

salt FOR SLUGS

contemporary literature for the random reader • vol. 4 no.2 spring 2001 \$3

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Stone Age

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CRICKET Master

Ignorance Park

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Bad Religion

The Making of
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Burt Cocaine

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Avail Interview

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People Who Care

and more...

THE INSECT ISSUE

Chris Benedict of **the spiders**



UP HIGH IN THE NIGHT

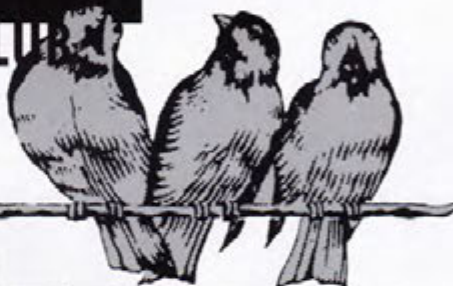
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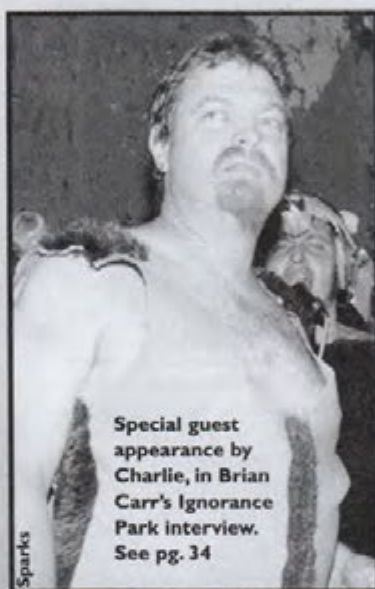
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SPIDER EATS
FLIES AT THE
FLY. Chris of
the Spiders
cornered in
Red Eyed Fly.
See interview,
page 6.



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You are reading yet another issue of Salt for Slugs, despite all of the obstacles, missed deadlines, empty promises, intermittent delays, misfortune, and ultimately, death... Last December, amidst the chaos that is SFS production, we were informed of a terrible loss. Former Austin slug ad rep and my waiter friend Patrick Carr was found dead in his burning truck on an abandoned road outside of Houston. Due to the evidence found at the scene, they have ruled it a suicide. I still can't believe that it really happened, and I can't fathom Pat taking his own life. I lost a great friend, and the world lost an awesome person that night, no matter what happened. Even worse, and the reason I want to document this tragic event in this editor's note, is that Pat was the brother of slug writer Brian Carr. We will all miss Patrick for a long time. I think of him a lot. It's weird.

In the past, we've wondered at the spectacle Roarke presents us with on a daily basis. Indeed, the fantasy has crossed over into reality on some level. If Herve were still alive, he would utter the words, "Everything is de plane." It has been the most surreal extended quarter for this slug anyway. As usual, I want to make sure and acknowledge the fact that there are plenty of mistakes contained in this issue, and if you can't see past them and enjoy the issue then I apologize.

As for issues, we've got issues, and then again, we have issues. A few issues back, a local record store owner scoffed at me, "Yea, talk to me when you're on #32." He had issues, but so did I. I had issues 7, 8, 9, and 10 on me at the time. He did a lot of issues too, but I can't remember exactly what they were. We thumbed through the magazines on the shelf and we saw a lot of interesting stuff. The issues were plentiful. I was happy to make my little contribution.

As far as insects are concerned, the nastiest and most menacing bug would have to be that psycho fly thing in the original Phantasm. That was a cool movie. If I really had a bug up my ass to keep going on with my insect issue spiel, I'd digress on the finer points of entomology I learned in my freshman year at SFSU.

About the Spiders, I had known that they were a San Marcos band that was gaining some popularity in Austin and I remember saying to my friend that the singer reminded me of Bruce Merkle from 9353. Not understanding my old timer D.C. reference, my friend was like, "Who is 9353?" I digressed, "You mean, who was 9353? They broke up in the '80's. They had this great singer named Bruce Merkle who would sing in crazy voices and had this tight as hell band that ultimately broke up due to a lot of drugs and the fact that they were way ahead of their time." When I did finally get the chance to ask Chris if he liked 9353, his response was, "Who is 9353?" It figures... Anyway, the Spiders certainly will live up to anything printed about them in this magazine. I have no doubt about that.

Contained in this issue you will find all of the slug staples. Slug columnist Gene Slacks records yet another chapter in his continuing series Outdoor Survival Tips. Boaz drops us a line from Israel with his classic video column. Jasper steps to the plate with his irreverent Box o' Bugs. Brian steps up to some live music. Greg e Boy busts out some more candid interviews. Splinter and Roaddawg get in on the cricket wrestling, and everyone has something or other to say about your CDs.

In closing, I want to thank the first good intern this magazine has ever had, Mr. Joseph Ferencz, for contributing so much help and being so easy going. It's hard to find people that just want to be positive and it's basically impossible to find anyone who's halfway organized and interested. Well, I thought it was impossible until last semester anyway. Thanks Joe.

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Words to Live by:

Consider the sea's listless chime: Time's self it is,
made audible. -Dante G. Rossetti

The sea has never been freindly to man, at most it
has been the accomplice of human restlessness. -
Joseph Conrad

Travellers, like poets, are mostly an
angry race. -Sir Richard Burton

A road is a strip of land along which one may pass,
from where it is too tiresome to be, to where it is
futile to go. -Devil's dictionary

Learn the secret of the sea? Only those who brave
it's dangers comprehend it's mystery. -Longfellow

As light and the day are free to all men, so nature
has left all lands open to brave men -Tacitus

Leave thy home, O youth, and seek out alien
shores; A larger range of life is
ordained for thee. -Petronius

Travellers, Poets, and liars are three words all of
one signification -R. Brathwaite

Drop anchor anywhere and the anchor will drag-
that is, if your soul is a limitless, fathomless sea, and
not a dogpound. -Elbert Hubbard

Where forlorn sunsets flare and fade on desolate
sea and lonely sand. It calls you night and day
beyond the dark into the dream, over the hills
and far away. -W.E. Henley

One must astonish the Bourgeois.
-Charles Baudelaire



SFS Election 2000 Wrap-Up: America Searches for Another Bill Clinton

DOLLAR BILL \$

Clinton is an impossible act to follow. In fact, he may be the best actor that has ever lived. Although the presidential election scandal is over, there's always a little room in SFS to have a little chuckle in knowing that both of these candidates were parodied on dollar bills long before they even ran for president! Burt Cocaine said they had us right where they wanted us. Half the poulation didn't vote, and the other half were split down the middle.



The above bill is a zany spoof, with none other than Al Gore himself on the dreaded 99 cent bill. On the back it says at the top: "Worth a buck... NOT!" How foretelling of the Karmic fate of poor Al. If only his voice coaches and acting instructors had done a better job. You can lead a robot to water, but you can't make him president. President or not, to be reduced to leader of the "Embarrassed States of America", a penny short of a buck is just too much for any man. This is one fine piece of nostalgia to be cherished for years to come, and was created by Slick Times, P.O. Box 1710-G, Valley Center, CA 92082.



The above bill is an old SFS (Vol 2, No. 2) illustration provided by Nate Blakeslee from his infamous article, "Who's Wasting West Texas" about good ol' G.W.'s involvement in dumping toxic waste in West Texas. The article can still be viewed on-line at www.saltforsslugs.com/waste-article.html

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The Spiders

Story by Stabler Hsu
Photos by Paul Sparks



It was Halloween night at Flamingo Cantina and The Spiders were in full costume.

**It's the year 2001
and this ain't no
fuckin' space
odyssey!**

The Spiders realize now that the space age is near, but refuse to do anything but just rock. And rock, they do. "Ah, play it just for me." echoes in my head as I write this. The lyrics are straight forward and always well said, and singer Chris Benedict often throws in bits of falsetto vocal to add unmistakable flavor to this already awesome band. The crew at SFS wanted to take a closer look to find out what makes this band so unique.

Considering everything that's been done so far with the traditional four-piece rock and roll band, what it takes must be a combination of great songs, chemistry between band members, originality, stage presence, live sound, studio sound, and so on... Each piece of the puzzle must be intact and the energy has to be there, or it simply just doesn't cut it. I wondered if the Spiders would be able to transfer their awesome live performances into a good recording.

Luckily for me, a copy of their new CD was bestowed upon me, and I have loved every minute of it since. To my pleasure, this band continues to outshine any expectations I've had of them, and with the most recent release of their new CD entitled, "Sex is Thicker



than Blood", the Spiders have left an impression on me that will last quite a while. Their music is something special and now the proof is finally out there. Energetic, awakening, and deeply felt live sound and tastefully capturing it on tape sometimes don't come hand in hand, but in the case of the Spiders, they translate outstandingly well in the studio. They have been able to write such great songs that hearing them on CD just makes you want to hear them and see them more.

In an era where hip style and fashion guided groups are cool, and a veritable cabbage patch of mediocre acts stream through local music venues nightly playing the same old schlock, it's a breath of fresh air to finally see a band that just plays great songs. They aren't a gimmick band, as may be presumed by their appearance in these Halloween pictures. On stage, they seem comfortable just cranking out these songs that have been fueling the growing crowds at their shows, who nightly cheer them on to do at least one more song.

Held together by the tight drumming of ex-BMXer Gary First, the band gains momentum naturally as they build on their set.

Chris and Karl combine vocal stylings quite well, Karl's deep tones matched with the higher toned, sporadically falsetto screams of lead singer Chris Benedict. Lead guitarist Eric Shaw has the ability not only to play tight songs with precision and flavor, but he brings another dimension to the sound of the band via smooth leads and an awesome rock guitar sound. Not to be confused with the immortal words of Bob Seeger, this band really is, "Like a rock". Enough said okay, just check them out sometime for yourself.

It is coincidental that the first time I saw the Spiders happened to be at the Red Eyed Fly in Austin and we ended up shooting the cover for this issue on the patio out back. The entire "Spider in a Fly" thing had already been done by SFS Photographer Raymond Grant when he got some crazy spider looking bitch with Nancy Sinatra boots to pose with her ass to the camera in Red Eyed Fly's womens room. Those photos are still floating around.

After watching the Spiders for some time now, and liking them more with each performance, I had to get in touch for an interview. When the Insect Issue started to rise up out of the hood like some sort of mad Transmanian Devil, I contacted their publicist in San Marcos to inquire of their whereabouts. I was finally able to catch up with two of the four members on a typical weekday night in lovely Austin, Texas. I decided to ask them some questions to familiarize SFS readers with the band and what makes them tick.



The following is an exclusive interview conducted at Austin's Red Eyed Fly on the back patio with Chris and Karl. It was cold out that night, a rare occurrence in the middle of Texas.

SFS: Well it's getting to be pretty cold out here Chris. How is the weather treating you these days?

Chris: Not very well. I'm too skinny and my extremities get really numb when I get cold and my fingers and my toes get real tingly. It's an alright sensation, but not when you're trying to drive.

SFS: How about you Karl?

Karl: I think it's a nice break from the heat.

SFS: Are you guys from Texas originally?

Chris: My family is from New York, and we moved here when I was a kid. I grew up in San Antonio and so did Karl.

Karl: I was born in San Diego, then we moved to Virginia until I was in High

School, then we moved to Texas.

SFS: Where in Virginia?

Karl: Fairfax, Virginia.

SFS: Isn't Fairfax County one of the richest counties in the U.S.?

Karl: It was a small town when I lived there. Oaktown, VA. I hear it's the home of the internet now.

SFS: Well, you guys have just put out an awesome record. What inspired it, and how long did you work on it?

Chris: Thank you. We went into the studio in November of '99 and crammed it in for like three days, and then we came back in March of this year and crammed in another three days, and the mixing and mastering took us until June. So about nine months, and six days in the studio. It was just a matter of getting money to accomplish each step so that's why it took so long. We were thinking we were going to have it out by December '99, but that didn't happen.

Left and Below: SPIDER EATS FLIES IN RED EYED FLY



Salt for Slugs

SFS: So where did you record it?

Chris: At Fire Station Studios in San Marcos. We produced it, but our engineer was really helpful and kinda guided us through it all. His name is Kyle Scribner. He plays in a band called Feaker Speedback down in San Marcos.

SFS: Well the record came out great. Especially the track entitled "Virginity".

Chris: Yea, everyone likes that one a lot.

That's a funny song.

That's a song I carried over from

before, from the last band I was in, but we

changed it a lot and it sounds way differ-

ent now. We had a lot of fun when we

were in the studio. We were laughing

our asses off on the floor because when

Karl and I were singing on various songs

and things happen in the studio that you

didn't think were going to happen.

SFS: Karl sings on a few tracks with you

and you guys pull that off pretty well.

How did you guys feel about the typos on

the lyric sheet?

Chris: Well the funny thing is that I edited

the whole damn thing to make sure

they wouldn't get in there, but somehow

they got in there anyway, but I don't

know how.

SFS: Well I certainly can understand

that. Do you write all of the lyrics?

Karl: We both have written lyrics.

Actually, we finished the lyrics when we were recording. We got all inspired. I think I actually worked that thing in from fake language.

Chris: Yea I had all of my parts down and Karl had always just been using his own language, and we were like, "That's not going to work on the record." (laughter) Well, we got it all figured out.

SFS (to Karl): Have you ever sung before?

Karl: No, actually Chris has taught me everything I know.

SFS (from the peanut gallery): No high school Glee Club?

Karl: No. I'm still working on it a lot. I just put out my own solo CD under the name Flato Van Vlech.

SFS: Are you guys old friends?

Chris: Karl and I have known each other for like six years. We

were just acquaintances for a long time, but then two

years ago we decided to play music together

and we've been friend since then.

SFS (to Chris): So are you originally a singer or a

guitarist?

Chris: Uhh... I guess I'm originally a

guitarist because in the previous

bands I've been in my main role was the

guitar player and singing was just some-

thing I kinda happened into, but I've always wanted to do it. It's nice now that I'm able to do both.

SFS: So how did you master that falsetto to high note singing you pull off so gracefully on the CD?

Chris: (laughter) I don't think I've mastered it at all. The thing with singing, I think it just comes from listening to a lot

of records in your car or at home. There's nothing better to me than throwing

on my favorite record and listening to my favorite singers. The singers that I like

to hear the most are falsetto, like R.E.M. and the Bee Gees, Big Star.. It's just a

beautiful thing and I wished I could do it, and I kept trying and trying and I guess

I've touched on it. I wouldn't call it mastery. The guys in the band don't want me

to do it so much, and I was kinda nervous about it. They were really patient, and I

do find myself doing it too often and I have to hold it back. I mean, if you use it

too much it just isn't as fantastic anymore. So it's like hot sauce I guess, on

eggs, but not on cereal.

SFS: You gotta distinguish between the sweet and the salty.

Chris: I guess the falsetto is just the sweet.

SFS: Do you guys like red chilis or green chilis?

Karl: I like red myself.



Chris: I like green chillis. That's why we have the song "Argument" on the CD, because of me and Karl and the chillis.

SFS: Have you written many new songs lately?

Chris: We have a lot of new songs, but it's been really hard to work on them because we've done like two Hoot Nights, a Heavy Metal one and an El Flaco one here in Austin, and I mean learning those songs took us like a month to do them effectively. So when we were doing that, all of our new material just kinda got put back. So, we're going to chill out on the Hoot Nights for a while and move on with our material. We have almost ten new songs since we recorded the CD. They need to be polished.

SFS: I went to the El Flaco Hoot Night, but what did you do for the heavy metal one?

Chris: We did Motley Crue's first record, "Too Fast for Love".

SFS: Was it an inspiration?

Chris: Yea, it probably made me sing more falsetto. (laughter) It made us a way tighter band, having to play other people's songs. It made us really hone down our skills, because sometimes we get more sloppy with our own songs, but with other people's we're not as sloppy.

SFS: You don't get paid right, so it's not like you're doing covers to get paid.

Chris: We've never been paid to play covers.

SFS: What are the bands' musical influences?

Chris: I think the bands' influences are different from mine. We all come from really different backgrounds. I think we all meet somewhere like Black Sabbath with the heavy riffing.

SFS: It seems like you guys have a really good combination of people in the band. You have a great guitarist.

Chris: Yea, we're lucky.

SFS: Some of those leads he plays are reminiscent of the seventies.

Chris: Yea, we also have an early eighties feel to some of our music. At first, we really didn't have any direction at all, and then I started listening to a lot of old seventies stuff like T. Rex and Roxy Music and some others, and they influenced me personally. As a band though, we really do come from such different backgrounds.

Karl: Gary, our drummer, started playing in the seventies, and he hadn't played for like eight years, and he started playing again just because he wanted to play in the band. He used to race BMX.

SFS: Who did he race for Huffy?

Chris: I don't know, but he's in great shape and he's the classic seventies drummer. I mean he was playing stuff that people still play now back when it was actually popular.

Karl: It was so funny. Like four days after we first played with Gary, he tore down a wall to make our practice space bigger, and he was totally gung ho about playing.

SFS: That's the catalyst you needed.

Chris: Man, we were dying. We didn't know any drummers and we really lucked out when we found him. He wanted to play with Eric and Karl and when he finally did, we knew right away that it was going to work.

SFS: So what are your plans for next year?

Chris: Well, after the SXSW, we do plan to do some sort of tour next year. We're not sure exactly what it's going to be, but we will tour.

SFS: Yea, you gotta tour. Thanks for the interview guys and keep rocking.

end note:

Technically, a spider isn't an insect. I just wanted to say that in conclusion to dissuade any psycho hate mail writers from opening up on me again for my spillage. And, as for interviews, I like to keep them simple as well, so fuck off.



Paddy: This building is 90 years old and so is the bar. It's always been a bar. The original bar was owned by the Wiskokoly Brothers and they called it the Wiz Bar. It's been a bar since the beginning, a small business depending on MacKarnen Park and neighborhood people for money. But in the last two to two and a half years with the metamorphosis of Williamsburg, it has become popular with the new people who have come to New York and to Brooklyn. I'd say it is one of the top seven or eight bars in a place where there are over 30 bars. On any given night you could have 40 to 50 people all in the bar, not tonight obviously.

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SFS: Great fights, really? Give us some highlights.

Paddy: (chuckles) Oh, great fights. A few years back on a Friday night we had a massive brawl. Six or seven guys came in from the side door and just got into it with six or seven guys who were already in the bar. For 20 minutes the heavyweight action was better than any prizefight you could ever see. There were no bottles, just fists. Guys would just pair off and go at it. We are not talking lightweights; we're talking heavyweight guys. Really unbelievable. We also had a shooting in here one night. Four cops started arguing together, four off-duty cops.

SFS: Off-duty cops getting wild?

Paddy: That's correct. Four off-duty cops got into a fight. I am going back quite a few years here, quite a few years. I go back with this bar to when I was 16.

SFS: Classic.

Paddy: Right. So what happened was these four cops had been playing football at MacKarnen Park in a police league.

SFS: A police league?

Paddy: A police league. They have them every year. They started here, but had to move to another field because they are reseeding the field here. They'll be back next year. [Coming in the SFS Fall Issue of 2001: Bacon Throwing the Pig: A Year in Review of the NYC Brooklyn Cop Football League] But at like 2 O'clock in the morning these cops get into an argument, a verbal disagreement. Two guys walk outside, two guys stay in, and the

next thing you know Bang! BOOM! BOOM! Right through the wall. Right where the picture of the turkey is. Three bullets came in and landed in the wall. The people in the building heard the shots and called the police. The police came and the two cops outside were caught. One cop was a probationary cop and he got fired. The other guy had been on for a few years so he got a 60-Day Suspension. A little bit of Turkey history that not too many people know about.

SFS: I feel honored.

Paddy: This bar also used to be a restaurant. It had a kitchen when Turkey used to own a catering business. One day they decided not to do that anymore, so they stopped serving food and since then we've been a foodless bar, even though the sign still says we serve food. You know, we use to have some tremendous card games here. We use to have these games quite often. Neighborhood guys, not the crew now, but some of the locals who hung out through the years. I think as the guys get older and die off, the games have not been as frequent. They used to have a game every Friday night. It used to involve thousands and thousands of dollars. But it was only between seven or eight players. Basically the same guys every week. The games would usually start at 10 at night and go to seven or eight in the morning. You could win four or five thousand or lose four or five thousand. I played a few times, though I am not a big gambler.

SFS: Can you tell me a story about a great character from the bar?

Paddy: Ahh, this bar used to have a dog. He was a dog that drank.

SFS: Beer?

Paddy: Yeah, he'd drink eight, 10, 15 pints of beer. What the guys were doing, people would put a dollar in his collar and the dog would go behind the bar to the bartender. The bartender would take the dollar and they would give him half of one of these plastic cups to drink from. We'd give him the drink, and he'd sip it. The dog drank raspberry brandy, he drank scotch. This is the truth, this is no lie. Turkey, Turkey, I was just telling him about the dog.

(At this point of the interview, the charming local owner known as Turkey [Steve Erresman] comes over to join us.)

Turkey: That was the greatest dog ever. I could never get another dog again.

Paddy: This dog was unbelievable. If there were a fight in the bar, the dog would break the fight up.

SFS: He was the bouncer.

Paddy: He was the bouncer and he was the bartender's best friend. Because if the bartender came from out behind the bar, like to break up a fight, the dog was there for him. He was so smart. He knew, he would go directly up to those people and break it up.

Turkey: He was a great dog. Such a great dog.

LORD OF THE BAR FLIES

A Sitdown Beer Exchange with Paddy, Bartender of the Turkey's Nest

by ran scot



Paddy

Paddy: He also had the uncanny ability to jump. He would jump, see where that fan is, we used to put balloons above the fan and he would jump from down here [the ground] and break the balloons [about seven feet up]. It was one heck of an unbelievable dog. I had one of his puppies for 12 years. He also

was a great dog. The bar dog would stay here all night. We use to have a porter who we let sleep in the bar. He was homeless. The dog and him use to sleep together on the floor in the back. He was the protector of the bar. Turkey was his name also. The porter's name was Ricky from Louisiana. He actually moved back down south, but he lived with the dog for about five years. Another uncanny thing about this bar is that we're open to 5:30 or quarter six every morning. We stay open serving drinks to four or six in the morning. The nighttime shift basically waits for the morning shift. So you can almost come in here for a drink 24 hours a day, which you really can't say about the other bars in the neighborhood. This also the kind of place that will run you a tab if you're having a rainy day. This place is good about doing that for you, I don't know too many other places that still do that.

SFS: Didn't you tell me the other day there used to be like 20 local bars on this street like that? (*Turkey has by now wandered off to see if he can properly level the toilet in the women's restroom*)

Paddy: When I was a young teenager, from N 12 to Metropolitan on Bedford there were probably 20 to 24 bars. Two bars on most corners. All the way down there was literally one bar after another. People would start on Metropolitan at a bar called Mitzy's on a Saturday night and work their way down here to the Turkey's Nest. They might have a beer or two at each bar. Even if you had one beer at each bar, you had 25 beers. Literally, 25 glasses of beer. But eventually over the years those bars closed up. Now



only in the last two years 27 bars have opened up in the neighborhood. There are still a few of the old ones: Mugsley House, The Charleston, Rosemary's... That family has owned that bar for over 70 years. The woman who runs it inherited it from her father. She's in her seventies and runs it. She grew up there.

Sabb for Slugs

SFS: So tell me why you love the Turkey's Nest.

Paddy: The beauty of the Turkey's Nest is that it does not have beauty. If you are looking to have a drink in a place where the surroundings are pleasing to the eye, you are not going to find it except for the bartenders. (*Laughs all around*) Another aspect of this bar most people would not believe me if I told them is the amount of Hassidic Jews who come in here to drink.

SFS: Well, the Hassids gotta get their drink on too.

Paddy: On any given night you can have 20 guys from the Jewish community in here having a beer and watching the game. When I tell people that, they are like, "Come on, they don't drink or smoke." But they are here. What you are going to find here is very little trouble. Basically, everybody is friendly. Plus you spend a couple of bucks here; we bang you back with a free beer. I don't know if everybody around here does that, I just don't think they do. The bar really hasn't changed, except for a few things. When I was a kid, women were not allowed to sit at the bar. They could sit at a table, but they could not come up to the bar for a drink. But that obviously has changed. This has gone from being an old man's bar to being a woman's bar. An unbelievable amount of ladies come in.

SFS: Yeah for you!

Paddy: (*Laughs*) Like I said, I've been here since I was 15 years old, I've been here a long time.

SFS: You lived here the entire time?

Paddy: I grew up on North Sixth.

SFS: Tell me a great Williamsburg story.

Paddy: When I grew up here there were a lot of gangs. There were a lot of gangs and there were a lot of gang wars. Years ago when cars had antennas on them that were hollow, we would rip them off. We would take the largest part of them and put them on a board and wrap tape around it. Using the antennae as a barrel, you would take a door latch and rubber band and use that as a hammer, and you can make what they use to call a zip gun. You ever hear of that expression?

SFS: No, I haven't. Sounds pretty wicked though.

Paddy: So we would have these wars with these guns. But it was not all gangs; it was easy to get a job too. There were factories; you would never have to leave the neighborhood to find a job. There was Schaeffer Beer and Domino's Sugar. The Schaeffer Beer building is just now being demolished. Pabst used to be made here too. The jobs were local so people would not have to leave to find work. Then things changed. We hit some

real hard times in the 70s. It has all been going downhill till recently. Even in the 80s it was not that good. It really was not somewhere you wanted to raise kids. It has really made a tremendous come back in the last seven years due in part to the art people, the writers, the photographers, the painters and the sculptors. They have given this place a rebirth. My only fear is that they don't price the people out of the neighborhood who have lived here for so long, because the rents are getting horrendous. I rented a three bedroom on North 6th street for \$150 a month from 1969 to 1983. The landlord cried when I left. That apartment now is close to \$3,000 dollars. But you got greedy people, let me tell you something about Turkey. He has seven families living up above the bar. Seven families. I would say out of the seven, five families are regular customers of the bar. Some of them only pay \$500 a month, when Turkey could easily get \$1,500.

SFS: So what did you do as a child here?

Paddy: We used to go swimming in the East River.

SFS: You could swim in the East River?

Paddy: It used to be nice, but it got polluted for a while. Today it is unbelievably clean. A guy comes in here that works for the city says it is as clean now as it was one hundred years ago.

SFS: I don't think I'll be the first one to go swimming though.

Paddy: It's a dangerous place to swim. The current will rip you down toward the Williamsburg Bridge. I'm saying you will get going like 20 mph. If you want to swim 14th Street and Union Square, which would be our North 7th street, you will have to start in Greenspoint [*Polish neighborhood to the north of Williamsburgh*]. You should just swim in the dock area.

SFS: Thanks for the tip.

Paddy: We also used to have a lot of wise guys in the neighborhood. By wise guys, I mean, how can I put this into words? The neighborhood was run by an organization.

SFS: Ooohh, okay.



Paddy: When I grew up, these particular guys ran the neighborhood. All the local bar owners and businessmen would pay tribute to them. You had to buy everything through them, be it liquor or cigarettes. All the gambling action in the area, whether you wanted to bet on horses, numbers or whatever, you went through these guys. It was really something to see. They would come around in their suits and fedoras while we were all dressed like you and me. You knew who they were and they ran the show. Now either they have gotten legit, or they have gone away from the old ways, but they still exist to a degree. It was an interesting thing to see when these people came around because they stuck out so much. Did you ever see the movie A Bronx Tale?



SFS: No.

Paddy: Rent it one day, you'll see what I mean. You would have a better grasp on what I am trying to tell you. Some of these guys had great names: Shotgun Jerry, Tommy the Butcher, Freddie the Hood, guys you did not mess around with. Well-connected guys. You did not do anything without going through them. It was just that way back then.

SFS: Things change, as you say.

Paddy: Let me tell you something about this bar that I have noticed since I

have been drinking here. The old people who use to keep this place in business are slowly dying away. When I was a young boy, when I came by at eight in the morning there were no less than 20 to 25 people in here, taking shots of whiskey with beer chasers on their way to work. On their way to work. Those people are slowly dying off and there is nobody to replace them. Part of the bar dies with them. The new people in the neighborhood can never replace them, that type of individual. Those people are basically gone, and they are gone forever. This is the only bar around here where you can come in at seven in the morning and get a beer. If you need to bet on numbers or gamble a little on the horses, you can do that here. If you need to borrow a little cash, you can do that here. We just care about the people.

Ran Scot



Y

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WALNUT SPRINGS HOMECOMING PARADE 2000: Go BLUE HORNETS!!!

A "Tales from the Texas Twilight Zone" exclusive
from SFS writer Skipper Griffin

Holy shit, I should have brought my good camera. My sister took some photos, but she used up too much of the roll before I caught on to the importance of photos of the parade; and I was afraid that by the time that I took the remaining two photos and changed the film, it would be over, so I just saved those two photos for the best parts of the parade, and took them. Hopefully I got good shots.

The Walnut Springs "Blue Hornet" float, consisting of a little golf cart with a trailer behind it



There was a golf cart towing a little "float" thing of a blue and white man-sized hornet (the mascot). There was also a person in a BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED HORNET SUIT!!! It looked nothing like a hornet, which was great. It was furry. There were three fire trucks that literally looked like they fell out of the top of the line in small town fire equipment from the late '50s.

