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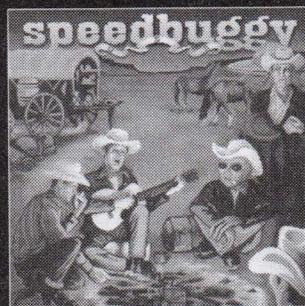
Breakfast
of
champions



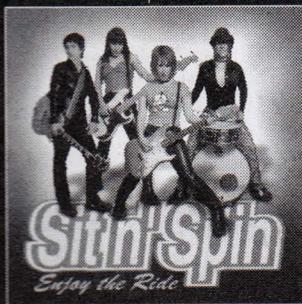
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- BAM
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Speedbuggy USA
Cowboys And Aliens
HED-088



Sit n' Spin
Enjoy the Ride
HED-087

Unlike most girl groups these days, Sit n' Spin isn't grounded entirely in punk. This is straight-up rock and roll, complete with guitar god licks and plenty of pretty snarls.

•Aiding and Abetting

If you like garage rock with cute girls with a 50's lyrical style, and an extremely great sense of melody, then Sit n' Spin is for you.. For fans of Junior Varsity, Dressy Bessy, and the 5,6,7,8's. Lots of ground covered in a small area.

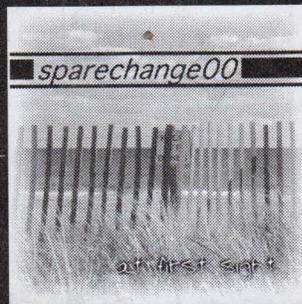
•The Bee's Knees

A nice amalgamation of recent punk trends, from pop to emo to hardcore and back again. Sparechange00 mixes and matches, assembling some of the better punk anthems I've heard in a couple years. Wholly addictive.

•Aiding and Abetting

...At First Sight finds the band continuing to grow in both songwriting and diversity, its trademark fiery punk anthems alternating with some more melodic fare.

•Canton Repository



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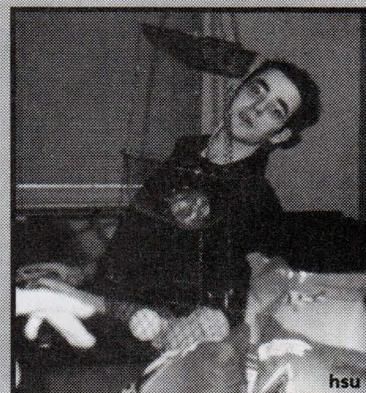
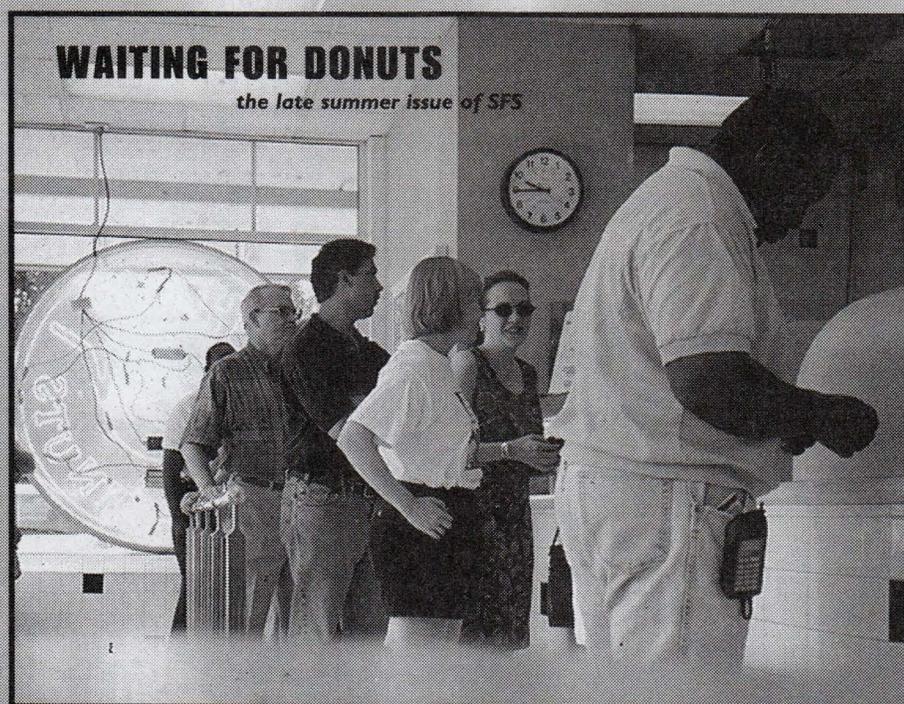
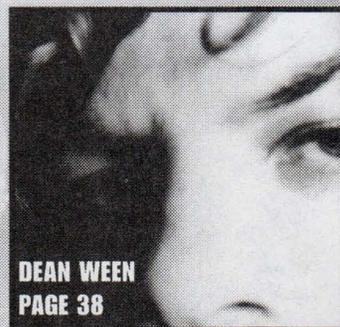
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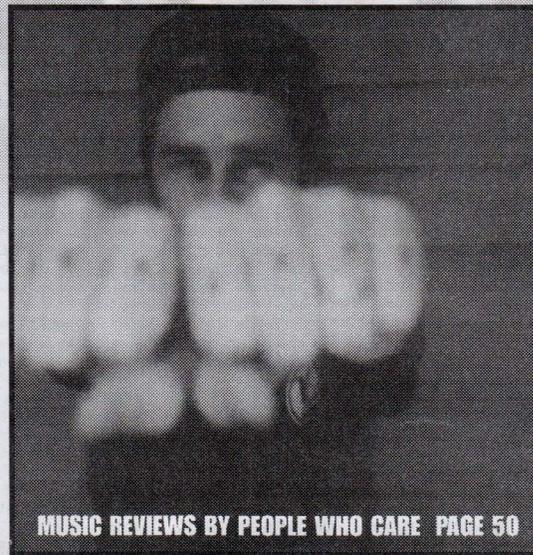
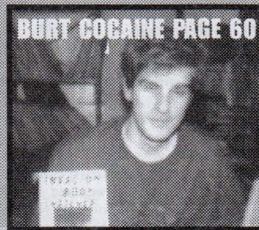
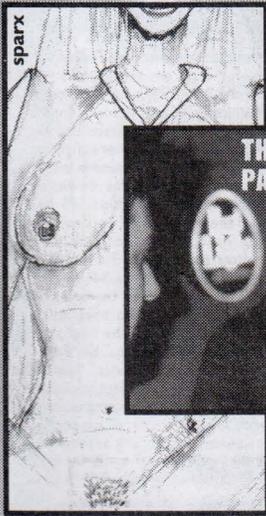


donuts & cops

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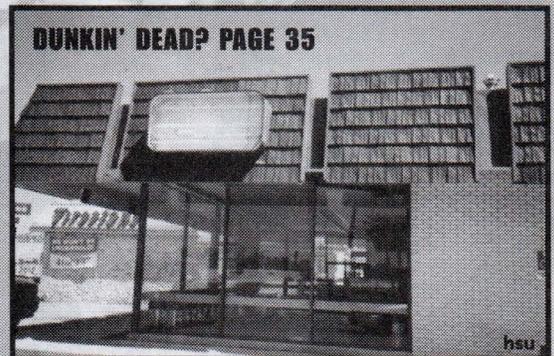
Salt for Slugs # 13

Volume Four, Number One Summer 2000

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cover photo by Greg Barbera
back cover illustration by Charles Lawrance



EDITOR'S NOTE:

I recently saw an ad for headache medicine where by taking a couple of these new "easy to swallow" pills you would basically be able to control a tornado. I love ads like that. Fantasy is the only thing that keeps anyone going in these times, why not use the deepest fantasy to sell some over the counter crap? As for headaches, there have been plenty at Slug Central, which now has branched out to New York and San Francisco, tallying up to four, yes, four SFS outposts to the US. Maybe the headaches were worth it. Boaz continues to be the SFS correspondent in Israel, and trained sales associates at the Tower Records in London are telling the execs at SFS to keep on keepin' on because things are heatin' up on the Slug front. Ran Scot's webmastery has for the past three years continues to baffle and perplex the cyberworld. SFS is dot com in the truest sense. What has been happening at the SFS site over the last two months goes to show any naysayer, "Step the fuck back", and not because Chucky's back. The website has been getting more hits than ever and the reason is that none of us will relent.

Speaking of not relenting, I must take a moment to pay tribute to a man who has given new meaning to the term "Soul Glo" with his bumpin' new jeri, but also stands out in my mind as one hell of a sous chef. His name is simply, "Chozet". Pronounced "show-zay", (not Chazit, like "Chazit in da closet"). Anyway, he is in a perpetual state of sauce creation, puree meditation, fruit salsa gyration, and plate temptation! He slings more specials than a superstar used car dealer on a hot Sunday afternoon, and somehow maintains a positive attitude even in the deepest of shit. As a waiter, with a pretty good perspective on how restaurants work, I'd say that if there is any sense in this world, "The Water Buffalo" will actually be a restaurant one day. Hats off to the man who paid respect to "DIGIT NIGHT!" and was always ready to "enchy my lada".

Since this summer issue is actually an early Fall issue, readers can expect that the next issue of SFS will be a Winter issue. Judging by the delays and minor setbacks, the chances that a fourth issue for the year 2000 will be released are slim to none. That's just the way it is at Slug Central, and since we have no one to answer to but ourselves, you can bet that it's completely legit. Instead of slamming ourselves with the task of going to press prematurely, we're gonna sit back, sip on some rum and cokes and let it happen naturally, the SFS way.

Greg E Boy has been tappin' away at the keys of his Mac for the past month, trying to figure out exactly what in the hell he's going to do about the massive amounts of music and mail he's been getting lately. As I mentioned earlier in this editor's note, it hasn't been an easy task to get this mag out four times a year, while attempting to maintain some sort of life outside of our day jobs (and/or night jobs). Sure, maybe there is some one

who would expect us to go monthly. That's something we've always imagined doing, but harnessing enough cash for the good Slugs to maintain and grow? So many questions, and so many speculations. Our readers can rest in knowing that SFS will prevail, and nothing will come between us and the next issue, no matter how long it takes to come out.

I recently spoke with one of the guys in the band The Onlys and we had a very interesting discussion. The reason he called was to find out if we received their CD for review and if we were going to give them any press. I informed him that Brian Carr, SFS Music Reviewer Who Cares, had already given the disc quite a few listens and that he had scribbled out a unique and interesting piece on their CD. Shocked and surprised in a good way was his response, and then came the question, "Why is it so difficult for us to get press? We contact so many people, and most of the time come up empty." I laughed, "It's funny, you didn't even have to call us." He laughed and then began talking about the responsibility of reviewers to actually listen



to the CDs they receive. It seems like these days absolutely everyone has their own CD. I mean think about it. Anyone can press a CD, design their own liner notes, and gain access via the web about you to send it to. None of this was possible just fifteen years ago. That's right, no CD burner at the crib, no websites, and no high-tech computer design at your fingertips just waiting for you to come up with an idea. Back in the day, you'd have to bust your ass to get a 7" out, and then, who would listen?

The problem that technology poses in this arena is an obvious one: complete saturation of the marketplace. Greg has the task of going through about 20 CDs a day, and that takes the time and perseverance that few writers these days have. The whole "You scratch our backs, we'll scratch yours," thing only goes so far. Sure, some magazines wouldn't review fringe music submissions because of the fact that the music isn't available in stores. So there isn't anything for a consumer to purchase, unless they buy directly from the musician, and who would profit from that? What a pathetic reason not to print a review. What it boils down to a lot of the time is simply lack of time. There are only a certain amount of hours in each day, and a CD can be up to an hour long. We all know that listening to even ten CDs a day would make even the most dedicated music lover a jaded critic, so how is this problem addressed and what needs to change?

First of all, music editors around the world are realizing that they need to grab a hold of as many able individuals they can find to listen to and review music. This is more true now than ever. That's why at Salt for Slugs, we only accept submissions from people who care.

That is, people who aren't paid to write reviews. No pay!! Yep and this is why. You can just e-mail us the reviews for free, and the whole back scratching thing can take a back seat to plain old opinionated reality. It has to be that way, so there. Advertisers and bands alike, take note, any press is good press. Hasn't that been

said before?

So why do an issue on donuts and cops? Has the fat cop at the donut shop stereotype been too played out in American society? Never. Even though we only found a few of our bacon-esque friends showing down on the round treats, we still wanted to reinforce in our reader's minds the notion that cops just sit around on their asses and eat fattening crap when they should be out there fighting crime or something. Why? Because Burt Cocaine is never above a sound verbal thrashing of any of his unwitting opponents, cop or no cop. However, the staff at SFS has always extended their use of the word "cop" to describe anyone who does something we don't like. So don't be a cop and write some angry letter to us about the issue.

Submissions over the past few months have been many, and I wanted to take this space to thank all of the talented and thoughtful people around the world who have taken time to send stuff in to SFS. Among some of the best stuff we've seen this past month would have to be Eddie Frederickson's Condition: A Millennium Calender! Spelled like that too. Twelve pages of some of the funniest stickman drawings ever, one for each month. Eddie is most assuredly a disturbed individual with a good sense of humor to boot. He states inside his calendar that he will assemble a book entitled, "Y2K: Year of the Ass Captain". Look for it at the end of the year. To reach Eddie, write him at: P.O. box 70, Syracuse, NY 13210.

Another great work was sent to the SFS offices in its trademark paper bag wrapper; a great new release by Texas poet William Brian Massey III. I tried contacting him to ask if we could reprint a little cop story contained in this new issue, but we never got a hold of him in time. This little pamphlet contains some of Massey's cherished staples: drunken stories, poems, and some unique blank pages of assorted texture and color. Massey's advice on dating, stories about the consumption of cheap beer (Pabst Blue Ribbon for \$8 a case, a couple cases of Falstaff, etc, etc), and an overall lack of respect for anyone including himself, make for a great and easy read. The funniest thing was

when he was described how he liked his neighbor at first because he saw him pull something off his foot and start chewing on it, but then when he saw the man take a gulp off of a Lite beer he had no respect for him. True grit in Texas still alive, believe it. To see his work, write Genuine Lizard Press, P.O. Box 2044, Ft Worth, TX 76113.



As usual, many thanks go out to all of our contributors and advertisers. The transition from local zine to international magazine has not been easy, and without some of the funds we've received from smaller local advertisers here in Texas, we wouldn't have been able to print. Believe it or not, it still costs a significant amount of

cash to print a simple black and white magazine. In the near future, look for more color in SFS, along with a full color cover. We will be adding more pages as well, so writers and artists shouldn't hesitate to send stuff in for our perusal. Burt Cocaine would like to thank his constituency which has lofted him to all-star status, with high fives all around from Ran Scot, Raymond Grant, Paul Sparks, Greg E Boy, and yours truly. It isn't easy being the poster boy for this cutting edge periodical, but Burt takes it all in stride and we have all basked in his abrasive honesty and friendly smile.

This issue is a small victory.



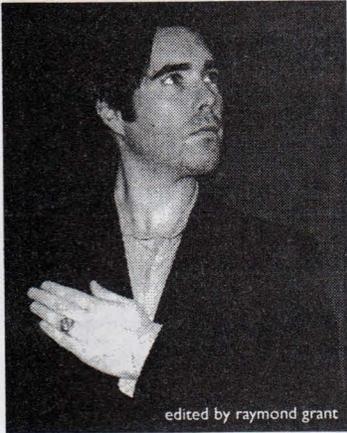
Greg E Boy self-portraits



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A Delicious Decision

Words to live by:



edited by raymond grant

"CRIME ISN'T a disease, it's a symptom. Cops are like a doctor that gives you aspirin for a brain tumor." -Raymond Chandler

"Injustice is relatively easy to bear; what stings is justice." -H.L. Mencken

"The enemies of freedom do not argue; they shout and they shoot." -William R. Inge

"The moment the slave resolves that he will no

longer be a slave, his fetters fall. He frees himself and shows the way to others. Freedom and slavery are mental states." -M. Gandhi

"So long as men worship the Caesars and Napoleons, Caesars and Napoleons will duly arise and make them miserable." -A. Huxley

"The South African Police would leave no stone unturned to see that nothing disturbed the even terror of their lives." -Tom Sharpe

"However harmless a thing is, if the law forbids it most people will think it wrong." -W. Somerset Maugham

"The soul of any civilization on Earth has ever been and still is art and religion, but neither has ever been found in commerce, in government, or the police." -Frank Lloyd Wright

"When politicians and civil servants hear the word 'culture' they feel for their blue pencils." -Lord Esher

"The tradition of all the dead generations weighs like a nightmare on the brain of the living." -Karl Marx

"There is no class of person more moved by hatred than the motorist, and the policeman is a convenient receptacle for his feeling." -C.W. Hewitt

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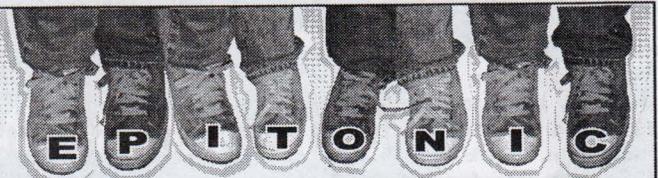
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TEAMO BIGG'S GHETTO COP STORIES

A Day in the Life of a Rookie Ghetto Cop

One day when I was a rookie, I realized that a city cop learns and does more in one shift than a small-town cop does in a year. I had about a year or so on the street and I thought I had seen and done it all.

My first run of the day was for a family fight. Fairly routine stuff really, so I rambled into the house not thinking too much about safety. As I tried to decipher what the fat woman was trying to say to me, I saw a fat man running towards me with a barbecue fork in his hand. My service pistol jumped out of my holster and into my hand. I yelled, "Drop the fork, man!" The fat man acted as though he didn't or wouldn't hear me and kept on coming. I yelled some more and took a tactical stance and removed the slack in my pistol's trigger. Then I saw it...just like on the old Batman shows. I saw a spinning newspaper coming closer. When it stopped I saw the headlines..."Officer kills man armed with a fork!" I decided that I would just have to be stabbed. The fat man then looked at his fork and said "Ooops, I forgot I was holding this thing." He went on to tell me that he needed his special sauce, and he was running to retrieve it quickly before his chicken burnt. The original fat lady was going on about her son who wasn't there as I left.

I left quickly because a run for a man with a gun was broadcast. I arrived on that scene first and as I investigated, two other policemen arrived. I had the rear, and they had the front. So far, so good. As I walked with my pistol drawn, I noticed a mongrel, dirty, probably rabid German Shepherd following me on the other side of a fence. I thought to myself how lucky I was to be on the other side of it. Then the fence ended and the dog was looking at me like a piece of beef. Once again, I took out the slack on my trigger and thought, "I have to kill this dog." Right on cue, just as I decided to actually press the trigger, the dog cocked his head, as if he knew he was about to die. He then looked off in the distance and pranced away, wagging his tail.

That incident ended without incident, and I was off to another assignment when a car I passed got my attention. I remembered the tag as one from a stolen auto and I began to chase it. Soon after, four young dudes bailed out of the car and ran towards a residential area. Another Officer came to assist me, and as he was faster and in better shape than I was, I let him take the lead. One of the bad guys leapt a fence with my partner right behind him. The bad man was grabbed in mid air, wrestled to the ground and handcuffed to a pole. I thought this was very smooth, and I thought I should do the same to the guy I was right behind. My suspect leapt the same fence, and I was sure I had him now. I leapt just like my partner. I grabbed a handful of air and landed in a Weber kettle with something or another grilling on top of it. My bad guy got away. I ran off before the owner of the grill could find out what happened.

My next assignment, after I changed my uniform shirt, was for another family fight. A mad husband punched his wife and then threw the family dog at her. I arrested him and charged him with assault with a dangerous weapon/pooch, and with cruelty to animals. As I was processing his arrest, I noticed the time. I only had six more hours until check-off.



Remington or River

It was about two days before Bill Clinton's second inauguration. Everybody at work was consumed with the upcoming detail that promised boredom, frozen toes and long hours. I was driving in circles and avoiding trouble when the call came across the police radio: "Scout car 41, respond for the robbery hold-up in progress." I answered and began to drive to address given. The only thing in my head on the drive over to this robbery was that I would probably catch this bamma and have to go to court in the morning.

Three or four minutes later, I arrived in the block and saw a taxicab sticking out of a nightclub. I thought that this was not in fact a robbery, but maybe just a bad traffic accident. Just then, a group of bystanders pointed down the road in an attempt to point out the bad man sprinting down the sidewalk. I finally looked in the right direction and saw my suspect running away from me with an angry band of taxi drivers following. The bad man had a silver pistol in his hand and I later discovered that he had used this pistol to rob the same cab that I saw earlier. The driver of the cab would have no part in losing any of his hard-earned money and purposely crashed into the nightclub to escape. Unfortunately for the bad man, the nightclub was right next to a taxicab headquarters and garage, thus the angry mob at his heels.

Realizing that Ford Crown Victorias are much faster than I am, I threw 41 in drive and hopped the curb in a flying U-turn worthy of Steve McQueen. Narrowly missing a mini-van and oddly enough a Taxi, I headed towards the bad man. Two blocks later, I arrived at the angry mob and they all pointed to the frozen river below the bridge we were on. As my back up arrived, I saw the bad man running along side of the frozen river. My additional help was in the form of a youth services officer, and she quickly and flatly refused to chase the bad man with me. I remember the words "Fuck that!" coming from her mouth.

I then decided that I still needed a partner, so I popped the trunk and grabbed a Remington model 870 shotgun and began to run down the stairs and alongside the river. The bad man turned left, and began slipping and sliding, traversing the frozen river. I remember telling the dispatcher that I was chasing one with a gun across the river. I later learned that my co-workers did not believe me and thought I was trying to be funny.

As I got closer to the bad man I began to break through

The Prostitute Catcher

I was working in the newly established anti-prostitution unit in a ghetto in Washington, D.C. A ten-block area was over run with sin, and we were charged with its elimination. Now these are not the types of girls you have in mind. Nothing even close to the Las Vegas showgirl. Most folks drive through and wonder if these girls actually are paid for their services. These are D.C. hoers. 75 to 80 pounds of smelly crackhead.

The Chevy Cavalier of justice seemed impossible to fool anyone, let alone experienced pros. This in mind, I eased up to my very first prostitution negotiation. Not knowing what to say, and receiving no training, I draw a blank. I am thinking that it must be painfully obvious now that I am not just a goofy white guy, but a goofy white cop. Finally, I blurt out "How much will it cost a guy to get his dick sucked?" Miss hoe replied "You a cop?" I look around and say, "Do I look like a cop?" She states that it will cost me ten dollars plus a five-dollar tip.

As the girl hops in my car I begin to drive down the street to the pre determined arrest site. I am comfortable with this new strange situation, because I am only a few blocks from 20 of my closest friends. The girl says, "Turn left here." I ramble something about knowing a better place and keep driving ahead. Now my new friend freaks out and begins to scream and punch and claw and kick. She is screaming rape and she is demanding to be let out. As she opens the door, I realize that I have indeed lost control of this situation. I run down my list of options. Plan B arrives in the form of my service pistol, and I figure the effect would be greater if it was placed against her head.

Instant calming effect. I said "I'm the police, now shut the fuck up and sit still." She did. As I pulled into the arrest location, my new friend was crying and said something about her kids. I couldn't listen as I was on my way back out for another.

This went on all night until we had the patrol wagon full of ladies. One woman stated from inside the wagon "I want to speak to that man's boss, he licked my pussy!" Then as if rehearsed, 10 of my newest and best friends all claimed that I had indeed done just that. The wagon started up and the first complainant of pussy licking said "That's about enough for tonight boys, lets move 'em out."

I found out later at the station two things: One, that what you say on the street seems really cool until you have to write it down on an arrest form, word for word. Secondly I discovered exactly what the secret contents of a prostitute's handbag really are. Every single bag contained the same stuff. Change, phone numbers, eye drops, a crack pipe, a half of a pack of Newports, and lots and lots of tissues. I quickly learned that in future I would describe these things on the property tag as I bag of worthless belongings.

This is the way it went for a few weeks. We would switch locations every day or two and I found myself arresting the same girl again and again. Who said prostitutes were smart. I would pull up next to the arrest team every ten minutes or so, and both the prostitute and myself would be arrested. After the girl would be placed in the back of the wagon, I would have the cuffs taken off and I would go out for some more. This was

the ice. First only an inch or two, but then more and more. As we both came to the center of the river, the ice was firm and there was no more falling through. We both came to a barge that was trapped in the ice, and I followed the bad man up and on top of it. I could not believe it, but then, I found myself crossing a frozen gangplank onto a second barge. I then saw four electric company workers to my left, frozen in fear as well as just plain frozen. They all nodded to their left, in the direction of the bad man who was now backed to the edge of the second barge. The bad man screamed "Come here!!!" in the direction of the workers. One worker replied "I can hear you just fine from over here."

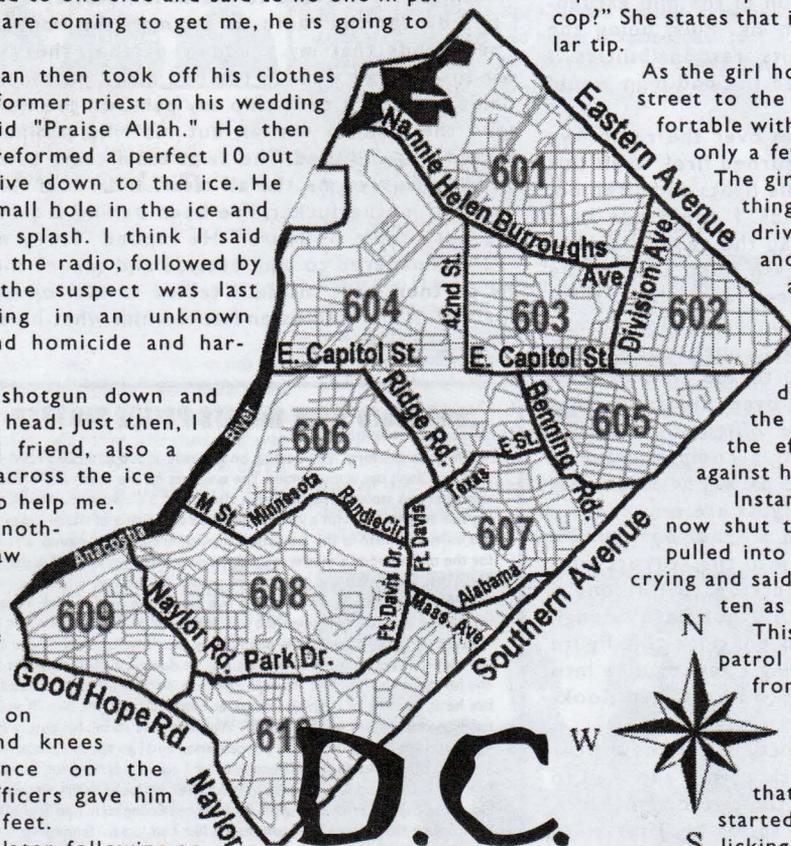
I could now finally look at the bad man face to face, as I was standing 15 feet from him. As I racked a round into the chamber of my shotgun, I yelled "Dude, just drop the gun!" The bad man looked at me for what seemed an hour, then he cocked his head to one side and said to no one in particular "They are coming to get me, he is going to get me."

The bad man then took off his clothes faster that a former priest on his wedding night, and said "Praise Allah." He then turned and preformed a perfect 10 out of 10 swan dive down to the ice. He produced a small hole in the ice and there was no splash. I think I said "Oh fuck." on the radio, followed by "Dispatcher, the suspect was last seen swimming in an unknown direction. Send homicide and harbor branch."

I put the shotgun down and scratched my head. Just then, I saw my good friend, also a cop, running across the ice in an effort to help me. Then I saw nothing. Then I saw a blue popsicle spring out of the ice shivering. He then crawled to the shore on his hands and knees vomiting. Once on the shore, two officers gave him a hand to his feet.

Two hours later, following an unsuccessful dive, I was still standing on the barge. I was thinking that after so many years as a policeman, that I could still see unbelievable things. As the part of the river I was standing on was far from anyone's home it was selected as the explosion point of the inaugural fireworks. A surreal event got even spookier as the fireworks boomed 40 feet over my head. I sat down and wondered if the bad man drowned, was killed on impact or actually got away. I dismissed getting away, because even James Bond could not pull this one off.

The bad man was found four months later, a mile down the river. No one mentioned my partner's cowardice. The two officers on the shore were given medals of honor. My friend caught many diseases from the river. And I am now known as the guy who makes people walk the plank. I think of him every time I pass that bridge. I can't remember his name.



working fine until one day my official fielded a complaint. The investigation centered around why the policemen in the area were arresting all the prostitutes and letting all the white guys go free. More paying attention, less complaining please.

My stint as the hoe-tamer was cut short one day when I approached a girl I had never seen before. Following my patented rap about sex for money, she said " Fuck you police, you can suck MY dick. ". I knew my career in this field was over, and the arrest team does less work anyway.

Cover and Concealment

I remember it being summer. Very, very warm and sticky. It was a busy night and I thought it would be over soon, so I could relax a bit. I was not really listening to the radio, but something caught my ear. This might be worth a look, I thought to myself. I figured it to be a run of the mill garden-variety footchase that I like to get in on. Plus, being the "fastest whiteboy in Southeast" has its responsibilities. I headed slowly in the direction I guessed the bad man would pop out.

Then I heard a friend of mine scream over the radio "we have returned fire, I repeat, we have returned fire!" Well this was definitely worth a look now. I put the lights and siren on, and drove to the location of my friends. I could not hear much over the sirens, but I thought I had the general area.

The location I am speaking of is a trash filled alley in the rear of a housing project that has been a shithole since Moses was a teenager. I threw the car in park when it was doing about fifteen miles an hour and hopped out on the move. In front of me was the alley and to the side, a three story garden apartment unit. I heard over the radio that some person had fired his rifle at two officers while they were stalking badmen in the rear of this complex. And as alleyways are in these situations, it was dark. For some reason, people all behave when the streetlights are on.

I saw the open window and noticed a shadowy figure. I honestly did not know if I was looking into the correct window, but something told me to pay attention to this one. I saw the figure in the window again. I did not have enough information, nor a good enough view to consider this figure a target, and I really wasn't up to popping a few rounds into grandma as she applied her beauty cream, so I just kept looking.

The next second I heard this little voice. It was the officer from the radio saying "Pssst, get the fuck down." I looked to my left and in a long thin shadow, were the two original officers in a position not unlike two folks spooning. They were trying to stay in the shadow, and out of sight. In a brilliant tactical move I said loudly "WHAT." Both officers pointed to the very same window and whispered "Gun."

To make up for my complete lack of combat tactics I quickly decided to be somewhere safe. I then noticed my sergeant was well placed to my right behind a telephone pole, and farther down the alley was my partner, behind the hood of our car. I saw my chance. A dark shape was in front of me, just past a pile of trash. I dove to my safety and gathered that I was behind a disused refrigerator. I was so proud that all my training paid off, and I was now in a position for the upcoming gunfight.

We waited like this for what seemed like two hours, but in reality it was about thirty minutes. We asked for the swat team to come and do whatever it is that they do in these situations. I added to the request by stating that I needed to be relieved or covered or something in the back of the alley. One of the officers in the shadows whispered to me that the guy inside was blasting away with at least one rifle and one shotgun just prior to my arrival. The other officer stated that

he had shot back a bunch, but he couldn't tell if he had hit anything. Then the first officer lit up a cigarette, which lit up the whole area. The second officer punched him in the face and the cigarette went out quickly. As I stared in disbelief, I heard "I'm sorry, I just couldn't wait anymore."

About ten or twenty minutes later, my arm was beginning to tire from aiming it at the window. I decided to tactically and carefully rest my wrist on the top of my life saving refrigerator. My pistol, my arm and the whole cardboard box that refrigerator's come in all fell to the ground in a thud. I started to think of bullets not even coming close to slowing down when they go through cardboard. Now I wanted to light a cigarette. With my luck, I would have burned my cover to the ground.

I stayed that way for another hour. I wasn't so much scared as tired. Following the swat teams forty-seventh meeting, they decided to storm the castle. Five minutes later, I heard over the radio to summon the homicide detectives. The rounds that my shadowy partner shot all went in the window and all went in the bad man's sternum. He fired nine times and didn't even chip any paint on the walls. I had in fact seen the gunman earlier, but his rifle jammed and then he passed out and died. The swat team came to the rear of the building to give me the all clear, and I said "Nice kevlar helmet you motherfucker, I've been behind a cardboard box for the last couple of hours!" He replied "Sorry, man."

I was ordered to stay outside and secure the entrance and my partner went inside. I talked to him on the surveillance channel of our radios and asked him what he saw. He replied "Nice grouping." 

...and more from the SFS POLICE BLOTTER

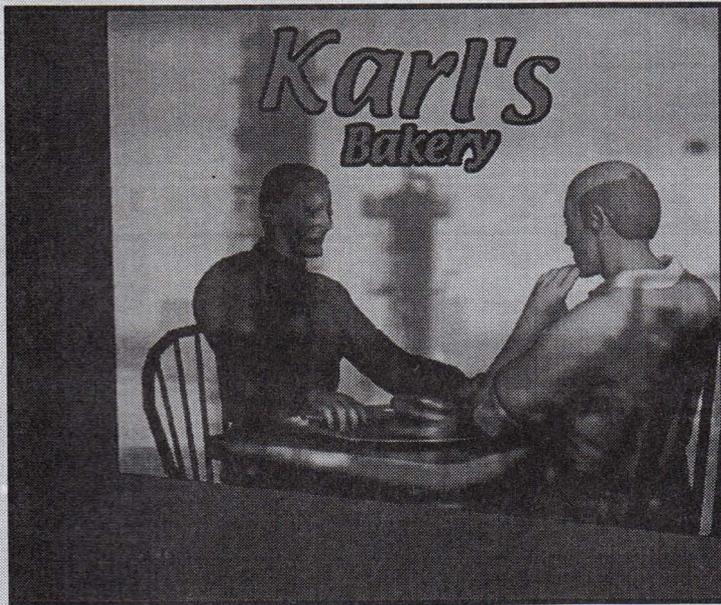
1) We get a call for a man beating on a female at 3rd and Mass NW. It's a little out of my area so I don't pay it much mind. The units get on the scene and broadcast the description and what was stolen. It seems that a black male, 5'8", wearing all black, except he was wearing red sweatpants with a red stripe, went up to one of those ladies who sell flowers on the corner, hit her in the face, took the flowers and her money and then started to wait for the metrobus at a metro stop. A witness sees everything. So, there I am at 3rd & H st N.E. Then, I hear that the guy hopped on the X2 bus and is heading eastbound on H. Yeah me. Well, I am sitting there and the bus passes me. So, I am following the bus waiting for my backup to get there when the bus pulls over to let someone out. Well, who do I see? My suspect walking out of the bus holding the flowers and the poor ladies cup that holds the money. I pull in front of the bus and he doesn't even see me yet. I get out of the car and he looks up. "Oh shit" he says. The man is about 50 years old and he looks both ways like he is thinking of running. I look at him and I just tell him "If you are thinking about running, you are out of your mind." Well, needless to say, his butt is locked up.

2) Here I am pulling out of the police station and I go about a block when my partner sees a man hunched beside the drivers door of a car in a parking lot. So, we decide to stop the fine DC citizen and see what is going on. Well, he looks at me and we start to talk to him. He doesn't speak a lick of English. So, I start speaking to him in Spanish. I ask him what was he doing to that car and he looks at me like I am crazy. Something is wrong with this guy so, I decide to search him. I noticed that there is a bulge coming out of his side. I thought that he had a knife. Well, then he starts to get a little flaky. He starts to yell "I'm a cook" and he starts to resist. I guess he thought that his Kung Fu was better than mine and lo and behold, he is on the ground. I grab where the bulge was and there was a handle. And what do I pull out? A damn spatchula. Not a little one, but an industrial size spatchula. He keeps on yelling "I'm a cook". After finally getting him up, he reeks of alcohol. He is polluted. He had fallen on the car because he couldn't stay up. He couldn't even tell me his name. Unbelievable.

