

salt FOR SLUGS

contemporary literature for the random reader

Vol. 3 No. 3 winter 2000 \$3.00

THIS ISSUE:

REBECCA CANNON

World Champion Female Boxer,
Anissa "The Assassin" Zamarron

Cowgirl Deluxe, Sally Timms

Judy & the Magician

Free Radio Austin's "Reckless"

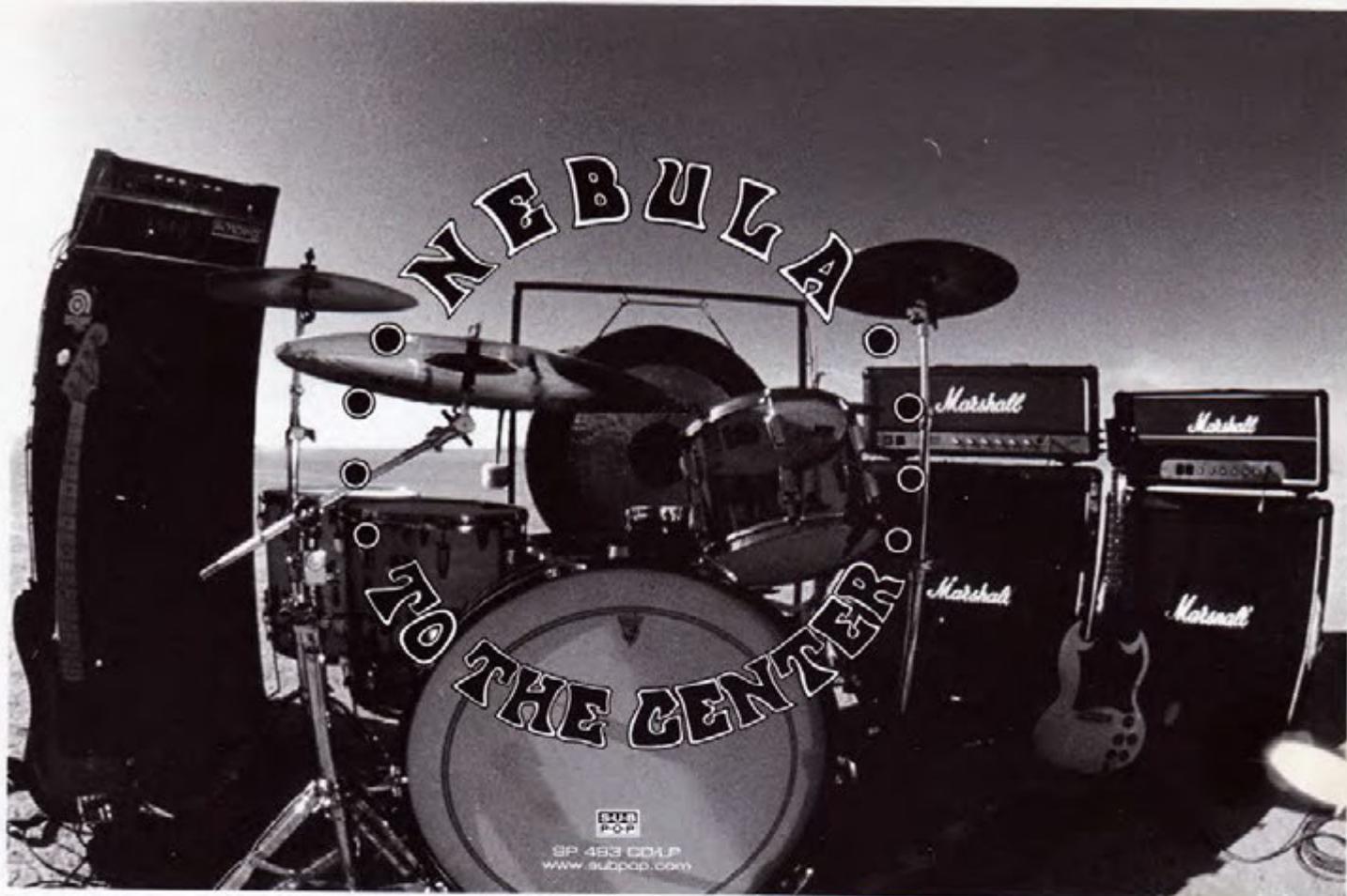
Hill Country Review: Charlie Horse

Music Reviews by People Who Care
and much more...

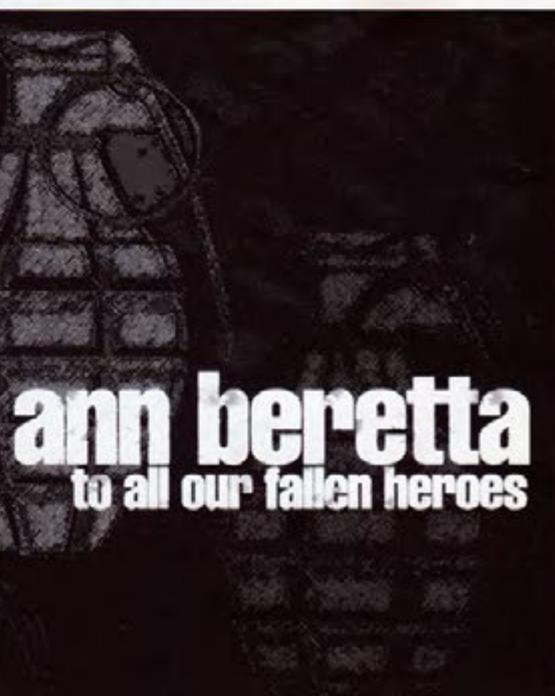
\$3.00



7 97377 97306 7 04



american steel
 rogue's march



ann beretta
 to all our fallen heroes



Punk Rock from Berkeley, CA
Lookout! returns to its roots.



Clash style Punk Rock from
Richmond, VA. See them on tour!



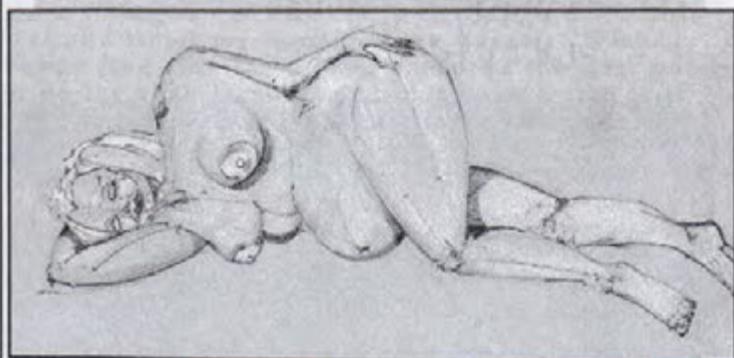
The Mercury Presents... At Jazz

The Mercury is expanding...
Look for new venue at 214 E. 6th
Street in building above Jazz.
Grand opening in mid-January.



welcome to the

WOMEN'S ISSUE



sparks 2000

CONTENTS:

Rebecca Cannon
Bizarro Bookmarks
Reckless
Anissa "The Assassin" Zamarron
CD Packaging
Sally Timms
Radical Women and
Why I Hate Them
SFS Book Reviews
Walsby's Covers
Occupational Hazards Part Deux:
DRAIN STH
Katzen, Tattooed Girl
Photographing a Woman
The Crass Menagerie
Boaz Video Column
Hill Country Review: Charlie Horse
Judy & the Magician
Music Reviews
I'm a Pooper
Letters to Burt Cocaine

by ran scot p. 6
by lisa knorra p. 11
by surfin' charlie p. 12
by raymond grant p. 14
by greg e. boy p. 15
by bo legg p. 18

by johnny dark p. 20
by james maclaren p. 26
by brian walsby p. 27

by greg e. boy p. 28
by teddy vuong p. 29
by max spitzenberger p. 30
by laptop laine p. 32
by boaz dror p. 34
by stabler hsu p. 36
by raymond grant p. 38
by people who care p. 40
by krista feder p. 46
p. 48



"Woman in Progress"
20 minutes South of Ensenada, Mexico



photo by max spitzenberger

Salt for Slugs #11

Volume Three, Number Three Winter 2000

EDITOR/PUBLISHER

JAMES BERNARD

MUSIC EDITOR

GREG BARBERA

MANAGING EDITOR

TEDDY VUONG

LOCAL DEGENERATE

RAYMOND GRANT



On the cover:
Rebecca Cannon, who
now fronts the band
Lucille, speaks with
SFS about being a girl
rock singer. Photo by
todd v. wolfson

**Who really
schools the
ladies? Trainer
Richard Lord
shows women how
to fight. (see pg. 14)**



CONTRIBUTING PHOTOGRAPHERS:

Todd V. Wolfson
Raymond Grant
Anna Louisa Morales
Stabler Hsu
Max Spitzenberger
Kirk-O-Matic
Jason Jennings
Robin D. Cradle

CONTRIBUTING DESIGNERS:

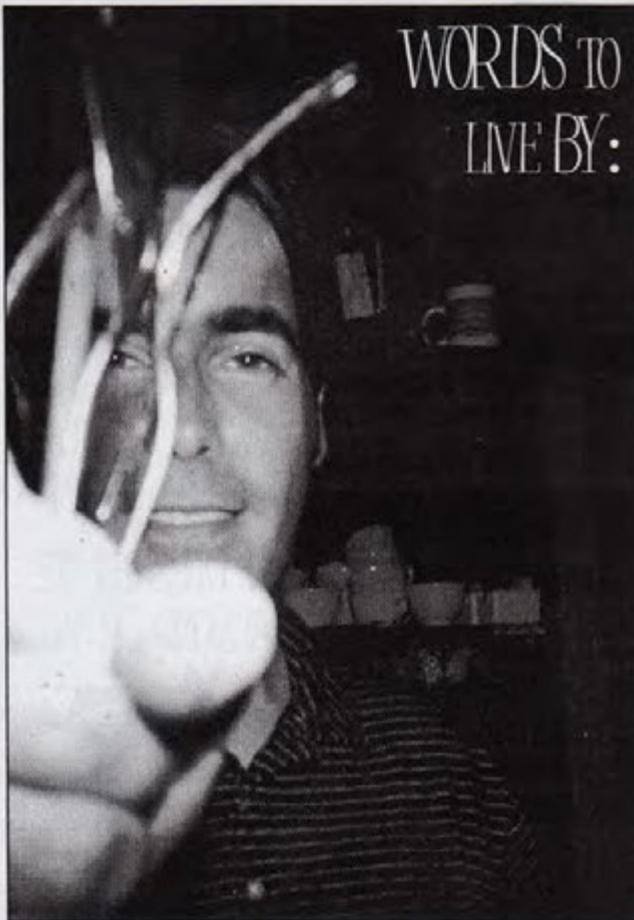
Stabler Hsu
Paul Sparks
Amanda Laine
Lisa Knorra

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

Skipper Griffin
Raymond Grant

contributing writers and artists:

Teddy Vuong, Raymond Grant, Stabler
Hsu, Krista Fedor, Boaz Dror, Brian
Walsby, Laptop Laine, Ran Scot, Keefer
Estevez, Kirk-0-matic, Marc Gross, James
Maclaren, Johnny Dark, Brian DiFrank, Lisa
Knorra, Brian MacGraw, Bo Legg



WORDS TO
LIVE BY:

"It is exciting to have a real crisis on your hands when you have spent half of your political life dealing with humdrum issues like the environment."

-Margaret Thatcher

"Dance is the hidden language of the soul."

-Martha Graham

"Between two evils, I always pick the one I haven't tried before."

-Mae West

"Canadians are Americans with no Disneyland."

-Margaret Mahy

"Millions long for immortality who don't know what to do with themselves on a rainy Sunday afternoon."

-Susan Ertz

"All books are either dreams or swords you can cut, or you can drag with words."

-Amy Lowell

"I suppose art is the only thing that can go on mattering once it has stopped hurting."

-Elizabeth Bowen

"Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe free."

-Emma Lazarus

"A woman is like a teabag - only in hot water do you realize how strong she is."

-Nancy Reagan

"The fruit that can fall without shaking, indeed is too mellow for me."

-Lady Mary Wortley Montagu



theywhossearch.com

SALT FOR SLUGS
is distributed by :

DESERT MOON PERIODICALS
TOWER MAGAZINES
STUFF DISTRIBUTION
PRIMORDIAL SOUP KITCHEN
HOUSE OF G (SFS East)

This little space has been set aside for the real **EDITOR'S NOTE**. However, there is not enough room to capture the true essence of this women's issue, and definitely far too little room to really capture what went on during the production of this issue.

As with many Slugs in the past, writers have come and gone and advertisers have flailed, but yet still, another issue of the SFS has surfaced. Teddy Vuong even tried to step up to the position of Managing Editor. He claims this issue is tight, but as always, I must add my little disclaimer here: Please disregard any typos, spelling errors, or other screw-ups that appear in this issue.

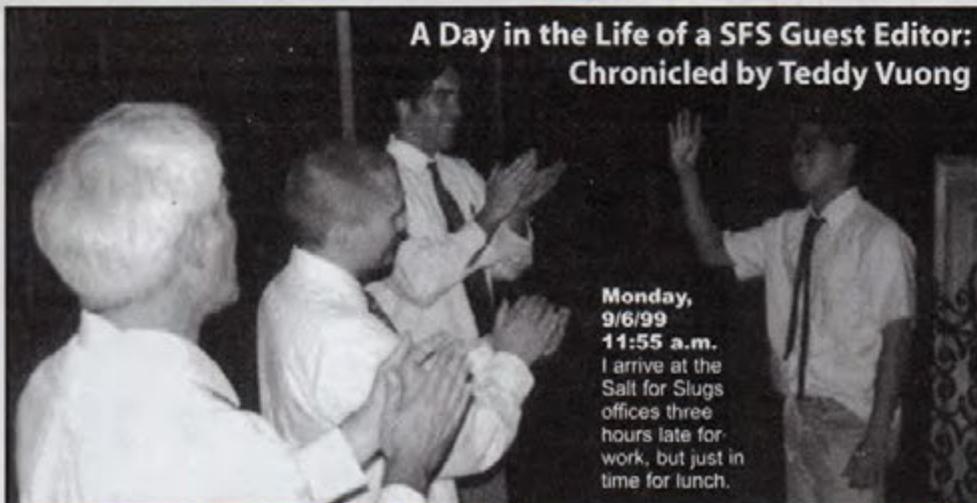
Here in Austin, the Yogurt Shop Murders intrigue the locals, who create controversy and a bevy conspiracy theories to keep us all on our toes. Although it

happened like nine years ago, it still has only begun to rear its ugly head once more. Look for key names in the conspiracy which involved some huge insurance settlements: Roy Q. Minton, Ronnie Earle, Bill Mooreshell, Mike Tomei. Again, not enough room to fit in the details.

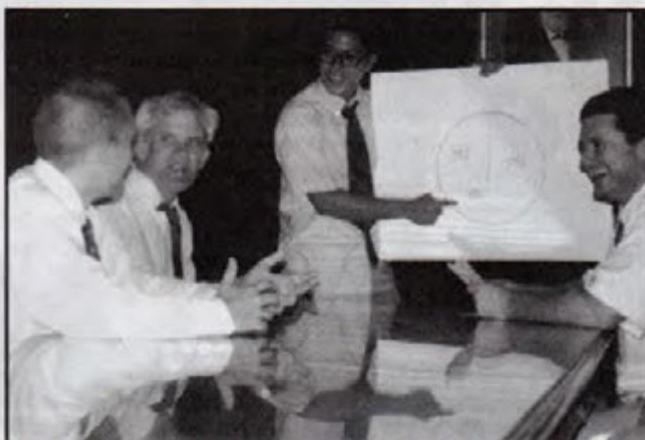
I want to dedicate the nude spread in this issue to Aaron from The Probe, and the centerfold is dedicated to the makers of Ugly American. Many thanks go out to all of our supporters, athletic and otherwise. This issue wouldn't have been possible without the help from my family and the perseverance of some crazy A-town characters; namely Max, Skipper, Ray, Teddy, Kirk-O-Matic, Brit the Intern, Paul Sparks, Lisa Knorra, and even that asshole Ran Scot. And to Greg E. Boy: Good luck with the pregnancy. - JB

Salt for Slugs is published four times a year. All articles and columns represent the opinions of the writers and not necessarily those of the magazine or the publisher. Advertisers and agencies assume all responsibility for content of advertising and any claims arising therefrom made against the publisher. ©1999 by Salt for Slugs, Inc., Austin, Texas. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced without permission. SFS is available by mail. Single copy (current issue), \$3 ppd, 1 year subscription (four issues), \$12 ppd. Back issues currently available by mail, or may be viewed via our web page. Deadline for submissions for the SXSW issue is Jan 31, 2000. The ad copy deadline is Feb 15th. Rate card and/or media kit is available by mail. Burt Cocaine loves to get mail at our mailing address. Write Salt for Slugs at: P.O. Box 50338, Austin, TX 78763 e-mail: sfs1@flash.net (888)489-6652 www.saltforslugs.com

A Day in the Life of a SFS Guest Editor: Chronicled by Teddy Vuong



**Monday,
9/6/99
11:55 a.m.**
I arrive at the
Salt for Slugs
offices three
hours late for
work, but just in
time for lunch.



12:15 p.m.

Power-lunch at the Driskill Hotel with the executives. After five martinis a piece, a game of strip-poker commences to break the ice. If you would like to know the results, you'll have to ask Driskill security.

2:00 p.m.

We reconvene at the Slug office for a board meeting. My assignment is handed to me - edit an issue about women, a topic I know nothing about. To gain some credibility, I pull out my pie charts and prove to them that red is dominating at 55%, green is holding strong at 35%, but yellow has dropped to a disappointing 10%. Silence pervades the room - they are at my mercy.

2:01 pm

J.B. and Skipper argue intensely over the impact of the drop in yellow to 10%, and soon come to the realization that my chart doesn't accurately depict the data that our dedicated slug interns have so arduously collected. Skipper chuckles uncomfortably as he ponders the impact of the miscalculation, while wondering a bit whether he's at all responsible for the glitch.



2:15 pm

J.B. and Kirk-O-Matic, chagrined by the display, immediately take steps to remove me from the room. I stood strong and tried to resist, but they were simply too strong. This would prove to be a small setback for me. Once outside the room, I then impressed them with my authoritative charisma by demanding Skipper's immediate resignation for yellow's performance.



3:23 p.m.

Calmness descends once again over the SFS offices. I turn the computers on and begin laying out the magazine. Looking for inspiration, I crack open the beer cooler where a cornucopia of low grade beers shine like headlights on this thirsty deer.



4:15 p.m.

I awaken in a pathetic, drunken stupor. I attempt to resume my editorial duties, but cannot figure out how to turn the computers on. I crawl out to the lobby and beg shamelessly for the staff to forgive me, convincing them that The Slug is paramount, that its legacy must continue, that The Slug transcends all the petty human differences that plague this world of ours. My monologue is greeted with applause as the sounds of back-slapping and "yippping" fill the office.

5:15 p.m.

I reflect back on my day with Salt for Slugs Magazine. I am overcome with a great sense of pride knowing that I have abetted the Slug in its mission to terrorize the world, and for the first time in my life, a sweet tear grips my delicate cheeks. Consumed by such wonderfully emotive forces, I call in sick for the next four days.





REBECCA CANNON INTERVIEWED

by ran scot

toddy v. wolfson

Deep down inside, everybody wants to be a rock star, but so few are chosen. Sometimes people don't even realize their destiny until the time is right, all the building blocks in place, and they have the right mixture to create the mix. So is the case with Rebecca Cannon. It was not until she got fully involved in the RTF program at U of Texas that she realized music was her outlet. But when this lucky accident occurred, one of Austin's best female rock and roll stories was born.

The music industry was looking for another gold mine, and they came to Austin to prospect. Austin was on fire. It was about this time that Rebecca joined up with other local here musicians and formed the band known as Sincera. Sincera would be the central facet of Rebecca's life for the next few years, and what a ride it would be. Their sophomore release was getting played on the college circuit, and even limited commercial radio spins. This, coupled with a few well done music videos, made the band cut to be well on their way, but unfortunately the house of Caroline Records was built on a sandy foundation. After a couple of releases and little hype from the label itself,

Sincera's A&R guy got canned. In retaliation against the guy, the owner dropped all the bands he signed, Sincera included.

The sad part of all this was the lack of a good support system back home. Austin had taken a wild turn. No longer was the scene all-supportive. In fact, if a band became even mildly popular, the scenesters would start to scream "sell-out." Soon after this, Sincera broke apart, but not before a hell of a run, including opening up for Joan Jett, and touring. A band who everybody thought was the next big thing was scuttled without a record deal or any interest from another label. Caddy enough, this was exactly what was happening to other bands who had gotten signed in Austin. Not a single Austin band from the bumper crop ever became a huge commercial success, which means Austin had to suffer through Austin Stories for no reason.

