

# salt FOR SLUGS

contemporary literature for the random reader

Vol. 3 No. 4 spring 2000 \$3.00

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VIAGRA & ME**

**TOAST ARTIST:  
CHRIS TOAST**

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REVIEW:  
GRAVYBOAT**

**SFS INTERVIEW:  
CHUCK D**

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# TREE



Stabler Hsu

cover photo by Stabler Hsu

*Salt for Slugs* #12

Volume Three, Number Four Spring 2000



# ES

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He who can no longer wonder  
and stand rapt in awe, is as  
good as dead. -Einstein

I am a tree, counting my rings  
will do no good. -Bob Pollard

## WORDS TO LIVE BY:

Because of impatience man  
was expelled from paradise,  
and because of impatience he  
does not return -Kafka

Only a mediocre writer is always at his  
best -William Somerset Maugham

"All oppression can do is bring passion to de  
heights of eruption, and songs of fire we will  
sing." -Linton Kwesi Johnson

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while  
others judge us by what we have already done -Longfellow

Only mature minds can grasp  
the simple truth in all its  
nakedness -Maharishi

I think that I shall never see.  
A billboard lovely as a tree  
Indeed unless the billboards fall  
I'll never see a tree at all  
-Ogden Nash

Life is a tragedy to those who feel; a comedy  
to those who think -Fortune cookie

I am the little acorn that becomes  
the oak. -Bill Murray in Stripes

I have no money, no resources,  
no hopes. I am the happiest  
man alive -Henry Miller

If the tree fall toward the South, or toward the  
North, in the place where the tree falleth,  
there it shall be. -Ecclesiastes 11:3

Never cut what you can untie -Jonbet

"Me don't have a religion. Me natural, not  
a religion, just a natural thing you suppose  
to have." - Bob Marley



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#### Editor's Note:

There are so many reasons to do a magazine about trees, and the irony of the tree's image being pressed on to its dead remains is represented throughout this Spring issue in simple black and white. Photos of amazing trees appear throughout this season's edition of SFS in tribute to our bark laden friends, and we encourage you to please take good care of your trees.

Austin is a great place to be in the Spring. It's not unbearably hot yet, and, of course, there is the SXSW which inspires us not only to be creative, but also gives everyone in town an excuse to drink heavily for a week straight.

Skipper Griffin never made it to the last SFS release party for last issue. He was in the ICU at Brackenridge Hospital during the entire time. Luckily, he has bounced back unbelievably well and plans to be back down in Austin in the near future. See Skip's rendition of the events that took place on page 22 of this very issue. He's in physical therapy now, and staying with his family in a suburb of Dallas. He can be reached on the web though, so drop him an email at [sfs1@flash.net](mailto:sfs1@flash.net), and be sure to type "Skipper" into the subject heading when sending. The Ranch misses its favorite bald busboy.

There are artists, and then there are Toast Artists. You can bet there is a very big difference. Chris Toast is a unique talented individual who plans to take on the art community armed with a loaf of bread and an old vintage toaster he found at a nearby Goodwill for a dollar. He's calling the toaster Milton now, and together they are a force to be reckoned with. Look for them in a major motion picture due out sometime in the next two years. As a crime fighting duo, they plan to infiltrate the art community, slinging slices of toasted bread at the heads of stuffy art critics with a simple message, "Let's do something different." God bless the toast man.

The Salt for Slugs website has been revamped once again. Thanks go out to all of those who have visited the site and emailed with such interesting attachments. And to the bands who have asked about their reviews being posted on the website, please be patient. The music page should be completely updated by the end of March, 2000. For music review info and CD submissions, contact Greg at [houseofg@mind-spring.com](mailto:houseofg@mind-spring.com) for details.

As always, many thanks go out to all of those who contributed in any way to the production of this fine periodical. Although SFS is only published quarterly, it takes a lot to put the entire thing together in the lit-

tle bits and pieces of time we carve out of our daily lives to do something creative. Hats off to those out there doing something besides just working their day job. This magazine is a tribute to the people who make life interesting: artists, musicians, and any other character who may surface at Slug Central.

## TEXAS HOLY WATER



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# Migas

**They're Not Just for  
Breakfast Anymore...**

article and photos  
by stabler hsu  
live photos by Tim Pipe



*Salt for Slugs*



It has long been an SFS mission to mate awesome photographers with awesome subjects, and when Migas rocked out a Salt for Slugs release party this past winter, this proved to be the case once again. The party was held at the new Mercury above Jazz, thanks to the coolness and generosity of proprietor Mark Collins. With all of the recent venue closings in town, this new space proved to be a fine addition to the live music scene here in Austin. These fine live photographs were snapped by the one and only Tim Pipe, retro-photographer extraordinaire. These shots were taken with an old B/W Polaroid with the old school peel-apart prints that take a while to develop right before your eyes. Jason and Don blast the audience with sound.

Having too many band members can be a real pain in the ass. There's co-ordinating practices, dealing with attitudes and egos, arguing over who's going to pay for gas, and, of course, the occasional incestuous band marriage. (gasp) All of this can be easily avoided by going solo like so many rock icons do, but when you can't sing and play at the same time, you don't have the looks of Ricky Martin, and you need a partner for Playstation, it's best just to team up with a good friend and blow the doors off of local bars. Such is the case with Austin's premiere hard rock duet, MIGAS.





**Salt for Slugs:** This is the first Migas interview conducted on the patio of Club Deville. Let's start with names and what you do in Migas.

**Jason:** I'm Jason A. Morales and I play the drums.

**Don:** I am Donovan A. Stewart and I play guitar.

**SFS:** So there are just two of you guys in the band. How do you account for that?

**Jason:** Well, we have to try a little harder because there are only two of us, and talent of course.

**SFS:** Do you think that there's a big difference between your live shows and your recordings?

**Jason:** Yea actually sometimes we try to experiment a little with our recording on certain songs. Some are just straight forward live.

**Don:** You always try to get that live sound, but at the same time, we are a two piece so there are certain things that we do that come out completely different than you'll ever see. Like something you'd never see us play live on stage.

**Jason:** We like to have a good time.

**SFS:** So you both sing?

**Jason:** None of sing. We are an instrumental band.

**SFS:** What about the song on your CD that has vocals?

**Jason:** Ohhh, guest vocalist.

**Don:** Yea.

**SFS:** Who was it?

**Don:** Well, it was Jason, and Jason Reese from (And You will Know Us by the) Trail of Dead did guest vocals.

**SFS:** So even though that was you on the CD, you don't sing?

**Jason:** Oh the Freedom song? Yea that was me but I don't sing.

**Don:** Neither of us can really sing and play at the same time, that's the basic problem.

**SFS:** Do you thing that limits your live shows?

**Don:** No, not really because Migas is a two-piece, just guitar and drums, the essentials of rock sound.

**SFS:** So what do you guys think of the new millennium, or what is supposed to be the new millennium which really starts in a year?

**Jason:** You know I think its great. Things are going a little faster. Cars are going a little quicker. The invention of the space ship isn't too far away, like a rocketship that we'll all be able to use. We're like five hundred years away from Buck Rogers basically.

**Don:** Yea and we're only one year



away from 2001: A Space Odyssey.

**Jason:** I think we're actually right at the point where computers will start talking back to us. Kinda like Hal.

**SFS:** So what do you think of the synthesis of man and technology,

and where do you think it's going?

**Jason:** Man I think it's cool and I can't wait to get a computer. I really want my own personal computer.

**Don:** It's all about being a computer jockey I guess, because once





you get one, you just want to get something better and faster which is pretty typical of the new millennium, bigger and faster.

**SFS:** So what do you guys think about Columbine?

**Don:** It's pretty crazy that it happened. I just heard today that the girl that supposedly they asked before they shot her if she believed in Christ, really never said that and her mom wrote a book about it and made a bunch of money. I think the media did more damage than the actual killings as far as overall in society. The media feast they had there was gross. Yea, it's fucked up shit that they did it.

**Jason:** It was just a senseless act of violence.

**SFS:** So you don't think it was a conspiracy?

**Jason:** What do you mean?

**SFS:** You know, like a mind control experiment conducted with the goal of having more stringent gun control laws and further erode the Constitution, taking away our rights?

**Jason:** Are you serious? Is that what they're saying out there?

**Don:** Colorado would be the place to

do it I guess. They're pretty hardcore right wing.

**Jason:** I don't know what the big deal is about gun control. What's wrong with a little gun control? It might be a good thing. I don't own a gun, although I've thought it might be fun to own one. If there's a gun around, what's going to stop you from doing something really stupid one day, unless you're really responsible and no one I know is that responsible.

**Don:** What about places like Japan where the gun control laws are strict and the crime rate is insanely different than what it is here. I've heard things recently on talk shows about how the Columbine incident specifically has been cause for more guns in schools. Teachers and principals carrying guns because that would have stopped them.

**Jason:** Yea, then it could have become an all-out massacre. Oh, well I guess it was an all-out massacre.

**SFS:** So what's you take on the SXSW this year?

**Jason:** When I was in Starfish we played the SXSW and I've had good times and bad times, but for the most part I look forward to it every year when it comes around.

**SFS:** What ever happened with Starfish?

**Jason:** We broke up, but Don and I had already started Migas before that happened. So when Starfish broke up, I had more time to do this so

it was cool because I got to learn how to play drums. It was good for me and Starfish was at the point where it could have gone either way as far as us being into the band and stuff. When I was in Europe I was really enthused about coming back and doing Starfish, but those cards weren't dealt.

**SFS:** What ever happened with the rest of the band?

**Jason:** Well, Scott Marcus is around and kinda playin on and off, and Ronna is living in Olympia being a mother.

**SFS:** So what's your favorite tree?

**Don:** Probably Eucalyptus, or a big Hibiscus tree. Something that's fragrant and gives off a good smell. I've spent a lot of time in the NW, so Pine or Evergreen.

**Jason:** Yea Evergreens. I hate Live Oaks though.

**Don:** Trees are my mortal enemy right now because I clean pools. They can make or break my day.

**SFS:** What's the worst tree to clean up after?

**Don:** Probably Live Oak or Elm.

**SFS:** What bands are around these days that you guys like?

**Don:** There are a lot of bands... The Champs... In Austin, we have Zulu as Kono, Brown Whorenet, Trail of Dead... Also, I like Don

So we packed up the SFS van and headed out to Zilker Park to photograph the boys amongst the trees, the theme of this issue. Hesitant at first, this being a somewhat ridiculous idea that had absolutely nothing to do with music or the SXSW, they eventually got into the photo shoot and began climbing trees like a couple of rabid monkeys on crack. I scrambled behind them both, snapping away, trying to muster up some good shot composition, and the photos you see here are just a sampling of the day's bevy of prints.





Caballero, Last of the Jaunitas, the band we're playing with tonight, Buschwax Duo, they're good guys.

**Jason:** Tons of good bands...the Melvins....

**SFS:** How long have you guys played together?

**Don:** We've known each other twelve years. We used to have a band called Helltrout. Jason played bass and I played guitar, and we got to play with a lot of really cool bands. That was the first real band we were in. We played with the Melvins, No Means No, Soundgarden, Nirvana, L7....

**Jason:** We played parties with Nirvana at Evergreen, opened for Soundgarden at The Capitol Theater. We got exposed to a lot of super rock and roll.

**Don:** Actually, the drummer for Helltrout, Dave, used to play for Nirvana for like a year or so, and he was eventually kicked out. You can read all about it in any of the Nirvana biographies out there.

**SFS:** That's crazy. So, did you see a lot of the late Kurt Cobain?

**Don:** He was around at the time, and then after Nevermind blew up, I never really saw them again. I wasn't really into seeing Nirvana in an arena setting after seeing them at keg parties.

**SFS:** Anyway, back to Migas. The last time I saw you guys, people kept coming up to me and saying, "Man, can you believe that's just two guys?" Do you get that a lot?

**Jason:** We do get that a lot.

**Don:** It's kinda what we're shooting for because even though we're only two people, we want people to feel like they've seen a whole band. I play with two amps so we get the stereo effect, but inevitably at every show someone comes up and either suggests adding a bassist or offers to play bass, which is kind of flattering, and there are a lot of great bass play-

ers in town.

**SFS:** So, what did you guys think of the nineties?

**Don:** It was just one of those decades that you really can't label. I mean, in the eighties, you had all of that great fuckin' new wave and eighties metal, and in the seventies you had disco. I mean how can you label the nineties?

**Jason:** The nineties was hip-hop.

**SFS:** It seems like it doesn't matter how good you are, but if you sell.

**Jason:** You have to have a certain style or look or a thing that somebody thinks they can sell.

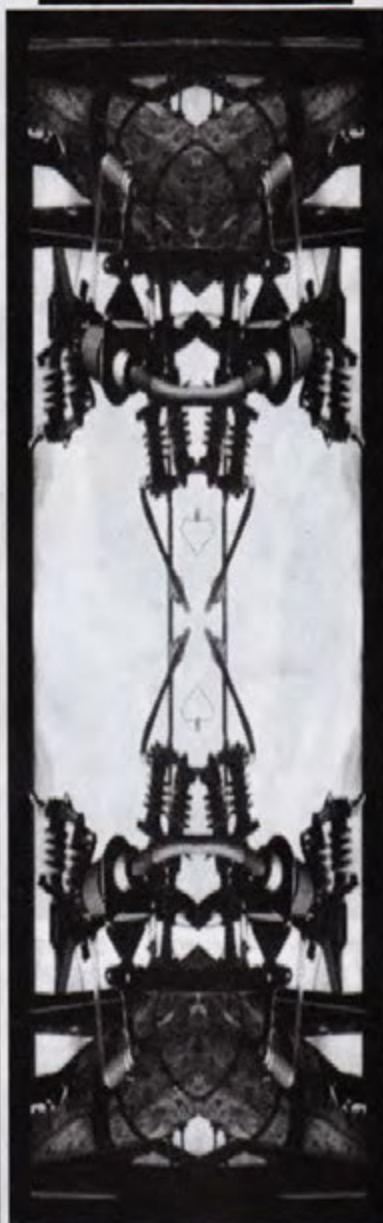
**Don:** Not a two-piece with no vocals. As far as selling points, we're at the bottom rung, but then people see us and they're like, "Wow!"

**SFS:** Well, thanks guys for the interview.

THE END



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# SFS Attends NXNW

by *ran scot*



The world can be a pretty cool place, a fact you may lose sight of under the shade tree of "Slacker-gone-LA" Austin. You forget about the huge world out there and simple joys of travelling. This, coupled with my recent actualization of just how much of an ass corporate Amerika had turned me into, sent me on a mission to travel out of Austin and into the world like a bull on parade.

Local hero Samir at NXNW/SXSW hooked us up with a free badge to the NXNW in our fine sister city of Portland, Oregon. I threw a couple of beers into Teril Smits and convinced him to be the official slug photographer. The legends of Portland were many, and we had to know if they were true, and what better time than a music festival.

The music scenes of Portland, Eugene, Olympia, and Seattle are those of lore, and with THE music publication of the Northwest, *The Rocket*, as our guide we planned out our NXNW adventure. The festival would be peppered by local acts and a healthy bunch of up and coming national acts. I mean, come on folks, Portland is the hometown of such independent meccas as KUFO, the Roseland, and the punk rock historical marker, the *Satyricon*. Not to mention record stores a-go-go and cute-ass ladies everywhere. Portland, as reported by travellers, was what Austin was like five years ago, and NXNW is like SXSW during that same time period. Remembering the joys of those first few festivals, we made some quick phone calls, got a couple of plane tickets and soon found ourselves drunk at the airport ready to depart.

Teril and I had secured a seat in the emergency row so we could put our shit on the floor in front of us and not interfere with traffic flow of drinks coming in our direction. An older gentleman sat down in front of us, sized us up and asked us, "Boys, I got a slew of drink tickets that are gonna expire, are you up to the task?"

Needless to say our freeloading asses were more

than up to it, and we got properly ripped for travel by our connection flight in Minnesota. Why we had to go to St. Paul to get to Portland from Austin bewildered us, but at least we got to purchase Jesse "the Body" Ventura Governor t-shirts in the gift shop. Unfortunately, the free drink wagon headed off for parts unknown, but we were walking, funny as it was, anyway.

We arrived in Portland with a lot of time to spare. We got hook-ups from the hoodlums at Pinch Hit Records, in that they were giving us a free place to crash and taxi service. Mike, Dave, Dan, we at Slug Central give you the full Burt Cocaine salute. Meanwhile, we showed up to NXNW registration a bit early and convinced the doorman we were staying at the hotel and he checked our luggage. We had a few hours to burn, so we decided to grab a beer and find the Burnside Skate Park.

Finding a beer proved a lot easier than finding Burnside. But we did, and got some cool pics that Teril lost due to his being too stoned and we packed up to go home. It was time, by our watches, to register. But being drunk and having hit a pipe belonging to some local skate rats, we didn't realize our watches were still in central time. We waltzed right into the trade show and milled around for like 30 minutes before Samir told us it was not even open yet. Thank God he found us before some power hungry intern with a walkie-talkie did.

Then, we went to a Mexican fast food restaurant of no name we could find. I asked to go to the bathroom and was pointed to the backdoor. I opened it up to find a pair of breasts staring right back at me. I had found the local institution of Mary's, a full nude review filled surprisingly with both girls and boys. Only girls on stage mind you.

After informing Teril of the find, he gleefully grabbed his tacos and bolted to the door. We watched the ladies 'til check-in time, made note of its location, and headed for the trade show. First things first, the trade show was rather small and not the hype driven machine you find at SXSW. For a change, you could really feel that the bands were finally getting to talk to the people they came here to talk to.

But enough about that, let's talk about bands:

## Fivehead (Austin, Texas) Ash Street Saloon

For the most part, I spent all day Thursday telling people to make this showcase. The should-be darlings of the Austin music scene, Fivehead, was actually on a West Coast tour. Dragging as many label reps as I could to the show, the band did not disappoint anyone. That is what I have always loved about this band, their consistency. Show after show, they continue to wow people and build up a fan base among those who truly love music that evokes emotions. ([www.fivehead.com](http://www.fivehead.com))

## Inside Scarlet (Las Vegas, New Veda) Kelly's Olympian

Anyone who knows me knows I am a sucker for a good girl-fronted band. From Debbie Harry to Seven Year Bitch, I have a long line of schoolboy crushes for girls who rock. Inside Scarlet is now among those. Coming from the City of Sin, they have actually crafted quite a sound that rings of originality with sensual and explosive undertones. I guess living in Lost Wages will do that to a band. They put on what can best be described as a sensory overload, especially with haunting singing that mixed like sex and chocolate with the overdriven guitars. Plus, the bassist Heather

Tampa got me all hot and bothered belting out the songs, and she was insanely cute.

([www.insidescarlet.com](http://www.insidescarlet.com))

## Ex-Girl (Tokyo, Japan) Roseland Downstairs

I first saw this band at SXSW at the Japanese showcase, and couldn't believe what I was seeing. A throw back to the sonic opera age of the 1970's, it is almost a tribute band to all those forgotten artists. But since people cannot remember who they are, this shit is now cutting edge. The music is not what is important to these guys, it is the performance. I'm not even sure if they know how to play their instruments, but their stage presence is like Hello Kitty doing coffee in Soho. I'd never buy their record, but I will always go out of my way to see them live.

## American Girls (Portland, Oregon) Roseland Upstairs

Every local kid I met in Portland told me to go see this show, so I did. At first I thought I had gotten lost and was at a Dandy Warhol show, but nope, it was the American Girls. The show was electric though, with all their fans rejoicing in their favorite bands payoff after a record deal for all their hard work. A good fusion of British pop and trumpet muse from Chicago, they remind me of if some pop-ska band and the Get Up Kids were doing a joint project. The show ended with them bringing all their fans on stage for a dancing fiasco. It was worth the trip upstairs. ([www.americangirls.com](http://www.americangirls.com))

## Chevelle (Chicago, IL) Roseland Upstairs

All week long the band Chevelle was on the lips of every A&R person I met. I thought they were going to be the highlight of the conference, instead they showed that major suck-ass commercial radio can invade even the purest of indie music festivals. You guys suck Chevelle. I liked this band when it was called TOOL. You here that you sodomizing three-some of brothers? You are Tool. Wait no, I like Tool, you are Tool Lite. You are the diet coke of this type of music. Now, I hear you on the radio and I just think how much the American music public must love tripe, because that's what you are serving up. Fuck you for stealing another bands sound. Chevelle is to Tool as Hole is to The Muffs. Crawl off and die scum.

## Gifhorse (Los Angeles, CA)

### Kelly's Olympian

The pretty boys of power pop are at it again. What I like the most about these guys, besides music that just makes you want to shake your rump and have sex on the hood of a 57 Chevy, is their savvy about image. From having originally made clothes to the lead singer used to be a porn Webmaster, they have all the trappings of a rock epic waiting to happen. With great hooks, looks, and the ability to write songs that stick in your head like last weeks primo kine, these guys might even cross over to commercial radio. ([www.pinchhit.com](http://www.pinchhit.com))

## King Black Acid (Portland, Oregon) Satyricon

Best of Show. Wow. Whimsical guitars and inherent sadness of the world full forth like a river. I felt like I was at show I'll be able to brag about 10 years from now, like seeing Sonic Youth in 80's. I can't possibly say enough about these guys, only to say go buy their new album and decide for yourself.

(<http://www.teleport.com/~ruckus/kingblack/kingbio.htm>)

**TOAST ART:  
CREATING A NEW  
MEDIUM OF EXPRESSION**

by stabler hsu

Do you know anyone who wants to be an artist, but just can't seem to muster up anything original? Maybe they haven't yet considered changing their approach completely. These days, artists do everything from placing jars of urine on display to spreading feces on canvas to attract attention. It's a breath of fresh air to see someone go to work on a piece of simple old toast.

Chris became inspired one night at a local restaurant in Santa Fe, New Mexico where he grew up. He wanted to recreate the Shroud of Turin on a piece of bread. Years later, and after going through countless loaves of bread, Chris Toast has finally honed his craft into what is now commonly referred to as fine Toast Art.

No, you can't really eat the stuff. That's because its coated with several layers of polyurethane and a lot of glue. The entire process takes a lot of time and patience. Over the years, a few young aspiring artists have tried to follow in Chris' footsteps, but none have completed their apprenticeship. Maybe it was meant to be that there would be only one toast artist. There just isn't enough spare white bread to go around.

We at SFS were intrigued by Chris and went over to his pleasant little house in South Austin to speak with the man about his work and get to the bottom of the toast craft. We were greeted with a smile and invited in to see some of his toast that hasn't yet been sold, so we could photograph the legendary work.

# CHRIS TOAST

photos by raymond grant



THE HOLY TRINITY OF TOAST:

The Baker, the Bun,  
and the Holy Toast



**Tree Toast:** An exploration into the world of pruning via TOAST.

**Below:** Religious toast.

**SFS:** What motivated you to choose pruning as a toast topic?

**Chris:** My wife's a gardener, and yes, this is the proper way to prune at a 45 degree angle.

**SFS:** how many loaves of bread do you go through in a week?

**Chris:** I buy like four loaves at a time and it has to be white bread because I get the best contrast. I've tried it before on wheat but the way they came out just wasn't as good. This past week was a two-loaf week. It's a really cheap medium. I'll never be a starving artist.

**SFS:** Aside from just burning the images into the toast, you actually create sculptures with toast?

**Chris:** I make a lot of toast boxes, and I want to make a grandfather clock out of toast, the whole thing just cut and graft toast. I am also working on a toast guitar. I could maybe make a toast vest too. Sky's the limit.

