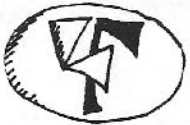


LETHAL FINGER

ALIEN CREW ALIVE AFTER UFO CRASH

DR. STRANGE



PRODUCTIONS

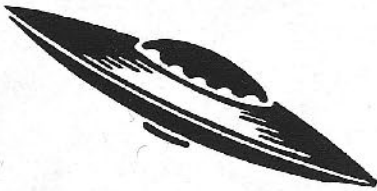


ISSUE

SPRING
8
ISSUE

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WHOOP



SHORT STORIES

ART WORK

TABLE OF CONTENTS

HOOF SIP PAGE: ON THAT PAGE:

3	From The Finger: Jerry White Jr.
4	Bollweevils Interview: Dan & Doug
7	Crowley's Corner: Dan Augustine
7	The Origin Of Danton: John Ryan
8	The Things I Have 'Zine: Dan
9	Hoofspin: Dan Augustine
10	Sinkhole Interview: Dan & Doug
12	Concerning Concerts: Dan Augustine
14	Dream Time: Dan Augustine
17	Fun Games That Cost No Money: Dan
20	Maciequin: Dan & Macie
22	Stick Men: Mike Pippier

E-MAIL HOOFSIP AT:

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Rochester Hills, MI. 48307

For information
about HOOFSIP:
Dan Augustine
2398 Lee
Utica, MI. 48317

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APRIL

FROM

THE

FINGER

BY: JERRY WHITE JR.



And now, as the third embarkment of the bunny era starts, here is Mr. Jerry Wayne White Jr. and the From The Finger Band!

Thanks Charlie. Hey! What's the tip all of you? Yo, I just got back from my world tour with Stryper, Winger, Duder, and Lethal Finger, and boy are my ears tired! I hope everyone enjoyed my guest writers, Joe and Dan, they wanted me to tell you, "Mascarlogopoo" and "Memeshamelesslyooob". Ah, that brings tears to my thighs. You know, since I'm still in the intro, I'd like to send out a happy birthday wish to Mr. Jason Leonard Piekacz, though his birthday will have passed by the time you've read this, happy 20th J.P. lexicon vertebrae. Okay bitchboys and girls, I'm through introducing, here's the latest hype with the LF scene.

30 Minutes Of Madness: 12th show underway, still. Will contain a much talked about short film starring Jesus Antonio Rivera, entitled, "Dreamspeak". This episode follows the traditions and paths of episodes such as #7 and #10 in that it will be heavily accentuated on

the artistic side of LF Productions. The 13th show is busting out all over, just waiting for the slow ass 12th show to get it's shit together.

Hoofsip: A new column will begin appearing, starting with the next issue, called, "Hoofpimp". It will discuss the many details and nuances of Dan Augustine's sex life. No, that's just not true. The real scoop is that Hoofsip will continue to entertain, enlighten, envelope, entropy, enduro, enemy, and end your life.

Missile Lane Eyus: This spring, Lethal Finger Productions will begin our first full length feature. The title is self explanatory, and should be no surprise to you Hoofsip readers. It is called "POOP, The Movie", details later... Okay, it's later, the movie is about poop.

Con Clue Shun: I love colons! Okay bye. No! I must settle down, yes I can feel it coming, ah good, here it is... My address, so you all can send me a blank tape and some postage money and I will put four episodes of 30 Minutes Of Madness on it and mail it back to you. That number is, 1232 Avon Manor Rd., Rochester Hills, MI. 48307.

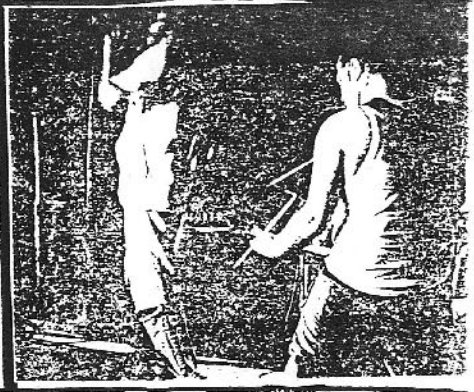
So, did you enjoy it? No really, was it worth the wait? You didn't like Joe or Dan better than me, did you?

Yeah? Well fuck you then, I'm going home. No, I'm not mad. I'm sorry I yelled at you.

Poop, pee, and puke out!



Lethal Finger Productions
in collaboration with
Hideous Productions LTD.
presents an interview
with Chicago's own
BOLLWEEVILS!



by: Dan Augustine of Hoofsip &
Doug Levy of Anthropomorphic.

Drawing by: Mark Piss.
Photo of Ken and Daryl
Bollweevil by: Danton.

This is a tag team interview with The Bollweevils conducted on April 21, 1995 by the editors/publishers of two Michigan 'zines, Dan Augustine of HOOFSIP, and Doug Levy of the now defunct (sob) Anthropomorphic. (So does this mean you are now reading Anthoofpomorphsopic?) Anyway, this interview represents brotherhood, unity, and bonding in the sense that they both support each other's work, and that's the way it should be, you should support the local scene. If you're in a local band, or publish a 'zine, be cool to other local bands and 'zine publishers, support them, because they will probably be more than willing to... All right blah blah blah. This is a Bollweevils interview, not a "Support The Local Scene" article, so let's just get on with it! The Bollweevils are:

- KEN - Guitar.
- DARYL - Vocals.
- BRIAN - Drums.
- BOB - Bass.

DOUG: I saw a lot of those wafer-like pills on the stage. What are those?

DARYL: These are throat discs. They're throat lozenges. Effective for soothing temporary throat irritation.

KEN: Our singer is addicted to throat discs. He doesn't ever take them, he just throws them on the stage, I don't get it.

DARYL: I take them like candy, I don't know why. Even if my throat doesn't hurt, before a show, I'm always taking them.

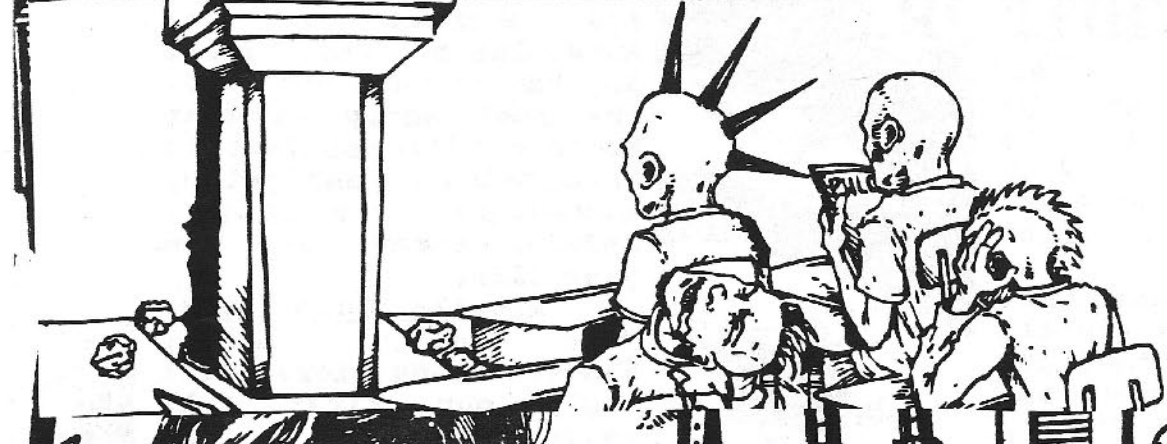
DAN: Is this what gives your voice that distinct Bollweevils sound?