Upon returning to Austin from their travels, all these bands realized most of the other bands had left town. Most people could not handle all the finger pointing and sell-out band-wagoning. It wasn't healthy for the scene and soon the scene started showing the strains.

As quickly as the Austin music scene had become the next hot spot, it became a backwaters again. It would have surely fallen off the map had it not been for SXSW. The live music capital of the world was hurtling.

What was Rebecca up to? She never stopped being involved, even after the after-shocks had broken apart Sincera. Bandmates decided to follow other pursuits. She now fronts the band Lucille and is having a great time doing so. This interview will give us a little more insight into the road less travelled, and we'll get to know Rebecca a little better. Here it

Below: People love to rock with Rebecca. Lucille Live.





“You should be able to focus on what you love to do. If other people call that selling out, then those people are just unhappy with what they do.”

SFS: So Rebecca, how do you like where you find yourself these days?

RC: I feel like I'm starting all over again. I like the people I'm playing with, especially the fact that I finally found a guitarist. I can write songs with. He understands what kind of music goes well with my voice. The three guys in the band all went to high school together so they already know each other well, so I'm really happy with them. I'm not happy with my financial situation. I'm ready to be a working musician. I don't want to wait tables anymore.

SFS: If you are a musician in Austin and don't wait tables, aren't you a sell-out?

RC: No, not at all. Because even rock stars who people say have sold out, find their careers over in a couple of years and they're back working a day job, so how can you really say they sold out? I really think selling out is when your music is affected. For example, someone goes in writing no longer for themselves, but for the masses and something else someone tells you to write.

SFS: Writing to sell records, not for yourself.

RC: You're writing to sell records. There is a reason you got popular; you got discovered; and if your music changes once you get signed and you don't have any integrity and take the money, then that's selling out. It's once your music is so effected you don't believe in what you are singing anymore, just writing to sell. You are just simply writing because it sounds like an alternative commercial hit, a big radio hit. I think it's great when someone can make a living doing art they love to do, and should be a goal of artists, no matter if they are a writer or a painter. You should be able to focus on what you love to do. If other peo-

ple call that selling out, then those people are just unhappy with what they do.

SFS: I find that the people who are yelling 'sell-out' the loudest all seem to be the ones on a trust fund.

RC: The people with the biggest attitudes with this sort of thing, I find, are in college and are very young. They still don't have to support themselves yet. They have really strict punk rawk attitudes that are almost verging on conservatism, because they are so narrow-minded. Those are the ones who are most critical. A lot of the time the musicians they are criticizing are older than them and are trying to support themselves with some shit job. They are out of college and just trying to make it. Once they actually do get some fame, a little money, and a tour, the punk kids hate it. The shows get crowded with people these kids consider "mainstream" and it's no longer an intimate setting, so now this band is a sell-out because it's not as cool and underground to like them anymore. For me, it's like the band has paid their dues, then more power to them. Even if a band is an one hit wonder, I think the band should invest their money. Maybe buy a house or a studio and help support other bands. Give back to the music community with money they made after they got dropped.

SFS: The first time I ever saw you was at the Forty Acres Fest at U of Texas.

RC: That was with Mister Rocket Baby, Johnny Gotti's band. Because we were playing outdoors it had to rain. I vaguely remember playing that show. Johnny's in a new band now, Gotti.

SFS: Nice plug. So how long was it before you started playing with Stretford?

RC: Not long, I played with Stretford for maybe six months. I actually played trumpet and sang a song for them called, "I Like Punk." It was a silly parody punk song. I also played trumpet on like 4 other songs, when in reality I'm a pretty horrible trumpet player. It all started because I just knew I wanted to be in a band and I couldn't figure out how. I just couldn't go around saying, 'hey I sing, I want to play.' No one would take me seriously. I remember what I did, I played trumpet in Junior High so I went and bought one for \$150 bucks. I started listening to Herb Albert trying to copy him and doing a rather poor job of it. But a good enough job to be in a punk rock X-Ray Specs style band. If you have ever heard the saxophone player from the X-Ray Specs you know what I mean.



Then I was in Sincola for four and a half years.

SFS: Oh yeah, that other band.

RC: Sincola, yes.

SFS: What was your take on the grunge explosion?

RC: I was more into the whole riot grrrl scene anyway. I was aware of how grunge exploded, but to me it was more of a media phenomena and MTV thing with the video, "Teen Spirit." It was sort of a joke to me. I knew it had gotten big, but I never realized just how big it was historically in rock. I, personally, was totally into the riot grrrl scene, which was the whole reason I got involved in the music scene. Bands like the Luna Chicks, Babes in Toyland, Hole, and Bikini Kill, the K Record bands, the Kill Rock Stars bands, and doing the Ho Show...

SFS: Tell us more about the Ho Show.

RC: The Ho Show was a show from 1992-1995 and was a woman's music show on KVRX (local college radio). I did it with April Fresh and we tried to play any band as long as it had a woman in it. So we played hip-hop, jazz, rock, punk rock, late-70s stuff, 80s cheesy girl bands, 50s stuff. Women like Lena Horn and Patsy Cline. We played the Pandoras.

SFS: Funny you should say Patsy Cline because I definitely hear a Patsy Cline influence in your music.

RC: There is some Patsy Cline. I actually do a Patsy Cline cover, but I don't think my band, Lucille, wants to do that because they just want to rock out. I love to occasionally sing old country songs. We do an old Hank Williams song, Cheating Heart. I love old country, I wouldn't say I was expert on it. I just know when I hear Hank Williams Sr., Merle Haggard, Johnny Cash, Willie Nelson, or Buck Owens, I get really excited. It's not like Patsy Cline's music influences me, but more of the spirit of Patsy Cline does. She was a woman who had a really hard life and a really short one. She just had this incredible voice.

SFS: I think there is some parallelism there. You have an incredible voice and your early life was anything but smooth sailing. Your mom wasn't exactly there for you and you never knew your dad.

RC: Yeah I think because, not to have a sob story and I try not to use this a crutch, but when you don't have a set of parents, it affects you. I don't even know the concept of what having a father is because he died when I was two, so I have no idea what a dad is. My mother was a drug addict most of my life. She died a few years ago, and I think it definitely influenced me. I think a lot of artists get involved with their art because of childhood trauma. Or you are so starved for attention and you have this endless void you don't know how to fill. No other human being could completely fill that void. The only way to cope is to perform in front of the masses because that is your goal. You are starved for attention. There are musicians who have really strong parental units, but they are not doing

music I would like, like Brittany Spears for instance.

SFS: Hey, you lay off Brittany Spears.

RC: People like that, and they do well, but it's completely different than Lisa Germano or Tom Waits. I'm into suffering artists. I love Elliot Smith and he does influence me a lot. I want songs about some pain and tragedy, but I want it to sound good, not just be horrible and hateful. I think my music heals because I don't know what else to do. I think it does help; being creative. I aspire to have love and creativity in my music. God, that's going to come out sounding hokey. (laughter) The whole point of creativity is to feed your soul. I totally support anyone, even if their creativity is offensive. If it helps them, I'm all for it. Like comedians, they are suffering artists. I love Chris Rock, and I'm sure he didn't have it easy. Take Bill Hicks, or Andy Kaufman.

SFS: Andy Kaufman is a crazy classic story.

RC: The best artists, in my opinion, are the ones who are suffering the most. It's sad, like Kurt Cobain. But they make the best art, because theirs is the most telling.

SFS: They have something to say.

RC: They do, that's why I don't trust people like Jennifer Nicole Hewitt. I think she's fine to look at; however, this is a girl who when she was ten years old, her mom gave up her life for her daughter's career. I can't fathom that kind of support system. So, of course, when you have someone working that hard for you, you will succeed.

SFS: It doesn't hurt having breasts like hers either.

RC: I think they're fake. (laughter) Not to put down Jennifer: I'm just using her as a metaphor for art I don't really understand. I do respect people who have paid their dues.

SFS: Speaking of artists we both understand, one of the artists I like the most, whom you opened up for, was Joan Jett. It's pretty cool for a band when someone like that hand picks you as an opening act. Was that one of your favorite shows?

RC: Well with Sincola, touring with Joan Jett was a great experience. The best part of the tour was a benefit for Mia Zapata.

SFS: Yeah, the girl from 7 Year Bitch who was raped and murdered.

RC: Yeah, the Evil Stig tour. It was cool, since it was for a good cause to raise money to find the guy.

SFS: Did they ever find him?

RC: I don't think so. Joan Jett is a very socially and politically active woman, plus it's cool to play with a living legend. There was nothing pretentious about her. She still puts on a really good rock show, which is inspiring, since she's in her forties.

SFS: Well, I think, as you were saying, you're in a new band now. I really like the new band and your new rock show. It's not much like your intermediate band, Scarlit, which you describe as a period of exploration and experimentation. What I want to know is, where are you going with your new rock star attitude?

RC: Well, I don't think I have a rock star attitude, I just have more ambition. Wait, that's too cheesy. Rock star attitude is too vague. Well, if you want to know the truth, I just want to be a working musician. I don't want to be in a cover band or anything like that. I just want to be able to not to have a day job. I want to have my music heard on a lot of radio stations. I want to tour Europe. I want to do this for a few good years, and I want to have experiences under my belt that I'm proud of. I guess I just don't want to be poor anymore. It's okay to be poor as long as you feel rich in your experiences. I just want to be paying the bills and travelling and writing. I definitely don't want to have to be working five or six days a week.

SFS: Modest goals.

RC: I'm just trying to be realistic. When I was younger, I was obsessed with being a big, huge, rock star and that wasn't healthy. That can't be the thing that pushes you, it should be more important to write really good music than be a huge MTV hit. That would be great. I just don't think that should be pushing you to be on the cover of magazines.

SFS: Hey now. Your name was on the cover of Rockgrrl and now you're on the cover of the most prestigious independent magazine in the world.

RC: And that's great.

SFS: Your new four song EP we just spun was really fucking good. Are you trying to release that yourselves or are you going for label interest first?

RC: I don't really know. I know we're sending it to SXSW, some managers, and to a guy in France who owns a label and books a really cool club in Paris. Kitty Gordon and Guy Forsyth have played there. I definitely want to send it to labels, more importantly, indie labels. I know I need to find a manager more powerful than me because labels get tons of crap in envelopes everyday. I think it would get thrown to the side and forgotten; I want to send it to someone who can help me, and has more connections than I do.

SFS: Going into your style, you say you like the rock girl attitude more than the whiney, prissy voices you hear at Lilith Fair. Why is that? What is the deep root that is Rebecca Cannon?

RC: Well, that's not to say there is not a place for that kind of music. I'm just more of a person into suffering artists. I really do not hear that in Natalie Emburlia or Jewel. I use to like Sarah McLaughlin years ago, but I'm just not into her anymore. Plus, my voice is a lot deeper, as in a lower register than most of those girls.



Natalie Embulria did not even write that hit song, it was written for someone else originally and it didn't work. I don't really trust or respect that brand of music, it's hard to put into words what I'm trying to say.

SFS: It's pre-packaged.

RC: Yeah, it's just the watered-down, pretty fairy, sweet, little, tiny girl voices don't really make me think of powerful women. I like Cibó Matto and respect them a lot. They have small voices, but I think they are very strong women. The one girl there at the festival, Ana Egge, I listened to her lyrics and like her a lot. I support the idea behind the festival, but I think Sarah McLaughlin could have put more rocking girl acts. Even the Donnas, who although they are really young playing Ramones-style rock, would have spiced it up a lot. It was just a little to pure pretty girl rock.

SFS: Having said that, where do you want Lucille to go then?

RC: I want to have a balance between heavy, edgy songs with a melodic, poppy feel and southern sounding songs with a country twang experimentation. Like the song, "New Orleans", which is a weird song and ethereal. I don't necessarily hear them as being big hits; I just want to have a variety of styles. Punk, pop, southern-country alt, experimental. I want to have a mixture. I think Elliot Smith has a good mixture. Another person I am truly inspired by even though she only does one style is Catpower. I really do enjoy a lot of the artists on Matador. Out of all of the Matadors bands though, Catpower is my favorite for her slower and more experimental swampy songs. I also am glad Kristen Hurst is still around and wasn't lost in oblivion after Throwing Muses broke up. She's on 4 AD and I think 4 AD has really helped to save some musicians from being lost on the musical landscape. I'm so glad that label is around, because Kristen Hurst is still around with her dark, spooky, sad tragic mature music that I like. She's obviously had a lot of experiences.

SFS: So sex sells, that's obvious. Do you ever play to that when you're on stage?

RC: Yes, I'm not saying I'm a babe like Madonna or anything like that. I will dress up when I play, but I don't think I'm a sex symbol. I think it would be funny if that ever happened. Especially since I see myself as goofy, silly, and a little bit dorky. I like to pretend when I'm on stage that I am sexy, and that I do have sex appeal. So even though I don't feel like that when I'm off-stage, when I get in the bright lights, I pretend I'm in another world where I have all this sexual prowess and I'm damn foxy. But really I feel inadequate a lot of the time and like a dork.

SFS: So how do you feel about other people writing songs about you, especially when it's about getting it on in the parking lot.

RC: Oh that was a long time ago that Brett from Spoon wrote that song. When it did happen, several musicians had written songs with references to me, which was sort of amusing. I didn't think anyone could be obsessed with me and it was weird when I found out people were

Salt for Slugs

I had that happen a few times over the years. When that particular song first came out I thought it was a cute little pop song and I enjoyed it. One day I was listening to the words because it played on KVRX and I heard my name, 'Rebecca'. Then I really started listening and it was about ripping this girl's clothes off in the parking lot. But I don't hold it against Brett because he doesn't even play it anymore, and he probably hates the fact that we're even bringing it up.

SFS: Oh, we're definitely bringing it up.

RC: I think after he realized I knew, he stopped playing it. It was weird and obsessive and almost violent sound. No harm was done. It was just a piece of art and as long it's just expression, I'm not going to try and oppress someone and be an asshole and say 'don't play that.' It never physically hurt me, it was just weird.

SFS: So if there's one motif you want people to take away from Rebecca Cannon, what would it be? What would you want to define you?

RC: Being human. This is going to sound cliché, but living in this world today isn't easy and it never has been. I don't write songs that are really happy, but are more focused on the tragic side of human existence. Failed relationships. Losses. Deaths. That's all part of living, and you couldn't appreciate love without those things. Tragedy.

SFS: What is the one thing you want that seventeen-year-old girl to take away from your newest album?

RC: I guess I want her to be inspired to know she can do this, too. I was never told I was a singer; I was never told I was a musician. I feel like I have found one outlet I feel comfortable with, and I want her to feel she can do it, too. That she could sing about things that are important to her. It's not an

exclusive medium, and I want her to know she too could get on stage and do it. Definitely don't think it's for 'special' people.

SFS: So do you think the support system is better now for rocker girls than it has been?

RC: I think if you are really young and hot.

SFS: Woo hoo, where are those bands?

RC: I'm just saying if you're a woman in music, you have to be in your early twenties, thin, hot, and sexy. If men are playing, they can be in their 20s, 30s, or 40s, just as long as they rock out. I'm not trying to say women are oppressed, it's just a lot harder. It's more accepted than it used to be, but still if you listen to commercial alternative rock it's 10 guy act, then maybe one girl. Maybe, but usually not.

SFS: So what would you like to tell all the kids of Austin about their scene and seemingly sparse crowds?

RC: I too can see how easy it is to get burnt out on Austin. I have been here for almost a decade. But there are a lot of bands who want your support in Austin and venues too. One of the newer places, Red Eyed Fly, offers a lot of good bands, one being Sexy Finger Champs. Also Peenbeats, Trail of Dead, Knife in the Water, Fivehead, the Kiss-offs. There are many more than that, and I know I'm naming bands of just one genre. I have toured the USA and there are not as many venues as there are in other towns. If you are to choose what to do on the weekends, don't choose some cheesy dance club; go see some live music. Don't take Austin for granted.

SFS: Well, hey, thanks a lot for the interview.

RC: Hey, it was my pleasure. ☺

LITTLE CITY

"The Enchanted Route of the Magical Fruit"

3403 Guadalupe Street, 467-BEAN

916 Congress Avenue, 476-CITY

www.littlecity.com



Coffee, like the brain,
is really only a roasted bean

with one difference.

Brains aren't the center
of the civilized universe.

Get \$2 off a lb. of fresh
roasted Little City coffee

any Tuesday of this life.

Follow The Enchanted Route.





Whetstone Audio

Custom Audio Installations

Cell 512.784.8282

512.477.8503

Austin, TX

ADDICTED TO MUSIC ?



**PALAZZOLO'S
CHICAGO**

VULCAN VIDEO
expect the unusual

609 West 29th Street
478-6325

catalog and new releases at
www.vulkanvideo.com

112 West Elizabeth
326-2629

We were once told;
"If you build it, they will come."
Please, Make them right.



ORANGE PEEL RECORDS

www.orangepeel.com

THE FOLLOWING BANDS WOULD APPRECIATE YOUR SUPPORT:

RetroMotive

THEY

NOTORIX

Strange

Scott Louis

SUGAR SPUN

Iguana Jive

VELVET ALEX

SAND

CELL BLOCK 5

Penny's Pet Dragonfly

GONE POSTAL

SHELF LIFE

Creamslekle

COUSIN VINNY

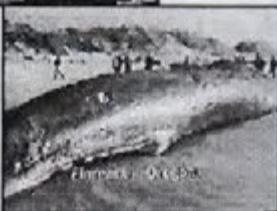
© 1999 Orange Peel Records, Inc.
P.O. Box 15207, Fremont, CA 94539

BIZARRO BOOKMARKS

BY LISA KNORRA

the products is you!

Just a note to all you cyber junkies and wannabes...i'm revising the way in which I list links. To date I've put the http:// in front of every listing and have had to shrink the font to unreadable proportions. From now on I will just be displaying the www.whatever.com name-figuring if you don't know how to produce the page on your monitor with that info...then you probably have trouble holding your neck up as well and should concentrate on the larger problems in life, like feeding yourself and walking and stay off of the web.



www.perp.com/whale/

The Infamous Exploding Whale

Apparently this page has been around a long time. Never the less, it is hysterical. Human stupidity in it's purest form. A whale, dead, washes up on a beach. What to do, what to do?? Let's let Oregon State Highway Division be in charge of the cleanup! So in come the cleanup crew with a half ton of dynamite with the thought, "if we blow it up to smithereens...it'll feed the other poor fishes and birdies...and once they are done snackin'- clean beach." Well needless to say...things that explode don't always separate from the whole in tasty bite sized pieces. I recommend downloading the film clip at the highest resolution that your computer will allow. Listen for the cheers that slowly turn to horrified screaming. It is comedy supreme.

Salt for Slugs

www.oz.net/~chrisp/atomic.html

Just another site on the topic of explosions.

The Bureau of Atomic Tourism. Dedicated to the promotion of tourist locations around the world that have either been the site of atomic explosions, display exhibits on the development of atomic devices, or contain vehicles that were designed to deliver atomic weapons.



www.AnagramGenius.com/server.html

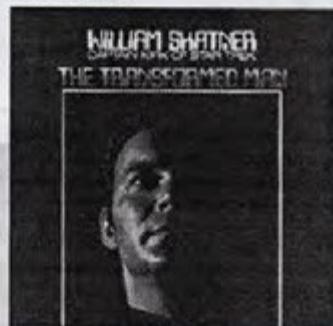
This is actually a very useful site. If ever you need to scramble all the letters in a word, name or phrase-go here first. It will save you hours of head scratching and paper waste. The problem is that you have to submit the info and have them mail the results. Hey people ever heard of Java? sheesh. Oh well, if I find a better site that does the same thing I'll pass on that info.

www.loskene.com/singalong/kirk.html

The Captain James T. Kirk Singalong Site. I doubt this needs explaining. There is a link on this page to Leonard Nimoy's album as well. You can hear the awful albums in their entirety at this site.

web.missouri.edu/~c666927/chicken-page.html

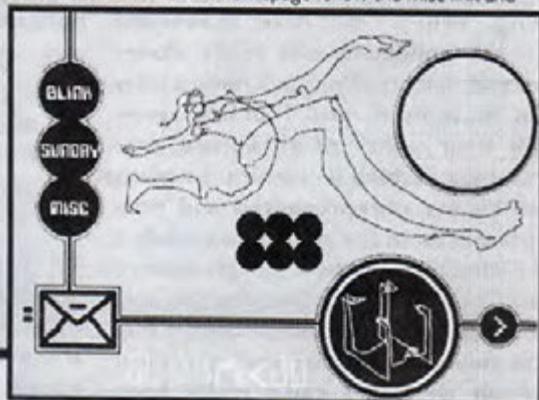
The Chicken Lovers Chicken Fetish website. Pictures, stories, personals and live chat are touted as being at this site. In fact it's kinda limited, there are pictures, a few stories, the games link was down when I visited. Hell I'm really only including it here because it made me giggle and seemed like the type of perversion you slug addicts are looking for in short attention span style entertainment.



halfempty.com/james/index.htm

Half Empty
jamespatersonarchive...

