

salt FOR SLUGS

homemade magazine / vol. 2 no. 2 / spring 1998 / \$2.50

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Fights Llama

Waste
Texas 

The Reality
Fighting
Controversy:
The Right
to Fight

Prom Night with
Morningwood

A Slug at the
County Fair

A Tribute to
Fanzine Editors:
What Turns
Me On

Survival Tips

Music & Film
Reviews,
Comics and
More...



REJECTED
BY SXSW

An interview with
makers of the new film

BARN
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BLOOD
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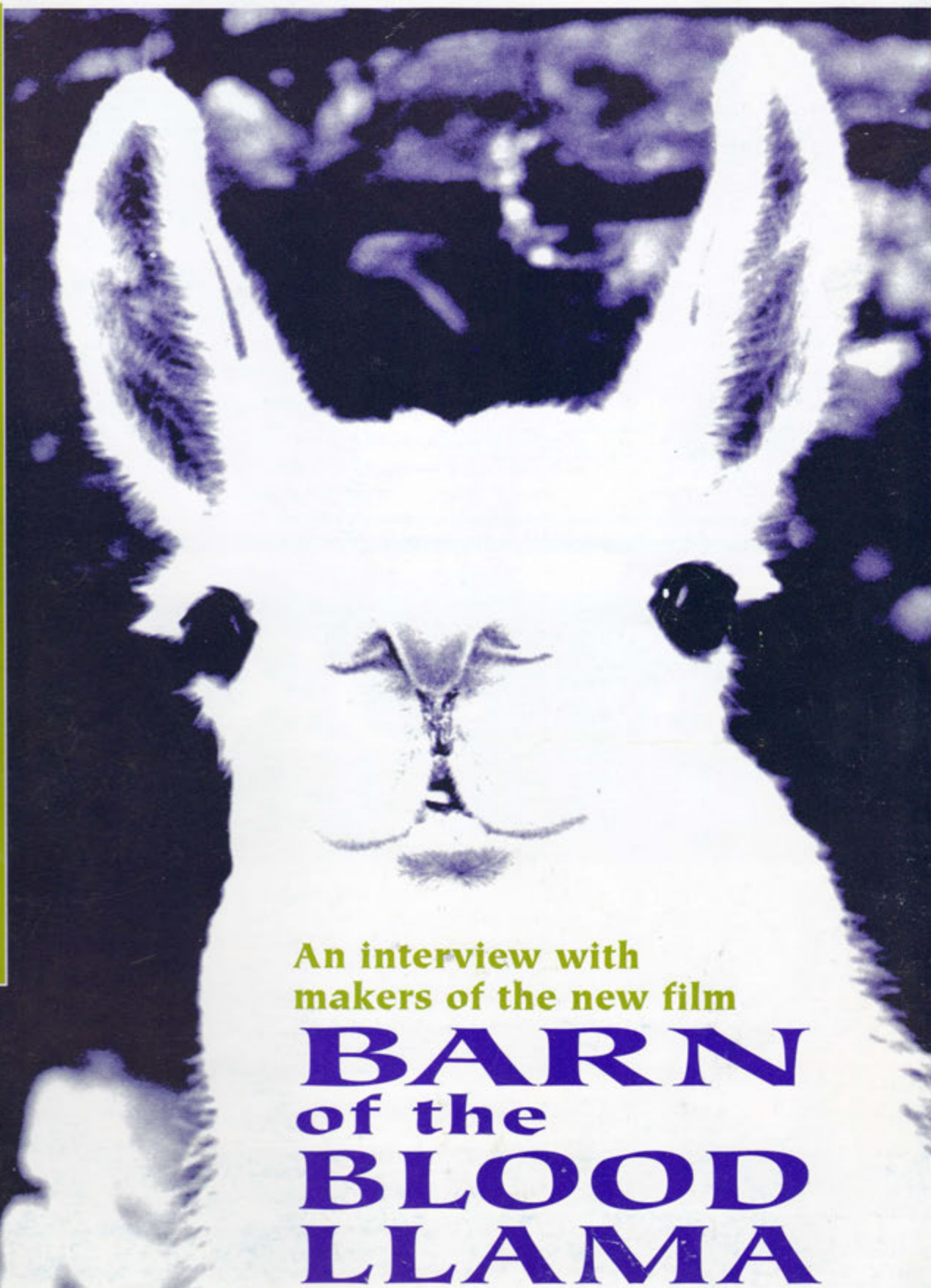
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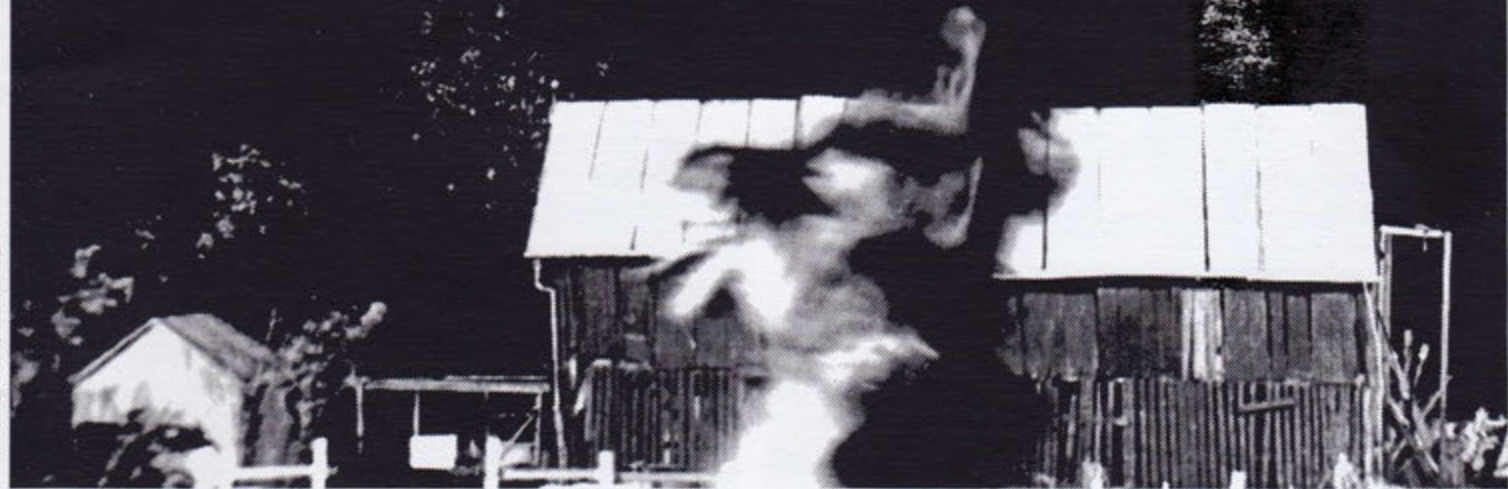
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The Llama Strikes Back!

Salt for Slugs

Volume Two, Number Two
Spring 1998

PHOTO BY: ERLING LEA



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words to live by

edited by raymond grant



Oh why was I born with a different face? Why was I not born like the rest of my race? When I look each one starts! When I speak I offend, then I am silent and passive, and lose every friend. —William Blake

Scholarship questions what others ignore, friendship ignores what others question. —Hu Shih

Life can only be understood backwards; but it must be lived forwards. —Soren Kierkegaard

Original nature is based on food and sex, and does not involve good or evil. When our desires exhibit evil tendencies, stone statues may yet walk! —Cheng Man-Ching

Any action that harms others, that disturbs their peace and harmony, is a sinful action, an unwholesome action. —S.N. Goenka

If we examine the concept of four ounces repelling a thousand pounds, it is clear that it is not brute force that prevails. —Wang Tsung - Yueh

My guide spoke with such vehemence as I had not heard from him in all of Hell: "Oh Capaneus, by your insolence you are made to suffer as much fire inside as falls upon you. Only your own rage could be fit torment for your sullen pride." —Dante (The Inferno)

Nature has no outline, but imagination has. Nature has no tune, but imagination has. Nature has no supernatural, and dissolves, imagination is eternity. —William Blake

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PHOTO BY: STABLER HSU

editor's note:

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One of the solarized slug studio prints



Rejected by SXSW, that's right, the slug, the llama, and the mantis too for that matter. With the upcoming frisbee golf controversy in Austin, the SXSW Conference is here once again to keep the faith by hiking the music festival wristband prices to a whopping \$95, and the film passes up to something like \$175. The SXSW is only concerned with one thing and one thing only: making money. The entire thing has gotten so hugely lame. And to think all of this is happening in good old Texas, the only state that can produce tortilla chips in the shape itself. The SXSW conference should begin paying a little more attention to their relations with these people whom they are capitalizing on, instead of so much attention to how much cash they can extort from consumers in their market each Spring.

As always, I'd like to thank our righteous advertisers for hanging with the slug and providing a little support. Thanks also to our maniacal readers out there, and thanks for the letters, even the loser ones. There have been some really great contributions to the slug writing force lately, and a warm welcome goes out to the return of the diabolical Helen Hogan who currently holds the honor of being banned from most of Austin's bars. And anyone interested should feel free to contact me or Greg anytime about submitting material for print. My thanks must now go out to each and every bold slug staffer and the will that drives them to excel to such great heights. And in closing, I'd like to personally thank **Patrick Deese of Fringeware, Michael, Nathan, and Abigail of Club Deville, Barbara Nadalini of Madame Nadalini's (of course), and Mark Collins of Mercury Lounge** for their extra special support and coolness.

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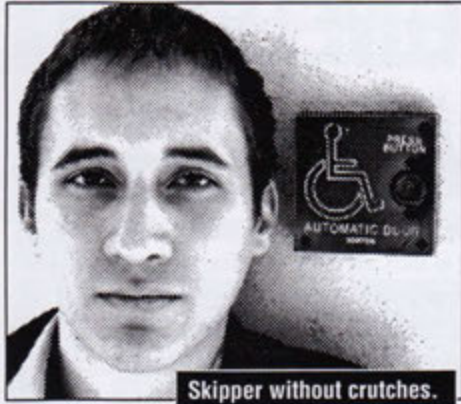
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SFS presents Thoughts on Mama Llama...

KARMA CHAMELEON? FUCK NO, IT'S A PSYCHEDELIC LLAMA!!

Article by Skipper Griffin / Photo by Stabler Hsu



Skipper without crutches.

A scruffy looking Peruvian animal that grunts and spits, sort of a shorter camel without a hump, one that has some worn-out carpet stapled onto it... These are the images that most of us conjure up when we encounter the word "llama." Previous to my

epiphany, I was just like everyone else. I knew llamas only in passing, until the llama came to visit me. I was not entirely sober when the llama came a'call-in'. No one should ever watch public access without being "prepared" in some manner or another. Public access is sort of like drinking Big Red or smoking cigarettes: you either love it or hate it. Shallow, moronic, and generally deleterious to your mental well being, it suits me just fine. Before my transformation, my favorite Austin Community Television (ACTV) shows were call-in shows; the type where people call up just to hear "Fuck you, you asshole cocks<CLICK>," and to watch the little people in the box get upset. I tried that sort of thing, but it wasn't very rewarding. There is a better, more mature use for such shows, whereby the viewer calls in and expresses his or her opinions in a lucid, conscientious manner, followed by "Grrrrr, Grrrrr; I am a mountain lion...Grrrr..." and so on. You can see where the "preparations" come in. In this manner, a friend and I entertained ourselves once a week, for at least two months. The crowning achievement of our meager entertainment was getting a girl to show her underwear on TV. We thought we had seen the best that television had to offer. Then the llama entered the scene.

The llama show featured the best looking llama puppet I have ever seen. It came complete with teeth, tongue and personality. Everything you need to be successful. The poor wild beast underwent a horrible amount of video processing while it leaked its wisdom to the masses of Austin. Its distorted little voice reached out across the airwaves, deep into the confines of a South Austin apartment, placing me in a trance even stronger than PBS. I laughed hysterically and stared at the furry puppet through my tears. The llama danced, jerked about, and talked, all the while trailing psychedelic colors (the psychedelics were actually part of the TV show). The llama talked and I listened. I listened hard and I read fast as the llama flashed his messages across the bottom of my screen. It was difficult to understand the llama at first. Was there too much distortion and reverb? Were the messages hauling-ass across my TV too fast? Suddenly it clicked. The llama was inside my head, dancing around, showing his teeth, and referring to himself in the third person, just like Bob Dole. The llama's wisdom was not the kind that you remember over time, yet it was impossible to refute, being properly "prepared." I received Llama wisdom by the fistful. Finally there was something on Austin TV worth watching. It was more professional than the Austin news. Someone had spent several minutes working out the production details, let alone the procurement of a rare llama puppet, something the Austin news channels have never bothered to do.

And not once did the llama falsely profess the ability to predict the weather. The llama was obviously very full of itself, but with good reason. I trusted the llama. It assured me that quality television programming is possible, even on public access. Recently, I found out that the llama puppet is only the tip of the iceberg. The puppet now appears in a feature-length movie that I have been privileged enough to see: a truly good bad movie. My faith has been restored in America just in time for the millennium. I can sleep well at night once more. I am cured of my desire to call public access shows, having seen the best that they have to offer. Thank you llama.

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Salt for Slugs

MANTIS FIGHTS LLAMA

by Cheryl McKlannahan

Well, we know that the Mantis can defeat a cicada, but what about the llama? Kirk-O-Matic has the recipe for disaster sitting in front of him in the studio, and it's only a matter of minutes before the shit goes down. The recipe is as follows: One llama deep in debt, one preying mantis with the will to fight, and one magazine willing to document the facts. Soon enough, Kirk sets things in motion...



Mantis chuckled when Kirk first displayed the power of the llama. Little did he know at the time, that in the moments that would follow he would be faced with the fight of his life. (above)

When the llama was at first released, Jeff playfully kneed him to the face. (left) The llama simply licked and slobbered a little bit.

The llama strikes! This was an intense moment, and one that could have proven fatal. Notice the precise positioning of the llama's teeth. (below, left) The Mantis can't do much with these fangs in his neck. The ferocity of the llama is well documented here in these epic photos. This may be a case of Male Berserk Syndrome unfolding before our very eyes

Mantis says, "There's nothing a swift kick to the face won't solve." And here, he demonstrates the persuasiveness of the iron foot on the llama's nose. (below) After this brutal exchange, the llama was left lifeless on the floor of the set. The Mantis had once again prevailed.



Salt for Slugs



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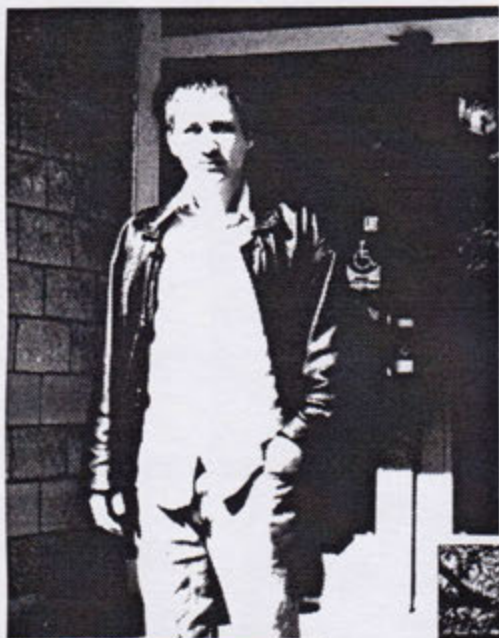
March 17th		March 20th	
Vinyl from San Francisco		B.A.T.	12:30
March 18th		Tunji	11:00
Hot Buttered Rhythm	12:30	All That	9:30
Ta Mère	11:00	Straight Up Buzz	8:00
Cottonmouth Texas	9:30	Amy Atchley	6:30
Galapagos	8	Jennifer Jackson	6:00
Spilling Poetry	6:30	AKA Nikgo	5:00
March 19th		March 21st	
Larry	12:30	B.A.T.	12:30
Straight Up Buzz	11:00	Hot Buttered Rhythm	11:00
All That	9:30	Larry	9:30
Govinda	8:00	Ta Mère	8:00
Blue Dogs	6:30	Tunji	6:30
2-6 p.m.		March 27th	
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S.F.S. ENTERS THE LLAMADOME

ARTICLE AND PHOTOS BY STABLER HSU



Skipper Griffin outside of ACTV.

Around five years ago, Kirk, Kevin, and Earl had a vision: Make a killer white trash horror movie about berzerk llamas with a budget of, um...er, well, a credit card or two. Today, after a long hard road of independent filmmaking and a couple fake llama heads, the boys are still standing and at this point have become embedded in the ACTV scene. During the seemingly never-ending making of *Barn of the Blood Llama*, Kirk-O-Matic has put together a slew of shows for the local cable access channel, including the epic *Mama Llama* which Skipper reviewed on page 4. For some reason, when llamas are involved the creativity just keeps flowing. Considering the difficulties involved in shooting a feature length film and the amount of dedication required to pull this

off, I think it's pretty safe to say that these guys have really accomplished something here.

