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this issue:

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Fivehead

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Dare Jr. Interview

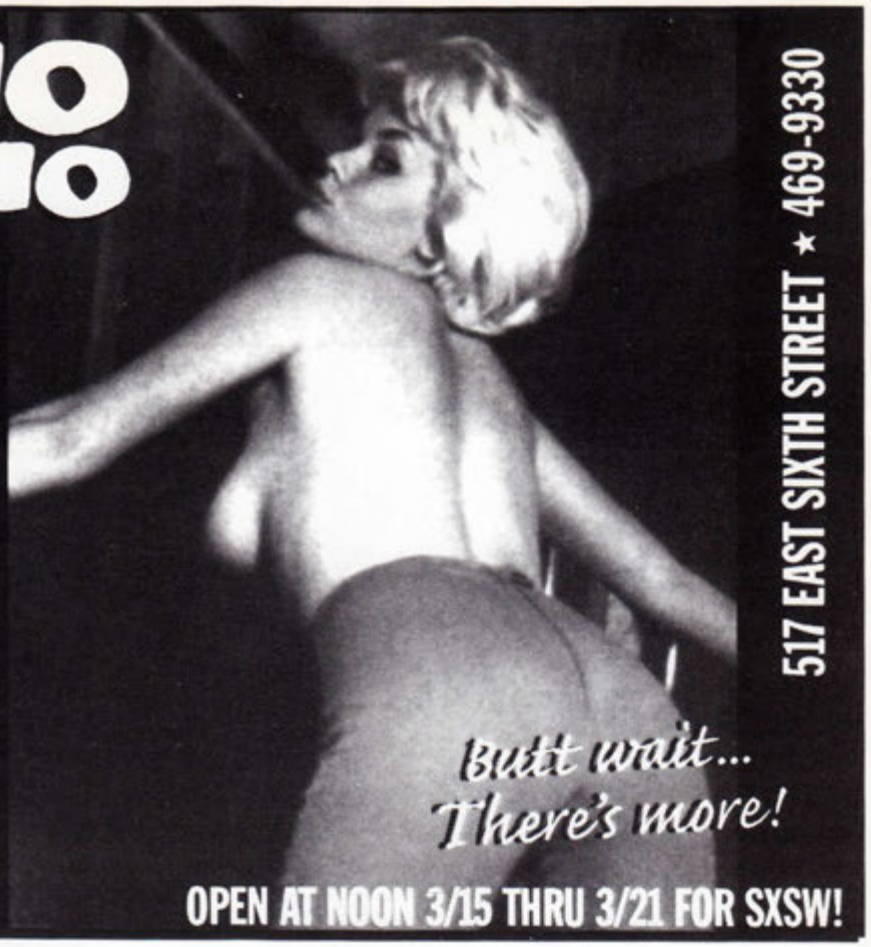
Music Reviews by People Who Care, and more...

BLUES, FLAMES, AND FLOWERS:

GUY FORSYTH

Interviewed

CASINO EL CAMINO



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Salt for Slugs #9

Volume Three Number One / Spring 1999

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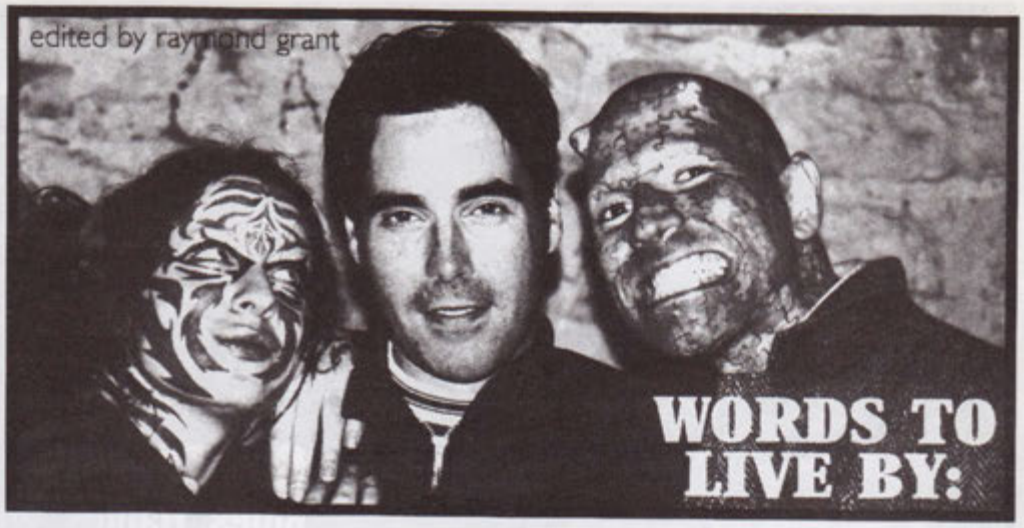

The unknown is what it is, and to be frightened of it is what sends people scurrying around chasing dreams, illusions, wars, peace, love, hate, all that. Unknown is what it is. Accept that its unknown and it's plain sailing. **- John Lennon**

The path of least resistance was always the most difficult path in the long run.
- Peter Cheyney

The man who does not learn is dark, like one walking in the night.
- Chinese proverb

The society which scorns excellence in plumbing because plumbing is a humble activity and tolerates shoddiness in philosophy because it is an exalted activity will have neither good plumbing nor good philosophy. **- Neithe**

Any frontal attack on ignorance is bound to fail because the masses are always ready to defend their most precious possession - their ignorance.
- Francois Duc De La Rochefoucauld

All that is gold does not glitter; not all those that wander are lost. **- J.R.R. Tolkien**

The most fatal illusion is the settled point of view. Since life is growth and motion, a fixed point of view kills anyone who has one.
-Brooks Atkinson, American drama critic

If you're frightened of dying and you're holding on, you see devils tearing your life away; but if you've made your peace, then the devils are really angels freeing you from the earth.
-Danny Aeillo (Jacob's ladder)

The day that I had to wake up for my senior picture they found me in the bathtub with the water running fully clothed in the attire that I would be photographed in including shoes. They said that I needed to write a synopsis on what my goals were and I replied, "A Pharmacist at Fordham University in the Bronx, it's Ivy League.
- Helen Hogan revisited

You are about to join the long list of people who cannot style and profile with the Nature Boy! Whoooo! **- Ric Flair**

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Editors Note:

I am getting really concerned about some of these AT&T telemarketers. They will not stop calling me, and the last woman who called here sounded really desperate. I could just hear her voice crackling under the pressure

Telemarketing has got to be the absolute worst job. There was a time that I experienced a tinge of guilt when I would immediately hang up on these phone jockeys, but now I don't feel anything but pissed off that they won't just give up and leave me alone. The frightening thing is that they admitted to me over the phone that they had been overcharging me for my long distance for an entire year before I wised up and switched to another carrier. Since then, they have been calling everyday and trying to bribe me into switching back. They sent me a check for $50, but I couldn't cash it or I'd be signing back over to AT&T. I had to tear it up. Tearing up checks written out to me is an unfamiliar torture technique of a deep psychological nature. It simply creates yet another inconsistency in my cognitions. It's been hard enough for me to accept the fact that Jordan retired, when all this time I've told to "Be like Mike". Now, I'm forced to come not only to the realization that I'm way too young to retire, but I can't even cash a $50 check made out to me because it'll land me in bed with Satan.

We all had our own dramatic self-realizations of one kind or another in the fateful year of '98. Here in Austin, we waded through the "Murdered Wife Trial" for quite a while, until a jury found Roger Skaggs guilty of brutally stabbing his spouse to death with a kitchen knife while she played their baby grand after dinner one evening. However, shortly after the deciscion, one juror went on to state in a televised interview that "it really wasn't that brutal of a crime afterall." It just underscores what Alex Jones has said so many times in the past about how numb we have become in this society towards violence. The trial also revealed another dreadful trait of the human race - sheer stupidity. Skaggs was convicted almost wholly due to the fact that he dumped the murder weapon and latex gloves he used to clean up with in a dumpster right outside of his work. Now that is genius. It seems so obvious, it looks like a frame-up. Well, I guess he has plenty of time now in prison to study those Matlock re-runs.

As for television, Oran Valentine launches a mini onslaught against the tube, while warning readers, "Haul gravel" on the web, but for Christsakes, do it with a little planning! As for me, I am growing more and more reluctant to watch t.v., unless I have a good videotape on hand. The other day, I found myself watching one of those log chopping contests on ESPN, until I had to stop myself when the announcer exclaimed, "That man's so powerful, he bogged the saw down!!!" I mean, come on. If you can make that crap exciting, what isn't worthy of a little time on the box? It's bad enough that there are at least three cable channels that run 24-hour Tae-Bo commercials all week. Okay, everybody does Tae-Bo!

This issue of SFS that you hold in your hand represents a lot of hard work and blind perserverence. Many thanks go out from me to all of the individuals who contributed in some way to it's release, namely Lisa, Ray, Amanda, Greg, and Randal. I especially would like to thank Scott McIntire of the Small Publishers Co-op for all of his time and effort, and Paul Sparks of Miller Blueprint for all of his patience and assistance. As always, I'd like to close by thanking our advertisers, distributors, retailers, and most of all, our readers.

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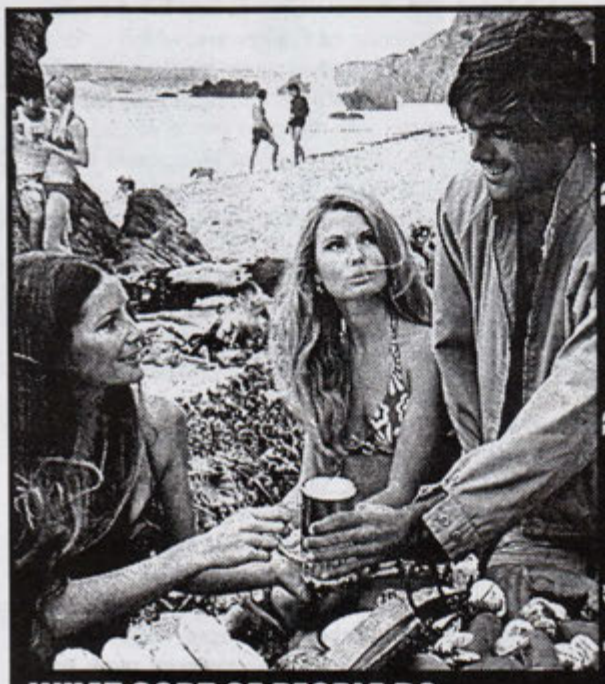

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Salt for Slugs Winter Issue Release Party "SFS Keeps Up With the Joneses", starring Alex Jones @ Fringeware Books

Sat., November 21, 1998
documentation by Stabler Hsu
photos by raymond grant

GUY TAKES IN THE ACTION WHILE PERUSING "THE ART OF WAR".

Ray wielded a deal with Marcus from Capital City Limo to pick us up and drive us around on the fateful evening of the SFS #8 release party last November. After we did the obligatory drive around the Capitol building and around downtown Austin, we stopped in at Club Deville for an early evening pre-party Slug roundup, which included the fine services of bartender deluxe, Mr. Dave Dart. Soon after this first clash with alcohol, we would all jump back into the limo and pop in a fine tape of vintage No Trend, provided by Greg E. Boy for the affair.

Upon arriving at the front door of Fringeware, which is located on a busy four lane road, we inadvertently blocked the right lane of traffic, causing people to lean on their horns and yell obscenities at us. This, in turn, only directed more attention to Fringeware, thus, playing right into our hands. This would be the beginning of a spectacle which would turn into complete anarchy as the evening progressed. The trunk of the limo poured forth with plenty of copies of the winter issue of SFS, and the unsuspecting book browsers inside Fringeware began to witness the salination of the masses via this limo-bound propaganda bomb of sorts. Mantis bid farewell to our friend Marcus, who had other business to attend to that evening. He told Ray that he would page him after 10:30, to confirm picking us up.

Inside, the energy was growing as more people arrived and began to consume the ten cases of quality brew supplied by none other than the Slug itself. Ran Scot, Slug webmaster, arrived and began to spin his own twisted web of Tom Foolery, while Scott manned the cash register. Soon, Greg's No Trend tape would end up on the house stereo, and the gutter punks from the drag crawled in off the street to consume some free beer. However, there were claims that some of these geniuses were actually stealing the free beer and putting it in their tattered punk rock backpacks. When Skipper informed Mantis of this, he obliged them to drink from his flask containing his favorite, Crown Royal. I think the saying goes, 'be careful what you ask for, you just might get it.'

A crowd of picketing youth gathered out front of Fringeware at this point to protest literacy. This caused a frenzy of excitement, as copies of SFS flew through the air, lit up by the headlights of passing traffic, once again leaning on their horns. A sign read, "What kind of sick person would put salt on a slug?' and, 'If I put salt on a slug, could I ride in a limo?' One said, 'Picketing is funner than reeding.' The best one was, 'You are going to die!' It was during this zaniness that Ray snapped the centerfold shot of Paco skanking through the crowd in rare form.

These antics were coming to a close when the man himself, Alex Jones, arrived on the scene. He came in looking a little distressed and said that more people would come in if we calmed it down out front, because people were either scared or turned off by such antics. After things toned down some and Ray finished his 'Little Man' video presentation inside, Alex got up to speak. He started talking about the corruption in government and things people can do to become empowered in society. The gutter punks began to interject, until Alex afforded them the chance to speak. One of them got up a half heartedly said that anybody who works at all is a part of 'the system'. At that point, the female gutter punk leaned over and puked on herself from the Crown Royal.

It was 11:00 by the time Alex finished speaking and Ray was so out of it that he never called back when Marcus paged him. Hence, the SFS staff was stranded at Fringeware, but only briefly until friends Thomas and Claudia arrived and escorted back to Club Deville where things became kind of blurry and Mantis clashed with an iron table. Chalk up another fun-filled evening for the staff of Salt for Slugs and Fringeware Books.

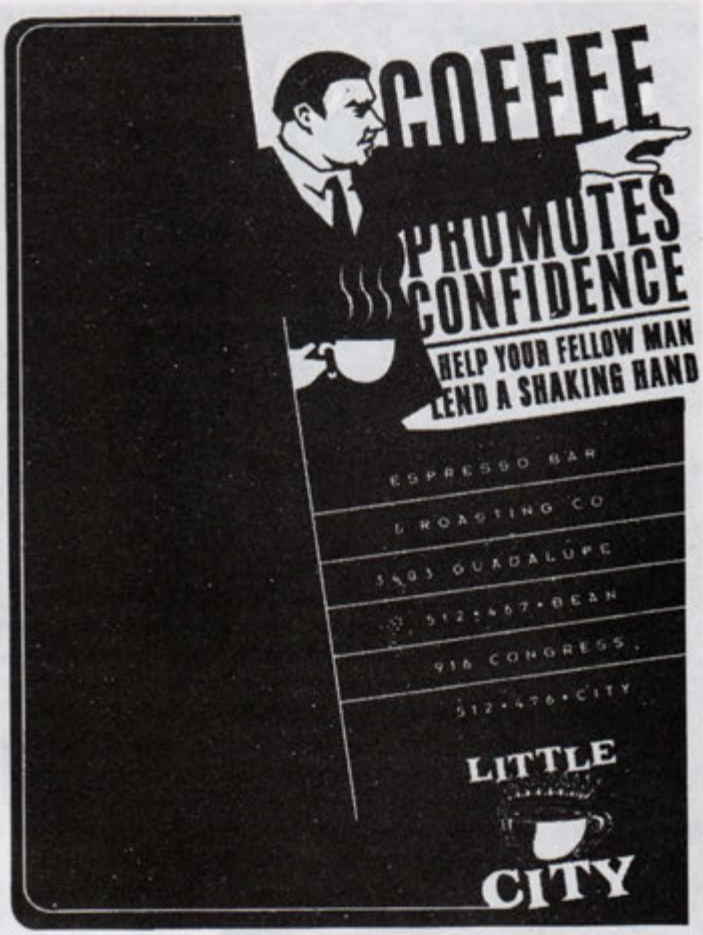
SFS New Years '99
6th & Trinity
hosted by DJ Mark McCain
photos by stabler hsu

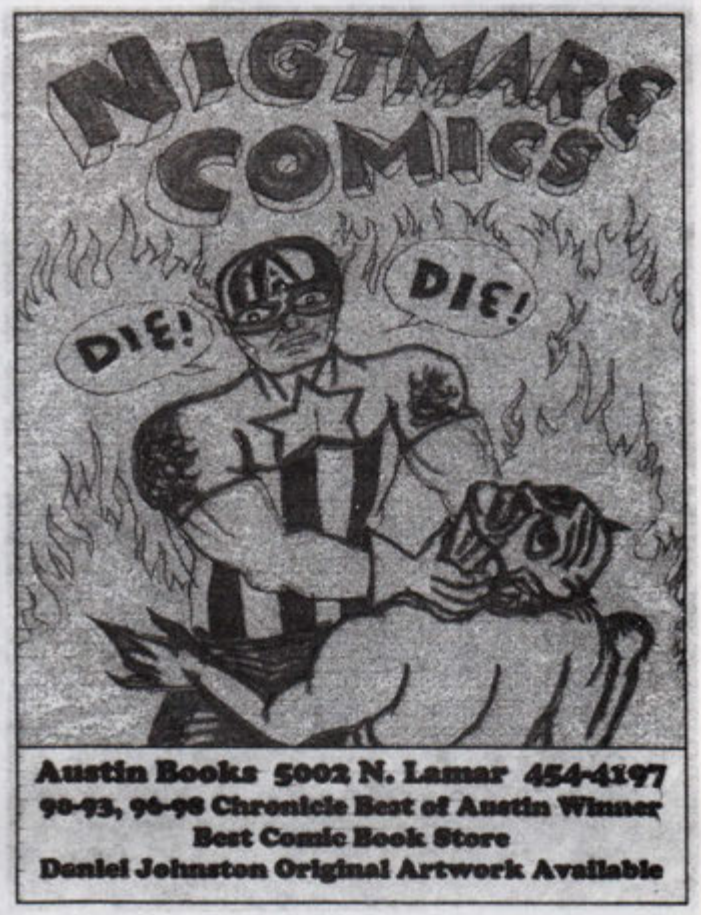
The ocean of people swimming around in a drunken frenzy at the intersection of 6th & Trinity, in the heart of Austin's party district. Luckily, the SFS outpost office is on the second floor, so we could get plenty of great shots and witness the debauchery without becoming soiled in stale beer. Unfortunately, the camera was sidelined when the clock struck twelve, and we missed getting pictures of the women who tore their shirts off.

This kid was a little amped up and decided that he was going to have a different kind of fun on this crane. Kids, it's only funny til' someone gets an eye put out..

Yes there even was time for a little love on this night of heinous alcohol laden partying.

Another rat in a cage: These 6th St cops had this guy pinned in against this wall and were telling him to "STOP RESISTING!!" Unfortunately for this guy, he thought for a second that he might be able to scurry away into the thick crowds of drunks, but no. Within seconds, his face was wiping the side of this restaurant clean. I don't think the cops were happy about me taking this photo.





GUY FORSYTH Blues, Flames, and Flowers

by raymond grant

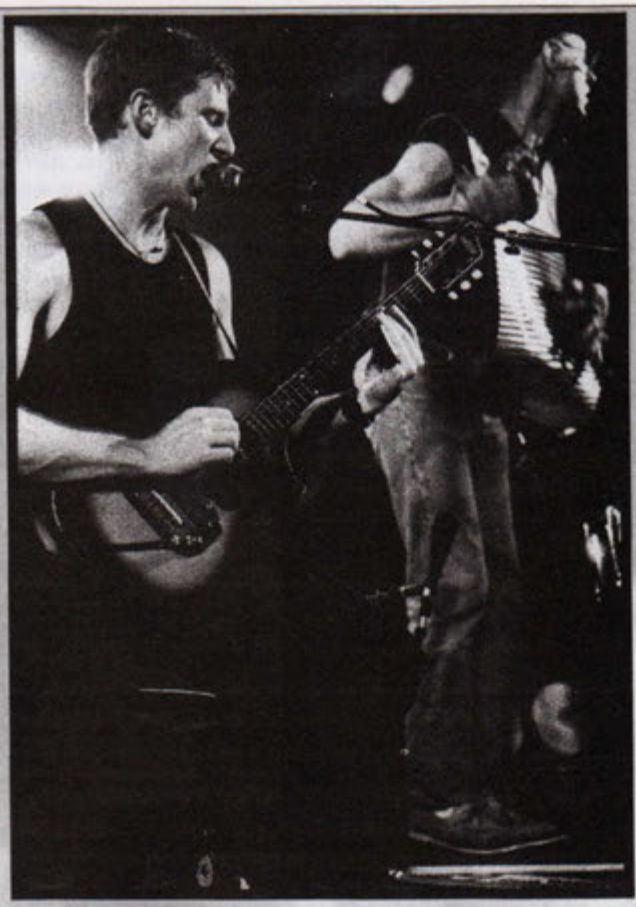
photos by Herman, and Stabler Hsu

Guy Forsyth is an American poet who depicts imagery across the canvas of our minds. Images of steam engines, brothels, silent films and bar room brawls leaving the listener enthralled. In his own words Guy is "a storyteller, not a blues musician." Which gives the reader a better understanding of his art. One knows they will not be subjected to another drab, twelve bar chord progression, but a rich, colorful tale set to soundtrack scores.

The band barrels towards you with train track beats, thick, heavy bottom end, smooth blue steel guitars, Guy wailing jailbird harmonica and masterfully bowing handsaws as if it were an Ed Wood film. Offstage, Guy is reminiscent of a blithe Oliver Twist searching out the next adventure, which is Holland in a few days. On stage he is a charismatic performer that you must see. The new album "Can you live without" has many surprises to unleash on the music world

and should be the bands bridge to success.
January 7, 1999: Late night, behind Club Deville, fresh Guiness, about to start...

Salt for Slugs: When is your new album coming out?
Guy Forsyth: The album is being released this month in Europe, definitely in Holland, Germany, and France, places I've already played. It will be released here on March 16th at the very start of the SXSW.
SFS: What label will it be released on?
Guy: Antone's is the label, which is owned by Sire, which is a subsidiary of Warner Bros. I know all the people who work at the label, and a lot of them for a long time. It's a small label that way. It will hopefully do well enough to be picked up by Sire as a big seller and be handled by a big label. It could sell a billion copies and enable me to get a new car.
SFS: You have a great song on the new album, the title track I believe, it's called, "Can You Live Without". What was the inspiration for that song?
Guy: I saw the movie Bullworth with my friend Eric Schimel and we got into a political discussion as we left the film. He said that he doesn't want to listen to anybody get up and shout on a soapbox who isn't prepared to sacrifice the thing that he's bitching about. Basically, don't get up on the soap box unless you know what it is you're willing to sacrifice. That's what that song is about, "Can you live without?" The subject can be anything. It's open-ended. It'll hopefully get people to look at their lives and think about what is necessary and what isn't.
SFS: Most people stereotype musicians as drunken, drugged, skirt- chasing, hotel trashing maniacs. Does any of this this describe you?
Guy: Well, I really don't drink that much. I suppose if I wanted to I could, because everywhere I play there seems to be free beer and free alcohol. I have my weaknesses as anybody does, I went through my whole 'kid in a candy store' phase. At a certain point as a musician, you discover that merely being in front people on stage, even if it's a small bar stage, makes you more attractive. Being the focus of attention is a great aphrodisiac.
SFS: It's a high.
Guy: It sure is. I think that I spent some time exploring, but you can't live your life that way.
SFS: Do you have any nicknames?
Guy: They call me Spanky.
SFS: You started the Asylum Street Spankers right?
Guy: I was one of the founders of the Spankers. I like to think of it as me starting it, but the reality is it was a number of us. Pops Bayless, Wammo, Christina Marrs, Kevin Smith, Jimmy Dean and the original Snakeboy was the original group.
SFS: Do you like being spanked?
Guy: It requires a certain scenario. If it's a stranger who comes up to me and says, "Hey, you want a spanking?" I don't know. There are certain kung-fu exercises that hurt a great deal, like the 3 star iron arm exercise. There are certain erotic highs to be reached through stimulation. I think it's important. Okay, yes I do.
SFS: Everyone can relate to that.
Guy: No matter what, I think it's important that it's okay people spank because what gets you off is an open-ended equation. People find their yaa-yaas in the weirdest places. There's no science to it, and there's no over-intellectualizing it, and there's no getting through it with the mind. When you're hot you're hot, and when you're not you're not. As long as nobody is getting hurt, and there is no victim. What you do to have a good time is your own business. What I do to have a good time is my own business. There are certain things that I feel I wouldn't want to discuss in an interview, and things that I don't think that the public has a right to know. As a performer, I think there is a part of my life that is public because I choose it to be, and there is no way around it. Questions of art and career, but questions of personal relations or what I do with my free time. It isn't anybody's business. I won't necessarily not talk about it, but it's something I choose to talk about or don't.



SFS: So what you're really saying is, you like to be spanked.
Guy: It really depends.
SFS: You're about to play in Amsterdam in a few weeks. You play there every once and a while, what, maybe once or twice a year?
Guy: This will be the fifteenth time I've played in Holland. I haven't played in Amsterdam every time.
SFS: What do you think about legalized drugs and prostitution?
Guy: I think we need to go back to the answer before, as long as there isn't a victim, I don't think that it should be a crime. Guaranteed in the Bill of Rights is the pursuit of happiness. If you make drugs and prostitution, for example, legal, and therefore monitorable, then you get rid of all of the pitfalls of that sort of thing. With legalized prostitution, the prostitutes have the legal recourse if they are abused, attacked or assaulted. They can be monitored and checked for communicable diseases and a certain health standard can be maintained which is a good idea for the society at large. There's no question about that. If you legalize drugs, you kick the bottom out of organized crime. If it's not illegal, then the money part is taken out of the situation. If you legalize marijuana then it becomes dirt cheap. It's cheaper to grow than lettuce, because you have to irrigate lettuce. Pot's a weed, it'll grow anywhere. That's one of the reasons why it'll be a struggle to legalize it because the alcohol companies, tobacco industries, and their lobbyists will do everything within their power to keep it from being legal because they stand to lose a great deal of money.
SFS: Who did the art work for the cover of your new album?

Guy: Gregory Smith, who I had never heard of before. We got a lot of excellent help on the packaging and artwork from the folks of GSD&M. They did this because they wanted to do something artistic. They basically wanted to do something that they liked. They did a really excellent job. When they were talking about different ideas for the album cover, they showed me some of Gregory's illustrations. It really reminded me of a painter named Thomas Hart Benton who is an American painter who painted a lot in the late twenties in and around Kansas City. I used to see a lot of his paintings in an art museum in Kansas City when I was growing up. Images of 1920's America, but done in a particularly lyrical, exaggerated, mythic perspective. I loved his stuff. It was obvious to me just looking at Gregory's stuff that he was really into him, but his work has it's own look as well. I had this weird idea for a picture with me holding a sword and some burning roses. I described that to him and that's what he painted. We talked a lot about it, trying to compose the symbolism of the entity. It looks old, and it's an old idea. It's not just a nonsequitur image. There are a lot of excellent album covers that are just that, like the cover of (Beck's) Odelay! or something like that. There are a lot of things about the album that are very intentional, very specific and deliberate. Any time you do something that is so overt, you leave yourself open to a lot of critique. In a lot of ways, I'm bracing myself to see what happens when the album comes out . I'm really happy with it, and that's without seeing any reviews or anything like that. Whether it sinks or swims, it was something that I really needed to do.

SFS: When putting an album out, you have to be ready for people to throw knives at you.

Guy: It would have been safer in a lot of ways for me to do a straighter blues album. I have more than an album and a half worth of straight blues songs which are songs that I really like, but a lot of the songs on this record are songs that I've either had in my head for years or something that I wrote last week. Its a mixture of two different types of songs. It's that way for me, I don't know if anyone else will perceive it that way. It is on Antone's Records, and they have a pedigree of blues recordings, but it's not a blues record. It's a writer's record because the songs cover a lot of musical ground. There's a lot of variety. I like to think of the songs as the stories and the music as the sets and the costumes. You do your best to do as well as possible. I've been able to work with such excellent musicians, so the process has been really fun. It has been a ball. I wish I could go into the studio again tomorrow and do the next album right now because it's so much fun. I did the album right here in Austin, so I was able to use a lot of people that I knew. They're friends as well as competent musicians.

SFS: What do you think of Clifford Antone's situation right now?

Guy: For what it's worth, in my opinion, Clifford Antone poses no threat to this community or anyone else, and the thought of him doing a severe jail term is abhorrent to me. That's much more criminal than the crimes he's been charged with. Earlier we talked about the legalization of marijuana, and I'm sure that anyone reading this

magazine knows that marijuana is much less harmful than either alcohol or tobacco. The fact that it's illegal and criminal while tobacco and alcohol are only regulated to the slightest degree is an inconsistency in our laws. Hopefully, this undeniable fact will become more readily observed by the rest of the community as people in our generation come into positions of power. They'll remember that smoking pot never hurt anybody. So I think that it's totally wrong that Clifford is being sentenced. It's terribly ironic that he is being charged with laundering money when it's pretty obvious to anybody who's ever worked at Antone's that there isn't a whole lot of money in that business. I don't know what people are thinking or what their perception is of the music industry, but at the level that I'm at there's no money.

SFS: What is your perception of the music industry?

