

3rd Anniversary Issue!
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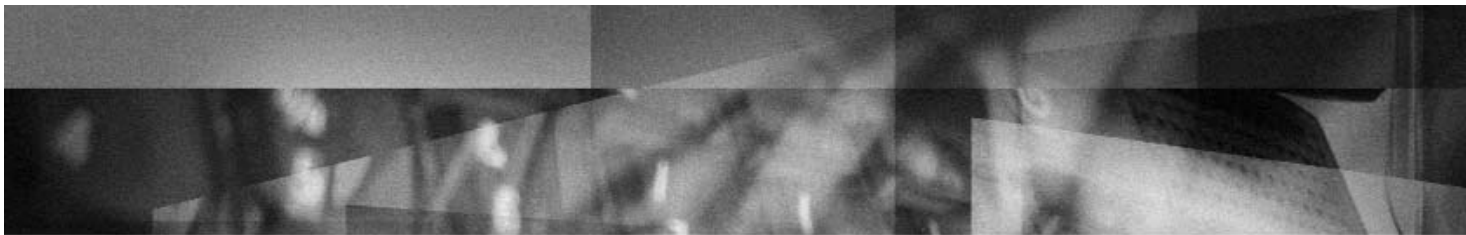
The ~~Active~~

FESTIVAL OF GUNS

Vancouver's New
"Outlaw Rock 'n' Roll"
Music Festival p.15

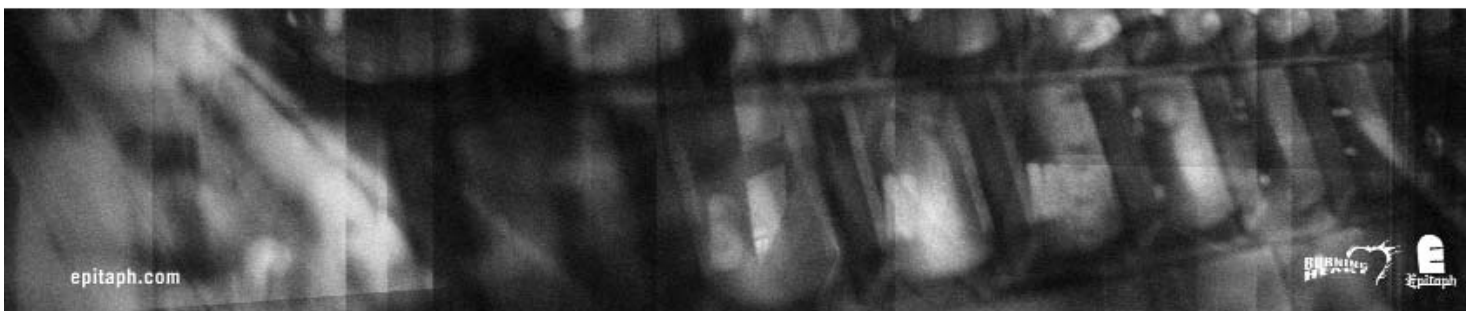


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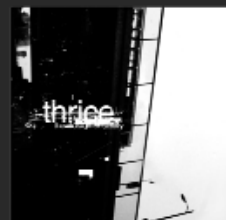
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Transplants
Festival of Guns
The Organ
Threat from Outer Space

Columns

Tex and Dex
Civixen
Ridin' Shotgun
It's Rainin' Men

Sections

Straight 8 (film)
Off the Record (cd reviews)
Live Wires (live reviews)
Fashion
Puzzle Page

ED's Blurp

Aight, I've only got a few things to say this month. **Festival of Guns**, my little bitch hellion of a music festival, is happening Nov. 22-23 at the Brickyard, Pat's Pub, The Cobalt and Ms. T's Cabaret. You can get advance wristbands for \$15 at Zulu, Scratch, Teenage Rampage, and The Nerve Office (825 Granville St.). Wristbands get you into all the shows (capacity permitting) and free transport on the Festival of Guns shuttle bus. Look for the posters and check out www.festivalofguns.com for

updates and the ever changing line-ups. The municipal election is Nov. 16th. Don't know who to vote for? Go vote for **Brian Salmi** or read **Civixen** in this issue and she'll lay it all out straight fer ya. Here's to bars being open till 4am! Watch out! If you're on the streets after bars close at 2am sometime in early December, you just might find a young Nervette dumping booze down your throat! Cheers!
Editor

"Brad used to be the life of the party."



Brad, age 27, editor

"Now nobody wants to talk to him because of his strange ideas."

THE NERVE HIT SQUAD!

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On November 16, 2002 vote: BRIAN SALMI for Vancouver City Council

DINKNOSE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD

An Opportunity for

By Steve Wittek

I signed up for a university screenwriting workshop because I thought it would be an easy credit and chance to have a little fun, but it wasn't. It was a complete disaster. Same old story: I got bored, started to wise-ass around, and fucked everything up.

My fellow proto-screenwriters and I spent the first half of the year listening to our prof (author of the most successful lesbian romantic comedy in the history of Canadian cinema) do Oprah-inspired interviews with small-time namedroppers from the Canadian film industry:

"Atom Egoyan is very sensitive, blah, blah..."

"... blah, Robert Lepage is such a perfectionist, blah..."

"... blah, blah, David Duchovny is actually not too bad. Blah, blah, blah."

When there wasn't anybody around to interview, we would watch films — type A blockbusters like *The Sixth Sense* and *Babe* — while the prof shouted the secrets of screenwriting into a microphone: "Character in search of a goal!" "Plot point one!" "Act Three: climax leads to resolution!" Sometimes she would just explain the film: "The sheep don't like the dogs because the dogs are so mean!"

So far, so easy. I only had to go to class once a week and I gained a deep understanding of why so many movies are so totally dumb.

In term two, we broke into smaller groups and started to write little screenplays of our own. The first step in the screenwriting process is called "the pitch" — a verbal harangue designed to sell the screenplay to a producer before you actually write it. The prof ordered us to develop a pitch to be performed in front of the class on the following Thursday.

My pitch went like this:

"The film that I'm trying to set afloat is called *Ahead By a Nose*. It's about a guy named Mike Bothe who has two problems: He is very lonely and he is very, very ugly."

"Like so many of us, Mike dreams of becoming wealthy (character in search of a goal!), but his dreams are shattered when he loses his job at the liquor store for selling a forty of Golden Wedding to a ten-year-old girl. Desperate for cash to support himself, Mike takes a job testing experimental drugs at a strange research centre in the wilderness."

"At the research centre, Mike meets the love of his life, a nurse named Rose who doesn't mind Mike's ugliness because she is blind. But just when Mike thinks his life is getting better, disaster strikes! He wakes up one morning to find that the drugs he has been taking have had a disastrous effect. His nose has disappeared... and in its place... has grown... A MEDIUM-SIZED PEEEE-NIS!" (Plot point one!)

"As you can imagine, Mike is distraught. He gets an apartment in the city and becomes a recluse. But as the film progresses, Mike discovers that his penis-nose has strange attractive qualities —

not only for women, but for men as well. Mike is suddenly the most popular man in town. He forgets all about his girlfriend at the treatment centre and spends all his time dancing with models in nightclubs, hanging out with celebrities in hot tubs, and snorting coke with cops in limousines (the film is set in Vancouver)."

"Then, just when Mike thinks his life couldn't get any better, it does. He suddenly becomes fabulously wealthy when he discovers that, not only can his penis-nose talk... it can predict the future!"

I went on to explain why I wanted to make the film: "There is a conspicuous absence of films about men who grow penises out of their faces, and I believe it is my responsibility — indeed, the responsibility of my entire generation — to fill this gap as soon as possible. I honestly believe that if this film is made, it will make the world a better place... etc. etc. etc."

Needless to say, my pitch was smash success. Babes flirted with me after class. People started to look at me differently. Word spread. Everyone in the Writing Department was talking about me: Steve Wittek, dinknose visionary, creative genius.

A guy from the Film Department told me he might be interested in making *Ahead By a Nose* when I finished the script. I turned him down immediately. My script was destined for the big time. I envisioned Mel Gibson in the lead role. Maybe Bruce Willis.

The second step in the screenwriting process is the treatment, a four or-so page outline that summarizes key scenes, characters, tone, etc. to give the reader a detailed idea of what your film will be about. My treatment was pretty much exactly the same as my pitch, but a bit longer. Mike cuts the dinknose off and moves to a log cabin with Rose. The dinknose returns — now the size of a full-grown man (my idea of a sophisticated allusion to Nikolai Gogol's *The Nose*) — and tries to have Mike killed. Mike and the dinknose square off in a bloodthirsty sword fight. In the end, the dinknose dies (Act Three: climax leads to resolution!)

I titled my treatment "Ahead By a Nose, A Treatment for the Funniest Penis-Nose Movie Ever Conceived by a Human Being (Steve Wittek)" and passed copies out for the workshop to evaluate the next week.

Most of the feedback was positive:

"You wild man!"

"This is really great—I laughed my ass off, and then read the whole thing out loud to my boyfriend. Gives a new meaning to 'blow my nose'. Ha ha."

"Ha ha ha. I marked the funny shit until it all made laugh."

Other reactions were rude and weird:

"Is the penis nose always hard? I think Mike should jerk the penis nose off at least once. It would be funny if the penis nose had to be hard to make predictions and if Mike had to jerk it off for it to say anything."

"Watch out for the N.O.R.M. guys." (???)

One lady fuckin' hated it:

"This confuses me... this sounds difficult to film. Your portrayal of both the

HOPELESSNESS

City for Nerve Readers to Make Some Real Money

blind and the phallus lead me to believe you are intentionally targeting a somewhat select audience. If this is so, then you are basically ready to write the 1st draft, I think. If not, and you want to appeal to a larger audience and have a better chance of distribution etc., then I think you need to re-evaluate the visual dilemma created by Mike's nose."

The prof harped on salability. She reminded me that the objective of the workshop was to develop a professional, polished screenplay that could plausibly be bought and produced by professional filmmakers in the professional world. My treatment had two big problems. One, it would be ridiculously expensive to produce... nobody in their right mind would ever want to touch it. Two, even if the film were produced, it would never, ever be shown in theatres, or get into video stores because it would have a XXXX rating. Penises are a big taboo — it doesn't seem to matter whether they're dangling between legs, or sniffling between eyes and a mouth. The prof asked me to come up with a new idea. I refused. This is how the war began.

I introduced my defense by arguing that I was heir to an honored literary tradition. "I'll admit my script may be crass and perverse, but is it any more crass or perverse than say, Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, or Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, or Swift's *Gulliver's Travels* or God's *The Bible*?" I was only digging myself in deeper, but I couldn't stop.

My prof countered my defense by noting that the reason why my screenplay was getting the thumbs-down was because it would be too hard to make and sell, not because it was crass or perverse — in fact, crassness and perversity are the hallmarks of many successful feature films. She also pointed out that I was in a professional screenwriting workshop, not a fiction course, and literary tradition counted for very little. \$\$\$ = good. That's all you need to know.

But I wasn't going to give up so easily. Skipping from the literary to the political, I adopted the (all-too-familiar) rhetoric of an *Adbusters* feminist and claimed an artistic mandate. "In this consumerist, hyper-commercialized, hyper-idealized culture where women's bodies are used to sell everything from cotton balls to spark plugs, where you can hardly enter a movie theatre without seeing a little T&A, why is it that the notion of a penis-nose is suddenly so taboo? Art must attack petty conventions, not succumb to them! It is our responsibility as artists to reinvent the meme!"

The prof maintained that — despite politics — my film just would not sell, and the purpose of the class was to write a film that would sell. The big screen is

not ready for dinknoses. End of story.

Sinking fast and desperate to stay afloat, I decided to compromise a little. The dinknose could be a puppet ("imagine a tubular pink Kermit the Frog") rather than an actual penis. My prof was swayed by this compromise a bit — at least it took care of the XXX rating and the billion dollar budget — but she still wasn't convinced that it was an idea that would sell in the professional world. So, in a rash, last-ditch effort, I challenged her to put her money where her mouth was.

"I'll bet you the cost of my tuition for this course that I can sell my screenplay by the end of the term."

The prof rolled her eyes and chuckled at my challenge. She gave me a green light, but reminded me again that I wouldn't get a good grade unless I produced a professional, polished screenplay that could plausibly be bought and produced by professional filmmakers in the professional world. I vowed I'd sell my script to prove my point — which, to tell the truth, was nothing more than a bit of showy posturing on my part. I hadn't given a single moment's thought to actually going outside the university and trying to sell my script in the real world (wherever that is).

When I woke up the next morning, I realized that (fortunately for me) I am far too lazy to ever sell anything to anybody. I'm not likely to start selling screenplays unless selling screenplays suddenly becomes easier than filling out Canada Student Loan applications. But that does not mean that I shouldn't try to convince other people to do the dirty work for me.

And this is where you come in, gentle reader. I'm looking for a hotshot hustler who can talk Hollywood into making a feature film out of *Ahead By a Nose*. I write it, you sell it. We split the cash down the middle. By this time next year, people will be telling anecdotes about me in screenwriting workshops across the country. While you're at it, see if you can find a buyer for my next screenplay, *You Just Can't Win!* It's a buddy comedy about a postman named Curtis Adams who gives a hobo a job and gains the power of X-ray vision, which he uses to make a fortune buying scratch-and-win cards. Things go haywire when his nosy neighbor discovers his secret and forces him to invest all his money in a wild scheme that involves training monkeys to make moonshine.

We're going to be filthy fuckin' rich, man. You can reach me at switek@hotmail.com.



HOPELESSNESS

by Billy Hopeless

WE'RE ALL BROKEN

Well, I broke my leg skateboarding, so I figured I'd use this column to inform you of some other recent break-ups that might interest a few of you — even though I'm sure most of you have forgotten the music you were nuts about last year and are now riding on a new bandwagon. First off, ZEKE, Seattle's fastest and most rancorous band of felons are no more, which, to me, is a great loss as they were a great punk band from start to finish. It seems like there was a parting of the ways and drummer Donny Paycheck and bassist Jeff (the kid) are already in a new band called (get this, kids) CAMAROSMITH!! Camarosmith will be releasing their debut album on Dead Teenager Records in the spring of 2003 and will also be coming out with a 6 song e.p. on Spain's Safety Pin Records sometime this year. The band is currently touring and, who knows, maybe

someone will smuggle them across the border and we'll be lucky enough to be disgraced with an appearance here in Vancouver. Since we're in the neighbourhood, I might as well tell you that the band DEAD LOW TIDE (which consisted of the remaining members of the MURDER CITY DEVILS) is also no more. Though I wasn't personally lucky enough to get a chance to witness them play, I have heard some great reviews and according to their website, their first /last album will be released on Tiger Style Records in Feb 2003! So, there you have it... just a couple of break-ups from our friends across the line that somehow managed to slip past you while you were busy trying to keep up with your new favourite band. Now before I go, let me share the question that has been plaguing my Tylenol-3 laced brain: if all the Partridge family kids are Shirley's, then who the fuck was Mr. Partridge? Huh? Answer that one for me, will ya?!