When Llamas, Slugs, and Manti team up to do an interview videotaped for ACTV local cable channel 10, the madcap antics can hardly be contained. Present at this meeting were as follows: Kirk-O-Matic, producer, actor (Gibbey), Earl Sathoff, art director, actor (Bach), Kevin West, director, actor (Jug), James Bernard, S.F.S. editor/publisher, Raymond Grant, slug writer, Skipper Griffin, slug writer, and last, but certainly not least, Jeff Hughes, S.F.S. bodyguard, a.k.a. Mantis. Soon after arrival, the Slugs were promptly told to remove their six-pack from the front counter because it was city

property. After chugging them out front, a man in a suit came out and made sure that the empty bottles were properly disposed of. No problem. Mantis and Ray wrestled with a bottle of Jack Daniels as the Llama boys scurried around trying to get their shit together. Kirk-O-Matic was mumbling something about how he thought we had forgotten that taping was to be today. Nevertheless, like good Boy Scouts, they were prepared, except for the absence of some very important Llama hooves. These hooves were one of the highlights of their epic new film *Barn of the Blood Llama*. We went ahead with the interview in spite of it all. What follows has been transcribed for your reading pleasures.

The Dictaphone is finally rolling...

Kirk-O-Matic: ...As you know, we like to document everything that we do just like Jay Leno and the whole crew that's on TV, so we're on TV, and now we've got a magazine here, *Salt for Slugs* that wants to just yak about the Barn and what you guys are about as far as *Salt for Slugs*.

Earl Sathoff: Did you all get that name from the Cartoon Channel? I see this stuff on there about salt and slugs all the time on there.

Raymond Grant: They got that from us. (laughter)

Earl: Oh okay. I see.

James Bernard: I think the name came off of a bathroom stall.

Ray: You think? You made it up.

J.B.: I know. (laughter) It's true, it came off a bathroom wall, but the rest is history.

Earl: What exactly is *Salt for Slugs*?

J.B.: Here's the most recent issue. (At this point, many issues of S.F.S. are introduced onto the set.)

Earl: It's a zine right?



Mantis fights slug in parking lot.

J.B.: It's the Victor Victoria of the publishing community. It's a fanzine imitating a magazine imitating a fanzine.

Earl: It's kind of almost archaic now with the web and everything, to actually print something you can hold in your hand. It's not a virtual publication.

J.B.: Only a portion of it is on the web.

Earl: Oh, so you do have some web presence.

J.B.: We're working on it.

Earl: So your interest is in all kinds of media things and performance art and stuff I imagine, and you're here talking to independent film makers, so you must have an interest in that.

J.B.: We dabble in bizarre Texas culture and music, entertainment, arts...

Earl: Well you've come to the right place! (laughter)

J.B.: The current phenomenon we're dealing with is Vanilla Ice, and he's a Texas phenomenon.

Earl: That's not the same as "Ice, Ice Baby" is it?

J.B.: Oh, it's "Ice, Ice Baby". (laughter)

Earl: No way, it's the same guy?

J.B.: Yea, he's had a makeover. He's on the cover of this old issue here.

Earl: So he's waiting to make a comeback?

J.B.: Actually, he's coming back this week.

Earl: So what's your fascination with him?

J.B.: Well, anyone who benefits so much from making a spectacle of himself is Salt for Slugs material. Here's the Vanilla Ice promo if you want to zoom in on it.

Earl: Every time we try to do an interview with someone, we get everything all set up and they don't show up. So I hope he's not coming down here. So, who's the literary genius here? Someone here has to be literate. How often does this come out?

J.B.: Quarterly.

Earl: When is the next issue gonna be out?

J.B.: The Spring issue will be out sometime in between the 10th and 15th of March, before the SXSW. Hopefully



Llama model.

Kevin, Earl, Kirk-O-Matic, & Mama Llama holding barn prop.



before the film part of it begins.

Kirk: We're trying to get our film in there.

Kevin West: We're trying also for the alternate SXSW. It's kinda like the Slam Dance of the SXSW.

J.B.: Is that the South By So What?

Kirk: What are they calling that?

Kevin: They're just calling it the South By South Alternative.

Earl: Oh, that's such a pussy name! (laughter)

Kevin: I didn't come up with it! (more laughter)

Earl: Hey don't say anything bad about them, they're gonna premier our movie. (even more laughter)
Skipper Griffin: Suck me.

J.B.: I think we can get the Llama in I Love Video, which is one of our outlet connections.

Kirk: I worked on another movie with the radio and it's over there at I Love Video for free rental. We don't want to do that. We are in it for the bucks. We worked really hard and we're not gonna rent it for free.

Kevin: That's because ours is white trash and that was hispano trash.

Kirk: Oh right. True trailer trash.

Kevin: Our credit card debt.

Kirk: We could put (Barn) on ACTV for free, but we don't wanna do that. We have a credit card debt.

Mantis: It took a long time to make it.

Kirk: Yea, payback is a mother.

J.B.: How much did you spend on Barn?

Earl: About fifty or sixty thousand dollars.

J.B.: What's up with the Haggis in the film?

Kirk: Haggis? Haggis is a real Irish meat from the stomach of a sheep.

J.B.: A guy in issue #3 of S.F.S. mentioned Haggis in a record review and we didn't know what it was, but we printed it anyway.

Earl: Mr. West over there could probably tell you more

because he's the actual writer of Barn of the Blood Llama.

Kevin: Well, see...

Kirk: CUT! Cut to him! (pointing to Kevin) Okay, he's talking now, cut to him!

Ray: Cameraman!

Kirk: Richard?... No he isn't, I can see what is playing...

Ray: The goddamn cameraman isn't doing his job!

Kevin: We've got some switcher problems here.

Ray: We have mannequins for cameramen.

At this point in the program, Kirk-O-Matic roasts the switcher Richard out of the control room to figure out why the switches aren't showing on our monitor. After determining the problem and the yelling about haggis and llamas is tamed, things return to normal.

Ray: We've probably been on there picking our noses, thinking we're not on the camera. (laughter)

Skipper: They'll just sort it out later.

Ray: Do we get to destroy this barn at the end of the taping? (motioning to the fake little barn prop in front of us that looks like some sort of manger set-up.)

Kirk: Okay, Kevin's gonna explain Haggis now.

Ray: I've heard of blood sausage before...

Kevin: Oh, this is even worse than blood sausage. The whole idea about the two inbred brothers is that they exploit anything they can about the llamas, so they make them have day-glow wool, and haggis, of course, is their stomach innards when they get run over by the big city girl who comes in and runs over the llama.

Earl: There's llama dung for food or fuel.

Kirk: Everything is like the cheap man's trashman's. Everything that we can get from the lab or leftovers or whatever. We (Gibbey and Jug) shine bowling balls for a living. We do all of these weird thing to make a buck.

It's self promotion.

Kevin: What about the Stepping Wool Aerobic? (The Stepping Wool Aerobic is one of those step exercise step pads with llama wool covering the top of it.)

Kirk: Yea, the Stepping Wool is an aerobic thing. We force the women who come to the barn to get into all kinds of stepping.

J.B.: What about Male Berserk Syndrome? Let's talk a little about that.

Earl: That's important, and it's one of the things that influenced us when we heard about that, probably on the news or something.

Kevin: Our friends that own llamas told us.

Kirk: Jim Crosby has these llamas and that when we kinda got together on the idea when we were working on another movie. He mentioned to David and George when we were working on a movie called Redboy 13 that they have this craziness that they do, and of course David was like, 'Wow, this is great'. They start talking about and he says they've got Male Berserk Syndrome! We were like, 'What the hell is this? This is perfect for our horror movie!'

Earl: The llamas bond to female humans.

Ray: So that crosses over to humans on Sixth St. right? (laughter)

Earl: Oh yea.

Kirk: So when they get jealous they spit on whoever is around, as far as males.

Skipper: So are llamas related to camels at all?

Kirk: Absolutely.

Earl: They're both dromedaries actually.

Skipper: I figured they might be. They look like smaller camels with carpets stapled to them. (laughter)

Earl: We should have brought the llama eggs. Furry eggs.

Ray: This is sacrilege in South America isn't it?

Kevin: Oh yea, they're getting a little militia group together right now.

Kirk: If we premier in Rio DeJ or something.

J.B.: It'll sell out.

Kevin: Our Andes world tour. (laughter)

J.B.: They're drinking rum and cokes while you're working.

Earl: Actually, you all do a little drinking too. (laughter)

Ray: What ever gave you that idea?

Earl: In a Salt for Slugs, there's something about the Bam Drinkers.

Kevin: That's just Bloody Mary's and stuff right?

J.B.: It's in the fourth issue. It's five man teams, each with a pony keg, and whichever team kills the keg first wins. Last year it was 55 minutes.

Kirk: 55 minutes for how many people?

J.B.: Five

Ray: There's puking.

Skipper: If you want to win, you have to puke, right?

Kevin: I wouldn't join that team because I'm puke shy. (laughter)

Skipper: Not after the first one you're not.

Kevin: So, do you do independent film reviews?

Ray: We have a guy who works at I Love Video who does all of our film reviews.

Earl: Now who is that?

Ray: Jamie Ward

Earl: Jamie Ward of I Love Video, So his day and/or night job over there is slappin' video tape down, but he's also a literary person, with some reviews.

Kirk-O-Matic's highly effective "Barn" business card.



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Ray: He's actually a genius when it comes to film.

Earl: He's actually a genius?

Mantis: Way into Kung-Fu movies also.

Earl: Oh yea, they got a whole wall of that stuff over there.

J.B.: Jamie's a slug writer who couldn't make it today, he had an appointment.

Earl: He had a court appearance actually. (laughter)

Ray: That's weird that you say that because he wrote a story about a court appearance he had in issue 4.

Skipper: A pretty good one too actually.

Ray: You guys were talking about doing something on the shrimp farm too right?

Earl: That's still in development I guess.

J.B.: Isn't there a lawsuit involving the shrimp farm?

Kevin: That's a good question. As far as I know the next thing we can find funding for is Rowdy Roundup Night of the Killer Pinatas, it's about a lesbian dude ranch.

Kirk: And they have rodeos, and Kevin informs me that these truly go on and as usual like the Llama, if it's true, we have to put it into words.

Ray: That's a connection we have too, with the magazine. If it's true, we put it in there.

Kirk: The deal that I've been thinking about is kind of the same direction, this movie that I've been talking about on this other talk show, Trim Monkey's Revenge. It's basically the same thing, where they polluted this pond. I have some friends out in Bastrop who have this pond..

Earl: The Hankster right?

Kirk: The Hankster has a pond and the shrimp monkeys come out and attack the people after they've been, you know...

Earl: We were gonna do something on the Chupacabra, but I know of at least two other films already.

Kevin: Four.

J.B.: I saw that X-Files.

Ray: What about Puerto Rican Vampire Sheep Suckers?

Kirk: See, that's been done...

Skipper: Are you gonna include sea monkeys with the shrimp monkeys?

Kirk: The idea is when you see the title you click, 'Oh, I know sea monkeys, but this is shrimp monkeys!'

Ray: Right, shrimp monkeys...

Kirk: When you go overseas, you have two choices on the hibachi. You can have shrimp or monkey! (laughter) So what are you gonna choose? It's all on a stick, ready to eat.

J.B.: Given the current political climate, I have to ask you Kirk, have you had sexual relations with the llama?

Kirk: Dr. Albert has.

Kevin: Of course, he implicates somebody else.

Kirk: It's so funny, the other day I was in Kinko's with this and an older lady comes in and says, 'What is The

Barn of the Blood Llama?' I said, 'It's a horror film that you may not want to watch, but it's coming to SXSW so you better tune in.' And she says, 'Well, I'm curious because I made this nice little llama book, a children's book.' I said, 'Let me see it' Oh man, ...and I'm looking at this and I'm saying to myself, 'Well, there ain't no pictures and no kid ain't gonna read this thing!' Uh, we're gonna have to cut that. (laughter) So I asked her if she had done any research on llamas. At least we have gone to Green, Texas where they have what's called "Llama Day" And they have a party where all the llamas get dressed up.

Kevin: They show the llamas.

Kirk: Yea, kinda like a German Shepherd Meet, where all of the German Shepherds come together, right?

Skipper: Did they ever mix the German Shepherds with the llamas?

Kirk: That's a good idea, an attack llama!

Ray: Have they cloned a llama yet?



Kevin West becomes the Llama, Earl poses Supermodel style.

Kevin: That could be a possibility.

Kirk: That's coming in Part 2, Bloodshed.

J.B.: So what about the girls in the movie, which one of them did the nude scene?

Earl: I actually was the body double for that scene. (laughter)

Kirk: She wants it to be a secret. The body double intern... You have to understand that this is a no budget, five year in the making, everyone goes out to Hollywood and Dallas, gets married to smarty lawyers in Louisiana, and then they have babies and they look like llamas and wonder about it later. Why was I in this movie?!!

Earl: We found some chicks that would do it, but they wanted like fifty bucks and it was only a rumor anyway and it wasn't in the budget.

Kirk: Dr. Albert, that Kelley Sweeney plays, it was in incredible amount of back story in making that particular couple of shots. We had to go to titty bars and deal with this woman who was kinda like the mamasan of finding these women who wanted to be photographed on top of a Porche or a Lamborghini. I'm saying, 'Wait a

minute, I can get Kevin who is a photographer too, so he can take pictures of the women on the Lamborghini, but are we gonna do that for the trade of the movie, coming out to show some tit? What's the deal? We got to the point where we had the Lamborghini set up, but we never saw any kind of... Then this big black guy comes in and says, 'Well, you know that's gonna be \$250.00 before anybody takes their top off.'

Kevin: So we went off and got some school aged girls. (laughter)

Ray: That's the way to do it.

Kevin: Yea, they'll work for a couple pieces of candy anyway.

Earl: When we started this we didn't know any chicks.

Kirk: That's right.

Earl: We'd been sittin' down here at ACTV for the past fifteen years.

Ray: Wasting away.

Kirk: I did call an old friend of mine that casts/works with actors and I said, 'I'm making this movie Barn of the Blood Llama... And then, Mona says, "So basically what you need is some bimbos." And I said, "Yea, give me a list of bimbos that can be in my movie.' So I got a list and then I came back to Kevin and said, 'I don't know, but we're shooting on July 17th, I don't care what's goin' down, we're gonna be there!' So we kinda negotiated on the wing. As with anything, everything snowballs when you say you're making a movie. Everybody shows up on the first couple of days. Boom! When there ain't no chow and there ain't no Mel Gibson, forget it. (laughter) The women scatter like fire. Basically, Kevin was the hero on that. He was just scammin' the women to just come on out. I don't know what he does, but he's a good talker to get these people to come out.

Kevin: Just bolster the people's confidence. Make them really believe that they're working on a project that they're gonna be proud of.

Earl: That's a really good point that Kirk brings up. Any of you low budget independent people out there trying to make a film, try to do it as fast as you can.

Kirk: One month, three weeks...

Skipper: Or at least get in your good shots of hot looking women early on.

Earl: Right, absolutely.

Kirk: We had to go back and re-shoot some stuff, and then we had creative differences and it was madness.

Kevin: It was a real love hate relationship.

Earl: That's true. Some good relationships have come out of it.

J.B.: A Salt for Slugs writer just did a film with Sharon Stone a couple months ago, and he's doing really well. He wrote a screenplay. So, Salt for Slugs has some props in the film industry too, just so you know.

Earl: Props from the film industry?

J.B.: From and within.

Earl: Now what do you mean within the film industry? Props?

J.B.: It means that we come and go as we please pretty much. We're like celebrities that aren't famous.

Earl: Oh I see.

Ray: Legends in our own minds.

Earl: You're famous for no reason.

J.B.: Exactly.

Skipper: Or for bad reasons.

Ray: Or you think you're famous, but you're not and no one knows you.

J.B.: It's all up here, in the hat. (pointing to tattered straw chapeau)

Skipper: It's all in the hat.

Earl: Does that include your hat? (motioning towards Ray's newspaper spectacle)

Ray: I just made this hat though.

Kevin: You're a self-made celebrity.

Earl: It's a superb hat though. I better watch this guy, he's gonna get my job in the art department. (laughter)

Kevin: Especially how he only used staples. No glue gun

Earl: It's like a shrimp head.

J.B.: He's riding on the wave of success from his North Loopians interview from the last issue. There's a huge under current going on right now about that.

Earl: North Loopians? Is that like something from Dallas?

Kirk: It's in this issue and it's horrendously funny.

Ray: Did you see it?

Kirk: Yea, I read the whole thing and I said, 'Gibby's jealous!' (laughter)... I got this friend Paul Smith who's the maker of this llama. Earl did most of the art. He made another llama. We destroyed that. He makes also these funky teeth. He makes Dracula teeth during Halloween, and Gibbey teeth, and straight newscaster teeth.

Ray: Did you have Gibbey teeth in the movie?

Kirk: No, unfortunately at that time I didn't know he could make these quality teeth, so I just blackened my teeth and face.

Earl: I heard something beep.

J.B.: The Dictaphone...

