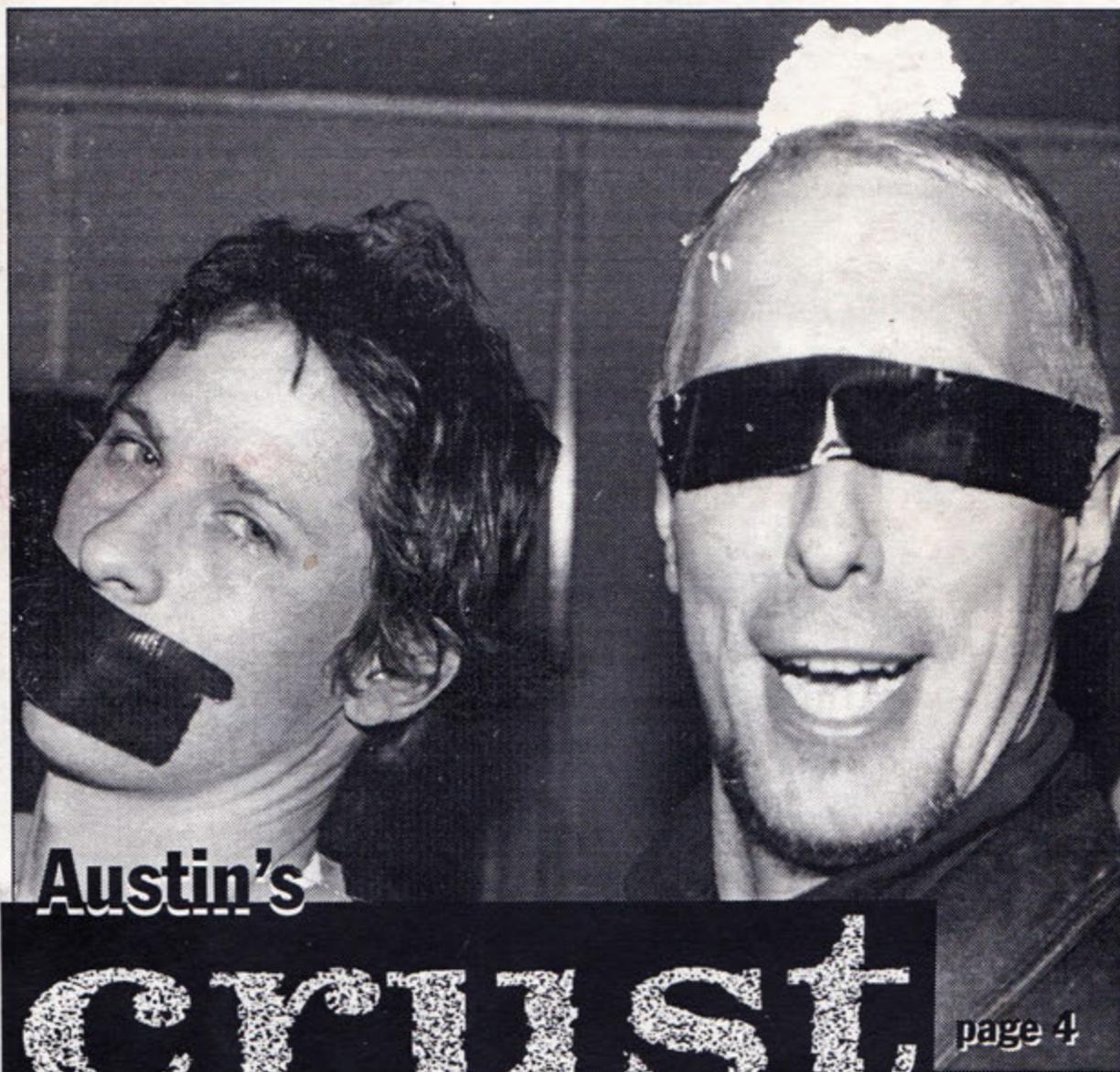


Salt for Slugs

austin's magazine for the living

vol. 1 • issue 1



Austin's

crust

page 4

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• ego's versus the carousel • chokebore interview •
iridology chart • signing obscenities • show reviews • poetry

Salt for Slugs

Vol. 1 No. 1

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WE GO TO GREAT PANES

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□ Change your life for dollars.

Make a contract with yourself to do specific actions each week to improve your life—like **shopping** three times for at least 30 minutes per session—and *rip up* 100 dollars each time you fail to perform the action. The pain of literally ripping up money (not simply giving it away) helps offset the anticipated pain of performing difficult but worthwhile actions. *Important:* Make your list easily quantifiable—showing what you will buy and for how long. Post it where you will always notice it—perhaps on your bathroom mirror or refrigerator door.



from pursuing the goal. Here is a rule of thumb for the identification of surrogate activities. Given a person who devotes much time and energy to the pursuit of goal X, ask yourself this: If he had to devote most of his time and energy to satisfying his biological needs, and if that effort required him to use his physical and mental faculties in a varied and interesting way, would he feel seriously deprived because he did not attain goal X? If the answer is no, then the person's pursuit of goal X is a surrogate activity. Hirohito's studies in marine biology clearly constituted a surrogate activity, since it is pretty certain that if Hirohito had had to spend his time working at interesting non-scientific tasks in order to obtain the necessities of life, he would not have felt deprived because he didn't know all about the anatomy and life-cycles of marine animals. On the other hand the pursuit of sex and love (for example) is not a surrogate activity, because most people, even if their existence were otherwise satisfactory, would feel deprived if they passed their lives without ever having a relationship with a member of the opposite sex. (But pursuit of an excessive amount of sex, more than one really needs, can be a surrogate activity.)

40. In modern industrial society only minimal effort is necessary to satisfy one's physical needs. It is enough to go through a training program to acquire some petty technical skill, then come to work on time and exert the very modest effort needed to hold a job. The only requirements are a moderate amount of intelligence and, most of all, simple OBEEDIENCE. If one has those, society takes care of one from cradle to grave. (Yes, there is an underclass that cannot take the physical necessities for granted, but we are speaking here of mainstream society.) Thus it is not surprising that modern society is full of surrogate activities. These include scientific work, athletic achievement, humanitarian work, artistic and literary creation, climbing the corporate ladder, acquisition of money and material goods far beyond the point at which they cease to give any additional physical satisfaction, and social activism when it addresses issues that are not important for the activist personally, as in the case of white activists who work for the rights of nonwhite minorities. These are not always PURE surrogate activities, since for many people they may be motivated in part by needs other than the need to have some goal to pursue. Scientific work may be motivated in part by a drive for prestige.

WORDS TO LIVE BY

Paradise is the prison of the sage as the world is the prison of the believer. - Yahja B Mu'adh Al-Razi

Society prepares the crime; the criminal commits it. - fortune cookie

In any country, there's some group that has the real power. It's not a big secret where power is in the United States. It basically lies in the hands of the people who determine investment decisions--what's produced, what's distributed. They staff the government, by and large, choose the planners, and set the general conditions for the doctrinal system. - Chomsky

I am too high-born to be propertied, to be a secondary at control, or useful serving - man and instrument to any sovereign state throughout the world. - Thoreau

All government without the consent of the governed, is the very definition of slavery. - Swift

Thank you to all of the people who have been positive about putting this together and especially those who have contributed. It's difficult these days to find people that are willing to do something new, and even more difficult to find people to do it for free. Fortunately, I've been able to round up some really good contributing writers who have come up with great ideas and really helped a lot. Anyone here in Austin who would like to contribute an article on something interesting that you know of here in town, feel free to drop your idea in the mail for consideration. The address for submissions is printed on the back cover. The more ideas the better.

MTV sucks and that's no big news, but with the infiltration of Southern California trade show culture here in Austin one has to ask him or herself why the ban on creativity must also be placed on the music scene as well. Local mainstream radio station, KLBJ recently promoted Austin's alternative hipsters SPOON, who have followed suit, in accordance with the ban. They played a release by the band (in between numerous plugs for their show at Emo's) which was a cover of San Diego's not so late, aMINIATURE. It's one thing when LED ZEPPELIN covered ROBERT JOHNSON, or even when VANILLA ICE covered "Play That Funky Music White Boy", but this?? Pretty soon, all bands will play the exact same set, and people will just decide whether or not they like their 'dope' style. This is pretty typical in our age of rip-offs and misrepresentation.

Luckily, Ray was able to interview Austin's CRUST, a creative band that has developed over the past eight years into something worthy of your attention. Having their own sound and not afraid to brave the sea of the unfamiliar, CRUST's upcoming new release is sure to be a treasure trove of originality. One day in the future when the planets are aligned, a CRUST cover will be played on mainstream radio KLBJ.

As for our corporate buddies at MTV, who are programming us for the twenty-first century, Randall dives headfirst into the arms of "The Real World". I once overheard a ridiculous argument about the legitimacy of that program and I laughed. Of course, a huge corporation like MTV isn't going to leave their ratings to a bunch of stupid Gen X kids selected at random. Forget that crap about it being real. The reality is that popular culture is contrived by people who gain something from its sale to consumers. Though sometimes there are brief portrayals of reality that slip through. For instance, there really are slimeball producers (often stereotyped on bad television shows) who actually do control what goes into the minds of the nameless, faceless masses with their programming. The recent auditions to be on "The Real World" held at Emo's here in Austin reveal this dark side of reality which is usually sugar coated, or delicately woven into a web of lies for mass consumption.

Jeffrey Hughes, the Preying Mantis Kung-Fu expert, is a rare find. It's not too often that you meet someone who really has a deep understanding of his art, and is so easy to talk to. Jeff gives free introductory training sessions which are really interesting and enlightening to anyone with an open mind. It's good to get a clean perspective on things, and believe it, an hour with this guy is a whole lot better than spending an hour in front of the boob tube. Forget about The Karate Kid, just think MANTIS.



