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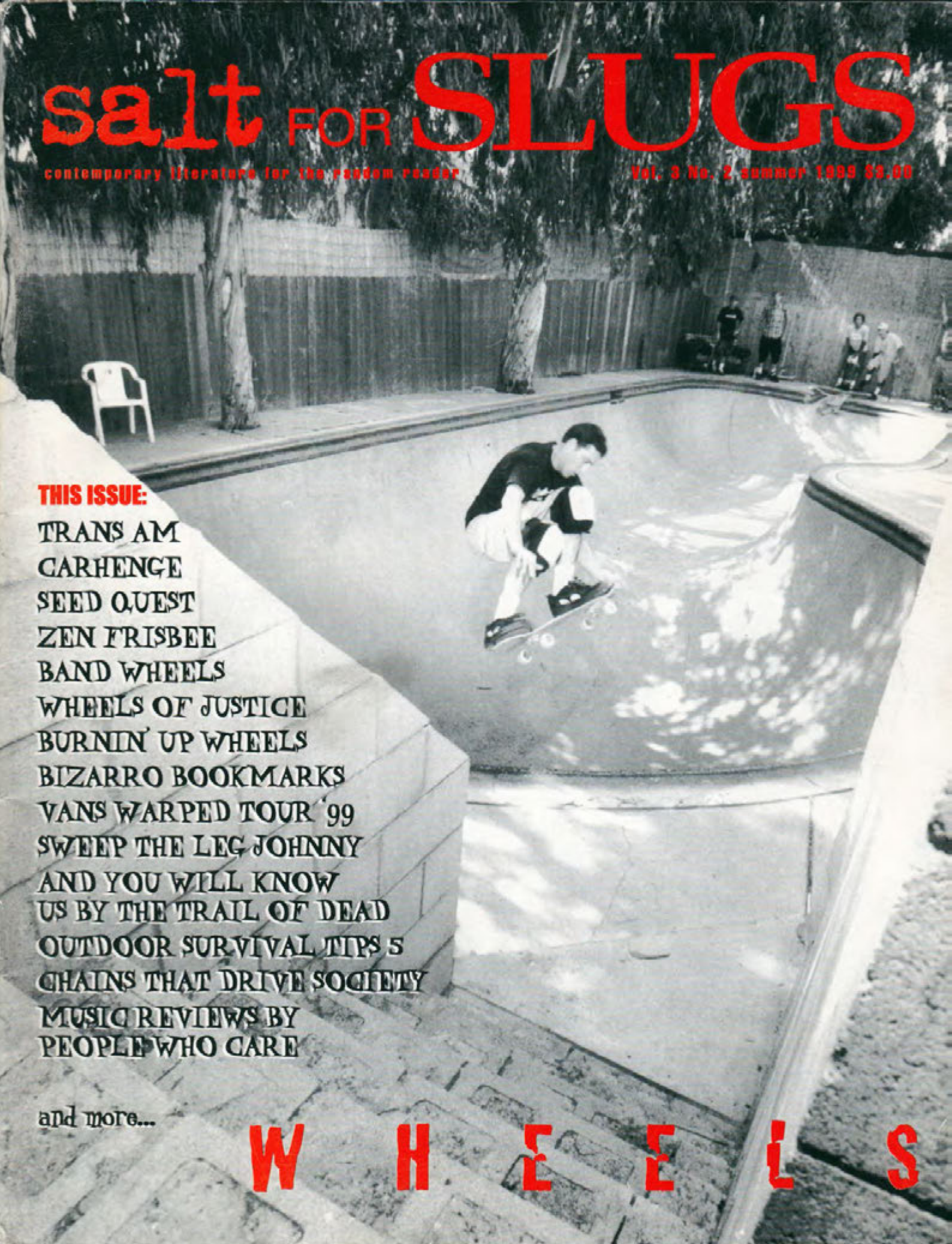
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TRANS AM
CARHEDGE
SEED QUEST
ZEN FRISBEE
BAND WHEELS
WHEELS OF JUSTICE
BURNIN' UP WHEELS
BIZARRO BOOKMARKS
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Volume Three Number Two/Summer 1999

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ON THE COVER:

Dennis Martin, frontside nosegrab, Chicken's Pool, Huntington Beach, CA. Photo by Lee Brooks

MTV X Games at Zilker Park, photos by max spitzenberger



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photo by lee brooks

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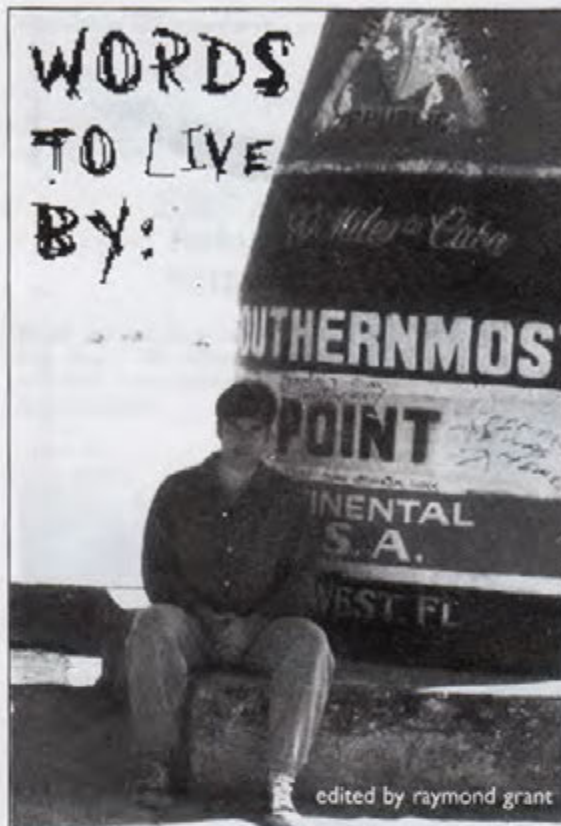
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WORDS TO LIVE BY:



edited by raymond grant

"Better to sleep with a sober cannibal than a drunken Christian." - Herman Melville

"One has to multiply thoughts to the point where there aren't enough policemen to control them." - Stanislaw Lec

"Revolutions are not made; they come. A revolution is as natural a growth as an oak. It comes out of the past. Its foundations are laid far back." - Wendell Phillips

"Nothing in all the world is more dangerous than sincere ignorance and conscientious stupidity."

- Martin Luther King Jr.

"If I would be a young man again and had to decide how to make my living, I would not try to become a scientist, scholar, or teacher. I would rather choose to become a plumber or peddler in the hope to find that modest degree of independence still available under present circumstances." - Einstein

"Space is almost infinite. As a matter of fact, we think it is infinite." - Dan Quayle

"Lies are the mortar that bind the savage individual man into the social masonry." - H.G. Wells

"The angry man will defeat himself in battle as well as in life." - samurai saying

"Things fall apart; the center cannot hold. Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world. The blood dimmed tide is loosed and everywhere the ceremony of innocence is drowned." - W.B. Yeats

"To win a hundred victories in one hundred wars is not the ultimate skill. To stop the enemy without fighting is the ultimate skill." - Sun Tze

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean-roll. Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain. Man marks the earth with ruin, his control stops with the shore."

- Lord Byron

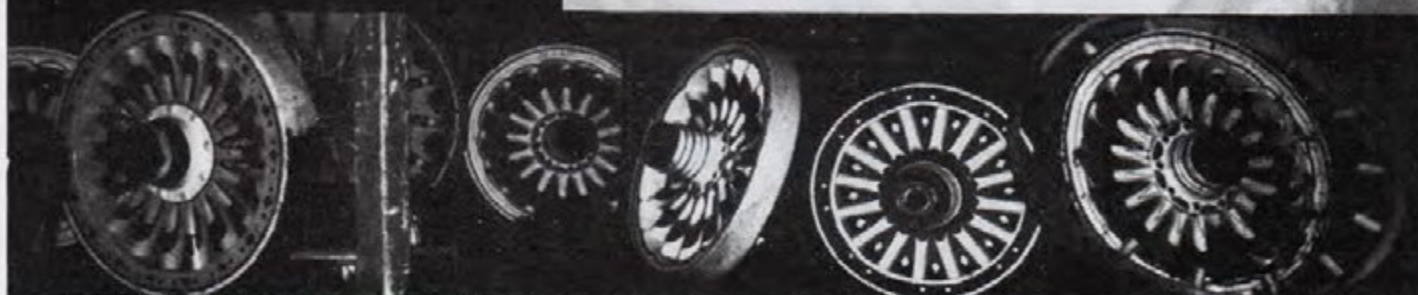
"I can't imagine what empty heads can achieve."

- OZZY

"I really don't know much about art; I just like doing this, I run with the moment. If I think that my boob imprint needs to be done between the spots where I just shot out of my ass, then I'll do that." - Mila, the ass artist

"Take care of yourselves and each other."

- Jerry Springer



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10 M

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As has been documented in Kirk-O-Matic's drive-away hit, *Forced Exit 2000*, the Scholls have proven

themselves more than adequate as the Slug footwear of choice for this season. The utter simplicity of the design of the Dr. Mitchell, in particular, lends not only to the functionality of the shoe, but also to its impeccable style. With the fastening of one velcro strap, you're on your way to sheer comfort, and all for a mere \$27 at Walmart. That's why they call them the Mitchells, and in white, they're nurse shoes.

Another issue of SFS has been completed. With Greg so dug in over in Chapel Hill, the lines of communication have been maxed out lately, taxation for cyberspace and long distance charges have put a dent in the slug lifestyle, but not enough to take the fever

of rock and roll out the G boy. On the contrary, he's turned a room in his house into a punk rock and roll party room, drum set, amps, and all.

Meanwhile in Austin, the main site of SFS production, distribution, circulation, confusion, and overall sluggishness, Salt for Slugs downtown offices are nestled above the Paradise Restaurant & Bar right on lovely 6th St., where the scent of beer, booze, and pizza crust permeates the early morning air, and the locals wipe their brow and prepare for yet another night of debauchery (no matter what day it is). Webmaster Ran Scot may be found there often, chipping away at the SFS site, while not floundering attempts at promoting shows here in town. Witness his Generic Monkey self on Thursday night, in the office window, critiquing the loudspeaker caller across the street at Bob Popular. It seems that they have decided to have more of an aggressive approach this summer. It's Throw Down Thursday, so get your ass into Bob Popular now!

As always, I want to apologize ahead of time for any editorial errors contained in this issue, not for matters of taste, such as deciding to print Steve Garcia's piece, but spelling and grammatical errors. The reason is that it's not easy being the SFS editor, art director, ad guy, etc, etc, while maintaining a life, and the articles contained within this magazine don't necessarily reflect the publisher's opinions, or even the editor's for that matter. To add insult to injury, Teddy and Skipper consume a massive amount of alcoholic beverages when proof reading the magazine, mainly because they like beer, but also because they are persuaded to do so by evil influences in the neighborhood.

Be it a somewhat unorganized approach to magazine publishing, the hearts of the salinated wormlike mollusks who survived are pounding harder than ever, and the contributors continue to rear their heads and spew out upon society something that is just a little short of pure genius. Rod Henry's name erroneously appears in the contributors credits because he was going to submit a piece on, his band, The Glenmont Popes' U.S. tour entitled "Hell On

Wheels", which actually was the name of the tour, but he didn't get it in on time. Hey Rome wasn't built in a day. Rod is currently doing a solo project and plans to tour soon. And in the end the publisher incorporated.

Many thanks to all that have contributed, and a whole lot of thanks goes out to our local advertisers. It really is extremely hot here in the summer, and I partially attribute this issue being released a few weeks late to that fact. The heat is cooking my brain. It's been a while since the SXSW, but I still would like to thank Fivehead and Guy Forsyth for the awesome performances they put on at our release party back in the spring. Kirk-O-Matic would like to ask any musicians out there who would like to contribute material for the soundtrack to *Forced Exit 2000*, and/or other projects, please contact him at the address listed in the Carhenge article in this issue, or kirkomatic@hotmail.com

Salt for Slugs would like to bid a tearful farewell to Fringeware Books in here in Austin. The closing of the



NOT DEAD

store marks an end of an era for certain bookstore freaks here in town. We sure will miss the awesome variety and consistency of Fringeware's in-store appearances and parties. However, next door at Mojo's, Wade plans to carry the torch and utilize his venue for such shenanigans. And, all is not lost, for Scott assures us that they will continue to publish Fringeware Review and distribute books and magazines. I highly recommend checking out back issues of Fringeware Review in whatever cool magazine shops around that carry it. Are there any left? Check out: www.fringeware.com



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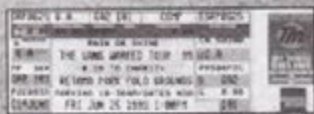
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THE WARPED INFERNO

by ran scot



Hot. That's the way to describe summer in central Texas on the prairie flats. You can actually feel the sweat evaporate off you so fast you never get wet, but are left with a chalky film of salt all over you. Woo to the Slug because this will make us melt, or warp if you will. And, let me tell of the Vans Warped Tour's stop in our ever humble burg, the poor rat bastards.

Scheduling an outdoor festival in the middle of summer in Texas is about as intelligent as scheduling a bikini contest in January at Minnesota. Though the titty hard ones that would cause might be humorous, but the scorcher we attended was no laughing matter. But then again, the beer was free and so were the tickets. So we decided to lap for awile at the trough best known these days as the spectre of "action sports"

First off, I'd like to thank all the skaters and bikers for sticking around for our session of the Warped Tour. With the X-Games just around the corner, it seemed most would bail for the big money and sponsorships lying in wait in San Fran. Though I never saw Caballero I'm pretty sure he was there. Also

huge kudos to the guys skating in the severe heat. As one skater I talked to at the ramp put it, "We're currently grinding the edge of the 5th level of Dante's Inferno."

While I tried to catch the bands I most wanted to see, Leatherface, Supernova, and Ice T, this task was made quite difficult due to the "alternative" way the bands were listed. It was like they randomly threw darts at the bill to determine who would be up next. The bill we were given did not even remotely correspond with the procession of bands. What the fuck? Worse yet, was the fact that Leatherface played second, on the fucking local stage. Woah, these Euro boys were pissed, and for good reason, I had been listening to their split with Hot Water Music eagerly awaiting the fury, only to be enraged by things of this inane kind.

Luckily, we walked out from the media tent (i.e. "ghost town", since no one, beer, food, bands, or even tumbleweeds were present, just a simple little lonely 5X8 card that said "Media Center"), to see Ice T playing. I would have gone Columbine if I had missed both him and Leatherface. Ice T put on a hell of a show, breaking it down for all us less down



ICE-T



people. If I had half his flavour, you could sell me as a spice. The best part of his set, save his convincing this hot-ass chick to take her shirt off, was his public service announcement on MP3s. He's getting the truth to the youth, and Ice T is the living proof.

Unfortunately, up next was Enimine, Enima, or however you spell that flavor of the month's name. So we packed up and walked around in the herd. The first thing I noticed was that nobody looked happy. I don't know if it was

because we were all being sautéed under the sun, or if it's cool to be pissed again. That was a really lame fad

the first time around, and a dog usually learns the first time when you hit it upside the head with a two by four.

The motocross stunt crew was sick as shit. These boys got big ass brass balls. I wish they would have stayed longer, but Blink 182 started and all the MTV minions rushed the stage. As I walked away I got the President Kennedy treatment from a stray bullet from the paint ball arena. I thought about going over and giving them the full frontal nudity of verbiage a Slug can spin when pissed, but I decided not to break anyone today.

After catching Supernova and local favorites 10 Percenter, we did a couple more laps around the arena which doubles as a polo ground. The best thing in the late afternoon were the near death-matches for little sample of YooHoo. Since water was 2.50 I could see it, but YooHoo?

Overall, if I had paid for this I would have been pissed. The bands played on average 30 minutes and were constantly interrupted by the tandem set up. They would set up the next band right next to the one playing on the same stage. It was like a garage rock show gone haywire.

If you live somewhere where the weather is pleasant, it'd be a nice way to spend the weekend. But if you think about going to one in Tejas, you must be warped.

TRANS AM: PLUM CRAZY

tripe by stabler hsu photos by Shara Sprecher

Before the evening got underway, we wandered around for a bit looking for the guys in Trans Am. There was a rumor going around about one of the members of the band becoming overly intoxicated on some plum schnapps the night before and being severely hung over. In spite of this news, I proceeded to seek out the band's drummer, Sebastian, leaning against a railing outside of the back of the bar. He seemed to be in good spirits, and I didn't bother to ask about the incident or whether it even took place. He said he'd go find the rest of the band and that he did. Getting them all into one place to do the interview would take a little more effort. Phil, the band's frontman/keyboardist/bassist, etc. (pictured below) was schmoozing the night away in another area when the interview began. Zany rockstar antics, just the way it should be. It turned out cool though, because Nate and Sebastian informed the Slug a little bit about how Trans Am likes to party. Soon after the interview was conducted, a good time would be had by all on this Friday night at Emo's. After stumbling through the thick crowds, clutching our drinks and sweating ur asses off as we began our alcohol-fueled, pseudo-journalistic, high-powered turbo ride into oblivion.



"Klaus, let's vibrate the ceiling until their petty little American ears bleed."



Our first stop on this trek of the sonic was the sound barrage known as Panasonic. Feeling the need to prove that they weren't just a two-bit Kraftwerk of the late nineties, they decided to disable the crowd mentally with crushing sound waves, accompanied by a reverberating black image which twisted and turned with the loud noise. The highlight of the show had to be when they figured out the exact harmonic to manipulate the vibrating tin roof, making it another instrument all it's own. White noise genius. I would have enjoyed them a lot more if they had lost their smug European facial expressions which made me think they may break out into a Sprockets routine at any moment, while stand-

ing behind their Berlin Wall of equipment. These guys are rumored to have cleared out a place one night after vibrating the crowd into

actually shitting themselves. There was a rush on the restroom lines. Tonight, it wouldn't be long before people up front were clutching their heads and wondering what kind of experiment was being conducted on their meek human bodies. The thunder rolled on despite the agony of the crowd.



Nathan of Trans Am

The next act would be the Champs, a long lost heavy metal throw-back from sometime back in the mid-eighties, minus the falsetto vocals (of course, I guess that would be going too far). Song after song of high pitched guitar solos in standard hard rock time proved to be what some are now calling "ass-metal" (Ass Metal - noun - an object, person, or lifestyle that may be deemed to be of the era of the "hair-blowing-in-the-fan, one-foot-on-the-monitor, lip-snarling" guitar solos). I could just envision my worst heavy metal nightmare, prepubescent, zit-faced yokels adorned in British flag short-shorts and cut-off baseball tees, yapping about some chick named Brandy who works at the DQ. The novelty wore off though halfway through the set, proving that it takes more than just a bedroom stereo knowledge of glam metal, buttressed by a few years of classical lessons to be a fucking rock star. Like Tommy Lee's manager used to say, "More stick spins! More stick spins!!!"

Trans Am eventually appeared on the stage and began to weave a web of magically delicious treats only closely resembling the carnage left behind by miscellaneous faded rock heroes of yesterday, playfully teetering on the fringes of the electronic glory that embodies most of their recent work. has successfully integrated the empty synthesized sound of the past into a more relevant and highly emotional stereophonic event. Their most recent work, Futureworld, is a roller-coaster ride, moving along rapidly with like a computerized metronome of sorts, then moving on to metal-esque chaos and mass

hysteria. The crowd tonight would eat up every minute of it. Before the show began, we were able to interview the band briefly, minutes before and during the opening act, Pan sonic. We attempted to begin the interview earlier, but the band's vocalist, Phil, couldn't make his way over in time, and we ended up starting the interview without him. Some difficulties in transcription occurred due to the noise factor, so some parts of the interview did not come out. Here's how it went:



Salt for Slugs: How's the new record and tour going?

Sebastian: Fucking kick-ass. We've been on this tour now for two weeks and a couple of days. We're going to Europe in September, and Australia and New Zealand in June, and Hawaii. We've toured Europe three times already.

SFS: How do they like you guys in Europe?

Nathan: They don't.

Sebastian: They do, but first of all, there are less people in numbers than there are at shows here, and second of all, the crowds aren't rowdy. They're like kind of intellectual and quiet.

SFS: So, like a lot of the SFS crew, you guys are from Washington, DC?

Sebastian: Bethesda, Maryland. We all grew up in the same area.

SFS: Really, what high school did you guys go to?

Sebastian: They went to Walt Whitman. I went to high school in Argentina.

Nathan: What high school did you go to?

SFS: I graduated from Seneca Valley.

Nathan: Did you know Mr. Haberman?

SFS: No.

SFS: In the title track of your latest record, Futureworld, is that the sound of the DC Metro (subway) at the very beginning?

Nathan: Yes it is. As a matter of fact, you're the first person to ask us that.

SFS: Did you guys go in there and record that yourselves?

Sebastian: Yea. (makes dingy Metro noise, and

then, in his best Metro operator voice says) "Red line to Shady Grove"

SFS: Man, that reminds me of going to work.

Nathan: That's what it's all about.

SFS: You guys change your sound a lot from record to record, what direction are you headed in now?

Nathan: We're moving forward. We're moving towards more advanced Trans Am.

SFS: More electronic?

Sebastian: Well, hey Y2K is coming, and you can't rely on the latest technology. Okay, more metal maybe.



Nathan: The shit is about to get really loud.

SFS: So do people like to dance to your music?

Sebastian: Sometimes. I wish people danced more. I think some of our music is dance rock, and we have that in mind at times. Actually, back to your last question, I think our next album is going to be our party album.

SFS: Like a party from front to back, breaking bottles and stuff?

Nathan: We're actually going to throw a party while we're recording it. Seriously. It's going to be one of those albums that you can put on and people will just party to it for like 45 minutes.

SFS: I think this latest one is kind of like that.

Sebastian: You can party to a lot of it.

SFS: Why do you guys call yourselves Trans Am, is it after the car or after the concept?

Nathan: It can mean whatever you want it to mean.

SFS: So you guys are bi-coastal?

Nathan: Yea, we're bi.

SFS: How long have you guys been playing together?

Sebastian: Since the beginning of 1990. We had a friend in common, and they needed a new drummer for their band. They were in the 11th grade and I was in 12th and we played "Hey Joe".

At this point, Phil finally finds his way back to where the interview is being conducted. The rockstar himself blessed us with his presence for some photos. By this time, the opening act, Pan sonic, had already begun to transmit their very loud sounds over the PA, and it was very difficult to hear...

SFS: Is there anything you'd like to say for this interview?

Phil: I don't know, I really need something to work with.

SFS: Do you like music?

Phil: I don't know, not really. I like Pan sonic.

SFS: Do you have any musical influences?

Phil: I listen to a lot of my own demos.

SFS: Your own demos huh, that's cool, I guess. (back to band) What's your favorite place to party?

Nathan: Austin and Toronto, ... New York.

SFS: Where is your best crowd?

Sebastian: Chicago, New York, Austin.

Phil: Yea, all that shit man.

SFS: Yea man, thanks for the interview.



