

**COMING
SOON
FROM
ADITOR**



The first of numerous albums



???

**HONEST TO
GOD**

ADITOR
FROM
#2
the behind schedule
[a zine by dan&martin]

featuring the
work of **Poop
Chute** and
Cacacabana



Employees



Pages: Bill Gentlehips
Documentation: Aman Mottlecocks
Text: Edith Billadmirer
Type: A Un-Married Couple
Lettering: Leigh Swing-Willing
Editor: Bentley Asshole
Edition: Purity B. Jamtongue
Writing: James Un-Willing
Typewriting: Edith Unh
Letters to the Editor: J. Goodboy
Sumbission: Contributors
Copy: Position unfilled, please apply!
Edit: Position unfilled, please apply!
File: Phil Billadmirer
Tools: William James
View: Phillipam Williamadmirer
Window: Edith Williamhips
Help: Bill "Burly" Jamtongue
Night Shift: Darla Jamadmirer
Security: U. Goodboy-Willing
Personnel: Leigh Jimhips

Pasture

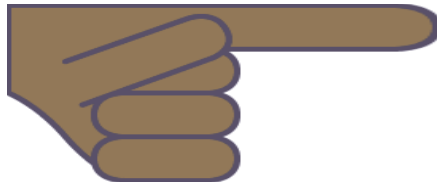
You and I are anal shepherds
we hook and crook our way across the pasture
our frocks flank the flocks
and lamb's blood soaks the silent,
sticky grass all around us

When dawn or dusk is merely a husk
we rouse and rise and plunge deep
and tunnel out our secrets
soft, sopping, and (somewhat) silent

Raise your voice in joy if you dare
amid the bleating and bleeding
and beating and fleeting pleasure
go ahead and get us caught, you fucking fucker

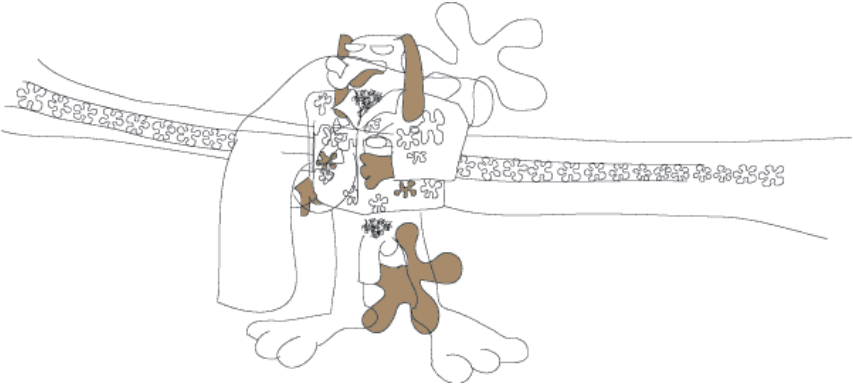
Fonts Used

All used fonts are excellent
Century Schoolbook 12pt
Impact 10-80pt
Verdana 12pt & 27pt
The famous Wide Latin



kquackquackquackquackFUCKFUCKquackfuckQUAAAAACK!!!!!!

Editor's Phlegmaticuma



brown penis underneath her, the man who groaned her name in distinctly the voice of Philip. I had entered at the opportune moment when their throes would be most likely to draw their attention from my presence, as I could clearly see by their frantic motion, the machine-like ease with which their organs, even when momentarily separated, recoupled, and the awful palpitating dilation of all involved orifices, including, to my disgust, the moist, hairy and brown cavern of Philip's arsehole, into the activity of which I was directly looking at the precise moment of crisis.

Although it was the first time I had viewed, voluntarily or no, the coupling of lovers, it was not my embarrassed invasion that rested in my mind but rather the boiling brown motion inside Philip's colon, a turbulence seeming to gather for a forceful ejection of his excrement onto the banded drapery. I retreated.

Read the thrilling parts before this part and the equally-thrilling parts after this part in the story "King Philip", coming soon from Rotica!!!

The second issue of Rotica that is called "The Behind Schedule is being held in your hands by you!