Salt For Slugs has no focus in particular, aside from giving exposure to those who would otherwise be overlooked by the mainstream press. Helen Hogan recently commented that it really is about people who haven't let go of their childhood dreams. I agree, and hope to find some people that fit this description to write about or to contribute to the publication in one way or another. - ed. note, January 1, 1997.

through a training program to acquire some petty technical skill, then come to work on time and exert the very modest effort needed to hold a job. The only requirements are a moderate amount of intelligence and, most of all, simple OBEDIENCE. If one has those, society takes care of one from cradle to grave. (Yes, there is an underclass that cannot take the physical necessities for granted, but we are speaking here of mainstream society.) Thus it is not surprising that modern society is full of surrogate activities. These include scientific work, athletic achievement, humanitarian work, artistic and literary creation, climbing the corporate ladder, acquisition of money and material goods far beyond the point at which they cease to give any additional physical satisfaction, and social activism when it addresses issues that are not important for the activist personally, as in the case of white activists who work for the rights of nonwhite minorities. These are not always PURE surrogate activities, since for many people they may be motivated in part by needs other than the need to have some goal to pursue. Scientific work may be motivated in part by a drive for prestige, artistic creation by a need to express feelings, militant social activism by hostility. But for most people who pursue them, these activities are in large part surrogate activities. For example, the majority of scientists will probably agree that the "fulfillment" they get from their work is more important than the money and prestige they earn. 41. For many if not most people, surrogate activities are less satisfying than the pursuit of real goals (that is, goals that people would want to attain even if their need for the power process were already fulfilled). One indication of this is the fact that, in many or most cases, people who are deeply involved in surrogate activities are never satisfied, never at rest. Thus the money-maker constantly strives for more and more wealth. The scientist no sooner solves one problem than he moves on to the next. The long-distance runner drives himself to run always farther and faster. Many people who pursue surrogate activities will say that they get far more fulfillment from these activities than they do from the "mundane" business of satisfying their biological needs, but that is because in our society the effort needed to satisfy the biological needs has been reduced to triviality. More importantly, in our society people do not satisfy their biological needs AUTONOMOUSLY but by functioning as parts of an immense social machine. In contrast, people generally have a great deal of autonomy in pursuing their surrogate activities.

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20 Questions w/CRUST by Raymond Grant

On Wednesday, November 20th I found myself within the walls of Stubbs BBQ, observing from the second tier a rather tame (by crust standards) ninth anniversary Crust show. CRUST is the substance from which legend is formed, and everyone seems to have a favorite story ranging from primal, ritualistic behavior, to a mysterious fourth member. So, I decided to unearth some of the facts of this strangely amazing band. We met on December 1st at their secret studio, reminiscent of the Batcave, and this is what ensued.



Salt For Slugs: Why the name Crust?

Richard Smith: In the beginning (Godlike voice), the band was called Mudhoney, and to make a long story short, that obviously wasn't going to float. We were the second Mudhoney. There was a Mudhoney in San Antonio, then there was us, followed by "the" Mudhoney. So, we changed it to Body of Crust but we got a lot of shit for it from certain people, so we shortened it to Crust and people thought it was a great name. It came real close to being The Big Gulp and several things like that.

SFS: When did you guys start playing together?

RS: The first show was in late November of 1987, but Jerry and I started playing together in Waco in 1982, and then I moved to Austin and Jerry followed soon after. Then I met John through a band we were in together called Miracle Room. He was quitting the band as I was joining, but then I think he regretted it. Then these guys fired the only cool thing in the band, this speedfreak guy with a fucked up hand that played really wicked slide guitar. Somehow or another, I stuck it out for awhile until John and Jerry and I were jamming and we wrote Black Tuesday. Then, we were like 'O.K., we obviously need to steer more in this direction'.

John Hawkins: That was kind of a prophetic song. That song was written years before the actual Black Tuesday took place. It was written on the premise that a Black Tuesday would naturally follow a Black Monday. The lyrics are based on the book of Deuteronomy about cannibalism in the end times.

RS: That song was written playing on feedback and spring reverbs, playing them like guitars. Jerry and I



left John alone for about an hour or so and came back and he had the words on it. So I went to bed that night thinking, shit, now I have to think of a tactful way to get out of this other band. Crust actually played the first show together before I quit Miracle Room. They were going to move to New York and I would rather hang myself than move to New York.

SFS: You first signed to Trance and you are now no longer with them, what happened with that?

JH: We are not free to talk about that, but we left on good terms.

RS: It was kind of mutual, time to move on.

SFS: Do you have a new label?

JH: We have talked to a few people who are interested in putting out the new record. It's finished and it's just a matter of whether we want to just pitch it out there or fish around. American Records has a guy were talking to who wants to do it and there is Jello Biafra. Probably, Alternative Tentacles is our best bet.

RS: The record is finished. It's just a matter of putting pen to paper and letting it go.

SFS: Did you work with handicapped kids?

JH: Yes.

SFS: Is there a Jesus fixation in the band?

JH: Yeah.

RS: Yeah, there is a little Jesus fixation.

SFS: Were you guys raised catholic?

RS: I was raised catholic, an alter boy, confirmed at St. Bernard. I kissed the Bishops ring, the works. John was real heavy southern Baptist. His dad spoke in tongues and got kicked out of the church because of it. Jerry was not really brought up following a strong religion.

SFS: What's going through your mind when you're naked on stage with raw beef hanging from your body?

JH: That I AM THE DARK OVERLORD OF MEAT.

SFS: There are only three of you guys all the time, right.

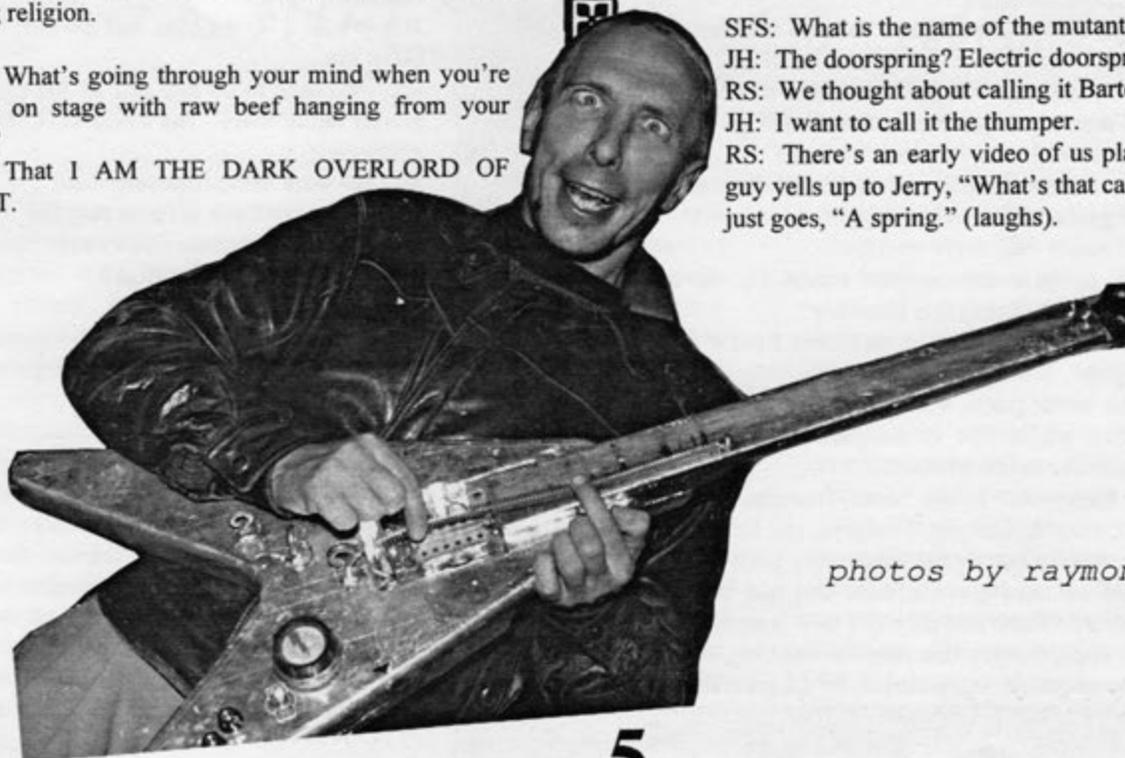
CRUST: Yes.

SFS: Because I have heard of a fourth member.

JH: It's a lie.

RS: We have had people play with us before. Spot played with us a couple times, and Dale from Workhorse guitars.

JH: Toodles Malone.....Dr. Groovy played with us for a while.



SFS: What is the name of the mutant instrument?

JH: The doorspring? Electric doorspring.

RS: We thought about calling it Barton Spring.

JH: I want to call it the thumper.

RS: There's an early video of us playing, and some guy yells up to Jerry, "What's that called?", and Jerry just goes, "A spring." (laughs).

photos by raymond grant



SFS: Where do you think the Austin music scene is headed?

RS: (to John and Jerry) Can I have this one? I've been in this town long enough to see it go up and down, up and down. Just because we're on one of these terrible downswings doesn't mean it isn't going to get better again. There was a time when the Big Boys broke up, a great band who really kind of gave Austin it's name, and Raul's closed, and there were just all these terrible bands left, Bands like the Standing Waves. Nobody went to clubs, clubs closed down. Then, a year later there were bands like Scratch Acid and the Hickoids. Then, that went away and there was a lull, and then bands like us and Ed Hall kinda sprang up. The "in" thing in Austin has been the blues scene, and that's lasted a little bit longer than it should have because of a certain ^{he-li-}cop-ter crash.

JH: The scene will get better, then it will get worse, and then it will get better, then it will go to shit, and then we will be in retirement homes.

RS: I think Emo's will close and then everything will get better.

SFS: Is there anyone you would like to trash or compliment during this interview?

RS: I would like to compliment Emo's (everyone laughs).

JH: I would too.

RS: I would like to compliment Stubb's BBQ, I would like to compliment....

JH: Every club in the Black Triangle, which would be; Casino El Camino, Lovejoys, and Emo's.

RS: Emo's has always been really good to us. Even when we have gone in there and had little fucking pissfits and tantrums they still took it on the chin.

JH: Also, the guy that does the booking, Justin, who is the singer for Buzzcrusher, he's a great dude.

SFS: I heard the Halloween show was pretty wild, tell me about it.

JH: Farts Mahann had a long conversation with several of us in a dark room back off of 7th St., and we were convinced by Farts principle plea that we needed something else for Halloween and so that's what we did.

SFS: Did you give things out to the crowd?

JH: We gave out all kinds of things. We gave out calves testicles, called calf fries. We gave out stomach and worms. We gave the soundman a blood enema all over his monitors and we apologized for that. We'd like to thank Brad First, BRAD FIRST, BRAD FIRST!!!! Three cheers for Brad First., the main man of Clubfoot, Club Cairo, Cave Club, and Cannibal Club, and now he's soundman for us.

RS: Ask him about Austin music. He's been at the top of it, and at the bottom when it comes crashing down.

JH: He's the man who brought Bow Wow Wow, U2, and the Psychedelic Furs through their first time.

RS: New Order too, and Snakefinger! Now I've lost track, back to the Halloween show. Everything was a hair out of sync. We had this paper screen set up, and the strobe set up behind us. Things got so chaotic that the screen got torn down before the first song. John's got this Rick James keyboard guitar thing and he was going to pop through the paper. We had a piñata and we gave the crowd really light things to beat it with, but they jumped up and grabbed it and it was on a ten foot wooden pole that snapped and cut me from my chest to my neck and chin. The energy was real good. I didn't see any fights, so I can't complain.

JH: We do it for the kids, and the kids loved it! God bless 'em.

RS: We used to do that shit all the time, but it was getting out of hand. The whole G.G. Allin thing was going on.

JH: We were being misinterpreted!

RS: We were there to have fun, not to get beat on. John has been slashed with a knife while he was out in the crowd WITH PEOPLE STOMPING ON HIM!

