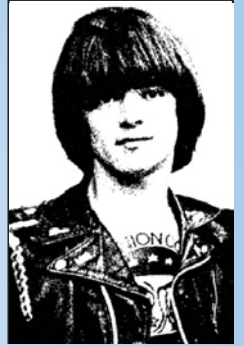


Another Dope Issue  
Vol. 3 No. 5 July 2002

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# The Nerve

A Mag for Freedom's Sake!



Dee Dee Ramone  
1952-2002

# BAD RELIGION



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July						
sunday	monday	tuesday	wednesday	thursday	friday	saturday
	1 <b>Spicy</b>	2 	3 Grames Brothers w/ Foam Mesh	4 <b>TRANSFORMER</b> Tony Ezzy & the 100th Monkey Crew w/ Langdon Auger and the grandmother	5 Ten Ways From Sunday Day Theory	6 Mike Weterings Band, Shoofly & I'm Not Frank
7 <b>GO4 SICKSOhFORE SUNDAYS</b> Featuring Dreamwalker UCG crew - Edmonton	8 <b>Spicy</b>	9 	10 Wilmas Barnyard Fiasco Sweet Potato & Foam Mesh	11 <b>TRANSFORMER</b> Tony Ezzy w/ Abracadabra the Human Beat Box (Stanger Research, Mega Crew)	12 <b>QUADIPA</b> BLOCK ROCKING BEETS. w/ DJ Matty LIVE MUSIC @ THE DOOR Live hip hop drum & bass + down tempo	13 the Mr. Bigstuff house party
14 <b>GO4 SICKSOhFORE SUNDAYS</b> Featuring Body Language Breakdancing Showcase	15 <b>Spicy</b>	16 	17 Celebrate the Song II A singer songwriter night showcasing 10 musicians performing solo	18 Private Party	19 Mariana's Trench Day Theory	20 Identify Live Progressive House ensemble direct from France
21 <b>GO4 SICKSOhFORE SUNDAYS</b> Featuring Emotions Fourth World Occupants	22 <b>Spicy</b>	23 	24 Dub Frequency w/ Foam Mesh	25 <b>TRANSFORMER</b> Tony Ezzy w/ DJ Ph@ True School Funk meets Live Electronica	26 Kaejema playing funk&dubjazz	27 Fidigital Live Electronic Spy Sounds
28 <b>GO4 SICKSOhFORE SUNDAYS</b> B-boys, MC's, DJ's, Graffiti Art and Beatboxing	29 <b>Spicy</b>	30 	31 Foam Mesh w/ guests			

## Ed's Burp!

All right fuckers, you will now be getting TWICE the bang for nothin'. We've gone monthly! I know, I know, you don't deserve it, but we're gluttons for punishment. We've also got a new office at 508 - 825 Granville St. (but all mail should still go to the crack box in Chinatown.) I no longer get to work in my skivvies in my bedroom (but hey, my office DOES have a door... even then, Twatson never seemed to mind) but this is probably for the best. Movin' the fuck on up! That's all kids, enjoy.

Cowboy "Drunk Again" Bob  
Editor-in-CHIEF!



### THE NERVE HIT SQUAD!

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(a/k/a Editor-in-Chief)  
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(a/k/a Production Manager)

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#### The Cleaner

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## Nervous Response Letters, Rants, Cussin'

okay. i consider myself a pretty up to the minute vancouver girl. i'm the one always gawking at flyers and picking up every publication around to find out what's going on in this fair city of ours. i like to think i know what's going on in town. last tuesday, that all changed. i saw your magazine. i read your magazine. your magazine fucking rocked. the bit on the cop auction had me laughing my head off. what i wanna know is: how come i've never seen nerve before? and how come the one place i ever have seen it is in a trendy little coffee shop in point grey? what's the deal? i'm also curious as to the whole staff thing... are you guys paid? do your ad sales actually cover cheques for the crew, or are you doing this merely out of the goodness of your dear little hearts? i'd love it if you emailed me back when you get the chance.

thanks for the magazine,

xxx 000

karen

Contributing Editor Leather Twatson responds:

Thanks for the warm fuzzies, Karen. As one up-to-the-minute Vancouver girl to another, welcome to Nerveland. We've reprinted the list of places *Where The Nerve Gets Laid* on p.8, but you can find us online any time at [thenervemagazine.com](http://thenervemagazine.com). To answer your questions in order, we can't say as we know why you've never seen *The Nerve* before... more's the pity, but luckily you can always catch up by checking out the online archives from the early days when we were just a webzine. These days, the rippin' Nervemobile distributes from UBC to the Fraser Valley (including a few trendy places along the way), but between voracious readers and disgusted retailers, it can be tough to get your hands on a copy, especially late in the month. We've always got extras kicking around here, so you just give us a call on the old telephone and we can probably rustle up a little something. As you have so astutely noted, try as we might, we are still plagued by that problem of the residual "goodness in our dear little hearts". We are working on that... thanks to everyone for their patience.

This leads to your question about "the whole staff thing" — this month's *Civixen* (p.4) gives the basic details about the Terms and Conditions of Employment at *The Nerve Magazine*, and all the legal mumbojumbo and the contact info for ad sales and submissions can be found in the fine print at the bottom of the masthead, elsewhere on this page. We thrive on new talent, so writers (especially CD and concert reviewers), photographers and illustrators are always welcome to submit samples of their work to us, BUT — a word to the wise- people shouldn't assume that just because they're writing a *sample* review they can use the magazine's name to gain free admission to whatever concert they are hoping to write about... it won't work and, if truth be told, it really fucking irritates us. Our loyal band of Nerverts and Nervettes are remunerated using an innovative system of promotional stickers and a type of liquid-based Direct Deposit, but only the top brass get the really sweet perks: big boss Cowboy Bob gets the corner office and the aforementioned rippin' Nervemobile (an '85 — the same year as a Corvette! You can flame-broil steaks on the radio! It's so 007!), I've got the beachhouse, and Production Manager Atomick Pete and Art Director Saturin are co-investors in a highly profitable llama farm in Abbotsford. Who knows? Someday, kid, this could all be yours...

Just one question for you, Karen... what is a "cheque"?



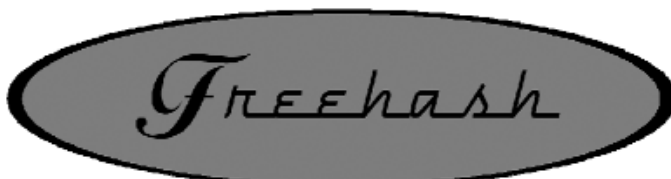
Maverick documentary filmmaker Michael Moore gave us his support well before that *Sex Issue* earned us the title of "Vancouver's Foremost Literary Voice".

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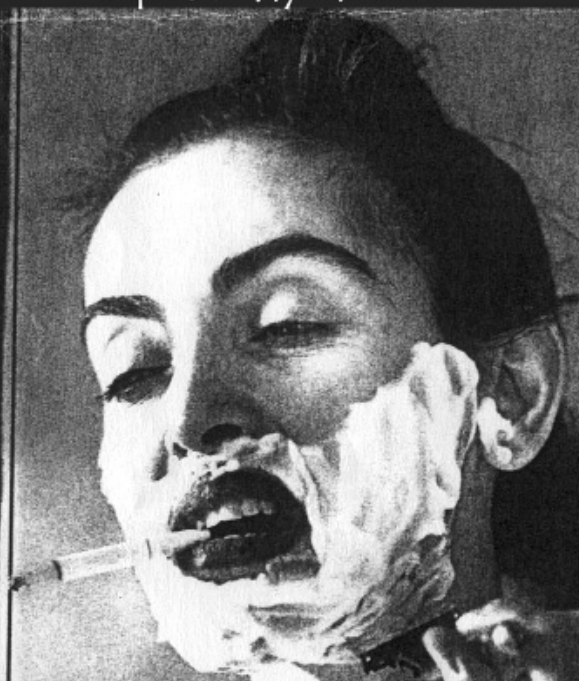


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## Too Legit To Quit?

Some major milestones in Nerveland — going monthly, moving to our stylin' new Granville Street office, and yours truly taking up residence in George Puil's neighbourhood — have given us all big ole heads these days (not that we needed anything else to get engorged with blood after —ahem— coming together for that Sex Issue). You'd be chuffed too if you'd just managed to carpet bomb Walton's Mountain with the depraved pornographic scribbles of some of the city's most perverse minds, all under the banner of "Vancouver's Foremost Literary Voice". Tee hee. (Go look at last issue's cover again, I'll wait.) There is a lesson here: the general public might just believe what you tell them about yourself, even when your actions prove otherwise. Take Jean Chrétien, for example — and his close friend, media mogul Izzy Asper: mounting evidence points to a long history of logrolling between these two chums, but by staying ahead of the story and trumpeting their spin from the rooftops (and in Asper's case, his ownership of CanWest Global grants access to a pretty significant percentage of the nation's rooftops), they unblinkingly proceed with business as usual, assuming (not surprisingly, making asses of you and me in the process) that most people won't notice the heroic busts they've commissioned of themselves are molded (artistically, I'll grant) from pure bullshit.

In the interests of full disclosure, I'm not a disgruntled mainstream journalist who gave up a lucrative column at The Province or The Sun in order to take a position here at the most banned magazine in Vancouver, where the pay is only in beer. (Hey! No crowding.) There are many reasons I signed on to this crazy enterprise as Number One to Cowboy Bob's Captain, among them the desire to seek out fucked up new worlds and

Nervette... *ne fûchez pas avec nous, mon petit chou!*) Editorial freedom of this sort is pretty addictive, and *Nerve* staff aren't notorious for their self-control on the best of days, so you can see how the whole thing has synergized (a word that is, to paraphrase our own Jason Ainsworth, 110% ghay).

The fact that I'm not stuffing this column full of my opinions about the Palestinian — Israeli situa-

ism. If you can somehow manage to dislodge any morsels of journalistic nutrients from between your teeth after consuming an issue of *The Nerve*, well congratufuckinglations, my friend... we knew *somebody* out there was still producing high quality LSD, and thanks to you, we're now one step closer to acquiring some.

But seriously, folks... opinions are something Gönzo journalism has never been lacking (Hunter S.

Asper newspaper (in case that "Hard Core Ass Action Sex Issue" left any traces of doubt on your blue dress, Monica), I would like to inform Jean Chrétien that he is *always* welcome to suck the dick of any available *Nerve* staffer or contributor, day or night (we have home numbers for many people, but those who've given us only email addresses may take a day or two to set up, so just bear with us if you would). Might I be so bold as to recommend young Ainsworth? The allure of all his naughty Catholic references might well inflame the Prime Ministerial loins to their Shawingianian pinnacle. You just never know what some people will like... I mean, I never thought Asper looked like the PM's sort of boy either, but apparently *that's* working out tremendously (at least if you believe CanWest Global media outlets).

It's been a busy month, so if anyone needs me, like a lot of the mainstream journalists in Canada these days — including ex-*Ottawa Citizen* editor Russell Mills, and *Sun/Province* contributors Gordon Gibson and Rafe Mair — I'll be at the bar, drinking my wages. For the poor slobs of the "legit" press, that's an escape... for *The Nerve Magazine*, it's just another form of Direct Deposit.

Long live *The Nerve* and Cowboy Bob, providers of the freest fuckin' press in the West! Yippee ki-yay.

[civixen@thenervemagazine.com](mailto:civixen@thenervemagazine.com)

**The generations-old pissing contests of a bunch of megalomaniacal old men a hemisphere away are certainly fair game for this column and this magazine, but between the booze-spiked slurpees and the bong hits of chronic, I'm no better equipped to write about that shit than I imagine you folks are to read about it.**

boldly roll where no one has rolled before (I have no choice, since I've now broken TWO pipes in the line of *Nerve* duty). The chief selling point is The Chief himself, who lets me write whatever the holy hell I want, and I don't know a lot of other newspapers around these parts that would print my invitation to the mayor of this shire to suck my metaphorical dick. (The offer stands — if he can *find* it, he can suck it!) The Cowboy backs me up whether I'm throwing down on store-bought targets like Mayor McDork or random assfaces in my personal life. (I'd like to see that shit stain who forged my cheque just *TRY* and get a drink at the Cobalt without getting his nose broken by a head butt from some loyal Nervert or

tion doesn't mean that I wouldn't be fully supported if I wanted to do that. (If you *must* know, in a nutshell, my opinion is this: Palestinian & Israeli people = mostly good... Palestinian & Israeli politicians = mostly shitty... Palestinian statehood = why the fuck not? A little cartographic respect might go a long way in this case). The generations-old pissing contests of a bunch of megalomaniacal old men a hemisphere away are certainly fair game for this column and this magazine, but between the booze-spiked slurpees and the bong hits of chronic, I'm no better equipped to write about that shit than I imagine you folks are to read about it. In case you are new, Gönzo journalism has never *actually* been about the journal-

Thompson isn't exactly a shrinking violet) and so as a local magazine, we do feel a responsibility to publish opinions about civic issues and assholery. (Jennifer "What Transit Strike?" Clarke, you're on deck, biotch!) Expect to see a bumpy ride for the establishment and blatantly biased support for any Funarchy-oriented platforms in November's Vancouver municipal elections. Like Big Daddy Kane, we'll be "attacking like Robitussin on a cough". (Ahh, 'Tussin... the flavoured liqueur of the white trash set. Summer calls for a nice 'Tussin and tonic. Or maybe a 'Tussin Sangria?)

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# Their Less Than Secret Lives:

Hollywood Storytellers Jonathan Ames and Jerry Stahl *by Jeff Oliver*



I miss literary New York. Lush used bookstores, lonely subway readers, skinny bespectacled girls clutching Joyce Carol Oates to their hearts. I miss the bearded men in corduroy lauding Proust, the tortured scribblers mailing their hearts in manila envelopes only to have them rejected in form-letters six months later. I miss the physicality of writers too - in this land of gorgeous women with perfect tans and actors with flawless abs, I yearn for the scrawny, acne-prone heroes of the literary stage, the awkward celebrities who sweat nicotine as they approach the podium stuttering their own prose to crowds of three, four, five... friends. Book culture. I've been living in L.A. for a month and the closest I've come to it is hearing a movie producer brag about how cheaply he bought Philip K. Dick's story "Minority Report." It's getting me homesick.

Needless to say, when my actress-friend Wendy took me to Skylight Books in West Hollywood (she had an audition next door), I was delighted to see a huge window advertisement for Jonathan Ames' new book, "My Less Than Secret Life." It pointed to a burgeoning literary interest here in Hollywood, and I was so excited that I asked Wendy if she'd read it yet. "Of course," she replied, surprising me. "Twice, actually." Actually, I was stunned. Had I misjudged L.A., Wendy? Was the real literary cutting edge here in Hollywood? "Well?" I asked. "How was it?" It was then that Wendy dropped the bomb. "Oh!" she said, touching her bottom lip dumbly. "I thought you meant the ad."

As it turned out, neither of us had even read the ad very well either, because we missed the announcement of the reading that night, featuring both Jonathan Ames and the *enfant terrible* of L.A. fiction, Jerry Stahl. I ran into the bookstore like it was an emergency. "How much for the Ames-Stahl reading?" I asked the guy at the desk. He had a faux-hawk and a Henna tattoo on his forehead. He spoke slowly. "Dude, this is L.A. You couldn't pay people to go to a reading."

You could pay me. A Jerry Stahl/Jonathan Ames double-header is like a dream to me. Both writers brilliantly express their ideas about the human condition - well, boners, mostly. How immature boners are, how selfish they can be, and yet how controlled by love. The key to these two writers is their empathy and emotional courage - not since Bukowski have two writers been able to pull off stories about getting laid with such sensitivity and panache. I revered them.

