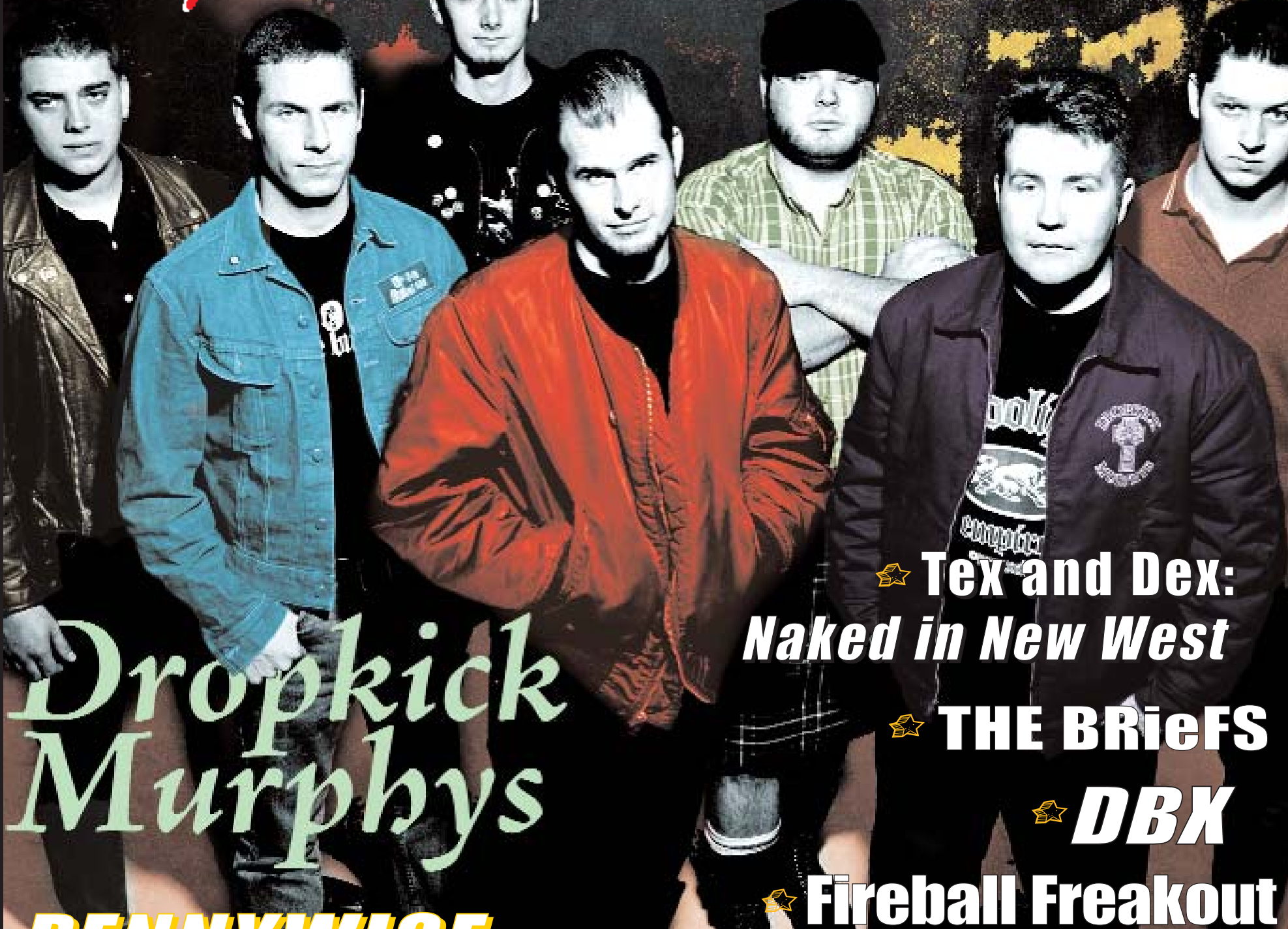


# The Nerve

A Mag for Freedom's Sake!

WARPED TOUR  
2002



*Dropkick  
Murphys*

**PENNYWISE**

★ **Tex and Dex:  
Naked in New West**

★ **THE BRIEFS**

★ **DBX**

★ **Fireball Freakout**

★ **Strung Out**

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*25 New Albums Reviewed*

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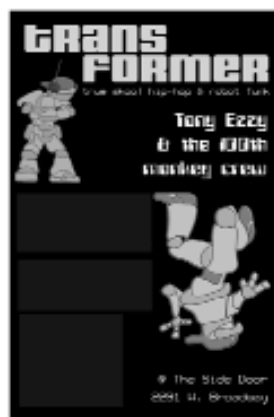
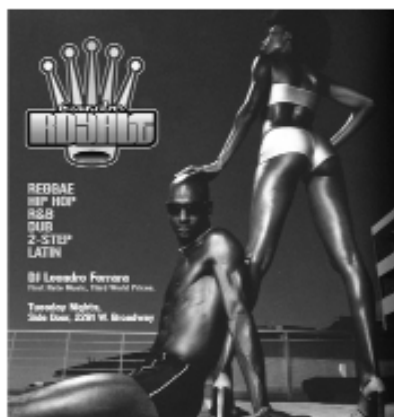
**Tuesdays / Caribe Royale - Reggae, Hip Hop, R&B, Latin, 2-Step**

**Wednesdays / Out With the New - A showcase of original live music.**

**Thursdays / Transformer - Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew - Funk**

**Fridays / Live acts**

**Saturdays / Live acts**



## August

sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
				<b>1 TRANSFORMER</b> Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew w/ Coco Love's Toys	<b>2</b> Inject: Live Electronic	<b>3</b> DJ Avi Shak: Funk, Hip Hop, Disco
<b>4 GO! SICKSOHFORE SUNDAYS</b> Kazhualte a.k.a. Young Kaz (Sacramento)	<b>5 Spicy</b>	<b>6</b> 	<b>7</b> Engine of the Future w/ Foam Mesh	<b>8</b> Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew w/ Those Lazy Bastards	<b>9</b> G.G. Dart Ray & The Corporation	<b>10</b> J.C.O.S. The Occidents Crew
<b>11 GO! SICKSOHFORE SUNDAYS</b> DJ Exacto: 2002 Van City DMC Champ	<b>12 Spicy</b>	<b>13</b> 	<b>14</b> Celebrate the Song III	<b>15 TRANSFORMER</b> Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew w/ Langdon Auger & The Grandmother	<b>16</b> DJ Wood	<b>17</b> Beluga
<b>18 GO! SICKSOHFORE SUNDAYS</b> NDIDI CASCADE (triple 3 soul)	<b>19 Spicy</b>	<b>20</b> 	<b>21</b> Jimka	<b>22 TRANSFORMER</b> Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew w/ Chile Chilachilo	<b>23</b> DJ Matty: Drum & Bass / Down Tempo	<b>24</b> The Hermit w/ Derk Cyborg + SOOLAH + chickenmanpeanut + visuals by HIGHBEAM
<b>25 GO! SICKSOHFORE SUNDAYS</b> E.Motionz (EMS, UCG, 4th World Occupants)	<b>26 Spicy</b>	<b>27</b> 	<b>28</b> TBA	<b>29 TRANSFORMER</b> Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew w/ special guests	<b>30</b> TBA	<b>31</b> TBA

# Ed's Burp

Greeting fellow Nerverts and Nervettes.

For those of you who've followed us from the beginning, you're CRAZY! No, just kidding, you are dearest in the pits of our hearts. For those of you who've picked up this dirty newsprint mag from the scattered piles of free mags lining the doorway of some blessed local business that hasn't banned us, welcome to NerveLand. Now, let me let y'all in on the developments and up-and-comings: You probably already noticed that we've tried this shit monthly for the past couple of issues and, due to an overwhelmingly positive reaction, it looks like we'll be keeping things monthly (*insert wild cheers here*). So if yer drinkin' when you read this like I am now, cheers! Ok, so what's new? Well I'll tell ya: With the help of Dmidtrui Otis (Blue Movies columnist with The Nerve and general impresario about town) we are bringin' in Ron Jeremy for a night of Jeremy trailers and beer at the Fox Theatre on Main St. Friday, August 30<sup>th</sup>. If you don't know who he is, don't admit it to anyone... just quietly show up so you won't have to be such a geek anymore. The Nerve would like to welcome Rudy Koch as our new webmasta (expect great new things at thenervemagazine.com soon, like a downloadable version of the print, Nerve Live Show Listings

and a place for you bitter bastards to post your written drool). Also new to the line-up and recent acquiree of the "most dangerous job in town" is the young Jeremy Baker, our new marketing rep. We've never had one of these before so LOOK OUT cause we're gonna be shovin' ourselves down your throat and up yer ass with incredible MARKETING force! Um, what else... oh yeah, we're cupping insanity by the balls and putting on our own music fest called FESTIVAL OF GUNS. Details are a little sketchy right now, but check in at festival-ofguns.com for updates... it's gonna be somethin'. AND catch ME (can I get a little more of ME in the monitors please??) the first Thursday of every month on CFOX's Punkorama show with the beautiful Mary-Anne 11pm-Midnight, pluggin' the new issue and making an ass out of myself. Call in -- I don't think the show takes callers now, but if thousands of you call, what choice will they have? (By this time in the production weekend blitz I'm usually so, um, BLITZD, that all I write for my blurb are cusses and then whine about shit. But since we moved into our new office on Granville St., hell, I'll be damned if I ain't only half drunk now and feeling a bit chatty and friendly.) (p.s. the typos above are for sinserity)

Muchos Loveos,  
Bradley C. Damage  
Editor in Chief

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# SLICKITY JIM'S

# CHAT 'N' CHEW

## THE NERVE HIT SQUAD!

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**The Cleaner**  
(a/k/a Cover Design)  
Saturnin

**Advertising**  
(a/k/a Fire Insurance)  
Jeremy Baker, Brad Damsgaard

cover pics: Kevin Williams (Pennywise)  
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The Nerve Magazine Ltd.  
Box 88042,  
China Town PO,  
Vancouver BC,  
V6A 4A4

www.thenervemagazine.com

editor@thenervemagazine.com  
advertise@thenervemagazine.com  
604-734-1611

## Nervous Response

Letters, Rants, Cussin'



Here at The Nerve, we embrace readers who send us hate mail. The fellow who sent us the creative drawing and collage above, who I believe goes by the name Joe Sleaze, is one of our favourites. Joe is a prime example of a disgruntled cartoonist who believes that by insulting us he will get his stuff published in The Nerve. Well, Joe, we got one thing to say to you... you sick twisted fuck! Look for more of your stuff in the next issue (or turn to page 4 in this issue) and keep up the good work!

editor

Thanks for the interview Brad, it was a wicked time. I just wanted to include the thanx list we discussed during the interview. FULLBORE thanx: Gudy and Paul for the space, Gary and Sean for the booze, all our staff especially John the sound guy, the bands, the fans, the Hardcore scene and alcoholics everywhere.

Rock on.  
wendythirteen (The Cobalt)

My Pleasure wendythirteen! Keep up the good work!

editor

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## How Much Civics Can A Civixen Vix?

Among the initial hurdles you will probably have to jump over in the process of becoming an opinion columnist is shushing those nagging doubts that in actuality, no one wants to hear your two-bit opinion, fuckyouvery-much. Granted, that's probably always going to be true, but if you're full of enough bile to want to *be* an opinion columnist in the first place, you're probably already sufficiently oblivious to whether or not those around you have their fingers in their ears to simply brazen ahead and get on down with your bad-ass soapboxing self.

I'm really blowing my wad here, since there are probably enough topics in this list to provide fodder for a half-dozen columns... but things move fast in today's world, and in the spirit of ADHD and the new, cheaper stimulant drugs available on the market, I offer this scattershot of piss and vinegar. Make ready with the tarps - I'm going for distance.

### GROWBUSTERS

Oh, shut up already. I'm so sick of the self-righteous, self-serving media onslaught as these cops jockey for future funding like the pony little pony riders they are. No amount of

DEA-style fearmongering in the *Vancouver Courier* is going to make the thinking people of this city support institutionalized botanical sadism. I can't wait to see those smug copper smiles get wiped away as pot is legalized and this branch has to find a new outlet for their thuggery. What next, Outstanding Library Fine-busters?

### NIGHT BUSES

After he and his board of brain donors cancelled them all, Translink chair Doug "Bozo" McCallum now admits he wants to consider limited reintroduction of after-hours bus services. Well, thanks for the crumbs, you clueless fuck. As it is now, late night funsters and the people whose jobs are to serve them their fun have three choices for getting home after 1:30 a.m.: 1) DUI [The *Nerve Magazine* does *not* advocate DUI, DWI, DIY or any similar abbreviations] 2) sell a kidney to pay for a cab home [The *Nerve Magazine* does not advocate anything other than conventional forms of kidney abuse] 3) do a whole bunch of coke so you can stay up until the buses start again [given the alternatives, this is what *The Nerve Magazine* is forced to advocate. Thanks, Translink!] Now just watch those fuckfaces start charging "premium fares" based on lower ridership numbers after hours. This just makes me mental. Since when did ridership come to equal *need*? I'll wager a

couple of pie-eyed broke UBC students at 3 a.m. have a much greater *need* for a safe and affordable ride home (I'd say entitlement is closer to it) than a group of Starbucks-swigging Kerrisdale soccer moms at 3 p.m. Let those bitches eat cake... and take taxis! Why not scale the price of individual transit fares to the actual daily frequency of use? The less time elapsed since your last ride, the cheaper your next one. Not impossible, unfair or unworkable. (See, I'm a uniter, not a divider!) Why should someone who schleps their carcass on the loser cruisers every godforsaken day be made to listen to those gibbering nitwits who simply *must* tell everyone within earshot how

bits of fossilized eye candy as Joe Clark and Myron Thompson. See, dear, one of the fringe benefits of being a big fish in such a tightly packed little pond is getting to rub up against some really cute fish, of which there are plenty. Providing you adhere to a platform that supports the basic principles of Funarchy, *The Nerve* might even be willing to throw down a bit of olde tyme sloganeering for ya... something like "*ain't nothin' but a V thing!*" (because you have that V in your name, and then also the word Vancouver has those 2 Vs, and suddenly I'm seeing a whole visual story here with the Vs and the mountain shapes and shit, and ... holy fuck, I'm having a "branding"

After he and his board of brain donors cancelled them all, Translink chair Doug "Bozo" McCallum now admits he wants to consider limited reintroduction of after-hours bus services. Well, thanks for the crumbs, you clueless fuck!

they just NEVER take transit and can't *believe* they're doing it right now. You want a prize for saving the world, Gandhi? Theatre-going, yuppie "car-at-homes" should be paying premium fares for so-called 'casual use,' and the whole system should be free during hours when there is a higher likelihood that getting behind the wheel will result in you or someone else ending up dead. Translink has got to be the biggest collection of logic-deprived douchebags this side of Growbusters. Case in point...

moment! Somebody get me an *Adbusters* or a *Public Works*, STAT!) Anyway, Svend, I'm here to tell you Jennifer Clarke sure as shit doesn't represent my ass... which said goodbye to 'sensible pantsuits' a long time ago. We need a candidate who will loosen up the tap on the booze regs, keep the fun flowing and the night buses going. Whoever does will make a lot of people happy, just in time for...

### OUR OLYMPIC BID

Yet another reason we need Svend. Jenny-wenny may be able to list 'social vulture' and 'head poser' on her private school resume, but honestly, if you can't manage to attract a world-class athletics event to a city like Vancouver, you either have to be a special kind of stupid, or you've been kicking IOC members in the shins under the table during your presentations. Although the person running the city in the intervening years might have some pretty major stewardship on their hands, ultimately this Olympic bid is a machine, as is the creeping terror of gentrification that will gradually displace people living in the area many in Clarke's camp see as the city's toilet bowl. Inevitabilities run both ways though, and that's what these whitebread types forget sometimes. Just as places like the 'Gastown Crap & Giftorium' will thrill to the swellings of international crowds, so will the massage parlours, strip clubs and escort agencies. Instead of shunning and shaming the peelers and sluts, we should be thanking them (and giving them collectible pins) for fluffing and sucking all those random foreign cocks that our own women can't be bothered to choke down. Our hot ladies and superlative drugs are legendary all over the world. Why fight it? As Patti La Belle says, "don't block the blessings!" (Right, Svend?) Besides a resounding defeat in November (to a soundtrack of Public Enemy, I think), the best punishment for yuppie posers like Clarke is...

### VANCOUVER - RICHMOND RAPID TRANSIT LINE

Three words: about goddamn time. I mean, holy Sopranos — what kind of nutsack vice-grip have the taxi and airport bus companies had on the city of Vancouver all these years? Rapid transit to the airport is the easiest decision this town will ever have to make, and let us never forget that in all her years on the Translink board, Jennifer Clarke sat on her sensibly pantsuited ass and failed time and time again to make it happen. She's one of those stonewalling Arbutus Corridor 'crème de la crème-ers', whose main interest is what Dubya calls "Homeland Security" - Jenny's Prime Directive: Protect Shaughnessy and the 'Dale).