**SFS:** In your band the Chris Toast Trio, do you sing about toast?

**Chris:** Not so much. I don't know what I sing about. When I write a song, it's just flatulence. Pop, there goes another one. Pop is the key word because when you're toasting something, it pops up. The name of our CD is Baker's Dozen. Now that has some underlying, toasty kind of meaning behind it.

**SFS:** Is your arch enemy Milton the Toaster from the Pop Tarts commercials?

**Chris:** No, he's more of a partner in crime.

**SFS:** Yea, you guys should team up with him on your next record, just try not to get sued for Pop Tart infringement.

**Chris:** Can you get sued for that?

**SFS:** So what inspired you to do Jesus Crust?

**Chris:** I don't know. I actually did that one in Santa Fe like five or six years ago. I was thinking of doing some mosaics at the time, and I found myself making the form of a cross really easily and then I thought why don't I burn an image of the crucifixion on here. I actually made three others that I sold. One Korean guy bought one and took it back to Korea with him. I had it in an art gallery in Santa Fe and this guy liked it and bought it. They made me change the name of the piece because they didn't want it to be offensive to anyone. Santa Fe is kind of pretentious. I suggested Jesus on the Crust, but they didn't like that either. So

*Salt for Slugs*



**Jesus Crust**

they called it simply, "The Body", which makes it have two meanings because the body of Christ is also represented by bread.

**SFS:** Have you ever come across anyone else who does toast art?

**Chris:** No, I haven't, but I've had a few little apprentices here and there who have wanted to pursue it, but they gave up.

**SFS:** They just couldn't hang with the toast world?

**Chris:** Actually, I have this nephew who I taught to do toast art at a pretty young age, he was twelve, and he got really good at it, but he doesn't do it anymore. I mean, he's a teenager. He doesn't want to mess around with toast anymore.

**SFS:** So what other stuff have you been doing?

**Chris:** I like to shock people, especially with religion.

**SFS:** Did you have a religious upbringing?

**Chris:** I was born and raised Catholic, but I was never a good one or anything.

**SFS:** Do people react negatively to the religious stuff?

**Chris:** People have different reactions.

**SFS:** Let us get a picture of you next to this cherub hanging from the ceiling.

**Chris:** Okay.

**SFS:** And thanks a lot for the interview.

**Chris:** It was my pleasure. ☞





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Dead Trees

**O**ur story begins shrouded in mystery, speculation, and opinion on all levels. From exact proximity of these paranormal events, to key players and even dogma itself. This magazine is about to unearth some strange and disturbing facts of the egregious case of a thirteen year old Demoniac. This is the tale of "The Exorcist." In 1971 William Peter Blatty released a novel based on true accounts of a Mt. Ranier boy who was engaged in a game of divination involving a Ouija board and his Aunt Tillie ending in a malefic spell. It was later made famous by the Warner Brothers film of the same name, that terrified audiences nationwide. By the time I was ten years old, I learned that I had lived less than a mile from the lot where the ominous, old house once stood. My family had known the local priest who was originally assigned to the case. Father Edward Hughes of St. James church in Mt. Ranier, Maryland.

Some of these documented facts are now being oddly contested by a few cavaliers. I will now present some basic truths surrounding this phenomenon, and the reader may decide for themselves. The so-called "possession" occurred in 1949, spanning a four month period from January to April. It included strange sounds in the room and escalated to full parasitic inhabitation. The family consulted Father Hughes, who eventually began chastising what he believed to be demons defiling the young boy's soul. He performed the ancient rite of exorcism at Georgetown University Hospital. He endlessly implored the unclean spirit to remove itself. At some point it became violent, involving the host lacerating Father Hughes with a steel bed spring. It left him with life long scars from their conflict. The boy was then sent to St. Louis University for further study. He underwent more than twenty forays and attempts at eradicating the squalid demon that was nestled within his body. It was successfully excised in St. Louis during the month of April, 1949 by Father William Bowdern.

All was well again until August of that year, when reports of the crucible leaked to the surface. Apparently the case was kept from the media during the ordeal because of the fear it may have instilled in the public, but the newspapers soon had hold of the story and published it. The article described a Catholic priest and a fourteen year old Mt. Ranier boy engaged in a violent exorcism while the boy screamed Latin phrases. There was also word of a diary kept by the participants documenting these accounts that was later burned. Screeching and scratching noises, shaking pictures of Christ, furniture trembling, and the boy's behavior as he flouted the priests futile attempts at brandishing crucifix and unction were all included.

Eventually marks and temporary scarring adorned the boys torso and extremities, at times resembling demons, words, and numbers. Objects levitated and flew across the room. The boy was also suspended from Junior High for his desk shaking uncontrollably. On the final day of Exorcism Father Bowdern asked the boy "Who are you?" the boy replied, "Satan."

The symptoms began on January 15th, 1949, his Aunt, who he had done the Ouija board with, died eleven days later. Father Hughes was well known in the neighborhood to have been part of these events, but the details of what transpired were ineffable to him. His hair was blanched completely gray following this incident, and went into temporary seclusion. On October 8th, 1980 he decided to break his silence, confiding in his assistant pastor he revealed few details about the exorcism but promised to continue their conversation the following week. He died four days later.

In 1981, two more newspaper articles were published regarding his death, citing the grim ordeal with the boy and the address of the family domicile, 3210 Bunker Hill, Rd. The empty lot where the house once stood became littered with

article and photos by raymond grant

# SATAN'S PLAYGROUND

the aftermath of young kids loitering on weekends drinking, drugging, and urinating hoping to invoke spirits from the land. Needless to say the residents of the community were unhappy. About four years ago some "new" investigations had begun about the true location of the incident. Attempting to rescind any connection with unholy events taking place in Mt. Ranier, it has been denied that this is the actual site. Some have gone as far as to say that Father Hughes never took part in this, and that his Assistant pastor has lied about the infamous October conversation. This happened coincidentally when the city decided to build a children's playground on the lot of 3210 Bunker Hill, Rd., after the property had stood vacant for thirty seven years.

Evidently the city wants a new image, where you can buy an historic home bordering Washington, D.C., walk your dog after work, and your children can play in the sun. But this leaves us with questions.

1. If this is not the original site, why was this address randomly selected and published in newspaper articles? Some say it didn't happen in Mt. Ranier, when a Washington Post article from 1949 clearly stated in the headline that it was a Mt. Ranier boy.

2. Why did the city refuse to build anything on this prime, residential, corner lot for thirty seven years?

3. Why did local residents refer to the old house as "The Haunted House" throughout the 1950's, until the fire department burned it to the ground in 1962 stating that it was just an old house that they wanted to get rid of?

4. Why should we believe that after more than half of a century of documentation, movies, novels, and televised specials, that this is not the actual ground where the legacy survives.

5. And finally, the most disturbing personally, why are the themes in the young children's artwork, that adorn the walls of the playground, so eerie? Witches, voodoo dolls, sheep with machine-like jaws, and a priestly figure in the shape of a papal cross are too much to deny.

I believe that the elements, namely earth, carry power and energy. We are not the first culture to discover this. Think of the questions that I have presented, but more importantly think for yourself, you can observe a pattern. Humans can debate these issues until the end of time, but what really happened at 3210 Bunker Hill Rd., the trees know... the trees know...

Either make the tree good and it's fruit good; or make the tree bad and it's fruit bad; for the tree is known by it's fruit. Matt 12:33



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### The Tree that Owns Itself

A hundred years from now, do you think the property you own will still be in your family's name? I think not. What about your most cherished item? Most likely, you'll find it resting in a dirty landfill. If anything, when we make our departure from this cruel world we want to leave a legacy behind us. This most definitely was the case with Col. William Jackson at the turn of the century.

Sec. of Col. Jackson was rich man, and one of the early professors at the University of Georgia to boot. But he had a problem, mostly his heirs. They were waiting for him to die like pigs at the trough. But in the end, Jackson got the best of his lineage.

When he passed away to that big plantation in the sky, he pulled one of the best stunts ever. As a child, Jackson had fallen in love with a majestic tree on his property and would visit it all the time. Since he could not take it with him when he went, he gave the tree immortality. Like the slaves on his plantation all those years ago, William set the tree free.

How those one do that you ask? Simple. Jackson willed eight feet in all directions to the tree. He also put all his money into an account that would pay for taxes and upkeep of the tree. His heirs got nothing; he preserved the one thing he truly loved, the tree.

You can still visit the site in Athens, Georgia, but unfortunately you cannot visit the original tree, but you can visit its own heir. The original tree died in 1942. The current "occupant" was grown from an acorn from Jackson's beloved oak.

So the next time you are thinking of the best way to preserve your own mortality, give "The Tree That Owns Itself" a thought and go forward into the valley of death. ☩



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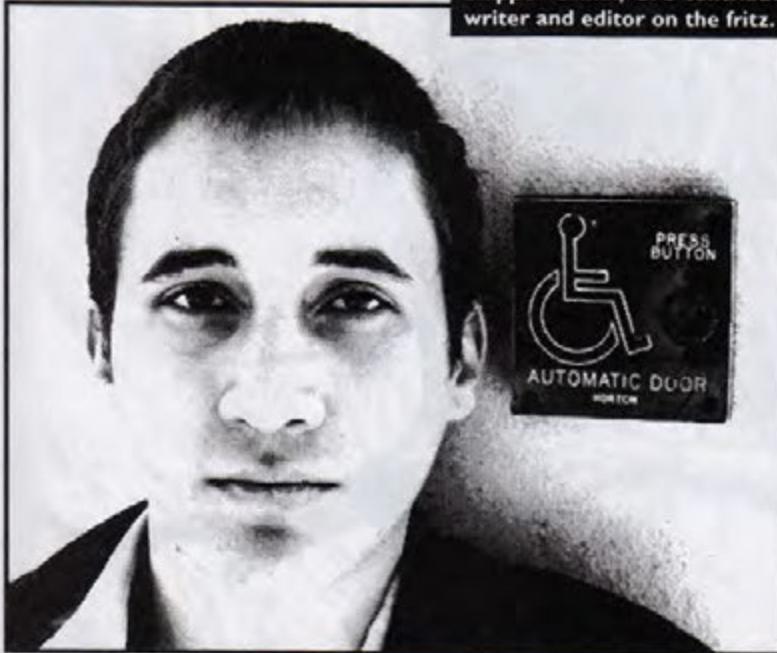
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*Salt for Slugs*

Skipper Griffin, SFS contributing writer and editor on the fritz.



## Slug Writer Nearly Killed in Automobile Accident

Well, I've finally started to get back to the point where I don't concentrate on that thing all the time. I'm not thinking about that thing first, and everything else second. It's almost back to the point where it seems, most of the time, like the thing never really happened.

You may wonder what the hell I'm talking about... I wondered what the hell was being talked about, when I finally realized that I was in a hospital.

That paragraph isn't very clear, but none of the things that happened to me lately have been even remotely clear to me. I may have realized that I was in a hospital when I first arrived at one, but my mind was not transferring anything into my long-term memory at that point. So less than minutes later, I had to realize I was in a hospital again, if I was lucky enough to do so. If I was unlucky, I may have had no idea where I was, or why I was being prodded, having tubes stuck in my mouth, dick, and side of my chest, and being given pills and fluids by No-Telling-Who. Let me go back in time, and tell you what I have been told. I'd tell you from memory, but there's nothing there for most of December.

I was involved in a car accident, on Dec 4, 1999. I was driving a mini van, and was struck on the driver's side, by a car. I have no memory of the accident. Apparently, and thankfully, the other driver dialed 911 on his cellular phone. I didn't have a cell-phone, but I couldn't have used it anyway. I was alone in my mini van, heading God knows where. I am told that the paramedics got me out the passenger's side (there wasn't much of a driver's side left), and managed to get me to the hospital within about 30 minutes of the accident.

When I arrived, the whole left side of my body was showing signs paralysis, the right side was moving. Looking through my medical records is getting more and more nauseating to me each time I do it. The prognosis was not good. When I read it, I usually think something along the lines of "I almost died, and I don't even know what that was like."

Just so you can get an idea, I'll list off what damage had been done. Now keep in mind, I don't remember the wreck,

nor the ambulance ride, nor anything, until Dec 24. Injuries I read about, and had the after-effects to match up with: serious closed-head trauma (brain damage & internal bleeding), two fractured pelvis bones, one lung fully collapsed, the other lung partially collapsed, broken ribs, blood clotting in lung, ruptured bladder (requiring surgical repair), and sliced-up spleen (removed). They had to stick a tube down my throat, to respirate me, and a tube into the left side of my chest for whatever, and they put a catheter in me, so I could piss out urine and blood without getting up.

Now I am told that people who have head injuries often-time exhibit personality differences that can be vastly different from their normal personality. I was exhibiting lewdness, spouting conspiracy theories, reading the ingredients in everything I was given to ingest- food/pills/beverage, and frequently exhibiting my newly outfitted penis. To protect me from worsening my injuries, in my non-reasoning state, the doctors and nurses had me placed in restraints. They put some glove-like restraints on my arms, to keep me from groping any of my tubes, or anything else.

I was attempting to deceive everyone into removing my restraints, but my deceptions were clear to them in my reduced-reasoning state. I was determined to leave the hospital in my terrible condition. I was also set on separating myself from the hospital, on a more immediate, personal level. I managed to pull the tube out of the left side of my chest, at some point. Never underestimate someone who has brain damage. An X-ray showed that I had managed to somehow avoid the internal damage that can often occur in such a case. I assume that it must have been painful, if I could feel anything.

My other occupations were less immediately dangerous: many references to my genitalia, as well as horrible "come ons" to the nurses, all occurred in Austin. I apparently frequently did bizarre imitations of other nationality's accents, made claims of bizarre spy missions, and just an imaginary circus of bullshit. One lady, I am told, introduced herself to me, and said that she was a Pulmonary Specialist. I apparently responded "I'm Skipper Griffin, I'm here to masturbate and get laid." None of the professionals at the hospital were phased by anything, however. They care for the unfortunately damaged, temporarily insane, on a daily basis.

Austin has an extremely good trauma center. If you've got to pick a place to get idiotically fucked up in, Austin's the place to do it. I also, although they already know it, have to say something to my friends, and family, for coming by, or sending word to the temporarily senseless boy. There's no way to thank anyone enough, so I'll leave it at this: though I cannot remember it, I know for sure that those people being around, helped the part of my brain that was still fighting, by egging it on. If it was only the doctors who repaired me, who were around, I fear I may not have been so eager to recover.

On the 16th of December, I was apparently recovered enough to be moved to another hospital, for the beginning of therapy. So no more Austin for me, for now. No more freedom, although I'm working back that way. No job, but no money or apartment, either, so it sucks. But what the hell do I care? I'll be back, sometime soon. In the meantime, I can walk and breathe, and there were those that thought I would die on that night.

The things I've gotten out of this: Live your life by the standards you believe are true, because you will die, and not necessarily after you get old. Do not obey or associate with anyone you don't respect.





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# Summing Up Sunfest

by Trevor Holland



Jamaica, known by any ganja smoker as Mecca - a place where high quality herb is cultivated from goat's shit and occasionally seen growing through the cracks in the sidewalk-is also home to the greatest reggae show on earth: Sunfest. My sojourn in August to Montego Bay, was by far, the best vacation I've ever had. It was as close to the Third World as I had ever endeavored and for sure the most beautiful, exotic and flavorful place on Earth.

To avoid the tourist entrapment of the Hip Strip, I planned my trip to be around local Montegans and the whole Jamaican experience. Knowing the ins-and-outs obviously took some time to acquire, especially when you are green and look like a walking dollar bill. But with some savvy and the help of a good guide, my visit turned out to be a real eye-opener.

Stepping out of Donald Sangster airport, I was approached by a 60-year-old taxi driver named Cy. He was an "unofficial" taxi driver, which is to say that there were "official" taxi drivers (in uniform) who apparently escorted tourists to their all-inclusive's without any hassle. Cy was cool though and carried my bag passed someone he called the CandyMan, (Coke dealer) to his old Chevy. There was no lock to the trunk and Cy had to jimmy the latch with a screwdriver. The ride to my guesthouse took 10 minutes. We had barely driven through two intersections before Cy reached into his glove compartment and pulled out a fat, bag of weed. "So,

you come to have a good time and want to smoke some ganj?" He politely asked. I opened the bag and salivated. The chronic was wicked, but there was no way I was going to smoke the ounce plus bag and told him so. He broke off a quarter chunk and I gave him \$20. Great, within ten minutes I already had my stash for the trip.

We passed through the busy Hip Strip and meandered down through crazy, pot-holed, peddler-filled streets toward Montego Bay itself.

A very elegant lady named Ms. Hazel, who lived on the premises along with her employees, ran the guesthouse. It was a real family

knocking breadfruits (a cantaloupe-shaped staple) from the surrounding trees in order to roast them for breakfast. Another time, I learned from some of the employees children, how to crack open a fresh almond shell to get the fruit from within (which tasted like coconut by the way). The view of Montego was spectacular at night, shimmering with diamonds of light from the hills. The other guests, mostly Jamaicans from Kingston and surrounding parishes, were cool and relaxed and occasionally would join me in a spliff or teach me how to throw down some dominoes.

My evenings (and early mornings) were spent at Catherine Hall, the venue for Reggae



Buju Banton

affair. There were dogs and chickens in the yard, an ox that wandered through the back pasture and always someone to give you a ride or a cold Red Stripe from the fridge. The cooking was home-style Jamaican and available throughout the day. Some mornings I'd catch Ms. Hazel

Taking a taxi through town at night was a little hairy. Some of the streets are dimly lit and when you've got an outspoken, horn-blowing cabby at your side, raising hell at the street traffic, it was just a little too much attention for this white man to bare. During one excursion, a co-rider needed to change some of his English Pounds into Jamaican money and asked our driver to stop by one of the hotels on the way. Our driver had a better idea. To save time, he pulled around Sam Sharpe Square, made a quick left and almost came to a halt in the middle of the street. Within seconds three men came up to the windows of the car. Each had a bankroll of cash in various types of currency and were beginning to negotiate exchange rates with us. I said nothing. For all I knew these boys were packing. The

exchange got a little heated when our driver complained about how much of a commission our banker was paying himself. I was ready to go, so was my co-rider and I motioned for an exit. Our driver was pissed at being shortchanged \$10, but I guess these things happen when your dealing on the black market.

Catherine Hall itself is located just a mile or so from town. It rests like a huge football field, surrounded by a red, green and gold corrugated iron fence that, during Sumfest, was patrolled heavily by a well-armed police force. These boys didn't fuck about either. One night I caught sight of three or four batons being wielded onto a pickpocket. Inside the gates, a low-lit, horse-shoe-shaped avenue wrapped around the field, housing vendors that sold everything from jerk chicken and curried goat to Appleton's rum, rum and cream, and the all-too-familiar sight of KFC. On the field itself, hustlers sold reggae beds, the most expensive piece of cardboard you are ever likely to buy. Still, the field was laden with them. Gatherers pitched their beds alongside each other and before long you could barely tiptoe through the site without tripping over somebody's big toe, head or knapsack. The



My only footnote is that, if you are gay, you didn't want to be cruising around Sumfest during this time. A majority of the artists had a distinct, anti-batty-boy message for the crowd, that if you were sweet, you were dead meat! Saturday was 'Worl-A-Reggae night. It included a tribute to late Dennis Brown with a sunrise gathering of legends Ken Boothe, Gregory Isaacs, John Holt and George Nooks. Proceeding were tremendous performances by Morgan Heritage, the next super group of reggae, cultural Don, Buju Banton and one of Jamaica's finest modern day vocalists, Beres Hammond. These three artists alone are proof of God's existence. Together they showcased how righteously reggae music has progressed in the last decade and how spiritually, the music uplifts Third World people trapped in poverty.

Leaving Sumfest at 6:30am and walking back into town with the sun already up and running, I supped on a fresh orange, still feeling a little sluggish from all the chronic and thought, "Man, I could do this every week." My ears were still ringing, my breathe stank and I looked like shit, but I was in heaven. Lord knows, I'll be back again next year. *I*

#### intermission dancing entertainment



ever-present ganj wafted through the air and discreet deals were being palmed out of sight of the police. A regal dread passed my way with a handful of balloon-sized buds, the length of a tapered candle. I stopped him to stroke, sniff and congratulate him on his harvest. Though tempted, I was already packing a big ol' rizzla and consciously tried not to spend my whole wad on herb.

The stage was a brilliant marquee, cropped by two Romanesque pillars and adjoined by a forty foot sound system that could be heard a mile away. Each night depicted a different musical theme. Wednesday was Legends Night, highlighted by the best ever performance of veteran singer, Sugar Minott, who played an absolute blinder roots, rock reggae set for two hours. It consisted of all his earlier classics from his days at Studio One and the crucial development of reggae when he started his own Black Roots label. Of the two Dancehall nights that followed, headlined by Beenie Man and Bounty Killer respectively, Thursday was the more entertaining. Beenie Man still reigns as King of Dancehall and always brings something fresh to his music and shows. He was upstaged a little by some incredible performances by Tanto Metro & Devonte, (who had the crowd launching firecrackers in the air), D.J. Zebra and a young teenage girl, no older than fourteen, named Serial Kid (Serial Kid had the number one single in Jamaica at the time). Friday's session had cultural D.J. Capleton rocking the show and the warlord himself, Bounty Killer. Bounty bounced back from the previous year's disappointing show, to have his followers raise their lighters in the air at every tune.

*Salt for Slugs*



Devonte



**HARD AS A TREE:  
VIAGRA & ME**

as told by Ninja Stunt Cock  
documented by Stabler Hsu  
photos by Grant & Hsu



I am a healthy, potent young man at the ripe age of 26 years, and the last thing I need is anything that will increase my sex drive. As it stands right now, even my girlfriend can't keep up me. In fact, once a week I have to buy a fresh bottle of K-Y "Silk" at the drug store, just to keep the motion going on at my place. Yea, I get the new liquid kind, no more jelly for me. It's a cutting edge, over the counter, high-tech sex sauce that cleans up easy and doesn't leave a lot of residue. It's water soluble. Shit, isn't modern technology great? It can even make sex better. Or can it? Little did I know that up until recently my investigation into the world of 21st century sex had only just begun, and what happened made me more of a sex machine than I already was.

It all began a few weeks ago one night when my friend Gemini and I were hanging out at this stylized local restaurant/bar, where cool locals in the know sip expensive tequila and nibble on fried calamari. Here, an eclectic mish mash of colorful types flock to the bar in the evenings, and there the stage is set for the spinning of bizarre tales and impromptu meetings with the opposite sex. My buddy Gemini is a pimp, so he fits right in at this place. This night, I had yet to get down my third shot of Porfidio, when this character waltzed in and plopped down on the barstool right next to me. The new guy at the bar, who we would later find out to be named Jack, ordered a dirty martini and gazed around the room in awe of the unique decor.

After he poured the last drop of his second martini down his throat, Jack piped up, "I got something that'll make you fuck all day long."

We turned to him in awe and I yakked, "What!?" These days, people will say the strangest things to start up conversation. I guess he must have heard me and Pete talking about the fate of

the woman sitting at the end of the bar which we speculated would include her accepting a hard cock between her legs and maybe sucking the two of us off in the parking lot for starters. This story is beginning to sound like something out of Penthouse Forum, and that's just the beginning.

"What do you got, some Viagra?," I replied jokingly, thinking the guy was simply setting the two of us up for a corny bar joke.

"You're fucking right I have Viagra; a whole boxload of sample packs out in my car."

