sham 69, The Exploited, The Selector, Bad Manners, The Damned, The 4-Skins, and even Motorhead. There are other groups too. We all know this is good music. Dojo will be re-releasing more old school discs in the months to come. Look forward to getting them. (Dojo, F.D.R. Station, P.O. Box 684, New York, NY. 10150)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "The Miracle Of Levitation (Experimental Sounds From The United States And Japan)": This is a must have for any noise fan! I'm not kidding! Features 20 different noise bands doing what they do best - noise! Using everything from tape loops, to samples, to loud guitars, to god knows what! Features 7000 Dying Rats, Liminal, Melt Banana, and 17 more!

Get this! Get this! Get this! (Gentle Giant, P.O. Box 50013, Kalamazoo, MI. 49005)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "Skunk Records":

Three groups on the Skunk Records label strut their stuff. **Sublime**, **Slightly Stoopid**, and **The Ziggens**. Ska, punk, surf, pop. (Skunk, 203 Argonne #202, Long Beach, CA. 90803)

VARIOUS ARTISTS - "L.T.J. Bukem Presents Logical Progression":

This is a two disc set of dance music. Disc A contains a lot of good beats to dance to, and almost every song features some girl wailing lyrics that are hard to understand. But when you're at a dance party you usually don't pay much attention to what's being sung anyway. It's the beat that's important.

There's one song on here by PFM featuring someone by the name of **Conrad** on vocals. This guy sounds like he's a big man who could kick most our asses. Very deep voice sounding. The next disc does feature some tracks with vocals, but for the most part, it's mostly vocal-less. This one features a track by legendary DJ **Jam Master Jay**. Quite a surprising track too. It's kind of ambient sounding; a lot different than the heavy bass thing he was doing with **Run DMC**. (FFRR, Worldwide Plaza, 825 Eighth Ave., New York, NY. 10019)

PATO BANTON & THE REGGAE

REVOLUTION - "Stay Positive": Side one is pretty tolerable. Classic reggae sound and horn section that reminded me of old school ska. (You know, like early '60s stuff, not the new "in-your-face" frat boy ska.)

Includes a cover of **The Rascals** "Groovin'". Side two isn't as good. My friend Ellie says it's over produced. I think it's too R&B sounding. This side has a cover of **The Police**'s "Spirits In The Material World", featuring **Sting** himself dueting. (What's up with I.R.S. bands doing **Rascals** and **Police** covers? - See **Wendy Moten**'s "Life's What You Make It" review.) (I.R.S.)

SLOT - "Rule Of :45" I can't really describe this one. I was told it was typical alt-rock, but I think it's a bit more than that. Reminds me of creeping up on someone, but my avant-garde stupidity doesn't help anyone. But believe me, when I say it's "creepy", I don't mean it's bad. (Third Gear, P.O. Box 1886, Royal Oak, MI. 48068 or Slot, P.O. Box 20625, Ferndale, MI. 48220)

SUPER JUNKY MONKEY - "Parasitic People": A female Japanese group that kicks the shit out of **Shonen Knife**. No bubble gum rock here. More on the tip of old school Detroit rock musicians teaching the **Boredoms** a trick or two. My favorite track is the cover of "See Me, Feel Me", originally done by one of the greatest bands of all time, **The Who!** (TriStar Music)

BARKMARKET - "Vegas Throat":

Comparison time: **Henry Rollins** and **Ɔop Shoot Ɔop**. Two bands I like, therefore, I like this band. This one's on "Def American", which later became just "American". In other words, this one's kind of old. As a matter of fact, it was released in 1991. It's just that American recently sent me a copy, so I thought I'd review it. (Def American)

BARKMARKET - "Gimmick": Another **Barkmarket** CD, this one's a bit newer. It's 1993, and by this time, it's just American. Pretty much the same sounding as the one above, although it does start to branch off into a more experimental side. About equally enjoyable as "Vegas Throat". (American)

BARKMARKET - "Lardroom": I don't know why American decided to send me three **Barkmarket** CDs, especially since none of them are new, but at least it let me hear the progress the band has made in three years. This one's a 1994 EP, and I can hear the group branching farther away from the comparisons and more towards an established sound of their own. I can't wait for their new one to come out, and it's cool to see **Dave Sardy** (**Barkmarket**'s guitar and voice) producing albums now for **Ɔop Shoot Ɔop** and **Slayer**. (American)

QUINTAINE AMERICANA - "Needles": Another small-town hick band making hardcore music. Yawn. How come all these bands from hick towns feel the need to make hardcore music? Probably because they were raised on shitty heavy metal music, and that's all they have to inspire them. These guys even brag in their press kit about how they're stupid hicks. ("Quintaine Americana come from a place where Ford pick-ups and duck shooting hold a certain ground to the local rock scene.") Uh...