DARYL: (laughs) I think this is the sound right here, throat discs.

DAN: What do they taste like?

DARYL: Licorice. Would you like one?

DAN: Yeah, let me try one.



DOUG: Aw what the heck, if you're gonna do some pill popping, let me try one too.

DARYL: Hey, I'm the pusher. I got some for you.

DAN: Who gets all the girls?

KEN: Our singer gets all the girls, we're still trying to figure it out.

After this comment, a drunk girl comes and sits by Daryl and kisses him.

KEN: I would never kiss anyone I just met. Hey, could you say your name, so we could have it on record?

DRUNK GIRL: My name is Cris.

DAN: What instrument do you play in the band?

DARYL: She plays skin flute.

DRUNK GIRL: Yeah, he plays my skin flute.

EVERYONE: Whoa!

DRUNK GIRL: I gotta take off.

(Drunk girl leaves.)

DARYL: That chick just kissed me on the mouth!

KEN: Daryl just got kissed on the mouth. I

think that's the farthest one of our band members has ever gotten on the road.

DAN: What's the farthest base you made it to?

BOB: We didn't even get off the damn bench yet!

KEN: Some girl looked at Bob tonight.

DAN: Wow! So that's like bullpen!

BOB: That's bullpen.

DAN: Who's the lucky chap that got to sit next to a girl and have his picture taken then have it printed on the inside cover of "History Of The Bollweevils"?

BOB: That was Dr. Strange.

DAN: I didn't think it would be one of you guys, especially after what you've all just told me.

KEN: He's a good looking guy, so we photographed him.

DOUG: Who's the surgeon in the band?

BOB: Daryl, the one who gets the girls.

DOUG: Is it true you guys were late because of a surgery?

DARYL: I'm on psychiatry right now. My patient went psychotic today. I can't reveal anymore, because it's confidentiality.

KEN: We were also late because we forgot about the time zone change.

DOUG: I liked the Tommy Tutone cover ("867-5309"), why'd you guys decide to do that obligatory '80s rehash classic?

KEN: Our drummer used to be in Tommy Tutone's

band, so we wanted to carry on the tradition.

BRIAN: Back in 1984, I played drums for Tommy Tutone.

DOUG: Is there a real live Jenny?

KEN: You never called the phone number? When the song was a hit, you called the number, and they had a message from Tommy Tutone.

DAN: I remember calling it and getting a guy named Fred.

DARYL: I called the number, and it was busy.

DOUG: You're from around Detroit?

DARYL: I was born in Lansing, then moved to Southfield.

DOUG: Wow! And then Chicago?

DARYL: Yeah, everyone else is from Chicago.

DOUG: I noticed you were singing the Face To Face rip-off/parody. What's your feelings about punk in mainstream and all that other shit?

KEN: Well, our band would never sign to a major, and I don't think

we'd ever seek out the extreme press. I would rather be interviewed for a 'zine like HOOFSIP, then something like Rolling Stone. Doesn't HOOFSIP sound a lot more attractive than Spin or Rolling Stone? But bands that sign major label deals, and go to bigger and better things, that's their business, but that's not what we're about, and if that's what those bands are about, they can do it, but then I don't really consider

them part of the punk scene anymore.

DAN: How long have you guys been together?

KEN: Four years with this line-up, six years all together.

DAN: How'd you guys hook up with Dr. Strange?

KEN: We're friends with Face To Face and Voodoo Glow Skulls, so we sent Dr. Strange a 7" a long time ago, he wanted to put it out, but he didn't have the money, so we did another 7" with Underdog and then the "Ripple" 7", and then we went out and played in California with Face To Face at Voodoo Glow Skulls' record store, and Doc liked us, and he signed us.

DAN: Are there any plans to make a music video?

KEN: No, but I would like to make a music video. I don't think we'd send it to MTV, but if it played on MTV, I don't care, as long as we're on Dr. Strange.

DOUG: How much on the average, do you guys spend on the road a year?

KEN: Couple weeks. We do a lot of stuff in the mid-west, like going back and forth on weekends when we can, because our

singer's in med-school, we have a hard time doing a lot of stuff, so we go out on tour usually two weeks a year. Next year we're going to Europe, so that's cool.

DOUG: What's gonna happen when you become a doctor?

DARYL: I'm gonna do emergency medicine.

DAN: Will The Bollweevils still exist?

DARYL: Aw yeah.

DOUG: What do you do on off hours, besides study medicine?

KEN: I'm in school and I work.

DAN: What do you go to school for?

KEN: Refrigeration and air conditioning.

BRIAN: I work at UPS and play in my 12 groups.

DAN: Was it one of you guys that drew the art work for "History Of The Bollweevils"?

KEN: It was a kid, he's here somewhere, his name's Mark Piss.

DOUG: What's the future looking like for you guys?

KEN: We have a new album coming out in June, entitled "Heavy Weight", with 12 new power packed punk rock tunes.