Guy: It's a good job, but I'm not making a bunch of money. It's a lot of work. I love my job and I wouldn't do anything else. If I lost my voice and my hands tomorrow, I would try to find a way to do the same thing in an altered way because it's about story telling. I'm a musician, but that's a tool of a storyteller. And for that matter, so are you in writing for the magazine. So is a novelist, an actor, a playwright... For me, storytelling is the most important thing. Stories are how we learn how to live. We learn about how we react to things and our set of values, what our ethics are. Stories can be literal or very surreal. They can evoke emotion without a literal definition. There may be diverse elements like the smell of rain on a sidewalk and the feel of a poncho. There is something mildly lyrical about that, just walking in the rain, but those elements may invoke a story for you, and an entirely different story for someone else. A lot of the job of being a storyteller is the plumbing of archetypical symbols like the ones Jung talks about. Things that you find repeated in different systems of myth around the world in totally divergent cultures where images like the dragon represent the combination of all four elements, like the body of the worm that lives in the ground but it flies through the air. Its like a serpent that lives in the water, but breathes fire. You see that image in the West and East.

SFS: So, what was it that gave you the blues?

Guy: The woman's name was Gabrielle and I was eighteen. I lived with her in Kansas City and she was a couple of years older than me. I was eighteen, she was twenty-four. We lived together for about a year and a half and it was pretty hard. She was really abusive. That's how I got the blues. It was a bad relationship. Everybody has one or maybe two.

SFS: Hopefully no more than two.

Guy: I was too nice and too naive and I was manipulated and taken advantage of. I don't know why the woman was the way that she was. She had a really hard time growing up, went through a lot of changes going through Foster Homes and stuff like that. That doesn't absolve her, nor does it absolve me, but at that time I got into music much more than I ever had before. From the time I was sixteen, I used to sneak into blues clubs, but it wasn't until then that I really got serious about music and decided that music was the best investment of my time. I got more out of music than I did out of romance, or labor for cash.

SFS: There's a sword on the cover of your new album. Do you know how to use it?

Guy: One of the first things I did as a kid when I was old enough to conceptualize and get something done, I've been making swords and playing with them. I've always been especially interested in heroes. I still read comic books. Greek myths, books like The Lord of the Rings. I did stunt work for renaissance festivals for two years I toured the circuit. I did a lot of choreographed fights with a sword. I played Robin Hood. I grew up fencing with a bunch of street punks in Kansas City. Our idea of a good time was getting together and fencing with epees with saber bell guards, without any protective gear. Nobody got their eyes poked out, which was a small miracle. I had one go through my lips and I could blow bubbles through my lip. I've studied some Kin Jitsu here in town with some friends. I've learned a lot from a guy named Greg Balis. Most recently, I've been working with SiFu Jeff Hughes at The Central Texas Kung-Fu Exchange here in Austin. I just learned a new Baqua broadsword form. It makes my wrist hurt.

SFS: Are you a lover or a fighter?

Guy: I think I'm probably a good lover, or a good fighter, but when the two get combined, I get all fucked up. Then, any sort of center that I had is totally lost. I'm no good at fighting with people that I care about. My family didn't really fight much, if anything it was more likely that things were not properly discussed at the time. Maybe that's one of the reasons I'm a performer now because I'm obsessed with getting my feelings out. It is important that we do find something that is worth fighting for, that you do give a damn about. Apathy and nihilism runs rampant in this society and we get what we deserve. Taking your stand is the only reason you are here.

SFS: How about your philosophy of 'an open hand is better than a closed fist.'

Guy: That right. That's my dime store philosophy that I got from an interview with Tom Waits who is my patron saint and spiritual advi-

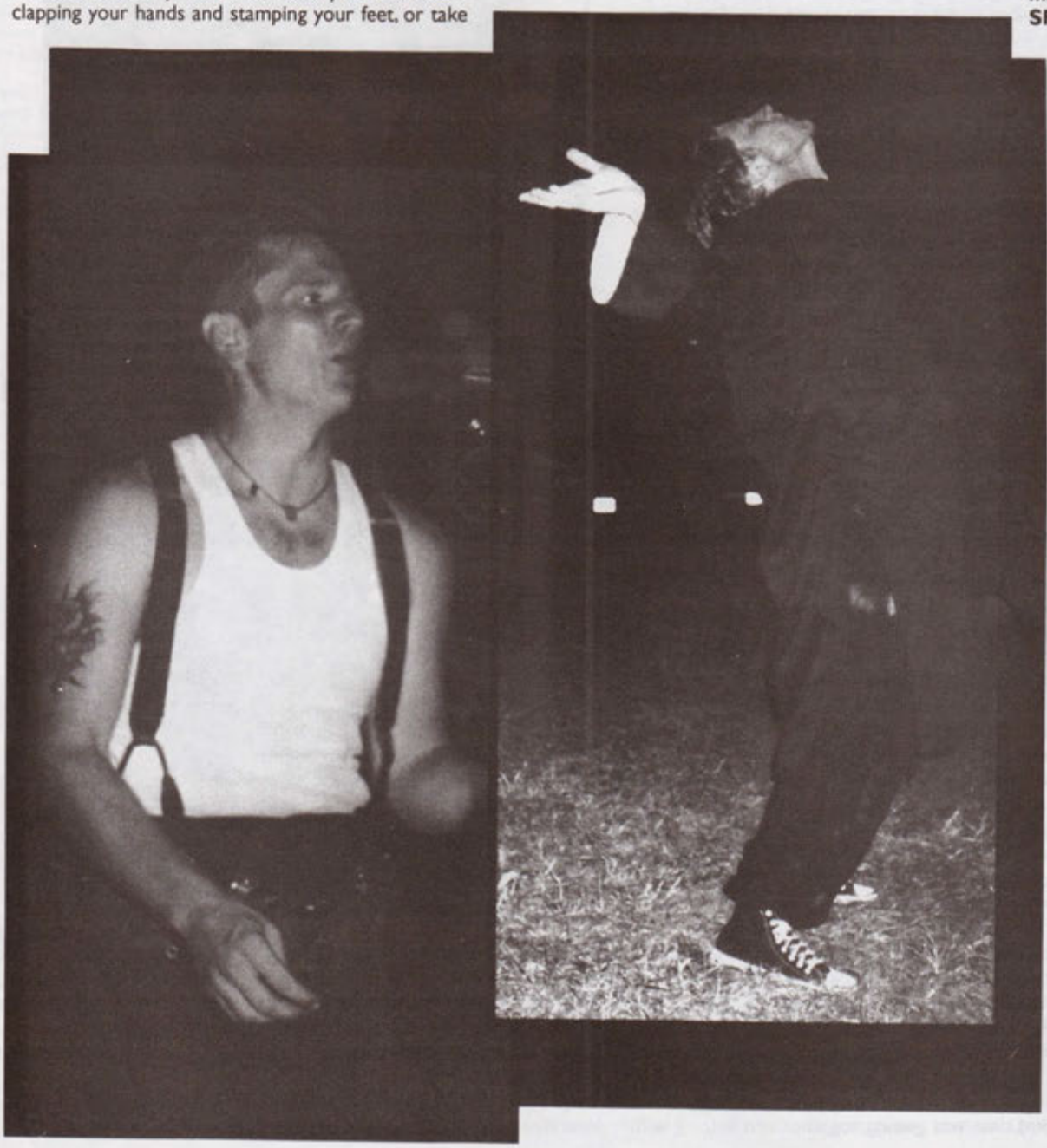
sor. He said that it is always about opening your hand and not making a fist, harmony, not contention. I think that it's a good rule for everything, because the open hand is active, and the closed hand is destructive.

SFS: So you like Tom Waits. Are there any other musicians that you admire?

Guy: I like Sun House. Blind Willie Johnson, Robert Johnson, Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Ray Charles, Fats Waller, Ukelele Ike, the voice of Jiminy Cricket. He was the first person to record, "Singin' in the Rain". Cliff Edwards is Ukelele Ike. More modern music that I'm into are folks like Lucinda Williams, who deserves a handful of Grammies for her new record. I have a pretty wide and varied record collection. A lot of blues, but I like a lot of stuff from the 20's and 30's, especially folk recordings like stuff recorded by Alan Lomax and others. There is something profound about music produced without any economic intention. Music that was recorded not to satisfy a certain market, or record buying public. Rather, music that was performed medicinally, for enjoyment because they simply wanted music in their lives. Back then, if you wanted music, you better start clapping your hands and stamping your feet, or take piano lessons so you'd have something to play in the parlor on Sunday. Every religion in the world has music at it's core. That's no accident. It's value is undeniable.

SFS: How has it been doing the movie soundtracks you've done?

Guy: The two experiences that I've had of any note were very different. One was getting to work with Mark Rubin and his work on the Newton Boys soundtrack which was him knowing exactly what he wanted and auditioning people to try to do what he was looking for. For that, he just wanted me to come in and sing the song in a certain style. It was a style that I was really into, so it was a pleasure. I knew exactly what music from that period would have sounded like. The other one that I worked on was for the film, Hands on a Hard Body, which was a long running five star movie. Neil Cassanov is the guy who did the music for that film. I played guitar for him. He got me and Kevin Smith together and produced the session. I had never seen the film. We were just trying to create mood music. It was all instinctual. My playing drew really heavily from Blind Willie Johnson and Ry Cooder. I was looking for atmospheric, hot, Texas slide guitar music.



SFS: You are providing live accompaniment to Buster Keaton's "The General", how did you go about doing that?

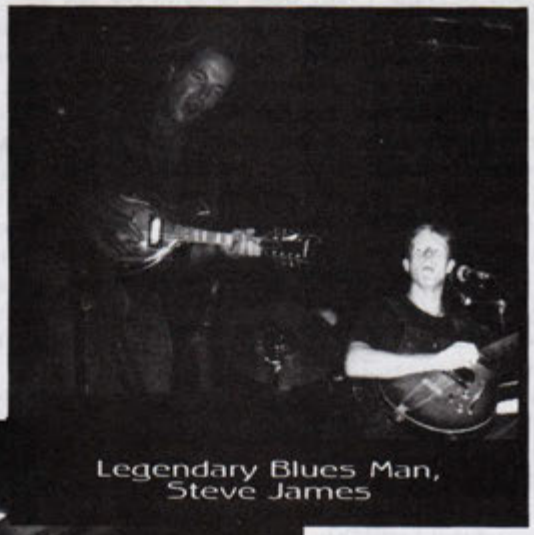
Guy: It's part of a series of silent films that have had scores created by local musicians, playing live at The Alamo Draft House which is a great idea. They asked me and I just couldn't say no, I was really flattered. We've been working on the show for a while and it's clear to me that it is a really big job, and its much easier to score a film that you don't have to play live,especially if you're playing different instruments yourself in different parts. There is such an amazingly varied palate of sounds open to recording, or even open to a band that can stop after one song and change instruments. It is difficult to throw this ball up in the air and keep it up in the air all the way through the film. It's a really cool challenge and

I hope we're up to it. It's really fun, but it's also scary because it's such an excellent film. I'd just like to say what a fan of Buster Keaton I am.

SFS: Do you take the movie home and just keep rewinding and thinking up music and then putting it to whatever you think will work with it?

Guy: The Alamo has really trusted us with this wonderful baby. They sent me a tape and said, 'Let us know what you need.' What a great deal. I wish more realms of entertainment would lend themselves to such curious collaborations. I hope that this is something that the Alamo continues to do for all time. There are so many cool musicians in Austin. I imagine that we would run out of cool silent films before we'd run out of musicians.

SFS: What time period is that from?



Legendary Blues Man, Steve James

Guy: It was shot in the twenties. I don't know the exact date. There are plenty of great actors, but rarely do you see someone who was as focused as Keaton. He had such control and was so deliberate. He directed this film as well.

SFS: If you could live in any other time period, what would it be?

Guy: The earlier part of the twentieth century. I think that my affectation for it is obvious. The forms of media that we perceive the world through, our eyes and ears beyond the scope of the room that we're in and so focused on these days was just being formed at that time. Early examples of film and music which are still capable of being broadcast and played on what we use for communication now, the TV and the radio are accessible, but so alien, so fantastically alien, so outside of anything we see in day to day life, and yet there is the obvious connection to history. This is where we came from. This planet has changed so much in the past hundred years. As we approach the year 2000, we look back at the year 1900 and see the changes in economics, society, art, media, and how we see ourselves. I know that by looking at a video, or CD transcriptions of old 78 records. The fact that I'm really into stories makes me study myth a great deal because those are the oldest stories. You find the story of Star Wars is the same as so many other mythic heroes. You know, going through your journey, confronting your father, and so on. It's very much interested in history, but our lives have changed so much. We don't live in our father's house anymore, we don't have our father's job, we don't hang with our mom all the time because we don't still live in the same place. We're separated and our families are exploded. You know, the next album I do is going to be titled, "The Clockwork Virus and Institutional Decay" which is all about this distended feeling that we get by not having a real contact with our roots. The culture that we live in, the bleak ugliness of day to day living in middle class America. The ugliness of "franchise America" is appalling. Sure, it's great to go get a burger any time of day, but is there anything more ugly than a world filled with McDonalds?

SFS: What was it like for you growing up in Kansas City?

Guy: I grew up in the suburbs in middle class America, Johnson County, which is nice and there are a lot of really rich people there. I never went hungry when I was a kid. I never went without shoes. My parents took really good care of me. They are both really smart people. I've never seen my mother stopped by anything. She's quietly determined in her own way. I hope I can be half the man my mom was. That's a sexist thing to say now that I think about it, but hell, I wish I could be like both of my parents. They got divorced when I was about twelve. I got to see both of them and it was definitely the right thing that they got divorced. Growing up, my mom worked, so I had a bunch of time to myself. I was a fat kid. I was smart enough to get into trouble, but not smart enough to get out. I didn't have a lot of friends. I spent a lot of time reading by myself. I was sort of into punk music, but not as much as other weird things. I wore a jacket with slogans on it and shit like that, but I don't know what in the hell that means. I didn't feel at home growing up. I'm sure that's true of a lot of people. That's valuable though because I think people that have a hard time growing up spend more time on themselves, conceiving of themselves and deciding for themselves how they feel about things, not having a mold to put themselves into.

SFS: What is your best musical memory?

Guy: Wow, what a question. That's hard. I really like to play and I've had a lot of those experiences, and you never know when they're

going to come. I can't think of all of the gigs where I was floored and just so amazed by what had just happened. Especially, when I'm watching other musicians that I've played with. They paint my mirror you know. I know that certain shows have changed my life. I saw a blues musician named John Hammond Jr. when I was eighteen at a place called the Jazz House in Kansas City. I took a date and it was like six dollars at the door and I was like, 'six dollars? I don't want to spend six dollars.', and the guy at the door said, 'If you don't like it, I'll give you your money back.' So, I went in and John Hammond Jr. played the resonator guitar, acoustic guitar, and harmonica. In a lot of ways, I still to this day am trying to do what I saw there that night. I didn't turn and look at my date once but to say, 'That's it, that's what I want to play.'

SFS: Some of your instruments could double as weapons, like the handsaw. What made you incorporate that into your music?

Guy: The saw is the poor man's theremin, and it's easier to carry and set up. It's a very emotional sound, like the metal guitars that I play. They have a certain sound that's created by their construction which is very different from a normal acoustic guitar. The National Resophonic Guitar has a kinetic speaker inside of it, similar to the speaker you'd have for your stereo, but instead of a magnet moving the cone, the vibration of the strings moves it. Those guitars sound to me like the soul of America. They have this brave new world sort of steam tech sound to them. The world hadn't totally flipped out yet. It's a non-electric, electric guitar. I play the ukelele, and sort of work with any sort of stringed instrument and eventually I come up with something to play on it.

SFS: New Star Trek or old Star Trek?

Guy: I think with the new Star Trek, they have thought about it really hard and it doesn't have the same glaring errors, but it doesn't have the lyricism of the old Star Trek. The old Star Trek gets more distant from the foreseeable future as we approach it. It was so about the time that it came from, that it's another tool of understanding ourselves. Let the old Star Trek enter the realms of myth, we're still dealing with the new Star Trek.

SFS: Right... Do you think we're alone in the universe?

Guy: I think we're all alone.

SFS: Any predictions for the year 2000?

Guy: I don't know. That's a good question. I've fantasized about it, thinking about "what if?" Should I fill my bathtub with water? Do I start canning stuff now? I've got a flackjacket. I wanted to be Dwight Duk'em. Ever since I was a kid, I've had "Red Dawn" thoughts of nuclear war and apocalyptic sorts of lifestyles. So, Y2K is as good a target for that sort of thought as any, but people have been thinking those thoughts forever. You may as well be thinking about the Rapture. I have no idea what's going to happen. I know that the people in power are going to be nice and safe.

SFS: Nostradamus predicted that in the year 1999 and seven months the great king of terror will come from the sky. Any idea of what that could mean?

Guy: No, but if I filled a couple of books full of really broad, open-ended theories about what will come in the next how ever many years you want, I bet that I'd get a few of them right.

SFS: Do you believe that death is the end, or just another step in our spiritual evolution?

Guy: By definition, death is really the end of evolution, but if the question is, 'Do I believe in life after death?', I would say that I don't know, so I'm living this life like there isn't one. I think the way you live your life creates the world that you live in, and that's all the ethical argument for trying to do the best you can that I need.

SFS: Is there anyone that you'd like to thank, yell at, or mention in this interview?

Guy: Yea, but where would I start?

Guy Forsyth- Can YOU live without this album???

MG

Mantis Girl Graphics

Austin, TX

Lisa Knorra Mantisgirl@austin.rr.com

SFS: Do you have any more words of wisdom for the kids?

Guy: It's an illusion to think that you can play it safe.

SFS: Well thanks for your time and remember us when you hit the big time.

GUY: The Slug rules!

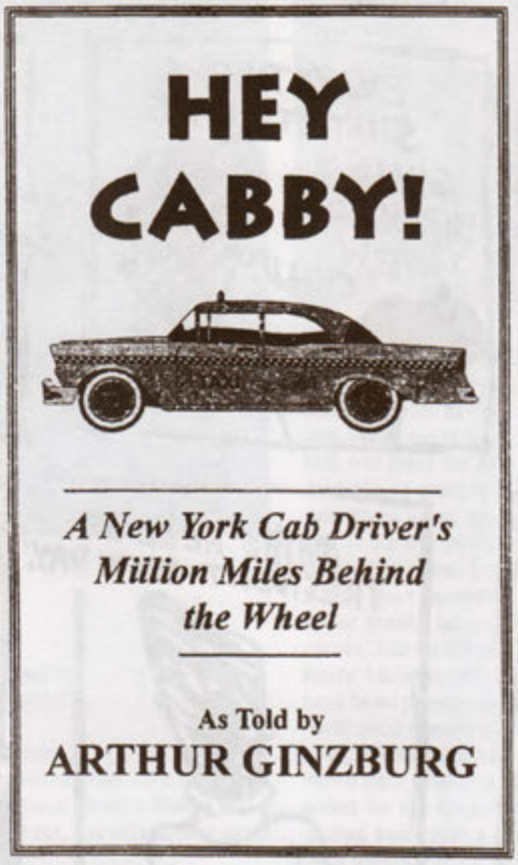
Abrosia Stillborn by Steve Garcia

SFS Obscure, Self-Published Book Review:

HEY CABBY!

Independent Publisher Evan Ginzburg Releases His Father's Self-Told Story of Life as a N.Y. Cabby.

N.Y. cabby and beloved father, Arthur Ginzburg died six months after after being diagnosed with terminal liver cancer at the relatively young age of 57. This was back in 1980, and it was ten years before his son Evan would be able to bear listening to the tape recorded conversations he had with his father during the six months preceding his death. The tapes were made between hospital visits after Evan went to Radio Shack and picked up a cheap recorder for $19.99, and decided to get on tape some of the many outlandish stories his father had told over the years about things he'd witnessed while driving his cab in the city from the fifties through the seventies. They swore he had a book in him, and they were right. Now all someone has to do is write it, because this is a 40 page transcription of Ginzberg's experiences as told by the man himself, and it is quite good.



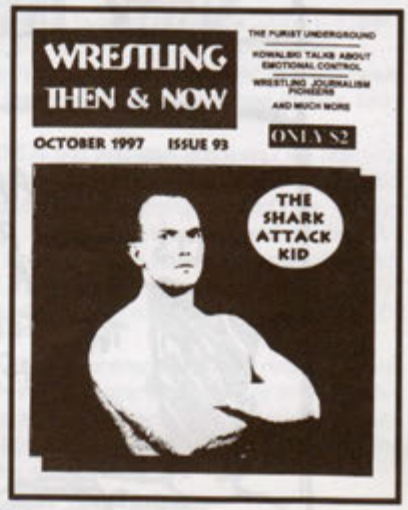
Reading of how things were back then at the most real level, through the eyes of a cabby, makes one aware of how much things have changed and how much things have stayed the same. For instance, there are plenty of hold up men still taking out cab drivers these days, and yes, some of them probably are transvestite hookers as well. I guess Jerry Springer was a good twenty to thirty years late on that stuff. Arthur Ginzberg knew the seething underside of the city, and regularly charted a course through some of its scariest and most seedy places.

Although it only took me 30 minutes to read this little gem, Hey Cabby! contains some of the most interesting non-fiction I've read lately about a city and time that in many ways no longer exist. The stories in here run the gamut from frightening tales of being held up by criminals to hilarious run-ins with celebrities. Only a man with a true love of the city would have been able to endure the crazy shit Ginzberg went through on a daily basis. Navigating the streets of this little world in a time when no one even knew what "politically correct" was, he outlined the segregated city and accepted the fact that people were different. Some funny quotes about the diversity of the city, "The Hispanics, particularly the Puerto Ricans, except for the hard drug addicts, are basically happy people." ..."In black neighborhoods, don't get too close to the car in front of you. Keep the car in gear, and the windows up and look all around. If you're lucky, you'll get out of there."..."The Italians are very good people, except, of course, for some of the Mafia boys." ..."You have a bunch of Yugoslavians living in Astoria. About every three weeks, they're trying to blow something up." It goes on and on.

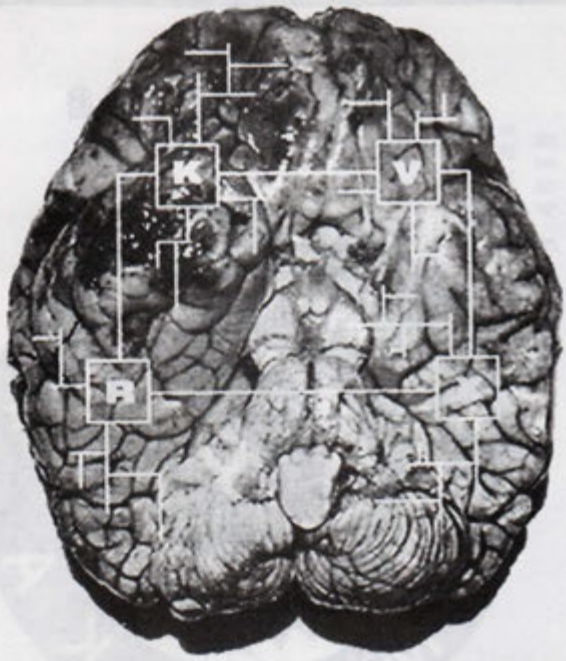
Ginzberg's love for New York is apparent in many passages, "It's a fabulous city. You never get bored." It's amazing that he held such a love for a city which put him in direct physical danger regularly. Degenerates would hold him up and threaten his life on a regular basis. He describes two hold up men who "were like flipping a coin whether to kill (him) or not". He warns of not giving enough cash to gunmen, and how it's best to give a little more and not to be stupid and try to hide your wallet. And then there were the young kids on bicycles who would come up on the driver's side of the cab on a sunny day and rip the shirt pocket containing fares right off of a cabby's shirt. No one is innocent in the city. And the local police weren't very sympathetic at all when a frazzled Ginzberg went in and reported these crimes.

The Big Apple is a place known for its bright lights and its Broadway celebrities. A cabby is often thrown into the middle of some crazy situations involving a host of stars. Ginzberg once called Jerry Lewis a bum and threw him out of his cab after Lewis copped an attitude with him. Another story which was funny was when he almost got in a fight with a young Paul Newman after he cut his cab off on a motorcycle. Ginzburg went toe to toe with Newman before the fight was broken up by a street cop. The funny thing was that he had tickets to see Newman and Joanne Woodward in a play that very night in his back pocket at the time of the altercation. He drove around a lot of very famous people. He picked up Marilyn Monroe ten times. He saw her two months before her death and said she had lost twenty pounds and "looked down". On the last page of the book, there are several autographs of famous individuals like Jackie O. and Alfred Drake.

It's ironic that a terminal disease took Ginzburg's life after all the close calls he had with death. It's even more strange that he had such a love for a city that at times he describes as being filled with some pretty vile individuals. At times, he comes across like Archie Bunker with his remarks about people of various ethnicities, but you can tell from reading this that he was a great guy and a cool father. This book, in spite of its brevity, is an excellent read. It contains so much in such a small space. "Hey Cabby" would serve as a great outline for a novel or screenplay.



note: Evan Ginzberg publishes "Wrestling Then and Now", a Flushing, NY wrestling newsletter. To order "Hey Cabby!" send $5.95 ppd. to E. Ginzberg, WT&N, P.O. Box 640471, Oakland Gardens Station, Flushing, NY 11364



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Salt for Slugs

FILE UNDER X

T. Casey Brennan: The Man, The Madness, The Update.

This is the mission, folks, should you choose to accept it: Bring the message of one man's personal tango with sanity to a one Mr. Ernie Harburg. Copy this page and leave it on people's windshields at the local "Stop and Rob". Make it into a chain letter and send it to everyone on your email lists and your address books, pamphlet your neighbors. Carrier Pidgeons, hot air balloons, morse code, sky writers, matchbook covers... spread the word. This message will self-destruct in 10 seconds...

Subject: JFK-OZ: Who can fwd this to Ernie Harburg (son of WIZARD OF OZ's Yip Harburg)?
Date: Mon, 26 Oct 1998 20:24:16 PST
From: "TCasey Brennan" <specialt@hotmail.com>

Who can forward the CONJURELLA material to Ernie Harburg for me? Ernie Harburg is the son of Yip Harburg, who wrote the music for WIZARD OF OZ.

Dear Ernie Harburg: I am a has-been comic book writer currently employed as a dishwasher for Ann Arbor's THE EARLE, which you formerly co-owned. My latest work, CONJURELLA, alleges that on November 22nd, 1963, after years of programming by Port Hope, Michigan Osteopathic physician J.H. Earnshaw, and his associate, David Ferrie, I was kidnapped and forced to initiate the firing in Dallas. This is not a joke; I did, in fact, shoot the President on behalf of the CIA's MK-ULTRA project, which was, even then, in the process of creating the AIDS virus. I suggest your involvement in generating a news report. If you will proceed with me on this, I will follow your directives...I will take lie detector tests, I will answer questions, work with law enforcement agencies, anything at all, within reason that you suggest. You may call me at The Earle, where I work as a dishwasher: 734/994-0211.

Best, T. Casey Brennan

T. CASEY BRENNAN fan pages
(ABOUT me, not BY me):

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White Rabbit's Wonderland

by Ran Scot

- Let it be known that the I'm never above a little embellishment here and there, especially when it takes the story to another level of meaning and context. These things are usually filed under artistic license and/or other entertainment biz loopholes, but we always keep in the back of our minds what really happened. Unfortunately for White Rabbit, his fabricated world has become his history, his essence, and sadly enough it seems he firmly believes the half-truths and white lies he spins are reality. Though the massive drug intake he must have endured for most of his young life surely left him in a purple haze, that's no excuse for the magical mystery tour of the yellow submarine of lies I was taken on.

The saddest part to me had to be that he is obviously into shock value and trying to wow me with a supposedly out of control lifestyle. Save the mass murdering and devil worshipping, he never described anything outside the normal operating parameters of a good Slug weekend. Rock and roll decadence, I got that number tough guy. I just sat there and watched him paint his self-portrait of absurdity, all the while thinking of what his day to day life must be like. To be a hanger-on as a fringe member of group that is an out-dated pop reference is not an existence I would wish upon anyone. The White Rabbit experience is like going to the National Midget Rodeo. You go for all the wrong reasons, but laugh so hard you cry. Though it may seem I have gone out of control with my David-Foster-Wallace style footnoting, it was needed to help bring the picture into focus for you, because god knows it was not for White Rabbit.

Salt for Slugs: So, White Rabbit how did you wind up at the Haight originally?

White Rabbit: It was in 1966, I was 16 and in eight grade and use to watch Dobie Gillis with that guy Bob Denver, and he became Gilligan(1), he played this beatnik called Manord, and I thought being a beatnik would be the ultimate life, just playing bongos all day and drink coffee in coffee shops. Perfect, When it came to work, he'd scream "Work! Work!! Work!!!!" So I heard Berkeley was the place to be because the free speech movement was going on, so I stole 200 out of my mom's purse(2) and went to Chicago and from there Los Angeles. I got there in February, so I quit school so I had finished Eight Grade and was in the middle of Ninth(3). I got there. I got to Berkeley and I was totally disillusioned, I drank coffee in coffee shops all day and it was like nobody was like Gilligan, nobody was like Bob Denver, it was no where near the show. I guess there is only one Gilligan(4), so I was disillusioned and this guy told me I should go up to Haight street. He said the beat-nick scene there was a little different. I hitchhiked from Berkeley to there. I was walking around and all of the sudden I saw 10,000 people just like me, and I was like all my god, it's me, I'm not alone anymore. I meet this girl named Snow White, she kind of like picked me up and she asked where I was from and I told her Detroit. We went to the park, and later she said do you wanna go back to my house, and I was like yeah. So I went back to her room, she lived at this commune at 513 Clayton, and she goes 'Open your mouth,' so I opened my mouth, and she gave me like 30 hits of acid(5).