Yeah. Remind me to *never* go to Mississippi. (CherryDisc, P.O. Box 990424, Boston, MA. 02199)

ORBITAL - "In Sides": It was nice to listen to this one. It's a two CD set, and it takes techno/dance music into a whole new area. Elements of rock, noise, classical music, and psychedelia fill this. The music even has a certain "grace" to it. This is just amazing. (Internal/FFRR)

PARK GRUBBS - "Calls To Rednecks": I guess this is suppose to be funny, but I didn't laugh once at it. What this is, is a collection of prank phone calls that a guy who calls himself **Park Grubbs** made to southerners (a.k.a rednecks). It'd be funny if a stereotypical redneck with an I.Q. of 1 picked up the phone, and had no idea what was up, but that doesn't happen. As a

matter of fact, every time Park Grubbs starts to get sassy on the phone, the "redneck" usually hangs up on him! What's so funny about that? If he kept them on the line, and they made fools of themselves, then it'd be funny. But that just doesn't happen. I'll stick with The Jerky Boys. Now there's a couple guys who know how to prank! (BDG, P.O. Box 16184, Newport Beach, CA. 92659)

FIREMOUNT - "Do Not Tailgate": These Swedish punk rockers got nothing on Millencolin. When I listen to Millencolin, I feel like pogoing around and singing along. When I listen to these guys, I'm bored! More like cheesy hard rock than punk. Maybe that's why they won Sweden's equivalent of a Grammy for "best hard rock band". Some of the songs on this also appear on the "Kilotin" EP. (American)
7000 DYING RATS - "Triple 7" Box Set": A collection of 7"s that shows the "progress" that 7000 Dying Rats has made since their incarnation. The first 7" is the "We're Making People Happy" EP. I owned this EP on cassette about a year and a half ago, and the weird thing is, on the version that comes with this box set, there are more songs on this 7", then on the cassette. That's cool. It contains some of the same and some different. Cool screaming and frantic instrument playing mark this 7", which is actually their first demo. The "Good Luck's A Comin'" 7" shows much progress in their sound. Still a

lot of screaming and frantic instrument playing, but getting silly too. Demented children's tunes like "Headcrusher", stupid heavy metal ballads like "Chubby", and a cover of Edgar Winter's "Frankenstein" to boot! "The Brothers Quay" 7" doesn't really have as much screaming and frantic stuff as the other two 7"s, but it does have a more jazz and fusion sound to it, plus the addition of saxophone, and more use of tape loops. (Stomach Ache, APDO Posto 12-5000, 06140 Tamaulipas, Mexico)

SCREAMING TREES - "Dust": When I got this one in the mail, I thought, "Great...

More Grunge music from Seattle." Well, I am now eating a shoe sandwich. These guys may be from the Washington area, and in the past I may have blown them off as

"Grunge", but this CD is great! Beatles-esque instrument playing and Kinks type ballad singing. It's just cool to hear a band sounding this cool, especially when their past recordings did nothing for me. Great instrument playing and great voice. (Epic)

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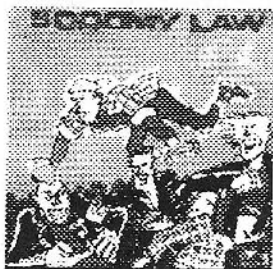
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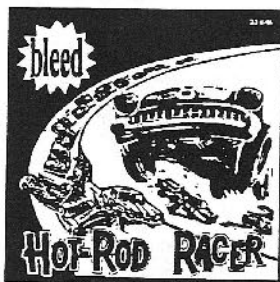


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!#?!

I



Q*Bert!

It must have been 1982 or so. I was waiting in line to get into the local rolling skating rink. (This was the '80s after all, and people actually *waited* in line to roller skate.) The line was all the way out the door. The moment I made it into the building, I saw that there was a section of the rink that had video games.

They had all the "hot" games of the time. Pac-Man, Centipede, Joust... Then that's when I saw it! A machine that had a picture of some weird creature on the side. It was orange, fuzzy, and had a large snout. I had never seen this game before. What was it? From the way the game was positioned, and from where I was standing, it was impossible to see what this game was called.

I finally made it into the rink. As soon as I got my skates on, I skated over to the game. I had to find out what this game was. It was Q*Bert.

Why is my memory of discovering this game so vivid? I mean I can still see this moment perfectly in my head, like a movie. I can remember every little detail. I can remember that when I got over to the game, some teenager was playing it. I can remember that he was Asian and wearing a blue T-shirt. I mean I can remember *everything*. This was a moment that was very important in my life. I mean I can remember this day better than I can remember the first girl I ever kissed. (As a matter of fact, I don't even remember the name of the first girl I ever kissed. Guess this means video games are more important to me than girls. Guess I'm Q*Sexual.)

Now why do I love Q*Bert so? I wish I could explain. I wish I could give a reason why the game pulled me towards it like Q*Bert pulls Coily over the side of the pyramid when he hops on a spinning disk. But I can't.

Now that I have told you how much this game means to me, let me explain how it's played.

Q*Bert has nine levels, each consisting of four rounds. Each round consists of a pyramid made of 28 cubes. (Unless you play the Intellivision version, then you only have 21 cubes.) The object is to hop Q*Bert from cube to cube and change the colors of them, so they're all the same color. Completing four rounds, takes you to the next level.

During this time, there are a series of red balls that come tumbling down the cube, and they could land on Q*Bert, offing him.

There is one ball that is purple. Once it reaches one of the cubes along the bottom row, it "hatches" into Coily - a purple snake that

looks like it swallowed a bed spring. Coily is about the only enemy of Q*Bert that has a brain. (Even if it is a pea-brain.) For he is the only one that chases *after* Q*Bert.

The red balls fall, and will kill Q*Bert if they land on him, but they don't actually chase after him, they just fall randomly.

Other enemies of his, Uggs and Wrong-Ways, are little purple creatures that live in a 90° world. They crawl along the sides of the cubes, and can only kill Q*Bert when they cross over the tops of the cubes, to get to the side of the next one. A skilled player can actually make Q*Bert hop over or under these creatures. These guys too just move about randomly, and don't really chase after Q*Bert.

Then there's Sam and Slick, who like to come out and fuck up all the work Q*Bert has done. These guys will change the colors of the cubes back to their original color. (Although Sam occasionally changes them to the right color.) Hopping on these pests, will eliminate them.