(END OF FIRST TAPE)

J.B.: I think we should talk some about the barn explosion at the end. You guys decided not to put any small smoke bombs inside it, you just blew it up on the promo I saw.

Earl: That's true, we did that with 16mm, and a high speed camera. It was a gun camera from the war, and... (people yapping) The first effect we did was to blow up the miniature, and it exploded into a million pieces and we had to go pick up all those pieces and pot glue it all back together again. That night, we shot the rest of it.

Kirk: You gotta understand, this was three days before the bomb in Oklahoma. So we were paranoid after that.

Skipper: I had a recipe on how to make that stuff when I was twelve years old.

Kevin: What, black powder?

Skipper: No, the ammonium nitrate fertilizer bomb. Screw the internet, it's been available in books for years.

Earl: Actually what we did was pretty dangerous because I was standing seven or eight feet from it.

At this point, total confusion erupts concerning the barn

Earl (as Bach): What, for this rot? (laughter)

Ray: That's him.

Kevin: So you get the "no budget" academy award.

J.B.: So what was it like shooting that scene where the girls are riding you like a horse?

Earl: That was a lot of fun, it was actually pretty cold that day...

Mantis: You took several takes. (laughter)

Ray: Wait, I don't think I got that right. Let's do it again.

Earl: Some of that film got lost and what we got back was something about some Boy Scouts. So the Boy Scouts got our movie. (laughter)

Skipper: And the Scout Master had never been happier in his life.

J.B.: Did you ever get the film?

Earl: No. We shot some video, there's some film that was shot and there's some video we had just done.

Kirk: You have this huge set up and there's no going back. Low budget, no budget things you can't go back and do that again. Luckily, we had two or three cameras going.

Kevin: The hardest thing I think about that shot was keeping the deer ticks off of you. (laughter)

J.B.: So what about that actress who did the dream sequence where she had sex with the llama? How did she feel about doing that?

Kirk: She felt pretty bad about that.

Kevin: She didn't want to do it at all.

Kirk: She did it as a favor and she'll be watching this show and she'll say, 'Kirk, Now don't say my name on the air!'

Kevin: The actual actress who played that part left town before we got to that shot. At the very beginning, she said, 'We're not really gonna shoot that are we?'

Skipper: And you said, 'No, no, we're not really gonna shoot that'

J.B.: The best part is where the llama chews the condom package open. (laughter)

Kevin: I just felt the movie needed a safe sex reminder. Especially this inter-species kind of thing you know.

J.B.: There's a little room for political correctness in it.
Ray: Bestiality, political correctness, sure...mixes well. (laughter)

Kirk: And I think that's what's gonna draw a lot of people to it.

Mantis: And that makes it okay.

Kevin: We're just trying to protect the llama community.

Ray: Right, you don't want to spread it there.

Earl: Yea, the other white meat. (laughter)



When Earl pays too much attention to the slug, the llama stikes.

explosion.

Ray: Did you have to get licenses and insurance?

Kirk: No, we did it out in...

Earl: That's the glory of it being a low budget, no budget independent film. We're not tied down you know.

J.B.: So the film version is slowed down?

Earl: Yea, and there's a lot of fireworks and stuff.

Ray: Maybe we should set something on fire for this interview.

Skipper: I've got some matches...

J.B.: I think we should talk about the character Bock. Is that like a spinoff of Beck?

Kirk: Bock beer? No, Bach as in ach.

J.B.: He has llama blood, right?

Earl: Actually that's true. My character Bach comes back to Justiceburg.

J.B.: You're Bach?

Earl: I'm Bach.

Skipper: Let's hear some of the Bach accent.

Kevin: That's interesting that you focused on that particular aspect of the film.

Kirk: The sex scenes! Sex always sells.

Kevin: I just thought that had to be in the film.

J.B.: I thought it was great.

Kevin: We're trying to offend a lot of people.

Earl: I wanted to talk about that, I'm glad you brought it up.

Barn explosion begins.



Kevin: The "offensive quotient"?

Earl: Yea.

Kirk: No, tell them about the quotient of the disparity of the total let down of every scene.

Ray: Does that say something about us if we didn't find it offensive?

Kevin: No, I think it's just a general comment on where society is at, at this point.

Earl: We're connoisseurs of white trash, and basically that's who we make fun of. It's who we are and I think I have the God-given right to make fun of white trash people.

Mantis: You have to put up with them.

Kirk: Because you're baptized in the cow tank.

Earl: The dip tank.

J.B.: So who crafted the llama hooves that were in the attack scene?

Earl: There's two sets of llama hooves. I made one. Which one?

J.B.: When the llama spit on the heavy girl's face.

Ray: Heavy?

Earl: Yea, okay.

Kirk: Kelley Sweeney (Dr. Albert) had a friend that made those. Just like a junk pile out of a trash trailer truck.

Earl: It's actually pretty difficult to come up with something like that. So there were two sets, one that we thought would be for a long shot, and one I made had some movement in it, but they're pretty cheesy.

Ray: Good and cheesy though.

Kevin: It was really funny trying to get the tow truck driver to go along with some of this?

Skipper: So it was a real tow truck driver?

Earl: Not Stuker, he's the real actor.

Kevin: But there was a real tow truck driver, Drake in Weberville and a girl who probably doesn't want to be

named.

Ray: She who cannot be named.

Kirk: We want promotion, but we don't want to give names!

Ray: That's strange because we all use fake names in the magazine, just to protect ourselves.

J.B.: Yea, because one writer wrote something in the third issue about the Republic of Texas.

Mantis: Before anything went down.

J.B.: Yea, before the stand-off and everything, and he's been getting hate mail since then. So he changed his name, not his legal name, just his writing name to protect himself from the renegade militia members traipsing around Austin looking for Salt for Slugs writers.

Earl: I haven't seen much of the magazine, but it looks like you all are sort of connoisseurs of bad taste also.

Ray: Oh yea.

J.B.: We've refined our bad taste into really bad taste.

Earl: Oh.

J.B.: Some of it's in good taste though.

Ray: What part?

J.B.: The fake ad on the last page.

Ray: Oh yea, that's really good.

Kevin: White Trash Monster Rally?

Ray: Now that's in good taste.

Kevin: That's great.

Kirk: They actually have monster rallies.

J.B.: Work Habits Office Space, it's a Habitrail.

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As per request of Helen Hogan, Ray and the llama touch tongues.

Ray: People in cubicles

Earl: How long have you been writing Salt for Slugs?

J.B.: This has been out for a year and a half.

Earl: Where do people obtain these locally?

J.B.: Waterloo Records, Sound Exchange, I Love Video, Stashus Mule, Tower Records, a bunch of bookstores, Fringeware Books.... Actually, I want to thank Patrick at Fringeware right now for putting our web page up, and really helping us out with a lot of stuff.

Earl: Is there anything else you want to add about your publication?

J.B.: We have another writer who couldn't make it today. Her name is Helen Hogan, and she had some questions for

you guys and she told us them last night. I'm trying to remember... Were you deranged as a child? (laughter)

Kirk: Oh yea.

Earl: Filmmaking is very cathartic actually.

Skipper: Kirk, I have a question for you. The Gibbey character, is that something that you find following you around all of the time?

Kirk: Have you seen the Ten Days of Christmas video tape? That's a perennial Gibbey X-Mas gift.

Skipper: It seems so heart felt that you might mumble it to yourself every now and then.

Kirk: I think it's just an outgrowth of being frustrated as true white trash. I want to get back to my roots and crawl underneath the trailer with a fork and ... (laughter)

Ray: Hey, have you guys ever gone frog giggin'? (laughter)

Mantis: All of the time.

Kirk: I did a show down here for six hours holding up a sign that said, "Will work for film." Basically telling everybody, "Hey, I'm in the film business. Why don't you call me?" It's tough to be in this pseudo-industry out here. So, I did this six hour show and I did it way back in the summer, but when it played on ACTV when everyone was just goin nuts over this homelessness stuff. I was doing a parody on that, and they said, "Who gives you the right to do that?" They went to the city council and started talking about how they couldn't let producers

make six hour shows. I did this to break their rule because they were saying that I couldn't have my freedom of speech, and you can't make a design on how long your freedom of speech is. So like with the Gibbey character I'm saying, "Give me a chance in this big montage..." Why do we as a society put so much energy toward one little thing?

Skipper: People that go down and complain to the City Council about someone else's freedom of speech don't realize the paradox they're creating there...(pause) And they have more free time than we do. (laughter)

Earl: That's why we're filmmakers and you're writers.

Ray: Helen Hogan had one more request: That I touch tongues with the llama.

Earl: Oh, be my guest. **THE END**



Llama says, "With pain, you bring me pleasure".

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outdoor survival tips

by Gene Slacks



The moonless night breathed. A thousand chirpings flowed with the bitter cold mountain stream whispering through the camp. The day's sweat crackled faintly on my forehead as I shifted my neck into a better sleeping position on my lumpy pillow. Sweat clung to the fabric of my mummy bag, making my legs feel hot... surrounded by clinging, wet, heat. I sighed and unzipped the lower portion of the bag and settled back in anticipation of the cool reprieve. A small scuffling near the upper right corner of my thin tent caught my attention immediately. All background sounds faded into a great white noise. The minute sound of a dry leaf tumbling in the slight breeze made it to my hypersensitive ears. There... I heard it again... a small snuffling and scratching noise near the foot of my tent. I slowed my breathing down to a cadence in time with the thousands of crickets insulating the night.. hoping not to reveal myself to the interloper. Slowly, the crackling and snuffling melded towards... into the sounds of the stream. I breathed out a steady flow of stale air. My muscles loosened and a gaseous emission that had been corralled by fear whooshed out. The rotting stench poked my brain with reality. In the distance I heard louder scrapings and tearing sounds accompanied by a few, short snorts. I sighed, unwilling to venture out of the tent, and willed my mind to relax and sleep crept up, diminishing and mixing the event into dreamland.

Cold morning air and the pasty glue of sleep greeted my face before I completely pulled my refreshed mind from the night. I slipped my body from the sleeping bag and stretched and gathered my warm crumpled clothes from the bottom of the

bag. After pulling my dirty pants and shirt on and pulling a blue fleece from my makeshift pillow, I took a swig of chilly water, unzipped the tent door and greeted the sun with a belch and a tiny fart. I looked down to grab my worn boots and a curious outline made me stare. The ragged pattern jarred my mind back to the previous night. A black bear had been outside my tent! I've heard stories about bears sniffing out a Starburst wrapper hidden in the bottom of some hapless camper's jeans and ripping the tent wall to shreds in order to get at the sweet candy. Knowing this and knowing that the Great Smoky Mountains are notorious for black bears and also heeding the few bear warning signs scattered about, I had hung all my food in a bear bag in between two trees before I bedded down for the night and slung my pack underneath a wooden footbridge with some other hiker's gear. I thought I was safe. Tentatively moseying on down to the



creek I noticed that under the bridge my gray pack was not in the position that I had left it in. Remembering the tearing noises from the night, I hurried onto the bridge and pulled up my pack. Unfortunately, my pack had been on the outer pile of packs and the bear had no choice but to rip up my pack. The frame was bent at a 45 degree angle, a pin that holds fabric to the frame was popped off and the Corduroy fabric was ripped down one side. The expander bar, a non-essential item, was twisted into a pretzeled figure-eight. Luckily, I am an Eagle Scout and my Scoutmaster prepared me for such disasters. I took some safety pins out of my repair kit and fixed the rips. I had an extra pin to fasten the pack back together and with a few well-placed kicks and twists the pack was good enough to finish the last two days of my backpacking trip.

To venture out in the great forests and plains of America for an extensive backpacking trip you do not need to be an Eagle Scout. All you need is to be

prepared. Bringing along a few well thought out items and leaving the stuff you really don't need can mean the difference between a trip from hell and a genuine communion with nature. I will give some pointers on what you need and what you don't need while in the great outdoors in the next few issues.

First, you need to determine what kind of communing you are going to do. For backpacking and/or hiking the trip length and terrain dictate what kind of pack you will need. Let's look at a long backpacking trip with moderate to difficult terrain. An external frame pack will probably be your best bet if you don't plan on any scrambling or traveling over extreme terrain. The external puts the weight of your gear into a higher position and nestles it directly over your hips, allowing for a lessened center of gravity but a better comfort level for long, steady trips. Externals are also good for carrying bulky, oversized gear.

An internal frame pack will be a good choice if extreme terrain is encountered. The internal pulls the gear close to your back and makes it a part of your body. This style is generally not good for a long steady hike because of poor ventilation at the small of the back. If you plan on scrambling on primitive trails and/or extreme vertical terrain the internal will serve you well.

An interesting development in the world of packs has come about with the advent of hybrid packs. These packs combine the advantages of the internal, mainly the low center of gravity, with the advantages of the external, the load bearing attributes and better ventilation of the back. For someone who is not sure of the terrain and duration of their trips, a hybrid can satisfy most of your needs. Next issue: The portability of pot(s).



Who's Wasting West Texas?

Governor Bush has a plan for West Texas.

by nate blakeslee

On the first Thursday of February, the Mexican ambassador to the United States, Jesus F. Reyes-Heroles, paid a visit to Austin to meet with governor George W. Bush—son of the former president, past-owner of the Texas Rangers baseball team, and current ambassador of the great State of Texas. They met to discuss the state's plan—endorsed by the governor—to construct a radioactive waste dump less than twenty miles from the Rio Grande/Rio Bravo, near the tiny west Texas town of Sierra Blanca. As luck would have it, U.S. Senator Paul Wellstone (D-MN) convened a press conference in Washington, D.C. that very same Thursday to discuss the very same project. In Austin, the governor assured the ambassador that the dump would not be a threat to the low-income border community chosen for the site, nor would it endanger the watershed of the Rio Grande, a source of drinking and agricultural water for thousands of Mexicans. In Washington, Wellstone called the dump part of a "national pattern of discrimination in the location of waste and pollution" that preyed on those lacking political clout and financial resources. Bush spoke of a place to bury used x-ray machines. Wellstone, joined by opponents from west Texas and officials from both sides of the border, spoke of entire nuclear reactors being dismantled and shipped—from as far away as New England—to the tiny border town in Texas. Clearly, someone is not telling the truth about what's going on in the governor's backyard.

This much is certain—for several months, Wellstone has held up a proposed agreement currently awaiting ratification by the U.S. Senate, under which Texas will act as the host state for radioactive waste produced by nuclear power plants, industrial facilities, and hospitals in—of all places—the states of Maine and Vermont. In exchange, Texas will receive \$50 million for construction of the Sierra Blanca facility, plus, of course, a dump for its own nuclear waste. When questioned about the deal, the governor is quick to point out that the plan was originally hatched under the administration of former governor Ann Richards. Nevertheless, since 1995 perhaps no single entity among the many interested parties has lobbied as hard as the office of George W. Bush to get the Texas-Maine-Vermont compact bill, now in its third attempt at passage, through Congress.

Although many have tried, no state has succeeded in licensing a new radioactive waste dump since Congress created the compact system in 1980, under which states must take responsibility for their own waste or enter into compacts whereby one state agrees to be the host for another state's waste. It's worth noting that the term "low-level" is somewhat

deceptive. Dump proponents—the governor included—have made the most of the considerable confusion surrounding what will actually end up in the Sierra Blanca dump. Although industry spokespersons like to refer to low-level waste as mostly "gloves and booties" used in medical facilities, the category also includes virtually all power plant waste except spent fuel rods. In fact, according to industry estimates, about eighty-five percent of low-level waste—measured by radioactivity—comes from power plants, and the so-called "low-level" waste stream—as even Texas's own waste authority director has conceded—can actually include some of the most deadly isotopes known, such as iodine-129, nickel-59, and plutonium-239, with hazardous lives measured in the hundreds or thousands of millennia. With only two facilities in the nation—in Hanford, Washington and Barnwell, South Carolina—currently receiving all types of low-level waste (and no facility for high-level waste), bringing the Texas dump on-line would be a major coup for the nuclear industry—and they'd have Bush to thank.

But that may not be the only nuclear notch on the governor's belt. A second West Texas facility, this one in Andrews

"Experimental Trench." Actually will be the first trench at the site.



County near the New Mexico border, may soon begin receiving radioactive waste as well. Waste Control Specialists (WCS), a private company owned in part by billionaire Bush backer and friend Harold Simmons of Dallas, is well on its way—apparently thanks in part to the governor's appointees in the state regulatory apparatus—to becoming a repository for Department of Energy radioactive waste. Low-level DOE waste, industry flacks agree, is a multi-billion dollar industry that has yet to be tapped; WCS officials say they stand to make "Bill Gates-type money" on the Andrews County dump.

In letters to the Texas Congressional delegation, and in press releases and interviews, the governor has consistently maintained that the Texas-Maine-Vermont compact, which creates an exclusive use agreement among the three states, is the only way to protect Texas from being forced to take

waste from all over the country. But as Diane D'Arrigo of the Washington, D.C. based Nuclear Information Resource Service (NIRS) points out, "nobody can force you to build a dump." In fact, after years of litigation and public opposition, other multi-state compacts have recently abandoned their efforts to site dumps. And the Texas Attorney General's office disputes Bush's interpretation as well. "It has always been our position that Texas could build a dump for itself and have it remain a stand-alone facility," says Sam Goodhope of the AG's office. In any event, the "protection" offered by the compact is less than reassuring: not only can other states be added to the compact in the future, but the agreement sets up a governor appointed commission that can contract with any generator, anywhere, anytime, to take waste from non-party states, without Congressional or state legislature approval.

