

The 2ble-Wide White Trash Xmas Issue
Vol.4 No.1 Dec/Jan 02/2003

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Issue #23

The Nerve

A Mag for chicken fingers?

thenervemagazine.com



FESTIVAL
of GUNS

*The Nerve talks trash with
Mike Smith, a/k/a Bubbles p.15*



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Even some kitties are white trash...



Ed's Blurb

Well, I gotta say, it actually appears that things in this two horse cock 'n' balls town are looking up. With all the NPA fuck-ups on city council turfed and a new mayor who's established more of a public image in just a few days than Owen did in his entire time in the mayor's chair, hell, we just might be heading into a new year with at least a dime bag's worth of promise.

We've also got some nice lookin' new live venues on the scene: **303 Live** (Columbia Hotel) and **Unit 20** Legion of Vancouver (300 W. Pender) and the **Green Room** (the old Media Club under the Queen E.) ... and though we seem to have lost **The Cobalt** (temporarily?) things were going to move to the **Balmoral**, but apparently that's not happening now, stay tuned... and we should see shit at the **Brickyard** picking up with a new promoter (I know, another one, but this one knows what he's doing, trust me).

I'd like to extend a personal thanks to all the bands who played and all of you rockers and rollers who came out to **Festival of Guns** last month (who ever thought we'd get to see the **Mckenzie's** at the fuckin' Astoria?) but, yeah, the festival was a smashing success and I'll plan to do it all again next year...only bigger and louder and with MORE BEER! Check out www.festival-ofguns.com throughout the year for updates.

Alright, yeah, stop it, the rumours are true, alright? The Nerve is starting a record label in the New Year. **Nerve Records**. (catchy name, huh?) "Why do I think the world needs another lousy fuckin' indie label?" you might ask. Good question. Because it's insane and I'm a sucker for insanity. Don't worry, you'll hear about it when it actually launches 'cause I'm gonna throw one hell of a muthafuckin' party.

Just so y'all know, this here, our Double-Wide White Trash Christmas Issue, is for both December and January. I gotta go to Moosejaw for a weddin' this Christmas. Expect us again Feb. 1st ... BACK on our regular monthly schedule.



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own, depending on how much gas is in it? Do you let your twelve-year-old

Shit of the Year!

Congratulations to all this year's winners. If anyone wants an official certificate, (though I can't imagine why) I'd be happy to Photoshop one up for you. I'm sure your mother will be very proud. Now, without further ado, the Shit of the Year!

Cunt of the Year(Local)

Jennifer Clarke
Runner-up: Tie - Me, Sandy McCormick. Sandy and I are neck-in-neck, so, clearly I am going to have to work hard to outcut her over the next year. But, stay tuned - I am highly favoured for the number one position in '03, given that top cunts Clarke and McCormick are now both unemployed. Tee hee. More civic gloating to follow.

Cunt of the Year(International)

George W. Bush (and everyone please remember, Cunt of the Year is a non-gender specific position.)

Runner-up: Jonah Goldberg. Spawn of Lucianne Goldberg, perhaps the most universally-loathed profiteer in the Clinton impeachment scandal. Right-wing gasbag Jonah wrote a nasty cover article for the National Review (Friday Nov. 8, 2002), a magazine that is home to other right-wing gasbags. The cover headline called Canadians "Wimps," and he basically went on about how totally useless we are as a country. I would just like to take this opportunity to invite Jonah to come to Vancouver and read his article - whether at the Cobalt Annex (the Balmoral), the Roxy or any of Vancouver's finer late-night establishments or legion halls (and Jonah, while you're here, you really shouldn't miss "The Wolf" in Maple Ridge - they'd get a kick out of the article, and as Michael Moriarty knows, they do mean that literally.)

Overrated Media Vixen of the Year

Tamara Taggart, CTV's "weather Mormon" - there may very well be big jugs in there somewhere, but you schlubs will never see 'em!

Runner-up: Angèle Yanor, *The Sun*'s "kiss-and-tell Mormon" - she may very well have sex with her dates, but you schlubs will never read about it!

Underrated Media Vixen of the Year

Kate Galliford, VPD Missing Women's Task Force - she's always so brave, so stoic... boys, don't you want to put a smile on her face?

Runner-up: Me - always so brave, so stoic... boys, don't you want to put a smile on my face?

Twatson's Photo-Op of the Year

Even Robin Bougie wrote about this moment in his latest *CinemaSewer*. It just goes to show



that if you expose your breast in public to a world-famous porn star, you too can receive passing mentions in smutty local magazines! (Remind me again, why am I not being invited to more parties?)

Bartenders of the Year

Erik, Mike D and Lucia @ the Side Door. Because like flowers in a garden, each is a thing of unique beauty.

Restaurant of the Year / Spa of the Year/ Salon of the Year / Shop of the Year

None. You see, if anyone in town had been as nice to me as the aforementioned bartenders, they'd be seeing their names here right now, wouldn't they? (There's always next year... remember, I like parties and free items! Suck up to me and your shit could be next year's Shit of the Year!)

Riot of the Year (Not Instigated by Brian Salmi)

The G'n'R riot. Way to go, Vancouver... you haven't lost your touch.

Schadenfreude Moment of the Year

Herr Puil tastes the boot leather and loses his seat after 26 years clinging to power like a crab to a pube. Ha-ha... everyone hates you! Rot in hell, shit stain.

The Gillian Guess Award for Unrepentant Media Whores of the Year(Local)

Growbusters. Why not just start your own fucking magazine? You could call it *Tiny Penis Overcompensation Digest*. (TPOD... that might look okay on a mug.)

The Gillian Guess Award for Unrepentant Media Whores of the Year(International)

PETA. From their base a continent away in Norfolk, Virginia, these little fuckfaces thought they were justified in taking out an ad in *The Province* that contained gory details of the alleged (and reportedly quite heinous) crimes at the Pickton pig farm - an action which not only contravened the Crown's publication ban but, if it had indeed been published (which it was clearly not, because we are not a bunch of fucking IDIOTS), it would have certainly blown the whole case for the prosecution. So let me get this straight - PETA wants people to stop eating pork, and they think the way to do that is to contaminate the largest serial murder investigation this country has ever known and thereby risk letting that mulleted reptile Willie go free. Yeah, well, excuse me if I don't phone for a membership package.

Stand-up Broad of the Year

Ann Livingston, the Mother Teresa of the DES Demimonde (organizer of the Vancouver Area Network of Drug Users, seen in Nettie Wild's documentary "Fix").

Runner-up: Jamie Lee Hamilton (founder of Grandma's House, a place of refuge for sex workers)

Unintentionally Infotaining Ad Campaign of the Year

The "PowerChoices 2002" drug awareness "puzzles" running in recent supplements to the *Vancouver Sun*. Anybody who can incorporate "methamphetamine" into a word search is fucking aces in my books! I like their spunk, their unnecessary use of "quotes" and I think we can all agree, there is no more "powerful" choice than good, strong methamphetamines!

Insidious Advertising Technique of the Year

The NPA civic election ads that employed the same voice-over actor that does station IDs and programming announcements for one of the major local networks. It was so subliminal,

why, you'd almost have thought the networks were endorsing the NPA... buuut of course, they *still* got eviscerated! (Ha ha. Ha ha ha.)

Festering Sore of the Year

Woodsquat. I miss the old days in the early 80's, when the punk squat was *centrally* located in a nice part of town (in what is now the Granville 7 Cinemas). Sigh... good times.

Done to Death Look of the Year

The zip-up velour hooded track suit.
Runner up: The fauxhawk.

Dangerously Close to the Precipice Already Look of the Year

The fedora. Let's just restrict the number of guys who can wear them to two (Larry Campbell and Jim Green, and even then, not at the same time) and keep it at that, for all our sakes. People start thinking they can get away with fedoras and suddenly there is all this creepy *Remington Steele* energy in the air. Trust me - no one wants that.

Accidental Martyr of the Year

Philip Owen. The victim of Machiavellian machinations who happened to finally get on the right side of one important issue (and, conveniently, did so on film). Hey, that's politics, Paco. Sure, it's a bitch... but don't expect a fruit basket.

To all my friends out there in *Nerveland*:

Happy Hanukkah, Eid Mubarak, Happy Kwanzaa and Merry Crit'mas. We made it through another year without incarceration, pregnancy or serious liver damage. (There's always next year!) Watch www.thenervemagazine.com



COCAINE Cocaine is a fine white crystalline powder known as crack, C, snow, rock, or blow. Cocaine in powder form is usually "snorted" into the nostrils.

Check out www.thenervemagazine.com for some surprises while you wait for our next issue in February, and, in the meantime, write to me at civixen@thenervemagazine.com - be the first to actually send me fan mail!! So, until next year... keep it evil, kids!

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WHAT A MISERABLE PRICK SANTA CLAUS IS

Jolly old St. Nick, my ass. That whiny bastard is about as jolly as Mike Tyson on his first day in jail.

Forgive my sacrilege, but I'm in such miserable shock I can't think straight. This year, as always, I sent out my wish list to Santa Claus, and was waiting excitedly for Christmas morning, when I would unwrap my Life-Size Transgendered Barbie Blow-Up Doll (36-16-36-9!). Boy, was I surprised to receive this form letter from the North Pole:

To the children of the world,

Thank you for your sweet letters. As always, it's the children of the world who have made my thankless task tolerable. Unfortunately, despite my sincere desire to continue the tradition of Christmas, I will no longer be able to fulfill my obligations. Yes, my dear children, I've been forced out of business. Christmas is over.

I know you are too young to understand, but let me try to explain. It all started last year when I returned from my rounds suffering from diabetic seizures. Although I appreciate the endless supply of milk and chocolate chip cookies every Christmas Eve, that diet was destroying my health. I became completely lactose-intolerant, and my chronic obesity was causing gout and high blood pressure. It seemed to affect my brain, too, as I started to enjoy Tony Danza re-runs. As you can see, I was really sick.



I could have dealt with the medical problems, if only dear old Mrs. Claus had been around to comfort me. But in February, she filed for divorce and slapped me with a lawsuit demanding half of everything I own. That means half of *your* toys, children, and you can bet all the Halloween candy in the world that *she* won't be hauling her ass around the globe to deliver them. She's probably already pawned them for a fraction of what they're worth.

My old lady wasn't the only one bored with the North Pole. Those damn elves have been deserting me for years. The lucky ones got those juicy union jobs on the oil rigs, but the rest of them just ran off to the big cities looking for adventure. Hah!

How are those shifty little trolls gonna survive without me? The ones who aren't already getting bitch-slapped in prison are probably whoring themselves to pay for drugs. All I'm left with are the ones who are too insecure to leave, and they're all addicted to glue. It's not a pretty sight, believe me.

Not that my elves would be able to help me now. In April, I was forced to shut down my toy factory by the governing body of the NAFTA committee. It seems that under the rules of Free Trade, having an unpaid army of elf labour is looked upon as "protectionism" of the entire Christmas toy industry. Apparently it's legal for some goddess commie to pay a nine-year-old kid three bucks a

day to put together cheap plastic crap for Ronald McFuckhead, but I can't give my elves free room and board in exchange for some work done around the pole. What's this world coming to?

And if it's not the corporate lawyers riding my ass, it's the animal rights activists. In July, I was raided by the Animal Liberation Front. I woke up one morning to find the fence around my property destroyed and eight of my reindeer missing. Of course, those little ecopukes didn't realize that domesticated reindeer can't survive above the Arctic Circle without their cute little reindeer scarves, and the dumb animals froze to death within 48 hours. The only one who didn't flee was Rudolph, and it turns out that the freakish red lump on the end of his snout was actually an inoperable cancerous tumour. Of course, that didn't stop the vet from trying to gouge me by asking for three hundred bucks to have him put down "humanely," but I'm no sucker. What's more humane than a shotgun blast to the side of the brain? Total cost: two bucks.

So, you see, it's been a rough year. But don't feel sorry for me... there's a silver lining to all this. I hit bottom in October and was finally desperate enough to seek professional help. Two months of intensive therapy have helped me get to the root of my problems. I realize now that I've always suffered from an obsessive need for approval. I've always done everything I could to be loved by my adoring public. Then I would cover my inner emptiness with self-destructive habits. One day

of the year, I was the fat, jolly guy that everyone loved. The rest of the year, I was a violent, abusive, miserable drunken elf-molester with a fondness for whips and antlers. I hid out at the North Pole, terrified that the truth about my life would be revealed. But I'm not afraid anymore. I've laid it all bare in my tell-all autobiography, *Jolly No More: A Life of Ho-Ho-Hopelessness*.

It's off to the talk-show circuit for me. Don't forget to buy my book, which will soon be a straight-to-landfill docudrama starring Dom DeLuise, titled *Santa Doesn't Live Here Anymore!* Good luck kids, and good riddance.

(Signed)

*No longer desperate for your approval,
Santa.*

Well, there you have it. I've got just two words for that sorry sack of shit: boo hoo! Cry me a river, you snivelling cunt! Excuse my language, but I'm a little pissed off. First, my parents dump me, then I find out there's no God, then I realize that I'll never grow tits, and now this! I just can't take any more disappointments. If you'll excuse me, I need a good, long rest. I'm going to call that 1-800 number on the side of the Tylenol bottle and find out just exactly how many pills I need to take to induce a deep (but non-fatal) coma. Good night everyone, and Merry fucking Christmas!

Andreas Ohr

SPAM: It's Not a Disease, It Just Tastes Like Dog Meat

My mama never fed me Spam. No Spam burgers, Spam loaf, chili Spam, Spam-on-a-stick, fried Spam, or Spam sandwiches in my lunch bucket. Needless to say, since entering adulthood, I have not felt the urge to acquire a taste for the stuff. But, since Christmas is coming and I have about two dollars in my savings account, I want to feel the holiday spirit, too, even if I can't afford no fucking Eggnog Lattes. I figure chocolate Spamcakes ought to do the trick.

I don't know why I've never browsed Aisle 1 of the BuyLow before, but with a toonie burning a hole in my pocket, this was like the canned meat equivalent of the 7/11 candy section. Ironically, I've been told that Spam tastes so good, "it's like eating junk food." I suppose that could be because there's nothing *in* Spam except sugar, salt and fat, the building blocks of good taste. Seriously, how bad can it be? Well, have a fuck-

(president of Hormel Meats) found his warehouse all jammed up with left over pork shoulder meat. He rang up a buddy of his (German canning expert Paul Joern) to work out the details, and the rest, as they say, is Spamstory.

- Before the grassroots formation of the underground "Fellowship of Spam," and before the glory days of the Spam Museum in "Spam Town" (in fucking Alabama or somewhere)[*Austin, Minnesota - Ed.*], the Spammobile, and spin-off products like canned ham, Spam found much of its fame during the war years. If my grandpa was alive, I'd ask him how he felt about the stuff. He'd probably tell me that during the Second World War, God only knows what the fuck would have happened to the allies if it weren't for Spam. Not only did those brave young soldiers digest the miracle meat in a can, they found other uses for it as well (put *these* in your SAS manual):

- Spam's fattiness made it an excellent skin conditioner, gun lubricant, and waterproof dressing for leather boots, tents and matches.

- When sliced, Spam proved to be an ideal set of playing cards, needing only a bit of ink scratched on the surface. According to one soldier, the cards actually lasted through the winter and into early spring.

- An empty can of Spam made an excellent light source, although don't ask me to explain the logistics of this one — I can only imagine it has to do with the moon. An interesting side note: it is nearly impossible to tour Spam factories in the U.S., due to "legalities." I think this is being a bit overcautious... I mean, what do I know about the difference

between moonlight and radioactive chemicals?

- 85 to 95 percent of Spam is made from pork... specifically the trimmings of a pig's shoulder and ASS. We mustn't forget the "candy" element mentioned earlier, as well as that old standby Sodium Nitrate, a real can-do ingredient that acts as a preservative inhibiting bacterial growth. It also gives Spam it's perky, pink colour. Without it, the shit'd be brown.

So, now that I've gotten to know it while the little cakes fry nicely in the pan, who, besides me, loves Spam? Well, Alaskans, for one... also Hawaiians and Koreans. Koreans treat it as a delicacy, I suppose 'cause they gotta import it, or whatever.

There are the everyday groupies, like the ever popular "Spamettes," and the "Spam-Fisted Butchers of Jazz." Then there all the people in Spamclubs, like the "Chesapeake Bay Spam and Crab Society." And lest we forget, there are also celebrity Spam enthusiasts. Gloria Estefan is allegedly a big Spam lover. Apparently, she once swore an oath on her mama's Coca-Cola glazed Spam loaf.

Fuck this shit. Now that I think about it, I'd rather chew poinsettias or smoke moldy marijuana leaves than swallow a fucking piece of hydrogenated pig's ass. I'm beginning to wonder if I might just have a bit too much free time on my hands...

*Emily Kendy
www.spam.com*



seat and let me tell you how bad.

- Spam was invented in the 1930s... on May 11, 1937, to be exact. Jay C. Hormel



service stations keep their bathrooms so clean? Does the Halloween pump-

It's a Fucked Up World, Chi-Chi...

The thing about Vancouver is, the rain can drive you crazy. And that's why we like it here. Once you come into the mouth of November, your head won't be right until April. But right now, you're stuck in your apartment and it's raining for the 17th straight day and you can't do anything because you're goddamn broke. Read a book, I say. Light yourself on fire. There are worse things you can do.