So if Coily is the only one with a brain, how do you get rid of him? Simple. Just hop on one of the spinning disks that are positioned outside of the pyramid, and float to safety, back to the top cube. Coily will follow you when you do this, and will fall right off the pyramid, giving you 500 points. (Like I said, he has a brain, but it's a pea brain.)

Besides the spinning disks, Q*Bert has another friend. This friend is a little green ball that will freeze everything on the pyramid, except Q*Bert, giving him time to change some cubes' colors in peace.

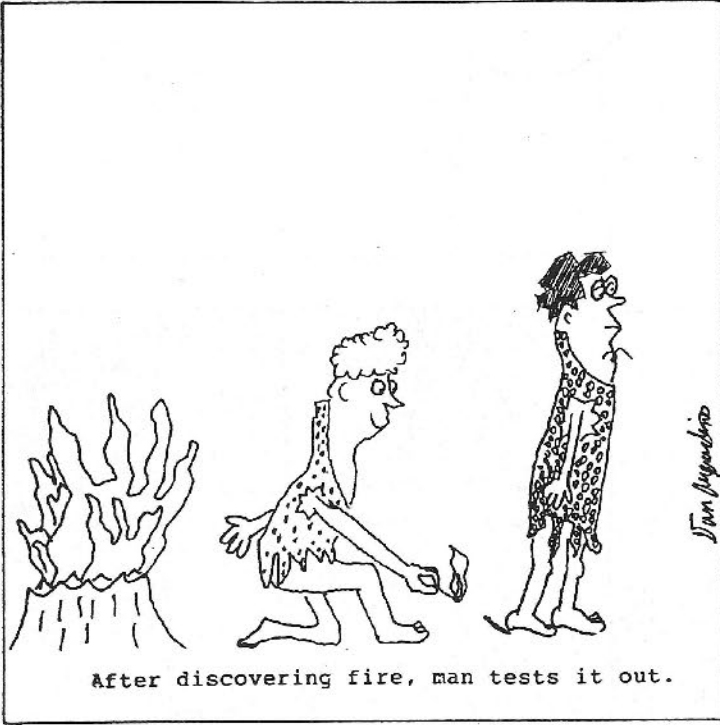
In my 14 years of playing Q*Bert, I have not grown tired of the game. The highest I ever made it in the game was to level 5:round 4. (This was in an arcade at a campground in Michigan, about a mile from Ohio.) In this level you have to change the colors of the cubes twice, but if you hop on them again after doing this, you have to do it all over again!

I know there's nine levels, if there's any Q*Bert fanatics out there that have been to levels six-nine, please write to me, care of this 'zine, and tell me about it! Also, if any one has Q*Bert merchandise please get a hold of me. (Especially video tapes of the Saturday morning cartoon that use to be on.) Until next time, be a supreme noser!

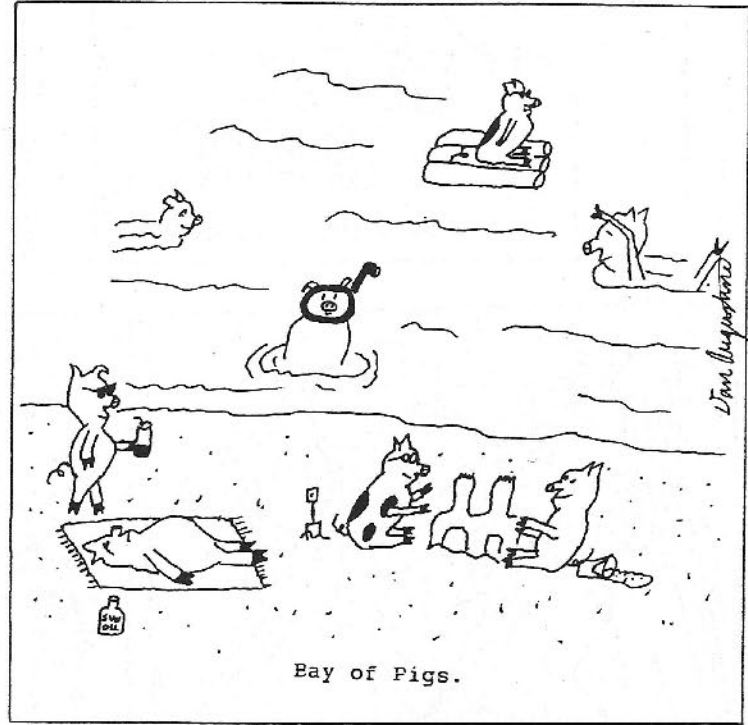
Dan Augustine is a Q*Bert nut. About the only other video game he's this crazy about is "Tapper". Look for an article about "Tapper" in a future issue of HOOPSIP.

