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A LAUGH CALLED

HOOFSIP

WINTER 3 ISSUE

A LETHAL FINGER PRODUCTION



Lost? Confused?

HOOFSIP can help!

**This Issue:
COP SHOOT COP
UNSAINE**

**And other things
to make your
poop smell good**

For information concerning

Hoopsip, write to

Dan Augustine
2398 Lee
Utica, MI. 48317

For information concerning

30 Minutes Of Madness, write to

Jerry White Jr.
1232 Avon Manor
Rochester Hills, MI. 48307

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WINTER

ISSUE



DRAWING BY
JOHN RYAN

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Jack B. Nimble: Dan Augustine

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2120181614121110743

FROM

THE

FINGER

by: Jerry White Jr.



LETHAL



FINGER

Hey Duder! Here we are resting comfortably on the landmark, grandiose, monumental, sangwangloscious, third issue of Hoofsip! Everything is smooth as a peach, our wheels are spinning like greased lightening, dancing days are here again and they're here to stay! Actually, I should be writing an English paper that was due one week ago, plans to film a movie have gone sour, my Unsane interview couldn't, wouldn't, and didn't happen, and I still can't find a good jumprope anywhere. Other than that, shit is sailin'. Well, I guess there's no use in dwelling on bad poop, so- here is the current hubub, bub.

From what I hear, Mr. Dan Augustine has been spending all of his spare time working his ass off so that the material you find in this here publication is top of the line, grade A, Hoofshat. Unfortunately, Dan lives in Mt. Pleasant so I only see him monthly, and with long-distance costing what it does, I speak to him even less (Fuck You 1-800-COLLECT!) So, since it is Dan that puts together most of Hoofsip, I don't have as much of an opportunity to work on the production end. Of course this will change shortly, as there are plans for myself, Dan, Joe Hornacek, Jessey Rivera, Dennis Petlock, and maybe Jason Donovan, to rent a house together starting next summer. After that we plan to invest monies into Lethal Finger Productions and work toward the goal of earning a living off our movies/shows, music, publications, and other miscellaneous shat. Sounds fun don't it?

But that is then and this is now, so now... Now is a time of planning and pre-planning, paring and preparing. For the month of December we plan on filming an action film, kind of a groovy karate movie. 30 Minutes of Madness #11 will be finished either at the end of December or at the beginning of January. Several other cool projects are planned too, but we can't give away all of our secrets.

At any rate, I can't wait till this damn semester is over. 16 credits is about 12 too much, but I am learning about King Cambyses of ancient Persia and how he had powerful spies that would keep a close eye on his viceroys and royal governors in order to insure loyalty and the carrying out of his orders. Oh I can't wait to use that knowledge in my field of expertise, thanks college! Seriously though, everything you learn in college is applicable to real life, what do you think Jeopardy's for?

Okay, I was starting to swim up that bad poop river, so I guess it's time to bring this column to an end. Remember though, the Lethal Finger Productions mainstay creation, 30 Minutes Of Madness is always available for you to watch, learn, memorize, and worship like a Pagan Goddess- anytime and all the time. Just write to me, Jerry White Jr., at--

1232 Avon Manor Rd.
Rochester Hills, Mich.
48307

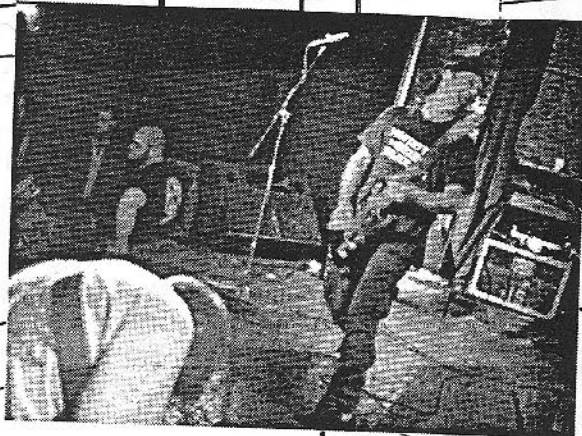
Three more things: 1. You must send me a blank video tape or something of equal or greater value to receive the shows. 2. I met two really cool people that want to get involved with our crew, they are Jamie Rop and Lenka Zapletelova. 3. Good poop will always follow you once you've been touched by Hoofsip.

Peace Out!

It couldn't, wouldn't, and didn't happen for Jerry White Jr., but it did for Jason Donovan. HOOFSIP now presents Jason Donovan interviewing Chris Spencer, vocalist and guitarist of New York's

WVSIF

Featuring photos taken by Jason Donovan of Unsane at St. Andrew's.



was unmissable. I arrived at St. Andrew's Hall about five minutes before they were to start playing. I had already missed Season to Risk (Kansas City, Kansas) and 7 Year Bitch (Seattle, Washington), but I was hyped just to see Unsane. They ripped through many songs I knew and didn't know (mostly from their first self-titled album). Their new drummer is incredible. Highlights of the show included the song "Vandal-X", and their only cover, "Four Sticks" by Led Zeppelin (this was introduced by the familiar, "Hey Chris." "What?" "KICK

The moment I learned Unsane were touring through Detroit, I was excited. They are one of the most powerful musical entities on the earth at the moment (they have, however, been around since '88 or so, their first release was a 7" on Treehouse records in '89). Dense, noisy, yet skilled, dynamic production values (via producer/engineer Wharton Tiers) only strengthens the tight serrated razor edge of their sound. The opportunity to witness this bloodbath of destruction and insanity





OUT THE JAMS, MOTHER FUCKERS!"). The security guy denied me access upstairs, but I got to talk to Chris Spencer, vocals and guitar for Unsane later after the show. This is what I remember from talking:

JASON: What are your songs about?

CHRIS: Life experience, reality, and dreams...

JASON: Your songs are, well more violent than not, does this mean that New York is as dangerous as some people make it out to be?

CHRIS: Yeah, it has bad parts, like anywhere. I grew up there and know everyone. If you're new in town and act cocky, you're gonna get your ass kicked.

JASON: Detroit's pretty bad too.

CHRIS: I hear ya...

JASON: What's with the covers of your records? It's like they're police photos of murder scenes.

CHRIS: (laughs) Yeah, we're all gore freaks.

(I show him my Unsane CDs I've customized with photos of "The Shining", visible through clear trays I installed into the jewel box.)

CHRIS: That's cool, I've seen "The Shining" like 20 or 30 times...

JASON: How old are you?

CHRIS: 28.