### MAYOR APPARENT

Sounds like a tag line for a crappy porno: Jennifer wants it... she wants it *baaad*. Badly enough that she was willing to feed Mayor Owen his balls — an indignity we all *know* has been specifically earmarked for ex-Translink chair George Puil. (And I was *really* looking forward to that!) Watching Jennifer Clarke lick her chops as November nears has got me thinking about a "Draft Svend" campaign. I think our highest-profile BC MP is one of the only candidates who could take her on and win. And what a contest it would be! Shaughnessy will represent something fierce at the ballot box in favour of their neighbourhood girl, but if a big ole NDP homo with good [world] stage presence and name recognition can't get the young and granola out of their grow-ops and drum circles to vote, then who the fuck are we as a city??? When Alexa McDonough steps aside, Svend Robinson is *not* going to win the federal NDP leadership (I'm not jinxing anything — the writing is on the Airstream there). So, girlfriend (I'm talking to Svend here), you need to decide whether you want to spend your sunset years on Sunset Beach presiding over your bronzed and rippled constituents, or the Parliament Hill health club, amid such linty

### WAL-MART COMING TO SOUTH VANCOUVER

Affordable patio furniture and Martha Stewart products notwithstanding, any good Kerrisdalek knows that gentility is fundamentally incompatible with anything ending in "-mart". The only more hateful four-letter-word? "Indy".

civixen@thenervemagazine.com



# ATTENTION BANDS

Got a gig?  
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# The Scourge of Our Nation

by Harry Mensche

[Editor's Note: Our Nervert-at-large Jeff Oliver found himself a little too busy with moving this month, so we offer the short story of this young whippersnapper in his place. Hollywood Jeff's column should be back next month, at which time we'll also be publishing the winning entry in our Punk Rock Short Story Contest.]

It's a typical pissing late Saturday night, and I'm getting a lesson in Authority 101. A young policeman, mid-twenties, is sucking in his chest like a chicken stuffed inside a duck stuffed inside a turkey. If this motherfucker doesn't relax, he'll blow up all over the street and the crows will be feasting on *poulet* well into Christmas. It seems there has been a disturbance. Or rather, there will be. Although the music died down a half hour ago and people are waiting outside the house for cabs, it appears there is intent at this wee hour to grab a bat, strip naked, smear on face paint and run through the streets of Kerrisdale clubbing kittens and the occasional unlucky raccoon. Mr. Cop calls this "intent to do mischief." I promptly tell him that although I am not saying anything, I have the *intent* to tell him to go fuck himself. This does not go over well, and the crows smell white meat on the sidewalks. He reaches for his handcuffs. I lunge at his sense of humour, falling miserably short, because he doesn't have any. "We're not doing anything wrong, and your flashing lights are freaking out every neighbour within 5 blocks. Why did you come here?" I enquire with the elegance of a randy aristocrat seducing the chambermaid. He shines a flashlight in my face, menacing-like, and asks to see my driver's license. I tell him that I'm sober, and seeing that I'm standing in a garden, it's an odd location to conduct a roadblock. His chest heaves, and if there weren't witnesses pissing themselves, I'm sure he would have beaten me into mango pulp. Instead he turns his attention to the hottie on my left, an 18 year-old with breasts facing Allah.

"You! How old are you?" he resonates, trying hard to remember those vocal classes at the academy. He'd been too busy staring at the tits of the instructor. Man, was she hot. Kinda like this young fox.

"I'm 18, officer," she blurts, giggling

like a waterfall. He starts to write this down. Over his shoulder, I mutter, "man, that has to be the coolest way to pick up chicks. I'm going to dress like you and talk like you and carry one of those heavy flashlights. I've already got the handcuffs, but they're lined with purple fur..." He calls for backup.

"How did you get here?" he asks.

"Taxi," she replies.

"How are you leaving?" he asks.

"Taxi," she replies.

It occurs to all within earshot that this officer was not the sharpest prick in the needle box. I committed his name to memory and look forward to his induction as Chief of Police someday. In some countries, there's a law that says police are obligated to give a ride to any citizen too inebriated to drive. Makes sense. That way, drunk drivers look for the cops instead of avoiding them (hint: when it rains, don't drive under bridges) and the streets are safer. My future cabbie was probably getting high somewhere at that exact moment, so I had nothing to lose. I tap Mr. Cop on the shoulder, and ask him if he "minds" giving me a ride to Commercial Drive. He looks at me, veins popping, eyes sweating, teeth grinding, and spits "the only place I'll take you is *jail!*" His last word breaks sound barriers and sends the neighbour's poodle into a frenzy. He has clearly missed the point.

"Dude, not jail - C-o-m-m-e-r-c-i-a-l. By First Avenue."

**I figure if the cops were to stop any one of the thousands of souped-up BMW's being driven by 19 year-olds in this city, they would likely find something amiss. Instead, they fire four warning shots in the back of any poor fucker who smacks the piñata a little too late in the evening.**

If there was a line, I guess I just crossed it, because he looks at me like my name is Farah Ali Khan and I'm trying to board a plane to New York. Out come the handcuffs (oh boy, let's gets kinky!) and, yes, that is a hand on his gun. I instantly respond with a hand on my dick and a challenge to a sword fight. At this moment, two lovely girls glittering with fairy dust appear at my arms and whisk me away to a recently-arrived cab. "Thank you officer," I yell as the cab pulls away, "I don't feel like getting up to any mischief now." A job well done.

An eventful night (the fairies are described in another, less highbrow publication), and Sunday I find myself at another



house party. This one is in Point Grey. I pull up on my bike, and dismount to the psycho stares of Officers Jones and Jones. (Unrelated, although I'm sure *very* close.) I don't recall being followed. "Do you live here?" they ask me, having clearly paid attention during the

olds in this city, they would likely find something amiss. Instead, they fire four warning shots in the back of any poor fucker who smacks the *piñata* a little too late in the evening.

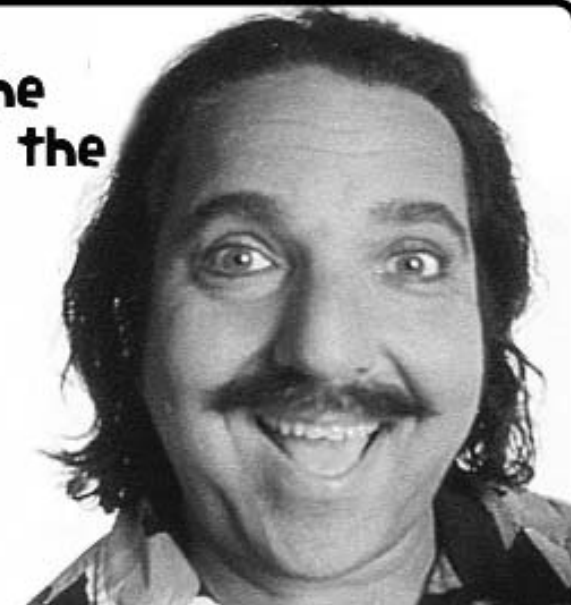
It was all very depressing, perhaps signaling time for me to leave this city that is to fun what acid is to eyeballs. Then, a few nights later, I stumbled across the truth. It was 3 am, and some kids are hanging outside a house, enjoying some fresh air. "Shut up or I'll call the police!" yells a neighbour. It's not the cops, it's the fucking tight-ass neighbours! If they would

bother to complain, they might find that, as Canadians, we're all very accommodating. But instead they seethe and boil, calling the cops, shutting it down without anyone knowing it was them. It's a safe way to do it. I immediately visited all my neighbours bearing gifts they would like (flowers, music, crack) and asked them to please come to me first if one of my many *soirées* bothered them enough to make them want to call The Man. They appreciated the gesture, I threw a slammer with midgets, lesbian man-whores and farm sheep, and there wasn't a cop in sight. Now *that*, my fellow citizens, hits the right nerve every time.

illustration: Mike O



Hang with the Hedgehog at the FOX!



SEE PAGE 21



Best Panty Remover...

# Indie but Not Broke?

## Being an Indie Band doesn't Mean Staying Broke! Read on.

So you have a band, a CD, a practice space, a so-so van, a couple of gigs coming up and an internet connection - what next? Convergence. A dirty word for corporations but a promising term for bands striving to go that extra mile for exposure and financial independence. The internet is proving itself to be beneficial to new bands and others who recognize that they have to reach far beyond the city limits to make a go of music as a career.

Your two immediate online needs are a URL or domain name that is representative of your band, preferably [www.yourbandname.com](http://www.yourbandname.com) with a main email address of [info@yourbandname.com](mailto:info@yourbandname.com) that is checked regularly ([www.internic.net](http://www.internic.net) worldwide or <http://www.cira.ca> in Canada, [www.yahoo.com](http://www.yahoo.com)). With thousands upon thousands of bands online, indie bands who have left themselves dangling at the end of a very long URL can consider themselves truly lost. Don't make people fight to find you! There are many sites that allow you set-up your presence for free or for a monthly fee that includes your own domain name, an email service that allows group emails (i.e. regular newsletter or gig/touring announcements), merchandise sales with e-commerce capabilities (credit card processing and shipping) and a walk-through of all the steps involved in building your pages (try [www.freedomtogroove.com](http://www.freedomtogroove.com)).

After the website, our first foray into online money-making was joining mp3.com. It was relatively easy to upload our music but we're not making any money off it and haven't for over a year as the cost to be a "Premium" member per month exceeded what we were making off plays. It was enough to put back into the band for expenses, posters, photocopying press kits, printer cartridges, postage, recording, gas money, CD dubbing costs etc.

Curious on how to market your site, join mailing lists, book a tour, contact an A&R rep and get the best deal on pressing CDs? Check out many of the dozens of websites put

together by your peers ([www.indie-music.com](http://www.indie-music.com) is excellent) containing many articles, links, resources and directory listings. What you probably will *not* find is information on music licensing. Licensing? This is the term applied to the process of placing music on visual creative projects, such as film soundtracks (film, video, digital), television programs and advertising campaigns.

As more and more music is being made available online for different uses it is natural for production people to turn to the internet to find music. Why? Because you can buy anything on the internet! Savvy bands are spending time on film bulletin boards offering up their music for soundtrack use, indie labels are offering licensing options on their websites and composers are banding together and starting their own online write-for-hire agencies. If you or your bandmates don't have the time, effort or expertise to find soundtrack opportunities and successfully pitch your music, there are avenues for you.

Whom to trust?

I'm on movie sets a lot and I can tell you how hard it is to approach the music supervisor or the producer with CD. They may love it or I might lose my job. Not wanting to jeopardize my finances, I've found a few online companies that specialize in indie music licensing and are non-exclusive (which means you can join as many as you want - no exclusive memberships). Before signing with any company remember you are entering into a business relationship that involves your work and payment for use of that work.

Contracts?

The licensing company should have a legal contract that requires the signatures of the owners or the authors/composers of the music submitted. If the company is legit, they will want to protect themselves from fraud artists that will send in other people's music in an attempt to profit from it. Also for perusal, there is the final license contract with the filmmakers or whomever - and is it for a Master/Sync license, or just a Sync license? ([www.ascap.com](http://www.ascap.com), [www.bmi.com](http://www.bmi.com) or [www.socan.com](http://www.socan.com) can define these terms if you are not familiar with the industry jargon).

Fees?

The contract should state very clearly the fees

(monthly? yearly? by the byte?) involved and how future licensing income will be split between you and them and how often you will be paid.

Pre-Cleared or Restricted?

Also, ask about whether the tracks are required to be pre-cleared or if you can request restrictions. Some companies have a standard restriction that reads something like 'this track cannot be used on scenes depicting racism, pornography, use of tobacco, alcohol or drugs'. Requesting a restriction will obviously limit the amount of interest your music garners and ultimately the pay-out. Personally I don't care if a European sausage company wants to use my music on a television commercial - I'm an indie musician who can barely pay the rent, who is going to blame me for taking the money? I'll take that money and invest it in my band's future.

Where to start?

Start where you begin all your other research - on your favorite search engine ([www.google.com](http://www.google.com) is huge). If you want to go the total DIY personal route based on your location, use your city name and keywords like 'film production', 'indie movies', 'production companies', 'music wanted', etc. Most cities and provinces have film associations and unions that keep track of local shoots and list them on their websites with contact information. Be prepared to be your own sales agent - you will have to send each of the interested parties a pitch package (some require two - one for the director and one for the music supervi-

they send an email - through the website - to the owner, who then responds. Dialogue and negotiations ensue, and you are ultimately responsible for finalizing your deal.

I would advise you to check out the smaller companies, which appear to have more staying power than the large online music companies ([licensemusic.com](http://licensemusic.com) - one of the first and definitely the largest - shut down business abruptly months ago and is currently being auctioned off on the internet through a bankruptcy trustee). Many have made forays into licensing but the traditional licensing system (long protracted negotiations, complicated territorial and usage structures, clearances, exorbitant fees, favored nations, and script/scene approval) has not translated well online. There was no immediacy and none of the click-through satisfaction that everyone has come to expect from the web. Once the costs of software development, technical support, hosting fees and high-priced management were factored in, the license fees were unaffordable and potential buyers were back in the nightclubs chatting up bands after their sets.

Online, there is a market for indie music (even if the band in question has broken up, doesn't tour, is brand new or not commercially friendly), and it requires hardly any work on behalf of the band. You fill in an application, get the appropriate signatures, mail it in and wait for the money to arrive. It is the agency's business to market their catalogue, customer services and bring the buyers in.

With record labels setting their standards higher and higher for new signings, showing up with a portfolio of licensed tracks

**Most cities and provinces have film associations and unions that keep track of local shoots and list them on their websites with contact information. Be prepared to be your own sales agent.**

sor), diligently follow-up, negotiate your terms and, if needed, hire a lawyer to proof your contract.

If you are willing to let go of a lot of control, a full-service online licensing agency like Realia Music Inc. ([www.realiamusic.com](http://www.realiamusic.com)) may be worth looking into. One of the larger agencies online, their online catalogue consists of indie music from around the world which has been pre-cleared and priced on a sliding scale that caps at \$5,000 for world-wide usage. They have restrictions available but only for special cases (pre-existing contracts between musicians and other parties - I asked) and they provide a one-stop service for people who have limited budgets, tight schedules and credit cards. They have a one-time \$5 membership fee and a \$1/song submission fee, 50/50 license split and a \$2/song shipping fee for songs licensed. Your songs are represented for as long as you wish, and if you get an exclusive deal with a publishing company or label, they promise they will remove your songs within 24 hours.

If you have a good idea of what your music is worth and prefer to wrangle your deals yourself, try SongCatalog Inc. ([www.songcatalog.com](http://www.songcatalog.com)). Their system provides a virtual middleman for your negotiations. You submit as many tracks as you wish for placement in their online 'Active List' or in the 'Vault' and pay per track. Fees are billed monthly and start at \$4.95 for up to 25 audio files stored in the 'Vault,' and \$9.95 for up to 25 songs featured on the 'Exchange' (site search engine) and rates increase by smaller increments for every 50/100/200 songs registered. There are different levels of search capabilities that have a separate fee rate but you can check out there website for more details. People who wish to license music register at no cost, browse the catalogue and when a suitable track is located,

in your package just might be the wedge you need to force open the door. It really doesn't matter where the track was used or for what product, the fact that your music can be sold for hard cash is the attractive quality they are looking for.

Always remember to be realistic with your expectations and tell everybody that you are with a 'licensing agency' (it does sound impressive and looks even better on your bio). There are hundreds of thousands of bands in the world with at least one album under their belts. That's a lot of competition for the same dollar. It's also unlikely that directors like Steven Spielberg or Kevin Smith are cruising these sites for music for their next big project - their budgets mean they can afford just about any song they want. As an indie musician with an indie agency, your music will be marketed to projects without a great deal of exposure attached to them. Focus will usually be on the catalogue, not the individual bands. In addition, there are fees and it is a relatively new industry - it may take years for it to take off and compete with traditional processes.

But don't despair. It only takes one new digital filmmaker with a vision and a few thousand dollars to help pay off the band van or press those extra 500 CD's. It's a cheap and viable new way to get your music heard by a larger and potentially more lucrative audience, and that's what you want. Isn't it?