This site is just so well done- go there just to see some truly nice design. Other than that, it's very silly and entertaining. It's like flicking through Saturday morning cartoons in another country whilst in a truly kick ass drug haze...well maybe not that cool. From the homepage follow the misc link and look for the little picture of kermie to pop up and follow that link to some muppetotica involving a frog and bear whose faces you all know well. Lots of stick figure animation that is better than average. Just a damned slick site.



"Reckless" Attempts to Reclaim Our Airwaves

How one woman and hordes of other microradio activists around the country are fighting for their first amendment rights while leaving the FCC terrified in their wake.

Interview by Surfin' Charlie

Reckless is a radio activist. That is obviously apparent by her fiery demeanor and her vociferousness. Reckless is a radio activist because the FCC (Federal Communications Commission), aided by the Telecommunications Act of 1996, has stripped her and everybody else's right to free speech on the radio (unless you have an insane amount of money). My cheap Sony recorder had no trouble picking up Reckless' determined voice in our interview, but your radio dial might. With the continued perseverance of the Free Radio collective here in Austin, this will hopefully not be the case soon.

SFS: How did you get involved with microbroadcasting?

R: Well, I got involved with microbroadcasting in Santa Cruz, CA which is a good place because Free Radio Berkeley had been active for a long time with Stephen Dunifer. I did a show for a while down in Santa Cruz until we got evicted from the house and they needed another place to broadcast from and I offered my back house and so they broadcasted there. So I heard about WYMN here in Austin and I wanted to come here and lend my experience in the microradio movement to what they were doing. When I got here, it seemed like the collective was really disorganized, they really didn't have a mission statement, and I didn't agree with their policy of all female programmers which I admire because women are unrepresented and misrepresented in the media, but I didn't feel that all women programmers would serve the community the way an all-inclusive station would. I feel that being a feminist and a radical woman that you can't really have feminism without men. As soon as

you separate yourself, you just create more fear and sexism. So I felt that we needed to start something that was more inclusive and so we decided to start Free Radio Austin.

SFS: If there were a community group that wanted to broadcast a Christian show, would you give them a slot for the sake of diversity even if their ideals and ideology might conflict with yours?

R: Yeah, anybody can get a show on Free Radio Austin. It's all inclusive. It's hard a lot of times to get the diversity that you want. We talked about it in the beginning. We said, "Okay, are we gonna have this much reggae and this much hip-hop and this much punk," and cordon the rest off. It's hard because the diverse people that you want to get are the disenfranchised parts of society who don't step up and get involved and you kind of have to make them, so we keep it open for everyone, but you kind of have to want to do it. But yeah, anyone can do a show as long as they let the voices of dissent speak on their show through the telephone. I would probably block a Nazi show though, because I feel that they are over-represented in the media, they already have a lot of outlets for their hate literature.

SFS: Usually, a number of pirate radio stations arise out of a particular need in the community where their voices aren't heard enough in the mainstream press. Are there particular issues that you emphasize?

R: The younger generation, mainly political activists. A lot of microradio has stemmed out of people starting zines or independent newspapers because they weren't getting enough attention since the mainstream

media didn't want to let out that there wasn't any activism going on. Then other people would rally around the issue and then it's like, "Oh no, what are we going to do if we have more activists?" I think a lot of microradio stations including F.R.A. are based around activism and good music that doesn't get out there.

SFS: Yeah, it's real difficult these days since Austin is experiencing so much prosperity. The Statesman for example rarely, if ever, addresses real issues. They make it seem like everyone is happy and well-off.

R: The drug war, the class war, the race war. They say they're winning the drug war, when they're putting patients behind bars when they really should be seeing doctors. We talk a lot about the Andrews nuclear dump that's dumping toxic waste into a river that's coming straight downstream to us. Why don't you hear about that in the mainstream press? Why isn't that in the Austin American Statesman every fucking day?

SFS: Have you ever had any first-hand encounters with FCC authorities?

R: Yeah, when we were in Santa Cruz, they stopped by a couple of times and we basically chased them off the property. We followed them and started taking pictures of them and they really got uncomfortable about that, so they left us alone. I never dealt with the FCC myself, but I was involved with a station that had to deal with the FCC on a regular basis. Basically, the FCC is not empowered to do anything to you; they can't arrest you. They're not an elected body of government - they're appointed and have less power than a

police officer.

SFS: And because of that, in some cases they disregard the Constitution, particularly in their methods of seizure.

R: They utilize a lot of intimidation practices. All federal agents are trained to intimidate and to tell when people are lying, so the best thing to do is to protect yourself. We all know that cops are going to do whatever they want to do, so force them to follow the law, because they aren't going to do it. Say, "I'm not prepared to speak to you now." That's been my experience with federal agents. Number one: not to let them intimidate you. They'll try to scare you and say, "I'm a federal agent and you have to listen and do as I say." But that's not true.

SFS: Free Radio Austin has been shut down before, right?

R: Yeah, a federal agent intimidated one of our programmers into giving him the transmitter. He basically said, "You're in a lot of trouble son and we're gonna tear apart your whole house," which they don't have the right to do, but if they tell you that, it scares you and you're talking to a federal agent.

SFS: In Austin, pirate radio is getting pretty established, but do you have any advice or encouragement for people in other cities to facilitate programming? A transmitter runs anywhere from \$500 - \$1000, correct?

R: Yeah, you can get a whole setup for about a thousand bucks. At FRA, we didn't pay anything. I've gone to a lot of other cities and talked to people from Free Radio Berkeley, Free Radio Santa Cruz, Gainesville, Steal This Radio New York, there's a new one being put up by the Wob's in Baltimore, my hometown, where I learned about activism and racism. My mom was a civil rights activist and I'm very appreciative that I was brought up in a place where the importance of activism was stressed and that you can actually change things. I've talked to people at Kind Radio, Canyon Lake, Montrose Radio - all here in Texas, all open and all wanting to get other stations started. When I talk to my friends in Atlanta, I

always ask them if they know anyone who is interested in setting up a station, I tell them to leave me a voice-mail and I'll tell them who to talk to, where to order their stuff from, I'll try to hook them up with a technical person, try to hook them up with an organizer, because that's really all it takes - one technical person, one organizer, and about five or six hands.

SFS: And just because there is already a pirate radio station here doesn't mean there can't be more.

R: Oh yeah. Austin actually has a lot of radio stations compared to other cities, so there's not a lot of room on the FM spectrum because there's a lot of commercial, corporatized radio, but that's what I'm fighting for. I want the whole FM band given back to the people, because they are considering legalizing LPFM (Low Power FM). All the proposals in front of the FCC right now are totally inadequate for any kind of inexpensive microradio operation to go on and be owned and run by the community to broadcast. I'm fighting real hard to have the whole FM band, and then yeah, we can have 50 stations in every city, all different and all run by the people. It's a lot more interesting radio.

I have one more thing to say. You keep calling it pirate radio. There are a lot of right wing pirates out there who just get a transmitter. To me, there is no room for pirate radio. There is only room for microcommunity radio where you make it all-inclusive and you're pulling in the community. We want to empower people and educate them because if you don't have internet access or you can't read, where are you going to find this information. I just have to say that the FCC are the true pirates. They're the ones who stole it and sold it out to the highest bidders. Three guys sitting in their backyard spinning oldies is not microcommunity radio. It has to be supported by the community to be valid.

SFS: I guess there is a pejorative sense to the word pirate too.

R: Yeah, like we're doing something wrong. We're not hurting anybody. It's our airwaves. I totally would tell anybody that has an inkling to do it to not be scared by the FCC and not to dodge, but to be real public. If you do

your covert activism, not only do you teach them how you do your covert actions, but when they shut you down, nobody knows about it. But if you're in the public eye, nobody's going to touch you because it's a sensitive topic.



You can hear Reckless' radio show, Music & Issues For Brainwashed Children on Free Radio Austin (97.1FM) Fridays from 6pm to 8pm. Or, write to Free Radio Austin at:

P.O. Box 101
Austin, TX 78767

Check out the following microradio web resources at:

<http://www.frn.net>
<http://www.radio4all.org>
<http://www.freeradio.org> (Free Radio Berkeley)

Background photo by Robin D. Cradle

You are the music...



We're just the store.
Sound Exchange
2100A Guadalupe
476-8742

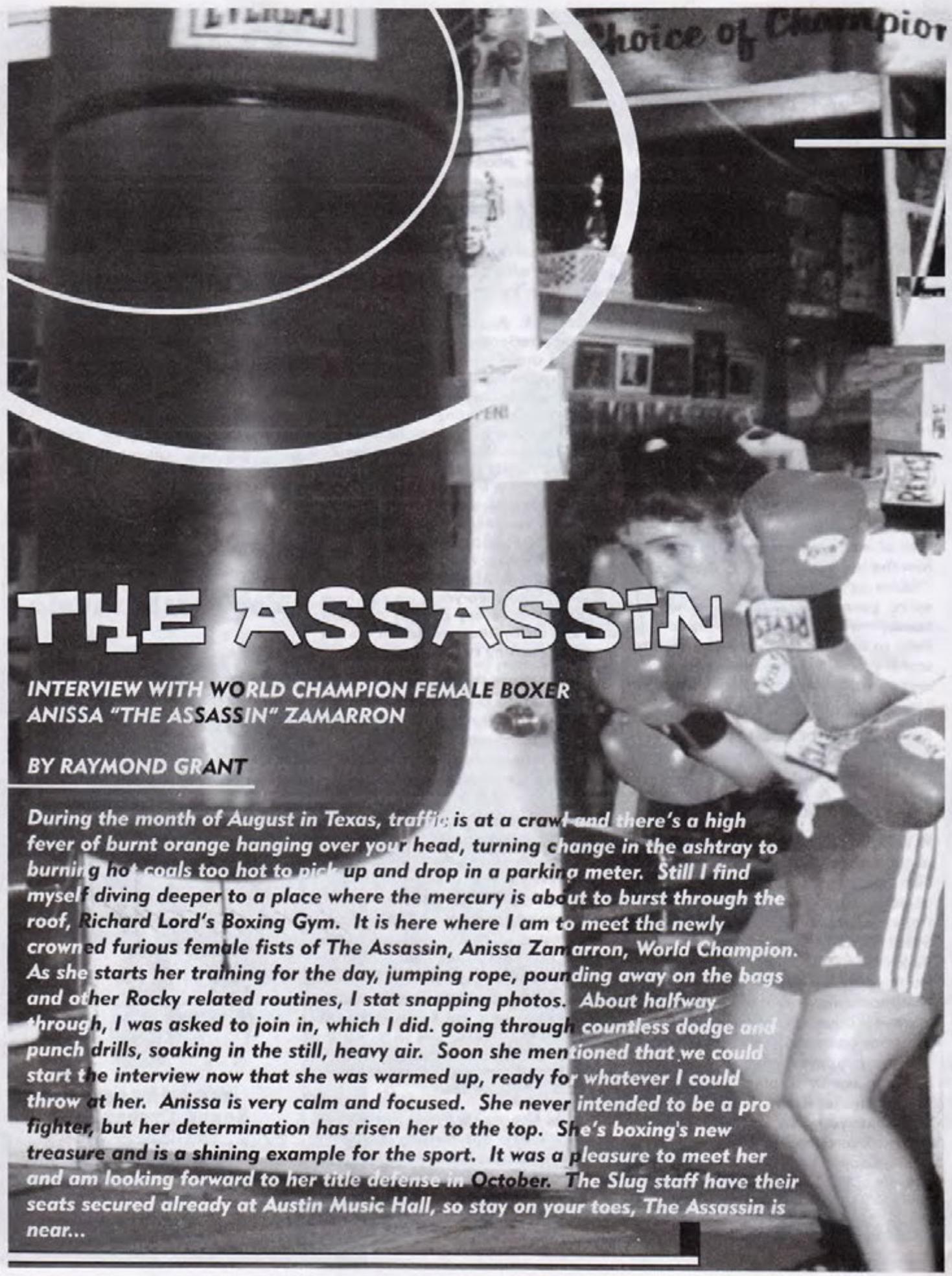
Choice of Champion

THE ASSASSIN

INTERVIEW WITH WORLD CHAMPION FEMALE BOXER
ANISSA "THE ASSASSIN" ZAMARRON

BY RAYMOND GRANT

During the month of August in Texas, traffic is at a crawl and there's a high fever of burnt orange hanging over your head, turning change in the ashtray to burning hot coals too hot to pick up and drop in a parking meter. Still I find myself diving deeper to a place where the mercury is about to burst through the roof, Richard Lord's Boxing Gym. It is here where I am to meet the newly crowned furious female fists of The Assassin, Anissa Zamarron, World Champion. As she starts her training for the day, jumping rope, pounding away on the bags and other Rocky related routines, I start snapping photos. About halfway through, I was asked to join in, which I did. going through countless dodge and punch drills, soaking in the still, heavy air. Soon she mentioned that we could start the interview now that she was warmed up, ready for whatever I could throw at her. Anissa is very calm and focused. She never intended to be a pro fighter, but her determination has risen her to the top. She's boxing's new treasure and is a shining example for the sport. It was a pleasure to meet her and am looking forward to her title defense in October. The Slug staff have their seats secured already at Austin Music Hall, so stay on your toes, The Assassin is near...





SFS: Where did you grow up?

Assassin: I grew up here in Austin. I was born in San Angelo, Texas, and moved here to Austin when I was six years old and been here ever since. I am 28 now.

SFS: Did you beat up kids on the playground?

Assassin: (laughs) No, I was a tomboy, but I guess I got into some stuff hangin' out with the boys, roughing it up and stuff. I got into some tussles, you know, a little bit, but it was never serious or anything. I had two older brothers, so I think people were more scared of them than they were of me. I had a reputation, I guess, for being tough but I never really had to fight.

SFS: You didn't start any trouble.

Assassin: Well, I did my share of trouble, but having two older brothers kind of helped with fighting, it developed from that. It was kind of survival at first.

SFS: When did you realize you wanted to become a prize fighter?

Assassin: Actually it was when I first came in here. I was in Karate for like six months and I tore my ACL, and I really couldn't kick anymore, so I came in here just to stay in shape because I wanted to go back to Karate, and I like to work out more. So I ended up picking this up fairly easy, and when I came I didn't know that there going to be other women that worked out here. I didn't know that female boxing even existed. I found out that half of the members here are women and there were female amateurs and professionals here so it just kind of developed from there. Then Richard got me into an amateur fight, and it escalated from there.

SFS: How did you get the name "The Assassin"?

Assassin: Richard gave me that name. My first fight, they call it "The Two Minute Flurry", because it was the first round of my first fight and I didn't know what to expect, and it turned out to be a two minute flurry, so they started calling me "The Assassin".

SFS: What do your parents think of your boxing?

Assassin: At first, they didn't like the idea at all. It wasn't very lady-like, and they were scared because I'm kind of small. Most people who don't know that you box people your own size and weight, and most of the time, your skill level. But now that they've seen me fight several times, they know I can handle myself. Now they're there rooting me on, out there with the rest of the crowd, getting rowdy. They have a lot of fun now.

SFS: What does a normal day of training consist of?

Assassin: Every morning starts at 7 am, whether it's me going to the weight gym or me coming here first. In the morning I help out Richard with

clients and I train people. Most of my morning is filled up with private clients and I do a bunch of ab work, and I train and workout with them. I really don't start my training until like 3, jump rope, do abs, and train myself on the bags and do some kind of cardio afterwards. I used to do a lot of running, but right now I have a foot injury, so now I mix it up between stair master, sprints on the bike, and just running on the grass. I do at least 25 to 30 minutes of rope everyday and then some other cardio.

SFS: What is your record?

Assassin: I believe it's 12 and 8 with 4 or 5 K.O.'s.

SFS: What's the largest purse you've won?

Assassin: \$6,500.00, something like that?

SFS: Who's your favorite fighter?

Assassin: It'd have to be Jesus "El Matador" Chavez.

SFS: What about fighters from the past?

Assassin: Mohammed Ali and Joe Frazier just because I'm kind of non-stop like he was. And he's short.

SFS: Did the movie Rocky inspire you?

Assassin: You know I liked the movie and I watched it, and I think it made everybody feel good, but I don't think it would push me into getting into the sport.

SFS: Do you ever talk trash before a fight like Ali did?

Assassin: No, because you never know. I mean, I've talked trash in here a month before a fight, you know, saying I'm gonna knock someone out or whatever but that's just for my own self-esteem. That's just my own ego, I wouldn't say it in public or at a press conference. Boxing is weird because you could be totally off one night, and I always give my opponent respect. I let my fighting do the talking. I figure it's just best to let my hands decide.

SFS: Have you ever had your clock cleaned?

Assassin: Oh yea, yea... I've been knocked down once. I've never been stopped, but I did hit the canvas one time and that was an experience and a good learning experience because most people don't know what to do when they get knocked down so you could panic. I just tried to regain my composure and I ended up losing the bout, but I came back in the last round.

SFS: Have you ever experienced any dirty tricks in the ring?

Assassin: Yea, I'm not much of a dirty fighter myself and I wish I could be. People hit me in the hips because it slows you down, it's like being frogged in the leg you know, head butts, I hate those. It's mostly those two.

SFS: You've never bitten an opponent's ear off?

Assassin: No, but it crossed my mind one time. I





was in Germany and I had hurt my hand really bad in the second round and it was a ten round world title fight, and it was one those things where she just kept head butting me repeatedly, and it was almost knocking me out. I only had one hand. I could see where Mike Tyson could think that, but he actually did it. It's almost like survival. I only had one hand and this person's hitting me with both hands and her head. My head fell on her shoulder and I thought to myself, "I'm gonna bite this bitch!" (laughter) You just get desperate you know, so I could see where he was coming from. I think his was more of embarrassment because he was losing.

SFS: Do you wear dresses and make-up?

Assassin: Yes I do. It's hard in here. People say I look so different when I'm out and about. It's hard to wear make-up anyway in 100 degree heat. I'm glad I look really different in the ring because that way no one knows who I am out there and I don't get a lot of smart remarks from guys or anything like that. Most of the time when I'm out and people ask me what I do I just say personal trainer. You always get that, "You're a what?" and then you have to go through this whole explanation thing.

SFS: Have you ever had to use your skills on a frisky date?

Assassin: No, I've never had to do that.

SFS: Does women's boxing have a future?

Assassin: I think so. Just a few years ago, it didn't even exist. It's come so far so fast and now that the opponents are getting a lot better and women have more and more skills, so we can have even fights. You can have good matches and that's what's gonna make it, if there's good competition and skills. As long as that keeps going up, I think it will have a future.

SFS: What do you say to the critics?

Assassin: Eat shit. There's always going to be a sport that I don't agree with or necessarily get into, so everybody's got their opinions and they're entitled to them. Normally, people who don't like women's boxing don't like boxing period. They think it's a violent sport, so that's got nothing to do with us in particular, but as long as there are boxing fans, they'll come see us fight. Other people can stay home and knit and stop crying.

SFS: Do you have any sponsors?

Assassin: Well, I have this guy Richard Gariat who works for Origin, and he goes to all of the fights and sometimes even works my corner. They supply trunks and stuff and really help out, but as far as Nike or something like that, I don't have anything like that.

SFS: Who is your trainer?

Assassin: Richard Lord

SFS: Do you have any advice for women who want to get into this sport?

Assassin: Yea, get into it now. The sooner the better. You develop your skills and it's a good workout and it'll probably keep young tricks of the street. Boxing also helps with your self confidence and you just feel good because you're in good shape. Upcoming female fighters, be prepared for all of the criticisms. That's just going to happen because you're a woman and regardless of what you do, if you're good at it, you'll get criticism.

SFS: When is your next fight?

Assassin: I think it's going to be October 23rd, but we don't know any details at the moment. I guess it will be a world title fight. I think it's the girl Lori just fought. You might want to ask Richard about that.