I scoffed, "Yea right, a boxload. Listen man, we don't need any of that shit. Our cocks are hard enough as it is. Isn't that stuff for old geezers or something?"

"Shit," Jack replied. "It's an awesome ride, six hours worth of wood for just one pill."

We gazed ahead at an embroidered picture of a naked lady that rested pleasantly above the barkeep's head. Illuminated, it almost came to life before my eyes and I imagined, then basked in, the possibilities. My mind drifted as I envisioned myself entwined with various women. First one, then two, then... well, then it got a little out of control. Like I'm gonna go out and find a few chicks that would take me and a pack of Viagra to a seedy motel room to hook it up. It was at that moment that I remembered Clara, my left hand.

The man named Jack excused himself to go talk to some people at a nearby table, but assured us that he wouldn't leave without giving me a five pack. At the time, I wasn't sure what he meant and I honestly

didn't care, but when he came over and got me to go out to the parking lot with him, I knew he better be serious.

Sure enough, this guy had a boxload of Viagra in his fucking Porsche. He said something about his sister working for the company and how he somehow got a hold of this box, but I really didn't care and he knew it. He handed me a five pack and said to check it out. I asked him if there were any side effects and he told me that it could maybe make me a little flushed or nauseous or something, but nothing serious except for the fact that you basically maintain an erection for a duration of six hours. I couldn't imagine actually wanting to fuck for more than a couple hours, maybe a few depending on the circumstances, but seriously, six hours?

The next day, I woke up with a vision of a street hooker just getting torn up by some Viagra crazed lunatic,

and wondered what kind of effect the drug has had on prostitution. There must be some weird shit going on in that profession. Not only do you have a bunch of new customers, but they all want to fuck for hours. There should be research conducted in this area. I bet the fucking to sucking ratio has plummeted, and the penetration curve has shifted a little to the right, and the cock quotient is multiplying exponentially. Any way you look at it, there are a lot more hard cocks out there today and Viagra is the reason. Just like the pill created more plentiful booty back in the day, Viagra doth serveth up a veritable bounty of erect penis.

I checked out the packaging, which clearly states on the box that Federal law prohibits dispensing without prescription, and pulled out the plastic card which contained five little blue diamond shaped pills stamped VGR 50. I decided I'd better read the summary of info about Viagra which was enclosed. The are three different dosages of Viagra (25 mg, 50 mg, and 100 mg). The pack I got was 50 mg, pretty good I guess. Not too





strong, and not too weak. It also said inside not to give the shit to babies, children or women (Sorry ladies, this is a man thing, you wouldn't understand). You can't mix Viagra with any nitrate medicine or illicit drug containing nitrates, or you could have a heart attack or stroke. It said that it would take an hour to work and maybe even longer if I were to eat a cheeseburger and fries with it, and that it would last four hours. Well, it turned out to be six.

Buttman's Bend Over Babes, Anal Explosions II, and Sore Throat would be my choices to accompany me on my journey into the land of masturbatory glee. After popping my little blue friend, I placed the three videos on top of my VCR, and went onto the kitchen and grabbed a beer. Now, in order to really get into porn, you have to suspend any thoughts of reality and simply let yourself, mind and body, drift into the wonderment of complete hedonistic ejaculatory fantasy.

So, I had a lite beer and a salad and calmly waited for the Viagra to take effect. I channel surfed around for a while and finished up what I was eating, then stepped to the VCR and inserted Buttman's Bend Over Babes. It didn't take long. Ten minutes or so into watching this woman get slammed, and I'm hard as a rock (or tree, whatever) and cum is flying all over my coffee table. I sat back, cock still erect, and watched a little more before grabbing some paper towels out of the kitchen. My hard-on still hadn't subsided, and I walked around with it a little before returning to the couch. The tape was still rolling and on the screen was this totally hot bendover babe delivering what looked to me like an award winning blowjob, and then the next thing I knew I was slappin' my jompee like there was no tomorrow.

Anal Explosions II is one of those films no one should miss. It's a damn shame

that in these perverse times we live in, there aren't more quality smut videos on the market that measure up to the volcanic orgasms contained in, and provided by this little video. By now, I was well into my third hour, and my cock had pretty much remained the steel girder that it was, but sometimes would soften a little, allowing me to urinate freely. I had the chub on though the entire time. My shit was flowin'. By my fourth ejaculation, my cum had become completely clear and must have gotten a bit lighter due to less mass because the distance of my cum shots was growing to the point of insanity. I couldn't believe it. I had to keep changing hands because I was getting tired, but man did I ever want to fuck.

So, I moved on to the third smut tape in what now had become a masturbation marathon. I was in my fifth hour, and my champion cock was on top of its game like never before. Sore Throat provided the imagery, and I let Clara oil up and sent her downtown for some tube steak spankin for the sixth time. Yep, I beat off six times in a row. The last one was the most intense because it took quite awhile to get me off, and my obsession with sex had reached the point of insanity. I began asking myself, "What in the hell am I doing? This is so animalistic." Really, this drug does bring out some primal stuff in men. I mean, it really

makes you an animal. No matter how fucking sweet and nice you think some guy is, believe me, if he had some Viagra in him, he'd be tearing up pussy like a pitbull on a chihuahua.

The short term effects of the Viagra had finally worn off, and my cock softened and stayed that way, exhausted from the day's battering. Gemini called me later that day and asked me why in the hell I didn't call him to get one of his girls over, and I told him I was worried it wouldn't work. But really, I couldn't cheat on my girlfriend with anyone but Clara. The funny thing is though, that for the next five days I was craving pussy like never before. All my girlfriend had to do is walk by in a pair of shorts and my cock was working its way out of my pants all by itself. It was like it had a mind of its own. It's like I woke him up or something, and now he wanted a couple more midnight snacks.

I had four more pills to go, so when my girlfriend got back into town, I tried one out again. It was a lot of fun for a while, but I must say I had to slow down and couldn't fuck anymore because my back was starting to hurt. I kept asking for blowjobs, and after three, that had become completely old.

I think I learned a lot from my experience with Viagra. First, I probably only need 25mg. Second, rent more pornos. I mean those three were great, but six would have been better considering the circumstances. Third, try hard to overcome the urge not to cheat on your woman, because this drug would rock with multiple female partners. Fourth, get a roll of the quicker-picker-upper before taking any of this stuff. Cleaning up cum is depressing and weird when you're alone sopping it up with day old newspaper.





*Salt for Slugs*



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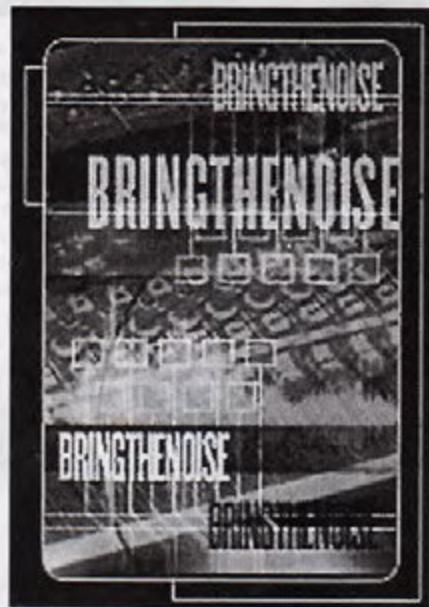
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# The Revolution Will Not Be Televised

an interview with Public Enemy frontman, **CHUCK D**

by ran scot

Every generation has heroes, but few are recognized until it is way too late to give them their fair due in their respective eras. Right now there is a war going on to control the outcome of the arts and pop culture for the next millennium and beyond. This war is not being fought with tanks and bullets, but with revolutionary ideas and internet savvy. Chuck D is one of the first true generals in the culture jamming army, and it's time to hear what this man has to say.

He is giving a voice, a voice that has otherwise been squashed, to real independent hip-hop and rap music at [bringthenoise.com](http://bringthenoise.com). The underground worldwide Internet radio can pipe in the sounds of streets from around the world to you. Free from the control of the Big 5 of the music industries mandates. Free from the control of labels who control their artists like minions. Free from the control of music chain stores that determine who, how much, and what is to be sold to the masses. The line has been drawn in the sand and you have to ask yourself now, are you on the bus, or are you off the bus?

Be sure to check the schedule because Chuck D is constantly doing live feeds bringing you the best of the unknown, news about the revolution, and tips for getting your ass off the couch and into the fray to fight for what is yours. The revolution will not be televised, since it is being fought over the net. Let the Master of Ceremonies explain, lady and gentlemen, strap on your helmet, because the general is about to speak.



**Salt for Slugs:** So how do you think MP3's are going to change the Music industry?

**Chuck D:** They're already changing the music industry. It's leveling out the playing field. It's educating the artist and the public, as therefore the industry and it's middle cannot depend on the consumer or the artists to be naive in the music process. MP3s allow you to cut and distribute right away, in effect cutting out the middleman.

**SFS:** So, with Bring the Noise . com, who are you hoping to effect the development of Internet radio?

**Chuck D:** Rap and Hip Hop are under-served genres with only 11 to 15 percent of the music getting heard. With Bring the Noise Internet radio or even Rap Station, which is a total across the board rap service area with audio, video, and information, we can show and promote 85 percent of the music that's not being heard. It's other advantage is that is worldwide promotion.

**SFS:** Not to mention Low to no over head.

**Chuck D:** Exactly. We don't have to go into the manufacturing of the hard product. People can get the cd themselves and burn what they want, as opposed to going and getting it already made, at three times the price of doing it on the internet.

**SFS:** So how do you like the almost daily antics of the Big 5 trying to counter the MP3 revolution?

**Chuck D:** They do this by trying to participate as much as possible to make it look like they were down with the revolution since the beginning. That's their only thing. They are going to try and co-opt and then come

in and treat it like a minor league pool of talent. This is foolish since they should go and use this a development situation.

**SFS:** So do you think they are going to use MP3s as a huge A&R department?

**Chuck D:** Yeah, I think that's their best bet. They treat MP3 culture like a pet dog, a pit bull. You pet the pit bull; it might be a service to your business. If you try and attack it, it might defend itself and take you a bite out of you.

**SFS:** Within five years, do you think MP3s will affect the music industry enough to where problems like the ones you are having with MusicLand will be a thing of the past?

**Chuck D:** Yeah, there are going to be a lot of things happening. By 2002 there will be a million artists and 500,000 labels. With this new form of distribution, you will not be able to recognize the music industry.

**SFS:** So how many hits do you get at the Terror Dome each day?

**Chuck D:** I don't count hits. But unique visitors are pretty countless.

**SFS:** So do you see yourselves at Bring the Noise going into content providing or even becoming a portal?

**Chuck D:** We might do with our concentration of course being on Rap and Hip Hop. We'll be able to do what MP3.com does with all music, but we will be microfocusing on what we want to do and whom we want to do it with.

**SFS:** So what MP3 player do you use, Sonique or WinAmp?

**Chuck D:** I have a Macintosh so

Win Amp works well for me.

**SFS:** What is your favorite MP3 ripping software?

**Chuck D:** I don't do that very much, I'm mostly in providing the content already done.

**SFS:** Do you see yourself going into being an ISP like David Bowie or KISS?

**Chuck D:** Yes.

**SFS:** So how do you think about the new concept of bands not just being a band anymore, but a brand name like Elminestrone does.

**Chuck D:** Well Public Enemy can do that like KISS and Bowie do, but with rap music.

**SFS:** So what is it in a nutshell you want the people to know about Internet radio and the MP3 revolution?

**Chuck D:** Come one come call all to the down low ball. Become your own label and artist real quick. That opportunity is there.



#### The Soldiers of the MP3 Revolution

With thousands of bands now flooding the Internet with their music and propaganda, I took it upon myself to sift through the junk like Lamont from Sanford & Son and bring you the jewels of the junkyard.

#### The Ladybugs

Part of the better crop of musicians now appearing on mp3.com, The Ladybugs bring their own brand of indie rock to the table. Out of Winston-Salem, NC, they are currently on Hero Recording Co. and were even invited to CMJ last year. Though they only offer up two songs on the mp3 site, it's well worth the time to download and throw on the old mp3 player, especially the rather rock starrish cut, Rolemodel. [http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/61/the\\_ladybugs\\_indie\\_rock.html](http://artists.mp3s.com/artists/61/the_ladybugs_indie_rock.html)

#### At The Drive-In

A success story from one of the most unlikely of places, the usually dormant music scene of El Paso, TX. This band shows what a belief in yourself and your music can do. With an excellent site( woohoo Flash!) and streaming songs mostly to Windows Media Player or Real Player( sorry, I could only find one mp3 of high quality, but fuck it, it was worth the trip.) I once I heard these guys were signing to the new Warner MP3 Label, but it looks like they are still on Fearless, which is good. This band's history should be read by any

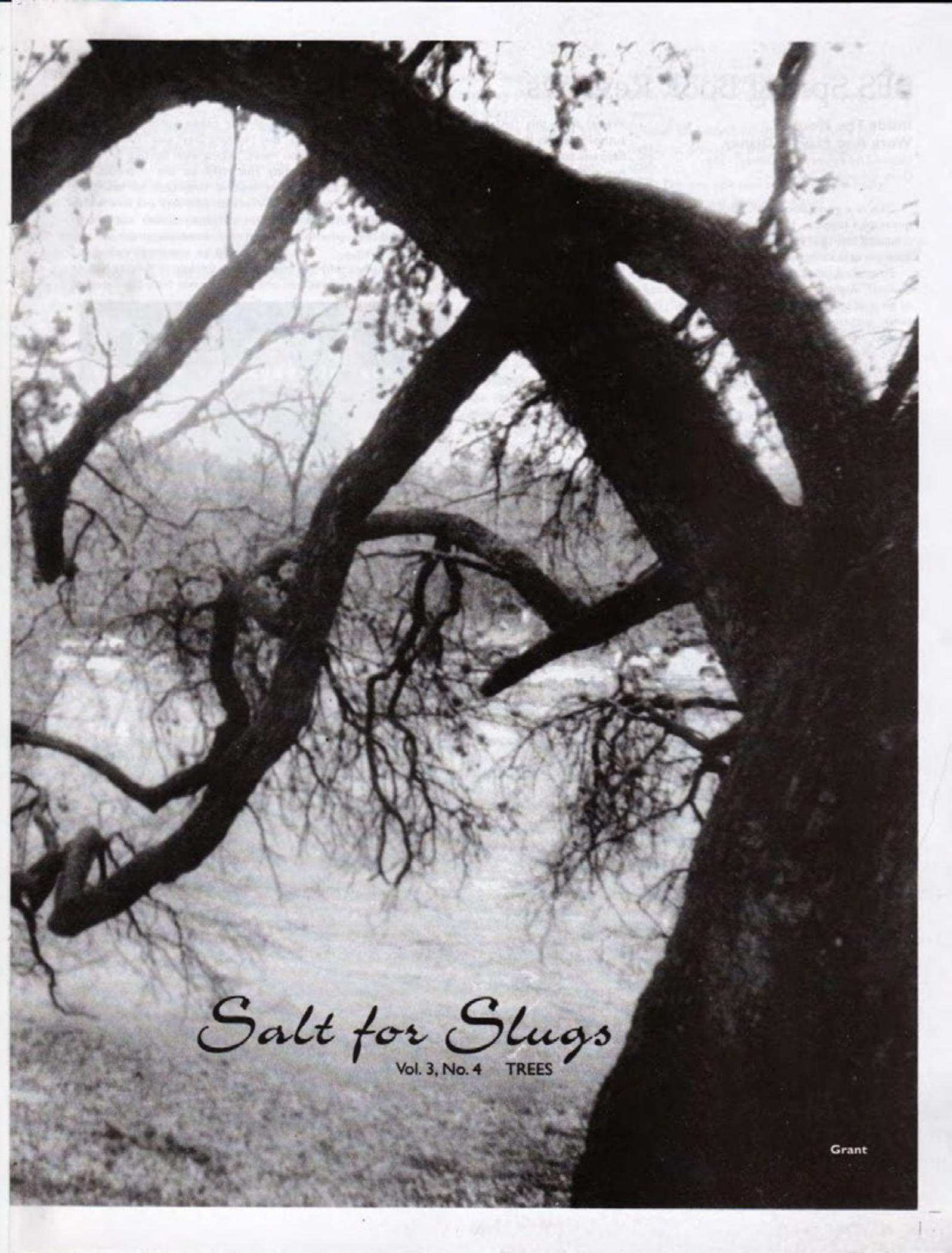
musician thinking of throwing in the towel. These guys are the real deal and put on one hell of a live show and you can buy their album at the site for cheap. I know I will. <http://www.atthedrive-in.net/>

#### Elminestrone

The darlings of the new Flash music video movement, this band is a peak at the future of the music industry now. Their flash site should be viewed and studied by anyone who calls themselves a Flash designer, but that's not the reason to go there. This band has no bad songs. One after another the songs roll through your ears and clamp onto your brain. I find myself singing, "Space Jazz" at the most inopportune times, and the cut "Billionaire" is one of the best songs I heard in all of 1999. Each song comes with an amusing music video portion that makes it all worthwhile. It's hard to believe these guys don't have a label, but they rock so hard they'll be sipping Jack in the back of a limo with some A&R guy soon. [www.elminestrone.com](http://www.elminestrone.com) (flash plug-in recommended)







*Salt for Slugs*

Vol. 3, No. 4 TREES

Grant

# SFS Spring Book Reviews

## Inside The Mouse, Work And Play At Disney

World, The Project On Disney, 1995  
Duke University Press

This is a good book, but... But what? Good question, I suppose. I'll get to the book here in a minute, but first some words about the folks who put this thing together, ok?

First of all, what the hell is "The Project On Disney?" Right there on the title page, instead of an authors name. What's up with that? The book, surprisingly enough, has VERY little to say on that. On the back cover you get all there is to get when it comes to finding out just exactly what "The Project On Disney" might be. One lonely paragraph at the bottom of the cover which simply identifies "The Project" as three English Professors from Duke University, and a photographer who also teaches, at something or other called the "Creative Arts Workshop" in Connecticut. Pardon me while I'm suddenly underwhelmed at the scope and magnitude of this "Project."

And it gets better. "The Project" is actually, I think, (the book remains steadfastly unclear on this kind of stuff) part of a larger deal that calls itself "Post-Contemporary Interventions" and is edited (whatever that might really mean) by a certain Stanley Fish, and Fredric Jameson, neither of whom are identified to the least little degree other than giving their names and affiliation with the aforesaid Interventions.

Post-Contemporary Interventions? What the hell is THAT? Stop for a minute and take a look at that, ok? Does it make any sense at ALL? Since when did a book become an "Intervention?" How, exactly, does a book "Intervene?" And what the hells going on with "Post-Contemporary?" Go get the damned dictionary and look up contemporary and then come back and tell me what YOU think this crap means. The more I look at it, the less sense it makes.

Little red flags are waving all over the place here, and its not for no reason. Especially the RED part. Turns out we've got some by-golly commies writing for us and they're not the least little bit shy about using all the overblown phraseology and opaque lingo that only commies can come up with.

Oh brother. Commies. Won't these wankers EVER get the message? It's OVER, dorks. DEAL with it. It was one of the all time worst crackpot ideas ever hatched and it collapsed under the weight of its own encrusted bullshit, and there's nothing any of you lingering pinko bastards can do about it. Give it a rest, already!

A couple of quick examples of just how SILLY commie lingo can be, and then on to the book, ok? Page 45, Co-author, or whatever, Susan Willis, actually USES "pre-postmodern." No shit. Look at it again. Pre-postmodern!

Whee! Ain't this fun? Page 50-51, Same co-author uses (in the space of ONE page, which happens to span the pair referenced) "collective" once, "collectivities" twice, "collectivity" SEVEN times, and throws in a "concretizes" just for good measure.

PhooWEE! Have you ever met ANYBODY in your life who ever used a goof-ass word like "collectivity" in an actual conversation even ONCE? Can you say, "full of hot gas?" I knew you could. Enough already. Now, where were we? Oh yeah, the book. Almost forgot the sucker.

Despite the dogma and cant, this book takes a sharp knife to the Disney psyche and just DISSECTS it. Rip zip whip flip, and there it is, on the lab table, reeking to high heaven and looking perfectly evil. Along with exposing the stupefying extent of BULLSHIT that Disney entails, the throng that goes there like an endless swarm of lemmings comes in for some good whacks too. Gobs of interesting insights and revealing truths. Great stuff. Too fucking bad the idiot commies had to write it, though. I'm SURE somebody else could have done a much better job in about half the words.

Read this thing anyhow. Its well worth your time. (MacLaren)

**Culture Jam: The  
Uncooling of  
America**  
Kalle Lasn

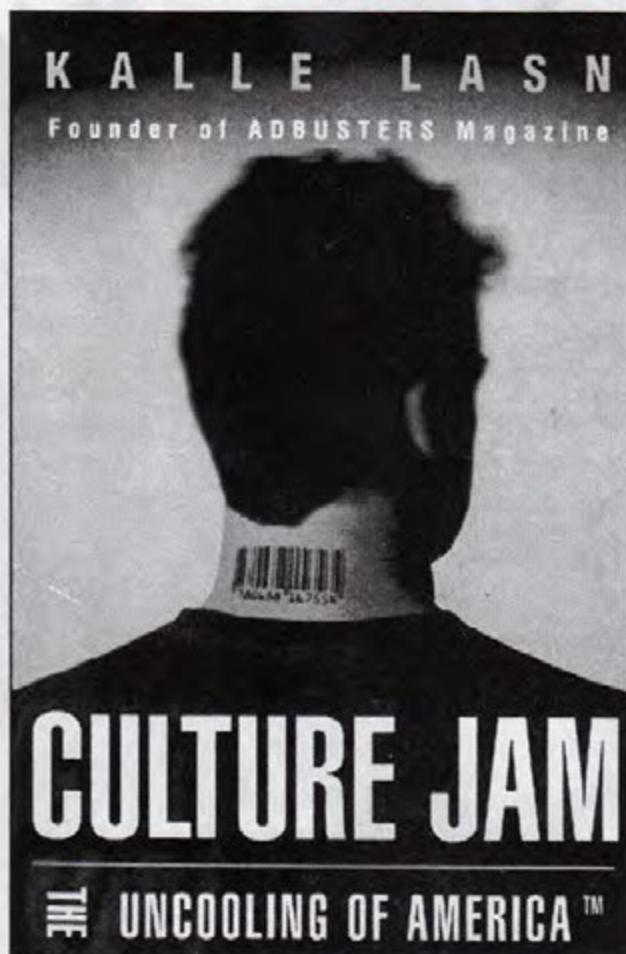
In this age of intellectual flailing against the system and the man, most authors

often hack out rather inane tripe to sound cutting-edge and/or underground. Though they view themselves as the vanguard of revolutionary hipsters carrying the burden for the generation of thinkers, they are usually no more than flash in the pan drones produced by large publishing companies to make sure that truly great ideas do not slip through the gates and to the people on the streets. C'mon now, you know who you are.

Fortunately for the masses, by the masses, trickles of water do pass the by the dam of corporate Amerikkka. One such droplet is Kalle Lasn, the editor of the deconstruction of media magazine, *Adbusters* ([www.adbust.org](http://www.adbust.org)). Long the flag waver for the uncooling of mass media in everyday life,

he has brought us other such great movements as "Buy Nothing Day" and "Turn Off the Television Week." Along with fighting in courts for granting the right to any individual to advertise on national television, he has done considerable research into why and how we've found ourselves currently under control of the thumb of an enthroned corporate state.

This book should be required reading for anyone who is a free-thinker, or fancies him or herself as one. He does not hide his thoughts



and theories behind a cloud of big words and obscure references; instead he simply lays out the facts with real life examples and lets the reader decide.