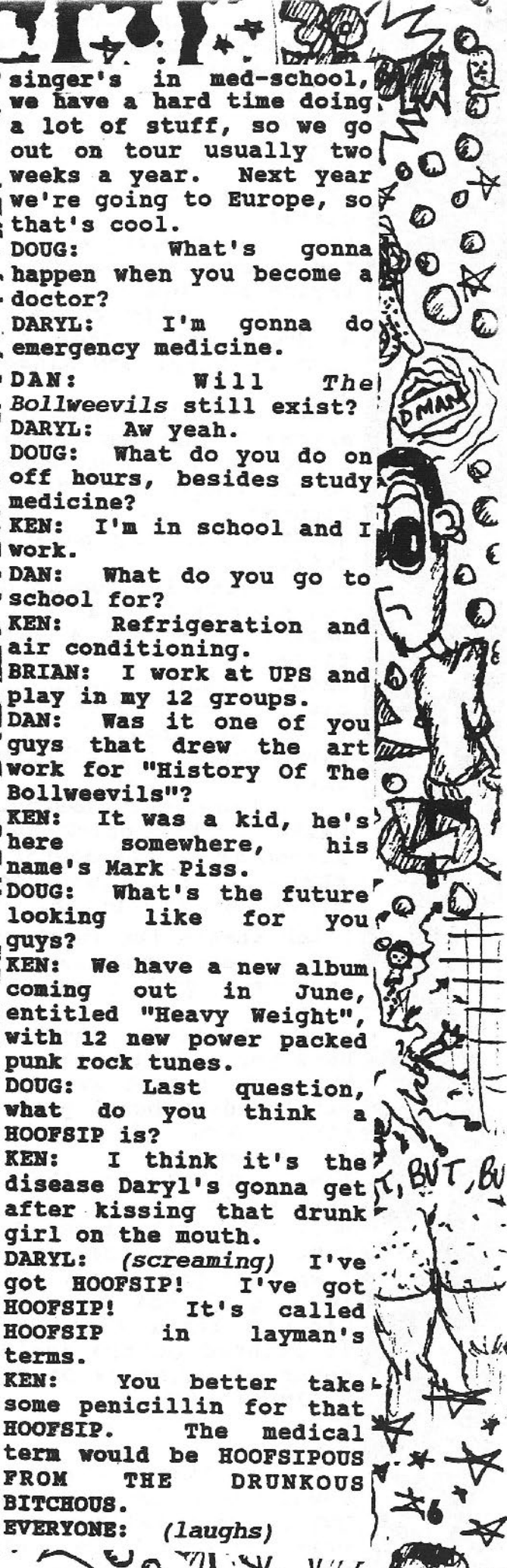
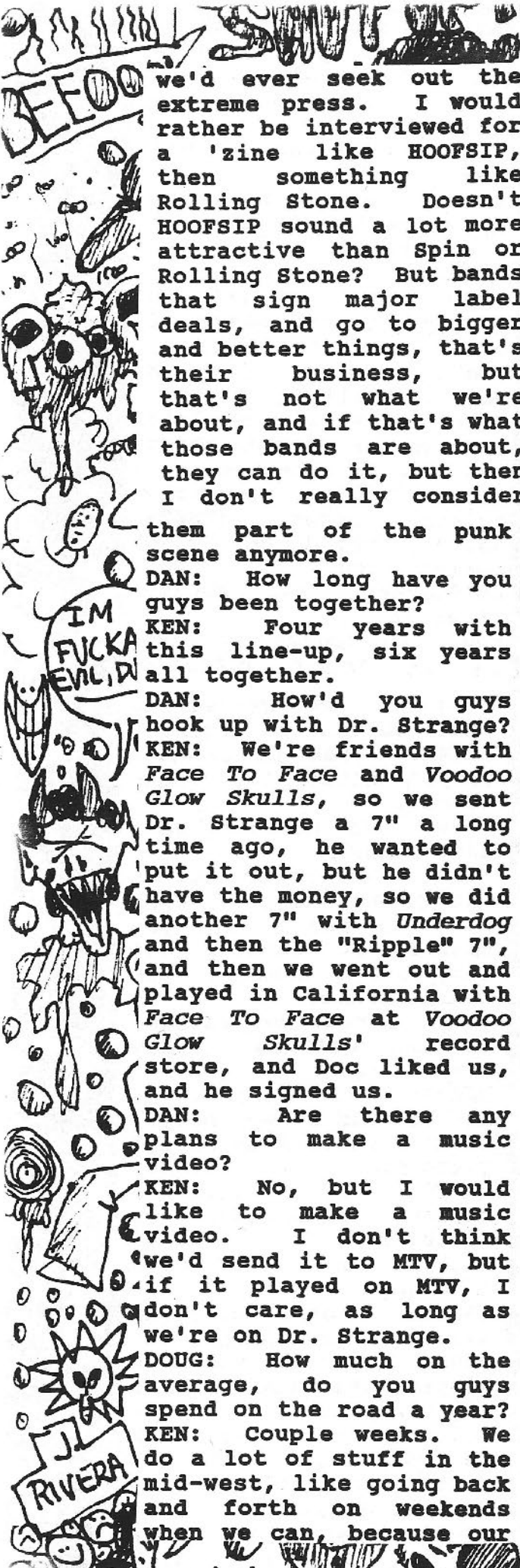
DOUG: Last question, what do you think a HOOFSIP is?

KEN: I think it's the disease Daryl's gonna get after kissing that drunk girl on the mouth.

DARYL: (screaming) I've got HOOFSIP! I've got HOOFSIP! It's called HOOFSIP in layman's terms.

KEN: You better take some penicillin for that HOOFSIP. The medical term would be HOOFSIPOUS FROM THE DRUNKOUS BITCHOUS.

EVERYONE: (laughs)



THE THINGS I HAVE ZINE

DEAD TREES - #3, \$1.00, 28 pages: Cut and paste 'zine with 'zine-music-movie reviews, recipes, comics, and articles on smoking, "your boss having a heart attack", people sucking, and going-ons in Grand Rapids. The best part of this 'zine however is an article called "Pee and Poop"! It is two pages of true accounts of people peeing and pooping! Gee, you probably wonder what the LF Productions Family finds so attractive about that piece! (Dead Trees, 113 E. Johannah, Whitehall, MI. 49461)

I'M A GANGSTA, YOU'RE A GANGSTA - #?, \$1.00, 21 pages: Tired of wiggers? Then get this 'zine that puts them down. Example quote from a column called, "The Best Reasons

To Become A Gangsta": "A good reason to wear your hat like an idiot". Ok, let's see, what else is in here? Oh, I see... "Gangsta Disadvantages", news clippings, an advice column, an ode to a gangsta, collages, cool art work, and other stuff! (Scott Bentz, 120 W. State St., Scottville, MI. 49454)

EAST COAST EXCHANGE - Vol. 1 #4, \$1.25, 26 pages: This is the "Season of Evol" edition. Besides having interviews with Agnostic Front, Helmet, The Cows, The Mighty, Mighty Bosstones, Chris Thompson, and Grey, there are show and record reviews, art work, and

prose. The guy who does this 'zine, Ethan Minsker, also does a 'zine called Psycho.Moto, makes movies, and does other neat things. If you write for this 'zine, make sure you ask him to send you more information on that stuff. (East Coast Exchange, 184 Lexington Ave. Apt. 7B, New York, NY. 10016-6841)

MY DEAD DRAGON - #3, .50, 24 pages: This issue has eight more pages than past issues, most of it is typed now for better readability, and the publisher of this 'zine, Meredith Gailey, mentions HOOFSIP once again in this issue! So there are three advantages of this 'zine already! Other cool things? Ok, an interview with Tin Kitten, short stories, poems, collages, music and 'zine reviews, and a contest in which you can win an autographed copy of a Tin Kitten cassette. Part of the contest asks you to "make your best guess at what a HOOFSIP is". Wow! This gal worships us! Well, okay, maybe not. Here's a hint for that contest though: Buy HOOFSIP #2, and read the "Cabin Trip" story by Jerry White Jr. for the answer. (Not only am I trying to sell you a copy of "My Dead Dragon", but I'm also trying to sell some of the back issues of HOOFSIP I've got.) Oh, well, here's an address: (My Dead Dragon, 2670 Lakeville Rd., Oxford, MI. 48370)

SPEC - #?, \$2.95, 8 pages: Three articles about food, and that's it! I guess if you live to eat, rather than eat to live, you might like this. (Spec Magazine, P.O. Box 40298, San Francisco, CA. 94140)

THE 3RD EYE - #1, \$4.00, 48 pages: This is a collection of art work, photography, poems, short stories, and interviews by and about Oasis High School students. Some of the stuff in here may seem a bit down or depressing, but I think it lets people see some of the bullshit that young people have to put up with. (Oasis High School, 310 W. Michigan, Mt. Pleasant, MI. 48858)

MANIC STREET PREACHERS -

"The Holy Bible": This group sounds a lot like some of those bands that use to pack stadiums in the '70s (*Rush, Queen, Boston...*), which is pretty cool. Whether you like that type of music or not, I'd think the majority of people would have to admit that those groups were comprised of some of the best musicians and singers rock has ever heard. Of course, to keep up with some of the "modern rock" sound, this band does have some, not a lot, but some, industrial sounds and weird soundbites.