Sometimes I just sit around and trying to understand things I don't. Like gunfighting in Bethlehem. Or why I can't meet a boy who doesn't have herpes. Most of all, I like to write down these issues that weigh on my mind and organize them into neat lists. Then, I tackle my sock drawer!

1) White Trash

Sure, it's great to think you're white trash if you didn't actually grow up poor and had to get the \$7 haircut in the mall at Magicuts. You don't even have to be white... it's just that we cling so desperately to any kind of cultural heritage. But it's not all heavy metal and beer and bingo and monster trucks. White trash is cheap shoes. Fake wood panelling. First graders with mullets. Count Chocula. The smell of grandma's ass in her polyester pants. Cheez-Whiz. T.V. trays. Chinese spit torture. Are you feeling the Christmas spirit yet?

2) The DC Sniper

Another ugly statistic churned out of the cesspool of America — final total: 10 kills, 3 wounded. Further proof that the average citizen can do better police work than anyone in law enforcement. The DC Sniper Task Force

actually hung up on John Allen Muhammad when he phoned them to give tips on how they should catch him. At least they were able to get an episode of "CSI:Miami" out of it a mere three weeks later, with David Caruso getting all



puffy and macho ("Screw yoooooooo!" "Take him downnnnnnn...") But what I liked most during the manhunt was all these guys from the military and ATF saying that this guy was "giving snipers a bad name." Like they've ever had a good name. ("This is my new boyfriend, Ron. He's a sniper!")

3) Smoking Bad Weed

I used to think that tall people were really gross... the way their big limbs flop around and the horrific smell of their gigantic feet, and how if you're really short they will put their drink on your head when you stand next to them at parties. Then one day I realized I probably would have gotten a lot further in life with bigger thumbs, so now when I see a tall person, there is an uneasy truce between us.

4) Baby Mutilation

Generally, I'm all for mutilation. But there was something very wrong with the mall-girl I saw getting her newborn's ears pierced. Shouldn't you let the kid decide? Shouldn't there be an age limit...like six weeks? I mean, it's not exactly painless. But then, in our society we encourage parents to slice the end of their infant boy's penis so he spends the early stages of life with his little mound of a dick in a baby bandage.

5) Magazines Whut Make You Stupider

I don't have cable, but I will come to your house and watch your t.v. like a whore. It's so dirty and gross. Some magazines are like that too — glossy tabloid bits of corporatized pop culture, based on shallow standards of wealth and beauty. Generally I enjoy them, like *US Weekly* (revelations from their Oct. 28/02 issue included "Guy brows! Who plucks! Who Doesn't! Who looks like a Warlock!" and "Hot-to-Trot Tots! Celebrity Kidspotting!")

But sometimes they give bad advice, the most egregious offender being *Jane* magazine, with their pseudo-feminism for young

women. In their December issue, entitled "The Wildest Sex Tricks You've Never Heard Of," they suggest that you 1) put your face in his armpit and smell ("the pheromones will drive you wild!") 2) pull your own arm hair and 3) eat a cupcake while you masturbate (no really, this is true). Mothers, cancel your daughter's subscription immediately and get her one to *Bizarre* magazine instead.

6) Safe Injection Sites

In a city where a \$30-40 flap of heroin (the going rate anywhere else in Canada) is a veritable bargain at \$10, why would anyone be against a place where addicts can talk to nurses and counselors and be closer to resources for help? These are places that are statistically proven to hugely reduce the number of overdoses in a city and raise the average age of users. Why would anyone protest a place where addicts can go and feel like someone cares that they don't shoot up alone and die in a doorway? A "shooting gallery" isn't like an opium den... it's like a doctor's office with metal counters that gives out free needles to stop the spread of HIV.

Maybe if society treated addicts better, they wouldn't want to go in the alleys and punch holes in their arms with dirty needles. But shit, I just live here.

T.Dawg

Teresa "T.Dawg" McWhirter's first novel, *Some Girls Do* (Polestar, 2002), is in stores now and would make an excellent Christmas gift.

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S.T.R.E.E.T.S.

Skating totally rules everything else totally sucks



pic: Gregory Adams

Skating totally rules — everything else totally sucks. Despite what that acronym suggests, Vancouver's S.T.R.E.E.T.S. realize there is more to life than skateboarding. However, the free spirit of the lifestyle shines through in everything they do. One of the hottest local acts of the past couple of years, James (guitar, vocals), Johnny (guitar, vocals), Mike (bass, vocals) and Cory (drums) have made every show a party with their friends, whether they're playing clubs or basements. Heavy on crowd interaction, their sets have also been known to include a skate session in the pit. The band sat down with us after their Festival of Guns performance at Pat's Pub, and while we talked about more than curbside grinds and kick-flips, you could tell they still had skate in the heart.

Nerve: How long has S.T.R.E.E.T.S. been around?

James: S.T.R.E.E.T.S. has been around... in the form that it is right now... since February of this year.

N: What is about skating and punk rock. The band is there?

J: In life?

Cory: You've got to eat sometimes, which is unfortunate because that's expensive.

J: And you have to try and live freely and try to take advantage of everything you can in life.

C: Punk rock and skateboarding are just factions of a lifestyle. Basically, if you're into either one of those things, there is a culture behind it and it definitely forms a mindset and a way of thinking.

J: ... which is all about freedom.

C: It's just about doing what you want and not being conventional. Those two things on their own aren't really anything, but it's what those two things do to a person.

N: Of the two, skating and punk rock, which came first for you?

C: For me, skateboarding. I started skateboarding, and that's what introduced me to punk rock, when I was in junior high school. I'd probably be working in the suburbs in a warehouse had it not been for skateboarding. It pretty much saved my life.

N: Back in the day the two were very intertwined, but are punk rock and skateboarding still as important to each other today?

J: For us they are, but not for a lot of people. I think a lot of people think of skateboarding as a sport, like football or downhill skiing.

C: It depends on what kind of a skateboarder you are. There's skateboarders that are little kids that just got into it within the last couple years from watching television and playing *Tony Hawk Pro Skater*, and there's people that have been around forever. Even if they're not super into punk rock now, it's definitely been there, because it's always been a part of skate-

boarding. Like, in the early 80's, skating and punk rock went hand in hand.

Mike: Even the Bad Boy Club revolution sparked it all. Cory was sponsored by BBC.

J: It's a matter of whether you want to be pro or if you just want to fuckin' flow.

C: I didn't think that skateboarders were into punk rock anymore, but we've got so many friends that are wicked skateboarders and they listen to all kinds of music, but at the same time, though, punk rock still grabs them.

J: And it's the intensity, the anti-authority and 'do your own thing' element which is in skateboarding, too.

C: I don't even listen to much "punk rock" anymore, but it's always going to be part of my personality.

J: What was the name of that band we listened to tonight?

C: Captain Beyond.

J: Captain Beyond! They're a great skate rock band.

N: Does it ever seem confining to have to always write about skating?

J: No, because you can relate that to everything. Skateboarding can be about everything.

C: Not all of our songs are about skateboarding, though.

M: I agree with Greg, though. It's kind of the thing where our name is S.T.R.E.E.T.S., we can never live it down that we're a skate rock band. I feel confined in that aspect.

C: At the same time, we all skateboard and all of our friends are skateboarders. It's part of our lifestyle. Not every song is about skateboarding, but with everything we do, skateboarding fits in somehow. Everyone we hang out with has that in common, so even if it's just a song about a party where everyone is drinking, everyone still has their skateboard with them and we have a stupid curb session while we're really wasted at three in the morning.

M: However, I always feel that there's going to be people out there that think we're a joke band and ridiculously die-hard into skateboarding. I mean, we do love skate culture, but the lyrical content is more towards life nowadays.

J: It's growing. It all comes together. If it's a part of your life, then it seeps into other parts of your life.

C: Even if we start writing songs that have nothing to do with skateboarding, there's always going to be skate in the heart [laughs].

M: Skate in the heart, for sure.

N: Your next record is going to be put out by Global Symphonic. Have you guys written or recorded that yet?

J: It's been recorded and is ready to go.

M: We're just waiting for our artist to finish. He's been working on it....

J: For fifteen years and it's of mammoth proportions. It will be done within hours. In thirty-six hours our album will be ready to be sent off to the album-making machine, wherever that is.

N: Is there anything in particular we need to

know about the album?

M: There's kind of a theme.

Johnny: The album [came from] three really wasted and really stoned nights that we don't even really remember.

J: It's a lot different than the last album.

C: There's two guitar players on this record, which is different than the first record, so there's wankier guitar stuff.

M: Lyrically, it's based on the Georgia Street house, which you're very well aware of.

N: For those who don't know, what was the Georgia Street house?

M: Basically I'm sure everyone has had one of these in their hometown: a punk house with a half pipe in the backyard, a jam space in the basement, a print shop. We put on shows all the time. Eventually we got evicted and we just had a crazy party with all of our friends. We had launch ramps in the living room. And then the cops came and basically beat up 200 people. It's kind of an anti-authority album.

C: Not only that, but Georgia Street was a house where we all hung out. It's where S.T.R.E.E.T.S. formed. We all live in different houses now and we don't really have a hangout space like that anymore. So, it's always going to be legendary in our minds in a way, because of what it was to us at the time. It's always going to be this punk house that will be romanticized by us forever.

M: I think that just by us not having this space

any more — we're paying for a jam space now — and I think that's had an effect on us, because we're taking things a little more seriously. Not that it's necessarily a good thing or a bad thing.

C: Even though it was just a year ago... those were our salad days [laughs].

Jo: But S.T.R.E.E.T.S. is eternally a 'party and basement' show. That's everything that S.T.R.E.E.T.S. represents right there: all of our friends in our basement at Georgia Street.

Random drunk guy: Can I say something? S.T.R.E.E.T.S.! That's what's happening. You don't even know, son. S.T.R.E.E.T.S. have been waitin' mad long and the shit is comin' off backside boneless, whatever. Who cares? S.T.R.E.E.T.S. is like "talk to your face!" Fuck that shit... you know what I'm sayin'?

J: I agree with him. That's all that really has to go to print.

N: You guys haven't played much outside of Vancouver. Are there any plans to take this further?

C: Once this record comes out, we're going to get our shit together and get a good vehicle.

Jo: S.T.R.E.E.T.S. exists in San Francisco. There are bands there that are like our super bros.

C: They're like our *doppelgangers*.

J: There's going to be a tour in the spring.

M: Ok, can you print this in bold? **Who's driving the van tonight?**

Gregory Adams

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go outside to get something from the fridge? Do you have flowers planted in a



Punk by Numbers...

Simplicity is the secret behind San Francisco's Numbers. With jagged guitars plinking two-note melodies, simplistic keyboard beeps and basic drum beats, the band focuses less on the technical aspect of performance and concentrates on what seems to be more and more important in today's disco-friendly punk scene: getting people to shake it on the dance floor. The band's sense of humour comes across as faux-seriousness, with Kraftwerkian lyrics (like "numbers, letters, information" and "doors are closing, so please stand clear of the doors") coming off as goofy slogans. Ironically, the shotgun marriage of the cold aesthetic of electronica with the amateurishness of garage sound makes Numbers one of the more challenging bands of today. They are currently on the Paws Across America Tour with electronic acts like Cex and Stars as Eyes, under the auspices of San Francisco label Tigerbeat6 (who have released Numbers' full length

Numbers Life and a split 3" CD with fellow disco-punk band Erase Errata). Numbers' Keyboardist Eric Landmark had no shortage of things to say to *The Nerve*....

Nerve: So where are you guys right now?

I found these metal buzzers in an electronics store... they have a screw on the back that allows you to adjust the tone... I was like "Hey, these are instruments!" ...and the Buzzerk was born.

Eric: We're in Brooklyn.

N: How's the tour going?

E: Pretty cool. We've done two weeks of shows through the South. We weren't quite sure how that was going to go, but it went well.

N: Did anything exciting happen?

E: I guess the exciting thing is when the audience is dancing and getting into it... getting drunk and acting like idiots and stuff. That's really fun. That happened in Shreveport, Louisiana, believe it or not... Orlando was pretty fun, too.

N: You guys are on the Paws Across America Tour and you have a couple of records out on Tigerbeat6. I guess they're mostly known as an electronic label. Numbers is a little more traditional, instrument-wise. How do you fit into that scene?

E: There are some common attitudes. The laptop guys have more of a D.I.Y. aesthetic than your more polished electronic musicians. I think that Numbers has some electronic influences like Kraftwerk and Suicide. Those are the biggest influences on us. Maybe we're using a little more traditional instrumentation to make electronic music... I don't know [laughs].

N: Considering that this is more of a package tour, has the reception or the overall feel been different than past tours you've done independently?

E: This tour was set up by Kork Booking Agency, so it's been organized and really awesome. It's been much more professional than our first tour with Coachwhips, who are friends of ours. We booked all that at various underground warehouse-type places. It's a different feel, but it's still fun.

N: Your bio keeps bringing up dance

ing
"Numbers are here - guaranteed to wreck your body," "a surefire recipe to get asses on the dance floor." Vancouver isn't really known as a dance city, so what exactly can we expect... and what do you expect out of an audience?

E: It seems like when people are drinking and are right up close and the stage is low, it gets really fun. People start dancing and have a really great time. I guess if they haven't heard us before they'll need to stand back and get used to it. I don't really expect anything specific out of Vancouver [laughs]. Just to be nice!

N: The lyrics are pretty simple and to the point. Why are they written this way? They almost seem oversimplified.

E: I think that's the real scene of the band in general: simplified drumbeats, keyboard parts, guitar parts, and the lyrics. It's neat when you do that because you get a lot of spaces in the songs. To us it just becomes more interesting. Lyrically, when you make it really simple, you just suggest ideas. You don't really want to give the details, and people can make it mean what they want.

N: Is there more to it than what we're hearing?

E: It's not really political, deep or heavy but there are themes that we bring up that we think about. On the serious side we have the one song "We Like Having These Things," about being the 'consumer' and being part of the giant machine. You go to the store and you pick your product and whatnot. Then we have other songs that are more silly, like "I just sprained my ankle and it was painful / Laughing because it was so painful."

N: Well, you do have the odd semi-serious song, but for the most part, your music and lyrics come off as light-hearted and silly. What role

does humour play in Numbers?

E: A big role. We're into having fun and not taking ourselves too seriously.

N: There are some pretty interesting noises and bleeps on Numbers Life. I heard that you created a homemade synthesizer... what is that about?

E: I built that. It's called the "Buzzerk" and I made it out of buzzers. I found these metal buzzers in an electronics store one day and they have a screw on the back that allows you to adjust the tone on them. So, I was like, "hey, these are instruments!" So, I put them in a little box and added some circuits to make them pulse, and the "Buzzerk" was born.

N: What does Numbers mean to you?

E: The name itself!

N: Yes.

E: We had a really hard time coming up with a name. Eventually we were just looking at the backs of records of bands that we like and looking at song titles that would work as a name. That came off of a Kraftwerk album. We wanted something unspecific. Something that was so amorphous that you can't really define it.

N: What's in the future for Numbers?

E: I guess the next thing that's coming out is the vinyl version of *Numbers Life*. Then there's a remix record. A bunch of people have done remixes of the songs on *Numbers Life*, which is pretty neat. There are three new songs and three live songs that will come out on CD/LP on Troubleman Unlimited. Other than that, sometime in the spring I guess we'll try to get another full-length out.

Gregory Adams

Numbers play *The Pic Dec. 9th*, with Cex, Stars As Eyes and Secret Mommy.

Death From Above:



What's in a name? Often a name's power is what draws people's interest, just as it labels a band with a certain image. For Toronto's two-piece arsenal known as Death From Above, their name, along with their debut EP's title, *Heads Up!* (Ache), alerts the music masses that they are under attack!

"It's a pretty powerful term in its original sense," says vocalist/drummer Sebastien Grainger of their moniker. "It literally means 'we're coming to get you from above your head, and you're gonna get hurt.'"

Death From Above have recently come into some problems with New York record label DFA, which also stands for Death From Above. Both Death From Above's are doing different things, with the Toronto band being a tight, abrasive punk band conjuring up sounds similar to The Stooges and The White Stripes. DFA New York is the current hype label pumping up remixes for nu-disco bands like Brooklyn's The Rapture. Regardless, conflict and confusion over the two has reached the point where local label Ache is receiving e-mail from a reporter at Toronto's Shift Magazine regarding DFA, which with the Toronto musicians have no involvement.

"Seriously, we can just fight with the record label," says bassist Jesse Keeler. "Maybe arm-wrestle them for the name? It's really silly, and people point it out to us too, but if you don't want anyone else to use your name, don't use an already recognized slogan. Death From Above is the paratrooper motto for the American Army, and maybe the Canadian Army too. I was just in an Army surplus store looking at coats and saw it on a shirt and said 'shit, that's a good name!' Not too much thought was involved."

Keeler thinks that despite the mix-up, it should be easy for people to sort out which is which.

"Death From Above in New York is a label, we're a band. We're both from different countries. It's pretty obvious that they're different things."

Keeler has also come across the same problem with his other band, Toronto

spazz-core ensemble Femme Fatale, for which Grainger also plays drums.