CIVIXEN

by Leather Twatson



On Nov. 16th, Quit Yer Bitchin' and VOTE!

Okay, you apathetic bastards — I'm going to give it to you straight — if you don't cast a ballot

November 16th and this city continues to suck bobo, you'd better be prepared to shut the fuck up for the next three years. I'm all for whining incessantly about stuff that isn't getting done, but every so often the clouds part and there is a moment of clarity when change actually seems possible (or at least *probable*). Pass up a chance like that and you, my friend, are a serious chump... hell, you're *Mayor McChump*.



Godzilla & Cowboy Bob ready to sink city council...

Voting isn't just smart, it's sexy... in the same way that tool belts are sexy. Same premise at work, too: something is broke as shit and you're trying to fix it. Admitting you don't vote is like saying you don't know how to unscrew a burned-out lightbulb — make no mistake, after a while you *will* be laughed at (plus you'll end up sitting in the dark). I mean, come ON... voting is so easy, they even let us GIRLS do it! (Awfully charitable of them, given Victorian writer George Gissing's asser-

tion that "the average woman pretty closely resembles, in all intellectual considerations, the average male idiot." It's a safe bet to say HE wasn't getting any.)

The first principle you should observe is *don't vote alone*. Sure, technically speaking, you *can*, but why would you want to? How can you expect the city to be fun if the elections aren't? Just call up some people (you do know some people, don't you?), go out for breakfast and then when you're all stuffed with eggs benny or tofu scramble, haul your turgid carcasses to the polls and tick a few measly little boxes. Look at that... you're *done!* It's Miller time (a figure of speech, of course, since no Canadian in their right mind would actually drink that Yankee piss)! Now you can go out and get fucked up with impunity, knowing that you've done your part to save the world. Timmy might still be trapped in that well, but at least you've told Lassie he's down there. I think I speak for all Vancouverites when I say "woof."

But HOW should you vote? Well, if you don't know about any of the issues by now, here's a simple formula: figure out who you *hate* and then vote for someone *different*. Elegant in its simplicity, isn't it? As we all know, the word "incumbent" is basically a euphemism for "had the job all this time but did fuck all." Jennifer Clarke sat on her perimenopausal ass for the duration of that 4 month transit strike that scraped the guts out of this city and now she expects a friggin' medal? Talk about being unclear on the concept!

But, again, HOW should you vote? (Gear down, Sparky — I'm getting to that!) You can view a full list of all the candidates running in Vancouver's civic elections by logging on to <http://www.city.vancouver.bc.ca/ctyclerk/ewsreleases2002/NRelection2002finalcandidate.htm> and although you can't view their platforms there, at the bottom of the page there is a list of phone numbers you can call for more information about each of the major parties. Do an internet search on "Vancouver Civic Elections" and get informed... after all, isn't that what separates us from the savages? (That and cocktail napkins.)

For mayor, *The Nerve* is still undecided, but hearing Marc Emery call Larry Campbell a "Marxist" was actually not as much of a deterrent as he might have hoped. (I might not be the biggest fan, but there's no denying that Richard Marx was *staggeringly*

See *Civixen* p. 25

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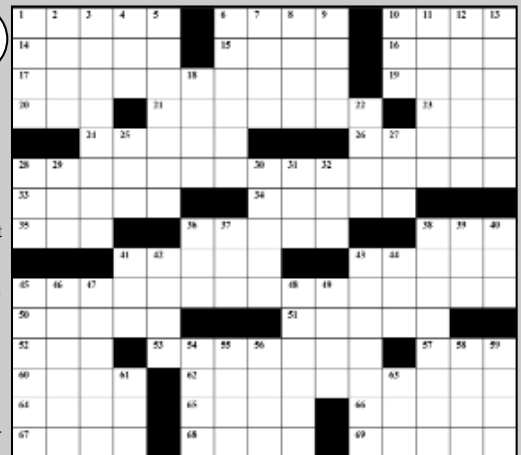
by Dan Scum CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Sucker
6. What you scratch
10. ET's John
14. Juliet's beau
15. Indian dress
16. Poker pot
17. Deal reached without the use of a middleman
19. Comedienne
20. Falco's '___ Komissar'
21. Given a new title
23. Simpsons' bartender
24. Odds opposite
26. Sax's noisemakers
28. Book of Thoth author
33. Courtesy parking
34. Marry secretly
35. Nature watchdog
36. Begin
38. Cowboy Rogers
41. Monolithically stern and cold
43. Movie part
45. Albert DeSalvo
50. Enough
51. Popeye's girl
52. English meadow
53. Distant or preoccupied
57. Doctors' organization
60. Strumpet
62. Leia, Di, and Anne
64. Annoys
65. Elevated the golf ball
66. Baaaaaaa
67. Without difficulty
68. Opp. of evens
69. Exams

DOWN

1. Vancouver soundman icon
2. Refine one's skills
3. Vancouver November necessity
4. French sea
5. Most indigent
6. "___ much fear in you"



- (Yoda)
7. ___ Riser (the hot blonde)
8. ___ de la CREM
9. Seek's partner (not destroy)
10. Short-lived 80's cola
11. Shellac
12. Walked briskly
13. Against the church
18. Superman surname
22. Eat, as with acid
25. Jockey for position
27. Woolly mama
28. Opp. of St.
29. Folded legs
30. Opp. of act
31. Calcium lime rust
32. Decay
36. 7th ___ of a 7th ___
37. ___ - the season
38. Band's albums
39. Metallica hit
40. Slangy your
41. Cardinals' hat letters
42. Little piggies?
43. Most snotty remark
44. Charlie Georgia Victor to cops
45. Cheap Monopoly Ave.
46. PGA winner Mark ___
47. Infamous NY steakhouse
48. Bullets
49. A Baldwin
54. ___ no good
55. Made dogs fuck
56. Passed away
58. Greet
59. Poisonous snakes
61. Toronto stock exchange
63. Female pronoun

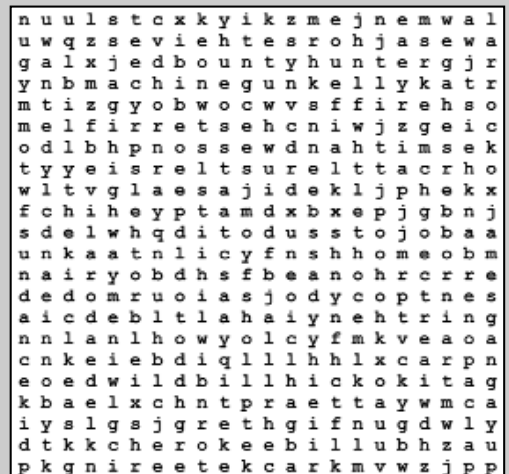
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- Al Capone
- bankheist
- Billy the Kid
- Bonnie and Clyde
- bounty hunter
- brothel
- Buffalo Bill
- Butch Cassidy
- cattle rustlers
- Cherokee Bill
- cowboy
- dead or alive
- Doc Holliday
- extortion
- gunfighter
- highwaymen
- horse thieves
- jailbreak
- James Gang
- Jesse James
- John Dillinger
- John Wesley Hardin
- lawmen
- lynchmob
- Machine Gun Kelly
- Mickey and Malory
- OK Corral
- Pretty Boy Floyd
- racketeering

- sheriff
- six shooter
- Smith and Wesson
- Sundance Kid
- The West
- tommygun
- trainrobbers
- wanted
- Wild bill Hickok
- Winchester rifle
- Wyatt Earp



reviews

FOR THE WEEKEND WARRIOR IN YOU!

BY ADLER FLOYD



No One Lives Forever 2: A spy in H.A.R.M.'s way

Developer: Monolith
Publisher: Fox Interactive/Sierra
Platform: PC
Rating: Mature
Web: nolf2.sierra.com

The name Cate Archer will soon be as ubiquitous as James Bond. Just a few more game sequels and a slew of big-budget Hollywood films starring some sexy hot skank, and you've got a new franchise, baby! In this one, it's the groovy 60's and you reprise your role as the seductive & deadly spy Cate Archer, voiced this time around by Jen Taylor (Princess Peach/Toad of GameCube fame). Monolith has created a visually stunning title with their Jupiter engine - sure, it doesn't compare to the new Unreal or the upcoming Doom3/Q4 engine, but it doesn't matter, because it looks like the 60's and it feels like suede, baby! NOLF 2 is hysterical. From the smart and quirky dialogue between enemies, to the fat mimes that carry cats... there is enough to keep one entertained for hours (and the AI ain't too shabby either).

A new feature that has been added in this sequel is the ability to upgrade spy skills. Each time Cate searches dead bodies or things in her environment, she gains valuable points which can be used toward tweak-

ing her mojo (stealth, aim, speed, sex). The bulk of the game requires Cate to sneak around without getting detected by the enemy, expunging them with buck shot or body spray remover! The number of weapons available to Miss Archer is fucking stupid - she has more than 30 tools of destruction and gadgets at her disposal - not necessarily all at once, but you get the idea. Guns, gasses (from sleeping to laughing), bear traps, bananas, explosive kittens - you name it, bitch has it. Multiplayer is available, but I doubt that it'll catch on (read Noob's review for sheer online xtasy). It's purely a co-op game style, so I guess the mod community has some work to do.

Final thoughts: the game ain't perfect, but it's close. There are few things such as goofy enemy spawning, a few sound bugs and some time wasted running around levels trying to find minor clues, but hey, it doesn't make the game any less fun... just hard at times, like my bone for Cate Archer.

Eye Candy: 4.5
Tunes: 5
Gameplay: 4.5
Chill Factor: 4.5
Verdict: I never knew that moving dead bodies would be so much fun!

Adler Floyd



IF YOU CAN'T BE NAKED... (fashion, Nerve style)

By Niki Graham

There's someone in this city of Gore-Tex and generic rip-offs who's trying to bring a little sleaze and sparkle to the people.

Lucky for us, Mary Belgue, a self-described "punk rock princess" has decided to make Vancouver her home base. Her frustration with the lack of interesting stores in which to sell her clothes almost drove Mary to jolly olde England, but the opening of *Database* (on the corner of Main and Broadway) gave Belgue a place where she actually wanted to hang her garments.

For a while, Belgue sold her designs independently because it was difficult for her to find the perfect outlet to carry her clothes. She's not afraid to say no to a shop owner who offers her a rack if it's not the right place for her. What drives her isn't the blessed buck... if it were, she probably wouldn't be doing things the way she is. She refers to her designs as "my babies," and like any mother, she wants them to be well cared for after they go out in the world.

Her creations have been described by one of Belgue's friends as "clothes to get felt up in," because she said that whenever she wears them, she gets some action. Sold under the moniker '*Here and Now*,' her designs are so dangerously risqué that they should come with a warning label. They scream to be looked at, especially the party dresses for which she is most famous.

"The people I sell to are actors, musicians," Belgue says. "They don't mind having a lot of attention drawn to them, which is not what Vancouver's about. Vancouver is very white, very middle-class, and very conserva-

tive."

Belgue works mostly with vintage fabrics, but unlike a lot of reconstructed designs, the fits are slinky and modern. Many of her pieces are ironic and clever and follow the "look what we've done to this old thing," ideal, but there's also a lot of sophistication in Belgue's work, especially those party dresses, which present strong juxtapositions of opposite: a really girly dress printed with a traditionally masculine image, like a big truck.

In her men's collection, the designer pushes colour, because she says guys are so afraid of it. Some of her men's line can be found at *Bruce* (located at 1038 Alberni Street).

The inspiration to work with vintage clothes came in 1996, after she returned to her parents' home in Victoria from a trip around Asia. In her boredom, Belgue began sewing using her mom's machine. She had always sewn, having learned from her grandma. When she was a little punk rock girl, she took in her jeans so they were super skinny on the bottom and made band T-shirts into dresses.

For her first major project, Belgue bought fifty sweaters from the Salvation Army and made them into an ankle-length sweater dress (which is still in her closet today). The first couple of pieces she made were for herself, but then her sister wanted some of her clothes. Soon her sister's friends wanted their own Belgue originals... and thus began life in fashion.

Belgue never intended to spend her life hunched over a sewing machine. She went to art school and focussed mostly on film, but after a decade of travel and decadence, she wound up here with a head full of ideas and a

gaggle of friends scratching at the door to get their hands on her latest designs.

The designs under the '*Here and Now*' label are completely original. Because Belgue only manufactures a few select items, most of the time you can be assured that no one else will show up wearing the same outfit as yours. She is toying with the idea of having a party dress sale in December, and until then she is hard at work on her spring and summer samples.

For more info, check out Mary Belgue's webpage at www.hereandnow-style.com



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WFF: The Ultimate Fight

What is Mixed Martial Arts (MMA)?

Mixed Martial Arts is the fastest growing combat sport in the world. Why? Well, when you combine Boxing, Kick Boxing, Karate, Judo, Wrestling and Jiu-jitsu, the result is the rebirth of gladiator style events from ancient Rome. Yes history is repeating itself. Highly trained competitors are usually trained in one or more of these disciplines. In the ring, thin padded grappling gloves and jocks are the only protection. When someone gets hit, for example, with an overhand right or a knee to the nose, the results are immediate. Gruesome you might say? Get real. People love to watch live fights. Remember as a kid in the schoolyard watching a couple of classmates kick the shit out of each other over something honorable like "...I don't like your face"? Remember how many people showed up to watch? What about at the hockey fights, unless it's a total miss match, people feel ripped off and disappointed when the ref jumps in to break it up. People talk about fights with excitement and fire in their eyes. Pro boxers receive millions in one night simply because we as fight fans will pay big money to watch. If you like to watch a good scrap, a Mixed Martial Arts contest is as real as it gets.

It's been a battle for promoters to get these events sanctioned in North America that's why when I heard about the **World Freestyle Fighting Championship** being held at the Orpheum, I couldn't believe it! David Lea a fight promoter from Kelowna held the first successfully sanctioned Mixed Martial Arts event in Vancouver. It was called the "World Freestyle Fighting Championship." It was a professional class act with a line up of fighters from Marcus Soares Jiu-Jitsu, Gibson Pankration, PG fight club, and some fighters from the states including a veteran PRIDE fighter. The action was non stop, a great show for the crowd, media and city council who I give credit to for showing up and attempting to open their minds to what people who don't live in Point Grey or Shaughnessy want to see.

The event ran very smoothly and it felt really cool seeing it in a classy joint like the Orpheum. Lea hopes to hold the next event (WFF #4) here in Vancouver in the spring. If you like to watch live professional fights in a Vegas style environment come out and show some support for a local B.C boy who's trying to help turn Vancouver into a real city with real entertainment.

BillHayley



Our boy Victorious!



Livingston attempts ankle lock.



Garret quickly stunned



Gill defends take down

Ultimate Writing. I Mean Fighting.

