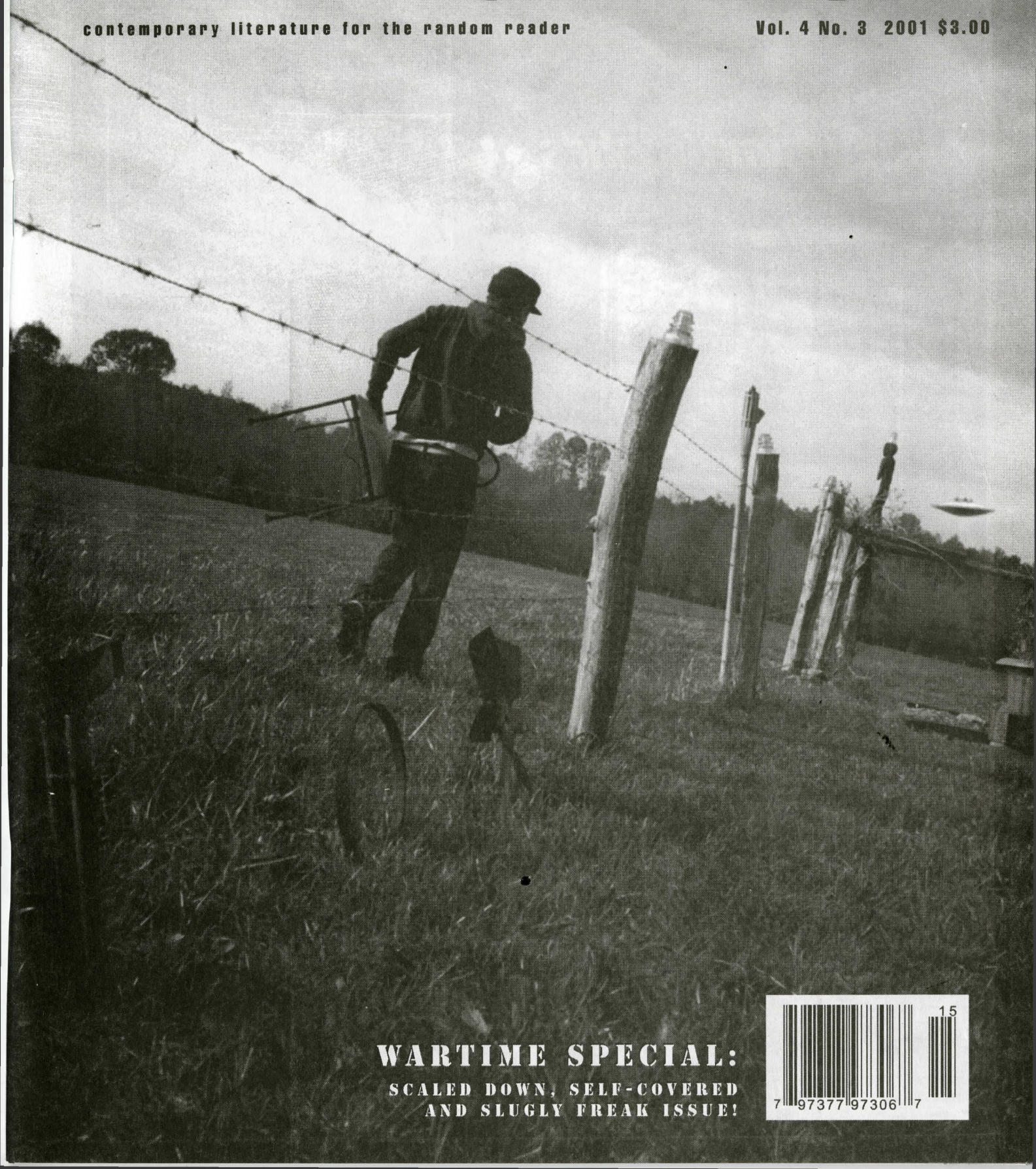


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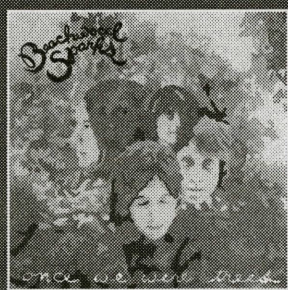


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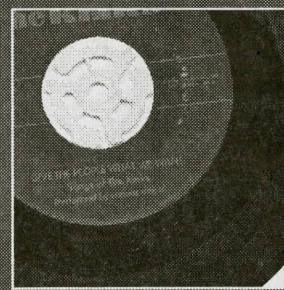
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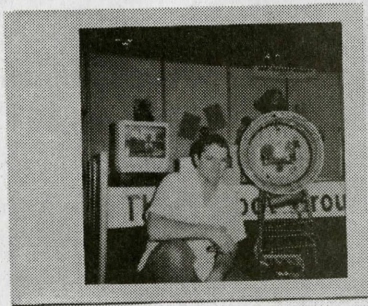
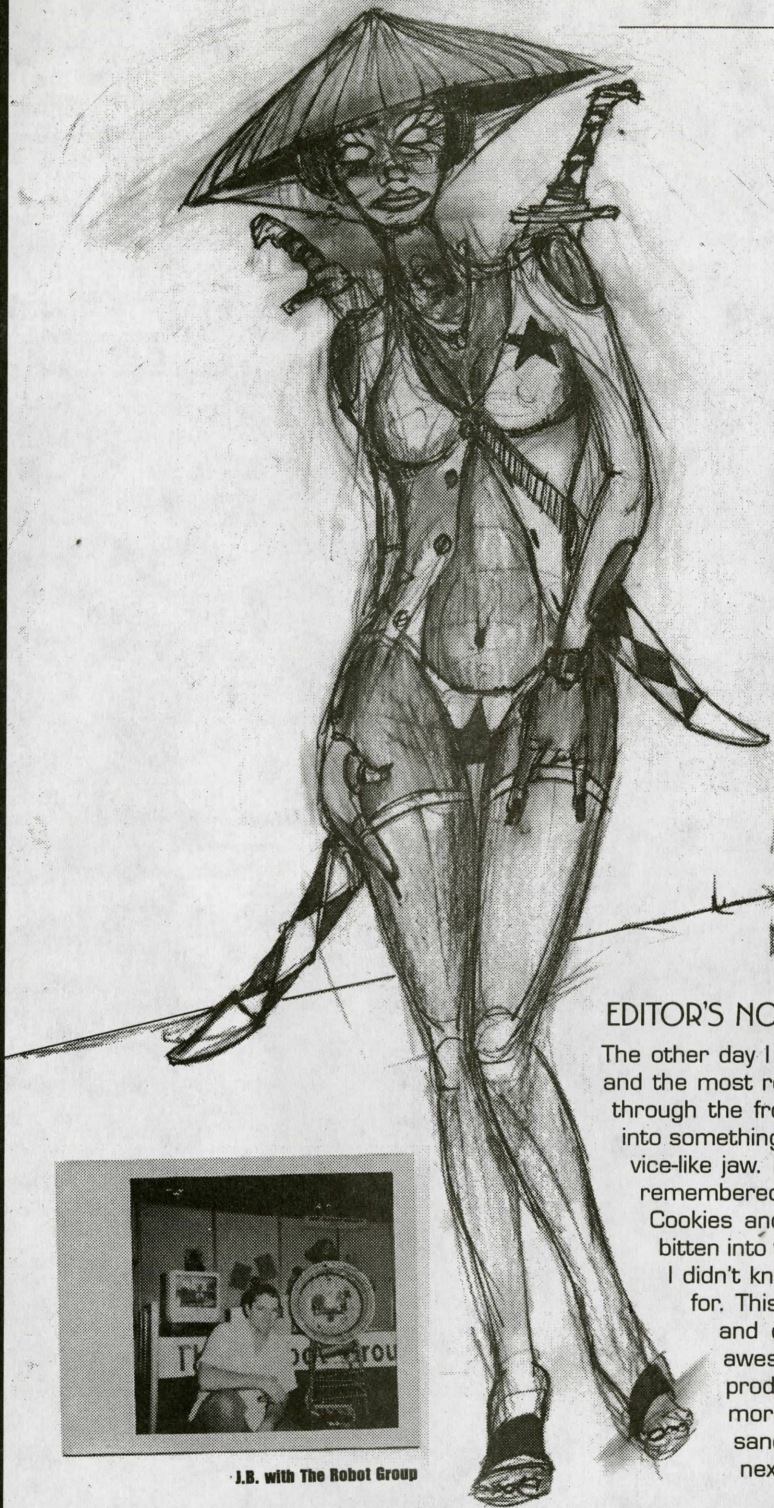
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EDITOR'S NOTE:

The other day I was eating an ice cream sandwich and the most remarkable thing happened. Halfway through the frozen rectangular brick of love, I bit into something too firm to crush with my powerful vice-like jaw. I stopped and investigated. I quickly remembered that I was eating a Blue Bell Cookies and Cream sandwich and what I had bitten into was a huge chunk of a cookie. What I didn't know was the pleasure I was in store for. This was one hell of a chunk of cookie, and once it defrosted a little, it tasted awesome. I really was pleased with this product. Good job Blue Bell! Look for a more detailed ice cream sandwich review in our next evil issue.





Freak Insights from Big T

by Thomas Leverett



"Freaks." Say the word and a world of faces pop into your head. Our pasts and present are full of them. Whether it's one of the many popular local transvestite freaks, one of the ever-growing number of insincere copycat freaks, or just your crazy ass boss with the split personality. The simple fact is, you can't shake 'em here in A-Town. They fall like rain, and it's fixin' to get worse.

"How could that be?" you might ask. Well stop, drop, and roll 'cause Big T is droppin' bombs. Now don't hate the messenger, I'm just trying to let you know that some of the biggest freaks might be closer than you think.

Sure, it's simple to walk outside, pick out the strangest looking people you can find, and start calling them freaks. That's easy. Those are the obvious freaks, the honest freaks, the freaks you can trust. Those aren't the ones I'm talking about. I am talking about the normal-looking freak, the undercover freak, the freak that's so freaky his skeleton has its own closet.

Contrary to popular belief, finding these clandestine freaks can be quite the easy task. Here's what you do: To begin with, turn to the closest person you know and say to them, "OK, out with it, what freaky shit are you hiding?"

They'll instantly drop what they are doing and go into temporary shock. It doesn't matter that you don't know their

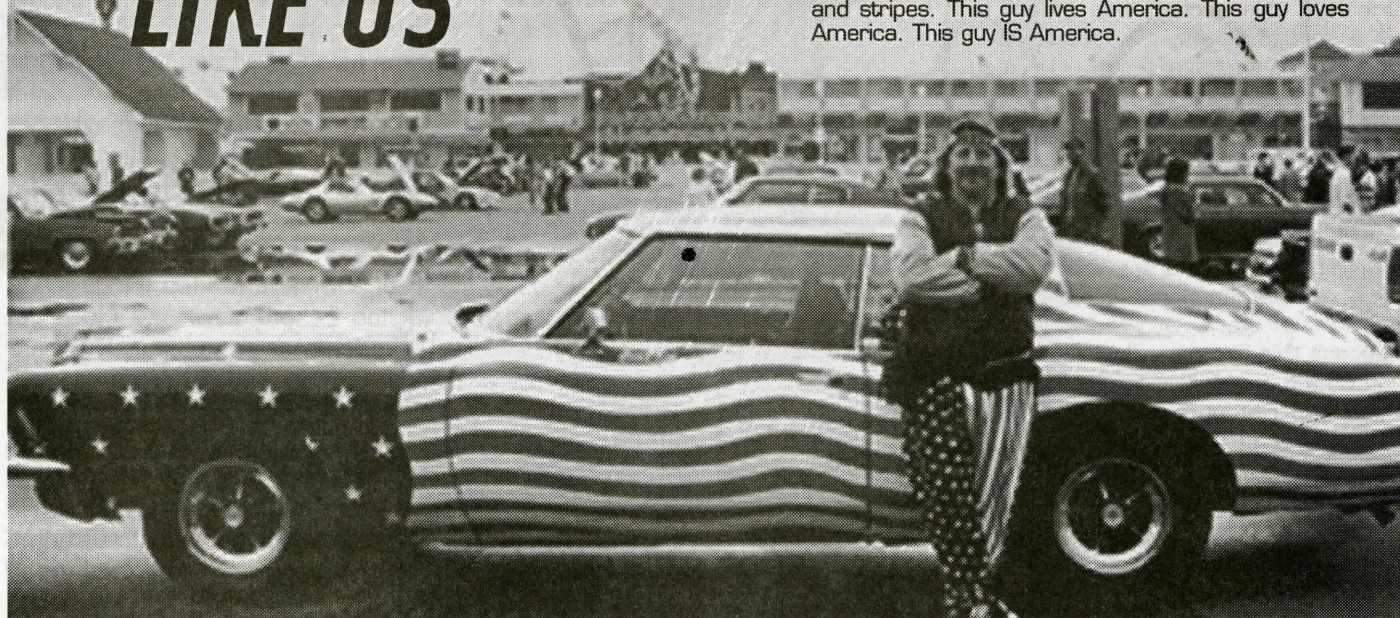
(continued on page 6)

FREAKS

LIKE US

Bo and Luke turned a Charger R/T into the infamous General Lee with a little trick paint work and redneck individuality. Starsky and Hutch made their mark with a single white stripe traversing the roof and running down both sides of their '76 Gran Torino.

But nothing says "America" like a boattail Riviera decked out from bumper to shining bumper in stars and stripes. This guy lives America. This guy loves America. This guy IS America.



(continued from page 5)

freaky shit, they'll assume that you do regardless. Don't worry, you're in no danger just yet. The freak is too preoccupied trying to figure out how your dumb ass found out and who else you told.

At this point, observe how the more nervous your unsuspecting friend gets, the freakier their shit may be. If you haven't gotten the juice yet, you've probably missed the opportunity. Once they have recovered from the shock and have assessed the extent of your ignorance in regards to their dirty draws, their defenses will be up.

You may never learn what's written in the pages of your friend's freaky file, but that doesn't mean you can't try again or pick a new victim. Plus, now you have some idea as to how freaky their shit might be and just leave the rest to your imagination.

So be prepared and don't get caught slippin' when one of your friends says, "OK, out with your FREAKY shit!" because the biggest freak, may still be, closer than you think.

Peace, and remember, don't fake the funk, cause' Big T's on to ya. 🍷

roll call...

Originally, this section was meant to be a sort of sounding board for psycho Slug readers out the who keep sending stupid emails; the list is long and transcends anything we ever thought we could achieve here at SFS. Unfortunately, after the destruction of the WTC, we had little web time dedicated to this mission. Instead, we thought it better you see a brief sampling of what happened after certain individuals were allowed precious space in this fine periodical you hold in your hand. The following photo essay takes the reader a little deeper into the freaked out phenomenon. Excerpts from the initial itemized freak list began as follows...

1. The Nature Boy Ric Flair
2. Double A Arn Anderson
3. Flyin' Brian Pillman R.I.P.



Pictured: The Tenth Street Tripper takes down an awesome rebound against all odds.

The Tenth Street Tripper: Air Basketball

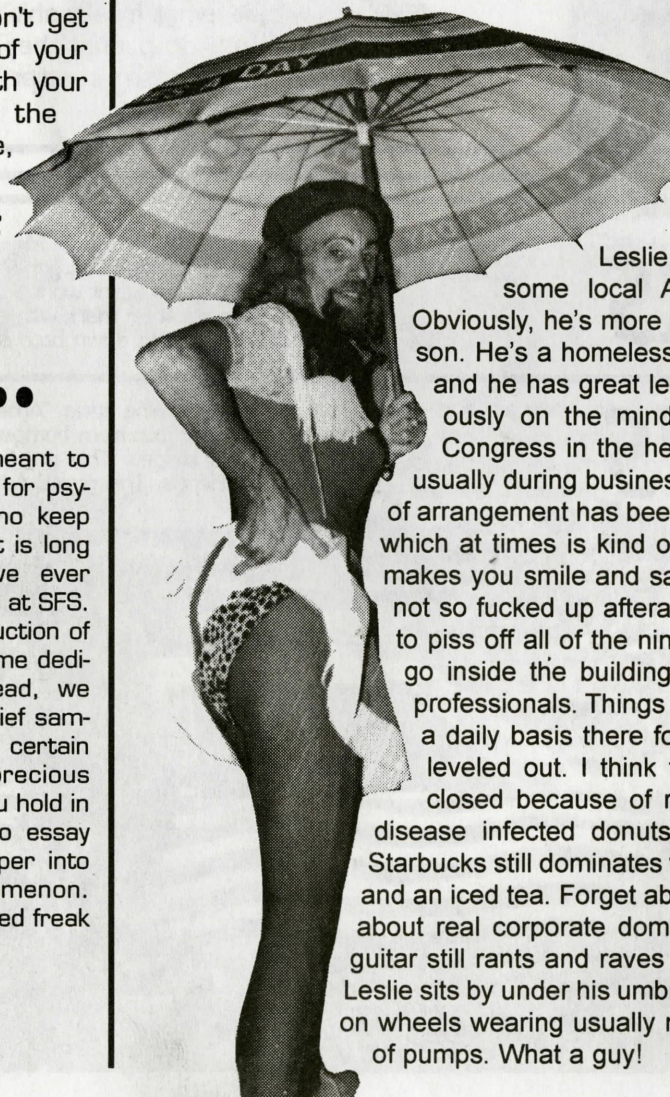


As documented in Kirk-O-Matic's epic Forced Exit 2000, this man's twisted version of basketball solitaire was performed before unwitting spectators regularly until an unannounced venue change occurred leaving SFS correspondents baffled as to what actually happened to the ball which was conspicuously absent from every single game witnessed.

Leslie: Freakin' Out the Business Cops



What really can be said about Leslie that hasn't been said before in some local Austin Texas rag or another? Obviously, he's more than just another homeless person. He's a homeless transvestite man on a mission, and he has great legs! He can be seen most obviously on the mind numbing corner of Sixth and Congress in the heart of Austin's business district usually during business hours. A three ring circus type of arrangement has been established on this little corner which at times is kind of annoying, but other times just makes you smile and say to yourself, "Wow, maybe I'm not so fucked up afterall!" It's basically just a spectacle to piss off all of the nine to fivers who actually have to go inside the buildings and conduct themselves like professionals. Things were getting a little more wild on a daily basis there for a while and then things kinda leveled out. I think the Eckerd down the block got closed because of rodents or something. No more disease infected donuts for the early morning crowd. Starbucks still dominates with a simple slice of poundcake and an iced tea. Forget about their lame coffee, I'm talking about real corporate domination. A guy with an acoustic guitar still rants and raves and pounds on the Bible, while Leslie sits by under his umbrella next to his monstrous home on wheels wearing usually nothing but a g-string and a pair of pumps. What a guy!





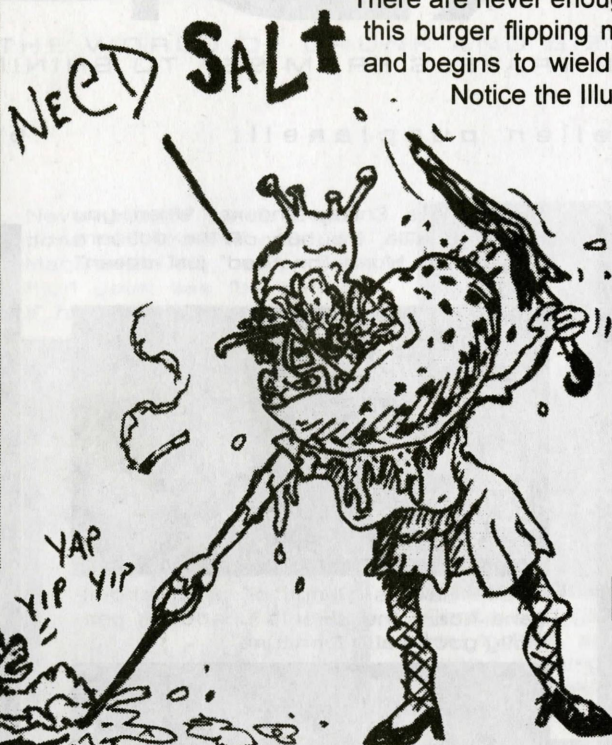
American Grill Freak



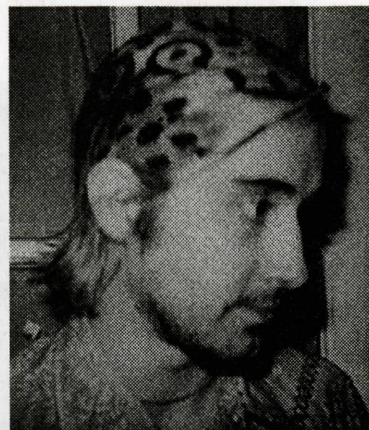
Simply fill his cup with some stale Lone Star from the keg and strap some lighter fluid to his waist, and he'll turn any humdrum Saturday afternoon affair into a star splangled slice of brisket in your mouth.

There are never enough flags to go around when this burger flipping madman of sorts shows up and begins to wield his steak knife from hell.

Notice the Illuminati ring.



Charles Fournier



Ran Scot: Webmaster of Disaster

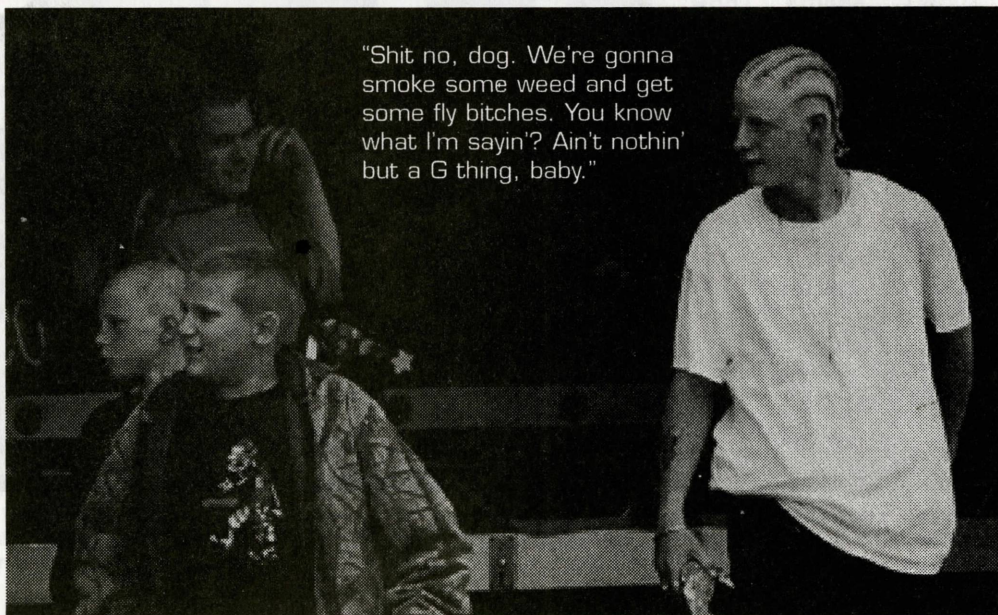
What would a freak roll call be without the presence of cyberfreak, and court jester geek, Ran Scot? It would be a shame not to have him clad in his pasted down leopard style haircut (something we're all still trying to figure out) he sported for a long hot Texas month sometime last year.

Whether it's coding some html, reformatting some SFS pix for the web, or writing articles that get people arrested by accident, Ran always keeps a positive attitude and a helpful distraction from anything meaningful in this world.



Vanilla Ice T and Lil' Posse

Locals to the Ocean City, MD boardwalk scene, Vanilla Ice T and his posse spend most of their time smoking chronic in front of funhouse mirrors and busting caps in toy horses' asses, as we happened to catch them doing here. "Damn, Vanilla, you got mad skills, G! You gonna git a stuffed animal fo' yer ho dog?"



"Shit no, dog. We're gonna smoke some weed and get some fly bitches. You know what I'm sayin'? Ain't nothin' but a G thing, baby."

FREEK

SFS PHOTOGRAPHER TRAVELS FROM SEA TO SHINING SEA WITH ONE EYE

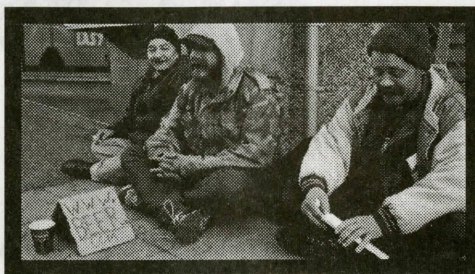
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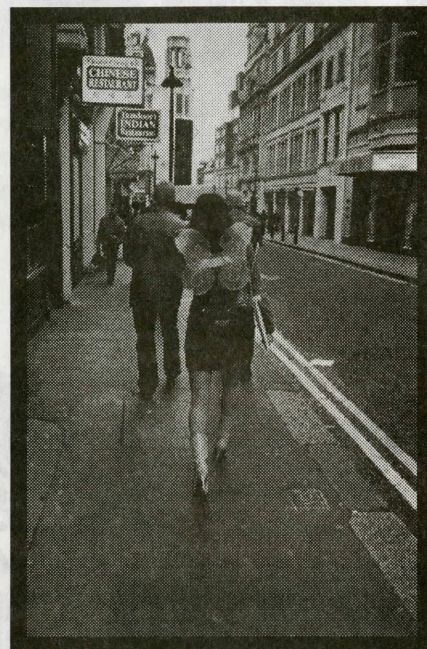
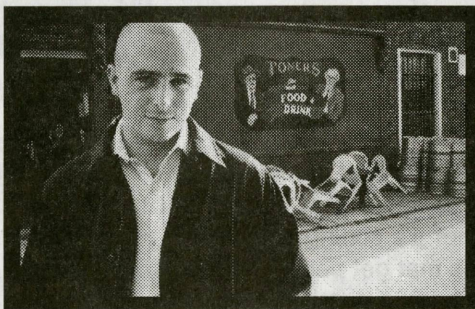


Santa Claws: This Seattle Santa tightens the reigns, but all Mrs. Claws can think about is that four-legged beast with the shiny red nose.

Addressless Entrepreneurs: When you live in Seattle, the hub of the dot-com world, "Will Work For Food" just doesn't cut it.



Dublin Baldies: Gangs of unruly hooligans roam the streets uprooting perfectly good patio furniture.



Rollin' the Dice of Her Life: At least this Brit pulled the toilet paper off of her heel before strolling down this street of dreams.



And You Know They Can Never Be Whack: D.C. playas show that there ain't no party like an east coast party, y'all....They'll make ya, uh, uh...a huh, a huh.



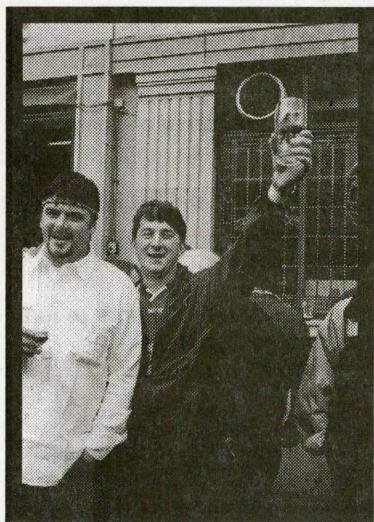
Solitary Confinement Of The Self-Induced Kind: Aside from snaring cyclists in her elaborate web, Helga also enjoys playing with small shiny objects.

FILE.

TO THE KEYHOLE OF THE WORLD OF DRUNK AND BIZARRE FREAKS.

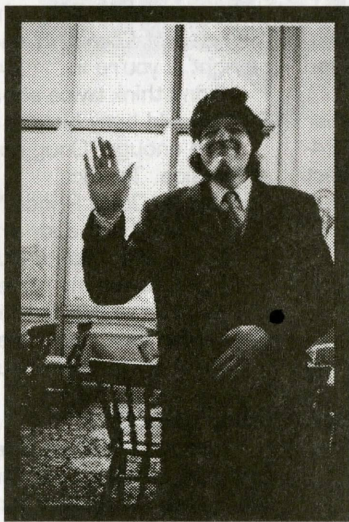
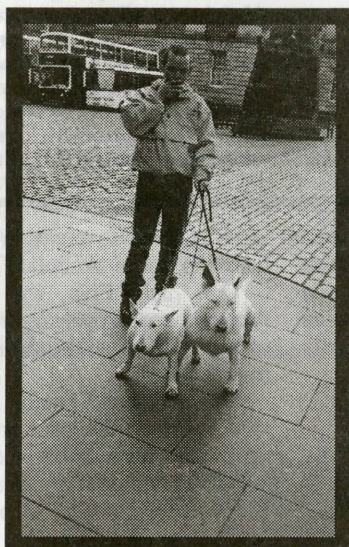


The Dublet: It takes a brave man...or a drunken Irishman, to break out the Dublin Mullet.

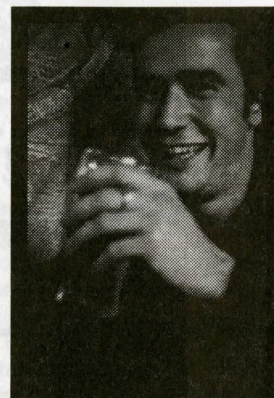
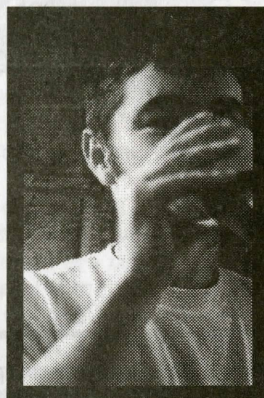


What A Feelin': Patrick and Collin, fueled by booze, pronounce their love for headbands and leg warmers.

Never Wears A Kilt: Angus does not know who Spuds Mackenzie is, and he'll kick your ass for asking if he does.



Screw Ewe: "The Stones sing 'Hey, you! Get offa my cloud!' The Scots say 'Hey, MacLeod! Get offa my ewe!'"



Goofus And Gallant: Gallant (L) runs errands for his mother and spent the day at the factory before retiring to the pub for a pint. Goofus (R) knocked over patio furniture and drank himself speechless all day.



In The Ghetto: "Please, God. If I can make it out of this neighborhood, I won't smoke, I won't drink, and I CERTAINLY won't continue my questionable visits to Mr. O'Malley's bakery."

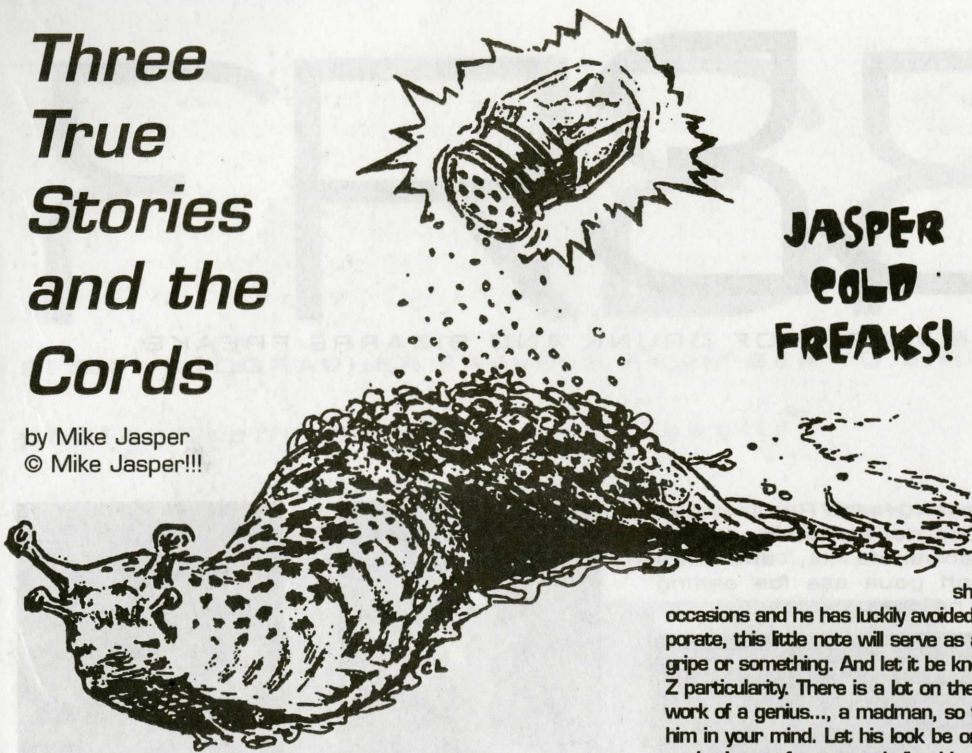


A Mere Flesh Wound: You can shield your ears from their screams, but these amputee ravers will always act as a grim reminder that big pants are a CRIME.

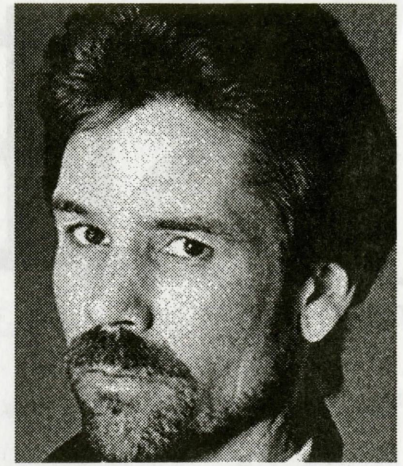


Three True Stories and the Cords

by Mike Jasper
© Mike Jasper!!!



**JASPER
COLD
FREAKS!**



Note: Jasper wants to go on record that he has repeatedly requested that his articles run with his own little copyright next to his little fuckin' bullshit name. Since we have failed to do this on several

occasions and he has luckily avoided complete destruction by the evil heads of SFS corporate, this little note will serve as an acknowledgment that he has some sort of little gripe or something. And let it be known that this isn't merely another petty generation Z particularity. There is a lot on the line here. Just read on and what you'll find is the work of a genius..., a madman, so to speak. Just look deep into his eyes and register him in your mind. Let his look be one of contemplation, not remorse. Oh, and thanks again Jasper for your unbelievable contribution to this magazine. We luv ya, you god-damned smart-ass. I outta sic Sergeant Nun on yer ass. -ed.

Golfers never play alone. Sure, it's more fun to play with friends, but that isn't the reason. Golfers don't play alone because they're afraid they'll hit a hole-in-one with nobody around to see it. I've never hit a hole-in-one before, but I have delivered two snappy comebacks without benefit of a witness and it's just as bad. I swear these stories are true...

Story One

I had been in Austin, Texas for about three months and was living in a house with three college-age guys who didn't seem to mind that I was 10 (alright, 15) years older than they were. Needless to say, we were all big Bukowski fans.

Treating me like a Gen-X peer, one of the guys asked if I wanted to go out on a double date with him and two 24-year-old grad students he had met at the University of Texas. Sure, why not. I was only 37 at the time and my last girlfriend had been 24. Why should age matter?

We picked up my date first, then drove over to the other girl's house. When he left the car to meet his date, the 24-year-old and I struck up a conversation. Despite my best efforts, the subject turned to age.

"How old are you anyway?" she asked.

I had a stock answer.

"I'm the same age as Kevin Costner and Joe Montana."

"How old is that?" she asked.

"Thirty-seven."

"Thirty-seven!," she said. "You're practically old enough to be my father!"

I sat there deflated, knowing my night was now shot to hell. I took a deep breath and finally said, "Well... maybe. What does your mom look like?"

Story Two

I once worked as a doorman for a club called Lovejoy's (\$2 pint specials every night) in Austin, Texas. It was a pretty easy gig. My job was to make sure no one sneaked in through the back door of the club and the back door was always locked. Some people — employees, VIPs and friends of the owner —

were allowed to come in through the back door, so I did have to make some executive decisions.

One night Chip, the owner, told me, "The TABC (Texas Alcohol and Beverage narc squad) has been making the rounds tonight, so don't let anyone in the back door, not even my mother."

"No problem," I said.

A few minutes later one of the regulars, Doug Prince, came up to the back door in a drunken stupor. I stopped him. He looked at me with shocked and yet practiced innocence.

"I always come in through the back door," Doug said.

"Not tonight," I said.

We discussed the back door policy at length, until I finally gave in and said, "All right, Doug, you go get Andy (Porter, the manager of Lovejoy's) and bring him back here. If he says it's all right... you're in."

I didn't think twice about it, figuring that once inside the club Doug would busy himself with Lovejoy's fine array of beers.

Sure enough, Doug comes trotting back with manager Andy at his side. Terrific.

"This is Doug Prince," Andy said. "Doug Prince can come through the back door any time he wants."

"Oh," I said. "So I should treat him like an employee."

Andy ignored my remark.

"He has the run of the club," Andy said. "If he wants to fuck you up the ass, you gotta let him fuck you up the ass."

"Oh," I said. "So I should treat him like management."

Story Three

(This story is a bit different from the other two, since there isn't any snappy punch line or witty retort lost forever to the ozone layer. This story is my version of a tale shared with another woman... and yet another woman. Anyway, since she's been telling her version for years and since she has left the country for several weeks, it's time for me to tell my side. Timing is everything, you know.)

So I've got Mary tied to my futon with guitar cords and she's nude and blindfolded. I was looking forward to a great night for

two reasons. First, Mary came from a privileged upbringing — her dad was a big wheel in the porno industry. That meant I was going to be rated against the professionals. Second, I would get a good long look at her tattoo.

I had been with her a couple of times before and noticed that she had a tattoo the size of Honduras on her thigh (I'm fifty percent sure it was her right thigh). Of course, I couldn't just stare at it, in fact I couldn't even acknowledge its presence. But since the three of us had been having great sex, I thought I'd check it out at some appropriate time. As I said, timing is everything.