"There's a movie that just came out called *Femme Fatale*, there's a Velvet Underground song called *Femme Fatale*, there's an '80's band called *Femme Fatale*... but no one can copyright a common slang word or phrase. If they want to trademark it, they have to change it some way or change the spelling. Like, no one can trademark 'hey, how's it going.' It just won't work."

While Grainger and Keeler play in both bands together, the dynamic between the two is much different in Death From Above than it is in *Femme Fatale*.

"The other members of *Femme Fatale* have nothing to do with the writing of the songs," says Keeler. "It's better in some senses, because it lets them focus solely on playing live. They don't have to worry about writing songs. But with Death From Above we're writing the songs together, so it's half of each of us instead of Sebastien performing my parts."

Whereas Keeler writes and records everything for *Femme Fatale* with Grainger playing drums live, the various duties in Death From Above are approached as a collaboration. Grainger writes lyrics, while Keeler writes the bass lines. Both are in charge of arranging their songs, a process Grainger says is easier for Death From Above than *Femme Fatale*. "Communication is better. You don't have to deal with other people's ideas, and you just have to deal with two heads thinking, instead of five or six."

Keeler says living in the same house also makes practicing and writing easier for the two. "Since we live together, Death From Above is always just seconds away from practicing."

Heads Up! was conceived and written over the course of a year, and is reflective of different situations that the two encountered during the making of the record. All of the songs deal with relationships, whether they are falling-outs between friends within the music

scene or bad break-ups.

Grainger says the lead-off track, "Dead Womb," is a partially tongue-in-cheek look at the two twenty-somethings' search for more than what they can find at nightclubs.

"That song was written after being in a club one night looking around, and all I was seeing was coke sluts. I'm looking around and thinking, 'do I want to have a relationship with someone like this?' We're getting on in our years. We're not old men, but we're starting to think about what we are looking for in partners. We're looking for quality. Someone who spends their time slutting around and snorting coke... those aren't qualities that we're looking for in friends or partners."

"I guess we're kind of surrounded by a lot of shitty people and a lot of sluts," says Keeler.

Death From Above's upcoming mini-tour of the West Coast — which sees them playing Seattle, Victoria, and twice in Vancouver — gives them the opportunity to get away from some of the shitty people on the East Coast. But some may wonder why the band is coming out West so quickly after only playing their first couple of shows this past summer.

"The opportunity just came up and coincides with the release of the record, which is officially being released in B.C., since that's where Ache is from," says Grainger.

"It's not like we're running before we know how to walk," says Keeler. "We've played so many shows — maybe not as Death From Above, but as *Femme Fatale* — and I don't know if we feel that the scene out here will be that receptive to us. So, we're trying to rethink how we're going to approach the music

scene, whether or not I still want to be presenting music to the same group of people I have been for the past 10 years. It seems people on the West Coast will be more receptive to what we're doing than people are over here right now."

Breaking out into new scenes is important for the band, who are trying to avoid being lumped into the same category of bands as *Femme Fatale*. "We've been offered shows, but it's always with the same core of 4-5 bands," says Grainger. "I think we're trying to get away from that. I don't even think it's appropriate for *Femme Fatale* to be playing with a lot of those bands."

Death From Above is also trying to get away from any performance similarities between them and *Femme Fatale*. For their first couple of shows, they wore matching white suits, similar to *Femme Fatale*'s brown Scout uniforms, with clear plastic masks. Since then, they have decided to boycott the matching outfits. "It was an idea carried over from *Femme Fatale*," says Keeler, "but I don't think we feel that this is necessary for Death From Above. It's not appropriate. *Femme Fatale* is more of a spectacle, so it's important to dress up like that, but Death From Above doesn't need it."

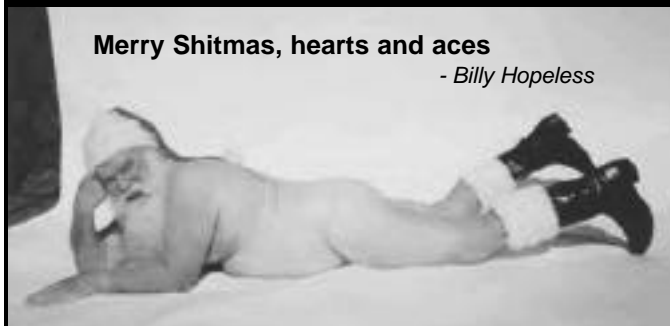
Death From Above will be making a name for themselves Dec. 5 at The Piccadilly Pub and Dec. 8 at Mesa Luna.

For more information, go to <http://www.deathdeathdeath.cjb.net> or <http://www.acherecords.com>.

Gregory Adams

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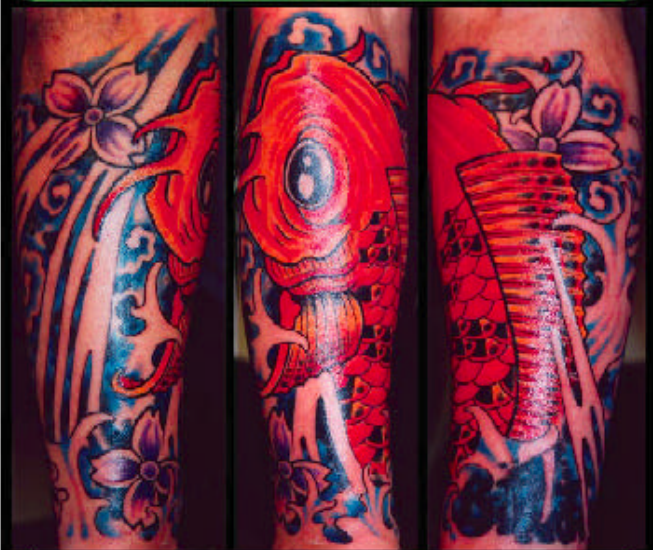
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It may be the only store in Vancouver where a woman can buy a beautiful vintage jacket, a dildo, red sequined pasties, custom designed rock T-shirts and locally made jewelry.

Kiss is located near the corner of Main and Broadway. You would think it couldn't be missed with its bubble gum pink façade, but because it's sort of pushed off to the side, a lot of people walk on by... they may never know the potential good times of a love swing and furry handcuffs.

"My location is kind of out of the way but I get a lot of young people," said Kiss owner Trasa H.

After being open a year and half it is still a word of mouth kind of place for urbanites who seek retail alternatives. The mixture of sex toys and fashion is fun and it makes sense because clothes encourage the carnal yearning, so why not have something like a big pink vibrator around to deal with if anything should come up?

Trasa doesn't think sex toys should be hidden away in the backroom like a dirty little secret.

"They should be more mainstream," Trasa said.

Not only is she wise about sex toys, she also has exquisite taste and a schooled eye when it comes to picking vintage. She finds a lot of her pieces at garage sales or at second hand stores on Vancouver Island. Trasa also works with reconstructed vintage and she has a massive collection of 70s and 80s sunglasses and belts.

Kiss also features items by local designers, such as Sonia Venus's signature puffy hats and medieval chain medal jewelry by Manu.

In terms of square footage Kiss is small but with regards to the vintage items it's good because you don't have to weed through a lot of shit to find the gems. Trasa has already done that. It leaves extra time to skip through one of the store's "how-to" sex books.

"I want to have a few really good items that people know they can find here," Trasa said.

If those good items are sex and fashion, they'll find it at Kiss.

Niki Graham



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Bubbles (Mike Smith) with a couple kitties



Trailers, guns, chicken fingers, hydroponics, dope smokin', cars missing doors, swearin', jail time, amateur "adult films"... these are just a few of the things one can expect in what is probably the craziest, most original, no-holds-barred Canadian television show ever produced. If you haven't seen the show, make a point to do so (Showcase - channel 39 - Sundays at 9 pm). Regardless of whether you love it or hate it, you will have borne witness to the beginning of a new type of Canadian broadcasting... and it ain't exactly pretty. *The Nerve* recently caught up with *T.P.B.*'s Mike Smith (who plays Bubbles, "the sharpest guy in the park") to get the

inside lowdown on what we can expect in the new season. Be advised: the following is best enjoyed with a rum and Coke and a coupla pickled eggs....

Nerve: *Bubbles is one of the most original characters Canadian T.V. has seen in a long time. Who is Bubbles, and where did he come from?*

Mike: [laughs] It was a character I'd do for a joke. I used to play in a band called Sandbox and when we'd tour, I used to goof around a lot on the tour bus and stuff... so that's probably where he evolved from.

Nerve: *Is the character based on anybody that you know?*

Mike: No, nobody specifically. He's probably a mix of a few of people that would have been around where I grew up. I don't know really, definitely not anybody specific.

Nerve: *Where did you grow up?*

Mike: I grew up in Thorburn, which is about 2 hours North of Halifax.

Nerve: *So you've lived in Nova Scotia for most of your life?*

Mike: Oh yeah. I've lived here my entire life.

Nerve: *Trailer Park Boys was originally a feature length film in which you didn't act, but are credited as being a sound tech. How did that happen?*

Mike: I knew the director (Mike Clattenburg) from the band days... he

TRAILER

was also in a band, and he just phoned me up one day and told me that they were making this independent feature for the film festival called 'Trailer Park Boys,' and asked me if I would do location sound on it... which I did. So, I was probably goofing around on set there, as well....

Nerve: *And he caught a glimpse of Bubbles then?*

Mike: Yeah... and when it got picked up as a T.V. series, Mike said, "hey, why don't we write that character into the show?" I was like, "all right." [laughs]

Nerve: *Did you have any hesitations? Had you done any acting before?*

Mike: No, I'd never done any acting. I definitely didn't have any hesitations. I really had fun on *Trailer Park Boys* the movie, and I'd been working in film doing sound for about a year or something like that.... I always kind of toyed with the idea of acting, but I'd never done any prior to that.

Nerve: *Did you know John Paul Tremblay [Julian] and Rob Wells [Ricky] before the film?*

Mike: No, I met those guys during the movie.

Nerve: *Maybe this is more of a question for the director, but, the show is shot in a reality T.V. type style... is it an intentional parody or a statement of some kind about the reality T.V. trend?*

Mike: I think [the way the show is shot depends on] a lot of factors. One

is the size of the camera and the size of the crew. The cameras we use are just Sony DV cameras... but they're really small... so that allows Mike to shoot quickly. We have a really small crew, so we can pick up and do a whole unit move in about 5 minutes... whereas if we shot on film, you'd have to light [the set] and it would really slow down the process. Just the nature of the show is to have that sort of COPS look to it. There are a few reasons.... it's a lot cheaper and we improvise a lot, so instead of changing mags on a film camera, we can shoot two hours and then just pop another tape in.

Nerve: *How much time is spent on an episode?*

Mike: We shoot an episode in about 4 or 5 days.

Nerve: *Just how much of the show is improvised? And how much of the improvised footage is used in the final edit?*

Mike: There are scripts that Showcase wants to see before we start shooting. We shoot a scripted version, and then we usually shoot a few takes of each scene, but we'll shoot a scripted version and then it'll start to loosen up and then we'll do a couple of "anything goes" takes at the end... and it's usually those that end up making the cut, just because they're a lot more real.

Nerve: *It must be a lot of fun working with a director who'll let you do that.*

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Mike: Oh yeah, Mike is all about improv. He loves to just change things on the day. He'll notice something and say, "Why don't we do this?" And it'll be something completely different than the script. And that is usually the stuff that comes across as the best stuff.

Nerve: There is a definite Canadian identity to the show. A lot of people that I've talked with have commented that they're reminded of old SCTV stuff... Trevor and Cory are like a new Bob and Doug McKenzie. What Canadian T.V. has influenced you as an actor?

Mike: I was a big Bob and Doug fan, for sure. I think everybody was. [For me] it's just a lot of the Canadian comics... I think Canada has definitely the best comedians: John Candy, Jim Carrey, Mike Meyers... those are some heavyweights. I've always been a huge fan of comedy. So, I think I was probably indirectly influenced by all of those Canadian comics... but, Canadian T.V., I don't know, definitely SCTV... I used to watch *Kids in the Hall* a fair bit, but there really isn't that much in terms of Canadian comedy shows. I mean, *Air Farce* and those shows... I just don't, you know...

Nerve: Yeah, you have to go back a ways to get the gold.

Mike: Yeah. [laughs] For sure. Even *The Beachcombers* was a good show.

Nerve: Your show is pretty quirky... is it being shown in the States at all?

Mike: Not yet. Not officially. I mean, there are a lot of people getting it off of satellite and stuff, but it's not airing down there officially. It is in Australia, though, on Comedy Central. We're trying to work out a deal with one of the U.S. networks to get it on down there because I do think it would do well down there. I spend a lot of time in the U.S. and there are a lot of Rickys....

Nerve: Especially down South...

Mike: Yeah, in the Southern U.S. there are a lot of Rickys walking around... a lot of Bubbles walking around too. It definitely has a Canadian identity to it, and we wouldn't want to change that just to get it on in the U.S. MTV were interested in it, but immediately they were wanting to eliminate the guns....

Nerve: And the swearing?

Mike: Yeah, a lot of the swearing and the guns... but it just wouldn't be the same.

Nerve: So, where do you think the popularity in Canada comes from? There are lots of different

people who didn't like it... I have met a few who — like you said — they just don't get it. I know some people down here who work in the film industry who don't get it. They say stuff like, "Well, it doesn't look right" [or] "it's not shot well", and all this kind of stuff....

Nerve: But that's the point...

Mike: Yeah, it's just going right over their heads.

Nerve: Does Bubbles get a lot of mail?

Mike: Yeah, I do. A lot of mail and a lot of e-mail.

Nerve: Do they write to 'Mike Smith' or are they addressed to 'Bubbles'?



Mike: Pretty much both. I get a lot of e-mail [sent] to me, but there is also e-mail that comes in for Bubbles. I don't know if they are serious, but they'll say stuff like, "Sorry about your shed burning down... that wasn't right what Ricky and Julian did..." It's a fact that there are a lot of people who think that the show is real... we've met many of them. And you don't really want to tell them, you know, that it's just a show... because... you don't know what they might do....

Nerve: Sounds like a bit of a Star Trek phenomenon going on....

Mike: You saw the movie?

Nerve: Yeah.

Mike: Well, Rob and J.P. (the guys who play Ricky and Julian) were over in P.E.I. drinking

Nerve: The character Ray [Ricky's dad on the show] has a line in one of the episodes that calls Bubbles "one of the sharpest guys in the park." Do you agree with that?

Mike: I do, actually. Just because, I mean, if you look at it, Bubbles looks out for Ricky and Julian. He immediately knows if something isn't right. He knows the difference between right and wrong more so than Ricky and Julian.

Nerve: Is there a lot of acting going on with Robb in that role? I mean, I've seen some behind-the-scenes footage, and I really couldn't tell the character from the man.

Mike: No, it's a lot of acting. I mean, he is a lot like Ricky in certain ways, but Robb is actu-

ally very intelligent — he isn't stupid like Ricky. That whole part of the Ricky character is definitely acting, but he does have a lot of similarities to Ricky in other ways.

Nerve: Mannerisms and stuff?

Mike: Yeah, stuff like that. I think Robb pulls that off amazingly. He just kills me every time I do a scene with him. Luckily, I can't see him through the glasses. I think if I could see him, I'd crack up a lot more.

Nerve: So, you don't normally wear glasses?

Mike: No.

Nerve: Do you get headaches? Is it difficult to act with those glasses on?

Mike: Yeah, I do get headaches. I think I'm starting to get more used to it now, which is a little scary... but, yeah, they're real glasses, very powerful, really thick... they're -19.75 or something. We've tried everything to try and make it so that I could see, but it just doesn't work. The gag is to have the big eyes... and there's no other way to do it. I went to an eye surgeon this year before we started shooting and he assured me that I couldn't alter my vision [using them], and that all I'd get are headaches. So, I usually just pop 'em on... I usually don't wear them in rehearsals (not that we do a lot of rehearsal), but I just pop 'em on before the take, do the take, and then take them off.

Nerve: Can you see enough to walk around during a scene?

Mike: Originally, I had to count out my steps, and if I had to pick anything up, I had to count and plan ahead. I think my brain is adjusting to the depth perception, because I can pretty much function with them on now. I went to the Geminis with them on and left them on for the whole thing.

Nerve: Wow... so you have some blurry memories of that night?

Mike: Yeah [laughs], in more ways than one. But, I've driven with them on, and this year Bubbles has a go-kart... so I was driving that a lot this summer with the glasses on, rippin' around. Yeah, Bubbles has a go-kart with a big

But, there were a few hostile people in the park... people who'll just fuckin' barrel right through the middle of the scene and not give a fuck if they hit anybody.

people watching and liking the show.

Mike: It's pretty weird, actually. We meet everybody from kids to elderly people who are fans of the show. It's a bit of an odd thing. I think, generally, if you've grown up in Canada, you inevitably have known somebody similar to Ricky, Julian and Bubbles. I mean, I knew probably ten guys or more that were exactly like Ricky... and I knew a bunch of guys who were like Bubbles and a bunch of guys who were like Julian. The Corys and Trevors are everywhere... I guess that's what it is... it's closer to real life than some of the other shows that are just watered-down and stuff. I mean, we couldn't believe that we got on the air for the first season. And we surely didn't expect to get a second season.