Indeed, there are already indications that non-compact waste may be headed for Texas. Just prior to the compact's scheduled vote in the House, the Maine Yankee Atomic Power Company announced that it wanted out of the deal because of its decision to decommission its unreliable reactor—the only one in Maine—ten years ahead of schedule, which would require immediate disposal space that Texas could not provide. Yet under the terms of the compact, Maine is obligated to chip in \$25 million for the Sierra Blanca dump—whether they still need it or not—as soon as the compact is ratified. In order to keep Maine—and their all important dump construction funds—on board, Bush cut an eleventh hour deal with Governor Angus King of Maine. According to a letter signed by all three compact governors, Texas will make "reasonable efforts" to ensure that Maine ratepayers don't pay twice to decommission Maine Yankee. Roy Coffee of the governor's Office of State and Federal Relations insists that such efforts will not include allowing Maine to sub-lease its space in the Sierra Blanca dump to non-compact states. But it's hard to see how Maine could make its money back otherwise, and both Maine and Vermont are fighting to remove an amendment (placed on the House version of the compact by Austin Congressman Lloyd Doggett) that would permanently limit use of the dump to just the three states in the compact.

Opponents of the Sierra Blanca dump, a diverse coalition that includes local residents, statewide environmentalist groups, and Mexican officials, have filed a Title VI



civil rights complaint. It alleges that the state—frustrated after eight years of fruitless searching for a suitable site and an amenable host community—deliberately targeted a minority population to minimize political opposition to the site. Located in one of the poorest counties in Texas, Sierra Blanca is a low-income, predominantly Mexican-American community, a fact not lost on the

Texas Low-Level Radioactive Waste Disposal Authority (TLLRWDA). The Authority commissioned a study back in 1984 as part of its effort to locate its radioactive dump site. Authors of the study recommended targeting special populations such as "Hispanics, particularly those with little formal education and low incomes," but cautioned against "increasing the level of knowledge" of those same Hispanics too much, lest they turn against the dump like everyone else. Further boosting opponents' claims is the site's less than ideal geography—only sixteen miles from the Rio Grande, in an active earthquake zone, and above an aquifer.

When Governor Bush first announced his support for the compact, shortly after he took office in early 1995, he did so with the promise that he would protect Texas from the nation's nuclear dumpers. That promise was quickly put to the test when Waste Control Specialists announced their plan to open the Andrews County dump, and immediately set about lobbying the legislature to repeal the Texas law prohibiting private companies from disposing of radioactive waste. This was quickly followed by a bid from Envirocare, a Utah based disposal firm, to do the same thing on another piece of Texas ranch land, also in Andrews County. A May 1995 governor's office internal memo summed up the situation bluntly: did the governor have the "willingness to stand by while West Texas becomes the nation's dumping ground for waste that no one else will take?"

The answer, apparently, depends on which company is doing the dumping. By the Fall of 1996, WCS had switched to seeking DOE waste, a strategic maneuver which would have made them exempt from state oversight—though they voluntarily sought the approval of the Texas Natural Resources Conservation Commission (TNRCC). Not to be outdone, Envirocare immediately followed suit. In an October 18, 1996 letter to Envirocare, TNRCC executive director Dan Pearson rejected their application, stating that the agency did not have the statutory authority to license a private facility, and further, that as a matter of policy, the agency would be opposed to "any scenario or



arrangement" that involved state oversight of a private disposal facility regardless of where the waste originated. This prompted a hasty response from an understandably anxious WCS, who still sought TNRCC approval for the same purpose. On the week of December 5, Roy Coffee of the governor's office met with Barry McBee, the Bush-appointed chairman of TNRCC, to discuss the Envirocare letter. On December 13, Dan Pearson sent a letter to WCS in which he issued a carefully worded retreat from his October letter, noting that, contrary to what he told Envirocare, state oversight of a DOE facility was at least a legal feasibility, one that would require a policy decision from the three TNRCC commissioners, all Bush appointees. This was all the green light WCS needed to go full-speed ahead in search of DOE contracts.

What did WCS have that Envirocare didn't? One big factor may have been investor Harold Simmons, whose holding company Valhi, Inc. bought a fifty percent stake in the company in late 1995. According to the Dallas Morning News, Governor Bush and Lt. Governor Bob Bullock received over \$170,000 between 1994 and June of 1996 from Simmons, WCS president Ken Bigham, and WCS board member and lobbyist (and former U.S. Congressman) Kent Hance. Hance and Simmons kicked in at least another \$25,000 in 1997. "I basically told George that I was involved in the company as a major investor," Simmons told the Morning News, "and I wanted him to be aware of it in case the issue ever came up." Having Simmons on board should hardly encourage the residents of Andrews County—the notorious corporate raider has been named in numerous environmental lawsuits, and several former operations run by Simmons's companies are now Superfund sites.

So what's in this for Bush, besides the support of ethically-challenged Dallas tycoons? Department of Energy waste in Texas could be for Bush what Arkansas-based Tyson Foods was for then-governor Clinton—a home-state economic miracle at the right time can really boost a presidential bid. But plutonium isn't chicken wings, and Bush's glad-handing of WCS could prove to be something of a Pandora's box. In November of 1997, WCS sued a reluctant DOE in an attempt to force their way into the waste market, and struck gold when a U.S. district judge ruled that the lack of a state permit cannot be grounds for withholding DOE waste contracts. The National Governor's Association was outraged at this apparent usurpation of a state's right to regulate dumping within its borders. But Bush, who's been known to sing the state's rights anthem himself, just threw up his hands. "Texas has no role in any decision that the DOE would make—it is out of our hands," Bush spokesperson Debbie Head told the Houston Business Journal.

Despite considerable public opposition, the Sierra Blanca dump may pay dividends for the governor as well. For a man with his sights set on the White House, there are worse friends to have than the nuclear industry, which includes, for example, reactor component manufacturers like General Electric, a powerful multinational that controls a major television network to boot. In fact, Bush has always been tight with the nuclear industry in Texas—especially with nuke operators Texas Utilities and Houston Lighting and Power. The wife of his top aide lobbied on behalf of Texas Utilities (later resigning under criticism), and two former top aides, Reggie Bashur and Cliff Johnson, left the governor's office to lobby for utility companies. In 1996, Bush backed a bill

that would have helped Texas Utilities and HL&P pass on bloated construction costs for their reactors to Texas ratepayers. The bill didn't pass, but Bush's endorsement was enough to make Texas Utilities' wilting stock rebound heartily. Both companies also desperately want the Sierra Blanca dump—a cheaper and more reliable alternative to dumping their waste at Barnwell, South Carolina. The governor's hard work in this department has paid off—TU alone has donated over \$40,000 in Bush's first term.

Now Bush appears to be courting the national nuclear industry as well. In all likelihood the Sierra Blanca dump, if opened, will become not just New England's, but the entire nation's next nuclear waste dump for decades to come. The availability of disposal space is vital to the future of the domestic nuclear industry, a reality explained in the somewhat ominously titled annual publication of the Nuclear Energy Institute, Strategic Plan for Building New Nuclear Power Plants. Accordingly, the nuclear industry has cheered Bush's attempts to get the compact passed in Washington. Bush's staff has been joined by the Nuclear Energy Institute, along with directors of other radwaste compacts (most of whom have no site of their own), and lobbyists from utilities in Maine, Vermont, and Texas in rallying support for the bill. And the governor's hard work appears to be paying dividends. In the last six months, Bush has received out-of-state contributions from Duke Power, Southern Company, and Entergy Corporation, all of whom own or operate nuclear power plants in the south, and all of which appear likely to be interested in using the Sierra Blanca site. These are three of the largest corporations in the south, whose major investors include some of the world's most powerful multinationals and global banks. Big enough friends, maybe, to get young George to the White House, and more than enough enemies for a tiny border community in West Texas. ☆

For additional information:

Contact The Sierra Blanca Legal Defense Fund

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http://www.compassionate.org/sblidf

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Geraldine Fibbers

by Greg E. Boy



The Geraldine Fibbers are fronted by a chanteuse named Carla Bozulich. Her background reads like a Hollywood script: junkie prostitute turned rock press darling. Born in the tract housing of San Pedro, a town that gave us the Minutemen and Black Flag, Carla's life is a wealth of experiences. These experiences are what adds credence to the band's lyrics, and what adds the angst to this punkish roots n' rock band. Given the said facts about Bozulich and then looking at the cover of their sophomore effort *Butch*, it's not a far stretch of the imagination to find out that the

girl is very opinionated and a fiercely independent spirit.

The album cover is dark blue with the band's moniker spread across the top of the case in read letters. An orange cut-out temptress, hair long, black, and greasy is holding a cigarette between her fingers. The word "Butch" is clipped in right next to her ear. The record in question (said by one Rolling Stone critic) has been touted as the best sophomore effort since Nirvana's *Nevermind* (this of course coming from the same writer who claimed *Whiskeytown* to be the Nirvana of the insurgent country). Is she conscious of such misinformed statements being made about her music? "I try to avoid reading the stuff because I get offended easily. I'm incredibly opinionated and focused. It is really not possible to understand me unless you are in my head." This probably explains why I don't understand such songs as "I Killed The Cuckoo" or "The Dwarf Song." Conversely, it's also why I immensely enjoy the music of the Geraldine Fibbers, because it is the by-product of William S. Burroughs' twisted junkie thoughts, punk rock, country, and rock and roll. The latter two are most responsible for the comparisons to the mighty X.

Now, Carla doesn't claim to have lived a sordid life. Rather, she claims to have an average life. "Um, I've had an okay life. My life is great. I love my life." But she does claim to have hit paydirt with the addition of Nels Cline to the band. Nels Cline has jammed with everybody from Thurston Moore (Sonic Youth) to Mike Watt.

Nels has been a staple around the Los Angeles music scene for a long time. How did the Geraldine Fibbers end up working with Nels Cline? "It was just pure adulterated good luck" remitted Carla "everybody gets their big, brilliant stroke of luck and that's mine." She went on to explain how her and Nels have a musical chemistry that is undeniable. Well, there's no denying that "Butch" is an excellent record. But is this record excellent in the eyes of the current press because they've finally found a way to pigeonhole the band by including them in the alterna-country bin? Finding themselves put there most likely due to the presence of cello, violin, and stand-up bass. Personally, I found their first record to be much more enjoyable and "punk rock" if you will. I used the term loosely since it has graced several of the band's reviews of "Butch." Obviously, some of these hacks haven't heard their debut record "Lost Somewhere Between The Earth And My Home." It was during their tour supporting this record that I saw the Geraldine Fibbers live. They were opening for the Thinking Fellers. I was so blown away by their set that I left. I figured that there was no way anyone could top that. This time around, the band was headlining and had a more appropriate band opening for them, The Chrome Cranks. Unfortunately, a stomach virus kept me from witnessing this debacle at the Cat's Cradle the night before Thanksgiving. Next time I won't care how I am feeling. I will go anyway



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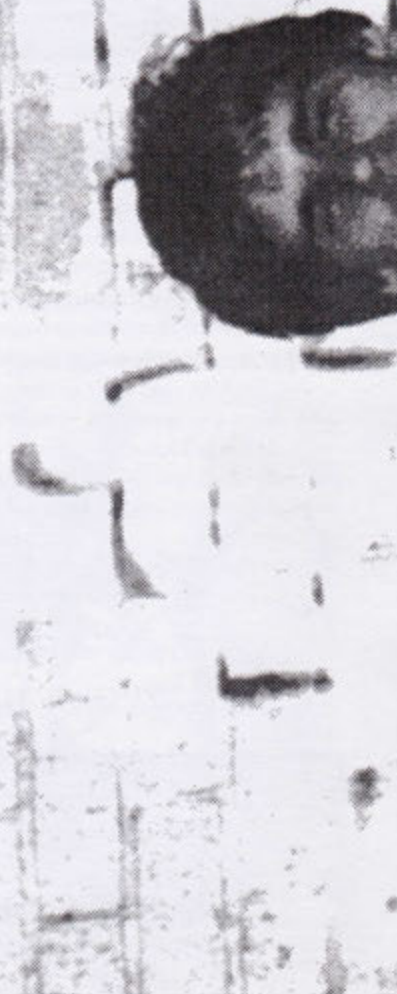


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salt FOR SLUGS

the legend of burt cocaine





prom night

with

interview by raymond grant
photos by stabler hsu



The girls of Morningwood chat with SFS.

in the back room of the famed Continental Club, on a misty evening in February, we came across a group of women dressed as prom queens. They had just stepped away from the stage, leaving their instruments behind to speak to us about why their lives had taken this wild turn off the highway of normalcy and onto the access road of weirdness, going beyond the speed limit and breaking any laws in their path. Morningwood is an all-GIRLS band, an incredible show, accessible to anyone carrying five bucks with transportation to the club. Their existence is a blessing, so get out there and see them you fools!

Salt for Slugs: Is that a hairpiece or are you just glad to see me?

MORNINGWOOD

morningwood is...

Kim Powell: drums/vocals

Stacie Smith: lead vocals/percussion

Tawnya LoRae: guitar/vocals

Kathy Ziegler: guitar/vocals

Karen Linder: bass/vocals

Kimmy Furlong:skater

Morningwood: I can't hear you, my hairpiece is in my ear. (laughter)

SFS: I understand that one of you dated Marilyn Manson. Is that true?

Mwood: Where did you hear that?

SFS: I can't reveal my sources. I work for a prestigious magazine.

Mwood: We gang raped him when he still lived at home with his Mom. We indoctrinated him into the cult of the beast but we disowned him when he started wearing dresses.

SFS: Have you ever had a major shoeshine in a minor city?

Mwood: Yes recently in Dallas at Love Field by Little Charlie.

SFS: Do you have any LP's or EP's and where can you find them?

Mwood: Yes, we have a brand new three song EP that is available at all of our shows, or you can Email us at Mowood5@AOL.com

SFS: Are you playing SXSW and if so where?

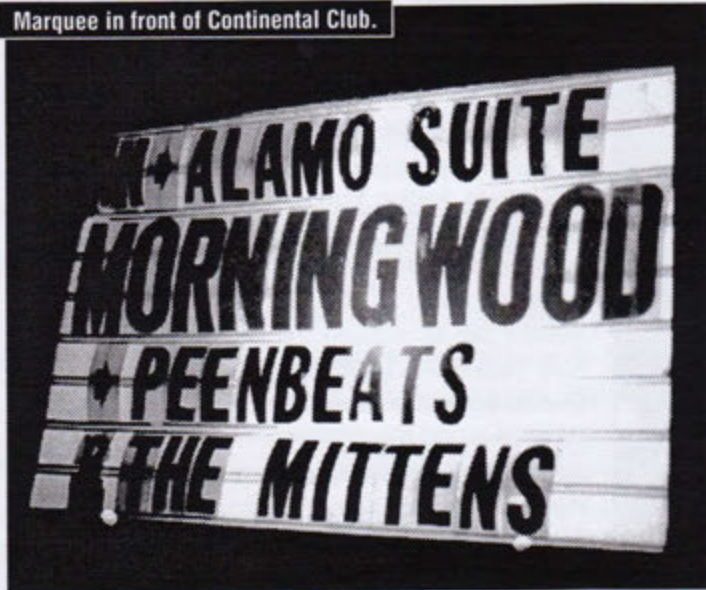
Mwood: Yes, but we don't know exactly where yet, it is TBA. We have decided to perform nude that evening though, so keep an eye out for us.



An unexplained outburst captured on film.

SFS: Why are all of you wearing Tiaras? Are you princesses of the night?
 Mwood: No, we are princesses of the morning! We love accessories, and we have always wanted to be prom queens, but fell short of our goal.
 SFS: Did you wear Chiffon at your debut?
 Mwood: No, our thing has always been sequins and latex. Once we played in Saran Wrap, but we didn't have our instruments with us that evening. We have pictures of it available on the Internet.
 SFS: What should our readers expect if they were to come to a Morningwood show?

Marquee in front of Continental Club.



Mwood: Pure entertainment, Music about the people, for the people

SFS: You had a dream.

Mwood: Morningwood is to Rock and Roll what Pleather is to Leather!(the sound of many drunken females cheering and making odd noises).

SFS: If Clinton came on to you, would you fuck him?

Mwood: I had a dream about Hillary, that I was consoling her about her estranged husband and then all of a sudden we started getting it on. And then their dog came into the room but it was like a human and it could talk and it started telling Hillary that Chelsea's school had called and that she was having trouble in math... Should I go on?

SFS: I have a hotline number that you can call for that type of thing.

SFS: You guys have a song called "Incestuous Town"; do you think that Austin is like that?