(Epic)

LUNACHICKS - "Jerk Of All Trades": Any group of girls that sings about farting, saggy boobs, buttpluggs, and other disgusting subjects, is OK with the Lethal Finger Family! If you get this one, let it play out after the last track ("Why Me"), because there is a hidden track of game show music, burping, and farting! Kind of a silly recording, but at least these gals aren't uptight. They're just having fun, and saying that they could probably hang with the guys. (Go-Kart, P.O. Box 20, Prince Street Station, New York, NY. 10012)

THE WHO - "Live At Leeds": Yeah I know, this was originally released in 1970, but that version was different than this one. How you ask? Well for one, that one just had

six tracks, this one has 14! That's right, for the 1995 re-release of this classic live album,

HOOTSPINN

recorded at Leeds University, eight tracks were added, along with more time added to the all ready existing tracks, and new linear notes! A definite must-have for any *Who* fan, or anyone who wants to hear the roots of punk. Listen to the raw power and energy *The Who* put on these songs, and you'll find yourself saying, "Wow! This is the oldest of old school!" (MCA)

OASIS - "Definitely Maybe": It's been awhile since any type of British Invasion came here to the states, but if one's starting to brew up, then *Oasis* could be leading the revolution. With songs that could fit well in between any of the "original" British bands (let's say *The Beatles* and *Rolling Stones*), and still stand on it's own, *Oasis* could be leading the new revolution of The British Invasion. I know I all ready said that, but sometimes you have to repeat yourself to get the point across. (Epic)

CATCHERS - "Mute": I noticed various inspirations throughout the music, too many to name, but at times I was reminded of pop music, other times of retro '70s and '80s rock. I can't think of anything else to really say about this, um... Many inspirations, but not really inspiring. (Discovery)

BABY GOPAL - "Shiva" and "Sand Castles" b/w "Govardhan": Power-pop, groove-punk, um, ok, that's it! (Get Go, P.O. Box 7244, New York, NY. 10116-7244)



SINKHOLE

W
K
FEEL BITE

Well kiddies, once again we find a collaboration between Lethal Finger Productions and Hideous Productions, LTD. This time it's a tag team interview with the New Hampshire band, Sinkhole. Okay, let's go!

DOUG: What's a tumblemat?

JON: From gym class, those big mats you throw on the floor.

DAN: Is it your girlfriend that sings on the 7"?

JON: Aw, he wishes.

CHRIS: Yes I do.

DAN: What band is she from?

CHRIS: She use to be in a band called Juicy.

JON: She's not in Juicy anymore?

CHRIS: No.

JON: She quit? I didn't know that.

DAN: Enough about Juicy, let's talk about Sinkhole.

CHRIS: I'd rather talk about Juicy.

JON: Enough of the Juicy.

DOUG: We don't want the juice.

JON: You don't want the juice on Juicy?

DAN: Speaking of juice, O.J. Simpson, guilty or innocent?

CHRIS: He's a guilty motherfucker.

JON: I don't know, it's too close to call (laughs).

DAN: Were you part of the conspiracy?

JON: No, I'm waiting for more of the DNA results to come in, before I make a comment.

DOUG: Aren't you the ones who did the Oklahoma bombing?

JON: Well, it's two white males, that's what they're looking for, right? That's us, two white males.

DAN: Remove your glasses for a second.

(Jon removes glasses.)

DOUG: Whoa! Does anyone have a copy of the police sketch?

DAN: It's him! It's him! That's why you're wearing the glasses!

JON: Yeah.

DAN: What's your favorite color?

CHRIS: Bright green.

DOUG: Who have you played with?

CHRIS: We played with Queers and Bender.

DOUG: How long have you guys been doing this for?

JON: Me and the bass player are going on our ten year anniversary.

DAN: (burp) Respond to that.

CHRIS: (BUUUUUUUUUUUURP)

DAN: (laughs)

4/29/01

DOUG: Hey! I can smell that one!

DAN: Name everything you ate today.

JON: I had a western omelette.

CHRIS: Chicken pasta, and then a fish sandwich at Burger King, a couple other things of french fries.

DAN: So, is that what gives you the energy on stage?

CHRIS: Uh, no. (sarcastically) I take lots and lots of crank, I'm usually shooting up in the bathroom before we play.

DOUG: What's a Sinkhole?

JON: It's a geological phenomenon with sandy soil, and there's also some kind of water underneath it. It's the eroding of sandy soil, and then eventually it caves in.

DOUG: Is it kind of like quicksand?

JON: No, it's really goopy, it happens a lot in Florida.

DOUG: Who do you like, David Lee Roth or Sammy Hagar?

CHRIS: David Lee Roth.

JON: We saw a Van Halen video on MTV last night, it was just horrendous, it was a new one, it was terrible.

DAN: What do you think of Eddie's new look?

JON: It's not good, he needs to lose some weight.

DOUG: On the average, how long do you spend on the road?

JON: Not very much.

DOUG: Where are you guys based out of?

JON: Three of them live in Boston, I live in New Hampshire.

Well, there you have it.

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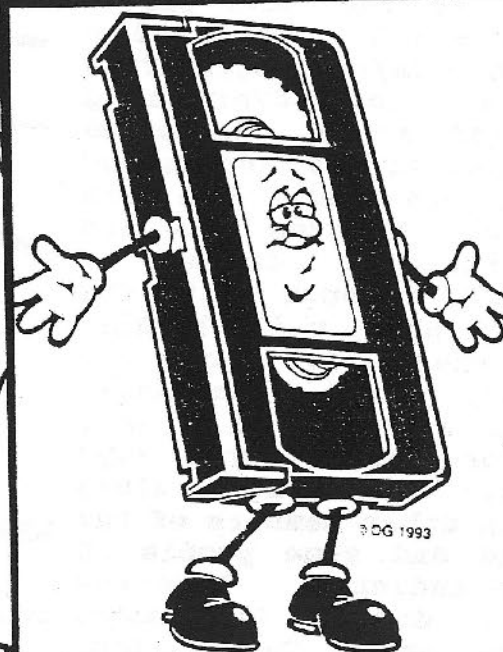
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HI! I'M MR. BLANK VIDEO TAPE! IF YOU SEND ONE OF ME TO JERRY WHITE JR. AT 1232 AVON MANOR ROCHESTER HILLS, MICHIGAN, 48307, HE WILL PUT FOUR EPISODES OF "30 MINUTES OF MADNESS" ON IT, AND MAIL IT BACK TO YOU! OKAY? NOW I MUST GO POOP.