By Emily Kendy

Fucking media. Jesus. Breathing room please. No? I think my signature move is the ol' two fingers to the eyes. The Orpheum meets the weirdest crowd in the city. When we were smoking cigarettes and joints inside, one had to wonder why the security guards were curiously absent. And what was with those blindingly shiny Harleys in the lobby? Needless to say, the felonious crowd was the only gage of how things were lookin' in the ring. And things in the ring were lookin' up, considering I was expecting a slow night of boys in tight-shorts hugging each other on the mat.

Woah! No way. While this championship was evidently toned down subtly (rules, rules, rules) for the city council members sitting in a nice little ant row along the back of the stage (legs crossed and brows furrowed in ambivalence), and the referee was a spoil sport, the action was incomparable-if only slightly anti-climactic at times. But our boy Justin Livingston (featured in the *October issue of The Nerve*) showed the 1000 odd people what to expect...he went in after the bell with some gusto, and was proving full domination until the Ragin' Cajun flipped his ass to dust mote sucking standards. While a submission was not on the bill for Livingston that night, judges intervention deemed him VICTORIOUS.

There is something ironic about the fighting ring, center stage at the same place guys like Neil Young play acoustic guitar to Kitsilatte's on their Sunday holidays... something ironic.

David Scholten vs Kuitar Gill was a decent show that lasted (thank-you, referee) longer than two minutes. These guys were into some high-kicking, foot stomping brutality. The other highlight, fight wise, was the dude who came out swinging and nailed Garret Davis in the face with the ol' knuckle sandwich. Poor guy didn't even have his hands up yet. Jason Hardgraves took home the three foot trophy. Guess you'd be a wiley-eyed aggro too, with that last name.

The heat from the hard-working players on stage, and consistent boos and roars of the audience, made for a roasty atmosphere under the bright lights of the theatre, mixing in nicely with the lingering scent of sweat pools that found formation under the fighters respective corners.

Damn, my eyes are still burning, my ears are still ringing. When's the next one?

Fight Results

- Whittingham vs Cummings
Whittingham (submission)
- Livingston vs Johnson
Livingston (decision)
- Davis vs Hardgraves
Hardgraves (TKO)
- Hamlett vs Fredrickson
Ferdrickson (Hamlett withdraws due to injury)
- Scholten vs Gill
Gill (submission)
- Potvin vs Rahnvardi
Potvin (controversial TKO)



By Bill Hayley



THREAT FROM OUTER SPACE

Apparently our last issue (specially designed for planetary defense) was no deterrent at all. There I was, all alone watching stripper T.V. at *The Nerve* office, when a strange light shone through the window, almost causing me to go blind (... or was that the stripper T.V.?). As the hair on my palms stood tall, shadowy beings entered *The Nerve* centre. When the realization hit me, I almost soiled my shorts: I was about to embark on a journey to the centre of the undisputed originators of 'New School Funk,' Vancouver's very own Threat From Outer Space! Two of the five members took the terrestrial forms of Dennis Chan and Matt Creed. Absent were Jon Arason, Tameem Barakat, and Ryan Cranston.

Nerve: Thanks for the visitation, guys. I've seen you play a couple of times at the Silverstone... one time being your CD release party last May. How long have you guys been threatening Earth?

Dennis: We all knew each other since we were twelve or thirteen... formed different bands early on, but we officially we became Threat From Outer Space in '97.

Matt: Yeah, before we used to play Lunatic Fringe, under age, sharing the sacred herb out back. It was hilarious. Not too long after, we started Threat and began touring around to gain a higher perspective, playing places like Nelson and throughout B.C.

Nerve: Well, it's definitely not hard to gain a higher perspective around Nelson. Your shows carry some of the highest vibes I've encountered. What's the response been like elsewhere?

Matt: Great... except for in places like Northern Ontario. It's like they don't know how to categorize anything beyond 'Rock n' Roll.'

Dennis: Yeah, we're not exactly Steve Miller.

Matt: But then, we'll play a place like Slocan, and they'll be throwing doobies on stage. One guy bought eight CD's. It was a blast.

Nerve: Doobies in Slocan? Go figure. So, do people recognize that there is a Threat From

Outer Space?

Matt: Yeah, last week we played at Steamers in Victoria, and some people who saw us play up in Kelowna came to check us out, so that's the cool thing about playing in and around B.C. — we seem to draw up on different fan bases who'll come and check us out at different venues.

Nerve: It seems like you guys are a pretty tightly knit group. Things have been successful so far?

Dennis: So far, so good.

Matt: A lot of it is in the promotion. We've been poster up all around for our last couple of shows, and once you get the name recognition people, start showing up to the shows. If the shows are good, then you start selling CD's and some vinyl, and so on...

Nerve: You sell vinyl as well?

Dennis: It's on its way for the New Year!

Nerve: Why vinyl?

Dennis: Well, there's a couple of reasons: one, because it's a cool medium and everything sounds cool on vinyl; another is that we know a lot of DJs, and it's a lot easier [for them] to play our stuff.

Nerve: Who leads Threat From Outer Space?

Dennis: Well, the way our group operates is that there is no leader. Everything is decided straight across the board. The "lead" title is bullshit. We are the many who makes one. Think of us like 'Constructigons' forming 'Devastator.'

Nerve: Do you believe in the existence of aliens?

Matt/ Dennis: Of course.

Nerve: Do you think they like funk?

Matt: Well, funk is a good medium to make people happy and dance. I don't know about aliens, but women like it.

Nerve: That's better. I describe your music as an eclectic "Wall of Funk." It seems to project itself onto the audience. It's not only fun but the lyrics seem very conscious. Who writes them?

Matt: [Vocalist] Tameem [Barakat]. He ran for mayor in Richmond, traveled to the Middle East and has always been quite political in that regard, coming up with pretty cool concepts with songs like 'Small Power'... singing about Che Guevara, putting in *Animal Farm*-type slants...

Nerve: How do you guys go about writing a song?

Dennis: We don't really have one way — it usually starts by jamming out.

Matt: I think we've played together for so long we can pick up on a vibe right away, without even saying anything.

Nerve: Where do you jam?

Matt: Renegade, on Hastings.

Nerve: So you just finished "Threatening" the rest of Canada. How did it go?

Matt: Great — until the Mother Ship was attacked.

Nerve: What happened?

Matt: The "Mother Ship" is a 25-foot Dodge Diplomat motor home, and some guy clipped us trying to pass us, then tried to *blame* us.

Dennis: We all piled out ... straightened *him* out.

Nerve: Otherwise, the response was good?

Matt: Yeah, for the most part. The first road trip was about laying the ground work.

Dennis: We had a great time in St. Andrews-By-The-Sea... New Brunswick... Edmonton was really good... the jazz festival in Halifax... overall, everywhere was good. We're pretty happy with the tour. It was a great way to see the country.

Nerve: Did you make any money?

Matt: We made about fourteen grand from the shows and thirty five hundred from CD

sales.

Dennis: It all went back into a loan — and the mother ship — but it was like a paid vacation.

Nerve: Why do you play most of your gigs solo?

Dennis: We want to play longer sets. If there's three bands, your show's over just as you're getting into it. We've also been working with DJs, and playing longer gives us more of a chance to improvise.

Matt: We got used to long sets when we played at the Urban Well and had to fill two hours. We also want to play with bands that are compatible.

Nerve: So what's in the future? Any US tours?

Matt: Maybe next summer. We've got to do a mountain of paper work and it costs a thousand dollars American for them to do a character search [required by US Immigration — Ed.] for every member of the band. It's a long process for them to decide if we are either "with them or against them."

Dennis: Yeah... apparently that "fee" speeds up the application.

Nerve: Well, I feel you guys are destined for intergalactic success. Good luck in your future.

Threat From Outer Space lands at The Side Door, Friday, Nov 8th.

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Transplants

TALL CANS IN THE AIR! LEMME SEE 'EM! FUCK YOU!

When I first heard about the Transplants, a group containing Tim Armstrong from Rancid and Travis Barker from Blink 182, I was curious, sure... but not overly so. We've all heard a lot of what Tim Armstrong sounds like and a lot of what Travis Barker sounds like. Yeah, ok, there's newcomer Rob Aston and something about it being his first band. Right... leftover Rancid and Blink bits which, for whatever reason, didn't fit and a new vocalist to try and camouflage that fact. WRONG. The opening guitar riff to the first track "Romper Stomper" is something outta Slayer territory. Track after track, the songs shift from hardcore to reggae to hip hop sampling to dub-like base lines, and then back to hardcore again. Be warned. This is not your average punk record.

Nerve: So, I just got the new record.

Rob Aston: O.K.

Nerve: But, before we talk about that, why don't we get a brief history of how the Transplants project came together?

RA: I moved to Los Angeles in December of '99... and I'd known Tim before because I used to be a roadie for AFI. We were hanging out one day and he played a couple of songs for me that he'd recorded, but they didn't have any vocals. He asked me if I could "put some lyrics to this"... and I'd never been in a band before, I'd just worked for bands, so...

N: Did you say you were interested first? How did it happen?

RA: No, we just... the music was cool, it was really different... and he just asked, you know, "can you write lyrics to this?"

N: Why hadn't you been in a band before?

RA: I never really, you know... I'd just loved touring with bands... I didn't really know if I could do this....

N: So you got some lyrics down and then you called up Travis Barker to drum?

RA: Tim and I worked on the whole thing for about 2 years... and it was all drum loops and samples and shit and it didn't sound full enough, so we called Travis and he came on board. He did all the tracks in about 5 hours.

N: There are a lot of different things going on with this record. What are your musical influences?

RA: I listen to everything. A lot of hip hop, 80's rock, metal, country... everything. We just wanted to make a record that incorporated stuff from all different types of music, you know, and do something different that nobody has ever done before.

N: Travis was quoted as saying, "it's like 3 punks got a hold of a drum machine and a bunch of hip hop records."

RA: (laughs) I guess that'll work.... Ever since day one, you know, everyone had their own theory of what it was going to sound like... was it going to be a mix of Blink and Rancid or was it going to be new metal or "rap metal" of whatever the fuck they're calling it... but it's all of those, it's just Transplants.

N: It's kind of like "Pimp Punk."

RA: What?

N: Pimp Punk.

RA: (laughs) Yeah.

N: A punk edge with hip hop roots... I want to ask



you about the lyrics on this record. They are pretty intense. (Rob laughs again) The content ranges from drinkin' to killin' to fuckin' to druggin'... it's all in there. Does this all come from personal experience?

RA: I just write lyrics about everyday life and times I've had. I'm not anything more special than any kid listening to the record. I just hope they can listen to it and probably relate, you know?

N: Yeah.

RA: I mean, maybe they can't relate to a couple of the things I write about, but you know, the loss of a loved one, or being stabbed in the back by your best friend. That type of shit.

N: The lyrics are really raw and honest... you seem to really lay yourself bare.

RA: I'm not trying to change the world — I'm just writing about stuff that I know about.

N: I know the record was just recently released, but how has it been received? What have you heard?

RA: Knock on wood, things have been really positive. It's cool because we get compliments from people who don't necessarily listen to Rancid or Blink. I mean, there probably are going to be people who are fans of those bands... but it's cool because we kind of have our own fan base — people who wouldn't normally listen to punk.

N: What do your friends think about the record? Were they surprised?

RA: Yeah (laughs). A couple of years ago, I never thought I'd be doing this. It's kind of crazy, but everyone's really supportive, and they can't believe it and I can't believe it... it's just... it's cool.

N: There's a lot of reggae or dub-type music and vocal stylings on this record. Is that something you brought in?

RA: Tim writes all the music. I write the lyrics and I listen to a lot of reggae, so...

N: There's one song in particular — "California Babylon" — probably my favourite track on the record.

RA: Cool. Yeah, I like that one a lot. Yeah, I don't know, we all listen to a lot of different types of music.

N: You guys played some live shows along the West Coast. When was that?

RA: 3 or 4 months ago. With the Distillers and Pressure Point. We did about 9 shows. It was so fuckin' fun. It was the best. If I had my way, we'd be touring every day of the year. It was cool. No one had heard the music yet, but we got a great reception every night.

N: Do you use samples playing live?

RA: No. We didn't do it then because no one had heard the record yet, so it didn't matter — no one

could say, "hey, you didn't have the piano."

N: Are you guys planning on doing some more touring?

RA: Yeah, but right now Tim is writing a new Rancid record till the end of the year and Travis has to record a Blink record in January at least till February.

N: Are you guys going to make it up this way, to Vancouver?

RA: I think we're going to do everything. North America, Europe, Japan.

N: World tour.

RA: Hopefully.

N: I know it's pretty early to ask, but have you even thought about making another record?

RA: Oh, we're all thinking about it. It's going to happen... it just takes a bit longer. I write a lot... it definitely will happen.

N: Are you still working, or have you taken time off?

RA: This pretty much takes up all my time. With press, release parties and stuff. I'm writing a hip hop record right now that's going to be put out on Hellcat.

N: On Hellcat?

RA: Yeah, it's going to be a first.

N: When's that going to be released?

RA: Early sometime next year.

N: Is that something you're going to be doing live?

RA: I don't know. Maybe. Why not?

N: Anything else you want the people to know about what you are doing? Or about the Transplants?

RA: Hmm... not really. People can probably figure out what's going on. Other than that, hopefully everyone will come see us when we come out there. I'm really looking forward to it.

N: One more question. Is that your car on the cover?

RA: That is. That's my '73 Lincoln Continental.

N: Nice.

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OUTLAW ROCK'N ROLL

By Sarah Rowland

The Real McKenzies and Spreadeagle couldn't be more diametrically opposed as bands. They are worlds apart, politically, musically and philosophically. The McKenzies (TRM) are an old-school Scottish roots punk band devoted to keepin' the Robbie Burns torch alive and right wing government out of office, whereas Spreadeagle are five gun-toting heavy metal rednecks from the sticks who don't give a fuck about much.

So why even mention the two polar opposites in the same sentence? Because there is one notable exception: both bands have faith in the future of Vancouver's music scene, which is why both acts agreed to play at the first annual *Festival of Guns*, November 22 & 23.

"I have nothing but the greatest faith in the future of this city, and the more punk rock the better," says TRM lead singer Paul McKenzie in an interview at The Piccadilly Pub. "There's a lot of kids that are into punk rock and supporting punk rock, and once they get of age and get to get into pubs and all that..."

Before McKenzie can finish his deliberation, his band mate, guitarist Dirty Kurt Robertson pipes in with his two bits about the resurgence of support in the local rock scene. "Right now all the governments are swinging right, and right wing government makes good punk rock bands," says Robertson, who shows up to the interview (on day three of his rye whiskey bender) drunk

and belligerent, yet strangely lucid at times. "It makes people bitter, and no doubt the tides are turning right. Like, Gordon Campbell is as about as right wing a rotten cock sucker as you're ever going to fuckin' meet."

Spreadeagle's bassist, 8-Ball, agrees that Vancouver's music scene is thriving, but for his band it's all relative to where they come from. "The scene in Vancouver is really good. There's always lots of good bands and good shows," says 8-Ball at The Pic shooter bar just a few minutes later. "It could be worse. We live in Mission and there's fucking nowhere to play."