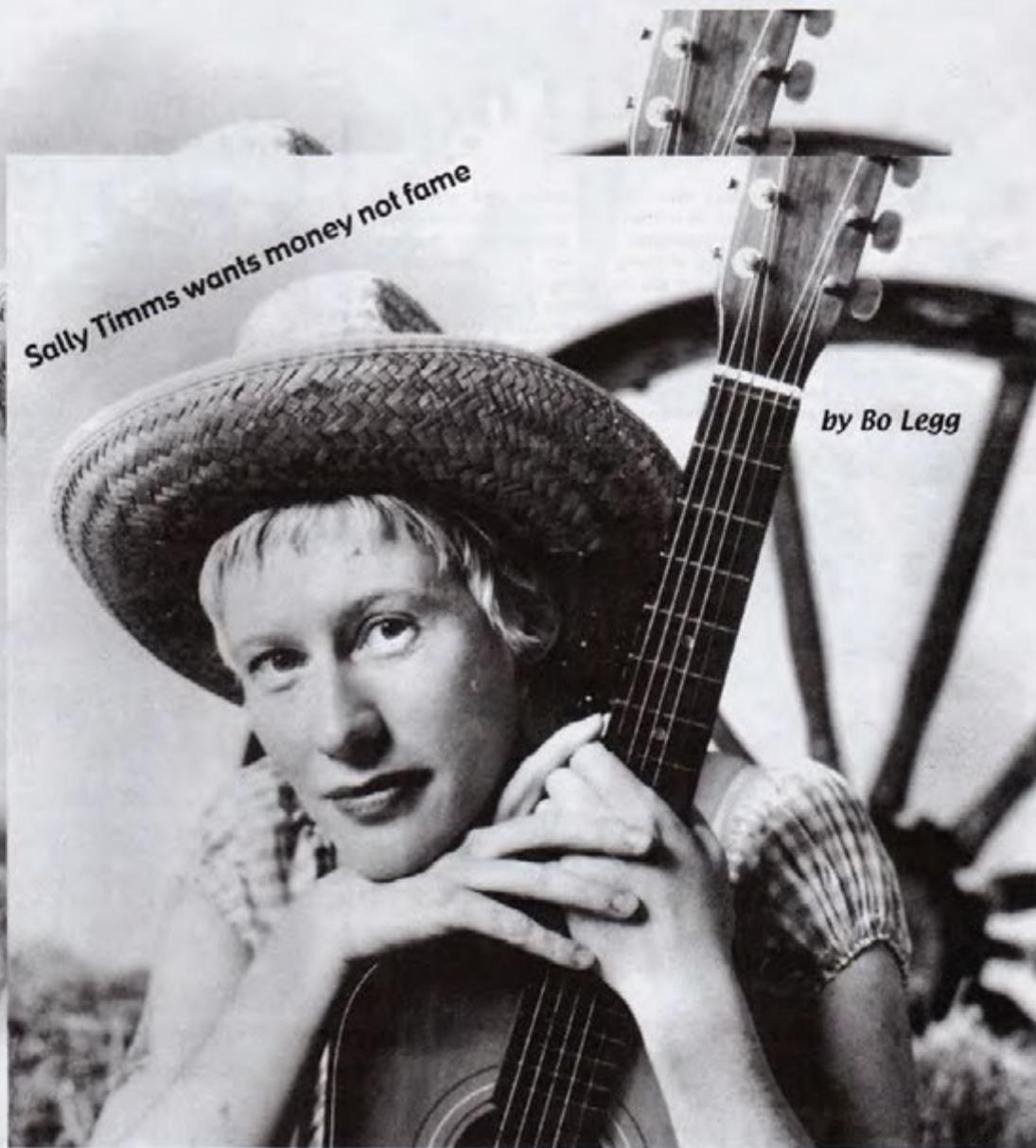
SFS: How does it feel to be the champ?

Assassin: It feels great. I just wish I could hurry up and fight because I forget. People say, 'Hey champ', and I'm like 'Oh yea'. It's because I haven't defended it, I've just won it. A true champ defends it a few times. It's one thing to get it, but can you hold onto it. That's the real champion.



Do Not Wake the Sleeping Cowgirl

Sally Timms wants money not fame



by Bo Legg

photos by Susan Anderson, courtesy Bloodshot Records

The call came (okay, it was email - but that's much less dramatic), and I had my first-ever SALT FOR SLUGS assignment: Do an interview with one of my favorite female music artists. My first choice was Lucinda Williams, but then I remembered that whole restraining order thing, and it'd be hard for me to interview her from no closer than 50 yards. I then thought of Chicago-based label, Bloodshot, and their impressive "insurgent-country" roster, which includes the likes of Neko Case, Trailer Bride's Melissa Swingle, The Meat Purveyors' one-two punch of Cherilyn Dimond and Jo Walston and the woman who ended up being my subject: Sally Timms.

Despite the fact that she's been a full-time member of cult faves, the Mekons since 1986, and even put out three solo

releases in the late '80s, I first heard of Sally Timms courtesy of "If I Was a Mekon" - a tribute to the band recorded by Too Much Joy for the reissue of their *Son Of Sam I Am* album in 1990. Specifically, I heard one of the TMJ wiseasses wistfully singing, somewhere in the vicinity of the third verse, "Maybe I could sleep with Sally." Probably not the introduction Ms. Timms would have preferred.

Sally Timms remains a member of the Mekons, who still tour and put out the occasional record when founder Jon Langford isn't too busy with one of his other 47 projects, including her Bloodshot mates the Waco Brothers. But she's also found time to release a couple of solo albums, with her latest, *Cowboy Sally's Twilight Laments For Lost Buckaroos* due out in early November.

Among its 11 tracks are contributions from Langford, Robbie Fulks, and Wilco's Jeff Tweedy plus a cover of Johnny Cash's classic "Cry, Cry, Cry," all of which are perfectly suited to Timms' voice, which has been accurately described as "both seductive and subversive." And for a day job (or, apparently more accurately, an afternoon job), Timms has recently joined the staff at Bloodshot.

I managed to get in several questions before Timms headed off to the CMJ music conference in NYC and on the road with Freakwater.

SFS: This is embarrassing, but I've never known for sure: is it pronounced Mee-kons or May-kons?

Timms: Since it is the name of an alien being from an alien culture, there are no

rules as to the correct pronunciation, and I have been informed that earthlings are incapable of making the necessary sounds to do it true justice.

SFS: Can you tell me a little bit about life as a Mekon (or a Mee-kon or a May-kon)?

Timms: Life as a member of the band Mekons really involves very little. Usually we drink most of the day whilst lying in a rental van being transported from place to place to perform in front of a small and unappreciative crowd of people who've seen better days. Life as the real mekon involves flying around the universe in your own personal spaceship zapping galaxies and creating mayhem, which all sounds infinitely preferable.

SFS: What can you tell me about your three releases in the late '80s? I know they were released under the name Sally Timms and the Drifting Cowgirls, but they don't strike me as being quite as country-influenced as your two Bloodshot releases.

Timms: I think I released two EPs and one full length in the '80s, but it's hard to remember that far back. One of the EPs was a duet with Marc Almond, and the others were pretty countryish as I remember, but you may disagree. Anyway, the intention was to make something that sounded like a country record, but I don't seem capable of truly managing that, which is how it should be, being English and all. The reason this new one sounds more country-like, is because I

recorded it specifically for Bloodshot and wanted to fit in with their vision, whatever the hell that is.

SFS: Are there really a lot of cowboys and cowgirls in Leeds?

Timms: Strangely, there are. I've been to pubs in Leeds and London where bus drivers and postmen dressed up in full cowboy gear, and fired off blanks while listening to country music. There was a little, underground country scene in Leeds, some of it is very lame and some of it is made of people who genuinely like country music and appreciate the best of it. Actually, I was never a huge country fan and am still pretty ignorant about it, so I rely on the knowledge of my friends.

SFS: Okay, I've learned to take things on performer's bio sheets with a grain of salt, and your new one is clearly, let's say whimsically, fictitious. But I also think that there's at least a kernel of truth on every one as well. So, why are your friends frightened of you?

Timms: My friends are extremely frightened of me, but not as frightened as the people who have to work with me. I have a reputation for being intimidating; I don't see it, but you never do, do you? In fact there's a Mekons' song called "The Ballad of Sally" which has the line "people say I'm frightening/it's only coz I'm scared." Jon wrote that and there's definitely truth in it. I'm actually quite shy, though no one believes that either.

SFS: Alejandro Escovedo compared Bloodshot, where folks can do publicity work during the day and then sing on your album at night, to the glory days of Motown. What's an average day like?

Timms: There really is no such thing as an average day, it really is dependent on the night before. I try to get in at 10 a.m. and usually fail miserably. Then at two o'clock when I do manage to roll in, they make a little bed for me in the front lounge, close the door and hang up a sign saying "Do not wake Sally". You think I'm joking? Sometimes I make phone calls and people e-mail me on subjects I know nothing about. We shout at each other a lot and sometimes there are physical fights, but not every day.

SFS: On a scale of 1 to 5, how big of a thrill was it for you to be name-dropped in that Too Much Joy song?

Timms: Very little thrill there. I'd give it a 0, though I like the band; they were very sweet people. Fame is of little relevance to me; I am far more interested in money. Actually, I was much more excited by the Palace song ("For the Mekons et al") that was on the Drag City compilation although I'm sure it was a diss. You never know with Will (Oldham). Also Michael Stipe once wrote a song which was supposedly about me, Courtney Love, and another woman but they never released it. That is exciting because they are celebrities. Knowing celebrities gives you access to free food and drink. ♪



"Ratliff, old sock," piped Teddy, "I have a proposition for you." We were splayed across a divan out on the second-floor porch, pulling at snifters of absinthe and puffing on black cheroots laced with laudanum. The Drag stretched out beneath us, bleached a sickly orange by the mercury-vapor streetlamps. Inside, the corporal punishment had gotten underway.

I squinted at my new friend fondly, trying to focus. "Do spill."

Teddy paused a moment to savor the shrieks of the spanked. "I've been thinking," he exhaled, a fragrant halo of smoke obscuring his exotic yet manly features. "What say you bang out a few pages of that unmitigated shit you call writing for the next issue of Salt for Slugs?"

"Love to," I cooed, grinding the lit cigar

into my right cheek until the air was rich with the tang of charred flesh. My scream mingled with those from within the house, ascending into the fetid night air as dead Christians are said to.

My delight was short-lived. Within days Teddy had e-mailed me my assignment, a real buzzfucker. "The theme of the issue will be 'Radical Women and Why We Love Them,'" Teddy typed breathlessly. "Let me know what your topic will be."

Jesus H. Christ! I slumped naked in my raw-silk hammock, limp with dread and saltpeter, frantically scratching myself. Radical women? What the fuck do I know about radical women? What do I know about love? Oh, I'm done for. That's it. Fini. Might as well go back to work for the Company. If they don't kill me on sight, I

might at least intercept some really primo black tar before the inevitable payback, jacked by ex-Staasi goons in some god-forsaken Bogota alleyway and left to drown in two inches of pulque puke . . .

Pull yourself together, man. I slapped myself a couple of times, Aqua-Velva style, to restore clarity. There's a way to get through this, and it's not by suddenly going all Poppy Bush on it. Right. Okay. Radical women. Why we love them. My mind whirled like a pair of nunchuks. Be honest. Write what you know. That's it. Write what I know. Write what I know. What do I know? Ahhh . . . yes. What I know. Alright. I see the problem.

Here's what I know: I don't love radical women.

Allow me to explain myself.

Why I Hate Radical Women

by johnny dark

If You've Seen One Radical Woman . . .

There was this guy. You used to work with him. I used to work with him. He was a pig.

He was usually a racist, without question a sexist, almost inevitably a fagbasher. He came from the cracker class that seems to always wind up as either the salt or the scum of the earth, and he'd picked his team, or the other way around, a long time ago. His dinky worldview would have been funny, except that it wasn't. For one thing, he really seemed for some reason to think he was right about everything. For another, if he was that much of a fuckwad and you were working alongside him, what did that make you?

I remember one swarthy East Texas mushrat in particular, a line cook with a pathetic fungus of a mustache, discussing popular music: "Man, the Pretenders are such an excellent band. I would love to stick my dick in Chrissie Hynde's mouth."

"Oh, yeah," I concurred. "That must be why I like R.E.M. so much!"

This dork, this tool, this greasy flyspecked homunculus would hold forth on the world, smug and tiny-eyed in his knowledge that he was King Shit, and no insult, no snub, no amount of fury or rejection would shut his piehole or knock him off his coproitic throne. He knew what chicks were like, he knew how to party, he knew Pantera kicked ass, and that was that.

And one night the door to the kitchen swung open, revealing an elegant and fetching strawberry blonde, cool and impossible in the pooled light of the room beyond, and a salacious leer appeared on his sweaty porcine face as the door swung shut again. And as if drawing on dark lifetimes of erotic experience, he crooned, "Oh, man . . . [knowing chuckle] . . . I love redheads."

Now, class, in twenty-five words or less, why is this man a pig?

Is it his taste in music? No, it is not. Heavy metal fans are far more often sheep than pigs.

Is it his greasiness and unfresh odor? No indeed, and this is in fact a gratuitous slur. Pigs are quite cleanly by comparison.

Is it that he slavens after fuck-congress with people who would rather eat their own flesh than even brush up against him in an elevator? Surely this would mean that every last one of us is a pig, and since we are not all pigs, this is clearly wrong.

No, no, and no. This man is a pig because, in trying to convey world-weary familiarity with big-man subjects like poontang and getting it on, he has just made a sweeping generalization about an entire group of completely unrelated people, namely redheads.

The point is not whether or not redheads like this pathetic weaseldick of a man. (Who knows? Who cares?) The point is that by saying "I love redheads"—particularly in this offensively

insinuating tone—he's letting it be known that all redheads have so much in common he can judge them—and his reaction to them—as a group. It's reductionist. It's ignorant. It's asinine. Like "I support the troops." Like "Black people are cooler than white people."

Like "I love radical women."

Which radical women, goddammit? Patti Smith? Absolutely. Camille Paglia? No way. Angela Davis? Hell yes. Lillian Hellman? (A redhead, by the way.) Uh-uh. Vanessa Redgrave? (Another redhead.) Sure. (I can do this as long as you can.) Kathy Acker? Oh, please.

Had enough?

When someone says "I love radical women"—and by the way, can you really imagine anyone ever saying this?—they're not talking about radical women, they're talking about themselves; more specifically they're telling you how they want to be perceived: Cutting-edge. Avant-garde. Outside the Box. Part of an Original Crowd.

In the words of Jerry Lee Lewis, a buncha fuckin' idiots.

(Okay, he was talking about musicians who get political. Same basic principle.)

The problem with critiquing the concept of Loving Radical Women is that it looks really good on paper. Like "Let's get tough on drunk drivers" or "Let's everyone have sex with no guilt or recriminations." Hey, great ideal. Let's do it! Who's in charge here?

Good question. These things tend to get defined by whoever's in power at the time, which is why we require radicals in the first place, but more on that later. In the case of "I love radical women," nobody's in charge, since

"radical" can be defined by anyone, and so you're not really saying anything at all—except that you want to be known as Someone Who Loves Radical Women.

I was at a meeting of an antiwar group once—never mind which war, you little punk—populated largely by groovy college-age puds who were full of good intentions, bad ideas, and themselves. One after another, the speakers got up and prettily fouled the air with the oily self-righteousness that achieves its fullest flower in overeducated people in their twenties. As it happened, the first five or six speakers were women, who all more or less agreed that War is Bad. (If you think I'm being a little hard on them, keep in mind that I agreed with them or I wouldn't have been present. Also, there were a lot of hot chicks there.) The next speaker was a young radical man, wearing the official young radical man ensemble of goatee, nosering, and strident earnestness. This is what he said, even as cluster bombing was searing the flesh off infants on the other side of the planet:

"I think it's really important that we strive for a lot more participation from women in this meeting."

Now, does anyone really think this guy was saying anything more profound than "I want to get laid, and I'm pretty sure how to go about it in here"? The meeting had been run by women up to that point, but he still had to take up everyone's time to draw attention to how down with the sisters he was. (For the record, he got a smattering of applause. And he was pretty good-looking, so he probably could have scored anyway. But still.) In short: He wasn't contributing, he was advertising. Which is sort of what I think anyone who talks about how much they love radical women is doing.

Power to the Right Kind of People

The Man Who Dug Women above brings up another issue, which is whether you can love a radical unless you're another radical. I mean, historically speaking, of course, how can you not love radicals? They're always infuriating fat corrupt priests or making wacky inept generals look stupid or blowing up infrastructure or hollering in people's faces or otherwise making things interesting.

The fact that most people would prefer that things not be interesting is irrelevant. Radicals often work against the people's wishes but to the people's benefit. But how can they do this? How, time and again, can they rise from the ashes to carry on the Struggle after facing reactionary and sometimes violent rejection from a muzzy-headed population more interested in their own tawdry little lives than in the struggle for freedom and equality and government-subsidized bad art?

Because they're assholes, that's why.

I mean that in a good way. Sort of. In order to put up with that much shit day in and out just to advance your beliefs you have to have strapped on some internal Kevlar, and in the case

of radicals the form this takes is the absolute belief that you're right and everyone else is wrong.

Now, this is useful as a personal-motivation device when Plan B has just gone south and ATF agents are coming in through the skylight, but on a personal level it's damned unappealing. You admire radicals, possibly; you're glad they're out there; you acknowledge their utility, but love them? Not unless you're convinced you're stupid and ignorant about pretty much everything and admire them for never being wrong.

Except that nobody is never wrong. If you're never wrong, you never fuck up, which means you don't learn anything, which means, basically, that I don't want you in charge. Of anything.

By all means, go harass the Man and his minions however you see fit, but when it come time to install the new boss, I personally am going to get behind someone who's not so sure about everything. Chuck D, Sandra Bernhard, and Howard Stern ask interesting questions, occasionally say stupid things, and are willing to change their minds in public; Mao Zedong, Ronald Reagan, and Kirk Watson have already fig-

ured everything out and are growing weary of waiting for you to get with the program. It's for your own good, Citizen. Please step away from the alternative viewpoint and walk toward the light with your hands on your head.

This is not about what magazine you got your political beliefs out of. Operation Rescue is guilty of it, and so were the Weathermen. (Confidential to the Weather Underground: If the past tense is inappropriate here, a simple note to SFS will be more than sufficient, thank you.) Thinking you're right and everyone else is wrong is an equal-opportunity virus.

It makes for a certain narrow-mindedness, which becomes particularly visible when radicals come to power, and suddenly all those things that were Very Bad under the old regime—censorship, torture, dictators, propaganda—become absolute necessities under the new one. The ANC aside, radicals have historically been poor winners, possibly because they were shit on so much beforehand. I can understand that, but I don't have to like it, do I?

Which brings us to the problem of Radical Women.

Sisters Are Doin' It For Themselves, So Leave Me The Fuck Alone

I'm told there is an Orthodox Jewish prayer that says, essentially, "Thank God I was not born a woman." (If I heard wrong, I apologize, but as a cursory reading will confirm, women in the Old Testament rank somewhere between livestock and ointment in importance, so it doesn't seem unlikely.) As disgusting a viewpoint as this appears to represent, there are times when I can get behind it with some fervor, times when I get a glimpse, however fleeting, of some of the shit that women put up with every single day of their lives. Like when some sozzled peckerwood comes up to a friend of mine at a club and asks "How much?" Like when another friend tells me it's stifling in her apartment but she can't sleep with the windows open. Like when I catch myself looking at pretty much every woman on the street and making a snap judgment about whether I'd fuck her, as if it's up to me. Hell, yes, sometimes I'm glad I'm not a woman.

Women are entitled to be pissed. More than entitled. No question. And not because I said so. Okay. So you've got your basic untold centuries of horror and oppression to deal with and everyone has a different idea about how what the best way to change it is, assuming they want to change it at all. At best, hurt feelings are sure to ensue. At worst, a gendercidal conflagration will engulf the planet and eighty-six the species.

Let's deal with the area in between, shall we?

Men can't free women; everybody knows that. We can only try to stay out of the way as much as possible, which is harder than it looks. You'd think we could just curl up in the corner with a fifth of Jack and the latest Maxim until the Revolution was over, but no, our legs are sticking out too far, our heads are where the piano should go, and our nylon bikini briefs clash with the new color scheme. So we either scrunch up further and further, trying not to make anyone mad, whimpering in pain whenever someone plays the piano, or we say the hell with it and get up and lie on the couch with the Sony PlayStation and refuse to move no matter how much we get yelled at.

Because we would like to help, but we can't. Partly because we're clueless and partly because women can deal with their own problems quite nicely, thank you, run along now, boys. If you tell me that women need to work with other women to achieve modern personhood, I'm cool with that. If you tell me that by being a middle-class straight white male I'm part of the problem and not the solution, you may hurt my feelings, but I see your point. And if you want to ignore my opinions because they're based on my experience, which is necessarily compro-

mised by my heterosexuality, my melanin count, and President Johnson, by all means go ahead.