Admittedly, Jerry Stahl is my favourite. His first book "Permanent Midnight" is electric - a hilarious narcotic memoir detailing Stahl's years writing for the sitcom *Alf* while addicted to drugs. It has everything: sad moments, hilarious scenes, scary and provocative rants that put him somewhere between Hubert Selby Jr. and Philip Roth. I liked "Midnight" so much that I devoured his next book "Perv: A love story," and even though it was strangely less mature than the first, I stood by him, literally hounding his publisher to send me an advanced readers copy of his next work. But "Plainclothes Naked," his most recent book (the one he is ostensibly promoting this night) was a bust. A detective *noir* novel in the tradition of Raymond Chandler, it is rife with cheap fat jokes, racial gags and slapstick scenes where two des-

perate drug addicts get wacky while hunting for a photo of George W. Bush's nuts. It is a giggly read for sure, but it makes Stahl look like a talented but spoiled frat boy, leading me to the question: where's the famous Stahl empathy? Maybe he's lived in L.A. too long to hold on to it. Or maybe the cliché that an addict is only as old as the years he's lived outside of his addiction has finally caught up to him, and he's regressed. Whatever the reason, Stahl's compassion seemed to have left him, and I hoped to find out where it had gone.

Jonathan Ames, the younger of the two, still has his empathy fully intact - his work just gets funnier, edgier and more compelling with each new piece. Ames' first book "I Pass Like Night," was slightly scattered, mainly because he was only twenty-five when he wrote it. Still, its honesty about sexual desire made it an instant New York classic, and his excellent column for The New York Press and equally lauded one-man show "Oedipussy" made Ames something of a Golden Boy in the alternative arts world. Instead of folding under the pressure of success, young Ames became more confident and adventurous, first with the novel "The Extra Man," followed by a book of stories entitled "What's Not To Love?"

His new work, "My Less Than Secret Life," is a collection of fiction, diaries and articles, revealing the best aspect of Jonathan Ames: he

Stahl gripped the mic like Henry Rollins, his massive forearm flexed: "I see that Jonathan Ames brought his parents to the reading. Nice... You see, my parents don't come to my readings. Something about transvestites..."

loves life. Ames wants to experience all the sexual adventures, emotional perversities, weirdness and wonders of the world first-hand, to live them completely and then write about them because they're so damn cool. This alone makes Ames the protagonist very readable. And while a writer like Jerry Stahl has said many times that he chose his profession because he just wants to be alone, it is Ames' eagerness for the fray that keeps his writing so fresh.

7:15 p.m., Skylight Books. The bookstore filled up. Surprisingly, it was with gorgeous women. Busty brunettes and blondes in revealing clothing. It occurred to me that it might be a Ben Stiller thing... Stiller has been close chums with Jerry Stahl ever since starring in the screen adaptation of "Permanent Midnight," (the two are currently working on a screen version of Budd Schulberg's classic novel "What Makes Sammy Run?"). As I followed the women's lustful eyes, I saw that they weren't looking for famous actors, but at a strange-looking man with albino-white eyebrows who paced nervously near the Foreign Language section next to the stage - Jonathan Ames.

At first I only saw the figure - a tall, broad man in his thirties wearing a wrinkled sports coat, a tie with dancing puppies and black sneakers that gave him the appearance of a geeky college professor who might have toilet paper trailing from his pant leg. His face was even more cartoonish, with its bugged-out green eyes, floppy ears, a patchy balding head, and a nose so obtrusive that it might demand its own floor space in an elevator. It was a nervous face, handsome because it is interesting. The lovechild of Marty Feldman and Buster Keaton.

But Ames clearly wasn't Keaton's lovechild, since Max and Florence, his parents, were seated right there in the front row. And what a sweet sight to see! Proud parents! Pining for their talented son! Flying in from New York to watch him read! Loving him! Supporting him! Caring for him! Adoring him...

—BLAM!—"Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!"

A loud thud sounded. A thick black leather jacket landed on a chair next to the stage,

and the chair toppled under its weight.

"Perfect - just fucking perfect!"

The voice grumbled from behind the Martial Arts section, where, through the cracks, I saw an unshaven, hangdog face that I recognized from the back of books, columns in hip magazines, and even a brief moment in the movie *Zoolander*: Jerry Stahl, the literary bad-ass himself.

"Shit, shit. Perfect," he cursed on.

Recognizing that his two stars are present, the faux-hawk began, "Ladies and gentlemen, thank you for coming tonight - may I first introduce Mr. Jerry Stahl..."

Enter the *Dark Lord*.

Stahl took the stage in a sleeveless black shirt and judo pants, looking much like an evil Jedi knight. He had huge Chinese tattoos on his beefy arms, a half-shaven head, and between his sideburns, an indignant frown. His whole posture screamed 'fuck you', and I bet if translated, that's what his tattoos say. Stahl gripped the mic like Henry Rollins, his massive forearm flexed: "I see that Jonathan Ames brought his parents to the reading. Nice... You see, my parents don't come to my readings. Something about transvestites..." He let that *non-sequitur* hang in the air for a while, then opened one of his books. "This first selection is from my second book, and you could say it is a

fringe of the crowd reading a magazine. I had noticed the man before, and saw that he had a hearing aid behind his ear, indicating that he might be partially deaf. Stahl didn't see it though, and ripped into him. "Look at that guy!" he barked. "Sorry to disturb you, sir - whaddya got, Discovery Magazine over there? Hope my reading isn't too loud!" The man didn't lift his head from the magazine - being deaf and all - and this seemed to infuriate Stahl to the max. "That actually is my Dad," Stahl said bitterly to the crowd, "... comes to all my readings. What a nightmare!"

Luckily, the nightmare didn't continue long. Stahl returned to his pages, choosing an anti-Hollywood rant from his masterpiece "Permanent Midnight": "This is Hollywood's little secret. It's not about making movies. Forget that shit about 'the Dream Factory.' It's about manufacturing frustration. Preening movie stars making people out there in Dirtville feel like shit."

When I'd first read these words years ago, I thought they were the work of a cynical genius with a way with words, but seeing him now, so irate, so pent up and testosterone-infused, I reconsidered. This guy was not cynical, he was pissed. Pissed because his paranoid mind saw untrustworthy assholes everywhere who have lied and cheated and stolen away his happiness!

Pissed! Stahl's inspiration comes not from a joy of writing, but from a deep well of simmering anger - revenge!

Finally he was done. "Thanks a lot," he said, soaked with sarcasm. "You guys have been really great. Really. Enjoy Jonathan Ames." With that, The Dark Lord sulked off stage.

Luckily, this made room for the Golden Prince, and Ames bounced to the podium like the very puppy dogs on his mint green tie. There was a sigh of relief in the audience; Ames seemed eager to save us from Stahl's torture chamber, and we were equally ready to be rescued.

"When I was a kid," he began sweetly, "and the bullies used to try to beat me up, my best friend and I developed this help-call. We called it the 'Hairy Call,' and we'd use it to alert one another that we needed to be saved from grave danger. It goes like this..." Ames then took a quarter-back's stance and, like a wounded Tarzan, let out a tongue-flicking yowl in three directions. It was a freakish display, but he took his time, and the seriousness with which he performed the call, an obvious tension-breaker, disarmed the crowd immediately. A few of us burst out laughing - several people broke into tears. After all, not only had the stress of Stahl's misdirected anger been lifted by Ames' exhibitionism, but all of a sudden we were entrusted with protecting a little boy in trouble. Our collective maternal instincts were triggered by the Hairy Call, and we yielded to the warm feeling of it, yearning to protect Ames from bullies like Jerry Stahl. "AOOOOOOOOOO," Ames bellowed to the East.

Once the laughter died down, Ames

see Oliver on next page

Best Panty Remover...





# Dee Dee Ramone 1952-2002

It's always hard to eulogize one of your heroes, especially when they die tragically before their time. Dee Dee's death last month came as a great surprise to me.

I've been a fan of the Ramones since the eighth grade when I used to play *Blitzkrieg Bop* in my garage with a group of friends. We got the words wrong and out of the four chords in the song, we managed to leave one of them out... but it didn't matter. It was fun to yell "Hey! Ho! Let's go!"

The more I learned about the band, the more Dee Dee Ramone stood out as my favorite Ramone. While the Ramones always presented a united front with their identical last names and their uniform of leather jackets and ripped jeans, Dee Dee's personality really came through.

It was Dee Dee's voice that screamed the trademark '1-2-3-4!' and sang the infamous 'Warhog.' While Joey Ramone wrote 1950's style love songs, Dee Dee's dark sense of humor gave us "Now I Wanna Sniff Some Glue," and '53rd and 3rd' (about a Vietnam Vet forced to hustle sex.) He also had an ear for classic pop songs like 'Rockaway Beach,' a number one hit that never was (it was released in the middle of winter).

Dee Dee always seemed the oddcast within the group, the eccentric Ramone, the loose cannon.

A transplant from Berlin, Dee Dee's politics differed slightly from the conservative pro-USA views of Johnny, the band's leader. This is never more evident than in the Ramones performance footage from the movie *Rock 'N' Roll High School*. Johnny wears a t-shirt that reads: "United States of America," while, across the stage, Dee Dee has on a shirt that says: "Amsterdam Holland".

Dee Dee was always a character. He collected tattoos, wristwatches and handguns with equal zeal. There's a famous story about an argument between Dee Dee and End of The Century producer Phil Spector which evolved into an armed stand-off.

Dee Dee's autobiography; *Poison Heart: Surviving the Ramones* (later repackaged and retitled *Lobotomy*) details his life-long struggles with drugs and the artistic differences that led to his leaving the band in 1989.

Dee Dee used heroin right from the beginning of his career to combat feelings of boredom and frustration. Somehow he managed to survive, kick his habit and continue to write some of the most memorable Ramones songs well into the '90s.

In 1999, I flew to London, Ontario to see Dee Dee play a rare solo gig at the club "Call The Office." His band featured his new wife Barbara on bass and Marky Ramone on drums with Dee Dee himself providing guitar and vocals. They called themselves the Remains and their set was composed almost entirely of Ramones classics. After the show I realized that I knew the guy who was working as Dee Dee's roadie. I convinced him to let me go backstage so that Dee Dee could give me a tattoo.

I went upstairs to the dressing rooms and told Dee Dee to draw whatever he wanted on my forearm with a black felt marker. He carefully sketched out a child-like cartoon of a grinning skull, peering out from behind a cross or

tombstone that read: Dee Dee Ramone. One of the bouncers shook his head when he heard that I wanted to make the souvenir permanent with a tattoo needle. He suggested that I invest my money in an RRSP instead. Despite his advice, the next day I took the train to Toronto and gave myself a permanent memento (or scar). It's been an interesting conversation piece ever since.

A few years after I moved to Vancouver, Dee Dee was scheduled to play at the Starfish Room. The gig was cancelled at the last minute when he apparently freaked out in Portland and flew back home to New York. I never got to show him how I'd defaced myself with his little drawing. I suspect he would have just shaken his head.

On June 7th 2002, I was shocked to hear that Dee Dee had died the night before. More shocking still was the fact that it was thought to be drug related. After so many years of being a survivor, of being off of dope (supposedly) and getting his life together, Dee Dee died of a drug overdose.

I don't know why Dee Dee went back to heroin. Remembering how happy he seemed with his new wife and band-mate Barbara, I hate to think what it must have been like for her to find his body. My heart goes out to her.

So, as the old cliché goes, Dee Dee is at peace now. I'm sure there are going to be enough career retrospectives that go into detail from his beginnings at CBGBs to Dee Dee King and beyond. There will be a multitude of thoughts and personal anecdotes from those who knew him well. To me, Dee Dee was one of the great tragic figures in rock 'n' roll, and truly one of its unsung heroes.

Dee Dee seemed to be bigger than life and "too tough to die"... though unfortunately, he wasn't. He was only human and he will be missed.

Rusty Haight

## Oliver from previous page

prepared his next ice-breaker by producing a hollow candle from his jacket pocket. "Has anyone ever heard of an Ear Candle? See, it's a product, and you light the end and the heat sucks the wax out of your ear - it's also called Ear Coning." He held a Zippo to the ear candle, lit the tip, tilted it upwards, and stuck the end into his ear. Thick plumes of smoke oozed from his head, and the flame, several inches high, fizzled with ear wax. The audience giggled in delight, praying that nothing bad would happen - after all, we were his protectors, and he was trying so hard to entertain us. Luckily, no other fires started, but Ames had cleared both his throat and ears, allowing the reading to begin.

He started with a doozy. "The Pop (definition: cum-shot) and My Pop (definition: dad)," was an article from his new collection about visiting a porno set as a guest director with his dad. Pussies and cocks and facials and cunnilingus were described in vivid detail, all with a sort of apologetic squeamishness that forgave his profanities. When Stahl swore, the audience felt assaulted, but with Ames, profanity was the secret pleasure that it should be. The writer apologized, but kept going, imploring his own mother in the front row to forgive him for uttering words like "pussy juice." She always did of course, Ames was irresistible when he talked snatch, and in fact, most of the women in the audience were blushing not out of outrage, but rather arousal.

Ames then asked his father, Max, to approach the podium and read a section that he himself has penned about his experiences visiting the porn set with his son. "All my life I have been attracted to porn flicks, starting when I was about seventeen years old," the pudgy old man began. Once Max was done waving off the cheering crowd, his mother Florence got up too, and proceeded to read a poem about going on her first date at sixteen years old with a much older boy of twenty. She warned the crowd that we'd all find out how her son had become such a sex fiend when we heard it, but the poem couldn't have been sweeter... about hugging on the boardwalk at Coney Island with a boy who let her wear his varsity sweater while he read Keats. Mrs. Ames blew a kiss to her son when she was done, and the crowd loved it.

Jonathan Ames got back on stage. "I would like to end the evening with some good old toilet humor." Everyone laughed - we would have laughed at anything at that point simply because we knew he'd go through with anything. And he did. He topped the night off with a hilarious story called "I Shit My Pants In The South Of France," a fecal masterpiece that had the crowd literally shitting their pants.

And in the end, the Stahl/Ames reading was probably the most uniquely Hollywood event that I've attended yet: it was scripted to perfection, following the classic formula, the "Reverse Emotional Curve": (1) start off dark, with no hope in sight (Stahl), (2) revert to hopefulness (a playground call, an ear cleansing, porn, a mom reading a poem), (3) then, just when the audience gets hopeful of a happy ending, bring things back to Shit.

The Nerve's columnist-at-large Jeff Oliver has just relocated to Hollywood from New York City. May the Force be with him.



photography | cover design | mixed media | brain

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Go Fuck Yourself or Go to The Cobalt!

# FULLBORE HARD CORE



**The Nerve** dishes the dirt and slops the beer with **Jason Leblanc** and **wendythirteen**, the guy and gal on the frontlines of punk in Vancouver's only full-time hardcore bar.

**A.D. MADGRAS:** *Let's start with a bit of a history. How'd Fullbore get started?*  
**Jason Leblanc:** My first booking gig was at Samoo's and...

**A.D.:** *Which is now the Brickyard?*  
**J:** Back when it was a coke den for the drug lords of the East Side.  
**wendythirteen:** My first one was at The Columbia, pre-Fullbore. With Punchdrunk and Zimmer's Hole....  
**J:** Then Wendy and I hooked up on Halloween of '99 at the Clidungea....

**A.D.:** *The what?*  
**J:** The Columbia. The Clidungea. (laughs)

**A.D.:** *Then you hooked up and started booking the Columbia together.*

**J:** Yeah, I had an open invitation from Thomas [bar manager at the time -Ed.] to come and [book the bar] and just took it up with Wendy.