Mwood: Hello!, no I don't think that any town is like that, I think that is completely from our imagination. Actually that is a big yes!

Hot drummer poses next to MW T-shirt.



Salt for Slugs



Parents of Morningwood at the bar.

SFS: You seem to have a message to the public about the economy and it's correlation with Mexican wrestlers. Would you like to elaborate on that?

Mwood: Yes, they should pay those poor Mexican laborers wrestling with starvation and plantations a lot more than two cents per day, haven't you ever heard of Sally Struthers? Damn you! Do you know that there are no Taco Bells in Mexico!

SFS: Wow, your kidding, what a surprise! Now, there were roosters involved in your show. Would you like to tell us the meaning of this?



Members of Morningwood at the bar.

Mwood: El Gallo the Cockfighter. That is all we can tell you.

SFS: Why would you want to be in a band? For the chicks? (laughter)

Mwood: Free drinks and wild parties.

SFS: Who are your musical influences?

Mwood: Ernest Tubbs, Charlie Watts, Andy Gibb, and Tony Basil, also the chick in Easy Rider and I guess we will admit it OK, the Beatles.

SFS: If you could play with any band in the world, who would it be?

Mwood: The Beastie Boys or Beck, also the Rev. Horton Heat and maybe Jerry Lewis too.

SFS: Is that Jerry Lee Lewis?

Mwood: No, the famous French comedian (laughter)

SFS: He would be a great opening act for you guys, with those big, buck teeth and black eye goggles, he is the ultimate nerd. OK, well, I could do this all night, but everything must come to an end. Do you have any parting words?

Mwood: Thank Heaven for little girls.

SXSW Date: Thursday, March 19th 11 p.m. at The Hole in the Wall and The Who Hoot Nite at The Hole Sunday, March 22nd

RIGHT TO FIGHT

Louis Chiapparelli, Dan Henderson, Randy Couture, Rico Chiapparelli



**Text & Photos by
Tami Goldsmith**

or ultimate fighting competitions are not legitimate sporting contests. They pose a great risk of serious injury to the contestants, and present excessive brutality to the public as entertainment." Of course, the Senator fails to mention the number of deaths that have occurred in boxing. Ironically, he has personal financial connections to Anheuser-Busch, a major boxing sponsor.

As boxing continues to be pushed as the only legitimate fighting sport, large cable companies such as Time-Warner have stopped carry the UFC. Their official statement is "We have the right to editorial decisions and we provide a service to the community that has with it a responsibility just like the editor of a newspaper. Because of the level of violence in the programming, we choose to exercise discretion. Our president, Leo Hindery, has met with the UFC and

hoped to get a long-term solution so we could televise them. It hasn't worked out." Hindery "feels there's ethics and morality behind the decision." Perhaps the real reason behind this decision is that many of these cable companies have large financial stakes in the boxing industry. So here we have major political forces and media monopolies dictating whether or not these ultimate athletes have the right to fight...

The fighters of these events maintain a different viewpoint than their opponents. They believe that reality fighting is a mastery of sport, not a brawl. World Champion Kickboxer, UFC, and Extreme Fighting Champion Maurice Smith says that "striking arts are, in a sense, a bit more dangerous [than no-holds-barred] because there's more impact, a lot more hitting to the body and head.

Pericles Lewnes, an award-winning film director is currently working on a documentary covering the athletes of reality combat. His definitions of Reality Fighting are:

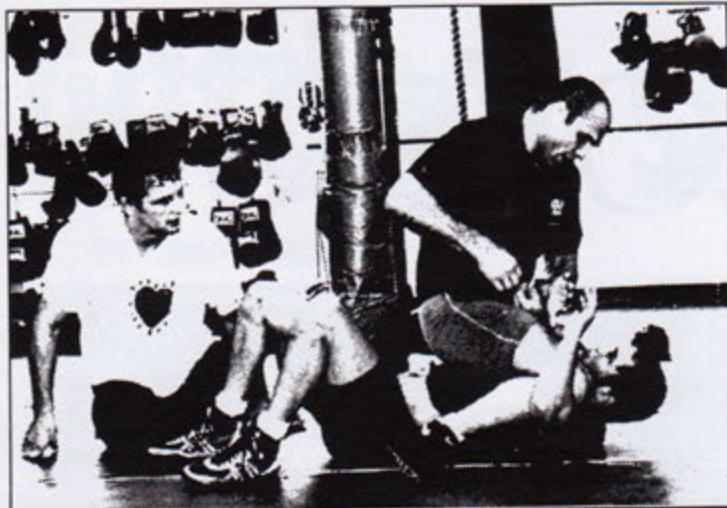
- 1. Unarmed combat between two fighters of varied disciplines**
- 2. A fighting contest with limited rule structure**
- 3. An organized fight which closely resembles unarmed combat under "real world" conditions.**

The United States has witnessed the recent phenomenon of reality fighting, no-holds-barred fighting or mixed martial arts competition, which has revolutionized both the fighting and martial arts worlds. This type of fighting has created a platform for athletes to compete at a different level and earn prize money. Several pay-per-view events such as the Ultimate Fighting Championship, Extreme Fighting, World Combat Championship and the Contenders have showcased these competitors. Unfortunately, due to political and media opposition, only the UFC has managed to survive the onslaught.

Despite public support and growing numbers of pay-per-view customers, opponents of the sport include key political figures as well as cable company monopolies. Senator John McCain (R-Arizona) has been quite vocal about his battle to prohibit these combative events. He states that "unlike boxing or traditional martial arts, unrestricted

Randy Couture vs. Maurice Smith UFC Japan 12-21-97





Training in Japan with fellow wrestlers Rico Chiapparelli, Randy Couture, Dan Henderson

Originally monopolized by Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu practitioners, such as the Gracie family, a different breed of champions have emerged. Members of the wrestling community have recently converged and dominated as victors of these events. Wrestling is a sport that's about American as apple pie, and you can find NCAA and All-Americans, as well as Freestyle, Greco-Roman and Olympic medalists all participating in reality fighting competitions.

One such champion is Randy Couture, a member of the United States Greco-Roman National Team, who recently won the UFC Heavyweight Title on December 21, 1997 in Japan. The UFC has given him the opportunity to use his outstanding wrestling skills to dominate the world of no-holds-barred fighting. Couture had worked his way up the UFC ranks by winning a 4-man Heavyweight Tournament. He then went on to beat Brazilian Jiu-Jitsu phenomenon Vitor Belfort in a stand-up punching bout. With this impressive victory, Couture

earned a shot at the heavyweight title holder, undefeated kickboxer Maurice Smith. Going in as the underdog, Couture dominated the match by maintaining the superior top position. The fight went into two overtimes, and by the end of the evening, Couture was declared the new UFC Heavyweight Champion by majority decision.

For no-holds-barred competitions, Couture, along with several other world-class wrestlers, are members of the RAW (Real American Wrestling) Team, managed by Louis and Rico Chiapparelli. As the trainer of the RAW Team, Rico Chiapparelli maintains a philosophy that wrestling is not enough - cross-training in all the different martial arts is important and necessary for wrestlers to become well-rounded fighters in all aspects of the game.

Couture is a well-respected athlete and competitor for the United States. How does he feel about the negative publicity regarding reality fighting? "I think that this arena, and the kind of publicity that the wrestlers are getting in this arena, can be a real positive thing for amateur wrestling in the U.S. As long as our athletes have an open mind and are prepared, it can take wrestling to a new level publicly in

Randy Couture training with Rico Chiapparelli—Japan UFC 12/97



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the United States. I think that the people that are against it need to investigate it and realize that it's no more brutal than any other combative sport, and it's only going to help us."

As the battle with the politicians and media moguls continues, will reality fighting be able to continue, and will these athletes have an arena to compete in? In so-called modern times, will politicians decide who has the right to fight, and under which conditions? Will cable companies determine which events we, as viewers have the right to watch? Let's hope not...

**Check out the website
www.rawteam.com**

*Special thanks to Eddie Goldman for his tireless efforts and research in these reality fighting events.

fair enough.

articles and photos by ran scot

When I was downing the last of my Pearl, the scale of my armor for my trip to Angleton, Texas, my friend Dom said, "You know, you can never really go home again." I almost erupted into an art fag dialogue about Odysseus and his ordeal when I realized, fuck, maybe you can't. But if there were ever a town you could go home to again and feel happy that you left it, it would be Big A.

There is a saying, 'If it is going to rain anywhere, it's going to rain in Angleton.' Of course that bit of colloquial knowledge is only spouted out by the old gentry at Karl's Bakery, or the rival old men at Angie's Diner. The reason they are the only stalwarts of this data is because the rest of the world could give a rat's ass about this shit-hole of a city.

Now I know must people dislike their hometowns, but I hate Angleton to the very calcium fibers in my bones. From the minute you are born in Angleton, your monkey ass is trying to crawl out. Why? Why is this such a bad town? Here are some highlights if you were a tourist. Imagine a town totally surrounded by the biggest chemical plants in the world. Imagine sweltering heat that even makes mosquitoes listless, all three billion of them. Imagine a land so volatile that there is STILL land open from forty acres and mule. Imagine neighborhoods flanked by maximum-security prison after maximum-security prison. Oh how green my valley was, that little slice of paradise where I grew up.

Am I bitter? No, coming from the pits of the 7th plane of the Inferno has made me a better man. No matter how shitty my situation, I gleefully smile and remember the shining of the flare towers on the aluminum siding sea of trailer parks. You know when you go to Houston and it looks beautiful, you are from an ugly town. But no town is without its few diamonds in the rough. Hey, this where Woody Harleson's dad blew away a judge with a shot gun for christ sakes. Oh, and do not forget about the prison guards sicking their canines on the prisons from Missouri. That'll teach you to send us your convicts. The Hope Diamond though has to be the Brazoria County Fair, Livestock Show, and Rodeo.

It is a gathering of the clans. If you ever need your fears confirmed about small town Texas, this would be the place to become born again. Can I get a witness? This event takes such a hold of the community schools are let out for a week, hicks from far and wide fill up the motels, and best of all, the cows arrive.

We are not talking about a few cows, a lot of cows, or even a herd of cows. We are talking a living ocean of cows. The usual sulfur taste to the air is replaced with the sweet taste of methane and manure. If for some reason cows became sentient while amassed in Angleton, we'd have a huge problem on our hands. Imagine a sheep revolt in Australia, you get the picture.

What is a county fair without a parade? Jack shit is your answer little Billy. Now, there is something odd about the Fair Parade. It is a magnet of morbid curiosity. You know before you even go it is going to suck, and suck bad. But yet on the morning of, you are an eager little beaver to go. Imagine, okay, being excited to go to Syrup festival, where syrup dropping from the tree is the main event. I think it is social conditioning as a child that makes young Angletonians run to line the streets through the city. Or maybe it's the steady inhalation of god only knows what from the ever-present plants.

There are usually three main stages to the parade, and God how I love a parade. The first is usually the local and statewide politicians in really cheesy convertibles waving at the unwashed masses. In this same section come the Baptists in their myriad of floats, which included a finger actually pounding the bible. The funny thing about this is that Angleton is a German town, and that would make us Lutheran and Catholic. The Baptist come rolling in once a year into the only 'wet' town in the



Schooled by the mechanical bull.

county and tell us how we are all going to hell. It sorta sets the tone for fair week if you asked me.

After the self-righteous have passed, it becomes time for the local high schools to show who spent more money on their floats than education this past year. The best part of this is that bands wear full wool uniforms and headgear. Combine this with the usual temperature of 95 degrees and 90 percent humidity, and we got ourselves a ball game. By the end of the trek, the otherwise non-athletic band boobs are throwing up and passing out from heat exhaustion. But they are doing it for the school man!!! The other great aspect of this section is the cheerleader floats. Not due to their cuteness, but due to their moms handing their kids to them during the parade. I almost peed myself when I saw this. On one particular float, two cheerleaders looked a tad big in the belly to be doing flip-flops, and the nervous look of the football players as they stared at their stomachs knowing they were the icing on the cake.

This year there was something new and special for me to observe. Every town now has a pop-warner football team with a following that would embarrass most NFL cities. What made me really giggle though was that for each football player, there were five cheerleaders. The horde of moms living vicariously through their daughters was amazing. I felt like I was at Model Search USA. Across the maze of glitter floats names like Tiffany, Heather, Sarah, and Millie were spelled out on bad construction paper footballs. You could almost see their little minds being warped. It was cool as shit I tell you. Their only function it seemed was for mom to get a photo-op and to hurl candy at the crowds. I can not wait till these sweet young things grow up in this gone crazy part of the world. More worms for the fodder.

The last section is truly a spectacle to behold. Imagine, just imagine, a real life cattle drive down a major street in your city. Sound fucked up? It is. Now for some reason, local folk down there think it's a good idea to take a week off of work and ride your horse around highways and call it a trailride. There are no trails, and you sleep in motels along the way. I think the great cattle drives of old were a bit different, but if you raise this fact to the dime-store cowboys coming into town, you got a fight on your hands. They seriously believe they are cowboys. There is one way to get them off their high horses though, pardon the pun.

Right outside of Angleton is a town place on the road called Anchor, it's just a place because the town left a long time ago. But what has stayed is an All-Black Rodeo that goes on every weekend. Now that usually would not even gather my attention, but seeing the Black cowboys come riding into town next to the Bubbas of Texas on their horses looked a bit comical, like they were about to shoot Blazing Saddles II. For about an hour every year, people in Angleton forget they are racists, or well, most of them.

After the parade has concluded and the kids are tweaking on all the candy that has been thrown to them, the masses start to head towards The Fairgrounds. Cops and fire engines wait before the crowd, as if Moses himself was up there leading people to the Holy Land. Depending on your point of reference, this place could be. Here, white trash dreams become a reality, ass-backward ideas are cutting edge, and you can almost feel your intelligence drop so as you can fully enjoy this social fair.

As you approach the gate, two huge plastic cows stand guard in a place usually reserved for majestic sculpture lions. As a child I remember staring in awe at their massive bodies and the look in the cows' eyes were mean and surly. It was almost as if they knew all these people were coming to make asses of themselves and they were powerless to stop them.

Once you have entered the Realm of the Fair, your first stop is a great exercise in brainwashing from corporate America. It is the modern day big top. It is no less than the Wizard hiding behind the curtains. It is the Demonstration Booths. Here, just for the price of bumper stickers and free pencils, Dow, BASF, Shin-Tech, Amoco and countless others convince the local populace that, 'HEY! We aren't doing anything behind those gates that is the least bit harmful!'

The Dow one is a quintessential classic in propaganda. It is a short cattle-shot of images of cleanliness and environment clean-up efforts. The visual explosion of Clockwork Orange proportion is supplemented with a nice easy disembod-

County fair in Angleton from ferris wheel.



ied voice telling you how grand it is that Dow has chosen our city to fuck up for generations. Playing to the demographics of the yokels, a Hank William Jr. sound is added as room tone.

I almost believed the lies myself til I looked over and saw two men obviously employed at Daddy Dow. They were giggling like little schoolgirls at one of the pictures. One guy looked at the other and said, "Ain't that were Bob spilt the benzene goo that one time?" The both laughed and joked about how "safe" and "green" Dow was to the two girls they had in tow. All the dominos of the booth began to fall before my very eyes. Daddy Dow may have fed me when I was young, but his food was always bitter. The sad part is I stood outside of the Dow tunnel talking to one of the union booths (yes, unions in TEXAS!) and I could see people smiling and talking how great Dow was. But what tore me up was when I saw a kid and his dad come out and I overheard the young tike say, "Do you think I can work for Dow when I grow up?" This is how the torch gets passed in southern Brazoria County.

After I left that pavilion, I felt in need of a shower, for I felt so dirty. I was feeling really down until I saw one of the funniest things about the Fair, the Beirgarten. Here, fenced in like the cattle they brought to show, people get drunk off their asses with the full graces of the community, because, and only because, it is fair week. Now, it is common knowledge that Lutherans and the Catholics can drink as they please, but when you see the local Baptist preacher with a mug in his hand, it gets funny as shit. Just a few hours ago he was condemning me to hell, now he is stewed as any fig in town. I do not know, or care to know, how they justify this and was going to ask when I remember the last thing you ever want to do in Texas is ask a Baptist about his faith. You will never hear the end of it, and I definitely did not want them knocking on my door for prayer meetings the next day.

The marvel of the Garten is the centerpiece of the Midway. Amusement rides and games form a wagon circle around it and it spokes out in some ways. The inner circles consist of the carry games only David Copperfield can win, and a freak show I might add. Now, I know, faithful reader, that you think in this day age there couldn't still be freak shows saved the fashionably hip Jim Rose one. You are sadly mistaken. Sadly.

Over the course of my childhood, the freak show has been the talk of every boy during the week. For every year, there was some kind of new and crazy shit going down in the tent. I still vividly remember men swallowing swords, fat ladies (to use the term lightly), and even the occasional strong man. The one that stood out the most though was a young girl about my age at the time who would get into a box and have swords stuck into it and then fucking snakes. After they had all been placed within, you could pay a dollar to look inside. After many dog dares I was chosen among my friends to go look inside the Pandorain thing.