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Terril Smitts's Page of Cool Ass Gadget Gear

The Forgotten Technology of Fifties Automobiles

This little gadget here is an Autronic Eye attached to Fifties Cadillacs and Sixties high end sports cars. What it would do was detect the headlights of other cars and automatically switch the high beams down to low. When the headlights from the other car had passed, it would automatically switch back to high beams. Why this safety feature was nixed I may never know, but it just plain rocks. Maybe it was due to the police not being able to pull you over for high beams. Or maybe it's just the man keeping a good automobile down, just ask Tucker.



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BURNING UP WHE

BY GEORGE WOLFFARTH

This hardcore motorcycle enthusiast grew up in a mostly white suburban neighborhood outside Washington DC. His first ride was a mock Evel Knevel bicycle equipped with fake plastic gas tank and motorcycle sound handgrips. He eventually graduated to a chrome-moly GT. This was back when BMX freestyle was just becoming recognized. There were shows put on by a local bike shop, but they were scarcely attended. They had one or two quarter pipes, but nothing like you see today on ESPN. He soon moved on to skateboards and found halfpipes to be the shit. Catching air was the rush. After suffering through broken wrist, twisted ankles and just plain being fed up with the skateboard craze; he moved to getting high on surfing. Waves were cool. There was always the chance you would take a big spill and not come back. Surfing East Coast hurricanes was the thrill of the year, but these were so few and far between. So back to round rubber he went. This fool scraped up enough money to buy a motorcycle. A Honda CB-1 was the bike of choice. What the bike lacked in horsepower, it made up for in handling. Several spills were taken, as well as countless court dates. Then one day, a college friend convinced this Hellraiser to wire up that bike and go racing. Unfortunately for his mother, that Hellraiser happened to be me...



Entering turn five at Summit Point Raceway



ELLS!

Confessions of an Adrenaline Junkie



Road Atlanta, Turn One

I started racing motorcycles in 1994, and as with most first time racers, my first experience on the track was the shit. It felt like my life could end at any moment. My first practice as a licensed racer was amazing as well. I remember going into turn 7 at Summit Point Raceway in West Virginia and this asshole on a ZX-7 came around me and took out my front end. The handlebars went lock to lock and the bike slid around under me. I had no idea what to do, so I did nothing. Luckily, the bike came back into shape. I took a couple more laps and then came in to make sure my underwear was still white. Nope, didn't shit myself. I was ready to go again. I don't ever remember having my life flash before my eyes with skating or any other thing I did up until that point in my life. The rush was absolutely unbelievable. The only other time I can remember every feeling this way was when some friends and I went to this spot along the Potomac River. There was this 60+ foot cliff and the water down below was of unknown depth with



In the pits at Talledega Grand Prix Raceway



New TZ 250 '99



photos by eurotech



huge jagged rocks all around. We all heard these rumors of people jumping to their demise, so we said, "Fuck it, let's jump". Man, that was fun!

My second weekend racing I brought a friend's untitled FZR 400 to race. That bike was pretty fun. My friend Nolan and I went out in the 600-cc race. We started in about 22nd and 23rd place and after passing numerous Honda 600's, we finished in the top 10. The next day I got my first trophy, fourth place in a lightweight class. This was like crack and the racing organization was the dealer. Believe me, they don't hesitate to take your money and lots of it. I know one guy who spent about \$70 grand in one year. What's worse is that I know another guy whose lost his girlfriend, his friends, numerous jobs and the respect of his family, all for racing. Racing is just like having had a drug habit. But Fuck it!



I need that adrenaline just to get through my pathetic existence in this suburban nightmare. These lost homemakers, with their 2.5 kids, sipping their tall lattes at the local coffee shop have no idea what life is all about. For me, life is about dragging my knee at 140 mph and saying fuck it!

The next two years was more of the same. And then finally it came; I wadded up my bike for the first time. I was going into turn one at Summit Point and some asshole ridding a piece of shit, laid down oil entering the corner. Lucky me, I was the next fool behind this guy. After reaching a top speed of about 140, I went to grab the front brakes. The next thing I know, my ass is sliding down the track. It was pretty cool until I saw my bike hit the grass and catch about 10 feet of air, creating a huge dust cloud into which the bike disappeared. When I saw the carnage, it was bad. The rear sub-frame was bent to the side and the bodywork was now confetti. I did manage to get the bike back together in time to make my afternoon races.

My big year was 1997. I decided I was going to do the whole CCS mid-Atlantic series. I bought a previously raced ZX-6R. This bike was fast, and along with the bike came a generous sponsorship from the Crowbar, a local biker bar. The Crowbar had been sponsoring a



motorcycle road racer, a motorcycle drag racer and a car guy. All had been forces to be reckoned with, so I had big shoes to fill. I started the season dropping a valve in the first practice of the year. I had to borrow a clapped out Honda F2 just to get some points. I did end up salvaging the weekend with some top ten finishes. In 1997, I would get to race one of the best tracks in the nation, Road Atlanta. This track has got awesome elevation changes. Coming down the back straight, you drop 120 feet into what was called the gravity cavity. Once you hit the bottom, at about 160 mph, you make an impossible turn to the left and proceed to climb back up 120 feet under a bridge, making a hard right down about 100 feet to the bottom of the front straight. Many of you may remember the movie *FreeJack*, with Mick Jagger and Emilio Estevez, well this bridge is the same one Emilio crashed his car into at the beginning of the movie. This track is unreal.

Enough about that. Over this winter, I bought a Yamaha TZ 250, a real GP racer. I plan on racing it at Summit Point this year. Unfortunately, I don't have the money or time it takes to travel. Racing takes a lot of the fucking green. I should be able to do enough racing to keep me sane in this mortal suburban hellhole I call home. So, to all you adrenaline junkies who have these mortal pigs telling you "you're crazy", tell them to fuck off! It's the only thing keeping you from climbing that tower to pick a couple of them off. Keep it real! 🍷

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Not the Monsters of America

by ran soot

Not all people are blessed with what you would consider good taste. But should you hold your lofty ideals to a mass of people who genuinely love and are consumed by a low brow art form? The mere passion they exude should be evidence enough for one to become a believer that this shit is real. With the same meticulousness that Christo wraps his islands, these men of the hick nature craft their monster trucks.

I remember, as a child, going to the Armadillo Ballroom late Saturday evenings in my hometown to see amateur truck rallies. The local tough guys would jack-up their Ford trucks and run them through an impromptu course of mud and water. For the most part, the men would emasculate themselves by getting stuck, but the champs who made it would become God-like figures that night, and would be treated like kings inside the honky tonk. Texacana, pure and simple.



This same essence has been brought to a grander scale, with grander trucks in Monster Truck Rallies now coming to a convention center near you. There is something purely testosterone about going to go see a vehicle so grossly overpowered it can literally jump and crush the very car you drove in to see it. Maybe it's a safe way to vent road rage, maybe it's the earth-shattering noise, or maybe it's something deeper.

It's a common fact that men cannot have babies, save the occasional guy in the National Enquirer. They envy the

fact that women can create life, and the compensation is always displayed in the great works of mechanical hijinx. It is a man's attempt to simulate birth, to build one big fucker of a truck and have it crush everything in its way. Not unlike a woman giving birth, the rally produces a memorable scent, and it is definitely something originally American.

So the next time you see a horde of red necks going to a Monster Truck Rally, don't chastise them with references to Deliverance, but salute them as the true American heroes they are. For if not Monster Truck Rallies, these same people would be dancing to Sprockets instead of Hootie, and who really wants that?

God bless America. ☿



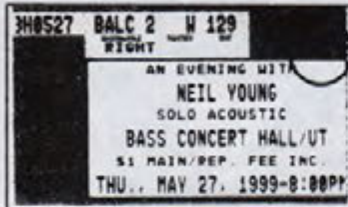
Salt for Slugs



**Neil Young
Bass Concert Hall
University of Texas
May 27, 1999**



**Review and Social Commentary
by Brian DiFrank**



\$51 - Neil,
say it ain't so!

The telephone rings on Thursday night.

"Hello?"

"Hey man, it's Craig."

"What's up?"

"Well, I was calling to see if you'd like to go see Neil Young tonight."

Uhh... (\$50 a ticket and a newborn in the house, my wife will be pissed).

"For free!"

"Hold on I'll ask... Sweetie honey... It's Craigster, he has a FREE ticket to Neil Young tonight. Do you mind if I go (and leave you stuck in the house with a screaming baby while I have fun again)?"

She replies with a squished up face as in deep thought.

"Only because it's Neil", she says.

"Cool, hey, I'll pick you up at 7:30, show's at 8:00. Great, thanks for calling! Bye."

Craig is running a bit late due to a pre show happy hour, so we miss only the first song which was Tell Me Why. The stage set up was very minimalist. Neil had an assortment of guitars in a half circle around him. Stage left, a baby grand piano. Stage right, a funky ragtime sounding upright piano and an old pump organ to the rear. He would just walk around and play whatever he felt like. I doubt there was a set list. Just the one in his brain.

The whole feel of the show was quite subdued. Crazy Horse were left in the stable and Neil was just "playin' on the front porch". Before the song Albuquerque, he picked up a guitar and said that it once belonged to Hank Williams. Someone yelled out, "Really?" Neil responded, "Yeah really. It's better than being in the Hard Rock Hotel." The crowd erupts... "It's much happier being on the road." Later Neil did a stellar Don't Let it Bring You Down and then moved over to the baby grand for Philadelphia. Homegrown came next. "This next song used to be about something else. Now it's about organic food." We were then treated to a bit of a preaching session that was actually about something worth getting preachy about. 500 family farms are lost each week. Farm Aid. We should only eat organic foods because family farms grow organic. Also, there was a nice visual for pork eaters. "Imagine putting 22,000 head of pork in this hall, pumped full of growth hormones and crapping on each other. Out back, there is a big pond full of pork shit and the flies come from as far as 50 miles away."

UUUMMMMMMM... Neil, you're killing my buzz.

Neil says he needs to take "a little walk". I'm sure to smoke a bowl of Humbolt's finest. So, we break for a 15 minute intermission. WOW! T-shirts are up to \$27 now! I guess I haven't been to a "real" concert in a long time. I get a couple \$4 Heinekens and take it all in. All, I mean ALL of Austin's premier hippie elite were in attendance. You know, the real hippies, not the

Sears (frat/jeep) hippies.

The second set started off with Distant Camera, and then into some of my favorites, Ambulance Blues, Southern Pacific, and Old Man. Then, off into a song about his younger days, Buffalo Springfield again. A few more songs that I don't recognize... then Harvest Moon, (very nice). Needle and the Damage Done (nicer). Slowpoke into After the Goldrush! (nicest). Neil rocked it out on that one, using the upright piano and ending with the pump organ / harp / vocals. It was an eerie effect on the aural senses... I guess you had to be there. Neil exited and then came back out for two encores where he pulled out the hits. Pocahontas, to my delight, Sugar Mountain and Heart of Gold which shined.

Neil Young obviously enjoyed himself very much. He loved the acoustics of Bass Concert Hall and even the sometimes obnoxious, cat-calling, Austinite audience. He ended up playing his longest concert since 1985! 28 songs in all and clocking in at 150 minutes. It was a real pleasure to see a bonafide musical legend perform.



When the Llama strikes...

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WORLD ON A STRING
DON'T LET IT BRING YOU DOWN
PHILADELPHIA
HOMEGROWN
DADDY WENT WALKING

SET TWO:

DISTANT CAMERA
AMBULANCE BLUES
SOUTHERN PACIFIC
OLD MAN
BUFFALO SPRINGFIELD AGAIN
SILVER AND GOLD

HORSESHOE MAN
RAZOR LOVE
OH MOTHER EARTH
HARVEST MOON
NEEDLE AND THE DAMAGE
DONE
SLOWPOKE
AFTER THE GOLDRUSH

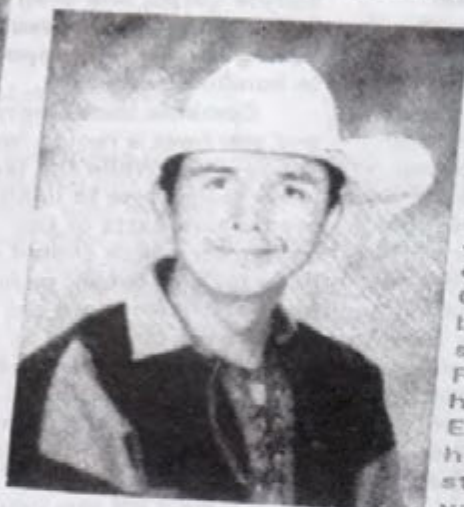
1ST ENCORE:
GOOD TO SEE YOU
POCAHONTAS

2ND ENCORE:
SUGAR MOUNTAIN
HEART OF GOLD
RAILROAD TOWN

LOUISE SAYS 28 FUCKIN'
SONGS!
SCOTT SAYS 150 MINUTES!



Hernandez Memorial Gallery



On May 20, 1997, Esequiel Hernandez, Jr. (pictured left) was herding his family's goats 100 yards from his home on the US-Mexican border in Redford, Texas as he did every day.

Unknown to Esequiel or any of the other residents of Redford, a group of four Marines led by 22-year old Corporal Clemente Banuelos had been encamped just outside the small village along the Rio Grande River for three days. After watering his small flock of goats in the river, Esequiel started on his way back home when the Marines began stalking him from a distance of 200 yards.

The four camouflaged Marines were outfitted with state-of-the-art surveillance equipment and weapons. Esequiel carried an antique .22 caliber rifle - a pre-World War I, single shot rifle to keep wild dogs and rattlesnakes away from his goats. The autopsy showed that Esequiel was facing away from the Marines when he was shot. He probably never knew the Marines were watching him from 200 yards away.

Thus it was that a 22 year-old United States Marine shot and killed an innocent 18 year-old boy tending his family's goats. This outrageous act was the inevitable consequence of a drug prohibition policy gone mad. Esequiel Hernandez was killed not by drugs but by military officers of the United States government.



This is Corporal Banuelos, who led the Marine unit that patrolled the Redford area. He fired the shot that killed Esequiel on the orders of an unidentified commander who was not present at the scene. He and his fellow Marines, trained to kill the enemy, were placed in a situation which was inconsistent with the role of the military. Now he will have to live with the guilt of killing an innocent man for the rest of his life. He too is a victim of our present drug policy. Photo courtesy of The Big Bend Sentinel.

Wheels of Justice

.... turn turn turn
by ran scot

In these times of black helicopters and New World order fears, major incidents are brushed aside for the what the media puppet masters view as the best for the sheep that are the American people. Some say that the media are the ones perpetuating the rumors of armies in the National Parks and Masonic Mind Control, so that when a legitimate story comes along, it is quickly set aside by the average Joe as yet another example of Nut Case Conspiracy jabbering.

Case in point is the cowboy-ing the Marines have been doing in the name of the drug war along the border of Texas and Mexico. Though most incidents cannot be documented, due to cover-ups and threats, several cases have just been too glaring not to be picked up by the local press in the regions affected. These stories did not receive the national or international attention they truly deserved. They are truly signposts of the road America is currently taking. Unfortunately, it's not the road less travelled, and the pavement is covered in the blood of the innocent.

The most hypocritical aspect of the entire story has to be how if these events, which are about to be brought forward, were to occur in another country, the pseudo-liberal establishment would be up in arms screaming human rights abuses. Like most Americans, I am conditioned to the double

standard that exists in daily life here in the land of rape and honey, but this slap in the face, like the backhand from a 70s pimp, is just too much to take.

Let me tell you the story of a boy by the name of Esequiel Hernandez, Jr. This story will unfortunately be posthumous, due his being gunned down, assassin-style by a group of Marines on patrol on American soil. On May 20, 1997, Esequiel was herding the pride of his poor Hispanic family in Redford, Texas. He took these goats down to water everyday after school. What he did not know was he was being stalked by a group of four marines who had been camped just outside the small village for about three days.

That's right folks, American Marines on COMBAT patrol on American soil. This shit would never fly in Nebraska. Could you

imagine? There's no fucking way. In the name of the no-win Drug War, the lower Rio Grande Valley has been put under Martial Law. Last time I checked, this was not the mission of the United States Marine Corps, and even less likely is the prospect of these marines having been given proper training to handle such a task.

Combine these ingredients, and you have a recipe for disaster, Texas-style. While the facts have never fully come to light; there are certain parts of this encounter which should raise flags for any Texan, or American for that matter. Here are the facts as we have been told by the Man of why Esequiel Hernandez became the first U.S. civilian to be intentionally killed on American soil by a regular U.S. soldier in 29 years.

To start off this odyssey, let us begin by profiling the horrid animal the Marines faced on the plains of mythical Texas that fateful day. He must of been one huge mean bastard for a tactical squad of four marines, armed, and in full gear to feel the need to end his life. Just look at the evidence. He volunteered at

the Living History project at the Fort Leaton Historical Site, and was even selected as a student-aide for the historic re-enactments of the Longhorn Cattle Drives at Big Bend Ranch



Gravesite in Redford, Texas, home of Marine killing sprees.



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State Park. What an asshole.

His love of his Hispanic culture was so great when he was the only boy to sign up for traditional dance classes, he went and recruited five more boys to keep the art form alive. God, the full scope of this animal is coming into focus.

Unlike most men his age of 18, he was not saving his money to buy Air Jordans or the newest Playstation game. He was saving his money to buy enough bricks to add an addition to his family home for his own private room. He didn't venture across the river to Mexico to drink under age, and was known for his shy but approachable manner. It's a surprise no one killed him sooner.

What horrible thing was he doing before he was shot? His father interrupted him from studying to go out and water the goats. What a jerk, studying??? I'm glad this menace to society has finally been eradicated before any white women were ravaged.

Now, we come to the other main actors in this tragic event which has become a signpost of just how much American apathy has built. Four marines were in the field being lead by an off-site, NON-commissioned officer. Unknown to the town was the fact that this unit, part the unofficial full-scale war of the government against it's people, had been camping and stalking them for several days before the incident. During this time, there was no way the Marines could have missed the fact these people were ranchers, and ranchers water the goats. Following that assumption, a boy with a herd of goats is not running drugs. Nope. In fact I'd be willing to bet he was a rancher.

The Marines were wearing Ghillie camouflage with twigs and leaves interwoven with brown and gray fabric that blurs the human form making him invisible, even from a few feet. These are Marines who are trained to do things like the good little machines the industrial-military complex wants them to do. Either hunker down and take it, or shoot

to kill. The firearm they were being shot at with was a World War I single combine .22. A glorified BB gun. Scarface of the Ghetto Boys got shot at point blank by his girlfriend and drove himself to the hospital. The Marines were in full-camouflage war wear, donning battle armor and some 200 yards away. You do the math.

The second major problem is the angle in which Hernandez was shot. Mainly the point being he was shot in the back. There was no way he could have been facing the Marines when the fatal shot was fired. If only the goats could talk they would tell you. Also, he was shot right by his house, which an well-trained reckon unit

"He raised his rifle towards Blood," Cpl. Clemente Banuelos said referring to Lance Cpl. James Blood, who was on the surveillance mission with him, "and I capped the ... (expletive)"

surely would have realized was his home. Hernandez was right-handed, which meant his left side would be facing his target when firing. However, he was wounded on the right side, said his attorney, Dan Estrada of Fort Worth. The way the casings were laid on the ground, the metal imprints on his flesh and slight bruises tell the story of his third shot being in the opposite direction of the



Marines, which would easily tell way the bullet was in his back. Marines are not trained to say "Stop! Police! Put down your weapon!" Nor are they trained to yell, "We hiding in your bushes, please go herd somewhere else." Which brings us to a major point in the case, what the hell were Marines doing on private property? The Marines must obtain permission before they can conduct activities on privately owned land. Marine Col. Thomas Kelley said they had permission, but Hernandez was murdered on the land of Alberto

Carrasco, who said he never exercised that option. Oops.

Set all this aside for a moment and pretend that the Marines did, in fact, feel threatened from the little goat herder, their actions afterwards were a bit odd. To begin, they never administered first aide, ever. Even worse is they did not call for assistance until a full 22 minutes after the incident. Later autopsy reports



show that he actually bled to death, but why would the Marines want him alive to tell his side? Even weirder is they took their sweet time contacting sheriff's Deputy Oscar Gallegos, and initially the story was Hernandez had fallen down a well and hit his head.

The marines all instantly stonewalled and offered little to no information, only saying they were acting in self-defense. Military operations in the area were suspended and these poor Marines were hounded too much, so the Marines closed the case and sent the task unit in question back home to Camp Pendleton, California. District Attorney Albert Valadez could sense the haste and tried to get the records, only to hit upon a trend from here on out, stonewalling from the American Industrial-Military Complex. But he is not alone, other more influential people also felt the silence.

A major crusader for the cause, Rep. Lamar Smith, R-Texas, chairman of the House panel overseeing immigration issues, sent a five-page letter to Attorney General Janet Reno complaining of lack of cooperation from her department. Department of Defense lawyers rebuffed attempts by Texas Rangers and Rep. Smith to get the most basic of information. And in August of 1997, Mr. Smith accused the Justice Department of hampering his staff's inquiries into the shooting.

"For two months, my congressional oversight has been obstructed by a never-ending series of useless referrals, unreturned phone calls and broken promises," Smith said.

Though the community was outraged, a grand jury decided to not indict the soldiers in case scarred by secrecy. The military followed suit and there were no court-martials. An explanation was never given besides, "self-defense." So after two years, what has happened?

Pedro Oregon Navarro was murdered in the name of the drug war under similar circumstances. Navarro was an upstanding citizen and coach of a Little League Soccer team. Under the tip of a drunk and going-down-the-river narc, the police raided Navarro's house commando style. Over 41



shots were fired and Navarro was hit over a dozen times, including nine times in the back. Police stated they thought Navarro had shot first, but later evidence showed not only did the police shot first (one cop actually accidentally show another cop), Navarro had never fired and no drugs were found the house or in the blood of Pedro.

The police apologized, and that was enough for the Federal Probe.

And what has become of Redford, the town that has tried to make Hernandez's case a national concern? The town constantly lives under fear. Children will not go out to play in fear of getting shot. One family has sold their goats and will not let their children out in the afternoons. The hordes of Counselors and Psychologists they sent to Columbine to help the children there cope with the trauma never arrived at Redford, even after repeated request from the National Hispanic Caucus.

The town's goat co-operative is no longer operational and the town listless. Paranoia? Not at all. Locals tell of the more pressure they put on national media, the more the harassment they get from the military. Residents report nighttime flights with lights off, goats scared away on purpose by helicopters, and people on horseback being patrolled and observed from unmarked helicopters. They even tell of 2am flights so low it feels like their house will crumble.

This is America, the land of the free, or is it? All this town wants is a few simple things that can help their wounds heal, and any self-respecting citizen of these United States should be more than willing to help. The most glaring one is their feeling the military should have rules for engagement for dealing with citizens on American soil. I was shocked and appalled to find out most of the units just seem to be cowboying out there in our own backyard. The second thing they want is Hernandez to be clear of any wrong doing, which seems simple enough right? Wrong. The American government needs a scapegoat for this and dead men don't talk.