HISTORY

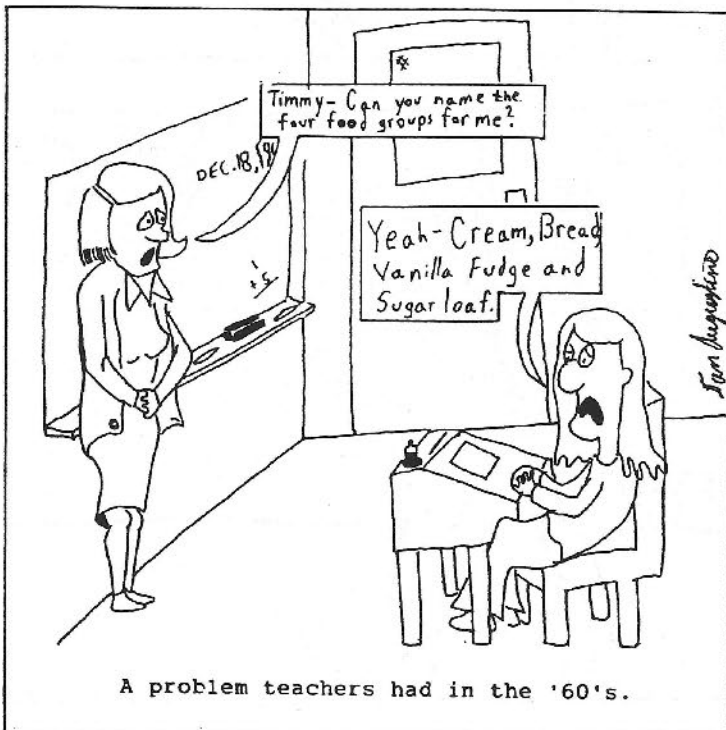
By: Dan Augustine



After discovering fire, man tests it out.



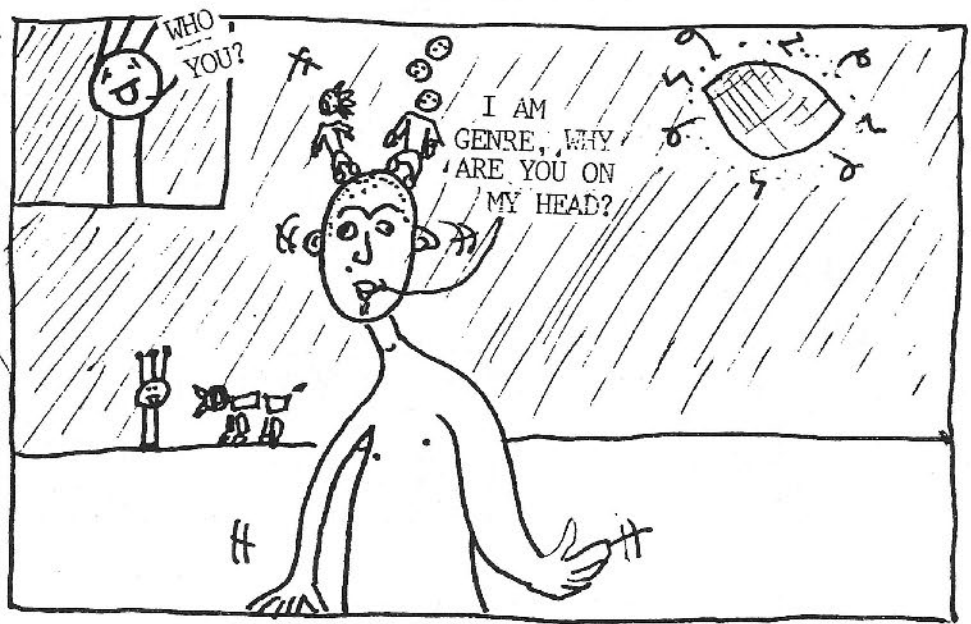