The book is laid out into the four seasons of the earth, which after you read this book you know is in serious political and environmental trouble. The best part is the things he does not have facts to back up, but are based on assumptions, he comes right out and tells you instead of trying to hide it behind a curtain of academia. The highlights are how he traces our problems back historically to the Santa Clara County Vs. Southern Pacific Railroad court decision, where corporations were giving the same rights as you and I. He also offers up movements in the past who

rose up against the Corporate-media State such as Dadaist, the surrealists, and most recently the Situationist International. I think, besides the uncooling of the media and advertising, my favorite part was his GPD (Gross National Product) versus the new ISEW (Index of Sustainable Economic Welfare). This one argument can single-handedly change a person's worldview. With the other culture jamming arguments within this book, you will be through the looking glass.

But above all, he offers up a game plan against media-hyped corporate state. Unlike most people who just bitch and complain and have no Plan B, Kalle Lasn not only offers hope, but viable ways you can act out, both as an individual and as a group. As Atari Teenage Riot keeps trying to tell us, "Do you realize time is running out?" Let the cultural jamming begin, if not for your sake, then for your children's and your children's children. (teril smits)

### Identity, Privacy, And Personal Freedom; Big Brother vs. The New Resistance

Sheldon Charrett, 1999, Paladin Press, POB 1307, Boulder CO 80306

I just LOVE books like this, but I hate em too. I love em because they're chock full of all kinds of sly arcana relating to keeping the bastards down at Bureaucrat Central from showing their thumb even farther up your ass than it already is. I hate em 'cause Big Brother is gonna glom on to them, read them, and then attempt to circumvent whatever crafty steps and measures as dwell within. It's an everlasting arms race between those of us who would cast off our shackles, and those of us who would build more foolproof shackles. Neither side, in the final analysis, will win; there can only be an unending series of temporary victories and setbacks for both sides. Here's hoping that things fall your way, and against the bureaucrats, when its your ass that's on the line.

This is a large (8 1/2 x 11) paperback book with over two hundred pages. Not very many photos (b&w), which makes more room for a wealth of wise words. The copyright date gives me a semi sense of security as far as the folks down at City Hall not having been able to adopt effective countermeasures for all that is described within. All in all, it's just about as up to date as any of this stuff can ever hope to be. Job well done, Sheldon.

What's inside? Good question. You'd almost be better off asking what's not inside. Lotta damn shit in here. This things verging upon being an encyclopedia. I'll just give you the twelve chapter titles and let you figure things out from there, ok?

1. Big Brother is Getting Bigger
2. The Battle Continues
3. How to Manufacture Professional-Quality Identity Documents
4. Obtaining Officially Issued Documents

*Salt for Slugs*

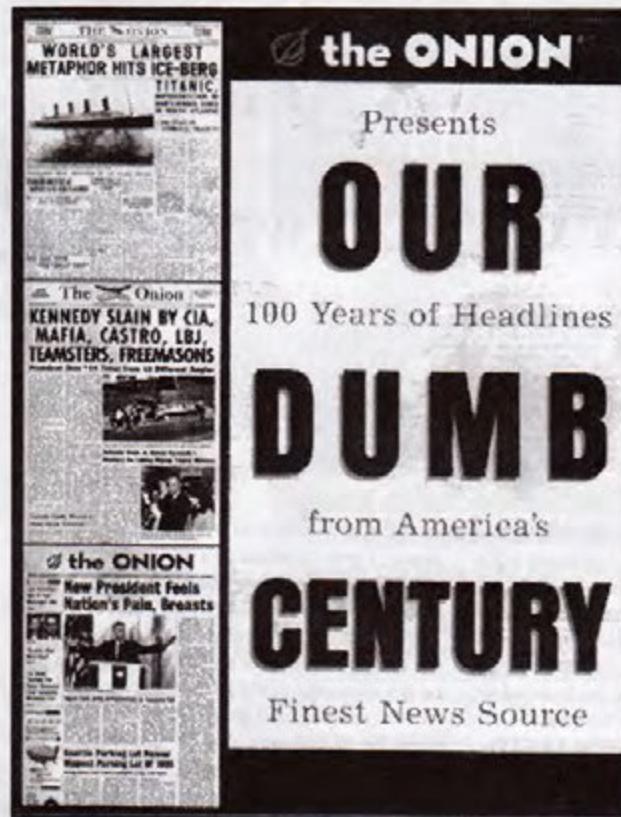
5. Mail and Address Privacy
6. Telephone Privacy
7. Internet Privacy
8. Freedom of Employment and Income
9. Social Security
10. Banking Privacy
11. Marriage Privacy (and I.D. Tricks)
12. Freedom on the Road

There, hows that? I'm guessing that if you've got even half a headfull of smarts, you can see what Sheldon's driving at here. The wealth of detail in each section is impressive, steadfastly refuses to sugarcoat anything, and looks like it just might be able to bail your sorry ass out of trouble some dark day.

Get this thing, read it, and then keep it around for use as the crackerjack reference book that it is. (MacLaren)

### The Onion Presents Our Dumb Century: 100 Years of Headlines from America's Finest News Source

Edited by Scott Dikkers



History will not be kind to the 90's, and neither was The Onion. While most authors and publications decided post-modernism meant being cynical and over-exuberant in artsy plot designs and not-so-original lofty ideals, Scott Dikkers used the most basic of mediums, the newspaper, to bless us with some of the best satirical work ever. Week after week, just like the Simpsons, The Onion has delivered laughs and insights into the madness of American pop culture without losing

the average Joe Blow Six Pack. Eat your heart David Foster Wallace, you flash-in -the-pan, contrite, pseudo-intellectualist!

When I first heard The Onion was doing a book, I could not imagine the format. What they've done with this is as ingenious as the material in it. They went back and satirized this last century in the style, format, and verbiage befitting the era! Jesus, these guys are Gods. This book will be studied in Universities years to come, count on it.

Let me bless you with just a few headlines, "Listerine Invents, Cures Halitosis", "Hitler Neutralizes Polish Menace", "JFK's Dad Defeats Nixon", a wild series where Nixon becomes a run-a-way criminal, "Secret Pac-Man Pattern Falls Into Russian Hands", "Mr. T Releases "Pity List", "Tyson Escapes from Ring", and "O.J. Finds Killer" The most beautiful aspect about this book is there is no bad page, no bad section. It's 164 pages of the best toilet reading you will ever find. If you like the on-line version or are lucky enough to have access to the printed one, then this is your huckleberry. Thanks Scott Dikkers, we in the

literary world owe you one. (teril smits)

### Unexplained Mysteries of World War II

William B. Breuer, 1997, John Wiley & Sons Inc.

Ah, ya just gotta love World War Two, dontcha? Hell of a party. And of course, any time you involve tens of millions of people running around the entire planet for years and years, attempting to blow each other to bits, some weird ass shit is gonna happen somewhere along the way. LOTS of weird ass shit in fact.

So WB decided to put it all in a book and share it with the rest of us. About a zillion little stories, just a page or two in length, sorted into various categories like Odd Coincidences or maybe Strange Encounters. This is a world-class book for the shitter. You can read as much or as little as time allows and never worry about having to

remember where you were last time you picked it up. Hell, just open a page at random and proceed. Real user friendly that way.

My only gripe with this book is the damned title. Unexplained Mysteries is off the mark and leads you to think that its for conspiracy whackos or something like that. It isn't. Perhaps Goofy Shit wouldda been a better title. I dunno. (MacLaren) ☹

Some years ago, I was approached about writing a film. I would be given complete creative control except for one catch: the script would have to feature a character that would go down in history as the most 'anti' anti-hero of all time. I would have to create a character so unlikable, so repulsive, absolutely no one could identify with him. In my opinion anti-heroes are like dogs in a dog show: each year there's a new one, it looks just like the last one, and everyone's talking about it as if it were something radically different than what it is, which is a dog. But mine would be truly different, so that when everyone were talking about him they'd be justified in doing so. Mine would not be profoundly disturbing, or intensely self-loathing, or anything run of the mill. Mine would simply be more pathetic than any other. Like, he'd have something in his nose for the entire film and no one would tell him. That's an anti-hero. Someone you can't respect. Of course, no one can write a ninety minute film around a booger, I know because I tried, so I put the idea aside until I could think of something more.

One morning while sitting in traffic on the freeway, it happened. I was staring idly into the exhaust of the car ahead of me, then into the cabs of all the cars surrounding me, into the Corvette right next to me, where I glimpsed what at first I thought was a hyperactive poodle bouncing on a guy's lap. It turned out to be not a poodle but an

actress, who was giving him head. When she was done I recognized her from local late night commercials. She looked right at me, wiping the gentleman from her lips. My first impulse was to speed off but I had no where to go, stuck in traffic like I was. I stared at them while they straightened themselves up. The girl didn't mind, but the guy started blushing. I envied him the actress and felt him to be superior to me in countless ways, since the only thing in my lap was McDonald's take-out. My only advantage over him was that initial image, the one of the poodle on his lap, which seemed somehow more fitting. So much was going through my mind. Traffic cleared up, and when I was driving along briskly I began turning the image over in my mind. I felt pathetic, forced to play peeping tom to Barbie and Ken's little sex game. I really hated the good-looking bastard in the Corvette who was enjoying traffic at my expense. And I hated myself for being at the wrong place at another man's right time. There was so much hate in me. For the sake of my script I sought to explore it. I stared at the happy meal on my lap. I found my anti-hero. My antihero would be someone who could fuck fast food meals while commuting to and from work. He wouldn't eat the stuff- maybe he's a vegetarian, even. He would simply buy it, fuck it, and toss it. Like the guy in the Corvette, but not as cool. And cool is out. Everybody knows that.

# When the WOOD was GOOD

by boaz dror

After two drafts, I discovered I simply didn't have enough material for a film about a guy who shared special moments with two-all-beef-patties-special-sauce-lettuce-cheese-pickles-onions-on-a-sesame-seed-bun. I would have compromise my initial impulse a little, and maybe do some research. So, I placed an ad in the paper which read as follows:

**SEXUALLY DEVIANT? SEEK LEGITIMACY? I WANT TO TELL YOUR STORY AND MAKE THE WORLD STOP LAUGHING AT YOU.**

I got many, many calls, but none jumped out at me as script-worthy subjects. I interviewed hundreds for inspiration but it wasn't happening. I felt as if I were the reviewing board for hundreds of perverts, none of whom passed. The image from the freeway became the guiding force in choosing a subject. Countless commuters, each with something in their laps. My anti-hero would be a thing-fucker. That much I knew. I felt it. I couldn't imagine what angle Entertainment Tonight would take in

covering a movie with a thing-fucker. Weeks passed. I grew restless as a new writer's block threatened to envelop me anew. But nothing fit. It was like a puzzle I couldn't solve.

And then one morning I was informed that the film producer was dead. Ironically enough, he became asphyxiated while performing the role of a submissive at an underground S&M party. I'd interviewed the dominatrix there a few weeks before. Case closed. Good riddance. It wasn't a satisfying ending, but from the get go it was a bad idea. Some scripts don't need writing. Some margins are best left unexplored.

But the story doesn't end there. Three months since I'd last thought about the script, there was a knock at my door. Standing there was a redheaded man, not much older than myself, clutching a potted plant to his side. He declared that he had found my ad and wanted to speak with me. I told him the ad was gone, I'd taken it down myself. He insisted he had found it by where he lived. He had been

strolling in the woods, his mind plagued with questions. And then the answer, my flier, alighted upon his face. It was blowing in the wind. The answer was blowing in the wind. Alright, I said, knowing it is best, and quickest, to let someone say their piece and be gone then have them say their piece after arguing with them beforehand. I offered him a seat on the couch and a spot for his plant (which he refused, choosing to keep it close to him) and sat down myself, after a minute or so of searching for my tape recorder. He spoke the following words:

**HE:** "I had been living peacefully in the forest for ten years before the intervention of your sign. Your sign broke the peace and I guess you'd call it monotony of my life, alone in the woods, though I would call it something closer to uniformity, rather than monotony. There was a uniformity to my life. Monotony is such a city dweller's word. You don't call the waterfall monotonous, though it certainly is. It is, but it isn't."

I: "Is it monotonous?"

HE: "No, it isn't. It's uniform. Not monotonous."

I: "You're the one who said it was monotonous."

HE: "Never mind that. I was living alone, you see, alone, but happily married. Married to a life I didn't think was the concern of the others. You'd call it living alone, but I'm never alone. I have my lover. I have my lover and she is many lovers. My wife is many lovers and my life was uniform. As the forest wanted it. She kept distractions out, kept me alone, until your sign came through. She let you through. It was a sign. Your sign was a sign. It was a sign that she thought the world was ready. For an affirmation of our love. I'm getting old. She wants another lover. Another lover, but that lover will be me. Just as a tree is the forest another lover will be me, we are all her lover."

I: "So you have sex with trees?"

HE: (SIGHS LOUDLY) "This was to be expected. City dwellers don't understand. Yes, in a sense, I enter her, I enter the forest, I plunge into the woods. You'd call it having sex, or fucking, or pecking wood that's what they used to call me, the woodpecker. It used to be a way of mocking me. What they didn't understand was that they were mocking our love. All of our love, the love affair we as humans have with the Earth. Fucking a tree, as you would call it, is an ancient rite performed by the ancients men still today bury themselves in holes dug in her, but this I don't agree with. God blessed me with the patience to enter her naturally. Yes, I am not ashamed, I fuck trees. But the words don't do the act justice. It is a marriage of flesh with flesh. Human flesh with the flesh of the Earth. Don't knock it till you try it."

I: "Doesn't that hurt?"

HE: "The first few times, yes."

I: "I see you have a plant with you now. You can't tell me you enter that thing, it's very thin."

HE: "This is just my way of keeping her near me. Love isn't just sex."

I: "Now you sound just like my ex-girlfriend."

HE: "Yes, ex-girlfriends, ex-wives, ex-this and ex-that. You have no concept of eternity, of a life firmly planted, until you've loved a forest. She stays forever. It is her nature. She is there, and she is here, with me, in spirit and in the plant. She is the many and she is the one. I could sit watch a tree, one tree, for as long as I live, and never stray. That sounds monotonous to you, doesn't it? Monotonous, like a waterfall."

I: "Hey, I like waterfalls. Don't get me bad-mouthing waterfalls."

HE: "You like waterfalls. Yes, everyone likes a waterfall. You ask a city-dweller on the street if he likes a waterfall and he'll say yes I like a waterfall, don't get me bad-mouthing waterfalls. But he doesn't love it no one loves a waterfall. And why not? If more people could find the love of Earthly flesh, more could then respect the intercourse of human flesh. The way to flesh through flesh. Have you never stood beneath a waterfall and let it course over your sex?"

I: "I wash myself in the shower."

HE: "HOW VERY MUCH LIKE A CITY DWELLER!!!! Waterfall equals shower, tree equals one tree planted in the sidewalk surrounded by concrete. Wake up before it is too late. Before there are no waterfalls, no trees. Would you not like to feel the veins which run down the shaft of a tree merge with the veins which run the length of your sex?? It beats getting drunk and going to bed with the first woman who'll have you!"

I: "So why come out now? What affirmation do you seek?"

HE: "I realize now that I have been selfish. She has given me many trees, and I have given her just myself. There must be as many humans with trees as trees with humans and then"

I: "and then?"

HE: "And then we will become one. We will all be tree people, with the pulse of Mother Earth in our bosom as our sperm courses through hers."

I: "So this is just a guy thing?"

HE: "Of course not. Women are the luckiest. They can be entered can join her root, become a continuation of her."

I: "Sounds homosexual"

HE: "Fifty years ago homosexuality was trapped in secrecy just as I have been locked in the woods with my lover. The breakdown of gender must occur before we may introduce the love of trees! Which is why the time

is right now more than ever, the lines between men and women have been blurred it is time the truth be revealed there is no man and woman, but flesh and flesh, and the spirits of man/woman must be merged with that of Earth/tree!"

I: "And waterfall."

HE: "YES!!! We must invite the city dwellers into the forests! Will you help me? You have been chosen to help me!!! Now, before it is too late. Now, while she is still alive!"

I: "I can't right now."

HE: "But she is dying!!! You must help!"

I: "I've got a lunch date, man. I haven't had a date in a year. Look, come back tomorrow, we'll get a few beers 'cos there's no way this is gonna happen without me getting totally shitfaced. Then we'll talk."

HE: "NO!!! NOT TOMORROW!!! City dwellers are always living in tomorrow! We must live in today! A hundred years from now it will be too late. There is much work ahead of us! Tomorrow or one hundred years from now or fifty years from now the forest, she will be gone, or too polluted she is decaying. We must go now. Now, while the wood is good!!!"

And with that, he was gone. And I sat and stared at the door he burst through, wondering what waited for him in the world beyond. I kept thinking, if he'd only arrived a little earlier, before my producer had died, I could have written a story about him. He seemed the perfect anti-hero. Then I got dressed and went on my lunch date, after which, we went over to her house and fucked like animals. I never once imagined she was a tree while we were at it, though I was tempted to. But the truth is, I hate trees. It's a childhood thing. And, while we're telling the whole truth, I couldn't give a fuck about a waterfall. ♪



# Pulp Friction: Trees Vs. Hemp

by Teril Smits

Those in the know find it quite darkly humorous that we still use trees to produce paper. While most people believe trees have always been slashed and chopped up to make such fine magazines as *Salt for Slugs*, they could not be more wrong. It was not until the 1930's that a process for turning trees to paper had even been developed. What did people use before then? Hemp, who is actually marijuana's straight edge cousin.

Aren't hemp and marijuana the same, you ask? That's where the media machine has you cleverly fooled. See, hemp is different from the Buddha plant we like to enjoy. The hemp plant at best, contains .09% THC, while even that shitty Mexican dirt weed some of us are cursed with in Austin contains 7 to 10%. The hemp plant is more stalk than anything, and the stalk contains no psychoactive elements. The mature plant looks more like corn stalk (up to around 16 feet tall) than the shrub that gives us bud, buddy.

So where did things go wrong? Enter two of the most evil bastards ever to walk to the face of this earth, Lamont DuPont and William Randolph Hearst. Dupont had just developed and patented the chemical processes for making paper from trees in the 1930s. Hearst, when not making deals with Hitler (He made a deal with Hitler if the Nazis won, Hearst would become the fascist dictator of California), was making money in various depraved acts against humanity to get cash.

Hearst owned 800,000 acres of forest and wanted to use the DuPont process to turn his trees into newsprint. There was just one problem. The process kicked chlorine bleach into water and an ungodly amount sulphur-based acid. The public initially balked, mainly because recent farming advances had made hemp newsprint cheaper than the price of wood pulp paper and was more environmentally sound. Hearst would not stand for it.

Since he was a newspaper mag-

nate he used his control of the media to exploit drug hysteria and orchestrated the now infamous "Reefer Madness" campaign. Nowadays, the movie and propaganda is so campish it has found itself on the walls of most Phish fans. It's point laughable at best, and downright maddening at times. How people swallowed this tripe we may never know.

So with the public outraged and politicians in his pocket, Hearst pushed through the Marijuana Tax Act prohibiting hemp production, ending its 3,000 year reign as a cheap source for rope, cloth, paper, food and even medicine. So we thought. In a "Hemp for Victory" campaign sponsored by the U.S. Army and Department of Agriculture, patriotic farmers were asked to grow hemp to offset war shortages of fibers needed for rope, uniforms and other products. In fact, the parachute that saved George Bush's life was made hemp, which makes the drug war a bit ironic.

According to entrepreneurs like Carolyn Moran, hemp can single-handedly

stop worldwide deforestation. Moran and her company Living Tree Paper Company in Eugene, Oregon printed their magazine *Talking Leaves* on 100 percent tree-free hemp content paper. Her company's Tradition Bond paper is 10 percent hemp, 10 percent esparto grass, 60 percent agricultural by-products (like cotton and flax), and 20 percent post-consumer recycled fibers.

It is time to let the trees go back to being trees, and not being made into horribly inefficient paper pulp. I leave you with these quick facts you can throw in the face of anyone who argues with you:

- Seed varieties of the hemp plant that have been developed through genetic engineering carry THC levels of less than one percent and are incapable of producing a "high" effect no matter how much is smoked.

- Fast growing: 70 to 110 days to mature to a 6 to 16 foot stalk.

- Yields 3 to 8 tons of dry stalk per acre
- Hemp fibers are the strongest natural fibers

- Hemp paper is naturally acid-free and therefore does not turn yellow or brittle with age

- The longer hemp fibers are excellent for stationery and books

- The shorter hemp fibers are very good for newsprint, tissue paper and packing material

- Hemp paper can be recycled 7 times versus 3 times for wood pulp paper

- 100 tons of recycled wood pulp paper produces 40 tons of toxic sludge

- Hemp paper can be bleached with environmentally safe hydrogen peroxide instead of chlorine bleach which is used to make new wood pulp paper-this would cut 80% of the 35,000 tons of dioxin-bearing

- World paper consumption sky-rocketed from 14 million tons in 1913 to 250 million ton in 1990, leading to a shortage of wood pulp in 1994 (and the huge increase in paper prices)

- When grown for paper, 1 acre of hemp after 20 years will produce as much paper as 4.1 acres of trees

Do yourself a favor, get your stoner butt off the couch and get out there and help the cousin of the plant you love so much. The trees and the woodland animals, will thank you.





## Crackhead Jones: The Lost SFS Interview

One thing that happened during the 1990's that we didn't really get to cover was the infamous controversial interview with "Crackhead Jones", who was supposed to be in the SFS "Jones" Issue in late 1998. Gene Slacks, whose absence has been sorely felt lately at Slug Central, had performed the interview (see photos), but has so far failed to produce the text from what is now known as the "Lost Crackhead File". We decided to print these choice shots of the man, myth, and legend to expose part of the file and kick Slacks in the ass.



photos and article by stabler hsu

# GRAVYBOAT



(left to right): Rick, Ron, Jerry, and Brian

In Texas, old punk rockers don't clean themselves up and get boring day jobs punching in data at the local mega computer corporation. Instead, they form rough, raunchy country rock bands and try to figure out ways to book gigs without offending anyone. Austin has become so polished these days that the problem for these guys is just that, finding the right venue. So, if their style of country music is a little too abrasive for the crowd at hand, they just get yelled at and pray for a club with chicken wire guarding the stage.

**SFS:** So tell me about your last gig at The Carousel Lounge.  
**Jerry:** We turned down to the point where if we turned down any lower, we'd have to turn our amps off. There were these three guys at the bar who wanted to kill us.  
**Ron:** They just wanted to make friends.  
**Jerry:** They wanted to kill us, but they didn't have the energy.  
**SFS:** Why?  
**Jerry:** I don't know. We weren't doing anything wrong, just playing.  
**Ron:** Our music offended them.  
**SFS:** Are you guys the kind of band that likes to have chicken wire in front of you when you play?  
**Ron:** We don't have a schtik. We're not ironic enough or anything.  
**SFS:** What is true outlaw country?  
**Rick:** It's where nobody likes you. (laughter) We're too country

for the rock and roll crowd, and we're too rock and roll for the country crowd, and we're too loud for the lesbians.