Last of all, they do not want American Marines patrolling their backyards. Could you imagine looking out your bay window and seeing a platoon on patrol going down your street? If you don't take action now, this may not be a hypothetical question, but reality.

Wake up America, or you could be the next one crushed under the wheels of justice. Y



SFS investigates the zany world of the BMXer in...

THE JUMP BUILDERS:

“Don’t Ride Through the Mud Please!”

by kefer estevez

The has long been a rumor around town that beneath what is known as the 9th St. Jumps there are old washing machines and refrigerators buried in huge mounds of dirt and caked mud. The guys who actually do the work, insisted that this isn't so. However, the legend lives on.

We initially went to the jumps on several occasions to check the light con-

ditions to shoot photos of some local pro BMXers for this issue. Due to rain and their busy schedules, the photo shoot never came to be and the BMX portion of the Wheels issue was never really developed. However, we did get a glimpse of the grunt work involved in the construction of this odd looking BMX paradise nestled in the heart of Central Austin.

It gets extremely hot here in the summer, so working outdoors is something that should be compensated for with a good hourly wage, or some other awesome payoff of another kind. The obvious motivators for most people would be cash, power, fame, status, sex, drugs, and rock and roll, but for these guys it's just being able to get rad and catch serious air, and enjoying the warmth of knowing they are preserving these grounds for the serious use by serious BMXers. Building these jumps takes some arduous digging and some thoughtful planning. Every mound has a purpose and a meaning, or did at one time anyway. They have to position the jumps right, or the whole flow of things here would be screwed up. At times this place can be packed, but today there were only two guys with shovels, so we went down and checked out what they were up to.

As the hours passed, a bmx jump builder extraordinaire who calls himself "Moon" and his younger sidekick from out of town dug away at the mud. When the ground is wet, hardcore BMXers don't whine about the jumps being wet, they go down and dig away at the soft dirt and prepare for the next launching session. On this day they were busy building what looked like a Texas sized jump. They were constructing what would soon be a dirt quarter pipe, that they topped off with a large cement parking block to act as a bmx-style coping to bust off of at the very top. These guys should be commended for their tenacity and their sheer will to heap large piles of dirt into lumps for their little friends to ride their bicycles on. We talked to them for a while and gave them some issues of SFS. Suddenly Moon bursted out, "Don't ride in the mud please!" A few grommets flew by on their bikes leaving mini snake-like trenches in their wake. "See, these kids are going to screw up the jumps..." He shoveled away in disgust. Man these guys are serious as hell about BMX. Moon became very concerned for a moment about what we were going to write, and asked me if we were going to write something positive about the jumps. I assured him that we would. And hey, Moon, we really did try.

These jumps are a reminder of how cool Austin is. Let's hope they survive all of the development in that area. There aren't many cities with a full on BMX jump park just blocks away from the Capitol. Only in Texas, and these kids do bust some Texas sized air on these jumps as well. Some days, there are lines of BMXers waiting to propel themselves through the sky, hoping that they don't eat shit and break their face in front of all their friends. This place can bite you on the ass if you don't know what you're doing. Some of these guys make it look so fucking easy, but it's not. And it's pretty hairy when they don't land right. Between your legs, a bicycle can become a dangerous torture instrument when it and your body slam into the earth at the same time.

Maybe there have been a few minor injuries at the jumps, but it's all worth it in the end. The city should be commended for leaving them alone, whereas they often suck ass when it comes to kids having fun. Remember the helmet law? Yea, that's right, for some time, even full grown adults in this town were forced to strap on the old plastic bucket in 100 degree heat if they wanted to bike around town.

But why would one work so hard on such a project and obsession? I understand people can become fixated to the point of where recreation time becomes full-time work. I used to know guys who would skate for like eight hours everyday. These BMXers are no different. In addition to the many hours spent tearing up the city streets on their bikes, some time is always set aside to build up these large jumps for them to hurt themselves on. For that reason alone, this place rules. God bless the 9th St. Jumps.



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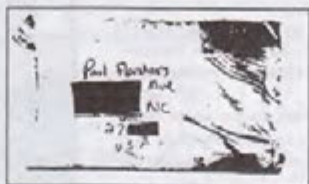


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SEED QUEST

by Gene Slacks



Days spent gazing at full-spread centerfolds burned up most of my senior semester in college. I would start to get that shaky feeling right after I finished my last class of the day, around 2:30 p.m. My palms developed a slight sheen of sweat, my face got flushed, and my eyes couldn't stay still in their sockets. My feet took over on the walk home. The trip was quick, about 5 minutes, traveling past worn college bars and through the stinky cloud that surrounded the coffee shop planted directly behind my dwelling. My feet would rush me to my brick duplex without any thought for the broken Icehouse and Budwieser bottles strewn across the snaky path leading to my backyard. I'd finally make it to the front door, fumble with my keys and creak the metal door open. After a few quick, shifty eyed glances around the neighborhood, I would be inside. The deadbolt would snick into place with a solid click. I'd quickly dump my books on the floor, glance nervously around one more time and bolt up the wooden stairs, three at a time. A short stab underneath my bed would produce a healthy stack of glossy mags, ready and willing for my close scrutiny. A blow of warm lung air would clear any interloping dust bunnies off the spectacular covers and I would indulge my sin, my illegal gandering. The first few pages were swiftly passed by. The meat of the issues lay in the center, like the sparkling, gleaming center of a geode. The centerfolds were always stunning: glistening with golden liquid, beckoning with curvaceous plentitude and filling my head with tasty dreams. I would indulge myself, fantasizing about what could be, and then, almost fully spent, close the dog-eared covers and sigh. Those fleeting moments in a crumbling brick duplex nestled behind a smelly coffeehouse began and fueled my obsession: to find and cultivate the world's best marijuana.

My initial search started with a friend mentioning that one of his friends who was going to dental school in Philadelphia had successfully obtained some high-quality seeds, and started a really nice, full garden in his row house. This prompted me to inquire as to when we could drive up and possibly score some clones or clippings to plant my own garden. By the time we motivated ourselves to make the long drive up to Philly, the formerly huge sea of green had been reduced to four plants. During the time we waited to make the

trip, the friend's apartment (which was rented) was being shown to future renters by the owner. He had to move most of the plants, and about 80 percent of them died. The remaining four - one tall, stately Jack Herer plant, glistening with trichomes and dense bud, and three smaller, purpler Mighty Mites, fat with resin - were beautiful but not available for cloning.

With my appetite whetted from seeing world-class marijuana growing up close and personal, I had to secure some seeds. As luck would have it, graduation season was upon us, and one of my friends was taking a trip to Amsterdam in the first part of summer. He was game to try and get good genetics for me, so I hit the Web. The Web is a wonderful place for criminals. Especially for crimes that aren't universal, like the cultivating and smoking of marijuana. Numerous seed shops in Amsterdam had Web sites - I chose the very professional and renowned Sensi Seeds (www.sensiseeds.com). The nice crisp pictures of the various plants - Jack Herer, Jack Flash, Mr. Nice Guy, G13, Big Bud, got me really excited. I printed out the address and operating hours, figured out the conversion rate for the seeds I wanted to purchase (Jack Herer and Big Bud), and devised a plan to get the seeds back to me.

Unfortunately, by the time I figured out all the logistics, the friend (who was sort of a secondary friend) was leaving the next day. (They don't call me Gene Slacks for nothing!) I scrambled to get the dough together, caught the friend as he was leaving for the airport, and crossed my fingers. The delivery system we decided upon in our haste was the mail. The mail works, but you have to follow a few simple rules. In my haste I fucked up. I told him to just mail 'em in a padded envelope. Not the brightest plan, but a plan. He got to Amsterdam, bought the seeds, went to London on a train and then mailed the special beauties from the airport! From the airport! Of all the places to mail marijuana seeds from, why the airport! They look at everything that goes on planes!

Oh well, needless to say, the seeds got confiscated. My dreams of world-class weed went down the tubes that muggy summer day I found my padded envelope in the mailbox. My heart leaped when I spied the brown package poking out of my mailbox. When I opened it, though, my heart crashed to the floor. Inside was a single sheet of paper from the U.S. Customs Department. It said items sent to me had been deemed illegal and if I wanted more information on the issue I could call a 1-800 number. Yeah, right. Anyway,





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This shipment contained item(s) that were determined to be an illegal importation. The U.S. Customs Service has the responsibility to intercept and seize illegal items when an attempt is made to bring them into the United States by any means. Accordingly, the item(s) were removed from the shipment and seized by the U.S. Customs Service. The remaining items in this shipment are not considered to be an importation contrary to U.S. Customs and/or related laws and are being forwarded on to you.

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I found out later, when my friend got back, that he could've kept the seeds on him the whole time - he never got searched.

Back to where I started. My mind whirled to find a way I could get quality seeds without expending a hefty chunk of dough on a plane flight to Amsterdam. Now, the guys up in Philly had gotten their seeds from Mark Emory in British Columbia. But, when I checked the Web site where you could order the seeds, police pressure from the U.S. had shut down Emory's American connection. A December perusal through a current High Times issue, though, drew my attention to a full-page ad for another Canadian seed company. The seeds were fairly cheap and the ad looked legit, so I sent my money in for 10 seeds of Russian Jack, a cross between White Russian and Jack Herer. I waited. And I waited. Finally, at the address I set up to receive the seeds, I hit pay dirt. An inconspicuous white envelope with a U.S. Customs label on it arrived. At first I was a little crestfallen when I saw the Customs seal, but a quick rip and a tear revealed ten nice little seeds safely protected in a glass tube surrounded by cardboard and piece of yellowed newspaper ripped from a local B.C. daily. I couldn't believe it. The seeds were actually in my hand, no black-faced storm troopers with bristling automatic weapons at the ready had busted through the door.

I had succeeded at purchasing seeds. It sounds kind of funny when you write it down - how can it be that a human can't legally purchase the seeds of plant that grows naturally on the Earth? Enough proselytizing, I had the seeds and nothing could stop me! Ha, ha, ha, ha...

As of this writing, the seeds are nestled deep under some nice, dark soil. They are just starting to break their shells and wiggle up toward artificial light, yearning to live and survive and bring joy to humans that just want to get high. Just get high. Is that really so wrong?



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The grind of the rubber to the roughest asphalt, to the searing heat, to your heart that beats with every curving turn of the road, that plies itself worn and torn along the white-lined fevers of your festering rest stops. She clunkty-clunks her last breath, wheezing for you to resuscitate her old valves n' pipes, your accidental car...



I remember back when there were these fine little roadside stops, where the panhandle back roads looked north, looking for the "Mother Road" west. You could stop and rest your butt on the soft laurels of the red Naugahyde fake leather seating, and sip a hot coffee, waiting for the ringing of the road to fall out of your head. That was back in the 60's when traveling was a thing to behold, a thing to nurture, like hopes and dreams of going to California, and making it big in the drug addled state of movie dreams, beach surfing babes, and creamy music. This was the fancy, where all you were were melodies jumping around looking for those juicy lyrics that would turn your wonderment into California gold; but first you had to travel the craggy roads through four states. There are many visions that you get when you're out there alone by yourself with your 1963 Chevy Impala without a bite on its cherry apple bomber exhausts, 450-8 cylinder overcams, 4 on the floor, hyped up hiker's jets, oversized wheels, and it says to you, "I need some water", right outside of Holbert, New Mexico. I looked deep down the black stripe of hot white black top that bleeds into the background of flat edged mesa, I could hear screams of birds or soft echoes of thunderboomers going off, because, after all, they were always testing planes for speed back then. But the main task at hand was the alarms, orange worn out red tinges of lighted pools, speaking in chumping "BLEEPS" flashing ignorantly across the panel. The little lights flashing and sounds muffled by the engine noise, gently sputtering till everything goes dead.

Then the steam comes rising out of the hood, holding back for your lift with kamikaze surprises. Oh, I carried enough water in jugs across the desert, just like my father. "You must keep that engine cool as you would yourself." He would often say. "The road is the deliberate incarnation of having oneself replicated." That is confusing. What were you saying again? "Like reptile scales, you must see yourself in the road, before the eye squints into itself, that you squeeze every drop of sweat that plays itself against your brow." He was always playing with the poetics, not much for words but for word-play I was often times in awe of him, just for the words or the wheels. After becoming a Texan, you become a story teller and you gain bragging rights. But my dad did not have to brag that he owned 16 cars that traveled the states and counted up enough wheel time to go to the moon and back for three Apollo missions.

But then there were times crossing the wide mother roads coming from Oregon, my birth place, to Texas, when the heat even got to him and his road. We had the flat. This was not a normal flat, this was considered the humdinger of all flats, the kind that launches your hubcaps 50 yards out across the desert floor. The kind of flat that rolls rubber over itself like Jabba the Hut's sluggish body, piles itself over and over onto itself, finally squishing its remaining original black ooze just in time to miss a sacred Jack-O-Lope's dance, and to touch down on their original. This flat swerved and sputtered in the asphalt-ground sand in the middle of New Mexico's' black top.

My dad drove into the impending curve, with the finesse of a Baja racer, missing cars and cacti. There we were, we three boys happily playing jump n'jive and roll over in the back of the 50's yellow Plymouth station wagon. You know the kind, with the real drop down tailgate and auto window pull down, no seat belts, and no air conditioning. Then the coward dust stops, and the wind pulls up a last breath to remind you that you are in the middle of nowhere. Just as the drips on the canvas water bags slip into their comfortable wait n' see, trying to keep your engine cool. The heat glazes you over, looking for stagnant air to chum up for the next few hours that we were left stranded in the outback of America. There were no "Triple A rescues" back then, but we did have family, and my mother made it into a tailgate party, "fifties style", while my older brother and dad pulled the spare out of the deep gulch of the station wagon's trunk. We ate sandwiches and looked for hubcaps.

This heat was the kind that reminded me of the heat I had once known on other highways. I had no tailgate thus no party. I was on the road for futile reasons. I was looking for my own America Pie. Also when you're on a schedule with the armed services, you must get the car into the state of that breeds cars, and breathes cars like the aqualung of highways. There is always a demand for time, for cars, energy, and the self-sustaining prophetic statements, "Why we must demand mobility". But California was a place you ought to be, so you loaded up the car and dreamt of Beverly. Timing and being were two different demands, while pulling the hood and ragging on the hard turn gates and hoses. The steam bellows out with water scalding your bare hands like man-of-war jelly fish stings. More guzzle per mile.

Next stop, Yuma. Its' amazing, the desert and wheels. Your tires like young feet, believe there is no stopping. Luckily the road never sleeps, it keeps going like energetic bunnies and saguaro cactus, reaching for the gods. There is some-

thing spiritual about the desert road, and the time that you spend on it. You never tire of the heat, or the wind in your hair. Or even the places that you stop for the bizarre road sign skulking at you for its own attention. People of the desert are lucky in that sense. Being able to get up in morning and do the sandy awakening, and a dreamy early morning drive by. Yuma comes out of the desert like night vista bombing raids on Baghdad city.

Neon lights have their own effect on the rugged crusty scape, as you turn your high beams up and down, doing the midnight run and dancing with oncoming drivers. You know this is the settling place for your heart, and the days burn off.

I woke at sunrise outside the motor lodge to go on a walk, to climb a wind worn sandy loam

the street meet, they meld like a hot tuna sandwich. You can't tell where the road is going to pass into some beautiful, bountiful strawberry ranch, or avocado plane. Your eyes wandering side to side at an ever faster rate, to catch some luscious picture of a favorite food group, "what will be next?"

Then slowly the dales become the golden hills and the grasslands, where the Golden coast gets its name. It calls to you, as a thousand windmills turn at high pitch, lopping off the words to the sea, grabbing for the last breath of energy, for future unknown generations. You answer quite slowly and then the frame of the movie that you were watching in your personal projection system, starts to smell. "What is it?" The gentle green story that was once alive with plains and plains

age of dreams. Ever the most, wanting to continue to glide with the best and never to let down, or get out of the car that brought you here and will take you out of here.

Car door slams are never heard in the quite suburbs of this city, because people are kind to their cars here. They build them great garages, they house them, wash them free of their salty smoggy brine, and care for them even after death. No, you are here in the city, the city that motor city Detroit built for you and your wheels. Like the wheels that turn in your mind, they also turn for your pedal, to keep pace and to get into place for a final settlement and reassurance.

You keep on turning and burning up new highways. The swish of the fiery blurs of speeding cars that whoosh by you ever so faster and



by mound, standing slopes of adobe hills with faces punched out, eyes beckoning you to the birds, who scratched the holes and homes there. The facades pulling side to side and back again, smiling at you and yawning, wishing you a safe journey, or just laughing at you, knowing you've been lucky to get this far. I took a dip in the heated pool, rested my trusty anvil foot, to insure a perfect 85, although the Impala was capable of a stated 120mph. Sleep was not to be trusted while driving alone in this worn torn touring vehicle. These were the days when you were young enough to have the eight hour-crossing landship, that got you to the "Easy Rider" discoveries and destinations.

No pull overs and no temptations for the slots and the hots of the strip at Las Vegas. There was no time and no dinero, for this time across. But just as you got somewhere you wanted to be and you were near the end of a journey, there was the inevitable wheel stopper, the highway patrol. This, as you have just spent 400 hundred dollars putting a set of new tires on an old car. They had your tire taxes, now they want to tax your mind. "Your going 15 over the limit sir." I had realized that all along, just trying to keep the engine cool, and my forehead from burning like the hood. "Okay," here is a warning, the California Highway patrolmen are the fastest, toughest, and kinder to older cars, with new tires and out of the current era plates.

There is a stark realization once you pass through the jugular of highways and waterways, into the vast growing networks of mass plants and canal systems which is California. The desert suddenly stops and the world of nothingness becomes "The Go Crop". The once flat plains of just highways, dotted with cactus and roughness and beaming white-red sand, now comes into itself, a plantation in Eve's jungle. The green and

of growing crops, now becomes brown with the golden brown, and the rushing highway is splitting into fours and sixes and eights.

Confusion overcomes you, as you see the highway grow from small, mile markers, to large green exit signs and "turn in here" lights, flashing their signs, and more cars and rushing and going -going as the green blush is now trapped by pampas grass as high as tunnel grates on a tanker ship. The magnolias blow at high speed, as more and more cars rush to nowhere and get there even faster. A passion for skilled driving comes into play as you pass the "Palm Springs" exit.

You're now in California, the home of the existentialist gestalt lan driving system. Where pure, unadulterated status of car and wheel becomes your mind and your drive. To avoid becoming shark spittle, or the exhaust of O.J.'s long drive time. You better learn to deal with it, cause this is the place where they shoot you for not becoming a better driver by nightfall. Remember, if you live in the valley, you're 2 hours from the studios and beaches, and no one is late for either, so a driver you must become. As the brown smog hits your nose and your eyes are overcome by the tears and fears of the city of L.A., you either are, or you very quickly become one with your wheels, and a vis-

faster, coming closer and closer, sucking you to the rivers edge of metal crunching time. It serves you notice, that there is only so much wind between the sharp chrome lights and the sunglasses, as another drip of a salty tear hits the pavement where your car has broken down by the side of the road.



Chains That Drive Society:

Are You Cool with Baby Hawg?

So long Easy Rider. Though he was shot by a pick'em-up truck somewhere in Louisiana, his spirit lived on in the hearts of true freedom riders. The yokel fucks struck him down, and like Obi wan Kanobi, Peter Fonda become stronger than rednecks could ever imagine. But now there is a new phantom menace, one a lot greater than inbreds dueling with banjos while checking out your mouth. Suburbia.

The juggernaut of mediocrity has lumbered into the motorcycle industry, with the help of Baby Boomers, again trying to pretend they are not the silver foxes they viewed their parents as. This most evil of generations is dealing with its ongoing Peter Pan complex by purchasing Harley after Harley. Only ten years ago, Harley-Davidson was about to go under, but under the flag of mass compulsive buying, the company was saved by a very unlikely source, the yuppie.

This is not the first time the Mongolian-hordes of cultural eradication have spilled forth from the plains of suburbia. In the wake of their need to assimilate other genuine subcultures to fill the void they feel as they drive past strip malls and empty, unoriginal track housing, others have fallen.

Punk rock has been poorly ported over to the suburban console game version. The kids adopted bits and pieces of the poor working class lifestyle that they found appealing, and not the aspects they saw as below them, like being working class and poor. Kind of like tribal tattooing in the 90s.

Add to this list: living in cool-ass industrial flats (the yuppies moved in and the prices went out the roof), any decent art scene, camping (our National Parks are a wreck thanks to their fucking "vintage" Air Streams), and even country music. The last one I can live with, save for the line dancing.

The suburbification of biker culture looked to be laid out before the Slug like the Penthouse girls we have over at the office sometimes, when the Austin 1999 Biker Rally arrived in town. Everywhere there was a Harley, biker mamas a-go-go, and biker gangs! This is slug life at its best. Or at least I thought so, until the field reports started filtering back.

Slug operatives and allies around town came in with wild tales of bikers staying in the expensive floors of the Four Seasons, valet parking for Harleys at Louis's 106, one of the few 5 stars restaurant this little berg has to offer, and even an unverified report of a flyer for a biker wine tasting in the Hill Country that weekend. I was crushed until a ran into guy about my age wearing the garb, and talking like a man straight out of Hunter S. Thompson's Hell's Angels. He set the record straight.

The reason I hadn't see most of the real bikers was that they were all camped outside of town, and planned on coming in that night. During the day they were all at a festival of sorts, complete with field events. One event was to see how far you could push an empty keg across the pavement with the front tire of your bike. Another great one involved setting golf balls on beer bottles and trying to kick the golf ball off without tipping over the beer bottle. Of course they are all high, drunk, and screaming like banshees. The best one though, was the hot dog contest. In this one, they tied hot dogs to strings and then nailed the strings to a piece of plywood. With the dogs hanging the contestant drives under the wood and his old lady leans up and eats the hot dogs. The phallic images abound, these people are true rock stars.

It's night and day, comparing these guys to the yuppies that were having dinner at the Oasis (a rather expensive and cheese ball restaurant out on the lake). Like water off a ducks back, so is the yuppie influence on true biker culture. Most of the true bikers view it as sort of comedy relief, and nothing more



by Ian Scot

than safe pre-packaged rebellion of the likes that is sold to their kids on MTV.

So what is the word on the street among the hard-core, gang-vest wearing, freedom riders? The slugs went forth and found these answers that fateful night. The night from here on known as the "the Night the Bikers Came to Town."

Biker #1

We knew we were in for a treat when the first biker we spoke to broke it out that his Harley means more to him than his old lady. He was part of a bona fide biker gang, "The Del Rio Gypsies", complete with old school 70's style yellow vest gang jackets. I asked him about Columbine and he analyzed the situation for the slug. He basically laid society out in a very biker-esque discourse about how people need to feel like part of group how these groups must be in conflict for high school culture to survive. "You got your sportsmen, you got your intellectuals and got your druggies and you got your guys who are being shit on. I know because I was one." He also was hip in the tattoo department, with a sword going through a piece sign on his shoulder, of which he said, "It means if you want peace, I'm all for it. If you want war I'll stick a sword up your ass." The interview ended with the leader of the pack, Baby Hawg telling Rachel if she saw any one wearing his brand of gang jacket to just tell them she was 'cool with Baby Hawg' and they'd be nice to her. I think we bonded as a group, but they left because their gang was riding out of town for the night.