Gregory "Scooter" Johnson

*Scooter spent 5 years touring the country with The Hard Rock Miners and has released 5 internationally distributed albums with his psychobilly band The Deadcats.*



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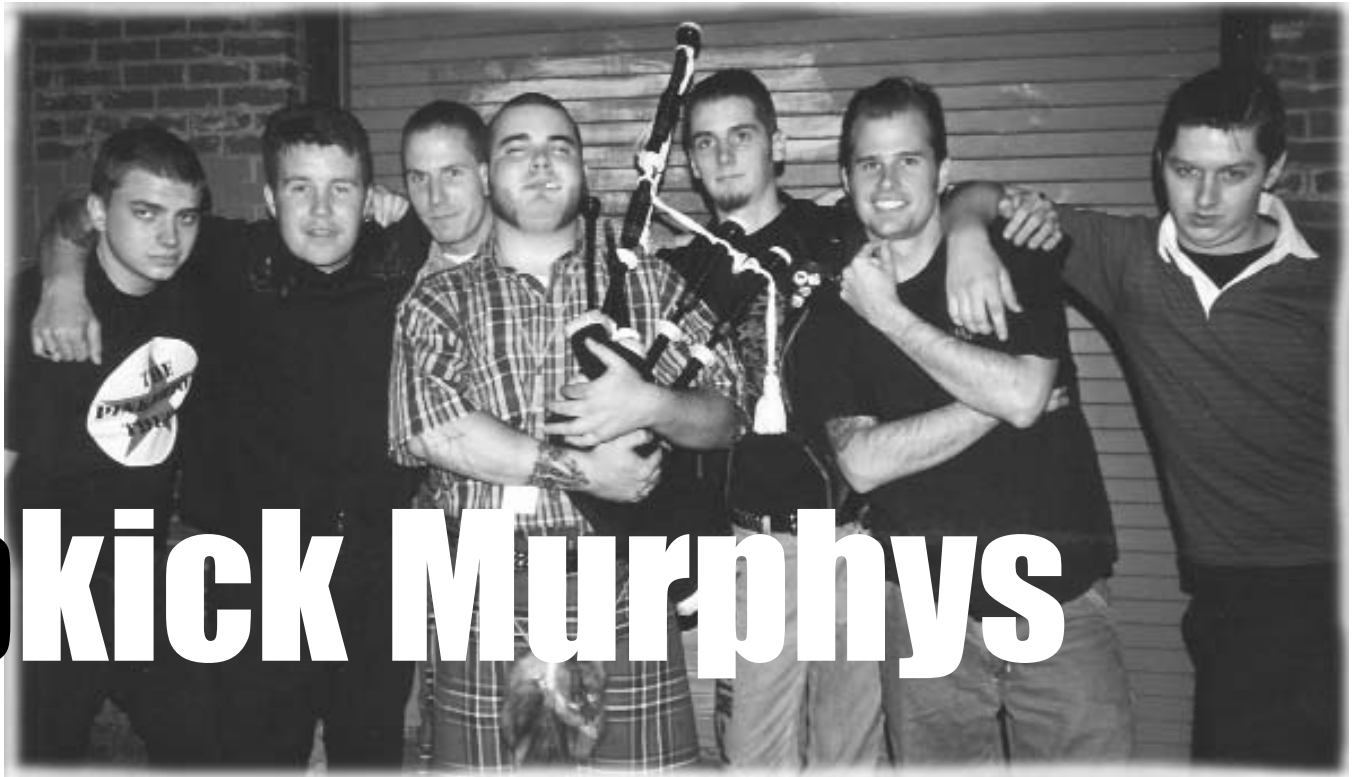
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# Dropkick Murphys

Ken Casey, bassist for the Dropkick Murphys, took a few minutes to chat with *The Nerve* about this and that. The following is the conversation that ensued.

**Cowboy TexAss:** *This is The Nerve Magazine callin' from Vancouver, BC.*

**Ken Casey:** Yeah, hey. How's it goin'?

**CT:** *We just got your new CD, Live on St Patrick's Day from Boston, MA. You guys sold out a 2000+ capacity theatre 3 nights in a row, and from the sounds of the disc, it was pretty awesome. Tell us about it.*

**KC:** We played and recorded it in Boston, where we're from. It's always a circus when we play here, y'know? There's probably more people backstage than there are out front. It's more like a big party or a celebration than it is just a show.

**CT:** *From the raucous sounds of this CD, you guys really know how to work a crowd in Boston. You do your song "for Boston" and the Bruins theme song... [Ken laughs] You bring out the big guns.*

**KC:** We actually make the crowd suffer through that stuff wherever we play, it's just that they like it more in Boston.

**CT:** *Let's talk about musical influences. I can hear a lot of Clash influences in your songs.*

**KC:** Oh, of course... obviously, musically they're a big influence. But I think sound-wise, there's a lot of similarities in a lot of the old British punk... in the guitar sound. Definitely as a band [the Clash are] a big influence.

**CT:** *You covered quite a few of their songs on singles in the past.*

**KC:** I learned to play the bass to the first Clash record, so in a lot of those early recordings, we were recording just whatever I could play.

**CT:** *What else influences your music? Punk and traditional Irish folk?*

**KC:** We take influences from whatever kinds of music we all like and that's why we're all over the place as a band... everything from AC/DC to Boston hardcore... and from the 80's, Gangrene and Slapshot, stuff like that, to traditional stuff. The traditional Irish stuff... that more came from our upbringing and [we] just kinda meld everything together... everything from punk and Oi to hard rock to hardcore to folk.

**CT:** *As far as touring goes, do you feel you fit in more with punk bands, hardcore bands, or traditional, more Celtic-oriented stuff?*

**KC:** Definitely with punk bands. We are a punk band. We're accustomed to playing to a kind of a punk rock-type of crowd, a younger crowd. We usually play the all-ages events and y'know, I'd say we're a punk band with a punk audience and we get stragglers from all the other areas. We do occasionally play like, Irish festivals and things like that, but the last Irish festival we played, they thought the stage was gonna get knocked down and they were all havin' a heart attack and a bunch of chairs got

broken.... they put seats in front of the stage where we were playing. It was funny, we took a picture afterwards and there was just this big pile of broken chairs on the ground after everyone left.

**CT:** *Utter chaos.*

**KC:** Yeah, so we fit more obviously in the punk world but we will definitely on occasion play with bands of other genres.

**CT:** *So, for you guys, it's more about bringing all your influences, the Irish folk and everything else to the punk kids.*

**KC:** Right.

**CT:** *How about fitting in with other bands that do a similar marriage of the Celtic and punk/rock, like Flogging Molly, who were just here, or even the Real McKenzies... have you heard of them?*

**KC:** Oh, of course.

**CT:** *They're almost like the Scottish counterparts of the Dropkicks.*

**KC:** Yeah, we're friends with all those bands and y'know, I think the difference between the three of us is: Flogging Molly, although they have the fast songs, they're more about the traditional style than us. We're a lot more similar to the Real McKenzies, who predate us. They're really all about the bagpipes. We kinda are always dabbling in other sorts of music. We might play a song with bagpipes and we might play a song that's straight up hardcore, but the Real McKenzies, I'd have to credit them as the modern band doin' the Celtic punk rock thing. I think they're among the front runners.

**CT:** *And they're from Vancouver, so that's cool. Their shows are mostly about getting drunk and rowdy, but how about you guys? You mostly do all-ages shows?*

**KC:** Well, the young kids can drink outside in the parking lot and then come in and get rowdy. An older crowd needs the alcohol to liven them up but the young kids, they just have the energy anyway, whether they're drunk or not. So the perfect mix is a bunch of teenage kids who don't need alcohol and bunch of older guys who got shitfaced at the bar and then showed up... makes for the perfect Dropkick Murphys show.

**CT:** *So, do you guys play licensed shows at all anymore?*

**KC:** We do on occasion. But if we're booking our own tours or doin' something on our own, 99.9% of the time we're gonna make those all-ages shows.

**CT:** *I guess that's not a problem now, because you're at a point where you can sell out a 2000-seat room without worrying about drink sales. I read that a few years ago, you got into a huge brawl with an audience in a Salt Lake City bar. Does this sort of thing happen much with the Dropkick Murphys anymore? Do you get into a lot of bar fights?*

**KC:** Not really. We're too old for that stuff. We're all about havin' a good time, but occasionally, as I said to the guys who put on that Irish festival, you can't have a band that sings

about alcohol and drinking and fighting and never have any drinking or fighting. But we try to keep that to a minimum, especially when there's young kids around.

**CT:** *In your early days, was there a lot of that? Gimme a good brawl story here, c'mon.*

**KC:** When we first started out, yeah. There was definitely... as a matter of fact, this St. Paddy's Day was one of the first St. Patrick's Day festivals we've been allowed to play in Boston. Our last one back in '97 was a little ugly. We definitely had a rowdier crowd, y'know what I mean?

**CT:** *No, what happened?*

**KC:** Oh, whatever's supposed to happen on St. Patrick's Day. Normal chaos, y'know... a lot of blood and a lot of green beer.

**CT:** *Kinda like Christmas.*

**KC:** Yeah, Christmas in March.

**CT:** *You guys cover CCR on this new CD. How'd that happen? Is there a story behind that?*

**KC:** Y'know, like I said, rock n' roll is as big of an influence as anything else. When I was 8 years old, I was listening to CCR before I was listening to punk. We just try to say that no music is out of bounds, except maybe techno or rap. [Laughter ensues] If it's got guitar, like a lot of guitar, chances are I'd like it... or if some cool-ass old guy is singin it.

**CT:** *The bio on your homepage only lists 4 guys in the band. But there's way more going on this CD..*

**KC:** About a year prior to the release of the last record, we added three additional members. The Celtic instrumentation on our records up till then was more friends from around our neighbourhood that played those instruments but didn't tour with us. We were able to finally find the right people who were into all the aspects of the music we did and wanted to tour. They kinda basically solidified the line-up so that what you hear on the record is what you get

live.

**CT:** *Do they contribute to the writing?*

**KC:** Yeah.

**CT:** *Does that change the dynamic in the studio at all, going from four guys to seven?*

**KC:** No, the core guys still do the core of the writing, but ideas from more people are better, y'know? I mean definitely not every idea they have is something [we're gonna do]. If one of the guys came in and said I wanna try this jazz fusion thing, it's just not gonna fly. These guys are all from similar musical backgrounds and they were also fans of the band before they were in the band, so we're on the same wavelength. It's almost as if they were in the band the whole time.

**CT:** *All right, I'm about out of questions, anything you want to say to the good people of Vancouver?*

**KC:** Just lookin' forward to comin' up to Vancouver again. It's been a while since we were there... last fall, I think.

**CT:** *You played the Croatian Cultural Centre.*

**KC:** Yeah.

**CT:** *What'd you think of that place?*

**KC:** Uh, it's a big... cavernous room, and I don't know if the sound is so great...

**CT:** *No, the sound is not good.*

**KC:** I don't want to insult the place. They're good enough to have us and no one else is offering, so we'll just keep going back, which is fine for us, but we'll be doing something different this year at Snow Jam.

*Catch the Dropkick Murphys at SnowJam II, Saturday, August 24<sup>th</sup>, or check out their new live release from Hellcat Records, hitting stores this September.*

Cowboy TexAss  
pic: courtesy of Epitaph



"[back in the day] punk rock was rebellious, dangerous. Everyone hated you. You were a fucking out-cast. Nowadays, it's ok. The danger and rebellion element are totally taken away..."

- Pennywise guitarist Fletcher Dragge

# Pennywise



Pennywise guitarist Fletcher Dragge is disgusted with punk. In its current state, the words "punk rock" have become about as meaningless and devoid of descriptive value as the word "alternative." It wouldn't scare a 12 year-old. In fact, they're probably the scene's largest demographic. Formed in 1988, with their seventh album *Land Of The Free?* in current release from Epitaph, the Pennywise crew can remember a time when punk rock couldn't be bought at the outlet mall.

"When your mom takes you to the store to buy your hair dye and then dyes it for you, you're not getting the true meaning of punk," states Dragge. "When your dad grabs your head and beats it against the wall for a haircut your friend gave you with a pair of scissors and a razor, you get the true meaning of punk rock."

Part of the Second Big Wave of Punk that kicked off or revived the careers of acts such as NOFX, Bad Religion, and others, Pennywise have seen the punk scene come full circle. From their beginnings in a small but thriving community in Southern California, to the widespread panic (and ultimate dilution) they now provoke at massive festivals such as the Warped Tour and SnoJam, Pennywise feel that punk rock has been blown so out

of proportion, it's lost its true essence: shock.

"It's good that people are opening their minds and letting (punk) be accepted, but now there's nothing to rebel against. Everyone's becoming part of the herd, the norm. What's next? You've got Marilyn Manson... he didn't shock anybody. He was more of a circus animal making a fool of himself. Our world has become so violent and crazy, what's shocking? The state of music and entertainment is flatlined. Nowadays, you have a lot of bands claiming to be punk rock that are really more mainstream than punk. They're on major labels. I'm not knocking it... they can do what makesem happy, but punk rock was rebellious, dangerous. Everyone hated you. You were a fucking outcast. Nowadays, it's ok. The danger and rebellion element are totally taken away."

Dragge is the first to admit that actions speak louder than words, which is why with *Land Of The Free?* the band has ensured that they back up what they say with beefy songs filled with positive messages and jabs designed to get people off their asses.

"We try to stick to our guns and make things happen the way we want. People are getting hungry. They want to know what punk was really about, so they're going back to the older bands.

Somehow we're considered one of those, although I think the REAL punk bands are back in the early 80's. But if we have the means to get people thinking and acting, then we'll do it."

Pennywise have been applauded not only for writing conscious, provocative material encouraging positive change, but they have also garnered praise for *Land Of The Free?*, which rides that difficult line between an undeniably "Pennywise" sound and one which is fresh enough to avoid seeming like a rehash of previous work... a criticism they've received in the past.

"It is a tough line," confesses Dragge. "It's something I tell bands writing their second album: good luck, 'cause you don't want them saying it's not Pennywise, but you don't want them saying they bought that album last year. We experiment, but if it's too different, we axe it. For this album, we were working on one song and asked a fan what he thought of it. He's like, 'it kinda sounds like Limp Bizkit.' Gone! For so many reasons! We have a continuity to maintain with a few fresh ideas, 'cause as I've said before you don't want to put on your favourite band's record and find out they're not your favourite band anymore. Somehow we've managed all these years."

On the subject of being an influence on the

current punk scene, Dragge is still somewhat shocked at just how important his music has become. In true punk rock fashion, he's quicker to point out the other great bands... the ones that he still thinks are the True Greats.

"You know, I don't think about it, but when it's brought up it blows my mind. I remember kids like Unwritten Law coming up to us wanting to play and now they're a huge band. As I said, the first punk movement to me was bands like Black Flag and the Circle Jerks. Totally out of hand. New York was more fashion-oriented, aside from the Ramones and the Stooges. When I think back, we're nothing! It's all about Minor Threat, Black Flag... I could go on for hours. That's what it's about to me. As far as us being influential, it's not a reality to me. It's an honor to be recognized, but respect should go to earlier bands. The Misfits? I'm not worthy!"

- Keith Carman

Keith is a freelance writer living in Toronto



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# THE BRIEFS



From left: Chris Brief, Lance Romance, Daniel J. Travanti, Steve E. Nix. Pics by Casey Cougar

## Addictive like a drug... or contagious like a disease?

I had the misfortune of missing the maiden Vancouver gig of Seattle's THE BRieFS @The Pic about 2 1/2 yrs ago as it coincided with The Spitfires' CD release party for "In Too Deep Again". THE BRieFS returned a scant 2 months later to open for The Supersuckers @ The Brickyard and proceeded to knock my socks off! The BRieFS blazed through a hyperactive set of new wave pop punk gems enthusiastically belted out by all 4 members, impressively decked out in stylin' suits, wacky hairdos and enormous shades. I was instantly smitten and equally blown away during their next manic Brickyard appearance. Thus, I was destined for heartbreak as they were denied at the border on their last attempt to

play @ The Pic almost 2 yrs ago.

I've acquired THE BRieFS' first full length "Hit After Hit" on Dirtnap Records, a classic caliber album that swiftly became one of my all-time faves. It possesses a baker's dozen of spazzy yet sexy tunes that'll have you singin' and shimmyin' along in no-time flat. I defy you to resist quirky, catchy ditties like "Poor and Weird", "Rotten Love", "Silver Bullet", "Sylvia" and "Knife".

THE BRieFS formed nearly 3 yrs ago, quickly gaining an audience in Seattle's extremely vibrant, yet relatively small and competitive music scene. "At first people were really supportive, until we started doing good. Then... that kinda happens when you live in Seattle," admits guitarist/vox Daniel J. Travanti via speakerphone. Imagine the naysayer's reaction when THE BRieFS promptly got signed to Interscope Records, leading me to assume they were in a position to quit their day jobs. "So they would have us believe," chuckles bassist/vox Lance Romance. "Contrary to rumour, we still try to find our odd-man jobs where we can."

Were they freaked out by signing major so

early in the game, especially when you consider the hassles Rocket From The Crypt and The Supersuckers faced upon getting signed (coincidentally, also on Interscope)? "We've inquired about that. Of course we've had reservations. We talked about it, thought about it and visited a fortune teller. It wasn't a quick decision by any stretch of means. Every band is different, some bands have bad experiences and some have good experiences. So, it depends on how you go about it, and... so far so good." assures Lance Romance.

For those bewitched by THE BRieFS but still puzzled by their lack of Vancouver shows, it naturally comes down to politics. "We love Canada but one of us (Steve E, Nix, guitarist/vox, absent from our "BRieF" chat) broke the law at some point" explains drummer/vox Chris Brief. "He was never in prison. It was something really petty like shoplifting years ago." To be sure, Steve E. Nix is busy trying to clear his "record" and his good name and the band are "bugging the shit" outta the appropriate people & channels. "We want to play there REALLY badly, we do. We're really close though. We're shootin' to play Vancouver if not by the end of the year, then soon after," all three chime in.

In the fall, THE BRieFS will likely be touring Europe for the first time (waaay easier border crossings than Canada apparently) and they will probably release an EP by year's end. They've pushed release of their debut full-length on Interscope for early next year so they get behind it with a full-on spring tour (personally I'm relieved about the delay, 'cuz had that album been released in time for them to be mentioned in the same breath as The Hives, The White Stripes and The Strokes, I would have PUKED!!!) When I ask them if it's gonna be as extraordinary as "Hit After Hit," I'm greeted with silence, then giggles (like most of our chat), then comments from everyone simultaneously: "Oh Boy..." "That's for everyone else to decide..." "We hope so..." "It will," and finally, "Don't tell us if it's not!"