The band was seated on a trailer being pulled behind a truck, all fifteen or so of them. The junior high and high school football teams rode on the same float, and were still significantly short of the regular amount of players on a high school team. Hell, they looked like about enough people for either the offense or the defense, and that was varsity and junior varsity and junior high.

There were about twelve old veterans on one trailer, with about nine regular sized American flags on poles next to their chairs. They were right behind the two police cars and one DPS car, and the fire trucks. There was a van with some sort of info pasted to the side of it, which I did not read; I was too enthralled with the kid in camo that was riding on the front of the van, with a rifle.

A few of the football team members were wearing camo and jersey combos, and two football players were trailing behind on bikes, with a third one on a motorcycle. There was a 4-H float with a baby cow on it, a real live baby cow. Oh yeah, there was also "Little Miss Bosque County", a LITTLE girl with a tiara. She waved in a consummately professional manner, the slow Queen of England wave. She was actually dressed nicely, not Jon Benet-ed out at all (no makeup). It was sort of surreal, she looked like one of the more dignified adult beauty queens, or scholarship winners, or something. I found myself thinking "If she can keep that manner up, she's got it made."

I was thinking that the parade part would be weird in a bothersome way, or something, but it was a real treat. It was just the right type of weird, pleasantly so. There were two little kids in a tiny go cart (complete with a roll bar), with two lit tiki torches attached to it. I missed them the first time around, and I don't



The band-on-a-flatbed with a sign that says, "High School Band", as if anyone would have mistaken them for anything else.

know how. Oh yeah, that reminds me, I'd better add a couple of things.

There was a lady with a little PA system, who was announcing what the floats were, as they went by. Very succinct, good descriptions, too. Then she would run out and hand a little trophy to the floats that had won a category in their little competition. The whole parade went by, and I wasn't thinking about photographs at all, I was enthralled. Then, and this is great, the whole parade turned around and came back through, on the same street. Of course, it was the town's main street.

Good Lord, some days just have these little things in them, that you happen upon, that unexpectedly ROCK. I haven't had a pleasantly surreal experience like this in a long long time. I used to have them on a regular basis in Austin, then they left me for a while. I think that a lot of it is in the angle of observation that you take things from, your attitude, and observational powers; but that alone is not enough... Something really neat has to be happening, too.



How I Spent My Summer Vacation: The Making of Cicadas

By Kat Candler
Photos by Tom Sturgis



Bryan Chafin as Simon Roberts



Director Kat Candler with Director of Photography Jim Eastburn

Scott Bate, Shawn Higgins and I met while working together on short films in Steve Mims' Austin Filmworks classes. When we decided to collaborate on a feature - the first for all of us - we selected a script I had written called Cicadas.

Cicadas is the story of Anna Roberts, 16, who is trying to survive the cruel world of high school while taking care of her two brothers in her parents absence. Simon, the youngest of the three siblings finds solace perched in trees all day long, collecting insect noises while Jacob, the eldest, is forever skipping school to get drunk with his dungeon and dragon friends. Anna hides herself beneath her homework, her cello and her family responsibilities. Only when she is assigned to help out James Fisher, a transfer student with a penchant for poetry and insects, does she find someone to confide in, someone to understand. It is through their friendship that she uncovers the strength and beauty that has been buried so deep. And like the cicada, each character emerges from beneath the earth, sheds his old skin and learns how to fly.

I wrote the script over three months, always with our miniscule budget in mind. Minimal locations, just a few actors, nothing fancy. In addition to producer responsibilities, Scott acted as assistant director, Shawn mixed sound and edited, and I directed. Hiring Jim Eastburn as director of photography was the beginning of our good karma. Jim had the kind of experience we needed to really make this thing work.

Pre-production was mostly storyboarding the entire script. Jim, Scott and I spent countless hours drafting every shot. We found this to be essential because by the time we got on set. We knew the script and how to shoot it like the back of our hands.

After much deliberation over cost and ... well, mainly cost, we decided to go the DV route using the Canon XL I. We did test shots early on, checking all the costumes to make sure that the colors and patterns would work with the video format. We also decided to light the movie as if we were lighting for film and shoot a 16:9 aspect ratio, interlaced.

Casting could have been hell. The characters are mostly under eighteen, so we sent casting notices to every high school and elementary school in Austin. However, we totally lucked out in finding our four lead actors. 1 5-year old Lindsay Broockman, who played Anna (and totally kicked ass), was in a short I had done the year before, Avenue K. Paul Conrad played Jacob, the older brother. Paul is a natural, and a real trooper; throughout most of the summer shoot he was costumed in army jackets and a heavy trenchcoat. Bryan Chafin was cast as ten-year old Simon. Finding Bryan was pure fate. I knew I needed a really strong actor to pull off his character, and Bryan did it flawlessly. And lastly, Brandon Howe played James Fisher, a skater punk who befriends Anna. Brandon is one of those actors with amazing instincts. All of these actors just blew me away. Having this kind of talent made my job so much easier.



Lindsay Broockman
as Anna Roberts

Next up was hiring crew. My first and foremost requirement for anyone who would work on our set was that they had to be nice. Seems kind of silly, but it makes all the difference. We hired a few film students and some folks who had never been on a movie set before but who were so passionate about being involved in making movies, it didn't matter. Our crew rocked! They were the nicest, hardest working people ever. No fights, no drama, no bullshit; just a bunch of folks who loved what they were doing. And after spending way too much time with those guys, they became a second family.

We shot for 21 days over five weeks - Thursdays through Sundays. That way those of us with day jobs could keep them. Sticking to the keep-it-simple plan, we used three locations. The main location in Bertram (central Texas) was this gorgeous old farmhouse surrounded by open fields that seemed to

go on forever. The sunsets would leave you breathless. Liberty Hill High served as school for both Anna and Simon. The folks in Liberty Hill greeted us with open arms. They treated us with way more hospitality than we could have asked for.

Lastly, we used a mobile home in southeast Austin. All in all, our problems seemed pretty typical, weather mostly. We realized the glitches with the Canon XLI early on and figured out how to remedy them. The cool thing about shooting on video was that we saw dailies immediately and could go back and reshoot anything

there were problems with.

We are currently in post-production, editing the movie on Shawn's desktop. We're hoping to have a close to final cut in time for submission to Sundance 2000. If that doesn't work out, the next best thing would be to premiere it at Austin's Paramount Theatre during the South by Southwest Film Festival. I'm totally beaming right now just thinking about it. And even with the scorching heat, the sleepless nights and surviving off Coca-Cola™ and Altoids™ for two months, making this movie made this the best fucking summer of my entire life! ♫

Cicadas from Mutiny Productions - Cast: Lindsay Broockman, Bryan Chafin, Paul Conrad, Brandon Howe; Prod/Dir/ Scr: Kat Candler; Prod/AD: Scott Bate; Prod/Snd /Ed: Shawn Higgins; DP: Jim Eastburn; AC: Jyotsna Gautam; Gaffer: Deborah Smith; Boom: Cris Bayer; Set Dresser/Props: Cathy Crisp; Costumes: Karen Browning.

Cicadas will not be showing at the SXSW Film Festival this year. For more info. Contact Kat Candler at 512-707-7255, mutinyproduction@hotmail.com, <http://cicadas.home.texas.net>



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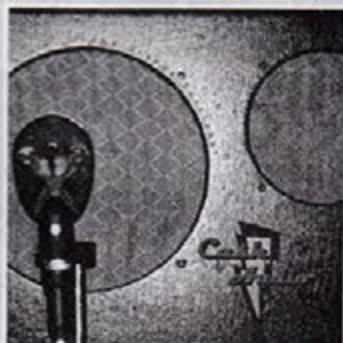
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CD/10*

Cash Audio: They've been dogged and abused by promoters and bartenders in too many gin mills to mention. State troopers know them by their first names...Cash Audio is John Humphrey and Scott Giampino, a two-piece guitar and drums duo that makes more racket and coherent full sound than any other duo you've heard. This IS, though, 100 percent American Rock and Roll!

After an exhaustive tour with *The Jon Spencer Blues Explosion* and *Girls Against Boys*,

White Hassle are still ransacking peoples homes for kitchen sink appliances to add to their arsenal of instruments...This incredible three-piece band consists of Dave Varenka and Marcellus Hall, both of *Railroad Jerk*, and new member Matt Oliverio. Their blend of rural country blues, 70's pop, 50's pop (*Everly Bros.*), and skiffle punk (*Violent Femmes*) is the stuff of genius.

WHITE



CD EP



CD/12*

Geraldine plays high energy, honest and dirty rocknroll. They combine the best elements of early punk rock with Chess blues, (think *Sonny Boy*, *Little Walter* and *Elmore James*, and you're on the right track) early soul, and a dash of British Invasion stuff. They're touring all the time so look for their *Pure Bastard Rock* at your local trashy rocknroll dives!

Little is known about **Them Wranch**, 'cept that on occasion they run with a rough crowd, drink in the way of gallons and wrastle the ladies with a very smooth swagger. What the hell do they do? **Them Wranch** play strange music with influences from all over the place. Mixing a little 60's pop, a touch of blues, country, soul, good old punk, and early seventies guitar rock. **Them Wranch** take it all into the garage and come out with punk defying music. It adds up to a whole lotta rock.

them wranch



CD/12*

White Hassle
Geraldine
Cash Audio
Ph Balance
Commeal
The Giraffes
Chris and Tad
The Shams
Them Wranch
M.O.T.O.
English Softhearts
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Hed
By Gene Slacks

In the current popular music world, where pre-packaged teen idols, controversial hip hop artists and thousands of rap/rock fusion bands populate the airwaves, Queens of the Stone Age are like a breath of fresh bong smoke. Not that they only indulge in the green leaf, as *Feel Good Hit of the*



Summer, the leadoff track on their new album, **Rated R**, hints at by listing a litany of pharmacopeial products: "Nicotine, Valium, Vicodin, marijuana, ecstasy and alcohol."

Spawned in the lonely desert of California, guitarist and singer Josh Homme, and bassist and sometime vocalist Nick Oliveri first forged their pounding rock rhythms and swirling, dust devil-like jams together while in the post-grunge standard bearers, Kyuss. After a brief hiatus from each other, during which Oliveri followed his punk rock muse, they came back together to form Queens of the Stone Age. While the first two Queens records treaded dusty desert paths reminiscent of Kyuss, the newest album lets all issues of formula out of the nickel sack. Before the latest tour got started, and while recording B-sides for the English market, Nick Oliveri spoke with Salt for Slugs about the his bare-assed, bass-playing style, alcohol and the current state of rock.

SFS: What's your favorite bug?
Nick: My favorite bug? The vinegaroon (*Mastigoproctus giganteus*). They're freaky, man. They're like a bug in the desert. They kind of look like a tarantula, but they're really fast and they have these huge antlers that come out. It's really weird; I don't know

how to explain exactly what it is. I used to catch 'em and keep 'em in jars and feed 'em crickets and shit. I'd catch 'em just to see how long they'd live without feeding 'em. If you get bitten by one, for like a week thereafter, everything you eat tastes like vinegar and it's really a drag. So it's kind of a trippy bug, man.

SFS: What really bugs you about the media, interviews, stuff like that?
Nick: You know [laughs and stumbles a bit] I just look at it as part of it. It doesn't really bother me, I mean some days, it's just like anything else, you don't feel like doing it. Next thing you know, it's over. It's just part of it now.

SFS: I noticed in a few interviews, everyone talks to you. Are you the



unofficial band spokesman?

Nick: Yeah, I pretty much do most of them. About 95 percent of them.

SFS: Is that by choice?

Nick: Well, Josh [Homme] picks up the slack on some other levels and I pick up the slack on this level. There are some things he'd rather not do and there are some things I'd rather not do, so I pick up the slack on the interview tip.

SFS: I read that your favorite concert was at a Bad Brains show. I saw them at

Ziggy's in Winston-Salem and they rocked pretty nicely played at lot of reggae at the end though and people were getting antsy.

Nick: Yes, great band, great band. Apparently they just came through on a new tour [as the Soul Brains] and they came out and did 20 minutes of music and HR did spoken word. So I don't know what's up with that. I mean, you gotta give people the hits, man!

SFS: What bands do you listen to now?

Nick: I like 13th Floor Elevators, Rocky Erikson, stuff like that. Ween, I like Ween a lot. Old 97s, Black Flag obviously, Sabbath, you know, I listen to a lot of different stuff. It's kind of always moving around.

SFS: I recently read that you like to play naked occasionally.

Nick: I played nude a few times in Kyuss and then I went to the Dwarves and did it a few times. I just like to do it, you know. It feels nice and it's comfortable. Sometimes when you're on a stage and your clothes could be wringed out like a sponge they're heavy and uncomfortable and it's just like why not take 'em off? I'm gonna have to take 'em off anyway.

SFS: So how does the crowd usually react?

Nick: Some people... [laughs] I don't know. I think they get a laugh, which is cool with me.

SFS: I read on the Web site bio that Josh called the Queens of the Stone Age sound 'robot rock'?

Nick: Yeah, we've got a few tunes that have a kind of Devoesque, robot thing to them. You know, it's not our whole sound, though, so I don't know why he said that. You know, it's just rock & roll at the end of the day. I mean, to label it any one thing and not label it rock & roll would be selling it short, I think. That means you can never stray away from playing 'robot rock'.

SFS: So, what kind of sound would you guys like to create on future albums?

Nick: This album was kind of like setting up that we were going to change quite a bit, you know o from song to song we could play whatever we think doesn't suck. Because we're not a for-

QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE



mula band, we're not like. This is all we play, this is it, this is all you get. Things change. The next record might just be a ball-out, really heavy, loud guitar album, but then again it might go on a dark pop trip. I don't know it's far away from now and we kind of wanted to set that up by making this record as diverse from song to song as possible.

SFS: Did you feel Kyuss was getting too formulaic?

Nick: I left after the second record 'cause I wanted to play some punk rock. It was one of those bands where like the punk songs I was writing wouldn't work for Kyuss, where for this band they can. We can do a psychedelic song or something with a punk flavor to it or something that's really slow with a lot of air or a lot of space and movement. It makes more sense with this band, for me.

SFS: Since you guys shy away from the 'stoner' band label now, what is your drug of choice nowadays?

Nick: I drink a lot of alcohol. I'm a daily drinker, you know. I start during the day with some beers and by night I'm hitting

whiskey, vodka, gin, whatever I'm in the mood for. I dabble in everything else, but the only thing that I do everyday is drink. Everything else is something that I do, but it's not an everyday thing I could do without it. Yeah man, if you listen to *Feel Good Hit Of The Summer*, that's pretty much some of the different things that we are into and it's never the same thing from day to day, it always could be something different or just a mixture of whatever [chuckles].

SFS: What's your favorite whiskey?

Nick: I like Jack Daniels. It's not real expensive, but it tastes great. I like Rebel Yell, too. I like Jim Beam, Maker's Mark. Vodka, I really like Monopolova from Austria, it's great. Sometimes I just do chilled shots, so it's kind of watered down a little bit. But Monopolova you could drink right out of the bottle, you know, which is nice. It's good to have a nice vodka tonic or something, but if it's good enough to where you don't have to mix it, then it's good vodka.

SFS: Ever had warm gin before? I've heard that's the

blues man's drink.

Nick: Well, I don't really care for gin straight. I have drunk it straight. I'm sure everybody else has too, but I'm a gin and tonic man. I like the old G & T.

SFS: So what have you guys been doing for the summer?

Nick: We just came back from a tour. We were out for two months. We had one day off and then we started rehearsing to come in the studio and now we're in the studio [laughs]. And as soon as we're done with this, we have one day off and then we fly to New Orleans to start the next tour. So we're keeping busy. We ain't got no complaints. I'd rather be busy and sleep when I'm dead. You know what I mean? Sleep when you die, man. I mean we've got work to do, we got rock to play.

SFS: It seems like hard rock bands like you guys, Fu Manchu, Nebula and Atomic Bitchwax are the last holdouts besides anything that's promoted really large. Do you think it's because everyone else is trying to do the rap/rock hybrid and trying to get the dough?

Nick: Well, yeah, I think that a lot of bands jumped on the

bandwagon from some of the earlier bands that had already set up that they were doing this rap/rock thing. There is a lot of new stuff that I'm just like, 'I don't get it.' It's not all bad, but there's a lot of it that is. It's like any other music. It's tough for me to listen to it, so I don't. Some of it I can go see live and go like, 'Fuck, this is powerful shit!' You look at the crowd and they're going fucking mental, so it's cool. I got no beefs with the stuff. It's not my cup of tea for what I want to play, so I don't. I'm more along the lines of playing rock, rock & roll, man. That's what's fun to me. It's supposed to be a good time, you're supposed to laugh and play grab ass with some girl in the crowd if you're hot in it. How ever you want to do it, that's cool. I just prefer to play rock & roll; I'm just not that pissed anymore, you know? When I was younger I was pretty pissed off, so I can see where these kids are coming from, in the crowd, you know. They wanna hear something that's intense and like 'AHHH-HH!' all the time, so I can dig that, because I was just as pissed. I was mad too.

SFS: I guess that kind of goes with HR, where he kind of got older and just got to the point where he wasn't as pissed off either.

Nick: Yeah, probably. But if you think about touring with the Bad Brains, he should play some of the Bad Brains' songs, like all the hits. Because those songs are great, man. And a lot of the topics he's singing about, even though he's going mental and jumping all over the place and singing like a mad man, some of the stuff he's singing about could be a reggae song. If you listen to the lyrics, on stuff like 'I Against I', some of that stuff is really powerful, but he's not singing about really pissed off topics. Very tasty stuff, man.

W

hen I first picked up my new Y2K bug from the dealership, I knew I was in for something special. It was in a color that I didn't particularly like, however, now I wouldn't trade it for any other color. Volkswagen calls it "green". I call it "shiny praying mantis green". Even though it has the color of a praying mantis, it has the shape of a ladybug or perhaps a deformed roach. A very fat roach.

The great state of Texas also did me a great favor by virtue of my license plates. They bestowed upon me the identity of H63DDZ. I was thrilled. You see my last name is Hogan, hence the "H", and I once owned a 1963 Bug, hence the "63". The DDZ is up for grabs. It might mean some kind of insecticide that also kills birds or the way I like to think it means D-Dizzy.

The car itself has never disappointed me. It is one of the most highly rated car in its class. It also is not very expensive. It is like getting a great German sports car at half the price. The knock on this car is that the back seat is so small only a housefly, a gnat or a mosquito or some other member of the phylum arthropoda could sit back there. But my answer always is, "I am driving, so I don't have to sit back there, you grasshopper"

But let's get to the gist of my story of what bugs me...

1. Just because I own a new beetle does not mean I am gay. If I wanted to flutter around like a butterfly, I would not buy a car to do so. I know people are going to scream like a cicada after seventeen years underground for saying that, but I bought the car because it is a damn fine car. I also heard it called a gay car. Well, if I ever found out that it was tea-baggin' I'm done, I'm fork tender.

over at Oil Can Harry's without my knowledge, I would be pissed. I mean come on, I need to keep my parking space.

2. Not even two months after I had the car, someone keyed it on the rear panel. Dude, if you're jealous just get a job and buy one yourself. May a woolly aphid climb up your rear panel. Better yet, may you eat what a dung beetle plays with.

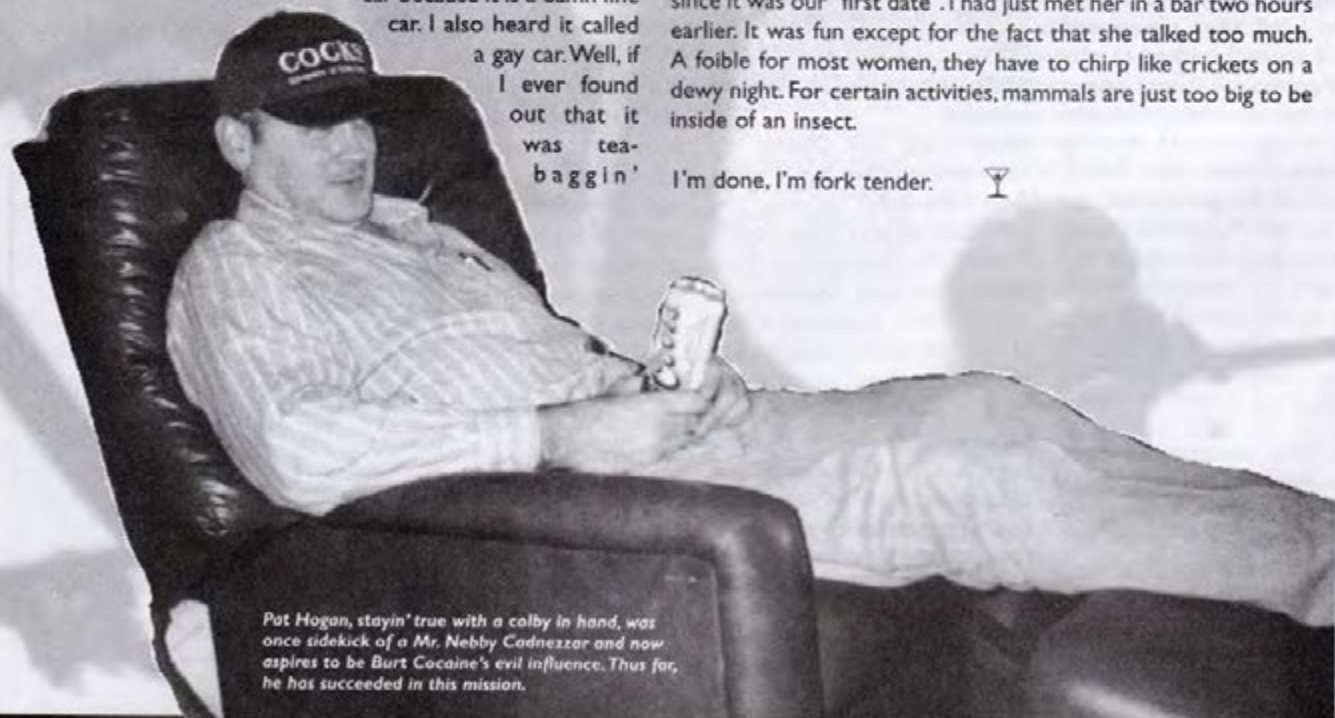
3. Just recently, someone stole one of my hubcaps. I don't know if they were going to use it to cover an anthill, or just as a souvenir. May a bee sting you on your genitals. Now I have to steal another hubcap from an unwitting bug owner, thus causing a chain reaction of missing hubcaps across town between bug owners. It will descend on the city like a plague of locusts.

4) It is, admittedly, too hard to have sex in my bug. Well, I didn't try in my bug. I tried it in hers. She called her car "Dottie" and christened my car "Dick". Copulation was out of the question since it was our "first date". I had just met her in a bar two hours earlier. It was fun except for the fact that she talked too much. A foible for most women, they have to chirp like crickets on a dewy night. For certain activities, mammals are just too big to be inside of an insect.

I'm done, I'm fork tender.



by Patrick Hogan



Pat Hogan, stayin' true with a colby in hand, was once sidekick of a Mr. Neby Cadnezor and now aspires to be Burt Cocaine's evil influence. Thus far, he has succeeded in this mission.

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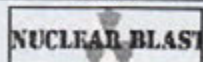
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Stoner Game Reviews

curated by
hiroshi greenbag



Two Games for the
Price of One



SUNDAY! to the mighty cry of the tyranna-wreck-a-car-us comes the first BOV: hunt 'em down and shoot 'em up like the sons of motherless goats that spawned them. No quarter will be drawn. When from a blindside, you're smeared across the rocky canvas of the desert and come to a screeching halt-directly into the petrol station. It's the local moon patrol. And he's come armed with his two friends,



the menacing chassis-devouring Mandibles Bros., and they proceed to tear you to into thin strips of bacon. Suddenly, a dump truck comes lumbering over the horizon, like a giant penis crashing the sun. Falling on you, much like Orca the killer whale-beast and swallows you much the same before and dumping you into the nearest cold-fusion reactor liquid waste pool. Lovely. And sometimes the hands are dealt. And sometimes we die recklessly. Shamefully. Alone. And then of course, there's always...The Laughter. The piercing, maniacal laughter of the madman frothing at the mouth, beside me. And for the 17th time this week-it's only Tuesday-I find my self being dragged across the empty expanse of urban desert decay by a hook on a tow truck. This used and over-flowing colostomy bag of diaberrea that goes by the handle "Hiroshi" has defeated me once again. And believe you me; I do not enjoy this type of punishment. But playing Vigilante 8 (LuxofFlux/Activision) quickly soothes the wounds of pride. The one-to-four-multiplayer gaming is quick and responsive. The weapons are plentiful and the specials are deadly. Besides to ability to actually FLY A BUS, the best thing about the game is the creativity that went into the levels themselves. Those ants are REAL--As are those alien bastards that hunt you down with lasers! After a period of time, secrets in certain levels reveal themselves. In Las Vegas, you can commandeer a blimp around the city, collecting weapons, specials and health from otherwise impossible to reach places. And most importantly, we like Vigilante 8 because it is vindictive, cruel and ruthless-just like our friend Hiroshi. The bastard. So go find the best car-fighting game ever created in your nearest Sega check out bin and get yourself three friends for an bitch-ass-slappin' good time! Cause... "We like the cars-Cars that go BOOM!" -cute out



Not since the E.T./Atari debacle (which cost Atari around \$21 mil) has there been such a misadventure in licensing and corner cutting. Sure, falling in hole after hole looking for phone pieces while Elliot drug your sorry little ass around the board may sound like a blockbuster, it lack a certain quality I like in games, mainly, game play. Realizing that the new Star Wars was a huge let down, Luxaflux decided to bravely follow in its footsteps and bring us a rather sub-par game. I did not say make, because they just repackaged Vigilante 8, and shipped it. If you look close enough to the texture maps, you can even see duplicate skins. The worse part about the game hands down is how bad the Rancor sucks. I've waited my whole life to ride around on the back of one of those motherfuckers and raise some hell. So when I got home, I broke him out at my earliest convenience. Obviously based on the Bus character in V8, the game logic broke my heart as the Rancor passed out, was not killed, into one of the buildings due to running into one to many obstacles. I think this is where the game play of SW fails, you never fell like you are inflicting damage on the opponent, and the controls are real loose. Well, that and I am certain they spent probably a total of one drunken weekend making the game. From the best game to the worst, Luxaflux needs to fire their concept designers, or the force, nor I, will never be with them. Hiroshi



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A SLAPP SUIT IS A STRATEGIC LAWSUIT AGAINST PUBLIC PARTICIPATION

My basement in Brooklyn is pretty scary. A trip down the stairs reveals a dimly lit section of Hell. Scattered about are large pieces of charred wood. There are several mysterious mounds of earth, some more than four feet tall. These grave-like dirt piles partially cover some troubling artifacts such as a baby's shoe, a toilet and cobweb covered 40 dog of Old English broken by a single handcuff. It's a scene straight out of Silence of the Lambs.

So last week, in the middle of this late summer heat wave, our sewer main broke, dumping at least a foot of fetid water down there. The scary basement had now become gross as well. The smell of raw sewage threaded itself through the August air and wafted upstairs, a rank steam of funk. Everyone in the house developed a deep, deep burning nausea. We complained to our landlord but as usual he ignored us. So we were left with no choice but to smoke. We smoked and smoked until we could no longer identify most smells; the exception of course, being the smell of smoke.

Then the mosquitoes came. Standing water, fortified with human excrement combined with temperatures in the mid-nineties and near 100% humidity gave birth to what had to be 10,000 mosquitoes. That's 10,000 winged carriers of the dreaded West Nile Virus. In my house!

Each night they came for me. I'd cover myself, but the heat was unbearable. So, I'd cast off the sheets and hope for the best. Slap! A bite on the leg, but I got him. I relaxed, thinking maybe that was the only one, and drifted into sleep. Slap! Dammit, another one. This time right in the middle of my fucking forehead. I turned the fan up full

Salt for Slugs

blast, hoping to create enough turbulence so that they would be unable land on me. Wrong. Slap!! They land and they bite. Slap! Slap! Over and over, all through the night.

Corporate SLAPP suits are not unlike this futile scenario. Strategic Lawsuits Against Public Participation, commonly called SLAPP's are corporate America's quickest and most effective means of silencing criticism. SLAPP's are primarily brought against individuals and public interest groups who express opposition to a corporate project or vested interest. Corporations file these SLAPPS on grounds such as defamation, conspiracy, mali-

ipation in, and open debate on, important public issues. This chilling effect is not limited to the SLAPP defendants - other people refrain from speaking out on issues of public concern because they fear being sued for what they say. Perhaps this is the type of tort reform G.W. Bush is so consumed with.