SFS: Wait, did you say 30 hits?

WR: Yeah, strawberry milk purple milk(6). So I started tripping...

SFS: I'd say so.

WR: Yeah. So we started making love. We finished and went to the kitchen and she told the people at the house 'hey this is Larry, mind if he stays?' They talked with me for like 10 minutes and decided it was cool. About a week later we went saw the Great Society at the Matrix

SFS: Yeah, the world famous Matrix.

WR: There, if you were under 21 you couldn't buy booze, but the owner would still let you in. While the Great Society and Airplane were playing...

SFS: So Jefferson Airplane(7) was there too?

WR: Oh yeah, anyway, they sang White Rabbit, and snow white made a crack, 'You know you ball like a rabbit', so since then I've gone by White Rabbit.

SFS: It's always great to have a name sake.

WR: So later on I meet Grace(8)and she knew who I was, so I meet Janis(9) because she was taking a smoke brake with Big Brother out side of the Avalon, and we talked and got on her guest list and use to go backstage with them and over at their house on Lyon Street, it kinda boomeranged from there, by 1967 Nicholas Von Hoffman(10) was in San Fransico writing articles about drug dealing. He thought me, Cowboy(11), Kelly (12) and Snow White were so cool he wanted to write a book about us. So he spent the summer with us with a tape recorder so everything we did he put in his book. "We are the people your parents warned you about"(13) came about. Then I was in a another book called the "People's Park" in 1969. I left Charlie(14) for two weeks to buy some crystal. Me and Sadie(15) got to the park and wondered what was going on, my picture showed up in the book.

SFS: I thought is was ironic that since you were listed as being drug pusher in the first book and the actual meaning of your name within the song creates a unique double meaning. Quite a paradox since it was mostly grasped and read by normal suburban kids looking to rebel through the very medium he was trying to denounce.

(Blank stare from White Rabbit, after a moment he starts again)

WR: Well, what happened to San Fransisco was heroin, by 1968

a lot of people were doing it. A lot of people were just getting fucked on heroin and it bothered me. I bailed and said to hell with San Fran and went to LA. I was hitching in Laurel Canyon and a lady by the name of Gayle Zappa(16) picked me and she had a bunch of Moonies(17) with her. She asked if I needed a place to stay. So I went and stayed with the Zappa's in a cave behind their house. While I was there one night Frank(18) loaded us all up and decided to play one of his typical Zappa mind games, err Zappa mind fucks he pulled. He had this VW bus with a sound system hooked up to it and went up to Lookout in the canyon to this side street from Mickey Jones(19) had a huge house. He had this huge ten foot fence all the way around his house to keep the fans away. He was so scared the fans would over run his house, and he had these TV monitors everywhere. Anyway, Zappa pulls up to

What every fashionable serial killer will be wearing this spring.

the fence like at midnight or I am and with the sound system on full blast playing 'Hey Hey we're the Monkees." Jones opens up his window and starts screaming "Fuck you Frank, fuck you." Frank just sort of giggles. That's the kinda of mind fuck he would pull. Another quote about Zappa was that he was anti-drug, that's not true. Zappa did not use drugs, but he was not anti-drugs. When they had parties at their house they had hors d'oeuvres and on those plates there were joints already rolled. They had lines of coke out for people who felt like snorting, they just didn't do drugs.

SFS: Frank was just a hyper-intellectual.

WR: Oh yeah he was just a cool dude, just a cool dude.

SFS: Like Wild Man Fisher(20)

WR: I knew Wild Man Fisher(21). I meet him backstage at a show and later at the Beach House me and a friend backed him for a gig in Malibu and Santa Monica. It was billed as White Rabbit, Wild Man Fisher and Snow White, he was singing his famous song "Merry Go round"(22) and we played
Summer Time blues for like 30 minutes while he did it. Herby Cone(23) recorded all this but it never got released as an album. It was total Zen because we were doing the instrumental stuff and he was doing his stuff. That was happened.

SFS: It was through Frank that you first met Charles Manson?

WR: Well, I met Charlie first in San Fran when he use to come to my house and buy LSD from me. Later when I was in LA he came by in his famous black bus and asked if I wanted to go on the road with him. It happened like this. I was at the Whiskey(24) and the Doors were playing, and these three friends came up to me. It was Kadie, Sadie, and Snake (25) and they got me on the bus and next thing I know they're taking my clothes and we're balling, I fuck the three of them. They coo in my ear, White Rabbit you wanna go see Charlie don't you?', I say, 'yeah Sadie I do.' We all went to the Spiral Staircase(26) which was pretty cool. It was a house were the rule was anyone could do anything wanted anytime they wanted, as long as it didn't interfere with anyone else. If you wanted to cast your spell you could cast your spell. If Charlie wanted to play his guitar he would play his guitar. So I walked in and Charlie is playing his guitar and he looks up at me and says, 'Hey Rabbit how you doin?' Sadie goes, 'Look who I brought back, and Charlie asks me if I was still good friends with Owsley(27)? I say yes. He asks me if I can still get him acid, and I say I sure can. So he goes, 'Hey Snake, take Rabbit to the back room.' So I go back there and we all start fucking again and Charlie walks in. He asks if I want to stay, I said yes and that's how I joined the family.

SFS: So how long till you went to Spawn Ranch(28)?

WR: It was a while, but after all the shit went down we had a house on Grinsching in Chapwood. Later we turned over the house to the SOA(29).

SFS: Wow, it seems you were involved in just about every scene possible at the time. Now Squeaky(30) said that you just did what you wanted with no fear of the ramification.

WR: Well I got a better quote.

SFS: Like media trying to explain something can't explain.

WR: I think the best quote about us was the way Sadie said, 'uhhh uhhhh.' Ask me another question.

SFS: What ever happened to Manson's ceremonial vest?

WR: The ceremonial vest is now with Sandy.

SFS: So were you there for the Freak Out(31)?

WR: I was there.

SFS: So what happened?

WR: Do you want the quote?

SFS: You just now remembered the quote?

WR: Yeah, here it is: "This group of people have come up for millions of years, the same people, and if you do enough drugs you can remember all your past lives, all your struggles, all happiness, and this was the last time we were all going to live. Because we are perfect. The way I feel is I got exactly the body I wanted. This is the last time."

SFS: Who said that, Country Sue?

He's late, he's late for a very important date. With Reality that is.

WR: Yeah. No sense makes sense, as Charlie used to say.

SFS: And one is one is one. What was with that any way?

WR: We're all person. We die inside so the group can survive. One person doesn't make a difference, we're all one as a group. We stay united no matter what, we're one.

SFS: I guess I could see that if I took more drugs. One thing in line with that is the family belief that everyday is the same day. That it's same day over and over again, just different things happen.

WR: Yeah it's the same fucking day.

SFS: So what I want to know is what happened at the big Freak Out.

WR: We usually don't talk about that stuff. It was fun. That's all.

SFS: Okay then. So why did "Jesus die with a hard on" (a quote often sampled to death in industrial music that Manson said dur-

ing the trail)?
WR: One of the girls said it. One of my fav quotes from the trail that I use to even this day is...
(again he seems unable to remember a quote, an odd minute pause occurs while he just stares at me) Death, that's what you're all going to get. That's the quote Katie said.
SFS: The one who was going to be a Sunday school teacher and nun. With the whole one is one, how did you take Darling going state's evidence against the family.
WR: Who?
SFS: Darling.
WR: Who?
SFS: Darling(32), the girl who went states evidence against you according to transcripts and court documents.
WR: Who?
SFS: Nevermind.
WR: I could show you a pic on Sadie and Katie.
SFS: Oh, this is from when they sat vigil on the corner at the trail.
WR: We were the first to go in garbage bins. It was kinda cool. Like ol' Scramble Brains.
SFS: Who?
WR: Climp(33), that's what the family called him because Charlie would give him acid and he do anything Charlie said. I was more of street hippie who just kinda of did his thing.
SFS: Gotta do what you gotta do.
WR: Then of course the murders happened and the drug deal.
SFS: I could see that putting a damper on things. What was the Fountain of the World Church?
WR: It was a church right near the ranch and Charlie wanted to take it over, but it backfired on us. He sent Sadie over there to sweet talk them. But she got pissed off cussed them out and that pissed Charlie off.
SFS: Not someone you wanna piss off.
WR: She was always pissing him off.
SFS: I know the Manson family was really into having kids, what ever happened to all those children?
WR: Pooh Bear Manson was raised by his grandparents. I really don't talk to any of them any more except for Country Sue. Except for my girlfriend Erica(34) who is the newest member of the family.
SFS: So the family is still together?
WR: In small packets.
SFS: What does Helter Skelter really mean?
WR: Charlie Manson said Helter Skelter was when it was Blackie's turn to take over and there was going to be a huge war. They were going to kill a bunch of white piggies, while the real blacks hid out, like the Panthers and the Muslims. The whites are going to kill all the other blacks, or the Uncle Toms. Then the Panthers and Muslims are gonna say, 'hey you killed all the blacks' and a war is going to start that's going to make the Civil War look sick. By the time war ends the hippies are going to win, then the blacks are going to kill the hippies. We're gonna hide out all the time. After a few years Blackie's gonna realize he can't run the world and is going to come ask the Family to run the world and Charlie is gonna kick them in the ass and say go pick some cotton I'm gonna run the world. That's how the family takes over.
SFS: No dune buggies with machine guns on top?
WR: We had those too.
SFS: So you thought carving War and piggy on their chest in the murders would help speed this war up?
WR: Are you going to ask why we did this?
SFS: I think I just did.
WR: The reason it happens is because Terry Mulcher(35) comes to Charlie and says he really wants to make his record but he doesn't have enough money. He and Candi Bergman(36) had moved out of their house and Roman Palatry(37) and Sharon Tate(38) has moved in. Roman was going to Europe to do a movie so Sharon moved in two of her drug dealing friends, Abigail Folger (39) and Voytek Frykowski (40). Abigail Folger had a lab there and she was mass producing a new pyschodelic drug called MDA(41) while her boyfriend was mass producing a new drug called STP(42). Charlie sent Sadie over to the house, and before that he had me go to san fran and I bought some LSD and crystal. We made some LSD and me and Tex, we sold to get eight thousand dollars. Charlie sent Wendy over there to buy 4 grand of STP and 4 grand of MDA. She gets to the house and gives Abigail the money. Abigail gives her some coke and Wendy does it. Abigail tells her to come back in a hour to let her do her thing. So Wendy goes to the Trip for some coffee on the strip and hung out for like an hour and goes back. Wendy knocks on the door and asks her if its ready. Abigail tells her I don't have any STP and I don't have any MDA, I don't know what the fuck your talking about. She then called her poor hippie scum and told her Bellaire police don't take kindly to poor hippie scum and she better get out of there. She came back to the ranch and we were all sitting around listening to Charlie play music(43). When she told him he went bonkers. Charlie leaves for a few days to Big Sur, and when he comes back we have a huge orgy to celebrate. Me and Sadie and some others were fucking in the back and Charlie comes in and tell Sadie to get her stuff. They gather up some dark cloths. I said Charlie "Can I go?." He said the car was all full. So I run out there and Charlie tells them all before they go, either you get the money back, or Helter Skelter is coming down. Well, they go do their thing and come back at like 2 am and Sadie hops into my sleeping bag naked and grins and say, "We got Piggies! We got Piggies!" till Manson tells her to shut up. So we fucked for like three hours then went to sleep. In the morning we wake up and go to the barn to watch the news. Ol' Clem walks in, he and Charlie had gone there during the night to rearrange things a bit, and giggles. The next night they went and killed LaBianca(44) and hid his driving license in Del Mar. Sadie told me how they killed them. A week later on August the 16, the cops got a search warrant, and they hit us like 5 am in the morning helicopter Vietnam style. They hit us from both sides. They sent 200 sheriffs to arrest us. They found Charlie's dune buggy. After it was all over they had to release everybody because the search warrant was for he day before. So ten days after murders they had everybody but they didnt realize it. I stayed with the Family till we were arrested in death valley. Now the only murders I can actually say Charlie committed were three in Death Valley because I witnessed them(45). These three runaways from Ohio who were with us since Spawn Ranch. Charlie had me, Clem, and Sadie dig a hole in the back of the Parker Ranch, so we did. These three kids had tried to run away and we caught them. So Charlie brought them to the ranch and he had this Colt 45. He told them we were all a a family and in this thing together and we were one. At that point, Charlie hand-

Believe it or not, he is not stoned. This is how he really looks.

ed them each a gun and said kill me now because you're just killing me anyway by trying to leave. Each kid said no Charlie, I can't kill you. After they all said this Charlie said I can, and shot them. Bang. Bang. Bang. Me and Clem grabbed the bodies and put the in the hole and buried them. They are still there.(46)

SFS: Uhhhhhhhh.....crazy kids stuff.

WR: I also saw Manson perform miracles. Clem was cleaning this wax of a candle with a razor blade and he missed and cut his dick off and it hit the ground and there was blood all over the place. Charlie jumped up and put his hand on Clem's head and says " HEAL!!"(47) his dick flew back on and reattached and the blood disappeared. That was the first miracle.

SFS: No way.

WR: The second miracle was Death Valley and there were these rattle snakes. Charlie and us were walking among the rattlesnakes, and you know when they are in attack mode.

SFS: Not really I try to avoid those things.

WR: Well, they had their rattles shaking and their heads up, and charlie walked up and they stopped and he petted them. Then we all walked up and petted them, then we walked passed. It was because we showed no fear. The third miracle was the clubbed foot miracle. It was at the Spiral staircase and Charile had picked up this hitchhiker with a clubbed foot. Charlie said "Heal"(48) After three days, he could walk normal again. The fourth miracle was when Sadie and the girls were arrested and we were there on the black bus taking them back for the trial. Charlie stopped there and Sadie got out to take a piss. A few seconds later she comes running out with here pants around her ankles and there is a Grizzle bear after her. Charlie jumps off the bus and this bear rears up is like eight feet tall. He is grinning with the bear face to face. He gave him a good old fashion country grin and the bear backed off. Charlie petted the bear. He totally tamed the bear. So Charlie tells Mary to get the honey and she gives it to him. We would have taken the bear, but we didn't have room. Those are the four miracles.

SFS: Yeah I guess that's why he had a cross on his head before the Swastika.

WR: Yeah we originally Xed ourselves. We were Xing ourselves out of the world. We weren't allowed to defend ourselves in court. We took bobby pins and heated them with lights and would burn an X there. Later, it was filled in with ink.

SFS: Why the Swastika?

WR: When he was in prison he affilated with the Ayarian Brotherhood(49) with this connection with Bobby. They made connections with the Family and helped us out. I stayed with the family a little while longer after the murders, but later wandered off and joined a commune.

SFS: Yeah,I guess the magic would be gone after that.

FOOTNOTES:

(1) Yes, Gilligan of Gilligan's Island fame and glory. The character in Dobie Gillis was about Gilligan's mental horse power equal. Hell of guy to base your life aspiration on. Then again, White Rabbit seems like he's been on his own three hour tour since then.

(2) This little admission actually let's us in his family. Who's Mom has two hundred bucks handy? Seriously. He was a just a rich boy rebelling, or lying. You make the call.

(3) Here's his first contradiction. What makes this one special is that he manages to do it within the same sentence. But who am I to argue with a man with an Eight grade education?

(4) Gilligan never was beat-nick, just a dumb ass.

(5) This seemed a bit excessive so I looked up what 30 hits of low grade acid from the circa 1960s would have done. According to the official CIA LSD report the authors observed after 20-50 mcg. LSD euphoria with compulsive laughter, depression, mental disorders and even slight states of confusion. In some cases, there were visual illusions, hallucinations resembling those caused by mescaline, disorders of synaesthesia and posture sense. The authors find a [superficial] similarity between the effects of LSD and the psychic symptoms observed in epidemics of ergotism. Now my good friends, times this by thirty.

(6) This was no greasy kid stuff. This acid of lure is right up there with Orange Sunshine in the ants under scan range of acid. Basically, thirty hits of this and you're hanging out in a room with padded walls and nice warm wrap around jacket.

(7) The Great Society actually became Jefferson Airplane after Grace Slick decided for a change. They did White Rabbit and Somebody to Love, but other than that, they were basically the Yardbirds to Led Zeppelin.

(8) Here's where we're going to start to play a game. It's called,White Rabbit Knew Every Icon. So far he's meet one cultural icon from the Sixties.

(9) Janis Joplin, Icon Count 2.

(10) Nicolas Von Hoffman, half writer half nark. He would turncoat for a good story and did so for this book.

(11) "We are the People Your parents Warned You About" Elephant Paperbacks, ISBN 0929587065.

(12) Cowboy is a funny guy, and a killer! Before killing people in the name of the Manson family, he was a popular quarterback in Texas and from all outward appearances a clean cut redneck. Guess he showed them.

(13) Kelly, a fringe member of the Family, but local celebrity for the amount of drugs she could ingest.

(14) Charlie, this is White Rabbit's pet name for Charles Manson. Icon Count 3.

(15) Sexy Sadie, also of the Manson Family. White Rabbit mentions having sex with her in the interview no less than six times, usually in orgy fashion. Icon Count 4.

(16) Gayle Zappa, Icon Count 5.

(17) The Moonies, to bad he didn't join up with them and have a nice refreshing glass of Kool-Aide. Instead he went the other direction and dabbled in homicide, not suicide. Icon Count 6.

(18) Frank Zappa, Icon Count 7.

(19) Mickey Jones, the lead singer of the Monkees. Didn't play own instrument but does count as an icon. Icon Count 8.

(20) Wild Man Fisher is a lost great cultural treasure from this error. He was half crazy, hell all crazy. Skipper here at Slug central randomly played him once when I was doing my old radio show. We've been in love with his musical stylings.

(21) Wild Man Fisher, Icon Count 9.

(22) Now this song truly rocks, but not as much as "Jennifer Jones" as respite solo number about finding his girl dead on his front porch, do do do. I strongly recommend the purchase of his album, the added feature is Frank Zappa free-forming in the background.

(23) Underground guerrilla sound 'artist' in the San Fran scene. It's rumored that he was part of John Cage's camp before John went rock star with his happy accidents. Icon Count 10.

(24) The Whiskey A-Go-Go, more famous than it's sister could the Matrix. This is where Jim Morrison shows the crowd his wee-wee and only on girl said she saw it. She was also the daughter of the sheriff.

(25) Snake was also a famous Family member, but she only gets to have sex with White Rabbit twice. She still makes our Icon Count though at 11.

(26) Spiral Staircase was actually the first home of the family as the entity that would later make it to late to fall in love with Sharon Tate.

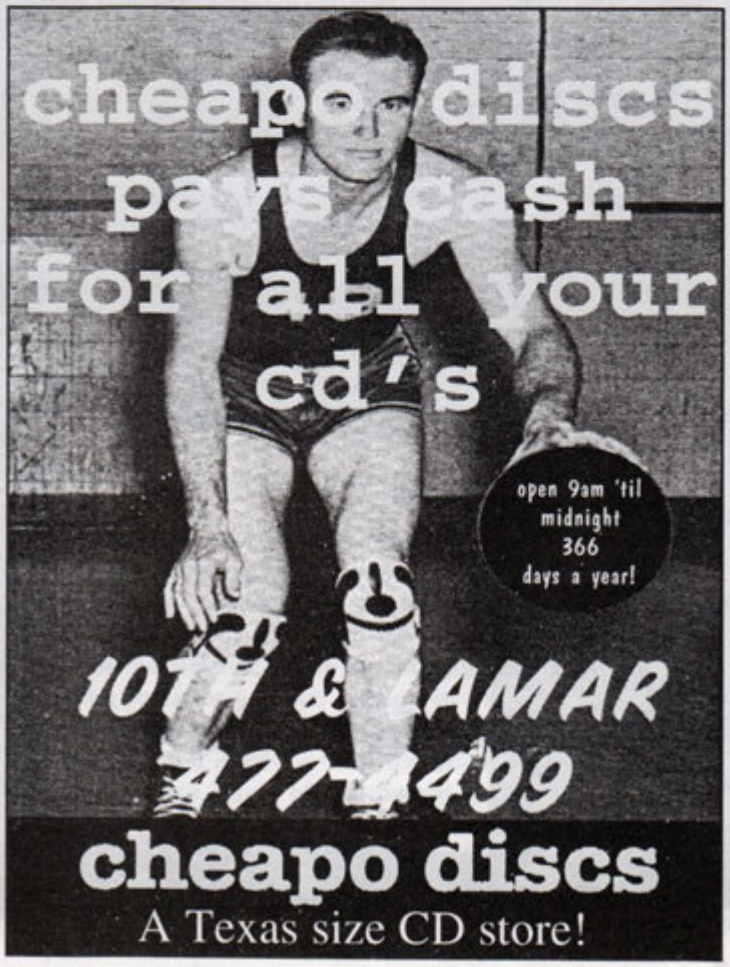
(27) I searched this reference out and the most I got was a usenet reply about a hippy, go figure, who loosely fits the description. No icon points for this, even though it brought Rabbit into the Family.

(28) Spawn Ranch is the final gather place for the family. Here Manson records records, tries to take over churches, supposedly kills three run aways, fathers countless children and engineers the death of rock stars.

(29) SOA, An Actual SATANIC church kids! More delightful info on these sunny happy people can be found at http://www.dnaco.net/~raensept/ Tell them Jesus sent you.

(30) Squeaky, the last of the Manson girls he spins a tell about. She was a key mem-

ber, and surely balled Rabbit, too. Just seems he forgot to tell us. Oh yeah, she's the one who killed Sharon Rate and carved war in her belly.
(31) The Freak Out. Now in the Manson lure I've digested they all refer to the Freak Out, a time when they all supposedly went a little to crazy. My thoughts are, how could they tell? Rabbit holds the party line and refused to tell me what happened. I bet it's for the better.
(32) How this girl slips Rabbit's steel cage of a mind is beyond me. Without this girl, the DA had little case. She was the pillar that brought down the Manson family. Later in the interview Rabbit recollects her by a different name, I think. Who really knows?
(33) Climp was Manson's hit man. His beef according to most accounts, he was also a dimwit who was manipulated by Manson. I wonder how they don't group the rest of the family in with this man?
(34) Erica, his new girl friend. She emailed JB accusing him of not having the balls to print this, though, in reality, he had never even read it. The true story is that White Rabbit originally wanted money for this, and some CD's. It never happened. The email she sent, a syntax and verbal wonderland of David Foster Wallace level is available to the special Slugs who ask for it.
(35)Small time record producer back then. He never really got the big stars he wanted. I guess when one of your first clients winds up a famous mass murderer, very few people want you're A/R card. Icon count 11.
(36) Who? No matter who I asked no one knows who this girl is. Maybe she was that girl who OD in Boogy Nights.
(37) Roman Polanski, Filmography from 1965,Ninth Gate, The (1999) Raft, The (1997) Death and the Maiden (1994) ... aka Jeune fille et la mort, La (1995) (France) Lunes de fiel (1992) ... aka Bitter Moon (1992)Frantic (1988) Pirates (1986) Tess (1979) Locataire, Le (1976) ... aka Tenant, The (1976) Chinatown (1974) What? (1973) ... aka Che? (1973) (Italy.. aka Diary of Forbidden Dreams (1973)... aka Quoi? (1973) (France)... aka Was? (1973) (West Germany) Macbeth (1971) Rosemary's Baby (1968) Fearless Vampire Killers, The (1967) ... aka Dance of the Vampires (1967)... aka Fearless Vampire Killers or: Pardon Me, But Your Teeth Are in My Neck, The (1967) (USA) Cul-de-sac (1966) Repulsion (1965) Plus belles escroqueries du monde, Les (1964) Icon count 12.
(38) It's to late to fall in love with Sharon Tate, but it's not to late to jack off to her pick late at night alone and drunk. By note, she wasn't ever really that famous alive, only Charlie made her well-known. Wall into that not a icon till you did thing, see it makes 13, unlucky huh?
(39) Abigile Folgers, Daughter of the Coffee Magnet, deal drugs even though she was worth about a billion dollars. Lesson here kids, when a mad man asks for drugs, don't stiff him. Rich bitch got silly and wound up dead. Icon count 14
(40) Drugged up boyfriends never help either.
(41) MDA=Esctascy kids! Emotional effects: allowing the chi to flow, dissolving fear, allowing memories to surface, being temporarily free of neurosis, feeling love, removing defensiveness, allowing indulgence. Medical effects: effect on brain with fairly full explanation including diagrams to show how brain cells transfer info. Side effects such as blood pressure and temp rise. What organs get rid of it. Effects of combining E with other drugs: Sex.
(42) Stiripentol (STP), a new Antiepileptic drug. What the hippies were doing taking something like that is beyond me, but then again so is tye-dye.
(43) All of Charles Manson music is aviable through White Devil Incorporated P.O. Box 85811, Seattle, WA 98105, or on the web at:
http://members.aa.net/~wdevil/index.htm
(44)Leno and Rosemary La Bianca were brutally murdered in their home. The word WAR and some crosses were carved into Leno LaBianca's chest and a fork was embedded in his stomach. His wife had been strangled with and electrical cord. Again, messages were written in blood on the walls. Manson and several of his followers were convicted for of the murders. Manson recently attended his ninth parole meeting. His request was denied.
(45) White Rabbit was recently whisked out to California to show where the bodies of the three victims of murder, boasted about by Susan Atkins and others, and did it to gain a free trip to Barker Ranch. According to one source he watch cops dig in the wrong spot for hours before he told them it was the wrong place because he didn't want to look like a squealer. It was 123 heat that day, but White Rabbit kept it cool with a Manson T-shirt he wanted to wear to give the statement. For more info check out:
http://www.mansonmurders.com/newsalertarchives.html
(46) The statute of limitations for Accessory to murder is never. The mere fact that he would wildly make such claims either means he has no idea of the implications or he's just that dumb. After reading this interview, I do believe you know where my vote is cast.
(47) The original Pat Robertson?
(48) Some people actually believe that Manson could be the reincarnation of Jesus Christ. Aside from his murdering ways, drug use, and tendencies towards orgies, I might be able to see their point. For further study in this line of thinking consult http://www.angelfire.com/fl/lucifer666/charliechrist.html
(49) Let's end the footnotes with a bang. Well, hell, no reason to piss anymore people off anyhow. Especially bikers.



WAVING THE FREAK FLAG

An interview with

Joe Christ as himself

HIGH!

filmmaker Joe Christ

BY GREG E. BOY

Joe Christ is a filmmaker; not a Steven Spielberg-let-me-win-a-Golden-Globe-Award-type but the kind of celluloid auteur who basically makes stuff that he would want to watch.

Although most folks out there may not want to watch a Joe Christ film— because a Joe Christ film makes Larry Clark's & Harmony Korine's *Kids* look like a catechism instructional film.

"My first movie was thrown together that way" says Christ when asked about the just-do-it ethic of the DIY movement. "I had the subject matter and I knew what I wanted the soundtrack to sound like. I had a mental picture of what I wanted it to look like but at the same time I really knew nothing whatsoever. It was something that I really wanted to do. I wanted to make films. I made myself learn things I needed to learn as I went along."

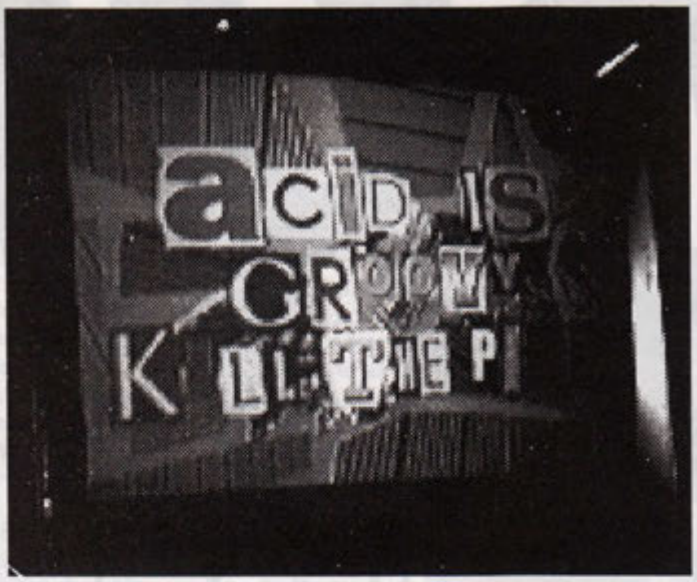
Now 41-years-old, Christ got into film at an early age. In the late '60s, he would go to the drive-in with his father and see A.I.P. and Hammer horror flicks. "We'd see triple bills of biker films and beach party movies" says Christ, "we'd go see some movies over and over again. We saw *Psycho* six times."

It was his film buff father that first planted the seed in his head to be a filmmaker. "The whole time I was growing up, there were always stacks of pin-up type film magazines around the house. The ones that had dozens of biographies of the current stars," explains Christ. It is where he got his encyclopedic knowledge about actors and the movies they've been in. "I still remember [some actors] birthdays" says Christ.

But by the time he was ten years old his desire to be a filmmaker was eclipsed by his desire to be in a band. Throughout his teens, Christ learned to play a variety of instruments. But he would have to wait until he was 22 before he would have his own band.