HIDE
HIDE
HIDE

CONCERNING CONCERTS

CONCERTS REVIEWED BY: DAN AUGUSTINE

BILLY GOAT WITH GROUPIE SOUP - 3-23-95, Reptile House: The band that started this show, *Groupie Soup*, came out, played for maybe an hour, did mostly original stuff, did some covers (*NOFX*, *Sponge*), said good-bye, then *Billy Goat* played. Now *Billy Goat*, - wait a minute! - I just can't leave my review of *Groupie Soup* at that, I also liked their sound (very tight and clean) and dug their stage presence, so there! Okay, now as I was saying, *Billy Goat* came out and played an incredible set. So much happened during their set, that I'll just name off some of it in random order:

As the band played their world beat/rock/rap/reggae/free form jazz/everything fueled music, the crowd jumped around and danced to every beat. The main dancer however was Kim Fruit, who danced on stage through out the whole show, while holding up these cool signs she made, and partially *d i s r o b i n g*. "Disrobing?!", you say? Yes, disrobing, along with other members of the band and some people in the audience. This was done during the song, "Everyone Take Your Clothes Off". Another form of audience participation was the

handing out of maracas made from soup cans to audience members, so they could groove with the band too. I know other things happened at this show, but I uh forgot.

ROBERT PLANT AND JIMMY PAGE - 4-1-95, Palace Of Auburn Hills: This show started out with what I thought was gonna be the "Immigrant Song", but then they switched gears, and began playing "The Wanton Song". As a matter of fact, these guys have sooo many well known songs from the past with that other band they used to be in (remember the *Honeydrippers*?), that in order to fit it all in, they had to do a lot of medleys. They even did a cover of *The Doors*' "Light My Fire". (With all the material they have, why did they have to do a cover?) Anyway, not really much more to say. I mean they did a lot of *Zeppelin* stuff, okay? So I will finish off this review with some of the stuff I witnessed at the concert. First off, an incident Bill, Tom, and myself like to refer to as "the choke":

As a guy who looked like he was in his late 40s, walked past a guy who looked like he was in his late 20s, the 20-something attacked the 40-something! For reasons unknown, he put his hands around this guy's neck and began choking! The "funniest"

part of this is the 40-something guy didn't even put up much of a

struggle. He just fell to his knees, then on to his back, and let this guy choke him! As if he was enjoying it! As this was happening, Bill threw a paper cup, and hit "the choker" with such precision and accuracy, that if someone was to have filmed it, they could have released it as a film entitled, "The Best Paper Cup Throw, Ever!" Of course, this guy was sooo into choking, that it didn't even faze him. Finally, after some hippie looking guy broke-up "the choke", the 40-something guy ran away with tears in his eyes! Bill said when the 40-something went back to work on Monday, he probably told the guys at the shop, "Yeah! some punk kid tried attacking me at the Plant/Page concert, so I kicked his ass!" Another incident that showed me how stupid people could be involved this conversation I overheard in the bathroom:

1ST GUY: I hope they do "No Quarter", that's my favorite Zeppelin song.

2ND GUY: "No Quarter", do you know what that song's about?

1ST GUY: I don't care what it's about, I just like it.

2ND GUY: It's about the way America and England...

1ST GUY (cutting off 2nd Guy): I don't care about that, I'm from Taylor (Michigan)!

DUH!

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STAY PUNK

Dream Time

Sigmund Freud believed dreams express our unconscious desires and conflicts, and many represent wish fulfillments.

Scientists Allan Hobson and Robert McCarley believed that during REM (that's rapid eye movement, not Michael Stipe's band) sleep, certain brain cells that normally control eye movement, balance, and actions are activated. However, messages from the cells are blocked from actually reaching the body, so no movement occurs. The cells then continue to tell higher brain areas of their activities. In an effort to interpret this information, the brain searches through stored memories and manufactures a dream.

Beat writer, Jack Kerouac, who recorded many of his dreams in a book called "Book of Dreams", believed the subconscious mind doesn't make any mental discriminations of good or bad, it just deals with the realities. It is only with our conscious mind that we judge and make arbitrary conceptions, that is arbitrate and lay down laws about what should or shouldn't be done.

And finally, here at LF Productions, we think dreams are just cool.

So now I introduce a new column that will appear occasionally here in the pages of HOOPSIP. It is a column in which a

BY: DAN AUGUSTINE

member of the "LF Family" will tell the readers of a dream they had recently, and illustrate it. (In this case a dream that I, Dan Augustine, had a few months back.) This column is just for entertainment purposes, it shouldn't be taken seriously, however if any of you "star-gazing, horoscope reading, dream analyzers" care to interpret it, then mail your interpretations to the address that appears many times throughout this 'zine, so we can read it, laugh, roll our eyes, and then throw it away.

Enjoy...

As Jerry and I approached the doors of K-Mart, we noticed the sign on the window which read: "WARNING! It is a felony to bring a camera into this store." I looked down at the Pentax around my neck, looked over at Jerry, we both shrugged and walked in.

As we walked past the aisles of school supplies, Jacklyn Smith clothing, and flashing blue lights, we noticed a gathering of kindergarten-aged children and their teacher on a field trip. When we got near the children they started yelling at me to take their picture. With 20 or 30 rugrats jumping up and down around me, I lost track of Jerry. I then heard Jerry's voice, so I turned around to see what he was doing.



There stood Jerry with one arm around the teacher, and the other around - Big Bird?! He was saying, "Dan! Get a picture of this! It would be great!" And he was right, it would be! The teacher said, "Let's get all the children here in the photo!" All the children then gathered around the threesome, and sat cross legged on the floor. I held the Pentax to my eye, and started backing up to get the whole picture.

Gasps were heard from the other shoppers, as they saw your honest HOOPSIP writer about to commit a felony. The next thing I heard were sirens and the sounds of footsteps, for the entire store was surrounded with squadron cars and police officers were running towards me from every direction.

I threw my arms up. There was no doubt about it, they had me. The one police officer said, "All right, I think you know what you've done." He reached into his pocket and pulled out his pad of paper and a pencil.