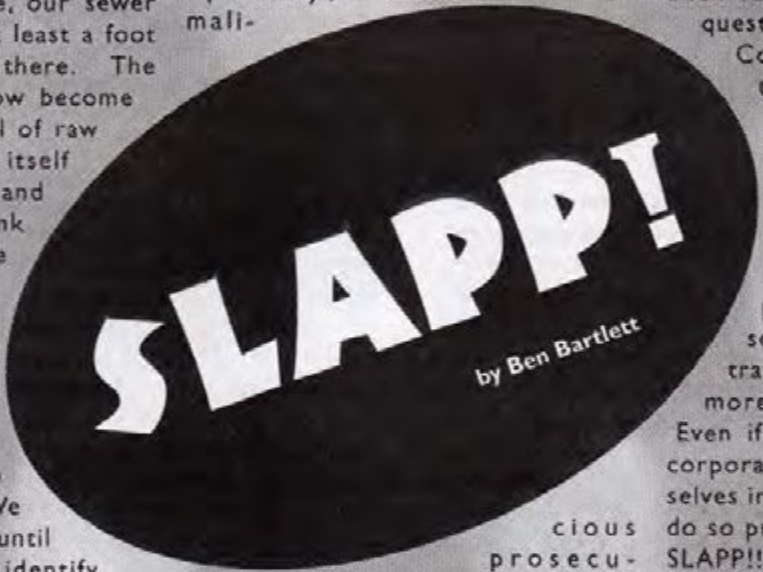
Oprah was SLAPPED for telling her viewers they shouldn't eat beef. Erin Brokovich was SLAPPED for speaking out against the irradiation of an entire community. Ralph Nader, as a consumer activist, has been SLAPPED thousands of times. AdBusters, Mark Green and the Thomas Paine Organization have all been SLAPPED for daring to call to question the practices of U.S. Corporations with regard to the American People.

Though these individuals and organizations may seem small compared to the size and power of the corporate bodies they attack, they nonetheless prove to be unending sources of distress and frustration, often hampering their more illicit activities. SLAPP!!

Even if momentarily. SLAPP!! The corporations cannot cover themselves in secrecy for long because to do so proves restricting and stifling. SLAPP!! They use disinformation. SLAPP!! We have all been SLAPPED for daring to call to question the practices of U.S. Corporations with regard to the American People. They bite. Corporations continue their activities, but continuously must deal with toothy activists. SLAPP! SLAPP! SLAPP!!!

In the morning I awoke glad to be free of mosquitoes. The bite on my forehead was blemished and would likely scar. Everyone would see it. I was already embarrassed. Though I had killed many mosquitoes, I was exhausted and frazzled, unable to effectively go about my business that day. And I knew that the following night would not bring rest, only teeth.

(Do mosquitoes have teeth? -ed.)



ious prosecution, nuisance, and interference with contract and/or economic advantage. These tend to include Constitutionally protected speech and expression; activities like writing letters to the editor, alerting a public official about corporate malfeasance, circulating petitions, reporting police misconduct, speaking at a public meeting, or testifying before Congress. Even reporting unlawful activities to your local police department can get you sued.

The object of a SLAPP is to silence and disable the opposition by scaring the group off or forcing them to expend resources of time and money defending what are almost always meaningless suits. The resulting effect "chills" public partic-





Outdoor Survival Tips VII

Surviving Driving

By Gene Slacks

In an interesting twist of fate, this installment of "Outdoor Survival Tips" is about surviving the perils of driving in the great outdoors... not four-wheelin' up a muddy fire road in the Appalachians, as some might assume. I'm talking about surviving on the four-lane ribbons that wrap this great nation. Now you might ask, "Who doesn't drive a car outside and why do I need tips?" Well, that's really a moot point, but for the purposes of this piece, driving will be considered an outdoor activity that you need tips on how to survive. And, in reality, I won't be giving you any tips — let's just call it a cautionary tale. Read on and glean what you can from my mistakes....

At this moment, I'm sitting in ADETS class. That's short for Alcohol Drug Education Traffic School. Seated directly to my left is a visibly shaken young man who has begun to recite his tale of woe. Long story short: he's 20, drank too much, got in a fight with his roommate's friend, ran away, hit another car, got busted and is now saved by Jesus. How interesting... I can't wait to watch the requisite anti-drunk driving video that was no doubt produced in the early '80s. So, how did I get in this pickle, you ask? How did the wily Gene Slacks manage to get snared in the sticky web of justice? Pure stupidity.

Let's venture back a few months, if you will.

The last weekend of August started off with promise. The Ryddler rang me up from his hovel at the beach on a hectic Thursday afternoon.

"Hey Mr. Slacks!" he chortled. "What's going on, man?"

"Not much," I replied. "Just finishing up some work...."

"Well, bub, I've got some tasty nugs ready for consumption and they got yer name all over 'em."

"Cool, I've got an office party in Clayton to go to on Saturday night," I said, "so me and Blacksock Buttercup can come down on Friday night and then we'll probably leave on Saturday afternoon."

"Nice... see ya on Friday night," The Ryddler said and hung up.

I scooted out of work on a balmy Friday afternoon and gathered up my supplies for the weekend (which included my shiny new hand-blown glass bowl ensconced in a suede

goodie bag that belonged to my Nana). Blacksock made it back to the homestead around 7 and we quickly secured our luggage in the Family Truckster.

The clear, warm night flew by the windows in about two hours. We pulled up to The Ryddler's crib in good spirits. We strode into the house and the pungent smell of freshly manicured bud assaulted our olfactory nerves. The Ryddler had a huge smile on his face as he greeted us while crisply snapping a fat sack open.

"Ahhhh..." I murmured.

Blacksock and I sat down and divided the goodies up between us. After the complimentary bong hits went all around, we headed downtown. The night included much downing of alcohol and a relaxed few hours of throwing darts and playing air hockey at The Blue Post.

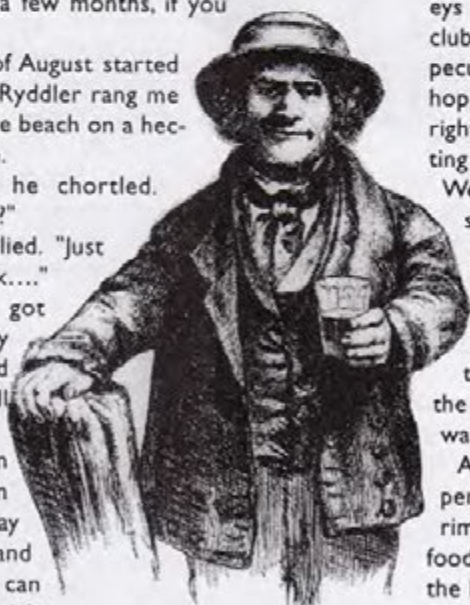
We woke up the next day and frolicked around the house for a bit before heading to the beach to check out the chickies, soak up some sun and get in the saltwater. Besides a few hot-ass honeys who looked like their tight bodies had been honed for strip club work and a smattering of nicely tanned college-age girls, a peculiar sight unfolded in front us: three black dudes in full hip hop regalia were riding fat-ass, full-suspension mountain bikes right in the surf zone. What the fuck? Anyway, we left before getting too toasted and made it back the house around 6 o'clock.

We packed up and cleaned up. Before Blacksock and I left, I showed The Ryddler my new bowl. He emitted the appropriate oohhs and aahhs and I slipped the bowl back into my pouch.

Our good-byes were said and the road was ours. Blacksock and I got off I-40 about an hour and half later at the thriving metropolis of Clayton. After a bit of searching, the party was found. Basically located in the sticks, the party was in full-blown frenzy when we strolled up.

A cover band was pounding out acceptable rhythms while perched on a huge flatbed trailer, a kiddie pool was filled to the rim with ice and brew, and the deck was laden with all types of food and liquor. Blacksock headed for the food and I headed for the liquor.

The hostess of the party directed me to some punch that a wasted chick had christened "death" punch. I began to consume mass quantities. After a few of those beauties, the night began to blur like ink on a page splattered with rain. A sampling of images after the Everclear-enriched death punch had replaced the blood in my veins: Blacksock eagerly taking snap-after-snap of a surprisingly hot stripper grinding on the floor, a joint rolled





and passed around by two redneck chicks with Camaro hair and matching nylon windsuits, a burly and strangely stout old man shooting around the beer-can littered yard in a red go-kart, and me and Blacksock slipping away and starting up the Family Truckster.

When Blacksock and I finally made it back on the road, we were both nicely toasted. The short, 30-minute trip back to Raleigh only involved one exchange between us. Blacksock and I agreed to hit a local bar before heading home to nestle in our beds. That critical decision involved taking a different exit off I-40.

Now, let's just say that Everclear was my downfall. I'm of stout Irish stock and alcohol doesn't have much effect on me, regardless of how strong my tolerance is

at the time of consumption. I'm also usually hyper-aware of my surroundings while drinking and driving. This time, unfortunately, I was not very aware.

We pulled off the highway onto the exit we agreed upon as the closest to the bar. I barreled down the off ramp at my usual speed and merged into the street. As I crested a hill, my heart desperately tired to crawl out of my throat and escape. Laid out before my eyes was a phalanx of flashing blue lights sprinkled with the sharp, red glow of roadside flares. I had run straight into a DWI checkpoint and my heart wanted no part of it. The checkpoint, I remembered too late, was set up to catch drunken students attending the annual Brent Road party. I failed to remember that local and state police swarm the area in an orgiastic frenzy of ticket giving. Woe was I.

My eyes and breath gave me away (Curses! Where were my Altoids and Visine when I needed them?). A squat and muscular State Trooper asked me to step out of the vehicle and led me back to his cruiser where he took my Spyderco out of my pocket and handcuffed me.

As I sat in the front seat on my handcuffed hands after he administered all of the proper tests, I watched various police types surround and go through my truck. A few seconds later, a smiling Trooper poked his head out and held up Blacksock's bag o' weed. My Trooper pulled open his door and sat down next to me.

"Well, son," he drawled, "we found your partner's marijuana.

Got anymore?"

I was debating the question when I saw the K-9 unit pull up. My decision made for me, I said, "Yes, officer, I believe I do. It's in the center console."

He got out and, after finding my tasty nuggets and my new hand-blown glass bowl and my Nana's suede pouch, came back and shuttled me across the street.

Hmmm... great fun, eh? The ever-efficient cops had a huge RV parked next to the checkpoint to help in processing all the drunks caught in the "sting" and my arresting officer led me up the steps and I sat down heavily, awaiting my official Breathalyzer sentence. After the crisply shorn Trooper spouted his blather, I blew a .12. The legal limit for North Carolina is .08, which is now the limit for the every state in the Union. He issued me a ticket for DWI, an open container, possession of a controlled substance, possession of paraphernalia (including the plastic bag), kept my grandmother's suede pouch and gave me the opportunity to make one phone call. I called my house, hoping Blacksock had found a ride and made it back already. No one was home.

I shrugged my shoulders, bid a sarcastic good-bye to the Trooper and the magistrate who was sloppily chewing on a leg of fried chicken like it was a tailgate party, and put my feet to the pavement.

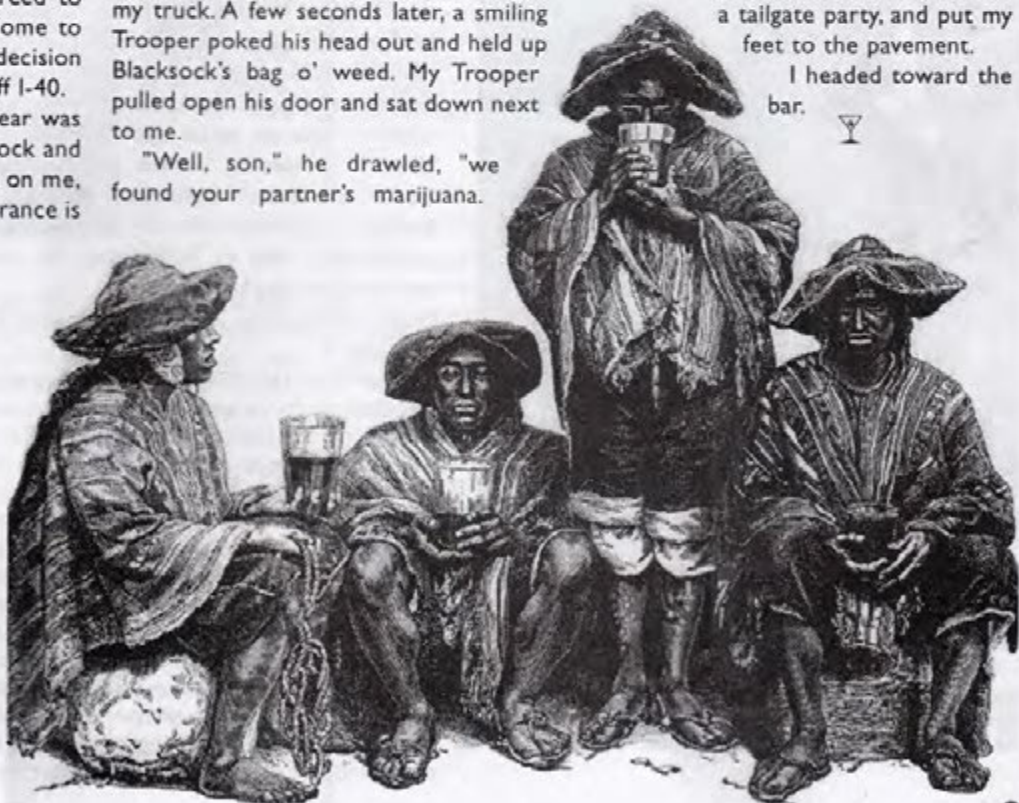
I headed toward the bar.



Irish Mist.



Salt for Slugs





PHASE IV: BOAZ DROR

The breathless moment as you feel a moth trapped beneath your shirt beating its silken wings against your sensitive nipples. The surge of terror as you glimpse a hairy, eight-legged shadow disappearing beyond the cuffs of your pant legs, bloodthirsty and wanting to sink its fangs into your gentlemen at the slightest movement on your part. The utter dejection, as a stranger's lingering glance on your new hat suddenly turns into the horrifying realization on your part, as she covers her mouth and points to your head, that a nest of cockroaches hatched deep within its tweed fibers is now boring into your skull. You feel a cascade of blood washing down your forehead and a breeze cooling where your hat and topmost layer of skull used to be. In moments they will chew through to your brain. As you lapse into unconsciousness you think to yourself, there goes the hat-purchase-induced-euphoria which has been following me around all week. Some time later, you shall die, after the cockroaches march down the cavern of your rib cage, infest your insides, and ultimately reach your heart.

Oh, things like these happen all the time, all around the country, embarrassing brushes with creepy-crawlerdom. And as many times as not, we will simply let it go rather than strike back. Forgive the insect world, says the "man", for it knows not what it does. It has not grasped modernity. Yet while we are plagued by this inner conflict, between bloodlust (if that green/white ooze is indeed blood) and mercy, the insect world is thriving! The cockroaches, for instance, are multiplying like rabbits! Look around. Do it. Do you see an insect? You either do, or you simply aren't looking hard enough. They're everywhere. And don't give me your bleeding heart, pro-insect mumbo-jumbo: if insects weren't somehow dangerous, then God wouldn't have programmed us to fear them.

Yet fear them we do, and kill them we feel good about. Why then feeling good about killing them we feel ashamed of? Listen, Humans: you cannot hold the shoe in one hand while juggling the morality of the shoe in the other. I've been there, and know how easy it is to secretly provide the roach with ten to thirty seconds to convince you it intends to leave and not ever come back, but you are fooling yourself! The sole function of the cockroach is to come back! Have you ever seen it do anything else? You are wasting time better spent hunting for the other one, since everyone knows they travel in pairs. And so it goes with the other insects too (they all look alike to me). So fuck whoever says we invite upon ourselves some "Karmic reciprocity" when we hurt any of God's creatures, including insects. Fuck Buddhists! These are the very same lame liberal bastards who've taken the fun out of machine-gun-shark-fishing! Only in Hollywood is there license to kill bugs anymore.

Take *Phase IV* (1974) for instance. The only film ever directed by the ubiquitous Saul Bass, who re-invented the title sequence, created some of the most memorable poster art of all time, and who is rumored to have designed the infamous shower scene in *Psycho*, is an under-appreciated and criminally under-viewed film. And it also happens to be a brilliant excuse to kill some ants. Bass, who worked as a graphic designer and animator for the greater part of his life, delivers not only a brilliant looking film but also a surprisingly competent vision of what a science fiction film can be. Reminiscent in tone of Stanley Kubrick's 2001, the film concerns a pair of research scientists, one an entomologist, one an expert on codes and language, who are stuck in the Arizona desert studying mutant ants. Like Kubrick's film, this one is mostly subtext, as the audience tries to make sense of the goings-on, which seem to allude to some greater evolutionary scheme. What begins as a discovery of ant evolution turns into an inter-species mindgame. On one side: millions of tiny socialist ants. On the other: two trapped capitalists. Is there a higher



consciousness moving these ants? Are the ants finally going to get us back for our childhood magnifying glass games? Anyone who likes moody sci-fi, à la early John Carpenter, should see this film, as should Hitchcock fans and everyone besides. As for the ant massacre, it is gloriously magnified and perfectly photographed: Ants caked in Amber, ants electrocuted, ants blown the hell up, ants squished, even ants covered in chocolate. This is a good film.

Next up is *Mosquito* (1995), directed by Gary Jones, is a movie that has a very important central message, it being don't (or you shouldn't have) rent (or rented) this film. Unfortunately you don't really grasp the message until the very end. Until then there are enough glimpses-of-glimmers-of-some-semblance-of-hope to keep you watching for some possible-hint-of-an echo-of-a-ghost-of-a-chance-peeking-over-the-far-off-horizon, that this movie, while cheesy, won't be an utter waste of time. Be careful: you may miss the message entirely, and recommend it to your friends. I mean, it begins promisingly enough, with aliens crash landing and mosquitoes feasting upon them and then mutating into giant pterodactyl-sized vampire-ish beasts. When one such mosquito smashes into the windshield of a vacationing biology student and boyfriend, we have a so-called plot. But actually, this horror movie is neither horrifying nor movie-like at all. What it really is, is an excuse for disgruntled "Fangoria" freaks to make giant insects out of rubber, and explode them in a fireworks of spritzing green and white insect pus. Movies like this are creeping up all over, now that computer graphics have taken the stereotypical Metallica and Megadeth-looking makeup wizard of yesterday and replaced them with the button-up special effect computer nerds of tomorrow. So we should get used to them. I guess I'm really just upset because the snuff dynamic of say, *PHASE IV* is replaced in *Mosquito* by the silly rubberized death. I mean, no real mosquitoes were harmed in the making of this movie. What a blown opportunity.

But not the biggest blown opportunity. That would be *Microcosmos* (1996), a movie that was the hit of the art movie houses not too long ago. From where I'm sitting it is less hit than miss, if you catch my meaning. Directed by Claude Nuridsany and Marie Perennou, this movie is a microscopic look at the seldom seen universe of your everyday backyard type of thing. The two filmmakers won many cinematography and editing awards for painstakingly capturing the color, motion, and, sure, out-

Salt for Slugs

right beauty of another universe hidden right under our noses. They even spiced the film with humor and drama. Good for them. And you know what, I found myself dazzled, sure, by the "bug propaganda", and amazed by the detail, and the size of these insects. But I was more scared. Scared of the size of the insects. I got to thinking about, what if insects were really this big? What if the roles were reversed? Would the colossal insects stick to the meadow in France where this was shot? And furthermore, would gigantic insects, arriving, say, at New York, be happy with simply documenting us? Could they resist their innate urge and cultural need to eat and destroy everything within sight? No fucking way. The insects would be all over us, munching on us as if we were blades of grass from this artsy-fartsy-pro-insect-movie. So how come we're not destroying them? That's what I was thinking when I watched these scenes of insect minutiae: about the carnage awaiting us at the hands of enormous killer insects. I wanted payback, for the things they hadn't done yet, but which I knew they would if given the opportunity. There are movies where you know deep down inside that you can come up with a better ending. And this film, composed as it was of tiny dramas, like the beetle trying to get his food home safely, or the snails fucking in a public place and scared of being caught, had many opportunities for many alternate endings. Mine usually involved dramatic squishings at the end of every scene, maybe like in the Monty Python title sequence

where the giant shoe stomps everyone to death.. It was the only way I could get through this film. I was also bothered by the fact that it was narrated (the American version) by actress Kristin Scott Thomas, who I don't like very much. She was in *The English Patient*.

Finally, there is *Twilight of the Cockroaches*, a.k.a. *Gokiburi* (1990), directed by Hiroaki Yoshida. This film combines live action and animation to tell the story of a group of cockroaches living peacefully in an apartment where the tenant, Saito, is a complete and utter slob, and cares not

about their presence. The roach colony's older roaches remember when times were not so easy---the previous tenants, for instance, waged war with the colony unceasingly, and killed many of the older generation. The conflict in this film occurs when Saito begins to court a lover whose presence brings with it not only a very memorable sex scene but also a regiment of un-Saito-like behavior, such as cleanings. This new and historically significant development raises questions among the colony towards their future in Saito's apartment. The generation gap threatens to become a stress fracture, which may split the colony, as the youngster and oldster roaches clash on several inherent beliefs. The film is good, but c'mon, a day in the life of roaches? Clearly this film is an allegory for Japan, or Japanese post-war affluence, or Japanese isolationism, or other facets of Japanese society and personality that I personally am unfamiliar with, so I felt that I missed certain specific references or ironies here and there. Nevertheless, there is a universal charm to this movie, due in part to Yoshida's endearing animated style and in part to the rampant anthropomorphism in every scene, every bit of dialogue. Of course I hate having to feel sympathy for roaches, but I couldn't help myself. The story's success at evoking that "late-at-night" sensation also helps to tap into our subconscious associations with roaches. There's clearly a manipulation here. I mean, the film is soaked through with that unique bluish hue of late night apartments, and is charged with the same quiet energy. Night-time is their time. They never really asked for anything more than that. Essentially Yoshida has turned the roaches into pseudo-fairies, or quasi-pixies, or somewhat-elves from that story who when the farmer fell asleep baked the farmer's cakes for him or made the cobbler's shoes or I don't know, I can't remember. It's almost as if the roaches are magical. Then I started to remember Kafka's *Metamorphosis* and that poor man who turned into a roach one morning and had to deal with anti-roach discrimination. From his own family! What I'm trying to say, is that it isn't my fault, that I hate roaches, and that's okay, if roaches have things they need to do and we have to share the planet and it's neither of our faults... damn. I never thought of it that way. I'm so confused. ☹



You don't have to do anything about evil. It eats its self away from the inside out.



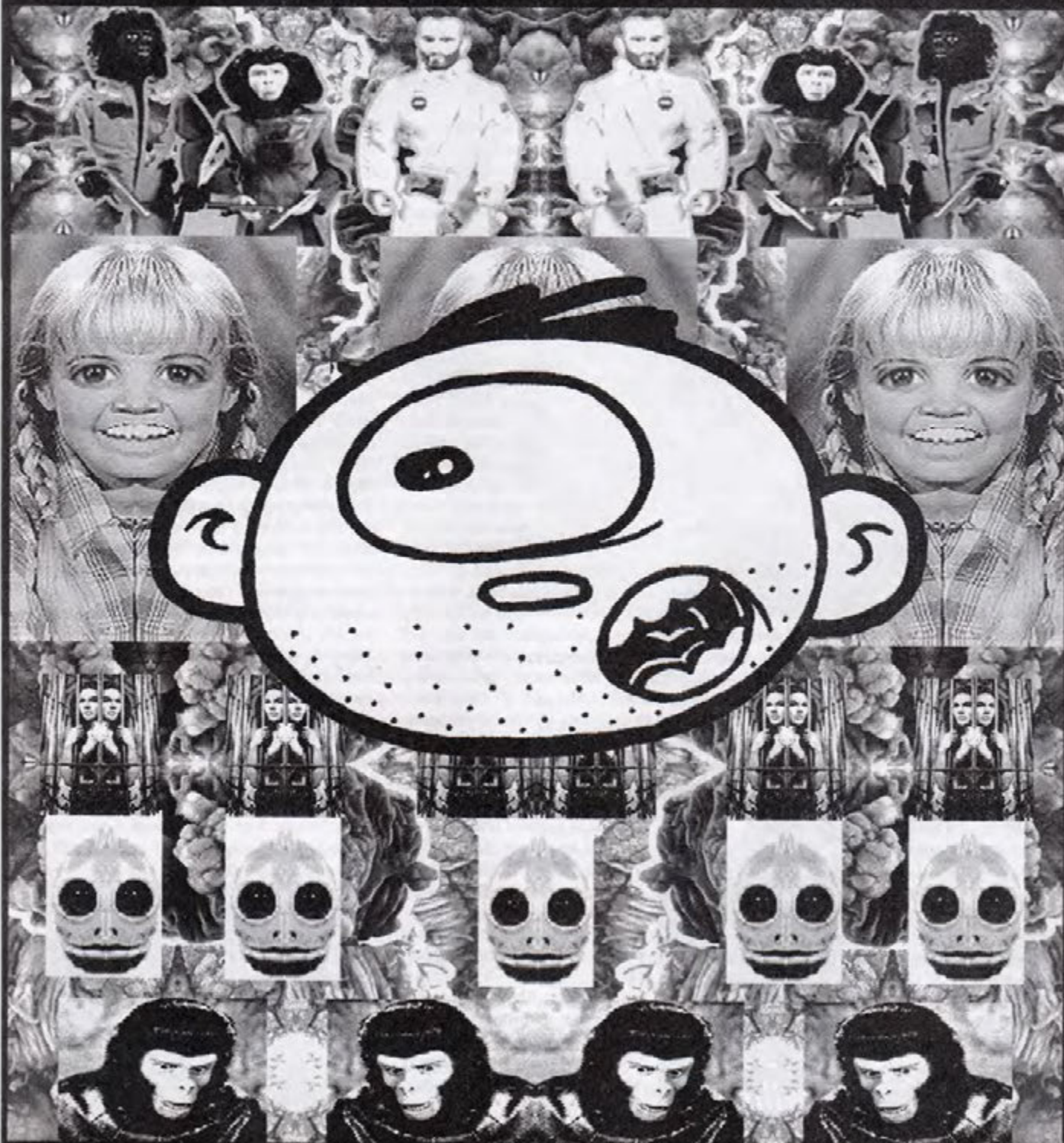
So is there less evil now than back in the LAND of the APES?



Do you mean the PLANET of the apes? 'cuz that was in the future!



Maybe you mean the Land of the LOST...

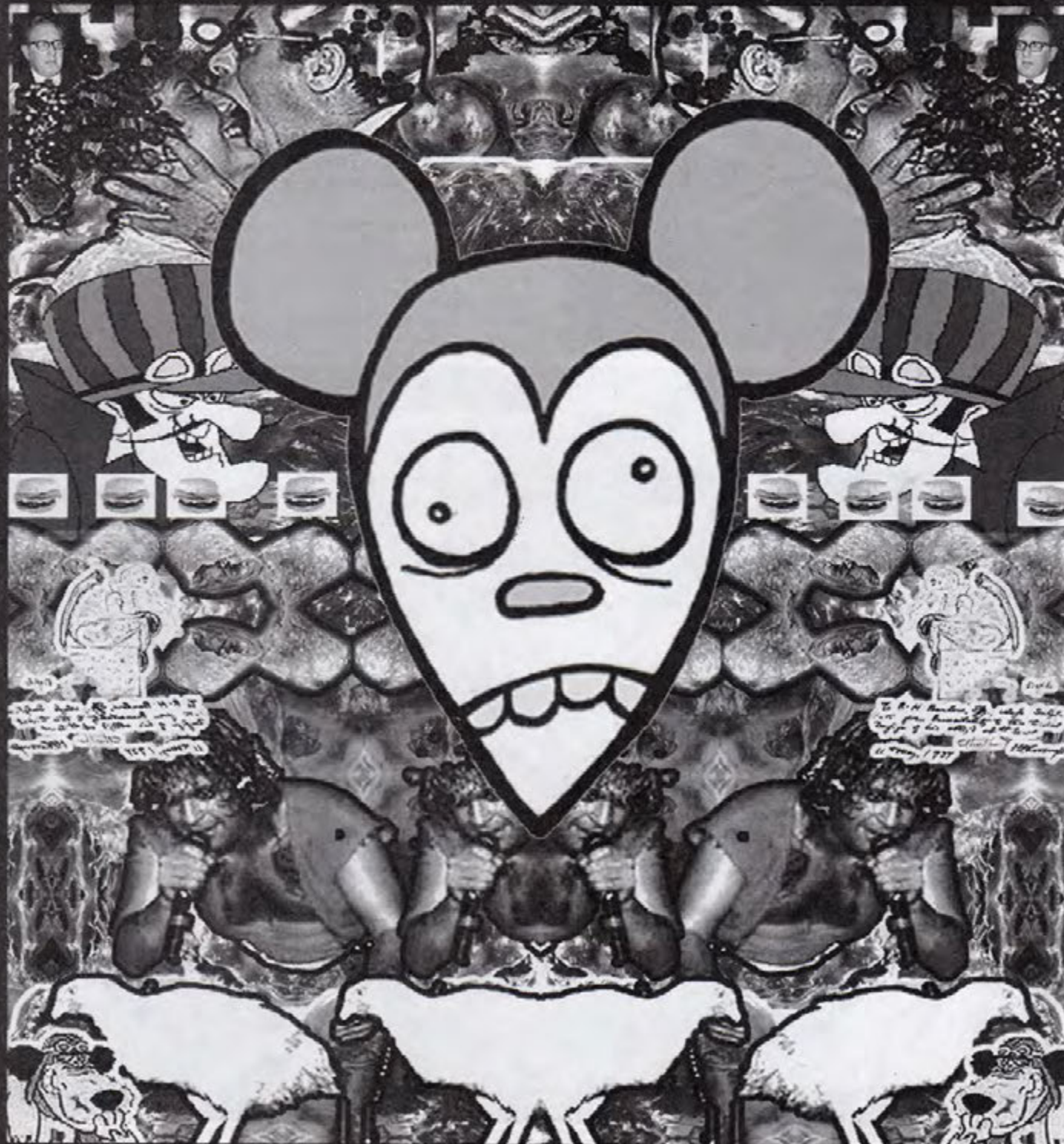


- but that wasn't the future. It was an alternate dimension, on the other side of some weird water-fall.