As the master of ceremony lifted the lid I half expected to see a bloody heap in the box, but what I saw was much worse. She was totally contorted into a pretzel, as the blades just missing her. The snakes were just chilling out with her, keeping it cool. What got me though, was the total look of indifference in her eyes. We were the same age, yet her life was quite a bit different from mine and she briefly in her eyes told me just how fucked up things can get.



This year in the freak show would be no different. They had a mermaid and the special was the two-headed animal zoo. We had turtles, snakes, cow, and plus a unique item. None other than a two-headed monkey stuffed and smiling at you like it was pleasantly enjoying the hot Texas heat.

I left the freak show to find two old friends, Jeremy and Ken arguing with a carry. The funny thing to do at the fair is try and tell the locals from the carnies, because sometimes it is very very hard to. But these two guys were back from college and stood out about as bad as I did. Those of us who escape this place always do. The fair always brings us back to remind us why we left. They smile at me as I walked up and we traded the usual what are you doing now yadda yadda. I asked what the beef with the carry was and they said they were being ripped off. Gee, go figure.

Ken got that crazy Angleton look in his eyes, which you need to know someone from there to see. You actually can see flames distanced in the back of pupil. He asked the carry for one more try to get the crossbow into the small red target twenty feet away. The carry figuring he had a mark, gave him the gun. Ken proceeded to turn the gun on the huge as shit stuffed animals giving them a Kennedy shot to the head. We walked away quickly as the man behind the counter was going ape shit. But the carry knew better to come after us, because he was more afraid of this place than we were.

We traveled around the very ill maintained rides, deciding none looked safe enough to ride, except one, but it was coated in puke from some drunkard. Plus, we priced the rides at about two bucks apiece. After just ten rides, your ass could have gone to Astroworld, sucker. Plus Jeremy mentioned that they were having pig races again this year. We quickly trotted over.

Now, you see, the Baptists are very against any kind of organized gambling in Brazoria county. The pig races are anything but organized. Some local decided if we cannot have horse or dog racing during the Fair, we might as well race pigs. This shit is funny. You ever see a pig run? They can haul some ass. It is good clean fun, monkey fun. People actually go look at the pigs before hand to look at them and decided who to bet on. All the while the pigs half the time get lost on the track, and wonder around till someone goes and fetches them. We watch, drink and gamble for about an hour when Ken mentions another classic of the Fair also is here, and how I fucking missed it could never know. The mechanical bull.

Ever since John Travolta rode the bull at Gilly's into Hollywood lore; it has been a facet of white trash chemical plant people's lives. As a young lad I remember seeing the movie and thinking, "Now that is what a man is." So I decided to see if I was one. After a brief wait I mounted the bull much the chagrin of the sideline cowboys. Sure I was a greasy indie rock kid wearing Helmet shirt, but I was from here.

The bull started to whirl around and I remember it like it was vivid scene from a David Lynch film. All swirling around me were the far away flares of the chemical plants, the bright lights of the rides on midway, the oppressing smell of cow shit. It all formed the most perfect cacophony of everything that was simple of the earth. It all became Angleton. As the self-actualization hit me I lost control and was thrown a good ten feet off the bull.

An older man helped me up and gave me a look up and down. He asked is I was from around these parts. I smiled and said I was, but I have been gone for quite a while. He smiled and said, "You were from here, you ain't from here no more." Amen to that brother.

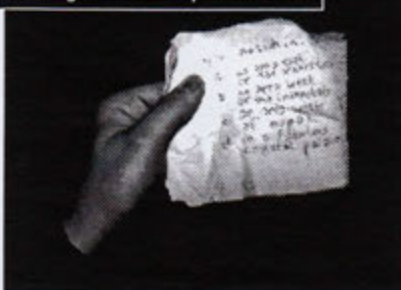
Return of the Rattail

by keefer estevez



The mere thought of spending a fun filled evening at the Continental Club to see Austin's Morningwood didn't rest well with SFS writer Jason Jennings. When he realized that a club was to be the venue for the interview, he immediately began to feel waves of displeasure and anxiety. "All-girl novelty rock," he muttered as he stood by the wall smoking a cigarette. He theorized that the band was composed of rich girls from the West side, and to Jason that was not cool at all. However, there was one glimmer of hope which sparked a surge of interest in the young lad. The Rat Tail had re-surfaced and boy did it unleash itself with a vengeance upon the unsuspecting slugsters who were there that night. It was glorious. And how glorious you ask? Well, just take a look (see above photo) We were so awestruck that we didn't even take a moment to ask the girl her name. We just asked if we could take her picture, or should I say the Rat Tail's picture. She sells t-shirts in the pool room in the back of the club among a lot of stuff which covers the walls and hangs from the ceiling.

Jennings' cocktail napkin interview



As for Jason, he had compiled a few sarcastic multiple choice questions (left) for the ladies and upon delivery was met with some of their questions (instead of answers, of course) like, "Are you a stalker?" Well, that didn't make him happy at all. He was even more put off by the activities of Ray, who was a complete madman that night. We watched in amazement as the evening got crazier with each beer. Oh the troubled times we live in, may the rattail unite us all.

Thrift Store

by greg e boy

BOOK REVIEWS

The Most Beautiful Woman in Town & Other Stories
by Chuck Bukowski (City Lights) 50 cents

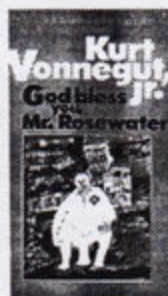
If you don't already know who Chuck Bukowski is, then you are in a world of trouble. His short, succinct prose allowed readers to delve into the world of the down trodden bum; the alcoholic who jumps from town to town and job to job; and the cast of characters comprise such a lifestyle. This collection includes "A Drinking Partner", "Ten Jack-Offs", "The Fuck Machine" and "White Pussy." The titles alone speak volumes. And scoring this for fifty cents at the local thrift store can't be beat. Any fool knows you must possess at least one Bukowski book.

Wired-The Short Life & Fast Times of John Belushi
by Bob Woodward (Simon & Schuster) 75 cents



I scored this book right about the time Chris Farley died. I found it buried in the musty shelves of Grisham tomes and romance novels. The basic plot goes like this: See John get high. Watch people laugh. See John get drunk. Watch people laugh. See John snort coke. Watch people laugh. See John snort unreal amounts of coke. People aren't laughing anymore. See John snort heroin and coke for days. People get worried. See John Shoot up a lethal mix of cocaine and heroin (aka the speed-

ball). Watch John die. Hear friends and family weep. A sad story about the price of fame. Every new born star should read this book. The writing is dry because Woodward is a newspaper hack used to covering politics. A typical line would be: "John was using marijuana before performances." Seriously. Not like, "John got stoned as hell, toked up like Cheech & Chong before hitting the stage." On a side note, John did more for punk rock than I ever knew. He single handily got FEAR on Saturday Night Live and often jammed with them. He pushed for punk rock to be the soundtrack of the film "Neighbors" (in a cocaine bender know less). Funny thing about this is that no one really thought cocaine was harmful or addictive back then. Myself, I have John and Len Bias to thank for showing me the dangers of this evil drug.



God Bless You, Mr. Rosewater
by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. (Dell) 25 cents

Kurt can sometimes be a pain in the ass to read because of his wry satire. Even this book at 190 pages seemed to be a struggle because of the heady allusions. Basically, this drunk guy inherits a ton of money and helps out the poor and fucked

up types. Kinda like Terry Southern's "Magic Christian." Is he talking about the Kennedy's? Rockefellers? About folks with lots of money who do the wrong things with it? It's up to the reader to decide, and its the beauty of Vonnegut because his novels transcend so many levels of interpretation. I'll read this years from now and have an entirely different viewpoint out of it. Vonnegut is one of the best writers. If you see his book on a thrift store shelf, snatch it up. Save it for a rainy day.



Iron John
by Robert Bly (Addison Wesley) 50 cents

Robert Bly is an amazing poet. Which means he chooses his words with precision and is a master of observation. In "Iron John" Bly tackles the men's movement. That freakish concept of men's retreats and how men need to get in touch with their feminine side. What Bly says in "Iron John" makes sense to a degree but about as much sense as that fag who wrote "Men are

From Mars, Women are From Venus." The point being that only the overly educated can make hypothesis on such trite things. I never made it through this one, but it's one of those landmark texts of "contemporary literature", so I figured I'd check it out. I recommend reading his poetry and delving into Tai Chi if you need balance in your life.



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"A Coffee House With Beer!"

the early 70's

by jamie ward & peter lucas



Back then, it was just like Isaac Hayes said- 'Do your thing'. It didn't matter if someone thought it was too far out- it was YOURS. Someone must have thought that 'Star Wars' was a novel idea, and look at Parliament if you're not convinced. Conceptualization and experimentation would sum up

the arts in the early 70's. The focus of filmmaking was shifting more toward the director and his/her vision, and the age of the independent film (a.k.a. low-budget, personal-vision film) was just dawning. In music, such artists as Miles Davis, Jimi Hendrix, and Carlos Santana had opened a lot of doors in the 60's by experimenting and mixing different styles. Just now gaining serious recognition and respect are some of the first big steps out of those doors in the 70's.

We have chosen to write about three great low-budget, independent films. But our focus is on the soundtracks, each being an illustration of a major musical figure in transition, and a good glimpse at the emergence of funk. Besides being successful collaborations, these projects provided opportunities for some great musicians to stretch out, conceptualize, and experiment with instrumentation. We suggest that you check this stuff out on video. And when you do, bump up the sound real loud.

Superfly (1972)

music by Curtis Mayfield

You've seen it. You've heard the soundtrack. But have you really sat on this? - I mean REALLY? Curtis Mayfield's driving grooves, sweet soul melodies, and dynamic horn and string arrangements provide much more than just a backdrop for director Gordon Parks Jr.'s debut film 'Superfly'. This is a case where the soundtrack music provides a lot of the motivation of the film. Curtis' dedication to social awareness, along with his patented underground soul sound, made him perfect for the job of scoring this ghetto tale. He read the script and composed music and lyrics based on his take of the characters and situations. He recorded 8 new tunes with his core group (credited in the film as 'The Curtis Mayfield Experience'), and then worked on horn and string arrangements with long-time friend and collaborator Johnny Pate. These sessions produced a lot of great music and, besides being perfect music for the film, the soundtrack's chart success is probably the main reason for this super-low-budget film's miracle success in the theaters.

'Superfly' centers around a pimp and pusher named 'Priest' (played by Ron O'Neal) and his plans to score a million dollars and then get out of the business. The film opens with a full vocal version of 'Little Child Running Wild'. This ballad

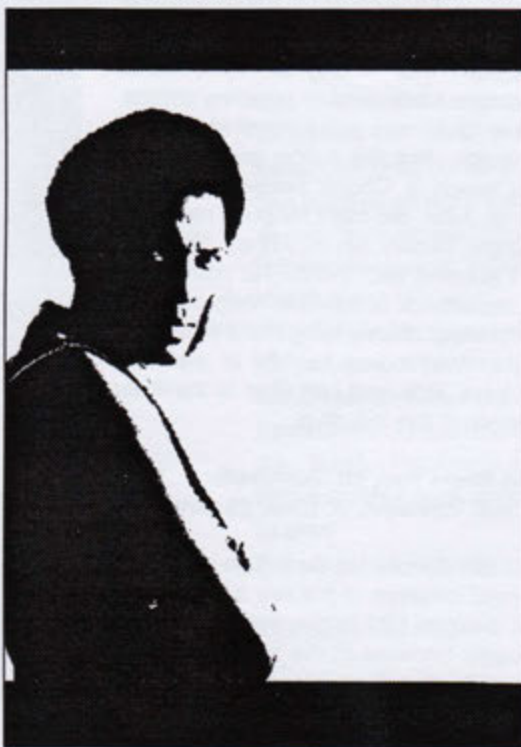
of a ghetto child's struggles sets the context and tone of the film. The instrumental version of 'Freddie's Dead' is established as Priest's theme, and the groove kicks in every time he rolls out in his car. 'Junkie Chase', with its driving bass and percussion underneath some powerful horn hits, adds excitement to a scene in which Priest is running after a hoodlum that tried to rob him. This is a dynamic piece of music that really shows off the arranging skills of Curtis and Johnny Pate. Also, the cutting and restarting of the music, and the doubling effect of the overlaid beginning horns shows us the creative hand of the film's music editor. Then at one point, Priest and his woman get down in a bathtub to the song 'Gimme Your Love' and, ooh baby, some sweet, slow-motion love is made. But the real gem of the film is the 'I'm Your Pusherman' scene. A full version of this now classic tune plays while we see a split-screen photo montage of different people hanging out and getting high. This is beautiful- straight up music and images (and way before music videos as we know them!)

Every moment of 'Superfly' has great music in it. The theme song even plays on for a few minutes after the end credits have ended for your listening and dancing pleasure. Check it out on video, and then go buy the recent release of the soundtrack album (which contains instrumental versions, alternate mixes, and additional material!).

coffy (1973)

music by Roy Ayers

Master vibesman Roy Ayers' legacy of funk/dance music was just blasting off when this soundtrack was created. Pam Grier is 'Coffy' - a smart and sexy woman who uses what she's got to get revenge for her sister's death. This soundtrack is groovin' from the get-go, and from featured tunes to background music, Ayers'



brand of tight funk and jazzy hooks just keeps on coming. 'Coffy is the Color', which opens the film, is now a classic and appears on Ayers' 'Best of' album. The only song on here that ain't all that great is 'Coffy, Baby', featuring the cheesy, over-pronounced vocals of Denise Bridgewater- but even that's got a cool groove underneath. And we can't forget to mention the music that introduces silly-looking pimp 'King

George- "George...My main man, George...He's a pimp...He's a player..." Damn! Struttin' in a banana-yellow suit, this dude is about 5'4" and three of those inches are heels! The music is perfect. As the film is ending and Coffy is walking off into the sunset, sweet music comes in with the lyrics "It's not the end, it's the beginning..." Cool, Roy.

This is one of the more kitsch films reviewed here. Directed by Jack Hill ('Big Bird Cage'(73), 'Foxy Brown'(74), 'Switchblade Sisters'(75)), 'Coffy' features, for the most part, funny clothes, fake violence, and Pam Grier's breasts. Although it's a cheap exploitation film, it employs some interesting techniques that only a low-budget project could bring to light- like Coffy's quick flashes of memory, the crazy strip club set, and great use of dummies for the real violent stuff. This was the first (and more memorable) of two films in which Hill would feature Pam Grier. And thanks to the great soundtrack, it's one of the most enjoyable and watchable exploitation films to date. Both the video and the soundtrack album are available,... so dig it, baby.

The Spook Who Sat by the Door (1973)

music by Herbie Hancock



As a young jazz pianist, Hancock worked with many established jazz artists before joining Miles Davis' band for an extended stay. It was with Miles that he first developed an interest in funk. After several years with Davis he formed his own band, with which he fused elements of jazz, funk and rock. Yeah, he wrote "Rockit", the song that brought D.S.T.'s scratching to the world, besides being one of the all time great breaking tunes. But to hear him freak a synthesizer, as he does on the band's 1973 jazz/funk

classic "Headhunters", is to witness pure genius. The first album he used synthesizers on, it became one of the largest-selling jazz albums in history and is still regarded as a masterpiece. To be Hancock's first true soundtrack (we won't consider the 1966 British film "Blow-Up"), "Spook" is an incredible marriage of sound and image. The film tells the story of a black man named Dan Freeman (played by Lawrence Cook) and how he uses the system to fight the system. He undergoes hectic training and testing (which he is expected to fail) and becomes a token black employee at the CIA. Then, he brings all that he has learned back to the ghetto. He recruits soldiers and agents, structures troops, instructs them on how to recruit and grow, and leads them into revolution. From the opening credits where we see the weeding out process of the CIA to the end of the film where we are left pondering the future of America, the sinister blips, bleeps and tones of Hancock's synth reminds the viewer that this is no joke. This is a serious film-an exploration of the "system" and an expression of the strength, intelligence and determination of an underestimated, oppressed people. The soundtrack illustrates Hancock's delving into funk and the capabilities of the then-new synthesizer technology. Textures of bizarre oscillations over a (get this) BACKWARDS drum beat help to create the tension of director Ivan Dixon's vision of urban renewal. This

innovative music, with it's deep, raw funk, creates the perfect mood, somber tone and movement for this film. And from strange and experimental stuff, to orchestral funk, to straight ahead jazz-Hancock shows his diverse capabilities (something very necessary in composing for film). A great scene to check is the conversation between Freeman and Carstairs, the white looking dude. The two are discussing the necessity of a minister of propaganda-art and literature to educate the people of the movement. The conversation intensifies as Freeman lays his beliefs on Carstairs: to him, it is not about hating the white man, it's about loving freedom enough to die for it. But here is the trick- my man throws a record on the hi-fi as background music and it's some way, way out wall of analog mayhem which makes the scene both critical and passionate. We searched for more info on the availability of this soundtrack album only to find a few people on the same hunt. But the video is available at a few "alternative" video stores, so check it out.

other recommendations:

Sweet Sweetback's Baadasssss Song (1971) music by Earth,Wind,and Fire (This is in the early, experimental days of EWF so don't expect no 'Boogie Wonderland')

Trouble Man (1972) - music by Marvin Gaye

Black Caesar (1973) - music by James Brown and Fred Wesley

Slaughter's Big Rip-Off (1974) - music by James Brown and Fred Wesley (WARNING: Some reissued videos don't contain the original soundtrack- AUGH!)