**W:** I was doing posters.  
**J:** That was pretty much it. Then Thomas proceeded to twist and turn and bend us into a pretzel so we couldn't even work there to the point where he wasn't even going to poster for the bands... he felt the bands should pay for the door man and the sound man. It was really getting stupid. But, it is my opinion Thomas did a ton for the music scene in Vancouver and it was just unfortunate that the whole scene went the way it did. But at the same time, scenes come and scenes go and I'm just super stoked that we're in our 3<sup>rd</sup> year.

**A.D.:** *So how long were you at The Columbia?*  
**J:** 4 months.

**A.D.:** *And it's been just over two years at the Cobalt for you.*

**W:** Two long hard years.  
**J:** Hard... *drinkin' hard* (laughs).

**W:** I've got my drinkin' down to five days a week now... and special occasions.

**A.D.:** *It was up to what? 7-8 days a week?*

**J:** When we first started hanging out it was pretty much 24-7. We'd burn about a half ounce of weed, drink a 2-4....

**W:** I can drink a 2-4 myself.

**J:** Wendy can drink me under the table... I'd like that on the record. After about 3 days I'm pretty much done. Wendy doesn't seem too... if there's beer in the fridge and someone to drink it with, she'll sit and... fuck, even if there *isn't* anyone to drink it with....

**W:** I'm not drinking today, am I?

**J:** No. Hey, you wanna beer?  
**W:** Oh, you just really want to get this going, do ya?

**J:** Here ya go (cracks a couple of bottles)

**W:** Ok, so 6 days a week this week.

**A.D.:** *Alright, let's skip ahead now, 'cause, I mean, we could go on forever about what's happened over the past two years at The Cobalt, I've got enough memories and non-memories and broken bones to show that I've had a good time....*  
**W:** You never broke a bone....  
**J:** Oh wait! Is that THE bent Cobalt finger?

**A.D.:** *Yeah, now it's my weather finger. I can tell when it's going to rain 'cause it starts to hurt.*

**W:** Shit, that's a really crooked finger.  
**J:** Who broke that?

**A.D.:** *Winning punk rock bingo broke this finger.... (tells a pit story)... I tried to drink more to get rid of the pain... my hand was*

*swelling and turning black. I decided to go home and ended up puking my guts out on the side of the road. That was the last time I played punk rock bingo.*

**W:** Punk rock bingo, the night of puke and piss!

**J:** Puke, piss, shit, cum.... That's what we tell our cleaners when they apply, 'cause we go through cleaners.... They'll ask about the job and [we just say] PUKE, PISS, SHIT, CUM! YES OR NO!

**W:** There have been some classic pukers there.

**J:** Oh, no shit.

**A.D.:** *I remember when you used to have the 'chug-a-jug'... that was always good for a projectile puke.*

**W:** Hey, now, now, that's illegal. We don't do anything like that! (laughs)

**J:** No one's going to read this... (yells) We used to do chug-a-jugs before we knew the law. Before there was no law anywhere... back in the day. Yeah, it was lawless for a little while. We're in a different situation

**W:** They're our babies.

**J:** They've played [The Cobalt] more than any other band.

**W:** Except probably Nunstalker.

**J:** Nope.

**W:** Well, that's what Cockrock says.

**J:** Well, Cockrock is full of shit. But Cockrock's a great guy. You see, The Cobalt works because it's a community effort. It's guys like [The Nerve] helping us out, guys like Cockrock... he's been great... some of the best shows we've done have been a result of his work. People have ideas... we did the "Free Mumia" benefit. Now, that was brought to our table by guys in the community who said, "Hey, we've got this great idea." And we facilitated that. That's what makes The Cobalt successful, the fact that it's a place where people know that they can bring anything to the table and it's gonna get a good shot at, you know, coming through.

**A.D.:** *You guys have a rep. of being brutally honest and fair with people...*

**J:** Well, back to what I was saying. It's a weird scene....

**W:** Like, we cater to pretty much every genre except the radio people. Except stuff like when Robin Black comes to town....

**A.D.:** *Well, that was an impromptu show.*  
**W:** Yeah.

**J:** It seems to me that the punk scene, the new style punk, is going very strong. There's tons and tons of that kind of band. There's a few really good grindcore bands in the city — a few — and there's a few good crusty punk bands, but just, like, maybe five or six that are of age to get into the bar. The all ages scene here in Vancouver is wicked. And some of the heaviest and most aggressive stuff is the straight edge hardcore... which is my favourite stuff. Superfast.

**W:** Blem de la Blem. (all laugh) (Blem is Leblanc's own band. -Ed.)

**A.D.:** *Is that something you are interested in? Doing all ages shows, I mean?*

**W:** We're going to be doing the Hell Hole.

**J:** Yeah, we're opening Hot Rod Records [right beside The Cobalt]

**W:** Then the side door will be the Hell Hole, in the driveway there.

“...we go through cleaners...  
They'll ask about the job and  
[we just say] PUKE, PISS, SHIT,  
CUM! YES OR NO!”

now....  
**W:** We've got to try to be good boys and girls....

**J:** Yeah, try to clean up our act a little bit and not be so... honestly, not abuse ourselves quite so much... I kinda miss the day when I didn't work in a bar and I could go out and just give 'er hard. Right? But when you give 'er hard everyday for a year or two years, it's like, yeah, that's a [long] time to be givin' 'er [that] fuckin' hard. It's great when you're just going out once a week and have a week to recuperate, but when you have to be there every night... and you're drinkin' every night, it's a lot of work to, you know, stay alive.

**A.D.:** *I want to ask you guys mostly about the music scene in Vancouver and what it was like when you started compared to what it is now.*

**W:** Series of breakups and reformations.

**J:** Ok, you got bands like The First Day.

See Fullbore on p. 9



# Where The Nerve Gets Laid

## Downtown East/ Gastown

Co-Op Radio  
The Columbia Hotel lobby  
The Blinding Light!! Cinema  
Blood Alley Bistro  
The Blarney Stone  
The Purple Onion  
Swag clothing  
Ms T's Cabaret  
Retro Café  
Fashion Junkee  
Internet-Pizza  
Sophia Books  
Dream Designs  
Biz Books  
50 Bourbon Pub  
Vive le Rock  
Venus and Mars  
Gastown Hostel Pub  
Afro-Canadian Restaurant  
Blunt Brothers  
Cabbages and Kinx  
Spartacus Books  
Sixsix  
The Railway Club  
Blenz Coffee at BCIT  
Lingo Internet Café  
Big Dog Deli  
The Carnibie Hostel lobby  
A&B Sound  
Noize Records  
Book Warehouse  
The Piccadilly Pub  
SFU Bookstore  
BCIT Downtown Campus  
Blenz Coffee  
**Granville/Robson/Theatre Row**  
Cheap Thrills  
The Underground  
Pharsyde  
Granville Book Co.  
Commodore Lanes  
The Record Shoppe  
Café-Gallery  
Cherry Bomb  
Taf's Café  
Fluevog Shoes  
True Value Vintage  
Beat Street Records/Phat Pat's Skate Shop  
Puff  
Concrete Clothing  
Virgin Megastore  
Futuristic Flavour  
Global Village Backpacker's Hostel  
NEXT Tattoo  
The Nelson Café  
The Royal Hotel  
The Sugar Refinery  
Pacific Cinematheque  
Mack's Leather  
The Templeton  
Vancouver Custom Tattoo Shop  
Planet Rock  
Blenz Coffee  
**Yaletown**  
DVS  
Soho Café

## Subeez

Scratch Records  
**Davie**  
Internet Café  
Book Warehouse  
Porn Shop  
Internet Coffee  
The Record Shoppe  
Little Sisters Bookstore  
Blenz Coffee  
**Denman**  
Benny's Bagels  
Blenz Coffee  
**Kitsilano**  
Westbeach  
Videomatica  
Zulu Records  
Pharsyde  
Does Your Mother Know? Magazines  
Duthie Books  
Book Warehouse  
Darby's Cold Beer Store  
West Side Bar/Billiards  
Skull Skates  
Kits Cyber Café  
**West 10th Ave.**  
Grounds for Coffee  
Sacred Heart Tattoo  
Bagel Street Café  
Bean Around the World Café  
Second Cup  
**West Broadway**  
Benny's Bagels  
The Side Door Bar  
Mesa Luna Dine & Dance  
Calhoun's Café  
Blenz Coffee  
The Hollywood Theatre  
The Fringe Café  
Black Swan Records  
The Ridge Theatre  
**Granville Island**  
Emily Car Institute Cafeteria  
The Arts Club Backstage Lounge  
Granville Island Public Market  
**Broadway/Granville**  
Paul's Place Orletery  
Blenz Coffee  
Mayfair News  
Big News Coffee Bar  
The Record Shoppe  
The Virtual Coffee Bean Cyber Café  
The Fairview Cold Beer Store  
Book Warehouse  
**Oak Street**  
The Poolyard  
**Cambie**  
Black Dog Video  
Kino Café  
Flying Wedge Pizza  
Tomato Bistro  
**East Broadway**  
Funhouse Tattoo

## Reel Horror Video

Scrape Records  
Teenage Rampage Records  
ANZA Club  
Main Street  
The Brickhouse  
The Cobalt  
The Whip  
Luzg Café  
Slickity Jim's Chat & Chew  
Motherland  
Bureu's Angels  
Moonsoon East-West Brasserie  
Soma Café  
Puff / Inkbomb  
Public Lounge  
California Hydroponics  
World Class Tattoo  
Bean Around the Word Café  
Lucky's Comics  
Locus Café/Bar  
The Grind Gallery-Café  
The Reef  
The Main  
Storydynamo Café  
Cinephile Video  
Café Montmartre  
The Cottage Bistro  
The Vinyl Library Café  
Fraser  
Nepton Records  
**Commercial**  
Desserts Falafel  
Electro Ladylux Tattoos  
WISE Club/Hall  
Van East Cultural Centre  
Cosmopolis  
East End Food Co-Op  
Joe's Café  
Havana  
Mecca  
Turk's  
East End Book Store  
Highlife Records  
Magpie Magazines  
Alpha Video  
Bukowski's  
Wazabes  
Il Mercato Mall  
Grassroots  
The Clove  
Vicious Cycle Laundromat  
Café Deux Soleils  
East End Cinema  
The Silvertone Tavern  
The tattoo shop beside The Silvertone  
**Burnaby**  
SFU Campus  
CJSR Cable FM Radio  
**Abbotsford**  
Fraser Valley Community College

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# THE NERVE'S "YOU HIGH?" PUZZLE PAGE

Solve these and get yourself a Nerve t-shirt and a big bag of dope!

The first person to send in both completed puzzles wins.  
Send to: The Nerve Mag: 88042 Chinatown PO, Vancouver, BC V6A 4A4

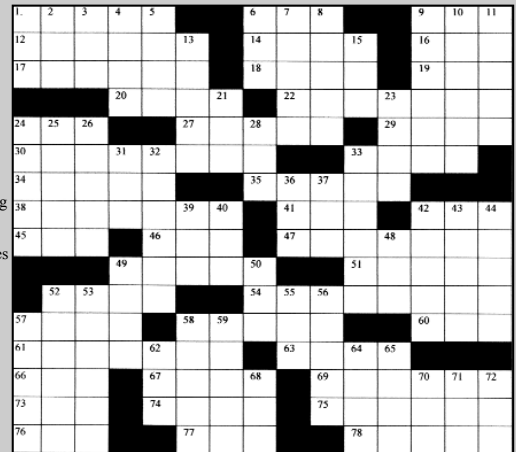
## Dope Crossword

### Across

- Rock
- Passing trend
- Corporate second fiddles
- Downtown
- 100 LSD hits make....
- Boxer or a certain scamming downtown crack dealer
- Ukrainian port
- Singer Turner or Family Ties girl
- Strapping Young....
- Code Blue band
- Tylenol 3 dope
- Supersonic jet
- Wiener Oscar or crime boss Lansky
- Mixes buff into the dope
- Unrefined heroin
- Ladies most let down by dope
- Proverb or saying (like "read my lips... no new redneck Texans running the world")
- King of all media Howard...
- "Uptown" or "rails"
- Cry of defiance
- Health and beauty for \$69.95/hr place
- Political party exiled to Taiwan from Red China who swore to once again take back the mainland
- To process information with your peepers
- d-\_\_\_\_\_methamphetamine hydrochloride
- To excite or stir a fire
- Old English does
- Songs about blunts, bitches & dope, yo!
- Cook up, as in cocaine
- Petty talk show host
- Fungus used in making LSD-25
- French sea or \_\_\_\_\_maid
- MDMA
- Dope King Diamond album or those guys
- Dopey bovine
- Place a young groom to be will do a lot of dope
- Rubbed out
- Pub dope in a glass
- Mailed or shipped
- Racist pitcher John or Ozzy's occupation
- Distant
- Superman's monogram
- Mattress upon which to pass out after smoking lots of dope (brand name)

### Down

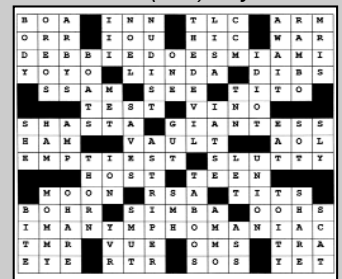
- Chemical compound commonly known as sugar (e.g. water=H2O)
- Cheech's cousin with all the



- Dr. Jekyll & \_\_\_\_\_
- Marijuana's dope compound
- Unit of corn
- Matrix master
- ! A mouse! 42. H2O gas
- Opposite of *avant garde*
- Change
- A sad burp
- Saliva
- D - H filler
- Alpine lozenge brand
- Solution
- Decay
- Laughing gas
- Coffee with no dope
- \_\_\_\_\_Lauder
- Funny Stiles & Meg
- Butt
- Love god
- Pepper spray
- Pontiac
- Musical style of Sublime & The Specials
- Slimy moray
- No dope

- Dan Scum

## Last Issue's (#16) key



## Dope Wordsearch

C E A X J W O Z T K G I O U P P E R S S  
J E E U U P R Z E A L D S B O O Z E W R  
T J N E I N Z E Z L H O B V S H D T A  
L K I U C R Y S T A L P P V B L O W C H  
H L M M E S C A L I N E S B S K K O I X  
I F A J N N T D U S R Q E A L V D P I B  
X C T B O M I A R S M T E A S E P G C X  
D L E H D C S E S X O O I Z I Y O N N Q  
L Q K A A E C Y F Y T C O N C B E I S K  
M J U S H N E F Y F E M E R L E B H E F  
S O P H T L G P L P A U A U H Y W C T D  
S L D M E R L O S Y L C E R C S M R I M  
K T F F M R H P V G K M O O Y M U A D X  
C S R E M O O Z G E E K L C O J Y M M Y  
K B L A C T H I M A R I J U A N A E I T B  
B C P L D X C M A N O S D H B J I B N B D  
H Z A L I O E I W P N P F J R K N K E D  
K E O M H P E F O F A P H N P H Z E C G  
M G R A S S E V D M A L L V Z W D W I  
K M I S D R M A B W X U P N Z M E M L

# ALT F4 reviews FOR THE WEEKEND WARRIOR IN YOU!

**Grand Theft Auto3**  
Developer: DMA Designs  
Publisher: Rockstar Games  
Platform: PC  
Rating: Mature  
Web: rockstargames.com



All you need to know about this game is that it contains blood, violence, foul language and hookers. Did I mention blood and violence? Not only can you steal and destroy virtually any car and pick up hookers, you can even fuck them for health points... what more can you ask for? This game plays on so many different levels that it's astounding. I could go on but I'd rather you see it for yourself. GTA rocked, GTA2 sucked, GTA3 is fucking amazing.