So is there less less evil in the future?
Not if apes run every-thing, you fucking retard!

Hey Muffsquirt are you gonna buy me lunch like you promised?
Sorry man, I'm broke.



HE WENT FROM RUM TO WHISKEY

Spencer Moody of *The Murder City Devils* talks about Neil Diamond, losing his voice, and says "yeah" a lot.

By Greg E. Boy



SFS: Spencer, this is Greg. I talked to Steve at Sub Pop about an interview?

Spencer: Oh yeah. Yeah. I forgot all about it. But I'm here.

SFS: So you guys have played North Carolina before. Did it treat you well?

Spencer: Um, yeah. Yeah. North Carolina's been good I think.

SFS: All those cities and states just blur together?

Spencer: (laughs) Yeah. Yeah

SFS: I'm supposed to ask you about losing your voice at this Experience Music Project show?

Spencer: Oh yeah. I lost my voice. It was really scary.

SFS: Where'd you lose it?

Spencer: I don't know. I was just singing and then all the sudden I couldn't even talk anymore.

SFS: That's kind of strange.

Spencer: Yeah. Hopefully it won't happen again.

SFS: Did you go to the doctor?

Spencer: No. It was just the day before yesterday.

SFS: Were you in the middle of a set?

Spencer: Yeah. We had to stop.

SFS: And you just turned into a mime?

Spencer: Yeah. It was real weird.

SFS: Kinda scary for a singer to lose



his voice, eh?

Spencer: Yeah. It was no good.

SFS: Did the band threaten to kick you out?

Spencer: No, they didn't say that.

SFS: Maybe they could replace you with that guy from Harvey Danger. He looks like you.

Spencer: Yeah.

SFS: Do you hate it when people tell you that?

Spencer: Well, I haven't heard it in awhile so, I don't really care that much. I'm pretty used to it.

SFS: What's up with the Neil Diamond cover?

Spencer: Um. We just liked the song and wanted to cover it, so we did.

SFS: So you did. Are you a big Neil Diamond fan?

Spencer: I like Neil Diamond a lot.

SFS: Are there any other artists or records that people would be surprised to know you listen to?

Spencer: Yeah. Probably. Well, I don't know. Possibly. But I think people are a little bit silly in their narrow-mindedness when listening to music. Right now I'm listening to Fred Neil. I'm around loud music all the time, so when I'm at home I try to get away from that because it gets to be a little bit much.

SFS: Have you ever listened to Type O Negative?

Spencer: No. I've seen pictures of them but I don't think I've ever listened them.

SFS: Well, your band reminds me of them. Their first record was good. They used to be this band Carnivore, but I guess it's those brooding keyboards. Speaking of keyboards, do you guys still light the keyboard on fire?

Spencer: Um, we haven't done that in awhile. Sometimes we do light stuff on fire, but we haven't done the keyboard in awhile. It started to melt the top of the keyboard so we stopped that.

SFS: Yeah I could see where that wouldn't be very cost effective.

Spencer: Yeah, and those old organs are hard to replace. So we decided to call it quits with that.

SFS: I think it's kinda cool that you guys actually include the roadies as part of the band. How'd that come about?

Spencer: Um, Gabe's been with us for a long time and he's been our friend so it just kinda seemed natural. He puts in more time than any of us working on stuff for the band. It seemed appropriate; he's always with us. [Other bands like Avail, The Mighty Mighty Bosstones, and the

Rollins Band have had their soundman in their group's publicity photo also.]

SFS: Do you ever see any of your label mates around like say The Makers?

Spencer: The only one that I know is Mike. Mike's the only one that lives in Seattle, the rest of them live in Spokane. Well, he's definitely a character, he's a piece of work. I don't know, he's kind of fun to have around. He adds some color to landscape with his furs coats and stuff

SFS: Panache I think is the word. What's with the crime/murder fascination? You guys should go into the movie prop business.

Spencer: It's all Nate's concept. He's the guy who plays the guitar.

SFS: Do you ever have any Christians on your case?

Spencer: No. I wish they would, but they haven't. I wish they'd give us a hard time, but they haven't yet.

SFS: Maybe they'll start some shit. The crime files.

Spencer: They aren't real.

SFS: Oh damn, they're not real.

Spencer: And I'm not really dead either.

END 

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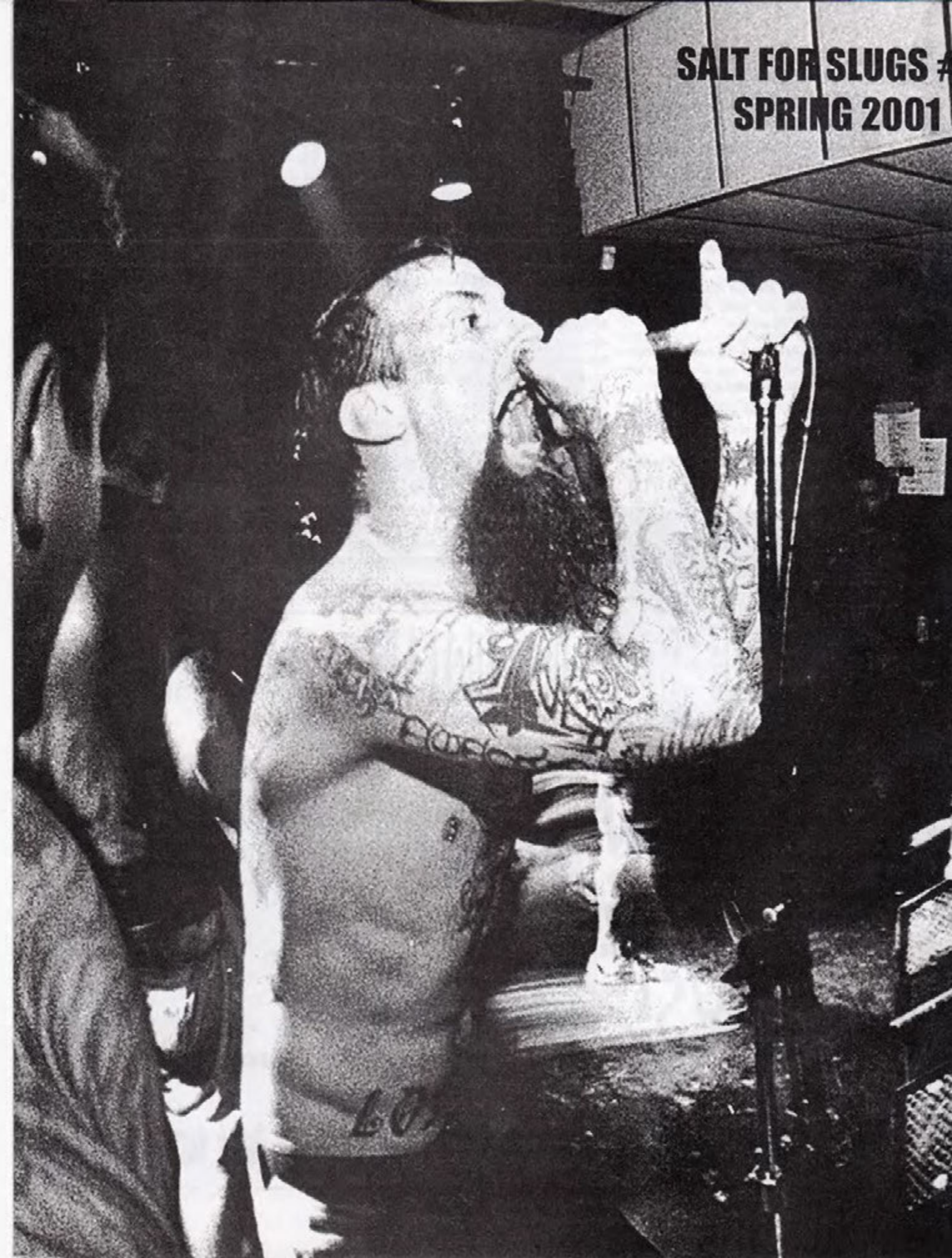
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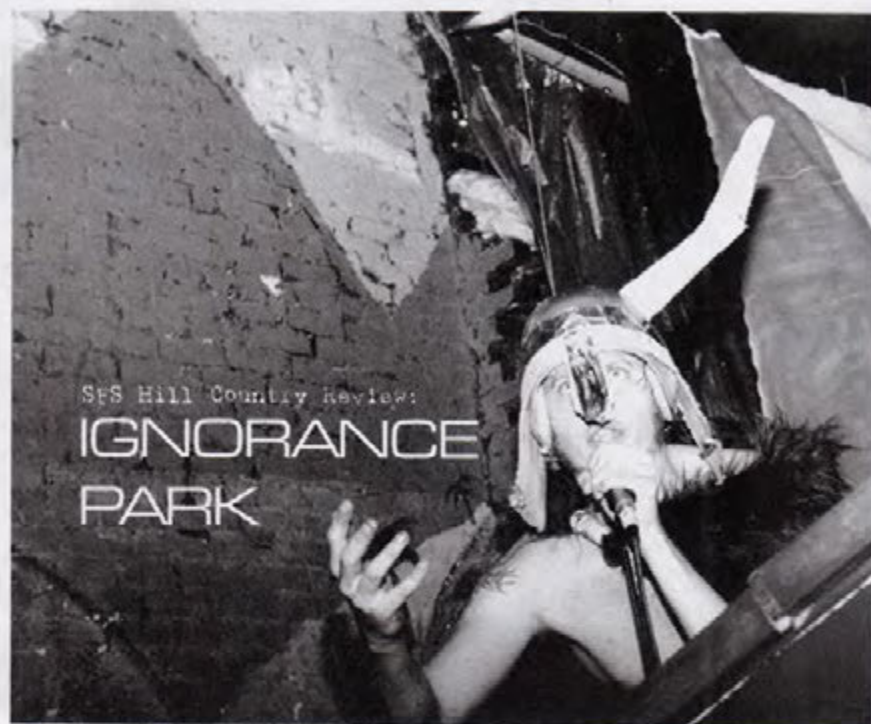
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SALT FOR SLUGS #
SPRING 2001







SFS Hill Country Review:

IGNORANCE PARK

"We're gonna dress up as fucking Vikings!"

John Walker, lead singer of Austin based punk rock band Ignorance Park, is seething with Halloween intensity. We are both back stage of Flamingo Cantina, which could more aptly be referred to as the uncovered patio directly behind the bathrooms, but logistics are irrelevant. The whole place is covered in materials that John assures me will receive enough last minute attention to be transformed into a Viking Ship set before the performance.

"Over there", John points to a piece of brown painted siding propped up against one of the walls, "That's gonna be the hull."

It is at that moment that I realize how awkwardly reminiscent the whole situation is of a high school drama production. So much so, in fact, that the presence of alcoholic beverages and cigarettes, that are seemingly expected to be provided by me, is slightly appalling. Not so much so that we would go to great lengths to abolish their presence, but there is a serious twilight zone-esque aura that attaches itself to the

evening. Of course the fact that it is Halloween, and that the majority of the people who will begin showing up in small staggering spurts to enjoy the show will be costumed in their preferred period garb, or dressed as super heroes, doesn't help much.

John is currently spray-painting a pair of wings, fashioned from cardboard, a shiny metallic silver color.

"We've been working on the props for two weeks."

It was obvious, mainly because several members of the cast were sitting together in the corner assuring them selves that they had strong enough improvisational skills to wing the performance, that the script had not received the same degree of attention. But Walker was extremely confident that Ignorance Park was about to put on the closest thing to a Punk Rock-opera that live music fans of the Austin, Texas scene had ever witnessed.

"Look at these," John held up a pair of wooly underwear that were to be worn as part of the bands Viking Warrior attire, "I burnt the shit out of my balls with a glue gun



putting these together"

"Couldn't you have taken 'em off first?"

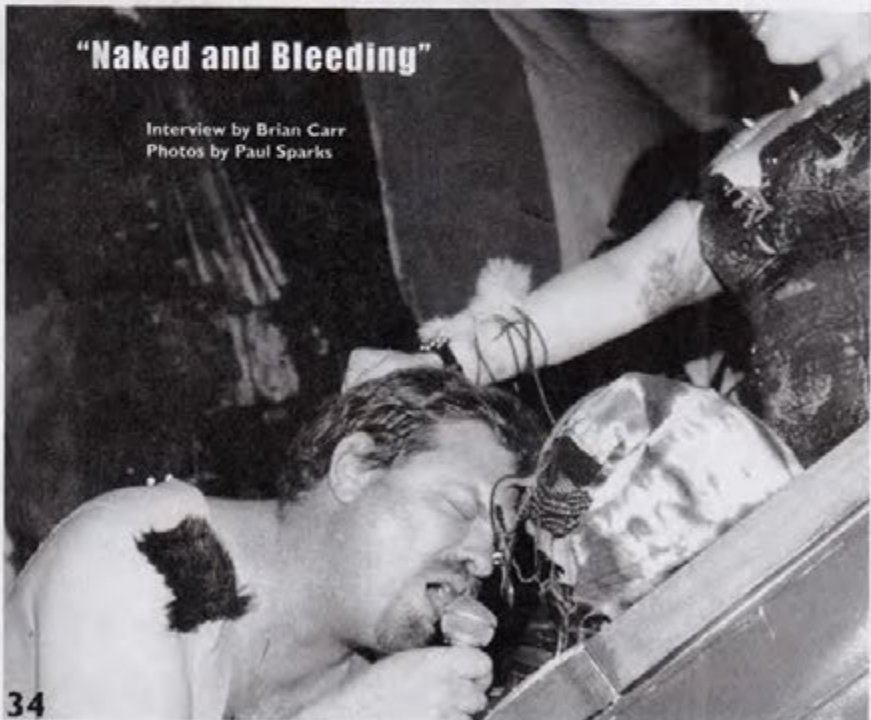
"Oh yeah."

The members of Ignorance Park are not hell-bent on following all pretenses of a struggling band. For one, they do not present themselves with the audaciousness that is usually accompanied with pop, artsy, pretentiousness. They don't mutter stupid half witted phrases like, "You don't understand my art," while gazing off into some distant void and dreaming of success. But by the same token they don't necessarily entertain dreams of living day to day out of their tour van just to support the dilapidated, and only existent in sheer hypocritical speech, religion of PUNK ROCK!

SFS: Would Yall Sell Out!

IP: (simultaneously) Fuck Yeah!

They haven't thought it all out, they're just playing music for shits and giggles. So it is totally representative of their character to not display the foresight to remove the wooly



"Naked and Bleeding"

Interview by Brian Carr
Photos by Paul Sparks

underwear from their person before doctoring up it's seams. Better to drip hot glue all over your testicles and just say FUCK IT and deal with the negative repercussions later.

It is that temperament and attitude that gives Ignorance Park the stamina, surely a motivational essence enhanced by mass consumption of Lone Star tall boys and copious amounts a marijuana, to relinquish all inhibitions and attack the stage and audience with a veracity unparalleled by any one else on the punk rock circuit today. Either that or their just fucking crazy, but the real insanity had yet to present itself.

The stage presence of Ignorance Park, on most nights but tonight especially, is a marvelous cocktail of horror show and stand up comedy. Bringing in props to intensify their show is not reserved to Halloween evenings, of course the details aren't usually quite as meticulous and the budget is generally much more modest, but the undertones of showmanship are always present. Whether it be dressing up as a blow up doll, or simply writing the words "rock 'n roll stereotype" down a pair of skin tight white spandex trousers, John Walker is sure to incorporate some form of costume in to Ignorance Park's act. Tonight they are Vikings. Tonight they are presented as a group of Vikings "discovered" by a sleazy agent, and hailed as the "next big thing from the Netherlands".

SFS: What's the craziest shit that's ever happened at one of your shows?

John: I almost had my finger cut off during a recreation of the knife fight in Michael Jackson's "Beat It" video.

Bobby: We almost got jumped by some mullet heads whose girlfriends we spilt beer on. (I should also add that Bobby has a history of puking mid-performance. He claims that the vomiting fits are induced not by alcohol consumption, though I'm sure it couldn't be a hindrance, but by sheer excitement over load. By that rational you should consider yourself fortunate to see chunks of vomit hit the stage, a definite litmus test for a good show)

Tonight will end in a mild mannered riot, and although I'm not sure it will definitely replace the other aforementioned instances as "The craziest shit that's ever happened at an Ignorance Park show" it will undoubtedly be a runner up.

Before the riot ensues there will be

music. There will be an intense shredding of cacophonous insanity riddled with strong beats and a driving rhythm. Severe guitar riffs will be abusively ripped from the fret board of Bobby's Gibson SG and sent swirling in a frantic and maniacal dance through the venue ripping into eardrums and causing neck hairs to rise up on end. Before the riot ensues pummeling bass riffs will pulsate through body cavities and act as a catalyst to ferocious dancing and wild body contortions, and echo off walls and make feet step and subconsciously orchestrate a rare breed of free form choreography. Before the riot ensues the symbols will roar ferociously like wild beasts caught on rare discovery channel footage and become the predator that evokes the bobbing of heads frantically and without reason. Before the riot ensues John Walker will scream his lyrics "I'M ALWAYS GONNA BE IN THE BBBBBBBACK OF YOUR MIND!" and he will tease the audience with beer spitting and harass them with nothing less than frequent views of his ass crack and middle fingers. As the band turns out song after fucking song of their 2000 release of Bad Luck or the Plan, an appropriately named testament to the thriving and harsh luck attitude of Rock created by Ignorance Park, available on Mortville Records. A unique blend of Stooges ferociousness and Rolling Stone posturing spliced with the "I just don't give a shit" mentality harbored by most of us that spent our adolescence in the '90's.

It could be seen as a recipe. A recipe of enticement and extreme manipulation that would charge, fuel, and drive the already unbridled Halloween punk rock crowd into amplified characteristic behavior. And eventually the brown painted siding that, for the first half of the show, served as the hull of a Viking ship would be ripped to shreds and flung into the air and tossed and broken until it was nothing more than debris. And the costumes that were once worn so proudly would be reduced to shreds and Ignorance Park would be forced to play the rest of the show "Naked and Bleeding" in Walker's own words.

"Only one person had to get stitches and I called her the next day to make sure she was alright." Walker would later reflect to me over the phone, "She was cool so I guess it all went well."



Through the Slug National Network there came a startling report from Gene Slacks which could not be ignored: Cricket wrestling, a Chinese pastime akin to the cock fights of Puerto Rico, had entered our borders. The NYC SFS Bureau knew that a story of such social import could only be handled by their new reporting duo, a post-modern day Woodward and Bernstein, that is, Splinter and Roaddawg.

They decided there was only way to do this properly, dress up like part German heroin dealer/part '70s TV detective. All of the following is true, or so says the two who danced with the Cricket Masters.



In Search of the Cricket Master: Clean and Handy

11:00 am: Discussions on tactical maneuvers began in the NYC war room. Though Splinter went on a beautiful tangent about a biker who can take shots of whiskey with one hand and roll a joint with the other, they knew they had to focus if they were to grasp the grasshopper, nay, the cricket, out of the master's hand. A quiet intensity swept over the boys as they realized their defining moment was at hand. Splinter started the meeting with a short history of the cricket, its wily ways, what to do if the henchmen of the Cricket Master corner us in a blind alley, and a brief biography of the last known Cricket Master. His eyes were cold. Unflinching, he's deadpan deadly. Roaddawg listened intently, hurriedly jotted notes on his manila brief, then stood to address the room: "We're definitely getting high though, right?"

11:20 am: Now with all of the preliminary information, which included watching The Legend of O for fighting techniques, the boys broke from the war room with crickets and breakfast meat on their minds.

11:25-11:40 am: Roaddawg attempted to use an ATM machine. He first had to wait for the woman in front of him to finish with her banking. After taunting the hapless woman for five merciless minutes, she finally gave up and coldly walked away from the machine. Now it was Roaddawg's turn at the ATM. He would later describe the catastrophe as follows: "...and that's when I realized it wasn't a normal ATM, but a device of pure evil. A device built for one reason and one reason only: to humiliate the user. I mean, who has six different checking accounts? Why did it need to know my date of birth, my girlfriend's home telephone number?" Though vaguely concerned he might have wired \$6,000 to the Portuguese Freedom Army, Roaddawg finally secured some funds from the devil spawn. As he walked away, a man standing in line mumbled, "What did you forget to take the test?" And with that taunt, the circle was now complete. The snake had swallowed itself. Marijuana may have been involved.

11:40 am: Splinter and Roaddawg ate a

solemn meal, knowing it could well be their last, at a Dominican diner across the street from the ATM of Cruel Zen. They ate and continued with their tactical discussions. "Have you ever with slept with an Asian woman before?" "No, but pagodas make me horny as hell." All the while they were being serenaded by the softer side of Sears stylings by one Bryan Adams, circa 1985.

1:00 pm: Fed, rested and ready, Splinter and Roaddawg descended upon Chinatown like ninjas in the night. Nothing could stop them now in their search of the Cricket Master.

1:01 pm: Except this, which is best described by Roaddawg's initial reaction, "What the holy-mary-mother-of-sweet-jesus-peter-christ-in-the-name-of-all-that's-good-and-holy-ghost-and-god is this thing?" It was, simply enough, a three foot by three foot mountain-scape waterfall thing with wading pools and bonzai trees and little figurines smoking pipes. And then there was this yellow marble ball that magically spun and levitated around on the water all the time, though the water must have been hot because there was steam coming off of it. And, oh yeah, there were some lopsided christmas-light looking things here and there. Above the mountain-scape-whatever hung a little sign that read: "Money Pours In From All Sides." Splinter and Roaddawg thought long and hard about this fortune cookie message and how it could possibly apply to the contraption before them. They were not successful. Some things are just outside of Western comprehension. Marijuana may have been involved.

1:15 pm: Like bloodhounds, the boys were back on the trail. They moved three steps over to the street vendor responsible for the sidewalk monstrosity. "Excuse me," Roaddawg began. "We were wondering where we might scare up a little crickets wrestling." She smiled, stamping her feet against the cold. "Crickets?" "Yes ma'am. We're just two honest boys from the Midwest looking for some hot cricket action." (Remind

Roaddawg are dressed like Mantis and the Fall Guy, respectively, all the while sweating innocent folks about crickets. "They knew we weren't cops," Roaddawg said later. "They knew no cop would be acting the way we did, but they were seriously confused as to exactly who we were.") She smiled again. "Crickets? No, no, no." At this point Splinter stepped forward, playing the part of bad cop. "Look ma'am, we know all about the crickets. No use in to trying sweet foot out of this one. Why don't you just give it up and make all of our lives easier?" The smile left her face... morbidity crossed her voice. "Restaurant, two doors down."

1:26 pm: Restaurant, two doors down. Splinter and Roaddawg case the joint from the sidewalk. It looks like the diner from Big Trouble in Little China. A couple of cross-armed, blood sport-style cooks stared out at our heroes, looking like they were ready to give Splinter and Roaddawg's "Little Chinas" some big trouble. Likely tragedy is narrowly averted when the boys notice the menu taped to the door, particularly the appetizer section. The street vendor had not meant the living, wrestling kind of crickets, but the dead, chocolate-covered kind (\$4.25).

1:32 pm: Splinter and Roaddawg, being habitual and lifelong quitters, are almost ready to quit when a spurt of inspiration explodes in their collective consciousness: "In order to find the cricket," they reason, "one must become the cricket." And, like good crickets, with the sound of one hand clapping ringing in their ears, they headed directly to the Canal Street Mall, a cavernous warehouse space in the middle of Chinatown.

1:48 pm: Splinter and Roaddawg go undercover into the warehouse posing as two white boys doing some Saturday browsing. On the second floor Roaddawg slinks up to an elderly cashier. "Crickets," he says, testing the water. The cashier's eyes dart quickly to Roaddawg's, then quickly away. A sly smile creeps across

eh?" "No, no, no," the elderly cashier said, shaking his head like Rain Man. But Roaddawg would not be denied, he always brought his A game when it came to seeing small insects grope each other, "C'mon man, where the crickets at?" The elderly mans pointed a stuttering finger at the stairwell. "Third floor," he said. "Don't worry," Splinter said, patting the old man's shoulder. "We won't tell them it was you." And off our heroes went, where only gods dared to go.

2:00 pm: The entire third floor was cased with no signs of crickets, no hints as to the whereabouts of this forbidden fruit we call Cricket Wrestling. But then, as if the clouds had suddenly parted and released a single shaft of sunlight to illuminate the path to enlightenment, Splinter pointed skyward and said in a soft, awe-inspired voice, "Look, Roaddawg." Roaddawg looked. Above their heads, strung from the rafters, hung millions upon millions of cages: wire cages, wooden cages, big cages, little cages and every other type of cage imaginable. Just then an employee walked by, a man in his mid-30s, wielding a pole that could only be used to pull these cages from the rafters. "These are the cricket cages?" Roaddawg asked, nodding at the rafters. The man with the pole was stunned. For a moment he didn't know what to say. Then he fell back on that old, old anthem: "Crickets? No, no, no." Roaddawg didn't let up. "All these cages, they're for the crickets. We know they're for the crickets." "No, no, no. For birds," the man with pole responded. Directly above his head hung 20 or 30 cages of different shapes and styles, but all about four inches tall and four inches wide. The man with the pole couldn't keep his eyes from slowly drifting upwards toward them, the cages clinking like a telltale heart. "You can't fit a bird into one of those," Roaddawg said with a certain indignation. "I have to go," the man said and, before our heroes could move, he was gone.

This cricket roadblock temporarily dampened Splinter and Roaddawg's spirits. But soon they were lifted again by all of the fine products offered for sale at the Canal Street Mall. Splinter's eye was caught by a navy blue, Chairman Mao-style jacket (\$40, marked down from \$67.95) and a plastic penguin toothpick dispenser (\$2.95; toothpicks not included), while Roaddawg's fancy was captured by a pair of red suede pants with "LL Cool J" emblazoned along the side (\$15) and a box of ginseng "erotic tonic" tea (10 vials, \$4.95). The crown jewel was Roaddawg's purchase of a little boy figurine that peed when his pants were pulled down (\$1.95), named Weepy the Wee Wee. The ginseng "erotic tonic" made Roaddawg's lips and tongue numb.

2:30 pm: Splinter and Roaddawg decide that
Salt for Slugs

trying to "be the cricket in order to find the cricket" was a stupid idea. They then decided: "In order to find the cricket, we must think like the Cricket Master. We must go where the Cricket Master would go: the OTB."

2:32 pm: Sensing that their mission was nearing the climax, Roaddawg and Splinter made a quick stop to get in full battle regalia. They chose matching orange and rose colored shades, huge and rimless, with thick and sliver frames (\$6 each). They looked like the forsaken children of The Deerhunter and a string-bean heroin honey got on the cheap off the late night streets of Alphabet City.

Levels of aggression between male crickets, unless one animal retreats immediately:

- Level 1: The contestants initially fence with their antennae
- Level 2: They display open mandibles
- Level 3: Unilateral display of mandibles
- Level 4: Mutual display of mandibles
- Level 5: Interlocking mandibles
- Level 6: Wrasslin' time

The contest can be concluded at any point by one animal retreating, upon which the winner typically jerks his body and sings an aggressive "rivalry" song.

2:40 pm: Splinter and Roaddawg entered the Chinatown OffTrack Betting establishment. The room was a dark shade of foggy green and smelled of rotten luck, lost paychecks, and Taco Bell. The faces are mean, but Splinter and Roaddawg are not intimidated. They had come too far to this Cricket Heart of Darkness to be turned away by mortal fears. They were playing for keeps.