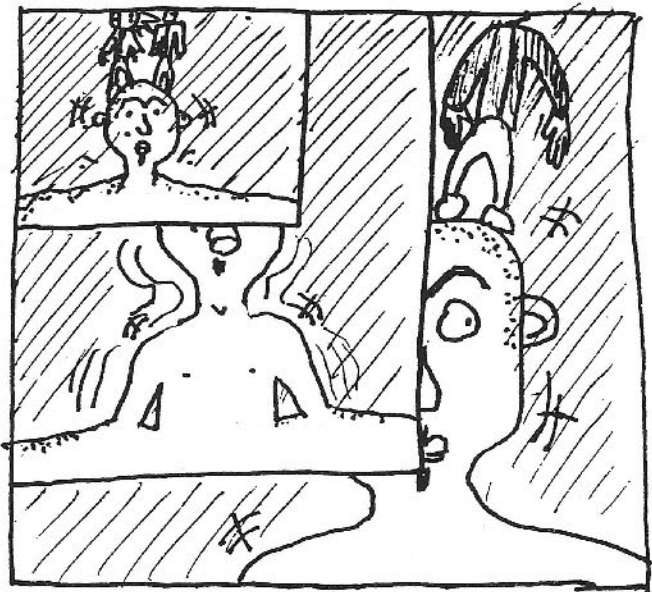
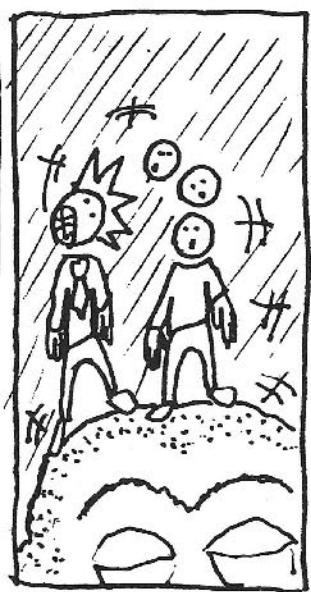
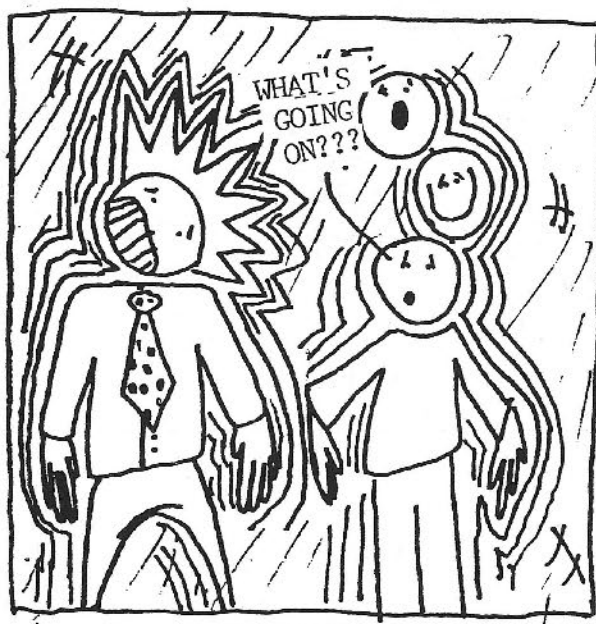
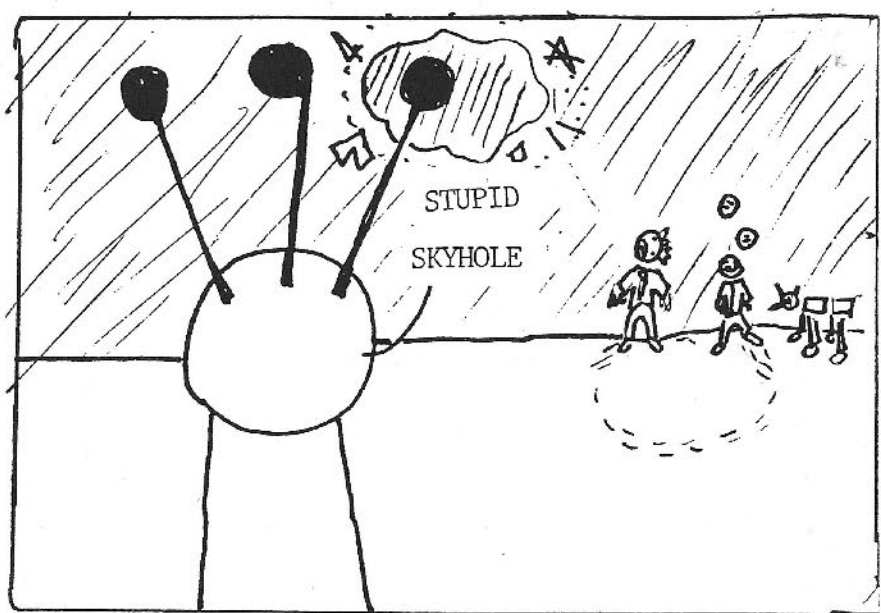
Bay of Pigs.