SFS: Which leads me to my next question. Do you have a live performance horror story that you would like to share?

RS: The Dune Buggy Headquarters in Dallas. We were told this was an artist warehouse space and we were told anything goes. It was real weird, there were people living there and they had kids. The kids were selling beer, they had no liquor license and we crossed over the line of their double standard. We were doing the National Anthem and we were all naked. The next thing we knew, the P.A was blaring disco music and they were all frying just looking at us! They ran us off at gunpoint. So, we were out in

the alley with the other bands, and we were from out of town. We didn't get any money from the show, so the other bands gave us their money and we split, because the townies were waving guns at us, so it was time to go. Of course they had pork meat parts left under their stage and in the speakers, so we didn't feel too bad.

SFS: Something to remember you by. Where do you get that stuff?

JH: HEB

SFS: Has anyone ever quit the band?

JH: No.

RS: Not allowed.

JH: You gotta, you know...you gotta jump out man...CRUST...you know...you had to jump in...now you gotta jump out!

RS: I tried to quit more than once, but they wouldn't let me.

JH: We'll kick your fucking ass.

SFS: What are some of the bands you guys listen to at home?

JH: You know, a lot of the usual stuff - the Eurotransvader, Mosh Stiglio Connection, Japanese Oral Flesh. Richard spends a lot of time with the drainage at home. Jerry's been listening to a lot of Burl Ives Presents... album.

Jerry: Yeah, I also got this Tabernacle Boy's Choir album that's really good. It sounds like a bunch of turkeys. (laughter)

JH: We love that.

RS: I've been listening almost exclusively to children's soundtrack music, with a little bit of Japanese disco to round it out.

JH: Johnny Cash, The Residents, Slim Whitman.

SFS: Do you think the music world has an overpopulation problem?

RS: No, what's happened is that mainstream music and punk rock have finally merged like twenty years later, and now the Sex Pistols are on David Letterman, the Butthole Surfers have a gold record. It's seems sometimes like there is no alternative and that it's overpopulated, but it's really not. It's chic now. People once looked down upon it, but now it's fine to be tattooed and pierced or whatever. That is mainstream.

SFS: Did you guys ever run away from home when you were kids?

RS: I ran away from an institution once, does that count?... I actually ran back home from the institution! (laughter) My parents institutionalized me and I was back home before them. I told them about tripping on acid.

JH: You needed to be put in a lock-down facility. Richard was a violent, angry young man.

RS: I was a troubled teen, but I graduated on time, nearly at the bottom of the class. Isn't bad considering I have a brother who's a Rhodes Scholar.

SFS: What is an average day in the life of CRUST?

JH: (loud screams)

RS: Actually, I've got two kids. So, I work a lot and go home and be the family man. We come here several times a week though, to rock.

SFS: Well, I think that's twenty questions.

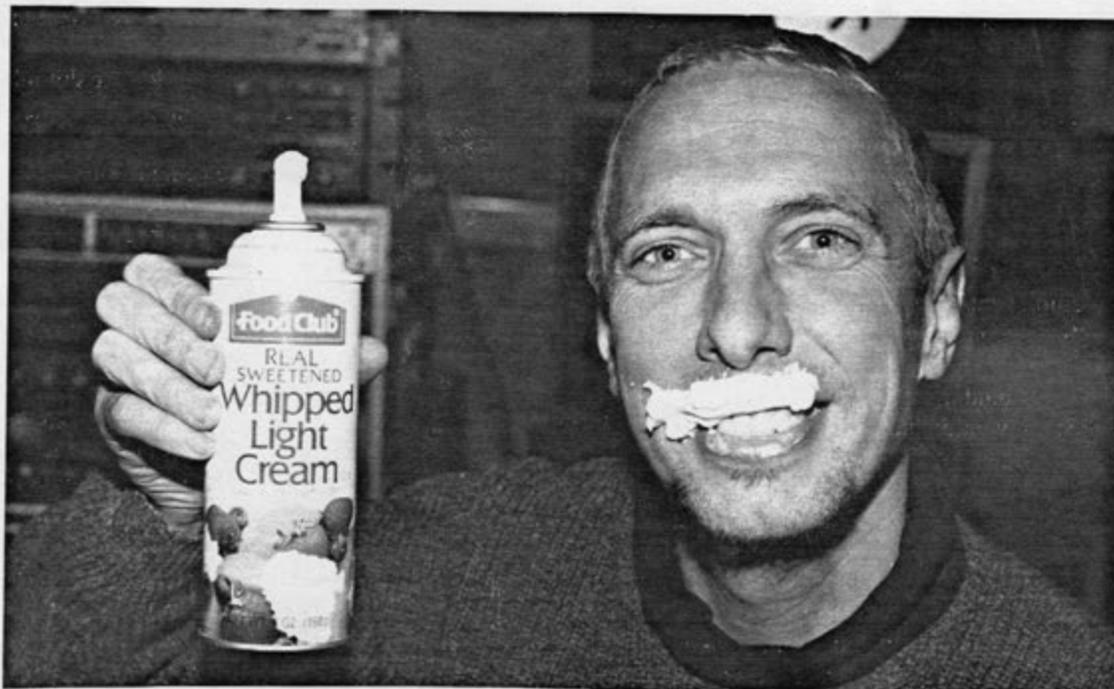
RS: Good, because now we have twenty questions for you guys. If you were to die and come back as another lifeform, what would you be?

SFS: (blank stares)

JH: I'd come back as a virus.

SFS: What would you do?

JH: Infect a lot of people.



THE END

Preying Mantis

AN INTERVIEW WITH

JEFF HUGHES

by Stabler Hsu

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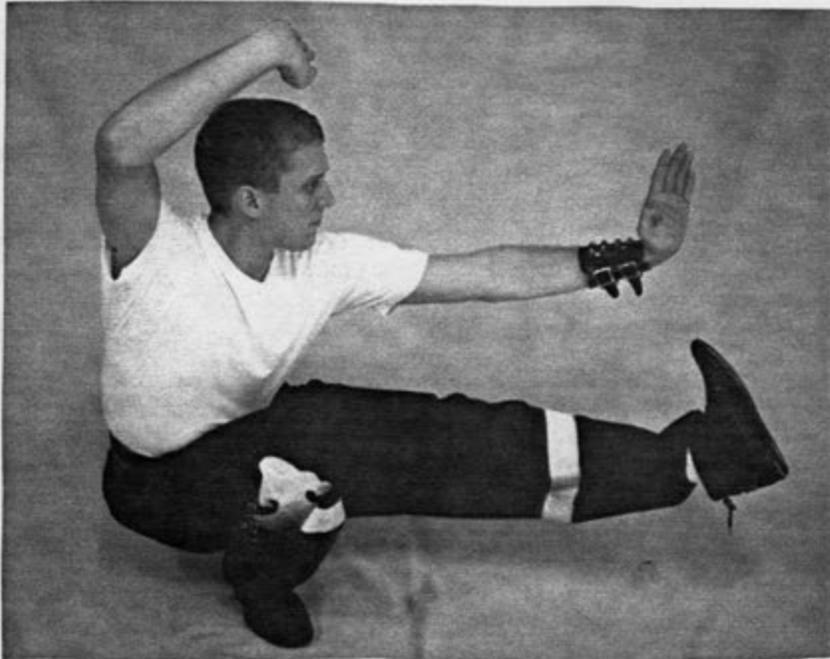


KUNG-FU

Although it would be years before Jeffrey Hughes would even see the light of day, his life began to take course some three hundred and fifty years ago in China during the Ming Dynasty era. The Northern Shaolin Seven Star Preying Mantis technique had its origins there, and Jeff carries on the Kung-Fu tradition today here in Austin, Texas. He works daily toward mastering the Preying Mantis technique, a lifetime goal which is achieved only by the truly dedicated. Some Kung-Fu masters are in their eighties, and they are better at their art than ever. It is a serious discipline that isn't only focused on fighting. There are many other facets of the art that involve meditation, breathing, and a great respect and reverence for one's Kung-Fu lineage. At the Central Texas Kung-Fu Exchange where Jeff hopes to create a new generation of Preying Manti, he stresses the importance of this respect in his teachings. His Sifu, Raymond Fogg who trains and teaches in Marshall, TX instilled in him this respect, and Jeff adheres to the strict policy of teaching only the traditional techniques to his students.

Aside from his teaching and personal training, Jeff has a wide array of other interests and responsibilities. He competes several times a year in Kung Fu competitions in the U.S., studies Yoga in the Iyengar tradition with instructor Bekir Algan at the Austin Recreation Center, attends Austin Community College where he plans to one day become an RN, and is married and has two daughters. Needless to say, Jeff is quite a busy man. Luckily, we were able to spend some time with him at his home in South Austin.

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Seniority in the Kung-Fu Family

Si Jo	(Founder of a style)
Si Gun	(Sifu's teacher)
Sifu	(Instructor)
Si Pak	(Elder Kung-Fu Brother of Sifu)
Si Soak	(Younger Kung-Fu Brother of Sifu)
Si Hing	(Elder Kung-Fu Brother)
Si Je	(Elder Kung-Fu Sister)
Si Dei	(Younger Kung-Fu Brother)
Si Mui	(Younger Kung-Fu Sister)
To Di	(Student)

SFS: "What is the Seven Star Preying Mantis technique, and how did it come to be?"

Jeff: "Well, there are eleven different systems of Preying Mantis (spelled with an a or an e). Seven Star can be traced back directly to Wong Long, the inventor 350 years ago. Wong Long was a native of Shangtung Province in China. He was a patriot and knew he had to learn and master Kung-Fu to help overthrow the Manchu government, so he went to the Shaolin Temple to further his training. Wong Long and his Sihing now the abbot studied together. He could not better the abbot. One day, while practicing, Wong Long witnessed a fight between a preying mantis and a cicada in which the seemingly lesser of the two, the mantis, was victorious. He then studied the mantis and conceived the fundamental techniques which he used to better his Sihing. Then he developed a new technique of Kung-Fu taking the best of seventeen other styles, along with the footwork of the monkey. This is Preying Mantis style."

SFS: "How about other systems of Kung-Fu that imitate animals or insects?"