3) Here's another one for the books... One of my partners sees a Toyota Corolla driving down the street occupied by 3 males. At this time he is on the corner and all three kids give him the deer caught in headlights look. Also, they forgot to use their signal and didn't come to a complete stop at the stop sign. So, he gets behind the car and turns on the sirens. POW! The doors fly open and everyone starts to run. Driver runs eastbound on H and the passengers run westbound on H. Unknown to the passenger at the time, there is another Police Officer right up the street on H finishing a report. He runs right in front of her car. She gets on the radio and says "He just ran right by me!" And there I am coming eastbound on H. I see a blur run into the Murray's Market on H. So, me and 3 other officers are walking through. We approach the poultry section and what do we see. A male approximately 15 years old looking at meat with a \$20.00 in his hand all out of breath. All around him are women buying groceries. He is the only dude there looking at a pork chop like he has never seen one before. He looks at me and he quickly looks back at the meat. I look at him, cross my arms and sigh loudly. He looks at me and says "Aw man...I didn't know the car was stolen!" and puts his hands in the air. All the ladies look at him and scoot on over away from him. I asked him, "Why did you run then?!" "I dunno" was his response. -submitted by James Day 

Karl's Bakery, Where the Workers of Yesteryear Wait to Die Tomorrow

article and photos by Ran Scot



Though several of my tales of Gulf Coast Texas life may make it sound romantic and alluring, I mean who wouldn't want to be bathe in the warm soothing lights of magnesium flares and have their lungs wonderfully filled with such exotic chemicals as agues Regis and benechloride. Why I may have made up these compounds, the story I am about to relate to you is real, as real as reality television anyway. Woe to the man of no education, living on the coast of Texas, for there are only two avenues for taking home the bacon, shrimping and plant work. Though catching ocean bugs for tables around the country may sound kick ass, losing hands and fingers just doesn't do it for the ladies like it used too. That my friend is why Daddy Dow and his gang always had a large pool of men to work in what can only be called the Thunderdome of Life.

For forty years you get to dodge bursting pipes of sludge that can melt your skin clean off. Explosions! Wee! Huge gnarly mechanical devices just ready to rip your arm off like some sick Metropolis nightmare. Woe to the man of no education, living on the gulf coast of Texas.

Now, lets say by the grace of god you survive the gauntlet with your senses and all major appendages intact. Good job! You've won a few years in retirement! That is if you didn't get exposed to some witches' brew of molecules, whereas, my good man, you get this gold watch and about six months to live before the cancer kicks in. But the company thanks you and Dow will give you a wooden plaque with your name on it! Seems all worth it now doesn't it?

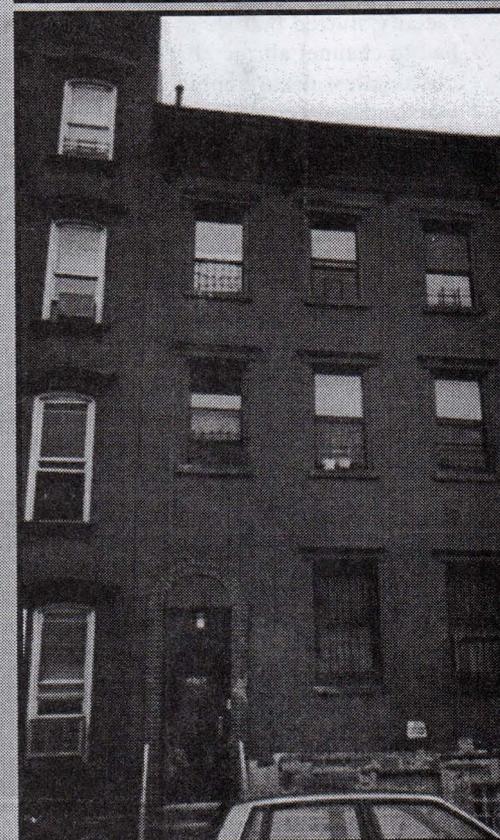
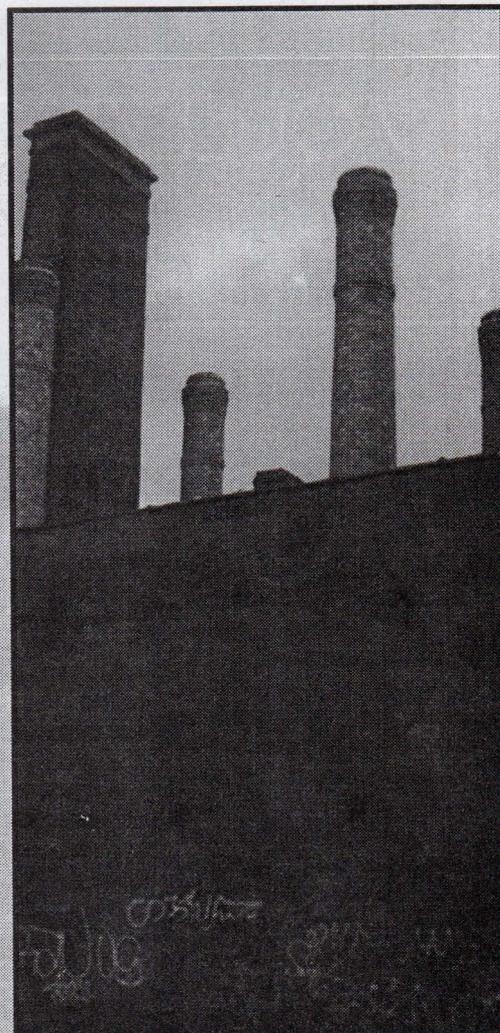
But back to whole point of the rambling ruckus of reading, say the man is able to survive and now is looking at 20 years till the bell tolls for him. What to do, what to DO! Now for starters, there is no such thing as entertainment in a small Texas town on the coast. One, any activity outside in the summer will kill any-

one over 60 easy. Hell, I almost died there of heat when I was 19 because I pulled a dumb ass maneuver which might make a good story one day, once I've swallowed, or wallowed in for that matter, enough pride. Second, there are just a few golf courses and forgot about senior homes. There just ain't jack shit for them to do, except wait for the reaper while I watch smoking my reefer.

But where does one wait and wait till their heart beats no more. The mall would be the first option, if we had one. Sure there's the Brazos Mall, but its such a sham it doesn't even have a food court. The second option would the VFW Hall, but there's no AC there I think, remember sweating my ass off there as a child. But there is Karl's Bakery, single-handedly the most depressing place in the world.

Here old men drink 5-cent bottomless cups of coffee and eat day old donuts. They dunk the rings of dough and time as they stare at the window. Transfixed like a cat watch a mouse parade, for hours they just sit there and stare at the object which beholden them. Sometimes they speak, but about as often as the Sphinx do. They communicate in series of sighs and finger tapping, never taking their eyes off the object of their desire. For just outside of Karl's Bakery is the very thing that put them there. The chemical fields.

Why do they sit there and wait to die next to the very place they toiled for years on end in backbreaking work? A couple if theories I came with while dunking my own donut holes in my black thick five cent coffee were: 1. It holds their youth and vigor within the maze of pipes and steam vents. The blood of their scraped knuckles are caked onto countless bolts and their sweat has dripped into all that cement as they mixed and poured it. That chemical plant is not only the holder of their youth, but their key to immortality. 2. They wait for the daily gossip from the workers coming to and fro from the plant. Having never developed friends outside the plant, they are forced to feed like remora on the daily social life of the plant for any social interaction. The place gets exciting when the shift changes come in, but then falls back into a sick sad scene. 3. They're sick bastards. They just love the chemical plant, and can't get away from it. The plant is their wife, and this is how they are going to spend their golden years, side by side till one of them dies. I got my money on the men, God bless them.



SQUEEZING THE TITZ

Interview by Raymond Grant
Illustrations by Paul Sparx

mollins

TITZ INTERVIEW: THE END OF ROCK

The Titz putrify rock to it's purest form, swarming their audience and shackling them to a musical pillory. Raw, licentious sound emanates from their amplifiers bringing you back in time, before being politically correct was a fad. In fact, this interview was so racially slurred that we at Slug central had to channel all racial remarks into our smallest demographic, the Dominican people. They are great people, but they just happen to never pick up a copy of this magazine. I don't want to lionize this band too much, but in my opinion, they are the best band in Austin.

This interview took place at a certain bar that these guys frequent that will remain unnamed, due to threats on their life. Keep an eye out for them because they won't be around for long, as most great bands often meet an early demise.

The following is the drunken rhetoric that occurred for your enjoyment...

SFS: Let's start with some predictions. How long will Titz last?

Sean: End of August. We'll take Mike to New York and drop him off after this tour.

Mike: Till the day I quit you punk asses.

Davey: There's a girl with real saggy tits that's a cartoon in Penthouse, that old lady with tits that drag down to her ass.

Sean: In the Forum?

SFS: Saggy? That must be an old issue.

Mike: Yeah the old lady with saggy tits, until she says we must give it up.

Sean: Until Mike leaves, then we'll change the name but we'll keep playing without his ass.

Mike: I already have stretch marks.

Davey: We'll change the name to Dirty Davey and the Commando's.

Mike: I'm not quitting though without taking a bunch of people with me, so you better watch out.....fucking Dominicans.

SFS: How did you get your first guitar?

Sean: Mike just pawned his, so ask him how he will get another guitar.

Sean 2: I'm the drummer and I know how I got mine. I was walking with Mike down in Copperspoke Texas where we used to live. We were skeezin' for girls and happened upon a pawnshop where Mike saw a \$30 guitar with the Dukes of Hazzard decal on the pickguard. I ended up buying it that day, you drunk fucks don't even know how you got your first guitar and I'm the drummer.

Mike: Mom and Dad bought my brother a guitar for Christmas and he couldn't play because he was tone deaf. He was 18 and I was 8 and I figured out how to





play it. My brother beat the shit out of me a couple of times because I could play better than him.

SFS: That's Rock and Roll.

Mike: I pissed on my brother though, I was a bedwetter, we had to share a bed.

SFS: Maybe that's why he socked you, he probably didn't care about the guitar.

Davey: I got my first real six string down at the five and dime.

Sean: That was a great question.

SFS: It sparked alot of childhood shit for you guys, that's what I'm going for. So, what is it that makes this town fun?

Mike: My rent is \$130, uh, I don't have to work.

Sean: I'm already tired of it but in the beginning it was cool because nobody knew me.

Mike: Yeah, and everybody would fuck you but now they all know you.

Sean: That's it right there.

SFS: This is going to be printed you know.

Davey: Girls in this town give really good Hamas.

Sean 2: I like this town because of my girlfriend and fake tits.

Davey: They're like pineapples on a stick.

Sean 2: Also the easy availability of buying crack.

Mike: Yea, it's right next to the police



Salt for Slugs

station, but I never scored it myself.

SFS: Why does this town suck?

Sean 2: The easy availability of buying crack.

Mike: Nobody will hire me anymore.

Sean: Yea, the best guitar player in town can't get a job.

Mike: Exactly, I can't get hired doing anything.

Davey: This town sucks for many reasons.

Mike: Are you going to talk about the Dominicans?

Davey: Yea, the Dominicans, and all the people who think they're cool, like all those fucking Lou-Ann Barton-type people, people who are just like 'solo artists', who are some of those other douche bags that play around town? You know, all the

people that play at the Continental Club and Antone's, all the old farts and blues people, they suck...

Mike: (repeatedly interrupting) Who's that guy from The Scabs, that guy Bob? That guy Bob?

Davey: ...and they make the town suck because we can't have a progressive music scene with all those fuckers controlling it.

Mike: (still repeating) Who's that guy Bob?



Davey: (to Mike) Are you talking about the guy from the Ugly Americans?

Mike: Yea, that guy sucks man.

Davey: That guy has probably had more women toss his salad in town than anyone else.

Sean: He sells the most records of anyone at Waterloo Records

Mike: Here's a question for Bob Schneider, "How many women have you had lick your asshole Bob Schneider?"

Sean2: This town really sucks because when I walk around town in my boots, skins and braces, no other Dominican motherfuckers will support me. I think all these Dominicans that come out to our shows and rock out because I'm supporting a true cause, the Dominican race, and all these faggots that pretend that they are doing something different whatever. Come to Titz shows, wear your braces and fight the fucking power.



I'm supporting my race, the Dominican race.

SFS: Name an Austin band that was influential.

Sean 2: The Big Boys and The Dicks.

Mike: Pork, Crying Out Louds, Forkemos.

Sean: There are some modern bands that are good. No one has really had an influence on us. We were already influenced.

Mike: (still screaming) Scratch Acid, 13th Floor Elevators, and uh, Jimmy Buffet.

SFS: What is your drug of choice?

Sean 2: Stripper pussy.

Sean: That's not a drug.

SFS: That is a legitimate drug.

Davey: I was on Methadone for a while and these fuckers don't know what it's like to be sticking your finger up your ass because you can't shit. I was really bad off for a while, so I don't do any drugs, but I actually fuck now, so sex is mine.

SFS: The drug you forgot about.

Mike: I would have to say literature and uh, cocaine and also pills, narcotics,



Wait a minute, I'm on drugs.



weed, and I'm also a renowned drinker.

Sean: Cheeseburgers

SFS: If you could go to a party at anyone's house, who would it be?

Mike: That guy from the Fuckemo's Russell.

Sean 2: It would have to be Greg Hedson. I'm sure since he's in Circle Jerks, he has a

crazy mosh pad.

Davey: That guy that was in that movie with the nitrous oxide mask. The guy in Blue Velvet, what's his name?

Mike: Kurt Russell.

SFS: Dennis Hopper.

Davey: Yea, Dennis Hopper.

Sean: My house to smoke crack.

SFS: What is the meaning of selling out?

Mike: I would say selling out is like being Secretary of the Navy, somebody appoints you that and you say, "No, I'm too good for that." I'll take whatever anyone gives me, they can kiss my jagged ass because it's a jagged little pill. It's like someone blasting Allanis Morrisette in thier office while they say I'm selling out. I'll listen to Sixteen Deluxe. Wait no...

SFS: Hey, your tennis shoe is in your mouth.

Mike: ...and then I'm going to buy everyone I know drinks, and then I'll sell out. I'll sell out once I'm fucking good and ready you fucking pricks. I don't care. I'll do whatever it takes. That's what Malcolm X said... Dominican.

Sean 2: I don't believe in sellingout as far as if you're playing rock and roll music instead of putting milk on the shelf for a living. As long as you're playing drums for a band then there's no one that can tell you what to do. Fuck everyone that says you can't be what you want to be. Play rock and roll and don't listen to your boss.

Mike: If anyone asks to play rock and roll with you, fucking play it. Who cares? Play with whoever. All these little punk rock assholes say, "Oh, you're selling out" I mean come on, they suck. They can't play. They can't carry a tune. They can't drive the shit down home to your balls and make you want to do this shit. They're suburban idiots that have enough money to live off of, so they don't fucking care.

Sean: I wouldn't play a gay riff if I didn't like it.

Davey: I love gay riffs you gay mother fucker.

Mike: I wouldn't play a gay riff either.

Sean 2: I would do anything it takes to play music and not work a steady job.

Davey: Selling out is having a girlfriend and her not letting you chili dog her.

SFS: What is rock and roll?

Sean 2: Rock and roll is not having to worry about where you're next lay is going to be.

Davey: Let me tell you man, punk rock was a fucking speed bump in the road of rock and roll and everyone needs to get back to what rock is all about, rock is about Chuck Berry and pissing on a white girl in the bathtub.

Mike: It's about not worrying about the consequences. It's worrying about what you're doing and if it makes you feel good.

Sean: I stopped liking indie pop and indie rock fag shit because it didn't make me move. I liked Polvo. I liked The Grifters, but it never made me move like when I played Let It Bleed in my headphones. That made my ass shake til no tomorrow.

SFS: (to Sean) Some people are calling you the Keith Richards of Texas, how do you feel about that?

Sean: I'm half Dominican, so the band calls me Spic Jagger.

SFS: When can we expect some recorded music on the shelves?

Sean: We are recording at the end of May. We're putting out a single on a label. We haven't decided which one. We're shopping it around.

Mike: I'll say in three months.

Davey: I've got some recorded music right now on my shelves. I've got Janis Joplin, Turbo Negro...

Sean 2: We're recording at The Bubble Studio and it will come out on Blak Lung Records at the end of August.

Sean: Since fucking Cory from Nashville Pussy, hopefully we'll have a tour when the record comes out.

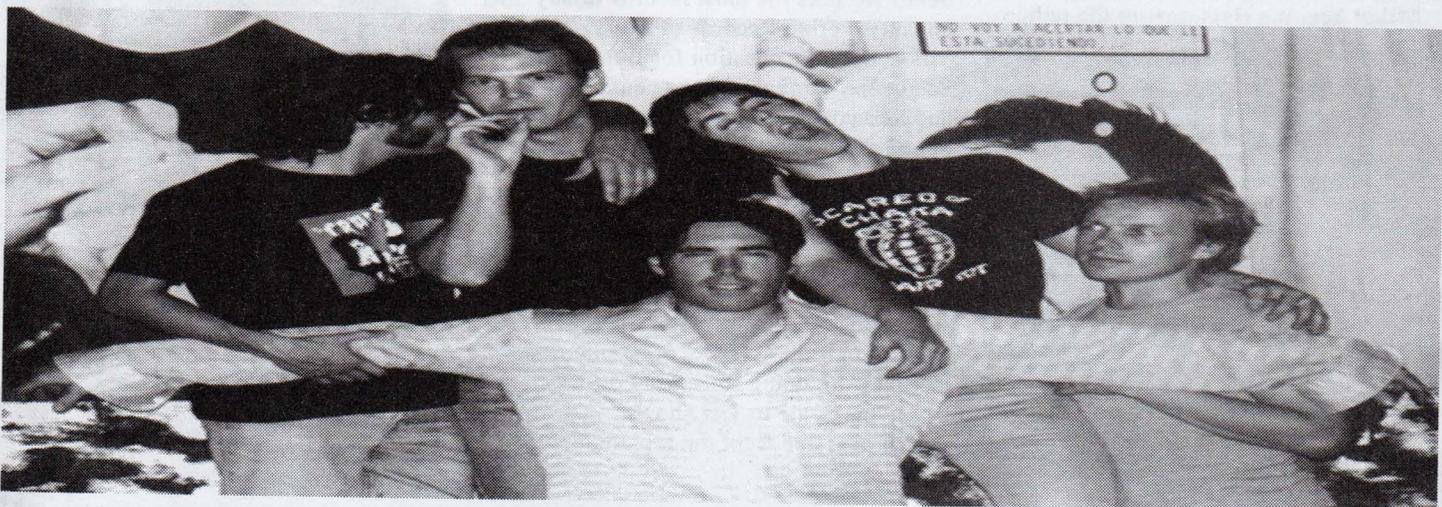
Sean 2: Fuck that nasty bitch, she's nasty.

Sean: She asks you where you want to come, and I said, "Where do you want me to come, bam, bam, bam, bam, (simulating sound effects of intercourse) Then she screams, "On my new fake tits baby!" (loud animalistic howls and hoots from entire drunken band.)

Mike: Wait, wait, next question...

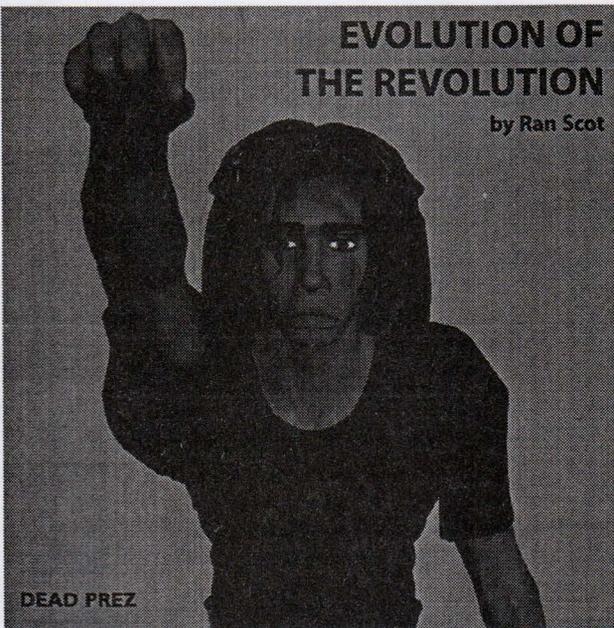


Interview photos by Raymond Grant



EVOLUTION OF THE REVOLUTION

by Ran Scot



Until the advent of a new and up and coming white rapper to be named later in this commentary, the social phenomenon we knew as the Suburban Disturbance had began to die down. No longer were we faced with very confused white boys pretending to be inner-city gangsters in the cornfields of Iowa. Though rap, hip-hop, and hardcore are legitimate African-American contemporary folk arts, a lot is lost in the translation to strip malls and small town culture. These very impressionable kids of no tradition are now faced with an artist whom may once again lead them like the Pied Piper down path of psychosis and bedlam. I speak of none other than the great white hope Eminem.

Far be it from me to go Tipper Gore on someone who I consider a master of his art, but come on M, you are going to ruin more white boys of the backwoods than Vanilla Ice. Not that my man M is a liar like the Ice Man, it's actually a case of the complete reverse. Eminem does sing from the soul; he has his catharsis and vents what could only be described as a Jerry Springer youth in the lyrical form. More power to him. I come not to bury M, but as one of his truest fans.

Unlike the savvy inner city youth or any long suffering minority sector, your average white kid of the malls cannot relate and cannot conceive of the song's true meaning. A bard's redemption. If these yahoos adhere to what songs spill forth to them, then we can only look forward to a few more years of "bitch beating" and near suicidal rampages. But again, censorship will only make this more alluring to the kids. So I offer worth this question, will Eminem cause a relapse into pseudo-Gangster lifestyles in the suburbs, or are these people just destined to act this way without any influence?

Thinking back to the past, I can honestly remember my first encounter with what was later labeled the "Suburban Disturbance." Gangster rap and its cousin, hardcore, had finally been supplied to the culture that had no roots. I speak of kids who grew up with plastic parents and mundane country clubs, those poor saps who have no culture to call their own. Though amply supplied by McDonald's, GAP, and to greater extent, Wal-Mart, these

kids basically have nothing to believe in.

Enter stage left what in the future will be known as one of the best art movements in the latter part of the 20th century, rap and hip hop, lyrical bard's tales if you will. And you must. In a documentary about street basketball, a player basically states the African Americans were ripped from their homelands and forced to grow up in this ever so caustic culture. One of the few times they are able to put it all together is on the basketball court, and I submit another is when they step in front of the mic.

It's art of the urban kind, like graffiti, but using complex rhythms to channel their fore fathers and using the language of their oppressors, they are able to

fabricate a rich tapestry for their people and those who understand the plight. The key word being their people. White kids can't truly relate to rap, as most inner city youth cannot relate to square dancing. It just does not fly. But these kids are desperate for something to believe in.

Now, take a look at MTV and some of the rather insidious record companies that are out there. No matter what they tell you, they knew all along they were going to exploit rap and the rap artist. Just ask around. Luckily vanguards like Tommy Boy and Death Row were able to protect their artists, and were villainized for it. Just the man's propaganda machine, no worries. In the early 90's, kids who were buying three out of four records by urban artists of this persuasion bought them in the suburbs. The effects were detrimental.

Meanwhile in the city, rap was viewed as a warrior's tale, in the mall culture it was viewed as a way of life. Bad Idea. Within a few months to a year, in rich white schools you had gangs related to them in urban tales. Gangs? GANGS!??? What is really going on? Gangs were formed as part family support system where there was none, and for safety. Both of these are null and void in the ever so soft streets of the land that tears down trees and names the streets after them. What these kids need is a sense of culture, and they assimilate the very one that would most upset their parents in true teen rebellion style. Rap.

So wasssssup? Nothing really, till Eminem came along. Kids had lost interest in rap style decadence, instead had traded it in for ska, pop, and god forsaken Top 40. But the Master transcended the bounds of what Corporate America had planned for the kids, and after the Rolling Stones cover, it was all over but the crying for another three years of wasted youth.

But just like every legend there is a new beginning, and I am elated that I am alive during this time to see it. Realizing the dead end tactics of doing what the system wanted them to do, (i.e.: shoot each other down in the street, smoke crack, and disrespect their ladies, their brothers, and mostly themselves) black lyrical artists are now using the art to get the a new message to the kids and their contemporaries.

REVOLUTION NOW!

I'm a huge fan, since I am a huge advocate of burying Madison Avenue down along with our rather fascist government. Though I had stopped listening to new hip hop, save Kool Keith, Black Eyed Peas, and random artists blasting at Slug Central, my love for digital hardcore is well-known. Just ask the poor suckers who had the misfortune to see DJ 3D-200 at the SFS SXSW party. But then I heard of a new class of hip artists, the new revolutionaries.

Ever since the Young Comrades hit the streets of Oakland, the music industry powers that be have been bracing for what can only be described as music for the revolution. Mad crazy props to Boots Riley, E-Roc (who actually joined the longshoreman's union in Oakland and uses hip-hop to spread his message of solidarity) and of course DJ Pam The Funkstress, who began rocking the discos with Saafir. But this is not strictly a West Coast thing; it's a culture thing. Just ask the sticman and M1 of the Dead Prez. Though the Sixties black nationalist movement was tainted by the FBI and COINTELPRO, these new Black leaders have learned from those tricks. With lessons learned from Huey P. Newton, Fred Hampton, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King Jr. and to many others to count, the new nationalist movement is trying to swing the message of black music from gangster to revolution. But are these guys the leaders of the next revolution, or people looking to get rich off the album sales?

To question the Dead Prez's resolve would be like being asking Richard Nixon (when he was alive) if he believed in Imperialism. Of course they believe in the revolution. In the words of Boots Riley, "The healthiest thing for hip hop is rebellion. Black music has always been about rebellion." And the masters in my ever-humble whitey opinion are the Dead Prez.

Dead Prez has been called in effect, "the most revolutionary hip-hop group to emerge since Public Enemy lost its audience and N.W.A. disbanded." Though Chuck D might have something to say to that, the hip-hop generation of today seems to be all ears to this duo of sticman and M1. Born and raised in Tallahassee, Florida, sticman started his young adult life "sipping quarts, and became the man of the house when my parents divorced. In and out of court, smoking Newports 'cause my friends did". But then he realized there was so much more to the proverbial game than the media and music industry let on, so he took stock in his own life and decided to go out and make a difference.

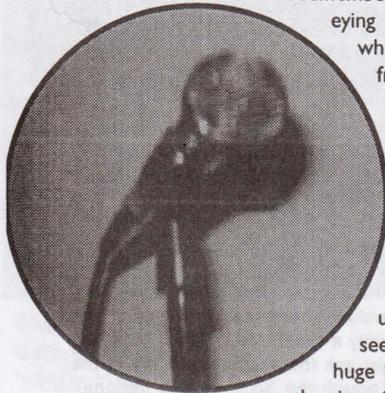
He began to fuse life and music into one culture, and that culture was post-capitalism. Once he joined up with M-1, they toured the country, learning social and political science with a large dose of American history. With that background they did not fall back on some generic get-rich-quick hip hop "gangsta" rap, but decided to use their music to forge a common bond among all historically oppressed people.

Preaching the gospel of past civil rights leaders and doing mind-blowing music draws an interesting conflict. I wish these guys all the luck in the world, especially in the department of dodging FBI and CIA bullets. Fight the power, the powers that be, and let's burn this mother fucking system to the ground.



DOES ANYONE HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY?

What really happened this past year at the SXSW? Does anyone remember?



I remember a bunch of dot dom companies jockeying for position in the new marketplace which is the music cyberworld. Everyone from campusvibe.com to iuma.com was in full effect, presenting their cards, stickers, t-shirts, CDs, shot glasses, matchbooks, condoms, key-chains, bubble blowers, hand squeezer stress relievers, hats, candy, etc., etc. It is amazing how many goofy-ass marketing tools these gadget fuck companies come up with to sell some bullshit. I can just see it now, they're all sitting around a huge boardroom table, there's a silence in the air as Cliff, a young marketing executive ponders their next strategic move. "I've got it! We'll print our logo on dry sponges, so when water is added, our name expands!"

Through out the week, we were constantly told how big of an effect computers are having on music and how music is and will be distributed via computer, MP3 this and MP3 that, and so on, and so on... Computers Schmocomputers. Napster Schnapster. I am so sick of people arguing about Napster. What happened? Man, the SXSW should be about music and listening to live music from new bands with a relatively small fanbase, so that what we are exposed to on a daily basis is the best that is being produced at the current time. It's pretty lame to find that it's all about some silly computer marketing scheme and intellectual property rights and all of the crap that comes along with it.

As for the music, there were a few out of the hundreds of acts at the SXSW that left a good and lasting impression. There were an awful lot of eight-



CAMARO HAIR provides some quality eighties revival music for discerning Slug listeners at SXSW 2000

ies revival acts hailing from all over the world. We saw Japanese retro new wave, like eighties Revenge of the Nerds style corn rock. The best and most authentic of the eighties edged acts that appeared this year would have to be Camaro Hair. Not only did they think up a cool as hell band name, they are a tight band with a lot of talent.

Some of the best things that happen each year at the SXSW are usually things that are very loosely related to the festival, and often pretty random. This year, the impromptu break dancing in the street took the cake. Yes, another eighties trend being rehashed for the new millennium. I don't think that break dancing ever went out of style in Mexican neighborhoods though, because these guys obviously have had years of practice and they're keepin' it "fresh", so to speak. However, they do perform the break dance staples such as the epic back spin, and the funny, jumping around swinging your arms like a monkey thing. You'd walk out of a bar on Sixth Street and all of the sudden a bunch of kids would walk up and throw down a huge piece of cardboard and start breakin' and poppin'. What a cool way to express yourself artistically without wasting your flavor. That shit is hype!

Speaking of hype, the absolute lamest thing that happened at the SXSW this year was when Big Daddy Kane didn't appear in his Saturday night slot at Stubb's. Instead, we saw Doug E. Fresh. Now, I don't want to bust Doug E.'s balls, because I think he's great, but he certainly is no Big Daddy Kane. What a travesty! With all of the eighties stuff going on this year, it's likely the Kane would have set the record straight on how the decade ended: Corny white people music was beginning to eat shit, and rap and hip-hop were quickly taking over. Who'd you think it was fool!

Ok, so what is it about the SXSW that gets everyone talking each year? Is it the music, the money, or the parties? I guess it would have to be a combination of the three, because there's plenty of each at the SXSW. Austin is already a party town, so turning the city into a week long alcohol laden rock concert isn't that much of a task. With a high concentration of venues in the infamous Sixth Street party central area, there is plenty of opportunity to see a wide variety of music, drink a wide variety of drinks, and party with a lot of beautiful drunk people. Yes, there really are a lot of hot women in Austin.

The most painful things about the festival this year, were skyrocketing wristband and badge fees. Although, the staff here at SFS enjoys press access and we don't have to worry about such things, it was disheartening to see friends empty their wallets and then later come up empty when the shows they intended on seeing were full and they couldn't get in. Oh well, tough shit, and come back next year. It's a party man, deal with it, right?

The last thing I'd like to address about the SXSW is something that has really bothered me about the festival for the last two years: The infamous SPIN party. OK, now did SPIN have some awesome party a long time ago that just blew everyone away? For the past two years, I have attended the SXSW SPIN party, and I must say that it truly is not worth the hassle at all. First of all, the lame invites that everyone cherishes so much are stupid and worthless. It's so funny to watch the oh-so-hip SPIN employees pick and choose who they think is cool enough to maybe come to their party. Guess what SPIN? Your parties suck ass. Who wants to go to an after hours party where there is shitty beer and a bunch of industry poseurs gawking about the place? Yea, they had the Supersuckers play this year, like they're cutting edge new or something. Get real SPIN, and get a new band to promote, because your act is beginning to get tired and we can't be havin' that at the SXSW. 

SXSW INTERACTIVE 2000

commentary by ran scot

I had no expectation concerning this year's multimedia interactive add-on to the SXSW, especially after last year's complex intertwining of extreme yawns and mind-numbing fiascos. But, oh was I mistaken. In fact, save a few rare moments in the Music portion, I had a better time and got a better feel for the music industry in the dawn of the Age of Aquarius at the Interactive Festival. Mad ups and a cloven hoof salute to Samir, who I hope is in charge of NXNW this year since he did a bang up job last year.

Highlights of the tech fest were many, but here are the Salt for Slugs Blue Ribbon Awards for SXSW Interactive 2000:

Best Booth: The mad scientist with the wild-ass robots. Though they didn't come to the Slug party like they said they would, these guys still kicked ass.

Best Cocktail Party: Spawn. Scott from Spawn hooked everybody up with a toy, it was insane. Plus the dark atmosphere of the Atomic Cafe made the event a little more underground than most of the "fringe" culture trying to cash in this year.

Best Event: Website Critic. The wolves were loose and egos were on the line at this panel. Though some people went away happy as larks, like us, it did not help some people's careers, and might have ended on Darwinism in the modern age jive ass turkeys.

Best of Entire Show: Hands down, the FROG party. From quake tournaments to freak shows, those wild Germans did it up right with beer, food, and fun in a great circus theme. Plus, it let us other designers see what a really kick ass work space truly looks like. Would I come back in 2001? Fuck yeah. Will I tell other people to come here instead of Comdex? Seems like I already have...



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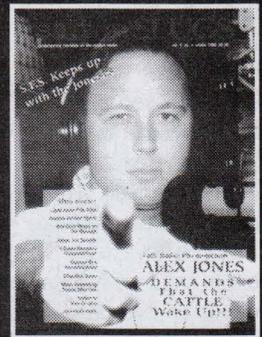
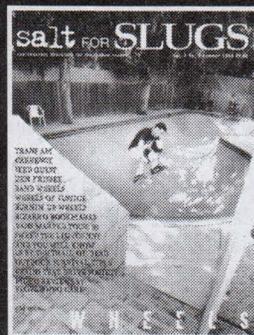
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When slug writer Raymond Grant isn't out sifting through used bookstore shelves seeking out obscure and profound quotes for the words to live by section of SFS, he's finding these pearls of wisdom in little edible snacks Chinese restaurants like to call fortune cookies. This being the cop issue, Officer Chet Rangoon decided to investigate the fortune cookie phenomenon and find out what the tiny messages really mean. Copped-out style.

HOOKED ON GOOD FORTUNE:

a copped-out guide to fortune cookie pleasure

by Officer Chet Rangoon

My friend Jack refuses to eat fortune cookies. I found this strange fact out recently when we happened to grab a bite at a local Vietnamese noodle palace one sunny Texas afternoon some time back. At the end of our meal, which for me was the epic #54 (lemon grass shrimp noodle bowl of joy) and for Jack, the mighty double order of plain spring rolls, the waitress dropped on the table a couple of the standard Chinese restaurant style fortune cookies in clear wrapper with bright red print. Being the vegan fanatic that he is, Jack quickly scanned the package for the ingredients list. Of course, he found something objectionable: egg. In a fortune cookie! I mean, it's not like he'd be sucking down a plate of huevos rancheros. I gave him shit and he rebutted that he's against cruelty to chickens. I coalesced. Some vegans are so petty. He then chuckled, broke it open and pulled out the paper message like he was just going to get the fortune anyway. I scoffed, "Don't even try to pull that. You know the fortune is void if you don't actually consume the cookie itself." There are some fanatics out there who claim you have to eat the fortune too, but they've been discredited as the fanatics they are. But seriously Vegans, if you don't eat the cookie, you don't get the fortune. That's just the way it is.

Getting Over: Fortune Style

I bought a two pound bag of fortune cookies at the local grocery store. I wanted to dig deep, so I thought it best to dive headfirst into the endless supply of wisdom at my fingertips and figure out what the real message is. My bliss would be to find out that I had somehow happened upon a bag of positive fortunes. The first one read, "You will have a very pleasant experience." I sat back and imagined what awesome pleasures life had in store for me. Maybe I'd spend a few days in the Caribean, sipping on rum & cokes. I don't know. The next cookie revealed a heavier message, but still on that positive wavelength, "Happy people need no particular cause to be happy." I thought about this one for a moment. Now that really is some true shit right there. It's always some tired-ass loser who takes themselves way too seriously who is hating life for one reason or another. The funny thing is that when you're happy, other people ask you why because they want to be happy, and when you say, 'no reason', they look at you like you're stupid or something. People really suck sometimes, but man are these fortune cookies the shit.

I plunged my hand deep into the bag of plastic wrapped fortune cookies and grabbed three more. "Good news will

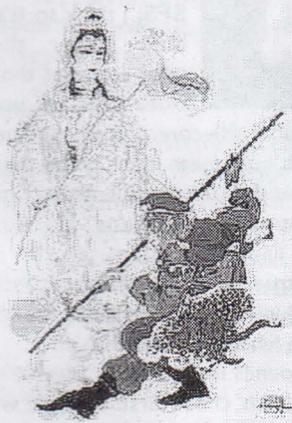


come to you from far away." Now this is a pretty bland fortune, and one that I'd usually discard immediately as the trash that it is. This time I gave it a minute and thought about it. Yea, it's a stupid fortune. I moved on. "Genius does what it must, and talent does what it can." Now that is deep. I'm gonna say that the next time someone asks me why I write for SFS. To get the most out of this fortune it is advised that one tape it in a very visible location and do a Stewart Smalley-esque affirmation daily in front of it. Remember, you're the genius! The next fortune read, "Happy event will take place shortly in your home." Shortly? Shit, did it happen already? You have to stay on top of this fortune cookie stuff. The fortune can come true and you might not even know it.

I chomped away on the delightful little snacks and savored every bite. The cookies themselves deserve a lot of the credit for the little exchange between you and the fortune, for it's the sweetness of the crunchy shell that satisfies the palette. "You like competing in competitive sports." I think this one was meant for someone else. The question really is why?? What kind of fortune is this? Why couldn't it have read "Competing in sports will make you happy"? Wouldn't that be more of a fortune? The fact is that some of these little messages aren't really fortunes at all. Some are designed simply to fuck with your head like, "Your present plans are going to succeed." Really which plans?