Both bands will be performing at *The Nerve's* Festival of Guns (F.O.G), the first all-local multi-venue hard rock festival in Vancouver. Ms. T's Cabaret, The Cobalt, The Brickyard and Pat's Pub will host over two dozen rockin' bands. Jason Lajeunesse, who started F.O.G two years ago during his tenure booking shows at the Brickyard, lent Nerve the F.O.G. name. [*The name "Festival of Guns" was originally coined by man-about-town Robert Dayton - Ed.*]

However, *The Nerve's* editor-in-chief Bradley Damsgaard has made a few changes, including wristbands that will allow ticket holders to cruise the F.O.G. circuit freely on a rented bus. So depending on your mood, you can check out white-trash shit disturbers from Mission (a/k/a Spreadeagle) and then hitch a ride to rock out with the tyrants of tartan (a/k/a The Real McKenzies).

"*The Nerve Magazine* has been very supportive of The Real McKenzies and we wish to reciprocate," says McKenzie. "In our mind it's one of the only supportive punk rock papers in this goddamn town."

TRM's current ensemble (including Jamie Fawkes on bass, The "Bone" on guitar, Brad Attitude on war drums and Matt MacNasty on bagpipes) appeared on the cover of *The Nerve* last November. McKenzie and Robertson are the only two original members left in TRM. After spending the better part of ten crusty years on the road, they've had their share of line-up changes. At last count, TRM boasted a rogue's gallery of about 35 disgruntled ex-employees.

"I don't have any regrets at all,"

asserts McKenzie, who stole Robertson from the band Curious George. But he adds, "well, I made a few hasty decisions and a few mistakes when it comes down to hurting people's feelings and I'm sorry about that."

So far, McKenzie and Robertson have been able to tolerate each other as band mates and even more impressively, have been friends for over a decade. "I'm probably the most unreasonable person to work with, and Paul has his moments, but we love each other and we love working together," says Robertson, swaying precariously atop his barstool.

Although 8-Ball and Spreadeagle's lead singer Juan Badmutha have been playing music together for over five years, they were reluctant to disclose how long they've known each other for fear that such a line of questioning would only lead to "gayness," "unicorns" and "rainbows." "Friendship is not an issue I want to discuss," insists 8-Ball. "We're not an 'emo' band. I don't want to have the word 'friendship' anywhere in this article."

Politically speaking, TRM are open about their left-wing leanings and belief in the common benefit. TRM practiced what they preach when they went out on tour with Fabulous Disasters last fall. After finding out that the girls in The Disasters were only making 100 bucks per show, TRM decided to share their guarantee with them.

"I want to express to everybody out there in *Nerveland* that The Real McKenzies are a socialist band," says McKenzie. "I think that there's a lesson to be learned when it comes down to sharing things and being benevolent, but also being really gnarly and punk rock."

In contrast, 8-Ball wants everybody in *Nerveland* to know that he shares some of the same beliefs as forward thinkers like Ted Nugent and Ted Kaczynski. "I'm so right wing, I'm almost coming back around and becoming left wing," declares 8-Ball. "So on one side, I'm really for abortion control issues and the NRA, but then I'm coming around and I want to legalize pot and fucking in the

See *Outlaw* p. 25

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ANDREW W.K. DANKO JONES @ The Commodore Ballroom Sept. 28th, 2002

Call it the 'Power of Positive Thinking' double bill, with party hard philosopher Andrew W.K. taking second slot next to Danko Jones's ego. Accompanied by a ragtag assemblage of musi-

Jones. The last time I saw him, he was opening for the Murder City Devils at the Brickyard two years ago, and I was blown away. I'd never seen a guy with an ego so big that you could barely move — it filled every empty bit of space in the club — so I wanted to see how he did at the Commodore. As soon as he stepped onto the stage, you could tell he was born to perform. He just oozes confidence, he plays hard and it's honest and sincere. Where Andrew W.K. had a stage full of musicians and fans and crap, Danko Jones had a minimalist



Andrew W.K.

setup: just the drums, him and his bassist on a square carpet in the middle of the stage... that's it. He sniffed the air, growled "my mama raised a devil child" and proceeded to rock the foundation of the club with an incredibly tight rhythm section and just fucking intense, wicked songs. Some hard and fast twelve-bar blues, some start-and-stop swamp boogie, much like that of Zen Guerrilla, but with intelligible lyrics and 100% rawk. Speckled with anecdotes about success and rock n' roll proclamations, Danko

cians, including one hilariously bald bassist with afro-chops growing out of his face and three guitarists in total, Andrew W.K. launched into a performance the likes of which have never been seen before at the Commodore, that's for sure. Like the Tony Little of rock n' roll, with so much positive energy that it would make even Richard Simmons sick, Andrew W.K. ran around the stage like a crazed speed freak, doing high kicks, hoisting fans up on his shoulders, launching others into the crowd, all the while smiling and being so utterly polite you couldn't help become a fan if you weren't already. Andrew W.K. defied the high security of the Commodore Ballroom by inviting eager fans to pour into the press pit and spill onto the stage, so by his second song he had created a level of chaos that was so far beyond security's control that they just gave up for the rest of the set. I've never before witnessed someone crowd surf on their OWN stage. The sound was huge and it was complete insanity, but it was over all too quickly. He'd played only 10 songs before his repertoire was exhausted, but I suppose that's a common problem when most of your songs are about partying.

Jones's performance was the part of the show that W.K. fans who took off early should hang their heads in shame for missing.

*Cowboy TexAss
Pics: Dan*

THE TEMPLARS THE LANCASTERS THE RAMPANT @ The Cobalt October 18th, 2002

Recovering from another rigorous work week, I found myself down at Vancouver's Hardcore Bar trying to stay sober in the hopes of giving

Anyhow, I was more eager to see Toronto's Danko



The Lancasters

a somewhat coherent review. Although I'd seen the venue hold literally twice as many people on previous occasions, there was still quite a good sized crowd of out of town and local punks, skins and Cobalt regulars. At around 10:30 pm, The Rampant took the stage. It was my second time seeing this Victoria trio, who are yet another young act to show influences of the magnificent British punk scene of the early 80's. With a female drummer laying down basic beats, two young lads took turns singing, with one making me wonder if he was indeed an authentic Brit. Over all, The Rampant's style is catchy and with time they could possibly mature into something really special. The highlight of their set was their cover of the 4-Skins classic 'A.C.A.B.' Good stuff. Up next were The Lancasters, who were back after almost a year-long hiatus. The boys wasted no time getting down to business, playing with a clean, melodic style. With a larger crowd in attendance at this point in the evening, there was no shortage of enthusiastic pogoing up front. This was the tightest playing I'd ever witnessed from this act, and I sure hope they release some material soon so I can familiarize myself with their songs! The Templars have been one of the predominant names in the world of Street Punk for almost a decade now, having countless releases on all the genre's leading labels. Originally hailing from the Big Apple, the members are now scattered in different states. The four piece features Chet from Atlanta, Georgia's Adolph and the Piss Artists. The set began with a few technical problems which were quickly resolved. Their hard and basic Oi! sound was well-delivered and certainly lived up to my expectations. Not being familiar with the bulk of the material they played, I did, however, recognize a handful of tracks from Templars releases already in my collection. Towards the end of the night, the crowd began to dissipate, and so a lot of people missed out on a bunch of covers which includ-

ed classic material by Cocksparrer, Last Resort and others. Overall, a good gig.

Aaronoid
Pics: Aaronoid

GWAR THOR @ The Commodore Ballroom Oct 27th 2002

Oog. Sunday, and as much as I had anticipated the return of the mighty GWAR, it took some effort to peel my ass from the couch and venture forth into the cool evening. Rock 'n' roll... it's a hard life.

We arrived at the Commodore just in time for Thor, and to my surprise, discovered local legend Ani Kyd had signed on as rhythm guitar, giving the aging strongman a new credibility. Or at least it might have, if Ani had been able to keep the grin off her face. I was left with the distinct impression that she would burst out laughing at any second and walk off the stage saying, "I'm sorry, I just can't do this!" Before she could change her mind, Thor bounced onto the stage, swinging his foam rubber hammers as impressively as foam rubber hammers can be swung, dishing up a heaping helping of fantastical nonsense for the adoring legions. You go, Thor. Any middle-aged man who would rather wave plastic swords and bend steel bars in his jaws than sell life insurance wins my stamp of approval. Don't ever stop.

Clouds of pot smoke slowly lifted to reveal GWAR, fully decked out in all their bloody finery, back from the frozen reaches of Antarctica. With a spray of blood they were off... to crush, maim, kill, destroy, rend, rip, and spindle the "lowly zit-ridden scum of out-cast prepubescence". Poor Oderous Urungus had his cock lopped off by the sexy and wicked Slymenstra Hymen, who then donned the mas-

sive severed organ on a chain around her neck like a gory necklace. Death fell from above, raining piss, blood, and puke down on the maggot-infested crowd, visiting them with a level of barbarity unmatched since the Christian crusades. Many lay slain, and corpses cluttered the stage like dead leaves on the ground. A flesh-eating dinosaur stomped forward, only to be vanquished by Thor and his deadly foam rubber hammers. The carnage continued unabated until Oderous' whang was finally returned to him, whereupon he showed his appreciation by ejaculating great buckets onto the undeserving heads of the wretches in the crowd. Maggots fell like rain.

Beaten and bloodied, the sweaty, zit-ridden masses joined the Antarctic conquerors in a rousing singalong rendition of "Sick of You." The show ended several songs later in a drenching shower of blood, cum, and piss. Dead bodies lay heaped in lime-filled pits.

To say a bunch of outlandishly-dressed people sprayed fake blood and made a lot of noise would hardly suffice, now would it?

Chris Walter

FREEFLOW @ The Silvertone Tavern September 13th 2002

It was after dark on a Friday the 13th, and like any single man, the hunt was on... superstition be damned. Now, I don't normally extend my hunting grounds to the Drive for a few important reasons: let me try to be subtle... ANGRY, MAN-HATING DYKES IMPERSONATING 13 YEAR-OLD BOYS! However, on the corner of 11th and Commercial you're still safe (I think). There shines the Silvertone... a pub with a pool table that's about as easy to hop onto as your best friend's sister and greasy burgers that always seem to return to the porce-

lain bowl in under 3 hours. Anywho, don't get me wrong... I love the place. It's one of the few spots on The Drive where you can just be a regular Joe. No natty head stinky bums posing as hippies, no lice infected squeegee punks and no bullshit from the entertainment "district" — just people. Smokin', tokin', drinkin' and dancin'.

Freeflow surfs on the sounds of ska, jazz and funk, and their wall-shaking new CD *Barfly Sessions* will move the souls of some and caress the loins of others. The front man, Jason Evans, has a voice that is powerful and distinct, achieving full flight in a song like 'Daddy'. The lyrics are soulful and real, and the song 'Circumcision' almost brought me to tears... I'm a victim too, J-dawg... bloody 'mushroom tip' and all. The band is tight. They smile and they laugh, giving it up for the crowd and Vancouver's sushi. See this band live. Partying with them is in the same league as watching the Blues Brothers. Even if you don't bust your booty, you will at least be able to watch other fine booties a-bustin'.

Wild Bill

KATAKLYSM NCRONOMICON BLOOD OF CHRIST @ The Cobalt October 2nd 2002

Reviewing shows while sober is strange. You notice things. Like Rick, the medieval mullet guy who asked me three times what it is that I'm writing. There's always the regular local metal heads, but at this show only about sixty people turned up. Come on — if you claim to listen to brutal music, you should at least go to

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I fondly remember in my teens discovering bands such as The Cure, Joy Division and The Smiths / Morrissey for the first time. Suddenly my melancholy existence had a soundtrack! These groups totally enhanced the intensity of the emotions I was experiencing as only an adolescent does: feeling the weight of the world, heavy-hearted, sooo hard to be alive. Listening to The Organ evokes precisely the same sentiments I felt back in the day upon listening to said bands.

We've Got to Meet



I would be hard-pressed to name another year-old band that have progressed as rapidly as The Organ. Singer Katie Sketch and Jenny Smyth (who plays The Organ's namesake, a Hammond 123XL 'Romance Series') previously collaborated in the now-defunct Full Sketch and The Ewoks (of which Jenny is still a member). Itching to get a new music project going, they initially collaborated with several established musicians before realizing what was truly important to them... having fun! Current guitarist Debora Cohen has been playing "pretty much anything, from rock to jazz to surf" alone at home for years & years before Jenny & Katie talked her into joining The Organ. Next, they successfully berated their pal Shelby Stocks into learning to play the drums for the cause. When original bassist Sara Ephron left to concentrate on her career as

a writer, Ashley Webber learned to play on the fly to fill her shoes. The Organ immediately began opening for various bands around town, working their way up to playing a number of high profile gigs including The Von Bondies, Interpol and a Mint Records showcase. The resulting exposure has swiftly earned them a fan base of their own, pushed by a self-released 7-inch, titled *We've Got to Meet*, and a new EP, *Sinking Hearts*, released by local label Global Symphonic. They're grateful to see so many new faces "... and we don't know who they are! It's not just your sister and your best friend in the front row anymore," exclaims Katie. The Organ have been labeled part of the "New New Wave," a classification they readily embrace. Although they are obviously influenced by the bands of that era, they never set out to emulate any of them. "It's a coincidence... we never discussed it," admits Shelby. "Maybe unconsciously, like it was in all of us,

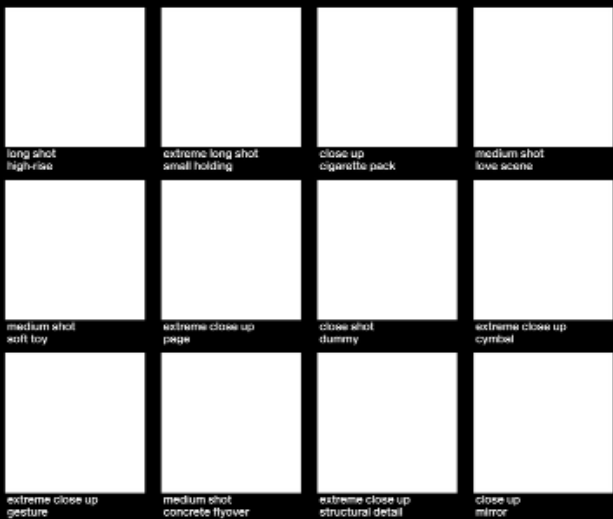
like it was in everyone & kinda came out 'cuz we all like that kinda music." Katie adds, "other people dubbed us 'New New Wave,' we weren't saying we sound New Wave, when people asked what we sound like, we were like, 'I dunno.' To me, the music sounds really simple and clean — all four instruments at an even level. Then when Katie's lone vocals are added, it's like, 'sigh...' Jenny professes to be "quite a happy person" and thinks "The Organ's music sounds really happy and cheerful so I always get really shocked when people say 'your music sounds so sad and emotional' & I'm like 'really?!' I think it sounds like *la la la...*" at which point Katie chimes in laughingly, "if I was singin' 'Life is a Highway,' I'd be lying, y'know what I'm sayin'?"

compared to male dominated groups. Their rather androgynous fashion sense is also a refreshing change from the ubiquitous 'foxy mini skirt / fishnets / knee-high boots' look. Never lacking for local gigs, The Organ are taking a tour down the coast in December promoting their lovely *Sinking Hearts* EP. If songs like 'I Am Not Surprised' and 'It's Time to Go' don't give you shivers, then you're probably lacking a pulse. When I ask where they see The Organ in a year, Katie confesses "that's really fucking hard to say!" If they're half as productive next year as they've been in 2002, then the sky's the limit.