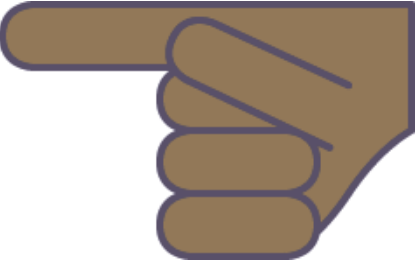


I worked hard on "The Behind Schedule". I worked long and gruelling hours, days and nights, driving my employees relentlessly, and relentlessly hiring new employees when those employees succumbed to my terrific pressures.

I hand-picked every employee considering only the pleasure of the end product.

Each labourer was absolutely mindlessly focused on ROTICA, even when she had homework.

In fact, they were almost palpable.



I would be offended, therefore, if you did not note the cheeky and eye-winking double-entendre behind my laboriously humorous subtitle, "The Behind Schedule".

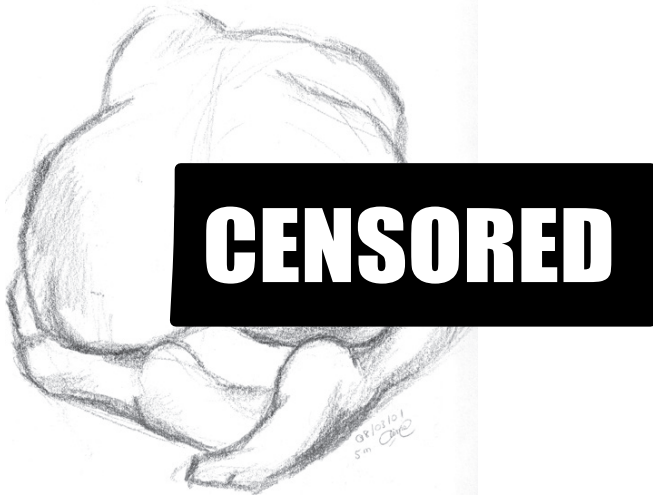
You see, "Behind" might be thought of as "the rear face of a surface", according to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, but it might, if you have a sense of humour, and you stretch the definitions of the words just a little bit... and you pronounce

AND SO CAN PALP, "PO

in a funny way with your tongue poking into the inner skin of your cheek, it might just mean....

Bum!

..like this one:



In this issue, therefore, I have focused on the traditional ROTICA topics for which you have expressed such nurture in the past, with a special perspective that might be expressed as that of holding your head between two generous buns.

Hence, as I momentarily attempt to divert my attention from the unruly frolicks of my workers a sufficient time to introduce you personally to this proud new issue, I find my mind occupied largely by generosity: my own, naturally, as well as

that of my gifted servitors.

I dearly hope, cherished Readers, that you will enjoy this issue. And--as ever--don't mind the stains.

--The Editor

from which I could overlook the dancers. Here there had been a recessed hallway and several closed doors to guest chambers giving directly onto the landing. While I leaned against the balustrade, a strange sequence of events had unfolded.

This first thing I noticed was a wafting odour near me. But this was ephemeral and my attention was replaced by the strange way a servant had begun acting of a sudden. I heard footsteps quite too near my back and turned to see a maid staring at me and backing away, looking frightened. Then I noticed that a door near me was ajar. From within the chamber came a muffled explosion like perhaps a small bomb in an aquarium. Looking after the retreating

servant's back and nurturing an unformulated question, my curiosity got the better of me and I approached the door. From my vantage facing the foot of the large bed inside, I did not at first see the faces of its occupants. But I noticed Helena's hair, always worn down,

**I just churn out
... with nary a
thought to the
physical realm
that cradles [me]
in its bulging
bosom**

--Agent Girl(?)

and her crumpled, dirty dress hiked to her waist. She was fucking, in crouching position, the bearer of the large

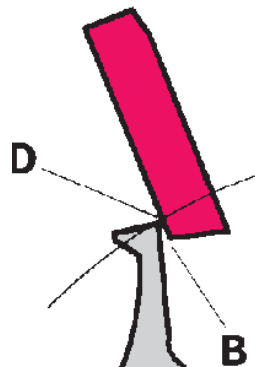
Excerpt from Tale "King Philip"

...