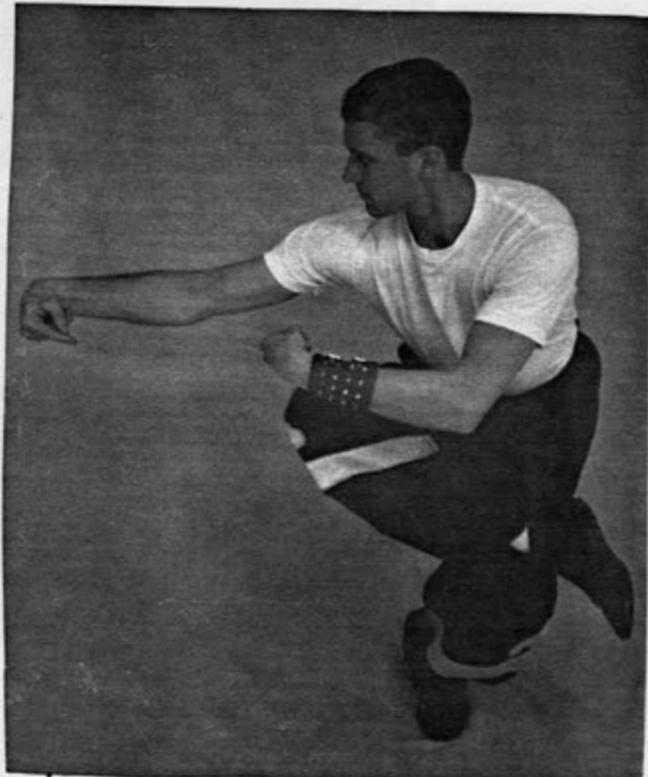
Jeff: "There's the Hungar which is a southern style. The Hung stands for the Hung family. There's the Tiger Crane which is part of their system. A lot of times, you'll hear of ones like Snake, Monkey, or Tiger. These are pretty well known, but there are some others like the Turtle style which is pretty wild." (At this point in the interview, Jeff begins to compare the Eagle Claw technique to the Preying Mantis style and the similarity of their grabbing movements.)

SFS: "Do you use any weaponry in your Kung-Fu?"

Jeff: "Yes, we do a lot of weapons training. Staff, spear, broadsword, daggers, three sectional staff. I have a kwoon out in the garage if you guys want to check it out later. Although there are a lot of different styles of Kung-Fu, the basics are the same for all of them. So, if you're watching someone using Preying Mantis or hungar or any other Kung-Fu style, you'll notice subtle differences in the way they move and use their weapons as well.

SFS: "Is there a belt system in Kung Fu?"

Jeff: "No, there isn't. We do wear belts though, but they have a different purpose. We focus, even from the very beginning, on our breathing. You see, breathe in through your nose and down into the dan tien area, which is two to three inches below the belly button. This is where



you want to focus all of your breathing. The belt is a support for this area. In most traditional Kung-Fu there isn't a "test system" where you pass or fail. Although your SiFu will test you regularly and you do move up levels naturally as you progress in your training. I've been with my SiFu for five years and I'm just at the fourth level. You start at the tenth and go down to first."

SFS: "How did you end up choosing the Preying Mantis style?"

Jeff: "I began my martial arts training in 1973 in Fairfield, CA. I was six years old. I went on to study many different styles. Kajukenbo, Hapkido, kickboxing and others. I felt that something was missing. It was then that I learned about stance training which is a method for training the Chi, which means energy. There are many stances in which one learns to develop balance which, in turn, creates more powerful punches and kicks. This was very important to my training. Some time after that, I went to a national tournament in Houston in 1991. It was an all-Kung Fu tournament and it was there that I decided to learn Kung Fu. Then, later that year, when I was in East Texas I ran into a friend and we got to talking and it turned out that he was studying Kung-Fu in Marshall. That's how I ended up meeting my SiFu Raymond Fogg. There are not many good, serious Kung-Fu teachers around so I was really lucky. When I started training with Raymond, it was as if I were starting over from the beginning. Kung-Fu is often referred to as a soft style. This is because of our chi sao training. In Kung-Fu, when someone is throwing a punch at you, instead of blocking we flow with it and yield using the other person's energy. Hence, there are a lot of circling movements, and every movement has a purpose. Even in Iron Palm training and Iron Arm conditioning, you don't tighten up. This is what is meant by soft style."

SFS: "Yet, there is emphasis on striking technique?"

Jeff: "Yes, but most of Kung-Fu is flowing with opponents and playing off of them. It goes back to the Shaolin Temple. There were lethal tactics and non-lethal tactics. You are taught lethal strikes, but you don't want to use those."

SFS: "So, you have never used it in a bar?"

Jeff: "No, and I think it is a lot more difficult sometimes not to use it, but Kung-Fu is a serious discipline and not just a fighting thing. It's not only physical."

SFS: "In competition, do the fights ever get really serious?"

Jeff: "Yes, I have seen people get really upset and people have been hurt really bad. It's supposed to be light contact where you just score points by showing that you could strike, but really you don't. Sometimes, in the heat of the competition, people end up with broken ribs or a dislocated shoulder."

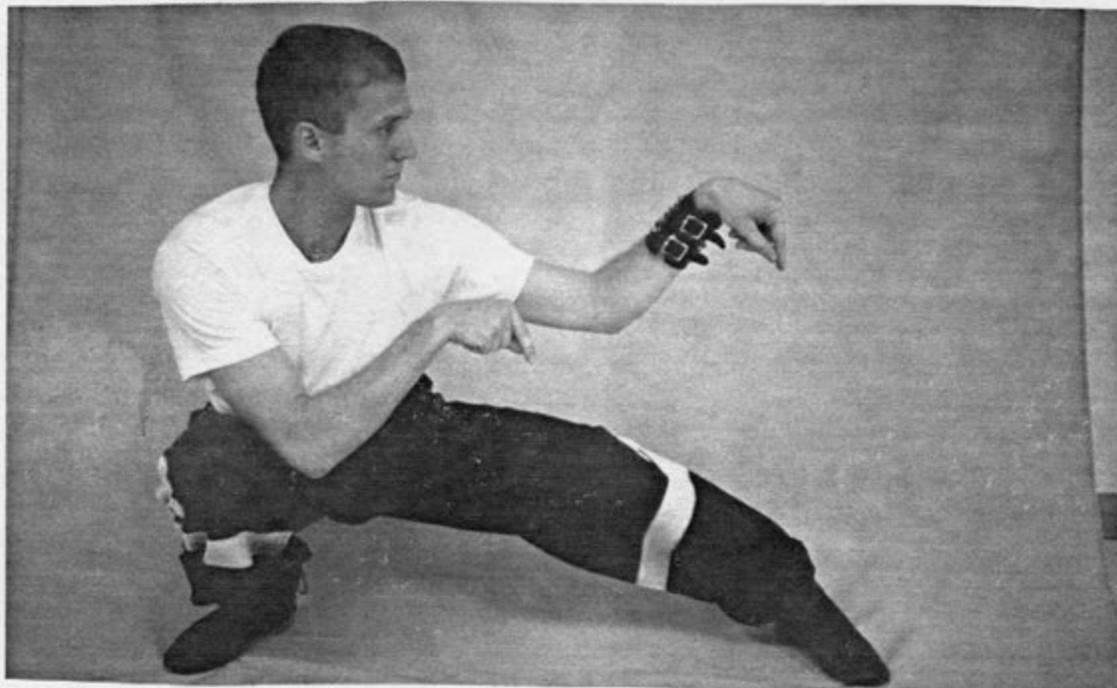
SFS: "Do people really sue each other after such injuries?"

Jeff: "It's been known to happen. I don't hear about it a lot. These days people sue each other for anything. Everyone has to have insurance. At the Central Texas Kung-Fu exchange, we are next to HEB, who controls the shopping center, and they require us to have insurance."

SFS: "Did you say you had your garage set up?"

Jeff: "Yes, I'll take you guys out there."

At this point in the interview, Jeff took us outside into the kwoon which is a garage converted into a sort of Kung-Fu studio. One wall was lined with weapons of all sorts, another wall was covered with pictures of his SiFu and various successors to Wong Long.. It was here that he did some pretty amazing stuff with some pretty scary looking weapons. I felt like I had walked into a room with a mad, flying lawnmower with no safety cover.



Showing the different movements and demonstrating applications, Jeff performs what is called an empty hand set (sometimes referred to as a form or pattern). Many patterns tell stories and are written as poems or songs. Jeff comments, "If these forms are not passed down from teacher to student, the art will be lost forever."

七星螳螂派



Jeff's Kung-Fu Family Tree

WONG LONG
SHENG HSIAO
LI SAN CHIN
WANG YUNG SANG
FANG YUK TONG
LO KWAN YU

CHIU CHI MAN
RAYMOND FOGG
JEFF HUGHES

WONG HON FONG
HO YIN CHUNG
HENRY CHUNG
RAYMOND FOGG

WONG HON FONG
HO YIN CHUNG
HENRY CHUNG
RAYMOND FOGG

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RAYMOND FOGG

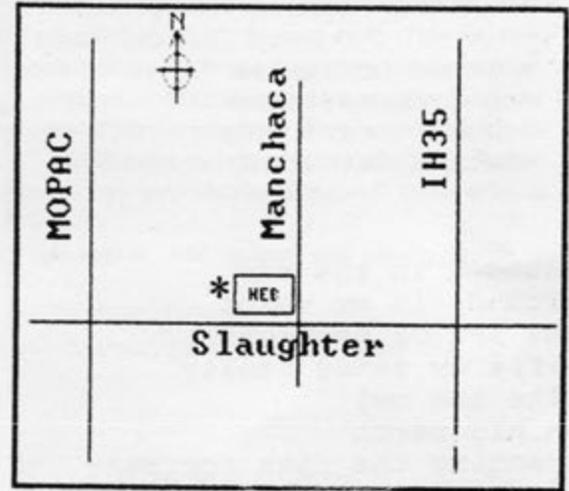
WONG HON FONG
HO YIN CHUNG
HENRY CHUNG
RAYMOND FOGG

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HO YIN CHUNG
HENRY CHUNG
RAYMOND FOGG

WONG HON FONG
HO YIN CHUNG
HENRY CHUNG

TWELVE TECHNIQUES OF ATTACK AND DEFENSE

1. Ou (Hooking)
2. Lou (Grabbing) Downward Grab
3. Tsai (Plucking and Striking) Rabbit Punch (Choi)
4. Kwa (Blocking Up)
5. Tiao (Intercepting) Dil (Fast Grab)
6. Chin (Forward Moving) Jun
7. Peng (Chopping Downward Punch) Bung (Hammer Backfist)
8. Ta (Attacking or Hacking) Dar (Strike)
9. Chan (Contact) Jim or Jeem (Knife Hand Strike)
10. Nien (Clinging) Lim (Sticking To)
11. Tieh (Tagging Along or Closing In) Tib or Teep (Glued Body To Body)
12. Kao (Leaning) Kwou or Cow (Using Full Force Causing Opponent To Fall)



CENTRAL TEXAS KING FU EXCHANGE

Take a deep breath, hold it in, wait... O.K., now, purge your mind of any critical thought, and cleanse yourself of the rational. Place yourself in the boots of a man with a serious 24 hour hangover, a man with little patience left, a man disillusioned by urban ideas and pop culture, a man who will repeat to you over and over... "What the fuck man?" That's right, it's time to release upon society a few priceless words from the immortal Greg E. Boy.

