

The Space Invaders Issue
Vol. 3 No. 8 October 2002

FREE!

THE

NERVE

A Mag for Planetary Defense!

Billy Hopeless

abducts

**Chris
Walter**

THOR!

The Viking God attacks!

**Ultimate
Fighter
Inside!**

Take us to your leader!

Brian Salmi for Council



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invades
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ED's Blurb

Nerveland Update!

Alright, I'm gonna try to be brief so I can save room to put a picture of myself in this issue because, hey, come on, it's really been awhile. There's a shit load of important shit comin' up y'all need to be getting to. First, if you have a band that has at least an ounce of evil in it, submit your cd, contact info and \$5 to the FESTIVAL OF GUNS c/o The Nerve Magazine, 88042 Chinatown PO, Vancouver B.C, V6A 4A4 and apply for a spot on Vancouver's newest (and only) Outlaw Rock 'n' Roll Music Festival which runs November 22-23 at The Cobalt, The Brickyard, Pat's Pub and Ms. T's Cabaret.

How about the fuckin' shanty town that's erupted at the old Woodward's building? If that doesn't drive a shit stake of reality down city hall's throat... anyway, go down there this Saturday, October 5th and watch D.O.A. and the people responsible for the Cobalt raise the bar another notch.

Don't be an apathetic fuck- get out to vote in November. Not sure who to vote for? Think that no matter who you vote for, "the government always gets in?" Think again, fuck wad, or don't, and we'll gladly be telling you who to vote for in next month's election (refer to November's delish ish).

If Brian Salmi gets elected to council, I Guarantee you THE NERVE will throw the biggest FREE BEER party the likes of which this No Fun City has never seen. That's right, go vote, vote for Salmi and later that night we'll get drunker than you've ever been. That can't be legal, you say? Bribing voters with beer... FUCK OFF! This isn't the law we're talking about here, it's politics!

Lastly, get out and see a live show! There is a huge upswing happening right now in our fair town... great new bands, several promising new venues... Pat's Pub, The Green Room... we just might see this city become something other than the international embarrassment it's been lately... (shit, ***insert pic of drunk clown in cowboy hat***)

Editor

Nervous Response

Letters, Rants, Cussin', Hate Mail...

UNHEALTHY BOY UPSET ABOUT GUYS WITH NICE OLD CARS AND GIRLS WHO LIKE THEM.

Hey nerve guys....
let's start off by agreeing that what you produce is in fact what would be commonly termed a "rag". So that's agreed, okay? Okay, so we won't expect much and we won't be disappointed. The usual crap of friends writing about their freinds' bands and just how gosh-darn great they all are. Okay, whatever, that's the rock journalism biz, right? Happens everywhere. Probably sells ads for gigs at least. No big deal. I'm a bit sick of hearing about these great groups and being let down time and time again, but hey, that's me.

So now you've got this new "column" called "Riding Shotgun" by some obviously uneducated pinhead starfucker who thinks she knows everything about everything. I mean, what the fuck was that crap about everybody's favorite / least favorite trailer park boy, 12 Midnight and that saved-off paintbrush-girl on each arm shit? Where did that come from? The author's own sexual fantasies? I don't know the dude personally, but after that article, I think I'll just drive on by the next time I see him broken down by the side of the road.

And now here's the one on the Roadcutter dude with his apparently "very very sweet" four door granny car he calls a hot rod, and he actually calls his club a "hot rod gang"? Gee, Miss Fama must really not get a chance to get out much, to report on such crap, like being interrupted from her "greasy" day job. My advice is that she shouldn't quit it, the day job, I mean. Fuck guys, how can living in the fifties be anything but fucked up? Check the calendar, morons.

Oh and one more thing: I don't know a single person who would call Billy Hopeless anything but a poser goof, yet your magazine calls him "one of the most important people in the punk scene". Right, and just what punk scene is that, a twenty-five foot radius around the entrance to Cheap Thrills?

love and kisses,
sickboy

Alright, sickboy, like with all sensitive letter writers that come our way, I'd like to extend a thanks for making us think we actually piss people off (it's real tough getting nothin' but love). Your letter bothered me slightly though, because it was just so... how you say... pointless? Yet ironic, because just as our beautiful Angela sadly skips her column this month, we welcome Billy Hopeless aboard as a new columnist... so, thanks for paying attention, and I'm sure, like all gripe-filled bad boys like yourself, you're first in line to grab your new copy of The Nerve and rush back to your parent's basement to find new ways of bringing a little more spit and spite to our happy, hot rod drivin', punk rock rocker town. Please, don't ever change. Editor.

THE NERVE HIT SQUAD!

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C O L O U R
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Industry Standard

by Jeff Oliver



There's a subtle, nagging embarrassment that comes with being a walking cliché in Hollywood, California. Insiders call it 'the dirty little secret' — you're an actor, a writer, a burgeoning indie director and you've come to Los Angeles seeking fame and fortune in the movie industry, or possibly in television. You have no relevant work experience to speak of (your last job required you to "half-calf a latte-frapp"), but you have a budding talent, a youthful exuberance, and the audacity to strive for the Great American Dream. Further encouraging you is the phone number tucked away in your jeans, one belonging to a wealthy industry veteran powerful enough to give you a break... if he deems you worthy. So you call him — you've got nothing to lose. "Hi, I'm Harriet Finkleman's nephew... from Quebec?" and he graciously invites you to lunch. But the pressure's on: any slip, you realize, any stutter or misplaced bead of sweat could turn this important contact off. So much rides on this lunch meeting, in fact, that you freeze up — even the waiter notices. "Desperation is the poor man's perfume," he whispers to you, capping your ice water, "and right now, you're soaking in it." Luckily, your big shot contact seems oblivious — he continues to puff on his expensive cigar, lecturing you on industry etiquette. "Hollywood," he says, "is for the poised. There's no room for anxiety-prone have-nots around here. But you seem like a good kid. Take down this number of a producer friend of mine — he owes me a favour..." You pull out a pen and write down the digits, but a nightmare happens: your hand trembles with nervousness and he sees it on the page. The digits ebb abruptly, so to does the meeting, and under the disgusted sneer of your burundy-clad waiter, you sit alone, your ineptitude exposed, your deep self-loathing (and dirty little secret) splayed out for all the world to see like a rancid, maggot-infested bowl of veal scallopini...

I've been in Los Angeles four months and I'm still unemployed. The money I saved for an escape vehicle?

Spent long ago. I pedal my ass to Kinko's, fax out resumes at a buck a page, and sink further into misery and penury. Now don't get me wrong, I'm no *schlub* — I have strong communication skills and I graduated from good schools. But getting a job in L.A. isn't as easy as just pounding the pavement, sending out a hundred impressive resumes and crossing your fingers. You have to know people.

I know one person: Brian Taub, the older brother of a former high school girlfriend. He is understandably lukewarm to my first call (I did used to bang his sister), but after a short game of Canadian-Jewish geography, he lightens up and eventually coughs up a contact for me. It is for a reality-based dating show called 'Date Grapes,' where his old

phone finally rings. I pick it up on the first ring.

"Hello? Hello???" I say, worried that I've waited too long.

"Jeff-o!" sings Dave Whittaker's *über-casual* voice. "At last we speak!"

"Ha! At last."

"So," he says, getting right down to it. "Lemme tell you about this possible, um, *thing*, I've got for you."

"Thing? Oh, right — *that ole' thing*."

That ole' thing ends up being a major writer / creator / producer job, a much higher position than I'd originally applied for, and the "serious limitation" is that it only pays a grand a week.

"I'll take it!" I say, jumping

where... let's see... where are you... Jeff Oliver's writer's test..."

I worked my ass off on that thing. In case you are wondering, the Date Grapes writer's test consists of a videotaped episode of a "date" without the little thought-bubble gags added. My job, in the allotted seventy-two hours, was to write in the missing gags using an array of pop culture references, insults, and veiled sexual insinuations exposing the unspoken "story" behind the date. It's the kind of thing you're good at while smoking bongas at three in the morning with high school friends, but this wasn't high school, and the last time I smoked dope, Satan made me trim my girlfriend's rug (no pun intended), so I did the best that I could, being sober and alone, and mailed it in. So

Sooo not the point... a dude?! I'm a published writer — I earned a Masters degree under the tutelage of a Pulitzer Prize winner — doesn't that count for anything?? Just in case it doesn't, I go out and get a really expensive haircut. I press my shirts and brush my teeth until my gums recede. Then, oozing with dude-esque charm, I head out to the Date Grapes offices.

The receptionist is a knockout, of course.

"Welcome Mr. Oliver," she smiles. "Mr. Cowan will see you now. If you would follow me?"

"Anywhere," I purr.

She walks me down a long hallway towards a corner office. My heart jumps a bit with pre-interview jitters, so I try calming myself by staring at her shapely ass (arousal lowers the male voice, thereby warding off nervous cracks), but the feeling doesn't subside. My scalp begins to sweat. My fingertips start to tingle. My stomach makes a gaseous rumbling, and when I burp, it smells like rotten eggs. I'd love to say that this is my *conscience* taking over, that that disgraced child long buried in the pit of my stomach, cast off decades ago into the impenetrable labyrinth of my ambition has awakened to sabotage my big time Hollywood sell out — but that would be a lie. I'd whored myself for work dozens of times, been hired because of nepotism, height-ism, lies — all without the slightest blush. But this is different: I'm not nervous. I realize, because I feel unworthy of the job. I am nervous because if I don't get *this particular job*, I have absolutely no other prospects. It only fully dawns on me just then that in the past months I have tried, really *tried* to get work by traditional means — I have made countless phone calls, e-mails, faxed interview requests, signed up for temping agencies and job search lists all in hopes of proving the Hollywood stereotype that "you gotta know someone in this town to get employed" wrong. And yet here I am —

I'd whored myself for work dozens of times, been hired because of nepotism, height-ism, lies — all without the slightest blush. But this is different: I'm not nervous... because I feel unworthy of the job. I am nervous because if I don't get this particular job, I have absolutely no other prospects.

Dalhousie pal Dave Whittaker is a producer. "He owes me a few favours," Brian informs me. "I used to be his main weed connection at Dal." Based on this deep bond, Dave Whittaker, producer of Date Grapes takes me in for an interview the following week. It goes well — we talk basketball and chicks mostly — but he gives me a take-home writer's test with the promise that he'll get back to me within the week.

Two weeks later I still haven't heard. So I do the unthinkable — I call a producer back. The call goes like this:

"Hello, um, Dave? This is Brian Taub's friend, Jeff?"

"Hey, Jeff-o! I was just going to call you," he lies. "Listen, I'm really busy right now, but I may have a job for you. It's got some serious limitations, but let's talk real soon, okay...? Great!"

After a full week spent hovering, heart-pounding, hair-pulling and swearing like a Tourette's sufferer, the

several guns at once.

"*Whoa there, cowboy!* Relax..." Dave interrupts. "You've got to meet the executive producer first. You know how these things go..."

"Oh. Right, right. executive producer — naturally..."

"But I have a good feeling about this, Jeff. You've got a good head on your shoulders. And, well I hate to be shallow... but you're the *presentable* type."

"Sure. You're well put together, you know? I feel like I can show a guy like you around the office."

"I appreciate the confidence, Dave." I say. "I guess the writer's test went well then?"

"You took a writer's test?" he asks, confused.

"Uh, yeah, I handed it back to you over three weeks ago."

"Oh — the writer's test! Ha! Right. Hold on, I've got it here some-

what did Dave Whittaker think?

"Mediocre, at best."

"What?"

"Your writer's test," he says. "It worked against you that so many other people have taken the test before — maybe I've seen that Wizard of Oz gag about a thousand too many times..."

"Oh."

"But relax, Jeff. The test *soooo* isn't the point. The point is that you're presentable. You know, a *dude*. Makes a big difference in this business, in case you weren't aware."

"I-I didn't know..."

"Worry not, young Oliver — you'll learn," he says. "Besides, I wouldn't put you in there if I didn't think you could get the job done. So good luck tomorrow — I'll drop by if I can."

"Okay Dave. See you there."

"Ciao"

I put the receiver down slowly and take a deep breath. *Mediocre at best?*

See Oliver on p. 21

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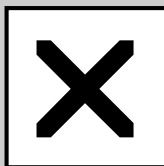
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Godzilla Versus De-MOCK-racy!

In a city where the scum has risen and congealed at the top of the political wading pool for as long as anyone cares to remember, there may finally be some cause for hope. Vancouver's funniest shit-disturber and most "fuck you" political commentator, Brian Godzilla Salmi, has officially announced his intention to become the voice of the voiceless on city council. For real, no fingers crossed this time. "People are sick of being lied to by politicians," says the 39-year-old candidate, well-known to *Nervets* for his many contributions to this magazine concerning a wide variety of civic and public health issues. "The fact that fewer and fewer people are bothering to vote is proof that they are quickly becoming less willing to participate in the sorry charade that has transformed the ideal of *democracy* into the reality of *deMOCKracy*," continues Salmi, never at a loss for words. In a new spin on the old maxim, "never trust anyone over 30," the clown prince adds "don't expect anything new from anyone old (er than me)."

While many other candidates have mastered the art of saying absolutely nothing in a way that comes out sounding like they have some ideas, Salmi chooses his words in such a way that a careful observer can't mistake his ideas for something they are not. "I could easily be a master of Orwellian double-speak or political baffle-gab, but I've always abhorred practitioners of those filthy word games." So what does Salmi have to say and what promises will he make in the campaign? "First off, I'm not promising anything. Not a thing. I can't guarantee that I'll be able to do the things I want to do even if I get elected," he chuckles. "Don't kid yourselves — one man cannot bring about significant change by himself, but I can and will make a lot of noise... and I rarely lose an argument. It's really a matter of whether or not our 'will power' is stronger than their 'won't power.'" Asked if that isn't just another example of Orwellian double-speak, Salmi laughs again. "No. Not at all. What I'm saying is that people have to stir it up. I'm willing to go to the wall for the ideas and platforms that I'll campaign on. But, if I get a seat and proceed to climb into my suit of armour and ride forth to battle for the things people have indicated they want to happen by voting for me, there will be resistance from the proverbial powers that be. If the people who voted for me sit back and do fuck all to back me up I may as well ride off and tilt at windmills like Don Quixote."

Salmi has constructed his own Four Pillars upon which to prop his election platform. Pillar number one is 100% fun. The originator of the term 'funarchy' and the name 'FUNcouver' has a lengthy list of festivals and projects that would, if realized, make our sleepy little village by the sea one hell of a lot more fun. For over a year, Salmi has been sitting on an idea that he calls the FUNcouver Festival, waiting for this campaign to reveal it to our fun-starved city. The proposed festival would take place on Labour Day weekend and would have a heavy musical component to it. "Seattle's Bumbershoot happens the same weekend so we could attract big names with the promise of a show in Seattle and one in Vancouver." But it would be more than a pop music festival, according to Salmi, who has built a solid reputation for himself as an impresario in underground circles. "I want to see huge international artists that most people have never heard of before. I also want comedy, magic, busking, a huge rave at BC Place, circus sideshow freaks, mind-readers and a thousand other things. I want this to be the best fuckin' festival in the world."

When pressed to reveal the inspiration for such bacchanals, Salmi admits he is a puppet of mysterious entities he refers to as the "evil clown gods who rule the universe," (ECGs for short). It was, Salmi claims, the

ECGs who gave him what is arguably the most imaginative idea of all for his FUNcouver Festival, a concept he calls 'Pie Face.' "Participants at Pie Face dance one lap of the Vancouver Indy track hitting each other in the face with whipped cream pies. Everyone on the sidelines can also hit the participants with a pie. Pie Face is kicked off when a huge catapult launches either a huge cream pie, or many, many (think 10,000) small cream pies into the soon-to-be Pie Faced, who are waiting at the starting line."