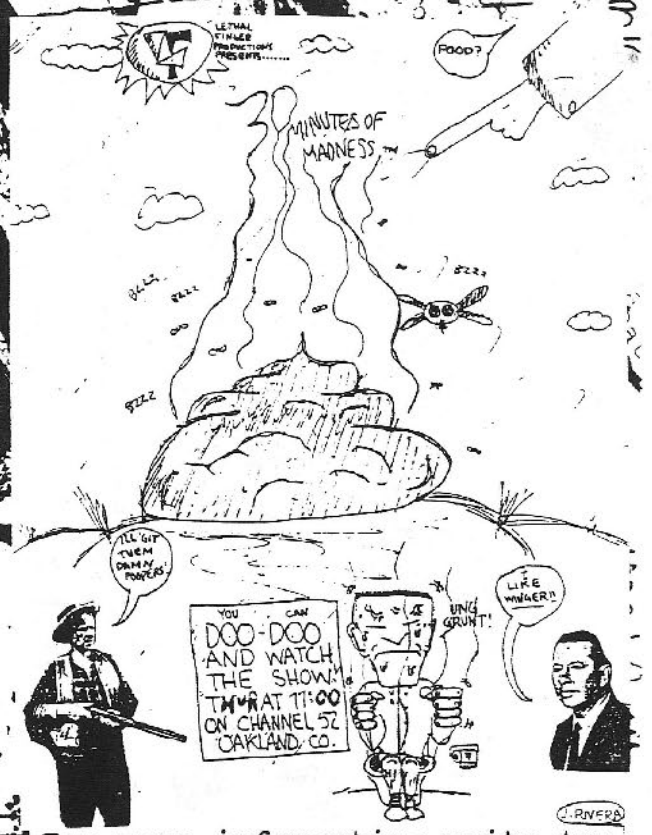
Touching the tip of the pencil to his tongue, he prepared to make a report. As he wrote, he asked if I was mad. "No." I replied. "I'm glad to see you're taking this so well." Was his reply. He then went on about how most people get extremely upset when they get caught taking pictures in K-Mart, and how he even agrees that it's a bullshit law, and he hates writing people up for it, but a law's a law, and he has to do his job. He gave me the slip of paper, and walked away.

I turned around, and my mother was standing behind me. She said, "I can't believe you took that so well, you've just committed a felony, and will probably spend years in prison, but you seem not to care. I mean you're not even mad!" "Not mad?" I yelled. "Not mad? Of course I'm mad! I'm pissed!" I then picked up the shopping cart my mother had, which was filled to the top with K-products, and hoisted it over my head. Growling and snaring like the Incredible Hulk, I threw the shopping cart on top of one of the officers who was still around. All the other officers then tackled me to the ground.



Unfortunately, this is where the dream ends, I really wish I could have a great ending to this dream, however, that's it. As my back hit the floor, I did what many of you probably do when you fall in a dream, I was startled awake. Well, that's about it, hope you can join in for a future adventure of

Dream Time



For more information write to:

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Fun Games That Cost No Money! (Part II)

By: Dan Augustine

-In HOOPSIP #5, Jerry White Jr. brought us "Fun Gams That Cost No Money". Now, in this issue, I, Dan Augustine bring you "Fun Games That Cost No Money Part II". If you'd like to see a part III, mail us some of your ideas to the address which appears many times throughout this issue.

PCP ROBOT - A sort of backwards version of charades, in which the "answer" is given first, then the actions are acted out that represent that word or phrase. The person acting doesn't get to choose the word or phrase, the people watching get to. This way the people can come up with a word or phrase so obscure, that the "actor" has to try their best to represent what was just said with his or her greatest effort, by just using gestures, however speaking can be used too, but we encourage minimal talking, and if you do talk, use a lot of made-up words. For example, someone can tell the "actor" that they are "sea sick on a Carnival Cruise Line Ship", this would be quite easy, for the "actor" simply pretends to be playing shuffle board, then pretends to puke. Or someone can make it challenging by telling the "actor" that they have "just seen a dumbwaiter far off in the distance, and they believe it to be the same

one that they saw earlier in the day on a Laurel and Hardy movie, but as they get closer, they release it's a Sandperson from Star Wars, in which case they burn their fingers off with a plastic, green army man", now this would be quite hard to do, but at the same time, it's a fun type of challenge, and if you're creative, it'll make you smile. The reason the game is called "PCP Robot" is because at the end of every "round" (a round ends once every person in the group has given the "actor" a command), the "actor" gets to choose a "PCP Robot function". For example, "PCP Robot function #21G" or "PCP Robot function #0078 Red" or anything like that. During this function, the "actor" can do whatever he or she desires. They can beat their chest, take off their pants, simulate masturbation, or whatever. This part of the game really serves no function, it's just fun. After three "rounds", the "actor" sits down and one of the people giving commands becomes the new "actor".

PAPER, SCISSORS, STONE (BRONX STYLE) - This game is played much like the regular version of PSS, except when you defeat someone with let's say a scissors over a paper or a stone over a scissors, instead of giving that person a slug in the arm, you get to punch him or

her right in the face. The only drawback to this game is black eyes, bloody noses, and busted lips. But hey, S&M fanatics dig it!

THE ALPHABET GAME - Get a group of people, have one person choose a subject, such as "movies" or "famous dead people", then go around in a circle, with each person saying something related to the subject in alphabetical order. For example, let's say the subject is "famous dead people", and four people are playing. Person 1 could say "John Adams for A". Person 2 could say "P.T. Barnum for B". Person 3 could say "Aleister Crowley for C". And person 4 could say "Charles Darwin for D". Then it goes back to person 1 for letter E. If a person gets stumped on a letter, they can pass it on to the next person, however, everyone only gets one pass. If you can't think of anything for the letter after you've used your pass, then you're out of the game. The winner will be the last one left, however if you make it to the letter Z, and more than one person is left, then all those left are all winners!

Another way of playing this game is by using no passes, and each person has to come up with something different all for the same letter. For example, let's use "movies" with four

people. For the letter A person 1 could say "American Werewolf In London". Person 2 could say "American Graffiti". Person 3 could say "Alice's Restaurant".

And person 4 could say "Animal Crackers". Then everyone goes on to the letter B. Once again, this is won when one person is left, or the letter Z is tackled.

TV SHOW SITUATION GAME -

This game utilizes everybody's ability to tell stories. One person in the room selects an object, then everyone has to tell how that object could be incorporated into a TV series. For example, let's say a napkin is chosen. Someone could tell the story of how if the napkin was in an episode of "Laverine and Shirley", Laverine could use it to stuff her bra before a date. While on the date, Lenny and Sqiggy walk up and notice the napkin is sticking out a little, Squiggy pulls the napkin out, blows his nose, then shoves it back in. The laugh track is played. Then the next person can tell how the napkin is used in an episode of "Married...With Children" (Peg sees a napkin, and makes a crack about how she never has sex anymore.), "Little House on the Prairie" (A pathetic, wispy haired woman gives birth during a snow blizzard, then uses the napkin to wrap

the newborn in), or any other show. This game can be a howl if played with the right people, and no punches are thrown.

DEA DAHLINK SPIENK
GAMAX - Diezawe gamah
re quay thart ouy spienk
dahlink spienk. Fory
ickzamshun shalsahl:
"Mawkeeb, Mahcob,
Mahawkleeb".