**Ron:** And we're not post-modernist enough.  
**SFS:** So can you square dance to your music?  
**Jerry:** Oh yea, you can two-step to it.  
**SFS:** What was the show you recently did at The Alamo Theater?  
**Rick:** We were basically the opening act for the Midnight Movie for two nights. We did a set, and then they played Evil Knievel and Smokey and The Bandit. It was kindof a white trash jamboree.  
**SFS:** What do you guys have planned for the SXSW this year?  
**Rick:** We're not in it this year, but we'll play an unofficial party, maybe Hole in the Wall, or somewhere else  
**SFS:** What do you guys think of the club closings?  
**Rick:** There are too many clubs here. We need to close more.  
**Brian:** They should close all of the shitty ones, The Treasure Islands, all the shitty shot bars.  
**SFS:** What about venues?  
**Rick:** There are too many places to play, so no one goes to one thing because it's all spread out. We need some more survival of the fittest, natural selection, thinning of the herd... (laughter)  
**Jerry:** There needs to be one good unpretentious bar in town that will book a real variety of bands. Red Eyed Fly has the potential to do that, but I don't think they're pulling it off.

Grayboat at The Carousel Lounge



**SFS:** They've actually had some really good shows recently.

**Rick:** They have had good shows, but not roots rock, country-fied southern rock bands. We tried it there and the club likes us and we like the club, but we can't attract people there.

**SFS:** They have more of a punk thing going on over there.

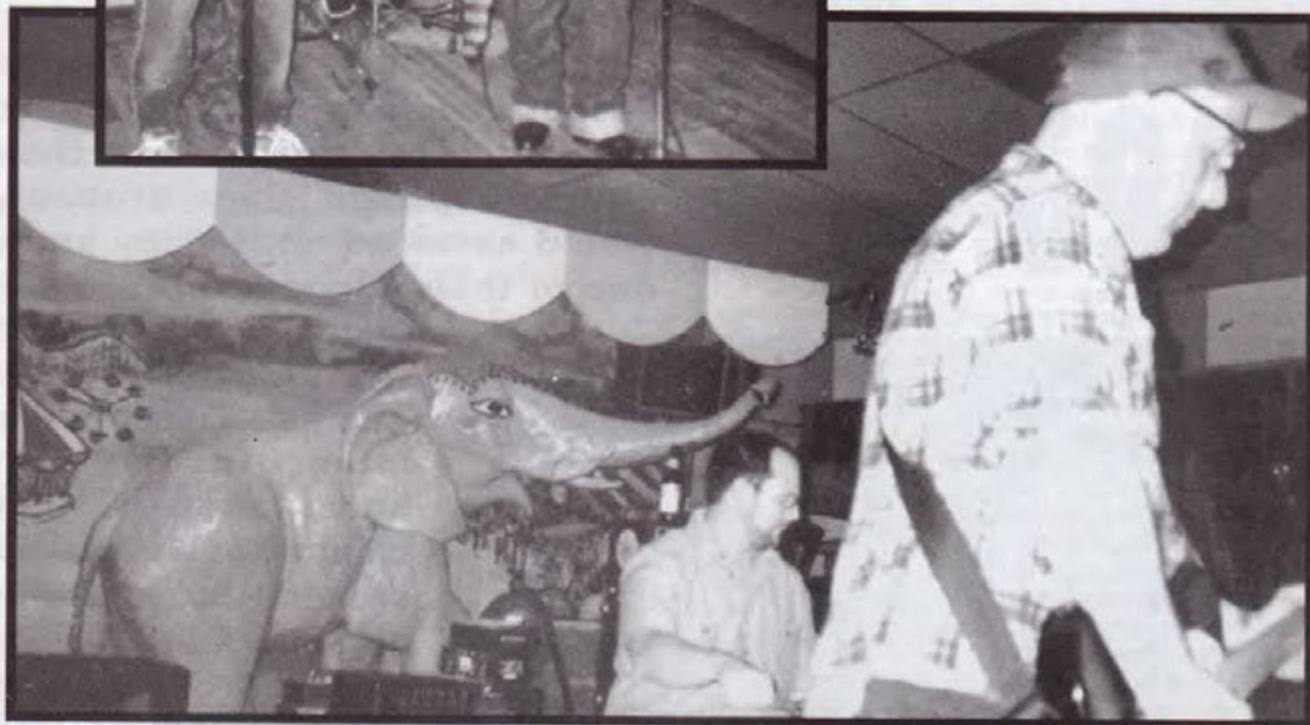
**Rick:** Punk and alternative.

**SFS:** I saw The Crackpipes there recently and they were awesome.

**Brian:** Yea, Ray's the man.

**SFS:** Who's Ray?

**Brian:** The guy in The Crackpipes.



**SFS:** Oh. Well anyway, you guys have all played in a variety of bands, but is the first time you have ever played anything like country?

**Rick:** Yea.

**Jerry:** Well, as far as playing in a band, yea.

**Brian:** I was in a country band for like a half a second with Spot from SST. It was really fucking awful. She had good players, but it was cheesy.

**Ron:** I was in Joan of Arkansas, and we had the potential, but just too many ideas. Too many Generals.

**SFS:** So do you guys have anything planned for this year?

**Jerry:** We're gonna be pushing a big rock up a hill and then letting it roll back down, and just do it over and over... 🍷



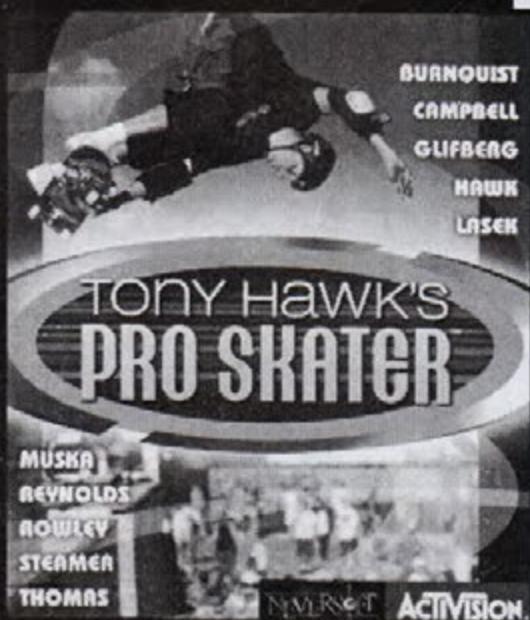
**GTA Ground Theft Out 2 Rockstar Games  
Playstation**

"If you want to imagine the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face" George Orwell, 1984.

This my friends is how their liner notes begin. I loved the first game, especially the more street savvy Directors Cut. When I saw GT2, I thought, Great! The same kick ass concept but this time they had time and money to make better graphics. Boy was I wrong. Though I like running over cops and stealing school buses, the graphics still suck. The storyline is easy to follow, but after a few nice rips off old Betsy, you will not care. It all swirls into a rather bland Clockwork Orange-ish fiasco. The stopability is great, mainly do to the game play being so dull. That's the problem. This game just isn't exciting, stoned or otherwise, save the shit talking. It gets a five bong award for being able to talk shit to a cop as you attempt to mow him down with his own patrol car.

**Tony Hawks Pro Skater  
Activision Playstation**

Ah shit, this is fun. When you use to skate you would always see the possibility for the ultimate trick, but know better than to try it. Now is the time to go for it. These is 720 for our generation. Hot damn. The parks and tricks are insane, a skater's wet dream. Plus you can choose any of your favorite skaters who actually do the tricks they are known for. There is no storyline which is good, because we were particularly ripped at this point. The stopability is a little off since the more combos the cooler the tricks you do, and its hard to press pause then start back again, especially if a pipe is passed. Its hard to remember what trick you are doing. But who cares, your doing sick ass indie airs over 30 feet of gap, mad crazy Japanese Airts over huge drainage pipes, and tricks I cant even fathom due to their shear number and the fog of smog in my brain. The visuals kick as much ass, like they knew their target audience was us. The shittalking comes natural to anyone who use to gleam the cube. If you are a fan of skating, especially one of the Big Brother pre-fab model, go buy this game right now. Just don't look as stoned as you are right now.



# STONER GAME REVIEWS

by hiroshi greenbag

It has long been a pet theory of mine that N64, Playstation, and Atari have long been the secret suppliers of marijuana to this land to compliment their games. Though they probably would never admit it, they know one of their biggest target audiences is the stoner, who gleefully rents games with the intent to find out how much fun it would to be played stoned. So why not do something for the kids and the gaming companies and offer reviews about how the games are with clouds in your brain. So I took it upon myself to smoke enormous amounts of nice Buddha and offer insights to all the kids out there.



### Rainbow 6 Redstorm Entertainment N64

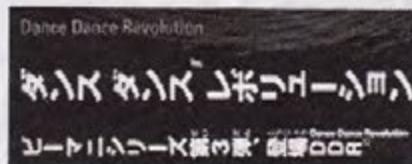
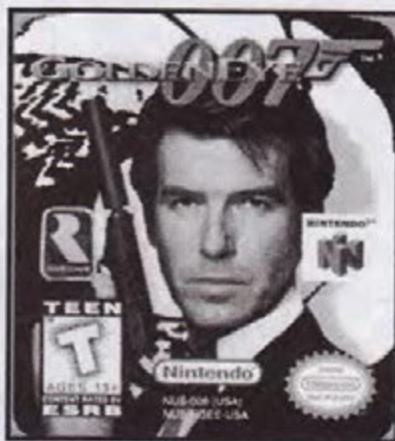
I loved this game on the computer, and new the stoner-enhancement N64 makes for all of its games to help take out the finesse needed for the PC-version. The object of the game is take out evil terrorist holding hostages or some other diabolical thing. A very, "we're the good guys vs. them bad guys" type of shooter, except for the detailed manner in which the game was made. Based on a Tom Clancey mindless-dribble-of-crap novel, it transcends its inane basis and becomes a great game. The storyline is a bit complex and a stoned person will bang through the rather long back story to get to the killing. The best part is being backed off the camel, and forming an attack in the planning mode. "Storm the castle like a troop of killer-rabid chimpanzees" is the best attack decided upon at Slug Central. The stopability rules, which is great so you can take bong hit before storming the room full of bad, bad, bad people. The game play is awesome, the perfect mix of real physics and fantasy-induced game physics. It's the fantasy physics that make or break games, and here it was believable. The visuals are awesome and the dead bodies don't go away after you shoot them, which I loved. You can get a heaping pile of bodies going, its great. It causes the more frail stoners to get the giggles and soon they are done for. The shit talking obviously is a hit, as any fan of patting the buddha on the belly and playing 1st person shooters know. Let the good brutal blood thirsty times roll.

### Mario Party 2 Nintendo N64

When I first started doing stoner game reviews, I had a vision of the perfect game. A game that is in perfect tune with the hum in your head as the bong goes burble burble boo. Mario Party 2 is the first game to receive Teril Smits' Hooka Salute. Scoring 4 bong and above in all categories is a first. But they earned it. The story line is just light enough not to confuse you, but entralling as the game progresses. You become more and more involved as the game carries on, like a python on its prey. The stopability rules, with a long pause, just exactly enough time to take a hit, before each player. They know, they have to know. The game play rocks like a llama in a cage. Its broken up into a whole bunch of mini-games within a huge board game frame. The games are perfect in playability and length of time for the short attention span of a stoner. Plus they are usually versus each other which opens a whole can of worms for shit-talking. The visuals are classic comic sans of animation, nice soft and fuzzy and would feel smooth to the touch if I could only caress Prince Mushrooms cheeks. See, these are the kinds of things stoners think about while playing these games. Just ask any stoner about Lara Kroft. Overall, these game has a 50 Turn option and we went threw a case of Negro Medalos and a quarter, and had the best time we've had in awhile. Thank you Nintendo, you earned that Hooka Award.



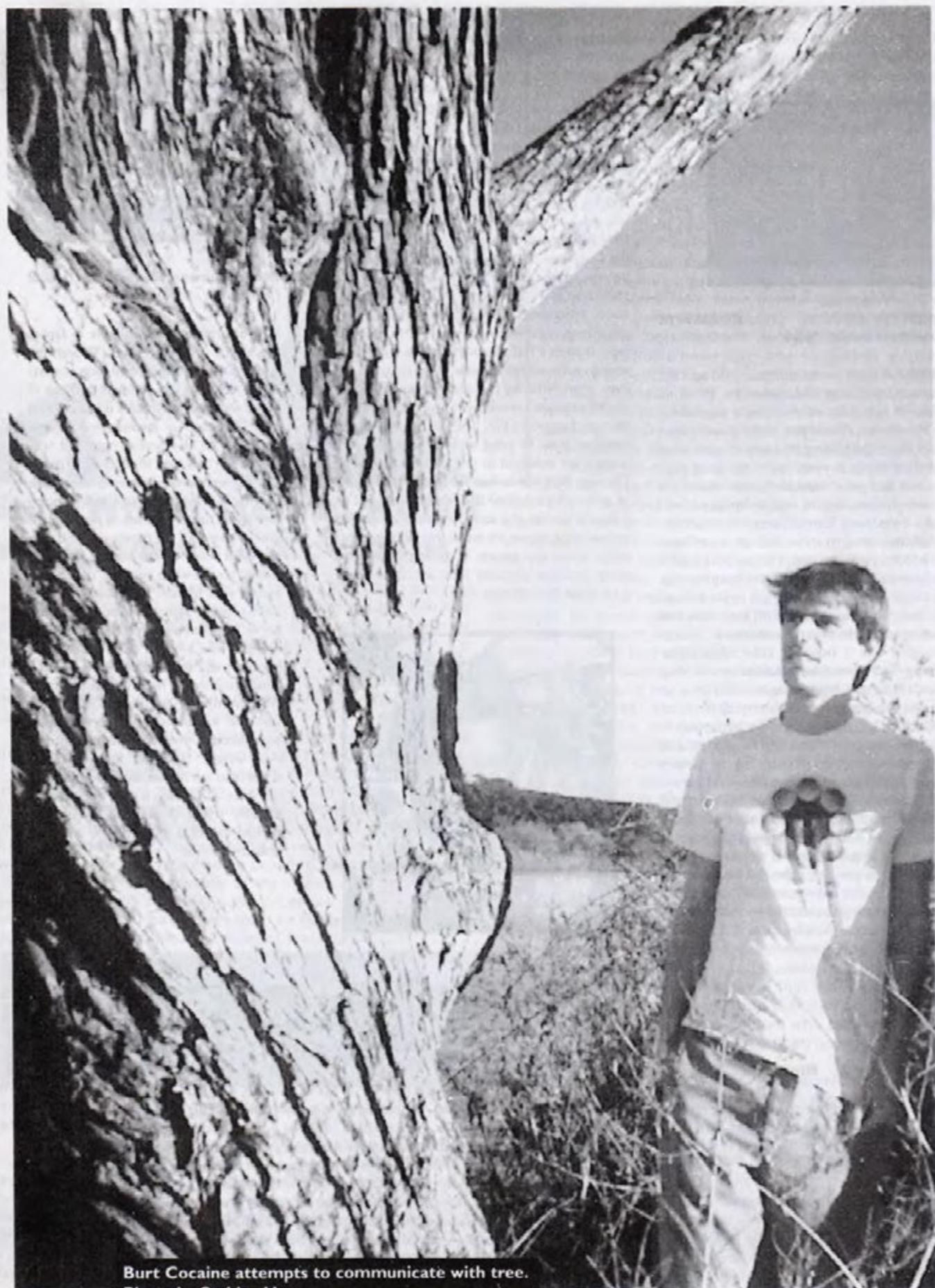
The best part of video games is to actively live out fantasies you could never do in real life. Though I think I'd make one kick-ass secret agent, I would rather not get shot at or have lasers pointed at my crotch. Golden Eye is the perfect blend of RPG-type quests and puzzles and 1st person shooter. No matter how stoned you get, you can still play this, and some levels I highly suggest a good long bong hit, mainly the Cuba one. The story line is easy to follow, get out and be a bad ass, but sometimes your fucked up and forget not to kill other key characters. Shit happens. My major qualm about this game is the fact when you pause it to grab the pipe, it takes 2 full seconds to pause, giving the enemy easy shoots at you. The controls are easy, even with my fumbling about trying to toggle weapons I was never to confused to exercise my license to kill. The visuals rock, with attention paid to good texture maps and the women are rendered in true Lara Croft-style. The only bad part is that the bodies fade away, so you can't get a good body heap going, but so it goes in the life of a secret double-0 agent. The versus mode allows for much shit talking, especially when the person is falling down and pump an extra clip into their ass. Now that's good clean fun, monkey fun.



### Dance Dance Revolution 1 & 2 (Konami) Playstation

First off, this is only available in Japan, the Mecca of video games. Though the tide of Dance Dance Revolution is starting to ebb like the popularity of the G Force watch in Tokyo, this is still a lot of fun. The stand-up arcade version stole my heart all those years ago and was wondering how they were going to translate this one to the home version. Well, they included a dance pad which rocks. One of the funniest games to play stoned, you try to match the moves on the dance pad with those on the screen. The shit talking comes when you can "dance-off" against your friends. The visuals are cool and so are the Japanese dance hits to listen to. But the best part is the dance pad, it didn't take long for us to finish off a big bowl and realize that hey, I bet this dance pad would rock in other games. We were ripped, but played Off-Road 2 with the dance pad. Imagine standing and directing your vehicle by shifting your weight. Since we had it on full screen and our television at Slug Central is a since 32" model, it gave the effect of actually flying. It was the best misapplied use of a game device with the best results ever.





Burt Cocaine attempts to communicate with tree.  
Photo by Stabler Hsu



stahler hsu

# Message from Planet Wolf: Guitar Wolf Rocks Your Lame Ass

by teril smits



From across the Rim of Fire comes the brew of the Devil, and it goes down like bad hooch on a Saturday night. We're talking a rock band who puts on a hard rock show you humanoid, so buckle down and get ready. Guitar Wolf is as intoxicating off-stage as they are when they play. This ain't no bitch-ass Limp Bizkit or flash in the pan Kid Rock, this is the real McCoy and you better bring your A game of rawk, otherwise the boys from the Planet of the Wolves will bury you under a tidal wave of beer, guitar, crushing sounds, and pure unadulterated sex appeal.

Screaming "Atari" and rushing you like a drunken Samurai into battle is the best way to describe the show the boys from Tokyo put on for the lucky sons of bitches that gather like lambs for the slaughter at their shows. For those of you out there who think they may be wolves in sheep's clothing could not be more wrong, because these guys have never worn wool to hide themselves, only the stark black leather of rock stars.

They've destroyed America on five tours across our land, and left it burning like General Sherman on the way to Atlanta. Under the guidance of Matador Records, the trio has released the sonic sensation of Jet Generation, the best punk rock album of 1999, hands down, asses up. Soon, Guitar Wolf will be howling at the moon in a town near you, rush to beast. Your only hope is to rock harder than you have ever rocked before, and just hope that when the wolves come out to thin the herd, your name is not called.





**Salt for Slugs:** I noticed the drummer is wearing a Carol shirt, what other Japanese bands do you like?

**Guitar Wolf:** Carol was a late 60's begin 70's band. They were good.

**SFS:** How about ones that plays now, like Melted Banana or the 5 6 7 8s?

**GW:** I like the 5 6 7 8s, but I don't know Melted Banana. Just the name.

**SFS:** So what are the differences between your Japanese, American, and European fans?

**GW:** Sorry please speak slower.

**SFS:** Yeah, stupid Texas drawl.

**GW:** Yeah it's not clear to me.

**SFS:** What do you find the major differences are between your fans?

**GW:** What do I do?

**SFS:** No, difference between your fans.

**GW:** The Japanese fans are crazy. German and Sweden go crazy too.

**SFS:** Not into the loser stoner crowds Austin usually offers up?

**GW:** Oh yeah of course, just like fans to get crazy at shows.

**SFS:** You're pro craziness!

**GW:** Of course!

**SFS:** Kind of like your infamous in-store show all those years ago in NYC.

**GW:** Yeah, I jumped off the rack and got hit by the ceiling fan.

**SFS:** But you just got right back up and kept on rocking, that's what makes y'all gods. Even hardcore punks and heavy metal tough guys would have at least checked for broken bones, but not you!

**GW:** Thanks!

**SFS:** What's the highest speaker you have done a leap off of?

**GW:** About 4 meters (roughly 12 twelve feet).

**SFS:** It was pretty much after that show Matador realized you guys were the real deal and the ball got rolling for you. But what I really want to know Seiji, is who do you like more, James Dean or Marlin Brando?

**GW:** Brando. For Motorcycle.

**SFS:** Are you the one who drives the Kawasaki?

**GW:** Old Kawasaki. Me.

**SFS:** What's your dream bike?

**GW:** Same.

**SFS:** So you have already achieved greatness in your motorcycle world. Have you ever seen the film Scorpio Rising?

**GW:** Yes, YES! I know!

**SFS:** Wow, you're the first to ever get a Kenneth Anger reference, major pop culture points for you. Were there any Japanese trends like in America for racer and motorcycle films? Like a Russ Meyer of Japan?

**GW:** No, but I have a new movie, Sore Losers!

**SFS:** You're the 'Man from Leather Jacket' right?

**GW:** The movie is very stupid and cool. I can shoot lasers from my eyes and in the last scene, I

last time you were seen in public without sunglasses on?

**GW:** REALLY? (Shocked, thinks I saw him without them on)

**SFS:** No man, I heard you always were sunglasses.

**GW:** Yeah, yeah, operation (points to head). I got operation to have them put them on, No more take off.

**SFS:** What's the story behind the guy Kung Fu Ramone?

**GW:** He's living in Hong Kong. He's master of Blue Three and is Joey Ramone's father.

**SFS:** So have you ever thought about writing the Rock Star's Dictionary of Janglish?

**GW:** We might, we might.

**SFS:** I noticed you guys could actually play your instruments now; do you guys view yourself more technical now?

**GW:** I don't like technique. The most important things in rock and roll: 1. Looks 2. The Guts 3. Action, Technique maybe 6th.

**SFS:** Well your live shows are pretty much insane. What's going through your head when you're on stage?

**GW:** Messages from Planet Wolf.

**SFS:** So how long are you guys on tour and receiving these messages?

**GW:** Twelve weeks.

**SFS:** So do you think your interviews are a little surreal since people you are talking to are never on the same page as you?

**GW:** Hmmm?

**SFS:** Exactly. Well, it is hard to understand us cowboys here in Texas.

**GW:** Very difficult to understand.

**SFS:** Is there anything you liked your fans to know?

**GW:** When you listen to our new record, don't turn up the volume!

**SFS:** Don't???

**GW:** Yeah, don't. Your speakers will explode. Broken Stereo!



# V I D E O G A R D E N S

When I was a child I lived in a very poor village, where no one could afford everyday luxuries such as soap or dental floss. We grew our own vegetables, raised our own chickens for eggs, and milked and slaughtered our own cows. The village tribunal delegated to each family its responsibility, it being a socialist village, and whereas my best friend's family, for instance, was charged with growing, harvesting, washing and delivering tomatoes to the village, my family was stuck with the shit job of supplying the entire village with wood. That's right. They expected us to grow trees, then process them, then create beds, dining room tables, ottomans, maybe even a nice compact disc rack here and there. A couple of families even expected us to build their entire houses. I fucking hated that village. I was an only child, so I had to do all this alone, and it was growing tiring meeting deadlines. The villagers were upset at the tremendously long wait, and I was processing trees left and right, smoking two packs a day (the cigarette-packaging family needed a new shed) drinking balefuls of coffee (the coffee-bean family was threatening to cut me off until they got their boat). To add insult to injury, my mother's choice of tree was the bonsai, the "Japanese teeny tree", because she enjoyed above all else sunbathing and didn't want "big trees" blocking her sun or leaves falling into the pool. Oftentimes I'd wake up, step out into the fresh air, hear a crunching underfoot and discover that I'd just destroyed a whole forest of bonsais, enough to make a hundred spoons (really tiny spoons) or half of a picture frame. This continued for most of my childhood, until my thirteenth birthday, when the villagers, fed up with my family's overdue production rate, chased us from the village after first setting fire to the trees (there being no firemen in our village, it was fortunate that it was a very small fire). Ever since then I absolutely loathe forests of all shapes and sizes. So when asked to review films about trees, I refused, saying that the best I could do was a review about films with gardens in the title. I thought it would be less disturbing. I was wrong.