His other festival ideas include: a Halloween ghost ship procession down the Fraser River; a new Sea Festival that includes a \$1 million hunt for treasure buried on city beaches; two separate First Night New Year's Eve celebrations — one for families and one for those of us who like to let loose by imbibing; and a summer-long weekend outdoor film festival rotating through our parks.

Still on the fun front, Salmi wants a skate park built at CRAB Park (just east of the Sea Bus Terminal) and an overhead walkway connecting it to Gastown. He wants all bars to be able to stay open until 4 a.m., an idea that strikes fear into the hearts of some of the other candidates. "Instead of assuming there are going to be problems, let's grant the licenses and see what happens. If there are serious problems we can deal with them when they arise."

For the second pillar, representing the Downtown East Side (DES), Salmi proposes a daring plan. He wants a WalMart in the Woodward's building. He wants the money from the sale of Woodward's put into the current Four Pillars drug plan. He also wants to see the boarded up buildings in the area used for social and market housing. "It's absolutely essential that new people move into the area or it will remain a ghetto. There are thousands of students going to school on the edge of the DES. Let's renovate those God-awful buildings and move some students and artists into them."

Pillar number three: policing that protects and serves the people, instead of persecuting them. Anyone who has ever had their rights trampled by over-zealous cops will be happy to hear that Salmi wants to work with the new police chief to get his boys and girls in line. In an edition of *Terminal City* earlier this summer, Salmi vowed "the VPD's bad lieutenants must be beaten down," and he has no intention of retracting the statement or backing away from it. "If the cops insist on policing themselves — which they do — and there's no way to take that power from them — which there isn't — they have to do a better job of it. I want a campaign that tells not only the public, but the force itself 'if you see a cop breaking the law or violating a citizen's rights, turn them in.' I want that message hammered home to every wannabe cop who sets foot in the police academy at the Justice Institute. When a group of cops sit back and watch one of their own wail on some poor fucker for no reason, they are accomplices to a serious fuckin' crime. That bullshit has to stop."

The last of Salmi's four pillars is transit. When *Terminal City* re-launched during the third month of the 2001 transit strike, Salmi called for the head of TransLink supreme, George Puil. When the strike was finally resolved, Salmi distributed Rhino Party bus passes in *TC* and *The Nerve* and encouraged all to use them in order to deprive TransLink of cash and hopefully force the firing or resignation of its board. Salmi has lots more to say about what must surely be the worst transit system in any major city in the First World. "Don't even think about a subway to the airport. It's moronic. Skytrain is the reason you can't get a bus after 1 a.m. in this town and if

See Salmi on p. 23 >>>>>>>>

CIVIXEN

by Leather Twatson



Stiffen Your Resolve

Civixen Fluffs Your Voting Muscle Before The Big Day

Some are born glamorous, some have glamour thrust upon them. Some resist glamour like a greased pig dodging track-suited tourists at West Edmonton Mall. Words are the same — a fact which could possibly account for the reason we as a society aren't taking enough interest in voting. I've been thinking about this, and it occurs to me that maybe the word 'election' just isn't glamorous enough for people. I have devised a simple solution... for the duration of this column, I shall replace the word 'election' with its significantly more popular cousin 'erection.' (I have no data to support the results of this popularity contest, but I think we can all agree, erections are proven winners time and time again) because if that's all it takes for people to get stoked about voting, hey... why not? I like to think of myself as *some* sort of public servant — even if that just means doing out a literary hand job now and then.

I'd rather have a porcupine with a prison record handling my erection than Jennifer Clarke (and I'll wager the porcupine would look a damn sight more comfortable in a cocktail dress), and I suspect I'm not the only person who feels that way. Newscaster hair and sensible pantsuits don't go a long way towards inspiring the kind of electoral confidence this town rather desperately needs. (I've been in a ladies room with Deb Hope, I've talked to Deb Hope — and you, madam, are no Deb Hope!) The Uptown Girl wants us to believe she can "think outside the box" — between you and me, I don't think anything's been in the same zip code as Jennifer's box since prom night at York House all those years ago.

So, which of our players, if erected, has what it takes to get it up and keep it up? I guess before you can answer that, you need to ask if this is about the size of the candidate's boat or the motion of his or her ocean. Thrust the right member into the chamber and you have a thousand and one nights of lip-smacking, ass-slapping, non-stop Kama Sutra action... send up a limp one and you get a shrivelled little nubbin like Puil, who gets his rocks off throwing real live actual *po* at you. (How's this for a bumper sticker? "George Puil: Throwing Poo At You Since '62!") Granted, I suppose a small percentage of the population likes that, but I ain't one of them, so for argument's sake, let's just agree that those people are wrong. Desperately, irretrievably wrong. We won't mention them again.

Instead, let's talk about Brian Salmi's erection. (We might not be in agreement about whether this conversation is still glamorous, but you have to

grant that it's certainly not boring.) None of us have seen Brian Salmi's erection, many of us never thought we would in our lifetimes... but, I ask you, good people of *Nerveland*, why not? Would it be such a bad thing? Maybe Salmi is just the naughty fingerfuck that celibate little prude of a city council needs to loosen up and get its juices flowing. Hell, I'm just glad somebody's trying to pry the old girl's legs apart and get her to put out a bit, because it was getting pretty pathetic. Erect Salmi and suddenly, as sure as crotchless panties, you're guaranteed at least a few flashes of something wet, squishy and good to go. And what's not to love about that?

This erection has no shortage of deep and sometimes sloppy issues, and to probe the candidates for their position on each is not just accepted practice, it can offer some real revelations. Look carefully at how they get their mouths around the meatier subjects... observe their grasp of things that spontaneously arise. At the moment, I have to say I'm liking the cut of Larry Campbell's jib (and I think it's time we had a mayor who knew his way around a pig farm / crime scene!) and if he's crazy enough to reach for the big brass [cock] ring, I might just be crazy enough to vote for him. And for reasons that should be obvious, Bobby Dayton's Dance Party Party is really speaking to my priorities.

But more than the individual candidates, this erection is all about you. Remember, erections are normal, healthy things that no one should be ashamed to have. You will be asked to take part in plenty of them in your lifetime, and you have to come to grips with how to handle them if you want to get the most from the experience. Male or female, all adults should know what it feels like to be at least partially responsible for a good erection. You have to see that erection right through to the end, even when it falters and needs your support to help it shoot for the stars. There is a profound sense of satisfaction and inner peace that comes from getting behind (or in front of) a powerful candidate who stands firm and is willing to go to the mat or, in some cases, take it over a barrel for the right cause.

Undress the candidates with your curiosity, and notice how they jockey for position with you. Surf for dirty pictures of them on the Internet. Watch some of them work the room like cougars at closing time, hoping people will be willing to pay for the privilege of putting them on top. Choose wisely on whose lap you wish to dance, my friends, and remember that in the end, you hold in your hands the means by which some get erected and some get sent home for a cold shower. Eyes on the prize, now — don't let them slip you any roofies, you hear?

civixen@thenervemagazine.com



Even after the drugs wore off we still thought "Storm Brewing" was a good name.



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80's Rock Crossword

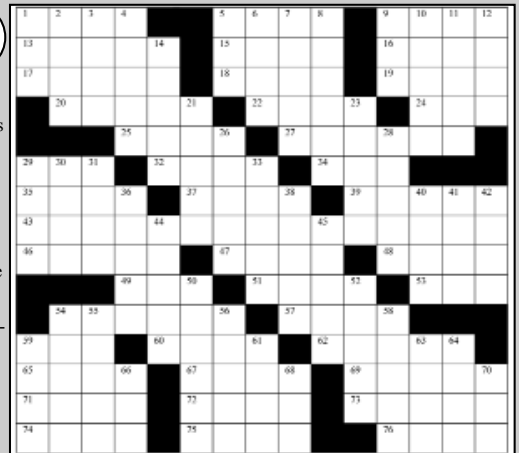
ACROSS

- Sperm's targets
- Upcoming unknown acts
- Band that wants to rock n' roll all night and party every day
- What a hemophiliac does
- Flat fish
- Green Gables gal
- Van Halen's '_____ the Night Away'
- Lizard logo drink
- Whitesnake's 'Once Bi-____, Twice Shy'
- THOR's genre
- Hobos (or musicians!)
- Snitch goof
- Flea's bass method
- Part of M2M
- 'Takin' Care of Business' band
- Procedure part
- A deer (a female deer)
- HIV outcome
- Medicinal root
- Ministry's 'Thieves and

- Multi-platinum Bon Jovi LP
- Judas Priest's 'British
- Resonance
- Wacky
- MSN rival
- Hind
- Owners of lonely hearts
- SCTV's Andrea
- Huey Lewis and the News 'I Want a New _____'
- Pa Clamptert
- Cut with scissors
- G'n'R guitarist
- DIY
- Not odd
- Fencer's foils
- Basinger in *Batman*
- Take a load off
- Dept. store
- French summers
- Attitude tests
- Transport, as in cargo

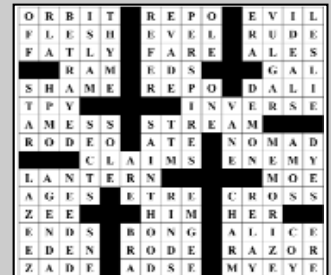
DOWN

- Echo Bravo Delta



- 80's rock genre of Poison and G'n'R
- Furious drumming Hoglan
- Religious groups
- Dee Snider's doodles?
- Dummy or moron
- Faith No More '_____ of the Year'
- Appeared
- 80's femme guitar hero 'The Great _____'
- Lead in _____
- Slammin' Sammy (not Hagar!)
- Outbox word
- Distributes cards or drugs
- Starbucks offering
- Robbed
- Drum superman Neil
- Conspires
- Listens
- LP sleeve notes
- Metal _____!
- _____ Work, mate!
- _____pated (idiotic)
- Face cream brand
- Hangs extremely loose
- Black slang
- Annoying one
- Pants area
- Tina Turner's 'We Don't Need Another _____'
- Affirmative
- 16-18 point opening bids in Bridge (abbr.)
- Fiji's direction

Last Issue's key



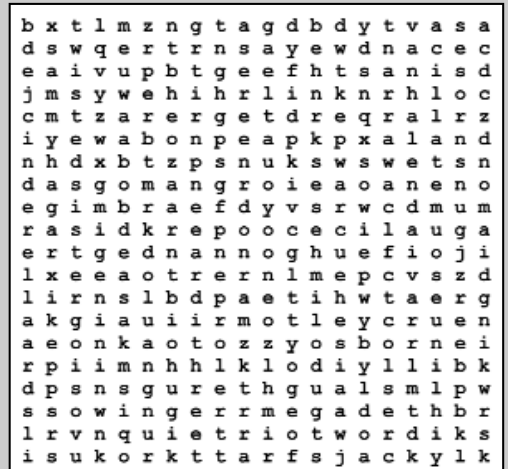
80's Metal Word Search

- ACDC
- Alice Cooper
- Anthrax
- Billy Idol
- Cinderella
- Danger Danger
- Def Leppard
- Dokken
- Firehouse
- Great White
- Guns n Roses
- Iron Maiden
- Jackyl
- Judas Priest
- King Diamond
- Kiss
- Kix
- Krokus
- Metallica
- Motley Crue
- Motorhead
- Mr. Big
- Night Ranger
- Megadeth
- Ozzy Osborne
- Poison
- Queensryche
- Quiet Riot
- Ratt

- Sammy Hagar
- Scorpions
- Skid Row
- Slaughter
- Spinal Tap
- Twisted Sister

- Van Halen
- Warrant
- WASP
- White Snake
- Winger

puzzles by Dan Scum



BY ADLER FLOYD

Battlefield 1942

Developer: Digital Illusions
Publisher: EA Games
Platform: PC
Rating: Teen
Web: battlefield1942.ea.com

I don't care how much fucking hype this game received.... Sure, it looks decent... but so what if I can't even play the fucking thing! I would have loved to get into a tank and drive over some Americans, but I couldn't because of the control scheme. The game features many vehicles that can be controlled. Seems like a good idea, right? That's what I thought until I found out that I couldn't assign the same key to a different vehicle or even a different human. That's where we run into trouble. I don't like to be all over the fucking keyboard, sprawled out like a fucking weeban whore trying to make the game work. Any title that restricts my ability to play it doesn't deserve my attention.

Adler Floyd

Eye Candy: 4
Tunes: 3.5
Gameplay: 0
Chill Factor: 0

Verdict: I'm probably the only one who doesn't like this game because of the gay controls.

Now onto something exciting, I'm proud to introduce to you monks a new contributor to this section. I will call him Noob Wonder for the remainder of the year. I have no doubt that his skills will be put to the motherfuckin' test, so do welcome him with open arms and hard nipples. Read Low

In comes Battlefield 1942, a World War 2 simulation for the masses. Very rarely do we get to witness the release of a game that sets new and greater standards for the ones that follow.

Starting with the single player mode, you get a choice of 2 teams: Axis or Allies. Once you've selected your team, you can enter the fray as one of five specialized character classes — assault, medic, scout, anti-tank, or engineer. Each character class has its own weapons and skills which add plenty of diversity to the game. You begin the fight at home base, where the basic object of each mission is to support your platoon of battle crazed soldiers in taking over the enemy camp.

When I got this game, I jumped right in without really knowing what it was all about. Within minutes of my first mission I got run over by an M10 Wolverine tank, carpet

bombed by a P-51 Mustang fighter plane, and got torn apart by an anti-air missile that accidentally went off in my direction. "What the fuck is going on?" I thought as I dove for the nearest bunker. Only then did I realize what I had got myself into. I grabbed the manual flipping through like my life actually DID depend on it, and discovered the other two dimensions to this game. In addition to the 2 armies and the 5 character classes you have 35 "machines of war" at your disposal during the skirmishes. This adds a whole new level to the game. If you get bored of running around with your little dinky gun, hop in a tank, stop by the enemy camp and say hello with a big shiny anti-armor missile. You can climb aboard the nearest fighter plane and do bombing runs, have dog fights with the enemy fighters, or just mindlessly



scream around with your underpants on your head blowing the shit out of everything in sight.

Once you've mastered all the vehicles and dominated all the skill levels in single player mode, you can move on to the multiplayer feature and go head to head with people across the world. I found the multiplayer mode much more realistic, especially if you all take on different roles and work together like an army would. But then again, you could always pretend you're a spy and go blow up your own camp.

The only complaint I have about this game is it's a bit intensive on your computer, so make sure you have a little more than the recommended system requirements. This isn't much of a surprise though, due to the amount of things you can do in this game.

Noob Wonder

Eye Candy: 4
Tunes: 2
Gameplay: 4
Chill Factor: 3

Verdict: An all out well rounded game for those of you who want to take on the world with more than just a fucking pellet gun.



The Ultimate Fight



By Emily Kendy

The Nerve talks to Justin Livingston, one of the contenders in the **World Freestyle Fighting Championship 3**, taking place October 25th, marking the first ever sanctioned event of its kind in the Lower Mainland (if you're interested).

Nerve: How did you get into ultimate fighting?
Livingston: Oh, well, I always got into fights when I was a kid, my brother and I... but I also played hockey. And in college, I'd just try to pick up girls at the bar. When that didn't work [laughs], my friends and I would just get into fights. I was introduced to a bouncer up north [Kitimat] who was traveling down to Vancouver and training with Marcus Soares [Livingston's current trainer]. I managed to get some time off work for a couple weeks before the tournament and came down here...within hours of training, I knew.