Anyway, she's tied up and blindfolded, so while I'm stroking her and kissing her and tightening down the nipple clamps, I'm getting a real good look at... what? A turkey in flames? I couldn't really tell, but since she was blindfolded and tied to my futon I felt brave enough to ask.

"What is this Mary?" I asked. "Is it a bird?"

"It's a peacock," she said.

"Oh, yeah," I said. No fucking way, I thought. Whoever tattooed this peacock was either the world's worst artist or had an ax to grind with NBC.

I didn't talk anymore and continued doing whatever sick and perverted things I had concocted for the rest of the evening. Some time during a quiet moment, there was a knock at my door, my unlocked door (who visits me?).

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Michael, it's me," said a soft tentative voice. "Chiffon."

Great, that's all I need, Chiffon. (Chiffon isn't her real name, by the way. Her real name was even stranger, like Bon Ami or Eraserhead). Chiffon had broken up with me two weeks ago, so she really had no right to be showing up at my door.

"I can't see you right now, Chiffon. I've got company," I yelled through the door.

She came unglued. "You're in there with someone else, you

fucker!"

I heard the door start to open (I really should have locked it). Fortunately, I had fastened the chain lock, which keeps people out if they don't push real hard. I sprang to the door, naked, and pushed against it. Despite many long hours listening to Dan Fogelberg records, Chiffon was strong. We struggled and I believed I was winning. Meanwhile, Mary was tied up, blindfolded and making like Houdini.

"Michael, what's going on?" she asked.

God damn it, I thought, why didn't I gag her? And why is everyone calling me Michael? Anyway, as I'm pushing against the door and Mary's struggling with the cords (all right, scarves, silk fuckin' scarves) it suddenly hits me: Maybe I can have sex with both of them!

Then again, maybe not. Chiffon gave up on the door and ran down the stairs. I locked the door and helped Mary get untied. I think I said "sorry" 14 times or so and "Wow, that was weird" another 114 times or so, before we heard thumping noises against the sliding glass window. Vegetables (fruits?) rained down on my balcony. From the street below, Chiffon was pelting my pad with tomatoes. Mary and I had the same thought:

Who has access to produce at 11:30 p.m.?

"Maybe you better get out of here," I said. "I'll walk you down."

Mary drove away, while Chiffon glared at her from across the street. Luckily, when Mary left so did Chiffon.

Mary and I are still great friends, despite the weird events and chaos of that night, because we shared something special that only the two of us will ever fully comprehend and appreciate. You see, no more than two minutes before Chiffon ambushed our night, Mary came real hard. Had she not, we might not be on speaking terms to this day.

Like I said, timing is everything.



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Swearing at Motorists

During SXSW I was blessed not only to see, but to actually HAVE Swearing at Motorists play at the Salt for Slugs Annual SXSW Bash! Not only were they the hair on the tick, Dave and Joseph kept it so cool we had to keep the place warm by a steady influx of bong smoke and joint flares. Due to the antics that went go along with the huge music festival, we accidentally partied through the predetermined time for an interview. Luckily, Jonathan at Secretly Canadian was able to hook me up with an e-mail interview with the duo that could definitely kick Batman and Robin's ass.

Dave: Sorry it's taken so long Dayton was a madhouse. Some asshole that turned out to be a friend of my ex girlfriend threw a beer bottle, which missed my head but hit the headstock on my guitar. Anyway...

SFS: So, y'all really rocked my lame ass at SXSW, big mad monkey sound from you two. When was it you first realized you didn't need more people in the band than just the tandem?

Dave: It was at first not a conscious effort to be a duo, just circumstance. After a while it was something that helped define us as a live band. The audience enjoys getting so much from so little. It feels good to be called the Two Man

Who, although I'm not sure how accurate that is. (Actually, that's about fucking right on. -r.s.)

SFS: How can you accurately describe your love of Dayton, and when was the last time you played without an Ohio flag back-drop?

Dave: Actually, the last time we played without it was oddly enough June 1st, 2001 in Columbus, Ohio which is the capital. We played Ohio State University's Springfest 2001, on this giant outdoor stage, but the rigging was to high to hang the flag. And there was no backdrop on the stage. Besides that, it has been proudly flown over stages around the world for about two years.

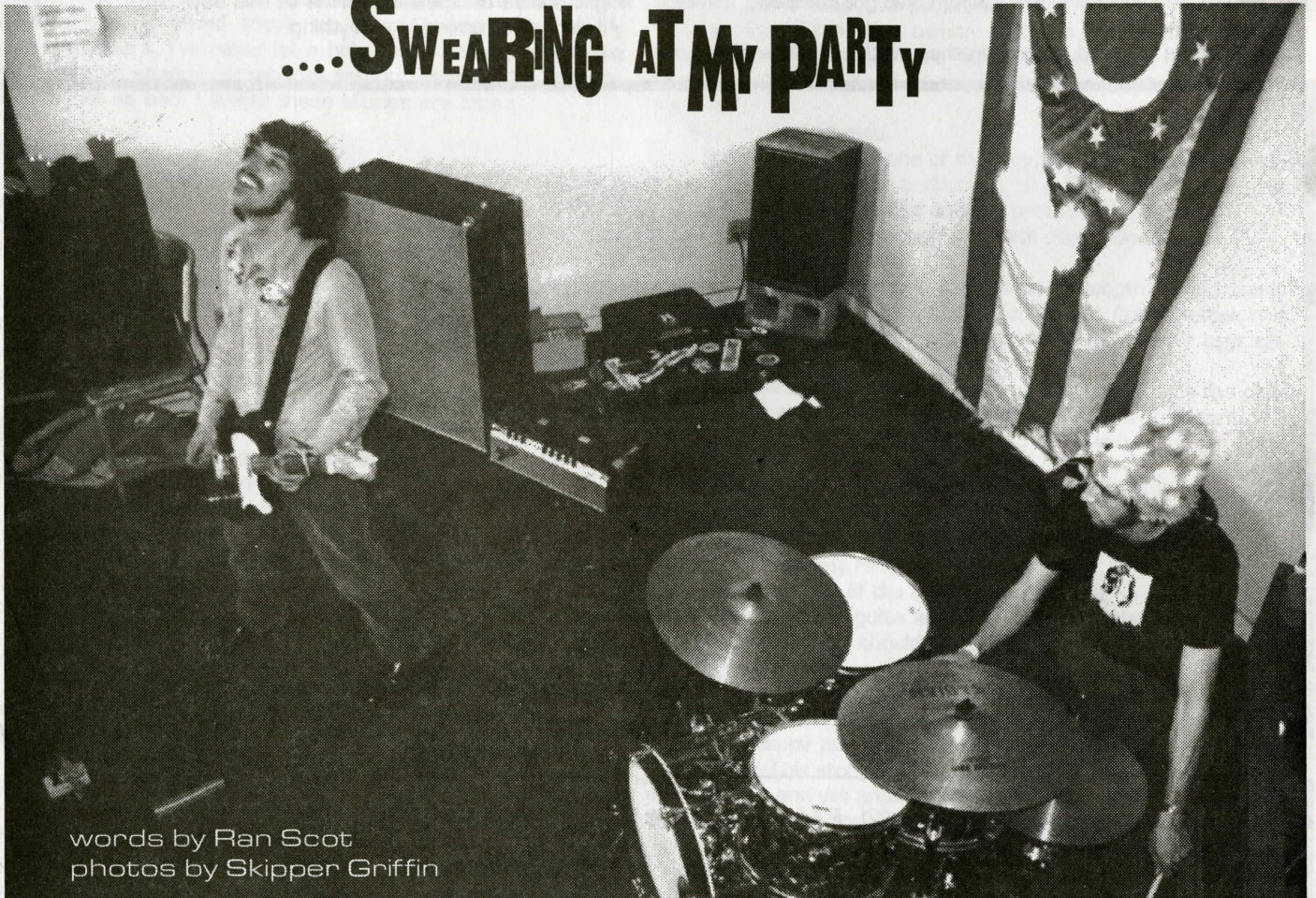
SFS: Do you like it when someone gets you real high then puts you out on the street to deal with cops on horses?

Dave: I almost forgot about that. Hell yeah, I love to wonder if I'm going to get trampled when I can't feel my face. In general, I encourage people to bring me some good local herb. It helps me better understand the city I'm playing in.

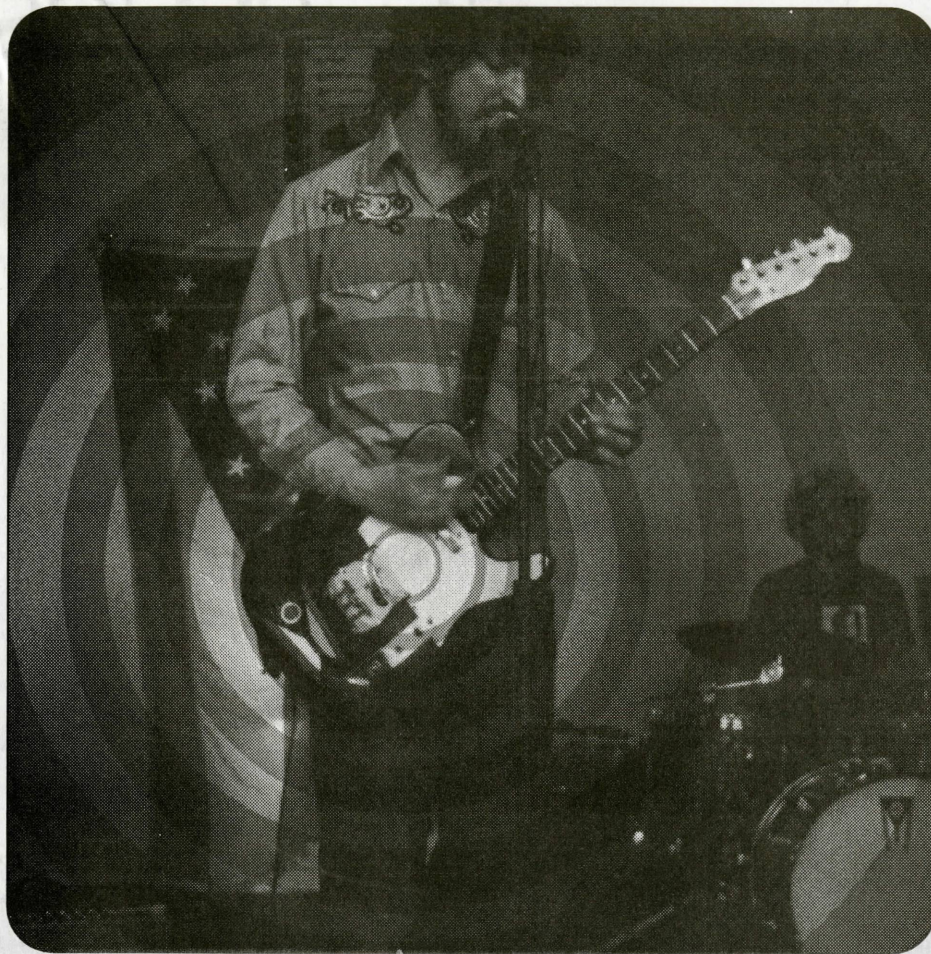
SFS: How many times a week do you see the Guided by Voices reference?

Dave: Too many

....SWEARING AT MY PARTY



words by Ran Scot
photos by Skipper Griffin



SFS: Have you ever thought of touring with Local H, Migas, and the Murmurs and calling it the 2X4 Tour?

Dave: Never.

SFS: How is the tour going and have you tragically became one of our kick-ass bands who are "really popular in Europe" but still lack press and spotlights rock stars like you two so richly deserve?

Dave: I love to play live. I want to sell records. Touring allows both of these events to take place and positively enhance each other. It builds. The more shows you play, the more records you sell, the more records you sell, the more kids at your next show in that city. The more kids at the show the more fun you have playing. I can't think of it any other way. We are fortunate enough right now to be getting some great press, and in turn are having great shows.

SFS: How much easier is it to tour knowing you only have to keep up with equipment and drink tickets for two?

Dave: Scheduling is easier, and in fact, everything is easier. Joseph and I get along great, and pretty much know when to give each other space when travelling. We are really easy going guys. Someone recently asked me if Joseph and I were having a contest to see who could be the nicest, and in a weird way I thought that was probably not too far off the mark.

SFS: How far is it to Telford and North Main exactly?

Dave: Long enough to smoke a joint, drink half a beer, and still be sweating from the phone call.

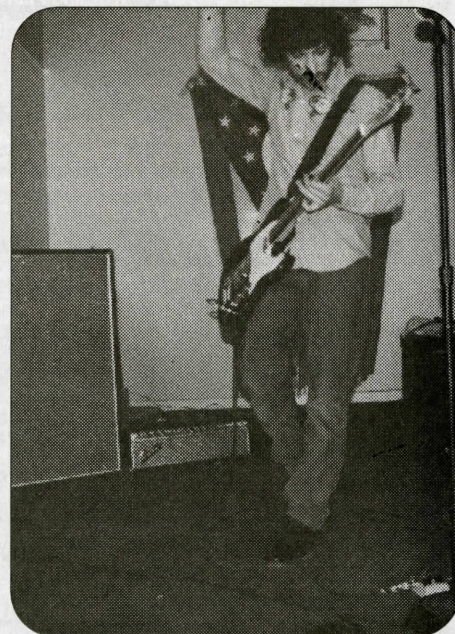
SFS: You have so much energy on stage, have you ever fucked shit up hard while jumping around like you do?

Dave: Unfortunately, I have taken a few spills over the years, tripping over monitors, twisting ankles, falling off the stage. It is embarrassing when it happens, but I can't seem to calm it down on stage, no matter how much weed I smoke. I just get a little out of hand sometimes; carried away I guess you could say.

SFS: In a hundred words or less, feel free to give all the ups and props you always scream for the Buck-Eyed State at your shows.

Dave: When in Dayton:

1. Smoke weed
2. Listen to WYSO 91.3 fm and Flyer Radio 99.5 fm
3. Read the Impact Weekly
4. See who's playing at Canal Street Tavern
5. Eat at Flying Pizza
6. See a film at the Neon Movies or Danbury Dollar Cinemas
7. Go to the Airforce Museum
8. Call Nick Eddy (937) 643-0026
9. Drink at the Walnut Hills
10. Drink at the Southern Belle (some people go to the Belle first, then the Hills; it's your call)
11. Find the "AfterHours" AKA bring your own bottle party at someone's house (you will need to purchase "Take-Out" beer from one of the previously named establishments)
12. Have breakfast at First Watch, Breakfast Club, or Golden Nugget, depending on what side of town you are on
13. Shop at the Village Discount Outlet
14. Go to the Dayton Art Institute
15. Go to the Main Library and read about all the Inventions associated with Dayton
16. Root for the Dayton Dragons





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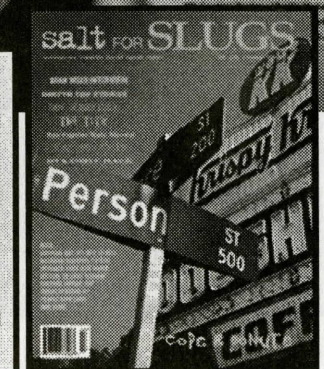
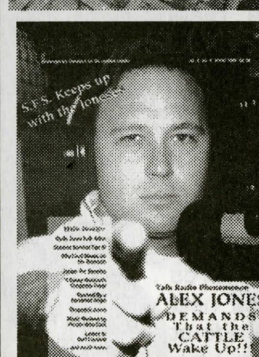
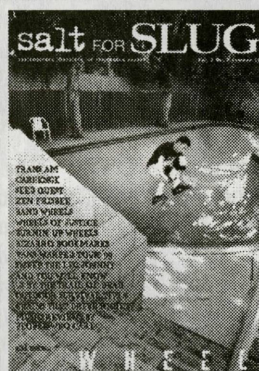
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Note: Sometimes in the zany world of the SFS, an occasional nerd slips in to give his two cents. In the case of Collin Hudson, who originally wanted to do a piece on Hot Wheels Jr. (gasp), we've printed the unedited version so he could speak for himself.



Zulu as Kono

words by
D. Collin Hudson

When I was asked if I would be interested in writing about Zulu as Kono for SFS I was very happy to take on the assignment, due largely to the fact that they were unknown to me (c'mon Collin! -ed.) and they were described as a band with a "very powerful" live performance. My first attempt at witnessing this sonic assault went strangely awry. I spoke to ZAK bassist Josh Chalmers on the telephone. A few days later I headed to Emo's with my friend Iris, who is an old Emo's regular. As one of the four bands on the bill was playing, I asked the bartender which band was on stage. He informed me it was indeed, Zulu as Kono. Something was wrong, however, as the band on stage was not delivering a powerful performance at all. I was con-

fused, befuddled and flabbergasted. Could this be? I was expecting so much more. I went home thinking that I was somehow short changed, ripped off even.

So I called Josh about meeting with him to get a copy of Zulu's latest CD. I did not recognize him as one of the members of the band I had seen a few nights prior. Not wanting to appear the idiot, I didn't ask for clarification. I then took the CD home to give it a listen. As the disc began with the pounding, pulsing "Only Hate Can Make You Happy", I had a feeling something was not quite right. So I began to look over the band's press kit. "Two guitarists, two bassists, and two drummers" read the information sheet. Alas, I did not see Zulu as Kono afterall, but some other band entirely. I

felt at the same time anxious, yet relieved. Anxious that I had made a mistake, and relieved that I did not have to write about this other un-engaging band I had seen. I have written about many Austin bands, but this was a first for me. That is the first and last time I take a bartender's word on anything other than when it's closing time.

I had the opportunity to reset the scene so to speak and try one more time to see this unique band. Will the real Zulu as Kono please stand up? Things seem to be more in balance when I returned to Emo's once again to do my duty. This time I had met Josh and listened to the CD a few times, so I was



feeling more confident and less the fool. I spoke to Josh just before he went on stage. This time I was ready, or so I thought.

I'm not sure if anything can actually prepare one for the onslaught that is Zulu as Kono. I have never seen anything quite like them, before or since. The closest comparison I could make, the first thing that popped into my mind, was that the band reminded me of seeing Rush for the first time when I was but a wee lad. Of course, Zulu has twice the manpower, being a sextet as opposed to a trio.

I could not help but think how the band would look perfectly symmetrical on stage if one of the bassists played lefty, as one of the guitarists was, but that is just my imbalanced mind revealing itself. I have always liked bands that have two guitarists that work off of each other and trade licks, starting way back with Thin Lizzy when I was very young. But to have two drummers and two bassists also, I was amazed at the sheer force of the sound. I was just sorry that I had no earplugs that night, as I usually do. I try to preserve my hearing for future generations. I could feel the bass lines bouncing around in my chest cavity.

Speaking of cavities, I think those guys shook a couple of fillings in my teeth loose. I usually like to stand right up front and soak it all in, but not this night, not without earplugs. I found a place in the room that was comfortable for me to stand and listen to the entire set, which seemed brief, I suppose because there were once again four bands on the line up. I found myself fully consumed with the sound of each song, and anticipating the next.

Most of the tunes are instrumental, rich with sonic layers of texture. I must have looked like a deer stuck in the headlights, standing there with my mouth open. I was amazed with both the sounds and the fact that I had never seen this band. It is difficult to describe Zulu as Kono's sound, but it is impossible to escape. It's likely a safe bet that you wouldn't ever see any of these guys doing choreographed dance steps while wearing headset mics. I think I will swing by my dentist and have those fillings checked before I attend another Zulu as Kono show.



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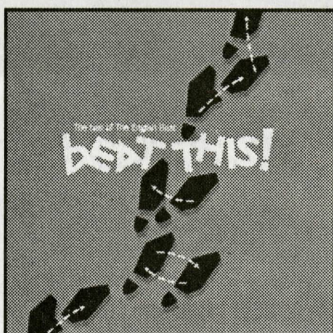
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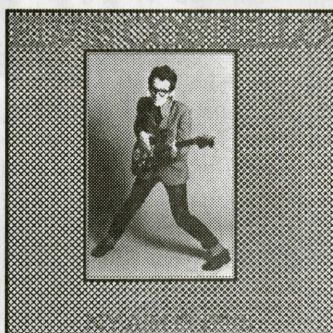
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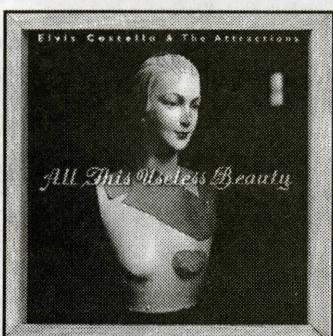
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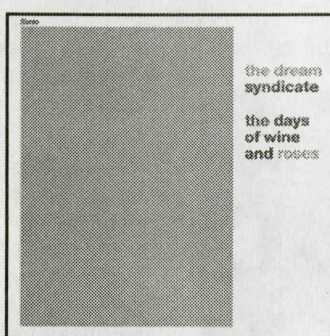
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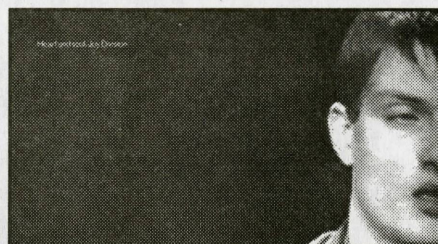
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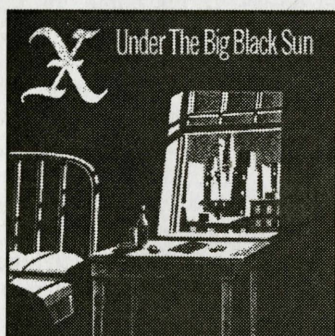
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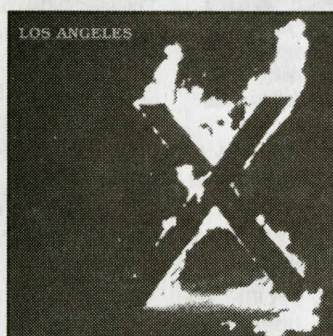
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(Rhino/Slash)



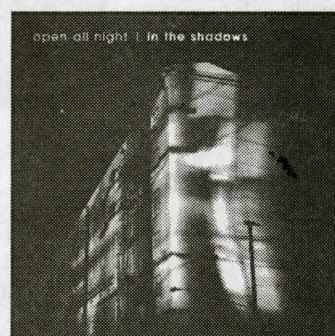
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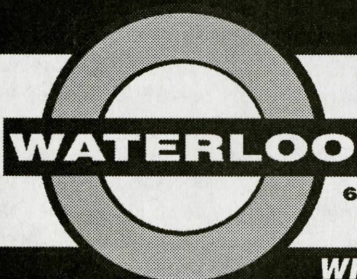
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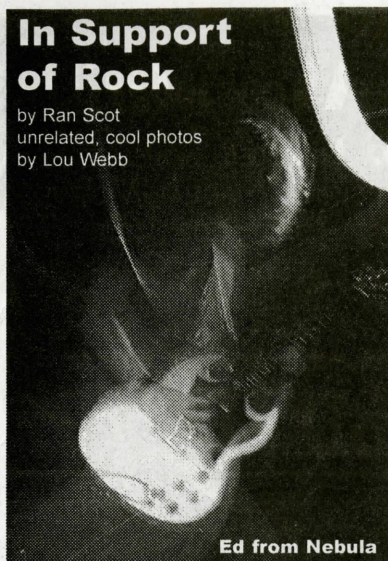
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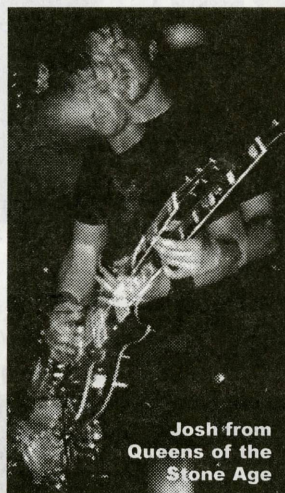
Ed from Nebula

People tell me Sunday nights are no night for a rock show, but they could not be more wrong. With the teeth-rattling clamor of an empty L train screaming into your ear, while bums discussing the panhandling week ahead them chatter like apes, you know it's gonna be a good time. It starts with that hum that becomes the music in your mind, sufficiently fueled by cheap Absinthe and nicely smoked green Buddha from the burbly-boo. Anyone who is down with the cheeba knows about the stadium rock show for one that erupts in your mind when the stoniness rams it down.

This special music, which only you can hear, which also makes you slowly nod your head without the help of a walkman or pay-for-play radio, is one of the few things that makes me stick out the cloven

hoof anymore. So when I hear a band whom as able to translate the notion and put into motion of just rocking the fuck out, you bet your balls I will be there. Even if it is in Manhattan; and Atombombpocketknife is that band.

Now I must admit one of the reasons I moved to the Big Apple was supposedly the legendary rock scene. Yeah fucking right. It is if you consider all the trust fund kids kicking out 80 bucks a pop for old Iron Maiden satin jackets so they can pretend they've been rockcore since day one. I guess those late '90s altern-a-nation barbed wire arm band tattoos washed off easier than



Josh from
Queens of the
Stone Age

I thought. I am not saying there is no rock/indie/post-hardcore/insert-clever-name-here-to-impress-girl-at-the-bar scene, it's just very unappreciated. With lines to get into velvet rope clubs to hear music usually reserved for European gay porn, I cry rock star tears every time I walk into a near empty venue for bands like Atombombpocketknife, who truly do kick my ass.

Unfortunately for me, I arrived in time to see the Great Collapse. They had adeptly named themselves, because that exactly what their set did. Just fucking up and died at the end, as if they realized the queens of the

black hair brigade in the crowd were not buying their shock rock, much less going to sleep with

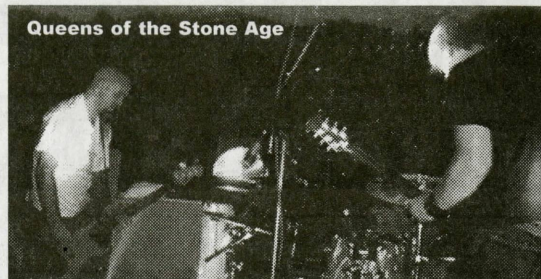
them. The last song tried several times to end itself but kept limping on like Ted Dansen's career.

After this display in humanoidism, they of course told us of the merch in the back, and to come say hi. The ladies in the crowd will say grace to the disgrace you just made in their face. But anyway, the place cleared out as if Puff Daddy, errr P. Diddy (signed your music career death warrant with that one didn't you, tough guy), pulled a gun when Atombomb-pocketknife came on, who were at last better by a factor of 5, but required the ability to follow complex rhythms instead of just bopping your head and checking out the chicks bopping their heads checking you out.

Which reminds me of another band on Subpop Records I saw a few months ago in Texas. The band is the awesome Nebula, who will rock your ass into a frenzy if you're not careful. These guys blasted Austin's Emo's for the second time in the past year. This show would rival their spectacular SXSW Showcase earlier in the Spring. Steve, the publicist at Subpop, works his ass off for legitimate rock and roll bands with a new (ye gods new!) sound.

Speaking of which, Alkaline Trio (of fools) sounded just like, and I mean to the chords, like Green Day, but they were wearing ties! Ties I say! So it's a new band, whatever. It's like that Simpsons where Malibu Stacy has a new hat, so they don't buy Lisa Lionheart. Go team indie rock!

But, speaking of insanely cute girls on bass, Allison of Atombombpocketknife not




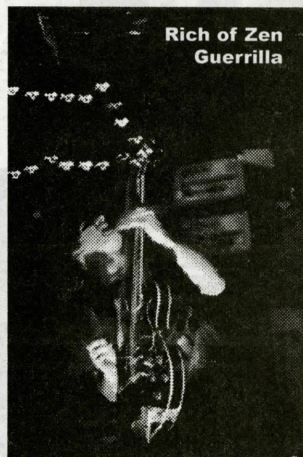
Queens of the Stone Age

only got the Salt for Slugs Rock'n'Roll Fantasy award, barely beating out Leslie from Murder City Devils, but she actually rocks like a llama in a cage. With the addition of Chet, who has a great solo side project, to Justin, who has to many side projects really to mention here, on guitar makes for even more walls of sound to tear your castles down.

And I can't give out all the props without mentioning the mad monkey pounding on drums, creating the unrock sounds. If you think unrock is a derogatory, you not only are reading the wrong music review section; you just do not get it.

What is unrock? Get out of your houses and support the local and travelling rock scene and see. Don't just read it here to spew out at a bar, look in your Scandinavian-made cargo pants for your Swiss army atombombpocketknife that keeps whispering to you, "De Plane, Boss, De Plane!" It's these sweet nothings it is whispering that beseech you to quit watching the Weakest Link and to stop being on in the culture chain. Our music scene is on the verge of both a collapse and rebirth, with the Big 5 ready to nail the coffin shut on originality with their Boy Band nails. I, for one, am not gonna sit on my hands and watch it happen again, not when the American music scene is just recovering from our Nirvana syndrome where every band HAD to be a blockbuster.

So the next time you see a kick ass band rolling into town or a great local act shaking cages, ask yourself, are you on the rock bus, or off it? 



Rich of Zen
Guerrilla

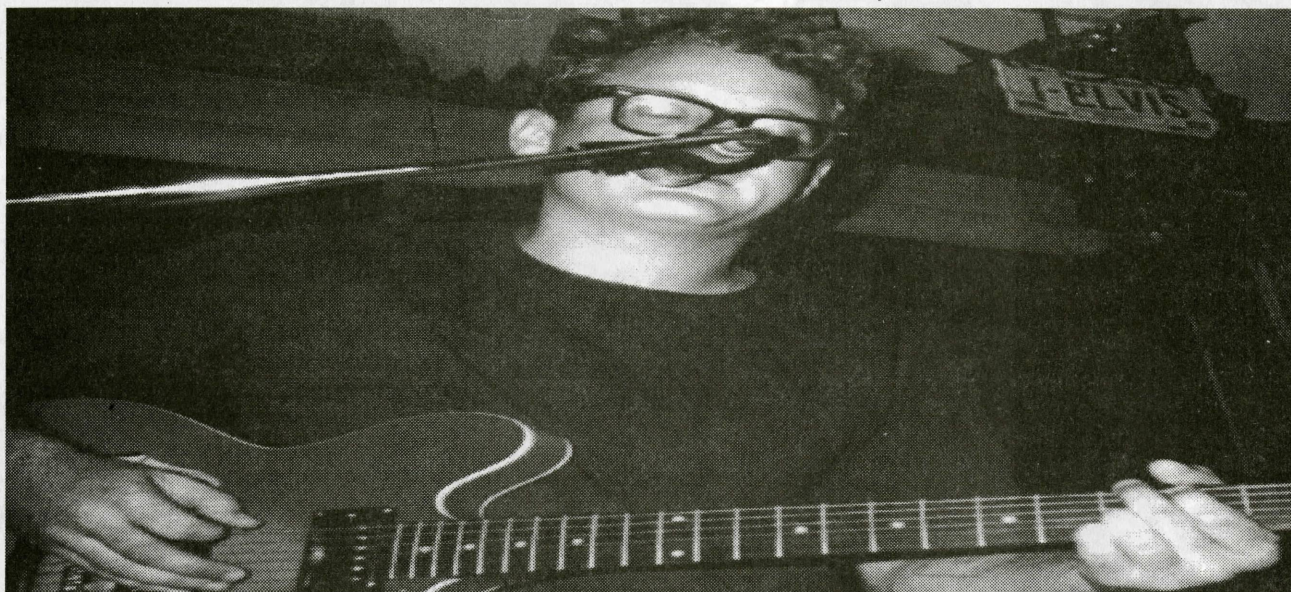
SFS 15: Jacob Deer Boy



Under the effects of
that luscious nectar
some call "da vino"
Jacob will serve you
up a band called the
American People.

Freak on a Mission: The Jacob Schulze Interview

by Stabler Hsu



SFS: Let's begin with the basics. What are your measurements, turn-ons, turn-offs, and favorite color?

Jacob: I am seven feet tall and hung like Odin. Turn ons are: girls with speech impediments, conspiracy theories, Atari 2600; Turn offs are: children, old people, animals, flowers, unicorns, etc...my favorite color is black like my heart.

SFS: What instruments do you play? How many bands are you in now, what are their names?

Jacob: If it makes a noise I will attempt to make noise with it. I play guitar, various keyboeards and synthesisers, banjo, bass, drums, pedal steel. I am in three bands currently. Winger, Warrant, and Saga. No one can stop me now. Tonight, I am on the loose. Seriously, I play guitar for Seth Tiven's legendary Dumptruck, I pound the Farfisa and the tambourine in The American People (hey, buy our record), and I am proud to play with three other major dudes when we call ourselves the Dismukes.

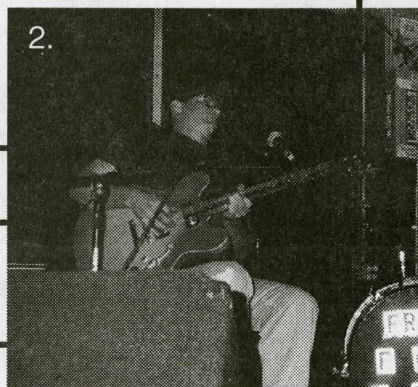
SFS: Do you have different reasons for doing each project?

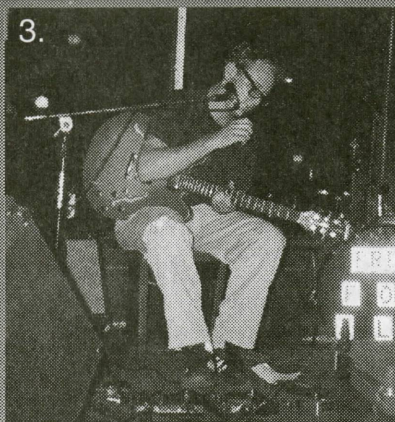
Jacob: The main reason is I have trouble quitting. Sometimes I forget that I play music. Being in as many bands as possible helps me remember what I am on earth for. Plus, that's three times the free beer in any given week.

SFS: How did Dismukes form and where does that name come from?

Jacob: Dismukes started when Andrew Duplantis and I were playing in Paul Minor's Great Big Ego, and Droobie

"It's grapey."





kept bugging me that we should do our own thing, etc....finally I caved. Erik Conn had just moved down from Lawrence, Kansas and was living with Andrew over on W. Mary. We got together in a hot ass rehearsal room on Fifth St. one day and it all just clicked. After playing a few tunes

SFS: Being from this town, what's your take on the music scene in Austin these days?

Jacob: I wrote a whole scathing indictment of what I hate about the Austin music scene and I just hit delete. It's too easy to go after the Scabs and all of that other jam band horseshit. People like that stuff, and I am glad there are musicians in town that make a living off of it, so who am I to piss in their wheaties cuz I don't like what they sound like? What do I know anyway?

I would rather focus on what I LIKE about Austin music. Fivehead, Golden Arm Trio, Zulu As Kono, Tim Kerr and anything stamped with a Young Lions Conspiracy logo, the new Prescott Curleywolf record, Arkadelphia (God Bernard is my ultimate guitar hero), The Sons of Hercules, Jon Dee Graham (Mike Hardwick is a bad ass), watching Jon Sanchez play guitar, Superego, Sniffy, Uss Friendship, Youth Gravity Parade, MANDIBLE, MANDIBLE, MANDIBLE, the Meenbeats, Deep Sombreros, Sexy Finger Champs, Subset, John Gault, Those Fucking Peabodies, man, Brown Whorenet, Azatat, the Orange Mothers, the Wannabes, Jane Bond, Alice Spenser, The Conrads and the Allen Oldies Band, Blue Noise Band, eGypt, Migas, Tia Carrera, the Dung Beatles and the Diamond Smugglers, Mike Hall and the Woodpeckers, hell, I even like Alejandro's new disc, the Sir Finks, the Devil, Probably, the Young Heart Attack, Trail of Dead, Spoon, Heybale on Sunday nights at the Continental, Craig Ross, Darwin Smith, Brian Beattie, Croslin is back!!!, Jim Wilson and The God Drives A Galaxy's. I Miss Unicorn Magic. Shit...there is all kinds of good music every night...

My ultimate favorite thing about Austin is Saturday at ten in the morning on 91.7 KOOP. Ear Candy hosted by the Jennifers is the best radio there is. Then on Saturday night, Scott Gardener's Stronger Than Dirt kick-starts every one of my saturday nights with some punk from the vault... I hope they never stop doing those radio shows...

SFS: How do you like being on the road?

I like it, but it is expensive if you have to pay for it yourself.

SFS: When and where

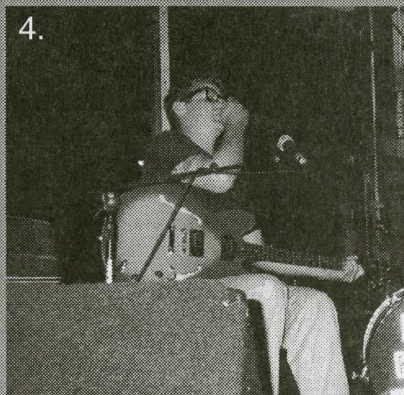
and with whom will you tour next?

Jacob: Who knows. Do dead people count?

SFS: Thanks for the interview.



and realizing what an amazing motherfucker Mr. Conn is on the skins, a band was born. We wouldn't realize the dysfunction until years later...I mean, it's been seven years and WE'VE NEVER MADE A RECORD! We're working on one now, which will probably end up on the Nuggets box set of the future.