Eye Candy: 5  
Tunes: 5  
Gameplay: 5  
Chill Factor: 5

Verdict: If you're going to buy one PC game this year, get this one.

**Duke Nukem: Manhattan Project**  
Developer: Sunstorm Interactive  
Publisher: Arush Entertainment  
Platform: PC  
Rating: Mature  
Web: dukenukemmp.com

While fans wait for Duke Nukem Forever (which, by the way, is taking way too long to make), they can get their quick fix with this new 3<sup>rd</sup> person platform game. It's been a while since the PC's seen a good side scroller — I think the last one was Thexder during the Tandy years. After a long stint on the home console systems, Duke is back for the first time since '96 on the 800 x 600. This time around, Duke is blasting monster ass and saving hot babes (again) in and around the mean streets of New York. The game features over 25 characters and 8 missions with 3 sub-levels each. Nukem follows a basic formula of finding key cards and thus advancing to further levels. Good mindless fun. His arsenal of well-known weapons includes the obligatory over and under, the Glopp shrinking gun and the patented 'Oi-Boy' boot kick. The graphics look mint and with the addition of the automatic rotating camera, the game play and carnage looks and feels even better. Once again, Jon St. John provides Duke's one-liners, with such classics as "I'm an equal opportunity ass kicker" and my fave, "I hate pigs," delivered when mowing down cops.

Eye Candy: 4  
Tunes: 3.5  
Gameplay: 4  
Chill Factor: 4  
Verdict: As Duke would say, "you must be 18 or older to ride."  
Alt+F4 is looking for sponsors. If you have a PC store and are interested, please contact altf4@thenervemagazine.com





## Fullbore from p. 7

**J:** Naw, I don't want to call it the Hell Hole.  
**W:** I want to call it the Hell Hole. It's my dream to put a giant window like Much Music has and you could stack people in the hall, the driveway.

*(A debate ensues as to the logistics and security issues of this idea)*

**J:** I'm thinking about doing shows there where you have to have I.D. to prove that you are underage. You get I.D.'d, but you gotta be a kid. Anyway, we want the records store to be open in about a month and we want to start doing shows... the capacity isn't huge, I don't know, maybe a hundred...

**W:** And I'm serious about the Plexiglas donation. If anyone knows anyone who has big sheets of Plexiglas they want to donate to put a side window into Hot Rod Records...

*(Another debate ensues about the smarts of such an idea)*

**A.D.:** I just want to get back to what we were talking about before, about Vancouver's scene... what do you see happening in Vancouver in the next year? Is it gaining momentum? Is there the possibility, or better yet, could Vancouver support another punk bar?

**J:** Could it another bar that did hardcore full time? I dunno.

**W:** I doubt it.

**J:** Hard to say. It would be tight. You know, I don't think anyone fuckin' would do it. I don't think anyone else is that...

**A.D.:** Crazy enough to take it on?

**W:** It's 24-7.

**J:** Wendy and I do what we love. You see, we're not promoters, we're not bar managers, those are things that have been cast upon us in order for us to be surrounded by the people and the music we want to be surrounded in.

**W:** I don't know where else I'd go if there wasn't The Cobalt.

**J:** It's exactly where we want to hang out...

**A.D.:** A lot of people are talking about a new metal scene in Vancouver, bands like 3 Inches of Blood and the Streets... what do you think about that?

**Both:** It's wicked.

**W:** I like Screamo too.

**J:** I think that just from some of the all ages shows I've been going to of late, that in the next few years the scene is going to get a real influx of new talent. You know, back to your question of whether we could support another punk bar, honestly? We probably could...

**W:** Collectively, there already is that. Mesa Luna on Mondays, The Brickyard, The Pic... not every night, you know, but about once a week at all the different places.

**J:** And once there is a centre, then it generates ideas and bands and people get together form the same genre and combine their efforts. I think all bars should be punk bars. (laughs). But that's just me... if someone else was doing The Cobalt, I'd be there every night anyway... well, as much as I could be.

**A.D.:** Do you have any new plans for The Cobalt specifically?

**J:** Well, we're trying to get new carpet. But getting things from our bosses is...

**W:** Unless it is absolutely necessary.

**J:** It's like pulling teeth from a dog... a rabid dog.

**W:** I don't think we're gonna be showing them this interview (laughs). No, they're great, though... they let us do our thing in their bar and we sell their booze for them and make people happy.

**J:** We sell their booze so that there can be hardcore all the time.

**A.D.:** So are things solid there for you? Can people look forward to going to The Cobalt for some time to come?

**J:** This business is touch and go. Semi-cut-throat. You never know what tomorrow is going to bring and the fact that we've been there two years now... but, you know, you never let down your guard...

**W:** We're straight up people. That last people who were in there totally fucked around.

**J:** And that's one thing our bosses realize is that we don't fuck around. The former bar manager was a crack head.

**A.D.:** So what's going on right now?

**W:** Tons of touring bands. Every weekend this summer. Check it out. "Punk 'n' dales" coming up — male stripper night. Local punks ripping their clothes off for beer.

**A.D.:** And, of course, the tradition of Punk Rock Bingo continues Thursdays.

**Both:** Of course.

**J:** I haven't been doing it for awhile. Been taking about a month off or so, but I'm getting primed and ready to get back in. I hate not being there, but I just get so damn hammered on punk rock... I left the bar on a Thursday night...

**W:** Got worked. Robbed.

**J:** I got into a big fight and fuckin' got hurt. And that got all complicated. I mean, Thursdays, what the fuck?

**W:** This guy ate one of Jay's scabs.

**J:** Yeah, go hard or go home. Anything goes on a Thursday.

**A.D.:** What? Someone ate one of your scabs?

**J:** Yeah, I knocked it off when I was doing bingo and I stuck it on a piece of wood. I held it up and said, "Hey, who wants to eat my scab for a pint?" And this guy came runnin' up and he grabbed it and he chewed it, he, I mean, he didn't just eat it, he fuckin' chewed it up (makes munching noises).

**A.D.:** Fuck, that's punk.

**A typical week at The Cobalt includes:**

**Sunday:** Skateboard hockey in the back parking lot. 6pm starts Hot Rod Scaryoke.

**Monday:** Movie night brought to you by Reel Horror

**Tuesday:** Blacky Leblanc's Open Jam

**Wednesday:** Wench Wednesdays, ladies in for free and bands.

**Thursdays:** Punk Rock Bingo and bands.

**Friday & Sat:** Hardcore all weekend long.

*Live Action Pics: courtesy of Fullbore Hardcore*

*Other pics: Heather Watson*

# It's Raining Men!

by Jason Ainsworth

## Prison Art: A Pocket Guide Part One: "In"-roduction

Here's the skinny. This guy, we'll call him "Doug" — Doug the Bagger — he got down on his luck. Down on his luck and the next thing you know, wham! He's locked up in prison with the working class and the criminally retarded and common people. He went to jail for stealing penicillin which he planned to distribute to the lepers, but instead he took it himself, like a selfish. Why not put health first?! What a selfish! Can you "Bee"-lieve it?



Not so much fagging in prison as people think. How could there be? Whenever I meet an ass-guy who says he wants to do time just to "meat" guys for fuckings, I say "think twice!"

You can go to jail for so many things it sucks! I met a junkie the other night when I was walking with the Koreans and I gave her a quarter, and she said, you won't "Bee"-lieve this, she said we could go to the back alley and she would dispense a Blow Job for five bucks! Now that is an affordable blow job! Anyway, that's the sort of thing you could go to prison for. It's so boring in prison, arting is your only respite, along with drugs and digging tunnels and escaping in the sewers which criss-cross the city. Hepatitis!

If you don't know what prisons are, they're big stone castles where we put scummers and molesteerinos and swarthies. It's a "Purrrr"-fect solution to our come-crazies. Lets put the "earn" in learn, okay?

You can also go to jail for the following:

1. punching ladies
2. fagging kids out
3. stealing pretty much anything
4. burning
5. faith healing (if it doesn't work)
6. misusing the dead (which isn't as much fun as it sounds, according to Pa)
7. vegetarianism (finally!)
9. just being drunk and punchy

This guy, we called him the Duke of Whalley, he stole two bags of pennies from the Royal Mint in Llandudno, and he got a fifty-thousand year sentence, and he was chemically castrated. That's a bit iffy.

Is a homeless hobo a homo? Don't laugh... that's you in ten years.

Anyway, nevermind. Doug had to face facts. He was in for five years. They let him wear a hat and he lifted weights like a hero. Holy shit, he worked out. Now, that's an okay life for your average scummer and molesteerino, potatoes every day!!! But Doug, well, I know this is going to sound kind of faggy, but he felt an emotional need to create where once he had

just destroyed. So he drew a picture of some guy sucking a cock. Prison Art is scummers and molesteerinos like Doug making pictures. Twelve inch cocks, tits, whatever. Fourteen inch cocks.

If you are good at drawing you can make fun-money by doing portrait drawings of other inmates, or their kids, sometimes the very same kids they ate (sorry). It takes a "tree"-mendous amount of skill to copy a photograph exactly, when you consider that most prisons only allow the most primitive of art materials into their walls. In Doug's case he used a ballpoint pen, kept up his colon (actually his pocket), and he drew the inmates' wives pictures on teeshirts, snotrags, and wifebeaters. He did one a week, and made enough XXX-tra cash to develop himself a healthy habit. Emotionally, Doug put the "heal" in "Healthy Ravenous Drug Habit" (haha). Hepatitis! (haha)

When he is released, he will have enough work-related experience to get a good job in Vancouver's flourishing art industry.

That's the big difference. Imagination is the ability to look at something from the opposite point of view. Fantasy is just idiots hitting each other with cardboard swords.

Another flourishing industry is e-commerce. It's a lot like prison because you never leave the house, and let's be honest, nobody becomes an e-commerce specialist because they're emotionally healthy.

There are so many ways Doug could have gotten Hepatitis in prison, but he got it from a doorknob! What a "Cat"-astrophe!

Do you guys know Señor Banana? Good guy (if you knew him you'd know), and one thing he said to me I'll never forget... "Suck my cock. Suck my cock or I'll cut you." And he wasn't even in prison yet! We were on a street corner!

Doug also did another drawing of the first time he ever punched his dad. But don't think all prison art revolves around sucking and hitting. Sometimes it's just about flowers, and the sun, and being out of prison, or pictures of famous rappers. But nobody wants to see that. You just want to see the fucking and hitting. Let's be honest, once you've done your time in prison, you're not much to look forward to but hoboism and hepatitis. Felons, enjoy your jails! These are the best days of your lives!



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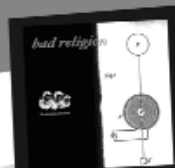
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Pic: Alex Tehrani

## A History for Dummies

1981: The teenage band's first self-titled EP arrives out of California under their own label, Epitaph; an innocent little logo minus the age and years. The band is lead singer Greg Graffin, Kansas native Jay Bentley on bass, Jay Ziskrout on drums, and Brett Gurewitz on guitar.

1982: The band rehearses in Graffin's garage, nicknamed 'the hellhole' and soon *How Could Hell Be Any Worse* is released on LP comprising 14 fresh-faced punk tunes. Pete Finestone has taken over drums and Greg Hetson, a Circle Jerks guitarist is occasionally merging with the band. Bentley is annoyed with people, so he quits shortly after the record's release, to be replaced by Paul Dedona.

1983: *Into the Unknown* is released. Essentially a prog-rock album, due most likely to the whole Roland Juno 6 incident. Nonetheless, members promptly have an ego war. Casualties hit all sides, so the band breaks up.

1985: Graffin and Hetson, along with Finestone and new bassist Tim Gallegos from Wasted Youth, create *Back to the Known*. Since this album "wasn't progressive rock," according to Bentley, he rejoined soon after, bumping out Gallegos. (Buh-bye.)

1988: *Suffer* is released, with Gurewitz also back on board. The record is well-received, and even wins a couple of Album of the Year awards (*MaximumRockNRoll* and *Flipside*).

After this, the titles start to speak for themselves:

1989: *No Control*.

1990: *Against the Grain*. Drummer Finestone leaves to play with the Fisherman, and is replaced by Bobby Schayer.

1991: *Bad Religion 80-85*. (Old stuff.)

1992: *Generator*.

1993: *Recipe for Hate*. After this album, the band decides to switch labels to a bigger one - Atlantic - while Gurewitz quits to take care of Epitaph. Meanwhile, Minor Threat guitarist Brian Baker (arguably one of the most legendary punk guitarists in America) slides into Gurewitz's old spot on stage.

1994: *Stranger Than Fiction*.

1995: *All Ages*. (More old stuff.)

1996: *The Grey Race*.

1997: *Tested*.

1998: *No Substance*.

2000: *The New America*.

2001: *The Process of Belief*. Gurewitz has rejoined the band, and the band has returned to Epitaph. Schayer is forced to leave due to

a bum shoulder and is still missed by many. He's replaced by Brooks Wackerman.

### Side Projects

Greg Hetson

Today: The Circle Jerks, and Punk-Rock Karaoke [live band, song list, and your own microphone].

Yesterday: Redd Kross.

Brian Baker

Today: New Dag Nasty record coming out ("stellar," according to Bentley).

Yesterday: Junkyard, The Meatmen, Government Issue and Samhain. Was offered jobs with both R.E.M. and Guns 'N' Roses.

Jay Bentley

Today: Hanging out with his wife and two kids.

Yesterday: Wasted Youth, TSOL.

Greg Graffin

Today: Still reputed to be one of the best

**"I used to go to museums and libraries, but these days I just sort of stumble around town looking for the skate park. That's the hardest thing about touring - people always ask - and it really is just killing time while you're not playing."**

songwriters of all time, now putting finishing touches on his PhD...rumored to be compiling a self-help book for bands getting started in the music industry.

Yesterday: Masters in geology, PhD in evolutionary biology. Solo album titled *American Lesion*. (Piano ballad stuff.)

Brett Gurewitz

Today: One of the few songwriters who could give Graffin a run for his money, now working as head honcho at Epitaph - producing, engineering and signing bands.

Yesterday: Pretty much the same thing.

## Interview with Jay Bentley

He's standing in his "office," surrounded by red walls, a gold record hanging behind him, and a handful of guitars lying about. Bentley is in the mood to talk this morning because it's either do this interview or shovel dog shit in his yard at home. Even after 20 years of interviews, he courteously asks me if it's too early [not with coffee!]. For him, there's no such thing as early. Today he's

been up since six o'clock, trying to formulate mental lists of what needs to be done for the upcoming Warped Tour.

*You guys don't need to worry about practicing anymore, or what?*

Umm... it's more that each guy has the responsibility to show up on a tour ready to play anything - and if you aren't, we basically just beat the shit out of you. Practicing is your own responsibility, so there are no surprises when the set list comes out.

### Hobbies

I still skateboard. And I've gotten better at golf. I was playing hockey until I said 'fuck sweating' to the guys I played with. I don't care anymore! When I'm not skating, or playing, I'm just going to golf, drink some beers, and not sweat. I was the goalie. You just stand there and sweat. It's miserable. I was just like, 'this is ridiculous! I'm just standing here losing weight.'

*What about when you're touring?*

Yeah, play golf! I play with Fat Mike and some of the other guys from NOFX if we're together... I used to go to museums and

libraries, but these days I just sort of stumble around town looking for the skate park. That's the hardest thing about touring - people always ask - and it really is just killing time while you're not playing.

### Advice to younger self

My younger self? Grow up, ha ha ha...