Nerve: That was the moment you knew you REALLY liked it?
Livingston: Yeah, I basically packed my stuff into the car and moved down here... but that first fight, when the ref said "go," it was this total euphoric feeling. I don't know. It was fun.

Nerve: What's your specialty in the ring?
Livingston: I'm a grappler, first and foremost. I'm definitely more comfortable when a fight is on the ground. Even if I'm on the bottom, I'm more comfortable than when I'm standing on my feet.

Nerve: What are your martial arts techniques?
Livingston: Brazilian Jiu-jitsu, which is submission grappling, more or less.

Nerve: What were the rules of your last fight?
Livingston: It was in Seattle and they called it *Pankration*. I actually missed the rules meeting, but basically as long as we were on our feet, it was pretty standard, no-holds-barred rules. The weird thing was, once we went to the ground, I wasn't allowed to punch in the face, it had to be open hand strikes. I didn't know that going into the fight. The ref had to stop me a couple of times.

Nerve: You were just beating on the guy?
Livingston: Well, yeah, I mean, a couple of things happened. The guy I was supposed to fight said he didn't want to fight me at first, so I went out and ate a big meal. When I got back, I found out I was fighting him, but yeah, the ref got pretty upset with me for punching him when I wasn't supposed to.

Nerve: True or false: no-holds-barred fighting sends out strong signals about what is acceptable in society?
Livingston: As in if it's promoting violence? I don't think so. It's similar to any other sport: it is its own entity that is governed. I mean, hitting a guy over the head with a hockey stick doesn't promote doing similar things on the street.

Nerve: True or false: spectators are motivated by a primitive blood lust and therefore coerce the fighters to continue... so on and so forth.
Livingston: Yeah, I'd have to agree with that. The crowds here are fairly uneducated in the sport. Sometimes less talented fighters are more appreciated by the audience. Whereas in Japan, where the

sport itself has been going on for years, I've seen videos [of Japanese fights] and if there's a submission technique or the guy escapes, there's, like, a hush over the stadium, or there's a round of applause. They really know what's going on. Here in Western America, they aren't familiar with the techniques or skills, they get most excited when someone's getting punched in the face or there's blood. To me, it's a shame. I tend to hear a lot of "kick his ass!"

Nerve: What was your first fight like?
Livingston: It was a draw in the end. Basically at that point my style was relaxed, laid back, really patient. My first couple of fights no-holds-barred, they were like... well, they punched me a few times, you know what I mean?

Nerve: Sure. You got beat up. So now you've learned to be on the offensive, instead of the defensive?
Livingston: Well, yeah. I was just un-aggressive and basically in the end, nobody got hurt.

Nerve: How does it feel to lose a fight?
Livingston: Really shitty. But that was the fight I learned A LOT from. I let people down, and I know now I should have been better prepared mentally. I went in with the same sort of mentality that I had with the first fight but I just hadn't learned my lesson, you know? Because I was happy with the outcome of my first [fight], I probably would have been better losing that one...

Nerve: You'd like to fight that guy again?
Livingston: Oh God. I'd love to... it's hard to talk about this without sounding cocky, but I know that if I fought that guy again, I'd kill him.

Nerve: Did your coach get pissed at you?
Livingston: He let me know... if I'm gonna fight like that, you know, don't bother. I mean, it was obvious to me afterwards, but he helped me see where my methods needed to change. I just had to become more confident.

Nerve: How does it feel to win a fight?
Livingston: It feels pretty good, but at the same time, I'm not sure that the guys I was fighting were well matched, to me. I mean, I train hard to potentially dominate somebody and not to bad mouth the guys, but shortly after those fights, I kind of wished, you know, too bad I didn't fight someone who was better than me.

Nerve: How does your family take it?
Livingston: My mom came to my first fight, in Prince George, and I couldn't really be with her the day of the fight... she was a bit of a basket case. She was all right with it in the end, mind you, I don't think I got punched more than a couple times. It wasn't much of a war, not like some fights. She even wanted to stay until the end, even after I'd fought. My little sister, though, she wasn't too pleased with the whole thing.

Nerve: Do you ever think you're going to go berserk on someone who annoys you one day?
Livingston: I'm not sure that's something I'm comfortable with talking about. Before I got into this, I fought a lot. I don't know if it's been trained out of me now, but I AM far less aggressive than I've ever been. It could also be about getting older...

Nerve: What do you eat before a fight? Lots of raw meat?
Livingston: No. I don't eat that much meat really, in general. Raw fish, sushi, that sort of thing. My pre-fight routine is still being fine tuned a bit... but I'll eat

HOPELESSNESS

by Billy Hopeless

Yes, I Can Read

Some of you with too much time on your hands (or compulsive reading syndrome) might recall my columns in *Terminal City* and the *Drippy GAZETTE*, but until I was approached by *The Nerve*, the only time I felt my services were truly fitting was when the Goliath of local weeklies allowed me to take the piss out of a guidebook for independent musicians.

For my first column here, I've decided to interview one of my favourite authors, winner of *The Nerve Magazine's* Punk Rock Short Story Contest 2002, **Mr. Chris Walter**, who will be celebrating the release of his book *Punk Rules, OK?* (published by Burn Books) on Oct. 19th at the luxurious Cobalt.

Billy Hopeless: So, first off, on behalf of *The Nerve Magazine*, I'd like to congratulate you on winning the contest. Have you already killed the keg of beer that was awarded to you?

Chris Walter: Actually, I gave it to the *Snatch Bandits* [local no-goodnik punk band]. I'm a recovering addict so it was one of the hardest things I've ever done.

BH: You've been pumping the poison pen independently for 3 years now locally, and you've finally found a publisher who'll see your books put out not only across Canada, but in the U.S. as well. How's it feel?

CW: It feels good! I had some close calls with other publishers along the way that fell through at the last minute, but I knew if I stuck with it, it would happen.

BH: For your first release with Burn Books, you've chosen one of your earlier novels, *Punk Rules, OK?* I think your writing has improved with each novel. Why did you choose to put that book out first?

CW: Well, when I was signed the deal with Burn Books, I only had 3 books completed and both the publisher and I felt *Punk Rules* was the strongest of the three. Besides, now I've got two other books ready to go, and I'm currently writing another one.

BH: I remember watching your mutual friend Christine drawing the original cover for *Punk Rules*. Will the new book feature the same cover or will it have some fancy embossed airbrushed painting?

CW: No, although I love Christine's art and it has served me well, the publisher has chosen to use a photo for the cover.

BH: From reading your books, I've noticed the majority of your stories take place in Vancouver and many of the people and places you incorporate are familiar to me (including my own appearance in your latest book, *KABOOM*), yet you still state that all the people, places and events are fictional at the beginning of each book. As I so often wonder myself, do you consider us all to be just part of some insane fantasy?

CW: No, I just have to say that due to legal matters. Actually, I find by using real places and people it makes the story more realistic. Besides, people like to read about themselves and their city.

BH: True. It got me hooked. So, it's the old 'write what you know' method, eh?

CW: Yeah, I've only got a few topics to work around: getting wasted — as I've only been clean 20 months — and punk rock, 'cause it saved my life.

BH: Yes, I've noticed music plays a key part in your writing. Name 5 bands that have had a major influence on you.



Punk Rock Writer Chris Walter

CW: Iggy, The Ramones, The Damned, man, I don't know whether to say old bands like the *Dead Boys* or newer bands like the *New Bomb Turks*. I like a combination of old punk with some rock tinges and some of the newer stuff.

BH: What do you listen to while you are writing?

CW: I've got 4000 punk rock songs on my computer that play at random. I need the music when I write.

BH: So if downloading music is ok, what about literature?

CW: It's the same thing. If it happens to me, I won't be able to bitch. I feel guilty about downloading stuff. I support local acts and buy local music but I do feel bad about downloading stuff 'cause most of the bands I like are not really rich.

BH: So downloading say, Stephen King, is o.k., but downloading you is wrong?

CW: I guess I'm kind of a hypocrite. See, for me, I want the book with the paper in my hands, not a bunch of computer prints outs. The same goes for music. I want the cover art and the full package most of the time. I guess, to me books are just kind of different. Please edit out that last statement.

BH: No dice. So, I'm not a very big reader and I read two books for the first time in years during a tour of the U.S. One was a *Graucho Marx* book and the other was one of yours. I found I couldn't put your book down. How does that grab you, darling?

CW: Wow, that's great. Yeah, trying to keep my writing simple and take the direct route in hopes that my readers will be able to relate to the characters.

BH: The main question posed in *Punk Rules, OK?* is 'what would you do if you found a briefcase full of money?' What would you do if it happened to you?

CW: It would be different now. I'd probably travel. But if it had happened a few years ago, when I wrote the book, I'd probably be dead.

There you have it folks. Support your local punk survivor. Don't buy Chris Walter a drink, buy his damn book. And remember, you bunch of illiterate bastards ... R.I.F — Reading is Fundamental!!!



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- THE HARLEY HOTEL - 112 BLANK ME, KTS
- THE RAT'S BLUFF - 301 BURN'S (DARTMOUTH) ST
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- YES SURREY BIRD - 1102-117 STREET, SURREY
- MOTHER - 122 CRAIG AVE, VANCOUVER
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See *Ultimate Fight* on p. 23

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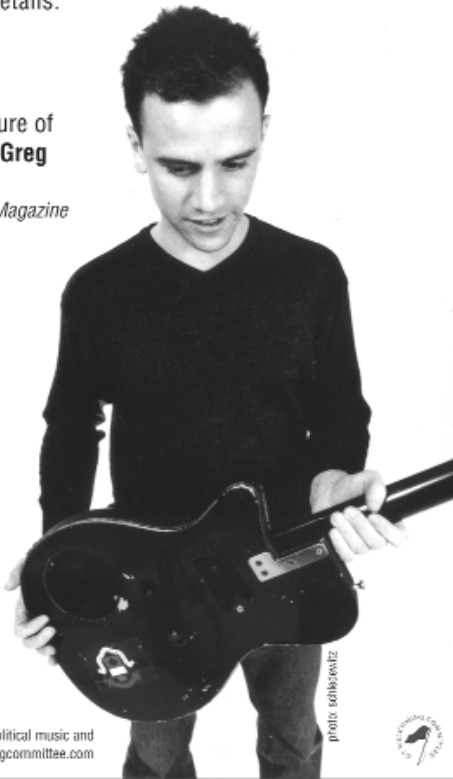
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THOR:

Still Keeping the Dogs Away!

Interview by Steve Richards

While doing prep work for the **Slayer** show at the Pacific Coliseum, my co-worker Scott and I rocked out to the band's sound check – devil salute, tongues lashing and all. Later, I walked by another co-worker who commented, "these guys must be what **Thor** sounds like." I stopped in my tracks. "Well, umm, **Thor's** more melodic."

As the day continued, I came up with a more thoughtful conclusion: **Thor** and **Slayer** are two distinctly different sides of the metal coin. **Thor**, with his Nordic legends and positive messages is indeed more melodic than **Slayer**, with their aggressive sound and their reactionary comments. Furthermore, **Thor** and his band-mates Ani Kyd and Mike O. have a lot more interesting things to say...

Nerve: There's been a lot of water under the bridge in the past two years.

Thor: Sure has. A lot has happened since we first met.

Ani: And you introduced us!

Mike: And me.

Thor: That's right.

Nerve: Through the Tart gallery...

Ani: And he [Thor] saw me and Mike at the Railway Club thinking, "who are these people, and why are they following me?" (all laugh)

Thor: A new line-up. Ani and Mike on guitar...

Ani: And the **Muscle Bitches** rhythm section, Cal and Jason [bass and drums]

Nerve: So, you're leaving on tour in a couple days?

Thor: An extensive tour, starting in Saskatoon and then heading straight across to Thunder Bay, Montreal, Halifax, then Toronto, New York, Boston...

Mike: London... the cool London.

Ani: Then we play with **GWAR** and **Speeddealer** and then we're back on October 27th at the Commodore.

Nerve: Ani told me you're hosting the metal show on Much Music.

Thor: Right, with George Stromboulpoulos.

Nerve: I like that show... and the Punk Show. He's doing some good stuff. Getting back to the new line-up, the theatrics at the Cobalt show [July 26th] were out of this world.

Ani: Of all of us?

Nerve: Yeah, all the units combined.

Ani: He's [Thor's] taken the best of the best and put it all together.

Thor: I assemble them personally.

Ani: Actually, that was me! He put the power in my hands.

Nerve: Ani, how do you think the music scene is, compared to five or six years ago – better, the same, or worse?

Ani: It's better because we play the most amazing, killer, chaotic metal imaginable! It's better for us and the people into **Thor**. There are weak links — the fact that Vancouver has few venues. We've lost the Starfish Room, Richard's on Richards [soon]...

Nerve: There's some opening up... Pat's Pub...
Ani: But who knows how long they will hold?

Mike: And can they hold Vikings?

Thor: Or space Vikings?

Mike: Actually, I have a question for Thor. Have you ever explained Viking rock to Malaysian or Filipino women?

Thor: Yes. I like Viking women, Malaysian women and Filipino women. It's all the same language, the language of rock.

Nerve: **Slayer** and **Thor**. How do you compare the two?

Ani: [**Slayer**] is different. They are more metal, we're more rock.

Nerve: They're the grandpappies of black metal.

Mike: The grandpappies of Camaro rock.

Thor: We're pushing our new album, *Triumphant*. We're getting positive reviews and the tour is sponsored by a New York company called The Pump — high energy food.

Ani: We need high energy food!

Mike: Can we get that outside New York?

Ani: We'll eat well in New York because we won't eat till we get there! Kidding.

Thor: You'll be eating at Canadian Tire!

Actually, do they have food at Canadian Tire?

Ani: Tires and donuts! Pennzoil.

Mike: Quaker State!

Thor: We'll be okay.

Ani: 40 dates, gone 6 weeks ending with the **GWAR** shows. Some big theatres, Lee's Palace in Toronto. Lots of good things are happening... the video for *Fubar*.

Thor: That'll be out on DVD at Christmas.

Ani: We'll tour with a band, then work on a new album. It's getting better and better. So, check us out now!

Thor: You might want to know that in Boston, at the Coolidge Corner Theatre, they'll be playing *Rock and Roll Nightmare* [Thor's 80's cult classic] and then have us do the show. A multimedia event that's really starting to happen in the U.S.

Ani: Mike is holding up the key card for the Motel 6.

Mike: Very popular with strippers.

Thor: One being Cat Black! (here things get pretty lewd and incomprehensible). With the card, we have access to Motel 6.

Ani: We can just kick the people out of their rooms.

Nerve: Out the window?

Mike: Hey, it's my card!

Ani: So yeah, we'll be working on going to Europe, some festivals... a lot on our plate.

Thor: And thanks to Steve Richards for starting it all off.

Nerve: Oh, do you guys want tickets to **Supertramp** Monday?

Ani: We're not going to be here Monday.

Mike: I'll give them to somebody in Golden.

Ani: They hate Supertramp. I'm the opposite! (hums a song)

Thor: We'll triumph on the tour. NO matter what obstacles hit ya, never give up.

Ani: Turn up the **Thor**, turn down the suck!

Vancouver writer Steve Richards is also the publisher of the zine *Sockamage*.

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From left: Chuck Ragan, George Rebelo, Jason Black, Chris Wollard

MUSIC

by Sarah Rowland

Determined not to fall into the Fat Mike rut, the Floridian four-piece Hot Water Music want to stagger their visits to that Holy Grail of contemporary punk: the main stage of the *Vans Warped Tour*—even if it means the post-hardcore rock band only accepts the invitation to play there every second year.