Casey Cougar



ikara colt chat and business



ikara colt chat and business

"Entirely admirable - brilliant!" *NME*

"Insane genius" *KERRANG!*

"Intense and exhilarating" *UNCUT*

"This could kick start everything." *ORGAN*

Debut record out 11.12.02 on Epitaph



Avail
Front Porch Stories
 Fat Wreck Chords

As I listened to this disc, I couldn't help but wonder if every band at Fat Wreck Chords are provided with the exact same distortion pedal and got guitar lessons from the same long-haired goof with baggy shorts. Avail are hard but poppy, with angst filled and gravelly shouted lyrics, and that classic skater punk guitar grind in the background of every song and I hated it. I thought that Avail embodied all that is bad with skate punk, emo and straight edge hardcore, all in one disc in order to give these guys an impartial review, I listened to it again and flipped through the liner notes and as I laughed at their hideous facial hair, I realized that I don't actually like emo or skatepunk that much, but these guys do a pretty decent job of melding that with an honest, "we don't give a fuck what you think Cowboy TexAss, cuz we like playing this and if you don't like it you're head is up your ass" attitude that was commendable enough to get through the second listen. By the third listen, I actually found myself enjoying the extremely melodic "Verses" and hastily turned it off before I began liking it enough to go and erase what I'd already written about it.

Cowboy TexAss

Avail
Front Porch Stories
 Fat Wreck Chords

I hate this disc. Avail embody all that is bad with skate punk, emo and straight edge hardcore, all in one disc. As I listened to this disc I couldn't help but wonder if every band at Fat Wreck Chords are provided with the exact same distortion pedal and got guitar lessons from the same long-haired goof with baggy shorts. Avail are bad facial hair, gravelly shouting and "deep" lyrics like "god I feel like hell for myself and you and I hate myself." What ever happened to Nirvana? Oh yeah...

Cowboy TexAss

Bad Astronaut
Houston: We Have A Drinking Problem
 Honest Don's

This band is relatively new (though the musicians aren't), but their music is smart and pretty and absolutely worth checking out. Every song is a good song, though "Killers and Liars" is a stand out, with acoustic musings vs. straight laced rock (they've got a violin in there somewhere). The lead singer, Joey Cape, is Lou Barlow melodic and an ex-member of Lagwagon! Woohoo! Rock on. Bad Astronaut's sound, however, is full of both uppy and feet-dragging punk, with thoughtful, mature lyrics. Though the band members themselves have a rather silly sense of humor (their term for a bass is a "thunderboom") and seem a bit obsessed with the whole astronaut/space theme, I laugh and laugh that there's a band out there called Nerf Herders (one time side project of bassist Marko 72).

Needless to say, this is the best free CD I've listened to in a long time.

Emily Kendy

Beatsteaks
Living Targets
 Epitaph.com

When I first got this CD, I really didn't like it much... it was just another radio friendly German punk band. So I shelved that baby and went on to other music. Then a day ago, I dug it right back out of my giant stack of free shit... figured I'd give it another chance at life. Guess what? It's not going to get squished under my truck's tires just yet. *Living Targets* is the 3rd meaty punk release from the Beatsteaks, a fine cornucopia of fast pace 6 string draw and aggravated vocal therapy. This CD is not suitable for anyone who likes the new breed of pussy punk.

Adler Floyd

Bouncing Souls/Anti-Flag
BYP Split Series Vol. 4
 BYO

The concept behind split records is great: two records for the price of one, the chance to hear your favourite bands cover one-another, all that. But you're always going to like one band better than the other, which means half the album becomes something you have to slog through to get to the good stuff. That's not the case here. This Bouncing Souls/Anti-Flag thing

is like tasting two mildly different versions of vanilla on the same cone. As in: where's the chocolate, yo? BS are a bit more energetic, A-F a bit more political, but both in a middle-of-the-road kind of way. Anti-Flag have always seemed like Fugazi-lite, and the suspicion is confirmed again here. They might be useful for reaching out to the Sum 41 set, I guess... official Warped Tour political punk in an easy-to-digest format. The earlier releases in the BYO split series (especially the Hot Water Music/Leatherface Volume 1) seemed to be a lot more unique and interesting. Anyway, more of these are presumably on the way and it'll be fun to see whom they pair up next.

Paul Crowley

Chris Murray
Raw
 Asian Man Records

Recorded almost entirely on a portable cassette player, on this disc you will find two things: acoustic guitar and vocals. Chris Murray is known in the ska world as a great songwriter, performer, producer, and apparently he's an incredible studio type sound guy. Normally I associate ska music with dancing and it usually serves as an artificial happiness, but *Raw* is more something that you'd listen to on a cold, rainy, call-in sick to work kinda day at home. Not exactly what I was expecting, but skillfully crafted and rootsy... mostly upbeat, yet sad and soulful.

Cowboy TexAss

DESTROYER666
Cold Steel for an Iron Age
 Season of Mist

This band plays a unique if not distinctive brand of death metal, avoiding the "classic" stuff unlike Morbid Angel, Deicide or Napalm Death. These guys lurk in a deeper realm of the musical consciousness. 666's rhythms and leads impressed me and definitely owed much to a certain band mentioned above (in the middle of the list), but show more artistic reserve than veteran courage. Not to say their chops are bad; far from it, they don't revel in sonically unfashionable territory. Thrash junkies, death freaks and grind mammals should like the band for what they give the decency to

appear as on cd. If you know "everything there is to know about death metal", or say, a base knowledge of grind, you'll find these guys rather pleasing.

Sam Straker

EL NADA
Nothing for Nobody
 Finger Records

Excellent mid-eighties style hardcore punk out of Los Angeles. A mainly Hispanic effort, except for guitarist Danny Wong (I dunno, seemed obvious to me). Some PC punks might find this CD offensive due to songs like "G Spot", "Fuck" and "Punk Porno". But c'mon, don't take shit so seriously all the time. I hear nothing misogynistic, just lyrics from guys that have lived on the mean streets of L.A.

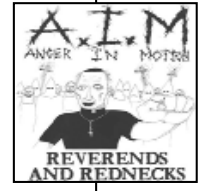
Andy Gronberg

Electro Nouveau
Tech, Synth Pop & Nu-Electro
 Moonshine.com

Dear Buddha, please tell me this is some bad fucking joke! Fuck, I'm aware that the music scene recycles itself but this is unnecessary. Shit I don't even know how to review this, I'm finally speechless, just like the time when I got caught getting my dick sucked by what I thought was a chick after a New Order concert, damn you androgynous 1985! Moonshine has released a 2cd compilation full of 80's inspired synth-pop & craptonica by current artists such as *Chicks on speed*, *Feliz da houseca*, *Neuorpa* and called this new blend *Electro Nouveau*. The 80's synth pop is not making a fucking comeback, no way dude! I don't care if you give this a million new names, it'll still be shit. Just say no to the 80's synth pop!

Adler Floyd

Elizabeth McQuaid
To Thine Own Self be True
 Independent



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I got to review this one because I actually like Christian music and all, but, I didn't dig this even before I listened to it, which I haven't in fact done yet and never will. Actually, when I did it was some kind of poppy-feel good stuff. If you get it, groove to the vibe. I think it's the sounds of the streets? It's not really Christian, though, because it seems like all the songs were about social interactions that lead to fucking, i.e. going out for coffee. Perhaps the New Music West 2002 Jury sums it up the best. "Good vocals, elegant, smooth, nice sound... I know it is a good sound." I hope she doesn't put more fuck songs on the full length album, though. And she got a grant! Make-up by Lisa Hansen.

Jason Ainsworth

Fairweather
Alaska
Equal Vision

"We're quite happy [with the album]. It's more... shiny and shimmery," said Ben Green, in an interview I had with the guitarist, a couple weeks ago, over the phone (unrelated).

This little EP, *Alaska*, is a tiny snowflake in a blizzard of white noise. Their songs play more like mini anthems, which can either be considered heartfelt or annoying, depending on the size of your heart when you're listening to Fairweather. But it's hard not to like them, when they're good at fixing their old tour van ("It's a 350 Dodge Ram," said Green. "A 13 seater... biggest monster you've ever seen") and haven't had a problem-in the past-with firing band mates who don't fit the bill ("It's not like we'd drop them off at the

Greyhound.") All in all, a decent four songs, but the band is heading into the studio at the end of the year to record a full-length, so I say save your bread and honey for the main course.
Emily Kendy

Jesus and the Gospelfuckers / Agent Orange
Couldn't Care Less split CD
Kangaroo Records

Let me stop you from thinking, what I know you're thinking. This is not the Los Angeles surf punk band Agent Orange on this disk. Both JATGF and AG are from Holland. And to boot, they were in existence back in the late '70's and early 80's. Both bands play sloppy punk with a definite early '80's UK sound. I'm almost thinking both bands were ahead of their time! These two bands disturbed a ton of shit in their day, causing riots, being banned from clubs... the whole deal. To have this re-released in 2002 is like opening up a time capsule. All praise Holland's Kangaroo Records for this awesome look into the past exposing two bands we may never have otherwise known.
Andy Gronberg

Knockout
Searching for solid ground
Fearlessrecords.com

Knockout delivers a bit of the old 12 o'clock, but not enough to put you down for the count right away. These fighting nerdplunks hail out of the windy city, and sing about girls, love, loneliness, about moving on and about getting back together, did I mention love yet? This type of nerdplunk is really in right now, so I wouldn't be surprised if Knockout made the countdown on your local music channel after they shoot their Spike

Jonez music video. This is a very safety release, but way above average.
Adler Floyd

Matt Skiba & Kevin Seconds
Split CD
Asian Man Records

Mmm. I would put this on if I were making out with a boy for the first time in my pad. It has punk credibility, but is smooth enough to heavy pet to. Matt Skiba is the singer for Alkaline Trio, and Kevin Seconds is that dude from a seminal punk band whose name rhymes with his. This is their split CD; they each do 5 acoustic songs and play almost all the instruments on their respective songs. You too will listen to it 4 times just to learn all the words and then help them out on the little harmony parts. This CD is also good for the mood I will be in after I kick you out in the morning to hang out with my cat.
Jenni Talia

Million Dollar Marxists
Million Dollar Marxists
Independent

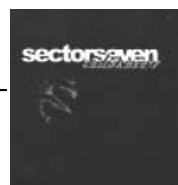
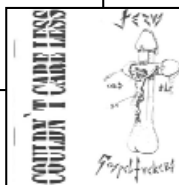
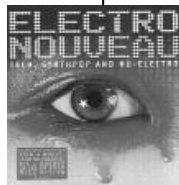
This debut EP from Ottawa rockers Million Dollar Marxists is one of the greatest 6 song assemblages I've heard in a forever time. This disc hasn't left my player since I got it. MSM have stated that their primary goal is the "Reinvention of Canadian Rock 'n' Roll" and this disc is a true testament of that. These guys are kinda like a garage band crossbreed of the Supersuckers and New Town Animals; fast, scrappy rawk, well structured songs with good hooks and pick slides aplenty. A good dose of devils food to get those fists in the air, look for the re-release of their EP in stores soon.
Cowboy TexAss

Sectorseven
ST
Sonicunyon.com

4 angry Canadians making loud & appealing noise, what more do you really need to fucking know? Maybe that these guys play a mean punk metal driven set and are one of the brightest talents out of the great white north. This is punk as it was meant to be, dynamic and rough, no pussy fucking around going on here. Sectorseven can triturate any fucking pussy pop punk band out of Canada. This shit is pure gold yo, go buy it!
Adler Floyd

Volumizer
Gaga for Gigi
Mint Records

Volumizer sounds like softened up version of The Dishrags. "Bullshit" and "I Don't Love You" were great punk songs because they had an abrasiveness that caught your attention. Even though Volumizer includes a version of "Nowhere to Hide" there is nothing to make the album stand out. There is nothing to grip and hold on to. Volumizer brings together former Dishrags, Pointed Sticks and U-3R5 members. Jade Blade from the Dishrags plays guitar and sings with U-3R5's Rodney Graham and Bill Napier-Hemy of the Pointed Sticks adding additional guitars. The label of "Super Group" is the kiss of death. The Dishrags were a great group, U-3R5's "Eisenhower and the Hippies" was a pretty good song but when it all comes together twenty years later the edge seems to have dulled. Each song is straight-forward. The music is unchallenging and will most likely be to lost amongst a wash of pop-punk that has little to no means of distinguishing itself. This isn't to say the songs aren't constructed well or the vocals are bad. Throughout the album the guitar and vocals are slick but nothing distinguishes one song from the other. If you want memorable music from when Jade Blade was at their prime, you'd be better off picking up The Dishrags' compilation "Love/Hate".
Matt Whalley



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Seven-Day Diamonds

Overlooked Treasures from the 'Weekly Rentals' Section



This month's 7DD is a 1979 animated romp called *Castle of Cagliostro*, directed by Hayao Miyazaki. Some people might argue if I said that Miyazaki is the greatest director / storyteller of all time (something I might say only when the Coen brothers aren't around) but I don't think there would be much dispute if I said that he's the greatest animator in Japan. Chances are you've seen, or at least heard of *Princess Mononoke* (1997) which was the highest grossing domestic film in Japan (about 150 million, for those of you counting). Or should I say the highest grossing, that is, until his new effort, *Spirited Away*, came out last year - (although the dubbed version doesn't hit Western theaters until this month). But I'm not talking about those, I'm talking about *Castle of Cagliostro*!

Never mind that his animation is a pure delight to look at, Miyazaki knows how to tell a story. *Cagliostro* is his first movie effort, which is admittedly not as good as his later films, and at the time it didn't do as well

at the box office. The good news is, it's still brilliant. This film is still very underrated, the upside of that being there's a decent chance you can find it at your local video rental store (in 2000 Palm Pictures / Manga Video re-released the dubbed version on VHS and DVD). Miyazaki has a tendency to blow the audience away with weird shit the likes of which ye hath ne'er seen, which, of course, is endearing, but this is perhaps his least fanciful film. It starts off with Lupin the third and his partner-in-crime, Jigen, robbing a casino. Now I know I just started getting to the film but I must again digress. Lupin III (a/k/a "Rupan sansei") is a bit of a Japanese icon, having starred in a couple of TV series in the 70's. *Cagliostro* is actually the second Lupin film. Lupin III is purportedly the descendent of gentleman burglar Arsene Lupin, the famous literary character created by Maurice Leblanc (1864-1941). He gets in lots of different adventures with his allies / nemeses (you can never be sure who's who when you're a wanted felon) including his sexy rival Fujiko and Interpol inspector Zangigata. In essence, this movie is just another chapter in an ongoing serial, but don't dismay if you're new to the story. Having just read my explanation, you're now in the club, so when these characters seem to come out of nowhere, you can say "oh yeah, it's that guy," without missing a beat.