Biker #2

Later in the evening, I was caught off-guard by how fucking SHINY this guy's Harley was. I asked him how it got here so clean. He said he actually brought it up on a trailer and had the valets at the Four Seasons spruce it up for tonight. He planned on going to a Harley Wine tasting tomorrow in the Hill Country somewhere. Next to him was his wife who also looked never ridden. I asked him why he did it, he replied simply, "Freedom." This oddly enough was Biker #1's response. But this guy was obviously upper middle class, what does he need freedom from? "Those everything things." I guess paying Manuel Labor to cut the lawn and nanny to raise his kids forced him into hitting the highway on Harley. Make that a Harley in tow. No tattoos, one Rolex though.



Biker #3

Nearing the end of the evening, I noticed one guy who had never talked to anyone, nor had gotten off his bike the entire evening. I found out that he's from Alabama and is in just for the weekend. I asked him about gun control and his reply, "The more guns the better." What did he think of the kids at Columbine? "Sick Puppies." I knew the time and person were right for my real quest, I asked what his Harley meant to him. He stared at me like I was far away in a land. "It's my life man," he managed to finally spew out. "It is my release, my old lady, my reason for living." He sports his Harley habit by driving the big rigs, yet he he's not the hick you'd think him to be. A more of Easy Rider type is for sure. He liked Brando solely based on the Butter Scene. The tattoos of a eagle, a crowd favorite, and Harley Davidson won him top honors in our Tattoo category. Overall, he was the wild rebel rider we most associate with our happy Hollywood biker memories. He was best summed up by his jacket, which on the back read: "If you can read this, than the bitch must have fell off."



Legend



Chose
Marlon
Brando



Chose
The
Fonz



Has
Tattooes

BIZARR BOOKMARKS

BY LISA KNORRA

the product is your

Ok. So JB tells me this issue is gonna be about the wheel. Cool. There should be tons of web sites on something as general sounding as that...right? Well after days of weeding through tire company and bike shop sites, I began to uncover some really groovy shit! I need to top my list with a site that has me counting my pennies for what can entertain a revolutionary crazy as much as a revolutionary craze? Toted as: "The most revolutionary craze since the wheel!" allow me to introduce the Zorb.



<http://www.zorb.com/>

For anyone who has seen Jackie Chan in "Amour of God 2, Operation Condor," you'll remember the opening scene where he pops into a big clear dirigible lookin ball and bounce/runs down a cliffside. That, my friends, is a Zorb.

This site gives you an overview of what a Zorb is, the history of the zorb, and lists of places you can go to do some killer zorbing.

All I know is, I want one!!!! I want to be the girl in the bubble!!

<http://www.the-wheel.com/wheelmain.htm>

THE WHEEL: The Journey Begins Here



THE WHEEL is a unique complex of specialized "mini-sites", and pages. Each specialized section is focused on a specific area of life. Kinda spiritual fluff- if you go for that kinda thing.

<http://www.sflandmark.com/cm/wwwheel/index.html>

The Critical Mass Worldwide Web Wheel

The revolution will not be motorized. An entire web ring for sites protesting against cars.

<http://www.webcorp.com/cgi-bin/wheel-o-congress>

Webcorp's Wheel o'Congress

This is just a one page quicky- but hell it gives you the link to Newt Gingrich's email address. Even if you don't believe in spam, perhaps you'll make an exception in this case.



Here's one for all the children of the 70's- it's an homage to all the toys of that wacky era introduced by the ever coveted Big Wheel.



<http://www.en.com/users/roach/teambigwheel.html>

There are links to such toys as the Star Wars Action figures (doh-I had the whole set!), Evel Knievel Stunt Cycle (used to terrorize my dadshound with one of these), all manner of Hot Wheels, Micronauts, Wacky Packages...the list goes on.

<http://www.witch-esweb.com/weeloyr.html>

The Witches' Wheel of the Year

Informative for all you cowens (non-pagans) out there. This site, actually it's just a section of the much larger www.witchesweb.com, gives an overview of the Eight festivals of the year. For more information you may wish to check out www.witchvox.com- the BEST source for all Witch related stuff.



<http://homepage.interaccess.com/~galahad/wheel/beginend.htm>

"The Wheel" is a site that is an attempt to create a sacred cyberspace. It is based on Native American beliefs and practices- though which particular tribe is unclear. Though "On January 7, 1997 the files which make up the wheel were blessed in a Winkta Pipe Ceremony held at the Healing Circle, in Chicago, then upload to the Net. This ceremony makes the sacredness of this space official." Dude...please pass the cyber peace pipe.

Do you just drink beer... or do you experience it?



<http://www.windword.com/beerwheel/index.html>

The beer flavor wheel. Enhance your hop appreciation.



Occasionally I get the itch to leave my dirty hiking boots behind and strap on the ol' mountain bike. Camping from the saddle of a mountain bike offers many different challenges not encountered while plodding along with just your feet and back - supporting and transporting you. On a mountain bike (one preferably with front shocks) you move much faster, are prone to more injuries, and have to readjust your center of balance. Along with the normal hiking supplies (food, shelter, clothes) you'll probably need some panniers (side racks) to carry bulky items on the back of your bike, and a smaller backpack to help distribute your supplies - it's much more exhilarating to race down a rocky mountain path with a fully loaded bike threatening to make your face

meet the hard, hard ground. Helmets are optional, I've never worn one except for difficult, high-speed descents. I probably should wear one more regularly, but I luckily, haven't had the need. (A friend of mine who swears by helmet use recently wrecked going slowly uphill on slick terrain - his helmet didn't protect him from the big rock that clowned him in middle of his back.) OK, so you're off to mountain bike the steepest hills in your area. First thing, be sure to only ride on trails allowed for bike use - or, at least don't get caught on one that's not. Militant hikers and angry rangers do not smile kindly upon biking interlopers. Next, choose your trails and terrain well for your skill level.



Don't get too far in over your head. That broken leg and mouthful of loose teeth don't help the ride back down 5,000 vertical feet of gnarled roots and slippery, slimy logs.

Speaking of getting too far over your head, my second-to-last mountain biking trip featured a large amount of getting-in-over-your-headiness.

It was one of my earlier mountain bike excursions, and Yo and I decided to tackle the Pisgah National Forest region of Western North Carolina. Leaving the flat Piedmont area of central N.C. behind, Yo and I packed all the essentials, including bike repair tools, extra inner tubes, and a fat sack o' weed. Now this weed was generally considered a great friend-maker among our pot smoking pals. It



Outdoor Survival Tips V

by gene slacks



was dark green with hundreds of vermilion hairs weaving in and out of a cornucopia of crystals. One small bowl and a couple of people would be zooted out of their gourds. You know the scene (or maybe you don't): hopeful eyes glancing nervously at you while you pack the bud into the bowl, followed by fits of coughing and hacking after a spark is produced and touched to the material, quickly followed by vacant stares framed by wide grins, punctuated with a single strand of drool. Instant friendifier. We packed a nice healthy sack and headed off to the woods.

We made it in decent time, checked our map and started pedaling. At first, the path was an old fire road, just right for an easy, meandering ascent to the top of a bald hill. The last few miles, however, turned into a mad, rock-hopping scramble to the top. A few skinned knees and scrapped knuckles later, we made it to the first campsite.

Unbeknownst to us, it was to become the only campsite. After we busted out of a thick rhododendron thicket, and slowly pedaled down a service road, we came upon the Blue Ridge Parkway. The campsite we had chosen for our first night was located right off the scenic road. At the time, it seemed mildly acceptable, since our next two campsites were located deep within the forest and away from sight-seers. Yo and I rubbed sore thighs out and pitched the tent and cooked some grub and hit the sack (both

sacks, actually, the weed and the bed). Little did we know that all hell was going to break lose at 5:45 a.m.

The bikers rolled into the campsite real early. By bikers I mean rough, leathery, road-stained, bearded, Harley-Davidson (of course) riding freaks. I said rolled, but I really mean roared. These

bikers rode stripped, customized, and chopped motorcycles. Not a Japanese bike to be seen and not a factory-equipped Harley around. The ruckus woke us up instantly. Yo bolted up with a shout after a particularly loud blat from a straight pipe erupted just outside the tent wall. I was up already, huddled in my sleeping bag, stiff with momentary fright.

"What the fuck is going on, dude!" Yo exclaimed mightily.

"I think we're being invaded by metal monsters from Mars," I weakly retorted, through the haze of early morning eye crusts.

Then, all of a sudden, the bikes screamed into a deafening crescendo and abruptly

quit. Deep mutterings from undoubtedly stout men with planet-sized beer bellies replaced the loud engine rumblings in the dewy air. Snatches of conversations drifted into our eager, yet wary ears.

"Wot you want fer breakfast, Slim... fucking bicyclers... park yer hog here... wot the fuck... g'me a brew, faggot... wake those pussies in that damn purple tent up, Crutch!" The last remark cut through all mutter and made my ears literally stand up (or the hairs on my ears, at least). The tent shook violently and a gruff rasp said, "Get outta tha tent, you mountain bikin' faggots!" Yo and I glanced into each other's darting eyes and gulped. We quickly kicked our sleeping bags off, slipped into some clothes, and cautiously unzipped the flimsy tent door. We were greeted by a greasy, bearded scowl from a skinny gentleman clothed in dirty denim covered in patches and worn leather covered in holes. "Don't ya'll know that this here campground is the official meeting place for the Western N.C. chapter of Hogs in Hell?"

"Ummm, no sir, we weren't aware of that fact," sputtered Yo in his best talking-to-a-cop

voice.

"Damn boy," the burly biker spat, "You don't haffa call me sir! I hated when my daddy made me talk that way, with all them formalities and such."

"OK," Yo managed.

We slowly stumbled out of the tent, taken a little off guard by the biker's semi-friendly response, and stood blinkingly in the dawn's light, surrounded by about 30 bikers, their bitches and their gleaming bikes. The biker who roused us out of the tent, Clutch I presumed, slapped us each on the back and just giggled. The small crowd parted and a short, totally hairless man in all blue leather with no patches, save for the large "Hogs in Hell" patch on the back of his jacket, stepped forward.

"You guys some of those health nuts who don't smoke, drink, or whore around?" he asked. "I see you're riding those fancy schmancky mountainous bikes that cost about a grand each, eh?"

I replied in as steady a voice as I could muster, "Yeah... I mean no, we aren't health nuts, we just like to enjoy the woods, you know. Usually we hike but this time we decided to try some mountain biking while we camp and, you know, we just decided to come up here..." I trailed off upon noticing the blue man's booted (blue-booted, I might add) foot tapping away faster and faster.

"All right, you pussies, you say you aren't stuck up, then what kind of drugs you got in that faggot tent of yours?"

"Marijuana?" I ventured.

"Maryewanuh, huh? Well it just so happens that we are just plumb out of weed. I was just commenting to Big Bill last night while we was refueling at the truck stop outside of Asheville, that he'd better find some



righteous weed for this little shindig. He just shrugged his shoulders like he always does, and grunted. It's good we found you guys then, if you're up to partying with the Hogs, that is. I really hope so, you know the last guys who refused to party with us ended up naked, real sore and trembling on the floor of a Wendy's bathroom. Or was that the couple that decided to party with us? Hell, I don't know. Well, what's it gonna be?" the small leader shouted.

Yo looked at me and shrugged. "Sure thing... what was your name?" I stuttered.

"Just Blue. Blue," he said.

"Ummm, yeah, I think we can dole out some of our weed and party with you guys," I responded.

"Alllll right then! But there won't be any "doling" out of any drugs. It all goes in Big Bill's saddlebags here and we don't quit until the shit is empty. You still up for it?" Blue queried.

"Hell, yeah!" shouted Yo. He had always been the more adventurous drug user.

"It's about nine o'clock now. We've got a whole day to get really fucked up! Gentlemen, start your engines!" Blue bellowed. Three or four bikes sputtered to life. "No, no, no!" screamed Blue. "Not yer damn motorcycle engines, yer drug consuming engines!" A few sheepish grins later and Big Bill's saddlebags were produced. They were big. So was Bill.

"OK, bikers," Bill said sarcastically, "throw the grass in here... wait, lemme check it out." Bill unrolled the chunky sack and looked at it with a jeweler's appraising eye. "Looks mighty nice, Blue," he chuckled, "should go well with our stash."

Yo and I peered into the open saddlebags and our mouths dropped open. I hadn't thought Blue was lying, but it looked like they had large amounts of every drug I had known or heard about, except no weed. Our heads slowly turned and our eyes locked again. A huge, shit-eating grin was plastered across Yo's face. I could only guess that mine looked suspiciously the same. The day? night? was long and forgotten quickly. Vague snippets of memories hit us both, the next morning when we woke up - screaming down a dark and twisting road with a skanky ho on the back of a purple chopper, flames from a huge bonfire licking tree branches and spreading down the trunk, Yo with his face covered in white powder laughing hysterically, beer and liquor spurting uncontrollably from the hairy mouth of a 400-pound wild man. Yo woke up in the fire pit, naked from the waist up and black as tar with soot, and I woke up under a picnic table with ants and flies fighting to get a taste of the sticky liquid that covered my hands and feet. I was thankfully clothed, although not in my clothes. My tent was gone, the mountain bikes were there.

Y

Salt for Slugs

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Mike Frazier, Indy Air, Warped Tour, San Antonio, Texas 1999

Salt for Slugs



S W E E P T H E

S W E E P T H E L E G J O H N N Y
T O M O R R O W W E W I L L R U N F A S T E R



STABLER HSU

THE TONGUE ON THE REED

An interview with SWEEP THE LEG JOHNNY
BY STABLER HSU

SWEEP is the culmination of a slew of varied ideas about music, and a few latent punk rock tendencies toward pleasuring audiences with loud and aggressive live performances. The band's singer and saxophonist, uses the same mic for both, and does so by crouching down to belt out the lyrics in between wailing on the sax in an unorthodox manner. This all makes for an interesting live show and a great rush for anyone who appreciates loud, heavy, and energetic music. Sometimes drifting into a mathrock frantic trance, the band maintains a high level of intensity while blasting through their set. This may contribute to the fact that they have mostly a male audience, something the band has accepted. "We don't want to frighten girls away, but it is mostly guys out there." When asked to describe their sound, they basically summed it up simply as, "Intense and technical with a horn."

After several years and numerous road shows, the band has now reached another level. The newest addition to Sweep the Leg Johnny is bassist John Brady who came in last year to replace former bassist Matt Alicea. Says John of the band, "We all come from totally different sides." He goes on to state his influences as, "experimental, noise, goth, and a lot of older classical stuff." This is in sharp contrast to the other member of the Sweep string section, Guitarist Chris Daly, who had always been into classic rock. To add to the mix, singer/sax player Steve Sostak

grew up listening to Eric B. & Rakim. It wasn't until he was in college that he began listening to what he calls, "college radio stuff". Steve laughs when asked about his influences, "Living Colour was actually my first step into listening to anything else." Then, I started to listen to different stuff like Unwound." This collection of personal tastes transforms itself into a frantically calculated tight rock band, meshing together quite nicely with the Stewart Copeland influenced drumming of Scott Anna.

When good friend, fine cook, and notorious Slug bodyguard & party doorman in training, Asher, informed us of a late night encounter with the boys from Sweep where they engaged in several heated matches of four square with locals, we knew we had to hook up with them the next time they came through town. Apparently, Sweep had rocked East Texas so hard that Boomer Estason felt it in Long Island! It is a definite fact, and proven not only by the excellent show they put on in Austin, but also by the presence of the Nature Boy Ric Flair action figure mounted to the dashboard of their tour van, MARGE. (featured in Band Wheels) Although they said that it's kind of taboo for musicians to be jocks, Chris and Steve admitted that they play in a rock and roll baseball league up in Chicago. It's fast-pitch hardball. They actually just joined a real league team this summer. Sweep is on tour nine weeks, and then two weeks after they get back they will have their first game. Steve pitches and plays shortstop and Chris plays catcher.

We gathered on a mild Thursday afternoon, after the band finished doing a radio interview on local FM station KO-OP 91.7. A



STABLER HSU

Singer/saxophonist Steve Sostak
with William Zabka action figure.

LEG JOHNNY



John Brady

CHRIS MANGUAGNAY

Large bottle of cheap merlot was uncorked, and the questions went like this:

Salt for Slugs: Did you guys grow up in Chicago?

Steve: Scott and I grew up in and outside of Chicago. We're actually from all over. John's from San Diego. Chris is from Portland. Chris and I met in college at Notre Dame. I knew Scott from when I was 13 and he was 15, we went to camp together and just stayed in touch after that. When Chris and I moved back from Notre Dame, we wanted to start playing music and eventually we got Scott. Then after touring for three years with another bass player we got John. He literally moved in to the building next to us, and we knew him from his other bands.

SFS: Are you guys influenced by any Chicago bands?

Chris: I don't know if we're influenced. A lot of our friends are in Chicago bands, and we always go see them.

Steve: The Chicago sound is a general influence to a lot of rock bands in Chicago. It's got that blue collar, technical, kind of, I don't want to necessarily say "math" sound, but it's a lot more like precision rock. The obvious examples would be Albini's bands, and stuff like that.

SFS: How long have you been playing the sax?

Steve: I've played since the fourth grade, did the band and orchestra, but I never played any jazz, which is good for us because I think the way we use the sax, it's very complimentary. It definitely has the melody at times, but it's also very second guitar-esque. I really respect the jazz, it's amazing. It's just something I haven't gotten into yet.

SFS: How long have you guys been playing together?

Steve: Three years ago was when it all came to fruition. Chris and I had Sweep the Leg Johnny as the name about six months before Scott joined. Three months after that we went on a nine-week tour. We didn't have near as many shows as we do on this tour, but it was hard.

SFS: You got the name from the Karate Kid?

Chris: Yea, we actually found William Zabka, who is Johnny from the Karate Kid, he lives in Beverly Hills and we got his address and we sent him our promo picture, a CD, and an invitation to our two shows in LA. Hopefully he'll come out.

Steve: Yea, we want our next press photos to have him.

SFS: That's the Equalizer's son.

Steve: He plays so many villains.

SFS: Yea, that's like his only good-boy role.

Steve: Well there's Back to School, where he plays Chaz...

SFS: So you guys are big fans?

Steve: Chris used to work in a video store, and growing up, I'd stay up until three in the morning watching real bad HBO and eighties movies. We're convinced the name is our big downfall though. (jokingly) But we do promote Karate and violence.



DEREK HAHN



DEREK HAHN

SFS: I hear that you're really good four square players.

Steve: (to rest of band) He knows us from Tyler.

SFS: You guys played 'til early the next morning.

Scott: Oh yea, that was awesome. On one of the first tours, in random parking lots...

Chris: Actually, the next time we came through there, we couldn't stay. We had to drive through that night and they got all pissed off at us because we couldn't play four square with them. They had the duct tape ready and even knew the parking lot they wanted to go to.

Steve: That was the first time we ever went to the West coast and it was terrible. We had a really bad tour and we



DEREK HAHN

really early and we didn't want to be the first people in this club. I won't mention it's name, but it's a shitty club. We were with our friend Marvelous and he's a real smooth guy. We went over to Union Station and it's two large areas separated by a garden and there was this big party going on in the garden. So we just strolled in, looking all road weary. We all smelled and were wearing cut-off shorts and t-shirts while everybody else was in ball gowns and suits. We just walked up to the bar and quickly realized that no one was paying for drinks, so we started drinking gin and tonics and went over to the buffet and loaded up on two or three plates of food a piece. We sat there for a couple of hours just eating and getting drunk. Then we found out it was a Ted Turner convention. No one said anything.

Steve: They were like, 'more power to ya'.

Chris: This guy was like, 'Are you enjoying your drink?', and I was like, 'Yea.'

SFS: How have you guys developed since your early recordings?
John: More rock.



CHRIS MANGULABMAN

Chris Daly

Chris: It's been getting louder and more aggressive because when we first started playing, we went into each song tentatively and didn't know what we could do. Now we've been playing together for a while and John adds even more to that now. He comes in and gives it more of a rock edge instead of a bouncy feel.

Steve: I think also being on the road so much and seeing a lot of different bands has affected us. We've done about 300 road shows. There is a growth when you see other bands that you respect, and you're able to pick certain influences from them.

John: The music has gotten a lot more layered compared to before. There's a lot more going on.

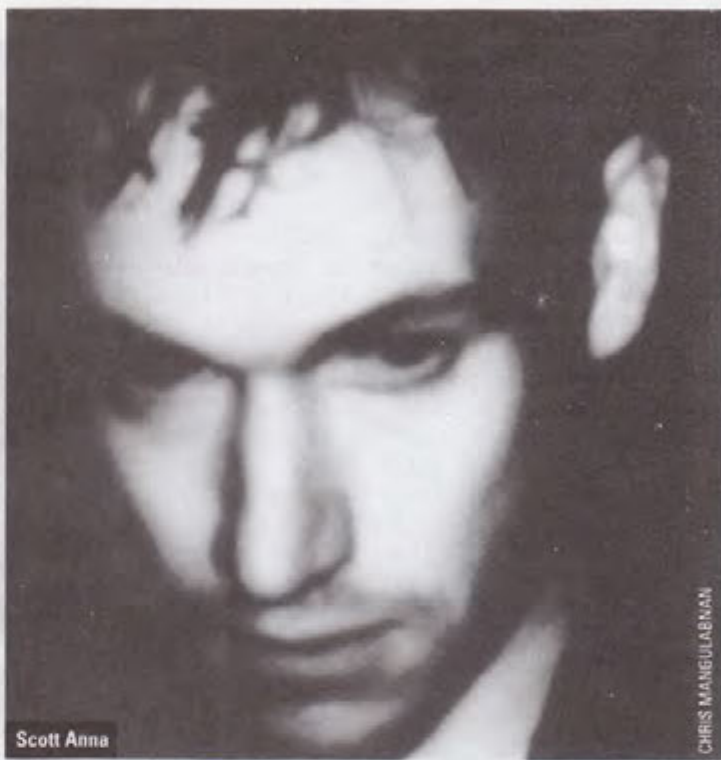
SFS: Your latest CD on Southern Records, *Tomorrow We Will Run Faster*, came out great. What was it like making that?

Steve: We're really psyched about the new record. I think it captures as close to what we've ever done live on recording, but I think we like to play live more than being in the studio. Last night was a good indication of what it can turn into. (The previous night, Sweep put on an amazing show, closing a packed Wednesday night SXSW Southern Records Showcase at Emo's.)

SFS: How much time did you guys spend in the studio on that record?

Chris: About a week. Six days.

John: Yea, from like 11 am until two in the morning everyday.



Scott Anna

CHRIS MANGULABANAN

SFS: What do you have planned for this year besides this tour?

Steve: Another tour.

Chris: Hopefully, we want to go to Europe for sure. Southern helps out a lot because they have an office in London. We did a split with this band in Japan, The Coppers, so we want to go to Japan as well. Maybe in the fall or the winter time.