Selected Works by Greg E. Boy

Throatless Heavens

CARESS PORCELAIN SACREMENTALLY
DISEMBOWEL 'ING WRETCHES
AND GUT SPIT WITH NO VIRGIN
MARY TO HOLD THIS JESUS

ON MY KNEES GENUFLECTING
HOLDING THE KING'S THRONE
AND I'M NO ATHEIST BUT THIS
GOD FLUSHES AWAY MY SPIT

sabbath in the ear
alcohol in my veins
the sea of emotions
sifts my sandy sanity
like the owl
on his perch
scanning the dark for prey
i wait patiently
no, impatiently
questions aren't answered
nothing is enough
yet it's never too much
salt in your wounds stings
and the guilt in your brain hurts



in one day Rome was built
and Babylon was destroyed.
in one day
in one day
in one day
i could kill myself.

Yesterday Becomes Today Next Year
Two joints it took me to end the year.
Swag and American swill;
quantity over quality.

Indulgence is a drug itself - more, louder faster, stronger,
quicker, sooner, higher, ...
More, More, More.

The billboard tells me yes.
The preacher says no.
The commercial says I can.
The police officer says I can't.
One ticket can ruin your whole day.

cherry red, like a bomb
about to explode, shrapnel
hemoglobin, its about a beer
its about a gun, its about a knife
its about a grenade, live, like
ammo, about to blow, like a bowl
of soup, microwaved for 5 minutes
everywhere

when moons collide:
rapists fuck
murders kil
drunks puke
burgulars steal
something happens that we all feel.

I met a girl. She had blonde hair and blue eyes, and a red ribbon in her hair. I saw her at the playground; we had fun together. I pushed her on the swings. A wind came by and her ribbon blew away. She made a sour face, so I chased it. I found it in a pricker bush. The blood from my finger ran down the ribbon like a tear. I tore the ribbon while pulling it out of the bush. Ignoring the pain, I hurried back to the girl on the swing. But, she wasn't there. Gone. So now, when I'm lonely I go to that playground and push an empty swing, hoping that my sunshine girl with her golden hair and summer smile will come back.



TWILIGHT ZONE v. OUTER LIMITS

At the Carousel, you can bring in your own hard liquor and drink all night for next to nothing; just order a "set - up" (soda w/ice, etc.), or a cup of ice, maybe a few beers. This is advantageous, for instance, one time myself and "the Wrayman" went there with a thirty dollar bottle of Wild Turkey and ice. I bought one beer, helped the bartender bring in some cases of beer from the stockroom, and we each got a beer for free. "The Wrayman" got coke "set - ups", but I got cups of ice. We stumbled out into that warm, Texan night air. That air that hits you like a wet blanket after a cold shower. Drunk "off our asses", we went to Ego's. So, why did we leave if it's so great, you may ask? Because the place fuckin' closes at midnight. Oh, and also at the Carousel, there's a blind guy who plays the organ in the back and old people.

Ego's is in a good location and it's open until two in the morning, which I guess is standard for this "burg". Ego's is part of the whirlwind tour run by Dr. Syntax, but you have to buy your liquor there, you can't bring it in. A Wild Turkey on the rocks costs about four dollars. There are two pool tables at Ego's. Of course, Ego's has their own blind musician, only he plays the synthesizer and sings. There are also other artists who perform there, namely the talented Cordless Corliss with her "Muskrat Love". At Ego's, they don't care if you pass out on the bar or at a table. They probably wouldn't care if you were passed out on the floor. There's a cute bartender and some drunken injun who lives in the back room. Will Shatner on the juke box.

I would recommend The Carousel to: The Captain, the Phi - Sigma - Deltas, people short on funds, werewolves, circus freaks, James Garner types, the oldie-but-goodies crowd, burn victims, underage boys that want middle-aged girlfriends, senior citizen beauty pageant contestants, hermaphrodites, "the in crowd", gay veterans of foreign wars, love, hate, and the future.

I would recommend Ego's to: Tennile, Negative Approach, people who work or live near hospitals, human babies, Dean Martin types, drunks young and old, transvestites, "the out crowd", narcoleptics, vampires, "people of the hand", gay truckers, parking lot brawlers, hot young ladies, convenience store clerks, the pseudo homeless, the downwardly mobile, sage, butterflies, bad lieutenants, happiness, Barry Convex, and the new flesh.



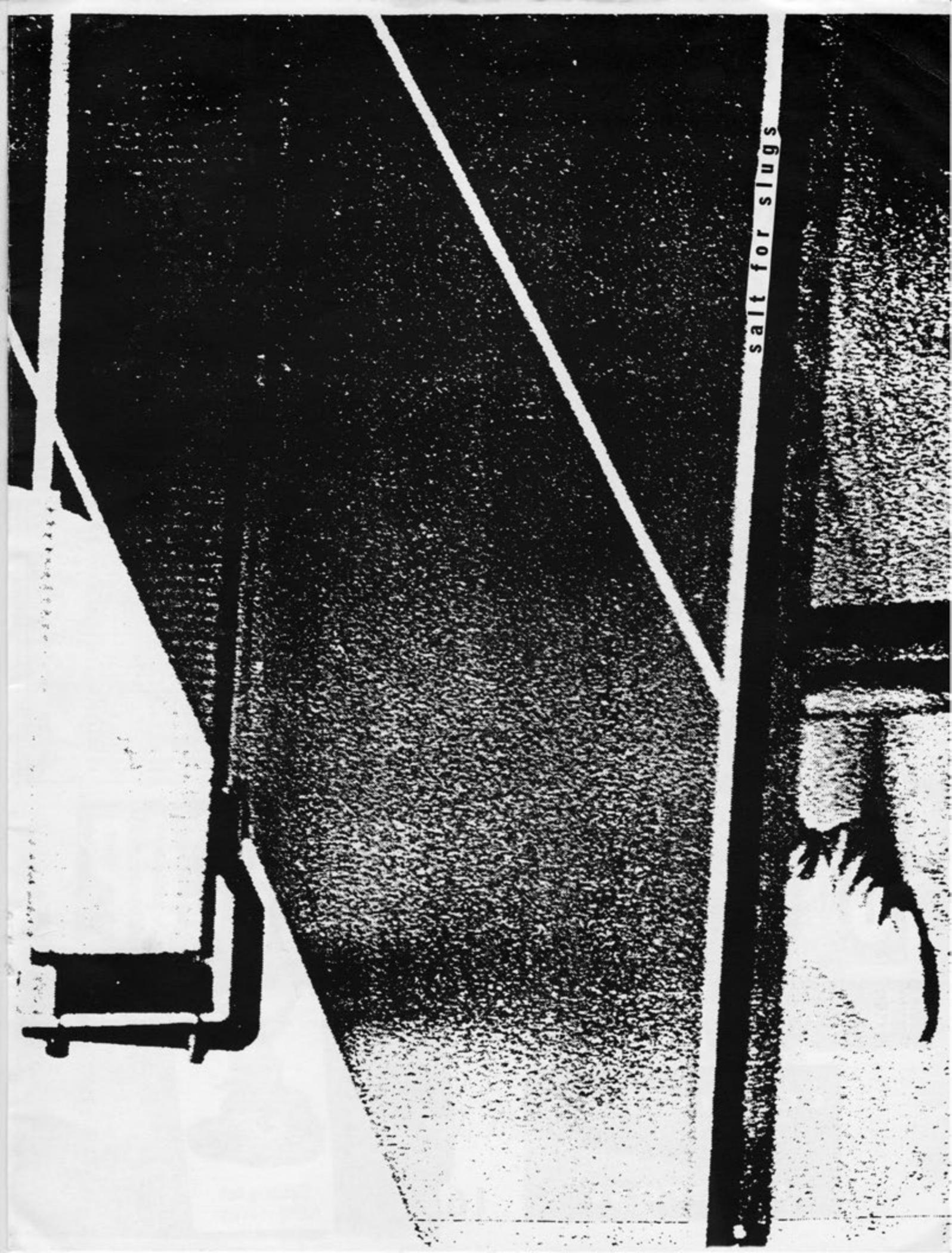
By Keefer Estevez

Just Say No To Microbrews.

... and the cigar fad

This is a bastardized version of a flyer originally conceived by **Ron Liberti**, the singer for **PIPE**.





... salt for slugs

don't read this

Machine's
best
friend...



SOLD



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Never fails! Uses dog's natural senses. **REHABILITATE DOGS:** from Electric Shock-Scary, Gun-Scary

CORRECTS..... **TEACHES**.....
 • House-soiling • Digging • Come-at all times
 • Jumping • Out-lying • Sit • Go
 • Chewing • Breaking Point • Heel • Self Control
 • Barking • Over Ranging • Stay • Guard
 • Biting • Quailing Birds • Drop • Fetch
 For: Family Dogs • Hunting Dogs • Stock Dogs • Show Dogs

ON TV with: Barbara Walters, Johnny Carson, Dick Cavett, Art Linkletter, Mary Griffin **ARTICLE:** SPORTS AFIELD, AMERICAN FIELD, TIME MAGAZINE, TV GUIDE, HUNTING DOG, WALL STREET JOURNAL and others worldwide.

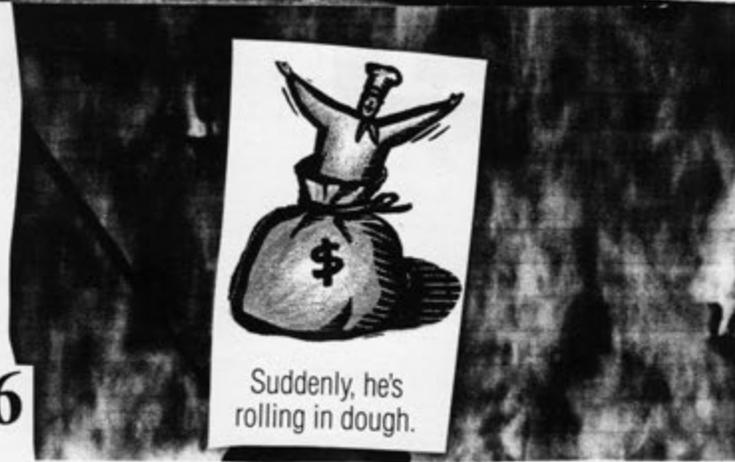
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UNCLE SAM, SUPERCOP

The Concept.