Miyazaki knows how to tell a story. After robbing the casino, the two crooks realize that all their cash is useless - some of those legendary counterfeit "goat bills." Suddenly they find themselves in the middle of a car chase involving a reluctant princess bride and her husband-to-be's henchmen. Lupin foils the henchmen and discovers that this princess is the same girl who saved his life years ago when she was still a child. A twist of fate snatches the girl back into the clutches of the vile Count Cagliostro, forcing Lupin & Co. to attempt to rescue the girl from the tall tower and uncover a couple of other tantalizing mysteries of Castle Cagliostro in the process.

This may sound like a cartoon fairy tale, and hey let's not kid ourselves, it is. But the characters are by no means as 2-D as the medium. The interplay between Lupin, Jigen, and the others can be deep and often hilarious. The setting is classic - between the castle's many inventive traps & secret passageways, *Cagliostro*'s specially outfitted assassins, and Lupin's clever gadgets, ploys & sheer tenacity, *Castle of Cagliostro* will have your imagination all a-twitter.

Toren Atkinson

RIDICULOUSLY BRIEF CAPSULE REVIEWS FROM THE VANCOUVER INTERNATIONAL FILM FESTIVAL

DEMONLOVER (Olivier Assayas) B- Gorgeous but empty, and I guess your propensity for liking this film has much to do with how much the eye candy factor can overcome the general shallowness. More of a disappointment in terms of wasted potential than anything. Oddly moralizing at the end, as well.

DRAGONFLY (Marius Holst) B- Taut little thriller from Norway that goes along just fine until it insults its audience with an incredibly obvious voice-over at the end. Why do this? We are not retarded!

HELL HOUSE (George Ratliff) A Brilliant, stunning documentary that fascinates not only because of its subject matter (the annual creation and performance by a Texas Baptist church of a Halloween "House of Horrors" depicting mortal sins and their consequences), but also because of its candour and the level of trust achieved by the filmmaker. Like the very best of the genre, *Hell House* truly has an eye for its subjects most revealing moments, which makes this one of the greatest documentaries ever made.

INTACTO (Juan Carlos Fresnadillo) A- Terrific thriller from Spain about a weird underground society of high stakes games of luck and chance. Plenty of twists and turns (sort of a more atmospheric *Memento*).

IRREVERSIBLE (Gaspar Noe) A- As vivid an experience as it promised to be, this was an absolutely unflinching portrait of man at his basest. See this one in a theatre if you can, as the visceral impact will certainly be diluted on video.

KEN PARK (Larry Clark & Ed Lachman) B Perhaps expectations were unreachably high for this, a reunification of Larry Clark and *Kids* screenwriter Harmony Korine. I was definitely expecting something close to *Kids*-level greatness. The stuff that's here is good, but somewhat lacking in genuinely weird touches, all playing itself out as a pretty standard "kids=good, parents=bad" melodrama. Clark is at his best when he is filming people fucking.

THE MAN WITHOUT A PAST (Aki Kaurismaki) B+ Easily Kaurismaki's most straightforward film (seek out his hilarious, deadpan *Leningrad Cowboys Go America* if you haven't already done so), this is a lean yet rich tale of one man's struggle with amnesia after a brutal beating. Ends up being a pretty potent treatise on the plight of the homeless.

ME WITHOUT YOU (Sandra Goldbacher) C If you are a 40 year-old British woman, you will like this film.



NOV

JEFF TOWNE 1-6 Bear! Porno! Thievery! Down's Syndrome!

PRISON CELLULOID 7 The role of media artists around issues of loss, liberty, confinement and conditioning

THE SPIRIT WRESTLER 8 The true story behind the Dookhobors...

KAREN CARPENTER 9 The one and only, plus classic Barbie!

FATA MORGANA 10 Herzog's mad's lady of the mirage, with live music by EYE OF NEVIT

ICTV NIGHT 12 A night of political programming about tissues a la Iceberg YOU

PAINTERS PAINTING 13 The Abstract Expressionists weigh in...

MR. OTTO BIOGRAFFITI 14 Kevin Spensky gives you permission to pee your pants with joy, wonder & amusement

RADIOHEAD VS THE MATRIX 15 Get paranoid with Keanu and Radiohead! 5!

ORCHESTRAL AMAZEMENT! 16 Come enjoy the drama and black humour of suffering and the hideous thieves

SHIFTING LIGHT: DAVID RIMMER 17 Experience the subtle, structurally meticulous and profoundly moving films of this living legend IN PERSON

BYOB: BRING YOUR OWN FILM 19 We can screen VHS, DVD, 16mm and Super 8 - keep it under ten minutes!

ALCATRAZ IS NOT AN ISLAND 20 JOINT EFFORT presents the doc on the occupation of this infamous prison

FIFTH ANNUAL VANCOUVER UNDERGROUND FILM FESTIVAL 21-24 Films, videos, parties, guests, and more - pick up a FREE guide!

WALKING WOUNDED: THE FILMS OF LECH KOWALSKI 26-1 Criminal Cinema presents his tribute to the American Underground's answer to Werner Herzog

MANKWOMAN 29 The return of MANKWOMAN & THE PAPER BAG CATHOLIC with director and subject IN PERSON



UP FROM THE DEPTHS - PART ONE: SHARKS



I've been a huge fan of these bad boys for as long as I can remember. Let me rephrase that - my life has revolved around sharks for as long as I can remember. I used to obsessively draw them over and over and over until I had created volumes of a comic I called "WHITE

DEATH, parts 1-25" (my take on the JAWS series). Spielberg's masterpiece fueled my desire to seek out the ultimate combination of shark and horror film. Even JAWS parts 2-4 were inspirational to me (and that's saying something, given how unbelievably bad some of those sequels became). "WHITE DEATH" was further influenced by every TV special and film about sharks that struck my interest. This was all back in the days before VCRs, in the days when I was just trying as hard as I could to get my parents to let me stay up long enough to watch JAWS 2 on the midnight movie on cable, or that obscure National Geographic documentary on

that aired just after my bedtime. The fact that my parents had the foresight to let me watch and read all I could about sharks has certainly sustained my interest in them to this day. Fuck... last year, my girlfriend and I made this expensive pilgrimage 25 hours off the coast of San Diego to witness a great white shark from an underwater cage. No shark vs. cage action happened (blame bad timing), but I did witness one sleek monster cruising by the hull of the boat, his ominous black eye surveying his undisputed domain. This January, I hope to have my ass bitten off in Hawaii by a either a tiger shark or my other fave of the species, a bull shark.

See Gore on next page

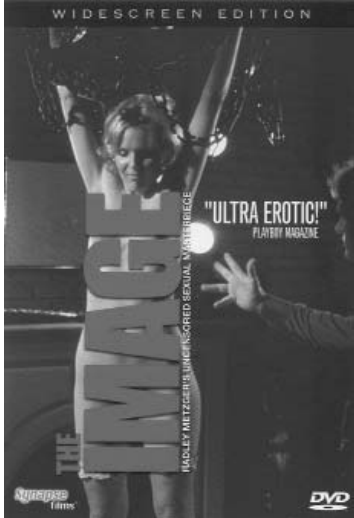


BLUE MOVIES

The Image Synapse DVD

Classy and Retro *porn*? This month **Blue Movies** finds itself in Paris (France) circa 1975, courtesy of this great DVD release of Radley Metzger's S&M masterpiece, *THE PUNISHMENT OF ANNE* (now safely re-titled as per the novel it is based on.) Unfamiliar with Metzger, the Aristocrat of sex movie Directors? He began his career by shooting extra nude footage to cut into European movies imported by Audubon Films in the early 60's, before creating his own top-notch series of erotic features such as *THERESE AND ISABELLE* and *THE LICKERISH QUARTET*. In the mid-70's Metzger began to shoot hardcore under the pseudonym *Henry Paris*, creating all-time classics such as *BARBARA BROADCAST* and *THE OPENING OF MISTY BEETHOVEN*. But just before doing so he created this intense and artsy work, harder than soft- yet not quite porn- but more than a match for *THE STORY OF O*.

Beautifully shot in widescreen with impeccable lighting and composition (all perfectly rendered on DVD), *THE IMAGE* follows the story of a slave named Anne, her Mistress, and the man invited by the Mistress to help dominate Anne. Converse to Russ Meyer's world of white trash, Metzger's people are rich and sophisticated. Content-wise, what is more than soft is the gentleman's erect penis being repeatedly sucked by Anne, and Anne's vagina fairly well revealed. What is less than hardcore is the absence of penetration and the ubiquitous outside ejaculation. Interestingly, the apparent swallowing by Anne and thus literal *sucking* action in the fellatio montage captures a visceral quality that most pop-shot porn misses. Presumably, Metzger was motivated by some



Ratings consideration, but female porn director Candida Royalle's policy of no exterior cum shots (circa 1984) for reality and equality purposes is nonetheless successfully predat-

ed. But the bottom line is this is a BDSM movie, and thus the sex ultimately takes a back seat to the whippings, which culminate in an extended session that will definitely impress you one way or the other. And edification-wise, we do become privy to an intriguing world of Masters and Slaves, and the titular "punishment" that is meted out for the slightest disobedience. Kink-wise, discriminating viewers are treated to several rare delights, including two urinating scenes.

DVD-wise, you get trailers for a bunch of other Radley Metzger films, and a neat feature wherein you can "isolate" the cool music score, thus allowing a different viewing experience - or a hip listening experience without watching.

Dmidtrui Otis

The Image is available on DVD or VHS at Reel Horror.

Gore cont'd from previous

Truth is stranger than fiction, something which is proven again and again in the world of genre film. Throughout the month of July in the year 1916 off the coast of New Jersey, a shark devoured swimmers on four separate occasions... a fifth victim lived. The neat part of the story is that it is strongly believed to be the same shark in each instance, as well as in two other attacks miles up a river! Scary stuff, indeed. Of course, a Great White was blamed for this massacre, but nowadays most fingers would point to the bull shark, since he can swim in both fresh and salt water. In any case, the events of 1916 are said to be the primary inspiration for Peter Benchley's novel *Jaws*, which spawned the successful film franchise AND all the trashy knockoffs. Leave it to the Italian and Mexican/Spanish film industries to really cash in on the shark film craze. This is where I come in with my picks of the month:

TINTORERA TIGER SHARK

I remember browsing through a video store in Victoria with my brother as our grandma waited for us to agree on a movie to watch that night. The *TINTORERA* box was too good to pass up, given that it featured a blood-drenched tiger shark emerging from the water, and promised a shark film I hadn't seen yet. Back at Grandma's house our virgin kid eyes were exposed to their first authentic Eurotrash film. Yeah, dude!!! And what a way to pop the cherry! We got to see naked chicks making out, dudes getting torn apart by a drugged-out tiger shark, and even a little three-way action. Grandma had to field a lot of tough questions from us that night, but the film still plays well to this day. A classic Rene Cardona Jr. flick that features shady Ed Brisson fave, Hugo "Stiggy" Stiglitz. Good enough to necessitate a search for...

SHARK'S CAVE

Another Mexican-made masterpiece with drugged-out tiger sharks, reef sharks, and Stiggy's buddy from *TINTORERA* in the lead role. Some of the eating sequences in this are essentially copied from *TINTORERA*, but all in all, it is a truly fucked-up masterpiece. You see, the sharks in question are actually guarding some crazy Aztec treasure hidden inside the cave in question. As swimmers enter in their scuba gear, their brains are transported to a hallucination where the walls around them begin to crumble and an Aztec stick figure fucks around with their vision. The shark slaughter at the end is truly a payoff by virtue of the shower of torn limbs descending the ocean floor. We learn that indeed sharks *can* smell bad guys, as the main character uses half eaten torsos to cover his escape.

The Italians produced some real convoluted messes (even more so than my rants) that stand as some of the best the Eurotrash genre has to offer: I'm speaking of the *JAWS* rip-off "series" that started with Enzo Castellari's *THE LAST SHARK* in 1980 and culminated with Bruno Mattei's 1994 classic *CRUEL JAWS*. Castellari's film shamelessly rehearses the *JAWS* plot (so much so that he got sued by Universal), and it sports a slow-moving robotic shark that still gets me stoked to this day. "Bruce" (as the robot shark was called) is fucking fantastic - it's bloody huge and even has a weirdo lip movement that mimics the actual jaw movements of a real life Great White. Good ol' Joe D'Amato had his hand in this genre as well with a film called *DEEP*

BLOOD, produced in the US. There's also Castellari's amazing film *SHARK HUNTER* where you get to watch Franco Nero run his ass off up and down the beach and wrestle a real nurse shark (I know, I know, they don't bite, but I guess they thought no one else would be aware of that). Good (sweet) soundtrack, good characters and a bunch of sharks blocking a cave to hidden airplane wreck treasure (is this not a rehash of the plot line of *SHARK'S CAVE?*). The really cool thing about these three Eurotrash kings all making *JAWS* rip-offs is that all three of them also rip each other off! I've made you a handy viewing guide with this in mind:

- Characters stolen from *JAWS*: *DEEP BLOOD*, *CRUEL JAWS*, *LAST SHARK*
- Lines stolen from *JAWS*: *DEEP BLOOD*, *CRUEL JAWS*
- Lines stolen (verbatim) from *JAWS 2* and *3*: *CRUEL JAWS*
- Scenes from *LAST SHARK* stolen: *CRUEL JAWS* and *DEEP BLOOD*
- Scenes of Bruce stolen: *CRUEL JAWS*
- Excessive use of stock footage of live sharks: *DEEP BLOOD*, *CRUEL JAWS*
- Actors never shown in the same frame as the shark: *CRUEL JAWS*
- Unintentional use of *STAR WARS* theme music: *CRUEL JAWS* (Imagine the director? "No, you idiot - the other John Williams soundtrack!")



Another choice thing about the shark genre is that after the "popularity" of *DEEP BLUE SEA*, other really trashy American films have been coming out of the woodwork and heading directly to video. For these titles, the payoff for the viewer is some good T&A and some sweet attacks, but they still leave you pretty bummed out (as per usual) as far as they show the weak state of the US industry. Examples in this category include *SHARK ATTACK 1-3*, *SHARK HUNTER*, and *BLOOD SURF* (sharks in the first half of the movie, crocodiles in the second). Out of all of these, my fave is definitely *SHARK ATTACK 2*. Holy shit, it's funny. (*Note: for another look at the shark film genre, *Gigantor* had a great piece in a back issue of *Robin Bougie's CINEMA SEWER* that's worth hunting down.)