Steve: We're going to some shows with this band called Cole from North Carolina. And we're going to Canada for the first time and we're playing with this band Do Make Say Think that's on a small label called Constellation.

SFS: Well, is there anything you guys want to say before we end the interview?

Chris: Yea, if anyone out there videotapes us or takes pictures, please send us a copy so we can put it on our website that we have linked through the Southern Records site.

Steve: Also, just come and see us play. We tour all of the time. We'll be in your town. It's just hard these days because there is so much shit you have to get through to find something that excites you.

SFS: Thanks for the interview.



DEREK HAHN

When asked to defend my tastes for obscure music and film by defenders of the mainstream, I answer that with all the open windows in cars travelling between Houston and Austin, Austin and San Antonio, etc., even cows grazing on the side of the road know what top forty radio music sounds like. If cattle can get it, I don't want it. I want to get as far away from it as possible. As for movies, I step outside and look at a billboard and I know all I need to know about popular cinematic practices. In my opinion, people should pursue their entertainment rather than the other way around. I don't need business types hand-feeding me, telling me what tastes good. It's a mathematical improbability that video directors who became commercial directors who became feature film directors have something to say to me that I want to hear. I mean, sure, I can understand the need for neatly packaged entertainment rather than serious insight in this society. No one really has the time to keep up with the latest arthouse directors. Most people are ignorant of film technique, and a very select few can step outside the 9 to 5 routine long enough to take a long hard look at themselves in the sociological mirror that is the silver screen.

And on top of it all, if you've ever heard yourself engaged in a conversation about "neo-realist cinema", or the "nouvelle vogue" or "postmodernism", then you know how uncomfortable it is to listen to yourself taking film seriously. But for the sake of humanity, you must keep trying. Though your brain will never delete the Quentin Tarantinos, Tom Cruises, Ricky Martins, and next flavor-of-the-months from its memory banks, which is regrettable. There is more than enough room in there for new names. Your journey into new cinematic terrain will undoubtedly supply these



names, so let go of the superstition that the more you put in, the more will fall out. Once you've mastered bathing, eating, grooming, and the other essentials, they're with you for life.

However, to allay your fears, in this issue we'll start off slowly, just to be on the safe side. I'm going to introduce you now to two new directors. But don't panic. The beauty is, you already know their names: Honda and Suzuki. Just move those names from the one part of your brain to the other and you'll do fine.

2 BY
HONDA,
2 BY
SUZUKI

by boaz dor

You not only know Inoshiro Honda's name, you are also already aware of one of his creations, without being aware that you are aware of it. Honda is the man responsible for the original Godzilla. And here's a bit of trivia: that film was actually called Gojira, and it's spawned more sequels than any other film-24. You've already picked up some shit to lay down at the next kegger.

Full speed ahead. The first [Inoshiro] Honda film I'm going to review is *H-man*. It opens with an image of the nuclear mushroom cloud, a recurring theme in

Honda's work being radiation poisoning from nuclear blasts. That's because the nuclear event, while we're O.K. with it over here, still causes the Japanese some residual trauma. Go figure. Other recurring themes in his work are Japanese women singing cheesy songs in English and eerie ghost ships found by simpleton fishermen. Not to mention grown men in rubber suits pretending they're enormous monsters destroying cities. *H-man* is surprisingly subtle, therefore, in its non-use of rubberized giants.

In fact, this one reads like a gangster flick:

Detectives track a reputed drug smuggler, one who keeps evading them. Witnesses swear that he and others have been dissolving before their very eyes, leaving only clothes lying in the rain. The cops, too shrewd to believe witnesses, cling to the belief that the felon still possesses his original solid form, rationalizing that the abandoned clothes indicate simply that he prefers to evade them au naturel. There's a lot of good copping/bad copping thrown at the suspect's girlfriend, and she erupts into a stirring rendition of the classic ballad, "The Muted Violin", struggling to lip sync along with the ridiculous lyrics.

Hounded by a scientist so sure there's something radioactive going on that he irradiates and then melts a frog before their very amused eyes, the cops begin to come around to the theory that gelatinous radio-men living in the sewers are melting people. Funny what a melted frog'll do. Which, oddly enough, is the tune sung in the next Honda flick, *War of the Gargantuas*. Not really; the tune is actually the beloved, "Words Get Stuck in My Throat", which unfortunately doesn't. In fact, the words all come out as the Gargantua waits for the pretty American girl to finish the ballad, before tossing her off the roof. If anything this is evidence of his supreme cruelty. There are actually two of these enormous Yeti-like creatures, and a great deal of the film is spent in confusion over the enormous creature's identity. It doesn't help that these creatures are constantly referred to as "Frankensteins", God knows why. I mean, we've all come to the point in our lives when we understand that Frankenstein was the Doctor. And god help you if you sit down to watch this film with neither a healthy dose of patience nor monster movie love. This movie opens with the *Furankenshutain* (this is actually one of the films alternate



titles) saving a fisherman stranded at sea from the clutches of a giant, obviously irradiated squid, and then eating him. Obviously the Japanese have some giant squid issues too, that we weren't aware of. And from this gloriously confusing moment, it somehow only spirals downwards where logic is concerned. But these, in my opinions, are all good points.

You'll never experience anything like *War of the Gargantuas*. The same thing applies to our second director, Seijun Suzuki. A cinematic giant of a completely different variety, Suzuki's stylistic approach is unprecedented. It would take crossing the visual confidence of Russ Meyer and Orson Welles with the narrative ingenuity of Samuel Fuller and Fritz Lang to begin to give you an idea of what's going on in his films. And still it doesn't work. Witness **Youth of the Beast**, a film which at its core is a reworking of Dashiell Hammett's *Red Harvest*, the oft-adapted tale of a drifter arriving in a town where two gangs are engaged in a struggle for power. The drifter, being more merciless than the rest, plays both sides against the other. Kurosawa's *Yojimbo* and Leone's *For A Fistfull of Dollars* were both good movies. Suzuki's is my favorite, however, because in preserving the book's urban setting and exaggerating the stereotypes which litter the plot, his version feels the most lurid and dangerous. The opening scene is brilliant and sums up Suzuki's approach to noir: A police detective is found dead, and alongside him a hooker. A suicide note explains that the two committed suicide, knowing their love was shameful. It all takes place in black and white. Then, Suzuki pans to the image of a rose, and in contrast to the black and white it is bright red. The hero is played by frequent collaborator Joe Shishida, who's got the bulldog cottonmouth look going long before Brando's *Corleone*. The doublecrosses are fast and furious, the violence is shocking (especially the fingertip torture scene) and Suzuki's balls-out direction makes every scene a winner.

Such is also the case in Suzuki's opus, **Branded to Kill**, the film which reputedly ended his career. Though for a time he was the beneficiary of the same type of creative control which 1950's B-movie directors enjoyed in the Hollywood system, his vision must have been too much for the Japanese studios to take. Made in 1967, *Branded To Kill* was shot on Black/White film stock, an indication that the man's stock was by this time down as well. But Suzuki's creativity is his greatest trademark. His images are infused with tremendous energy, and this, his final film, feels like a fighting mad geniuses' parting shot. The result is a film that today can stand alongside anything being made and feel current and visionary. I'm very tempted to guarantee you'll like this one, and save some space. So no plot summary, just plot glimpses: violence and nudity ahead of its time, a heroes' addiction to boiling noodles stronger than drink or women, world-ranked assassins going after each other, desert shoot outs, secret identities revealed, obscured, and exchanged, descents into madness. There's so much more. Just yesterday on David Letterman, Spike Lee was

complaining that he didn't have enough money to make his next film. When the cash ran out on Suzuki, he was at his best. Not enough money to afford a rain machine? Fuck it. We'll paint the rain directly on the film. And there's the difference between the mainstream and what I'm talking about: creativity. Once you see this film, I simply cannot see you ever being happy with standard fare. And that's what I'm after, your unhappiness. 🍷



WHAT'S UNDERGROUND ABOUT MARSHMALLOWS?

VULCAN
VIDEO

3 DAY RENTALS 2 for 1 TUESDAYS

Zen Frisbee has been a fixture on the Chapel Hill scene for the better part of ten years. Oftentimes, rumors have spread regarding the band's demise, their ability to drink mass quantities of liquor, fights breaking out amongst band members during shows and various other illicit shenanigans; some are substantiated, others fabricated. Recently, one of these rumors — which since has proved to be true — was that the band changed their name from the ever-lovin' Zen Frisbee to the sounds-like-a-doo-wop-group The Fontanelles.

The following is a conversation I had with lead singer Brian Walker. It was done for an article that appeared in the local weekly paper that I work for. I thought the transcription was better than the printed word that ran. You can just feel the humor jumping off the page. Read on.

SFS: Why did you change the name?

Walker: Because I hated it. It had all those hippie connotations. We couldn't ever get a gig at Maxwells [in Hoboken] because of that name.

SFS: What's up with putting out the CD Good Enough (a new record full of old songs)?

Walker: It's kind of funny. It's like we're going backwards in time with our CD's. The first one (Mad As Faust) was our newer stuff, the second one was b-sides and the

zen frisbee

interview and photos
by greg e boy

SFS: I see talk by the kids on the internet who have been collecting/trading live tapes of Zen Frisbee for some time now.

Walker: Oh yeah, you know that.

SFS: Yeah I'm trying to bargain for a Cave '93 show.

Walker: You're not serious are you? That would be really embarrassing if there were live tapes of us floating around.

SFS: So with this new name? I guess you guys have a new outlook as well?

Walker: Yep, a new name, new outlook, were getting our act together.

SFS: So you guys are all Motown and shit now huh?

Walker: Actually our set hasn't changed at all but the new name makes it sound like it.

SFS: That's good though that you can still play songs from the past.

Walker: Yeah, its kinda hard around here but outside of this town nobody is going to give a rats ass but around here we figured people might get pissed off if we didn't play the songs they like.

BRIAN WALKER



CROW



KEVIN DIXON



third was possibly the oldest stuff we had. For some reason Lew Herman (from the weekly paper Creative Loafing in Charlotte) wanted to put out that CD and for some ungodly reason he actually wanted to pay someone to record that band [early Zen Frisbee]. We never had a recording of it or any kind of documentation so we figured what the hell.

SFS: So you recorded these songs recently?

Walker: Yeah that's the most recent thing we have recorded.

SFS: So you recently recorded old songs?

Walker: Yeah we released our old songs last. Just to confuse people. We're going backwards.

SFS: The next record you put out should be a greatest hits package.

Walker: Exactly.

SFS: Yeah, like all those Japanese imports.

Walker: Yeah like bootlegs and stuff of us practicing.

SFS: Are people in town still referring to you as being in Zen Frisbee? Walker: Yeah they still are. I have to remind everyone "no were The Fontanelles now".

SFS: Yeah and now you can send a tape to Maxwell's.

Walker: Yep.

SFS: But then get up there and rip off your shirts to reveal Zen Frisbee t-shirts underneath.

Walker: Naw, I don't think we'll ever cop to being Zen Frisbee. We'll pretend like we have no idea who they are. Its an embarrassing name. It sounded cool in 1984 when we came up with it but it didn't really date [age] well.

SFS: So now that you got Crow [drummer from Flat Duo Jets] in the band are you writing new songs?

Walker: Oh yeah were going to town on it. We're actually arranging songs for a change instead of all playing at the same time. Trying to put a little

space into it.

SFS: Does it have something to do with sobriety or something?

Walker: Oh no. It has nothing at all to do with sobriety it has to do with [the fact that] were actually talking to each other at practice instead of staring across the room at each other. Kind of fun actually. We spent an entire practice the other night just playing one song. Practice use to just be little mini-shows but now were actually working at practice.

SFS: What prompted this? I mean you guys have always been like dormant and then come out and play a bunch of shows and then go back to being dormant again.

Walker: Well, I was thinking about moving away and I was also thinking kinda like if I'm only going to be here for another year or so I kinda wanted to try to get our shit together if we're going to do this at all. If we're not going to do this for real; then there's no point in me wasting time.

SFS: Where were you going to move to?

Walker: I was thinking about doing the whole New York or LA thing and take my shot at the big time.

SFS: Next thing you know you'll be on Dawson's Creek.

Walker: I want a little bit part on that. I want to be the older teacher that has an affair with little Katie Holmes.

SFS: No doubt. Why did you kick Chuck Garrison [ex-Superchunk, ex-Small, ex-PIPE and current Evil Wiener drummer] out of the band?

Walker: Back to that whole communication thing. It wasn't really gelling well. Chuck can be Chuck sometimes. He's not terribly interested...He takes his time.

SFS: Takes his time taking his drum set to the club...

Walker: Or showing up for soundcheck, showing up for practice, that kind of thing. It was mutual. I think he kinda wanted to do his other bands more.

SFS: Now you got Crow. That's gotta be pretty good.

Walker: Well we asked Chuck if he wanted to get serious cuz we woulda done it with him but he didn't take it to seriously, so we gave him the boot.

SFS: I don't think he takes anything seriously.

Walker: Yeah so we gave him the boot.

SFS: But I'm sure he's still there in spirit.

Walker: Exactly. We're still the best of friends.

SFS: Actually Crow told me that the reason you got rid of Chuck because Chuck was fat and that he was better looking.

Walker: I would say he's better looking. Chuck's got the cuddly character that chicks all go for.

SFS: Like on the new CD, Good Enough, where he's sporting the afro.

Walker: Well we figured we'd get the gay contingent

with Crow.

SFS: Yeah, get all the queer guys out because they like his lisp.

Walker: And that wife beater t-shirt,...

SFS: Yeah.

Walker: Tight jeans...



SHAWN ALBERT

SFS: Yeah.

Walker: Wavy hair.

SFS: Yeah man.

Walker: That's the direction we kinda wanted to go in.

SFS: So you guys will be playing Legends [gay bar] in Raleigh.

Walker: You know it. In boxers, some soft core porn movies.

SFS: Obviously he's still in the Flat Duo Jets and



G Boy searchin' for the truth in all the wrong places.

they're like touring whores and do like sixty days in a row.

Walker: It's not that big of a deal right now. We understand that the Flat Duo Jets is his first priority.

He's really great for us. A real breath of fresh air.

SFS: I would imagine. What about Laird [Dixon; a member of Shark Quest] and his rockstardom?

Walker: He's becoming a rockstar under our noses.

SFS: With your songs.

Walker: With our songs. I know I go to all these

shark quest shows and sit there in the corner and sing. I has words to all of those songs...fucker. Naw he's a good kid.

SFS: Crafty.

Walker: A crafty little bastard.

SFS: Ya gotta give him that.

Walker: But he's good people.

SFS: So tell me about the future of The Fontanelles?

Walker: Oh you know. Top of The Pops baby.

SFS: John Peel sessions.

Walker: John Peel sessions... that's what I'm going for.

SFS: Getting in fight with the Gallagher brothers

from Oasis, going to the MTV awards and telling Courtney Hole she's a whore.

Walker: Yeah I just want to call her Courtney Hole. That's enough for me, my fucking head punched in.

SFS: Jesus you guys have been doing this for so long, did you ever really officially break up or was it a PIPE thing where people were like "you guys are broken up" and then you're like "no we're not we just haven't played in awhile."

Walker: We always like to spread the rumors that we were breaking up hoping that more people would come to our shows.

SFS: Or that Andrew [Maltby; former bass player] would leave town.

Walker: Yeah well never mind about that (sidebar: G goes to Wilmington w/PIPE and Zen Frisbee and Andrew gets left there).

SFS: "No were not practicing tonight. Shawn's [Albert; current bass player] just here to hang out and drink beer that's not his bass over there in the corner".

Walker: We might jam a little but what can I say.

SFS: Now you got two married men in the band.

Walker: Yeah and one with a kid [Crow]. We're a bunch of old men in tight leather pants.

SFS: Jesus that sounds sexy!

Walker: You gotta know it.

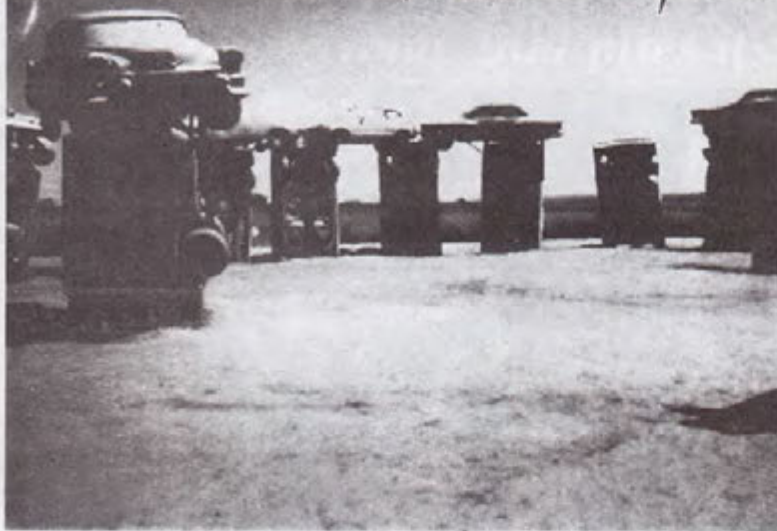
SFS: Whoosh! So now your living at 1202 Greensboro [home of Ron Liberti/PIPE, Brian Butler/mind sirens & evil weiner, John the transvestite and a couple of chicks...a noted party house].

Walker: It's a drunken dorm.

(continued on page 63)

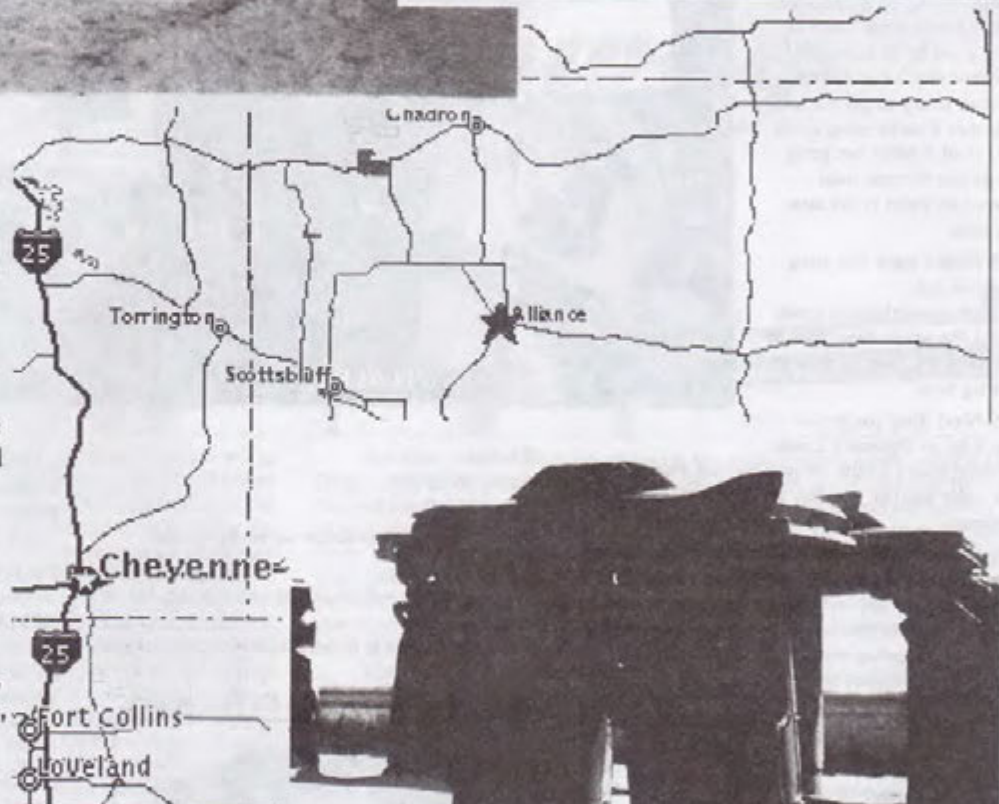
CARHENGE

by Kirk -O- matic



Carhenge is on a farm in Nebraska. It is made up of 33 junked automobiles. The artist, Jim Renders, was impressed on a visit to the real Stonehenge, so he came back home to Nebraska and built one with an American twist.

The famous druidic site is recreated with 33 cars all painted grey. Carhenge is on US. 385 near Alliance, Nebraska, 260 miles north-east of Denver. Completed in 1982, each year there is a picnic put on by the locals, Friends of Carhenge, during the Summer Solstice, June 22. They offer a lecture and bonfire.



I went to see Carhenge in 1990 and I did a short video art piece on the art of the Carhenge. The video has played in various art house video collectives, and Main Street Fest in Fort Worth, Texas '92. As well as the "Frame of Mind" on KTDN in Dallas Texas. I have also played it several times on Austin Access channels 10 and 16 over the years.

If you are interested in a copy of the 10 minute VHS. tape send 13\$ ppd. to:

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Sparky's Got Tits

by steve garcia



and then...



Natas E-Mail Interview

by greg e boy

Natas Kaupas is a professional skater. The following is the candid conversation that took place between us via email - that wonderful 21st century tool of communication. As you can see, it's a very confusing way to talk to somebody you barely know. Enjoy.

From: Natas Kaupas
<natas@gte.net>
Subject: Re: Salt for Slugs Interview
How do you want to do this then?
Or, do you just want to print these E-mails?-nk

Gregory John Barbera wrote:
Uh, by the way, is e-mail the easiest most effecient way to get a hold of you? -greg

From: Natas Kaupas
Ok, bring it on. -nk
Unless you want to do the interview in person. Phone interviews kinda suck.

Gregory John Barbera wrote:
Aww shit-
In-person would be great, you want to fly me out to LA? I live in North Carolina.
Chapel Hill- home of indie rock, the town that Michael Jordan built... -greg

From: Natas Kaupas
This is your damn interview. Contact your magazine's travel coordinator and fly me out there.-nk

Gregory John Barbera wrote:
Man, I'm still chuckling...
Saying things like "magazine's travel coordinator"; as if they existed. Well, Natas, now that's not a bad idea... Do you still work at a titty mag doing design? -greg

From: Natas Kaupas
No. I haven't art directed tits for about 2 years.-nk

Gregory John Barbera wrote:
Ever slip your head on one of the models?

From: Natas Kaupas

There was one that something might of happened, but I think I lost my nerve or dropped the ball or something.
Nothing happened. Most normally we would never see the girls in person. Although

the assistant editor ended up dating one of the girls from the magazine.

Gregory John Barbera wrote:
What are you doing for work now?

From: Natas Kaupas
Ads and shoe designs for Vita Mnf. Music packaging and Interactive media design for Function 8. Riding a skateboard for Element & Vita

Gregory John Barbera wrote:
Also, finish these questions:
1) if your skateboard was your best friend, then your bmx bike was...
Natas: That asshole kid you liked because he was funny.

2) Working at World Industries was like working at...
Natas: A retarded day care center.

3) Back in the day, I would...
Natas: Chill with my homies drinking forties.

4) Did the kids ever make fun of you for the name Natas?

Natas: Yes, like the whole satan spelled backwards thing? When I say Satan you say...
...mmmm.

5) I got so stoned once that I forgot...
Natas: How to drive.