In any case, the collectively therapeutic conversation concerning our mutual acquaintance had made me aware of Philip's peculiarity and heightened my sensitivity of the peculiarity's evidence. I was perhaps unlucky that my sensitivity should have been heightened at the moment that it was to receive its most shocking stimulus.

It was another large winter ball held by the same family as that at whose Helena had first spoken to me of Philip's breath that reunited the three of us in attendance.

The family was proudly presenting their second daughter, having successfully married the first as a probable consequence of the previous engagement. There were bound to be many young men about, eager to court, as well as young women to pick up the stragglers. I thought that it was again to be a source of amusement for Philip; jealousy Helena. After an astonishing conversation on astronomy with a brother of Bukar's recently returned from the colonies, I had mounted to the balcony



ROTICA@HOME

In this issue, ROTICA swells with pride to present to you swell new illustrations by area STAY@HOME MOMS!

These gorgeous drawings serve as indecently invasive examples of the mind-blowing worlds that gorge the indrawn minds of their gorgeous drawers!



ROTICA@HOME

Excrement

Johnny liked to play in excrement. He liked how soft it felt when he rolled around in it, and he liked how it would squish and spread. He liked to ball it up in his hands like Play-Doh and throw it across the room, or squish it into a flat disc on his palm. He even liked to lie naked in it and savour how cool it felt to the touch.

Johnny knew that others didn't share his love of excrement, though. He knew that others would think him weird if they knew his little hobby. So he never told anybody about what he liked to do. But in his heart, he yearned

to be able to share his secret with someone and frolic in fresh excrement with that person. It would be so much fun!

One day, Johnny had a girl over, and they were making out in the living room. Her name was Caroline. She was awkward and gangly, and kind of overdid it when she tried to be sexy, but he liked her anyway. He had her bra off and was sucking on her nipple when she moaned perhaps too loudly, said to him, "Johnny, I want you so bad," and stood up, her nipple snapping out of his questioning lips as



Author
James Joyce
pens exclusively
for Rotica

You had an arse full of farts that night, darling, and I fucked them out of you, big fat fellows, long windy ones, quick little merry cracks and a lot of tiny little naughty farties ending in a long gush from your hole. It is wonderful to fuck

a farting woman

a farting woman when every fuck drives one out of her. I think I would know Nora's fart anywhere. I think I could pick hers out in a roomful of farting women. It is a rather girlish noise not like the wet windy fart which I imagine fat wives have.

a roomful of farting women

It is sudden and dry and dirty like what a bold girl would let off in fun in a school dormitory at night. I hope Nora will let off no end of her farts in my face so that I may know their smell also.

- James Joyce



I liked to imagine that the former was true, that its soft shape reflected the peace with which it exited her body. But even so, how many misshapen lumps might have fled her angry intestines before clenching anger gave way to the resignation or muted martyrdom of this pallid piece?

My knees were beginning to ache, and I straightened up. I sighed and looked down at the little brown man. "I'm sorry," I said, "but you can't stay here. These pipes will take you somewhere better." I touched the toilet's handle. "Good luck," I said, although I knew that I was sending him swishing to some waste

treatment facility somewhere - somewhere antiseptic, where his decomposition was inevitable.

So I lied to him, and then I flushed the toilet and waved a gentle goodbye as he spun round and round and was sucked slowly down into the plumbing and out into the sewage system.

I washed my hands and looked into the bowl. There was nothing left behind; it had all been flushed away.



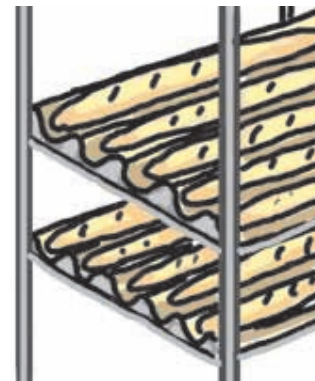
she rose. She took his hand and strode towards the stairs.