By far, the best fortunes in my opinion are the ones with deep social messages. "Listen not to vain words of empty tongue.", or "In God we trust, all others must pay cash." Fortune cookie writers are also known to get a little zany at times. "Simplicity and clarity should be your theme in dress." Does this mean they're going to have strict dress codes in the future at Chinese restaurants? Are they prejudiced against punk rockers? "He who is slowest in making a promise is most faithful in keeping it." That's pretty true, just don't find yourself wearing the label 'non-committal' with any regrets. "Don't let friends impose on you, work calmly and silently." Now that holds true not only with friends, but spouses, children, relatives, and anyone else sweating you. "With integrity and consistency- Your credits are piling up." Enough said.

If there is anything to be said about being a cop with fortune cookies, it would have to be that these little pearls of wisdom shouldn't be used as any kind of realistic guide to how to live your life. That doesn't mean that they should be scoffed at and thrown directly in the trash. Sure, the thought and time that went into the development of these little notes had a little impact on you after you scarfed down some Kung Pao Shrimps with some extra hot rooster sauce, but let's not get carried away. It's all a part of your meal and the Chinese cuisine experience. 



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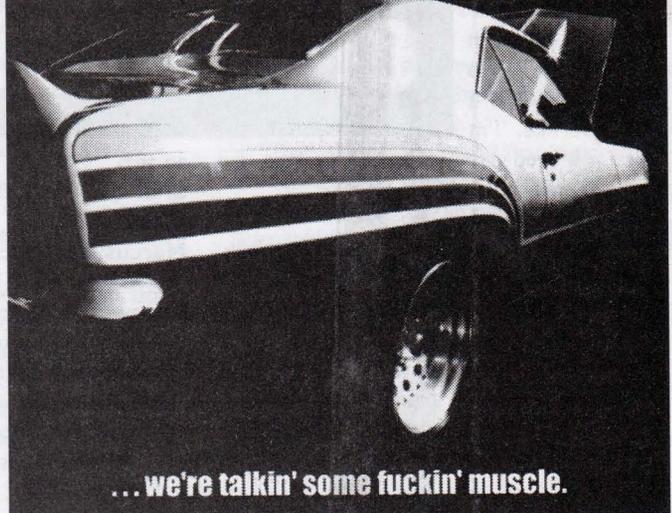
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... we're talkin' some fuckin' muscle.

SFS: Those are some crafty illustrations on your albums covers, do you use a computer?

Marcus: I do use a computer.

SFS: Did you get a degree in graphic arts?

Marcus: Yeah, I went to the University of Delaware and got a degree in visual communications.

SFS: Ah! In lovely Newark, Delaware. (pronounce New-Ark)

Marcus: You'd been there?

SFS: Yeah, I had a few friends who went to school there. I went Towson State in Baltimore; I'm from Maryland. I was weened on DC punk at an early age. How did you end up in SF?

Marcus: Well, we moved for a brief time to Philly and just decided to move to SF.

SFS: The whole band?

Marcus: yeah

SFS: So the whole band moved from Delaware to Philly to SF and you didn't lose anybody along the way?

Marcus: Only a couple of us moved to Philly and then we all decided to make a move to SF for a change.

SFS: Do you like SF?

Marcus: Oh, I love San Francisco. It's a beautiful city to come home to.

SFS: It's a bit pricey to live there eh?

Marcus: Um, it all depends on how you live.

SFS: I guess that's true.

Marcus: If yer quite frugal, it's like living anywhere. If you want your own place that overlooks the bay, or some kind of view, then it can be extremely expensive. But I live sort of communally, with a bunch of people so it makes it really cheap.

SFS: So you're a hippie in a round about way?

Marcus: (very long pause) No.

SFS: (laughter)

Marcus: I use the word 'communally' very loosely.

SFS: Veerry loosely.

Marcus: I mean it's sort of like when you were a kid, or like, I'm

sure you lived quite communally when you were in college.

SFS: Yeah, we shared the pot.

Marcus: Shared the pot, split the bills, shared the cold cuts, that kind of thing.

SFS: Do you use this art talent you have in a day job sense?

Marcus: Um, like freelance? Lately I haven't been able to hustle much freelance work because we've been on the road quite a bit. But when I can, I do.

SFS: I really dig your style.

Marcus: thanks

SFS: I would think with folks like Art Chantry and Derek Hess; with their stuff popping up all over the place, I'd figured I'd see your stuff more often on albums and flyers.

Marcus: Well, that's a 24-7/full-time job for those guys. They have sort of a jump on me. My stuff's gotten around as much as it can. There's a book coming out in the spring with some stuff of mine in it. I wish I had more time to do more stuff. It gives me something to fall back on later on [down the road].

SFS: When you voice gives out.

Marcus: Right.

SFS: So how tall are you?

Marcus: I'm 6'7"

SFS: That's mighty tall. Still sporting that afro?

Marcus: (long pause) Um, yeah, I still have



Interview w/ Marcus Durant of ZEN GUERRILLA

by Greg E. Boy

an afro.

SFS: So what's that crazy thing you sing through?

Marcus: It's an old Bell & Howell movie projector speaker. In the early '60s, they didn't have built-in speakers in the projectors but external speakers. I saw this on the side of the road in north Philly and bought it for like five bucks. Took the tube amp out of the projector and placed it in the speaker cabinet itself and that's what I sing through now.

SFS: So you just got a wild hair up your ass to sing through that?

Marcus: It's like anything. It had this sort of natural progression. I had a lot of time to kill up in north Philly. I was paying \$25 a month in rent, so you could imagine how much time I had on my hands.

SFS: Right. Staring at that thing. Is it a bitch to repair?

Marcus: Well no, since I built it I can repair it.

SFS: how old are you?

Marcus: 32.

SFS: When I saw you guys with the Cows you did the most amazing cover of 'The Trooper' by Iron Maiden. Do you have an arsenal of covers?

Marcus: We've been playing for a long time now so we have quite a few that we have played over the years. [the last track on the band's newest released is a David Bowie cover].

SFS: So how is it different being on Sub Pop as oppose to Alternative Tentacles?

Marcus: Um, they are further away then AT. It's a little bit of a hike to stop by and say 'hello' to the people working on your record.

SFS: Which you did all the time with AT?

Marcus: Oh yeah, they were right in my neighborhood.

SFS: Went and ate tofu w/ Jello Biafra.

Marcus: No, Jello didn't really hang out in the office much. But, you know, steal a cup of coffee from them. Hang out, help pack singles and whatever. The only real difference between the two is that Sub Pop has a little bit more resources to get our record out to more people.

SFS: It seems like Sub Pop should send your record to blues rags because, essentially, Zen Guerrilla is a blues band.

Marcus: Oh yeah?

SFS: I think so. It's a little louder then what some of those blues folks are used

to hearing, but at the core of it all, it's blues.

Marcus: Yeah, but I mean it's all pretty much based on blues dontcha think? I mean, Minor Threat stripped it down and it's blues chords.

SFS: That's true. But then when you listen to 'modern blues' it ain't really blues. It doesn't sound like what it should be.

Marcus: It sounds like bullshit.

SFS: My unborn child's first concert was Black Sabbath.



Marcus: Wow.

SFS: I figure that's gotta be good for the kid. Then we went and saw Rollins too. And maybe that was a mistake. Everybody in his band looked like some Faster Pussycat drop-out.

Marcus: I've never been a huge Hank fan.

SFS: I like Black Flag, and his first solo album. But as for the rest of it, My wife think's he's hot though.

Marcus: Hanks' hot?

SFS: yeah.

Marcus: Ah, yikes. He's kinda cheesy.

SFS: He's kind of gay in a Rob Halford kind of way.

Marcus: No comment. [ponders on the forgotten singers of Black Flag] everyone equates Black Flag with Rollins but the best songs came from the singers before him.

SFS: This is true.

Marcus: And he never recognizes those two.

SFS: He's a media whore; He's all about self-promotion.

Marcus: All those cats from DC have maintained high levels of integrity and then there's the crazy cousin Hank.

SFS: It's like, 'Damn, him?'

Marcus: (laughter) It's like every time I hear him talk or read it's like, 'Jesus, he should quit coffee.'

SFS: Speaking of coffee, do you have any special clauses in yer rider contract? Like the Melvins had a like a case of canned coffee on their contract. That explains them, huh?

Marcus: A reinforced stage. That's the one stipulation. We just have to make sure they check the stability of the stage. But that coffee thing is a good idea. After awhile beer just kinda sort loses it's splendor. But yeah, I could see how a nice cold can of coffee could just make your day right before hitting the stage. You know Buzz is always ahead of things.

SFS: So what have you been listening to that warrants mentioning?

Marcus: I've sort of been turning back the hands of time to be honest with you.

SFS: So you've been listening to John Lee Hooker or something?

Marcus: Uh, all kinds of things. The Kinks. The Replacements. I was listening to Tim this morning.

SFS: You a Quadrajets fan?

Marcus: Oh, I love the Quadrajets. We did tour with them; they're good friends of mine.

SFS: They do a song 'John Lee Hooker Is My Heavy Metal'.

Marcus: Oh yeah, oh yeah. They are a great band. I love Chet and the boys.

SFS: Well, apparently they are calling it quits.

Marcus: Yeah, apparently their last show is the 23rd of June, May maybe? Everyone's sad about that. It makes no sense, but he's moving on.

SFS: What about Cash Money?

Marcus: Yeah, John and Scotty.

SFS: They had to change their name to Cash Audio because of some rappers and that hip hop label Cash Money.

Marcus: Really? They are good guys.

SFS: Any great words of wisdom? Those famous last words?

Marcus: Go out and buy some vinyl today. How's that?

SFS: Ever think of changing the band name?

Marcus: We picked the name years ago and it was inspired by a

Husker Du Zen Arcade poster. So it seemed like, 'if it was cool for Bob Mould it was cool for us.' Ultimately, it doesn't really matter.

SFS: What it all boils down to is that when you guys get on stage, you rock.

Marcus: Ultimately that's all that really matters.

SFS: Well it can [matter] if your name is Dick Delicious and the Tastey Testicles.

Marcus: Yeah, I really don't know if I'm going to be traveling the country with Dick Delicious but...

(laughter)

SFS: You might have to change that one, huh?

Marcus: Yeah you might have to change it, which goes back to Rollins.

SFS: Exactly.

Marcus: We've gone full circle. I think that might be the end of the interview.

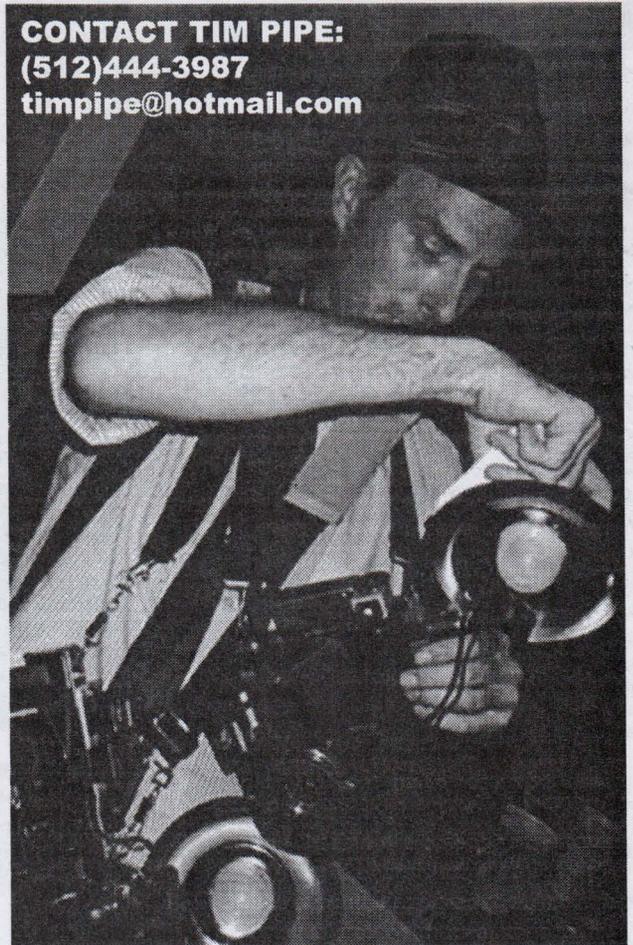
SFS: I think it is.



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BOGUS BULLSHIT REVIEW:

The Attendees of Bike Week in Daytona

Thousands of Rich Knuckleheads, Every March, Daytona Beach, Florida

Ok sports fans, it's time to call a resounding BULLSHIT on Bike Week, ok? The monied interests and marketing mavens have successfully coopted what was once a hard core revel, unique in all the front, and it's not a pretty sight. At work, they tell me to drive to the panhandle and back in less than a day. Ok, fine. 900 miles in 22 hours. Can do. But on the way back...

Enter I-95 from the I-295 bypass around Jacksonsludge. WHAM! Instant gridlock. It's Friday morning, on the eve of Bike Week. Fucking I-95 is an incredible mess of vehicles, outstanding among which was a peculiar plethora of those small U-Haul kinda trailers, pulled by every imaginable type of underpowered motorcar, straining just to keep from getting rear ended by the rest of us.

Hmm... What's up with that?

Hmm number two... Where are all the bikers?

Finally, somewhere between St. Augustine and Daytona, it struck me like a thunderbolt! There ARE no

bikers. No siree. In that near hundred mile stretch of wretched pavement I saw a TOTAL of less than a mere dozen people actually perched atop a motorscooter. And those trailers, AHA! Not all of them were fully enclosed. And, on the open ones, there were the bikes. Of course!

The fucking bikes have become worth more than most people's condos, and can't be just PUT OUT THERE ON THE ROAD for heaven's sake. No way! Might get a love bug splat on your precious front fender. Can't be having any of that, can we? Of course not.

The real population of bikers has dropped Bike Week like a bad habit, leaving it to the rich asshole posers with the forty-thousand dollar bikes that can't be allowed out on the fucking road. These jerks are playing dress up, and the Halloween costume of choice is black leather.

These idiots spend the last week before the Big Event letting their beards become scruffy, and explaining to their partners in the law firm or fellow physicians in the HMO that they're gonna take a week off down in Florida and everything will be back to it's most very Republican state of well manicured form over function just as soon as they return.

And so they go.

By the tens of thousands.

Driving a pick-up truck with a hundred grand worth of cycles in a trailer behind, trying desperately to pass one of their poser brethren at a speed differential of a tenth of a mile an hour, clogging I-95 for twenty miles behind with those of us so unfortunate as to have an actual life and perhaps a need to get somewhere before the sun explodes.

My favorite posemobile was a bloated Winnebago, with a pick up truck bolted to the tow bar. Inside the bed, under the cap on the pickup were the bikes! Think of it! No, I can't drive the bike. Might get it dirty. No, I can't drive the pick-up, it's too small and the drive is too long. I know, I'll bolt the whole wazoo to the Winnebago and drive THAT! What a great idea!

Finally, I reached the I4 junction and the whole sorry mess was in my rear view mirror, getting smaller with each passing mile. Thank god. Somebody needs to do something about Bike Week. Perhaps the real bikers oughtta make a surprise return sometime and just start kicking ass and wiping the floor with it. I dunno. What I do know is that NONE of these dorks are real bikers. Maybe we all just oughtta show up and steal all of their expensive toys. It's for sure that if anybody so much as flicked a switchblade in the direction of these drongos that they'd need to be revived with smelling salts after fainting dead away.

Where are the Hell's Angels when you really need 'em?

**TECH REVIEW:
El Cheapo Long
Distance Phone Rates**

<http://www.10-10phonerates.com>

First you call your local phone company (hit zero on your phone dial and see what happens) and tell them that you want NO long distance provider. Then you tell them you want to put a FREEZE on the "no long distance provider" option (some kinda damn weird third party deal required, pesty but it works). Then you call your long distance provider and tell 'em

you want to discontinue your service as of right this minute. Then maybe wait a day or two and call back to check and be sure the bastards really DID pull the fucking plug on everything, ok? Then go to the website listed above and have a look around.

Way cool, daddy-o! In the ever-fluid phantasmagoria of LD providers, everything is subject to change with zero notice, generally NOT in your favor when the changes are handed down. So fuck them people, go to 10-10 PhoneRates dot com and keep up to date with what the slippery eels are up to, with an eye to leaving as much cash in you wallet after each LD call as possible.

I'd give you a whole raft of detail about what's on the website, but screw that shit I'm feeling lazy. Go do it yourself. Where's that damn beer I set down?

BOOK REVIEWS:

Find It Online,

The Complete Guide to Online Research

(Second Edition, Fully Revised) Alan M. Schlein, 1999, Facts on Demand Press, 1971 East Fifth Street, Suite 101, Tempe AZ 85281, (800) 929-3811

Ripping good reference tome here, folks. I've just finished it off, and it's already dog-eared as hell, from me trying to mark addy after addy for no end of neat shit. Of course, I could have just used the extensive table of contents if I'd wanted to. It's fine and dandy for keeping track of the amazing wealth of stuff between the covers of this one.

Search engines and how to maximize your use of them, public records, news resources, people finding, business and professional checking, fee based information retrieval services, privacy issues, legal shit, oh hell, it just goes on and on and on. I knew I had a good one when I opened it up and made the delightful discovery that it utterly ignores sports and entertainment. Screw that shit, go find the motherfucker yourself after you've learned the tricks of the search engine trade. Web pages for Elvis or Michael Jordan don't qualify as much of anything in the real world of informing, and are treated accordingly.

What is here is nothing but the best for prizing information from the web, up to and including types of info that the web is more or less dog shit useless for acquiring. This thing's got you covered, whether the odds are in your favor or not. Buy this book and be sure to keep it on TOP of that pile of clutter next to your computer. You'll be glad you did.

MARS, Uncovering the Secrets of the Red Planet

Paul Raeburn, 1998, National Geographic Society

Well fuck you, I just LOVE the planet Mars and I don't care who knows it, what they think of it, or how they think that the money spent finding out what the fuck's going on, on Mars should have been better spent feeding starving children in Lower Bugholia. So there.

With any luck at all, the fucked up starving children will survive long enough to see perhaps their OWN great grandchildren eking out a hard scabble existence a hundred million miles away from their own worthless asses, whipping an entire new WORLD into some semblance of hospitality for an entire new branch of the human race. I'm guessing that a fully functional backup civilization on Mars would be a nice thing to have around in case this one succeeds in blowing itself all the way back to the Paleozoic Era. In which case, here's hoping the folks on Mars don't get bogged down in endless debates over whether the money spent is worth it, but just says, "Fuck it", bites the bullet, and repopulates dear old planet Earth at whatever cost it takes. Wouldn't THAT be a twist, eh?

But, nevermind such rubbish, we've got a book to review here now don't we? WHHEEEEE!...one helluva book! Large format paperback on really nice paper and illustrated like a motherfucker with some of the coolest images you'll ever come across, including some in 3-D, for which the viewing glasses have thoughtfully been placed in a pocket inside the back cover.

Stupendous! Incredible! Mind boggling! Fuckin', A, Mars RULES!

Sprinkled liberally among the fantastic imagery, is a text that kinda lays out the history of our fascination with the red planet, going back to ancient days and, with ever increasing detail, takes us right up through the Mars Pathfinder and Global Surveyor missions, with further speculations on a future none of us can quite see. Since the most recent two missions crashed and burned, this stuff is all we're gonna have for a while, till Nasa gets its shit back together and starts lofting funny-looking machinery toward the Red Planet once again.

But lordy god, it's the fucking PICTURES that make this thing! Any one of which would be worthy of EXTENDED contemplation, sorta like a Salvador Dalí painting or something. There's SO MUCH crap going on in each picture that there's no way in hell that your brain is gonna grasp this shit all at once. And so, you sorta just stare and imagine and maybe stare some more, picking up this or that bit of unnoticed detail in an endless cycle of

looking and learning.

Mars is a PLACE, as real as your back yard, and three times cooler by far, and I don't care if your front yard is the Louvre in Paris. And oh yeah, didn't they just recently discover evidence of RUNNING WATER on Mars? Water, what all life craves the most. Life. Hmm hmmm hmmm, whatever will the fundamentalist bastards do if they find life on Mars?

I'm guessing that the rhetorical twists and flips will be a breathtaking sight to behold. Holy bullshit at it's finest. Goddamnit, take my tax money. Take it NOW! We need to send some folks out there with picks and shovels and start some serious turning of dirt!

NUCLEAR PSYCHOSIS REVIEW:

Steal this Sub

So ok, you're driving home around midnight from the worst job in your life and you stop in the middle of the Indian River bridge to pick up the incredibly drunken sailor who's trying to either hitchhike or perhaps commit pedestrian/vehicular suicide. Don't matter. Take him back to Cape Canaveral Air Force Station to get to his sub, which is parked in the Trident Basin.

At the gate, the guard peruses your civilian nonbadged, scumbucket self driving your rusty hippy VW van, and the drunken sailor's badge. "Yeah, ok. Go ahead."

Do HOW? In we go. And by golly, after going less than a mile, you arrive on a wharf where a motherfucking Los Angeles Class attack sub is sitting there as pretty as you please, guarded by exactly ONE

bored dude, sitting on a stool near an open hatch in the deck. Not another soul to be seen in the midnight air. Your sailor exits the van, thanks you for the ride, and reels across the gangplank and enters the sub.

Drive home, shaking your head. Here's the deal: Bus. Thirty guys inside.

Tugboats: Two each, idling dockside in Port Canaveral, ostensibly there to service somebody's large freighter or something.

Midnight. Bus blows through the south gate at Cape Canaveral, even as the tugs suddenly move into the Trident Basin. Drive to the wharf, where the thirty guys disembark, dressed in chemical suits. Pitch a nerve gas grenade down that open hatch, after blowing away the one bored dude who was guarding a very expensive and volatile national asset.

Tugs move alongside the sub, as the crew of thirty commandeers the controls from the dead guys inside the sub. Fire up the sub's motors, as the tugs lash on, and rotate it around to depart. Tug crew bails out and enters sub. Sub exits the port, and does what all good subs do, which is disappear for good.

Total elapsed time, perhaps a half hour: On shore, lots of screaming and hollering, folks in uniforms running around, and that's about it. Bye bye.

Two options: Number one: Take your sub and become a serious naval power.

Number two: Take your sub to a distant secret location and cut it up. Inside, in the reactor core, you'll find lots and lots of bomb grade fissile material. Make the bomb(s). Hijack New York, or perhaps Chicago.

WHAT THE HELL'S GOING ON OUT THERE, PEOPLE?

Would somebody please lock the sub and turn out the lights when they're done?

IDIOCY REVIEW:

Container People

Behind Closed Doors, All the Fucking Time, Where the Sun Don't Shine. Will somebody please tell me what the hell's going on with Container People? Container People. As in, "Let's go inside the container and close the door behind us." You know the type. Generally got a pasty soft white look about them. Heavily into clothing, jewelry, make-up, whatever. Lotsa times they're also into the money deal. Not necessarily Republicans or anything, but that seems to help, nonetheless.

Outside, the sun is screaming down from a cerulean sky, birds are warbling, beautiful people are strolling by along the strand, and the world is smiling benignly upon all that inhabits it. "Hey, whatta ya say we go rent a movie?"

And so, from the large fixed container, they briefly pass through the beauty of the world, and as quickly as possible, enter the small mobile container, crank the air, crank the radio, crank the motor, and crank their sorry asses down to the video container. Quick exit from mobile container, into a different large fixed container.

Down at the shoreline, a gorgeous blonde is giving me the full cleavage shot with a winsome smile, as she doodles her toe in the sand. Ok. Exit the large fixed container, video in hand. Reenter the small mobile container. Be sure to close that door tight behind you, ok?

Back to the first large fixed container. Quickly jump from the mobile container, back indoors. Close the door and lock the motherfucker. Place the goddamned video tape inside ITS fucking container and sit down on the expensive couch and watch some kinda bogus Hollywood version of what's going on OUTSIDE. For chrissakes! Ahh, life is good.

Meanwhile number two, down on the beach, the blonde has twisted her torso in just the right way to give me a nice look at a left nipple, and she's saying, "Why yes, I sure would like a cold beer."

The sun continues to blaze down on all beneath it. Birds fly by and tiny waves hiss to their deaths upon the wet sand. Ok. Stay inside your fucked up container. Nobody likes you anyway.

MUSIC YOU'LL NEVER LISTEN TO/ TV YOU'LL NEVER WATCH REVIEW:

Strauss Gala/Univision, Wiener Philharmoniker/Your Livingroom or Willi Boskovsky/Unknown and/or Various London (PolyGram)/The Usual Suspects (Soap, Soda, Suchlike)

So of course it's the middle of the day on Saturday and you've only been awake for just a little while but you're already bored. The X-Games are on ESPN, but how many times can you watch some guy on a skateboard take a bone-breaking fall before that wears a little thin?

Idea...

Go get the cd's and dig out the Strauss Gala. All three brothers, Joseph, Johann, and Edward. In the liner notes there's a little woodcut-looking illustration of the trio, doing some kind of Teutonic boogie, arm in arm on top of a large, recumbent fiddle, with a swarm of exotic musical notes flying in the air around their heads. That's pretty much all you need to know right there.

Flick the tv to Univision. Saturday mornings and afternoons are especially good on Univision. Be sure and mute the sonofabitch. You can't understand what they're dancing around and singing about anyway, so it's not like you're missing anything.

Turn on the cd player and sit back and listen to the Strauss boys give it the business. Now we're getting somewhere. A comparison and contrast essay, if you will.

When Germans (Austrians, Germans, it's all the same) decide to have a little musical diversion, they do it in their own inimitable style. The Strauss boys typify this peculiarly rigid method of doing the fandango as well as anybody. Everything is all tightly controlled and reined in while simultaneously there's a certain madness that underlies the whole operation at all times.

On Univision it's almost the exact opposite. Nothing is reined in or controlled. Loony color schemes and bizarre costumery compete with one another to see which can give you a headache first. And yet, underneath it all, there's a pattern, an order. But it's well hidden and you have to look for it. The two go together exceptionally well.

While Strauss is doing a polka (no, not the Myron Florin kind) and the orchestra is blazing away like crazed gerbils on every instrument you've ever heard of and a few you haven't (up to and including the odd blast or two from a hunting rifle), there's a lady on Univision sashaying around in some kind of

evening gown that looks like it was designed jointly by Larry Flynt and Nasa. Madam Gown is singing. On a stage that looks like it wishes it was the sign in front of some gaudy Las Vegas casino. Lotsa lights. Extremely saturated primary (for the most part) colors.

Strauss is banging on a piece of railroad track, among other things. Madam Gown gestures extravagantly to her audience. The audience gestures back. With brightly-colored pompons. Somebody handing out pompons at the door? What's up with that?

Strauss shifts gears and swoons through a syrupy mix of strings and muted french horns. Madam Gown flounces to the back of the stage and makes eyes at her backup band. The boys in the band are dressed just as flamboyantly as can be and eyeball Miss Gown right back. Leers all around. No shortage of silk, kerchiefs, or sequins here. Nice hats, too. Even the conga drums are dressed up for the occasion.

Down in the fundament of my loins, I can feel the kidney stone that I was afraid I might pass with great pain, shuddering and dissolving under the onslaught of this cultural bouillabaisse. This is powerful stuff. Better take it easy and lay off here pretty soon. Don't wanna overdo it.

Strauss has found the fowling piece once again and is using it with abandon. Madam Gown has been replaced by some huckster extolling the virtues of some damn thing or other, mike in hand. Time to cut the power and maybe go check the surf.

Goofy Website Review:

Uroulette.com

Alright, it's a slow Friday night and Lisa can't make it over till tomorrow. Your stomach is still not sure if it's over its disastrous encounter with the ribs at Sonny's barbecue yesterday and so you took one of those generic lozets left over from last month's wisdom tooth extraction and washed it down with plenty of cheapie beer. Ahh that's better. You have become the personification of buzzed uselessness and it feels quite nice by golly.

Now what? Uroulette.com, that's what. An exercise in couch potatoery as good as any. Fire up the computer and punch in uroulette.com and wait for it's odiously ugly, looks like it was done by junior high computer class, graphics to appear.

Click on the ever so ugly, portion of a roulette wheel and you're instantly in business. We're going on a blindfolded trip around the world wide web. Kinda like spinning a globe, closing your eyes, and punching it to a stop with your finger and then marveling at what exotic locale you've landed in when you open your eyes.

Most instructive, in a senseless sort of way. You learn things about the web, and the world, that you'd probably otherwise never even think about. Things like: Romania thinks it's a tourist destination. Iceland has resort hotels. And America pretty much dominates nine tenths of randomly selected web sites and the other tenth are in English for chrissakes.

You also learn that with few, very few exceptions, web pages in general are stupendously boring, idiotic, or both. Surprisingly little porn, by volume. Lotsa realtors and weird year old snippets from newspapers from Dublin to Dubuque. Horrid personal home pages with hit counters still trying to attain the magical thousand mark, three years after the goofus in question decided that a home page with a picture of him with his finger up his nose and a biblical quotation of the day would be a really neat idea.

Big construction consulting firms telling you just how big they really are. Funeral homes discretely requesting you flip the cadaver in their direction, for a modest fee of course. Chambers of commerce hyping towns nobody has ever heard of. Homemade fan pages memorializing dead guys you've never heard of. Hocus art galleries on Nantucket.

Oh hell, it's ENDLESS. Just fucking endless. Just right for burning off those excess hours you don't know what to do with otherwise. Give it a spin.

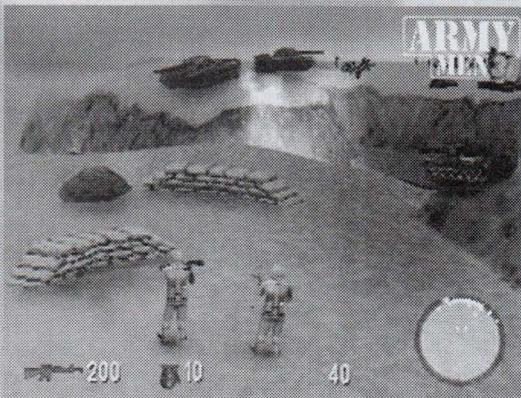
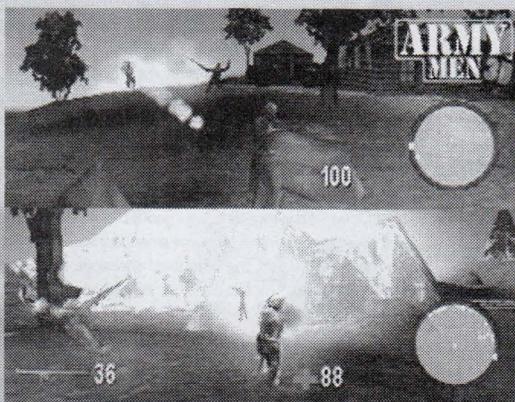


Army Men 3D

Nintendo 64

Dude...

Now I love shooter games, but lately they have all been rather dull. In fact the only drama I know of has been whether Daikatana will ever actually go gold code. Then over a delightful pipe full of Northern Lights, we played Army Men 3D. Woo-hoo! My faith in 3D first person shooters has been restored. It has something all the others lack which has always pissed me off, strategy. No not camping you lamers, but honest to good using the noodle, which at this point was humming with the voice of a thousand diamond studded starlets, I never bored of the single player mode, nor was I ever truly confused as to what I was supposed to be doing. Yes, I accidentally attacked the tank with a pistol, but I was stoned damn you. The coup de gras came when we discovered versus mode. Not only does it open itself up to the most outrageous of shit talking (Teril Smits does an awesome Rambo going insane bit while playing this, but that's a whole story in and of itself), but the ability to pause and pass the "peace" pipe is right on. Plus the graphics are fuzzy and soft-edged, just like a stoner likes them. Good job guys!



STONER

GAME REVIEWS

by Hiroshi Greenbag

ECCO DOLPHIN WARRIOR FROM THE FUTURE

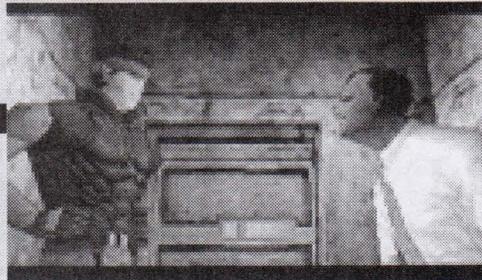
Oh lord, he's back. It's Ecco! Sega, not afraid to follow-up disasters with sequel, bring us, and I am not making this shit up, Ecco the Dolphin, Defender of the Future! But I have a dark secret in my closet, it's right next to my Milli Vanilli posters. I loved the first Ecco. It was a stoner's paradise. You're a fucking dolphin with a lot of time on your hands. Just swimming around, hanging out, shooting the shit. It ruled. It was like an activity center for the avid smoker. So when I saw they had remade it for Dreamcast, I almost swallowed the bong water. WTF? Err, okay guys. But once again they hit the stoner market right on. Not only is this shit rendered to life-like status, but also the game is so paced you don't have to pause to accept and smoke a pipe. Though shit talking is non-existent, it makes up for that in game play and soothing music and visuals. The hippie smoker should run out and by this today. Peace on Ecco!



ecco

THE DOLPHIN
DEFENDER OF THE FUTURE





Metal Gear Solid

Konami
Playstation



Right after my five super models and three shaved-well-oiled chimps fantasies comes my desire to be a secret agent. Beside the obvious technicality of failing the drug test, I also admit that I have big fear of getting shot if I ever tried to preserve liberty in true 007 fashion. This is why I play Video Games, and this why Konami makes games like Metal Gear Solid. Though if you're too baked there is no way you can follow the rather complex story line, but the mindless violence and spy-like killing make up for it. Go team! Pausing is sorta of a bitch, that is to be expected in these games. Either I was to stoned or couldn't find it, but there was no versus mode. No shit-talking, unless you count yelling at the people you are killing, but where is the fun in that? Still, if you are alone and got a bag, I say go for it. Save the world in the haze of ever thickening blue smoke.



STONER TIP

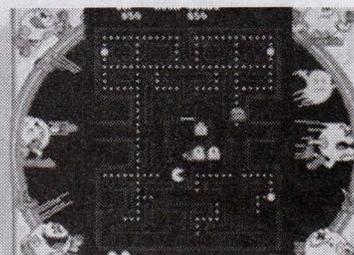
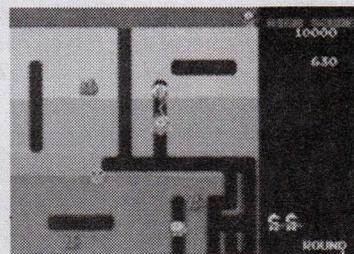
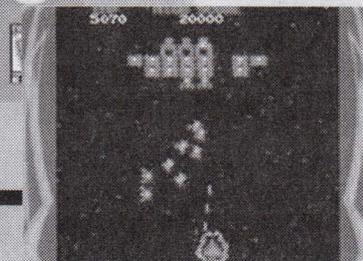
by Yoshi Sativenson

"Don't Pull That Hair Out of That Hit"

The clock struck 10:30am, and it was time once again to roll out of bed and into the living room to ponder beginning the day. First, time to catch up on the stuff I absolutely had to do on this fine afternoon. Take a 20 mile ride on the trusty bicycle, screw around at the beach, get a burrito... Then I remembered, better take a hit. Into the stash I went, and there, I was confronted with something every seasoned smoker knows about-jonzin' and scrapin'. I was sifting through with a microscope the remains of what at one time had been a nice sticky bud of some crucial, and was coming up empty. After a good 15 minutes of searching and cleaning, and then searching again, I came up with enough bits to maybe amount to a decent hit.

It was out to the balcony I went, smoking apparatus in hand, to meet my well-deserved fate, to get stoned. Then as I snapped the lighter, I observed a hair protruding from the side of the hit. I thought for a second, 'Maybe I'll pull it out real fast and it won't affect it, kinda like pulling a tablecloth out from beneath a full place setting, magician style. Dumb idea, because as soon as I yanked the entire hit exploded in the air into small particles and most of it went over the balcony. It was the lamest thing ever. If you're ever scrapin, don't do this.

OLD SCHOOL



When I saw Ran pop this in, I was wondering how long his lame ass was going to "relish in the old school" as he calls it when he plays forlorn 80's vintage games. But I have to admit, once the Dig Dug two player fiascos started, I was drawn in. Ever remember not doing something because you thought you were just to fucking cool to do it, and then when you finally did it you regretted not doing it earlier, you know, like fucking fat chicks? Well, maybe not that. Anyway, it has all the classics, Pac-Man, Ms. Pac-Man, Galaga. Hell, look at

the art you lazy stoner. It's up there. Though the graphics are no Diablo 2, there is something clever about the 16bit graphics and how designers then used it to its full potential. With old junior high gaming egos on the line, the shit talking is immense. Pausibility for the pipe, check. Game play, give me a break it's Pac-Man. If you can't handle Pac-Man while stoned, better join ol' Steven Hawkins in his chair. This is a must rent, but I don't think I'd own it. Christ, these are a quarter a piece at the Arcades.