2:42 pm: Roaddawg spotted his mark. He was a 40-year old man with neatly parted hair and wire-rim glasses. There was something light and ordinary about his surface repose, but a fire burns in his eyes... the classic tell of the true Cricket Master. "Excuse me," Roaddawg said as they approached the man, "Do you know where a guy like me might see cricket wrestling?" It started off the same, the way it had so many times before, "No, no, no." But his words were not out of fear and secrecy. They were quick like the cricket's sudden spring. "OK, I just heard that there's some cricket wrestling around town and we'd really like to get in on the action. We got a young cricket who is trying to work his way off the mean

streets of the south-side of Chinatown, and we want to see some of the other contenders." His quick English breaks the pensive calm: "Where did you get this information?" Roaddawg shrugs, "I hear things, the streets talk." The man slowly nodded, "You are too late. The crickets of which you speak wrestle only in the summer months, August." The man continues on, telling our heroes of the sport's illegality in America, and how it has been driven underground, and survives by way of the cricket's hop; never holding matches in the same place twice. As he speaks it becomes increasingly evident that Splinter and Roaddawg are equal parts Danielsans to his Mr. Miyagi. The Cricket Master went on: "The crickets are passed around. You hold one in each hand and decide your cricket. When this has been done, the crickets are then placed in a bowl or shallow cardboard box." He brought his hands together, interlocking his fingers, "Their arms lock like this." As he spoke a warm glow came over his face and, as if in some dramatic revolt against the laws of Newton, he seemed to no longer stand, but elevate and hover above us in the crossed legs and locked fingers of the cricket. It was like watching some incarnate Siddhartha... the cricket, his river. Marijuana may have been involved.

Then they wrestle and roll around until the winner flips the losing cricket out of the ring. Once the bets are paid, the losing cricket is undressed." Roaddawg asked, "What do you mean, undressed?" The Cricket Master nodded, "Yes, the loser's legs and wings are laid to rest." Confusion still lingered on Roaddawg's face. The Cricket Master began to lose his patience: "Torn off. The wings and legs are torn off and the bodies are given to the children." Confusion turned quickly to horror as comprehension sank in. The truth of the cricket changes a man. The Cricket Master refused to have his picture taken or his name identified. So it goes in this dark underworld.

Some may argue that cricket wrestling has no place in American culture. Some will say that it is a cruel, immoral sport that denies crickets their rightful claim to the American Dream. But really, it's hard to imagine anything more American than wrestling crickets in a dark alley way or on a forbidden rooftop. Our Cricket Master, a die-hard regular at the OTB in Chinatown, calls to mind so many other great Americans. He is our blue-collar Kathy Lee, our low-profile Michael Jackson. Like them and their great works, cricket wrestling is ultimately about what everything great is about: the children.


And oh, we'll have our upstart cricket ready by next August... we will be back.



Granddaddy/Elliott Smith

October 18, 2000 @ La Zona Rosa

Words by Brian Carr
Photos by Patrick McHugh



Purchasing a ticket for a concert of such an overwhelmingly depressing magnitude implies one of two undeniable facts: 1) You have a healthy self image that can tolerate an evening of music almost expressly created with the intent of igniting self-loathing; or 2) You are a righteously wholesome self loather who enjoys scrutinizing each mistaken, often mis-remembered, tortuous event of you self proclaimed damned existence. The latter these two factions will always almost certainly by-pass all the convictions of curiosity, foregoing looking for familiar faces, and head straight to the bar. Taking all of these things into consideration, I will assuredly be well medicated by a soft Scotch buzz by the time Granddaddy takes the stage. This assurance is due in part to an early arrival time, and a predisposition to binge drinking. So for the next hour and a half I will linger around the front of the stage, making semi-frequent trips to the bar, and trying to mingle with all the other self-loathers.

Elliott Smith has the trademark fan base of a crossover musician. At one end of the spectrum there are the fans from early in his solo career, indie-rockers generally garbed in shabby, seemingly hand-me-down garments, but in reality are delicately selected by a refined eye. Then of course at the opposite end you have the mild mannered conservatives, generally couples (the males drug kicking and screaming by there wine drinking spouses). The conservatives seem to slip farther and farther back into the bar as show time draws closer.

This isn't the first time that I have seen Smith live, and even before his set begins I can tell that he has evolved as a performer. As a backdrop to the stage there is a 15 by 20-foot screen that will showcase various short films and live feeds of the performance in slow motion. It's a tremendous departure from his slapped together, almost garage style show that he put on with *Number 2* last spring.

Granddaddy have their instruments adorned with fake foliage, and birds, and a Rock-Shox sticker stuck on the end of one of Jason Lytle's key boards. They are the perfect audio appetizer for the soft wispy stylings of Smith. From Modesto, California, Granddaddy have what looks to be a great jump on their careers as musicians (from an independent view). They currently have



two full lengths out and are already on a tour sponsored by Rolling Stone Magazine. Their live show was almost flawless. It was a set that mostly consisted of songs off *Sophomore Slump*, their aptly named sophomore album, but also songs like *For the Dishwasher* from their previous album *A Broken Down Comfort Collection*. The only notable flaw with there set was the time it took them to prepare for each song. Granddaddy boasts several songs that utilize loops and samples that have to be cued up by Lytle in between performances. "See the idea is for there to be no silence," Lytle chucks out while ferociously altering his key board settings. The crowd laughed and the band launched in to *Miner at the Dial a View*. I tried to approach Tim Dryden pianist/organist during Elliott Smith's set to ask if it was an aspect that would be made less noticeable later in the tour. But he looked to be enjoying himself, and I didn't want to be a dick so I just got a quick photo and floated away.

Elliott Smith takes the stage a little after 10:00, and quickly launches into *Needle in the Hay* (one of my all time favorite song one side one's). It's a much different version than what appears on the self titled album released by Kill Rock Stars. It's much more punctual and clenching, and hits the crowd with an intense endorphin rush, causing us all to plant our feet and stay completely still (except for the bobbing of heads). Eyes glassed over the occasional sip of scotch whiskey...paralysis and quiet. Anyone can tell, with a quick glance, that this is what the fans came to see. Eyes are not diverted from the stage. His presence is not unlike the Death Star's tractor beam effect. The soft, small, unkept embodiment of a poet. If the members of

the crowd don't know every word that is being sung, they know the choruses, and they mouth the words that Elliott delivers with the soft achy affection normally reserved for Shakespearean tragedies.

I started a set list but became to consumed with the performance to keep producing my note pad in between songs to jot down the titles. It's a comfortable anesthesia that washes over us. On the background screen there's an 8mm movie of a man sitting on a head stone. He's wearing a white T-shirt and trying to pull off eating a chocolate ice cream cone that is melting away under the hot sun. Eventually he gives up and drops the cone on the ground. I think that's what I did to my set list.

After an hour of playing a repertoire that mainly consisted of *Figure 8* and *Either/Or* songs, Elliott took off his guitar and said, "Thanks good night". He set down his guitar and exited stage left. This is traditionally how Elliott's shows work. He comes out with his band does a set and exits. Then he returns to the stage alone with an acoustic and says, "Do you want to hear a happy song or a sad song?" The majority of the crowd favored sad, I told you these were some self hating bastards, and Elliott plays *Morning After*.

The crowd is once again entranced. You get the feeling that that when Smith plays, he never wants to stop. In fact past Heat-miser band mates say that usually after their gigs were up Elliott would retreat to some room or to the back of the bus and just start practicing. He's definitely a musician that loves playing. The final song that Smith plays of this encore is *Biggest Lie*, and in the same fashion as



before, he disappeared off the stage.

There will be one final encore before the show is over. And it consists of only one song. Elliott staggers back up on stage with his acoustic and takes position in front of the center microphone. He seems calm and tired, and quite possibly just as drunk as me (by this point I've accumulated a forty-dollar bar tab). His expressions are soft and thoughtful; he almost seems excited to know that we could in no way expect the song he has chosen to end the evening with. He cocks his head and begins to sing, "I was thinking of the past," *Jealous Guy*, by John Lennon. The crowd responds with smiles and glances at friends and it is a very sentimental moment. Jason Lytle reappears to whistle the bridge, gives a nod to Smith and then leaves the stage. When the song is over the band rushes off the stage, the lights come on and the evening is over. We are ushered out quickly through the courtyard we came in through. There is only one small gate to exit from, which is ideal for ticket taking, but proves to be a bit of a hindrance when every one is leaving at once. It took some time, but we finally made it out of the gated area and to our car and finally home. ♪

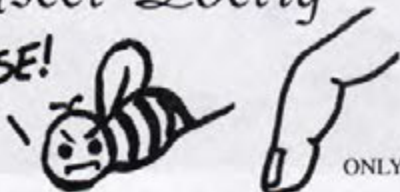
Salt for Slugs



Insect Poetry

by Jim
Dewitt

REVERSE!



HONEYBEE
ONLY HALF FULL



While out on its daring one-day stand a voice began calling it back to the clash of that wax tambourine factory "you don't ooze too dowdy in the hive." Brittle reality shocked wrong. Can it be a sky-blue beacon till thunder from within the flower starts complexities?

"You must resign from this drone squad" came the voice disguised as a hummingbird. The one sired decibel too strident. And how ghastly a shock to those inner-bees-in-you of the others.

Slapping at maturities now cheapened by automation. But raptly other resignations did follow.

Thus to be re-trained into skills "especially suiting the better lives we seek." Meaning muchly targeted toward Queenie Be Damned.

THERE FLIES

a common housefly looks like all the pest rest you've seen cookie-cuttered from the same winky mold... buzzing your head being overly friendly soaring you wide awake at the break of dawn on the very morning you could finally sleep in Or alighting on the lean peak of a candlelight dinner's rump roast thereby becoming way beyond a mere nuisance because who knows what that last indescribably repulsive thing it landed on was

WHY IS IT 100% TRUE

Giantsize yellow hornets love to wiggle their way deep into marmalade jars when the cover's left slightly askew. How easy to sneak in that wicked-sweetness world. Then too late it dawns... "Ohoh, shouldn't have wallowed and swallowed so Preely" Perfect parallel to that pink-mouthed brook trout who senses its mistake subsequent to snapping onto my pheasant-feather fly it thought it could anytime die for...

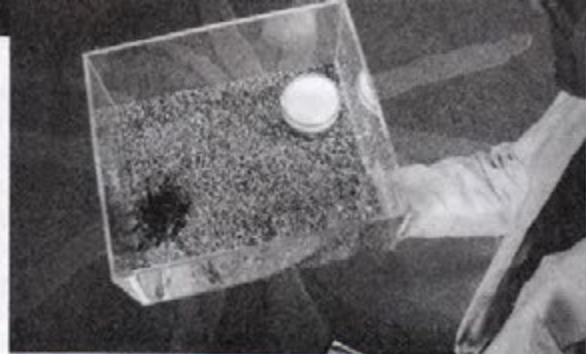
THOSE GOOD-GUY PREDATORS

Attention all aphids you have had it! The ladybugs are coming, flutter flutter fluttering in your direction bent on tasty you as their prey. No need now to chemically spray. Kaput will your puny lives be, you aphids. Former plant-eating pests your vicious-insect advance will be totally checked. Just listen to that beautiful chew chew chew. Love you, ladybugs. Please keep up the enthusiasm with your super-useful task. And look forward to getting a huge promotion from Great Nature same as your friends the anti-mosquito dragonflies got.

LADYBUG IN MY WHITE PLASTIC CUP

A glance into its bottom, surprise! From whence cameth this tiny turtle shell of black-speckled red? An inside my house rarity, for none's ever seen soaring to accompany an occasional mosquito's singing whine. Neither with flies buzzing rat-a-tat against a lampshade. Still it lay, perhaps predetermined not to fly up or even move.

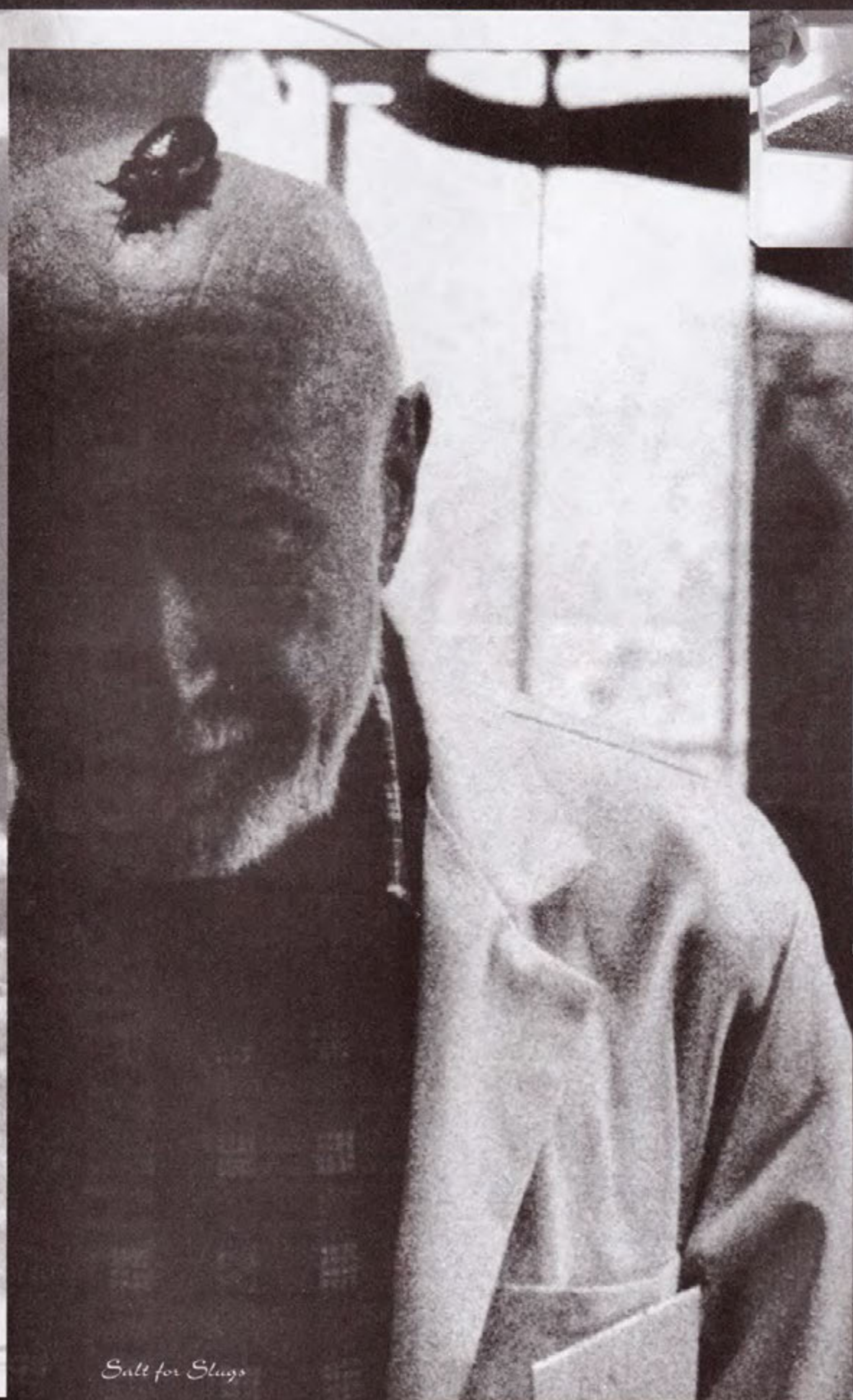




(in'sekt)s

N. ANY OF A LARGE CLASS OF SMALL, AIR-BREATHING ARTHROPODS HAVING THE BODY DIVIDED INTO THREE PARTS, AND HAVING THREE PAIRS OF LEGS AND USUALLY TWO PAIRS OF WINGS

photography by ellen pucciarelli
eyeagainsteye.com

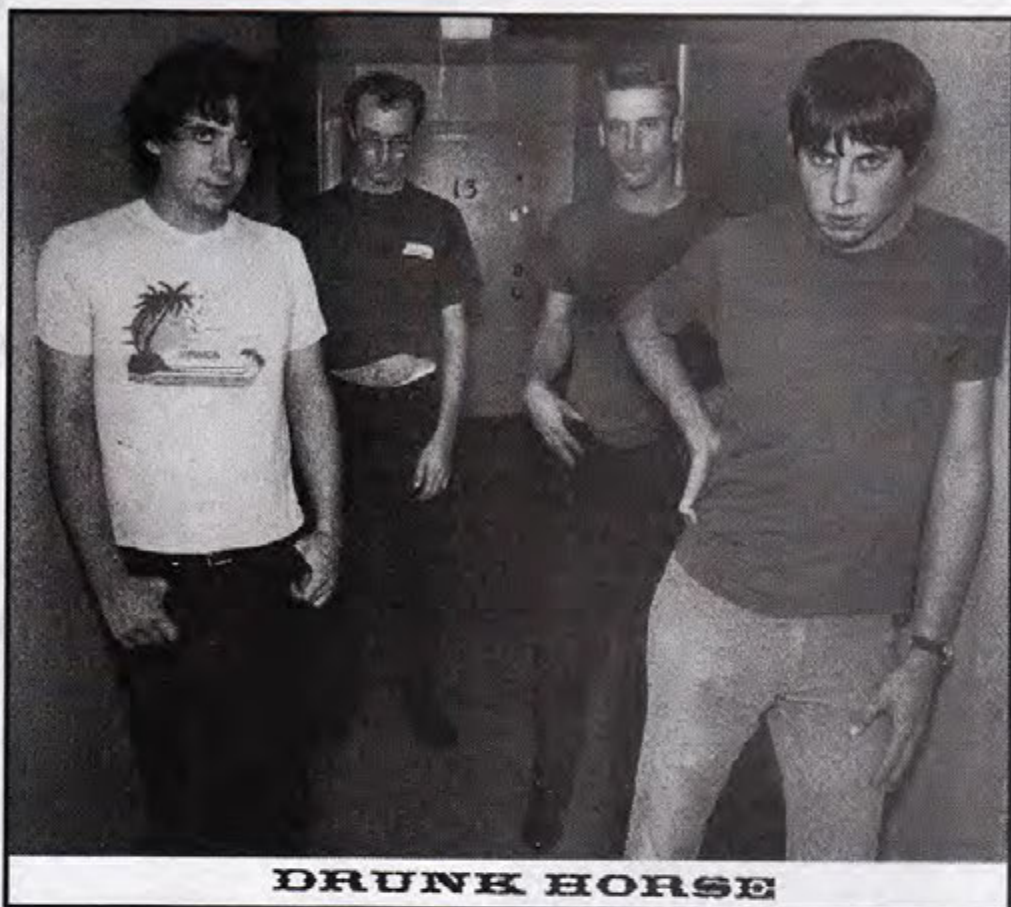


Drunk Horse

is a band from Northern California. I used to like them a lot, especially the track "Assed Out/Passed Out" (a freakish '70s arena rock, southern boogie jam). But then I took a road trip with my old lady and she called them Rollins Band wannabes.

She always sees through the light. This is their Slugly interview.

By Greg E. Boy



DRUNK HORSE

SFS: What do you feed the horse to get it drunk?

Tim: By "The Horse", I assume you mean the band, because there is no actual horse to speak of. No one in the band owns a horse or lives remotely near one. So, if one wanted to get "the horse" drunk, they should probably feed it some alcohol. That always seems to work best.

SFS: Where are/is the band from? Sounds like 1979 to me.

Tim: The embryonic form of Drunk Horse was conceived in Arroyo Grande, Ca. (small, boring agricultural town) but now the beast resides in glorious Oakland, Ca. As for 1979? I don't know what to tell ya.

SFS: Guitar rig set-up is: (fill in the blank)

Tim: Loud.

SFS: Favorite song to cover....

Tim: A few "Bambi" by Prince, "Pismo" by Randy Johnson, ZZ Top's "Nasty Dogs" & "Funky Kings".

SFS: How long has the band been around?

Tim: As Drunk Horse, the band has been functioning for nigh on three years now.

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

Tim: Being in a band is the inevitable extension of realizing how rewarding and fun it can be playing music with people you can relate to.

SFS: Day job(s)? How many have you had? What do you do now for money?

Tim: The band's day jobs run the gamut from working in a panty warehouse to selling sheet music to...hell, all day jobs are boring and demeaning. Who wants to

read about that?

SFS: Who was the last band you played with that you didn't know or hadn't heard of that blew you away?

Tim: Shit. You're really taxing the ol' memory banks with this one. I'd have to say The Fucking Champs, or as they were known then, The Champs. But that was years ago. A really good band is so rare that you'll usually hear about 'em first. And getting blown away takes a really fucking good band to do.

SFS: Ever been to the East Coast? the South?

Tim: The farthest we've been is Austin, TX. But we'll be doing a full US tour through the South and up the east coast in July/August. We'll see you there!

SFS: What is one word that best describes Man's Ruin for you?

Tim: Booze.

SFS: When someone asks you what you do and you say you're in a band and they say "what do you sound like?" how do you explain it to them?

Tim: That's perhaps one of the hardest questions to answer. When the nuances of language fail, and the list of comparable bands seems stifling, we find it best to

describe Drunk Horse as similar to "having a guitar crammed up your ass".

SFS: Have you heard the Jimmy Page w/ Black Crowes live cd? Would you say its blasphemous or honorable?

Tim: Haven't heard it yet. Why can't Jimmy Page write any NEW songs that kick ass? I mean, christ.

SFS: I think your record rocks. Has anybody else told you that yet?

Tim: Sure.

SFS: How'd that spin interview go?


Tim: Not so good. I don't think they're going to print it because all we kept talking about was how much we hate Spin.

SFS: What is the problem with punk rock kids today?

Tim: Too dirty.

SFS: Do you remember Flipper? Does anybody remember Flipper? Goddammit, Flipper!

Tim: Sure. "They call him Flipper, Flipper" One heck of a smart little dolphin who solved all kinds of mysteries and such. Hung out with a couple of freckle-faced kids and their Pop. Yeah ... Flipper, sure we remember him.

END 



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As of this writing, the United States still has no President-elect. It gets worse. As of this writing, I still don't have an article for Salt For Slugs. Early on, it looked as if my article would be a snap, especially after the publisher told me the theme for the issue.

"It's about insects."

"Incest?"

"No, insects."

"Incest? I can come up with something on incest."

"No, not incest, insects."

Like the bugs."

"Oh, Incest?"

I heard him the first time, but I had nothing on insects. Not much, anyway. I could write the entire article about incest, then at the end write, "Insects? I thought you said incest?" I

also remembered that some nine years ago, NASA sent a space capsule full of insects to Mars, for what experiment, I can't recall. But sending insects to Mars is ludicrous. America needs to take care of its insects on Earth.

As you can see, I've already squandered two ideas and eight paragraphs, yet I still have no article. I have to ask myself: What would Al Gore do?

He'd spin doctor, by god, and that's what I decided to do. Insects equals bugs. And bugs equals bothers. Since my buddy Shelly produced an access TV show called "Box of Bugs," I could guest host his show and bother people for the article. It was all starting to make sense.

I e-mailed Shelly and asked if I could appear on his show, which airs on Austin Access TV every Friday night from midnight to 1:30 a.m. He e-mailed back the next day and agreed to my offer, with the following caveat:

Things allowable and things verboten: Pretty much anything goes. The usual rules of slander and libel apply (I never can remember which applies to written statements, so I just say both to be safe). I can have a pretty foul mouth, but I tend to draw the line at calling people "cunt", "cocksucker" and "shitgobbler." I had a friend who came on the show once who wanted women to call him and queef on the phone. I knew he was a classy guy, but he didn't tell me he was THAT classy. Needless to say, I wasn't real happy with him after that.

I wanted to write back and ask him what the hell "queef" meant and why

he was so down on the Japanese, but good breeding and common sense colored me in time. On the night of the TV show, I arrived at the station an hour before broadcast for a pre-production meeting with Shelly.

"What do you want to call the

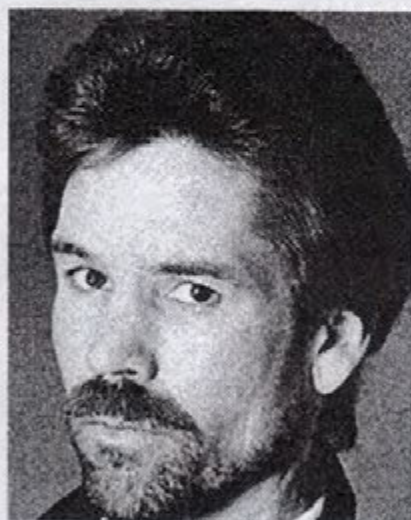
WATER FOR CHOCOLATE, SALT FOR SLUGS, DICK FOR INSECTS

By MIKE JASPER

show?" he asked.

"Ahhhhh. I thought it was called 'Box of Bugs?'"

"Not tonight. It's your show tonight.



You can call it anything you want."

I wasn't prepared for this, so I winged it.

"How about calling it, 'What Bugs You?'" Weak? Sure. But I was keeping with the insect theme.

After going through several technical machinations — lights, camera adjustments, clip-on mike levels and instructions on how to take phone calls from the call box — Shelly gave me some warnings.

"You're going to get some ridiculous calls, that's guaranteed. One guy will call and tell you that the government is controlling the weather. Feel free to cut him off. Just press that red button

on the call box. You might get people who just spew out obscenities. Feel free to cut them off too."

"How many times do you think I'll be called a fag tonight?" I asked. I was thinking of starting a pool.

Five minutes before broadcast, I

decided to read a mini-rant about something that was bugging me, the alleged sell-out of political comedian Will Durst. Durst, who lives in San Francisco, did some paid political radio spots for a group called "Rebuild California," a pro-development organization. And he didn't just do a voice-over; he lent his name to the ads as well. They start, "Hey, guys. Will Durst here." Then he goes on to talk about how

traffic in northern California could be fixed if everyone just built a fucking house wherever they happened to be at the time. The ad ends with him saying, "California is the home of the free. With the emphasis on the home."

It doesn't get more sucking-Satan's-cock-in-hell than that. After explaining to my audience (whoever they were) that I was filling in for Shelly that night, I launched into my Durst tirade.

E tu, Durstie?

I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't heard it over the Internet with my own ears.

"Hey, guys. Will Durst here." And what was he there for? A paid political ad. Yes, Will Durst, one of the premier political comedians in the United States and host of "Livelyhood" on PBS, decided to go for the bucks and lend his voice and name to a political group called Rebuild California, a pro-development organization.

It could be worse, I guess.

"Hey, guys. It's Rob Reiner for Marlboros!"

So what does Durst have to say for himself? Absolutely nothing. He's been completely unaccountable. In an article published in the San Francisco Chronicle, Durst would only say, "I do not comment on contract work." So I called him up myself and what did he tell me on the phone? "I don't comment on contract work." At least he's consistent.

Come on, Durst. Give us something to hang our hats on. Willie Nelson filmed a Taco Bell commercial once, but we knew the IRS held a gun to his

head. George Carlin? He did the 10-10-321 gig because of big debts and tax trouble as well, but at least Carlin told us what was going on.

"Hey, guys. It's Ricky Martin for Americans Against Gay Marriage. Stay single! It's more fun."

Look. Everyone makes mistakes. But Durst already made his as a contestant's lifeline on "Who wants to be a Millionaire." Remember?

Regis says, "Your friend Rudy's on the hot seat here. Can you help him with a question?"

Durst says, "Sure."

Contestant Rudy then asks, "Who directed Michael Jackson's video 'Bad'?"

Durst says, "John Landis."

His friend Rudy asks, "Are you sure?"

Durst says, "I am absolutely, 100 percent sure."

Durst was absolutely, 100 percent wrong. The correct answer was Martin Scorsese. Poor Rudy went from \$250,000 to \$32,000 in winnings. Is there any reason we should listen to Will Durst ever again?

"Hey, guys. It's Keith Richards for Microsoft!"

Hmmm. I guess that one might be somewhat true.

Look, Durst. Everyone takes commercial gigs these days. And nobody's seriously blaming you for giving the wrong answer on a game show. But as a political comic, you stretch the limits of your credibility when you do paid political ads. You stretch it until it breaks. Damn, brother. Can't you just do Taco Bell commercials like everyone else?

After the rant, I hit the phones. Shelly stood off-camera in front of a microphone, Don Pardo-style. He added pungent commentary whenever it looked like I was going to choke. We were now ready to take on the weirdos. Unfortunately, the first caller heard I did commentary for NPR and treated me like a political pundit.

Caller: What's your opinion of light rail?

MJ: If you're talking about the light rail I saw in San Francisco, I'm for it. If it's the light rail I saw in Portland, I'm against it.

I was lying my ass off. I never saw light rail in Portland, not even a video. Damn this NPR image.

Next caller: How old are you?

MJ: Too old to trust, that's for sure. Next caller.

Caller: Are you a political satirist?

MJ: No, I'm a sexual satyr. Next caller.

Caller: Have you heard about contrails?

MJ: Entrails?

Caller: No, contrails.

MJ: Oh. Entrails?

The caller segued from contrails to chemtrails, and Shelly told me it was the infamous Weather Boy, who called in every week to talk about how the government was trying to kill us off. According to him, the condensation from jet planes, called contrails, were now replaced with chemtrails, toxic wastes used by the government to spray the populace with poison. Call me crazy, but when I think of spray jobs, I don't think of planes. I think of elections in Florida.

Next caller: When are they going to legalize marijuana?

MJ: I don't know. When are they going to legalize cigarettes again? Next caller.