"Every time we get done with it, we say yeah, we won't do that again," confesses bassist Jason Black, on the phone from his Gainesville home. "And then if they ask us back, we're like, 'yeah, O.K.'"

Black and his band mates are on a two-week pit stop, (which is just long enough to catch up on the bills, according to Black), before they head out on a seven-week North American tour to promote their new CD, *Caution*. The reviews thus far have been favourable, but very genre-specific.

"It's nothing we really lose any sleep over," says Black. "Three or four years ago I thought being called 'emo' was a lot more palatable, but even then I thought it was kind of a stupid word, because in my brain, all good music is emotional. When people started using it to describe a sound instead of a vibe from the music is when I started thinking it was weird, especially when they started describing kind of silly pop bands as 'emotionally charged music.' I didn't know high school was that tough for everyone."

"Emo" or not, their fifth full-length studio

album is destined to be in heavy rotation on mainstream alternative radio stations. Singers Chuck Ragan and Chris Wollard capture the torment of gentrified postmodern youth in songs with titles like 'Not For Anyone' and 'Sweet Disasters.' Heavy but melodious guitar riffs, passionate lyrics and gruff vocals inspired by Bad Religion's Greg Graffin make *Caution* the perfect post-hardcore album for the shants-wearing generation.

"It's just a lot more focused to us," says Black. "We worked really hard on it and everything kind of came to fruition in some way or another. We spent more time writing songs and spent more time doing pre-production."

Unlike their other studio efforts, Ragan and Wollard had more vocal ideas going into the studio, giving the songs much needed structure prior to recording.

"It put a different spin on how we finished up the songs," explains Black. "I don't know if it was easier, but we were able to pay more attention to the vocal melodies a lot earlier on, while we were finishing up the music. I think that kind of helped trim down on the overindulgent crap that we tend to have every once and while."

Recording in Washington, DC gave them the opportunity to invite some locals to help out on a track or two, including a "wicked Brian Baker wailing lead" on the last track aptly titled, "The End."

Caution will be HWM's second album for Epitaph, a record company that wasn't under consideration when they first started shopping around for a new label.

"We hadn't even thought of calling Epitaph, mostly because two years ago it was much more the world of Offspring and Pennywise than it is now—not that they're bad bands," says Black. "It's just that we don't really fit in with them, if they're the only kind of bands on the label."

They reconsidered, however, after seeing the likes of Tom Waits and Tricky sign on with Epitaph Europe.

"We thought this is cool, they're actually trying to branch out a lot and they've proceeded to continue doing so... We could probably fit in here somewhere and make a go of it," recalls Black.

The fact that Epitaph president and former Bad Religion guitarist Brett Gurewitz personally courted HWM didn't hurt either.

"It was nice to have the man in charge fly out to a couple of shows," admits Black.

Black acknowledges that there is some stigma attached to signing with a bigger label. He also points out that the same people who slag HWM for selling out would probably be critical no matter what.

"We don't show up at people's work and start showing them how they do their job," says Black. "I appreciate that people have a vested interest in the band, but at the same time it's like we've been doing o.k. by ourselves for the last five years, so just trust us. Everything will be fine."

So far everything has been fine for the four longtime friends, who officially started jamming together under the HWM banner in October '94,

when Black was still in his first year of college. However, Black and drummer George Rebelo had been in several bands together in high school.

"We just started kind of messing around with some ideas we all had and it worked out," remembers Black. "It was pretty easy, especially for being 18 and not really knowing what the hell we were doing, as far as getting the band rolling."

The band did have one semi-breakup in '97 after a shitty European tour. Black had just graduated from college and he recalls they blindly started touring full force.

"It's just really isolating," says Black about his introduction to European tours. "It's the first tour where you can't drive home or you can't take a bus home if it sucks. And if it's your first tour, you probably can't afford to fly home. Those kind of things start to really weigh down on your psyche."

Three months after HWM announced they were calling it quits, No Idea Records asked them to do one last show for a live album.

They all agreed that a final performance would be a good way to end things, so they started rehearsing for the show. It didn't take too long, however, to realize that they didn't hate each other. Looking back, Black admits that calling their break a "breakup" was premature.

"We didn't know any better," admits Black. "We toured far too much, like, back to back to back. We just beat ourselves down. We just needed to take a break and we had never taken a break, so we didn't know that yet."

That didn't stop them from spending a big chunk of this year on the road down under. According to Black, Australia was almost everything they expected, but he was let down about one thing—the direction his log flushed down the crapper.

"It didn't really go backwards," says Black. "The toilets there are kind of weird. It kind of goes from both sides. So I was disappointed. But we pretended it went the other way as much as possible."

Two things HWM can count on when they make their third visit to Vancouver at Richard's on Richards late October: clockwise drainage and border hassles.

"Always, despite having working papers," concedes Black. "We're just used to that. I know when we stop, we're going to be sitting there for two hours and there's never a problem. They're just that slow at that office."

So if HWM is running late, you know why. But then again, if you miss them headlining at Dick's on Dicks this month, you might just be able to catch them at next year's *Warped Tour*.

Hot Water Music plays Richard's on Richards Oct. 29th and their new album hits stores Oct. 8th.

photos: courtesy of Epitaph

The Nerve Magazine **terminal city WEEKLY**

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Mr. Plow flaps jaws with Guttermouth's Mark Adkins

Plow: Mark, this is Mr. Plow calling from Vancouver, Canada.

Mark: Hi Mr. Plow, how are you?

Plow: Good. How the hell are ya? Are you ready to conduct a so-called interview?

Mark: Yes sir.

Plow: All right, you guys have a new record out called *Gusto*....

Mark: That is true.

Plow: I'll tell ya, *The Nerve Magazine* gave it 4.5 ripped asses out of a possible 5 ripped asses.

Mark: That, sir, is impressive. And I thank you for that.

Plow: You're welcome. Now, how do you feel about this album? Are you happy?

Mark: I think it was time to do something... I mean, we've got your typical punk songs, pop punk songs, but we wanted to go a little bit different because punk was getting boring, and it still is. I mean, a lot of my friend's bands, who I'm not going to mention, are releasing records right now and they all sound like the ones they did 4 or 5 albums ago... it's just getting boring and watered down... so we wanted to light a fire in the behind of punk a little bit.

Plow: Right. I noticed you are trying some new things on this album.

Mark: Yeah. A little new wave, a little country, I mean, it's not new stuff, but it's new for Guttermouth.

Plow: Where does it grab you the most? I mean, the songs on this album?

Mark: Oh, I don't know where it "grabs," but my favourite songs to listen to are "My Town," the new wave song, the "Foot-Long" song... just... the oddball ones, to me, are the winners... the typical pop punk songs, you know, I hate to say anything bad about [them], but fuckin' anybody can do that. *Anybody*.

Plow: Like the "Lemon Water" song...

Mark: I love that song! (laughs)

Plow: Man, I tell ya, that song has changed my views on going to a bar.

Mark: The fact of the matter is, it's a true story, too. That relationship I was having with a... I had transcontinental girlfriend... she lived in New York, I lived in LA. I was sitting in a bar by myself drinking my woes away while she was at work, just before we could go out for the evening, and just one couple after another with little bratty kids kept coming in ordering water with lemon, water with a twist of lemon, blah blah blah and they just freaked me out so I started jotting all this down on a napkin. That story is like five years old and I finally dug it out and turned it into a song.

Plow: Well, I must tell ya, it's absolutely brilliant. On this album, I noticed the one song "My Town"... who is the B-52s fan in your band?

Mark: That would be me! You are speaking to him! I see them every time they

come to town. I've probably seen them 50 times. I just saw them two months ago in Los Angeles... and man, that Fred Schneider... for a man 50 plus, he's still got a lot of energy.

Plow: Has he heard the "What If" song?

Mark: You wrote that one too? **Plow:** Yes sir. I mean, they're a band that's still doing it. Still winning at it.

Plow: So, do you write all the lyrics or does everybody get a fair shot?

Mark: Um, I think I wrote all except for two songs on this last one.

Plow: Now, you might take this the wrong way, but am I noticing you guys lightening up a bit with the lyric content?

Mark: Yep. That's our goal.

Plow: So how's the *Punkorama* tour going?

Mark: The *Punkorama* Tour is a winner! So far. We've been doing record numbers for **Guttermouth** all across the states so far. I couldn't be happier with the turnouts and the reactions we are getting for the new songs... it's just disgusting. (laughs)

Plow: I'm just a bit curious about the booking that's going on for you guys. You just played Seattle, like a couple days ago, then you're going back south, but coming back all the way past Seattle to Vancouver for October?

Mark: Don't ask me. I know nothing about all that crap. I just kinda go where they tell me.

Plow: Just sit on the bus and go wherever they take ya.

Mark: Pretty much. But we also like to break it up. It's important to us that we don't go out for eight weeks straight because it just drives you nuts. It's not healthy. It's counter productive as a band. Your shows get stagnant. People get on each other's nerves. I really don't know how bands do it. We do like, two to three week legs, then take a week or two off to get your head back together so you're fresh for every show.

Plow: Now, I heard you were sick...

Mark: Oh boy, was I ever.

Plow: And you were puking up some blood?

Mark: Yeah, it was all through my sinuses and all down my throat and I was puking it up... it was lovely. Now, I'm all hopped up on all kinds of crazy steroids and antibiotics. You probably won't recognize me next time you see me I'll be all massive from all these steroids (laughs).

Plow: But you're better now?

Mark: Yeah! They work amazingly. I couldn't talk for three days. Not a word. I was gasping for air.

Plow: Was this during the *Punkorama* tour?

Mark: Yeah, I had to cancel two shows.

Plow: Last time you played here, you did an all ages show at the Legion. The time before that, you played a bar show at The Brickyard. Which do you prefer?

Mark: Oh, bar shows are the best!

Plow: You prefer bar shows?

Mark: Only in Vancouver. Vancouver is not an all-ages town, from what I understand. I mean, they come out, but we just have such better shows when it's a bar show there.

Plow: I was at The Brickyard show about 3 years ago... it was an amazing show.

Mark: Thanks. Yeah, it's because people

...it gets boring talking about your mom doing a donkey all the time and just things like that...

Plow: Like *The Album Formerly Known As Full Length*?

Mark: Yeah, a lot more sarcasm... or maybe a little... it's too early to tell at this time. It's what we look forward to every year as a band, putting out a new record. It's what you kind of live for as a band.

Plow: So that's what you are aiming for? To put out a new record every year?

just get *crazy* there! At all-ages shows there's no proper venues. They do the vet's halls and stuff, which is all well and good, but they're just not set up and there's no vibe in them.

Plow: So, are you guys still looking for a new bass player?

Mark: Yes. Right now we are using Clint, our original bass player, who played on the *Full Length LP* and *Friendly People* is with us. He's been a trooper. He went to Australia, Europe and all over the States with us... but he's got to go back to work in December, so yeah, we are actively seeking a new member.

Plow: So do you want to put the word out to Vancouver? So bass players can show up [at your show] and give you a demo reel of what they have to offer?

Mark: I would love to do that. On our

Plow: Yeah, they're hard asses there.

Mark: Isn't that the Bible belt or something?

Plow: Um, well, it's the prairies... they got nothing better to do.

Mark: Yeah, I heard it's whacked out there.

Plow: So, what's your take on Vancouver?

Mark: Oh, we enjoy Vancouver. It's fun. The first time we played there was '92? And it was a totally weird one-off show... I can't even remember the band that was supposed to play... but they couldn't get into the country for some reason and we were already up there so we took there spot. It was a place called the Nappy Dugout. Do you remember that?

Plow: Yep! Do you guys all skate?

Mark: Most of us. Our drummer just grooms himself constantly like a baby baboon. All he's interested in in life is playing drums and screwing girls.

Plow: Now, I've just got one last bizarre question for you. I can tell by some of your lyrics that'd you'd agree that there are a lot of real stupid people out there. Do you think they should stop breeding?

Mark: Oh, I'm such a supporter of that. I would never in a million years have children. Oh my God, why would you do that to yourself or society? The chances of something going wrong are pretty damn good. I've got one younger brother, for instance, who stole my identity not too long ago. He pulled a bunch of credit cards, went to see a doctor, he got cable TV... all in my name. Thousands and thousands of dollars on my credit report and everything went wrong with me. Yep, my own brother. (laughs)

Plow: Nice.

Mark: Yeah, people are fucked... anybody who goes out and has kids without being financially stable, to me, are a bunch of idiots and should be put in jail. I firmly believe that, you know, thinking that their ship is going to come in and they are going to be able to send their kids to college and give them a good upbringing... they're living in a fantasy world.

Plow: I came up with this great idea. You know how they have the needle exchange, and special clinics and stuff for heroin addicts? Well, I came up with this idea that they should open up clinics for tube-tying, because this whole breeding thing is so insane.

Mark: Yep. I'd be first in line.

Plow: All right, when you come to Vancouver, I'll take you to get it done.

Mark: I hear it only takes, like, a couple of hours.

Plow: Yep, then you can walk out... not very well, but...

Plow: How do you feel about Canada?

Mark: We love it!

Plow: You love Canada? Even with the arrest and all?

Mark: Aw, that's so old now. I mean, that's not Canada. That's the weird part of Canada.

Plow: Where was that again?

Mark: Saskatoon.

Plow: How do you feel about Canada?

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Plow: Where was that again?

Mark: Saskatoon.

Guttermouth plays Vancouver on Wednesday, October 9th at Richard's on Richards.

Cont'd from previous

"Yeah," he said. "I played with Pearl Jam once, when I was in a different band, years ago, but anyway, back stage he was totally not into, you know, introducing himself. Then the next thing I knew he was hanging from the rafters during the show."

Now, don't ask me how the conversation made its way to chili, but I have a half-legible scrawl in my notepad of Morgan's girlfriend's magic mushroom chili. Morgan is the keyboard player in the band, strange but true. I spent the whole set thinking he was the DJ. The lead singer began again on his rapid-fire name dropping of other bands he'd played with which apparently blew a fuse in my memory circuits since I can recall none at this time. I certainly wasn't going to be a keener and take notes for him or anything.

The pipe we were smoking, incidentally, (yes, this is the aforementioned "conversation") was made by Morgan, and was a nice little piece of whittle if I ever saw one. Turns out it's a hobby of his—don't pressure him on the subject—and the one we were sharing was made from Brazilian Rosewood, a rare breed of tree these days, he was sad to say.

"Hey," said the suddenly chipper singer, trying to bring the mood back up. "Did that pipe do the trick or what?"

I flashed back to Soma City Ward on stage, near the beginning of the night, when the singer posed the question of whether the Brickyard is coming back to life. That's a sweeping statement, and I'm not here to judge that. But I do know one thing (as Jim Carroll once said): It sure is hard to beat the crowd.

(By the way, if anyone found a pink, Bad Girls address book, that night... you know where I work).

Emily Kendy

**NEW BOMB TURKS,
THE SPITFIRES**
@ The Royal,
September 29th, 2002

Dear Tommy,

Just thought I'd drop you a line and see how you are all doing out there in Regina. I am fine, although I had the flu a while ago. Dude, I gotta tell you about this show me and Dave went to last night! Before I get started though, I just want you to know that I still think Iron Maiden and Metallica rule; so don't get the wrong idea.