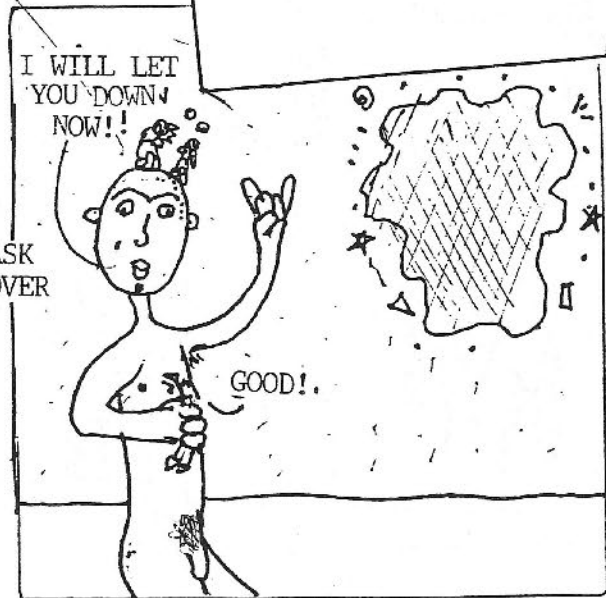
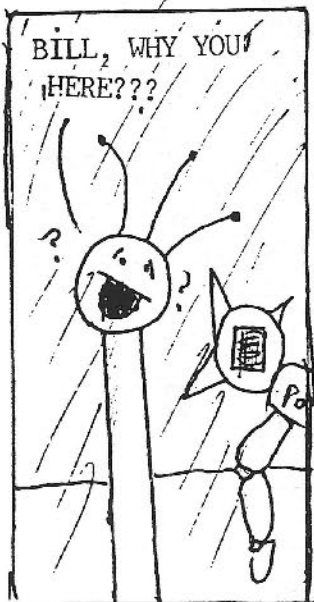
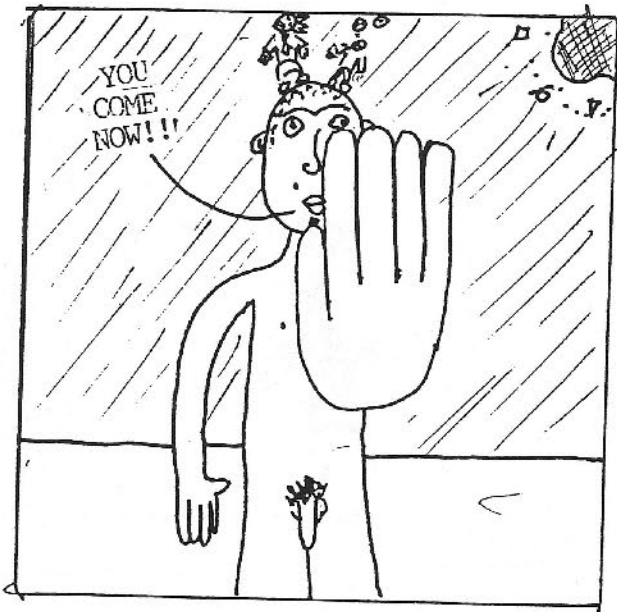
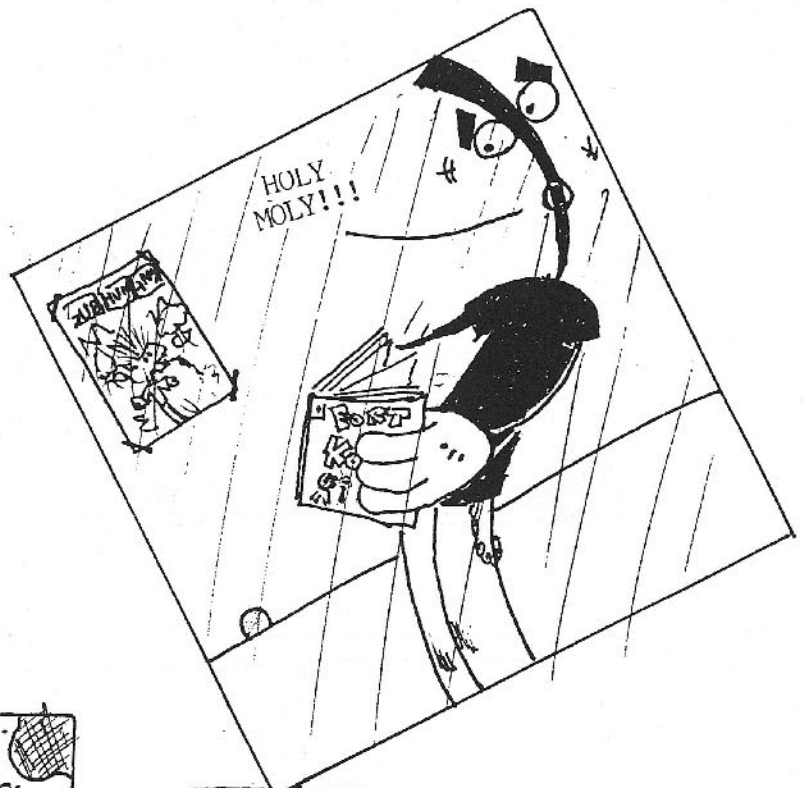
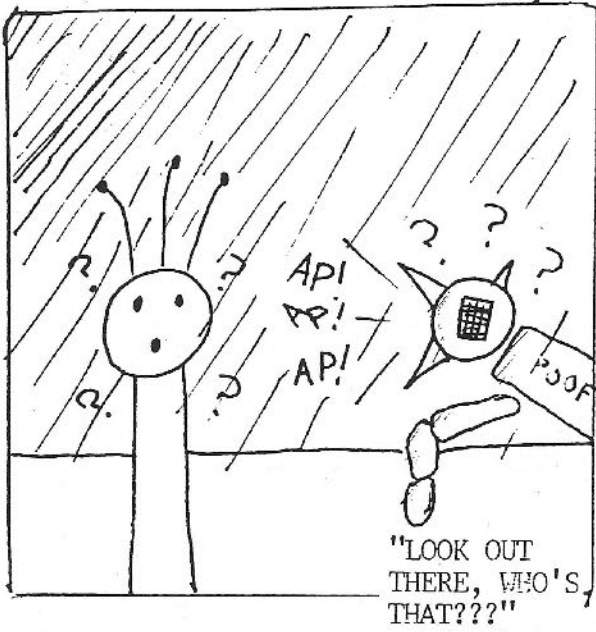