Caller: It's me, the Stoned Republican.

MJ: Oh. What's on your mind?

Stoned Republican: I'm against gun control. I think everybody should be armed.

MJ: If you knew me better, you'd say everyone should be

Salt for Slugs

armed except me. Next caller.

Caller: Yeah, I was curious on your views of guys who walk into bars and pee in the corners.

MJ: Is this Shawn?

Caller: (Click.)

Caller: I think you're a faggot.

MJ: That's just a rumor started by that guy who sucked my dick.

Shelly chose this time to interject.

"Some callers like to engage in verbal masturbation. We get the Turret's Syndrome crowd here."

"I'm depending on that for the article," I said.

Next caller, a female: We think you look like Bo Brady from "Days of Our Lives."

MJ: That's cool. I usually get Eddie Rabbit. Next caller.

Caller: This is Michele. I'm calling to talk to Shelly.

MJ: Ahhhhhhh. Okay.

Shelly and Michele struck up a nice on-the-air chat, while I stared at the cameras stupidly. I might get some nice publicity stills from that five-minute portion of the video, but if I had it to do over I would have gone out for a smoke.

Next caller, yet another female: I can't have an orgasm and I want to know what you feel about it.

MJ: I feel your pain. Do you see men or women?

Caller: I'm with a guy.

MJ: Is he giving you oral?

Caller: Yeah.

MJ: Is he doing it well?

Caller: Oh, yeah. He does it for hours.

MJ: It's your fault then. Next caller.

Next caller: (He mumbles something, and I only hear the word cocksucker.)

MJ: Look. If you're going to call up and spout obscenities, that's fine. But enunciate. I'm trying to write an article for Salt For Slugs here, so if you don't enunciate I won't be able to get your quotes down for the article.

Next caller: What if I shit on your chest and smashed it with a tennis racket.

MJ: Now see? I can use that because you enunciated.

Toward the end of the show, Shelly brought up my work with NPR again. "Is it true that you and David Sedaris are going to oil wrestle?"

Great, I thought. Even the producer is turning on me.

The next day, I watched the video and took copious notes and quotes. Watching yourself on video for three hours, including stops and rewinds, isn't as fun as you might first think. Toward the end of the tape, I became painfully aware that I wouldn't be able to muster an article for Salt For Slugs. It wasn't my fault. It was that damn insects theme coming back to taunt me. When the videotape finally finished, I went to the computer and sent a strongly worded e-mail to J.B.

J.B. —

For the next issue, can I help you come up with a theme? I've got some pretty good ideas off the top of my head: booze, drugs, pussy. Give me something I can sink my teeth into. Fuckwad.

Thanks,

MJ

Two hours later, I got a

one-word e-mail from J.B.

Jasper —

Arachnids.

J.B.



BAD RELIGION

Words by Brian Carr
Photos by Patrick McHugh



In true SLUG form, esteemed SFS journalist Brian Carr steps up to do an interview, only to end up mixing drinks for himself in the port-o-shitter.

Brian Baker, wearing the Bad Religion uniform.



Propped up against a fence with my notebook pad on top of an employment classifieds dispenser. I am waiting for Bad Religion to exit their bus and enter the backyard stage area of Stubb's. The whole street smells of hickory and mesquite. It's a soft warm smell, and subsequently is causing me to become alarmingly drowsy, hungry, and more drowsy. The fence that my shoulder is pressed up against has housed literally thousands of poster's advertising for countless numbers of shows, benefits and other events. At present it is all but bare, there are a few Brand New America posters that haven't been snatched off by fans in the hopes of obtaining autographs. But the dozens of thousands of staples that still litter the fence posts remind us of the fact that Stubb's has been here a long time.

Inside BR's crew is diligently at work setting up for the show: running wires, setting up amps, soundchecking monitors... Two blocks south of here, at Emo's, the Punk-O-Rama tour hands are going through the same procedures. But to look at the crowd that runs the length of two city blocks, waiting for the doors to open, you wouldn't think there is another punk show going on in the same town. The majority of the people that came out for the show tonight weren't even born when the Band got together in '79. The couple of dozen old school punks (with beer guts and balled spots) littered through the crowd, remind us that Bad Religion has been around a long time.

All the kids are buzzing around and jabbering about whose "punker" than who, and how many times they've seen Bad Religion, and who they were playing with. And all the old punks are talking about how they want the "mother fucker" at the door to hurry up and let them in so that they can get "something to fucking drink already". Still others are stand-

ing by the door of Bad Religion's bus with various articles of merchandise that they want to get the band to sign. Eventually the line swells and forces me to retreat from my fence post and relocate to a park just east of the venue.

This park has served, over the years, as a haven for cheap asses that can't afford tickets to come and chill and listen to their favorite bands. Don't expect to see any thing though. The owner of Stubb's has had chain link fences erected and black screens draped over them to obstruct all views of the stage. Catching a free glimpse of the show means running the risk of climbing to the top floor of the Austin Police Department parking garage. But that often results in a trespassing violation-on citation or at least a quick shake down by some fat dick of a cop. Suggestion: Buy a fucking ticket.

In between the park and the wall that climbs up to the stage there is a creek. The water only moves when it rains, and it hasn't rained in weeks. Ideal conditions for mosquito breeding. The mosquito attack in squadrons far too massive for them all to receive the mortal swats that I am issuing with my note pad. They gen-

Salt for Slugs

erally focus their attention on the neck and fingers. It's a slow numbin\$ venom. I run my finger-nails against the bite areas, but it does nothing to alleviate the unwanted sensation. The bites begin to swell and force me to retreat back to the gate to see if doors have opened. And they have.

Apparently there has been some sort of last minute billing confusion. The original billing was Bad Religion-The Promise Ring-The Applicators. Of course appearing in reverse order. I'm not quite positive whether or not the door man told me that the Promise Rings lead singer had an embolism or a hemorrhage, but regardless he has decided to leave the tour and go home, and the lead singer of the Applicators just didn't show up. Fortunately the Lower East Side Stitches stepped up to save the day. But are received by an appallingly stiff crowd. A quick comment: If a bad ass band from N.Y. city is bailing your ass out of what would be a music-less hour. . . fucking get off your asses and make some fucking noise.

"All right up next we got Bad Religion. . . don't be so fucking stiff."

When the set is up I rush back to the bus to try and get an interview that I wasn't necessarily promised by Graffin, but he did imply that if I showed up.... Regardless, I catch up to Graffin on his way to the stage.

SFS: Mr. Graffin, Brian Carr, Salt For Slugs.

Graffin: Oh yeah I got your e-mail. Sorry if I wasn't around earlier.

SFS: Nah don't sweat it.

G: I responded to your e-mail right?

SFS: Yeah, either way, do you think you want to set something up after the show or will you be tired and want to go home.

G: Well I'll probably be tired and want to go home, but if you hang around I'll be happy to answer some questions.

SFS: Yeah I'll be by the bus.

G: Yeah. . . or you could just e-mail me with the questions.

SFS: Well, we'll figure it out.

Shady at best right?

Bad Religion know how to kick the fucking stiff right out of an under age, arguably illegitimate, audience. They take the stage in a frenzy of fist pumping anthems. A wall of attack forces the audience to rush themselves up against the stage. People packed tightly against each other, with the humid perfume of human perspiration and cigarette smoke choking out the oxygen.

Hetson leaps into the air and in classic whirl wind form brings his pick crashing down against the strings exploding a thick bar chord through the speaker of his amplifier, and the party has begun. Immediately a pit takes form and several violent teenagers go bouncing off each other, the back beat- aptly

provided by Bentley and Schayer-serving as fi-el You can feel the thumps in your chest. . . In your fucking chest. It replaces the heartbeat. Who needs a fucking heart beat when you've got this?

The older punks linger on the sidelines. Just outside the wall of humans; hoisting beers and reminiscing in between songs. They aren't interested in dancing to release their tensions. They have day jobs; they drink off their aggression.

Our aggressions are currently being killed off by a bottle of Jim Beam, which someone we knew illegally snuck onto the premises. Having a drink this way requires walking to the portapotties on the far side of grounds with a can of soda and mixing the beverage in the confines of the excrement alcove. And trust me, a lung full of clean air imported from the outside does not contain enough oxygen to keep you conscious through the procedure. It is inevitable that the clean, crisp, hickory flavored, hill country autumn air will have to be replaced by at least one deep breath of thick, custard-like, urine-stenched humidity if you want to keep from blacking out. It's a gag inducing experience, but a small price to pay.

On stage Graffin seems more like a teacher than a punk rock icon. He paces the stage with his microphone in one hand and counting the points of his seminar on the other. He turns the crowd into a classroom of socially conscious alcoholics, misfits, and at least one slug. But don't get me wrong, the man still kicks ass (even though you get the impression that wouldn't be his description of himself).

"Thanks a lot. We're thankful for all of you who missed the last time we were in town... We wanted all of you to be patient and wait for some real quality." -Graffin

Graffin of course referring to the Blink 182 tour. Bad Religion being the opening act; Blink the headliners.

I'm not good at keeping set lists so I couldn't tell you exactly what songs they played when, but they played material from all of their albums, but didn't really favor anything. The greatest moment of the evening came during "Generator" wherein a young fan climbed upon a p.a. speaker and took a 15-foot free fall on to the stage, nearly crushing down upon Brian Baker. Graffin handed him the mic, but the guy's voice was horrible. Gregg just laughed and took the mic back. The kid was immediately grabbed by security and escorted off the premises. A small price to pay for the adrenaline rush.

"Hey look at the guys in the parking structure watching Bad Religion for free."

There are an enormous amount of comedic antics during the breaks in the song. The biggest kick was when Baker invited us to Hetson's house (Hetsen lives in Austin) for an after gig party. He actually gave us the guy's address, but I won't divulge that information here.

The set ended, was not followed by an encore, and the crowd slowly made there way to the gates. I ran ahead before anyone else so that I could secure a good place by the bus, perhaps even leaned up against the fence by the free employment classified dispenser. I caught up with Bentley who was lingering around the tour bus conversing with fans. I only asked him one question pertaining to the band before our thoughts turned to the newly started hockey season.

SFS: How long do ya'll intend to stay around?

Jay: Man, every day I do this is my last. And then maybe I feel better and I start over again.



Salt for Slugs



Blue

Holly's Song

Sanity Check MUSEC

Some people spend their days in a perpetual state of sunshine. They take long walks and whistle a lot, and can spend literally hours explaining a bowl of vegetable soup that they got in a cafe in Maine and how it totally warmed up their otherwise uncomfortably cold autumn afternoon. And they'll even go on to say that "uncomfortable" is too strong a word and that they want you to rather imagine it being "refreshingly brisk". I believe the technical term for such people is "happy". But behind closed doors, we angry and bitter-faced, sad folk refer to them as "annoying". Call them what ever you want, but realize that the label is not reserved for Blue. Blue is the saddest fuck in the entire universe. Being sad is not admirable and being pompous on top of sad is repulsive. I'm not saying that Blue doesn't have any friends, I'm just saying that they're probably all manic depressants. Blue has taken the artistic initiative to set up this album as a play. It's all about the death of a girl: Go buy it if you feel like committing suicide to something fitting. I'm leaving. I need some sunshine. (Carr)



Froth

(self-titled)

no label

Today, competent rock and roll bands are few and far between. Most of them are jam bands, like the kings of modern rock and roll, Phish. There are many imitators, and just as many bands still hung up on the Dead. And of course there are those British bands whose songs seem like Beatles tributes. Froth, though, does not fit easily into any of these categories. They are definitely a rock and roll band, full of catchy guitar riffs and solos. What helps set them apart are the wide rock influences that one can hear in their music. Sometimes they're wacky, like on a song called "Top Secret Government Chicken". And, perhaps in the spirit of animal references, they draw heavily on Primus' quirky, hard style. Elsewhere on the album one can hear pure Sunday afternoon guitar pop in "Fatty" followed by the dark mood of "Bone Yard" in which one might hear the influence of Alice in Chains. Despite their unabashed derivations of other rock genres, Froth must be applauded for bringing their own style to each song, and making everything sound good because these guys are a really tight group. The musicianship is excellent, the vocals are clear and well sung, and the production quality is really very good. Froth even throws in some "trippy" effects on some tracks. Froth needs to sharpen their style a little, but in the meantime, this music will keep the hippies dancing 'till the cows come home. (Joe)



Drive-By Truckers

Alabama Ass Whuppin'

Secondheaven.com

A live, set documented for all your drunken pelasure, by Georgia's Drive-By Truckers. Easily labeled "redneck rock" by the mere fact that the band is a staple on the Bubbapalooza and Sleazefest circuits. Pretty much, Southern rock in the most basic sense, but often filed under alt.country due to the band's underlying twang that permeates the group's sound. Was Skynyrd worthy of No Depression press? Were The Outlaws a country band? There's many questions to be asked by the discerning music critic. The bottom line here is that if you like Skynyrd, sling Budweiser, fancy Steve McQueen, Jim Carroll, Harry Crews, Springsteen and grits, you'll dig this band. Hands down, one of the best bands to see live and this CD just brings that point home all the more. (greg e. boy)



Cattle Press

Hordes To Abolish The Divine

Hydra Head

Top notch noise core from a label that is quickly beginning to rival Relapse in terms of offering up slices of extreme, brutal, intense and over-the-top music. Cattle Press is more hardcore than grindcore if you need to find a space on the musical spectrum to place them. Trust me, you'll like it. I get the impression by the post-lyric info after each track (as noted in CD booklet) that this is some sort of "best of" compilation. (greg e. boy)

Haymarket Riot

(self-titled)

Divot Records

Fuck all that shit about drug induced hippopotami and dancing one handed 'neath a navying miss-aventured skyline. I'm here on a mission. Wet with sweat and pleading with my captures for a painless death, and petitioning for my mail to be sent to my loved ones. I'm holding on to nothing and my life passes through my mind like a mute antelope staggering through the Savannah. I casually remember in silence being raised wrong by hobos, brought up on toothpaste and novocaine. See we lived in a dumpster behind a dental office, and though my breath always smelled of spearmint my muscles and mind were atrophied. I recall a miss-education stained with standards of performance not quite realized but acknowledged. Hay Market Square 1886 a bomb is lobbed into a crowd killing a police officer. Eight men were convicted of the crime. And of those eight men one committed suicide, two were sentenced to life imprisonment, one was given a fifteen-year stint and four were hanged. Is it possibly coincidence then that there are four members in this band which is obviously named after the Chicago, Illinois tragedy (subsequently the band is also from Chi-town)? I maintain that it is not. I maintain that this is surely a case of reincarnation. IRREL-EVANCE! A history lesson, but you know what so is this band. Equal parts Kim Gordon and Ian Mackaye, and with hints of Sex Pistols for flavoring. But this doesn't make them a bad band. Throughout the history of the world there has been evidence of wearing your influences on your sleeve. In fact Milton once said, "It's not plagiarism if you do it better". (That's more than likely a paraphrase.) It's not better, but it's uniquely refreshing, like cheap

music reviews by

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beer on a cold day. It's a work of paranoia. It's lyrical content swallows some righteous pill and goes walking the empty streets alone, mimicking fiends and silent public places. These are not the Kodak moments discussed with friends. These are the drug induced bad happenings forgotten and then miss-construed in dream states as nightmares. The score? A sad sanctimonious plea for aggression. Like some old black and white thriller with a bad hair day. A hushing encroachment and then...and then...and then... I hear one of the natives say white devil and a .45 is forced into my mouth and the trigger is pulled. (Carr)



90 Day Men

Southern Records

Now I know that Southern Records specializes in noise, although 90 Day Men do not turn up the distortion quite as high as Rudimentary Peni. Some of the songs are truly unintelligible musically, but some of their atmospheric-type background jams work under the vocals and sometimes on their own as well. When these guys play music, as opposed to making noise, they have a unique sound that is almost, sometimes listenable. (Joe)

Milemarker

Frigid Forms Sell

Lovitt Records

These anti-consumerists wouldn't send me a promo copy so I had to get buy this. Get it! As in, I paid money for this product? These boys (and girl) have gone through many changes over the years - starting out as your average emo band - before evolving into incarnation, which specializes in Shellac-cum-Gary Numan style muzak. They often wear uniforms a la Nation of Ulysses or Sweep The Leg Johnny (dressing in all-black, jumpsuits, whatever you get my drift), spew forth dogmatic lyrics and - free thinkers that they are - have a horde of sheep who think they are the greatest thing since sliced bread in Chapel Hill. Unfortunately, Milemarker gave into the consumer muse, moving to Chicago to "make it." Even going so far as performing at CMJ, that great big suckass industry showcase. So what am I saying? Like all message-before-the-music bands, Milemarker has found itself in a bit of a pickle; that pickle called hypocrisy. Myself, I like music for music's

sake. That why I have records by Schooly D and Skrewdriver. I'm not a pawn, I'm not a puppet - my thoughts can't be bought. So I really dig the music of Milemarker but find the need to point out some of these, ahem, internal conflicts. The revolution WILL be televised, see the website for details. Fight the power via your Earthlink, Mindspring, or AOL account. Yeah okay. Whatever. Rock On. (greg e. boy)

Union 13

Youth, Betrayal, and the Awakening

Epitaph

If the shit ain't broke; don't fix. This adage has always done right by Epitaph. Sure most of their bands sound like meth-upped Bad Religion or Pennywise, but is that so wrong? I challenge all those fucking jazz freaks to get high and tell me the difference between Monk and Coltrane. Or country music, how many songs can you have about your wife fucking your dog and leaving you in your brand new pick 'em up truck? Fuck that. I happen to really like this style of music and Union 13 is picking up where their roots left off. Instead of just random topics, there is a culture revolt and looking-glass view of the system to the lyrics. I guess when you start a band in the Boyle Heights housing projects of East L.A. that shit is bound to happen. The drummer, Louie Villareal, is unbelievable, and the vocals are actually well harmonized, without sounding gay as hell. My favorite part? Hearing this hardcore song in Spanish, what a loc from the valley of Texas loves to hear. Hell, the CD liner art is worth the price in and of itself. Should you buy it? The band says: "There's no truth in advertisement, Can't you draw your own conclusions?" (Smits)

At The Drive-In

Relationship Of Command

Grand Royal

Oh boy. Highly praised El Paso, Texas, band (who specializes in agit-punk/manifesto rawk) and their major label debut. Where did they go wrong? Was it relocating to LA? Hiring Slipknot, Coal Chamber



producer Ross Robinson to record their record? Getting it mixed by yet another BIG NAME industry lad Andy Wallace (he did Slayer amongst others)? Or it is because they tragically sound like Rage Against The Machine? Maybe that isn't a bad thing now that Mr. De La Rocha quit the band. Inquiring minds want to know: Will ATDI's singer join Rage and break up the band? What I do like about this record is the Jason Farrell (of Bluetip fame) design. (greg e. boy)

Resorte

XL

Universal

My Spanish skills are very limited so I could not understand the lyrics of this band out of Mexico City. The songs are peppy, bouncy and hard at the same time. Their anger does not over power the music. Even though the lead singer yells a lot, he never screams so loud that he becomes bothersome or scary, which may be a credit to the mix-



ing and production of this album. Although the band is categorized as metal/rap, a strong rock influence is definitely present on the album; Resorte resembles Rage Against the Machine much more than they resemble Limp Bizkit. (Joe)

The Glands

Self-Titled

Capricorn Records

Do you remember when people used to make music to make themselves happy and fuck the whole lot of 'em who did not like it? People sang songs because they felt like it, for reasons they could not explain, maybe they just needed to be sung? If you can claw back the memories of this era before commercial rock and the RIAA ruined music, then you will see what the cat dragged in, The Glands. This is just good music, not trying to change the world, not trying to fill every song with a music hook hoping to make it their big single, not trying to be clever, because we know that rarely works. With some very stunning intros to several tracks that seamlessly roll into the main

people who care.

body of the songs, these guys spent more time playing and recording than designing their CD art and t-shirts. How would I describe it? Leave the comparisons at home, because hell, this is The Glands. I got a feeling a few years from now I'll be saying, this band is a mix between the Glands and (insert other new kick-ass band here). If you want to pin my monkey ass down (I still won't say "because I really think if you buy one album this fall this should be the one"). I hope it's on vinyl, because it's good enough for me to buy the record even though I already own the CD. It's that good folks. Moody, light, classic, made for those autumn days were you just read the paper and stare out the window and watch the leaves change colors. Classic. (scot)

Helio Sequence self-titled

Cavity Search Records

Spacey, psychedelic pop, with strong British and electronica influences. The songs would be catchy if they weren't surrounded by layers of fuzz



and effects and the vocals weren't so atmospheric. But, the fuzz and effects and atmospheric vocals are what make Helio Sequence an exciting band. They aren't afraid to experiment with sound but remain resolutely committed to coherent melodies. Some of the songs veer towards slow, trippy techno but Helio Sequence always maintains a strong pop sensibility. (Joe)

Trans Am Red Line

Thrill Jockey

We here at Slug Central love Trans Am. Maybe it's because three-fourths of the Slug unit hails from Maryland. Or maybe because I dig Rush and Kraftwerk too. Like Ween, Trans Am have taken the joke so far over the edge, one wonders if they ever really were joking! Red Line brings me

back to summers at the Jersey show, playing skee ball and plugging dollar bills into the jukebox listening to Gary Numan and pining for all the hot girls getting groped in the hot rods by high school drop-outs while I was cashing in my skee ball tickets for incense. Long live the Tubeway Army... and long live Trans Am. And damn, I wish I still had my white PK Ripper with blue Tuff Wheel II's. (greg e. boy)

RL Burnside Wish I Was in Heaven Sitting Down Epitaph

While there are thousands of artists making a living playing traditional blues in clubs across the country, RL Burnside is retooling the blues for the 21st century. He combines blues songs and lyrics with electronic beats and textures for a sound that is strongly rooted in classical blues but with an appropriately brave amount of edge for the age of techno. Many artists are combining more traditional musical forms with electronic beats and djs these days, but at 73 years old, Burnside may be the oldest musician using electronica. (Joe)

Versus Hurrah

Merge

This is the kind of soft, organic style music that ex-girlfriends get together and listen

to while they're drinking warm beverages. It's so god damned un-offensive that it offends me. The kinds of people that listen to this shit don't have names. They're vague memories of attributes, i.e. the guy with the Honda, or that girl with the lisp. Safely packaged forced smiles and perfume that smells like bubble gum. And know that I am not lying when I say that they have a song on this album called "I love the WB". As in the Warner Brothers entertainment station that has brought us such broadcasting gems as Dawson's Creek and Felicity. I'd wager that no one on either cast has a belly button. They were grown in "commercially sensitive people" farms. Fuck this shit. You would have to get me good and shit-faced on some cheap-ass wine for me to enjoy this shit. And even then I'd have to be that kind of stumble drunk that lights the wrong

end of my cigarette to admit it. Put it on repeat and watch me try to kill myself. Like Alex at the end of "A Clockwork Orange". That's all I have to say. (Carr)

Paul Thorn Ain't Love Strange ARK21 Records

Paul Thorn is one of those artists who is easily categorized, but sub-categorizing him would be a differ-



ent matter altogether. He is a obviously a delta blues based singer/songwriter but his influences are varied. One can easily hear Beatlesque harmony and guitar work in one song and Al Green inspired R&B in the next. (Joe)

Red Star Belgrade Telescope Checked Past

Chicago-by-way-of-Chapel Hill, Red Star Belgrade are apparently as bored with the alt.country genre as the rest of the lads that helped define it. Red Star Belgrade always sang their Americana tunes with a smirk, from their early 7-inch -1995's "Union, SC" which addressed the Susan Smith-I-drowned-my-kids-and-blamed-it-on-black kid scenario in all its southern gothic South Carolina glory - to this 12 song cycle which continues to find lyricist/guitarist/singer Bill Curry wandering down Neil Young's driveway, littering it with empty beer bottles and pissing in the bushes. Do I need to keep this CD? No. But they cover "Highway To Hell" so it may hang around longer than some others. (greg e. boy)

Deanna Varagona Tangled Messages Star Star Stereo

Varagona's style is hard to categorize. Her music is clearly rooted in country, not pop country though, folk country. She sings very well, she has a versatile voice that works perfectly in a traditional country song

context and in more experimental compositions. In one song she groans over part of the music like an old bluesman, in others she finds the sweet southern inflections of Emmylou Harris. Her songs are long and she has lots of lyrics, which deal with country themes such as love and loss without the overly sentimental images of pick-up trucks and cowboy hats. I don't think anybody will be line-dancing to "Tangled Messages" anytime soon. (Joe)

The Handsome Family In The Air Carrot Top

OK. First off, I'd like to say that I do indeed like some country music, and when the time is right, break out

the vinyl copies of Loretta Lynn, George Jones, Johnny Cash or Willie that I've scored from selling promo CDs. So I figured I'd be all over The Handsome Family, you know, all the indie rock kids seem to be able to justify satisfying their country music jones with em and they are silly and morose and somewhat gothic in their songs (and delivery). So why can't I get into them? I dunno. Maybe I need more beer in me at the moment. Maybe if all wannabe country artists sent beer or liquor with their new releases I could appreciate them more. If I ever make that movie about the drunk midgets who go on a bank robbing spree after getting kicked out of the circus, The Handsome Family will definitely be included on the soundtrack. (greg e. boy)

King's X Please Come Home... Mr. Bulbous Metal Blade

Good Lord. I don't know what to make of this. Do you remember King's X punky? Probly not. They were a one-hit wonder back in the grungey, early 90s. Can't remember the song, but the video got some MTV airplay. Black dude with mohawk and knee high boots. Does that ring a bell now? Maybe yer older brother had their record. I'd like to commend these guys on being proficient at their respective instruments, but seriously, this is like a bad Fishbone album. Er, I'm thinking The Residents. Well, shit. Now I'm referencing some SF band who wore eyeballs and played freaky art rock. I can

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say this: art rock fans (and you know who you are: Mr. Bungle) will applaud this record. I'm afraid I'll never quite grasp it. Charlie Sheen gets his own song. OK. Review over. (greg e. boy)

Terminal 46

"Very Still Life"

Resurrection Management

I enjoyed this album. It's good for when you're in one of those simmering-anger kind of moods. Like the calm frustration you feel before flipping out. Nine Inch Nail fans should take a look. This albums laden with dark images, electronics, and samples. Good for gloom. Oh, I thought they did a great job of Billy Idol's "Rebel Yell"...once I stopped laughing. (mcgraw)

Rancid

self-titled

Hellcat Records

Okay, I bet you are expecting me to slam Rancid. It's the "cool" thing to do these days, right? To make fun of established punk rawk bands? Sure. I loved Operation Ivy a lot more than this, but the key fact is I did once like Operation Ivy. After that I got into Minor Threat, Gorilla Biscuits, Black Flag, and Infinitum. See, that is what makes Rancid so great. Sure they are not as fucking wild as Jon Cougar Concentration Camp or as savvy as Avail, but kids everywhere do listen. I offer this up; Rancid is the gateway band to harder edge punk. Without them, a lot of the bands that call them sell-outs would never have fans. Would I buy this album? Maybe. "Let Me Go" and "Radio Havana" are actually really good punk rock anthems in an era of contrite suburban punk rock bullshit. Would I buy it if I was 14 years old looking for some music speaking to me in a youth rebellion whisper? Definitely. That's the whole point of Rancid and their punk rock exercise, so put that in your pipe and smoke it. (scot)

Enemy Mine

The Ice In Me

Up

I remember Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr. being stranded on some planet in the movie Enemy Mine. I remember like most science fiction movies, there was some lesson to be learned; a tale to be told. In this movie's case, I'm guessing it was something along the lines of a Rodney King "Can't we all just get along" end racism slant. I remember Mike Kunka, the bassist and singer of

Enemy Mine, from GodheadSilo. Not much has changed since then: this band features two bass players, one drummer and gut-busting squelching. This is the way punk rock is supposed to be. Let the volume ring! (greg e. boy)

The Condors

Tales Of Drunkenness & Cruelty

Vital Gesture

Formerly The Spitfires, The Condors sports Pat "Pooch" DiPuccio of Flipside fame. Now, I'd like to say that I have all the respect in the world for Flipside and have often turned to Pooch's writing seeking advice on West Coast happenings, but I got to say this: Pooch - you should stick to journalism and bag the music career. I know, believe me, how tempting it is to start another band. I mean we critics hear enough bad music, it's only a matter of time before some of us figure we can make equally bad music. And that's exactly what The Condors are... bad music. Pooch trying to clutch onto fading Raji's gigs sporting bills like The Tommyknockers, The Superkools, The Lazy Cowgirls and Toe's Tavern binges. God Bless him, really, I'd have fun doing it too. But dude this record sucks. Sucks. (greg e. boy)

Midget Handjob

Midnight Snack Break

At The Poodle Factory

Epitaph



The music is weird. Some of it makes very good sense, some of it is pure noise, and none of it is normal. Midget Handjob has been able to give the most traditional of grooves a spooky or unsettling aspect. I think the focus of this album, though, is the lyrics, which are spoken rather than sung. The lyrics are intelligent and insightful, invoking a very wide variety of cultural references, some specific to LA, others to the US, and others to the world in general. (Joe)