**controlling
interest**



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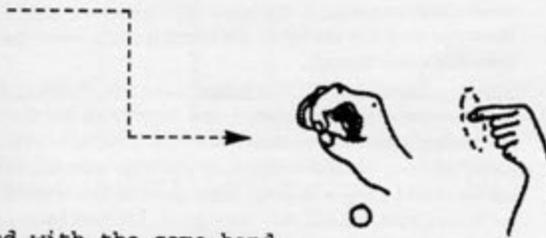
More Than the Finga

by Xopher

My wife is bilingual. She can't hablar con los chicos, but she can rap ultra-fluently with deaf people. Along with English, she "speaks" American Sign Language. Although Margaret can hear, some deaf people have assumed she's the same. With one hand gesture and facial expression, a person using ASL can convey an idea like "that motherfucker's crazier than a punch drunk". A lot of deaf people, raised in the hearing world, can't even speak fluent ASL. The school she works at is one of the few in the country that embraces and promotes a very strong deaf culture. Deaf people have their own folkways and mores. Most deaf schools hire mostly hearing staff. This practice naturally fails to promote the culture. As opposed to ASL, these schools will normally use Total Communication: a messy hodge-podge of speaking, signing, finger spelling, lip reading, gestures, and facial expressions. It's obviously difficult to convey a point concisely when using several different modes of communication. By the way, "deaf" is not a nasty, non-PC word. Other than the obvious, "deaf and dumb", which some morons still use, the term deaf is not derogatory. Those who choose to speak in politically correct terms may use "hearing impaired" to describe a deaf person.

In any foreign language, the curse words are the funniest and easiest ones to learn and usually the first. ASL is no exception, so here are some of them:

asshole — make the letter "O" and twirl your index finger along the "O's" opening.



dick — make the letter "D" and with the same hand, touch your nose with thumb and middle finger.



bitch — make the letter "B" and bring the hand sideways to your chin (with the index finger touching it).

penis — make the "P" and touch your nose with the index finger



fuck — make 2 "peace signs" and knock them into each other.

blow job — make a fist and move it back and forth toward your open mouth.

whore — curve hand slightly and brush it up against your cheek.



Saturday, November 30th: The John Spencer Blues Explosion, Doo Rag- Liberty Lunch

John Spencer is a marketing genius. He is one of the industry greats when it comes to selling the product. The Blues Explosion is the product and the crowd was reminded this in between almost every song they played the other night at Liberty Lunch. "Blues Explosion!!!"... "The Blues Explosion!!!"...

"Ladies and Gentlemen, THE Blues Eplasion!!!" John Spencer screamed it over and over. He's even worked those words into most of their songs. Though it was pretty cool of him to howl, "SALT FOR SLUGS, NUMBER ONE IN AUSTIN!!!" midway through their set. The SFS staff thanks John for the plug. Aside from the 'take the bull by the horns', or should I say, 'take the cattle by the horns' approach to shameless self promotion employed by Mr. Spencer, the band is excellent. They rocked Liberty Lunch, that's for sure. So, at least they can back their bullshit up. They had to pull something after the amazing set that Doo Rag played. They know how to have a real hillbilly hoedown. Doo Rag is truly magnificent.

Tuesday, November 12th: Chavez, Glorium- Emo's

Finally, the long awaited first tour for the band Chavez. Prior to this they hadn't been west of Ohio. The opening band, Glorium didn't show up for some reason, but someone did play and they were pretty good. (if anyone knows who, please write) It's really too bad that Glouium didn't show, they are worth seeing. A spooky thing happened to Chavez in Waco. They found some burnt up pages that had been torn out of a bible. Sure enough, it was the Book of Revelations. I'm not sure if Matt has gotten over it yet. Prior to the show, the band seemed as if they were getting used to being on the road. Maybe this contributed to how great they played when they came on. They played a lot from their first record including the hit "Break Up Your Band" and "Pentagram Ring", and some others. An amazingly powerful "Ghost By The Sea", also from their first record was especially pleasant to witness. Someone threw some smokebombs on stage at that point. The crowd was kind of thin, but there were enough people there that were into the band. This band is really worth seeing live. Don't miss them the next time they come through.

Saturday, November 9th: Chokebore, Love 666, Polio- Emo's

It was a Saturday night, so one might think that there would be more of a crowd out to see AmRep's famed Chokebore. Actually, there were a lot of people there to see the opening band Polio, a local favorite, but soon after they went off, the crowd thinned considerably. Polio had the crowd going with deep, heavy grooves that at times sounded maybe a little too much like the Jesus Lizard, but still they were good. The next band, Love 666, was really lame. By the time they finished their third song, the place had practically cleared out. That corny keyboardist/singer needs to give it a rest. It's too bad for Chokebore, a great band who evidently have no admirers here in Austin. The place was near empty during their set. They played an excellent set, in spite of the lame turnout.

Thursday, November 21st: Palace, The Angels, The Softs- Emo's

The Softs opened this packed show, and sure enough people were sitting on the floor cross-legged, staring up at the band in awe. I felt like I was at a Seven Seconds show after they discovered their femininity. The Softs were great though, and this held true even arfter the awkward drummer guitarist change-ups. Someone said that they maintained brief moments of cheerines, while often tasting the bitterness of what it is to be human. I don't want to lump them in with all of the other bands lately who have been described as having a pop edge (like a butter knife). The Angels came on next and the energy at Emo's was scaled down a few notches to accommodate the ensuing drone which permeated every orifice in our bodies. It sounded good at first, but then it got old. But then it sounded good again, then not so good. I wasn't really sure if they really did it on purpose either. Palace was excellent. Unfortunately, soon after they began their set, some mindless fratcops decided to attack some innocent bystander at the corner of the bar. Really tough guys, picking a fight with some guy for no reason. A brief melee exploded and then subsided, but not until after some people were hurt. Of course, the wrong guys were ejected, and the frat boys slapped high-fives over a cup of Pearl in the bathroom afterward.

Anyway, Palace was rocking the house after that, so all was soon forgotten. Another great \$2 show at Emo's.

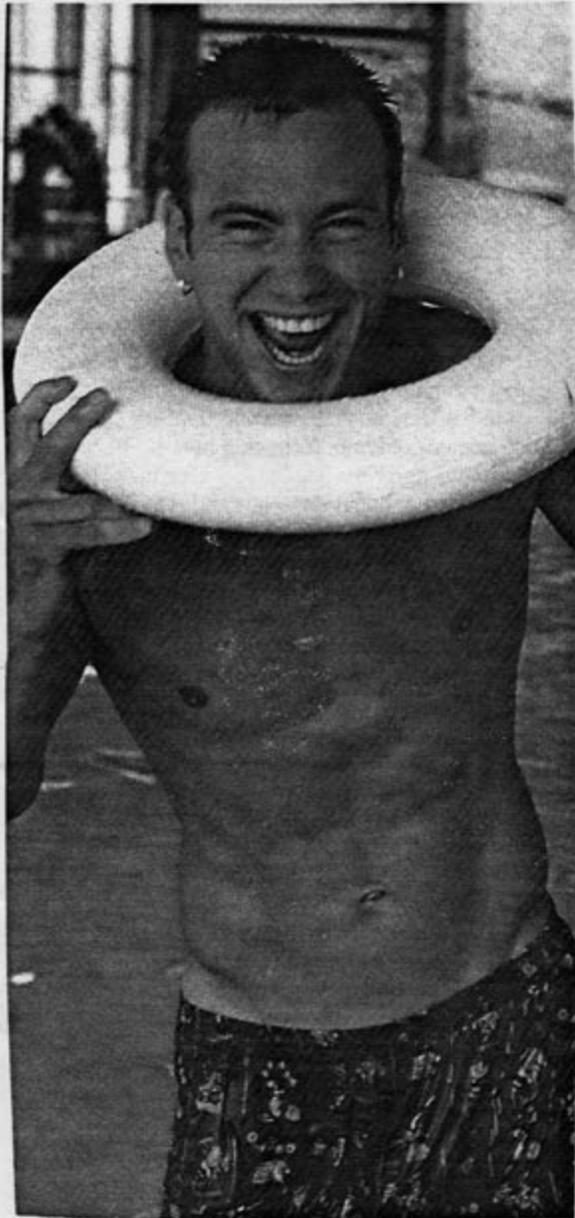
Sunday November 24th: (Martini Madness) King Cheese, The Glenmont Popes- Emo's

The Glenmont Popes drive around the United States with no direction whatsoever, just playing wherever anyone will let their big asses play. It is for this reason that they were not on the bill for this show, nor were they advertised anywhere at all. They just came and blasted their own version of some heavy rock-n-roll in with touch of spaghetti western/surf/punk/rockabilly/down-home/drun & crazy attitude splashed in just for the mix (of course). Rodney, the guitarist/singer manhandles his guitar with a slight SRV influence, while belting out melodic lyrics with feeling. Hailing from the illustrious Baltimore, MD, a blue collar dive of an East Coast city, these guys seem like they should be from Texas. A great live show that just keeps getting better. The crowd made them do a couple of encores. As for King Cheese, what can I possibly say that would do them justice? They are simply the best cover band I have ever seen.

Anyone here in Austin interested in doing a brief, coherent show review (any type of music), please send copy to the submissions address on the back page before February 20, 1997.

About a month ago, MTV came through Austin to find some clones to be on the "Real World". Faithful **Salt for Slugs** writer, Randall witnessed the spectacle and has transmitted herewith for your reading pleasure. After reading what happened to Randall, you will find yourself asking the question:

What "Real World"?



MTV stud

As I stood in line out front of the mecca of what is "alternative" about Austin, a.k.a. Emo's, I thought to myself, "Self, why are we waiting in line to be on the 'Real World'?" Oddly enough, my self answered, "Free rent in Boston and easy MTV girls." Yes, MTV girls, bathe them and bring them to me. But the question was whether I would be able to express my individuality better than everyone else in this God forsaken Gen-X que.

My friend Traci and I were, for the most part, inebriated for this chore. Maybe I could be the raging alchy out for just a good time, or maybe the failed writer who has nothing better to do than stand waiting to be interviewed by some lucky who is probably using his position to get dates for the evening. It was right about there that I realized I might actually be in line for Lollapalozza.

All factions of the media produced generation stood before me like a mob of the damned. We had our club kids, too cool to die, and too young to remember legal X. Their vertically striped shirts added the much needed television static look my dilated, drunken eyes craved. The drag kids had made it in all the way from Westlake, it even looked as though they had shined their nose rings for the occasion. As I looked at the rat before me (no offense to our loveable rodent friends, who actually I'd rather keep it real with than with this jerky), the notion that his leather jacket he's wearing cost more than I made in the past three months combined nags at my mind. It was right about then that I heard, "WE ARE OUT OF APPLICATIONS! PLEASE GO HOME!!!!"

Upon hearing this, most of the herd headed away, spurning their chance to have their lives taped and manipulated for the voyeuristic pleasures of MTV viewers around the world. Traci, who was beginning to regain proper motor functioning (due mostly to her profound admonition, "Surely we shall suckle Shiner now.") suggested at this point that we go inside and drown our rejection in a cup of Pearl, oh, blessed Pearl.

We assured the doorwomyn that we weren't going to try to pry our way into an interview for the Real World, but in actuality we were borderline alcoholics and we'd be damned if we sobered up enough to realize just how damn silly this whole fiasco of MTV being in Austin was. "Damn," I expounded and then pounded upon the door. Fearing that I might get 'Puc-like' on their ass, they let us in to soak our brains in the great alcoholic mixture.