He had no idea that a decade would go by before he would formally make a movie. After Christ made his first

Amanda B. James in Joe Christ's "*Amy Strangled A Small Child*"



movie — *Communion In Room 410* in '88 — The split between making music and making movies was official. "My band literally kicked me out [of the band] because I wanted to make this movie" says Christ, "they wanted nothing to do with the movie and what they thought it stood for." The movie is a twenty minute opus dedicated to mental illness. Christ knew a 400-pound Goth chick who was into self-mutilation and its her fascination with mutilation that drives the movie. Christ explains the simple plot: "The movie is basically me filming her while she cuts herself with razors while another woman drinks her blood." *Communion In Room 410* bugged a lot of people, but most importantly, it bugged his band mates. So Christ decided to mesh his two worlds together by "ditching rock music," opting to use his musical talents to compose the soundtracks for his movies. Christ still tours, only know he's showing his movies instead of playing with a band.

Blood is a common theme in the movies of Joe Christ. In his most recent film, *Amy Strangled A Small Child*, the blood again comes from a disturbed woman — only this time it's more natural — as she gets fucked while on her period. Nothing that outrageous right? Naw, but when you add the fact that she is passed out drunk and vomiting....well it adds a whole new dimension to the term date rape. Amy wakes up the next morning, not just in her own vomit and blood, but she's shit herself as well.

Mutilation is also a reoccurring theme with Christ. The self-explanatory *Sex, Blood & Mutilation* finds Christ making a documentary about the extremes of body-modification. Focusing mostly on former Throbbing Gristle/Psychic TV frontman Genesis P. Orridge, *Sex, Blood & Mutilation* takes the viewer through the sordid world of pierced cocks and bloody self-scarring. "This is usually where people faint" says Christ into my ear as we watch Mr. P. Orridge get sliced on the arm at least a dozen times by his girlfriend.

Crowds aren't BIG in the underground, but Joe Christ continues to ply his grassroots m.o. to his craft, taking them not just to clubs around the country, but also to the internet. The subversive flicks are questionable at times in the quality department but his crude approach may be his biggest appeal. His movies watch like late night tv where a twisted world can exist without explanation. Christ has taken urge of looking at fetishes to a new level attracting a sort of Ambulance-chaser crowd. What impressed me most about Christ, outside of his penchant for publicity ("due to the subject matter and content of the movies, there usually is enough there to generate conversation and interest") and his passion, was the music — a blend of '60s garage punk and psychedelia. Made almost entirely by Christ, the music helps fuel his films and ultimately invites more people into the fucked up world of Joe Christ.

"I make movies that I wanna watch. What I show is something that I would be amused by," says Christ. It just so happens, that he is amused by pierced penises, self-mutilating obese women, and drunken date rape. While not many may find such things interesting, it's good to know that Joe Christ is out there spreading the gospel of freakdom. Amen to that.

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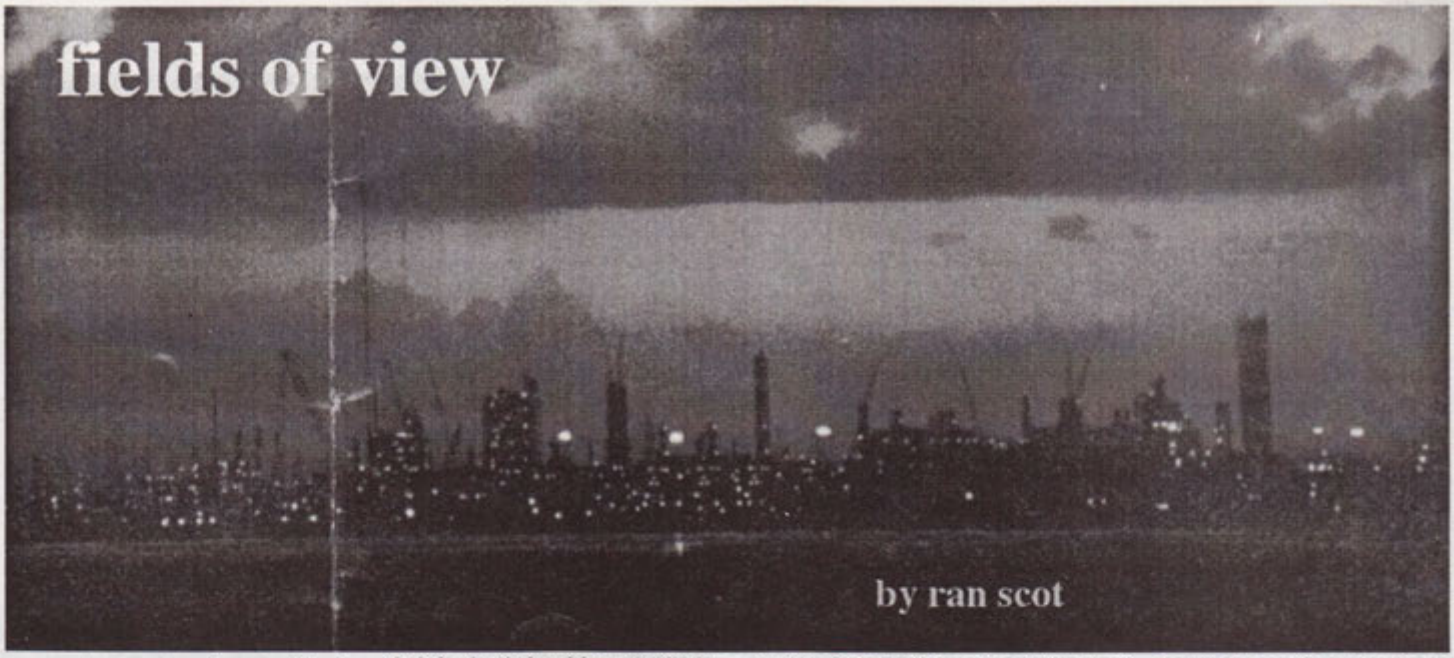

by ran scot

It was not until an outside observer made the blatantly obvious clear to me, that I realized the loss my homeland had suffered. A working strata transplant from Scotland, the guy was a real ball-breaker of a chap and really dug the industrial landscape scene I was showing him. Back home in Scotland, they were afforded to luxuries of the lower class. We were not all to withdraw from the ATM of American society, community, and toughness.

Driving around later under the watchful glow of petro flare stacks, I wondered if it had always been this way. It seemed impossible almost, for the community of my peers, to be assembled together in a new hostile environment for the purpose of constructing from the virgin land an industrial metropolis that would later change the course of history. Most guys from around there could barely hold onto their stocking jobs at Wal-Mart much less deal with the trauma and horror show of the post-apocalyptic nature existing in the bowels of subterranean super-furnaces and electro-magnesium pits.

Case in point, my grandfather, who was cored through the leg bone by an errant shot of charged molten liquid magnesium. He was out of there the next day. Fast forward to the present day. My sister's ex-boyfriend quit because someone made fun of him. He lasted four hours total. Now, not all the guys are like that. I, for one, made it through two mind scarring summers out at Daddy Dow, but only because I was working with aselect few best friends. Our relationship afterwards has not been unlike men who went to war together.

One of many photos from the stories and articles that flooded the Freeport Times during the era. In the Dow Jacket is "Speedy" Bullard.

I asked some of the old-timers what it was like back then. I would have never guessed the panorama that was about to be unfolded before me. No idea. They spoke of the plant with such pride and enthusiasm, like John Ford's beginning of "How Green My Valley Was". This is in stark contrast to the fear of winding up in said plant as a last resort. To fully understand their view, I decided to take a look at the world through their eyes when they were my age.

The year is 1940, not exactly the best of times, domestic or abroad. The country was deep down in the rut of the Depression. Men would kill for just a few days of work, much less a full-time well paying JOB. A man walks up to you and offers you the chance to build not just a chemical plant, but a town. Considering that in those days you most likely hadn't worked for a couple of years in any gainful employment, this man was not unlike Moses taking you to the promised land. But unlike the tragedies of tales of work that befell California in "Grapes of Wrath" style, there was fruit ready for the picking on the south coast of Texas.

It's little wonder why they talk of Dow with a twinkle in their eyes, as opposed to the grimace my generation is subjected to. The men and women of the original Dow sortie were the pinnacle of American know-how and toughness. Not only did they construct a techno-madness wonder piece in land deemed uninhabitable by the US government, they did so without the modern luxuries of high-tech heavy machinery and other such advances. I wonder if such a feat could be replicated now. As I laid the two images of the generations on top of each other, I noticed a void in the new generation which was a cornerstone of the golden times. Community.

A quick working example in my own backyard here in Austin: Trouble yourself one day to go look at old Austin American newspapers stacked in archives about town. When you do find them, search out the festival pictures and you will be amazed. Gone are the rows of consumption ready to be delivered to the weekenders. Gone are the less than covert messages to buy, buy, buy.

In their place you find people in sack races, cook-offs, quilting bees. By god, these people act like they are not only interacting, but they truly seem happy doing so. Try that at The Annual Pecan Street Festival next year. Go ahead and try to interact with the masses. Just do not call me from jail when they lock you up.

With this bond among men in mind, it seems plausible to build the plants where there once was nothing. I became entranced by a longing. A longing to belong to such a social organism. It was looking through the old pages of my own hometown that I discovered our own gem of the era.

The zenith of civic pride during those times, the Dow Chemical Plant Softball Team. Seemingly lost with the lore of the Negro Leagues were the quasi-pro softball teams of the Gulf Coast. The troubles I went through to uncover this baseball diamond in the rough was arduous. It wound up

changing the way I felt about Dow retirees that free range about southern Brazoria County. It gave me a sense of pride I never quite felt about the place. It gave me a sense of Home. To be a hero is one thing. To become an icon of where you are formulating a culture for a region is to become god-like. Just take the sports page as meat for my argument. Countless dailies rolled out with barely a mention of the MBL, but the Dow team was represented right down to the stats of the week for the league.

Interlaced with the sword rattling of World War II were tales of these men bringing the glory to their hometowns. The best part has to be the names present day sports figures just seems to lack. "Soapy" Lee. "Cotton" Mencken. "Speedy" Bullard. The flavor did not stop there my friend, the names of the teams, aka Hunt Tool Company, Houston Slush Pump, Dallas Champay, Caporina Grocery, they just put a cotton candy smile on your face and you're not even sure why.

Put it all together and you got a league of its own. The stands were always full of fans, all fiercely loyal. The fact that professional baseball was basically shunned for the local heroes and games still amazes me.

I poured through three years of papers and media releases and just saw glimpses and half-references to professional players. All the while, if you asked what the first baseman of the local plant league was batting at the local barber, a chorus of the same reply would ring out in a barber shop quartet of civic pride. And who is to say they are not professional anyway.

When snooping around coffee shops and bakeries about the area trying to locate these antiquated folk stars, I was let in on a little secret. Most of these men had time a plenty to perfect being bat-toting nightmares on the field of dreams, since for the most part, they had ringer jobs. When I pressed the issue like teenager on a zit, information oozed out that they were even sometimes traded" in a manner of speaking. If certain players were making a serious name for themselves, another plant or company would offer him a better ringer job and local status. The original free agents.

The calumniation for the local Dow team had to be the winning of the championship. For weeks afterwards they still made the front page and were often referenced in the society page. Everybody knows them, and I bet the beer was always on the house at whatever bar they blessed with their presence.

Even today, when I speak to my granddaddy and his friends about the Golden Times of what could be the greatest generation of Americans as a whole, with all the great events their age group did; defeated the Nazis, built the American infrastructure, they still mention the softball team in these same breaths. They even made the nation press a couple of times.There was what could have been thegreatest pitching duel ever in the sport of the leather ball.

The team was reading from left to right in the front row, R. Cherry, Hershel Orr, Rusty Koenig, Dub Holt, Manager W. McGill. Back row, George (Red) Manross, Spike McGuire, T.R. (Soapy) Lee, Mirl Howard, Sam King, Gene Faull, L. E. (Cotton) Mencken, J.W. (Speedy) Bullard.

When the Harlingen Holiday Inn team came to town to battle the Dow Chemical Plant boys, two pitchers Gene Faull and Elmer Neill combined to strike out a total of 92 men in a 26 inning battle. Dow won 1-0. The paper referredto the game as a "double-diplulu", which I have no idea what means, but sounds like a lot of fun. Fun was exactly what they were having.

So where did it all go wrong? How come this golden nugget of Americana lost it's luster? For the same reason America made a great change in the late Forties and Fifties. People started building their front porches in the backyard and calling them patios.

This may seem absurd at first that this could change a nation, but I know I am right. No longer were people sitting on their front porches and strolling around in the twilight of the evening actually conversing with their fellow man.

This happened all across suburbia as the tract home craze reached a frenzy pitch. Thiswound up alienating the average man and dissembled the tight knit communities that had existed before.

The locals where I am from did rally briefly behind local wrestlers in the Fifties, but I looked through the pages of the papers in the era of suburban mass migration, and as the numbers swelled, so did thereferences to national sports figures.

A man could loosely associate himself with a large professional team just based on the location of where he found himself standing, but to a supporter of the Dow Team you had to be part of something special. A community. So, like the rest of the country, we became alienated after a while. Only in small enclaves of small town America do these types of things still occur. They still do.

Sparsely across the Midwest, there are farm system teams that exist out of what was going on the Gulf Coast when my granddaddy was my age.

I just wish I could have been in the stands cheering next to them. Feel that strange thing called pride swelling up in my chest, as the localboys put a whipping on the guys from down the river.

But then again, this paradise all depends on your field of view.

SALT FOR SLUGS PSYCHIC HOTLINE

Look into my eyes...

This is Amanda (aka: Maude Pierce), and aside from doing the page layouts for SFS, she has a psychic vision. She knows that Salt for Slugs will prevail in the end, but now the fate of mankind rests in the hands of you, the SFS reader. The psychic vibrations she receives from her public is what enables her to continue in her mission. Are you looking for answers to all of life's problems? Do you need reassurance? Write SFS for the details of this unique phenomenon.

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BIZARRO BOOKMARKS

BY LISA KNORRA

the product is you!

In the interest of finding some positive use for all the time wasted surfing on the net, I thought I'd share some of the arcane stops I make during my cyber day.

Stick Figure Snuff films

Yeah you read that right, snuff films, although the word film is used very loosely. Just when I thought I had found a truly stupid and tasteless site, I find several on the same subject. Who knew? There is in fact a whole web ring dedicated to animated death sites. This stuff makes "oh my God- they killed Kenny" look like a role enacted by Sir Lawrence Olivier.

http://www.sfdt.com/

Stick Figure Death Theatre with link to the Animated Deaths Webring. I particularly like the movie "The Axe".

http://www.geocities.com/SoHo/Nook/7525/

Whoa-stylin! This one actually uses fade ins, and scene changes. Subtitled.

http://members.aol.com/OOoKeNNyoO/index.html

Sticks of DooM, lots of double deaths.

http://www.angelfire.com/va/punktoons/index.html

PunktoOnS...D.I.Y. Animations. The death of a gym coach by a blue mohawk hairdo. Need I say more.

http://webhome.idirect.com/~rthompsn/stickmain.html

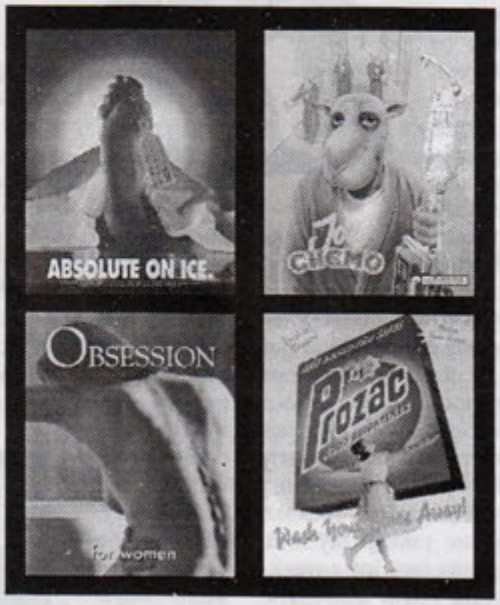
Bob's Sticks o'Death. This site is the most sophisticated one in the bunch. Better animations, better plots. Bob even animates the Monty Python gag "The Death of Mary, Queen of Scots".

pissedOff

http://www.pissedoff.com

Finally a site for the terminally angry. There are a bunch of forums in which people can go vent spleen. (FORUM TOPICS: abortion, bull, censorship, computers, crime, death, drugs, ecology, family, feminism, firearms, food, friends, government, holidays, ignorance, law, love, money, music, open, politics, privacy, religion, sex, sports, starrgate, taxes, transport, tv, war, work)

They offer FREE pissedOff email aliases for a limited time, so not only can you release some pent up frustrations.....but noone has to know about it! Isn't it great? You can be as big of asshole as you want, and it's your dirty little secret! Of course the PissedOff insult generator is for those times when you really need someone to kick your ass, but of course you are too busy geeking out and getting wideass syndrome at your computer. This may be the next best thing to dial-a-smack-in-the-head. In the games section there is a breakout ripoff called "Jumpin' Jesus On A Pogo Stick" which has you playing the pitchfork trying to keep Jesus from escaping. I have to admit to loving this type of humor.



http://www.adbusters.org/main/index.html

The Media Foundation home of Ad-busters. This basically quotes their mission statement:

The mission of their non-profit society is to redirect our existing commercial media culture towards ecological and social awareness. They feel that our planet cannot survive the existing onslaught of mass media that constantly urges us to consume ever more. They want to create a new media culture, one that does not have commercialism as its heart and soul. To this end, the Media Foundation has created Adbusters magazine, the Adbusters website, and the Powershift Advocacy Agency.

Hell-I just like the fake ads! Takes me back to the days of Wacky Packies.

http://www.chihuahuaboy.com/

Monthly on-line humor magazine and web resource. TONS of great links to subjects like subculture humor (ex. Jesus was gother than you), the Evil Bitch Home Companion, joke collections, comix, oracles, a cinema, there is just too much here for me to dwell on any one thing. Go there when you have a bit of spare time to surf around.

http://www.restrooms.org/standing.html

The web never ceases to amaze. Now I don't have any problem using a men's room at a bar if I really gots to go....but I don't know if I ever want to see the look on a guys face if I trundle up next to him at the urinals!! This site may be of interest to women with small bladders who like to go on road trips. Women - learn how to pee standing up!

OUTDOOR SURVIVAL TIPS IV

Tent Tension

by Gene Slacks

If you've heeded my advice in the last three columns, you've got a good start on what you'll need to survive in the outdoors. What I'm about to cover next is probably the most important piece of equipment you'll need — depending on length of trip and expected weather.

Tents rank among the most important items you can take on a backpacking trip because it's your shelter. Now, if the weather forecast for your trip looks good (meteorologists are usually close, but I wouldn't trust their guess work), a tent is really not a big deal. My old Scoutmaster used to just take a small tarp and string it up between a few trees and sack out underneath. If the weather wasn't too bad, he was snug as a bug. But, and that's a big but, if you don't like hiking in soaking wet clothes, carrying an extra few pounds in water weight and lamenting on the tissue paper-like consistency of the skin on your damp feet, I would suggest a decent, water-tight 3- or 4-season tent. 4-season tents are going to be the best for water tightness since they are expected to survive snowstorms and heavy thunderstorms. They are also going to be a little heavier (depending on materials) and cost a little more. Either way you go, don't skimp on quality. It counts when the rain comes. Next issue to consider when purchasing your shelter is size. Obviously, the smaller the tent the smaller the load on your back, but a small tent is not necessarily the best selection. I would go for a good quality, 2-3 person tent. You'll want to have enough room to move around and store your gear (and, possibly, a friend and his/her gear). And that extra room will come in really handy if you get caught in a downpour, or if the mosquitoes won't stop sucking your blood. Thinking about the right tent for the right situation brings back old memories of my early mistakes in tent selection.

My biggest mistake was taking my old, leaky tent for a weekend trip to the Smokies. Me and Yo started the trip on a humid summer day where the clouds and sky ran together in a muddy mess of gray. We neglected to check the forecast. After hiking up a well-traveled trail that wound beside a cool creek we stopped for the night to await Yo's friends from Tennessee. We were weedless and the friend's arrival was eagerly anticipated as he was to bring a few oz's of green, green mountain bud. The friend, with his girlfriend in tow, staggered into the campsite about 4 in the morning. The buds (although a little light in the sack) were with him and we promised to spark it up at daybreak.

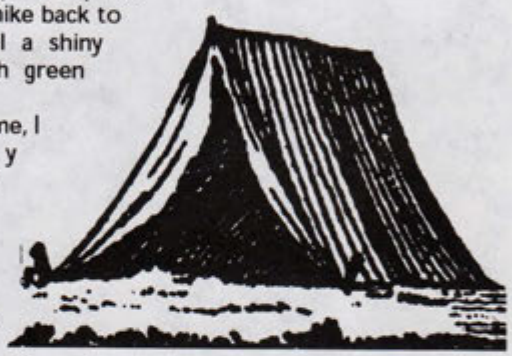
The early light slit through my tent and Yo and I woke to eye crusties and pungent bud burning. Yo's friend, we'll call him Slim, was up and toking, ready to hit the trail. So we started off. The rocky trail followed the creek for about 6 more miles and we found a decent site to set up camp for the night. The hike was hot. Slim and his girl were puffing cancer sticks the whole way up and, as a result, they pulled into the new site about an hour after Yo and I. At this point, Yo and I split some weak blotter that had been resting in my sock drawer for about 3 months. The paper hit us slow and gave us a permanent grin followed by some nice tracers and visual patterns. Yo had brought his fly rod and I set up on a fallen tree beside the creek. After a few extremely focused casts and a bit of a mind meld with the fish that I knew were in the water... I saw the glints of scales and swishes of aquatic fins, they couldn't escape my probing pole... bam! A drag across the slowly curling eddies into the tearing white water yielded a strike. The sensations of the fish struggling to take it's supposed meal down the throat and swim back to it's hidey hole telegraphed through the line and pole into my acid-charged fingertips. It was a great fight — I struggled for what seemed like hours against the current and the craftiness of the Smoky Mountain trout, finally hauling him in over the skeletal branches of the downed tree. The fish measured a total of 5 inches.

Anyway, back to the tent lore. That night after the LSD wore off and Yo and I were curled up in the tent, the rumbling of a nearing summer thunder-

storm and slow slap of fat drops of summer rain woke us up. Luckily, my tent was a 2-3 person so we could sit up and talk, play cards and smoke some doobies. The rain wore on. The night wore on. The card games grew tiresome and talking grew tiresome. Yo came up with the idea to play Thumps. Thumps (I'm sure there are other names for it in other states or communities) is the game where you and a partner face each other, and one person sticks out their hands formed in a horizontal tent-like prayer gesture. The object of the game is to thump, with one finger cocked back behind your thumb, the elevated knuckles of the opponent until one person gives up. Now, this sadomasochistic game went on for about an hour with Yo and I screaming with delight whenever one of us would "score" big by hitting a perfect thump which would resonated along the person's finger bones and be amplified by the hollow cavity formed by the tent-like prayer position.

Eventually, when our cabin-fever bloodlust abated and after our knuckles were red and swollen we stopped. At this time we noticed the pool of water at the front of the tent. It was about two inches deep and had entirely soaked the foot of my sleeping bag. The seams on the old tent were like sieves, water came trickling in but couldn't leave because the fabric itself is waterproof. As the floodwaters rose in harmony with the staccato beat of thousands of gallons of rainwater striking the tent roof, Yo and I gathered our bags around our bodies and scooched to the highest ground within the tent. Now, it's not very much fun to try and sleep while you're crammed into one corner of a hot tent next to a sweaty and smelly friend (unless it's a member of the opposite sex or same sex, if that's your thing). Anyway, we didn't get much sleep. And from the sound of the scrabbling and screaming spewing out of Slim's tent, they didn't get much either. When the morning sun came and scrubbed the sky clean, Yo and I had come perilously close to drowning in a 6-inch deep pool of rainwater — enough water to have let my previously caught fish swim in. Slim and his girl fared much worse. They had located their tent at the bottom of a depression and everything they brought was soaked. The late-night sounds we had heard emanating from their tent became clear when Slim and his girl stepped out of the water-logged dome. His eye was on its way to being a nice purplish-black shade and the girl didn't say a word besides "Let's get the fuck out of here!" Luckily for us the sun was out, so we spread out our wet material and after an hour or two it became dry enough to pack. Spirits were low on the hike back to the cars — until a shiny bowl packed with green was produced.

When I got home, I immediately ordered up a brand-new 4-season tent. I haven't slept in a puddle since.



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Salt for Slugs

Flametrick Fuckin' Subs

ARTICLE AND PHOTOS BY RAYMOND GRANT
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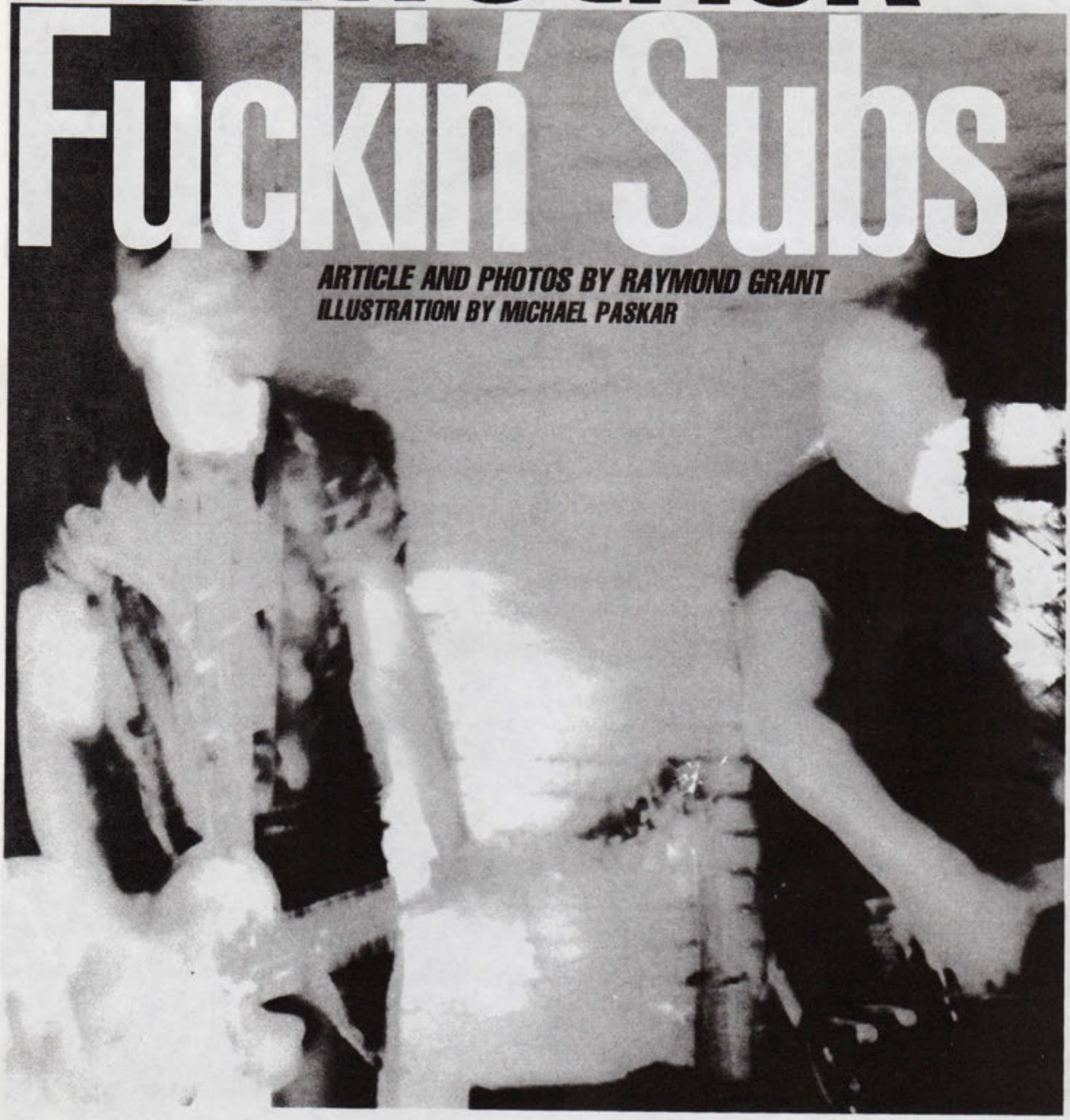
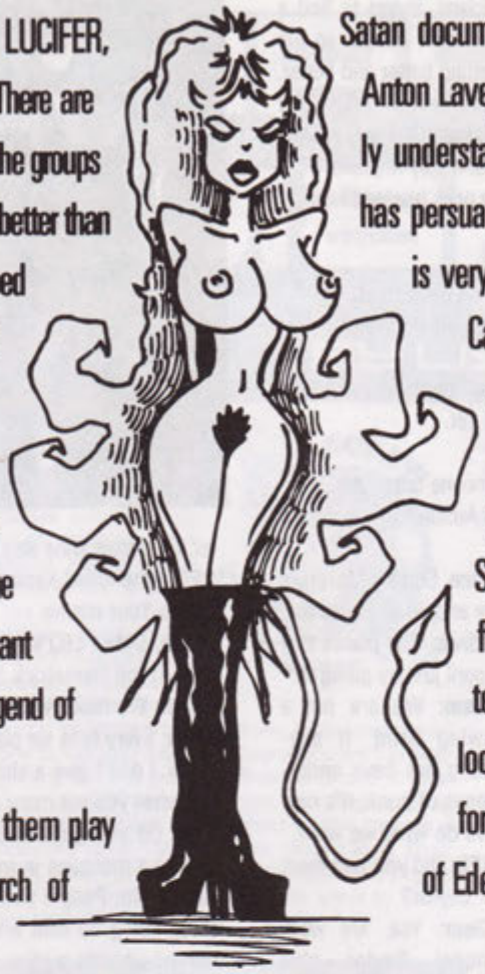


MEPHISTOPHELES, BEELZEBUB, LUCIFER, GEORGE BUSH, or just the plain ol' DEVIL. There are many names for this sinister fellow, but of all the groups that worship the great dark one, none does it better than the Flametrick Subs. One member escaped Norway and the rest of the band escaped the furnace of hell to play their raunchy Satan-Billy rock. They even have their own cheering section, leather-clad imps known as the Satan's Cheerleaders who will help you do the limbo of the dead and then remind you with giant flash cards to get another beer or of the legend of 666, Rah, Rah, Rah!!