More later, thanks -greg

Gregory John Barbera wrote:
Okay, the last batch here- and then I'll leave you alone.

6) The best thing about skateboarding is...
Natas: Using the skateboard.

7) The worst thing about skateboarding is...
Natas: skateboarders.

8) Republican, Democrat or Libertarian?
Natas: Anarchist!!!!!!

9) Ever want to move out of LA? If so, where?
Natas: San Francisco, New York, France, Australia...
but I'm quite happy here.

10) The best advice you could give to somebody (that you learned from skateboarding)?
Natas: Focus on the things you love, the rest will fall into place.

Later, Let me know if you need anything else...
bye bye. -nk

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Salt for Slugs Literary Review

by teddy vuong and jon bownds

Part One:

Travel Book Reviews

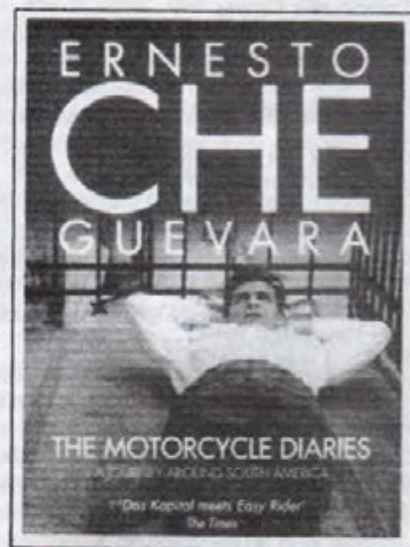
For me, the wheel has always evoked the notion of freedom. Even though I've never owned a car myself, I've always lived vicariously through books or friends that are able to simply jump in their car at a moment's notice and slip away from whatever bullshit's tying them down. For those of you fed up with this oppressive Austin heat, or constantly in a state of wanderlust, here are some recommended readings that should properly inspire you to pack your bags and get off your ass.

Motorcycle Diaries

A Journey Around South America

Ernesto Che Guevara

Revolutionaries seem to have a longstanding tradition of romance and eloquence, and for Ernesto "Che" Guevara, this collection of his diaries perhaps captures that poeticism best. The Motorcycle Diaries encompasses young Che's journey throughout South America in the early 50's, filled with anecdotes of mischief, inspiration, mechanical frustrations, and a first-hand view of the poverty and despair plaguing the countryside, that no doubt had heavily influenced his political views later in life. This book can be read either as a memoir essential for any understanding of Che as the communist revolutionary or as a primer for the aspiring wanderer.



America

Jean Baudrillard

Ironically, one of my favorite books about America is written by the French intellectual, Jean Baudrillard. The fact that he is a stranger in a strange land is what makes the book so insightful - commentary from someone standing on the outside. From the verticality of New York City through the barren plains and deserts of mid-America to the horizontal, concrete vastness of Los Angeles, Baudrillard uncovers the metaphorical essence and ideology of the American through the physical oddities of America's monuments and space, intertwining observations of the neurosis of our postmodern milieu with the all too common sense of quiet desperation that America seems to so often exude. If you feel like a foreigner in your own country, this book provides pleasant validation that you are not amiss in your observations of America.



Down and Out in Paris and London

George Orwell

Okay, so technically Orwell doesn't drive around anywhere, but the reality of traveling revolves so much around the fine art of being a vagabond, and it's Orwell's proficiency at playing the cliché Parisian bum that makes this book nomadically engaging. His narrative begins on the desperate streets of Paris as he finds employment as a dishwasher, or as they more elegantly say in French, a *plongeur*. Anyone who has ever washed dishes for a prolonged period can relate with Orwell - it sucks, and you can literally feel his exhaustion and hunger pangs in your back and stomach. From Paris, Orwell takes the reader to the bread-lines of London and to the lifestyles of the poor and despised. As with the streets of Paris, it is apparent that Orwell isn't just reporting, but living in the trenches, a representative rather than a voyeur. Reading this book (one of his early ones) made me more appreciative of Orwell's gift of prescience and understanding of the human experience.



Part Two: Jon's Author Reviews

Martin Amis

What really makes Martin Amis' stuff stick out for me is his capacity to poke at the underbelly of any one of a number of human experiences and come up with the inexplicable animal-like drives that fuel them. From "Money", (dealing obviously I guess, with greed), to perhaps his best work, "Time's Arrow" (Dealing with the holocaust) Amis uses his characters, narrative structures, and even temporality, as tools to explore fundamental human-condition like themes.

His work, almost perversely anthropological at times, seems to center around the dissonance between the fundamental animalism that stakes a claim to some percentage of our psychological real estate and the sociological environment generated by the remainder. And while his work is far from optimistic (one senses that Amis might contend a larger portion of our psyche is driven by animalism than people generally think) there really is a rough kind of beauty to his characters' observations throughout the different situations they are plopped into.

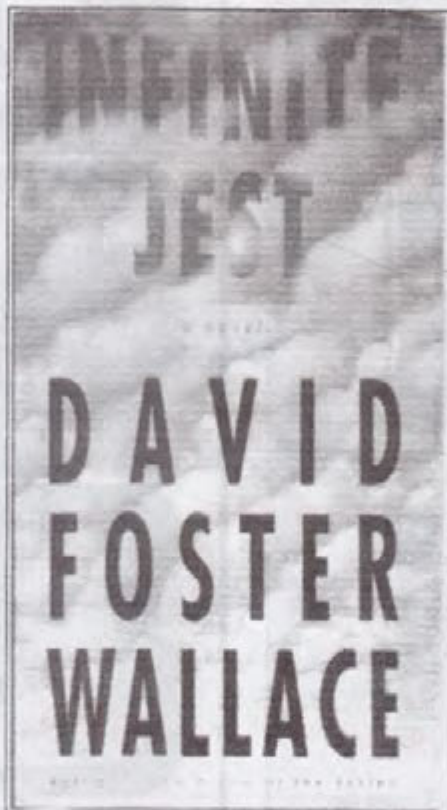
It's hard to explain, but what pops to mind is children, and that occasional blunt question/observation that when issued just gut-wrenchingly grabs you (i.e. Mommy, why did Hitler want to kill all of the Jewish people?). Many of Amis's characters are like children viewing atrocities in some sense or another (in Other People for example, the narrator has suffered amnesia and is experiencing everything anew) and due in no small part to this naivete, their observations move beyond being simply thought provoking; they are also moving.

So anyway, if you want to get a taste of this you should defiantly read Time's Arrow. Great place to start with Amis.



David Foster Wallace

David Foster Wallace. Who... David Foster Wallace. What can't this fucking guy do? Short stories, essays, some like core-dump 1k novels... And it's all unrelentingly brilliant. Kind of scary really. Wallace is probably best known for "Infinite Jest", his novel about a dystopian American future in which time is subsidized and Canadian separatists are attempting to disseminate an entertainment so, well so entertaining I guess, that it leaves all of its viewers slack-jawed drooling vegetables. It takes place dually at a halfway house for recovering addicts and at a tennis academy. And it pretty much covers everything. I mean the book is really work- there are passages about the chemical composition of cocaine, mathematical functions in reference to bizarre sociological games played on the tennis courts at the Enfield Academy, and about 100 pages of footnotes, some of which have footnotes of their own. And yeah, one really does have to read them to



keep up. But it's a without doubt worth the toil. One of those rare reading experiences where you come out of the other end with a complete kind of vision of the world these characters are living in, where despite its blatant surreality, the world envisioned by Wallace is so fully realized that it almost seems tangible. Suffice it to say I can't really do the book justice in a short description- it really needs to be read, if you've got a spare week.

If sacrificing approximately a week of your life seems a bit extreme, you can always cut your teeth on his aforementioned essays (a supposedly fun thing I'll never do again) or short stories (The Girl With Curious Hair). Both are significantly shorter, and just as satirically brilliant in terms of material. The most significant difference would be the scope, I guess. He also wrote another novel, "The Broom of the System", which was a bit shorter and less footnoted than IJ, but also a stunningly great time of a read. More than anything else, it struck me as being really really funny. Anyway, I'll shut up about it. Go read him. Well worth the while.

Russell Banks

Having steadily turned out novels that are as staggeringly different from each other as they are brilliant in their own right, Russel Banks has established himself as the preeminent storyteller among his literary peers. From the travels of a perpetually stoned young miscreant (which end up having really cool homeric parallels) to the hangdog plight of Wade Whitehouse, a police officer/crossing guard in a small Maine town, Bank's characters are meticulously developed, his settings carefully detailed.

The end result of this attention is that there is a particular kind of clarity to Banks's work. When reading one of his books the characters, events and settings surrounding him/her seem fully realized and stark in their resolution. As fuzzy as it is a thing to say, there really isn't any fuzziness about his work.

But back to the storyteller thing. More than anything else, Russell Banks has a perturnatural knack for plotting and the use of literary device. From the Odyssey like narrative structure of the aforementioned "Rule of the Bone" to the Dickensian use of double figures in "Affliction", (which has actually just been filmed, with James Coburn as the alcoholic father and Nick Nolte as Wade himself) Banks seamlessly integrates classical literary devices in very modern stories, to full effect.

Outside of all of this, I feel compelled to garble on for at least one more paragraph about how GOOD Banks is to read. The stories strike one on a very basic level and are both complex and totally accessible at the same time. Once I tore into "Rule of the Bone" the day was basically gone, and at about 7:00 I was finishing it up, not having been able to put it down. If you get a chance, I highly recommend you waste a day in the same way.



BAND WHEELS

We've all heard the story too many times about how your fucking band van broke down while you were on tour. Forgive us for not feeling sorry for you and the rock and roll lifestyles you stars insist upon leading. That's just part of the deal. For this wheels issue of SFS, we set aside some space to show the lighter side of band transportation...

Just because they drive yer mama's car, a Ford Escort station wagon doesn't mean Cash Money can't rock.



Scotty G at the wheel, John Humphrey provides the good looks.



photo credit: GREG E. BOY



Sweep the Leg Johnny were a must for this little piece, for they travel the states in none other than MARGE, a Chevy van equipped with plenty of makeshift shelving to provide storage for the rock band and make room for the rock stars. The mostessential ingredient has got to be the Ric Flair action figure perched on the dash. Whooooo!!!



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Beer Please:

text and photos by Greg E. Boy

Drunken Interview Antics with The Rock*A*Teens

I'm sitting on the deck of a bar with my wife. The bar is called the Dead Mule Club. Location: Chapel Hill, N.C. The reason I'm sitting here waiting is because I want to interview The Rock*A*Teens, a reverb soaked indie rock band steeped in the finer traditions of Southern Gothic emulation a la Nick Cave and catchy new wave like Echo & The Bunnymen.

Joining me and the wife are Spott and Martin Hall from Merge Records. The interview time was set for 9 p.m. but Spott and Martin arrived shortly after they got off work (re: 6 p.m.). Needless to say, they had a few drinks and ultimately set the course for the evening.

By the time the band showed up, the four of us were good and toasted. In an effort to accomplish the said task of interviewing the band, I didn't wait too long before cornering one of the band members - drummer Ballard Leseman. I had a hunch that if I waited too long, the booze would ruin any hopes of nailing down the interview. Little did I know it was already too late.


Ballard Leseman is no stranger to music journalist interview queries; as he himself is also a part of the rock crit press writing for the Athens, Ga.-based publication *Flagpole*. Leseman runs through the inane questioning with precision stumbling only when I ask him to describe the band. Surely, he had to describe them in print at least once before he joined the band (which was shortly after the band released *Baby, A Little Rain Must Fall* last year). We both vaguely remember each other from the last time the band played in town, and by coincidence, the last time I interviewed Chris Lopez.

Chris Lopez is the lead vocalist and guitarist for The Rock*A*Teens. Last time we met, Lopez was carrying a bowling ball bag full of miscellaneous things. I found him walking down Franklin St., the town's main drag, impervious to his surroundings and listening to Bruce Springsteen's *Darkness On The Edge of Town* on a walkman.

That was last time. This time, Lopez saddled up to the table where me and my recorder sat and said, "Everything I'm about to tell you is untrue."

What he did tell me is that he had no idea who he was going to meet in Hemlock Park after dark nor did he confess to being the object of playground bullies in elementary school. Lopez's world is a world full of red-neck girls in Espidrills and 300 year-old solid gold Caesars who ride around town on bicycles, or so you are led to believe after spinning the band's latest recorded output, *Golden Time*.

It only takes one listen to any song by the band before you figure out that this guy is a dreamer. And thank god for that. Because Lopez the dreamer writes incredible songs filled with childhood fairy-tale like encounters and stories of how he wants to be the king of St. Pete. "I make everything up" he says. Hhhmm. Is this some tricky lie? No matter. Whatever the case may be, Chris Lopez and The Rock*A*Teens have earned a permanent place in this writer's record collection.

Soon enough, somebody brings a beer to the table. Lopez turns and gets up, looks at his bandmate Justin Hughes and says, "Next." 



LOPEZ



BALLARD

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... and you will know us by the trail of dead

by ran scot

Everybody wants to be a rock star, but very few are chosen. By the grace of the rawk deities, the world was blessed with ...and you will know us by the trail of dead. They are everything that is right about music. A beacon in the night, so to speak, to all the humanoids that there is sanctuary from suck-ass music. From chimpan-A to chimpanzee, this is the rock and roll extravaganza of what only true rawk stars can achieve. That little something extra that just makes you smile, and in extreme cases, pound your fist in the air.

Just like in the old days, they even have paid their dues. At one of their early shows, Trail of Dead sold a Trance Rep a tape. But since they had no money, they were dubbing tapes at home and selling the bootlegs at shows. The tape that they gave to the rep turned out to be blank, and the rep did not talk to Trail of Dead for about two years.

But fate is fate and they soon joined the Trance Syndicate. Their shows are nothing less than controlled fucking chaos. In a cacophony of manipulation by stress applied by the band to their instruments, one could hear the steady call of the next level. The equipment is rarely up to the task, and would break, shred and leave in its wake a flowing river of harmonic dissi-

dence. The drum set will be crushed and guitar strings will be hanging off broken necks, all according to a bizarre and brilliant master plan carried out by this quartet in hopes gaining converts to their temple of noise. It is like a tide coming in, building layer after layer of white noise until you realize you were being swept out to sea. With each breaking of equipment they will explore new sounds they can make. It just plain rawks.

Their debut release was well received and the band's fame grew. But all good things come to pass, and Trance closed its doors, leaving a lot of high quality Texas bands suddenly homeless. The band kept touring, only to be struck another blow. While in New Orleans, the band's van got stolen along with all their equipment. Stranded in New Orleans, they desperately tried to finish out their tour, including a midnight run to make their show at CMJ. Without a label or equipment of their own, the crashing and smashing came to an end. But not the music.

The music raged on, and soon a new album will come forth to ruin all those who don't pray at the altar of rock. Because these four boys are true bonafide allahs of rock stardom, and you will know them by the trail of the dead. ♪





⊠ Conrad Keely



⊞ Jason Reece

⊠ Kevin Allen

⊠ Neil Busch



The question that should be asked is what constitutes being civilized. At what point do we go from being a barbaric culture to a civilized one? "Civilized" nations tend to kill on a much grander scale than do their more primitive counterparts. Their advanced machinations born of unparalleled industrial growth have raised warfare to near genocidal heights on a worldwide scale. It has dehumanized conflict and desensitized society. When one can bomb a city 250 miles away, one never need look into the eyes of his

atrocities and play on weak minds with tales of mythical superiority and overblown self-righteousness. Can civilized nations fight a war fairly? Of course not, but then who among us is truly civilized?

Country music is evil and it must be stopped. It is easily the most pathetic, commercialized, Satan-spawned music ever to disgrace the planet. You can't even watch a basketball game, a decidedly non-country sport, without seeing some slack-jawed hillbilly croon about his stupid truck. Allan Jackson, you are a most repug-

those trucks will become lawn ornaments themselves because, after trading in his tractor and mortgaging his trailer, he's so in debt that he can't even afford the gas. Since he can no longer get to work, he loses his job at the chicken plucking factory and has to resort to knocking off liquor stores and robbing Girl Scouts of their hard earned cookie money just to put some Spam-like meat paste that even a dog won't eat on the stolen cable spool that barely passes for a kitchen table. His kids go hungry, and they and

Can Civilized Nations Fight a War Fairly?

By: Sean Michael Jackson



enemy and watch him die. Cries of pain are only heard through sterile broadcast of video images. Even these cries are often muted by innate babbling from correspondents sent to boost television ratings.

Very few differences exist between "civilized" and "uncivilized" nations where war is concerned. Civilized nations pacify their collective conscience with sometimes well meaning yet oft misguided reasoning. Primitive nations forgo such formalities. Advanced nations seek to distance their citizenry from the ravages of war, often reducing it to a kind of hi-tech video game. Lesser-developed nations cannot afford such luxuries, so killing is close and personal.

Both seek to dehumanize the enemy. They exploit atrocities real or imagined. They refer to multiple deaths as collateral damage or

nant individual. That commercial has got to be the finest example of lyrical defecation ever unleashed onto the American public.

Mr. Jackson, or more accurately, the lobotomized idiots who put the words into his mouth, have proved once again that we humans are perfectly capable of committing truly horrendous deeds if we just fail to put our minds to it. Come on, "...gonna buy me a Ford truck or two"? Or two?! Way to reach out to the common man there Allan. I'm sure Billy Bob Joe is out there right now saying: "Hey honey, I know we have three kids and we live in a tin-roofed, single-wide, uninsured twister magnet with a '67 Chevy lawn ornament out front, but let's go buy us a couple of new trucks we don't need and can't afford."

I can see it now. Pretty soon

the wife leave him. On top of that, he's in the process of being evicted. Wow! It sounds like I've stumbled right into a typical hit country tune. Wait, something's missing. On yeah, his dog falls asleep under one of the trucks and gets crushed under the weight of its oversized tires. Now that's country! Only thing left is the part about him serving time. Now you know I can't leave out that little bit of formulaic hack writing so here goes. He's lost everything. Even his chickens won't go near him, especially since his wife left. His trucks are all he has left to remind him of the life he once led before Mr. Jackson cast his evil country spell upon his soul; well, that and his varied collection of impractically large belt buckles, his Stetson, and, of course, his raw hide leather boots he won in a drinking contest with his sister and sometimes lover Bobby Jean.

Just because he never finished the sixth grade, he's no dummy. He knows the repo man is coming, so he starts living out of one of his trucks so he won't get caught off guard. All thoughts of reuniting with his wife evaporate when he discovers she's shacking up with his dad. His money all but gone, and his chewing tobacco supply is reaching critical level. Billy's world is closing in on him. He hears Allan Jackson on the radio and, in a fit of rage, smashes it with the butt of his shotgun. Now he is truly alone.

The night falls and the cold sets in. He has no blanket to keep him warm. They all went up in flames three days ago when he carelessly discarded a cigarette, sending his trailer up in a brilliant blaze. These flames also consume his Chevy and the other truck. How's that for plugging up obvious plot holes? With his family gone, his home in cinders, no country music to keep him company, thoughts of suicide race through his head. Oddly enough, the lack of country music keeps him from entering that final fatal sleep. Repo man is coming, and he's ready.

Daylight comes. The repo truck pulls into the mud patch that sadly passes for a driveway. Billy Bob Joe spits out the last of his Redman and lies in wait with his finger twitching on the trigger. The repo man approached the scene with caution. The charred remains that lay before him catch his attention. Something is very wrong he thinks. A rebel yell, a flash of light, a deafening sound and then silence. The repo man lays dead.

Stunned by his actions, Billy is paralyzed with fear as he awaits his fate. Convicted of murder, he awaits the call of the executioner in a maximum-security prison where he's a boy toy for a human grizzly named Bubba, just like ma. His defense, was trounced when it was proved that most people see Mr. Jackson for the self-grandising, pathetic sell out piece of crap that he truly is. Billy Bob's life is in ruins. All because Mr. Jackson and his cronies couldn't come up with decent lyrics that rhyme with the word 'do'.

As the warden and the priest lead him down to that place from which he shall never return, Billy cries out to anyone who will hear him. "This could happen to you. Stop the madness! Stop the Madness!" Stop it indeed. So the next time you hear a country tune, think of poor ol' Billy Bob Joe, and just say no. Because even a slack-jawed, tobacco-spitting, semi-literate, chuckle-head, inbred redneck is a terrible thing to waste (although just barely).

*Paid for by the Committee for People Who Think Country Music Sucks.