It happened kinda by accident. Me and Dave wanted to go see Fubar at a theatre downtown, but Dave kept filling the bong, and by the time we got there the movie was half over. We figured since we had already come all the way from Maple Ridge, we might as well try to find something else to do. We got a slice of pizza, and then I heard some rock music coming from a bar across the street. When we went over to see what it was, we found out two bands were playing and tickets were only fifteen dollars. Well, it would cost more than fifteen dollars to watch Rob Halford eat dinner, so we paid up and went inside. Now dude, let me tell you again that I still love the Nuge, but it turned out that these were punker bands, and the whole bar was full of weird-looking people. I was kind of nervous at first, but dude, you should see some of the chicks! They got tattoos

and short skirts with studded belts and stuff... man!

Anyway, a band was up on the stage, and they were just givin' 'er! They had two guitar players, and man did they cook! And listen, dude, I know you're gonna think I'm nuts, but these guys are better than AC/DC! They sound kind of like our favorite Australians, but heavier, and the vocals aren't as screechy. Dude, they're called the Spitfires, and they kick fuckin' ass!

I was talking to this tall pretty girl at the break but her boyfriend, this big guy with tattoos on head, offered to feed me my teeth so I had to stand somewhere else. But then the other band came on, and they were great too! They were from Columbus, Ohio, and they were called the New Bomb Turks. Stupid name, I know, but fuck did they ever smoke! Remember when we saw Motley Crue just before they broke up? Well, this was way better than that! I can't even describe how much these guys ruled! Don't tell anybody, but I bought all their CD's, and now I can't afford that new light for my hydroponics system. Do you think you can lend me a few bucks?

Anyway, if you don't believe me, just listen to some of their music. I wished I had got into this punk rock stuff a long time ago...

Later Dude,
TJ

**THE CHERRY VALENCE,
FEDERATION X,
SPREADEAGLE**
@ The Pic
August 29th, 2002

The border gods were smiling down on the Pic (for once) because not one, but two, kick-ass Estrus bands were able to penetrate the Great Tight North.

However, before I could relax enough to enjoy the opening act, I needed to verify that North Carolina's The Cherry Valence and Washington's Federation X were both in the house. I didn't want a repeat of the Fireballs of Freedom/ Lost Goat fiasco, when neither band made the Canadian crossing.

With confirmation from promoter Steve Chase, my night of rock was a go. It had only been ten days since I last saw Spreadagle thrash a Vancouver stage, but the rock metal quintet from Mission proved they weren't a one-set wonder. Lead guitarist, 8-Ball, and his delinquent cohorts ripped through their mosh pit anthem, "Bad Mutha", in what will probably be their last time playing the opening slot at The Pic.

Next up, were three crazed looking mountain men, who call themselves Federation X. No frills here. The barebones band is comprised of two guitar players and one drummer who banged the Christ out of his kit and my hearing. They played one continuous deafening rock set. If there were interludes or banter, it was inaudible under the torrential beating of thunderous punk metal.

When Cherry Valence hit the stage, I thought I was seeing double but no, there really were two drum kits on stage. TCV came to fuck us up with apocalyptic proportions of loud rawk. And fuck us up they did.

Drummers Brian Quast and Nick Whitley were a frenzy of song and beats, swap-

10 QUESTIONS

The Old Ripper

Member: Ryan, Pictured: Kam
What gets you excited these days?
Big Tits and Black Sabbath

What is your latest fetish?
Wearing a Burger King crown while having sex

Current favourite intoxicant?
Beer

Most memorable gig and why.
The man-diaper monkey heist

Shittiest gig?
Drumheller

What can't you get out of your cd player?
A free dinner and great head.

If you weren't able to play music, (i.e. say, your arm got chopped off in a farm accident) what would you do instead?
Geriatric sky diving instructor.

The filler question: What do your parents



think about what you are doing? They hate it.

Top 3 people, anywhere, you feel should be shot.
Sammy Hagar, myself, Jar Jar Binks

Your latest epiphany. Please, be graphic.
I don't worry about the big epiphanies; I just worry about the little piphancies.

ping and sharing vocal duties. While the blond elfin Whitley kicked out his smutty little dance rock number "Sweat, Sweat, Sweat [all over you]", Quast stayed behind the kit. And vice versa when the stoutly built Quast belted out his gruff garage tune, "Can't Get Enough." Other times, they both sang while drumming in tandem. Bassist, Paul Siler and guitar players, Cheeie Kumar and Jamie Williams bridged the switch-over gaps and kept the boogie/garage/funk/rock hysteria going at full throttle. By ending the rock blowout with Muddy Waters' "Baby, Please Don't Go" the greedy crowd was left begging for TVC not to go. Sadly, they did.

So there you have it— not too bad for a black-out-drunk review. Thankfully, I had my trusty notebook to reference; however, the chicken scratches in my note pad are not my handwriting. I must have a guardian angel that is also a part-time reviewer. I would like to make a big shout-out to whoever took notes for me and the border patrol guard for lifting the ban on rock in this city, (if even for just one night).

Meathole

**THE DIRTMITTS,
ALARBELL**
@The Royal
September 21th, 2002

Forty-five minutes late to the 'early show' and the only music is a bass drum drenched in reverb for sound check. Two drinks later, the Dirmitts took over the mediocre Royal stage, complete with two cute blondes - and I don't mean guitarist Pete Bastard. Pete, of Flash Bastard, valiantly tried to make up for the female bassist and guitarist/singer's motionless



See Live Wires on p. 23



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Billy the Kid and the Lost Boys
Strong Like Prawn
 Teenage Rampage Records



On first listen, I tried to think of when I would enjoy this album to its fullest and I drew blanks. As I explained to the editor of this fine publication, if he would give me more soundtracks to self-reflection, I would be more likely to write positive reviews. *Strong Like Prawn* kept trying hard to break the fog I collect like teddy bears (lovingly) and I hate to say it finally succeeded. Somewhere between the fourth and fifth song, my otherwise shoe gazing eyes looked up. I was ready to put on red glossy lipstick and go get pished at the Cobalt. You try it. Billy is a pop punk princess, and she inspired me to spend hard earned toonies on swill.

Jenni Nelson

Deadweight
Stroking the Moon
 Independent



Deadweight's new album *Stroking the Moon* is, from what I can tell, their 3rd independent full length release... and what a mutha fucka it is. The band is what you could call "a little unconventional". Violin, cello and drums make up the pieces of this San Francisco trio and...the only other rock band I know that uses all strings (cello, violin, double bass) and drums is Bonfire Madigan, who are also from San Fran... co-incidence? Hm, anyway....

From dark metal riffing, to Hendrixesque wah solos, to melodic classical stylings, to lyrics like *My baby's left me dyin' here/so I must resort to wine and beer* ("The Bottle Song"), *Stroking the Moon* is chalk full of the good shit. Somehow they've manage to combine about a dozen rock 'n' roll styles without going near a guitar. Making such a musical approach actually work, not only makes this album one of those rare gems, but a freakin' musical phenomenon. If you have a hard time finding this record or any of these other stuff, you can grab it at www.deadweightsf.com. Oh, and check out their cover of Nirvana's "Breed" on the Tinnitus Records' comp. NEARVANA *San Francisco* (hey, wait a minute...) whatever, listen, you will be blown away.

A.D. MADGRAS

Flash Bastard
Bastard Radio
 Longshot Records



The Scorpions kicked them off the tour because they heard this album and felt inferior. And so they should. Every fucking song on this album is fist pumpin' shit. Whoah-oh-ohs and Sha-na-nas riddle the lyric sheets like crabs on a tour bus. Group background singing to rival "We are the World". This one hits the streets harder than a junk sick pimp on October 15th. So get ready fuckers, this one's gonna rock you like a hurricane.

Jenni Nelson

GB.H
Go Kart
 Ha Ha

Unlike the majority of the veteran English acts (some who've recently reformed with as little as one remaining member), these diehards have managed to stay a functioning unit with almost the same line up since their formation twenty some odd years ago. This new release consists of decent fun sounding pogo punk but doesn't capture the energy of early releases found on Clay records. GB.H. Played one of the best sets I had the pleasure of witnessing last month at the "Holiday in the Sun" festival in New Jersey. Performing in front of a crowd of thousands, a few songs on this release were done early in the set before busting out the classic material which was well received by everyone.

Aaronoid.

Mark Kleiner Power Trio
Love To Night
 Mint Records

Maybe I am a bit late on this, but is this not the feel good album of the year? The song "Baby Don't Believe in Love Songs" should be cranked in everyone's car or walkman 24/7. Make your neighbors jealous with your scrappy sing-along, or just play music-video in the mirror. Either way, it's good times, dude! The trio consists of Pete from Flash Bastard, Kurt from Limblifter, and Mark, a gifted singer currently on the run from God. The pop rock they play together on this album is as well thought out as the Lord's seven day creation binge, and sure to cause less theological arguments.

Jenni Nelson

Naked for Jesus
s/t
 Independent

As soon as the cover opens, bang, there's a cross and a tit in lingerie. How can this be Christian rock? It's just screaming and hammering, it's just secular music. Not one of these guys would ever truly get 'naked for Jesus', emotional, spiritually naked. They'd take out their whangers and stick them in His car. There's a lot more to finding God than mak-

ing "fuck" music. Jesus said, "Don't judge a book by its cover", but I have to say, judging from the cover photo, that these men are sleazy and awful. Don't let them come in the room! Its just not Christian rock, its glitterzippypoppypunker rock, and I don't understand why they made it.

Jason Ainsworth

Nearvana
San Francisco
 Tinnitus Records

The idea of a Nirvana cover album sounds tired. All through the early nineties, suburban boys and girls gathered in Community centers around the world to cover Nirvana songs on their way to fame and glory. Dirty blonde boys would cut holes in their jeans and throw them in the wash then plan how they were going to destroy their gear on stage and get a rep. The reputation never came and the boys and girls went off to University to start fanzines. Thankfully, Tinnitus Records has gathered a group of capable musicians to offer up something more than imitation. The tracks on *Nearvana San Francisco* are interesting and varied. Some songs tend toward novelty tracks that are played out half-way through, but others offer a unique reworking of songs that anybody who has been to a party in the last ten years will be familiar with. The heavy use of female vocalists highlights Cobain's lyrics as well as adding a strange sexuality to the songs.

Nothing seems forced. Each song is a solid reworking that offer much more than just tribute. It is important to remember that this album isn't a tribute. A tribute comes together with a cause or purpose in mind. Ten years after the fact, no one needs to pay homage to Grunge or Kurt Cobain's songs. We have accepted their significance. This is why *Nearvana, San Francisco* is able to roam so freely and put together such solid cover songs. The collection is able to embrace each bands style... creating entirely fitting versions.

Matt Whalley

No Use For A Name
Hard Rock Bottom
 Fat Wreck Chords

No use spending your money just because they been rockin' since 87. NUFAN is just too squeaky fucking clean for me... it's like the first date of punk... you know, not really sure if it should give you head or play with your fucking twat, but it'll settle for a good night kiss. Tony Sly sounds like a pansy, I'm sorry but if you call this punk rock I better get a fucking lobotomy and get the bite on with some Rice Crispy squares. Don't get me wrong, fans of NUFAN will love HRB, but I didn't do shit for me, except a reason to pimp the RCS.

Adler Floyd

Operation Makeout
Hang Loose
 Mint Records

Wait, wait wait. They're from Vancouver?! I thought they were sort of Boring on an International Level. This new information, however, colors my slightly grumpy summation.

I took the cd because of the name. I wanted to hear what an 'operation makeout' would sound like. Turns out, not in accordance with my predictions (slow Radiohead). The guy singer doesn't actually sing, he sort of stumbles out words like, "I broke my skateboard," while the girl singers are more Go-Gos frolicking in the Fountain of Youth. The music is gregarious but friendly, and the only real problem with the cd is that the band sounds too far away. As though they're shouting and playing from the end of a long tunnel. They'd end up sonically crisper if they recorded in, say, Hollywood. Oh, fuck that. You know, thank God they ARE Canadian. And local. And cool.

Emily Kendy

Panic (EP) Panic Bridge9.com

I like the way Bridge9 presses their cd's... they make them all see through and shit... they look more exciting than the average shitty ass fill color coasters. Ok, ok, I'm sure you don't give a fucking shit about what the cd looks like, you want to hear about the goods don't ya? Here it goes, Panic hauls out of Boston's resistant core punk scene, these 5 dudes play fast, tight, loud and hard, making their fingers bleed all over their worn out vans... and that I admire. *Adler Floyd*

Pain White T's Stop Fearless Records

Christ on a bicycle, if only I was seventeen again. These guys are almost-ALMOST-better than The Weakerthans, but I only say this because I'm biased toward, you know, the hood.

"The one I want to be with when I'm 92," croons singer Tom Higgenson, on "Please Don't Do This". "What if they don't like me, what if they think I'm a joke?" (What If). "I can't be late/I've got those credit card bills to pay," (Your Fault). "I wish you saw what life was worth/you wouldn't have to hide your problems," (Shine).

I say: fuck The White Stripes, this is the only "white" band worth talking about. Nevertheless, I can understand guys feeling more comfortable appreciating the Stripes music. Members of this California band, whose new album

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is a first with Fearless, most likely spent their high school days getting beat-up at the bike racks. But even that's too generous. They were probably getting beaten up at the back of the library. Well, Tom anyway. While he sings like a martyr for misunderstood girls around the world, the perky drums, laid-back finger punching guitars of riffmaster Steve Mast and petulant bass, makes the Plain White T's sound like The Vandals, only less bitter.

Emily Kendy

Slow Gherkin
Run Screaming
Asian Man Records

The problem with this band is their overall sound. While Fat Wreck Chords tends to pick bands to serve their greasy-haired, garage punk persona, Asian Man Records tries to do the same with upbeat ska-like flavors. The word "try" is the real problem, I guess. When it sounds like the band's trying, the sound in the end is, well, trying. There's not much that separates Slow Gherkin from, say, The Toasters, the most notable difference is the absence of blatant ska, although the ska is still there, slightly more watered down, more like background filler.

What's with the song "Letterhead", and the accompanying lyrics, "This is the letterhead, I never sent to you...?" It sounds like the singer has a crush on one of his producer's personal assistants. Track three, "Pretty (In a Pretty Sort of Way)" is nice though. The beginnings of all their songs come across like lazy rock but then veer into celebratory hands-in-the-air harmony.

Clothes are fading and holding on by threads: nothing new here.

Emily Kendy

The SuperBees
High Volume
Acetate Records

In the press release I received alongside this album, it states that one band the SuperBees are influenced by is The Hellacopters. Don't do that to yourself, boys. The Hellacopters fucking drool. And you dudes look very cute with your current hairdos, while the Hellacopters are fucking hair farmers. Other influences include The Stones, who are old and smelly, and I am fucking positive SuperBees singer Dave James shits roses. Also, The SuperBees sing about girls which is very appealing to me because I AM SINGLE. I also really like current hairdos. Mullet, pronounced the French way.

Jenni Nelson

The Dillinger Escape Plan with Mike Patton
Irony is a Dead Scene
Epitaph

This is the music of warlike tribes or sexually abused children. Shame, Rage and disgust are common elements to the four tracks on the album. The metal is complex and noisy. Mike Patton jumps from screams to his familiar porn star croon throughout the album. After being featured in Dan the Automator's Loveage, Mike Patton appears to have embraced his metal past and left the lounge behind. The music is disturbing without forcing any metal clichés.

Metal can usually be brushed off as thoughtless music that tries desperately to provoke. "Irony is a Dead Scene" is like watching a little kid point on the doll where the man touched him. It's ugly but necessary for us to understand the damaged done. What is most surprising is that despite the disturbing tone, there is still a sense of humor, which works in perfect contrast. The song titles like "Hollywood Squares" and "When Good Dogs Do Bad Things" are prime examples of the humor that The Dillinger Escape Plan and Mike Patton bring to their brand of metal. It's all twisted but very human even though the final track "Come to Daddy", sounds like a commercial for cutting up little kids.