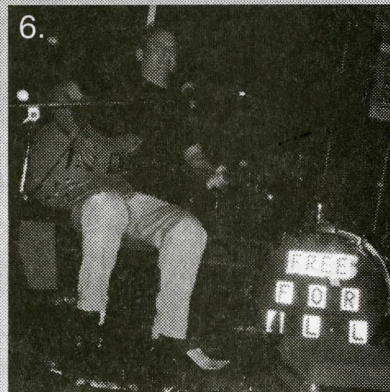
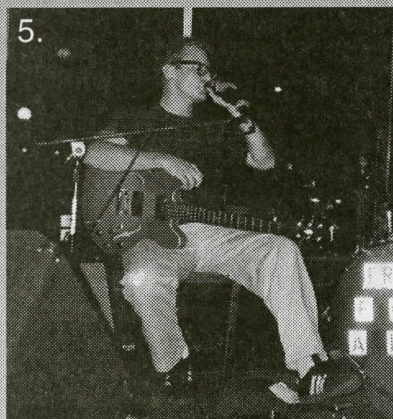


The name comes from working next to the Dismukes Pharmacy in Hyde Park. One day my friend Denver Smith and I were driving by, he pointed to the sign on Duval and said: "that's the best band name ever, plus you get, like, free publicity and stuff." The pharmacy closed. I was a cashier at the Fresh Plus and had to help clean out all of the shit that was left over, Paul had booked us at a Free For All without a name and he was bugging me cuz we needed something to put in the ad. After a rehearsal before the show I blurted out the Dismukes and it stuck.

Tobin Scroggins joined the band on bass duties after the Mittens disbanded and Andrew left to be in the Meat Puppets or something. Now Andrew is back and we've got Tobin playing guitar and we are even louder than before.

SFS: What inspires you to do your solo act on dead Monday nights at The Hole?

Jacob: I have been terrorizing the poor Monday night drunks over there for years. I am sure they would appreciate it if I would stop. I would rather get into an argument with the audience than sing them a song. Most of them are not going to listen anyhow, because I got news for you solo singer songwriter types, your songs suck. Your poetry sucks. It bores me to tears to watch you. I only enjoy feeling the waves of embarrassment for you that radiate off the other five people in the room and alas, this is only fleeting before they buy another round and start talking about wrestling or football. The Germans have a word for it: Schaedenfrued. The Japanese have a word for it to: Karaoke. Where does the Inspirado come from? Money. Money and Glory. Oh, and Pussy. Oh yeah, and The American Dream.



Outdoor Survival Tips 8

by Gene Slacks

"Y'all heading deeper up?"

"Ummm... yeah," I said. "We're gonna go to the Mt. Rodgers trailhead..."

Yo chimed and changed the subject: "How's the hunting?"

"Not bad young fella. Me and Ank got a few does at dawn and then ah tagged a healthy 10-point buck from mah treestand a little before noon."

The man's friend, Ank we supposed, was scrunched up almost out of sight in the cab of rusty Ford pickup. The pipe cleaner thin body, clad in green faded coveralls, moved in rhythm. Asleep, presumably.

"Well," the vet drawled, "if yer heading toward Mt. Rodgers, I say good luck. Ain't a place for anyone in the winter... This one feller got caught in a freak storm a few summers ago,

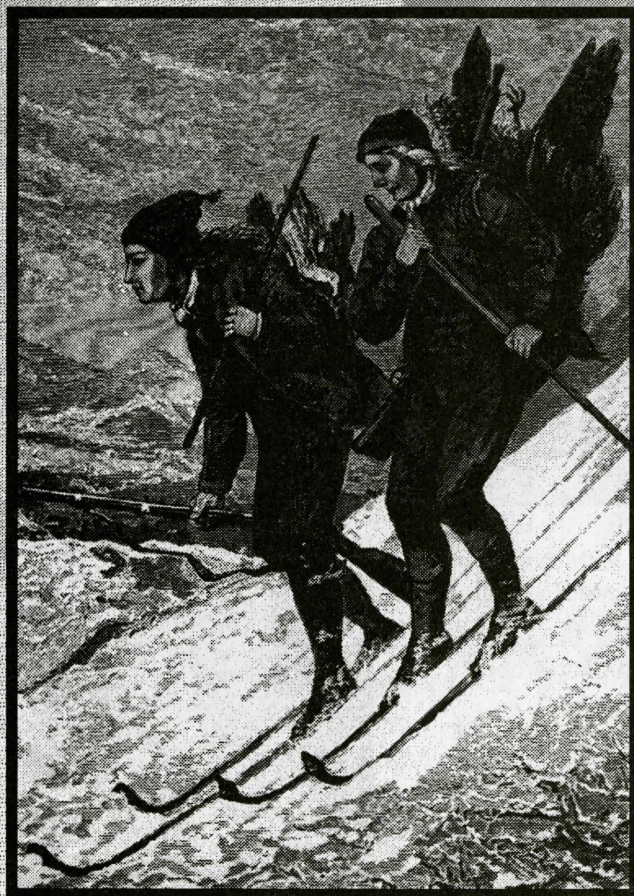
mind ya. Summer, ya hear. He got confused. Pauly found 'em two weeks ago when he was looking fer a buck he wounded. The animals got to 'em by then, ya can imagine. Ahhh..." he sighed. "Have fun." His expression was blank as he turned to rap on the passenger window of his truck. "Get tha hell up, Ank!" he bellowed. The wiry frame inside the warm cab came to life a flurry of blurred camo. A thin red face with burst veins along the crooked nose wiped bleary eyes and scowled. We got in the Trooper and slowly crunched out of the gravel parking lot.

I turned to Yo as the truck labored up the increasingly steep grade and asked, "Whaddya think?"

Yo furrowed his forehead and looked at his watch. "Well, it's about noon right now... and it's about 30 minutes to the top, give or take 10 or so minutes, and it's three hours back to Raleigh. I say fuck it and keep on heading."

I nodded my head slowly and agreed. We continued our ascent. White stuff conspicuously started to appear on the edges of the road.

As the elevation increased, the



snow began to swirl and build up on the busily swishing wipers. The road steadily changed from black speckled with white to a fully white sheet river by the quickly disappearing tracks of previous vehicles. Yo and I continued in uneasy silence. A slip of the tires prompted me to slow down and engage the 4-wheel drive. We crawled up through the pass and turned into the small parking lot at the trailhead. There was one parked car covered in about a foot and a half of snow. I switched the ignition off and looked at Yo.

"Sooo..." I started. "Whaddya think?"

It was 12:20 p.m.

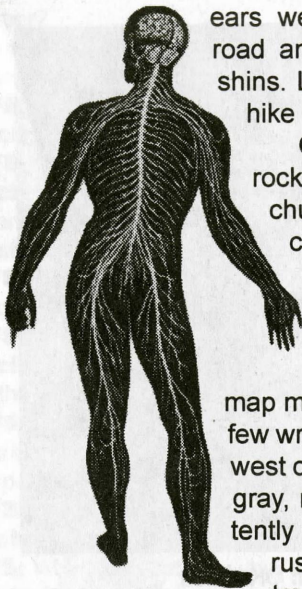
"We're here... we bought all of the food... we've got some winter gear... let's try it."

"Yeah," I concurred, "We might as well give it a try."

We sat for a moment. Through the windshield, swirling snow and a white-blasted landscape stretched out before us. The mountainous terrain was covered in a stark gray and white covering topped off with a boiling, swift sky. A blue mini van made it's way cautiously past the lot with headlights hooded by bushy brows of snow. The warm red glow of the receding taillights prompted Yo to action.

"Let's saddle up," he murmured.

We gathered all of our gear, added a few extra pieces of clothing and slung our packs on our backs. We crossed the road and tried to figure out where the trail started. A worn wooden marker with a cock-eyed arrow pointing toward the woods showed us the way. Pulling our hats snugly around our



ears we stepped off the hard-packed road and sunk into snow up past our shins. Legs were set in motion and the hike began.

Once out of the wind-scoured rocky plain, we entered the muffled, church-like silence of the thickly covered forest. We hiked in silence. The occasional heavy drift went past our knees and made the slogging slow.

Eventually, after consulting the map multiple times and almost taking a few wrong turns, we reached the north-west corner of an old cow pasture. The gray, rough-hewn posts were intermittently strewn with rusted barbwire. A rusting hulk of an old Caterpillar tractor sat squatly near the fence.

We rested for a moment. Water was consumed, chocolate was crunched. Slightly more invigorated, Yo showed me the time: 4:21. We had covered three miles in about three hours - not too bad for humping through almost two feet of unbroken snow, but not good enough. Deciding earlier to forget about setting up the tent, we had set our course for an Adirondack shelter located about a mile farther down the trail.

"Damn," Yo commented, "think we'll make to the shelter before dark?"

The sky, already ominously gray at the start of our hike and spitting flakes, had begun to quickly advance through steadily darker hues. The wind was picking up and the snow, varying in intensity since we got out of the truck, had established a steady rhythm. I shrugged my weary shoulders and tightened my straps. We followed the obscured trail down away from the field and started on an uneven path, which wound through a dense pine forest. The pines were heavily laden with mounds of snow. What was left of the dim early evening light fell a few notches as we cautiously strode on. Flashlights were clicked on, but the weak beams did little to illuminate the white path. After what seemed like a few hours, we shuffled out of the sheltering forest and stumbled into a full-blown blizzard.

Yo and I forged on with heads down and feet following one after another. It was dark. The wind tore at our inadequate clothes. The snow was deep. Images of the laughing hunter cycled through my brain. His sneering face loomed. The red-white beard shook as he chuckled and boomed, "Ain't a place for anyone in the winter! The animals'll love yer soft city flesh!" I shook my head, trying to clear the hallucination. It wavered. The hunter's face and red and white beard melted and slowly pulsed into a grinning skull swirling with red and white streaks of blood, entrails and bits of bone while a long-dead deer carcass rose up and ambled closer and closer... the hollow eye

sockets sprouted worms... the rotten lips curled up in a snarl of blinding canine fangs bursting to a calm, soothing whiteness. A cradle of comforting white. A loud whooshing filled my ears and a persistent tugging, tugging, tugging... "Hooooeemmmeeyyy... duuuuooddde."

A pop cracked my reverie and the stinging cold of snow snapped me to attention. I was face down in a drift and Yo was pulling on my pack and trying to get me up. "Dude, get up! C'mon, man... yer gonna get frostbite on yer nose!" Yo shouted over the swirling snow. I rolled over on my backpack and slipped out of the straps. I laboriously got to my knees and then stood up. Yo helped brush the snow off of my jacket and my face. I shook my head and shivered. My hat was gone. "Thanks, man," I said. "What happened?"

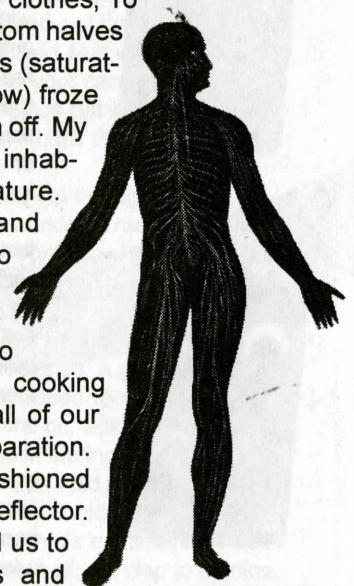
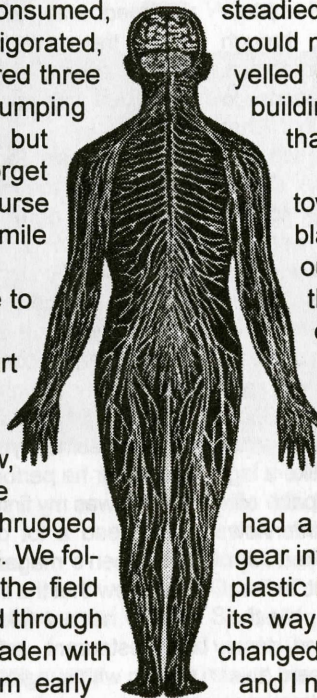
"I don't know man, I looked back and you where gone. When I came back, I saw yer backpack sticking outta drift... you musta stumbled into it..."

I nodded and hefted my backpack back on. Yo steadied me. We got our bearings as much as we could muster in the middle of a whiteout blizzard. Yo yelled over the howling wind, "Hey, I think I see a building or something over to the right! Let's head that way!" I nodded.

We clambered up the slight incline toward the dark shape shifting in and out of the blanking white. Upon it, we discovered it was the outhouse that was shown on the map next to the Adirondack shelter. We grabbed each other's hands in recognition - the shelter was a few steps away.

The three-sided structure's floor was covered in a two-inch thick sheet of ice. Yo and I exchanged red-faced looks of exasperation. I spied a ladder in the corner. Aha! This shelter had a loft! We climbed the ladder and pushed our gear into the fairly snug space. A few ripped pieces of plastic lazily flapped in the slight breeze that worked its way through the cracks in the boards. As we changed into warmer, drier clothes, Yo and I noticed that the bottom halves of our pants and our jackets (saturated with sweat and melted snow) froze solid as soon as we took them off. My jacket stood up by itself, as if inhabited by an invisible creature.

Sleeping pads laid out and sleeping bags unstuffed, Yo and I snuggled in with all of our dry clothes on. We were still cold. Not really wanting to go through the motions of cooking anything, we started to eat all of our food that didn't require preparation. We set up the stove and fashioned the windscreen into a heat reflector. The subsequent heat allowed us to warm our hands and faces and



(continued on pg. 75)

Freak On the Loose...

The Rich Interview

as Documented by
Boaz Dror

Once a year, Cap City Comedy Club holds an event known as "Funniest Person In Austin," which draws leagues of amateur comedians to the stage to pit their skills against one another's. The winner earns the right to be named FPIA, and is given the famed red robe and golden burger king crown. The contest, sponsored by VH-1, consists of two semifinals, through which a total of fifty-or-so comics have to deliver the goods to make it to the big final night. That translates to two sets, or two routines, by each comic. A dozen comics make it through to the finals, where the winner is selected by comedians who are no longer funny. This year's winner, Rich Gabe, is the only comic in existence (in the modern comedy era) to ever do two different sets over successive nights (I didn't verify this, but I feel it). At the time this must have seemed like a big risk, but it eventually paid off. When I sat down to interview Rich I should have asked him about this risk, but I forgot. In fact, I interviewed Rich twice, but the first interview, which was done with Chris Fairbanks present (this year's runner up), was lost in a fire. Rumors as to the cause of the fire being Rich Gabe himself, maniacally hurt by the inclusion of his fiercest rival, should be ignored.

A little bit about the bits: Rich's first set was a time-travel routine. Using 10-10-237, "which saves on collect calls and allows you to dial back in time," Rich placed a collect call to Judas Iscariot. He then pretended to be Jesus and riled Judas up so much with crank call jokes that he unwittingly caused the historically significant betrayal, changing the world from one ruled by Jews to one ruled by so called "Christians".



This routine, which is even more complicated than it sounds, seemed way too cerebral to make the commoners in attendance laugh. But laugh they did, and Rich was on his way to the finals.

At the finals, Rich whipped out his "go-to" routine, a ventriloquism act done with a tape recorder dummy. This act was so funny I literally stopped breathing through a large portion of it. I'm not allowed to reveal the details, since a larger comedic corporation quickly bought out the act, but since they now allow Rich to do it sometimes, you may catch it whenever he performs.

This was my first interview, but I had read a lot of Details and other men's magazines. I therefore knew that the important thing was to have it take place at an "in" restaurant, and have Rich walk in with sunglasses on, groggy and mysteriously aloof, and then at some point in the interview have him reach across the table and languidly light an expensive imported cigarette with a silver lighter that catches the LA sunlight whipping off a passing Ferrari. With all that in place, it couldn't fail.

SFS: Ok, so Rich Gabe, this is the part where I'm gonna start. OK?

Rich: I have to warn you I'm tired.

SFS: You're tired? What the hell does that mean?

Rich: I don't know... I'm not...

SFS: You won't be expected to be very funny, so don't worry.

Rich: OK. Good.

SFS: What made you tired?

Rich: I worked all day.

SFS: And where do you work?

Rich: The Bookcase store.

SFS: Is that a comedic profession?

Rich: No. Not at all. It's horribly unfunny.

SFS: But you're a comic now?

Rich: I am. And a bookcase store employee.

SFS: So comedy isn't a full time job?

Rich: No. It should be, though. It can be, but not where I'm at. So far.

SFS: You're officially Austin's funniest person. Are you not?

Rich: Technically, yes.

SFS: Who is the governing body that bequeathed you with this title?

Rich: Five judges. From around the country. Who judged me. The funniest.

SFS: Are they official?

Rich: Yes. They're real judges. Not professional judges, but they're somehow part of the comedy field.

SFS: The global comedy field?

Rich: Yes.

SFS: So this is through Switzerland somehow?

Rich: Yes. Swiss judges who go from town to town judging comedy.

SFS: Since winning, what has changed in your life?

Rich: I've had more gigs, and done more stuff. I've bombed more than ever, and done worse.

SFS: So winning Austin's funniest person was a boost to your

career?

Rich: At first, until they found out I couldn't hack it. But they can't take it away from me.

SFS: How long will your reign as Austin's funniest person be?

Rich: For one year.

SFS: Upon which?

Rich: I will pass it on, when the Swiss judges come back into town, after their world tour of judging other cities they'll come back to Austin and I'll pass it on to someone else.

SFS: Do you get a chance to defend?

Rich: No, I do not.

SFS: That's bullshit.

Rich: I know. I think we should have a "Laugh-off" between me and all the other past winners. But I do get to host next year's contest.

SFS: Do you have a date on that?

Rich: Next May. First Monday of May, next year? I'll get you a date. It'll probably be my next gig, anyways.

SFS: How long have you been funny, Rich?

Rich: A couple of months, now. Since I won the contest.

SFS: What contributed to your funniness?

Rich: Practice, hard work, my parent's support, good teachers in high school... I don't know.

SFS: What makes a person funny?

Rich: I don't know. Are these the questions you're going to ask me?

My point is, you always hear about funny doctors, funny lawyers, even funny political figures. And funny firemen, and funny cops, but there are very few crime-fighting or fire-fighting or surgically gifted comedians.

SFS: So is your choice of comedy as a profession due to some sort of laziness, on your part?

Rich: I think so, 'cause I could have grown up to be a funny fireman, but I guess I'd rather be a funny comedian instead. Which there aren't many of. Not as many as you would think.

SFS: Did you graduate college?

Rich: Yes, I did.

SFS: Did you major in Comedy?

Rich: No. Communications. But I was pretty much geared towards comedy as much as anything else when I got my degree.

SFS: How do you use your background in Communications in your comedy?

Rich: A lot of pop-culture references. I don't want to use pop-culture references, but I end up using them in my routine. I try to avoid it.

SFS: Is that something that comedians have to do?

Rich: No. But a lot of people do it cause... I almost said, 'cause it's the nineties.' No, comedians use them because we're pop-culture obsessed, as a people.

SFS: Where do you see comedy taking you?

Rich: To other cities. Around the country, and maybe someday I'll get to judge other comedians.

SFS: Do you ever plan on taking on these other comedians?

Rich: Yes. And have a big laugh off.

SFS: How funny is Austin compared to these other places?

Rich: We have the best scene in the country. Maybe.

SFS: What is it about Austin?

Rich: No hacks. In other cities they have lots of hacks. But we have none.

SFS: What's a hack?

Rich: Either someone who steals jokes outright or someone who just does overplayed, done-to-death situations like cats and dogs, relationship jokes you've heard before, why do they call it blah-blah-blah, you know. Airplane jokes. Yeah, that's a good one: Airplane jokes. I won't say the name, but there's another city here in Texas, which is predominantly all-hack.

SFS: San Antonio?

Rich: I didn't say that.

SFS: Have you ever had bits stolen from you?

Rich: No. Not yet. That I know of. They'd have to steal a lot, 'cause my jokes are so long and involved. But I steal my jokes, from old vaudeville comics that no one knows, so nobody can accuse me.

SFS: Have successive generations of comedians gotten funnier or less funny over time?

Rich: I think less funny. There's some great people today, but in the old days, like in vaudeville and right after, there were more people, and more individualized, weird stuff. Of course, there was a lot of shit back then, as there is a lot of shit now. But most people now just try to talk really loud and force people to laugh... it's good, when people do that, but people before used to dress funny and talk in funny accents. I miss that.

SFS: What have you learned about the comedy industry?

Rich: It's a weird industry. They're trying to gear people into being in sitcoms, a lot of comedians start off hoping to be in a sitcom, or have it lead into acting or commercials or something. Whereas I just want to be a comic, travel from town to town telling jokes to strangers.

SFS: What does the audience expect from you, as a comedian?

Rich: I don't know. I think they expect to hear jokes about relationships or funny stuff that I saw in the store or stuff. They shouldn't expect anything. They should go with an open mind. There's a lot of comics doing social criticism. Audiences are very geared towards expecting a comic to act a

certain way. Which is a shame, because there's a lot of comics who, because they don't act that way, aren't gonna be as famous.

SFS: Do you feel yourself looking to defy expectations? Or gratify them? Or what?

Rich: So far I've done a lot of stuff that's been skit based, almost like old vaudeville, but without the talent. Old school, long, five or six or ten minute bits. My stuffs more linear than just going from joke to joke, topic to topic. I try to do weird stuff, odd stuff when I can.

SFS: How many bombs have you had in your career?

Rich: A lot. Did I mention I've had more since I've won the contest? Yeah. If they could, I think they would take back the award. But I've done good, too. A couple of times.

SFS: What do you have to tell yourself to get through it?

Rich: That I don't want to spend my life working a real job. You just have to keep going, so someday you don't have to work a job where you have to have a time card. I don't like waking up early in the morning.

SFS: Walk us through your last bomb. Put us there, with you.

Rich: There were fifty people in the audience, a good size audience, and I went on second. I was supposed to do 15 minutes, which is basically two bits, and I did the first bit, which is a story I do with pictures, and people were pretty much staring at me like I was TV, and not funny TV at that. Then after that I did my ventriloquism bit, which is usually a sure-fire bit but they could care less. And I came to the part where I said, 'thank you that's my time,' and usually audiences, even if they didn't like you at all, will clap to be nice,



TEXAS

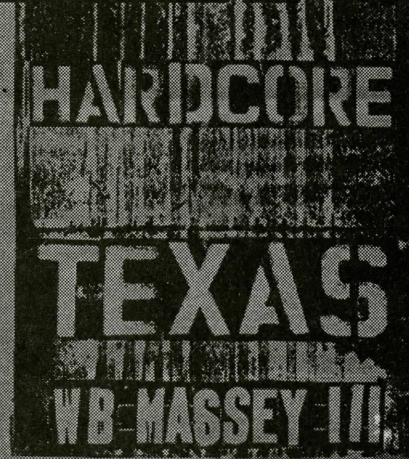
FREAK

WILLIAM

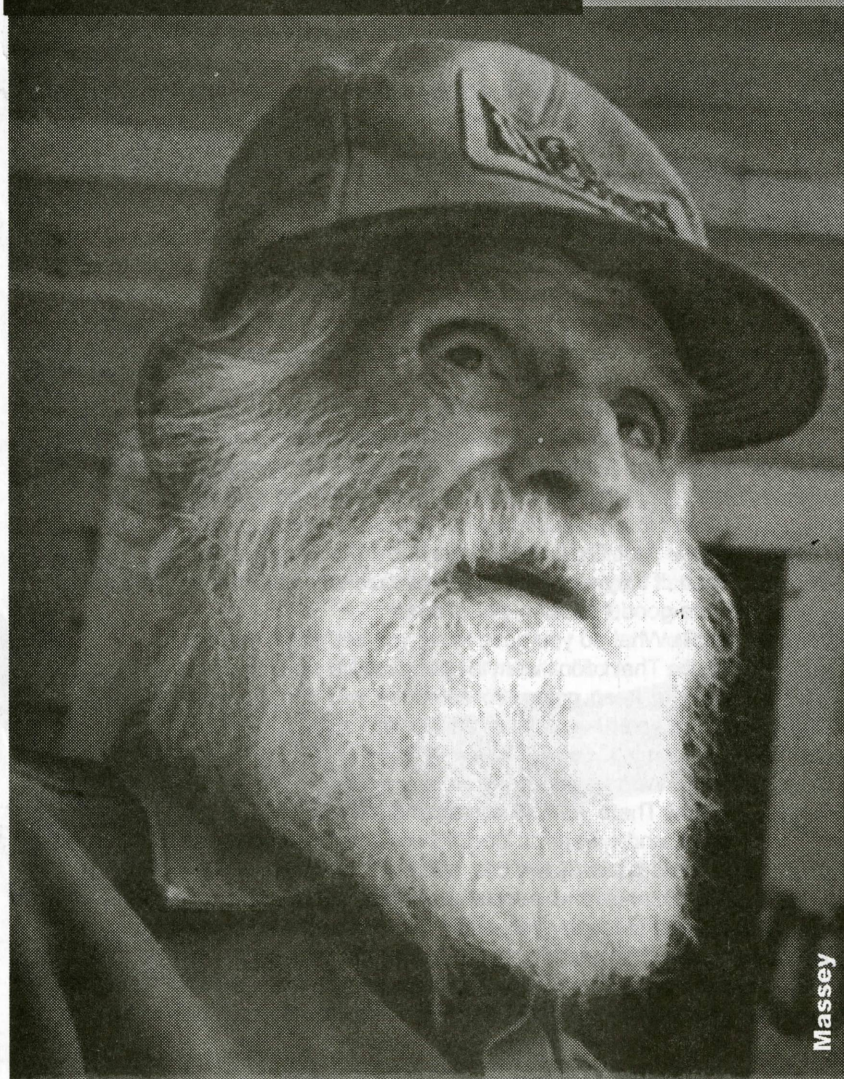
BRYAN

MASSEY III

A self-described, "Beer guzzlin' tequila shootin' pussy lickin' tobacco juice spittin' smoke meat eatin' snot sling'n jack n off son of a red neck goat ropin' two stepin' bitch ass whore from Texas."



This photo appeared in full color in the back of our own personal copy of Hardcore Texas. Pictured: We still don't know.



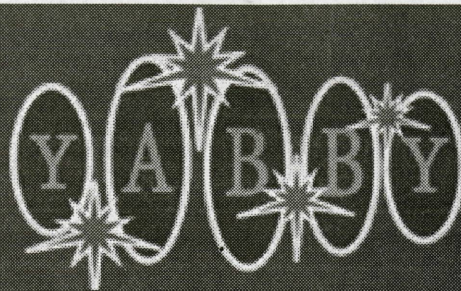
What would a freaked out issue be like without mention of the original maniac Texas poet WB Massey III? Anyone who's had the pleasure of picking up his work knows the extreme depths of white trash Texas livin' and is scared. His latest work, Tales from Hardcore Texas is pure genius beginning with the words inside and ending with some crafty duct tape bindery work and still photo presentation. True grit in Texas still alive, believe it. If you've ever felt like digging deeper into that which is real redneck, cheap beer consuming bliss, write to the man himself and order up some fresh copies of his fine work: Genuine Lizard Press, P.O. Box 2044, Ft Worth, TX 76113

Hey Slugfucks,

I just thought about it, that would be a great name for a band, "The Slugfuck Fuckers". It looks like another perfect Sunday morning. I've got plenty of beer and weed. I'm fixin' to be rollin' and pop'n... shit. I went to the small town of Grandview yesterday. I bought a barbeque hot link sammich from an old man. His left leg looked like the elephant man's head. I'm here to tell ya, you don't get a treat like that every goddamn day. Here's a copy of some of my new stuff. Feel free to reprint or review any of this or Tales from HCTX. You have my permission.

A few beers down the road,
WB Massey III





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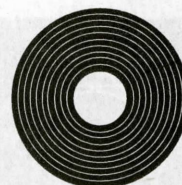
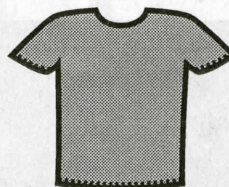
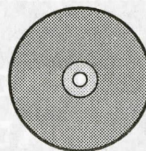
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Letters from The Glenwood

By Oscar Gestapo



A shot rings out across Broadway in broad daylight and no one flinches. It's Monday morning and the UTZ Potato Chips delivery guy across the street unloads his truck in perfect indifference. No one screams. No one points or gawks. There are no tourists here. There is no "theatre district" here, save for the twin-screen Commodore movie house down the street. No bright lights. No big city. Only three-story brick landscapes enveloped in liquid night mystery. Elevated train tracks cast immovable shadows and the gutters, awash in bile and piss, are barely noticeable. Directly above, on a rusted steel neon sign, white letters bleed dirty, clotted, reddish-brown figures: The Glenwood.

Under the awning of the dime store below, an average-sized man stands stoically, wearing an immaculate white wife beater. His belly bulges proudly over his firmly-tightened leather belt. Trying to avoid eye contact, you pass him and ring the outside buzzer, which gets you nothing. You ring again, and an anonymous voice probes from beyond the speaker, "Can I help you?"

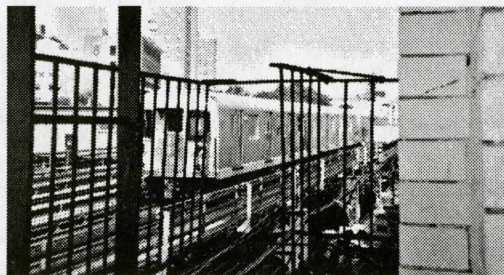
"I'm looking for Pleasant."

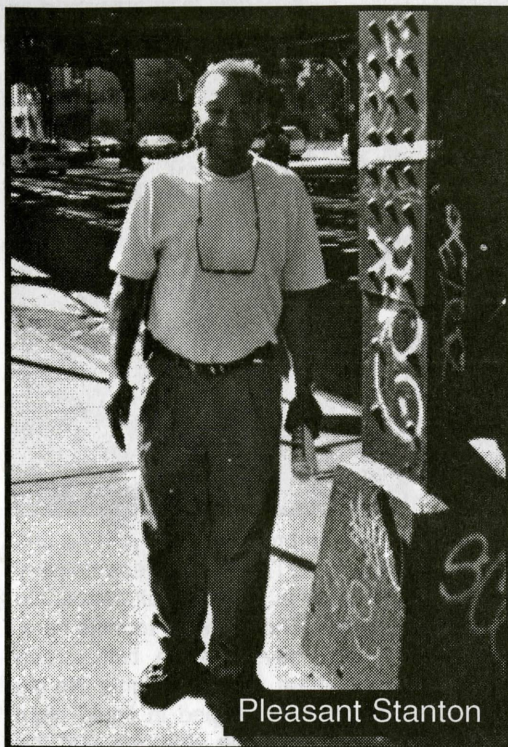
There's no reply, but the door buzzes. Really wishing you had brought a dirty rag for the occasion, you reach for the door handle and lumber up the foreboding flight of stairs, wondering how the drunks negotiate the steep steps every night. You come up to an open floor with twelve-foot high ceilings. On the wall before you hangs a sign from the Health Department. It shows the profile of a man who seems to be expunging some sort of gaseous substance from his mouth. The caption reads: "Cover your mouth with a tissue or your hand when you cough." And it goes on to explain the plethora of airborne diseases, such as tuberculosis, which can be spread and contracted by not following these simple sanitary instructions. This is the part where you wish you had brought a surgical mask.

To the left of the wall is a small, wooden, toolshed-like structure with a window in front covered in thick chicken wire. Entombed inside, or fortified behind the window (depending on your perspective), sits Pleasant Stanton, The Glenwood's day manager for the past 15 years.

"Off-and-on," he'll tell you, "but I think I've overstayed my welcome."

He is a black man who appears to be in his mid-to-late forties. The chicken-wire barrier serves as the hotel's front desk. Pleasant's unusual nomen-





Pleasant Stanton

clature matches his friendly disposition. He emerges from behind his barricade to greet me with an honest smile and a firm but warm handshake. Pleasant hails originally from Newport News, Virginia, and speaks in that kind of southern drawl that could lull you to sleep while you swing from a porch hammock. He goes on to tell me a bit about The Glenwood.

The hotel has been operating as a haven for migrant workers, transients and all-around down-on-their-luck joes for about 100 years. It is the last of its kind in New York City - a genuine, bona-fide flop house that dates back to the turn of the century. Taking a good look around and reasoning that the place has obviously had its share of dirt, I probe Pleasant for some. I am hoping for a few lurid tales of murderous passion or long-harbored secrets. He respectfully declines my inquiry but then subversively adds, "Dead men don't talk." Pleasant doesn't talk either, about things of the unpleasant variety. You see, just this past Saturday morning, Pleasant was robbed at gunpoint, and isn't much in the mood for stories. So he lets me

have free reign of the place instead.

"Go wild," he says, and with that, I ask him if I may see a room. "Sure," he says, pointing to what looks like a broom closet, at the beginning of a long row of what appears to be many more broom closets. I open the door to reveal a 4x6-foot cubicle with a low cot and a naked mattress that had seen better days when it was still lying in the alley. There is an exposed light bulb with a long chain. There is no ceiling above the cubicle; the privacy and safety one might gain from a properly enclosed space are clearly not primary concerns here. Looking down the long row of similar doors begs my next question,

"And they're all pretty much like this?"

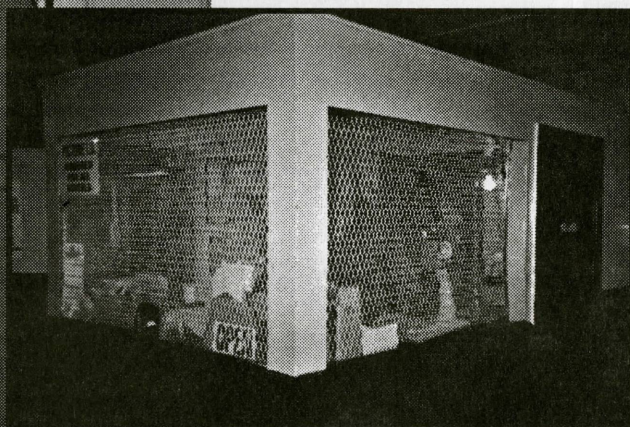
"Not pretty much," Pleasant replies matter-of-factly. "This floor is mostly non-union migrant workers," he continues, "Upstairs is mostly transients of sorts." I see.

Satisfied, I close the door and walk down the hall. Four rows of cubicles stand back-to-back in pairs; the whole floor probably houses at least two dozen men. On this muggy June morning, the air feels heavy and is thick with the stench of male sweat that binds to the very molecules in the air. The smell is not just in the air, however, it seems to permeate the very wood and the stucco walls of the building itself. The odor isn't quite as pungent as one might expect - like, say, that of a locker room. To their credit, Pleasant and his staff keep the floor tolerably mildew-scented.

I venture up another long flight of stairs. What lies around the next corner is completely unbeknownst to me. More of the same, locker upon locker of fresh meat storage. (not sure what is meant here. "meat storage"?) At the end of the hall, the sound of a shower running draws me closer to a door. I do a reality check and realize that even in the interest of serious slug journalism, some mysteries are better left unsolved.

The sound of the passing 'J' train catches my attention and I run back to the front of the hotel to watch it rush past. It nosily trucks along the track at window-level, as it must every 22 minutes on its busy rush hour schedule.

"You ain't seen nothing like this before, thank God!" -Hal



I doubt that anyone inside The Glenwood realizes there's any rush going on outside. If the somber morning commuters cared to look out their subway cars and into this world, they would see me peering back at them with a befuddled look of both wonder and stunned disillusionment.

I return downstairs to what pass-



es for the hotel lobby: two wooden chairs, a few dining tables and a pay phone. There is a man seated in each of the wooden chairs. One of them, probably in his fifties and wearing his thin white hair in a tight buzz cut, seems eager to offer me his two cents: "You ain't seen nothing like this before, thank God!"

The man refers to himself as Hal. He appears to be somewhat of regular at The Glenwood and between violent readjustments of his newspaper, he remarks that he stayed here for about ten months last year. (Note: Hal wasn't staying here on this particular occasion. He was just visiting acquaintances and reading his morning paper.) Hal has just returned from out of town a couple weeks back, having just served the latest of presumably several stints in prison upstate. But he possesses a wealth of information when it comes to the hard and hackneyed life of the streets. Hal goes on to explain that The Glenwood is one of a kind, part of a dying breed. He recalls that the last place of its kind in Manhattan was in the Bowery--The White Horse, he thinks it was called-- and actually paid some of its lifelong tenants to move out when a wealthier opportunity was presented to its owners. It is now a newly refurbished co-op apartment.

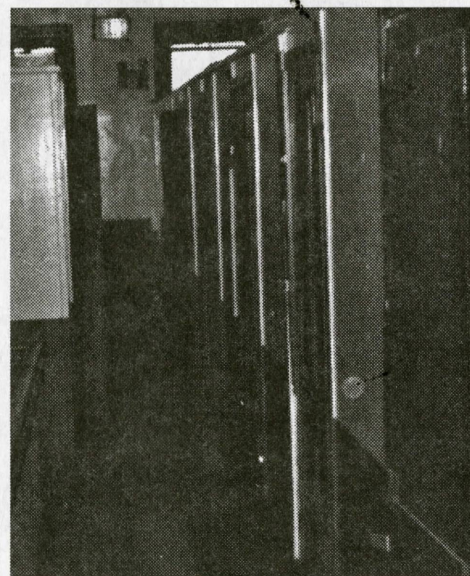
The Bowery, once the last bastion of the wayward, has all but closed its doors to the plight of the city's vagrants. Long gone are the days of Lower East Side barrios and tenement houses. With real estate capping at an all-time premium and the recent boom in the economy, once undesirable neighborhoods like the Lower East Side and Alphabet City are now ideal nesting grounds for pampered students and up-and-coming professionals. And the seemingly never-receding expanse of Chinatown to the south has all but swallowed what once remained of the fabled bum's paradise.

"It's gotten so an honest worker can't find a cheap night's rest," Hal remarks, "This is one of the last like this that you won't see again."