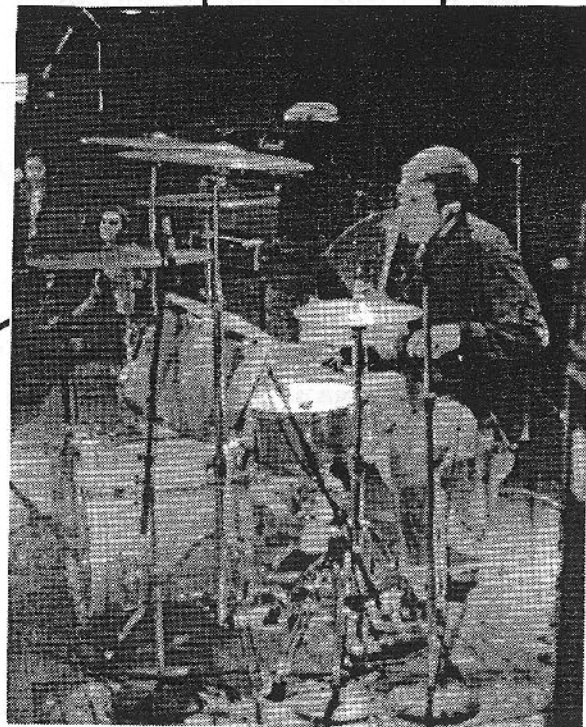
JASON: I noticed you and Pete (Shore, bass) both have skateboard stickers on your guitars, amps, cases... And you were wearing a "Stereo" shirt. It would seem unusual for you guys to be into skating.

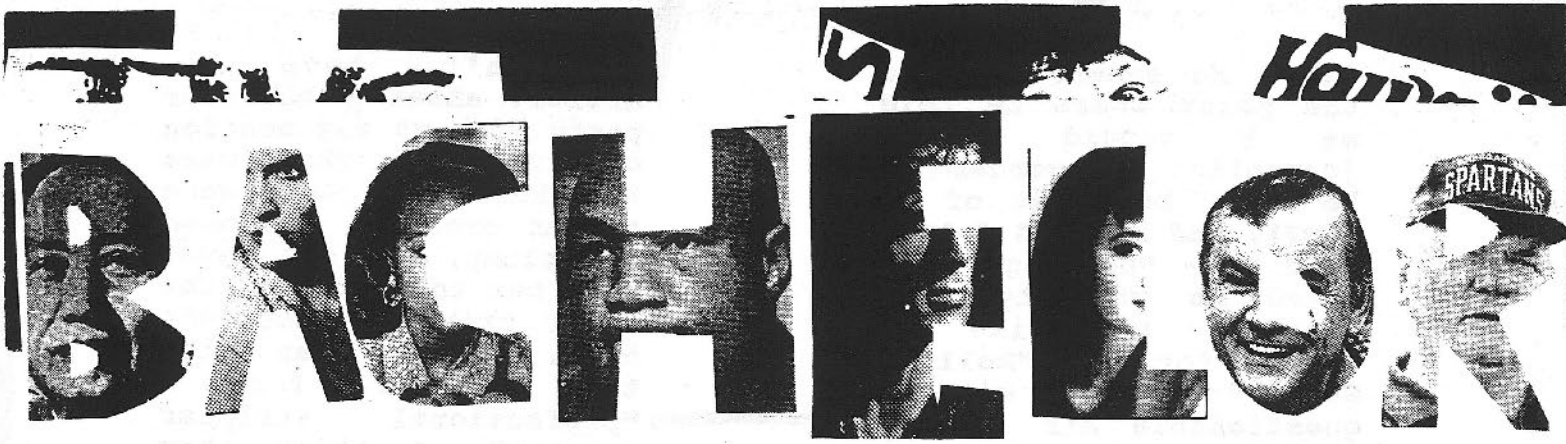
CHRIS: Yeah, I've always been into it, actually me and Pete met while building a half-pipe. And the "Stereo" shirt is Chris Pastras' design. He's like one of my best friends and one of the best skaters ever.

JASON: What's going on after this tour?

CHRIS: We're going on tour with Biohazard.

JASON: Biohazard? Their fans probably don't know who guys are, and won't understand your music.





BY: DAN AUGUSTINE

Why we even bothered going to this gathering of beer-swilling, garbage talking, back-patting, trailer park dwelling white trash, is beyond me, but we went. There was Jerry, Collin, and myself. So who did we know that was getting married? No one, you see Jerry's brother, Mike, invited us along, and we're not sure if he knew the guy that well. He was the son of a brother's friend's elementary school teacher's next door neighbor's bandmate's soundman's bouncer's ex-employee (or something like that). Anyways, this party has spawned for us many memories, which we still talk about to this day.



remember which shirt I wore. I suppose the reason for my remembering their shirts and not mine has something to do with the fact that there are stories for their shirts (but none for mine).

First Jerry's. Like most white trash think, "it just tain't normal for a boy to be a-wearin' a racism sucks shirt". So some guy tried giving Jerry some shit for his shirt, Jerry however stood up to the guy. Eventually the guy backed down, and everything was hunky-dory. Not too exciting of a story, huh? Well, the story of Collin's shirt is better, so better that I've decided to save it for last. So, here are a couple more events of the party:

Collin must have known this was a gathering of white trash, for he wore his Winger T-shirt and "heavy metal" boots. Jerry and I didn't care one way or the other. Jerry wore his "Racism Sucks" T-shirt, and I can't quite



REBO

Cock

in". He somehow got to the point where he told me I should be a journalist (I wonder if he would be proud of me now?), and he told Collin he'd be - "nothing". He asked me what type of magazine I'd like to write for. "Rolling Stone?" I said with a questionable air to it. "Rolling Stone!" He screamed. "Ain't that just like that Na-shun-al Gee-o-graphic? Why do you want to write for dem publications? Nobody wants to read 'bout a frog jumpin' 'cross a stream. People want to read about war and dem soldiers over der!" I tried to explain that people might want to read about those things if the war was still going on, but... He just kept interrupting. "Goddammit! People wanna read 'bout blood-n-guts-n-veins in their teeth!" Whatever.

How would you like to be sitting in a La-Z-Boy recliner, relaxing, trying to enjoy a nice beer buzz? You might like that, but you wouldn't want a crazed, drunken man busting down the door and grabbing you, while you were in that state, and screaming, "FRIENDS DON'T DO THAT! FRIENDS DON'T DO THAT!" Well, that's what happened to some poor, unfortunate soul who was at this party. Turns out this guy borrowed something like three dollars off this maniac five years ago and never paid him back. Sheesh! Some people never forget!