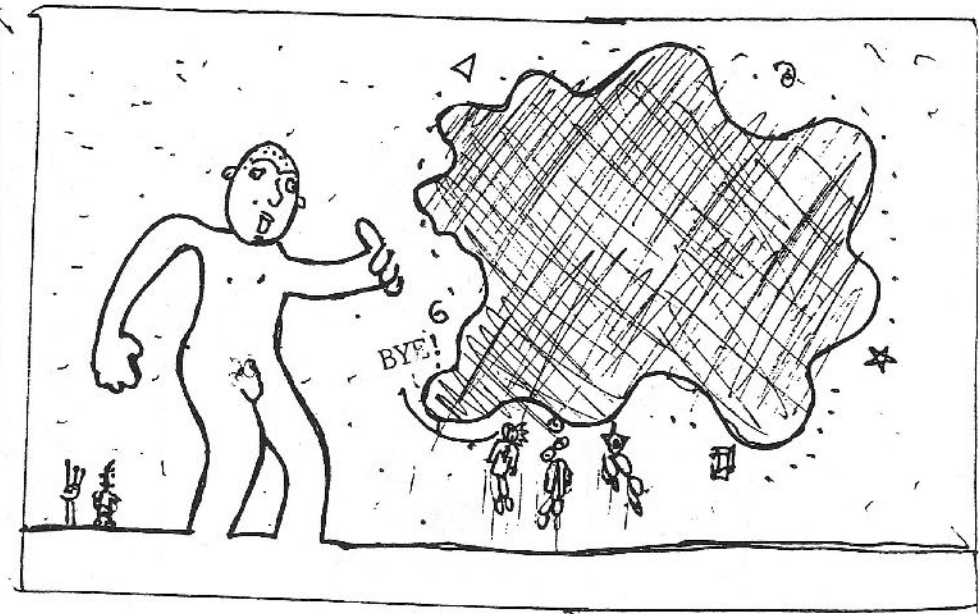
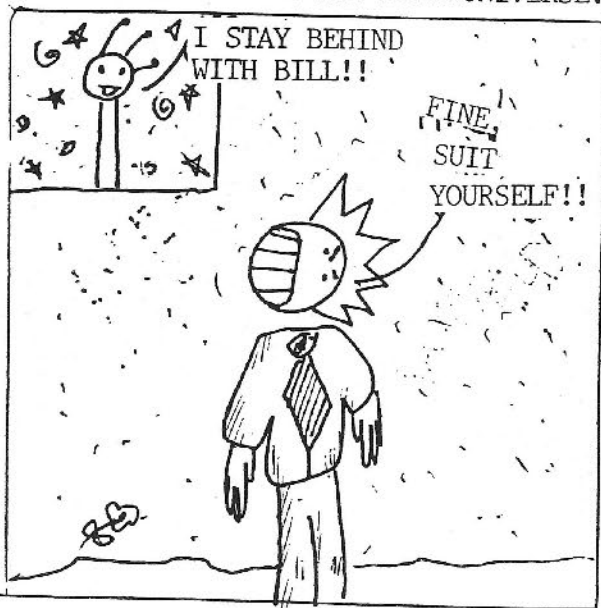
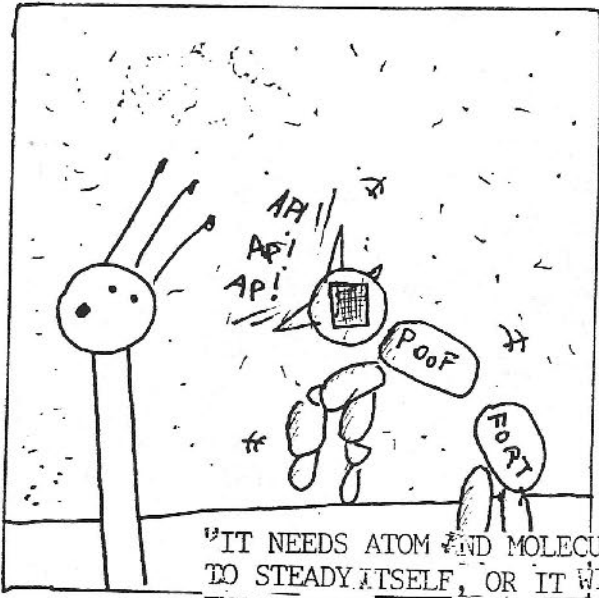
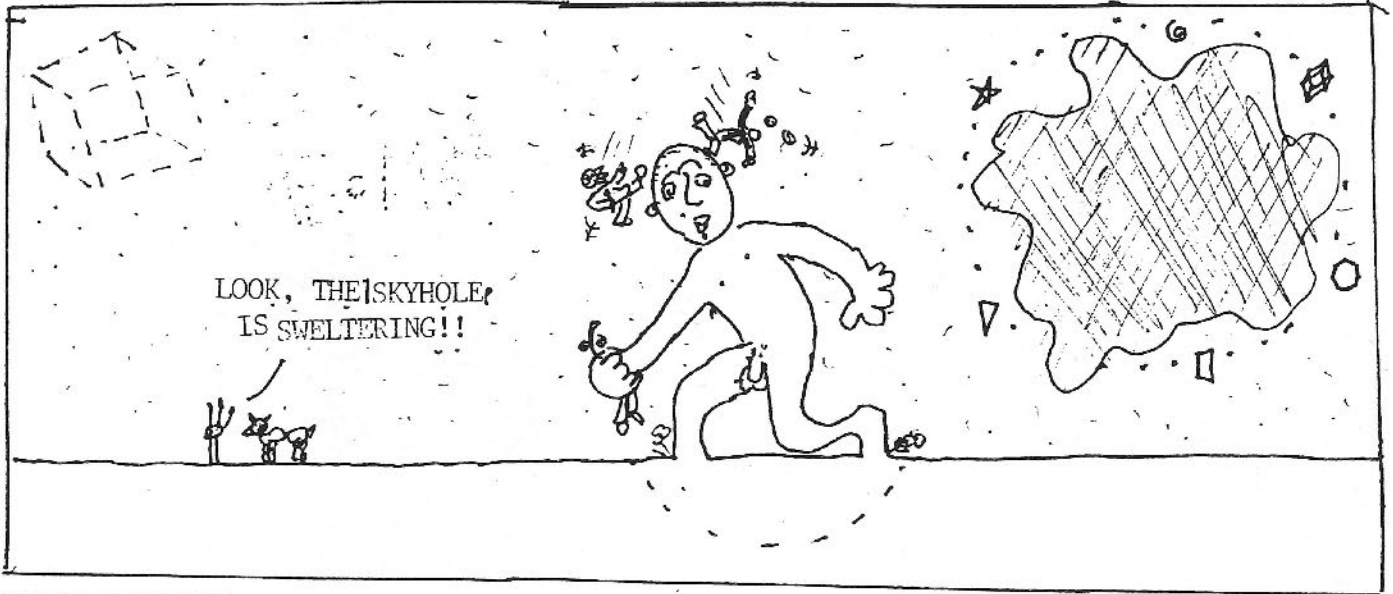
A problem teachers had in the '60's.