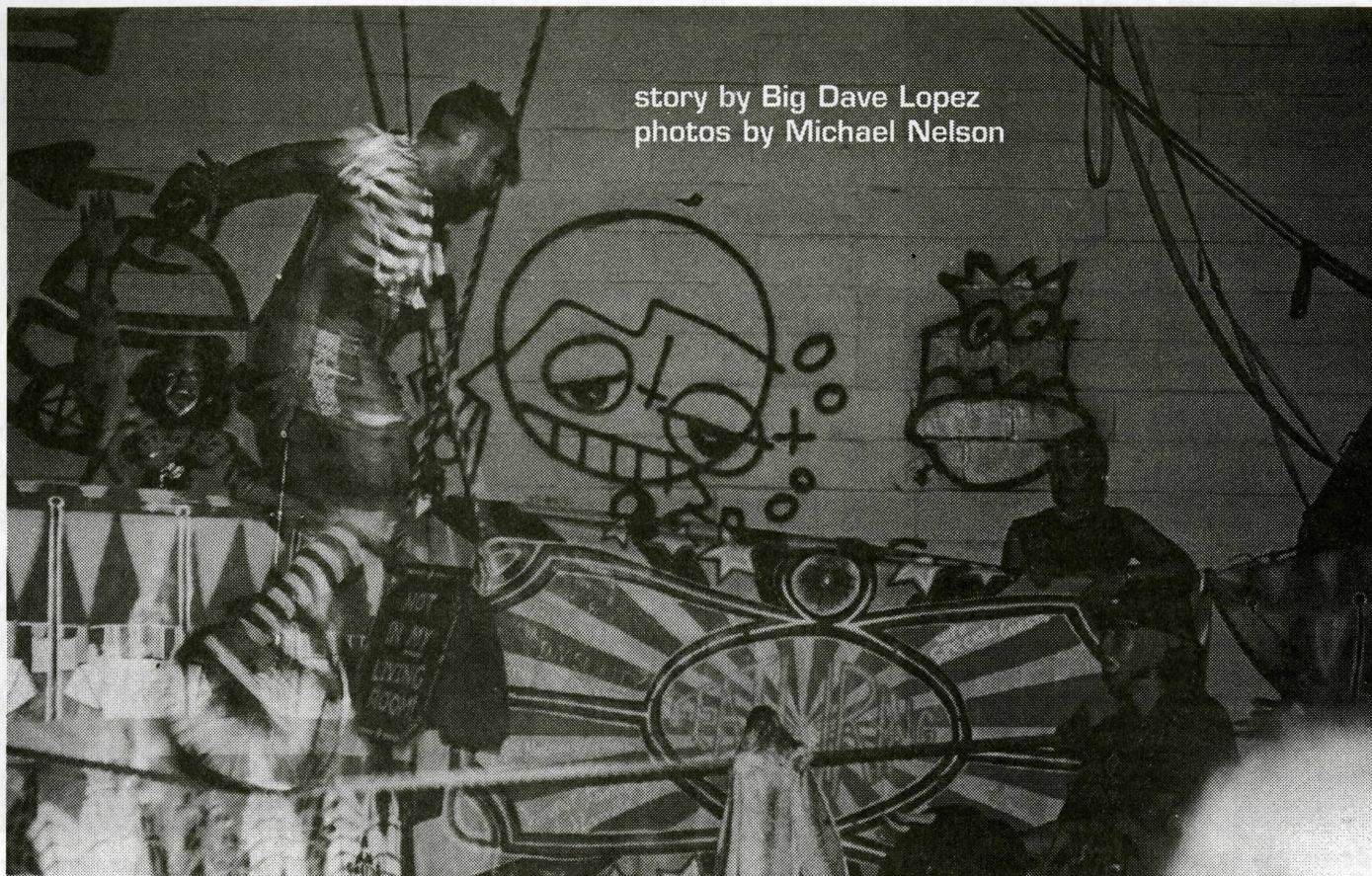
But the looming shadow of impending progress is not far from obscuring this landmark as well. Williamsburg, where The Glenwood sits, is one of those post-industrial Brooklyn neighborhoods that has felt the recent influx of artists, students and young professionals seeking cheaper rent, who inadvertently drive the cost of living up for those like Hal, eventually driving them into the streets.

I thank Hal and Pleasant for their input and for allowing me into their workplace and their world. Pleasant flashes me that gentle smile again as I shake his hand goodbye and I realize that here is an obviously educated man with people skills who knows he could be doing something else with his life, but simply chooses not to. Instead, he provides a much-needed shelter to a very needy group of people. And it's people like Pleasant that you won't be seeing again.

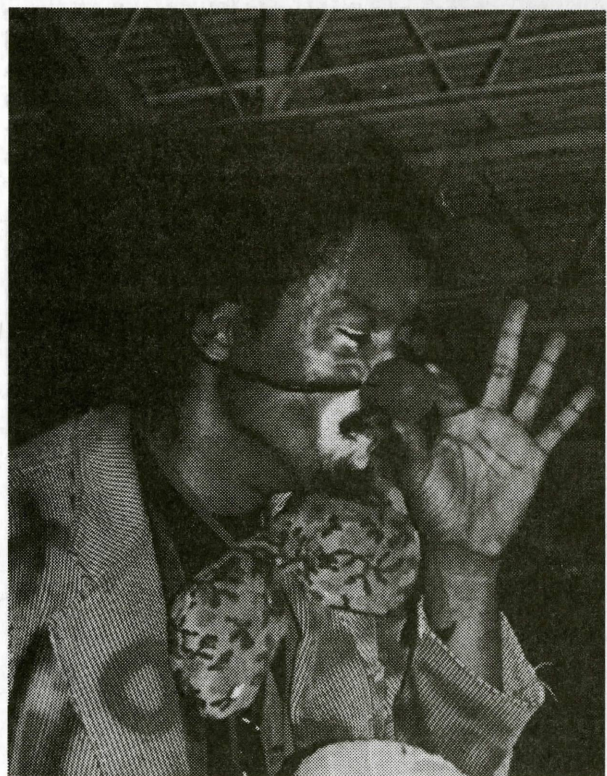
The Glenwood Hotel is located at 339 Broadway in Williamsburg, Brooklyn. Rooms are rented for \$10.00 a night. A blanket is provided, but no sheets. Men only.



story by Big Dave Lopez
photos by Michael Nelson



CYCLOWN CIRKUS



How long does it take to ride a mutant bicycle from Austin, TX to Ciudad Acuna, Mexico? What if the bicycle was loaded down with circus props: unicycles, costumes, items to juggle with (i.e. machetes, juggling pins, torches, eggs) as well as one giant banana peel and a pair of six foot tall stilts?? One group of Klowns discovered that it takes just under three days.

On May 16th, 2001 C.E. the CYCLOWN CIRKUS took the show on the road! They rode unicycles! They rode mutant bikes! They rode mountain bikes! They rode bikes made from other bikes! They rode their bicycles to Mexico!

Why? Because they are Bicycle Klowns, silly!

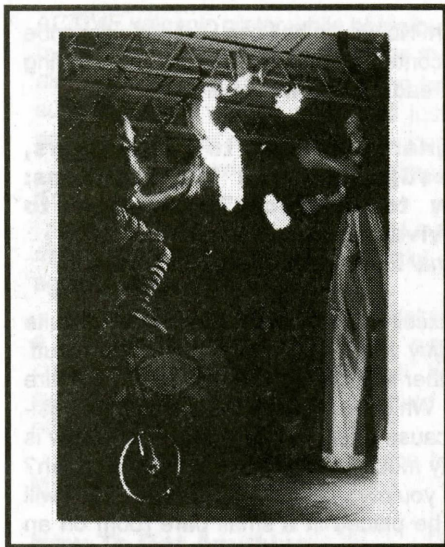
The Cyclovn Cirkus is the best nomadic-vaudeville-anarchy money can't buy! Hailing from parts unknown, these freaks

have been bringing smiles to the faces of children for not too long. Their mission: To have some good clean fun! The promotion of bicycles for the working poor of Mexico! to make everybody stop and say "HEY!"

Were they successful?
Hmm...let's see.

Shaggy, the propmaster, said, "We had a great time." The crowd held their breath as Cousin Spimoni raced towards the "Ramp of Death"! The world famous Spimoni Brothers amazed the crowds by juggling flaming torches while teetering on unicycles! The old Mexico border town came to life. Every child laughed as Freaky-Deeky Spimoni ran over a banana peel and fell to the ground in classic clown style! The people learned that riding bicycles is free, clean and FUN!

And after the dust cleared,



the whole lot of 'em, with the help of Bikes Not Bombs and local Mexican activists, set up a free bicycle workshop and distributed eighty-three free bicycles to the community.

"We came, we saw, everybody say 'HEY!' -Spimoni

An essay by Cousin Spimoni Generation X-periment

Gen X, Slackers, these are titles given to us by the ghosts of history. The media elite and their specter of capitalism which haunted this land long before we were born, which handed us nothing as we squirted into this world. Nothing but a shattered dream and false hopes, false hopes which were never appealing.

Carrying out this farce is not appeal-

ing to most. Slackers, yes we are slack, not in the sense that we cannot accomplish anything, not because we are impotent and lacking passion; but because our passions are not in sync with some preconceived notion that we'll drone on for the Industrial Hive. Those among us who have plugged into the program have done so to build silicon bridges where us alienated malcontents can meet upon.


The totalitarian project is in its dying days. The floodgates have been opened, let pour in our flows of ideas and experiments.

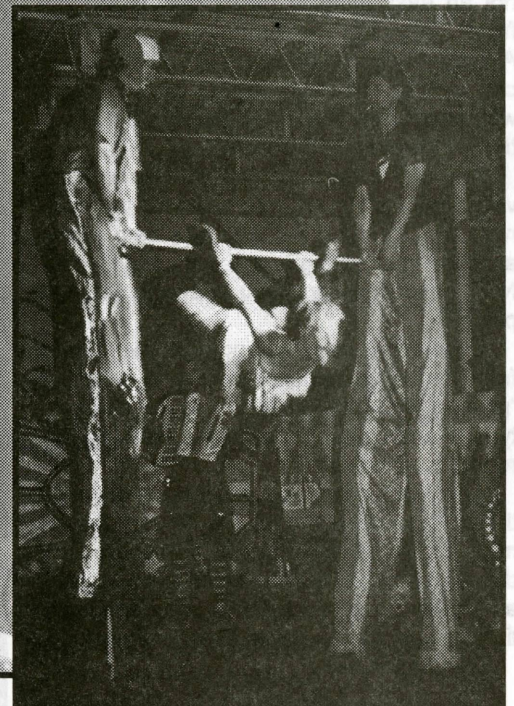
Enter: The Nomadic Dyschordian Liberation Front.

A Portable Autonomous Zone. A renegade band of Klown Terrorists. Freak Pirates boarding the safe vessels of society, tearing down the flag of illusion, replacing it with the Jolly Roger of authentic experience, instilling terror in the hearts of Authority, playing with fire, running with scissors, crossing against the light, waking your neighbors with erotic musical images that stir Priests to blow loads in their pants, touching one another without the consent of the State or the authorization of dear old Dad, feral children making art from ruins, ruins from art, development arrested in the hey-day of the terrible Twos.

We have come for your daughters, we have come for your sons,

we have come for your hermaphroditic love child, we have come to sniff their butts, to remind them that beneath this hollow shell of identity lies endless possibilities.

We are more than just shit producing machines. Our roots connect deep below the surface, damaged but not severed by historical trauma. We leave the manufactured selves behind as we head out on lines of flight following the paths of Chaos through the absurd, the horrid, the magnificent, into an inconceivable abyss... 



Underground Railroad: Practical Advice for Finding Passengers, Getting Them to Safety, and Staying One Step Ahead of the Tyrants.

Jefferson Mack, 2000, Paladin Press
Paladin Press 7077 Winchester Circle
Boulder, CO 80301
www.paladin-press.com

Lots of really interesting things here in this well researched little tome. The title pretty much tells it all. Nowadays, with Big Brother's powers growing ever stronger, it's not an easy thing to assist people in flight from massive governmental agencies. Agencies acting within or WITHOUT the judicial system to track down and lock up whomever they feel is worthy of their attentions. However, it IS doable.

And JM is here to give you some most very useful tips on how to go about the business of subverting Big Brother's best efforts at collaring unwitting rabbits who may or may NOT have done anything wrong in the first place.

Everything from sorting out the sheep from the wolves when it comes to selecting "passengers" for the railroad, to the nitty gritty nuts and bolts of operating a working railroad. It's all there.

And, like a menacing, but distant, cloud on the horizon, there's ever the thought thrumming low in the background, that some dark day it just might be YOU that's forced to buy a one way ticket to freedom, on a transportation system that few even suspect exists.

Good book here.

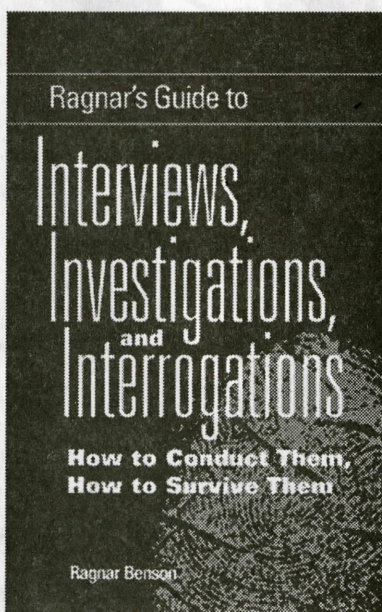
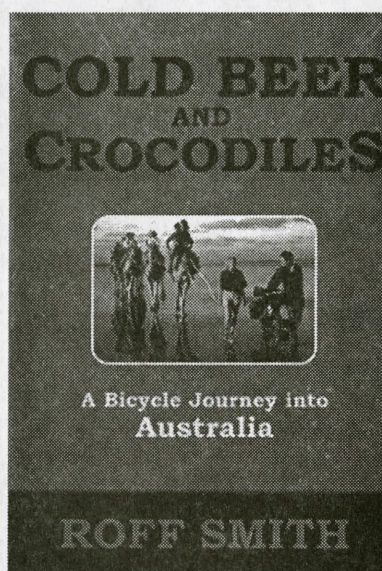
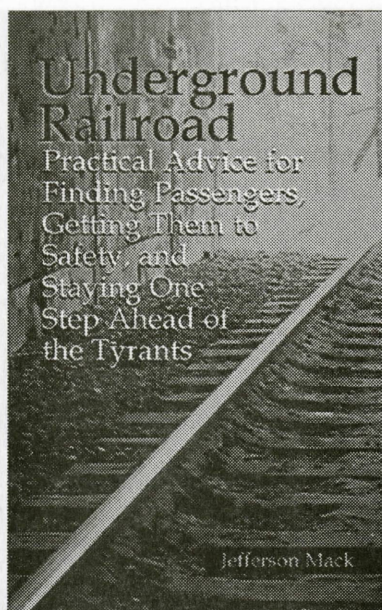
**Cold Beer and Crocodiles:
A Bicycle Journey into Australia.**

Roff Smith, 2000, National Geographic Society
National Geographic Society
1145 17th Street N.W., Washington D.C.,
20036-4688

Oh yeah, here's a great idea. I think I'll just take a little time off, buy a bicycle, and then proceed to CIRCUMNAVIGATE the entire fucking continent of Australia, with nothing more than my own frail legs to propel me through nearly TEN THOUSAND miles of some of the most brutal terrain on this planet. WhooWEE.

However, despite the severe lunacy involved in the above proposition, Roff managed to pull it off. INCREDIBLE!

And contained within the covers of this one are some perfectly FANTASTIC tales. Just crackerjack stuff. Strange people and stranger places that gyrate from homicidal to phenomenally accommodating and back



again. No way in hell can I properly describe the contents. Just go get the damn thing and read it. Time well spent.

Ragnar's Guide to Interviews, Investigations and Interrogations: How to Conduct Them, How to Survive Them.

Ragnar Benson, 2000, Paladin Press

Excellent little book here. Ragnar is quite the guy when it comes to this kind of stuff. Another little book whose title tells the entire tale. Which makes my job a whole lot easier, 'cause after typing the title, my review is pretty much already done for me. Nice, eh?

If you're convinced that never EVER will you be placed in a small bare room on an uncomfortable chair, surrounded by OPERATIVES, then ok, don't bother with this one.

Otherwise, maybe, just MAYBE you oughtta give it a read. You might just wind up sending your Good Friend Ragnar a thank you card some day. Who knows?

Birthplace of the Winds: Storming Alaska's Islands of Fire and Ice.

Jon Bowermaster, 2000, National Geographic Society
National Geographic Society
1145 17th Street N.W., Washington D.C., 20036-4688

Ok, so I just happen to LIKE psychotic travel books. So sue me. Birthplace of the Winds goes a pretty long way to prove its psychosis.

Like half way down that storm wracked chain of oh-so-charming and friendly islands known as the Aleutians. This ain't no day at the beach folks.

Well, wait a minute. Come to think of it, it IS! That's because Jon and his three traveling companions struck upon the perfectly crazed idea that it would constitute a SPLENDID vacation to paddle two-man kayaks amongst a forty mile stretch of five bare volcanic islands, setting foot upon each (some more than once), through a storm-whipped ocean that would desire nothing better than to fondle you lovingly in its 35 degree arms.

Yep, they were definitely having a day at the beach alright. But just not the kind of day you think of when thumbing idly through a glossy travel magazine with thoughts of palm trees and ice cold margaritas chasing around your head.

And oh, while we're at it, when we're on our last island, why not let's all climb up from our balmy 26 degree campsite across from the foot of Mt. Cleveland, by the shores of the beautiful Bering Sea, and slog it out across ten miles of rock, scree, and snow until we can peek down into an

ACTIVE volcanic crater while being buffeted by a 50mph gale, 6000 feet up into the chill air? And when we're done peeking into the sulphurous pit, well by golly we'll just slog another ten miles right back to the camp!

C'mon guys, whatta ya say? Wanna do it?

And of course they DO. Four set out and, miraculously enough, four actually managed to make it back.

And along the way, provide glimpses into a lost world of Aleuts, hidden airplane crashes leftover from World War II, kayak-swallowing maelstroms, and a whole lot of other weird and wonderful stuff.

Fuck Club Med, I like this place better. Much better. So sue me.

How To Get Anything ON Anybody: Book II

Lee Lapin, 1991, ISECO Inc.

ISECO, Inc., 2228 El Camino Real #349

San Mateo CA 94403

Also distributed by Paladin Press

Well, in these fast-moving days of technological change, the copyright date should give you a bit of pause, yes?

Well, not exactly, no.

Even if the stuff in this book is dated, the fact that this stuff EXISTS at all is well worth your time to check into. And, knowing how much that technical doojiggery can be "improved" in a decade, you just might wanna start being a trifle careful with what's left of your privacy.

People don't want to think about the kinds of things detailed in How To..., but whether they're thinking about it or not, somewhere someone is setting up some kind of devilment to pry into their life, whether they (or perhaps YOU) like it or not.

Certainly not the most cheerful read, but well worth your time.

A great "starter" book on this evil subject.

Ocean's End: Travels Through Endangered Seas

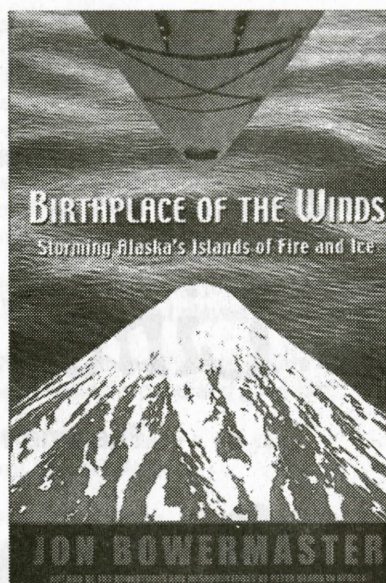
Colin Woodard, 2000, Basic Books

Basic Books, 10 East 53rd Street,
New York, NY, 10022-5299

From tropical Pacific atolls to Antarctic ice sheets, from the nearby shores of the Gulf of Mexico, to the more distant shores of the Black Sea. And other places, too.

The shit's on, folks.

We're starting to actually mess up for real, that grandest feature of the entire planet's



surface: The World Ocean.

After reading this one, I'm reminded of the cliché from Star Wars, „I've got a bad feeling about this.”

For real.

And if you think this sort of thing won't bother you, as you brave the morning commute downtown, a thousand miles away from the nearest body of salt water, don't be so cocksure of yourself, ok?

The ocean girdles the globe, and the globe is where you live, like it or not. The planet has exactly ONE ecosphere, and the World Ocean takes up the lion's share of that ecosphere. Things happening far beyond the blue horizon have acquired a nasty ability to make their presence known in places far far away from where the troubles are brewing.

The rules of the game are being subtly, insidiously, changed even as we struggle to understand the OLD rules, and they're not changing for the better, that's for sure.

Colin has managed to write a very INSTRUCTIONAL book, all the while managing to remain completely unpreachy or strident. "Just the facts, ma'am."

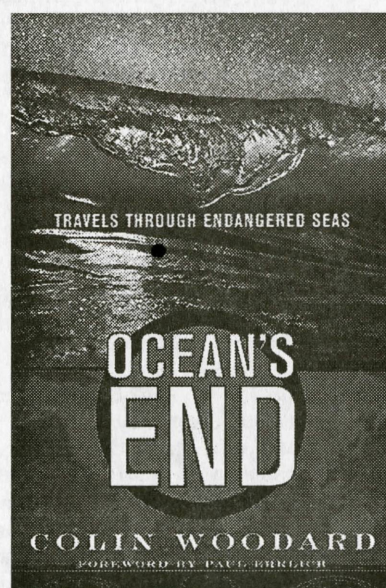
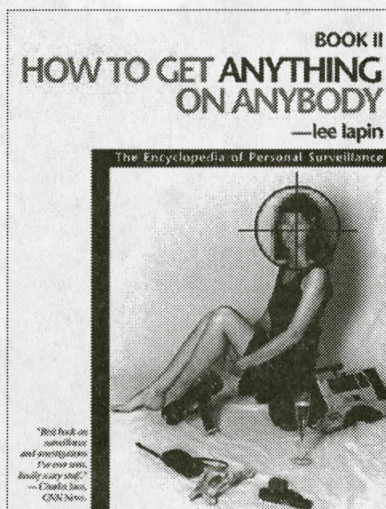
Ocean's End is a gripping read, and shows clearly how decisions made by elements as disparate as chemical factories in Europe and corn farmers in Iowa can affect the WHOLE planet and ramify and reverberate across lands that the factory managers and farmhands may not even know exist. Even as they continue with their woefully short-sighted plans to further and increase their own local goals.

And it's for that very reason that I've got a bad feeling about this. Persuading folks in distant States and Sovereign Nations to take reduce their own incomes, stores of food, or what have you, is going to be pretty much impossible until the catastrophes in the making have an actual, PERSONAL effect upon them.

At which time, it's likely as not going to be too late to do pretty much of anything except to sit back and watch as the whole sordid story plays itself out upon a global stage.

Our grandchildren and their grandchildren deserve better.

Brrrrrr.



Man Dude Wow

What happens when a bitter, jaded 33-year-old music critic interviews some hot, new young turks?

The Icarus Line interview

The one management complained about.



By Greg E. Boy

"I just received the questions from Greg. I have a great sense of humor and all, but nearly every question is ridiculing, insulting or attacking. If Jeff is forcing an interview on you that is not wanted, then I apologize. But, I'm going to tell the band not to bother responding to these and we'll all try and have a hearty laugh together. If at anytime, anyone at [blank-ed.] sincerely wants to interview the Icarus Line, we'd be more than happy to oblige. Thanks, Blaze" [the management yo!-ed.]

And then the band saw the questions... here's what they said.

SFS: What's with the black shirts/red ties thing?

Aaron: It's the opposite of fashion... It's anti fashion. There's nothing stylistic and unique about uniformity. [the root of uniformity being "uniform" no?-ed.]

Joe: We don't spend what little money we have on clothing or fashion, so I guess it's sorta a quick fix to a bunch of guys who don't

go shopping.

SFS: Who's got the Nation of Ulysess records?

Joe: I do and I think they suck. I think the Make Up suck too but I don't own any of their records.

Aaron: I can't say I was ever a big fan of theirs. Never really did anything for me. That singer reminds me of Prince, and that really bugs me.

SFS: Buy [sic] [dude I was drunk when I rote these kquestions-ed.] your live footage included on the enhanced part of your debut record Mono, I see you've taken a lesson or two from At The Drive-In, eh?

Aaron : Buy our live footage? Sounds good to me, we could use the money.

Joe: No bro, we were into Black Flag since before high school so it's been pretty much a punk rock thing from the start. If you ever saw any of the bands we were in before the Icarus Line you'd understand. The first band that made me want to have a confrontational approach to music and live atmosphere

that I saw in person was probably The Criminals from Berkeley. Jesse used to talk shit and sing so close to your face that his spit would be running down your cheeks by the end of the show. Punk rock bitch! Also I think watching FYP getting beaten up by drunk skinheads at the Hong Kong gave me the "get them before they get you" mentality. At The Drive-In sure did jump a lot though.

Aaron: Because we move around we're like At The Drive-In? Eh... No... We've been in "hardcore punk" bands since before we could drive, running around like fools. Haven't you ever seen a Bad Brains video dude? [no dude. but I saw them live in '86. or was that '85? where you out of diapers then?-ed.]

SFS: Why does everyone in Hollywood feel they need a gimmick?

Joe: I dunno, why does everyone in New York gotta front? [good point. I think it's all that ink in their skin. makes them testy.-ed]

Aaron: Everyone in bands in Hollywood? Is that what you mean? Tool, Jane's Addiction,

and Guns n' Roses were from Hollywood and didn't have gimmicks, they were just good bands. [um yeah. bald prog-rock/metal singer wearing nothing but underwear, transvestite junkie w/dreads, glam band...yer right. no gimmicks there.-ed.]

SFS: Nobody is REALLY from Hollywood. Where are you all from? (I spent four years in Los Feliz so I'll know if you're lying)

Joe: People actually do live in Hollywood... blacks, mexicans, asians, whites, the whole gamut, so obviously you've never been here. Liar [I didn't ask if people live there but rather "are you from there?"-ed.]. Blaze James lives in Hollywoodland right off Santa Monica next to the clinic. Aaron lived in Hollywood right off Hollywood Blvd. till he was evicted during our last string of tours. I live in Highland Park [not in Hollywood-ed.], Alvin resides in San Gabriel [definitely not Hollywood, it's not on the same Thomas Guide page-ed.] Lance is in Pasadena [again. Not Hollywood-ed.] and Capto drinks in Norwalk [So really none of you live in Hollywood except your bitch ass manager-ed.]. All of which are within ten minutes of downtown and Hollywood.

SFS: Did you raise money for your record by standing on the street corner? (6100 block Santa Monica, say)

Joe: No, but we actually got our name from a famed Santa Monica Blvd. male tranny nicknamed "Icarus" that gave the ultimate oral stimulation... hence the line to receive his services. Besides, does our record actually sound like we spent money on it?

SFS: Got any Jesus Lizard records?

Joe: Yeah, I've got some Tool records too.

SFS: How cool is Mark Trombino?

Joe: Not really.

SFS: I think you guys sound like Tad. How does that make you feel?

Joe: Like we're the heaviest shit around.

SFS: David Yow is God. No?

Joe: I don't go to church.

SFS: Doesn't LA suck. If you could live anywhere, where would it be?

Joe: No. Los Angeles pretty much rules the world and you know it. I'm born and raised, been all over the world and have yet to be impressed with a town to even consider relocation. The climate is perfect and it's pretty much as close to paradise as you're gonna get in the states. New York on the other hand is the scourge of the earth [you've obviously never be to Cleveland, Baltimore or St. Louis-ed.]. Why would anyone want to have humanity forced into their lives at such grotesque levels all the fucking time? Living on top of each other like smelly kittens at the corner pet store [or ants-ed.]... no thanks. Every street is like a MTV hip hop runway; it's like TRL got cancer and is spilling out onto the streets... weak. I need beaches and

backyards. Another margarita please....

SFS: Every [sic] party with Scott Weiland in Pasadena?

Joe: No, but I drink at a bar called the Colorado that is located directly across the street from where he got busted for smack. I think Travis Keller is pals with the guy but we don't have many friends around town.

SFS: In junior high did you go to Jabberjaw?

Joe: In junior high I played the Jabberjaw.

SFS: Aren't those Flipside writers creepy?

Joe: Flipside is dead and gone bro.

SFS: I like the Melvins. Do you?

Joe: Stoner Witch.

SFS: Nice album artwork. Influenced by Blaze James' dreams no?

Joe: Yeah you got it man, hit that nail on the head. How'd you guess? So perceptive of you.

SFS: Web sites are gay. Dontcha think?

Aaron: Agreed.

Joe: Go to ratemyrack.com

SFS: Techie info: Who is playing what through what?

Alvin: Fender Mustang guitar, Hiwatt head, Marshall cab

Lance: G&L bass, GK head, Ampeg cab

Joe: Sure mic, Boss delay pedal
Capto: Tama drums, Vadar sticks, DW bass pedal

Aaron: Hagstrom III guitar, Mesa Boogie head, Marshall cab

SFS: Do your amps go to eleven?

Joe: Come to a show and you'll find out.

SFS: Who do you turn to for lyrical inspira-

tion (besides chuck bukowski)?

Joe: Chuck Dukowski. [da-dump-ba! rim shot!-ed.]

SFS: Every [sic] spend a friday night hanging out in the Valley?

Joe: Only when we were recording Mono in North Hollywood. Fuck the Valley.

Aaron: Not to sound like a pompous asshole, but that's the second time you've used the word "every" when you should have used "ever". Get that checked out bro. [champagne of beers, bro.-ed.]

SFS: Favorite city to play out of state is.... why?

Joe: Vancouver cos there's tons of shady whores to take our money and there's plenty of bomb chrons to smoke on the way home.

SFS: The hipster kids hate you because...

Joe: We give the time of day to web sites like insound.com

SFS: Funniest celebrity encounter.


Joe: I saw Carmen Electra eating with Dave Navarro at some diner the other night, not really funny though.

SFS: What is it you really want me to say/write about your band?
[the band chose not to answer this question-ed.]

Who is Ed? This interview is dedicated to punk rock-San Francisco style. I remember reading Thrasher and there would always be these comments by Ed. It took me years to figure out it was the omnipresent editor speaking.



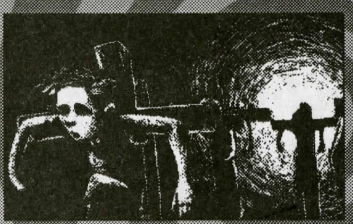
BALLYHOOD WITHDRAWAL



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PRAISE
Maryland
#15
Rod
POWERED

PRAISE THE LOWERED

Somewhere between the "God Damned Seagulls!" baseball caps and the t-shirts with the little fuzzy green guy flipping the bird is the rack of full-custom, completely personalized license plate tag brackets. On a typical day in Ocean City, Maryland, you'd be much more likely to see the standard "Wishin' I Was Fishin'" or "In Memory of Dale Earnhardt", but during the annual street rod run, the God fearin', gasoline guzzlin' yahoos get REALLY creative. This particular one came as a package deal- included with the tag bracket was the famous "On the 8th day, God created Fords" t-shirt.

SFS: I just called your ass and you weren't there

Chris: Yea, I know. I was out working on the van. We just got a new van, that's why I haven't been around. Our old van, I don't know. It's losing oil pressure, the bottom end of the motor is all screwed up.

SFS: Not something you want to drive across the country in?

Chris: No. Exactly. Actually, I've been rebuilding a motor with a friend of mine on a '69 GTO, but if I had two weeks I could [rebuild the van motor], but we don't have that much time. So we got another van and we're going to sell the old one. That's why I've been incommunicado. I had to drive three hours out to the middle of nowhere to buy this van.

SFS: So what's this ranch that Jami at Man's Ruin keeps talking about? Like 'Oh, they're at the ranch'.

Chris: It's a piece of land that me and my brother have outside of San Francisco, near Napa.

SFS: That's got to be a good drive from the city?

Chris: Uh, yeah. I got a good car.

SFS: So after all those years in Unsane, you still decided to continue down the path of rock & roll domination?

Chris: (Laughing) I guess so. No. Cutthroats is more fun. With Unsane, we toured so much and did it for so long that it was a lot more fun to do something new.

SFS: It still seems like you're

Chris: (Laughs)

SFS: So what's the name mean?

Chris: It's from this crazy Spanish extreme gore western. I saw one copy that was third

generation on video. It's really hard to get. Apparently it's on Showtime now, that's what I heard.

SFS: That's weird.

Chris: But uh, it's must be cut up.

SFS: It must be.

Chris: (Laughs) It must be because the copy I saw was so color-saturated that a lot of the time the entire screen was just red from blood.

SFS: Wow.

Chris: So we took our name from that.

SFS: Still on that violent tip I see?

Chris: Well, I'm still the same guy.

SFS: So tell me about FUCKING Tim Green.

Chris: About what?!

SFS: FUCKING Tim Green. You know the guy from the FUCKING Champs who recorded your record.

Chris: Oh! (Laughs) I was gonna be like, 'Eh, I never had anything to do with that guy.'

SFS: You're thinking 'I told ya I had a girlfriend!'

Chris: We never even dated (Laughs) Oh god. He's real cool. I met him in the Champs before and then I had talked to Frank



an angry young man?

Chris: Oh yea? I'll be alright.

SFS: It always seems that a lot of bands are a product of their environment. You take a look at NYC and you can see how Unsane's sound could have come about. But now you're living on the west coast and on Man's Ruin, yet you don't have that noodling, '70s fuzz & wah wah going on [that permeates the 'stoner rock' sound]

Chris: (Laughs) Well, too many people are doing that right now. We tried that for a while but it didn't work (laughs)

SFS: It didn't work out huh? You kept burning yourself on the joint.



Bloody Fucking Music

Chris Spencer used to be in NYC's Unsane.

Now he's in SF's Cutthroats 9

By Greg E. Boy

(Kozik) about doing this record. Tim has a studio in his house in the basement, he's pretty cheap and has basically has the same ethic. It's hard to get time with him, but it was easy to do. He's real laid back.

SFS: Seems like he's doing a lot of production work these days.

Chris: Yep. Yep. Things sound pretty good. A lot of people like using him and he pretty much does it anytime he's not playing with the Champs. He's booked up solid for months.

SFS: The Unsane had that great video from Thomas Campbell for 'Scrape' showing skaters slam. Any videos in the future for the Cutthroats.

Chris: We're working on it, on getting some money.

SFS: How long has this band been around?

Chris: Well, we started doing it, um, around when (Unsane's) Occupational Hazards came out. I had been coming out here a lot because of this land my brother and I had so I'd be at here working and hooking up with Mark.

SFS: From all that money you made with Unsane?

Chris: Oh yeah. With the scads of money I made.

SFS: All those Relapse royalties.

Chris: Yeah flying back and forth from NYC in my own private jet.

SFS: Right, right. But since the price of gas went up you had to get a van

Chris: (Laughs)

Right, right. How'd you know about that? I knew him from New York and we hung out all the time because we didn't like or fit in with the west coast scene. We'd stay out late and go to different people's practice spaces and started writing a few songs. And then when we'd go jam with people we'd break them out because they were really simple and people didn't have a hard time with it. So it basically started then, which was a year ago? A year and a half? So it basically went on for eight months and then when Unsane broke up, or stopped for awhile, I started pursuing it. We did a single. I talked to Frank and about doing a record and then started looking for band members.

SFS: I was pretty stoked to get your record because I don't hear much like it anymore.

Chris: Yep.

SFS: Good to see someone's still keeping the flame alive.

Chris: I like that its raw. I like keeping it lo-fi and raw. Way back when, like The Cherubs would be out. But today so much stuff seems unoriginal and derivative. I'd rather hear punk rock than hip hop/metal.

SFS: When you heard Flipper or the Butthole Surfers, that shit wasn't derivative.

Chris: Yeah man, when you saw those bands, it just hit you in the face.

SFS: I listen to some of those old records and think, Man, I don't need to buy any more records, I've got a lot of good old ones. I just bought Scratch Acid's greatest hits on CD the other day and I was thinking, 'Where are all the drunk, ugly noise-makers?'

Chris: Uh, oh. Well we're coming out there to your town... (laughs)

SFS: (Laughing) coming to my town.

Chris: (Laughing) We'll be there in a few weeks.

SFS: Did you vote?

Chris: No. And I had a big argument with a girl about it the other night. And I probably shouldn't discuss that in an interview. I think that if you want something changed, it's got to be a little more radical than a ballot. It's just the way it is.

SFS: You're not going to change rock & roll getting signed to Atlantic Records.

Chris: Exactly. You've got it.

SFS: How old are you?

Chris: 35

SFS: So you been doing this for quite some time

Chris: I grew up in upstate New York and then I lived in Manhattan for 15 years.

SFS: You got out alive?

Chris: Yeah, well I got a bunch of scars

SFS: What made you leave NYC?

Chris: I don't know. Just family and band stuff. With my brother's land and jamming w/ Mark out here.

END



Boaz Dror's Video Column

Hype is a motherfucker. Every summer I'm re-reminded, when the big studios at Hollywood hit us with neatly trimmed trailers for films that we will eventually hate having seen. Hype sucks. Hype's the siren song that lures you ashore and leaves your skeleton basking in the scorching sun of a deserted island. The military-industrial-HYPE-complex targets its victims with such unerring accuracy that they are powerless to resist all the cross-promotional ground and air assaults. Physiology lends a hand too, being that males aged 13-30 are more open to hype at certain times of the year, when we begin to crave it like mad. It's like we're in heat, prowling multiplexes looking for some action. Or, rather, Action! And Destruction! And Nudity! A symphony of guns, tits, bloodied corpses, alien invasions and car chases! Ahh, sweet romance is in the air, and we are giddy with it.