Nerve: It's one of those shows where you get it or you don't. And you love it or hate it. I mean, I don't know anybody who's seen the show and just said, "Yeah... it's okay."

Mike: I've never heard anybody say "yeah, that show's all right." The people who do like it are absolute fanatics. Our fans are really over

one night and a guy tried to hire them to kill a dog. And they thought he was joking around so they went along with him and he actually left the bar, went to the bank machine and came back with the \$300 and was going to get them to whack a dog the next day that was barking in the neighborhood. They were like, "Man, we don't actually kill dogs for money." It's a bit of an odd thing.

Nerve: The film was quite a bit darker than the show.

Mike: Yeah, we took it in a slightly different direction for TV. And there's some story contradictions there... Bubbles would never let those guys shoot cats for a living. [laughs]

Nerve: And the cocaine use has disappeared in the TV series. Was that a censorship thing?

Mike: I'm not sure. I think Showcase had a bit of a problem with the open use of cocaine. And I think it was partly our decision too, because I think maybe it just wasn't as funny a thing to do on T.V. In a film, it's a different thing... cocaine on T.V. is just... I guess it would be pretty funny. [laughs]

see TRAILER p. 27

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New Town Animals
photo: Jason Wertman

NoMeansNo New Town Animals MoneyShot

@Richards on Richards
Wednesday, Nov. 6, 2002

Pathos, Fusion Jazz, Grandmas...
NoMeansNo is a band that is like no other. They exist in some sort of limbo grey area between hardcore and contemporary jazz wankery, referred to as "punk" because they really don't fit into any other category. NoMeansNo play incredibly long songs. They play songs that if done by any other band would far exceed the attention spans of the average concert goer. NoMeansNo manage to attract and grasp the attention of an odd mix of fans: hippies, punks, nerds, cowboys... NoMeansNo make wild claims, like Jimi Hendrix ripped off

their version of "Manic Depression", that it could possibly be a good idea to bring them home to Mom and (not because) they are the greatest band in the universe. NoMeansNo boast confidence and experience on stage. NoMeansNo tell dirty jokes. NoMeansNo also tell long-winded stories that can only be grasped by the brilliant of mind. NoMeansNo also have the power to unleash a fury of low-ended musical force that no other band has the capacity to deliver. Silver-haired frontman Rob Wright will look up, eyes flashing devilishly, and delve back into some hellishly-inspired bass groove, and whether you've heard it before or not, it possesses the power to leave you mesmerized until the end of the set, even after two encores. Brother John will utter some snide remark in the calm between awesome percussive flurries of drummingness, as lefty guitarist Tom Holliston looks on like his existence on this plane of reality is merely a delusion. NoMeansNo's long-anticipated annual appearance did not disappoint. The band was in fine form, despite a few errors in synchronization from the starting gun, and they were debuting some original material, apparently heard by no other audience before us. "You hear it first, you hear it the worst," chided one of the brothers Wright, as they launched into a song they called "In Her Eyes." All was well throughout the hour-long set, which included two encores.



No Means No

But something was wrong with the people who organize shows at Dicks. I arrived at about 10, and somehow managed to totally miss the opening act and more than half of New Town's set. A mere 15 minutes passed before NoMeansNo were on the stage and the whole thing was over by 1. It's like they wanted to make it hard for a guy to get drunk or something. Like I'm gonna sit in a lineup while NoMeansNo's playing. C'mon. What's up with that?

Cowboy TexAss

Evil Live Mr Underhill the Ramones

@the Pic
Halloween Night 2002

I like the Ramones. I love the Ramones. The Ramones are a great band. They don't write songs, and they don't really play the ones that they play all that well, but I live for the haphazard, clumsy chaos that ensues when Seany Ramone (Whalley, BC's reincarnation of Joey Ramone) grabs the microphone. It's spectacle-type entertainment really. He'll drunkenly stagger into the audience and up onto the closest table, and you'll go, 'yeah, rock on!' while shaking your head, thinking, 'this could only end badly,' and then he'll come brutally crashing to the ground and get back up on stage all bloodied and



Ramones
photo: Jason Wertman

keep rocking. It's good drinking fun. Nothing like the gushing of real blood on Hallowe'en night.

Mr Underhill followed, and their creepy, Misfits-inspired gothic rock was a tad more appropriate for All Hallow's Eve. I'm liking these guys more each time I see them. Their songs are getting so much better sounding, and their appeal has finally evolved past the sex appeal of gigantic front man Nim Vind crooning Misfits covers (although he still manages to draw in all the young girls, and I ain't complaining about that). The highlight of the night was Evil Live. Think the Misfits minus the muscles and devil locks. They had dry ice smoking, fake blood flowing, an open mike to sing along, and a boot to the head if you didn't know the words. Also good drinking fun. I still haven't gotten the fucking

fake blood off my jacket though...

Cowboy TexAss

Hot Hot Heat Dismemberment Program The Dirtmints Engine Down

Commodore Ballroom
Sat. Nov. 9

Ah, another exciting night at The Commode. Already fuming 'cuz I got stood up by some prick AGAIN, I had to wait in line for over 30 mins., even though I had a ticket! There was some sort of "incident" the cops were dealing with — if anyone out there knows, tell me, 'cuz I never figured it out. Stood in line *again* for their mandatory coat check, then a 7\$ drink, and although it was not yet 11:00 pm, I missed the first 2 bands. Unfortunately, Dismemberment Program was *not* one of them. Perhaps 10 yrs ago when I loved Fugazi, I would have felt dif-

continued over

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Hot Hot Heat
photo by Casey Bourque

so let's hope their success doesn't spoil their charm & sincerity. Hot Hot Heat are poised to challenge Nickleback as are Canada's most famous rock export! I always find it a bit taxing going to shows @The Commode, and my night started off badly, but HHHHeat turned it around & made it worthwhile.

Casey Cougar

BC/DC Sedated)

The Excessives(

The Cobaltst
Thurs, Oct. 31st, 2002

For the last few years, the dominant trend on Hallowe'en seems to be cover bands, and I can't think of anything more appropriate. Donning my Miss Piggy costume, I caught the bus (ALWAYS a trip on Hallowe'en) down to the Cobalt, arriving just as Sedated, a Ramones cover band, started their set. I was too distracted by everyone's costumes to really watch, but they sounded pretty bang on. However, you gotta understand, I had an agenda of which they were not a part.

Next up was my reason for attending: Vancouver's Excessives, dressed up as Oslo, Norway's dirty denim demons, Turbo Negro! I waited breathlessly through billows of smoke as they finally emerged, ripping into "Apocalypse Dudes" — what else could they start with? Their costumes were ultra-authentic copies of Turbo Negro's denim + military fetish meets 'Village People-on-speed' style. They added Jak Uzi's Chris Jones on guitar for the evening (as one axe clearly would not do, no matter how feverishly Jonno played). Vocalist Trevor has one of the throtiest singing styles in Vancouver, but toned it down perfectly for the occasion. Turbo Negro have never been to Vancouver but I gotta tell ya,

it was almost the real thing. Bassist Jamie WAS the "Sailor Man". I was transfixed... so busy rawkin' out and singin' along, that the pictures I took were pretty shite and it was over waaay too soon, although they wisely ended with "Good Head". I overheard a fellow asking drummer Eddie Big Beers, "WHO ARE YOU GUYS???" and although he was oblivious to the fact they were a cover band only for the evening, he knew a truly great thing when he heard it. I felt like I'd witnessed one of the fucking coolest things I could've seen in North America that Hallowe'en night.

Oh yeah, and BC/DC headlined. They're a much better than the average AC/DC cover band, but I cannot lie, I was spent after the Excessives' set and found myself too busy checking out more costumes. BC/DC sounded great & were focused on the music rather than the look, and so all my AC/DC freak pals were really impressed. However, I'd already gotten what I wanted & far more than I coulda asked for.

Casey Cougar

Hot Water Music

Richard's on Richards,
Oct. 28, 2002

I stood amongst a hundred twenty-year-old guys in mesh baseball hats and hoodie sweaters. They chanted along with the band and bobbed their heads with each breakdown. Each one was absorbed by the music feeling the every emotion of the band. Nothing about the songs pulled me in or turned me on. I just stood and stared at all these guys having the time of their lives. They were the kind of guys that like to party as long as things don't get too out of control. Three beers is a weekend and anything more could make you act silly. None of these people were thirsting for oblivion. It was all very suburban. It was as if Mom and Dad had handed them money for their ticket then exclaimed to the neighbors, "I like the boy going to the concert because it keeps him from hanging around on the streets". This cozy positive vibe drove me nuts... just clean-cut rock and roll with no quirks or mistakes. At most concerts, you are there to worship and be entertained... the only things these kids seemed to be worshipping were sobriety and conformity.

Friday, Nov. 8th, 2002

No one was ready for Rye Coalition's show, including singer Ralph Cuseglio. The other members of the New Jersey 5-piece kicked into "Switchblade Sister: One Tough Nun" too early for the visibly angered Cuseglio, catching him off guard. After finishing their second song, Cuseglio (an unlikely, brawny front man looking much like Jim Belushi's caricature of Joe Cocker) yelled at his band mates, shouting "you're playing too fast... get it together!"

The band became more focused as the night went along, throwing kung-fu high-kicks with as much precision as they put into their performance, pulling together ten or 12 songs that found a middle ground between Fugazi and Thin Lizzy. While the rest of the band seemed to have no problems, Cuseglio had more to deal with. With the base of his microphone stand breaking repeatedly, he made the best of the situation by strutting around the stage, swinging the top half of the stand like an angry Freddie Mercury.

The bulk of the set was off their most recent album, *On Top*, including set-closer "Honky, Please!" The song — which mixes both math and classic rock in a heavy, epic song structure — should've been the perfect end to their night; however, as an ex-hardcore band now turned ironic rock stars, they had to succumb to the temptation to do an encore. "Thanksgiving Day for Cats." The band's final song, a cover of AC/DC's "Whole Lotta Rosie," was well done — Cuseglio impressed me with his near-perfect Bon Scott vocals.

Portland's Federation X weren't especially bad, but they seemed to have a slightly less interesting rock edge to them than Rye Coalition. The three-piece had a similar approach, but just didn't seem energetic or enthusiastic about playing.

Locals The Witness Protection Program seemed to keep promising to play "just a couple more" after each song, but managed to play about nine or ten blasts of noise, which had them flailing all over the stage and into the crowd.

I hadn't seen Black Rice since last winter, and they hadn't impressed me. One year and a new bassist later, I was won over by their Drive Like Jehu-meets-Jesus Lizard dynamics. With their self-released CD having just come out, Black Rice is definitely one of the bands to look out for in Vancouver.

Greg Adams

Powerclown

The Brickyard
Halloween 2002

Guess what I did for Hallowe'en? I decided to check out Powerclown at the Brickyard, who headlined a bill featuring three bands. In case you don't know,

Powerclown are from Vancouver and are known for covering Iron Maiden songs from the period between 1978 and 1986. Singer Dixie Dianno took his name from original singer Paul Di'Anno. Well, this was the gig of all retro gigs, and I went strictly in honour of my metal buddies from way back whenever.

An uneasy mix of Hallowe'en fun and gig lethargy filled the air, and I was definitely one of the oldest in the crowd as the audience mouthed off Dianno before he'd even launched into his first song.

When Powerclown finally stopped lip-ping off the crowd in the void, those members of the audience that were still able to hold themselves up got down to the beat. They opened with "Wrathchild," and I'd forgotten what a big metal anthem that was, taken from *Killers* — the last of the Maiden albums Di'Anno sang on. I was initially scared to let on that I knew the songs, but you can't escape all that metal over the years, and soon I was banging my grade 8 head. The band was mostly awful between songs... bantering too much and acting like knobs.

But, it was all the classics: "Running Free," "Powerslave," "Revelations," "Flight of Icarus," "Number of the Beast," "The Trooper" and "Hallowed Be Thy Name" — these were good light entertainment, but "Phantom of the Opera" nearly sent me into a spasm. The guitar intro is still awesome, and it is possibly one of the best ever rock anthems from the same so-called

...continued

ferently, but they shamelessly lifted riffs straight out of "Bulldog Front" and "Waiting Room," and in the most bland way. I went back outside where I belonged, then hung out in the bathroom, running into friends & making some new ones.

When Hot Hot Heat took the stage, I wondered if they had the strength to headline such a big show, especially since they're apparently the "next big thing". Newly signed to Warner, there's an exorbitant amount of hype and pressure to live up to, and the boys pulled it off in an admirable way. They oozed confidence, whether from all the touring or from the knowledge that they can now quit their day jobs. They looked and sounded sooo sexy, and I think guitarist Dante Decarlo has the best ass and biceps in rock right now. Most of the tunes were from their current album "Make up the Breakdown" (with which I'm not yet familiar), but sounded like a natural progression from their "Knock Knock Knock" EP (I still can't stop listening to it!). They're similar to The Cure, without being a knock-off, and less depressing. The highlight for me was "5x out of 100". This is my favourite song, and considering the reaction they got, most everyone else's in attendance, too. The band looked overwhelmed & moved by our adoration,

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The Excessives (as Turbo Negro)
photo: Casey Bourque

In rock, loud guitars and semi-articulate expressions of emotion are the status quo. They are the two-car garage of rock. I say go fuck yourself with that stuff. I like hearing about junkie rock stars snorting elephant tranquilizer. They do hard drugs so I don't have to. All the guys in this crowd might have been saying to themselves "it's really impressive the way the guitar solo matched the tone of the lyrics," and maybe they get off on that shit but I sure don't. I want to see reckless abandon... someone getting crazy and wild. One of the guitar players from Hot Water Music broke a mic stand, but that wasn't because he was going wild. He just fell over when he tried to get a fan to sing into the microphone. Afterward, he gave us all thumbs up like a soccer coach that was proud of us for showing such hustle.

Hot Water Music was tame and easy to enjoy. Like everything about suburban life, the show was designed not to challenge anything. As long as nothing challenges us, we can get fat and dye our hair with the ease and convenience of a garage door opener.

Matt Whalley

Rye Coalition Federation X Witness Protection Program Black Rice

The Piccadilly Pub

Live Wires

British Invasion that gave us Def Leppard. It all came to an end with a tribute to "all the First Nations out there," as Dixie and the boys ran for the hills.

Mathew Burrows

The Weekend The Rumours The Organ,

Piccadilly Pub
November 23, 2002

I had never before seen The Organ, so I thought it would be an especially appropriate accompaniment to their intoxicating sound if I arrived alone and in a rotten mood. It was tough, but I managed to make it happen. I tried my best to drink solo in a corner, but the entire place was packed with record industry people. Apparently, girls are the new Sweden! The Organ played some heart-wrenching tunes and ended their set all-too-quickly. They played one new song and it was maybe two point five percent more complicated than their other songs, but just as nicely depressing. Their set was so perfect for the sombre mood I was in, that when they finished, I bought their little 6 songs for 6 bucks CD and caught the bus home on the same transfer I came with. Sorry, Brad. I know I was supposed to review the whole show, but I really couldn't. Here is what I would have written, had I stayed: The Rumours are hot and wear slutty outfits and play rock and roll and Louise has an awesome voice. The Weekend are poppy and sing a song that has these lyrics: "My eighties rock star / They wonder where you are / Wish you were here with me / And not out on the street." Can you see how this would have been detrimental to my delicate frame of mind? [See what I have to deal with? Ed.]

Jenni Nelson

Vibrator The Golvers

@ The Silverstone
Sat. Nov. 9, 2002

It was very, very surprising to see a show like this

at the Silverstone. Not so much Vibrator, but The Golvers??? Apparently this was the heaviest show ever at the Silverstone, and it was very strange to see so many metal heads and crusty punks there.

The Golvers opened the show and delivered the expected tight, fast and furious crossover thrash that I've come to expect. If you're familiar with the Accused, D.R.I., Discharge, and Demon System 13, then you'll have a good idea what these guys are like. I think this was the first time I've ever seen a mosh pit in the Silverstone. The sound at the front of the stage was good, but the sound from the back of the bar was really excellent. The Golvers also introduced some newer material that mixed some black metal, grind and crusty punk together. Wicked set.

Vibrator played last. With only two bands, it was a pretty short show. I was told that this is the first review that Vibrator has ever had. I find that kind of strange since I would say Vibrator are in the same vein as Tool, only better. Vibrator also made use of some stage show antics, namely that their singer sang the first half of the first song from inside a box. This is the kind of stuff I'd probably listen to while smoking a big bag of dope with some friends. Wicked Clutch cover, though.

An excellent high energy night... however, somehow I ended up at some lame raver dance party. Where the hell did everyone else go?

Stefan Nevatje

Zimmer's Hole Hard Luck Band Snuff Maximus

Studebaker's
Saturday, Oct. 26th 2002

Finally, a chance to see the infamous Zimmer's Hole. Every other time they've played, I've either been playing somewhere else, broke, or out of town.

Snuff Maximus opened the show, and well, I'm not the kind of guy who puts down bands just because they're not my thing, so I won't shit on these guys too much. S.M. are rap metal. I like metal, I can tolerate ancient rap, but mixed together, they're like oil and water, in my opinion. Some constructive criticism: get a bass

player, and maybe a *real* drummer, instead of a drum machine (or at least add some sub-bass to the drum machine). The guitarist in this band had a few good riffs, but, generally that "E power chord to G power chord" repetitive chugging is overdone.