Take **The Cement Garden**, for instance. Directed and adapted for the screen by Andrew Birkin, based upon the novel by Ian McEwan, who likes to write about incest and the ambiguity of the childhood perspective, this film leads me to believe I am not alone with my vegetation-related childhood trauma. At approximately 150 pages the book is a quick enough read to recommend before watching the movie. McEwan won the 1998 Booker prize for his novel, *Amsterdam*, and is more gifted in his field than his

cinematic counterpart, Birkin, whose previous films were the lukewarm romances *Desire* and *Burning Secret*. Heard of *em*? I thought not. The theme of *The Cement Garden* is somewhat like that of *Lord of the Flies*. It's about a family which, losing both the mother and father relatively early on in the story, decide not to tell anyone. Proceeding according to a new family infrastructure wherein the two eldest children have become the parental surrogates, this post-apocalyptic family unit reveals the flaws of domesticity in general. All the conventions of everyday life are turned inside out as the children float through the day without true parental supervision. Both the film and the novel convey the peculiar sensation that the rules governing life (and subsequently the rules with which we govern ourselves) are arbitrary and that disaster looms just around the corner.

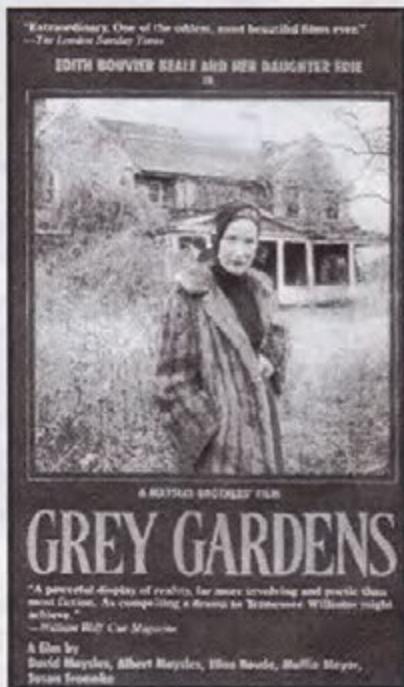
Particularly interesting is the way in which the children, fearing further division of the family unit, hide the fact of the mother's death from the society around them. This is also a story about

chaos, primarily sexual chaos, the characters being defined chiefly by their sexual personalities, which come unglued when the mother dies. Freud would have loved this flick. The central character, Jack, is a chronic masturbator, infatuated with his sister. The youngest brother is experimenting sexually as well, his identity shattered by the loss of mother. There's quite a bit of pre-pubescent nudity here, which is a teeny weeny bit (no pun intended) awkward rather than downright disturbing. If you're going to tell a tale of moral perversion which hinges on kiddie sex, you should choose a medium that is able to do so most effectively. The novel puts some seriously skewed thoughts in your head, where they belong, and as such I'd recommend it over the movie.

Although on the surface it might not appear similar, **Grey Gardens** does in fact cover similar thematic ground. Here it is the post-pubescent, the downright menopausal, through which we view the fractured mirror of society. At times humorous, at times heart-wrenchingly sad, but always incredibly poignant, *Grey Gardens* is a documentary about two women, born into luxury, who played by their own rules and lost. They happen to be mother and daughter, and also happen to be aunt and cousin to Jackie Kennedy, which makes them literally skeletons in America's closet. Living alone in a deteriorating New England mansion, flanked by all sorts of god-

## BOAZ VIDEO COLUMN

by boaz dror



damned trees, they are the scandal of East Hampton and a blemish on the closest thing America ever had to a royal family: high society. In high school there were always kids who took popularity too seriously, and every once in a while I'd have extrasensory flashes of what their lives might one day become. Usually these epiphanies occurred when these kids stood in the cafeteria line, their clean

complexions ironically juxtaposed on the lunch-ladies' leathery faces as if in a mirror-imaged future. *Grey Gardens* is what I pictured (and daresay hoped) their futures would become. Dwelling perpetually in yesteryear, preaching the beauty of lovers past and dreams unrealized, unable to give up antiquated patterns of behavior and see past themselves for even a moment, these two poor women, once debutantes, somewhere along the line became trapped within their own personalities. The mother never leaves the bed, more resigned to her fate than her daughter, who, with wildly staged



temper tantrums, outrageous tapestries wrapped around herself (she calls it "the revolutionary fashion"), and a misquote or two from Robert Frost, is clearly the star of the show. Directed by the Maysles Brothers, who never made a bad film, the film is more than just the sum of its two characters. When all is said and done it's a meditation on loneliness, old age, and dreams which stands as one of the most unique film experiences ever. After watching this movie I sat down and planned out the rest of my life for fear of ending up like this.

**Torture Garden**, our next garden film and the one which, as the title would suggest, should have been the most disturbing of the litter, is actually the lightest fare. A horribly dated horror pic from the late sixties, it was written by Robert Bloch, who wrote *Psycho*. The film is told in a series of vignettes, all tied together by one guiding plot-line. I can only guess that this format, which was popular at the time, and especially so in Italy, France and Britain, was tied somehow to the growth of television. The story revolves around Dr. Diablo's horrible torture garden (which isn't a garden at all), where for a fee of five pounds you can gaze into the shears of fate, and see your future. Only it's not your definite future. It's your worst-possible-case- scenario future, the point being that when you see it, you will fear continuing your evil ways, and work on yourself. So, unlike other torture gardens, Dr. Diablo's is a constructive horrible torture garden. That's nice. This is but one example of the inherent awkwardness that undermines the film's intended horror effect. And which, by the same token, makes the film so enjoyably goofy. Think *Twilight Zone*, only zanier! The first story is about a flesh eating cat who crazifies this dude into killing transients, to feed his habit. The dramatic close-ups of the cat (who seems so incapable of such a crime) are accom-

panied by the most outlandish musical cues ever. Another personal favorite scene of mine, which had me on the floor with laughter, was the climax of the third story, where the girl is confronted by a haunted grand piano. I don't want to ruin it for you. The quality of the acting is the film's greatest draw. Burgess Meredith, Jack Palance, and Peter Cushing are three of the most disturbing faces in film, and it's nice to see them together, trying to out-creep each other. The rest of the cast is made up of British actors who play it straight, as if it were Shakespearean tragedy, which is incredible to watch. This film brought me out of the garden-induced melange which threatened to destroy me this time around.

And which the next film catapulted me right back into. It is reversely ironic that the film whose title suggests the most peaceful of titles, should be the most disturbing. **Garden of Delights**, written and directed by Carlos Saura, is so disturbing it should have a disclaimer. It's also downright hallucinogenic, in its disjointed reality and domestic paranoia. The central character, Antonio, is a man who has become catatonic. It is never explained how he reached this state. He stares out into nothingness and lives with his family, who periodically stage elaborate productions to try to snap him out of it. He has access to incredible wealth, which they want their hands on, and by recreating scenes of incredible pain from his childhood, they hope to acquire this information. Scenes such as the time his parents made him sleep with the pigs in the sty at night, and the squealing terrified him. The family members all act out these parts from his past, as he sits watching, immobile and oftentimes terrified. The father orchestrates most of the theatrics, often playing his younger self, leading the child Antonio through his memories, including through the memory of the death of the mother. The film takes place on many different levels of reality. There is the skewed perception of Antonio's catatonic mind, the flashbacks to his past, the reality of the true outside world, where Antonio is made to practice his signature (the family hopes to use it to discover the contents of his Swiss bank account) and the theatrically staged reality of his past. Saura is a great director, heavily influenced by the great Luis Bunuel, who was also obsessed with the domestic and social evils of 20th century life. This film is a good introduction to his work.

And there you have it. Incest, despair, horror, and catatonia. Four films, all alluding to gardens, and all doing so ironically, being that all represent exactly the opposite of what a garden connotes. It seems a lot of filmmakers out there share my revulsion for plant life, perhaps having been traumatized in their childhood by gardens of some sort. I can empathize, seeing as I cringe every time I hear the verse, I think that I shall never see a poem as lovely as a tree. Here's to the complete de-forestation of the planet. ☹



## Goodie Mob

### World Party

La Face

Forget about that old East Coast vs. West Coast rap rivalry thing, because the South really has risen once and for all in the form of the rap group Goodie Mob, and from here on out this four man outfit from Atlanta, Georgia may claim rulership of the rap world. Returning to the studio after the success of their last release entitled *Still Standing*, this group has turned from hard ghetto rap to party superstar, hangin' at the Waffle House style rap. Thomas Burton, a.k.a. Cee Lo, is one of the most inventive and intelligent rappers around today, and *World Party* tastefully brings back memories of Lionel Richie and even Ziggy Marley without becoming tired loops. The music on this CD is amazing. They even break out some heavy violin. And to top that off, the Waffle House is mentioned on at least three tracks. That night there puts this disc in tray #1 in my changer. At one point, we are whisked away into the backseat of Cee Lo's car while he and a friend try to hook up with these women outside of a club. They are eventually turned down, even after he offers her a candlelit breakfast at the Waffle House! Now, this really is a party CD. Some tracks are upbeat, and dance oriented, such as *World Party*, *The Dip*, *What It Ain't* (duet with TLC), and *Cutty Buddy*, and all have Goodie Mob's usual in-your-face hard ass vocals performed with utmost flavor, of course. One listen of this at your nearby CD megaplex will have you coughing up the cash to purchase this one for your collection. Check out [www.goodiemob.com](http://www.goodiemob.com) (stabler)



# and tree music reviews by

## F-minus self-titled

Hellcat

A four piece punk rock band ('80s-style, complete with lyric sheet) from Rancid's Tim Armstrong's Epitaph offshoot label Hellcat. This band released a smoking 7-inch a while back but listening to a whole CD is quite a chore. Head nods to *The Exploited* (fast bar chords/repetitive lyrics) and early *Discharge* (politically-inspired wordsmiths) will have yer pierced punk rock cock yearning for the good ol' days of matinee shows, sweaty clothes and subscriptions to *Maximum RocknRoll*. before you know it. Hell, maybe I do like this? At least it warms my heart that somebody is out there doing it right even if it is out fucking dated. (greg e. boy)

## Eastern Redbud Cercis canadensis

National Geographic

I discovered this tree in my back yard last year after noticing the bright purple-ish pink flowers. It turns out that according to myth, this is the kind of tree that Judas Iscariot hung himself in after selling out Jesus to his executioners; an act which turned the white flowers red with blood. It's this story that lends to the tree being called the "Judas tree." Freaky side note to this blurb: I discovered all of this info while sitting in my back yard reading a

field guide to trees and *Good Friday... the day Jesus was crucified according to the New Testament*. How's that for a mindfuck? (greg e. boy)



## Bobby Conn Llovessonngs

Thrill Jockey

BobbyConn's *Llovessonngs* is like some freak of nature find that ties together so many gaps. With cover art similar to a Deee-Lite album, it's a surprise to find his music to sound like an industrial magic show. His voice is similar to Jon Spencer

with a music tone of Nick Cave. This 4 song EP gives the notion that he was planning a psychotic childrens party in his cement basement. Virginia, his latest female participant, gives off a Patti Smith kind of sound. This is just the pre-cursor to his full-length album on Thrill Jockey out this April/May. (leesuh)

## Out Hud Guilt Party 7"

GSL Records

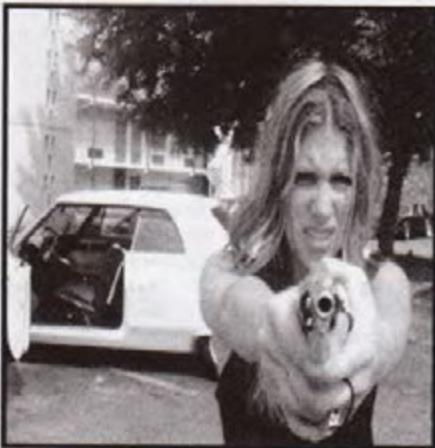
Flail, Johnny, flail. I say in my head as I listen to Out Hud turn around and round. Bursting through the indie underground and tip toeing over to the tulips of dance and jungle, this group from the humble music scene of Sacramento includes former members of the legendary punk rock brigade The Yah Mos. At Slug central, while enjoying the rather opulent decadence of the old 6th Street office, I would smile gleefully down into the streets of the masses with this diddy on the ol' turntable. Talk of taking down the system and conversion of cultural jamming complement this record like a fine red wine does bloody rare beef. You will shake your ass like Jimmy JJ Walker as you shake your fist at the proverbial man. Feel the anger of the underground as channeled by Out Hud little Johnny, and flail, flail, flail. (Smits)

## Jucifer

### Calling All Cars on the Vegas Strip

Crack Rock Records

Ugh! I'll know what to listen to the next time I'm constipated! The best I can liken this album to is the sensation of slamming your head into a brick wall, while in a morphine-induced haze. Blah, Blah, Blah. This is like when you're in the supermarket, and there's



some kid in line in front of you whining and crying cause they couldn't get a candy bar. At first, you try to stay cool, keep your nerves in check, but after standing in line for 15 minutes, and this obnoxious kid is still whining, you lose your patience and scream at the kid, "OOOOOOHHHHH, just SHUT UP!!!". Then you have to leave the store because you've just made a fool of yourself. God I hate that. Maybe Sonic Youth fans, or fans of whiny girl rock will like this album, or maybe a sado-masochist (a really fucked-up sado-masochist) would dig this album. For the rest of the world, save yourself the pain and just fall down a flight of stairs. (McGraw)

## Bob Tilton

### Crescent

Southern Records

Have you ever sat in the common room of your dorm listening to two roommates different types of music battling it out and thought it actually sounded good? Then you'll dig Bob Tilton's latest, Crescent. Bob Tilton isn't a person in the band, it's just the name of some guy. The music is reminiscent of Fugazi at times, good songs with a lot of power and emotion. The singer gets pissed from time to time and

that's a good thing. The band wails on, and the result will most likely be yourself playing this one over and over again for a couple weeks before putting it down. This is a good CD. (Bob)

## The Chicken Hawks

### Siouxicide City

R.A.F.R.

Sleazy, psychobilly with a rockabilly backbeat and bawdy lyrics sung by a half naked, leather-an-laced lovely lady. The label stands for Rock And Fucking Roll Records but I don't hear any rock or fucking roll on this CD. Hello used CD bin! (greg e. boy)

## Damnation

### Drunk & Stupid

R.A.F.R.

At least this record has some fucking rock and roll in it, not like the others I received in the batch from R.A.F.R. (Rock And Fucking Roll). Catchy, dirty street punk rock with ghoulish overtones. Only six songs here so it's tough to say if it's really good or just plain good. (greg e. boy)

# people who care



## The Poacher Diaries

### Agoraphobic Nosebleed and Converge

Relapse Records

Another album to slaughter the stock to. The two bands on the split disc have the potential to kick ass, but fall just short. Agoraphobic Nosebleed plays with maddening intensity. Incredibly heavy and stompy riffs, and lyrics like, "I saw the last mantis today eat its own head and fuck itself", make you want to smash your head into the walls. Ultimately, though, their half of the album goes nowhere, quickly. Heavy guitar riffs are great, but all heavy, and no substance leads to crap. Still, not bad for when you're having "one of those days". From grindcore onto hardcore, Converge left me about as impressed as A.N. At first, they came out strong, and obnoxiously. The singing sounded like my German Shepherd anal-raping a squirrel. Soon the band veered into material that was a bit more listenable. When they want to, Converge can be a very stompy, and halfway decent. They come short in terms of musicianship though. Their tunes were full of opportunities for guitar



solos, or at least experiment with new ideas, but Converge failed to do so. Overall, the album wasn't that good, but it had its moments. This is one of those albums you whip out when you had a bad day, or when you want to drown out your girlfriend for about 40 minutes. It gets 2 and a half out of five. (McGraw)

## Silver Maple

### Acer saccharinum

National Geographic

The easiest way to tell if you have a Silver Maple in your backyard is to see if the tree has those "helicopter" things that fall off the tree and twirl to the ground during fall. If you've spent any time in the Mid-Atlantic states, surely you have climbed this tree or chased those damn things that fall off and twirl to the ground when you were a kid. Hell, maybe you still do try to catch them, I do. In desperate times, you can obtain sugar from the sweet sap, but the yield is low. (greg e. boy)

### TREE KEY, PAGES 50-51 (left to right)

Maple Sycamore, Horse-Chestnut, Afzelia, Alder, Anigeria, Mersawa, Rhodesian Teak, Pau Marfim, Birch, Muhuhu, Boxwood, Brazilwood



## Rob Halverson

### Robinson Ear's Little Whirled of Sound

Jumping Man's Records

At first listen, I suggest the reader picture a warm sunny day at the beach, eyes squinting from the white light reflecting off of the ocean's skin. In the distance a large wave grows, and two dark figures in the distance slide down the wall of this fluid beast surfing

their hearts out. The first man clearly has the right of way heading heroically towards the sand. As you raise a hand to block the sun from your eyes you realize that it is Tom Waits. Just then the second man drops in rudely cutting him off on a giant longboard, sending him to impending doom. It's Chris Issak, that bastard! Both men wash ashore and begin to brawl. Rob Halverson jumps from his beach chair and intervenes, saying, "Can't we all just get along?" He invites the boys back to his house for Cajun food and a keg where it turns out that Dave Matthews is his roommate. (Grant)

## The Quadrajets

### When The World's On Fire!

Estrus

If the South is ever going to rise again, the Quadrajets will be leading the calvary charge. With a revelry cry of "Wide Fucking Open" and a three guitar attack, they'll beat the enemy into submission with their garage-cum-arena rock. Two cuts spell it out for you: "John Lee Hooker Is My Heavy Metal" and "If You Ain't Down With Ronnie V (You Ain't Down

With Me)". Fuck, this band is so badass. Add a lil' Tim Kerr (Big Boys, Lord High Fixers) production (with help from Jack Endino) and you got the makings of the a Confederate rock & roll revolution. (greg e. boy)

## White Oak

### quercus alba

National Geographic

I think oaks are the coolest trees. First off, there are so damn big. A fully mature oak can grow to be over a hundred feet tall and have a trunk over four feet in diameter. Plus they have the acorn. And you can always use that acorn-that-becomes-the-oak metaphor in writing. The downside, as Raleigh, North Carolina experienced first hand during Hurricane Fran, is that those big, old oaks can cause some serious damage if they topple over during a storm. Interesting fact number 25: because of the numbers of these trees in Raleigh, the town has been dubbed the City of Oaks and locals are reminded of this every year when they lower a giant acorn on New Year's Eve. (greg e. boy)



## Human

### Method

Resurrection Management

Austinites Human serve up a refreshing blend of metal and hardcore. I've got to say, it's damn good to hear a metal band today that has some guitar solos! I was in shock when they spanked out the first solo. It's still common to hear solos in death metal (and in acts that have been around before grunge music killed musicianship, like Pantera and Sepultura, etc.), but to hear some decent solos in less extreme forms of metal, is rare at best. This alone earns them a few points. There are some aspects that threw me off. One would be the brief, Chili Pepperish, section in the track "Tengo Goma", that seems out of place, and ill-conceived. In addition, it seems as if something is missing from the band that could be the factor that could elevate them to the next level, and usher them to a brighter spotlight. This album is definitely worth getting, though. I'd give it three and a half flaming guitars, out of five. (McGraw)

## The Drags

### Set Right Fit To Blow Clean Up

Estrus

"Distorto-blues and country tonk" says the press release. "Royal Trux wish they were this good" I'm thinking. Tweaked out blues & rawk by some old school dirtbags from New Mexico that revels in its desert rawk (think Meat Puppets not Kyuss) meets Nuggets-style '60s garage. They call it "Barn Rock." Whatever you call it, it's burning up my cd player.

Special last minute addendum to mark a serious selling point: They do a scorching cover of "Communication Breakdown" (and occasionally sound like the Butthole Surfers). (greg e. boy)



## Joe Louis Walker

### Silvertone Blues

Blue Thumb

Joe Louis delivers up a nice batch of quality blues music on this release. When he teams up with legendary harmonica James Cotton on track 6 "Letting Go," their can be no denying the power of the blues. The critics have been shitting in their pants over this one, and it's easy to see why. (greg e. boy)

## Cobra Killer

### (self-titled)

Digital Hardcore

More headache-inducing noise from the land of Alec Empire. I'm glad to know there's a violent, angry side to techno but really do I need to hear it? Don't kill the cobra, kill the Cobra Killer. (greg e. boy)

## Joshua Bell & Edgar Meyer

### Short Trip Home

Sony Classical

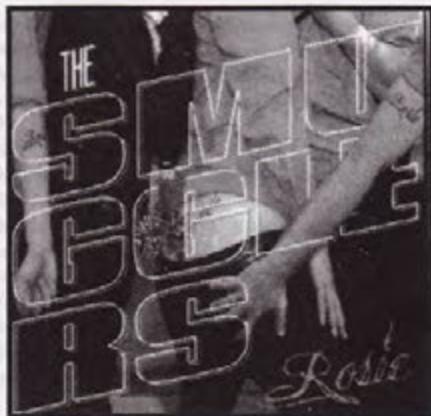
This thing is really fucking interesting. Joshua Bell and Edgar Meyer come from the classical music world of chamber music (strings, Bell plays violin and Meyer stand-up bass) and on Short Trip Home they team up with bluegrass musicians Sam Bush (mandolin) and Mike Marshall (guitar). It's really atmospheric (think Dirty Three) and quite engaging for an all-instrumental album. Also, it's a nice historical example of how similar both genres are: it elevates bluegrass to a high brow level and brings classical music on down to a folk music playing field... and the results are amazing. Recommended for background music at yer next cocktail party that requires mom and pop or any of your other relatives. (greg e. boy)

## The Smugglers

Rosie

Boatramp

Best served with canned beer, by the time the tenth one washes through your bladder your toes are tappin'. Solid Raunchabilly, but polished, and they ought to be, they've been pining away at their sound for over twelve years. They are the party band pissing in the punch bowl. Recorded at Mushroom studios, made infamous by being the site where Loverboy's Workin for the weekend was recorded. If you have dice, cards, or a Martini glass tattooed anywhere on your body, buy this record. (Grant)



## Motley Crue

Live: Entertainment Or Death

Beyond

Jeezus. This was recorded on their '99 tour that found them reuniting with original singer Vince Neil. All the hits are here folks. From the opening track "Looks To Kill" to "Live Wire," "Shout At The Devil," "Girls, Girls, Girls," and the ballads "Without You" and "Home Sweet Home," I have to wonder why I missed this concert. Tits, Bics and drunk rock & roll kicks. If that's what you want, the Crue delivers on this (most surprisingly) live, double CD package. (greg e. boy)



JEREMY BOYLE

## Jeremy Boyle

Songs From The Guitar Solos

Southern

An interesting concept if nothing else, Boyle's six-song CD, as the title hints at, takes the guitar solo we know and love and gets inspired by them and conjures up a post rock/Kraut rock vibe from it all. The tracks ("Kiss," "Van Halen," "Sabbath," "AC/DC," "Zeppelin" and "Jimi") are all lost on me though, and I find this to be one long snooze fest. So this is what the kids are calling music these days. (greg e. boy)

## Enemies

(self-titled)

New Disorder

Damn I can't believe I listened to this shit! I can't believe that I'm risking some type of ocular cancer sitting in front of my computer screen typing this review. Enemies are worse than Green Day with a case of diarrhea. Mundane crappy punk album. That's all that needs to be said. (McGraw)

## Salem Lights

Ivory

Funhouse

Glamorous pop rock by men in skinny ties that wish they were Sweet. This band is right on the cusp — their full-length debut could suck or it could rock in a mighty glam rock way. We're eagerly awaiting the results here at Slug Central. (greg e. boy)

## Q-Tip

Amplified

Arista

The former frontman MC of A Tribe Called Quest makes his solo debut. The funky beats are still there and Tip claims ghetto nigger now: there's talk of bitches and gats. What up wit dat Q-Tip? This dog done sold out. Don't come here looking for all that jazz your old outfit used to do so eloquently. Busta Rhymes and Korn make special cameos. (greg e. boy)

## Indecision

Released the Cure

MIA Records

Wow, these guys (and girl) are totally paranoid. Like X-files on goof-balls paranoid. Release the Cure is one conspiracy theory after another. This album was actually not that bad, though it could have been much better. Indecision definitely gives you your fill of heaviness, but is lacking somewhat in substance. Sometimes I thought that there was more gimmick (such as sounds created to simulate your radio breaking, and countless samples, filled with paranoid rantings), than good music. This is

another one of those bands that could be great if they saw fit to use the full potential of their music. Indecision will make you want to jump up and down, and get all crazy, but ultimately, it's missing something. Too bad, that something cost them a couple of flaming guitars. Two and a half out of five. (McGraw)



LIFE OF AGONY

## Life Of Agony

1989-1999

Roadrunner

Hey, this band had some good songs early on, but do they deserve a ten year retrospective disc? Dunno, but you got it: From their meager, early beginnings as a NYC post-hardcore punk/metal hybrid to full-on goth metal. Thankfully, they've omitted the time when Whitfield Crane of Ugly Kid Joe replaced a disenfranchised Keith Caputo (a common occurrence at the shady Roadrunner label) at vocals. Includes a S.O.D. cover ("March of The S.O.D./Sgt. D and the S.O.D.") as well as Zep ("Tangerine") and Bob Marley ("Redemption Song") covers. (greg e. boy)

## TREE KEY, PAGES 52-53 (left to right)

Utile, Tasmanian Oak, Karri, Spotted Gum, Jarrah, Blackbutt, Guarea, Bubingia, Ovankof, Mengkulange, Holly, Merbau.