"B-but..." he stammered as he meekly followed, deathly afraid that she would bring him to his excrement-filled bedroom, where she would scream and run away.

She stopped and turned around, putting a finger to his lips and staring at him as if attempting hypnosis. "Shhh," she said, her finger sliding slightly on his dry lips. It came dangerously close to entering his nostril before she pulled it away, took his hand again, and resumed leading him upstairs.

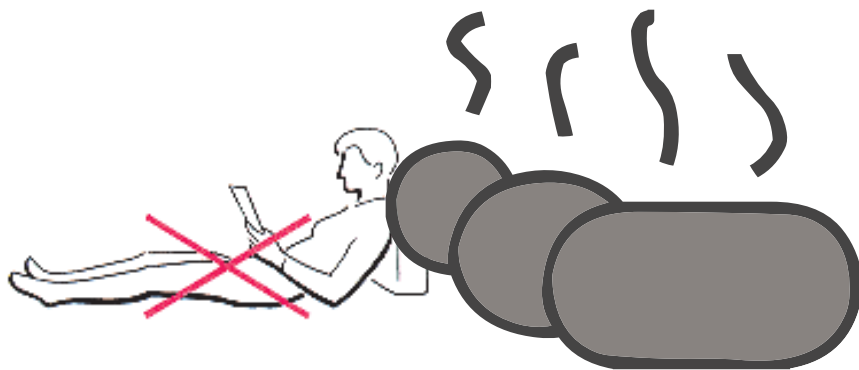
Johnny felt like a doomed man being led to his

execution. He was unable to speak and could only follow. The world was in slow motion, even when she stumbled on the top stair and landed in a less-than-graceful manner on her long, narrow buttocks. As Caroline neared the bedroom door he held his breath. She turned the doorknob, and its squeak tortured him, shot right to his brain. The door opened slowly. So often the gateway to a fantastical world of forbidden, yet innocent pleasure, surely now it was the gateway to a life of ostracism and isolation. Surely she would not only be horrified, but eager to



announce his wide-eyed perversion to the world. He could taste the sweat on his lips as the open door laid bare his innermost pleasures. A trampoline bathed in brown. Stuffed animals caked with ca-ca. A rocking horse plastered with poo. Caroline's silence and immobility was palpable. Johnny wanted to reach out and shake her, just to get her to move, to react, anything.

She wasn't still for long, though. She let out a little cry of "Oh!" and awkwardly put her hand to her lips. Then she promptly dropped to all fours and scrambled into the room, ass high in the air, licking and biting at the dry lumps of shit that covered the floor. She even grabbed a log and rubbed it on her breast, moaning to Johnny to take her now: "Take me now, amidst this sexy poo!"



though, was one last remnant of her, silent and still. Waiting for me, maybe. Before she finished clearing out her things, I guess, she went to this bathroom one last time, and it didn't all flush properly. One soft,



"I'm sorry," I said, "but you can't stay here."



brown, unassuming cylinder remained. I stood there for a while and looked at the little log. I knew I would probably never see her again, and this was all that was left. I bent

down and leaned close. I looked at its shape, its slender profile, the wet pieces of brown that had been pressed together into one, forming grooves where they met, lines in the soft, smooth surface. I wondered if the shape of this piece somehow reflected her thoughts as it slid slowly from her sphincter. Did she let it push itself gradually out, resigned to its inevitable and independent progress? Or did she angrily clench and squeeze and shove it rudely into the bowl, purposefully and promptly purging herself of the foul waste? Looking at the log, I couldn't say.

Flush

I leaned back in through the doorway, and swept my eyes over the dusty remains of our living space. Only walls, rugs, empty furniture, and a thin layer of memories lingered. Or did I leave anything behind?

I stepped in further to take a closer look. The apartment seemed so small without our stuff to crowd it, to hug it, to take the emptiness out of the space and give it meaning and warmth. The living room was now just a big box, with a couch, a couple of chairs, and a table. And the kitchen was stark and mute without the silent drips of dishes drying in

the racks, and clinically crisp without all the crumbs of common meals sprinkled around the toaster and the counter. I walked out of the kitchen, eyes down, and wandered over to the bathroom. The sink was bare. So was the floor, cold without the usual blanket of bathrugs and towels that had fallen carelessly off their hooks. Even the toilet brush was gone.