Can't have an article about a bachelor party without any mention of strippers. There were two here and they were rather grodie! Tattooed and plump, the one never took her top off, and the other probably shouldn't have. I don't even think they worked for a "professional stripper company", I think they were one of these guy's little sisters. Anyways, one of them said they'd pierce Jerry's nipple (perhaps as a way to get Jerry back for biting her nipple when she was dancing in front of him, but that's a different story which I will relate to you later). She never got the stud all the way through, but at least we got it on film ("How you feelin' there boss? We're on film and were live. Live - at nip-nipple city.") We even used the footage on "30 Minutes Of Madness" #9. One thing that still puzzles us, is why did someone yell "STROLLO" when this happened?

Now for the nipple biting incident. Not much to tell you here, just this stripper was dancing in front of Jerry, putting her tits in his face, and he bit one, so she stopped dancing. I, personally didn't want to share this with you HOOFSIP readers, because I didn't want people to think Jerry is a mean guy. He, however said he didn't care what people thought. But believe me readers, I know Jerry White Jr, and Jerry White Jr is no Ted Kennedy.

Now for the story of Collin's shirt. Like I had mentioned earlier, Collin wore a Winger shirt, so he could fit in, however, not even white trash digs Winger. When two guys saw him with this shirt on, they threw beer on him and laughed. Collin then walked to the back of the yard and stood by the bonfire. I missed the next part I'm about to relate to you, but Jerry saw it and told me about it, so I will relate it to you the way I pictured it happened.

Jerry saw Collin standing alone by the bonfire. He walked up to Collin and asked, "What's up?" Collin swung around much the way Jimmy Page does in that scene from "The Song Remains The Same" when he's sitting on that picnic blanket, his eyes glowing red. "They laughed at me", Collin bellowed out in his "evil" voice. It didn't matter that he was soaked in beer, he just didn't like being laughed at! Collin then went on to say something like, "They are reverting to my plan they are bebopalooowopawopbamboom. I am the Barthomancer", or some sort of line from a cheesy B-movie like "Beastmaster II" or "He-Man" episode. He then began "speaking in tongues". This was just too much! Shortly after this we had to leave, because we didn't want Collin casting a curse on anyone.

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THE THINGS I HAVE ZINE

'ZINES REVIEWED BY DAN AUGUSTINE

ARTFUCK - #3, \$1.50 & 3 stamps, 24 pages: In this issue, Dan and Agustin bring us more of the typical sex comics and sex poems, but there's also some other things on these guys' minds. Poems by Dan range from "Sesame Street Massacre" to "Rejection", comics about violence and society with titles like "Monstrosity"; "The Bullet"; and "Politico the Clown", and reviews of recorded material (including a very funny two page rant about how terrible Meatloaf's "Back Into Hell" album is). (AF, 347 Divisidero, San Francisco, CA. 94117)

ANTHROPOMORPHIC - #8, \$1.50, 22 pages: Interviews with Mule, Veruca Salt, Eggs, The Denison-Kimball Trio, and Orbital. Reviews of shows, 'zines, and recordings. What's this? All right! A review of HOOPSIP #1! (Hideous Productions, LTD. P.O. Box 37456, Oak Park, MI. 48237-0456, e-mail: zenweirdos@aol.com)

REDDING AGITATOR - Vol. 1, No. 1; Vol. 1, No. 2; Vol. 1, No. 3, .50, each 6 pages: Described as an "alternative to redneck culture", Vol. 1, No. 1 brings forth information on individual freedom, anti-censorship, an Anti-Klan Committee, pirate radio, and how drinking and smoking makes us weak puppets of the government. Vol. 1, No. 2 has articles on

"stopping Operation Rescue", the Lesbian/Gay Freedom Day Parade, more on pirate radio, and free schooling. Finally, Vol. 1, no. 3 has Doug Chaos' encounter with Operation Rescue (or as he calls it, "Operation Retard", "Operation Repress-you", "Operation Redundant", "Operation Repugnant", and even "Operation Rodent"!)). It also has an article that is almost expected from a publication such as this (one on marijuana). Also an article called "The other side of the 'Other Side'", another about how "it is time to create better God", and one on the evils of McDonalds (that's right, the restaurant). Oh yeah, all three issues have 'zine reviews. So come on all you red-blooded, libertarian, anarcho-communists, send for these... (Ed Hassel/Redding Agitator, P.O. Box 990196, Redding, CA. 96099)

GRANNY'S BATCH OF REALLY NIFTY COOKIES - #3, .75, 62 pages: Lots of interviews in this one. *The Fighters*, *Los Crudos*, *Oblivion*, *The Bollweevils*, *Apocalypse Hoboken*, *No Empathy*, *Nostrilsaurus*, and others. Also, some really funny "Dear Granny" letters, articles called "Hanging Out With C.J." and "Paul's Life....", show and album reviews, and other neat stuff. (Granny's, 488 Greenbuy Rd. Highland Park, IL. 60035)

CROWLEY'S



CORNER



ADONAMS

by: Earl Grave

Mr. Crowley:

Ever since the '50s I have been on the cover of virtually every magazine published by a certain New York magazine company. What is my problem then? You might say that it sounds as if I'm very successful and well known. Well I am, the problem is when I look back at the way I've been portrayed in the past, and even today. I've been portrayed as a total goon, a buffoon, a fool! I wish to change the public's perspective of me, however, after nearly 40 years of being portrayed as some kind of jerk, I feel I will never get the respect I deserve. What should I do?

-Very MAD
Alfred E. Neuman

Alfred:
Do what me, wilt?!

Alister Crowley
-A.C.

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Dan Augustine
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Utica, MI. 48317



GREEN WINDBREAKER

The ancient Russian genius fundamentalist Christian who I thought was a leprechaun turned my direction from Zen cigars to Zen health tea. I smoke Dorals.

TWO TWEEZERS SEEN LATER IN DRAWER IN TABLE

Twice Tweezers!
bit off drill suspect
alone hiding out or
instinct says Resist
and edits say protect
televised newsman
says classic geese
flew body ponders
pen beginner push
button down away
where before was
pondering wondering
on lips and teeth
aiming not now at
armpit now and I
hear Voice of U.S.
T.V. suggesting a
word of Spanish,
telephone mano is
large ears geese
fly cars wave but
probably not neck
shifts sides leg
up. Multiple real
happens now as
air-like fluid it.
To contact ends of
start and tweezer
closed is one begin.