P.S. THE BRieFS dudes asked me to say "HI" to the New Town Animals & after hearing about Nick's car accident, hoped he's A-OK. They also wanna know who had their name first: BRieFS' Steve E. Nix or New Town's Stevie Kicks. I suggested a cage match to the death —"Clash of the Dimples" Place yer bets...

Casey Bourque



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**reviews**  
FOR THE WEEKEND WARRIOR IN YOU!

BY ADLER FLOYD

**Warcraft 3: Reign of Chaos**

Developer: Blizzard Entertainment  
Publisher: Blizzard Entertainment  
Platform: PC  
Rating: Teen  
Web: [Blizzard.com](http://Blizzard.com)

I hate anything to do with dungeons, dragons, elves and other gay shit like that. Anytime there are magikal fucking creatures involved, I put on a protective anti-crap spacesuit and hit the Tang.

Warcraft 3 is a follow-up to one of the most popular RTS series for the PC and in this threequel, we're introduced to 2 new races: the Undead and Night Elves (like the Orcs/Humans weren't fucking enough, anyway...).

The game starts you off fighting your way through Orc-infested villages and going up against giant dragons and other creatures. As your quest progresses, the game gets crazy-tough at times. Rationing your troops accordingly, upgrading your army's weapons, spells, housing facilities,

and other shit is mandatory in order to win... so, yeah, there is a bit of thinking involved. If you get bored of the single player missions (which you won't) you can always join the huge online community or create your own worlds (and share with friends) using the World Editor. This is one of those games with a great replay value, well worth the \$\$.

One of the most important features of the game is its new 3D engine. The graphic detail is sharp, swanky and adds more atmosphere to your journeys. Getting into this RTS game (with RPG element) is a cinch, it took me about 25mins without prior Warcraft/Starcraft experience and that's the reason I'm giving this game such high praise. No previous LORD OF THE RINGS shiznit required.

Eye Candy: 4  
Tunes: 3.5  
Gameplay: 4  
Chill Factor: 4.5  
Verdict: I'm hesitant to admit, but this game is a lot of fun.

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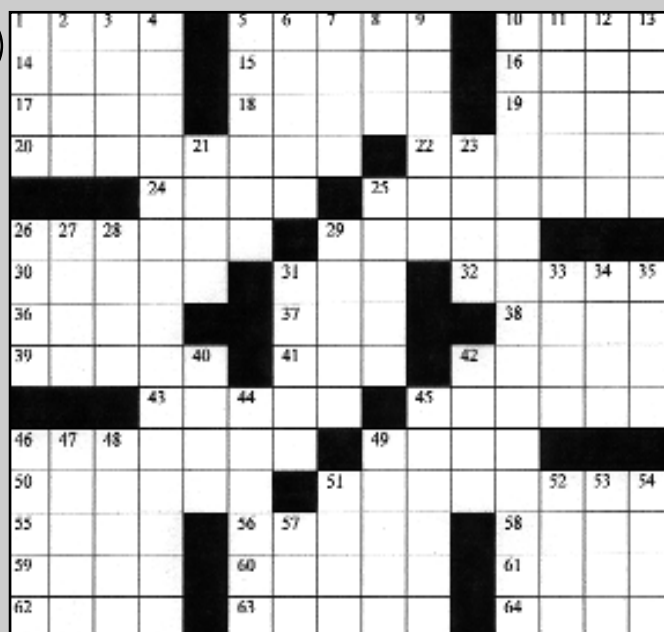
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8. Management Degree
9. Had a Hunch
10. Con Man Moocher
11. Heart Valve
12. Better than Good
13. Bedrock House Material
21. Ownership Document
23. Golf's Governing Body
25. 10-4
26. Caesar's Anthony
27. US Anthem Starter
28. Classic Pizza Crust
29. Letterheads
31. Bistros
33. Limp Sail Feature (with "a")
34. Mr. Sampras
35. TO Time Zone
40. Box
42. Schwag
44. Figure out
45. Most Pleasant
46. Peddles
47. Path
48. Dropped "e" and Boogied Down
49. Carrier
51. Ready to eat (fruit)
52. Crucifix Letters
53. Written Records
54. Wooly Mamas
57. Apprehend

**ACROSS**

1. Mr. Flintstone
5. Soothes
10. J6, J8, & J12 (abbr.)
14. Indian tortilla
15. Fred's Fishing Nemesis Dick



16. French Dead
17. Voice of Fred Reid
18. Non-Animal Cuisine
19. Panda Whale?
20. Tunes
22. Vacationer's Hue
24. Sorrow Secretion
25. Declare Again
26. Restaurant Owner Sam
29. Water Buffalo watering hole
30. Flicked One's Butt
31. Gear Tooth
32. Open-Mouthed
36. Kills Bugs Dead
37. Stone or Iron
38. 2nd Hand
39. Doubting Thomas
41. He's a Jolly Good...
42. Rave Feature
43. Playboy Feature
45. Streambed Find
46. Flashes Intensely
49. Wee
50. Rubbed Out
51. Bedrock TV Star
55. Bedrock Movie Star Larry
56. Come Together
58. Powder
59. In of
60. "Z" & "S"
61. Impulse
62. Pitcher's toss (abbr.)
63. The One Thumb Left?
64. Not Ms. or Mrs.

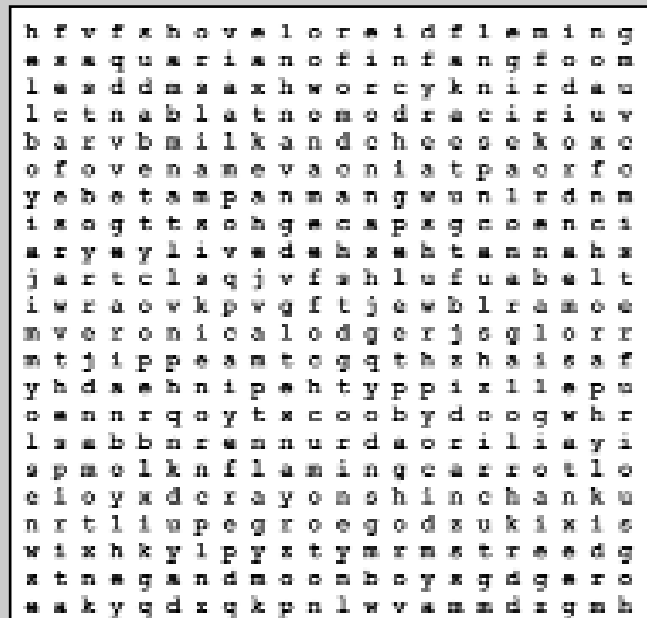
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- Zippy the Pinhead



## The Vans Warped Tour 2002



It was an exceptionally hot, sweltering, stroke-inducing day. The Vans Warped Tour had transformed the Thunderbird Stadium into an all-assault amusement park for the day-long 'punk' festival which caters to the short attention spans of our youth. Like an anthill on a hot day, the place was teeming with kids... and girls. Young girls. So many young girls. Hot, supple, nubile. Jaded young girls and it was hot, and they were wearing very little; tight shirts, bikinis, tanks tops (just purchased from the many merch tents, conveniently placed EVERYWHERE). Let's just say it was a good thing they weren't serving alcohol. Temptation. I was ready to serve time, man. It was a fucking sensory overload. There was the aural assault of 40 bands on 7 sound stages, a pro-skate half pipe, death-defying motorcycle tricks, video games, water park-type crap, millions of merchandise tents, young girls, more merch, etc.

But really, it's all about the bands. And through most of the day, there were at least 2 bands playing at any given time. The hyper-fast pounding of drums and blaring guitars wafted throughout the grounds. No matter where you were, you could hear something going on, but unless you were right in front of the stage, it all sounded like garbled noise. Not a good place to be if you were getting over a bad hangover. Forget about the mile long line-up for \$3 bottles of shit water.

I saw many bands. Most of them played very short sets — you blinked and they were done, but that was ok because then more bands the better right? To be honest, I can't remember half of the groups I saw, especially the less-known ones. Frantically running from stage to stage to do my journalistic duty, trying to see them all, I'd forgotten most of the bands the minute they finished their set.

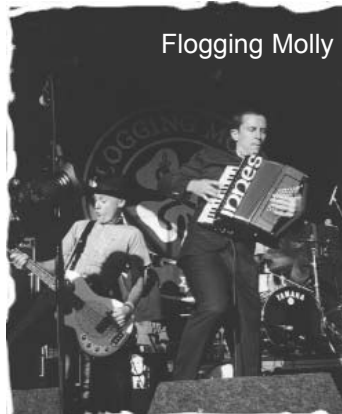
I do remember seeing a great little girlie punk band from Lookout Records, called **the Eyeliners**. They reminded me of Jem and the Holograms. Three sexy glam chicks, all sisters, (and a guy) and they rocked fast and hard. They were one of the few bands

who had the luxury of performing from inside a tiny tent.

On the main stages, I recall taking in sets by **No Use for a Name**, **Reel Big Fish**, **Hot Water Music**, **Mighty Mighty Bosstones**, **Gob**, and **Alkaline Trio**. The Bosstones sounded great that day because they turned the ska up and the core down. They're an incredible ska band. Their singer just needs to gargle or something. Or stop smoking. His gravelly yelling voice ruins some great shit. And that guy that just dances at the side of the stage, he's getting old and fat... anyone else notice that?

Highlights of my day were discovering a hard rocking band called **the Start** and the Celtic-punk band, **Flogging Molly**. The latter had the best sound of the whole festival. Describing themselves as a "Guinness-soaked musical body blow," they're a tight 7-piece with traditional Irish instruments, all played hard and fast. I'd never even heard of them before, but I loved them and so did the young girls. I was a little surprised to see an accordion at the Warped Tour though, but it was **NoFX** who pulled one out first. They're an incredibly annoying band, but still irresistibly adorable. They played a very well-rounded set, including a ska song, a reggae song, some trumpet, an accordion and a guy in a superhero outfit. The band that pioneered the fast, poppy 'punk' sound displayed by a majority of the bands on the tour felt they had to mix it up. The young girls screamed with glee and danced... and then there was the tearing off of their garments under the intense heat of the sun...

Sweating profusely and a little disgusted by being in close contact with all the other profusely sweaty people up near the stages, I decided to peruse the many merch tents and got suckered into buying crap. It's amazing how much advertising can be aimed at teenagers. The entire festival is one big shopping mart/advert for 'punk' kids with money to burn, a lot of whom were under the impression they were at a 'punk concert'. But as one of the merch dealers so eloquently put it, "the



Warped Tour is about as 'Punk' as a fucking moustache. Now buy a damn T-shirt or a souvenir..."

By the time Bad Religion hit the stage, a lot of people had left. Exhausted and horribly sunburned, most of the kids collapsed on the fields in front of the main stages. Those guys are getting way too old to rock. They're kind of like grandparents, y'know, who came in and read you stories till you fell asleep. I looked up at Mr. Brett and it was just saddening to see him standing there, barely moving, like a dying old dog. It was getting to be too much Warped Tour for me, so we waited till they played "21st Century" and then joined the massive exodus out of the stadium.

review and pics: Cowboy TexAss

### New Town Animals Billy & The Lost Boys S.T.R.E.E.T.S.

The Piccadilly Pub  
Friday, July 12<sup>th</sup>, 2002

I strutted into The Pic, pleasantly surprised by the 5\$ cover until I got the bad news: Nick New Town was in a car accident. From all reports, he wasn't seriously injured but shook up enough that the New Town Animals wouldn't be playing that evening.

There was an incredibly ambient duo (or threesome?) that opened that evening. I didn't catch their name but I give them props for being organized enough to play on ultra short notice.

I'm not certain if they're going by "Billy & the Lost Boys" or "Billy the Kid & the Lost Boys" as I've seen both in print recently but I do know they ROCK! A super strong poppunk trio with fast tunes that take unexpected turns. Best of all, singer/guitarist Billy belts out the lyrics without sounding like a suck or like she's trying to sound tough-she just sounds badass!

Ah, the S.T.R.E.E.T.S., one of my favorite newish Vancouver bands. Their fierce, old school skate core sound is truly refreshing in a town currently saturated with so many (fabulous!!!) rock bands. I personally think they deserve all the hype Teenage Rampage lablemates 3" of Blood receive and then some.

The evening has an unexpected start (probably for no one more than Nick!) but was still a success as there was a lineup pretty much all night despite the absence of New Town Animals. I was pleased to see everyone pumped to support any of our fab local talent. Oh and teenage Rampage, who've released both S.T.R.E.E.T.S. and Billy & the Lost Boys, keep up the good work!

Casey Bourque

### The Spitfires The Racket Quincy Gold and The Amazombies

The Piccadilly Pub  
July 6, 2002

Packed in like sardines at the Pic but everyone's happy... Sometimes it can be so nice, as though Vancouver's whole scene is just one great big backyard barbecue for people with black clothes. I showed up in time for the second-to-last band, from Seattle. I'd noticed a scooter out front and some folks with suspenders, and it made me suspicious... then the band took the stage wearing soccer shirts and rolled-up pants with soccer shoes and I figured it was a comedy routine but no, they were serious. The English-dude lead singer was old and looked like a crusty elementary school gym teacher. They sang really clever songs like "Media Control" and "The Bomb's Still Ticking," and took some time out from their set to jump down from the stage to kick the shit out of some kids up front who may have accidentally touched their soc-

cer shoes. At which point Billy Clueless got up to remind us: "This isn't the Hives, this isn't the Mooney Suzuki..." By which I think Billy meant that this was the elusive "real" punk rock — i.e. don't touch the shoes. Because *real* punks are violent assholes, right? Anyway, the Spitfires put it all back into perspective a few minutes later by playing loud and well. Their lineup now includes ex-Black Halo Jay Millette, and despite a few bugs with the mic setup, the band was in fine form. There's not much else to say except that you can always count on them to kick ass and they do.

Casey Bourque

### Nashville Pussy/ Reverend Horton Heat

Commodore Ballroom  
July 19, 2002

Pussy and fish? Not normally the most appetizing combination. But I didn't have time to eat before the show, so I ordered a salmon dinner at the Commodore to save some time. After all, how hard can it be? I can walk and chew gum at the same time. Why can't I review rock and chew fish at the same time.

Well, easier said than done. Although I was the only one eating, my order took 30 minutes. Consequently, just as I was about to settle down for a little Dijon Coho, Nashville Pussy hit the stage. Fine dining during an AC/DC inspired rock show proved to be a greater challenge than expected. Its hard to bang your head without choking on a seasonal vegetable and just try saluting the devil without flinging an oven roasted baby potato clear across the dance floor.

The only reason I found myself in this dilemma was that I couldn't find anything appropriate to wear to a show that included psycho-Billy heroes Reverend Horton Heat and the righteous rednecks of sped-up thrash metal, Nashville Pussy. I was in a fashion quandary from head to toe, starting with my shoes; saddle or stiletto? G-string: leopard or gingham? Hair: Betty Page or Farrah Fawcett? There were no easy answers. Thankfully, it's not often a reviewer is faced with these kind of tough decisions. And unless the people who put this bill together decide to put Big Bad Voodoo Daddy and Cannibal Corpse in the same festival, I'll never be put in that position again.

A fan of both fresh seafood and fresh meat, I sussed out the crowd, looking for Mr Right-For-Tonight. I had my choice of Ritchie Cunningham look-alikes or Tommy-lee look-a-likes. The choice was clear. I tossed down my dinner and shoved my way up front to experience the southern fried freak show that is Nashville Pussy.

Luckily, there wasn't too much competition with the NP crowd because all the Barb Wire wanna-bes were already positioned by the back stage door chatting up the doorman.

Preaching about the many pitfalls of clean living, lead singer Blaine Cartwright denounced all that is sacred in the South: god, family

see **Live Wires** on p. 14

# MP

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continued

and a drug-free America. No, The sweet baby Jesus was not smiling down on that show, which contained more one song with HELL in the title including "High as Hell" and "Go to Hell".

Halfway through the set, Cartwright affectionately bottle fed his old lady, Ruyter Suys, a beer while she hammered through her guitar solo like a mad women. Impressively, Suys didn't lose a drop of brew, proving Pussy still gives white trash a good name, especially when ripping through "You give drugs a bad name."

After Pussy rapped up a kick-ass show, NP fans moved in an orderly fashion to the back, without stepping on any greasers' Creepers, as Heat Fans moved up front.

Mosh pits were replaced by swing dancing, giving the couples who spent money on lessons a chance to bust out their moves. However, after being told to "Keep on Fucking" by Cartwright, I was in the mood to do the nasty— not the jitterbug. So I sat the Heat out, who are renowned for short sets and extraordinarily long encores with each band member making 20 minute introductions about the other, "the one, the only, the greatest, the best..." and on and on. Although not a rock n' roll highlight for me, Heat fans lapped it up.

The bonus of the night was that not once was I told to move out of the way by a doorman. For the first time I wasn't made to feel like a fire hazard, but rather a paying customer. Its about time the security eased up. Now if only the kitchen would ease up on the mustard. I like to taste my fish at Pussy concerts, damn it!

*Meat Hole*

## DBX

1) What is your name and flavour of the month?