But what happens next? I'll tell you what- we end up settling for disappointing "Action Film Booty Calls," to the Schwarzeneggers and Stallones of this world. Cheap, unfulfilling thrills that we forget as soon as we leave the theater. The morning after, finding a worn out ticket stub in our back pockets soaked in overpriced concession-stand Coca Cola. We are such Hype sluts.

Peter Jackson: Big Time Freak.

Over time, a moviegoer loses his capacity for trust. It is a tragic thing, these people who don't go to movies anymore. They spend their Sunday afternoons tossing Frisbees to each other, or riding bicycles, or making love to their girlfriends. What can we do about it? Can we turn to a higher power for help? Should we say a little prayer before entering movie the theaters? Or at night, when we kneel at our beds?, "Dear God, please send us somebody to love, a filmmaker who will take us away from this mess."

But God has sent someone, and he's a filmmaker from New Zealand named Peter Jackson. Peter Jackson will help us. Who's Peter Jackson, you ask? Well, Peter Jackson happens to be THE DIRECTOR OF THE BIGGEST MOVIE TO HIT THEATERS IN THE PAST 2/3rds OF A QUARTER CENTURY!!!

We here at Slug Central, with our unlimited capacity for foresight, think it's time to cash in on the upcoming Hyperwave of publicity around this guy, by presenting you, our lucky readers, with a Peter Jackson retrospective. Why are we Jocking Peter Jackson's tip? Fool, ain't you heard? Because Jackson is the movie director for the Pepsi Generation (previously known as Generation X)! Over countless other directors, Jackson's been given the task of directing the biggest Sci-Fi/Fantasy film adaptation ever, the trilogy that inspired millions of adolescents into becoming D & D-ers: J.R.R. Tolkien's Lord of the Rings. Three movies, all directed at once, all prepped for a staggered release over successive winters, from 2001-2003. That means that very soon, you'll be standing in line with hundreds of geeks, licking your lips over the visuals that await awaiting you in Part 1, The Fellowship of the Ring. And, your hopes of self-indulgence will rest firmly on Jackson's shoulders.

But what makes Jackson different than the countless other 'next big things'? Well, check P.J.'s history. He's not your average blockbuster director. In fact, his past films have only ever succeeded in earning him a small cult following. And what's more, check his chutzpah: The studio had to build him a set in New Zealand because Peter Jackson insists on filming within his native land New Zealand. American soil isn't good enough for him. That's one good sign. Any more? Let's take a look at his films and gauge the future of this household-name-to-be. After each review, we'll track the signs, be they good or bad. Then, at the end, using 'new math', we

may be able to estimate the chances of the LOTR trilogy sucking completely.

BAD TASTE (1987)

Seeing this first film, one immediately realizes that Jackson brings to cinema something fresh; a sense of energetic delight in the formula, pace and Swiss-cheese logic of action/horror/sci-fi films. Though low budget, Bad Taste manages to squeeze more bang for its buck than most films, skimping on nothing, and substituting creativity where money won't do. Kinetic camerawork, impossibly complicated plot-lines, clever use of special effects, an inclination towards vomit-inducing scenarios and fresh contexts for familiar genre elements are some of the Jacksonian trademarks that originate with this, the most important movie ever made.

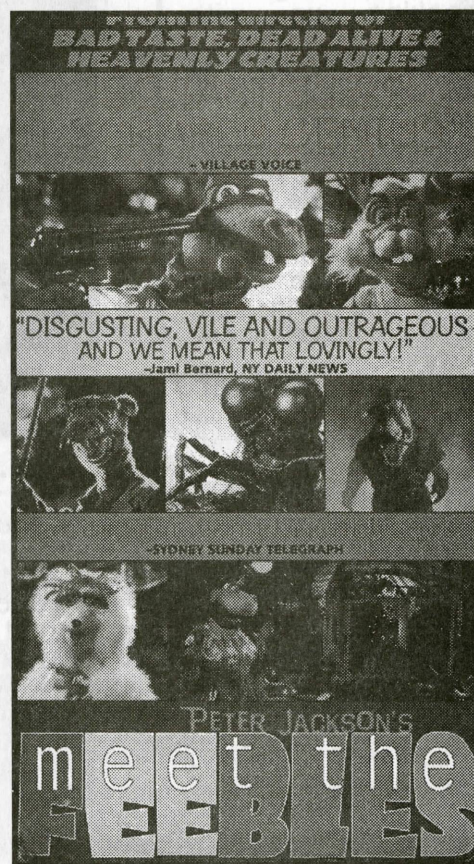
The film takes place in a deserted town filled with mindless hammer-wielding psychopaths. These aren't zombies, however, but rather extraterrestrial fast food franchisers, who have packed the town's inhabitants into cardboard boxes. The fun begins when a gun-happy governmental task force is called in to stop the aliens. The aliens' heads are cracked backwards, sheep are blown up, humans are liquefied, vomit is licked up, and through it all it is tremendously funny. One of the heroes is actually played by Peter Jackson, who early on in the movie has a section of his brain dislodged from his head,

which he struggles to put back at various times throughout the adventure, fighting off seizures. The camera work is extraordinary, for a low-budget film: it travels everywhere, even beyond a cliff, when one of the zombies hung out over the ocean is tortured by Jackson's sadistic agent. The climax, where the alien home/space-ship launches into space, is amazing.

Slug Verdict: Amazing film, and if he can do this with a low budget, think what he can do with the \$100 + million given him for the LOTR trilogy. He also earns extra points for acting in his own film (he appears in all, a la Hitchcock) and also for somehow convincing the government of New Zealand government to help him fund it. GOOD SIGN OF THINGS TO COME

MEET THE FEEBLES (1989)

Meet the Feebles is Jackson's second film, and here the excessive nature of showbiz meets the 'The Muppet Show'. A day before their televised variety special 'The Feebles'



is set to air, a new actor arrives on the set. He is an incredibly naive and wide-eyed hedgehog named Robert, sporting a tragic speech impediment and an immediate love for the resident chorus girl poodle. The hedgehog (voiced by Peter Jackson) is essentially the Kermit character in this farce. The show's "The Feebles" producer, a walrus named Bletch, is a sexually voracious creature who has corrupted most of the female cast members. Heidi the Hippo, the show's prima donna 'Miss Piggy' character, is in love with Bletch, who manipulates her insecurities, mainly her issues with weight, to get her to do whatever he wants. The other characters include a sexually active rabbit, a Vietnam vet frog who has Vietcong flashbacks straight out of *Deer Hunter*, a cockroach who directs porno movies in the basement and a fly who digs up the dirt up on everyone (going so far as to travel into the toilet).

There are many intertwining stories, climaxing in another of Jackson's early trademarks; the requisite scene of overkill and mass destruction. Here the Hippo is the instrument of destruction, as on the day of the show, after realizing the depth of the walrus's betrayal, she whips out two submachine guns and decimates the cast. Morbidly absurd, yet essentially a realistic portrait of egos gone wild, this comedy firmly established Jackson's cult status, and preserved him a place in cinematic history as one of the most irreverent directors ever.

Verdict: Jackson steps outside of the confines of conventional cinema to create one of the truly must-see-movies of the decade. Working with Frances Walsh (a frequent collaborator from the very first), Jackson starts to show his ability to straddle the fence between entertainment and art and radicalizes the notion of 'Adult' entertainment. ANOTHER GOOD SIGN

DEAD ALIVE (1992)

This movie is where it all comes together for Jackson. A fresh reworking of the zombie movie, with an inspired Sumatran Rat Monkey-bite opening sequence, in which the Rat Monkey is introduced, is AMAZING, as good as any ever filmed. I've watched it a million times and will never get sick of it. Reminiscent of Indiana Jones, yet gracing a uniquely Jacksonian punchline, the opening propels this film into the cinematic stratosphere, where it stays throughout. An ambitious Orson Welles-type tracking shot follows, through the quaint New Zealand town destined to soon be destined to experience a zombie outbreak. The cast of characters is over the top, typical of Jackson's horror films. The story revolves around a mama's boy named Lionel and the lovely Paquita, a local girl who believes him to be her knight in shining armor. When the attention-hungry mother, threatened by Paquita's presence, follows the budding lovers to the zoo and is bit by the Rat Monkey (who is on exhibit), she begins to transform. Into a rabid, flesh-eating zombie. Lionel begins to avoid Paquita, as he has holed up with his undead mum, whom he tries vainly to save. Jackson milks Lionel's domestic zombie trouble for all of its comedic and vomit-inducing worth, as Lionel struggles to keep a rapidly deteriorating home and mother under control. A particularly gut churning moment comes when zombie liquid spurts from the mother into the dessert custard of a visiting socialite, who then slurps it up off the table. And then when Paquita decides to pay Lionel a surprise visit, leading to when she delivers one of the all-time classic movie lines, "Your mother ate my dog!" Or when his greedy uncle intrudes, and throws a party after the mother is buried and the shit is about ready to hit the fan. The ensuing party sequence is truly the highlight of the film, as Jackson unveils a ballet of severed limbs and runaway organs, including one very animated gastrointestinal system, freed from its human host. The gore is sticky, and once again Jackson delivers an aria of overkill over the top of any previously attempted.

N e x t comes the lawnmower scene. The lawnmower scene! Christ, the lawnmower scene is one of the most perversely riveting moments in all of cinematic history. And when a kung-fu fighting priest joins in the fight against the undead, declaring, "I kick ass for the lord" (only later to be skewered upon a statue), it somehow all makes perfect sense. Peter Jackson revels in the gory indulgences of his audience and is determined to give us what we want. People will

say this is worthless gore, but I say; bull-shit. This is what we see in all Hollywood blockbusters, except that this is simply too much of what we see, given to us all at once! And anyway, since *Dead Alive* is essentially a love story about a relationship that, like any, suffers distractions (the distractions here being zombies), it is therefore an allegory, which means that everything serves a purpose.

Verdict: The New York Daily News called this "the goriest fright film of all time." What John Woo is to bullets, Jackson is to severed body parts. Once again, this begs the question, "How in the hell was this guy,

freak that he is, chosen to helm a movie that parents are going to take their children to see? *Dead Alive* is pornographically violent. It boggles the mind. It's too good to be true. Anyone who can direct a movie like D.A. can do anything. VERY GOOD SIGN

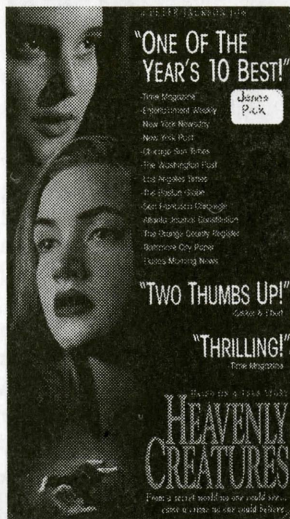
HEAVENLY CREATURES (1994)

Peter Jackson takes a new direction with this film, but does he really? While outwardly a relatively conservative film that enjoyed success on the art-house circuit and was even nominated for an Academy Award for best original screenplay (co-written with Frances Walsh), at its heart *Heavenly Creatures* is still also a tale of perversion. This time it's the perversion of love, innocence and the imagination. Jackson is still pushing the envelope, here, but on a more profound level. Nevertheless, this is Jackson's first foray into 'serious' cinema, and establishes a second stylistic movement in his career. From here on, there will never be a return to the mad-cap splatterfest that was his early work. A moment of silence please. The story revolves around the friendship between two alienated girls, Juliet and Pauline, two alienated girls who understand each other on a level that transcends reality and their ultimate reaction to a society that threatens their fantasy world, which culminates in the murder of Pauline's mother. Jackson called this film "a murder story about love, a murder story with no villains," which is dead-on, and reveals his interest in messing with the conventional assumptions held by mainstream audiences concerning murder movies and movies in general.

Essentially a tale of madness, which among other things introduced the world to Kate Winslet, Jackson's visual concept here receives the digital treatment, and is more elaborate than his other films. He renders the girls' fantasy world, named Borovia and the royal family that lives within the castle there as a Gothic universe made entirely of clay. And it's a violent universe, too, a brutal, primal humanity that lies beneath society's civil facade. A feverish excursion into the realm of imagination, as seen through the eyes of it's 'innocent murderers', *Heavenly Creatures*, despite it's conservative nature, is ultimately Jackson's most disturbing work, because it involves you in the both the girls' real and fantasy lives. At the film's end, with no one to blame and with no clear moral conclusion, you are left feeling slightly psychotic yourself, suspicious of your own inner life.



Verdict: There is little restraint on Jackson's part, when he turns his lens towards so-called serious moviemaking. The kinetic camerawork is still there, evident in the harrowing opening scene, as is the creativity and the New Zealand locale. Of course, if he continues to make films like this, he'll lose his predominantly male audience, and, after all, there ain't no zombies in Borovia. Hmmm. INCONCLUSIVE



FRIGHTENERS (1996)

Frank Bannister is a haunted man. Literally, by three ghosts that inhabit his dilapidated home and take part in his small time exorcism scams. Bannister's ability to see into the spirit world is somehow linked to an accident that killed his wife and left him a ruined man, suspicious of love and clinging to the ruins of his past. When he begins to see the Grim Reaper running loose about his quaint hometown, leaping from rooftop to rooftop and killing the living, Frank is thrown into a whirlwind adventure. It all revolves around a brutal serial killer from 20 years before and his still-living ex-lover, Patricia, insane and living under house arrest with her mother.

When an attractive social worker assigned to and entrusted with Patricia's case crosses his path, widower Frank is drawn into a love story as well, made more complicated when the social worker's husband is killed by the Grim Reaper and begins to follow Frank around. There's a lot of shit going on here, as Frank's small town is turned upside down by a mystery to which only he is privy. The plot is cumbersome, but despite its faults I enjoyed and continue to enjoy watching this film. There are many interesting ideas roaming about, maybe even too many, as they seem to crowd the viewer film. This film, in addition (and probably related) to being Peter Jackson's first misstep, is Jackson's first dealing with Hollywood money, which negates so many good intentions. And though it is a return to the genre that started it all, it's missing the energy and sense of fun that was Jackson's early trademark. Of course, the camerawork is still there, as is the marvelous production design and special effects. And offbeat characters, too, including an oversexed ghost and an insane FBI 'X-files' man who's seen too many paranormal cases for his own good. Maybe it's the American actors that mar this effort, being that previously since Jackson had previously worked only with either newcomers or non-actors only. Still, even at his worst, Jackson is head and shoulders above the rest, and this film is worth a look.

Verdict: The first sign of trouble, in an otherwise basically flawless career. The Frighteners raises questions as to Jackson's abilities when big money is on the line. But if the Nazgul, the undead instruments of evil in LOTR, look anything like the Grim Reaper: digital effects, then that's a good sign. Still, this raises doubts, since LOTR, like The Frighteners, has a cast of professional actors and a lot riding on it. BAD SIGN

FORGOTTEN SILVER (1996)

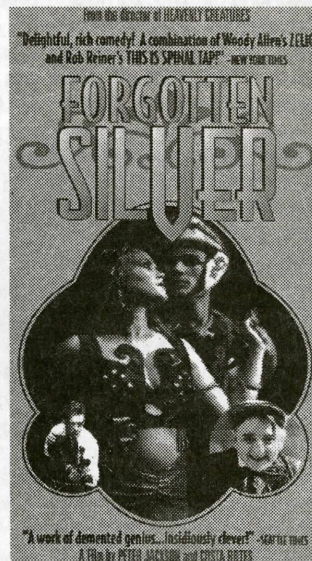
Here's Pete Jackson (in collaboration with co-writer/director and real-life (hyphenated) film critic, Costa Botes), messing with his audience again, unleashing a wealth of fabrication into an information-hungry age. Amid the worldwide celebration of 100 years of cinema, Jackson released this controversial mockumentary, which sought to icorrect world film history. It is the chronicle of forgotten international cinema pioneer Colin McKenzie, a New Zealander who essentially invented or discovered every major invention or discovery in film history years before anyone else in the world even dreamt them. It turns out that McKenzie's (rediscovery) came about when his lost films were found in the garden shed of his second wife, who just happened to have lived next door

to co-director Peter Jackson's mother. This led to Jackson's (who appears on screen (onscreen is one word) as himself) researching McKenzie's life. In the process he learns that McKenzie, at age 12, invented a mechanized camera powered by first a bicycle and then a steam engine. Cinema's first tracking shots logically followed on the heels of this discovery. McKenzie also made his own film stock, from (no comma)out of eggs and his own personal formula. McKenzie also made the world's first full-length feature film, The Warrior Season, which also happens to be the world's very first sound film shot with sound. He then became the first person to ever shoot color film, using a rare native berry that he picked himself. McKenzie also invented slapstick comedy, and photographed the first ever-recorded flight, which actually predated the American Wright brothers by several months. In order to complete his epic, Salome, McKenzie made a deal with the newly-formed (hyphenated) Soviet Union, in exchange for pro-Soviet propaganda. Then, in an irony perfectly suited to his trailblazing life, McKenzie even filmed his own death, during the Spanish Civil War. Jackson and Botes know the documentary paradigm and enjoy playing the part of stuffy documentarians, all done with a straight face. They interview such film celebrities as Leonard Maltin, Harvey Weinstein and Sam Neill. They uncover the ilost city which McKenzie erected with Soviet money in the New Zealand forest, and are constantly amazed by his achievements. Even when you're %100% sure that this is all bullshit, there's something eerie about how well it all fits together. Forgotten Silver is actually unsettling in its ability to falsify reality and [questions we know as fact] this is a fragment. Not sure what he is saying.. It also questions why the fuck we should care who did what first. Jackson takes the documentary tradition of documentaries and exposes it as a pissing contest, with cultures vying for historical significance on a global stage. The simple existence of this movie is refreshing.

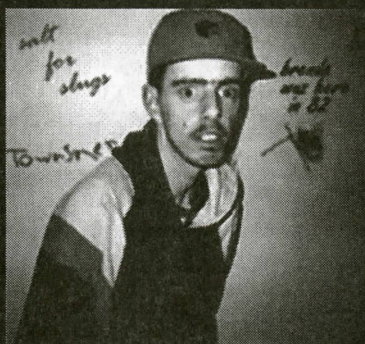
Verdict: Bouncing back from his only misfire, Jackson once again, as he did with Meet The Feebles, creates a film that explodes the boundaries of film as a medium, (no comma)and terrorizes the established conventions. GOOD SIGN

LORD OF THE RINGS (Winter 2001)

So there you have it. More good signs than bad. Of course, no one knows what'll happen for sure, but, based on his history, it seems unlikely that with Jackson's credentials, with his credentials, he will fail to deliver the goods, (no comma)in some fashion or another. I mean, maybe he's a bit too risky a director, or too much of a terrorist or freak, but we here at Salt for Slugs feel that that's a good thing. Better than the lukewarm directors infesting multiplexes this summer season, for sure. And wVe are proud to support Peter Jackson, (no comma)and we encourage him to write us a letter or something, congratulating us for our risk-taking, since we are being the first magazine to do a retrospective on his talent (although this is unverified), regardless of the ultimate success or failure of Lord of the Rings. So if you're not familiar with his work, you need to start renting his videos. Because when everyone will be jumping on the Peter Jackson bandwagon you're gonna look like a fool, as will the magazines who rush out to do spreads on him after he makes good on our promise to you: Peter Jackson will be THE BIGGEST THING EVER TO HAPPEN TO MOVIE-GOING EARTHLINGS.

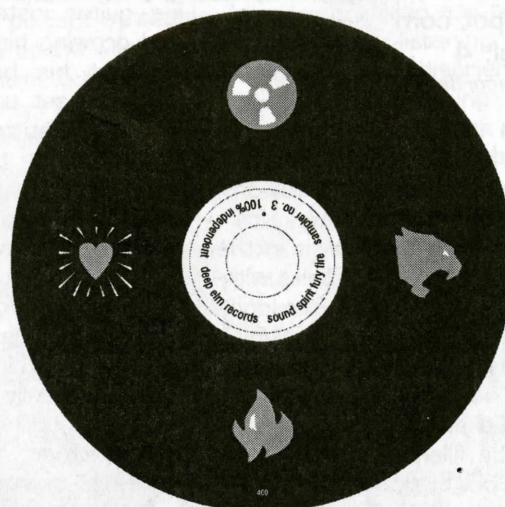
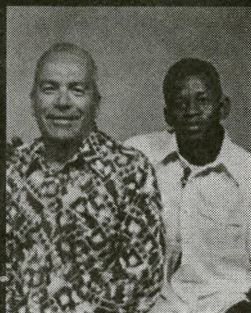


THIS GUY HELPED S.F.S. MOVE!!!



We've moved... Last month, just before the terrorist attacks on America, SFS relocated its main headquarters from Austin, TX to the fine town of Chapel Hill, NC. This maniac pictured above spearheaded the Slug Relocation Project (aka: Project R), and the results have proved amazing! However, the peeps at Slug Central need further assistance in the ongoing battle against anything unslugworthy in these precarious and tumultuous times. And now, you can help us move too!!! While supplies last, copies of SFS will be made available in large quantities to promising Slug candidates from across the globe. Just drop an e-mail to Randal at ranscot@saltforslugs.com and before you know it, you'll have heaps of cool magazines to give out or sell for your own profit to buy plenty of stuff with your hard earned slug-cash! Our new address is: Salt for Slugs Magazine, P.O. Box 4754, Chapel Hill, NC 27515

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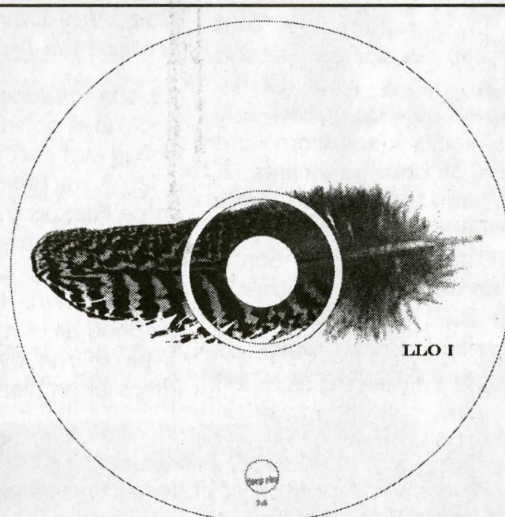


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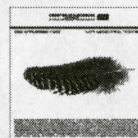
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Sessions, vol. 4

Orange Peel Records

Synergy is an ugly word. To imagine music as one part of a business venture involving websites and cross-promotion is to stare into the abyss of art and see ourselves as complicit in the creation of the monster that lurks within. I mean, this release has more logos on it than a Nascar driver. Which makes a reviewer like me, with my issues (which you don't want to hear about), a bit skeptical that the proceedings will be filler, a smattering of artists sought out by the conglomerate company releasing the CD to take up space. It's refreshing to find, then, that some of the artists on the compilation are above par. Still, the whole thing is indeed filler, just like I thought, and it pacifies my sense of justice to realize that this CD would never be part of my collection. (Boaz)

Jay Hooks

(self-titled)

Provogue Records

This is a hard disc for me to review, personally, because I'm not one of those Stevie Ray Vaughan fans that religiously worship all things electric guitar. I like my blues from Chess records, played on beat-up guitars and sung by old black men from the Mississippi Delta or Chicago streets. A blues saturated with that relaxed, "ain't goin' nowhere for a while" feeling, performed by men named Lightnin', Sonny Boy, or Blind something or another. I don't even like B.B. King, much less Southern Electrified Rock, which is basically blues performed by a white

man who spent all of his childhood playing guitar instead of playing sports, and growing his hair long so he could highlight his bolo tie when the day came to get up on stage and dazzle 'em. Not that this isn't a good disk: Jay Hooks seems to have his chops and licks where one's chops and licks should be. And a lot of it sounds as good to me as Stevie Ray Vaughan's stuff. Some sounds even better, like "If Life Don't Kill You (Lovin' Will)," which I actually liked despite not being a fan of the genre. Which I guess is a sign that fans will really dig this disk. I don't mean Jay, SRV, or ZZ Top any disrespect, either: It's just that I'm somewhere else, where my blues are concerned. (Boaz)



A.C. Cotton Half Way Down In Music We Trust

"Gonna change my name to Cotton, and move down to the South..." These words start off this CD and I had A.C.'s lyrics in my head for the next week. For some reason this A.C. Cotton disc had somehow gotten mixed up in my shitty Texas CDs. It wasn't touched for weeks. Then, in a drunken stupor, I grabbed all of my music press releases given to me by top SFS officials (this information remains cloaked in mys-

tery), and I came across the A.C. Cotton bio. I didn't know that Alan Charing was even in A.C. Cotton. I was completely clueless. This CD wasn't even from Texas, it was from Portland. Man, does this guy have a good voice. Not only can he really sing, but he also has written some memorable tunes to go along with it, or vice versa. Yes, it is pop music, and many Slug readers out there may frown on the overt catchiness of the song "Rusty Chain". Still, many may even go on to assert that some of the material is too simple, but every once in a while Alan Charing glows so bright that it would be a shame if he were ever referred to as anything but a rock star. The combination of Charing and the talented and awesome producer/musician/songwriter Luther Russell is simply amazing. Sometimes they dabble with poppy tunes, and then they dig a little deeper. Track nine, "Real Damn Shame," is a modern day rock hit with a Lynyrd Skynyrd edge to it, while some songs on this disc come off as straight up country. No matter what, I would definitely go see this band if they were in town. I really liked this CD a lot. (Estevez)

Rizzo

Phoning It In

Sympathy For The Record Industry

I like happy. This album made me happy, not only because it's a two piece girl band which I've had a weakness for since the Murmurs, but because this is just happy music. Though I am not sure where they are from, I could definitely see them playing a fun-loving venue in Portland like the Roseland. Very Northwest sound that makes you pop the bubblegum in your mouth to the beat. (basset)



Music Reviews by people who care



Antifreeze
Four Letter Words
Kung Fu Records

Energetic, aggressive rock with vocals reminiscent of Green Day, Antifreeze experiments much more than your normal everyday punk band, switching up tempos and incorporating dense varieties and combinations of melodies, so much so that it's hard to gauge what they're going for. I mean, the Beatles taught us all that the quickest way to getting noticed was to write quaint little tunes that are easy to remember. And even punk, with its anti-establishment swagger, plays it pretty safe, not venturing too far into uncharted territory. So I've got to hand it to Antifreeze. They did it their way, and it's not half-bad. (Phil)

Low
Things We Lost In The Fire
kranky

Slow-core purveyors, Low opts for that dreamy, minimal indie rock made famous by Galaxie 500, Luna, and Yo La Tengo. What's not to like about that? The problem is that they're more rainy-day Sunday than get-up-and-go-rock-and-roll Friday night. Yet they're still very endearing; compelling; engaging. Love that semicolon; love it. (greg e. boy)

The Swords Project
Self-Titled
Absolutely Kosher Records

I first heard this record, err EP except it was 4 songs and 30 minutes, riding on the Beast through New York Harbor. For those not currently in the city that never sleeps, the Beast is a boat that will show you the entire New York Skyline in under 30 minutes, Statue of Liberty included. We're talking speeds of up to 45 mph on a 72 foot boat. The stage being set, these songs were perfect, a smooth experimental Ride of the Valkyries if you will.

As the waves splashed by us in an overwhelming colorfast, the music melted into the rapidly pulsating skyline. The music is a perfect synthesis of modernity and how all the world may be swirling out of control, but there are still oases of singularity. Did I mention how high I was on this boat trip? But still, it's great to see so many instruments in one band and still manage to keep it simple, yet with layers so complex. Definitely going to add them with the Halo Sequence and King Black Acid for musical reason of why I should relocate to Portland. (p.s. The album art is just adorable) (rari scot)



CHESTNUT STATION

Chestnut Station
In Your Living Room
Drag City Records

Chestnut Station is a Chicago super-group dressed up as a cover band, and proud of it. Heavy on British Rock influence, from the Rascals to the Kinks, these guys have their white-soul-swagger down pat. Recorded live at Chicago venues and mixed by Steve Albini, this is obviously a pet project of sorts for the normally cerebral Chicagoans: Edith Frost does backup vocals and indie rockers Drag City, Eleventh Dream Day, and the Coctails are all represented. When it's all said and done, Chestnut Station earns its self-proclaimed title of #2 Party Band in the world. The group shows its love for '60s and '70s soul sides energetically, making this album a lot of fun for like-minded individuals. (Phil)

The Red
Let's Not and Say We Did
Bella Records

This release is an example of cafe music at its finest: that sleepy relaxed ambient music that makes coffee go down smoother, and enables caffeine to better soak the nerves and synapses. Intelligent singer/songwriters on a well-produced album that showcases

their individual and collective strengths is always refreshing. They don't try to do more than they can. Not that they're breaking any new ground—midway through listening to The Red, you might become disoriented and imagine that you're listening to the funkified acoustic-country-rock styling of Soulhat or some other such band. But upon a few listens you'll be able to discern the things that make these guys unique in their own right, among them somber interludes and interesting instrumental punctuation. The only thing that mars this effort, in fact, is the awful album title and artwork, which seem to have been devised by some psychopathic advertising undergrad. (Boaz)

Kasey Chambers
The Captain
Asylum

Shelby Lynne-type country crooner. A little bit of Pam Tillis, a little bit of Deanna Carter. Punky, I know what yer thinking: "What the fuck is he talking about?" Well, I AM a music critic and I hear a bunch of music. And Kasey Chambers sounds about as original as The Bastards or Sixer. It's just that she's a lot better looking. (greg e. boy)

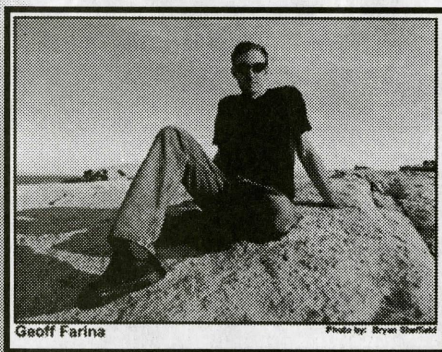


Get it on Productions
self-titled
Castrado Records

Who knows exactly how to describe who is influencing who anymore, or for that matter, what those influences have spawned. What influenced this Austin rap, jazz, rock, fusion band is pretty apparent on this, their first CD release on Castrado Records and who the fuck are they? The only thing about this band that really hints of rap is the lead vocalist who on most tracks has opted for an old school direct rap vocal pattern, thus leaving little time for him to actually sing. It's unfortunate, because when he does actually sing, he seems to just go better with the

music. Sometimes the rapping just disintegrates into plain old talking, like in the freaked out track appropriately entitled, "Texas". Get It On dabble in the low down and dirty, with tracks like "Schlammin" where the immortal lyrics, "...punk rock pussy turns me on..." are first uttered, and sometimes creep up on some of the extremely 90's pop oriented rap/rock crossover acts who intentionally won't be mentioned in this review. The potential this band has to break away from being pigeonholed as just another rap/rock act lies in the hands of the main rapper who has enough of a voice to actually sing. The band can rock and they have been known to catch a groove and hold it nicely. Guitarist Robert Matrinez not only breaks out riffs ranging from a light jazz style, to pop funky, to straight up metallic, but also plays the sitar and the bazouki on this disc. Texas does have its time delays when it comes to music and style in more ways than one. I think this release really showcases everything good and bad about the nineties all in one neat little package. This disc repeatedly proves itself to be a C- first release for a C+ band. With some new material and some more thought out vocals, who knows what Get It On Productions will come up with next. Rest assured, it will be interesting at least. (phil)

Geoff Farina
Reverse Eclipse
Southern Records



Geoff Farina

Photo by: Bryan Sheffield

Second solo album from Karate's frontman and half of the indie folk duo Secret Stars. If nothing else, this is one singer/songwriter/guitarist with balls. He hangs his ambiguous and irreverent lyrics out amid unconventionally patient guitar solos and takes his time building songs that are slower, sparser, and more interesting than the status quo. There are no catchy hooks, here, just a man, his voice,

lyrics, and guitar. You can't help but be impressed by Farina's pop-music conception. The music is haunting and intimate, like watching a lounge singer's last show before blowing his brains out. Strongly recommended to fans of Leonard Cohen or Nick Drake looking for further inspiration to their suicidal depressions. (Boaz)

Thinking Fellers
Union Local 282
Bob Dinners and Larry
Noodles present Tubby
Turner's Celebrity Avalanche
Communion

The indie rock cognoscotti will love this. Mark my words. You find this record on the 'Top' lists of forty-something, balding rock critics with greasy-haired ponytails at the end of the year. I saw this band once and thought they sucked; sucked really bad (notice my obsessive use of semicolon? I'm thinking like a local 283 fella), but this record is sporting an all-hopped-up-on-goofballs-reefer-and-Mad Dog 20/20 kind of buzz. We're talking Randy Bullock here. If you knew him, you'd understand. (Understand this: I think I'm drunk now). (greg e. boy)

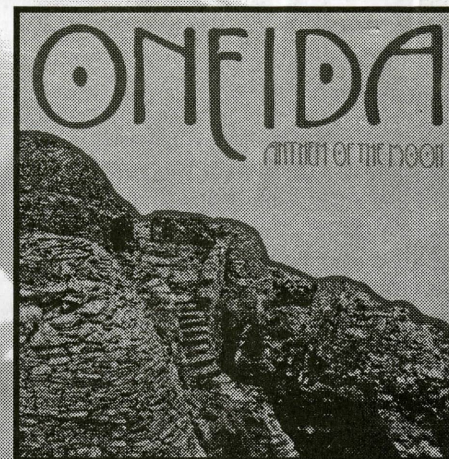


The Droo Church
In a Pasture Built for Lovers
label?