Next month: I keep my head under water for more horror film water monsters.



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RIDIN' SHOTGUN



Opinions. Oh ya, we all got 'em. I know I do in the spades. In fact, it is my opinion that if people don't seem to possess any, conversation and the sharing of personal thought becomes a little, well... dull and incredibly boring. Opinions show a well rounded character and a good ability for independent thought... which, I think, is a necessity. Ken Smith, owner of "Celestial Streetrods" (604.828.3164) and this '69 Skylark has a few opinions. It is his adamant, educated opinion that Hotrodding today is completely, with a capital "W", Wrong.

Ken says that folk today think they can pull out their (or their parent's) big fat credit cards, walk into a local rodshop, purchase a brand new top of the line Honda and call it a "rod", or; the other scenario; souping up and old beast by making it a complete classic collector's piece using all original parts and calling it a "rod". That doesn't make it a rod, it makes it a brand new model or a "classic".



In the words of Mr. Ken Smith; "Hotrodding is about taking an older model car and putting the newest and latest technology for speed and power into the older body, thus the true definition for 'hotrodding'." I am inclined to see his point.

He says the guys in the fifties, who coined the phrase, used to buy their cars, say, a '45 Roadster, and since the development of newer and faster technology was on such a steep curve (and still is) by '49, their model would be out of date. Without having the cash

to buy the new cars, they would be forced to buy these new parts, enhancers, engines and soup their older models up in the backyard, trying keep up with the speed of technological advancement. As well as beating the dude down the street in a drag race.

Ken himself has just purchased what he refers to as his "East Coast Pimp-Sled, Nelly". Imagine the low bass pumpin' "I'm goin' down, down baby" as he drives by. It's a '69 Buick Skylark, Black and silver-grey. His new business partner, Geody Rose, and he will be putting in a drive train, tuned port injected "tpi" motor and a 700RH Transmission all from a brand new Corvette

with a set of 2000 Camaro SS Front Brakes with a scratch built transmission. That, my Dears, is hotrodding.

He can do this for you too, if you have a big huge whack of money, as he has been doing total custom whole deal rod building for quite some time. Considered quite young for his field, he is under the usual codger category, meaning he has to deal with the same kind of silly prejudices as a girl in a mining camp. He stopped counting the cars he's owned and fixed up about 2 yrs ago with the number being near 135+.

What's the oldest he's owned? A '29 Roadster that he's currently rebuilding so his young son Isaiah can cruise it when he grows up. Nice job, pop.

Angela Fama



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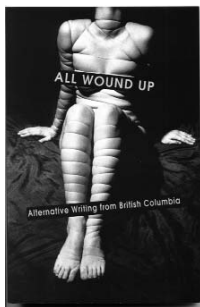
Books and Zines

by Leather the Librarian

Poetry Can Still Get You Laid

It's comforting to know that in this crazy, mixed-up world, there are still some things as reliable as random gun violence south of the border. Century after century, poetry still spreads legs — although, as you'd imagine, the quality of the legs does bear a direct relation to the quality of the verse (if all you can quote is Jewel, don't come bitching to me if the only action you get is with fringe-covered yodeling enthusiasts who aspire to live in panel vans). With all kinds of great Writer's Fest events rocking the shit out of our culture-hungry little town this month, it's a great time to focus on poetry of the local variety, because some of it is actually damn good! (Don't look so surprised.)

All Wound Up: Alternative Writing from British Columbia



Ripple Effect Press, 2002
(\$17.95 CAN p/b)
ISBN: 1-894735-04-8
www.rippleeffectpress.com

This slick-looking anthology is comprised of all the winners and honourable mentions of the 2nd annual BC Alternative Writing and

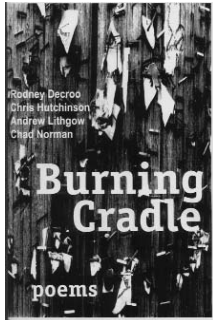
Design Contest (the deadline for this year's entries was Oct 31st — don't say I didn't warn you, because I did... last issue!). In addition to poetry, you get creative rants, fiction and some very spiffy art. The poetry, however, is particularly strong, addressing nagging questions like "what does it mean when a man is unafraid to show his girlfriend's naked ass to the pizza guy?" In "Warming the Pizza Guy" Irene Livingston explores the delicate ballet of jealousy, exhibitionism and embarrassment that comes from the phrase "I just want to see the look on his face." Gord Brandt serves his political satire in a cup of *Habitant* pea soup in a wickedly inflected piece called "The Internal Monologue of Jean Chretien While Being Interviewed." Jennifer L. Scott finds back alley truths in poems like "Dan" and "The Morning After" and first-prize winner Catherine McNeil takes prime lyric advantage of the pathos found in quotidian city rhythms in "how a body falls" and "Goodbye Big Smoke". Chris LaVigne generates images with centrifugal force in his observations of "Confederation Park Roundabout," but it is Susan Cormier who provides the best party-remover of this collection with her nipple-hardening "Tongue" — a poem so dampness-inducing it should come with a hand towel! A proud, independent press dedicated to new alternative voices, Ripple Effect also publishes *Love Poems for the Media Age* featuring the work of more established local stars like Sheri-D Wilson, Brad Cran and bill bissett (a book I'd review if I had a copy — hint, hint!). And all this isn't just good, it's good for you!

Burning Cradle - A Small Anthology

Rodney DeCruz, Chris Hutchinson, Andrew Lithgow & Chad Norman
Burning Cradle Press, 2002 (price n/a)
burningcradle@yahoo.ca

Who says poetry isn't a manly pursuit? Just because some artsy fag in high school forced your English class to listen to his twenty page "Ode to the Inner Child" doesn't mean there isn't decent work coming from the pens of

dudely dudes right here in our own midst. Burning Cradle aims to produce eclectic, idiosyncratic and occasionally libidinous poetry with no government funding. (Bitch about The Man all you want, but as long as the Canada Council is buying the toilet paper, you haven't achieved true independence. Hats off to these guys for *really* flying without a net. *The Nerve* knows your sorrows and your joys.) Thoughtfully arranged, the poems in this chapbook stand on tables and shout drunkenly at closing time (in poems like DeCruz's "Down" and Hutchinson's "Icarus"), they trample over manicured lawns and manacled lives (Norman's "Hedge Trimmer" and "Leaf Blower") and they chase down images of urban beauty like a store detective after a shoplifter (Lithgow's "Gypsy Promise," "The Tracing," and DeCruz's "Wild Flowers"). There is real emotion here, in work like DeCruz's bitter-sweet "Breakfast," as well as "And a Leaf Let Go," dedicated to poet Chad Norman's murdered cousin Aaron Webster (the victim of a Stanley Park gay-bashing). The imagery is particularly haunting in Hutchinson's "The Idea of Forever" and Lithgow's contributions, all of which strike a sophisticated balance between the sugary jolt of beautiful things and the gritty aftertaste of downtown reality. The first book from Burning Cradle Press, DeCruz's *Shining Like an Apple on Fire* is scheduled for release in Spring 2003. Readers of *The Nerve* are invited to a benefit called "Rocking the Cradle" (taking place November 15th at the ANZA Club), featuring refreshments, readings and musical performances by Mr. Underhill, Red Scare and others. Call Rodney at the *Terminal City Weekly* office (604-689-7559) for more info.



And while you're in the poetry section, check out these tasty tidbits from right here in our own back yard (I don't actually have review copies of these books, but that never stopped me from recommending things before!):

- Tammy Armstrong, *Bogman's Music* — Anvil Press (\$13.95 CAN p/b) ISBN: 1-895636-37-X (Nominated for a Governor General's Literary Award! Dude!)
- bill bissett, *B leev abul char ak trs* — Talonbooks (\$16.95 CAN p/b) ISBN: 0-88932-433-1
- Brad Cran, *The Good Life* — Nightwood Editions (\$15.95 CAN p/b) ISBN: 0-88971-183-6 (He's also appearing at a pantload of Writer's Fest events, so check him out, why dontcha?)
- Susan Musgrave, *What the Small Day Cannot Hold - Collected Poems 1970-1985* — Porcepic Books / Beach Holme Press (\$18.95 CAN p/b) ISBN: 0-88878-406-6 (If she's good enough for *VICE* magazine, she's good enough for us!)
- Lyle Neff, *Full Maggie Dodge* — Anvil Press (\$13.95 CAN p/b) ISBN: 1-895636-28-0
- Bud Osborn, *Lonesome Monsters* — Anvil Press (\$10.95 CAN p/b) ISBN: 1-895636-06-8
- Sheri-D Wilson, *Between Lovers* — Arsenal Pulp Press (\$14.95 CAN p/b) ISBN: 1-55152-124-5 (Great website at www.sheridwilson.com)



It's Rainin' Men

By Jason Ainsworth

It's Raining Men, so Reach for the Stars!!

Patronize me! Yoyoyo! Yo!
(*Making It Big in the World of Contemporary and Neo-Contemporary Painting*)

Believe every word of this, okay, because its one-hundred percent true. I figger one out of every ten assholes on the street has the "props" to make it as an art fag, but only one in TEN-THOUSAND of those art fags will make it to the top. That's because most art fags are fone-bones. Oh my God, you wouldn't believe some of the nonsense these animals get up to. It would disgust even a foreigner.



And when you're an art star like Gerhard Richter you can laugh at those rock stars with gold records who, compared to you, are so poor they have to eat vermin that have been on the ground.

But being rich simply is not enough on its own. Sure, as soon as you flob out a few paintings, your mother's friends will be lined up down the street waiting for the gallery to open so they can spend. But that's a market soon exhausted. You need to make new patrons — make strangers into friends. How?

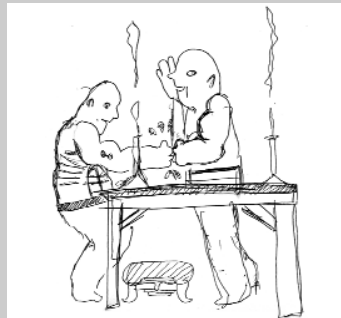
HORSES. Every rich old biddy likes horses. For your convenience, here are some horsey words to pepper liberally into your conversation:

Fetlock
Fracture

Hey, shut your mouth. Anyone still reading this stupid thing is one-hundred percent art fag, and I'm your friend. I'm your friend so much that I'm going to give you a million dollars in advance. *Hands off cocks on socks!* This is how to become an art star, which is just like a "rock star," except less fun and more awkward.

Giddy up
Bursal enlargements
Sweet itch
Bucket

I know you don't believe me. "Who are you?" you're saying. "I've never heard of you, and I read both *ArtForum* and *ArtNews*: What's the gag?" I'll prove to you it works. Here is a transcript of my conversation with Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth the Second when she came down to the Nerve office the other day to visit me because she loves and admires my work. One hundred percent true.

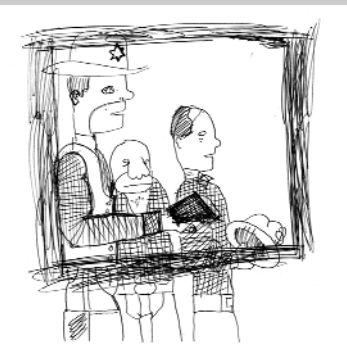


Queen: Hello, how are you?
Your Hero: Oh God , oh my Godddd... the Queen, oh, oh...
Queen: I am enjoying my stay in your beautiful city.
Your Hero: Ohh, uhhh, oh my God, oh my GOD
Queen: The mountains must be so inspiring to you as an artist.
Your Hero: Nnuh, oh God, uh, oh my God... (silence)... oh my God.

Some guy — I forget his name, nice guy — said something to me one day I never forgot. "Artists, man, they come from the wrong side of the tracks. They got street-cred, dude... props." No. All the good artists in history came from rich families, or at least well-off, hygienic households. Every single one. I'm sorry, but that's that. Poor people work like dogs, with no time for arting. Poor people are awful... really. And rich people can recognize a cleaned-up scummer from a mile away. Why would a rich man give money to a poor man? In exchange for a "painting"? No. To be an artist you must be born rich. It's okay though, because anyone reading this is *de facto* rich. Poor people are working as you read these very words, capitalist! In fact some are already dead.

She's a credit to her race. Oh, one more thing! It doesn't matter what you actually paint. Thanks for reading!

It's okay to be rich, though. Say you're walking down the street, looking for a wealthy patron, and some goddamn hippie comes up. Don't overreact! Ask the hippie a few questions. I bet he's mad at rich folks like your parents. One day he'll get over it though, when he inherits the beach house. Another good trick is when you get an operation, you tip the doctor two or three bucks. Hey, courtesy is courtesy.





- Hangover in Richmond -
Featuring Evil Girl

Tex: There's only so many strip clubs in Vancouver, so we've begun to branch out into "Greater" Vancouver...
Dex: Yeah, but what's so great about Richmond?
Tex: Well, we were hoping it would be **The Big Easy**. Hot on the trail of our favorite exotic dancer, our good friend the internet led us to a bar we never knew existed...
Dex: The internet's not my good friend... its more like my boyfriend's other girlfriend.
Tex: Hey, anything that gives you copious amounts of pornography whether you want it or not is a good thing.
Dex: Anyways... I like to leave the house to see naked ladies.
Tex: Yeah so, when I found the website for Deluxe Entertainment, a local stripper agency, we were like "wow" we can check out who's getting naked and when and where and there were naked pictures of our favorite stripper on there.
Dex: And so we grabbed an unwit-

ting friend and headed to the **Big Easy**, cuz apparently she was gonna be there all week...
Tex: Apparently...
Dex: But she wasn't.
Tex: Yeah the site said 'all week', but it didn't say which week. Fuckers.
Dex: But they had other sexy ladies there, like this little short one with a



fire costume.
Tex: Her songs were all 'devil' inspired...
Dex: They also had an extensive

menu, printed on crumpled paper that happened to be soggy and stuck to our table when we got there...
Tex: Needless to say, we didn't want food there. Following on the heels of a bender the night before, Ms Dexter's cure diet for her puking all day hangover was definitely liquid, not solid.
Dex: So hangover...
Tex: We went to The Big Easy when we were in Calgary, and the one there was classy and was made to look like a street in New Orleans inside. This one was more like the inside of a big ugly barn with bad silhouettes of naked girls touching their bums in the "windows".
Dex: And there were old ladies there, a whole table of them, right behind us. It was so weird. Imagine going to a strip club with your grandma.
Tex: I felt guilty being there until they finally left. I kept thinking, "shit, I hope none of these old ladies is friends with my grandma."
Dex: After four beers I was startin' to feel alright actually...
Tex: That's about when our friend, who some drunk guy was hell-bent on calling "Evil Girl" all night, came back from the washroom with a funny story.
EvilGirl: So I'm in the bathroom and this girl who I think is a stripper intercepts me and tells me that her friend sent her into the bathroom to talk to me because supposedly he wanted to 'hang out with me' or something. Apparently he's a ski instructor and he's sitting right

behind us.
Tex: That's so 80's.
EvilGirl: So I said 'that's crappy, I hope you have to pee' and came back here.
Tex: So we laugh loudly and then the guy, who was right behind her, starts tryin' to talk her up anyways.
Dex: If you're planning on picking up a girl in a strip joint, try a better approach than this please:
SkiGuy: You come here much?
EvilGirl: Nope.
SkiGuy: What do you do?
EvilGirl: Work.
SkiGuy: Where do you work?
EvilGirl: At work.
Dex: Nothin like getting hit on by an old man at a strip club.
EvilGirl: His tactic? ...bore me to death
Dex: I got hit on too, by some bald guy at the bar. Apparently all the dancers liked talking to him but he wasn't buying any of us drinks so god only knows why. Y'know what's annoying?
Tex: What?
Dex: Bald men who shave their heads to hide that they're going bald, cuz, you can tell. It's like a five o'clock shadow on their head.
Tex: I was feeling left out cuz no one was hitting on me and we had missed the power hour (9 till 10) where apparently, fun things happen at the bar, so we were off to the Fraser Arms for some 2

dollar food and cheaper drinks, and we all got to thinking, "why did we bother crossing the bridge to Richmond in the first place?"
Dex: There really is no reason to go there unless you need cool furniture from Sweden, like a lamp.
Tex: At the Arms we found much more comfortable seating.
EvilGirl: And the drunk guys hitting on me were much more amusing
BartenderGuy: I love the back of your head, EvilGirl.
Tex: Yeah, she was practically beating them off with a stick.
Dex: It was like the guys had never seen a pretty girl before.
Tex: Especially not scantily clad and/or naked ones grating erotically on a stage or something. For fucks sake...
EvilGirl: Anyways...
Dex: Fraser Arms good. Richmond bad. No more column.