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music reviews by

WASP Hellorado CMC Records

Why do I do this to myself? I knew this was gonna be a treat with the insane clown circus music and ring-master telling me it wasn't my daddy's Oldsmobile. No shit, my dad's car of old is newer than this tripe WASP serves up in heavy all-you-can-eat fashion. Where the fuck have these guys been the last twenty years? In a closet? Their parents basement? Or more likely, face first in plate full of cocaine. I had to go change before I could even handle the first track. After I had adorned myself in my RATT muscle tee and ripped up acid-washed jeans, with a bandanna wrapped around my leg mind you, I felt properly prepared for the journey in the car ride of WASP. My trek include such tracks with the name of "Don't Cry (Just Suck)", "Damnation Angels", took a hard right to "Dirty Balls", straight to a couple miles till I got to "High on the Flames" where I stopped at the rest stop of "Cocaine Cowboys." On the advice of the AAA, I travel the road less traveled to "Can't Die Tonight" and the scenic route of "Saturday Night Cockfight." Don't get me wrong, I love metal. I'm addicted to old Dokken and AC/DC, but this shit is tired. Get these guys a blanket and pillow, because this needs to be put to bed. Did I mention Their liner notes where actually only a mail-order catalog? WASP once stood for "We Are Satan's People", now it's more like "We Are Sell-out Pussies". Fuck'em, I know Mr. T did in the 80's. (Ran Scot)



Man Or Astro-man? self-titled Touch & Go

The question has been asked many times: "man or astroman?" and needs to be asked once more, especially since the band has had a group masquerade about as them for a tour. Genius really, MOAM are the Devo of the '90s — parodying our culture as much as themselves (who are a parody of our culture). When they do the instrumental surf rock, the muse they channel is a clone of Dick Dale's rotting corpse. A great thing... until the band goes for imitating Liabach on cut two ("Discontamination"), the early abortion of the band's trademark, sci-fi'd out twang-a-surf-a-billy. Stick to the instrumental shit (circa 'Astro-man'; tracks 1,3,5) and avoid the kitschy (Man; track 2). (greg e. boy)

Armchair Martian Hang On, Ted Headhunter/Cargo

Admittedly, Armchair Martian does very little practicing. You wouldn't be able to guess being that this cd is full of tightly wound fuzz, iced with cool vocals which haven't been matched since the glory days of Husker Du. There are a lot of similarities between this outfit and any incarnation of Bob Mould's career although the similarities seem to lean towards the earlier years when he lived in Minnesota. Armchair Martian is probably the coolest thing Ft Collins, CO., has ever spawned which isn't saying much for Ft. Collins. You'll be awestruck at how much this shit rocks. (Sockboy)



The Living End (self-titled) Reprise

All I got to say is...Silverchair. You remember them? The group that sounded like Pearl Jam and Nirvana that the industry so cleverly package to us at the end of the grunge wave (like it was some new / cutting edge thing). Well, The Living End is some cheesy Bad Religion / face to face / Dropkick Murphy's wanna-be punks. Spiky bleached hair and chain wallets to boot. Good lord. This shit sucks. And I almost forgot to mention that they are ripping off Rancid pretty bad and well, we all know who Rancid was ripping off. Don't we? (greg e. boy)

Gardener New Dawning Time Sub Pop

Seaweed's Aaron Stauffer and his Screaming Tree pal Van Conner came together as friends after the two bands toured with each other back in the days of the Great Grunge explosion. The outcome of that friendship is Gardener. The sound is definitely derivative of their respective bands — it's chock full of Seaweed hooks and sludgy Tree-like gothic rock. What New Dawning Time is... is a damn fine record. While the new Seaweed record rehashing the post-punk / pre-emo template, Gardener delves into a milder world (sonically speaking) yet are introspective and insightful as any you witness in their previous outputs of record material. As farmers of good ol' American rock & roll, these lads have lived up to their name. This is one fine musical harvest. (greg e. boy)

Sunday Puncher for your ever-changing world turnbuckle

Mixed with the frenzy of such cohorts as Six Finger Satellite and June of '44, Sunday Puncher from Brooklyn have released their least linear/most special cd to date. Their songs are often prodding and inquisitive yet resolve with the frenzy of a toddler who has found his way into the medicine cabinet. Often angular in the tradition of such bands as Bailter Space, Sunday Puncher make you wonder what's coming next. They fake you out every time and then jet off in a new direction which lends sense to where you are standing. You'll find yourself awestruck at the very least. (Sockboy)

Gizzard We Did Some Things Drazzig

Kinda a Morphine meets Cheater Slick vibe going on here. I say that because the groove is real bloozy garage punk hepped on on prescription drugs with a wild sax man. Blow baby, blow! Yeah right and all that shit. The bio name drops SST and by god it does come across like an incarnation from the early days of punk rock skronk. Let the rock be delivered and let the congregation decide. This choirboy says "Amen!" Oh, and they're from Jacksonville, FL. (greg e. boy)

Lustre King Shoot the Messenger Southern Records

This 13 song CD from Lustre King, produced by Mike Lust, is a hard and intense piece of work with a touch of coolness thrown in to balance things out (steel drum, synthesizers, turntables, piano). Although this disc teeters between being a mathrock masterpiece and drifting off into becoming a carbon copy of something Girls Against Boys put out five years ago, I recommend picking it up. Intense tracks such as, "get in the riv" and "psychoanalysis in action" make Shoot the Messenger a must for anyone who enjoys odd time beats and thundering bass and synth tones. Lustre King has put out a CD meant to be played really loud in order to appreciate. This won't come as a surprise to anyone who has witnessed their rattling live performances. I give this release a B+. (Mr. Spector)



people who care.



Jon Cougar Concentration Camp
HOT SHIT
BYO Records

God knows I get angry. When I finally flip out and start digging shallow graves in West Texas for the humanoids, I want John Cougar Concentration Camp to be the theme music. When I am drinking from a keg on the deck of a skate ramp, getting drunk and dropping in, I want the last track, Half-Ass Jedi, blaring in the background. This is just plain ol' good, fun loving music. They have that little something extra that separates them from the rest. They are the creamy head on my Guinness, the extra deep stone from good ass kind from Seattle, that rock star finish to video games. My special place. BYO consistently blesses us with great stand up and rawk punk, and John Cougar Concentration Camp is no exception. My god, why did their van break down and foil their tour? Buy this CD, or join the ranks of the humanoids, you really have no choice. (Ran Scot)

Pavement
Terror Twilight
Matador

Wowie Zowie! Pavement is back with this, their fifth release on Matador, and it is pure aural pleasure (Yum!). You can hear elements from the past albums in the ditties. Malkmus still mumbles here and there, but he left out ("sniff") his oh-so-wonderful stream-of-consciousness lyrics. Don't be alarmed Pavement fans, he still sings about random things like dreaming in beige, fetuses in jars, and the special things in his



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pocket. All this layered atop Wah's distorted guitars and great effects. Indie rock may be dying, but it isn't dead yet. (Shara)

Squatweiler
Horsepower
SpinArt

North Carolina's own Squatweiler rev's the rock engine again, this time aided by the recording genius of J. Robbins (Jawbox, Burning Airlines). Mr. Robbins has managed to capture the anthemic rock wisdom of Squatweiler whilst allowing them to branch out in their songwriting. These songs are reminiscent of Robbins' own defunct outfit Jawbox as well as Squatweiler recent tourmates Bad Religion. The lyrics shout and twist their way into your angst-ridden heart as the guitars provide enough movement for an epileptic seizure. This is the tightest, most cohesive release from this trio yet and is THE summer CD to be found lying on a record store shelf near you. (Sockboy)

Versus
Afterglow
Merge

Versus are three Filipinos and one Caucasian from NYC and they've spent a lot of time in the kitchen stirring their melting pot of indie rock. Their latest ep on Merge Records out of Chapel Hill comes off as a more introspective, musically daring effort. Bassist Fontaine Touns stretches her vocal chords on a few songs as well. Versus has always written some of the prettiest indie rock ever and they don't abandon that here. Long time fans won't be disappointed at this, their latest effort and will applaud how the band has strived to stretch their own limits. (Sockboy)

King Missile III
Failure
Shimmy Disc

The coolest thing about this CD is the cover, which is one of those double optical things that change when you move your noggin. I feel bad to write shitty reviews because who the hell am I? I'm just some shmoe who likes music. I've always hated reviewers because it's just an opinion. Look at the crap that gets shining reviews. It's called "greasing the palm". If a magazine gives an awful review of a band and the band's record company is paying for an ad in that magazine, how long do you think it will be before the record company pulls it's ad? See? Well, fuck them! I'm not getting paid and this disc sucks ass! It's called "Failure" for good reason. The one-hit wonder of Detachable Penis was stupid five years ago. If you're into the spoken word/music thing listen to old No Trend (Teen Love era, circa 1981). (brian)

Solid Gold 40
Rock Show/Live in Austin
SG40 Records

Now this is a LIVE record! Cheap Trick could learn a thing or two from these cats, daddy-o. Solid Gold 40 have put the fun back in rock and roll. Definitely a live act. The show is hilarious, entertaining and rockin'. The Reverend Stinky Del Negro reminds me of Andy Kaufman in his wrestling days. I wouldn't be surprised if he were his love child. This CD is chock full of good

nuggets. Where the dreaded King Missile tries to be funny. Solid Gold 40 really are. Plus they can really play! No shitty musicianship here, just good, tight, and loud rock and roll. The only draw back is the lo-fi quality. I'd love to see what these guys could do with some real record company cash and a six month lock out at some snazzy studio. Buy this CD, break out the cheese whiz and get kinky. (brian)

God Hates Computers
don't give up the ship
RED ALERT WORKS

Serving up some old punk as our special on the menu today, our entree - God Hates Computers from Portland. You may want to try the soup first before slapping this disc into the tray. Rest assured you'll be glad you skipped the salad. GHC kicks in hard with the opening track, "You Can't Outrun the Radio" with punchy speed and raw punk energy. The vocal track stands out especially in the chorus. Maybe a product of the eighties, but with a guitarist named CHOPPER, how could you go wrong? Still yakkin' about old Ronnie Reagan, with Sweet Jimmy T pounding away at the skins, these guys are like churning butter at one of those frozen slushie bars. Punk as all hell, you better believe it. This band has been able to capture something like a feel of the past with some tracks, a lot of bands have failed at this, so I give GHC a high five on that shit. As super model and romance novel cover boy Fabio once said, "I can't believe it's not butter." (stabler)



Euphone
The Calendar Of Unlucky Days
Jade Tree

The solo record from Ryan Rapsys — he of the Heroic Doses fame — that revels in moody moog injections and bass-line-as-the-heart-beat style that can be considered under the moniker of "that Chicago sound." The duo explore "electronic soundscapes" in a "drum 'n' bass configuration." It's groovy. I find (like most er, "Chicago music"...Tortoise, Sea and Cake et al.) that this record will supply an excellent soundtrack to the burn-some-candles-drink-some-red-wine-have-dinner-with-your-loved-one-then-have-sex-on-the-floor music. Yeah that's it. I like it. (greg e.boy)



XTC
Apple Venus Vol. 1
 (TVT)

The perennial flavor of XTC is back in town again although with a slightly more orchestral voice. Apple Venus Vol. 1 is XTC's first studio cd since 1992's Nonsuch. Although fans of the band have been treated to a compilation of B-Sides and a recently released BBC Sessions box set, this is the first time since Oranges and Lemons that XTC has nailed the rare emotion which only they can invoke. Listeners may be put off by the mostly orchestral and easy listening modes on the new CD, but that's what happens when musicians have kids - they make music as to not wake their spawn. XTC more than makes up for this lazy trade by spouting rich and creative wind, brass and string lines along with the occasional vocal ornamentation. XTC promised that Apple Venus Vol. 2 is on the way before the end of the year. They promise this to be more of a 'rock' collection. They had much to choose from in the 50 plus fully realized songs they had written for what was originally going to be a double album. It's OK to like this CD so stop denying it and start buying it. (Sockboy)

Spade Cooley
Shame On You
 Bloodshot

A re-release of songs recorded by Spade and his band in the mid-'40s, this record swings. Da-er. No seriously. Spade was the king of California swing. Kills me that cats were cutting it up like this. As a fan of Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey, I got a big fucking boner over Spade. Now don't go jumping to conclusions... (greg e. boy)

Helix
The Best Of Helix: Deep Cuts
 Razor & Tie

If you didn't experience adolescence in the mid '80s, you might confuse the Razor & Tie label with punk-affiliated Tooth & Nail. Alas my young friends, Razor & Tie is a scary entity that likes to re-release whack crap from way back when, the when in question here in 1983 give or take a few years. Big hair metal bands were huge back then and the Canuck band Helix tried to ride that wave til it crashed on the shore. Mixing Loverboy with Motley Crue, Helix's wave crested early, washed out, and then forced them to paddle in. They had one real hit, the power ballad "Deep Cuts The Knife" and one so-called AOR smash hit, "Rock You." Now the question is this: who would buy this? I mean, I've already got enough Crue and Quiet Riot (not to mention Journey and Dokken) in my collection. Lord knows I don't need more bad sugar-coated, hairsprayed, glam-metal and neither do you. Although in a pinch — like cocaine rehab — this record might elicit fond memories of a time gone past. For me it is just a pleasant reminder as to why I

chose to go down the sacred path of punk rock. (greg e. boy)

Sileas
Play On Light
 Green Linnet

"Sheelis," as we white trash folks would say, is the duo of Patsy Seddon and Mary Macmaster. Together they have stood, for close to a decade, at the forefront of harp music. Hey, put this on and you'll feel like you've left the trailer park. Note: one must turn this up real loud if you wish to hear it over the dim of yer drunken neighbors arguing. Peacefully beautiful music that makes coming down off that crystal meth a pleasure. (greg e. boy)

Guitar Wolf
Jet Generation
 Matador Records

Thank god it's finally here, the true rawk from our Western partners of the Pacific Realm. This Japanese trio blew my socks off at SXSW and this record has been on my radar for at least three months. When I first put in the cd, I thought the computer had reject-



ed it like a baboon heart. I actually accidentally in fear of the rawk restarted the machine. While the G3 rebooted I went and got a Lone Star and prepared. Thank god I did. This is the best album I have heard all year, bar none. Jesus fucking christ, this is back to basic good-time fucking rock and roll. The title track, also track uno, blares off like Gabriel's Horn to let you know your world is about to collapse. With songs like Kung Fu Ramone and Teenage U.F.O, how can one go wrong? Simply put, one can't. They also do a fixing great cover of Summertime Blues. I listened to this record eight times and only stopped because I went to go see Pong play downtown. If you are in need of a good-times, beer-drinking, all-out-party, what's-right-about-rawk, kicking-ass-taking-names-album, I highly suggest this gem. The only sad thing is their live show is ten times better than this record, and I'm reminded of this everytime I pound my fist in the air and stomp my feet to every single track. Praise to the rock gods for this offering. (ranscot)

Road Rage
Nothin' to Declare
 Radical Records

Nothin' to Declare is the latest from the old school punk darling's UK-style - Road Rage. These guys are a c-hair away from Oi! and it's never been so much fun. These songs are fast, chock full o' angst and anthemic. You'll be singing them on the way to the VFW hall to see any 10 band matinee. These guys are the precursor to every band that wants to play 70's UK punk. They love their pubs, they love their beer

and they love their rock! Their guitars are straight out of the Steve Jones tone catalog and their attitude is straight out of UK '77. They've been fermenting overseas for years and they are, how should I say this...ripe. Let the US beware for Road Rage are about to embark on their first US tour ever. (Sockboy)

Oleander
February Son
 Republic/Universal

LA's uber-new wave radio station KROQ is noted for breaking this band. Then Republic signed Oleander after label reps saw them open for Sugar Ray. Oooooosshh! This shit sucks. I repeat "this shit sucks." Could it be any more generic? Can you say Bush? And don't think I'm gonna get away without saying that their cover of The Cure's "Boys Don't Cry" is totally weak. Totally. Insipid. Now go look up that word punky. (greg e. boy)

Wilco
Summerteeth
 Reprise

The other half of Uncle Tupelo (you know, the ones that aren't in Son Volt). Well, neither band seems to be living up to their expectations — that much is true — despite the commercial success. Really, we critics know there is more to being a successful rock star than having a hit song nobody cares to forget; it's all you're remembered for. Unless you are Courtney Hole, the bleached blonde from Everclear or KISS (yes KISS!). Anyway, back to the task at hand: Wilco looked in the mirror, gave itself a cold, long stare and told themselves "this party's too good to end." So they made a pop record. Scary right, but if you think about there's a lil' pop in just about everything. It's when the pop gets too saturated that it turns to saccharin-soaked Britney Spears. Had you never heard Wilco, you'd be hard pressed to find that this band helped form a genre of music. But if you're familiar, well, then of course you'll know that Mr. Tweedy and company always had some catchy songs...and you won't be surprised that they still do. Hell, it all always ends up going back to The Beatles (greg e. boy)

Cheap Trick
Music For Hangovers
 Cheap Trick Records

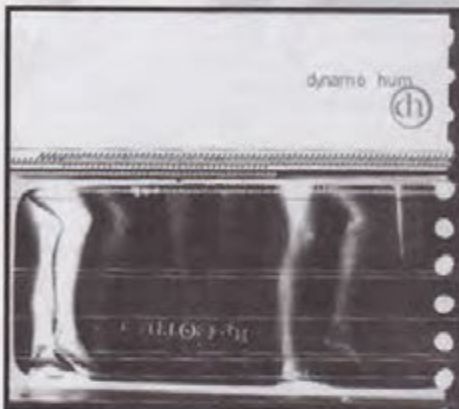
This is the second Live thing-a-majiggy from Cheap Trick. The first was Budokan. Taken from last year's tour, the Beatles of the midwest have concocted a tired-ass release. I'm sure it was an awesome show if you were there, but the awful sound quality was painful to endure. To put a "Retro" stamp of approval on this reshaped thing, Billy Corgan and D'arcy make an appearance (blecch!) Don't get me wrong dude, the Trick are BAD ASS!!! But, buy the one from twenty years ago instead. This is just my opinion, if you LOVE Cheap Trick, buy the damn thing. (brian)



Groovegrass
Groovegrass 101

Reprise

Take yer average bluegrass / country chord progression and add some funk-infused dance beats behind it. Doc Watson and Bootsy Collins are enlisted to help out. 'Tis strange to hear Bootsy cover Bill Monroe. Completely interesting if not anything else. (greg e. boy)



Dynamohum
Fallopian

Media Kitchen

Well Eastern art house rock has official arrived to Southern California. The east coast influence on this music is undeniable, and faced with heavy intellectualized sounds. I could see myself easily see them play somewhere in the Village, or a swank cocktail bar in Chicago. Not surprisingly the band holds a couple of graduate degrees in music, and it shows in the careful construction of support for the centerpiece of the band, songstress Jennifer Hung. Her mix of Kennedy from Bongwater and PJ Harvey-style vocals comes off easily for her. Though not as good as my silly school boy lust of Mazzy Star, a definite stand out in the new crop of pre-planned alluring sounding female singers. If I was trying to get laid based on owning an obscure but rocking album with a hot sounding chick singer, then lid buy it. Kind of like gay men buying Morrissey. (ran scot)

Penelope Houston
Tongue

Reprise

Former lead singer of SF's legendary punk band The Avengers does the major label singer/songwriter thing. Really there's nothing wrong with the music on here...if it wasn't made by some aging punk rock girl. Where's Pleasant Gehman when you need her?! I mean mediocre music has become the norm for the Warner/Reprise. What fat, bald guy is doing A&R these days? I've offered up my services before. I'll offer them up again. You want good, sellable music — give greg. e. boy a call. And Jesus, take a hint from the lo-fi, home recordist and do it yourself. Overdubs suck. (greg e. boy)

Galactic
crazyhorse mongoose

Capricorn

Funky, Meters/Booker T/Hammond organ groove rock lettin' you know that Nawlins is in the house. Got a horn section to boot. Some funky shit alright — the kinda shit you dig to see live; the kinda shit that makes excellent background music for those I-

wish-I-was-a-porno-star-but-I'm-not-that-doesn't-mean-I-can't-act-like-it-nights...I bet the frat guys love Galactic (until they discover Barry White). As a jaded music critic, will I ever listen to this more than once? Highly unlikely. (greg e. boy)

Shuggie
Shuggie

HeadHunter/Cargo

Mixing elements of Cheap Trick and the Replacements, Shuggie rocks forth like gods of the millennium. They've got it all here - blistering 70's guitar solos, melodic chant choruses and hooks made famous by the likes of any classic rock anthem that is still on rotation on any classic rock station. Spurred on by the hell that is dealing with major labels (i.e. MCA) and a disc that never see the light of day, Shuggie has decided to spread the work of corporate corruption through Headhunter and Cargo. They are throwing a monster party and inviting the ghosts. Phil Lynett and some of those Skynyrd boys. (Sockboy)

Supernovice
Timely

Onset Records

This band is everything I expect and more from a Orange County band, save that fucking girl who keeps ruining all the god damn songs. Why the hell is this girl(from here on out know as Fat Fat Piggy Piggy for simplicity sake) in the band, does her dad foot the recording bill? Does Fat Fat Piggy Piggy sleep with booking agents? Stefan Veselko on drums is clean and thunderous, and I love how tight he was with the bassists. I swear with the vocals and hooks put out by the David Turbow, who pulls double duty on guitar, would rock my world, but Fat Fat Piggy Piggy just crumbles the castle of sound they build. Seriously guys, drop the big one and get big. This CD would have found its way into my rotation had it not been for Fat Fat Piggy Piggy. When you see this band is finally a 3-piece then I would suggest buying it, otherwise only buy it if you want to hear the worst female influence on a band since Yoko Ono. (ran scot)



Fly Machine
(self-titled)

We Did It Ourselves

This Raleigh band formed from the the left over parts of Confessor. As a critic who has the thankless job of listening to endless waves of promo cds, this one isn't that band in that it isn't predicable. Mid-tempo metal, in case you haven't noticed, hasn't seem the light of day since Life Of Agony sold their soul and got Ugly Kid Joe's Whitfield Crane to sing for 'em. Have I lost you? Confused? It's like this: headbangers still lost in a early '90s Rikki Rachmann haze will surely like this. Me, I'll stick with Queens Of The Stone Age or our own locally grown Leadfoot. (greg e. boy)

David Allan Coe
Recommended For Airplay

Lucky Dog / Sony Music

A renegade redneck, David Allan Coe has been coining country terms since the 60's & 70's with songs like "Jack Daniels If Please" or "Take This Job And Shove It" — and this record is his response to the question: "I wonder what kind David Allan Coe would be writing in the year 2000 that would be so different?" So, Mr. Coe opens his album with a ditty dedicated to be a transvestite titled "Song For The Year 2000" where Coe addresses racism and multiculturalism. Still politically conscious (yet incorrect) and still drinkin', Recommended For Airplay finds the rouge redneck kicking ass into the millennium. Everybody sings along now! (He's does that so well...) "It takes all kinds of people to make the world go round." (greg e. boy)



Dubtribe Sound System
Bryant Street

Jive Electro

Dubtribe is all about positively, peace, love and good vibes. Well that's what the record label wants you to know. It's disco music — '90s style — which makes it techno or whatever the current buzzword that describes the use of samples, tape loops and break beats. Um, they also claim to be "the biggest act on the American rave scene." While I confess to not knowing much about the said genre, I do know this much — there is better out there. Try Banco De Gia. (greg e. boy)

Jim Greer
rover songs

Fortune Records

Art Fags. (ran scot)

Tobin Sprout
Let's Welcome the Circus People

Wigwam Records

Huh? Yea, that's what I thought after I listened to this album. Tobin Sprout is the same Tobin Sprout of GBV and this is his first new full-length album in two years. Anyway, I'm not sure if he's trying to venture into the math-rock genre or what, but all of the songs on this album feel as though they were unfinished. It's kind of hard walking down 6th St. and even catching part of a band's set and walking off before it's over. Yet, of the music that is in these songs- it's pretty cool. This CD left me a little bewildered, but that may be the point. (shara)



**Morgion
Solinari**
Relapse

Heavens to murgatroid! It's fucking "monolithic metal of the highest order" states the press release. While I did find the gut wrenching sluggishness of the record to be of great satisfaction under the pleasantries of the weed, I did find Morgion to be a bit morose. Yeah jack, I fucking know that is what they are going for, I'm just saying it gets to be a bit much. But metal like this adds a nice touch to the collection; it tells people "I can go there if I want," just having the option alone makes it credible. Prog rock and death metal — what an unlikely, yet intriguing marriage of musical styles. Track two "Canticle" is my favorite track. And just where does Relapse find all this freakin' killer (albeit sometimes weird) music? Hello!! I'm a music critic and nobody sends me the shit like Relapse sends me which is, hands down, the label I would recommend to anyone who wants to know what it would sound like to get your head ripped off, pass out in a pool of blood and die. Okay, okay. Fuck. It's like this: The Champs meets Cathedral with a Type O Negative meets Crowbar slant. Got it? (greg e. boy)

**Demolition Doll Rods
Self-Titled**
Matador Records

Valium-chewing lesbians are going love this. Unfortunately I drink beer and have a pee-pee. It reminds me of Seven Year Bitch, if the singer decided to do the cocktail lounge circuit. Very minimalist, and maybe that's what bothers me. I like my hot angry chick singers behind a wall of noise, not a single guitar and podded down drums. I'm sure this album will do well, especially in the gin-drinking rockabilly-hipster scenes now populating the larger metros. Nothing against the band. I really do think they believe in what they are doing, they're just like Billy Holliday with a lame-ass Celtic arm band tattoo and pierced nipples. I think some quality time with label-mate Catpower would set this band straight. But what do I know about ex-x-girl rawkers. I mean besides sleeping with them. Sorry, I guess I'm going to hell now. (ran scot)

**Sick Of It All
Call To Arms**
Fat Wreck

It is what it is my friend: Alleyway Crew cro magnon NYC hardcore. These guys wrote the book on it, so there's no hard feeling at having them continue to repeat it. (greg e. boy)

BACKGROUND PHOTOS COURTESY OF
JASON JENNINGS.