*Seriously...*

Well, uh...ah. I've really enjoyed the ride. Starting a label, playing shows and not getting paid, moving to a major label... they've been learning experiences.

*If you'd never "made it" in the business, as they say, do you think you'd be the same person right now?*

I don't think my outlook on life has changed, in general... I don't know what I'd be doing though, otherwise. I'm sure it wouldn't be complaining.

*Do you think your personality is wired for success?*

I don't think it's necessarily 'wired for success' but it's something that Brett and I were just talking about - that the most influential

Continued on next page

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## Bad Religion continued

word for Bad Religion's beginnings was the word 'no'. And that was all it took. Anything we wanted to do and someone said 'no'? We'd stare at each other and say, 'let's go do that...'. It was definitely determination against failure, in that respect. So is that the secret of success?

Musically, I don't think that you could ever count on success, because it's an art form and it's subjective. Popularity is simply a by-product of your art... so, yeah, I consider myself successful in that vein.

### Explain.

When we lived in L.A. together, we were just a band. Opening for the Dead Kennedys, drinking beer, hanging out with friends. Opportunities that arose were fun. When *Suffer* came out, we started going on National tours, even Europe, which was really funny - because we could go half-way around the world and do all that. I think the downfall for many bands is that when they start out they dream of themselves as giant rock stars and get frustrated quickly and quit.

Ahh...we are but young grasshoppers - you are saying the secret to success is patience then?

Well, what I'm trying to say is that your motive for doing what you do is not because you want to become popular. It doesn't work that way. You have to enjoy what you do - if you don't, it's a fake: it's a copy of someone else's art.

### Band Politics

According to one *Rolling Stone* photographer, you guys all hate each other now. Is that right?

Uh, no. We all hold hands and skip through the forest - Jesus Christ. Being in a band is like having a bunch of brothers. You fight like brothers, act like brothers...and you would step in front of a bullet for any one of them - you know what I mean?

Sure...I mean, I don't have any brothers but *hmm...well, it must be hard to always see eye to eye for over 20 years* -

Well you don't, you see: you don't have to see eye to eye, and that's what we learned early on. You don't have to live in a van together; you don't have to be a community; you don't have to be in a gang; you don't have to be shit. All you have to be is committed to playing the

music. Pulling your own weight; I'm the bass player. I play the bass with Brooks and make sure I'm not stepping on Graffin's toes and that Brian has a place to put his guitars and if anything weird happens with the song, we talk about it and work it out. Now, if I care whether Greg Graffin eats steak and eggs for breakfast is none of my fucking business. Right? We get together to beat these sounds into what is known as Bad Religion. Once that stops....

Are you saying that you've learned to take things less personally?

I think one of the bigger reported aspects was the fight - or the personality class between Brett and me. But that was simply because we worked at Epitaph every day, we played in a band together at all times - and that was stressful. All of a sudden you didn't have that time away. But there also has to be that level of discipline and professionalism that I think, ha, I was probably the one most responsible for not achieving.

So do you regret what happened?

Well... no. Simply because it's over. I hadn't spoken to Brett in over seven years and when we started talking again I realized how much I enjoyed his company and respected his musical ability and his opinion on things. We were sitting around at a rehearsal session for the record [*Process of Belief*] and I said to him, 'You know, if all that shit hadn't happened, we wouldn't be sitting here right now.' And he said, 'You're absolutely right.' So, you know, I decided to start looking at everything as though it was meant to be.

### Philosophies and Principles

So you think being where you are today is Destiny?

Uh, no. I don't really have a definitive answer to that. I probably lean more towards 'every action has an equal and positive reaction'. I don't like the idea of being a free-flowing radical without purpose of direction.

Have you ever not agreed with a Bad Religion song?

I remember saying to Brett that I didn't agree with the sentiment of 'Hurray For Me, and Fuck You,' on *Stranger than Fiction*. I thought it was a good song and it was meaningful, but didn't feel that, like, my life was Hurray for Me, and Fuck You. I just didn't disagree with the sentiment; do you know what I mean?

Certainly, excellent metaphor for

life. For the record, that album is a real gem...helped me get through Grade 9. So, do you have a motto that you live by?

No - well, I used to say 'stop fucking with people', but no one really understood it.... Every one would be much happier if they were left to their own devices and could go about their day to day business, without someone interfering with 'blablablah...'

### Epiphanies on the 19th Hole

Brian Baker's theory on the strife in life is the sentence, "you think you're better than me?" It's so true though: someone thinks they're better than someone else and there's retaliation.

### On Growing Older

When was the last time you were in a mosh pit?

Uh...ha ha. Last week! At the Hives concert at the Commodore.

Cool! But, I mean...how is backstage time spent before a concert these days, compared to like, 10 years ago?

It's exactly the same. Drinkin' beer, playing guitar, laughing and throwing things -

I mean, do you feel like you need a cane?

...Greg Hetson might. Ha ha. NO! We're not that old yet. I can still play on stage for two hours straight.

Wow.

Well people are always asking about the 'good old days' but there are none - it's still the good old days. There have never been better days -

Yeah, yeah. I'm sure Steven Tyler would agree with you.

### Other rock stars

Yes, and Aerosmith is enjoying [their] best success. We didn't have success early on - well, a modicum, but all that meant was a couple hundred dollars a show. It wasn't really a living. I've said it before: Bad Religion didn't start making money until 13 years down the road, around 1994.

Ahhh...it's a tough life. Speaking of Steven Tyler though, how do you feel about Bono trying to spread the love?

Do you think he's making more of a difference than Axl Rose, sitting in his Hollywood mansion, completely eccentric and bald, and recording *Appetite For Destruction* 50 fucking times with different musicians?

Uh...no?

No?! But it's so much better that Bono's out there, doing something positive with his money... he's getting a lot of shit for it and I sorta have to wonder why. I mean, at least he's trying and that's better than nothing.

Unless he's just another Tom Cruise, you know, Mr. Megalomaniac...

Yeah, but what's wrong with that? I mean, he's got the money to be that. It's no different than saying, 'Bill Gates sure is a rich fucker...oh, oh yeah. I guess he is.' Bono's at least trying to do something positive with his influence.

Okay. True enough. Is there anyone else who has influenced you?

Well...hmm. Matt Good, recently. I mean, 20 per cent of the time he makes an ass of himself but 80 per cent of the time he's speaking his mind he's right on. That's refreshing - I mean, he was making some heated comments some time ago and I thought, 'Cool! There's another Elvis Costello in town.'

Who else do you think is cool? The coolest person I used to know was Eddie Vedder. He was so cool that he'd make you feel sick if you were standing next to him.

What are you saying? You don't think he's cool anymore?

Oh, no. I just haven't spoken to him in so long... you know.

Yeah. It's just not the early 90s anymore.

### Being Literate

What's a book you're reading right now?

Phillip K. Dick's *Time Out of Joint* - it's just his early science fiction stuff. I read out of boredom, mainly, so I can get a thrill out of turning pages.

What's this I hear about some sort of bursary you guys are involved in?

We give out a research grant every year for a university field study thesis.

What's the first grant you gave out?

...In the mountainous regions of Northern California's Red Wood forests, lives a giant underground mushroom -

- Fuck off!

No, really. For all the insects and rodents that live in the forest, this mushroom is, you know, vital to the food chain. This girl who sent us her thesis wanted to know why the mushrooms weren't surviving or re-growing in clear-cut areas that had been replanted.

Do you get fake theses sent?

Sure, written with crayon that says,

'I need beer and surfboard wax.' But some people send these 60 page theses and they don't really have an ending and you're thinking, 'I want to know what the ending to the story is.' We've given out four grants since that first one.

### Family

You have kids...

Ten and nine.

What values would you like to instill in them?

Um... that they are unique, that they don't have to follow any sort of prescription that imposes on them doing what they want... I just sort of try to guide them.

Do you believe they each have something special they can do?

Of course - everyone has something. You just need to find that one thing you can't stop doing - you dream about it at night and it's the first thing you want to do. I think it's one of the saddest things in the world that some people just never find that something and march through life to go die.

Are your kids fans of your music?

Yeah... I'm excited to bring them with me to the Warped Tour, even if they bad mouth me by accident. Because they'll be able to meet, like, Sum 41, and appreciate that experience.

### Final Thoughts

So what's your favorite guitar, in your "office" right now?

It's the white, 1981 Les Paul Standard, given to me by Brian Baker.

Do you have one you hold close to your heart, like a pair of pants that fit?

Well, the oldest guitar I have right now is actually the bass that I've made every record with since 1987 - that's out on the road with me, still. It really shouldn't be, though. It's a nice guitar - a Fender p-base, built in 1978, but for some reason people are always saying it's the best sounding p-base they've heard. After so many years of people saying that, you know, it's just so special to me. I should have it in a sealed case or something, but, I don't know... I keep taking it along.

Bad Religion plays the Warped Tour at Thunderbird Stadium, July 19th

Emily Kendy

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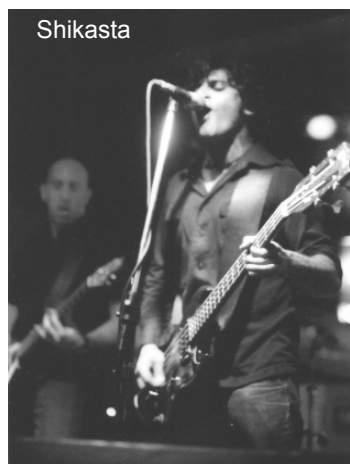
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## Preview

### Fireball Freakout

July 25, 26, 27 at The Pic



Shikasta

Long before The White Stripes were making tens of thousands of American dollars to play at the Commodore, they tore the roof off at The Pic for \$700 Canadian. Prior to Detroit becoming the born again geographical hot spot of nu-blues, The Von Bondies were kickin' ass at 620 W. Pender. And now as Cleveland is emerging as the garage rock capital of North America, the little music venue that could has already had the Sign Offs and The Chargers Street Gang rock its modest stage.

Music fans have Steve Chase to thank. Chase, who's been booking gigs under the name Fireball Productions for five years at The Pic, started promoting at the Niagara Hotel with his 'Gin n' Sin' night before moving to the Pic with 'Slim's 315'. After rockabilly and swing fizzled and drifted away from mainstream college geeks back to the core group of Royal Hoods, Chase moved on to booking rock bands.

"I haven't really so much been trying to predict trends," Chase says. "I just book what I totally dig. It sorta of happened with lounge music, it sorta happened with swing and it's happening with garage music now. So maybe I'm just freakin' brilliant and underpaid, who knows?"

Brilliant? Maybe. Balls-out dedicated? Yes! He's had to deal with liquor laws screwing around with hours of operation, immigration holding back bands at the border and a myriad of other control boards threatening to shut 'er down at any given moment. But Chase still perseveres. So what's kept him going?

"I've asked myself that question many, many times," says Chase, "and I can honestly reply that if I didn't love the music so much, there's absolutely no way I could keep doing it. It's definitely for the music. You can ask Mary Anne [his better half]: it sure shit ain't for the money."

He may not be able to keep the Mrs. in the custom he would like to, but his love for music is slowly paying off for The Pic. Unlike many clubs theses day, the building structure is still standing and there are no immediate plans for demolition. More importantly The Pic is still offering original live music and gaining a reputation among touring bands as a great house to rock. With the support of new owners, who had enough

faith in Fireball Productions to maintain the booking policies, Chase has managed to carve out a nice little niche for the unlikely pub.

"It's sort of becoming known as the home of your next favorite band," says Chase. "I think the Pic as a venue lends itself really well to live music. I think the average garage fan isn't interested in going to a punk club — they want to go to a venue and I think The Pic is a cool mini venue."

This July 25-27, Fireball Productions will put all the trials and tribulations of promoting music in Vancouver aside and celebrate its successes with the third annual Fireball Freakout. Inspired by Garage Shock, a festival in Austin, Texas put on by Estrus records, the event will host 12 hard rockin' bands over a three day period.

"No offence to other years past, but this is one of the strongest line-ups I've had," asserts Chase. It's true. If you like your blues still dripping from the muddy waters of the Mississippi River, then check out the two-piece from Ohio, The Black Keys on the Thursday night. And for those who didn't get to see The Immortal Lee County Killers the last two times (and I know you're out there — I saw you queuing up last Feb.), Friday is your night, because the Alabama duo will be headlining. Not to be outdone, Saturday's roster will be no less impressive. Sandwiched in between The Glory Holes and Vancouver's answer to The Stones (a/k/a John Ford), The Last of the V8's will rock hard Kansas City-style on the third and final day.

Some local highlights include The Nasty On and the Gung Ho's (a reshuffle of Hi-Test and The Hell Caminos). Expect lead singer of the former, Jason Grimmer, to howl his way through a solid rock set and drink his weight in beer. Watch for lead singer of the latter, Mike Roche, to rip it up with his signature tambourine playing. He is renowned for shaking those tiny metal discs around with the same primal instinct that made Hendrix's guitar sing, and like Tracy Partridge, he makes it look so easy.

There will be advance tickets, which is rare for The Pic because of its limited capacity. Chase has used the first-come- first-serve system for most of his shows in the past; however, with the resurgence of garage rock, he wants to make sure that his loyal customers are rewarded "I want the crowd that's been coming down regularly to get first crack at the tickets," Chase says. "I think it's a drag when a band gets popular and the people that have made it popular get caught waiting in line."

Come Sunday, when you're all rocked out (if such a thing is possible) there will be a BBQ in your liver's honour at the Teenage Rampage parking lot\*. What better way to take the edge off your hangover and pry you out of the fetal position than chowing on some charcoaled meats and swilling a little hair of the dog? Bring your own fixings, but don't worry about the sauce. The V8's have promised to bring some of their special Kansas City BBQ sauce.

To cap off three days of thunderous rock, there may be a surprise acoustic set by one of the bands who choose to stay and hang out for the parking lot grill. Who is this mystery band??? Well, it won't be The White Stripes, but then again it might be your "next favourite band."

(\*Warning: venue for the BBQ may change depending on the weather.)

Meat Hole  
pic: Meat Hole

## Review

### Suicide Machines

### Belvedere

### SideSixtySeven

Croatian Community Centre

June 25, 2002

All ages shows scare me. I walk in and all of a sudden I'm a shy thirteen year-old girl hoping nobody and everybody is looking. Luckily, I'm not thirteen... but everybody else was.

The Croatian Cultural Centre all ages show scene is like this: there are the kids who are too cool to watch the show who hang out in the hall, the kids who are either bored, really into the band, or crazy who start a pit of about ten people, some of whom are just standing getting bumped into, there are the girls who squish up to the stage and refuse to move (along with the band groupie guys) and then

there are the people who cluster around the edges. I was one of the people standing politely nodding my head and getting bumped into.

The Suicide Machines were really good. They played the songs that I knew, 'New Girl', 'Van Song', and a whole bunch of other ones I could nod to. The singer got all sweaty and jumped into the crowd a whole bunch... which is always nice (he was even polite when he bumped into me.). My favourite part (other than 'New Girl') was when they talked about Japanese people and rocking out and made fun of Americans, even though they're from Chicago. All good things must come to an end, which they did at about 10:15 pm. Not surprising, though... all those kids had to get home for bedtime stories.

I'd mention the opening acts but I was late and I forgot both of their names.

Vanessa "Dex" Samson

(Editor's Note: Cowboy TexAss was supposed to review this show. Instead he took his girlfriend and made her review it while he, no doubt, ogled the 13 year-old girls. This is why he is a highly admired Nervert. Not all could have pulled it off. But then again, he barely

## 10 Questions No Use For A Name

(Member: Tony)

**The Nerve:** What's getting you excited these days?

**Tony:** Getting kicked really hard in the stomach while having sex.

**What is your latest fetish?**

A sick, masochistic game called "stop masturbating for at least one day".