Hard Luck Band played next, and I just noticed I'm missing a few pages of my notes. Luckily booze only slightly affects my memory (ha ha). Speaking of booze, if you've never seen HLB, they shoot SuperSoakers filled with whiskey and tequila into the mouths of their audiences. HLB is hard rock with punk and metal overtones, and yes, they are a drinking band. They were a lot heavier this time, compared to the last time I saw them (over a year ago). If you like drinking and good heavy rock, HLB is lots of fun. Every show they do has a drinking competition. At this particular show, the reigning champion, "The Champ" (a/k/a the singer from Cum Soc) retired his belt, probably in an attempt to save his liver.

Zimmer's Hole is a crazy experience: pyrotechnics, a singer dressed up like Satan with a fake cock that pours out Vodka and 7 Up (I sure hope it's fake), and a giant block of cheese ("metal" cheese) that floats down from the ceiling and is filled with beer that they give to the audience. Musically, ZH are a mish-mash of various metal styles — thrash, death metal, classic metal, power metal, etc. — usually all within the same song. Lyrically, thematically and theatrically, ZH can only be called "Comedy Metal." ZH also make use of other well-known riffs from other bands like Sacrifice and AC/DC, but with changes to the lyrics.

Over all, a killer show, except the fight at the end. I don't who started what or what it was about, but please, people, keep your redneck shit at home.

Stefan Nevatje

Zuckuss Dissent The Young Offenders

The Cobalt
Fri. Oct. 25th 2002

Seeing these 3 bands at one show brought back

memories of the glory days of the crossover era. Deathgrind (Zuckuss) with Hardcore (Dissent) and punk (Young Offenders) makes for an awesome mix of genres at one show and I wish this would happen more often.

The Young Offenders were on first and were better than I expected. The singer, Ashtray, said their influences are more poppy punk-type bands, but TYO aren't a pop punk band... they're fast, raunchy and a bit sloppy. Apparently, it was their first show and they were drunk, but TYO reminded me of Rancid, Minor Threat and Black Flag (except the crappy cover of "All I know is I don't know nothing," or whatever it's actually called).

Dissent play old school hardcore the way it was meant to be: mean, heavy, angry and fast. Dissent are comparable to stuff like Agnostic Front, old Sick of it All, No Innocent Victim, Negative Approach and other East Coast hardcore from the mid-eighties. They also had a kick-ass song against Gordon Campbell, and it's always good to see political shit in punk (a big reason why I got into punk and hardcore myself). There should've been a bigger mosh pit for Dissent, but at least there was one. Sean, the singer, handed out double-salted European black licorice to anyone hardcore enough to eat it. Yummy. They finished with some Agnostic Front covers, including "Victim in Pain". Wicked.

Headliners Zuckuss rocked with their usual tight, super-technical grind death metal. I think some times they might be a little too technical for non-musicians, but still, they're so fast and intense that those that can't follow what the music is doing can at least be blown away by the sheer ferocity and speed of it all. Again, my notebook is soaked in beer. I guess that's what happens when you mosh with a beer and try to take notes.

Jesse, the drummer, managed to puke six times during Zuckuss's set, and I know what that's like — adrenaline overdose. Zuckuss finished with a halfway cover of Iron Maiden's "Power Slave" (they stopped before the solo). And for those who ain't up on their *Star Wars* trivia, Zuckuss is a bounty hunter on board Vader's super Star Destroyer in *The Empire Strikes Back*.

Stefan Nevatje.

R I D I N ' S H O T G U N

When forced to decide on a vehicle to feature for this month's theme of "white trash," I realized there are just too many choices. The *responsive* journalist in me thought the best thing to do would be to let you decide which one you will wear the crown as "royal ride of white trash society." The first conundrum though, is whether it is the ride or the driver that makes a vehicle? The charming residents of Surrey and other low-class outskirts of town need to get around somehow (and cheaply!). Here's what I've come up with:

1. The first car that comes to mind (and, I dare say, my personal favorite) is the 70's Trans Am / Firebird. Any year in that decade, but best if the "bird" is still intact and it's got a T-bar roof. It has to be loud and dirty, whether that be interpreted in black, brown, gold or white. The drunk teenager driving it has to have the IQ of a turnip, because, of course, he's borrowed the wheels from his big-haired, Virginia Slims smokin', leopard-printed mom, to pick up his under-aged girlfriend from school, because he 'just doesn't feel like going today' and they're 'gonna go hang out at the roller rink instead, maybe they'll 'do some donuts on the way.'

2. Next, we have the Trailer



Park home. Not only is it a dwelling, it is also a vehicle. Who would have imagined humans could be so clever? Naturally it follows the Trans Am, as the owner of that car has to live somewhere when not passed out by the side of the road. The gardens in these places are so cute — there is a wooden plaque on all the front doorways and everyone is very, very neighbourly.

3. Then there is the pick-up truck. "Hey baby, wanna take a ride in my pick-up truck? I'll show you Mr. Wiggly." This category includes any beat-up late 70's, mid 80's truck, no matter the make or model. I think of the movie "Deliverance" when I think of trucks, and I also think of Betty Lou, who has to haul all that Sunny-D home from the grocery

store somehow. Pa Lou likes driving the truck around (empties stacked in the back with his shotgun) cause it makes him feel like he's manly and rugged. He drives around all day long looking like a true farm hand, complaining about how there just isn't any work left out there anymore. He stops occasionally to play pool with whatever hard-earned cash that Betty Lou made working the late night shift at Dunkin'D's.

4. (See how many options there are? I bet you never knew.) Then there's the late 70's - mid-80's "luxury" car that just didn't quite make it into the "cool" category, but it's still rusting and kicking around. In the years when particular cars stopped being "cool" (like the

Skylark and the Thunderbird), my God, these cars got ugly. You can buy one for \$500 in Langley and the money you save in price you'll end up spending entirely on gas. When you are going over the Granville Bridge and there is this clonking old beast of a beater beside you, (incidentally, the only colours that survived the years are shades of brown.) with gramps driving... he's making a lot of noise, shaking and billowing smoke, but he looks like he's straight out of some T.V. movie from your childhood, and he's *passing* you. I think gramps is cool.

5. We can't forget the two-door Chevette. It's gotta be white and the driver must be Crystal, the head cheerleader. She hopes Biff, her boy, doesn't ever come home to

meet her folks, cause he's from the other side of the tracks and her family's grocery list consists of Cheese Whiz, pink icing and Coca-Cola. Mmmmm.

#6. Finally, the true kitsch-value-attached white trash mobile... it is in no way cool to emulate, but it is damn practical, efficient on gas, cheap, plentiful in the Buy & Sell and, of course, but ugly. The crown for the ultimate ride this month goes to... the compact grey "K car," a true family car for modern times and low-income budgets. If truth be told, I personally own a Firebird, and when I needed to go on a long trip, what did I do? I borrowed my friends "K-car". I need say no more.

Angela Fama



OFF THE RECORD



A.I.M.
Reverends and Rednecks 7"ep
Kangaroo Records

This is the stuff that makes Kangaroo Records great. They seem to find the best straight ahead blazing fast punk bands around (or in some cases NOT around, and okay, not always blazing fast, but usually). A.I.M. (Anger in Motion) are from Australia and this was originally a demo tape back in 1990. And you guessed it... this is blazing fast straight ahead hardcore! Started out as a drunken-bored-out-of-my-mind band-on-a-Saturday-afternoon band, Kangaroo had the good sense to release this as a 7" in 2002! I'm unsure as to if they're still in existence due to the lack of liner notes. But if they are, take a flight to Brisbane and check 'em out!

Andy Gronberg



The Flipsides
Clever one
Pink and Black Records

This album wouldn't be so bad if it didn't suck so much. Think about what any new-school pop punk band sounds like and add a tight-ass twat on vocals. Apparently, drummer Jim Lindsay is Keith Moon incarnate. "Whatever" doesn't even suffice. And the pathetic attempts to make cute rhym-y lyrics on this album is disturbing. "It must be the way you look in my eyes / That prevents me from telling lies / To cover up how I feel inside". These words should have stayed on page 23 of her diary.

Jenni Nelson

Ghost Town Drive
Rock 'n Roll For Sale
Independent

Remember the days when Rock 'n' Roll meant the Stones, Led Zeppelin, Lynrd Skynrd - even the Who or the Black Crowes and not fucking crap like Nickelback, Creed, or Kid Rock? I don't actually REMEMBER those days, I was too young and/or not born, but that's ok because Ghost Town Drive are the epitome of what Rock 'n' Roll sounded like circa 1969-74. Like the reincarnation of Jim Morrison doing the Southern Americana Alabama rock thing, *Rock 'n Roll For Sale* is everything that was good about the music that my father kept blathering about and that I probably should have been listening to instead of Nirvana when I was 12 and knew nothing about the likes of the world.

Cowboy TexAss

Glass eater
S/T
Fearless Records

Okay, never mind that this is snore worthy emo; you should buy this album for the minutes of fun you can have reading the CD liner



notes. Firstly, some crack graphic designer decided to print everything on a collage of burnt photo album covers and the last page has a picture of a photo-album going up in flames (it had all those pictures of us in it and "You turned around and walked away / Leaving no note leaving no trace" and I was so sad I wrote fucking ten songs about it). Secondly, they each decided to write their own thank-you lists and the result is four academy award acceptance speeches. These guys are so sensitive that if you farted while they were giving you head they'd be like, "Aww, I love the smell of your farts." Minutes and minutes of fun.

Jenni Nelson

Hammerfall
Crimson Thunder
Nuclear Blast Records

If The Scorpions and Europe fucked in the 80s, their offspring would be Sweden's HammerFall. Flattery or a reason for abortion? I'll bring the rusty coat hanger and let you play hook!

This is the kind of music that gives erections to all the guys who wore Poison t-shirts in college and always wanted to fuck their girlfriends in the ass, but couldn't really understand why. Heavy Metal is one thing, but Heavy on the gay is another, and what's with the butchered version of "Detroit Rock City?"

Final say, HammerFall is the equivalent of spunking into your ex one last time, and then not having the courtesy of holding your piss. Can you relate?

Adler Floyd

Ikara Colt
chat and business
Epitaph

Didn't like it in the car, but liked it at home. It sounds like the lead singer took a few lessons from Iggy Pop. Female back up vocals are great, and the group itself can, at times, sound very much like the Velvet Underground on steroids. They teased me with synths and keyboards, just revealing a little taste here and there. Track 9 "at the lodge" (which I'm sure is about Freemasons...) sounded like a song that Joy Division forgot to record.

One note lyrically: repetition can be catchy, it can also make you want to listen to a different CD. Overall though a good musically mature punk sound from the birthplace of British punk. (Includes secret bonus track kids!)

Wes Regan

INDK
Kill Whitey!
Go Kart Records

Made up of former members of Choking Victim and Leftover Crack, INDK is a punk band with a twang of motherfucking social commentary and a twist of ska. These guys won't win a shitty

MTVaward anytime soon, but they sure as hell can punk shit up for kids everywhere. Reminiscent of Operation Ivy and Bouncing Souls, INDK should be a contender in the stomping circuits. My pick of the month.

Adler Floyd

Jello Biafra
Machine Gun in the Clown's Hand
Alternative Tentacles

Nick Tosches said, "The printing press gave the masses the printed word and the phonograph record took it away," nowhere is this more evident than in spoken word. Spoken word albums are neither comedy records nor books on tape but seem to try to be both. Jello Biafra spills his political outrage straddling both these genres. His overly self-righteous tone draws through three discs of material that will be considered dated in a matter of months. Anyone who owns a Jello Biafra record can throw it on and remember when all the things he was saying were relevant. From Tipper Gores censorship campaign to American Paki-bashing, all these things are sealed in a time capsule that after the first playing will only regain its charm when you can play it for a friend to remind them of a time long past. Sure there are fundamental ideas on the album, but if you're excited enough about politics to buy the album you probably already know these things. The effectiveness of Jello Biafra's spoken word albums are questionable, especially when a tribute to Joey Ramone is done in such a snarling tone that it comes across as tribute to Biafra's hip-ness.

Matt Whalley

Knucklehead
Hostage Radio
Longshot Music

When I put the CD in my computer, it went automatically to a multimedia Knucklehead website of sorts, complete with video, photos and info... very, very smart. The final song, "Plight of the Living Dead" was influenced directly by the Robert Pickton prostitute kidnappings in Vancouver's downtown east side, this coming from a band from Calgary. Lyrically, these songs convey what rock and roll should be about, questioning the validity and quality of our culture's moral, economic and social structure. (then again, there's always sex, drugs and rock 'n'roll!)

Wes Regan

Le Nombre
s/t
Blow the Fuse Records

I don't understand French, but I understand Rock and Roll, and I think I understand what these guys are saying. I like the blaring Jesus Lizard style, dirty and bent blues guitar riffs... good musicianship overall. To me they sound like they're from Montreal, and that's not a bad thing, but does this mean that Montreal is starting to have a

"Montreal sound" ?

Track 5 was a change of pace, a boppy Nick Cave-esque blues song. Track 7 was the only title I could translate completely, feel free to write in and correct me. "Pourquoi conquérir le monde?" = "Why conquer the world?" "Well, I've had too much Arberlour single malt by this point I'm sure."

They show an appreciation for all things "sountry" on track 10 "Je ne peux dire je t'aime." (Something to do with love I'm sure) full of beautiful slide guitar, piano, and harmonica; the song they play when the bass player breaks a string, I'd wager.

Wes Regan

Various Artists
Mayday!An All Canadian Oi! And Streetpunk Compilation
Mayday Records

Mayday Records, a new division of the Union Label, have assembled a 25 song smorgasboard of Canadian streetpunk, partly from the Longshot and Mad Butcher label rosters. Meant to be a celebration of boots, fists and chains from sea to shining sea' as it reads in the liner notes. Pretty solid disc, good punk rock all the way through, minus the French stuff of course; I can do without that. Highlights include a skinhead version of the ole drinkin' song "Drunken Sailor" by the Prowlers and tracks by Riot 99 and Disgruntled.

Cowboy TexAss

My Project: blue
It's been a long three years
Independent

A well-timed release, considering SAD and all of its dejected club members. My Project: blue resonates with my favorite late autumn emotions. This recording is one boy alone in his room, singing to the chipped paint on his walls. His voice and delivery are reminiscent of Bright Eyes/Conor Oberst, though the music offered on this EP is decidedly more lo-fi. Some songs feature keyboard effects that enhance the overall bleak sound landscape; some are whispered chants that recall blue's recurring nightmares. You can probably pick this one up any indie record store in Vancouver, or preview it first at www.myproject-blue.ca. It is best accompanied by wistful staring out a mildewed window.

Jenni Nelson

Rise Above
24 Black Flag Songs to Benefit the West Memphis Three
Sanctuary

Some records should just not be made. While I applaud Henry Rollins for putting together this benefit CD for the West Memphis Three (three young men who have been in jail since the mid 90s after being found guilty for murders they purportedly did not commit,) I don't see how this lack-luster tribute album to Black Flag will do

much for the cause. This comes off as punk rock karaoke, with ? of the Rollins Band providing the music for Slayer's Tom Araya, Iggy Pop, Lemmy from Motorhead, Ryan Adams and Lars and Tim from Rancid, among others, to give their take on classic Flag songs. It's a really sad state of affairs when the most earnest track on the compilation is "Police Story," sung by, ahem, "Original Gangster" Ice T. The 24-song CD is just too damn long to even find some humour in it, and certainly could have done better without having four of the last five songs sung by Rollins, whose gruff yell is now starting to sound tired and weathered. With both Rollins and original singer Keith Morris participating on this record, it's a wonder why Dez Cadena or Chavo Pederast, the best of the four Flag vocalists, aren't on *Rise Above*. I guess it's because they have integrity.

Gregory Adams

Smauq-2
Art Hip-Hop Silly Intoxication
Independent

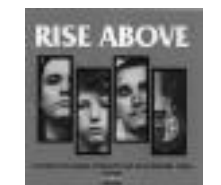
Jurassic 5 meets Diggable Planets. Maybe a tiny bit of the special sauce in there too. Alright, so maybe the band's lyrics are a tiny bit clichéd but it doesn't seem to bother them. Fuck, Eminem's a cliché. Who and what isn't these days? With some nice DJ beats, guitar noodling, roots and rhythm for good measure, the CD feels like happy street music. They also make writing lyrics that rhyme look easy. The track "Drunkest Hip-Hop Groove In The West" is a great tune, with slumming, spicely table-beats and funky off-colour ideas about bums and winsos. "African Flower" is another nice track with an easy, summer feel to it. In fact, there isn't much not to like on this CD, if you're not just stupid.

Emily Kendy

The Weekend
Teaser EP
teenage USA

This band is female fronted power pop with an ironic edge to their songwriting. This comes from the land of Canada, a place where we live not in fear, but in harmony with our neighbors and cohabitant races. That is why we have bands like this. Bands who write nice simple songs about nice simple subjects. Do you have any idea how catchy this shit is? If you listen to any of the five songs on this EPonise and only once I fucking promise you will have it in your head for the next five hundred years. They played at The Pic on Nov. 23rd, and I was supposed to review the show, but I was too bummed to hear corn syrup dipped electric guitars at that point. If you need / want a little pick me up, pick this one up. PS The sixth secret song is worth waiting for.