How appropriate for me to finally see them play following a showing of the 1968 Church of Satan documentary. I am sure that San Franciscan Anton Lavey is one of their idols, which was easily understandable after watching the film. Lavey has persuasion powers, intelligent ideologies, and is very humorous. He has a basic disgust for Catholic repression of inherent human desires. Soon afterwards the room filled with a red glare, as the smoke machine began to fog the floors, the Subs were on and my camera began flashing images of drunken, heavy metal teenage girls gone bad and drug induced loons disregarding laws and rules, living for their Rock and Roll. It was their Garden of Eden, and I was a mere fly on the wall...



Salt for Slugs: So how did you get the name The Flametrick Subs?
Buster Crash: You really don't want us to answer that.
SFS: Well what's the story with you getting screwed over by Channel 7?
Clem Hoot: Ooo.. juicy. You want the juicy details right away. They basically fired me for illegal reasons. I was here on a work visa and when I tried to renew my visa, the government found that I was being underpaid by like eight thousand a year. My last immigration attorney fumbled the ball and broke the attorney-client privilege by calling Fox and telling them that they had to give me an eight thousand dollar raise. I said they'd fire me, and sure enough, they did. Now I'm suing them. We'll see what happens. I don't know.
SFS: Did anything good come out of it?
Clem: Yea, I think so because it really made me focus more on the band. It sucks in a way because I'm shelling out thousands of dollars for a new immigration attorney. The thing is only good for a year so I have to go through the whole thing again next year. But, all things aside, I'm a really positive thinker. I try to make the best of everything, so I think this is for the best maybe so I can concentrate on the band. I do the booking, bookkeeping, and whatever else, promotion. Crash does the artwork and I do the actual transactions with people, sending stuff out.
SFS: How did you guys hook up with Satan's Cheerleaders?
Crash: There's Lucky, Brandy, Trixie, Catnip, and... Priss. It's inside the CD. We thought it was a good idea and the girls were into it. It started on a whim and they've actually put a lot of effort into the choreography and the uniforms that they make themselves. We're just lucky to have them.
Clem: They don't come to every show, but it has become more and more of a routine.
Crash: Yea, the more they come and get paid.
SFS: Recently you had your 109th Saturday show at the Black cat, how was that?
Crash: The Black Cat is our favorite place to play without a doubt. It's one of the few 100% pro-musician clubs in the city. They take nothing from the bands and provide a really great venue and they give 100% of the door to the bands, so if you don't make money there it's your own fault. They are very supportive.
SFS: So your CD was just released in Europe and Japan?
Clem: It's been out there for a few months now on Last Call Records. Hopefully, we will be going over to Europe and/or Japan really soon.
SFS: What do you think of Satan?
Crash: We love the Satan.
Clem: He's like, cool.
SFS: Have you guys dealt very much with any of the major record labels?
Crash: We haven't really pitched ourselves. We're not that much into self-promotion, but we just kind of let it happen, unsolicited. The first label that we got signed on was after a SXSW showcase. Teen Rebel Records out of Miami, they were an alternative rockabilly label with about five bands in their stable. They put out our first CD which was a nationwide release and then they went out of business, and we were picked up almost immediately after by Last Call. And we have our own label now called Texas Flat Lizard which is our domestic distribution company.
SFS: How long have you been playing together?
Clem: Going on ten years now.
SFS: What was the process like trying to keep the band together?

Clem: We've been through a lot of different musicians, trying to find a rhythm section. We kept getting positive feedback from people so we decided that it was a good idea not to quit. It kept getting better and better. We have tons of material and it keeps coming so I can deal with this for a lifestyle. We have a good underground following and that's the way we like it. You won't see us on MTV anytime soon. If we are, it's by mistake.
SFS: Is Elvis working in a Burger King somewhere or is he dead?
Clem: He's dead. He's a rotten carcass.
SFS: Do you guys have jobs?
Crash: I'm a tattoo artist at Tattoos From the Soul on 6th Street.
SFS: What do you think of people who order tattoos off the wall?
Crash: (laughter) I can't say... "Try harder."
Clem: I don't have any tattoos, but if I ever found anything to put on there, it better be original. I can't think of anything yet.
SFS: Maybe a Smurf drinking a beer.
Clem: I don't know. Maybe after I'm dead, I'll let someone tattoo me.
SFS: What is your favorite place to play outside of Austin?
Clem: The Clearview in Dallas.
Crash: The Rec Room in Ft. Worth. That's a great place. Scruffy Murphy's in Waco. We play a lot of places, but a lot of times we end up in places that are too nice for us. We kind of gravitate toward the dives. The places that make you feel like you are in a little bit of assumed peril just by going in.

Clem: We are not a swing band. If anything, we have undertones of punk. It's raw. We do what we want.
SFS: Did you two meet at Baylor?
Clem: Yea, we were model Baylor students. Super Christian.
SFS: So do you have a performer's visa, or do you have to get married or something?
Clem: Married? I'd hate to have to do that. I'd hate to ruin my life over something so silly. Or someone else's life. I'll go about it in whatever legal way that I possibly can. It's kind of difficult when immigration laws change so often.
SFS: When did you leave Norway?
Clem: Actually, my family left Norway when I was one year old my parents dragged my ass down to Kuwait. My dad was in the shipping business. So I lived there for fourteen years, then I went to Switzerland for a year, then I finished high school in Norway, so I only lived for three years in Norway. I came over here, not by choice really, after that because my brother was over here going to the university. He was a tennis player on scholarship at Baylor and he got in a car wreck, so I had to come and take care of him for a while. I was playing in a band in Norway and it was a successful project and I didn't want to leave that, but my brother was more important at that time.
SFS: What was Kuwait like?
Clem: Hot and dry, a lot of sand storms. It wasn't as strict as a lot of people think. Kuwait is a really Westernized culture, there's a big international community there. They aren't as strict as Saudi Arabia. Women can wear bikinis and they can drive, but no alcohol, that sucked. So my dad is the brewmeister. He makes wine also. He's perfected it. He's got a really good lager.

SFS: Who killed Kennedy?
Clem: Your mama.
Crash: Didn't LBJ kill Kennedy?
SFS: If the Flametrick Subs had a motto, what would it be?
Crash: We mock what we don't understand.
Clem: Every time we play, we give 110%. I play my ass off at every fucking show. I don't give a shit. I'm pissed off at my guitar so I try not to hurt it, but when you put more emotion into it and it gives you a really good sound.
SFS: Do you guys ever have a message, and what do you think about having a message in music?
Crash: No. People shouldn't try to take us too seriously. There's something going on with what we do. I've kind of felt that rock n' roll is best served up with a slice of the devil. From the Rolling Stones, all the way back to the earliest blues. It's always been hand in hand (satan and music) and if you take away the evil aspect of it, you get Amy Grant. We play up on that a little bit with the visuals, but we try to make people feel a little guilty for having fun at our shows.
SFS: The devil made them do it.
Crash: Exactly. We create the atmosphere of hell without the pyrotechnics.
SFS: Could Monica Lewinsky be one of Satan's Cheerleaders?
Crash: If she had swallowed, it wouldn't have been on the dress.
SFS: Do you guys care at all about politics?
Clem: (flatly) No. I couldn't give a flying fuck.
SFS: What did you think of the O.J. trial?
Clem: Oh that was comical. That was fun. I watched it, it was pure entertainment.
Crash: Good script, good characters,...
SFS: If evil manifests itself in everyday life, what does it look like?
Clem: A bunghole from hell.
Crash: I'd have to say Officer Friendly.
SFS: If you could murder anyone legally, who would it be?
Clem: Saddam Hussein.
SFS: That's patriotic.
Clem: Fuck that. He invaded my homeland. They fuckin' put dead bodies on my ice. I really took offense to them putting dead bodies on the ice skating rink where I played hockey. I mean if you want to pick someone who has done great injustice.
Crash: I'll pick that guy right over there. (points to man at bar)
SFS: So any last words?
Clem: (In best troll-like voice) You will die, you will die, you will die,...

Welcome to the World of Ska: A History Lesson in Less Than Six Steps

by Greg E. Boy

I'm no authority on the term "ska", nor do I consider myself Johnny Rudeboy. But some time back, several music magazines were boasting that the (whatever) wave of ska was back. Now call me crazy, but The Voodoo Glow Skulls, Suicide Machines, and Buck-O-Nine are not ska. They may be influenced by ska music, but please don't try to force feed this as ska to the public. If you look up ska in the dictionary this is not what you will find. The following is a brief timeline of sorts to help you (and certain music magazine editors) discover ska.

It all began with the Skatalites, The Maytals, and people like Coxsone Dodd and Studio One. The time was the '60s and these Jamaican lads were mixing island beats and flavor with American R & B.

The morph began slowly when Bob Marley started making music which eventually got tagged as reggae. As the '70s came to a close, British bands like The Specials and the English Beat were struggling to keep the ska sound alive. Again, they turned to Motown (soul and r & b) for inspiration. The English Beat covered Smokey Robinson's "Tears of A Clown".

But soon, rockers like the Clash and bands like the Bad Brains got ahold of this rock-steady sound. Today, nobody is going to call either The Clash or Bad Brains ska or reggae, even though they both possess elements from those genres.

By the end of the '80s, folks were beginning to see the jazz and soul sensibilities first laid down by the Skatalites. And yet another "wave," if you will, was born. Bands like The Toasters and Jump With Joey were combining the soul of ska with jazz, and even swing.

In the early '90s, Jump With Joey would play Wednesday nights at the now defunct King King Club in LA. The band was smoking, but I never ever found a record by them until now. Thankfully, Rykodisc has re-released three of the most amazing ska records to be made. Tupelo Joe, the ring leader of Jump With Joey, wasn't fucking around. He even went on to record with Coxsone Dodd and Roland Alphonso from the Skatalites. An effort by the man to "keep it real" as they say.

Jump With Joey is the perfect blend of old school meets new school. Plus they defy categorization in a label happy industry by sounding like a jazz band, swing band, reggae band, ska band, etc. At this same time in LA, cats like Big Sandy & His Fly Rite Boys were taking up the slack on Texas Swing, while the Royal Crown Revue just stuck with da swing.

Today, the swing is still being represented by bands like the Cherry Poppin' Daddies and Ray Condo. The Stubborn All Stars are picking up somewhere between Jump With Joey and The English Beat. So there you have it, I've gone from ska to country (texas swing) in less than six steps.

Refer to the following:

Skatalites-Foundation Ska (Heartbeat)
Maytals-Never Grow Old (Heartbeat)
Jump With Joey-Ska Ba/Generations United/Strictly For You (Rykodisc)
Cherry Poppin' Daddies-Zoot Suit Riot (Mojo)
Ray Condo and his Ricochets-Door To Door Maniac (Joaquin)
Stubborn All Stars Back With a New Batch (Moon Ska)

HYPE IS A MOTHERFUCKER

BY BOAZ DROR

Hype is a motherfucker. If you let it, it'll ruin your Superbowl, destroy your favorite singer/songwriter, cheapen your Christmas, whore out your summer blockbusters, and turn your January 1st, 2000 into the granddaddy of anticlimax. It's everywhere: in commercial slogans, in personal mottoes, in the Star Spangled Banner, in the downtown bar scene where le girls make you fou with false hope. And here comes SXSW. You pawned your guitar for a wristband, mortgaged your home for a platinum badge. Don't say I didn't warn you. Lower your expectations now or be disappointed later.

In this day and age, with its record number of early theater walkouts, hype is a film exhibitor's necessity. Otherwise, we'd all just rent videotapes. Which brings me to the local video stores... While walking the library aisles I became aware of a trend in video tape packaging which had all the familiar symptoms of reckless over-hyping. It is the critical endorsement proclaiming a title to be the "Citizen Kane" of its particular genre. These critics must be stopped. How many times have you gone to see a movie because some schmuck from WBAI radio in Wisconsin thinks it's the "Citizen Kane of action movies"? Maybe never, but we must ensure that the answer is ALWAYS never, for ourselves and for our children. Let's defraud these pretenders to the throne.

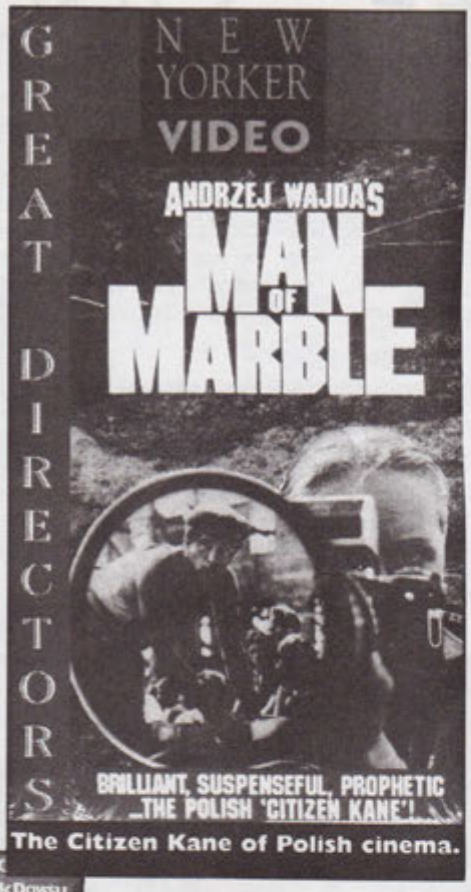
We begin in the horror section with **The Wicker Man (1973)**, a flick Cinefantastique hails as "The 'Citizen Kane' of horror films," starring Edward Woodward (T.V.'s the Equalizer-had me convinced all Brits were gloved badasses when I was a kid) and the incomparable Christopher Lee (a 70's Bela Lugosi). Sergeant Howie of Scotland Yard is a devout Christian, a virgin, and is genuinely concerned for his fellow human being. So when a case involving a missing child brings him to the remote island of Summerisle, he is distraught to find the place teeming with heathens, pagans, and, most disturbingly, British folk-singer types. Personally, I would have turned around and paddled back home, but I'm neither cop nor religious dictate, while Howie is both. He decides, therefore, to poke his nose into others' business, and maybe save a few souls courtesy of Jesus H. May Day is coming, and it promises even more pagan shenanigans (Pagananigans). Unbeknownst to Howie, the residents have reserved a special role in their celebration for him. This movie's loaded with great visuals, fun foreign iconography and rambunctious religious rituals. If an alien were dropped into our culture we would seem to him exactly like the Summerislians. They have their chocolate skulls, buried rabbits, wicker men, and enormous phallic symbols, and we have our stop signs, golden McArches, businessmen, and...enormous phallic symbols. Look for the scene wherein a nude Britt Ekland gyrates and slaps herself as part of the

Summerisle mating dance. It's a personal favorite. To it's credit, this movie is more clever than in needs to be; the finale is especially well executed, providing insight into levels of religious zeal rarely seen in even mainstream movies. This one, though not quite Citizen Kane, is indeed worth checking out. On this basis, we can excuse it's false claim.

Not so with **Roseland (1970)**, one of two contenders for the title of "CK of sex/porn films". While Scanlon's Monthly (never heard of it) may consider this the quintessential porn flick, I, with several porn experiences to my credit, beg to differ. Plodding, preachy, this is a mess of a movie, which sacrifices good porn production values (for instance, like actually hiring people to have sex) for a muddled criticism of the "Establishment." It's the story of a mental patient and his suffering at the hands of his stereotypical, just-as-crazy-as-the-rest-of-us shrink. Before this film is over, he's hallucinated an appearance on an Ed-Sullivan type television show and been visited by Hieronymous Bosch in quite possibly the most boring monologue ever crafted. This flick also features a large erect phallus, though one less gracefully rendered than Wicker Man's (the movie, not the actual man's). The Age of Aquarius never spawned anything more tragic than this cinematic waste of space. It's a no-brainer, predictable and boring. CK? No way. Scanlon's, you've been busted. Hype-busted!

Next up is **Thundercrack! (1975)**, another skin flick. There's no official endorsement proclaiming this one to be the Citizen Kane of Porn films, but the video employees all unanimously agreed this would be their p(r)ick. And I kinda felt like watching another sex film, so there you have it. This was a wild movie, much, much different than what I bargained for. A lonely widow drinks herself into a stupor on the eve of her husband's death, and by sheer fate, a group of wayward travellers find their way into her home. It's a cold, rainy night, and the group consists of the following: one (1) male hitchhiker picked up by two (2) girls (great scene), two (2) men travelling together, one of whom is in love with the other, and one (1) religious fanatic. Then add to the mix the one (1) aforementioned horny widow and you have... three (3) men, three (3) women. I would've stopped there. But not Thundercrack!---Throw in one (1) male circus worker and one (1) female gorilla and one (1) dead husband and a number (7+) of sex toys and stir. This one does that one, that one does this one, this one then does that blow-up doll...It's kind of pointless to summarize a porn flick. The dialogue in this movie is incredible, very self-aware, and extremely inventive. Recommended only for the sexually liberal---this is the type of film that you'd be hanged in Alabama for watching. And if Citizen radicalized mainstream movie making, then Thundercrack! does the same for porn. Good endorsement.

The Citizen Kane of pornos.



The Citizen Kane of Polish cinema.

I grew up in a family where every day brought with it a new Polish joke. Raised to consider the Polacks the Aggies of the universe, the tagline, "The Polish Citizen Kane," seemed like a particularly poignant joke from my youth. I paid for the movie, **Man of Marble (1976)**, and took it home. This is an epic, which means it runs over 2 1/2 hours. And it is the most obviously influenced by CK. The protagonist, Agnieszka, is a filmmaker investigating the life of a fallen figure in the Polish community, one Mateusz Birkut, who helped build the city of Nowa Huta in the 1950's. Birkut was a Polish equivalent of Kane. Kane was a wealthy media magnate (modeled after William Randolph Hearst) and Birkut was a champion bricklayer who aspired to political heights in the worker's party (modeled after some Polack). This shows you the difference in our two culture's values. Like CK, this movie is told through a series of explorations into the history of Birkut's life. Unlike CK, the explorer is a chain-smoking, beautiful, lean and flexible woman, and one with a 70's inspired funky accompaniment, in the tradition of Blaxploitation movies. Krystina Janda plays the filmmaker who slyly gets her footage from the not-so-eager interviewees. I've written her name on my pillow.

So there you have it. Rest easy Mr. Welles, for wherever there are allusions to your beloved first film, we'll be there. Wherever there is hype which needs questioning, we'll be there. Wherever a critic relies on some bullshit pat endorsement because he's got a deadline and no imagination, we'll be there. Why? Maybe because we care. Or maybe because we need to justify our porn habit...

OTHER "CK" MENTIONS WORTH CHECKING OUT:

Shakes the Clown- "The Citizen Kane of alcoholic clown movies." Like Orson Welles, this is screenwriter/director Bobcat Goldthwaite's first film. Lots of low angle shots, good use of depth of focus.

Babe- "The Citizen Kane of talking pig movies." I'll never watch this movie, no matter how much you pay me.

FIRESIDE

MEN OF HONOR:

AN INTERVIEW WITH BASSIST FRANS JOHANSSON

BY GREG E. BOY

Salt for Slugs: Have you guys ever been to the States before?
Frans: Actually this is our fifth time.
SFS: Is there anything that strikes you as odd being that you're from a different country w/ a different culture?
Frans: Uh yeah, a lot of small things that are really different but Stockholm is so Americanized now anyway.

SFS: When you guys started out, was it hard to get access to the music you like to listen to?

Frans: It was kind of hard when we use to live way up north so we bought records through the post [mail]. There wasn't a lot of records stores. Not like there are now [now they live in Stockholm].

SFS: What we some of those records you were buying back then?

Frans: Um, like Sonic Youth, Dinosaur Jr., Mudhoney...this was like in '91.

SFS: How did you guys end up on American Records[Rick Rubin's now defunct label]?

Frans: I don't know. there was a swedish guy who worked at American and heard our album and thought it was good and he flew to Stockholm and watched us play and then we signed with them. We were so...everything was so quick. It was a big label and we were young. You just nod your head at everything they say. Like "cool, cool." It was real strange. It wasn't the thing we wanted to do. If it had been a good label and if they had really supported us that would have been great but it wasn't so good at all.

SFS: Well, you won a Grammy.

Frans: Yeah but that was [only in] Sweden.

SFS: So that didn't really have anything to do with that label I guess?

Frans: No

SFS: How did you end up on Crank!?

Frans: Actually, I don't know. the band sent out some tapes and Crank! really liked us. It's a good label and it's cool cuz it's a small label and they really like the bands that are on the label. They are true to the music...and that's what we wanted to do from the beginning. And everything with American went completely wrong so we had to start all over again.

SFS: Is there a big scene for what you guys do over there in Stockholm?

Frans: We're the only band who plays this kind of music. There's a lot of good bands. some really crazy bands.

SFS: Well, from the information I get here in the southeastern part of the U.S. It seems like everybody in Sweden is into death metal.

Frans: Yeah, the death metal scene was real big like five or six years ago. But now its not so big anymore. And like Entombed, the biggest death metal band from that time, well they aren't death metal anymore. There's a big rock scene right now like Stooges kind of stuff. [See The Hellacopters in Music Reviews By People Who Care-Ed.]

SFS: What's the album title mean [Uomini D'onore]?

Frans: It means 'man of honor'. The mafia used to be called that. It means like 'people you trust'.

SFS: Are you guys doing a big tour or are you just in the States for CMJ?

Frans: Right now we are just playing the CMJ.

SFS: Do you have friends that aren't in bands over in Sweden that think its really cool that you're in a band and get to go to America?

Frans: Yeah, well we have girlfriends and stuff...

SFS: And they don't think its so cool huh?

Frans: No. But almost everyone you know is involved with music in some way. Someone is a record engineer or someone works at a small indie label. I thought about that yesterday. I thought about all my friends and who's not involved with music and I couldn't think of anyone.

SFS: What does the future hold for Fireside? You plan on keep making records and touring?

Frans: Yeah, but its really hard was like last year we toured Sweden for three months and that really bummed us out and we were really tired of each other. But now its really good there's a good atmosphere in the band. When we go back home from here in New York we're going to make some new songs.

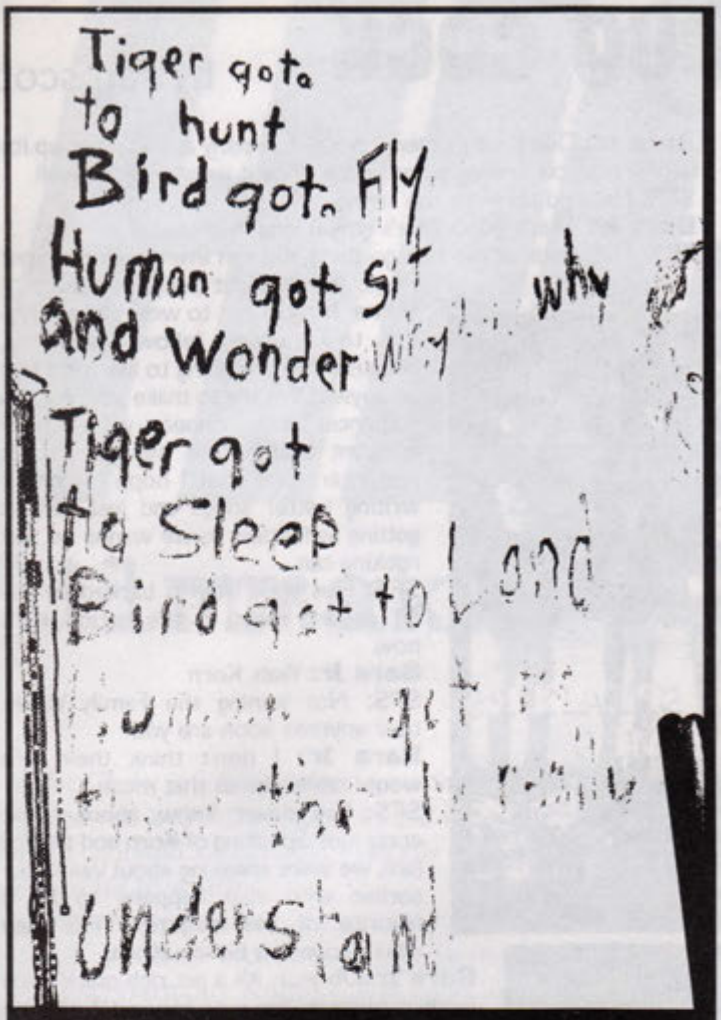
SFS: What are some of the bands that are influencing you guys now?

Frans: All that Chicago stuff like Shellac, Jesus Lizard, Tortoise, Slint, those kind of bands but the singer [Kristofer Astrom] he likes country like Johhny Cash and I like the early '70s bands like Television and Suicide.

SFS: Where did the name of the band come from?

Frans: I don't know. It was our guitar player Pelle, one day he just said "I think we should be called Fireside" and we just nodded our heads. We didn't care. We were just playing music. The band name was...

SFS: Secondary. [Unlike Nashville Pussy where the name begets the music-Ed.]



JIMI'S CORNER

as witnessed by keefer estevez
photo by stabler hsu

When the antics begin and the Slugs are set loose on the town to find what exactly lies between the lines of what everyday society is all about, it usually isn't long before they find themselves at a party. Occasionally, a fellow comrade will rise up from the herd and reach out to the Slug, and reveal themselves as true lovers of life, not to be confined to a code of behavior that is been deemed "acceptable" for the rest of humanity. The man that rose up this night was a young poet named Jimi. An inspired artist, who has dropped his pencil, and opted for the spray can to express his poetry in a way that some people may find offensive. Just why he decided to spray this little gem on the kitchen wall of the group house he was staying in, we'll never know. He simply said, "because I felt like it."

(In case you can't read the photo, it reads: Tiger go to hunt, Bird go to fly, Human got sit and wonder why why why, Tiger got to sleep, Bird got to land, Human got to think he really understand.")

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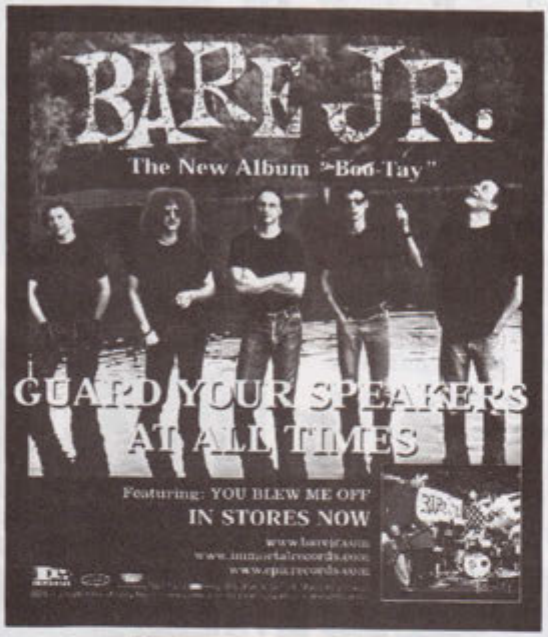
bare jr, hug cock

by ran scot

Overwhelming. That is the best way to describe the ebb and flow of Austin road shows. It's either overwhelming you with a dirth of acts or saturating the very pores of the scene like patchouli on a Phish fan. One time on the sunny side of the cycle I happened to catch a then obscure act from Nashville. On this tip from a good friend, I watched them formulate music with a remarkably original sound in the homogenous late 90s. They were Bare Jr, and they kicked a little ass. Luckily, they came back into town recently and I was able to get a hold of them before they became full on stadium rock gods.



SFS: How long you been trucking on the road now?
Bare Jr: 60 something days, I don't know. Long. Just long.
SFS: Yeah, you've already played in Austin, this a come back tour so soon?
Bare Jr: There's a few more people here this time. At least I hope so.
SFS: Unlike your legendary 15 person show last time around.
Bare Jr: Heh, that was kind of neat. We played a week later at the Continental Club to even fewer people, but they all dug the show even though they didn't know who we were.
SFS: Yes, the secret show. I heard y'all's first trip Austin and your introduction to Austin women was a bit odd.
Bare Jr: It was explosive, it was interesting, it was a nice show, a big show.
SFS: How's Immortal treating you?
Bare Jr: Immortal's been just super. Its been the best of both worlds. We're on an independent label, but when we need money, there's money to be had to do the things we need to do.
SFS: You don't have bus envy do you? (the Screeching Cheetah Wheelies had the ultimate Behemoth parked next to their humble tour bus)
Bare Jr: No, because they have to pay for that big ass bus, we drive this ourselves.
SFS: Your own men.
Grimmy: and women.
Bare Jr: Yes, Grimmy's our bitch.
SFS: Speaking of bitches, I heard a couple of girls last time you were in town gave you quite a show, they did cocaine off each others breast and stickers on the nipples...
Bare Jr: It wasn't boring. Stickers in the hair, they did odd stuff with champagne, but we didn't do anything incriminating ourselves.
SFS: That's the best part, all that with none of the guilt. It was just the good times and rock and roll.
Bare Jr: We did nothing wrong. Just sat and watched and played it safe.
SFS: The EP packing, with the Ball logo and actual guitar string kicks ass.