Half Mexican Teen Witch

A Desert Home Collection

(no label)

David Lamplugh, the only member of HMTW, recorded a lot of songs with a four track and a guitar in his apartment, at least 33 because that's how many tracks there are on this album. The first half, maybe two-thirds is probably not quite worthy of ever being listened to. The last third of the album isn't that bad. The man is a good songwriter even if he isn't a very good singer. His goofy pop songs and mildly psychedelic rock type music contains a lot of raw energy. Consid-

ering there are no drums or bass present, and the production quality is the meaning of amateur, there may be a decent album someday from HMTW. (Joe)



7 Seconds

Scream Real Loud

SideOneDummy

Some of us remember 7 Seconds (see Goatsnake) and their early 90s plight to be saved by the record industry by failing in their fawning attempt to mimic U2. But before Kevin Seconds and the band lost their wits, they were one hell of a melodic hardcore band... one that has gone on to influence a shitload of Epitaph bands to date (see H2O). On Scream Real Loud, we get a peak at what a 7 Seconds show was all about: the fans singing along ("Not Just Boy's Fun," "The Crew," "Remains To be Seen"), Kevin's undying honesty and optimism, and a blitzkrieg and furious delivery. Don't call it a comeback... call it a reunion. Hey, if we can walk together, why can't we rock together? Amen Kevin. 26 songs and not one will let you down. This'll make you old folks wish you were a teenager again. (greg e. boy)

Various Artists

Emo Diaries Chapter 5:

I Guess This Is Goodbye

Deep Elm Records

Deep Elm records, based out of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, has long since been a proponent of conceptual compilation albums. In fact in their promotional packaging for this album they express strong feelings of detest for what they call CD samplers. The sampler is of course nothing more than promotional trickery by the record companies to, in a very sleight-of-hand manner, introduce new acts by packaging their material with well-knowns. In keeping with this same mentality "Emo Diaries Chapter 5: So I Guess This Is Goodbye" presents itself as a great "Break up album". Anyone of these songs would prove to be an excellent background score for any motion picture about failed relationships. You can almost see the doors being slammed in faces, or the quintessential 2:00 in the morning, drunk, and screaming in the front yard final argument. Only one of the twelve bands featured is actually on the Deep Elm label (White Octave "Looking Past Sky" previously unreleased), but all the bands are undeniably Emo-Core. Therefore, the music is punchy, strong, and drenched in emotional sweat. Most of the songs are a brilliant coupling of intensity and pain, and are strongly fueled by suggestively heart felt lyrical

ENEMYMINE



Salt for Slugs

content (The Walt Lariat's "6:00 a.m. in Cartena" is an instrumental). There are a couple songs that I felt could have been left off the album: Cast Aside's "Race Car Theory" is awkward at best. Slightly reminiscent of Pantera with Lou Reed like conversational interlude. One word: HUH! More notably: Sunfactor's "Frostbite", an almost perfectly crafted power-pop anthem ("Do you think what I ask is unfair/Is it too much to ask that you care" Andy Anscombe's terribly confident and emotionally sound vocals wail out over a super huge beat and power-chord driven harmonies); White Octave's "Looking Past Sky" (a crushingly compact anger driven "goodbye" song that showcases a powerful bass riff and stabbingly strong guitar riffs); and The Walt "Lariat's 6:00 a.m. in Cartena" (one of the greatest insomnia songs ever written). And with all that said, I guess this is goodbye. (Carr)



Calexico
Hot Rail
Quarterstick

Desert rock in the purest sense of the word (more mariachi than Monster Magnet). Calexico's core - the duo of Joey Burns and John Convertino - will instantly conjure up images of a Clint Eastwood and his dusty chaps, stub of cigarette in mouth, sexy Latino woman by his side, sweaty glass of bourbon in his hand. This record is all cocktails and cacti; straight outta Tucson. Drink up and enjoy. The artwork by Victor Gastelum (Roy Liechtenstein inspired) is a plus. (greg e. boy)

Nappy Brown
Night Time Is The Right Time
Atlantic

1950s sock hop. The kind of stuff you hear blaring from the TV in the middle of the night; you've passed out on the couch, left the boob tube on and are startled awake by some grainy black & white footage of Chubby Checker singing "The Twist." Nappy Brown is one soulful motherfucker. One step removed from Otis Redding and Al Green... he may have preceded them both so don't start getting all historically correct on me in some High Fidelity record store clerk fashion. I make no claims that I'm a walking encyclopedia of musicology. This double-CD set is a must for any crusty punk/corduroy wearing hipster who wants to score with some art school girl (or yer parents are coming over for a visit and you can't find anything but classic rock, of which you own none, to satisfy your moms and pops). I'd write more on

Nappy but damn I feel like I got to get up and dance with my lady while the mood is good. (greg e. boy)

Patty Larkin
Regrooving The Dream
Vanguard

What is this CD? And what is it doing in my stash of things to review? Well, because we here at Slug Central want to provide you with a broad base of music choices (you won't see this reviewed in Hit List or Punk Planet), and because we are not afraid to gamble (Ran Scot's got a guilty pleasure - black-jack) we're bringing you this CD. Patty Larkin is kinda like a cross between Lucinda Williams and Marti Jones (i.e. singer/songwriter) that delves into storytelling song structures. As a matter of fact, this is one of the better CDs I've heard in a long time, from production on down to delivery - smokey, soul-searching guitar noir. Yeah that's it. Fuck Fiona Apple. I got Patty Larkin. (greg e. boy)

Go-Nuts
Dunk and Cover
Lookout Records

In the world of 'snack rock' the Go-Nuts are superstars, considered by many snack rock aficionados to be the founding fathers of the genre. But, in reality, the Go-Nuts are a really good pop-rock band. Their songs are all catchy and bouncy and about food to boot! Yes, they are absolutely a novelty act, at least at first listen. But then again, that's what I thought about They Might Be Giants who proved that overly poppy melodies with traditional harmonies and off-beat lyrics are a legitimate form of modern rock. (Joe)

The Hives
Veni-Vidi-Vicious
Burning Heart Records



The Hives are a young band making classic punk rock with a minimal modern twist. Still, they do it very well. The production is good and the songs are pretty solid. (Joe)

Jim Peterik and World Stage
World Stage Int'l Records

Jim Peterik is responsible for one of the absolute worst eras of pop music. He was part of the band Survivor and penned the song "Hold on Loosely". I can't believe somebody hasn't shot him. Despite

a long and impressive list of collaborators on this new album, including such notables as Jonny Van Zandt of Lynrd Skynrd (Robby's brother), Tom Keifer of Cinderella and Kevin Cronin of REO Speedwagon, this album still manages to be about the worst modern/ adult contemporary album I could ever imagine. (Joe)

Burn Witch Burn
(self-titled)
Lightyear/Razler Records

Celtic music for a new millennium! Although I never have really listened to Celtic music, BWB's version is pretty entertaining. There are at least two singers, one male, one female. The male sounds a lot like Weird Al Yankovic.



and his lyrics are almost as goofy. A goofy voice and goofy lyrics over Celtic inspired songs that employ instruments like the mandolin and the bouzouki makes for an interesting and not altogether bad combination. The female singer has a lovely voice, she sounds like she was trained to sing this kind of music. After a while I think the music gets a little stale because they use the same instruments in the same style song after song. But, BWB definitely has its own unique style and could possibly help popularize a musical genre that has never been heard before (Celtic rock/pop). (Joe)

Slobberbone
Everything You Thought Was Right Was Wrong Today
New West Records

More Americana tunes. Some call it alt.country. You may call it twangcore. It's the fork in the road where Bruce Springsteen and The Pogues meets, drink cheap red wine and stumble down the traintracks looking for more pellets for the bb gun; more ammo to break the empty bottles that lay by the wayside. I'd probably be bored seeing these guys, all torn jeans and five o'clock shadows, standing on stage doing their best Georgia Satellites-cum-Replacements shtick for cheeky industry insiders. But bet your ass I'll have this on the jukebox at my favorite watering hole. (greg e. boy)

Number Girl
"Destruction Baby"
Toshiba-EMI

Uhhhh... Number Girl. Crap Rock from the people who brought you Godzilla. I don't know what to think about this one. Did we dump too much radiation on the island in '45, ... or not enough.

Number Girl. It's just abnoxious damn crap. I wish people with 'issues' would just work them out, instead of subjecting the public to shit like this. Here's a comparison. Take your cd player, fast forward through a song, while running the vacuum, a blender, and step on the cat. There you go. Number Girl. (mcgraw)



Tidewater Grain
Here on the Outside

Warner Brothers

A lot of bands these days say they want to rock. What they really want to do is rock/rap. Tidewater Grain does not want to play rock/rap, they don't even have a dj. Nor do they have a whiney, modern rock lead singer. Kevin McNamara, the bands frontman has a real rock voice, deep and powerful without the Vedder-esque tremello. This is like Aerosmith for the new millennium. Some of the music is catchy, they aren't afraid to play hard and or insert a metal tinged guitar solo. The music, though not always enjoyable is honest. This album isn't over produced and that's refreshing. (Joe)



Various Artists
Blue Haze: Songs of Jimi Hendrix

Ruf Records

"Blue Haze" is not the first compilation of Hendrix songs performed by other artists. What makes this one different is its focus on the blues. Most of the performers are blues artists and most of the songs are blues songs, at least when boiled down to their roots. Some of the covers aren't spectacular but they are all decent and a few of them are really great. I was especially impressed by Friend 'n Fellow's interperatation of *Purple Haze*. That is a tough song to cover, it's so famous

Salt for Slugs

and its guitar riff is so recognizable, it is probably Jimi's most famous song. Friend 'n Fellow's version is smooth and jazzy and very successful. (Joe)

The Demonics
Demons On Wheels

Man's Ruin

It's really hard to concentrate on what to write about when you are watching the ballroom dancing competition on A&E. Those dancing ladies love to show their ass(es). And that can be a bit distracting. When I did manage to put the beer bottle down and listen I found out two things: The Demonics play gearhead garage punk, dragstrip punk some would say. And two, they could possibly be the only band that I've ever heard in 15 years that has a song dedicated to a certain medical profession - "Anesthesiologist." It's always funny to hear hip hop MCs try to figure out how to match up words to rhyme; they need to take a lesson from these blokes. (greg e. boy)

Various Artists
Southern Death "Tribute to Pantera"

Dwell Records

Pan-motherfucking-tera. It isn't easy to walk in Pantera's shoes. Not all the death metal bands on this album could. I had two complaints with this album. 1. Production quality on several tracks was terrible. Drums sounded like toys, and guitars sounded puny. 2. I know that the bands on this album are death metal bands, and they want to be true to their style (super-fast, growling vocals, and blistering drums), but playing some Pantera tunes takes the "groove" out of the song. Not all bands are guilty of such actions, though, in fact, several bands played the songs true to the originals. Standouts on this album include: Human, with a kick ass version of *Five Minutes Alone*; Gooseflesh, with a unique take on *Becoming*; and Enertia's version of *Cowboys From Hell*. This albums' definitely worth picking up if you're a diehard Pantera, and death metal fan. (mcgraw)

Runnin' Riot
Reclaim The Streets

TKO

Yo, straight up drunken Oi! music for all your skinheads friends. What? You say you don't have any skinhead friends? Well, maybe that's because you're not drinking and listening to Runnin' Riot. Predictable three chord punk rock with songs titles like "Drunk & Disorderly," "Divide & Conquer," and "Time To Fight." These boys are from Belfast... it's a whole different world over there my friends. That said, this makes a nice addition to anybody's "international" punk rock music collection. Me? I still got my old Oi Polloi records so I don't really need this one. You might though. (greg e. boy)

Semi Automatic
(self-titled)

SRG

Okay, you're at a dance party on top of a roof in Williamsburgh. The place is on fire and the DJ is working hard like they know they should. You spot

that fly-as-shit cutie on the dance floor and decide you need a kick-ass song to shimmy up to her in all your glory. Semiautomatic, *Track 4-Space Toys*, ahhh fuck yeah. Work it boy! Work it boy! Awesome beats, samples, and absolutely no sequences from these guys as you do your funky drunken monkey style with the chica. Remember when dance music was actually about dancing and DJ's actually had to know how to spin? So does Semiautomatic. A dance party without this record is like a zoo with a monkey exhibit, pointless. (smits)



HED
Broke

Jive

Rap/Rock/Heavy Metal bands are the way of the day. The way I feel about this album is the same way I feel about all the other bands' albums in this ever-growing genre. Some of the songs are catchy, some of the songs are awful and they are all commercial. HED knows how to rock and how to put together a track, the album is well produced. They also like to sample other songs for their choruses, which is sort of cool, sort of like the band itself. (Joe)

Nile
Black Seeds of Vengeance

Relapse Records

Dear god make it stop. Thunedrous metal licks raining out in horrific disproportion. Listening to such mayhem makes sinners beg for silence even though they know the repercussions of such a wish granted. It means being forced to think. Thinking rehashes old discarded memories. A life lead that begged for no tangible accounts: no pictures, no home movies, no sitting around the living room with a sentimental father offering verbal captions for family slides. I have to admit that Nile does succeed in rendering a unique marriage between large haired death metal and Egyptian melodies, most of the latter are displayed in between the caucophony as classical guitar interludes accompanied with various chants and instrumental arrangements. I must admit that this album has spent more time than I thought it would in my CD

player, but it was placed there as a joke. 'Hey dudes listen to this bad ass band!' Nile kicks in and my friends and I are on the floor in hysterics. If this was intended to be a joke than it is a joke un-paralleled by rock music since the almighty Spinal Tap. (Carr)



Hannah Fury
The Things That Feels & Soul Poison
Mellow Traumatic Records

Hannah Fury has a very strong musical style and does a great job of producing her own music in the studio. Unfortunately her music is a little over the top. She could be the weekly performer at the coffee house of the damned. I would not be surprised if her ideal stage set-up consisted of herself, dressed in all black with black eyeliner, at her piano, atop which would sit three very long candles in a gothic style candleabra and a skull. Both albums are full of perfectly sung piano ballads that are intended to be hauntingly beautiful. If I were Tori Amos, I would kick this bitch's ass for stealing my act. (Joe)

Mojo Smoke
Time Bomb, Baby
MJS 002

It seems so long ago that I once saw a band called Bad Crazyness. The eruption of raw emotion and musical talent burned into my retinas like a supernova from the dogstar. The reason this comes to mind is I personally thought the day and age of good musicians being allowed to make records



that meant something to them was over. I felt this was confirmed when I saw the line-up of Aerosmith/N'Sync for the Superbowl. Rock was dead. But like watching the flame-lit shadows in Plutonic cave, I was looking at specters of the true source of the form. Major labels are not where the populace of the kingdom of rock should be looking for quality music. Napster proves that. The whole reason the Big 5, soon to be Big 4, are against such technological advancements is because they cannot control distribution and suppress the incredible cool music such as Mojo Smoke in lue of such tripe as the Back Street Boys; and within the genre of Mojo Smoke itself, the crime against humanity that is Wide Spread Panic. This record is a testament to the wide-ranging talents a single band can have. Each song is an exploration. Each one thought through and designed by someone who has at least heard the word music theory. In this day and age where the commodity of music is becoming more marginalized, it's nice to see bands like Mojo Smoke on the event horizon of the black hole that is popular music. (ran scot)

Rudimentary Peni
The Underclass E.P.
Southern Records

Rudimentary Peni keeps its songs short. I think 1:04 was the longest that I had to be subjected to the grinding, though sometimes somewhat catchy music. Their words were also kept to a minimum. Such pretension is rare, even in the 'anarcho-punk' world. One plus: cool, creepy album inkwork inside album cover and on cd. (Joe)

Dozer
In The Tail Of A Comet
Man's Ruin

By now, SFS readers have probably figured out that Man's Ruin specializes in really heavy rock & roll. While nothing Dozer does really stands out, this record is better than the last Fu Manchu record, makes 3 Doors Down look like pussies, and reaffirms anybody's doubt that Swedens love to rock. File next to: Gluecifer, Hellacopters, et al. (greg e. boy)

Refused
The New Noise Theology
Burning Heart Records

Beat driven punk. Refused comes out with some catchy, almost poppy tunes on what I assume is some sort of sampler for their upcoming "Shape of Punk to Come" album. Lyrics didn't really grab, neither did the music. Nonetheless, the production quality is high and the upcoming album might be a winner. (Joe)

Goatsnake
Flower Of Disease
Man's Ruin

It's hard to listen to Goatsnake at times; hard if you know your punk rock history. You see, singer Pete Stahl used to front the quintessential D.C. hardcore band Scream. They tried desperately to "sell out" in later years, moving from Chocolate

City to the City of Angels. But then their drummer went and quit the band to join Nirvana. By now we know this guy to be the man behind the Foo Fighters (who suck tremendously). So Pete went on to form Wool. Wool was a really great post punk-cum-blues rock band that kept one foot in the Scream grave. Wool eventually broke up. Pete's brother Franz (also a member of Scream) would go on to join the Foo Fighters after Pat Smear quit, only to quit a short time later. Then Pete resurfaces with Goatsnake, a doom metal band not far off from The Obsessed. Which isn't all that bad since The Obsessed used to play with all those D.C. punk bands. So now Pete's in this "stoner rock" band where volume and monotony hold court over lyrics and his great voice. Some days I wish I didn't possess all this knowledge, because then I'd think Goatsnake would be great. Instead, it just looks like Pete's clutching at dropped straws trying to get a piece of the rock & roll high-dollar pie. I mixed about ten metaphors in that last sentence but hey, that's Goatsnake for you. (greg e. boy)



The Tiger Lillies
Circus Songs
Red Moon

It was during the highly controversial NFL 2k1 game mentioned in the Flea Circus article that this CD came into the collective realm of Slug knowledge. I've known about these crazy Brits for awhile. Imagine Weird Al, but these guys fucking mean it. I recently saw them play and having only heard them never seen their picture, was shocked to see a man singing. Fucking A, why he isn't known as one of the best operatic singers of our times is beyond me. They should take those three fat fucks of PBS and put on the Tiger Lillies. Their songs were such that the game was literally stopped so we could rewind the CD and here the lyrics again. A few choice cuts: "He loves the bearded lady she loves the tattooed man/this one he's an acrobat each one of them's damned." Wait, it gets better. "It's the cheapest show you've ever seen/with drunks drug addicts & old queens/its garish gaudy & obscene." And then the classic which I hear myself humming on the cattle car of the circus of humanity of the L Train from Brooklyn to Manhattan: "Street singers sing, pick-pockets pick, girls on cheap wine are sick/lilly the

prostitute parades her wares for you she will do any trick/jimmy is selling crack at half price he will supply any vice/ a fence a forged document he gives advice on anything not very nice/circus clown, now your down in a sea of wine you have drown." Holy fucking zombie monkey, those are lyrics! Now imagine them sang in high soprano over eerie as shit circus music and you have this circus. My only dream is that this record is actually based on a really circus in the backwaters of Europe, and one day I will be on the front row, blowing kisses at the midgets with full body hair and albinos riding on dancing bears eating the cotton candy that is slug-life. CAW-CAW! CAW-CAW! (ran scot)



Benumb
Withering Strands of Hope
Relapse Records

The cover of this piece of shit album showcases a scraggly bastard hunched in a ball with a syringe poised and ready to inject what I can only believe is heroin, into his arm. Myself, I've never done heroin. The closest encounter I ever had with that drug was playing lookout for Jonus Jones' 6th period H-sessions in the boys bathroom on the second story of Richard King High School. Jonus was our high school junkie and, coincidentally, the man who taught me how to huff gasoline and taught me about all the Beat poets. He also turned me on to Hunter S. Thompson and showed me the most inconspicuous way to sell acid." A single hit placed on a piece of spearmint gum, then you wrap it back in the foil and sell it right out the pack". It fucking worked, too. I got the shake down twice from two different acting principals and was never discovered. In those sessions Jonus would turn in to a soft, warm, drooling shadow of stretched out blather. He would offer up such conversation starting gems as, "I can't feel my hands, can you?", and "Where the fuck is the closest place to go to get to the moon?" Jonus was a crazy bastard. Regardless, there is no way Jonus could have produced anything as intensely emotional as what Benumb has recorded, shrink wrapped and sent to me (along with a sufficiently humongous press packet that claims that this album "issues an eye-popping affirmation to the declining state of society" but I couldn't tell you whether or not it does cause I can't understand a

single fucking word that's being said.) Is it possible that Jonus Jones was getting hold of some really high-grade heroin in Corpus Christi, TX? That's fucking doubtful at best. Is it possible that Benumb has a really bad connect and scores crap and winds up shooting face paint and faking the motions? Doubtful. I hang out with musicians all the time. Sure they bum cigarettes like 16 year olds, but they score the best fucking shit ever. So we are left with only one other possible solution for what has, in my mind, come to be known as the Jonus Dilemma, and that is that Benumb are a bunch of fucking posers. Plain and simple---this band does not do heroin. In regards to this album---If you enjoy burying cats up to their necks and then running over their heads with a lawn mower, or if you've ever accidentally drank glass and coughed up the word 'Cool' simultaneously with a pint of blood then you'd probably enjoy this album. The scary thing is that will undeniably motivate people to purchase this CD, and to those people I can only say, "Stay the fuck away from me." (Carr)

Fire Bird Band
the setting sun and its satellites
Headhunter/Cargo Music

Fire Bird Band has their own brand of poppy/groovy punk down pretty well. They combine a lot of grungy guitar with some kind of electronically altered guitar or keyboard sound and a drum machine. Their drums, although I think it is always a machine, are skillfully manipulated so that in some songs the drums sound very organic and in some the techno influence is prominent and usually appropriately mixed as well. (Joe)



Red Planet
Revolution 33
Gearhead

Fist fulls of Quaaludes, dressed in hot pink go-go boots. Some cheerful cereal bowl pop nonsense. It's catchy but I'm not the kind of listener that wants to be caught so I think I'll spit out the hook and swim on. But while I'm here I might as well take a shit. Think Cheap Trick, the early Cars, then think your gay cousin Oliver that used to come to stay with you for two weeks each summer. You remember him. Wore purple dinosaur p.j.'s, always wet the bed and somehow always found himself

on your soccer team and couldn't kick the ball for shit. Rich girls will undoubtedly buy this album and try to use it as a gateway to their newly acquired, father leveraged, punk rock boyfriends. And, of course, punk rockers will be listening to it across the nation and hoping that it leads to quick bits of intercourse. Either way, the whole thing ends in sloppy consent. (Carr)



The White Octave:
Style No. 6312
Deep Elm Records

The White Octave have a uniquely brilliant take on life's excruciatingly awkward instances. "I'm not waiting around/you have opened the door/waiting for/ nothing more" aha a tremendously ripping rhythm comes crashing through like some assailant's dagger and bleeds itself into your brain. It only takes about one listen for the melodies to imbed themselves into your mind and leave you wandering around humming and singing the lyrics that you will remember. A four-piece band from Chapel Hill, N.C. White Octave seemingly have a bright future ahead of them. Stephen Penderson, formerly of Cursive, has definitely forged a song writing form that teeters somewhere on the line in between love songs and hate mail. In the title track he croons "In a way/ your like a circle/constant and closed off from me" and that is the basic tone that he attributes to his subjects. Although not conventionally radio friendly "Style no. 6312" does possess some sort of uncharacteristically haunting attraction. Perhaps that could be attributed to the veteran wizardry of Bob Weston's production genius (Archers of Loaf, Hurl etc.). But more than likely White Octave have just developed a style so refreshingly honest that it can't be flawed. A ferociously confident rhythm section and blistering guitar riffs, soft achy vocals that occasionally go on tandem jump scream sessions all add up to the White Octave's musical style (no.6312). (Carr)

Sonic Youth
NYC Ghosts & Flowers
Geffen

Sonic Youth stumbled onto a little secret, most likely passed down from Andy Warhol, years ago: that is you believe what you are doing is "art," people will believe it to be art as well. I don't personally think Sonic Youth have made a good record in years, but their fans are about as diehard as any Deadhead when it comes to going to great lengths to defend them/explain their importance in the world of underground slash

indie rock music. When I worked at DIRT years ago, when Spike Jonze was just starting to do Beasties and Breeders videos, Kim Gordon came to the office to meet with him on doing one of Sonic Youth's video. I remember thinking "Damn, she's old!" but she had a remarkably admirable figure considering she'd come from the whole Lower East Side art rock world. I thought "Man, she's really managed to keep it together." Unfortunately, with this record, the band has barely managed to keep it together. And yes I know I'm sure to piss off of few of you for saying this about your sacred cow. But deep down, I bet you really agree with me, don't you? (greg e. boy)

Mudvayne

L.D. 50

No Name Recordings/Epic

This band sounds like Korn on crack or Mr. Bungle without the musical forethought. Mudvayne likes to describe itself as scary and I will not dispute the fact that they are indeed a disturbed musical entity. The music is very hard and the lyrics are almost indecipherable. (Joe)

86

True Life Songs and Pictures

86 Records

Although 86 refers to itself as "jug rock", I prefer to refer to them as "rootsy California wuss music". And considering it falls into that rather undesirable musical category, it's a pretty good album. Their little brand of acoustic pop is augmented by a fiddle, and banjo and, I must say, some very lovely California vocal harmonies (they sight the Byrds as an influence but I here some Dead too). It's definitely bar music, the songs are either intended to make girls feel sentimental or to give laid-back, beer drinking frat boys something to bob their heads to. I'm sure it succeeds at both of these objectives in a small venue. (Joe)

Schatzi

50 Reasons to Explode

Hey kiddies tired of that aggressive and mean "new metal" crap that they play on the radio? Do you feel a lack of fun in your musical palate lately? Want a remedy? Schatzis full length 50 Reasons to Explode is just what the doctor ordered. Riddled with infectious power pop, 50 Reasons to Explode is an album that will have you singing along to long after the CD has stopped. Songs such as "Gladys," a charming song to the lead singers cat; "Flush," a super ditty with a classic pop feel; "Trapped Inside a Sunray," a hyper-charged song that makes you want to

move; and the now infamous "Death of the Alphabet," where the chick from the anniversary contributed vocals. Speaking of "Death to the Alphabet", the albums producer, Ed Rose made his own special "dance mix" of it which is featured on their new EP. It is definitely something that is worth a listen. As for the full length, it won't be out until sometime next year, but for now pick up the EP and get a taste of some good ol' pop. You can also find out more Schatzi info at www.schatzi.net. Enjoy! (Shara)

Libraness

Yesterday... And Tomorrow's Shells

Tigerstyle

If you liked Polvo, you'll dig Libraness. And I say that because Libraness is the solo project from former Polvo guitarist Ash Bowie. Although, Polvo has been kaput for a few years now, most of this home recorded stuff was done on the side at his mother's house in North Carolina in between Polvo tours and his duties in helium. Really makes me miss Polvo. I think I'm going to go listen to some Polvo right now. (greg e. boy)

The Rock-a-Teens

The Sweet Bird of Youth

Merge Records

Solid pop-rock. These guys really know how to write songs. Their singing and arrangements are a little rough as is the production, but the music is good. There's a lot of fuzz, a lot of reverb, and a lot of slightly whiney vocals with clever, but not too clever lyrics. I don't really know what else to say about this album except that it is very listenable and I enjoyed listening to it. (Joe)

The Forgotten

Mordam Records/TKO Records

The Forgotten are easier to listen to than their Mordam compatriots the Templars, but the music is still scarily unenjoyable. A lot of screaming, a lot of hard guitar and lyrics that I can't understand. Such is the nature of some punk I suppose. (Joe)

Swearing at Motorist

Number Seven Up-Town

Secretly Canadian

Finally, an album I can rock to as I stroll about Williamsburg taking in the world taking in me. Go figure, another Dayton band who gives another soundtrack for the Imax of the soul. Though I'm sure they tire of the countless Guided by Voices references, I'll just say its because they have the same mastery of rhythm, harmony, and a facade of simplistic walls of sound. What I like the most about SAM is they sing songs that are

emotion driven, not fucking hook tripe played on top of the same basic three chord college rock radio schema. Ebb and flow, just like life, attaboys! Here's something for the kids at home, look at the arrangement of Telford to North Main. That my friends is how you build a song, on a foundation of rock that is melody, not of the foundation of sand that is the current MTV hype machine music which allows for the obligatory 15 minute window of fame. Ten years from now, I can promise you that I will still be listening to this album, and saying Emin-who? By the way, Flying Pizza actually made me call an ex, beware, beware, because it will cause you to do the same. Beware. (ran scot)

Broadcast

Extended Play 2-EP

Tommy Boy

Broadcast has a distinctive brand of loopy, lush psychedelic music that wanders between pop and trance. The mixing is top notch, they employ a wide range of organic and synthetic sounds to augment fairly traditional musical forms. Their female lead singer has a lovely voice that floats lightly and sporadically above the layers of pad synthesizer that give an airy, ambient quality to every song. Broadcast combines a variety of musical styles with a clever sense of electronica to create an interesting if not enjoyable sound. (Joe)

The Figgs

Sucking In Stereo

HearBox.com

Notice anything here? There's a new kid in town, the Internet. The is one of many reviewed this issue that sidesteps the whole standard music industry-style release in favor of the "new" Internet record labels. Not one to waste my time downloading music files, I'm glad I got a copy of these 12 tracks, but damn I bet this crafty, three chord pop punk (think Kinks not Green Day) would sound a hell of a lot better on vinyl. Some of you may say: "But Greg, aren't The Figgs just Fastball in sheep's clothing?" While Grasshopper, you may be right. Unfortunately, they haven't been scooped up by any major label and shoved down our throats, which always makes it a lil' easier to digest. (greg e. boy)

Crash Vinyl

High-Five Your Sex Drive E.P.