Within the confines of Emo's, mine eyes hath seen the coming of the Lord, for the sake of the future I hoped. Here was our beloved generation sprawled about in all it's glory. From frat boy to boy toy, all were present and accounted for. I knew then that I needed a drink, and I needed one fast. Traci and I butted heads in a drinking battle of titanic proportions. Dull my head, dull my brains, dull my soul, because damn it, these people here were dull. Everybody was too busy looking cool and posing, trying, of course, to impress the people from MTV. I was expecting a dance party, instead I found myself feeling like an extra in an educational film from the fifties on proper etiquette. At about this time, our story takes an amusing and quite tragic turn.

A hip-hopper jumped up and danced that crazy dance all the kids are going crazy for these days. Me being white and having no rhythm, in fact being a prime candidate for a soul implant, decided it was in my best interest to start break dancing. Did the five Pearls have much to do with it? Only the Fates know.

I then threw myself to the floor and did the centipede to the best of my ability and remembrance of the forbidden dance. I followed that with a mule kick of actual size and the electric wave. For the finale, oh my faithful reader, I jumped upon the pool table and twirled myself into a back spin. A roar of laughter and awe emerged from the slackers of Austin. They were genuinely impressed, which made me depressed. But there was one group in particular that was also impressed, the people from MTV.

Now obviously there is a difference between acting stupid and looking stupid, and acting stupid and being the shit. I was the shit. They whisked me away from the crowd and into a meeting with the casting director. If this was cinema vertiue, then why was there a casting director? Thy could not answer that, and this was the last question I got off before I was bombarded. They began to overwhelm me with a barrage of every silly, inane question imaginable: "What is your political leaning, towards pot? What is your most 'favorite' social problem? Would you fuck Jenny McCarthy in the ass, mouth, or cunt?" Okay, maybe I made the last one up. The more they pressed me for answers to get an angle on me, the more despondent and jerkish I got. And they loved it. Then came the climactic moment, "Are you a boxers or briefs man?"

I proceeded to drop my pants and show them that actually, I let my boys swing free in the breeze. I'd pay a lot to see again the look in their eyes. The guys looked away and the girls gasped, for obvious reasons, or so I hope. Then, after I zipped my pants and they their lips, I waltzed back to the front of Emo's to gather Traci from the grasp of some meat market sixth streeter. I giggled all the way home. It was there that I found my answering machine aflashing. It was MTV. They wanted me for a call back. What the hell? I exposed myself to them, that gets a man arrested in most cases. Of course, this was the fairytale world of MTV.

I went back, and to make an already long story shorter, I was selected and could go under one condition. Would my bisexual lifestyle be a problem for me? WHAT????! Unfortunately for the conflict hungry producers of MTV, I'm a flaming heterosexual. My friend Traci had told them that I would basically join in this absurdity, I wasn't into it.

They then became very uninterested in me. VERY uninterested. They said that they would call me if the other people didn't work out. That and if hell freezes over, or if MTV shows three complete videos in one hour.

Randall

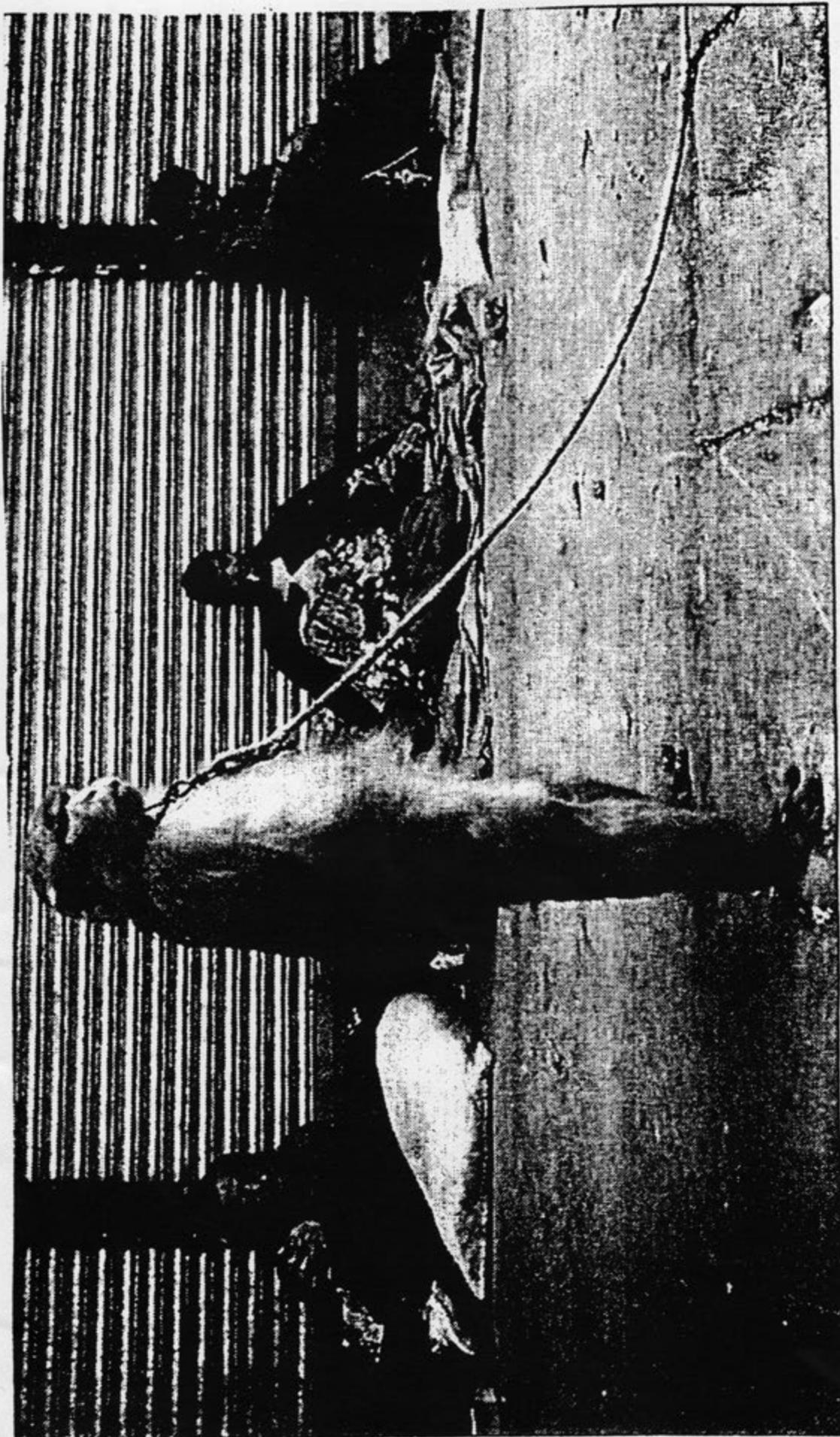


Continuous really bad programming
1515 Broadway, NY, NY 10036

I'm in da house, and I'm
like mad dope y'all.
PEACE OUT G.



Reality
Bites



You have the right to evolve.

Any results of said evolution can and will return to haunt you. You have the right to your own consciousness. If you cannot afford your own consciousness, one will be appointed you by the media. You have the right to a degree. You have the right to work your ass off to no good end for the majority of your life. You have the right to a dysfunctional family. You do not have the right to take your own life. If you should decide that this plane of existence has nothing further to offer you, you have the right to enroll in one of our nifty counseling programs.

You have the right
to have a nice day.

by Eric

Chokebore



Interview by Greg E. Boy

G: Aren't you guys from Hawaii?

Troy (singer): Yeah, we all grew up in Hawaii.

G: So how did it all come together?

Jon (guitarist): We all grew up in the same circles.

Troy: We were all into punk rock music and the skate scene. Johnny Cop was a big skateboarder (sponsored by Vision), and he played drums. We were in different bands and we just got together and started playing. He was my idol. After a while, we found out that being in Hawaii there's only four clubs.

Jon: Nothing was happening on the other islands, so we didn't go there. But, we all spent the majority of our lives there.

G: That's got to be kind of twisted living there.

Troy: Well, it's a beautiful place, man. It's like a paradise you know, except it's sort of stifling in a weird way.

Jon: We all like water.

Troy: Yeah, we all like water.

Jon: I think it would be really strange to live inland.

G: Yeah, like living in the Midwest.

Jon: At least up in Chicago and in that area there, they have the great lakes which are pretty. Damn, I mean Kansas, I don't know what goes on there. I think it's near the Mississippi River. But that's just a river... in Indiana I used to go to the rock quarries to go swimming.

G: So do you guys smoke a lot of pot in Hawaii. After all, Hawaii is known for it's quality buds.

Troy: Our share. Our quota.

Jon: Not anyone else's share?

G: To you think that attributes to your sound? You have a pretty unique sound.

Troy: No.

Jon: Sound just comes about from sitting there just listening to it. And if something sounds kind of interesting, we just try to make it more interesting.

G: How did you get to that point?

Troy: We really just started at random.

Jon: I've got a tape of the first time we ever played. Two thirds of it is instrumentals. We basically started the band without having any idea of the sound. We just wanted to play and write songs that we had fun writing.

Troy: That's how you find your true sound, by experimenting with everything and finding that thing that everyone agrees on.

G: Is someone still fucking Chandra?

Troy: Someone else, I guess.

Jon: Hopefully someone, she's a young girl.

Troy: I guess someone else probably is?

Jon: Someone you know?

Troy: Well, er, uh,...I don't know. She's my ex-girlfriend. You know, "the" girlfriend.

Jon: I guess that was your "the", huh?