Outdoor Survival Tips VI

by Gene Slacks

sively hot day and shelters you from an unexpectedly fierce downpour. A tree symbolizes everything about the completeness of nature.

The cycle of life that surrounds and intertwines the very fabric of nature and reality can be found within the sturdy trunk of a tree and out to the very tip of the farthest leaves. And within the forest ecosystem, the tree gives so much of its life to nurture and protect other creatures dwelling above, below, and at the forest floor. But enough about the greatness of trees....(that was last issue)

Yo and I decided one balmy fall afternoon to take a backpacking trip out one of the last stands of old-growth forests on the East Coast. The Joyce Kilmer-Slickrock Wilderness, located inside North Carolina's Nantahala National Forest, covers about 17,000 acres and straddles the North Carolina-Tennessee border. Within the wilderness area lies the Joyce Kilmer Memorial Forest, named after poet Joyce Kilmer - his most famous poem was the apropos ode, "Trees." Some of the huge trees stand at around 100 feet, have a circumference of over 20 feet and are close to 400 years old. The motherfuckers are big.

You can't camp in the memorial forest. One careless campfire and it's bye-bye pretty trees, so Yo and I started our trip about 15 miles away at Big Fat Gap. After making sure all the

food was stowed properly, all the straps tightened down and all the drugs were ferreted out of the car, Yo shouldered his pack and shuffled off down the trail. A few miles of general descent alternating along a intermittent stream bed and through a mossy forest of mixed hardwoods and pines led us to a flat clearing with nice campsites by Slickrock Creek. Yo and I shrugged our heavy bags off our sweat-drenched backs and set up the site. A quick visit to the three-stage Wildcat Falls before it got dark to share a welcome bowl and then Yo and I ate dinner and hit the sack.

The chilly morning greeted us with the sun. Another quick meal and visit to the stunning falls and the requisite bowl, and we were on the trail again. This trail wasn't no joke, neither. The Slickrock Creek Trail covers about 2000

There's nothing like a tree to provide you with almost everything you could ever need while spending time in the outdoors. A tree casts off its dead and useless pieces for you to create fire. A tree shades you on an oppres-

ft. in 5 miles. My out-of-shape ass was not ready for this. Yo and I eventually huffed and puffed our way to the top. The trip up was mostly an extended, sweat-filled blur, but I remember pushing through rhododendron-filled slopes, agonizing over each leaden step up make-shift log steps helpfully placed along some of the steeper portions and sweating like a pig. (Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you, I bought

some new socks before the trip that had these Teflon portions sewn into the heels and toes. Unfortunately, I got the wrong size. So, on the descent the day before, they seemed fine. But on the ascent, they slipped around on my heel like a wet tongue. Needless to say, I got some fat blisters.)



At the top of the climb, in a nice, breezy saddle called Naked Ground, Yo and I threw off our packs and lay down in two exhausted puddles. Yo, of course, quickly lit up a cigarette.

"Damn," I said, "when are you going to quit the nic?"

"Awww, come on, man," Yo retorted. "You know you want one."

"No thanks, I'll stick to the wacky..."

A quick rustle and a snuffle and all the sudden a scrawny brown hound popped out of the long grass surrounding the campsites.

"Come 'ere," Yo spoke with a whistle.

The dog ambled over to Yo and sniffed his hand.

"What the fuck's on his neck?" I asked.

"Looks like a radio collar... wonder what that's for..." Yo mused.

"Damn, I'll bet that's a coon hound and the hunters wait till he trees a raccoon and then they just follow the signal..."

"Or it could be a bear hound," Yo said.

"Yeah," I said. "Oh well, let's set up camp."

While putting the tent up and getting the food ready, the dog sat on the ground and snapped at the incessant buzzing of about 40 persistent flies. It's bony hips and visible spine suggested either the dog's handlers were stiff on the chow, or the dog had been left behind on a previous hunt. Since the owners probably fed the dog decently so it'd be strong enough to hunt, we figured the bitch (we figured out it was female by then) had probably been roaming the woods for awhile.

Yo and I busied ourselves with the camp chores and eventually some good Samaritans hiked by, talked to us about the dog and took it with them. We wished them luck and hunkered down in the tent and plotted our trip to visit the giants.

This is where the drugs came in.

Yo and I had brought with us — for the special pilgrimage to the memorial forest — an interesting new substance.



To better enjoy our time among the stately tulip poplars, Yo and I decided to try out a new drug. Salvia divinorum is a member of the Mint family and is totally legal. It's a tree of sorts... actually it's just a plant, but hey, so are trees. I pulled these facts off a Web site about the plant (www.dreamwater.com), so take them with a grain of salt:

The name Salvia divinorum means "Sage of the Diviners." Under the right conditions, taken in the right way, Salvia produces a unique state of "divine inebriation." For hundreds of years, it has been used in religious and healing ceremonies by the Mazatec Indians, who live in the province of Oaxaca, in Mexico

At present (10/7/98), neither Salvia, nor the substance Salvinorin-A that it contains, is a scheduled substance in the U.S. It is legal to grow, buy and sell Salvia plants or leaves.

The effects of Salvia are very different than those of alcohol; but like alcohol it impairs your ability to drive, and decreases your coordination. Driving under the influence of Salvia is very stupid.

S. divinorum is both like, and unlike, other substances that affect the mind. In many ways Salvia divinorum is in a class by itself. No other herb, no other

drug, is really very much like Salvia. Salvia is not "legal pot." It is not "legal acid." Salvia is Salvia. It is a unique "visionary herb."

Salvia contains a chemical substance called Salvinorin-A (usually referred to just as salvinorin). Salvinorin causes Salvia's mind altering effects. It is not chemically related to LSD, DMT, Ecstasy, THC or any other drug. It is not an alkaloid.

Although it is not habit forming, pure salvinorin is extremely strong. Doses of only several hundred micrograms (millionths of a gram) will have an effect, and doses above 1 milligram (1/1000 of a gram) are too much for most people to handle. Fortunately, Salvia leaf is hundreds of times weaker than pure salvinorin. This makes it much easier to safely use Salvia leaf than it would be to use pure salvinorin.

Salvia leaf is quite physically safe. No one has ever died from a Salvia overdose. Salvia is neither a stimulant, a sedative, a narcotic, nor a tranquilizer. Like the psychedelics it can induce visions. But it differs from the so called "classical psychedelics" (LSD, psilocybin and mescaline) in many ways. No one knows how salvinorin works in the brain. We do know it works differently

than any other known substance.

If Salvia is smoked, the effects come on very quickly, in less than a minute. If it is chewed, the first effects come on at about 15 minutes and full effects are at about 30 minutes. Usually a Salvia trip lasts from 15 minutes to an hour. Occasionally trips may last up to 2 hours. It is important not to drive or use machinery for several hours after the trip appears to be ended.

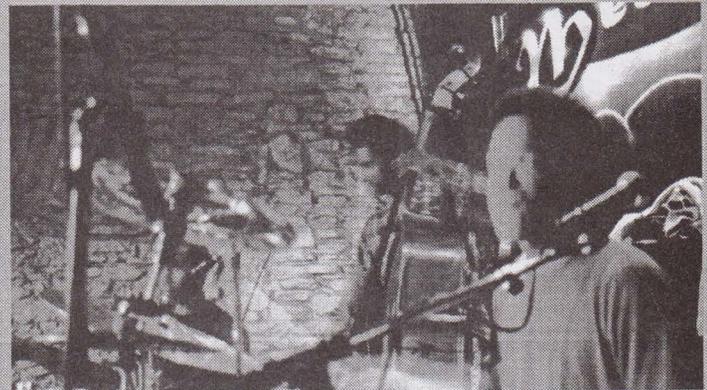
I would love to regal you with tales about our journey into the magical forest, but unfortunately Yo and I consumed enough of the Salvia leaves to make it in between Level 5 and 6. All I know is that we woke up amid the leaf litter that covered a far corner of the memorial forest. Towering trees surrounded our eyes when we woke and fleeting visions of swirling patterns, slow-motion speakers leading us (or just me, I'm not sure what Yo saw) through dark, alabaster halls sitting in the middle of a nebula, near the edge of the universe.... Anyway, check out the Web site and try the plant for yourself. It's still legal and as good as a trip you'll get anywhere else - if you're susceptible to it. It's cheap, too. Next time Yo and I will go a little lighter on the dose....



The Mercury
Presents...

Above Jazz

214 E. 6th Street



Copping Out:



It's not very often one can reflect and let off a big sigh of relief that they escaped with their sanity from a madhouse. Though you're probably thinking I'm reflecting on one of my trips to Boy's Town or hauling ass through a South American jungle escaping local disputes, alas I am not. For Dante himself did not see the circle of Hell under this frozen lake of emotions. Or maybe he did, but was too scared of the demons to warn poor souls who enter the realm from which I recently fled. Abandon all hope ye who enter these gates, the gates leading into corporate America.

Trading the Cow for the Magic Beans

It was the summer of 1998 and I found myself flipping dead cow at Hut's Hamburgers in the sweaty heat anyone who has visited Austin, TX in August never forgets. I've never had romanticism for the working class I was just plain flailing in life. It had only recently occurred to me even though my films were acclaimed, jobs in the industry had been offered, and I had spent four years in school for it, I just hated film people. Since before this time all I wanted to do was make film, I had no purpose and was a ghost ship passing through life like a whisper in the night.

I am part hustler and part closer intellectual nightmare. This was skill set I decided to use to try and score a job with Austin's most notorious and profitable employer, Dell. After a brief test, whose answers had been supplied to me by a person who got their job by the same devious methods, Dell made me an offer on the spot. Thinking of the sweatbox of the not-air-conditioned grease pit, I signed on the dotted line. With a handshake, Dell and I would begin a trek that would grow to legendary status within certain arenas, and ultimately ending a near nervous and total breakdown for me.

MY HELL
AT DELL

by ran scot

Taking the Dogma for a Walk

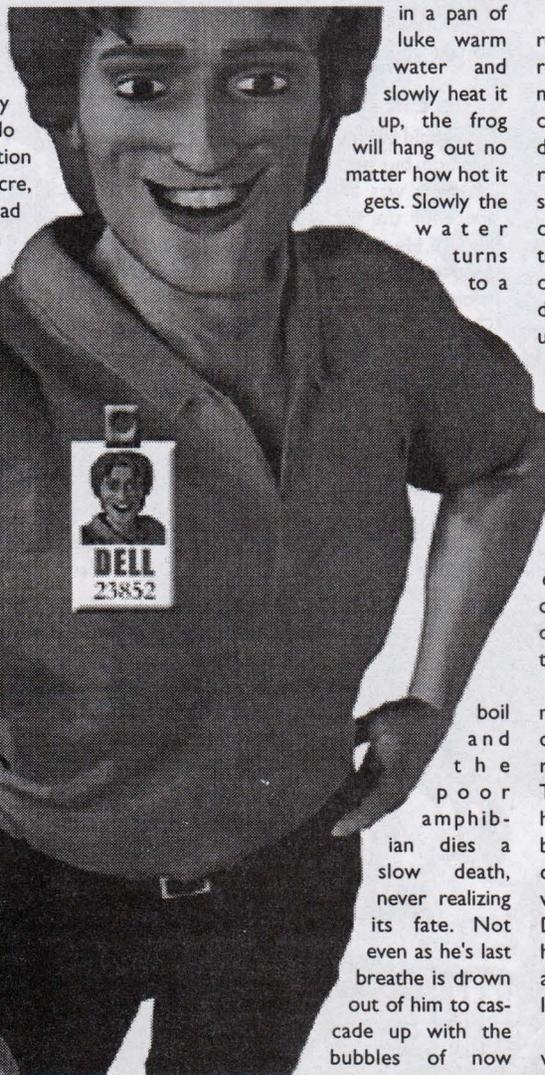
When I was about thirteen I became fascinated by Catholic indoctrination and the almost cult-like following the Virgin Mary receives. The main reason had nothing to do with Catholicism at all, but the total misapplication of the dogma system; the Jonestown Massacre, Manson Family, and the Republican Party. I had forgotten that contemplative summer, which involved all this deep thinking while crayfish trapping. There's a correlation, think about it. Like any good brain washing cattle run, Dell had the mind inoculation entry points laden with gold. After sedating us with a three course extravagant breakfast (the last

free meal you'll ever get), the promises of a Utopia were laid out before us. A real land of milk and honey. Their stock jumping through the roof was displayed in all their grandure, the seemingly unstoppable profits and capital gains, and, most of all, a special message from our brave new world leader, Michael Dell.

I know you have seen those late night infomercials where this toad-like human is pumping up a crowd of paid actors for whatever flavor of the month hype he is peddling this time. This was not unlike those, and yes I was getting paid to care. During this mind inoculation, I asked how they expected this trend to continue with their newfound status of saturation of the only highly profitable PC market sector. I believe this was their first inkling maybe I was not corporate material. Either way, I do know it was more than likely marked in my permanent Dell record.

But I smiled and accepted their half-truths and boldface lies because above all else I wanted to believe I too could become rich, and quick. So, like a desperate man down on his luck at the end of his final rope about to throw in his hard saved \$500 dollars in some born-again Amway scheme, I bought in. Instead of cash to the hustler, I gave Corporate America a part of my soul. Only then I did not know.

When I was in high school a friend once showed me a rather odd trick. If you place a frog



in a pan of luke warm water and slowly heat it up, the frog will hang out no matter how hot it gets. Slowly the water turns to a

boil and the poor amphibian dies a slow death, never realizing its fate. Not even as he's last breathe is drown out of him to cascade up with the bubbles of now scorching water.

This is the best way I can describe my assimilation into the Church of Corporate America, Domination Dell.

Tending the Cattle While Being in the Herd

One of the few things I can thank Dell for was a crash course in PC Architecture and OS Design. As I long have been known to be able to pick up rather complex skills quickly, like chess, a hard science, or language, in an insanely short amount of time, so did computers and I have a mind meld. See, Dell saw my promise in multi-media design, but I was a firm worshipper in the cult of Apple, whose loving arms I can say I am gratefully back in, again (A second to clap for Steve Jobs on becoming CEO, woo hoo!) I had a Dune royal seal so I could be trusted to always side with Mac, a condition Dell never broke me of.

Dell did not hand me the keys to the media lab, yet they did not want me to wonder off before they poured some projects out of my soul. So they hired me in as a rather dubious title Senior Level Computer Technician. I was to find out later this translated to nothing more than glorified phone monkey, a phone monkey in a vivisection lab that is.

Austin had long been strip-mined of anything resembling tech talent, and my class of techs reflected the lack of veins of true talent left in the mountain. Though the class was a robust thirty, I could count on one hand the people worthy of driving out of the rock with a pickaxe. Dell was really panning the stream here, but they did find some diamonds in the rough, and I still have a closeness with them and members of the JEDI team that is not unlike war buddies reflecting back of the front line. Though I will not name names due to obvious legal problems, I have decided to use nicknames worthy of the most notable fuck-ups Dell had hired:

The Turtle

The Turtle was the prototype of older person Dell seemed determined to employ, even though they usually had an antiquated skill set and were for the most part untrainable. The old dog/new trick syndrome. Our Turtle would crash his computer about twice daily, and one occasion caused a hardware meltdown of which defies explanation by physics, as we understand them today.

The Turtles as a group would last about six months on average. After I shot through the ranks of responsibility with a few others of my class, I remember taking at least three escalation calls my Turtle had personally caused. He was a temp-to-hire, Dell loves this since they do not have to give benefits, and after his contract ran out I guess they chose not to renew. This was odd since it was a well-known fact on the tech floor of Round Rock, Dell will keep any fool in a cube as long as they help keep the queue of customers complaining about their sub-par machines down to acceptable levels.

The queue never ended, for two reasons. One was that Dell would never to continue to train their techs, not even on new products Dell would offer. I remember at least five occasions I found out we were selling a new item because a customer called in saying they were having a problem with it. One of those occasions it was an illegal configuration, which means it required an extra spot on the IDE chain (like 3 hard drives, DVD, IDE Zip, AND CD-ROM, sales reps loved to do shit like this) or required an IRQ or PCI slot, which everyone in the computer industry knows Dell is notorious for overfilling. Basically the techs on the floor were blind-sided from one direction for poor training which Dell fully knew of and always promised fix, but of course that meant money and was never really achieved. From other directions came machines that would never work sold by a sales rep, increasing faulty equipment. Dell sold a 3-COM modem for almost two years that even the 3 Com Engineers could not get to connect above 26.4 kbps; and which took a reg hack (coincidentally supposedly unsupported by Dell) to uninstall, and overbearing-slave-tactic-loving management. But more on that later: I personally think Dell was more afraid of the Turtles reaching retirement age on them. The pure misery of Dell is what drives the company.

(continued on page 28)

Gun Boy

This guy was pure-bred-nut-fucking case. We did the dry ass "What Would You Take to a Desert Island" exercise to break the ice in class, and he said he would take his guns and his dog. The guy was married and he would rather shot himself with his guns than bring her along. Ahh, love in the 90s. The last I knew of this bonafide sociopath was still on the phones. Though not as a scary as Thunder Bunny (he gets his own part of this story), he was nonetheless a guy you would avoid on the street, much less call up for advice. They scary part is Dell seemed to love to hire this prototype, too. That is a dark area I am still trying to shed light on today.

The Mole

Or the rat. This guy had entrenched himself thoroughly into the bureaucratic machinery of Dell. He would leave to join the queue Nazis and then be hired away. His most memorable moment was being asked by me to step outside for lies he was spreading about my stats and a few others in fear we might jump him on the toady rank. He would kiss my ass after that til he left.

The Tool

Oh the Tool. This was actually half of the class though they acted as one, like the Borg. But instead of being a kick ass killer race, they are slowly bringing corporations to a new intellectual low. Be extra careful not to assimilate. One of the more classic Tool moments came when I was in class with Tool 1038. They were all identical, so Dell gave them badges to tell the difference, of course 1038 is a reference and not some one's actual badge number that would be just to mean. But Tool 1038 was set up to fail, because me and a couple of the other competent monkeys were playing with administration controls and he was watching. He took his knowledge and decided to play a prank on the class. He sent out a "global" email without truly understanding what global meant. Basically, he sent an email to every employee at Dell he was now the super root administrator and we should all bow down to him. When everyone in the class got it he laughed. When my friend leaned over and mentioned what he had really done, he went sort of pale. Believe it or not, he was not fired. But he is still on the phone after almost two years.

These guys become lifers on the phone. They are the backbone of Dell, especially technical support. Though completely harmless, the converse is they are to the same extreme non-beneficial. They are seat warmers like the Turtles and Gun Boys of Dell, expect a lot less scary. And they

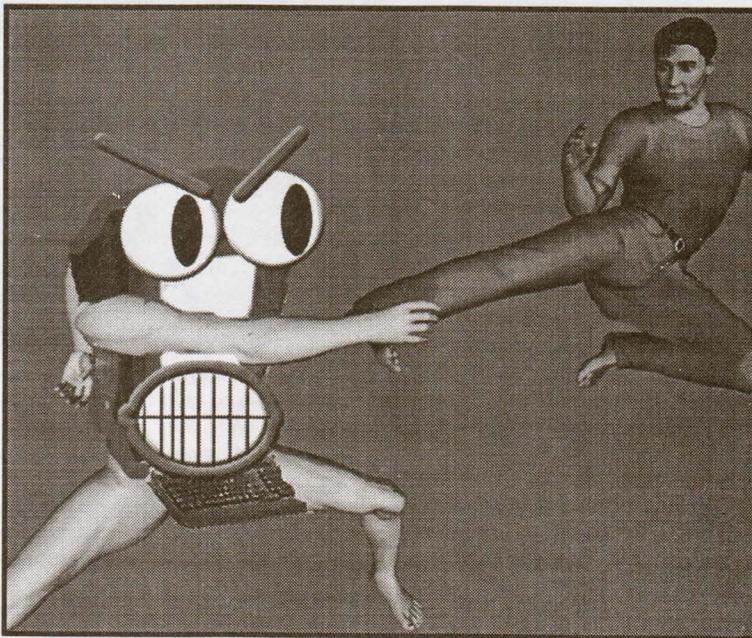
know how important your time is, and are eager to take your call.

The Elf:

I could tell he was being groomed for a design position, but not much was going for him there. Maybe it was because he lacked focus, competence, or the cocky attitude designers need to survive. He would annoy me and Master Mac (the best tech at Dell, hands down) with inane design projects and less than clever pop culture motifs. Don't get me wrong; he was a nice guy, just not my kind of guy. Nor would he ever jump the fence out of the tech bullpen.

The Chatter

All these guys are short-timers, very short. Many had computer skills far beyond the tools, hell my crew for that matter, but they had an Achilles heel. Their addiction to chat. They could not help but to use IRC, BBSes, MUDs and many



GUI based chats on the Internet. Most were walked during class. One of the most amusing things I saw a Chatter do was trouble shoot a system while they were cyber sexing on AIM. He was mysteriously walked a few days later, like all Chatters. It's an addiction like alcoholism, only so much more lame.

The last group includes me and a few other real people. We were mostly hired for skill sets outside of tech support, but Dell wanted to make sure we were competent monkeys before we got our high price positions. Or so we thought. After training we were dumped onto the floor on teams supposedly at random. We believed this, but once there we realized everything Dell tells you was not always true. After doing very well in class and obvious notice of my hot shot, fighter pilot style of tech support, I was placed on a kick ass team called the Jedi Knights, and damn if we weren't. This team had the highest percentage of

bad asses on the entire floor than any other. I could have easily taken the members of this team and started one of the legendary computer companies of our time. With a few exceptions.

Now you have a good idea of the cattle in the thundering herd and it is time to enter my house of horrors. Be warned that from here on out it does not get pretty. If you are having a nice day, I'd stop reading now.

To set the scene, I need to tell you what a day in the life of a Dell technician is like. To begin with, Big Brother is always watching. They kept track of every second, AND I MEAN EVERY SECOND, of your day. If you logged in 15 fucking seconds late after a break, the Queue Nazi would call you and ream you out.

If the queue of calls was high, they would deny you breaks, the mandatory lunch hour they had promised, and sometimes force you, under the threat of termination, to work overtime. These were never polite requests, but heavy-handed demands they would brow beat you with. They would take every opportunity to demean and belittle you so not to fight their demands. These are not unlike the slave labor tactics you hear about overseas.

I got a name quick on the floor for being one of the few to flat out tell the Queue Nazis to fuck off, even defending other people who did not have the courage under fear of their jobs, and young children at home. Even with my fighting their soul crushing ways, I was slowly being brainwashed by constant "I on I's and arrogant mid-management telling me how worthless tech support was and how Dell would be better off outsourcing them than deal with pricks like me.

THIS, people of the world, is how Dell treats their award winning tech support. The morale, and moral for that matter, is in the gutter.

The attrition rate is rumored to be around 30% a quarter and management seemed to love it. Those sadistic assholes relished in the pain and suffering they were causing. I know this because I was there.

Why did I not quit, you ask? Because they kept coming at me from all sides I fell hopeless. Bewildered. A deer in headlights. Plus there was the constant promise of a big stock pay off just at the end of the rainbow.

To make matters worse, Dell knowingly shipped products with known issues, most horrific. So they would require us to "white lie" about these problems under, again, threats of losing our jobs. Yeah, it was real fucking great to be at Dell.

So with all this pressure and malcontent we were forced to face a very computer-illiterate public with a smile. My god the things people would do to their poor computers. From saw apart the motherboard to their claims the moni-

tors were sending mind-altering messages, the masses are pretty wild. They often got mad with us for having to replace parts; even if it was to replace a keyboard they split coffee in. Like I could fix that over the phone.

So while the management pressed us down under their thumb from above, customers were screaming and up our ass from below, all the time winning award after award in magazines and media.

Another thing I was known for on the floor was my wild style I handled customers with. I didn't put up with shit from anyone at any time. One time I actually had a guy under his desk crying. Humorous for me, until I found out I was being listened to by Big Brother. Oh well.

Fuck it; I had nothing to worry about. I repeatedly put up the best stats on the entire tech support floor, along with some of the other Jedis. I was a loose cannon, but I generated results a-go-go. Most of all, they knew I could design. It did not take long before the requests started coming in. I started redesigning tech docs and support material, far exceeding the quality they expected. They kept trying to trip me up with more complex projects, but I kept producing, ahead of schedule and under-budget.

Believe it or not this pissed people off. But not nearly as bad as I was about to become. See, when I came to Dell I was told I would work the phones for seven months then be set free. I should have gotten that in writing. Even with my off-the-chart stats and track record of quality design, which I did while taking calls, Dell reneged on their promise of my due promotion. It was just one of many, many lies.

The thing to remember while reading this, this is just my story. It was being reproduced in more troubling fashion all around me. It was not like I was alone in misery, we all were in HELL. We complained in mass in shouts and screams, but were ignored as if we were just peeps in the night. No amount of complaints filed to the right channels of human resources would do any good. Once they finally had a meeting with me (which took two months to get), they agreed I was hired in below my skill set, and then politely told me to politely shut the hell up. Seems I was giving spirit to the tech floor, as my own spirit was breaking more everyday. I got a meeting with an area manager, but he was a known liar, too. He once got caught in a bold face, yet rather complex, lie on a conference call and nothing happened. He was constantly putting up smoke screens to hide the tech moral from higher ups, and the amount of smoke he blew up my ass would rival even the Driesdig Firebombing. Since my manager walked around with his nose up the Area Manager's rectum, I was at a loss.

Remember while all this is going on I got the Queue Nazis screaming at one end, customers at the other, and the Jedi Team was about to be screwed hard. See, we were the best hands down, the best team at Dell. Every six months Dell would break apart teams and re-align them for a few reasons beneficial only to management. First, they did not want camaraderie because that breeds solidarity. One of Dell's greatest fears was one day techs might unionize against the sweatshop-style atmosphere we were forced to work in. Again, we did not quit, because most of us needed the paycheck and lure of the stock was too much. Plus they tried to break your will to leave. With constant re-alignments, the techs could never adhere. Second, managers were constantly passing off bad techs to each other like a game of Old Maid. And last, this kept the techs jumpy and fearful for their jobs. Dell operates their tech support system based on principles of strangling and oppression. Besides the soul sapping and nervous breakdowns of people, it works fine.

After about a year of cowboying in tech support and doing professional design for twelve an hour while taking calls, the higher-ups decided to set me up for a fall to shut me up forever. Unfortunately for them, it backfired and it made me well-known among my peers. See Michael Dell had promised Tennessee Dell would have the Nashville plant going by June. Human Resources realized there was no way traditional hiring methods would get the job done in time. What to do, what to do...



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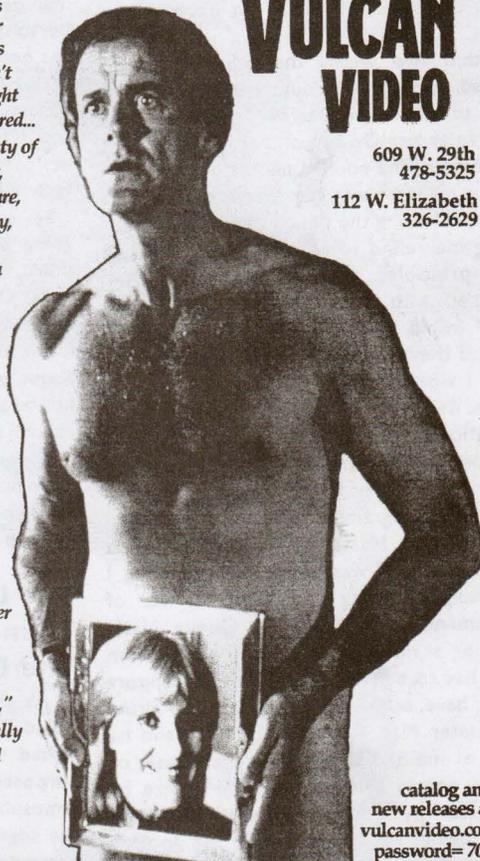
*Sure it's
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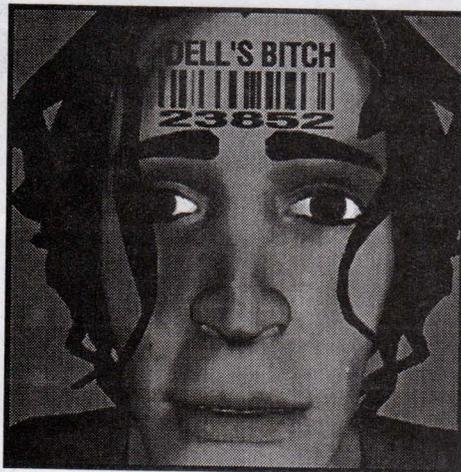
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Well, they got four of us techs, told to us to make a full interactive, live action, real time, realistic job environment, applicant screening program. And oh, have it done in a week for presentation. I shot the film, edited it, made a final cut, and designed the GUI while the others wrote a beautiful code worthy of acclaim. We developed the server, integrated the film to where it was fully-interactive in real time to streaming, did QA, and implemented it ahead of schedule and under budget. All for five thousand dollars, an outside vendor said they would do it for quarter of a million. To this day Dell still uses it, and it has never crashed!

This got people huge promotions, except of course, for the four people who made it. Our reward for this design piece would be a pat on the back and to be put back on the phones.

Within two weeks the other guys had resigned, as did I. Dell countered and promoted me to a full-time Designer position. I was free, free at last. On top of that I was working with some of the coolest people in the industry. Our manager was great, and I actually felt bad about leaving the design team. Due to her helping me refine some rough points on my design principles, and the friendships I had developed with the other members of the team. I would spin tales of the tech support area, and they would stare in amazement.

But I would only stay at Dell a few more months; the mental scars were too deep. The humiliation to hurtful to recall. Mostly, I could not work for a company that treated their employees this way. It actually took time for me to be deprogrammed as so greatly shown by Master Mac. Master Mac was promoted a few weeks after I was to the same building. I was finally returning to normal, no fear of management heavy hands or Queue Nazis screaming at me. I would go to the bathroom when I had to, a luxury people in tech support did not have, no matter how grave the situation. Master Mac wanted a cigarette, and he looked at me and sighed maybe at break, or squeeze one in a lunch when he realize he could actually get up and leave his desk, like a human being. He was through the looking glass, too. But to this day it is hard for me to

talk about certain events from the floors of Dell tech support. My hell was Dell.

Layers of Management, Dell Style

The one thing that I think allowed managers to get away with their antics and poor treatment of their employees was a vast layering of management. They had set up impenetrable walls to people who would be horrified at the condition of the morale in tech support. Their jobs depend on it, so do their egos.

You could never get past your manager to file a complaint, and even if you did it was futile. With these layers, no one was responsible for anything. Zero accountability. Asking around, I realize all corporations are run like this. Just seems like Dell management uses it for evil, and it seems the demographic of 40 to 60 year olds is pretty useless. Since they have no currently viable skill set, they create work for themselves by gross mismanagement and busy time jobs for techs. Another of their favorite pastimes was setting up conflicting policies and then have countless meetings about them. Though they never produce a product tangible, to the naked eye they are busy as hell. Dell is full of people like these. If Dell, or other corporations are to be saved, here a few guidelines to help:

1. Poll your low level employees, in Dell's case your techs, customer service representatives, and sales representatives about morale, manager corruption, and stress levels. Do it personally because your management team has been lying to you for years now.

2. Fire all the dead wood. Being a cutthroat businessman is what got you where you are today. The biggest deadwood at Dell computers today, and the root of all the problems in tech support is the Baron of Bedlam.

3. Last, improve morale; you have techs going ballistic on the floor. Because if you don't, Dell may make the news for bad reasons like employees cracking due to the immense stress they are under. We both know this has already happened, and I am about to tell the world. Your PR people will not be able to suppress it this time. Let's hope no one else experiences the next two stories, both of which happened on my team, and were not bleeps on the radar, but huge glaring red lights that what they were doing to people was wrong.

The Legend of Thunder Bunny: The Dellumbine Incident

As mentioned before we had a guy we called Thunder Bunny on the team. He garnished this name because for all intent and purposes, he was a nice guy. However, the atmosphere of the job was driving him over the edge, far more than most of us. He was a pressure cooker constantly exploding, on time

with almost deadly results.

It was last summer and I think the heat wave, the asinine ways of the Queue Nazis, and a poor performance review finally sent him over the edge. This sucked because he sat right next me and Master Mac. Have you ever seen someone go insane? I mean balls out, eat a family of five, shoot people from a tower, mass murdering insane? I did that day, and will never be the same. There was no humanity in his eyes, only rage. He rose up out of his seat and began to soundly beat the shit out of the phone, that doubled as a leash to his desk. In the next move he grabbed his keyboard and began to smash it repeatedly into his monitor and phone, all the while screaming at the top of his lungs in such anguish, it was no longer English, but in the tongue of a mortal man sailing the seas on insanity. I am usually a fast on my feet kind of guy, same with Master Mac, but this display had us frozen. He finally turned his rage toward us, but by then the Wackennut SS was there to take him down. If they had not been there a second sooner, we would have had to defend ourselves against the deadly force. He would not have been lashing out at us personally, only the situation he was in. He had completely lost it.

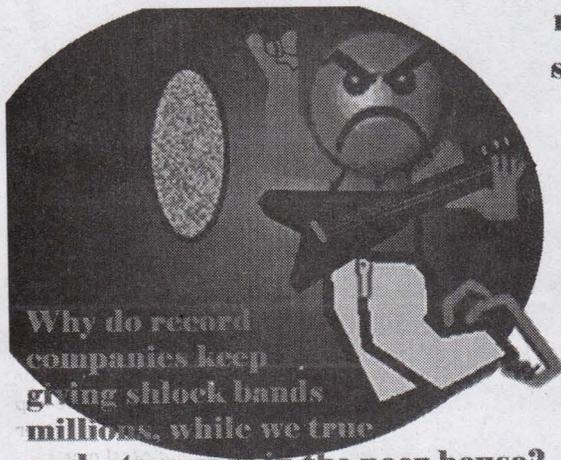
We did not see him for several weeks, and we asked around. He was on psychiatric leave, hopefully permanently. Dell was too cheap to let him go, because then he could pull disable workers comp on them. Instead, they did a patchwork psyche job on him and put him **BACK ON THE PHONES**. Now, I swear, he wears a black trench coat to work, and twitches ever so slightly. When I was promoted to a different campus, I counted my lucky stars. The worst part is he so messed up now; he doesn't view quitting as an option. I guess Dell's mind washing psychotics did their jobs. At least he has not been deadly, like the next story.

The Day the Wheels Fell Off

Some still debate what truly happened, since Dell's PR people have tried to hide suppress the story, though it did briefly make the news before being squashed. On a fateful night, a great Dell tech shot and killed another one and held another hostage during the early morning of a rather calm Sunday. The reasons are still shaky due to reasons just explained, but it did happen. The stress level was definitely a major factor. It ended with the murderous tech taking his own life, but not without calling some members of the Jedi about what he had done. So for a sure tally I know first hand, Dell's way of running their tech support officially has blood on its hand. But I guess there is no war crimes tribunal for Corporate America, but maybe there should be.

Peace, and by the way, let's burn this system down.