Jenni Nelson



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SKATE SPOT

Fact meets Friction

(This Skate Spot is pure genius and, like all genius, it is 10% inspiration and 90% appropriation.)

Monday, November 25th, the Skate Spot attended a girls' skate jam at the Friction indoor skatepark in Port Moody, organized by Heather O'Keefe and Maria Pia. It's so great to have a place where girls can turn tricks inside, if only to get off the streets. Some boys were turning tricks, too. We refer, of course, to skate tricks - what else would we mean? While we were there, retail manager Andrea Sali filled us in on the place's history: it was initiated by Suzanne and Dave Logan — parents tired of driving their three kids everywhere so they could go skateboarding. The warehouse was found and procured with some expert help, the ramp setup was built by Kyle Dion of New Line Skateparks, and the place opened to the public on July 1, 2002. Friction has a massive street course,



"War is hell. Unknown soldier/ amputee Ollie reaches out of trenches at China Beach... er, Creek. Photo-amputation by Jay Pay."

fun boxes galore, two miniramps (one 4' and one 5'6" with a 7' extension), and a kids' street course with mucho benches. So much candy, but don't eat too much at once... it'll cost ya yer teeth. We wish that indoor skateparks were seen as equal in legitimacy to public pools or soccer fields, just so they could get the funding they need to be continuously viable. The Projekt, for example, involved a huge investment in time and effort from New Line and Sk8itup given that it was only around for ONE winter. The GVRD has maybe 2.5 million people and a lot of rain... it seems like there should be room for a Projekt, a Friction, a Cract Pipe, and a Leaside. [More on Friction

elsewhere in this issue — Ed.]

More skate news:

Adopt a politician — attend council meetings while they're still green, and remind them to build more indoor and outdoor skateparks and skate spots, and help those private parks that are filling a useful niche. Speaking of green, Skate Spot's own D-Rock has it on good authority that Marijuana Party leader Marc Emery was caught on tape promising a \$1000 donation to the VSPC (or skateboarding, or skateparks) — hope that doesn't apply only if he got elected. (He's a bright spark, but, to be blunt, his memory may have faded.) The Capital Plan has also just been approved by the voters, with the concept of "skateboard services" coming up as a catch-word in city government circles. Now we just need to hold them to it.

The next Vancouver Skatepark Coalition meeting will be held at the Roundhouse Arts & Recreation Centre, 181 Roundhouse Mews, Vancouver, BC at 7:30 PM on December 4th. All members, non-members and new members are welcome. For more info, email the VSPC at vancouver-skateparkcoalition@hotmail.com.

Cooper's Park (under the Cambie Street Bridge) is getting a facelift. The bush area right next to the basketball court will be paved for skating, and two benches will be installed. In an unrelated development, someone has elevated the art of "taking it back" to a new extreme by completely sawing off the already sawed-off low bar. Flatland represent! Is this related to Rodney Mullen being named skater of the year?

The VSPC will be hosting a licensed event at the Anza Club (3 West 8th) on November 27th from 7pm to 2am. The event will feature a presentation at 8:30 by Iain Borden, Director of the Bartlett School of Architecture at the University College of London (England). He is an old-school skater and architecture professor who has compiled a history of skateboarding and its relationship to architecture as it pertains to urban skating and skatepark construction, entitled "Skateboarding,

Space & the City: Architecture & the Body". The presentation will be followed by videos and bedtime stories provided courtesy of Kevin Kelly of sk8itup.com, and there will be a few DJ sets to round off the night. The door will be by donation, so go for broke. It looks like there will be a wide variety of people in attendance (maybe even the new mayor!?!?) for this one-off event, so why not?

Word up. Word on the street is that there will be a New Year's party at the Cract Pipe. Meanwhile, at the exact other end of the skate spectrum, Electronic Arts Inc. and Fox Interactive have just released *The Simpsons' Skateboarding* for the PlayStation 2. Tony Hawk has been taken out by 2-dimensional white (yellow) trash with a penchant for Fritos and Duffs (not the shoes, the beers).

D-Rock and Miss Kim (with additional material pillaged from Aaron Orlando, VSPC Secretary)

E-mail your skate news to the Skate Spot
c/downspace@telus.net

FULL MOON SKATER

I headed out for a night of skateboarding at Friction Skateboard Park at 85 Electronic Ave, Port Moody — my first visit to this park. The recent rains had us jonesing for something to skate that didn't involve a car-infested parking garage. Upon arrival at the Loughheed Mall Skytrain station, we waited at the dark bus loop. We chatted about breaking boards, tricks that had gone wrong and bruises, and I asked for a description of the park for the fourth time. "The mini ramp is a four and a five connected with an extension in the middle - street section with a step up gap, banks, handrails, ledges and the kid's room," I was told. As the bus pulled up and the crowd gathered to board, a couple of Hoods pushed through the crowd. I saw one of them grab a woman's ass as he went past. I asked him what he thought he was doing, and he didn't respond very nicely. So, when I asked him to apologize to the lady, he asked me if I wanted a dick in my mouth. I was confused... did he like women or men? We didn't really want to spend our evening counseling him (i.e. beating him senseless with a skateboard). We wanted to skate. On behalf of all men, I offered apologies to the victim of the assault ...



but I still kind of regret not correcting his behaviour.

When we arrived at Friction, we were greeted by the owner relaxing outside with a cigarette. She told us that the Wed. and Fri. night session (9-12) was just starting, and that only skaters aged 16 and over are allowed. We skated for two and a half great hours for \$10, including helmet rental. You can call 604-937-5283 and get their hours of operation (and better directions than I could write). Or check out www.sk8friction.com.

We left the park tired and sweaty, looking for a bus to take us home. Waiting for us with his fists raised was a man in a Canucks hat and leather jacket. "What do we have here, some punks to fight me?!" Great. We politely declined the offer. He told us that he was going downtown to "the War Zone" — I assumed he meant Main and West. He was going to "get in a fight and get a room"... that's what some people do for fun, I guess. Nice guy, though. He shared a little green and went on his way.

Dennis Regan

Enter to WIN



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DEC

THE RETURN OF SMELL-O-VISION (10)
 Smell what you've been missing (+ Guests)

BEST OF OLYFEST 19 (11)
 One-X and more with CHRIS CHAS in person

BRING YOUR OWN FILM (12)
 The wyaar editi-on show us your suit

THE MATCH FACTORY GIRL (13)
 EYE OF NEW TIME with the Kaurismäki classic

MULTIPLEX GRAND! (14)
 Audio-visual stylings and epic battles!

ECIAD 2ND YEAR SCREENING (15)
 Brand new shorts for your hungry eyes

JAN

SCHLOCK! (17-19)
 The Scare this boy of American Movies, with nudie-culies, roughies, and 50s horror

SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE (21)
 Situationsists unite!

NANOOK OF THE NORTH (22)
 BY E OF NEW TIME play live to the silent classic

THIS IS NOWHERE (23-24)
 A disturbing portrait of RW/Mal-Mart addiction

CATCHING OUT (25-26)
 Hopping freight trains as a way of life

REVEREND BILLY (28-29)
 THE CHURCH OF ST OP'S HOPPING - political theatre in NYC

BRING YOUR OWN FILM (30)
 DVD, VHS, Super 8 and 16mm - bring it!

SCUMROCK (31-2)
 Moritsugus' "lek you" to the digital revolution




Gore

IT CAME FROM THE BLACK, WATERY DEPTHS OF MY MONSTROUS LIBIDO

I grew up with the Oogopogo, so for me, the SERIOUS classics of the genre world just may be the films that centre around the pre-historic Gill Man (merman, man-fish, sea creature, sea monster... whatever you want to call them). This underwater monster who draws his victims into the depths has done a lot for the horror fiction and film world.

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON (1954)
 Suit designers: Milicent Patrick, Jack Kevan, Bud Westmore
 Gill Man played by: Ben Chapman (on land), Ricou Browning (underwater)
 Object of gill Man's lust: Julie Adams (played by Ginger Stanley underwater)
 Director: Jack Arnold
 The introduction of the **CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON** to the unsuspecting (or perhaps, suspecting, as many theatres back in the day built underwater displays to promote this 3-D film) theatregoing public was a triumphant entry into the cold war era of *expensive* (key word) rubber-suited monsters that looked real, provoked real fear, and still have one hell of a cult following today. It captures the truth behind the man-monster, his pre-history, and the epic, universal struggle to come to terms with

our animal instincts as we contemplate our place in the world. One of the driving forces behind the Gill Man as portrayed in this film is his "centuries of pent-up passion" and his final pursuit of women... a pursuit that leads to his death by rifle.
HORROR OF PARTYBEACH
 I already talked about this fucked-up gem in the Hallowe'en issue, but whatever. Make sure you check it out. The film has a lot of blood for its time, and mass female slaughter that resembles something out of *Slumber Party Massacre*.



THE MONSTER OF PIEDRAS BLANCAS
 Half-man / half-crab! All the humans get decapitated! Strangely, this one has always been shunned by the CFTBL-loving public, but it is a mighty film nevertheless. I mean, man! A fuckin' half-crab!! There's some nice ocean play, which is a rare sight in this genre of film. A good, haunting atmosphere, with a lighthouse to complete the mood.
NIGHTTIDE
 Very early Dennis Hopper film (his first?), *actually, IMDB says it's his 15th, but in a career like his, that's still early* - Ed.] that

contemplates the reality behind a mermaid, what she can do to a man, and whether or not brunettes actually have more fun (?). A sailor on his day off decides to feel up a mermaid who is in a beach fair. Is she a real mermaid that kills off all her boyfriends... or is she just a very mean, creepy chick?

HUMANOIDS FROM THE DEEP
 Corman-produced (do we ever get tired of that?) sea monster epic that pulls us out of the fifties. Vancouverites can relate to the fact that the monsters are HALF-SALMON (very cool!), but not to the fantasy that they also have huge brainpans. Some of their arms are longer than the others, but that doesn't seem to impede their ability to graphically rape women on the beach - hence providing a nice birth epilogue that nips any arguments about evolution in the bud. The fat monster heads sometimes get annoying, but the payoff of the town fair massacre is outstanding
ZAAT!
 Half-man / half-catfish (holy shit)! The publicity stunt of touring the States accompanied by the suit in a cage has to be applauded as some fine media whoring. The monster is amazing, reminding me of one of the corpse beasts from the "Blood" series out of the Philippines - just add some fish-like qualities and patches of fur.

BOG
 One of a nice bunch of CFTBL-inspired films that came out in the 70's and 80's. Nice touches on these films - as the blood flies, the creativity reaches the max. From a production standpoint, the swamps must have been torture, because the atmosphere is always dark and depressing. There's also lots of backwoods crap as well that mimics **DELIVERANCE**, but without the intensity.

CREATURE FROM THE HAUNTED SEA
 This film has to be experienced to be believed. My heart goes out to

the fucked-up monster with the ping pong ball eyes, huge head, multitudes of weird seaweed/gill patches and an overall aesthetic that is really fucking cheap. The film is a "horror comedy," as a rag-tag group of criminals make up a sea monster story to scare others off - but then the creature turns out to be real. [*Isn't that also an episode of Scooby Doo?* - Ed.] And real it is... real sweet. Good title for a movie too. Come to think of it, any monster film title with the word "haunted" is axes... (**BEAST FROM THE HAUNTED CAVE**, etc.)
REVENGE OF THE CREATURE (1955)
 Very good sequel to **CREATURE FROM THE HAUNTED SEA** that has the same underwater creature player (Ricou Browning) but features a different land player (Tom Hennessy). The suit is different (buggier eyes), but still looks great. Some nice touches include the Gill Man in an aquarium being bitchy about his food, Gill Man "learning faster than chimps", Gill Man killing a dog, and throwing men against trees like curve balls. Try to avoid **THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US**, even though it contains some neat (but annoying) twists (like the Gill Man suddenly having air-breathing lungs, etc...).

SINISTER SAM

Anyone want to buy my **GIALLO** compilation? It's called **BLACK GLOVES AND RAZORS**, and is an hour and ? of the nasty bits from over 45 Italian-import thrillers... all scenes involving sharp objects and gloved killers. Asking price: \$20 (includes box art). Contact me c/o editor@thenervemagazine.com

Seven Day Diamonds

Overlooked Treasures from the 'Weekly Rentals' Section.



In keeping with the theme of white trash, this month I put the spectacle that is *Gummo* in the proverbial Jerry Springer hot seat.

In 1974, the town of Xenia, Ohio, was hit by a massive outbreak of

tornadoes. Director (and I use the term loosely) Harmony Korine uses this real-life event to illustrate his vision of the ass-end of modern civilization. Whether or not his portrait is accurate, it certainly is unsettling. Korine, who wrote *Kids*, forgoes any plot or narrative and simply presents us with a pageant of scenes, many of which have a documentary feel. Kids kill and sell cats at the butcher shop to make a quick buck; a man pimps a retarded woman (his wife?) out of his home; a party degenerates into a fight with a kitchen chair,

and there is the sense that this is merely the brutal culmination of the intense frustration that the world metes out daily.

For the most part, the film presents juveniles who while away their days without direction or guidance, to the detriment of their character. Without a moral compass, these delinquents are free to explore the depths of depravity, as far as their simple imaginations allow. Yet not all the deviants here are wayward adolescents or victims of Down's Syndrome. It's telling to see just how socially undeveloped the adults are as well. A mother's pathetic attempt to spend some quality time with her son ends up with her pointing a gun at his head in an attempt to get him to smile. Tragic.

Gummo's depressing landscape is kind of like summer vacation in a post-apocalyptic wasteland. Unlike *Road Warrior* or *Omega Man*, the mutants here don't scavenge for gas or weapons, but rather some half-imagined sliver of morality or perhaps a discarded wafer of healthy sexual understanding. I would almost fancy *Gummo* a warning of sorts - a cautionary tale - if I thought the director cared enough about the audience to present something besides a freakshow. Rather, the film is remarkable in its neutrality. Korine isn't preaching or asking questions. In fact, the lack of any narrative structure rein-

forces the notion that the only message is "here's an opportunity to experience something different."

Be warned: many people will find this 'opportunity' disturbing - perhaps even unwatchable. Some scenes seem to drone on pointlessly. The absence of plot is unusual, but don't despise *Gummo* for what it's not - it works best if you try to accept it for what it is. I've read that of the 40 speaking roles in the film, only four were performed by "real" SAG actors. Korine cast young Nick Sutton as Tummler after seeing him on Sally Jesse Raphael's "Paint Sniffing Survivors" episode. *Gummo* is by no means a feel-good movie, but we can take comfort in the fact that although much of the cast was taken from fast food joints and much of the dialogue is improvised, *Gummo* remains a piece of fiction.

Some movies, while they may not be the greatest films in the world, or even a particular viewer's "type" of movie, should be seen nonetheless. Love them or hate them, movies like *Star Wars*, *Citizen Kane*, and *Blue Velvet* are important because they are one-of-a-kind, and hold a place in our social consciousness. At the very least, I would recommend *Gummo* on this same basis. Think of it as *Baraka* in a wifebeater, with a heavy metal soundtrack.

Toren Atkinson

5TH ANNUAL VANCOUVER UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL

Nov. 21-24 @ The Blinding Light!

First off, let me just say that *avant-garde* is not really my thing. I like a good, hearty narrative to go along with my formal invention. Being visually dazzled is okay, as long as there is an emotional centre. Having said that, I'm all about DIY. Every single filmmaker at the VUFF deserves kudos for not caving in to the artistic whims of anyone but themselves (as does The Blinding Light! itself, and festival director and host Alex MacKenzie). Everything I managed to take in on the first two nights of this year's festival is a testament to that DIY spirit, no matter how insular.

Each program at the VUFF is based on a particular theme, with a number of shorts grouped together. The opening night program was entitled "Superman, Pornographer" and hence, revolved around comics and literature. It featured the most visually impressive piece I saw at the fest — Sheila Pye's *The Lesson* — a dizzying, disturbing drama told almost entirely in stop-motion animation. It's the kind of film that manages to be both emotionally affecting and technically innovative.

Solomon Nagler's *Doc!Doc* was also impressive and definitely adds fuel to the theory that everything coming out of Winnipeg has a little bit of Guy Maddin in it somewhere. Matthew Fithen and Amy Lockhart's *Miss Edmonton*

Teenburger 1983 in "You're Eternal" is probably the greatest film to ever involve Ritalin-addicted gay 12 year olds. If not, it's still pretty funny, and retarded — in the best sense of the word.

Less successful pieces were Miles Montalban's *Love and the Monster* and Myles and Druce Langlois's *Micro-Nice*, both of which were based on comic books, and both of which suffer from the kind of dialogue and overly symbolic storytelling that works much better on the printed page. *Micro-Nice* falls especially flat because of its length and amateurish shot composition. When each shot feels as static as a comic book panel, it makes for arduous viewing, to say the least.

Speaking of which... maybe it's just me, but the Friday night program (entitled "On Vacation or In a Coma") seemed specifically designed to be the hardest collection of shorts to endure. This was some really abstract stuff.