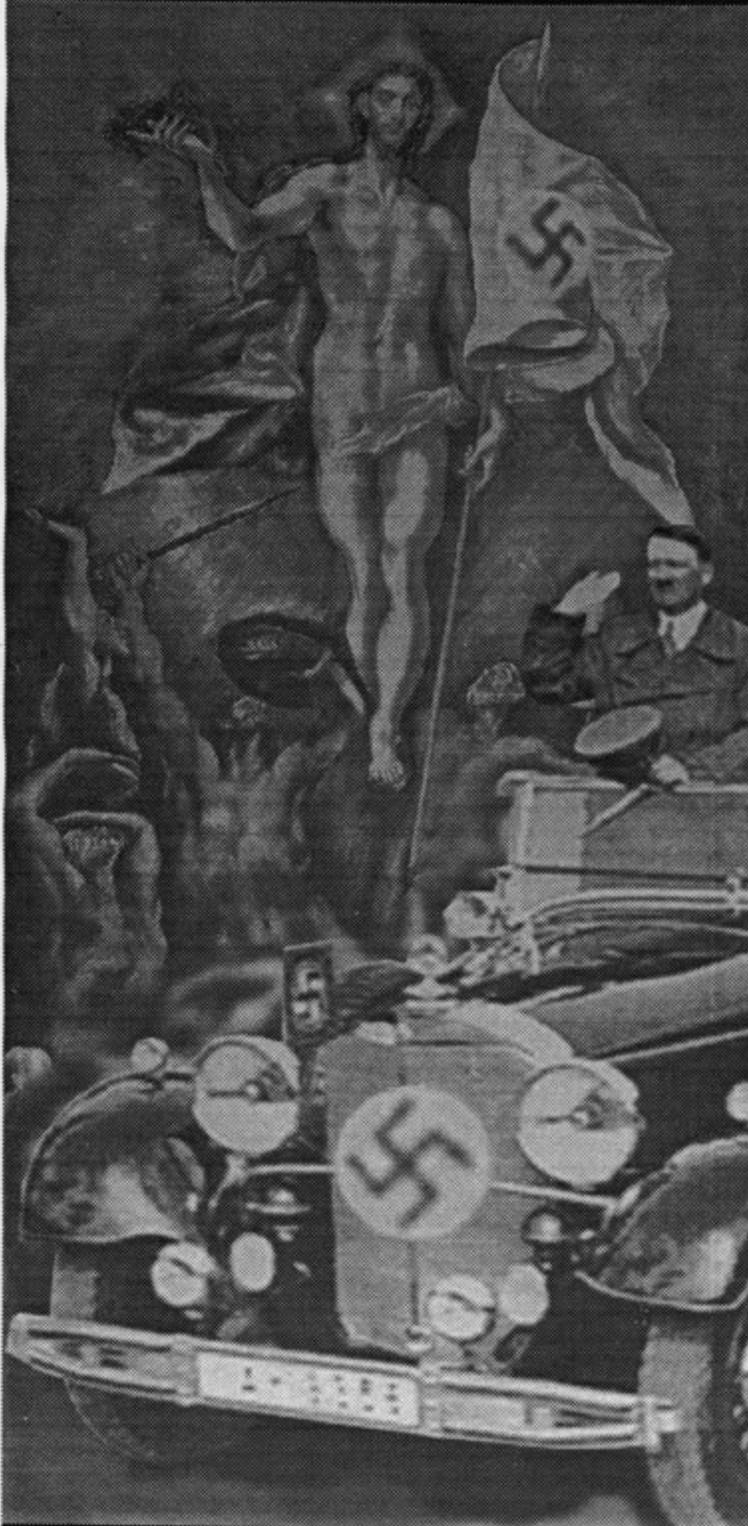
Troy: Uh huh.

Jon: So, that was Troy's "the".
G: So does it suck being recognized everywhere you go? Like this mob that's running you down here?
Troy: Yeah.
Jon: Yeah, always dealing with a barrage of people.
G: I have the same problem.
Jon: (tells a story about Kevin from The Cows)
G: Do you have any good disguises?
Jon: We dress up as a popular band.
G: Who?
Troy: Led Zeppelin.
Jon: We dress up as the back-up musicians in the Plant/Page Reunion. We just blend into the background. We have been stockpiling costumes.
G: So, what is a chokebore?
Jon: A chokebore is a mechanical device. I was looking for graphics in a book and stumbled upon this story of the man who invented the chokebore shotgun, a device to make the shotgun shoot further and more precisely. It sounded nice, and it was a nice little story.
G: Didn't you live in LA for a while? I lived there and always thought you were an LA band.
Troy: We've been living in LA for like two and a half years now.
Jon: Cuz I was going to school there. Those guys actually went to San Francisco for a little while and realized that was no fun. They would come down to visit me and realized LA was a nicer place.
G: You didn't like San Francisco?
Troy: LA's sunny, it's just warmer. We come from Hawaii and San Francisco just felt really cold and gloomy.
G: I couldn't live anywhere where it's cold a lot, like New England or Chicago.
Jon: Our label is based in Minneapolis and they just loved the fact that we're weather sensitive.
Troy: I'm freezing right now.
Jon: Other bands on the label have told us stories about riding their bikes to work in the winter, and by the time they get there they have icicles hanging off their eyelashes... that's not our idea of fun.
Troy: You'll never see us in one of those towns.
G: Do you think you'll stay in LA?
Jon: There's no telling what we'll do.

Troy: We'd like to move to Europe. We have plans to get a big castle in Spain.
G: Led Zeppelin!
Troy: A big old castle with a studio and bats flying around outside.
Jon: If there weren't bats indigenous to the area, we'd have them shipped in.
Troy: Yeah, and trap doors.
Jon: Twenty saunas.
G: Like in those spooky Bela Lugosi/Boris Karloff movies.
Troy: Except all our trap doors would lead to saunas.
Jon: All of our guests would be confused going to the bedrooms, and they'd all end up in the saunas where we'd be waiting...in white towels. Hopefully, there'd be more female than male guests.
G: But Europe's cold.
Jon: We liked it when we were in Spain.
G: Where?
Jon: Down by the Mediterranean. We'll move around the world, always staying near the tropical regions. We had a friend in Hawaii who got into trouble and his mom sent him to live in Guam.
Troy: The end.
G: Now he's probably putting messages in bottles and throwing them in the ocean. Brett from Nasty Little Man said you guys made a pussy record. What do you think about that?
Troy: Yeah, lots of little kittens and pussy cats like it. Cats are good.
G: On the feline tip.
Troy: A lot of girls remind me of cats.
Jon: In a pinch, what about cats that remind you of guys?
Troy: Maybe in a pinch.



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letters to burt cocaine



Dear Sirs:

I recently attended a meeting where I was told about the recent developments surrounding the "Planet of the White Guys" poster, and I must say that I'm quite pleased that someone has decide to stand up to this propaganda campaign which only harms the minds of our innocents. Take, for instance, young Peter Willingham of East Texas who read some of this trash and decided that he was going to take it upon himself to take on the security staff of the HEB near my house. Several people were injured and this led to his committal in November of this year. Are you happy? These flyers strike fear in the hearts of the weak for Chrissakes! Now the Willinghams are in such a turmoil. Do you think that teaching these youths about the evils of the world without instilling in them a great fear of the system which protects us is productive? I mean sure, there's a need for free speech, but that's only in certain situations where there are constraints and regulations concerning what can and can't be said. This assault on our way of life will not be tolerated. I bet you are the type of people who actually believe that a U.S. Navy ship blasted TWA Flight 800 out of the air. You know it was a Goddamned foreigner!!!

Charles "Skip" Buffington

Mr. Cocaine,

I am highly offended by some comments you made the other night concerning the death of one of your namesakes, namely the late Curt Cobain. He did not die after holding up a Dunkin Donuts store like you said. The whole thing about how the Dunkin organization was covering it up to protect the interests of the corporation were downright ludicrous. I think that your making this up shows disrespect and bad taste. Curt touched so many of us Generation X kids and was a role model for me during some very difficult years of angst and torment. He made me realize that I was punk and it was socially acceptable to be me. I remember the first time I heard their first album, Nevermind on the radio. I rocked so hard. Everything was beginning to really smell like teen spirit until his fateful demise. I will not soon forget what he did for me. One day, he will rise again in the form of another great rocker. Then, you'll have the chance to poke fun at someone else. I hate you.

Katie Fleece

Hey Guys,

Just wanted you to know that I'm still interested in contributing something to your magazine, but I've been really busy lately and I'm swamped with stuff to do. Yesterday, we got a huge shipment from Hostess and then later that night, the chili-cheese dog machine broke right in the middle of a rush. We have sold more Big Gulps than any other store in the county, beating out one of our biggest competitors once again. Today, some asshole won \$150 on a scratch card and cleared us out of all our small change. I'm getting sick of those damn things. A guy that used to work here won \$5000 on one last year and we haven't seen him since. The ungrateful bastard once told us that if he ever won he would take us all out for drinks at a posh club here in Austin. It never happened. As a matter of fact, he left here in the middle of his shift and we didn't have anyone else here who knew how to service the slurpee maker. As a result, we didn't make the quota for that week and our raises were withheld another month.

Oh, and by the way, I forgot to tell you the other day when you came in and were telling me about all of the chemicals in our beef burritos how true it is about those microwaves. They really are something. People use them all day long and they never stop working. I thought about what you said about me maybe developing testicular cancer by standing near the back of them all day. I mentioned it to my supervisor and he assured me that is not true. So, don't worry about me. I'm fine. I hang out down at the other end of the counter anyway, you know, by the magazines. Plus, that's a great place to stand to see all the hot babes come in. You were right though, about that guy Famous Amos. I don't think he makes the cookies himself though, there's a factory that does that. My cousin works there. It's true that he was pimping in the eighties. He reinvented the Oreos too!!

Anyway, hope I see you guys soon. Take it easy, and have a good day.
Mitch Applebower, Store 1445638

To Whom it May Concern:

I was very upset recently when I saw your "UNCLESAM, SUPERCOP" flyer pasted to the wall. My husband served proudly as a Marine and I find your imagery very disrespectful and downright distasteful. Damn you for defiling our beloved troops with your ludicrous, Orwellian images of an evil government hell bent on controlling us fine citizens. It's people like you that turn our Eden into a seething hell. Why can't you just be happy with all of the modern conveniences of having a number stamped on your head. Just the other day, I needed some money and the damn ATM machine was broken. So what did I do? No, I didn't get upset and start complaining about how much the system stinks. Instead, I simply went across the street to Randall's where they have me on file and I cashed a check. See, having a number is good. Now, I don't know why you and these other Generation X people I see running around with their tongues pierced don't stop complaining and get to work. And if you can't find work, join the Armed Forces for God's sake! Uncle Sam always has a place for young, physically fit individuals who are willing to be molded into fine American troops, and there are so many benefits.

Margaret Thompson

Dear Whoever You Are,

Just what in God's name are you trying to prove? Are you making some kind of a statement or was that some sort of promotional stunt lighting those fireworks in my yard? One of your bottle rockets lit a neighborhood kid's hair on fire and I have already informed the school committee, my son's baseball coach, the postman, and the local police that your friends are a menace and we are not happy. You have become the bane of my existence. The other day, when you told my son Bobby that you were going to "salinate his slimy back", I thought to myself, 'Jean, only his mother can talk to him that way!', and damn it I'm right! If I ever catch any of your low life magazine hooligans hanging around my Bobby, I'm gonna get you and then you'll see the rage of a frustrated housewife.

Jean Cuddy

To Salty Slugs-

What up yo? I just wanted to let you know that I'm not supporting your magazine. Know why? First of all, there's nothing about pot in there. Are you guys not down with the cheeb? I mean that's the jammie. If you wanna be phat, you gotta have chicks in there, you know what I'm saying G? If you guys wanna clock the dollars holmes, you gotta sell some dope jams. You got interviews with five people and none of them are pierced or scarified. What's up with that? Don't even try to front, I didn't see any cool advertisements that are copies of other ads either. I just don't have anything to consume. You all can't hang with my homies. Word to your mother.

Ronnie "Mad Loc" Stevens



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