Remember when bands could rock without pretense? Seattle's The Droo Church (named after the bass player, Drew) rock, have good songs, and don't seem to take themselves too serious. Their strength is in the complimentary songwriting of the two guitarists, Kwab Copeland and Fred Speakman. While Copeland's songs have teh flasetto vox and storylines kinda like the Kinks' "Lola vs." era, Speakman songs are clearly Kiss-influenced. He can sing like like a mother-

fucker, with "wows" and "ows" to make Paul Stanley proud. If yer a fan of those bands, check these guys and gal out. They even use a cowbell here and there. The CD sounds great too. It should, since it was recorded by Kurt Bloch.!!! (LKF)

Oneida
Anthem of the Moon
Jagjagwar



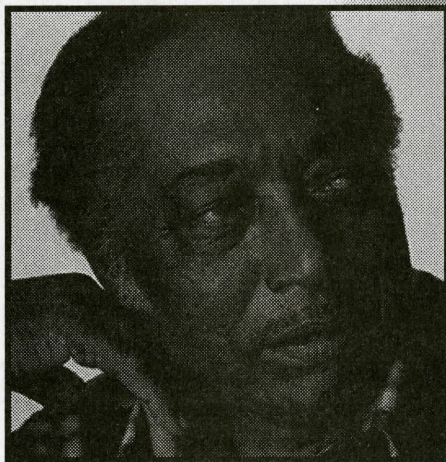
Wow. Words fail to describe a band who can assimilate all genres of music so seamlessly and then turn it into something so new its startling. That's right folks, I said new! Not retread, not retro, not fucking trying to be the next MTV 15-minutes-of-fame band, but full on exploration and mind blowingly cool music. I especially love the last track, rock! Remember that word people? See, it's time to drop the indie off indie rock, and just go back to basic rock. Those who claim the moniker of rock and roll right now do not deserve it. From what sounds like Moog-infused jazz to getting your cock out rock, Oneida not only does it better, but they do it with an energy that is surely gonna have even the most bitter hipster actually dancing instead doing that tired ass head bob. Where my Brooklyn heads at, cuz they play local and if you want to start supporting the local music scene, look no further. (ran scot)

(chik chik chik)
self-titled
Gold Standard Laboratories

Oh shit yeah. You know its on you jive ass turkeys!!! They bring it to you with heavy helpings, like you were living like it was thanksgiving, beyond post-punk style. Full circle is the best word for

this band, for we are back in the era of when you could dance to the music. No moshing is not dancing, and let's never speak of it again. I could dance till dawn to this shit, no denying the action from the quaking of the ladies back sections to the beats they are laying down all lickysplat. The first thing I thought was these guys should definitely tour with Outhud to bring forth a dance party free for all that would even make George Clinton and James Brown blush; and low and behold it has three members in the band. Now is the time to quit pretending folks, and get with !!! and proceed to the starship to get on down. (teril smits)

R.L. Burnside
Mississippi Hill Country Blues
Fat Possum



As any SFS reader should know by now, we love R.L. Burnside, and what more can be said about his rootsy blues music? There has been so much press about R.L., and these days everyone pretty much knows how great his music is. What could possibly be said in this little review that hasn't been said before one way or another? Man, I hate writing music reviews sometimes. It's beginning to drive me crazy. I think I'm beginning to lose my mind. Let me put the disc on again... OK, now I remember why I wanted to review this so bad. I just wanted to get a free copy of this CD from SFS 'cuz I love it so much. This is some deep blues music for acoustic guitar jammers everywhere. R.L. can sing too. He breaks out some heavy shit. Alas, Fat Possum has released this gem of a CD, most of which was recorded in the very early '80s in the Netherlands, and even a few more tracks recorded way back in late sixties Mississippi. I

recommend this one to anyone who likes blues music or plays guitar. (Phil)

Ultrababyfat
Eight Balls in Reverse
Orange Records



Sounding a lot like a jacked up, less poppy Liz Phair, Ultrababyfat delivers a debut release that's a refreshing mix of aggressive licks and sexy harmonizing to the 'Power Puff Girls' generation. Chick Rockers of the world unite, throw a sleepover, and give this CD a listen. I'd love to be the token male member. There's always one, in any good combo, just take a look at how happy this fucker is in their press photo. I bet he's got a couple of occupied hands back there. "Bored in Paris" is my favorite track, by the way. (Phil)

Tracy + The Plastics
Muscler's guide to Videonics
Chainsaw Records



This guide to Videonics (I don't believe this to be an actual word) is a generous infusion of Casio rock with an abundant helping of Tracy's ballsy chick-rock-chutzpah thrown in for good measure. Blending swirling beeps and tweets with drum machine loops and an ample amount of samples, and seemingly inspired by both hip hop and kraut rock, this CD just barely skirts

falling into the Avant Garde classification, and certain death. The music shifts, takes new directions, stops and starts again and sometimes leaves you exhausted. But in a good way. Fans of Cornelius, Stereolab, and Le Tigre should investigate this one further. (Boaz)

The Softies
Holiday in Rhode Island
K Records

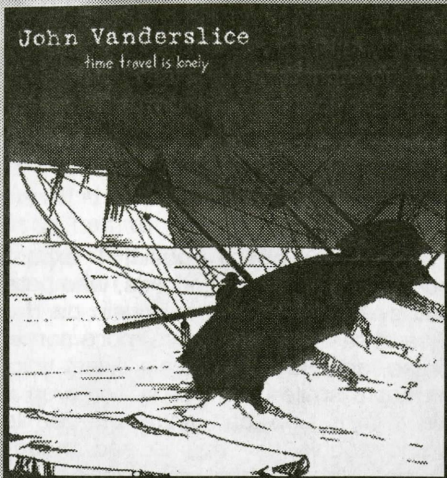
Warm fuzzy puppy music! I expect nothing less from K Records, who puts out by far the happiest music on the face of the planet. Less is more sometimes, and Rose and Jen's sweet voices put a smile on my face not even a New York Cop can wipe off. While some people say this is sad moody music, I think they are missing the eternal hope wrapped thinly by airy guitars and voices that are crystal clear, come rain or shine. (ran scot)

Kill Your Idols
Funeral for a Feeling
Side One Dummy



Evolutions of bands are always a fun thing to watch. While some East Coast bands stick with a sound they know not only sells records but is easy to play drunk, Kill Your Idols have decided to blow the fucking doors off the barn. With a mix I can only describe as hardcore and roadhouse rock swirled behind actually well-thought-out vocals, this not only comes off as the hair on the tick, but also seems the obvious progression for the band. Fucking A, glad to see we have moved past the point of droning monotonous walls of sound into actually crafted hardcore. So don't be schleps and kill your ideas of what NYC hardcore is supposed to sound like, and go see these guys on tour this year. I noticed they were also on the Warped 2001 compilation, but their tour looks like small venues. So go see them before you have to go stand in a big ass stadium ya monkeys. (teril smits)

John Vanderslice
Time travel is lonely
Barsuk Records



No matter what you think of the subject matter, John Vanderslice knows how to craft a dark swirling song that will stick like peanut butter to the roof of your brain. Take "Bill Gates Must Die." While most think it's a terrorist threat against the evil emperor of Microsoft, it is actually about a kiddie porn addict who finds it way too easy to find visualizations of his lust. I agree, as I do with a lot of Vanderslice's media pranks outside his world of music. I first knew of him as the producer at Tiny Telephone studios, which brought us the musical styling of Creeper Lagoon, who did double duty on his last album. Besides making music that becomes soundtracks in my head when I am riding around in the back of cabs ferrying my liver bar to bar, Vanderslice screams about free internet music till the masses listen, and does offer his last album free at epitonic.com. I'd take a listen to that then move on Time Travel is lonely because it is a stunning piece of experimental pop with substance that will make you go damn on the street when you are humming it and finally get what he was trying to say to you. (hiroshi greenbag)

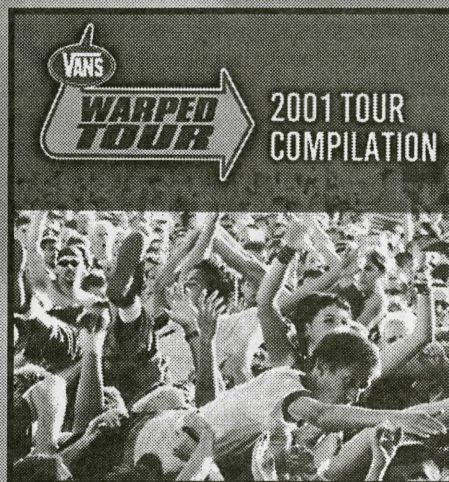
Lemon Jelly
3 EP compilation
 (??)

Nice fucking artwork. Liquid anyone? Really though, stellar packaging. So what does it look like you ask? It's all bold strokes - Warholian and LSD influenced - a tri-folded, stiff as shit contraption with some Chuck Close-style (i.e. realistic) paintings on the insert. The music is sort of that pas-

siche techno reminiscent of DJ Shadow, Blackalicious and the rest of the Quannam/East Bay crowd. I wish I could have a party with lots of drugs and have these guys play. Andy would be so proud. I'd be the guy crying in the corner, looking for some sanity. (greg e. boy)

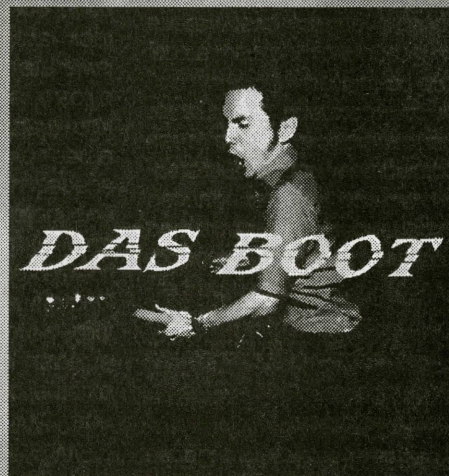
Warped Tour
2001 Compilation
Side One Dummy

As compilations go, this one ain't half-bad. Reading like a list of who's who in the scene today, it's time to do a little harvesting of the current crop. I usually don't like to slam bands, but New Found Glory sounds more and more



like Lifetime every time I hear them, but fuck it, pays the bills right guys? Meanwhile, anti-flag rocked my shit and reminds me of when the punk scene actually had politics, and I am not talking about the social climbing ones you fucking scensters. It says their song is unreleased, which is a crying shame, but just weather the storm of naysayers guys. The last song I expected to see on here was a cover of Don't Let the Sun Go Down On Me, but shit howdy Me First and the Gimme Gimmes actually do a decent job and I can see the white belt crowd kitsching it up along with this one. Next up to bat is the Vandals, who are for me the perfect blend of funny indie rock and carefree punk. Remember when music was fun and clever, these guys do, I suggest you crib on them to connect to this era. Okay, I heart Flogging Molly, AKA Celtic barn dance ho-down music to me. Do the kids like real music like this? Learn something new everyday and am glad to see them on the record. Okay, I'm a sucker for full on front girls, especially when its

obvious they are serious and not just trying to be the 'girl' band. Tsunami Bomb is such a band, with the lead singer for some reason or another reminding me of a younger less pissed Selena from Seven Year Bitch. High praise, and yes, she deserves it. Okay Casualties, do you know what decade it is? I mean Jesus, you got a lot of suburban white kids act your shows and you are screaming, "Fight for Your Life?" Do you mean their life of opulence and mall shopping? (fight for an explorer instead of a jeep cherokee! - dannyface) I can just picture the jock dominated circle pit when they hit the stage at Warped. For a second I thought Pennywise had slipped a couple of songs onto here, but then I realized it was just Bigwig and Deviates. But hey, who am I to judge. I am sure this Warped tour will do fabulously and all the Vans clad, weekend-only skating, obscure HS sports T-shirt wearing kids will love not only the show, but also this record. Just remember, are you watching a punk band or a boy band emulating a punk band, young grasshopper. (ran scot)



Das Boot
Self-Titled
(unsigned)

I'll admit it, I'm a bit of Jap-o-phile, as they have given me several of my favorite things. 1. No matter what you say, Japanese game developers as a whole blow the US out of the water; 2. Sushi and sake with a cute as hell girl from Tokyo is one of life's greatest pleasures; 3. Kick ass bands who just want to rock, i.e. Melt Banana, Ex-Girl, and, of course, the bastard children of leather from Planet of the Wolves, Guitar Wolf. So when SXSW rolls around, I'm out acting to legit to quit when the hordes of the Japanese rock-

ers come rumbling through. We are now up to two Japanese nights, and thank god bands like Das Boot were able to skip across the pond and rock our lame asses out. Unlike some Japanese bands who rely purely on image and not anything that resembles technical ability, these guys can play the fuck out of their instruments and should, with nicknames like Yatch the Dynamite. Which he is by the way. We'll all be shaking our ass to the back-to-basics rock and roll while your tired ass is still listening to the Titanic that is Lighthouse or some other pre-packaged band. The last thing your Wide Spread Panic shirt wearing ass will hear is 'Captain on the Bridge!' as Das Boot sinks your ship, and we will all dance and stomp the rockstar dances of mermaids on your watery graves. (Greenbag)

Burnt By The Sun **self-tilted**

Relapse

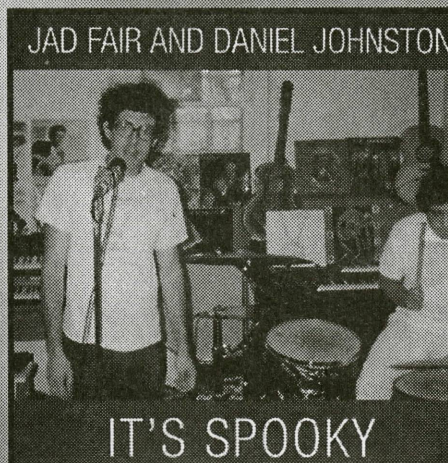
OK, we've been through this drill before and we'll probably go through it again - Relapse Records = extreme music. Featuring members of Jersey's Human Remains and Endeavor, Burnt By The Sun shows they are a little better at stretching the boundaries of grind metal/thrash with their sound than they are with coming up with a band name. Kudos to them for including a lyric sheet although I still can't decipher exactly what the fuck is being said/screamed. And that's beautiful. This is the soundtrack to my fucking life (circa 04/04/01). And I'm married, own a house and have a kid. Now doesn't that make you feel like a pussy? You Pedro The Lion-Godspeed You Black Emperor!-listening fuck. (greg e. boy)

The Turbo A.C.'s **Fuel for Life**

Nitro Records

"I wanna kill everyone I see" is the opening line of this CD, followed by something I couldn't make out, followed by "I want it all/I come in through the wall/well I want it all/and I want it now." So you know that if the CD is going to impress you, it's going to have to be the music that does it. And there are moments, when guitar licks crescendo into feedback orgies, or during glimpses of quite capable surf guitar. But in today's fast paced

world, who has time for Diesel Rock? By the nature of the cover artwork (I'm attracted to the buxom blonde for some reason) and traffic report interludes, the Turbo AC's muse is the highway death toll and chaos. If you're into it, check it out. (Boaz)



Jad Fair and Daniel Johnston **It's Spooky**

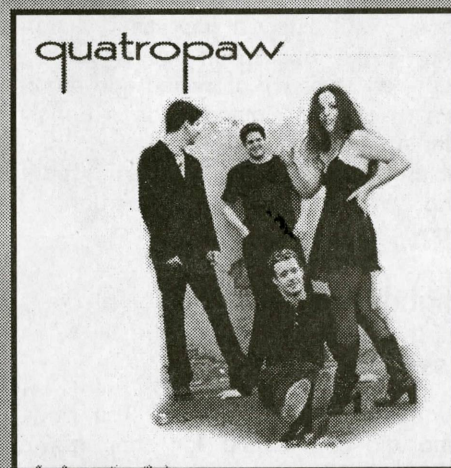
Jagjaguwar

Long live the independents! Hell yeah brother man, and also thank god for Jagjaguwar's ultimate intelligence in re-releasing this record from way back in 1989. Being a long-term resident of Austin, my familiarity with the man, the myth, the legend that is Daniel Johnston is one of a paradox. I know the music, but how could someone possible know the man? I remember my first introduction to Daniel's little world with the huge moral he painted on the side of Sound Exchange on the drag. I asked who did it and someone handed me one of his multitude of infamous tapes that were constantly floating around Austin in that era. He kept his songs, not playing the chords of fame and his pairing with my favorite dorkcore icon Jed Fair was nothing less than awesome. I remember seeing this record on 50,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 Watts Records, but its appearance was as brief as this period of freelance method of music making. These are not pre-packaged radio hooks or fuzzy guitars and heavy effects to hide the lack of emotion of the performer. In fact, the pure emotion Daniel Johnston use to exude during his shows was nothing less than a ticket to his own rock hall of fame. Of course Jed Fair's works speaks for itself to, so if you want get a record that will remind you that time when people

played music because it made them happy instead so people would know they were musicians, put on your Halloween mask. Because this album, it's spooky. (teril smits)

Amy Correia **Carnival Love** *Capitol Records*

There are many women seeking the throne of idiosyncratic folk pop, like flagella propelled sperm rushing to fertilize the eggs of listener's ears. Usually this entails a strong first album, capturing the mainstream's attention and imagination, followed by successively weaker albums, which leave the mainstream disappointed. That's when the next female singer songwriter chews off the first's head and eats it, and the cycle begins anew. Sheryl Crow, Edith Frost, Beth Hirsch, Fiona Apple and Beth Orton are but a few participants in this dance of death. All have entered the arena, seeking to become the next Joni Mitchell or Victoria Williams, and now here comes Amy Correia, with an earnestness and poeticism uniquely her own. Reminiscent of Shawn Colvin, in voice and delivery, Amy's varied debut, Carnival Love, seems destined to inhabit the CD racks of fanboys and girls across the country. But can she last? Can Amy be the one to destroy all others? Let's hope so. (Boaz)



Quatropaw **Flight** *no label*

This self-produced release is well worth searching for. A band with its roots firmly in place, Quatropaw isn't scared of experimenting, as on the title track, where they add electronics to their unique blend of southern roots rock. Neither do they get hung up on

gimmickry and muddy what works for them, which is strong guitar work and competent, clever melodic structures, great vocals and harmonizing. This effort proves that this band is a welcome addition to the genre of music-making that is uniquely Austin. Clever and creative, yet committed to its roots rock paradigm, Quatropaw deserves all the airplay they no doubt will generate with this collection. (Boaz)



The Action Time
Versus the World
Southern Records

At the crossroads of British punk and the '80s retro-revolution, we find The Action Time, a unit that cherishes its dark goggle sunglasses as much as it does its power chords. Mod in body and soul and sounding like beach party music for the 21st century, this is definitely an art-house band, well aware of its juxtaposing of ephemeral female vocals with rugged industrial clangs and clinks and gruff male vocals. Especially worthy of repeated listens are tracks 2, "Stranded on a Lonely Planet," and track 4, "Rock and Roll," which aims for rock anthem status and achieves it with a healthy dose of irony. (Boaz)

Highdivers
(self-titled)
1999

What's that guy's name? The dude who did the music for that movie *Singles*? The sensitive, new-agey rebirth of Cat Stevens, re-contextualized within the Grunge era? C'mon, you know him. Steven something. I have to check online to find out. Anyway, this is a lot like that. These guys hail from San Francisco and, consequently, they sound like they've had their fill of Lattes, and spare time, to consider the depths of reality. Violas and violins and harmonicas, and contemporary love lyrics like "Launch my

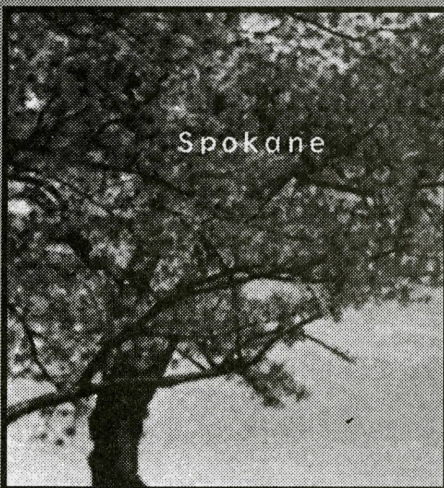
emails out to space/not knowing if they ever land/it's very easy to reply/all you do is click a button". Why guys like this don't stick to poetry, rather than become songwriters, baffles me. Paul Westerberg! That's it! (Phil)

Kowalski
self-titled
self-released

San Antonio rocks, even at the bike show down at the pig stand. This trio of nerd rockers (jenn, ernesto, zach) have a fresh energy about them. They like to utilize all three throats, slugging along to songs like "life's about fucking" and "repellant". I never wanted both of you in my mouth, I never thought it would be the same again'. Check 'em out if you get the chance. 7 high hard ones out of 10 (jimi innee)

Spokane
The Proud Graduates
Jagjagwar

It only takes a certain chord or rhythmic sonic twisting to trigger a memory long since lost in the cobwebs of time. And experience Spokane triggered the



long rides in the back of work trucks within the chemical plants before sunrise. As we would be taken to toil amongst the pipes and furnances, I use to watch the sun slowly rise between the valley created by two eternally burning petro flare towers and hum songs I heard old men singing in the Domino Hall's. Oddly enough the influence of the soft static sparking of white noise by the orchestra of insanely complex industrial machines bended the folk songs to match what I heard on Spokane's

newest album. While I am sure it is only a chance coincidence, I'd suggest for everyone to take at least on listen and see what these concise audio painting trigger in your memories. (Teril Smits)

Spine
Non-Violent Offender
Revo

I really wanted to listen to this CD but I was afraid that if I broke the seal on the cellophane, it would affect its resale value. (greg e. boy)



V/A - Too Legit for the Pit:
Hardcore takes the rap
Radical Records

I guess the idea is a good one: take lyrics by famed rappers such as NWA, Ice T, Snoop Dogg and Dr. Dre, L.L. Cool J, Nas and Schoolly D among others, and reconfigure them to fit the punk paradigm. But not all good ideas should be attempted. Not that there aren't glimmers of interest here: The Movie Life's version of Public Enemy's, 'Can't Do Nuttin' for Ya Man' is passable, but it's one of the tracks that sounds just like a cover, played like straight Rap. More often than not, the inner city angst of the legends of Rap does not gel with the angst of their unknown punk counterparts, bands such as Throwdown, whose thousand BPM version of Sir-Mix-A-Lot's 'Baby Got Back' is indicative of the larger faults of this compilation. Maybe it's just that this all feels like a salesgeared gimmick, designed to sell simply upon the value of the initial concept, which combines two consumer groups in yet another cross-promotional campaign. I suggest that if you like punk music, go out and buy a punk album. If you wanna get crunked up, go buy the real thing. (Boaz)

Scout Niblet
Sweet Heart Fever
Secretly Canadian



Where have all these women gone? I remember when once there were girls a-go-go who would wield guitars and soft voices and fill the air with ditty after ditty. If you completely convey your message with just your sweet almost cracking voice and simplistic guitar, why add more? This, of course, goes against the lore of Scout's supposedly Sonic Youth like distortion explosion live shows, which since she resides in England I have not seen yet. Scout Niblet is still waters running deep, a cascade of calm covering passions exploding within, and is quickly gaining ground on Miranda July as the ultimate silly school boy crush fantasy of mine. Le Sigh. (ran scot)

Every Time I Die
Last Night in Town
Ferret Music



I don't know what happened to hardcore in the mid to late 90s, but the ship seems to be righting itself. Case in point is the current effort by these madmen of rhythm and blaring guitars strangling you into the ground. Do not

resist this metal hardcore, there is a method in the chaos. A reason to the disorder. Do not obey your conventional musical traditions. Break it all down, and grasp the message they are trying to convey. Remember, like hardcore used to do before it was all about selling Vans sneakers? (ran scot)

c-average
second rekonig
kill rock stars

Another beautifully produced album by one of America's premier two piece rock bands. Right from the get-go you get rockin' with "Starhok", twinges of Halen and plenty of double bass foot tappin'. The album doesn't let up until "Prolock(the Protector)", the sometimes galloping ditty that transgresses into the netherworld of surprise CD bonus tracks. One of the best features though, is the gate-fold cover masterpiece, very nice. 9 high hard ones out of 10. (jimi inmee)

Howe
Confluence
Thrill Jockey

Giant Sand's Howe Gelb flexes his smoky songwriting skills. That desert'll warp you, and Gelb knows it; he's Tucson's version of John Darnielle. On Confluence, the low-fi samba man is joined by former bandmates from Calexico (plus Kevin Salem). This guy's my Bob Seger; my Steve Earle. This guy's a genius; this guy's got mad skills. Take a trip through loneliness, take a trip through town - get up with the Confluence, get up with the sound. (greg e. boy)

No Use for a Name
Live in A Dive
Fat Wreck Chords

This new live c.d. comes with a pretty cool comic book that tells all about No Use For A Name that you would want to know. I won't complain about this kind of packaging because I think it is pretty fucking cool when bands do this kind of stuff. The band's music, which I have never heard before, more or less sounds like the other thousand or so bands that take their sound from Bad Religion via the first Descendents record. I can't stand any of that stuff. I just can't believe so many people use THAT for a template. Well executed, nicely played & decent sounding BORING music that apparently is ipunk

rock to some people. If you are into the other nine hundred & ninety-nine bands that sound like this, then by all means indulge. The rest of you stay away & just read the comic book.

Lars Frederiksen
and The Bastards
self-titled
Hellcat

Punk's not dead, mate! "Despite the accents, we're from Northern California." I'm glad somebody (Rancid) got money out of the mid-'90s spiky-haired punk explosion. Really, I am glad. "Keeping the flame alive," said Tattoo to Mr. Rourke. (greg e. boy)

The Lillingtons
The Backchannel Broadcast
label?

Espionage punk rock, with lead vocals similar to Danny Elfman's during his Dingo Boingo days. These guys are entertaining as fuck, delivering the standard unceasing punk riffs while

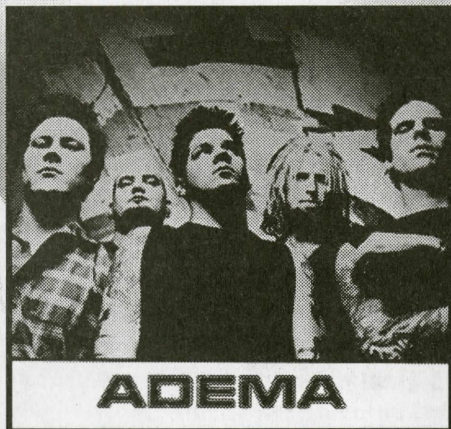


adding freaky spy shit on top. If there's anything wrong with this disc it's that there's too little of the latter and too much of the former. Still, considering The Backchannel Broadcast is their second release, and considering it as an indication of their talent, the Lillingtons should be a worthy addition to like minded collections everywhere. (Boaz)

The Rapture
Out of the Races
and Onto the Tracks
Sub-Pop

Who would have guessed that the label who spearheaded grunge all of those years ago would start dabbling into post-punk waters? The spirited semi-sloppy post-punk snarl of THE RAPTURE reminds me of bands like Pere Ubu & Gang Of Four, although obvious-

ly less convincing. Pretty decent though & by far the best thing Greg sent me to review this time around. Bonus points for one of the band members looking like Jonathon Richmond. (Walsby)



Adema
self-titled
Arista

Fascinating bondage themed front cover hides more of that young male MTV heavy rock music that reminds me of a third rate version of Korn or Rage Against the Machine, but even less interesting. As usual with most of these kind of groups, every once in awhile a riff that doesn't suck THAT BAD will rear its ugly head, only to dissolve when the annoying goateed singer enters the picture & starts to "really fuck shit up." Adema provide the kind of music that should go over big at your local mall by the video games or in the parking lot, blared out of a car by some moron. Yuck. (Walsby)

The Action Is Now
Versus the World
Southern

When I first opened the package Action's press photo fell out and I swore they had slipped in a picture of the casting call for Blue Velvet. You know the scene, where Frank goes to see Ben and that weird surreal shit goes down. The band looks like they should all be sitting on the couch enjoying a Pabst Blue Ribbon. The lights on the dashboard were lit, the nitrous was flowing, and I was worried, especially since there were six people in the band. I was expecting an

overloaded overproduced loud as shit humanoid effort; instead I received a dance party. For the amount of people in the band the music is sparse but complex, only adding instruments and vocals when needed instead because, hell, we had an extra channel, mate! Melt a Banana on top of a dead boy and then comes the fall, STOMP! That's the best way to describe them using the bands they remind me of. Remember that kind of music, great 60s stomp with go-go boot wearing girls in shiny dresses who look like they were from the valley of the dolls, wild parties where anything went aerie while the new Bananarama blasted on the reel-to-reel, and you danced like a mother fucker as your tea dance dress wearing girlfriend slipped another orange-sunshine-laced drink into your hand? Well fuck you, because I wasn't even a sparkle in me daddy's eye. But I can always put The Action Is Now on and pretend we're taking over the world Russ Meyer bad girl style. (teril smits)



The Mr. T Experience
The Miracle of Shame
Lookout! Records

Punk inspired, but if Pavement, Dinosaur Jr. and Matthew Sweet were to have a baby together (out of wedlock, of course), then that baby would be the Mr. T Experience's, "The Miracle of Shame". By that I mean that the vocals are complex, gruff and psychedelic, lying atop a foundation of slick, singy-songy pop music like a fluffy pillow upon the calm waters of an immense bathtub. By that I mean that The Mr. T Experience is somewhat like a punk version of the Monkees for a new generation of indie rock cuties,

and you, as a potential purchaser, must deal with them accordingly. The finest track is "Mr. Ramones," a tribute to the ubiquitous punk pioneers. (Boaz)

Strike Anywhere
Change Is Sound
Jade Tree



Judging by the p.r. sheet I got with this bands new c.d., these kids are sincere angry young men with concerned lyrics & play music that sounds kind of like a cross between Bad Religion & Antioch Arrow. The Antioch Arrow influence doesn't save this for me, but its still better then a lot of things & has that 'spaz' quality that is always welcome. I don't really know what else I can say about this. Everything on here sounds like twenty years of rehashed ideas & riffs to me, obviously not so for younger people more well versed on what or who Strike Anywhere REALLY sound like. (Walsby)

Ex-Models
This is not a rock band
Ace Fu Records

"These objects don't amount to relations!" This was the revelation by Shahin Motia that has lead to some of the best intellectual and very Talking Heads-esque music I have heard in years. Though they claim their mission is rock and roll simulation, this sure sounds like the frantic, clever, and incognito changing time frame rock I fell in love with in early Cars and the Fall. But since they have the wisdom of what money can do to rock music, the full circle of the style has come to back to four lines that do not intersect. So join them on their music quest to reclaim the real from an unreal industry on their summer tour. If none of this makes sense now, it will when

they hit the stage and revel the secrets of Western Mysteries. (ran scot)

Minus

Jesus Christ, Bobby!

Victory

Industrial sounding pile driving thrash music from some tots in Iceland. I wonder what Sigur Ros & Bjork think about these kids? Actually not half bad music that even a jaded & cynical old fart like me could appreciate, but maybe not enjoy repeatedly. Screeched vocals & spazz quality in the band's music gives way to the once in awhile Jerry Lewis impersonations perfected in other bands I also don't much care for.

HairyApesBMX

Out Demons

We Sell Soul Records

Right from the opening bars of "Seeing Eye Dog," I liked this release, the xylophone and organ fuzz laid just perfectly over a funk beat, with congos thrown in for good measure. And the title track, "Out Demons," which winks at Dizzy Gillespie's "Hot Peanuts" while providing a sound-



scape perfectly suited for the Ren & Stimpy-esque soliloquy that follows. HairyApesBMX whips out these jazz inspired instrumentals effortlessly, and when they do so they're at their best, sounding like Stevie Wonder or Lonnie Liston Smith, no-frills funk. Or when spinning Brazilian tinged Sambas (such as on track 3: "No Guerra" and track 7: "Cal Dreams") which are equally as evocative and gratifying. And even their white-boy rap stylings, on "Buck Naked Stomp," an ode to acid trips, or their languid

stream of consciousness poeticisms on "Poison Water" and "Miss You Cumbia" are enjoyable. This is a disk to look for, if you're into Carlos Castaneda and seventies blue note grooves. (Boaz)

The Hives

a.k.a. I-D-I-O-T

Gearhead Records

Coming straight outta the Swedish



town of Fagersta, a nexus of Garage punk revival (as everyone knows), the Hives are fed up with being Swedish. Listening to their album, I began to rethink the notions of solitude, peace and beauty I usually equate with Sweden. There's a lot of angst, here, laid upon straight none-too-imaginative punk riffs, albeit of a more intellectual and Scandinavian variety. With lyrics such as, "Now I'm the kid who got the shit back in place/And I'm the one who threw it back in your face/It took a little bit/of intellectual shit/diversity and wit" the Hives aren't aiming for a Nobel peace prize. If you think about the Swedish Chef from the Muppets while rocking to it, it can be enjoyable. (Boaz)

Henry

Sounds Like

Reticulated Records

For some reason Bob Newhart comes to mind when listening to this CD. The lyrics, particularly, are Newhart-like, matter-of-fact and meandering, calling attention to themselves and the process of what we in the government call "Meaning Transference", or what you know simply as "talking". Henry is musically interesting as well. Psychedelic without having to rely on any trippy Theremin or Moog instruments,

which I think is unfortunate. The disc evokes an otherworldly quality, dream-like without being ambient. (Phil)

Bodyjar

Biography

Nitro

Hey, everybody! It is more or less Australia's version of the Descendents with the occasional Rikk Agnew guitar chord here & there! Although nothing on this is going to equal "Kids of the Black Hole" or "Kabuki Girl," these guys are still pretty good. Bodyjar has decent songs, a credible vocalist, & production that doesn't suck. This band is at least ten zillion times better than Blink 182, Bad Religion, NO-FX & all of the rest. Remember kids: actual songwriting ability is what separates the men from the weenies in the weenie-dominated world of poppy-punk music. The best Aussie punk band I have heard since the Hard-On's. Come to think of it, the first band in this style I have heard since the Hard-On's. (Walsby)

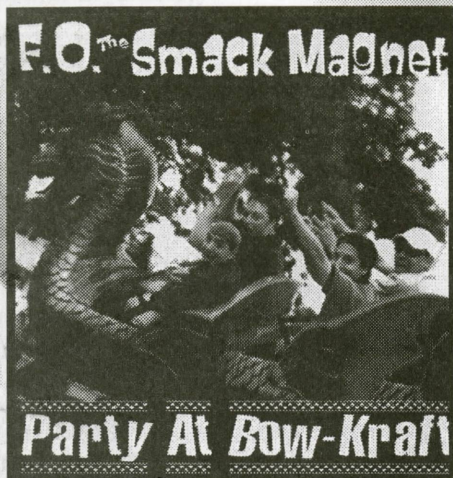
Various Artists

Give 'em the Boot comp.

Helicat

I want you all to picture the following scenario: Slammy Mohawk gets off work at the local restaurant. He is tired & pissed off, but he wants to go out & have a good time. So he meets up with his buds at the local club & slams some brewskis & checks out the local punk band onstage. Getting into it, Slammy & his bros start drunkenly moshing all over the darn place & eventually some 'poser' starts trouble. Well, when you deal with one of us, you got to deal with all of us, & said poser gets the shit beat out of him before Slammy & his bros get kicked out of the club. Now, if any of this sounds like your idea of a good time, I strongly suggest you check out this new compilation c.d., as it hosts twenty-something bands I have never heard of doing daring impersonations of the following: punk, punk hardcore, Oi! Music, Ska-sounding punk, & more or less lots more punk, punk, & more punk, all done with all of the originality one could expect out of a compilation c.d. coming out these days.

Wow! Even has an appearance by Joe Strummer, who probably didn't know what he was getting into. Someone else should have reviewed this instead of li'l old me. (Walsby)



**F.O. The Smack Magnet
Party At Bow Kraft
FOTSM Records**

I don't get it. Punk Rock isn't supposed to be played by guys wearing khakis. I guess this isn't what you'd call Hardcore. This is music about bars, partying, and panty raids. Which makes it like the Happy Meal of Punk, existing somewhere between Frat rock and the Dave Matthews Band, which is a narrow existence to be sure. There's some ska mixed in too. All in all, this effort seems too inoffensive for its own good. I mean, who's the target audience here? Guys who are looking for head bobbing-yet-"alternative" music for their next toga party? (Boaz)

**Fatal Flying Guilloteens
The New Hustle
for New Diaboliks
Estrus Records**

Well shit howdy, look who scored a record deal. Besides their lust for ruining the Lone Ranger's good name by stealing his look, this band has always stuck in the back of my mind for two other reasons. One is they are from even more a god-foresaken shit hole on the coast of Texas than I was! Humble(pronounced with a silent H) was adeptly described by the band as "a baren field of filth that has been destroyed by the Devil's greedy fuck lust." This my friends is not far from the truth, but it did spawn one of the best high energy, smoke'em if you got'em, get your fucking ass on the

floor and dance, Texas garage rock. That would be the second reason. I once heard this band was started as a joke and the name comes from an obscure kung fu movie, but I do not know if either is true. I do know they fucking rock the balls off the biggest bulls in the pasture. Check out their site: <http://ffguilloteens.tripod.com>. Worth the effort my cyber-friendly friends. (ran scot)

**The Templars
Biaus Seignors Freres
TKO Records**

Punk anthems galore, on this release from the Templars, who won me over by singing the second song in French (which takes a few listens to notice). Though the recording quality is poor and somewhat muted, once you use the volume knob on your stereo to compensate for it, the punk sounds more crisp and un-muddled, and the lyrics more intelligent, than the usual fare. (Boaz)

**The Toadies
Hell Below/Stars Above
Interscope**

So, didn't these guys have some hit back in the alt.rock boom days? I can't remember, but this album isn't going to get them back there anyway. I'm gonna say this was some sort of contractual obligation thing. Yeah, I'm saying that because I just can't fathom any A&R guy in this day and age signing a bunch of old fucks doing some punk rock/bar rock hybrid. Of course, a good video can do wonders. (greg e. boy)

**Ferret Music Corp Sampler
Progression Through Aggression
Ferret Music**

This ferret record sampler can be summed up in one phrase: glorious return of metal and legitimate hardcore. Where to start, since this bad boy has no bad cuts. Ferret has successfully walked the fine line of cheese that a metal/hardcore band catalogue could breed like a trailer park full of Krokus fans. Harking back to the black metal days of Scandinavian church burnings, Martyr A.D. is hard and rough as shit, like a sand paper hand job. It's been a long time since I heard a hard dense metal band I liked, but shit. This will make all those hordes of posers cry for their fucking mommy's

credit cards so they can but a clue as to what is going on. The next song by Blood has Been Shed is just as good, a lot more hardcore than metal, but a fusion the scene has been lacking. These are the type of bands you listen to, then hear about how Warp Tour is all about hardcore this summer and you gotta laugh. You just gotta. I'll save my praise of Every Time I Die for their full length review around in this issue somewhere. But alas, if The Teresa Banks Profiles is the future of Ferret, those guys better wear shades. Unbelievable. Hard to describe due to their unique sound, but let's just say it'll kick your ass like the Nature Boy Ric Flair. (teril smits)

**Leatherface
The Last
BYO Records**

England's Leatherface is, to borrow a phrase from Flann O'Brien, an odd pan-cake. That voice, belonging to Frankie Stubbs, the lead vocalist, is a warbled mess, but after a few listens you get used to it. Recorded before the band's eventual reformation and released afterwards, there are two different lineups on the CD, the core unit of Stubbs and bassist Andy Crighton (who committed suicide before the album's re-release) being the common denominator. This punk-based rock is impassioned, melodic, chaotic, and acrobatic, swinging between heavy metal, rock ballads, and punk. If this CD were released five years ago, at the height of the Grunge movement, it would have fit neatly somewhere between Screaming trees and Mother Love Bone and made a gajillion dollars. Their lofty intentions make Leatherface too inventive for the bitter, cold world, much like the character that inspired the band's name. But if you dig punk and want something more from it, dig in. (Boaz)

**Babyshaker
Self-Titled(unfortunately)
Madam Epiphany**

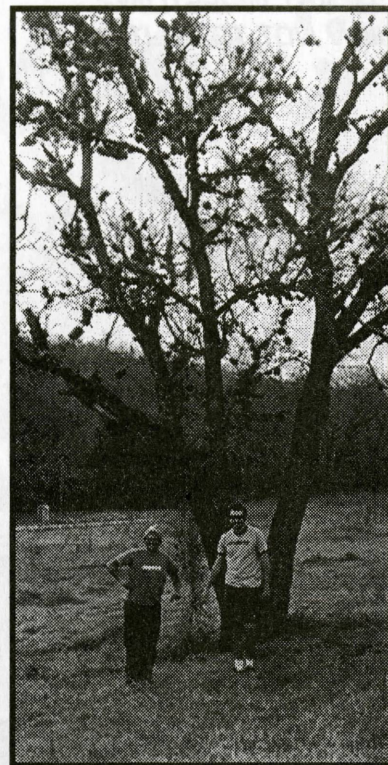
I loved my MiMi very much, and before she passed on to the great beyond she imparted some wisdom which I still remember to this day, "Randy (she had rare clearance to call me this), if you do not have anything nice to say about folks, don't say anything at all." So with that in mind here is my review of Babyshaker: (scot)

Migas

EPIC

Popsweatshop Recordings

On Epic, the 3rd release from this Austin-based two piece, Migas consciously expands on the macho freakmetal of previous outings. The raw, guitar driven power is still in evidence on all tracks, but there's also more melodic focus and instrumental experimentation than they've shown before. The EP starts with "Buss Driver Mann". Trademark Migas heaviness is underscored by Don Stewart's (guitar, vox) howling vocals- he expresses a rage easily understood by anyone who's ever taken public transportation. Jason "Porno" Morales beats the shit out of his drum kit as usual, but he's also tighter than ever. I'm guessing this shows up as a result of the excellent recording quality and the fact that Porno has finally stopped mixing his pills and red wine. He also contributes vocals, guitar, and keyboards throughout the disc. In a perfect world, "Miracle Action" would be the hit single off this disc. The guitar/drum interplay is tight, with Morales adding the super catchy vocal hook. His inflection on this tune makes me think of some coked out limey rockstar from the '70's. I don't know why and I don't know what the hell he's singing about, but it doesn't matter. Timing out at a full 60 seconds, the song screeches to a halt with a "proctology gone wrong" screamin' a word, beautiful. The songs on Epic show Migas at their best yet- still worshipping at the altar of the almighty riff, but using their power to deliver some damn fine tunes in the process. There's some fairly complex musicianship going on here and one would be right to think that two dudes might not be able to pull it all off in a live setting. But rumor has it that Porno Morales has grown a giant afro and joined Don on axe duty, with the notoriously well-hung E-Rock Conn picking up the drum chores. Should this outfit come through your town- don't miss 'em. And while Pop Sweatshop should be commended for putting these songs to disc, you may have a hard time finding Epic in your local store. Check www.popsweatshop.com for online ordering. As my man Dean says, "Migas fucking rocks," Dean's a man a few words, but he always speaks the truth. 9 high hard ones out of 10. (jimi inmee)



Above: Excerpted from the Migas photo shoot for SFS #12. The issue sold out, but the article and some photos may still be viewed on the Salt for Slugs website.