I don't remember much about Steve Reinke's *Sad Disco Fantasia*, except for the fact that every time it seemed to be ambling along toward its end, it would slap you in the face with the occasional shot of pesty white men masturbating each other. *Sad Disco Fantasia* is the kind of personal diary film that never seems to be as intriguing as its creators intend. It's incredibly hard to invest any emotion in something like this, despite how deeply personal it is. In the end, it ends up being something that fascinates as a curiosity,

but offers no real human connection.

Bad Ideas for Paradise by Emily Vey Duke and Cooper Battersby is another film in the personal diary vein, but it is even more abstract, offering plenty of poetic interludes. Oddly, *Bad Ideas* seems to have more of a purpose, especially when contrasted with Zakery Weiss' *Domestica*, a wordless, washed-out portrait of a suburban couple attempting to achieve a greater understanding of the marriage by subverting the conventions of documentary filmmaking. What is left for the viewer is an odd, uncomfortable portrait that only magnifies the distance between the audience and the subject.

The two most interesting pieces were undoubtedly Meeso Lee's *Love* and Jeremy Bailey's *Coffee Time*. *Love* is a simple but effective amalgam of two pop culture touchstones: the topiary garden chase sequence from *The Shining* and John Lennon's "Love". The film works simply for what it is... two pieces of culturally entrenched media which, when put together bring new meaning to each other. *Coffee Time* is another bit of media manipulation that will impress anyone who's ever stared into a cup of coffee in some fluorescent-lit hellhole waayoo too late at night. What seems like a single static shot slowly turns into a nightmarish journey into the land of an endless pop song. *Coffee Time* does an excellent job of evoking the desperate aimlessness that seems to pervade the greasy spoon diner. As the

radio drones on, you try to focus on something — anything — of interest in the frame... but nothing happens, and time marches on. Until, of course, you start seeing things.

"Sniking Vocal Chords," the second Friday night program was another mixed bag, but featured the biggest crowd-pleasing moment of the fest. Rafael Tsuchida's *One* simply features the director singing (with Bono-esque passion) U2's megahit of the same name. The thing is, he's singing along to his Discman with his headphones on, so the audience is treated to his unpolished *capella* vocals. *One* is simple in concept and execution, but brutally honest in its portrayal of the simple power of music and the universal ego that tells us all we can be rock stars.

The program also featured two more films from Zakery Weiss, *Communication* and *The Second Voice*. *Communication* is nothing new to anyone who's dabbled in *avant-garde* film — it features a real-time phone conversation shot from an odd angle. Again, *Communication* reveals more about its director than anything else, as the supposedly "harrowing" conversation is, in reality, pretty commonplace for anyone who's had to deal with older relatives. If talking to his grandma is *that* harrowing for Weiss, maybe he should get out more. *The Second Voice* is an odd little documentary about a man named Jay Lemaster who lost his vocal chords to cancer. You've seen stuff like this in Health class in grade school, and that is

exactly how *The Second Voice* plays... like a Public Service Announcement, as opposed to a genuine portrait of one man. But again, perhaps an impersonal portrait is exactly what Weiss was after.

The night finished for me with Ted Jackson's *Manchild Unmasked*, an indie-rock *Saturday Night Live*-style skit stretched to about five times its natural length. The concept here is that Frederick Manchild (played by performance artist Justin Callaway) is a former social outcast-born with a natural fish odour — who has channelled his social deviance into rock 'n' roll (and a giant baby head). *Manchild Unmasked* has a wealth of interesting ideas, but doesn't manage to expand things beyond the admittedly clever initial concept.

Unfortunately, I was unable to see any other stuff that weekend (I'm most disappointed I missed the "Heart-breaker, Dream-maker" collection). Despite the occasionally confounding piece, there are images from this year's VUFF that will remain with me for quite a while... especially the next time I'm singing U2 in the shower.

Bjorn Olson
The Nerve welcomes Bjorn as our new Film Editor (and thanks to Elizabeth Nolan, who stays on as a staff writer)

Books & Zines

by Leather the Librarian

Behind the 'Zines

(In which Miss Leather lifts back the curtain and shows you how things really work in NerveLand...)

Yuletide greetings, Gentle Readers! In celebration of the white trash Crit'mas issue, your Nerve librarian is jacked out of her mind on "special" coffee and cheap advent calendar chocolate. This doesn't seem to interfere with the production of this column (on the contrary — it seems to help quite a bit), especially when you're so lazy you pawn your reviews off on other, more dependable writers like good old Cowboy Zero ...

Champions of Hell #2

By Hunter Thompson Unlimited 2002 (3\$ CAN)
P.O. Box 45016 Mayfair Postal Outlet
Victoria, B.C. Canada V8Z 7G9
www.geocities.com/championsofhell
championsofhell@hotmail.com

Dark, spooky, heavy metal nerds: here is something for YOU!

In the year 2003, the Earth is a smoking ruin and civilization a smouldering ember. Sam Hain — the beefy, paranoid, delusional son of huge Misfits fans — is a body disposer-of-er with a destiny to fulfill. Completing the troupe are a Magic Sword, twelve unholy crusaders waiting for the thirteenth Champion of Hell to find The Sword, and, of course, Good versus Evil. Poor, tormented Sam finds The Sword, and then the Champions come to pick him up, burn his soul and make him Bad News. At this dicey point, Sam decides NOW is a good time to take charge of his own life and stop taking orders from other people (or demons). An epic battle ensues, followed by

acquisition of Sam's Sweet Ride. In a cloud of burnt rubber, the reluctant Champion strikes out into an uncertain future like the post-Apocalyptic, death metal Bruce Springsteen song character that he is, *Champions of Hell!* It's grim, it's dark, it's horrific, violent, very well-drawn and funny as... HELL. Read the comic, purchase the merch, go see the band (yes, they're a band — duh), but hurry, the end is drawing near.

Cowboy Zero

Seriously folks, I do write most of these reviews myself, as regular visitors to this page know... I also choose to pretty much exclusively review things I like. When something just isn't my cup of tea (or, since this is the white trash issue, "my can of Tab"), I try to find someone on the staff here who would like it, as with the previous review (and then, behold the magic). Sometimes, however, I come across things I not only want to tell people about, but I get downright messianic about, to the point where I fight to have them incorporated into this magazine. Case in point...

All the best of the festive drinking (I mean reading) season. See you next year!

the



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ALT F4 reviews

FOR THE WEEKEND WARRIOR IN YOU

BY ADLER FLOYD

Ok, I know that I shouldn't be taking work with me on my fucking Nervermonth vacation, but what's a writer to do: double swiipe some debit cards, treat my friends to hookers & blow? In any case, I decided to fuck off, get away from the small-town monotony, and see the motherfuckin' world again.

Just a week into holidays I got my hands on the leaked *Doom 3 Alpha* as it made its way across Internet land. I installed it and the fucking thing didn't work. Fuck! *There goes December's column*, I thought. Annoyed, I made my way onto the barely inflated IKEA® armchair that I dubbed the *dinghy*, and powered up the semi-working Sony. The familiar Street Fighter logo took over the 21" and for the rest of the night memories of esoteric youth and bleeding thumbs prevailed. Good times, good times.

Déjà vu, baby! The one thing that I forgot about Toronto since my last trip was the fucking dry humping weather. All I gotta say is this: get some *Chapstick* if you plan to spend more than an hour in Hogtown, or your mouth will end up looking like a used Romanian vulva after just 24 hrs of Siffredi misusage. (Insert onomatopoeic sigh here). The East Coast... how I enjoy the germ-infested trams and hot shikas walkin' up and down Queen St, flaunting their sexy. Oh, and who can forget all the anxious starfuckers, pressing their sweater puppies up against the MUCH window, tryin' to get a piece of fame.

Bitches are nice, but with no computer games to review, something had to be done. The next logical step was to hit the arcade and beat some SF ass. My friend Laser Grip and I entered the joint. Ten minutes, 8 bucks and a few schoolings later, we started to lose interest. Out of bore-

dom, we decided to give 'er head. On the way out, we spotted this hot brunette (a future Brass Rail dancer?) swayin' her hips to the electronic beats. Like perverts, we stood there and admired her ability to shake that ham. The thought of dunking the flesh rod in her nacho dip crossed Laser's mind. This was followed by thoughts of prison nookie. And then of black guys with huge caks, and under-rated head-humping. No thanx!

The happy didn't stop there, however. Like the techno zombies, all we could think of was brain...I mean games! Games!



After countless calls to rental places from a payphone in a jungle-themed diner, a PS2 was located. The goal was to get the new Grand Theft Auto game and go to work on it. Vice City presents a new chapter in the ongoing GTA universe. A bigger city, more cars, and the addition of a few extras such as motorcycles spices shit up. Zipping around like Marco Melandri and evading pigs was never this much fun.

Happy fucking New Year everyone!

Adler Floyd

White Trash Puzzle Page!!

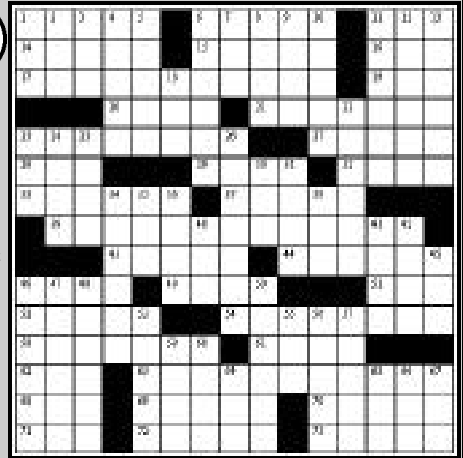
First person to solve both puzzles wins a Nerve T-shirt and a can of SPAM!

Show your ugly face at the Nerve Office:
508-425 Granville St. Vancouver, Mon-Fri 10am-6pm

by Dan Scum CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
1. Ladies' magazine (abbrev.)
6. High-priced
11. Snatch
14. Cry heard from a Kia Sportage
15. White trash Xmas pies
16. Dutch Grandma
17. White trash undershirts
19. U.S. media watchdog
20. White trash teen hangout
21. Scrotum
23. Xmas ammo
27. 99 year-old US senator
28. Steal from
29. Bleeding heart suckers
32. A pronoun and an organ (homophones)
33. Becomes legal guardian
37. Vince or Ed Mc
40. King of white trash talk TV
43. Broadcaster
44. Old school sk8 company
46. Singer/actress/junkie Gray
49. French summers
51. Feast verb
52. Throbbled with pain
54. Christmas time
58. Sony offerings
61. Italian currency
62. Gardening tool
63. BUBBLES' home
68. After ems?
69. _____meenie miny moe
70. Spooky
71. Partridge family Susan
72. Violin bow wax
73. Painting pitfalls

- DOWN
1. Uncooked
2. Echo India India
3. _____Leppard
4. BUMBLING automobile?
5. Meat on a stick
6. White trash indie band from rural Alberta
7. White trash breast
8. After em em?
9. Beige shade
10. Annoying ones
11. Reason for gettin'kicked

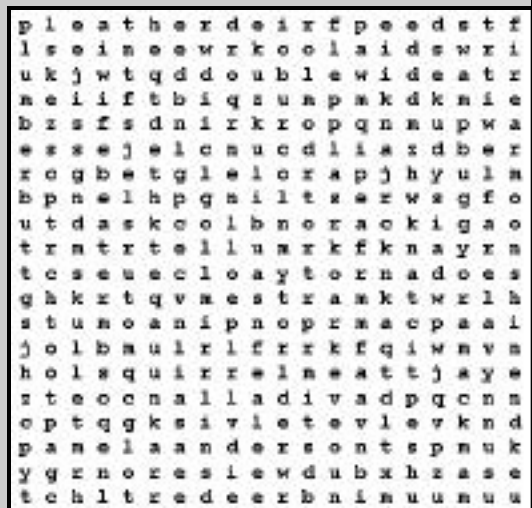


- off the bus
12. Hillbilly Hatfield's sworn enemy
13. Back me
18. Echo Llama Alpha
22. Bee injuries
23. Spanish Mrs.
24. Dead air
25. Clarinet's cousin
26. Eel's cousin
30. Golf score
31. Crude knife
34. Xmas dinner speech
35. 3 prefix
36. Olde tyme king's address
38. Japanese devil
40. Ready and go's partner
41. "Old Macdonald had a farm, _____O"
42. "One for the _____"
45. Message (abbrev.)
46. Potato possibility
47. First segment of a play
48. Tacky
50. Sombre
53. Discourage
55. Be untruthful
56. Made a mistake
57. Dry wall crew member
59. Interracial DPcookie
60. French without
64. III
65. Mr. Onassis
66. Tombstone letters
67. Kinetic energies (abbrev.)



WHITE TRASH WORD SEARCH

- Double-wide
Budweiser
Deep fried
Metal
Camaro
mullet
skillet
Deliverance
trailer park
spam
weenies
firearm
squirrel meat
inbreeder
car on blocks
velvet Elvis
wrestling
Jerry Springer
tornadoes
septic tank
Sunnyvale
David Allan Coe
Kool-aid
Malt liquor
Pamela Anderson
porkrinds
k-mart
mumumu
welfare
parole
aerosol cheese
mountaindew
gaptooth
pleather
swampbuggy
moonshine
uncle Jesse



YOU COULD HAVE YOUR OWN
(CRUSTY) T-SHIRT!
OR CRAPPY STICKERS!

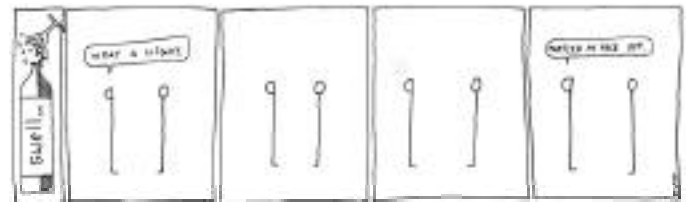
TEX-DEX

1 hr '1
So we can
buy liquor

\$5

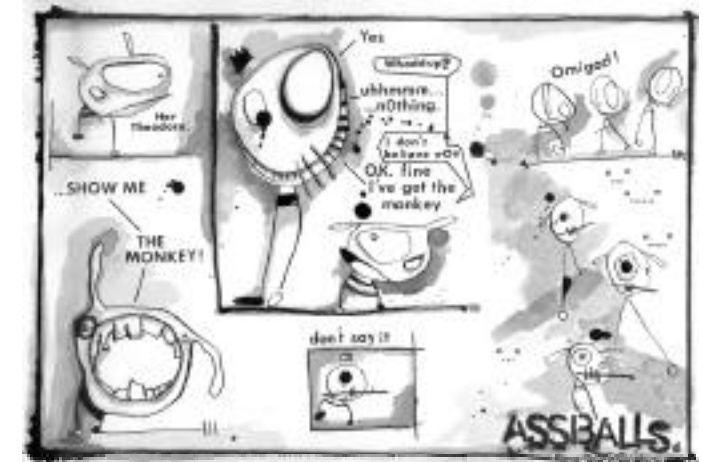
Buy our crap!

and as money
to 508-425 Granville st
or
email relevant info (ie shirt size, address)
to LombayTexNotHot@mail.com



no fun city

*** The Coming of the XI!**



IT'S RAININ' MEN!

Jason Ainsworth

... Artistically appropriate men, that is!

D-I-Y. Lessons from the Master, Ainsworth

Short and sweet: all you guys with pictures by real artists on your walls are a bunch of stupid. Ignorant as a bucket of come. You've got to keep it on the street-real, don't be sell-outs. So here's a step-by-step guide to making your own barbarian picture. Maybe if you work hard and, ahem, "apply" yourself for once, you could do a blood-drinking maniac half as good as mine. Aim high, and reach for the stars!

Allright, you got your artists- quality paper, and artist's quality ball point pen. These are the Sodom and Gomorrah of any aspiring fantasy "artist". Oh, also remember to, like, freeeeeeee your mind. Space out and drop out like a hippie, take it as low as it will go. Are you there yet? I know you are! Start with the sword. Make it big.....bigger. Bigger. Now that's not big, is it? BIG.

For fuck's sake, B-I-G. This is just making you look weird, I swear TO FUCKEN GOD JUST DO IT RIGHT THE GODDAM FIRST TIME! There's no point in fucken... no don't ERASE it for God's sake... If you can't take some constructive criticism there's no place for you in the competitive world of sword and Sworcery. Remember: YOU put you in prison.

While you're there, why not add a bat? Happy little bat, going home to his house, with a grub. Fly away there, little bat. A good trick with metal swords is to draw little oblong shinty shapes. And make the blood on the sworp D-r-i-p. Angry sword, happy bat, it equals a solid sale and a commission for more. I'm telling you this for free, please be good enough to listen. Now on the figure.

Aha! You haven't got a clue how to proceed, do you?!?! Drawing bodies is, like, one of the hardest things to do, so for the time being just trace the outline of mine. Hands, necks, faces, books and pelvises are like the hardest to draw, but you'll learn with time (TIP: why not get a anatomy book from the library! It's a great practice, and it's a great place to pick up cheap slush)

Remember: if you use one line, its shading; TWO lines, it's crosshatching. Go wild with it! It's okay! Make the figure come alive with deepness. Oh, and another type of line is the fast-line. University professors of Fantasy Art History call these "Speed-lines". Try a few out around the sword.