**Sonia Tetlow Band
close to me/madness 7"**
Elbo Records

The sticks start clicking and they just don't stop on side one's "close to me", performed by an upbeat late nineties rock band from Atlanta who come off like an updated version of the Pretenders. Sonia Tetlow even manages to muster up some female energy in the form of eighties-esque, glitzy sex appeal once embodied by the likes of a Bozio or the chick from Berlin, but I'm still waiting for something to set this band apart from everything else. I also hesitate to make these references not only because those acts may be long forgotten, but this really is more of a rock band with a female vocalist who maybe grew up on new wave. I'm not really convinced that the women in this band are of the hot cornfed slut variety, but for rock and roll's sake, let's hope they're both beautiful and not sleeping with the bassist. The music industry can't handle anymore rock bandmate/lover tragedies that leave behind burnt out shells that even the Magic Man couldn't cure Steamboat Annie style. (basset)



**ZULU AS KONO
Watching the Head Grow 7"**
Bent Over Cowboy

Well, fuck me. It's about time good old fashion weird ass Austin bands start making a come back. Imagine you are watching Butthole Surfers in their early days, but with the wisdom the 90s granted us (whatever that is). Now imagine a band like that who has also mastered prog-rock. It is only then you can start visualize the true meaning of Zulu as Kono. I've flipped this more time than a stoner grill cook flipping burgers at a South Austin cook-out. Also, one on my must see list for visitors of our fine burg. The sure stage presence they armit is surprisingly caught on vinyl. The best thing about this band is the time they choose to get really tight, not unlike a virgin in a porn film (are there any of those?). The Austin music scene is finally getting to the point of not being embarrassing, and, in fact is kicking some serious ass. Zulu as Kono fits the bill as that one band people cannot describe to another person, but vehemently demand other people go see. I give this little record a 8, and yea, you could dance to it. If you buy one obscure seven inch this season, make it this one and prepare to take the first step in journey from which no dreamer has returned. (ran scot)

Salt for Slugs Revival Review:

**Shut Up, Little Man!
You Filthy Cocksucker**
DGC

Long ago I lived in a house known for wild parties and a basic disregard for anything remotely sane. During this time, my record collection took major hits from thefts and drunken breakage. During one party of lore, which highlights include police smoke grenades in the livingroom and naked go-go dancers, one of my favorite albums disappeared. I searched for it for years, but it was out of press. I cried. A few days ago, my roommate came in with a CD I just had to hear. What emitted were strings of profanity and fights. "Shut Up, Little Man!" re-entered my life. For those who have never heard it, SULM is a recording of two drunk old vets who constantly go after each other, as was recorded through the walls by the inhabitants of the apartment next door. The guys who thought they had found the apartment of a lifetime quickly found out why the rent was so cheap. Instead of hating it, they relished in it. They would invite people to hear it like some sick post-industrial dinner theatre. Soon they realized other people would like this, and they recorded them screaming, fighting, and basically trying to kill each other. It is a soap opera of the kind only America could produce. You laugh, you feel bad, and you are blown away all at the same time. It seems to me if one wants to hear just what kind of fucked up thing this crazy American society can produce, one must properly fortify oneself for "Shut Up, Little Man." Beware, not for everyone. (ran scot)

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House is Rockin'

(and not with domestic problems)

by Greg E. Boy



The Hellcopters came to town — and what a cool bunch of fucks they were. It all started when I got a last minute call to interview the band by Chris Jacobs — the publicist for Sub Pop. Now I had wanted to interview the band since

hearing the goddamn rock & fucking punkinroll the band delivered on Super Shitty To The Max.

Man's Ruin delivered the CD to me but I rarely get calls from them about interviewing bands and since The Hellcopters are from Sweden, well, I done figured I was up shit's creek. Then Mr. Jacobs calls me up one day with a query: "You want to interview The Hellcopters?" I was confused but answered with a hearty "fuck yeah." Except, I added, that he had some explaining to do. So he explained that Sub Pop had just signed the band and planned on releasing Grande Rock as well as re-issue the band's sophomore effort Payin' The Dues.

A few days later a plan is set via a tour manager named Todd. "They're still in Sweden so there's a big time difference" he said. The first attempt was botched and I felt

my initial expectations of not being able to interview the band starting to shine through. But I was wrong. A day later I would speak with Nick Royale — singer and guitarist for The Hellcopters.

I could tell you all these things about the band like that they won a Grammy in Sweden for their debut record or that Royale use to be the drummer for Entombed. But I won't. What I can tell you is that Royale's favorite American food is the hamburger: "I'm not talking McDonald's hamburgers. I'm talking the big kind you get in restaurants."

He prefers beer — that's European beer — over liquor or wine. Although he confesses to having a fondness for Budweiser. "On a sunny day... I prefer Budweiser" said Royale. All this talk about what he liked here and what he missed from home sparked a memory: "One time with Entombed, when we were touring the States, we had to go to IKEA to get some Swedish meatballs."

I invited Royale and his bandmates to my house for a pre-gig cookout when I interviewed him over the phone. I was going to get fucked up. Especially seeing that two of my favorite bands — The Quadrajets and The Hellcopters — were going to be playing. I never thought he'd take me up on it. It must have been all that shit I was talking about my patented "garlic/teriyaki" burger.

So the day of the shows comes.

I fired up the grill and invited over some local scads for some beer and grub. The Swedish boys showed up because as Kenny Hellcopter would say "we never get to hang out at someone's house." Apparently, nobody they know owns a house in Sweden because it is expensive as fuck. Kenny and I chatted about our country's cultural differences. Finally he asked me where the toilet was. I showed him.

It was at this exact moment that he spotted the rock room across the hall; nestled under the din of an overhead light (diffused by a Maryland state flag, natch) he spotted a drum kit, guitar, guitar amp, bass and bass amp. "This is cool my friend!" he said.

It wasn't long after that he made the request: "Can we jam?"

The Hellcopters played two maybe three songs. The band didn't play any of their own songs but just jammed — twelve bar blues, stoned-style. They were giddy with the option of rocking out in someone's house. "We're going to play a house party in Alabama" said one of them with a Cheshire cat smile.

I snapped a few photos because I'd be silly not to and even hit record on the boom box that me and the lady use for demos. I was a fine time — one that I'll remember long after I get out of this business. Out of all the bands I interviewed, surely these guys were the most down to earth; they truly want to rock. Club or no club. Just give them the opportunity. ♪



Robert Hellcopter

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Peyton Domain

NO RESPECT

story by Burpee
photos by Lee Brooks



Rafael Boban

Have you ever wanted to be pro skater? Shit, how about a pro anything? Well don't move here, you'll just end up a dirt-bag with crap-ass job or become a over-the-hill lazy skatenig with nothing to show 'cept a plethora of ailing joints and a lung filled with ghetto hash. Well it's not that bad, we do have a lot of cool shit to skate in and around the city, but if you keep fuckin' the same whore for years you're bound to get bored. If a tree fell in the forest on top of a turtle would anyone care? If an Austin skater went pro would any one notice? Problem is, (and maybe this is good) the whole slacker-persona has manifested itself for years in the rollerboard scene. Nobody gives a fuck about sponsorship and if they did, they got the hell out of here years ago. I've left several times in search of the better life, only to return to this

Zack Martin





Lee Brooks



alcoholic-friendly purgatory. All right, I'll stop crying like a bitch

In the past 72 months Austin has been producing some stout-ass skatin' people fiending to skate even a crappy-ass horseshoe curb. Every Wednesday night at the skate park is old man night: Past and present day rippers show up to bust out. Everybody's so damn good! But if you don't want to pay the meager entrance fee, just stay home and rest up, for tomorrow brings the possibility of dozen ditches to be had. Oh yea, don't forget to skate 5-hip. 🍷



The birth of SFS prison mail

DEAR SALT NOT SLUGS.

LARRY MELTON
#858537 HOLLIDAY UNIT E3-29
HUNTSVILLE, TX 77339

SALT NOT SLUGS
PO BOX 50338
AUSTIN, TX, 78763

Would you mail me a copy of the new issue of Salt Not Slugs "The White Rabbitt Manson Family Interview" I am a political prisoner in Texas. I would be very grateful.

Thank You,
Larry Melton
#858537 Holliday Unit E3-29
Huntsville, TX

As you well know by now, Larry, it's Salt FOR Slugs, and hey thanks for inquiring about the Rabbitt interview. We hope you found it enlightening and may you forever now bask in what remains of the half-truth.-bc

Dear Burt,
Got hung up on some of that DVD porn lately. Thought I'd drop you a line to inform you that I'm thoroughly disappointed with the so-called "BONUS" tracks that you raved about, in particular, the ones contained in the newest digital

remember, if them furry little rat heads catch on fire, pour something wet on 'em!

Later,
W.B. Massey III
Ft Worth, TX

Thanks WB for your writings and the Panther City Periodical, and your "According to the Lizard" column. Your straight up approach to seeking a solution to the Columbine massacre is commended, however, I had to put on the trenchcoat this season as a little reminder to society: You're fucking up.-bc

Dear Slugs,
You bastards have ruined more white kids than Vanilla Ice. Was it not enough you defiled the sanctuary of marriage with your pet weddings, glorified idleness and alcoholism with that poor confused old man in the North Loopians? Why do you feel the need to glorify a man associated with a serial killer? My son read and learn verbatim the stories of Charles Manson. It was long after that he cut off our dog's penis and yelled, "Heal!" Needless to say it don't fly miraculously back on like in your funny little interview. We hoped that this would curb his interest, but were we ever wrong. It was about a month later we went to Yellowstone National Park. Of course you know what this is leading to, he tried to tame a fucking bear you assholes. They ripped little Kevin limb for limb. Know he's stuck in a wheel chair, he lost both legs and an arm because of your carelessness with the freedom of the press. If you can find it in your hearts, please just send Kevin a get well gift, or else you will all burn in hell.

to a holding area, where they made me empty my pockets. I only emptied one of them, and was kicked out of the show with seven hits of acid still in my other pocket.

Here is the problem: The Rat and The Teacher just stood there like they didn't know me, and I had to go home alone. What should I do to punish these freaky old bitches?

Freakin' Out

*Dear Freaky Bitch,
You're a good argument for mandatory minimums. My advice: Just say no to school mams. -bc*

Dear Burt Cocaine,
Is there anything that I could possibly say in this letter to convince you that there really is such a thing as aliens and peanut butter bathtub parties? I swear man, I hope you can make it out to Glenda's ranch next weekend for one helluva party. I'll stick some extra crunch right where you want it, and then I'll lick the sandpaper sides of the roasted joy that is Annette Funicello's only real vice.



LETTERS TO BURT COCAINE:

remake of Debbie Does Dallas. I thought you said that the stuff was hardcore, not polished and primped to the point of complete and total nouveau FAKE. Those chicks are fresh off the operating table you pervert. I like mine natural. You should make a guest appearance in one of these showcased spectacles, Burt, it's your calling. There's plenty of room on the shelves for XXX Burt Cocaine DVD!

Slug On-
Chris Harbenson

You are absolutely correct. I have demonstrated poor judgement and only scratched the surface of my pop icon identity, and believe me, steps are being taken by the staff of this magazine to promote me in the smut arena some time in the near future. Fetish Cocaine: Salt for Sluts Vol. One baby! -bc

LIFE IS



CRAP

Hey Slug People,
Goddamn it's hot here where I'm at. I was thinking that if I drank enuff beer the heat would go away, but now I think I was wrong. I'm feeling kinda funny now. Not funny ha-ha, but funny faint. Naw, just kiddin'. There ain't enuff beer fuckin' made to make me feel anything.

Saw your ad in Flyer Times. Here's some of my goofy shit. And

Mrs. Scarborough
Shelby County, Alabama

We'll send skates and a soccer ball. -bc

Hello Burt,
We have noticed your subscription to Gladiator Movie Quarterly has run out without renewal. We are concerned every time we lose a valued fan, and we were just wondering if the magic is gone for you within this sub-genre of film? Does the clang of weaponry as two well-oiled men engage in hot gladiator action no longer entice you? If not, please write us back on how we can win back our hard-core fans who demand hard-core action of the muscular bad boys of movies we like to simply call, "The Gladiators."
Concerned,
Jack Hangrove

Everybody knows gladiators are out and motorcycle midgets are the new zeitgeist of fetishes. Check "Gidget Goes to Hawaii". -bc

Dear Old Coke,
I have a problem that I think maybe you could help me with. I drink a lot. I bet you do, too. That's not the problem, though. I hang around with these two elementary school teachers. That's not the problem, either. I call them The Teacher and The Rat. The problem occurred at the Luckenbach picnic on the 4th, this year. I was smoking a hooter and a cop grabbed my wrist as I went to inhale. He took me

You know how much that means to me, and you promised the last time I saw you late night at Paradox that I meant a lot to you. Please call me in the near future, or I'll tear my own heart out with a pair of vice grips.

Your Friend,
Tanya Giddings

Tanya, obviously your trust-funded life of sex drugs and rock and roll has finally broken you. -bc



(continued from page 41)

SFS: I thought you were living with your girlfriend [Nicole from Barisoul Guns].

Walker: Yeah I was but we had artistic differences.

SFS: Yeah. You liked to eat and sleep and she liked to get up and go to work.

Walker: I like to lay around and be a bum and she likes to actually do something with her life. What can I do?

SFS: I'd marry her.

Walker: uuhhhh!

SFS: Then you can sit around and let her work for you.

Walker: Oh god and talk to the other two guys about their wives. Sit around and play poker.

SFS: Yeah it sucks. Once you get married you can never go out, you can't drink beer anymore...

Walker: Are you married now?

SFS: Yeah man.

Walker: Oh Jesus! How long you been married?

SFS: Three years.

Walker: How's it treating you?

SFS: Well, I'm a homeowner now. I would have never be one if I was still a single guy.

Walker: I always believed in that Tom Waits song "I Don't Wanna Grow Up".

SFS: Well I haven't grown up but its interesting. Its like any kind of relationship...like being in band. You got to work at it. I would think that being in a band is more of a fucking pain in the ass because you got three, four, five people you got to deal with.

Walker: Yeah four or five different egos and what the hell they want at certain times.

Changing the name was just impossible. We could not find anything we could all agree on. Three people would be like "yeah that's perfect" and the other two would be like "that's stinky". With The Fontanelles someone said it and no one was like "yeah its great" but no one hated it. I don't know much about art but I know what I don't like. It kind of grew on us. What the hell. Until we find another band called The Fontanelles we'll keep it.

SFS: Originally it was just you and Kevin and Chuck. Did you play bass?

Walker: Yeah me and Kevin would switch off on bass and guitar and we'd both sing. We were writing a lot of cow-punk crap.

SFS: So you still writing a lot of cow punk shit?

Walker: No we got outta the cow punk. Now we're into art pop.

SFS: Do you still play bass? Do you write songs on the guitar?

Walker: Yeah I think I may start this little side project of my own. My own personal Shark Quest. I was hoping to get like Dianna and Paco and Crow and Stu cole and kinda have this in-town side project recording thing. like more old-style, old folk songs, for lack of a better word... blues. Ledbelly/Tom Waits kinda of stuff. you know like rustic!

SFS: Yeah. I don't get the feeling your listening to many Archers of Loaf records.

Walker: [chuckles] I really don't...no. Anything that's newer than the last fifty years I don't tend to listen to.

SFS: Which is good. I think that's what sets your band apart from the whole indie rock scene that thankfully doesn't seem to permeate the town as much anymore.

Walker: Yeah we have no concept of what's going on around us. I mean were not going to be the next Matchbox 20.

SFS: But you know you probably wouldn't want to be.

Walker: Well, you know, just for a year. [laughter]

SFS: Any final comments? Anything you want to tell the people out there?

Walker: The people out there!

SFS: Yeah yeah.

Walker: Be good to each other.

SFS: "Just pay the admission to our shows"

Walker: Yeah buy our records and be good to each other.

SFS: What happens if this doesn't work out?

Walker: I'll get more acoustic and then I can still play. I can busk if I have to, you know, get back to that more old-style stuff. It'll come back. It'll come back around when the samplers and the drum machines don't work anymore [alluding to y2k].

SFS: I'm kinda bummed. When I talked to Kevin he said you'd answer all my questions differently and you didn't.

Walker: Really?

SFS: So maybe there is so hope here.

Walker: God, continuity in our band. That's scary [pause]. Don't print anything too embarrassing about us. Take out all the embarrassing comments.

SFS: Aw come on man.

Walker: I got to remember who I'm talking to.

SFS: Exactly. You're going to be like "aw fuck" when this interview gets printed.

Walker: just cut out all the gay references.

At the time this was submitted, rumors again circulated through town that the band broke up... again. Regardless, the band is considered an institution in Chapel Hill. I'm sure you have a band like this in your town.



The art car phenomenon is something everyone should take a brief look into, for there are so many really creative individuals out there who have taken it upon themselves to make their own personal forms of artwork on wheels. For the most part, when there is a basic theme, these rides can be quite interesting. However there are some that simply make no sense whatsoever. Case in point, the junk on the roof, spray painted pick-up truck in these photos. I must admit there is definitely something very Slugy about this though. By combining two of the most basic things American: trash and automobiles, one can see just what a fraace the whole thing is.

Among other favorite art cars is the big alien head a guy drives around in South Austin. Also, the boat car was pretty damn cool, but has been MIA for a few years now.

Overall though, if it makes you feel good and you brighten somebody's day with it, who is the Slug to say to stop. Thank you and please drive through. Y



Salt for Slugs



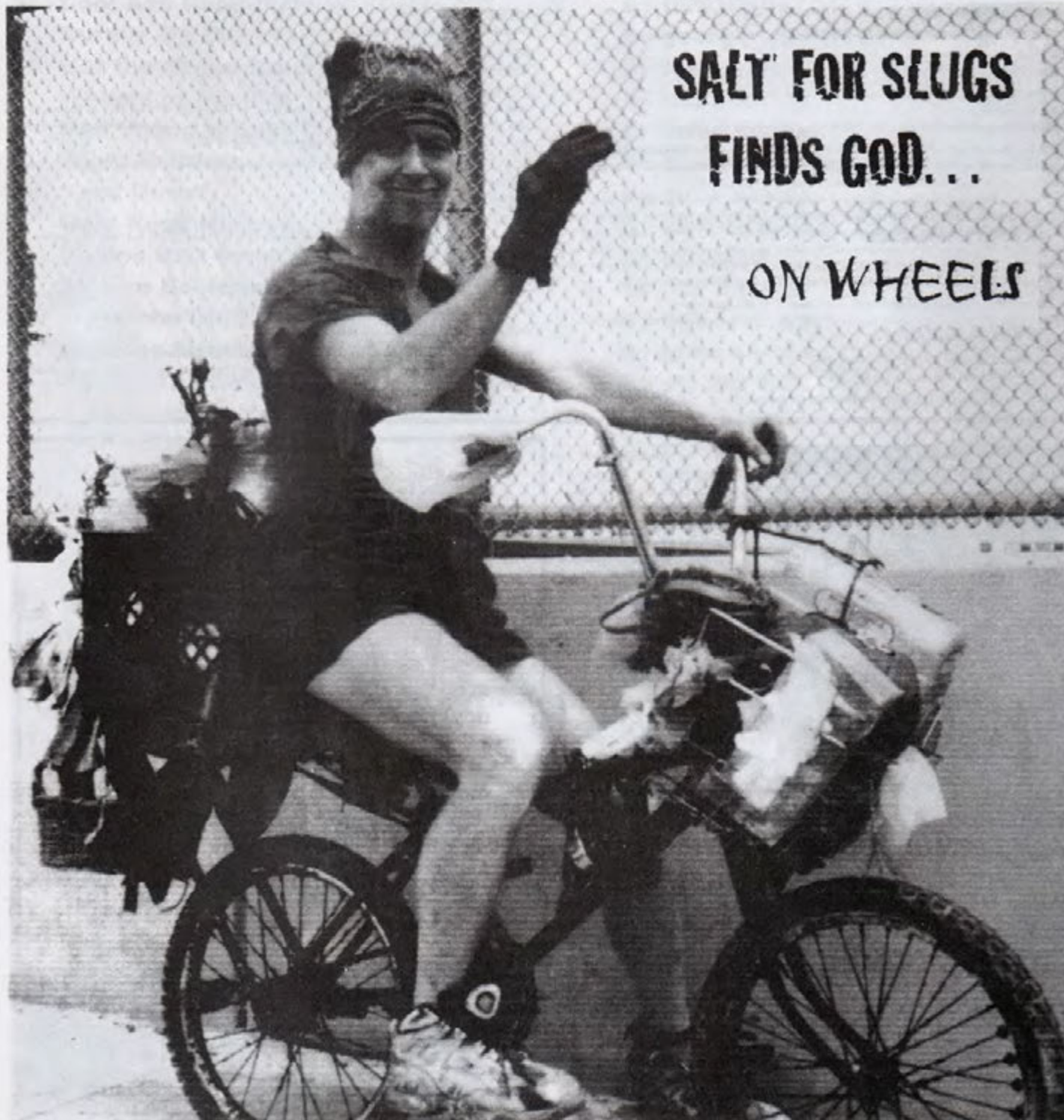
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Up until now, man has pondered many years the true nature of God, and consequently, he also has fought countless wars to prove the existence of one religion or another as the true path to God and what some today still call "heaven". Throughout these dismal centuries which have preceded the information age that we now proudly live in, man had come up with several versions of God and revered an assortment of men who had claimed to really know him, or at least who he or she is. Some had envisioned an old white guy with a long grey beard and flowing white robes. Although this is a highly unlikely image of the entity responsible for all of creation, including the magnificent Aurora Borealis and the Grand Canyon, the blind faith that drives the masses onward has somehow dimmed this glowing inconsistency in reality. However, there are a few small factors which renowned religious theorists throughout history have yet to come to terms with, and they are as follows: At the most basic level, God is dog spelled backwards, yet in the Bible it states that God created man in his own image. (Hence, the paradox begins to take shape.) Also, what is God? After centuries long debates over who God actually is and whether or not he is male or female, black or white, etc...., now we must step back and ask ourselves, "What is God?" Furthermore, if there were a God, would he allow such a senseless and unfulfilling debate to take place on what we now ironically call, "God's Green Earth?"

In spite of the uncovering of the Dead Sea Scrolls and the discovery of what archeologists are now stating to actually be remains of Noah's Ark, society as we know it is moving into a new age with a new realistic image of who and what God REALLY is. As the great poet and eighties pop rock icon Huey Lewis once said, "We Want a New Drug". No longer will we subject ourselves to the false imagery set forth by a bunch of numbskulls from the Dark Ages. Finally, as a collective, we will stand united against utter fantasy, and proceed with whatever in the hell we have been put here to do. This can only take place one way: Salt for Slugs must step forward with the true identity of God!



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