But don't expect me to. See, my experience is all I've got. So when you tell me it doesn't matter, you're doing to me what my team did to yours for however many thousands of years, which was to say, You don't count. Because your double-helix don't hang like mine. But two wrongs don't make a right. One dong don't make me wrong. Two tits don't . . . never mind. I trust you get my point.

(By the way, I'm well aware that there are plenty of radical women out there who have no problem with men, who are tolerant and open-minded, who embrace their fellow human beings regardless of Y-chromosome status . . . but how much fun would it be to talk about them? And yes, I'm doing the exact thing I'm telling everyone else not to do. Haw! Beat you to it! . . . Besides, Teddy told me this was supposed to be delightfully polemical or polemically delightful or something like that, which I guess is another way of saying that Salt for Slugs loves hate mail. Attention: Teddy Vuong.)

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking that I'm defensive because my side's losing, that this is the last gasp of the old order, that I'm going on the attack because the old tricks don't work any more, that you've seen through my bullshit and I know it, that I'm stalling, that I'm spent, that I'm scared.

You're fucking right I'm scared. But not of you. I envy you, sometimes I'm a little annoyed by you, but shit, I'd be doing the same thing if I were you. No, I'm scared of a world defined by people ignoring other people. The main fact of life at the end of the century is apparently people's ability to turn other people into things--things that don't count as people. Bosnia, cell phones, capital punishment, Columbine, rudeness, welfare reform, Rwanda, road rage, Jerry Springer, virtual sex, the presidency . . . all of these in some way rest on treating people like things. So no, I'm not scared of anybody finding her identity. I'm scared of everybody losing it.

So my lame appeal to the three of you still reading is this: Don't write everybody off. Better yet, don't write anybody off. Or to put it another way, if modern culture is really what it appears to be--a giant 3D TV set with a thousand channels' worth of digitally-enhanced degradation, pornography, and (most importantly) advertising--maybe the most radical thing you can do is to turn it off and pay attention to that asshole sitting next to you.

Epilogue

Teddy put the manuscript aside and buried his head in his hands. After a long pause punctuated by distant automatic-weapons fire and snatches of Tammy Wynette's "Don't Liberate Me, Love Me," he raised his glassy, hurt-looking eyes to mine.

"This is the worst thing I've ever read in my life," he said.

"I know," I beamed. "Isn't it grand?"

Above us, bats fluttered like so many leather-winged angels. ♀

AUSTIN, TX



ATOMIC
TATTOO

A LARGE SELECTION OF JEWELRY

5533 Burnet Road 512.458.9693
2001 D Guadalupe 512.481.0311



**COMPACT DISCS
RECORDS
VIDEO**

Music	Video
474-2500	474-2525
Mon-Sat 10-11	Mon-Sat 11-11
Sun 12-11	Sun 12-11

**Located at the corner of
6th & Lamar**

Action
SCREEN GRAPHICS

"PROFESSIONAL T SHIRT PRINTING SINCE 1987"

- ◆ CAPS, CUPS, STICKERS ETC. ◆
- ◆ EMBROIDERY · RUSH JOBS ◆
- ◆ FREE PICKUP & DELIVERY ◆
- ◆ IN HOUSE CUSTOM ART DEPT ◆

478-6248

FAX 478-6247

305 E.5th DOWNTOWN
BETWEEN CONGRESS & I-35

**You
Never
Forget
Your
First
Mojo**



A Coffee Bar with Beer
Open 24 hours
Mon. 8am - Sun. 12am
2714 Guadalupe
512.477.MOJO



Salt for Slugs



max spitzenberger



SFS BOOK REVIEWS:

by james maclaren

Couple of little books here for those who might wanna pry a little into areas that others would prefer to remain hidden. I'm a big fan of access to information and whenever somebody attempts to clamp the lid down, I'm naturally inclined to do my best to circumvent the clamping. Just on general principles.

Computers are vast repositories of information - much of it buried away in nooks and crannies that ordinary folks would never dream of being able to access. Scanners have the power to allow us to listen in on stuff the gummint would rather we not hear, mostly cell phone traffic.

Both contraptions are more and more being regulated and controlled in ways that keep the common folk in the dark. The hell with that.

And so these little books...

Scanner Modifications and Antennas

Jerry Pickard, 1999, Paladin Press POB 1307, Boulder CO, 80306 www.paladin-press.com

Scanner is a no-nonsense compendium of model-specific fixes that allow the scanner to scan a wider range of frequencies. It's written for people who know which end of the soldering iron to hold and assumes you can read basic electronic schematics. Walks you through, step by step, each different modification, with a bare minimum of blather and wasted words. Everything is kept real simple. Nicely put together.

Disk Detective, Secrets You Must Know to Recover Information from a Computer

Norbert Zaenglein, 1998, Paladin Press POB 1307, Boulder CO, 80306 www.paladin-press.com

Disk, on the other hand, tends to ramble and has a slightly padded feel to it. It's good enough, but I guess I play around with computers too much since it left me feeling as if I'd been shorted somehow. Maybe its the damn title. Disk DETECTIVE. I dunno. What you get is the basics. No more. Which, on its own terms, is just fine and dandy. For anybody who's never poked around into the weird and wonderful world of prizing stuff outta the bowels of a computer, its a goldmine. Folks who are perfectly comfortable with a hex editor probably already know this stuff.

The more the bastards attempt to conduct their business behind a screen, the more I wanna tear the damn screen down. The technology is there, and its none too complicated. Get to work.

Out Of Business, Force a Company, Business, Or Store To Close Its Doors For Good!

Dennis Fiery, 1999, Loompanics Unlimited POB 1197, Port Townsend WA 96368 www.loompanics.com

Gold mine of bitchin' stuff here. All KINDS of monkey wrenching techniques you might consider employing upon the evil corporate machine of your choice. Everything from beer runs to arson. Whew! Lotta shit.

About the only thing I can say by way of a complaint, is Dennis' seeming lack of concern for those who would engage in this sort of thing, in the department of seeing to it you don't get caught. Precious little is mentioned by way of EFFECTIVELY covering your tracks, and nothing at all is mentioned by way of perhaps, if you're doing a great raft of these little attacks, you just might get fingered as being the ONLY person who was around when EVERY ONE of the monkey wrenching events went down. A major red flag if ever there was one. But who cares! Who's gonna be that stupid with?

Dennis presumes you've got the street smarts required to keep your tits outta the wringer in the first place and who can blame him? Read this thing and remember what's in it. Or just keep it around the house for some time of need in the future. It has no index, but the table of contents is more than enough to steer you through the wonderful world of corporate monkey wrenching. Somewhere, Edward Abbey is smiling. ☹



407 east 7th street
downtown between trinity & neches
512.474.5338

Open 9am to Midnight Sunday thru Wednesday
and 9am to One am Thursday thru Saturday

HighLife Cafe

Do You Have a Web Site?

<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Yes	<input type="checkbox"/> No
<ul style="list-style-type: none">Does it get hits?Does it collect information?Does it have advanced features?	To get one, call
<p>Database City is one of the best places in the World to host a Web Site. We Have:</p> <ul style="list-style-type: none">• price (from \$20/month)• back-office support• bandwidth (T-3 multihomed backbone)• database & programming services• fast, monitored, reliable servers• secure servers, and• technologies for online commerce.	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">DATABASE City 1801 N. Lamar Suite 203 Austin, TX 78701 485-7850 www.dbcity.com</div>

Internet Access *Includes e-mail and support 24 hours a day, 7 days a week*

- **Dial-up Access**
- **ISDN Access**

→ **Dedicated B-channel (64 kbps)**
\$150/mo. or \$1500/yr.

→ **On-Demand B-channel (64 kbps)**
\$30/mo. or \$300/yr.

GET IN TOUGH WITH TOMMOROW'S HAS-BEENS TODAY! ITS...

ROCK AND ROLL MORON

INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

THIS YEARS CURRENT CROP OF EGO-INFLATED NO-TALENT ANTI ROLE MODEL MUSICIANS!

STAGE-DIVING AT LILITH! DOS & DON'TS!

TEN MORE COMMERCIALS WARNING YOU ABOUT SUBSTANCE ABUSE FEATURING WELL KNOWN SUBSTANCE ABUSERS?



DIVAS!



RAPPERS!



ROCKERS!

UNITED, WE "ROCK!"

AN EXCLUSIVE GUIDE TO ENJOYING THE COMPANY OF 30,000 OTHER PEOPLE AT A ROCK SHOW !!

1999 BRIAN WALSBY

Brian Walsby's Dream Covers

..THE MAGAZINE FOR WHINEY LITTLE CRY BABIES!!

TORTURED GENIUS



GAINING SOME ARTISTIC CREDIBILITY TOMMOROW WITH PREMATURE DEATH TODAY! DOS & DON'TS!

TEN MORE WAYS TO SING ABOUT DRINKING!

HOW TO WRITE ABOUT YOUR "ROOTS" (EVEN IF YOU DON'T HAVE ANY!)

HOW TO RIP OFF THE EAGLES & THEN INSIST IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING ELSE !!

AN EXCLUSIVE HOSPITAL BED CHAT WITH:

..DAN LARSONS!

..MERE HOURS BEFORE HIS UNTIMELY PASSING, DAN LOOKS BACK ON HIS ALCOHOL SOAKED UPS & DOWNS OF HIS BLAZINGLY LONG 2 YEAR CAREER!

.. ALL THE BEER THATS IN MAH GUT... WILL NEVER CHANGE THE PAIN IN MAH HEART..
-DAN LARSONS

DRAIN^{STH}



OCCUPATIONAL HAZARDS PART DEUX



by GREG E BOY

The only way that I could score Black Sabbath tickets was to concede to interviewing the opening act, a four-piece, all-girl group from Sweden that call themselves Drain s.t.h. So I did. Backstage at the venue, the girls had their dressing room draped in purple, lavender, and black curtains and candles and incense burning. Actually, come to think of it, they weren't lit because nobody had a match. Being the diehard journalist that I am, I tried desperately to get to the bottom of their success and find out just what it is like to be a female rock star. (I use the term "rock star" loosely here). I spoke with Anna K and Martina Axen. I can't tell you what they play because I didn't see them perform and I don't own the record. But I can tell you that Black Sabbath rocked - Snowblind, Sweetleaf, N.I.B., Electric Funeral, War Pigs, Fairies Wear Boots, Iron Man. Shall I go on? Fuck it was awesome. And now I even get to use this quick interview for the special "womens issue" of SFS.

SFS: Are there a lot of all-girl rock bands in Sweden?

Martina: No.

SFS: Are you the only all-girl band?

Martina: I don't know. We kinda don't know every-one.

SFS: What made you want to be in a band?

Anna: I don't even know why. It's just what I wanted to do. I had no other options.

Martina:

Everybody makes such a big fucking deal about it (being a woman in a rock band) but there's so many different professions that didn't have any women in

it and like people wanted to do it... but I guess you don't have to have inspiration from people who are the same gender as you. I mean if you want to fly a fighter pilot you don't go 'I can't do that because I've got blonde hair'. Everything that is fun in this world, the majority of people doing it is usually men so if you

want to do something fun you have to do something (manly). Not manly but just stuff that is male-dominated.

SFS: Do you feel you are role models for the young girls that see you?

Anna: We never really thought about that until now.

Martina: People should realize that there are other things to do than girl stuff.

Anna: I guess a long time ago (girls) felt that they weren't allowed to do (guy stuff).

Martina: Like, if you watch TV, and especially TV here in the U.S., everything you see women do... it's always the same thing. It's always about their looks, about being pretty. That's all it's about. I've never seen anything so badly stereotyped in my life. It sure as hell must be fucking difficult to grow up like being a little girl and trying to change that (Barbie) image. Same thing with guys... They must think that women are from another planet from what they are shown on TV.

SFS: You mean they're not?

Anna: (nervous laughter) Like when young girls come up to us after shows and they say that every one tells them that they can't do it — that they shouldn't be playing guitar — but

then they say they have been playing guitar for a whole year because they want to be in a band. Everybody can do it, it doesn't matter how young or old you are or what gender; you can be in a band.

Martina: That's what Sweden is like. That's what they tell you all the time from when you were a kid 'oh, you can't do that.'

SFS: What's the s.t.h. stand for?

Martina: Straight to hell.

Anna: It could be anything.

SFS: Scandinavians talk (s)hit. ♪





KATZEN

Salt for Slugs would like to extend a big salute to performer, painter, and tattoo artist Katzen for carrying on the slug tradition of being audaciously slugly. As part of performance partner and husband Enigma's Puzzillion stage show, Katzen has toured through Europe, Canada, and the United States. These shots were taken here in Austin on September 5th at the Black Cat. You can catch her next show in El Paso on Halloween or check out a couple of her murals at Jovita's Mexican restaurant. Or, come on down to her tattoo parlor, Incredible Ink where I'm sure she'd be able to recreate the complete body puzzle she inked on Enigma, on you.

photos by raymond grant





Photographing a Woman

by max spitzenberger

ABOVE: Nude Forms in Strange Surroundings

It's like putting a beautiful piece of sculpture in a not so beautiful setting, and then observing it for what it is. The pose in this shot creates some emotional tension, where you're not sure what's going in the picture, and you're not sure exactly what you're supposed to get from it either. The satellite dishes looming in the background are great because to me they represent all of the technology and exchanging of information in our modern society, and by putting a beautiful female nude kind of nullifies all of that. It really shows the contrast.

RIGHT: Running Through Flowers

This photo creates an image of inhibition. Some people think she's being chased, as if a chase is taking place, but I guess that's up to your interpretation. Amy is a great model to work with because she makes these shots interesting. We collaborate a lot on the composition of these photos. A photographer can get a good idea of how a model thinks about things in creating a piece of art. It's not just about getting someone to take off their clothes to take a picture. They're using their body to make a statement.





I generally try to do these when there aren't a lot of people around. Americans act kind of juvenile about sex, especially in public. Amy doesn't care at all who is around on a photo shoot, and she's a great subject as well.

ABOVE: From Outside the Window

The idea for this was a sort of voyeuristic thing. The fan was a prop, giving you the idea that it's a hot summer night.

RIGHT: Ass Against Chain Link Fence

The chain link fence pressed against her ass explores the fine line between hard erotica and total cheese. Some people see it as sexist, while others think it's just a beautiful photograph.

BELOW: Laid Back and Relaxed

This is a really relaxed shot of Amy, after a three or four hour photo session which was really intense. Doing these photo shoots takes a lot of energy and in this shot we were just winding down at the end of the day and I captured some of it on film.



The CRASS menagerie

by amanda laine

photographed by Double-A



BALTIMORE, MARYLAND U.S.A. Better known to those who live here, or have ever even passed through, as Charm City, U.S.A. A city doesn't come by such a moniker easily by any means. You can't bottle charm. In Baltimore, charm comes in a can...of National Bohemian. It comes in the corner stores where useless crap is sold as "kitsch" for nothing more than pocket change just because it looks "old" and "neat". It comes in the pubs where a glass of beer is still 75¢ and the Yankees are still the most hated ball club in the majors.

And it comes in the lawn ornaments. Yes, as well as being the Land of Pleasant Living, Charm City is also home to every lawn ornament that ever was and never should have been. Somehow along the way, these ceramic mules, swan-shaped planters and, yes, pink flamingoes passed that great wagon-wheeled entrance to lawn ornament hell and ended up in Baltimore.

Where else in the country would a community go so far to redefine tackiness as to employ such tasteless ornaments-gone-horribly-wrong without even having a front lawn? Welcome to Charm City, baby.



TARBABY: Sporting an old motorcycle helmet (for sale at Street Sale Sam's house in South Baltimore) while meditating to the hum of the tar truck that sits on this corner 24-7.



Above: HOLY ELEPHANT! This thing is just down rickety.

Right: HERE LIES DAHMER: Front lawn of local Hampden resident has a taste for serial killers.



Above: SPARKY: While visiting the elephant statue on South Hanover Street, I am harassed by local woman's guard mutt Sparky.



Left: BUYING A STAIRWAY TO HAMPDEN: No one knows where this plastic hippo-lined staircase really leads.

Below: DAWN OF THE DEAD: They take Halloween pretty seriously in these parts.



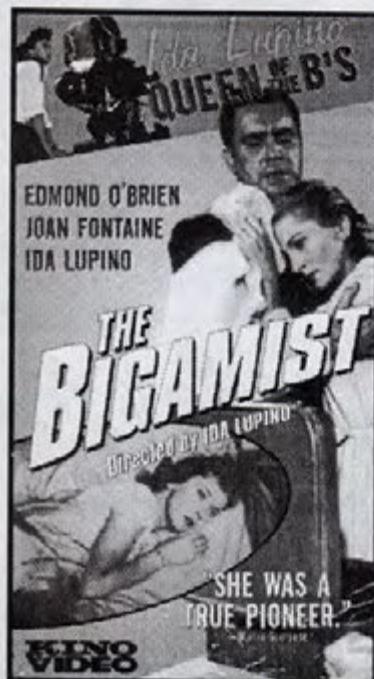
This issue's theme, the glory of radical women, caused me a great deal of stress. Having recently been betrayed by love, I have sought to exact my revenge in the past weeks. Usually I do this with a harmless dose of mild misogyny followed by a cold shower. But given by the editors the task of unearthing glorious women in film, my malevolence was shattered. I was forced to face the horrible truth: that all my problems with women are symptoms of a larger, societal obsession with women as image. Live by the glorification of woman, die by the glorification of woman. You're a sexist for the very fact that you have been conditioned to be one. I immediately set fire to the bra my ex-girlfriend had forgotten to take with her and read up on my Steinem, Paglia, Wurtzel, and other neo-, proto-, and post-feminists. I reached levels of sexlessness that would amaze even Ellen DeGeneres. I learned that the institutions that have oppressed women for centuries still exist, now seeking to trap them in a sham of independence rather than a sham of security. Today these institutions sell women images of themselves from childhood onwards. Cosmetics and fragrances are named Vamp, Vixen, Diva, Naughty, Delilah, Racy, and other very evocative names just short of Slut, SuckaDick, Double Penetration, or Bitch. This is what we inherited from hippies: cut-and-

Boaz Video Column by boaz dror

FEMALE
DIRECTORS



for my ex-girlfriend's behavior. And if all else failed, they would have lots of frontal nudity. Female frontal only, of course.



First up is **The Bigamist (1953)**, a movie directed by and starring Ida Lupino (in her defense, my ex was not a bigamist, though she did espouse polyamory, yet another hippie acid nightmare we can do without). The plot revolves around a couple's attempt to adopt a child. The wife is infertile, and has become obsessed with running the family business. Every time the husband's onscreen the bass clarinet do a Frankenstein number, and that can't be good. In other words, things are amiss from the get-go. The adoption agent they talk to, a nice, old gentleman reminiscent of Santa Claus, follows the husband, a travelling salesman, to Los Angeles. There, we discover that the husband is... a bigamist! "But you seemed so normal...not capable of something so vile," Santa tells him. Thereupon a lengthy flashback chronicles the man's fall from normalcy. Enter Ida Lupino, the sassy, not-too-attractive, mousy waitress the husband meets in LA. She's got the personality, she's got the hardware. Bing-bang, the husband's got a child, a new wife, and the title role. Lupino's portrayal of woman-as-she-is rather than woman-as-we-want-her-to-be is way ahead of its time. Clearly, this is her show, having also co-scripted the film with her husband. She's cast herself in the "bad girl" role, but when all is said and done, she is more victim to than agent of failed love. In a time when acting/directing was unusual, Lupino proved more than capable in both roles. She's easily one of the most prolific female directors ever, and her style can be felt in today's independent cinema (what's left of it). If Bigamy isn't your bag, try *The Hitchhiker* or *They Drive By Night* for a sense of Lupino's abilities. Lupino's passing in 1995 went virtually unnoticed by the press, and videophiles everywhere owe it to themselves to discover how sorely her spark is missed.

One of Lupino's most obvious heirs, where style is concerned, is John Cassavetes, perhaps THE greatest independent figure in American cinema. Cassavetes would act in H'wood films to scrounge enough dough to make one of his trademark "ugly" films, scathing attacks on human interpersonal behavior. These are not "feel-good" movies, unless you happen to enjoy the "at least my last relationship wasn't that fucking bad!" sensation. He's not a female director, by any stretch of the imagination, but being anti-Hollywood automatically allies him with feminism.

"One of the 10 Best American Films of the Decade!"