Cop \$hoot Cop



Are they rock?
Industrial?
Experimental? How about
if we just stop trying to
categorize them, and just
interview them? I now
bring you, Cop Shoot Cop:

DAN: Are you guys all
from the same city?
TOD: I live in Jersey.
The rest of us live in
Brooklyn, but we all come
from different places.

DAN: Have any of you
ever lived in Detroit
before?
TOD: Never-ever.
DAN: What year did you
guys get together?
TOD: 1989 or 1988.

I realize this
interview has just
started, but believe it
or not, your beloved
interviewer was having
trouble coming up with

another question!
Drummer Phil Puleo sees
this, and tries helping
out. He spots an issue
of HOOPSIP #1 and picks
it up. He opens up to
the Inside Out interview
and says, "Let's try
asking some of these
questions."

PHIL: What do you think
of country music?
TOD: Depends what you're

talking about. Are you talking Merle Haggard and Johnny Cash? Or are you talking your fucking Clint Black? What's country music mean to you?

PHIL: Country music means gouging out, dead, drunk, and honky-tonk in the sawdust.

FILER: Who else did you

play in England with besides Fugazi?

ALL: (laughs)

Ok, ok, back to the real interview.

DAN: Are there any rednecks in Brooklyn?

PHIL: I guess the section of Brooklyn I live in is kind of like that. The mentality is. Redneck is mentality, it's not where you live. It's basically being intolerant and ignorant, and not caring you're ignorant.

DAN: Are you all self taught musicians?

TOD: I'm self taught.

FILER: I think I might be the only one who was forced to take piano lessons as a kid. I took eight years of piano and then eight years of French horn.

DAN: What do you think of people who say that what you do, sampling music, has no creativity behind it?

FILER: They're absolutely right. I'm joking. I feel that with sampling, there's a bunch of different approaches. Some people will just steal whole riffs of songs. Like the worst of rap or hip-hop, like "Ice Ice Baby", and shit like that. I mean that's just a bunch of crap. There's nothing really creative behind it. I like to think that what I'm doing

is relatively creative.

DAN: How did you come up with the name for your band?

TOD: It just popped into my head one day.

DAN: What other New York bands do you like?

TOD: We all like the band Mother Head Book, Spitters, Barkmarket...

PHIL: Soul Coughing.

DAN: Who's your favorite bands?

TOD: My favorite band besides us is a toss up between Barkmarket, Jesus Lizard, and Mother Head Book. Depending on what day of the week it is.

DAN: I heard that Unsane's favorite band is Cop Shoot Cop.

TOD: (sarcastically) Oh yeah, they're our favorite band too... Bastard Pete Shore broke my rib, he can't like us that much. He broke my rib at a record release party. All I did was kiss him.

PHIL: He's homophobic.

TOD: He tackled me, so how homophobic could he be?

DAN: Do you think professional wrestling's fixed?

TOD: I have no idea, I don't care.

PHIL: I used to work with these two people, brother and sister, and we used to go on about how wrestling's fixed, and they used to get so pissed off at us, because it was destroying their concept of the world in general.

DAN: Closing question. What do you normally watch on TV?

FILER: Generally just movies. Renting movies, video tapes. I try to watch "The Simpsons", but I've only caught one episode and a half the whole time it's been on.

WOULD YOU MIND SHUTTING YOUR FUCKIN' MOUTH?

(AND READING THIS ARTICLE?)
 a.k.a. - "Everything you need to know about Raymond, Peter, and
 Shut Up Little Man"

I first heard about the "belligerent rants, hateful harangues, drunken soliloquies, death threats, and the sound of wrestling bodies thumping against the wall of Raymond and Peter - two post-middle-aged alcoholic roommates in a low-rent area of San Francisco" about a year ago from an article in some 'zine that now slips my mind. My friend Douglas Levy, who has been into "The Jerky Boys" and other rude and offensive spoken word recordings for years, was someone I knew would have to have a copy of it. And he did! He made a copy of it for me, and as sad as it may be that two people actually lived like this, I found it to be very funny. It wasn't funny like "The Jerky Boys", in that after a couple of "listens", it's no longer that funny. It was down right hilarious! I've owned this tape for at least a year now, and still laugh my ass off when I listen (or even think) about it. So exactly how were these recordings made?

Angered by the volume of their "routines", Mitchell D. and Eddie Lee Sausage, who lived next door to Raymond and Peter, in a Pepto-Bismol colored, cheap motelesque apartment building, decided to start taping their rants, threats, and other disturbances in case of the need for criminal proof of

assault.

After the first recording was made (a monologue of Ray muttering to himself about how he wants to kill), Mitchell and Eddie became hungry for more, so they invested in the technology for crisper recordings of Raymond, Peter, and Tony (a southern-bred Vietnam veteran and white trash drifter who moved in and out of their apartment), and obsessively began recording them, even prank phone calling them to capture fresh dialogue. (Clearly invasion of privacy is an issue here, but how much privacy does two people screaming at the top of their lungs expect?)

After awhile, Mitchell and Eddie found themselves rehearsing Raymond and Peter's dialogue; their phraseology and curious logic became part of Mitchell and Eddie's life. This is something I can very much understand, for some of my friends and I have become the same way. Not a day passes that we don't find ourselves saying something like, "Tomorrow, I will take care of this, you find a new place to live." My roommates and I also do Raymond and Peter routines so accurate, that our neighbors across the hall can hear us, and they actually think we're serious! Who knows, maybe we're being recorded... Two other

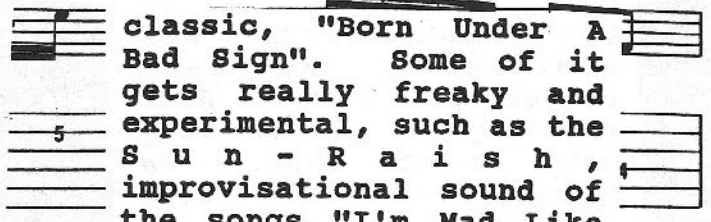
HOOF SPIN

RECORDINGS

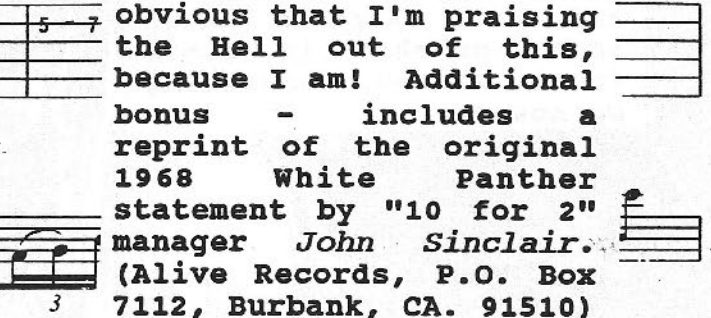
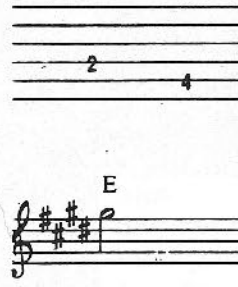
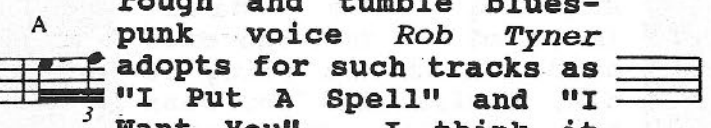
REVIEWED BY:
DAN AUGUSTINE