**Orangetree**  
**Fixing Stupid**

Jump Up! Records

My mom told me once, at the table in her maternal glow, that the best things were saved for last. So I struggled through the broccoli, turnips, and of course cabbage. But then would come the sweetness of desert. And sometimes if I was extra good, she'd put a cherry on top. Cherries rock. Why am I telling you this? Well, for one I am a complete goof, and two because this is how this record serves up its plate. The first songs are your average run of the mill rock ska, bland, like steamed celery. But then on track 6, I'm Going Ya Ya. They break away and have gone beyond rock ska and you can hear other influences. By track

8, You Know It (an incredible fusion of ska elements and Buddy Holly-esque early Rock) lets you know they have something up their sleeves. What the hell guys? Why can't your whole album be an exploration. This shit kicks ass, why not the whole album? Track 10 What The ... wow track 10. This little number sounds like the New York Dolls came out with a new record. Ex-MU330 singer Jason Nelson really outdoes himself with the chorused vocals. This leads into what I think has to be the best exploration by a ska band, the last track entitled, Felicity. This should have been the first track. What do I know? I'd buy this album if I didn't already have it. It's gonna find a place in my rotation, but I'm gonna start it on track 6. I hope their whole next record is an exploration into the seas of possibilities, with a cherry on top. (smits)

**Last of the Juanitas**  
**Brangus**

Flapping Jet

You know you feel sorry for the bull as they keep stabbing it and toying with it, but you can't help but watch with morbid curiosity. Recorded over a two year period, Brangus toys with you, stabbing and cutting deep from the get-go. An instrumental three piece that has chosen a path from New Mexico, to San Diego, and finally to Portland, the Juanitas have refined a sound close to SD natives Drive Like Jehu, quirky and heavy with song writing that keeps your interests up enough to get over that silly preconceived notion that there has to be vocals. High points are title song "Brangus" and "Anglanarows" and

comes complete with psycho-comic drawn by bass goddess Lana. 8 high-hard ones out of 10. (Jimi Inmee)

**Mountains Goats**  
**Bitter Melon Farm**

Ajax

To paraphrase the Minutemen: "John Darnielle is my Bob Dylan." I have been saved by Darnielle's lyricism many times. The primitive, folksy Mountain Goats turn to the written word and the art of storytelling to "pay the bills" as those baggy jeans-types like to say. Like crudely painted screens in the windows of Baltimore to the street graffiti artwork of Basquiat, the Mountains Goats make music that is art; art that is tangible and lasting. To put it bluntly: It is great. A Mountain Goats record will make you smile, have you crying; you'll chuckle at an obscure reference or nod your head in agreement. Bitter melon Farm is a collection of 7-inch singles, cassette releases and compilation cuts culled together into a must-have release. Not just for Goats fans, but for anybody who appreciates the unique world of the singer/songwriter. (greg e. boy)

**D. Moebius**  
**Blotch**

Scratch Recordings

Drugged-up Kraut rock from the founder of Kluster/Cluster. Dieter (the "D" in D. Moebius) was born in 1944. That alone makes this record fascinating. Blotch is the REAL in sound from way out. (greg e. boy)



**Fraser Fir**  
**Abies fraseri**

National Geographic

This tree is the only native Southeastern fir and most commonly grown to be used as Christmas trees. Although, as a Catholic-raised Christian, I can honestly say that I don't like using Fraser firs for my Xmas tree. It's common in the Great Smoky Mountains in North Carolina and one day I hope to be holed-up there in the mountains living out my self-reliant fantasies while working on my Christmas tree farm. (greg e. boy)

**Various Artists**

**Not So Quiet On The Western Front**

Alternative Tentacles

A re-release of a classic punk rock record from 1982. I don't remember it ever sounding so primitive back then, but damn the energy and angst jump right outta the speakers at you. Two things about this CD are great. First, Jeff Bale's liner notes: he wrote a pretty rippin' manifesto in 1982 and revisited it, writing a new one for the re-release — and comes to some surprising conclusions. And second, you get almost

50 tracks, from bands like Flipper, Fang, Million of Dead Cops, Free Beer, MIA, 7 Seconds and the Dead Kennedys and more, on this CD. But goddamn, are the kids as angry today? (greg e. boy)

**Electramone**  
**Proud**

Washroom Recordings

Once when I was on a trip to California we stopped in to the natural breast museum. The lady was nice and showed us all around, and we even got to see her breasts in a photo from when she was still in her prime. I love breast, as Skip says, "Once you see one pair of breasts, you want to see them all." But what I remember most about that trip was my Surfer Rosa tape was stuck in the cheap ass radio I bought and we listened to it all the way there, up the West Coast and back. I heard Where is My Mind a million times and never tired of it. Electramone must have been on that trip with me in spirit because they

sure do sound like the Pixies, but I don't think I'd like thier record stuck in my radio. It's nice, but they are no Kim Deal and Frank Black. (smits)



**Kid Dynamite**  
**Shorter, Faster, Louder**

Jade Tree

Man, I hate CDs that come in that little plastic package sans art. I don't like having nothing to look at when I'm listening to music. And not having a spine like the rest of my jewel cases, I end up losing/burying a disc like this in my stack of music in rotation for review. There's one saving grace and that's if the music really fucking kicks, I'll remember not to bury it; I'll take the time to switch it out with a blank

jewel case that's looking for some sonic company. Kid Dynamite, unfortunately, will wind up getting buried. Somewhere between the crusty punk of Richmond's Avail to yer basic East Bay pop punk lies Philly's Kid Dynamite. Not very original and not very interesting but I can hear the PR folks cry "but they're great live!" Kids take note: Band features former members of Lifetime. (greg e. boy)

## The Mr. T Experience

### Alcatraz

Lookout!

Could the title of this record be a reference to the fact that the MTX were the purveyors of East Bay pop punk long before folks like Green Day came along? Are they alluding to the fact that the signature Lookout!/East Bay pop punk sound has made them a prisoner of their own making? Well, on Alcatraz, Dr. Frank and company bust out of jail and run wild through the streets. "Naomi" is a sumptuous glam rock ditty that sounds like a Shudder To Think outtake and "Hey Emily" is eerily associated in my mind with Elliott Smith. Of course, there's still plenty of the



group's standard m.o. to be found, but what I think you'll find most with this release, is that you'll be pleasantly surprised. (greg e.boy)

## Michael Hurley

### Weatherhole

Field Recording Co.

His royal Snockness is back! Michael Hurey, cult figure and underground balladeer returns with another twisted folk gem in Weatherhole. His work spans 30+ years and has been covered by Yo La Tengo (Fakebook) and "hippie-jam" darlings, Leftover Salmon. Hurley's songs spin tales of werewolves, bank robberies, hash parties and little gnomes called snocks. Best enjoyed with cheap Chianti and dirt weed, Hurley brings out the inner child. Hell, Sam Shepherd used to play drums for him! Hurley is one of those prized musical finds that leaves you searching for all of his out of print releases for years to come. (trust me) A couple of his earlier records have been re-issued on Rounder. I highly recommend The Holy Model Rounders with the Clamtones. (DiFrank)

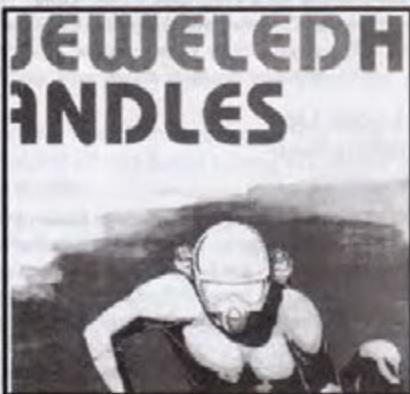
## Children Of Da Ghetto

### Children Of Da Ghetto

Hoo Bangin!/Priority

Friday night, fridge full of OE, blunts burnin' away and a room full of bitches and hoes. Despite the usual misogynistic lyrics, this is pretty decent hip hop. I hear the college frat

boys these days play a unique drinking game to this CD: you gotta sip or swallow booze every time someone says "niggers" or should that be "niggaz"? Regardless, you'll get drunk pretty fast. You got to love ghetto music you can get drunk to. (greg e. boy)



## Jeweled Handles

### (self-titled)

Six Gun lover

Containing a local Austin contingent of musicians, the Handles take a groove and run with it. Circular sounds looping your eardrum, softly lapping the skin. This is great background music for atmosphere. If you like Tortoise, this E.P. will please your pallette. members of Paul Newman, Hades Kick, and Rythm of Black Lines. (Grant)



## Flying Saucer Attack

### Mirror

Drag City

Slow as a goat with a wooden leg should be called Flying Saucer Bedtime Stories, I wanted to review it, but I fell asleep until track 5 began. I awoke with my toes dipped in warm buttermilk and found a decent beat, until the singer remembered that his grandmother was run over by a locomotive the night before. I must say though, these guys do rally and awake from their slumber by the last few tracks, but



Salt for Slugs

most listeners won't make it that far. I suggest popping this in if you have eaten a big bag of mushrooms. The single droning note that you hear for a straight hour will suddenly become profound and magical. (grant)

## Planes Mistaken for Stars

### Knife in the Marathon E.P.

Deep Elm

Melodic punk with heart and soul, visions of skateboards dancing in my head. The guitarist may as well rip his strings off and whip you with them, while the drums and bass strap you down and padlock you with rythm. Great abstract lyrics. The singer sounds as if he's screaming his last breath. Included are an excerpt from Baudelaire, a bonus song, and a picture of a dead guy. Highly recommended. (grant)

## Anthrax

### Return of The Killer A's

Beyond

Oh, the wife will like this one. And she'll most likely torment me with this disc during those five hour roadtrips back to Maryland from North Carolina to see the family. Highlights include "Indians" and "Antisocial" featuring original singer Joey Belladonna, their cover of Public Enemy's "Bring The Noise" and "Fueled", the band's ode to the poet laureate of the gutter, Charles Bukowski. (greg e. boy)

## Beau Sia

### Attack! Attack! Go!

Mouth Almighty/Mercury

Pretty decent Asian-flavored trip hop. Borders on spoken word, if I had to file it under something. Or under "skit hop" a la Prince Paul. The strange thing about this CD is that the jewel case has a price tag on it that reads "Rockaway Records" and above the record store name it has the date (8/01/99) and below the price (\$0.99). Now I know Rockaway is in LA cuz I used to shop there. But I haven't been on the west coast in over 5 years. So how this landed in my hands is beyond me. (greg e. boy)

## Teddy Morgan and the Pistols

### Lost Love And Highways

Hightone

Teddy Morgan is kind of cross between Dave Alvin and Buddy Miller. A quality singer/songwriter steeped in his Americana roots. Look for a features in alt.music e-zines. This is smoky bar music; this is crying in your beer music; this is good music. (gregeboy)

## TREE KEY, PAGES 54-55 (left to right)

Laburnum, American Red Gum, American Whitewood, Ekki, African Walnut, Magnolia, Evergreen Oak, Mangrove, Robinia, Willow, Sandalwood, Light-red Meranti.

## Tricky Woo

### Sometimes I Cry

Sonic Unyon

Hey man, this is what I'm all about: big heavy rhythms, beefy riffs, fuzzy, wah-wah psychedelic interference... and a whole lotta Who. Blue Cheer. Damn. This is leather vest, Camero rawk. I'm getting laid, baby. Step back. Thank you Tricky Woo. Endnote: Track three ("Born Due") slays me. (greg e. boy)

## Loose Lips

### Talking Trash

TKO Records

You wouldn't think a group who sings about rumbles, lipstick, and boneyards would make it further west than the Bowery. But Loose Lips, whose lead singer sounds like a mix between Tom Verlaine [Television] and Mick Jagger, surprisingly make San Francisco seem a little cooler. They're for people who like Bud in a bottle, bad breath, motorcycles, shit-talking and lgg. The singer/guitar player, Shane White, is by far

the best part of the band. "Let's go out and get liquored up. I feel alright with you"- it's text book trash rock good for playing in your T-bird on the way to the drive-in and not much else. If you buy their first LP "Talking Trash", you'll sell it back in a year but my guess is they're a great live show. (Amanda)

## Records for the Working Class

### compilation

Deep Elm Records

Women always bitch about what kind of players guys are, just ask Ray. But like Michael Jackson once said, "You need to start with the person in the mirror." Women break hearts and are just as careless with emotions than us with the penis. A listening to the new Deep Elm, records for the working class (the pink one) will confirm it. I've long been a fan of many of the bands on this album, and Brandston's Blindspot is the best fucking love song I have ever heard, hands down. A thing to note of the none music variety in that Deep Elm has moved to Charlotte, NC, away from the hustle and bustle of the big city, but still is in

touch with the funk, quiet desperation, and soft gray light glow of fluorescent lights bakery shift at 4am anyone who has had a real job knows. Well worth the price, I suggest the vinyl if you can find it, if not the CD will do just fine. Choose ass picks are the new Pop Unknown cut, Camber's hollowed-out, Imbroco, and the tearjerker done by Cross My Heart. Not a bad cut on the compilation, just what we'd expect from Deep Elm. (Smits)

## Nebula

### To The Center

Sub Pop

I don't have any pot at the moment, so any conclusions I offer up on this band should be immediately dismissed until I find something to pack into the bong. That aside, Nebula formed from the outcasted ashes of Fu Manchu's guitarist Eddie Glass and drummer Ruben Romano (with bassist Mark Abshire) and has since been putting its former bandmates to shame. (greg e. boy)



## Cadillac Tramps

Live!

BYO Records

I was totally surprised by this album. I had this sinking suspicion that it would be a load of crap. I just knew it was going to be crap. I was pleasantly surprised. There are several reasons to check out this band that is sometimes referred to as "swamp boogie punk rock and roll". Reason 1: Excellent, richly textured songwriting. Especially for a quasi-punk outfit. Reason 2: They are a damn good band. If it wasn't for the cheering crowd, there would have been several occasions where I would have forgotten that this was a live album. These guys know how to manipulate their instruments. Reason 3: Their seemingly obnoxious lyrics are actually quite entertaining. Reason 4: It was fun to listen to their album. Pick this album up. Don't let the White Zombieish artwork fool you. Cadillac Tramps are nothing like the industrial metal giants. This is just a damn good, quirky albeit, band! This album gets four flaming guitars out of five. (McGraw)

## Hot Stove Jimmy

### It's a System

Jump Up Records

Sometimes 'the more, the merrier', is not always true. This ska, hardcore, metal, punk, whatever band has ten members. It's all just a little too much. Sometimes there is something to be said for simplicity. A large band works for some groups, like Slipknot, and for Pink Floyd, who has at least a dozen musicians onstage when they play live. In this case, though, there are too many things happening at once. I think these guys are trying to multi-layered, but end up being obnoxious. There may be something there for these guys, but right now, they have too much going on. I think if they scaled back a bit and focused their

efforts, they would be worth taking a good look at, but now, they seem over-bearing, and obnoxious. In addition, Hot Stove Jimmy seemed as if they were trying too hard to rub against the grain. It's okay to not follow the beaten path, but these guys try too hard. The music doesn't seem to come naturally. It sounds forced. Maybe next time for these guys. (McGraw)

## Kingsbury Manx

### (self-titled)

Overcoat

I could scream out "Tortoise." Mumble "Pink Floyd." Nod and give a wink and whisper "Sonic Youth." Kraut rock. Math rock. Psyche rock. "Neutral Milk Hotel." I don't care what you want to call it: it will take you where you want to go (if going's something you want to do). Warning! Keyboards. (greg e. boy)

## Stratford Mercenaries

### Sense of Solitude

Southern Records

This band is the answer to the question, "What would happen if you gave a group of retarded orangutans instruments, and forced them to write an album at gunpoint?" Well, after they stopped throwing their feces at one another, they would come up with this flaming load to vomit upon the unsuspecting public. I mean Goddamn. Why would you waste your time doing something like this. My little sister has come up with better crap than this on her little one-octave xylophone. Maybe this is a joke that someone is playing on me. I can't imagine anyone seriously putting out an album like this. Steve Ignorant (clever name) has really made my day. I mean, usually, I've got a whole lot to say when an album sucks. I usually bring up how it made me want to vomit on my dog, or get an anal

probing, but I'm just speechless. It's like watching someone you love felate a goat. What do you say to that? Really? The songwriting and lyrics were terrible. Childish. Inane. Drivel. Poo. Sad. Weak. Damn you Steve Ignorant! (McGraw)

## Mudhoney

### March To Fuzz

Sub Pop

This posthumous release from the granddaddies of grunge pretty much gives you what you'd expect. It culls hits from the band's seven albums, various 7-inch records and odd compilation tracks. But, by the far the best thing about this collection is the band's selection of covers from the likes of Fang, The Adolescents and Void. Yes Void my friend. Even better are the liner notes penned by Mark Arm and Steve Turner that explains the genesis of the songs. And in the case of the cover tracks, elementary education: "Go buy this band's first record now." Oh, did I forget to mention it's a comes in on three vinyl LPs? You can just hear that beer can in my hand popping open right now can't you. (greg e. boy)

## Hot Snakes

### Automatic Midnight

Swami Records

The Swami says "you must possess this record." And the Swami is right. Comprised of John Reis (Rocket From the Crypt, Drive Like Jehu, Pitchfork), Rich Fork (Drive Like Jehu, Pitchfork) and Jason Kourkounis (Delta 72, Mule), this record delivers the goods. Hard charging, biting guitars and terse, heavy rhythms... what's not to like. If you were a fan of any of these blokes' previous bands, you'll surely not be let down here. You don't hear em like this anymore. (greg e boy)

## Pop Unkown

### If Arsenic Falls Try Algebra

Deep Elm Records

Some of their songs I can actually picture the scene in the bar or ill-lit coffee house, where the antics of trying to find yourself occur ever so randomly. Feel the slim-blade enter your back from the pearl-white hand of some sadistic indie rocker girl. This album would be great for a rainy day where all you do is look outside and think about "what could have been's. As per usual, this record reflects the Deep Elm motto of "not aspiring to be the biggest, just the best label to it's bands and a reliable source of quality independent recordings to Deep Elm kids throughout the world." And yes, it has found it's way into my rotation, especially when I think of a girl in NYC. (smits)

## Mycomplex

### If We Keep Moving

Headhunter

See people, DIY does pay off you fucking cry babies. Otherwise I would never be blessed with giving you this review. From Mt. Clemens, MI comes one of the hardest working bands, and kings of self promotion. And thank Allah. With driving guitars and interesting back beats and drum play, Mycomplex draws you

into their world of raw emotions and day dream notions youthful angst, except their dream of escaping is coming true. Their release on Headhunter is my favorite from this label for quite awhile for one simple reason. Mycomplex does not true to overwhelm you with sound, hiding usually a lack of skills. In fact at times, it is so simplistic and technical it almost sounds like inverted math rock, definitely an after effect of Midwestern influence. They get major points for not losing my interest over the course of the album, like most bands of this genre do. You boys just keep rocking, and make sure to spread the word of DIY with your success. (smits)

## Boxcar Satan

### Days Before the Flood

compulsive

Close the door and put on your seat-belt. This highly charged offering from one of San Antones' best bands will take you for a ride. A well balanced mix of frantic, yet solid guitar work, a kick ass rhythm section and at times a Tom Waits-ish growl makes songs like "Devil Times Five", "Snake Oil" and "Toothache" personal favorites. These guys have been main-stays in the central Texas scene for the last couple of years, and for good reason. 9 high-hard ones out of 10. (Jim Inmee)

## Rythym of black lines

### self titled E.P.

sixgunlover

You can set your watch by this, solid times, ringing notes, hands going round and round, and intermittent voices alarm you when needed. I picture these guys grabbing a thick rope, tying it around a huge ham, and jumping on the back of a horse to search the plains for something to lasso. As the arms tire from swinging the rope above their head, they realize they have already caught a ham. In other words, they needn't add anything to their sound. Good name, good songs. (Grant)



## Kid Brother Collective

### Never Trust Yourself

Doom Nibbler Records

You don't have to be completely brandead to realize that amongst all of the bullshit CDs that are manufactured on a daily basis, that at least a handful are worth more than one listen. The people at Doom Nibbler obviously not only know this, but have created a bridge, making it even easier for numbskulls who are basically beaten down by what is overstimulation, to appreciate music. They've put together a 15 minute CD that represents some great songwriting and energetic music that not only scratches your back, but then pats it afterwards and encourages you to keep fuggin' it. Yea, this is emo-core stuff, no doubt about it. Short and gets to the point, but not without

rocking it out on the second of the three tracks on this disc. However, the third track bored me to death and I don't ever want to hear it again. So like Meatloaf once said, "Two out of three ain't bad." (stabler)

## Malcolm Holcombe

### A Hundred Lies

Hip-O

OK. This guy sounds like Leon Redbone. Did I lose you there punk? Leon Redbone? You know, that dobro playing guy who sounds like he's got marbles in his mouth and has lived on a diet of Marlboros and Maker's Mark. There songs 'bout travelin', women and heartbreak. But now, why doesn't that surprise me? I bet mags like No Depression go apeshit over stuff like this but myself... I'm sending this to the used bin at the local record store. (greg e. boy)

## Mindless self indulgence

Frankenstein girls will seem strangely sexy  
Elektra

Beastie boys featuring Freddie Mercury playing live at a Pac-man competition. Track two, Bitches, contains the oh so popular, zany interpretations of black project culture by nerdy white kids. If Weezer had found a Moog in their parent's basement they would have made this record. Self described as Industrial Jungle Pussy Punk. I think they are half right, the second half. With titles like Faggot, Dicks are for my freinds, and Holy Shit, I think that the band name says it all. (Grant)

## French Paddleboat

### Conversions In Metric

Scratch Recordings

Highly appealing Kraut rock from some teenager named Scott August from British Columbia (that's Canada for you geographically-impaired types... hey I know are public education system sucks!). Now let me tell you a little story. When I was younger, like say 12, my oldest brother had a really decent record collection. I often got bored with the family hijinx and hibernated to the basement where I would sample records from his collection: The Who, The Clash, Lynyrd Skynyrd, Genesis, Kraftwerk and Tangerine Dream. I had no idea if what I was listening was quality music or not, but it all seemed so interesting and so different. Years later, I would pinch most of the decent rock stuff from him. But one thing I regret not getting was those Tangerine Dream and Vangelis records. Very atmospheric stuff, and when I started to sink heavily into the independent filmmaking vibe, I couldn't help but think how these would make great soundtracks to my I-wish-I-was-Stan-Brakhage celluloid tinkers. Then I became a music critic. Then Chicago got ahold of the Kraut rock-cum-electronica buzz. But none of that stuff (Tortoise, Isotope 217, blah blah) never sunk in. French Paddleboat sinks in. Story over. (greg e. boy)

## TREE KEY, PAGES 56-57 (left to right)

Afara/Limba, Makore, Lime, Obeche, Elm, Virola, Parna Pine, Incense Cedar, Cedar, Port Orford Cedar, Yellow Cedar, Sugi.