Cornbread, Earl & Me (1974) -music by Donald Byrd

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music reviews by



Three Mile Pilot—Another Desert Another Sea

Headhunter / Cargo

It's good to know that not all bands start to suck after being together a while and becoming comfortable with their sound. With this epic new two record set available on vinyl from Cargo, Three Mile Pilot has proven that they have only improved upon what already was an amazing emo rock sound all their own. After the unreal record, "Chief Assassin to the Sinister" which got them signed for a brief period to Geffen Records, Three Mile Pilot has upped the ante once again, proving that they are extremely musically able. Whoever the idiot was that dropped this band from Geffen should be kicking himself in the ass right now. 3MP recordings, the works of art that they are, still don't compare to the excellent live performances they have been known to put on with tons of visuals and crazy spinning wind instruments and propellers no less. My favorite tracks so far on this album are, "Bolivia", "Eastern Wave", "If You Cross", and "Ruin". It just keeps getting better. I can't wait to really get into the third and fourth sides, which I haven't had the chance to really listen to since I keep playing the first record over and over. This is an essential for anyone into good sounds and great lyrics. (stabler)

Licorice Roots—Melodeon

Mood Food Records

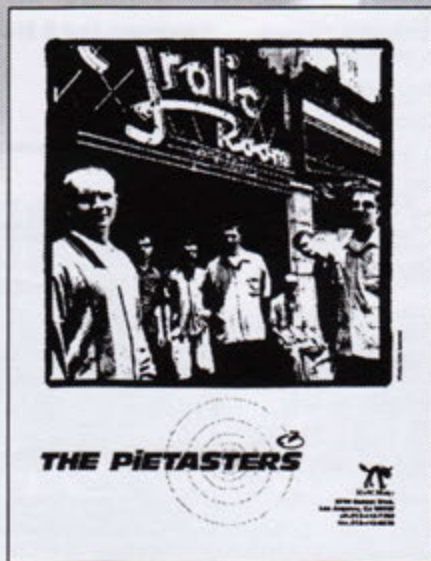
LICORICE ROOTS get high kudos from me on two fronts. First, they take me someplace else. Whether I want to be in that place all the time is another question entirely. But when I want to dunk myself in a psychedelipop acid wash, MELODEON drops me there. Secondly, this trio incorporate piano / organ more creatively than almost every other pop / rock band I have had the misfortune of hearing. Fuck Ben Folds Five. Fuck Joe Jackson. Fuck Billy Joel. Fuck Elton. Cheers to EDWARD MOYSE. His dreamy arrangements and near-falsetto help me overlook the obvious Beatlesque similarities. In fact, these guys do 'trippy Beatles' better than the Fab Four could sometimes muster. But to me, this isn't necessarily a bad thing, like the way Guided By Voices harkens back to John, Paul, and the like. We're not talking rip-offs here, we're talking homage. The talented Mr. Moyses doesn't only tinkle the ivory. He also wanks impressively with his electric guitar. There's much more going on than just plucking and plinking. Melodeon also stars two David's, Mr.'s Silverman and Milsom. Give these guys credit for diving head-first into the blotter influenced flow. In

short, for someone who isn't big into psychedelia or even the Beatles, I like Melodeon because it's nice to see someone do something sincerely with a capital S. (xopher)

Blonde Redhead—Fake Can Be Just As Good

(Touch & Go)

There was a full minute and 23 seconds of New Yorky sounds before anything happened. O.K. The first song is four minutes and 20-something seconds long and it did the same thing over and over. There are lots of cool things happening, more subversively, which is good, and part of their soundness. You know what I mean when I say soundsy, right? The singer's got that Miho Hatori (Butter 08) thing going on man. I don't know. It's got a crappy cover. It's all grainy because they scanned in the pictures wrong or printed it wrong. (kendra gaeta)



The Pietasters—Willis

(Hellcat)

Modern soul music that at times gets lumped into the ska movement. Not that it shouldn't because most of the ska bands back in the day were influenced by Mowtown. This has got more of a Blues Brothers/Dusty Springfield vibe than any Two Tone style of ska. Lotsa of Hammond B-3 and horns that accentuate Stephen Jackson's gruff vocals. I really like this record. I bet these guys are fun as shit to see live. It sure comes off that way on "Willis." (greg e. boy)

DJ CAM—DJ-KICKS

!K7

Parisian Laurent Daumail's got fuckin' skills. His manipulation of the vinyl is just one of the many media he has mastered in the art world of DJing, and the fifth installment of the DJ-KICKS series highlights this fact. DJ-KICKS asked DJ CAM to lay down an

hour-long set, just as they had CARL CRAIG, KRUDER&DORFMEISTER, NICOLETTE, and ROCKERS HI-FI previously. And what a set it is. First he lays down bumpin', jazzy ambient hip-hop, (almost completely instrumental). Then comes the requisite diva dirge, (this one actually being quite pleasing). CAM then blends in the MC's, most notably, RODNEY P. and RASCO, who throw down hard knocks. Add a twist of some dancehall regga and then settle back down into smooth grooves as DJ CAM finales' with his finger feather stats. I love this shit. Many a maniacal deck master loses flava and favor if his choice in records blows. That's why CAM's so impressive. He's an all-around player. He plays phat cuts, knows how to pace the set, and fiddles with his vinyl oh so impressively. So, from this kid, DJ CAM gets a raucous, "Merci"! (xopher)

Whiskeytown—Rural Free Delivery

(MoodFood)

When I was growing up, we lived on a rural free delivery route. Then they changed it because as the houses started coming in, we didn't live in the middle of nowhere anymore. This band, whose record title is my old address, is that country rock music. It's folksy-country in that good way that reminds you of summertime and the days when you use your porch for beer drinking while the stereo plays inside real loud so you can hear it while you toss back a few cold ones. Maybe it's me, but it's too cold out for music like this right now. (kendra gaeta)

Stubborn All-Stars—Back With A New Batch

(Triple Crown)

The Stubborn All-Stars are basically a New York City ska super-group that features members from Skinnerbox, The Toasters, and the Slackers. The whole lot of 'em are led by King Django. This record is so infectious that it has yet to leave the tape deck in my truck. Which in turn has led to much procrastination in penning a review. The record doesn't have a bad cut on it. A true test of a record is whether you can listen to it all the way through in one sitting. I sat through this one about a dozen times before I decided to take a break from it. And just what makes this record so damn good you ask? Well, from the Bob Marley & The Wailers rasta groove of "So Tired Of Struggling" and the Steel Pulse emulation



people who care.

of "Glimmer of Hope" to the Two Tone sounds of "Lost Out Again" and the title track, this record doesn't let up. Add some rocksteady beats ("Pick Yourself Up") and a Specials cum Smokey Robinson ballad "I Can't Touch You." Back With A New Batch will not only appeal to ska idealists but it will also appeal to some new blood (and ears) eager for quality music. (Greg E. Boy)

Delta Clutch—Hard Luck Machine

Blackberry Recordings

With a name like Delta Clutch, and a cover photo of a Chinese public execution during WWII, I thought Pip and the gang would be raspy, Southern-fried, aggro-core with a sprinkle of Molly Hatchet. No suh. We're talking melodies. We're talking different levels of restraint, from edgy to serene. We're talking about guys that actually know how to play their instruments. We're talking about a front man who sings as opposed to screams. We're talking emotion beyond the happy / sad variety. I'm talking about a winner, *Hard Luck Machine*. Personally, I'm not a big fan of straight-ahead rock 'n roll. That's why I like Delta Clutch. This quintet's rootsy, soulful numbers harken back to a time when music, even rock music, was played by musicians, not shithead frat-jocks lookin' to swill Natural Light Ice and fuck a variety of rugby queens. Not to be misunderstood, these guys do Rock, but they can also slow it down ten times better than Ezra. (Sorry guys, didn't mean to allude to those lame-os in your review.) Delta Clutch also shows its wares when live and in full effect. Just another example of the Truly special ones being able to throw down in the club as well as on the DAT. (xopher)

Fondly—F is for

(Scratchie)

I liked this record. It's fun and rocking in a stop and go sort of way. Its not ground breaking, but as my roommate Heather put it, its Happy Robot Music. Well put Heather. I liked the guitar on a lot of the songs, but too many of the lyrics suck. Like: "You are ignored, you're not adored, get real bored" Come On! While its alright, I won't listen to the album a whole lot (maybe never again, unless I feel the need to re-visit). I'd go see them if they came to my town to play. I think they are the kind of band that I would like way more inside my head if I saw them live and thought they were good. As it goes, I haven't seen them live but their cd is good. Usually the things I listen to are the things that I fucking love. I don't think I'd ever juts hang out and throw on the Fondly cd; that's my review. (kendra gaeta)

Blankface—A Better Day

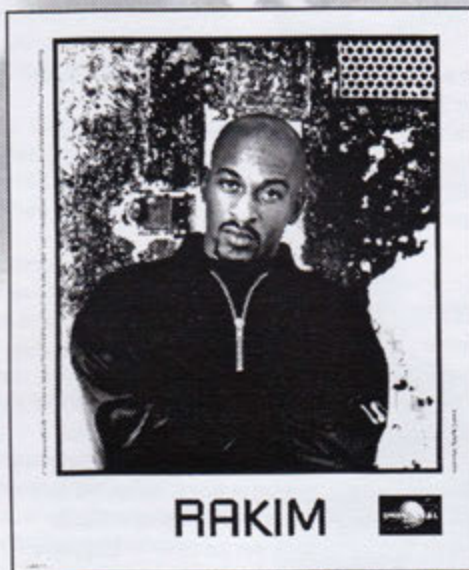
(Pointless Records)

Sing song indie rock. Think harmonized vocals interspersed with rocking angst style mellow-drama. I don't know how much I love them, but I know PLENTY of people who would like them. Have you heard of the band Chixdiggit? Blankface reminds me a lot of them. They're a good band. it's your call. Kinda of like the indie version of snowboarder music. (kendra gaeta)

Rakim—The 18th Letter/Book of Life

(Universal)

Okay. There is no such thing as hip hop. Hip hop was the polite thing to say to the people throwing the party. If you told them you were into rap, they would be afraid to let you in and frightened that you'd drink all their forties and smoke all their blunts. I repeat, there is no such thing as hip hop. Rakim is a fucking rapper. Yo the nigga is back and he's frontin'. Double disc set that includes past hits ("Paid in Full", "Let The Rhythm Hit 'Em", and "Follow The Leader") plus a whole disc full of new shit. Now if fucking Schoolly D would just put out something, y'all be set for life. (greg e. boy)



Lick 57s—And They Band Played On

(One Foot Records)

Think late '80s hardcore. Its cool. Lots of kids are going to love this. Every song sounds the same. I like that song, but so do a lot of other bands. (kendra gaeta)

Liquid Giants—Every Other Day at a Time

(Matador)

Way too retro for me. Song titles like "It's Raining Butterflies" coupled with there being an organ player in the band better explains what these guys are about than mere words can say. (kendra gaeta)

Shipping News—save everything

(Touch & Go)

The savvy reader that I'm sure you probably are, you've noticed I'm kind of picky about the music I like. It's my job. Even though they don't pay me to set aside a few hours to listen, fairly listen, to at least the first 10 seconds of every song on every cd Greg gives

me, I'm bound to become hardened. I'm not easily impressed with the 8x10 glossies, the promo sheets, and the free-ness of the cds. Hell, I don't owe nobody nothin and that's why you can (re: should) trust me. This is to your advantage. It's a sea of mediocrity out there and I won't lead you astray, my little sheepy flock. So when I tell you to purchase this album, you probably must. its mellow, heavy, full of guitars, clean, and satisfying. Very ineffectual and awfully fun. Great for home of travel use. This is one cd from the stack of ten that not only will I keep, but if I had to buy it, I would. (kendra gaeta)

Wolfpack—Lycanthro Punk

(Distortion)

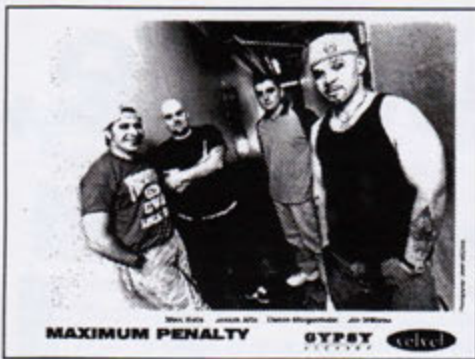
Fuck. These dudes are from fucking Sweden. They wear leather jackets and ammo belts, and have long hair. I thought this was going to be some Morbid Angel, church burning Norwegian shit. I wasn't far off. It's goddamn Discharge/Broken Bones gravel throat-ed bar chord punk o' metal with a drummer that kicks ass. A breathe of fresh air for my ass. Reminds me that Europe is a whole n' other world far, far away. There's a kid in a trailer park in Florida just dying to get his hands of this. Puts Deicide to shame. (greg e. boy)

Saxon—Unleash the Beast

(CMC)

Jesus Christ! Who are these people? They are so '80s looking. Oh my god, the guy's got a really high voice like Rob Halford (Judas Priest)...no like White Lion...no Helloween. Yeah, Helloween. This shit is so '80s. All I got to say is that it's almost 2000. Oh my god! They're even British. (the wife)





Maximum Penalty—Superlife
(Gypsy)

"This sounds like Living Color" said my wife as I blasted this while doing the dishes. Well, not really. I'm gonna say it's more of a tough guy hardcore sound ala the Cro Mags but the singer has got a pretty good voice. He kinda reminds me of the dude from Black Train Black. Maximum Penalty has been at it for awhile and took part in a lot of those late '80 CBGB's matinees. It's good music. Nothing that's going to change the course of your life but it sure as hell beats listening to Third Eye Blind or Hanson. (greg e. boy)

Buttercup—Love
(Spirit of Orr Records)

Slam!! That is the sound of the dorr slamming in the face of Buttercup. If I can keep one person from buying this record, it was worth it. The music sounds like Cracker and the vocals sound like shit. DON'T BUY THIS. (kendra gaeta)

Up Front—Movement
(Smorgasbord)

In another publication that I write for, we get emails lambasting us for paraphrasing words from the prees kit. But here in zine land, we can do anything in our reviews so long as it lends some personality. With that in mind, I'm going to plagiarize from the last issue of Punk Planet. Scott MacDonald was talking about the band No Reason not Up Front but anyway here I go: "If you've outgrown the youth crew, then move along, people, there's nothing to see here, keep moving, OK, move along, nothing to see here..." Now in all fairness to Up Front, the band has got the O.G. style and why shouldn't they, the crew here was kickin' it back in the day with folks like Gorilla Biscuits, Youth of Today, and Judge. Just because I've outgrown it, doesn't mean you have. Now see Eventide for a more favorable review of Up Front's Jeff Terranova's work. (greg e. boy)

Mach V—Freedom 7
(Flapping Jet Records)

This is an awesome seven inch. When you buy it you will be stoked. But here's the thing, they are going on tour in the spring, and when you see them live you are going to come home to the record and think to yourself "But they're so much better in person." Well, a band should be better live, that's why we go see shows and don't just sit around the stereo with our friends (even though we do that, too), talking about how good the bands we like are. Mach V will rock you. Go see this band when they come to your town. (kendra gaeta)

The Donnas—American Teenage Rock 'N' Roll Machine
(Lookout!)