Bass Propulsion Laboratories

Here is a band unafraid of mixing rock influences. One can hear the punching rhythms of early British punk and the synthetic pulse of 80's new wave swirling

together to create a rock sound that can only be described as post-everything. Crash Vinyl's lead singer has an interesting voice. He can range stylistically from nasally punk to art-rock speaking/singing; there's a little David Byrne and a little Michael Stipe. All five of the songs on this disc are pretty decent. (Joe)

Alabama Thunder Pussy **Constellation**

Man's Ruin

Former drummer for Avall, Erik Larson, comes out from behind the crusty punk drum kit to front this Southern rawk, boogie woogie, metal outfit. Good. Loud. And just what you need to supplement the atmosphere in the King Cab F150 enroute to the demolition derby at the State Fair. Yee-haw. God damn. And pass me the fucking bong. (greg e. boy)

Bratmobile

Ladies, Women and Girls

Lookout!

Well, essentially a reunion record by a trio of riot grrls. Anybody want to tell these girls it's the year 2000? Too little, too late. Sorry girls. (greg e. boy)

The Righteous

And The Saga Begins

TKO

First off, I haven't heard production this bad since the first Underdog record. Secondly, I like beer too, but ALL of your songs shouldn't be about alcohol. That aside, feeling like I was 15 again never felt so good. I got a hankerin' to shave me 'ead and break out the ol' DMs. Oi! (greg e. boy)

Golden Shower

Egg

Internet Only

It takes a lot to impress me when it comes to new conceptual bands. Usually it's a bunch of humanoids and art fags being why to over-dramatic about how bad they had it in high school, usually because they acted over-dramatic even back then. But then comes along something like Golden Shower, and it makes you smile because you know deep down inside, culture is not dead. It's just sleeping through these dark days of lowest common denominator that is pop culture. Or in the case hanging out in Brazil (which proves my point to Ran that our first International Office needs to be in Rio, not Amsterdam). I first saw their video when I was, oddly enough, trying to locate a ColecoVision emulator to play the circa 1982 Dukes of Hazard videogame. What I thought was

Salt for Slugs

going to be a quick mpg about some old game wound up changing my boundaries for what a band project could do. First to get it out of the way, the songs are incredible. Midi junkies indeed. Each one different from the other and all definite stand points from the 80s and beyond. If we must redo the 80s like people seem bent on, then I suggest we give all creative control to Golden Shower. Please be a dear and visit their site, <http://www.goldenshower.gs>. Make sure to drop by the Project area and read about the Virus. Look for these guys to blow you away soon, and just remember the Slug told you so. (teril smits)

Darkest Hour

The Mark of Judas

M.I.A.

Billed as a cross between American hardcore and Swedish death metal, Darkest Hour is one of the finest bands to come out of the metropolitan D.C area in quite some time. It is frigging great to find that there's more than Bluetip and Fugazi, Jimmie's Chicken Shack and SR-71 coming out of the area. I'd venture to say this is more hardcore than death metal. The guitars sound great (and thick) and the vocals aren't too indecipherable. I give this CD two thumbs up! (greg e. boy)

Various Artists

Route 50: Driving New Roots For 50 Years

Vanguard

James Cotton, Junior Wells, Charlie Musselwhite, Doc Watson, John Fahey, Mississippi John Hurt, Buddy Guy, Peter Case, Patty Larkin... Chirst! A double CD full of musical icons. You can't go wrong here. Get educated punky and buy this thang. There's more to life than Pedro The Lion, Godspeed You Black Emperor! and Sweep The Leg Johnny. (greg e. boy)

Various Artists

Nativity In Black II:

A Tribute to Black Sabbath

Priority

Goddamn straight: everybody needs to listen to Black Sabbath. My personal favorite Sabbath album is Masters of Reality. Here we have a tribute album, for lack of a better way to classify it, and we get to hear Godsmack slaughter "Sweetleaf," Machine Head ruin "Hole In The Sky," and Busta Rhymes' blasphemous rendition of "Iron Man." This collection is not recommended unless you're the serious diehard Sabbath fan and a completist in your quest for holding the mighty "I Idol Sabbath" golden chalice. (greg e. boy)

Roland Alphonso

Something Special: Ska Hot Shots

Heartbeat

This guy was in The Skatalites. He's one of the greatest saxophone players to ever walk this earth. He's a legend in Jamaica... Fuck! He's an international legend. This CD is off the hook. As the back of the jewel case so proudly proclaims: "Before Roland Alphonso and Studio One, there was no Jamaican music." Say no more. God I love my job. (greg e. boy)

Templars

Blaus Seignors Freres

Mordam Records

If I could actually hear the music it might not even be some of the least exciting, least progressive punk rock I have ever heard. They try a little too hard to recreate a sound that was fresh as hell twenty years ago but makes the Templars sound like a tribute band today. But, as I was writing before, the production quality is horrendous. I'm thinking four-track tape recorder in somebody's apartment. (Joe)

Guided By Voices

Suitcase: Failed Experiments and Trashed Aircraft

Rockathon Records

A four-CD box set of GBV cast-offs. While it is common knowledge that GBV ringleader Bob Pollard writes a song about as frequently as folks shit, is it really necessary to hear them all? Maybe so. Not since the Beach Boys' Brian Wilson has the pop music world seen such a prolific songwriter. And as usually the case with Pollard, "songs" can be 45 second snippets, so it is a might bit easier to come up with a bounty of material to fill up four CDs. Pollard's a hero for four-track songwriters everywhere. Stand up and rejoice, folks, the Bible of how to do it is right here waiting for you. (greg e. boy)

The Hangdogs

Beware of Dog

Shanachie

Like the Drive-By Truckers and Slobberbone, The Hangdogs have an affinity for country-esque stylings in the delivery of their rock music. This is the least interesting of them all, sounding more like John Mellencamp than The Blasters or X. Shitload of hooks though, and if hooks are what you are looking for (hint: the hooks are those quaint little verses and/or choruses that get stuck in your head) than by all means sample The Hangdogs. (greg e. boy)



Human Flea Circus of the Mind

by ran scot



JB has been hounding for quite some time for this article, and it took me awhile to realize why I was so reluctant to pen an article on such a wondrous subject. It may seem that a story about guys strapped in Chuck-E-Cheese animatronic bear suits dancing, while ninja girls from beyond harassed them would simply write itself. You could not be more wrong. It was beautiful and original. I was at a loss for words. But I got pictures!

A day before the show there was literally a buzz, a hem, and a little hawing about the circus that had come to town. Although something wicked did not come this way, it was definitely twisted. Or, so the rumors went. Heard tell of a midday parade down Bedford with marching circus people drifted through the smoky bars Burgians called home at night, and everyone knows that circus folk are good folk. And the Burg was ready to accept these simple carnies with open arms and cold beer.

So the next evening, as the sound of the sousaphone wafted through the evening air, the people who love and can comprehend art and inspiration came for a show of just that, but circus-style!

In true slug fashion, I showed up late, even though it was only three blocks from the Slug NYC headquarters at the Good/Bad Art Collective. There were some disputes between Hiroshi and Teril about who was the better Unreal player, with Mr. Greenbag preserving his name of "Master of Rocketing Death". He plays Unreal as if it were a canvas and the random uncalled for acts of artistic slayings on the battlefield his paints. It's quite an art, and very specialized. It draws your breath and





makes you gasp watching over his shoulder playing. I say this, because the circus had the same affect on us.

We arrived at intermission and after a very Hitchhikers Guide to the Galaxy-like string of events, we scored front row seats. With beer! We nestled in and tried to ask what we had missed, but most of the audience was more or less stunned or jittering on the verge of caffeine shakes trying to convey to other people the coolness and originality of the acts. Seeing the mechanical bull and larger than life food props, I knew I had missed something, but luckily I arrived for more.

The first act was serene multimedia piece of a guy juggling balls while a live video feed of several people talking played over him. Besides having a suit with 20 foot tails on it and the balls seeming severely heavy, this act was going along pretty normally. But as it progressed, he broke the forth window upon itself by reacting to the interjected audience. A bit of brilliance and a great performance piece as the metal balls were thrown and exploded on the head of one of the guys in the video who would not shut the fuck up. There is always that one ass in the audience, this time the artist took him out of the crowd, placed him within his own performance sphere and killed him. An artistic wet dream of butchering the critic. Or, at least that's what it meant to me.

Then came the bears.

But, my god, was I not prepared for the creative mindfuck awaiting me around the corner. My mind blown by the sight of four bears in a holding pattern around the slug crew. As they danced like it was a teddy bear picnic in

Homer Simpson's mind, a band of improbable ninja cum can-can-dance-line girls descended up the bears, forcing them to bend to their will. All was going well till it happened. One of the faces of the bears suddenly popped off and fell to the floor. The initial reaction among the bears was not good, in fact they seem to face the inherent loss of what it really meant to be a large mammal grafted to a machine doing the dance of delight and sheer honey pleasure. How could you tempt these guys' tummy with the taste of nuts and honey when alas they were meant to end their lives with their fucking facade falling for the whole world to see!

Or this was my take. It seems the dance was an ode to a falling bear contraption. This dance was an extension of the bears yearning to spill honey on the ground in honor of the fallen homey. Peace out, tough guys. After the bears broke off their holding pattern around us the next act started. Now I know what I like in artsy circuses, and two people tied together by a table trying to have tea is where it is at. I'm not going weave any meaning into this because it just rocked as a visual. The blocking and footwork it took to complete this act of plate smashing fiasco was incredible. As plates flew, so did the beer down through me gullet. The struggle of humanity against one another? Maybe. Not sure, but seeing them dance around breaking shit and trying to out canny the other with the table was classic. It reminded me of sitting a table with a first date at a coffee house, except with less humanoid overtones.

Speaking of great visuals, the next performance took control of the space of the traveling trailer in which the circus was contained and created one which was not there. Through the illusion of their movements and interplay between them, they fabricated two tightropes. As I watched, I realized that the rope was not only not needed, but the point of the whole intellectual exercise. Holy Zombie Jesus. An euphony moment at the circus.

Leaps of faith are not hard to make when faced with such ingenious energy and free spirited ways within the framework that is the circus. The whole setup

and execution was priceless and it was for one night only. In this day and age of everything trying to be beautiful, few things are gorgeous. I believe that's because the value and time span of the image have to be finite, like seeing the prefect rays of dawn before it turns into the blue of day. It is ever so fleeting, and just like the circus that was one night only.

Even only lasting a mere ten minutes, one act still sticks firmly to the back of my eyelids. It started with a guy at a table singing a song while horses were projected into the space. The song was of haunting beauty and made me yearn for the open expanse I had left in dear old Texas. Then, the lights went dark and he reemerged to find himself strapped to ropes. He struggled and pulled them as if in a fight with an invisible puppet master. The struggle was quite intense, drawing our hero off the stage. Then came the moment of coolness, which I mean in the best way possible. He reappears on the other side of the stage creating a full circle of self-struggle. Pretty heavy for carnies, if I do say so myself.

Overall, the Cloud Seeding Circus was a roaring success in the Burg. For days afterwards tales were swapped on the street about something magical happening the other night, and let me tell you brothers and sisters there was. See, the circus was not a mere gander piece; it gives hope to all that see that such things still do exist. In this day and age of commercialized art space and name brand culture, it's nice to see the circus people are keeping it real, not only with themselves, but with dancing mechanical bears, too. See more pictures of the Cloud Seeding Circus at: <http://www.cloudseedingcircus.com>



Planes, Trains and Vans

Tim from AVAIL talks candidly about crusty punks, hopping trains and politics.

By Greg E. Boy
Photos By Daniel Hilton

Tim: How's it going down there in Raleigh? I just hopped a freight train from Richmond down there. I stayed underneath some bridge over by Hillsborough St. for a couple nights.

SFS: That train goes right past my office.

Tim: I was probably sneaking around there trying to get on it the other night.

SFS: So you still hop trains?

Tim: Yeah this was just the other night. Last week we had a band vacation so I was like "fuck this" and went and rode freights for a little while. Hopped out of that Norfolk Southern yard down there after I got in from Rocky Mount, then headed over to Greensboro for a bit then came right back.

SFS: Now is that kinda sketchy?

Tim: Yeah. Well, what do you mean?

SFS: Hopping trains, I've seen the pseudo MTV documentary on it.

Tim: Oh yeah, I saw that fucking thing. When I got into it, it was because of country music. You listen to all this old country and they talk about riding freight trains.

SFS: Like the good ol' days of hobos.

Tim: Exactly and that's how I got into it. I didn't realize it, until I had done it for a numbers of years, that all these little punk kids were riding too, like a bunch of little drunks just doing drugs and shit. That's weird. I don't really bump into those fools though.

SFS: Do you bump into many people?

Tim: You bump into a lot of Mexican migrant workers.

SFS: Imagine that.

Tim: Yeah. That's pretty much it. That and these crazy, crazy fucking old Vietnam vets. Seriously. Those motherfuckers got out of the jungle and went straight to the trains. It's weird man.

SFS: Do you speak Spanish?

Tim: No man, that's actually, as of this week, I decided...

SFS: That you need to learn it.

Tim: Well, when I was 19, I said I wished I knew Spanish. Ten years later, I should be ten years deep into learning Spanish, if I had actually tried. I'm actually going to take classes or go down to Mexico and just stay there until I learn it. That's my new deal. That's my new obsession. Because in Raleigh I was trying to find out information on the trains and I was underneath this bridge and I saw this old Mexican guy and I asked him if he knew what time the trains came out and he said, "no". I asked him like five questions and he said, "no". Then I realized that he didn't speak any English. I said gracias and left.

SFS: So have you left the squatter punk days behind you?

Tim: Oh, I never was one. Fuck that. Hell no. I've always been a drunk but I've never been a squatter punk, man.

SFS: I guess what the kids really want to know is why did you leave Lookout! Records for Fat Wreck Chords?

Tim: Distribution. Everybody has their own little rumors of why we did it, but here it is in a nutshell: We worked with Lookout! forever and they are really good friends of ours and an excellent record label, but we started touring internationally doing shows in Japan and Australia and gone to Europe three or four times and it was becoming a little distressing that every single show people would come and go ñgod, we can't find your records anywhere. And when they could, they were overpriced as imports and it just didn't seem fair. And we told Lookout!, we actually worked with them for years, saying ñhere is our biggest issue with this record label. And let's try



to work together and roll with it. After a couple years it got old. We talk to Fat and they were perfect because they have great international distribution and offices all over the place.

SFS: That surprises me because they haven't been around that long.

Tim: Little things that make your life easier. Like Europe for example, where you can't really find our records in stores. We'd bring a bunch over and but sell them out in the first week or two but then couldn't get anymore shipped to us because there's no distributors there. So you're over there for five weeks and only a week and a half of the time you have your record.

SFS: And merch is the saving grace.

Tim: The saving grace especially when your plane tickets are out of control. So you know what I'm saying? So now we can go to Europe and go "oops, we're out of records" and then just call the Fat offices in Germany and have them ship us more product. That was pretty much the sole reason. It's so funny with all the things the other people come up with.

SFS: Well, you know how those punk kids are...

Tim: Just like I used to do.

SFS: You address a lot of social issues, especially concerning Richmond. You ever think about running for town council?

Tim: Naw, but I could seriously see us doing benefit shows to endorse friends of ours who would do a really good job. You can't be in a band and work that kind of thing. There's just no way.

SFS: How long do you think you can keep up with doing avail?

Tim: That's a really good question. We've been doing it for so long. It's an inherent part of our life now.

We keep up and keep on doing it until it doesn't feel right.

SFS: Until you're fat and bloated and up there like Kiss.

Tim: Naw. Actually Joe just went to see them the other night and said they definitely need to retire. But, if it's still working, if you still enjoy what you are doing and people are still coming out to the shows and getting down, there's really no reason to stop. What the fuck else am I going to do? Join the dot.com cubicle lifestyle? That'll make me kill myself.

(The conversation turns toward Aerosmith and how they actually do still rock.)

SFS: Because they have the same attitude you have now and they're 20 years older than you. Jeezus, there's some indie rock bands that think it's their god-given right to be up on stage.

Tim: It is a fucking privilege. It is a privilege to get up there and have people enjoy it. Once you go up there with the attitude that 'these people have to like us because we rock' they pretty much just failed right there. They suck. Some people buy into that image shit. Some

people like it when bands are dishonest and create themselves, but then some people just appreciate it when you're just straight up like your not dressing any particular way, we're just playing this music by feel and with heart and yo, that's it. For us, that's all we can really do. When we started making music it was just for us and our friends anyway. It was an accident that anything else after that happened.

SFS: How have you noticed the crowd change over the years?

Tim: [talks in deep voice] Well, as we get older they seem younger. C'mon man. For real. Actually, when you get to

the big cities, all of our old friends are there, so it's rolling deep with different people age wise and variety meaning punk rockers or normal people or moms. They seem to stay the same as for the level of enthusiasm. Of course some of the places are more crowded now and we can't play some of the old clubs. We've never played Raleigh, that's gonna be fucking cool.

SFS: Yeah, it should be interesting.

Tim: Seriously, yo we can play Mesa, Arizona and a 1,000 people will be there and if we play Raleigh and there's 100, it'll be rad. It doesn't matter to us.

SFS: But the people in Raleigh are the lethargic pill heads who can barely get there own band to practice much play out.

Tim: I'm excited just to get out. This is the longest we've been home in fucking nine years. We've been home since november and Raleigh will be our second show. I just can't fucking wait. We just finishing band practice and I'm like, "yo, it's time." We just got a new van for \$150.

END



LETTERS TO BURT COCAINE

Burt Cocaine would like to begin this session by rebelling against Insect Poetry, a segment in this magazine that ran despite his smashing an empty bottle of Wild Turkey on Ran's cherished PC in drunken disgust. The following submission was approved by Burt himself...

Submitted for your perusal by Justin Fritz

Untitled-

POEMS ON THE SIDEWALK

MAKE WOMEN DREAM OF STRANGER'S COCKS
AND STRIPPERS WEARING ONLY SOCKS AS GAGS

CONDOMS, USED, ON THE FLOOR
SOMEONE'S MADE TO PLAY THE WHORE
WRISTS, BOUND BY ELASTIC RAGS

NIGHTLY GAMES GO ON AND ON
WHERE EVERYTHING BUT SHAME IS GONE
DRIVEL AND SEMEN STAIN THE SHEETS IN BAGS

THE AIR IS STAILED BY THE FIRE
EVERY EMBER BURNING HIGHER
SUCH AS SEX BECOMING DRIER
JUST LIKE FINGERS SQUEEZED BY WIRE

THE GIRL OF SUMMER CAME AND DIED
WHEN THEN AT LAST SHE CEASED TO HIDE
AUTUMN FINALLY WON HER GAME OF TAG

THE PLANE HAS CRASHED ON DESERT'S SKIN
WITH EVERYTHING WITHOUT AND IN
SEASON MAN WILL TAKE HIS FINAL DRAG

FALL HAS WON ONCE AGAIN
AND EVERY GIRL MUST COME AGAIN
AND HAVE THEIR EYES ON POEMS
SNAG THEM ONCE AGAIN
THE END

Dear Burt Cocaine,

I am sick and tired of your stupid ass column and all of that crap you have been spewing on that pathetic website of yours. You should rename it *www.crap* because that's about all you're full of! Becky told me about the time you puked on her parent's rug after Bobby's kegger last week, and how you tried to cover it up with a newspaper. And, how you thought they would never know it was you until they picked the paper up and had scratched out New York Times and written Salt for Slugs over it. What a stupid, juvenile prankster you are Cocaine. Aren't you getting a little old to still be going to keg parties anyway? Take a step back and look at yourself.

Sincerely,

Ralph Dorsey

First of all, Ralph, that was an awfully weak ending to one helluva bash on yours truly, Burt Cocaine. However, once again, the facts have been twisted. The party was three weeks ago, and it wasn't me who puked. It was Philly S. aka: Phil Specter, an infamous character who once wrote reviews for this very magazine that you hold in your hand right now. I did write Salt for Slugs on the paper though, and I encourage our readers to do the same. -bc

Hey Cocaine,

That asshole buddy of yours Sargeant Nun has been at it again unfortunately, and this time it was in the box hedge that surrounds my lawn. I really wish you would call him off before I have to start calling the cops again all of the time. You know you don't want that you bastard. If I ever see you or ANY of your cohorts around my place, I'm calling the dogs on your asses. So, tell nun that if I catch him in that hedge again his ass is going to be some Kibbles and Bits.

Signed,

Horace Filbers

Horace, I don't know how such a sweet lady like you got such a fucked up name, but let me fill you in on a little something. Sargeant Nun is not my friend or even one of my cohorts. You, see Sarge and I became mortal enemies when he took ALL of the money WE made on a little film we did back in '84. Since then, he has tried several times to get on my good side. It may have thrown you off when you saw him delivering that hand decorated cake to my door last Wednesday. I ate the cake and loved every bite of it, but I told that son of a bitch to never come back around without another cake. If he's been screwing around in your box hedge. I think it's me that needs to take action. -bc

Dear Burt,

I had to forward a copy of my letter to the SAT people that I wrote during the election scandal...

Dear SAT people,

I took the PSAT in high school and was declared a Commended Scholar, but I didn't score high enough in Texas to be rated a National Merit Scholar. I was just shy of a high enough percentile grade. From what I understand, if I lived in Oklahoma the year that I took the test, my score would have put me in a high enough percentile ranking to make me a Merit Scholar, and I could have gotten lots of scholarships, including a complete one to UT.

After taking the PSAT, I took the SAT 2 times. I did score considerably higher the first time, but I have objections to both scores. I have recently learned that my Scantron test bubble sheet thingys may have been inaccurately graded. I don't trust the damned machines that graded my tests. I demand a hand regrading of my tests, by someone who likes to get stoned and drunk. This person will give me a rating of the percentage of the test answers that they claim I got right.

If this cannot be arranged, then I will settle for a non-stoner to re-grade the tests, answer by individual answer. This person must be aware that my intention was to leave many of the scantron bubbles blank, that I did not know the answer to. If the incorrectly graded tests would have been scored with those blank answers, I would have gotten a correct, higher score.

Many of the bubbles that I intended to leave blank, I may have accidentally marked very faintly. I would not have bothered to erase them, believing that those spaces were not filled in enough to be graded by the machine. Furthermore, I demand that I be allowed to re-mark any questions where



Kickin' it into the new millennium, Burt unveils a new style for 2001.

I may have darkened more than one Ethel for the same question, as that was obviously not my intention. As I understand it, an "Ethel" is a Scantron answer bubble. I declare that it is my right to do this.

Lastly, I believe that, despite having been given proper instructions on how to mark my answer sheet when I took the test, and having plenty of opportunity to read instructions on how to take the test, I may not have been paying adequate attention, or perhaps I was just too damn stupid or illiterate to understand how to mark my Scantron sheet correctly.

I also maintain that I fully intended to mark correct answers on many of the questions that were incorrectly counted wrong. Let me use a bit of logic here to demonstrate my point: would I mark an answer on a test as that's as important as the SAT, even though that answer was obviously the incorrect

answer? I don't see why anyone would do such a thing, let alone (a person who should have been declared) a Merit Scholar.

Furthermore, I'm not sure that the quality of my supposedly #2 pencil was actually dark enough to be picked up by those disenfranchising, faulty Scantron machines, so I once again demand that my answers be re-examined manually, preferably by a person of my choice. If any of my former test forms have been lost or altered in any way, I demand that I be given the benefit of the doubt on any questions that I contest the grading of.

If any of the above is not found suitable, I demand that I be financially compensated for the damage that any mismarked test answers may have caused me.

The will of the SKipper must be allowed to prevail! Power to the SKipper!!

Love,

Skipper

Skipper, You rule. -bc

Dear Burt Cocaine,

Last night I rented some midget porn from my local neighborhood video store. Of course it hadn't been my intention to leave with such filth, but when I saw the tape, starring Three Feet of Dick Pleasin and Little Long John Silver, I just had to have it. The girl at the check out nearly shit herself laughing at me, but I have a healthy self esteem and am confident the ordeal will not result in a complex. When I got home I dimmed the lights, made some pop-corn, through myself down on the sofa and braced myself in my usual porn viewing posture. At first the whole motion picture just seemed comical, and on several different occasions I nearly died choking on popcorn kernels. But then something funny started to happen. I started to actually be enthralled with the love making that was occurring on my television screen. I couldn't help it. It was out of my control. My cock got hard and begged for me to beat it into submission. So I put down the popcorn, whipped the fake butter from my fingers and begin to spank my pud. It was as if I was in fourth grade all over again. It was a beautiful work of art that left me exhausted, and I accidentally fell asleep on the sofa. The next morning when I woke up I felt a strange sensation and ran to the mirror. Much to my dismay I realized that I had become a midget. I have since done some research into midget porn and it's effects and that is why I am writing you this letter. I have enclosed a self addressed envelope which I am sure you will put a blank check in and send back to me. The money is of course a reimbursement for the amount of cash I had to spend on a new wardrobe of midget clothes. You see Burt I now know your secret. Your Mother is Three Feet of Dick Pleasin!

Thanks Again,

Champ Herbert

My mom played basketball for the 76ers, so you must have her confused with someone else, but good letter anyway. -bc.

Salt for Slugs



The following story was submitted by an evil sidekick of Burt Cocaine...

Oldieglocks and the Three Perps by Paco Xander Nathan

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Oldieglocks who lived in a beautiful self-sustainable cabin near the center of an old-growth forest. Oldieglocks had gotten her name because her Grandmother had once given her a treasured family heirloom: a carefully maintained Glock 19 semi-automatic 9mm pistol from the 20th century. Grandmother had also instructed the little girl about proper operation and maintenance of the weapon, principles of threat analysis, and how to shoot to kill. Oldieglocks knew that her Grandmother cared about her very much, and loved her dearly for this.

One day, while participating in a community Walk For Life charity event, Oldieglocks found herself wandering alone through a very dark and scary part of the forest. She happened upon an old, abandoned building that looked very much like a crack house. From her location on the forest trail, Oldieglocks thought she could hear muffled screams originating from within the crack house. Remembering her Grandmother's training, Oldieglocks secured a defensive position behind a large bolder beside the trail, then cut some leafy branches to use for camouflage. She carefully verified that her weapon was fully loaded. While filling a few additional magazines with self-defense rounds, Oldieglocks attempted to call 911 for help. Unfortunately, due to a severe lack of community awareness and infrastructure planning, the cell phone reception in this part of the forest was too poor for her to establish contact with the local authorities. Oldieglocks, being a very smart little girl, realized that she would have to take matters into her own hands.

Executing a fire-and-manuever approach, Oldieglocks arrived safely at the crack house door. She looked inside very very carefully, adopting a Weaver stance with her weapon drawn and ready. In the front room, a handsome young boy held captive in one corner had been gagged, tied, and beaten. The body of his younger sister hung limply over one edge of a couch. Her corpse had obviously been disfigured and sexually abused.

"Who could have done such a thing?" Oldieglocks whispered in disgust, but unfortunately, the handsome young boy had been gagged so she could not hear his replies.

Just then, Oldieglocks heard some sounds on the second floor of the building. She crept up the stairs to find three rooms, each with its door closed shut. The door of the first room was locked, but Oldieglocks kicked it open, while keeping her faithful weapon drawn. At the other end of the room there was a middle-aged man, the Daddy Perp, who was obviously an Internet pornographer. Oldieglocks prepared to open fire, but saw that he was confined to a wheelchair and wore an oxygen mask. His hands were nearly paralyzed from typing on the computer and masturbating 24/7. Oldieglocks understood that he had not been able to commit the crime downstairs.

So she kicked open the next door to find the Mommy Perp, who was busy entertaining a client at the time. Oldieglocks considered opening fire on her and her john. However, the woman also happened to be tied up, and hence would not have been capable of perpetrating the brutal scene below.

Oldieglocks kicked open the third door to find the Baby Perp. He was a teenage drug dealer at his local high school. He possessed a variety of nasty looking ropes and knives scattered all over his bedroom, and had fresh bloodstains on his tee-shirt and baggy jeans which matched the lethal wounds on the victim. So his M.O. was just right. Oldieglocks emptied an entire clip into his skull and chest, and congratulated herself for achieving such a tight grouping of entry wounds - even in the midst of her indignant rage.

Racing back downstairs, Oldieglocks untied the handsome young boy. They went out into the woods, had sex a few times, and spent a delightfully pleasant rest of the day together.

THE END

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