Bare Jr: Our buddy called the Ball company and set that up for us. We plan on making some more since it went over so well.
SFS: I wound up using the string.
Bare Jr: That's good. That's why it was in there.
SFS: I like your whole no ego thing. You can even hear it in your music. It's all about the good times.
Bare Jr: I try not to worry about trying to impress fellow musicians, because they are going to ask for a free cd anyway. We try to make stuff for the audiences and connect with. Quick ignorant stuff people can get quickly, real interactive stuff. I hope I wind up writing better songs and just remind getting as fearless as we wanna be. Just rocking out.
SFS: Plus your label is backed by the #1 record seller in the nation right now.
Bare Jr: Yeah, Korn.
SFS: Not joining the Family Values tour anytime soon are you?
Bare Jr: I don't think their fans would really like us that much.
SFS: You never know about those crazy kids. Speaking of Korn and they're fans, we were speaking about Vanilla Ice earlier, who also happens to be a favorite of the magazine. His new album sounds a bit like Korn.
Bare Jr: Oh yeah, it's a get rich quick thing for him. Nobody has ever accused Vanilla Ice of having any artistic integrity or couth about him. Or anything else. Yeah, it's hilarious. What I'd really like to know is what Korn thinks of it. They made fun of him in the last album.
SFS: Yeah, that's post-modern as hell. I like how Ween and Beck are saying post-modernism is coming to a close. It's done.
Bare Jr: If you listen to one of his first albums, One Foot in the Grave, it's basic folky, acoustic, freak out stuff.
SFS: He also used to have break dancing parties and set shit on fire.
Bare Jr: He comes across almost as making fun of folk music and old time music, but to do it as well as he does he would have to be a huge fan of it. He's great.
SFS: So how's your rock star experience been?
Bare Jr: It's been weird really, the best part is we get to go to a lot of towns and just hang out. That's what's been great about Austin, it's a such a magical wonderland, I really like it. Hopefully we can get a following here.
SFS: Yeah last time I came here it was with Skipper.
Bare Jr: Who's that?
SFS: The bald headed guy who got high with Dean before the show.
Bare Jr: Oh yeah , that guy.
SFS: Yeah, we thought you rocked.
Bare Jr: Then you wanted brownies.

How to Enjoy the Internet (Throw Away Your TV)

BY ORAN VALENTINE

Months of abstinence just ended for me. Abstinence from the internet, mind you. Incidentally, the time I quit using the internet coincides exactly with the end of a different period of abstinence, if you can dig what I'm saying. The more time you spend on the internet, the less time you spend with real people, and vice versa. I'm not rehashing the same old bit about computer users being reclusive. I simply mean that whatever you do can be measured in trade-offs. This is a simple economic principal, and it holds true for everything in life. If you really want to get the most efficient use from the internet, you'll have to spend some time familiarizing yourself with it, to find out what information you really want to get from it. If you just jump right in, after the initial interest, you're likely to come up with the idea that the internet is a waste of time. Sure, the internet is a waste of time if you waste all of your time aimlessly searching through the millions of documents that are out there. The key word here is aimless. Reading is one of the great gifts of being human, but libraries are a waste of time if you just spend all day flipping through the pages of random books.

To really get anything more out of using the internet than you would out of watching TV, you have to separate yourself from the mentality of TV watching. This brings me to a second way to enjoy the internet. Unplug your TV. You've probably been brought up to watch TV, so although it doesn't rationally serve any purpose other than to deaden the mind and churn out propaganda, TV probably makes some sort of gut-level sense to you. No one is going to call you a geek or a nerd for watching TV.

Think about how ridiculous TV is. Keep in mind the trade-off idea: it's a colossal waste of time to passively allow yourself to be guided through hour after hour of advertising drivel and laugh tracks. People have become so influenced by TV that they think it's some sort of sacred, inviolable part of life. Spend your TV time checking using the internet. Try it for two weeks. If you can't go that long without TV, then it's probably time to put down this magazine, and concentrate on the TV that you've got going on in the background. If you don't have a computer, then pretend that your TV is broken and save/spend on a computer as if you were buying a TV, and you'll have the money before next month.

As best as I can recall, "Surfing the internet," was an off-shoot of "channel surfing," which of course is a bad TV analogy. Neither phrase is very appropriate. "Surfing" the internet, is no more appropriate than "skating," "jogging,""fucking," or "hauling gravel" on the internet. I can't help but cringe when I hear TV technology commentators unanimously chime in about how appropriate the surfing metaphor is. The concept of surfing simply doesn't apply, whether it's sitting on your ass and typing, or sitting on your ass and clicking a mouse or a TV remote. The whole television "channel surfing" idea does have one important truth to it. It's the idea of being awash, more like trying to surf in the middle of the dead sea.

Television is, for most Americans, where they get their news and their social conditioning. The first thing that you should do is to find substitutes for what you really do like to get from TV. If you watch the news, concentrate on getting just the news from the internet to start with. An amusing thing to do is watch one of the national news channels just long enough to get their headline news story, then check the websites of all the major networks. Just read through enough to note how the different slants and versions of the story begin to form into a different picture than you get from just one source on TV that claims to be telling you THE truth.

There is also a luxury that even flipping through all the channels would not afford you, the luxury of checking the facts of a story instantaneously. If you actually do bother even to type in a couple of searches on keywords, or check the BBC version, or other nation's news groups, not to mention fringe news sources, you will soon find that much of what we are sold as news on American TV is simply a flashy ball of spin.

If looking at the news from different perspectives doesn't convince you of the need to break free of the evil box, then try looking into a few fan clubs for your favorite TV shows. For pretty much every TV show, there is an ass-load (I just like to say "ass-load") of fan pages, and chat rooms, and nifty little facts. The interesting part comes in when fans of these shows begin to out-think the shows, writing new scripts, coming up with the strangest inconsistencies in the episodes, and often times designing better Web Pages than the Official ones.

It becomes apparent almost immediately that most devoted fans of TV shows actually have the ability to communicate to one another, to come up with clever ideas, and to create interesting things from these ideas. So why are they still watching the damned TV shows? They can't get out of the idea that TV is an acceptable part of their own personal lives. They are intimately involved with their favorite shows. When one favorite goes off the air, they will scan the airwaves patiently for a replacement. They either don't realize, or don't care that these shows are all the same.

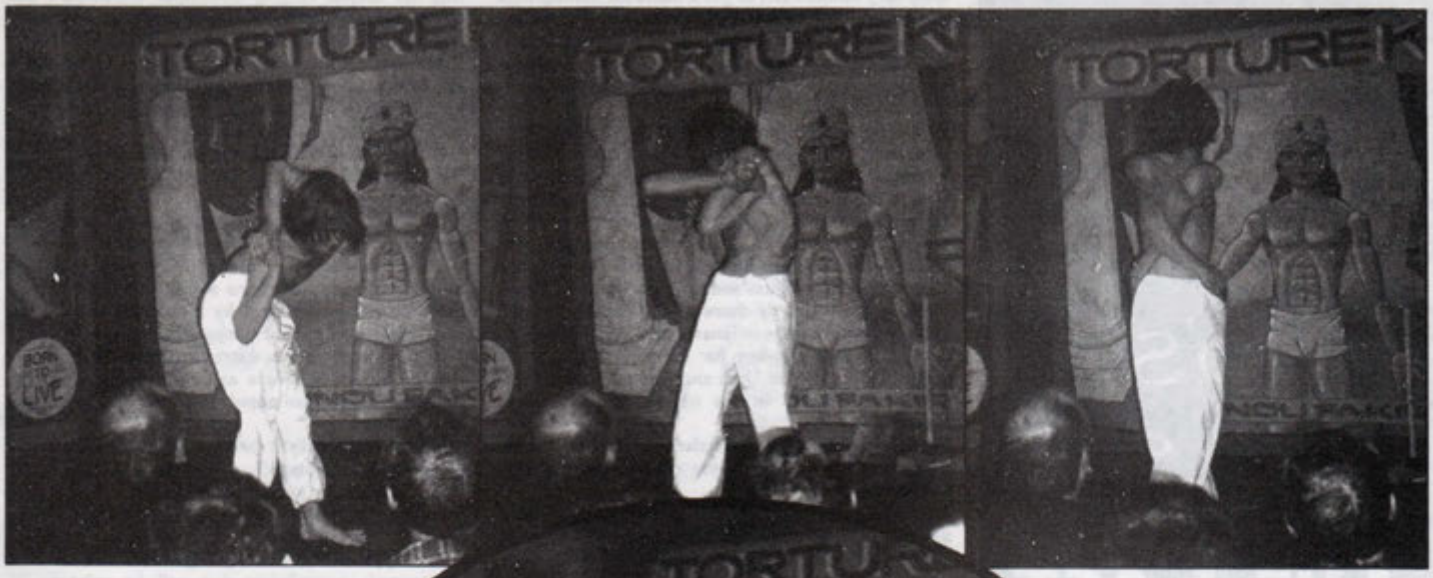
Fortunately, there are better things in store for the internet than an imitation of TV, if enough people will get interested in it as a tool for communicating, and an alternative tool, at that. The FCC regulates TV and radio. All communication is regulated, except the internet, which is constantly under attack as a corrupting force for just that reason. Have you noticed how many news reports on TV are about protecting your children from the internet, as if it is a living beast that will eat them in their sleep? Don't buy into it. Turn off the damned TV. Turn on the computer, and learn to treat it as a communication tool, and a tool of expression, or the same regulation and propagandizing that has taken over every other tool of communication will happen to the internet, too, and you won't have any choice but to believe what you're told.

BY MEL BASSET

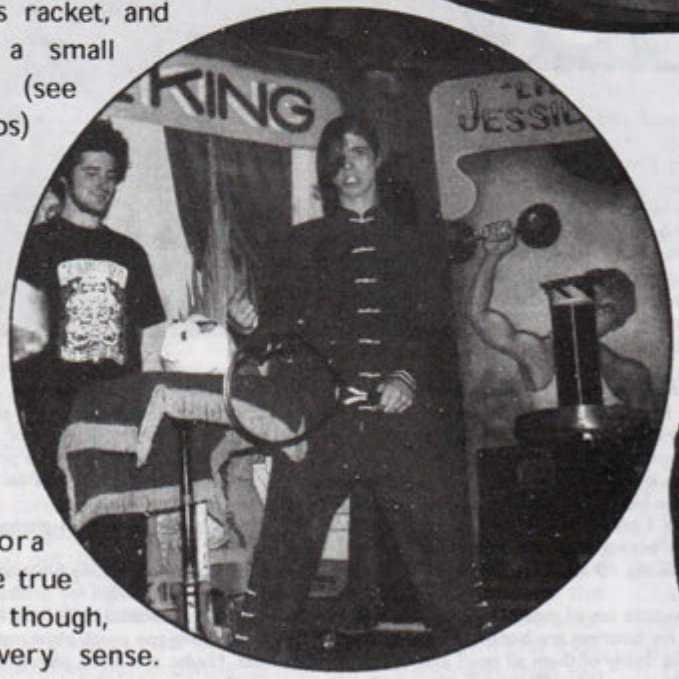
First off, let it be known that this event was sponsored by Camel, (or is that Kamel now?) cigarettes. Specifically, Camel Lights (11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine). I was actually persuaded by a rep from the illustrious company to sign a card saying that I smoke ten packs a week so I could get a free lighter, and smokes, of course. I gave those to some degenerate outside bumming change and he nearly shit in his pants from the excitement. It makes me happy to make others happy, and believe it or not, so does ZAMORA: THE TORTURE KING!

Actually, Zamora seems like a nice enough guy. He even maintains his mild-mannered jokester temperament while walking on broken liquor bottles and shoving metal rods through his body. Now that takes discipline, and a serious mental disorder! Watching this guy perform, you will undoubtedly find yourself asking the question, WHY?! What in the hell gave this guy the idea to shove a huge needle beneath his tongue and have it come out his neck? What was it that inspired him to chew on broken glass? Zamora just wants to make people happy.

Tonight, he would perform with Iron Man Hartley as his assistant and muscle man, who actually performed a few feats of his own, breaking chains and stuff like that, and there was a much-loved appearance by the legendary, Flex - "The Rubber Boy" of Bindlestiff fame. Flex stole the show every so often, coming out and performing some of the most sickening contortionist



acts ever see. This guy is the rubber man. He can dislocate and rearrange his whole body in numerous ways. He can make every shape from pretzel to lifeless blob of flesh and bones on the floor. He can fit through a tennis racket, and into a small box. (see photos)



Zamora is the true king though, in every sense. The stuff that he does is not only unbelievably gut wrenching, but he also knows how to get the crowd involved. Many times, throughout his act, he dragged people up on stage and made them inflict pain upon himself until the crowd cheered for more. The human body is an amazing thing. Our understanding of our own bodies and what they can do is limited by what we think is rational thought. For instance, we wouldn't shove a huge needle in our arm with out expecting pain, and plenty of blood. Somehow, Zamora has made it so he can stick metal rods through his body without bleeding more than a drop. We wouldn't lay down on broken glass for fear of being cut up, but Zamora lays down on a bed of broken glass and then has eight people stand on him and he doesn't get a single wound.

FLEX, THE RUBBER BOY.

Aliens, Acid and God's Balls: The Last TAD Interview

by Patrick Kennedy

The Grizzly Adams of Northwest rock and roll, gentle giant with a guitar and a tremendous history in both meatcutting and loud music, Tad disappeared for awhile, footsteps vanishing in the snow like the Yeti. But now he is back with a stripped down version of the old sound and new songs about the darker side of fun and games. Lovable, cuddly Tad. (Note: Tad recently informed the world that once again, the band is history. This is the last Tad interview)

SFS: Tad, you rock like only a big man can; any advice for smaller, skinnier fellas who dare tread in your sizeable guitar-hero shoes?
TAD: Think for yourself, listen to your dreams, be honest and true to yourself. Don't be a trendoid or a follower. Be yourself. Don't let the bastards get you down.
SFS: Rick would be a terrible name for a band, and so would, say, Darren, but Tad works. You got lucky in the name game, do you feel blessed?
TAD: Blessed? Sure. I used to think that names made a difference. Now I don't think that names matter or ever did. I see names as just a label to identify different people, bands, pets, automobiles, and things of that nature. I personally think that names usually have nothing to do with anything.
SFS: But what if Danzig had called his band Glenn instead? Would they still have been just as laughable?
TAD: Danzig? What's a Danzig? Danzig Schmanzig! Firstly, I couldn't give a rats shit what a weight lifting, self-adoring, narcissist, musician wanna-be does or says. Personally I find Danzig and the devil-child mentality very humorous. I've got a name for Danzig: how about Bon Jovi, Van Halen, Montrose. Next question.
SFS: So TAD does a slew of badassed albums in the late '80s and early '90s, tours a whole bunch, then disappears for awhile....what happened? Betty Ford clinic?
TAD: Well, after spending a whopping $460.00 on advertising and promotion East/West/Elektra in their infinite wisdom puts us out on tour with label mates Clutch. The tour sucked. We hung in there and found out while we were on that tour that the record label was kissing our asses goodbye because after one record with them we didn't go gold like they were expecting. Clutch, Kyuss and a whole slough of bands were dropped shortly there after. Probably for the same reason. We were in Texas at the time. We packed up and made a bee-line for home. The van broke down in Green River, Utah and we spent two lovely days in a Motel 6 in the middle of white trash America.
SFS: God's Balls was a particularly good album name, care to comment? Also, what the hell does 8 Way Santa mean??
TAD: Our bassist Kurt Danielson saw a porno flick at a bachelor party where a priest was getting a blowjob from a Nun. While this clergyman was getting serviced he kept proclaiming in a very loud manner, "God's balls that feels good, God's balls"! Kurt then told me of the party and the religious-sexual spectacle that he had witnessed and we both agreed that "God's Balls" should be the name of our first record. 8-Way Santa was a particular type of acid (LSD) that was circulating where I grew up. It was called 8-way because of its immense potency and because of the picture of Santa Claus on the blotter.

SFS: You should have been in one of the Texas Chainsaw Massacre movies. Any experience in cutting things up?
TAD: I was and still am a Journeyman Butcher. I worked for many years in the retail meat cutting industry for a lot of different companies. I could dress your kill. For a fee of course. I am not kidding.
SFS: What's your favorite knife?
TAD: Forschner's German blades are great knives that hold a razor sharp edge. I prefer wood handles not plastic. I like my 4 inch boning knife for getting up close and personal. I like my 10 inch steak knife for those big jobs.
SFS: How about your favorite cut of meat?
TAD: As far as cuts go, my favorites are boneless rib-eye steaks and the grand daddy of them all small end prime rib roast. Take it from me ladies, if you can cook up a good meat and potatoes meal for your man, he will do just about anything you ask for at least 15 minutes.
SFS: What can you tell us about the presence of aliens, and I'm not talking about mexicans?
TAD: Hmm. This subject is more of a hobby to me. I am by no means an expert but I do know of some people and sources that would be a good thing to check out at any level. Art Bell from the land of Nigh out in the Nevada desert is a radio talk show host that has subject ranging from Alien encounters and UFOs to Satan worshippers and ghosts almost every night depending on where you are in the U.S.. I personally believe that it is foolish for us to assume that out of our whole universe full of zillions of stars, we here on earth are the only life (intelligent or otherwise) that exists or ever will exist.
SFS: How about the insidious black choppers that fly silently over america and beam microwave rays at us from above?
TAD: Black choppers have also appeared in Mexico and South America. I have the feeling that in any event there is a unseen government cover-up that is indeed on a global scale, and aliens and UFOs might just be the manufactured excuse by an already established one world government using Aliens and extra-terrestrial encounters as a distraction from the real horrors of our own people experimenting on a cross section of the human population with strange viruses and chemicals.
SFS: Is there usually a barrage of panties and bras when you hit the stage?
TAD: Yes, but they are being worn.
SFS: When can we look forward to hearing a new TAD album?
TAD: "Oppenheimer's Pretty Nightmare" will be on a UP records compilation that will be released in January 1999. We will also be doing a 7 inch single on vinyl on UP as well entitled "Oppenheimer's Pretty Nightmare" b/w "Accident On The Way To Church".
SFS: Tell me a broken leg story.
TAD: I don't know any broken leg stories. I have never broken any bones before.
SFS: Still drinking Jack & Pepsi?
TAD: No. I don't keep using products that don't treat me nicely. I have graduated to Mezcal Tequila.
SFS: Darryl dips dicky-dipstick dangerously down Darren's diarrhea diaper den.....now you try some fancy alliteration of your own.
TAD: Dicky and Darren should go home and keep their exploits to themselves. I don't want or need to know nor do I care what they do in the privacy of their own home as long as I don't have to hear or smell or see their dippings.
SFS: Wonder why baboons have such gloriously red asses?
TAD: No. I assume that it is a mating function. Maybe a sign that the baboon is available for drinks, dinner, and dancing. Maybe it is because they have king size hemorrhoids from eating too much plant matter and not enough meat. Maybe it is from playing to much drag-ass instead of grab-ass. I can't help you.
SFS: Make a quick singles ad for yourself and we'll run it.
TAD: I don't seek personal ads for potential lovers. I do fine on my own. I do read them for personal amusement purposes only. Besides, any woman that has to put an ad in a personal classified is probably ugly, a loser, and almost always a liar or all of the above. I am not seeking any of the aforementioned.

Uncle Louie
and the Prophecy Blues

BY BABS NADAL

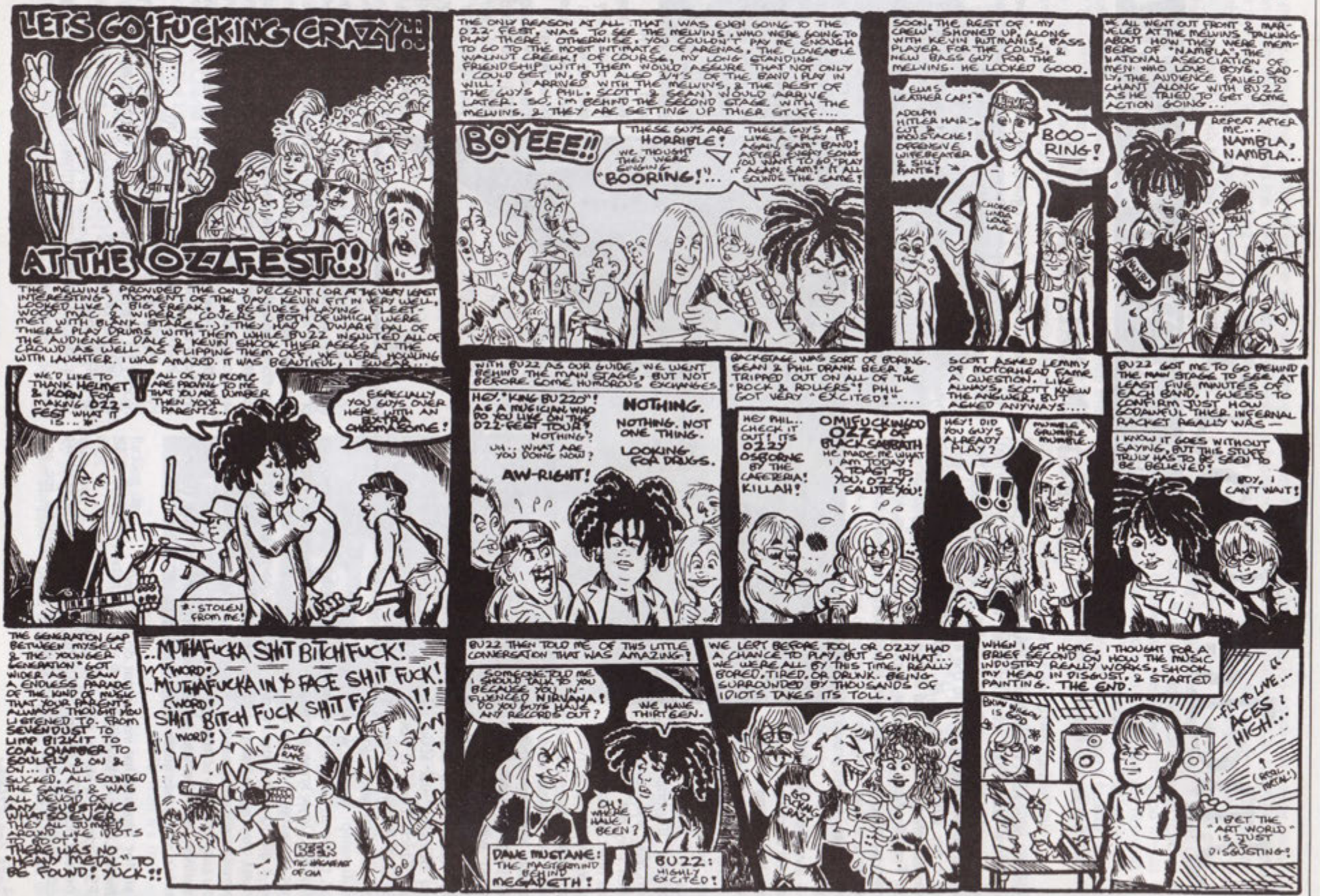
Uncle Louie, AKA Louis Bovis, AKA Lou Lazer, has been a fixture of the Texas Blues scene for over twenty years. My earliest memory of Uncle Louie is being told that if I got in a car with him I would get a spanking. Back in the early seventies he was a wild and crazy guy, weighing in at over 400 pounds (that hasn't changed), always religious and always wild. He has played for ZZ Top, Freddie King, and other famous touring shows. His band broke up a few years ago when his drummer was sent to prison, and he is still working on getting a new group together.

A few years ago when I was still working two jobs and babysitting on the weekends, I had a job watching Mike Judge's kids while he went to hear ZZ top. Doyle and Barbara Bramhall went with Mike and Cesca, and when they got back later that night we started talking about the show, (they had gotten to go backstage of course) and I casually mentioned that I had a crazy uncle who played with ZZ top in Houston once. Mike said, "Are you talking about Lou Bovis?" I just about died. Uncle Louie is not the sort of guy you want to broadcast your blood relationship with. I was just trying to brag a little, and leave it anonymous. Turned out Mike and Doyle knew as many stories about my uncle as I did, and ever since then I've been wanting to really sit down with him and get it all down for the record. Well, this particular encounter wasn't the day. He had to catch a plane for LA, where he's hoping to make millions as a lounge act. I may have to wait until he's gone to really put any of the good stories into print, but this short interview will give you some idea as to why my very talented uncle's career has never really taken off. Yet...

Salt for Slugs: What instrument do you play?
Uncle Louie: All keyboards.
SFS: Didn't you always play a B3 Organ?
Louie: I played a B3 from 1970 until 1989, when I just couldn't push it into my truck anymore. It was just too heavy for me, and I guess that is the last time. I guess until 1991 I might have played a B3 a few more times, but I haven't played one since then.
SFS: I know you write a lot of your own music.
Louie: The majority of what I do now are written songs by myself. There is an author that I've been reading since 1970 who my brother told me not to read. His name is Hal Lindsey and he wrote a best selling book called The Late Great Planet Earth.
SFS: Why did my dad tell you not to read it?
Louie: Because it wasn't Catholic. It was religious, kinda, oriented, and it wasn't Catholic.
SFS: How much has religion played into your music in the last few years?
Louie: Well, Hal Lindsey wrote about the end of the world, and so most of my tunes since then have been about the end of the world.
SFS: And these are Blues tunes?
Louie: Prophecy Blues.
SFS: Remember the day last month when you asked me if I'd seen the clouds, that it was really the Angel of Death, and you wrote a song about it?
Louie: Oh, the clouds. There was a day I decided to drive to Austin to have some tortellini and a pitcher or two of iced tea, and I looked at the clouds and for a couple of days and they were real eerie looking. They don't look like that now, but they looked very eerie looking, like God was trying to say something. But unless I hear something - I have yet to hear him say "Louuuuie" - I have yet to actually hear anything, so when I see something, I pay attention. All of my songs have to do with Bible prophecy, the Book of Revelations.
SFS: And now you're headed out to LA?
Louie: Now I'm going to LA and I'm going to finally make enough money to where I can live in a big mansion, and when I die I'll leave it to all of you kids.
SFS: Right on.
Louie: But you have to pray for me so that I make it big.

Let's Go Fuckin' Crazy at the Ozz Fest!!!

by Brian Walsby



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The Heartdrops

Keeping The Rock & Roll Spirit Alive

by Greg E. Boy

"We went to the University of Rock & Roll, graduated, and now we're out teach the people", said Ben Rosenthal from a pay phone outta some no name town. He was apologetic about missing our scheduled interview time the day before and not at all like most bratty lads tryin' to get a piece of the rock star pie.

The 27 year old drummer talked about growing up in West Chester, NY — a suburb of New York City— but mostly he talked about his band The Heartdrops. The Heartdrops formed in '94 after being inspired by such acts as The Clash, Social Distortion and The Replacements. Not a bad batch of bands to be inspired by but ones that are a wee bit outdated by year of the millennium standards.

"I have been playing drums since I was 14", stated Rosenthal, "and I've known Chris Clay since elementary school. Luke Metz was also part of the group we hung out with. So we all decided to start a band." Five years ago, he and guitarist Chris Clay decided to start The Heartdrops. They rounded out the trio with the help of Luke Metz on bass. All three boys tackle the vocal chores but today it is Rosenthal that has been anointed as "Ambassador To The Media."

The Heartdrops have been described as the "best kept secret" of New York City's seedy Lower East Side. Building off of the three chord formula made famous by the leather clad Ramones, The Heartdrops rock like it's their birthright. Throw in a lil bit of Thunders crunch, La Peste angst and Leaving Trains don't-give-a-fuck attitude and you have a serious rock & roll band.

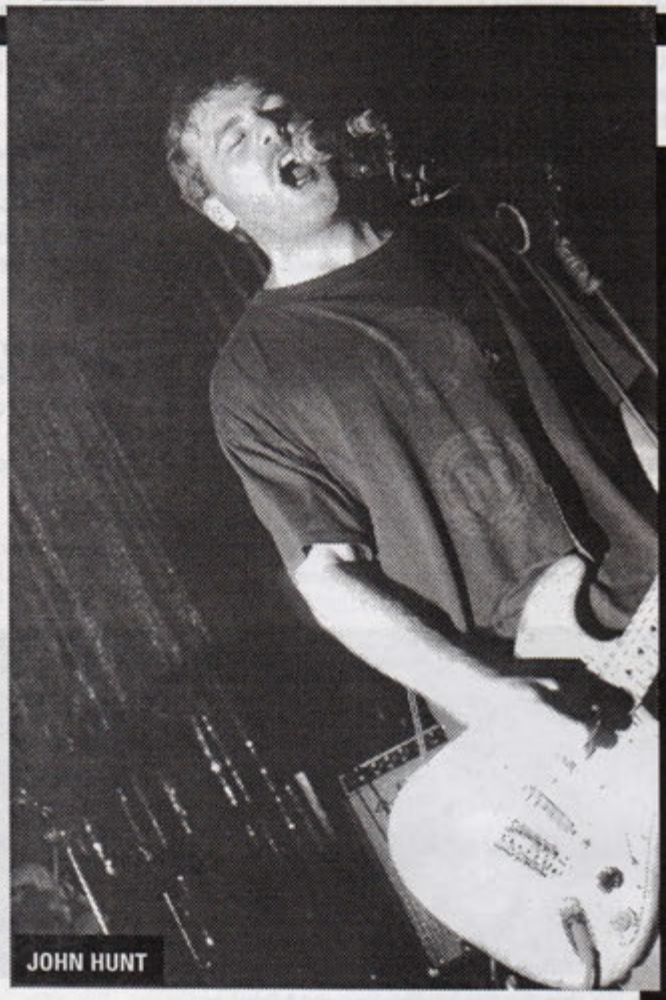
N.Y. Hangover called them "the only band that matters" and Maximum Rock & Roll described them as " a NY band that absolutely smokes!!! Hooky, great production [and] catchy as fuck!!!" With accolades like that, the band built up a solid following.