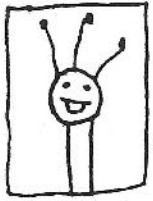


July 17, 1955 - Disneyland opens.

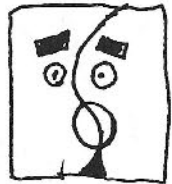
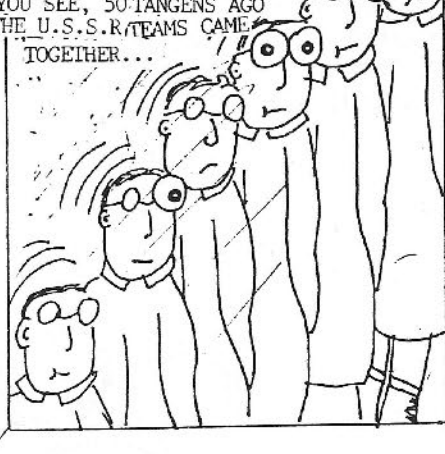




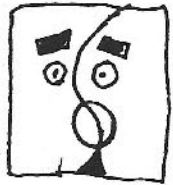




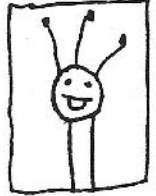
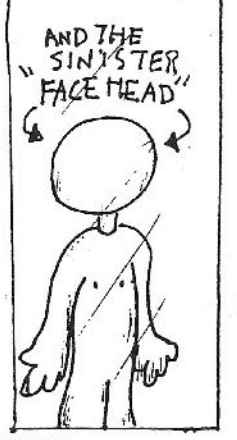
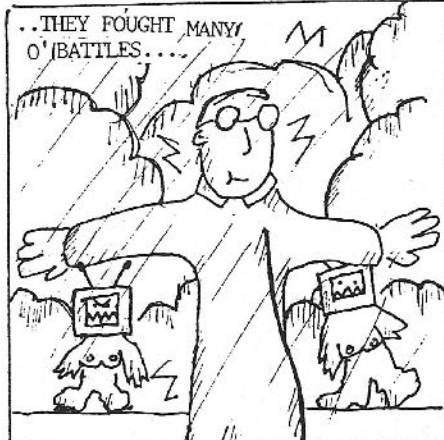
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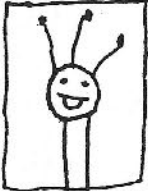
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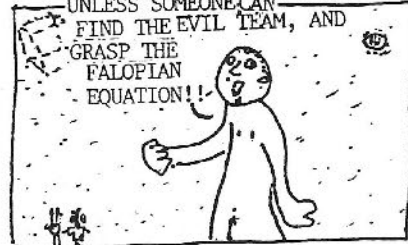
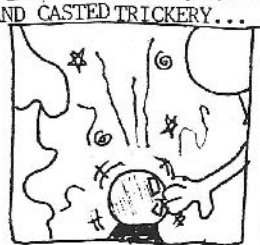
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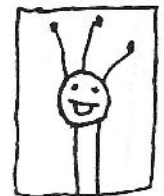
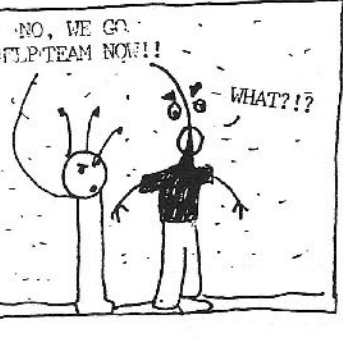
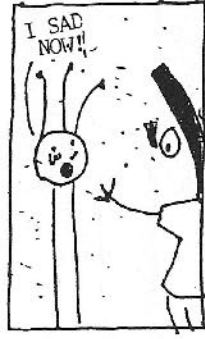
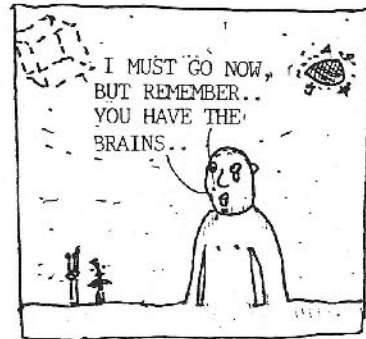
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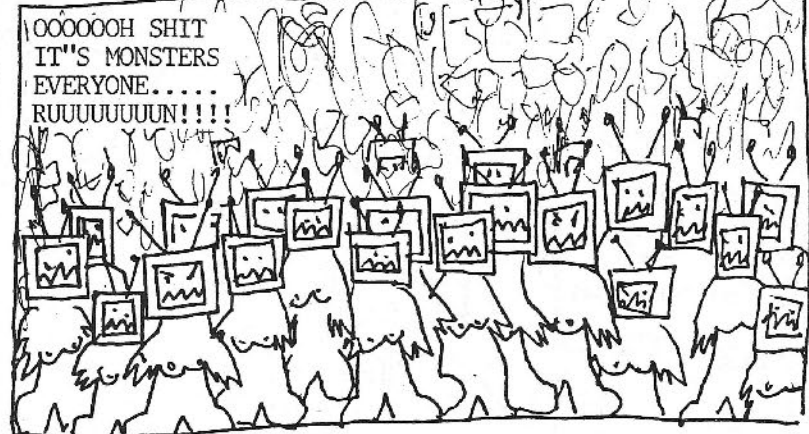
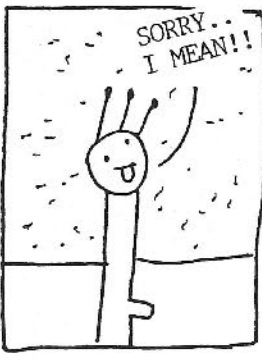
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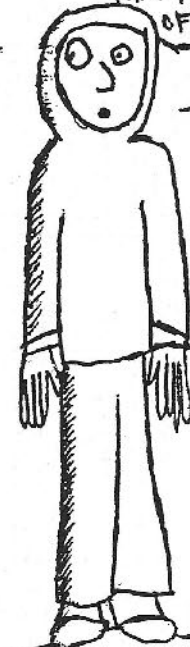
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