My name is Davey B. I live beneath a tree. The flavor of the month is Tree Sloth (giant kind).

2) Do you have anything to plug? Anything at all?

Only my genitals into a can of stewed tomatos.

3) What is DBX? Describe.

A musical enema.

4) How does DBX differ from GWAR's past spin-off projects? Why?

No costumes just music. We still kill people though.

5) Worst thing to happen at DBX show?

Did tons of acid and put my head in the bass drum for about an hour. It was also the best thing to ever happen at a



Nasty On

## Fireball Freakout!

Having sacrificed the better part of my childhood years to review rock shows, I inadvertently gave up on any chance of meaningful happiness. Now, I'm forced to kick my soul-mate search into high gear. Ergo, Fireball Freakout was, for me, not just a rock festival,

DBX show.

6) Why has it been ten years since you have been in western Canada?  
Dumb-ass border cops wouldn't let in our drummer because of a 18 year old D.U.I. conviction. That sounds better than just saying I'm lazy.

7) What are you listening to these days?  
The sound of shit exploding out of my ass.

8) What's going on at the Slave Pit?  
Preparing for a new GWAR this fall. Plus we are recording lots of bands in our rat-infested Slave Pit studio. That, of course coupled with chronic "Bilbo Baggins" syndrome, make for a worm-wracked existence.

9) What can people expect at a DBX show?  
That at any moment, they can turn away from "the experience", leave the club, and continue on as if nothing had happened.

*Catch DBX at The Cobalt Saturday, August 31st*  
*Dave Crusty*



but a full-on man hunt.

DAY ONE - THURSDAY: 72 hours and counting

**Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys:** Being the first act of the festival and playing to a nearly empty room couldn't have been easy for the young pop/punk trio. Yup, Billy the Kid has spunk. Billy has talent. Billy is a woman. Not to worry. There are 11 more bands left.

**The Black Keys:** Nothing to do with nu-blues. Lead singer Daniel Quine Auerbach doesn't even so much as nod to MC5 or wink at the Stooges. Nope, the two-piece from Ohio are straight-up old school porn-blues. This kind of music makes me right randy. Although he doesn't look it, Auerbach is only 23, so I filed him under "on-hold". After all, I'll probably see him at the Yale in 20 years when the age difference won't be so drastic.

**Nasty On:** Great, this is just what I need right now. Vancouver's cutest Indie-rock couple rubbing their rawk-solid love in my face. Every Nasty On show, **The Cinch's** Kathy Dube can be found at the side of the stage banging her head supportively as her honey, lead singer Jason Grimmer rocks the house (and vice versa at The Cinch shows). After having half a case of beer on stage, Grimmer was right crooked, but the ever smiling Dube kissed him and propped him back up so he could finish his kick-ass cover of the Replacements' "Bastards of the Young". Obviously Grimmer rocks on stage, but judging by the perma-grin on Dube's face, he rocks off stage as well. Moving right along...

**Shake City:** Taking fashion cues from Almost Famous, the five-piece from Seattle did a pretty rockin' 70s set without being too stonerish. And kudos to them for putting on such a high-energy show to a dismal crowd of only 40 people. The last song, "Century Girl," put the keyboardist (who performed from the floor due to lack of stage space) to good use. It was such a catchy little number that I felt bad because next to nobody was there to appreciate it. Nice guys, but something tells me they won't be back up here anytime soon.

Didn't find my better half tonight, but The Man I'm Dating shows up just in time. (I never said I wasn't seeing anyone, but The Man I'm Dating is not a rock star, so naturally our relationship is open).

**Highlight:** Black Keys  
**Low point:** Shitty turn-out

DAY TWO - FRIDAY: A lineup made in bar band heaven.

Good thing I spent the night with The Man I'm Dating because he nursed me back to health by feeding my dehydrated corpse a gallon of water, four Tylenol and a greasy breakfast. First hangover out of the way, and now I can get back to the task at hand, which is to find the best cock in rock.

**The Gung Hos:** Unfortunately, lead singer Mike Roche forgot his tambourine. That didn't stop him from tearing it up with an Ike and Tina cover, "River Deep, Mountain High." And what a sharing soul he is. While his band-mates seared through a hard-hitting instrumental break, Roche took the time off to sit on the edge of the stage and pass a bottle of whiskey around the thirsty crowd. One by one, everyone on the floor took a swig, lending the night a true festival feel. I adore Roche, but he is apparently spoken for.

**The DT's:** I love what they're doing — hard rock fronted by a soul sister. I can't get enough of Diana Young-Blanchard's voice. Her Janis Joplin cover "Move Over" blew me away. Next time I want to hear even more of her

vocals.

**Shikasta:** And God created Russell Fernandes. The fiery blues rock trio from Toronto just get better and better. Lead singer and bass player Fernandes started off with a slow teaser of a song, wetting both my musical palette and the gusset of my panties. Next up, he busted out the explosive "Soul Bombshell." He then moved into the dreaded "Bruce Lee," which encourages people to clap along. I struggled to



Immortal Lee County Killers II

keep the beat, but fearing I looked like a special needs child trying to do a jumping jack, I gave up. The erotic power ballad "Anyone Else" did not disappoint. Suddenly, it was just me and Fernandes in the bar (and 200 or so other people).

**The Immortal Lee County Killers II:** With the face of an Angel and a Zen attitude towards glory-hungry drunkards who invade his personal space on stage, lead singer/slide guitarist, Chetly (El Cheetah) Weise is beautiful on stage and off. One particularly aggressive old-timer wouldn't beat it no matter how many people asked him, so finally Cheetah turned to him and said "I love your thing, but I have to do my thing now." With that, the otherwise belligerent drunk exited stage left, rather peacefully, under the spell of Cheetah's Southern charm..

The other half of the Alabama two-piece, drummer J.R.R. (The Tokien One) Tokien, came across as a two-bit car salesman offstage, with his cheap polyester suit and thick accent.



Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys

## 10 QUESTIONS: STRUNG OUT

Member: *Jake*

*What gets you excited these days?*

Asian boys and NASCAR. Is that weird?

*What is your latest fetish?*

Well it's not really new, but I love fat chick porn.

*Current favourite intoxicant?*

Fernet Branca.

*Most memorable gig and why.*

My high school talent show in 1994. First time I realized I could scare little kids (and their parents) playing heavy metal.

*Shittiest gig?*

Last night at Chris's party. All night I just got beer spilled on me and these stupid drunk guys kept knocking my amp over.

*What can't you get out of your cd player?*



All my CDs are stuck in my CD player. It holds 200 discs and it broke so I can't get shit out and it won't play. Thank god for my Thriller and Bee Gee's 8 tracks.

*If you weren't able to play music, (i.e. say, your arm got chopped off in a farm accident) what would you be doing?*  
Pornos for sure.

*The filler question: What do your parents think about what you are doing?*

They love it. They borrow money all the time.

*Top 3 people, anywhere, you feel should be shot.*

How about Freddie Prinze JR., Celine Dion, and anyone from Crazy Town.

*Your latest epiphany. Please, be graphic.*

That I should be shot.

On stage, however, he was a lean, mean red-neck and when he pointed his drumstick at you and asked you to yell "hell, yeah", you damn well did as you were told. Together, Cheetah and The Tokien One put on one of the best shows of all time at the Pic. They brought the house down with their signature "fucked up-blues" rendition of "Sympathy for the Devil." From there, they just kept it coming harder and faster for over an hour. If you are a music fan, seeing The Killers next time they're in town is not an option... it's an obligation.

No matter how hard Cheetah tried to make me fall in love with him, I was having none of it. I've done the long distance thing before, and the novelty wears thin after a while.

O.K., so that was Day Two gone and still no soul mate, but the upshot was when I showed up pissed at The Man I'm Dating's house, he had a slice of pizza waiting for me.

**Highlight:** Cheetah, Chee- tah, C-H-E-E-T-A-H!

**Low point:** There weren't any.

**DAY THREE – SATURDAY:** Running out of time.

The Freakout schedule is wiping out my days. There is growing concern about my lack of exposure to natural light. My skin is turning a jaundiced shade of 'Corona' yellow. My ears are still ringing. I'm neglecting my cat and other essential domestic duties. The garbage is starting to smell but I'll have to wait until next week because I missed this week's pick up. There is no food and this asshole at my local pizza joint tells me his lazy delivery boy doesn't start until 5pm. Forced to step into daylight, my saloon eyes immediately burn and water up. Must return to the comfort and safety of the bar environment.

The last night the pressure is on. Beer no longer affects me. I can't seem to get drunk. At this point I'm just taking the edge off. Every Corona I down, I break even.

**Quincy Gold:** The good news is that I'm not deaf. I have enough cochlear receptors left to know that this is the loudest and heaviest band at the Freakout. Band members are either married, currently involved or worse... just not interested. I start to wonder if I'm secreting some sort of desperation scent that repels men. I try to stay calm. Panicking is the worst thing I can do in this kind of situation. After all there's three whole bands left. No need to panic...right? Busboys are starting to look good.

**The Glory Holes:** Who would use "Hole" as part of a name? How self-deprecating is that? Anyway, lead singer Doug White (the spitting image of Midnight Oil's Peter Garrett) keeps attacking the audience: "I guess rock n' roll is a spectator sport in Canada." And the insults keep

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see *Live Wires* on p. 16

continued

flying. All I can say to that is if you can't draw a crowd; don't take it out on the people that *do* show up.

**The Last of the V8s:** They did manage to get people off their asses and the four-piece from Kansas City did it the old-fashioned way — by rocking hard — not by insulting the crowd. (hint, hint).

**John Ford:** When ever I see Ford live, those Stones lyrics echo in my head: "I know its only rock n' roll but I like it." Now a three-piece following Paul Kehayas' departure from the band, Ford is still one of the best rock acts in town. As proof of their dedication to straight-up rock n' roll, Rich Hope sang a rockin' version of Rod Stewart's "Stay With Me," which was perfectly suited to his husky vocals. Sex appeal galore, but all *very* spoken for. That's 0 for 12.

**Highlight:** Dancing with Gerald Rattlehead  
**Low point:** Glory Holes berating attendees

**DAY FOUR - SUNDAY:** The aftermath. No money, no man, a huge bar tab and one pissed-off cat. I'm living in squalor, suffering partial hearing loss and my once flat stomach has developed a beer 'gunt' (a bloating that starts at the cunt level, usually caused by hops and yeast). Shattered nerves. Hangover anxiety attacks. Shortness of breath. I'm convinced I'm in serious danger of cardiac arrest. Was it all worth it, I ask myself? In the Immortal words of The Tokien One, my answer can only be HELL, YEAH!

**Low point:** Not finding rock star  
**High light:** Realizing The Man I'm Dating rocks! (even if it's not on stage)  
*review and pics: Meat Hole*

## The New Town Animals The Widows The First Day

The Cobalt  
June 29th, 2002

Oh, Golly. I wanted to like the New Town Animals so much. All the indicators were good; a cheeky poster ("Forget about your new Favourite Band") a good venue, and lots of hype from just about every other indie band, magazine, and radio show in town.

Even their entrance was hopeful. Nicky New Town, their dour lead singer, grabbed the microphone with the right amount of sneer, and proceeded to stomp the stage and command his audience with admirable panache. His signature 3-D glasses didn't move an inch for the duration of the show. The rest of the four piece was also admirably in punk rawk form, with lots of hunkered down guitar thrash n' bash, delightful howling, and genuine energy.

The sad thing was, it was all a little too familiar. If you took down the Molson Light banners in the back ground, we could have been anywhere, Britain, circa 1983, listening to yet another group of rowdy kids doing their best Clash cover for a bunch of admiring drunken friends.

It might not all be lost. These Animals have got style to burn, and are obviously leaning in the right punk direction. In a town that would rather drink a non-fat soy latte and play Frisbee golf, any sign of life is a good one. And you can happily throw on their catchy disc, *Is Your Radio Active* and dance around the house and barbeque without worrying what the neighbors would think. But if it's originality you want, you might think about picking up say, another great Vancouver band, like the New Pornographers, instead.

*Guy Fox*

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# It's Raining Men

**"Bee" lieve in yourself:**  
an interpolation of the comic "book" phenomenon. Oh no.

If *Star Trek The 'Now' Generation* has taught me anything, it is Violence, Violence, Violence. So much violence it drips out of the bag and down your trouserleg, all over the walls. Word — in the final analysis, violence is the only option, and don't forget to really hurt them. Mash 'em dear readers! Take what you want, and once you've had your fun, break it. If the walls aren't dripping blood you haven't worked hard enough.

Allow us to apply the principles of *Star Trek* violence to the field of contemporary culture and/or the plastic arts. It's like a pink triangle of swords on a mountain of human ears. And don't get me started about these 'jive' comic books, what are they thinking? Not enough **think** - king, okay.

Once comic "books" were suitable for gutter-dwelling killers, soldiers and he-men bully-boys. Beetle Bailey was a reaming spew of war, valour and fucking. Hagar the Horrible once fucked a bloody skull in my favourite episode. He fed whores to pigs. What else did we need? Nothing. Nothing but Ziggy, nude, dripping with the blood of his issue, dripping with what was once Beetle Bailey, now nothing but a raped man, fallen in battle.

Once Beetle Bailey didn't do his mopping duty, and General Halftrack grabbed him by the throat and clutched until Beetle Bailey saw stars. He couldn't breathe. With one move like a knife through butter, the General denuded Beetle Bailey, and then he dropped his own trousers; his manhood was hard like a knife.

He violated Beetle. (09/04/'82)

Now we get Spider-man. Spider-man. I hear these cocksuckers are going to make a movie about Spider-man. *Yentl* was a *real* movie. Spider-man is a toy for half-men. You want Spider-man? Here's your spider-man. I sperm on your Spider-man. Spider-fool is more like it.

God it makes me so mad! This stupid movie will cost maybe hundreds of thousand of dollars to make. Why can't we spend this money on another *Yentl*? Oh, I'll give you your fucken Spider-man, right here. In fact, if Spider-man was here right now, you know what I'd say? "Hey, Spider-fool, I've got something for you!" This is the ultimate achievement of European Society? Stupid-pean society, more like. And don't think the Rhodesians don't know it....

It gets worse before it gets better. You know how much money you'll make if you become an underground cartoonist? *Bubkes*. I'll show you all the money you'll make. Nothing. It takes years of work to make high-quality retarded picture stories that no-one will read except for other cartoonists. Normal people read car-manuals. Are we living in the olden days? NO! It's the twentieth century. Nobody who reads bathes. People with books are unwell. People with comic books are monsters. You want to make slave money? No?

And if you want to make money making obsolete picture stories you have to do Spider-man. So why even bother? Don't bother. *Yentl* was a movie about the **desire for learning** — this chick wanted to go to school. Spider-man, Spider-man, I don't even have the words. If I had the words they would be words of mean.

And listen up, you know what that Spider-man guy is? Not a god, that's for sure. Spider-man is just a rotten cop. A rotten cop just like the one who violated you. Spider-man, the same Spider-man you worship as a God, just as awful as those cops what are shuttin down all the hippie parks and telling the hippies to go home and take their djembes with them. Mamma Mia.

Let us establish a narrative to prove that COP = Spider [so-called] man / comic book assguy. It shall be called "Spider Goddamn Police Man and the Hippies"

Cast of Characters (*Dramatis Personae*):  
Spider-cop asshole  
Asshole hippie leader  
Buch of asshole fag hippies  
Some dogs  
Djembe  
His Holiness the Dalai Lama  
Some other guys

*Spider-man:* Hey hippies, go out of my park!

*Hippie leader:* No way man. Don't harsh my jive with your static!

*Other Hippie:* It's all about peace!

*Another Hippie:* Go away conformity police! You're heavying my trip!

*Dalai Lama:* Chill out, Spider-conformist!

*Djembe:* Why not try free love with us hippies in our filthy hippie park! Bring some penicillin for our diseases, which we all got from "door" knobs, okay!

*Spider-man:* I'll show you!

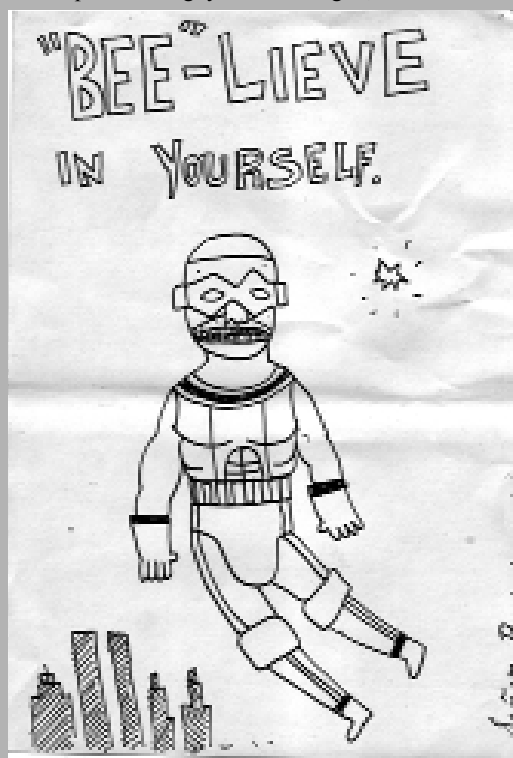
(Spider-man violates lead hippie. *Exeunt* stage right.)