Matt Whalley

Disasters
s/t
Hell Cat Records

Roger Miret is an Oi boy and the ex frontman of famed *Agnostic Front* who's now helming a brand new unit called The Disasters. I'm not going to lie to you and say that this disk is something different and special, because it's not. But what it is, though, is a pure smash-it-up-to-shit streets anthem and it gets my pick. These proud New Yorkers play hard through 14 tracks leaving the listener wanting more of the mayhem.

What can I say about this fine debut, except that it's definitely one of the years best punk albums.

Adler Floyd

The Pop Shove Its
s/t
Independent

This album was released in September 2001, so I am not sure why it is being reviewed now. Possibly because they might be touring the West Coast soon? It should make for a good show; apparently they are pretty energetic live. Their songs are good stuff, too. They are kind of middle of the road indie. Maybe shrug pop (Jeff)? They remind me of

The Replacements a bit. The only unfortunate thing is their name, which has connotations of being new-school so-cal pop-punk. I don't know, maybe they just wanted to prove they are skateboarders to pick up more chicks.

Jenni Nelson

Time in Malta
A Second Engine
Equal Vision

Fuckin' rights. Tight crunchy guitar with perfectly-on drumming. *A Second Engine* makes for good fist throwing and fierce head nodding. It's triumphant melodic hardcore. 'All Said and Done' is a rad song. The rest is hardcore and not melodic enough for this pansy to ever listen to again (without the help of a little shnay). If you like Ink and Dagger, have fun. You already know about this band, so this poorly written and researched review can end here.

Jenni Nelson

UK SUBS
Captain Oi!
Universal

This group has become a household name in the world of Punk Rock and if you're not a fan now, I'd have trouble believing you ever were. I still wonder how old lead singer/founding member Charlie Harper is. The last I heard he was approaching the big 60! Formed in the later half of the 70's, Charlie is close to reaching his goal of having a release for every letter of the alphabet. I think he's only got about five more to go. Continuing on the brilliant path of previous releases such as *Occupied* and *Normal Services Resumed*, The Subs modern day Punk sound restores one's faith that the band won't be releasing anymore of the bad Rock drivel that plagued them in the late 80's. On the lyrical front, this 15 song release could very well be the most socially conscious the band has done. If you're yearning for a dose of vintage Subs material, the bonus CD included with this release is a live recording done a few years back containing just that.

Aaronoid.

The Wednesday Night Heroes
No Regrets For Our Youth 7"
Longshot Records

Dude, I have no regrets for my youth either. That's because it was spent in Pitt Meadows Rec Hall listening to bands that sound like this. There are three songs on this 7", each with their own three chords! Teens, buy this record, and play it really loud on your dad's record player! Punk will never die, you turds, because (in the words of The Wednesday

Night Heroes) it is "Music for the People". P.S. You spelled "knew", as in to be aware of something, like "new". Aw, you're so anarchistic you don't even believe in spelling. Fuck the rules, man! Let's go slam dance.

Jenni Nelson

Hot Water Music
Caution
Epitaph

Perhaps Hot Water Music's lyrics are stimulating and insightful to some, but to me they scrape together little meaning. On *Caution*, Hot Water Music seems to be guilty of creating images instead of ideas. Like any good Rush solo, the complexities over shadow any emotion. Everything is sober and arranged. The album sleeve has photos of clean cut boys that seem to be devoted to art. The energy and attitude is gone and a sober expression of discontent appears to rule. The lyrics spill in all different directions but the decisive feature of the album is the singer's lack of commitment to anything he's saying. The words sound written down. He sounds like he's reading off a piece of paper. John Lydon's Public Image Limited era lyrics are almost unintelligible, but you believe whatever he's saying because he is so committed to it. He's pissed off. He's not only saying what he is pissed off or upset about, he is expressing it through his vocals. Hot Water Music's album *Caution* is not meant for people who drink straight gin, kick in all the windows or generally pitch a wang-dang-doodle.

Matt Whalley

Sworn In
s/t
Bridge9.com

The easiest way to be part of something is to show your love with mutilation. Everyone loves a self loathing maniac who gets off on pain. I know I do! Sworn In is like the cut that doesn't stop bleeding, but it feels so fucking good when you pour salt on it (uh oh, am I writin' out loud again?). England brought us bad teeth and a queen mum, but its making up big time for that shit by exposing us to Sworn In. Bridge 9 is on a roll with this recent addition to their roster. Not just another hardcore gang but a good speed operation with maximum effect and minimal bullshit, a pleasant listening experience. D. Jae is not only the lead vocalist but a decent photographer/designer.

Adler Floyd



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THE SPARROW: FLYING ON THREE WHEELS 18

Live instrumental magic and 16mm memories with special guests THE SECRET THREE

AL RAZUTIS LIVE WITH AMERIKA 19

Rare 3-screen visual alchemy presentation from one of the most influential avant-gardists of his generation

HIGH STRANGE NEW MEXICO 20

PLUS: BILL BROWN'S ROSWELL
It is alien spotting season in Roswell...

STAN BRAKHAGE'S A CHILD'S GARDEN AND THE SERIOUS SEA 22

Brakhage's tremendous epic of nature

STAN BRAKHAGE'S THE MAMMALS OF VICTORIA 23

Following up with parts 2 and 3 of the Vancouver Island Series. Including THE GOD OF DAY HAD GONE DOWN HIM

BYOB: BRING YOUR OWN FILM 24

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Featuring the Canadian Premiere of BC BODYSLAM (fresh from Sundance), INCREDIBLY STRANGE WRESTLING, and A RING-A-DING-DONG DANDY with wrestlers in attendance!

BOYS & GIRLS 29

Musings on play, gender, crushes, sexuality, adolescence and shame. Curated by KIM DAWN and SCOTT RUSSELL

REFUSE, REWIND, REPLAY 30

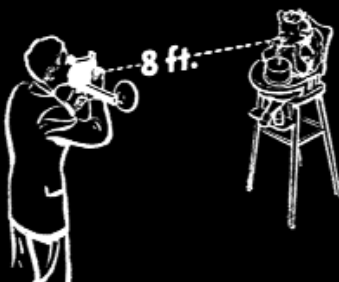
CINEWORKS presents their fourth year of "Salon des Refuses": the finest rejects from the VIFF 2002!

FW MURNAU'S FAUST 31

EYE OF NEWT COLLECTIVE play live to a medieval universe steeped in religious fanaticism.

DANIEL KRAUSS' JEFFTOWNE NOV 1-6

Alcohol, pornography, and petty theft - Jeff Towne has Down's Syndrome, and he is here to blast the cliché out of the water.



Holy Crap! That's a Lotta Movies!

Vancouver International Film Festival

September 26-October 11
Pacific Cinemathèque, Vogue Theatre, The Blinding Light!!
The Ridge, Granville 7 Cinemas

By the time you read this, the 21st annual VIFF will be in full swing. Nevertheless, *The Nerve* aims to provide you with a mini-consumer guide to the most interesting titles of the festival. These are the ones any film junkies worth their salt should not miss. Keep in mind, *The Nerve* hasn't actually seen any of these films yet (expect full coverage next issue), so we're just going by the buzz.

ALTERNATIVE ANIME (Shorts programme)
Find out what those nerds are so excited about. Guaranteed to be weird. (Sept 26, Oct 5, Oct 11)

BIGGIE AND TUPAC (Nick Broomfield)
In-your-face documentarian (director of KURT AND COURTNEY) returns with an ambitious (and perhaps foolhardy) look at the myths and mysteries surrounding the deaths of the infamous gangsta rap legends. (Sept 26, Sept 28)

BLOODY SUNDAY (Paul Greengrass)
The latest film focusing on "The Troubles" in Northern Ireland chronicles one of that war's turning points: the 1971 slaughter of thirteen unarmed Irish citizens. This reportedly ultra-intense film has been winning raves everywhere it plays. (Sept 29, Oct 3)

BOWLING FOR COLUMBINE (Michael Moore)
More agitprop-with-a-smile from Moore, this one focusing on the love affair with guns in the Excited States of America. (Sept 27, Oct 2)

CITY OF GOD (Fernando Mereilles)
A sweeping, fast-paced epic, chronicling the drug trade in Rio de Janeiro. Likely to be the subject of much year-end discussion. (Oct 5, Oct 7)

COME DRINK WITH ME (King Hu)
Ever wonder where CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON came from? Check out this 1965 classic from martial arts master King Hu. (Oct 4, Oct 6)

DEAD OR ALIVE - FINAL and SHANGRI-LA (Miike Takashi)
One of the most interesting (and certainly the most prolific) directors currently working (and one who has shocked VIFF with earlier works like AUDITION, VISITOR Q and ICHI THE KILLER) returns with two more offerings. DEAD OR ALIVE - FINAL is presumably the final chapter in his delirious gangster trilogy (though nothing ever seems final with Miike) and SHANGRI-LA is a screwball comedy. (DOA-F Sept 28, Sept 30; SHANGRI-LA Sept 26, Oct 5)

DEMONLOVER (Olivier Assayas)
Stylish take on cyberporn from the director of IRMA VEP. (Oct 8, Oct 10)

DOING TIME (Sai Yoichi)
Prison movie based on the true life experiences of manga author Hanawa Kazuichi. (Oct 4, Oct 8)

FIX: THE STORY OF AN ADDICTED CITY (Nettie Wild)
Documentary chronicle of Vancouver's Downtown Eastside. (Sept 29, Oct 3, Oct 10)

GUARDIAN OF THE FRONTIER (Maja Weiss)

A female-centric version of DELIVERANCE. Cool. (Sept 26, Sept 30)

GERRY (Gus Van Sant)
The latest offering from the iconoclastic director sees him moving back into MY OWN PRIVATE IDAHO's road movie territory. (Sept 27, Oct 2)

HELL HOUSE (George Ratliff)
Documentary about fundamentalist Christians and their annual Halloween house of horrors depicting the perils of indecency and moral decay. You'll laugh! You'll cringe! You'll enjoy mocking others for their narrow-minded beliefs! (Sept 27, Oct 1)

INTACTO (Juan Carlos Fresnadillo)
This season's "don't reveal ANYTHING about the plot" thriller that has people comparing director Fresnadillo to everyone from Atom Egoyan to Spike Jonze. (Oct 2, Oct 4)

IRREVERSIBLE (Gaspar Noe)
Likely the year's most controversial film, this blood-soaked revenge tale is sure to shock (and thrill) even the most jaded audiences. The only film in this year's fest with a warning attached (for scenes of "extreme violence"). (Oct 10)

KEN PARK (Larry Clark, Ed Lachman)
Clark re-teams with KIDS screenwriter Harmony Korine for another tale of youthful debauchery. (Sept 27, Sept 30, Oct 3)

KISS OFF (Shorts programme)
The most interesting sounding Canadian shorts collection, KISS OFF focuses on love, lust and revenge. (Sept 28, Oct 1)

LILYA 4-EVER (Lukas Moodysson)
From the director of SHOW ME LOVE and TOGETHER, this one promises to be a much darker look at youth. (Sept 27, Sept 29, Oct 4)

THE MAN WITHOUT A PAST (Aki Kaurismaki)
An award-winner in Cannes, this is a deadpan tale of amnesia and second chances. (Sept 28, Oct 1)

PUBLIC TOILET (Fruit Chan)
Go see it if only for the title (you'll be able to tell your friends if it's shitty or not). (Oct 4, Oct 6)

RUB & TUG (Soo Lyu)
Don McKellar stars as the proprietor of one of those dodgy "stress relief" joints. (Oct 1, Oct 2)

SCUMROCK (Jon Moritsugu)
Punk rock shenanigans. (Sept 29, Oct 5, Oct 8)

SHANGHAI PANIC (Andrew Y-S Cheng)
A scrappy, shot-on-DV look at the "new" China. Lots of aimless, bored kids fucking shit up. (Oct 7, Oct 8)

SPIDER (David Cronenberg)
Three words: David *fucking* Cronenberg. (Sept 29, Oct 4)

SUICIDE CLUB (Sono Shion)
Black, *black* comedy about life in Japan, the suicide capital of the world. (Oct 4, Oct 8)

THE TRIALS OF HENRY KISSINGER (Eugene Jarecki)
Kissinger is evil. (Oct 6, Oct 9)

VOLCANO HIGH (Kim Tae-Gyun)
This season's official insane Asian action movie. (Oct 1, Oct 4)

HONG KONG KUNG-FU FESTIVAL

October 25-31
Pacific Cinemathèque

The can't-miss retrospective of the year, featuring nine action classics in all their subti-

led 35mm glory, including:

ENTER THE DRAGON (Robert Clouse)
Motherfucking Bruce Lee in probably the most highly acclaimed martial arts film of all time. Pure badass pleasure.

PLUS:
- Jet Li in Sammo Hung's ONCE UPON A TIME IN CHINA AND AMERICA
- Wei Tung's HITMAN
- Chow Yun-Fat in WITCH FROM NEPAL
- Jackie Chan's WHO AM I?
- Donnie Yen's SHANGHAI AFFAIRS
- Yuen Biao and Sammo Hung in Hung's KNOCKABOUT
- Sonny Chiba in THE STORMRIDERS
- Producer Tsui Hark's cult classic SWORDSMAN 3

Elizabeth Nolan

JEFFTOWNE

Directed by Daniel Kraus
November 1-6 @ The Blinding Light!!

Daniel Kraus' ultra low-budget documentary JEFFTOWNE focuses on the life of one Jeff Towne, a 39 year-old man with Down's Syndrome. Jeff is not your typical mentally retarded adult. First off, people with Down's Syndrome rarely live to be as old as Jeff. Also, they don't generally drink oversized novelty glasses full of beer and collect weirdo porno mags.

Or maybe they do.

JEFFTOWNE is essentially an examination of one man and his daily rituals. Jeff leads a life of routine. He gets up, he watches TV, he goes to the mall, he hangs out with the employees of the mall Cineplex for a few hours, heads home, watches some more TV and falls asleep. Jeff lives with his wheelchair-bound adoptive mother, who he can't stand, so he finds solace in his surrogate family of movie theatre employees. He's smart enough to know he's in a bad situation, but not smart enough to be able to change things

Basically JEFFTOWNE seeks to demystify preconceived notions of retarded adults. Kraus does his best to get inside the mind of Jeff, but can only accomplish so much. For a slice-of-life documentary JEFFTOWNE feels strangely impersonal at times, as almost all of Jeff's misadventures are communicated through his friends, the employees of the Campus Theatre, who have to continually prompt Jeff in order to relate his stories. The Campus Theatre popcorn monkeys (Kraus is one of them) are casual and friendly with Jeff (though no one actually calls him "retarded", at least not to his face), basically treating him as an equal rather than a child to be taken care of. It's evident that the employees identify with Jeff as they too are a group of outsiders who have banded together in search of like minds in the isolated burg of Iowa City.

Ultimately JEFFTOWNE is successful in being both entertaining and engaging. Jeff is hard not to like despite his behavior (how do you tell a retarded guy he's cut off?), and Kraus is smart enough to avoid sentimentality while expressing the bond between Jeff and his friends. Much like Jeff himself, his eponymous film isn't overly clever, but incredibly difficult not to like.

Bjorn Olson

Holy Fuck... 24 Hours to Make a Movie!

Imagine this scenario: you go to Joe's Café on Commercial Drive one Saturday morning and are handed a package. Inside the package you find a flea collar (your designated prop) and several written directives, among them "Theme: 'Be the change that you want to see in the world'" and "Character: misunderstood young genius." You now have 24 hours in which to write a script and to cast, shoot and edit your film, which will have its premiere the following evening. You have just entered **The 24 Hour Film Contest**.