This sounds like a bunch of schoolkids. All their songs sound the same. Like the Go-Go's. No, the Go-Go's were much better than these girls but the Donna's are heavier. (the wife)

Azalia Snail—Breaker Mortar
(Dark Bleoved Cloud)

Drugged-up lo-fi psychedelia from Azalia. Features seventeen mostly instrumental songs that were inspired from "NE Coastal France and NYC on an Apollo 3" to "a proper does of Hawaii" and "Sylvia Plath, Georgia O'keefe, Kerouac, and Rilke." This girl's got a little too much going on up there in her noggin and these aural landscapes release some pressure. The revolution WILL be recorded. (greg e. boy)

Eventide—One Word Title
(Smorgasbord)

Post punk emo-core in the Midwestern style of Doghouse Records. Think Split Lip or Majority of One. Now, this is something that I haven't outgrown yet. Angst filled emo with plenty of Marshall stacks and lyrics that go a little deeper than "don't eat meat" or "drugs are bad." Eventide could possible take over the vacant throne Quicksand left in their wake. (greg e. boy)

Varnaline—A Shot And A Beer
(Zero Hour)

Anders Parker opens himself up a little bit, and it takes a shot and a beer to do it. To me, Col. Parker has had an arrogant shyness about him, letting us in if one can sludge through the robitussin mirk. I don't get that same feeling on this ep. The first two tracks have Anders sidling up to the bar, lonely as hell, acoustic guitar racking his head, and ordering a shot and a beer. He shoots down the bourbon and sips his brew. The concoction takes effect and a cathartic schizophrenia greets the listener. Parker and guitar are still asocial as hell, but he is moving his lips, and that's a start. He speaks at you, not to you, but give him props for sharing. Songs three and four, after the whiskey and suds do their job, invite people inside. Namely a drummer and a lead, electric guitarist. Yet these musicians are actually "Myself" and "I" to Parker's "me". I do fuckin' know. Song five stares at an empty mug and an overturned shot glass. It's without vocals, accompanied by classic acoustic. By this time, your hands in your pocket, pullin' out a fever for the next round. Who knows, maybe if he let's someone join him, they'll pick up the tab. (xopher)

Scissorfight—Guaranteed Kill
(Wonderdrug)

My wife couldn't be happier now that I'm listening to punk rock like this again. With a singer named Iron Lung and songs like "American Cloven Hoof Blues" and "Build More Prisons" it no suprise to hear that these frigin' lumberjacks from New England dish out the raw take-no-prisoners sound. A Sheer Terror/Melvins trainwreck with Paul Bunyon at the mic. (greg e. boy)

WASP—Double Live Assassins
(CMC)

WASP? I've heard of WASP. I don't need to listen to a band I've heard of. It's live fer chrissakes. I don't need to listen to WASP live. Fuck, it's a double cd too. Who fucking cares. They should hang out with Saxon. (the wife)

All Mighty Senators—Flow
(Fowl Records)

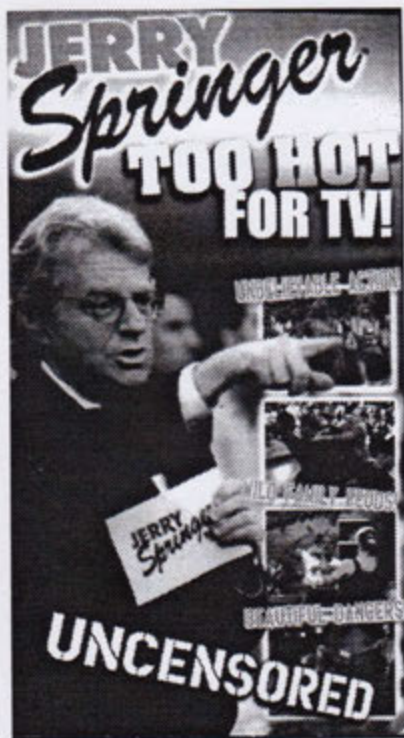
AMS (my abbreviation, not necessarily theirs.), have been around for years, primarily playing in the DC / Baltimore area. And as long as there are drunk people who want to dance to live music, AMS will always have a following. But the question is, "What are these people like, these people that dance to AMS?". I've never attended a sweaty 8X10 Club gig but I'm sure that's when you feel the beat in your feet. Based on photos seen, the million members of AMS get wacky, especially the horn section. But what about the audience? Are they wacky as well? I would definitely like to find out. Henceforth, I'm gonna go way out on a limb and guess the AMS live experience basically blows FLOW away. These guys sway from New Orleans funk to tightass grunge pop. I personally favor their rock to their funk, which can smell just a tad ripe at times. The production fluctuates on Flow from good to...Okay. So I ask again, "Who dances to these guys?". Neo-hippies with an edge? Yuppies who like to PART-EEE? Geezers* who still yearn to cut a rug? I don't know. But I have an inkling you're better off spending your \$12 on two AMS shows than on Flow. (xopher)
*Middle-aged people.

Dropkick Murphy's—Do ir Die
(Hellcat)

Boston pub style punk rock. The equivalent of House of Pain Irish Pride mixed with Peter & The Test Tube Babies. I love this shit. It's been at the top of my "most listened to" pile of cd's. It makes me want to sling pints o' stout and pogo up and down. Considering that two thirds of my genetic make-up is Irish, it's downright impossible for me to dis any band like this. Head nods go out to the Stiff Little Fingers ("Get Up"), black and tans ("Memories Remain"), and brawling ("3rd Man In"). Plus they do a cover of "Finnegan's Wake." Irish Pride lives on in the Dropkick Murphy's. (greg e. boy)

Jump With Joey—Strictly For You Vol.2
(Rykodisc)

Out of the three re-releases by Jump With Joey, I chose to review this one for the simple fact that it has got Coxson Dodds and Roland Alphonso-the founding fathers of ska. On Strictly, Joey Altruda and crew tackle early Jamaican ska, then turn around and throw in some mambo and '40s era jazz. This is the shit. I repeat, the shit. Jump With Joey proves that they are one of the most diverse (and talented) bands to grace the genre of ska...and then take it to another level. A record like this makes Big Reel Fish and Less Than Jake look like a bunch of music store pussies out for a quick cash fix. The real deal lies in the superb trilogy of Rykodisc re-releases. (Greg E. Boy)



“It’s a crazy world out there!”

by Peter and Jamie

Jerry Springer, king of television trash, daytime disfunction, and just plain old stupidity presents: TOO HOT FOR TV! - a video compilation of all the most violent and 'sexy' (?) moments of his show. Uncensored? I guess. Shocking? Not really. Boobs (2 pair), brawls (plenty, but only a few worth a replay), and bigots who say 'nigger' and 'bitch'. What is truly groundbreaking about this video lies in the bigger picture. Profanity and nipples uncensored and idiot ravings uninterrupted by commercials, we are allowed a good glimpse at the makings of this new form of gladiator sport. As the blood-thirsty, thrill-seeking audience screams for chaos, Jerry's security team restrains the guests from killing each other. For the most part, Jerry just sits back and lets it all happen- occasionally interjecting comic relief or adding a bit more fuel to the fire. I guess his real job is already done- having assembled such successfully conflicting groups in his arena.

Does it sound like we didn't like or approve of this videotaped blight on society? Truth is, we loved every damn minute of it! We are sure that you and all your voyeuristic friends will be as entertained as we were. Laugh your ass silly at the lengths that human beings (ok, Americans) will go to become a 'celebrity'. Wonder in amazement at the ignorance and predictable angst that Jerry's guests never fail to deliver. No context- no bullshit. It's either a fight or a woman showing her boyfriend the 'sexy job' she wants. The video even manages to combine sex and violence in one scene where a stripper, who is being chastised for her career choice by some moral majority mothers, gets into a BARE-BREASTED FISTFIGHT with one of the women. And we gotta give props to 'Michael' for darting across the panel to get payback on his 'nutty-psycho' ex-girlfriend's new pal (who sucker punched him earlier).

Finally, Jerry, great cathode Caesar, gives the speech of his career in 'the Final Thought'. He says that these people's lunacy is actually "pushing the boundaries" and that the real enemies are the censors. And, he politely distances himself and us, the viewers, from his crazy guests. (I'm not sure if that was to make him feel better about creating this trash, or to make us feel better about being entertained by it.)

Anyway, we suggest playing the intro music really loud- not because it is good, but because it is so very BAD. This will set the mood and will not let you forget that you're watching some tasteless, lowest-common-denominator shit. ENJOY!

NOTE: Just because we loved this video and recommend that everyone watch it does not constitute an endorsement of it. Right, Jerry?

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realize that trying to fix her up with a guy in Factsheet Five, let alone the editor of one entitled "Salt For Slugs" is really scraping the bottom of the barrel, but she's complaining that since I have a girlfriend now, it's unfair that she doesn't have a boyfriend. So, if you are under 30 and interested, or know someone who is, please write her.

Vanadium,
Don Busky

ps.- Her birthday was Jan. 5th. The last guy I fixed her up with she didn't like because he was 44. Hey, I used to be 44! She's such a bitch!

After listening to the cassette tape which appeared in the mail along with this photo soon after the letter printed above, I have come to the conclusion that we're dealing with the least common demoninator here. Oh, and I guess this chick is up for grabs. - bc

dear bert cocaine,
I think your dumb magazine sucks and you are a fraud. I never see you at any cool hangouts in town like Club Inferno or the Tropical Isle, and my friend Jodi says that you once got beat up in the alley behind Paradox for selling fake X. One way or another, we're gonna make sure that your days of posing as a hardcore pimp are over. The guys that work at the Pronto told me that you hang out there every night to try and get enough change to get free beer on sale. If we see you at any parties we're gonna kick your ass.

sincerely,
pete riggins

You know Pete, I've been thinking and I've come to the conclusion that you



Burt says, "Time to clean it up, boys."

Dear Burt,
Saw your zine Salt for Slugs in Factsheet Five #62. May I have a copy? Enclosed is \$3 and a copy of my zine The Wierd News.

I also have a favor to ask: My friend, Jennifer Biehunko needs a boyfriend. Now, I



Biehunko with her evil ex-boyfriend Wall-ter

are in need of some intense counseling. Every single thing that you have erroneously mistaken me for doing is far beyond what I am capable of. It is for this reason that I am also taking this moment to cleanse myself of the title "The One With Drink" - bc

Sir Coke:

I have received your transmission loud and clear. More info to follow. As for your suggestion the other evening that we go try to get jobs on Brando's Isle and forget about this rock and roll bullshit? I must say that you are completely out of your mind. You once lived for the parties and licking the llama's head. What happened to you man? The problem is that you can't deal with what society has to give. That's it. So what if you're the only one who knows the inner feelings of the ones who didn't laugh. I think you're planning something big and that doesn't rest well with the lordomites. See you in hell Burt Cocaine!!!

Deep,
Shawn Franklin

Kiss my ass - bc



HELP FROM ABOVE

Compiled
by Watson Goodman

Free - Not to be sold

AKA: HELP FROM ABOOK

The above booklet was sent to S.F.S. with no return address and no letter. Okay, you took the time to drop this in the mail. Does that make you a saint? You're just another cop with something to sell. If it's not cash you want, then I bet anything it's my time. No thanks. - bc

Dear Burt Cocaine,
Patrick tried to talk me out of buying the VMAX 1200 by Yamaha. It was

1989 and the bike was a 1984 model there were dents on the bottom of the pipes the previous owner could ride wheel stands on it (wheelies) The bike was broken in by someone who could actually ride it. Well, I swore I would never drink and drive but Patrick had just got a 883 Harley Sportster better known as a ladies bike but I would never say that to his face. So we get the idea to go to the Green Door a 1/2 redneck 1/2 college bar near St. Mary's College. He explained to me how to back the bikes in and to never just pull in. This bike had Kerker slip-ons...a thing that slipped on to the pipes-both sides..that made the bike sound even more power full!-they said it gave it more power but I doubt it. Look this bike had 145 horse power-stock! That was way more than the Ford Escort I was used to driving. So we do some shots-shot some pool. When we leave Patrick peels out. I get on the throttle and start spinning up gravel then as I was not expecting the back wheel caught the pavement. I stopped spinning. The wheel with mega rpms caught-that dunlap kicked. I was going 120 miles per hour in like 10 seconds.

I wish I could capture that feeling and shoot it into my arm. The self doubt-I am gonna die, the felling of I am gonna hang on cause I got no choice, the sensation of my cheeks pulling back while I try to take in the fact that the bar is like 1.5 miles behind me and I but for the grace of God am not doing cart wheels across the pavement. It is a rush-a movement to the next level. It is what it feels like when I say WIDE FUCKING OPEN!

So don't have a heart attack jack, It is bike week again
so later
MARTY

This letter was submitted by an SFS writer of yesterday, whose published work can be found in bookstores throughout North America and beyond via the Slug Distribution Network. -ed.



Burt Cocaine's first, last and only tribute to Luhey



The basket case that sent this letter to SFS has a mission in life: Get Luhey to the People! He makes little cartoon people and puts them on display. Here's a quote from his card, "Luv... is havin' zinesters salute yours truly" by T.R. Miller of course. Who else would be responsible for the epic Luhey characterizations? Burt Cocaine is all about Luv, so there is time for a little tribute. But rest assured, this must come to an end.-bc

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A TRIBUTE TO FANZINE EDITORS...

What Turns Me On

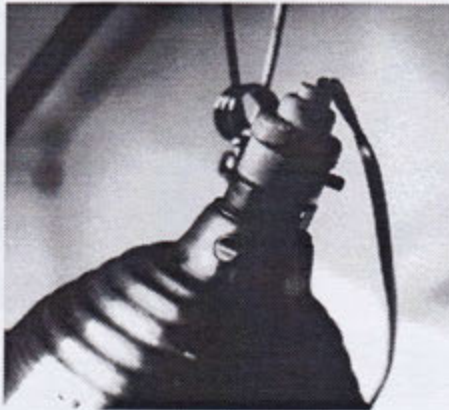
NOTE: When fanzine editors spout off in their zines about insignificant bullshit in their lives, SFS takes notice. Now, for the men and women who make it all possible, we take a break from serious journalistic endeavors to pay homage to the lighter side of life, and what ignites the flame of creativity for one slug.

TOGGLE SWITCH

This standard toggle switch is an essential for anyone interested in turning things on and off. The simplicity of the design makes for easy use even in hide away configurations, where the switch isn't visible to it's manipulator. Simply drill a hole 3/8" in diameter into anything you want disabled and there you have it. Pop in the switch and tighten it into place for years of switching ease.

IGNITION SWITCH

"Fahren nur mit verriegelter Schiebetur" is the first thing I tell my passengers when they embark on a journey in Der Campler, Casper's successor (note: Cas is pictured on page 2 in the mile 666 photo, and is now owned by an unnamed member of Zero Skills Inc. Keep fuggin' it Cas!). Campy's ignition switch isn't your typical "put the key in and turn to start" type of switch that most vehicles are equipped with. There's a certain way that you have to pull the key out in order for this "PING" sound to occur, signalling to you that it will actually turn when you put the key back in. Of course, most times you forget this when exiting the vehicle, and when you return it takes a little patience and some tinkering to get the switch to function. Get a new ignition switch? Maybe one day.

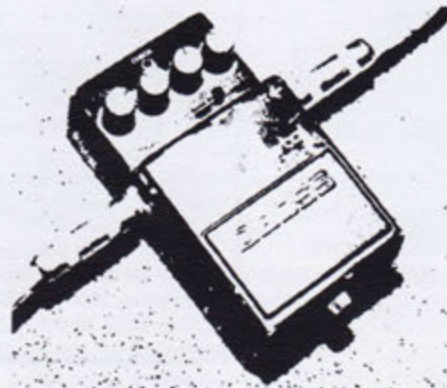


LIGHT WITH PUSH SWITCH

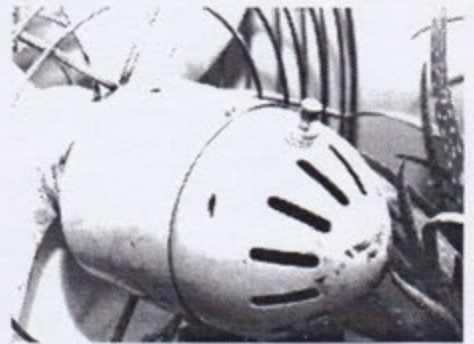
Ah, the simplicity of the old push button light socket. The one in this photo may seem quite normal to the uneducated eye. Take a second look, for this light is essential to the well-being of our world in which we live. With a simple push of the finger, the light illuminates very well the master plan S.F.S. has laid out for the future of mankind. Stay tuned, and find out more about what's in store for humanity.

FOOT SWITCH

Ever since the departure of Billy Mummy drummer Travis Davis and the mysterious disappearance of the amp that never was, this switch hasn't seen much action. When that little red light comes on, I know that it won't be long before the cops show up and break up practice. Of course there are other pedals lurking in the forbidden



milk crate that I use to drag my shit around in, but unfortunately not enough nine volt batteries around to power them. That's the problem when you're unprepared. Billy Mummy fanatics may rest in knowing that recordings are semi-in progress at this time and the sounds like tumbling asteroids will be captured flowing through time and space with intense jagged appeal. What's up T-Bone!



FAN SWITCH

This fan kept me alive two summers ago, and ever since, I get kind of uneasy thinking about what would happen in the room when this switch was in the "off" position. A simple two-circuit rotary switch that provides it's user with two speed options depending on the level of infernal swelter. Here in Texas, the fan has been maxed out, and at this point functions noisily at best. Central Texas Heat Death Match. Let's get ready to rumble!!



COMPUTER SWITCH

Of course, there's no way in hell that any of this could all be saved neatly and in one place without these switches that control the power on my third rate computer. The key is to back everything up so you don't lose anything. There was a time when all files were lost on a weekly basis, but no more.



WALL SWITCH

This probably seems like any ordinary old wall switch, but think again. Notice the way the white paint stops right at the top of the switchplate. There's a reason for this, and it's one that will not be disclosed in this tribute. Although this is an old dirty switch (not to be confused with a certain rapper), it controls the lights in the room where Dr. Mad performs experiments on fanzine readers throughout the Bible Belt. "It is here", says Mad, "with the answers we are obtaining from extensive research and in some cases torture, that we will find what it really is that makes the youth rebel."



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