The band released This Is The Heartdrops (Melted Wax) and hit the road. Which is where I caught up with them. "All of our songs are about girls" claimed Rosenthal, "yeah, girls and the plight of the musician." The record holds up to the standards of the bands that have inspired them despite that fact that this formula is a tired one — one that's been done a thousand times before (and I'm sure will be done a thousand times again). But when played right this basic rock & roll m.o. is undeniably inviting. "We're very into keeping that spirit alive" Rosenthal told me. One of those spirits being kept alive by the band is that of Memphis' Golden Child, Elvis Presley. "He's like the guy that brought it all together" opined Rosenthal, "He brought rock & roll to a wide range of people" then paused to add, "I know why they call him the King."

Bringing the spirit of rock & roll to the people is exactly what The Heartdrops hope to do. And judging by the band's performance in Chapel Hill and their goddamn smokin' CD, they won't have much trouble doing it.

"We'll be rockin' in a theater near you" professed Rosenthal. All I can say is that you better drag your ass out to that theater where ever it is my friend. Greasers Rule!!

FIVEHEAD



JOHN HUNT

BY STABLER HSU
PHOTOS BY JOHNNY MEDINA

If Fivehead were a baby, people would call it "good natured". These four guys really click together, on-stage and off. Consequentlly, we spent a lot of the interview laughing at jokes while watching the Austin Music Network, hanging out with them after practice in the living room of the Fivehead house.

Every once in a while there is a meeting of the minds that leaves an indelible impression on those who witness its beauty. In the case of this band, the chemistry of the Boston–Texas connection clearly proves itself to be quite a powerful one. Old friends and bandmates, Davis Comeau and John Hunt, both from Massachusettes, came down to Texas to rock, and five years later would finally find the perfect members to compliment their style and complete the band known as Fivehead.

Now, a year and a half later, this band has put out a couple of solid 7" releases on their own label, Big Bucket Club Records and have done an East Coast Tour with The Mittens. Their new CD entitled, "it's not all good, and it's not right on" is a delightful addition to the band's growing catalogue of music. It does include a few tracks from their 7"s, and plenty more new tunes for the discerning listener. After seeing them again recently at Stubb's, I decided that it would be a good idea to interview this band and find out what makes them tick. Here's what happened...

Salt for Slugs: This interview will have some structure, so first, lets go through your names and what you play, and maybe a little personal history.
John: History?
SFS: Have any of your relatives blown the boss? (laughter)
Davis: Or Bruce Springsteen? (more laughter)
John: I'm John Hunt, I play guitar and I've never blown the boss. I'm 28 and from Melrose, Massachusettes. (more laughter) Don't laugh!
Davis: My name is Dave Comeau, I play drums, 28, from Dorchester, Mass.
Jeff: I'm Jeff Jones and I play bass. I'm from San Antonio, Texas and I'm 27.
Beaty: Beaty Wilson, one t, 26 years old, I play guitar and a little crappy Yamaha keyboard and sing a little, and I'm from the suburbs of Houston.
SFS: How long have you been playing as Fivehead?
John: Davis and I have been playing together for like seven years now, since '92, and we have had a slew of other bass players.
Jeff: I started playing with them a year ago.
SFS: You guys just recorded a CD, where did you record that?
Davis: At Music Lane with the Cros (John Croslin).
SFS: Where did you get the idea for the title, "it's not all good and it's not right on"?
John: It's about how some people who are like, 'It's all good', or 'Right on' to everything.
Jeff: It's such a cop-out.
Davis: At the bar I work there was this guy that was in there and he was talk-

DAVIS COMEAU

ing to his girl and he was all upset, getting shit-faced. And she was like, 'It's all good'. and he snapped, 'No! It's not all fucking good! And don't say it's right on either! You might be all good, but it's not all good!"

Beaty: It's like when things really suck, it's like the hippie response or something.

John: Leave the hippies out of this, they're gonna save the world.

SFS: What about the name Fivehead. Do you know someone with a really big head?

Davis: We were in Taco Land down in San Antonio and we originally had this guy Pete Johnson who was playing bass and he left, and then we had another guitarist Brian, and bass player Rose who quit, then Brian moved to Chapel Hill to start a record company called Two Way Pull. Then Beaty started playing guitar. So, we were at Taco Land and we asked if we could get a show, and the guy told us to write down the name of our band. We had been joking around about calling the band Grogan, after Patriots quarterback Steve Grogan. It also means shit.

John: Instead of saying, 'taking a shit', we would say, 'I gotta go drop a Grogan.'

Davis: Anyway, our guitarist at the time, Brian had a picture of his ex-girlfriend and she just had this huge fucking forehead and I was like, 'Damn that's a big fucking forehead!', and John said, 'That's not a forehead, it's a fivehead!' So, that was one of the ideas we had and we were at Taco Land, and the guy's shoving tequila down our throats and he was saying to put our name down. So we became Fivehead. But it means something else too.

John: It's also a measurement for an area of land. Like, you can have a four-head or a fivehead of land.

Jeff: If you do a search on the internet, it brings up stuff about a Catholic Church.

John: The Fivehead Church, I think it's in Wales.

SFS: Have you guys done much touring?

John: Yea, we did an East Coast tour, we went all the way up to Boston.

Davis: We had two rain-out shows.

John: We had a rain-out and a tornado-out.

Jeff: Yea, and in Kansas City, a Monday Night Football game was cancelled because of rain. They never cancel NFL games because of rain.

John: You'd be called a pussy.

JEFF JONES

Davis: We played a coffee shop in Memphis, then we went up to Columbus.

Jeff: That was the first good show of the tour.

SFS: Is the picture on the inside of the CD from that tour?

Davis: Yea, that was in Knoxville. It was a really cool party.

John: We had such a good time that night.

At this point in the interview, a Spoon video comes on the tv, and Davis starts talking about Spoon.

Davis: These guys fucking rock. And they toured Europe with Guided By Voices. Genius...

Beaty: I got out of my shower the other day in the middle of my shower because I heard a Spoon video come on and I wanted to see John Croslin playing bass in the video. They rock.

SFS: What are your influences musically?

John: Buffalo Tom, Swervedriver...

Jeff: Red Red Meat, Rex, stuff like that.

SFS: Do you play a slide guitar?

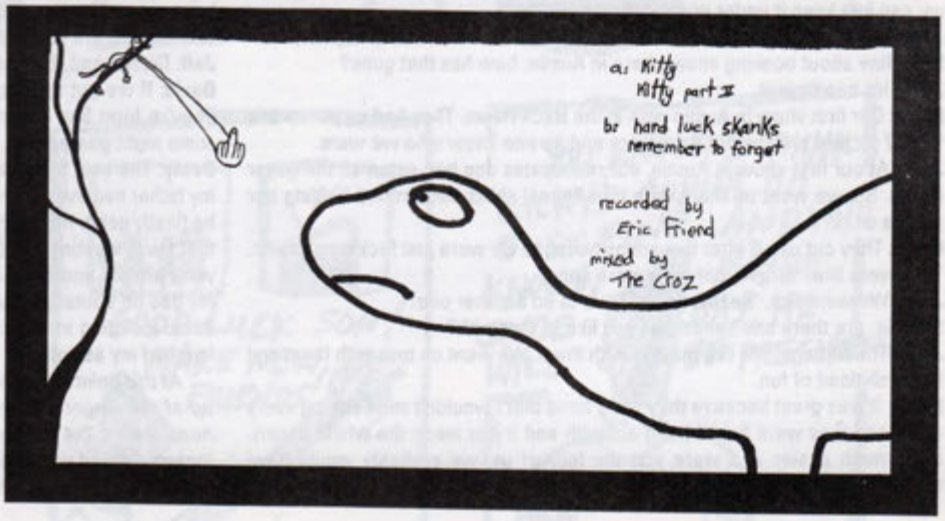
Jeff: Yea, on one song right now. There will probably be a few more. I've been playing it for like a year and a half now. There was a band called Charley Horse that all of us were in, in a different way. This guy Brett Star wrote a bunch of songs and kinda formed a band around these songs. There was a woman who played violin named Molly. It was a really good band and that's where I played a lot more slide.

Davis: We were trying to put it out on Big Bucket Records.

SFS: Do you guys think Mikey got killed by Pop Rocks?

Beaty: I'd like to think so, because it's a great urban legend and you'd like to think that one of those was true.

Davis: As long as he did it blowing himself.



F. BEATY WILSON

SFS: What's your favorite MTV video?
Beaty: I don't watch MTV.
Davis: Madonna.
Jeff: I can't remember.
John: Uno, dos, tres, quatro, cinqo,...(laughter) Offspring.
SFS: Which one of you does Big Bucket Club Records?
Fivehead: All of us.
SFS: What's your take on the music industry right now.
Beaty: We haven't really shopped ourselves around that much. We don't really know if anyone would be interested in putting it out. I have a feeling that if we really wanted to push it, someone would put it out. But why do that when we can just keep it under one roof?
John: We stand to get a better tax break if we do it ourselves. (laughter)
SFS: How about booking shows here in Austin, how has that gone?
John: It's been great.
Davis: Our first show in Austin was at the Back Room. They had us put up this 15 x 17 picture and we put it up there and no one knew who we were.
John: At our first show in Austin, our roommates dog had eaten all the guitar straps. So, we went up there with torn flannel shirts tied around holding our guitars on.
Davis: They cut us off after five songs because we were just fucking pathetic. They were like, 'Alright, only one more song.'
John: We were like, 'Really, do we have to do another one?'
SFS: So, are there any bands that you like to tour with?
John: The Mittens. We like playing with them. We went on tour with them and had a shitload of fun.
Beaty: It was great because they are a band that I wouldn't mind seeing every night, and they were fun to hang out with and it just made the whole experience much easier. If it were just the four of us, we probably would have argued more. We complimented each other musically also.
Davis: We had shorter, quicker songs, and theirs were more drawn out. I think their influences are the same as ours, but they just went a different way with it. They had a song that they wrote about our friend Sucka, called, "Sucka's Gonna Set Me Up".
Beaty: Sucka had noticed that Toby from the Mittens was going bald a little bit, and he was like, 'You guys are wicked good, but you know you could probably stand to get a toupee or something.' and he had a friend that was gonna set him up with a good toupee. It was cool going to Boston and meeting all these guys that John and Davis knew. They all had great nicknames. There was Zippy, Doughman, Sucka, Moe... It was fun.

WILSON AND JONES

SFS: What are your plans for the millennium?
Davis: Party like it's now.
John: I drive an '82 VW Rabbit, so I don't expect any problems with the Y2K thing.
Jeff: To get out of debt.
SFS: Any plans for '99?
John: We're going to go on tour in May.
Jeff: We're going to play as many shows as we can.
SFS: Is there anything you'd like to say before the end of the interview?
Davis: Pat O'Shea has been a big inspiration for me. He's a guy I know that's always been doing stuff. He's a stand-up comedian now. Also, we'd like to add to our thanks list on the CD- Club Deville, Amy Estus, Star Seeds, and, of course, Salt for Slugs.
Beaty: I think what's cool about this band is that two guys from Boston who have been playing together got together with two guys from Texas, and it's a really good mixture of attitudes. Things come out really interesting musically.
John: We've gone from getting compliments from friends to getting compliments from strangers, and that's the best thing. Like that guy Chris Hess who writes for the Chronicle gave us best new local act and that was great. I walked away with a good feeling and then I was like, 'Wait a minute, we've been around for five years.'
SFS: So who are you guys looking forward to seeing during the SXSW this year?
Jeff: Dieselhead, Built to Spill, Verbina, Murder City Devils, Grandaddy...
Davis: If we get to play, I hope we don't play the same night as Dieselhead. They're form San Francisco and they fucking rock. It's a total fucking awesome night guaranteed.
Beaty: The best thing about the SXSW last year was that it was the first time my father had ever seen me play before, and he he a great time and it was like he finally got it. He finally understood what I was doing, like that's the "hobby" that I was wasting all of my time on. And he's been supportive since then. We went around and drank beer and saw a bunch of shows. It was bonding with my dad on a totally different level.
John: (pointing at television) This guy got punched in the fucking head and I laughed my ass off.

At this point in the interview, a discussion erupts about the recent beating-up of the singer from the Afghan Whigs. Apparently, he was beaten in the head with a 2x4 by the bouncers of Liberty Lunch after he was accidently locked out and was trying to get in. Sounds like a good story for News of the Weird. The tape cuts off during this conversation.

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music reviews by

The Kittens
The Night Danger Album
Sonic Unyon

I have only been to Canada once, and I'd like to go back. It was a vast and barren landscape like something I'd read about in a Jack London novel. It epitomized the outdoor way of life. Self-reliant and self-serving Great White Northerners have quite of bit of lumberjack/frontiersman appeal to me and The Kittens are the amplified characterization of my ideal Canuck experience; introspective about their surroundings and loud as fuck! (greg e. boy)

Stone Fox
Really Burnt
Man's Ruin

This re-release of the classic band Stone Fox rocks with pure rockin fox juice as its fuel. Now was the perfect time to re-release this glamathon collection of 19 rockers. This CD contains some of what is known as the roots of American glam. These foxy ladies make Ewan MacGregor eat chocolate out of their leather gloves. Their rock is so big it won't fit in any garage. Joan Jett even gives her shout of approval, so pick this up before the next big thing. You won't be sorry and you'll realize why certain albums get re-released. (Sockboy)

The Dismemberment Plan
The Ice of Boston (plus three)
Interscope Records

The first time I heard this band, without knowing who they were I instantly speculated that they were from D.C. The vocals, reminiscent of a young Jeff Turner (ex- Gray Matter, etc.), along with an almost signature D.C sound were a dead giveaway. Although this reviewer isn't really fond of the conversationalist approach to lyricism, the track, "The Ice of Boston" is a catchy tune that you may find going over and over in your head for hours after a few listens. The chorus, "The ice of Boston is muddy, it reflects no light day or night, I slip on it every time." will stick with you even if you've never been to Boston. It's kind of cheesy though in the verse when the singer exclaims, "Hi mom, how's Washington!" The other three tracks that accompany this single are less pop oriented and show a lot more of the groups talent and versatility. The second track, The First Anniversary of Your Last Phone Call is a great song. Co-produced by D.C. punk legend producer, Don Zientara at Inner Ear Studios (of course), the Dismemberment Plan is a solid addition to the long list of D.C bands who have developed this wonderful rock and roll sound so dear to our nation's capital. (stabler)

Jack Drag
Dope Box
A&M

Sorry Drag fans, I was going to review Jack Drag's seminal fluid on a turntable album Dope Box until I spotted eight returned copies of this release already collecting dust at my favorite recycle record store. In all fairness to Jack Drag and their "higher level of sonic proficiency," I do believe that their less-than-loyal listeners have spoken with lightning-quick speed and resolve. Here's hoping there's a next album? (Chris Marsh)

The Blacks
Dolly Horrorshow
Bloodshot Records

A four piece freakshow from Chi-town, the Blacks (formerly the Black Family) do the sleazy rockabilly/twangcore thang and they do it with style. Three part harmonies (that's two ladies/one gent) abound on Dolly Horrorshow. Heck, they even do a cover of legendary bluegrass'er Bill Monroe's "I'll Meet You In Church Sunday Morning" and chances are you'll need help from the scriptures after a Blacks show. (greg e. boy)

Jad Fair & Yo La Tengo
Strange But True
Matador

Godddamn fuck me. This is the album I always wanted to make (more so in '89 than '98). With a singer that sounds like that kook from the Dead Milkmen. To be fair to Fair er, uh... Jad's been around long before geeky Milkmen or Gordo's Femmes. Half of the band Half-Japanese joins the Velvet Underground side of Yo La Tengo for a romp in indie rock land. Fair does his best impression of Iggy Pop imitating Jim Carroll. Or would that be Jim Carroll imitating Iggy Pop? Well, whatever the case may seem to be, what you have hear is excellent stream of conscious lyrics meshed beautifully with the droney melodies of Yo La Tengo. Be careful though because they are not afraid to rock. (greg e. boy)

Cross My Heart
KMH
Deep Elm

Remember Dream Theater? Remember Hum? Well, Baltimore's Cross My Heart have that whole dreamy, scratchy-then-heavy guitar with lethargic screaming vocal thing down to the very last "T." They even have a requisite numbing track entitled "it doesn't take that many pills to sleep forever" that'll have every fashionably depressed college boy weeping buckets in the corner of his lonely dorm room. Strictly Boo Hoo metal. (Chris Marsh)

Karate
The Bed Is In The Ocean
Southern Records

Karate is the reason why emo rock rocks! They have evolved their style into a simpler style. This is seen in their CD artwork which is the simplicity of Lego blocks in different colors, shapes and sizes. They take you to where they love - Alston Mass, and put you in the cold rain waiting for the T at a subway stop where your only companion is the drunk on the bench. They build their songs like these blocks where the trick is finding the right combination rather than finding new blocks. Like these blocks, it's their keen stripped down approach to Emo fare that lands them the big bucks. So break open that bottle of Robitussin with Codeine that you've been stashing since Amsterdam and let Karate take you on an anti-Calgon daydream. (Sockboy)

The Hellacopters
Super Shitty To The Max
Man's Ruin

Fuck Nashville Pussy. And fuck Zeke. The Hellacopters kick bloody fucking asses. Everyone else needs to take a step back. This Man's Ruin disc offers up the elusive and legendary Swedes' Super Shitty To The Max to American degenerates. And to this I say "Amen." (greg e. boy)

Forward Til Death
1999 Lookout Sampler
Lookout Records

This is an excellent sampler filled with plenty of songs (23 in all), and a slew of bands (19 in all). Lookout has put together one hell of a compilation with this one. Way too many groups to list here, but favorites for

people who care.

this reviewer have to be first, the Young Pioneers with their track entitled, "Alarms and Sirens" which combines harmonica and intense vocals to create an emo-esque sound all their own, and second, Servotron's, "I Sing the Body Cybernetic" which was a must for this disc. Special appearances by the renowned Gas Huffer and Boris the Sprinkler also do a lot to even out the feel of this roller coaster ride of musical acts ranging from the girly, oldies/punk influenced Donnas to the eerie organ sounds of the Phantom Surfers. This budget sampler rocks. (stabler)

Soil
El Chupacabra!
MIA

This is some generic hard rock that fits nicely on the mantle between circa '88 US hardcore, and grunge. Only it's 1999, which makes Soil one tired-ass band. (greg e boy)

Alan Licht/Loren Mazzacane-Connors Ensemble
Hoffman Estates
Drag City Records

Wow!. Now this is some music to listen to while you think. Soft sounds, textured smoothly along saucy thick streams of melody gently lull you into a state where nothing even matters anymore. I like to put this one on and just sit back and close my eyes. Forty-five minutes later, I realize that I wish I had more time, and more copies of this CD to give to my friends. Without falling into the trap of redundant boredom, something a lot of contemporary artists have the tendency to do in these days of technological musical triviality, this well-gathered ensemble has come up with an excellent recording. Loren Mazzacane Connors is a genius guitarist who once said of composition, "I'd call myself a composer, but I don't see any difference between composing and improvising... I just make sounds." Since the mid-seventies, he has recorded 30 albums, and now teamed up with the famous and talented New York guitarist, Alan Licht, another recording will circulate throughout the globe. Hoffman Estates is a great CD which I highly recommend for pleasant vibrations to chill out the stress of modern living. (stabler)

Pitbull Daycare
Six Six Sex
MIA Records

This hardcore San Antonio outfit got a hold of some bad Prodigy somewhere, but surprisingly honed it into some seriously scary, oddly powerful Armageddon-electronica with Central Texas flavor. Try the blistering song "Slut" on for a listen and see if your ears bleed as profusely as mine did. Bonus points for a badass band name. (Chris Marsh)

The Fitsners
Applesauce
Popsmear Records

Ahhh the quirkiness of it all. I'm so sick of the quirkiness mentioned in every review written by any new pop band. You want some damn quirky, the Fitsners have got quirky like it's going out of style like a cheap ho named Ho at the down of a Saigon apocalyptic firestorm. As finalists in Musician Magazine's Best New Band contest, the Fitsners took their quirky asses the great wastelands on tour and then decided to retreat to a new home - San Francisco. This made it a little more bearable to live life rather than enduring the torturous existence of being a citizen/artist of upstate NY which is a fate this writer would not with on his greatest enemies. These got hooks like a drunk fisherman - just take it from me, the guy with the snake on his face. (Sockboy)

Matt Powell
The Money & The Grass
MIA Records

Poised to help carry the blues into the new Millennium, 24-year-old Austin blues guitarist Matt Powell appears ready to cut heads with the likes of young earth-shakin' axesters Jonny Lang and Kenny Wayne Sheppard, with his hard-grooving debut The Money & The Grass. Opting not to bang his head to the sinister rips of Metallica, (his old roommates release of choice), Powell instead mentored under the hypnotic life-lessons of 80-year-old veteran Venice Beach bluesman Ted Williams, creating a smoldering surf-blues style that is as smooth as the early morning California waves. Imagine Stevie Ray Vaughan gliding over "Surfer Girl" and you'll hear what I mean. (Chris Marsh)

L7
Live - Omaha to Osaka
Man's Ruin Records

This is the audio-documentary of the transglobal adventures of L7. From the moment of impact there's a beer in your hand and sweat on your genitals and these gals of rock explode before your very ears. The CD even opens up with a marching band medley and from there they are like unwanted guests at a little high school get together at your house when your parents are away for the weekend. They crush the white soft skinned beauties of eastern europe and squash the Japanese like Godzilla. They've also got more balls than your average NFL football locker - in fact they each have three. Sure to please all churches and clergy but don't bother wasting your time getting an erection. (Sockboy)

The Ton Ups
Tune Down
Man's Ruin

Now that Crypt Records has all but abandoned signing modern rockers to their label, the void has to be filled by labels like Man's Ruin, In The Red, Estrus and Sympathy... But it's all side tracking me from the real truth here: Jon Spencer made this record and made it years ago. The upside to this important factor is that the Blues Explosion has completely fagged out with their latest release ACME. Then add the fact The Ton Ups deliver an ass whoopin' of swamp boogie Lowest East Side style on their newest release and you've come to a sticky situation: Is it better to have one band (like JSBX) make the same record over and over, or have a new crew redo the same ol' same old again and again? (greg e. boy)

The Hi-Fives
Get Down!
Lookout!

In the South, we got the Woggles; in NorCal's Bay Area they've got the Hi-Fives. Steeped in the finest traditions of '60s garage and replete with crisp suits and thin ties, the Hi-Fives "Get Confused", "Contemplate Coups" and know that "She's The One." You'd be smart yourself if you drag your ass out to buy this record. With the Hi-Fives, Lookout! is not only proves to be a class act but an indie label powerhouse as well. (greg e. boy)

I.D.K.
Til Death Do Us Part
TMC

Its a case of Black Train Jack meets the Gorilla Biscuits & various alleyway crews as I.D.K. deliver everything I love about NYC hardcore; breakdowns, metallic riffage, chanting choruses and tons of adrenaline. This ain't no hardcore revival bullshit jack, as lead vox & git player Red has been workin' on the punk rock tip since '91. One tip to consider: I.D.K.'s mission is to snuff out all the scenesters... and TAKE OVER!!!!! Arrrrggghhhh. (greg e. boy)

Firewater
The Ponzi Scheme
Universal

Firewater is about the only group I know on Universal that's worth a damn. This is punk rock polka that sails through the waters of Nick Cave and Neutral Milk Hotel. Although Firewater isn't afraid to dock their punkafied polka boat in roots rock glam like "Green Light" or the Tom Waits-y "Drunkard's Lament." This record wont change your life but it'll sure add a little spice to your life. (greg e. boy)

Devil in a Woodpile
Devil in a Woodpile
Bloodshot Records

This is flamin' war. These cats mix up the best of pre-war acoustic blues and ragtime kick ass beat the German's kind of vibe. They don't hold back in an era where distorted amplified noises came from Panzer tanks and artillery, this bunch make noise few can replicate today. With members from the Bottle Rockets to Delta Bluesman Honeyboy Edwards, Devil in a Woodpile create the pain of dusk and dirt. These guys will bring to the swankiest joints in the midwest - all the places where John Cougar Mellencamp is not a known name and where he would get his ass kicked in if he did show up. They recreate the roots magic of Carl Perkins and Muddy Waters all with a quick swig from the flask. Devil in a Woodpile is really country not the imported Japanese kind. (Sockboy)

Miles Davis
The Complete Bitches Brew Sessions
Columbia/Legacy

When Miles Davis released Bitches Brew, he pissed off the jazz establishment by adding rock elements to the genre (essentially creating the first fusion record). There's some real heady stuff on here, and not really inviting to the fifteen second attention spans of the MTV Nation, but it is a fantastic relic of one of jazz's most legendary performers. (greg e boy)

Slow Blow
Fourque
no label

While attending one of the largest music fests, Pop In Reykjavik, in Iceland, I happened to stumble into Slow Blow. The fest seemed to favor European Dance and DJ projects, so it was refreshing to see a band that played as natural as it comes. And, this timbre comes through on their self produced 1996 release, Forque. Forque: Vintage organs, warm saturated melodic guitars, and creaking chairs to boot. The sound rests in your living room and slowly walks around, holding you on the edge of an afternoon slumber. Listening to the album you would not think that they were from Iceland, but rather from any other indie town. And, for Icelanders their lyrics are authentic, complementing the genuine feel from their sound. Can you get their record locally? Sorry, to tease you, but unfortunately not. You may contact the band, though, (frankdaxi@hotmail.com) for more information. (c. downing)

Leisure McCorkle
Nappy Superstar
Ultra Fade

I struggled to tackle the listening of this disc. With a glitter cover and a bald man in a suit, I was downright scared. When I finally got around to spinning it, the first cut, "She Doesn't Care" sucked me in. This is excellent high-energy pop. Only the record couldn't maintain the standard expected after hearing the opening track. Kinda like Elvis Costello. At least that's what I kept on telling myself. Major label funding and a producer like Ted Nicely would do wonders for Leisure McCorkle. (greg e boy)

The Church
Hologram of Baal
Thirsty Ear Records

The Church is like a million years old now, but I got to hand it to 'em! When other bands start sucking around the age of 40, these wonders from down under. Men at Work are gimps when compared to the neo-dreamy-goth glory of the Church. The opening track 'anesthesia' brings to mind why this guys became big in the first place. Their dreamy goth pleasure is sure to bring anyone back to the '80's for better or worse. The early to mid-nineties saw the band stripped down to two members, Marty Willson-Piper and Steve Kilby, who toured acoustically all over the earth, then when reunited with earlier member Peter Koppes the magic of previous releases such as their albums Gold Afternoon Fix (1990) and Priest=Aura(1992) which brought them to a new deal with Thirsty Ear and this modern work of dreamy goth glory Hologram of Baal (1998). So pack your black lipstick and I'll meet you at the Peter Murphy/Mission U.K./Bauhaus aerodynamic hair festival. (Sockboy)

Hempilation 2
High Times Magazine
Capricorn Records

An excellent compilation CD released by Capricorn is the brilliant successor Hempilation: Freedom is NORML, one of the best-selling benefit albums of the decade. This sampler includes tracks by Willie Nelson (always known for his joint-smokin' ways), Mike Watt, George Clinton, Dar Williams, Wayne Kramer, and many more. The wide range of sounds produced by these pro-pot musicians runs the gamut from country to hip-hop, and there are plenty of cool pictures and green leafy plants in the liner notes. There should be more pro-marijuana efforts on the part of our musicians, as they may be starting to get accustomed to smoking the kind and have forgotten what it's like to be jonzin' for schwag in a dingy room filled with beer cans. Legalize it, don't criminalize it. yea. (milton)

The Strangemen
Channel 2000
Omnipotent

Schticky surf rock. Live, the big hair and the glitter suits keep your attention, but it's a struggle to make it through this entire record. If you've never heard a surf rock band, go straight to the Ventures and skip the Strangemen. If you're a completist, then by all means, drop a dime and pick this record up. (greg e boy)

ph balance
self titled
Daemon Records

"Strong enough for a man but made for a woman" was how the tag line went for some generic underarm deodorant. I think you could easily apply that little tidbit of 20th century philosophizing to ph balance. Sorta Portishead project going on here. If Fionna Apple was in the band. Alas, she's not. Not my cup of tea (cuz I don't drink chamomile). Somebody out there likes this stuff. Right? (greg e. boy)

Various Artists
Swing This, Baby II
Beyond Music

God, when will this fad die. Enough already!!!
(greg e. boy)

Clarence "Gatemouth" Brown
Blackjack
Sugar Hill Records

This album should be called, "Gate Goes Off!" because that's exactly what he does on Blackjack. He's busting out not only his trademark Chicago-style blues, but kicks it with bluegrass, old-time country and funky soul-fried r&b. Dig it. (greg e. boy)

the crumbs
Low and Behold
Lookout

This iswhat happens when drunk punk rockers experiment one too many times with old Lynryd Skynrd riffola and Wild Turkey chasers. Hailing from somewhere in Florida, the crumbs and their 14-song punkathon Low and Behold stands as living proof that, believe it or not, there are indeed record companies out there scouring the nation in search of the next Nashville Pussy. Gold help us! (Chris Marsh)

Road Rage
Nothin' To Declare
Radical Records

The hardest working punk from England since the Sex Pistols, or so their bio claims. Now, correct me if I'm wrong, but the Sex Pistols weren't the hardest working band from England. A mere technicality. All that aside, this is damn fine [old school] punk rock - primed for getting pissed at the pub. And then promptly banned for it. (greg e. boy)

The Moment of Truth
The Emo Diaries Chapter 3
Deep Elm Records

Emo is more about melody and songwriting than it is about being punk as shit. However, this CD is a treat for the punken ear, ready to combust at the mere hint of disastrous emotional appeal and simple wonderment. Highlights include Penfold's, "Microchip", the awesome Chicago band, Sweep the Leg Johnny, plus Schema, Ultramagg, Biblical Proof of UFO's, and The Saddest Girl Story. There are fourteen different bands on this record from all over the place, from Sweeden to rural Maryland, to Texas. Deep Elm has put together bands that all share one thing in common, what they call, "an extraordinary and powerful style of music" that "possesses the ability to stir emotion like no other." I'd say that's a pretty good summation of what this CD is about. (basset)

Bob Egan
self-titled
??