I'm not going to lie to you. It's impossible to get the faces right when you're new, so just wing it. I always say black out a few teeth for realism, and anything else can be covered with a scar-line. Did anyone else hire that child(?) prostitute who worked Fraser and Broadway two years ago? Her missing tooth added a vermissitude to the whole experience, according to my brother. And even though in real life jewellery on men is a ghastly execrable abomination, in Fantasy art world anything goes. There's no "Gay-borhood" in the realm of Sworcery, so feel free to faggot up your hero with no feelings of inadequacy.

Happy flies buzzing around, happy pile of dead, we're almost done now, make the final lap a happy lap, okay! Happy bluging muscles, let the blood squirt up over the dragons or whatever, happily. Does anyone remember that "Don't be worried, be happy" song? No? Nevermind.

Uh oh. This is where we separate the men from the boys. Listen to me. Sometimes, in fantasy art, traditionally, artists... artists feel the need to explore the aesthetics of, the... female, well, unclothed female, well, girls in metal... bikinis, sort of thing. I don't like it any more than you, okay, but you can't break free of tradition until you have mastered it. Happy little metal tits.... Uh. It's fun in drawing to make ladies suffer because they are all pretty monsters. Don't forget the metal bikinis, okay. Frank Frassetta was known for his Rubaenesque titties, ladies, and so on. Usually I just skim over the ladies because it makes me feel uncomfoertkble.

Boots are pretty hard. I screwed up the boots.

The best thing about drawing a pile of the dead is it can be just the body parts you find easy to draw. Like, I was at the Brickyard, or as I call it the goddamyard, and they made me check my coat, they MADE me, and I said, "Hey, what gives", and I had to pay a dollar, but what's a dollar really, but what made me ragious was this guy, built like a brick shit-house, second rate shit-house, he said, "Hey, I'm sick of having to pick up beer bottles and cans here at night", which is astronomically stupid because it's a bar, until I realized that he meant bottles that WERE NOT in fact BOUGHTTHERE. Ergo, they took my jacket, maybe your jacket too, so that I couldn't theoretically smuggle booze into a bar, which is a bit much. I defeated this prohibition by carrying my flask in my pants pocket. If, in the future, they ask me to check my pants, I'm afraid I will have a spasm.

Hey, Great Drawing! Thanks for reading!

Congratulations to Bryce Thng for his recent breakthrough vis. new developments in the semiotics of Fantasy art.



Tex: Mugs and Jugs just completed a renovation of their show lounge, so naturally we had to go on back to New Westminster to check it out, as well as pay an overdue visit to the Paramount. So, with a couple of cocktails under our belts and **Cowboy Bob** as our chauffeur, back to the Quay we went.

Dex: We entered Mugs and Jugs excitedly and were pleasantly surprised by the tasteful renovations... and by tasteful, I mean they added a shower.

Tex: We settled on into the only free booth in the packed bar and ordered up some whiskeys and burgers on paper plates.

Dex: The renovations were basic: new seats, flaming frosted glass smoke room, and the aforementioned shower... which a naked lady quickly made use of.

Tex: And now they have a "massage girl."

Dex: She was a portly girl wandering around wearing only some curiously dirty white hot pants and a tasteless halter top — basically not quite enough covering for my liking.

Tex: She kept going into the "VIProom" with some desperate pervert and not coming out for at least 25 minutes.

Cowboy Bob: I remember the dirty knees, heh heh heh.

Dex: Next we moved to some closer seats, to get a better view of the show....

Tex: There was a cute "school girl" on stage but she refused to take her clothes off, and just kept flashing us her baggy underwear.

Dex: She was just acting coy.

Tex: You know where koi belongs? In a pond.
Dex: I only laughed at that when I was drunk. Also the baggy underwear thing made me nervous. What, did she borrow them from Miss Dirty Knees?

Tex: We were lucky that we hit the place on a Wednesday, which seems to be the coolest night.

Many dancers started arriving at the bar and hanging around in sexy outfits and this equaled a good time.

Dex: The highlight of the evening was when Stevie the "Spidergirl" sauntered up on stage to the strains of the R a m o n e s ' "Spiderman."

Tex: Yeah man, her costume was sooooooool cool. She had the mask and everything and this glow-in-the-dark webbing on her pants. Spiderman never looked so hot...

Dex: She was hot and flexible. I've never seen a dancer do the splits so effortlessly. She worked the pole so skillfully she was practically hanging from the ceiling —

Cowboy Bob: Heh heh... you said "worked the pole"...

Tex: The acts that followed didn't quite match up to her performance... except for the free poster moment.

Dex: One of the dancers tried throwing a poster to us, but she was crap at throwing posters and missed. Tex tried getting it anyways, and succeeded in knocking it away from some other guy by drunkenly stabbing the guy's

hand with the legs of a stool.

Tex: It should have been ours! I didn't get it and I'll admit, I was a sore loser, so we left to go check out **TheParamount**, which is only a couple blocks down from Mugs and Jugs...

Dex: Except we ended up driving around New Westminster like lost idiots cuz of your bad directions

Cowboy Bob: TexAss was all "I know where it is! Make a right, then another right... or was it two lefts?"

Dex: TheParamount? Not fun.

Tex: The place is an old theatre of sorts, with many sentences of house rules written on a sign at the entrance. I wasn't reading things all too clearly at this point, and the theme of the evening up to this point had been 'drinking and watching naked ladies,' not reading a freaking book... but apparently one of the rules said something about "no alcohol."

Dex: Yeah, no drinking. **NO DRINK - JAG!!!!**

Tex: We had heard rumors of weirdness surrounding the drinking situation...

Dex: We didn't think it was possible....

Tex: But I was smart and brought in a couple of small bottles of whiskey, just in case....

Dex: Still in shock, we sat down and gave it a chance. Hey, maybe they had mutant-calibre beautiful dancers. Maybe it would be fun. Boy, were we wrong.

Tex: Yeah, so we paid 7 bucks cover each, thinking it can't be that bad... nonstop girls on stage?!

Cowboy Bob: Dude... (shakes head)

Tex: The first one was a not-so attractive "hag"-type woman to whom we managed to not pay that much attention, because we were still trying to figure out why we couldn't order alcohol at the bar.

Cowboy Bob: I got it, it's a peeler bar for recovering alcoholics!

Dex: If you're trying to avoid drinking to escape life, or especially disturbing mental images, DO NOTGO HERE!

Tex: Speaking of which... after a few more girls, we got our fair share of images worth taking up alcoholism to forget....

Dex: There was a hippie dancing on stage, and I was all "ugh, a hippie, with her limp, long brown hair and crushed velvet dress... I hate hippies..."

Tex: At this point, *before* she had taken any clothes off, I thought I might be able to escape any possible mental damage and took off for the can. Unfortunately, I didn't take long enough...

Cowboy Bob: Dude, I couldn't wait to see her big hairy bush!

Tex: Aughhhhh...

Dex: And I'm thinking "no, it's not possible"... but it was possible... disgustingly possible....

Tex: Dude, the dress comes off and it's a frighteningly bemuffed gigantic hairy BEAST. I don't think I've ever seen a thicker, coarser, darker, nastier thatch of pubic growth in my life.

Dex: It was as if she had clumsily Krazy Glued some faux fur between her legs.

Tex: Or a small helpless animal.

Cowboy Bob: The worst part was that it looked like she had actually tried trimming it into a triangle... and it was bad, bad, bad...

Tex: You couldn't even see anything.

Dex: Mentally scared, we ran screaming from the hairy snatch to the comfort of the **Fraser Arms** for a couple more drinks and a little more pussy.

Tex: What would we do without the Arms...?



BLUE MOVIES



MALABIMBA
1976

Reel Horror, the video store which has been providing me with the material to review over the past several months, is re-locating — after taking a much-needed hiatus as of midnight November 30, until sometime hopefully not too far into the new year. Apparently their building owner is some yuppie slumlord-wannabee so they are taking their growing business and clientele elsewhere. Meanwhile, log onto reel-horror.com for your scare-porn updates. I trust the intelligent and culturally astute South Main folks will continue to avoid that bloated, censoring pig of video-store-dom known as Blockbuster.

In my last visit at Reel Horror, Jess strongly recommended an Italian movie called MALABIMBA, suggesting that I would probably like it a lot. I would never have been drawn to that title, but now must admit that she sure knows her customers. MALABIMBA (its literal title translation would be POSSESSION OF AN ADOLESCENT) is a 1979 Eurosleaze take on THE EXORCIST and the phrase "erotically charged" seems to have been made for it. The original version is technically hardcore due to the inclusion of a few penetration inserts, but they are entirely unnecessary when you have a lot of catholic nuns, a sexually-possessed teenager, and fuzzy animal-toy fetishists... take note — this film may be the earliest example of stufie sex, as the precocious teen's companions are inclined to linger naturally with the nudity, rather than try to shock and tease with brief flashes like in American movies. The soundtrack is great too, but that's no surprise for 70's Italo product.

Dimitrios Otis

Illustrations by Ms Dexter

TRAILER PARK BOYS

...continued

wagon hooked to it. It made for some pretty funny scenes.

Nerve: Where's Bubbles living in the new season?

Mike: He's got a real nice new shed. At the end of season two, the boys went to jail, but they'd sold the dope and so, at the start of season 3 the boys have a few dollars to throw around.

Nerve: So they buy Bubbles a new shed.

Mike: Yep. Julian buys me a new shed and Ricky buys me a go-kart. The first episode back is pretty funny — I just saw it the other day. Ricky's not great with money, to say the least...

Nerve: What else is in store for the gang in the new season?

Mike: Um, there's an episode with Rush.

Nerve: Really? Some cameos?

Mike: More than a cameo, actually. Alex Lifeson, the guitar player, called up and said that he wanted to do a cameo. He said he's been watching the show since day one and was wondering if it was at all possible to do a cameo or have some kind of a walk-on on the show. Mike, the director, just said, "Well, why don't we write a show about you, about Alex Lifeson?" And Alex was totally into it. So we wrote an episode about Rush, where Bubbles becomes Alex's guitar tech.

Nerve: Really?

Mike: Alex flew down and we shot with him here for 3 days, and then we went to Toronto on October 22nd and I got on stage with Rush at the Air Canada Centre for a concert — there were about 27,000 people there — and I got on the stage as Bubbles, and

we filmed it for part of the episode.

Nerve: I guess you only get one take at that?

Mike: Yeah, only one take at that one. We [had] two points where I got on the stage, but the second time it was right before the encore, so the house lights were up and they had a big Jumbotron screen — a hundred-foot screen — and their camera guys filmed me, you know, put me on the screen, so Mike was able to shoot me and the screen and the crowd...

Nerve: Wow.

Mike: I haven't seen any of that footage yet, but I'm obviously looking forward to that. So, that's going to be a real good... hopefully, a real good episode.

Nerve: How did the crowd react when they saw Bubbles on the big screen?

Mike: There were a lot of people yelling "BUBBLES!" from the crowd. It was a pretty bizarre experience. But, yeah, season 3... I don't know what I can really tell you about it, but I think it's definitely going to be the best set of episodes yet.

Nerve: Season two ended pretty crazy...

Mike: [laughs] Yeah, the big helicopter chase... that was a fun one to shoot. Season 3 has definitely the craziest stuff we've shot... there's a lot of stuff going on... there's some good underwater stuff...

Nerve: Any new characters?

Mike: No, there's no new permanent characters.

Nerve: Is everyone back for season 3?

Mike: Yeah, everybody's there... there's a great, great Lahey and Randy episode where Mr. Lahey finally snaps and goes insane... it's pretty funny. Trinity, Ricky's daughter in season one, is back.

Nerve: I'm definitely looking forward to this season starting.

Mike: Oh, me too. I get a kick out of the show. I've only seen the first episode of season 3.

Nerve: Do you get to watch them all before they air, or do you wait and watch them on TV?

Mike: I usually watch at least the rough cuts. Then I wait for them to air before I watch the final cuts. But even if you do watch it beforehand, it's still not the same as watching it on T.V. There's always this weird excitement when it's actually beamed into all these homes...

Nerve: Bubbles is in the latest SNOW video. How did that happen?

Mike: It just sort of came out of nowhere. I got a phone call from EMI and they said that SNOW is a big fan of the show — particularly of Bubble — and was wondering what the chances of [me] being in the new video were. First, I wasn't going to do it, but...

Nerve: You had some reservations?

Mike: Yeah, I don't remember why I wasn't going to do it at first, but then I talked to the director and he really wanted me to do it. Then, after I'd talked to a few other people, I thought, yeah, what the hell. Then, after I'd done it, I was glad that I had because it was a really good time. And it was definitely good exposure for the show.

Nerve: Do you get recognized a lot when you go out?

Mike: I don't so much when I'm by myself, but when I'm out with Robb and J.P., who look virtually identical to Ricky and Julian, they get recognized immediately, and if I'm with them, people clue in and are like "holy shit!"

Nerve: Do you hang out a lot outside of the set?

Mike: Oh yeah, pretty much every day.

Nerve: I heard that you actually live really close to the park where you shoot?

Mike: Well, season 2, yeah. We've been shot in three different parks now... in season 4 we're hoping to build a park. [laughs]

Nerve: Really?

Mike: Yeah, you know, all you'd need are shells of trailers...

Nerve: I guess you'd have a lot more control...

Mike: Well, yeah, that's the thing... season 3 was really, really fuckin' hard to shoot because the park was a fairly small park and it had one entrance, which was a really bad idea because every bit of traffic in and out of the park has to go through this one section, which is where we were usually shooting...

Nerve: So it was like playing road hockey when you were a kid — "CAR" then "GAME ON"?

Mike: Virtually identical to that. We'd be shooting a scene and most people are pretty patient and will wait till until they know we're done shooting. But, there were a few hostile people in the park... people who'll just fuckin' barrel right through the middle of the scene and not give a fuck if they hit anybody. So, to have our own park, we'd really only need about twenty shells, and we could shoot it to look a lot bigger. Plus, if we had our own park, we could fuckin' blow trailers up and ram cars through them... which we actually did this year.

Nerve: Really?

Mike: Yeah, we put a car through a trailer. [laughs] Yeah, there is some good action this year... a few more stunts like that, things blowing up...

Nerve: Do you use any stunt doubles on the show?

Mike: Well, when we rammed the car through the trailer, we had to use a stunt guy... but, other than that, it's all us. We actually did a crazy fuckin' stunt... it's the first scene of season 3... we come rippin' along in the Shitmobile and we're supposed to

just... we didn't have the street blocked off or anything, we just shot it, sort of... with no permit... and we were supposed to just skid about 30 feet and stop in front of the bank... and fuckin' Robb was driving, and nobody tested the car out before hand (which was ready to just crumble anyway). So we came rippin' down, holy fuck, and I had the glasses on so I couldn't really see — I was in the back seat — and we came to the skid and only one tire locked up, and we skidded a hundred and sixty feet.

Nerve: Holy shit!

Mike: On a narrow street, too. I can't believe we didn't fuckin' take out something'. So, that's the first scene!

Nerve: You kept that take?

Mike: Oh, yeah. We had a camera mounted to the car and on the microphone of that camera. When we played it back, you can hear me screaming in the car going, "HOLY FUCK!" [laughs] So, I think we blew the scripted dialogue because we were so fuckin' shook, but we got up and stayed in character and, I forget what I said, something like, "did you see that fuckin' skid?" or something like that. That was a bit of a nerve-wracking day.

Nerve: Danger pay.

Mike: Yeah. So, hopefully, people will like this season. I think it's going to be good.

Nerve: I read that you've done 8 episodes for the new season.

Mike: Yep.

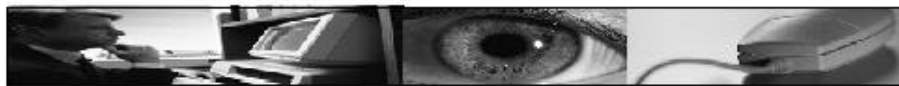
Nerve: And that starts when?

Mike: April 6th on Showcase.

Catch re-runs of episodes from seasons 1 and 2 Sunday nights on Showcase (39) at 9:00 pm, and for more info, go to www.showcase.ca/trailerparkboys

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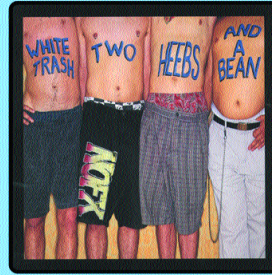




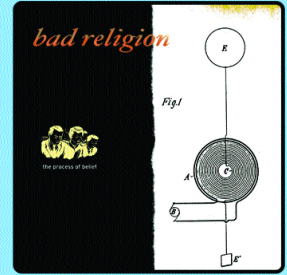
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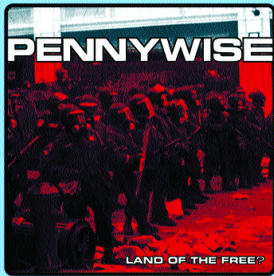
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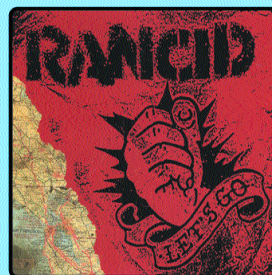
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