Now into its second year, The 24 Hour Film Contest has grown from a film school project at Capilano College to a bi-monthly event, capped at 15 teams and with a growing waiting list for contestants. Creator Kryshan Randel produced the first public version last October. Out of the four teams that entered at that time, one dropped out, leaving just 3 films for the final night screening. Since then, local excitement, excellent prizes and increased publicity by the contest's producers have brought so much interest for the contest that 7 teams were on the waiting list for the last event.

There are several reasons why amateurs and professionals alike have quickly given their support to this relatively new endeavour. The fairly strict production rules and tight time frame mean that filmmakers are pushed to create their best in a short period, since the framework serves to streamline the creative process. The rules change for each contest. Originally, Randel had "a lot of esoteric, Monty Python-type rules, which created a lot of Monty Python-type films." In one recent contest, each team's package contained the same themes, but with a different prop. This September, each team had to include one particular actress in their cast, and to shoot her segment at specific times and locations. The actress's pre-assigned character, however, was different for each team.

Another reason it works: while the entry fee is relatively low (\$200 per team, with up to 8 members allowed for each team), the rewards are high. Randel and his production team have managed to obtain industry sponsorship and can now offer prizes like studio time worth \$2,000 at **The Crossing** and \$1,200 of equipment rental from **Paladin Canada**. Qualifying entrants that don't manage to crack the top 3 (as judged during the Sunday night screening) are at least guaranteed that their work will be shown to an audience of cinephiles and film professionals and will also appear on the contest's web site.

Networking opportunities are definitely a huge advantage of this contest, both for Randel himself as a producer and for the contestants. The September event, for example, featured a former *Lofier* as the pre-assigned actress in the films and director Brian Singer (*The Usual Suspects*, *X-Men*) presenting the awards. However, Randel's main objective is to motivate and inspire filmmakers, whether they are amateurs with day jobs or industry professionals who want to hone their skills on their own creations. *The Nerve's* Bill Hayley (who took 2nd place in the July contest this year with his team from CDIS) was pleased with his result but even more pleased with the overall experience. Contrary to some of the other contestants, Hayley thought The 24 Hour Contest format worked well because of the strict rules and the quick time frame, not in spite of them.

Randel's long term goals include franchising the contest out to other cities and creating a series based on the contest. His main goal, though, is to continue building the local independent film community and to inspire confidence in local filmmakers by providing screenings of their work to local audiences. If you would like to participate in the next contest (beginning November 23rd) or submit suggestions for the next set of rules, visit www.24hourfilmcontest.com for more complete information. You can also view all of the films submitted to the last contest on that site. Don't miss the next screening November 24th!

Elizabeth Nolan



GORE
BY SINISTER SAM

HOLY SHIT- THAT WAS QUICK, FUCKWAD!

Classic Monsters and the Halloween Fit



I can't believe it's already Hallowe'en again - where did the bloody time go? Sitting around in front of a TV, a computer, another *Cinemuerte* fest, and a skate bowl with a shattered collarbone - that's where. Halloween does rule, though (goths - don't ruin it for me now), as the trees darken and wither, the leaves begin to fall, and suddenly there's a smell in the air that somehow encompasses all that is Hallowe'en. I remember as a kid having to walk through my small "beach" community dressed up as a skeleton (again), hitting the maximum of 40 houses for stuff and then watching the local fireworks. I found a picture of myself recently as a little kid back in Van dressed up in some fuckin' sweet onion-head monster / creature from (I think) the *LAND OF THE LOST TV* series. Do not ask where the hell I got my parents to grab the costume or why, but man it looked cool. The aesthetic of those old monsters is still a winner in my books, epitomizing 'fright night' at the local drive-in and actually *pushing* the boundaries of film and culture for the 50's and 60's generation in highly imaginative rubber extravaganzas. I sound like a lost retro fan trying to grasp at an era I totally missed out on, but I'll admit that if there's a classic monster show on the slate, I'm usually there. *****Take note!** **CLASSIC MONSTER SHOW AT THE HERITAGE HALL ON MAIN ST. OCT 27!**

I just watched **THE TERROR** again - the Karloff / Corman haunted woman epic that provided some inspiration to his later Poe films (hey, isn't that the same castle?). Filled with painted imagery that you might find on the cover of a Halloween sound effects record (or that weird taffy candy wrapper) - it still strikes a chord (as it clearly did with Tim Burton, since he has spent his life copying this shit). Anyways, the classic look, the cheapness, the rubber, the gloom - it's all there, ready for the taking. Inspirational.

Some other faves of the atomic bomb era include the rubber suited man, the carrot monster, and the hot dog mouth. Here's a short list:

CALTIKI THE IMMORTAL MONSTER: First effort by the big men on Italo-campus - Mario Bava and Riccardo Freda. Two masters of Italian gothic horror (**HORRIBLE DR. HITCHCOCK**, **BLACK SUNDAY**, etc.) tackle the ever-popular blob storyline, featuring an amazing giant rubber mass that consumes humans in a graphic and *acidic* manner, totally stressing out fans back in the sixties.

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS: The best thing about this movie is the legions of Harryhausen devotees who write in to the *Godzilla* fanzine *G-Fan* and gripe about how Toho ripped off his premise from this big reptile movie.

THE KILLER SHREWS: Hell bent for leather, dressed-to-kill dogs that will rip your legs open and eat you. Whenever the things get too close, the



puppet heads take over and the giant "shrew" fang creatures harsh your melow (did I turn Christian?). Harsh shit.

Nice joke about them by Gilda Radner in **IT CAME FROM HOLLYWOOD**.

THE BRAIN THAT WOULDN'T DIE: There's a lot of stuff in this film I really dig. The overall "put a new body on my wife" theme is dope enough, but the shopping is even sweeter. Yes, sluts and hookers will do nicely... oh shit, watch out for the freak from my botched experiment! More early gore... monster designer and builder Paul Blaisdell had an imagination that wouldn't quit!

INVASION OF THE SAUCER MEN: Check out those fucking heads! Bug-eyed, frizzle-mouthed awesomeness. Yes, if you inject teens with alcohol, you can take over the world!!

IT CONQUERED THE WORLD: Yes, he is here with his mind control features to take over the whole of Earth. The king of all kings. Noodle western regular Lee Van Cleef vs. the vegetable he might have been modeled after, this time from Venus. I can't stress how tremendous this monster is.

I WAS A TEENAGE FRANKENSTEIN: Title that spawned a slew of record and event titles. The makeup is certainly a disfigurement-fest of mind-numbing proportions, rivalling the clay and dirt creations of Gino de Rossi and his spaghetti zombies.

SHE-DEMONS: There's just something about beautiful female bodies with rotting faces and heads that I really dig. Maybe I need help for that one. Hey - the movie had an audience, don't blame me for it!

WASP WOMAN: Yes!! A big, amazing wasp head on the beauty-obsessed female owner of a cosmetics company. For severity of atmosphere, the plot line cannot be beat. (Might I suggest pairing this with **THE LEECH WOMAN** for a night of spooky earthly delights?)

HORROR OF PARTY BEACH: I have a very strong affinity for anything to do with fish people, and this film is a definite standout. Lots of blood sloshing around teenage slumber parties. Wins the 'mod' award for its song and dance numbers, and kicks ass with the character design of its 'hot-dog-mouth fish people.'

Have a frightfully B-grade Hallowe'en.



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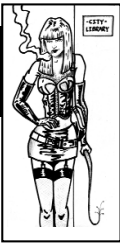
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Books and Zines

by *Leather the Librarian*

Zine-o-rama! [Part 2, Sucka!]

Let the paper cuts bleed! Last month's Comicon produced so much good reading, we've got zines coming out our asses. So much talent, so little space in which to write my reviews this month. (Concentrated for maximum reviewing power!)

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www.mattemag.com
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The *Nerve's* production manager Atomick Pete nearly popped his clogs over this gorgeously designed mag devoted to "creative independence in art, film and music"... chief among the stars here are co-editrixes Anne Elizabeth Moore and Carrie Whitney, who have just recently acquired international distribution for Matte ("printed in Canada," the masthead happily declares, not once but twice!), so do yourself a serious favour (with a "u") and rustle up a copy. The issue we got features interviews with Nick Cave, [International] Noise Conspiracy's Dennis Lyxzen and Greg Lundgren (founder of Artists for a Work-free America), analyses of retro album covers, Muslim women in film and punk rock zines, and some very entertaining cartoons like the profanity-laden "Al Pacino as The Moon" by David Lasky. A smart magazine for smart people, with just enough *McSweeney's*-style irony and silliness to make you actually *not* hate them for their cleverness. In a word, *deee-lish*.

Vancouver Special (#1, August 2002)
L.S. Wong et al
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ls Wong@uniserve.com

The collected efforts of some of the city's top talents, this comic features the work of Robin Bougie, Brad Yung, Emily Shoichet, David Lasky, Pregnant Embryo and my personal favourite, Owen Plummer, whose 'East Van T' is just the kind of "preachin' and teachin'" hero the DES has been waiting for. This is great ammunition against the next gasbag who claims there's no original talent in this city anymore. If they still think so after seeing this sampler, try rolling it up and beating them with it. They might not change their minds, but at least you'll feel better. (And Owen, send *The Nerve* some stuff... don't make us beg.)

Rather than get a half-on for something that deserves the full treatment, we'll leave off there. A few final bits of business before we go... the email address for Poison Ivy's zine **Sod Awf!** somehow didn't make it into last issue's review. Write to her c/o Sod_Awf@hotmail.com - I reckon you'll be glad you did. And hey, the deadline for the 3rd annual BC Alternative Writing and Design contest is October 31st. They accept original poetry, short fiction, art and creative rants, and winners share prize money totalling 2500 smackers. We should all be so lucky. Info at www.ripple-effectpress.com. Tell 'em Leather sent you.

Next issue: poetry by real humans, not monkeys with typewriters! Can you feel the excitement?

Leather the Librarian



It's Rainin' Men

By *Jason Ainsworth*

THOSE BITCHES AT WORK!

"Take this job and shove it, I ain't workin' here no more"
- *David Allan Coe*

Many people on earth can relate to these lyrics, sung since the olden days, because of all the people with jobs. And they don't like their jobs! Think for once in your life how much worse it is for artsy-craftsy people, who are all lazy and have to spend so much money on wants, not needs. All people (except wealthy, good people) need jobs in order to:

1. buy stuff
2. rent lofts
3. do stuff
4. other

And sometimes the art types can't get jobs that "reflect their value to society," believe it or not. So they toil like slaves. Now, personally, in my opinion, I like my real job, so screw you. (Not this writing job because it's not a job, and it's not really writing either) Famous artists like Elizabeth McQuade, Naked For Jesus and Adolf Hitler all know the derision of working like ants six hours a day, four days a week just to buy paint and poetry supplies. Now, personally, I couldn't give a fiddle, because I'm a humble craftsman with a nice boss and excellent working conditions and a water cooler. Some might say, "hey, art-dude, what's with the hack-work, asshole," but you know what I say? Screw you, Mister. Okay?

There's one problem with the humble life of a decorative craftsman, according to my friend Martino-Marco Pancamo*, and I quote...

"It's those bitches at work. I can't take the bitches at work anymore, man. I just can't."

Once I tell you what they did to him, you won't believe it. For a regular dude in an almost all-dame environment, estrogenous discussions are a cultural norm, like cigarette smoke in a bar, or missing teeth. At work he used to sit at a table with two horrible bitches, except now there's a third horrible bitch. All the other ladies used to be *ladies* but then they sensed Martino-Marco's sensitive nature and now they rip into him with claws of invective. IT HAPPENS EVERY DAY! This one mean one (oh my god she's mean, Miss Mean MacHorrible Mac Awful) once she told him she wasn't listening when he was telling her a story about hardship! How mean is that! She's one of these smart bitches, too, so Martino-Marco is all 'at sea' in the world of self-defense. She wounds him to the point of mental nothingness twice a day, everyday. . . And next to her is Bitchy Awful MacBitch Bitchy. She treats his most poetic utterances with such contempt, it makes my eyes water. Like any blonde, she sees with eyes of hate, and punches with fists of hate also. **Avoid!** And the new bitch, Bitchy Awful MacNew Mac Awful, the less I say about her the better. She made Martino-Marco watch a movie called *The Other Sister* starring Diane Keaton and Juliette Lewis. He had shown her nothing but kindness up to this point.

One lady there thinks she's better than me. And this other lady? She thinks she's better than me.

In the final analysis, artists shouldn't have jobs. They should have *shoj*.

Or another Idea! Artists should get fake jobs by arting in fields they are not trained to, like when Ornette Coleman played the trumpet. Ergo, a musician should make statues, and a poet should do architecture, and so on!!! Martino-Marco is too embarrassed to beat his own drum, so I present for you a movie screenplay written by a decorative craftsman.

GREAT JOB!

A Special Olympic Story by Martino-Marco Pancamo*, Decorative Artist

[Setting: a sports oval, ringed by colourful moon-launch bunting]

Jackie: Nuh, nuh..

Trent: You can't join the NFL. But you can be the best darn five-meter sprinter you can possibly be!!

Jackie: Nuh.

[Jackie walks toward some Special Olympics sluts. He talks and gestures. They leave together, exeunt stage right, laughing and gesturing. The camera pans away to black. Star-wipe.]

Jackie: Nuh!

Trent: I know you will, I know you will!!! **Win** the five-meter race in this the Sarajevo Special Olympics of 1976, win it to prove that you are truly *differently* abled!!!

Jackie: Nuh.

[Jackie wins the sprint in the Sarajevo Special Olympics, despite his Down's Syndrome girlfriend's ploy of putting fake anabolic steroids in his banana split. Drop curtain.]

Jackie: One Hundred and ten Percent!

Roll credits

(*not his real name)

Recent goings on:

Saw the new **yellowboy** / **David Young** thing. Three big photos, all full of meaning. This guy is a fun performance artist because he kicks the shit out of things. Most performance artists just stand there, waiting to be patronized. This guy once kicked the shit out of a real car without a hammer! It's actually interesting, something extremely rare for a graduate of Emily Carr, a school of no hope. On display in a gallery on 6th and Granville somewhere for a few weeks, I think. Look for a sign.

Also, I was kindly invited to the **Art-Damaged Cabaret** held at Ms. T's this September eighth or ninth. It was nice of them to put me on the guest list. They're doing an old New York thing like in the old days they'd have music and all kinds of nutter performance artists and so on... it was about the *experience*. I think they succeeded, because I didn't understand a word of it. But I'm not the brightest spear in the pig, so who knows. I like Ms. T's, everybody is friendly, especially for this town where everyone is a bag of assholes to everyone else. The Art Damaged Cabaret is held many times a year, and while it scared me, I recommend it to anyone else.