294

475

101

MAD LIBS - For those of you who bought **HOOPSIP #1**, you had a first hand encounter with this game (sort of). You see, one night there was five of us and we played mad libs, except we didn't use one of those books of pre-made mad libs you buy in a store, we wrote our own. The end results were so funny, that I put copies of them in the first issue. So if we can do it, why not you? Just write out a little story, leave several words out with blanks where those words should be, label each blank accordingly (verb, noun, adjective, etc...), then have a friend or group of friends give you words for the blanks. Now you might be a smart ass, and might be saying, "But this game costs money. I'd have to buy paper and pencil. I thought this was 'Fun Games That Cost No Money Part II'". Well, all I can say is this: Chances are you or someone you know already owns both a paper and pencil, and if not it's easy to acquire them for

free. So now for an added bonus, a list of places it's easy to get free paper and pencils at: put-put golf courses, libraries, schools, Kinko's Copies, The Free Paper and Pencil Shop (check Yellow Pages for location nearest you), or just ask a neighbor if you can "borrow" a paper and pencil, and never return them. Well, this just about wraps up "Fun Games That Cost no Money Part II". I must go now to Kinko's Copies to run off some copies of this, and perhaps pick up some paper and pencil while I'm at it.

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A SHORT STORY BY DAN AUGUSTINE:
"ILL" USTRATED BY MACIE SCHRINER-WALKER
MACIEQUIN

After much job hunting, Macie found a job at a department store. Her first day was hectic, and after the store closed, she stayed afterwards with one of the stock boys to get the store ready for the next day's shoppers.

Macie told the stock boy she was going to use the bathroom. "Oh no", he said as she walked towards the bathroom, "You can't use those bathrooms. You have to use the, uh, employee's bathroom." Macie thought nothing of it, and asked where the employee's bathroom was.

As she stood in front of the mirror, she started applying lipstick. This is something she often did, without much thought, just as you or I often make faces in the mirror, without thinking about it. She looked down at the lipstick tube to recap it, then looked back up in the mirror, and looming behind her was a mannequin. She jumped and gasped, then laughed at herself. "That mannequin was probably always there, I probably just didn't notice it at first", she thought.

She later told the stock boy about the mannequin, and asked what it was doing in the bathroom. "Oh, the bathroom, it, uh, doubles as a stockroom. Yeah, sometimes we keep mannequins in there", replied the stock boy, as he thought about the real story of the employee's bathroom and the mannequin.

The employee's bathroom was actually off limits, ever since a boy named Walter who had delusions of being made out of water, went in there and tried flushing his head down the toilet, and in one of the most bizarre deaths, drowned himself in the process. But how was Macie to know that Walter's spirit haunted the bathroom? And how was she to know that the stock boy put a mannequin in the bathroom, in hopes that Walter's spirit would enter it? Well, Walter's spirit did enter it, and now he was going to have Macie be it's first victim!

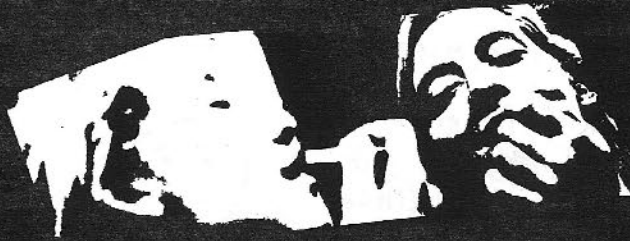
The spirit in the mannequin had a strange effect on Macie, almost controlling her mind. It kept drawing her into the bathroom, day after day, at least twenty times a day. Each time the pale skin of the mannequin became more and more lifelike, and if it wasn't for the control the mannequin had on Macie, she might have noticed her skin was becoming more pale and more plastic-like. The stock boy did notice though, things were going according to his plan.

It didn't take long, and one day Macie was in the bathroom applying lipstick, and she froze. She froze from both the shock she felt as the mannequin reached out and touched her, and she froze from the plastic that completely coated her body, as it shot from the mannequin's fingers on to her skin.

The next day the boss was wondering why Macie hadn't shown up for work. The stock boy knew, he lied though. "Oh yesterday she told me she wasn't going to come in, she said she was moving into, I mean to another state." "Well, looks like I'm gonna have to get another employee", grumbled the boss.

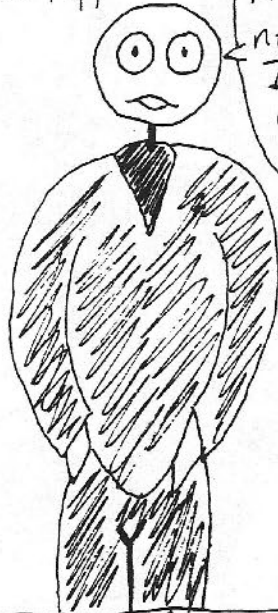
A week later, the stock boy was introduced to a new employee, Mandy. "Where's the bathroom?", asked Mandy. "Oh, we have an employee's bathroom, you can use it if you like, but beware of the two mannequins in there, they're a bit cold", said the stock boy jokingly.

A SHORT STORY BY DAN AUGUSTINE:
MACIEQUIN
"ILL" USTRATED BY MACIE SCHRINER-WALKER



STICKMEN

By: Mike Pimper.



This is a moment in history that will not be ~~remembered~~.... shit I fucked my line. Great now I have totally forgot it

what he is trying to say is that, for the first time we have clothes Too Cool!

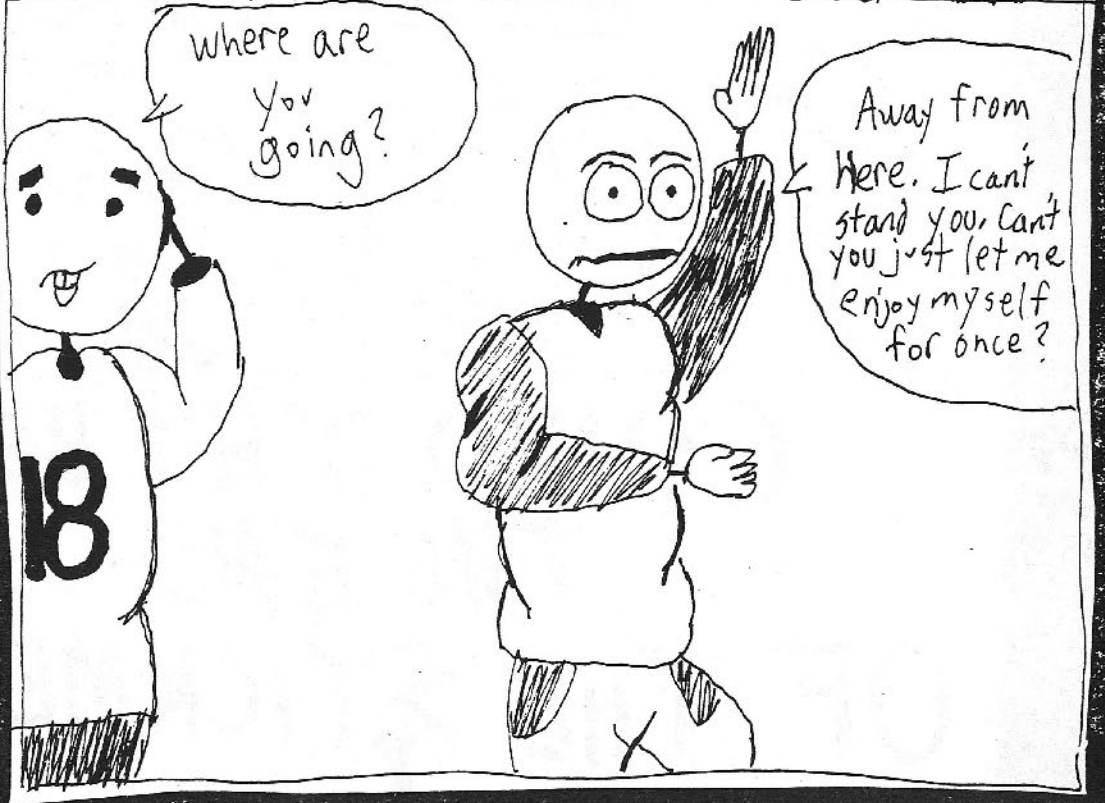


Is this the Life or what? we got style now. We are going to be so hip, what do yo think?