ABOVE: Palm, (Galveston, Texas) photo by Grant BELOW: White tree with gumball looking things on it, (Austin, Texas) photo by Hsu





**deep elm records for the working class**



**the appleseed cast**  
mike vitale cd \$12



**seven storey mountain**  
based on a true story cd ep \$9



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kite in the marathon cd ep \$9



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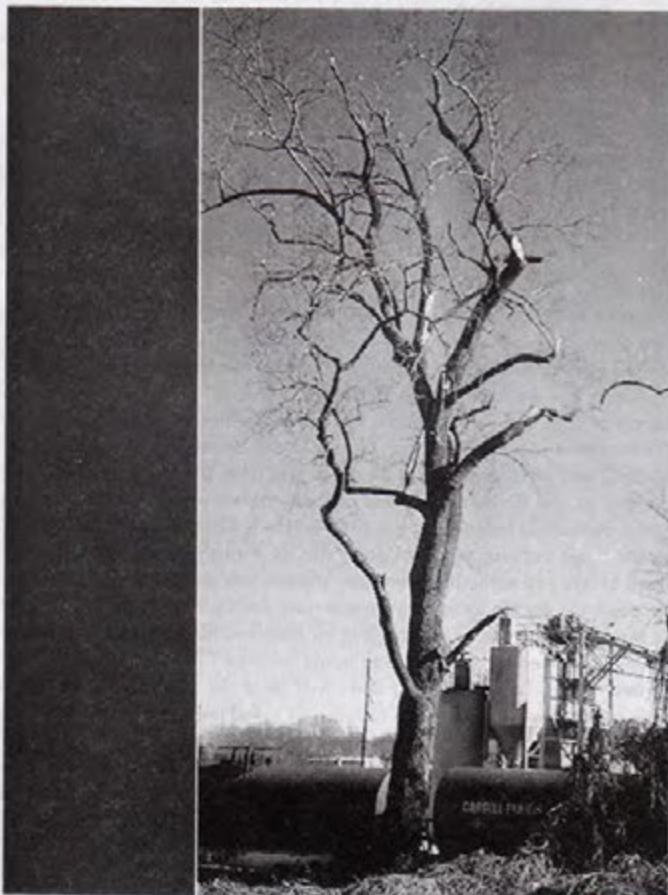
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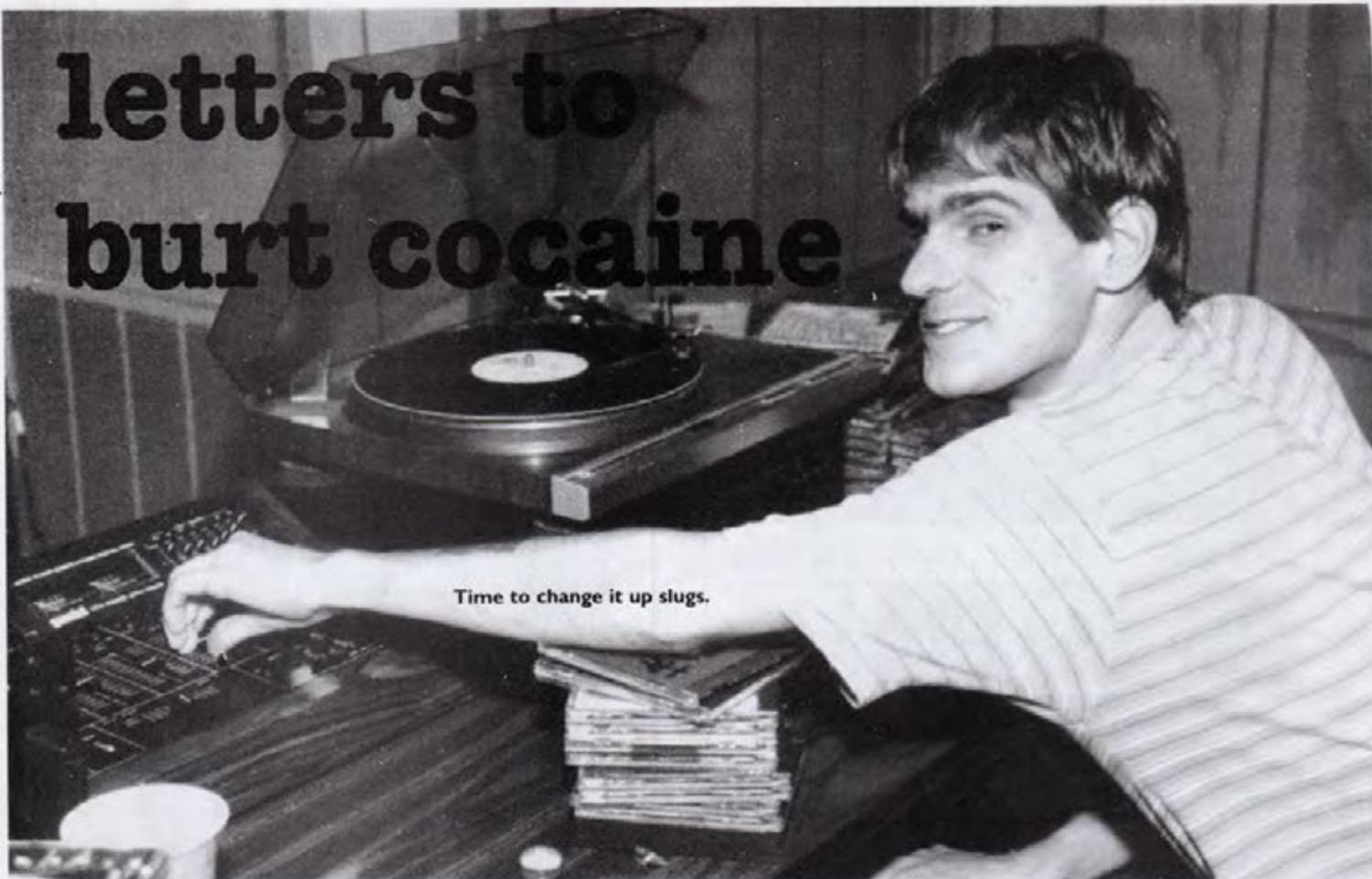
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Looming North Carolina Trees photos by Greg E Boy



# letters to burt cocaine



Time to change it up slugs.

Burt-

Hey man, I never got to thank you for that Angel Dust you gave me at that last Slug party. When you told me about that prison riot that you were involved in I thought you were just kidding. My Uncle was locked up with you and said that it's true. He said you stabbed that guy in the leg for extra potatoes. I wanted to go to that after-hours prosthetic party with you and your entourage of strippers but I was having crazy visuals. That shit was so pure I thought you had a beard with crabs in it! Do you remember me crapping on the floor in front of everyone? Man, those Slug parties really get out of hand. How did you meet those guys and how did you attain Superstar status? Please write back.

Yours Truly,  
Drugged in Dallas

*Drugged, I don't have any idea what in the hell you're talking about. Are you sure you have the right Burt Cocaine? I've only spent a little time in lock-up, and I did once stab a guy for fries, but that was only after pouring turkey gravy all over him and stomping on his right ankle. -bc*

Cokeboy-

If I done told you once, I done told you twice. Quit fucking giving my goddamn phone number to your Heroin dealer, your Parole officer, and your pain in the ass wife. I can't keep covering for you shitball. Hell, I can't even get to you anymore now that you're always in those V.I.P sections of all the clubs and press parties. You owe too many people Burt, you're living on borrowed time. All that money you made from your Black market Bestiality business and you can't share the wealth? Those Slug boys may be the Austin Mafia but they can't protect you for long. Your Wife said to hurry up and call her, she has Herpes and her Pimp is beating her again. Your Parole officer said you're facing twenty more years when he catches up with you. And your dealer says he's going to cut off one finger for every thousand dollars that you owe him, so you better grow ten more fingers fucker. I know you don't want your dirty laundry aired in your column of stardom, and I know about your millions of teenage

fans, but through your goddamn rag is the only way to get in touch with you anymore. You're in deep shit Coke, and my phone is dis-connected,

Your ex-partner,  
Jess Carblehaur

*Oh, so that's how it's gonna be Jess? I'm glad these guys at SFS have decided to print your crap because now I'm mad. I openly invite you at any time to get your sorry self over to where I'm at so I can kick your fucking ass brother! You want a cut from my business? For what, you pathetic shit? It was all me, all along. I never saw you coax any women into bed with Mr. Ed you half-assed fuck. -bc*

Hey Burt-

I wanted to invite you to our annual Homeless BBQ! From what I have read you seem to be into some really crazy stuff. We are all down on our luck and we're between the ages of sixteen and twenty five. We hang out on the Drag in Austin, but we have friends in college towns all over the U.S. We have a bunch of dogs and harass people for change for fun. We make up nicknames for ourselves too, like Scuzzface, Greazy D, and disease leg. We use a trashcan to BBQ and we stick anything on there, shit from the dumpster, scraps people give us, and Bernie put a piece of fresh roadkill pigeon on there last year, and it cooked up real good. I got a leg. Bernie is like our leader, he is showing us the ropes because he's been doing this for a long time, he's forty eight. I do need to ask you something seriously though, and please keep it confidential, it could ruin my life. When my parents sent me here to go to the University of Texas I met Bernie, he was begging for beer and huffing turpentine, and I sat down and talked to him for three hours because I felt bad for him. Then he invited me to the Annual BBQ and I met all of the kids that he was friends with but they were really mean to me, they called me Daddy's Girl, Richie, and preppy cracker. I decided that they were right, these people are fighting against corporate America, and I wanted to be one of them. So I went to the thrift store and got clothes, rolled in mud, ripped them up, and wrote cool band names on them, and then they liked me. But that's not all, here is the worst part. I got a big tattoo of a wrench on my neck, and then some tribal designs

on my face. I can't believe I did this but Bernie introduced me to LSD and did the work for free. My parents in Michigan think I am doing fine. I call them all the time on my calling card. How do I tell them? I sold my Lexus and threw away my cell phone but my friends say that I'm not keeping it real because I still live in the dorms. When I go panhandling with them they say I'm faking the funk. Have I made a bad decision Burt? Is there any hope for me?

Emily Jorgenson

Hey, I remember you, yea, Wrenchneck, that's right. Don't you remember going into the alley with me a few months ago for a bottle of Dr. Pepper? You're a great girl. -bc

Dear Burt,

With your underworld ties I was wondering if you could take care of something for me. See, there's this guy who says he is my friend, but every time he gets drunk he seems to talk shit to all the wrong people, like you do. Though you kick so much ass that people let you slide, this guy just is a putz. I was wondering if you could give this guy a mandatory as whipping, or what would you suggest?

Jerome Roam

You think I talk shit to all the wrong people? Now who's talking shit. I know a hard ass mutha by the name of Sergeant Nun, whom I've had the unpleasant experience of tangling with on a regular basis in this very column, who will tear you a new asshole in a heartbeat if we ever get anymore mail from you Roam, you piece of shit! Any dimstore psychologist could see right through your disguise. You and I both know you're talking about yourself. So, unless you want me to send over the Sarge (pictured, frames 13, 14, & 15) to wrap tin foil around your face and whip you with a hot piece of scrap metal, I'd suggest a written apology for this bullshit. -bc

you no longer send us explicit pictures of your escapades. We have no room for that kind of thing here. Even though you only pasted your face on top of the actual people who performed these acts, it still makes you just as guilty.

Dr. Johnson

Director of Sheep Cloning

Listen Doc, that was a very serious and scientific analysis of a certain aspect of human behavior that we just don't seem to want to address in these times. My research has been called, "Pioneering", so put that in your pipe and smoke it. And about the stuff that was sent, I cannot be held responsible for the irresponsible acts of my fans. -bc

Hey Burt Cocaine-

I'm getting tired of hearing shit from you and those slug guys about how much my band sucks. Listen man, we've fucking had enough. At least we try to rock, while you lame-asses sit around at talk shit. Oh, so you're putting out another issue of Salt for Slugs? So fucking what man. The Corndogs rule man! We just did another six song demo yesterday and I'm gonna jam it everyday and night until you sorry fuckers have to go out and stand out!

your neighbor,

Gil Finetti

Gil, you shameless self-promoting son of a bitch! I bet you have a website too. Well listen up, I'm gonna download your shit and send it to Littleton. Maybe some of the maniacs at Columbine will become obsessed with you. -bc

Dear Burt,

Day in and day out I listen to my sister talk about your antics and I'm sick with tales of you doing burnouts in your heap outside my parents house. Will you ever grow up? I remember back when you were just a nice kid who loved music and the

outdoors, and never had to pull pranks to get attention. What happened Burt? Why have you chosen to hang out with degenerates instead of developing your talents as an artist? As for you hanging around Beth, I can't believe that my little sister has grown up to be one of your sluts. It's a disgrace to our family and our neighborhood every time you come tear-assing through here in that piece of shit hotrod. I don't want to see you around here anymore and I mean it.

Brent Ferguson

Oh Brent, don't fret. Your sister has plans of her own. She is moving to New Orleans next month to pay her debt to Rattlesnake Jack. -bc

Burt Cocaine,

I understand that you have a keen understanding of the art of macrame. I'm interested in taking a good class. Any suggestions?

No. -bc

Hey Burt,

Okay, I know you have expertise in this area, so I thought I'd write. You see, I am making midget porn in Mexico and things have gotten a little hairy. I mean that in the literal sense. You see, this lady actress, a hot little little 3 foot number had more hair on her back than George the Animal Steele. I mean, I know most men have what I like to call the "Robin Williams" fetish for back hair, but this film is about a marauding band of cock hungry midgets on mopeds. See the paradox? DO YOU SEE IT? My god man do you see the inherent possibility of the universe collapsing if I don't shave that midgets back? So should I just off the peck in a snuff sequence or mow her hair with a John Deere?

Randy Waynes

Director of "Mopeding Midgets Making Mayhem in Monterrey, Mexico

Whatever works. -bc



Dear Burt Cocaine,

As per your letter, yes it is possible for a human male to impregnate a sheep. Though the fertilized egg will only germinate for 2 weeks before the female sheep aborts the abnormality, you can still express your love for your favorite ewe with risk of a full term pregnancy. There is actually a commune you might want to look into outside of St. Louis, MZ where zoosexuals like you can go about your business without being judge. I know you have long been an advocate of PUB, (People for Understanding Bestiality), and we really appreciate all the letters you send us about your "field study" on sheep sexuality. The only thing we ask is



# Seven Things You Should Know About Caring For

# TREES

 **The National Arbor Day Foundation®**  
www.arborday.org

**1 Don't Top Trees!**



Never cut main branches back to stubs. Ugly, weakly attached limbs often grow back higher than the original branches. Many arborists say that topping is the worst thing you can do for the health of a tree.

**3 How to Make a Pruning Cut**

**Large Limbs:**

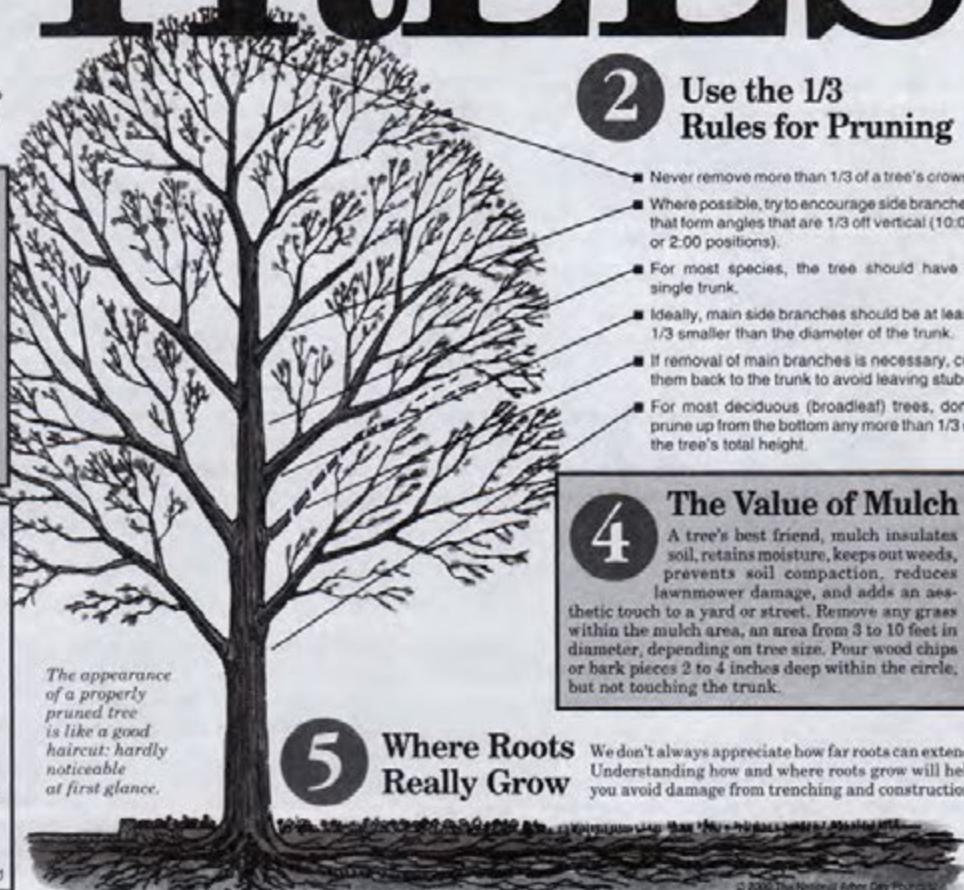


A: Make a partial cut from beneath.  
B: Make a second cut from above several inches out and allow the limb to fall.  
C: Complete the job with a final cut just outside the branch collar.

**Small Branches:**



Make a sharp, clean cut, just beyond a lateral bud or other branch.



**2 Use the 1/3 Rules for Pruning**

- Never remove more than 1/3 of a tree's crown.
- Where possible, try to encourage side branches that form angles that are 1/3 off vertical (10:00 or 2:00 positions).
- For most species, the tree should have a single trunk.
- Ideally, main side branches should be at least 1/3 smaller than the diameter of the trunk.
- If removal of main branches is necessary, cut them back to avoid leaving stubs.
- For most deciduous (broadleaf) trees, don't prune up from the bottom any more than 1/3 of the tree's total height.

**4 The Value of Mulch**

A tree's best friend, mulch insulates soil, retains moisture, keeps out weeds, prevents soil compaction, reduces lawnmower damage, and adds an aesthetic touch to a yard or street. Remove any grass within the mulch area, an area from 3 to 10 feet in diameter, depending on tree size. Pour wood chips or bark pieces 2 to 4 inches deep within the circle, but not touching the trunk.

**5 Where Roots Really Grow**

We don't always appreciate how far roots can extend. Understanding how and where roots grow will help you avoid damage from trenching and construction.

*The appearance of a properly pruned tree is like a good haircut: hardly noticeable at first glance.*

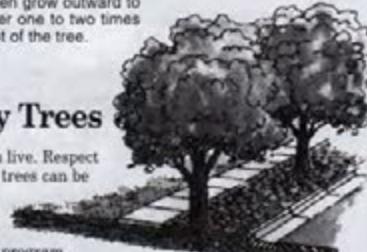
**6 Girdling Kills Trees**



Girdling is caused by weed trimmers, lawn mowers, chained dogs, etc., that injure the bark of a tree trunk, extending around much of the trunk's circumference. Such injuries destroy the tree's most vital membranes. These layers conduct water and minerals from the roots to the leaves, and return the food produced by the leaves to the rest of the tree.

**7 Your Street Trees May Be City Trees**

If you live in a town or city, the trees near the street (often between the sidewalk and street), are probably city-owned. The city should have a program for planting and caring for these trees. Support the Tree City USA community forestry program where you live. Respect local ordinances as to what trees can be planted, how to prune, etc. Encourage your town to fully fund a quality tree-planting and tree-care program.



- Because roots need oxygen, they don't normally grow in compacted oxygen-poor soil under paved streets.
- Most of the roots are within 18 inches of the surface.
- Roots often grow outward to a diameter one to two times the height of the tree.



**Join The National Arbor Day Foundation and get 10 Free Flowering Trees**

When you join The National Arbor Day Foundation, you will receive 10 free flowering trees to plant in your yard. The ten trees are 2 White Flowering Dogwoods, 2 Washington Hawthorns, 2 Goldenrain Trees, 2 American Redbuds, and 2 Flowering Crabapples, or other trees selected for growing in your area.

"These compact trees were selected for planting in large or small spaces," John Rosenow, the Foundation's president said. "Your free flowering trees will give your home the beauty of pink, white, and yellow flowers, and also provide winter berries and nesting sites for songbirds."



2 White Dogwoods, 2 Flowering Crabapples, 2 Goldenrain Trees, 2 Washington Hawthorns, 2 American Redbuds

The trees will be shipped postpaid at the right time for planting in your area, February through May in the spring or October through mid-December in the fall, along with enclosed planting instructions. The six to twelve inch trees are guaranteed to grow or they will be replaced free of charge.

Members also receive a subscription to the Foundation's bimonthly publication, *Arbor Day*, a membership card, and *The Tree Book* with information about tree planting and care.

**Join today, and plant your Trees for America!**

Yes! Please send me 10 FREE Flowering Trees, and free French lilyac. My \$10 membership contribution is enclosed.

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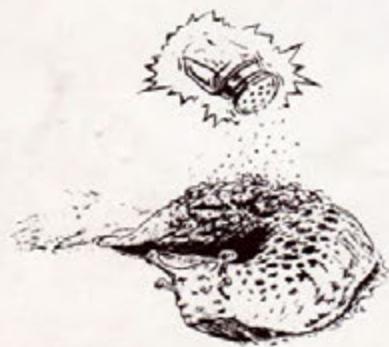
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