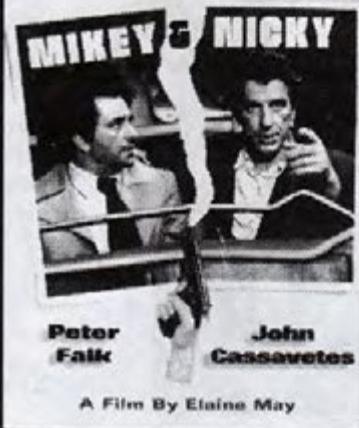
- Stanley Kauffmann, *New Republic*

"Crazy Paranoid Charm!"

- Jack Kroll, *Newsweek*

"A Modern Noir Thriller. Superb Performances!"

- *Time Out*



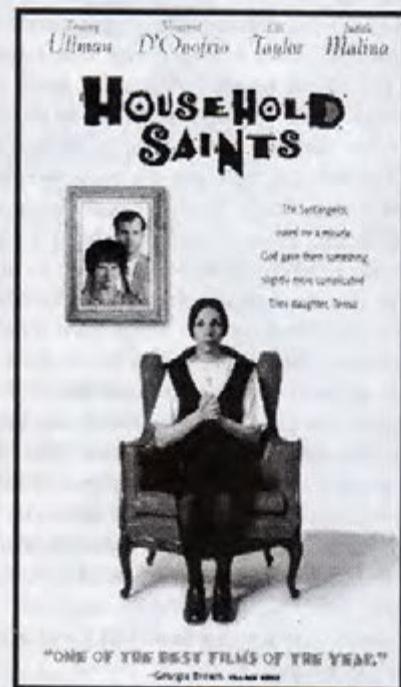
And our next director, Elaine May, who is a woman, uses Cassavetes and all the significance attached to make our next film, **Mikey & Nicky (1976)**, one of the greatest independent films ever. The plot revolves around two hit-men. Nicky, played by Cassavetes, is a charming, good-looking single guy, adored by women and feared by men, the quintessential bad motherfucker. Mikey, played by Peter Falk, is the exact opposite, married, insecure, and with a vast array of physical shortcomings. When Nicky gets in trouble with the boss, he turns to Mikey for help. They stay up all night, running from shadows, talking about the past, and above all, mistrusting each other. As their past unravels, new layers reveal themselves. Is Mikey avenging years of mistreatment from Nicky, and setting him up? Does Nicky even give a shit about his old friend? Not only are these characters 3-dimensional but so also is their relationship. That makes this film 3³ dimensional, or 27-dimensional! Who needs acid? This film still amazes me after dozens of viewings. I think the world is basically filled with Mikeys and Nickys. For instance, looking back on my relationship I now see that all along I was the Mikey to my girlfriend's Nicky. I only wish that our relationship ended as theirs does. While Elaine May wrote and directed this movie, it is difficult not to see Cassavetes' influence in the jittery, highly improvised similarities to his films. But his style benefits tremendously by her knowing guidance. May later went on to direct *Ishtar*, destroying her career in Hollywood. *Mikey & Nicky* is enough evidence to convince me that the laughable failure *Ishtar* became had probably more to do with its lead actors than her direction.

With this new-found forgiving attitude I popped into my VCR a movie I would otherwise never have watched: Nora Ephron's **You've Got Mail (1998)**. I knew I was going to hate it, but was trying to understand why. As in, why the fuck would you make a movie that had nothing to say, Mrs. Ephron? With all due respect, calling this thing a movie is giving it too much credit. It's more like watching someone play a game of Tetris. While you do admittedly watch the plot fall into place with no small amount of anticipation, when it's over, the characters are really nothing more than red squares, blue squares, blonde squares, the token black and Mexican squares, the Parker Posey and Greg Kinnear squares. This movie is all cosmetics and no substance, a love song to the internet forced upon us by an inconsequential director. This popular genre is like a bad Cocaine habit: the more you watch these movies, the more frustrated you get that you're life isn't as neatly packaged, the more depressed you get, the more you need to watch these movies. How can you like a movie where the characters have no genitalia to speak of and where breakups take three minutes and everyone's happy, knowing another sexless piece of fluff awaits around the corner?



Oh, woe is me! Feeling as though I would never understand the thing called woman, pain ripped through me. I was trying so hard. But every step of the way was littered with contradictory images and input that boggled my mind. Meg Ryan is pretty, and she's probably very intelligent. Why then is she interested in being made plastic? Does that make her good or bad? Is there a way to get past the Binary system, cut into endless halves like a Chili's Onion Blossom, that says that wherever she fits a woman is either 1: aligned with or 2: opposed to some predetermined social niche, counter-niche, or sub-counter niche? I was ready to hang up my think cap and rejoin a society where 40% of all books read are harlequin romances. All the really good independent films were gone, the eighties and nineties saw to that. Why struggle when you have Tom Hanks?

With growing trepidation I watched Nancy Savoca's **Household Saints (1993)**, a movie I knew nothing about but was certain involved lesbians in some way, as most movies by female directors who are neither Nora Ephron nor Penny Marshall do. But it wasn't about lesbians. It was actually about a section of the population I knew just as little about: Roman Catholic girls. My ex-girlfriend was Roman Catholic, so I decided to pay attention to whatever knowledge Savoca could impart. With great performances by Vincent D'Onofrio, Tracey Ullman, and a really whacked out performance by Lili Taylor, this was a very good, very personal film. Revolving around two generations of the Santangelo family, it told the tale of St. Theresa, a girl who went crazy with visions of Jesus, and who grew up mesmerized by the Catholic faith. Clearly this mirrors what I'm



trying to get across: that women are barraged with bad ideas from the get-go. Be it an unshakable obsession with organized religion or a need to fall into patterns set by the doctrines of society, it ain't pretty. This movie is by turns funny, sad, and disturbing, but to the director's credit it never gets overly sentimental. In fact, as a criticism of systematic insanity it left me feeling pretty good about my situation. It even led me to some not-so-pretty conclusions about myself, and the errors of my ways, in getting too wrapped up in my recent breakup. I mean, there are a lot of women out there, really screwed up women, who need my attention. Maybe a few more of them need to feel better about themselves by trampling all over me. I have to leave some anger left for the next one. Save some for tomorrow, as they say. ♪

CHARLIE HORSE

an interview
with **BRET STAR**
by **stabler hsu**

Despite the fact that these guys seem mildly depressed from time to time, and especially in this interview, the band that I affectionately refer to as "Chuck Horse" is a wonderful creation. Singer/songwriter, Bret Star, desperately wants to make music that has personal meaning and evokes true emotion from his audience. As a result, the music this band makes is certainly not the kind of stuff you'd buy off the rack at your local Target (got that Austin?). The band set out to create a sound that had substance and flavor, something almost all budding musicians aspire to achieve, yet few accomplish. Bret works closely with guitarist Jeff Jones of Fivehead to achieve this, and the product is mixed strong, with plenty of feeling and great grooves. A chance meeting with singer/guitarist Bret Star of Charlie Horse took place on a run of the mill early Thursday evening at Stubb's BBQ:



Bret Star

SFS: You said you were down today. Is there any reason for that?

Bret: No, I've just been taking a lot of muscle relaxers.

SFS: What kind?

Bret: Somas. Cardisiprodol.

SFS: Were they prescribed?

Bret: Yeah. I have this doctor named Dr. Mousekovitch who's about ninety years old. He used to be a surgeon, but he got kicked out because he was too old. He runs a little general practice now. We have an arrangement where I just call him on the phone. I call him and tell him about back pains or something.

SFS: So what else is driving Charlie Horse right now?

Bret: Well, I think we started off with a bunch of really, really sad songs since Jeff and I wrote all of the songs and we're both chronically depressed. So we set out to write some meaningful, sad songs.

SFS: The song "Pretty Snake", is that about any female in particular?

Bret: That's about my new girlfriend I've been dating for two years. She kinda seduced me.

SFS: Would you consider that a sad song?

Bret: It's happy and sad. It's sad because of some of the circumstances surrounding our getting together which was

right after a pretty nasty break-up with my ex-girlfriend who I dated with for like six years. I wasn't looking to get together with anyone and she kinda dug into me pretty aggressively. Now we're going on two and a half years now. It's pretty ironic.

SFS: Do you feel comfortable singing about your personal life?

Bret: I feel most comfortable singing about my personal life. One of the things that I really don't like about music... actually, I don't like very much music. Up until about three months ago, I never listened to the radio or bought any CDs, not because I thought the music was bad, but because I thought it wasn't really emotionally significant. I guess everyone who is a songwriter has to have this well of emotion to draw from to write songs, and if you don't have that or it isn't apparent in your songs, then it's kind of pointless music. There are bands here in town that have songs that are pointless and the music doesn't go anywhere. The lyrics aren't meaningful and I can tell right away that they didn't put any thought into the songs when they were writing them, and now they don't put any thought into the songs when they're playing them. For them, it's just more of a "scene" thing.

SFS: People who are in a band just for the sake of being in a band.

Bret: Well, I think there are two tiers... I got into my first band in college and who knows why people get into bands in college, but more often than not, I think it's just to be part of a band and experience the "band experience". Then, the older they get, the ones who stick with it are the ones who it really had a meaningful effect



Jeff Jones



on and they're doing it for the right reasons. So there are the two tiers and it's really evident here in Austin. You got a lot of young guys here that play pop music kind of making the scene, and then you have some serious musicians. And a lot of the time people don't go see either of them anyway, so it's kind of a moot point. In this town, music is a lot more of a tool for anybody who has two feet for a stage and will have a band in a restaurant or coffee house or anything just to bring people in. They take advantage of the "live music capital" thing. There's not much of a selection of the fittest around here.

SFS: As for the emotional content of your songs, do you usually feel good after playing a show?

Bret: Actually, I probably feel worse after we play. Ryan, our bassist, is the same way. When he used to play for the Mittens, he couldn't talk to anybody after a show. I don't know, I go into a pretty deep depression. Even after practice, when you have the extra stress of bringing something emotional in and trying to make it work in a band setting. It's pressure when it doesn't come out the way you want it to. It seems like you're never naming that unknown quality that you're trying to name when you

wrote the song. What depresses me about shows is people come or they don't come, and the people there, you don't really know if there's any sort of impact. You always wonder after a show why you're playing. Charlie Horse was together three years ago and we stopped playing for that reason. I couldn't do it anymore, Jeff was getting frustrated.

SFS: So, what about now? Are you guys working on another album?

Bret: Yes, we're still putting together a solid list of songs and as soon as we have enough, we're going into the studio. We want to do it by the end of the year for sure.

SFS: Do you have any plans for touring or anything?

Bret: Yeah, we'll probably tour at the end of the year. We'll probably swing up the East coast with Fivehead. We actually have a manager now who's trying to book us more aggressively and get us national exposure so that will force us to go on the road soon.

SFS: What do you think of the music scene in general?

Bret: I think that here in Austin it's shaping up. It's better in Austin now than it was when I moved here in 1991. The bands I see now live are much more enjoyable, but I don't get out much. The radio as far as I'm concerned is a fuckin' toilet. I don't know what's going on. I guess I'm getting old or something. There was a time in the early nineties when there was a one year period with Jane's Addiction, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, and Nirvana, and bands like



Eric Friend

that were finally getting onto the radio.

SFS: Yeah, and that was it, they stuck with it. Time to turn off the mind and turn on the market.

Bret: Now there are bands like Korn and Limp Bizkit...

SFS: What do you think of Limp Bizkit?

Bret: Well, you know one thing really intrigues me about Limp Bizkit. A friend of mine tells me that when he went to see them, there was a sea of topless teenage girls because that's apparently the thing to do at their shows. It's compelling in a weird way.

SFS: Now you want to go.

Bret: No. It's just a kind of a mania you know. I think personally that their music isn't only bad, it's damaging.

(At this point in the interview, guitarist Jeff Jones approaches...)

SFS: So Jeff, have you ever had a bad hair day? I noticed that you cut off all of your hair.

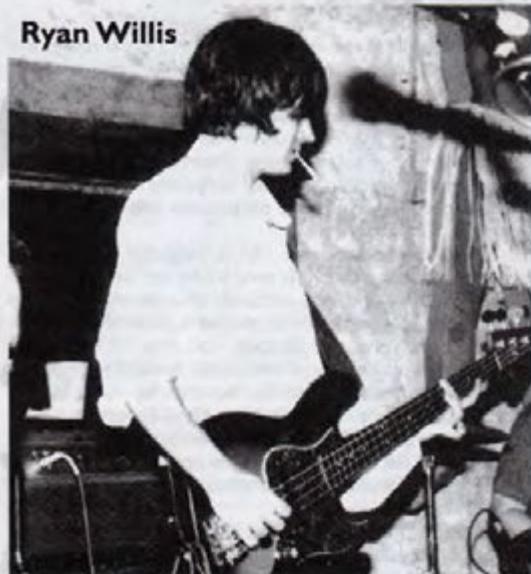
Jeff: Actually, it was a series of bad hair days, so I decided to cut it all off. I was starting to get that "Sideshow Bob" look, so I figured it was time to get rid of it.

SFS: Is it true that you also are chronically depressed?

Jeff: Yeah, I'm down, but I'm working on getting back up riding that wave of happiness.

SFS: Well, thanks guys for the interview.

Ryan Willis



Judy & The Magician

by raymond grant

Magick is the beginning of imagination, and the fabric from which life is made. It is all around us, from the roar of the surf pounding the shore, to chance encounters with strangers. Now I will bring you behind the magicians curtain to expose lives devoted to the art of illusion and stage magick, two people that have worked together at harnessing that intangible element that runs wild in nature. If you have ever wondered what churns within the minds beneath the top hats, read on, detach from your routine, and allow Magick into your lives.

SFS: How long has the Texas Association of Magicians been around, and what is your role?

Judy: 54 years. I'm secretary for the entire organization, keep membership records, collect dues, send out membership cards, all kinds of fun stuff.

Great Scott: She basically runs the entire organization. There is a board of governors that sets the policies, but things get done because she does them.

SFS: How long have you two been a team?

Judy: Since '64.

Great Scott: We started Scott Magic Co. in '72. So, professionally, 28 years.

Judy: We worked in other capacities before.

SFS: So what is the origin of Magick?

Judy: (laughs)

Great Scott: **MAGICK IS WHERE EVERYTHING STARTS. SCIENCE, RELIGION, WHATEVER.** All trace their roots back to magick. In fact, when you take science out to the edge of the state of the art, whatever science knows, beyond that point is magick today. If you talked back in 1880 of the principle of television, you were talking about magick by 1902 when the crooks tube was invented, they realized the potential of it. They knew someday you could sit down in London and watch parades in China, then it became science but it took 30 or 40 years to realize it. So anything unexplainable is magick.

SFS: What was Alister Crowley's role in Magick?

Great Scott: In our kind of Magick, none. He was a cult leader, that is the other form of Magick. Well, I can't say THE other form of magick, there are an infinite number of other forms of magick. Magick is the word other people use when they want to describe excitement, beauty, glamour and so on, but anyone who has harnessed that power, there is something beyond what they are doing that tends to elevate them and exalt them. Crowley gave people something they could not put their finger on. It is a matter of faith and believing in something, all religion starts with magick then it becomes crystallized and encapsulated into what it is today.

SFS: People need that in life, something to believe in.

Great Scott: Oh sure, it helps.

SFS: What is the difference between magick and illusion?

Great Scott: It lies in the definition. To the stage magician, an illusion is a particular piece of magick equipment, a trick using a human being or large animal, but broadly speaking, illusion is everything we do, nothing we do is real, we lie and cheat constantly to make it appear real. If our audience is sitting in front of us believing in what we are doing and saying, "My gosh, that is impossible, but he is doing it," and later go home and say, "He didn't really do that." That is alright, it is like any actor, they can see you leave the theater without your make-up on and know you really are not who you were on stage, and that's the same as the magician, because all we really are are actors.

SFS: Judy, Has he ever made you disappear?

Judy: Oh he has cut me in half and thrown me through the air. I have also been produced from thin air frequently.

SFS: Did you enjoy that?

Judy: Oh yeah, it was all in fun.

Great Scott: It is great work. I've always been rather proud of the fact that we always please our audience, we always gave them more than they bargained for.

SFS: What did Houdini do to perpetuate magick and bring it to the public's attention?

Great Scott: Houdini was not a magician, he was an escape artist. He started with card tricks and called himself the King of Cards. He was certainly an entertainer in the variety arts, the jugglers, comics, dog acts, glass blowers, flea circus, whatever, and the escapist was one of those. He framed it in an magick show and called himself a magician. What made him famous was the fact that he was a fantastic publicist, he made his name a household word.

Judy: He was probably the most famous magician that comes to mind for a layperson, if you say name a magician."

SFS: Do you like the band Houdini?

Judy: Who?

SFS: Nevermind. What did you think of the masked man on television revealing hidden magick secrets?

Great Scott: Oh Valentino. It was a sad, stupid thing, but I think the magicians overreacted to it. We would have



been better off keeping our mouths shut, because exposure is not new, it's happened over and over again in my lifetime. I remember the Camel cigarette campaign in the early 30's when they bought a half page ad in every comic

a Louisiana state competition with the same act. We have only entered two contests, and we've won both of them. We have also had several Chinese themes, and our grand old American act is our most famous. It features

entertained.

SFS: What is the largest audience you have performed for?

Judy: Oh, 5000 or 6000. At Palmer Auditorium in 1993.

SFS: Did you have a touring act?

Great Scott: We went places and traveled, but never for more than half a dozen shows at a time. We would do our act anywhere.

Judy: Most all of the places were about an hour driving distance from Austin. We kept as busy as we wanted to.

Great Scott: We had all the work we wanted right here and we would think, 'If we polished this act up, we could probably work in Vegas,' but what for? We would have to go through all that garbage of working every day.

Judy: We didn't get rich, but that wasn't our goal. Anyone that has that intent is doomed anyhow. We do magick to fulfill something that is in you.

SFS: Is it hard to make a living being a magician?

Great Scott: It's a matter of getting recognized or discovered, like the acting business! Harry Anderson is a wonderful example of that. Harry is a big star now, he makes big money, he just bought a big piece of land in Ireland, but when I first met Harry, he was working on the streets for quarters, and you don't get discovered real quick there. It was fortuitous that he was working in Tahoe and someone who was putting on Cheers thought that he would make a good character. There are a lot of talented people out there that will never be recognized, though. Look at Sigfried and Roy. They started out with one cheetah, and now they own half the white tigers in the world.

SFS: What advice do you have for kids that want to get into magick?

Judy: Take acting classes, take drama courses, it will help more than hanging out at the magick shop talking to magicians.

SFS: How many card tricks do you know?

Great Scott: Maybe two or three hundred, but I only do four in public, because I've worked all of the bugs out of them. That's what it takes, doing it over and over again. And your audience tells you if you are good or not. Don't listen to your family or your friends. If your audience laughs and claps, you're a magician.

Judy: Also, don't get discouraged. You're not going to be good when you first start. You need to do it over and over and over.

You have to keep trying, that's what knocks the rough spots off of you, that's what puts the polish on.

Great Scott: I don't know how to pass it on to someone, you just get out there and take your knocks, that's the only real way. I always wanted to be a showman, and if this is the only thing that is going to make you happy, then you may as well do it. You have to follow your star. No matter what it is.

SFS: So you have been happy with choosing a life of Magick?

Great Scott: I love it!

Judy: ...and it beats the hell out of working.

.....and so concludes your first lesson in Magick. I suggest you visit the Scott Magick Co. and meet The Great Scott and Judy for yourselves. They carry many items, props, books, and videos. Who knows, if you get good enough, maybe you could quit your day job.



book in the country and exposed a major illusion every week for 26 weeks under the title, "It's fun to be fooled, but it's more fun to know." And the only real result of it was that all the magicians quit smoking Camels. Time magazine in the 70's also tried to expose levitation, but people could read that and go to a magick show the next week and if the magician did his work well, it wouldn't even occur to them. They would say, 'Well I thought I knew how that was done, but that couldn't be it,' suspended disbelief.

SFS: It all lies in the style and presentation.

Great Scott: Yes, if you remember the Wizard of Oz, who was it that exposed the Wizard by pulling back the curtain to show old Frank Morgan back there pulling the levers? It wasn't any of the people, it was the little dog. The people didn't want to know. That's what Valentino did. He was a money hungry, third-rate magician that saw a shot at making a few bucks, but since then, he's hurting for it. He was deported out of Brazil and can't find much work. Shattering illusions isn't a good thing if they're harmless. There are a whole lot of illusions I suppose, that we have shattered about politicians. It's like running a subtitle on an old John Wayne movie that says he's wearing lipstick. He is, but does it help anyone's enjoyment of it to know that?