There in the toilet bowl,



**There, in
the TOILET
BOWL...!!!**



Johnny went white and shook with rage. How dare she violate his innocent pleasure with her filthy debauchery? How dare she forever taint and defile such childlike fun?

Johnny was absolutely furious. He was so furious that he started screaming obscenities at her, and he picked up a vase from a nearby table and dashed it against the wall. Spittle flew out of his mouth as he called her name after name, screaming at her to get out of his house.

Caroline fled with tears in her eyes, almost slipping again on the stairs, and Johnny ran after her as she ran out



the door and down the street. He screamed and screamed, shaking his fist at her, his face contorted with hate. Finally, he collapsed on the grass sobbing, emotionally and physically exhausted.

He still mucked around in shit after that, but sadly, it was never the same again.



Princely Pendant



In mid-stride, the prince flexed sphinster and sprayed
waste on the floor.
As purple dribbled his naked legs, he rowed his plucked
thighs to the door,
Knotting languidly the sash of his silky gilet. Attendants
Hastened to trap the purple pulp, clean the spray.
Princely pendant,
His brown penis swung in time to his stride.
Thus purged, thus exposed, his Presence graced the
garden outside.

Or is that a hand?
There is something dim inside you
And it moves like seaweed in the murky green
Spread with gold and red and writhing.
The embryo of what will be here when we are
gone.

My bladder is full and leaks against thoughts
of the man
out drinking somewhere who will be home --
Somewhere where his stomach cries as it eats
whiskey,
and spits, sipping between stares at a Legion
urinal,
All his thoughts of you and the thick gasp of
your limbs.

The mattress is soaked and the difference is
spreading
While release calls like an alarm in the
distant fool's night
And a key scratches up the lock who whispers
up the stairs --

Oh no. He's home early.

molly gloom



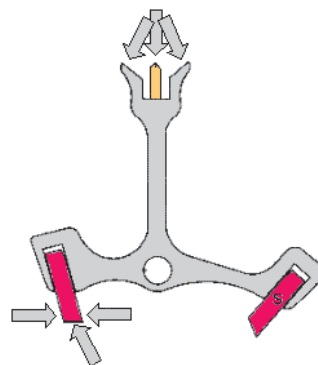
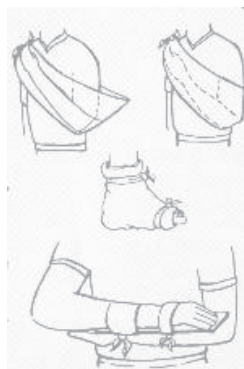
Stanzas For The Planets And The Girls They Were



Composed On The Day the Universe Collapsed

The lust elixir lusts aside from itself.
Its warning label says paradox: fluids that
shouldn't be -- where?
Touching? The smell is warm uterine silt
spread between thighs
As the dirty windows wane: Yours? Mine?
Night begins to break between us on the
bed.

Our bloods combine with the
mud of a dying sun
As your nails scratch through
to the dirt below my skin.
We are gorged with dirt and
turning red
In the plunging dread of
saturn's shadow
And surging scalped intoxica --



The event occasioned the publishing of a royal tome.
Monks directed to clean princely arsehole in the pleasure
dome,
Were to trap wine-dark morsels on the bound leaves
Of a volume destined each day to preserve the product of
his Highness' heaves.

Each leaf allowed to absorbe for one sun's pass the moist
ink,
And monks preserved the tome in a clay chamber. The
stink
Germinated in their nostrils fervour to scribe princely
wisdom in scrolls
Following intently the infinite line traced by the royal
arsehole.

The dawn of this day anticipated impatience for the clay
chamber's announce
That the final page had been written, and the book its
future would pronounce.
As the prince lounged in the lengthening purple shadows
outside,
The volume sentenced his Highness to death, he without
heir, without child, without bride.

--ДЭК