Civixen cont'd from p. 7

popular in his day, despite a horrendous mullet - if you'll recall, nary a sock hop went by in the late 80s without some poor chick crying her eyes out to that song 'Right Here Waiting for You.' But I digress.) I think we can all agree, the best kind of cop is an ex-cop, and it's a nifty little bit of irony that someone who's been previously employed as a "death professional" (i.e. coroner) is probably a damn sight more likely to work towards keeping the city's most fragile citizens out of those metal morgue drawers than anybody else on the ballot. Yeah, sure Valerie McLean is an ex-cop too, but she keeps talking about "encouraging" shit (encouraging development, encouraging business to come to the DES) - babe, are you running for mayor or high school counsellor? My dad encourages me to do shit - I want my mayor to actually DO shit. Don't even get me started on Jenny-poo (who wants to "invite back" all the people & businesses who've left Vancouver over the last 10 years - the city is going to hell in a handbasket and this biotch wants to spend her time and energy "inviting back" the rats who've already deserted our sinking ship?? Fuck them! They're quitters!) Anybody who uses the mind-numbing expression "move forward" as much as she does deserves to have my unlubricated FIST move forward... up her rigid, virgin ass!
 For city council, it gets easier: the first order of business is ANYBODY BUT

PULL!!! Crush the evil poo-flinger! Your friendly neighbourhood **Civixen** supports the following candidates: Sarah Albertson (Dance Party Party), David Cadman (COPE), Roslyn Cassels (Independent), Connie Fogal-Rankin (Greens - Harry's widow), Jim Green (COPE), Ryan Millar (Dance Party Party), Greg Reid (Independent - sure he's a tree huggler, but unlike some of the other indies, at least he got off his arborist ass and got hisself a web page! I mean, ferfucksakes, people... if you can't be Googled, how the hell do you expect to win an election?) Stephen Rogers (vcaTEAM - he rides a motorbike, dude!) and Brian Salmi (a/k/a Soul Brother #1). You'll be asked to choose 10 candidates, so you've still got one wildcard to work with - don't say **The Nerve** never lets you think for yourselves. I don't give two ripe, firm shits who you choose... but just remember, ANYBODY BUT PULL!

Civic elections take place November 16th. If you aren't registered, bring ID and a piece of mail addressed to you and you should be good to go. Questions? Call the city elections office at 604-873-7681 weekdays between 8:30 and 5. And don't forget the All Candidates Meeting, Saturday, Nov. 2, between 2 and 5 pm at the West End Community Centre (870 Denman) Because, hey... if you can't be an athlete, be an athletic supporter!



Outlaw cont'd from p. 15

streets. And then I want to spend all my money on buying missiles and tanks at the same time...I'm really torn."
 Despite his allegiance to weapons of mass destruction, 8-Ball makes sure to clarify that he prefers to keep governmental affairs off stage. "Keep your politics out of my music" is something I'd like to say to people," says 8-Ball. "There's been a lot of great political punk bands, but I could care less."
 Even though it may not seem like it, Spreadeagle are fans of TRM. Badmutha and 8-Ball agree that TRM are a "kick-ass Scottish band." Though McKenzie doesn't know much about Spreadeagle, he plans to read up on the young scallywags and the other acts playing at F.O.G. "I really have to get home and start doing a little studying," confesses McKenzie. "We're very supportive of punk rock. Even if it's a shitty punk rock band, I still love it because it's punk rock and that's our life."
 Well, he doesn't have to worry about Spreadeagle being shitty. Since Badmutha, 8-Ball, Oke Leigh Blades (drums), Mattiass Stabbs (Guitar) and D.J. Rio (guitar) started playing heavy metal infused rock n' roll together over a year ago, they have been receiving wicked reviews for almost every show they play.
 But instead of inspiration taken from Scottish folklore, Spreadeagle's main motivation for getting on stage is The Misfits. In fact,

before there was a Spreadeagle, Badmutha and 8-Ball were (and still are) playing in a Misfits tribute band called Evilive. "I had never played instruments before," says 8-Ball, "but I thought fuck it! If they can do it, I can do it and that's pretty much how Spreadeagle was born, because we started a Misfits cover band. And then we decided that it was so easy, we could write our own songs."
 On the other hand, McKenzie always knew he would one day be in a punk rock band that incorporated his Scottish heritage. Tart and haggis was the prototype for TRM. "I came up with the idea of having a really hot babe in a Wellington-cut jacket, kilt, jackboots and fishnets," says McKenzie. "She would be the tart and we, the band, would be the haggis. But I couldn't find the girl, so I had to do it."
 At this point, Robertson comes to and stumbles over towards some unsuspecting girls. But before he signs off from the interview, he wants to leave **Nerve** readers with a few carefully chosen words of wisdom. "It's hard to be modest when you have the best punk rock band in the fucking world."
 Of course, if you believe Spreadeagle, they're the best band in the world. "Spreadeagle is like a bully," says 8-Ball. "We just like to show people how it's done. We're the best at what we do."
 So they do have something in common after all. And it doesn't stop there. Both

See **Outlaw** next page



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Outlaw cont'd

Spreadeagle and TRM have been disappointed when they opened up for bands they had previously admired. McKenzie recalls what a 'bunch of wankers' The Bay City Rollers were. Likewise, Spreadeagle's experience opening up for The Misfits at the Commodore last August wasn't much better.

"Before the show I asked Jerry Only if I could sing with him again, because two years ago I sang with him at three shows and he said, 'you know what? I don't think so' and walked off," gripes Badmutha.

Spreadeagle (who confirmed their F.O.G. date just hours before this interview) are looking forward to playing with some of Vancouver's best bar bands. But they also want to shout out to some of their favorite local bands that won't be playing at F.O.G., includ-


ing The Stag Reels, Prescription Aviators and Hong Kong Blonde.

As for future plans, TRM are going to finish recording their fourth full-length studio album in San Francisco next January, before heading off on a North American tour with Mad Caddies and NOFX.

Spreadeagle, on the other hand, may be working on their first album with Jason Solyom from The Spitfires as producer. However, they're reluctant to fork out their own cash to do it. Spreadeagle is hoping for someone to come along and pay for it. "As far as I am concerned, recording is over rated," says 8-Ball. "Recording sucks, and what's worse than actually recording music is all the shit that comes after like listening to it over and over again and mixing and mastering. If there were a way of getting around it, then I'd be the first in line."

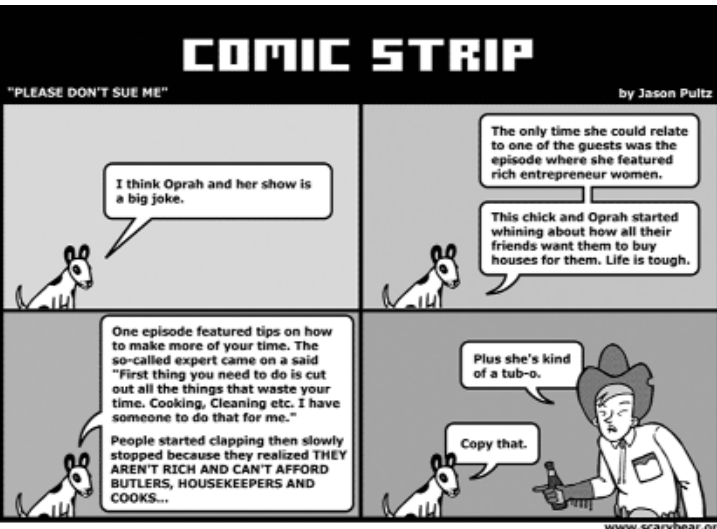
In the mean time, TRM will continue

to travel the world singing about Loch Ness, lassies and William Wallace... and Spreadeagle will continue singing about "Blood, Coke and Sodomy." And as TRM fantasize about someone shooting our premier, Spreadeagle will fantasize about shooting anything within target range (and 8-Ball has the Charlton Heston poster in his room to prove it).

Nevertheless, at the end of the day, no matter how different they may appear on the surface, both bands satisfy all the same basic rock prerequisites. For instance, the lead singers from both bands wore standard-issued tinted "Bono" glasses inside the already darkened Pic. And in true rock star fashion, both TRM and Spreadeagle insist that their own band is the best in the world. Of course, one of them *must* be wrong. You can find out which one on November 22 & 23 at *The Nerve's* Festival of Guns, as you tour the four-bar circuit in the rippin' *Nervemobile*. 

reworkings of the Howlin' Wolf songbook. Desires, demands... this is dirty roadhouse music, simple and to the point. The Gossip have simplified their music into true rhythm and blues. Every song was centered around rhythms generated by Burlesque drumming and heavy distortion. The beats were savage, low-end thumping and the guitar was a distorted shuffle of Muddy Waters-style plodding blues. Nothing fancy or complicated, but still very impressive. Beth maintained her position as the focus and presided over the event. She flaunted her desires, appearing to be completely free of shyness. She was comfortable basking in the spotlight and using it to her advantage. Her words and attitude were straightforward, and nothing makes The Gossip as appealing as the fact that their music isn't shy. There is something very pure about primal rock 'n' roll accompanied by someone hollering about getting laid.

Matt Whalley



Live Wires cont'd

more shows. If at least half the people who go see Slayer listen to grind and death metal, at least half of those people should show up at shows by underground bands like these.

Toronto's Blood of Christ opened the show. They are a black metal / death metal band. They call themselves "Dark Metal". Very heavy, semi-technical and they do some cool parts with clean guitars. BOC reminds me of a U.S. band called Oppressor. They're good, but not overly exciting or original, though not totally generic either. I have a feeling that this band is sort of new.

Necronomicon from Montreal were up next and proved to be a little more exciting. Still, this band isn't too original... sort of like Morbid Angel. However, Necronomicon makes use of some super high operatic metalish power vocals (in between the death growls) and that does gain them originality points, not to mention bravery points for leaving in vocals that some more narrow-minded metal heads might think of as too wimpy. Necronomicon also makes use of faster blast drumming than BOC, and they also make use of hotter sounding solos. Considering their name, which is an allusion to H.P. Lovecraft, one song particularly stood out -- "The Silver Key".

For some reason, Kataklysm's intro had a huge, theatrical build-up of tension. I would describe their overall sound as being melodic, and somewhat based in classical music. In metal terms, if you think of Iron Maiden with blast drumming and death vocals, you'll see what I mean. Kataklysm put on a wicked set, mixing old songs with a lot of newer material from their last two albums. Some of the newer material was a bit slower and a bit more repetitive, like straight forward death metal, but they still manage to incorporate those wicked hyper blast beats. Also, I would have to say that Maurizio's vocals have vastly improved over their appearance here two years ago. Overall, Kataklysm stole the show and managed to play well, despite the fact that the crowd was some what smaller than in the past. Sure, Oct. 2nd is the day after rent day, but it's no excuse to miss a kick-ass legend of Canadian death metal!

Stefan Nevatte

THE GOSSIP @ The Royal Hotel October 5th 2002

The Gossip make primal rock music about fucking. It seems like a revolutionary idea in music today. Instead of hinting at sex, they raucously embrace it. America is obsessed with idea of sex but scared of the actual act. This is why it is refreshing to see that lead singer Beth isn't afraid to wear her clit on her sleeve.

Beth bragged, boasted and shouted like an old time Blues singer, with lines like "I'm looking for some action, baby... come give me what I need," met with screams of approval from the ladies in the audience. The guitar and drums matched the vocals with grinding and swaggering rhythms. Many of The Gossip's songs sound like impressive

THE STROKES @ The Orpheum October 21st 2002

The Strokes don't belong here. They are wrong for even trying to play music on this continent. The Strokes make a shitty franchise. Their television appearances and live performances don't tell us anything about them or their music. The only thing we are really able to judge them by is their songs and their looks. This lack of information goes against the most common trend in music media where everything seems geared toward knowing celebrities on a personal level. Getting to know the people that make the music is supposed to allow us to appreciate the music on a much more personal level. Personally, I think this serves only to skew our judgment and make the lackluster follow-up album easier for us to take because we know the person that created it. The Strokes are taking a risk by giving us nothing to grip but their songs and their style. It's scary to see music stand by itself. It's a risk. If their next record is shit, their tour is going to suck and we won't give a shit about them. They won't mean anything to us anymore, because we have no vested interest in their success.

When the Strokes perform, they stick to the idea that their songs can stand alone. They ramble off every song they can play, with only a few pauses in between. Julian Casablancas mumbles the song titles, and then each song begins, while he turns his back to the audience and sings. The show is stripped down to nothing more than one song followed by another. It would be easy to criticize their approach, but for them it seems entirely correct. They didn't act like they were enjoying themselves and didn't waste their breath on thanking the audience. There was a certain disdain for the audience, but it didn't seem personal... more like a point was being made. Bands that thank the audience and ask the crowd if they "like to rock" look like they are going through the motions. There was something honest about The Strokes' lack of commitment to the standard concert bullshit — they didn't feel the need to hump old clichés. None of this appears deliberate, so it all comes across as honest. By simply playing their songs, The Strokes put on a quality show... the songs are all they really need. The Strokes hold themselves accountable for their music and their performances, which is a backward approach for a major band. They are willing to risk not writing any more good songs and not having fans buy their records or go to their shows. When the next record comes out they seem confident everyone will know for sure if The Strokes will outlast the hype.

Matt Whalley



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