Other hippies: Oh No! The dogs are eating us because they are all buzzing on reefer!

I believe, readers, we can come to a consensus both on the awfulness of Spider-man and the filthiness of hippies. But which is worse? I honestly don't know.

Announcement>>>> Anyone with anything interesting to say in the field of art, why not drop a line here?

No ponces.



Jason Ainsworth  
ainsworth@thenervemagazine.com





**Agriculture Club**  
*Farmageddon*  
Catch and Release

Yeeehaw! These guys are fucking awesome. Hillbilly farm-punkers from Calgary, these guys sing about farmin', ploughin', drinkin', truckin',

stealin', going to jail and they make it funny. This cd is a kneeslappin, hardcore hoedown all the way through, with a few full-on devil sign rawk song interludes. This is what country music should be like. This is some hard rockin' countrified shit and if you don't like it, these guys just might take you out behind the barn...

Cowboy TexAss

**Antischism 2X12"/double LP**  
*None/Anthology*  
www.prankrecords.com

If you like Anarcho-punk than you will love the new Antischism anthology. It will ride you hard and put you back wet! With such classic songs as... "Scream/Violent World", "Foreign Policy", "Salvation or Annihilation", "Path of Destruction" and more.

Not to mention for all you record nerds out there, this album comes in the form of a double LP that includes a full-size color poster, plus the art on the cover is raised, giving it a cool-yet-spooky yet not so pricey black metal effect. But wait! There's more... also included on this record is a badass cover of Rudimentary Penis' song "Sacrifice".

So what are you doing still sitting there? This paper should be on the bathroom floor and you should be half way to the record store! Unless of course you are an Elitist, in which case records, as you probably know, are NOT Vegan so boohoo and tough shit for you!

Sonya



**As Friends Rust**  
*A young trophy band in the parlance of our times*  
Equalvision.com

Unfortunately, frontman Damien Moyal left AFR just after I got this disk. He's been temporarily replaced

by Adam D'Zurilla (and from talking to Tom, he's doing a fine job). AFR actually played the 2002 Warped Tour here in Vancouver, but I didn't end up going, maybe they'll be back. What can I say? I really like this hybrid punk metal outfit. After listening to them for the past few, I can't take it out of my car CD player. There's not a bad track on this whole disk. Yep, they signed their soul to the devil for a perfect release, which is not a bad thing considering that the devil has good fucking taste.

Sat



**Big D and Kids Table**  
*The Gipsy Hill lp*  
Stomp Records

Explosive, high powered, fun, good good ska for the whole fucking family. From the first 30 seconds of this disc I was a fan. They've got an incred-

ible horn section, great, well crafted songs, and they're fast and enough to please the punk kids and dance-to-able enough to get a cowboy to shuffle his feet. And they cover an old Rudiments song, "Wailing Paddle", my favorite ska song of all time! Stomp Records knows their shit and these Boston kids are it. Go listen to this disc quick. Go now. I'm serious. Go!

Cowboy TexAss

**Bloodjinn**  
*Leave This World Breathing*  
Goodfellow Records

In a book titled Altered States, it is suggested that creativity can be on occasion quite equal to therapy; an artist's way of ridding baggage, so to speak.

Welcome to the world of this cd: Pantera inspired siblings of Papa Roach. The lyrics don't leave much to the imagination (ie; issues), and neither, for that matter, does the music. A good point going for this Ontario band is the fact that they're versatile - in an amateur, painfully uninspired version of System of a Down kind of way.

To be fair, there are some decent attempts at guitar melodies and systematic, purging riffs that

might tempt your stereo to implode and could, quite possibly, shoot down a mosher at close range. "The Last Cry" is an obligatory ballad, but is a refreshing break from that monster of a lead singer frothing his Darth Vader phonetics over everything. The last track's been laid out in three parts, like an ode to Shakespeare and is unashamedly long, ending with a Metallica-style fade out that, if nothing else, ties in nicely with their cryptic album cover. If you end up buying this cd, try not to laugh too hard at the piteously designed disk jacket. (Ha, ha)

E.K.

**Brant Bjork and the Operators**  
S/T  
The Music Cartel

Brant Bjork is the guy from Fu Manchu and I won't talk about the fact that his last name is funny. I don't know too much about the Fu Manchu stoner rock scene, but this album would probably fit in at the more tuneful pop end of that spectrum. Brant still brings the noise with the fuzzed-out guitars and echoed vocals, but there's also some nifty organ work and even a jazzy number ("Cocoa Butter"). It's not specifically the record you'd most want to listen to if you were really high, but it's got its moments, like on "My GhettoBlaster," where the sonics get pretty crazy and trip your shit right out. Brant's vocals don't quite live up to the monster riffs, though, leaning as they do toward the simple and annoying.

Paul Crowley

**Cirrus**  
*Counterfeit*  
Moonshine.com

Fucking Moonshine eh, damn they release some quality techno shit! Counterfeit is the 3rd album from the break beat motherfuckers known as Cirrus. This is not just another re-hashed techno record. Well, maybe the last 3 songs are but the first 9 are very fresh. Counterfeit mixes live beats with original digital soul for a very easy listening and satisfying result. A new age techno record, if you will, yet it still captures the essence... yada, yada, yada. This shit is just ripe. A happy techno summer disc unlike the Prozac & gospel-induced Moby trip. Laura Derby's voice is so dope if it was a vagina I'd be all up in that motherfucker or I'd be in jail.

Adler Floyd



**Dag Nasty**  
Minority of One  
Revelation Records

Good ol' smart punk - scrubbed up like Tony Hawk. A punk parents can approve of (snore). The problem with Dag Nasty is it isn't Bad Religion, or even (no

matter how good of a guitarist Brian Baker may be) Minor Threat. Granted, band members are only elite as their credentials - but even the 90's was like, a millennium ago. Besides, they look more like bankers than rock stars.

Don't get me wrong, this is a good cd. It has to be: they know what they're doing. "Broken Days" has a fuzzy, Lou Barlow feel to it. "Twisted Again" has almost Chili Pepper hot vocals by Down by Law front man Dave Smalley. On "Average Man", the lyric 'Take us to our cubicles today' deserves bonus points.

E.K.



**Danzig**  
*777: I Luciferi*  
Spitfire Records

Danzig's 777: I Luciferi is the culmination of everything that Glenn Danzig has done yet, and it's a record that fans will be excited to get their hands.

This, the seventh studio recording for Danzig, is rich in harmonies and demonstrates the 47 year old's ability to consistently release inspired records without sacrificing the devilish nature that his band has always been about. This record is much faster and louder than the previous Danzig 666: *Satan's Child* and features a guitar heavy set-up reminiscent of Danzig's earlier days. The energy is one of rejuvenation, and suggests that Glenn has found a solid lineup to propel him forward in his musical endeavour.

This may have to do with new line up additions, particularly Todd Youth in the guitar department. The ex- Murphy's Law and De-Generation guitarist has brought a punk perspective and style to Danzig that gives the music on this record a youthful energy. Perhaps the most impressive element of this record is Danzig's voice which is strong and full of vitality, sounding like a person who is ready to pound out some fresh new ideas rather than a veteran rocker whose career is 25 years old.

NV



**Deadcats**  
*Bad Pussy*  
Flying Saucer Records

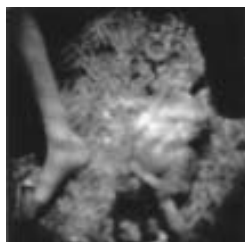
The Nerve drive-in is officially open for vacation, bring in your dames and take your tops down cuz it's gonna get fucking sizzlin'. Speaking of sizzlin', the Deadcats are muy caliente ahora! These psycho cats are bringing a whole lotta Psychobilly fun to this here No Fun City. I'm not a huge follower of Psychobilly (yet), but I'm startin' to like this shit. This particular album is full of goodies, the music shifts from Surf and Rockabilly to Honky Tonk with a pinch of punk for that added extra flava. I'm very pleased with this local band. Next on to do list: see these cats rip up the next local joint.

Adler Floyd

**Dirty and the Derelicts**  
*The Derelict Effect*  
Independent

Hard driving guitar riffs and a real gritty garage sound are what these guys deliver. Catchy like the Queers, but less punk, more rock. If you like your rock n roll dirty and your beer cheap, then you might just be caught seeing these guys while drinking at the Cobalt and liking it, godamnit!

Cowboy TexAss



**Fen**  
*Surgical Transfusion of Molting Sensory Reflections*  
Independent

Fen is Vancouver's answer to that loopy fuck Maynard. I think by now you should have a pretty good idea

what this CD is about. I'm not going to pretend to understand this band or its wild lyrics, but what I do know is that this shit is an acquired taste, yes these guys are a bit high on themselves, but you know what, it fucking works. Now that I think about it, I'm pretty sure that this is the only band of its kind on the coast. Fen's raw aggression and peaceful acidic distortion makes this local band stand above the rest in the prog-rock division.

Adler Floyd

**Hopelessly Devoted To You Vol. 4**  
*Comp*  
*Hopeless Records*

This is the best one yet! It's a compilation of metal, punk rawk, some freaky ass upitty beat songs and some reflective mellow stuff for those who forgot to take their Ritalin. There's 18 tracks, 9 of which are unreleased. And guess what?! It's like \$4-. What kind of bands can you get for \$4-? Well, we have Samiam, thrice, Against All Authority and by far the best band in Canada: The Weakerthans. (Those who do not agree with me on this statement require anger management. Plain and simple. Oh look! I just made you more angry! Haha!! Now you really need to buy their CD *Left and Leaving*. Their shit's more than inspiring. Oh no. Wait. I'm not reviewing the Weakerthans. Right.

Getting back to it. You can buy this killer comp. almost anywhere. So do that. Don't be a cheap ass. Don't spend your money on crack. It's cheaper to buy this CD than a pack of ciggies!! Now that I think of it, you should buy all 4 compilations. Yeah, lock yourself in your room (or your stank ass jam space), throw in a CD and pass out from a 'hopeless' music overdose. Yup. That's the thing to do.

P.S. Don't forget the six pack.

T.V. Mama



**The NASTY ON**  
*CitySick*  
Stutter Records

The Nasty On are a Rock & Roll band from Vancouver, British Columbia. They've been around for a few years now and, apparently, have found the

elusive "thing" that eludes most bands- both good and stank; they've stayed together long enough to get really good. God, the Devil, Ozzy and Lemmy all know it's not easy. The rewards are few and fleeting- a couple free beers every now and then and sometimes someone tells you how great you are without coming across as some drunk goof who doesn't know his or her ass from an empty pitcher. Keeping it together is the hardest thing. Not sucking is actually easier. Sometimes...

*CitySick* is the Nasty On's first full length album. I really liked their *Lester Bangs* ep, but the new one is a very large step beyond. Sounds like a band that believes they know what they're doing- focused, confident and unafraid. Their earlier Detroit Rock Freak Out feel is still there- "Apology", "Amphetamine, Now!"- but they've also stretched and expanded their horizons to include more epic arrangements and themes- "The Ship That Died of Shame", and the title track- without sounding forced or lame. Horns, keyboards and guest vocalists also have been employed on a few songs, making *CitySick* feel like more than a compilation of some group's latest songs stuck together and put out. It's an honest to Satan Rock Album.

Recorded by the Spitfires' Jason Solyom, the production is thick and meaty- a testament to what a bunch of friends can get together and create with little more than a shoestring budget and a desire to do it. *CitySick* deserves your ten bucks or whatever the hell people are charging these days. The Strokes were born not needing your money- give it to someone who's earned it.

Mike O.

**Orange Goblin**  
*Coup De Grace*  
Rise Above Records/Dream Catchers

I don't know what happened but I put this cd in my stereo and the next thing I knew I was stuffing up a bong and cracking open an Old Stock. These songs are messy, hardcore rock and what else can you expect from the land of Black Sabbath, Venom, and Iron Maiden (to name a few)?

This cd is immediately likeable. The track, "Stinkin' O' Gin", seems destined to one day be in a college book of fight songs, and "Monkey Panic" is perfect for a drunk air-guitaring contest... or whatever. These British lads may be teetotalers from hell, but perhaps it's just to numb the pain of being attacked by Fat Boy Slim fan club members in the streets, or whatever shite heavy metal acts have to put up with over in the land of E-tarted DJs. I'm not sure about the hijacking of Radiohead riffs, on the instrumental "Graviton", but the cover of The Misfits, "We Bite", rocks so solid fake-old school, you can't help but want to celebrate with Dial-A-Bottle.

E.K.



**The Original Sinners**  
S/T  
Nitro Records

The Original Sinners cover some not-so-original thematic ground (broken hearts, cowboys, whiskey...) but they do it pretty well. This is Exene

Cervenka of X's new band... she writes all the songs and does lead vocals. Their style tend toward straightforward storytelling, as on the breakup tale "Woke up this Mornin'", but it is nicely pulled off. Exene's bandmates all have a good pedigree from the L.A. scene and are stone-cold professionals, so musically this album is impeccable; the multi-layered instrumental "Alligator Teeth" sounds like a throw-down warmup jam that was just too good to let go. Dueling vocals also make the Sinners' sound unique, with Exene and either guitarist Jason Edge or bassist Kim Chi throwing it down.

Paul Crowley



## Sample This, Too! Punk Compilation BYO Records

In celebration of twenty years of "quality" punk rock, BYO Records has released a forty-two minute, sixteen song compilation featuring superstars

NOFX, Rancid, and fourteen lesser known punk acts, ranging in style from Green Day to full bore hardcore. The latter limit is provided by a song entitled, "Don't Look Back", written by The Unseen, who will be releasing a full-length album in early 2003. Another stand-out contributor is Manic Hispanic, with a humorous and socially critical song entitled, "Lupe I'm Free", about a prisoner who is released into society only to find that making his way in normal life is just as hard, if not harder than prison life. The compilation holds together with a theme of social consciousness and criticism, broaching pertinent discussions like whether the common people make a difference in how the world is run (Youth Brigade), shrinking personal security (The Bouncing Souls), and freedom to read porn (Rancid). See, parents... punk is educational and fun.

Harold Septic

## Scholastic Deth E.P./7" Revenge of the nerds 625 Thrash Records

The best way to describe this record is NardCore vs. HardCore. The mind of R.K.L., the body of Spazz and the soul of Negative Approach! This 7" is an all out thrash attack with witty and sometimes nerdy lyrics but some how they make it work with songs like... "Book Attack", "Drop the Bomb" and "Kill 'em" with politics, there's a little somethin for everyone.

Sonya

## Striking Distance The Fuse is Lit Bridge Nine Records

These punkers like it rough and heavy. They're not angry enough to kill anybody; just enough to scare a



few dorks back to their dingy single-mattress hovels. Their third release, *The Fuse is Lit*, is a six song, twenty-minute package of mediocre hardcore. It is true what their bio says, that, "They play hardcore raw, fast, and furious,

the way it was meant to be played," but there is an element missing. A man screaming on a street corner is simply not entertaining if there are five-hundred other men screaming on street corners in the same central business district, unless of course, in conjunction with screaming, the man starts stabbing himself with a lead pencil and then whips out his John Thomas and slaps it vigorously back and forth between his thighs like he's playing the spoons... or perhaps he simply develops a repertoire of screams which vary in timber and intensity, each variation representing a subtle shade of his anger. There are so many ways to entertain. I encourage Striking Distance to find a creative combination.

Harold Septic



## The Stryder Jungle City Twitch Equal Vision

The Stryder: black leather, cold steel. Galloping metal guitars, 4-part falsetto harmonies, songs of the epic struggles of wizards and warlocks.

"In an age where darkness ruled the land, there emerged from the farthest, forgotten corners of the realm a new hope... The Stryder." It could have all been so good. But it isn't. The Stryder is wimp-rock masquerading as some kind of punk rock. They are young and from Long Island and I think one of their moms has definitely lent them the minivan to get to one of their gigs. The Stryder are quite sensitive guys... despite having a tattooed member, they are not mean.

Paul Crowley



## Susan And The Surftones The Originals

Acme Brothers Records

It's time to pull out the hibachi and the tiki coasters. Oh, and if you have a surfboard, well...screw you because I don't.

However, as compensation I now have the time to space out with Susan and the Surftones. Their album is called *The Originals* and I give it 5 outa 5 Hawaiian umbrellas.

What we have here is an instro-surf band with a powerful, less traditional 60's sound. It's the type of music that sparks the twang in your soul. The arrangement is classy and the band is tight. There's lots of organ, sax, drums, bass and all the good shit that makes my ears very excited.

Fronting the band is Susan Yasinski with her Fender Strat. Hey, if you like reverb then you might find yourself *really* liking Susan. And if you *really* like Susan and her band, then you'll be pleased you know that there are five other albums out there for you to enjoy.

T.V. Mama

## The Dillinger Escape Plan Irony is a Dead Scene Epitaph

Slated for release on August twenty-seventh, Mike Patton's latest musical spam fits into The Dillinger Escape Plan, one of his lesser-known projects. The EP is called *Irony is a Dead Scene*, but personally I can't tell if it's a joke or not—the title, the music, the whole hog—but it sure makes me wonder.