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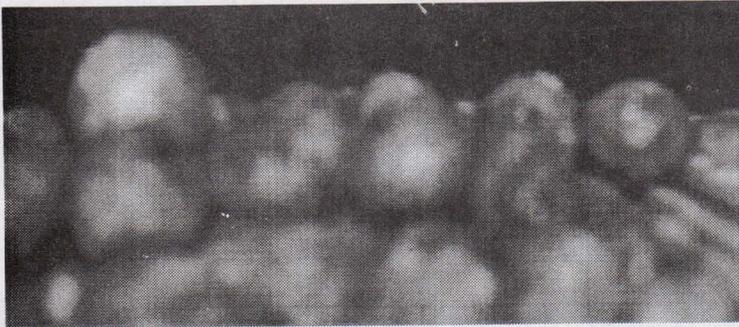
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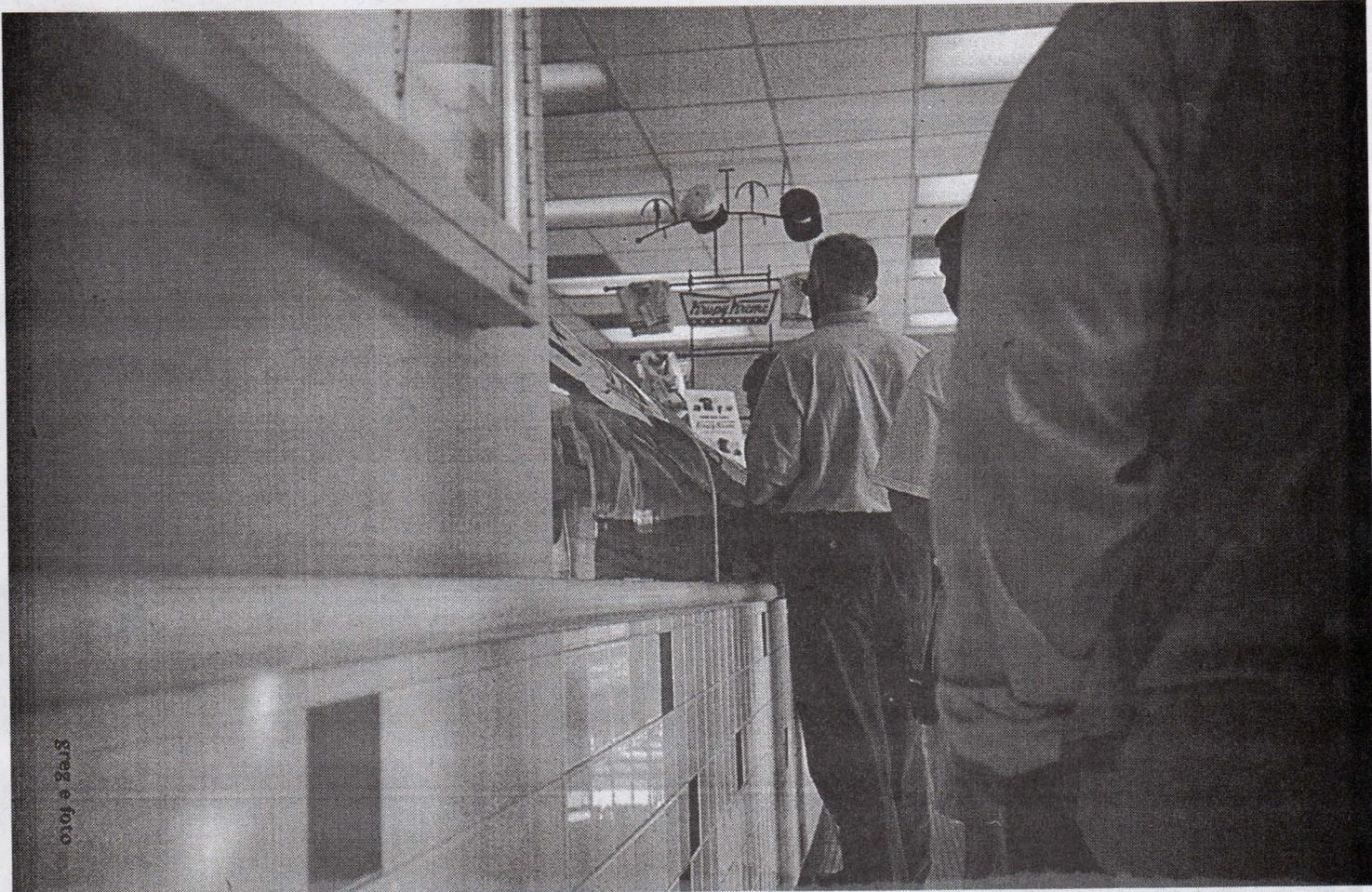
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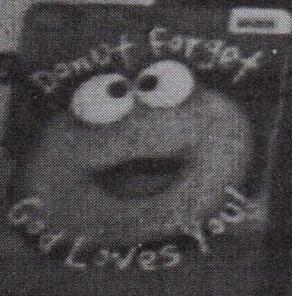


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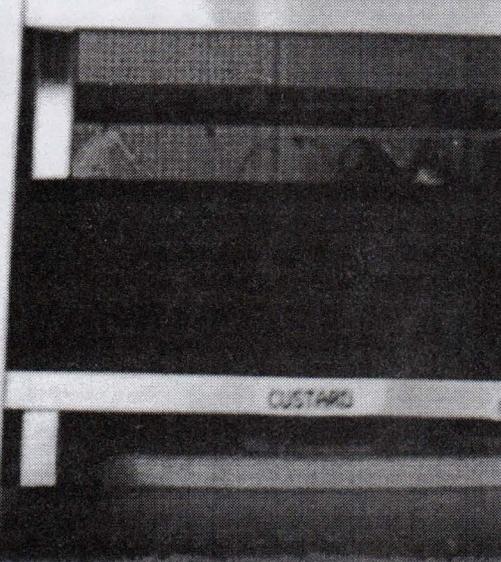
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COCO , NUT , SPRINKLE	50	250	500
TWIST	60	300	600
CAKE	50	250	500
FILLS	50	250	500
ROLLS	60	300	600
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Salt for Slugs

Vol. 4, No. 1



AM CHOCOLATE FRUIT TARTS CREAM CHEESE / DONUT STRAWBERRY CHERRY

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- Oct. 8 — The fucking Champs
- Oct. 9 — At the Drive In & the Murder City Devils
- Nov. 4 — Melt Banana

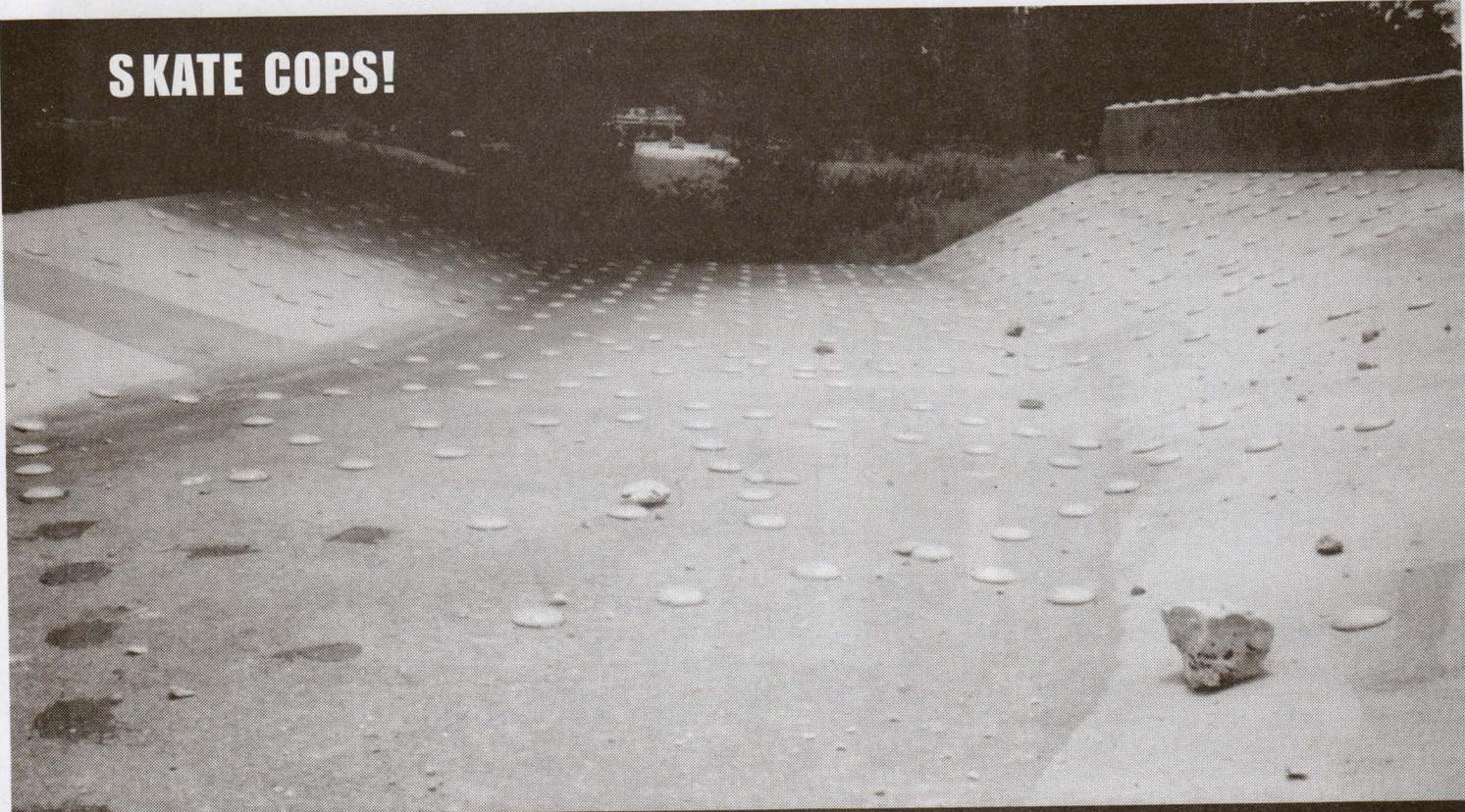
Watch for some of your
favorite touring bands to
relieve you of your X-
mas bonuses this
December during
our Monday
Madness
onslaught!



* Now, before you get all Tim Yohanan on our ass, we mean oldest punk club that's still open. 10 years and running — we're too stupid to quit.

Yeah, we're e-geeks. Check out
www.emosaustin.com for proof.

SKATE COPS!



Now this is a sick desperate act performed by some sort of fucking dickhead cop. Sure, skateboarding isn't a crime, but to the assholes who studded this sweet ditch, it is somehow offensive. This is the kind of thing that makes kids hate the system, and for good reason. People should unite against ignorant cop shit like this.

Salt for Slugs



Of all of the donut shops we visited, the most depressing had to be all of the shut down Dunkin' Donuts. I guess it is time for Krispy Kreme to take over. Some had re-opened with different names, but no matter what they do, the raw essence of Dunkin's remains intact. (see their trademark facade stripped of it's name, left)

Just when we thought Dunkin' might be dead, we happened upon this little chiquita representin' the double D in true donut-slinging fashion. Notice her attention to detail. She chose the donut that matched her 50th anniversary Dunkin Donuts tee. Now that's the kind of enthusiasm we like to see here at Slug Central.



Donut Lore:

An Experience with Some Round Sugary Treats, and all of the Goodies that Come Along for the Ride.

by melanie bassett



Are there really a lot of cops at donut shops? Pictured above: Drive-Thru Donuts. Greg captured this moment while snapping away at the local Krispy Kreme, looking for some shots for the issue.

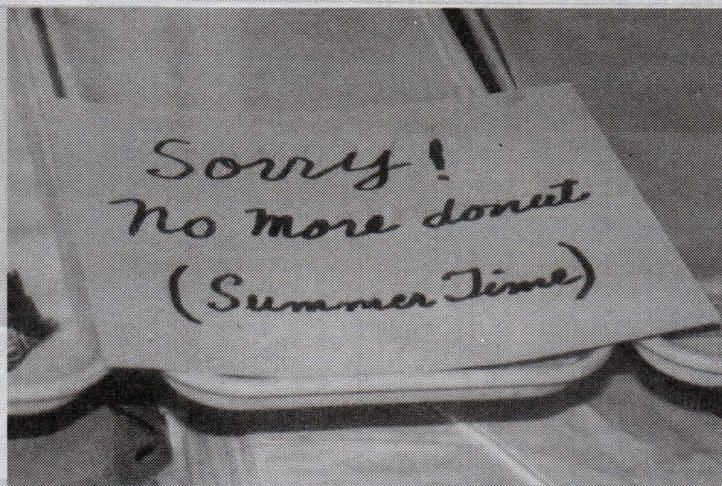
How about donut shops that don't actually sell donuts? Yes, its true, and it seems to be a growing phenomenon in the Central Texas area. Donut shops that sell only tacos and Chines rice bowl. If you're lucky you may happen upon a Chinese dumpling, but you have to order the deer tamale lunch special in order to get it.



Drive-thru donuts: We spend so much time on the road, wandering aimlessly through life. What better to liven up the spirit and make for a fun, fattening ride than donuts for the road. Here's a simple bag of three with an iced tea, Slug style.



Salt for Slugs



(Above: Notice, it says DONUTS, TACOS, CHINESE FOOD, but seriously this place sells no donuts at all. And since when are donuts a seasonal item? Hey, there's nothing wrong with donuts in the summertime.)

Whether it be a convenient drive-thru for a couple of chocolate glazed, or a stop in at the local donut shop for a fresh powdered jelly, there's plenty of room for donuts in every good American's diet.

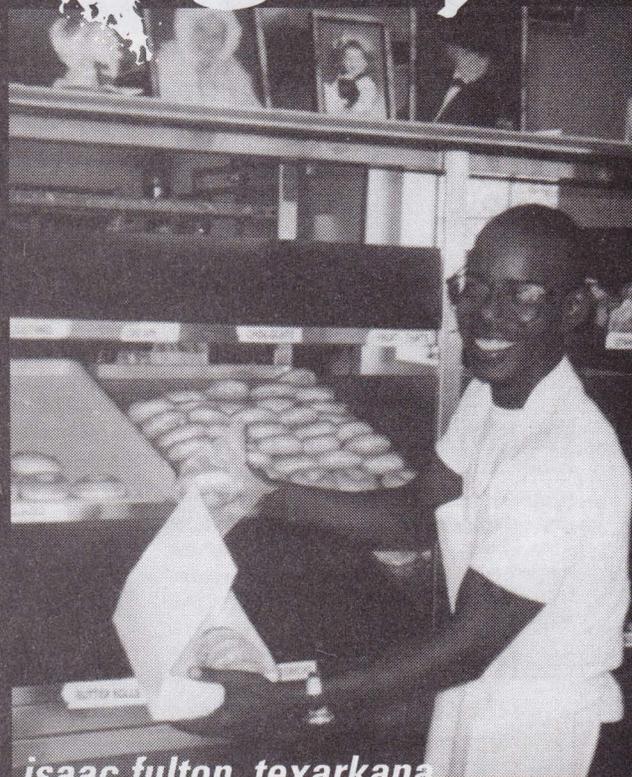


DIET

DONUT

In a time when the local chrome-and-red-naugahyde-filled diner (where you could leisurely enjoy a cup o' joe and a hot plate) has been virtually replaced by the (quick-stop, 24-7, drive-thru, "iff skeeter don't give 'ya a receipt the whole dang meal's free") chain eatery, we decided to take a look into another seemingly ill-fated bit of Americana—

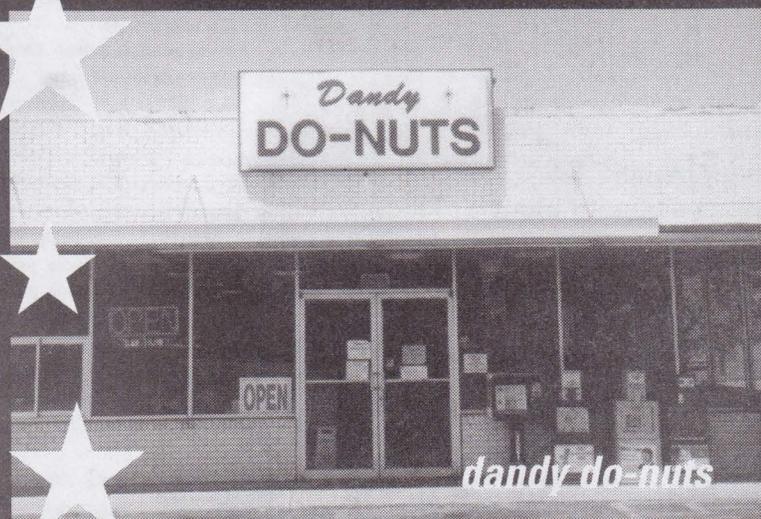
the donut shop.



isaac fulton, texarkana

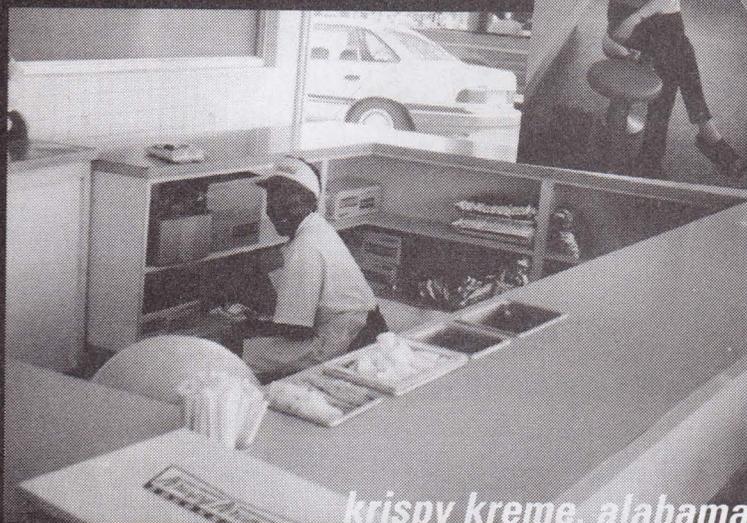
While the local donut shop was once a spot where talk of the weather or the latest "word around town" could be heard while folks did their best to keep the glazed coating off their Sunday-goin-to-meetin duds, nowadays, most shops operate under the logo of an impersonal, unfriendly chain. From the east coast and just shy (on the southern side) of the Mason Dixon, family-owned shops have been consumed by the national deep-fried dough juggernaut Dunkin' Donuts. Thus our travels took us into the deep south, where at the very best, we were guaranteed to come across the famed Krispy Kreme chain and be treated to some cop fodder slightly tastier than the Dunkin' variety.

It seems as though most people from the U.S. of A. have a tendency to romanticize the south; especially those who aren't from it. But while a southern drawl isn't always



SOUTHERN FOUR

by amanda laine &
vonnegut



krispy kreme, alabama

charming, and “home-cookin’” can still make your tail scream, there is definitely an appeal to a place like Dandy Do-Nut in Texarkana, which opens up at 4am (for the early risers) and has a guy like Isaac Fulton at the helm. We happened upon Dandy DoNut the “morning” after a late-night stint at Dumas Walker’s boot scoot and apparent mullet exhibition, so “early risin’” for us put us at the tail end of Isaac’s day. Nevertheless, we were welcomed inside for a cold soda and a brief history of Dandy Do-Nut as Isaac and his co-workers, the owner’s daughter, cleaned up the shop for the next crack of dawn rush. After posing for a few snapshots and double checking our spelling of his name, Isaac refused to let us leave without a dozen of their finest glazed—on the house.

Throughout the remainder of our trip, at each stop we had one eye out for the Isaac Fultons and the D Do-Nuts of the land. And while they weren’t nearly as common as the golden arches, and the SuperExtra Craptastic Value Meals a few extra miles off the interstate, it isn’t entirely unlikely to find a chrome swivel seat at a counter where a guy like Isaac will serve up that fresh cup o’ joe, and that sugar-coated deep fried dough ring from heaven, made fresh that morning for travelin’ folks like you.

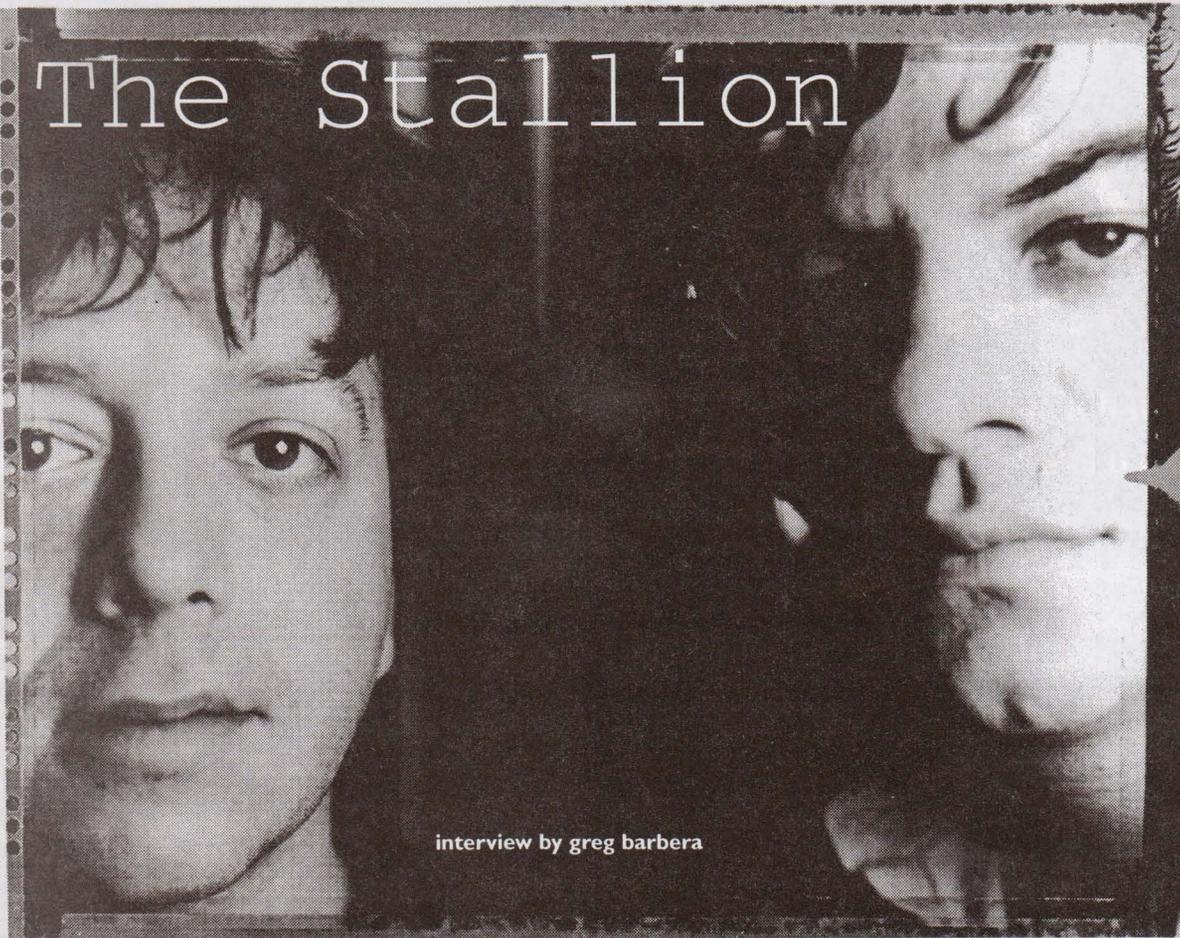


dandy do-nuts



krispy kreme, n.c.

The Stallion



interview by greg barbera

photo by Danny Clinch

Dean Ween fields questions on the band's new record, the internet and drinking horse urine.

SFS: So when's the last time the Boognish appeared to you?

Deaner: The last time the Boognish appeared? We don't really talk about the Boognish. It's a matter of policy.

SFS: Okay, can you talk about Joppa Road?

Deaner: Joppa Road? Joppa Road I guess, ah, the first time we were going to uh, I forget where the hell we were going. I think we were going to a gig in Richmond or something and me and Aaron and our friend Chris Williams, the Mean Ween, we were in the car and we saw the sign for Joppa Road. And I don't know why we were so amused by that (laughter) so we started passing this little piece of notepaper around the car writing the song "Joppa Road". That's a great song actually. I like "Joppa Road". I forget that that's even on any of our records because we've never played it live and no one ever mentions it to us.

SFS: Did the bitch really fuck up?

Deaner: What? "You fucked up?"

SFS: Yeah, you know the song that goes "you bitch, you really fucked up"?

Deaner: Yeah, I know it very well.

SFS: Did she really fuck up?

Deaner: Yes. That song, that song I remember

like you're just going to make me reminisce like an old man I can tell. That song, I remember we were in like 9th grade, tops.

I remember passing Aaron in the hallway and I got the idea for it like between class. I was like, "Dude, I wanna do this song that goes [mimics a I'm-in-the-hallway-between-classes whisper] you fucked up", and then we went home and we did it. And then he wrote the words for it about his stepmother.

SFS: What do you wear when you clean the house?

Deaner: Me? That's easy (laughs) I don't clean.

SFS: You don't clean?

Deaner: I'm pretty much totally useless in a handy sort of way.

SFS: You still live in New Hope, Pennsylvania?

Deaner: Yep.

SFS: You gonna be a New Hope lifer?

Deaner: I'd like to think not. But I am so far. And I have certainly had the opportunity to leave. Nothing has prevented me from leaving. We have families there. My parents and my wife and I own our house.

SFS: So you live with your parents and your wife?

Deaner: No, no. I live with my wife. But my

DEAN Ween

parents also live in New Hope. I grew up in New Hope and my whole family, my extended family lives there. I love it. The whole thing about Ween is that we get to travel every where every year and I haven't seen a place yet that could lure me away permanently. I'd like to live in Italy for the summer but I can't see ever moving out of America or New Hope.

SFS: Have you ever tipped cows?

Deaner: No, but I've done all that stupid urban shit. I was the king of that. Up until like four or five years ago actually, I'm 29. Running over mailboxes and shit.

SFS: Is there such a thing as dumb and dumber?

Deaner: What's that?

SFS: Is there such a thing as dumb and dumber?

Deaner: What do you mean?

SFS: You know, like the movie Dumb And Dumber.

Deaner: Yeah.

SFS: Can you get dumber than dumb?

Deaner: Jeez I don't know man.

SFS: Have you ever seen The Tom Green Show?

Deaner: Yeah, a few times.

SFS: Now that's dumber than dumb.

Deaner: (does Beavis laugh, huh, he, he huh)

SFS: Explain the six degrees of separation connection between Ween and Spike Jonze.

Deaner: I don't know that there's six degrees, it's just one right?

SFS: Right. Being that my parents are from Philly, it still annoys to no end that when I order a Philly cheesesteak in North Carolina, it ain't a Philly cheesesteak.

Deaner: Yeah, they give you a Steak Em on a hot dog roll.

SFS: Doesn't that piss you off?

Deaner: It does, but I don't order it when I'm not in Philly. Even worse is pizza outside of the Northeast. As you get outside of Philly and Jersey and New York everybody's concept of pizza is so fucked, it's like not even pizza but just some spongy, rubbery shit.

SFS: Right. Have you ever been to Wildwood, New Jersey?

Deaner: Of course.

SFS: That's where I think the epicenter of pizza greatness is: Wildwood, New Jersey's boardwalk.

Deaner: Yeah. I'm into Trenton, New Jersey tomato pie actually. And New York, what can I say?

SFS: Yeah, it's a whole different ball game. Speaking of ball games, are you into sports?

Deaner: Yeah. I'm watching Sports Center right now with the sound off while we're talking.

SFS: Damn, your multitasking as we speak.

Deaner: Yeah, I'm a massive sports fan. Before we play, every single night of this tour, I'm on the bus watching the NBA and the Flyers.

SFS: Do you guys have Sega on the bus?

Deaner: No, no. I have a PlayStation at home but I haven't been playing as much. I went through my Sega Genesis phase where that's all I did every night.

SFS: Yeah, I'm a FIFA soccer guy but I have since given it up. I went Sega Anonymous meetings for about six months.

Deaner: Sega Genesis golf is all we played on tour for years. Year after year. PGA Tour.

SFS: Have you ever drank horse urine?

Deaner: No, have you?

SFS: No. So who is the biggest dick in the music industry?

Deaner: That I've ever encounter personally or just in general who bothers me the most?

SFS: Either or.

Deaner: I'm a very anti-British person. I have no use for anything out of England at all whatsoever.

SFS: So you're not a Gay Dad fan?

Deaner: I don't know them. Hmm. The biggest dick? We've tried to make a new policy of not dissing everyone whenever we get the opportunity because we've done that and it has caused us a lot of problems.

SFS: Do people often call you guys dicks?

Deaner: Yeah, Ween has had everything had

written about them more than any other band, so we are kinda of numb to it.

SFS: So you don't care if I call you a dick?

Deaner: No. I'm trying to think of who I've encountered that was a dick.

SFS: Elton John?

Deaner: No. No one on that level.

SFS: They don't let you hang out with them.

Deaner: Yeah.

SFS: Well, when you guys come to Raleigh I'll be the guy up front spitting on you.

Deaner: Oh, don't do that. I'll be the one jumping off stage bludgeoning you with my guitar.

SFS: It'll make for an interesting show at least.

Deaner: Yeah.



PHOTOGRAPHY

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MOVIES FOR A RIOT NIGHT

BOAZ VIDEO COLUMN

by boaz dror

Barney Miller, Beretta, C.H.I.P.s, Dragnet, Hill Street Blues, Miami Vice, N.Y.P.D Blue, Hunter, Starsky and Hutch, Cagney and Lacey. Is television spreading pro-cop propaganda? Are there insidious forces at work here besides simply the alleged 'repeat success' of cop shows? Is it that these television shows' producers and actors get some other benefits, that we don't know of, by glorifying the long arm of the law; traffic tickets pardoned, murder evidence 'lost'? Or is it that we identify with cops, maybe even want to be cops, to command people, to kick the shit out of people ('interrogate a suspect') on a bad day, to make life miserable for segments of the population we personally dislike. That's power--the same power that possessing large sums of money grants you, or that political success affords you, or that physical strength entitles you to--an inflated sense of self worth and an illusion of manifest destiny. In essence, SELF CONFIDENCE. If imagining people naked is supposed to help cure feelings of low esteem, then imagining yourself raping people with a nightstick must do absolute wonders. Wearing the uniform is like holding a safety blanket, it cures anxiety and legitimizes actions, be they right or wrong. Thus when not wearing their uniforms, cops appear deflated and nobody likes them, including themselves. Also, nobody wants to be in a relationship with

cops, unless they are in some way deficient, or cops themselves. Also, cops drink heavily, because doubt itches at them beneath their silver-blue skins, making them lose control over themselves when interrogating a suspect so that their partner has to pull them aside, "Hey! HEY!!! You're losing it!" Oh, and also this is why they hate it when punks say to them, "Hey, cop, why don't you quit hiding behind that uniform!" You see, they can't reconcile the fact that sometimes dying in the line of duty protecting a society of ingrates and degenerates who dislike them tremendously doesn't seem like such a party, and that "Holy shit, I'm a cop! Goddamn television shows brainwashed me!", which is why they need special cop psychiatrists. Some mothers of cops won't even talk to their sons, so great is their embarrassment, that the cop has to hide the fact from his mother or even get a new mother, which oftentimes takes the form of a hooker with a heart of gold. But, naturally, she's got a pimpdaddy, and the cop can't stand being in a secondary power position, so they take each other on, with every-

eventually resulting in violence, people sitting slouched against the walls with big splotches of blood behind their heads.

A Man in Uniform (Canada 1995) is the tale of bank teller-cum-actor Henry Adler, who scores a role on the popular cop show 'Crimewave', playing an Irish cop named Flanagan. Soon Adler, inebriated with the power he feels while in his ersatz uniform, begins taking walks around the city in guise. What begins as impersonation turns

into something more, as Adler slowly becomes infected with Flanagan, reading his lines to whomever he crosses, absorbing the ideology and affectations of his alter-ego. It's a fantasy that offers him a sense of control over his environment, and he quickly becomes addicted. Dark alleyways litter every scene and enhance the sensation of passage, into secret worlds and between levels of reality. The film's best moments occur when he encounters other cops on duty, as his fear of being found out competes with his yearning to act the part. You get the feeling the cops know he's faking it but don't care, as if what unifies them isn't some police training but an inherent madness in the role. As if any of us, deciding to be cops, could walk into an interrogation room, begin kicking a suspect, and thus enter the fraternity. You are a cop after you've become a cop, whatever the hell I mean by that. The characters, especially his 'Crimewave' co-star, who plays the requisite hooker-with-a-heart-of-gold-named-Maria, are all world-weary, cynical, anonymous, urban stereotypes, which enhances the themes of fact vs. fiction and real vs. role. The director, David Wellington, clearly had Taxi Driver in mind when he made this film, and there's even a scene where Henry goes through a succession of dissolves on a city street just like Travis Bickle. Portrayed by Tom McCamus, who resembles a youngish William H. Macy,



Adler is an interesting character who sometimes seems a bit too familiar, especially if you, too, are prone to flights of fancy inspired by fiction.

El Patrullero [Highway Patrolman] (USA/Mexico 1991)

takes us south of the border, where when you plan a road trip you make sure you have 'Cop money' in addition to 'Gas money.' Directed by Alex Cox, (Repo Man, Sid & Nancy, etc.) it features a tremendous performance by a young Mexican actor named Roberto Sosa, who plays the part of Pedro Rojas, a newly graduated Highway Patrolman on a desolate stretch of road somewhere in



Mexico. Rojas' downfall from the get-go is his conscience, as he's initially unable to take bribes and follow the Police force's motto of 'they've always broken the law—first you stop them, then you figure out what they've done.' To be a Highway Patrolman you must be one hundred per cent corrupt to be able to follow procedure consistently. In this desert world filled with drug-dealing Gringos this inability can kill you, and Rojas seems very much like an animal that won't survive his environment for most of the film. Stumbling from mistake to mistake, Rojas' good intentions wreak havoc all around him, bringing shame and death on department and friends, and crippling him. Rojas' career problems also spill over into his love life, as he marries one woman and then falls in love with another, a hooker with a

drug habit. This film, in my opinion, more than any of his others, captures Cox's unique vision of the humorously fantastical. While El Patrullero seems to take place in another, more mixed up and hallucinated dimension, which serves as a mirror for bona-fide reality, you are left feeling that maybe it's not that far off. The cinematography is spectacular, the pacing and story structure are unconventional, the shots last for minutes, and it's an altogether singular movie experience.

Unlike the first two films I reviewed, which were character studies of those who wish to serve and protect, the next two deal with the 'served and protected', and as such rate a bit higher on the 'Does this film make you want to be a cop killer?' scale. Mathieu Kassovitz's **La Haine [Hate]** (France 1995), for instance, which pits the youth of the French slums against a racist police force. The beating of a local teenage Arab boy by the police ignites a riot in the overpopulated projects. The film is set in the riots aftermath, as the boy lays comatose, on the verge of life and death. The film follows three of his friends, each a time bomb ticking away, as they wade around in the slowly boiling water, as if on a collision course with the apocalypse.

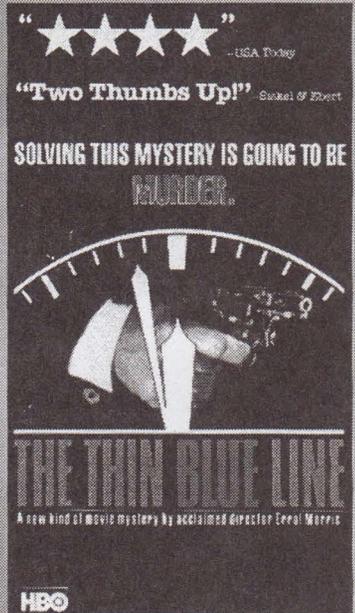
Vinz, a Jewish skinhead who's the most bloodthirsty of the bunch, is the central character, and his viewpoint fuels the film. Having found a pistol lost by the police in the riots, Vinz swears that if their friend dies he will kill a cop. Only his friends Said, a drug dealing Arabic youth, and Hubert, a Black amateur boxer, can contain him, as his trigger finger itches violently throughout the



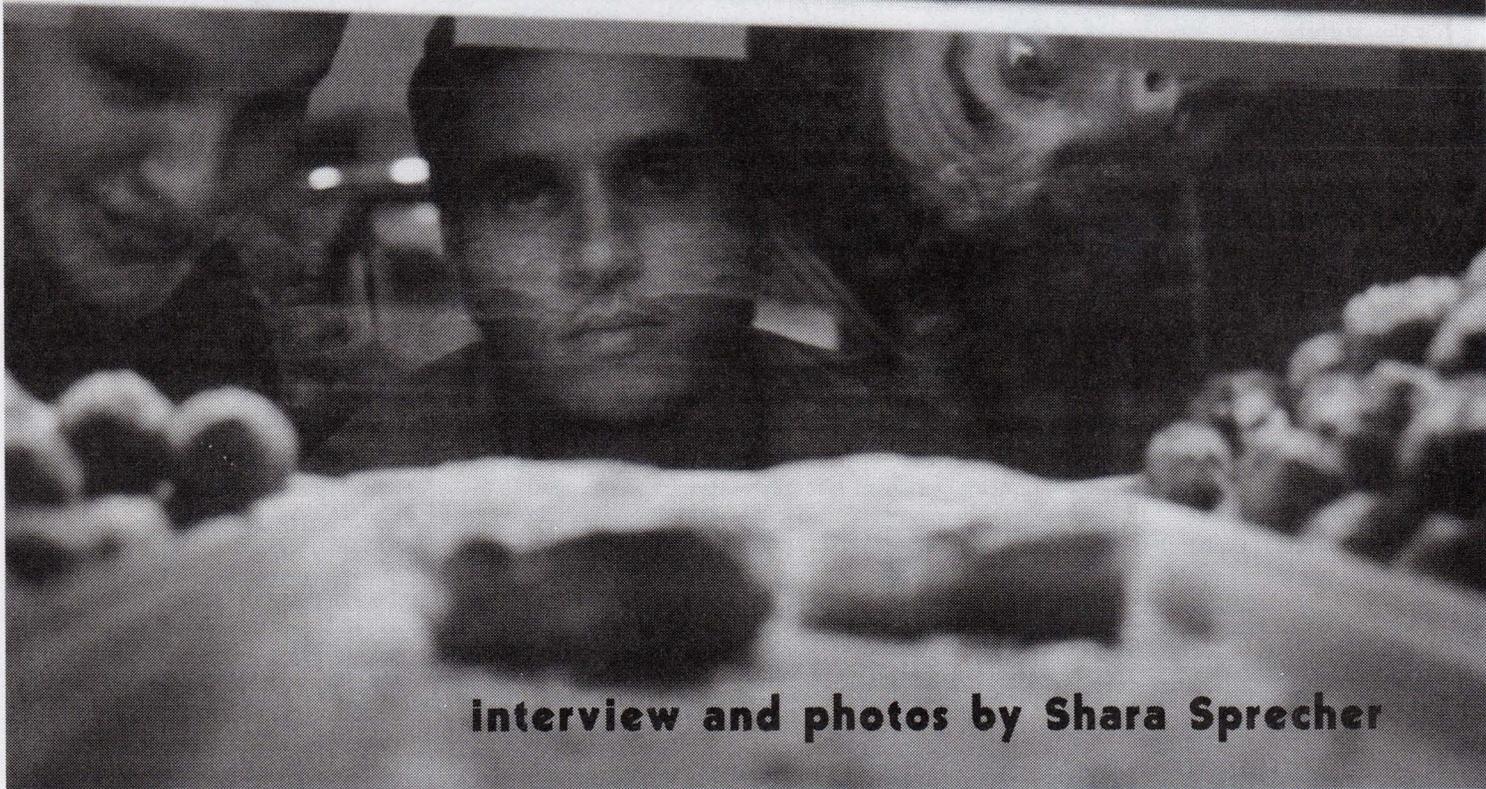
film, threatening everyone around him. Hubert's level-headedness contrasts sharply with Vinz's desperate self-destruction, and their friendship is like a powder keg as they constantly bicker. There's a great deal of racial tension, as well, with Blacks, Whites, Arabs and Jews all thrown together, one on top of the other, but Kassovitz also draws from this tension a sense of communal beauty, in his elegies to impromptu breakdancing and record-spinning. Shot in Black and White this film is a poem to youthful vitality, rebellion, hooliganism, and justice. Somewhat resembling Spike Lee's Do The Right Thing and Martin Scorsese's Mean Streets but with a dash of je-ne-se-quoi entirely it's own, La Haine is breathtaking. Watching the film is like being dropped smack dab in the middle of an angry mob: you get swept up in its surging tides and actually find yourself reaching for blunt objects with which to club some pig muthafucka. I think that's how Roger Ebert described it, anyway.