The Forgotten

Keep the Corpses Quiet

TKO Records

These guys turn it up to 11. Way past the speed limit, the guitar riffs threaten to leap out of the CD player and pound the living shit out of you. Aggressive isn't the word. This is reverential treatment of the punk movement by able-bodied healthy young men playing it the way it was meant to be played. If you're a fan of all things punk and furious, you'll need this CD in your collection to convince me. (Boaz)

Kevin Coyne

Room full of fools

Ruf Records

Coyne's been around since the 1970s, so you know two things: A) He's done great things in the past, and B) Any new material from him is going to be somewhat derivative of his early efforts. And while his dark humor and quirky lyrics do succeed in touching at the horror of nothingness looming beneath us all (a staple of folksy-bluesy angst rock), this effort misses the mark, probably due to the fact that it's his first recording on American soil

(which kills so much). Coyne delivers his offbeat lyrics straight, and atop conventional organ-heavy blues the whole affair comes off more awkward than previous albums. The funky fretwork is still impressive, but his lyrics and voice collide against it, and in my humble opinion, mar what could have been a better effort. (Boaz)

Geraldine

Pure Bastard Rock

Orange Records

Athens, OH's hard rocking Geraldine seems to be inspired by the blues and punk from the '70s. This is white trash-rock along the lines of Nashville Pussy, with hints of Screamin' Jay Hawkins thrown in, particularly evident in the cover art and wild unhinged guitar licks. Though it's an energetic debut, their lack of focus gets to be a bit exhausting. (Boaz)

Mike Blakely

West of You

Swing Rider Records

Here's a Good Ol' Boy if ever a heifer blocked ranch road traffic. Hailing from Marble Falls, Texas, Mike Blakely prob-

ably doesn't give a goddamned if you purchase his album or not. That won't stop him from crooning about the Guadalupe moon, or about jail cells, or about whiskey, or what not. Seriously, folks, even if you're normally averse to this type of stuff, there's probably a song on this disc that'll win you over. Guitars, Mandolins, violins, Spanish obscenities—hell, boy, "Ode to Norma" is worth the price of purchase. (Boaz)

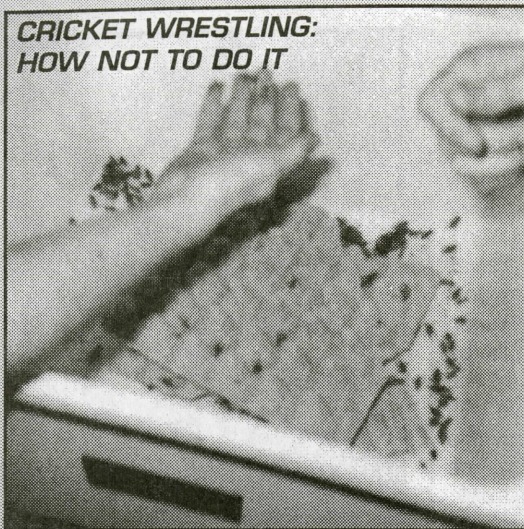
NRA

New Recovery

Gearhead Records


Here's another Dutch punk band that rocks. The first, of course, being the Ex, gods of Avant Garde free-punk. And like the Ex, NRA's number one strength is their musical ability, followed closely by no-nonsense lyrics that are simple and intelligent. What's up with the Dutch? Maybe it's the lax prostitution laws and generous attitude towards dope smoking that's turning everyone over there into a grade A punk rocker. We could learn a thing or two from these guys. NRA rocks out in their second language (English) better than most American punks rock out in their first. (Boaz)

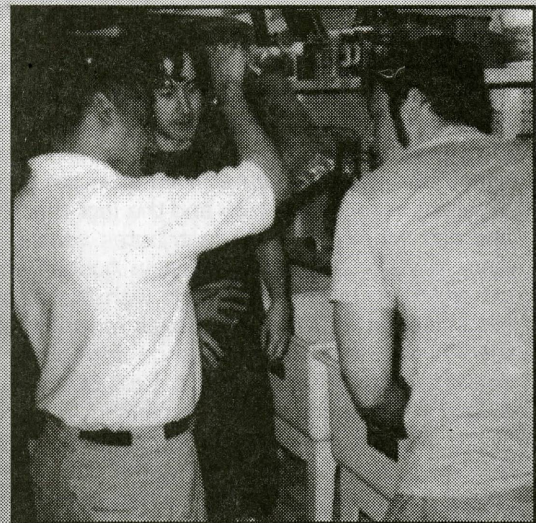
CRICKET WRESTLING: HOW NOT TO DO IT



When Ran Scot and Gene Slacks strolled into town for annual SLUG SXSW shenanigans, the first item on the menu this year was crickets. Not crickets to use as pets, and no, not even to eat. In fact, the boys at SFS had cooked up a mysterious plan to pit these feeder crick-

ets against one another in a cricket "Battle Royale" of sorts. The only problem turned out to be actually getting the crickets to fight. After haggling with the guy at the pet store over which ones were male and which ones were female, Slacks and Scot settled for a modest bag of twenty for the road. Meanwhile, back at Slug Central, where the festivities were getting underway once again, the cricket "dojo" (a little cardboard box with magic marker scribbles on it) was being showcased. Soon enough, the maniacs would return home only to place these boring crickets in the box two at a time, while we sat and waited for some little cricket fight moves to go down. A few minutes of this was enough

to make even the most hardened wrestling fan turn away in disgust. But hey, what did you expect? These crickets hardly seemed of the Rocky Balboa variety to begin with, and imagining one of them actually drawing cricket blood ranked highly unlikely. It was just fun watching Ran run around all excited beforehand. 



The "The Dakota Smith" Interview and Plug

By Ben Dayo

Once I found the Cricket Master last year, I began a quest for masters of and in their own rights. Since then I have met the Master Turkey, the Master of Subterranean Manhattan, and of course the Pop Culture Master, Dakota Smith. How he got jacked into the zeitgeist of kitsch is beyond me (just like how I was able to type that without putting a gun to my head), but his ability to transform it into stories and songs will soon be legendary. Since we were to fucked up to do the interview at the now infamous Slug/Epitonic SXSW show, I called upon the young gentlemen just last night to do this interview. It went something like this:

SFS: Hey Dakota, this is Ran Scot, from Salt for Slugs. I hope I'm not calling too late.

TDS: No, not at all. I was awake.

SFS: Cool.

TDS: (something mumbled unintelligibly)

SFS: What?

TDS: Huh?

SFS: Did you say something?

TDS: I said I was awake, it's no trouble at all.

SFS: Okay. So, how've you been doing?

TDS: Pretty well, I guess. I've been ok. Do you have any prepared questions?

SFS: Any what?

TDS: Any prepared questions for the interview. Do you have any?

SFS: Well, I have a few. I just stole them from other band interviews.

TDS: That works, I just steal songs from other bands.

SFS: Why music?

TDS: Well, most music is a waste of time. I thought if I specifically set out to create music to waste people's time, I'd accomplish everything I want to do, regardless of what it ended up sounding like.

SFS: Sorta like how if God is perfect than he must exist because existing is more perfect than not existing?

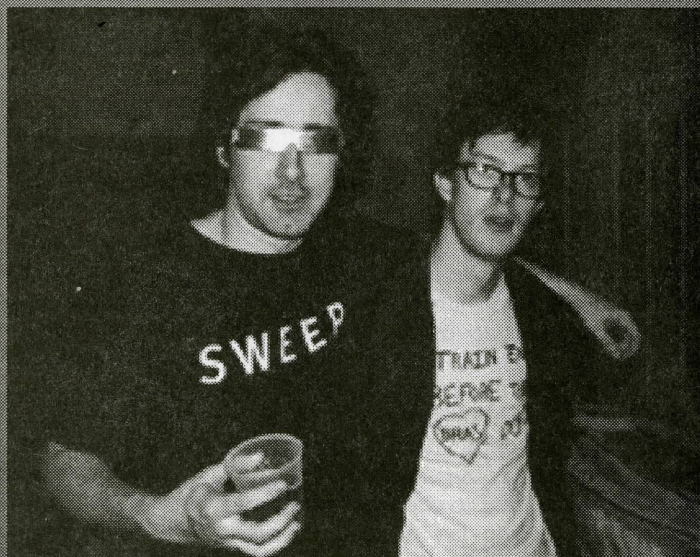
TDS: (pause) Are you high?

SFS: (giggles)

TDS: Fuck. (hangs up the phone)

End of interview

(Check out all things Dakota at <http://dakotasmith.org>, and bask in the glory that is new and not retread.)



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Political Freak Who Cares: Semi-idiotics by Billy Cope

We began to reflect on our social life and found mostly events that distorted the perspective of things. Pseudo-experiences that depended on a logic that announced nothing new, nothing threatening to the official line. As if reality could expand only this far and no further.

Economic, judicial, erotic, political, artistic, every arena seemed to be missing something critical.

Maybe it's a personal problem. A lack of imagination, stupidity on our part. Stupidity is an eternal issue. Who claims to be free of it? But stupidity doesn't produce the real value, the meaning found in the succession of living moments, the lucidity that occurs in the pauses between the events of life.

What if we live in a banal age? What if internal and external banality was really an artificial, conscious structuring? Who would deploy this kind of mass stupification?

We know something of the truth of our political epoch. Available information persuades us that we are governed by criminals, ranking from the highest to the lowest office. We understand that our laws are not for us but that they systematize the most brutal operations against families, property future, that laws shield more than they protect - the police very quickly assume the image of something non-human, of something that, nonetheless, is pervading every corner of the globe. So we do not turn to the law for relief because we understand from personal experience that the law is where banality is imposed.

And art? Never art that is a matter of statement of detail or the mastery of a code, nor art as a consuming activity (not pop art), but art as a verb, a wholly creative experience? Revolution is art. The events we've witnessed in Genoa, in Prague, in Seattle, constitute an artistic action, a movement creating itself. Commentators have observed that the protesters lack a genuine unity, a core intent, they focus on the divisions among protesters, the communist faction, the Luddites, the anarchistic elements, but we detect in their remarks a wistfulness and even a mystical fear that the successes of their own "revolution" led to the current state. They fail to accept that a new class has emerged with all the markings of a class. The protesters, whether voluntarily or involuntarily, live under shared social, political, economic and

ecological identities of existence that separate them from other classes. Before our eyes, through the casualties and riots, their ideology is achieving organization. Ironically, the G8, the WTO meetings, have assembled in one place a crowd of people who are unknown to each other and yet who arrived out of a common urge, an abiding antagonism to the advance of neo-liberal culture, to the banalization of humanity.

We are nearing a more decisive hour, each day the reaction assumes a more glaring and violent character, and though hardly anyone we know discusses their role in the future battle, fewer still are willing to sacrifice the banality that spawned it - this is how we gauge the success of current opinion, of the majority-as-norm, and the dialogue that feigns its interest.

The Legend of TENT GIRL

by Larry Joe Treadway
www.brainsonfilm.com

On May 17, 1968, Wilbur Riddle discovered the body of a young woman wrapped and tied in a canvas bag thirteen miles north of Georgetown, Kentucky.

That morning Riddle was on a search for glass insulators left behind by workmen repairing phone lines in the area; he planned to paint them and sell them as curios. About 11 am, while hunting around near the interstate, he found an odd bag in some bushes just over a fence beside the road. It was fairly big; a green canvas bag, like a tent would be rolled up in, wrapped all around with a thin cord, similar to clothesline. Curious, he pulled the bag loose from the underbrush, but it got away from him and rolled the short distance to the edge of the creek. Riddle walked down to the bag

and tried to pull it open, when he was knocked back from the horrible odor coming from inside it. He immediately ran to his truck and sped to the nearest pay phone, where he called the sheriff.

Minutes later, Riddle was showing his find to not only Sheriff Bobby Vance, but also Deputy Jimmy Williams and Deputy Coroner Kenneth Grant. The bag contained the badly decomposed body of a female, naked but for a towel of some sort that was wrapped around her head; she had obviously been dead for weeks. She was doubled up in the bag, and her right hand was clenched like a fist. A search of the immediate area turned up no other physical evidence.

In May '68, I was 4 but old

enough to know that my shithole of a town had its collective head wrapped around this sordid tale of murder and in a town of around 8,500, that is all folks were talking about. Dubbed "Tent Girl" by a reporter because she'd been found in a 'tent bag', the search for her identity became the #1 priority for the locals. After a thorough autopsy all they found was a slight discoloration of her skull, and no evidence of poisons or toxic materials. Overall, the evidence suggested that she had been knocked unconscious by a blow to the head, then stuffed into the bag and tied up, only to die by suffocation. Weird.



On a cold and rainy Monday afternoon the Tent Girl was laid to rest at the Georgetown Cemetery, approximately thirteen miles from where she was originally found. The burial site was in the rear portion of the cemetery, known as the "potter's field". Her body was wrapped in a Mobil Oil bag and placed in a simple pine box. Her grave had a very simple marker that read #90.

In 1971 two local businessmen from a monument company built her a unique headstone that remains today. The two men made the marker from a red stone. They wanted the stone to match her red hair. On the front of the stone is her the police sketch that was made from the body. What still haunts me is the slight smile, did she have that smile permanently frozen on her decayed face? The marker gives the date she

was found and approximate details of the "TENT GIRL" as the marker proclaims. The test reads:

TENT GIRL

FOUND MAY 17, 1968

ON U.S. HIGHWAY 25, N.

DIED ABOUT APRIL 26 - MAY 3, 1968

AGE ABOUT 16 - 19 YEARS

HEIGHT 5 FEET 1 INCH

WEIGHT 110 TO 115 LBS.

REDDISH BROWN HAIR

UNIDENTIFIED

As many Southern families do, mine spent many lazy Sunday afternoons visiting the cemetery, visiting graves of dead relatives, admiring the handiwork of the wealthy Georgetown resident's tombstones and shooting family pictures. But all I ever wanted to do was go to "potter's field" to see "tent girl." So many stories and rumors floated around about who she was, was she hitchhiker who had been killed on the highway or the victim of a sexual predator still lurking in this sleepy Southern Baptist burg or was she.? This was my personal favorite scenario; Tent Girl was one of 15 or 20 children in a inbred family of freaks living in the rural parts of Scott County, near Sadiville, Kentucky. Sadiville sounded to me, both ominous and capable of having this group of wonderous creatures, hidden from the townsfolk, cavorting around, devil-may-care up in a hollow.

I was fascinated with this premise. Somewhere on one of those gravel roads off the main drag we traveled every day was this family of future carry stars just waiting to be discovered. I remember picturing them in that lurid EC comics style mixed in the that ad I always read over and over again in TV Guide for

that Time-Life Book full of pictures of sideshow freaks and medical wonders. Don't even get me started on the goddamned Guinness World Book of Records that I had dog-eared, mouth-agape as I read of burials in piano cases and 18 foot mustaches. In my mind, up there on the hill there was a bearded lady, a world's fattest man, and the kids ran the gamut from JoJo the Dog-faced boy to sets of pin-headed triplets and the like. All wearing shit-eating grins, not going to school, never coming to town and just fucking out their brains and shitting out the geeks.

According to my favorite version of the story "tent girl" was somewhat normal compared to the rest of the family blessed with "normal" looks but plagued by "piss-poor" health. She hadn't been killed at all she had just up and died. The family being not all that bright about how to handle such matters said their good-byes and rolled here up in a tarp and jumped in the jalopy and pitched her on the side of the road. A fate usually meant for a sack full of kittens or puppies in them neck of the woods. Yep, all fairly innocent, really, just inbred-loving, and the natural causes associated with such. People from Kentucky hate the "inbred" moniker yet we obviously perpetuate the same stereotype we abhor.

The "tent girl" stayed on my mind even after I moved out of Georgetown, when I screamed in a band called Ted Bundy's Volkswagen, we released a single titled "tent girl" which was my special love song for the girl on the front of the tombstone. The story took on a new life in 1997, when a couple of folks, one the son-in-law of Wilbur Riddle, the man who had found the "tent girl" and a woman who had been looking for her sister, missing since 1967, began to compare notes over the internet. In 1998, the city of Georgetown, under the spotlight from national media, exhumed the tent girl, compared all the notes and photos of the missing sister and after DNA analysis found the "tent girl" to be Mrs. Barbara Ann Hackman Taylor, the missing sister. My hopes of the discovery of a family of fun-loving-fuck-happy freaks dashed on the proverbial rocks, but a major piece to a puzzling puzzle finally

fell into place.

It seems the family had thought Barbara Ann was visiting relatives in Florida. Supposedly, her and her hubby were then moving to North Carolina along with their 3 kids, one of which was 8 months old, hence, we know the white cloth found with her body was actually a diaper. The family knew nothing of the Taylors coming to Lexington, Kentucky and the family had not filed a missing person report for many years because Earl, the husband had told the family she had ran away. Earl, dead since 1987, likely killed her, that will remain a mystery. Another mystery, well, there was that murder in Bucks County, Pennsylvania around the same time that the "tent girl" was found that was so similar the detectives had traveled to Georgetown to gather details and try and find a link between the two. Was there a link? No one will really ever know, but, Earl, the possibly twisted fuck, worked for the traveling carnny. ♀



www.bradyscoffee.com

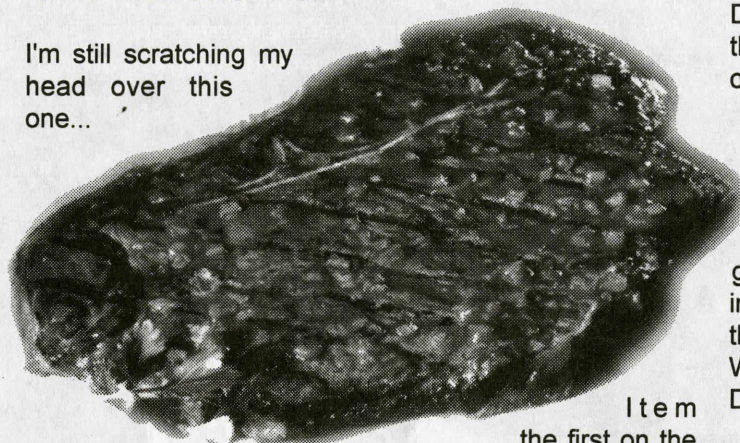
Last Meal Review: Garza picks it. documented by James MacLaren

Juan Raul Garza was a drug dealer who apparently watched a few too many episodes of Miami Vice and decided a few times along the way that the answer to whatever conundrum that was giving him fits was to just blow away whatever person who was causing the conundrum in the first place. No more person, no more conundrum. Easy, eh?

So it's obvious that the guy hasn't got all that much on the ball mentally to begin with, right? Did Albert Einstein ever wonder if smuggling would be a better career choice than relativity? Probably not. Obviously, Garza was no Einstein. So ok, lets get to the nub of the matter here, ok?

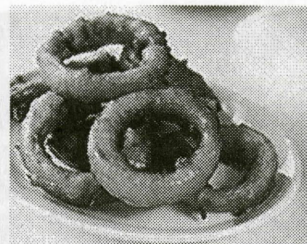
To wit: Garza's last meal.

I'm still scratching my head over this one...



Item the first on the menu is steak. No problems there. Everybody, except for some weenie vegetarian, loves a good steak. And the murder of cattle is still ok, here in the good old U. S. of A.

Item the second is onion rings. Not on the top of MY personal list of best things I could ever eat in my life just prior to getting snuffed, but hey, it's not my decision.



Item the third is french fries. So ok, the guy's a junk food junkie. And we've already decided he's not Albert Einstein. I would have probably picked mashed potatoes with gravy or something a little more substantial, but again, it's not my decision.

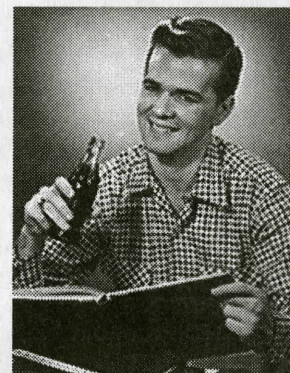
Item the fourth, and last, is the one that's driving me bats.

Diet coke. No, I am not making this up. Does anybody in the entire world actually PREFER the taste of diet coke over regular coke? No way!

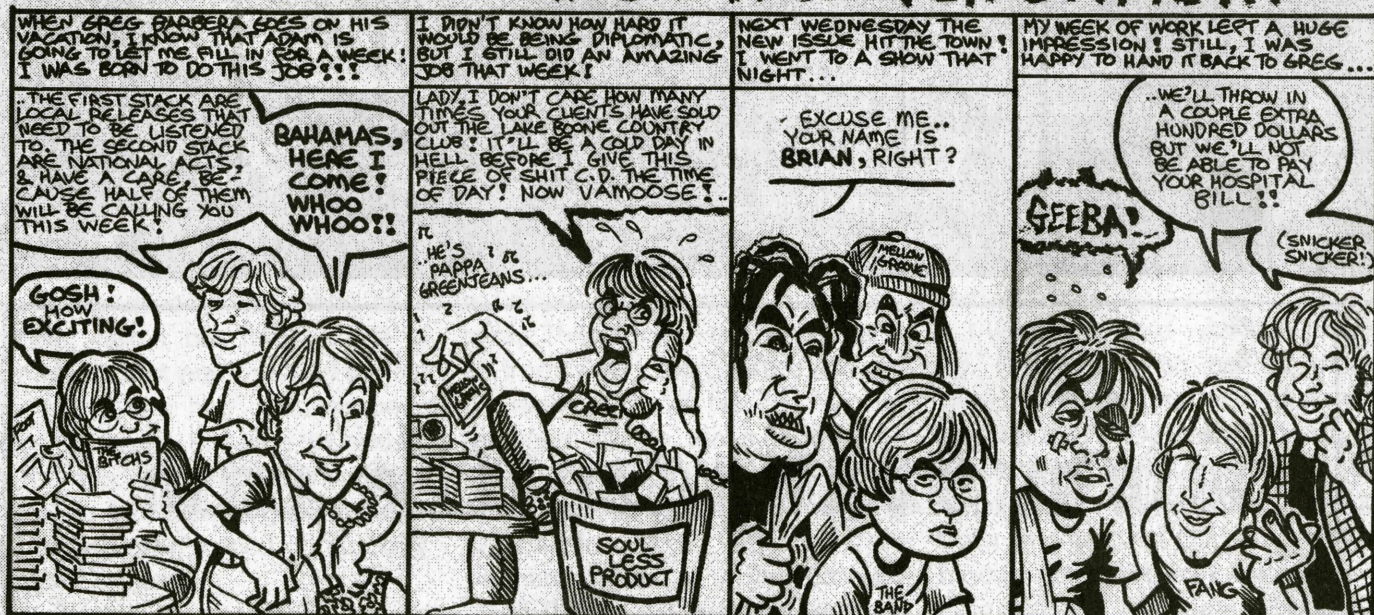
So what's going on here, anyway? What the hell was Garza thinking when they asked him what he wanted for his LAST meal?

"Hmm... well Warden, you guys are gonna kill me here in a couple of hours but lookit this tummy of mine, wouldya? Whatta ya say we make it a DIET coke, how about it?"

Did I mention that Garza was no Albert Einstein?



THE MUSIC EDITOR: THE DREAM OF A LIFETIME!!! (REALLY?)



Getting My Freak On with a Playmate: The Talitha Interview

By Ran Scot

I recently had the joy and consternation of sitting down with one of the most stunning women on the face of the earth, and maybe even beyond. While I am sure this can be filed under professional perk, it turned into one of those magic moments when you realized that even a Slug has built-in stereotypes. Expecting a vapid vacuum of sexuality personified, this was far from the case.

Talitha van Zon has to be one of the greatest examples of how judging a book by its cover will cost you the chance to meet a really legit person. Sure, just her smile had me running for a cold shower, but when she opened her mouth she affirmed there was something behind those ever-so sparkling eyes. A friendship was struck.

While most people out there want to objectify, I'm trying to rectify the situation brought on by 27 years of Western social conditioning. If you threw her into the air would she turn into sunshine? Yes, but she was also one of the funniest and most intelligent people I have met in New York City. My respect for one of our first official EuroSlugs is to the point I have resisted the urge to track down the Playboy she was in, though not without great torture.

SFS: So when was it you that realized you were going to be granted one of the more silly pursuits of the fantasy lifestyle, modeling?

Talitha: I was never really thinking about it. One day I was playing hockey with my friends and there was a contest. I was drinking and with my big mouth they took my picture. I was then in the 200 pictures they took for the club and then I was No. 2 then finally No. 1. Modeling work is something I never really thought about doing, but with acting work it was definitely something I wanted.

SFS: Acting and modeling were something just to pass the time?

Talitha: Yeah something fun, easy to do... and a lot of money. You get a lot of freedom. You get to choose your own days, pick when you want to be free. Plus you get to travel and see other countries. I was an important thing for me to see a lot of the world. I've lived in Cape Town, Barcelona, Italy, Australia, and now the States. It was a good opportunity for me. That's the real reason I model, not to say I am model. I get travel whenever.

SFS: Well it's good you realize modeling is just a big fantasyland.

Talitha: Yes and no. I agree it's a fantasy, it has no reality anymore. A lot of people lose control because you get a lot of money, your own car, buy your house, and it's really sad when you have to go back. Go back to a normal life not by one step, but by 20 steps. Second, I think all the people are fakes. They are all nice to your face but the second you turn your back you get a knife in it. I am trying to keep my work and my private life separate. I still have all my old friends from when I was a little kid. I realize of course that I am really lucky and the money I make is not normal.

SFS: You're lucky you are beautiful.

Talitha: Of course, I am lucky I have a beautiful face. I also realize people want to offer you jobs not because you can do it, but because you are beautiful and they want you in the company. That is all. I have a lot of problems with that.

SFS: You don't like to be objectified?

Talitha: Yeah, I am tired of hearing she just beautiful blah, blah, like that is all I am. Sometime I admit I wish I were less beautiful.

SFS: They do have plastic surgery for that.

Talitha: [Giggling like a schoolgirl] Maybe I could, I could make myself ugly.

SFS: You could get the Michael Jackson.

Talitha: I could do that... naw. If people want to do that, they should do that, but it's not for me. I think people should also accept they are getting older, and every age has something beautiful in it. When you are getting older, like between 30 and 40, you are most beautiful.

[Group ahhhhh]

SFS: That's sweet.

Talitha: I'm serious. I think you have more character in your face and it's natural. You've seen a lot of things in your life and affect your facial features and gives it the character that is you. I think it's better.

SFS: So what was the funnier work you've gotten being a model?

Talitha: I think it was for Phillip Morris. I was sure I couldn't get it because you had to be 30 to be model for them and at the time I was only 24.

SFS: Wait, they sell cigarettes to kids with models over 30? Very 90210 of them.

Talitha: So I was in Milan and happy so I send them my book and didn't even go to Germany. I never saw these people before and they choose me over a lot of famous people. They choose me based solely on



my pictures, but it was one hour's work and a lot of money. Another fun job I had was in Switzerland because I was learning to snowboard.

SFS: I tried that and broke my hand.

Talitha: I am also stupid, I broke two ribs.

SFS: So you've always resisted the urge to get plastic surgery?

Talitha: Have I had it? No. What is weirder is what they can do with computers now. What you see is not always what you get. People get surgery sometimes because they are not happy, but sometimes they have to stop and say this is my face. I can't understand women who are 28 and getting facelifts.

SFS: Oh come on, I love when their skin is pulled so tight you can see their belly button on their throat.

Talitha: Or bounce a quarter off their cheek. I was sitting next to this woman who had done it a lot and I could not keep my eyes off her, I felt horrible.



SFS: Now you know how people feel when they can't keep their eyes off you.

Talitha: Well being a model can be weird at times. I had a birthday party when I was 20

and one of my 'friends' came over to me and was disappointed because there were no famous people there because I was a model. I was getting pissed because this was a party with my friends and me. I couldn't believe people were saying that.

SFS: Wow, you had the nerve to only invite your real friends?

Talitha: I could not believe she said that because I am so proud I did not lose control and I still have the same friends as I did when I was a kid. I like being with them because then I am not stuck in the fantasyland that is modeling. Everybody wants to be the best and most beautiful person and you get insecure sometime.

SFS: That's why I think acting is a natural progression for you from modeling because every time you get in front of the camera it's an act.

Talitha: Yes and no, I think you are being more truthful in acting I think.

SFS: Has anyone ever told you to love the camera?

Talitha: No, but it's during that time when things like that were happening I realized acting is what I really wanted to do. Modeling you are just beautiful, in acting you can express the beauty in you. I never really liked the model work, but the money was great.

SFS: They paid you because you were in the top one percent of ideal classical looks, like how a if you are in the top one percent of basketball players you get to

play in the NBA for a lot of money. Or soccer since you are European, and I guess Playboy or FHM would be the Premiership League. *(Randal, shut the fuck up. -ed.)*

Talitha: Yeah I did Playboy. And

nothing was fake.

SFS: Wow, that's wild. So you realize that the month that issue came out there were at least 15 million men sexual fantasizing about you. Aahhh, yeahhh!

Talitha: I did it to shock people.

SFS: So when was it? Not that I'm going to run home, get on eBay, and have it in my hands by tomorrow.

Talitha: I was in the November magazine because in the December on they wanted to have someone famous from Holland.

SFS: Ahh... the European Playboy. Even though I don't speak Dutch, I swear I read it for the articles. But you realize there are 14-year-old boys in Holland going, 'Miss November, come to me.'

Talitha: You know that when you do it. You'll be in the bathrooms at the factories, or in the cabs of lorries.

SFS: Did you get to write your interests and hobbies?

Talitha: Yes.

SFS: Those are real? Christ, I thought they were always made up.

Talitha: Well some of it was wrong. Like it said I loved Italian men, and that I have an apartment in Amsterdam when I am really living in New York.

SFS: So has anyone ever recognized you in Holland?

Talitha: It was really funny because one time I was in a gas station and the guy behind me was buying the Playboy I was in. He looked in the magazine and looked at me and freaked out.

SFS: That's hilarious.

Talitha: He was jumping up and down and said it was really nice what I did for our country.

SFS: Wow, for the homeland!

Talitha: Yes, being in Playboy was like the final act of my modeling career, and now I'm in the New York. To be an actress of course.



Muffsquirt & WILHELM

in
"bring out yer X'ens"
by
LAZLO

Why do girls
scare me
so much?

HEY BABY,
how's yer pink
pudding gooing?

oh man, I think
I made her
angry, I better
walk away...

it's like my own castration
anxiety shuts me out
before I can even try to get in.

Hey Muffsquirt,
How ya doin man?
I haven't seen ya
around.

Not so good,
I ate
too many
chili dogs
& now
I've got
explosive
diarrhea.

I couldn't
get in
anyway...

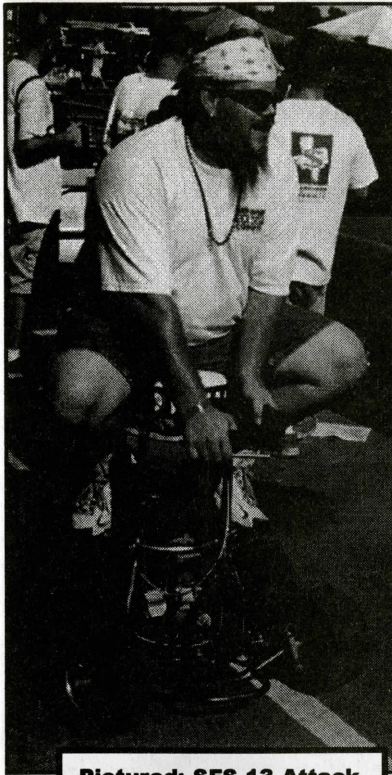
Huh,...
Did you say
something
about
diarrhea?

Yeah, this
is the
first time
I left the
house
all day.



**Yeah, it burns
like hell...
but no pain,
no gain, huh?**

**Well, atleast it will
clean you out.**

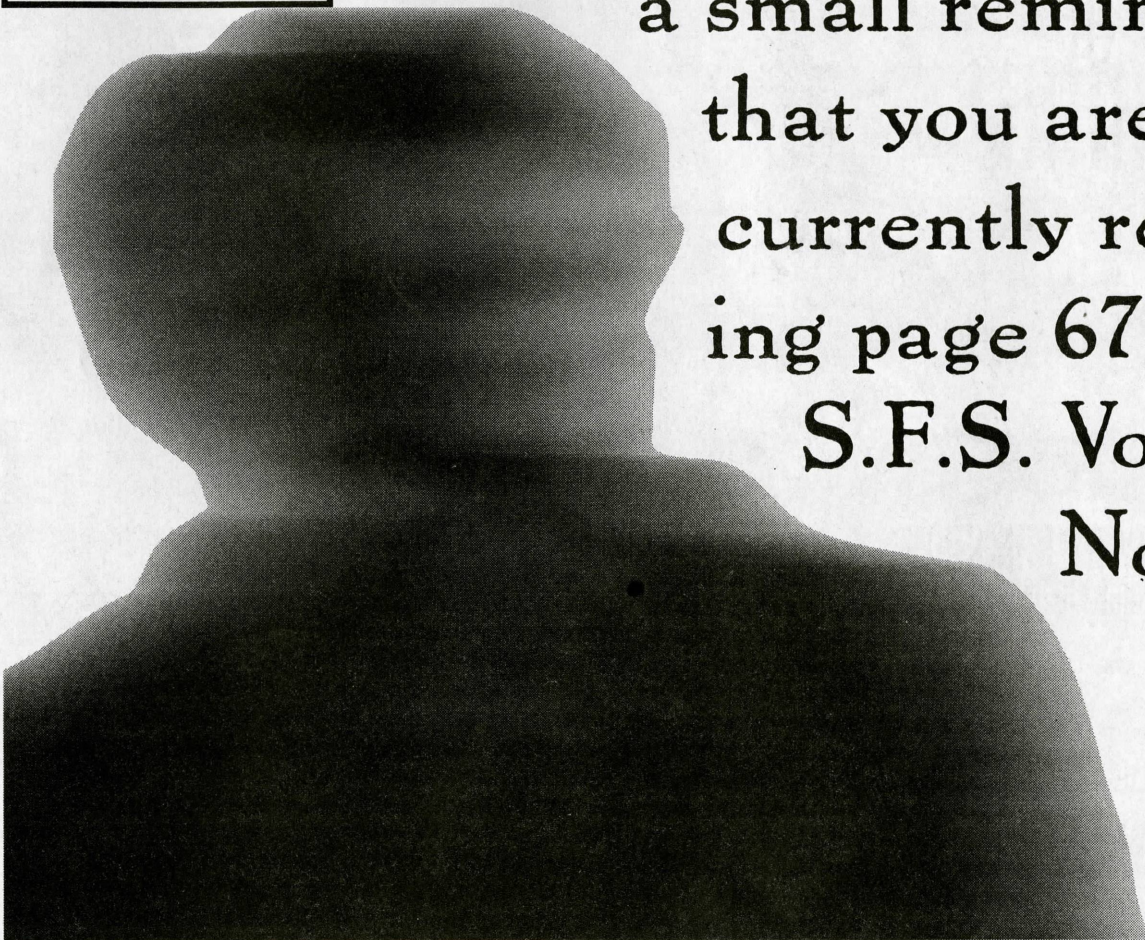


**Pictured: SFS-13 Attack
Fighter, armed with high
powered beer bong.**

BURT COCAINE WANTS YOU!