As usual, the production is slick as a dick in a chick, and Patton's vocal prowess is showcased amongst a group of musicians that deserve no less recognition. Together, this creatively mature monstrosity called The Dillinger Escape Plan delves into a darkly lit, fucked up chamber of sound that resonates to the progressive thunder of grindcore. Less fragmented and bungled than much of his recent work, Patton strives for a consistently brutal intensity that will be much appreciated by the artsy

troglydites who, come August twenty-seventh, will feed on Patton's frenzy.

Harold Septic

## The Toasters Enemy Of The State Skamming Records

This is one knarly ska band, so it goes without saying that these New York veterans are prodigiously prolific for a reason. They're an anomaly really; having gained over the years enough effectual popularity upon which to heap mass quantities of sound and lyrics. *Enemy of the State*, their something like tenth installment into music stores, is a dope mix of reggae, rock and 50's soul, busting at the seams with trombone, saxophone, trumpet, as well as the regular rock n' roll consortium of noise makers. Vocalist Jack Ruby Jr. keeps the Big Band sound hoppin' with his skattish Wilco-esque stylings.

Who the fuck listens to this music? I'd like to hang out with them, 'cause as much as I dream of Eminem, as The Toasters would say, "People take themselves too seriously."

It's summer God dammit: whip up a bowl of Sangria, invite over the friends and add this album to the shuffle of your stereo.

E.K.



## Wheel of Doom Ladatia Four Tune Records

The first minute and a half of this disc is a boring drone which seems to have been composed as a suspenseful intro, but it's not, that's it, a meditative moment before the temple of Japanese Metal.

The next two tracks *are* actually songs, albeit not very good ones; slow, whiney metal in another language with occasional death metal screaming interludes. The disc does get better for one whole song in the middle, depending on what your definition of better is, cuz I mean simply fast and heavy. The rest is crap. Either that or I just don't get it

Cowboy TexAss



## Books and Zines

by Leather the Librarian

### For Howling Out Loud

We haven't delved much into poetry in this column, and since I've been kept busy lately sorting through your entries to our Punk Rock Short Story Contest, I figured I'd give you something bite-sized this month. Chi-chi-poo-poo French chefs would call this the "amuse-bouche" (translated literally, this means "mouth entertainer" – girls, don't you wish this was your nickname?) prior to the big, sloppy feast that is to come.

Let me take you back to a warm night almost 15 years ago in a gymnasium on the East Side when some friends and I got very high and went to watch a poetry reading featuring Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso. My copy of Kerouac's *On The Road* (in which both men are named) had been handed down to me with its pages already dog-eared... Corso was pretty dog-eared himself that night, and it was lucky he read first, because he was so shitfaced he would not have been intelligible much later in the evening. Ginsberg was the star, of course, and even before he began, I took a spot on the floor in the front row and instantly melted from too-cool-for-school Smiths fan to cross-legged eight year-old spaz at a Young People's Concert.

He talked about a lot of things that I wish I could remember now that he's gone. He read some poems, and of course, he read "Howl". My fellow lit-geeks will understand the sheer bliss-out I experienced upon hearing one of the greatest rhythmic poets of our time (and as I think history will judge, of all time) read his own work in full voice.

I've always found a poem doesn't really hit me until I read it out loud. (Also, some of them sound awesome with fakey accents and over-the-top gesticulation. The first lesson any poet learns is that language is a toy, so experiment. Be silly. Just because

one is a lit-geek doesn't mean one can't have a sense of humour.) Dramatic readings used to be popular in Victorian times, and I'd be happy to see them make a comeback. I've plucked a few plums for your parlour entertainment... but, like any good kiss, they're only half as sweet if your lips don't move. For the lazy and indolent (and those with Commerce degrees), I've included weblinks to the actual text. One of the most useful resources I've found in researching this column is a site called Poet's Corner at <http://www.geocities.com/~spanoudi/poems/index.html> ) Let us proceed with our recitations for the nation!

### Leather the Librarian's Nerve-worthy Parlour Performance Pieces:

>"Howl" by Allen Ginsberg (Poem online at <http://www.idiom.com/~wcs/howl.html> . A great Ginsberg resource is [www.ginzy.com](http://www.ginzy.com) )

>"On The Move" by Thom Gunn (freedom, inertia, motorcycles... what a rush! Full poem & commentary at <http://www.mtsu.edu/~dlavery/Evil%20Genius/Notebook/October/10-3-2004.html> )

>"Batter My Heart..." (Holy Sonnet) by John Donne (Sex! God! Rape imagery! Holy hot topics! Text at <http://www.geocities.com/~spanoudi/poems/donne01.html#9> )

>"The Elimination Dance" by Michael Ondaatje (More than a poem, it works as a drinking game! Text online at [http://www-2.cs.cmu.edu/~jwylie/Literature/OndaatjeMichael\\_EliminationDance.html](http://www-2.cs.cmu.edu/~jwylie/Literature/OndaatjeMichael_EliminationDance.html) )

>"Kubla Khan" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (Everyone's favourite opium addict. Full poem at <http://www.geocities.com/~spanoudi/poems/coler03.html> )

>The Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" by Geoffrey Chaucer (This one has a high 'Dickhead Factor' — Olde English gets extremely annoying very quickly, but you're good for a few lines before someone eventually hauls off and slugs you. Side-by-side middle English / modern translation can be found at

<http://www.fordham.edu/halsall/source/CT-prolog-para.html> but offers no keys to the bizarre pronunciation, so just make it up!)

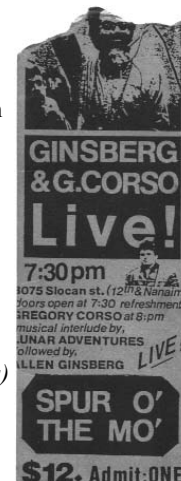
>"Paradise Lost" by John Milton (Reach straight for Book 4 or any of the books that take place in Hell or Eden after the fall, because, as that old nutbar William Blake pointed out, "when Milton wrote of God and Angels, he wrote in chains" [i.e. those parts are boring as all get-out] because he was "of the devil's party" without knowing it. I never seem to hear about these parties until afterwards. The complete text of this epic poem is online at <http://www.literature.org/authors/milton-john/paradise-lost/> )

>*Lady Chatterley's Lover* by D.H. Lawrence (not a poem but, boys, read out some of the dirty bits all dramatic-like and I guarantee you will have your pick of the litter for the night. Amazingly, the full text of the novel is online at <http://www.bibliomania.com/0/0/32/68/frameset.html> )

>Anything Scottish (if your accent is decent – and mine is — then the longer the better. <http://www.geocities.com/~spanoudi/poems/poemtrad.html#brit> provides links to a few traditional favourites, including "Sir Patrick Spens").

And remember (especially you smug Commerce bastards), there's nothing like the feel of a good smoodgie poetry *book* in your hands (unless it's some good "mouth entertainment" – if you like a little of both and you're a cute, single guy who's old enough to have seen *Star Wars* in the theatre the first time around, email [civixen@thenervemagazine.com](mailto:civixen@thenervemagazine.com) and you never know...). Now back to the salt mines.

Attention writers and publishers of poetry: *The Nerve* wants to review your work in future issues. Send your *best* efforts (and feel free to try some old-fashioned bribery, in the form of chocolates, liquor and drugs) to our P.O. box, listed in the masthead. As Ainsworth says, no ponces.



# BEASTS, BABES, GALLO AND GIALLO: Cinemuerte IV In Review

As July rears its sweltering head, so comes another edition of the CineMuerte International Horror Film Festival. An internationally acknowledged festival that still maintains a very distinct personal flavour, CineMuerte feels more like a gathering of friends around the ol' CRT one Saturday night than anything else.

The fest opened with Claire Denis' haunting *Trouble Every Day*. With another otherworldly performance from Vincent Gallo as its centrepiece, *Trouble* takes such horror tropes as disease and cannibalism and brings them to incredible levels of subversion through unflinching camera work and elegance to spare. At once beautiful to watch and incredibly repulsive, *Trouble Every Day* features some of the most intensely beautiful gore scenes ever put on film, and is the kind of film to be taken in as an experience rather than something traveling from plot point to plot point. A riveting film that left me (literally) trembling.

*Trouble Every Day* was the most interesting film of a fine crop of new works showcased this year. The incredibly talented Stuart "Re-Animator" Gordon's latest project, *Dagon* is proof-positive that there's no shortage of talent and innovation in contemporary horror cinema. Incredibly elaborate (especially considering its budget), *Dagon* is a no-holds-barred bizarro fantasy that actually made me jump in my seat at its well-timed shock effects. *Dagon* is an incredible, twisted story of what happens when the preservation of culture and tradition goes awry.

The official closing-night film was Neil Marshall's *Dog Soldiers*, which had them lined up around the block. A slight riff on *Night of the Living Dead*, *Dog Soldiers* follows a group of British soldiers trapped in a house in the Scottish highlands forced to defend themselves against rampaging werewolves. Marred by a lack of innovation in the final half-hour and a slight, uncomfortable streak of misogyny, *Dog Soldiers* nonetheless delivered in its promise of fast-paced old-school horror thrills and badass attitude.

On the perverse Asian movie tip, this year we were treated to Fujii Shugo's *A Living Hell*, a wonderfully bloody and insane thriller that you know is going to treat you right when the opening scene involves eyeballs being eaten by a killer beetle in a jar. While very similar in nature to the more extreme works of Takashi Miike (evidenced especially by the use of wide-angle lenses and extreme close-ups), *A Living Hell* holds its own in the fucked-up Japanese movie sweepstakes. Finally, from Denmark came Martin Schmidt's *Kat* an effective, atmospheric film that ultimately seems a lot less clever in retrospect than it does while watching it. *Kat* stays true to horror movie convention in that why-the-fuck-doesn't-she-just-turn-the-lights-on sort of way, which is forgivable, provided it's in the service of an original story. Effective at creating suspense, but somewhat ham-fisted in the follow-through, *Kat* nonetheless shows promise.

CineMuerte treated us to brand-new prints of two gorgeously shot films, Walerian Borowczyk's *The Beast* and Mario Bava's *Five Dolls For An August Moon*. *The Beast* packed 'em in with its perverted promise of

rampaging animal phalluses and buckets of cum. Luckily, *The Beast* was all that and more. A genuinely daring mix of perversion and satire, *The Beast* is like Luis Buñuel gone completely mental with its bitch-slapping of bourgeois identity and its terrific, twisted coda. Without a doubt the film satisfied all expectations.

*Five Dolls* was the highlight of the sparsely attended giallo night; a meticulously composed whodunit that is simply one of the most breathtaking films ever shot. Not much in the way of story here however, and production design can only carry a film so far. Mind you, I was pretty burnt-out by this point, and would jump at the chance to give the film a second look. Unfortunately the other giallo offerings were somewhat disappointing. Both Lucio Fulci's *One On Top Of The Other* and Massimo Dallamano's *What Have They Done To Solange?* were curiously uninvolved and rigid. Fulci's mildly clever plot twists proved to be more successful than Dallamano's forced final-reel subversiveness, giving *One On Top* the slight edge.

Part of what makes CineMuerte so interesting is the sense of discovery of woefully under-appreciated films, and a pair of wildly different films proved to be the most exciting hidden gems of the fest. Damiano Damiani's *The Witch* came out of nowhere to wow me with its creepy atmosphere and psychological terror. An allegorical story of one man's obsession with a mysterious beauty he is drawn to through a series of odd coincidences, *The Witch* is a film well worth successive viewings to untangle its wild plot machinations (or simply gaze at its ethereally beautiful lead Rosanna Schiaffino).

Also highly recommended is Jack "The Hidden" Sholder's film *Alone In The Dark*. Any film with Martin Landau and Jack Palance playing escaped mental patients is bound to pique interest, but *Alone In The Dark* goes way beyond kitschy thrills. Palance and Landau invest so much in humanizing their characters that it's easy to see why Sholder sought them out in the first place. There are moments here that say volumes about mental illness just by the emotion that registers on Jack Palance's face. Absolutely terrifying in parts and incredibly accomplished for a debut film.

Kitschy thrills are what William Asher's delirious *Night Warning* is all about. Paired with *Alone In The Dark*, *Night Warning* is another example of scrappy low-budget '80's horror. Featuring a pair of uncompromising (and unrestrained) performances from Susan Tyrrell and Bo Svenson, *Night Warning* is a small-town soap opera gone berserk that (all clichés aside) has to be seen to be believed.

The UK was represented this year by a pair of stylish flicks, Robert Fuest's *And Soon The Darkness* and Roy Ward Baker's *And Now The Screaming Starts*. I'd heard nothing but good things about *And Soon The Darkness* and was not disappointed. It's a tightly paced film that builds suspense bit by bit, as the most seemingly harmless events begin to have terrible consequences. Not just an effective suspense film, but a complex look at human nature as well. *And Now The Screaming Starts* is a goofy old-school period horror from Britain's Amicus Studios that

gets points for delving into the gory effects right from the start, but doesn't really liven up 'til Peter Cushing shows up.

The festival's guest this year was cult director Jeff Lieberman, an amiable New Yorker who seemed in his element discussing his minor, quirky films with a geeky audience. As for the films themselves: *Blue Sunshine* was an over-the-top drug hysteria movie that wasn't nearly over-the-top enough. Worth watching though for the unconventional lead performance from Zalman King, perhaps the only actor ever to forcefully shove his hands in his pockets to add dramatic emphasis. *Just Before Dawn* was a definite letdown; a crashing bore of a film whose obvious, Lieberman-admitted, cannibalization of *Deliverance* is a complete distraction. *Squirm* was easily the pick of the litter, notable for its creative effects and incredibly authentic supporting cast.

The two biggest disappointments this year both occurred on the first Friday night. The plodding *Let's Scare Jessica To Death* was an ill-conceived ghost story that couldn't help but look bad in comparison to the earlier genre-defining films it so obviously imitates. *Jessica* basically throws a bunch of half-formed "scary" ideas against the wall hoping that something will stick, making it maddeningly vague and underdeveloped. After being subjected to *Jessica*, I was looking for something a little more hardcore by the time the Friday midnight slot rolled around, and hoped the infamous *Last House On Dead End Street* would fit the bill. Anything hailed by *The Nerve's* gore aficionado Sinister Sam as a "masterpiece of atrocity" is worth at least the benefit of the doubt.

*Last House* is difficult to watch, to be sure, but mostly because it's amateurishness betrays any sense of realism, and as a result, any real terror. What makes this film distinctive however, is not the gore (which won't shock anyone who's sat through a Herschell Gordon Lewis film), but the full-on sadism. This is a film that takes delight in humiliation, and while that has a lot of transgressive potential, it seems to exist here for its own sake rather than any kind of political statement. It seems like the filmmakers were merely enacting a fantasy of eviscerating every money-lender that ever turned them down. One thing that redeems *Last House* though, is its incredible proto-industrial soundtrack. Mad props to the composer.

The shorts programme this year was (unsurprisingly) a mixed bag, the highlights being the *Nekojiro-so*, a surreal animated epic from Japan that begs to be seen (and deciphered) several times, and the hilariously painful *Extremism Breaks My Balls*.

Overall Cinemuerte 2002 was more than satisfying. Most of the films I saw (including four near-masterpieces), I enjoyed, and even the films I disliked I was glad to have been able to watch and discuss with like-minded folk. Good job buds. Can't wait for next year.

Bjorn Olson



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**UNINSPIRED OR LOOK AT WHAT THE SLASHER GENRE CAN DO FOR YOU**

Uninspired. I'm really getting into this word that aptly describes most of what makes the world turn, gets the kids excited, and makes the culture go to shit. Uninspired. Most art movements — even today — are cases in point. Someone invents a genre or a "movement", someone else carries it on, and then everyone else carries it to the dump. Take the MC5, for example. They are the first to truly rock out, then a couple of other groups rock out, and finally everyone rocks out at the MC5's expense. The problem with heavy genres like "early punk" is that the more people rock out, the worse the shit gets. The "punk" of today means dumb snowboard or mountain bike kids (or even adults) that get their kicks from being "extreme" or listening to "extremely bad" record compilations. Anything creative follows the same wavelength, from fine art to individual sports. With individual sports, the 'pussy factor' starts to show when people get a choice of different toys to pick. Scared of peg grinding that 20-stair railing? Just ride down the stairs on some pussy-ass, full suspension piece of shit!

The film world is NO exception. "Pumping them out" has its advantages and disadvantages. The strengths, for horror fans, are obvious. Someone like Mario Bava makes a really good giallo called BLOOD AND BLACK LACE. It has all the ingredients: chicks, a gloved killer, blood, and of course, black lace. The movie does moderately well and everyone else jumps on the bandwagon. Some of the Sergio Martino thrillers go their own way, good ol' Argento goes down his

own path, some good Italo-western directors produce a few real classics, but most prove themselves to be uninspired. Hollow carbon copies have their own hallmarks; like more gore, more sex, and more outrageous plot 'excrements' that ultimately cause the film to collapse in on itself. These are the films we love.

One thing about the slasher genre that everyone loves is the fact that the fucking thing won't die. We have the original masters still cranking out their shit, we've got the old stuff that started it all still playing in people's VCRs at parties, and new fans discovering the classics at the video store all the time. Of course, for most fans, the important "societal implications" are of no consequence (unless they think it's weird that audiences still love to watch women get killed post-Vietnam and Desert Storm... hmmm), so the drivel really starts to hit the fan in some of the "rarer" titles of the genre.