The side-man for all the alt.country bands steps up to the mic and delivers an album chock full of country ditties with some roots rockers thrown in between. If this is what you like, you can't go wrong with this album. (greg e. boy)

Burning Airlines
Mission : Control!
DeSoto

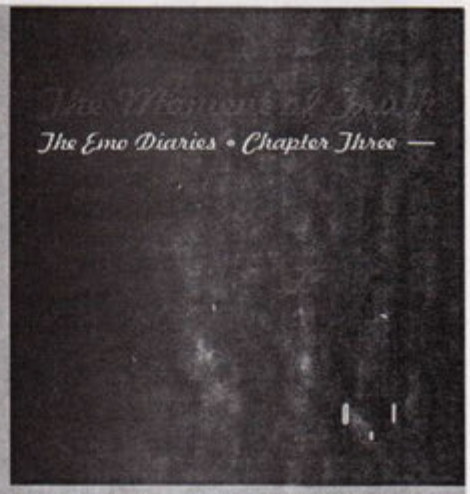
Okay, this is more like it: post-punk from J. Robbins and Bill Bardot of Jawbox and Peter Moffet (who used to pound the skins for legendary DC band Government Issue). Giving the band's pedigree, it's not surprising to find that this shit rocks mightily (not rawk though), it's full of hooks, packed with melodies and just what the Punk Planet kids want out of a record. (greg e. boy)

Tommy Castro
Right as Rain
Blind Pig

The thing that kills me about the blues is this: how many times can people continue to recycle that freaking riff? Or sing about being lucky/unlucky in love? One thing for sure about Castro is this - he's gritty guitar style and gruff vocals (backed by a chorus of femme fetales) makes this just as digestible as the Black Crowes and a hell of a lot more authentic. Not that watered down yuppie blues that you'll find on the beer commercials. The horns add a nice Booker T. touch to it all. Not bad... just not great. Which is how it's got to be to win me over since I ain't the world's biggest blues fan. (greg e. boy)

The Rock Stars of Love
self-titled 7"
Hobart Arms Records

Why do porno teens go bad? This is the first question Robert L. Coffman asks on this killer 7" release from TRSOL in the vain of Urge Overkill back when they were rocking (Stull era). This first track outlines some sexual activity amidst a savory and building, rock and roll tension. And as I raise my swagger stick and slap my leather-gloved hand, Letting them think it over I wonder, Why do porno teens go bad?" I've always wondered that myself. The flipside, "Don't You Fucking Darling Me" is another song with sexed out lyrics



that rocks. TRSOL serve up a fine little record here, and coincidently, for you White Rabbit fans out there, they have another 7" out titled "The Last Temptation of Charlie Manson". I highly reccommend checking this band out. (Stabler)

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BACKGROUND PHOTOS COURTESY OF JASON JENNINGS.

In the Mouth of Madness: Thanks to the creative mind of Kirk-O-Matic, Salt for Slugs presents a baffling web of desrciptive languagewhich is sure to either soothe the soul, or drive you completely insane. And Kirk would like to re-assert the fact that when Film Threat Magazine praises *Saving Private Ryan*, it's clear that they are no longer about ANY threat the establishment, and have forgotten the true meaning of no-budget filmmaking all together.

"Hello", the Painting Said

by KIRKOMATIC

"Hello", the painting thought...

Enclosed you will find the appropriate files and pictures to make the mission easily described. And as always, this disk will bomb upon ejection, so take care and go the way of the usual procedure before entering in the backside, down around the stench of the city. It was filling the air when I took that corner. My lungs were slowing the lead feet that were not encouraged, but it didn't keep me from the booth that awaited the eventual call.

"Hello Mr. Hansen, we have your picture ready"

It had seemed that the grim on the bottom of my feet was treading a new kind of slickness. The shuffle of my feet would scoot at a high rate, and then suddenly a skid stopped dead as if to say, "where was the curb?" There the light shown, blaring, making my eyes squint. I checked my contacts, but having no rag, I settled for 6 bucks in change to wipe my wrinkled and whimpering face. The danger shocked through scintillating veins down through my hands, crawling the slacks that I wore. I peered around the corner once more, and so as not to be discovered by any passer-by's, I shifted my sunglasses up on my nose. My breath fogged the dark glasses for few, and then went on to float around bricks.

Down the walk was a park, and down a slide came kids, rampaging a new kind of game, first a stick, then a Frisbee, and along came a small crowned-gimme-capped-kid taking time, and then suddenly, without beat, off came a pull string hand held helicopter. Thrice launched, it buzzed the substation. I took refuge behind the down-alley, and surfaced when the sound had passed. The curious ear splitting sound was more prevalent than I had first realized. It made me want to follow in this unprovoked folly, but I hadn't come here to ingest kid's play. I was searching for a better communication.

Another child winced in the uncontrolled game, and coming from nowhere I saw that she was looking straight at me. The stare scared me for a second, then I saw a banded elongated arm thrust from her side. This projectile forced an unconcluded face off. I darted behind the wall once again. Not hearing anything but

screams and child scrimmage, my eye had to blink the corner again. This time a fiery substance was flying, taking on redness to its fullest demonstration of physics. The splat spurted shrapnel in four directions. Missing me barely, I grabbed my stinging hand, but realizing that it was just a scrape from an earlier bump against the wall, I let the hand hang with a clear space to take a healing.

Angered by this outburst of fire, I saw that the child was laughing then. She frolicked along with her gang. I so wanted to approach this hoodlum group, and knowing that they were giving away my hideout, I held back. The war of pictures was on, and I had to muddle through all the various soundtracks to figure it out.

"We're going to Japan today, then were going to the baseball game. Then we're going to the zoo, and we're doing many things".

This, all said with a twisted nasal-tubed aural effect, so you will feel the jog-a-long movements when the temporal fatty tissue under your third segmented finger adjustment has become tired.

Snap. Think of a star? Snap, snap. Maybe she is playing on the high road? Snap.

Snap. Baby, her singing is terrific, though she has a part-time job licking envelopes. Snap, snap, snap. This is all a code to tell you which star she is. "Come on!" I said. It really works though. On the phone, with my honey, "Okay, okay, babe... Lets bump supper and get into something that has true gaming possibilities." That wasn't hard, considering you're in a hurry to get that car going, and start down to the jams.

"Good morning Mr. Shelves, I'm ready to build that Big wheel."

In the envelope you will find a photocopy of a painting that once hung in a centralized museum, in a little town of Ciros, Antarctica, near the north face. The painting was owned by the late, Maximilian Ot Farrell. He was important in instigating the passages of realtors, bankers, brokers, and oil businessmen from foreign entrapments, where they could not get ahead. He placed them, on islands where small paradises forged into major metroplexes. These islands finally came together after floating down southwest currents and trade winds, where they reside today. The painting was last seen

with this man, Gregory Tynes, his picture is enclosed. A prominent artist himself, saw a certain vision in the, Ot Farrell collection, and helped in its' cur rating.

Unfortunately, he also saw the breaking land, of a new sea and air base to be built in the region well below the Tropic of Cancer. The dryness is the worst condition for oils. This is the story of that little man from Texas who was once in search of the, "Waffle Dolphin". The fish-mammal, swims in the tri-coastal, expectant butter, for the liquid forms of encoding their behavior. The angular levels of catastrophic light and brown squares make the bigger crews more eligible for probated sentences of growth, fun, love, work, taxes and death. He thought to himself, 'I love progress.' I look out my window, hoping and wondering when the green of my front yard will turn to the gray of winter. I have an overlook in front of me that spans out, and captures the cedar and the oak, and brings in the sharpness of day, with the sun reaching her wings out and touching my eyes. I must slam that door, and crush that barrier that holds me to the lumpiness and uncontrolled stitches of wooded land.

Opportunity strikes the heated sole, and the burnt-out backs of those who must build it for me. I take a double throw to a double pole, and shift it into overdrive, to sear the spinning heads of the lesser greedy. Gravestones are popping, grounds sub-surged. Creeks are squirreling, twirling, and grinding, until the grease that was once dinosaur fat is now squeezed, mashed, and sifted to a fine magnetic micro-dust that draws the species to the area. This futurist will not be overcome by meek, bouncy, big eyed, fluffy-eared, niceyness. I look through smudge filled encasements, and stark baseball diamonds, as I make my way into the inner city.

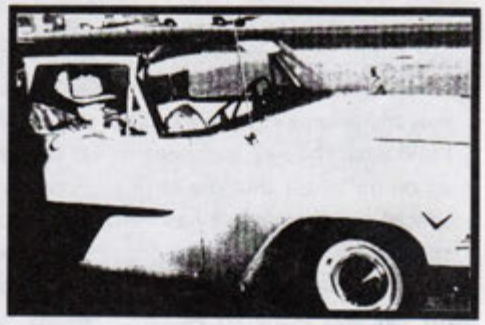
There is a bush with no leaves and two red birds playing. The stoplight says GO.

Thinking back for just a little bit, I thought, 'Whatever happened to medium-priced Lincolns, because my power zoom was on the blink again." When you visit small towns, you cannot see over the tops of trees. I placed my passcard into the mouth, and the armerture went up, as did my mobile vehicle. The chain chip card let me further look into the minds of the deprived social and mental registrar, who list themselves for monetary gain. With brief in hand, the plans are set. The sweeping action of my arm, clinging to the land, rolled up compression pebbles, all with the arguing city planners, too disgusted with the ability to bring new perk holes and faster drops to land prices. I thought I was speaking their language. I mean, I had bulldozer fingers on that chart, telling of beautiful lake-scapes, with perfection golf courses, with swimming spas, and all artistically melded into the environment. The only thing wrong with it, said my audience, was that it was not high enough, "Noose can see it". "No problem," I said. You have not looked at the multi-mega-compu-strand-gambling-hotel, specially designed to the right. I just didn't present it here, because I knew that it would have to be passed into a lower case hearing. Besides, it has a heliport for quick removal. Yes for that split second decision, I was a salesman, back to the wheeling and dealing northern parts of the country. BIG New wavo rich flew me here, and I knew in short minutes that the whole infringement of my time was to be Mc-toted out the door and down to the lower buckle up seat belt dungeon of the car passenger side.

A view atop a large stork.

Done it all, saw it all, want it all, people drive, and top out at high speeds and say, "I'm important, I've just got to get there ahead of you". Then you just see them sneer at you when you meet them at the next red. The manufacturing plant she works at tells her that this is just not fast enough. Lifts, slots, snaps, plops, over and over, until you run to get another number to satisfy the unyielding and yet very illusive customer. Who is that person, that sits within the walls of my pragmatic info center, or buys into a thirteen hundred mile truck of postal shredder waste? Another Pepsi break is not for a while, can't even think of areas outside, the greenery died. Slide the spider along the conveyer and whiff the over burnt solder, as I place entangled claws, nearer the transformation center. I'll just hit the folding, metal slasher machine and turn into a boneless taco. Shhhush, quiet, the trudge is the same on the third day of the week. You hear, "Clickty clickty clickty," then a bicycler zips passes you, almost taking your breath away, and to remind you of the heaving and hoeing and the sound of your own breathing. The weight is shruggling juggling, bouncing. The muscles tighten. Check the watch. One more mile before sundown, while your walkman runs down. "What do I do this for?" Television commercials of perfection, my mate? Or self esteem? She blows bubble gum, as shapely as a golden-haired curvaceous lady can do, waiting for her card. She doesn't pump her own gas, but she does give a hell of blinking smile. Bar-barque bubbas, fajita seats, moseying to score, a bow, are most likely to occur here, cause this is the friendly state. A place where girls and boys find it, in the heat of drive-in theater seats.

I flew to Zimbavwe to picture thoughts of frozen berries, and Roman candles of x-mas cards only in eight by ten photo enlargements. She flashed, looked up to me in her checkerboard dress, and I saw a fawn. I looked at the copy and asked her, "Was that the new reindeer park? "I donno", she said, looking away. Her resume was on the tall table. Don't tell me, I've been! To the land of palm sunsets, spaghetti freeways, and tarnished glitter litter of movie moguls gone by. Yes I had to go, for just a little bit, to find out once and for all if I wanted to stay and do the unthinkable. We shouldn't worry though. If the South cow-lick was to fall into the moon, they would have their back-ups right here in North Dakota. With all the cities that have to offer that, is why everyone is moving there. Yes we are all waiting for Gordon, or maybe, Ed Mac-man, to take us away Calgon, to the richly ravishes of East Beirut. Where by sitting on the West bank you can have, your Rhubarb pie and eat it too! Gourds are fun, if you are looking for the perfect "R". Lung cookies, skunge bunnies, and stretch tread, rift squibbs, all of humiodal wastes gathered along the inner corner absorber, have these things in common. But wait a minute, wait just one. Having perpetrated those thousands to blissfulness for the fine hours, basking in the snowkind tans, are you not going to explain it for the



ignorant? "No", I said, in such a way to make it sound as if I was the assailant to your moral mind. "You see, its like the microwaveable ad, on T.V." For a limited time offer, you too, can now get all the pieces from, Manet to Jackson Pollack, pop them in, put them on a carbon-14 hold, and watch em grow.

Christo delights are as simple as 1-800-292-5000, and for as little as $19.95 we will even throw in the Reuben-queen.

So, you can design your own Dalis. Tell all your friends, and get this, Miro-lifter- Degas-gripper, free, for just circling the small paint brush on most packaging. We are sorry, this kit doesn't include the Michelangelo hardener." Call now, our doesn'ts are standing by."

Letters to Burt Cocaine

Dear Burt-

I was really pissed at my boss the other day. So, I took out the little fireman and gave little dinky sprinkle on his dunky donuts. It was just a light spring chicken, but I got busted by the new milleniums video craze. So, I got canned. When I left work, I said what the hell, and went to the supermarket. When I rode up on my bike, I shut the engine off, and noticed that this was a special supermarket. It had automatic doors on the north and south ends of the store. Inbetween was a clear shot from north to south. A solid straight line with no obstructions. Since my day was going so good, I might as well flash everybodys BIOS. I turned my Ducati back on, and rode right through the south door. I was only in 1st gear going real slow, checking out the reactions. One cashier tried to high 5 me. The others just freaked. Then, out of nowhere, someone threw a frozen salmon at me. It hit me on the head, (lucky I had my helmet on) and then landed on my gas tank. When I rode out, I still had the Salmon with me.

So Burt I ask you, Is this shoplifting?

Eric Fartingman

No. You know Eric, you sound a lot like another SFS fanatic who used to write me some issues back. He claimed to ride wheelies on his V-Max while doing burnouts in residential neighborhoods. Sure, he ended up surfacing somewhere huddled with his buddies around their favorite smoking apparatus, watching Court TV talking about the next chess match. Do you fit this description? Cause if so, I'll turn on a Tyson move , and do more than just nibble at yopur ear. -bc

Dear Burt-

I fucking love Salt for Slugs man!. You guys are rocking my world with that Alex Jones / Black Helicopter shit. I ordered the video and it's the best. I love the choice of Damien Omen soundtrack music played behind images of the current destruction of what society is trying to be. But, it's you Burt who really puts the kick in the ass of this establishment. I heard about what happened last month at that City Council Meeting when you showed up outside and started giving out copies of SFS to all of the business cops. And then you rallied a group of homeless people to barricade the exit of the parking lot with debris from that chicken stand you guys blew up. Keep up the good work!

Henry Forrester

aka: billy slug lover

Thanks Billy, for the positive feedback and words of inspiration. I have to say though, that I don't remember anything about a blown up chicken stand, Sorry.- bc

Hola, Senor Coke-

I am the South American bullfighting champion of 1999 Senor Juan Bustamente hailing from the Andes Mountain village of Chochuba, Chile. I am writing you because I would like to challenge you to a public duel to the death in the streets of Austin Texas. My familia will travel by airplane to meet you and your Kung fu freinds to block off a city street so I can tease and taunt you and then skewer you between your drunken ribs. In my homeland you are the equivalent of "El Diablo" the king of

demons. If I shed your whiskey filled blood into the sewers of America I will be immortalized in my country as a saint for eternity. If you accept this challenge you can at least cultivate respect as an american hero among your people, but remember you will meet your sacrificial fate.
Adios Mamma fucker!
You know my name

Senior, I beg for your forgiveness. I think you misunderstand me. I have been misrepresented by any image of myself which portrays alcohol abuse as glamorous. It just so happens that I'm a glamorous guy, and sometimes I consume alcohol. Irresponsible consumption? I think not Senior, I think not. Save your Pesos and stay in your homeland, for it is not I that you seek to destroy.- bc

Hey Slugmiester Burt-
Just love your Sluggers. Love it so much, I wish I could write for it. But I have been to New York. My reason for writing is simple. I have come close to a Peekie-Nirvana. The March issue is perfect for soft

over her. I had to whoa-down her, in a swayback-o-panaglide field. She was a smooth talking, rabid bitch in the finer accolades of my orifice injector. So I cut the backing off, and now use it extensively. The cheaper cover, whips up on it. And those new fangled striped lazer infrared clay back jockeys? Well, they have to be truncated to fully facilitate the six-foot pipe driven machinery that I happen to chariot around on. One question. When are you guys going to put the inflatable babes on 3-1/2inch disk floppies? I mean at $4 a pop, it seems like you could putter-pod-squad-holder-up-on-the-jag, and the let the customers flesh out the rest of the frictions, less the peeks of course. Well, we are just going to have to regurge on some Yokal noire`, Bleached, and the ever famous but not attempted.
Slugs Ranch-night out. Later-
Buzzeraily Macafree.

Certainly you can't expect me to come up with a response to that. All I can say is, everything looks great, and keep up the good work.- bc

Burt Cocaine Stands by the Junkyard Dog

massages, especially roughage in the correct erect passages just opposite my lower rocker pains. Here I was, meandering around with kitchen cutting boards, mayonnaise jars of linoleum tile, scraps of graded metal and finally the calender back of my last year cardstock cassette hopper. I was happy, but not fully satisfied. I went to the video hideouts, peek-o-boo stores and alike, but to no avail. I looked over all the landing pad gear, fancy carousers with their covers just above the knees, (Oh so tempting, looking at her loins of garter tarter, squishing out from the double shaded hosiery) and Digital engine designs, and such. I even went to Waterloo like you suggested and wrote for the peeky news letters- Slug luck, never helped. None of these contraptions seem to move fast and accurate enough for me. You see, I had a reputation to uphold, I was not as automatic as you would have thought, and in order to pass the restrictive codes of such training in a diverse and ever-changing schlong world, you need to be able to update, inflate, and give status in a most instantaneous manner. This includes fully adapted recon, on all equipment in the area high speed of moving augerprix, and jump tackle. I have been seething at your projections for a month or so, and last month, I laid it down, near the video vacuum. It was good for a couple of suggestive stylish, slow-paced strips. After couple of months of non-cleaning, the bugger was not moving as good. This cruddee ruddee just couldn't give suction. What to do without glue? Alas, I was lurching my tall cane. I only saw doggey twaddle oozing from the lips sides of this extremely fat honker giving head to an obviously high impact garden style hose. And she was using the multitasking grips, free of all it's preparations and sproutings. This all-inclusive, thumper-bell, lacy thing that makes for a wondrous trip down halls of a young boys peeks up her dress should have gleefully moved it to a giegersize to taking it in, and sloughly all over it. But Cheese, when I put that baby on the jag bag edge, it ripped through full scan, cutting huge tits of magnetic bits, and laying jive turkey all

Hey Cocaine-
You better fess up to the shit you tried to pull over at Chuckie's house the other night. Don't try to act like you can handle the power of that awesome vehicle. You better put an ejector seat in that mother so you have an easy escape from your inevitable fate: to have your ass kicked by me and Chuckie the next time you even come over here and start acting like you're some kind of underground fucking superstar! Bullshit Cocaine!!! I dare you to even try that shit again. When we dropped that motor in there we knew you'd be snooping around in the day while most people work That's right. We have jobs, and don't have time to rinky dink around with you and your Salted Slug friends like you guys are the shit or something. Fuck that. Just try and bring that German piece of shit over here playing motorcycle movie soundtracks and shit.
Fuck you very much,
Phil Matlock

Letters to Burt Cocaine

Oh yea, well you guys are a couple of stupid rednecks anyway. I just come over there to give you the illusion of being cool and now you want to turn around and put this shit in the SFS mail? That's it man. You crossed the line now. You'll know it soon enough.- bc

Dear Mr. Cocaine,
Now that Oprah Winfrey has decided to NOT renew her contract with King World Productions, do you think that you might take a shot at the Talk World Industry? I think that would be a great move for you. I have been an avid reader of the Letters To Burt for sometime now, and would really like to see you on the Big Screen. The advice you give to people is always right on the money. It really amazes me what you have to say to these people. I would like to know if you could make a trip to visit me? I would love to show you around my hometown. We have a great diner in our town, and thats definitely where we'll go first. I hope you like Scrapple! I've got lots of beer at my trailer, too. We don't have that many hot looking young girls in our town, but if you're in need, I could definitely arrange something with my sister. She always needs some extra cash, and I'm sure she would be up for it! I have a video of her I could send to you if you want to see a sample. Please let me know if you can come!
Sincerely,
Roller Ace

This better be one of those falsified letters sent by one of our Club Kool graduates. -bc

Cocaine-
You sure have a lot on your plate these days. I hear you've taken on some of the most challenging tasks and come out smelling like a rose. You might think that means something to me, but think agai! I don't care if you put together another twenty issues of Salt for Slugs, You will always just be a good for nothing drunk. I heard that you and your friends are going to cause some sort of scene at the SXSW music festival this year. Well, it's only a matter of time untill you slip up, and then, I will be there waiting for you, as always. This time I'm gonna clean house, and there won't be any sort of way out for you!
Waiting,
Mad Mitch Render

There sure have been an awful lot of hateful letters surfacing these days. I hope it has something to do with the wrestling revival we've witnessed here at the office over the past month. Render! You don't scare me! As Ric Flair would say, "Mundee Night! Nitro!, I'm gonna kick your ass brother! Whoooo! -bc

Dear Burt & SFS,
You guys have done it again with the Alex Jones issue! Perfect. I can't wait to get myself a copy of Wake Up or Waco, and there is no question that America is getting wild. I'd like to see the serious side of what's happening in the mainstream during the past year, while simultaneously being smothered by the fat of Monica Lewinsk everyday on the TV. She must give really good head with a mug like that. How about her taped phone conversation with the ugly and supposedly deceitful Linda Tripp? That was enlightening to say the least. Who would have guessed the trouble a fat rich chick would go through to get bargain on a cheap dress? It's incredible how much people care about so little. Anyway, Burt, keep it up for 1999! And remember, Y2K is pure fantasy.
David Herns

Thanks Dave, for the words of encouragement.- bc

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SFS proudly announces Club Kool,
Class of '99 Valedictorian:

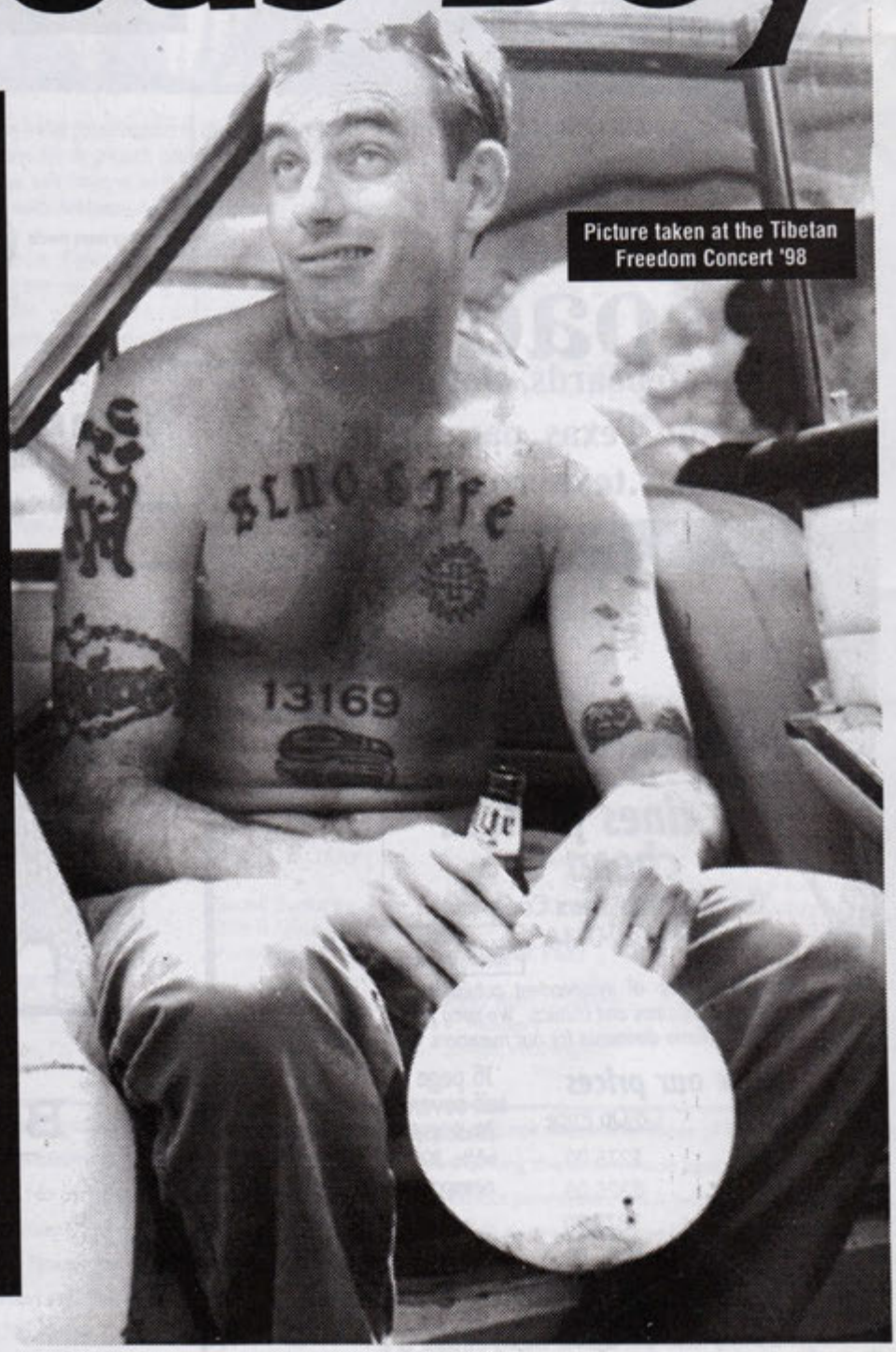
Nitrous Boy

The Road to the Captain's Chair

NITROUS BOY ACCOMPLISHMENTS '98

- FEBRUARY. He successfully enters into Level Two of Club Kool's extensive reinvention phase of identity enhancement, establishing himself in the scene as Nitrous Boy.
- JUNE. Wins SFS Club Kool creative body art contest by capturing the essence of late rapper Tupac Shakur and secures his seat in history as the most infamous SFS fanatic.
- SEPTEMBER. Nitrous Boy scores a hat-trick by being permanently banned from three dance clubs within the period of one month. Offenses included: ejected for removal of pants and pressing bare ass against female patrons at one club, caught rolling a blunt in restroom by doorman immediately after performing one of his raps outside of the ladies room entitled, "I'm Gonna Roll You A Blunt Girlfriend", and last, dragged out of after-hours rave for eating paste at bar.

more to come...



Picture taken at the Tibetan Freedom Concert '98

the Mercury

March 12th:
Official 60th Anniversary Blue Note Records Showcase, featuring Stefon Harris, Jason Moran, Mark Shim, & Greg Osby

March 13th:
Hot Buttered Rhythm, w/ Tunji

March 14th:
Tribal Nation w/ T'Chiya Amet

March 15th:
J.J. Johnson Trio, Doug Hall Trio, Juliana Sheffield & Kevin Lovejoy, Ta Mere, Roy Hargrove Quintet

March 16th:
Glover Gill Trio, T'Chiya Amet, Blue Construct w/ Relaktz, Big Game Hunter, Roy Hargrove Quintet

Mercury Productions
Non-SXSW Conference
1999

March 17th:
Roy Hargrove Quintet, Ta Mere, Hairy Apes BMX, & The Malachy Papers

March 18th:
Roy Hargrove Quintet, Shelly Carol Quartet, Govinda, The Gypsies, & Woodwork

March 19th*
Roy Hargrove Quintet w/ D Madness, Blue Construct, Relaktz, Laura Scarborough, Yashi Vaughn

March 20th*
Larry w/ Tunji, Hairy Apes BMX, Galapagos, Jacob Fred Jazz Odyssey

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