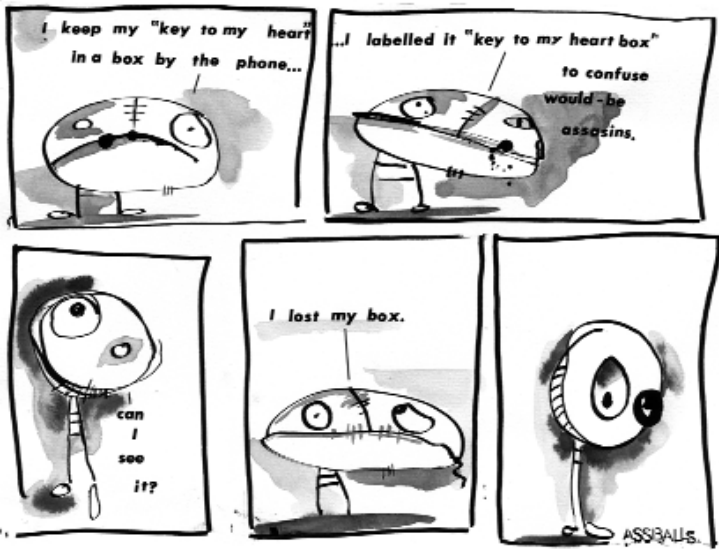


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Oliver cont'd from p. 5

interviewing for my one and only real job prospect, all because of Brian Taub's weed connection. My one contact. And given the slim chances of Brian ever coming through for me again, it is absolutely crucial that I impress this prospective employer or end up back at ground zero, miserably unemployed, alone and isolated in a strange city without sidewalks. So the question looms: *do I have what it takes?* Can I step up and perform under such pressure?

As the receptionist's ass stops at the corner office, announcing my arrival to Stan Cowan, Executive Producer of Date Grapes, I feel certain I can handle it. I take a deep, self-assured breath, paint a confident smile across my face and stride forward, summoning what courage I can from the depths of my bottomless soul...

As it turns out, my soul is running on empty. I choke, basically. My sweat glands open like a flash flood, my voice quavers pre-pubescently, I insult the man's *alma mater*, laugh at his daughter's learning disability, I have a bizarre moment where I forget who Elvis Costello is and finally I drop the take-home writer's test that he gives me once he realizes that I am no good in person. "Return it *whenever*," Stan Cowan says, showing me the door. A disaster. I slump home, collapse face first into bed, and accept that my fate is to re-enact the horrible memory of that interview in my head for the rest of eternity, cringing, babbling "you idiiiit!" while contemplating my ineptitude in a tiny, ranch-infested apartment in Korea Town.

I spend two days thus. Then, unshaven and crusty, I emerge from bed. I take a six-minute leak, crack open my "celebratory" bottle of Crown Royal, light a stale cigarette and shove the fucking Date Grapes video tape into my VCR. "*Fucking noirons!*" I shout at the screen, and for the first time in ages, I'm right about something. Most Date Grape "victims" are actors, misled into believing that an appearance on the show will provide "good tape" for their movie career, as if having gag writers humiliate them on national television will be the formula that rockets them to superstardom. This particular date is the same old shit — Ken and Barbie getting drunk — this time at Chico's getting mechanical bull lessons. But as I watch the date further (shooting darts at McCabe's Pub), I see something strange in the couple's interaction. Perhaps it is just my weakened emotional state, but I could swear that these two masochists have a real spark for each other. Despite their vanity

and megalomania, minus the TV cameras and lights, they are really wondering if this could be it, if they've really met someone. I sit on the edge of my bed, a voyeur to a blossoming romance, peeping through my binoculars at an interaction that has nothing to do with the fucking gag writer's desperate attempts to rip them to shreds. They are just two semi-lonely people... flirting.

I scribble down a few notes for closure's sake (most of them very unfunny), stick them in an envelope and send it off.

Six days later I get a call. "Mr. Oliver?" It's the secretary whose ass I'd searched for inspiration at the interview. "I'm just calling to inform you that unfortunately, the writer's job has already been filled." She says it without a hint of sympathy, not that I expect any.

"Can't say I'm surprised," I say, stubbing out another cigarette. "But thanks for calling anyway. Sorry they made you the bag man." I'm about to hang up the phone, but I haven't yet heard the customary "L.A. slam-down" that industry people use to create the impression that they have a thousands more important things to tend to than you.

"Hello?" I say into the void. "Yeah," the woman replies finally, sighing deeply. "Yeah, I'm still here."

"Is there something... else?" "Look, I shouldn't be telling you this," she says, "but they didn't read the test that you sent. They never even opened the envelope."

"I can't imagine it would have helped," I tell her. "Frankly, I'm surprised they asked you to call me."

"They didn't," she responds. "See, I read your resume. You're a writer, and... anyway — I may have a contact for you."

"You may?" "She's at ABC. A segment producer. Let's just say she owes me a few favours from back in college...."

"I'll get a pen," I say, a smile breaking across my face. "Give 'er."

And as she reads off the contact information for my *new* one-and-only job lead in Los Angeles, I feel a renewed sense of hope. A feeling perhaps akin to what Ken and Barbie experienced while on Date Grapes: the knowledge that this probably, *definitely* won't work out. It's too random. But what if it does, right?

Then I'm set.



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

BLUE MOVIES

Up 'n Coming

1983



Let's take a look back at a classic from the Golden Age of adult movies. Contrary to the myth of the 70's as 35mm porn's heyday, the video age boosted revenues and allowed producers to make more ambitious porn features well into the 80's. *Up 'n Coming* is a good example of a real movie that also has explicit sex scenes, as compared to a cheap video in which any plot or regular activity is secondary to the sexual action. *Up 'n Coming* can be watched for plain old entertainment value just like any other rental choice.

In *Up 'n Coming* we get the inside

story of a country music singer on the rise, complete with the industry politics, decadent lifestyles, and the cut-throat struggle to hang onto fame. The C&W milieu presented in *Up 'n Coming* compares favourably to local boy Darryl Duke's great *Payday* (1972). Porn legend Marilyn Chambers plays *Cassie Harlan*, the titular 'Up 'n Comer.' Funnily enough, John LaZar — who achieved infamy as "Z-Man" in *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls*, but which he blamed for killing his acting career, plays a non-sex role well below the acting chops of the sex performers. But the real stealer in this movie is Lisa DeLeeuw, playing Country Star *Althea Andersen*, who is on her way out. As the Elvis-ish *Althea*, De Leeuw cusses, drinks, swaggers, and belts out the tunes convincingly. It is surely the performance of her career, and made only more touching by the fact that Miss DeLeeuw succumbed to AIDS in the early 90's. Interestingly, Robert Duvall got an Oscar for his alcoholic C&W portrayal (also singing his own songs) in the same year's *Tender Mercies*.

Other things to watch for are the infamous Ivory Soap box (with a young Miss Chambers holding the baby) appearing in a silly Laundromat scene, a big-budget excursion on a cabin cruiser — accompanied by a sappy Love Boat-like song - to some genuine exotic locale, and the entrance of the Legendary John Holmes late in the movie — said sighting of which echoes the mythical proportions of Marlon Brando's anticipated appearance near the end of *Apocalypse Now*, except while in the latter it was Brando's shaved head as the ominous Kurtz that was the mythological sign, in *Up 'n Coming* it is of course Holmes' dong behind the "No. 1 Country Music outlaw of all time."

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In Cracktown

Tex: It's a Wednesday night and I've just picked Dex up from work to take her on a strip club adventure. Tonight is a special night because Dex doesn't know where we are going. She finds out soon enough, as I park a block away from The Drake.



Dex: Yeah... as soon as I find out, I start going, "can't you park any closer?" I've never seen so many unsavoury people milling about 'innocently' on street corners.



Tex: But that's the great thing about the neighbourhood of Princess and Powell, it's so friendly. Everyone you pass by on the way to the nudie bar wants to say "hi," "how ya doin'" or "spare some change?"

Dex: ...or "wanna buy some crack?" or "wanna date tonite, hon?"

Tex: Yes, hookers are very readily available there.

Dex: Many hookers...

Tex: And not like the expensive kind they have outside of the Penthouse either, they're the affordable kind... and real skinny, just like elementary school girls... Ah, those glazed eyes...

Dex: I'm scared...

Tex: Of what? Getting beaten and/or raped by a crazed hobo?

Dex: No, of you getting beaten and raped by crazed hobos and me not having a ride home.

Tex: Ah, the excitement of exploration!

Dex: ...sure...

Tex: It is sort of an unsettling neighbourhood. I even hid my take-out soup from dinner under the seat of my car to discourage any hungry car thieves.

Dex: I wasn't unsettled, I was downright nervous. I was trying desperately not to make eye contact with anyone. I only settled down after we got there and got our drinks.

Tex: It was all too familiar, like we'd been there before — the corridor in the entranceway for that cheap hotel feel, the fake gold trim on the black walls, the posters behind glass, the gold-coloured poles everywhere, even lining the

edges of the bar — then it dawned on me... nudie bars all look the same!

Dex: Yes, it's true. It had the classic strip club decor but with classy little booths lining all the walls, giving you the illusion you're important.

Tex: Important, shmimportant. Bring on the naked ladies!

Dex: Wednesday night at the Drake turned out to be 'no cover' night, and we all know that no cover is good cover. Drink prices were typical of downtown strip clubs, but they had good specials.

Tex: They had a kitchen too, but I didn't want to eat. Despite the fancy fake leather-bound menus, y'know, the place was a little sketchy. And their house special was some weird chicken burger with shrimp and cheddar cheese. What are we, pregnant?

Dex: The girls were cute... lingerie sort of costumes. Disappointing... but exciting all at the same time.

Tex: One of the dancers did this thing where she put a beer bottle between her tits and it stayed there all by itself!

Dex: And she did naughty things with it, too.

Tex: Yeah, and the stage was shaped like a giant fallopian tube.

Dex: I thought that was a nice touch.

Tex: After a few drinks, I realized it wasn't just the bar that seemed familiar, it was all the girls. We'd seen them all together before. It seems that since Club Paradise has closed down again, all the girls have migrated down to the Drake. It made it feel like home, y'know?

Dex: Nothing much else exciting happened,



except for some crazy bathroom antics.

Tex: Some asshole left soiled wet paper on the handle of the door, so you were trapped in there unless you wanted to catch hepatitis or something.

Dex: Anyways we decided to leave when Tex started thinking it would be a good idea to interview strippers — and by interview, I mean drunkenly badger them with stupid and inappropriate questions — and I was in no mood to get beaten up by bouncers and then thrown to the wolves, so we left.



Ultimate Fight cont'd from p. 9

some oatmeal for breakfast, maybe a banana and drink lots of water after weighing in. I like moving, exercising... sometimes I'll sit in a corner and listen to Tool, or something that makes me angry.

Nerve: Favorite fighters?

Livingston: Rodrigo Nogueira... I'm pretty partial to anyone who's trained under Carlson Gracie, who is my trainer's coach.

Nerve: What are your goals?

Livingston: I have plenty of them. I'm not going to be stupid about it, I'll look at other ways of supporting myself but ideally I'd love to be able to make a living at this. Fight in Japan.

Nerve: Do the whole international circuit? Ultimate Fighting Championships (UFC), Pride?

Livingston: Yeah, I'd love to fight for the UFC, and besides Pride, there are a few others in Japan I think would be worth fighting for.

Nerve: You planning on pulling a signature move for game night?

Livingston: My best move is the triangle choke, but don't expect me to be applying it because I usually use it when I'm on my back / the bottom. And I'm not going to be on the bottom for this fight.

Tickets for the October 25th show at the Orpheum are available through TicketMaster:

Emily Kendy



Salmi cont'd from p. 7

that subway is built, you won't be able to get a bus after midnight. I'm not willing to see bus service cut back even further to transit-dependent people, just so people with cars don't have to pay for a week's parking when they fly out of town four or five times a year. The people who run TransLink have a thinly veiled contempt for those of us who use the system, and if I can't get the bastards fired, I at least want their car allowances cut completely."

Salmi acknowledges that his chances of being elected hinge on the power of the Internet. Through his web site, www.salmi.ca, he aims to accumulate a database of at least 50,000 Vancouver voters who will receive regular updates featuring his latest policy statements and political commentary. The citizens of *Nerveland* are encouraged to sign on to his list-serv (via the website) and decide for themselves.

Arthur Putey
Senior Political Correspondent and Lion Tamer



Live Wires cont'd from p. 15

What's this? The sound pumping through the speaker was... good! The band's image reflected their music: soft around the edges but with an innate sense of urgency and power. The multi-talented lead singer/guitarist, Ryan Dahle of Limblifter, is a small man with a sort of Elijah Wood-meets-Thom Yorke charm about him. He displays a solid voice with enough range to go from throaty to a pretty high vibrato. In-between songs, the lack of dead time and point-less banter made the rock all that much rockier, which is good. Bass player Matt Camirand of the now-defunct (but never forgotten) Black Halos, may seem intimidating with his heavily-tattooed arms and trademark black toque, but his relentless half-smile makes you think that maybe he'd be a guy to jump in and save your ass if you were getting pummeled, not join in. Ian Browne, another well know Vancouver musician, leaves the Matthew Good Band to drum in this unusually formed group. I was a little skeptical about the line-up myself, but really, you have to see them. They are radio-play enough to get the credit, but local-rock enough to be cool.

The set was mostly tight, head bobbing rock tunes with a few nicely placed ballads centering more on Ryan's vocals and a tasteful selection of ambient effects. One song in particular started with a tremolo added guitar riff and Ryan in a near whisper. As his singing intensified to a yeaming and repetitive chorus,

the band fell in and brought the song to a heart-wrenching climax. One hundred of Pete's orgasm faces does not compare.

I left the show as the crowd half heartedly chanted for an encore. Alarmbell comes from the ashes of several different bands, and this was impressively only their sixth show. Maybe it will take a while for the fans of their former bands to get used to their new sound, or maybe they'll just need new fans... but it will happen.

Oh... and I was just fucking around about spiking Pete's beer - I don't share my drugs with anyone.

Chrystal Hagan

KREATOR, DESTRUCTION, ABUSE, THE GOZERS @Studebaker's September 26th, 2002

The last time I saw Destruction was in '89 with the Cro-Mags at the New York Theatre. Kreator was also in '89 with Coroner... I was only 14 and I snuck into 86 St. Needless to say, it's pretty cool to see bands you

grew up with and friends you haven't seen in as many years.

Golers and Abuse opened the show. Golers were the more appropriate opening act for two classic German Thrash Metal bands simply because the Golers are more thrash while Abuse is more Death/Grind. The show started early-the handbills and tickets said "Doors at 9", but the Golers went on at 8:30 and I only got to hear five songs. Still, they were fast, tight and intense. They played mostly newer material which is a lot darker and meaner than their older stuff.

Strangely, Abuse played a song and a half without their vocalist. Apparently he was late because of the show starting early, and he just got off work. Halfway through the second song, Connor (the singer), jumped up on stage and let his hair down and started singing like some metal super hero. Abuse played a brutal, tight set and at this point I noticed that the sound man was doing awesome job. One song, "Pieces of Girl" was started off with this statement, "Abuse doesn't have a problem with women, we love women-pieces of them."

Seeing Destruction, I was disappointed that I missed Slayer. Slayer's last two albums sucked

anyway and Destruction put on such an intense show that it put the last Slayer show I saw to shame. Destruction wore all leather, bullet belts and studs playing classics such as "Curse the Gods", "Invisible Force", "Eternal Ban" and encores of "Mad Butcher" and "Bestial Invasion". Their set was enjoyed by all and I also got to enjoy a stageriver's foot in my face. By far, Destruction stole the whole show, even their newer material rocked.

Kreator should have followed Destruction's example. Sure, they played great classics like "Pleasure to Kill", "Flag of Hate", "Riot of Violence", "Terrible Certainty" and "Under the Guillotine", but the newer material they mostly stuck to was a little boring. The new songs weren't terrible, but they lacked the energy of oldies like "Toxic Trace" or "Ripping Corpse". Towards the end of the show, I dropped my pen. When I went to pick it up, I knelt on broken glass and had to get a few stitches the next morning, (I needed immediate bandaging followed by more drinking) it's always an awesome show when you have scars to remember it by.

Stephan Nevatie



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