THE PROWLER - Highly underrated piece of awesomeness that includes the makeup stylings of everybody's fave, Tom Savini. He even admits that this is his goriest effort. The killer is an army soldier dolled up in one of the coolest outfits ever, featuring very giallo-like knife moves (even if the "knives" are actually swords that can reach from the top of your head to your chin).

DON'T GO IN THE HOUSE - This film is often overlooked, but it is brutal, shameless, and really quite shocking. The PSYCHO implications are there (the mother thing), but taken to extremes when a childhood 'arms over the stove'

punishment inspires the creation of a special steel-walled room specifically constructed for burning female bodies. Don't worry, they all come back to haunt him in the end, just as they do in...

MANIAC - If you haven't seen this, you'll find it's pretty strong stuff. Savini also had a hand in this one. Joe Spinell, like David Hess, is typecast as a "sketchy" character actor and is at his peak here. The aggressive feel and atmosphere of the ending (reminding me of the end of NEKROMANTIK 2) still creeps me out.

PIECES - J.P. Simon's masterpiece was a big hit at the Cinemuerte festival, giving new meaning to the word "bastard". This movie could be the definition of the word slasher film: the murders are brutal, the cast is by the numbers (one shot seems straight out of "CLUE The Movie"), Chris George and his wife horse around, and finally, in a "LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT" moment, there is even a pissing scene.

HOUSE ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK - David Hess reprises his trademark 'ass-hole' role (the film was even called LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT 2 in some circles) with another brutal piece of character development featuring a semi-retarded sidekick (played by John Morghen - who gets to victimize Lorraine De Selle yet again, the first time being in MAKE THEM DIE SLOWLY). Rich people are the target as Hess fucks up a party with his straight razor stylings. Another over-the-top violent epic that only Italian director Ruggero Deodato could have pulled off. Did I mention that De Selle looks good in WOMEN'S CAMP 119?

GIRL'S NIGHT OUT - I include this as an example of how far back the genre got pushed during its heyday. My brother and I taped this bad boy on BCTV many, many years ago, and then proceeded to watch it a lot. Man in stolen bear suit fixes knives to paws, then goes on shredding spree, finally resulting in a VERY creepy transsexual freezer scene. We still have this highly derivative



piece on tape, since it plays more like a greatest hits (à la PIECES).

NIGHTMARE - Italian director Romano Scavolini's take on the genre is OVER-THE-TOP even to gore aficionados. Kinda slow in the mid-section, but then the shit hits the fan, the blood hits the wall, the head hits the floor, and later the blood has to get washed off the kid. Savini has stated again and again that he didn't work on this film, but the picture in the book "Spaghetti Nightmares" of him on set tells a different tale (?).

The slasher genre, like giallo, has its rules and regulations, though many filmmakers choose to ignore them and push the envelope. However, everyone still asks about the uncut prints of THE BURNING and FRIDAY THE 13<sup>th</sup>, proving that traditional slashers are still highly prized, although these days a lot of international releases are proving to be more and more difficult to acquire.



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# Ridin' Shotgun

Imagine that smooth sound that follows the real badboy cowboys around in all those old westerns. It's kind of hard to imitate in print, but if you know the sound, you know the sound. The air is hot and dusty and it's late afternoon. Like a "bat

hour late for our interview, and I found him kneeling on the floor of his garage/studio/neon factory/gallery, fixing his guitar. He did, however, offer me a Kokanee.

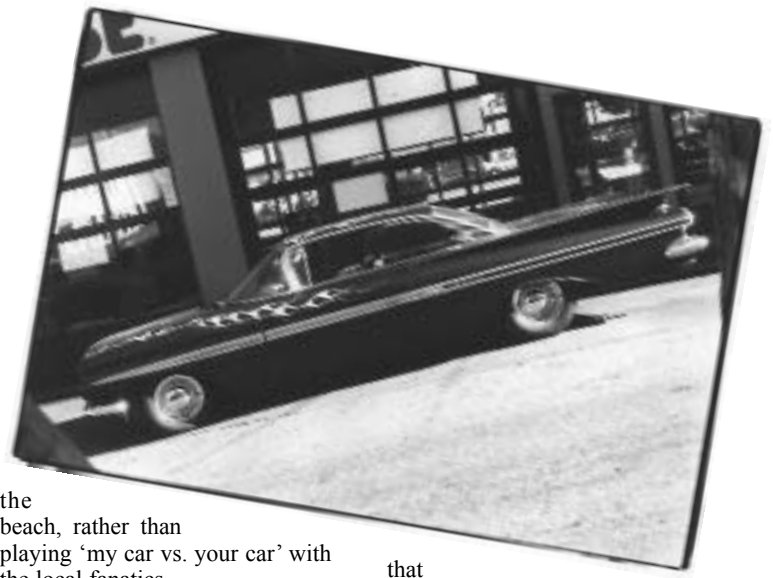
12 Midnite (which is his other other name, Shon being his real name) is what you'd call a long-standing veteran in the "flame job hotrod car underworld" of the Lower Mainland. He's been up to his wrists in grease since he was a wee lad, working with dad to

restore muscle cars in the 70's. If it has to do with a car, he's probably done it. Lately, he sticks exclusively to painting custom flame jobs on cars, bikes, helmets, etc. "If someone brings something in to me these days, be it a car or a t-shirt, I let them know that they aren't going to have much choice in what I paint, they just have to leave it with me. I like to apply art to my cars," he says. The best flame job he's ever done is the

one on his baby, the matte black-bodied '59 Impala with the crazy bat fins that I am sure, if you live in Vancouver, you have seen him driving.

Midnite also has a black '59 Dodge 2-door wagon, the "flamed cube van" he uses for toting art around and he's just put a new engine in his latest creation, a '49 Chevy 2-door torpedo back that he plans to unveil at his "Lord of the Lowbrow" art show scheduled for September. He's looking for a '59 El Camino, so if any of you folks are selling, or you are just looking for info pertaining to his work, call 604.817.5612 or drop by his shop, located at 333 Clark (at Powell), 10-2 pm weekdays.

After having a career in the business for over twenty years, Mr. Midnite tends to get a little sick of recounting the minutiae of countless personal custom jobs. "A cool car is a cool car, it doesn't make a difference to who you are," insists Midnite, "it's a good car, it's the coolest car on the planet". Midnite's car is mild when it comes to customization, but it's fast, powerful, and reliable with a built 350, 3-speed overdrive. He likes to keep it a little dirty to piss off the car fanatics, saying that one time (one summer) he went to a car show and patrons got off their chairs and moved aside in distaste at the sight of his badass non-conformist custom car. These days, Midnite prefers to hang out at



the beach, rather than playing 'my car vs. your car' with the local fanatics.

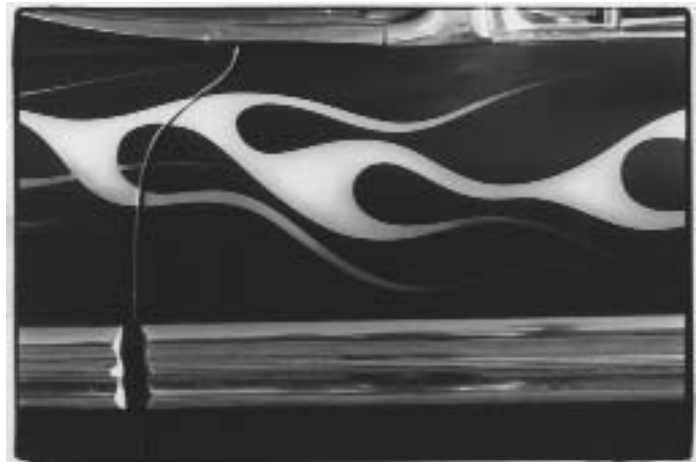
The room is getting dusty again, and I can hear the low rumble of a sweet engine and faint sounds of a sad country ballad. I ask one last question... "Billy Bill Fuckin' Midnite! What word would describe what people will find when if they come to your garage?" ...The one

that comes floating in to his mind? "Debauchery". Heh.

pics and words: Angela Fama



on wheels", outta nowhere, careens Billy Bill Fuckin' Midnite... the "hearthrob heartbreaker of the grunge country music scene". He steps out of his steaming car, one boot on the ground, totin' a cool six-pack of Lucky's, a belt loaded with a dusty sawed-off paintbrush, a cig hanging from his bottom lip and a foxy babe on either side (I can almost hear their hearts breaking). Okay, I'm lying. I showed up an



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# BLUE MOVIES

## Ed Powers' In Search of a Samurai Debutante

Mile High Video



Asian imagery, history and culture is finding a place at the forefront of popular Western culture and art. More key is that Asians are locating themselves in that place with or without the identifying luggage.

Asian is also one of the major sub-groupings of porn. If Nancy Kwan's career got lost after her vivacious but stereotyped turn as the suited prostitute in *The World of Suzie Wong* (1960), then so much the braver was Mai Lin, the first Asian porn star in America, who started her successful career, thick accent and all, in 1976. But maybe the surprise is there wasn't more 'exotic asian' starlets satisfying sexual Madam Butterfly desires.

Amidst the Asian-Western wave are several culture magazines, like *Rice Paper* and *Banana*. A recurring topic in these mags is the (white) male hovering over the female Asian and maybe particularly interested in her because of her 'Far Eastern' allure. The magazines devise coy little tests to weed out these wannabee "rice kings". As far

as I'm concerned, there need only be ONE question to screen the Colonialists: "Do you have a tongue?" I mean, who DOESN'T want to lick some nice Asian pussy?

It's silly these empowered girls pretending that the Oriental delicacy won't be a factor for the Western male.

Ed Powers [Mark Arnold] is famous in porn for being a nerdy guy with a small dick who gets thousands of women to "get a little Jewish" in them. His "Dirty Debutantes" series — begun in 1989 with porn legend Jamie Gillis — is now up in the hundreds. Naturally, as a successful franchise, Powers has branched out. So, we have *Deep Inside Dirty Debutantes*, *Dirty Dirty Debutantes*, *Black Dirty Debutantes*, *Global Warming Debutante*, etc...

Along come some folks with a bunch of footage of Japanese guys

fiddling Japanese girls. They pay Ed Powers to stick his mug and "Debutantes" marquee on it. It's a business concept — but in all fairness, Ed gives it the ol' Powers humour. He plays with the premise by having himself zonked out in front of his TV with his remote, reviewing an endless number of videos of the erstwhile "Samurai Debutantes." It's kind of funny, if you like his schtick. Then a female of Dutch-Asian extraction comes over and provides company. From these wraparound scenes we keep cutting back to the Japanese footage. That's pretty much it. Perhaps a comfortable introduction to Japanese porn where the women squeal in stereotypical helplessness and the hottest male porn star is named "Chocoball."

Dmidtrui Otis

*In Search of a Samurai Debutante* is available at Reel Horror, 11 E. Broadway.



# NAKED IN NEW WESTMINSTER



Illustrations by Miss Dexter

**Tex:** We just got back from chillin' out in New Westminster, lookin' for some erotic distractions at one of the best strip joints around...

**Dex:** Mugs and Jugs!

**Tex:** Doesn't that name just scream 'class'?

**Dex:** Yeah, 'Class' with neon beer signs everywhere.

**Tex:** We took a step off our own turf this month and began the exploration of suburban nudie bars. A little nervous at first, we settled into a corner booth and quietly took in the surroundings and ate burgers and fries on paper plates.

The food wasn't all that bad, so we were off to a good start.

**Dex:** And the good part: tall cans of beer - \$4.75! Beat that, Cecil!

**Tex:** Yeah, that's what it all comes down to — the more you can afford to drink, the better the girls end up looking anyways.

**Dex:** We held back in the booth for a while, that is until my new best friend, the beautiful Emma Peele went up on stage, and then you better believe we got front row seats.

**Tex:** Miss Dexter got way excited and screamed so loud that we won one of those posters that the girls rub on themselves and throw to the crowd. I think the lady is in love.

**Dex:** Yeah with Tex. I wasn't quite drunk enough to get her to sign it for me but you dutifully chased after her like an obsessed pervert, for me.

**Tex:** Anything for you....

**Dex:** Then this other girl got up on stage and whispered into my ear "I'm gonna give you something" and painted her boobs and body with body paint and smothered herself onto a T-Shirt, which she then made a scene about giving away to someone, only to put it right in front of me after all. I think she liked me 'cuz I'm a cute chick and not a dirty old man with a hard-on.

**Tex:**



Plus, you lied and told her it was your birthday.

**Dex:** Yeah, well, I went to pee and when I got back, Tex had made new best friends with the guys sitting next to us.

**Tex:** The people in New West are quite open and friendly. You don't tend to engage in conversation with anyone at the nudie bars in Vancouver proper, but these guys even bought Dex a bunch of raffle tickets for a free lapdance, which she won! How was it, by the way?

**Dex:** Let's just say I made *another* new best friend — one wearing a heinous Budweiser unitard. Luckily, I was so loaded it was fun.

**Tex:** We lucked out and happened to show up on Wednesday — Duo Night — and were treated to some nasty, live, lesbian vagina licking.

**Dex:** We stayed stage-side...

**Tex:** One of the girls even stole my hat and wore it while riding the other girl like a bronco.

**Dex:** Then I got belligerent.

**Tex:** Dex demanded that the Japanese men in business suits sitting near us give up their free posters. We were on a roll for free shit and weren't slowing down for nothin'.

**Dex:** I got another T-shirt, too.

**Tex:** You also got really drunk and sung along to Eminem while intermittently drooling and rolling your eyes into the backs of their sockets. All while your favourite new best friend was getting naked.

**Dex:** This is when my memory gets a little patchy. Tex will have to fill you in...

**Tex:** Oh, not much else happened. You puked behind a dumpster and all over your new shirt and then insisted on stealing a crappy little ladder that was in the garbage. Then you made me help you steal crusty patio furniture from some restaurant. You even ripped off crappy tabloids from 7-11. My associate here turns into a fucking klepto when she drinks.

**Dex:** Yeah, that sounds about right. This was definitely the most drunken and the most fun Tex and Dex outing yet.

**Tex:** Except that we were stuck in New Westminster until we sobered up enough to drive back to the *real* city.

**Dex:** So, we got to spend some more quality time in the backseat of a certain '75 Buick....



You puked behind a



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DRINK!!

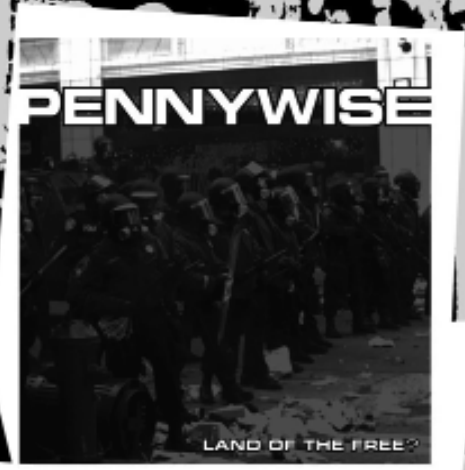
AND BE MERRY!

SCARYOKE

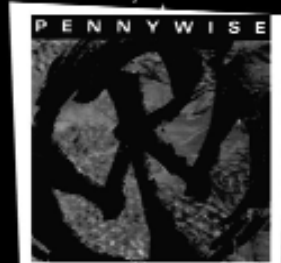
6 PM UNTIL WE TURN INTO PUMPKINS AT MIDNITE

The Cobalt VANCOUVERS HARDCORE BAR 917 MAIN ST.

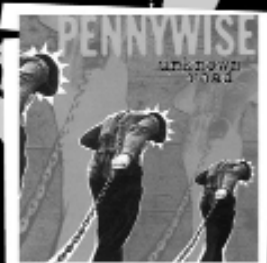
# PENNYWISE



Land Of The Free?  
in stores now



Pennywise



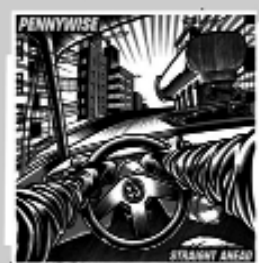
Unknown Road



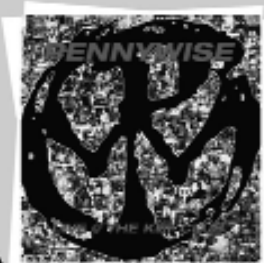
About Time



Full Circle



Straight Ahead



Live @ The Key Club

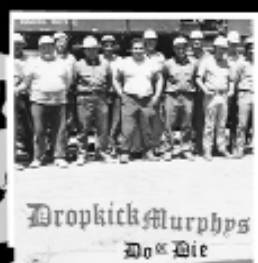
Live at SnowJam on August 24 at False Creek near Science World



The Gang's All Here



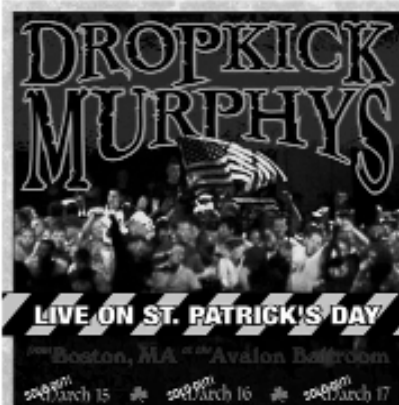
Singles Collection



Do or Die



Sing Loud, Sing Proud!



Live on St. Patrick's Day  
in stores 8/24

# DROPKICK MURPHYS