**Canadian girls and American girls: is there a difference?**

Not that I've noticed really. That's a weird question.

**What was your most memorable gig?**

There are so many. But Montréal rules every time... a lot of European gigs and U.S. gigs... hard question.

**Shittiest gig?**

Probably one of those old gigs where we'd play for the bartender and a couple locals in a pub, mid-afternoon, hot as shit, cockroaches.

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

Elliot Smith. All records. He needs to put a new record out.

**If you weren't in a punk band, say, your arm got chopped off or something, what would you be doing instead?**

I get a job at the airport, directing airplanes for take-off with one arm. That way I'd be on 20/20 and become famous.



Pic: Lisa Johnson

**Current favourite intoxicant?**

Just Pine-Sol now. Straight out of the bottle, no chaser. No really, gin and tonics are the best, ya.

**Top 3 people (anywhere) who should be shot immediately.**

Wow. That's fucked. I can't answer that. No matter what the answer is, I'll sound like Hitler. Okay, bin Laden, O.J. Simpson and David Duke.

**The filler question: What do your parents think of you?**

They think I'm cool, but they hate the tattoos. They like our music. Actually, they just say they do... typical parents of a son who plays in a punk band.

**Your latest epiphany. Please, be graphic.**

I realized that everyone around me is totally fucking crazy. It turns out that it's not me like I suspected, it's all these people that are out of their motherfucking minds. I have nothing to do with the fact that every single person around me is a fucking lunatic. Hey, it's not me after all. Some day they will see, they will all fucking see.

# ATTENTION BANDS

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# Off the Record



**NOFX**  
45 or 46 Songs That  
Were Good Enough To  
Go On Our Other Records  
Fat Records

This two disc set of NoFX provides more of Fat Mike's weasel like voice than anybody could handle in one sitting. The first disc, *Counting Sheep*, is a compilation of 21 songs scattered among 7's and the 30 second "See Her Pee" from *Short Songs for Short People*. The second disc *Catching Zzz's*, is just a re-release of two 7's *Fuck the Kids* and *Surfer*. The idea behind these was to recreate the shitty sound quality that only old school punk records had. Mike supposedly spent less than 10 minutes writing each song, and then the band learned them in the studio and they printed the first take that the band could play all the way through. So we get a bunch of really short, poorly played NoFX songs, a lot of which are kinda good, like "Fun Things to Fuck", "Party Enema" and "Whoa on the Whoas". I wanted to hate this release because of the whole cheap, money grab idea of the thing, and I can only really

handle a few NoFX songs at a time without getting a migraine, but the second disc keeps getting into our cd player. My girlfriend on the other hand keeps threatening to smash it to bits. Go figure.

Cowboy TexAss



**Christian森**  
*Forensic Brothers and Sisters!*  
Revelation Records

Revelation Records has always been a label to watch. The mindset being something along the lines of, "Well, if Rev likes it then I should for sure give it ten listens". This, of course, is still true today although underground reports state that the label is currently battling a tits-up angle. This is a debut Rev. release for Christian森 who formerly occupied space at Eulogy Records. It seems strange that fans/musicians are now looking to break and redesign the future of all music. It never seemed like was a big deal before. Bands played their music and people listened and loved it. Now everyone is out to prove something. I don't really feel that old, but all of a sudden press releases are popping up everywhere with accounts of "encapsulating the future of indie rock, incorporating jazz and subtle electronics with progressive and insightful lyrics." All this is fine

and great as long as said artist is able to pull their futuristic sound off.

Christiansen does just that. The songs are mellow enough that you aren't spitting out your morning coffee at each chord change but lined tactfully with jammier, grand-slam aspects to keep the listener interested.

The future looks good and if punk wants to embrace aspects of jazz, it will only get better and better. I think that Christiansen does a pretty good job of combining the best of both worlds.

Terrible

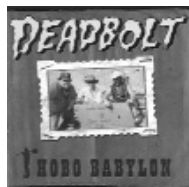


**Crosstrops**  
*Cloverleaf Fandango (A Truck Odyssey)*  
Tinnitus Records

From my first glance at the cover of this disc I wanted to love these guys. A gaggle of tarted up, truck stop ruck chicks adorning a big red truck seemed to promise an audio assault of sex, trucks and cowpunk. At first I was a little disappointed to find that which sounded a lot like LummoX with female gang vocals and less swearing, but the disc quickly progresses into more of a Mojo Nixon inspired hoodown, but with more drugs and liquor. My hopes and dreams weren't entirely smashed to bits. They do sing a lot about boobs and

asses and trailer parks but these biscuit and gravy lovers got some fucking great songs here, especially when they break out the banjos and fiddles. There are a few duds, but songs like "Rhinstone Cow-oi" and "Shotgun Wedding" (a fine tale with a moral), make this disc a winner.

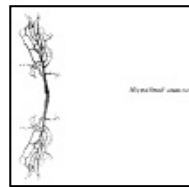
Cowboy TexAss



**Deadbolt**  
*Hobo Babylon*  
Cargo Music

The latest concept album from the "Scariest Band in the World", follows Harley Davidson and his gang of cronies as they infiltrate the FTRA (Freight Train Riders of America - a rail riding Mafiaoso of sorts.) Songs of killing, maiming, more killing and being a drunken hobo ensue, accompanied by the usual creepy, lazy guitar stylings and rumbering banjo lines that make Deadbolt albums the perfect soundtrack for truck driving or getting your legs broken in the back of a freight train. Everything you need to know about trains.

Cowboy TexAss



**Fiftywattone**  
*Volume One*  
Independent

My teeth are still grinding after listening to Kingsville's own Fittywatthead. I used to be into this shit back in the early 90's when I was angry at the world, didn't have an F.A.C. and had no taste in music. I got my F.A.C! This album has nothing new to offer, except an ostentatious dude yelling into a mic, thinking he's Barney Greenfield. The music has no umph, and J. Drummond only sounds good when he's yelling, but the minute he relaxes, lock the doors and hide the kids. If all the bands in Southern Ontario sound like that, no wonder there's so much crime.

Adler Floyd

**Golers**  
*South Mountain Style*  
Bad Idea Records

Imagine Blain from The Accused on vocals, mix in some Poison Idea and D.R.I. and you have one kick ass album of local hardcore. Sometimes the Golers come off sounding like a highly polished Discharge-esque crusty band, but the overall sound is fast metal/punk/thrash reminiscent of the heyday of the crossover era. It's obvious from the way the Golers play that they are capable of much more.

The production on this album is top quality, which says a lot for the skills of Golers' guitarist Derek Rockall. *South Mountain Style* was engineered and mixed by Derek in his own portable studio. Unlike a lot of old school hardcore bands that Golers are similar to, the mix on this album is clear, every instrument is well defined.

"Basil (The Luckless Seal)", "Slippin' On Urine", "Golers", "Outhouse Fuckface", and the title track "South Mountain Style" make up the bulk of the faster, totally rocking songs on this album. "Coleman" is a hilarious song about hot-knifing with a Coleman propane torch, but I only really like the first part of the song before it gets into the reggae-ish riff, after that it's a bit cheesy. They cover Poison Idea's "A.A.", which, believe me, I love Poison Idea, but I would've picked a different song.

SMS is a kick ass album, and from what I've heard Golers' next album should be even better. Go see the Golers play live as they are one of the most energetic and intense hardcore punk bands in Vancouver. If you can get this CD (probably anywhere you can find Side 67's stuff) make sure you let it play all the way through for some extra fun.

Stefan Nevatie



**Government Issue**  
*Complete History*  
Volume 2  
Dr Strange

The packaging sticker on this two CD set proclaimed this long time defunct act as being one of the most influential punk bands of all time... a good selling point but not necessarily factual. This legendary and highly under-rated act from Washington D.C. formed in the early 80's along with many other hardcore acts. However, they still have yet to receive proper recognition. Classic GI releases such as "Boycott Stabb", "Joy Ride" and "No Way Out", were in my opinion far superior than anything the ever popular Minor Threat ever did. A few years later GI broke away from a stagnant Hard Core scene and progressed into more technical fields playing well-crafted melodic hard rock, which is what this release is comprised of.

This era of GI is my favorite of the two. The song "Strange Wine" is one of the best rock songs ever recorded and is the epitome of the fact that simplicity isn't a bad thing. After all these years, I still don't grow tired of it. The first disc contains both the "Crash" and "You" recordings in their entirety, while the second is two live recordings done before the band's demise. The liner notes include excellent blurbs by vocalist John Stabb explaining his frame of mind during this era.

Aaronoid.

**Man Will Destroy Himself**  
*Consume...Be silent...Die*  
Extremely Baked Records

On their eight song EP, *Consume...Be silent...Die*, Man Will Destroy Himself revs up fourteen minutes of fast-action, Metallica-fuelled, punk-metal without a piss break. Sure the production wavers from song to song, but it doesn't fucking matter when everyone is belting their nuts to the floor. And besides, the songs are all so goddamn short you won't even

# THE VANS WARPED TOUR '02

Whats Yours Is Mine!  
Amurgh!

**THE BANDS**

BAD RELIGION \* NOFX \* LAGWAGON \* HOME GROWN  
 NEW FOUND GLORY \* NO USE FOR A NAME \* theLINE  
 THURSDAY \* ALKALINE TRIO \* OZMA \* RX BANDITS  
 SOMETHING CORPORATE \* LONELY KINGS \* ALLISTER  
 MIGHTY MIGHTY BOSSTONES \* MXPX \* ARKHAM \* GOB  
 REEL BIG FISH \* GOOD CHARLOTTE \* GLASSJAW \* DIVOT  
 FLOGGING MOLLY \* THE CASUALTIES \* THE USED  
 MORGAN HERITAGE \* THE START \* WANTED DEAD  
 HOT WATER MUSIC \* THE STARTING LINE \* MIDTOWN  
 RIDDLIN KIDS \* USELESS ID \* QUARASHI \* FINCH  
 ANTI-FLAG \* THE MOVIE LIFE \* AMERICAN HI-FI  
 PLACES TO PARK \* SMACKIN ISIAH \* SWITCHED  
 DEATH BY STEREO \* SIMPLE PLAN \* 1208

**THE PLAYERS**

\* RICK THORNE \* RUDA LOPES  
 \* STEVE CABALLERO \* MIZEAL SIMAO  
 \* MIKE FRAZIER \* DANIEL DRAIN  
 \* NEAL HENDRIX \* AARON LUTZE  
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notice. What's important is that the message is clear: Consume... Be silent... Die.  
Man Will Destroy Himself. Now get to it. I'll keep an eye on the women.

Harold Septic



**Mr. Plow**  
*Parts Unknown*  
Crusty Records

Either Mr. Plow has been put through the female finger more than his fair share in this life or he's just found a beautiful way of expressing his experiences with what my ex-roommate often referred to as "complicators".

Favourites include "Rock Star", a little diddy about wannabe rock stars that describes hands we all know who wish would just fuck right off; and "My Right Hand", the best jerk-off ode I've ever heard. "Even Hitler... (had a girlfriend/why can't I?)" damn near brought a tear to my eye. Buy this record, you'll thank me the next time your girlfriend dumps you and you need to listen to something more consoling than your fist going through the wall.

A.D. MADGRAS



**Nicotine**  
*Samurai Shot*  
Asian Man Records

Is it a coincidence that a Japanese punk band is signed to Asian Man Records? Not only does this Chiba, Japan four-piece have 9 internationally released albums under their belt, but this August release (#101) sports 25 tracks!! Can you say over-achievers?

Reading through the inside sleeve is like taking a trip through memory lane. Who can forget the last time they were avenged by a pissed off shark? "One day at the sea shore/I saw the triangle/I saw the triangle/It was moving on the surface/Is that people salin' on a boat/Oh, it's not/It's a shark." Wowzers, now that is some serious window into the soul action.

Truthfully now, you have to high five these guys for delivering some crazed punk rock riff-age even if the lyrics are a bit off the wall. Most of the bands that you might find playing at the Croatian Cultural Center are suited for the same outfits anyway. The boys in Nicotine take multiculturalism to a new level.

Terrible



**Pitch Black**  
*S/T*  
Revelation Records.

This newly formed four piece from Oakland has a pretty eerie sound happening. The music reminds me of the *Dance with Me LP* from T.S.O.L. The singer's vocal style is reminiscent of the late Dave Insurgent from Reagan Youth. A quality production along with sound effects makes this a pretty fine buy.

Aaronoid

**Sworn In**  
*Every Star Down from the Sky*  
Bridge Nine Records

Surfing in the wake of ground-breaking bands like Breech and Converge, Sworn In helps buoy the emerging genre of punk-metal-thrash-fusion, and makes a small contribution to the universe's ever-coagulating riff pool. Their seven song, fourteen minute EP, *Every Star Down from the Sky* is respectable in terms of packaging and production, but the music itself lacks the definitive towing power to amass an international following.

In keeping with the punk-metal-thrash-fusion genre, the lyrics, which swirl around themes of depression, loss, and suicide, strive to balance shock value with emotional authenticity. For example, in the song "Switchblades and Serenades", vocalist Delaney Jae screams, "I would have stabbed my way through the crowds to fall to my knees and say baby, be mine please," a statement that is both powerful and corny. And in "Pretty Girls Die Just the Same", Jae's juxtaposed images become poetry when he screams, "I tied a bow that became a noose that I left to hang."

When Sworn In's music reflects more closely what is going on in the lyrics, the band will have its own wake.

Harold Septic



**The Cinch** EP  
*Stutter Records*

I have been told that I'm living in 1997 by carrying the theory that 91% of bands with "the" before their name end up being quality acts. That's not to say that bands without the three little letters will bite, there's just a greater chance of a band rocking with a "the" phenomenon.

The Cinch prove my theory.

Not only do they sport a cool name but also some veritably solid licks to go along with it. Part pop punchers, part early rockers, this Vancouver five-piece have

emerged as one of the acts to watch out for even in their early inception. Jen Smyth's sweet vocals and careless use of the tambourine make this disc a fun listen, leaving the music geek wanting more than just a five song EP. Combine that with some kick ass back-up vocals, Brit-type bass lines and jumpy drum-beats and The Cinch have stirred us up a taste of what is to come. Big thanks to Stutter for keeping things real in this scene.

Terrible

**The Sabians**  
*Beauty for ashes*  
The Music Cartel

For most bands, the initial joy of creation—be it a cool riff, a catchy melody, or a thought-provoking lyric—makes them feel powerful. And during that lift of confidence, the band believes that the rest of the world will experience the same rapture when they too listen to the music for the first time. Many bands are bewildered when they play their first show and the scant audience gazes at them indifferently then turns away. Only the band's closest friends clap, because they know that between songs the roles are reversed, and the spotlight is on them rather than on the band, so they perform.

It is a dark revelation for the artist who feels his fleeting elation drain into the outside world with no effect whatsoever. It is painful for me to announce to The Sabians and to the remainder of the world that you will be grossly displeased with each other when you first make contact.

Harold Septic



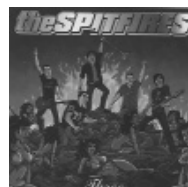
**Sanne Lambert**  
©2002  
*Passive-Aggressive Productions*  
www.sanelambert.com

Sanne Lambert is best known in Vancouver for her medieval gothic clothing store Venus & Mars. ©2002 is her first musical effort. This is melodic, catchy power pop with an edge provided by some punk and new wave flavours most noticeable on the song "Dysfunctional". I would venture a guess that Nina Hagen is one of her influences. The riffs of "Late and Great" also evoke the feelings of raw rock 'n roll. The album also offers quieter bluesy moments such as "Ease". Although the sound quality probably doesn't exactly do justice to Sanne's vocal abilities, ©2002 is a nice listen with a warm and honest touch. Watch for Sanne Lambert's live performances July and August at the ANZA Club and Miss T's.