SFS: Do the two of you wear elaborate costumes on stage?

Judy: It depends on the act. We have several different costume acts. One of them is him dressed as a plumber and I'm dressed as a french maid and the magick table is a com-mode. In fact, that's the act that we won the state comedy competition with. We also won



Judy: Old magicians also wore robes like you would think of Merlin with, the pointy hat.

SFS: What do you sell at the Scott Magick Shop?

Great Scott: Oh, lots of stuff, but I don't want people buying stuff they can't use, and it isn't good for the art. Plenty of people have the idea that to be a magician, you go down to the magick shop and buy some tricks and go out and do them. Well, the same reasoning would hold if you went down to the medical supply house and bought a stethoscope and a blood pressure cuff and said, 'I'm going to open a doctors office because I have the equipment.' You cannot buy magick. I don't sell it and neither does anyone else. I sell props, not the capacity to use them. There are no good tricks or bad tricks, there are only good and bad magicians. The hardest thing to learn is making people like you, half of your battle is over then. A magician has thirty seconds to establish themselves, otherwise your audience will scrutinize you. Nobody wants to be fooled, they want to be

music reviews by



Brandston
Fallen Star Collection

Deep Elm

I really can't say anything bad about this album. It has something for everyone, from the nice, melodic ballads to the super-charged rock songs to the pure pop with a nice edge. The band seems really together and able to work collectively without overpowering or drowning out one another, which helps pull it all together. Another thing that stood out was that the lyrics were real and easy to relate to. John, Jared, Matt, and Myk - right on guys, keep making good music. To you readers out there, if Emo is your thing, here's a new band to add to your collection, and hey, I heard one of their songs is on a really cool skate video. (shara)

Stereolab
Cobra and Phases Group Play
Voltage in the Milky Night

Elektra

In an ideal world, top 40 radio would be more represented by pop bands like Stereolab who excel at bubble-gum ear candy, yet still retain artistic integrity and are not afraid to experiment. Though closely resembling the more



electronic sounds on their previous outing, Dots and Loops, Cobra... takes the production level to a new extreme. Through most of the album, it seems like the songs were recorded on 200 tracks, resembling an orchestra more than a rock band. Credit Jim O' Rourke, who has worked with Sonic Youth and Oval with the lush string arrangements. Add Sean O'Hagan from the High Llamas and Rob Mazurek of Isotope 217 and the album reads like a who's who of indie rock. Most bands these days tend to recycle their sounds over and over again, but Stereolab always seem to push the envelope further, and clocking in at over 75 minutes of music, this album is definitely worth experimenting. Sedative drugs recommended for increased listening pleasure. (surfin' charlie)



Unida
Coping With The Urban Coyote

Man's Ruin

Holy Frijoles! Former Kyuss and Slo Burn frontman John Garcia finally makes the rock record we've been waiting for him to make. No "desert rock" here my friends... just bluesy, AC/DC, full-bore rock & roll. Track 2, "Blackwoman" is fucking sweet; a hard-chargin' ditty backed by a wall o' fuzz and Garcia's gritty squall 'plaining life, ladies and the pursuit of happiness. On track 5 "If Only Two" the band friggin' rips yer head off with some serious raunch & roll that had me on the verge of self-implosion. Cruncha, cruncha, cruncha, crunch. Fuck this record is good. So good. Go buy it right now. (greg e. boy)

Rammstein
Live Aus Berlin

Mercury

Say, didn't Laibach do this kind of fascist techno-rock shit years ago? Rammstein (spoken in yer best Terminator voice) are a group of six lads who all dress in black and make gloomy Kraftwerk-meets-Biohazard rawk for the

trenchcoat wearing, white teenage-boy set. This shit sucks. Besides who wants to listen to a record you can't understand unless you've taken German 101. Not me. And probably not you either. Next! (greg e. boy)

Watts
self-titled

Estrus

Dave Crider, the man behind Estrus Records and the recently defunct Mono Men, knows how to write a turbo-charged rock & roll song. Picking up where he left off with the Mono Men, Crider and his Watts crew stumble, stomp and streak through ten scorching tunes — blending the finer points of garage, punk, rhythm & blues and good ol' American rock & roll — into one bad ass debut record. And, as always, design by Art Chantry. (greg e. boy)

Jackass
Where Truth is a Beacon (E.P.)

Smilex

Jackass is from California. Now that that's outta the way, they also happen to be a solid rock band creating music at strange angles often resulting in a pure pop moment. Brien Heinz plucks notes from somewhere else while his brother Brandon's jumpy bass lines coalesce (sort of) with drummer Nikki Gaveline. Brooke Sauer plays a second guitar to fill the gaps and she is adept at not filling in too much. Jackass is making music without a thought to consequence and it works perfectly. Sooner or later they have to put out a full record, if only so I can get a free copy to review it. (hot carl)



Creeps on Candy
Wonders of Giardia

Alternative Tentacles

Good god almighty, I don't know where these cats are from but judging by the way they wrestle with that bass, ya'd think they live in the Windy City; there's a shitload of Jesus Lizard/Shellac noise going here. Songs range

people who care.

from the ever-present sex themes ("Porn Habit," "Truth-Trust-Lust," and "Her Songs") to the just-plain deranged ("Trial," "Fish People," and "Dr. O"). Creeps on Candy conjures up fond memories of punk rock's past and that just warms my little, old, tattooed heart. (greg e. boy)



Red Snapper

**Red Snapper
Making Bones**

Matador/Warp

London's Red Snapper takes jazz instrumentation and make "house music" for lack of a better word. The band's approach to making music is akin to Emirille Legassi making gumbo: Anything goes. Sometimes it's hard to believe that the music is live and not some cut & paste pastiche of samples and sound bytes. It's pretty amazing and well worth every penny you may spend. Fans of Medeski, Martin, and Wood or Massive Attack will be exhaltant over this. Others, stupefied. Myself, I'm giddy because it's a rare occurrence that I get to hear music so refreshingly original. And to that, I tip my hat to Red Snapper. (greg e. boy)

The Black Heart Procession

2

Touch & Go

Man, this stuff makes me wanna cry. Toby and



Salt for Slugs

Pall from Three Mile Pilot stripped down and go for broke with the saw, organ, sheet metal, guitar, and horn. This minimalist pop mixed with Pall Jenkins' obtuse prose makes a great soundtrack for any rainy day. (greg e. boy)

**MIGAS
number one**

ViolentHippie Music

Don't hesitate to buy this CD if you want to be rocked to the core and come away feeling like you have to hear it again and again, with or without vocals. This may be my personal favorite hard rock CD to come out of Austin in the past year. The songs are intense and a full-on, wine drinking, hella party, and a pleasure for driving at top speed down the freeway without a care in the world except where to buy the next sixpack. A must hear for rockers. (stabler)

**dead horse
Horsecore: An Unrelated Story
That's Time Consuming**

Relapse Reissues



Reissuing speed metal albums from the 80's is just about as intelligent as reissuing old New Kids on the Block albums. Sure, you might have a handful of die-hard listeners, but they are very few and far between, and no one likes them anyway. Avant-thrash is what they like to call this music, but there's nothing "avant" about playing the same chord, or pounding the drums as fast as you can for a long time - it's just boring, like watching the marathon except in a marathon, somebody wins whereas here, everybody loses. For the love of god, or satan, or whoever you're screaming about, please stop sending your albums for review. R.I.P. Speed Metal. (surfin' charlie)



**Reveille
Laced**

Elektra

Why do I get these shitty Elektra bands? And does rap/metal really exist for a purpose? This is just plain-old, brown dog shit wrapped in a shiny major label package. Don't even bother laughing at it. (hot carl)

**Juno
This Is The Way It Goes
And Goes And Goes**

DeSoto

DeSoto is Kim Coletta's label (she of the late-Jawbox). So as expected, this here's some quality post-punk (borderline emo) that features three guitarists (just like Skynyrd, The Quadrajets and Knoxville Girls). The college DJ-types in Chapel Hill eat this shit up. Is it one of those records that reaffirms your purpose here on earth? Not likely, but given the current climate in the music industry, it is refreshing to find people still pursuing this genre. (greg e. boy)

**The Minders
Cul-De-Sacs & Dead Ends**

SpinArt

Lord, say it isn't so: Another Elephant 6 band making Sgt. Peppers-cum-Pet Sounds psyche pop. Enough already. Olivia Tremor Control sucks. The Music Tapes suck. And The Minders suck. It's a case of giving the Art Dept. kids too much dope, too much money and too much free time. (greg e. boy)

**Pee Wee Crayton
Early Hour Blues**

Blind Pig

Pee Wee Crayton honed his chops taking lessons from T-Bone Walker and it's obvious that such a simple action changed the rest of this man's life. A native Texan (nuff said right there

eh?) Crayton moved to San Francisco in the 1930s, where he hooked up with T-Bone and began to shape his git playing style. Eventually, he would relocate to Los Angeles and help define the blues scene there. Crayton's slow, emotive instrumentals preceded cats like Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown and B.B. King, allowing the man to showcase his knowledge of the guitar's neck. "Smokin'" is what Rod Henry of the Glenmont Popes would say if he was here listening to this with me. If your punk rock ass is going to buy one blues record this year — make it this one. And skip all that faux, white-boy, yuppie blues that the Miller Lite commercials are throwing at you. Pee Wee Crayton may be dead and gone, but he's never going to be forgotten. (greg e. boy)



Ol' Dirty Bastard
N*a Please**

Elektra

From time to time, there comes along a unique type of rapper who instantly sets himself apart from the rest. However, only once has a man named the ol' dirty bastard risen up "from the ghetto" and crossed the line from run of the mill rapper to a superstar rap phenomenon. His behavior off stage has landed him in the spotlight several times over the past couple of years, yet the music he puts out is what warrants our attention. Who can forget the price-less line, "All girls wanna fuck me everyday!", or the classic, "Nigga please, I'm the one who burned your home..." Now this is a guy Weird Al would think twice about trying to do a parody of. Even though Hollywood star Chris Rock opens up this CD on the opening track "Recognize", ODB claims non-commercial, and with maybe a few exceptions, it would be virtually impossible to clean up any of this for

radio and have it maintain any flavor. The crazier the better, and the Rick James cover even turned out to be a nice little treat as well. This nice little disc is a must for any music collection containing at least one rap CD. (Stabler)



Bardo Pond
Set and Setting

Matador

Another band from Philly that rocks. Bardo Pond has been described as an art band many times past. They rock between the lines of your joint and the smoke gliding through your nostrils. With no emphasis on any one instrument, including haunting, mumbled vocals, it's easy to say these are not the greatest group of musicians, but they make great music. They make their own hybrid of sounds over what seems like a continual hum of ambient, white, fuzzy noise which doesn't stop when the songs do. The first track, "Walking Stick Man" stands out here for its ferocious guitars and inspiring, sweaty, tuff-girl vocals. (hot carl)

Love As Laughter
Destination 2000

Sub Pop

Jesus, I don't know what's going on over there at Sub Pop, but I'm thinking whatever it is, it's a good thing. The label appears to have returned (at least for the moment) to spreading the gospel of rock. What with them putting out some Hellacopters records, The Go, Zen Guerilla and this Love As Laughter record, I'd say they've stumble back onto a good thing. LAL teeter on the brink of a full-scale riot; they stand on that ledge that David Lee Roth spoke of — and they are looking down. This is rock made the way it should be, with plenty of bravado and with plenty of piss & vinegar. The truth is out there. (greg e. boy)

Teenage Shutdown
Move It! Frantic Frat Fracas

Crypt

Crypt delivers what you'd expect -grade A garage rawk & raunch from the mid-'60s. For a while there I thought the label went belly up. Alas, a new release, new catalogue and new location have allowed the label to resurface.

Hot damn! Shimmy, shimmy, shake. (greg e. boy)

Slo Leak
When The Clock Strikes 12

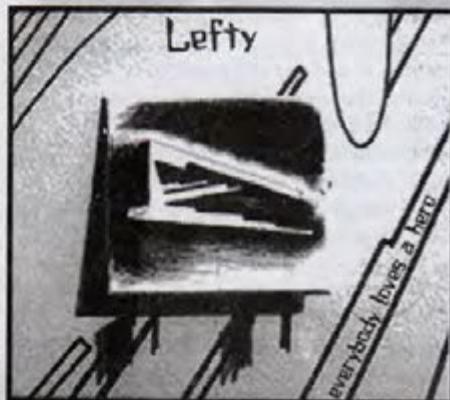
TVT

Well, it was only a matter of time that somebody, or someone, would try to emulate the R.L. Burnside, Doo Rag and Beck all at once. R.L.'s last record was a horrible batch of remixes and sampled grooves that suck cow teets. Poor R.L. he knows not what to do in the company of cash. Doo Rag were ingenious and short lived; but Bob Log has resurfaced with his retarded back porch blues this past year on Fat Possum. The two-piece of Slo Leak, takes simple blues riffs and other crude elements of instrumentation into the world of studio samples. In a battle over organic versus synthetic, I'll always vote for organic. See Red Snapper. (greg e. boy)

Lefty
Everybody Loves a Hero

wish wash communications

Eerie vocals and visuals, childhood chants with smooth, warm basslines as displayed in the opening track, "Degenerate Man". Sugar sweet scratches tucked between delayed reality permeates this album, but the honey-coated voices of Jilia Derzic and Christy Doolen ice the proverbial cake. A collage of color and electronic sound that would make Gene Wilder proud. (grant)



Staind
disfunction

Elektra

Are we really so culturally impoverished that this crap is actually produced, released, reviewed, and in some circles, praised? Apparently we are. This recording merits little attention so I won't bore you with details. Some guy in a famous band (who is on the top of the charts and STILL, no one will tell them how to spell BISCUIT) praises these guys as "real shit". Nuff sed. (Hot Carl)

Superego
Oh Yes My Friend
nickel&dime productions



Wisps of Seventies backseat Chevy sex blowing across the plains of loose-fingered guitar solos. Straight ahead, solid songwriting, very Texas. Serving you the Frampton school of rock, rich with hums and hooks. The lord of free-for-all mayhem, Paul Minor, and his clan tried to warn you, "Oh yes my friend!" (grant)

Muddy Waters
The Lost Tapes
Blind Pig

Muddy Waters is a legend, no doubt about that, and if you haven't ever heard a Muddy Waters record, this would be a great one to introduce yourself to the Man. Recorded live, *The Lost Tapes* his big hits like "Honey Bee," his cover version of Willie Dixon's "Hoochie Coochie Man," a scorchin' version of "Mannish Boy" (featuring George "Harmonica" Smith on harp) and rounds out the set with the blues standard "Got My Mojo Working." And it's all captured in 1971 Blues-O-Matic, stereophonic glory. (greg e. boy)

Joe Gallant & Illuminati
Terrapin
Which? Records

Gallant meshes compositions of jazz greats like Monk with the Grateful Dead. There's always been a very jazz-like element nestled in the improvisation associated with the Dead (add to that the band's love for bluegrass, r&b and jazz that's most evident in their vault of covers), so it's only natural that jazz artist Joe Gallant would find some sort of spiritual kinship with Jerry Garcia and his comrades in the Grateful Dead. Both jazz purist and Deadheads will scoff at this re-working of the classic Dead album *Terrapin Station*. But baby boomer hippies who have long since lost any credibility of being associated with counter-culture will look on this project with the same rose-colored glasses

Salt for Slugs

that they used to look back on their first Loggins & Messina concert. (greg e.boy)

Doyle Lawson & Quicksilver
Winding Through Life
Sugar Hill

Now I've got nothing against gospel music. Over the recent years, I've become quite fascinated with bluegrass and old-time music, but mix the two together, and I have the same aversion to it as mixing beer with tomato juice. Some people love that concoction and some will fiercely enjoy this record of bluegrass icon Doyle Lawson and his Quicksilver crew singing songs of salvation. Not me. (greg e. boy)



Knoxville Girls
self-titled
In The Red

Let me just tell you this up front: there are no girls in the Knoxville Girls. There's no bass player either. Instead, the five-piece let the triple-git action do the talking as Mr. Jerry Teel (Honeymoon Killers, Chrome Cranks) mumbles about love, love lost, and the blues that ensues. It's an all-star affair as drummer Bob Bert (Sonic Youth, Pussy Galore, Chrome Cranks), guitarist Kid Congo Powers (The Gun Club, Cramps, Congo Norvell), guitarist Jack Martin (Little Porkchop, Congo Norvell), and Barry London (Stab City) on organ provide the rhythms for the long, strange ride. (greg e. boy)

Machine Head
The More Things Change
Roadrunner

For fans of Pantera that can't wait for their next release, I must recommend picking up Machine Head's *The More Things Change*, from Roadrunner Records. This album is packed full of those stompy, heavy riffs that you would expect to hear from Pantera (but don't get me wrong, they are no clones). They are an intense quartet, with a power unmatched by most others in this type of metal. These days, it is refreshing to see a metal band that actually has

some real guitar solos on their albums! Most of the new metal bands (who I will leave unnamed), are just pop bands with inflated egos, or rappers that took the time to learn a few stale riffs. Thankfully, these guys are not. Machine Head is a force to be reckoned with. They have the songwriting ability of the old Metallica, combined with the energy and intensity of Pantera. This combination makes songs like 'Take My Scars', and 'Down To None', regular tracks on my radio. I give this album four flaming guitars. (MacGraw)

The Hellcopters
Payin' The Dues
Sub Pop

Sub Pop re-releases the Swedes second album which has been likened to Guns N' Roses *Appetite For Destruction*. Y'all already know about my fascination with this band. This makes three consecutive issues that I've mentioned them. That should tell you something. Oh, did I mention that this is a double album? Yessir. In the effort to bolster the re-issue, the gang has included a second disc full of live tracks. Vinyl junkies take note: this is also available as a double LP. Shazaam! (greg e. boy)

The Bellrays
Let It Blast
Vital Gesture Records

Boy, I think about how many record reviews that I have read that either somehow or the



other insinuates that the album rocks or comes right out and says it. I choose the latter for this review. This album ROCKS!!! This album was recorded live on a 6-TRACK CASSETTE RECORDER!!! This album combines punk with Hendrix licks with SOUL!!! This album is fronted by a bad-ass BLACK MAMA who makes the band sound like the MCS if they had hired Aretha Franklin as their lead singer. No doubt about it folks, this is the kind of ROCK & ROLL you want to hide your daughters from. (surfin' charlie)

The Flaming Lips
The Soft Bulletin
Warner Brothers



Rolling Stone wrote this band off as one-hit wonders, which is precisely the reason why you should pick up this album. Rolling Stone will never appreciate this band because they are creative, meaning that they will constantly elude those stodgy powers-that-be armed with their "Who's hot and who's not" lists. Rolling Stone will never understand The Flaming Lips because they are about music and like all of their other albums, *The Soft Bulletin* takes you on a musical journey. If you enjoy listening to your music as background, you're going to miss a lot of the twists and turns The Flaming Lips have to offer, especially the lyrics of Wayne Coyne. On *The Soft Bulletin*, his lyrics are off-hand and cute as usual, but his childish imagery and his offerings of empowerment makes this particular album sound more like a children's story book - a pleasant refreshment from the all too prevalent angst-ridden, anger-driven rock of today. Musically, The Flaming Lips remind me of Stereolab in that instead of falling to the major-label syndrome of overproduction, both seem to indulge in it - like giving an over-curious seven-year-old a chemistry set. (surfin' charlie)

Brutal Truth
Goodbye Cruel World
Relapse

Ever have one of those metal-head friends that's a complete drunk and a burnout (and no, not all of us metal-heads are like that)? Well, Brutal Truth, is what you get when four of those guys come together and form a band. I think that this album is the worst piece of crap that has had it's dirty, dirty ways with my radio in a long time. This album made me want to give myself an enema and kill my dog. This 56 track, 143+ minute, double album made me want to vomit on my girlfriend and eat my toenails. This album, entitled "Goodbye Cruel World", is not worth the plastic it is pressed on. Reasons not to get this album: 1. These guys cannot play in time with one another. 2. They have no songwriting ability (the 13 cover tunes on the disks are better than any one of theirs). 3. Even the most extreme masochist would not

put himself through the hell that is Brutal Truth. This album gets one flaming guitar, out of a possible five. (Macgraw)

Handsome Boy Modeling School
(Dan the Automator & Prince Paul)
So... How's Your Girl?
Tommy Boy