TEN HIGH - "4 Shots From Detroit": *Concrete Blonde* with "Fun House" horns and Chuck E. Cheese sounding keyboards, which all leads up to a collision of '60s pop and weird mutterings. If you like a combination of different musical styles, then this one's for you. (Marilyn Records, P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA. 91510)



classic, "Born Under A Bad Sign". Some of it gets really freaky and experimental, such as the *S u n - R a i s h*, improvisational sound of the songs "I'm Mad Like Eldridge Cleaver" and "Black To Comm". Or the rough and tumble blues-punk voice *Rob Tyner* adopts for such tracks as "I Put A Spell" and "I Want You". I think it has become more than obvious that I'm praising the Hell out of this, because I am! Additional bonus - includes a reprint of the original 1968 *White Panther* statement by "10 for 2" manager *John Sinclair*. (Alive Records, P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA. 91510)

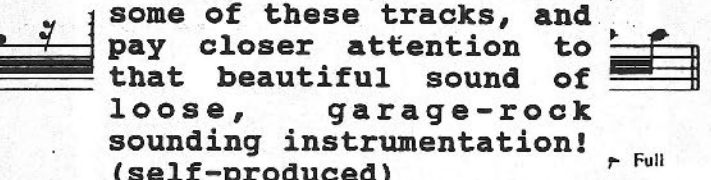


OCCASIONAL TABLES

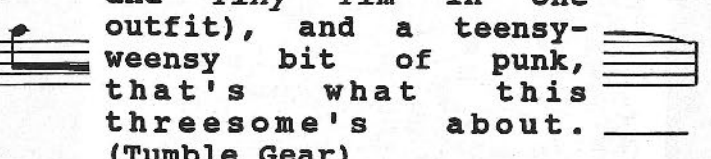
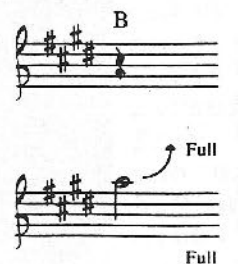
"L.A.R.B.": Four songs on this one, "Ode To Tim", "Depend", "In My Home", and "Too". All I can say about this one is, forget the "Pearl Germ" sounding vocals on some of these tracks, and pay closer attention to that beautiful sound of loose, garage-rock sounding instrumentation! (self-produced)



MC5 - "Power Trip": "More than 60 minutes of unreleased recordings" is the claim printed on the back of this CD cover. Well, thank god it's been released now! Nine songs, the longest being "I'm Mad Like Eldridge Cleaver" (18:52), and the shortest being "The Pledge Song" (2:25), there is something for (almost) everyone. With a combination of live and studio tracks, such gems are on this CD as an instrumental version of "Looking At You" and a cover of the blues

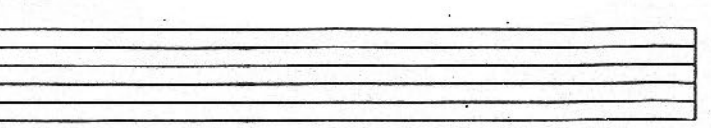
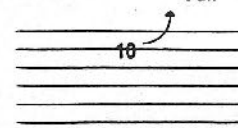


SCARCE - "Red": Power pop with somewhat, slightly glam-rock ("All Sideways" is like *Bowie* and *Tiny Tim* in one outfit), and a teensy-weensy bit of punk, that's what this threesome's about. (Tumble Gear)



GLOBAL COMMUNICATION

"76:14": Not only is the



name of this album a number, so are all the tracks (well, track 2, side 1 is called "Obselon MI-NOS 14:31", but the rest are called "4:02", "9:25", "12:18" and so on and so forth). Anyways, I thought the title might be derived from adding all the song titles up, it's not, for the number I arrived at was 74:50 and not "76:14". Enough about that, the music is what's important here. What's it like? Well, it's that "chill-out", hypnotic-trance music with babbling brooks, blowing wind, and that all together soothing atmosphere. Somewhat reminiscent of Kraftwerk. (Dedicated)



CRANES - "loved": All the songs on this one (even the more mellow ones) have this **HUGE, THUNDEROUS SOUND!** So I expected some guy with a **DEEP,**

EVIL, SATANIC VOICE to come in and start singing. Instead, this little pixie sounding girl comes in and starts singing! Wow! What a surprise! The voice and music may counterdict one another, but it works! Also - cool cover by that crazy, 19th century impressionist - Edgar Degas. (Dedicated/Arista)



ECHOBELLY - "everyone's got one": Another one of those groups led by one of those girl-type people who use small-type letter type to name their album. Except this time the voice and music don't counterdict one another. The element of surprise may be gone, but the music's still good. (Fauve)

Gift Of Fate

by: Jerry White Jr.

My parents always told me not to pick up hitchhikers. There were times when riding in the car with them that they'd go on endless tirades about the subject. Of course, being young and inexperienced, I sought to get my own perspective on hitchhikers, and did. I do understand the dangers involved, but with this one incident, I saw a side of hitchhiking my parents had never spoken of.

I was on my way home from my former high school where I'd been working in the photo lab. I was driving south on John R Road, a familiar and safe route. I had my car windows up and heat was drifting through the vents. The trees I passed arced awkwardly upward and were nearly barren of leaves; it was the middle of November. I had driven only a block or two when I noticed a man on the right side of the road. As I neared him I saw that he had his thumb out, which was strange to me, because I had travelled this road for over five years and I'd never seen a hitchhiker on it.

I passed the man, and with a slight hesitation, pulled over. "What could possibly happen to me?" I thought. This is Rochester, Michigan- Nicetown USA. Besides, the man looked well into his years and I was six foot seven and seventeen.