Atomick Pete

**the SPITFIRES**  
*Three*  
Longshot Music

The return of Abbottsford's heroes, after some time spent label-less due a case of tittsuppedness at head office, *Three* is



the first Spitfires full length in a couple years. Didn't seem so long, but they've been around town and I've been busy.

I certainly don't expect the Spitfires to revolutionize their approach; they seem a bit too self-conscious to worry about whether or not they should be messing with drum loops on account of it being the 21<sup>st</sup> Century now, and all. However, over the course of their first couple albums the band showed an ability to grow and evolve as far as musicianship, songwriting and confidence are concerned. So, despite the fact that their thing doesn't change much, a new Spitfire record ought to be checked out.

The evolutionary process continues on *Three*, with the band's familiar big riff, big chorus sound stretched to include some more detailed, layered arrangements and production touches. It's still the Spitfires though, with their air punching, soaken-headed anthems of self-loathing and regret.

I saw the band a couple months back and was standing near the merchandise table. Some girl yelled at me to stay away from the new album because it sucked "so harshly" and I should get the second one (*In Too Deep Again*) instead. If you meet this chick, ignore her—she's drunk out of her mind and quite likely dating a member of the band. Get all three albums anyway.

Mike O.

**Voodoo Glow Skulls**  
*Steady As She Goes*  
Victory Records

The Voodoo Glow Skulls may have changed their label allegiance, but that's about it. These guys still play the hardest, catchiest ska-punk around. They once released an album in both English and Spanish. The Spanish *Firme* was one of the best punkstia albums I've ever heard. Why? Because it had the funky powerhorn section, the super fast Latino tinged drums, and the fast, fun songs that all their albums have, except that Frank Casillas shouts his inane lyrics in Spanish. They sound so much better when you can't understand them. That's the only fault with their new album; *Steady As She Goes* only has two songs in Spanish. But there's some great stuff on this disc. The fifth track, "One For The Road" rocks so hard I almost peed myself. So, if you like these guys, grab this record and learn the words (its not hard) cuz they coming to town in August.

Cowboy TexAss



## Books and Zines

by Leather the Librarian

### Whores, Rebels & Puritans

From the looks of that title, seems like we got us a convoy this month, good buddies! In trucker code, that would be a 10-59, although some of these may be 10-30 (not compliant with FCC regulations), so 10-23 (stand by) and 10-94 (give me a long count) and don't nobody 10-75 (cause interference), cause I'm fixin' to 10-24 (complete my assignment), 10-4? Now that I've dressed the set with burnt diner coffee and fluorescent lemon meringue pie, lemme pass the mic to Mike for the first review.

**Sarah**  
JT LeRoy  
Bloomsbury  
www.bloomsbury.com

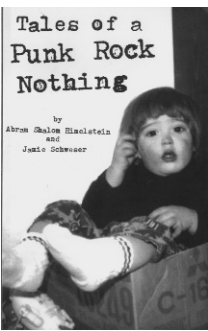
A first-person account of the life of a transvestite truckstop prostitute, written by a kid under twenty years of age? Well - this could have gone either way. Fortunately, the *Beavis and Butthead* route is the one not taken. Cherry Vanilla (or Sam, later Sarah) is the main character - an ambiguous, masochistic young transsexual with a strange twist on the Oedipus Complex. With no father figure to compete against, he instead competes with his prostitute mother for truckstop whoring supremacy. Sarah is his mother - a veteran "lot lizard" whose shoes Cherry seems desperate to fill. Frustrated with the slowness of his/her "career", Cherry strikes out in search of a kick-start, using his/her mother's name and identity. She first goes in search of a mystical jackalope with the power to supercharge a whore's skills, which leads her to falling in with a crew even cra-

zier than the one she left at her old truckstop. Along the way she's canonized, has a meteoric rise and fall as a Saint of the Truckstop, hits the skids and finally attempts to make a run for it. This leads to the only real misstep, story-wise: a car chase. *Sarah* could have been as tawdry and creepy as its subject matter, but LeRoy tells the story in such a matter-of-fact manner that it's clear for these characters, the world they inhabit is perfectly normal. It's simply that some strange things happened when Sarah came to town.

- Mike O.

**Tales of a Punk Rock Nothing**  
Abram Shalom Himmelstein & Jamie Schweser  
New Mouth From the Dirty South  
Trade Paperback, \$13 CAN  
ISBN: 0-9666469-0-8  
www.newmouthfromthedirtysouth.com

Cover to cover (literally), this is a clever, sassy book, told through collected documents including journals, letters and zines created by the various characters in the story. The personalities asserting themselves in this fictional pastiche do so with a sense of humour (sorry, t h e y ' r e Americans) that inhabits that post-modern DMZ between existential world-weariness and unabashed "neo-maxi zoom dweebie"-ness (as Judd Nelson's character puts it in *The Breakfast Club*). The soulful diary entries (like the hero



see Zines on page 17

# DUTHIE BOOKS

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## Summer Menu: Vancouver's Cinematic Savouries for July

**Cinemuerte IV**  
July 4 - 13th  
Pacific Cinemathèque  
1131 Howe St.

Those with a taste for the off-kilter, otherworldly and sometimes downright gruesome (like our friend Sinister Sam) will already be lining up for Vancouver's own horror festival, now in its 4th year. Director Jeff Lieberman will be appearing on Friday, July 5 and Sunday, July 7 to present several of his stunning genre interpretations, followed by question and answer sessions.

On Friday, July 12, Cinemuerte presents the popular Giallo Night, with films *One on Top of the Other* by Lucio Fulci; Massimo Dallamano's *What Have They Done to Solange?* and a new 35mm print of Mario Bava's *Five Dolls For an August Moon*.

Saturday, July 13th will feature the official closing film *Dog Soldiers* at 7:30, with repeats of the festival's two most popular films to be shown at 9:30 and midnight. Hit [www.cinemuerte.com](http://www.cinemuerte.com) for up-to-the-minute info.

**Movies 4 Mommies**  
Tuesdays, 1:30pm  
The Ridge Theatre  
3131 Arbutus Street

The Ridge Theatre has always shown its consideration to audience members with and without babies by providing a Crying Room, which harried parents with crying babies can retire to without missing the end of the film. Starting this June, the Ridge has come up with an even better idea: an entire screening just for screaming babies (and, of course, their moms. Parents can network with each other, sample new baby products and take advantage of other

goodies and giveaways that take place before the film. Not exclusive to Moms - Dads are also welcome.

**July program**  
July 9: E.T.  
July 16: Amelie  
July 23: Lord of the Rings  
July 30: Italian for Beginners

**Summer in France**  
July 14-Aug 29  
Pacific Cinemathèque  
1131 Howe St.

Celebrate Bastille Day (July 14) with the opening night of 'Summer in France', a run of French classics, reprints and favourites from the 1930s, 40s, 50s, 60s and 70s. Pacific Cinemathèque is showing the films as a special offering in partnership with the French Consulate. The festival begins with a newly restored print of Jean Renoir's masterpiece *Grand Illusion* (1937) and continues with gems such as Julien Duvivier's *Pépé le Moko* (1936), Jean-Pierre Melville's *Bob le Flambeur* (1956), the legendary film noir that helped inspire the French New Wave; and Jean-Luc Godard's *Bande à part* (1964). In addition, 'Summer in France' will feature the Vancouver premieres of two provocative and acclaimed made-in-France films: controversial Austrian director Michael Haneke's *Code Inconnu* (2000), an unsettling account of the temper of our times, starring Juliette Binoche; and British iconoclast Peter Watkins's *La Commune* (2000). If *Purple Noon* (known in France as *Plein Soleil*) heated you up in a way that *The Talented Mr. Ripley* never could, a 'Summer in France' is for you.

**VICE Magazine presents TV  
Carnage Weekend**  
July 19-21  
The Blinding Light!!  
36 Powell Street

VICE Magazine and The Blinding Light!! team up for the first and only West Coast public screening of the entire TV Carnage series, an drug-induced concoction of TV's most bizarre offerings.

**TV Carnage 1996: Ouch  
Television My Brain Hurts**  
Friday, July 19

The first offering of the series bares witness to the state of television from the late 80's to '96, with cultural artefacts including Desert Storm, George Bush and the Village People. The Blinding Light!! issues this warning: "Watching this entire tape all at once will cause you to have hallucinations usually associated with sweat lodges. The person next to you in the theatre may appear to transform into a grizzly bear with a wolf's head as they scream 'Holy shit. They actually did that!!'"

**TV Carnage 1998: A Rich  
Tradition of Magic**  
Saturday, July 20

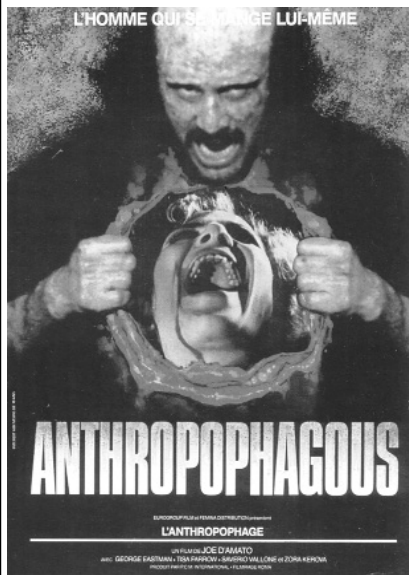
The second tape of the series provides a seamless compilation of "the most cringe-inducing moments in television" and "an intergalactic journey into some of the worst ideas ever created". Highlights include Gary Coleman on *Arsenio*, KISS on *Kids are People Too*, and a potentially scarring, alternating beginning to *Three's Company*. (You might want to cover your eyes for that part).

**TV Carnage 2G: When  
Television Attacks**  
Sunday, July 21

This third and final tape of the series premiered to a packed audience at a landmark Toronto Porn theatre, and apparently "rivals the Acid Wash Jump Suit phenomenon in its ability to shock and amaze". This offering concentrates on 1980's video technology and features such goodies as: Steven Seagal on etiquette and AIDS, a hard sell on Beanie Babies as a secure investment, Chuck Norris and his ingenious, porn level acting skills and lots more!

- Elizabeth Nolan

## GORE! TOP TEN GORE EPICS



title of gore aficionado that Bradley has so generously bestowed upon me. So, just in time for the Horror Fest at the 'Thèque (starting July 3rd), here's my top ten gore films to this day. Some of you have obviously seen them... but if not, scour Black Dog, Reel Horror, and Videomatica.

1. *MEN BEHIND THE SUN*: Over-the-top (count how many times I use *this* expression), sickening, ultra-realistic portrayal of the Japanese torture of the Chinese during WW2. The only movie that has COMPLETELY bummed out my brother. Not to be confused with parts 2 - 4 which are glossier, therefore losing the gritty reality aspect.

2. *FLOWER OF FLESH AND BLOOD*: Comic book artist Hideshi Hino was asked to direct this infamous entry into the GUINEA PIG series. Plays like a snuff film accompanied by amazing effects and a gruelingly slow pace. One woman on bed, one messed up Samurai, a chisel, a knife - and there he goes.

3. *SNUFF*: A newer fave. The movie plays like a bad Helter Skelter-type ripoff that mildly entertains until the messed finale when the movie "cuts" panning to the camera crew and studio setting. One guy talks a chick into making out on the set bed, then proceeds to carve her up. Totally unexpected, cheap, and a dirty thrill. Includes no credits for some (faked) authenticity.

4. *LAST HOUSE ON DEAD END STREET*: Much like the above, but way more intentional, artsy, messed up, and brutal. An ex-inmate tires of making porn films, so he tries snuff films instead. His former business associates act as the victims as he and a few friends gather them up at an old warehouse for hoof cock eating, disemboweling, and Romanesque mask weirdness. Sincerely brutal and here at Cinemuerte this year with the maker (!).

5. *ANTHROPOPHAGOUS*: Fave of many; Joe D'Amato's masterpiece foray into the world of the un-PC, cannibalism, and making a "superman" out of George Eastman. An abandoned Greek island gets eaten out as a madman dines on all the islanders. Includes some sequences that truly disgust as in the infamous fetus-eating scene (thanks to a skinned rabbit). This film really creeps me out.

6. & 7. *PATRICK VIVE ANCORA* and *GIALLO A VENEZIA*: Still underrated Mario Landi directed this pair of films. *PATRICK* tries to capitalize off the ESP

After Vancouver's amazing recent display of head-up-its-ass-ness resulting in the closure of the CRIMINAL CINEMA at the Fox theatre on weekends, I wanted to remind our readers of some quotes I've heard around town and the actions that resulted from each: "I love 80's movies - they're sooo cool" - of course, this person didn't show up to support the CRIMINAL CINEMA. "I love grindhouse theatres" - this person was also a no-show. "The Fox theatre is so retro-porn-cool" - this joker didn't show up either. "A cult theatre in Vancouver? About time!" - didn't make it down even once, etc., etc. With the lukewarm support CrimCin got, it amazes me that word-of-mouth alone managed to create the party at the Blinding Light for the Torture Garden (June 22nd). Thank Christ for farting pussies, cooking "trainables," and talking assholes. Yes, Vancouver — good one. "I can't believe I missed the showing of *RUDE BOY*, but I just couldn't get my studded belt to look right!" Good one, yeah.

I noticed at the Torture Garden that the crowd kind of faded out during the Italian sexo-masterpiece *TRUCKSTOP*. It started me thinking that it's about time I stopped blabbering about Eurotrash, given the header for this column (GORE!) and started living up to the



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film of the same name, but with much more gory and sleazy results. The skewering sequence alone is truly unbelievable. *GIALLO* is Landi's try at the Giallo genre with fantastically exploitive results. With a complete overload on the softcore and gore, Landi scores aces. Watch as the woman that loses a breast to the kid in *BURIAL GROUND* is slowly chopped up on a table. Giordano is a champ.

8. *THE KILLER IS STILL AMONG US*: Staying with the Giallo theme, Camille Teti's still virtually unknown masterpiece of depraved violence is a must-see. No other film has steeped itself in as much slo-mo naked victim carving as this punch-out. A very strange ending and the fact that the story is somewhat true makes it all the more sought after.

9. *ZOMBIE HOLOCAUST*: Otherwise known as *DR. BUTCHER M.D.*, this is the proper cut without the American Aquarius starting and proper soundtrack. A perpetual fave in the vein of *BURIAL GROUND* that counts on the fans' appreciation of genre splitting (mad doctor, cannibals and zombies) and the intense, almost H.G. Lewis style gore. Watching the proper cut of this baby the first time is indescribable, as the viewer is indoctrinated by the best of the golden age of Italo-splatter has to offer.

10. *SS HELL CAMP*: Nazi Germany is possibly the most notorious backdrop for gore films made sheerly for profit, starting with some honest examples (*SALO*, *SALON KITTY*, *THE NIGHT PORTER*) and ending with examples of pure trash such as this. Alternately titled *THE BEAST IN HEAT*, it has over-the-top sex and gore scenes involving a hormonal sex monster taking harsh advantage of women inmates, while the sexy Macha Magall plays the Nazi camp officer that drives the male inmates crazy. The exploitation scenes are spliced into an earlier war film for "authenticity" while giving you the feel that the director (almighty sleaze hack Bruno Mattei) just wanted more "time" to helm the nasty bits without having to worry about a plot. Watch for a possible future article on this demeaning Eurotrash genre.