And then there's the ultimate anti-cop statement, a documentary by the name of **The Thin Blue Line** (U.S.A 1988), directed by Errol Morris. Morris originally travelled to Texas to tell the story of Doctor Death, a psychiatrist used by the Dallas police force to secure the death penalty for killers and/or jaywalkers by testifying they would kill and/or jaywalk again. When Morris arrived in Dallas he was contacted by Randall Adams, who was serving a life sentence for a murder he did not commit, and took interest in his story. The film opens Randall Adams' ironic description of the good feeling he felt coming into Dallas. David Harris, whose tremendous capacity for evil is overshadowed by the police's, follows with his own interview. By then the story has already begun to take shape. A cop is killed, the police want revenge, and will get it by any means necessary. Morris is a magical interviewer, able to squeeze from his subjects things they would otherwise take with them to their graves. The story's ghost-story-like atmosphere is punctuated by Philip Glass' otherworldly score. This is not your classic documentary: purists have said TTBL is a clear manipulation of reality, a big documentary no-no. But Morris's cinema is not about humans but about human mythology. There are ogres, and werewolves, and witches, here, and lowlifes, and cops, and judges. Like a surgeon Morris dissects this miscarriage of justice, revealing in the process that the animal our justice department truly is is far from what it pretends to be. He juxtaposes his interviews with inappropriately frivolous images, and calls attention to the story-telling process, a manipulation on his part which emphasizes the manipulation of facts on everyone's parts. And to top it all off, The Thin Blue Line ends with the most bone-chilling final minutes in recent memory, the impact of which is directly related to the story-telling style which precedes it. This is more than a movie. It eventually freed Randall Adams from jail. It's an event, a reminder of human folly, a testament to truth and justice, and, at the very least, a deterrent to tourists planning on travelling through Texas.

Let's face it. Cops are pigs. The system doesn't work. Our only hope is that, after the system collapses and is replaced by corporations, who will start making laws, using robots that shoot first and ask questions later to enforce them, leaving people slumped all over the street with big red splotches behind their heads, that a ragtag band of rebels will rise up, to combat these corporo-cops, led by peace-loving, righteous men and women. They will win the war with the Corporocops, and outlaw self-indulgent, self-aggrandizing uses of authority, and, yeah, life will be good. Until their children will grow to be adults, and, wanting a little bit of self-indulgence and self-aggrandizement, they will destroy this 'overly righteous and fair' regime, declaring that no one can tell another person what to do with their power. The age of videotape will be long gone by then, but I bet there'll still be television.



EATING DONUTS WITH DYNAMITE HACK



interview and photos by Shara Sprecher

So I played a little game of 20 questions with the charming boys in Dynamite Hack. They currently have left Austin to live it up on a national tour to promote Superfast, their latest release. After eating donuts, here are their personable responses.

SFS: Your name?

Chad: My full name is Chad Christophe Robitussin, but I prefer to be called blinky.

Mark: My full name is Mark Morris, but I prefer to be called Mark.

Mike: My full name is Mike, but I prefer to be called

SFS: Who has been the coolest person that you have met since being on the road?

Chad: Tim, the bassist from Rage Against the Machine/ this guy calling himself 'White Rabbit' in Dallas..toss up.

Mark: Tripp Wiggins

Mike: Our hotel room maid in Baltimore.

SFS: Who did you meet that you just wished you hadn't?

Chad: This really hot chick named Jamie working at the farmclub tent in d.c....because she was so hot that I haven't been able to do anything but sit around and jerk off to the thought of her. I barely have time to do this.

Mark: Tripp Wiggins--He makes me feel like I'll never be cool enough.

Mike: Nobody really.

SFS: What was the biggest prank that you have ever pulled?

Chad: Dynamite Hack.

Mark: The Dreaded Dutch Oven.

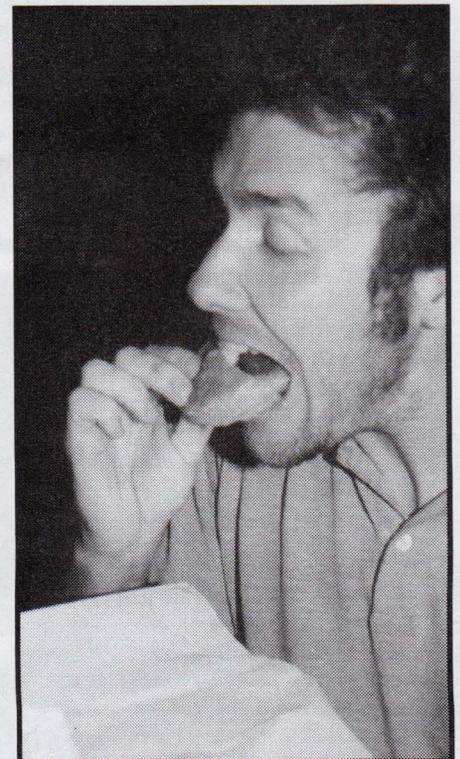
Mike: I'm not much of a prankster but I am a gangster, 'cause gangsters treat their ladies right while pranksters curse their chickless plight.

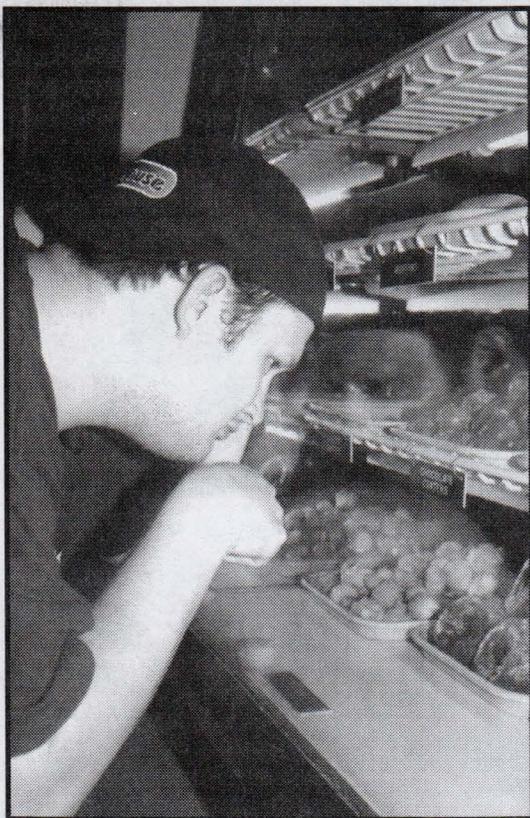
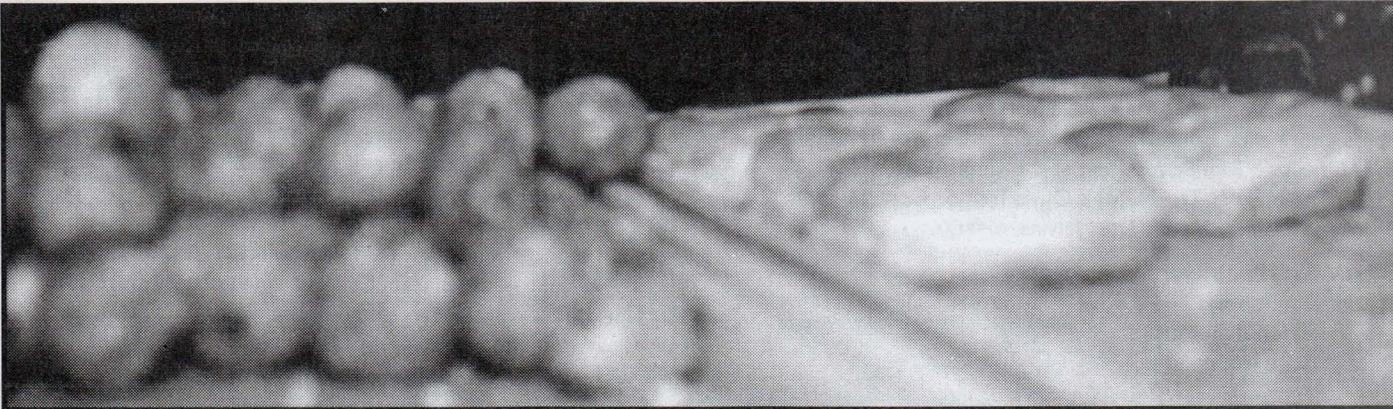
SFS: What is the best pick up line you have ever heard?

Chad: "Can you point me in the direction of the free clinic?"

Mark: Hey, I'm Chad from Dynamite Hack.

Mike: Hey, I'm Chad from Dynamite Hack.





Mike: Thinking about warm fuzzy things

SFS: What is the greatest thing that has happened to you since the band has gotten exposure?

Chad: No more sandwich-makin'.

Mark: I got to meet Jimmy Pop from The Bloodhound Gang

Mike: I got to buy a brand new guitar and getting free drugs.

SFS: What is the weirdest encounter you have had with a fan thus far?

Chad: White Rabbit. I think he wants to kill Mark and take his place in the band.

Mark: This cat named White Rabbit in Dallas was following us around and wouldn't leave us alone and he kept telling us the most fucked up shit. I think he was tripping on acid or something.

Mike: Having them want me to sign an autograph in general.

SFS: What is the most memorable run-in you have had with a cop?

Chad: In L.A., this cop pulled me over and saw that I had a surfboard (a broken one) in the bed of my truck. He asked me where I broke it, told me the surf forecast for the week and wished me luck in getting a new one before the swell was gone. Nice fella.

Mark: One time Charlie Sheen and I were ripping it up big time and this hooker walked in the room looked at me and...oh wait, I'm not really allowed to talk about this story until the legal issues are cleared up...you understand.

Mike: One time, I was playing guitar in my apartment bedroom at like 2 in the morning on a weekday. I was playing through a Marshall half-stack and it was fucking loud. The cops busted in to my

room to find me sitting in front of the speakers with nothing on but two q-tips, stuck in my ears because it was just too loud.

SFS: Where do you see yourself five years from now?

Chad: In the mirror. Just like now. Oh, ..and in pictures too.

Mark: I have no idea.

Mike: On the silver screen.

SFS: How much wood could a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?

Chad: How much wood would a woodchuck fuck? Because they CAN fuck wood you know. It's true. look it up.

Mark: 11 pounds.

Mike: Fuck off j/k Shara. (writers note: hee hee)



SFS: A train leaves London at 4:02 pm, while at the same time a small jet takes off headed West. What is your favorite color?

Chad: Is the jet leaving from London also? Blue.

Mark: Blue

Mike: Jesus Christ....

SFS: What do you think about before you fall asleep at night?

Chad: Did I wipe it all up? Did I hit the pillow?

Mark: My golf swing and how much it reminds me of fresh soap.

Mike: Warm fuzzy things

SFS: What is your favorite way to waste time?

Chad: I wouldn't call it "wasting" time.

Mark: Playing in this band.

SFS: What CD's are you currently listening to?

Chad: Melvins (stonerwitch), Bobdgreene (whatever), The The (naked self), My Bloody Valentine (loveless).

Mark: Elliot Smith's Figure 8... Pavement's entire catalogue... Built to Spill's entire catalogue... The Olivia Tremor Control's Music From the Unrealized Film Script: Dust at the Cubist Castle

Mike: The Melvins, The Melvins, Olivia Tremor Control, Hidden Speaker, uh...um...oh yeah The Melvins.

SFS: What's your favorite kind of donut?

Chad: Donut holes.

Mark: Glazed donut centers

Mike: I don't like donuts.

SFS: What is the strangest thing you have in your room?

Chad: A banana.

Mark: I have a four post bed that has a speaker on each post so I have stereo surround sound in that biotch.

Mike: It's not strange to me if it's in my room.

SFS: If your life had a theme song, what would it be?

Chad: "Oh lord it's hard to be humble" by Mac Davis.

Mark: "Just another day" by Vallejo.

Mike: I don't know, dude.

SFS: What is your biggest secret?

Chad: My superfluous nipple

Mark: I really love Vallejo.

Mike: um...

SFS: Any other items of interest that you would like to add?

Chad: Yes, I would just like to say that no matter what they say or do to convince you otherwise, you should NEVER..EVER give an exgirlfriend another chance or even the time of day.. because they got filed under 'evil, untrustable bitch' for a reason. Hi mom.

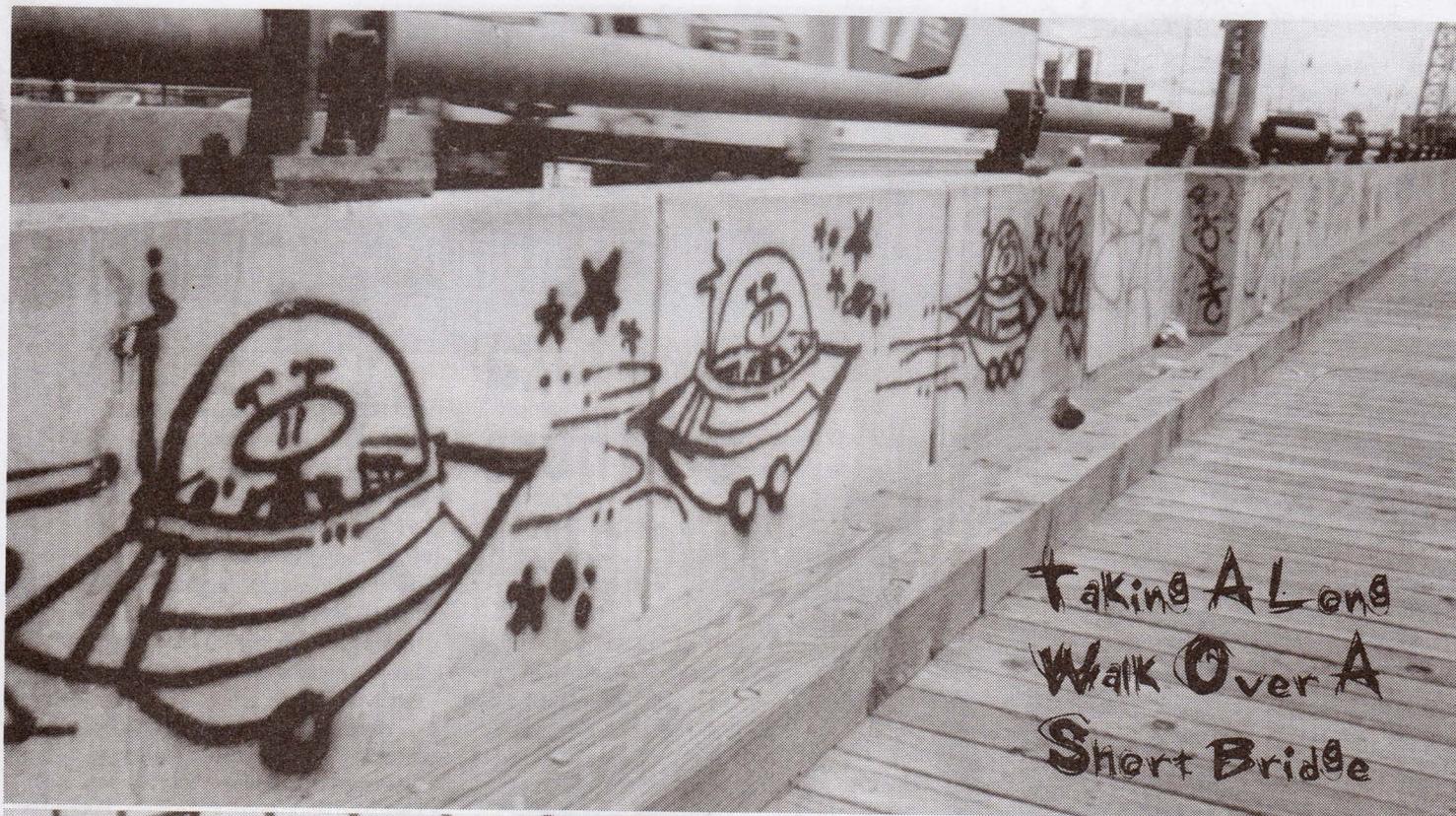
Mark: I have nothing more to add myself except this little nugget of advice.... Put down this magazine, go out to the store, and buy our record....do it for us.... do it for yourself....do it for your country...your country wants you to. (lifted from the climatic moment in "Grease 2" deep in the makeout bunker when one of those scally-wag T-Birds is trying to score some cock-rocking 'tang.)

Mike: um... um... No.



face to face | reactionary





article and photos by Ran Scot

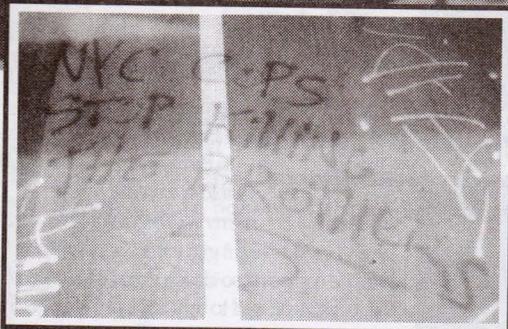


Though title for me has long since faded into obscure clouds of yesteryear, I distinctly remember seeing a documentary on graffiti in New York City. It was a phantasm of subway cars and building art whizzing across the screen, a true documentation of urban art and its affect on people. I remember being slightly moved by the piece, which is odd since even though I went to film school, I hate films for the most part.

But the memory of spray can Mona Lisas and airbrushed Last Suppers still danced in my head as I got off the bus in NYC. Boy was I in for a rude awakening. Herr Guilliani had long since scrubbed the city clean of anything not white bread and Disney safe for the sake of tourism dollars. Gone were the murals for fallen brothers, usually at the hands of Guilliani's troops for that matter. Gone were the visible public records of which gang controlled what turf, and who loved who forever. Or so I thought at the time anyway.

On a tip I got while drinking coffee on oh-so-hip Bedford Street, I went across the Williamsburg Bridge. Here, away from the eyes of the tourists speeding about below, those who actually dare to enter Brooklyn (as if it were some third world country), and away from the Midwestern eyes of hot dog scarfing Manhattan tourists, away from those who this was not meant to be seen by anyway. It's awesome, and it's free.

While movies in the Big Apple may cost you ten dollars, the true best scenes in the city are still just a few fleeting steps away. Here, just take a look.





The Mendoza Brothers Ride Again

Jerome and I sat on the sidewalk of Lavaca Street in Austin, Texas as the cops searched the vehicle. Two days earlier, Jerome had bought a used Volkswagen bus and the cops believed it to be stolen. They spotted us tooling down Lavaca, put on the lights and sirens, made us get out of the bus, patted us down for firearms, told us the license plates matched a stolen vehicle and instructed us to sit on the curb.

Life was good. For once I was innocent and the roust only made me feel young again.

"I'm sorry, man. I can't believe this is happening. I'm so sorry," Jerome said.

I thought he was going to cry. Unlike me, Jerome lived a good, decent life.

Only now, at the age of 30, did he give into temptations, such as divorcing his wife, quitting his computer job, taking up music full time and hanging around dangerously unsavory types like me.

He still hadn't come to grips with his homosexuality, but he would in time. Every so often, I was tempted to tell him. "Hell, man, we all know you like to sing into the mike." But I don't like outing people against their will — especially to themselves.

Besides, he had already come a long way. Back in his 20s, Jerome had been a Christian musician on the Amy Grant track and performed before thousands of believers for thousands of dollars. But he gave up the ecumenical life to try his hand at becoming a mainstream singer-songwriter. These days he performed for twenty or so caffeine addicts at acoustic coffeehouses for nickels and dimes. It was a rough transition to a harsh reality.

Now he was getting hassled by the cops. I tried to cheer him up.

"Jerome, the car came with a registration and pink slip, right? You didn't steal it, right? So you're in the clear. This is probably some kind of bureaucratic fuck-up and a case of mistaken identity."

"I'm sorry, man. I'm sorry to drag you into all of this."

"Drag me into what? I'm not the one with the stolen car."

I took a long hit from my cigarette.

"Did I ever tell you about the Mendoza Brothers?"

"The what?"

"The Mendoza brothers."

"No. Well, maybe. I don't remember."

He didn't look like he was in the mood for a story, but I told it anyway.

The day before my 21st birthday, I played a lonely Sunday night gig at the Bar of Melody. Despite my being so close to legal age, none of the regulars offered to buy me a drink — not even

Salt for Slugs

by Mike Jasper

Jim, the owner. To make matters worse, at closing time the rain came down hard in LA and fueled my self-pity as I packed my music gear into my '66 Chevy station wagon and headed home.

As I pulled out of the bar parking lot, I hung a left and caught a red light at Manchester and Sepulveda. I needed to take another left on Sepulveda, but when I stopped for the light a cop car pulled up opposite me and turned on his right blinker. Hmmm. I thought long and hard as I waited for the light to change: Should I let him make his right turn when the light turns green or should I go at the same time? After all, there are two open lanes. He could take the right one and I could take the left. If I just sit here when the light turns green, I might attract attention to myself. And why isn't he turning right against the red anyway? It's legal. He must be checking me out. Is my blinker busted? One of my headlights? I don't really need this shit right now. Maybe I should pull over and check my lights.

Decisions, decisions.

When the light turned green, I waited a moment but the cop car didn't move. So I turned left. As soon as I started my turn, the cop car turned right, so we were driving side by side, the most uncomfortable position on the road. Although the speed limit was 35, the cop car cruised at 25, so I decided to pass him. When I did, I got into the right lane, but the cop sped up and followed closely. Just as I cleared the LA airport tunnel, I saw the Christmas lights go on and heard a quick obnoxious siren. I pulled over and expected the worst. I got it.

"Can I see your license and registration?" I shuffled through my crammed glove compartment and found the papers.

"What's your name?"

"Mike Jasper," I said. Uh-oh. Fuck-up number one.

"It says Mike Eagan on your license."

"I know, but I'm a musician and everyone knows me as Mike Jasper. I'm in the process of changing my name. Show biz, right?"

"According to this, the car's registered in the name Albert Loew," he said, dangling the registration in front of my nose. "Is that another name you go by?"

"No, that's my step-dad's name. He gave me the car three weeks ago, but I haven't gotten around to registering it yet."

"All right, then, I want all three of you step out of the car."

Everybody's a comedian. I got out of the car while he ran a make on my license and registration. His partner, considerably older and fatter, came over to keep a watch on me.

"I know who you are," he said.

"You do?" Hmmm. Is he a music fan? A regular at the bar I had overlooked? I couldn't place him.

"I sure do. You're one of the Mendoza brothers, aren't you?"

"The what?"

I was completely baffled and since I already

answered to two names, I entertained the possibility that I might be one of the Mendoza brothers. I was on the cusp of making the transition from pot-head to drunk and the conflicts between THC and alcohol often wreaked havoc on my memory. I think. Maybe in my continuing efforts to get laid, I told some woman I was one of the Mendoza brothers. Or maybe the Mendoza Brothers are a band? Yeah, I think I heard of them. I think I bought their album.

"Are the Mendoza Brothers a band?" I asked.

"Don't crack wise with me, asshole. You know damn well who I'm talking about."

Thankfully, the other cop returned.

"You have an outstanding warrant."

"I do?"

"Yep. In Marina del Rey. Bad headlight. Not this car, another vehicle."

Oh, shit.

A few months earlier, my ex-girlfriend had stolen my Chevy Nova, probably to justify the time she'd spent with me. Before it was stolen, I got a fix-it ticket for a busted headlight, put the citation in my glove compartment and forgot about it.

"That car was stolen," I said.

"It wasn't reported stolen."

"That's because my girlfriend stole the car. I decided not to press charges."

"Tough break. But you still have to go to jail."

They put me in the back of the squad car and took me to the El Segundo jail for a fix-it ticket on a stolen car. As they were processing me, I heard the older cop say, "Yep. One of the Mendoza brothers, I bet."

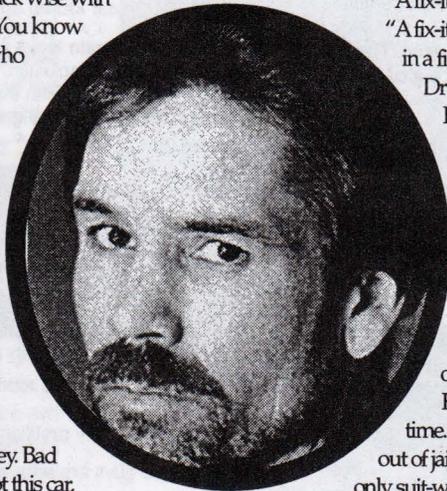
Tomorrow I'm shaving this fucking moustache, I thought.

When I got my phone call, I dialed the bar, the only place I knew where people would still be awake at 3 a.m. Although California bars are required to close at 2 a.m., the Bar of Melody always stayed open until 4 a.m. to accommodate the regulars. And since half of the regulars served on the LA police department, the law didn't figure in.

Artie the bartender answered. "Melody Bar."

"It's Jasper. I'm in the El Segundo jail."

"No shit? Hold on a minute," he said. I could hear him yelling across the room. "It's the kid, the guitar player. He's in jail. Who wants to spring him? I say we roll for it." I heard laughter in the background.



Artie got back on the phone. "We're going to slam dice to see who comes to bail you out. Someone should be there in a half hour or so."

"Okay, but—" Too late. He hung up. I didn't get a chance to tell him I needed fifty bucks to pay the fine and didn't have the cash on me. What if someone shows up with twenty bucks? I'm fucked, I thought. I'm spending my 21st birthday in jail.

I waited for what seemed like an hour. Worse yet, the guy in the next cell wanted to talk to me.

"What are you in for?" he asked.

"A fix-it ticket."

"A fix-it ticket? A fix-it ticket? Not me, man. I got in a fight. Drunk in public. Again. Damn! Drunk in public. Again!"

I didn't respond.

"And you know the worst part? In another hour, they're going to take us down to county lockup, man. Better watch your booty brother. They some bad-ass motherfuckers in county."

That made the wait much better, knowing I'd be butt bait in a couple of hours.

Fortunately, Richard showed up just in time. Richard was the perfect choice to get me out of jail, since he looked like an attorney, the only suit-wearing regular at the bar. Apparently, he had enough money to pay the fine.

"I'll pay you back next week," I said as he drove me to my car.

"You don't have to pay me. Jim covered it for you. Stop by the bar before you go home. He wants to talk to you."

I knew I'd better go see Jim. I played six nights a week at the Bar of Melody, so it was my bread and butter gig.

When I walked in, I saw Jim sitting with a bunch of regulars, all of them cops. As I got closer to his booth, I noticed one of the cops was the same guy who had stopped me on Sepulveda two hours earlier — the older, fatter one.

"Come sit down and have a few drinks with us," Jim said. "And tell us what it's like to be one of the famous outlaw Mendoza brothers."

Sonofabitch. Those assholes remembered my birthday after all.

When I finished the story, Jerome stared at me long and hard, longer and harder than good breeding would normally dictate.

"That's it? That's your story? That's supposed to make me feel better? What are saying? Don't worry about going to jail? Don't worry about driving a stolen vehicle? Look, I'm not used to this. Maybe you are, but not me. I don't think that story's funny and I don't think... damn, this sucks. I'm really not in the mood, I'm really not. I'm sorry I dragged you into this, but I'm really not in the mood."

"Jerome," I said, taking a long hit from my cigarette. "You're gay."



"I killed Kurt Cobain" and other tales of extraterrestrial nonsense with the Foo Fighters' Nate Mendel

by Greg E. Boy

Nate: Are you high?

Greg: Am I high?

Nate: You're stoned aren't you?

Greg: I'm wasted.

Nate: Yep. I could tell.

Greg: So do you all live in the same house in Virginia?

Nate: Uh, no, that would be weird. There are a lot of fucked up things about our band but we don't live in the same house.

Greg: Ah, I got the vibe that you all live in the same house and then seeing those videos where you guys dress up in drag, I'm thinking there's some gay love goin' round.

Nate: That would be cool. That would be awesome. That would be a good thing to pin your band on. I mean, how many homosexual rock bands are there?

Greg: Not enough. do you still give Taylor Hawkins [drummer] shit for doing the Jagged Little Pill Tour w/ Alanis?

Nate: Nope, nope. Taylor was extremely ashamed of it for awhile.

Greg: Had to put a moratorium on it, eh?
Nate: Now he's just like, "What the hell?, it was a good gig, he learned a lot and that's how he met us.

Greg: So I guess you haven't found god like your former bandmate?

Nate: (laughs) No. He was the bad example of how you don't go through getting over problems in your life.

Greg: So there are no Christians in the Foo Fighters?

Nate: nope. not yet. We haven't gone through a particularly bad time yet, wait till something happens.

Greg: I thought that's why Pat Smear quit?
Nate: Because he became a Christian?

Greg: Because he was a God-lovin, man.
Nate: That was a creative reading of the events my friend.

Greg: I heard that you guys have a lot of amputee fans.

Nate: Amputee fans?

Greg: Yeah, like hitting up your web site are the fans with missing arms, missing legs.

Nate: Um, no that's great I suppose if they are finding a comfortable place to surf. That's not something we were actively going after. The blind, we were searching for the blind on our web site.

Greg: Yeah, I noticed that there's quite a bit of midgets and dwarves at your shows as well?

Nate: Yeah. Nevermind about the midgets and dwarves. Don't even get me started.

Greg: Let's just leave them out of it.

Nate: Yeah

Greg: So it wasn't the homosexual dwarf amputee that he fell in love with that got Pat Smear kicked out of the band?

Nate: Uh, once again leave it to the journalist to form their own conclusion. I would like you to be as freewheeling with the facts as you like in a story about the Foo Fighters because we are boring as shit. Make something up.

FOO FIGHTERS

Greg: So you're touring with the Chili Peppers?

Nate: Yeah. It's very gratifying.

Greg: Those guys are a bunch of goofballs, huh?

Nate: Uh, they've mellowed in their old age. I mean, from what I gather about the old days, this is a whole different deal.

Greg: Right.

Nate: They're in their Aerosmith stage right now.

Greg: Oh, I got ya. I'll creatively read between those lines.

Nate: okay

Greg: is it weird to go to a football stadium or hockey arena and hear one of your songs being played?

Nate: Haven't done it.

Greg: I heard Guided by Voices in Home Depot? How weird is that?

Nate: That's a little weird.

Greg: What do you think about the whole Napster debacle?

Nate: Well, originally I was like well, they are just stealing my money. People buy records and that's how I get by. And now they will buy less and whatever. But, fuck it. It's anarchy. What the hell, go for it. The music industry is boring and horrible and even though it pays my bills, it's wretched. And anything that can fuck it up I'm all for it.

Greg: So you've never taped an album off a friend before?

Nate: Oh yeah. All the time. I don't care.

Greg: It's sorta the same thing isn't it?

Nate: It's exactly the same thing. That's a very good analogy. Except in taping you had to buy a tape and the sound quality was reduced.

Neither of which you have to do now.

Greg: But how many people want to sit around their computer and listen to music? I mean I need my bong and my six pack.

Nate: Exactly. Nothing to get excited about. You're not really writing a story are you?

Greg: What do you mean? Why would I be talking to you?

Nate: It's not actually going to turn into a story though.

Greg: What's it going to turn into?

Nate: A homework assignment

Greg: A homework assignment, for my little boy!

Nate: Yeah

Greg: I ask the questions people want to know, like what about your gay dwarf amputee fans?

Nate: Exactly. There you go. And if you blow it, and there's nothing you can use, there's always the press kit and you can just do it like that.

Greg: Yeah, that's commonplace. Everybody cribs from the press kit. That's too easy.

Nate: Okay. You don't have any records from The Hated do you?

Greg: Nope, doesn't ring a bell. How much would you pay for it?

Nate: Well, if you had the right one, about ten bucks.

Greg: Aayyyhhhh!!! (laughter) I got a bunch of old Scream records.

Nate: Oh yeah, those are a dime a dozen.

Greg: Are you married?

Nate: No

Greg: What's it like being single and a rock star?

Nate: Oh if you are in the right frame of mind, it's pretty good. It's an excellent opportunity to be gross.

Greg: So no crazy backstage parties stories and stuff?

Nate: Um, Chris [the new guy] is making that a reality.

Greg: Cuz he's new to the rock star thing.

Nate: I'm not going to put it up to that, I think its just the way he is.

Greg: That's good, he's staying grounded.

Nate: It's good for us too, like, "Look at that, I forgot what that was all about".

Greg: You forgot about that.

Nate: Look at him drinking and picking up on bimbos.

Greg: Now you're the old jaded guy.

Nate: Go kid.

Greg: Hey, don't forget to wear a condom.

Those girls in Phoenix are nasty.

Nate: exactly



WHY DO SOME POLICE
OFFICERS WORK SO HARD
TRYING TO MAKE THE A.P.D.
LOOK BAD???

IT BE THAT WAY SOMETIMES!
— YOU KNOW. —

GIVE ME YOUR
YOUR Huddled Masses Yearning to Breathe Free
WRETCHED REFUSE OF YOUR
SEND THESE, THE HOMELESS, HOMELESS TO ME
WE WANT TO PUT THEM IN

Reinstate the
Bill of Rights

WHY IS HUNGERY
WHEN THE AUSTIN CITY POLICE STOLE MY
MONEY, ETC, THEN PUT ME IN JAIL ON FALSE CHARGES
FOR SIX AND A HALF MONTHS!

WHY ARE PERJURY AND FALSE
ARREST TOOLS OF THE AUSTIN
CITY POLICE DEPT.?

Working from home?
One man's rebellion against
the cops. Austin, TX



Rollins Band
Get Some Go Again

Dreamworks

Christ Almighty! Am I the only one who thinks hammerin' Hank Rollins has become a parody of his (former) self? Well, the Neitzche-obsessed man in black is back, this time standing out in front of a metal band (as opposed to the post-Gone free jazz outfit of his previous Rollins Band outings). For as much as Rollins goes on and on about self-actualizing, he should take a tip from one of his own chapters and step the fuck up to the next level or step out. Hey, this slop isn't bad... it's just that he's been rereading this shtick for quite some time. How does he live with himself? Is it all that caffeine? Is that really duct tape he has wrapped around his biceps? When will he come out of the closet? Answers to these and many more questions await you... Go get some (again). (greg e. boy)

Various Artists
Gimme Indie Rock

K-TEL

Now that indie rock is a thing of the past, K-TEL Records has appropriated the genre for their signature compilation series. Nick Gilder's "Hot Child In The City" and Dan Hill's "Sometimes When We Touch" or Andrew Gold's "Thank You For Being A Friend" won't be found here: I found them on the very first K-TEL comp I bought back in the late '70s. This double-CD set is pretty good; a fair cross section of bands that helped make indie rock mainstream. There's Husker Du, The Fall, Half Japanese, Meat Puppets, Yo la Tengo, The Minutemen, Flaming Lips and more. It's good to see that some acts are still working bands while other bands will have you jost in teary-eyed remembrances of fun evenings in smokey clubs long since gone. While I might have added some different groups to the line-up, it's still a damn good comp and one that you'd be hard pressed to say DID-N'T represent the times. (greg e. boy)

Hank Penny
Crazy Rhythm

Bloodshot

Thirty songs, none longer than 2 minutes and 56 seconds apiece from admired bandleader Hank Penny who brought Western Swing east of the Mississippi before WW II. Bloodshot has done an outstanding job presenting the country music classics in their Revival/Soundies series. Every track on this CD is previously unissued. Although the original transcription discs were nearly fifty years old, the sound quality is excellent. Songs range from upbeat swing for the coffee achiever in you, and some slow mellow tunes to calm you down after flipping your date around the room like a ragdoll. Grab a Lone Star and light up a smoke. (phil)

Sweepthelegjohnny
sto cazzo!