He opened the door and got inside. "Car wouldn't start and I'm late for work." He said. He began blowing into his hands and ringing them out in front of the vents. I asked him where work was and he told me it was just a few miles up the road. I started driving.

If I learned his name I've since forgotten, but if I remember correctly, I never asked.

A few things struck me hard about this man. He appeared to be in his late sixties, which would have been my grandfather's age, had he still been alive. He was bald, again like my grandfather. The man looked worn, tired, yet with hope. He smelled of stale coffee and cheap cigarettes. He was dressed in faded, tattered jeans, covered in stains, and an old black and red flannel that looked like it had been with him forever. He carried with him a little metal lunchbox and a gray thermos.

He spoke of his old job at Chrysler and how he'd been laid off six years previous. Things had gone badly for him ever since. His wife had taken ill so he had to work this extra job to pay for the hospital bills. Although he spoke of hardships, he didn't bring me down, or seem too down himself. He seemed to have a forever youth inside, optimistic and immortal. The way he spoke to me, not at me, like so many other adults did, and the fact that he hadn't given up on life brought warmth into my soul.

He asked if he could smoke in my car, and, this is strange, I felt honored. I hurriedly replied yes, then sat on the thought a bit. Never before had an elder asked me if they could be allowed to smoke in my presence, I know it was just a courtesy, but it made me feel good; like I was older, more mature. I lit up a smoke myself, and sat with this stranger, smoking together like old friends. I looked over and noticed his smoke, a Pall Mall non-filtered. My grandfather's brand.

This was so weird to me. We talked of trivialities with ease. This man's nature was so disconcerting that I was beginning to dread the end of the trip. But the end inevitably came.

When I pulled into the parking lot of his workplace I recognized it. It was a factory where some of

my schoolmates worked. My stomach dropped. "Surely this man isn't doing line work!" I thought. "It's so below him, so menial. He's already done his fair share of that kind of work. He must be qualified for something else." My mind was raging. "What kind of world treats a man with his dignity like this? He should be retired and living out the rest of his days in comfort. He's done his fair share!"

He looked over at me and smiled. "I really appreciate the lift, son, thanks again." He said. "No problem." I replied. And with that, he was off.

A few things lingered in my mind as I watched him walk into the factory. He had told me earlier that he was about to walk to work before I arrived. My stomach dropped again. "He shouldn't have to walk to work, or work at all. Goddamnit!" I was really seething.

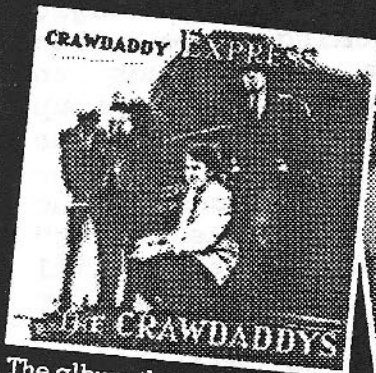
But then I thought of the way he spoke of his situation, just matter of factly. He honestly didn't seem to mind the harshness of his reality, thus making it not so harsh.

I respect a stranger. It was the last thing I expected to happen when I picked up a hitchhiker. So now do I go looking for strangers to bond with on the open road? No. This was an exception, an exception to almost everything.

I believe that in some way I was given a gift. I was allowed one last encounter with my grandfather, I mean that's what he was, really. He was everything I remembered and cherished about my grandpa, right down to the bad cigarettes. When I told my mother, she understood, and cried a bit, I cried too. It's funny the things a stranger can inspire in you. My faith in the human spirit had been strengthened by an old man whose car wouldn't start.

The Blues came down from Chula Vista

...but it didn't
come on CD-
'til now!



The album that started it all.
With new liner notes by
Mike Stax.

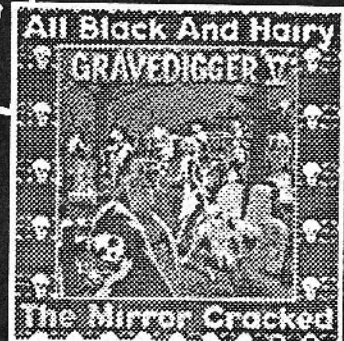


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history.



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HOOPSIP

REMEMBERS FRED "SONIC" SMITH

Flipping through the Sunday, November 6 edition of "The Detroit News", I came across an obituary for one of Detroit's best known musicians, Fred "Sonic" Smith of the MC5 (who had died of a heart attack the previous day). Shocked at first, then saddened, I recalled one of the best concerts I had ever attended.

It was in February of 1992, I was at a concert at the State Theater, which lasted about seven hours. At this concert were many bands paying tribute to Rob Tyner, another member of the MC5 who had passed away in September of 1991. Some of the bands playing included *Goober and The Peas*, *The Romantics*, and *Dark Carnival*, but most important, the four remaining members of the MC5 set aside their differences and played a hypnotic, heart-touching, groove/tribute to their leader, Rob Tyner. Before I go any further, some background:

The MC5 formed in 1965, put their first album out; "Kick Out The Jams" in late 1968, put out a couple more albums, then broke up in 1972. I was 1 year and 3 months old. So what am I, someone who wasn't even born when they formed, and was way too young to remember them breaking up, doing this tribute to Fred "Sonic" Smith? The same reason many people my age listen to *The*

Beatles, *Rolling Stones*, and *The Who*, I know great, influential rock music when I hear it. And that's what the MC5's music is - influential. The MC5 have influenced sooo many punk groups from *The Sex Pistols* to *The Circle Jerks* to *Bad Religion*.

So back to my story of watching the MC4(?) perform at "The Rob Tyner Tribute Concert". This, I knew, would be the closest I'd ever get to seeing an MC5 reunion. I thought it was unfortunate that it took the death of one of their "brothers" (MC5 always referred to each other as brothers) to reform. Anyways, with that aside, I was deeply in awe over their sound. Hypnotic, mesmerizing, space-aged punk coming from this foursome was enough to make even the moshers up front stop and listen with new ears to the music. I glanced around me at some of the "older" folks, who probably still have original copies of "Kick Out The Jams" in their record collections. I actually saw tears in the eyes of some of these people. Well, I'm sure many of these people are feeling that same sadness again with this most recent death of Fred "Sonic" Smith, a punk rock innovator.

This issue of HOOPSIP is dedicated to the music, the genius, and the love that was Fred "Sonic" Smith. We will miss you brother.