Well, there you go. If you actually read my column, you've most probably seen all the above titles, but if not — get ready for some definite eye-openers. There are many other gory tidbits out there as you feel out the Fulci, Argento, D'Amato, Naschy, Franco, Buttgerit, Ossorio, etc. films, but (!) watch out for pale new films (usually from Germany or the US) that have A LOT of blood, but fail to impress since they don't sport that "what the...?" feel that the seventies and early eighties masters achieved.

- SINISTER SAM

## Zines continued

curling up on the couch watching the cult classic *Over The Edge* with the girl back home while thinking about the girl in the big city) give much-needed depth to the sometimes scattered format, allowing readers to care about Elliot, a young punk rock zine publisher and musician (um, Cowboy Bob)? I think somebody's been following you around... and his bizarre and often militant group of friends. While I certainly have some vested interest in the subject matter, I found myself even more curious to acquire some of the titles by the same New Orleans-based publisher, promoted on the last page of the book: *The Landlord*, also by Himmelstein (a novel featuring "nerdy Jewish boys and strippers") and *Gynomite: Fearless, Feminist Porn* edited by Liz Belie ("Guaranteed to make you hot!"). Sold!

**Not in Front of the Children: Indecency, Censorship and the Innocence of Youth**  
Marjorie Heins  
Hill and Wang  
Nonfiction Trade Paperback, \$24.95 CAN  
ISBN: 0-8090-7399-4  
www.fsgbooks.com

From a book that takes its title from a Judy Blume novel, we move to a book that Blume herself praises in a glowing quote on the cover. This 400+ page history is a heavily indexed, intensely literate examination of our culture's struggle to shape progressive sexual identities for youth in the face of puritanical restrictions imposed by sour, sexless old prunes and skinny-lipped virgins with blood like water. A happy leftie who heads the Free Expression Policy Project at the National Coalition against Censorship, Heins documents the fight that has deputized such artistic luminaries as James Joyce, Henry Miller, D.H. Lawrence, J.D. Salinger, Allen Ginsberg and yes, Judy Blume (who was, for a lot of my generation's females, the first voice of adolescent sexuality — if I were Elvis, I'd be buying her a Cadillac for that). She covers the history of porn peddling and the institutional repression of youth, court cases won and lost, freakish inventions like the anti-masturbation harness for males that sounded a bell in the event of an erection (I gotta admit, I'd enjoy that fea-



ture — it could get downright Pavlovian) and also delivered electric shocks sufficient to "burn the flesh" of "determined masturbators". Eek! As a determined masturbator myself (and who amongst us isn't?) as well as a fan of all those smutty writers listed above, I shudder at any indication the government wants to play the role of "superparent", as Justice Ruth Bader Ginsburg called it in one decision. When I was growing up, my parents made it clear I could read any book in the house... and I did. That's my idea of super. This is a fascinating, provocative read, especially for those at an advanced level of discourse in the fields of cultural criticism, sexual politics and media literacy. Britney, dear, it really *isn't* your fault, is it?

PS: Last chance for entries in the Punk Rock Short Story Contest... deadline is August 1<sup>st</sup>. See ad in this issue. Make it snappy.

- Leather the Librarian

# TEX+DEX

-PEEP SHOW-

## Desperate for diversions...

Dex: Instead of a strip club, Tex and I decided to stroll Granville Street looking for raunchy fun.

Tex: We ate shitty food, drank expensive drinks, and stopped at the first 'eighteen or older' arcade we saw. We hit up the quarter man and shot straight for the booths at the back.



Dex: I pop my quarter in and instantly in my little 2" by 3" view screen, close-up penetration. You think quality? No. It was so obscured by hair, I could hardly make it out. Twenty five cents bought us many seedy little booths with every sort of unshaven seventies porn tidbit you could imagine.

Tex: Much like an addiction, we went from booth to booth until we gave up looking for anything newer than '83. We casually walked over to a strip poker game where you undress some eighties chick dressed in tennis gear. The catch: 25 cents for two plays, and the winning hand gets an article of clothing.

Dex: They consider her fucking *tennis racket* an article of clothing!

Tex: Instantly hooked, we pumped that machine full of quarters and played until we got stuck on her socks. On they went, off they went, etc. I gave up... I know when I'm not getting anywhere.



Dex: But I couldn't. I wanted satisfaction. I played until I got her shirt and shorts off, then I ran out of quarters. Even I can accept defeat.

Tex: We then played random games until we got kicked out around one.

Dex: It would have been my new hangout if it hadn't been for the lack of beer and razors. Tex: Next we sampled the twenty-five cent booths at a sex toy store. It was the kind of experience you see in the movies but never think it actually happens. You'd be surprised how many booths had occupancy lights on.

Dex: There were all these signs everywhere saying one person per booth but Tex and I decided to share the experience and then ended up spending the whole time trying not to touch anything.



Tex: In these booths, you flip channels and have a certain amount of time to watch. We put all our tokens...

Dex: ...which say 'SEX' on the back...

Tex: ...in, and flipped around and it was a big disappointment. Nothing really good, but what do you expect for 25 cent porn?

Dex: We ran out of tokens, got bored, browsed through the phoney vaginas and headed for the Penthouse. We saw mediocre naked ladies, got more drunk and took off for home.

Tex: The verdict — a good night out. Not quite first date material... maybe second, but definitely not first.



# JULY

- 2 **DICKIN AROUND**  
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- 3 **ICTV NIGHT**  
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- 4 **THE FANTASTIC PLANET**  
Humanoids as housepets for a race of giants...
- 5/6 **D.I.Y. OR DIE**  
How to survive as an independent artist without selling out - Features IAN MACKAYE, LYDIA LUNCH, MIKE WATT, RICHARD KERN and more
- 7 **SPIN**  
Pirated TV, exposed media personalities and spin doctors revealed
- 9/10 **JEM COHEN SHORTS**  
Vancouver Premieres of AMBER CITY and BLOOD ORANGE SKY
- 11 **EYE OF NEWT: BATTLESHIP POTEMKIN**  
Live music to Eisenstein's Russian masterpiece
- 12 **MARUSYA BOCIURKIW'S UNSPOKEN TERRITORY**  
Human rights abuses and the seamless narratives of "official" histories
- 13 **SPATIAL POETICS**  
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- 14 **FRIENDS FOREVER**  
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- 18 **BRING YOUR OWN FILM**  
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- 19-21 **TV CARNAGE WEEKEND**  
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- 23/24 **SERBIA'S LOW-FI VIDEO**  
A rare chance to check out the Serbian Moving Image underground
- 25 **FLICKS BY FLICK**  
A decade of doc, drama and industrial from Vancity's own Flick Harrison
- 26/27 **LUCKY BUM WEEKEND**  
Portland's own Vanessa Renwick and Bill Daniel grace us with their latest video and installation work + The Heidelberg Project
- 28 **MULTIPLEX GRAND**  
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# How I Managed to Give Up My 2 Pack-a-Day Habit:

## A Health Column by Brian Godzilla Salmi

I used to be a heavy smoker - two packs a day. And I liked it. I wasn't one of those pathetic twits with no will-power who incessantly whines about wishing they could quit. "If you wanna quit, quit — if you don't, don't — but either way, shut the fuck up about it and let me smoke in peace," I would tell my friends. It was, as is so often the case, a girl who got me to quit.

Anybody who's ever played a couple of periods of tonsil hockey with someone who smokes excessively knows what a truly disgusting thing smoking is. As the old saying goes, it's like licking an ashtray. I used to sleep with a girl who smoked so much even her pussy tasted like an ashtray, never mind her mouth.

She was a sweet thing, a boozy little Mary Tyler Moore. I met her in the summer of '95 when I was running the (now legendary) Mighty Niagara, sometimes known as the World's Sickest Bar. I'd taken over the reins of the bar the previous fall, and within a month we were the rockiest boozery in town. Times were good. Lots of cash, free booze, and a never ending supply of coke. For reasons I still don't understand, I was, all of a sudden, an object of desire for many a tarty grunge bunny. Times were really good.

The Boozy Little Mary Tyler

Moore had been hanging around the bar for a couple months before I plied her with alcohol and dragged her up to the "Snort & Squirt Room" for the first time. She was extremely shy and even in her drunken state she started to blush as soon as I began taking her clothes off. Blushing or not, she was naked and spread out on my desk within minutes, and I was in the process of snorting a big, fat rail off her ass when she started begging me to fuck her: "Fuck me," she implored. "I want you to fuck me really hard. I want you to stick it in me and fuck my ass off!"

I've always been very chivalrous, so she didn't have to make that request twice. She was writhing around like some wild beast caught in a leg-hold trap when I pulled out and went knocking at her back door. "No," she panted, "I've never..." I pushed on in the hopes of boldly going where no man had gone before, but the pain was too much for her and for some reason I don't yet understand, I've never been able to fuck a girl when she's crying.

I did not, however, want to be denied this conquest, so I decided to use a trick I learned from a perverted old Italian friend of mine. I stuffed some coke inside a dry straw, stuck the straw in her ass and blew real hard. The anal cavity was designed as a one-way street but a good blast of coke will numb it sufficiently to allow for penetration and a good hammering without any pain. This trick has proven to be fool-proof over the years.

My sexual relationship with The Boozy Little Mary Tyler Moore was nothing less than debauched, and every encounter was fueled by alcohol and drugs. I would be tempted to say that it was Bukowski-esque if it weren't for the fact that far too many two-bit writers with 5000

word vocabularies have tried to evoke artistic images of degradation by dropping the name Bukowski, simply because they were too lame to do it any other way. That, my friends, is a cheap con, a tiresome cliché. It is a crutch used by far too many talentless, mental cripples who try to pass themselves off as writers, and I will not stoop that low.

When I say that every one of our sexual liaisons was fueled by alcohol and drugs, I should say every one but the last. I was at home, working on a piece for Terminal City, when the Boozy Little Mary Tyler Moore called up, pissed out of her head and started jabbering at me in Edmonton Esperanto. Edmonton Esperanto, for those of you who can't figure it out, is the incomprehensible universal language spoken by drunks which can only be understood by other drunks. Edmonton is renowned for its unquenchable thirst. No less than 24% of Edmonton's residents have, at one time or another, been treated for some form of alcohol abuse, making it far and away the drunkest city in any first world country.

From what I'm told, the UK answer to Edmonton is Edinburgh, which holds the title for being the drunkest city in any second world country. But the term Edinburgh Esperanto is redundant since nobody can ever understand what the fuck a Scotsman's on about when he's sober, let alone when he's shit-faced drunk.

Where was I?

Right. The Boozy Little Mary Tyler Moore. On the phone. Wanting to come over. Fine by me. "Jump in a cab, I'll pay for it."

By the time I got her clothes off she was out cold. No... she wasn't. She was actually quite warm and she still had a pulse. "Good enough for me," I said out loud, trying

to convince myself that the idea that was swimming around in my head wasn't necessarily a bad one.

At the time I'd never actually fucked a girl who was passed out, and I was troubled by a huge debate that was taking place in the country about date rape. The, "load-up-the-sperm-banks-and-get-out-the-guns-wedon't-need-your-kind-anymore," man-hating feminists of the country were attempting to convince the government to pass some asinine law which said no woman could consent to sex while she was under the influence of drugs or alcohol. It was a variation of the law that stipulates that a person cannot be held to a contract they entered into when drunk. The Draconian part of the proposed date rape law, however, was that a girl could wake up the next morning and charge a man with rape if they fucked when she was drunk. Yikes. Bad news.

Technically, I could have argued in court that she had always acquiesced in the past and then gone on to describe some of the filthy acts that she had perpetrated on me, in the hopes of making the judge see her for the dirty little slut that she was and throw her ass out of court, along with the ludicrous charge. But that argument didn't work either and I decided to go to sleep.

She woke up the next morning to the sensation of my cock being rubbed all over her face and was, to say the least, very responsive. After a couple of minutes, I cuffed her hands behind her, lay on my back and had her sit on my face. She was gyrating around and leaving a sticky coating all over my face like some kind of rutting slug, when I detected that ashtray taste for the first time. The more aroused she became, the more she seemed to be secreting some form of refined tar. Anybody

who spends enough time going down on drunk girls will, sooner or later, come across the acidic taste of urine, and I was no exception. But this was something completely new and even more revolting. I'm not usually one to leave a job unfinished, and I probably would have given her the orgasm she was desperately in need of, had her nerve endings not been dulled from what was obviously a night of heavy drinking. But the more I ate, the more I was consumed by the thought that I was eating a cancerous pussy. I started to imagine that cancer spreading all over my mouth and face, and the images playing in my head were not exactly conducive to sexual stimulation.

I decided it was time to bail. I crawled out from underneath her and stood in front to get what I really wanted. But, even as good as the girl was, (and she could, as another old saying goes, suck a golf ball through a garden hose) I could not get those cancer ward images out of my head. And if her pussy was toxic enough to rot my face, what was her mouth doing to my dick? I couldn't take it anymore, and it was all I could do to pull out, grab her by the hair with one hand and teach her everything she'll ever need to know about the "cum-in-the-face" method of birth control with the other hand.

I haven't touched a cigarette since.

*[Since this piece was written, the author informs us he has lost all his cachet with cute little grunge bunnies and has taken up smoking again. - Ed.]*

Something old, something new, something borrowed, something blue... movies that is

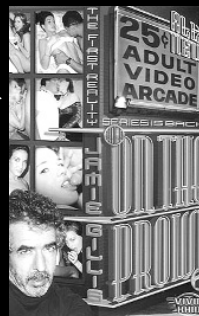
## BLUE MOVIES

Perhaps director Jamie Gillis put his *Back on the Prowl* series into words best when he wrote: "I take a beautiful girl to a dirty bookstore and allow actual, amazed customers to do what ever they please with her... on camera! Most browsers happily put aside the video they are renting to replace it with a real, live, free horny babe. One satisfied customer said, 'You just saved me three bucks!'"

But there's more to be said than that, and Jamie isn't just some shmoe putting out another tape/dvd to join the gazillions lining the shelves of your local wank-palace. In the late 80's Gillis released a unique (at the time) video called *On the Prowl*. Unknown at the time, this classic changed the entire face of the industry by creating the single most popular current genre in

XXX: Gonzo. In the original, Gillis and a porn star cruise the mean streets of San Fran in the back of a limo searching for some willing young stud to insert wiener and go hog wild. Sound familiar? If you saw the 1998 film *Boogie Nights*, you'll remember the exact same concept being lifted (paid homage to?) by director P. T. Anderson.

More than ten years after the fact, the AVN and XRCO Hall of Fame performer returned to the genre with one of the nastiest and most riveting gonzo series in years, *Back on the Prowl*, which has to date offered up 4 volumes of Gillis prowling around with a camera and an average-looking girl with little to lose and courage to spare, to pick up literally any jack-ass that wants to get his wick dipped.



For my money, the best of the series is Vol. 2. The first lucky stiff is a tall brother named Victor. Gillis asks him if he wants to fuck Kiki, a denim-clad brunette who seems happy at first that the guy fate has chosen isn't covered in pus-filled boils or anything. Minutes later the two are humping away in a cheap motel and Gillis is calling out game plays. Victor's seed is spilled, and he rewards Kiki with a small stuffed bunny. After he leaves, a depressing display unfolds as she tosses out the gift and spits on it.

Although none of the other sequences in Vol. 2 are quite as depressing as that, watching cute, chubby, innocent Becca alternating between tonguing a dude's asshole and getting her head plopped in a toilet and called a "whore" while Gillis looks on with cock in hand could give one pause. In many ways, this amazing series serves as much as a fascinating social experiment as it does a stroke-tape. In today's homogenized and by-the-numbers triple-X world, that is a rare gift indeed.

- Robin Bougie

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