Southern Records

If there is one thing that I am beginning to hate more and more these days, it is the sound of Fender guitars. This album is a fine example. Up-tempo beats, a



fine drum/bass mix, even some freaky sax action, but the guitar is absent. When it is there, it is that great Fender sound that makes you reach for earplugs in a live setting. It is possible to make it sound good people? Other than that pet peeve, this band actually does have it together. Very 'Chicago' sounding and well fitting the Southern roster, their best representation is on "Columbus Day", a 10-plus minute epic, that runs the gauntlet of dynamics, and emotions. Psychotic lyrics and spiffy packaging give this one 6 high-hard ones out of 10. (Jimi Inmee)

Pedro The Lion
Winners Never Quit

Jade Tree

Son of preacher man David Bazan is pretty much the man behind Pedro The Lion. In God he trusts and I'm sure there's a deeper meaning to the fact that Pedro The Lion can be abbreviated as PTL. Jesus aside, the album is decent, if slowcore/confessional/Pavement-esque music is what you are looking for. I know several people who love this band, but outside of tracks entitled "Simple Economics" and "A Mind of Her Own", where up-tempo rhythms rule, I could do without hearing this record again... unless I'm in need of some serious sleep. In that case, I'd slip it in the CD player and dream sweats dreams (about God, I'm sure). (greg e. boy)



Dwarves
The Dwarves Come Clean

Epitaph Records

The Dwarves have a 15 plus year history of 10-minute sets, cocaine, violence, and depravity. If you aren't familiar with it, it's worth reading about just for joy of knowing there is someone out there doing the drugs and the 14 year old girls that cushy day jobs, steady girlfriends, and (depending on whether or not you care) U.S. laws prevent you and I from doing. Well me. I don't know you. The Dwarves last release "...Young and Good Looking," was proof that they actually could write more than superb punk rock songs, incorporating other elements from the rock tapestry such as surf themes, straight forward metal mania, sampling, and high production value, but with "Clean" they have made a deal with Satan in exchange for power to make an impeccably classic record. You will hear techno, you will hear surfably, you will Indian music and you will hear rapists, but through out the melee you will only hear the Dwarves. No one else makes records like these. When you pass on the chance to absorb and appreciate a record like this, you are saying "I have taken my life to the limits, and those limits are defined by FM radio, cultural stagnation, and network news." Now get out there and exchange coke for sex with teenagers, before it's too late and you own a sport utility vehicle and start talking about babies. (K7HD)

music reviews by

Liberator
Worldwide Delivery

Epitaph

Pretty nifty stuff here. Weird how it came to be, but there it is. Jamaica, via Sweden, with a weirdie Brit or even perhaps Australian twang in good old English. Ska. Right? I guess. Snappy stuff, with the horns and the goodo lyrics. No sappy love songs about lamented lost flames or any of that other kinda crap. Just down to earth pieces about real life in the real world, done real well. No screaming or caterwauling. Instruments operated correctly, per the plans and specifications. All in all, a nice addition to your collection. And, as a special bonus, they even managed to get the right airplane on the cd cover. Job well done, folks. Go gettun. (MacLaren)

MDFMK
self-titled

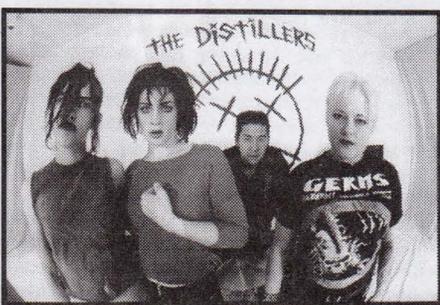
Universal/Republic

Um, this would be KMFDM for the uninitiated. According to my buddy J., KMFDM got dropped from their label. so they turned the letters around and started over (although the sound remains the same). So if KMFDM stood for "Kill Motherfucking Depeche Mode" then MDFMK must mean "Methamphetamine Doses are Freaky Muscle Killers." Okay, maybe not. Rave designer drugs recommended for optimal listening. Pacifier optional. (greg e. boy)

The Distillers
The Distillers

Hellcat

Not bad, almost really good gutter punk from Rancid's Tim Astrong and his Epitaph Records offshoot label Hellcat. God I hope these guys are from England or that faux, whiny British accent is gonna drive me insane. If they are, they this is some fine-ass



pub drinking, punk rock retreading all those sweets days of Clash, Exploited, Blitz, G.B. H days of yore. Now I know I'm starting to sound like a broken record here kids, but while I applaud bands who want to keep this music alive, copping fake accents just doesn't cut it. Bottomline: I like this CD and I plan on keeping it. (greg e. boy)

Los Infernos
Rock And Roll Nightmare

Alternative Tentacles

These guys remind me of those crusty old punks who used to stand at the back bar quaffing beers at the old 9:30 Club back in the day. You'd always wonder who there were until one day I saw a Slickee



Boys/Black Market Baby show and realized some of those guys in those bands were the older dudes from the back bar. Well, Los Infernos reminds of those times, when those odd and sometimes creepy old men end up on stage rocking the fuck out. Keeping that image in mind, Los Infernos does indeed play punk rock & roll in that fashion; equal parts Ramones (four chords) and Lazy Cowgirls (blues-based rock). (greg e. boy)

Doctor Manette
The Same Thing Over and Over

Jump Up Records

Reviews from da' Front : Journal entry 026
Day1: "The Same Thing Over and Over" hit us immediately, hard and heavy. The 4-year veteran battalion, Doctor Manette, drove upon us, shredding punk-ska guitar riffs and barraging our sides with horns. We retreated for what seemed an eternity. In retrospect, the lyrical assault seemed the best-executed force behind the initial attack. Under this present mobilization, our group must retreat in the darkness... exploding 50 watt amps raining shards on all sides. Day6: For two days the enemy seemedly gloated at us from afar, while laying down a light barrage of ska-core funk. FUCK! The infectious melodies drive inward upon me; my only savior that burning sensation I contracted from a \$2 hooker in Guanajuato. Cowering mud-soaked in these trenches, my mind wanders through hashish clouded memories of killing fields facing our current enemy's more established predecessors... Skankin' Pickle, Reel Big Fish, Mighty Mighty Bosstones... Being Chicago-based fledglings of the skacore scene, their weakness may lie within apparent lack of originality... hmmm... Day 9: Lulled into false security, we were again assaulted with raucous, spastic ska attacks. Their current operation, "Fifteen

Labels," has once again torn at our composure, but it seems the Doctor Manette war engine is losing steam. I can sense our efforts here have succeeded. Very soon their neophyte war operation "The Same Thing Over and Over" will end. I can only wonder if the present assault forebodes the rebirth of a grandiose ska/funk/punk uprising, or only the floundering of exposed roaches, soon to be crushed under heel.... We may have to view Jump Up cautiously in the future. (Lt. J. Lipshit)

Agents Of Oblivion
(self-titled)

Rotten

"Whoosh!" is all I got to say. This here is some serious prog rock/metal hybrid. Sorta Soundgarden-meets-Type O Negative. Brooding, badass and baked out of their minds, Agents Of Oblivion's gloomy soul metal/gothic punk/glam rock/art rock tickles the tailbone. They are either really far behind the times, or too far ahead of it for their own good. Fans of The Makers, Shudder To Think, Metal Flake Mother, Temple Of The Dog, Jane's Addiction, Alice In Chains et al should find this release an essential addition to their collection. Selling points? Contains former members of Acid Bath and Crowbar and the album concludes with lifted dialogue from Gummo. I'm calling this one of the best records I've heard in a long time. (greg e. boy)

Sankofa
Five Elements

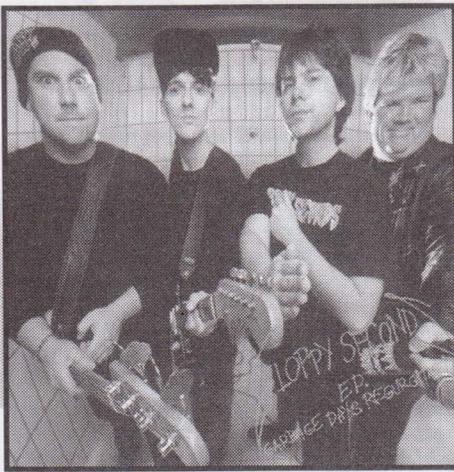
Sankofamusic

Chapel Hill's premiere organic hip hop outfit releases its second self-produced CD, and the fact that this



band doesn't have some record contract is sad. Like The Roots, Sankofa use real instrumentation in the creation of their music for the hip hop nation, there's no lyrical degradation just a lot of musical animation about the unification of all tribes, all flavors, all kinds. Well worth the pennies dropped, with back beats that haven't been copped from 80s new wave hits and to that my hat I tip, blip blip get wit it, snap ya fingez and shit, tap ya toes when ya sit, listening to it like yer sipping merlot and just let the rhythms flow. (greg e. boy)

people who care.



Sloppy Seconds

Garbage Days Regurgitated

Nitro Records

I was once at this party where the host come stumbling out of his room, tumbling out actually, while he wrestled with his best friend. Seems they were trying to sort out an argument. See this guy and his friend were both tag teaming this girl while high fiving each other screaming, "We're fucking porno animals." I know this part was true because I heard their Ron Jeremy-style while I was in line for the can. Well, they were fighting about who was actually getting Sloppy Seconds. It was then a third guy said they both were because she had given him a blowjob before they came to the party. I miss high school parties. But what I don't miss is new wave fucking squids. Combine that with contrite punk and you got the new Sloppy Seconds EP. It took me a second to believe it was for real, I thought it was a joke album Nitro was pulling on us like the MTV comedy boy band. Nope, these idiots were for real, like totally for sure. New wave sucked ass the first time and done sloppily the second time is not garbage regurgitated by some crust punk, it's white bread. And guys, when Henry Rollins hears your version of "TV Party" or the music icon Robin Johnson sees herself referred as "some chick", if not this Monday night, then next Monday night, on Mondee Nitro, you are gonna get... your ass kicked! Woouooooo! (Smits)

Vegas Demilo

Before It Gets Old

Starving Cowboy Records

Founded upon two wannabe hipster brothers, Alec and Foster Johnson, these crooners moved away from their home in Texas (yes, moved AWAY from Texas) to begin their rockstar efforts in San Francisco. Fresh off the Guided By Voices/ Tobin Sprout fanclub bus, Vegas Demilo began orchestrating some Costello/ Matthew Sweet hybrid of retro 80's fuzz pop. Their first release, "Before It Gets Old," comes together sounding like globs of over-produced sweetness, oozing from the mouth and down the chin. Sure, the moog/synth performance and tranquil guitar hooks sound professional and well-written, but the finished product tops the bounds of regurgitation. Foster Calhoun, who exchanged his last name for middle (much like a New Yorker I know) said in an interview, "Compared to the Beatles, we suck." Yea, no shit. These guys look like they're living in an MTV video shoot, and if your yuppie-spawned life centers around sticking your dick in

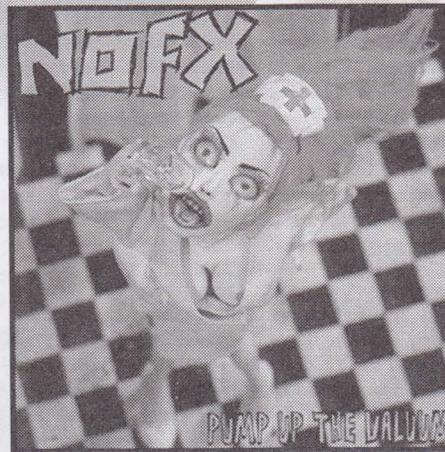
that blow-up Britney Spears doll while getting the latest news on the Backstreet Boys, this may be the next thing you're looking for... more fodder in the music industry machine. (Southern Lover)

NOFX

Pump Up the Valuum

Epitaph

NOFX is a crock of shit. The next time they put out a record, they should be banned from having any liner notes, because these guys are tripping hard on themselves and they need to get real now. First off, NOFX is hardly what I would ever call cutting edge. Sure, maybe they do have a big fanbase, but so did Tina Yothers at one time. This band has become a parody of themselves, printing handwritten letters stating their unfortunate run-ins with the press right next to, of course, the obligatory flyer from a show from yesteryear when they opened for 7 Seconds. Hey that's street credibility! I quote from their rantings, "We don't need exposure." Really, well then how come I was given this crap CD and press kit? "We're tired of being exploited." Wait a minute, do these guys have it rough or do I care? "Interviews are



boring." Waa-waa. What a bunch of crybabies. Maybe NOFX is really what's boring. They should write some new songs instead of churning out the same old simple bullshit. (Phil)

Zeke

Dirty Sanchez

Epitaph Records

Zeke's first two albums on Scooch Pooch were great relative to a lot of the other rock garbage that was going on in 1996. "Flat Tracker" in particular captured the loose insanity and over-the-top (insert your choice of rock adjective here) feel of a record like "Sugarfix" by the Dwarves without simply ripping the Dwarves off (which Zeke has been accused of on occasion if memory serves). "Kicked in the Teeth" lived up to its name as a record, filled with blindingly badass speed and fury. Outside of a questionably boring instrumental, "Teeth" stands up today as one of the most solid rock-punk releases of the past five or ten years. "Sanchez" continues the tradition, but without huge stride forward that took place between "Tracker" and "Teeth." Where "Teeth" was like sex with a complete stranger (new, sometimes fantastic but occasionally clumsy), this is like sex with your girlfriend (usually predictable but always reliable.) This record has enough adrenaline and plenty of great songs in the "it only takes a minute to beat

your ass senseless" tradition, and I would rather listen to 20 minutes of Zeke than 20 seconds of anything remotely Orange County related. If deep lyrical content and political correctness are of any concern to you, though, you are utterly retarded and I would ask that you never, ever speak to me. You also should not buy this record. (K7HD)

Suburban Threat

American Punk

TKO

You have to snarl and growl when you listen to Suburban Threat. And be sure to wear your padlock necklace, too! Really, I dig this kind of shit (a lot - I was 17 once) so it's hard to bash it, but goddamn kids try something original. Hey, thank god for keeping the gutterpunk spirit alive but we need more of this like we need another fucking hippie band. Anarchy rulez!! Oi! Oi! Oi! (greg e. boy)

The Tossers

Long Dim Road

Thick

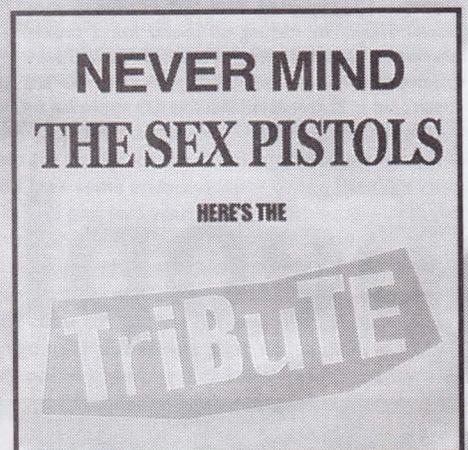
Flogging Molly comparisons aside, The Tossers will float your boat if you enjoy blokes like the Pogues. If you've ever experienced St. Patty's Day at McClinchy's in Philly drinking Bushmills, this is the record you need to recall all you forgot that one fateful night when you blacked out and woke up in the gutter in your piss-stained jeans and scratched to all bloody hell. They call themselves celtic-punk, I call this drinkin' music. (greg e. boy)

Various Artists

Never Mind the Sex Pistols, Here's the Tribute

Radical

Funny coincidence that this CD landed in my hands the day after I saw the film, "The Filth and the Fury" (which was depressing by the way) and I was already just about at the end of my Sex Pistols dosage for the year. This disc contains every track from "Never Mind the Bollocks" in order, plus seven more Pistols classics including "EMI" and "I Wanna Be Me". Although none of the bands really come close to the original sound, something I'm sure they tried not to do, it's nice to hear them in a different light. I've listened to the original a million times, and still if it's been a while since the last time I heard it, I bask in the glory of the old hits, "Bodies", "Anarchy in the U.K.", the list goes on. Appearances by Murphy's Law, Submachine, Billyclub, The Generators, Lower East Side Stitches, Total Chaos, The Ducky Boys, The Krays, and lots more... Kudos to Radical for putting together a legit contemporary version of a timeless classic. (Phil)





Gladshot
self-titled

Frankly Mills Music

This scares me, someone put this out with a straight face. My pet rock would run away and get hit by car before these clowns wrote a decent song. This is what's wrong with music, some corporate shitehead with wads of cash dripping from his soulless pockets spotted these Jersey kids in Old Navy clothes playing sap rock in a New York bar, nudged his partner over a cosmopolitan and a cigar and said, "Now that's marketability Frank!", and actually put this crap out. If you really want to buy this CD, it's available on the web at blandnothingness.com. (grant)



Royal Trux
Pound for Pound

Drag City

Since the 90's are over, and all of our memories of Pussy Galore are deeply nestled in that past, Royal Trux have gone from underground rock gods to modest rockers for the year 2000. Its been a while since their last release and now they're on tour. *Pound for Pound* is a good record and I like it a lot, but many Trux fans may shy away from their newer polished sound. While some songs on this disc may stay deeply ingrained in your subconscious for a few months after hearing them, and others are truly forgettable. To put it bluntly, this CD has some good sounds on it, some rocking a little and some just barely creak by. I recommend giving it a listen at the local music barn. It may float your boat. (Phil)

Various Artists

New Coat of Paint/Songs of Tom Waits

Manifesto Records

Fucking shit! Incredible cd. Get it. GET IT NOW! Tom Waits, lyrics in all their psychotic splendor, done by a host of crackerjack people. About the only way I can properly describe this thing is to compare it to drinking a bottle of good whiskey. That first drag comes on like an electric jolt, and after that, things

start getting nice and smooth, and then later on it just sorta eases down into the couch and stares out through the window, watching the traffic and street people drifting by. At no point does any of this stuff fail to deliver. The first track by Screamin' Jay Hawkins is one of those deals that would well and truly justify the purchase of the whole cd. That everything else which follows is also damn good, is just icing on the cake. Did I say get this thing? GET IT! (MacLaren)

Robert Belfour

What's Wrong With You

Fat Possum

More Hill. Country blues from Fat Possum. This label is starting to stereotype themselves and the artists in the process. But, that aside, the blues on Fat Possum is hands down better and more REAL than any of that modern blues crap you hear on Michelob Light commercials and as background music on television dramas like *Chicago Hope*. (greg e. boy)

Guided By Voices

Hold On Hope EP

TVT

I really like a lot of this band's stuff but I thought their last release *Do The Collapse* sucked. Here we have some outtakes from the record. I could go on to tell you a story about the *Collapse* tape that was circulating around Chapel Hill before the band actually released the album to the public; about how it had a lot of songs on their that were good that didn't show up on the CD; about how elemental hearing that tape before the CD led me to the conclusion that the released material sucked. Well, I won't go into detail about that GBV tape, but let's just say that some of the tape's better songs appear here on this EP. (greg e. boy)

Cephalic Carnage

Exploiting Dysfunction

Relapse

Someone please tell me where Relapse finds all these fucking intense bands? In the case of this CD of extreme music, Cephalic Carnage hail from Denver, Colorado. How does one describe such a band? Well, Soilent Green's Ben Falgoust and Crowbar's Kirk Windstein make cameos and the band has toured with labelmates The Dillinger Escape Plan. Needless to say the drummer is amazing, the guitars crunch at will and the singer gargles with tacks. They call themselves "Rocky Mountain Hydro-Grind"; I call it some insane shit. Heavy props for the cut "Invertus Indica (The Marijuana Convictions)" which addresses the silly Reefer Madness-like exploitation of our sacred and glorious weed. (greg e. boy)

Zen Guerrilla

Trance States In Tongues

Sub Pop

Really, you need to listen to this band; this record. Who gives a rat's ass if the best song on the CD ("Moonage Daydream") is a cover. There's a handful of bands that I would love to see pissed drunk and stoned play in my living room. This band is one of them. With a 6'7" frontman (who sings through an old Bell & Howell 16mm film projector speaker) who requires "a reinforced stage" in the band's contract, an arsenal of covers and more fucking punk rock soul

than the whole freakin' Motor City combined, Zen Guerrilla is an obvious choice. (greg e. boy)

Anon Egeland

Anon

Northside

Um, I guess it's safe to call this "Norwegian bluegrass music" Really, it's kind of freaky how similar music from the Appalachian Mountains and music from European gypsies and fjords are; not just in themes but in instrumentation. Makes ya think don't it? R. Carlos Nakai and Doc Watson fans will find this disc a must. (greg e. boy)

I.C.U.

Mad Truth

Radical

I think there has been a little misunderstanding. Is I.C.U. punk? No, they aren't. Then why are they called "punked up aggro pop" in their press kit? I think I.C.U. is more of like a hard-edged Missing Persons. Not that there's anything wrong with that. The title of the CD however, "Mad Truth" is absolutely hilarious. Every time I read it I laugh inside. It's so goofy. Is that like mad cash? Naw dawg, this is da mad truth and shit. C'mon! It's kind of ironic though because a more appropriate title for this record would have been "Happy Lie" because that's what this is. (phil)

Groovie Ghoulies

Travels With My Amp

Lookout Records

Surf, sun, fun, and death. Grab a convertible and head toward the coast scoring as much roadkill as possible along the way. The undead are having a blast on this album with songs like "Daughter of Frankenstein" and "Ghoulie Family". Definitely not



disguising their Ramones with a dash of Cramps sound. It's like Vincent Price on a scooter with Jerry Mathers riding bitch. I have a soft spot for the surf rock sound, and it sounds as if Sacramento is keeping it alive, and I say roll little leprechaun roll. (Grant)



All-Scars

Introduction to Humanity

Slowdime

There need be no introduction here: DC improv skronk made by Capitol city scenesters. Bassist Dug Birdzell was in one of my all-time favorite bands, the mighty Beefeater (who were one of the first bands to askew conventional hardcore boundaries in favor of phenomenological rock). The All-Scars having Knitting Factory written all over their collective sleeve, drawing off of everything from Ornette Coleman and Sun Ra to Godspeed You Black Emperor! The thing with any improvisational music is that it, by nature, can only capture a smidgen of time; a tiny little piece of the essence of making music. Much like it's contemporary artistic peer documentary photography, the sound is gone as soon as it comes into the ear. Fortunately, the fine folks at Slowdime have been allowed to 'catch' the inimitable All-Scars in action, trapping their musings in time forever. My suspicion is that, like most improv acts, the All-Scars are probably infinitely more interesting in the live performance where one can catch their essence in the present tense... as it was meant to be. Introduction to Humanity is the product of three different sessions with alternating casts joining in on the fray with the A sessions being the most captivating (and on a sidenote, the oldest), and recorded by Fugazi's Guy Picciotto, which may explain the post- post punk vibe of these tracks. The B session was indeed recorded at the legendary and aforementioned Knitting Factory while the C session took place in College Park, Maryland at the University of Maryland radio station WMUC. These cuts are the most recent and the most abstract. To each his own I say; I applaud the All-Scars for abandoning the modern rock trappings of today's music, but most of this is just random racket making in my book. It's not for the casual listener but college radio deejays and genre-obsessed collectors will find this a nice addition to their growing audio collection. (greg e. boy)

Palaxy Tracks

The Long Wind Down

Grey Flat Records

People who know me are not going to believe this, but I actually like this record. This is do to a little secret that most people are not aware of, no matter what types of music you enjoy or for that matter, lifestyle, car or job you are burdened with, if you do it with style it shines through. When you grow some tomatoes in your pants and get the old aorta pumping, amazing things happen. Whether you're into

Rattus or KRS-One, you have to admit this is real music. It's the way they translate their sound that is solid. Guided By Voices or Polvo fans won't leave their rooms for weeks after buying this CD. Power pop ethereal emo-core dark post-gothic industrial jungle hop, whatever, fuck labels. Let's et down to what's real and not real, and this is unreal. (Grant)

Eulogy

I Hear Voices

recorded themselves

Dirge rock from Philly that either suffers greatly from the rough lo-fi production or benefits greatly from it. I'm voting the latter because sometimes too much polish can kill a good thing. Tweaky old school squeal and howl punk rock; reminds me of when no one cared to think about "boundaries"...or worse yet, record deals. Now if you need record label affiliations for general hipness when discussing the topic of music with your friends, you could say something like "dude, AmRep wanted to sign these guys" or something like that. Since I pretty sure AmRep folded, we need not be concerned with starting rumors. (greg e. boy)



Pimpadelic

Southern Devils

Tommy Boy

Kid Rock meets Body Count. Tits galore adorn the CD artwork. Enough said. (greg e. boy)

Bob Tilton

the leading hotels of the world

Southern Records

E-mo. This is one of those freakin' records that meanders along with bright, clean guitars, anticipating the big pay-off. Something. Nothing. Almost every song sounds like it starts the same, same chord, oh and here comes the doped up drummer, same beat... aaahhhhhhhrrrrgggggh. This band is compared to Fugazi in every review/article I have seen, but frankly they should never be mentioned in the same sentence. In fact, I debated whether I should even drop the 'F' word, but what the hell, everyone else has! The comparisons never materialize. The closest thing to emotion comes in "you look like Sal Mineo", but that is short lived. I guess you can't go wrong mastering at Abbey Road.... 5 high-soft ones out of 10 (Jimi Inmee)

The Booked

Feel The Pride

Radical

Damn fine Oi!/working class pub-style punk rock from Corpus Christi, Texas. Er, Corpus Christi? Really now, this ol' compact disc would find a nice home in Boston and its various neighborhoods. Those nor'easter boot boys love this kind of shit. I give this record two thumbs up and twelve pints of beer!!! And one more thing: The Booked puts all those pussy streetpunk bands on Epitaph to shame. (greg e. boy)

The Inciters

Keep It Burning

JumpUp! Records

Warning! Warning! Ska music. ska is dead folks. God bless some folks for keeping it alive but these fifth generations cats don't serve the scooter they road in on. (greg e. boy)

Drag-On

Opposite of h2o

Ruff Ryders

Niggaz, niggaz and more niggaz. Throw in some "bitches," "click, clak, Gat" and "hey yo, YO!" First of all, I'm getting tired of skits in hip hop. Secondly, why do all these new CDs have like one or two good singles (which feature videos that get too much play on MTV despite questionable lyrical content; "we just bleep that out," says one MTV exec.) and then the rest of the rekkid is filler? I guess that's why they all land cameos on each other's albums. DMX, Eve and Jadakiss from The Lox all appear here. Um, I really got nothing to say about this. Bring back Schoolly D. (greg e. boy)

New Bomb Turks

Nightmare Scenario

Epitaph

I have always loved the New Bomb Turks. When I threw this disc in, I was immediately pleased with the first track, "Point A to Point Blank", a signature Turks cut, hard driving and intense, good vocals... But then, to my dismay I was forced to listen to the second track, "Automatic Teller" which is a corny rehash of a million pop-punk songs. The chorus is so cheesy, I can't believe they actually put this song on a New Bomb Turks CD. What is the world coming to? However, I must say that the rest of this record is pretty good, save some delusional moments where someone thought they were gonna take this band to Billboard. This is a band that is much better to see live than on tape, so maybe the hand-clapping in "Killer's Kiss" will be extinguished for good unless crowds at Turks shows refrain from tearing the room apart and calmly clap to the beat. (Phil)



Moloch

Blotted Heart

Duckweed Records

Fucked up hoe-down music for drugged-up new-new-wave trippers for the next millennium. These precious four tracks were delivered to me on cassette, no less, with homemade packaging done on a color copier and a typed plain label on black cassette. This band brings new meaning to the word TWANG. The title track, "Blotted Heart" is an infectious tune that will be ringing in your ears for the next few days after hearing it only once. Moloch brings out a new sound in a unique way that makes them the string instrument twangin', drum bangin', bass rangin', lyrical sangin' rockers that will assuredly rise up from the ranks of primo guerrilla marketers to pop icons if somebody pays up. I think this little tape is just a sampling of the treats they have to serve up. Look for full-length CD from Duckweed. (Phil)

The Up On In

Steps for the light

Big Top Records

At first, I was going to compare The Up On In to Tortoise because the opening track on this disc, "What Gives, Part I" is reminiscent of that group, and I always end up listening to the first few tracks of a CD more often just because they're first. However, "Steps for the Light" has much, much more than that in store for music listeners. Songs with depth and energy, sometimes pushing themselves so hard, and other times getting a groove and



holding it strong. It's nice to hear a band that has tastefully combined a set of songs that really go together, but don't all sound the same. There's something in here for everyone, so leave all the comparisons alone and go check out this record. You'll be glad you did. (phil)

The Mandate of Heaven

On No Evil Star

(four-track recording)

Jethro Tull on acid. Oh wait, Jethro Tull was on acid. Anyway, with songs like, "My Friends Call Me Vagina Mouth", and "Craftmatic Adjustable Lesbian", he's definitely on some narcotics. Way trashy in a good way. Heavy bottom four track bass sound. One guy, Greg Pier, doing it all. His own little lo-fi trip. In his bio he states that the state of mainstream music culture has come to a stagnant dead end. Amen brother! He also states that he's poised to begin the demolition of the modern rock state. That's shooting a bit high, but it is a fun little CD. I would tell you to get it, but good luck finding it. (Grant)



Blood of Abraham

Eyedollartree

Atomic Pop

Ahh, fuck yeah, music for the revolution. Spinning an organic lyrical web laden with the dew of innovative beats, must not kill spider. Part of the post-consumer culture, the songs address the type of idol worship of capitalism which is not only dead end, but spiritually bankrupt. With guest appearance by Black Eyed Peas member Will.I.Am, Divine Styler, and the underground legend Kool Keith, this is some shit, and a definite benchmark for hip-hop. These wild ones also made a short film for the record, and if you see it grab it. I would offer a quote from the record, but it is so lyrically dense, I could not do it justice. And remember since it is Atomic Pop, you can buy the MP3s online, go forward and be mesmerized. (Scot)

Speedbuggy USA

Cowboys & Aliens

Cargo Records

Well, hot damn! In what has become a long string of remarkable records from Cargo comes Speedbuggy USA's premiere release *Cowboys & Aliens*. This record made me long for Texas in ways I had forgotten, back to scenes of my youth and oat sewing days in the Lone Star State and Mexico. Memories of chicken wire surrounding the band in dark honky tonks, late night drives at full throttle across the desert lit by the glow of the dash and ember of a joint, and who can forget the three day gambling and drinking binges in New Orleans. Whoever says country music is lame should take Dwight Yoakum and Garth Brook's dick out of their ear and sample some of this rotgut, whiskey shot, fiasco-inducing music. These aren't a bunch of yuck-a-fuck indie rock kids trying to assimilate into the roadhouse Texas sound, these guys lived it. How do I know? I fucking listened to the album you stupid humanoid. If you love dancing on the bar, crying in your beer over that girl you should have never left behind in your hometown in South Texas, raising hell, and cutting loose like you got a wild hare up your ass, then

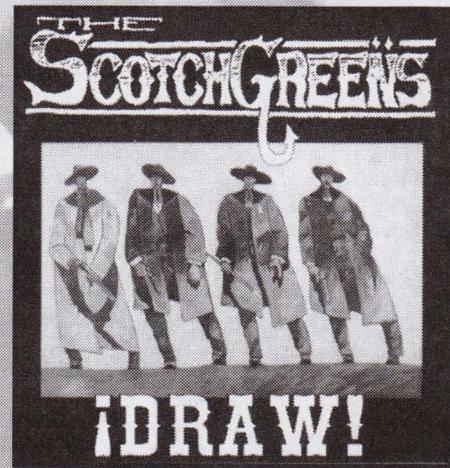
don't mosey, RUN to the nearest reputable record store and buy this and six pack of Lone Star. And oh, these yahoos are on tour this summer, I for one cannot wait. (Scot)

Promise Ring

Very Emergency

Jade Tree

Oh my goodness! Catchy, infectious indie pop from a former Midwestern emo outfit with a queer in the band that sounds like Weezer. And I'm not saying this like it's a bad thing. I'm serious. The first four songs are stellar but the record peters out quickly after that. Shit man though, those first tracks... man, they'll have you dancing in front of your mirror with a deodorant stick as a microphone. Er, maybe that's just me. Fatherhood has made me sappy. I'm gaying out, oh lord help me. (greg e. boy)



The Scotch Greens

!Draw!

Cargo/ Hairball8 Records

It only used to occur once or twice a year when a record that I genuinely liked because it reminded me of the wild ass people from which I emerged would find its way into the realm of the Slug. Not only has this summer been a play pretty year with two, they are both on Cargo Records. Somebody buy the A&R department there a whiskey shot and a beer. Though these hellions come from Idaho, a long way from the ranches in the borderlands of the Tejas I know, the music of hell-raising, beer-swilling, wild-women and wilder-times seems universal to all those who have done the true Boy's Town run. With some of the best guitar work since the legendary Death Valley, these boys mean business. A little darker and hardcore honky tonk than their label-mates Speedbuggy USA, they remind me of some of the late night antics my friends were involved with our girls and old beat-up trucks on the desert flats, where everything seemed to happen at once, yet nothing happens at all. If you think it is lame and square, I guess Madison Avenue already owns your soul, so please don't come to worship at our alter of the Trinity of Ws: Women, Whiskey, the West. When this band comes to your town liquor yourself up for the show and the ladies, but leave your guns at home, leave your guns at home. (ran scot)

THE masons



Come on already!

The Masons

Come On Already

The M.O.B Music Corp

Fuck yeah! I was wondering when a group of people would finally get together and make happy, dance around the park, high-fiving, feel-good music. The answer my friend is not blowing in the wind, oh no, it's now. In a seven song release, too short to be an EP and not long enough to be a LP. There are no weak songs, in fact they all fucking rock. Though I know its trite, they REALLY DO remind me of the exploration period of the Beatles, they really do. With lyrics I find myself singing in the subway and guitar riffs that will stick in your mind like a cheba hawk on a passing pipe, I highly suggest this record. Plus they have a rock solid basketball game, I've seen it in action on the hard courts of Brooklyn. (Scot)

Cattle Press

Hordes To Abolish The Divine

HydraHead

Crusty, poweredge stuff from Hydrahead Records. Gravelly-voiced singer backed my super heavy (yet melodic at times) rhythm section. Breakdowns, cruncha-cruncha, you get the picture. For fans of Neurosis, Melvins, Today Is The Day and The Thrones. (greg e. boy)

Daddy's Hands

Tutankhamun

Cargo Records

These guys are fucking insane. And I don't mean that in the drunken-adrenaline-charged-live-music-venue-screaming-so-that-your-friends-can-here-you-over-the-music kind of way. (Although I'd imagine they have a pretty hyped live act). I mean they're fucking nuts. The album starts off with a rock-a-billy lick and a Satan's lounge act feel and it don't stop until the album screeches to a stop. With songs littered through the L.P. such as "Incest at Best" and "Heram Holiday", the band gets a chance to not so delicately divulge it's sexually explicit nature and an often times heroine sheik revival. "I am a Cadillac of love, call me daddy when you come, luck is the pass-word lonely are you chaperones." The hook from "Lady Bingo" says it all. A tight horn section a super reverbed guitar and two great vocalists with such contrasting styles that they compliment make Daddy's Hands a real eye opener. I'd say if you like bands like Reverend Horton Heat and/or The Flame Trick Subs that you should definitely pick up this album. For those of us out of the loop, I'd have to say make a dub from a friend or grab it if it makes

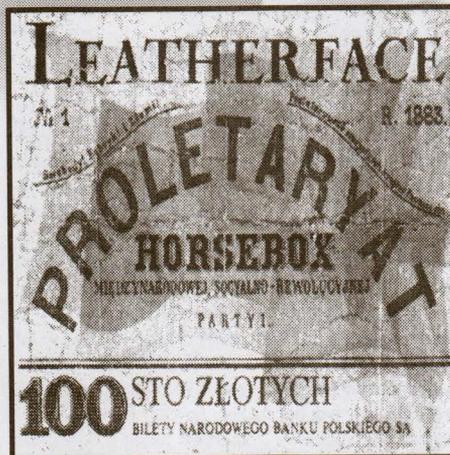
it's way into the bargain bin at the local used CD Mart. If you do get a chance to give it a listen pay close attention to their version of the Billie Holliday standard "Summertime", "Glue Balloon" and "Volcano Moon". (carr)

Leatherface

Horsebox

BYO

When I lay on my roof staring intently at the Manhattan skyline and the sprawl to the East, I get a feeling of urgent disgust against what we have made. To burn this shit down. This aurora of quiet anger and shapeless fury is hard to put into words, and the mere thought of trying to write music to the IMAX of the soul would be a tome. Enter Leatherface. I recently saw the Filth and the Fury starring the Sex Pistols. The truth I gleamed from the flick was the Pistols were exploding inside with Angst, but grew up with no sense of culture or means to transfer to their audience their internal demons. So even though their fires burned white, their songs and music were repetitive, because they could not express that one thing that makes you want to jump



out of your skin and ask people how they could act the way they do. Leatherface, I submit, succeeds in giving a voice to this aspect of human nature. Song after song of quiet desperation and grasping at reeds just out of your reach. I tried to see these guys last year at the Warped Tour, but they put them on at noon!!!! AND on the local stage!!!! What the fuck ever. If you are so incline to listen to music, which evoke emotions of the fire and brimstone of working-class types, look to the East towards Europe and the flashing of lights that burn across the pond and singe your face, giving you your own Leatherface. (Scot)

Culture Clash

The Berlin Project

Self-Released

Okay, I'll be up front and say I do not like ska in most cases, this will be the rare exception I have something nice to say. These kids from Irwin, PA truly believe in their music, which anyone who knows me counts way more than even being able to play more than three chords. The whole thing is DIY, right down to the Kinko's style press kit, but what about the music you say? Well, it's ska with punk influence all right. The lyrics pertain to what kids have to deal

with on a daily basis, and these kids can really play all their instruments. Unlike the Slacker who I killed in their review, I believe all these guys will later be able to have successful solo careers with their instrument of chose, especially Eric Porado on trumpet. Look out for that kid, and if this type of music is your thing, lookout for the band too. I'm sure they are great to party with. (Scot)

The Stand

Point of View

Jump UP!