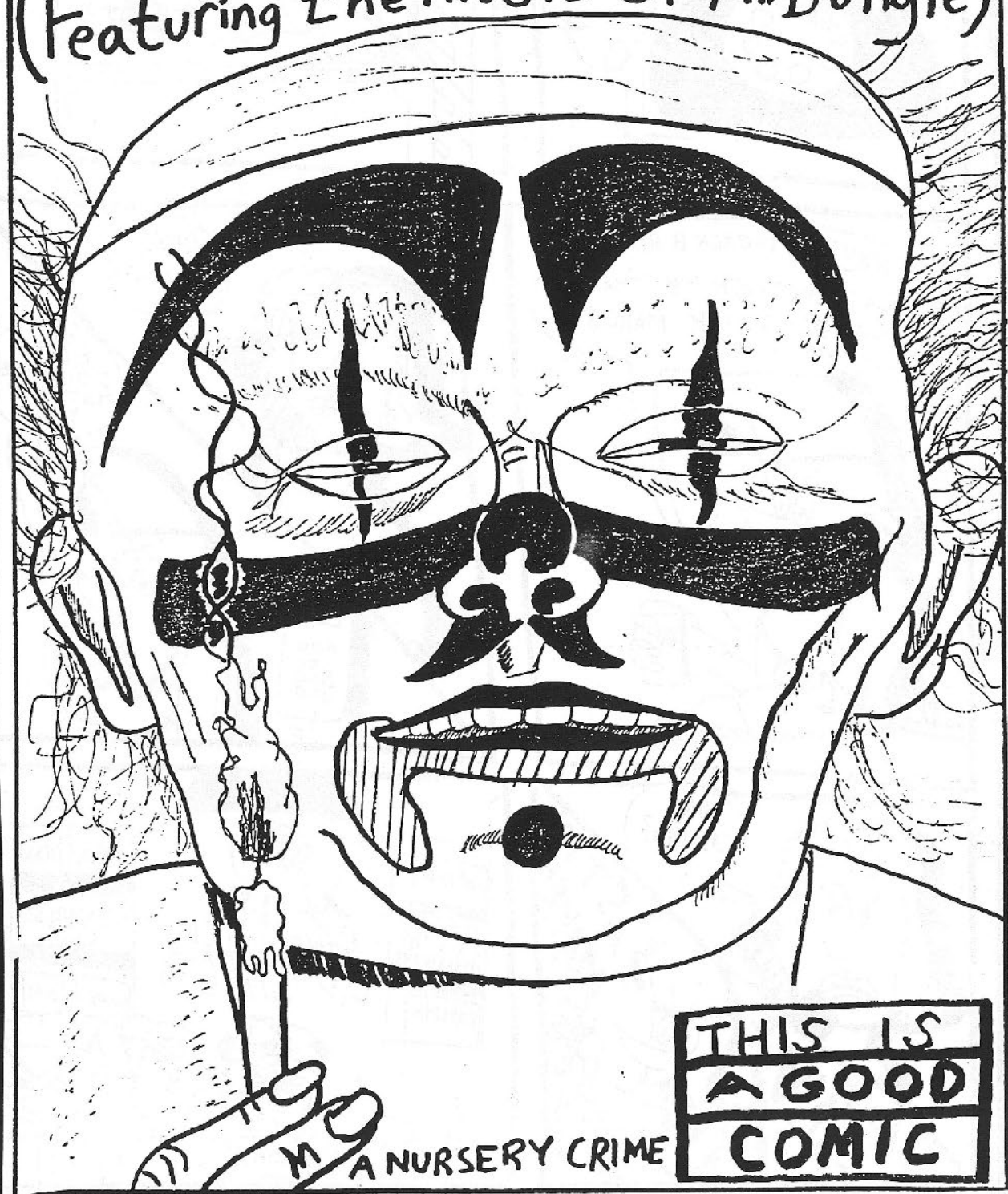
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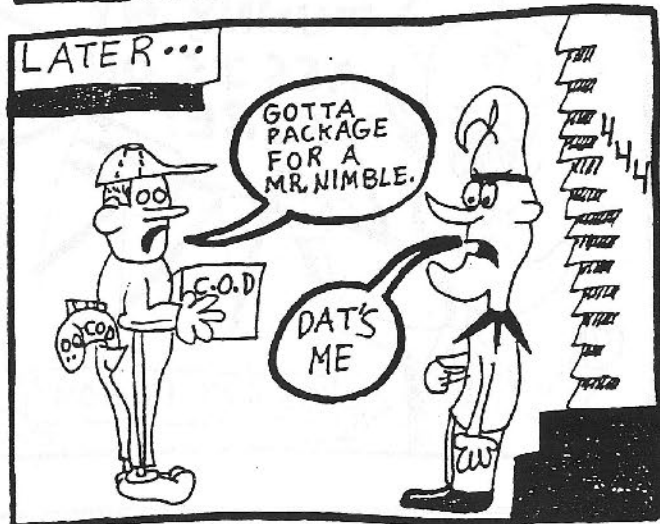
This is the story of:
JACK B. NIMBLE
(Featuring the music of Mr. Bungle)