The Handsome Boy Modeling School is a funky record. That's not to say this is not chock full of tremendous MCing courtesy of Dave from De La Soul, Del Tha Funkee Homosapien and Grand Puba & Sadat X. There are plenty of special guests, as on his previous record, *A Prince Among Thieves*. But this is a better, more cohesive album, featuring The Automator manipulating switches, instruments, and sound effects like only he can. The first few tracks aren't superb; the opener, "Rock n' Roll (Could Never Hip Hop Like This)" uses a metal guitar riff throughout and sends an ominous message to someone expecting some phat beats and razor-sharp scratch. This fear of a common rap album is engulfed by The Automator's heroics over the next three tracks, right up into the funky-ass meat of it all. The Brand Nubian cut,



"Once Again (Here To Kick One For You)," starts things off with Pu's throaty vox and a back beat you can't help but bob yo ass to. Next comes "The Truth" featuring a singer named Roisin who belts out R&B over Paul's magical piano fingers for some music you can use to get down wit yer girl. This record keeps going up from here with one more of those real hard and nasty, metal-like riffs except this time, Company Flow makes that shit work right for some of the fiercest beats you'll hear this year. Also exceptional is the fact that instead of using those between-song skits he's so famous for, Paul just makes them songs, like "Look At This Face" and "Modeling Sucks." Topping off a great effort is some funny ass samples of that show "Get A Life" with Chris Elliot (remember when he goes to modeling school) and the funniest ending I ever heard on a record by Father Guido Sarducci. It may take you two or three listens but this record will eventually turn you into the drooling, twitching beat junky you know you are. (hot carl)

Guided By Voices
Do The Collapse
TVT

Bob Pollard leaves his lo-fi ramblings behind and dives headfirst into full scale production values courtesy of Ric Ocasek (yes, the dude from the Cars). Unfortunately, Ocasek's fingerprints are all over this, leaving Pollard's talents to be buried in the mix. I really, really like Guided By Voices, but I must confess that this record just doesn't do it for me. Go back to the garage Bob; go back to your four track; and by all means, go back to Tobin Sprout, Mitch Mitchell and your brother. Rumor has it too, that if this record doesn't blow up, he will return to his basement and beer-soaked lo-fi pop. For that fact alone, I want this record to be a flop and I'm endorsing accordingly — as junk. Slop. Shit. (greg e. boy)

The Dillinger Escape Plan
Calculating Infinity
Relapse

I have to say that I was completely blown away by T.D.E.P.'s *Calculating Infinity*. I was floored. Nine years of music theory couldn't help me explain how they hold together their tunes and prevent a total breakdown. These guys are crazy! Insane! I was afraid that I was going to fall victim to seizures while listening to this album. I think the thing that impressed me was not how heavy these guys are, but how they mix their heaviness with a display of virtuosity (which is hard to find with all of these hip-hop metal acts today). Defying labeling, this group is a mixture of death, punk, and prog-rock. Everyone in this band can hold down their end; from the flawless technique of the drumming, to the insane running riffs of the guitars, which reminds me of the chaotic and ambient jam-sessions of the legendary King Crimson. Rarely do I like albums that don't contain many guitar solos, but the extreme technical proficiency displayed by this band more than makes up for any half-assed solo. Most of the guitar lines are more difficult and involved than the average or even better than average solo. The Dillinger Escape Plan left me sitting numb on my bed. I recommend this album to anyone who can handle such extreme music. I give this album four-and-a-half flaming guitars! (Macgraw)



Salt for Slugs

Okkervil River
"Stars too Small to Use"
label?

Okkervil River is a three piece that brings many bands to mind. Violent Femmes, Split Lip Rayfield, Uncle Tupelo, Palace & Jeff Buckley to name a few. "Stars too Small to Use" is a seven song DIY release with much integrity. Drawing from the No Depression vein of music it touch-



es upon many styles. I'm a sucker for good melody and the use of eclectic instruments. "Oh, Precious" was one of my favorite cuts. "Auntie Alice" also stood out as a sleepy rocker. Cool lyrics, great musicianship, awesome band. Good things will happen to these guys. Buy the CD and support people who can actually play. If you like Limp Bizkit pull yer head out yer ass and regroup with Okkervil River. (brian)

The Comas
Wave to Make Friends
Plastique

Man can the guys from Plastique spin a web of good bullshit in their press kits. I quote, "Bleeding hearts around the world unite. The Comas have arrived to take you to the next level of insanity", and one track is described as "the saddest pop song you will ever hear." Now that's some damn good weaving of the proverbial web. However, once this disk crept into the



THE COMAS

PLASTIQUE RECORDS
 1000 1/2 AVENUE
 SAN DIEGO, CA 92101

Salt for Slugs

changer, the insanity had just begun, and the sadness (yes this is a sad-ass example of a CD) set in. First of all, this band could probably put someone in a coma because they are completely boring. I couldn't find anything about the songs on this disc that didn't remind me of some puke, lame-ass college band that you could find at any local kegger. The best thing about these guys is their corny 8 x 10. (pictured) Like, trip out! (keifer)

Roots Branch & Stem
Volume 2: Ska's
Not Dead
Stubborn

Ska's Not Dead is a compilation of 21 different NEW Ska bands. I'm not a Ska expert but I'd have to say this is a great disc that covers all ends of the Earth. The jams kick off with Dr. Ring Ding with the Stubborn All-Stars out of Germany. As the disc played on it just gets better and better. I was reluctant to play the CD. I Thought it was going to be a comp of a bunch of southern Cal retired punkers doing the new "ska / rock" crap we're all so bored with. What I found was 73 minutes of great old skool ska played by dudes with chops. I'd like to hear Volume 1! www.stubbornrecords.com (brian)

Stubborn All-Stars
Nex Music
Stubborn

Imagine this - you're in a college apartment in Austin or Berkeley or Boulder with five of your buds. A bong is being passed around clockwise and a big bag of Fritos, counter-clockwise. Over in the corner, another friend is rolling a big, fat joint with a page from High Times. On the stereo is The Stubborn All Stars and you're feeling good... veeery good. Mellow, rock steady grooves and tons of flavor, not too much, but just enough. Now, I'm not trying to insinuate anything, cause these guys are a really good ska/reggae band, but... (surfin' charlie)

BACKGROUND PHOTOS
 COURTESY OF JASON JENNINGS.

DEADBOLT

"VOODOO TRUCKER"



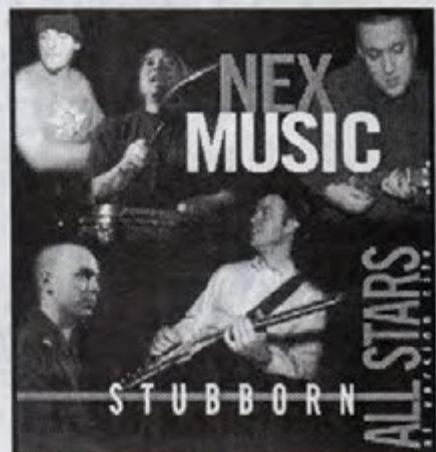
**AVAILABLE
 IN STORES
 NOW!**



Other Deadbolt Classics...
 Zulu Death Mask, TJ Hit Squad,
 Tiki Man, Shrunken Head, and Strangers 1800

WWW.CARGOMUSIC.COM

CARGO MUSIC, Inc. 4901-906 MORENA BLVD.
 SAN DIEGO, CA 92117-3432
 Ph: 858.483.9292 Fax: 858.483.7414



**NEX
 MUSIC**

**STUBBORN
 ALL STARS**

I'm a Pooper

by Krista Fedor

It seems strange, or perhaps even ironic that I was never fond of show-and-tell. As a child, I was always worried that my possession was somehow not cool enough, or not as exciting as the other children's. But, oh, how times change... For now, nothing excites me more than showing anyone who's daring enough to see, my possession of the day... My poop.

I can't remember how or why it all started. Perhaps it's my total lack of shame, perhaps it was the complete honesty of my upbringing, or maybe I'm just really fucked up. But nothing feels so good as letting loose and discovering that you've just laid the load of the century. It's so amazing, so fantastic, I feel compelled to show anyone who'll take a look. And it's quite a site to see, particularly for a woman my size. I'm tall and lanky and when I finally lure those into my lair, I'm greeted with bulged eyes and gasps, but mostly I hear, "How could you make that?"

Ahhh, this fills me with more resolve than the act of the matter itself. I may not have loved show-and-tell but I have become enamored with peculiarity. I enjoy testing the water, pushing the envelope, shocking the ones I love.

When I first met my boyfriend, a polite "no" greeted my first invitation to a viewing. It was only by physical force that he became witness to the power of my poop. His reaction was quite possibly the best I've had. It was this look of disgust

merged with a sense of excitement. "Why," you ask? Well, my boyfriend says my poop has "got girth," and he in turn, can become very excited dreaming of the possibility of intercourse with my butt. However large my turds may be, I don't envision his dream becoming a reality. But a boy can dream, can't he?

I can't say I blame him. My poops resemble first and foremost, a large penis. At times they are reminiscent of John Holmes, and that's an understatement. On occasion they pop out of the water as if they're saying, "Hey, look at me!" How can I deny them the opportunity to be seen? If anything I should charge money.

One of the most adorable features of my feces is the way they can end. Every once in a while, the tip of the turd curls up like a turtle's tail (try saying that twenty times fast). It's intriguing really, like a finger inviting you to see

This is my favorite photo of all, for it is the essence of Krista. It simply explains the girth and "turtle butt" all in one poopie.

my latest work of art. I can't stop asking people to look, for every time, it seems like each one becomes larger.

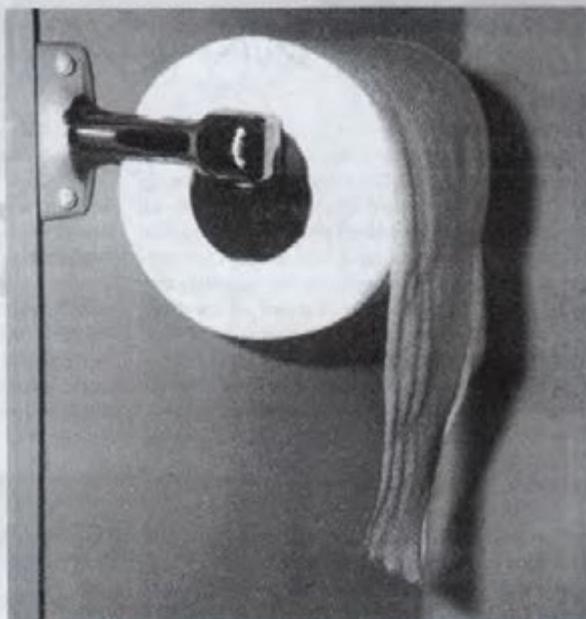
Sadly, as I've gotten older, graduated from college, and focused on a career, there are fewer people around when I do my business. That's why I've come into the habit of taking photos. This instills great fear in my boyfriend, "Honey, I'm going to pick up our pictures, are there any I should know about?" Quite honestly, I take so many, I never know. We don't have a real camera, we always use those disposables, and at any given time, we can have three or so roaming around the house.

It's not that he doesn't enjoy the pictures, he just doesn't want the developer to think they're his. I can't understand why, because for the last year he's been encouraging me to make a "Poopie Calendar." We have been talking about it for a while. For example, we'd have the Uncle Sam poopie in July, the turkey poopie in November, and the cupid poopie in February. He believes we could make millions this way. I won't hold my breath.

I'm greeted with all kinds of reactions when I discuss my passion with others. Either my confession is well received with inquisitiveness, or at the very least a disgusted curiosity, or I'm treated like the elephant man, as I'm excused from the conversation.

But, "I am not an animal!" At no time has my feces, or anyone else's for that matter, been used during sex. Although I love to hear the different names for sexual acts involving the dunger, such as the "Chilly Dog," "Slippery Nelson," or "Hot Carl," I do not enjoy smelling my dookie, or anyone else's, for that matter. And the worst chore of all is cleaning up after it, as I'm forced to do everyday, because I wanted animals.

Alas, I feel the saga may be about to end. I've been trying to eat healthy in the last few months, and the healthier I've become, the softer and squishier and tinier my poopies have become. When I was in college, I lived off of McDonald's and Taco Bell. I find that those have produced the best poopies of all. I have yet to see if my poopies will again be the champs they've always been in the past. And I've yet to see where my poopies will take me in the future, but hey, I've done all right so far, I mean, you're reading this aren't you? 🍷



This photo was taken in '94. As far as I can recall, it is the first photo ever taken of my poopie. It's not big, but it was green and that's what started it all...



LETTERS TO BURT COCAINE:

an exercise in the mundane

Dear Burt Cocaine,

System took a lightning strike the week before Floyd nearly blew us all to hell. Taken this long to cobble a rig back together. Previous hard drive is toast, along with all that once resided there, address book included. I've had too damn many beers to remember EXACTLY everybody at every place I send my rubbish to. Hopefully this email is addressed properly. If not, please tell me to go fuck myself and perhaps provide another point of contact at SIS for my ridiculous shit, or perhaps just tell me to go fuck myself and be done with it. This new (horridly used) piece of shit machine has no wordprocessor, but I'm working on it and am close to properly stealing MSWord from a friend's borrowed laptop (sucking the whole world through a 1.44meg soda straw using pkzip) and might actually be close to getting the damn thing to run despite its purloined status and also despite Bill Gates' fervent wish to reach into my wallet and grab a few twenties (like the motherfucker don't got enough wheelbarrow loads of his own already). Pinched spell checker to follow... perhaps. Down for the present, but sure the fuck not out. Just thought I'd let you know.

Regards,
Jimmy Mac

You certainly are one screwed up fuck - bc

Hey Cocaine,

Hello, hello... It's me, your ol' pal Sergeant Nun. I know, I know... it's been a while since I've written. Maybe 6 months. How y'all doin' anyway? Well, I've seen better days myself, but anyway...

Coke, you are a rotten mutha fucker. After finally catching up with your sorry ass in Tennessee, puttin' a shotgun in your face, watchin' you shit your pants, and then lettin' you go because you paid me the rest of my money and said you'd never fuck with me again, you have the nerve to call my phone and leave dirty rotten messages. As if I didn't know who in the hell it was. I mean was that necessary?? Sayin', "Hey you fuckin' twat, you're gonna get yours! I mean, c'mon, especially after lettin' your ass slide. And I know it was you because I traced the call back to bumfuck Texarkana, motherfuckin' Arkansas. You fuck! So, now here we are again. Ma feelin' like I've got to chase you down and fuck you up. Why do you do these things? I mean, you owed me money for coke, pills, and dope for which you finally paid so I let you slide. You talk shit about me and then run and hide. You constantly take me for granted... I mean, what's really fucked up is that I saved your ass in Nam. And you're supposed to be an old friend. Yet all you do is fuck me. You had some nerve tellin' everyone in the underground that I'm a hermaphrodite. This callin' and leaving rude messages is just pitiful. Pathetic. I guess I'll have to do what I did in '83, tie you up with a rope to a telephone pole and fuck you in the ass with my 18" strap-on cock, you pussy.

Love,
Sergeant Nun

Let me tell you somethin' Sarge, I'm no pussy, and the last time I really saw you, you were hog-tied beneath a picnic table at Billy's bar-b-que, screamin' for help. Wasn't it me that filled your raincoat pockets with potato salad and slipped a burnt piece of sausage in your buddy Phil's underpants? -bc

To Ran Scott,

Since Supernovice formed in 1992, my band's albums have received some terrific reviews and some not-so-

terrific reviews. We try to take it all in stride and roll with the punches.

Although most of your review of our album in SFS was quite favorable, I have NEVER witnessed such cruel attacks on my band for a band member's appearance. You asked in your review, "Why the hell is this girl (from here on out know(sic) as Fat Fat Piggy Piggy for simplicity(sic) sake) in the band, does her dad foot the recording bill?" Well, Mr. Scott, actually Johnna's parents are divorced, and she hasn't seen her father for about 18 years. I personally foot the recording bill from the money I earn teaching university level courses in Environmental Studies. Johnna is in the band because we feel that her



Ladies and gentlemen, Burt Cocaine!

classically-trained voice augments our sound. Do you feel better now that you have the answers to your questions? Regarding the "Fat Fat Piggy Piggy" comments (which you made four times in a one-paragraph review of our album), it's quite obvious to me that some of the best vocalists of our time are big people- Ella Fitzgerald and Luciano Pavarotti, to name just a few. If you are such a shallow person, then perhaps you are better qualified to review fashion shows in Austin rather than covering music. Either way, you should probably find somebody to proof read your "work" for typos in the future.

Sincerely,
David Turbow
Supernovice/Onset Records

Maybe Ran Scot does suck ass, but from time to time, he has happened on some stuff to write about. -bc

To Whom it May Concern,

I recently purchased the Wheels issues of SFS. Someone had told I was in one of the articles. I was impressed with magazine content and style of writing. Obviously, I was excited that I made it in the mag for doing what I love. Keefer Estevez's article, "The Jump Builders", was not at all what I had expected. I have been riding BMX all my life and have a been a local at the 9th St. trails for almost ten years. We have had our share of TV reporters, photographers, writers all attempting to document the 9th St. phenomenon.

Keefer's article surprisingly communicated the true underlying issues that make 9th St. what it is. He had come down looking for a big extreme BMX photo shoot and did not turn up his nose when he saw nothing but a mud covered grunt shovelling away. He took this opportunity to look behind the scenes. Few people recognize the amount of effort it takes to keep up the trails. Not only did Keefer recognize this, he communicated publicly the underground workings of 9th st. He was able to put

to words what we have all felt for so long. I didn't talk to Keefer that much when he came down, but he was able to interpret an underlying meaning and communicate those things that are hard to say. It is nice to have an outsider appreciate the hard work that goes into the trails. To have someone with a non-biased point of view to actually recognize the City of Austin does deserve at pat on the back for not bulldozing our trails.

The trails sit on top of almost an acre of land. The location of this land makes it worth millions of dollars. To overlook the monetary value and risk of liability and continue with the unspoken agreement somehow justifies in my mind some of the bad decisions made by the city government. The city leaves us alone if we keep it clean and no one is suing them for damages incurred jumping the trails.

I wanted to thank SFS and Keefer Estevez for the great article. I thank you for time taken reading this letter. I would like to take this opportunity to invite Keefer and SFS back to 9th St. for a big old fancy BMX photo shoot. We have photographers and TV stations always showing up wanting to film us or take pictures. They assume we are little kids who will do anything to get coverage. They generally leave in disgust as all the locals will sit on the bench until the cameras leave before we begin jumping again. Real locals don't sell out. If Keefer or SFS show up for a shoot we won't be camera shy.

It takes guts to publish an article about digging jumps-boring. We would be glad to return the favor and give you all we can on a dry day-something more exciting to publish. Every dry day at 9th St. is like a little X-games.

There are some many locals who have the talents of a pro but can't pursue the dream due to the 40 hour job. Lots of incredible riders, who nobody knows-doing it all for fun.

Please be sure Keefer Estevez gets to read this letter, he is a hell of a writer and deserves the compliment.

Thank you,
Todd Moon

You're right Todd, Keefer is one hell of a writer. I should know because I gave him that name. -bc

Dear You Piece of SHIT!! (Randal),

I've been reading Salt for Slugs for years now for your articles and reviews in order to fulfill the daily bullshit quotient I require to remind myself how much I hate people and how much I hate you. Haven't seen you at the Ritz for a while. I know it's your favorite bar. We've been waiting there for you with some duct tape and a fucking cactus to shove up your ass. Man, I hate it when I devote so much energy to someone that I dislike, but for you, I'll reserve some energy. God I fucking hate you. You're a lying piece of shit. Everytime you open you're fucking mouth, the only thing that comes out is corn-studded shit - ALL OVER YOUR LAP!!! You're fucking ugly too. I hate your Dudley Doo-Right stance and your chuckling, self-serving comments, and you suck anyway. You look like a goddamn cucumber for crying out loud. The next time you ruin one of my friend's rock concerts, I'm gonna throw your ass off the Congress bridge when the bats are flying out and laugh out loud while your fucking ass goes head first into the bat guano!

Sincerely,
Hubert Pendragon
Hill Country Productions Ltd.

Ok ok, he sucks. -bc



Happy Hour Tuesday - Friday 5:00pm - 8:00pm

Outdoor Bar Open on Weekends

457-0900 900 Red River

mixed grill & martini with tomolives?

Ella's
restaurant & bar

512.458.2148
no. 1 jefferson sq
austin, tx 78731

Ranch
616

(512) 479-7616
616 Nueces St
Austin, TX 78701

fried quail & cold beer?

bacon cheddar scone & chickory coffee?

Rather
SWEET
BAKERY

(512) 474-4822
814 W. 12th Street Austin, TX 78701

get in here!



Send all submissions, advertising
and subscription inquiries, and
letters to burt cocaine to:

Salt for Slugs
P.O. Box 50338
Austin, Texas 78763
www.saltforslugs.com