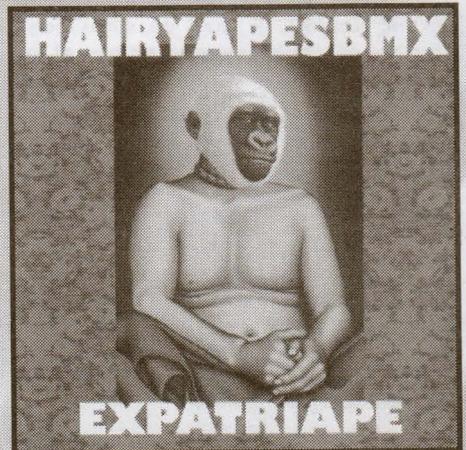
I vaguely remember these guys when they were called Racecar, but even to them it must be a distant memory. This is not Midwest ska/punk people, it's a evolution of a band and, God Lord dare I say, experimentation? I say it. Experimentation, damn twice in one review, but only because they earned it. This shit rocks, rolls, and drifts from pop into even Hammond-style blue. With great organ work and light horn mixing, if I was to redo the Rocky Horror picture show sound track, these yahoos would be the first people I would call. Most of all, it is nice to see band create their own sound. There is a kid dancing to this in basement somewhere in Chi-Town as I write this, bet on it. (Smith)

Hairy Apes BMX

Expatriape

V & R Records

Last night you got faced with your friends and wound up bedding down somewhere with a well-known syphilitic prostitute named Diane. You awake in an unknown place with a panicked sense of desperation and disbelief. Your mind races and catches and sputters, but is caught and steadied when you remember that you were given a free copy of Hairy Apes BMX to review for S.F.S. You remember seeing them live and how they turned shit upside down at Flamingo two weeks ago. You remembered the dancing. (Yes you danced) Fueled on lone star red and ignited by the triumphant horn section that came crashing down like the mighty hand of some god over an overwhelming backbeat. "I'm gonna find a hundred bucks on the ground" became the undying anthem of the evening. You remember chanting the lyrics over and over while searching for your car. And that was hours after there set was up! But



here's the catch. The album fails to capture the intensity of a Hairy Apes live show. The vocals aren't in your face, the beats don't rock the body, and the

horns hang in the back ground like the paisley wall paper that's been on your mom's living room walls since you were a fetus. I'm not trying to knock them as a band. Hairy Apes BMX kicks fucking ass, but my contention is that they are best as a live act. The album isn't bad it's actually pretty good. It's got some really good keyboard work and some really good scratching. But I was spoiled by their live show. So my suggestion is go down to the free clinic, get a shot of penicillin, save the twelve bones you were gonna spend on the album and take some one to see there live act, believe me they'll thank you. Oh and always keep your eyes peeled cause you never know you just might find a hundred bucks on the ground. (Carr)



Shiner

Starless

Owned and Operated Records

Jawbox anyone? (greg e. boy)

The Slackers

Live at Ernesto's!

Hellcat Records

The people at Hellcat need to find the dumb ass responsible for this auditory dribble and make them listen to it over and over again. Fuck the Chinese water torture, this shit will drive you mad half way threw the first session. Come on guys! With bands like Dropkick Murphys, Hepcat, Pietasters, Tiger Army, and the U.S. Bombs, I would have never expected you to pull a stunt like this. But at Salt for Slugs, we know what happens when the entire staff gets high and drunk. That's why I'm labeling this album Hellcat's Llama Issue. I'm still a huge fan of the label, but Jesus. (Smitz)

Verna Cannon

Movie Star Faces

Cargo Records

"In a while, in a while you will no more than me leap frogging little boy." I'm in love with the lead singer of the Verna Cannon. Calm cool soothing tunes for a tripping boy's mind. 'It's embarrassing to cry when nothing is wrong.' I just ate a graham and a half of some lab shrooms with two gay guys and a fat girl who I some how ended up with after a night of pool and beers at the Ritz. I made them bring me home when I decided that I wasn't crazy and that the zebra carpet sprawled out across the room was contemplating whether or not it should devour me, and I wanted to get the fuck out of Dodge before it got the chance. Now I'm chilling in my living room by myself with all the lights off and the Verna Cannon is orchestrating a myriad of tiny colorful explosions in my head. Movie Star Faces is definitely not the kind of album that you would want to listen to before a night on the town, but after the night is through, it proves to be an elegantly crafted sweet release. "Aspiring architects just want to shake it. . . Go to hell and I can cry if I want to." If I had to compare them (I hate fucking comparisons) I'd say they were a less 'pop' version of the Sundays. They don't have a

happy whimsical side. They don't sing about summer times and heart shaped rooms. What they do have is a softly driven rhythm section, a guitarist who has an excellent sense of tone, a singer whose voice is like a magic blanket of soothing fog, and a string section (I believe it might be a single violinist) that ties their sound together into a neat little package complete with ribbon and bow. My suggestion is that you march your ass to the store pick up there album and maybe even procure a dose of shrooms, but forget about the two gay guys the fat girl and the zebra rug they're all just noise. (carr)

Urban Dance Squad

Artantica

Triple XXX

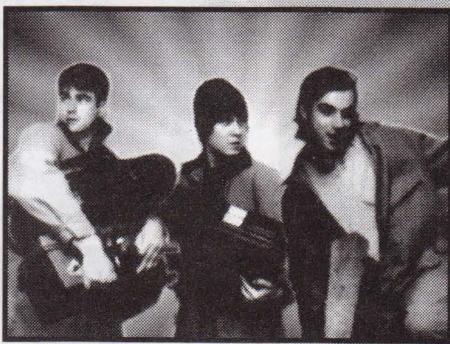
Yes, that Urban Dance Squad... coming back to give all Rage, Limp Bizkit, Korn fuckers a lesson in hard-core soul, rock-hop and higher consciousness. Not groundbreaking, but shit, didn't these guys write the book on the hip hop/rock hybrid anyway? (greg e. boy)

The Only's

Tune the Blue Screen

label?

Thank god it's Monday and the weekend is over. Thank god I have a hangover. Thank god that the cock roach killer came to spray "Death" to the dirty little fucking menaces that come in through the vent in the corner of my bed room. Thank god that The Only's are here with me, even if only crystalized on a silver plated plastic disk that's being forced out of my speaker, to attach their withdrawn distorted take on the world to my every day experience. "Play out, play all out." That's what I'm fuckin sayin. Hopefully that's what they're fuckin sayin. Put this filth down, it will only rot your mind. Surely there must be a girl.



Surely there must be a girl with a witty disposition and a small gap between her two front teeth that you would like to call up and have come over to listen to music and eat tuna fish sandwiches and lay by your pool. (Not necessarily your pool, but the one that belongs to the apartment complex that you pay rent at.) And you could lay there and talk about movies, and countries, and art, and the taco stand in Nuevo Laredo that doesn't try to disguise the fact that they sell rat meat tacos to drunken Saturday afternoon tourists. And the music that would be attached to your every day experience. . . The Onlys. And the question that they would ask, "Does the whiskey protect you?" Well, it must because you're sitting in your dimly lit apartment alone. There is no pool, there are no tuna fish sandwiches, and there is no girl with a witty disposition and a delicately

placed pin prick sized gap between her two front teeth. What is there is you and The Only's coming through hard with a steady driving beat and Dolphin Echoing quick slaps of the guitar tremolo. You, the darkness, the whiskey, the computer screen staring back at you like an autistic japanese boy, a bottle marked vicadin that specifically says "Do not consume with alcohol", but then you say "What do doctors know any way." You, the darkness, the computer, the whiskey, the vicadin, the cockroach poison, and poisoner, and Oh yes the Only's. And that's the only thing you need. (Carr)

Do It Now Foundation

Joy Juice

label?

I think General MacArthur put it best in his pre-dawn infantry speech to his troops. They had been waiting for three days in the bush to cross enemy lines to take the hill. He walked out of his tent at 0 400 Hours and said, "Gentlemen, this is boring as shit!" Safe and cute, I'm sure Austin loves them. I mentioned something about heart and soul in my Palaxy Tracks review. Let's talk about them again, because God knows I wouldn't want to be negative. Don't buy it, burn it. (Grant)

Big Lazy

self-titled

Tasankee

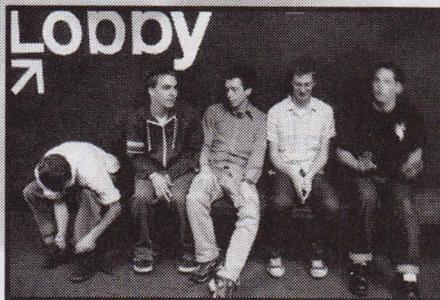
I think these guys did some incidental music for the television show Homicide or something; like they were to Homicide what Shadowy Men On A Shadowy Planet were to Kids In The Hall. Get it? It's loungey film noir, instrumental music (three-piece: drums, guitar, stand-up bass). Morphine-meets-Dirty Three if yer looking for comparisons. (greg e. boy)

The Gloria Record

a lull in traffic

Crank Records

I refuse to fall into categorizing bands into genres such as "emo", because I think it might give someone the wrong idea. So I won't say this is emo. This is a tight five song CD from one of the better bands on the Crank roster. The title track comes off like an emo tune, and I mean that in the most positive emo way. These first two tracks rock out. The third track, "Tired and Uninpired" is hardly that. A heavy, strummy song with some really good vocals. The singer of this band has a great voice, that seems to fit perfectly with the sound of the band. A great mix. The last two tracks wind down the CD quickly. The last track "A Bye" is the type of song you could actually fall asleep to, and I mean that in the most positive sleep way. I hope to see a longer, healthier release from these guys in the near future. This one just doesn't last long enough. (Phil)



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- BROWNIES
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ADDICTED TO MUSIC ?

Letters to Burt Cocaine



Dear Burt Cocaine,
 Just who in the hell do you think you are hi-jackin' my new lawnmower and drivin' it up to Bobby's place without tellin' me anything? I heard you were chuggin' bottles of Mickey's and slingin' dirt all over the goddamned place! That sure as hell was no way to treat a fine piece of equipment like my Toro, and it sure as hell ain't gonna fly around these parts. I bet you won't be doin' it anymore now that I put you in that headlock and wrenched your greasy head. How many times do I have to tell you that if you mess with me, I'll show you what it means to be in pain. All this talk about your friend Sargeant Nun coming into town and how you're going to straighten a few things out. I'm waitin' for you boys. C'mon, bring it on. There ain't a thing I won't do to stop you and your so-called "posse" from disturbing a bunch of good citizens.

Waitin' on You,
 Marv Peterson

-Marv, I've received your messages. All of them. There is a lot to be said for someone as desperate as you, who'll actually take the time to write in and complain at length and then make threats. Watch your back. -bc

Dear Burt,
 No one can even think of a cop without thinking of two things, both of which are food products-- bacon and doughnuts. Now let's try to understand why this country's finest like doughnuts so much. Let's think of the basic shape of the doughnut, big and round with a hole in the middle. Kinda like a cop's head, so I can see the basic physical attraction there. But what else strikes a policeman's fancy when they see a ring of tasty fried dough. Perhaps they think of eating a doughnut as taking a bite out of crime. Doughnuts ARE very similar to your average criminal. Doughnuts sometimes have Chocolate and Sprinkles on them (much like a john...), are sometimes glazed (much like a local drunk...), and sometimes have all sorts of good stuff shoved inside (much like a drug smuggler...). Or maybe they simply like the hole. After all, my friend says that all cops are dicks, and what makes more sense than a dick with a hole to stick it in? So



maybe police officers were just made for doughnuts. Somewhere deep in the recesses of their twisted minds, among things like morals and justice lies a lust for the almighty doughnut. Let's face it, cops nowadays are fat doughnut-eating pigs. I should know, I'm well acquainted with the criminal justice system, I've spent a lot of time with police officers. The one thing I've noticed is that not only do they enjoy doughnuts, but many of them like to eat M&Ms and watch The Jerry Springer Show. I can't tell you how many times I've sat in the front of a cop car watching Springer and scarfing down candy. (I also can't tell you who the cop was that I was with, because he was nice enough to give me free food at 3 A.M. when I was wandering around Wal-Mart aimlessly last year.) Well, I guess the entire point of this short piece is that cops are fat and lazy, they have an animal attraction to doughnuts, and they'd rather watch television than do any real work. Good to know our tax-dollars are being well-spent.

-Fuzzy Mickael

You know Mike, it's a little rough for some SFS readers to understand the in-depth analysis of the situation, but it was cool when you mentioned Springer. -bc

Dear Burt Cocaine,
 I heard from a friend that you guys were doing a special cop issue, and I thought I'd send you a little message of what I think of the media cops and Major League pitcher John Rocker. I know that you, Burt, really care. Since when does anyone really give a shit what a professional athlete thinks about anything outside of what they do for a living, i.e.; play a sport? T.V. news watchers are clinging to some desperate shit at this point. Look, I'll sum it up in two letters, O.J. And as for John Rocker? Who cares? Who? So a pitcher in the major leagues is an asshole. What else is new? I heard O.J. is an asshole too. What's so shocking? Is somebody mad? Why? Because they are a bunch of losers that's why. They created John Rocker and O.J. to begin with. Who cares anyway? Can he throw a ball real fast? What's his E.R.A. anyway? I bet he's no Catfish Hunter. People need to get off the sports thing for a while.

Really, it's getting stupid.

Sincerely,
 Bill Ferreti

What kind of dickhead are you Bill? I take major league baseball very seriously, and I don't think Rocker's E.R.A should be compared to old Catfish. As for your concern about Sports Fantasia, a phenomenon investigated in issue #5, and your e-mail regarding the website corrections, you need to take close look at yourself and ask, "Why am I such a loser?" You're taking the stuff a little personally. As far as O.J. is concerned, he is an avid golfer. -bc

To Burt and the rest of the slugs:

Oh hell yeah! Finally you boys are on the right track with this cop shit. Me and the boys in the Granger Texas



United Freedom Fighters Militia have been waiting for somebody to publish something about these goddamned peckerhead cops and lawmakers. Hell, they tried to take Butch's farm away from him last year until the G.T.U.F.F.M. got together and smoked a couple of these bastards. Butch's family has been growing fucking turnips and parsnip on their land for the past 40 years and then Uncle Sam tries to send his greasy sausage boys into to take over and turn this into some sort of Wal-Mart. Well fuck his ass, our

boys are ready and it sounds like you boys are too. Ya'll write about some pretty weird shit in that magazine of yours but when I heard about this shit I had to write in. Back in 92 we had to to raise some cane out in Johnson City, some of them big city son of a bitches tried to pull that Yankee shit down in our great state when they tried to take Tucker's land and house. I jumped up on Tucker's roof with my flamethrower hooked to a couple of canisters of lighter fluid, the same ones we use to grill some fucking brisket, and I lit a couple of sheriffs asses on fire, yep, fried bacon that morning. Let me tell you they never

tried to fiddle with our asses no more. So if you boys are really trying to start a revolution with that magazine of yours up there in Austin, just give us a call, the G.T.U.F.F.M. will uphold the constitution anywhere in Texas. My grandfather fought for my freedom in WWII and I'll be damned if any cop or foreigner is going to confiscate my belongings.

Americally yours,
 Carl Tatum

Carl, not only are you a lyin' sack of shit, but you also have taken the backseat once again on a hellride of epic proportions, and Burt Cocaine is the driver baby! -bc

Dear Coke,

I know we've been friends, and I know we've been foe, but let's put that aside for a moment and talk some business. I heard you were putting out a new book next year entitled, "Poetry for Women" and I would love to submit my latest piece called, "Booby Trap". Here it is: I've got a mouse between my legs that aches to be a rat. I am the rodent and you are the trap. Please allow me to caress your inner thighs. Just after your kiss gives me rise.

Sargeant Nun

You're a sick man Sarge, and I have posted your vital statistics in my column this issue. The poem you have sent certainly reveals what a craven individual you are. -bc

Burt Cocaine,

I heard about you, under the rat moon whose name is a killing word in a bastard nation where the specters of dawn dance in flames to let them actualize they are just dreams of another dreamer in a ruin of runes of circular stones near the mouth of Eden's water. Oh yes, you and the your fellow slugs are nothing more than an escape, which people in this world seek, from responsibility of a sane mind. Oh me brother do you let the lights burn bright into night leading our souls into the decadent dance, with tango lines, and moving picture shows, burlesque, that it overwhelms the senses, forcing it into a colorfast, we chomp at the bit as we foam. And bite. Bite. Oh brother, when I find myself bathing in the

Salt for Slugs



(PLACE PHOTO HERE P)

SERGEANT P. NUN

Subject: Sargeant P. Nun

D.O.B.: 10.23.58

Current Age: 41

Height: 5' 10"

Weight: 160 lbs.

Place of Birth: Laredo, TX

Residence: Memphis, TN

Religion: Hell Raisin'

Political Conviction: Ultra Liberal
Republican

Alias: "Texas Ribs" or "T-Bone"

Hobbies: Part-time cabaret/lounge singer, booze, drugs, arsenal maintenance, gambling, midnight lawn maintenance.

Background: Though educated at various Catholic school institutions- never graduated, Served three years in U.S. Marine Corps- dishonorably discharged, Played drums for "Pork Boy" and "Pope Sex" in 1978.

Comments: Sargeant Nun is part human and part non-human, and part male and part female. Although his residence is listed above, the fact is that Sarge generally resides in "parts unknown". He is surprisingly dangerous. Intense firearms and weapons training tests conducted in the early eighties led on-site observers to conclude that Sargeant Nun is a "sure-fire sharp shootin' son of a bitch". He has had bouts with the F.B.I., the C.I.A., and the D.E.A., and has served eight years in prison for robbery, drugs and arsenal trafficking, and prostitution. He currently works as a full-time truck driver for Schneider Tractor Trailer, and could be anywhere at anytime. His infamous foe and one-time partner in crime is Burt Cocaine.

agua as it trickles down my cheeks, it is no other than the spring that gives life to the river that is the American Jordan. And it is on this river I find myself asleep, dreaming of shakers of salt chasing me, the proverbial Slug, into the teeth of the flames. In the darkness of night, I look one last time to see the translucent fiery webs suspended by pillars of flame, all in love with their reflections in the water. I find myself struggling with phantoms of dreams and gambling halls and of drinking places, like I am fighting with a dream. As the searing heat meets the water of Americana, I catch a reflection of myself alone.

Best Wishes in All You Do,
Burning Man

Burning Man, See you on the other side, at the Planet of the Wolves. -bc

Dweare Burt Cocaine:
ok, heres whats uop, Im out of the US and i wanna party. I ate a lot of cheese drank a lot of beer and pated m fuggen ass ooff ill talk to you about it layte mann. ok an d r theb nn well Hang iut NA AND PARTY AND COOL"
later man-
henbry f, Loggins

Dear Slug Office,
World Headquarters, Austin, Texas:
It has come to our attention that in your infinite wisdom you have let loose on New York City both Teril Smits and Hiroshi Greenbag. These two degenerates, along with Ran Scot and Burt Cocaine, do little to improve your already tarnished image. We heard at media conference that several larger corporations are thinking of working with you, and let me tell you that the horror your NYC Bureau has unleashed on us under the flag of Salt for Slugs has done plenty to upset us. Teril and Hiroshi were spotted so high and intoxicated on your "chocolate cannabis liquor", they were holding themselves up by the joysticks of the video games they were playing in Times Square, where kids were present. We even saw them playing Warhammer 2000, which only a person of such ilk would pay to do. And Ran and Burt have been spotted drunk in at least one bar in each of the boroughs. As the professional media organization of this fine city, we implore you to try and get your New York branch to show more restraint. The day and age of gonzo journalism and Hunter S. Thompson antics are over, and kitsch at best.

Sincerely,
Jane Cleaves
Organization of New York
Millennium Media Professionals

Dearest Jane, Why don't you mention to the Austin headquarters the real reason you wrote them? It was when the Slugs first arrived in the most exciting city of the world, that you, you fucking no-talent hack, told Teril and me about your underground poetry session on 23 Street and 5 Avenue. Little did we know it has the heart of darkness, aka: pompous ass central. Within the confines of art you subjected us to a tired spoken word, and all we had to brace ourselves from the onslaught of self-righteous yuppie art was the cheap ass merlot. Merlot? MERLOT?! But we attacked it before we attacked our fellow writers. Sure, maybe Teril should not have thrown down the poetry book of the featured "artist" and peed on it while reciting Lewis Carol, but really, he had no choice. And from what I heard, you had no problems getting out of Teril's bed the next morning, even making him breakfast. Realizing you were just a notch on the headboard of Salt for Slugs led you

to write your rather foolish letter to our world headquarters. Let us remind you all of one simple fact, we at Salt for Slugs do not have the luxury of ripping our black hearts from out of our chests, because, we are the bad guys. -bc

And now, for the first time ever, Burt Cocaine Fields Random Complaints

Thanks to the hard work of SFS webmaster Ran Scot, and the seemingly unstoppable force that is the wide world web, SFS has been able to reach out to the public and get a better idea of the topics that are weighing heavily on our minds this year. Ran created a simple survey and implemented a program to inform Slug Poster Boy Burt Cocaine of what his readership wants for the upcoming decade. As a result, we have gleaned some very crucial information, and Burt has been able to provide his public with some much needed guidance. We asked of our readership, "What kind of things are bothering you on a daily basis?" Just take a look at what we found...
1. M. Jack Hazelthorpe of Odessa, TX writes,
"...I am so glad that you posted this on your website, for I have a damn good reason to complain. I hate the fact that every time I surf the web, I end up feeling depressed and empty, almost like I just haven't had enough. Or maybe it was too much and I've become desensitized or something, but I can't dry fuck the internet anymore..."

-M. Jack, you need to yank your head out of your ass and get real. I think your expectations are too high. What kind of loser are you anyway? -bc

2. Brett Buttermann of Brooklyn, NY writes,
"...Has there ever been a time when it didn't cost an arm and a leg just to exist on a day to day basis? My complaint isn't my lack of money, but more so, my lack of time..."

-I urge you Brett to get over this bullshit right now, and take yourself to the next level. Making time is an art, and a big part of it is choosing what you're going to do with that time. -bc

3. Annalease Clements of Irvine, CA writes,
"Complaint No. 1 there just ain't no good men around no more. Aren't you looking for love Cane? You seem so detached from us all. Do you have a superiority complex? I am single..."
-Most of the prank e-mail responses were disposed of, but this one is a winner. Yes, I do have a superiority complex. I'm Burt Cocaine. -bc

4. Chadwick Merington of Bloomer, WI writes,
"This is a complaint I know you will be able to relate to Burt. I can no longer wade through the myriad of drugs available today. What happened to the simple days?"

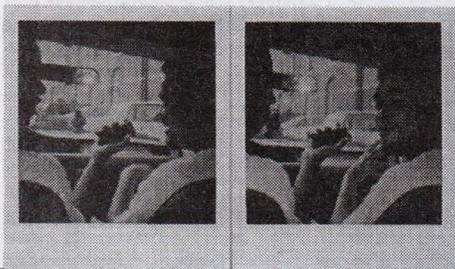
-I'm glad you brought this up Chad, because this happens to be a topic that I have spewed forth my opinions about in the past. The simple days are obviously gone. You can't get ludes anymore man. -bc

5. Moprey Beakon of Nebraska writes,
".....where am I? Burt you are my guru... My dissatisfaction is that I can not see you face to face. You are the only one who understands me. May I follow you to the end of the earth?
I had to save this one for last. To my fans out there: Don't bother trying to contact me asking about seeing me in person. I have enough trouble walking around during the day without being harassed by some fledgling SFS reader who wants yet another patented Burt Cocaine autograph for their cherished collection of superstar memorabilia. I think it's time that I stated for the record that none of this was my idea. -bc



CRACKHEAD JONES UPONTE BY GETE SLACKS

As some of you may or may not know, a few issues back, when Salt for Slugs presented their "Jones" issue, I was planning on writing up an interview with a friend of mine named Crackhead Jones. Obviously, that's not his real name, but it fit the theme and the man's penchant for a certain white substance. I wanted to do an interview with Mr. Jones and present the transcript of his various, usually hilarious stories to you, the reader. Unfortunately, Mr. Jones got into a little scrape with



Raleigh's finest and ended up not being able to be reached for comment. So, for you, gentle reader, I took my life in my own hands before the unfortunate incident and caught a ride with Mr. Jones and a certain Mr. Blacksock Buttercup as they went on a "boulder" run. The following is a rough account of the ride.

2:53 a.m. On a Chilly Saturday Night.

After a night of hanging out at a local club and getting shitty and sloshed, the inevitable 2 a.m. close down rolled around. The harsh fluorescents flickered to life and chased the deliberate darkness to the far corners of the club. Scattering like so many cockroaches exposed to a late night kitchen light, the drunken denizens quickly drained what was left of their weak rum and Cokes, their warm bottles of Budweisers, and their nearly empty glasses of vodka tonics. Mr. Jones scouted out Blacksock macking on a plump chick in the last dark corner, pulled away from the girls greasy clutches and motioned me over.

"Ya'll ready for a boulder run?" he asked with a wide grin.

"Damn, man," Blacksock said, "I was just gettin' ready to sweep up some scraps!"

"Fuck it, let's go to the Lab," Jonesy said as he did an about face and headed for the back door.

"Come on, Slacks," Blacksock muttered, "It's time.... You sure you want to come?"

I shrugged my shoulders and said, "Sure."

Minutes later, after a weaving walk back to Blacksocks' battered Prelude, we were on the road.

"All right!" Mr. Jones hollered. "Time to break the virgin in! Ha ha ha heee, haww!" he cackled. "OK, Slacks, one thing. These guys don't like to see a white face in the car, so you're gonna have to slide down in the back and just play it cool. No sudden movements or anything that would get you shot."

I nodded my agreement as we pulled into the parking lot of Miami Subs. I opened the door and stepped out of the front seat to switch places with Jonesy. He slapped me on the shoulder and said,

"Let's go."

A swift jaunt across the four lane blacktop of Western Avenue, a slippery slip behind Taco Bell and we were in Cracktown. A few homeys cruising on bikes could be seen through the orange glow of the streetlights and a couple strutting aimlessly around the corner apartments were also in view.

"Pull up here," Jones rasped to Blacksock.

"OK, OK."

I slid my 6'3" frame sideways and lower in the tight backseat and tried not to look nervous.

Mr. Jones cranked the window down and yelled a clarion call: "Hooty, Hoo! Hooty, Hoo!" Three dudes quickly strolled up to the vehicle.

"Whatchoo want, whatchoo got," they said.

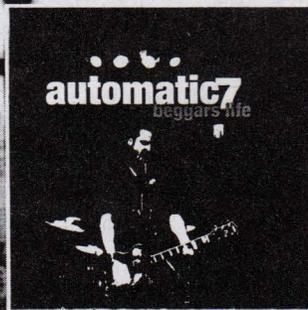
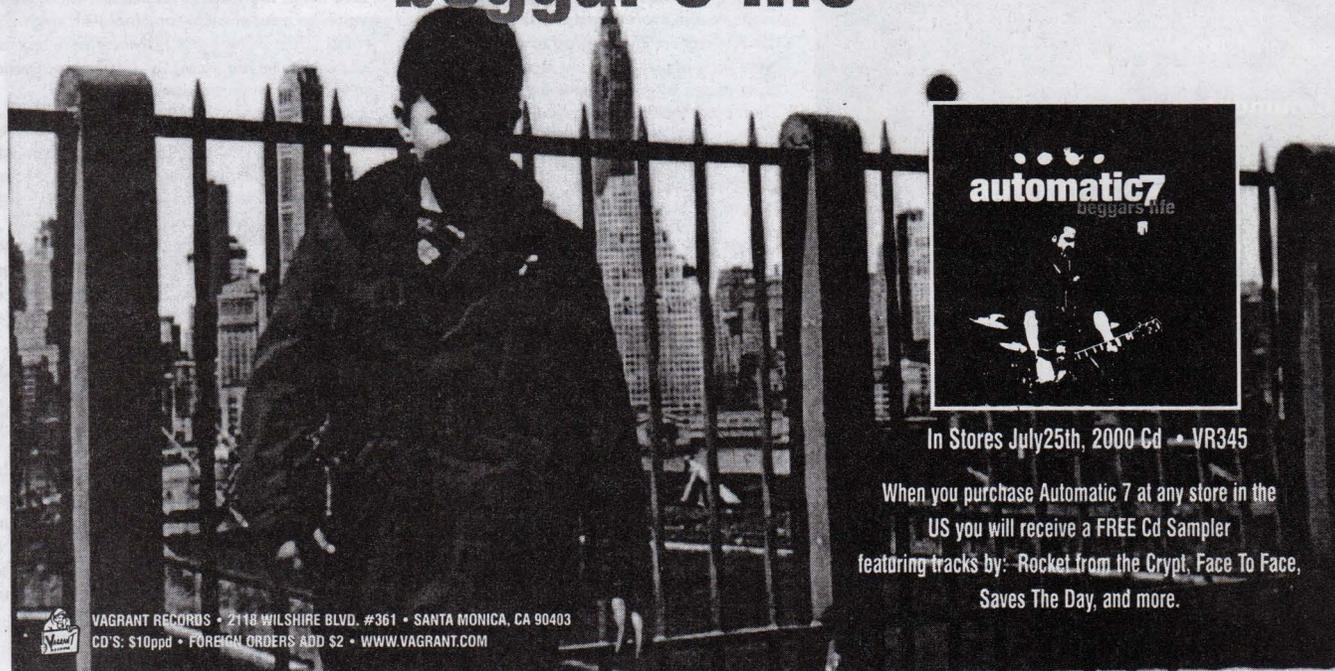
"Gimme a 20 rock, man. Don't fuck me, c'mon, lemme see what you got for 20. Don't fuck me," Jones negotiated.

A quick glance at the goods and a few palms slapped and the deal was done. Blacksock gave the Honda some gas and away we went.

Mr. Jones told Blacksock to turn the overhead light on and checked out the merchandise. "A little light," Jones explained, "but they look like quality boulders. You gotta watch 'em, though, sometimes they'll put fucking soap chips or Alka Seltzer pieces in there and fuck you over. It's happened to many times to count. But these babies look nice. A little light, but all right."

We made it back to the homestead and after an aluminum can was ferreted out of the recycling bin and a cigarette was smoked for the ashes, a instant, homemade crack pipe was ready for boulders. The can was dented in the middle and a few small holes were poked in the top, plus a carb was reamed in the side. The ashes covered the holes to keep the cocaine from falling into the can and a lighter touched the sparkling white rocks....

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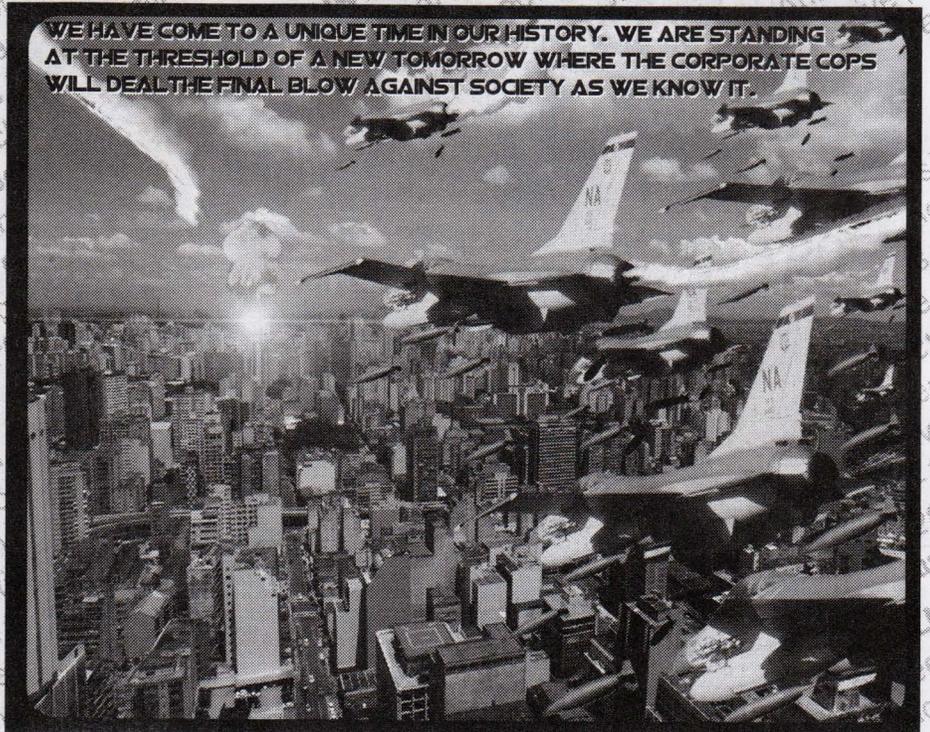
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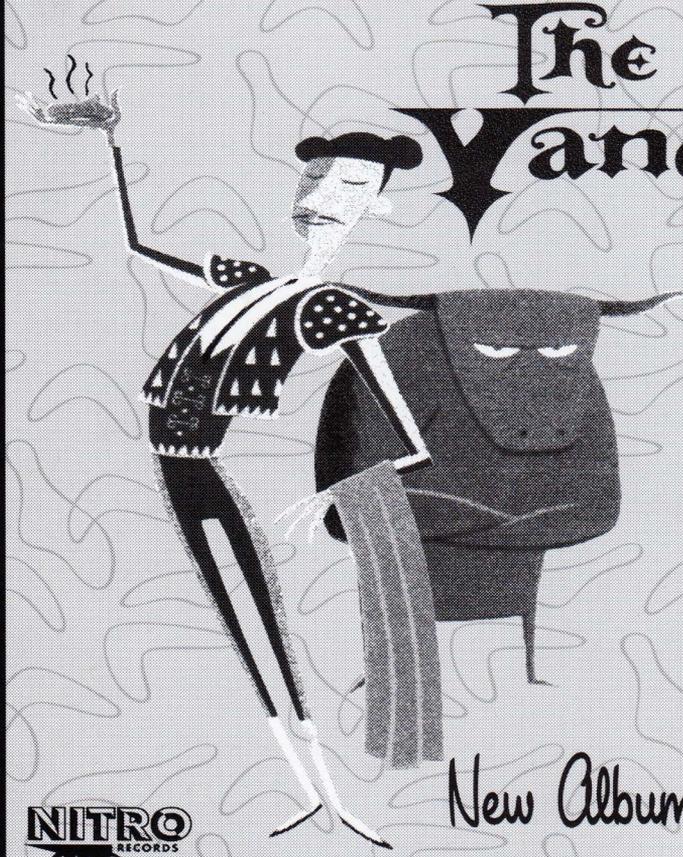
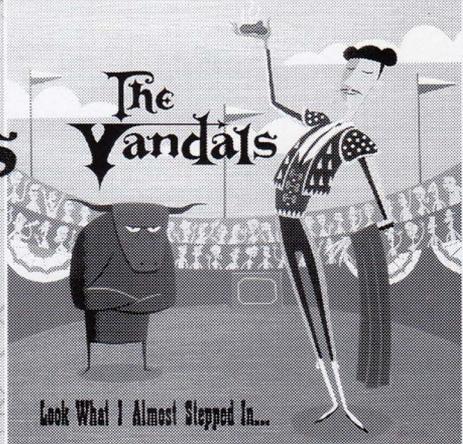


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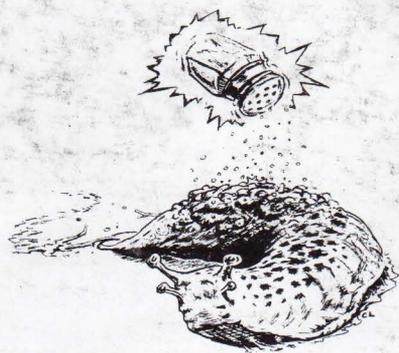
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