I'm not sure. At first I thought it was cool but now I'm not sure. It just is not what we are. know what I'm saying?

HOOF SIP



Writer's note: So I made the bubble too small!
So this is not funny. It's my comic!!

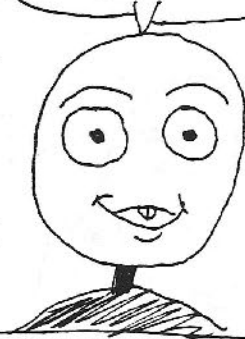
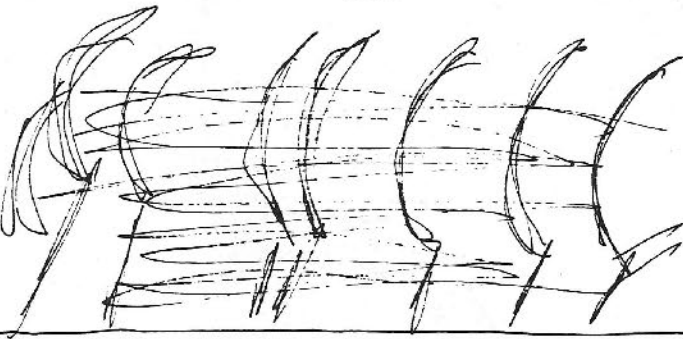
Why has nothing
funny happened?
This is a different
comic this time.
Maybe it will get

funny

The writer sounds
like an ASS.

Pointless scene.

Neat Effect!



COULD THIS BE
THE END
OF THE STICKMEN
?

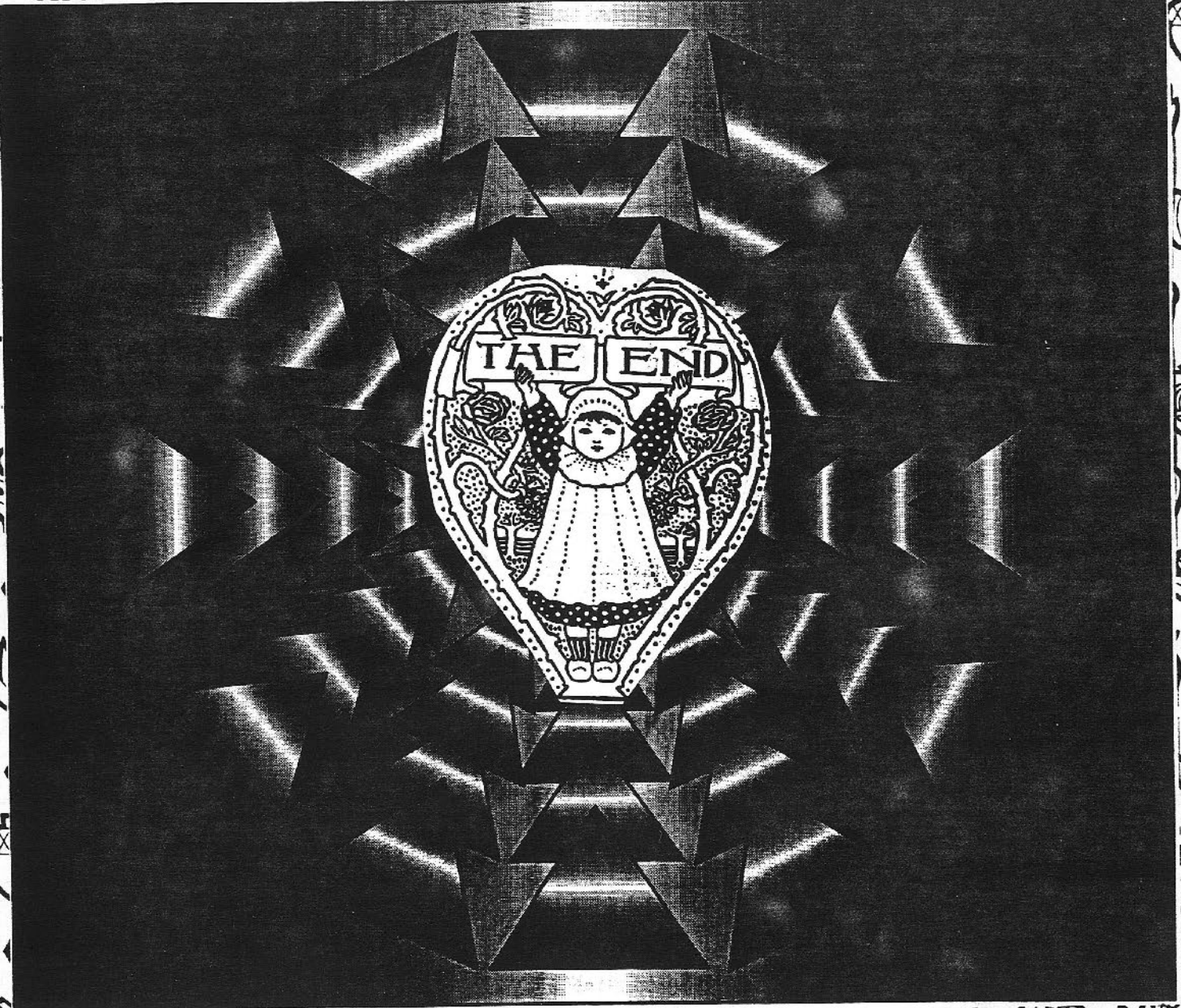


Hey um... My name's Mike. You can call me Pimper. Anyway, I can't think of how to get my two stickmen back together. ^{So could you} help? Just write out your Idea and give it to me.

Possible Ideas you can expand on:

- I. They could bump into each other at Kmart.
- II. One could do something big to say he was sorry.
- III. Fuck it, I hate your shitty comics and I think you suck.
- IV. Well first they... well no, that would only make them stick.
- V. Think of your own!!

Once you have an idea send it to the address of this 'zine, which can be found in various places. All ideas will be looked at and used in some comics later if I like them. I will also take all the credit. -Thank you.
P.S. = should they keep the clothes or not?



THANKS FOR READING THIS ISSUE OF HOOPSIP. WE REALLY APPRECIATE IT. STAY STRONG!