THIS IS
A GOOD
COMIC

M A NURSERY CRIME







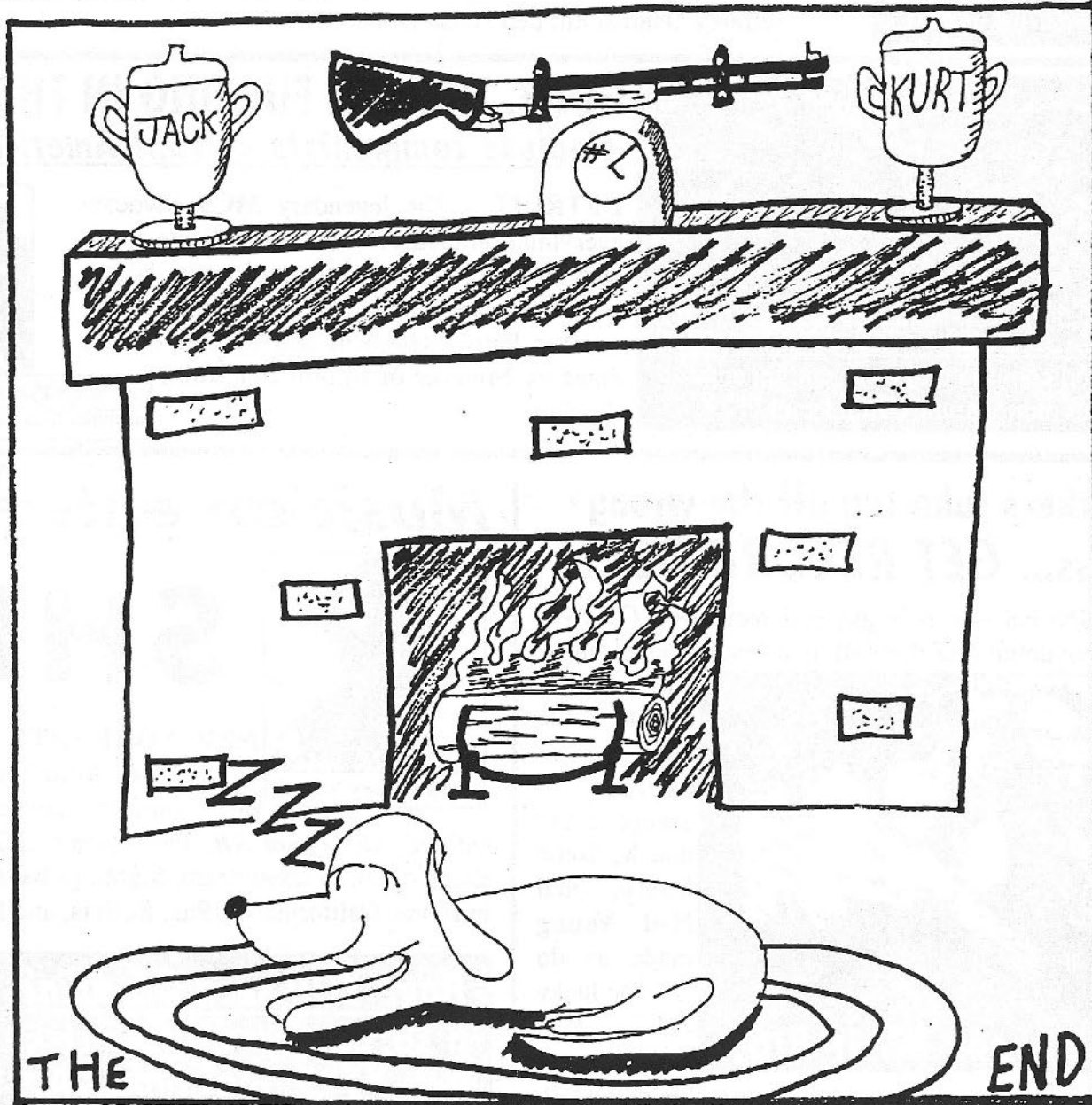
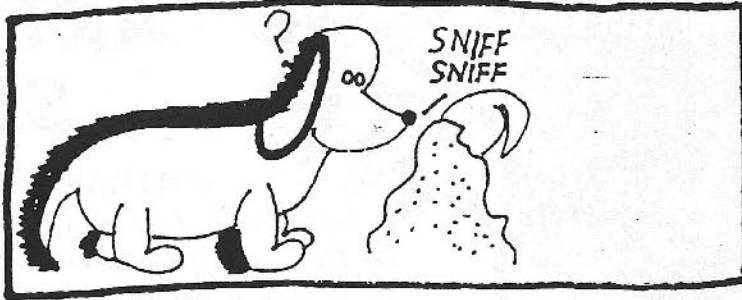
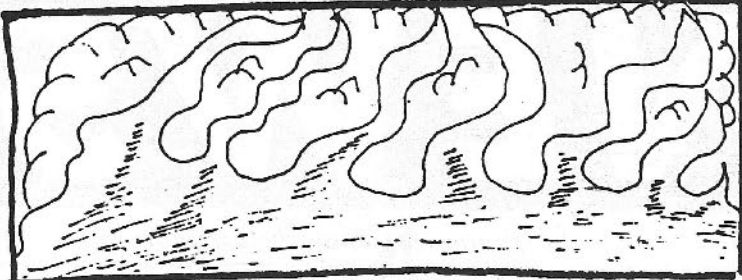
THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED TO SEE SUCH A SPORT*...



IMPOTENCE
BOOMERANG
I'LL STAB YOU
CLUMPS OF HAIR
IN THE SINK
WHO'S HIDING
THINGS FROM ME?
YOU KNEW ALL ALONG
GODDAMMIT
BUT YOU WOULDN'T
TELL ME WELL,
LOOK AT YOU NOW
IT'S NOT FUNNY,

MY ASS IS ON FIRE
PARAPLEGIC, INHUMAN
LIAR CARVE A SMILE
ON YOUR FACE
EVERYTHING'S GREAT
SUFFOCATE
IT'S BEYOND MY CONTROL..
I'M COMING BOO
REDUNDANT
BORING
OVER & OVER
REPEAT





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Fall '94

If it's in print then it must be true!

50¢

TALES OF THE TRUE CRIME



NEITHER/NEITHER WORLD

Careful with that brush Eugenel!

ART THERAPY FOR SERIAL KILLERS?!

SAN FRANCISCO – Six notorious serial killers are featured artists in the full color fold-out from goth sirens Neither/Neither World. The CD, *Tales Of The True Crime* takes a trip through the twisted minds of notorious murderers. Each song is dedicated to a different psycho. One standout track is an ode to Jefferey Dahmer entitled "Dismember Them."

GUNS, DOPE, & FUCKING IN THE STREET! *Godless communists corrupt America's youth*

DETROIT – The legendary MC5 advocate everything in their new CD and collectors' ten inch *Power Trip* which features never before released material, a reprint of the White Panther Party Statement and extensive liner notes by Minister of Information John Sinclair.



White Panther madman John Sinclair



No good commie pinkos or cutting edge revolutionaries? You decide!

L.A. rockers take tag off the wrong mattress... **GET RECORD DEAL!**

LOS ANGELES – L.A.'s guy/grrl band Bed Of Eyes release their debut CD this fall as a result. Perky singer Dave Matke admits, "We had no explanation except to say that X, Sonic Youth, and Neil Young made us do it." The lucky kids' CD, *Crimp In*



Clean teens hit it BIG!

The Facts is due in the fall.

Musician eats



SHIT!



He's no Boy Scout!

NEW YORK CITY – Hardcore punker GG Allin returns from the dead with the collectors' ten inch entitled *Kill Them All*. Fans swear GG's wacky diet enabled him to cheat death. Sightings have been reported in Irvine, California, La Paz, Bolivia, and New York City.

Have YOU seen GG Allin?

If so, contact GG Watch at P.O. Box 7112, Burbank, CA 91510.