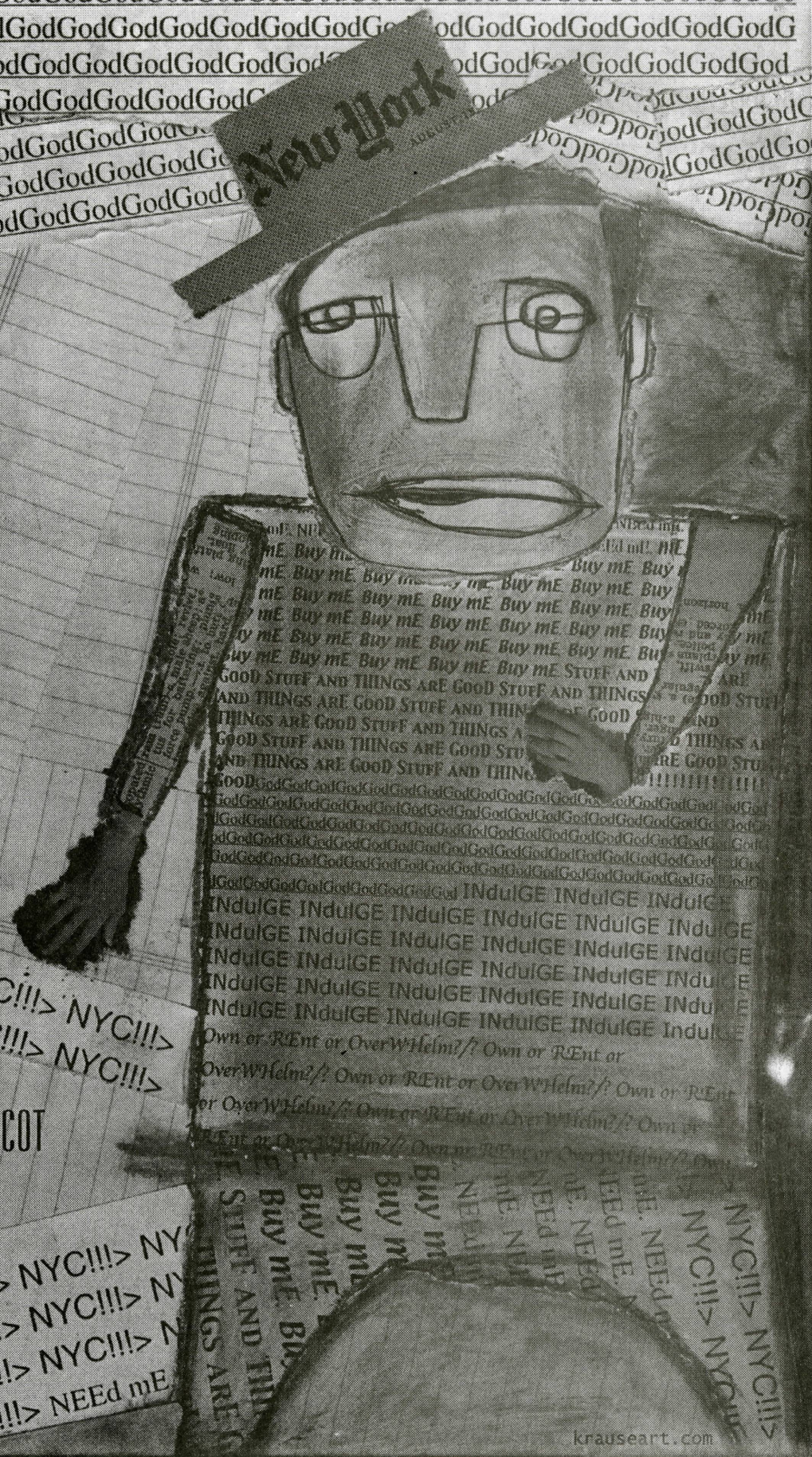
to fight terrorism with
Salt for Slugs Magazine.
Since we left out the
footers and page num-
bers in this issue, here's

a small reminder
that you are
currently read-
ing page 67 of
S.F.S. Vol. 4,
No. 3.



CHATting WITH
THE
GOD
OF
ABRAHAM

STORY BY RAN SCOT
ART BY JOSHUA KRAUSE



When I walk around Midtown with the Midwestern tourist, I truly am lost in the supermarket of culture. I can no longer shop happily. So of course my inclination was to do the slugliest of articles called: "The Time of Their Life: A Day in the Life of Midwestern Tourist in Times Square." But the more I thought about it the more I was unable to write it. Who was I to say that their ability to stare up straight into the sky like turkey in a rainstorm was not an asset? Who is to say what is right or wrong in this day and age, why with all our modern ideas, and products!

I did a lot of soul searching about if I was being judgmental and condescending against these rotund simple beasts. Since the closer you are to a problem the harder it is to view it clearly, other New Yorkers were not much help. This is mainly do to the basic image these tourist generate for themselves by their actions while moving in herds on the busiest of streets. So I knew I had to reach out to an old Instant Messenger Buddy and luckily he was on-line so I had an impromptu to IM session with him. A few basic changes were made to the grammar to make it more readable, but here is the unedited version of my chat session with God.

SFS: Hey tough guy you there?

G0d: Yeah, just finishing some left over business in the Crab Nebula, what's up?

SFS: Not much God of Abraham, was working on a new SFS article and was wondering if I could get your input?

G0d: Cool, cool. I liked the last issue, glad to see my chaos theory is still affecting your proofreading.

SFS: Yeah, we'll get that sorted out when you come down and sort out the Middle East okay?

G0d: Touché, so what's the article about?

SFS: Midwestern Tourist In Times Square.

G0d: LOL ;)

SFS: Yeah really funny Allah. About as cute as the plague of locust in China right now.

G0d: They are the same if you think about it. Just depends on how you view the mindless consumption of animals, which you humans are by the way.

SFS: Yeah, you remind me of that every time. But aren't there varying degrees of evolution among your people?

G0d: Well, when I created earth for you clever monkeys I had a plan which you promptly through out the window

SFS: How so?

G0d: In the beginning, I put you there to create me. Basically had the chicken lay the egg that was I.

SFS: So the purpose of society was to create you?

G0d: There in lies the punch-line. You have left your original creation of a divine moral path, i.e. me, and decide to worship the dollar, an obvious Lucifer item.

SFS: But you made him?

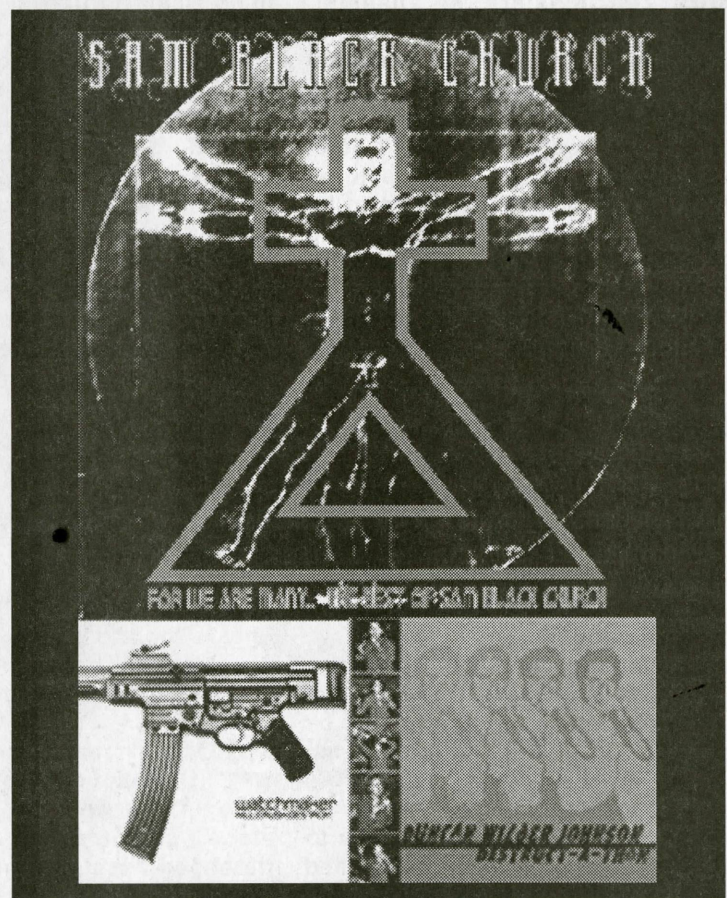
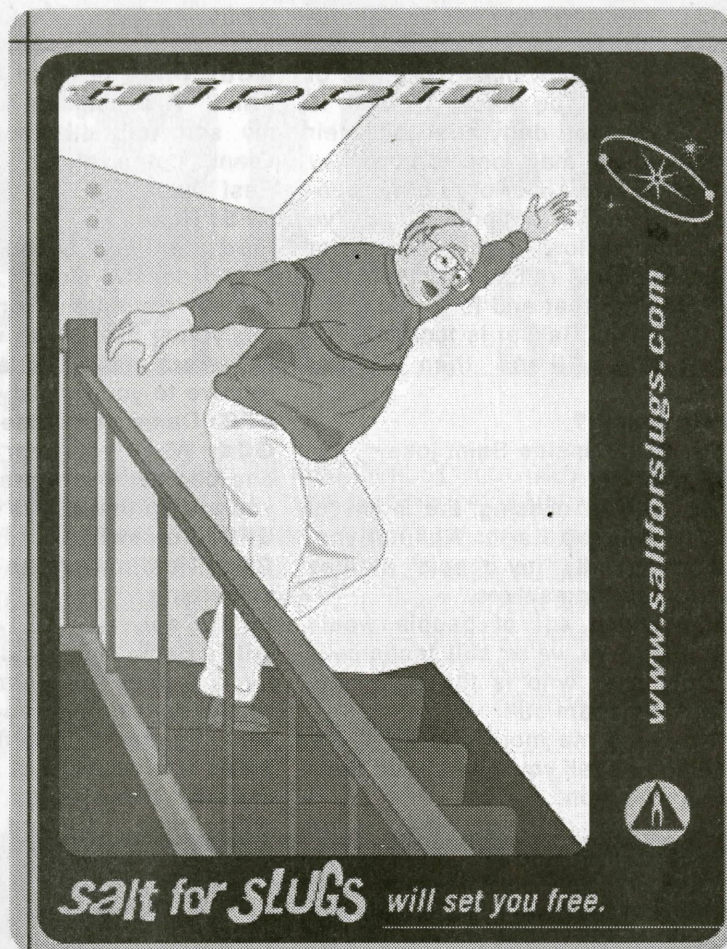
G0d: Did I? Since you technically created me, isn't he the product of your own then?

SFS: You and your freaking paradoxes.

G0d: Hey if you don't like it, you know Buddha's number.

SFS: It's not that, it's just because they're view on NYC doesn't match up with mine, does that make their culture below mine?

G0d: Well to be truthful, they may be from the Bible Belt and thin they are the 'chosen', but they have a lot of issues.



SFS: They were up your ass all the time?

God: Up my ass, making an ass of themselves, you know how it is being a major deity. For all their problems the main one is how they use me to feel superior to other people. Of course we both know I've reserved the lowest spots in hell for those who use religion as their tool for this end, that and for profit.

SFS: So Jim Bakker is fucked?

God: More times than Mother Teresa.

SFS: What?!!?

God: Sorry, inside Saint joke.

SFS: lol.

God: You're missing the point of why I made the Earth. Well not you, but supposedly "my people" as they like to call themselves.

SFS: Which set of people would that be since we're still technically fighting over who is the legitimate son of Abraham still.

God: Send me more checks in the mail and I'll tell you when I add them all up who won.

SFS: Dude, you got the racket going on. But back to the question, should we view every person as a pilgrim on their way to becoming a Zen master?

God: Zen Masters of Disaster. Heheh.

SFS: But if one were to complete the journey to its end, wouldn't they themselves become god-like?

God: Well, yeah. But since I don't allow enlightenment to be sold at Wal-Marts or for Happy Meals to be upsized to nirvana, I'm not looking for hoards of Midwesterners to achieve that level anytime soon.

SFS: But how could you let them become so blind to true authentic culture they eat at the Olive Garden instead of Little Italy?

God: Well when you supplant my culture with a corporate one of your own creation to market to the sheep, you lose the shepherd don't you =)

SFS: Who's to say folk art of the Midwest is not cultural absurdity?

God: Well me, but I am a god.

SFS: The god?

God: Working on it, but you know how it is. Lol.

SFS: Well I think that the people on Jerry Springer are high folk living theatre, like wrestling was in the 80s.

God: How many times do I have to tell you? I meant it to be called rasstlin', and it's suppose to be real.

SFS: Ric Flair is real enough for me.

God: Yeah he ruled over the Von Erik's. Wrestling for Jesus my ass, my son was all about Andre the Giant, not a bunch of hicks from East Texas.

SFS: Heheh.

God: But just because I think its stupid doesn't mean I am right. But since I am Allah, I am. Remember this young Skywalker, what is morally correct and a "decent" society is relative to your social conditioning.

SFS: Damn that's deep.

God: When you hear the sound of one pop culture reference clapping, you are on the way to slug nirvana.

SFS: Cu-caw! Lol.

God: Hold on for one sec, gotta do something.

SFS: Cool.

God: Back. Some kid was begging for a kidney transplant. I did the whole speaking through a blinding white light in a cloud thing.

SFS: That rules, that and the burning bush thing you do.

God: Yeah, I try and save that for the "big moments." You know, the whole rock star god thing.

SFS: Yeah takes it up a notch.

God: Yeah except I am god, only thing I can do to that is create that mountain I can't even carry. Heh.

SFS: So back to the tourist in Times Square. Do you think that their programming by advertising and television is so great that they truly believe that Times Square is truly a magical place?

God: It's a mecca.

SFS: Huh?

God: (mek-a) n.1: A place that is regarded as the center of an activity or interest. 2. A goal to which adherents of a religious faith or practice fervently aspire.

SFS: No shit, I can go to dictionary.com too wise guy. But is it your doing?

God: Of course, I do work in mysterious ways don't I?

SFS: Lol =)

God: This was my thinking. I am only a god per say when people worship me. The less attention I get; the less power I have. When was the last time you saw a temple to Ra? Or my homey Zeus?

SFS: Oh tell him hi for me.

God: Cool, will do. So I figured since people's minds were so deranged from praying at the alter of the All-Mighty dollar, I used one

of Satan's own agents to clean up the site for my greatest cathedral yet.

SFS: Who?

God: Guiliani of course. Hehe. I had him clean up New York unbeknownst to Lucifer so I could make Times Square the new Holy Land for the cult of consumption in America. Since people can no longer can even think independently for a second with advertising bombarding them, why not beat Satan at his own game?

SFS: Isn't that selling out?

God: Ehh, St. Peter says so. But I think he is just jealous that the light I manipulated being built in Times Square are now more awe inspiring than his Pearly Gates. I'm all about the bottom line. Followers.

SFS: Yeah. So it's okay to feel superior to Midwestern tourist because it's all part of God's plan to capitalize on their stupidity and lack of ability to think for themselves?

God: Yeah, until you and the others put that revolution together, it's gonna have to do the job. I know it's a Band-Aid on a festering wound, but could you imagine what would happen if they were all enlightened at the same time?

SFS: World peace?

God: Ha, hell no. They would all realize they are all just a bunch of fat fucks and kill themselves for their sins. I don't need a bunch of formerly morbid obsess martyrs trying to cram through the Gates of Heaven at once, just got them fixed from the Children's Crusade.

SFS: Cool, well the Age of Jaguar is almost upon us so I guess we won't have to suffer too much longer.

God: Yeah, plus I got the aliens scheduled to arrive later this year.

SFS: Wtf?!

God: Hmm, forget I mentioned it. Okay, I gotta run. I gotta smite some people in the CIA for ruining my whole peace in the Middle East plan, and there's this stupid sun that keeps collapsing into a black hole.

SFS: Hey, thanks. As always it's been, uh, unique.

God: Cool, and I'll see you later today when that bus sends you to me.

SFS: What!

God: Just kidding... maybe. ;)

God: signed off at 12:30 PM on 6/21/01

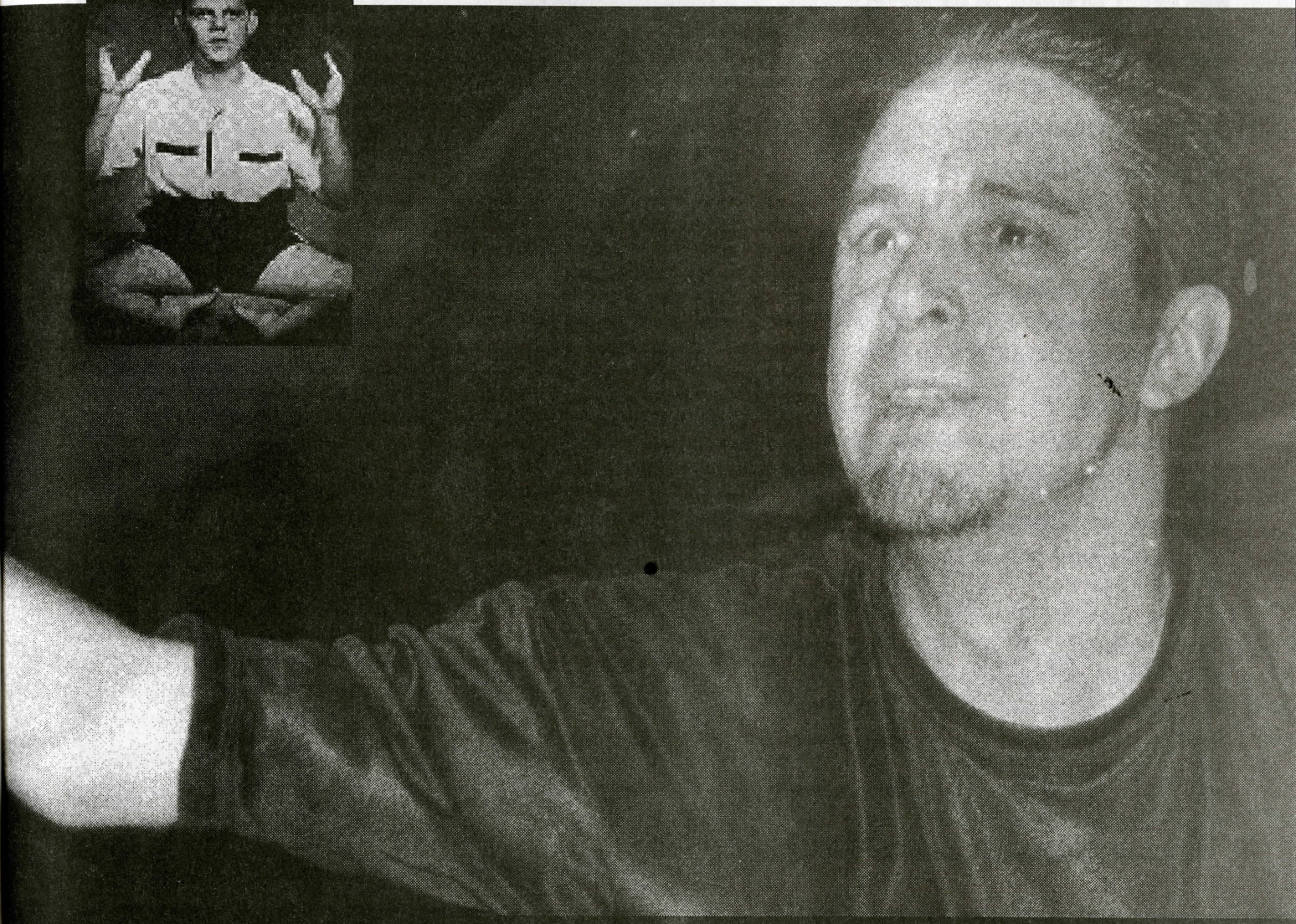


SICK OF IT ALL

STORY BY BIGDAVE LOPEZ

PHOTOS BY MAICHAEL NELSON

IF YOU SAY THE WORDS "SICK OF IT ALL" TO MOST MUSIC FANS THE FIRST WORDS OUT OF THEIR MOUTHS WILL BE "NEW YORK HARDCORE". SICK OF IT ALL HAS BEEN RELENTLESS IN THEIR DELIVERY OF HEAVY, NO BULLSHIT RAW NYHC FOR OVER FIFTEEN YEARS. THEY HAVE BEEN CREDITED WITH BRINGING HC TO BROADER AUDIENCES, AND REVITALIZING A FLEDGLING HC SCENE IN THE EARLY NINETIES WITH THEIR FIRST MAJOR LABEL ALBUM "BUILT TO LAST". ESTABLISHED BY BROTHERS LOU AND PETE KOLLER, SOIA HAS TOURED WITH HEAVY HITTERS SEPELTURA, HELMET, MADBALL, DRI, & BAD BRAINS, JUST TO NAME A FEW. DESPITE THEIR COMMERCIAL SUCCESS AND NINE SOLID YEARS OF TOURING, SICK OF IT ALL MAINTAINS STRONG TIES TO THEIR WORKING CLASS ROOTS. PERHAPS THAT IS WHY OLD SCHOOL FANS REMAIN LOYAL AND NEW FANS ARE DISCOVERING THE ROOTS OF NYHC EVERYDAY. THEY ARE CURRENTLY TOURING THEIR NEWEST RELEASE ON FAT WRECK ENTITLED "YOURS TRULY".





Photographer Michael 'Gunnar' Nelson and myself caught up with drummer Armand Majidi and singer Lou Koller before their May 4th show at Austin's Backroom. Thanks to a recorder that would not work, this interview was compiled from notes and memory. Misquotes are entirely unintentional and completely forgivable. Much small talk ensued as I jacked with an uncooperative recorder.

SFS: This issue of SFS is about 'freaks'. Have y'all met many freaks while on tour?

Lou Koller: We got to meet Lobster Boy!

SFS: Who is Lobster Boy?"

Lou: He was this sideshow freak in NYC. He had a thumb and where the rest of his fingers should be its all grown together so it looks like a lobsters pincer. His nails were real long too. He sits inside this tent and you pay two bucks and you can go inside the tent and shake his hand. But right when I was gonna shake his hand he pinched the shit out of me with those pincers and laughed about it! Lobsterman does that to everybody. He was a real asshole.

Armand Majidi: That's why they killed him. He was mean to everybody.

SFS: Who killed him?

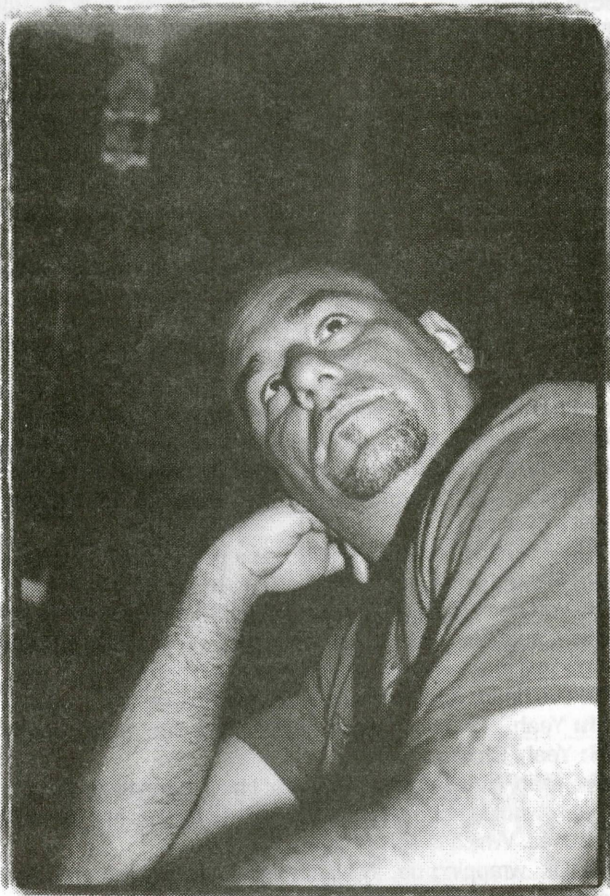
Armand: His family! They hired a cousin or something to kill him.

SFS: Was it for the money?

Lou: No. He didn't really have money. He was just a big asshole and everybody hated him so his wife and kids paid somebody to kill him."

SFS: Wow. That's pretty cool that you met him before he got whacked....





[small talk occurs]

SFS: You guys have been credited with saving the NYHC scene when it was dying out.

Armand: When we came out with 'Just Look Around' in '92 there was nowhere to play in NYC. There were no venues for hardcore bands. 'Just Look Around' got peoples attention.

SFS: Does your reputation as HC giants ever compromise the song-writing?

Armand: We know our limitations and we work within those limitations. We stay comfortable with style and not try to get too experimental.

SFS: You guys went from the indie labels in the early days to Electra and now you are back on the smaller label. What was the appeal to go back to smaller label?

Armand: The big labels don't know what to do with our type of music. It does not fit into the mainstream and the big labels want instant success bands. They do not put in the time and effort. They just don't know what to do with HardCore bands.

SFS: What are some of your favorite places to play?

Lou & Armand: Germany, they love us in Japan, Argentina, Holland

SFS: Where will you take you from here?

Lou: Europe. We are playing a 15 show festival with Avail, & Pennywise.

Later the very same evening **SICK OF IT ALL** got down to business and turned Austin's Backroom upside down... 



Brown
Whörnet

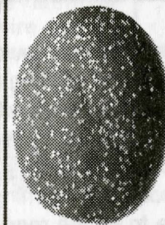
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BRAINS & ON FILM

FREAK ON THE LOOSE!

The Rich Gabe Interview continued from pg 25

and none of them clapped, so I had to say it again, like "I'm leeeaaav-ing." And then they clapped a little. And I knew they hated me. Like I'd just wasted they're time.

SFS: Do you know that it's going to be one of those nights pretty early into the routine?

Rich: I do. Because once I've lost them I'm not good at bringing them back. Some comics, real, professional, good comics can do that, they can lose an audience and regain their respect and bring them back. I... Once I lose 'em I'm fucked.

SFS: Can an unfunny person learn to be funny on the job?

Rich: No. You can't learn to be funny. Instead of being funny, can said unfunny person try to be a sad comedian, or a terrifying comedian? A Terrorian, say?

Rich: I've seen plenty of terrifying comedians, that just make you feel awful about leaving the house. Go to your local open mic. You can see many terrifying experiences. But, yeah, I was thinking for Halloween it'd be cool, instead of trying to do a routine to be funny, you'd do a scary routine. And people went to see ten-fifteen comics trying to be scary instead of being funny.

SFS: How far are you from being the best comedian you could be?

Rich: I'm very far. But I just have to work at it. I'm starting to do some more traditional stand-up. That way, if it doesn't work with my long bits... when I do my long bits if people don't like it in the first minute, they won't like it for the next five minutes. So I'm trying to incorporate some shorter stuff into my act... you keep learning. It's a process. Maybe in a year or two I'll be able to hit the road as a featured act.

SFS: What goals did you have before comedy caught your eye?

Rich: I wanted to make movies and write screenplays, but they're way too difficult, time-consuming. With comedy you can write three minutes of material and work on it the next day, go up in front of strangers and do it. Writing a screenplay you have to write an hour and a half worth of material. Doing comedy is very easy, if you can get over the stage scared-ness.

SFS: I believe that's called stage fright.

Rich: Not in the comedy business.

SFS: It's called stage scared-ness in the comedy business?

Rich: Yeah. Some of the lingo we use is... you know.

SFS: What's going to be happening in the comedy business? Any big changes or upheavals? Will one-line slogans such as "you know you're a red neck if..." continue to be all the rage?

Rich: Oh, I think so. Yeah, you know, I shouldn't say that... I don't know what's going to happen with comedy. It's sort of a somewhat dead art form, but that's sort of part of the appeal. Not many people like it. I've noticed that punk rock kids especially don't like comedy, and it's a shame, 'cause I like punk rock girls.

SFS: Have you ever written comedy under the influence of drugs?

Rich: No. I haven't. I've never performed stoned either. I only performed a couple of times drunk, and it was awful. I know a lot of comics get stoned right before they go up, but that just sounds horrifying to me. I'm already freaked out up there, there's no use being stoned and not being able to make sense to yourself.

SFS: How surreal is it getting up on a lit stage, when the whole audience is in the dark?

Rich: You know, honestly, at first it's very surreal, then you get more and more used to it, and now, once I hit the stage I sort of just go into sort of overdrive. Or no, that's wrong. I go into autopilot. Or overdrive.

SFS: Have you ever had any out-of-body experiences on stage?

Rich: No.

SFS: Not even when you were doing very badly?

Rich: Actually when you're doing good is when you lose yourself, you don't know what you're doing, when you're off and running and everything's clicking. When you're doing bad you in fact become very aware of where you're at, and things start to go very slow, and you know exactly what's going on, what's happening to you. You don't want that feeling. You don't want to be aware. You want to lose yourself.

SFS: On a bad night, you get offstage, what's the first thing you do?

Rich: Have a drink, probably.

SFS: You don't get the hell out of there?

Rich: No. Sometimes I'll go outside for a minute, but it's usually okay. The worst I've ever bombed is 15 minutes though, 'cause I'm still so new at this. Once you get professional, and have to do hour-long gigs, then, though you're not going to bomb as often, cause you'll be pretty good at that point, hopefully, when you do bomb, it's for an hour, which is pretty rough. So for me, it's 15 minutes, and then it's over with.

SFS: What's the first thing you do on a good night?

Rich: Have a drink.

SFS: You don't hang around waiting for your groupies?

Rich: (Laughter) Yeah, I wait around for my groupies to show up, so I can tell them about how I succeeded. Then I have a drink.

SFS: I've heard good comedy is an aphrodisiac.

Rich: Yeah... I wouldn't know, really... have you really heard that?

SFS: Yeah. Chicks dig funny.

Rich: Yeah, chicks do dig funny. And I have been hit on by girls that probably wouldn't normally have hit on me if I was just selling them bookcases. Which is sort of cool.

SFS: Ok, wrapping up, the last thing I want to ask you, Rich, is what's going to become of us?

Rich: (pause)...Us?

SFS: The human race.

Rich: Oh, now this where I'm just supposed to be funny.

SFS: Are you optimistic?

Rich: I guess so. As long as there's comedy for people, things must be bad. I don't want to answer that question.

SFS: What's the relationship between funny and happy?

Rich: They're pretty close. I don't know.

SFS: Can you elaborate on that?

Rich: No.

SFS: Are they A) brothers B) lovers C) cousins or D) high school teacher and buxom young student?

Rich: Wow, when you asked me that question, you left me a pretty good lead in to be funny, didn't you, and I missed it. That was my fault. You had it all set up for me to easily be funny, and I couldn't live up to it.

SFS: Don't beat yourself up.

Rich: It's okay. I'm fine. Maybe they're roommates. Happy organizes the bills and funny leaves the check and splits. Happy does the dishes and funny orders the pizzas and has the big parties. I hate parties.

SFS: What's your demographic, Rich?

Rich: Jewish men, between the ages of 40 and 50.

SFS: That leaves a lot of people out.


Rich: Yeah. But the judges were in that demographic. Those are the only people worth making laugh, anyway.

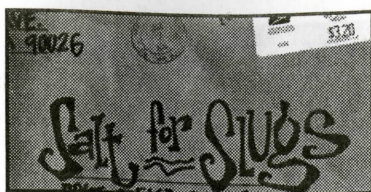
SFS: Well, thank you, Rich Gabe.

Rich: Thank you, Boaz... Dror.

SFS: You're welcome.

Rich: Thank you.

SFS: You're welcome, Rich. 



Dear Mr Greg Barbera,
Or could you please pass this along to Mr. E-Boy (unless that's you, of course). Thank him for reviewing my band The Condors in the new issue. Sorry he didn't like the disc, but considering I'd been playing in bands before I even started Flipside, it's a little late to "bag the music career." If he'd have read the bio I'd enclosed, beyond the former Spitfires mention (we changed our name to avoid confusion with the cool Canadian band), he'd have seen I've had quite a recorded

away.

Sincerely,
Pat "Pooch" DiPuccio
- Greg has thus far failed to come forth with his response. - bc

Dear Salt For Slugs,

Ever get caught petting a slug? It's like when you get caught talking to a cop. Once, when I was riding my bike in New Haven, when the streets were blocked off to cars, I stopped to ask a cop what the hell was going on. He had his hands on his hips and said that they were preparing for

Here's hoping he likes the next Condors offering better, 'cause, as Leiber and Stoller once wrote, "I can play this here guitar," and I'm not going

stake will be boosted up to tomorrow as the charges have been increased for the Jerry Ducciler massacre which happened some years ago. Please be sure to bring gasoline and shot guns and any other beautiful paraphernalia which causes pain! The program goes as follows: at 1:00 we will proceed with the reading of her rights, which will be followed by a bonfire in the chapel of the convent, and ending the events with a ten keg party at Allie Bowers house. Thank you for your participation- love the king of darkness-me.

Okay homeboys, this is my last letter according to 666, I have decided to join the Mormon Tabernacle Kwire and go solo with Angus Young

(Outdoor Survival Tips 8, continued from pg. 23)

attain a degree of warmth. It was only 7 p.m., but we were worn out. We chatted for a bit and then slowly dozed off after zipping up our bags so only our noses were showing. Only the rustling of a few industrious (and cold weather loving) mice disturbed our sleep.

When we woke in the early morning, the temperature on Yo's small thermometer was 0 degrees. Our breath streamed out of our mouths in a steamy cloud that slowly turned to tiny ice crystals highlighted by the first rays of the rising sun. Because of our lack of proper gear and Yo's increasingly numb feet, we decided to head back to the truck. As we gathered our equipment we tried unsuccessfully to warm our frozen gloves, boots and jackets. We put them on, allowing our body heat to do the job. The sky was a brilliant blue - the kind that can only come from the aftermath of a heavy storm.

The rest of the world outside the shelter was, quite literally, a winter wonderland. Everything was hidden, transformed into white lumpy objects.

After snapping a few pics of the stunning scenery, Yo and I shouldered our packs and started trudging back to the parking lot. The day was nice. A few smatterings of wispy clouds moved briskly above our heads. Clumps of snow dropped on us as we made our way through the flake-laden forest. Yo's feet, clad in boots made with a combination of fabric and leather, weren't thawing his boots out. Although equipped with a GoreTex lining, the ice trapped in between the waterproof membrane and the outer fabric was giving Yo some problems.

"Man," he complained as we hiked up a slippery, snowy hill, "I can't feel my feet." I grunted in agreement and continued the march. My wool gloves were now completely soaked from the melting ice and pretty much completely useless. The temperature was still hovering below freezing. We walked in exhausted silence. ☹

Letters to BURT COCAINE

history either with my own solo discs, the occasional session, and my years with Blow Up. That doesn't mean we should fit his musical criteria, of course, just that I, and Tony Fate (Bellrays), knew exactly the kind of disc we were fashioning (the clue is in the Kinks reference in the title).

Though I'd never played Raji's or Toes Tavern, (R.I.P.) I am honored to be included among the bands he'd listed, as I'm flattered he'd complimented my journalism. Aw, hell, at least he liked something I did! Anyway, Greg, please tell him "thanks," again. He didn't have to even give it a listen.

World Bank protestors. He felt powerful. I told him that that was just what his superiors told him so that he wouldn't feel like such a boob when he found out that his only purpose that day was to keep 36 hospital union workers from "getting out of hand". Cheerleaders. I could totally hear the pep talk he had back at the station that morning.

Sincerely,
Care Szejik
- Greg has thus far failed to come forth with his response to this letter as well. -bc

Dear All Antichrists and Sargeant Nun,

The proposed meeting for burning Sister Margaret Michael at the

from AC/DC. I have chosen to do this for the simple facts of life. Also, because there is this bumpin' nun who plays lead bass for them and Steve Quesenberry told me that she puts out! I can't see any other reason why not to join. I have had a meeting with the committee in hell and they think it sucks. It might cost me to lose my rank as a high official, but that bitch can jam!

Later,
Nitrous Boy
- A vote has been taken and a poll has been conducted. The execs in the Satanic Order have delivered a message directly to the sender of this letter which unfortunately cannot appear in print. The upcoming SFS EVIL issue will prove to be more evil than bin laden. -bc



HELP FROM ABOVE

Compiled
by Watson Goodman

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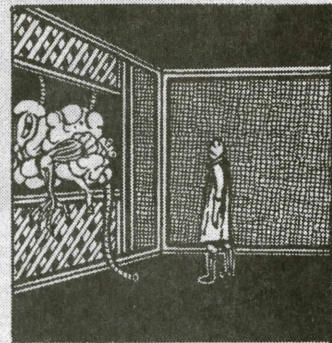
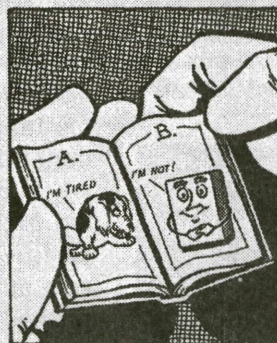
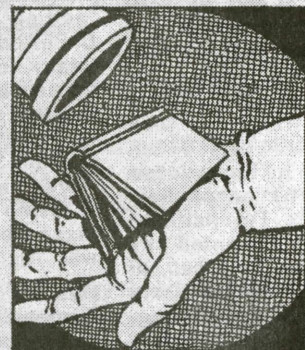
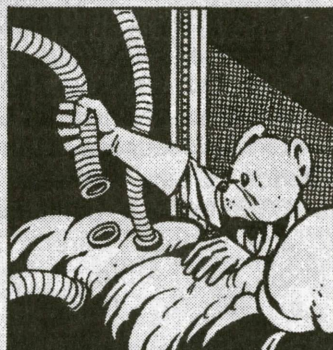
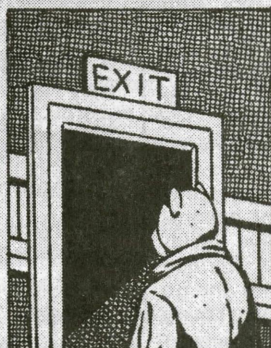
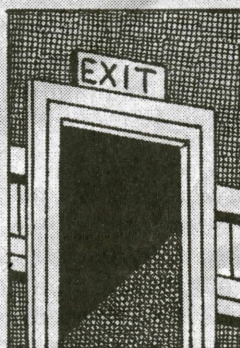


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